

BIT PART

When police stopped the train at the border, I saw my chance in the movies. When the Turk's bag was laid open, I stood on my seat to see better. When the gendarme seized the white powder, my theatrical cup runneth over.

But the Turk was released, and the train lurched on toward the Rhineland. When I asked the suspect, What was it? He answered, soap powder.

When he offered stale gum, I chewed it, the not too stiff price of admission.

The End