

By Sandor Vaci

## Tinsey

I got into my car to visit the bank in King's Road and was about to turn on the engine when I noticed something slowly deliberately crawling up the windscreen. It was a minute fly, perhaps a fruit-fly unfamiliar to an ignoramus in entomology. Soon though we developed a relationship of sorts, it was more of how I felt towards him. Yes, definitely a Him, judging by the confident steps he was taking so gave him a name right away, Tinsey. The afternoon sun warmed up the glass and I surmised that is what attracted him there. Tinsey had an existence that was only of importance to him. He was so tiny that even a small predator would not have bothered chasing after such a morsel. An intimacy built up in me looking up at his belly from underneath as I watched him taking careful step after careful step. He had everything needed to exist, senses, eyes, wings, six legs, digestive system, spatial awareness, survival instinct all in a length less than one eighth of an inch. A complete being ignored by the world but somehow unknown to him he found a sympathetic observer, a guardian angel so long as he kept to the windscreen.

I started up the engine and slowly made my way to Sutherland Avenue. As we started moving he felt the airflow and stopped crawling up so as not to be swept away by the 'howling gale'. He carefully wrapped his transparent wings against his body to be able to hang onto the glass with the microscopic suction pads on his legs. I drove as slowly as traffic allowed then stopped by Ebury Bridge Road to let the traffic pass. As soon as the car was stationary he detected that the airflow stopped and resumed crawling upwards. Then when I got going again he batted down in his own careful way.

Eventually I parked the car and that was the end of our beautiful time together. Tinsey crawled up in the direction he planned all along and disappeared reaching the top of the car. The last sight of him was lifting his legs over the rubber gasket holding the glass. In a flash he was out of sight crawling, now invisible, but above my head. Perhaps up there he could survey the world deciding which way to fly on his shiny wings but leaving a touching memory behind and questions about existence. Yes, all from his eighth of an inch.