

## Milky Sap and Air Surfer

Written by Jaroslav Bednárík

Monday, 26 October 2009 18:41 - Last Updated Tuesday, 27 October 2009 16:17

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### Jaroslav Bednarik



One nice summer day in the sixteenth century, Milky Sap and Air Surfer set off to a street market in a far away town to sell a sewing machine carved in a copper plate, although they did not know what it was. At dawn, Milky Sap woke up and realized that after the previous night's merrymaking there were gray clouds and fog running through his head. He washed up in a nearby brook, and he found Air Surfer smiling in the shrubbery on the bank. Milky Sap turned dubious. What is the smile good for if you cannot penetrate with it to the essence of life, he thought, but since he was wise, he did not say anything. Full of spirits they stepped out forward. The heavy metal in their knapsack was hurting their backs so they were taking their turns carrying it every once in a while. In spite of that, they arrived in the town before sunset. Tents of traders were stiffening in the evening twilight, and although Air Surfer suspected what it was all about, they set themselves up in a square in front of the town hall.

Shouting they took charge of a difficult task to sell the unimaginable. A few curious people surrounded them so they would not get away.

"What are you selling here?" asked the boldest one, threateningly leaning against a knob stick.

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“The sewing machine carved in a copper plate, but we don’t know what the sewing machine is,” Milky Sap tried to be honest.

“You’re too stupid to talk to me like that! Where did you find it? And is it really copper?”

Air Surfer turned sad. How can you sell a substance when buyers do not even believe its form? The bystanders were laughing at them as much as they could.

“It could be good for something after all! Otherwise, why would anyone so strenuously engrave if it wasn’t going to serve any purpose?” Milky Sap wondered for the last time.

“That happens too,” the crowd leader waved his hand and considered the matter settled. The silence, which took place, will be remembered by our two heroes for as long as they live. Unhappy, subdued, chewed out, but proud they walked away into merciful time. Before they disintegrated forever, Milky Sap raised his head toward heavens in acknowledgment, and Air Surfer nodded his shaggy head if, indeed, he had one at all.