



short short story...

1-1-1-1

"At the sound of the chime, it will be exactly 11:00 p.m."

The voice was interrupted by the ring of a chime and then resumed its monotonous discourse: "While on the road during the holidays and the busy week-ends, remember your road courtesy, drive carefully, give the other fellow a chance and most of all, be sure that your brakes are in perfect condition. If your brakes are lined with Super Stop-fast lining you will have no worries. Periodical checking of the brakes at any garage carrying Super Stop-fast lining will give you that double check and perfect assurance that is every motorist's birthright."

"And now, Super Stop-fast products presents those inimitable radio comedians---"

"Damn these radio commercials!!" growled Ironjaw Jake Thompson as he skilfully guided the gray sedan through the fog.

"Aw c'mon, Ironjaw, don't let a little t'ing like dat get ya goat," urged his companion, Shifty Leonard. "Didn't we make a nice little haul in dat little hick ville; dat bank job came off widout a hitch."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Ironjaw, brightening up. "I'll say we made a nice little haul...And not a single slip-up. Those

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hick flatfeet won't be wise until morning and when they do get wise, we'll be so far away it won't ~~xx~~ even be funny."

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"Yeah, all we haf ta do is ta lay low a coupla munts in some udder state. Da story of da safe-cracking job won't get outa dis state...And outside of dat hicktown paper, da story won't ~~gax~~ rate better dan a couplap[#]aragraphs on da classified ad ~~xxxxxx~~ page in most of da papers. Circulation of 1250...Ha! Ha!" And Shifty roared with gleeful decision as he thought of the small journal the ~~xxx~~ village ~~whxxx~~ they were fleeing from boasted.

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"All we have ta do is cut over da bridge onto ~~xxx~~ da main highway and we're set...No one will think we're anyone but a coupla tourists."

The two bank robbers lapsed into silence and turned their attention to the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ radion, laughing at regular intervals at the jokes and puns of the radion~~xxxxxxxx~~ entertainers...Most of the humor was greatly outdated, but at least found an appreciative audience in the two crooks who were so intoxicated with the success of their ~~xxxx~~ last bit of handiwork that they'd have laughed at the mouldiest of the mother-in-law gags.

Suddenly, out of the fog beamed a row of lamps while the

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4-4-4-4

night of duty, ~~wxyxxx~~ how the accident had happened.

"I flagged 'em to slow down because of the ~~waxxxxx~~ washout, but they must hve gotten exctied and pushed on the gas instead of the brake. Probably recovered enough to slam on the brakes, but ~~ixxwaxxxx~~ but I guess they couldn't hold; if it hadn't been so foggy, they could've seen the detour sign before it was too late."

"Here they are," said the rookie, "looks like they're dead."

Investigating the bodies, officer Murphy confirmed the youths discovery. "Yup, they're dead okay; poor guys."

~~Andxxxxxxx~~ And then he set about searching the car for ~~id~~ identification.

Ironically, the radio, undamaged despite its severe shaking up was still going.

"Will you be one of those dead or critically injured this week-end ~~xy~~ because of faulty brakes?" it demanded. "Be safe and have your Super Stop-fast garage man check over your brakes; it is a crime not to have your brakes in good working condition.x..The ~~xxxx~~ sound of the chime will indicate exactly 11:30 p.m..."

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short short story...

5-5-5-5

But time had ceased for Ironjaw and Shifty.

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