









TONY AND THE FISH

The tale I want to tell I started in this seaside town's Montpelier Road in 1978.

My mate Tony and myself went out to walk beside the seaside. the moon a newly minted coin. And something on a concrete grovne was shining. Tony said to me. 'It's a fish!' Further inspection proved that no correction was required.

It was a fish.

And we guessed the lashing killed it when the splashing tide had spilled it. this, our bloody, blinding finding without fishing or a fee. We got the benefit in Brighton from the lightening of the ocean's load and we took that midnight mackerel back to make tomorrow's tea.

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Running time - 1hr 10mins Extras - none









