

THE MYSTERY OF STINKER BAY

BY GRANT S. CLARK (AN EXCERPT)

GOOD EVENING, THEY CALL ME
INSPECTOR BART ROSE,
THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE WITH
NEW YORK'S BIGGEST NOSE.

THERE'S FEW WALKS OF LIFE
WHERE A LARGE HOOTER'S USEFUL.
IN MY LINE OF WORK
IT'S COMPLETELY ESSENTIAL.

I INVESTIGATE SMELLS,
I'M THE MAN THEY SEND FOR
WHEN A DIFFICULT CASE
HANGS ON AN ODOR.

SEE, SINGERS NEED DEEP LUNGS,
SURGEONS A COOL HAND;
TO DO WHAT I DO
TAKES A BEAK LIKE A TOUCAN.

I'VE WORKED ON AMERICA'S
STINKIEST MYSTERIES,
I'M TOLD ROSE'LL GO DOWN
IN PONG-CATCHER'S HISTORY.

*

NOW, SUMMER'S PEAK TIME
IN THE BUSINESS OF SMELL,
EVEN A PRINCESS
CAN REEK THEN LIKE HELL.

IT'S WHEN THINGS GO BAD
AND SOME PEOPLE GET PUSHY,
THEY MIGHT LOSE THEIR HEADS
WHEN THE TRASH GOES ALL MUSHY.

SO I GOT A SURPRISE
WHEN IN FROSTY DECEMBER,

MAYOR DAVIES CALLED UP
WITH A CASE TO REMEMBER.

HIS TOWN ON THE EAST COAST,
THEY CALL STINKER BAY,
GOT SHROUDED IN GAS
FOR THE LAST SEVEN DAYS.

*"YOU GOTTA COME HELP US,
INSPECTOR ROSE, PLEASE!"*
SAID STINKER MAYOR DAVIES.
"IT'S WORSE THAN OLD CHEESE.

*"IT COMES TWICE A DAY,
FIFTEEN MINUTES EACH TIME,
AT 3 O'CLOCK FIRSTLY
AND THEN HALF PAST 9.*

*"THERE'S ONLY ONE SMELL
TO COMPARE IT WITH, BART,
IT STARTS WITH AN F
AND IT RHYMES WITH JAM TART"*

(THAT WORD'S NOT USED MUCH
IN WELL-MANNERED FOLK'S COMPANY,
SO LET'S CALL IT 'WIND'
FOR THE SAKE OF THIS STORY.)

"I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS,"
HE SAID WITH ALARM.
*"THERE'S HUNDREDS OF COWS
OUT ON OLD BOBBIT'S FARM.*

*"THEY GO FOR A WALK
TWICE A DAY JUST BEFORE-
THAT STENCH COMES A' ROLLING
RIGHT THROUGH OUR FRONT DOORS."*

IT'S TRUE, COWS LET RIP
ALL DAY LONG, SUN OR RAIN,
THEY PRODUCE MORE OR LESS
HALF THE PLANET'S METHANE.

*"I'LL CHECK IT OUT, SIR,
IT'S GONE STRAIGHT IN MY DIARY."*

I DROVE DOWN THAT DAY
TO BEGIN MY INQUIRY.

CONTINUES...

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