

Ah Ha!

by John Riley

His head was usually full of ah ha!, a luminescence that folded around obstacles like smoke. Sometimes the ah ha! conformed to the world around him, sometimes it rippled across the flat sea of induction, threatening to alter the way the world waddles on its hips. The sad thing is that he couldn't always stop the ah ha! from fizzing away. You know how sheep disappear on a green meadow when you've been watching them all day? They're there, of course, but for all intents and purposes they've sneaked away like a group of night singers in the storybooks about Merry Old England. The ah ha! drifted away much the same way. There isn't much difference in the world. The ah ha! was a product of his heart and his mind, and although it can be argued there is some difference between the heart and the mind--if the heart could think it would stop beating, for example--his mind and his heart always traveled in the same direction, filling each other with treasures as they traveled along. But, nevertheless, more and more he had to watch the ah ha! fizzle away. She, on the other hand, is too sly and leonine to drift away. She keeps her good stuff in a locker, determined to find the right time to put it to use. I don't know how the two met and to convince you I did I'd have to invent a story and worry about it disappearing before I wrote it down. But they did meet and it's more important to know that she stopped his fizz and he unlocked her locker, and now they are as indivisible as the white sheep are from the green meadow.

