



The Goloknip Stories

by Roderick Ramage

Ben meets the goloknip

A goloknip stopped in the street to scratch one of its heads, the green one. The rest of it shimmered with all colours and no particular colour. It had two heads at the moment, one because it was eating and the other to see where it was going.

'What am I doing in Old Mill Lane?'

The goloknip had reabsorbed both arms and could not be bothered to make another one just for head scratching, so leant on the wall and scratched the green head with one foot while looking around. A small boy was walking his way.

'Hello boy. Yes, you, the boy in the Dr Who suit. Where's your tardis?'

'I get it when I want it. And my name isn't boy, it's Ben.'

'B for boy and B for Ben. What's the difference?'

'Well what's yours then?'

'My what?'

'Your name.'

'Don't be daft. I'm a goloknip. Golknips don't have names."

Ben looked puzzled.

'So what do I call you?'

'You don't have to. You just have to think me.'

'So, um, you mean I just have to think Golipnok ..."

'Goloknip, silly, golipnoks are quite different and so are golinpoks. So don't you forget it, I'm a goloknip.'

While Ben stood there trying to work it out, a woman walked up to them pushing a buggy. She did not exactly run the goloknip over but stopped with a front wheel right in the goloknip, and the goloknip was still here talking to him.

'It's Ben, isn't it? What are you doing standing here talking to thin air.
You ought to be at home. What'll your mum think?'

Then she went off without even a look at the goloknip.

'Did you see that?' asked Ben. 'She didn't see you. She pushed the buggy straight through you. First a front wheel then a back.'

'That's all right. She wouldn't notice; she is a grown up. But her baby had a talk with me.'

'But she went through you. It must have hurt.'

'No, that kind of thing doesn't hurt goloknips, or any of us, golipnoks and golinpoks as well. Here, put your hand out. Touch me and feel what I mean.'

Ben reached out very slowly and gingerly. He did not know what to expect. When his fingers touched the goloknip they didn't actually feel anything but they didn't feel nothing either. It was really odd, and then, just as he was getting used to it, the goloknip quickly grew an arm and a hand and pressed Ben's hand with it. He yelped with fright, pulled his hand away and started to back away.

'Don't come near me. I'm frightened. I'm going.'

The goloknip stopped shimmering and froze.

'No! No! Don't say that. Don't go away like that.'

The goloknip looked as though, if it grew eyes, it would cry. Its voice sounded sad as well.

'Don't just leave me here. I'll be lonely Won't you be my friend?'

Ben stopped and looked back. The goloknip had looked like a big wobbly balloon, except when it made itself arms and legs and heads, but now it was turning all floppy and spreading out on the pavement. He couldn't take his eyes off the goloknip slowly melting into what looked like a squidgy puddle.

'My Mum'll be so cross.'

A bit more of the goloknip spread across the pavement. Only about half it still looked like a balloon.

'Come back, please.'

Ben could not be sure that he actually heard a voice. He felt that he wanted to cry too and turned back till his toes were right near where the goloknip puddle was spreading.

'Will you be my friend too?' he whispered.

At that the goloknip started to shimmer again and slowly grew back while the puddle shrank. Up popped up a head, and the goloknip smiled and said "See you on Saturday!" and disappeared.

Ben went home with a smile and a big secret; and his tea was still hot.

END for now