THE BIGSLEEP

by Raymond Chandler

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, mid October, with the sun not

shining and a look of hard wet rain in the clearness of the foothills. I was

wearing my powder-blue suit, with dark blue shirt, tie and display

handkerchief, black brogues, black wool socks with dark blue clocks on

them.I was neat, clean,shaved and sober, and I didn't care who knew it.I

was everything the well-dressed private detective ought to be. I was

calling on four million dollars.

The main hallway of the Sternwood place was two stories high.Over the

entrance doors,which would have let in a troop of Indian elephants, there

was a broad stained-glass panel showing a knight in dark armor rescuing