

Did I really have a Mullet? by Richard Karl Vasey

Richard sat hunched over his study desk interrogating a faded photograph of himself. He'd been trying to focus on completing his tax return when the picture fell out of a file. A very young version of himself peered back at him, late 60's I suppose, main beach at Skegness. Young Richard was sat astride the epitome of a "freedom machine", a Lambretta 150cc, bored out to 175! Boy could that machine go! Everything was blue and white, side panels, dual seat, back rest and front visor. Seventeen mirrors, fanned out from the front fork. Why? A large silver silencer projected out from one side of the machine. He'd taken out the baffle so that the engine made a noise like a chain saw on its last legs. His father said, "I can hear you coming five miles away!" It wasn't said in a supportive way.

Richard now focussed on the stranger in the photograph. The figure was youthful, very youthful and very thin, he remembered only weighing 9 stones! The army style jacket with fake fur round the hood was so valued back then. The tight denim jeans were rolled up at the ankles to reveal oversized Doc Martens with the toe leather removed and the steel beneath highly polished. Then the face, full of promise, happy and looking forward to the run to Bournemouth. The hair, flat topped with long ringlets at the sides and back. What was he thinking? Richard thought, it really is hard to come to terms with who you think you are!