## conker

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Cabinet-maker, could you craft me a conker?

Oil its wood, burnish its veneer, set it glowing from within?

Never. Not a chance. No hope at all.

King, then, could you command me a conker?

Compel its green spikes to grow, its white plush to thicken? Impossible. Impractical. Inconceivable.

Engineer, surely you could design me a conker?

Refine its form, mill its curves and edges?

Manufacture me that magic casket?

Unfeasible. Unworkable. Unimaginable.

Realize this (said the Cabinet-maker, the King and the Engineer together), conker cannot be made, however you ask it, whatever word or tool you use, regardless of decree. Only one thing can conjure conker – and that thing is tree.

