THE CAMEL

AND

THE TENT

by

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The sun was being eaten by the red stained western dunes, and the rasping tongue in the desert's hot mouth heralded an approaching sand storm.

Dismounting from his camel, the traveller quickly set up camp.

The traveller entered his tent as the storm spat its first mouthful of sand at him. He lay back on silk cushions, lit a hookah, and listened to the sand scrabbling impotently on the outside of the tent - it was going to be a long storm.

The traveller felt safe as he puffed contentedly on the hookah and with far away eyes he saw pictures in the fragrant smoke.

Suddenly, two quivering nostrils thrust themselves under the flap of the tent, and the camel said, "Master, the storm is fierce and I cannot breathe. May I please place my nostrils in the tent?"

"Yes, you may, camel."

Later, a pink mouth with a coy smile appeared under the nostrils and the camel said, "Master, the storm worsens, my throat fills with sand, and I am choking. May I please place my mouth in the tent?"

"Yes, you may, camel."

Later, two shrewd and beady eyes appeared above the mouth and the camel said, "Master, my tears are mixed with the stinging sand and I am going blind. May I please place my eyes in the tent?"

"Yes, you may, camel."

Later, two large comical ears appeared behind the eyes and the camel said, "Master, the wind tears at my ears and I am going deaf. May I please place my ears in the tent?"

"Yes, you may, camel."

The camel continued his pleading and gradual ingress - next came shaggy shoulders and knobbly front legs. These were soon followed by a rotund belly and floppy hump. Finally, the only thing that was not in the tent was the camel's tail which it ended in a ridiculous tassel.

The camel grinned a toothy grin at the traveller and gave a mischievous wink. He then flicked his tail into the tent, and kicked the traveller out into the storm...

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