

The Goloknip Stories

by Roderick Ramage

back in the park

'Look Mummy, they're back.'

The boy's mum tucked the blanket back round her baby and looked up.

'Who's back?'

'The boy with the goloknip.'

'Oh come off it. I wish I hadn't bought you all those books. I tell you, goloknips are make believe.'

'They're not, they are real. It's same boy we saw on the see-saw.'

'No they're not. And I know the one you mean. Yes, the boy does look like him, but I went on the author's website ...'

'What author?'

'The man who wrote the goloknip books and he said that they are made up and that he got the name from someone in a science magazine.'

'Then who is the boy talking to. Look, mummy, look.'

His mum picked her baby's rattle off the ground and glanced quickly at the boy.

'Stop staring. It's rude. I think we'd better move to the other side, by the sand pit.'

She turned the buggy away ready to move and had to stop suddenly.

'Waaah, goo goo bl bl waah, waah, gug arp arp.'

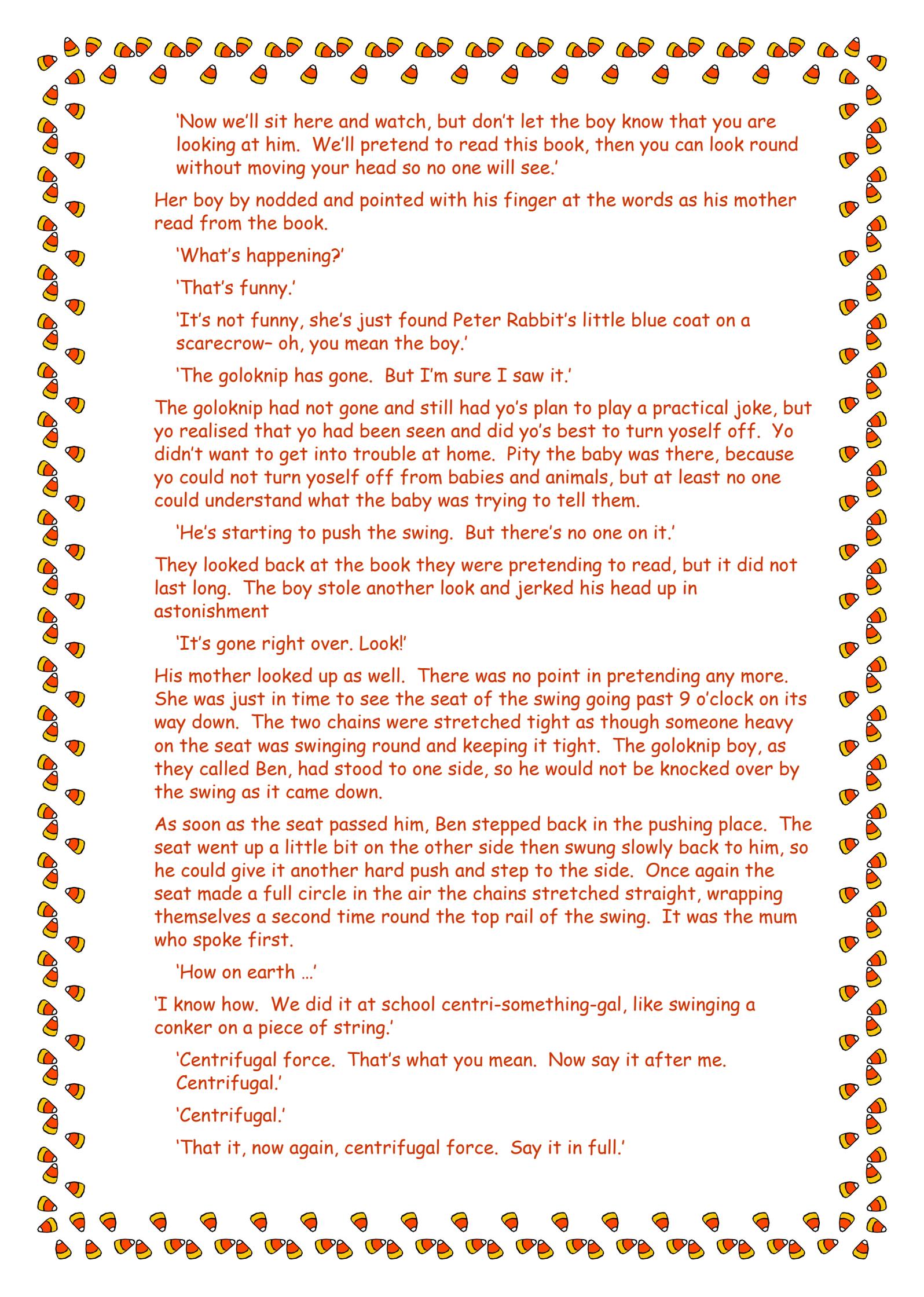
The mum was so worried that she picked her baby right up to comfort it, but all did was to squirm round to stare back over her shoulder.

'Goo blip bup waaa waah.'

'Come on now my little one, diddum diddum, there is no one there apart from that little boy, oops a baby, come along now.'

'But Mummy, the goloknip is there. I know. I saw it again. It was colour of playing-a -joke.'

The mum was a bit more unsettled than she let her children see and hurried across to the other side of the playground, struggling to hold her baby and push the buggy with one arm while holding her boy's hand with the other. She stopped and sat down on a bench at the other side.



'Now we'll sit here and watch, but don't let the boy know that you are looking at him. We'll pretend to read this book, then you can look round without moving your head so no one will see.'

Her boy by nodded and pointed with his finger at the words as his mother read from the book.

'What's happening?'

'That's funny.'

'It's not funny, she's just found Peter Rabbit's little blue coat on a scarecrow- oh, you mean the boy.'

'The goloknip has gone. But I'm sure I saw it.'

The goloknip had not gone and still had yo's plan to play a practical joke, but yo realised that yo had been seen and did yo's best to turn yoself off. Yo didn't want to get into trouble at home. Pity the baby was there, because yo could not turn yoself off from babies and animals, but at least no one could understand what the baby was trying to tell them.

'He's starting to push the swing. But there's no one on it.'

They looked back at the book they were pretending to read, but it did not last long. The boy stole another look and jerked his head up in astonishment

'It's gone right over. Look!'

His mother looked up as well. There was no point in pretending any more. She was just in time to see the seat of the swing going past 9 o'clock on its way down. The two chains were stretched tight as though someone heavy on the seat was swinging round and keeping it tight. The goloknip boy, as they called Ben, had stood to one side, so he would not be knocked over by the swing as it came down.

As soon as the seat passed him, Ben stepped back in the pushing place. The seat went up a little bit on the other side then swung slowly back to him, so he could give it another hard push and step to the side. Once again the seat made a full circle in the air the chains stretched straight, wrapping themselves a second time round the top rail of the swing. It was the mum who spoke first.

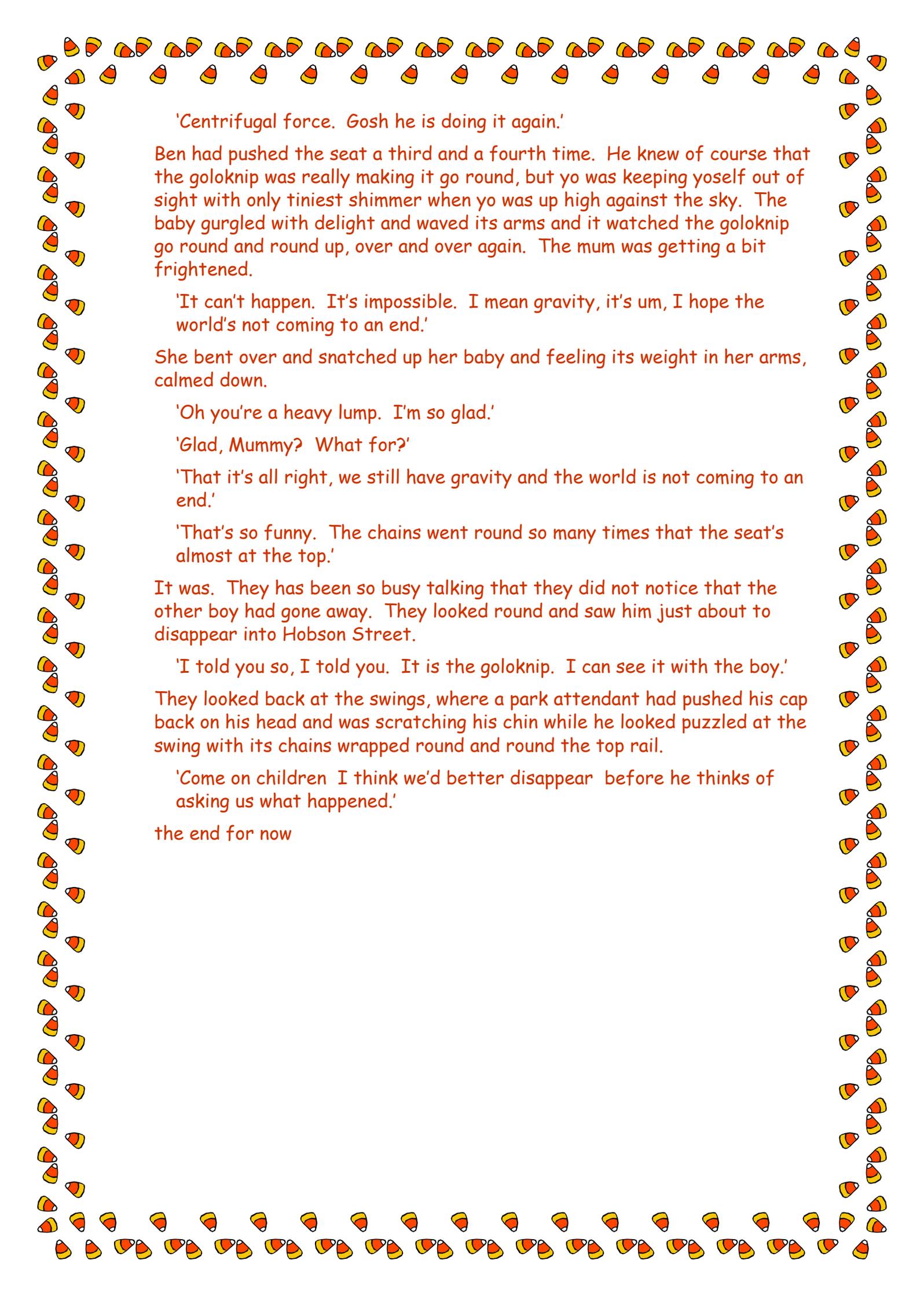
'How on earth ...'

'I know how. We did it at school centri-something-gal, like swinging a conker on a piece of string.'

'Centrifugal force. That's what you mean. Now say it after me. Centrifugal.'

'Centrifugal.'

'That it, now again, centrifugal force. Say it in full.'



'Centrifugal force. Gosh he is doing it again.'

Ben had pushed the seat a third and a fourth time. He knew of course that the goloknip was really making it go round, but yo was keeping yoself out of sight with only tiniest shimmer when yo was up high against the sky. The baby gurgled with delight and waved its arms and it watched the goloknip go round and round up, over and over again. The mum was getting a bit frightened.

'It can't happen. It's impossible. I mean gravity, it's um, I hope the world's not coming to an end.'

She bent over and snatched up her baby and feeling its weight in her arms, calmed down.

'Oh you're a heavy lump. I'm so glad.'

'Glad, Mummy? What for?'

'That it's all right, we still have gravity and the world is not coming to an end.'

'That's so funny. The chains went round so many times that the seat's almost at the top.'

It was. They has been so busy talking that they did not notice that the other boy had gone away. They looked round and saw him just about to disappear into Hobson Street.

'I told you so, I told you. It is the goloknip. I can see it with the boy.'

They looked back at the swings, where a park attendant had pushed his cap back on his head and was scratching his chin while he looked puzzled at the swing with its chains wrapped round and round the top rail.

'Come on children I think we'd better disappear before he thinks of asking us what happened.'

the end for now