



SHORTS
STORY

TEAM PANNUMYSSY

I worked as a civil servant in a government office.

I clocked off at five o'clock, as usual, and on my way home I dropped by at the flea market as I usually do at the end of the week for a video treat.



Some entertainment for the lonely days ahead. Alas, today there were no interesting videos for sale.

Oh well, it's a hit and miss game. Looks like another weekend watching the same sketch show on TV as the rest of Finland.

But then something caught the corner of my eye on the next table.



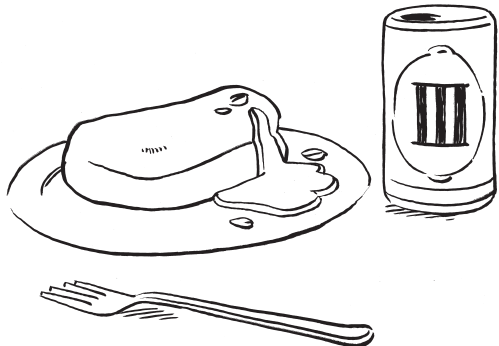


Funny-looking tiny shorts. I was humoured and chuckled at the thought of wearing something like this.

Next thing I knew was me on the till paying for them, and tucking them in my briefcase.

Arriving home, I fed my trusty companion and decided to treat myself with my favourite supper, *lihis ketsupilla and a tasty budget lager to wash it down.

The weekend has landed!



*it's like a donut with mince meat and rice inside. Tastes great if micro-waved to piping hotness, with a liberal squirt of ketchup on the side.



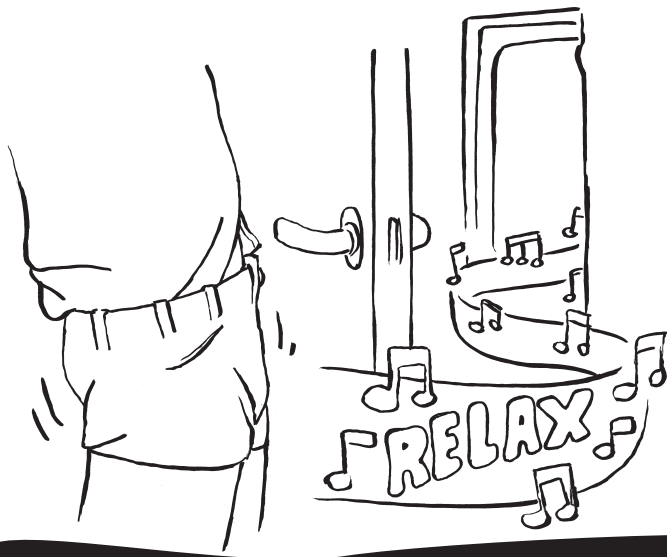
I went to my briefcase as I remembered I had to check out the tabloid trade on closer inspection.

Oh, those pants. Heh, why the hell did I buy them?

Maybe I should take them out for a ride then? Not the first time I've wasted money on ill-fitting and out of fashion clothes.

They feel kinda snug and toight.





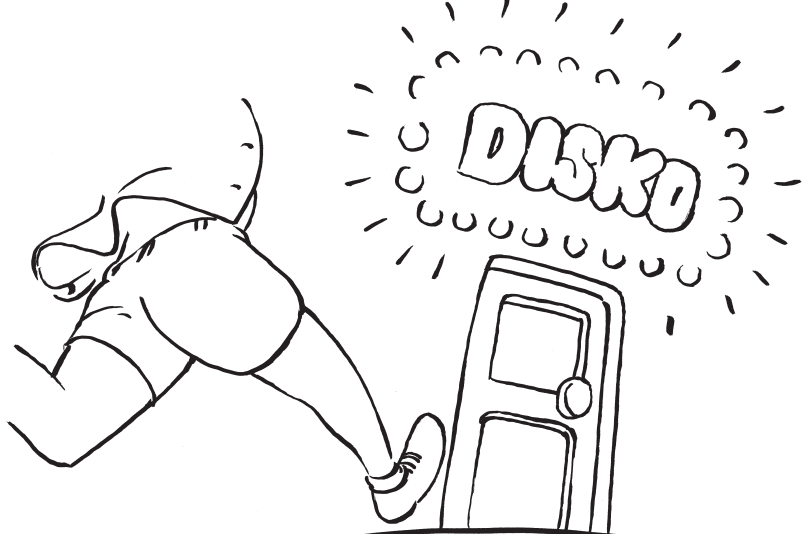
Music seeped in from the living room. I realized the Iltatähti music program had started on the television. Suddenly new synthetic sounds and electronic beats triggered something.

The shorts began tightening and tugging me towards the living room, closer to the music and the groove put my appendages in motion.



Alas the song was soon over, no more music. Just Mikko droning on enthusiastically.

I felt devoid of meaning. Where could I find more something like this?



I found myself outside and felt my steps leading me briskly to a downtown discotheque. Of course, they serve music!

As I was descending the stairs, I heard spine-tinglingly thrilling beats and forty thousand years of funk drawing me closer to the source of the sound.



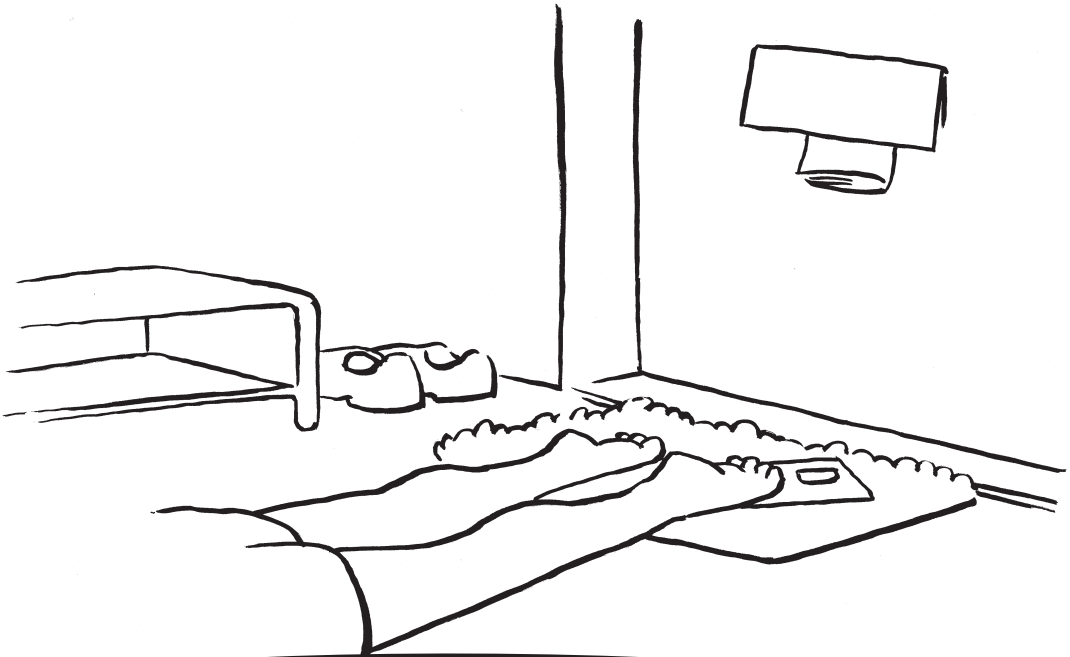
As I and the shorts arrived at the floor, pandemonium ensued, everybody started to move in asynchronous unison, one consciousness under the groove. Dancers were electrified by the shorts' service on the floor, pulling everybody like a magnet to the choreographed communion. Bouncers to the left, bartenders to the right, the joint was jumping, a thriller of a night.

As the beat went on beyond sunrise, neighbours brought attention to the law, who not so surprisingly have absolutely no tune to the groove, and had their setting set to closing down the party. Thought it to be wiser to make haste through the emergency exit rather than face the wrong kind of music.



The police in hot pursuit, I somehow managed to lose them and zig-zagged through the town in search of safety.

I arrived home and avoided nosy neighbours seeing me looking like this at this hour. Sweating like a cop in a steam bath, wearing nothing but tiny shorts and a collared shirt with a tie.



Gosh, they'd probably think I was on drugs.

Later that day I found out I'd made it into the national news, dubbed the disco inferno.

The town was crawling with tabloid hacks asking people if they had been present at the disco, or if they possibly had any clue of the identity of this Boogie-Buddha?



Even our beloved president Urho Kekkonen demanded to know what was going on in his republic, and what the police were going to do about it.

I noticed neighbours gossiping in the yard and pointing at my window.

I felt drenched in dread. Is this how Volvo-Markkanen felt like on the lam?





Suddenly, the pants came alive with a jolt of energy, and they were pulling me somewhere, again.

Where to now, I dreaded.

I ran outside past the nosy neighbours, hopped on a bicycle, turned right, and found myself pedalling frantically.





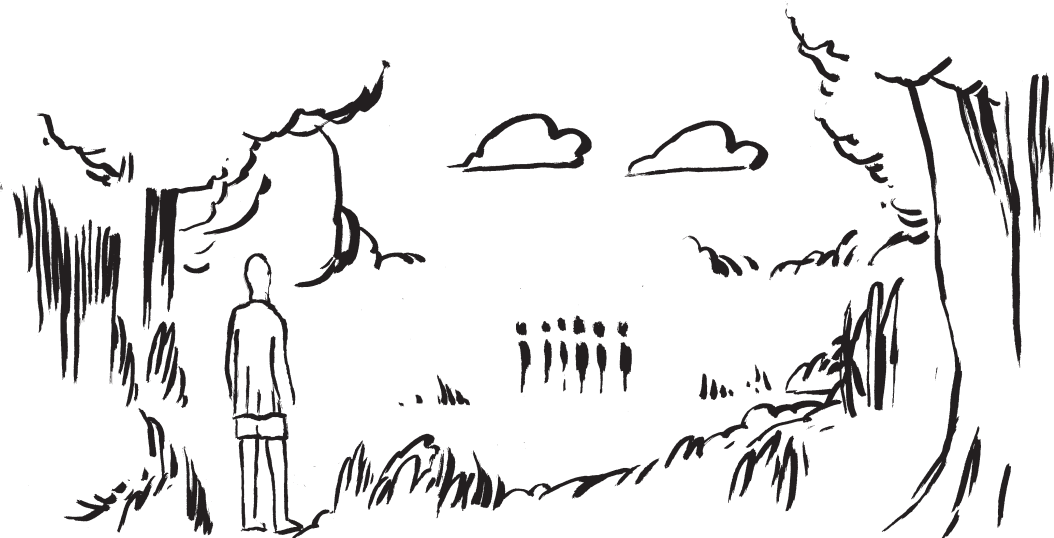
I still had my party gear on. Tiny shorts, shirt and tie, alas had lost my shoes and socks, but somehow I knew I wouldn't be needing them anymore.

I had no idea where I was heading, the wheels were taking me further away from the town.

As the bicycle dove deeper into the woods, I felt strange relief, like arriving at a familiar place.

After the bike got tangled in dense shrubbery, my guiding shorts ran me deeper into the woods.

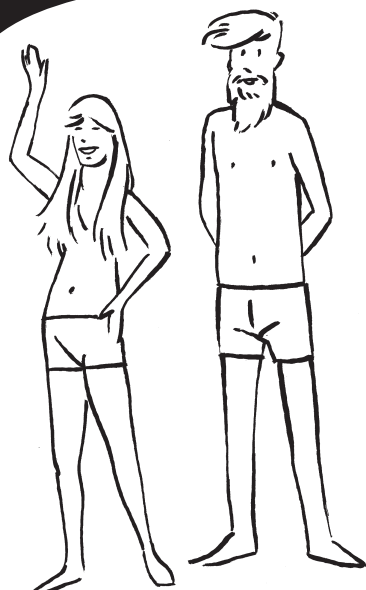





I didn't have my phone so had no idea what time it was nor where was I. After roaming for who knows how long, I arrived to a small clearing where in the center of it was a small gathering of people.

I approached them with caution, yet feeling pulled towards them.

Upon coming closer, I noticed they were all wearing tiny shorts, smiling and waving at me.



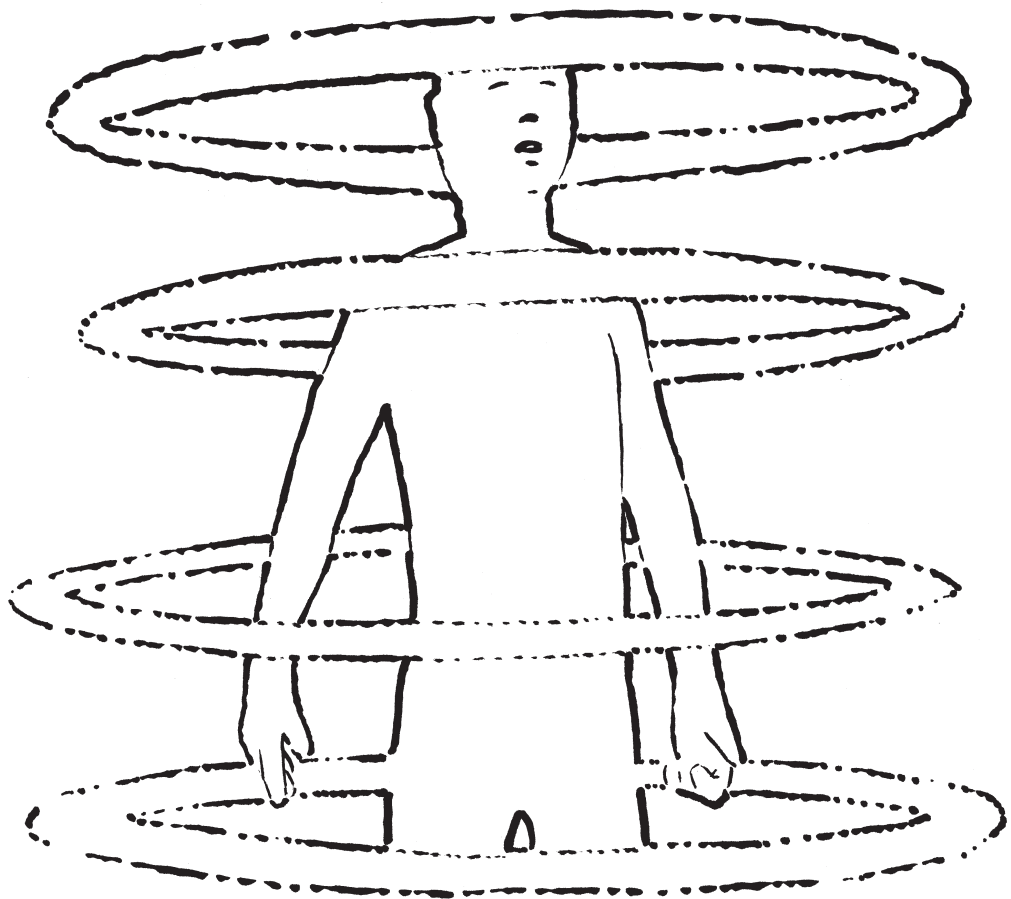


One of the women greeted me with elation, and said they had been expecting me for awhile.

She welcomed me to the uncivil disobedients.

I sensed music emanating from somewhere...

...the sound was all around us, inside of us.
We tuned into this steady droning vibration
that seemed to have no beginning nor end...



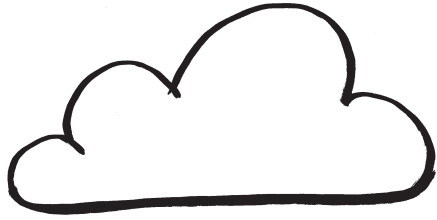
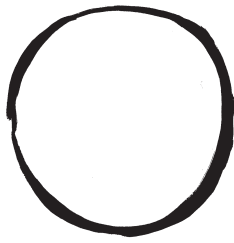
...

...aaaaand that's pretty much the abridged history behind my disobedience towards civil conformity.

If you're looking for a lesson to be learned from any of this, I'd guess it's better to live now and die later.

All the best.





"Shorts Story" was cooked up during the 50 hour Zineton2020 challenge around 18.-20. of September 2020.

A simple tale of epic proportions about a common civil servant becoming uncivil and disobedient after crossing paths with tiny shorts.

PDF-download:
2811.org/zineton

