

BROCK'S BANTER: That's all, folks?

By Brock Weir

The yellow-eyed brown creature looks menacingly at the purple and mauve streak as it passes by.

It's streaking by, on its own mission, seeming not to have a care in the world. It has an objective, but the streak is very enticing, but just out of reach.

Wanting to finally get the streak into its clutches by any means possible, the creature unpacks its dusty box of Acme Palm Fronds to cover up the entrance to a freshly dug hole to capture its prey. With the branches in place disguising the trap underneath, the creature lies in wait, quietly, until deciding to up the ante. Over in the corner is that Acme anvil that has brought so much trouble before. It wouldn't hurt, he thinks, to string that up over the palm fronds. Hey, after all, even if the Road Runner falls down below, there's no guarantee the fall alone will do the job at hand.

Hoisting it above from a distressingly frayed rope, it dangles precariously above the hole while that purple streak of a devious bird comes into the distance. As it gets closer, he slowly but surely comes into focus. First, the creature can see the plume, followed by the spindly legs and then, inevitably, the prominent beak which emits the mocking "Meep Meep!" which has come to haunt his dreams.

When the time is right, he looks prematurely satisfied by the inevitable "splat!" and "thwack!" that is going to happen, and then he pulls the rope.

At this point, we all know that only one of two things is going to happen. Either the surefooted Road Runner is going to deftly side-step the palm fronds, causing our friend Wyle to come out from his alcove and stomp them to find out just what went wrong? or, with that fateful tug, the Acme anvil is going to defy both the basic laws of physics and the most rudimentary knowledge of gravity, swing in the other direction and flatten our antihero into a furry pancake.

It is a familiar dance, one that has entertained generation upon generation, and seems to become more familiar and present in said generations the closer anyone gets to election season.

Consider, if you will, a motion brought forward by Councillor Evelyn Buck at last week's Council meeting calling on Mayor Dawe to define to Council and, one presumes the general public, exactly how he defines his role as Mayor.

"WHEREAS Council was recently informed the Mayor cannot seek accounting from a Town department because of the perception of micromanaging?" read the first point of Councillor Buck's motion.

"When I first saw this, my first thought was there must be an election in the offing because the silly season has started," said Mayor Dawe in his response. "My second thought was exactly where did I make this first statement? When and where did I exactly say this and what exactly did I say?"

My first thought, upon the Mayor's second, was one of a palm frond or two being cunningly laid across the hole.

"That's what I understood you to say," replied Councillor Buck.

The Roadrunner in my mind's eye came into slightly sharper focus.

The Mayor pressed on as to the where and the how, as my mental coyote dusted off the palms before trotting merrily back to his alcove.

"You said it in front of the whole Council in an in-camera meeting," clarified Councillor Buck.

Meep! Meep!

"Ah! An in-camera meeting!" the Mayor replied, as Wile E. Coyote pulled the rope and, miracle of miracles, he actually had his always elusive prey where he wanted them. "Now, I recall a number of months ago where you didn't want to go in-camera because you were concerned about the sanctity of a closed session."

While it remains to be seen exactly which direction the anvil swung in this melee, let's face it and pull up a chair? the "Silly Season", along with the Merry Melody and Loony Toon of our traditional election warm-up is here.

Just two weeks ago in this space, I wrote: "In? little under two weeks, it will be exactly a year until voters make their decisions on who will fill the Mayor and Council seats for the 2014-2018 Council term. In the meantime, there are plenty of political points to score. If that is the case, spectacle will inevitably be close at hand."

Although I had braced myself for what was ahead, I didn't anticipate things to turn as colourful on the election front so quickly. Since I wrote that, I personally have witnessed a handful of faces that had not been seen since the last campaign trail show up in the unlikeliest of places, blog posts counting down the days until the next election, regular letter writers to The Auroran slowly but surely ratcheting up the heat in their missives, somewhat impromptu public meetings spiced up liberally with election-ready rhetoric,

and one incumbent politician coming out of left field trying to drum up a standing ovation for a former politician who could very well be back in the game in the next 12 months. And the beat goes on.
And, I have the most awful feeling it is going to be an arduous 12 months.
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an Acme time machine to assemble.