

On Aerodynamics

The car had an airscop set into the hood;
The scoop had a scoop, though it did little good.
The sun-roof had spoilers, to keep out the draught,
And aeroplane ailerons set fore and aft.
A thunderous manifold stuck out each side,
With rows of exhaust pipes all eight inches wide.
Each wing had a vent like a chromium fin,
To suck out the air that the scoop had sucked in.

The coroner said that he hadn't a doubt
Venturi effect turned the car inside out.

Richard Miller

The price of night

We play,
we play, because children play
at the edge of the forest;
because children chase each other along country lanes
until dark;
then, tired and sweaty,
knees dirty from earth and grass,
they feel like soldiers coming home.
But it's evening
and morning will come
only after we've paid the price of a night,
hour upon hour
with dreams in our heads.
But let's not think of that too much.
We're children constantly stealing
each other's time,
and it's almost midnight.

Silvano Zamaro

Hiya kid. Come in. Sit down. Smoke?
No, eh? Yah, yah I've read the packages. So
you wanna hear about it. It's the toughest
but shortest case I've handled yet. I call it.....

The Brief Briefcase Case

It all started the morning of Wednesday, October 21, at 10:35 a.m. I was minding my own business, sitting in the East Chemistry Building on the U of Eh campus. I was working on some notes of the case I was just wrapping up; it's going to court next week, you know. Anyhow, nothing was out of the ordinary. Or so I thought.

Suddenly, rising above the babble of students, I heard the clicking of a pair of wicked stiletto heels. Heads turned, a hush settled over the hallway broken only by the metronome-perfect click, click, click of those heels. And then, SHE appeared. I jumped right up. It was her! That notorious heart-breaker, femme fatale, and genuinely kinky Arts student, known for her steely stares and disdainful glares, the S & M Chick!!

Then, as quickly as she appeared, she passed by and the spell was broken. But I could swear she gave me the once-over. In fact, that look said, "Follow me, honey, but don't try anything funny."

Who was I to argue? so follow I did. It wasn't until she walked into the ladies room that I realized my mistake. That stare really meant, "Oh yuck, the men on campus get worse every year." Oh, well. For a short guy with a permanent cigarette embedded in that sneer I use for a smile, you can't blame me for thinking....But enough of that.

It was at that moment that I realized I was missing something. But what? Watch, hat, glasses, cigarette, lighter, wallet, shoes, socks, gun - all check. What was missing? I reached for my briefcase to make sure everything was intact. Ah-hah! Briefcase! That was what was missing! I must have left it where I was sitting.

Oh no, all those secret RCMP documents, all those details on land dealings and city council, all those rolling papers! This was an emergency! I raced back to the scene of the crime. But, alas, alack, my briefcase wasn't there.

I hastened to question a female, caucasian, early twenties, who was sitting in the spot that I had just left. I mean, ah, she was sitting on the bench where I had been just-moments ago. She looked up at me. Upon hearing my question she answered with a disdainful voice, "Yah,

some goof left a briefcase here. A security guard picked it up. Are you the goof?" Nice girl.

I answered quickly, "I'm a private investigator investigating this theft."

"That's what I though, you ARE the goof." With that snappy remark she looked down again. Wonderful girl. Apparently I had been dismissed.

Great. But at least I knew then what I was facing — a campus cop on the take! What was my next move? Where could he go without being noticed? Well, that still left the entire campus. Then it came to me — the campus security office! Quicker than you can say "Indiana Jones is into whips", I was opening the front door to the office. I steeled myself for the imminent show-down.

I swaggered slowly up to the reception desk. A seedy-looking female asked what I wanted. I would have told her but she was the violent type, so instead I questioned her on the missing briefcase. Apparently she had already heard of it. She called a security guard from the back of the office.

When he walked into the room, good gravy, he was carrying my briefcase!! He was admitting to the crime in broad daylight — with witnesses present!! This was turning out better than I had hoped for. Just as I was about to point an accusing finger at him, the cop said, "A student turned this in to me. In the Chem building, I believe. She said it was just left by some, ah....goof, was the term I believe she used. If you can identify this, it's yours."

What? I was astounded. He was handing it over to me! I opened it up and rifled through the contents. My God, it was all there! A voice stabbed me in the back. "Sign here, please." What? "Sign here and you can take it." Incredulously, I took the pen offered and wrote my John Henry. (Actually, I signed my real name — that's just an expression, get it?)

With my briefcase and my battered hopes for a real live scandal, I turned to leave. Then, remembering what my mother told me, I looked back and said, "Thanks, kid. Here's looking atcha." I stepped forward. I stepped back and this time opened the door.

Well, that's it, Except one thing. The S & M Chick, remember her? Yah, so do I, so do I. I went back to the scene of the crime just to make sure there were no clues I had missed. And who should I see but that S & M Chick. And this time she didn't even give me the once-over. But why was she there again?? Maybe.....

Katherine McKie

