

2022-07-15 Graffiti

"You there, stop!"

"Why constable, good morning! Whatever can I do for you?"

"Step away from that mess you're making on the wall, and put your hands where I can see them. Both of you!"

"But of course. It's much too early for such yelling. Do as the nice officer says, young Quail."

"Ah ah ah, both hands, and quick!"

"Both hands, happily raised in greeting."

"Now kick that rubbish bag over to me."

"Rubbish! You offend. I am the artist Finch, and these my humble colors."

"You're a public nuisance is what you are. And this bag of trash will end right where it belongs."

"Please, at least allow my apprentice to keep his tools of the trade. He's still too much a youth to meet the cruel facts of life, to lose his faithful paints on such a splendid morning."

"Both of you! Bags, here, now!"

"Very well, very well. Bid adieu to your faithfuls, my Quail. I promise it will all be fine in the end."

"You're in no position to promise anything!"

"Of course, of course. If you'd be so kind as to not disturb the order of my colors, I'd be ever so much obliged."

"Hm? Oh... Something you don't want me to see in the bottom of your little bag of goodies? Well then!"

"There you go, apprentice mine. Now, watch and learn."

"Awful lot of cash for you to be carrying around so loosely. The whole lot will go in evidence!"

"The WHOLE lot?"

"Yeah, the whole of it."

"Hm. So sorry, sir, but you seem to have a sliver of treasury-minted paper out your sleeve! You really ought to see your tailor."

"Oh? Got any recommendations for a tailor around here?"

"Why yes, as a matter of fact: Madame Jay. And she ought to be open now! Unfortunately, she's on the far side of town, so you'll have to hurry to make an appointment."

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"There, you see, Quail?"

"Yes master Finch, a real work of art."

"Now then, let's get back to work."