

## THE CASE OF THE MISSING DIARY-TRUE STORY: TITANIA

Damn bus late again. At least she's gotten it. Scowling, she sat, bag on her lap, stuffed with essentials; folder, pencil case, note pads, 18 pens... A writer after all, *G1 Transformers* lunch box, just a big kid; some chocolate which computed rather well, walkman, numerous tapes; a retro girl, the latest *Star Trek: The Next Generation* novel. No Diary. Very annoyed and scary looking, green eyes flashing, good ol' Irish temper flaring, she said say her special statement silently. 'I am Love. I am Light', she scowled, 'A beautiful, disciplined woman of peace...' she growled. 'Playful and joyful with my inner child'. That child was livid!

No luck at work. Turning her apartment upside-down, upon arriving home, tidying as she went, the best way to find what goblins have nicked. Surely, you've fallen victim? They have a fascination with pens, sticky-tape, staplers and scissors, cruelly returning them when you don't need them, or worse...after you've bought new ones. Holding Diary captive?... Mercy!!! To befuddle said goblins, she pretended to look for something else. Damned nasty buggers are psychic.

The next day: Eureka! She snuck in quick calls at work. Worried and annoyed; no luck at the obscure record shop. At least the post office had peaceful *Enya* on hold... Suddenly bright, final hurrah. A happy ending?... Power walking at lunch in foot rush hour, people dawdled, gossiping, three abreast. Inconsiderate homosapiens... Move it, slowpokes! Wild woman on a desperate mission! Game, definitely afoot, she powered on, squeezing and manoeuvring around pedestrians, temper flaring. What if Diary had been trashed? Ohh! The thought unbearable! Woe betide anyone DARE approach her baring 'Smile' stickers and 'fining' for not smiling in a 'smiling zone.'

Into the lift she strode, without a smile or a fine, almost missing doors no-one held open. Murderous glare enforcing silence as she jabbed '43'. Flustered, red-faced, she entered the familiar reception area. Beyond all hope... Sherlock Holmes would be proud. The receptionist moved her arm. Ohh my Gods! The beautiful sight brought tears. Maroon cover... gold lettering, A5 shape... The receptionist turned. With a heartfelt smile, our heroine pointed. She thanked the lady, huge waves of joy, satisfaction and gratitude. All was well now, giving Diary a big kiss and a cuddle, not caring who was looking!

A fine for not smiling? Not bloody likely!

CASE SOLVED AND CLOSED!!