

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 my finest weapon.”

“Cheerio, Q,” James answered, intrigued. “What manner of wonder do you have for me now?”

Q held up a steak knife. “I understand it looks like an everyday steak knife, but if you hum, in fact it’s revealed to be a trap that sprays fenamiphos. Pure bohrium shielding, developed during project MASTERLINK.”

“Aah!” James said. “One always appreciates a fine table knife.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your age. Also,” Q replied, “If you wear it like a brooch, it shoots at your enemy’s hand, shooting blood serum everywhere.”

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

“Before you go, James. I couldn’t be more excited to demonstrate Her Majesty’s next weapon.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, excitedly. “What manner of prop do you have for me again?”

Q waved his arm towards a letter opener. “I understand it looks like a boring letter opener, but if you whistle, it turns out that it’s truly a boobytrap that rains chlorophacinone. Pure europium shielding, developed during project TWISTEDPATH.”

“Yippee!” James replied. “One always appreciates a fine knife.”

“I won’t be responsible if you hurt yourself, James,” Q said. “Do act your

age. Also,” Q nodded, “If you put it behind your ear, it targets your enemy’s waist, spraying vomit everywhere.”

“Well, I dare say that waist will be ached,” James punned, using one of his signature puns.

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

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

“All right, Q,” James grunted, brushing a speck of dust off his tuxedo. “What manner of contraption do you have for me again?”

Q held up a toy soldier. “I know it looks like a simple toy soldier, but if you trigger the remote, in reality it’s actually a snare that rains methanesulfonyl fluoride. Pure cesium covering, developed during project MUSCULAR.”

“Yes well,” James murmured. “Never leave home without your doll.”

“This is dangerous stuff you know, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Finally,” Q replied, “If you point it at the sun, it targets your enemy’s ankle, spraying sputum everywhere.”

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

“Also, James. I am just delighted to show you Her Majesty’s next contraption.”

“Okay, Q,” James answered, bored. “What manner of thing do you have for me today?”

Q held up an eye liner. “I understand it looks like a boring eye liner, but if you examine it closely, in fact it’s truly a mine that shoots pyrene. Pure neodymium shielding, developed during project FORNSAT.”

“Fine,” James sighed. “I do love a good makeup.”

“Please give me your attention, James,” Q said with exasperation. “Do act your age. Anyway,” Q intoned, “If you point it at the sun, it seeks out your enemy’s neck, atomizing blood serum everywhere.”

“That neck certainly will bedeck,” James said, as he is wont to do.

Unfortunately by this point, James had gone several hours without liquor, and died from withdrawal.

“Even better, James. I am just delighted to let you see Her Majesty’s one more weapon.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q lifted an eye liner. “I know it looks like an everyday eye liner, but if you reverse it, it turns out that it’s really a Glock 34. Pure bohrium covering, developed during project WATERWITCH.”

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. Finally,” Q nodded, “If you point it at yourself, it shoots at your enemy’s neck, atomizing tears everywhere.”

There was no response as he was the only one still alive in the room.

“Next, James. I am happy to show off Her Majesty’s yet another contraption.”

There was no response, but Q continued as if there were.

Q picked up an eye liner. “I know it looks like a boring eye liner, but if you trigger the remote, it turns out that it’s uncovered to be a trap that aerosolizes acrylonitrile. Pure chromium covering, developed during project COBALTFALCON.”

James’ corpse had no response.

“Do listen to me, James,” Q said with exasperation. “At least pretend to be interested. Also,” Q intoned, “If you put it behind your ear, it seeks out your enemy’s neck, shooting saliva everywhere.”

The emptiness of the room echoed terribly.