

A GOOD IDEA

a flash story by

IAN F WHITE

I was in the kitchen preparing the meal, clattering about with pots and pans, so I didn't hear David come in from the garden until he spoke.

"Daddy?"

I turned to see him standing there, in his dungarees, toy dinosaur dangling by the tail – half-forgotten so it seemed. I crouched down to his level.

"Yes, David, what's up?" I asked, taking a quick glance over his shoulder to where my wife and the guests were chatting in the garden.

They appeared quietly excited; all looking down the street over the neighbour's fence.

"What does *wary* mean?" asked David, recapturing my attention.

I smiled at him. He would celebrate his third birthday in two weeks and his vocabulary was progressing in leaps and bounds. He's a pretty smart kid, I thought proudly to myself. I could hardly wait until we got him to Nursery School.

"Wary," I answered in my best school-master voice, "means to be cautious of, or just generally avoid altogether. Like stepping on snakes or under ladders."

He nodded and pursed his lips in self-assurance.

"I thought as much," he mused. "So you would be *wary* of -" he waved his toy around "– a rampaging dinosaur." It was more of a statement than a question this time.

I chuckled.

"Absolutely! That's the least I'd be."

"And hiding in the house would be a *good* idea."

"Yes, a *great* idea... It would be like cavemen hiding in their caves."

He nodded again, turned, and wandered off into the house, swinging his toy. I smiled after him.

And then my blood ran cold as I heard the tremendous bellowing roar and screams from outside.

THE END