

Accordion to Hoyle

James Bond looked at the two cards in his hand. A jack of spades and a five of diamonds. Of course he knew that the goal of baccarat chemin-de-fer was to reach 8 or 9. And he also knew that the jack counted for zero so his hand was only worth 5 and that Hoyle's rules required him to take one more card.

Things didn't look good that night at Casino Royale. The bank stood at 32,000,000 francs and he had to win this hand to bankrupt Le Chiffre, thereby guaranteeing his assassination by SMERSH. He tried not to think how many millions he'd lost on the previous hand. But that loss had forced him to swallow his pride (and his shaken, not stirred, vodka on the rocks) and accept being bankrolled by Felix Leiter and the CIA. He knew he didn't have to win, he HAD to win. M, the head of British Secret Service, was counting on him. And more importantly, so was the lovely and sensual Vesper Lynd.

Suddenly, from the casino bar wafted the faintly annoying notes of an accordion playing "Lady of Spain". As the other players looked toward the sound in disgust, Bond gritted his teeth and used the distraction (and some fancy slight-of-hand) to substitute a four of clubs for the jack, giving himself a perfect score of 9. It may not be in line with Hoyle's Official Rules he thought, but it was necessary for Queen and Country.

Keys to the Kingdom

161 keys on an accordion. And poor Sam couldn't play a note. He'd thought that if he ever got to Heaven he'd be issued a harp and given lessons on how to play it. Instead, near a sign marked "Pearly Gates" some guy, assumedly St. Peter, had shoved an accordion into his hands and told him that there'd be a concert soon and that he had a solo.

Dejectedly, Sam started walking along a path toward a large concert hall, absent-mindedly wondering if the pearl on the gates matched the finish on his accordion keys. Unexpectedly, as he neared the hall, his ears were assaulted by the sound of millions of accordions being played in different keys and he suddenly realized, "Oh hell, this isn't Heaven!"

You Can Run, But You Can't Hyde !

Dr. Henry Jekyll was pissed. REALLY pissed! Something had gone wrong with his serum formula and he could no longer transform himself into Edward Hyde. That meant no more drunken pub crawling, no more floozies, and now, with Scotland Yard after him, no chance of using his alter ego to make a getaway. Damn!

Suddenly, with a splintering crash, a burly bobby broke down his front door, followed by an avalanche of bluecoats spilling into the room.

“Dr Jekyll”, intoned the chief inspector, muffled somewhat by the assorted police officers piled on top of him, “I arrest you in the name of the Queen! Anything you say may be taken down and used against you in a court of law. Do you wish to make a statement at this time?”

“Yes”, the dejected doctor replied, “My only regret is that I never learned to play the accordion.”

Poultry in Motion

***(A very short story
in verse)***

I.

Why did the chicken
cross the road?
Why did it leave
its warm abode?

II.

To hunt and peck
and cluck and stroll,
while dodging cars
and trucks and all?

III.

Without a road kill
moratorium
she'll get squeezed
like an accordion.