

# Neither Here nor There

by PDQ

## The Duke Gets Shoooped

*A Short Reminisce*



Her room. Her castle. She was of that age. Music played from an old machine, a third, fourth-me-down, nothing too loud, certainly not as loud as her singing, the shushing of the choreographed movements of her bare feet across the

shag carpet keeping time.

Singing—

*Shoop, Shoop, Shoop, Shoop of Earl*

*Shoop, Shoop, Shoop of Earl*

*Shoop, Shoop, Shoop of—*

The closed door of the bedroom thrust open and kept on thrusting open until it hit the wall. She stopped singing, she stopped moving, she pressed stop. She looked at her father's silence.

Then:

It's Duke.

What's Duke?

It's father now singing—

*It's Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl*

*Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl*

*Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl.* And so on.

Oh.

Yeah, well, that's what it is.

The door slammed shut.

She looked at the old machine. She rewound the tape. She turned the volume dial counterclockwise, nudged play. And waited.

Her cue.

Singing—

*Shoop, Shoop, Shoop, Shoop of Earl*

*Shoop, Shoop, Shoop of Earl—*

This time the shag carpet sounds of her feet possibly louder than her voice.

**The End**



## Winter '10 Conundrum

Slim Pickins vs. Slim Hope:

Which do you choose?

