

Chapter Twelve

All Is Well

That's about all there is to this yarn. Slim and Viola went to the dance (I went too, in the back of the pickup) and we had ourselves a grand old time. Dancing in the front yard, Slim looked pretty...

How can I say this? He looked a wee bit awkward and uncomfortable, but Viola told him that he danced as well as "Freddy Stair," whoever that might be.

And you know what? I think he believed her, and after that he didn't seem to care that he looked like a dancing scarecrow.

Happy ending and case cl...

Oh, you're probably wondering what became of the sardines. No problem. I took care of that whilst Slim was taking his bath. I, uh, downloaded the material, so to speak, in a very private, secluded, unexplored region of his...uh...house.

Under his bed, you might say. And it worked out fine for everyone. That happened a month ago and Slim hasn't found it yet.

Although I've heard him say that he's had a lot of dreams about fishing.

Happy ending. Case closed.

And anyway, it served him right for making Miss Viola cry.