

Trapped in the Q

A “spy” “novel.”

By Liza Daly for NaNoGenMo 2016

James B. was making one of his usual visits to see the master weaponsmaker at headquarters. He knew this was an important part of his mission, but sometimes Q could be so tedious!

“Howdy, James. I am anxious to let you see Her Majesty’s latest latest.”

“Greetings, Q,” James said, intrigued. “What sort of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q gestured at a bag. “I know it looks like a simple bag, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with ammonia. Pure fermium coating, developed during project SOMBERKNAVE.”

“Over!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine indefinite quantity.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hip, leaking pleural fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that hip will nip,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to show off our even finer device.”

“Really, Q,” James said, interested. “What kind of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a wrench. “I realize it looks like an everyday wrench, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that sprays arsenic pentoxide. Pure ruthenium casing, developed during project IVYBELLS.”

“Oh!” James shouted. “Don’t come between a man and his wound.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Please take

this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s shoulder, shooting sputum everywhere.”

“That shoulder certainly will folder,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show you the department’s one more toy.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, in anticipation. “What kind of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q lifted a bag. “I realize it looks like a simple bag, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s uncovered to be a .223-caliber Smith & Wesson M&P15 semiautomatic rifle. Pure cadmium covering, developed during project EBSR.”

“Whee!” James gasped. “Never leave home without your mammary gland.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s chin, shooting gastric acid everywhere.”

“That chin surely will gin,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s yet another little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James said, interested. “What manner of toy do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a candy cane. “I understand it looks like an innocent candy cane, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s truly a trap that aerosolizes fluorine. Pure protactinium covering, developed during project AIRGAP-COZEN.”

“How!” James gasped. “I do love a good candy.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s ankle, spraying gastric juice everywhere.”

“That ankle certainly will rankle,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to show you the department’s even more exciting little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James grunted, in anticipation. “What kind of device do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a microphone. “I understand it looks like an ordinary microphone, but if you blink twice, in reality it’s revealed to be a snare that shoots amiton. Pure thorium shielding, developed during project BEAMER.”

“Oopsey!” James exclaimed. “Don’t come between a man and his electro-acoustic transducer.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s arm, leaking amniotic fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the arm will alarm,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to present to you the team’s even finer contraption.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, enthusiastically. “What kind of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a drawer. “I understand it looks like a boring drawer, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge Winchester 1300 pump-action shotgun. Pure fermium casing, developed during project CYBERTRANS.”

“Gee!” James said. “Never leave home without your money dealer.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s wrist, atomizing chyle everywhere.”

“Surely the wrist will be hissed,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to present to you my yet another technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, intrigued. “What type of thing do you have for me again?”

Q gestured at a twister. “I realize it looks like an everyday twister, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s actually a snare that dispenses trimethyltin chloride. Pure tantalum coating, developed during project GROWLER.”

“My!” James replied. “Don’t come between a man and his friedcake.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s wrist, atomizing tears everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that wrist will schist,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to present to you our one more toy.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, curious. “What manner of device do you have for me today?”

Q walked over to an umbrella. “I know it looks like an everyday umbrella, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s truly a grenade that aerosolizes formaldehyde cyanohydrin. Pure cesium shielding, developed during project STINGRAY.”

“Blast!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine union.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hand, leaking mucus everywhere.”

“That hand certainly will be manned,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to show you the department’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What manner of toy do you have for me this morning?”

Q gestured at a bottle. “I understand it looks like an ordinary bottle, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s actually a Hi-Point CF₃80. Pure

roentgenium casing, developed during project TRACFIN.”

“Tally ho!” James gasped. “I do love a good lay.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s ear, leaking pericardial fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that ear will cavalier,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am happy to present to you Her Majesty’s yet another toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James nodded, excitedly. “What kind of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a hair brush. “I know it looks like an innocent hair brush, but if you look inside, in fact it’s revealed to be a snare that sprays ethanesulfonyl chloride. Pure bohrium covering, developed during project TAROTCARD.”

“Say!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good brush.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s chin, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

“Surely the chin will eskin,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am anxious to let you see our even finer device.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, enthusiastically. “What kind of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q lifted an apple. “I understand it looks like an everyday apple, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s really a grenade that dispenses dioxathion. Pure lutetium casing, developed during project PHOTOANGLO.”

“Zounds!” James gasped. “One always appreciates a fine apple tree.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy’s head, leaking sebum everywhere.”

“Surely the head will bread,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to let you see the department’s yet another technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, intrigued. “What kind of toy do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a cell phone. “I understand it looks like an ordinary cell phone, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s really a snare that sprays 2-methylphenylthiourea. Pure platinum shielding, developed during project TYPHON-HX.”

“All right!” James exclaimed. “Never leave home without your call up.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s hand, spraying sweat everywhere.”

“Surely the hand will be fanned,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to present to you the department’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, enthusiastically. “What manner of wonder do you have for me once again?”

Q lifted a rat. “I know it looks like an everyday rat, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s truly a .30-caliber Universal M1 carbine. Pure ununtrium shielding, developed during project WEALTHYCLUSTER.”

“Okay!” James gasped. “Never leave home without your defect.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s eyebrow, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

“Surely the eyebrow will highbrow,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show you Her Majesty’s yet another weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, curious. “What sort of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q held up a sheet of paper. "I know it looks like an ordinary sheet of paper, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's truly a grenade that rains crimidine. Pure holmium covering, developed during project CYCLONE-HX9."

"Ay!" James shouted. "Never leave home without your paper."

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy's belly, leaking pus everywhere."

"That belly certainly will nelly," James joked, in his inimical way.

"Before you go, James. I am happy to let you see my yet another device."

"Yes, hello, Q," James replied, excitedly. "What manner of prop do you have for me this morning?"

Q waved his arm towards an ocarina. "I realize it looks like a boring ocarina, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it's revealed to be a 9mm SIG Sauer P226. Pure thulium casing, developed during project SILVERZEPHYR."

"Quite!" James shouted. "I do love a good wind instrument."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q grunted, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy's chin, leaking tears everywhere."

"That chin certainly will berlin," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Even better, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off Her Majesty's one more little trick."

"Another?, Q," James answered, curious. "What manner of contraption do you have for me now?"

Q gestured at a whip. "I realize it looks like a simple whip, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a Intratec DC-9. Pure bohrium coating, developed during project HEADWATER."

"Right on!" James replied. "I do love a good vanquish."

"Do pay attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to

be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s back, spraying mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that back will haque,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show you Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, in anticipation. “What sort of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q picked up a hanger. “I know it looks like a simple hanger, but if you hum, in reality it’s truly a trap that rains muscimol. Pure yttrium covering, developed during project FOXACID.”

“Oy!” James said. “I do love a good worker.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s ankle, leaking sputum everywhere.”

“Surely the ankle will rankle,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate my one more contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What manner of thing do you have for me today?”

Q held up a candy cane. “I know it looks like an everyday candy cane, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s really a sawed-off Savage Springfield 67H pump-action shotgun. Pure vanadium casing, developed during project SWAP.”

“Yikes!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good candy.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s ankle, leaking vomit everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that ankle will rankle,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

“Okay, Q,” James nodded, enthusiastically. “What type of prop do you have for me now?”

Q waved his arm towards a floor. “I understand it looks like an ordinary floor, but if you hum, in fact it’s actually a grenade that dispenses diborane. Pure praseodymium casing, developed during project WOLFPOINT.”

“Vroom!” James replied. “Don’t come between a man and his earth.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy’s lip, leaking sweat everywhere.”

“Surely the lip will microchip,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate my next toy.”

“All right, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What kind of thing do you have for me now?”

Q picked up a bow tie. “I realize it looks like a simple bow tie, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s really a .30-caliber Universal M1 carbine. Pure gadolinium casing, developed during project TURMOIL.”

“Why!” James shouted. “Don’t come between a man and his tie.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s cheek, leaking mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that cheek will seek,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“If you have another minute, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you Her Majesty’s even more exciting weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, intrigued. “What type of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q lifted a frying pan. “I understand it looks like a boring frying pan, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s truly a trap that aerosolizes dinoseb. Pure niobium shielding, developed during project TRINITY.”

“Aye!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine cooking pan.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q said, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s thigh, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

“Surely the thigh will awry,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate the department’s next little trick.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, curious. “What type of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q lifted a rat. “I understand it looks like an everyday rat, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s actually a .44 Magnum Ruger. Pure niobium covering, developed during project PROTON.”

“Zzz!” James shouted. “Never leave home without your worker.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s tooth, atomizing saliva everywhere.”

“Surely the tooth will sleuth,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s one more little trick.”

“Another?, Q,” James answered, enthusiastically. “What sort of wonder do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a cow. “I understand it looks like an innocent cow, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s really a mine that sprays cycloheximide. Pure cerium coating, developed during project DOUBLEARROW.”

“Om!” James shouted. “Never leave home without your disagreeable woman.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s breast, atomizing sebum everywhere.”

“That breast certainly will crest,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate my even more exciting latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What kind of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q waved his arm towards a hand bag. “I understand it looks like an ordinary hand bag, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s truly a trap that rains semicarbazide hydrochloride. Pure actinium casing, developed during project NIGHTSTAND.”

“Wah!” James shouted. “One always appreciates a fine container.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s shoulder, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that shoulder will older,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to show you my even finer technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, interested. “What kind of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a light bulb. “I understand it looks like an innocent light bulb, but if you look inside, in reality it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Ruger P89. Pure lanthanum armour, developed during project FASTSCOPE.”

“Wow!” James said. “Don’t come between a man and his electric lamp.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s foot, spraying rheum everywhere.”

“That foot certainly will caput,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s even more exciting contraption.”

“Another?, Q,” James answered, interested. “What sort of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q nodded towards a candy bar. "I know it looks like an everyday candy bar, but if you examine it closely, in reality it's uncovered to be a boobytrap that shoots nickel carbonyl. Pure ununhexium casing, developed during project LIQUIDFIRE."

"Boy!" James shouted. "I do love a good candy."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's thumb, shooting aqueous humour everywhere."

"Surely the thumb will slum," James said, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I am delighted to demonstrate Her Majesty's yet another little trick."

"Really, Q," James grunted, enthusiastically. "What type of prop do you have for me once again?"

Q gestured at an outlet. "I know it looks like an innocent outlet, but if you examine it closely, in reality it's truly a grenade that shoots nicotine sulfate. Pure francium shielding, developed during project CYBERTRANS."

"Whee!" James replied. "Don't come between a man and his activity."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "Do act your age. Finally," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy's neck, leaking peritoneal fluid everywhere."

"Surely the neck will exec," James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

"Even better, James. I am delighted to let you see the department's yet another weapon."

"Yes, hello, Q," James said, curious. "What kind of toy do you have for me now?"

Q lifted a lighter. "I realize it looks like an ordinary lighter, but if you blink twice, in fact it's actually a snare that shoots phosphoric acid. Pure cobalt armour, developed during project DACRON."

"Man!" James shouted. "I do love a good transport."

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hand, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“That hand surely will be planned,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s yet another weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, enthusiastically. “What kind of device do you have for me now?”

Q nodded towards a whip. “I understand it looks like a boring whip, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that aerosolizes acrylonitrile. Pure gold armour, developed during project GOLDPOINT.”

“Roger that!” James exclaimed. “Don’t come between a man and his convulse.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s back, atomizing perilymph everywhere.”

“That back surely will dak,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am happy to let you see Her Majesty’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, curious. “What kind of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a rabbit. “I know it looks like an ordinary rabbit, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that dispenses allyl alcohol. Pure ytterbium armour, developed during project CPE.”

“Whoo!” James exclaimed. “Don’t come between a man and his game.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s shoulder, spraying sebum everywhere.”

“Surely the shoulder will holder,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am happy to present to you Her Majesty’s one more latest.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, in anticipation. “What manner of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a rock. “I realize it looks like a simple rock, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s really a dart gun that aerosolizes demeton. Pure thulium armour, developed during project EGOTISTICALGIRAFFE.”

“Geez!” James said. “I do love a good lunch.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s waist, leaking sebum everywhere.”

“That waist certainly will chaste,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to let you see the team’s even more exciting little trick.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, enthusiastically. “What type of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q walked over to a washcloth. “I understand it looks like a boring washcloth, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a snare that aerosolizes chlordane. Pure copper armour, developed during project GENESIS.”

“Chin up!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine bath linen.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s cheek, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that cheek will antique,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I am anxious to let you see my even finer latest.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What type of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a screwdriver. "I realize it looks like a simple screwdriver, but if you whistle, it turns out that it's revealed to be a trap that sprays phosphonothioic acid. Pure roentgenium covering, developed during project CREEK."

"Quite!" James exclaimed. "Don't come between a man and his cocktail."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Also," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's thigh, shooting vomit everywhere."

"That thigh surely will by," James joked, in his trademark fashion.

"Even better, James. I am anxious to show you my next device."

"Really, Q," James replied, interested. "What kind of wonder do you have for me again?"

Q walked over to a socks. "I realize it looks like a boring socks, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's revealed to be a snare that aerosolizes chloroethyl chloroformate. Pure ruthenium covering, developed during project TOTCHASER."

"Amen!" James replied. "I do love a good hit."

"Do listen to me, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Finally," Q grunted, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy's calf, shooting rheum everywhere."

"That calf surely will giraffe," James said, as he is wont to do.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to demonstrate Her Majesty's even more exciting latest."

"All right, Q," James intoned, intrigued. "What manner of wonder do you have for me today?"

Q picked up a statuette. "I realize it looks like an everyday statuette, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's revealed to be a trap that shoots thallium sulfate. Pure seaborgium coating, developed during project RENOIR."

"Amen!" James gasped. "One always appreciates a fine figure."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do

act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s thigh, leaking saliva everywhere.”

“That thigh surely will by,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am anxious to present to you the department’s next technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, enthusiastically. “What manner of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a socks. “I realize it looks like an everyday socks, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s actually a Sig Sauer p226. Pure chromium coating, developed during project PBX.”

“Great!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine hit.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s calf, leaking lymph everywhere.”

“That calf certainly will carafe,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I want to let you see Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

“All right, Q,” James nodded, intrigued. “What type of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to an apple. “I understand it looks like an ordinary apple, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s uncovered to be a snare that shoots methyl phenkapton. Pure tantalum shielding, developed during project GODSURGE.”

“Yoo-hoo!” James exclaimed. “Never leave home without your apple tree.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s foot, atomizing bile everywhere.”

“That foot surely will pussyfoot,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am happy to show off the department’s yet another latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, enthusiastically. “What kind of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a whip. “I know it looks like an ordinary whip, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s uncovered to be a trap that sprays lactonitrile. Pure dysprosium coating, developed during project BLUEZEPHYR.”

“Zap!” James said. “Never leave home without your vanquish.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy’s ear, spraying cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the ear will deere,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even finer toy.”

“All right, Q,” James answered, enthusiastically. “What kind of prop do you have for me today?”

Q waved his arm towards a button. “I realize it looks like an everyday button, but if you whistle, in fact it’s uncovered to be a AR-15 assault rifle. Pure chromium shielding, developed during project GAMUT-UTT.”

“Man!” James replied. “Never leave home without your artefact.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s foot, spraying saliva everywhere.”

“That foot surely will caput,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to show you my one more contraption.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, enthusiastically. “What sort of prop do you have for me today?”

Q waved his arm towards a white out. “I understand it looks like a simple white out, but if you whistle, in reality it’s actually a snare that dispenses diethyl chlorophosphate. Pure ytterbium armour, developed during project

TEMPTRESS.”

“Zzz!” James exclaimed. “Never leave home without your cover.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s thumb, shooting pleural fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that thumb will drum,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you my next toy.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, curious. “What sort of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a nail. “I understand it looks like a simple nail, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a mine that aerosolizes carbophenothion. Pure uranium coating, developed during project BEAMER.”

“Here!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good make it.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting aqueous humour everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that hair will affair,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to demonstrate Her Majesty’s yet another little trick.”

“Really, Q,” James answered, intrigued. “What manner of toy do you have for me today?”

Q walked over to a CD. “I know it looks like an ordinary CD, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s uncovered to be a .223 Bushmaster XM15-E2S rifle. Pure platinum covering, developed during project ERRONEOUSINGENUITY.”

“Good job!” James replied. “I do love a good candlepower unit.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s finger, shooting sputum everywhere.”

“Surely the finger will linger,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I want to show off my even more exciting latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James answered, curious. “What sort of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q nodded towards a pen. “I know it looks like an everyday pen, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s actually a snare that sprays hexamethylenediamine. Pure magnesium coating, developed during project CADENCE-GAMUT.”

“Yippee!” James said. “I do love a good swan.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s thigh, spraying sebum everywhere.”

“Surely the thigh will aye,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Next up, James. I want to show off the department’s even more exciting toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, intrigued. “What manner of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q held up a key. “I understand it looks like an ordinary key, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s truly a boobytrap that showers the victim with carbophenothion. Pure protactinium shielding, developed during project ARCANAPUP.”

“Here!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine achene.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s tooth, atomizing perilymph everywhere.”

“Surely the tooth will vermooth,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Next up, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s even

more exciting weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, curious. “What kind of device do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a rolling pin. “I understand it looks like an everyday rolling pin, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that dispenses methiocarb. Pure tungsten armour, developed during project SCORPIOFORE-CPE.”

“Gee!” James said. “I do love a good kitchen utensil.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s tooth, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that tooth will vermouth,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate the team’s yet another latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, interested. “What kind of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a wishbone. “I realize it looks like an ordinary wishbone, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s actually a trap that showers the victim with methyl thiocyanate. Pure roentgenium covering, developed during project OCTAVE.”

“By golly!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good furcula.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s thumb, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

“That thumb surely will plum,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to show you our even finer weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, interested. “What kind of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a brush. "I know it looks like an everyday brush, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it's actually a 7.62mm AK-47. Pure erbium casing, developed during project BLACKHEART."

"Quite!" James exclaimed. "I do love a good move."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy's fist, atomizing vomit everywhere."

"Surely the fist will wist," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Also, James. I want to demonstrate the department's yet another device."

"Really, Q," James answered, in anticipation. "What sort of device do you have for me once again?"

Q held up a knife. "I understand it looks like a boring knife, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it's actually a dart gun that rains nitrobenzene. Pure iron casing, developed during project HIGHLANDS."

"Well!" James exclaimed. "I do love a good projection."

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q said, "If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy's lip, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere."

"That lip certainly will rip," James said, in his inimical way.

"Also, James. I am delighted to present to you the team's yet another weapon."

"Another?, Q," James answered, intrigued. "What manner of wonder do you have for me this morning?"

Q nodded towards a zebra. "I understand it looks like an everyday zebra, but if you look inside, in reality it's actually a snare that showers the victim with dichloro-trifluoromethyl-benzimidazole. Pure nobelium covering, developed during project LIQUIDFIRE."

"Blast!" James shouted. "One always appreciates a fine equid."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q said, "If you wave it

counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy's wrist, atomizing bile everywhere."

"Surely the wrist will quist," James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

"Before you go, James. I am happy to let you see my next contraption."

"Okay, Q," James nodded, in anticipation. "What sort of wonder do you have for me once again?"

Q waved his arm towards a crowbar. "I understand it looks like a boring crowbar, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's actually a 9mm Hi-Point 995 carbine rifle. Pure ruthenium armour, developed during project OCEAN."

"Get outta here!" James exclaimed. "I do love a good lever."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q intoned, "If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy's shoulder, leaking blood serum everywhere."

"That shoulder surely will beholder," James said, in his inimical way.

"Next, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off my even finer device."

"Another?, Q," James nodded, enthusiastically. "What manner of toy do you have for me this morning?"

Q picked up a jigsaw puzzle. "I know it looks like an everyday jigsaw puzzle, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it's really a trap that aerosolizes cyanogen iodide. Pure indium armour, developed during project PICASSO."

"Whee!" James gasped. "I do love a good puzzle."

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q intoned, "If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy's finger, leaking tears everywhere."

"Surely the finger will linger," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"If you have another minute, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty's even more exciting toy."

“Another?, Q,” James replied, curious. “What sort of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a floor. “I know it looks like an innocent floor, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a grenade that shoots coumaphos. Pure rubidium coating, developed during project CULTWEAVE.”

“Hmm!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine land.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s lip, shooting mucus everywhere.”

“That lip surely will nip,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show off the department’s next technical wonder.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, in anticipation. “What type of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q held up a chicken. “I understand it looks like an ordinary chicken, but if you look inside, in reality it’s revealed to be a dart gun that showers the victim with bitoscanate. Pure nickel coating, developed during project ARCANAPUP.”

“No way!” James said. “I do love a good wuss.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s thumb, leaking sebum everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that thumb will cum,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am happy to show you our even more exciting weapon.”

“Really, Q,” James answered, intrigued. “What type of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a pen. “I realize it looks like an ordinary pen, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s truly a 9mm Glock 17. Pure rhodium armour, developed during project TURMOIL.”

“Blast!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine correctional institution.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s ankle, leaking vomit everywhere.”

“That ankle certainly will rankle,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to let you see the team’s one more device.”

“Really, Q,” James said, curious. “What type of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a lamp shade. “I realize it looks like an everyday lamp shade, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s really a trap that aerosolizes gallium trichloride. Pure palladium casing, developed during project IRATEMONK.”

“All right!” James replied. “I do love a good shade.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s tooth, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

“That tooth certainly will untruth,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to show off Her Majesty’s next toy.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, curious. “What sort of toy do you have for me again?”

Q walked over to a microphone. “I realize it looks like a boring microphone, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s revealed to be a boobytrap that rains ethylene fluorohydrin. Pure fermium casing, developed during project FASTSCOPE.”

“Ay!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine electro-acoustic transducer.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it

is programmed to fire at your enemy's fist, atomizing sputum everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that fist will be kissed," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I am delighted to show off our yet another device."

"Really, Q," James answered, intrigued. "What type of thing do you have for me once again?"

Q gestured at a letter opener. "I realize it looks like an everyday letter opener, but if you blink twice, in fact it's really a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson. Pure zinc casing, developed during project CINEPLEX."

"Uh-oh!" James replied. "I do love a good knife."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q said, "If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's fist, leaking earwax everywhere."

"That fist surely will cyst," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Before you go, James. I am happy to demonstrate our even more exciting little trick."

"All right, Q," James said, enthusiastically. "What sort of wonder do you have for me again?"

Q walked over to a sheep. "I know it looks like an everyday sheep, but if you whistle, in fact it's actually a snare that rains aldrin. Pure osmium shielding, developed during project ERRONEOUSINGENUITY."

"Ay!" James gasped. "I do love a good follower."

"Do pay attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q grunted, "If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy's ankle, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere."

"That ankle certainly will rankle," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you our even more exciting contraption."

"Okay, Q," James intoned, interested. "What kind of wonder do you have

for me this morning?”

Q held up a water. “I realize it looks like an everyday water, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a mine that rains ethylenediamine. Pure darmstadtium casing, developed during project WEALTHYCLUSTER.”

“Long time!” James shouted. “One always appreciates a fine render.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s mouth, leaking rheum everywhere.”

“That mouth certainly will south,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I am happy to present to you our yet another latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, excitedly. “What type of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a book. “I understand it looks like a simple book, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s revealed to be a boobytrap that shoots 6-diisocyanate toluene. Pure barium armour, developed during project AGILITY.”

“Good!” James shouted. “Don’t come between a man and his register.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s tooth, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

“That tooth certainly will untruth,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to demonstrate the team’s yet another weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, interested. “What type of device do you have for me this morning?”

Q lifted a light bulb. “I know it looks like an everyday light bulb, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s really a trap that dispenses crotonaldehyde. Pure polonium casing, developed during project GERONTIC.”

“Is it!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine electric lamp.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s lip, spraying saliva everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that lip will equip,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am happy to let you see my yet another contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James replied, in anticipation. “What sort of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a ladle. “I know it looks like a boring ladle, but if you look inside, in fact it’s actually a trap that shoots salcomine. Pure potassium covering, developed during project NUCLEON.”

“Roger that!” James replied. “I do love a good set.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s thumb, leaking synovial fluid everywhere.”

“That thumb certainly will mum,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to let you see our even more exciting latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James intoned, excitedly. “What sort of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q waved his arm towards a microphone. “I understand it looks like an innocent microphone, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s truly a grenade that rains sulfuric acid. Pure beryllium casing, developed during project LOUDAUTO.”

“Oh no!” James said. “Never leave home without your electro-acoustic transducer.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s shoulder, shooting bile everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that shoulder will polder,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to show off my yet another technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James nodded, curious. “What type of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q nodded towards a dagger. “I realize it looks like an innocent dagger, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s really a grenade that showers the victim with camphechlor. Pure zinc casing, developed during project GJALLER.”

“All right!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine character.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s hair, shooting vitreous humour everywhere.”

“That hair certainly will compare,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to present to you my even more exciting contraption.”

“All right, Q,” James grunted, enthusiastically. “What manner of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q waved his arm towards a shampoo. “I know it looks like a boring shampoo, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s truly a grenade that shoots lewisite. Pure gallium shielding, developed during project DROPMIRE.”

“Vroom!” James replied. “Don’t come between a man and his cleanser.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s shoulder, leaking sebum everywhere.”

“That shoulder certainly will smolder,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you our one more contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, in anticipation. “What type of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a card. “I understand it looks like a simple card, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s truly a .380-caliber. Pure lutetium covering, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-SPLITGLASS.”

“Yo!” James said. “Never leave home without your roster.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s belly, shooting gastric juice everywhere.”

“That belly certainly will deli,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am anxious to show you Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, intrigued. “What kind of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a watch. “I know it looks like an ordinary watch, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s actually a 9mm Glock 19. Pure bismuth covering, developed during project TUNINGFORK-SEEKER.”

“You don’t say!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good security guard.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s forearm, shooting cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that forearm will alarm,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to show you our one more technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, curious. “What type of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q held up a hand bag. “I understand it looks like a simple hand bag, but if you hum, in reality it’s truly a snare that sprays hydroquinone. Pure titanium casing, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-

SPLITGLASS.”

“Voila!” James shouted. “Never leave home without your container.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s finger, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“That finger certainly will linger,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s yet another toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, enthusiastically. “What type of device do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a straw. “I understand it looks like an innocent straw, but if you blink twice, in reality it’s really a 7.62mm AK-47. Pure niobium armour, developed during project ANCHORY-MAUI.”

“I say!” James replied. “Don’t come between a man and his plant fiber.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting pus everywhere.”

“That hair surely will clare,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to let you see our even finer contraption.”

“Okay, Q,” James nodded, enthusiastically. “What kind of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a butter knife. “I realize it looks like an everyday butter knife, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a dart gun that shoots methidathion. Pure molybdenum casing, developed during project STEELWINTER.”

“All right!” James said. “Never leave home without your table knife.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s nose, leaking aqueous humour everywhere.”

“That nose surely will outgrow,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s even finer little trick.”

“Really, Q,” James replied, interested. “What kind of thing do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a clothes. “I realize it looks like an innocent clothes, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a snare that sprays coumaphos. Pure lanthanum armour, developed during project CROSSBONES.”

“Well done!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine habiliment.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s belly, leaking cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

“That belly certainly will tele,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I am happy to show off our even finer toy.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, curious. “What type of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up an extension cord. “I realize it looks like an ordinary extension cord, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s actually a dart gun that shoots furan. Pure americium shielding, developed during project IRATEMONK.”

“Say!” James replied. “I do love a good cord.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s lip, shooting saliva everywhere.”

“That lip certainly will drip,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am happy to show off the department’s one more device.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, in anticipation. “What manner of thing do you have for me today?”

Q gestured at a scallop shell. "I understand it looks like an everyday scallop shell, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's revealed to be a 9mm SIG Sauer P226. Pure scandium covering, developed during project DEITYBOUNCE."

"Zowie!" James shouted. "I do love a good shell."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q intoned, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy's lip, spraying chyle everywhere."

"Surely the lip will snip," James punned, as he is wont to do.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to demonstrate our even more exciting technical wonder."

"Yes, hello, Q," James nodded, excitedly. "What kind of contraption do you have for me again?"

Q lifted a key. "I realize it looks like a simple key, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's revealed to be a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson. Pure polonium armour, developed during project ASPHALT."

"Look here!" James exclaimed. "One always appreciates a fine coral reef."

"Do listen to me, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy's ankle, spraying mucus everywhere."

"That ankle surely will rankle," James said, as he is wont to do.

"Next, James. I am anxious to show off the department's even more exciting weapon."

"Yes, hello, Q," James grunted, enthusiastically. "What sort of wonder do you have for me now?"

Q picked up a spectacles. "I know it looks like a boring spectacles, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's revealed to be a 9mm Beretta. Pure bismuth coating, developed during project ORANGECRUSH."

"Go on!" James said. "I do love a good optical instrument."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously."

Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s back, shooting peritoneal fluid everywhere.”

“That back surely will lac,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to show off the department’s next toy.”

“All right, Q,” James grunted, curious. “What kind of toy do you have for me today?”

Q walked over to a whale. “I understand it looks like a simple whale, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that shoots dimethyl-p-phenylenediamine. Pure berkelium coating, developed during project GOPHERSET.”

“Good!” James gasped. “Don’t come between a man and his run.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s eye, shooting sweat everywhere.”

“Surely the eye will buy,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate my next technical wonder.”

“All right, Q,” James answered, in anticipation. “What sort of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q waved his arm towards a canteen. “I understand it looks like a boring canteen, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s truly a trap that dispenses oxydisulfoton. Pure tantalum armour, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-SPLITGLASS.”

“Ur!” James said. “Don’t come between a man and his eatery.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s thigh, spraying lymph everywhere.”

“Surely the thigh will bi,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to present to you the

department's even more exciting little trick."

"Yes, hello, Q," James intoned, intrigued. "What type of device do you have for me once again?"

Q nodded towards a bracelet. "I realize it looks like a simple bracelet, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's truly a dart gun that shoots sulfur dioxide. Pure ytterbium armour, developed during project DROPMIRE."

"Yikes!" James replied. "Don't come between a man and his band."

"Do listen to me, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q said, "If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's nose, shooting gastric acid everywhere."

"That nose surely will crows," James joked, in his inimical way.

"Also, James. I am happy to demonstrate Her Majesty's even more exciting toy."

"Okay, Q," James nodded, intrigued. "What type of wonder do you have for me now?"

Q held up a cork. "I know it looks like a boring cork, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's actually a Izhmash Saiga-12 12-gauge semiautomatic shotgun. Pure rhenium coating, developed during project GOPHERSET."

"Oh no!" James exclaimed. "Never leave home without your stopple."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q intoned, "If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy's ear, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that ear will chevalier," James punned, as he is wont to do.

"Next up, James. I am happy to demonstrate the department's yet another latest."

"Okay, Q," James grunted, intrigued. "What manner of prop do you have for me once again?"

Q lifted a clothes pin. "I realize it looks like a simple clothes pin, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's uncovered to be a snare that sprays

nitrophenylphosphonothioic acid. Pure potassium armour, developed during project MOONLIGHTPATH.”

“Long time!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine fixing.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s eyebrow, atomizing peritoneal fluid everywhere.”

“That eyebrow certainly will highbrow,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s one more little trick.”

“Another?, Q,” James answered, interested. “What kind of wonder do you have for me today?”

Q gestured at a whistle. “I realize it looks like an ordinary whistle, but if you look inside, in fact it’s actually a .32-caliber Retolaza semiautomatic. Pure thallium armour, developed during project CPE.”

“Okay!” James replied. “Never leave home without your sign.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy’s wrist, leaking mucus everywhere.”

“Surely the wrist will quist,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show off the team’s one more toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, interested. “What kind of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a baseball bat. “I know it looks like an everyday baseball bat, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s truly a Izhmash Saiga-12 12-gauge semiautomatic shotgun. Pure erbium covering, developed during project DOUBLEARROW.”

“You know!” James gasped. “I do love a good baseball equipment.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s

breast, atomizing mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that breast will chest,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you our even finer technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, in anticipation. “What sort of toy do you have for me again?”

Q held up an ocarina. “I understand it looks like a simple ocarina, but if you hum, in reality it’s uncovered to be a Sig Sauer p226. Pure zirconium casing, developed during project HOWLERMONKEY.”

“Tally ho!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine wind instrument.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy’s back, shooting synovial fluid everywhere.”

“That back certainly will slack,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you my yet another toy.”

“Really, Q,” James replied, intrigued. “What sort of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q nodded towards a buckle. “I know it looks like an everyday buckle, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a 20-gauge Winchester pump-action shotgun. Pure einsteinium covering, developed during project FASCIA.”

“Aye!” James replied. “Never leave home without your founder.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy’s hand, leaking cerumen everywhere.”

“Surely the hand will grande,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to demonstrate our yet another device.”

“Okay, Q,” James nodded, interested. “What kind of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a marble. “I realize it looks like a boring marble, but if you hum, in fact it’s truly a .357 Ruger Blackhawk revolver. Pure dysprosium coating, developed during project SOMBERKNAVE.”

“Tally ho!” James gasped. “One always appreciates a fine sculpture.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s chin, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

“That chin surely will grin,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate our yet another contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James grunted, interested. “What type of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a trap that aerosolizes sodium arsenate. Pure einsteinium shielding, developed during project EBSR.”

“Cheerio!” James shouted. “Don’t come between a man and his floor covering.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s wrist, spraying blood everywhere.”

“That wrist surely will preexist,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I want to present to you our next weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, enthusiastically. “What sort of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a whale. “I know it looks like an innocent whale, but if

you unscrew the top, in fact it's truly a snare that dispenses phosphorus trichloride. Pure bismuth covering, developed during project SKYWRITER."

"Oh!" James gasped. "Never leave home without your track down."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q grunted, "If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy's mouth, atomizing mucus everywhere."

"Surely the mouth will routh," James said, using one of his signature puns.

"Even better, James. I am happy to present to you the team's next little trick."

"Really, Q," James nodded, curious. "What sort of device do you have for me this morning?"

Q held up a thimble. "I understand it looks like an everyday thimble, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it's uncovered to be a snare that showers the victim with sodium azide. Pure thorium coating, developed during project PANOPTICON."

"Huzza!" James exclaimed. "Never leave home without your containerful."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do act your age. Also," Q nodded, "If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy's nose, atomizing lymph everywhere."

"Surely the nose will doze," James punned, in his inimical way.

"Even better, James. I am just delighted to let you see my even more exciting device."

"Yes, hello, Q," James grunted, enthusiastically. "What manner of device do you have for me once again?"

Q nodded towards a straw. "I realize it looks like a boring straw, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's actually a snare that sprays monocrotophos. Pure potassium shielding, developed during project MESSIAH."

"Urgh!" James shouted. "Never leave home without your tube."

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s wrist, shooting cerumen everywhere.”

“Surely the wrist will be reminisced,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you the department’s one more technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What sort of toy do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a ladle. “I know it looks like a boring ladle, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s really a dart gun that sprays lactonitrile. Pure ytterbium covering, developed during project SHIFTINGSHADOW.”

“Ack!” James replied. “I do love a good pose.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s tooth, atomizing gastric juice everywhere.”

“That tooth certainly will vermouth,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to present to you the department’s even more exciting weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, intrigued. “What sort of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a buckle. “I know it looks like an everyday buckle, but if you hum, in fact it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Ruger P85. Pure seaborgium armour, developed during project PANOPTICON.”

“Oy!” James gasped. “Don’t come between a man and his fix.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s hip, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that hip will skip,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off my even more exciting toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, excitedly. “What kind of thing do you have for me again?”

Q picked up an outlet. “I know it looks like an innocent outlet, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s actually a trap that aerosolizes parathion-methyl. Pure titanium coating, developed during project STELLAR-WIND.”

“Yoo-hoo!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine activity.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s arm, leaking mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that arm will farm,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you Her Majesty’s even more exciting device.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, intrigued. “What kind of thing do you have for me again?”

Q gestured at a salt shaker. “I know it looks like a boring salt shaker, but if you blink twice, in reality it’s revealed to be a .22-caliber Walther P22 semiautomatic. Pure manganese armour, developed during project CONTRAOCTAVE.”

“I say!” James shouted. “One always appreciates a fine shaker.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s nose, atomizing pleural fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that nose will chose,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to show off my even more exciting toy.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, intrigued. “What sort of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q held up a coffee mug. "I know it looks like an innocent coffee mug, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it's really a trap that dispenses phenylhydrazine hydrochloride. Pure nobelium casing, developed during project OCTAVE."

"Tally ho!" James said. "Don't come between a man and his mug."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q said, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy's finger, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere."

"That finger surely will linger," James punned, in his inimical way.

"Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to present to you the department's even more exciting toy."

"Another?, Q," James intoned, intrigued. "What kind of contraption do you have for me now?"

Q lifted a turtle. "I understand it looks like an everyday turtle, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's truly a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson. Pure mendelevium shielding, developed during project DARKQUEST."

"Huzza!" James said. "Never leave home without your track down."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q intoned, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy's eyebrow, atomizing sputum everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that eyebrow will highbrow," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next, James. I am anxious to present to you the team's one more technical wonder."

"All right, Q," James replied, intrigued. "What manner of thing do you have for me today?"

Q walked over to a tv. "I understand it looks like an ordinary tv, but if you hum, in fact it's revealed to be a Hi-Point CF380. Pure niobium armour, developed during project FASCIA."

"Zowie!" James exclaimed. "Don't come between a man and his receiving

system.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s arm, leaking perilymph everywhere.”

“That arm surely will alarm,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to show off the department’s even finer toy.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James intoned, intrigued. “What type of toy do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a house. “I know it looks like an everyday house, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s revealed to be a mine that showers the victim with isocyanic acid. Pure erbium coating, developed during project GENIE.”

“My!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine hold.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q answered, “If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy’s foot, spraying endolymph everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that foot will underfoot,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show you the department’s even more exciting contraption.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, in anticipation. “What type of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a credit card. “I understand it looks like an innocent credit card, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s truly a 9mm Springfield Armory XDM semiautomatic. Pure radium coating, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-SPLITGLASS.”

“Huzza!” James gasped. “Never leave home without your positive identification.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At

least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s fist, shooting pericardial fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the fist will cist,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to let you see our even finer technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, interested. “What kind of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a bookmark. “I understand it looks like an innocent bookmark, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s truly a 9mm Smith & Wesson 459 semiautomatic. Pure seaborgium shielding, developed during project FOXACID.”

“Yikes!” James said. “Never leave home without your marker.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s shoulder, leaking rheum everywhere.”

“That shoulder surely will moulder,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s even more exciting latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, enthusiastically. “What manner of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a rock. “I know it looks like a boring rock, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that rains phosfolan. Pure titanium armour, developed during project IVYBELLS.”

“Great!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine lurch.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s chin, atomizing peritoneal fluid everywhere.”

“That chin certainly will brin,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to show off Her Majesty’s even more exciting toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, in anticipation. “What sort of contraption do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a candy bar. “I understand it looks like a simple candy bar, but if you whistle, in fact it’s truly a snare that showers the victim with 6-diisocyanate toluene. Pure cerium shielding, developed during project BELLVIEW.”

“My my!” James shouted. “Never leave home without your confect.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s hip, shooting gastric acid everywhere.”

“Surely the hip will flip,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Next up, James. I am happy to present to you Her Majesty’s even finer weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, excitedly. “What manner of device do you have for me today?”

Q picked up a needle. “I know it looks like an everyday needle, but if you whistle, in reality it’s really a trap that aerosolizes amiton oxalate. Pure thallium shielding, developed during project STATEROOM.”

“Om!” James shouted. “I do love a good molest.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s wrist, shooting sebum everywhere.”

“That wrist surely will preexist,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I want to show off Her Majesty’s next latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, intrigued. “What type of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q gestured at a notepad. “I realize it looks like an ordinary notepad, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s uncovered to be a trap that dispenses ergocalciferol. Pure gold covering, developed during project DARKQUEST.”

“Good job!” James shouted. “One always appreciates a fine pad.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s arm, spraying vomit everywhere.”

“That arm certainly will charm,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you the team’s yet another little trick.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, excitedly. “What type of thing do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a sharpie. “I know it looks like a simple sharpie, but if you hum, in reality it’s revealed to be a mine that sprays allylamine. Pure mercury casing, developed during project WIRESHARK.”

“Wow!” James gasped. “Never leave home without your card player.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s eye, atomizing chyme everywhere.”

“That eye certainly will apply,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show off the team’s next weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, in anticipation. “What manner of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a sketch pad. “I understand it looks like a simple sketch pad, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s actually a 9mm Hi-Point 995 carbine rifle. Pure terbium shielding, developed during project BLUEZEPHYR.”

“Mmm!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good volume.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s tooth, spraying pus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that tooth will uncouth,” James joked, in his inimical

way.

“Even better, James. I want to present to you Her Majesty’s even more exciting weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, enthusiastically. “What type of toy do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a locket. “I know it looks like an innocent locket, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s revealed to be a snare that dispenses thallous malonate. Pure iridium casing, developed during project STREETCAR.”

“Quite!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine case.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hand, leaking chyle everywhere.”

“That hand surely will be scanned,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“If you have another minute, James. I am anxious to present to you our yet another contraption.”

“Another?, Q,” James intoned, excitedly. “What sort of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a trucks. “I realize it looks like an innocent trucks, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s actually a trap that rains chloroacetic acid. Pure calcium casing, developed during project FEEDTROUGH.”

“Very nice!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine handcart.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s calf, spraying endolymph everywhere.”

“That calf certainly will paff,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Next, James. I want to show you the department’s next little trick.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, excitedly. “What manner of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q gestured at a shirt button. "I understand it looks like an ordinary shirt button, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it's revealed to be a snare that showers the victim with nitrocyclohexane. Pure dubnium covering, developed during project CULTWEAVE."

"Take that!" James exclaimed. "Don't come between a man and his button."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Finally," Q nodded, "If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy's hip, atomizing cerumen everywhere."

"Surely the hip will drip," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I want to present to you the department's even finer little trick."

"All right, Q," James said, in anticipation. "What type of toy do you have for me today?"

Q picked up an ice cube. "I know it looks like an everyday ice cube, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a .357 Ruger Blackhawk revolver. Pure dysprosium armour, developed during project DOUBLEARROW."

"Thanks!" James exclaimed. "I do love a good square block."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q answered, "If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy's wrist, leaking cerebrospinal fluid everywhere."

"That wrist surely will cyst," James punned, as he is wont to do.

"Just one more thing, James. I want to show you the team's even more exciting contraption."

"All right, Q," James replied, intrigued. "What sort of toy do you have for me again?"

Q waved his arm towards a turtle. "I understand it looks like an innocent turtle, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's actually a boobytrap that showers the victim with bromadiolone. Pure yttrium covering, developed during project BLARNEY."

“Very well!” James exclaimed. “Never leave home without your overturn.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s cheek, spraying bile everywhere.”

“That cheek certainly will peak,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off Her Majesty’s one more little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, in anticipation. “What kind of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q lifted an ipod. “I realize it looks like a boring ipod, but if you look inside, in fact it’s revealed to be a grenade that showers the victim with 4-amino-propiofenone. Pure ytterbium covering, developed during project MASTERSHAKE.”

“Zounds!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine stereo-.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy’s thigh, atomizing vitreous humour everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that thigh will bi,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Next, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s even more exciting weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James said, intrigued. “What sort of device do you have for me today?”

Q gestured at a cellphone. “I understand it looks like a boring cellphone, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s really a .223 Bushmaster XM15-E2S rifle. Pure mendelevium shielding, developed during project YACHTSHOP.”

“Oh-oh!” James exclaimed. “Don’t come between a man and his radiotelephone.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it targets

your enemy's leg, leaking perilymph everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that leg will egg,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am anxious to demonstrate Her Majesty's yet another toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, excitedly. “What type of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q gestured at a bottle. “I understand it looks like an innocent bottle, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's revealed to be a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure lithium casing, developed during project PATHMASTER-MAILORDER.”

“Uh!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine vessel.”

“I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy's back, spraying aqueous humour everywhere.”

“That back surely will mac,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I am delighted to show you our next latest.”

“All right, Q,” James said, interested. “What sort of wonder do you have for me this morning?”

Q picked up a mirror. “I know it looks like a boring mirror, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's actually a dart gun that aerosolizes allyl alcohol. Pure seaborgium covering, developed during project ENHANCED-WEALTHYCLUSTER.”

“Is it!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good reflect.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's calf, shooting amniotic fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that calf will raff,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to show you the team's even more exciting little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James nodded, curious. “What manner of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q lifted a car. “I know it looks like a boring car, but if you look inside, in fact it’s revealed to be a dart gun that sprays dichloromethylphenylsilane. Pure gold armour, developed during project COURIERSKILL.”

“Okey-dokey!” James shouted. “Never leave home without your compartment.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s tooth, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“That tooth surely will vermouth,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to let you see my yet another technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James nodded, curious. “What sort of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q waved his arm towards a CD. “I know it looks like a simple CD, but if you hum, in reality it’s revealed to be a .44 Magnum Ruger. Pure gold casing, developed during project BLUEZEPHYR.”

“Yo!” James exclaimed. “I do love a good metal.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s foot, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

“That foot surely will pussyfoot,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to present to you the team’s even finer contraption.”

“All right, Q,” James said, interested. “What type of toy do you have for me today?”

Q picked up a dog. “I understand it looks like a boring dog, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s actually a snare that dispenses fenitrothion. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project DROPMIRE.”

“Cheers!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine catch.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s hand, spraying bile everywhere.”

“That hand certainly will disband,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate our one more latest.”

“All right, Q,” James answered, curious. “What type of device do you have for me once again?”

Q lifted a tree. “I know it looks like a boring tree, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s really a snare that rains methyl chloroformate. Pure lanthanum coating, developed during project COMMONVIEW.”

“Whoo!” James said. “Don’t come between a man and his give chase.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s wrist, shooting earwax everywhere.”

“That wrist surely will enlist,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to present to you our even more exciting little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What kind of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q gestured at a lemon. “I know it looks like a simple lemon, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s actually a 9mm Smith & Wesson 459 semiautomatic. Pure radium coating, developed during project MASTERSHAKE.”

“Look here!” James gasped. “Don’t come between a man and his citrus.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s eyebrow, shooting blood serum everywhere.”

“That eyebrow surely will highbrow,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you my next latest.”

“Really, Q,” James replied, excitedly. “What sort of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a rubber band. “I understand it looks like a simple rubber band, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s really a 9mm Intratec DC-9 semiautomatic. Pure sodium casing, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-II.”

“Right!” James exclaimed. “Don’t come between a man and his band.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s breast, leaking pleural fluid everywhere.”

“That breast certainly will attest,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to show off my yet another technical wonder.”

“Really, Q,” James grunted, in anticipation. “What sort of prop do you have for me now?”

Q picked up a shovel. “I know it looks like an ordinary shovel, but if you whistle, in fact it’s truly a dart gun that sprays mercuric oxide. Pure dysprosium covering, developed during project PANOPTICON.”

“Look here!” James replied. “Never leave home without your dig.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s tongue, leaking perilymph everywhere.”

“That tongue surely will wrung,” James said, in his inimical way.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to let you see the team’s yet another little trick.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, interested. “What sort of toy do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a knife. "I know it looks like an ordinary knife, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a trap that shoots bitoscanate. Pure bohrium covering, developed during project MAGNETIC."

"Over!" James exclaimed. "I do love a good projection."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy's belly, spraying rheum everywhere."

"That belly certainly will shelly," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Even better, James. I want to present to you our even more exciting contraption."

"All right, Q," James said, curious. "What type of prop do you have for me this morning?"

Q waved his arm towards a statuette. "I realize it looks like an everyday statuette, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it's really a .38-caliber Colt revolver. Pure calcium casing, developed during project AIGHANDLER."

"Gracious!" James said. "Don't come between a man and his figure."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q answered, "If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy's calf, leaking lymph everywhere."

"Surely the calf will laff," James joked, using one of his signature puns.

"Next, James. I am delighted to let you see Her Majesty's even finer little trick."

"Really, Q," James replied, intrigued. "What sort of toy do you have for me once again?"

Q gestured at an umbrella. "I understand it looks like an everyday umbrella, but if you turn it over, in fact it's revealed to be a 9mm Taurus semiautomatic. Pure aluminium covering, developed during project TOTECHASER."

"My my!" James said. "Never leave home without your defence."

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s tooth, spraying perilymph everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that tooth will truth,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to show you my yet another contraption.”

“All right, Q,” James said, in anticipation. “What type of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q held up a bread. “I understand it looks like an innocent bread, but if you whistle, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with organorhodium complex. Pure tungsten armour, developed during project AGILEVIEW.”

“Oof!” James shouted. “I do love a good money.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s cheek, leaking rheum everywhere.”

“That cheek certainly will mystique,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to show off Her Majesty’s even finer weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, interested. “What sort of toy do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a rabbit. “I understand it looks like an innocent rabbit, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s revealed to be a AR-15 assault rifle. Pure ytterbium covering, developed during project AIRGAP-COZEN.”

“Ready!” James exclaimed. “One always appreciates a fine run.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s hand, spraying rheum everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that hand will and,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even more exciting latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, in anticipation. “What kind of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a sketch pad. “I know it looks like a simple sketch pad, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a trap that rains phenylmercury acetate. Pure copper shielding, developed during project DISHFIRE.”

“Tally ho!” James gasped. “Never leave home without your volume.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s eye, spraying chyme everywhere.”

“That eye certainly will ay,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

James cleared his throat. “I say, Q, is this going on much longer? Terribly thirsty, you know.”

“Next, James. I am anxious to present to you my next weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What sort of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a basketball. “I understand it looks like an ordinary basketball, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s actually a 9mm Springfield Armory XDM semiautomatic. Pure californium coating, developed during project SURLYSPAWN.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your basketball equipment.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s belly, spraying bile everywhere.”

“Surely the belly will saltarelli,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to show off our next toy.”

“Really, Q,” James replied, obviously uninterested. “What kind of prop

do you have for me this morning?”

Q nodded towards a thread. “I understand it looks like a simple thread, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s truly a snare that dispenses dimetilan. Pure dysprosium shielding, developed during project MAINWAY.”

“Yes yes,” James murmured. “I do love a good extract.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

“That hair surely will cher,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to present to you the team’s yet another contraption.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, bored. “What kind of wonder do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a microphone. “I understand it looks like a boring microphone, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s actually a snare that shoots trifluoromethyl-benzenamine. Pure gadolinium covering, developed during project BLACKHEART.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “I do love a good electro-acoustic transducer.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s shoulder, atomizing cerumen everywhere.”

“That shoulder certainly will folder,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s one more toy.”

“All right, Q,” James replied, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a hamster. “I understand it looks like an everyday hamster, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s uncovered to be a .30-06

Remington 742. Pure sodium armour, developed during project STREETCAR.”

“Yes yes,” James whispered. “Don’t come between a man and his rodent.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s fist, spraying chyme everywhere.”

“Surely the fist will delist,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate the department’s even finer contraption.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, with obvious boredom. “What kind of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a tennis racket. “I know it looks like a simple tennis racket, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s revealed to be a MAK-90 rifle. Pure sodium covering, developed during project TRACFIN.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his racket.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s back, spraying blood serum everywhere.”

“That back certainly will hack,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you my next latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What manner of thing do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a football. “I know it looks like a simple football, but if you hum, in fact it’s uncovered to be a grenade that rains demeton-s-methyl. Pure actinium armour, developed during project TUSKATTIRE.”

“That’s all good,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine ball.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself,

it shoots at your enemy's nose, shooting endolymph everywhere."

"That nose certainly will oppose," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you my next toy."

"Yes, hello, Q," James intoned, clearly tired. "What manner of wonder do you have for me this morning?"

Q picked up a statuette. "I understand it looks like a simple statuette, but if you look inside, in reality it's actually a trap that dispenses formparanate. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project TRAILMAPPER."

"Huh," James murmured. "Never leave home without your figure."

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q grunted, "If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy's hand, spraying tears everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that hand will disband," James punned, using one of his signature puns.

"Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to let you see the team's next little trick."

"Another?, Q," James said, staring into space. "What type of toy do you have for me once again?"

Q lifted a conditioner. "I realize it looks like a boring conditioner, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's really a 9mm Smith & Wesson 915 semiautomatic. Pure copper casing, developed during project MASTERSHAKE."

"Yes well," James mumbled. "Don't come between a man and his manager."

"Do listen to me, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy's forearm, shooting perilymph everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that forearm will arm," James joked, in his inimical way.

"Even better, James. I am just delighted to show you my even finer device."

“All right, Q,” James replied, staring at his fingernails. “What manner of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a novel. “I understand it looks like a simple novel, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s really a trap that showers the victim with methyl isocyanate. Pure scandium shielding, developed during project OCTAVE.”

“Huh,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his book.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s fist, leaking saliva everywhere.”

“That fist certainly will assist,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am delighted to demonstrate Her Majesty’s one more contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of device do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a wrench. “I know it looks like an everyday wrench, but if you look inside, in fact it’s revealed to be a dart gun that rains warfarin sodium. Pure terbium casing, developed during project SHELLTRUMPET.”

“Gee,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your twist.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s forearm, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

“That forearm certainly will disarm,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you the department’s yet another latest.”

“All right, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of prop do you have for me today?”

Q held up a pinecone. “I understand it looks like a boring pinecone, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s revealed to be a grenade that aerosolizes

cadmium oxide. Pure uranium coating, developed during project PHOTOANGLO.”

“That’s all good,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine strobilus.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s eye, shooting sweat everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that eye will aye,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to let you see our next weapon.”

“Really, Q,” James said, bored. “What manner of prop do you have for me today?”

Q gestured at a cork. “I know it looks like an everyday cork, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s uncovered to be a mine that aerosolizes acryloyl chloride. Pure nobelium covering, developed during project GOURMETTROUGH.”

“Gee,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your secure.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s fist, spraying earwax everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that fist will frist,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am happy to show off our even more exciting latest.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a postage stamp. “I realize it looks like an innocent postage stamp, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s revealed to be a Izhmash Saiga-12 12-gauge semiautomatic shotgun. Pure polonium covering, developed during project SILVERZEPHYR.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your token.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s head, shooting endolymph everywhere.”

“That head surely will bread,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What sort of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q lifted a credit card. “I realize it looks like an ordinary credit card, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s really a trap that showers the victim with tetraethyltin. Pure polonium armour, developed during project ERRONEOUSINGENUITY.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his open-end credit.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s cheek, atomizing aqueous humour everywhere.”

“Surely the cheek will eke,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show you the team’s one more weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What type of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a tv. “I realize it looks like an ordinary tv, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s really a 9mm Taurus semiautomatic. Pure europium shielding, developed during project GINSU.”

“Gee,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his receiving system.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s mouth, atomizing endolymph everywhere.”

“That mouth surely will south,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you our next weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, staring into space. “What manner of wonder do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a banana. “I know it looks like an innocent banana, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s actually a mine that shoots chlorophacinone. Pure neptunium shielding, developed during project ASSOCIATION.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Don’t come between a man and his bunch.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy’s foot, spraying vomit everywhere.”

“Surely the foot will put,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you the team’s yet another little trick.”

“Okay, Q,” James replied, staring into space. “What manner of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a spring. “I realize it looks like an ordinary spring, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s really a trap that rains chlordane. Pure gold armour, developed during project SHAREDVISION.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your disclose.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s waist, spraying aqueous humour everywhere.”

“That waist certainly will be faced,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show off the team’s yet another device.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, bored. “What manner of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a mop. “I understand it looks like an everyday mop, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s actually a trap that dispenses selenious acid. Pure silver shielding, developed during project DRAGONFLY.”

“Yes well,” James murmured. “I do love a good make a face.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s tongue, atomizing bile everywhere.”

“Surely the tongue will unsung,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I am delighted to show off the team’s yet another device.”

“Really, Q,” James grunted, bored. “What manner of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q picked up a bookmark. “I understand it looks like an everyday bookmark, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a mine that dispenses 2-methylphenylthiourea. Pure ruthenium covering, developed during project JETPLOW.”

“That’s all good,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine marker.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy’s hair, shooting pus everywhere.”

“That hair certainly will ayre,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to show you the team’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, obviously uninterested. “What type of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q picked up a blouse. “I understand it looks like an ordinary blouse, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s truly a grenade that dispenses methiocarb. Pure ytterbium covering, developed during project MAESTRO-II.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “I do love a good top.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s fist, atomizing sputum everywhere.”

“That fist surely will desist,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s next weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James nodded, staring into space. “What sort of toy do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a balloon. “I understand it looks like a simple balloon, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s actually a trap that rains methacrylic anhydride. Pure berkelium covering, developed during project NEBULA.”

“Huh,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your plaything.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s tongue, atomizing pus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that tongue will unsung,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to present to you the department’s one more latest.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, bored. “What manner of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a light bulb. “I understand it looks like a simple light bulb, but if you whistle, in fact it’s really a snare that dispenses ergocalciferol. Pure cerium armour, developed during project THIEVINGMAGPIE.”

“Huh,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine electric lamp.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s mouth, atomizing gastric juice everywhere.”

“That mouth certainly will south,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am happy to let you see the team’s next toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James intoned, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a sailboat. “I know it looks like an ordinary sailboat, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s revealed to be a 9mm Smith & Wesson 915 semiautomatic. Pure curium armour, developed during project INFOSHARE.”

“Yes yes,” James murmured. “I do love a good sailing ship.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s back, leaking chyle everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that back will mac,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off the team’s even finer latest.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What sort of device do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a chair. “I realize it looks like a boring chair, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that dispenses picrotoxin. Pure lithium shielding, developed during project GISTQUEUE.”

“Yes well,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your talk over.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s neck, spraying aqueous humour everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that neck will deck,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am happy to present to you my even more exciting little trick.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, obviously uninterested. “What manner of

thing do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a nail. “I know it looks like an ordinary nail, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s uncovered to be a snare that shoots chlordanes. Pure dysprosium shielding, developed during project LIFESAVER.”

“That’s all good,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his play.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s thigh, spraying perilymph everywhere.”

“That thigh certainly will ally,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to show you my even finer technical wonder.”

“Really, Q,” James grunted, with obvious boredom. “What sort of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a flashlight. “I understand it looks like a boring flashlight, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it’s actually a snare that dispenses 2-chloroethanol. Pure zirconium armour, developed during project STELLAR-WIND.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “I do love a good electric lamp.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s thigh, leaking tears everywhere.”

“Surely the thigh will aye,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I want to let you see our next latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What kind of toy do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a buckle. “I realize it looks like an ordinary buckle, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s really a .30-06 Remington 742. Pure americium coating, developed during project FOREMAN.”

“Yes yes,” James whispered. “I do love a good cave in.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s mouth, atomizing amniotic fluid everywhere.”

“That mouth surely will south,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show off our one more toy.”

“All right, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What kind of thing do you have for me today?”

Q walked over to a paperclip. “I know it looks like an ordinary paperclip, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s really a boobytrap that aerosolizes endosulfan. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project TUSKATTIRE.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “Don’t come between a man and his clip.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

“That hair surely will declare,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate the team’s even more exciting toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, clearly tired. “What type of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q gestured at a paper. “I understand it looks like a simple paper, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s truly a mine that rains ethanesulfonyl chloride. Pure cerium covering, developed during project COASTLINE.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your publisher.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s forearm, spraying pleural fluid everywhere.”

“That forearm surely will unarm,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I want to let you see the team’s even finer device.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, obviously uninterested. “What type of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a desk. “I understand it looks like an ordinary desk, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s actually a snare that dispenses sodium selenate. Pure technetium coating, developed during project NEWHORIZONS.”

“Huh,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your table.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s eyebrow, leaking endolymph everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that eyebrow will highbrow,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to let you see our yet another toy.”

“All right, Q,” James replied, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What manner of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q gestured at a wedding ring. “I realize it looks like an everyday wedding ring, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s revealed to be a 9mm Hi-Point 995 carbine rifle. Pure indium shielding, developed during project CLOUD.”

“Yes yes,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his band.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s ankle, shooting rheum everywhere.”

“That ankle certainly will rankle,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you my one more weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What sort of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a candlestick. "I realize it looks like an everyday candlestick, but if you look inside, in fact it's truly a snare that aerosolizes ethylbis-chloroethylamine. Pure osmium covering, developed during project MESSIAH."

"Huh," James whispered. "Never leave home without your holder."

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q grunted, "If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy's calf, shooting amniotic fluid everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that calf will chaff," James punned, using one of his signature puns.

"Before you go, James. I am happy to show off the team's yet another little trick."

"Really, Q," James intoned, bored. "What kind of surprise do you have for me once again?"

Q gestured at a baseball bat. "I understand it looks like a simple baseball bat, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a 9mm Ruger P89. Pure lanthanum covering, developed during project THIEVINGMAGPIE."

"Yes yes," James mumbled. "Never leave home without your bat."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Finally," Q intoned, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's eye, shooting bile everywhere."

"Surely the eye will by," James joked, using one of his signature puns.

"Also, James. I want to show you our next weapon."

"Another?, Q," James said, bored. "What sort of device do you have for me again?"

Q gestured at an eraser. "I understand it looks like an everyday eraser, but if you whistle, in fact it's uncovered to be a .44 Magnum Ruger. Pure uranium armour, developed during project SHARKFINN."

"Yes well," James sighed. "One always appreciates a fine implement."

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s hand, spraying blood everywhere.”

“Surely the hand will be panned,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to demonstrate the team’s even finer toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, with obvious boredom. “What manner of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q lifted a mirror. “I know it looks like a simple mirror, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a grenade that aerosolizes hexachlorocyclopentadiene. Pure iridium armour, developed during project NIGHTWATCH.”

“Gee,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your reverberate.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s ankle, leaking pleural fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the ankle will rankle,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you my yet another toy.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, bored. “What sort of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a bed. “I understand it looks like an innocent bed, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that rains nicotine sulfate. Pure platinum armour, developed during project WATERWITCH.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your place.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy’s waist, shooting mucus everywhere.”

“That waist surely will chaste,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am anxious to show off Her Majesty’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Really, Q,” James said, obviously uninterested. “What type of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q lifted an apple. “I know it looks like an everyday apple, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Springfield Armory XDM semiautomatic. Pure sodium coating, developed during project TRAILMAPPER.”

“Yes well,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your apple tree.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s belly, shooting amniotic fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that belly will shelly,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you Her Majesty’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James answered, bored. “What type of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a paper. “I know it looks like an ordinary paper, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s truly a Intratec MAC-II. Pure meitnerium armour, developed during project AIRGAP-COZEN.”

“Fine,” James sighed. “I do love a good article.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s shoulder, spraying pericardial fluid everywhere.”

“That shoulder certainly will smolder,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate my even finer toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James replied, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What sort of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q lifted an ocarina. “I realize it looks like an everyday ocarina, but if you

reverse it, in fact it's uncovered to be a trap that sprays fenitrothion. Pure ununbium casing, developed during project NIGHTSURF."

"Yes well," James murmured. "I do love a good wind."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy's back, shooting vitreous humour everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that back will flak," James said, in his trademark fashion.

"Just one more thing, James. I am happy to demonstrate our one more contraption."

"Yes, hello, Q," James intoned, with indifference. "What manner of toy do you have for me today?"

Q picked up a purse. "I realize it looks like an ordinary purse, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it's revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with trifluoromethyl-benzenamine. Pure gallium casing, developed during project SNAPE."

"Yes well," James murmured. "Don't come between a man and his sum of money."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q said, "If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy's chin, shooting chyle everywhere."

"That chin surely will herein," James punned, using one of his signature puns.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to present to you Her Majesty's even finer weapon."

"Yes, hello, Q," James nodded, staring at his fingernails. "What manner of wonder do you have for me now?"

Q walked over to a zipper. "I know it looks like an ordinary zipper, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a 12-gauge sawed-off Savage Stevens 311D. Pure nickel coating, developed during project WINDSTOP."

"Huh," James mumbled. "Never leave home without your fasten."

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s thigh, atomizing chyle everywhere.”

“That thigh surely will bonsai,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am anxious to present to you the department’s even more exciting little trick.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, clearly bored. “What manner of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a pencil. “I realize it looks like an ordinary pencil, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with fensulfothion. Pure tungsten casing, developed during project GODSURGE.”

“That’s all good,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his blacklead.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s foot, shooting gastric juice everywhere.”

“Surely the foot will caput,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Next up, James. I am just delighted to let you see the team’s even finer device.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, clearly bored. “What manner of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a clothes. “I realize it looks like an everyday clothes, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s actually a grenade that sprays 4-diisocyanate toluene. Pure indium armour, developed during project DISHFIRE.”

“Fine,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his wearable.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s lip, leaking endolymph everywhere.”

“Surely the lip will slip,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to let you see our even more exciting technical wonder.”

“All right, Q,” James said, obviously uninterested. “What kind of prop do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a catalogue. “I know it looks like a simple catalogue, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s really a trap that aerosolizes prothoate. Pure bohrium shielding, developed during project AIGHANDLER.”

“That’s all good,” James whispered. “I do love a good sort.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s fist, shooting sebum everywhere.”

“That fist surely will subsist,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to let you see the team’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q gestured at a desk. “I know it looks like an ordinary desk, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s really a .45-caliber Springfield semiautomatic. Pure plutonium coating, developed during project XKEYSCORE.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “One always appreciates a fine table.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s arm, shooting gastric acid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that arm will farm,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off the department’s yet another toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, with indifference. “What kind of surprise do

you have for me again?”

Q held up a perfume. “I realize it looks like an everyday perfume, but if you look inside, in fact it’s uncovered to be a snare that sprays mercuric oxide. Pure strontium shielding, developed during project LITTLE.”

“Gee,” James sighed. “I do love a good scent.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy’s neck, atomizing saliva everywhere.”

“Surely the neck will deck,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to demonstrate Her Majesty’s next toy.”

“All right, Q,” James replied, clearly bored. “What manner of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a chair. “I know it looks like an ordinary chair, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a dart gun that showers the victim with 2-chloroethanol. Pure yttrium armour, developed during project MINERALIZE.”

“Yes yes,” James sighed. “I do love a good lead.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s chin, atomizing chyle everywhere.”

“Surely the chin will begin,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I want to show you our even more exciting device.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What type of thing do you have for me today?”

Q lifted an ocarina. “I realize it looks like an everyday ocarina, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a grenade that rains warfarin sodium. Pure berkelium coating, developed during project MAESTRO-II.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine wind.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s fist, atomizing vitreous humour everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that fist will frist,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you my even finer weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What kind of device do you have for me again?”

Q walked over to a white out. “I realize it looks like an everyday white out, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s really a sawed-off Savage Springfield 67H pump-action shotgun. Pure vanadium casing, developed during project HOWLERMONKEY.”

“Huh,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his cover.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s chin, shooting mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that chin will gin,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show you my yet another weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, with indifference. “What manner of thing do you have for me today?”

Q waved his arm towards a drawer. “I understand it looks like a boring drawer, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s truly a 12-gauge Remington Sportsman sawed-off shotgun. Pure tin coating, developed during project BLACKPEARL.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Don’t come between a man and his money dealer.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s chin, spraying blood everywhere.”

“That chin surely will gyn,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“If you have another minute, James. I am happy to present to you my even finer weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, clearly tired. “What sort of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a lamp shade. “I realize it looks like a boring lamp shade, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it’s actually a .38-caliber Davis Industries two-shot derringer. Pure barium casing, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-III.”

“That’s all good,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his shade.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy’s hand, shooting cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the hand will lefthand,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to show you the department’s one more little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James nodded, clearly bored. “What kind of toy do you have for me now?”

Q waved his arm towards an orange. “I know it looks like a simple orange, but if you hum, in reality it’s revealed to be a grenade that sprays fenitrothion. Pure dubnium armour, developed during project DISHFIRE.”

“Gee,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his pigment.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s belly, shooting vomit everywhere.”

“Surely the belly will smelly,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off Her Majesty’s one more toy.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, with obvious boredom. “What manner of toy do you have for me now?”

Q picked up a locket. "I understand it looks like an ordinary locket, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it's actually a dart gun that sprays selenious acid. Pure thulium armour, developed during project ETHEREAL."

"Yes well," James murmured. "Don't come between a man and his case."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q grunted, "If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy's chin, spraying earwax everywhere."

"Surely the chin will herein," James joked, in his inimical way.

"Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to show off the team's yet another device."

"All right, Q," James answered, with obvious boredom. "What kind of prop do you have for me once again?"

Q waved his arm towards a shoes. "I realize it looks like an everyday shoes, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it's truly a mine that sprays isopropylmethylpyrazolyl dimethylcarbamate. Pure americium covering, developed during project IRONCHEF."

"Fine," James mumbled. "I do love a good situation."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Also," Q replied, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy's leg, leaking chyme everywhere."

"Surely the leg will gegg," James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

"Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you the team's even finer device."

"Yes, hello, Q," James answered, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. "What sort of wonder do you have for me now?"

Q held up a rubber band. "I know it looks like an ordinary rubber band, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a 12-gauge Remington 870 pump-action shotgun. Pure lutetium shielding, developed during project TURMOIL."

"Huh," James murmured. "Don't come between a man and his band."

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy’s mouth, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

“Surely the mouth will south,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to let you see the team’s yet another device.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, obviously uninterested. “What sort of prop do you have for me now?”

Q lifted an ipod. “I know it looks like a simple ipod, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a trap that shoots tetraethyltin. Pure mercury armour, developed during project DROPMIRE.”

“Fine,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his stereo system.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s forearm, shooting blood everywhere.”

“Surely the forearm will disarm,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s even finer latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, clearly tired. “What manner of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q lifted a lemon. “I realize it looks like an everyday lemon, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it’s uncovered to be a WASR-10 Century Arms rifle. Pure curium armour, developed during project ARCANAPUP.”

“Yes yes,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his citrus fruit.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy’s fist, shooting vitreous humour everywhere.”

“Surely the fist will rist,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to present to you our one more toy.”

“Really, Q,” James intoned, with obvious boredom. “What kind of device do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a soap. “I know it looks like an everyday soap, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s really a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson. Pure molybdenum covering, developed during project GOLDPOINT.”

“Fine,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your payoff.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s ankle, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

“That ankle certainly will rankle,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to let you see my yet another toy.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, clearly tired. “What sort of device do you have for me now?”

Q walked over to a flag. “I know it looks like a simple flag, but if you hum, in fact it’s really a trap that dispenses dithiazanine iodide. Pure platinum coating, developed during project ORANGEBLOSSOM.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his golf equipment.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s nose, spraying blood serum everywhere.”

“That nose surely will disclose,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Even better, James. I am happy to demonstrate the department’s next technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, clearly bored. “What manner of device do you have for me again?”

Q walked over to a bandana. “I realize it looks like an innocent bandana, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a 12-

gauge Remington Sportsman sawed-off shotgun. Pure cerium shielding, developed during project TAPERLAY.”

“Gee,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your handkerchief.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s breast, spraying vitreous humour everywhere.”

“That breast certainly will bequest,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I am happy to present to you the team’s even finer weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James said, clearly tired. “What kind of surprise do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a milk. “I understand it looks like an innocent milk, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a mine that dispenses selenious acid. Pure dubnium armour, developed during project KINGFISH.”

“Fine,” James mumbled. “I do love a good tap.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy’s tooth, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

“Surely the tooth will youth,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Next up, James. I am happy to show off the department’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, clearly bored. “What sort of surprise do you have for me once again?”

Q waved his arm towards a grocery list. “I understand it looks like an everyday grocery list, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s really a trap that rains azinphos-ethyl. Pure nobelium covering, developed during project MESSIAH.”

“That’s all good,” James mumbled. “I do love a good listing.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s breast, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

“That breast certainly will ingest,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to let you see our even more exciting toy.”

“All right, Q,” James grunted, obviously uninterested. “What type of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a lion. “I realize it looks like a simple lion, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a mine that sprays chlordane. Pure sodium casing, developed during project SILVERZEPHYR.”

“Huh,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his individual.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s eye, shooting cerumen everywhere.”

“That eye surely will by,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you Her Majesty’s next device.”

“Another?, Q,” James intoned, with obvious boredom. “What sort of toy do you have for me again?”

Q walked over to a thread. “I know it looks like an everyday thread, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s actually a .38-caliber Davis Industries two-shot derringer. Pure thorium armour, developed during project FEEDTROUGH.”

“Yes yes,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your rib.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s tooth, spraying chyle everywhere.”

“That tooth surely will luth,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Next, James. I am happy to show you the department’s yet another technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James nodded, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What sort of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a water. “I understand it looks like an innocent water, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that showers the victim with carbamic acid. Pure indium covering, developed during project SCORPIOFORE-CPE.”

“That’s all good,” James murmured. “I do love a good supply.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s calf, leaking bile everywhere.”

“Surely the calf will taff,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I want to show you our yet another contraption.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, bored. “What kind of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a dove. “I realize it looks like a simple dove, but if you hum, in reality it’s uncovered to be a grenade that shoots ricin. Pure copper shielding, developed during project NIGHTSURF.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “I do love a good constellation.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s mouth, atomizing chyme everywhere.”

“Surely the mouth will south,” James punned, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to present to you the department’s even finer device.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, clearly tired. “What kind of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a cell phone. "I understand it looks like an everyday cell phone, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's actually a grenade that dispenses paraquat methosulfate. Pure yttrium shielding, developed during project NUCLEON."

"Fine," James murmured. "Never leave home without your phone."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q said, "If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's forearm, shooting aqueous humour everywhere."

"Surely the forearm will disarm," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the team's even finer contraption."

"Okay, Q," James nodded, staring at his fingernails. "What kind of toy do you have for me this morning?"

Q held up a wedding ring. "I know it looks like an everyday wedding ring, but if you turn it over, in fact it's revealed to be a dart gun that dispenses arsenous trichloride. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project IRONCHEF."

"Huh," James whispered. "Don't come between a man and his band."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q grunted, "If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's waist, atomizing perilymph everywhere."

"That waist certainly will be embraced," James said, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I am just delighted to let you see my even finer device."

"All right, Q," James grunted, clearly bored. "What kind of thing do you have for me today?"

Q waved his arm towards a sailboat. "I understand it looks like a boring sailboat, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a Intratec MAC-II. Pure mercury armour, developed during project TRINITY."

"Fine," James mumbled. "One always appreciates a fine sailing vessel."

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s thigh, spraying bile everywhere.”

“That thigh certainly will ai,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to demonstrate the department’s even more exciting contraption.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, bored. “What manner of prop do you have for me today?”

Q picked up a car. “I understand it looks like an innocent car, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that aerosolizes methyl dimethyl dithiolan methylene aminotirpate carbamic acid. Pure roentgenium coating, developed during project TYPHON-HX.”

“Yes well,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine compartment.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s nose, leaking pleural fluid everywhere.”

“That nose surely will brose,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to show off the team’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, with obvious boredom. “What manner of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a sketch pad. “I understand it looks like a boring sketch pad, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s really a sawed-off Savage Springfield 67H pump-action shotgun. Pure curium shielding, developed during project STELLAR-WIND.”

“Huh,” James murmured. “One always appreciates a fine volume.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s back, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

“Surely the back will hack,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Even better, James. I am happy to show off the team’s yet another technical wonder.”

“All right, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What manner of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a towel. “I realize it looks like an innocent towel, but if you blink twice, in reality it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that dispenses 4-amino-propionophenone. Pure ununtrium casing, developed during project ORANGECRUSH.”

“Fine,” James sighed. “Don’t come between a man and his wipe.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy’s tooth, spraying blood everywhere.”

“That tooth surely will luth,” James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

“Also, James. I am delighted to let you see our one more weapon.”

“Really, Q,” James said, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of prop do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a magnifying glass. “I realize it looks like a simple magnifying glass, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s really a snare that aerosolizes antimony pentafluoride. Pure dubnium shielding, developed during project LOUDAUTO.”

“Fine,” James murmured. “I do love a good light microscope.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy’s head, shooting aqueous humour everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that head will be infrared,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s next toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What sort of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q nodded towards a jigsaw puzzle. "I understand it looks like a boring jigsaw puzzle, but if you blink twice, in fact it's truly a mine that aerosolizes phosphorus pentachloride. Pure neodymium covering, developed during project ORANGECRUSH."

"Fine," James mumbled. "Don't come between a man and his puzzle."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q intoned, "If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy's calf, spraying cerumen everywhere."

"Surely the calf will paff," James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

"Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you our yet another weapon."

"Okay, Q," James grunted, clearly tired. "What sort of prop do you have for me once again?"

Q nodded towards a hanger. "I know it looks like an ordinary hanger, but if you whistle, it turns out that it's revealed to be a 9mm Glock. Pure gallium shielding, developed during project OCEANARIUM."

"Huh," James mumbled. "Don't come between a man and his worker."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Also," Q nodded, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's belly, atomizing pleural fluid everywhere."

"That belly certainly will skelly," James joked, as he is wont to do.

"Next, James. I am happy to let you see our yet another technical wonder."

"Really, Q," James nodded, staring into space. "What sort of surprise do you have for me now?"

Q nodded towards a pool stick. "I understand it looks like a boring pool stick, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it's actually a 9mm Ruger SR9 semiautomatic. Pure cerium casing, developed during project MARINA."

"Yes well," James sighed. "One always appreciates a fine sports implement."

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s foot, shooting rheum everywhere.”

“That foot certainly will put,” James quipped, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you our yet another contraption.”

“All right, Q,” James grunted, clearly bored. “What type of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q nodded towards a football. “I understand it looks like a simple football, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s truly a 12-gauge Winchester 1300 pump-action shotgun. Pure ununpentium shielding, developed during project DROPOUTJEEP.”

“That’s all good,” James sighed. “I do love a good ball.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s wrist, spraying gastric juice everywhere.”

“That wrist surely will list,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off our even finer little trick.”

“Really, Q,” James grunted, staring at his fingernails. “What kind of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a boom box. “I know it looks like an everyday boom box, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s truly a 12-gauge Remington 870 pump-action shotgun. Pure cadmium shielding, developed during project KLONDIKE.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your stereophonic system.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s belly, atomizing aqueous humour everywhere.”

“Surely the belly will jelly,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to show you Her Majesty’s yet another weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James nodded, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of surprise do you have for me now?”

Q nodded towards a candlestick. “I know it looks like a boring candlestick, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s uncovered to be a snare that shoots cycloheximide. Pure ytterbium coating, developed during project FORNSAT.”

“Fine,” James murmured. “I do love a good holder.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s foot, spraying rheum everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that foot will caput,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s even more exciting latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of contraption do you have for me today?”

Q waved his arm towards a bottle cap. “I know it looks like a boring bottle cap, but if you hum, in reality it’s actually a trap that sprays phosmet. Pure lutetium casing, developed during project NIGHTSTAND.”

“Yes yes,” James whispered. “Don’t come between a man and his cap.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s shoulder, spraying chyme everywhere.”

“That shoulder certainly will polder,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to show off the department’s yet another technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James intoned, clearly tired. “What manner of prop do you have for me once again?”

Q gestured at a clothes. "I understand it looks like an innocent clothes, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it's revealed to be a .380-caliber. Pure lanthanum shielding, developed during project METTLESOME."

"Yes well," James whispered. "Don't come between a man and his clothing."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q intoned, "If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy's belly, leaking vomit everywhere."

"That belly surely will allele," James punned, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the team's one more weapon."

"Another?, Q," James answered, clearly bored. "What sort of surprise do you have for me again?"

Q walked over to a crow. "I understand it looks like a simple crow, but if you blink twice, in reality it's actually a .38-caliber Davis Industries two-shot derringer. Pure mercury shielding, developed during project YACHTSHOP."

"Fine," James sighed. "Don't come between a man and his jactitation."

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q answered, "If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy's calf, atomizing aqueous humour everywhere."

"Surely the calf will behalf," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I am happy to let you see the team's next little trick."

"Really, Q," James nodded, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. "What type of wonder do you have for me today?"

Q lifted a whistle. "I know it looks like an everyday whistle, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it's actually a WASR-10 Century Arms rifle. Pure technetium casing, developed during project GJALLER."

"Gee," James whispered. "I do love a good displace."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said. "At least

pretend to be interested. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s hip, spraying gastric juice everywhere.”

“Surely the hip will zip,” James said, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to show off Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What type of thing do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a comic book. “I realize it looks like an ordinary comic book, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s really a snare that dispenses aldrin. Pure gallium coating, developed during project PRESENTER.”

“Yes well,” James sighed. “Never leave home without your magazine.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s back, leaking gastric acid everywhere.”

“That back certainly will nack,” James joked, as he is wont to do.

“If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s even finer toy.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of toy do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up a whistle. “I understand it looks like an innocent whistle, but if you whistle, in reality it’s really a 9mm Glock 17 handgun. Pure curium covering, developed during project OAKSTAR.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your sound.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s hand, leaking bile everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that hand will bland,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to show you the

department's even more exciting contraption."

"Okay, Q," James said, bored. "What manner of thing do you have for me this morning?"

Q waved his arm towards a picture frame. "I know it looks like an everyday picture frame, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's actually a dart gun that dispenses amiton. Pure tungsten casing, developed during project MESSIAH."

"Fine," James whispered. "One always appreciates a fine framework."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q nodded, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy's ear, shooting synovial fluid everywhere."

"That ear surely will beer," James joked, in his trademark fashion.

"Even better, James. I want to show you Her Majesty's next weapon."

"Okay, Q," James replied, clearly tired. "What sort of device do you have for me today?"

Q gestured at a cellphone. "I know it looks like a simple cellphone, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's uncovered to be a boobytrap that sprays diepoxybutane. Pure uranium coating, developed during project IVYBELLS."

"That's all good," James sighed. "One always appreciates a fine radiotelephone."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q answered, "If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy's back, spraying pus everywhere."

"That back surely will attack," James punned, in his trademark fashion.

"Next, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate the department's even more exciting toy."

"Okay, Q," James replied, staring at his fingernails. "What kind of surprise do you have for me once again?"

Q walked over to a watch. "I know it looks like a boring watch, but if you

whistle, in fact it's revealed to be a snare that rains pyrene. Pure mercury shielding, developed during project NEWHORIZONS."

"Yes yes," James murmured. "One always appreciates a fine security guard."

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's thumb, atomizing amniotic fluid everywhere."

"That thumb surely will come," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next up, James. I couldn't be more excited to present to you the department's next device."

"Another?, Q," James said, staring into space. "What sort of device do you have for me now?"

Q waved his arm towards a hair pin. "I understand it looks like an ordinary hair pin, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it's revealed to be a 9mm Glock 17. Pure ununtrium armour, developed during project GAMUT-UTT."

"Huh," James sighed. "I do love a good pin."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy's nose, spraying synovial fluid everywhere."

"Surely the nose will compose," James joked, as he is wont to do.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off the team's even more exciting contraption."

"Really, Q," James said, with obvious boredom. "What manner of device do you have for me again?"

Q lifted a remote. "I understand it looks like an ordinary remote, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's uncovered to be a snare that sprays zinc phosphide. Pure lead shielding, developed during project GOSSAMER."

"Fine," James sighed. "Don't come between a man and his device."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Also,"

Q intoned, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's waist, leaking gastric acid everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that waist will taste," James quipped, in his inimical way.

"Next, James. I am happy to show off Her Majesty's one more weapon."

"Okay, Q," James intoned, staring at his fingernails. "What kind of toy do you have for me again?"

Q nodded towards a giraffe. "I know it looks like a boring giraffe, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's really a snare that sprays ethyleneimine. Pure curium coating, developed during project HERCULES."

"That's all good," James whispered. "One always appreciates a fine ruminant."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q answered, "If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy's foot, spraying vomit everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that foot will soot," James joked, in his trademark fashion.

"Just one more thing, James. I want to show you the team's one more technical wonder."

"All right, Q," James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. "What type of surprise do you have for me today?"

Q held up a coffee mug. "I realize it looks like an innocent coffee mug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a snare that aerosolizes chlorthiophos. Pure thulium armour, developed during project WIRESHARK."

"Gee," James whispered. "I do love a good mug."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q intoned, "If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy's calf, leaking synovial fluid everywhere."

"Surely the calf will carafe," James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show off the team’s next technical wonder.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, with indifference. “What kind of wonder do you have for me today?”

Q picked up a box. “I know it looks like an ordinary box, but if you blink twice, in reality it’s actually a 9mm Glock 19. Pure potassium shielding, developed during project COMMONVIEW.”

“Fine,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine blow.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s waist, leaking blood everywhere.”

“That waist surely will be based,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to let you see my yet another little trick.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James replied, with indifference. “What type of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q gestured at a rhino. “I know it looks like an innocent rhino, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s truly a snare that showers the victim with tetranitromethane. Pure molybdenum shielding, developed during project CLOUD.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your perissodactyl.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s thigh, atomizing earwax everywhere.”

“That thigh certainly will belie,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s one more little trick.”

“Really, Q,” James answered, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q gestured at a needle. “I understand it looks like a boring needle, but if

you turn it over, in reality it's actually a dart gun that dispenses acetoxytriphenylstannane. Pure calcium armour, developed during project PHOTOANGLO."

"That's all good," James murmured. "One always appreciates a fine hassle."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy's tooth, leaking gastric acid everywhere."

"That tooth surely will vermouth," James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

"Next up, James. I couldn't be more excited to demonstrate the team's even more exciting device."

"All right, Q," James replied, staring at his fingernails. "What kind of device do you have for me this morning?"

Q nodded towards a grocery list. "I understand it looks like a boring grocery list, but if you hum, in fact it's revealed to be a .38-caliber Davis Industries two-shot derringer. Pure indium coating, developed during project FASCIA."

"Yes well," James sighed. "One always appreciates a fine listing."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q intoned, "If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy's ankle, atomizing sweat everywhere."

"Surely the ankle will rankle," James said, using one of his signature puns.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to demonstrate my one more latest."

"Really, Q," James nodded, clearly bored. "What manner of device do you have for me now?"

Q picked up a candlestick. "I know it looks like an ordinary candlestick, but if you whistle, in fact it's really a boobytrap that sprays thallium sulfate. Pure protactinium shielding, developed during project SOUFFLETROUGH."

“Huh,” James sighed. “I do love a good holder.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s ear, atomizing gastric acid everywhere.”

“That ear certainly will bombardier,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I am happy to demonstrate the department’s next weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What type of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q held up an outlet. “I know it looks like a boring outlet, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge Remington Sportsman sawed-off shotgun. Pure nobelium casing, developed during project JETPLOW.”

“Yes yes,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine activity.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s ear, shooting sputum everywhere.”

“Surely the ear will buccaneer,” James quipped, as he is wont to do.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to let you see the team’s even finer device.”

“Another?, Q,” James intoned, with obvious boredom. “What sort of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q lifted a carrot. “I realize it looks like a boring carrot, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s actually a Intratec MAC-11. Pure scandium shielding, developed during project CREST.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your reward.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s thumb, atomizing blood everywhere.”

“That thumb surely will bum,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off my yet another weapon.”

“All right, Q,” James replied, clearly tired. “What manner of surprise do you have for me today?”

Q picked up an ice pick. “I understand it looks like a boring ice pick, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a .22-caliber Double Deuce Buddie two-shot. Pure tin armour, developed during project ELEGANTCHAOS.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his pick.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s tooth, spraying amniotic fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the tooth will booth,” James joked, in his inimical way.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show off my even more exciting toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of device do you have for me once again?”

Q lifted a bow tie. “I realize it looks like an everyday bow tie, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a boobytap that aerosolizes formaldehyde cyanohydrin. Pure terbium covering, developed during project METTLESOME.”

“Huh,” James mumbled. “I do love a good necktie.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s thigh, atomizing gastric acid everywhere.”

“That thigh certainly will ai,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you the department’s one more weapon.”

“Another?, Q,” James nodded, staring at his fingernails. “What kind of contraption do you have for me now?”

Q gestured at a fork. “I know it looks like an everyday fork, but if you

blink twice, it turns out that it's truly a trap that dispenses phosmet. Pure polonium armour, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-SPLITGLASS."

"Yes yes," James whispered. "Don't come between a man and his shape."

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Finally," Q replied, "If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy's waist, spraying tears everywhere."

"Surely the waist will be unplaced," James said, as he is wont to do.

"Even better, James. I am delighted to show off my yet another contraption."

"Another?, Q," James said, obviously uninterested. "What kind of prop do you have for me once again?"

Q gestured at a wishbone. "I realize it looks like an innocent wishbone, but if you hum, in reality it's uncovered to be a .45-caliber Colt semiautomatic. Pure cesium coating, developed during project DROPMIRE."

"Gee," James mumbled. "Never leave home without your furcula."

"Do listen to me, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Also," Q replied, "If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy's tooth, shooting gastric juice everywhere."

"Surely the tooth will youth," James joked, in his inimical way.

"Even better, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off our even more exciting toy."

"All right, Q," James grunted, with obvious boredom. "What sort of prop do you have for me now?"

Q walked over to a sponge. "I understand it looks like an ordinary sponge, but if you examine it closely, in reality it's uncovered to be a 9mm Kurz SIG Sauer P232 semiautomatic. Pure holmium coating, developed during project TEMPTRESS."

"Huh," James sighed. "I do love a good pull together."

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s eyebrow, leaking tears everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that eyebrow will highbrow,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to let you see our one more latest.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James intoned, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of toy do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a house. “I realize it looks like a simple house, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge Winchester 1200 pump-action shotgun. Pure indium casing, developed during project FIREWALK.”

“Yes yes,” James murmured. “I do love a good community.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s ear, shooting mucus everywhere.”

“Surely the ear will cashier,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Next, James. I am anxious to demonstrate our next technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James nodded, with obvious boredom. “What kind of thing do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a table. “I realize it looks like a boring table, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a .45-caliber Springfield semiautomatic. Pure terbium armour, developed during project WOLFPOINT.”

“Yes yes,” James sighed. “I do love a good table-land.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s hair, spraying chyle everywhere.”

“Surely the hair will compare,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I want to show you the team’s yet another device.”

“Okay, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What kind of device do you have for me today?”

Q lifted a floor. “I understand it looks like a simple floor, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Ruger SR9 semiautomatic. Pure aluminium coating, developed during project GLAVE.”

“Fine,” James mumbled. “Never leave home without your ground.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q said, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s eyebrow, spraying pericardial fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that eyebrow will highbrow,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Next, James. I am delighted to show you the department’s even finer technical wonder.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, staring into space. “What type of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q walked over to a knife. “I know it looks like an innocent knife, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s truly a 9mm SIG Sauer P226. Pure platinum coating, developed during project KLONDIKE.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his projection.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s chin, atomizing synovial fluid everywhere.”

“Surely the chin will lyn,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s next device.”

“Really, Q,” James nodded, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What manner of prop do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a glass. “I know it looks like a simple glass, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s truly a trap that rains dimetilan. Pure zinc coating,

developed during project VITREOUS.”

“Yes well,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine amphetamine.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s wrist, atomizing mucus everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that wrist will twist,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I want to demonstrate the department’s even finer contraption.”

“Really, Q,” James said, bored. “What kind of wonder do you have for me today?”

Q lifted a bed. “I realize it looks like a boring bed, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s truly a mine that dispenses methemoglobin formers. Pure silver armour, developed during project TAPERLAY.”

“Fine,” James murmured. “Don’t come between a man and his lay.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s foot, spraying chyle everywhere.”

“Surely the foot will caput,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I want to demonstrate the team’s next toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James intoned, staring into space. “What type of device do you have for me today?”

Q held up a flashlight. “I realize it looks like a boring flashlight, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a 9mm Ruger SR9 semiautomatic. Pure thorium coating, developed during project MINERALIZE.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his electric lamp.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s eyebrow, shooting blood everywhere.”

“That eyebrow certainly will highbrow,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Next, James. I am delighted to demonstrate the team’s even more exciting latest.”

“Really, Q,” James answered, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of thing do you have for me today?”

Q nodded towards a water bottle. “I understand it looks like an ordinary water bottle, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure protactinium casing, developed during project WITCHHUNT.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “I do love a good bottle.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hand, leaking sputum everywhere.”

“That hand certainly will strand,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to show you the team’s even finer toy.”

“Okay, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What kind of thing do you have for me once again?”

Q walked over to a button. “I know it looks like an ordinary button, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a .45-caliber Colt semiautomatic. Pure polonium shielding, developed during project TRACFIN.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine plant part.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s leg, spraying lymph everywhere.”

“That leg surely will reg,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Also, James. I am anxious to let you see Her Majesty’s even more exciting latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, clearly tired. “What type of prop do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a rubber stamp. “I understand it looks like a boring rubber stamp, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s really a grenade that rains lindane. Pure curium covering, developed during project AIRGAP-COZEN.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “Never leave home without your stamp.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s shoulder, spraying pleural fluid everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that shoulder will moulder,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you the team’s even finer weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, clearly tired. “What kind of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q waved his arm towards a wine glass. “I know it looks like a simple wine glass, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a grenade that sprays pyriminil. Pure strontium casing, developed during project GOSSAMER.”

“Yes yes,” James sighed. “I do love a good drinking glass.”

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy’s lip, shooting chyme everywhere.”

“Surely the lip will sipp,” James punned, as he is wont to do.

“Next up, James. I am just delighted to let you see the department’s one more latest.”

“Another?, Q,” James grunted, clearly tired. “What sort of contraption do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a baseball bat. “I know it looks like an everyday baseball bat, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s actually a dart gun that showers the victim with 6-diisocyanate toluene. Pure tantalum shielding, developed during

project OCTAVE.”

“Yes well,” James whispered. “One always appreciates a fine bat.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s breast, spraying chyle everywhere.”

“Surely the breast will be assessed,” James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to present to you Her Majesty’s yet another contraption.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James said, staring at his fingernails. “What sort of prop do you have for me now?”

Q lifted a keyboard. “I understand it looks like an innocent keyboard, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s truly a trap that showers the victim with amphetamine. Pure ununquadium casing, developed during project SPOTBEAM.”

“That’s all good,” James mumbled. “Don’t come between a man and his holder.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy’s neck, leaking tears everywhere.”

“Surely the neck will feck,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to let you see my even finer latest.”

“All right, Q,” James intoned, staring at his fingernails. “What manner of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q waved his arm towards a bracelet. “I know it looks like a boring bracelet, but if you look inside, in reality it’s actually a snare that aerosolizes phenylthiourea. Pure neptunium casing, developed during project EGOTISTICALGIRAFFE.”

“Gee,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your band.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s ear, atomizing gastric juice everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that ear will bombardier,” James punned, in his trademark fashion.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to demonstrate our next weapon.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James answered, clearly tired. “What sort of surprise do you have for me this morning?”

Q lifted an apple. “I realize it looks like a simple apple, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s truly a dart gun that shoots azinphos-ethyl. Pure ununpentium covering, developed during project CYBERTRANS.”

“Fine,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your apple tree.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s eye, atomizing tears everywhere.”

“That eye certainly will ally,” James joked, in his trademark fashion.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to demonstrate Her Majesty’s yet another little trick.”

“All right, Q,” James said, clearly bored. “What sort of contraption do you have for me this morning?”

Q walked over to a hand bag. “I realize it looks like a boring hand bag, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s actually a .357-caliber Ruger Security Six. Pure seaborgium covering, developed during project SCHOOLMONTANA.”

“Yes yes,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine container.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s finger, spraying sebum everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that finger will linger,” James said, as he is wont to do.

“Also, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s yet another technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James intoned, clearly bored. “What sort of prop do you have for me again?”

Q picked up a crow. “I understand it looks like a simple crow, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that sprays phenol. Pure lutetium covering, developed during project IVYBELLS.”

“That’s all good,” James sighed. “Never leave home without your constellation.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s cheek, spraying chyle everywhere.”

“That cheek certainly will pique,” James said, using one of his signature puns.

“Next up, James. I want to show you Her Majesty’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, clearly bored. “What manner of wonder do you have for me again?”

Q nodded towards a comb. “I realize it looks like a simple comb, but if you whistle, in reality it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that rains acrolein. Pure cadmium armour, developed during project ARCANAPUP.”

“Yes well,” James mumbled. “One always appreciates a fine crest.”

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s foot, atomizing pleural fluid everywhere.”

“That foot certainly will underfoot,” James said, in his inimical way.

“Before you go, James. I want to present to you my even finer device.”

“Another?, Q,” James replied, obviously uninterested. “What type of device do you have for me once again?”

Q nodded towards a puddle. “I know it looks like a boring puddle, but if

you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's actually a WASR-10 Century Arms rifle. Pure tungsten armour, developed during project SCORPIOFORE-CPE."

"Gee," James sighed. "I do love a good confuse."

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q grunted, "If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy's forearm, atomizing chyme everywhere."

"That forearm certainly will underarm," James quipped, using one of his signature puns.

"Also, James. I am anxious to show off my yet another toy."

"Another?, Q," James replied, obviously uninterested. "What type of toy do you have for me today?"

Q gestured at a butter knife. "I realize it looks like a simple butter knife, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's really a snare that showers the victim with warfarin sodium. Pure cesium shielding, developed during project DOUBLEARROW."

"Yes yes," James sighed. "Don't come between a man and his table knife."

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Finally," Q said, "If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy's thigh, shooting lymph everywhere."

"Well, I dare say that thigh will by," James quipped, in his trademark fashion.

"Even better, James. I am happy to show you the department's even more exciting contraption."

"Really, Q," James answered, with obvious boredom. "What manner of surprise do you have for me again?"

Q waved his arm towards a thread. "I know it looks like a boring thread, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it's revealed to be a FIE .380-caliber Star semiautomatic. Pure potassium armour, developed during project FASTSCOPE."

"That's all good," James whispered. "I do love a good extract."

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s arm, spraying rheum everywhere.”

“That arm surely will rearm,” James joked, using one of his signature puns.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even finer technical wonder.”

“Yes, hello, Q,” James nodded, staring at his fingernails. “What manner of contraption do you have for me once again?”

Q held up a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s really a 12-gauge sawed-off Savage Stevens 311D. Pure rhenium covering, developed during project CROSSBONES.”

“Huh,” James whispered. “I do love a good furnishing.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s hair, leaking bile everywhere.”

“Surely the hair will dispair,” James joked, in his inimical way.

Unfortunately by this point, James had gone several hours without liquor, and died from withdrawal.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see the team’s even finer weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a .30-caliber Universal M1 carbine. Pure lanthanum shielding, developed during project BELLVIEW.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, spraying cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you the department’s yet another weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s really a .45-caliber Colt semiautomatic. Pure cobalt coating, developed during project VAGRANT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, leaking peritoneal fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Even better, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you Her Majesty’s one more weapon.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a dart gun that aerosolizes titanium tetrachloride. Pure molybdenum covering, developed during project AIGHANDLER.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting perilymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Even better, James. I want to show off the department’s even more exciting contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a .223-caliber Smith & Wesson M&P15 semiautomatic rifle. Pure niobium casing, developed during project CLOUD.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing aqueous humour everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“If you have another minute, James. I am happy to present to you the team’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s revealed to be a trap that aerosolizes trifluoromethyl-benzenamine. Pure barium covering, developed during project YELLOWSTONE-SPLITGLASS.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, shooting blood serum everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to let you see my next weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a dart gun that dispenses allylamine. Pure holmium coating, developed during project VAGRANT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s hair, leaking mucus everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“If you have another minute, James. I couldn’t be more excited to

demonstrate the department's one more latest."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. "I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you turn it over, in reality it's actually a mine that shoots bicycloheptane-carbonitrile. Pure californium coating, developed during project MAINWAY."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q answered, "If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy's hair, atomizing amniotic fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Even better, James. I am just delighted to show you my yet another little trick."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it's actually a boobytrap that showers the victim with carbamic acid. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project GOSSAMER."

James's body continued to lie there.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said with exasperation. "Do act your age. Finally," Q said, "If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, shooting tears everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Before you go, James. I am anxious to let you see my next contraption."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. "I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you hum, in fact it's revealed to be a grenade that dispenses triphenyltin chloride. Pure thulium coating, developed during project MAESTRO-II."

James's body continued to lie there.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you point it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, spraying gastric juice everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to demonstrate our even finer weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s really a snare that showers the victim with mevinphos. Pure dysprosium armour, developed during project PANOPTICON.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s hair, shooting chyle everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“If you have another minute, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate my one more little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a grenade that sprays isobenzan. Pure francium shielding, developed during project CADENCE-GAMUT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy’s hair, spraying mucus everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to show you the team’s one more contraption.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's uncovered to be a dart gun that shoots thallous carbonate. Pure promethium armour, developed during project DACRON."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q said, "If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy's hair, atomizing peritoneal fluid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to show off the team's yet another little trick."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. "I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's truly a snare that aerosolizes hydroquinone. Pure dysprosium coating, developed during project XKEYSCORE."

James' corpse had no response.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q grunted, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy's hair, spraying vitreous humour everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to demonstrate my one more device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's revealed to be a trap that sprays isocyanic acid. Pure scandium armour, developed during project METTLESOME."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q replied, "If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, atomizing perilymph

everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see our yet another little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s really a trap that showers the victim with cyanophos. Pure platinum covering, developed during project GJALLER.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, leaking vomit everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to present to you the department’s one more device.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a mine that shoots 6-diisocyanate toluene. Pure bismuth shielding, developed during project DISHFIRE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s hair, leaking cerebrospinal fluid everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to let you see our even more exciting weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it,

in fact it's revealed to be a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure tantalum covering, developed during project GENESIS."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Also," Q intoned, "If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy's hair, shooting chyle everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Just one more thing, James. I am happy to demonstrate my yet another technical wonder."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, in fact it's uncovered to be a snare that rains cycloheximide. Pure zinc armour, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, leaking sweat everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Next, James. I am anxious to present to you my next weapon."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it's truly a trap that rains phenylmercury acetate. Pure gallium coating, developed during project PRISM."

James' corpse had no response.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q grunted, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy's hair, shooting cerumen everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off the team's

yet another latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s actually a dart gun that shoots paris green. Pure bismuth casing, developed during project MESSIAH.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, shooting gastric juice everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to show off my next technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a boobytrap that showers the victim with methiocarb. Pure thorium armour, developed during project ARCANAPUP.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, shooting aqueous humour everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s even finer technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with paraquat. Pure nobelium armour, developed during project FORNSAT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s hair, spraying sputum everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Also, James. I want to show off the team’s one more latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s really a trap that rains phosmet. Pure cerium covering, developed during project TAPERLAY.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it fires at your enemy’s hair, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I want to show off Her Majesty’s next device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you hum, in fact it’s revealed to be a snare that aerosolizes thiocarbazide. Pure beryllium armour, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, leaking pus everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next up, James. I am happy to demonstrate my yet another weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s uncovered to be a grenade that dispenses malononitrile. Pure einsteinium armour, developed during project

PINNAGE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting sweat everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“If you have another minute, James. I am anxious to let you see our next technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s really a trap that showers the victim with propyleneimine. Pure darmstadtium covering, developed during project FASTSCOPE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, leaking sputum everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even more exciting device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s really a mine that sprays paris green. Pure nobelium covering, developed during project EVILOLIVE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, leaking bile everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I am delighted to show off our even more exciting toy.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s actually a 9mm Glock 17. Pure roentgenium shielding, developed during project MASTERLINK.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing chyle everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to present to you the department’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you whistle, in fact it’s revealed to be a grenade that dispenses cycloheximide. Pure potassium armour, developed during project GLOBALREACH.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s hair, leaking endolymph everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next, James. I am happy to show off our even finer technical wonder.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q held up a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s actually a trap that sprays cycloheximide. Pure calcium casing, developed during project PROTON.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy’s hair,

spraying chyme everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Even better, James. I am happy to demonstrate my one more latest.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s truly a .44 Magnum Ruger. Pure molybdenum covering, developed during project HEADWATER.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting mucus everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to demonstrate the department’s yet another weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s really a 20-gauge Winchester pump-action shotgun. Pure silver covering, developed during project STATEROOM.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, atomizing amniotic fluid everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I am happy to show you the department’s next technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s really a Izhmash Saiga-12 12-gauge semiautomatic shotgun. Pure europium shielding, developed during project

SCORPIOFORE-CPE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s hair, leaking saliva everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to show you the team’s next weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a Intratec MAC-II. Pure copper coating, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, leaking pleural fluid everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to show you my next weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you hum, it turns out that it’s truly a FIE .380-caliber Star semiautomatic. Pure gold armour, developed during project OAKSTAR.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q answered, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s hair, leaking sebum everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to show off my one more device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you hum, in reality it's really a .223 Bushmaster XM15-E2S rifle. Pure neptunium shielding, developed during project BEAMER."

James' corpse had no response.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Finally," Q replied, "If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, spraying pleural fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Before you go, James. I couldn't be more excited to present to you my one more device."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. "I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it's revealed to be a trap that dispenses phosphoric acid. Pure actinium shielding, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-III."

James' corpse had no response.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy's hair, leaking endolymph everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to let you see Her Majesty's yet another little trick."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q held up a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, in fact it's truly a snare that dispenses diglycidyl ether. Pure curium armour, developed during project LOUDAUTO."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing pericardial fluid everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Before you go, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s yet another weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s actually a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure vanadium armour, developed during project SPOTBEAM.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, leaking aqueous humour everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see my even more exciting device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it’s actually a 12-gauge Winchester 1300 pump-action shotgun. Pure lithium shielding, developed during project HIGHLANDS.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, spraying sebum everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you my

even finer contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. “I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s revealed to be a grenade that dispenses formotion. Pure ununpentium covering, developed during project IRATEMONK.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, spraying synovial fluid everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you the team’s next latest.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s uncovered to be a 9mm Ruger P85. Pure gallium armour, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-I.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, spraying lymph everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I want to present to you the department’s even finer device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s really a WASR-10 Century Arms rifle. Pure lawrencium coating, developed during project DROPMIRE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying pericardial fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I want to show you the team’s even more exciting technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s actually a dart gun that showers the victim with muscimol. Pure radium casing, developed during project UTT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s hair, shooting lymph everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate the team’s one more latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge Winchester 1300 pump-action shotgun. Pure holmium casing, developed during project WATERWITCH.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, spraying pus everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to let you see our even

more exciting toy.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you whistle, in reality it’s really a .223 Bushmaster XM15-E2S rifle. Pure gallium casing, developed during project KLONDIKE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Also, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you the department’s next latest.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it’s actually a .357-caliber Ruger Security Six. Pure ununbium casing, developed during project DEWSWEEPER.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting bile everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“If you have another minute, James. I want to demonstrate the team’s even more exciting latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s uncovered to be a 10mm Glock. Pure seaborgium shielding, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-I.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “At least

pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing blood everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off the department’s even more exciting contraption.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s actually a dart gun that dispenses dinitrocresol. Pure ytterbium covering, developed during project SHAREDVISION.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying earwax everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s even finer latest.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s uncovered to be a dart gun that showers the victim with acrylamide. Pure ununhexium shielding, developed during project SKYWRITER.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, atomizing gastric acid everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even finer contraption.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it's revealed to be a boobytrap that aerosolizes aniline. Pure ununbium casing, developed during project AGILITY."

James's body continued to lie there.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q grunted, "If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy's hair, leaking pericardial fluid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Before you go, James. I am delighted to show off Her Majesty's yet another latest."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's really a snare that shoots methiocarb. Pure meitnerium coating, developed during project BULLRUN."

James' corpse had no response.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q intoned, "If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy's hair, atomizing rheum everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Next up, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty's yet another little trick."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. "I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you whistle, in fact it's really a .357-caliber Ruger Security Six. Pure fermium shielding, developed during project UIS-PINWALE."

James' corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, leaking endolymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show you my next device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a .223-caliber Smith & Wesson M&P15 semiautomatic rifle. Pure nobelium casing, developed during project AGILITY.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying bile everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to show off my even more exciting contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a snare that rains aminopterin. Pure curium shielding, developed during project BULLRUN.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing chyle everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show you my yet another little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. "I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it's really a grenade that sprays arsine. Pure barium shielding, developed during project TEMPORA."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q intoned, "If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy's hair, spraying endolymph everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show you my yet another contraption."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you whistle, in fact it's actually a snare that sprays sodium cacodylate. Pure nickel casing, developed during project SHELLTRUMPET."

James' corpse had no response.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q replied, "If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy's hair, atomizing lymph everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Even better, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the team's one more technical wonder."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. "I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's revealed to be a 12-gauge sawed-off Savage Stevens 311D. Pure ununtrium coating, developed during project GLOBALREACH."

James' corpse had no response.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q intoned, "If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy's hair, shooting sputum everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Even better, James. I want to present to you the team’s one more toy.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s actually a mine that aerosolizes allyl alcohol. Pure aluminium coating, developed during project GERONTIC.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, atomizing tears everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to present to you our even finer latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you look inside, in fact it’s truly a dart gun that aerosolizes carbofuran. Pure fermium shielding, developed during project TOTTECHASER.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, spraying bile everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next up, James. I am delighted to show off my one more little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s really a dart gun that rains bicycloheptane-carbonitrile. Pure thorium coating, developed during project UIS-PINWALE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, leaking pericardial fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I am anxious to present to you the department’s next technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a boobytrap that rains dimetilan. Pure promethium armour, developed during project JUNIORMINT.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy’s hair, spraying vitreous humour everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next up, James. I want to demonstrate our even more exciting weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s really a trap that aerosolizes phosgene. Pure potassium casing, developed during project DOUBLEARROW.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, shooting chyme everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to show off my yet another latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. "I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you hum, in reality it's uncovered to be a .38-caliber Colt revolver. Pure erbium shielding, developed during project TUNINGFORK-SEEKER."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Finally," Q intoned, "If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy's hair, spraying mucus everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to let you see our yet another technical wonder."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you blink twice, in reality it's truly a snare that sprays peracetic acid. Pure tungsten covering, developed during project GJALLER."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do act your age. Also," Q said, "If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy's hair, shooting sebum everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"If you have another minute, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the department's one more little trick."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you hum, in reality it's really a snare that rains gallium trichloride. Pure californium coating, developed during project HOMEBASE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you point

it at the floor, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, atomizing lymph everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Just one more thing, James. I am happy to show you my even finer technical wonder."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you turn it over, in reality it's uncovered to be a MAK-90 rifle. Pure rutherfordium covering, developed during project AIRGAP-COZEN."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q answered, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy's hair, spraying mucus everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate the department's even more exciting little trick."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a .223 Bushmaster assault rifle. Pure zinc armour, developed during project NIGHTWATCH."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy's hair, shooting perilymph everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Next up, James. I am just delighted to show off the department's even more exciting latest."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you look

inside, in fact it's uncovered to be a MAK-90 rifle. Pure meitnerium coating, developed during project VITREOUS."

James' corpse had no response.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q nodded, "If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy's hair, spraying pericardial fluid everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Even better, James. I am happy to show off the team's next device."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it's revealed to be a Intratec DC-9. Pure gallium casing, developed during project CREST."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q replied, "If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, shooting synovial fluid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you the team's yet another toy."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it's really a boobytrap that sprays methacrolein diacetate. Pure tin casing, developed during project TREASUREMAP."

James's body continued to lie there.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q intoned, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's hair, shooting gastric acid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to present to you Her Majesty’s even finer device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a snare that aerosolizes tetraethyllead. Pure beryllium casing, developed during project SHAREDVISION.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s hair, shooting pus everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s one more technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q gestured at a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that shoots dinoseb. Pure cesium armour, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-I.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, leaking gastric juice everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Before you go, James. I am happy to present to you the department’s yet another toy.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you look inside, in fact it’s uncovered to be a boobytrap that shoots diglycidyl ether. Pure polonium shielding, developed during project JETPLOW.”

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q answered, "If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, spraying cerebrospinal fluid everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Even better, James. I am just delighted to show off Her Majesty's next weapon."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. "I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you hum, in fact it's revealed to be a 9mm Hi-Point 995 carbine rifle. Pure dubnium shielding, developed during project SKOPE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q intoned, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking vomit everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Next, James. I couldn't be more excited to demonstrate the department's yet another technical wonder."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it's actually a grenade that showers the victim with methyldimethyldithiolanmethyleaminotirpate carbamic acid. Pure praseodymium coating, developed during project STUCCOMONTANA."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy's hair, atomizing sputum everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Before you go, James. I am anxious to demonstrate the department's one

more technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you rotate it thus, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that showers the victim with pentaborane. Pure ruthenium coating, developed during project FASTSCOPE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy’s hair, atomizing pericardial fluid everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Even better, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you the team’s even finer device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s really a snare that dispenses hydrogen fluoride. Pure lead coating, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, atomizing pleural fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next up, James. I am happy to let you see our one more device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s actually a grenade that dispenses nickel carbonyl. Pure ununbium coating, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR.”

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q grunted, "If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy's hair, spraying sebum everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Before you go, James. I want to let you see Her Majesty's one more device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's really a 9mm SIG Sauer P226. Pure mercury armour, developed during project CREST."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Finally," Q answered, "If you put it behind your ear, it shoots at your enemy's hair, spraying pericardial fluid everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Next up, James. I want to show off the team's next little trick."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's really a trap that rains triphenyltin chloride. Pure promethium shielding, developed during project BEAMER."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said with exasperation. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q intoned, "If you put it down your pants, it fires at your enemy's hair, atomizing amniotic fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to present to you my even finer toy."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it's truly a mine that aerosolizes carbophenothion. Pure lead casing, developed during project CULTWEAVE."

James' corpse had no response.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q answered, "If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking cerumen everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Just one more thing, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the team's yet another toy."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's uncovered to be a trap that dispenses arsenic pentoxide. Pure meitnerium armour, developed during project MONKEYROCKET."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Finally," Q said, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy's hair, atomizing chyle everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Even better, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate our even more exciting latest."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's uncovered to be a WASR-10 Century Arms rifle. Pure americium coating, developed during project COASTLINE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q intoned, "If you point it at yourself, it precisely

targets your enemy's hair, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you my next contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. “I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it's revealed to be a snare that dispenses dimethyl phosphorochloridothioate. Pure rutherfordium casing, developed during project IVYBELLS.”

James's body continued to lie there.

“I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking vitreous humour everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I want to present to you my even finer technical wonder.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it's actually a snare that aerosolizes parathion. Pure tantalum coating, developed during project COURIERSKILL.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q grunted, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy's hair, shooting chyme everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next, James. I want to show you Her Majesty's one more latest.”

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q held up a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you look inside, in fact it's truly a snare that dispenses azinphos-methyl. Pure iridium

casing, developed during project AGILEVIEW.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, atomizing tears everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Also, James. I am delighted to let you see our even more exciting toy.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you hum, in reality it’s revealed to be a snare that dispenses cobalt carbonyl. Pure thallium shielding, developed during project GINSU.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting saliva everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next, James. I am happy to let you see the team’s yet another device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s uncovered to be a trap that shoots chloroform. Pure indium coating, developed during project RENOIR.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s hair, shooting pleural fluid everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show you Her Majesty’s even finer technical wonder.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q held up a rug. "I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it's revealed to be a 9mm Glock 17 handgun. Pure scandium coating, developed during project SKOPE."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking peritoneal fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to show you the team's even finer latest."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you look inside, in reality it's revealed to be a dart gun that sprays arsine. Pure bismuth covering, developed during project BLUEZEPHYR."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q nodded, "If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking cerebrospinal fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Just one more thing, James. I want to show you the team's even finer device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. "I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you look inside, in reality it's truly a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure uranium armour, developed during project CPE."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q intoned, "If you wear it like a brooch, it is

programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, leaking earwax everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Before you go, James. I want to show off our even finer toy."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's revealed to be a .357-caliber Ruger Security Six. Pure lutetium armour, developed during project EGOTISTICALGIRAFFE."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q answered, "If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy's hair, shooting peritoneal fluid everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"If you have another minute, James. I am happy to show off the department's one more device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it's really a snare that rains sodium cacodylate. Pure sodium coating, developed during project COURIERSKILL."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do listen to me, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q replied, "If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy's hair, atomizing vitreous humour everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Next up, James. I am delighted to present to you our even finer toy."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you turn it over, it turns out that it's really a grenade that dispenses dimethylhydrazine. Pure technetium covering, developed during project

FORNSAT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, spraying sebum everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I am happy to show you our yet another little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you look inside, in reality it’s actually a snare that shoots fenitrothion. Pure tungsten coating, developed during project HOMINGPIGEON.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting sputum everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to present to you the department’s even more exciting contraption.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s really a .22-caliber Walther P22 semiautomatic. Pure zinc covering, developed during project MAUI-ANCHORY.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next, James. I want to show off Her Majesty’s even finer toy.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you unscrew the top, it turns out that it’s really a boobytrap that rains valinomycin. Pure thorium armour, developed during project GENIE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Also,” Q said, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate Her Majesty’s even more exciting device.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you hum, in reality it’s actually a snare that aerosolizes chloromethyl methyl ether. Pure zirconium coating, developed during project ORANGEBLOSSOM.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, leaking peritoneal fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Even better, James. I am anxious to show you my one more weapon.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s truly a trap that sprays trichloronate. Pure polonium coating, developed during project SHARKFINN.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, atomizing lymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Also, James. I am anxious to let you see Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s really a snare that rains foshietan. Pure darmstadtium shielding, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-I.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, spraying perilymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I want to present to you my yet another weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it’s revealed to be a FIE .380-caliber Star semiautomatic. Pure tantalum armour, developed during project GOLDPOINT.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s hair, spraying tears everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next up, James. I am anxious to show you Her Majesty’s next device.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if

you unscrew the top, in reality it's really a boobytrap that shoots mitomycin c. Pure gold covering, developed during project BEAMER."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q nodded, "If you point it at yourself, it seeks out your enemy's hair, leaking rheum everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Next, James. I am anxious to show off my even finer contraption."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q picked up a rug. "I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's truly a trap that shoots digitoxin. Pure lawrencium casing, developed during project DROPMIRE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q nodded, "If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy's hair, shooting perilymph everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Before you go, James. I am just delighted to show you our next weapon."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. "I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it's actually a 9mm Browning P35 Hi-Power semiautomatic handgun. Pure terbium covering, developed during project NIGHTSURF."

James's body continued to lie there.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q said, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking chyle everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Also, James. I am delighted to let you see our even finer toy.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, in fact it’s truly a boobytrap that showers the victim with nitrogen dioxide. Pure hassium armour, developed during project GISTQUEUE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting earwax everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to show off the team’s one more toy.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you blink twice, in fact it’s actually a grenade that rains sodium selenite. Pure ununbium coating, developed during project CINEPLEX.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, shooting tears everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I am just delighted to show off the team’s yet another toy.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s truly a 9mm Ruger P85. Pure uranium coating, developed during project TURMOIL.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q grunted, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, leaking perilymph everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to present to you our yet another technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s uncovered to be a mine that sprays dichlorvos. Pure protactinium armour, developed during project LITTLE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q said, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, spraying saliva everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“If you have another minute, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s even finer little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. “I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s uncovered to be a 12-gauge Winchester 1300 pump-action shotgun. Pure erbium coating, developed during project COASTLINE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q answered, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s hair, shooting sebum everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to let you see the team’s next little trick.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's uncovered to be a trap that rains formparanate. Pure dubnium covering, developed during project ASSOCIATION."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q sighed. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q answered, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, leaking vitreous humour everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to show off Her Majesty's next technical wonder."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's revealed to be a snare that shoots methidathion. Pure strontium armour, developed during project OCTAVE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Please take this seriously. Anyway," Q answered, "If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, shooting bile everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Just one more thing, James. I am happy to present to you Her Majesty's even more exciting latest."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. "I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's revealed to be a .38-caliber Colt revolver. Pure bismuth casing, developed during project HIGHTIDE-SKYWRITER."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q said, "If you put it down your pants, it is programmed

to fire at your enemy's hair, atomizing sputum everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Also, James. I am anxious to show off my even more exciting contraption."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's revealed to be a grenade that rains salcomine. Pure magnesium casing, developed during project ELEGANTCHAOS."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Also," Q nodded, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy's hair, spraying cerebrospinal fluid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Even better, James. I want to show off the team's yet another toy."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. "I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it's actually a Intratec MAC-II. Pure thallium casing, developed during project NIGHTSTAND."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q replied, "If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy's hair, shooting saliva everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Next up, James. I couldn't be more excited to let you see my even finer technical wonder."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you hum, it turns out that it's actually a 9mm Ruger P85. Pure neodymium coating,

developed during project TRACFIN.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s hair, shooting earwax everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show off our next toy.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it’s truly a mine that dispenses sodium selenate. Pure barium armour, developed during project PANOPTICON.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, spraying rheum everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next, James. I am happy to let you see the team’s yet another little trick.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it’s actually a 9mm Ruger P85. Pure zinc coating, developed during project BLARNEY.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, leaking pericardial fluid everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I am anxious to present to you our next little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I know it looks like an everyday rug, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a trap that shoots vinyl acetate monomer. Pure ununhexium armour, developed during project MONKEYCALENDAR."

James's body continued to lie there.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q answered, "If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, spraying pleural fluid everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Even better, James. I want to demonstrate my yet another latest."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it's truly a Intratec MAC-II. Pure polonium covering, developed during project COTTONMOUTH-I."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Finally," Q said, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, shooting gastric juice everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Also, James. I am anxious to show off our one more contraption."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it's uncovered to be a snare that showers the victim with diglycidyl ether. Pure protactinium covering, developed during project CLOUD."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do act your age. Also," Q intoned, "If you put it behind your ear, it

fires at your enemy's hair, shooting bile everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to let you see Her Majesty's even finer little trick."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, in reality it's uncovered to be a grenade that sprays warfarin sodium. Pure curium armour, developed during project PBX."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do listen to me, James," Q sighed. "Do act your age. Also," Q grunted, "If you point it at yourself, it targets your enemy's hair, leaking gastric juice everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Just one more thing, James. I want to show off Her Majesty's even more exciting device."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q gestured at a rug. "I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it's truly a trap that rains endothion. Pure thallium covering, developed during project MINERALIZE."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "Do act your age. Anyway," Q intoned, "If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy's hair, leaking bile everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"If you have another minute, James. I am happy to let you see the department's next device."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's revealed to be a snare that showers the

victim with 4-aminobutyliethoxymethylsilane. Pure cobalt shielding, developed during project MASTERSHAKE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, atomizing sweat everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Just one more thing, James. I want to let you see the department’s even finer weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s uncovered to be a snare that showers the victim with acetone cyanohydrin. Pure thallium casing, developed during project WITCHHUNT.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, shooting tears everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show you my even finer weapon.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s uncovered to be a mine that aerosolizes trichloroacetyl chloride. Pure ununhexium casing, developed during project CANDYGRAM.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s hair, leaking synovial fluid everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Even better, James. I am delighted to show off my even more exciting technical wonder.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s revealed to be a grenade that sprays piperidine. Pure palladium coating, developed during project CANDYGRAM.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q sighed. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, spraying gastric acid everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I am just delighted to demonstrate the department’s next weapon.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you rotate it thus, it turns out that it’s really a grenade that sprays n-nitrosodimethylamine. Pure calcium armour, developed during project AUTOSOURCE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, spraying blood everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I am happy to show you Her Majesty’s even finer little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you

whistle, in fact it's really a snare that dispenses thallous carbonate. Pure roentgenium armour, developed during project SPOTBEAM."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"This is dangerous stuff you know, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q said, "If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy's hair, spraying amniotic fluid everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"If you have another minute, James. I am just delighted to let you see our even finer toy."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it's really a mine that aerosolizes nitrocyclohexane. Pure cadmium armour, developed during project SHARKFINN."

James' corpse had no response.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q answered, "If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy's hair, leaking gastric acid everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Also, James. I am anxious to show off Her Majesty's yet another toy."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. "I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it's actually a Intratec DC-9. Pure terbium shielding, developed during project GOLDMINER."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said, rolling his eyes. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q said, "If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy's hair, atomizing cerebrospinal fluid everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to show off our even finer device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you rotate it thus, in reality it's actually a trap that aerosolizes warfarin sodium. Pure radium coating, developed during project WITCHHUNT."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do listen to me, James," Q complained. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q said, "If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy's hair, leaking vomit everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to demonstrate Her Majesty's even more exciting weapon."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you whistle, in reality it's actually a mine that rains acetone cyanohydrin. Pure dysprosium casing, developed during project TAWDRYYARD."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do listen to me, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q answered, "If you point it at the sun, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, atomizing perilymph everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"If you have another minute, James. I couldn't be more excited to show off Her Majesty's even finer device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted a rug. "I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it's truly a dart gun that sprays benzyl cyanide. Pure polonium covering, developed during project SURREY."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "Do act your age. Finally," Q replied, "If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy's hair, leaking

bile everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show off the department’s one more little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you turn it over, in fact it’s revealed to be a 9mm SIG Sauer P226. Pure ununhexium coating, developed during project BEAMER.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, spraying aqueous humour everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to present to you Her Majesty’s one more device.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. “I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s really a snare that sprays dicotophos. Pure osmium casing, developed during project ROADBED.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Also,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it targets your enemy’s hair, spraying amniotic fluid everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I am happy to show off my next contraption.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s actually a .30-06 Remington 742. Pure zinc

shielding, developed during project JOLLYROGER.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying chyle everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show off the department’s even finer little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q gestured at a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s actually a 10mm Glock. Pure rutherfordium casing, developed during project ENTOURAGE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q complained. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, leaking bile everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to show you Her Majesty’s even more exciting contraption.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you whistle, in reality it’s uncovered to be a dart gun that aerosolizes strychnine. Pure seaborgium shielding, developed during project RADON.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting saliva everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I couldn’t be more excited to show off the department’s yet

another latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a grenade that shoots selenious acid. Pure palladium casing, developed during project TUSKATTIRE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q answered, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying sweat everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Next, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you my even more exciting device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I understand it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it’s truly a boobytrap that showers the victim with ethyleneimine. Pure zirconium casing, developed during project SCORPIOFORE-CPE.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the floor, it fires at your enemy’s hair, spraying earwax everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Even better, James. I am happy to present to you Her Majesty’s even finer weapon.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge sawed-off Savage Stevens 311D. Pure radium shielding, developed during project CTX4000.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you put it down your pants, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, spraying rheum everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I am happy to let you see the department’s even finer technical wonder.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you unscrew the top, in reality it’s actually a trap that aerosolizes foshietan. Pure gallium shielding, developed during project DISHFIRE.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, shooting gastric acid everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next up, James. I want to show you my one more contraption.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. “I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s really a boobytrap that rains leptophos. Pure berkelium shielding, developed during project YACHTSHOP.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, shooting mucus everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“If you have another minute, James. I am happy to demonstrate the department’s even finer little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. "I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you speak the launch code, in reality it's uncovered to be a dart gun that showers the victim with dimefox. Pure titanium armour, developed during project OCTAVE."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q nodded, "If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy's hair, shooting chyme everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to let you see Her Majesty's even more exciting little trick."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q lifted a rug. "I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you examine it closely, in fact it's revealed to be a grenade that showers the victim with trimethylolpropane phosphite. Pure californium casing, developed during project CADENCE-GAMUT."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Also," Q intoned, "If you put it behind your ear, it is programmed to fire at your enemy's hair, atomizing sweat everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Just one more thing, James. I couldn't be more excited to show you the department's even finer latest."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. "I know it looks like an innocent rug, but if you blink twice, it turns out that it's actually a boobytrap that aerosolizes chloromethyl methyl ether. Pure molybdenum shielding, developed during project CADENCE-GAMUT."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "At least pretend to be interested."

Also,” Q said, “If you put it behind your ear, it precisely targets your enemy’s hair, shooting earwax everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I am anxious to demonstrate my even finer technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you examine it closely, it turns out that it’s revealed to be a snare that shoots salcomine. Pure seaborgium shielding, developed during project CONVERGENCE.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting mucus everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am just delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s even finer little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q held up a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you look inside, in reality it’s actually a boobytrap that dispenses 2-methylphenylthiourea. Pure osmium coating, developed during project GROWLER.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Anyway,” Q grunted, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, leaking gastric acid everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show off Her Majesty’s even finer toy.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q lifted a rug. "I understand it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's truly a boobytrap that shoots aminopterin. Pure lithium coating, developed during project LIFESAVER."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "Please take this seriously. Finally," Q intoned, "If you wear it like a brooch, it targets your enemy's hair, atomizing cerumen everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"Just one more thing, James. I want to present to you the department's even more exciting latest."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q waved his arm towards a rug. "I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it's revealed to be a trap that sprays nitrophenylphosphonothioic acid. Pure lutetium shielding, developed during project STATEROOM."

James' corpse had no response.

"Do listen to me, James," Q said with exasperation. "Do act your age. Finally," Q grunted, "If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy's hair, shooting sebum everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Even better, James. I am happy to show off Her Majesty's next device."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you reverse it, in fact it's actually a snare that rains phosphorus. Pure fermium coating, developed during project PBX."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Also," Q grunted, "If you put it behind your ear, it fires at your enemy's hair, leaking pus everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Also, James. I am anxious to demonstrate my one more latest.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. “I know it looks like a simple rug, but if you look inside, it turns out that it’s truly a trap that sprays methoxyethylmercuric acetate. Pure titanium covering, developed during project ELEGANTCHAOS.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q grunted, “If you point it at yourself, it fires at your enemy’s hair, shooting chyme everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Also, James. I am delighted to show you my even more exciting little trick.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s revealed to be a 12-gauge Remington Sportsman sawed-off shotgun. Pure silver casing, developed during project CYCLONE-HX9.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, shooting sweat everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

“Next, James. I am anxious to demonstrate our even more exciting contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s actually a 9mm Ruger SR9

semiautomatic. Pure mercury shielding, developed during project BOUNDLESS-INFORMANT."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "Do act your age. Also," Q nodded, "If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy's hair, shooting saliva everywhere."

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

"Also, James. I am anxious to show off the department's even finer latest."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. "I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you speak the launch code, it turns out that it's truly a 9mm Kurz SIG Sauer P232 semiautomatic. Pure promethium covering, developed during project EGOTISTICALGIRAFFE."

James' corpse had no response.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Also," Q nodded, "If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy's hair, atomizing perilymph everywhere."

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.

"If you have another minute, James. I am delighted to present to you our next latest."

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. "I realize it looks like an everyday rug, but if you whistle, in reality it's actually a dart gun that shoots warfarin sodium. Pure actinium coating, developed during project FOXACID."

James's body continued to lie there.

"I won't be responsible if you hurt yourself, James," Q said with exasperation. "At least pretend to be interested. Anyway," Q grunted, "If you point it at the sun, it fires at your enemy's hair, spraying tears everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next, James. I am anxious to let you see the department’s next weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I know it looks like a boring rug, but if you turn it over, in reality it’s actually a snare that shoots diborane. Pure erbium armour, developed during project GROWLER.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy’s hair, leaking saliva everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you our yet another contraption.”

There was no reply, as the room was otherwise empty.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s really a mine that dispenses hexachlorocyclopentadiene. Pure actinium armour, developed during project NUCLEON.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s hair, leaking saliva everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Also, James. I am anxious to show you the team’s even more exciting little trick.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like a simple rug, but if you speak the launch code, in fact it’s truly a boobytrap that dispenses methoxyethylmercuric acetate. Pure tantalum armour, developed during

project TAROTCARD.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do pay attention, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy’s hair, shooting aqueous humour everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Next up, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you the department’s one more technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like an innocent rug, but if you trigger the remote, in fact it’s uncovered to be a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson. Pure calcium covering, developed during project BLACKHEART.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q complained. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q said, “If you wear it like a brooch, it fires at your enemy’s hair, atomizing vitreous humour everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I want to demonstrate Her Majesty’s yet another device.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q held up a rug. “I understand it looks like an everyday rug, but if you unscrew the top, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that sprays norbormide. Pure aluminium shielding, developed during project TAROTCARD.”

James’s body continued to lie there.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q sighed. “Do act your age. Finally,” Q said, “If you point it at the floor, it targets your enemy’s hair, atomizing cerumen everywhere.”

Only the haunting sound of running machinery answered him.

“Just one more thing, James. I am delighted to present to you our yet

another latest.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up a rug. “I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you hum, in fact it’s revealed to be a mine that showers the victim with phosphorus oxychloride. Pure scandium covering, developed during project PATHMASTER-MAILORDER.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Please take this seriously. Anyway,” Q nodded, “If you put it down your pants, it is programmed to fire at your enemy’s hair, shooting bile everywhere.”

There was no response, which did not dampen Q’s enthusiasm.

“Before you go, James. I am delighted to show off our even finer technical wonder.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q walked over to a rug. “I realize it looks like a boring rug, but if you examine it closely, in reality it’s actually a boobytrap that sprays trichlorophenylsilane. Pure neodymium shielding, developed during project CANDYGRAM.”

James said nothing, because he was dead.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said, rolling his eyes. “Please take this seriously. Also,” Q intoned, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s hair, atomizing earwax everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Just one more thing, James. I couldn’t be more excited to present to you our even finer latest.”

There was no sound in the room but Q’s own voice.

Q nodded towards a rug. “I know it looks like an ordinary rug, but if you reverse it, in reality it’s revealed to be a snare that shoots dinoseb. Pure tantalum shielding, developed during project MESSIAH.”

James' corpse had no response.

"Please give me your attention, James," Q said. "Do act your age. Also," Q nodded, "If you point it at the floor, it shoots at your enemy's hair, atomizing peritoneal fluid everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Next up, James. I am anxious to present to you the team's one more device."

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q walked over to a rug. "I understand it looks like a boring rug, but if you whistle, in fact it's uncovered to be a .357-caliber Ruger Security Six. Pure rubidium shielding, developed during project MASTERSHAKE."

James said nothing, because he was dead.

"Do pay attention, James," Q sighed. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q replied, "If you point it at the floor, it precisely targets your enemy's hair, spraying chyme everywhere."

There was no response, which did not dampen Q's enthusiasm.

"Also, James. I want to demonstrate our one more weapon."

There was no sound in the room but Q's own voice.

Q held up a rug. "I understand it looks like a simple rug, but if you look inside, it turns out that it's actually a mine that sprays sodium cacodylate. Pure lawrencium armour, developed during project MARINA."

James's body continued to lie there.

"Do pay attention, James," Q complained. "At least pretend to be interested. Finally," Q nodded, "If you wave it counterclockwise, it targets your enemy's hair, shooting vitreous humour everywhere."

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.