

Art Gallery Ulysses

By

Michael Pudney

It's her birthday and I thought I'd treat the Mrs to a day in London. Her choice. What I didn't think was that all of a sudden she's a massive fan of every gallery in our capital! So, I'm walking around this place they call the National Gallery or whatever that, I hasten to add, looks the same as all the others. All I know is that we're looking at Van Gok or whatever and Arsenal kick off in 45 minutes. Something gives me the suspicion that we won't see every picture of Jesus, and the rest, in that time. So I'm starting to get a bit aggy. The Mrs is umming and arring, I'm huffing and tutting.

I look at this lovely oil painting of some bird with a blue shawl, with long blond hair, and succulently tucking into a juicy red apple, with her baps out. And they're a cracking pair. I can only think to myself that the geezer painting this piece was loving his nude model. I bet he deliberately took ages! Quality. But then a noise in the distance catches my attention, it wasn't too loud, but then it doesn't need to be in a place like this to be noticeable. I hear shouting from down the corridor, I instantly think it's someone trying to nick a Monett, but I notice someone coming towards me, a woman – naked! She's laughing and skipping at full pelt as her wobbly bits are flopping all over the joint. Now this

is entertainment! A real life nude! The fun police are trying to hunt that hot piece of ass down as she flies past the Gaujin gallery or whatever. I look at my wife with a cemented smile on my face but for some reason she asks me to remove it. I wish I was with the lads right now! I look around at the other spectators and all are smiling, well, all the fellas, because they know what's cool...streakers are cool.

As she comes running towards me with the security hot on her bare heels, I reminisce at the memory of a bird I was seeing for a bit, then she dumped me, and on the same day I saw her running around naked on the turf of Wembley Stadium during an England game! I take a closer, more curious look at her (without the Mrs seeing) and, wait a minute, Miranda?

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The freedom! The buzz! The nakedness! I'm not going to lie; I just love showing the world my boobs! My body is beautiful. I feel more beautiful than any football match, tennis match, statue or painting. This is why I make the statements I do to the world to prove it! I've never made such big claims without backing them up. I promise you that.

The last event I did was the National Gallery. I hate having to sit in my Biochemistry lecture before the big moment, just desperate to set myself free! I was constantly clock watching. You could say I had ant in my pants...and I wanted to get them off! It was a successful gig and felt amazing! Finally, after the longest lecture ever, in I walked, restricted by my clothes, and scouted for the first suitable restroom I could find. In I went, dressed. Out I came, undressed and free. I began skipping around and waving at my fans, which seem to mostly be men, hehe.

But it's never too long until security start finding you and my favourite game, in the form of cat and mouse, ensues. I remember catching a glimpse of Van Gogh's Sunflowers as I picked up the pace. I ran past a few good-looking guys – and their wives. Oops. I love the mixed reviews I get, it's inspiring. It's art, like Banksy and Tracy Emin – isn't it?

It's not long until I get outnumbered and ambushed and security gets their kill-joy hands on me. I give one last wave to my fans as one of the security men cop a feel. One always does. I am carted back to the toilet to get my clothes and straight down to the police station for my slap on the wrist. It's all just a bit of fun, isn't it? Well worth it!

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My last day. The security business can get somewhat tedious after thirty years, though these last ten years at the gallery have been pretty easy. Just sitting on the only chair in the room, staring at Van Gogh's Sunflowers, giving people directions and occasionally having to shush a few youngsters. Easy; just like my retirement will be, we've booked a month's getaway to Mexico. Me and my wife that is. One more day.

My final shift was nearly up and I was itching to clock off for the last time, but what was that I could hear down the corridor? The sound of gasps and cheers? Then suddenly a naked body darted past me! On instinct I jumped up, forgetting my age, and pursued the streaker. This was all I needed on my last day, some fool showing off to the world. We darted past onlookers and paintings. The younger, fitter guards dashed past me but I wasn't going to give up. I never did. Finally one of the younger lads grabbed her and I caught up. Streakers were difficult to handle. It was tricky where to put your hands, I could see Gavin had his hand on one of her breasts. Very unprofessional, but he always was a dirty git. One of those people you never introduced your wife to. I managed to glance around at the onlookers as they took her away and saw one gent, who looked like he'd never set foot in a gallery all his life with his football shirt and big tattoos, with a big smile on his face, his wife's

expression was the complete opposite. It was at this point I realised I had my hands on my knees, gasping for air. I felt ill. I felt old. All that was running through my head to keep me focussed on the clock was Mexico, Mexico, Mexico.