

## Another True Love Story

*Andrew Touhy*

*"My son, be warned!"*

*—Daedalus*

Somehow, the poor fly's heart was replaced with an old Honda engine. You would think he couldn't have flown in this condition, but flies, like ants and spiders and many other insects, have immeasurably strong, remarkably lightweight exoskeletons. And anyway look at airplanes, helicopters, and space shuttles. The fly's real problem was flying too fast. No way could his tiny, webbed wings beat as many times per second as the engine demanded at full throttle; and the engine was always open full-throttle because the fly was desperately in love.

Now flies only live on average twenty days or so (most humans, and even most flies, are unaware of this), and our fly too is unaware of this because the lover he's looking for, who stole his heart the first time, died weeks ago. Our

poor fly would be dead too, if it weren't for the transplant, but that's another story altogether. The story here is the fly, who is furiously beating his two tiny wings at such a rapid clip, all in a vain attempt to find someone who is long gone, or never existed but in the Ideal, or was just flirting for sport or sowing her wild oats before agreeing to a loveless marriage with a decidedly older (though not wholly unattractive) fly with a Tahoe lake house... which is, come to think of it, a sad and horrible story. One that, really, can only end badly for all parties involved: heart-wrenching disappointment on the part of the lovesick fly, not to mention a lot of huffing and puffing when the poor thing finally tires out and begins his flaming, Icarus-like plunge to the ocean below. A too-comfortable, hollowing existence for the bride-to-be fly. Alzheimer's, or its equivalent, for the geriatric fly.

And these days, with all that's going wrong in the world, we sure don't need to read Underdog stories, or Cinderella stories, or Little-Engines-That-Could or whatever stories with heroes dropping to their certain, depressing deaths. Something like that's just plain bad for morale, no matter what kind of insect or animal or human being. So let's instead take a moment here to marvel at this steadfast fly in flight. Black speck—less than that, to treat both perspective and the magnitude of the fly's achievement fairly—zipping and buzzing across a cloudless sky of royal blue; laboring, yes, a little, smoking some, sure, but bearing the weight of that engine (and, of course, true love) with all the rebellious pluck and casual magnificence of the god those upward-gazing fishermen, ploughmen, and shepherds might mistake him for.

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No, even that's a mistake. *Everything* I've told you so far has been a mistake. Let me begin again:

An old Honda engine, somehow, awoke in the body of a fly. He awoke shocked and saddened but trembling with longing. And he's driving the fly, desperately driving the fly, and won't stop (sorry, poor fly) until he finds the old Honda to which he'd always belonged, and loved with a passion unparalleled in the history of man, beast, or machine. Which is, for that matter, another love story all together.