

JACK HORNER

R.S.I. - RHYME SQUAD INVESTIGATIONS

Episode One –

Humpty Dumpty: Was he pushed or did he fall?

My name's Horner, Jack Horner, Lieutenant Detective Jack Horner of the Once Upon a Time Town Special Investigation Unit – the Rhyme Squad.

Every 60 seconds in this town a rhyme is committed. Sometimes it's a little minor verse, sometimes a haiku, sometimes a complete sonnet is pulled off. And it's my job to see it doesn't happen. I was driving my car down Ding Dong Dell thinking about some of the rhymes I'd solved in the past month.

Little Miss Muffet – mugged by a spider,

Tom, Tom the Pipers son – pig rustling, managed to avoid capture and away he did run.

Wee Willie Winkie – usual crime.

All was quiet in Once upon a time Town – too quiet.

When I arrived at the precinct a beautiful young dame with a bonnet and shepherds crook was waiting at my desk.

“I lost my sheep!”

“What's your name, ma'am?”

“Peep.”

“First name?”

“Bo!”

“Could you describe your sheep?”

“It's fleece was white as... white as...”

“Snow, ma'am?”

“Yeah!”

“We get a lot of lost sheep.”

Suddenly the phone rang. Seems a new rhyme had been committed. It was an IC1, male, Caucasian, completed bald, 850 pounds by the name of H.Dumpty was broken in a thousand pieces at the bottom of the wall. My job was to find out who pushed him.

As I rushed from the station I heard a voice - “What about my sheep?”

At the scene of the rhyme squad cars had pulled up by the wall and crowds of fairy tale folk were being held back. A riot officer was calling through a megaphone -

“Move away from the egg shell! Move away from the egg shell! Nothing to see here!”

I grabbed a glass of milk, a hot cross bun and went in.

It was a horrible sight – it was a yolk bath! Egg shell every where!

In the corner of the crowd I saw an old informant of mine, his name was Baa Baa.

“Hi, Baa-baa! Got any wool on you?”

“I don't do wool no more, Mr.Horner.”

“Know anything about this rhyme?”

“That kinda information'll cost you Mr.Horner.”

“How much?”

“Half a pound of tuppenny rice, half a pound of treacle.”

I paid him and he drew me aside.

“This ain’t Humpty Dumpty, Mr.Horner. I saw it all with my own eyes. Dumpty stole eggs from the Ugly Duckling and Goosey-Goosey Gander and he smashed them on the ground himself.”

“But why?”

“For the insurance! He insured his life for 1,000,000 gold coins. All he has to do is collect the insurance money and he’ll be living happily ever after.”

At that point there was a noise at the back of the crowd a character elbowed his way through. Big guy about 850 pounds, IC1,male, Caucasian but with a full head of hair.

"My poor brother, Humpty, what has happened to you?"

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I am Humpty Dumpty’s brother.”

“And what’s your name?”

“My name?”

“Yep.”

“Erm....My name is..... Flumpty Dumpty.”

Suddenly it all became clear I grabbed at his hair, gave it a tug and it came away in my hand. There was a gasp from the crowd – “Hey diddle diddle!” they went - He was completely bald.

“You are Humpty-Dumpty – This is just an insurance scam. I’ll see you get 6 months hard labour with the Grand Old Duke of York. He’ll march to the top of the hill and he’ll march back again!”

“Six months – I’ll be passed my sell by date!” he squealed.

“Hey, hey, hey – if you can’t do the time don’t do the rhyme! Take him away boys!”

That night Once Upon a Time Town was quiet again – all that could be heard was the sound of happy nursery rhyme folk going about their business and the distant sound of weasels going pop. I returned to my office and wrote up my report -

Detective Jack Horner sat in a corner
eating an apple pie.

I stuck in my thumb

and pulled out a plum

and thought, "I'm a great private eye!"