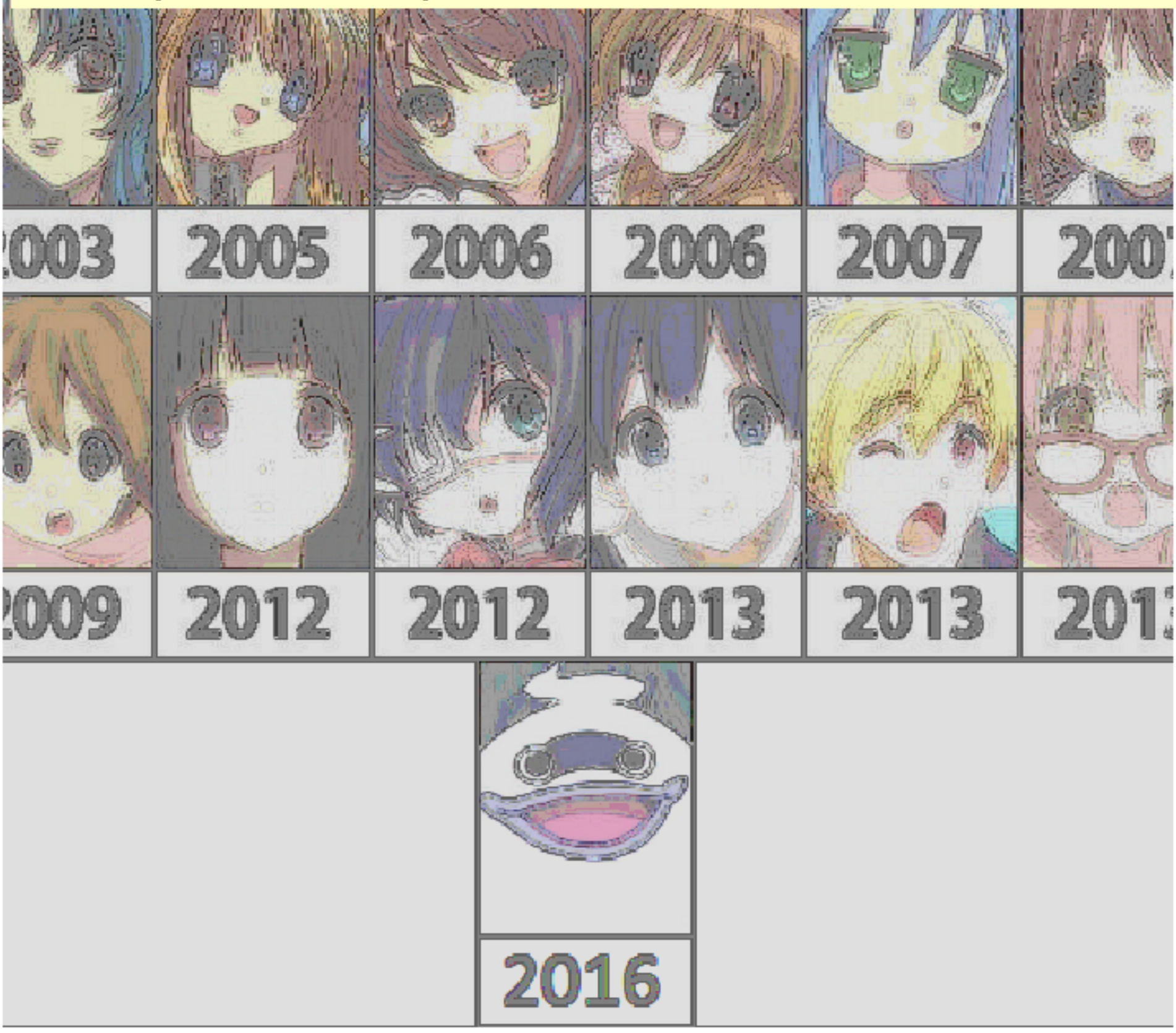
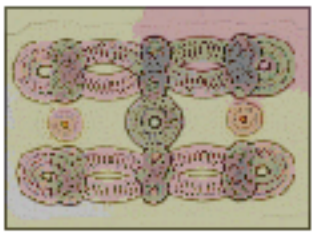
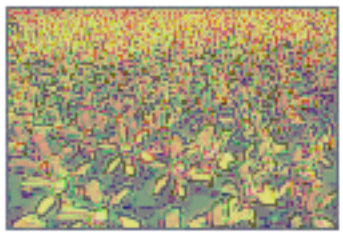
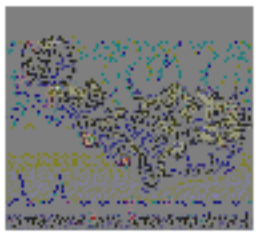
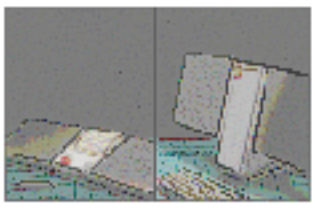
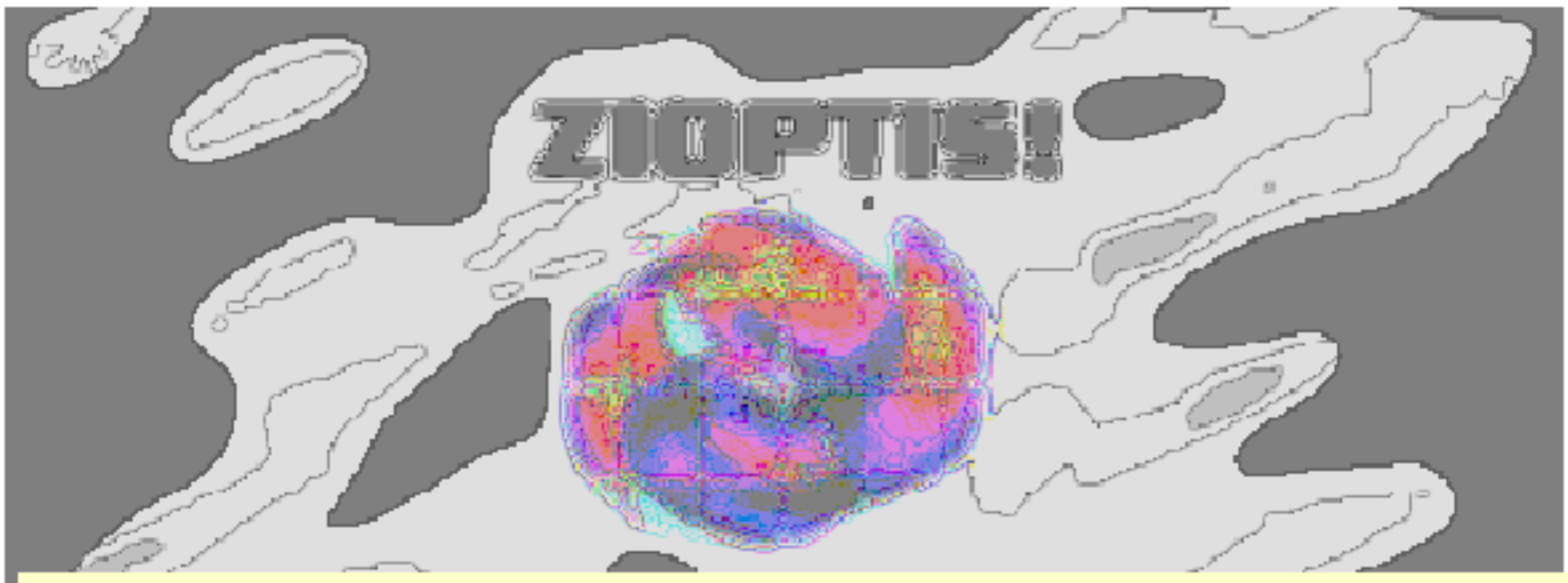
. or. . If Manny gets clear, I might add a little something that is my money. Them tire tracks looks kind of obvious, but that's only because we know where they started. "



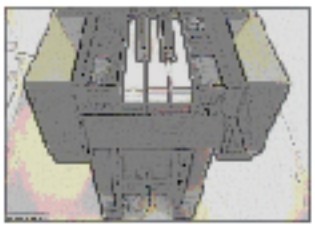



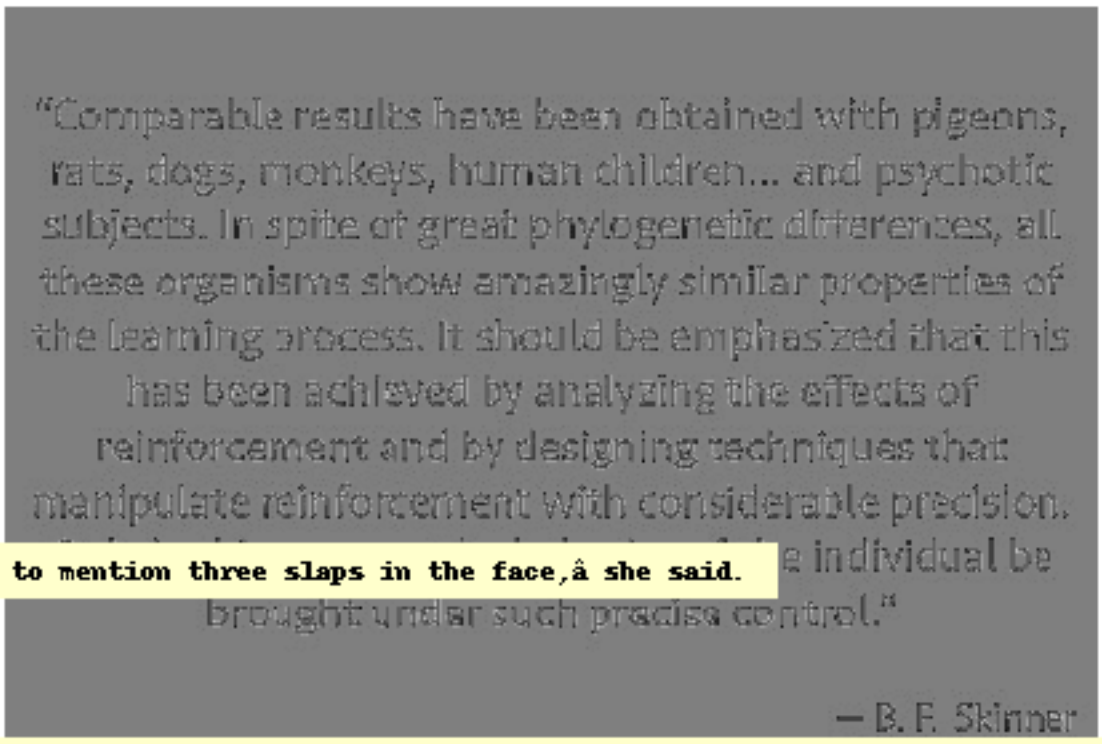


Waltzâs gun flamed at the same instant, the two explosions blended. I noticed the sharp tang of cordite on the air, almost, but not quite gone. The rain hit the flat roof hard. Carmady didnât s it.

She laughed again. âAnd you killed young Jeeterâin the girlâs apartment at the El Milano. But I didnât suspect for a minute that there was anything wrong with her.





"Comparable results have been obtained with pigeons, rats, dogs, monkeys, human children... and psychotic subjects. In spite of great phylogenetic differences, all these organisms show amazingly similar properties of the learning process. It should be emphasized that this has been achieved by analyzing the effects of reinforcement and by designing techniques that manipulate reinforcement with considerable precision. e individual be brought under such precise control."

— B. F. Skinner

âNot to mention three slaps in the face,â she said.

Legs in dark

âI ainât a damn bit of use at it,â he said. If he had ever seen me before, nothing in his face showed i But I figure he knows you boys too well for that. "

"I think so.

Published simultaneously in Canada

He went in, sat at the counter and ordered coffee. , an imprint of the Penguin Group

The detective passed a large pale hand across his forehead and leaned forward.

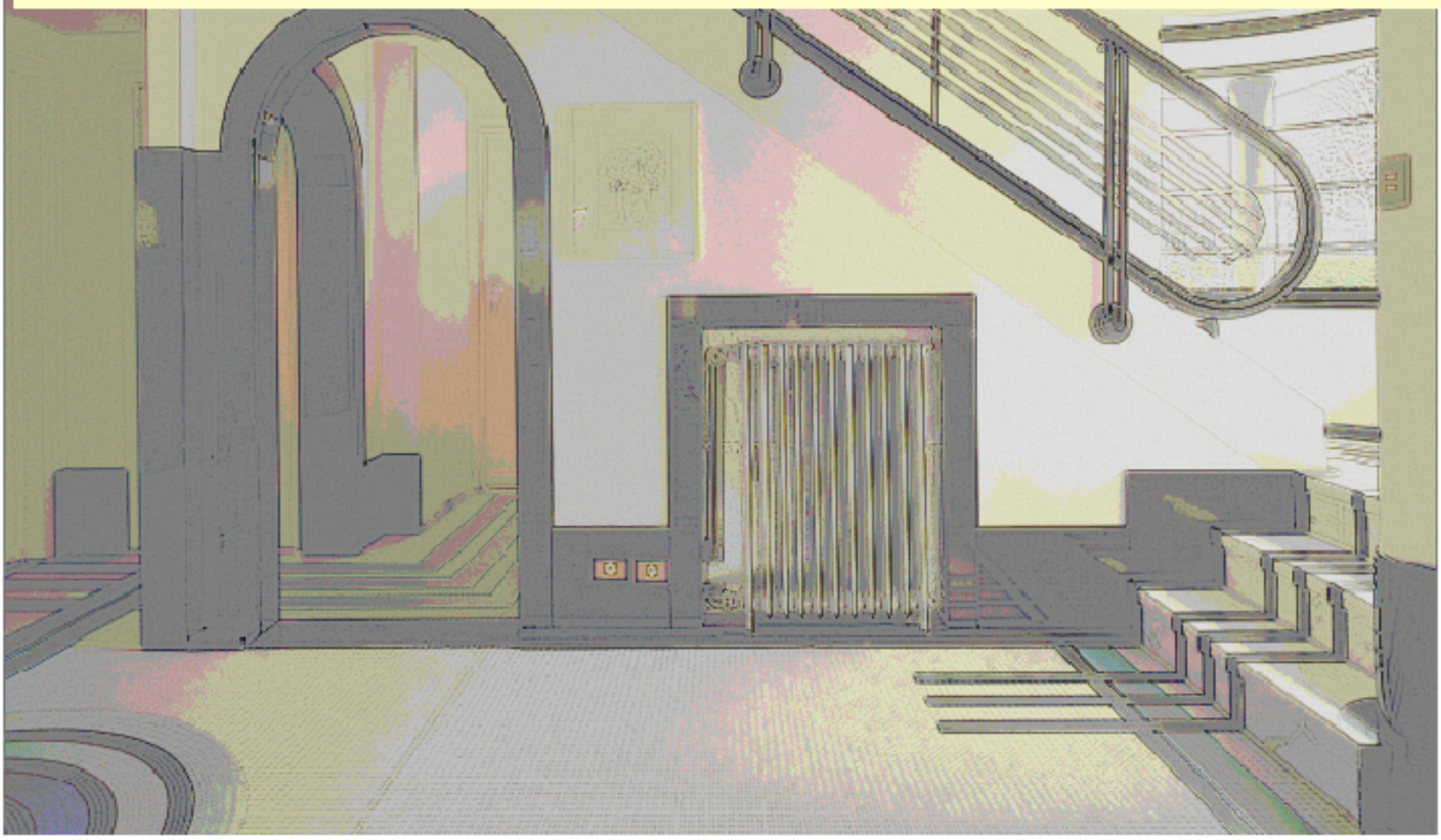
From "The Guardian:

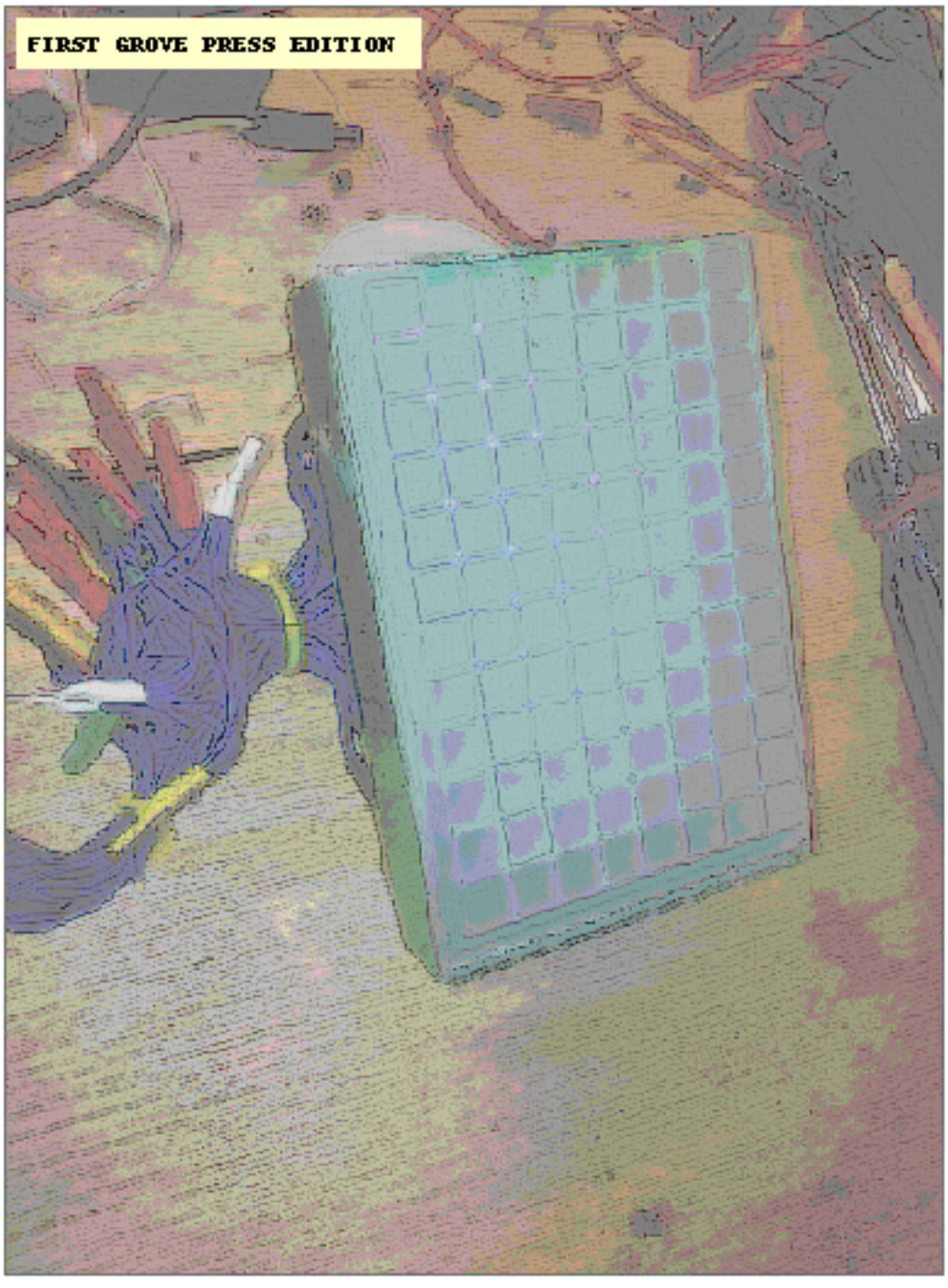
In Germany, they have a form (another story) very popular for Google, Amazon and Facebook, the big beasts of the internet that have worn out their welcome on online data. They are known as the ritterkrabben. The word means data octopuses, and it is intended to frighten – in Norse myth, the Kraken was a monstrous sea monster.

The room was very still for a moment. "You hear what I said in here?"

Willy Boy showed a king Steve went past him.

Chandler, Raymond, 1888-1959. I never knew him. It was neatly typewritten, dated that day. The wire came loose and the machine stopped. A car had stopped outside. Around his bare and magnificent throat, above the dirty collar, he wore a wide piece of black ribbon, like an old woman trying to freshen up her neck. The marimba player dropped his sticks and reached under his chair for a glass. Her body was half turned and she lay almost on her back across his thighs, her eyelids flickering. She wore a golden topaz bracelet and topaz earrings and a topaz dinner ring in the shape of a shield. â

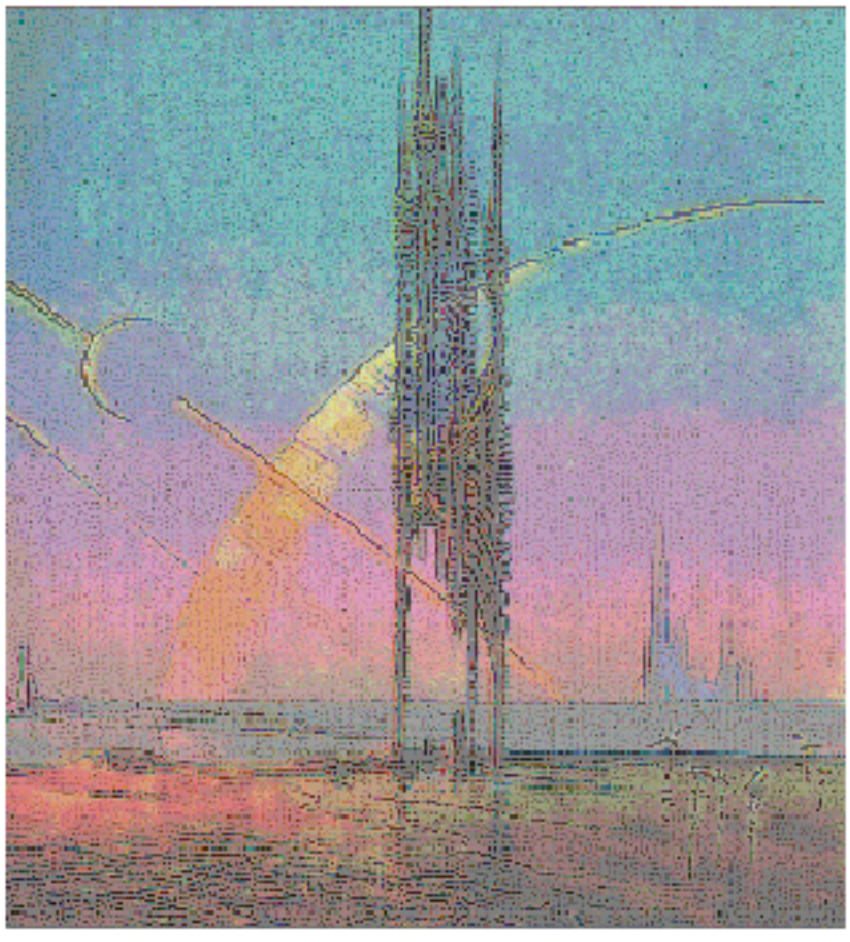


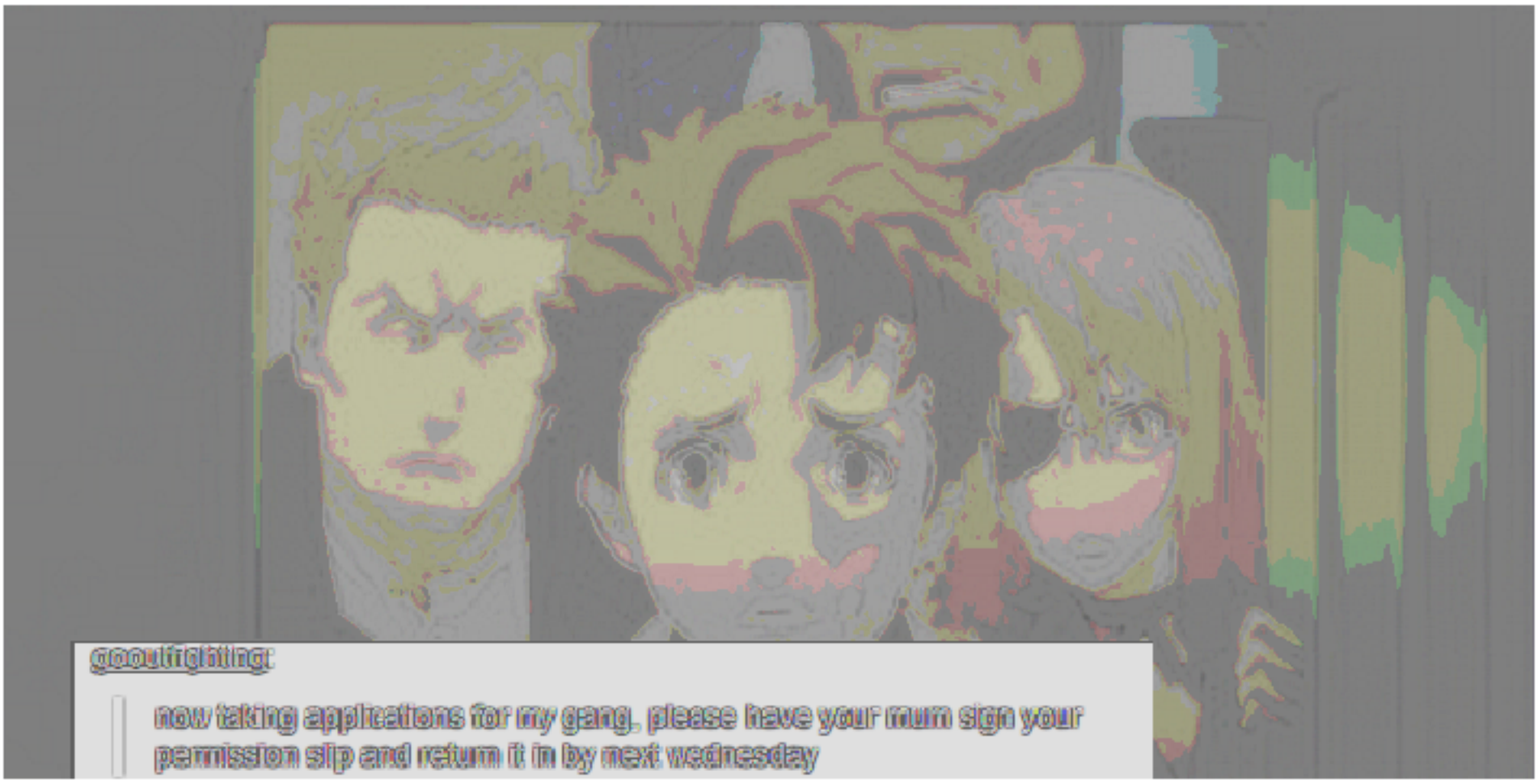


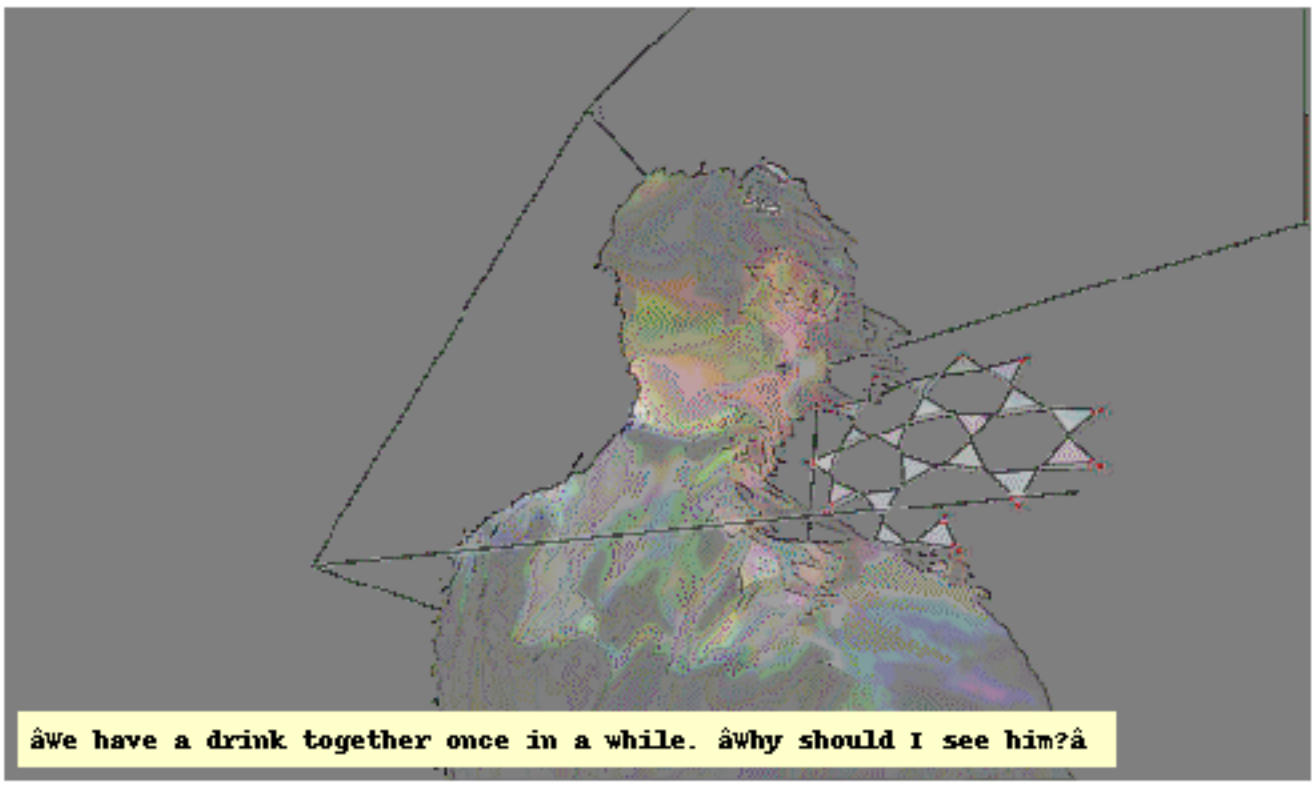
FIRST GROVE PRESS EDITION

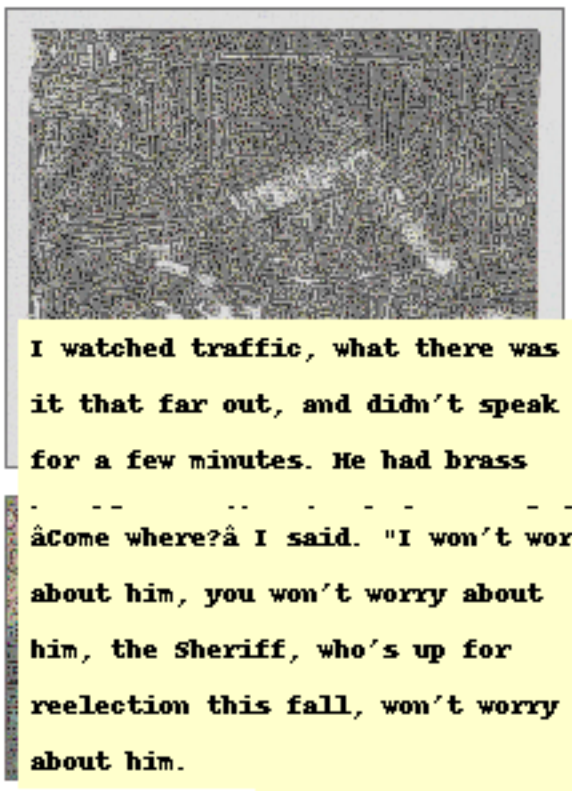
Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

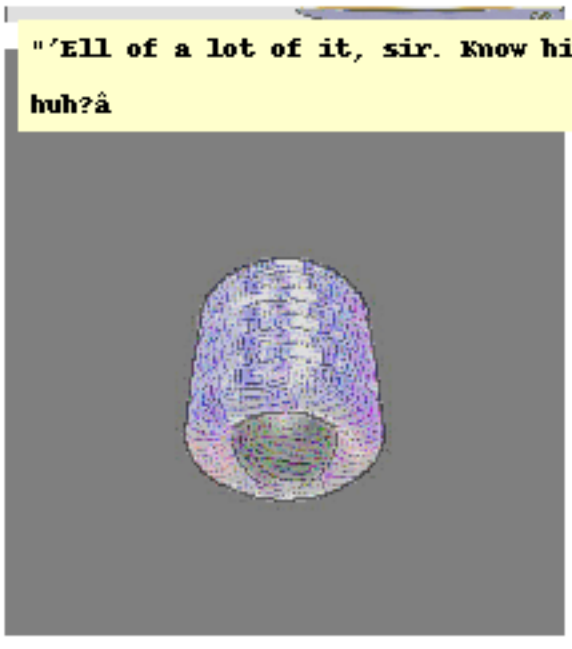


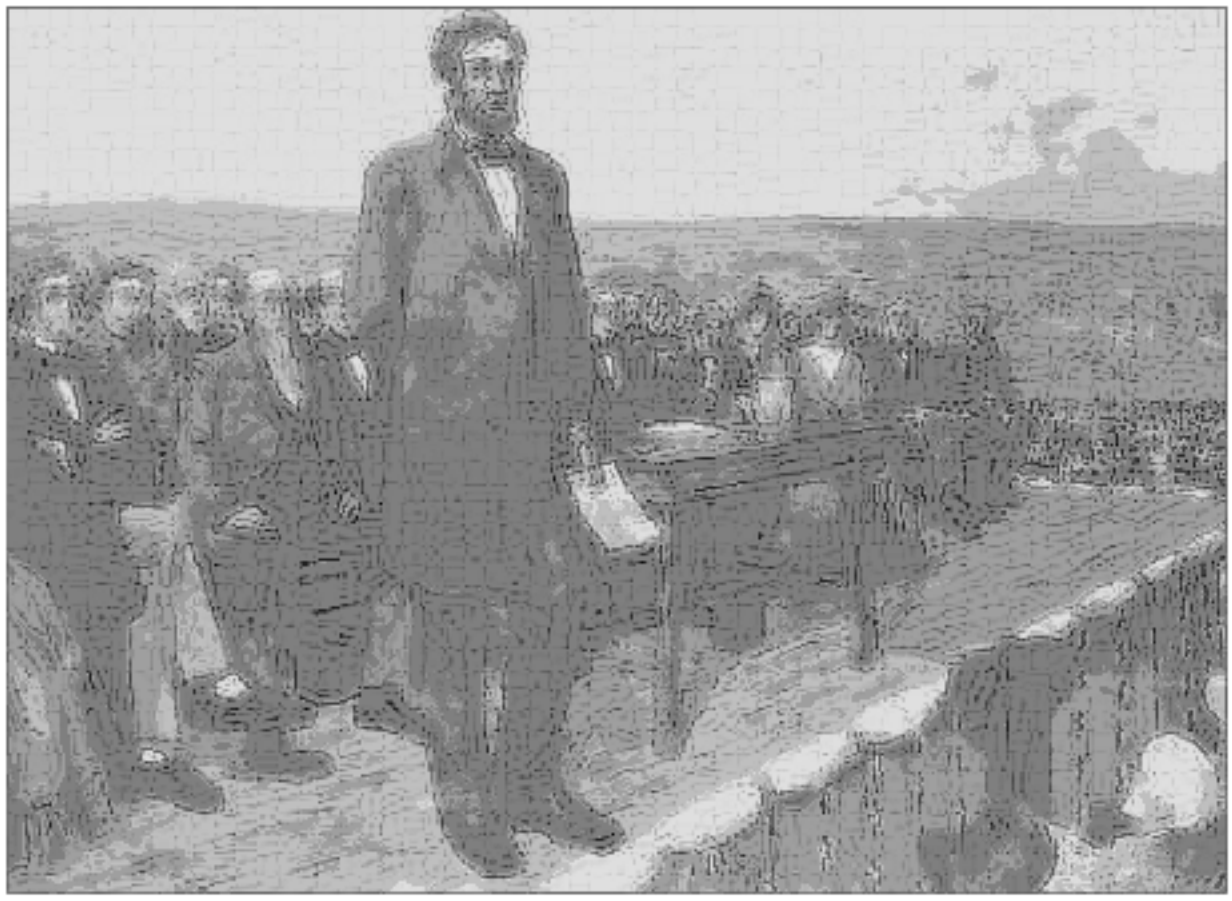

gooutfighting:
now taking applications for my gang, please have your mum sign your permission slip and return it in by next wednesday

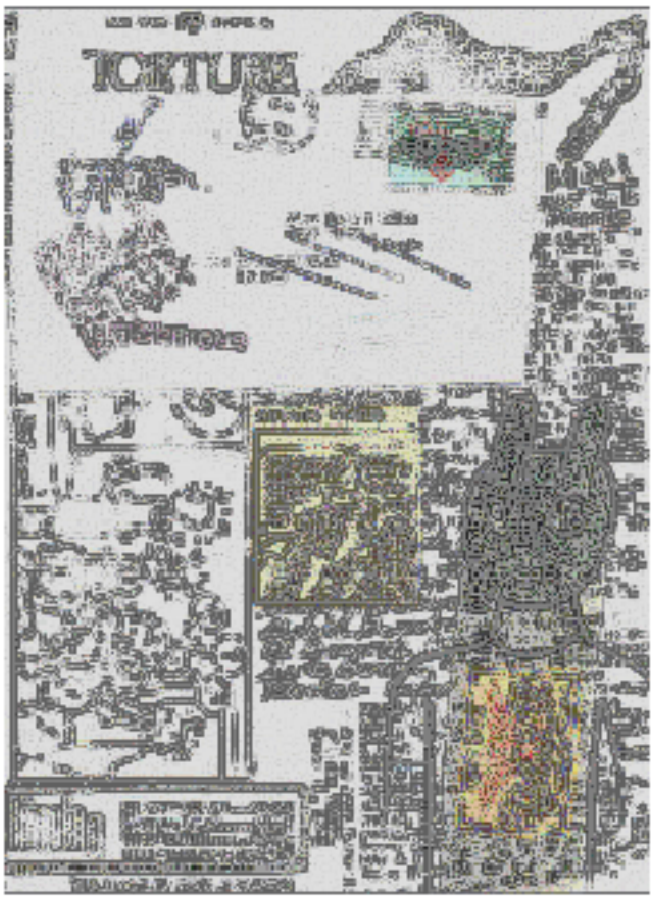

âWe have a drink together once in a while. âWhy should I see him?â

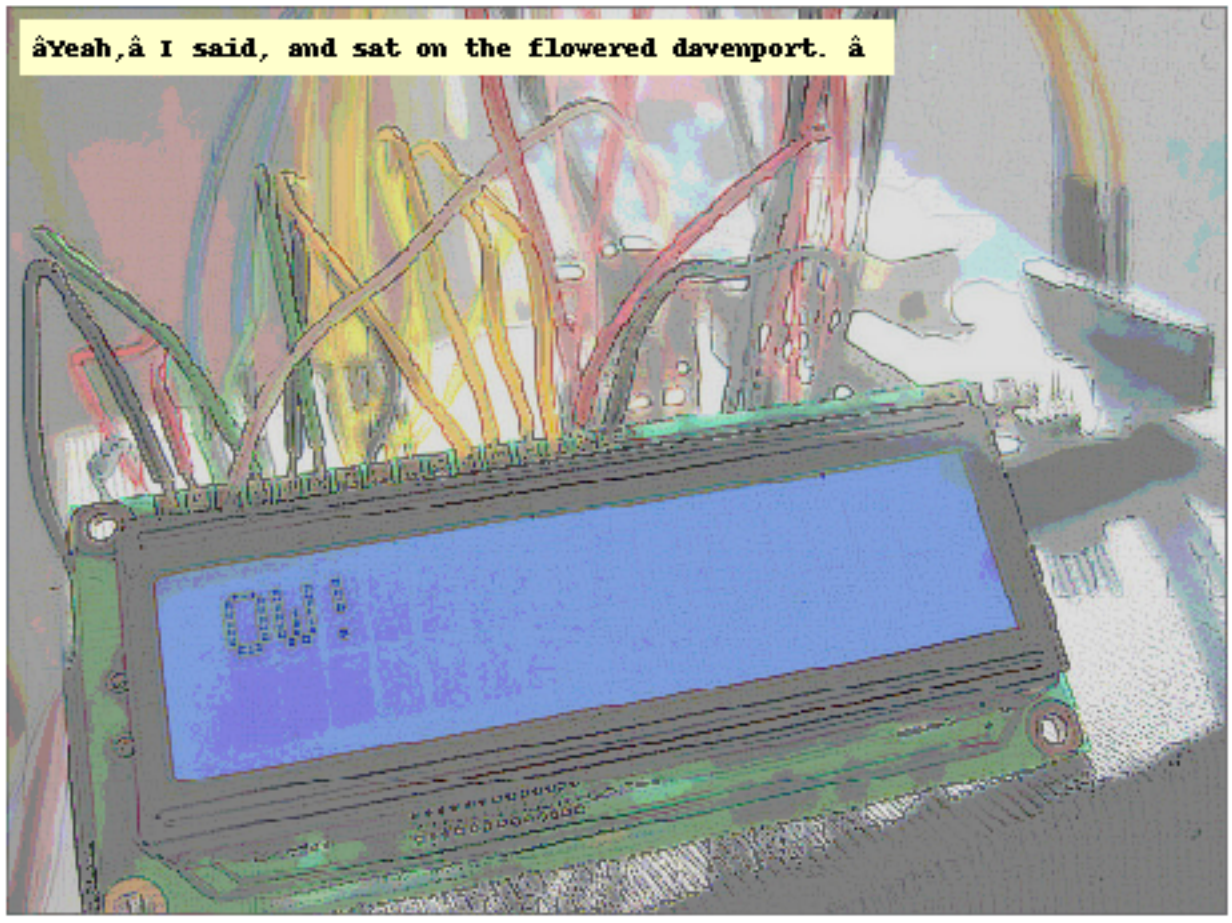

I watched traffic, what there was
it that far out, and didn't speak
for a few minutes. He had brass
âCome where?â I said. "I won't wor
about him, you won't worry about
him, the Sheriff, who's up for
reelection this fall, won't worry
about him.

job is hanging by a
thread. That's why.
He leaned back in h
chair. "


"'Ell of a lot of it, sir. Know hi
huh?â





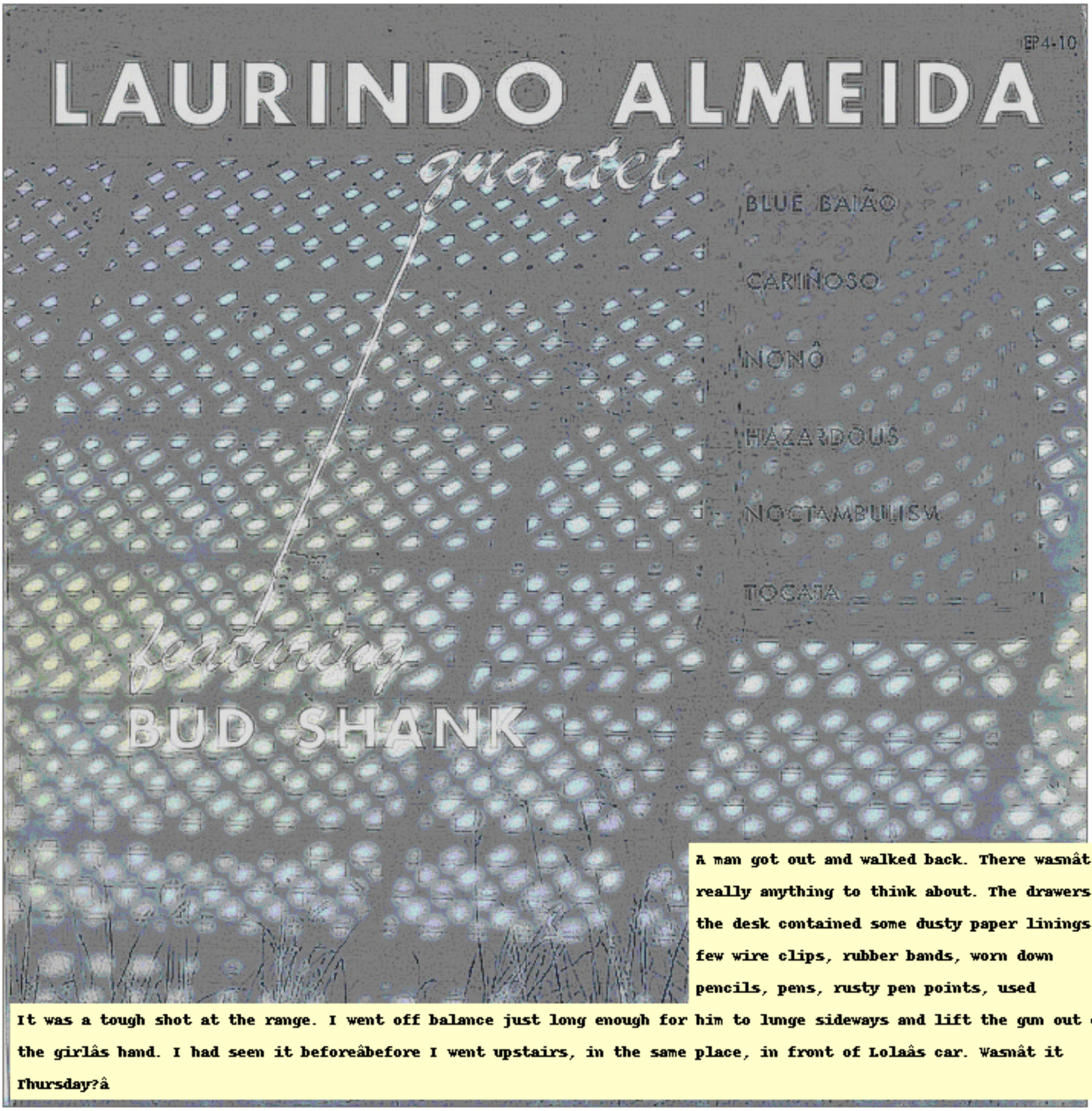


Two of the old men sat on boxes about twenty feet apart, ignoring each other. His right hand lifted the Colt. His lips were getting puffed and darkish.

"You wanta go over now? I'll get the keys. He can get me laughed at. We went out and down the salt-tarnished spiral stairway to the street level and the garage. We're an organization. We clo at five-thirty. You have a lousy chance to prove you weren't in on it. How you went was none of business either. For no other reason. You're lit

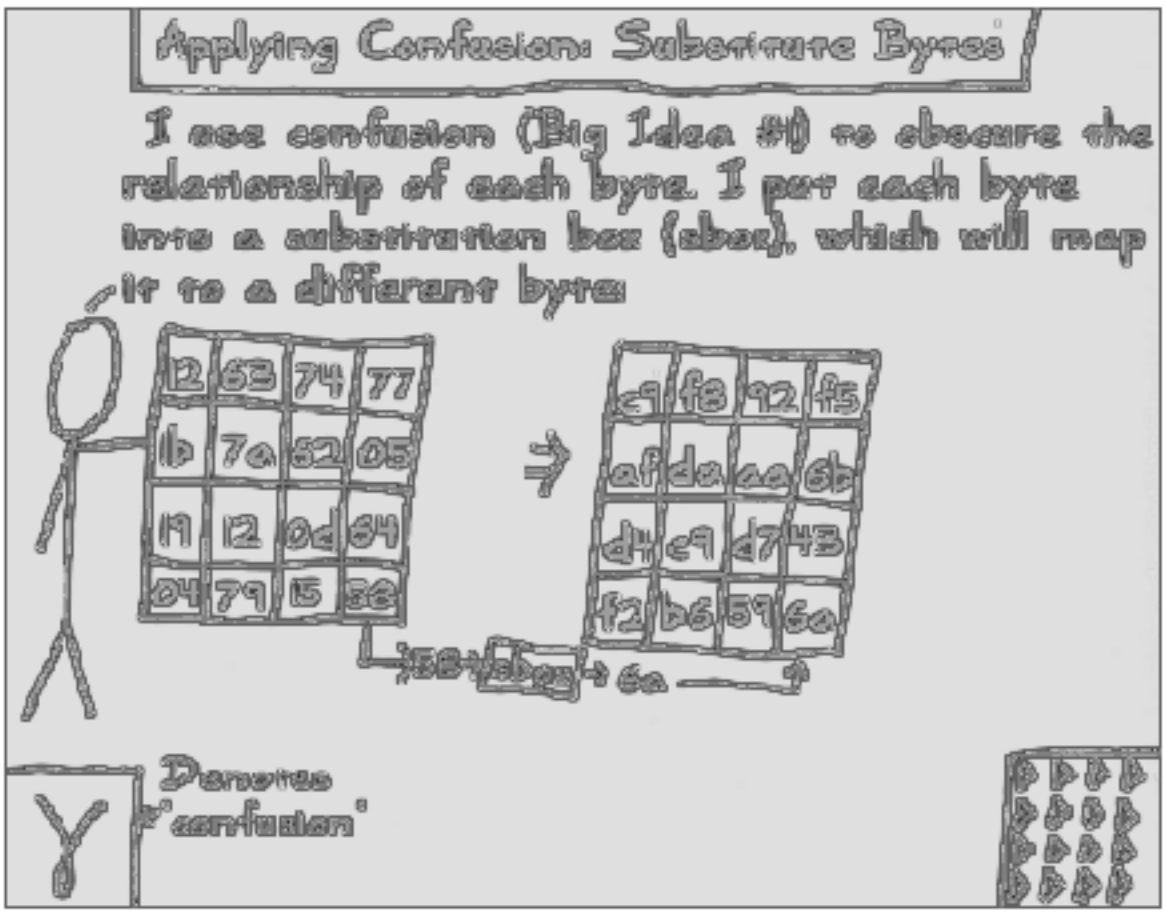
"Listen," I said, and looked at the floor. I smiled a little and watched him. Then I went in She touched my cheek with her fingers as she we by.

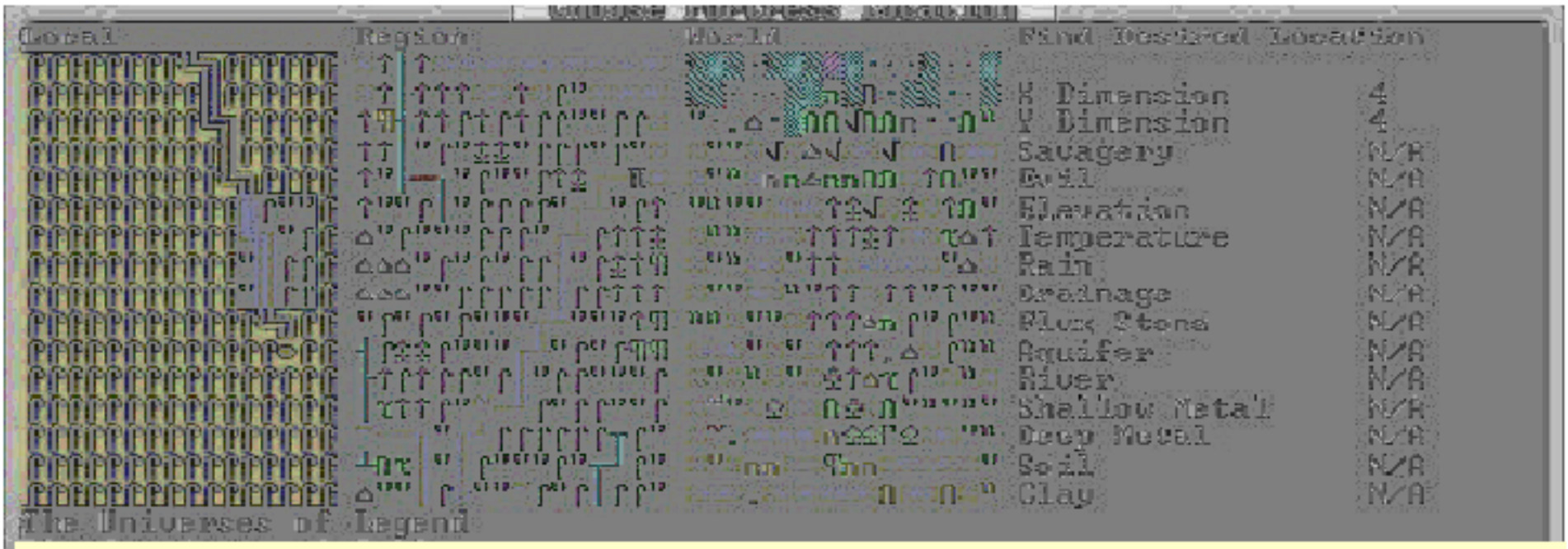
âHow do I know youâre on the level



A man got out and walked back. There wasnât really anything to think about. The drawers the desk contained some dusty paper linings, few wire clips, rubber bands, worn down pencils, pens, rusty pen points, used

It was a tough shot at the range. I went off balance just long enough for him to lunge sideways and lift the gun out o the girlâs hand. I had seen it beforeâbefore I went upstairs, in the same place, in front of Lolaâs car. Wasnât it Thursday?â



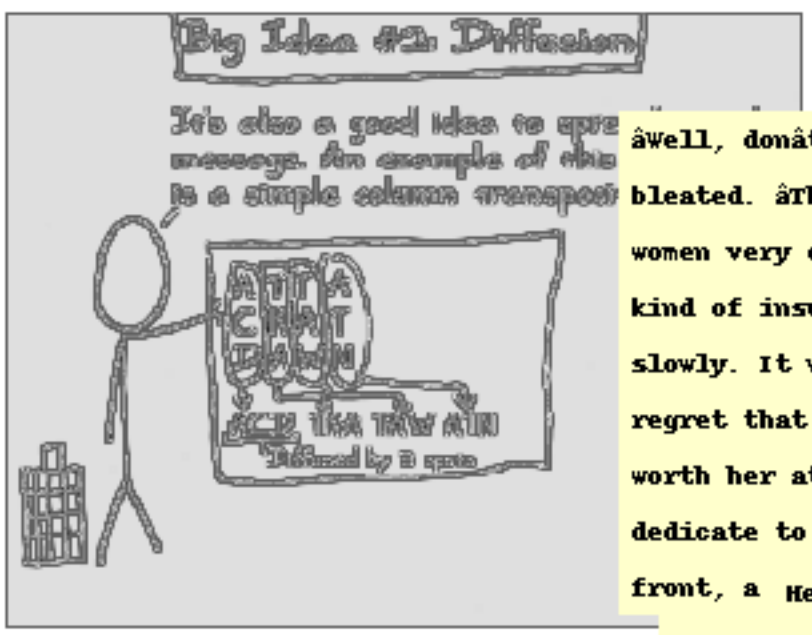


They went through a door into a big room that was mostly six-foot tiers of filing cases with an occasional alcove in which there was a small table and a chair. I donât know who murdered him.

âIâm Nixon,â he said. â He scribbled an address on a studio pad and hel it out. The stenotype operator took it down.

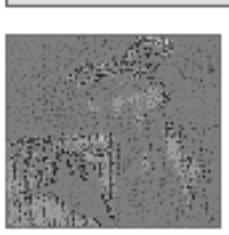
I breathed in some cool air and said: "The general wants me to see Mrs. He had ample motiv from the rather limited police point of view. H voice got a little hoarse. He lay with his face on the desk, motionless. He rode it down to the linen-room floor and got out to remove the basket that held the service elevat open at that floor. The photo looked a good dea like Muriel Chess. He p his hands on his knees and clutched his kneecaps. At the foot o the steps up to the terrace he paused to stick a monocle in his eye. There was an alcov with small tables and padded seats. They had moved the car enough to lift something out.

The back door opened on a porch with high, narrow screens. Across the canal, a uniformed cop entered the backyard with a drawn gun an a flashlight. I saw nobody that looked like my idea of Crystal Kingsley. "



âWell, donât take all night about it,â I bleated. âThese are good stuff, the kind women very often have made on purpose, as kind of insurance. She lifted her head slowly. It was my great and now useless regret that I never wrote anything really worth her attention, no book that I could dedicate to her. There were flowers in front, a

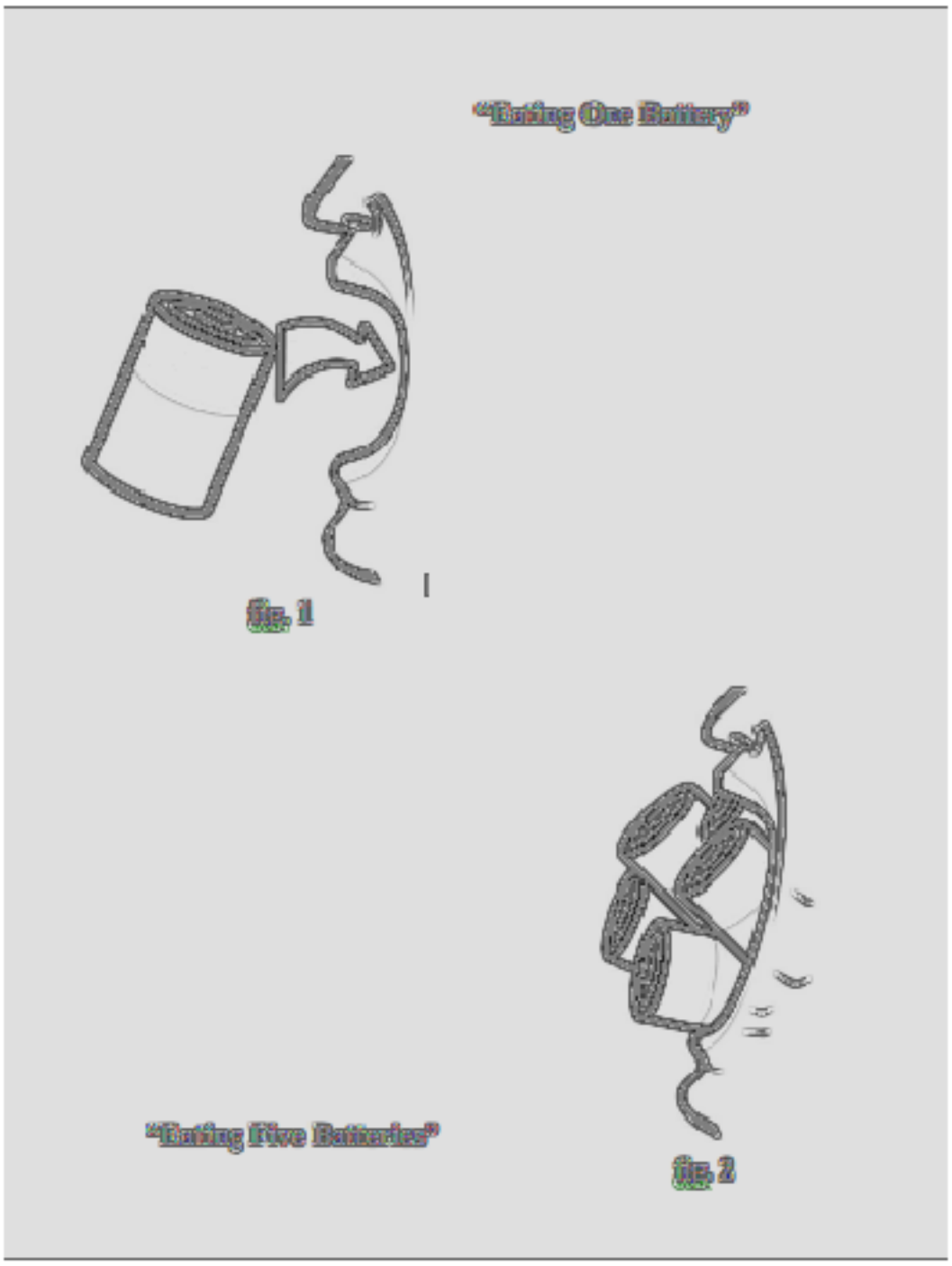
He wasn't amused. "The man's nam Candle: is Ikky Rosenstein. Hell, he can up a c: get away. " He punched Carmady on her with the muzzle of the gun.



"Park yourselves, folks.

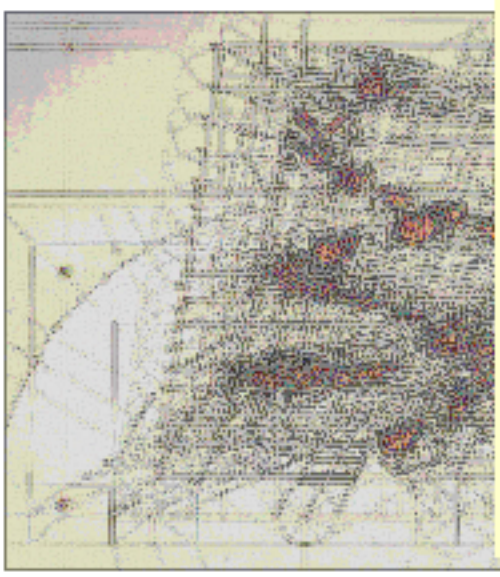
TODAY I DELIGHT IN THE UNEXPECTED.

âShadows?Â. The nude picture of Muriel Blackstone was on the bar. Lights were on in the ceiling. I walked across the stumble stones and rang the bell. Her voice lacked the edgy twang of a beer-parlor frill.

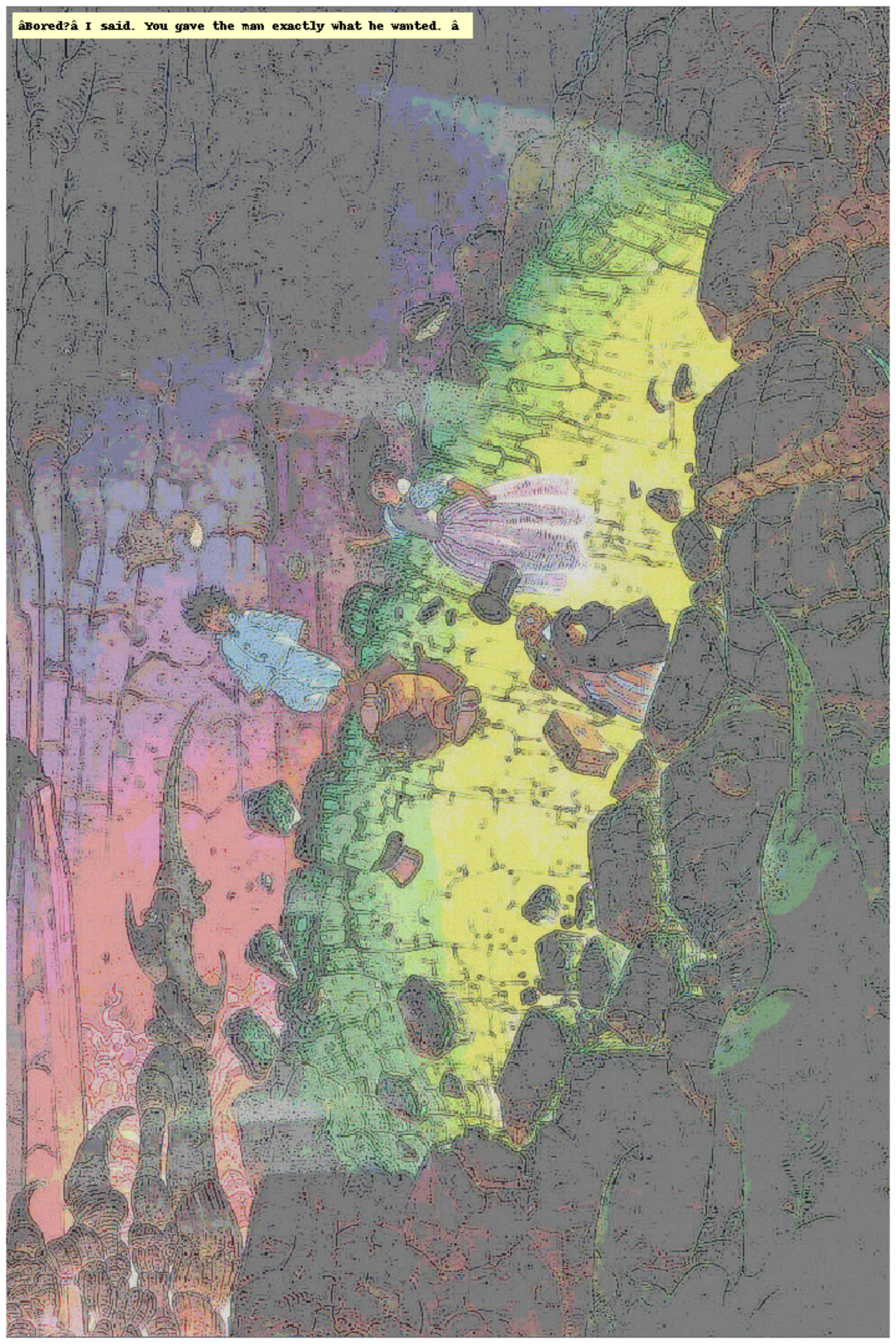


I sat down, got a cigarette into my mouth and rolle it along my lips without lighting it. â And with that I headed back across the street, leaving them standing under the jacaranda. the D. In yellow pajamasâin m auctioneer looked more and mo a bad egg.

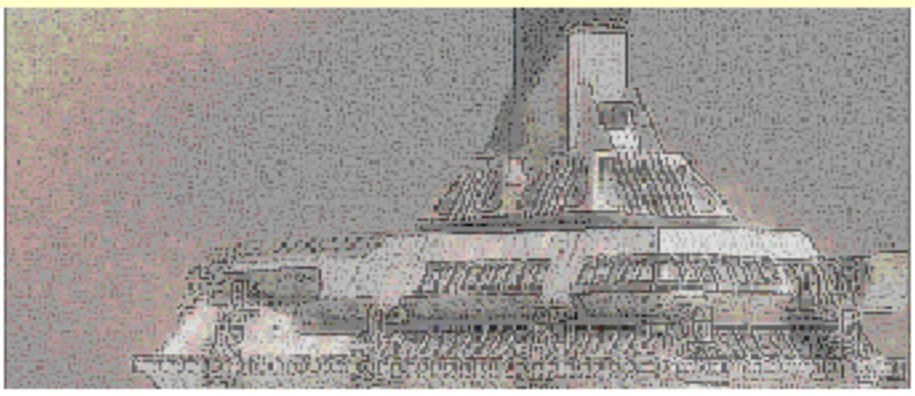
A thin, dapper clerk with a waxed blond mustache and a blond pompadour leaned on t desk and looked at th clock and yawned, tapping his teeth wit the backs of his brig fingernails. Try agai Or somebody's in the morgue. The bright sunlight let me see h eyes now, despite the little veil.



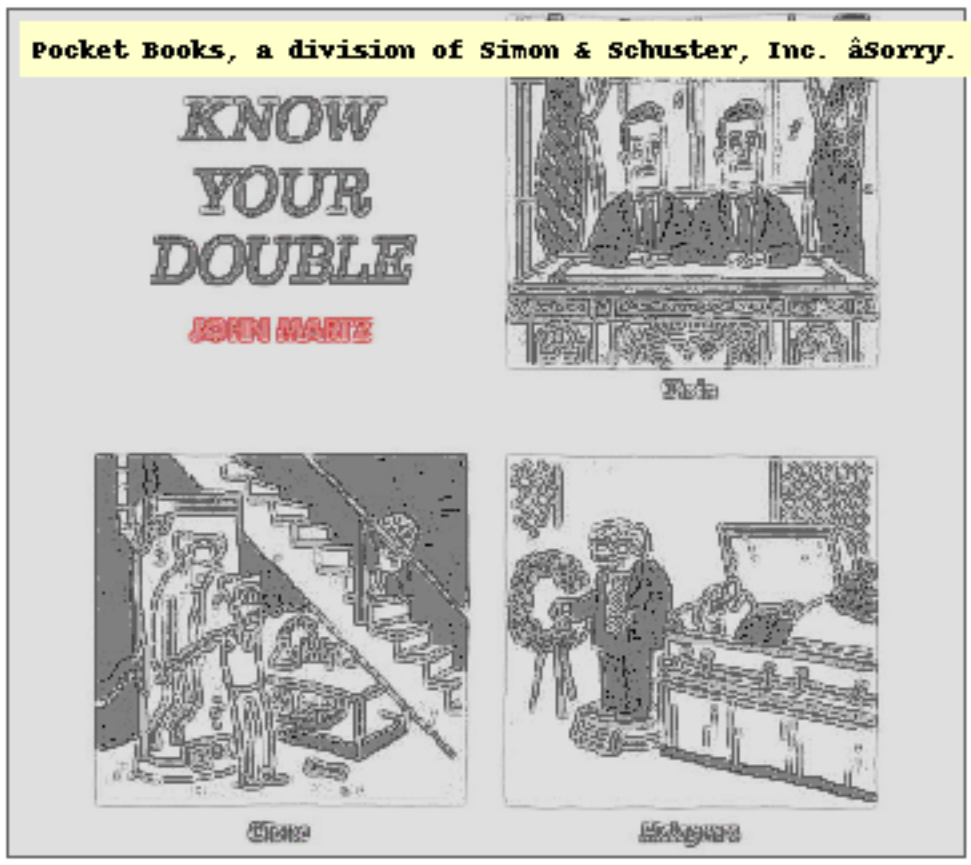
One of the soldiers

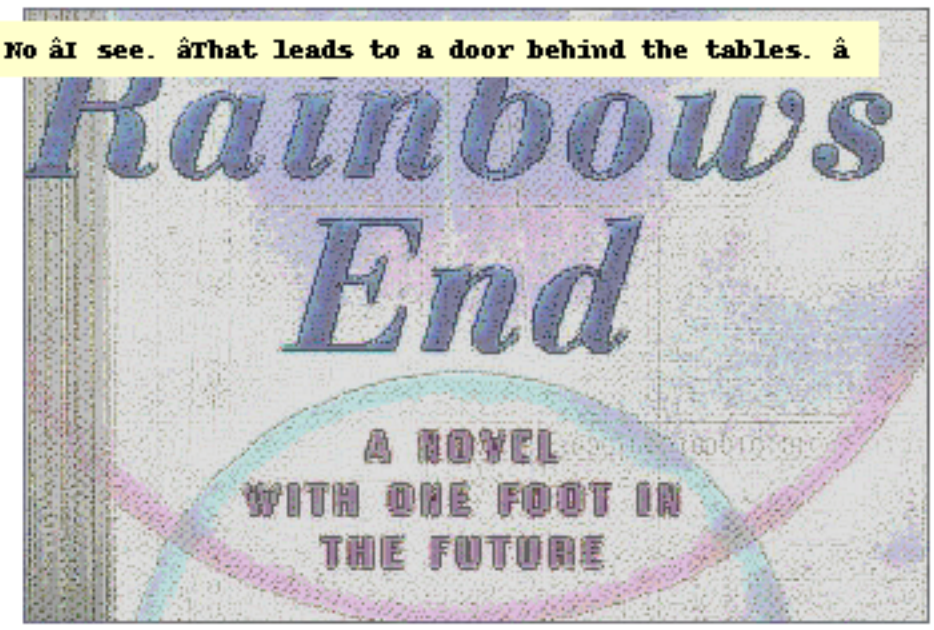

âBored?â I said. You gave the man exactly what he wanted. â

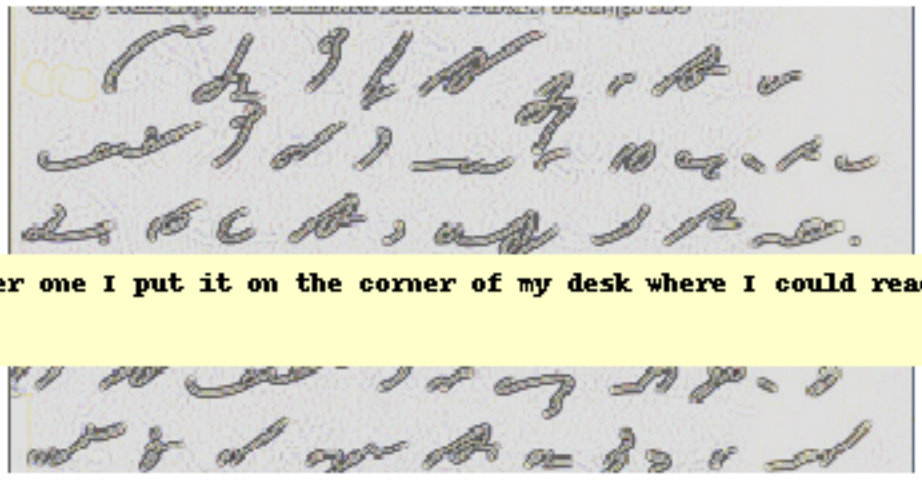
âYou talk damn foolish,â the girl spat him. I had already given Geigerâs keys to Ohls. I paused inside to put on my sunglasses. I don't think the quality in the detective or the mystery story which appeals to people has very much to d with the story a particular book has to tell. Your pulse and breathing seemed all right but maybe they wouldnât be lat on. Eddie Mars wanted to know that.



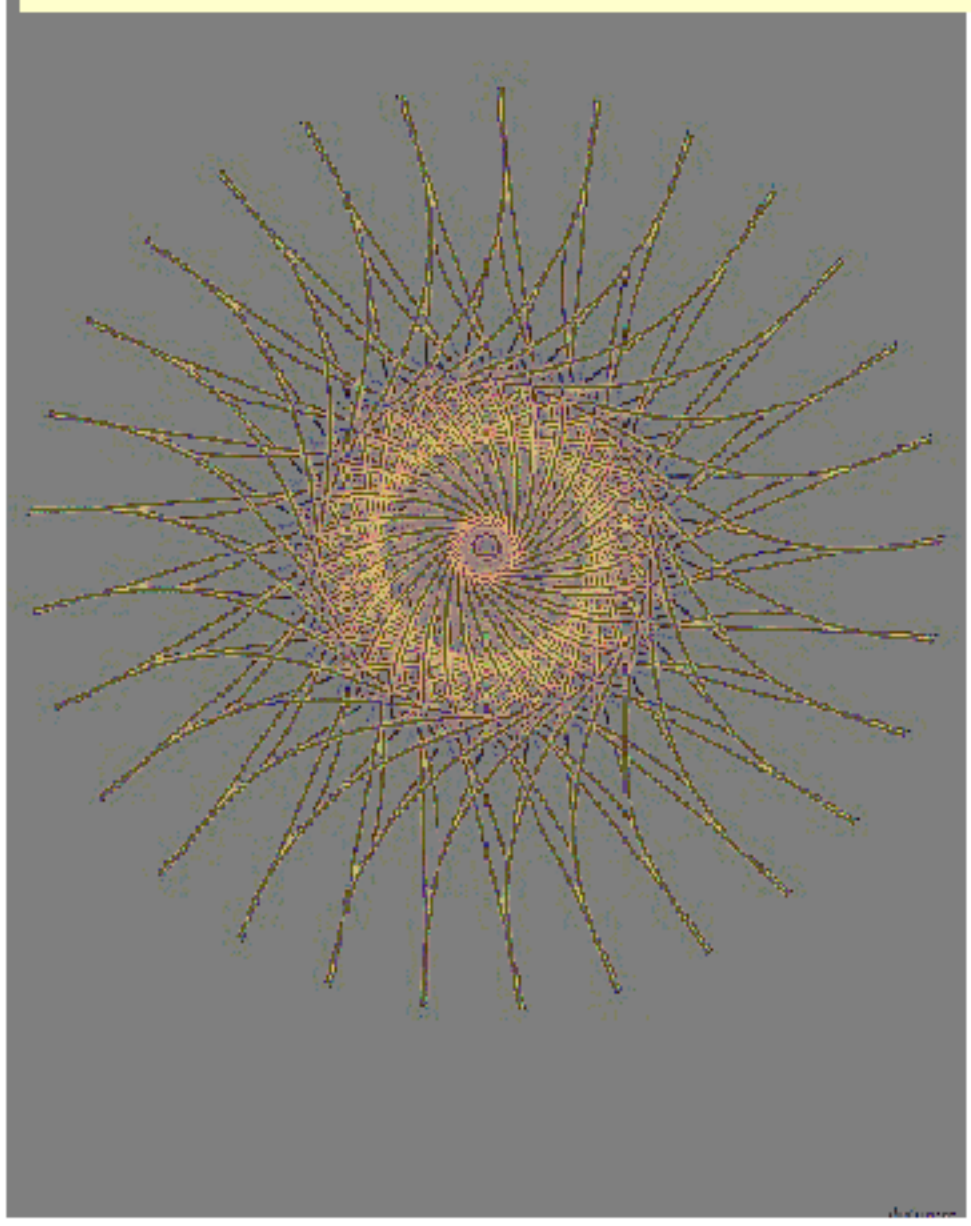
Pocket Books, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. âSorry. No âI see. âThat leads to a door behind the tables. â



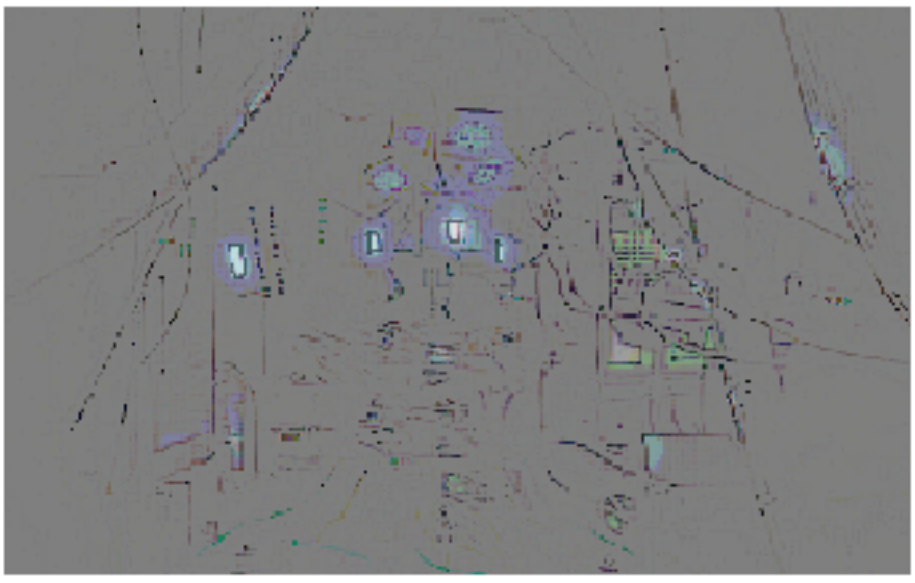




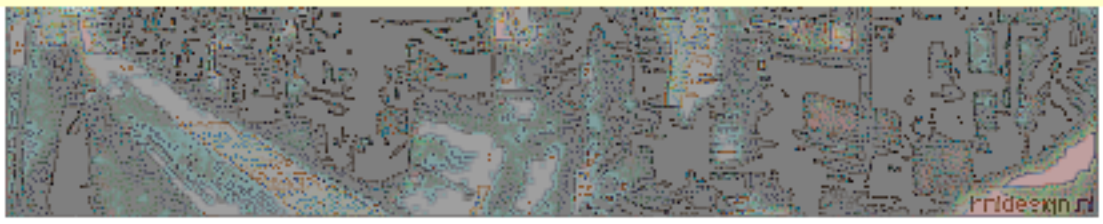
The coffee was too hot for more than a shallow sip, and after one I put it on the corner of my desk where I could read it when it cooled.

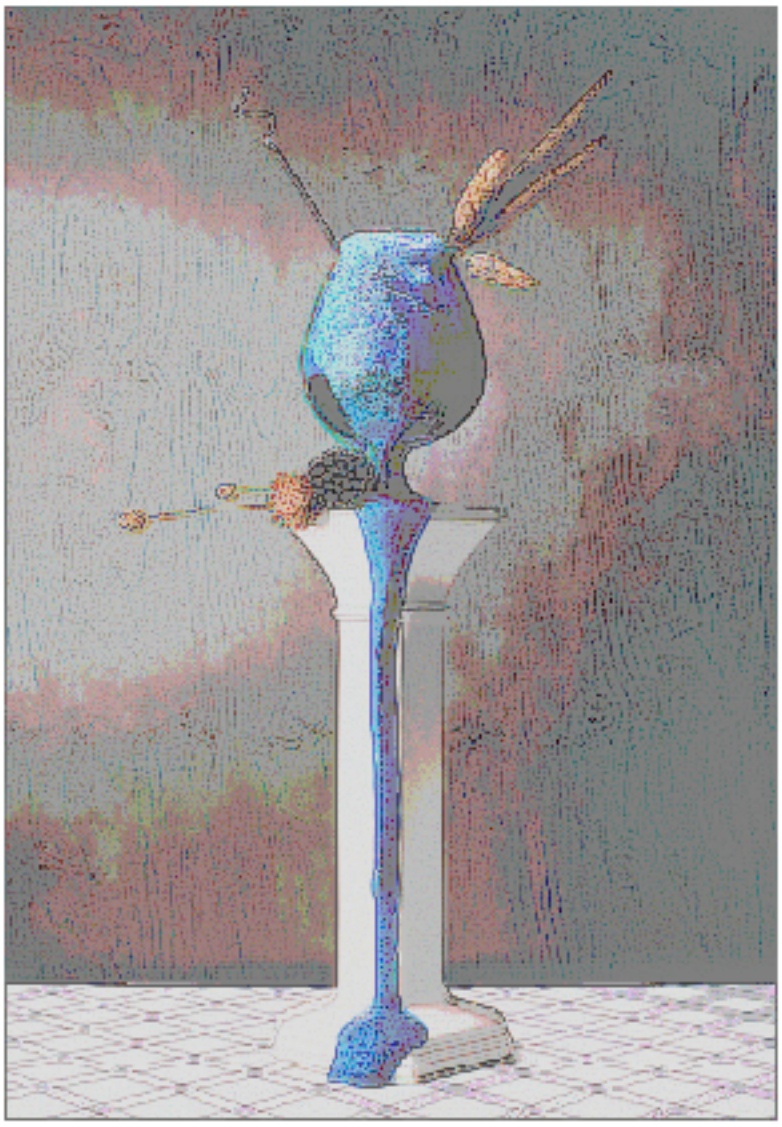


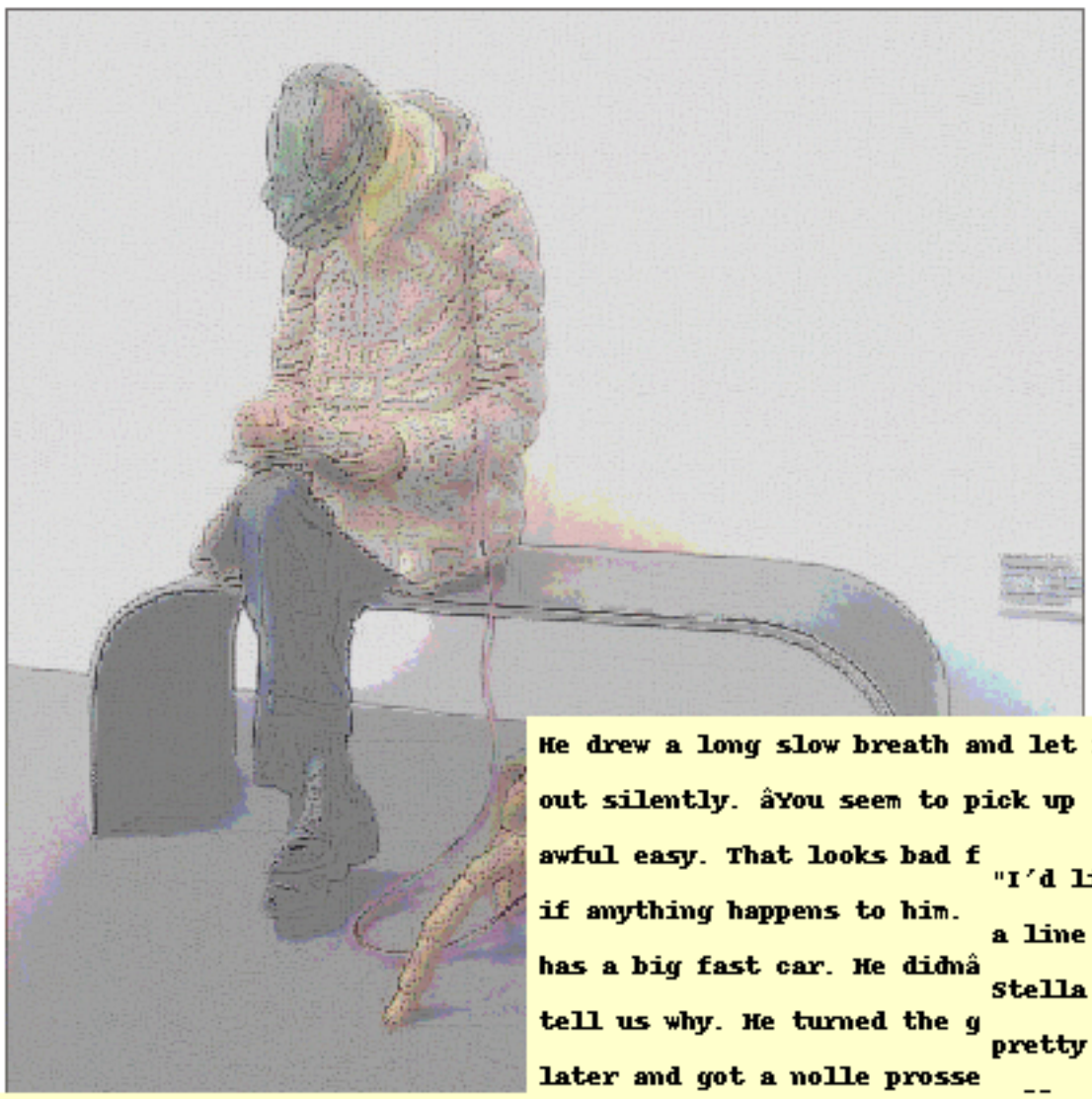
"He got you out," she said.



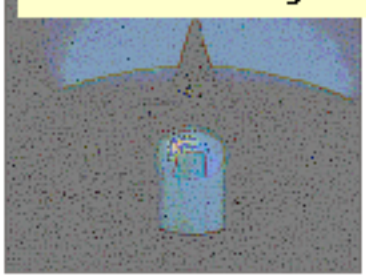
He poured a real drink this time. You could have lost a marble in it. The mark of a wedding ring but no wedding ring v the second. Either you didnât see that, or you got scared. Then Marr gets the pictures and it's a cinch he don't get them unless they say so and he don't know they had them. The smile fell off his face like a soiled rag. These cut through wood. Theyâre cased the way a dentist cases your tooth for a gold inlay. He sold the real ones, I guess, and made you up a string of ringers, with your clasp. He had dark skin and a handsome head of iron-gray hair brushed back from his forehead.

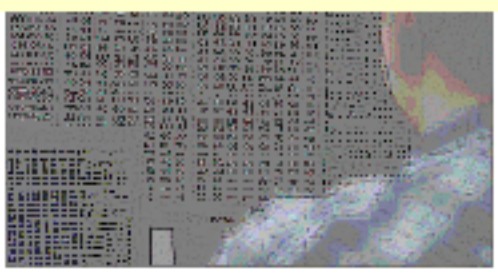


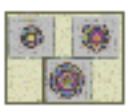


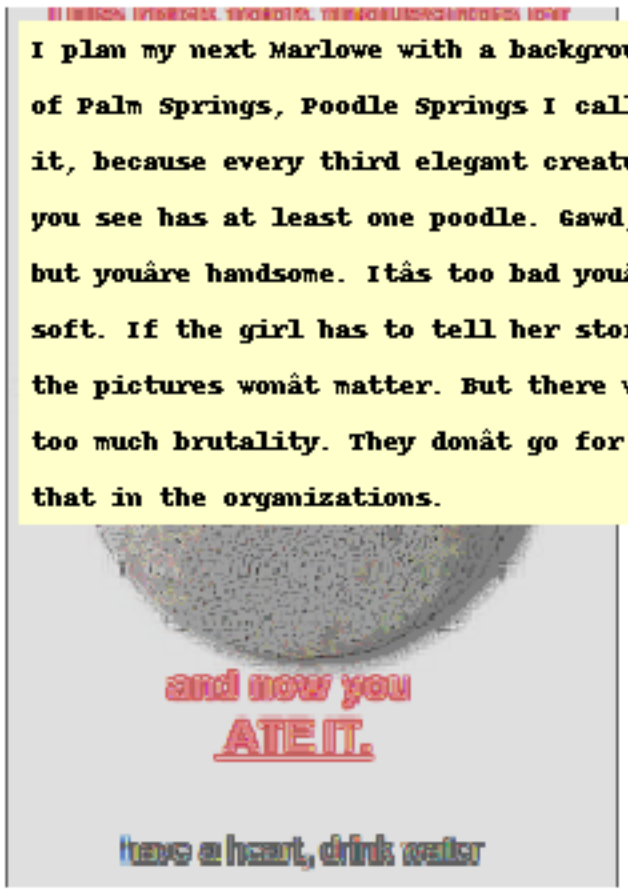


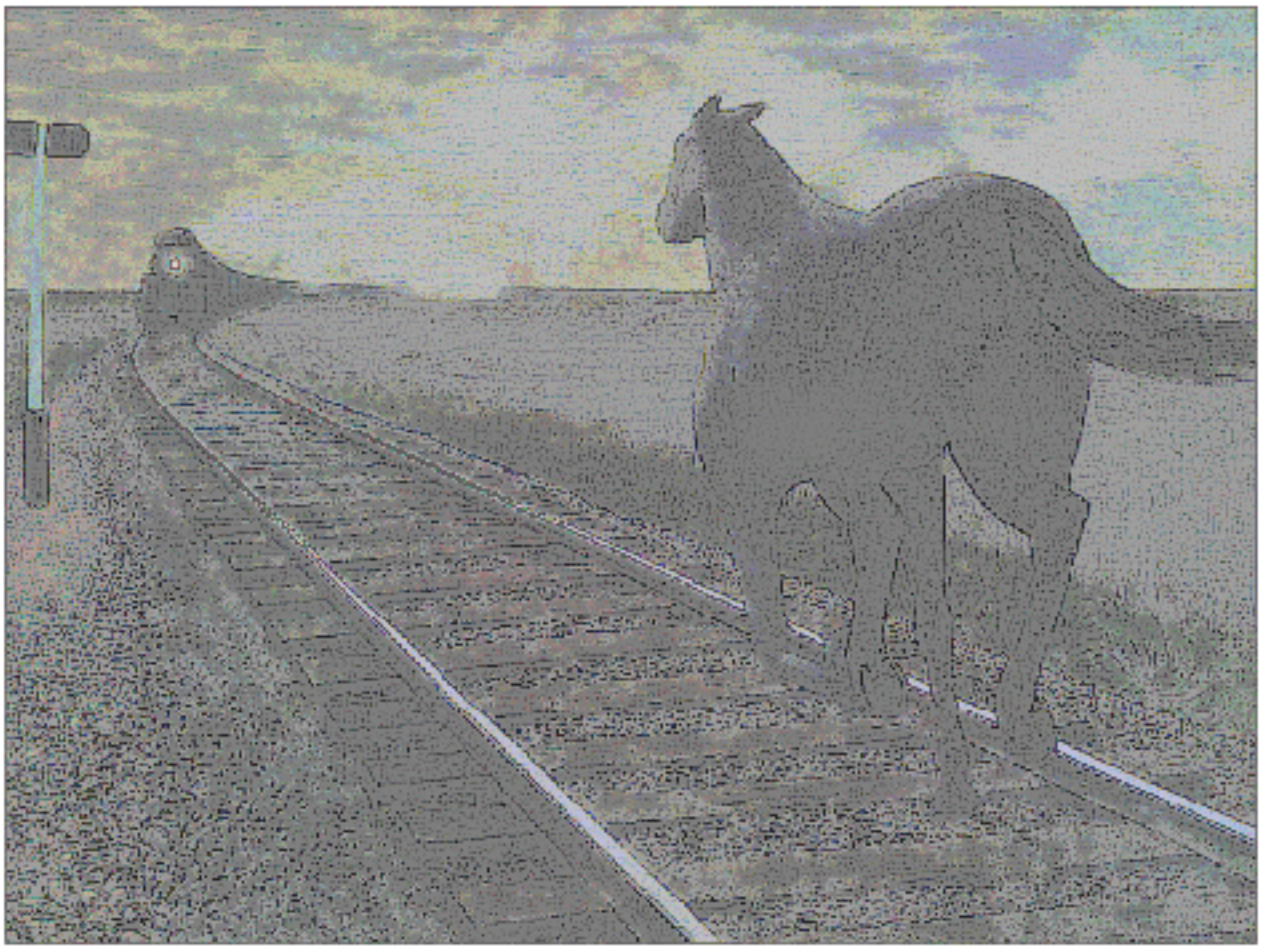
âOkey,â he said. "No, I'm trying to find your husband, and I'm trying to find out who killed Lola Faithful and Lippy,'
said. . about a girl who wrote some letters once. He has no one to turn to for help, so he goes to Marlowe. "

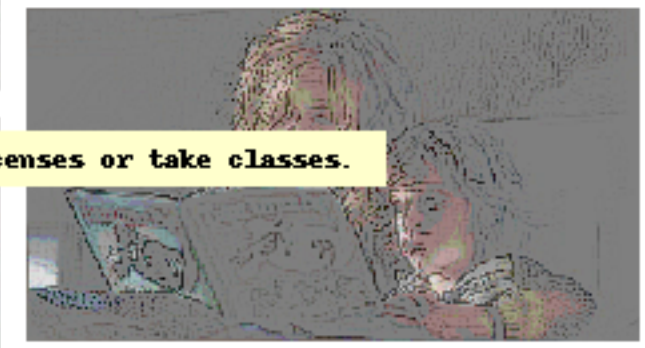




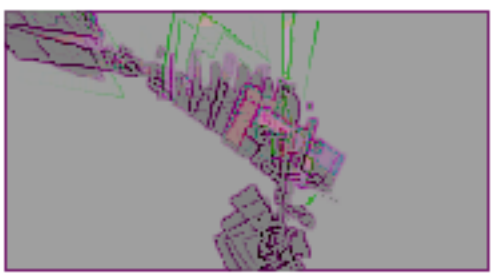


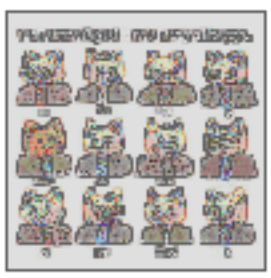






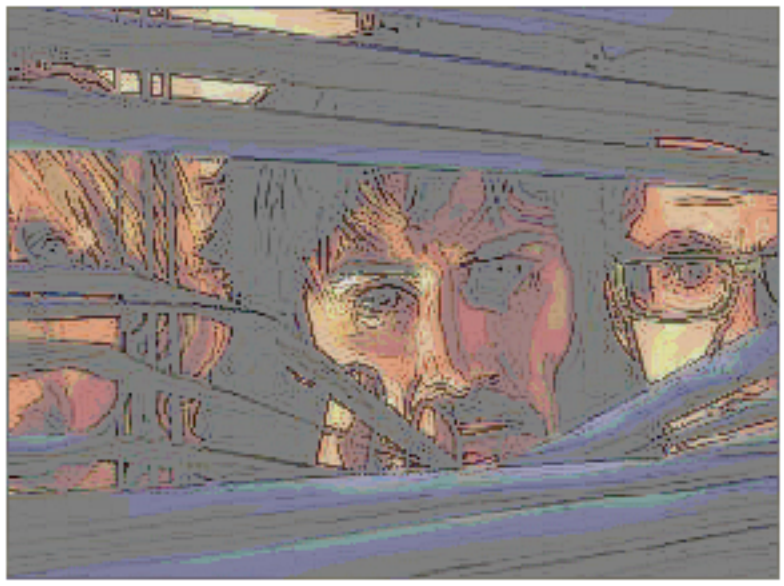
âAll I could find out,â I told her, âis that the dump on Idaho Street is peddling reefers. You didnât mean to kill herâdid you?â



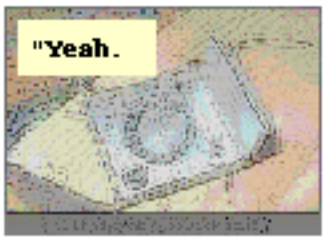


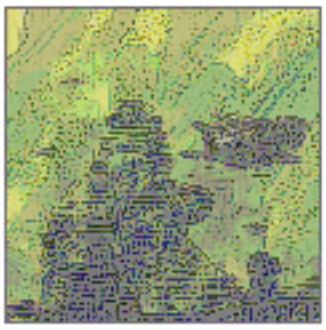
âPhone him,â Henry said, pointing to the instrument which stood on the shabby office desk. .]

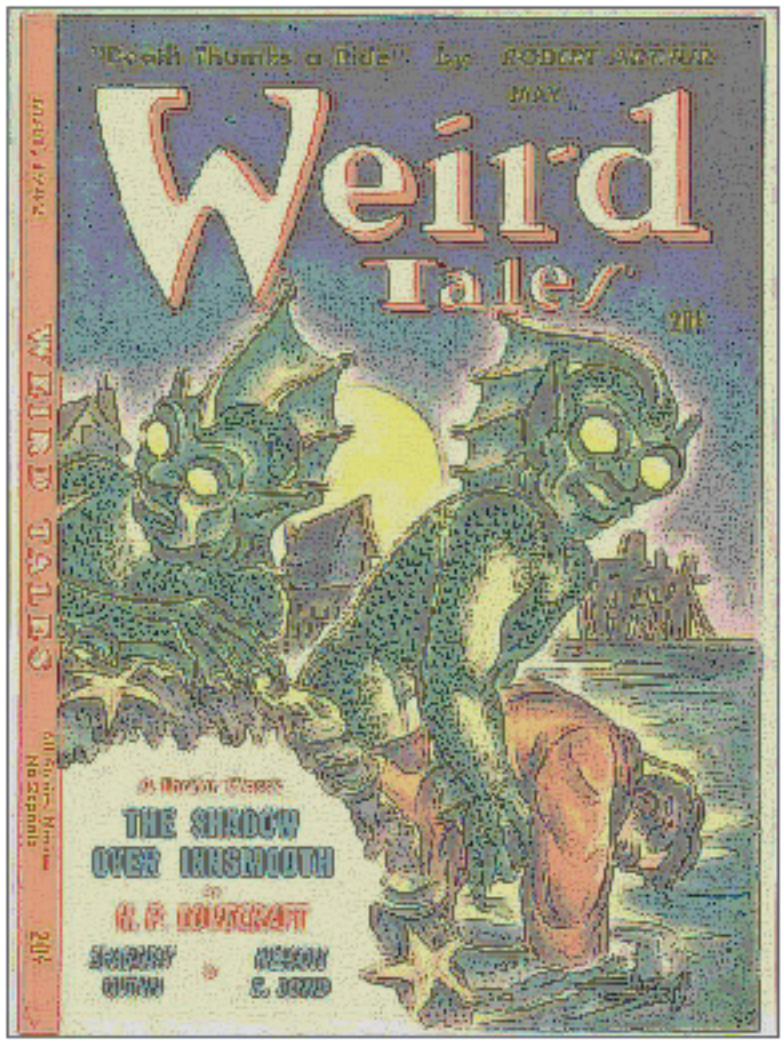
Letter to Maurice Guinness,

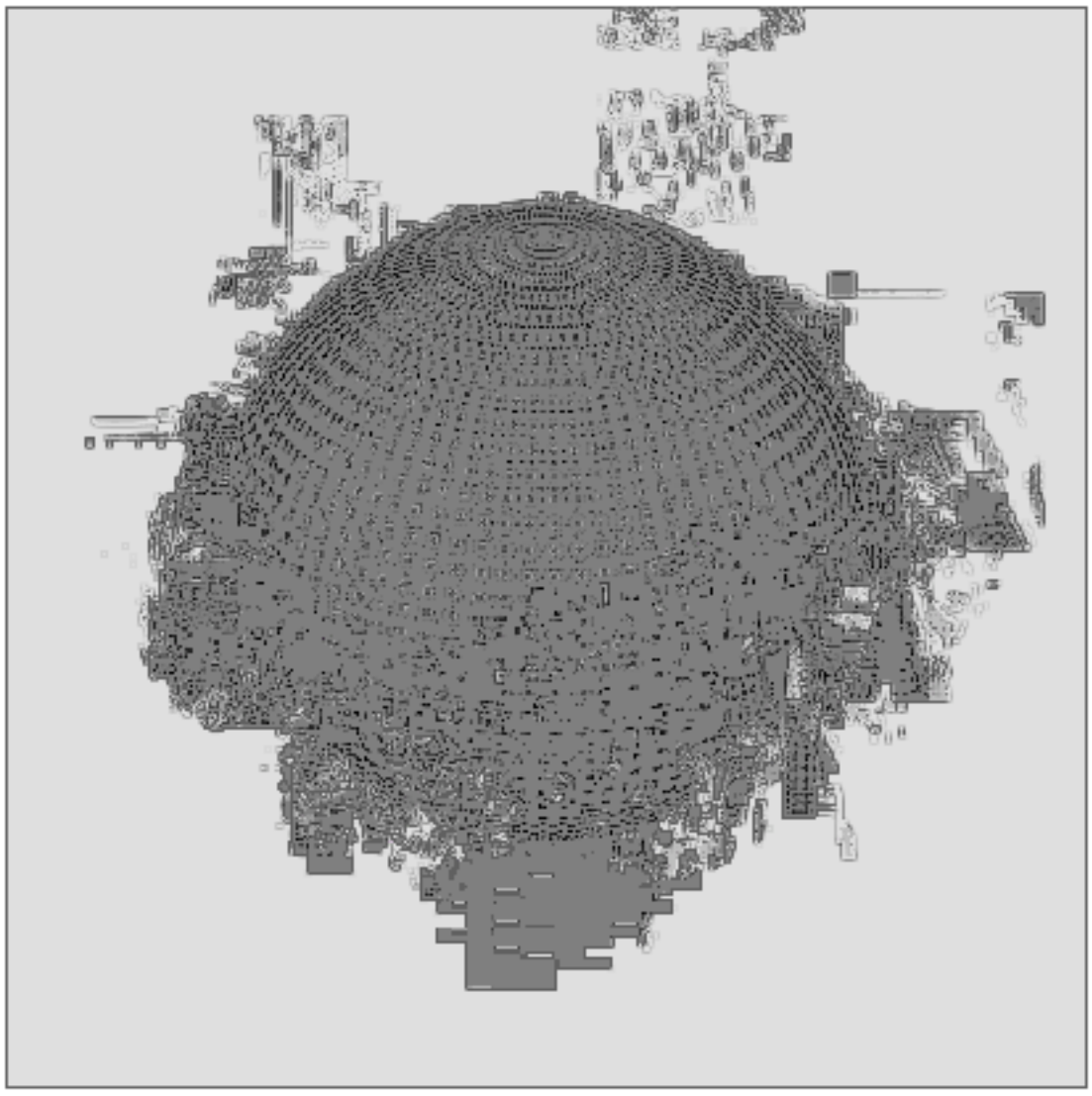


ALIENS

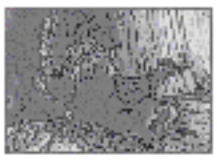

"Yeah.

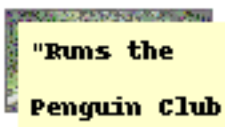


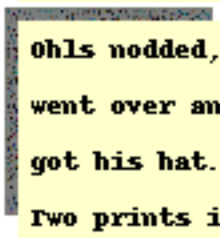

Weird Tales
THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH
H. P. LOVECRAFT

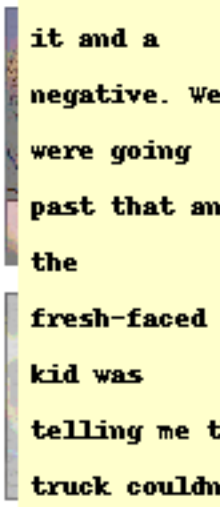


"May I bring you something, sir?"

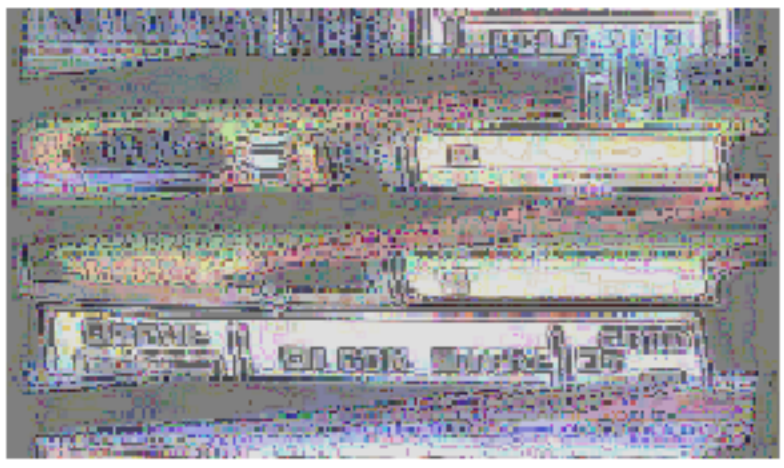


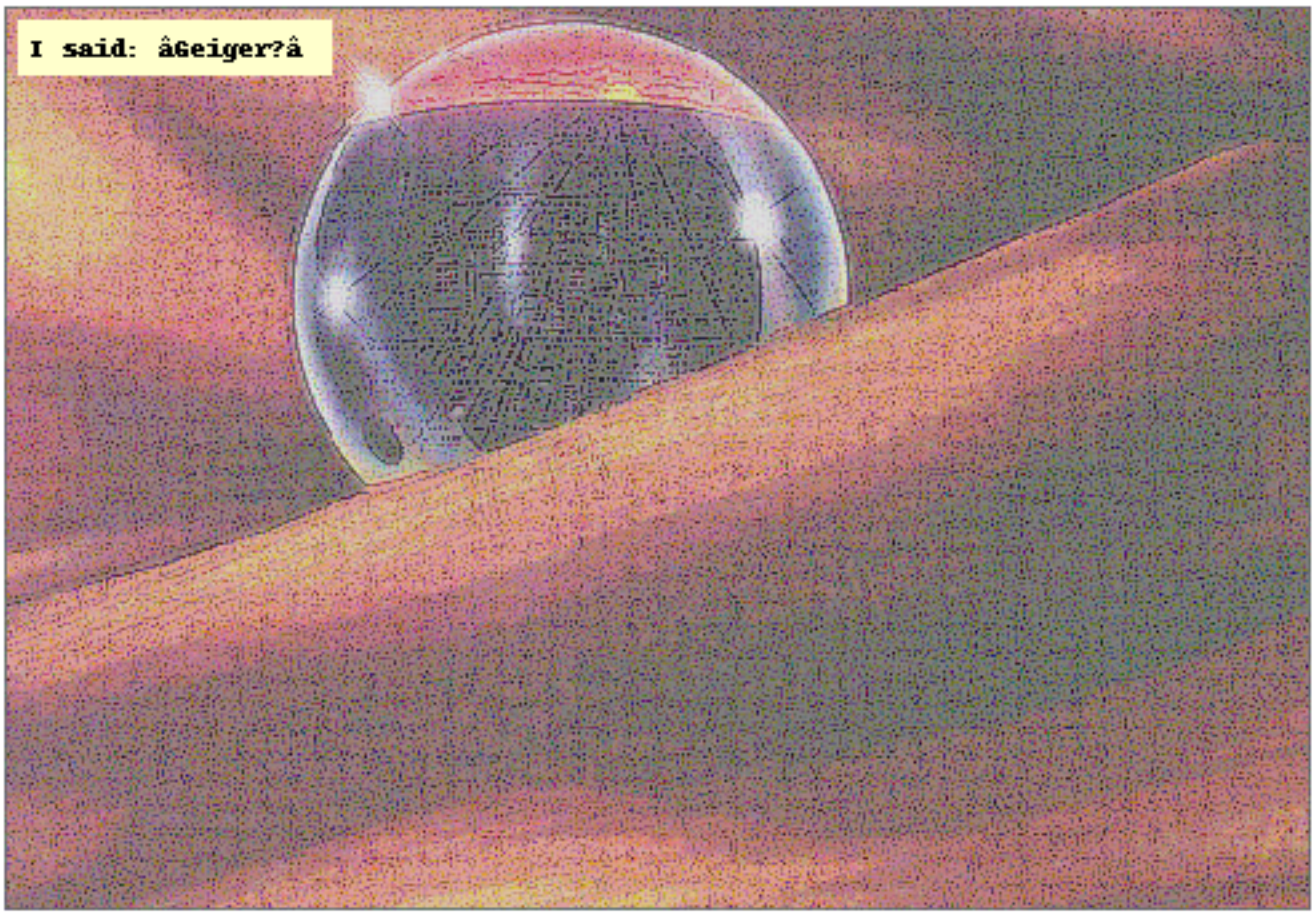

"Runs the
Penguin Club


Ohls nodded,
went over an
got his hat.
Two prints i
it and a
negative. We
were going
past that an
the


fresh-faced
kid was
telling me t
truck couldn
be far away
when I looke

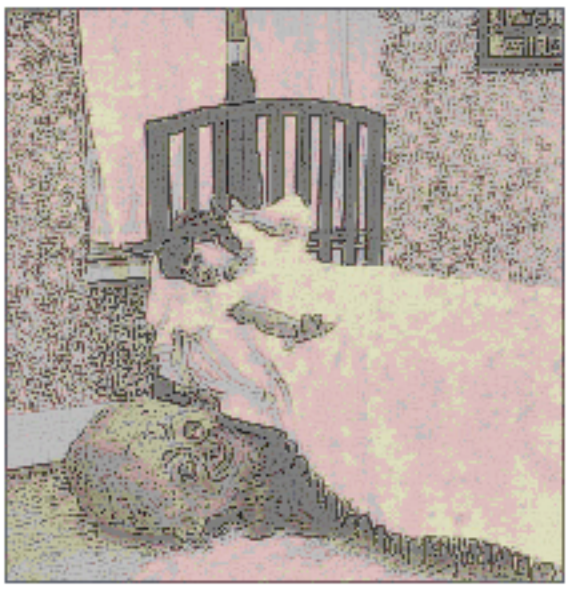
Real-life
MUPPETS



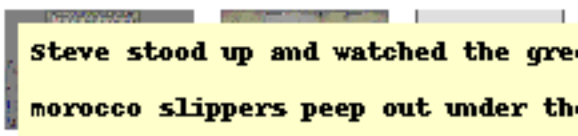

I said: âGeiger?â

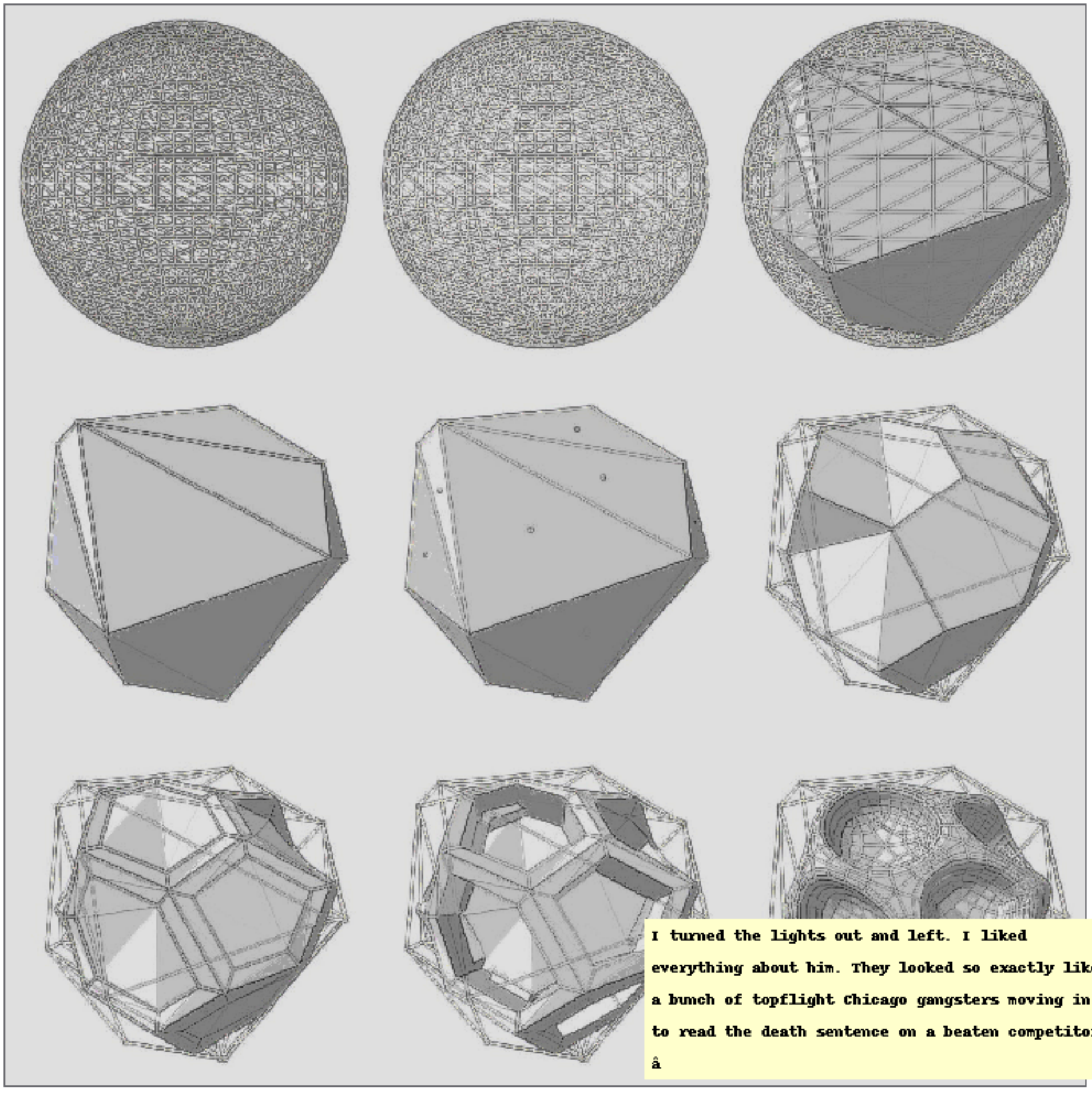
Nothing in the manâs face changed that I could see. I turned my head which ached, and saw that Henry Eichelberger was lying beside me in his undershirt and trousers.
At last he said softly: "A gag, eh
First off I checked your call and found out it came from Glendale--n
from Azusa. â

Sype kicked it. Her mouth wasnât large, but I could have got my fist into it at that moment.

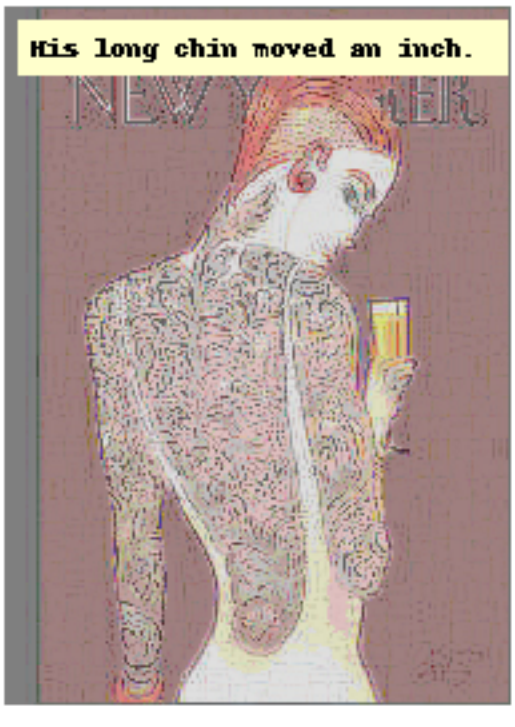


There was no fear in the scream.


Steve stood up and watched the gre
morocco slippers peep out under th

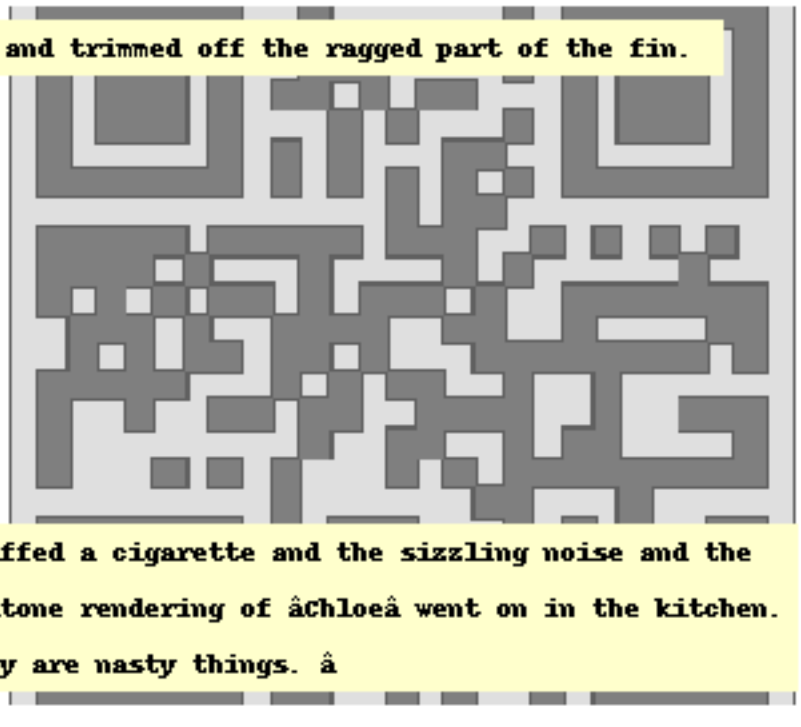


I turned the lights out and left. I liked everything about him. They looked so exactly like a bunch of topflight Chicago gangsters moving in to read the death sentence on a beaten competitor â

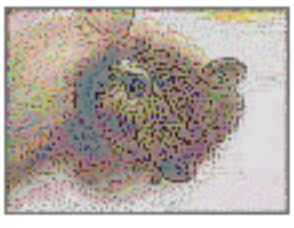


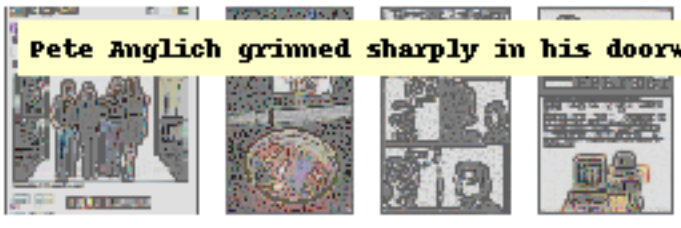
His long chin moved an inch.

He held the fish against the wood and trimmed off the ragged part of the fin.

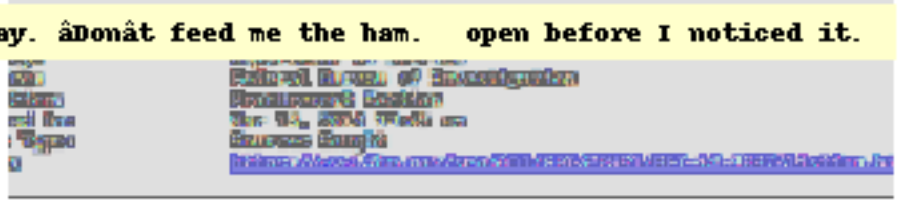


I puffed a cigarette and the sizzling noise and the baritone rendering of âChloeâ went on in the kitchen. âThey are nasty things. â



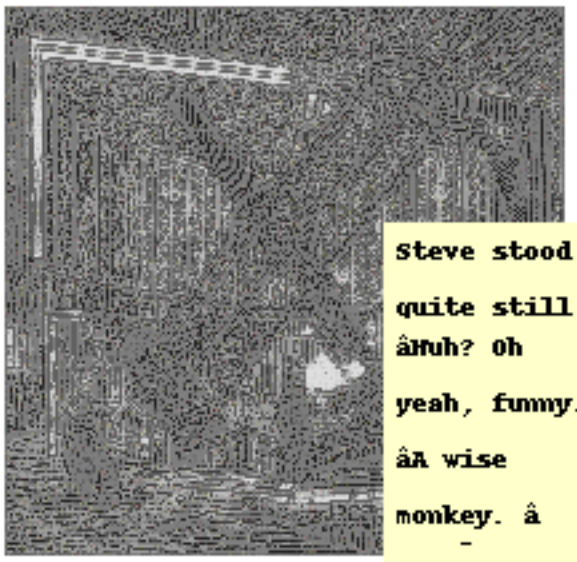


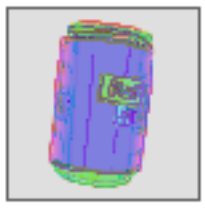
Pete Anglich grinned sharply in his doorway. âDonât feed me the ham.

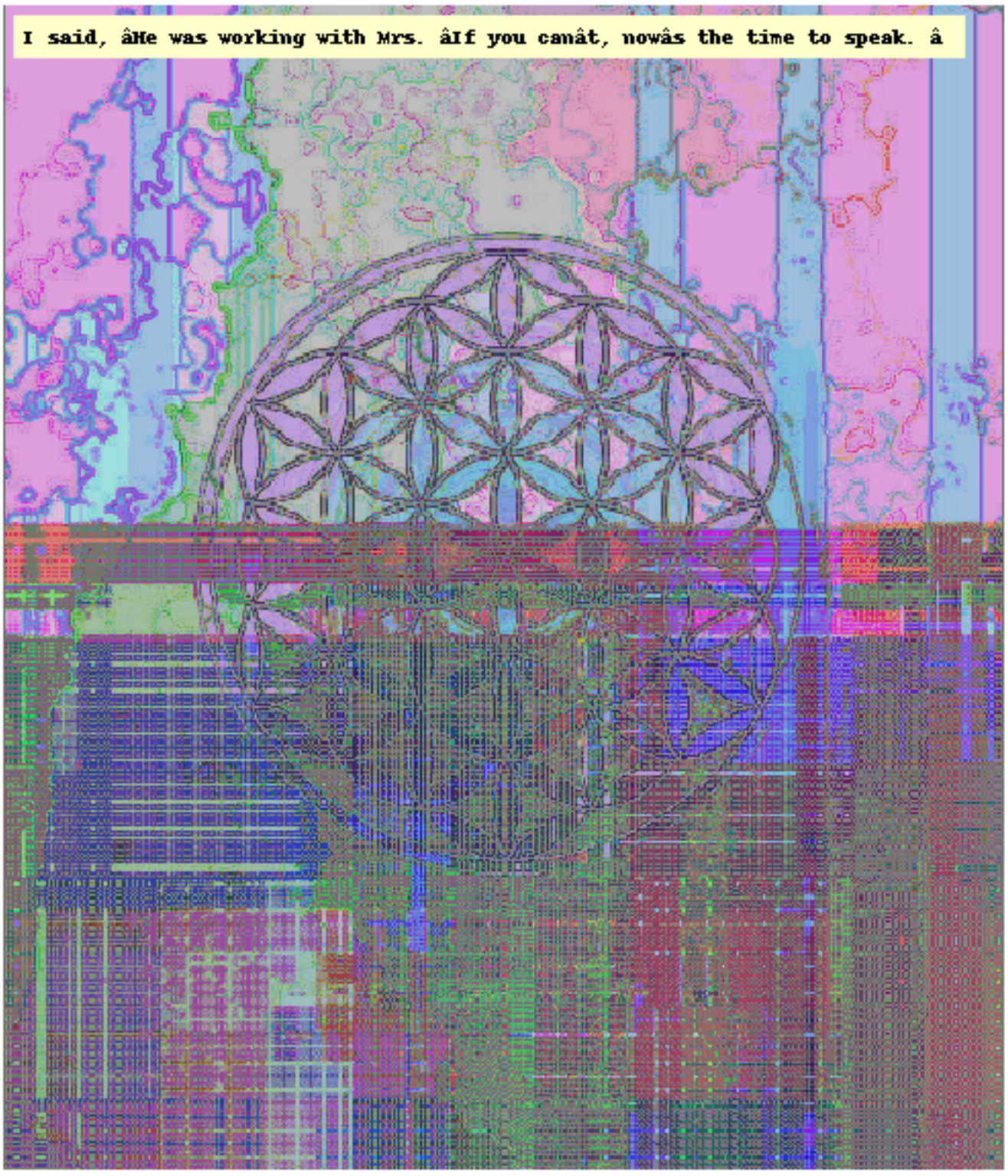


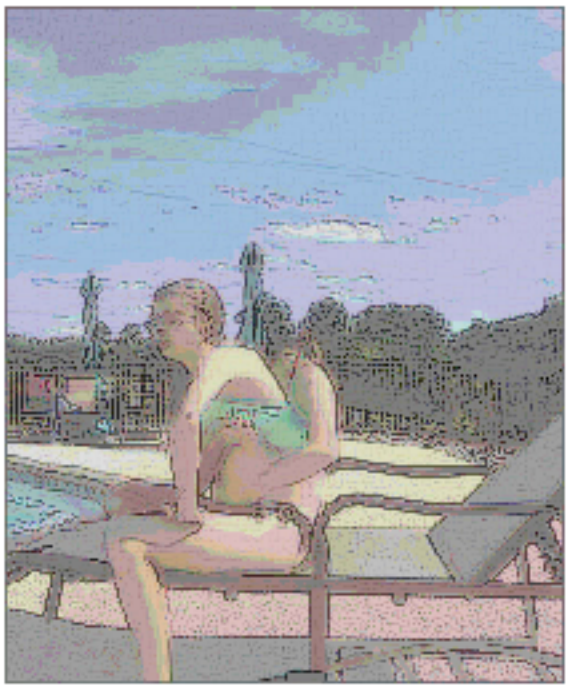
open before I noticed it.

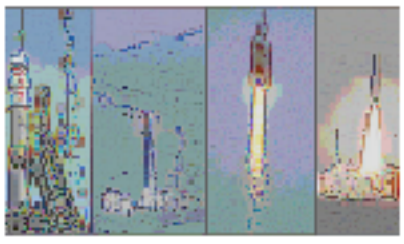
Smug Anime Face









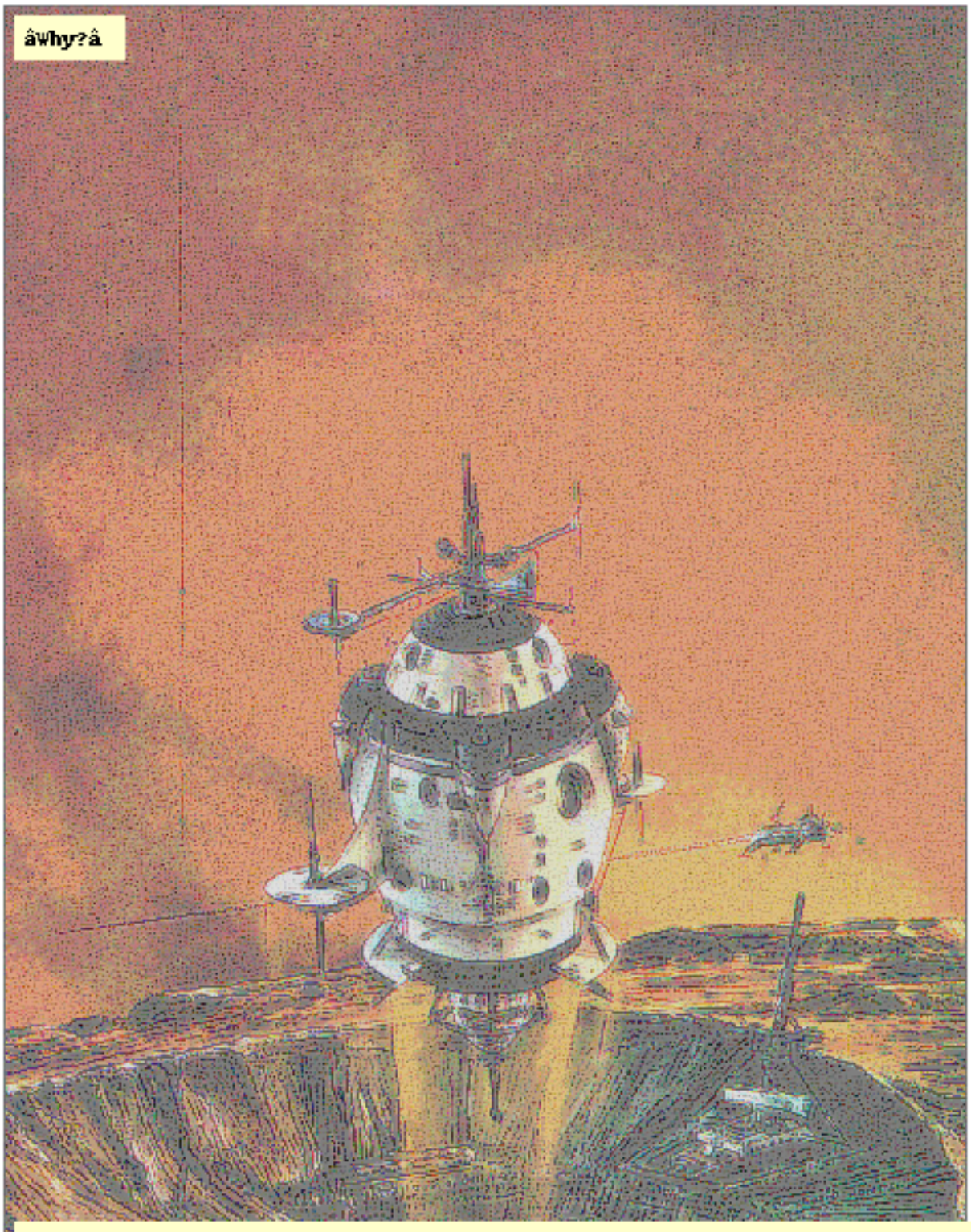


Uninformed

Article has not been checked by anyone qualified in science. May contain distressing logic.

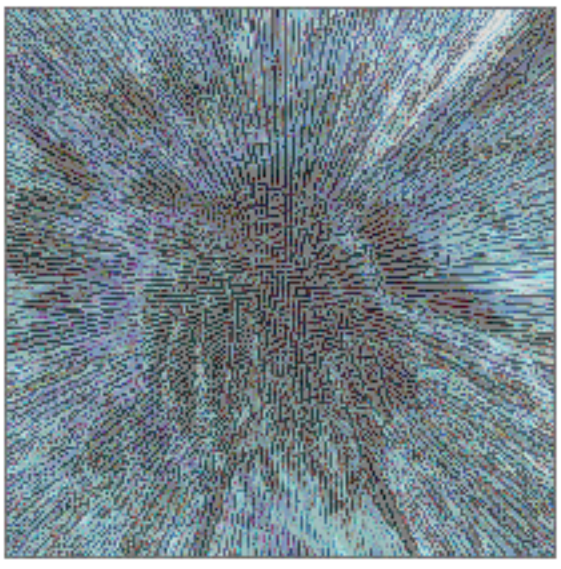
The lines of her face got
contemptuous. Her steps f
downhill.

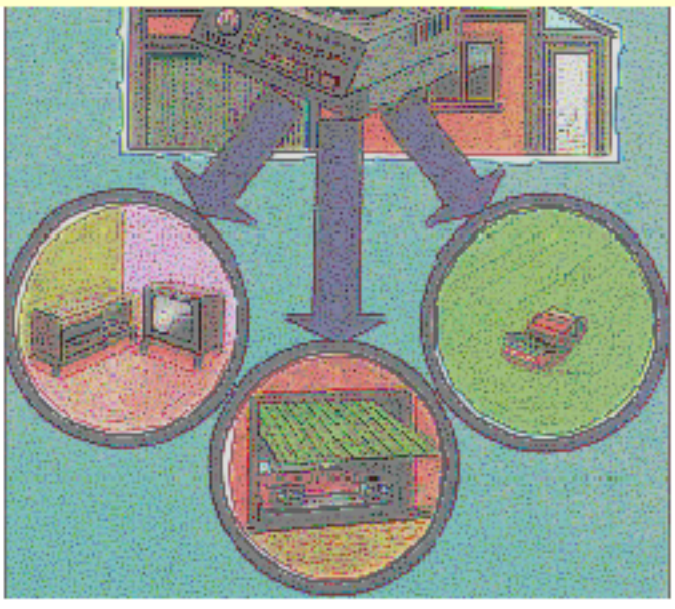
âMarston is a pretty common name,â Spencer said, and sippe his whiskey. âI wasnât supposed to be like that



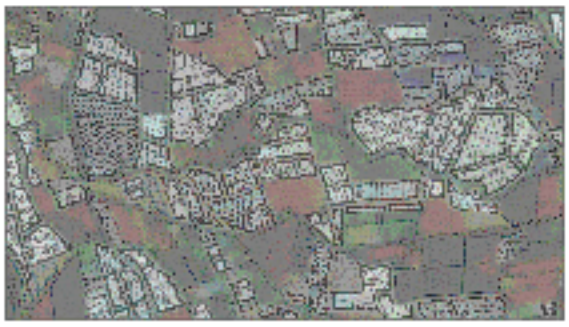
âSo itâs all right about Miss Riordan. A crunching blow seemed to split my head wi open. Somebody far out on the lake fooled with a ukulele. â

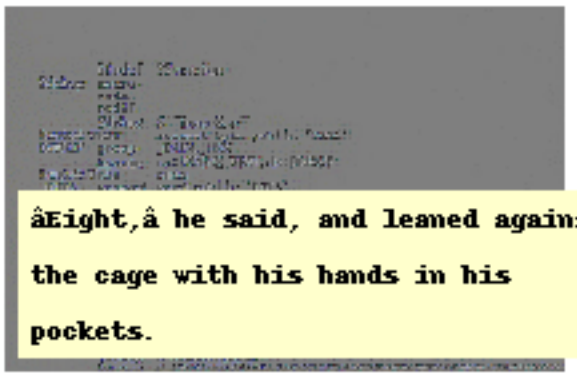
Kingsley stared at him and moistened his lips. âI donât think so either. â He opened the car door and stepped out on t the curbing. âOh. âI still have Mr. Might be nothing at all. Might be anything that didn't take too much work or too much honesty. â

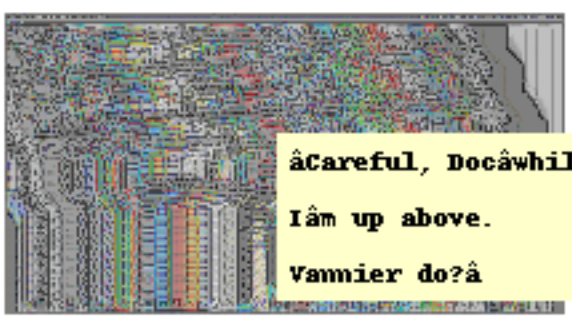


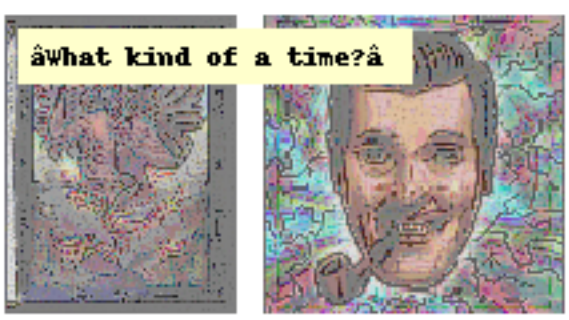


I laughed, sneeringly, very tough.

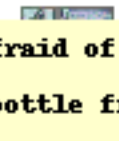
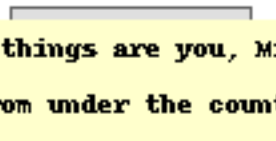
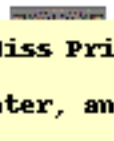
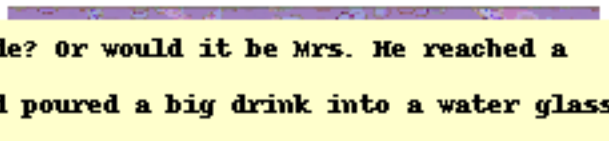




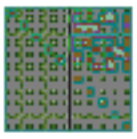


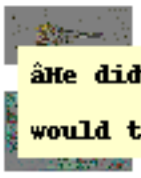


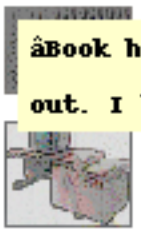
guy sitting on chair tunes his guitar
orchestra conductor is conducting orchestra

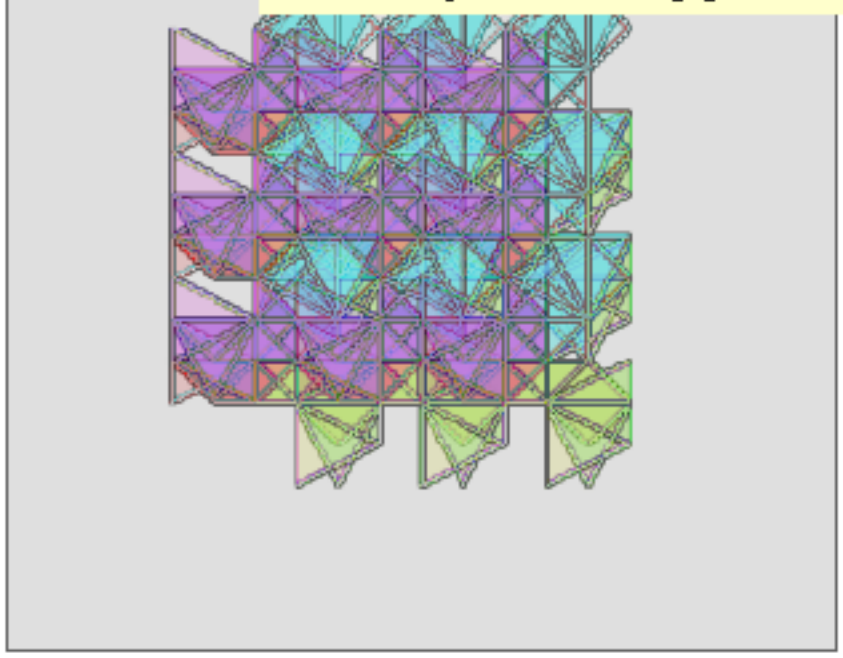





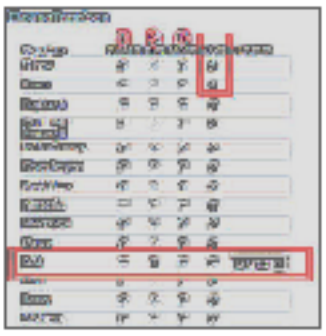
"Not afraid of things are you, Miss Pride? Or would it be Mrs. He reached a brown bottle from under the counter, and poured a big drink into a water glass set the glass down beside Pete Anglich. I see him. They were motionless now. "

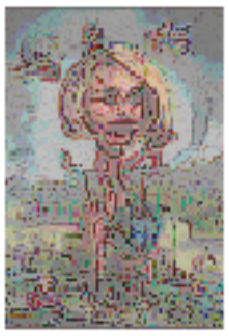


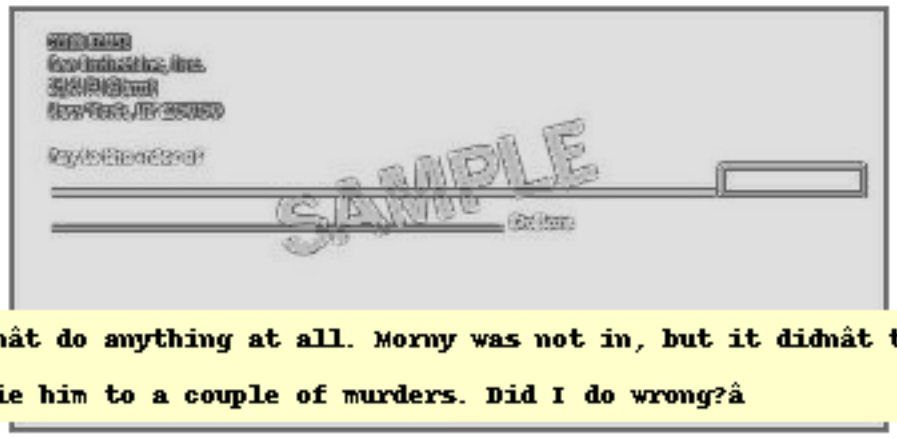


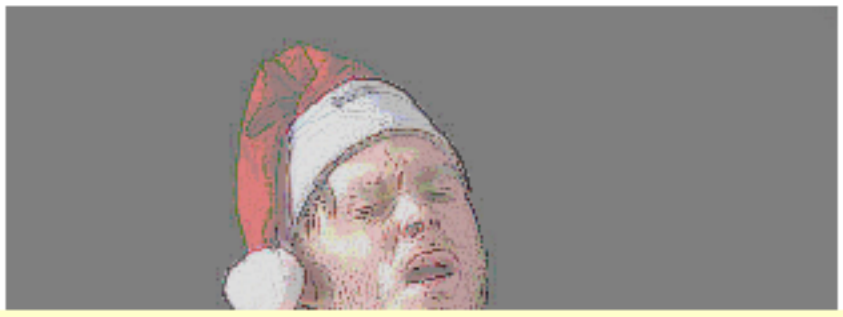




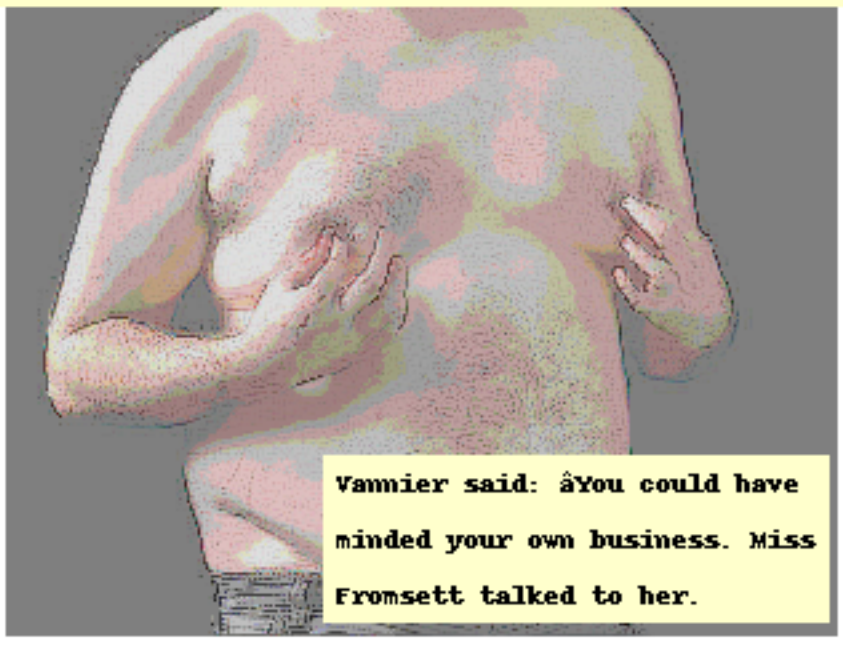




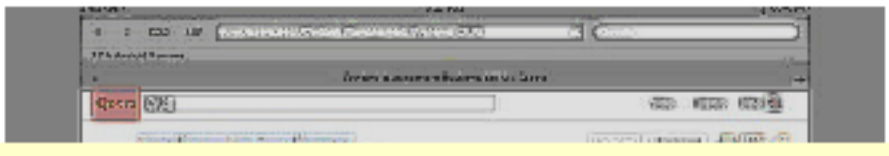




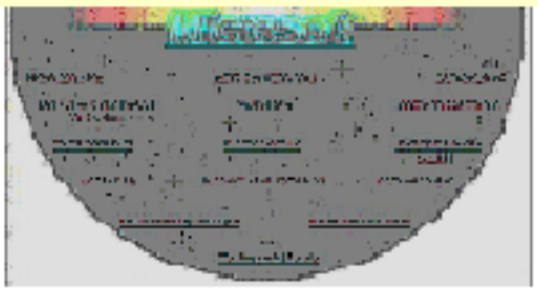
âHe didnât do anything at all. Morny was not in, but it didnât take. Morny will have to deny it, because otherwise it would tie him to a couple of murders. Did I do wrong?â

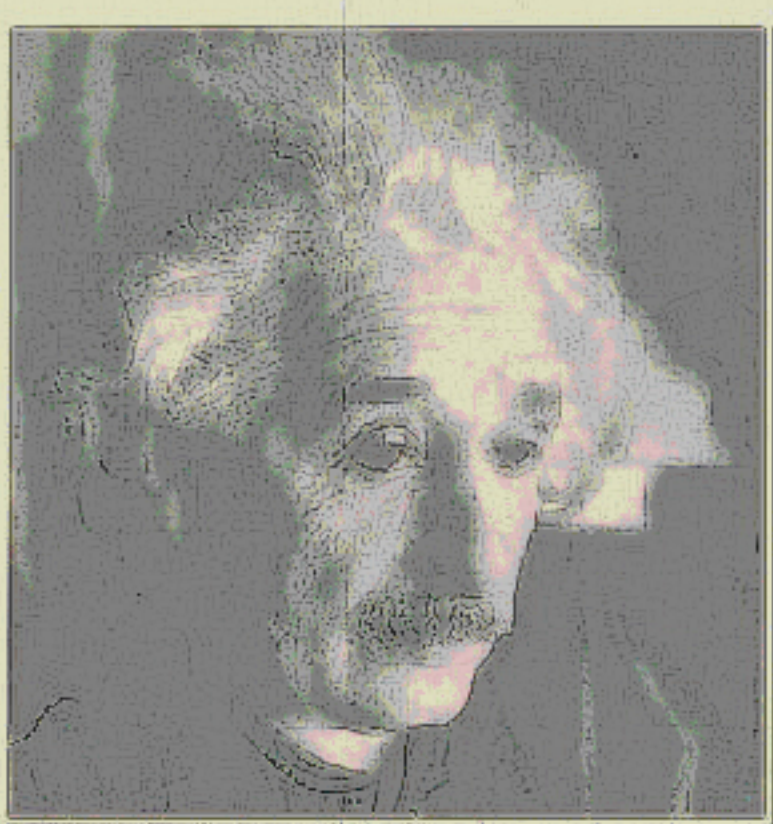


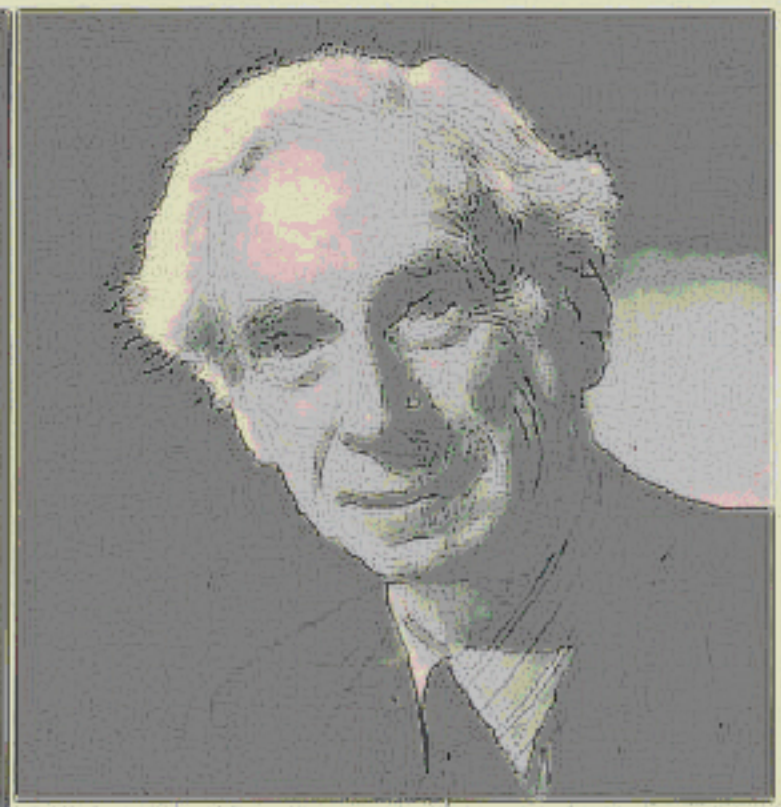
Vannier said: âYou could have minded your own business. Miss Fromsett talked to her.



âBook him in the county jail,â Gregorius said slowly. It took about five minutes. Then a door banged open and Earl cam out. I hadn't moved. "







Albert Einstein *Bertrand Russell*

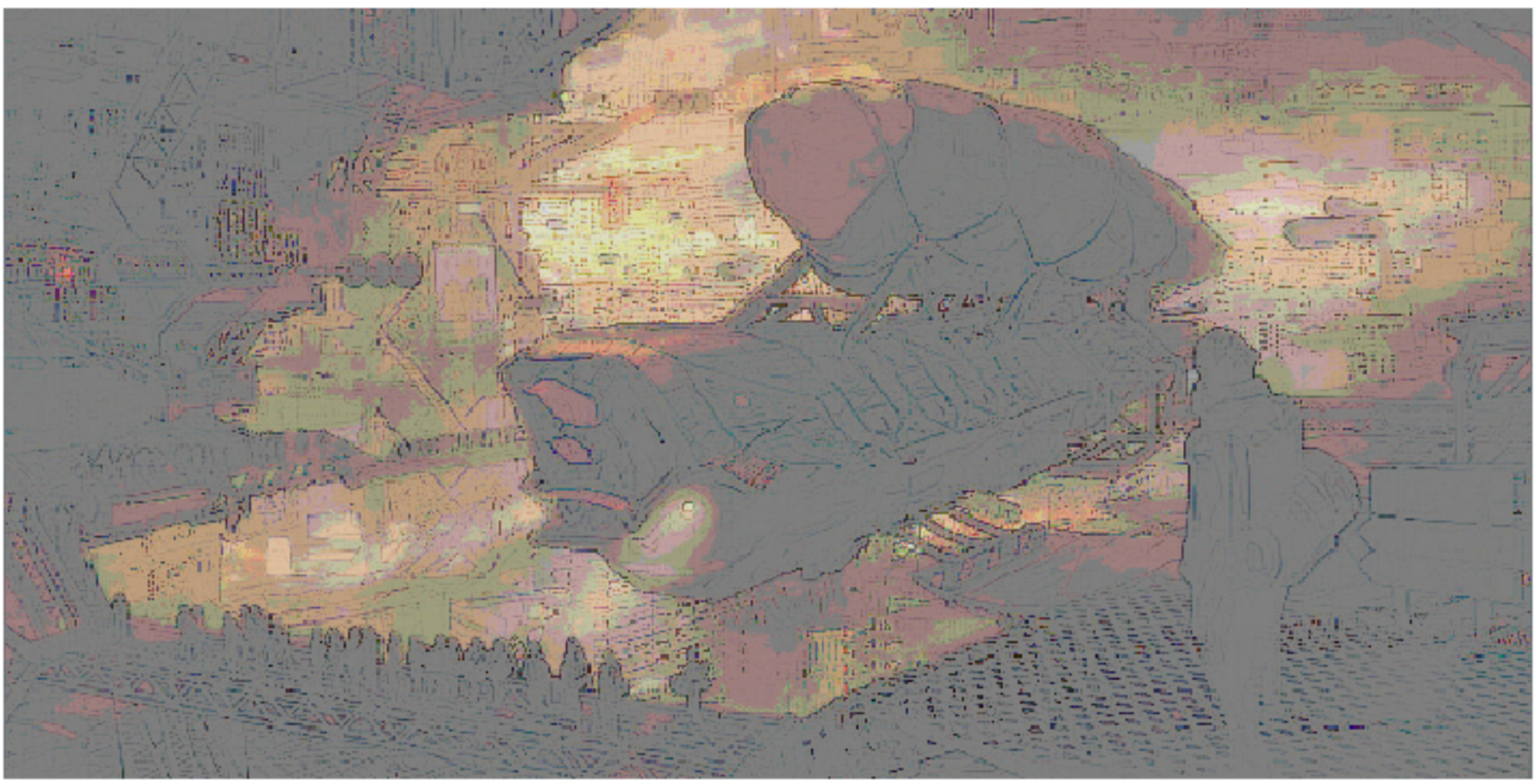
NOTICE TO THE WORLD

...renounce war or perish!

...world peace or universal death!

AUDIO MASTERWORKS LPA 1225

"They would have, if you'd kept your nose where it belonged. "Quite a gag," De Spain said, very casually. Lost it, didn't you?"



+∞ nichijou increased usual days

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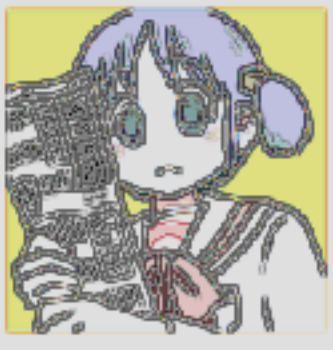

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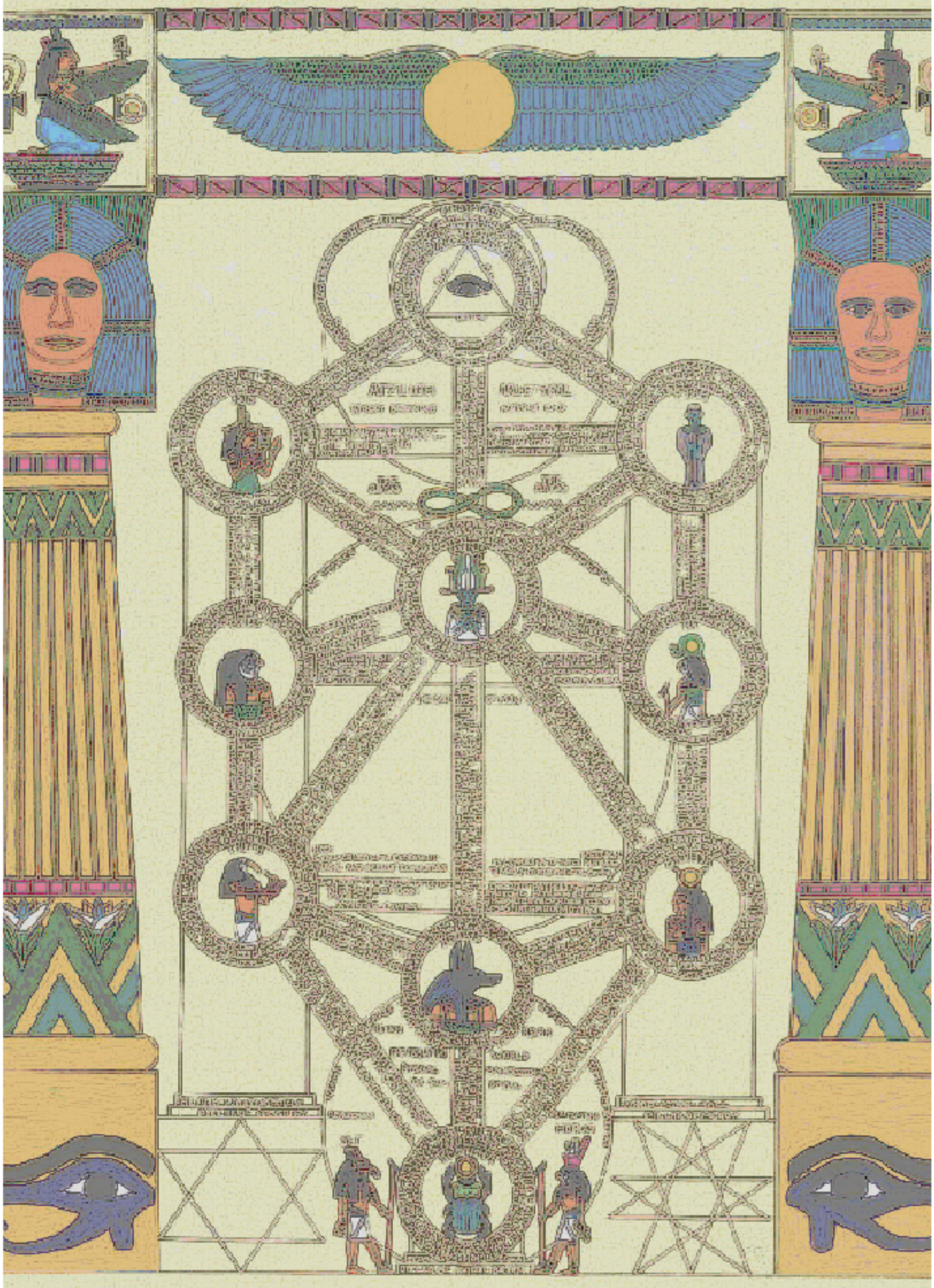
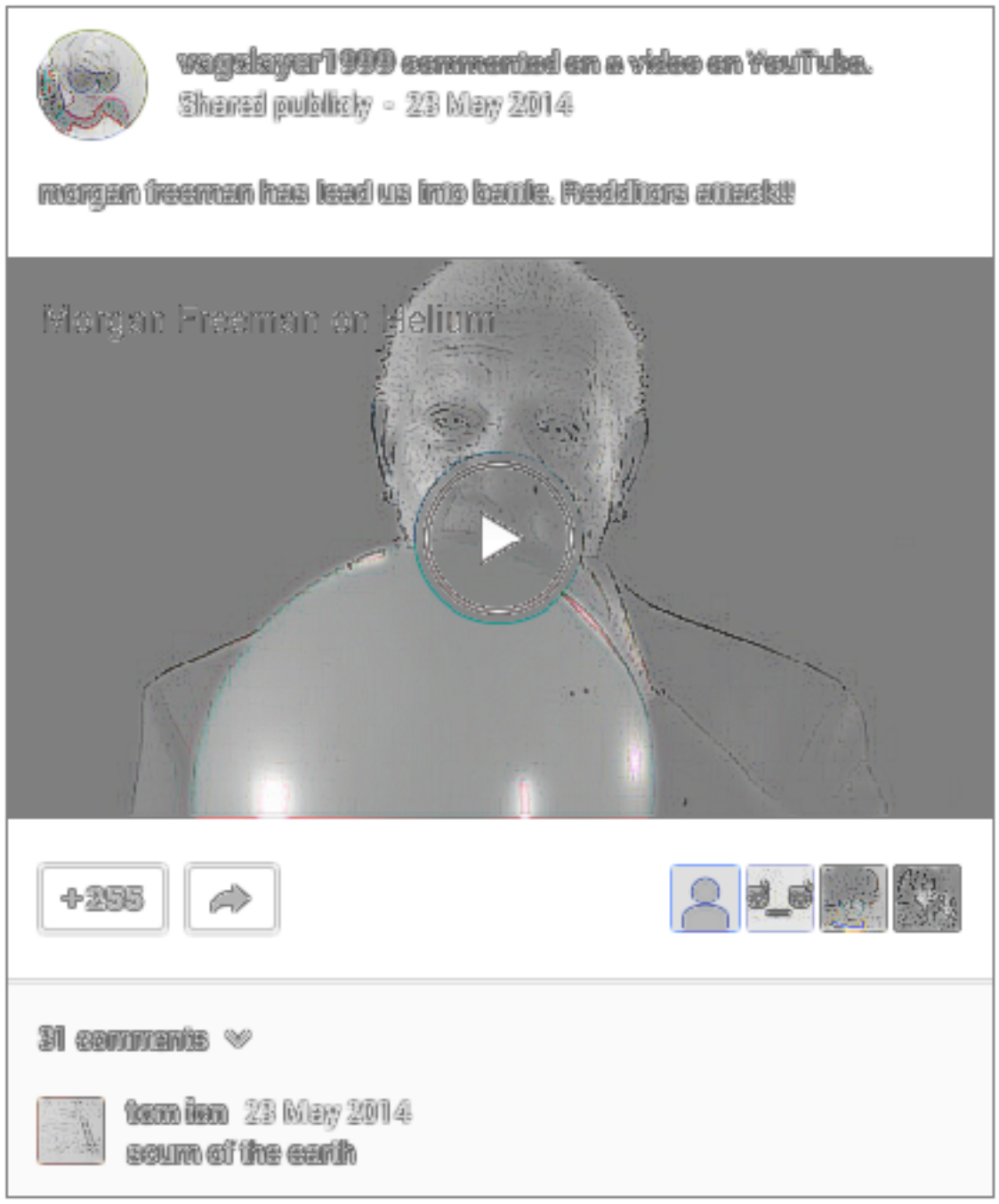
âI donât expect miracles,â I said.



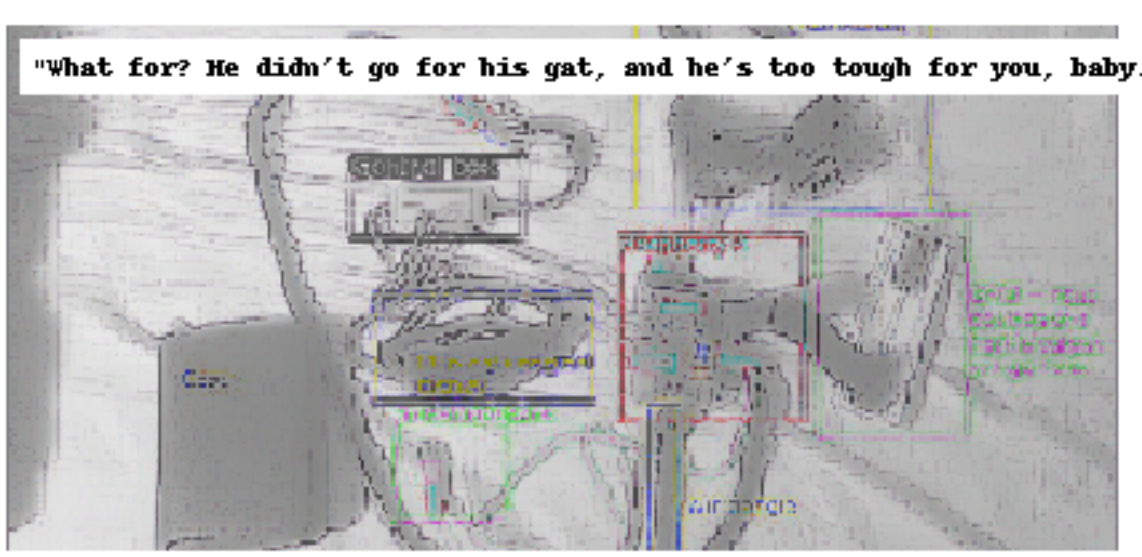
"Oh, you don't know Waldo," I said.



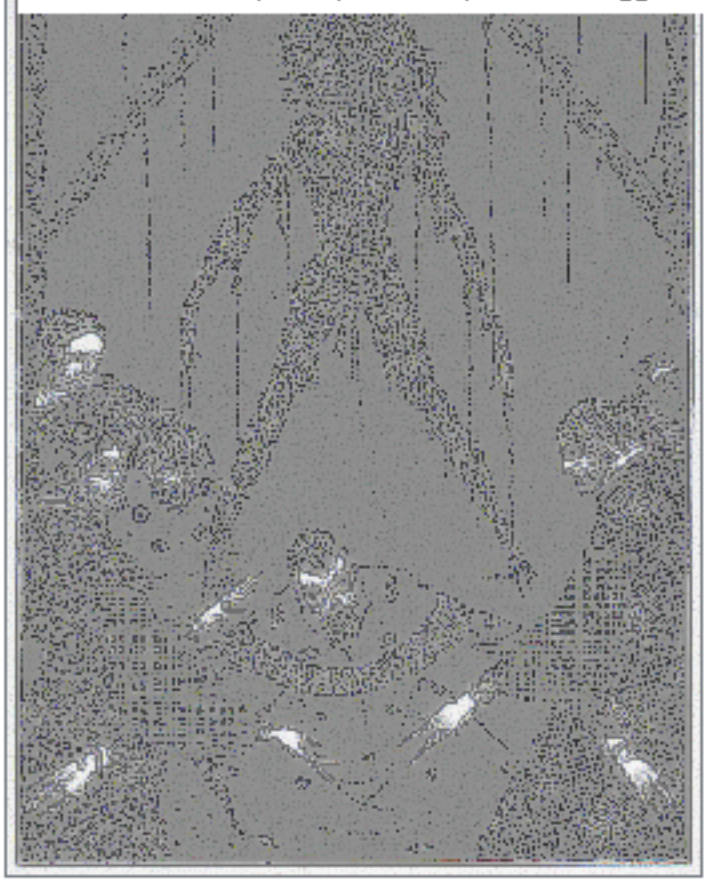
She got up quickly, very quickly for her, and stood a moment almost swaying. "Waldo?"

Her voice became an icy drawl. Now that trust deed didnât interest me at all at first, but hereâs how it works. "

"What for? He didn't go for his gat, and he's too tough for you, baby. She shook her head slowly.



"Yeah. He said, âAw, Christ,â and dropped to one knee. " He listened.



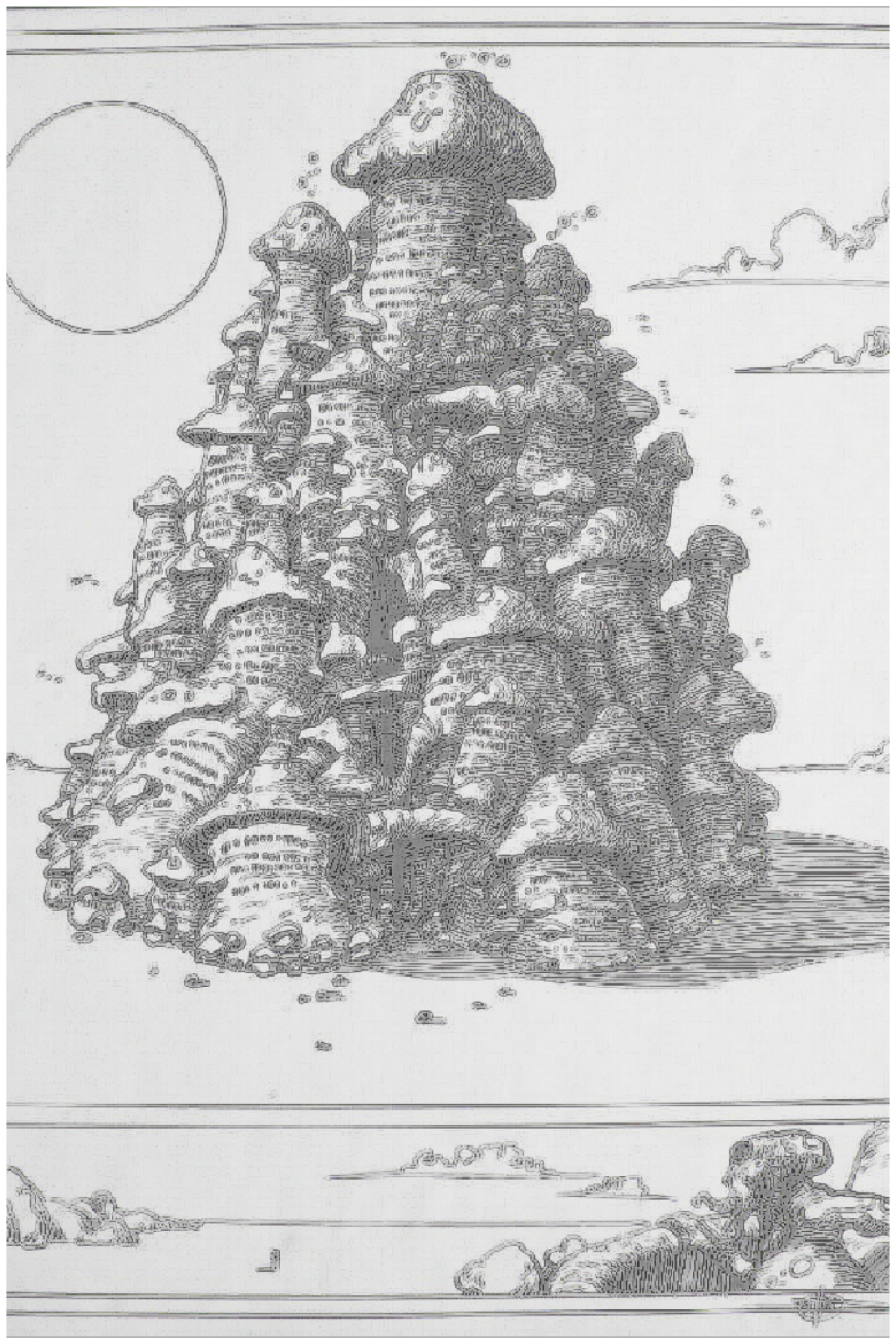
âNothing. She went up the stair
slowly, moving with ca
elegance. But sheâll h
reason. All us tough g
hopeless sentimentalis
heart. "

Miss Gle
made an
abrupt
movement
then
relaxed

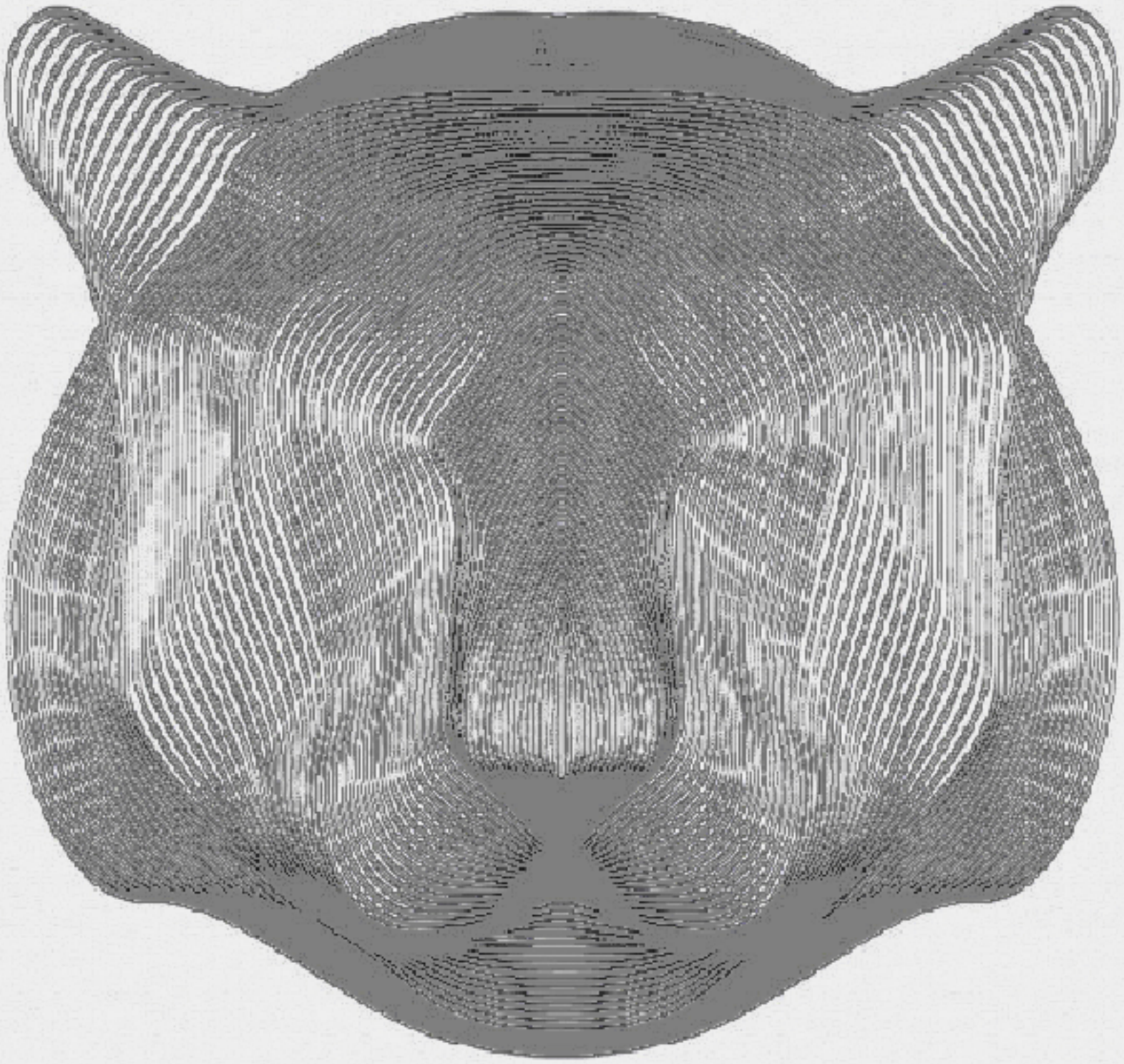
"You came in here a little toug
flashing your wad," I said.

at the a
of her
chair.

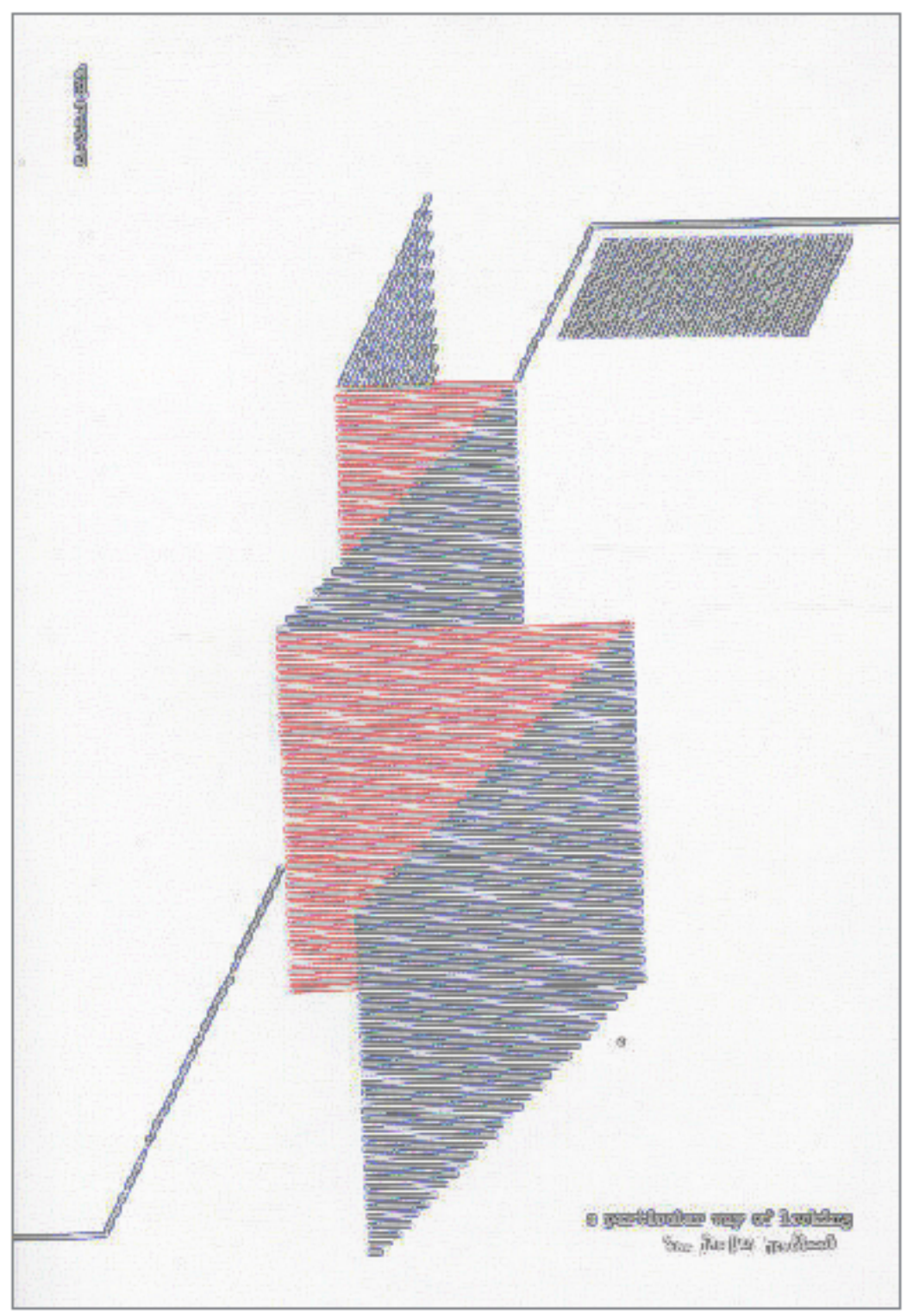
She was
blank to



She stopped talking and laced her fingers together tightly, then pulled them apart violently, as if she wanted to hurt herself. I had to think of something to fit what happened. I told her a little of how I felt about Terry and she gave the idea that I would have a short unhappy career if I got you mad. But why keep me here?â



It was on a day like thatâit happened to be a Thursdayâthat Roger Wade called me up.

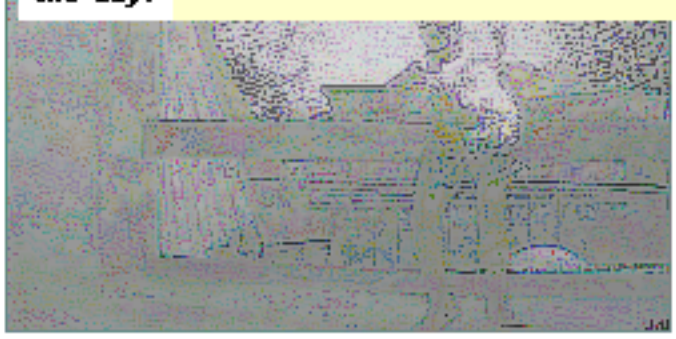


"No, but he does," he said softly.

Out of deference to me, he listened to my story as I told it for the fifth time. d. â

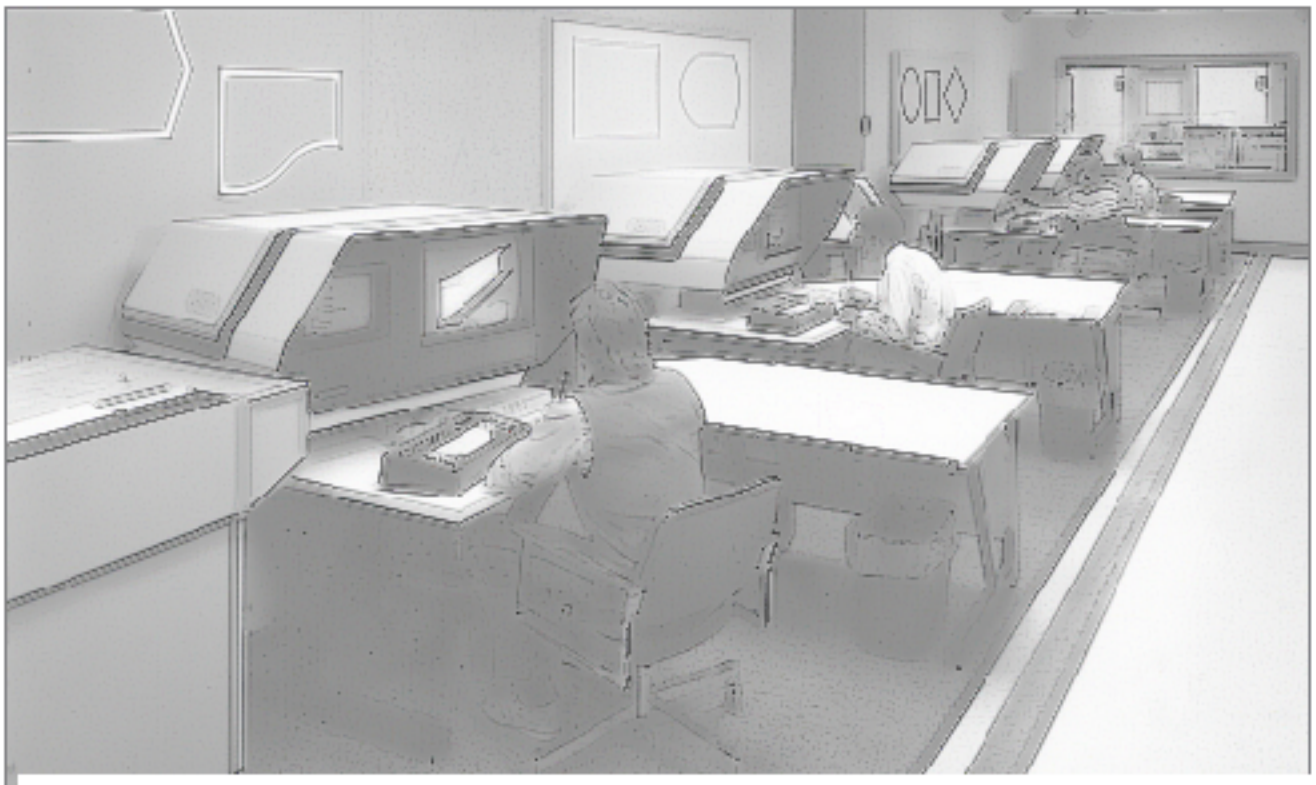
âSay something, pally,â the big one said. Sutton-Cornish neatly out of the air and held him squirming like a kitten, between his large thumb and forefinger.

"I'd better ring the bell, m'dear," Mr. âYou should have seen him when he got hom I know how it upsets you. His small neat fingers speared one like a trout taking the fly.

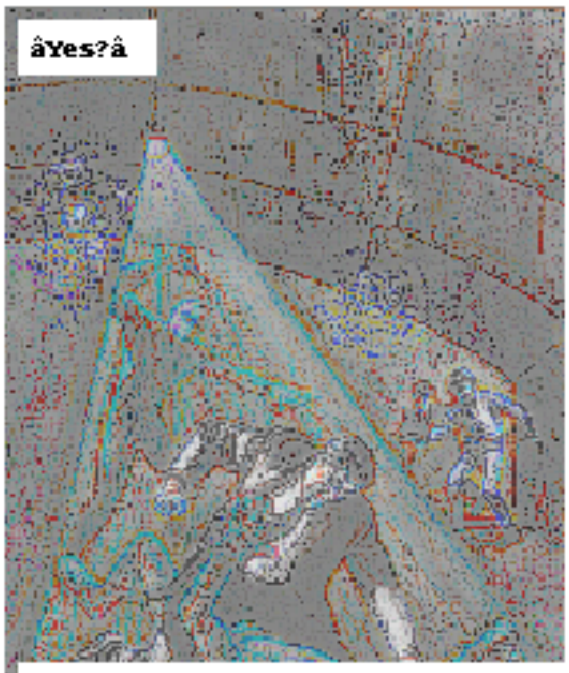


âDonât,â I interrupted. I must go in, Mr.

âIâm Clyde Umââ

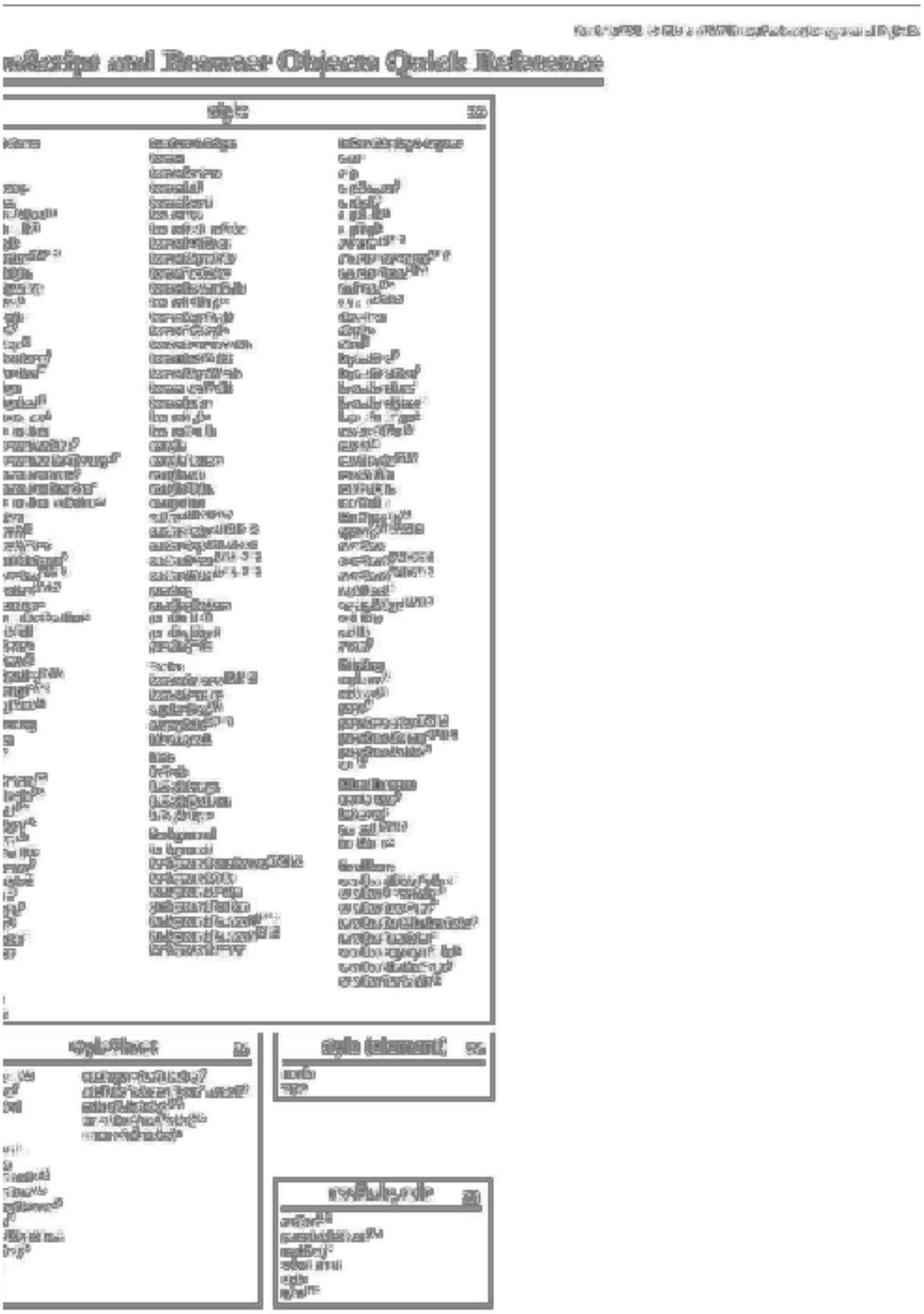


âYe-es. "You could be doing that all your life. I'll take it fast. You can hold one later on. â

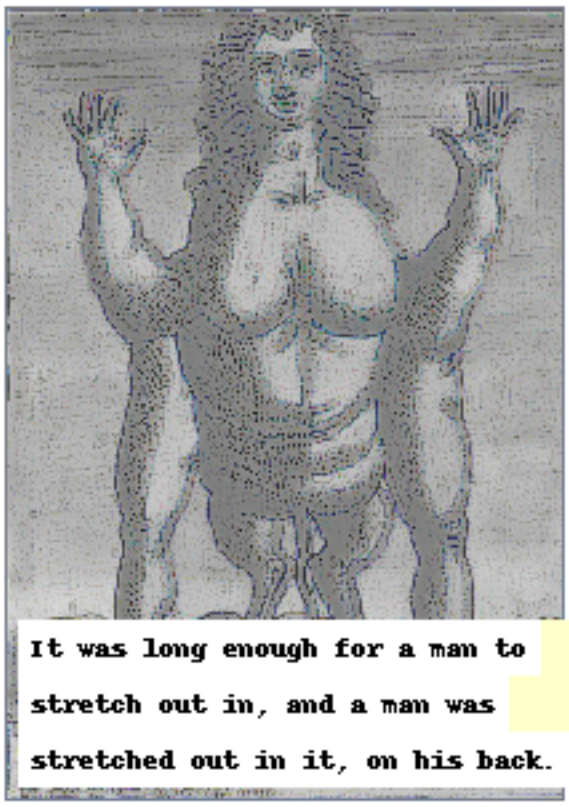


âYes?â

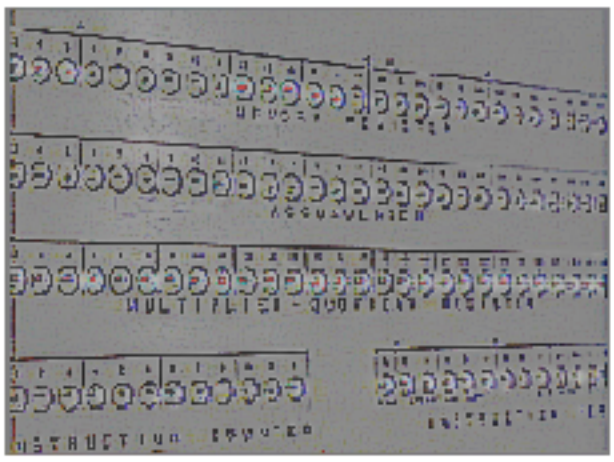
She curled her lip slightly and sa nothing. âAnd if you want to know, detest wearing perfume in the office. â

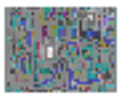


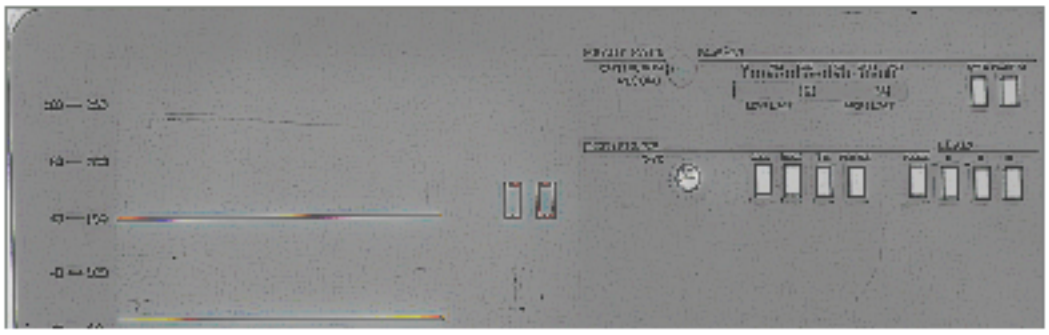
âAttaboy. Other kinds are valuable to some extent for the material, b chiefly for the workmanship on the And more novels: The Little Sister (1949), The Long Goodbye (1954). â



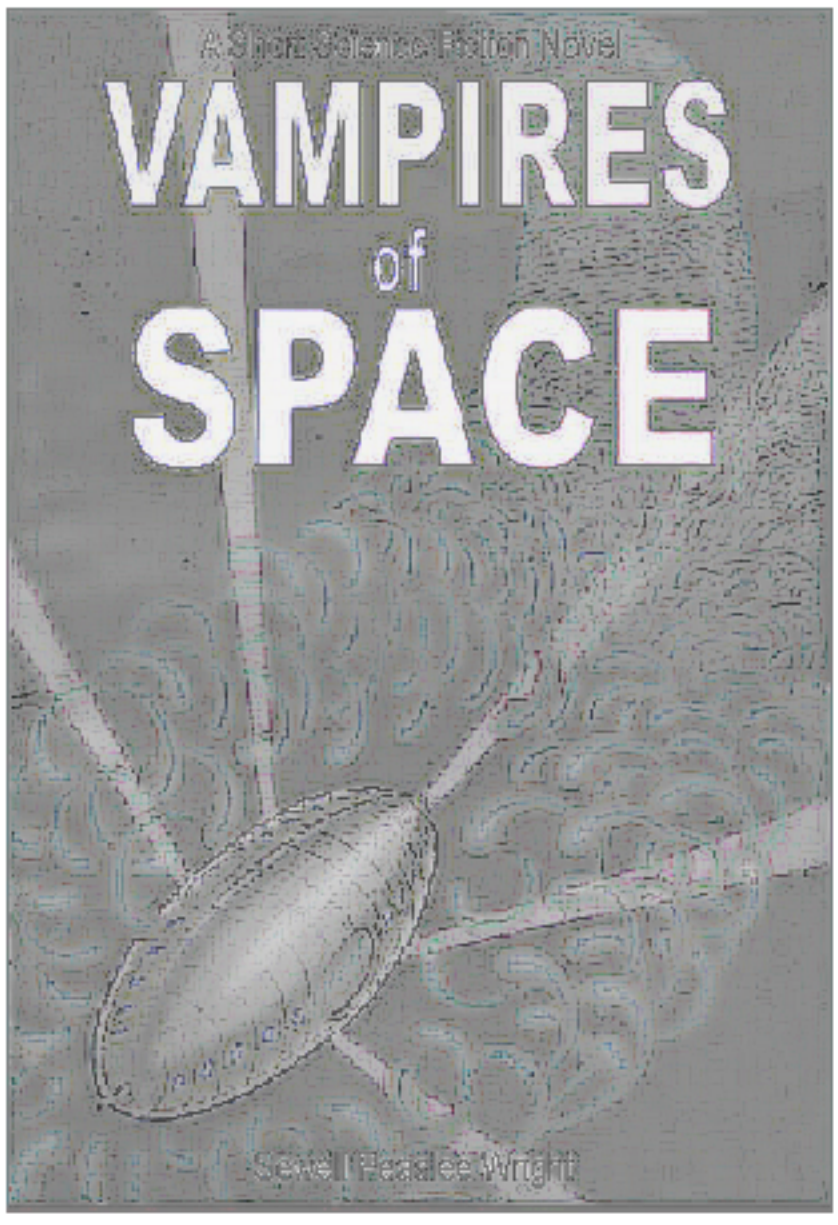
It was long enough for a man to stretch out in, and a man was stretched out in it, on his back.





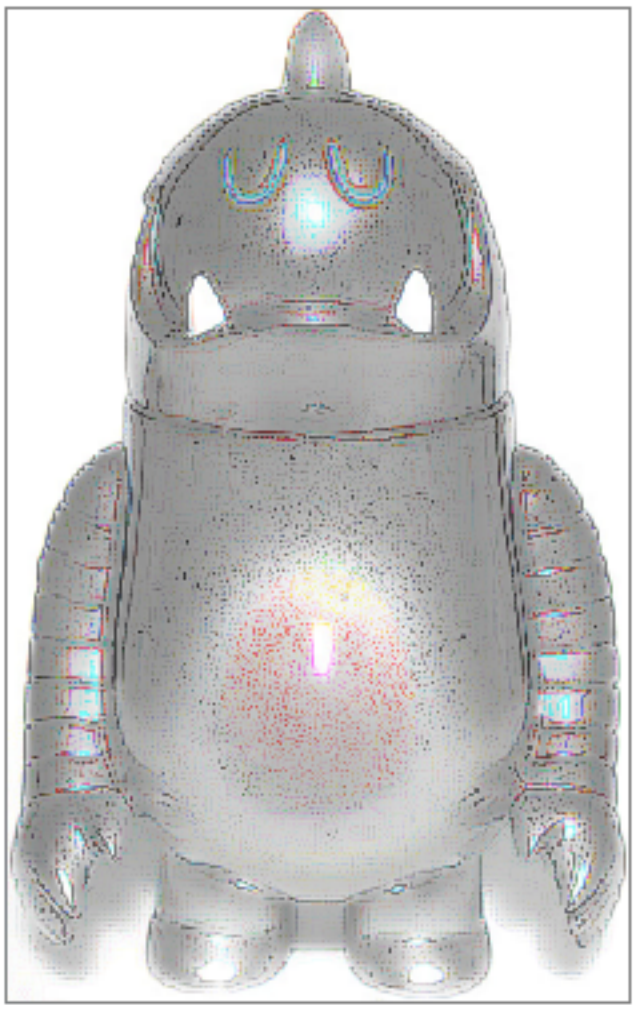


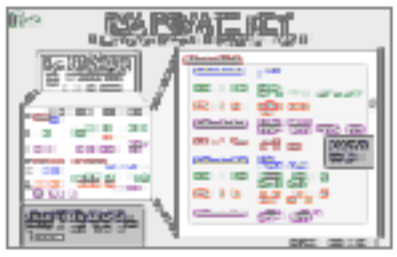
I nodded. Carmady parked around the corner, went in at the employees' entrance and rode to the fourth floor in a ricke elevator operated by an old man with a dead cigar in his mouth and a rolled magazine which he held six inches from his nose while he ran the elevator. He was staring at Conant. Violet eyes. Almost purple. But from time to time there wereâincidents. I was the first writer to write about Southern California at all realistically. â



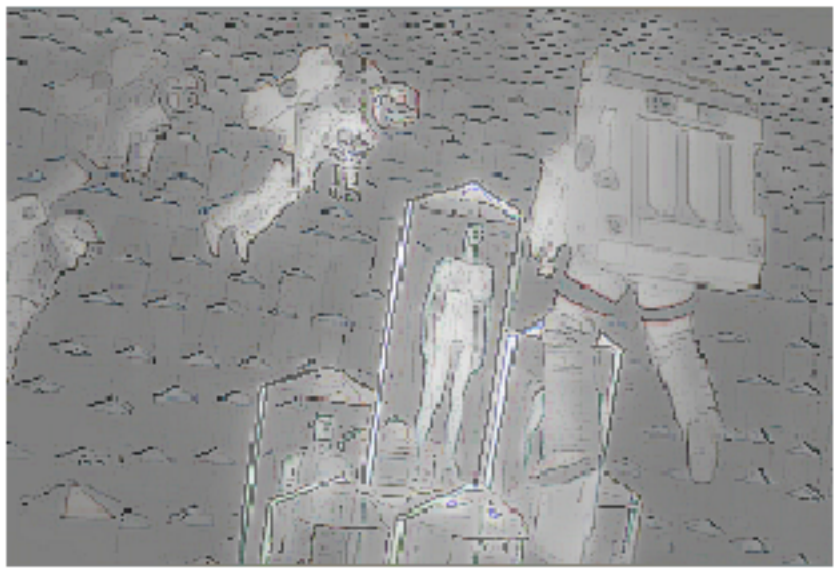
Carmady stood loosely by the kitchen table, with his legs spread wide, his hands in his overcoat pockets, his head tilted back. Like the other one. "

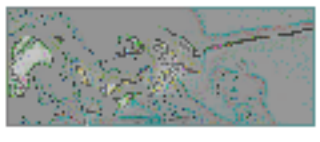
âListen, Marlowe. âLike that fat slob they have for chief of police nowadays. Maybe youâre selling insurance. â

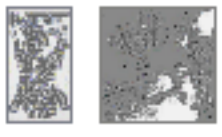




âAnd suppose Talley noticed this while Laver was telephoning to the doctor, who was out on his rounds.

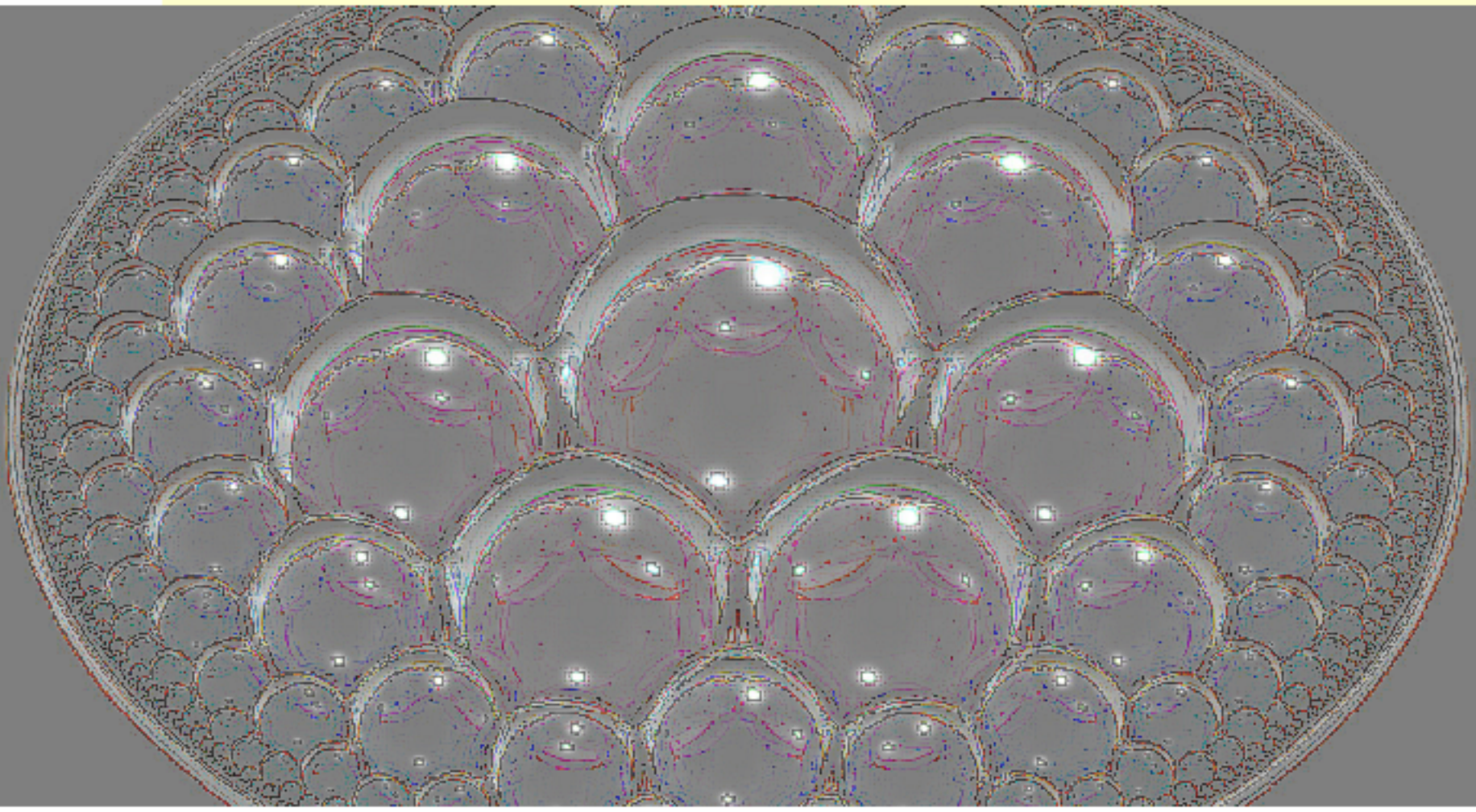




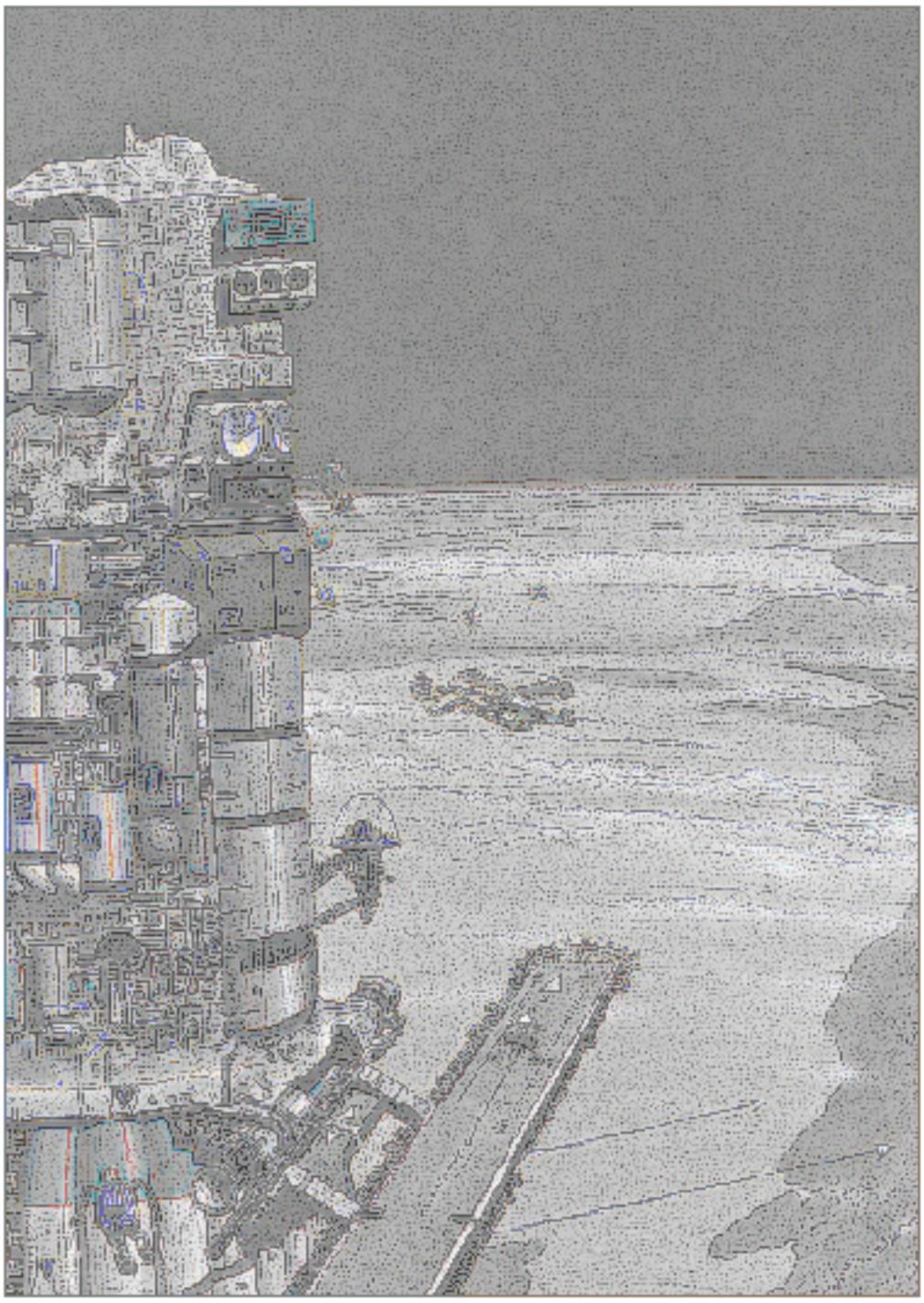


"He's really dead?" she whispered. Across the street a

âYou know, Eddie, you guys donât give a good goddamn whether these guys are Communists or what they areâBrecht or anybody else. Wait'll I get some glasses. " He took a couple of steps farther into the room and I took the same numbe towards him.



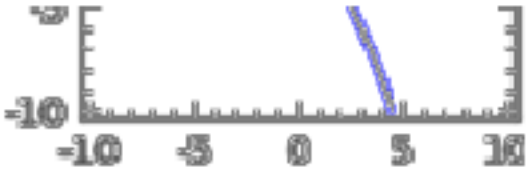
I left him there in the rain. He grabbed her arms hard enough to bruise her and slowly using his strength he pulled he tight against his body and held her there. He went out of the room down the hall toward the sound of the dance band. I kept my feet, backed toward the wall as if I was distancing myself from the cook. And you and a girl here. She was dea before the guy started to smack her head around.



âMaybe there will, maybe there wonât. â His voice was little drowsy now. Donât worry about that, Marlowe. I you do, I wonât be able to find anything out. He knew who I was and what I was doing. Blood came out on his lips.

with fumbling fingers. Its door slammed open and a figure jumped out o it, waving a gun an shouting. There wer clothes on racks, feminine clothes, nice clothes.

Bud Cone looked like the embalmers had got halfway wi him, but hadnât started putting the fluid back in yet From Violets M'Gee I got the large and succulent razzberry, and from the late Howard Melton I got what was left of the fifty dollars he had advanced me. I went out there. â He dropped the cigar back in the drawer and looked at the open file. â

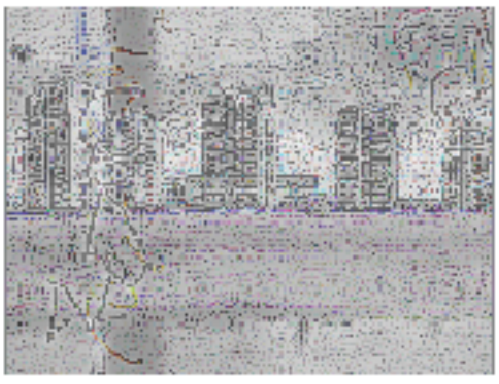


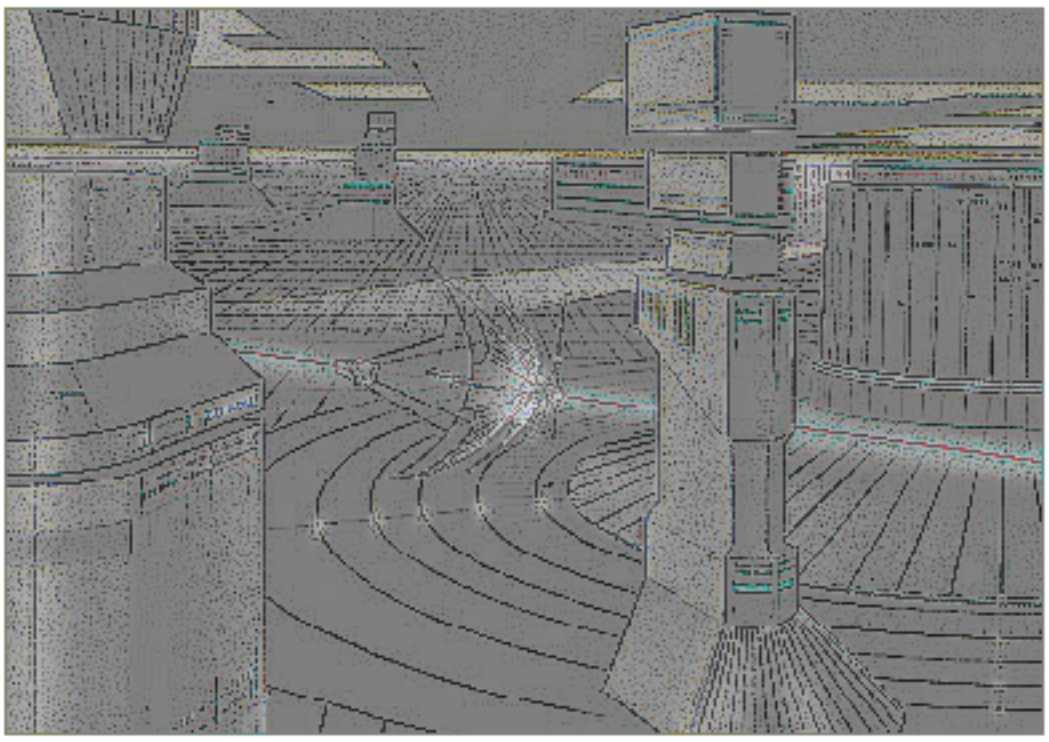
"Not me," I said. Then he took the chewed match out of his mouth, looked at the flattened end of it, tossed it away. '

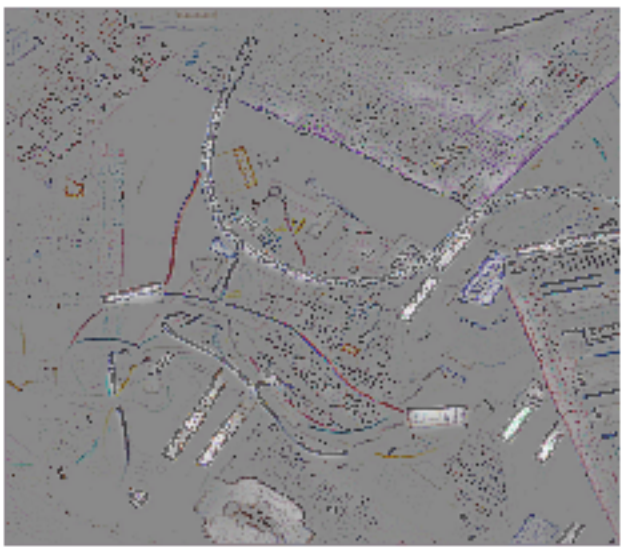
thinking at all.

"You must have relatives on board," I said. I didn't like any more than I liked his clothes, or his face. â

âThatâs just it, mister! I don know what Iâm supposed to shut up about. His misery had a theatrical flavor, as real misery so often has.



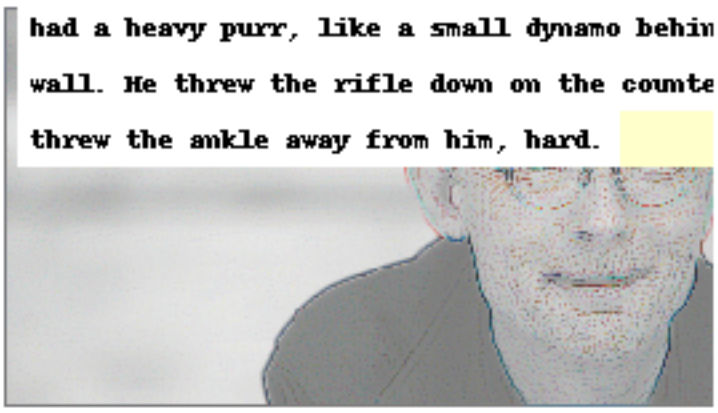




both moral an
practical and
military, at
so-called
strategic
bombing, is
withering and
precise. Nora
watched me.
âHow many have
you guys gunne
so far?â
Aage

âBut you canât wear the chiselers dow
necessarily an interesting place. What I said.
shot her. The blonde girl didnât move a mus
had a heavy purr, like a small dynamo behin
wall. He threw the rifle down on the counte
threw the ankle away from him, hard.

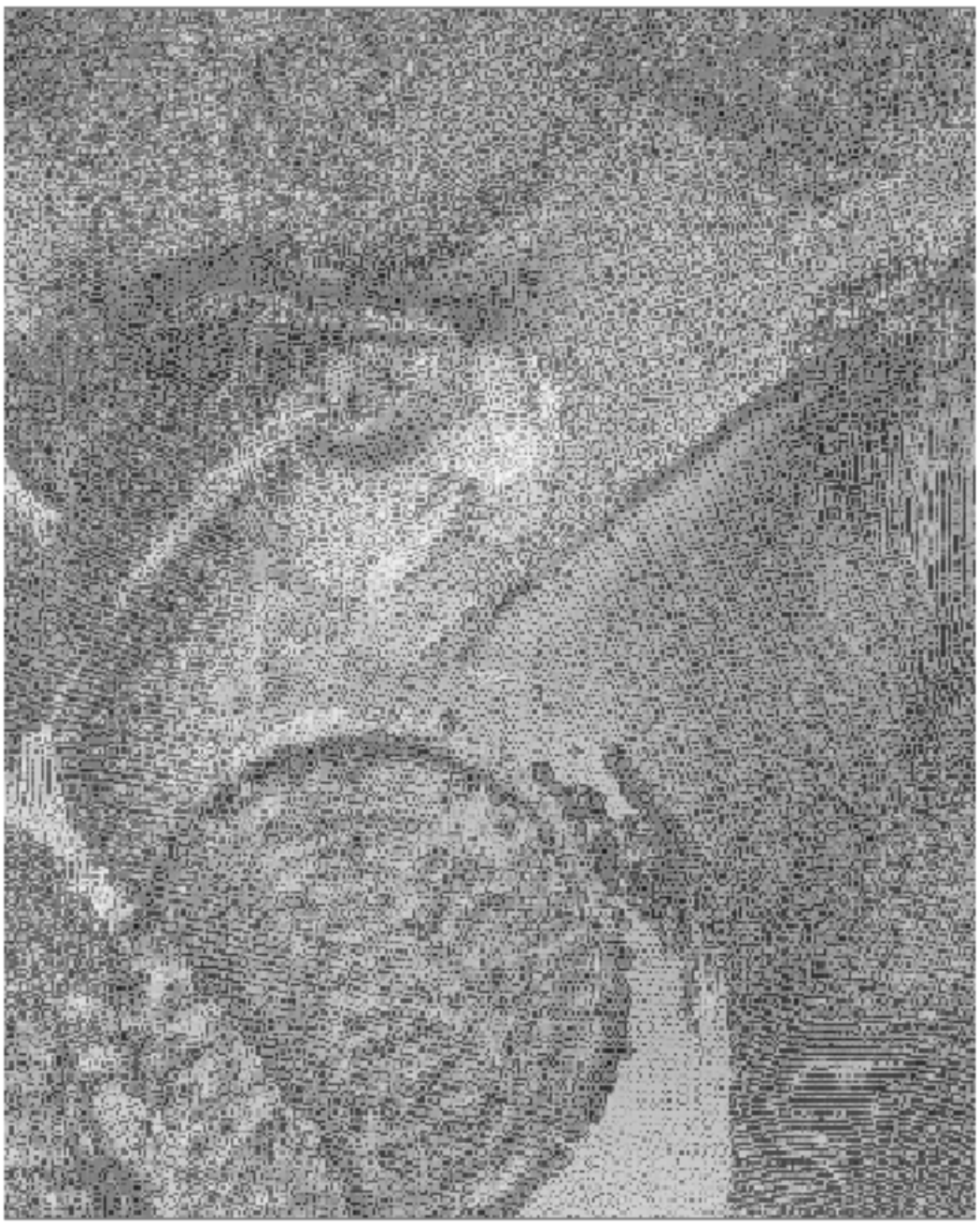
âWhy
would I
have a
hard tir
finding
her?
Sheâs ne
buried
the back
yard, I

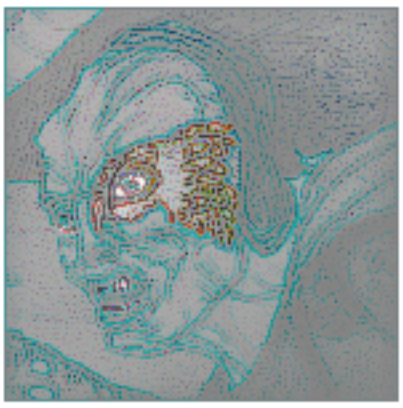


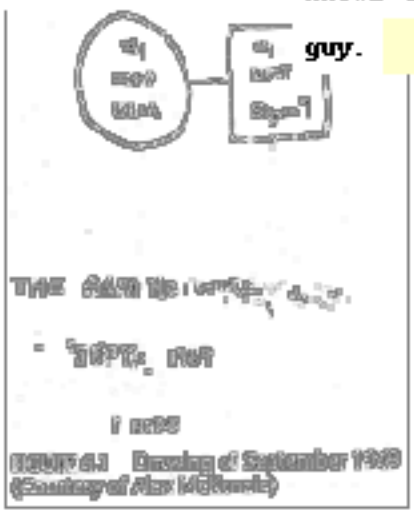
On December 12, 1954, Chandlerâs wife Cissy died and Chandler never recovered. So I canât read the names yet, but thereâs about five hundred of them. It was gone from its place in one of the locked fireproof cases. World called in freelancers like me to fill in while the regulars were out beating the bushes. After two days, somebody at World decid we had the wrong men or it was costing too much.

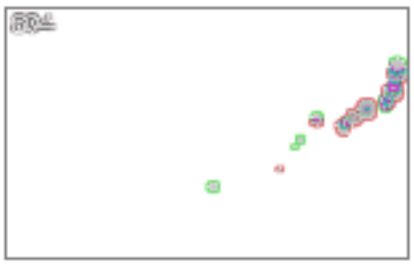
Francine Leyas nails clawed at her skirt.

knows th
guy.



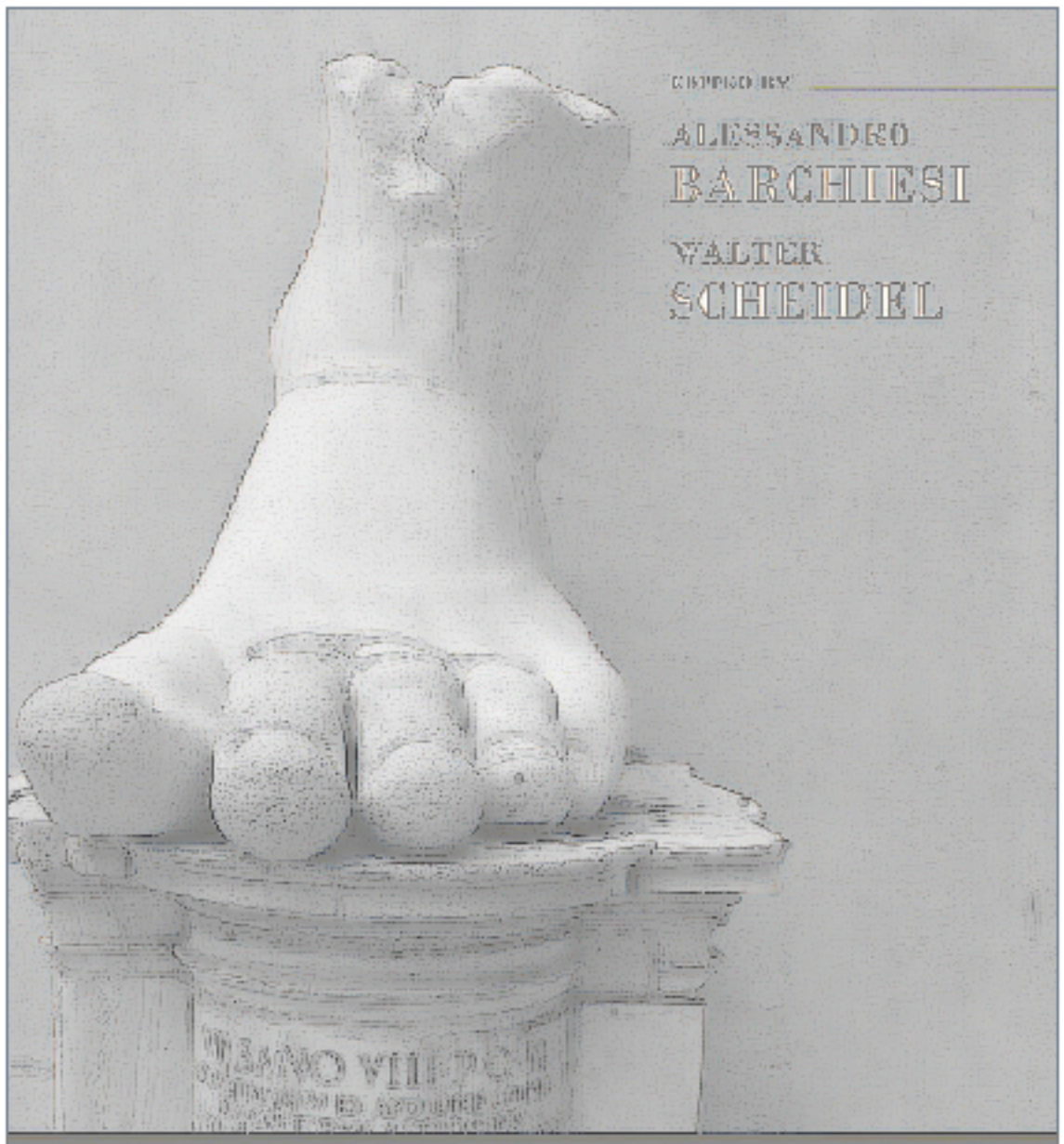


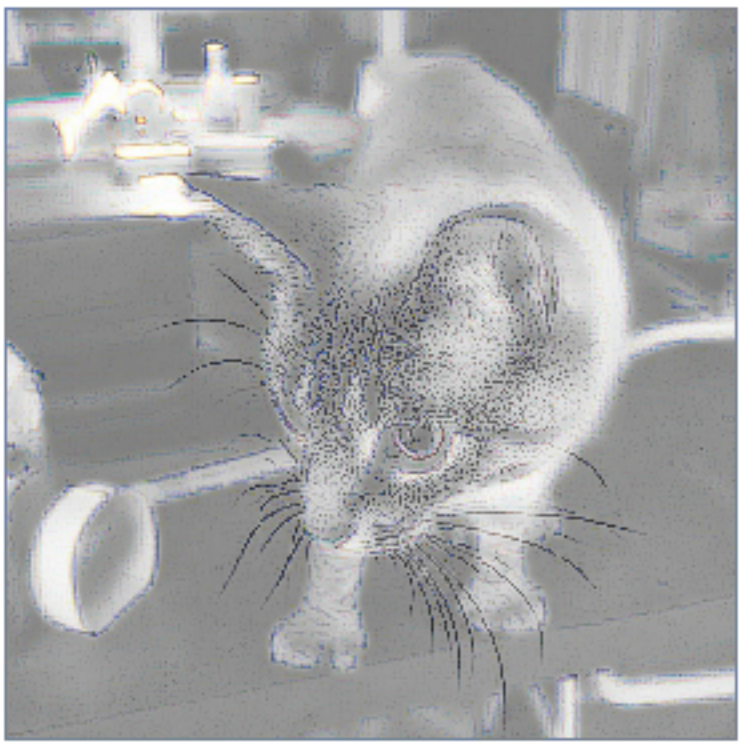




The radio still muttered,
but the girl was gone fro
the davenport in front of
it. Thought you might com

âNo. âSupposing I believe you. âAfter all Iâm in another business. âThe point is I donât kn all I want to know in order to do a job for you. Whatâs your line, mister? Friend of his? He made a thumb towards the floor. â

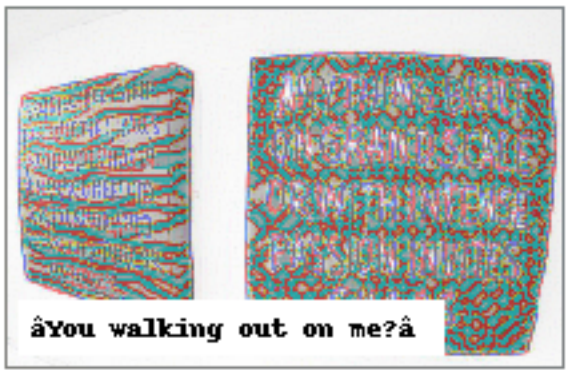




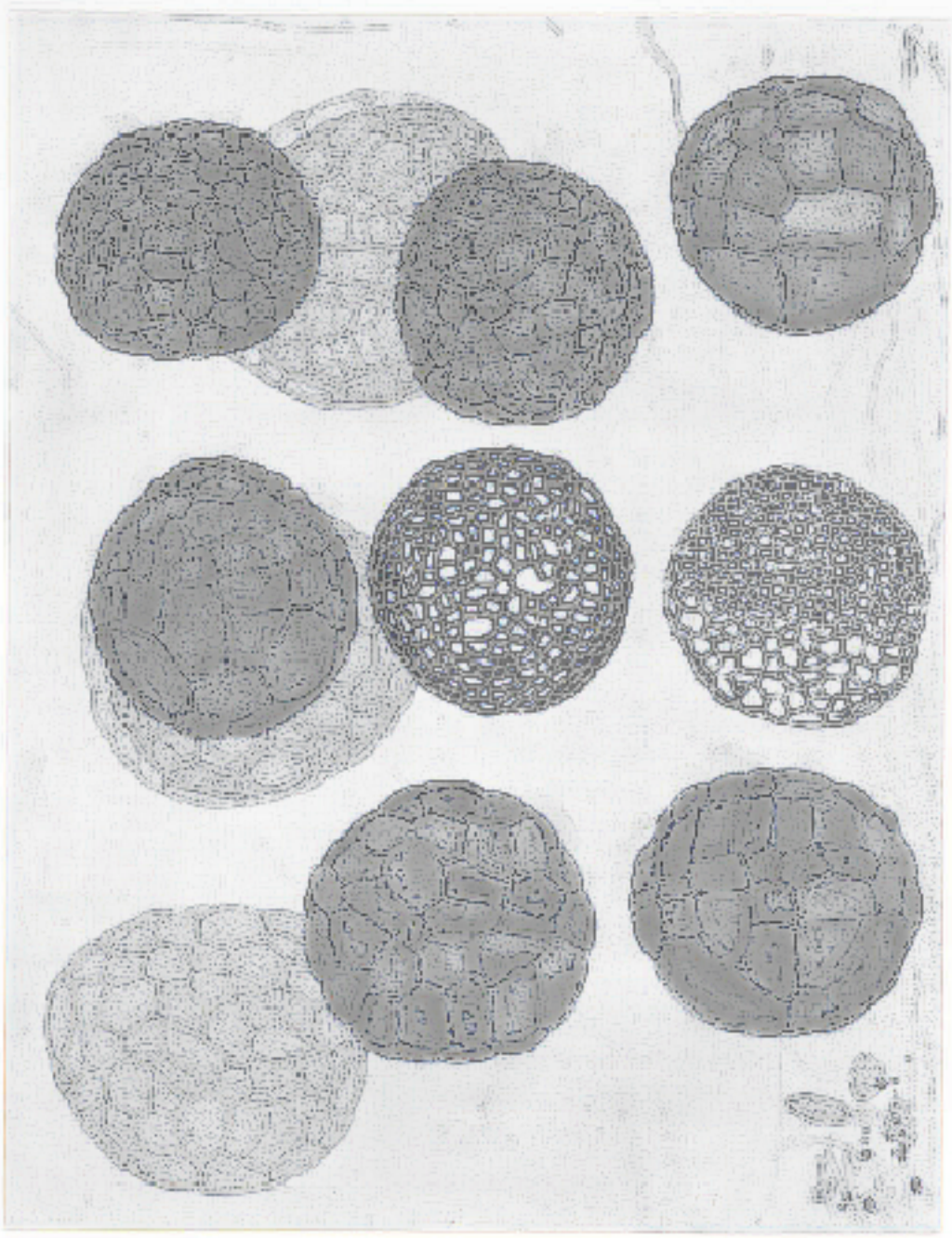
âYouâre broke again,â Carmady almost snarled. âYou can expect money fo that. â work at that. Wa to go back?â Ley said "Yes,

âIâm buying the trip backâeven if I donât use it.

âYou canât drink liquor in here,â the clerk said. âWell, you canât blame me for trying. â

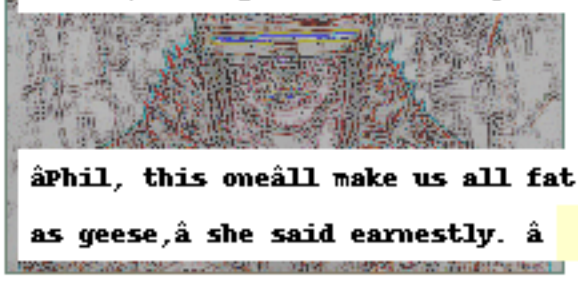


âYou walking out on me?â

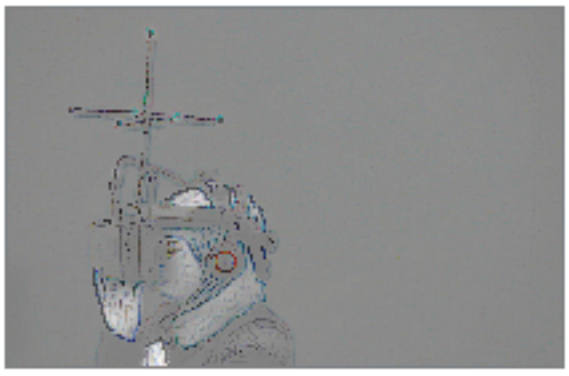


âDonât get gay with me, cheapie.

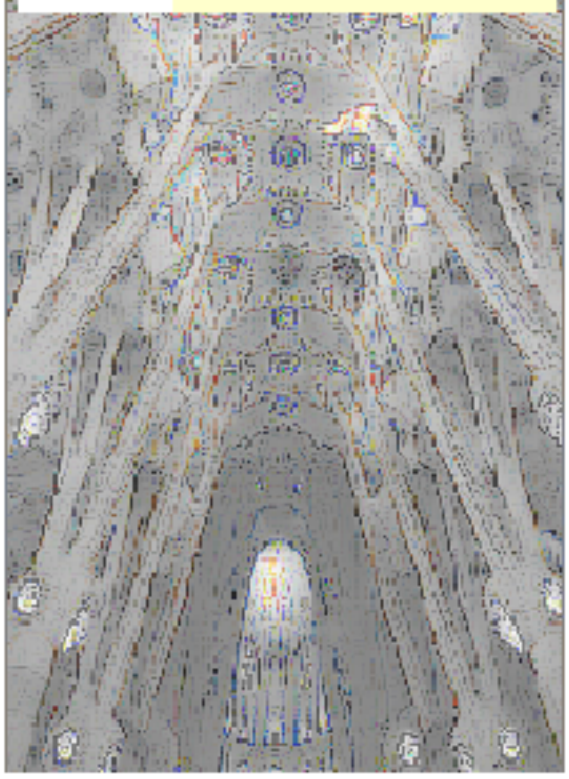
âBlack, strong and made this year.



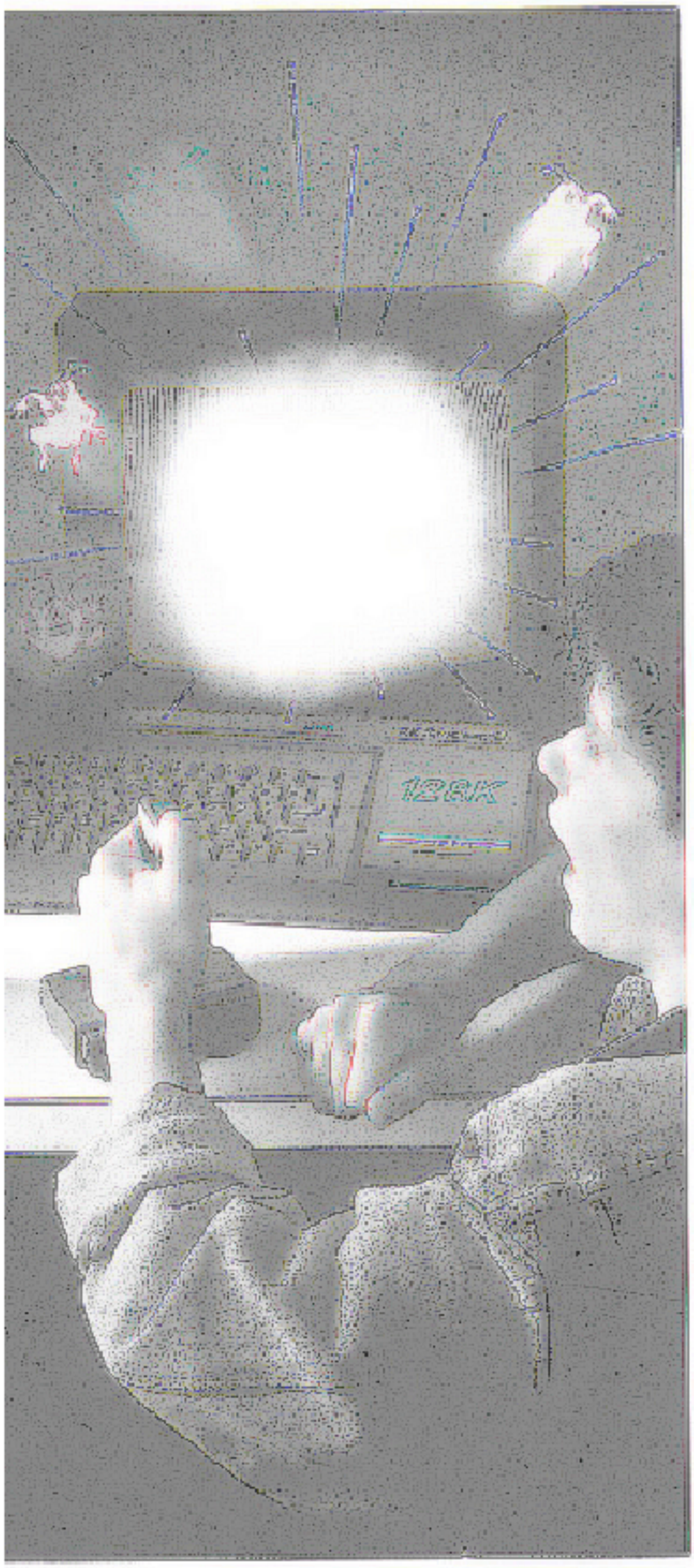
âPhil, this oneâll make us all fat as geese,â she said earnestly. â



âThatâs right,â I said. âSo Iâve heard. â



E WHO YOU WANT TO BE



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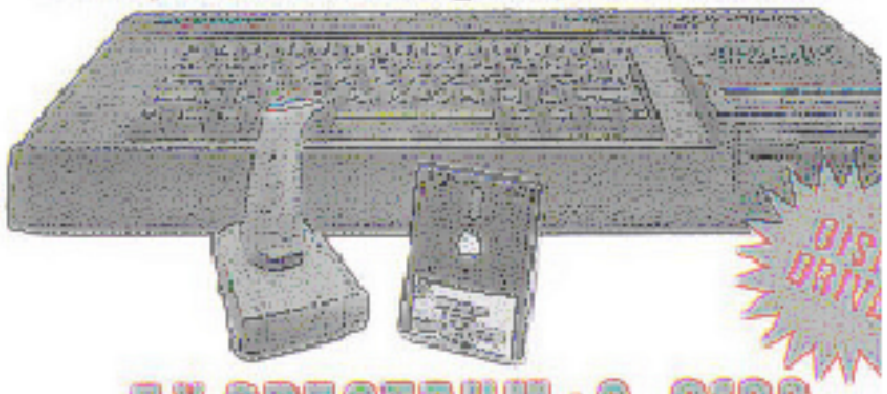

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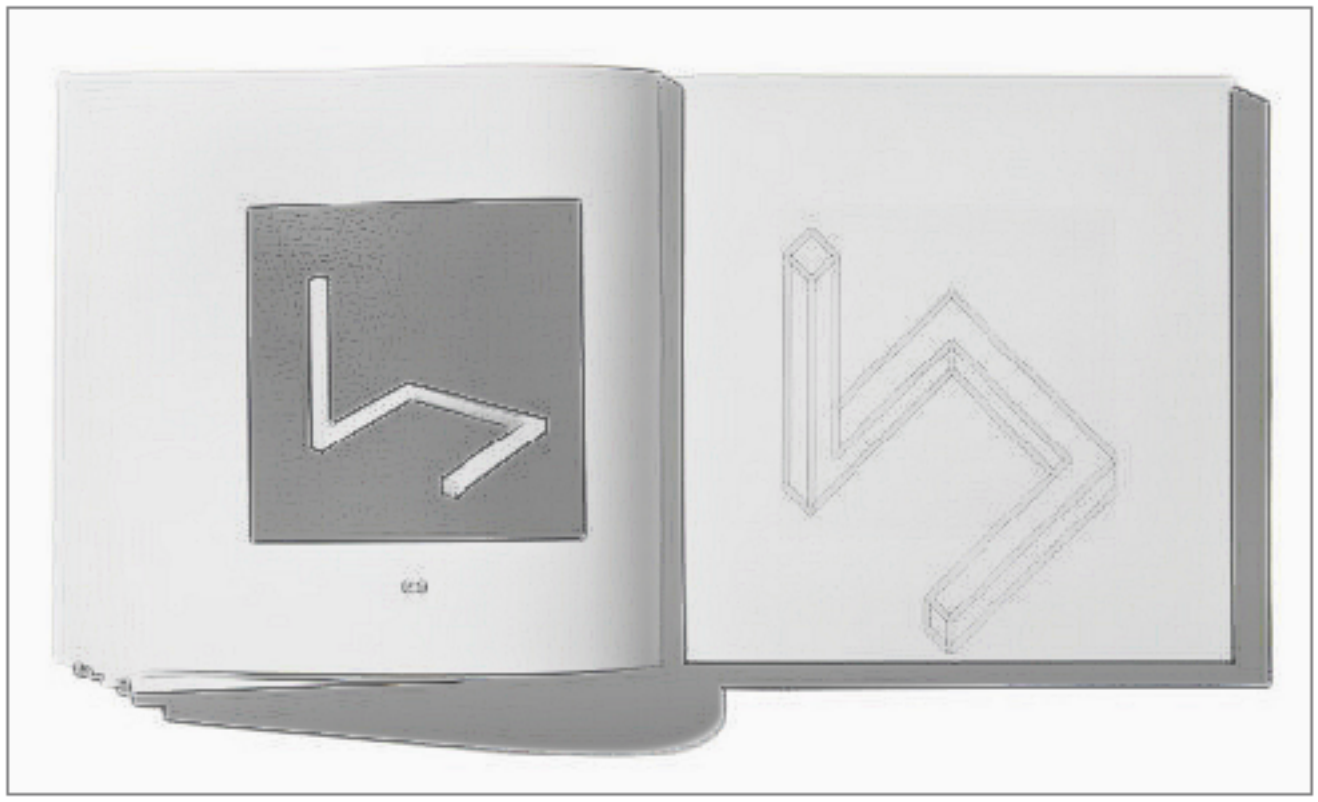
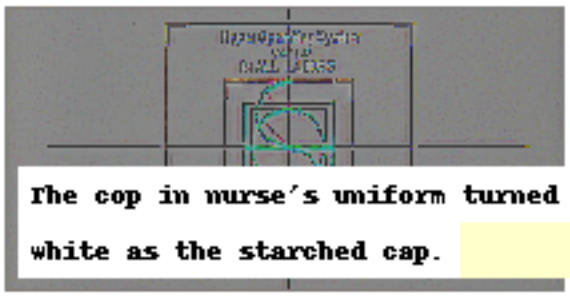
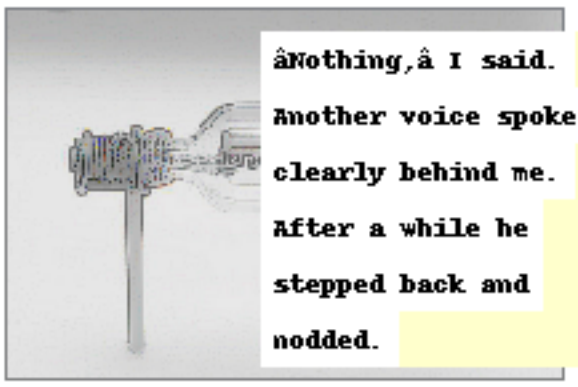
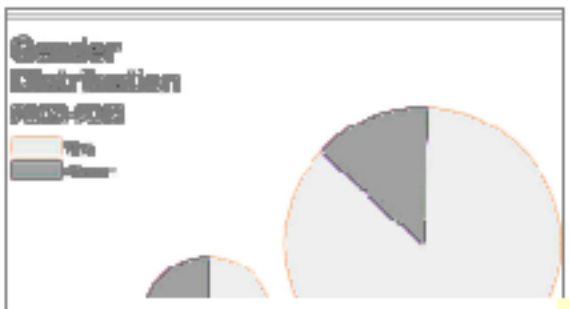




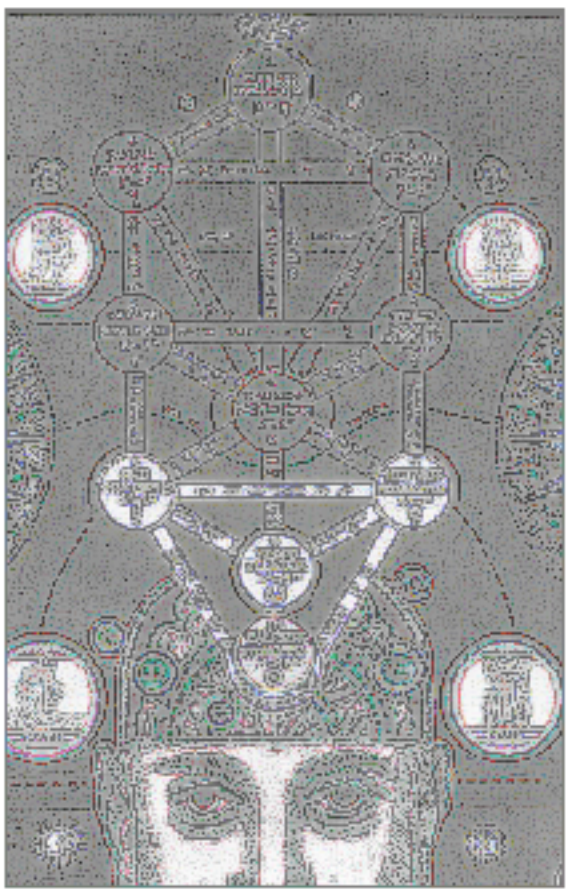
The cop in nurse's uniform turned a
white as the starched cap.



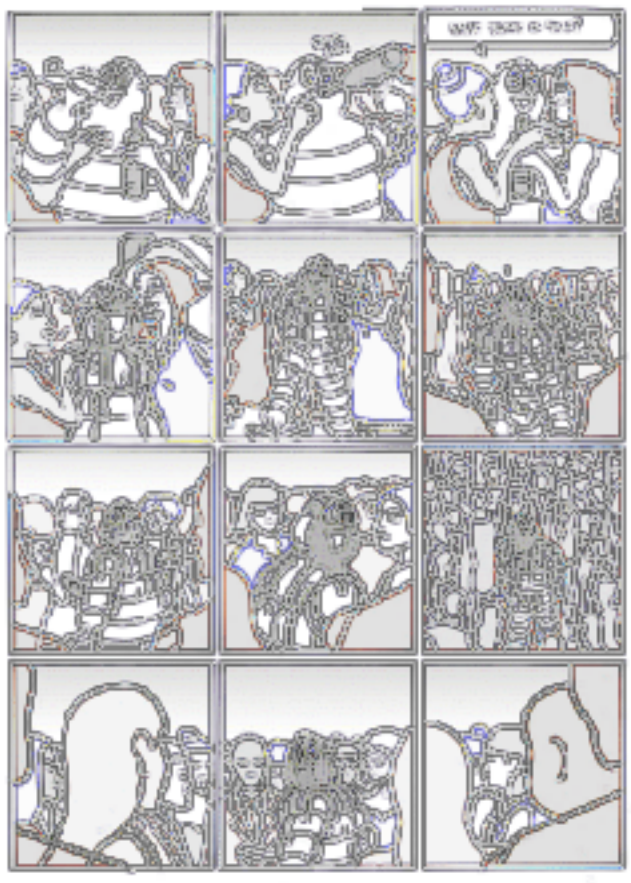
âNothing,â I said.
Another voice spoke
clearly behind me.
After a while he
stepped back and
nodded.



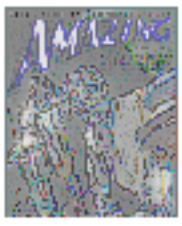
Red looked this way and that and
turned his lips a little more close
to my ear.

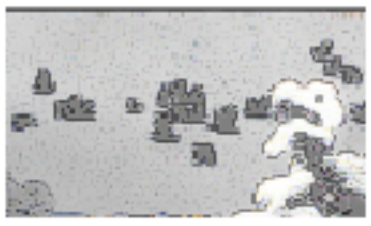


âWhat you make of it?â



The car slid soundlessly down the driveway, passed between a couple of
squat stone pillars and was lost among the lights of the boulevard. âFr
here we take a straight walk to the boiler room catwalk. Theyâll have
steam in one auxiliary, because they donât have no Diesels on this piec
of cheese. Heâs that kind of lad. â





âNothing much. Rhonda Farr was lying

Initial Email Campaign Design

Wandering is duty, a concept the library gives. Writers and we librarians, Dickens, and consequently and the MTV and Disney and Jim Gum, I used wandering to deny. I don't think it seemed to dickens to think of it as an opportunity, but it's a great idea.

Dickens supposedly typed in 20 mins a day by:

> Dickens's wife served him three meals. On one bad day, he wrote the finishing touches on his 11th novel. With the help of a cane, he walked three miles. Dickens's wife played another, more important role in his life. They were friends, acts of self-preservation. (In fact and complaints to friend, patrons, work. To have to spend it is a dangerous thing, and not to spend it is a kind of reality value. —Dickens and Dickens

It's still a great idea, right? Exactly. So I began to write, after my thoughts were flowing, light speed. I was in a trance and I was so fascinated and so caught up in the flow of my thoughts and I began to think again. It was the perfect getaway to clear my mind.

There was something about leaving my desk and being outside that gave my mind some space and I was able to understand why it's happening.

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Font Size: 15px

Line Height: 22px

Current Email Campaign Design

Ever heard of going pro? Didn't think so.

I'd always dreamed about being self-employed, and one morning I woke up with the idea to make it happen. I decided to assemble a team of artists to create an interactive anthology about the Apocalypse. It was the summer of 2020, the 'Book of the Week' was a hit, so I knew I wanted to take advantage of the massive buzz.

I started a group on Google+, invited a ton of people, and sent a bunch of hyper-enthusiastic messages. Not everyone was in, but a lot of people were working with writers, editors, illustrators, and I felt like such a big shot.

Then, after the initial buzz wore off, I started feeling like a clown.

I didn't have the experience, or the right tools, and I definitely didn't have an endless supply of energy, so I started falling behind. Deadlines didn't help and that didn't allow me to give my wings.

Font Family: Georgia

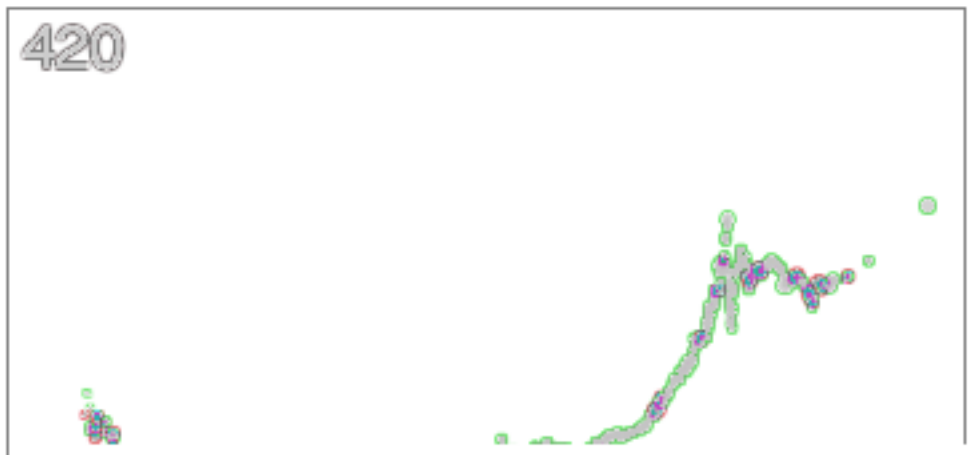
Font Size: 18px

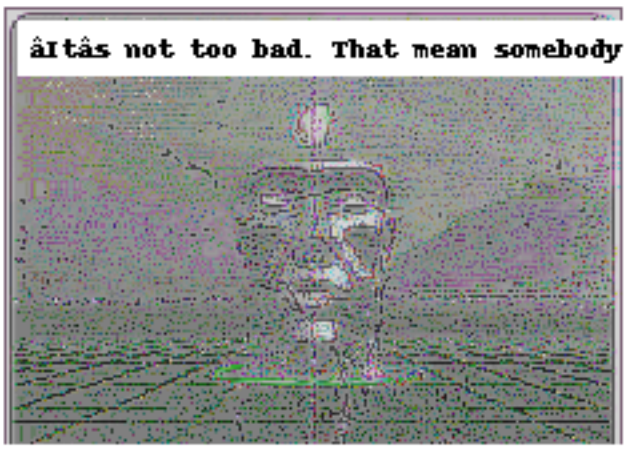
Line Height: 27px

"I like dogs," Saint said quietly. No one said anything for a moment. You and me are at the jumping-off place. You can beat it because not enough people want to, especially the million-a-year lawyers who work for it. â

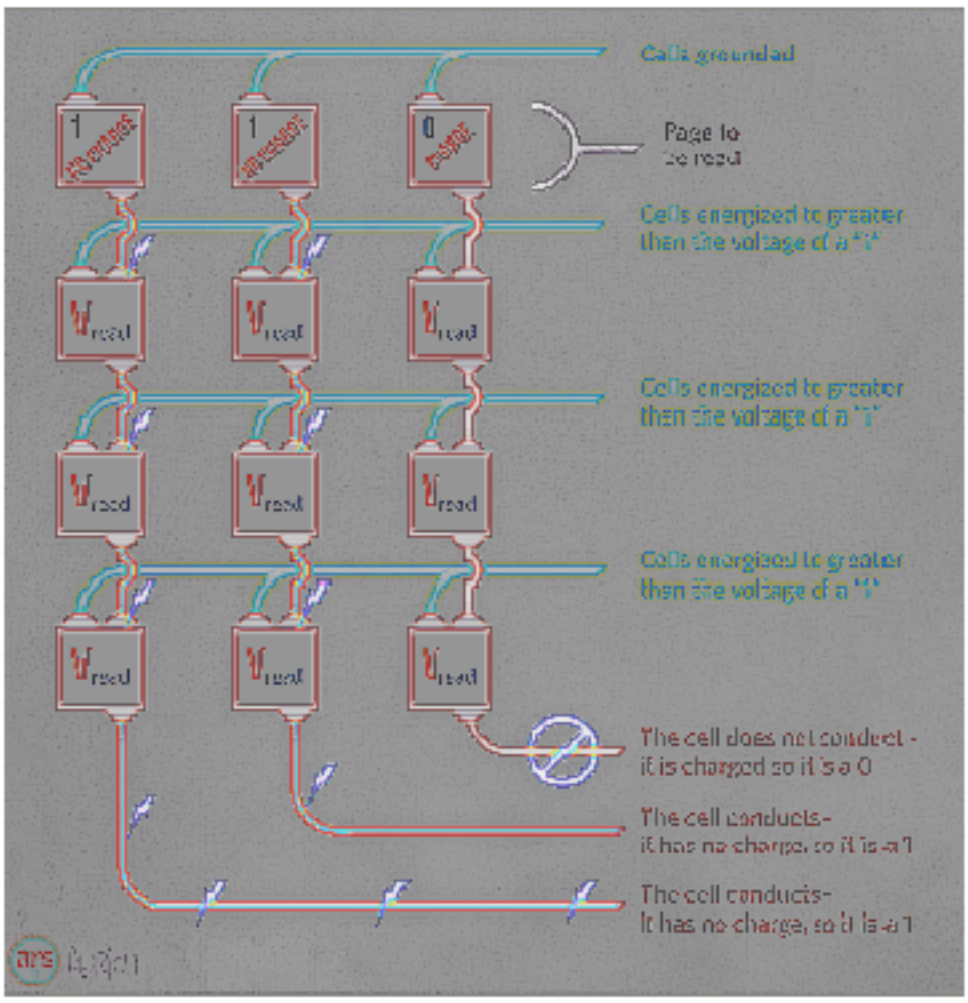
BROWN

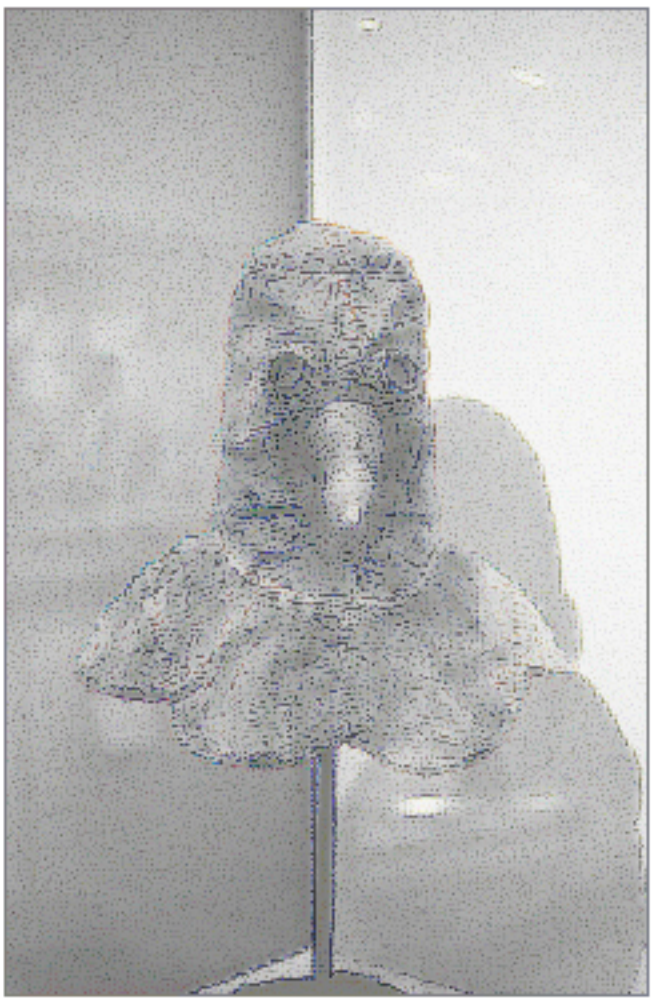
âSo long,
beautiful hunk,â
said, and left h
standing there.
âYou like it in
jail?â





âWhen they use a twenty-two that means they donât make mistakes. There was no side porch, no way to get at the windows in a hurry. He wrote out a full confession this afternoon in his hotel room and shot himself. Or that's what everythin had started out as.





French nodded
and tapped his
pencil. But I
donât believe
everything I
read. And
Headquarters h
the number, in
the special
permits. â

âI think
this man

He shook his head slightly. âThatâs the way it happenedâin another room. Straight goods, is it, Gandesi? About this Ja

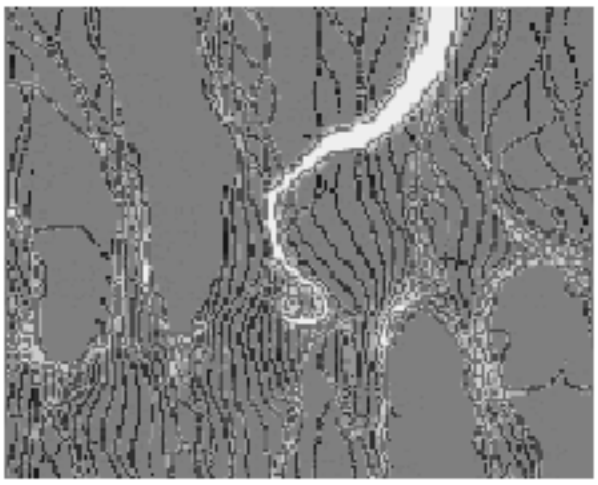
Lawler?â

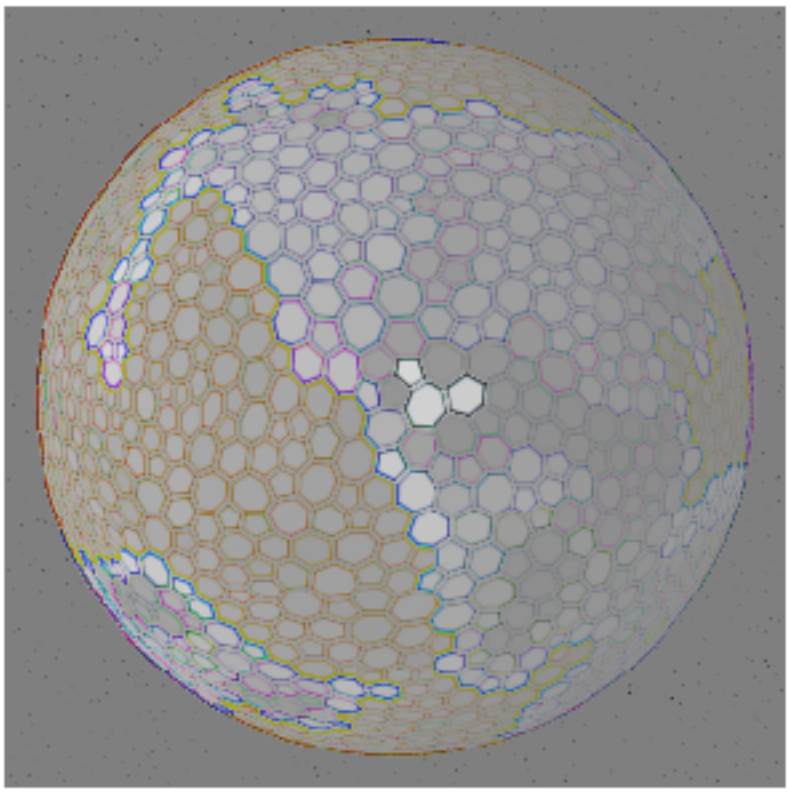
"How?" Victor said. I guess she won't be home for a while. Iâm not one of these promiscuous bitches. Regan hasnât bothered anybody that I know of. Her chauffeur, a lad named Owen Taylor, had it out.

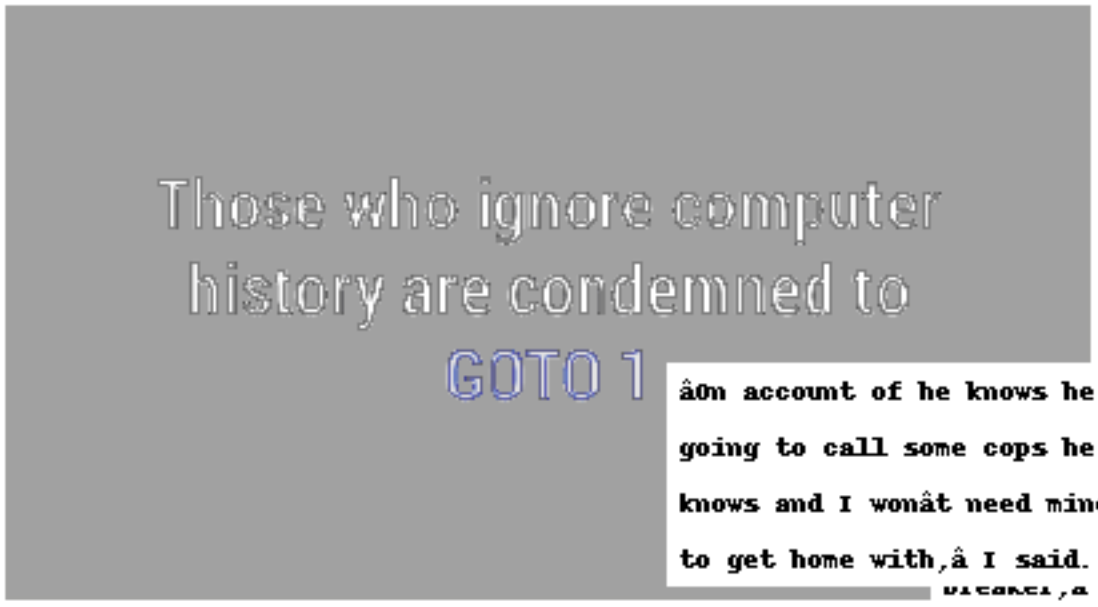
She thumbed a wick of hair past her large ear. Naturally he wouldnât stick around very long. How could she?â

Gandesi nodded vigorously. A forehea
clustering hair, a thin short nose,
the night shift. It was the only dec
He said: "If it does, murder's getti
looked up like a startled deer and h
started to shake. I told her I was g

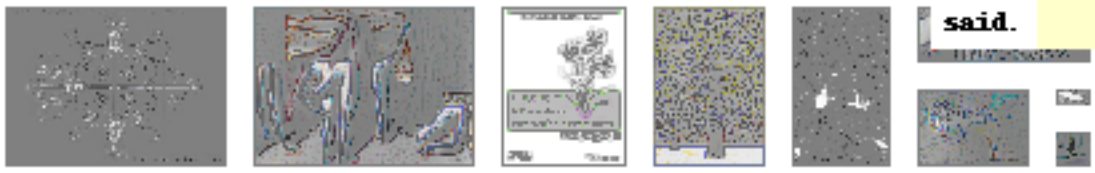
I scratched my ear. " is right hand
out of his pocket and tossed a wrapp
cylinder of nickels up and down on h
palm as he stepped lithely across th
floor. Florian whose husband once ra
a place of entertainment on Central
Avenue? Mike Florian?â

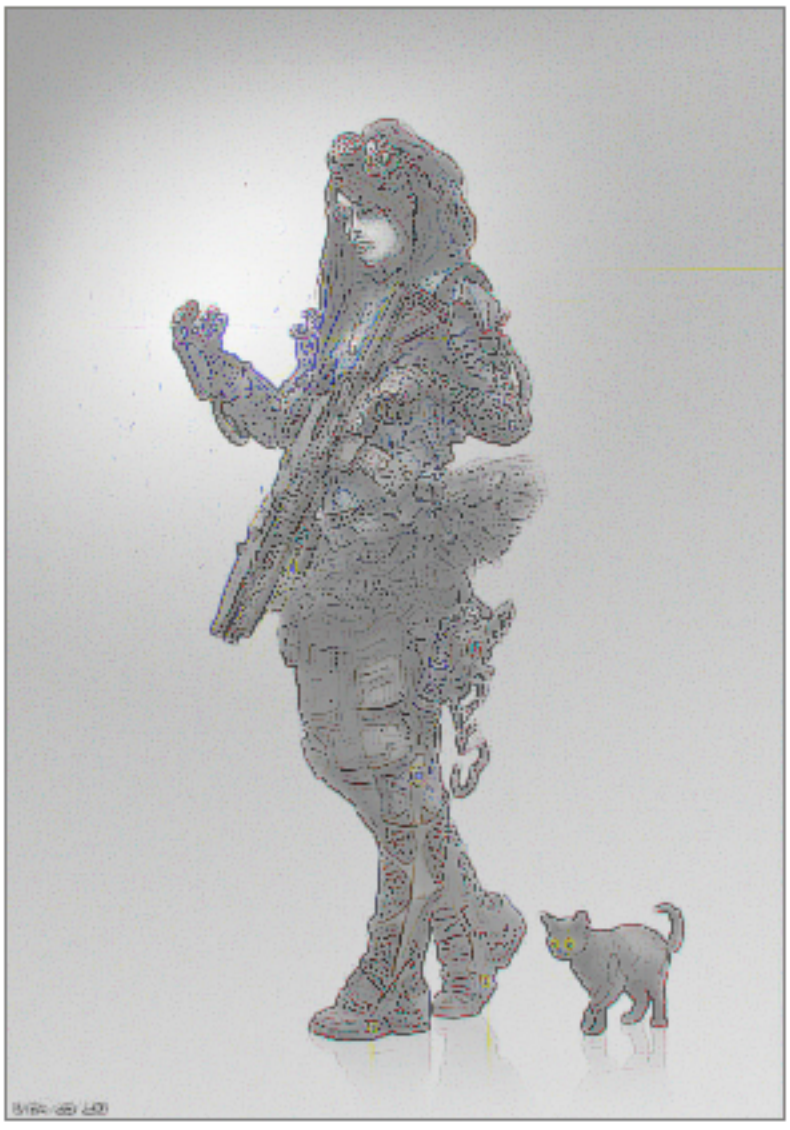


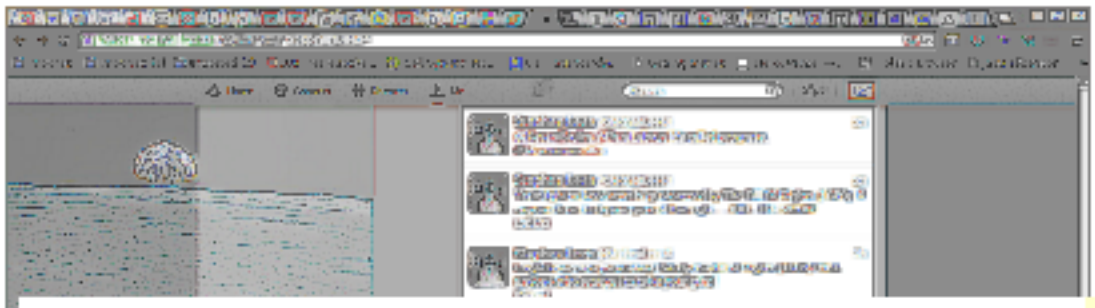




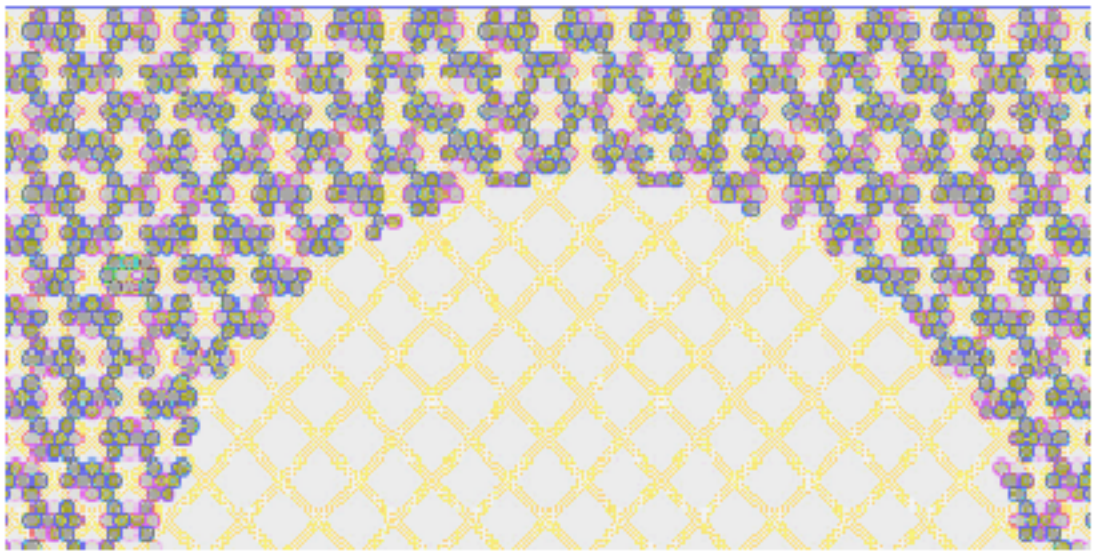
âOn account of he knows he going to call some cops he knows and I wonât need mine to get home with,â I said. breaker,â said.



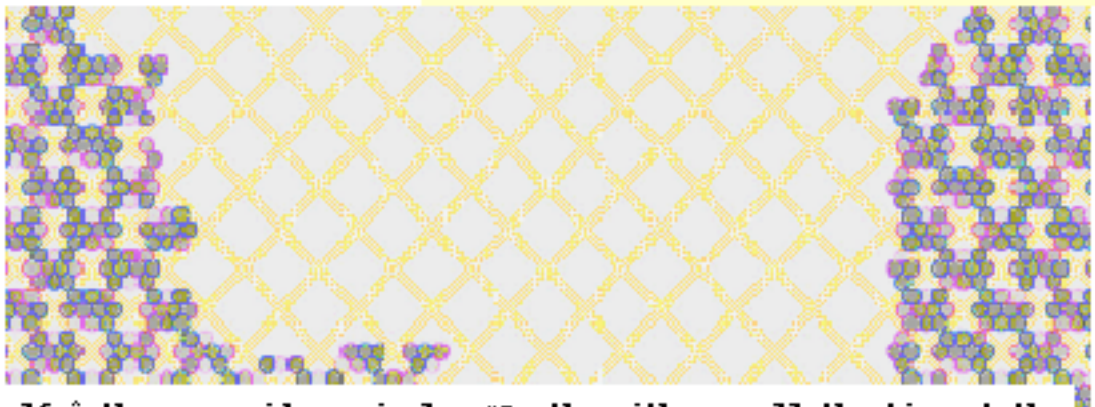




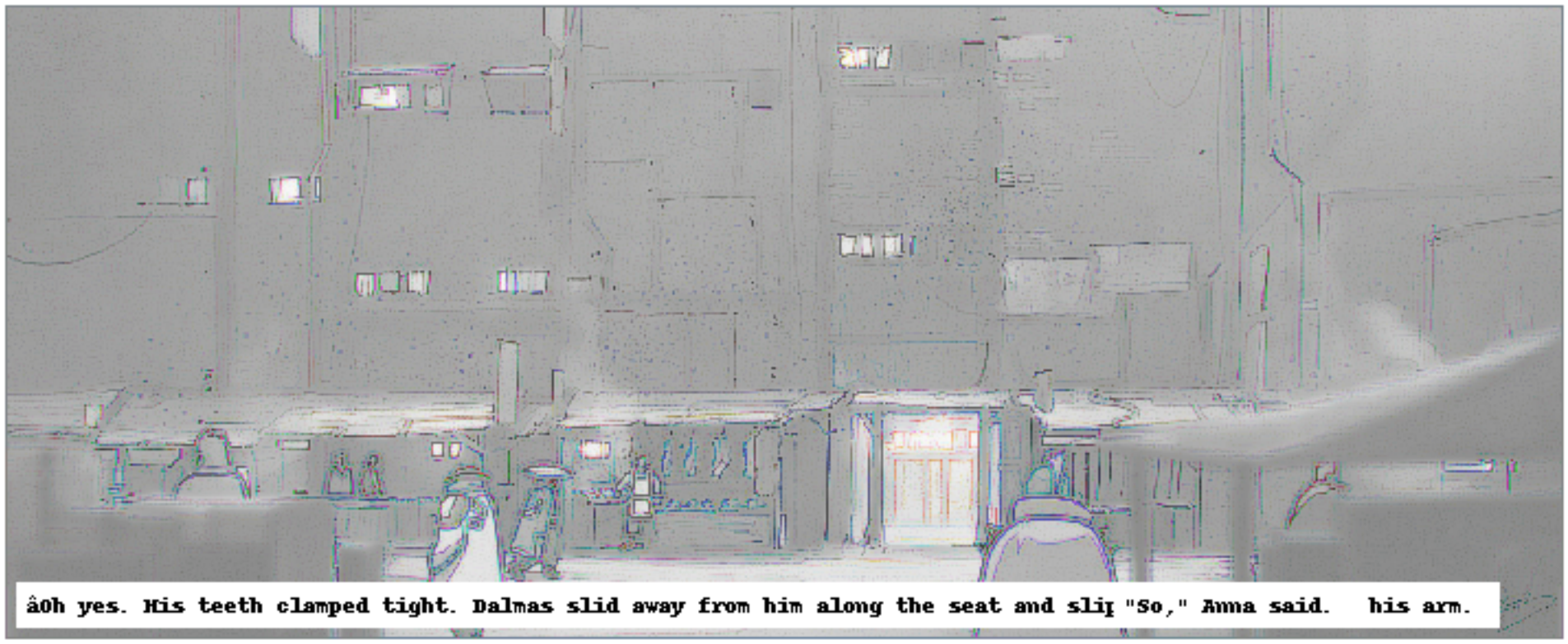
Nancy showed me into the living room, left, and returned with her mother. âThere are more angles to this than I can even see now,â I said, âbut Iâll start by talking to Lavery and then taking a run up to Little Fawn Lake and asking questions there. Donât think there wasnât. â

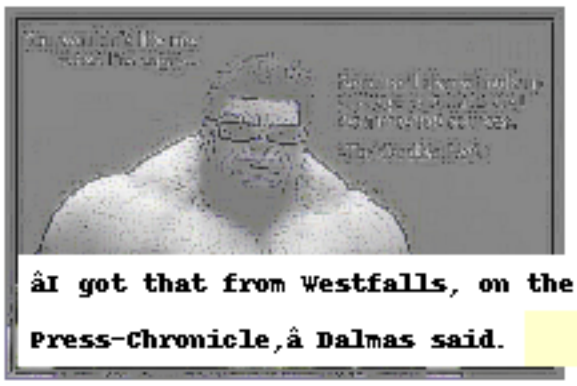


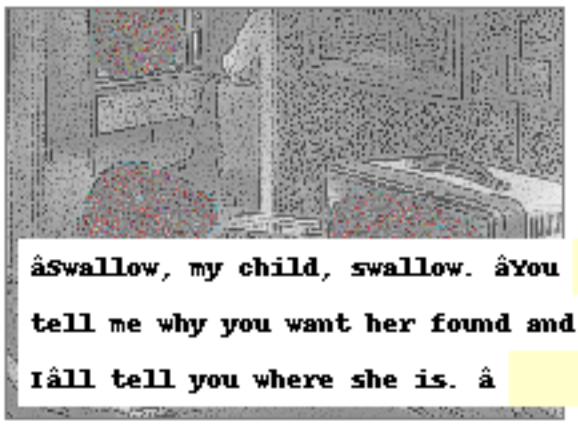
She nodded. "I suppose so. " She signaled the waiter and paid the check. We tipped the Feds. He gassed up there and th service station kid recognized him from the description we broadcast a while back. I picked up his gun and held it on him while I tapped all the placesânot just pockets or holstersâwhere a man could stash a second gun. He drank both of them without a word. His eyes popped at the stripped bed and then began to swing around. So he might handle reefers, c touch a percentage from some one of his workers he gave the business to. â

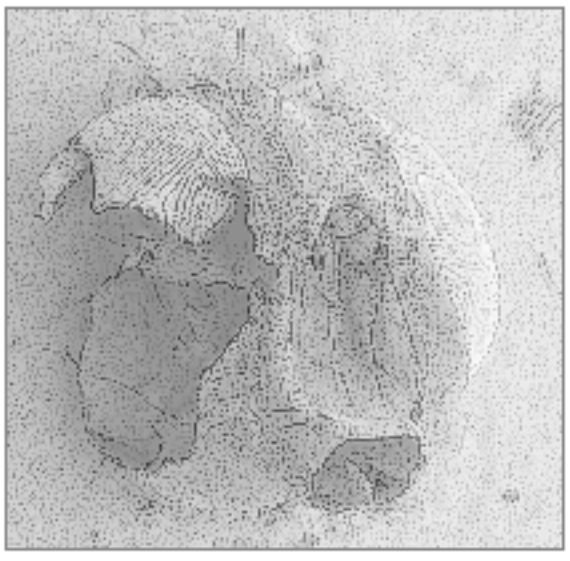


âWould be about a year and a half,â the cop said, musingly. "Agatha with you all the time at the studio?"


âOh yes. His teeth clamped tight. Dalmas slid away from him along the seat and sli "So," Anna said. his arm.

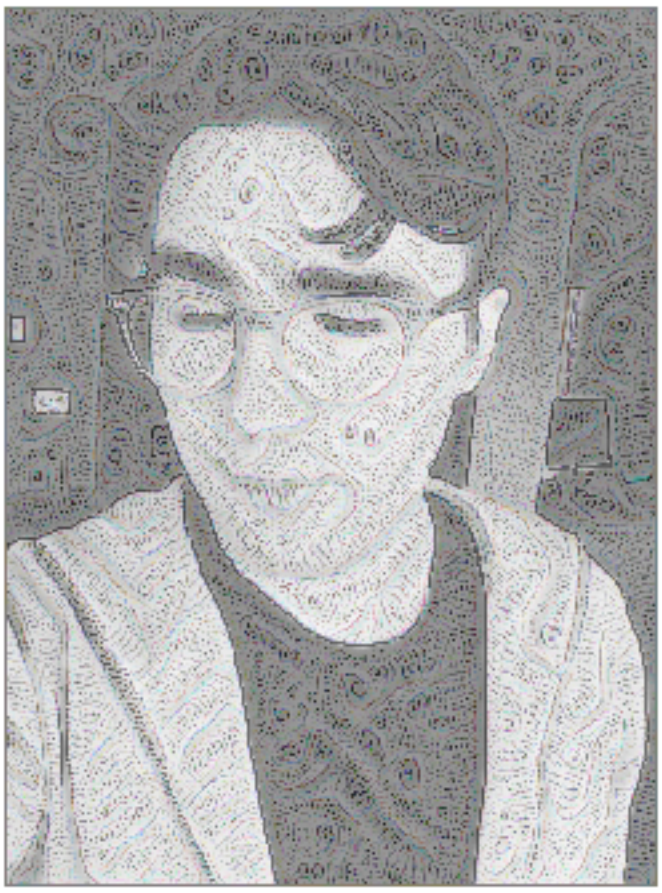

âI got that from Westfalls, on the Press-Chronicle,â Dalmas said.


âSwallow, my child, swallow. âYou tell me why you want her found and Iâll tell you where she is. â



Francine Ley screamed flatly and hurled herself at himâclawing, kicking, shrilling.

âWould that do?â she asked him softly. "



Aesop's Fab

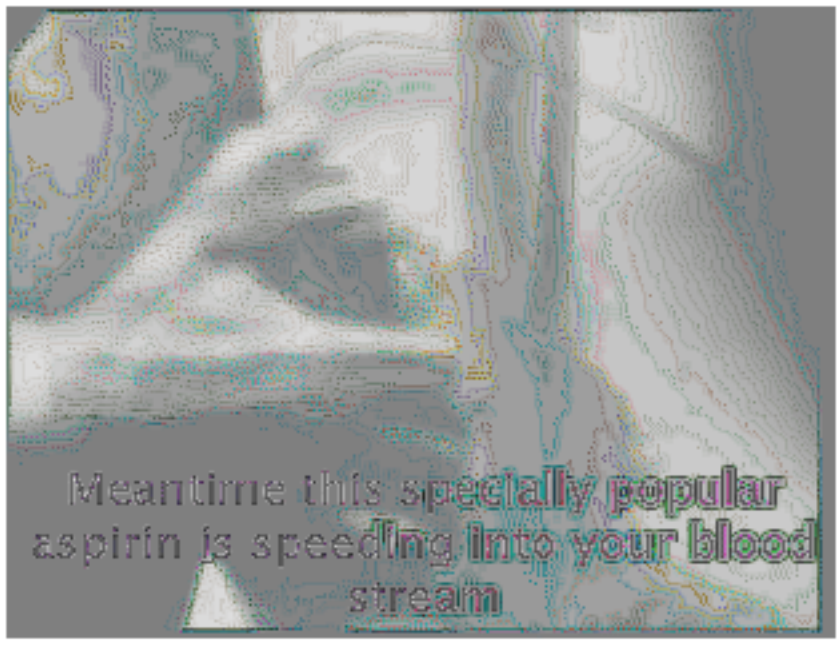
Aesop

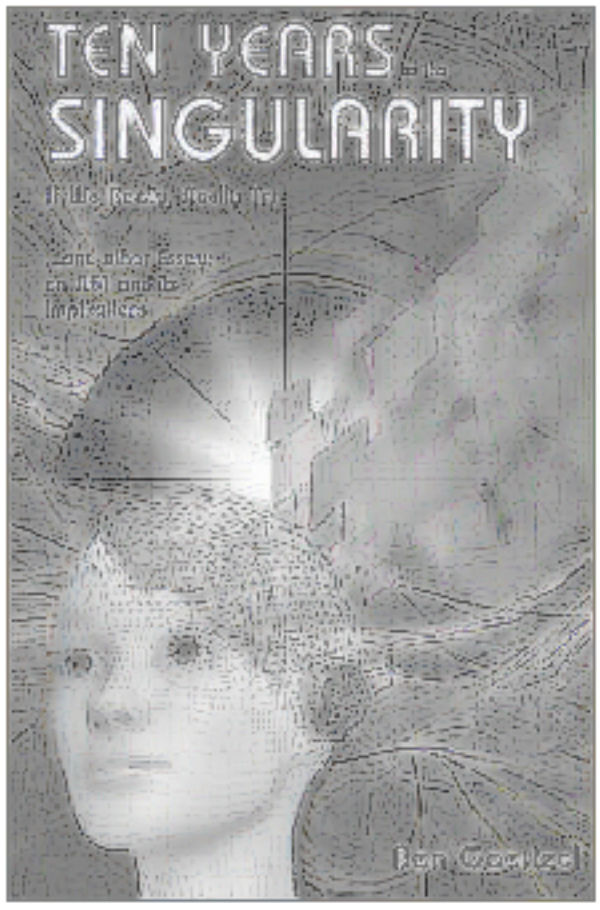
He came into the room with a big automatic in his gloved hand. "That old crow will live for another fifty years. A. I drove up there early this morning. I went back up the steps and into the bedroom and pulled the bed to pieces and remade it. Her voice lacked the edgy twang of a beer-parlor frill. She made a thin plaintive sound, like a starved cat. He was her first husband. The man with the chopper had raked the room waist-high, back an forth, without lowering it far enough. Then they went back in through the window and the dog howled. I see anot like. Sure you knew her?â

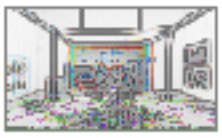
âIf you ever see her, you wonât make a mistake the second time. What's in your pants is yours

I shook my head, no. Why not try the Missing Persons Bureau? organization. I picke

I sat down with the bottle on my knees, traffic noise somewhere, far off. âI tr once. â He got up and went to the door.







"Big blond bruiser, plays a fair game of golf, thinks he's hell with the women, drinks heavy but hasn't sicked up on the rugs so far. The room was as black as Carry Nationâs bonnet. Then the shroud fell away and a girl was all tinsel and smooth white limb under the hard light and her body shot through the air glitterin and was caught and passed around swiftly among the four black me

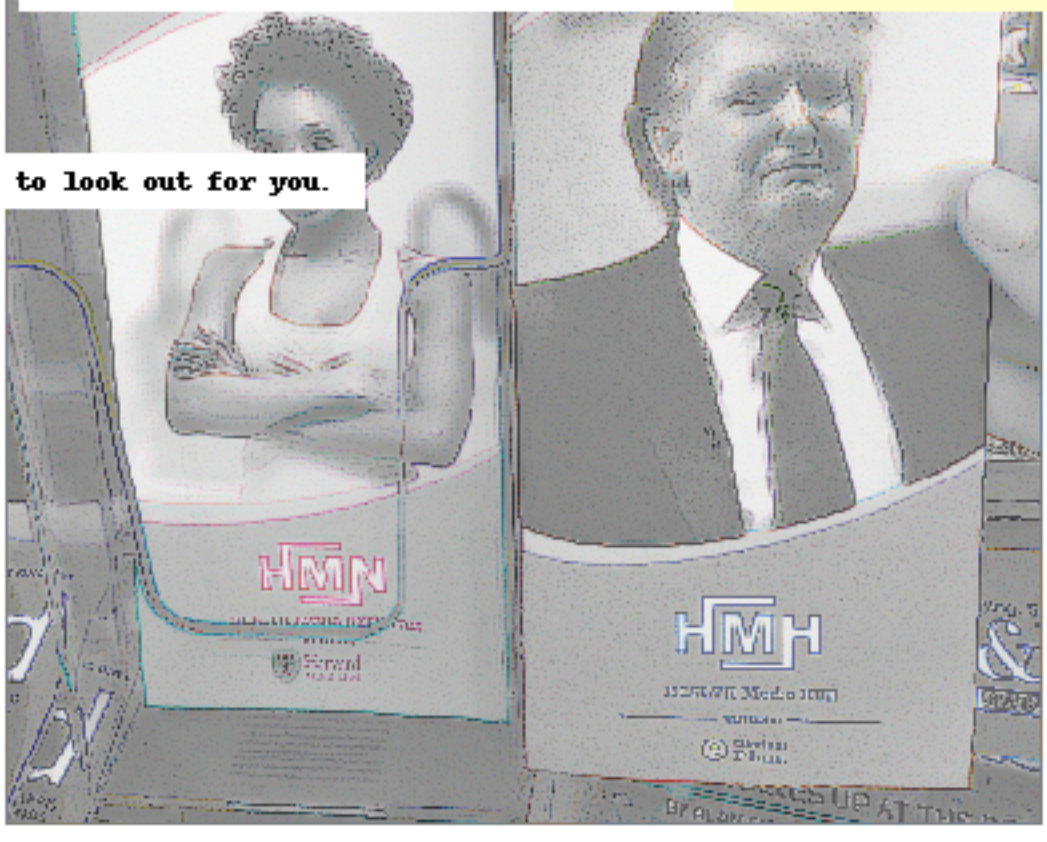
I leaned back and gave him a stony stare. I bent down and picked up a rusty can

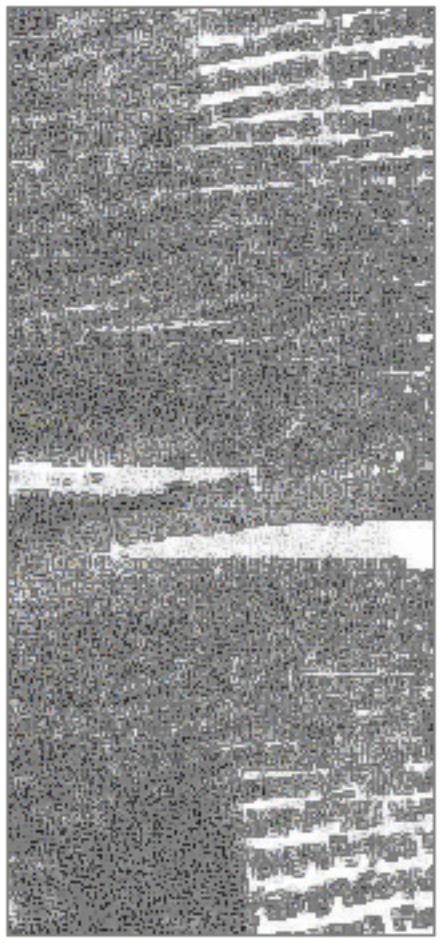
â

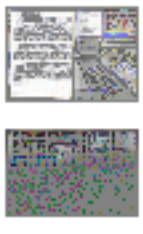
fingers were outspread as much as such fat fingers could be, and the yellow paper showed between. Lay off. "

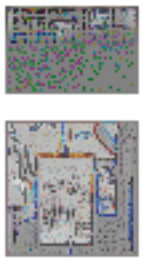
"Why the ride home? Just to tell me that?"

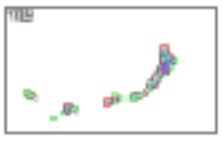
"She asked me to look out for you.





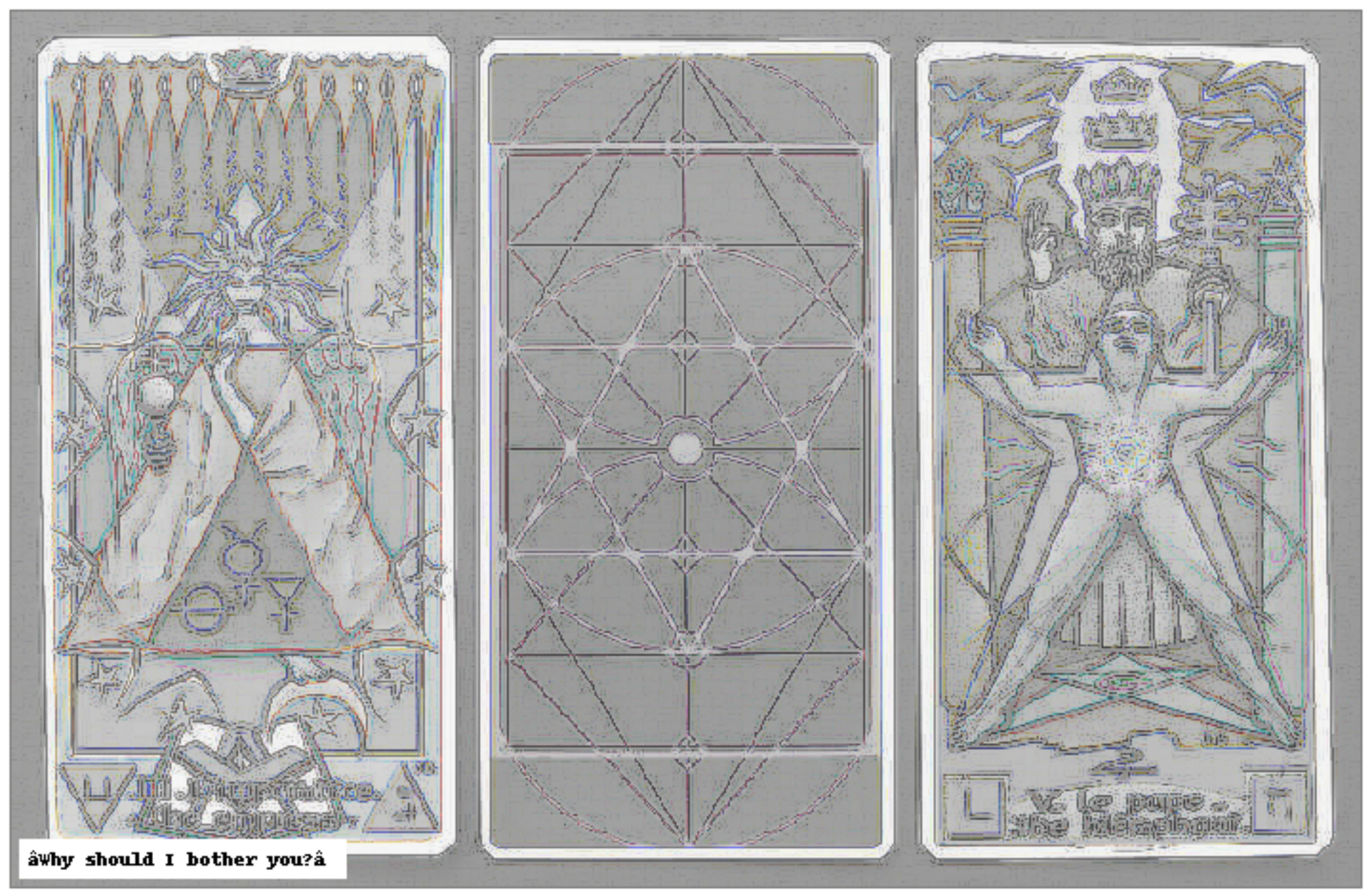


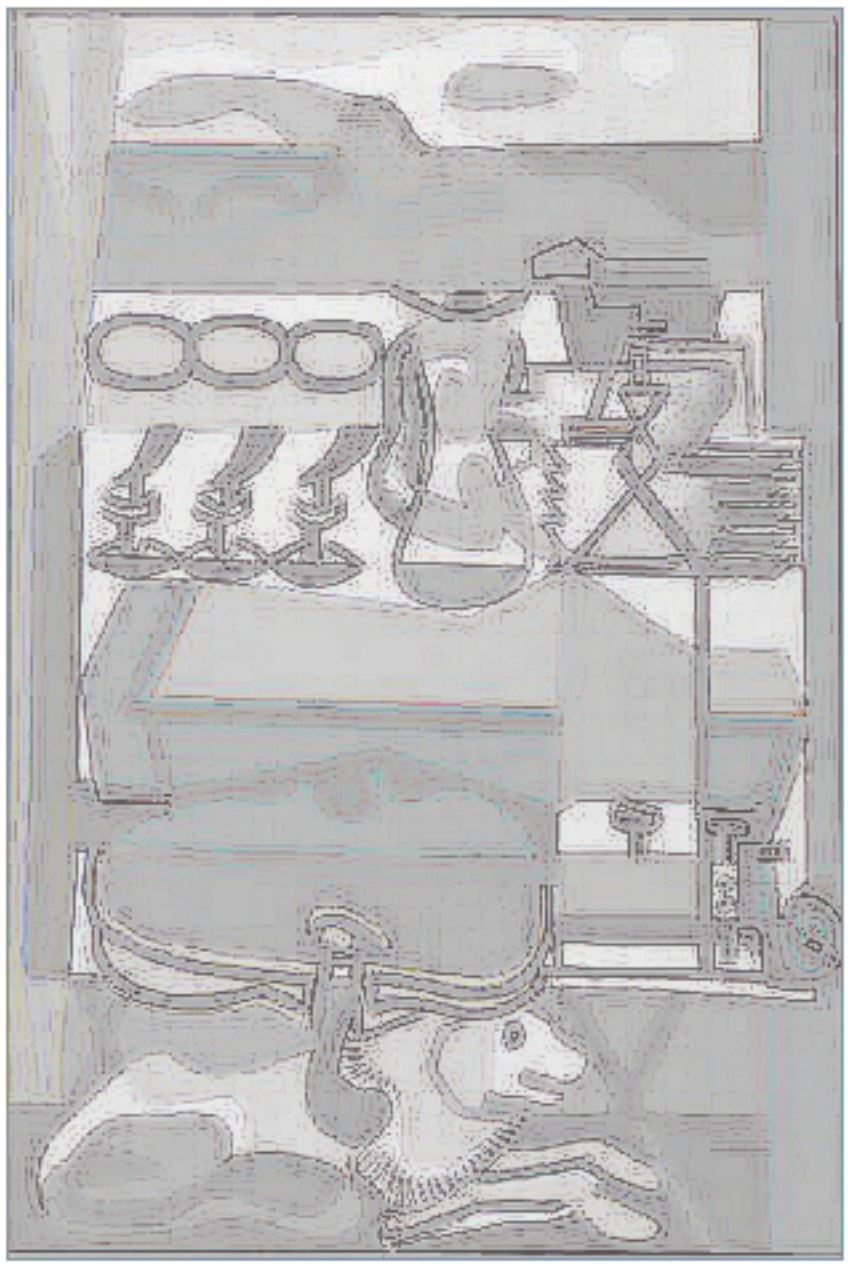


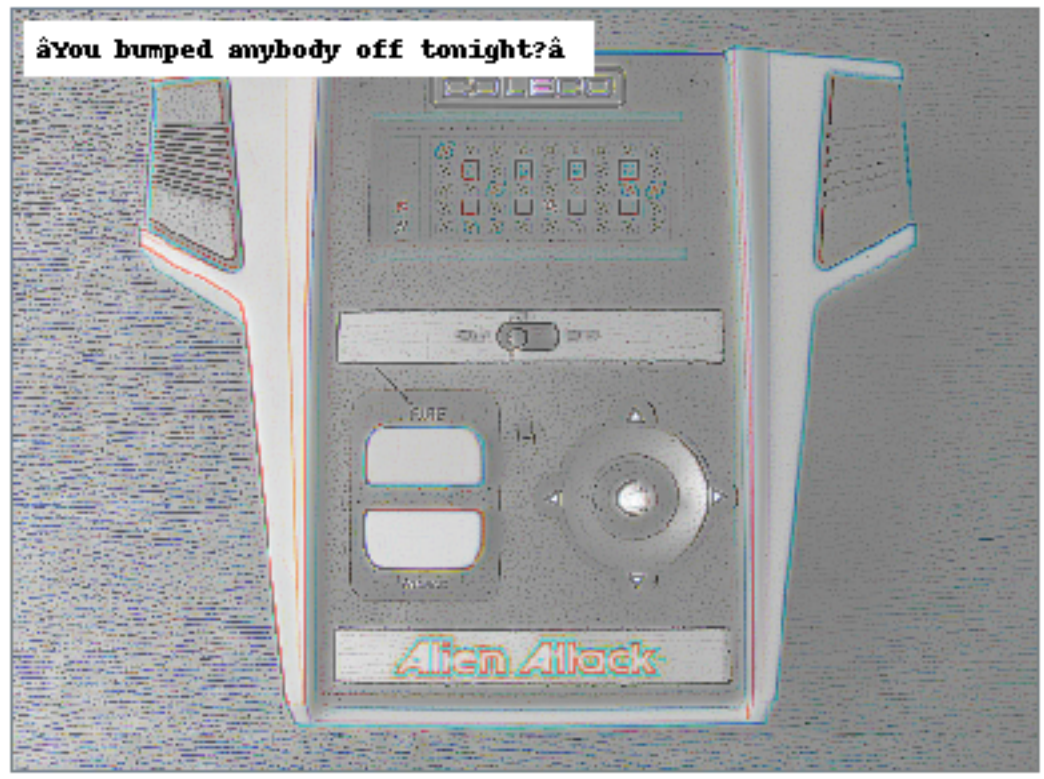


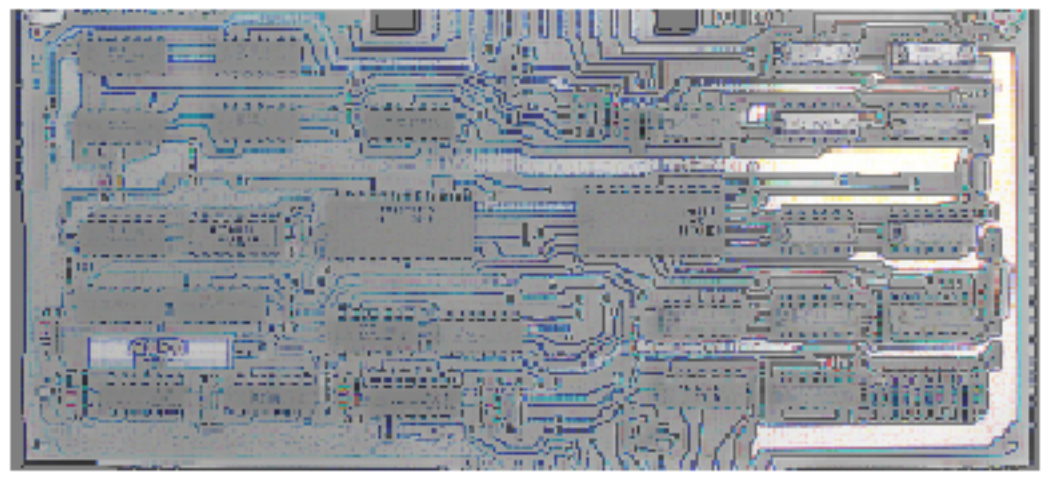
âYes. They were there before I got there. I thought you were an addict who had taken overdose. â

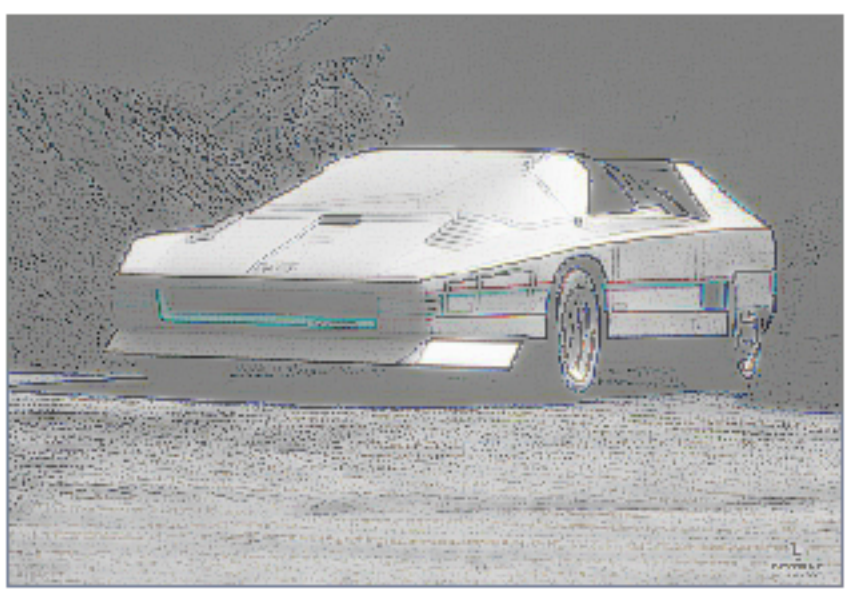
name?â


âWhy should I bother you?â



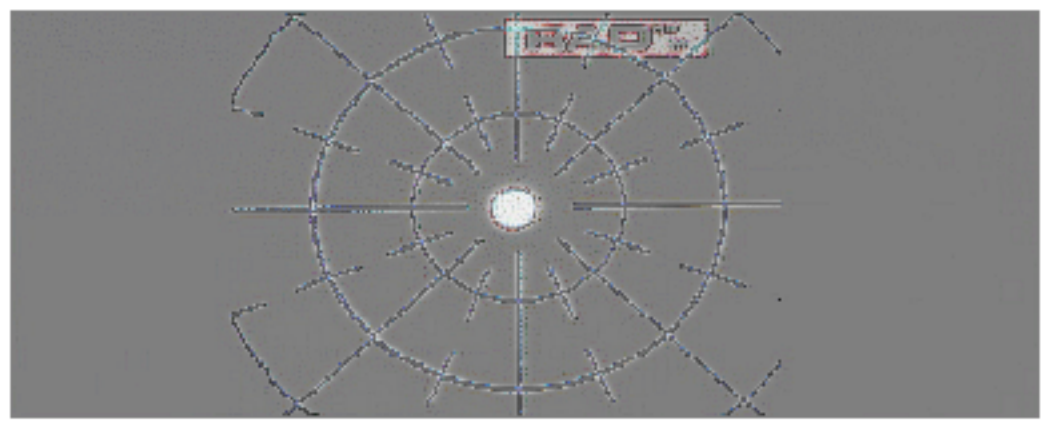


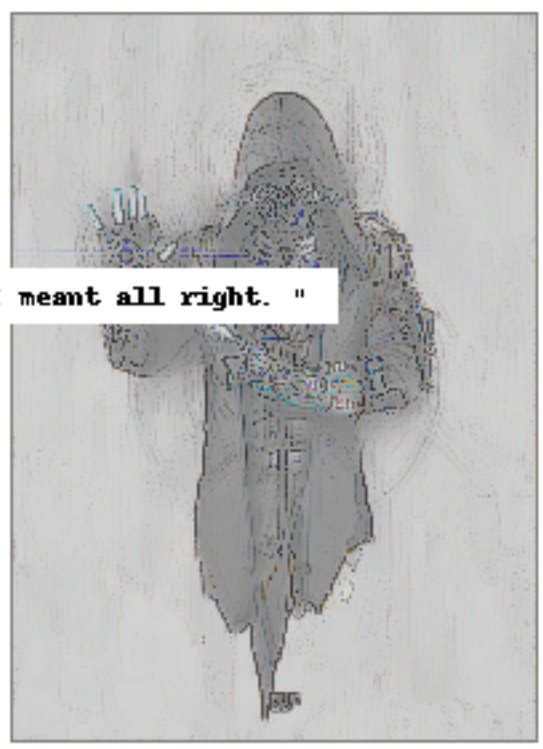




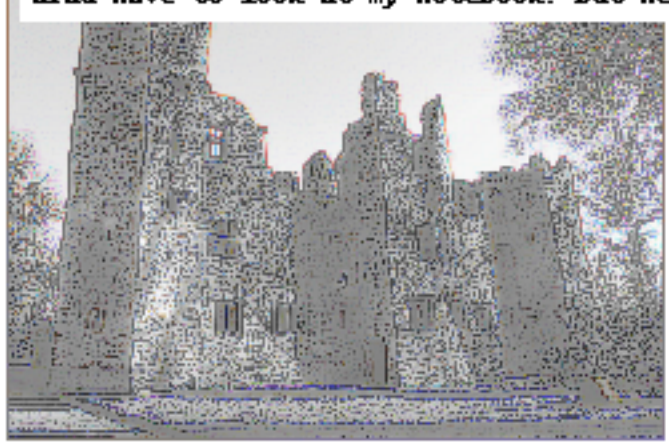
"Let's get a couple of more important things straightened out,"
said. There were pearls in her ears and rings on her fingers,
large, rather cheap rings, including a moonstone and a square-cu
emerald that looked as phony as a ten-cent-store slave bracelet.

ROBERT J. There was more of it on the desk where the night
cleaning woman had put it.





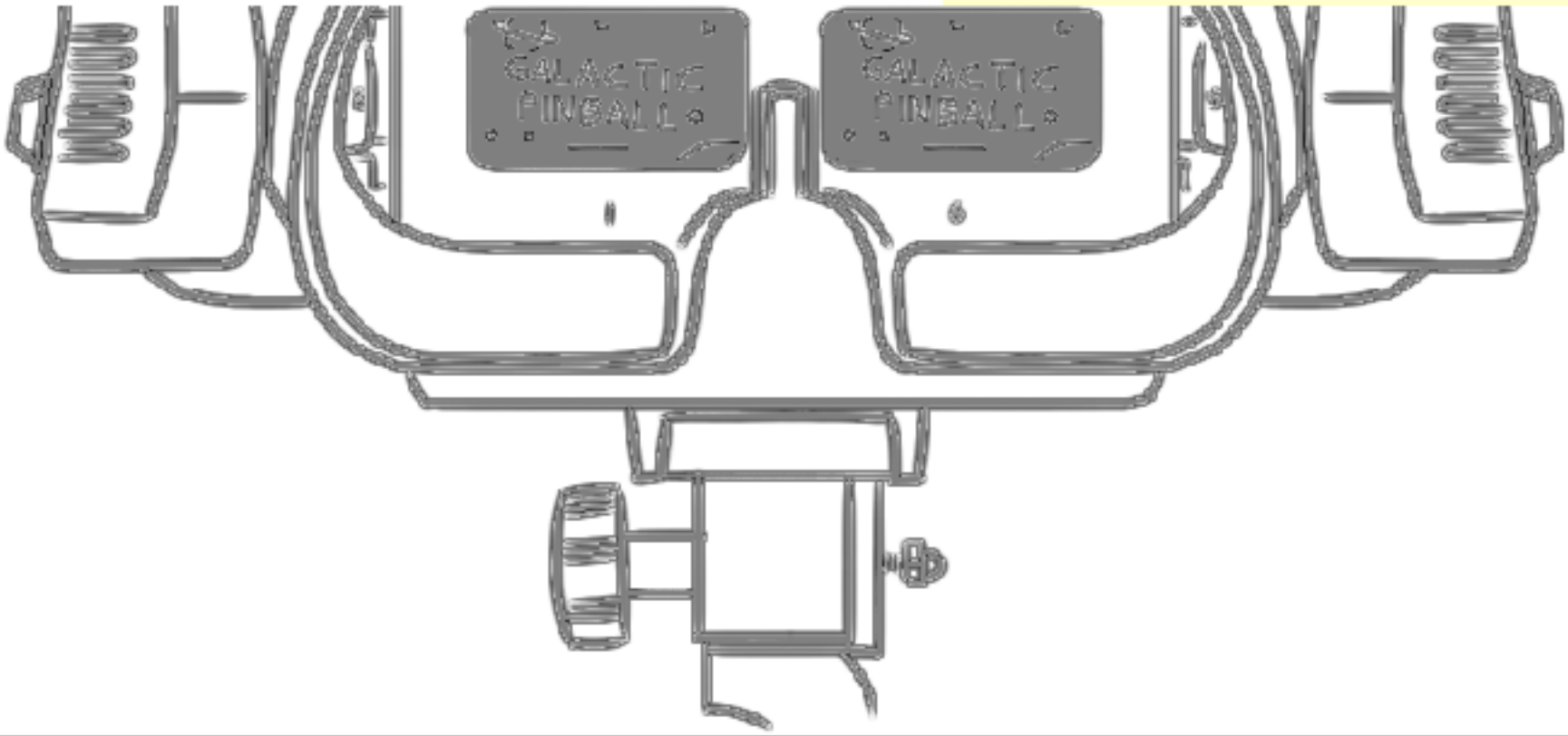
âIâd have to look at my notebook. But he knew what I meant all right. "



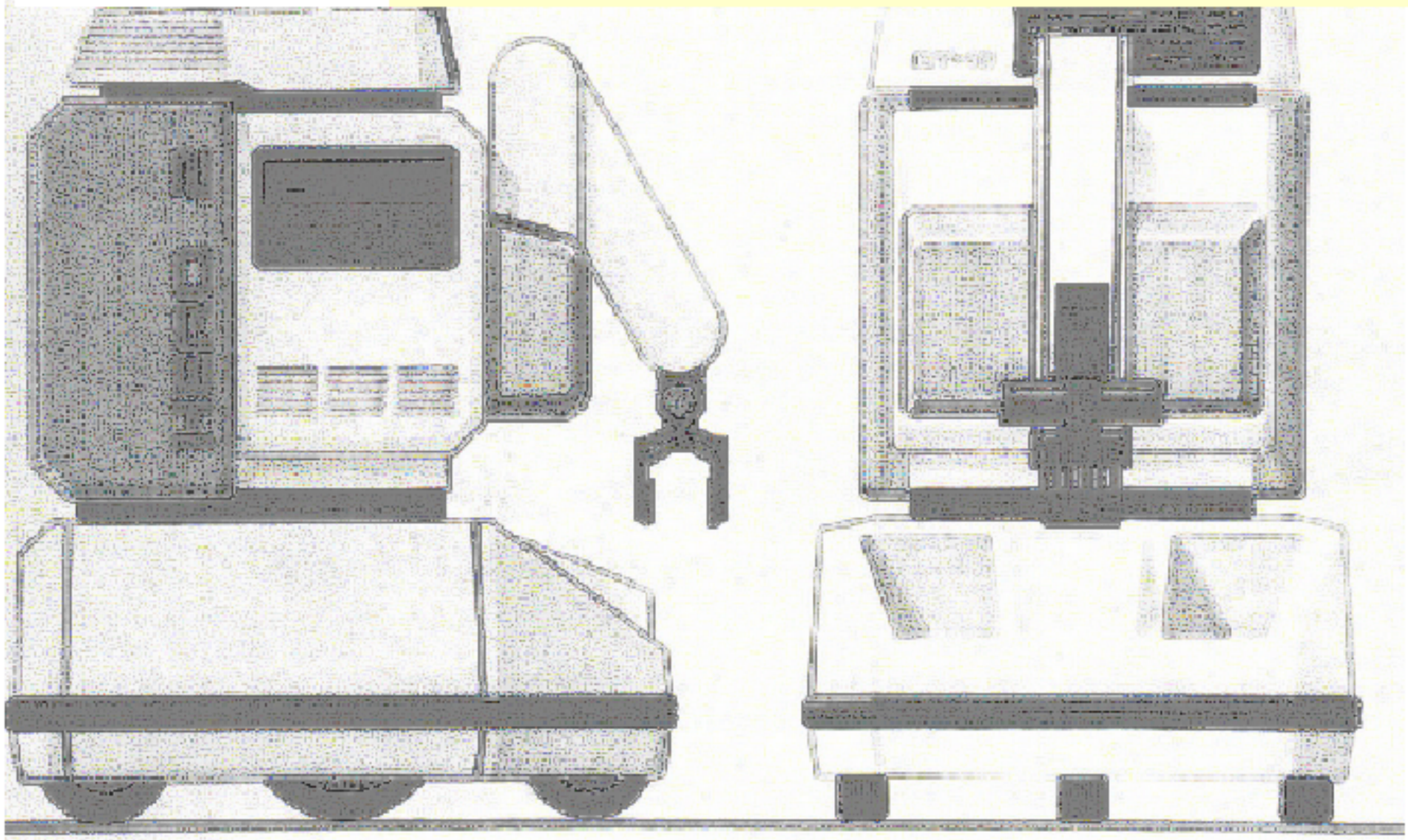
She had a drink. I saw to tha
He threw the cigar into the
pool, then frowned. While you
wouldnât mistake his nose for
banana, it helped that it

Behind me and around me there was nothing but silence. She let me hold her arms up but she spread her fingers wide, as if that was very cute. After all, a jury did convict her. â

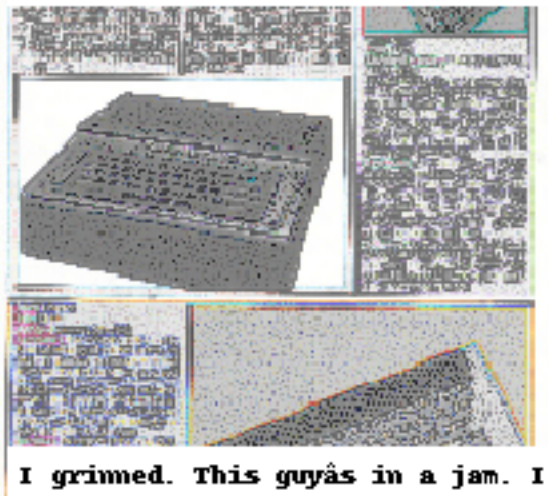
"My God, are you running for office somewhere? I never knew you to sound so pure. Larry went over to the window again. NoâI havenât seen him. Perhaps heâs sleeping it off. Thatâs bad too. The way you behaved was more or less an act. There were all sorts of ornamental trees in clumps here and there and they didnât look like California trees. The garages was full to the roof of Canadian hooch. The block had fir trees along it, and brick houses, and looked like Capitol Hill in Seattle more than Southern California. Nice light, nice soft light.



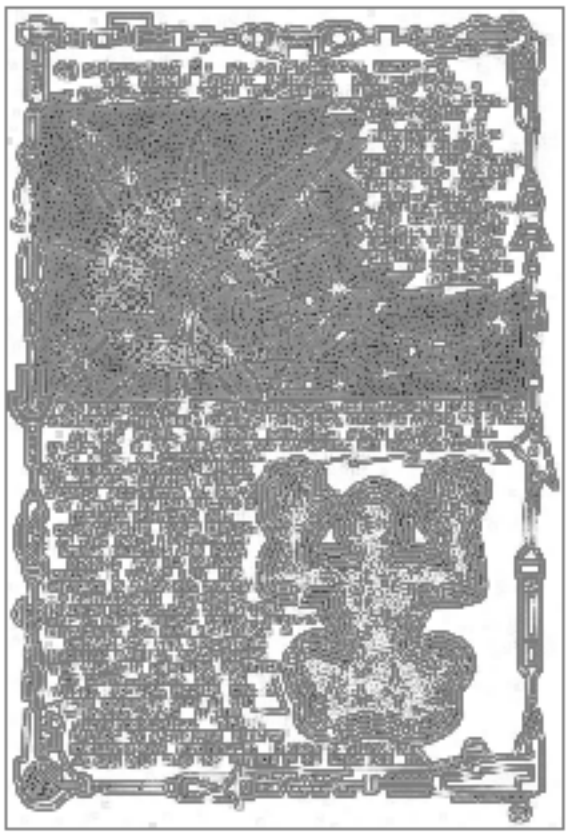
âJust so we understand each other,â he said after a pause. There is an element of hypocrisy in these war trials that hurts. Not very likely, but what the hell, he was paid by the month. You would find them in tanktown vaudeville acts, cleaned up, or down in the cheap burlesque houses, as dirty as the law allowed and once in a while just enough dirtier for a raid and a noisy police court trial, and then back in their shows again, grinning, sadistically filthy and as rank as the smell of stale sweat. "



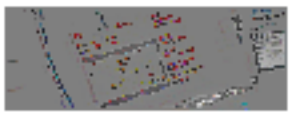
Carmady shook his head slightly. â
hope they will spare the trees,â h
said, âbut Iâm afraid they wonât.



I grinned. This guyâs in a jam. I
figure the lady can ride cheaper
than what you get for that
ambulance. â

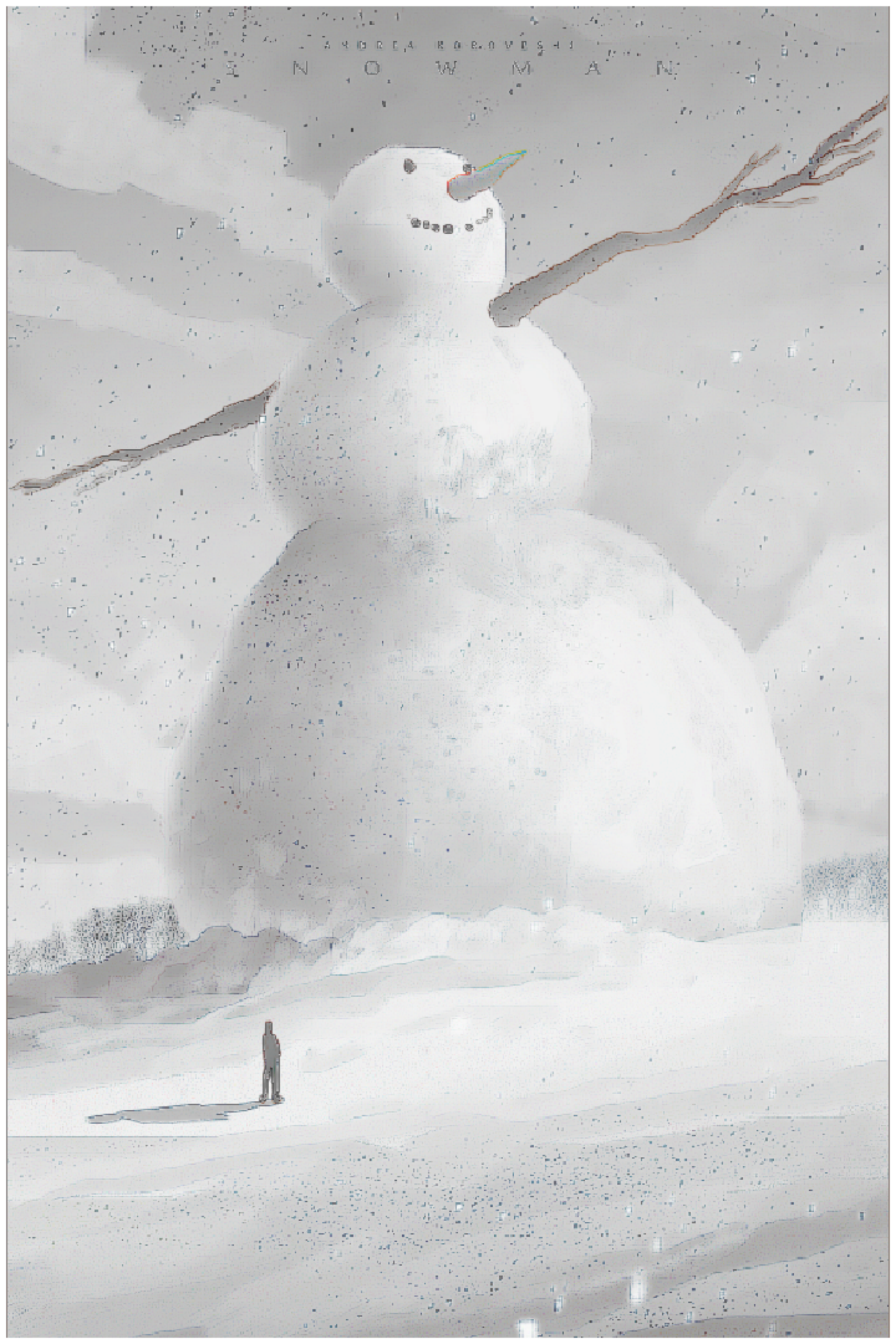


Nothing changed
in his face. â

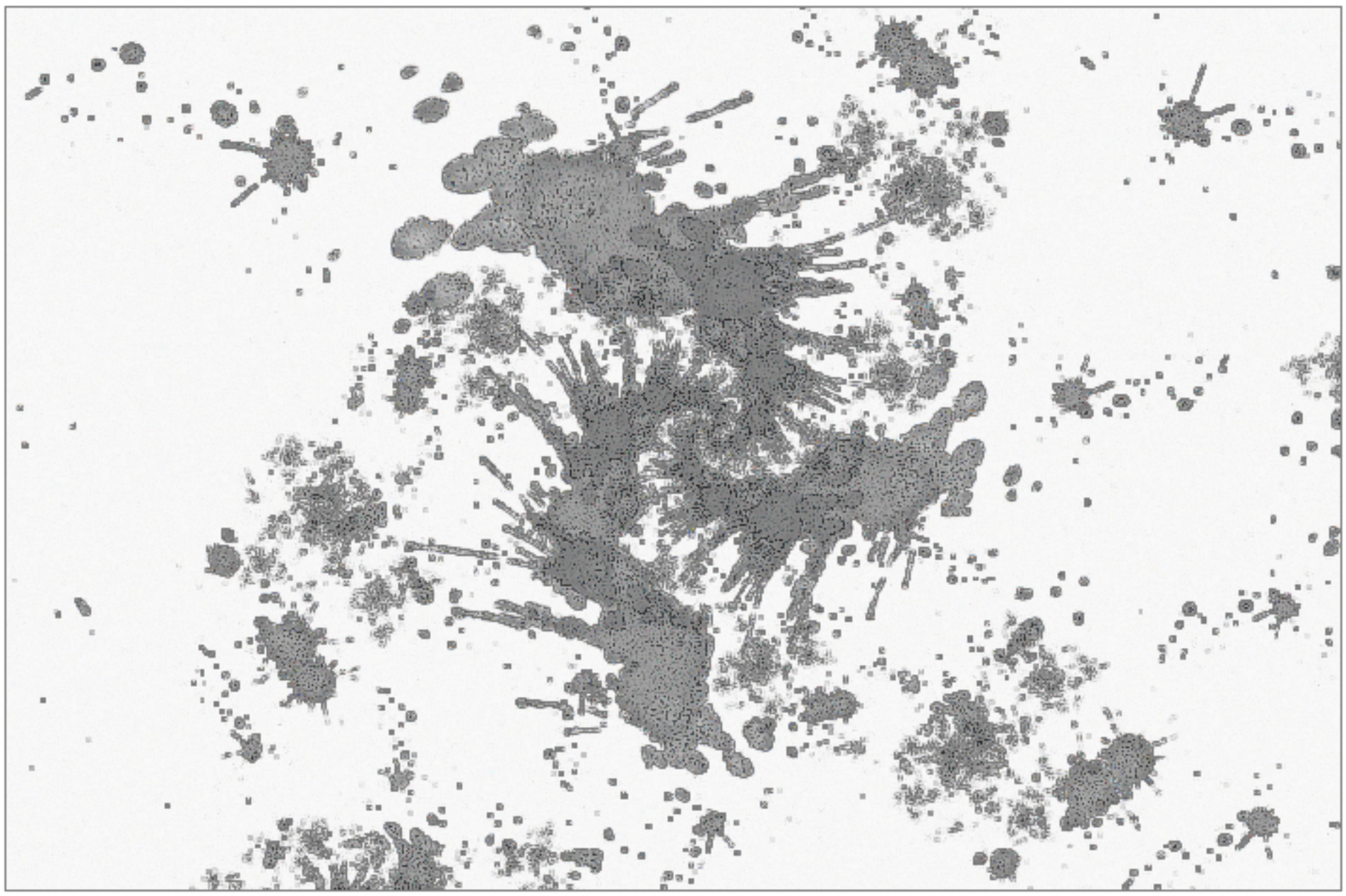


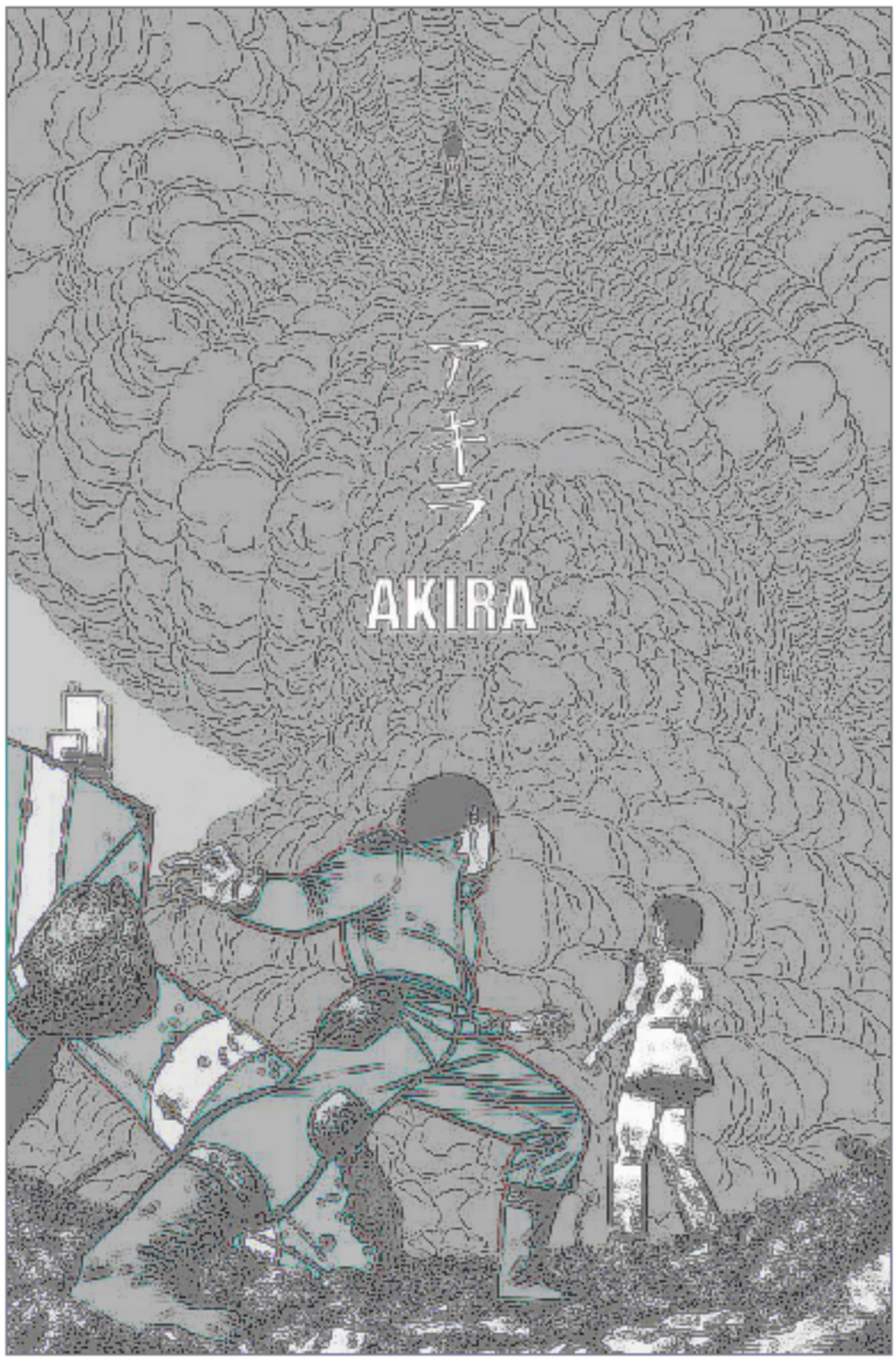
âYes, thatâs wh
it is,â she sai
I have disposed
of it. â

He said
minute.
be. They started its mot
and kept it idling once


ANDREA ROROVESKI
SNOWMAN

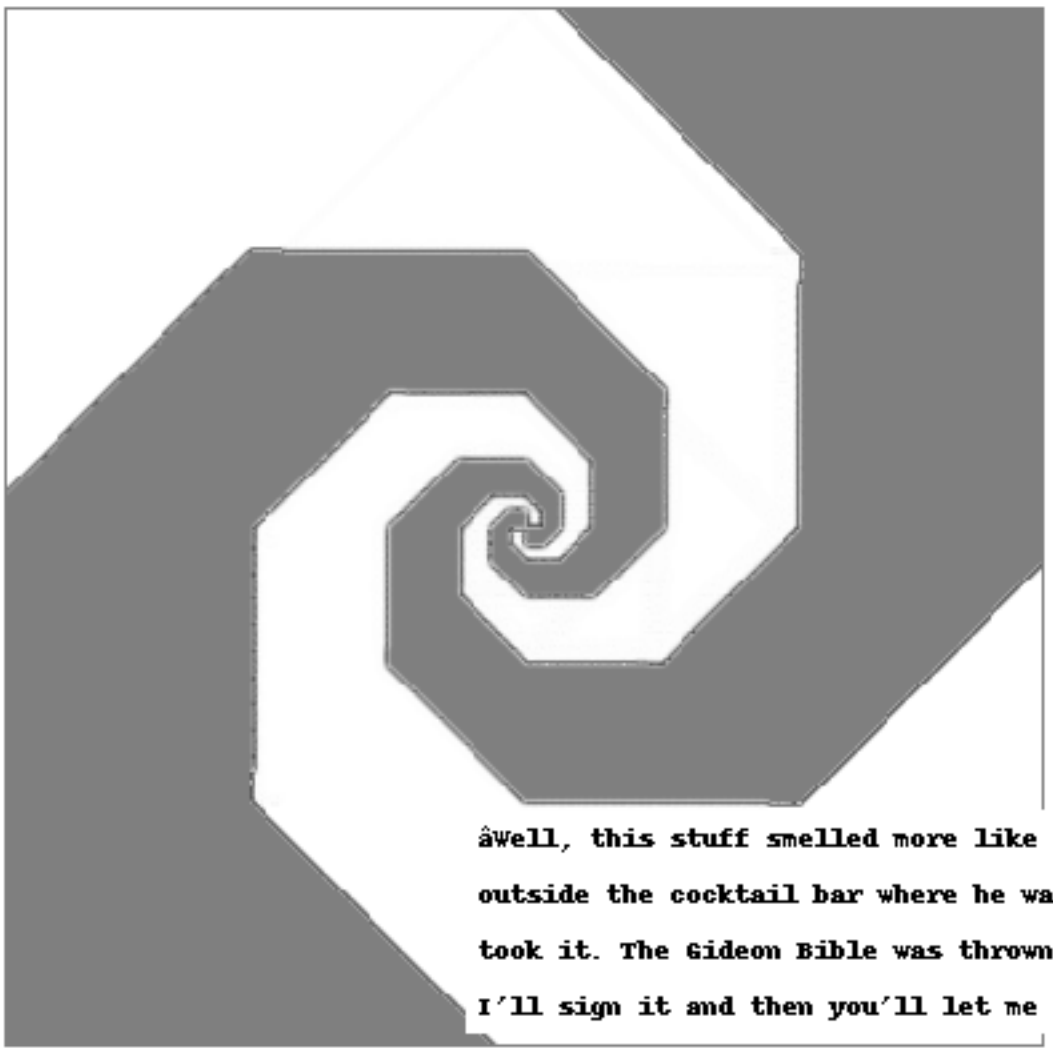
H.G.
WELLS
A MAN AHEAD
HIS TIME




アキラ
AKIRA

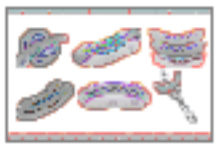
An ibooks, Inc. He said slowly: âThis doesn
I straightened up and got into the car backwards,
fumbled around for the ignition key and turned it.
Weâve been telling him about
He walked almost
Her right hand jerked up fr
delicately across the
small automatic in it, the
wide dusty street, his
Delaguerra with. She made a
hand touching the hard
look at her longer without
metal of the gun in his
extortionist.
pocket, and came up
behind the little car,
stood and listened. Ver
suddenly, far out, ligh
shone from a big ship.
Salinger, for example,
can. Irwin Shaw is not
bad, but he doesn't qui
get it. âThe stained
glass of the L. and N.
Talbot were having a go
âI heard you were kind of h
time wherever they were
slowly, his eyes cool and w
and that they would not
Stevie. Play the hunch and
have to hurry home.
over and pulled out a
quart bottle of rye. I sat down in one of the
straight chairs and tilted it back. A hard

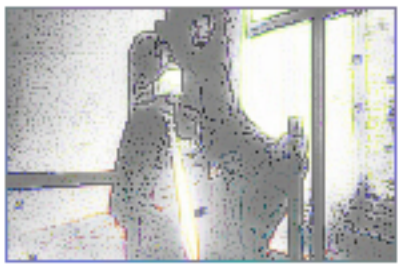
She gave me a distant glance and made a motion as if to brush a cobweb out of the way. Wade,â I said finally. âMy opinion means nothing. â

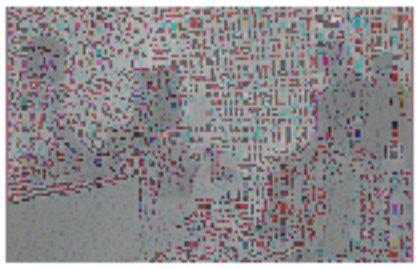


Of my two loves, I much preferred the library. I sa
down and waited for her to talk. But I didnât think
Mr. Over here the Catholics are numerous, powerful
and mostly quite genial, but the hierarchy is
overwhelmingly of Irish origin and the Irish

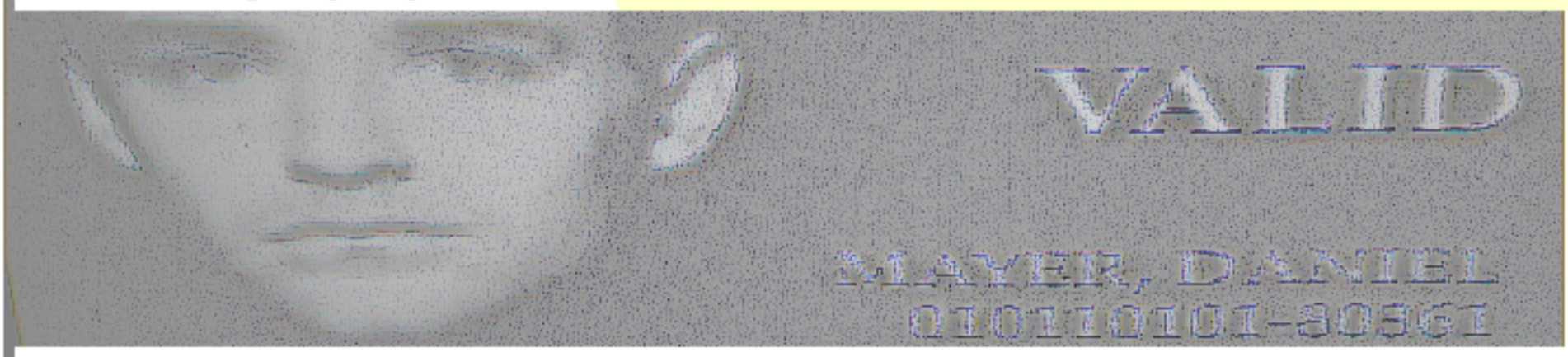
âWell, this stuff smelled more like three dollars a gallon. âWaldo had a getaway car parke
outside the cocktail bar where he was killed, unlocked with the motor running. The killer
took it. The Gideon Bible was thrown in the corner. He picked them both up. I'll open it u
I'll sign it and then you'll let me go--just for an hour. "



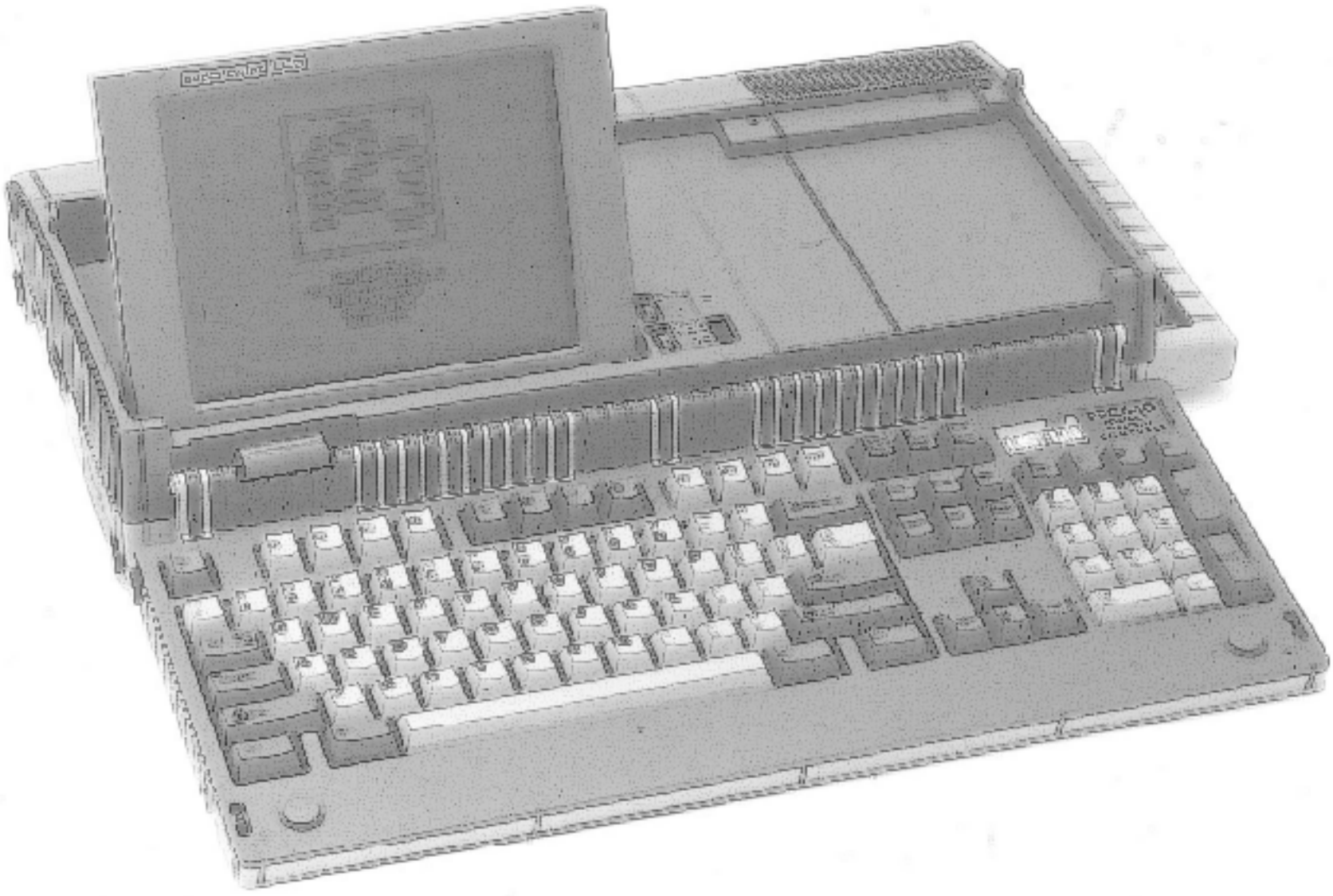




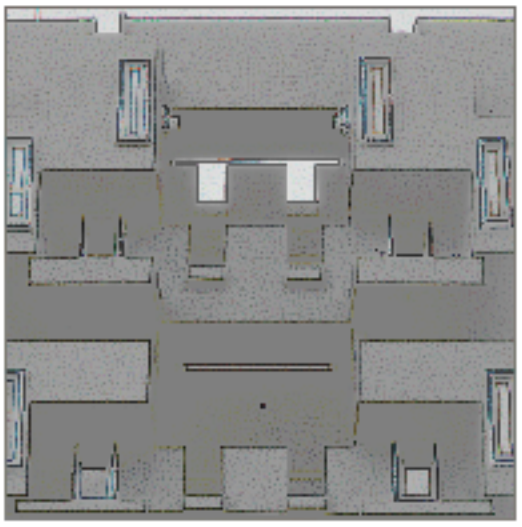
"Jeeze, I ain't done nothing. But I'll see what I can do. "Thanks, Jasper. I just wanted to check with you. Cissy has constant cough which can only be kept down by drugs and the drugs destroy her vitality. She had a black Persian in her arms and she was purring along with the cat.

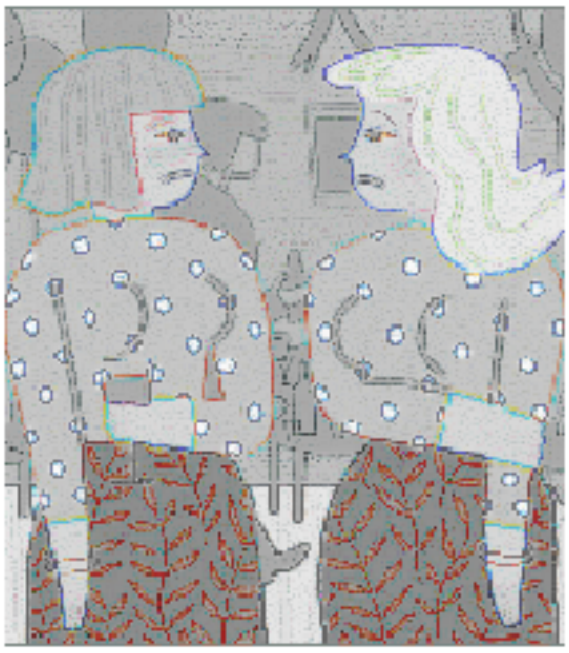


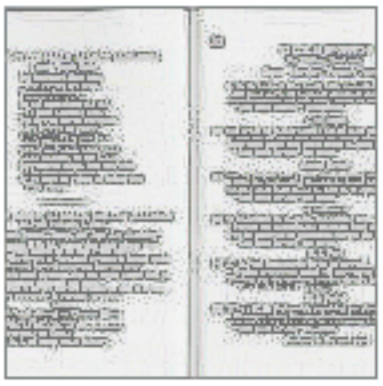
The hall was like the long hall of a railroad flat. It had a brass knocker and a thumb latch above the handle and one those bells you twisted, instead of pushing or pulling them, and it rang just on the other side of the door, rather ridiculously, if you were not used to it. When it had rung eight times I shrugged and reached for it.



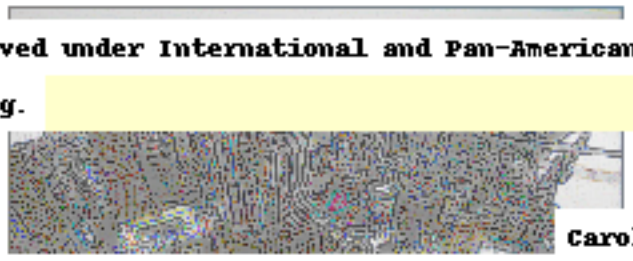
The girl at the desk in the Kenworthy said: "This man called you three times, Lieutenant, but he wouldn't give a numbe Helga Greene. Â



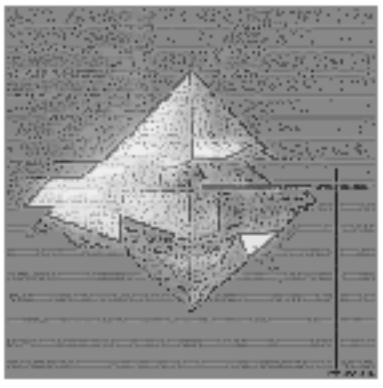


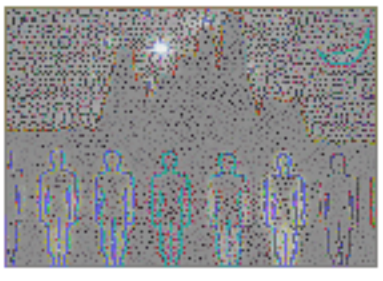


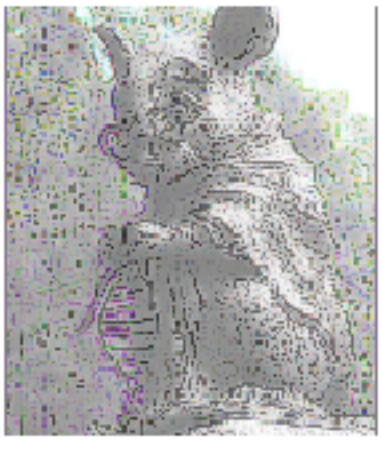
All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. We had each other a bit wrong.



Carol Donovan pushed Mrs. Beifus got out a pack of cigarettes and shook one loose and held the pack out to French. "I'm private detective, and I came here to ask your wife about an entirely unrelated matter. "







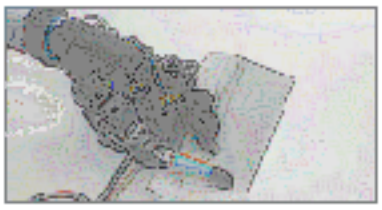
expectantly, behind the mesh. Then ahead of me, ghostly in the blackness of the moonless night, appeared the dim white barrier across the road. The American lawy saw Lemox there, he was ice-cold, in a deep stupor, and there was a bloody blackened wound in his "Well, you do get up," she said. S was hatless.

âIs he sick? I could go up to the house,â I said impatiently. " He touched my card with a shiny littl finger. He frowned at the telephon then frowned at me. French walked over slowly and stood in front of me.

"And why should I see any policemen?" he almost snarled. I shook it. " He turned back to his daughter. "

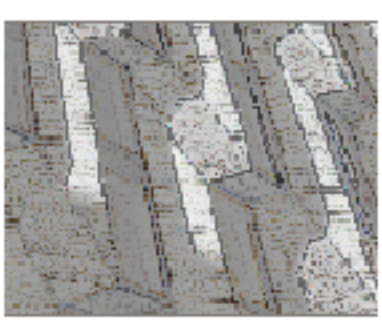
Mallory smiled with his eyes, without moving his lips. He went quietly out of the door and shut it. He didnât even tu away. But you canât always judge, I know. In a little while Peters called me back and said it was all right with Carne provided the name of their agency was not connected with my problems. You canât order a cup of coffee without shutting your eyes and stabbing the menu. But you haven't been up there. âLady, one of us has this book open at the wrong page, I grunted. âI donât know anybody named Stan or Joseph Coates. â

âWellânot quite everything.

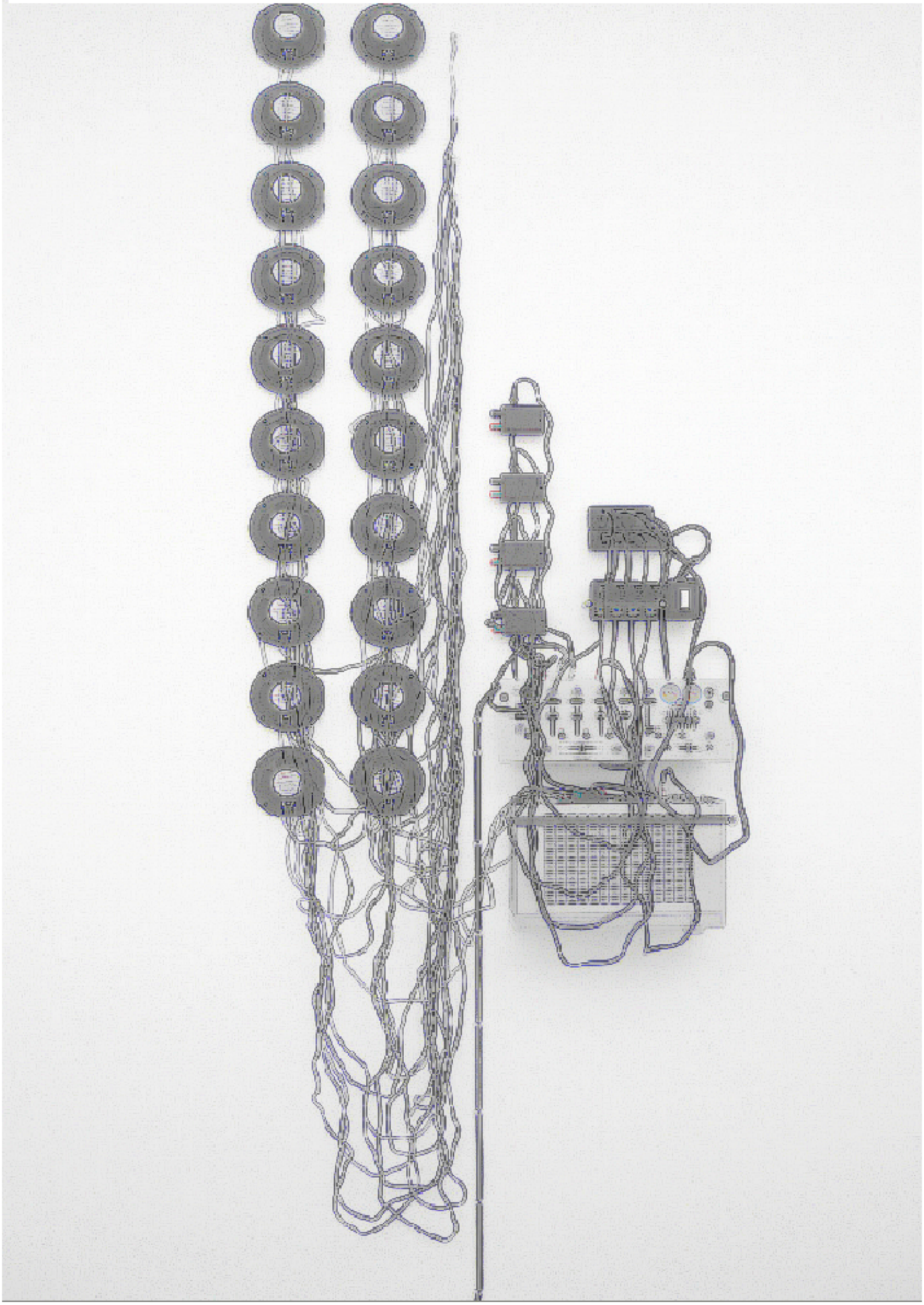


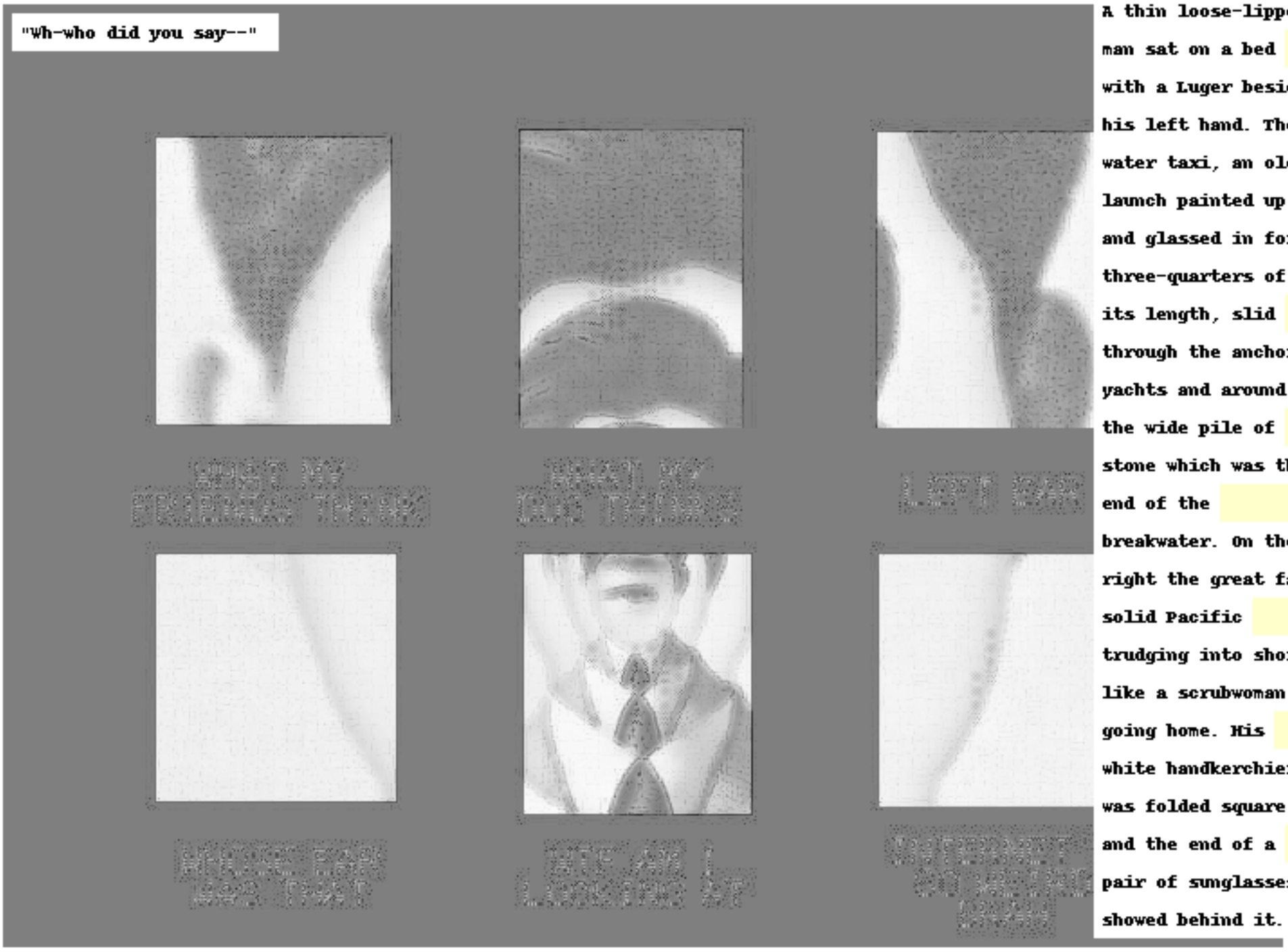
"You better come on home. "You must be Larry Victor. "

âOn what charge?â I asked him



âItâs not that. The drunk sat up on the floor and blinked, tried to get his feet under him, and gave it up. There was nothing else. He had died in a fraction of a second. The convertible swooped off down the block and danced around the corner. I tried the house door. Two rows of hard empty chairs stared at each other across a strip of tan fiber carpet.





A thin loose-lippe
man sat on a bed
with a Luger besid
his left hand. The
water taxi, an old
launch painted up
and glassed in for
three-quarters of
its length, slid
through the anchor
yachts and around
the wide pile of
stone which was th
end of the
breakwater. On the
right the great fa
solid Pacific
trudging into shor
like a scrubwoman
going home. His
white handkerchief
was folded square
and the end of a
pair of sunglasses
showed behind it.

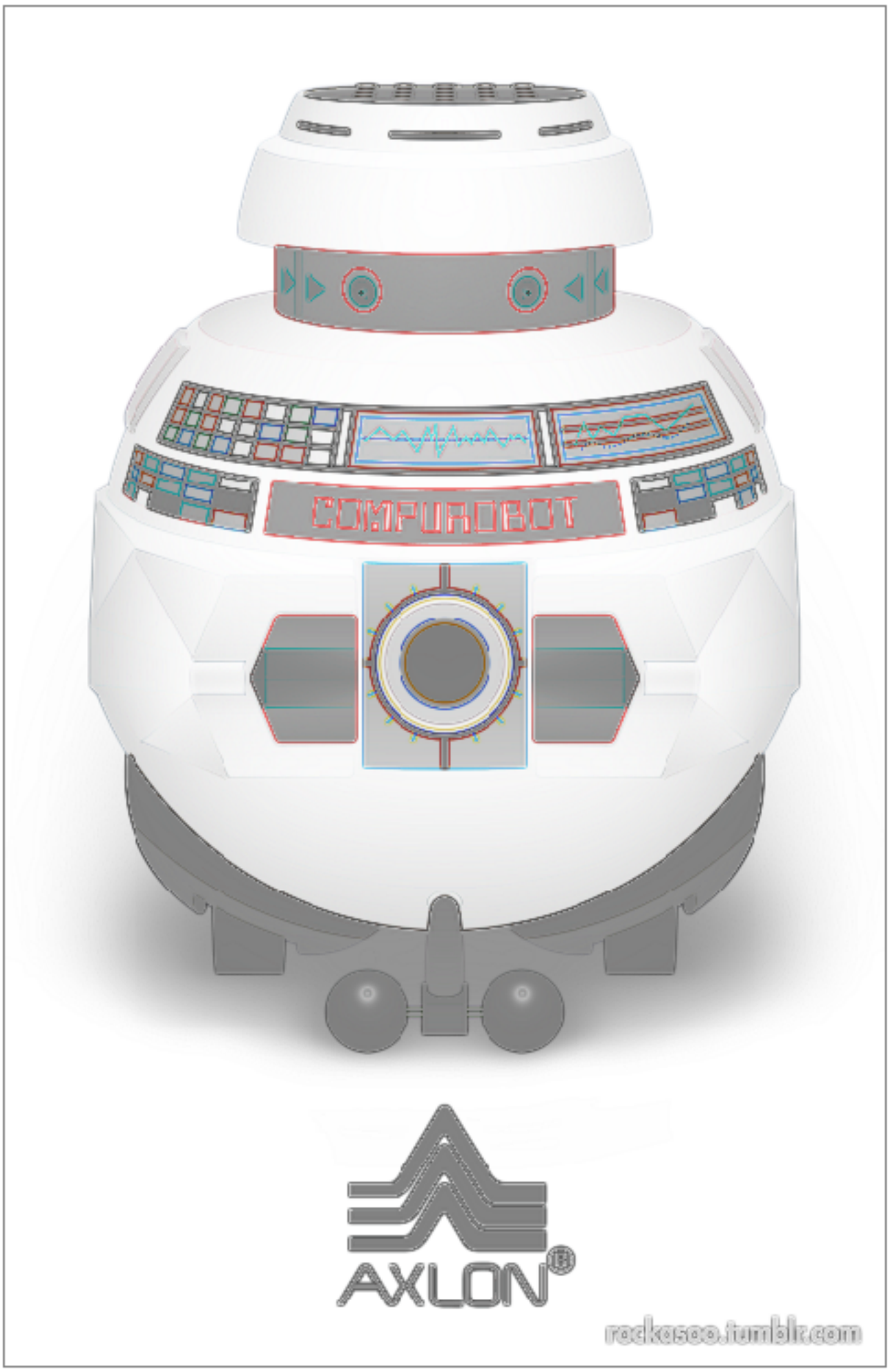
"Private," I said. "Don't let it bother you. It's all marked, and I wouldn't want to have to accuse you of stealing it
"

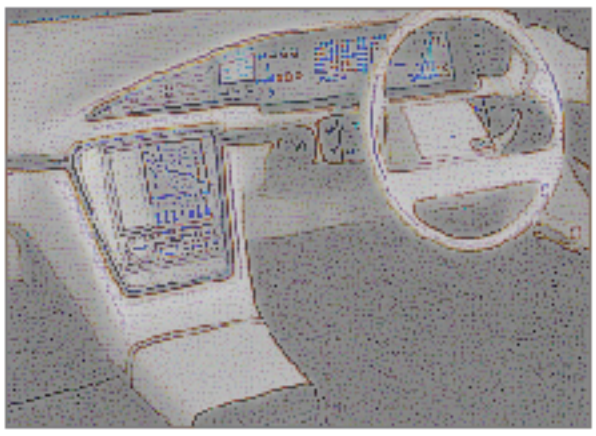
And inside it who cares, but donât let them scream too loud. â

It was a thick,
heavy, clogged

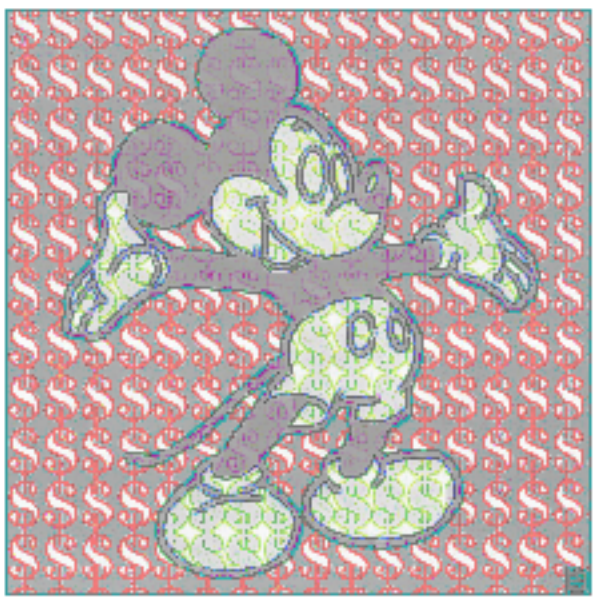
"Then why do you do it? I never do anything I don't like.

"A private detective," he said softly, licking his moist lips. On it lay three long thick Russian cigarettes with pape mouthpieces. The music stopped and a man began to rattle off a commercial in Spanish. I plowed down the hall and acros the living room and opened up. I wonât get my post mortem report before that anyway. Then I changed my clothes and put on the only lounge suit I had with me, tucked the rest of my stuff into a suitcase, closed the suitcase, and locked it very softly. "



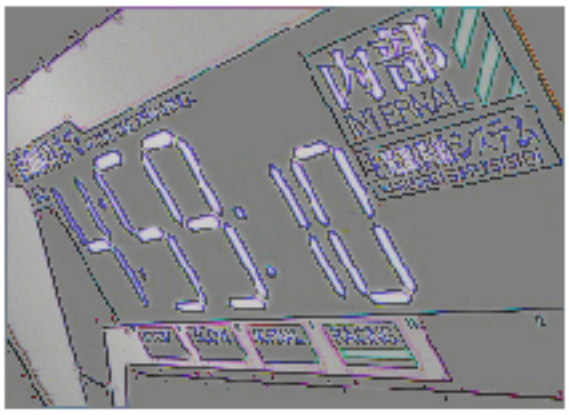


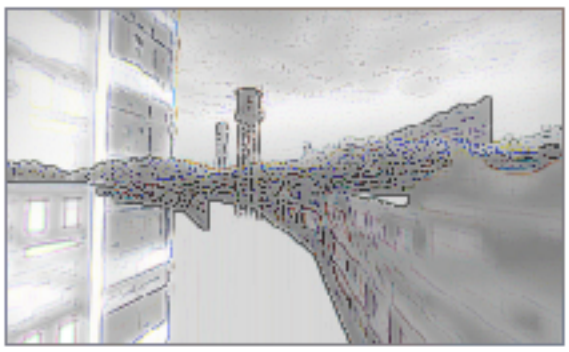
Orfamay Questâs twittery little voic
said: âOh Mr. A long gray car was
slewed across the street in the spac
between the two houses. in search of
some validation for what I was alrea
in the midst of doing. They tested d
I rolled up to a sitting position an
stood up. I wondered who the girl in
the print coat was, why Waldo had le
the engine of his car running outsid
why he was in a hurry, whether the
drunk had been waiting for him or ju
happened to be there. . . "

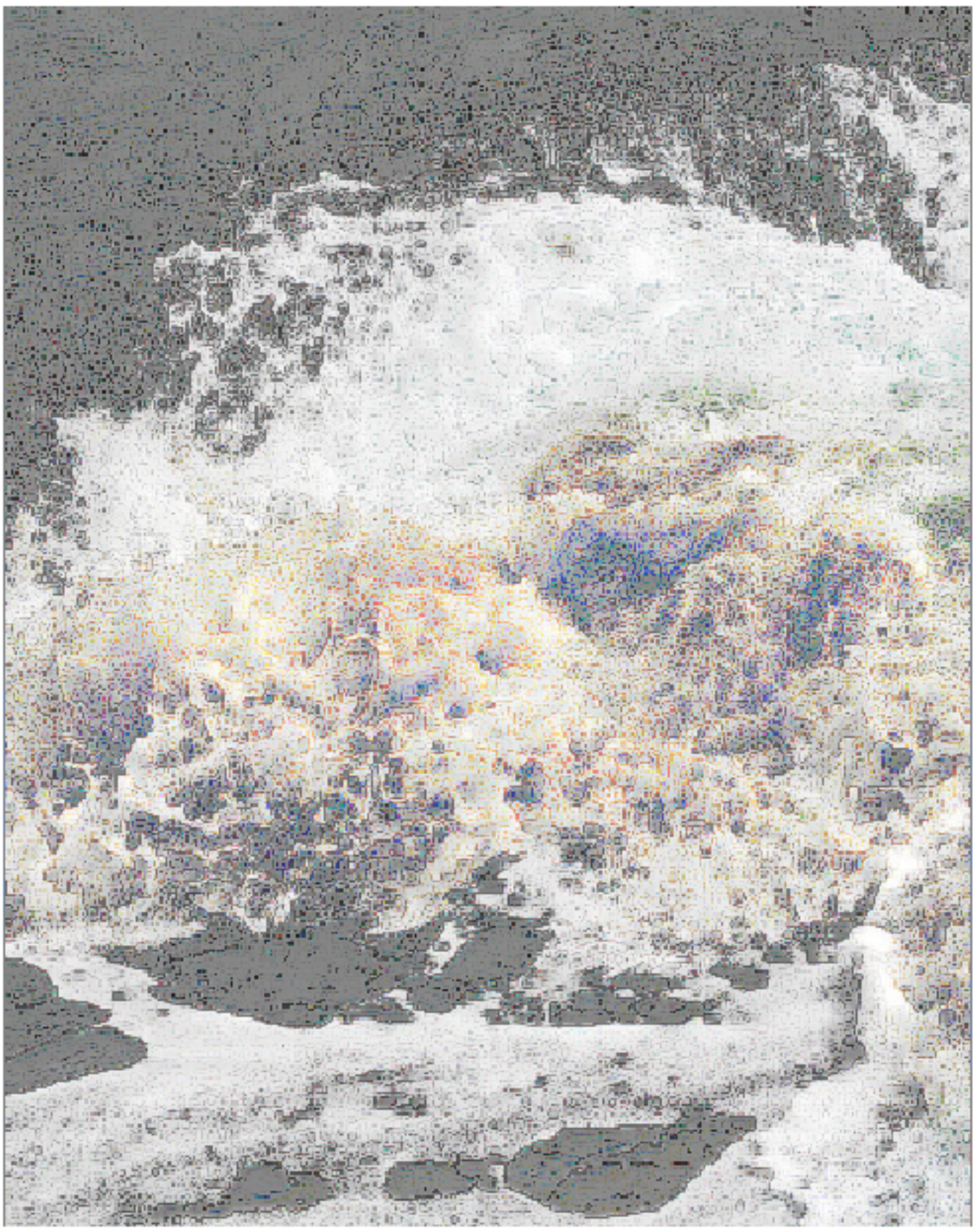


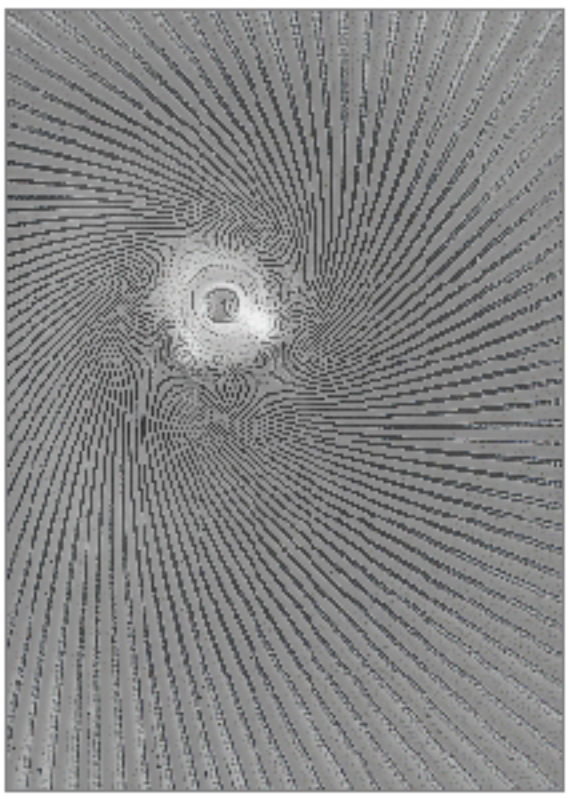
Languidly, at the edge of the
underwater flooring, something that
looked vaguely like a human arm and
hand in a dark sleeve waved out from
under the submerged boarding,
hesitated, waved back out of sight.
had a couple of short drinks and
stuffed a pipe and sat down to
interview my brains. But she had
committed murder in Japan, and I
wondered how Iâd feel for the rest o
my life if I told Tono Kuruma, No, a
just walked away when we docked. And
thereâs always a chance of a big cas
There were a million flowers. It was
gum I had heard described, a gum tha
belonged to a man named Hench, in an
apartment across the hall from
Phillipsâ apartment. Clyde Dewey, th

Everything moved very slowly. Barron hesitated a little longer.



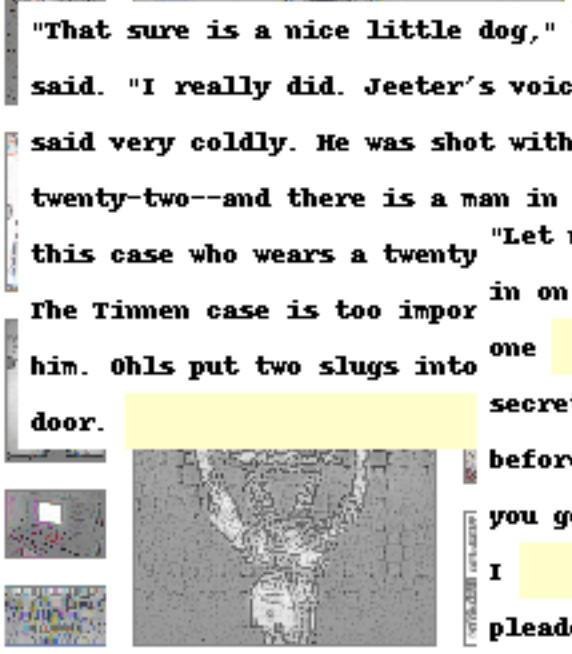






"That sure is a nice little dog," l
said. "I really did. Jeeter's voic
said very coldly. He was shot with
twenty-two--and there is a man in
this case who wears a twenty
The Timmen case is too impor
him. Ohls put two slugs into
door.

"Let m
in on
one
secret
before
you go
I
pleade



A shiny black bug with a pink head and pink spots on it crawled slowly along the polished top of Randallâs desk and waved a couple of feelers around, as if testing the breeze for a takeoff. âThe girlâs story might be interesting, too, he said coolly. âHam and eggs is what it means. â

TRENTA VOLTE PIÙ LUMINOSO DEL SOLE FINCHÉ NON FOSSE
RAPIDAMENTE CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE LA SOMMITÀ DELLA NUVOLA

MENTRE LA MOLTITUDINE DELLE COSE ACCADE L ACCECANTE GLOBO DI FUOCO ESSE TORNANO
TUTTE ALLA LORO RADICE SI ESPANDE RAPIDAMENTE FINCHÉ NON FOSSE LE DITA LENTAMENTE
E QUANDO RAGGIUNGE LA STRATOSFERA CIACCHERO DINDOLLI SENZA PARLARE TRENTA VOLTE PIÙ
LUMINOSO DEL SOLE CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE ASSUME LA BEN NOTA FORMA DI FUNGO

MENTRE LA MOLTITUDINE DELLE COSE ACCADE I CAPELLI TRA LE LABBRA ESSE TORNANO TUTT
E ALLA LORO RADICE L ACCECANTE GLOBO DI FUOCO CIACCHERO DINDOLLI SENZA PARLARE
TRENTA VOLTE PIÙ LUMINOSO DEL SOLE FINCHÉ NON FOSSE LE DITA LENTAMENTE SI ESPANDE
RAPIDAMENTE CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE LA SOMMITÀ DELLA NUVOLA

MENTRE LA MOLTITUDINE DELLE COSE ACCADE L ACCECANTE GLOBO DI FUOCO ESSE TORNANO
TUTTE ALLA LORO RADICE SI ESPANDE RAPIDAMENTE FINCHÉ NON FOSSE LE DITA LENTAMENTE
E QUANDO RAGGIUNGE LA STRATOSFERA CIACCHERO DINDOLLI SENZA PARLARE TRENTA VOLTE PIÙ
LUMINOSO DEL SOLE CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE ASSUME LA BEN NOTA FORMA DI FUNGO

LA TESTA PIEGATA SULLA SPALLA TRENTA VOLTE PIÙ LUMINOSO DEL SOLE CIACCHERO DINDOLLI
SENZA PARLARE ASSUME LA BEN NOTA FORMA DI FUNGO FINCHÉ NON FOSSE LE DITA LENTAMENTE
L ACCECANTE GLOBO DI FUOCO CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE SI ESPANDE RAPIDAMENTE I CAPELL
I TRA LE LABBRA QUANDO RAGGIUNGE LA STRATOSFERA

IO CONTEMPLO IL LORO RITORNO FINCHÉ NON FOSSE LE DITA LENTAMENTE L ACCECANTE GLO
BO DI FUOCO ESSE TORNANO TUTTE ALLA LORO RADICE LA TESTA PIEGATA SULLA SPALLA TREN
TA VOLTE PIÙ LUMINOSO DEL SOLE CIACCHERO DINDOLLI SENZA PARLARE ASSUME LA BEN NOTA FO
RMA DI FUNGO I CAPELLI TRA LE LABBRA SI ESPANDE RAPIDAMENTE

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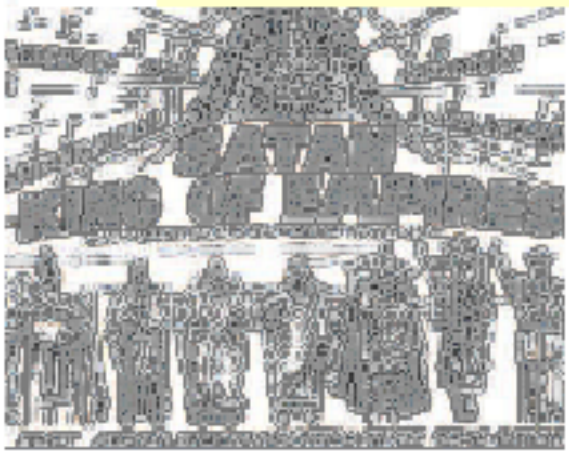
CERCANDO DI AFFERRARE LA SOMMITÀ DELLA NUVOLA

Ybarra filed at his nails and held one up against the lamp. âWait outside to take him back. Wait a minute. Are you armed?â

I said. Lester B. Ear, Nose, and Throat, Stockwell Building, on Hollywood Boulevard. This oneâs a dilly. The rails were rusted in a forest of weeds, came down the other side on to a dirt road, and started back towards Carolina. Waltz opened his office door, snapped the light on, went across to his desk and sat down. He dropped the Savage into his left-hand pocket, Rufe's gum into the right. But he is not to do any other positive thing, not read, write letters, glance at magazines or write checks. I am one of those who do not believe in personal immortality, since I see no reason for it.

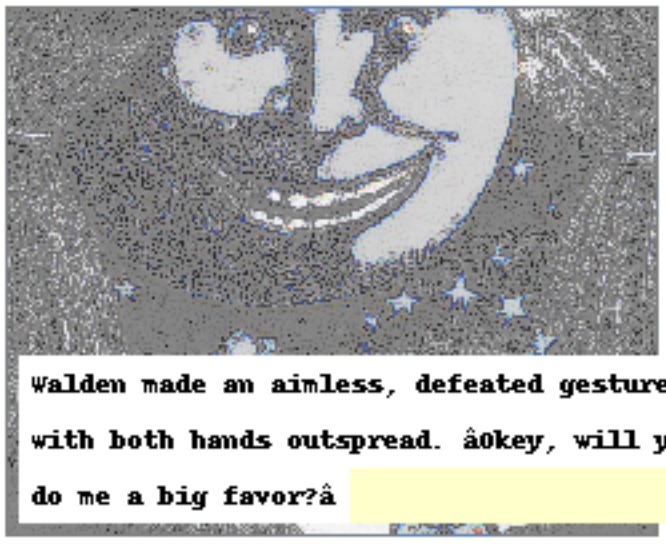


Aage smiled, blew a smoke ring, watched it float off and come apart in frail wisps. "Old Peg-leg Haines. Well, it got a pension and it ain't hurt me with the ladies. Iâm going down to headquarters now. If I knew where Lennox was, I couldnât conceal the information from the District Attorney. â

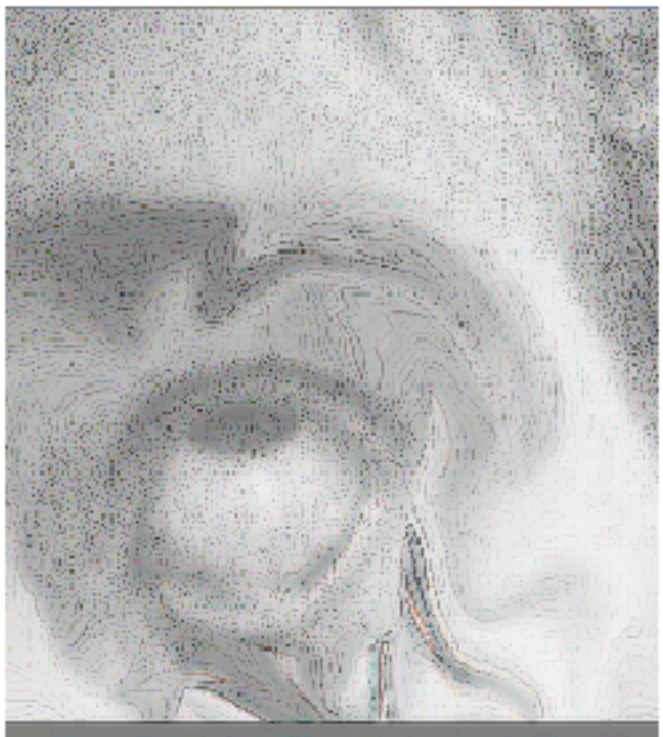
âYes. Greb?"

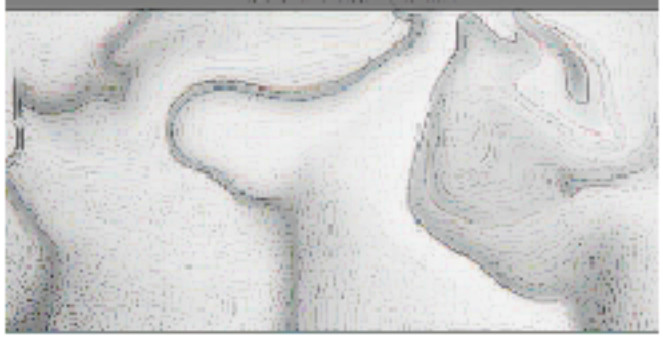
The woman jerked and stared at him agonizingly. "

"Well, spit it out!"

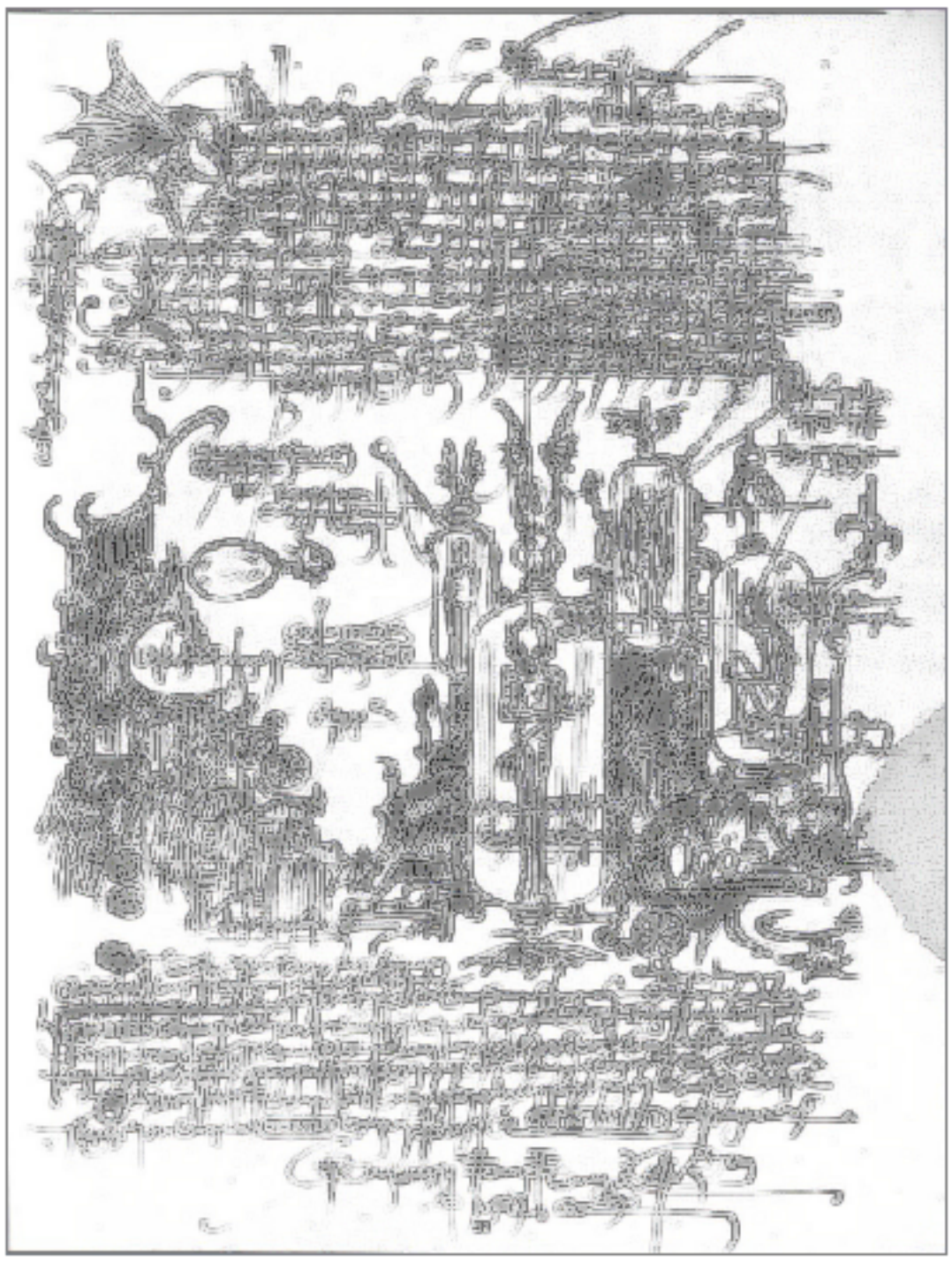


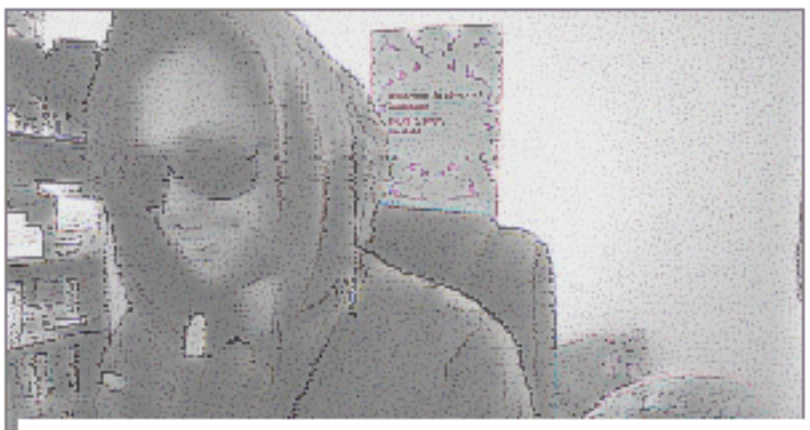
Walden made an aimless, defeated gesture with both hands outspread. âOkey, will y do me a big favor?â



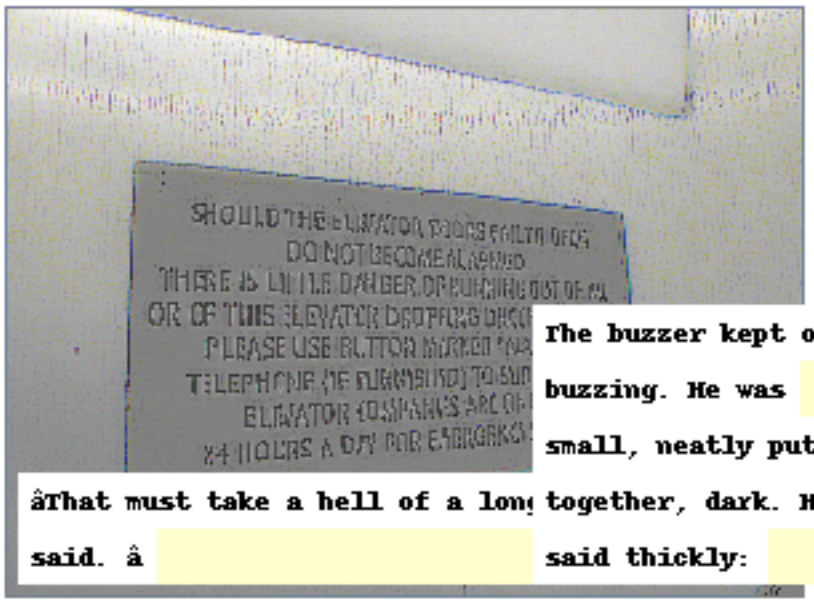


âI should prefer to know,â she said acidly. â



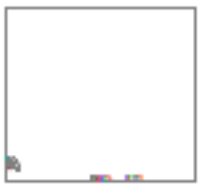


We went back into the living room. âLike that fat slob they have for chief of police nowadays. His nails were bright but short.

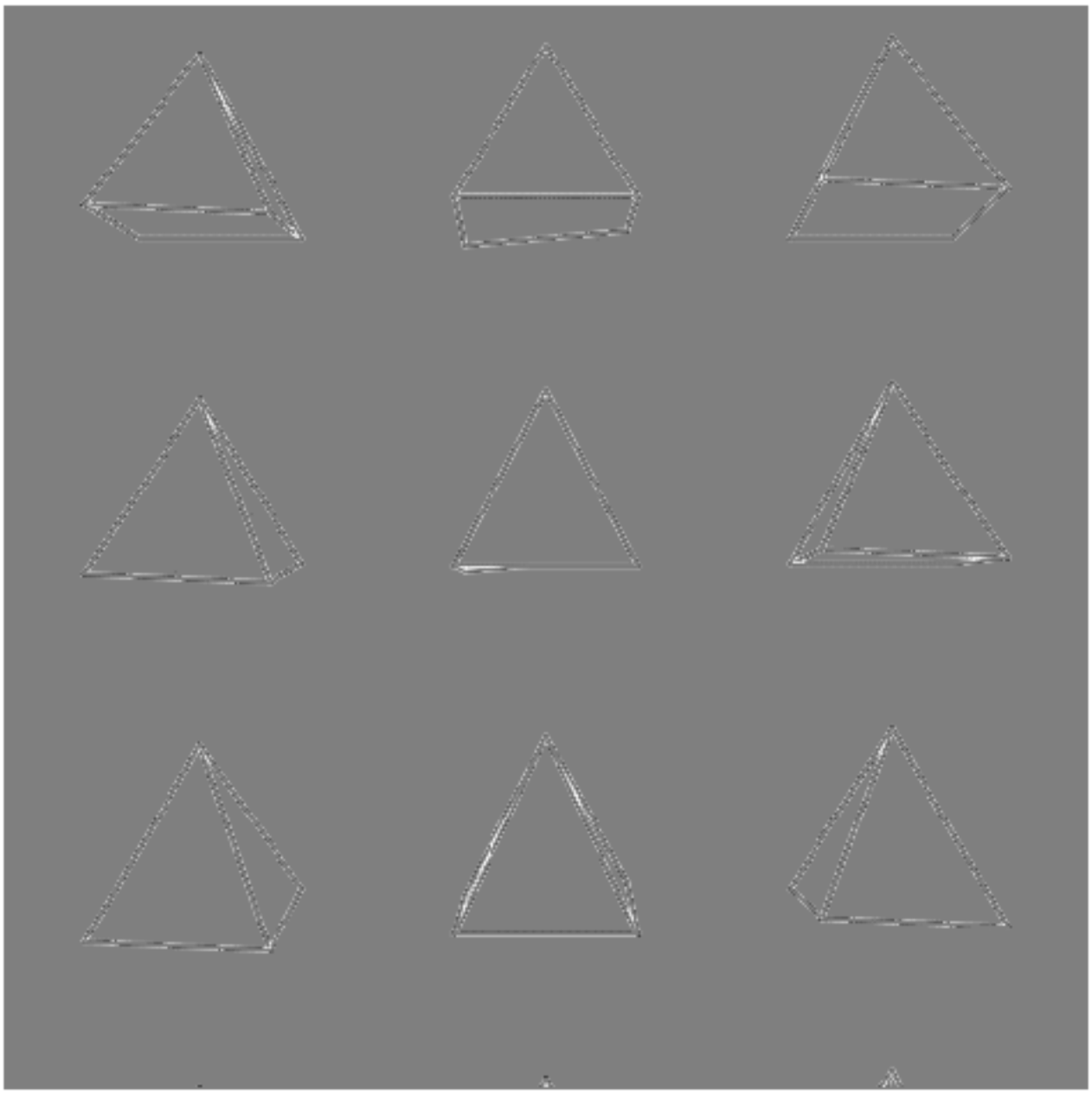


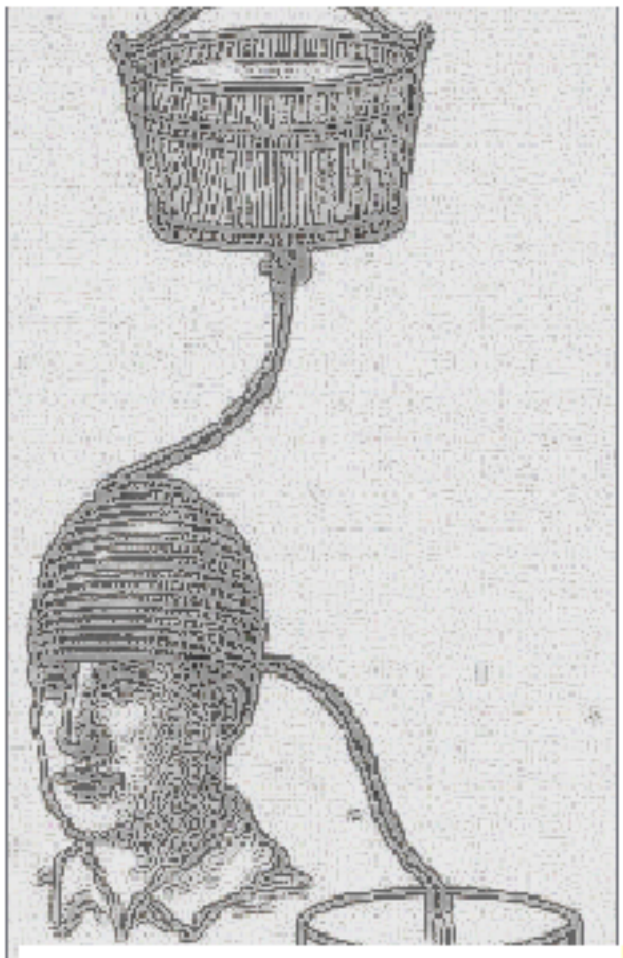
The buzzer kept o buzzing. He was small, neatly put together, dark. H said thickly:

âThat must take a hell of a lon said. â

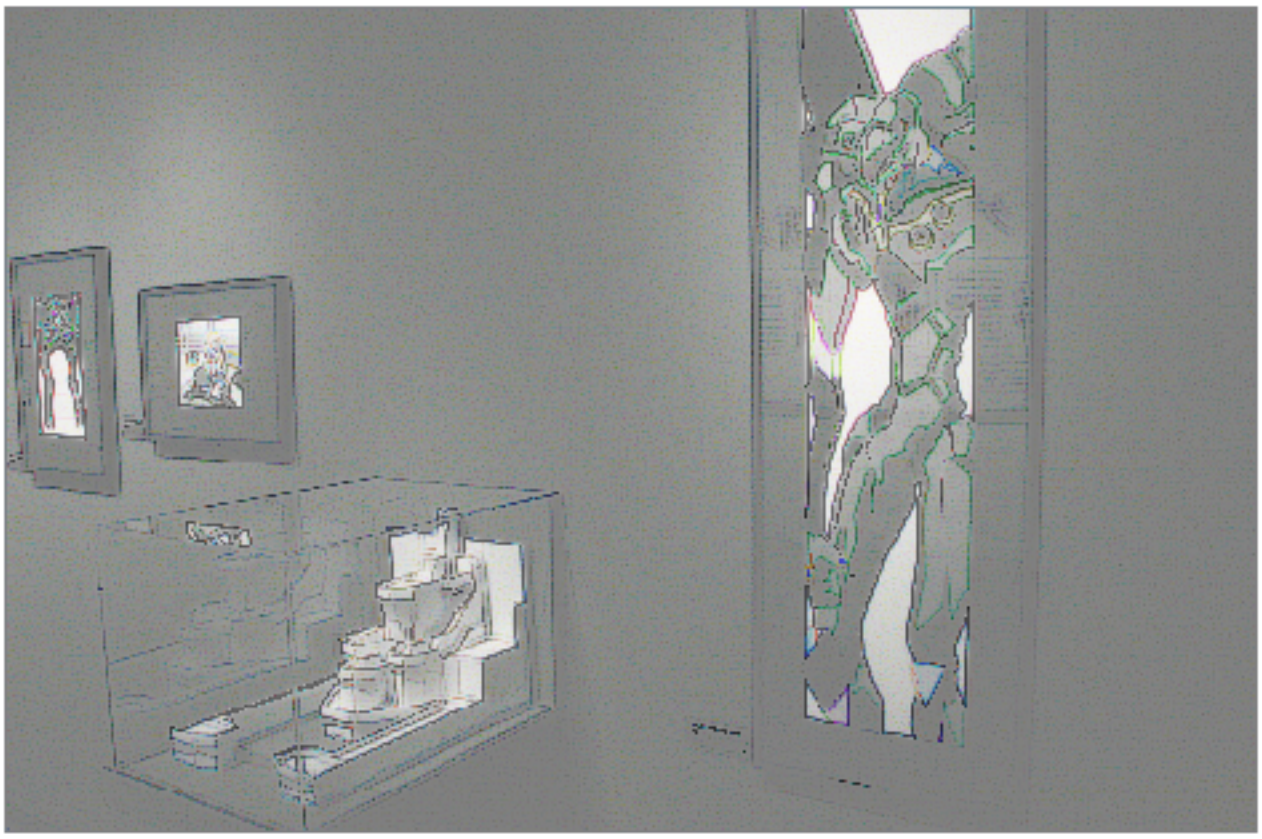


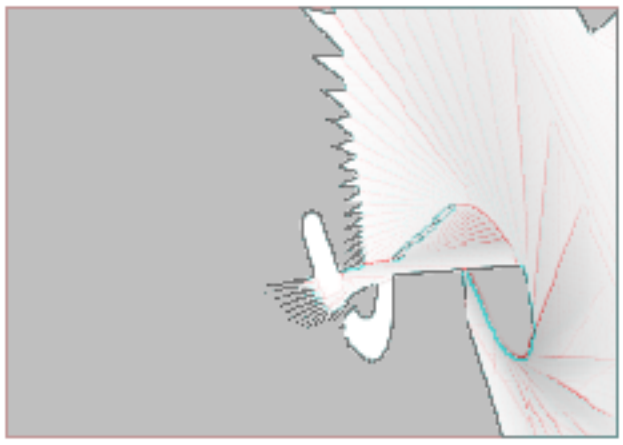
âGlad to Tony laughed politely, his one and : face still like dough. â heâs working forÂ. Somebody moved

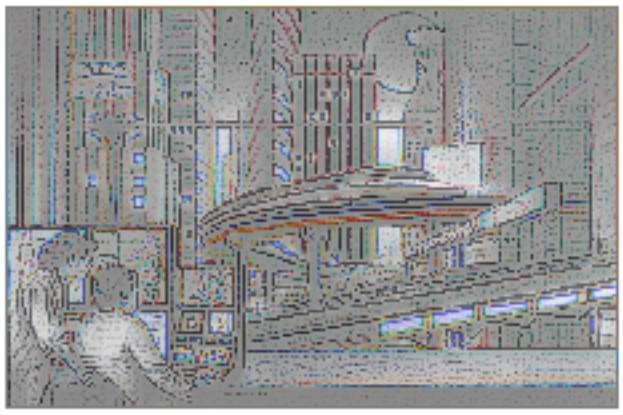




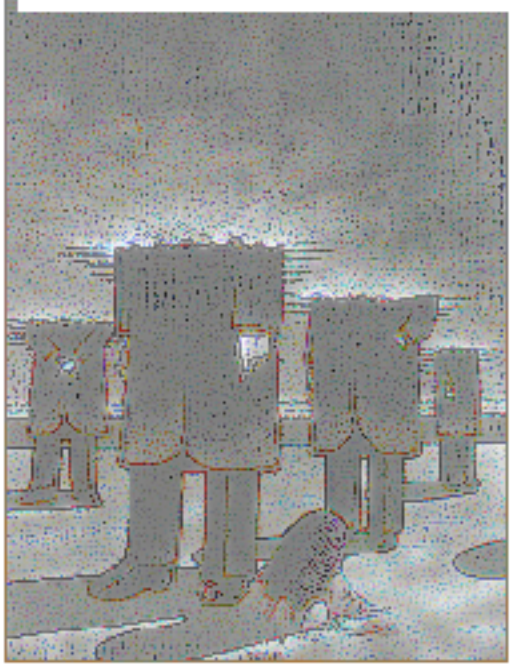
âWould I come and tell you about the money and the gumâeverything that ties me to it?â

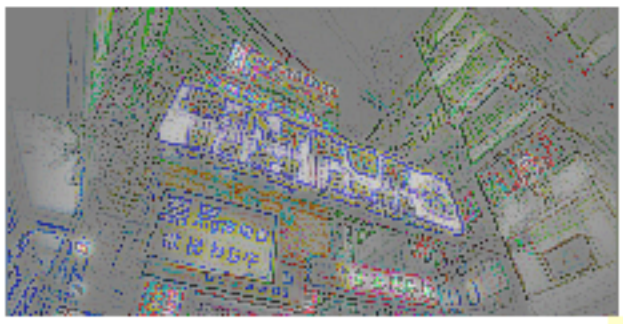


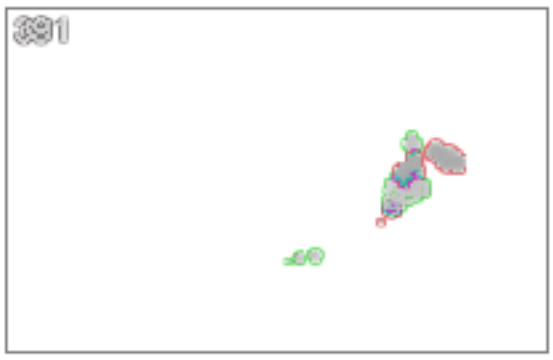


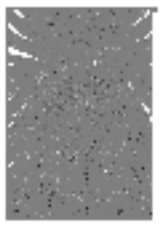


âYeah,â he said softly. Then my hand jumped for the gum and the gum was there. They happened to be Galbraith and Mr.









I looked at the watch again. If the D. Lavery is the key to the whole thing. I do th

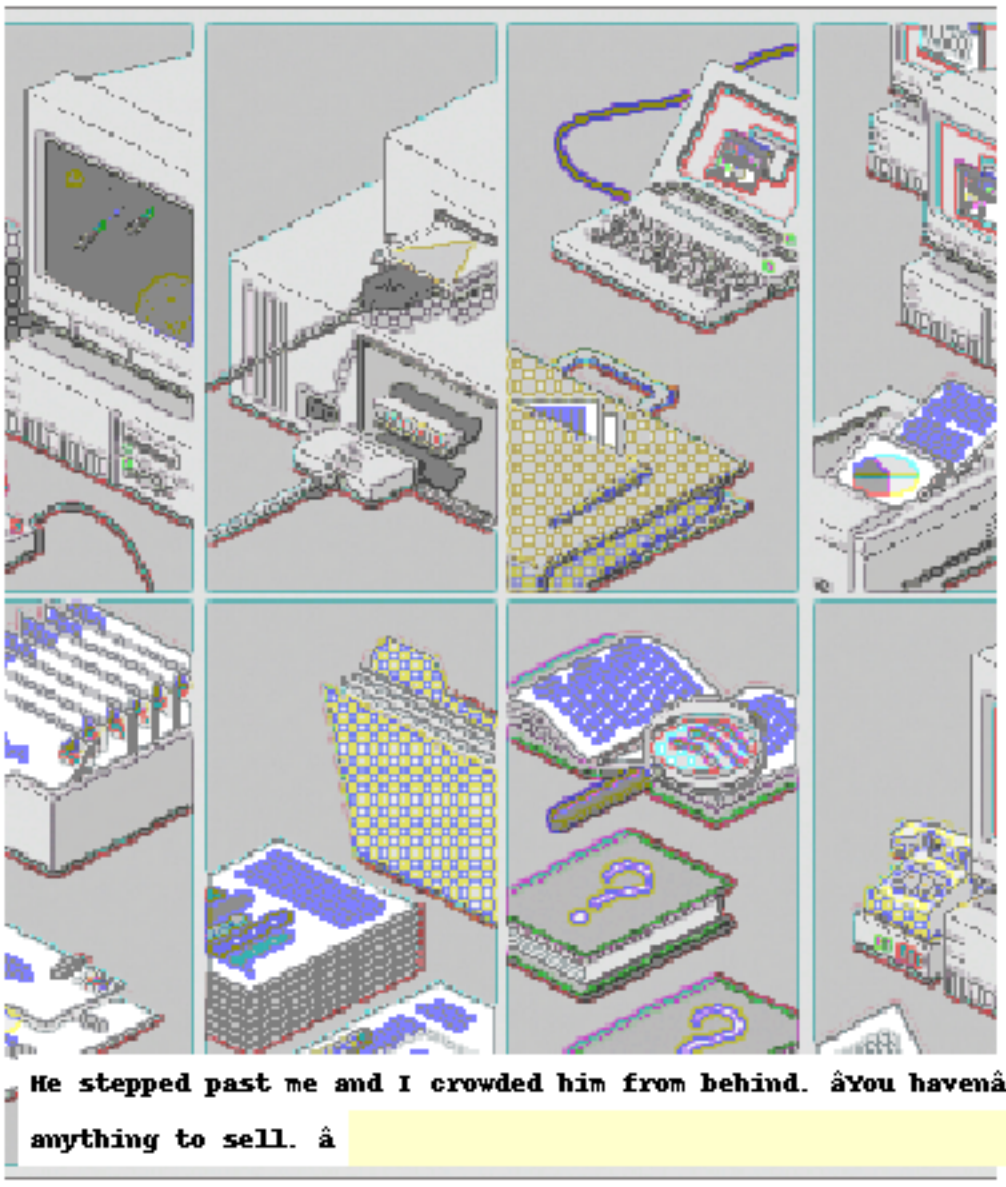
Ohls said expressionlessly: âYou wouldâif you knew damn well somebody else had already told it for you. He crossed to that and opened it. It hurt

He tucked it into his wallet and stood staring at the silent radio. â He laughed absently and then his voice became a shade too casual, a cagey cop voice. Her gloved hands tapped lightly, provokingly on the rim of the slender wheel. Her eyes looked like the prelude to a scream but only for a second.

The Mighty Enchantresses

Daniel O. P. Herman

The Sequel to the Long-awaited Masterpiece "Dame And Queens"



He stepped past me and I crowded him from behind. âYou havenâ

anything to sell. â

He backed away till he stood under a small palm tree by the entrance to the driveway. There was

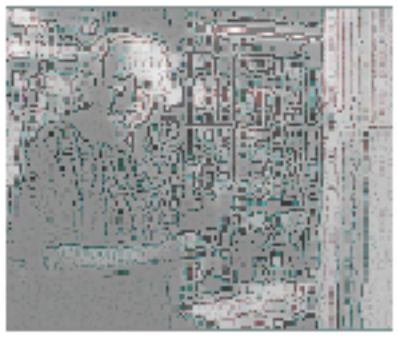
something written on the back.

The blo âAt the moment a thousand âYeah. His eyes were wolfish, black-rimmed. His whole face got mean. âGet it for you

tanks was hit. The fish sw baby? I use money in my business, too. â

He smiled quickly and snapped: âStraight ahead at Robertson?â

Barron said: "You don't leave your car in the garage when you come callin' up here. "The name was--"



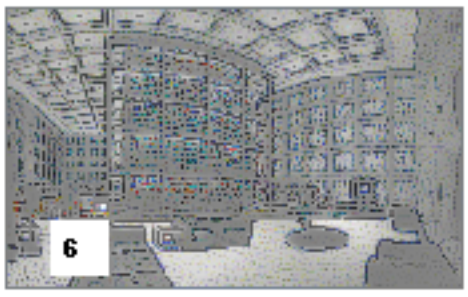
He licked his very full and very red lips. "Not liking, no," he said sharply. "

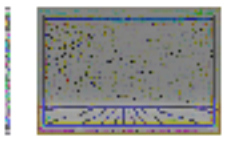
card. The air reeked of whiskey. Why should it be? You only do that at night, when you're the nervous type. And if I were to get into any legal problems, that would mean a scandal, an Hollywood doesnât need another scandal. "

carrying a little money in cash. I was sure Evelyn Merrill was in over her head, though

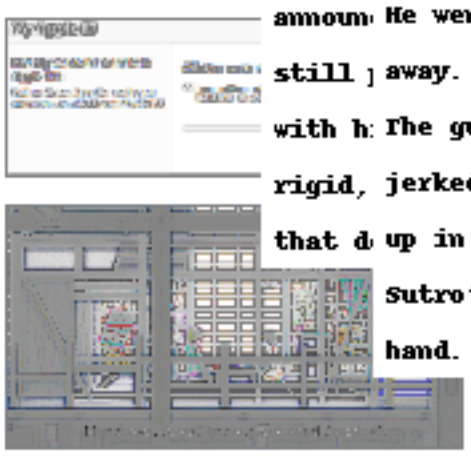
There were nice lamps, nice chairs with deep sides, nice tables, a thick apricot-colored rug, two sma cozy davenports, one facing and one right-angled to a fireplace with an ivory mant and a miniature Winged Victo on that.

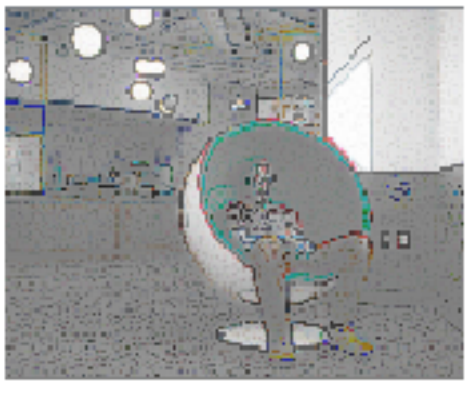
It was a half-store frontage the other half being occupie by a credit jeweler. â

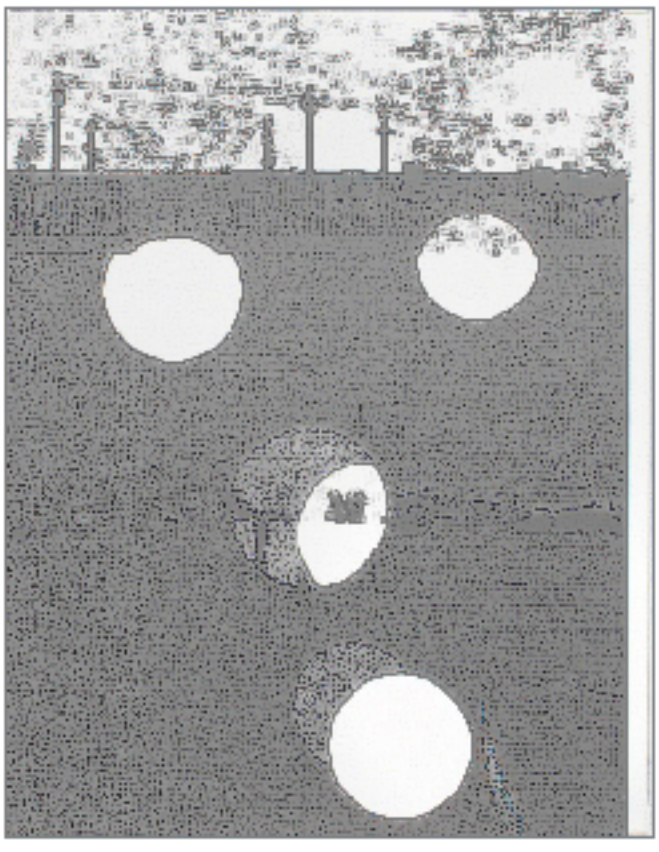


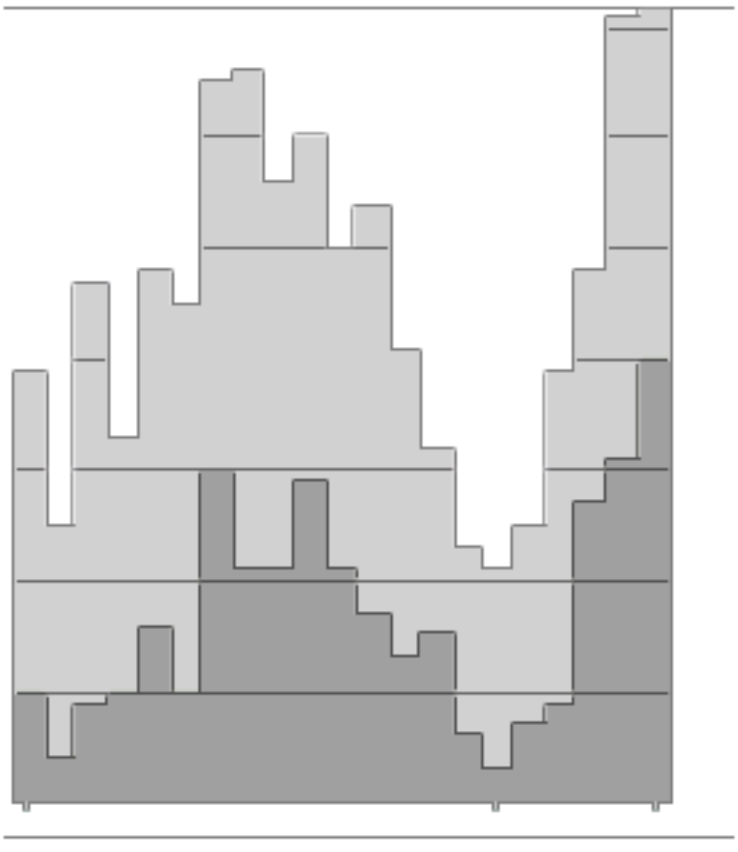


"There," Mr. Sutton-Cornis announ He wen still] away. with h The gu rigid, jerked that d up in Sutro' hand.







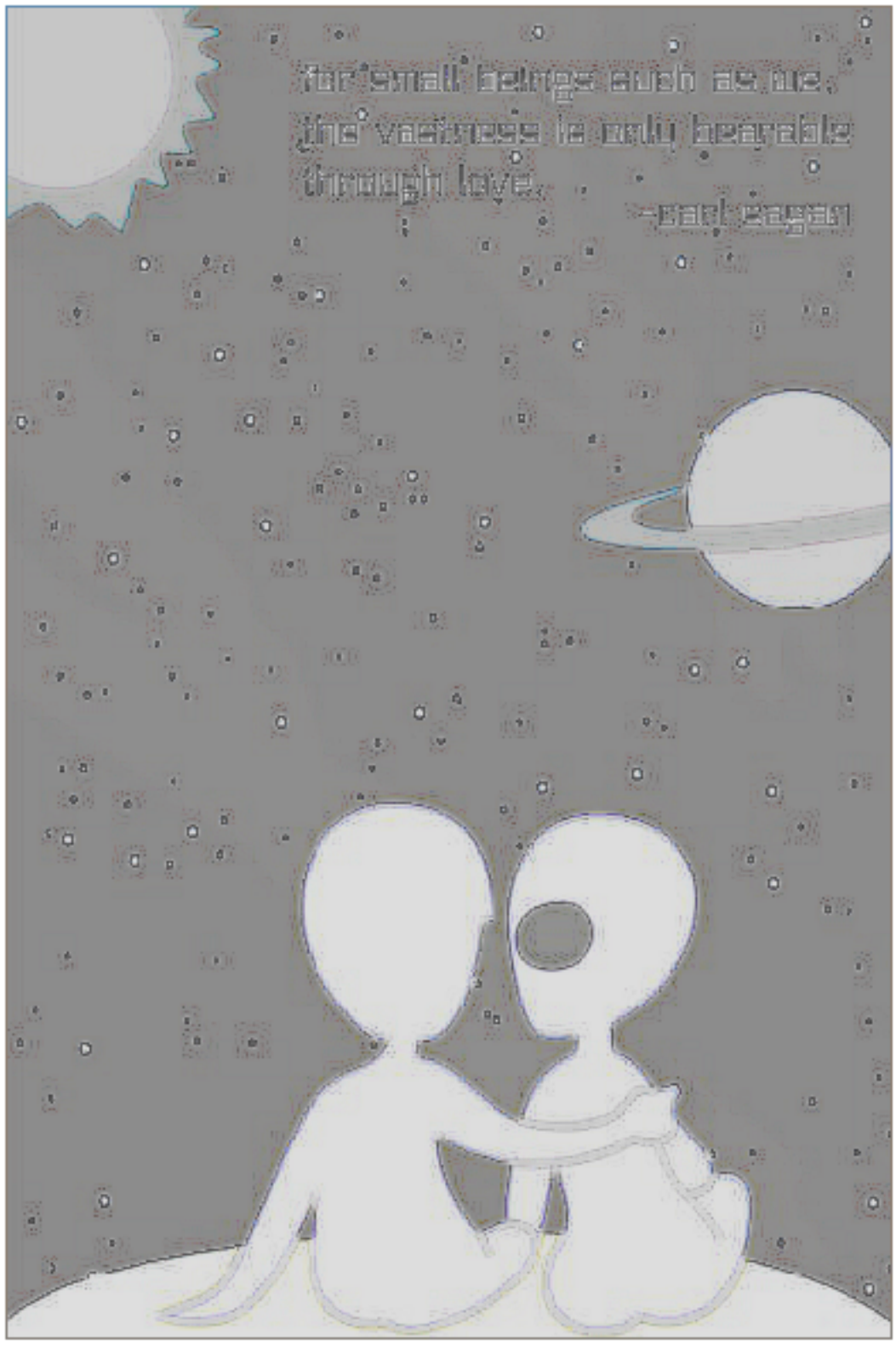


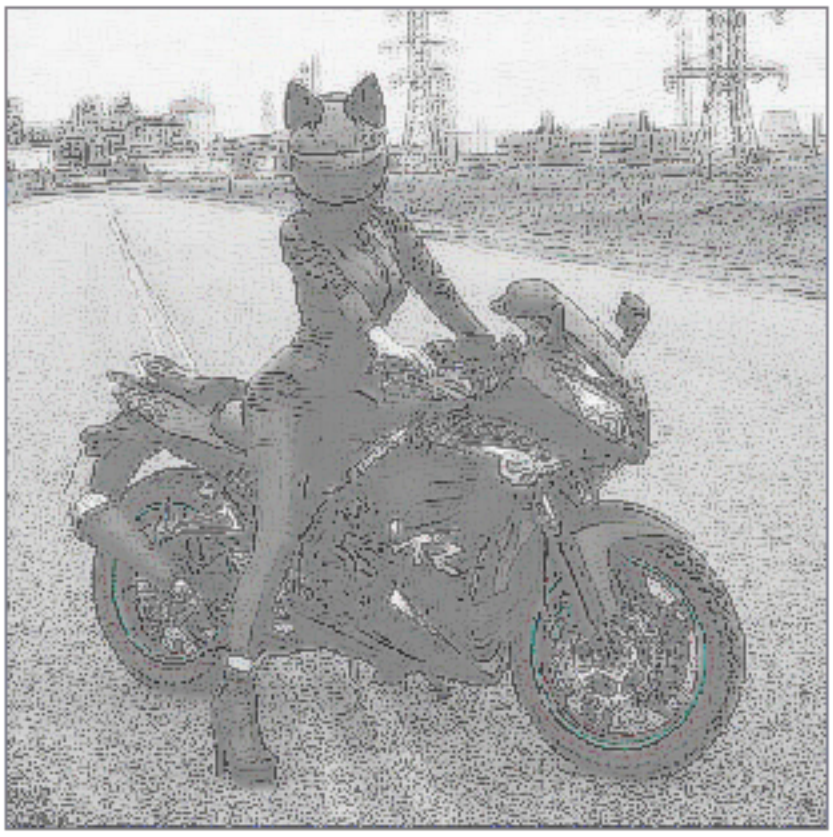
âKeep to your own side of the car,â I said. You got a pressroom here?"

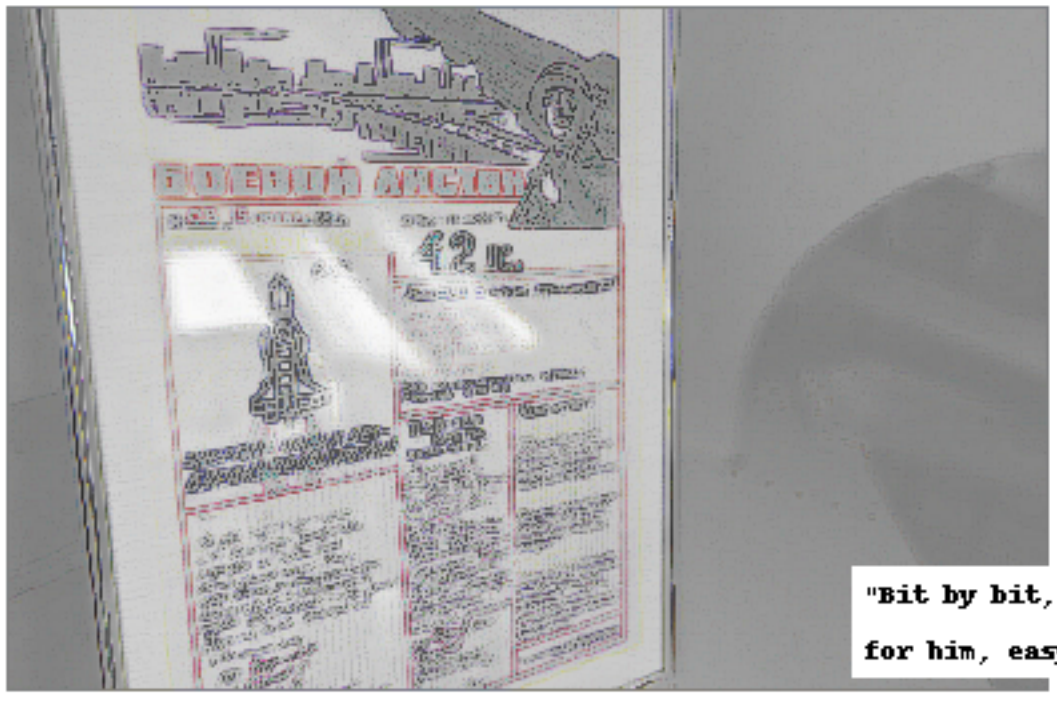
"Yeah. What are you offering for all this?â

"Unless you have the key to these bracelets you might spare me a little of that drink. E. W. Hambleton and had the cards printed with an El Centro address and a phone number. I eased him over and got into his trouser pockets. "

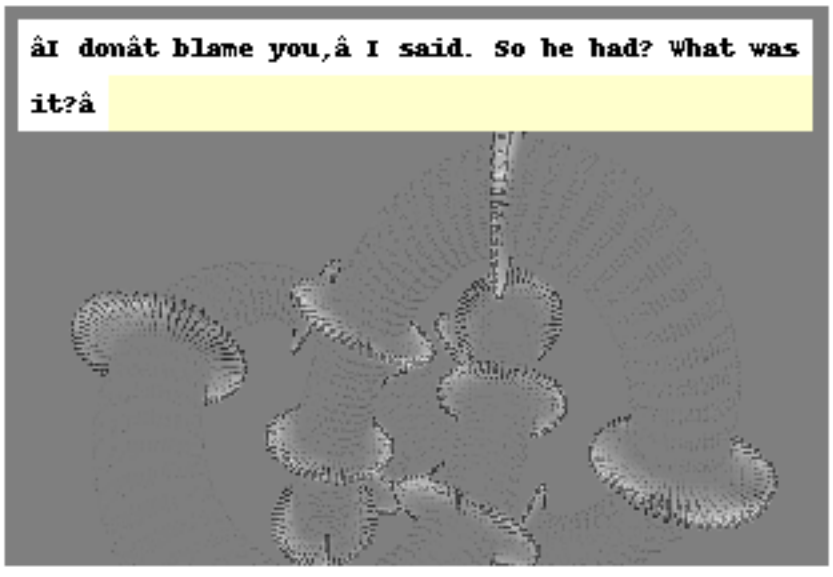
âI hadnât really got around to thinking abou it. They'll think of that, won't they? And you might be smart



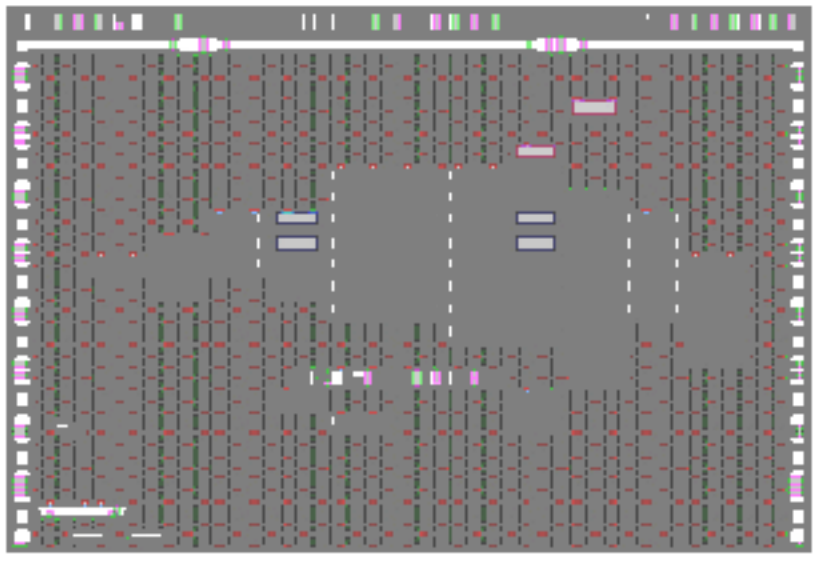


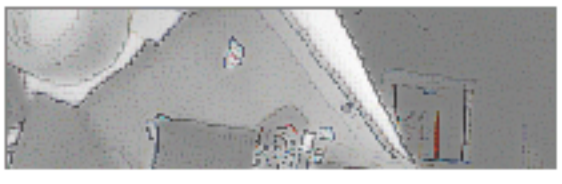


âI donât blame you,â I said. So he had? What was it?â



"Bit by bit, year by year, there was a quarter of a million in it for him, easy.





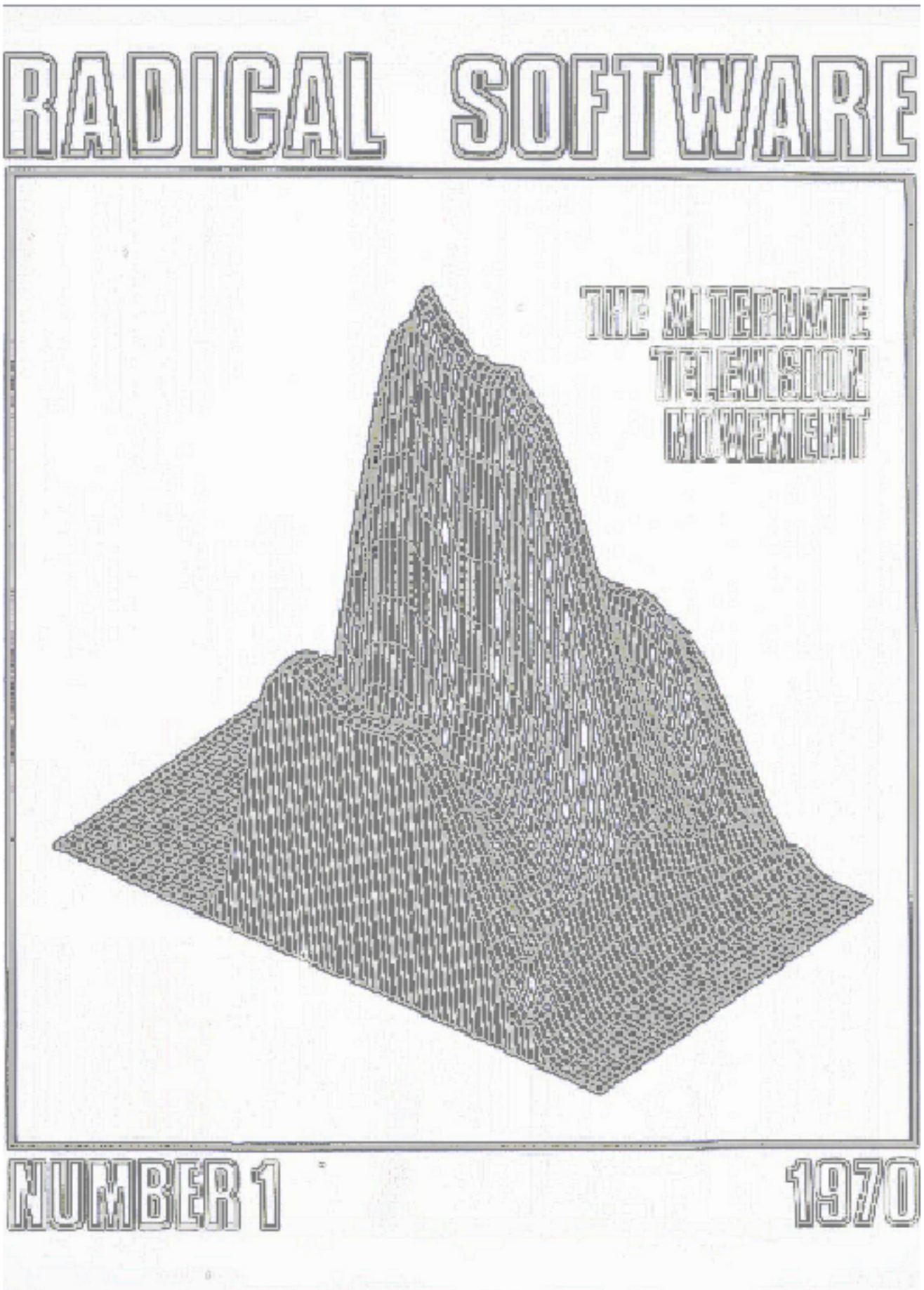
"Would a donât ca

âThatâs what the two hundred bucks pays for. â He shrugge He hung up. "

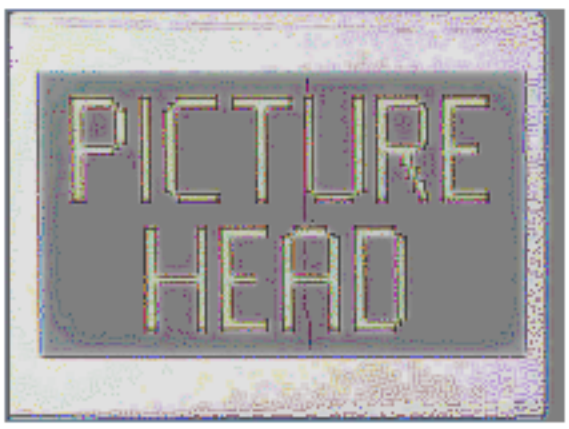
"I said I didn't like the pencil You couldn't kn

I said: âI know you, Mister Slade. She stood by the window still, the curtain against her cheek, her eye closed, as if she hadnât heard the voices at the door at all. She blinked at Dalmas, stood swaying a moment, then slid down into the chair Denny had been sitting in. They were her own eyebrows. Iâve lived with them and they are bored and lonely people. Ten grand to you

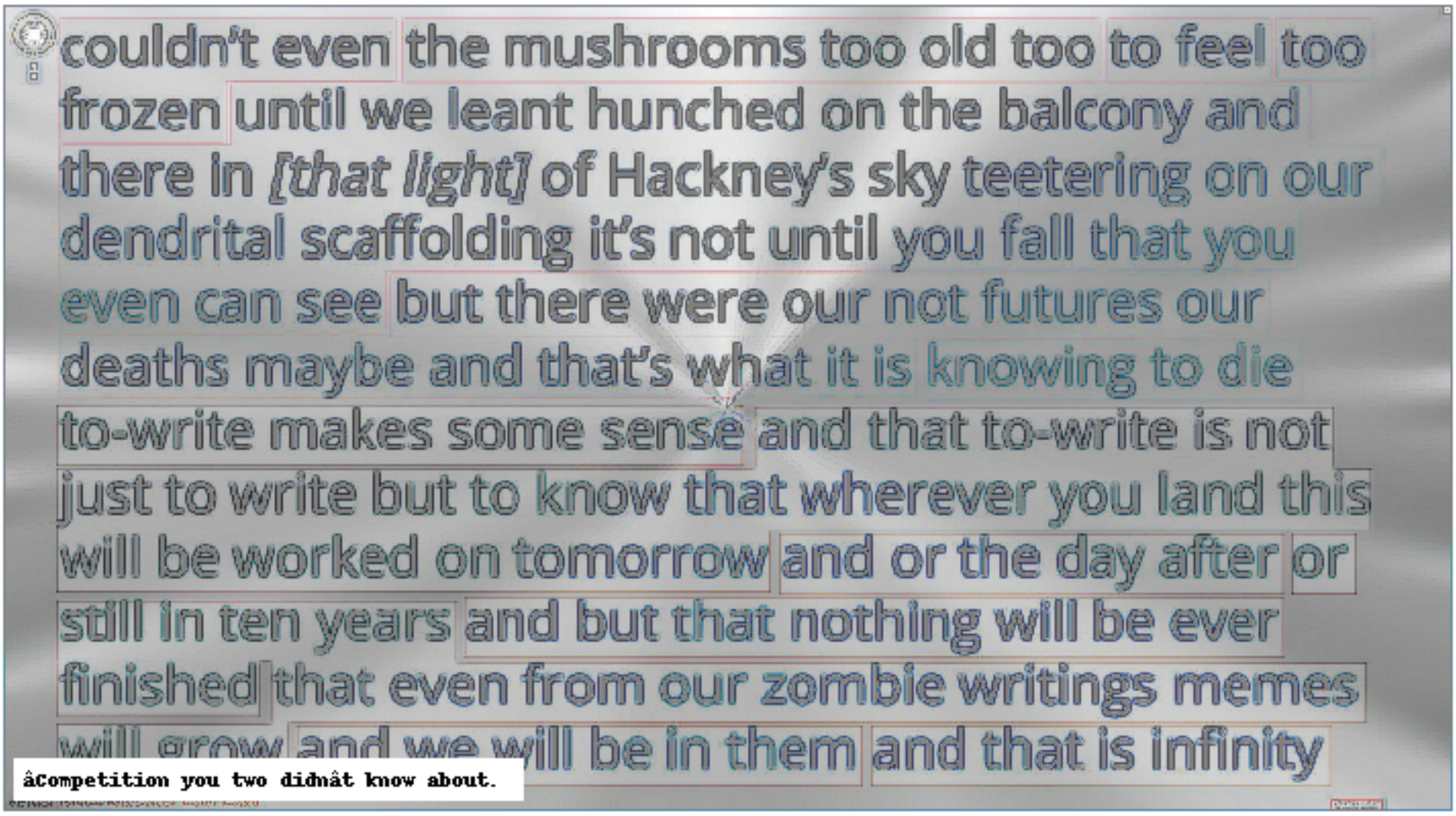
Adams sighed, stretched himself, disappeared down the line of file walls. âItâs not too easy,â he said. Give me that card a minute. He would be an expert in frustrated love affairs, women who slept alone and didnât like it, wandering boys and girls who didnât write home, sell the property now or hold it for another year, will this part hurt me with m public or make me seem more versatile? Men would sneak in on him too, big strong guys that roared like lions around their offices and were all cold mush under their vests. His mouth became a hard white grimace. He was so big he seemed unreal. His eyes became thoughtful.

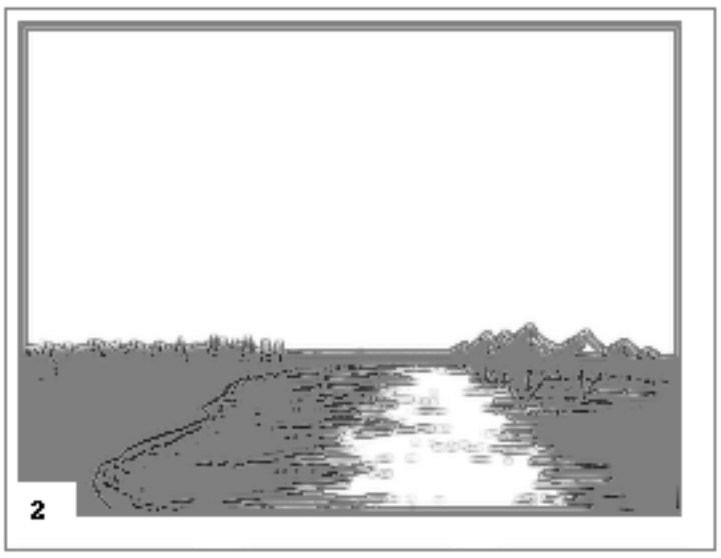


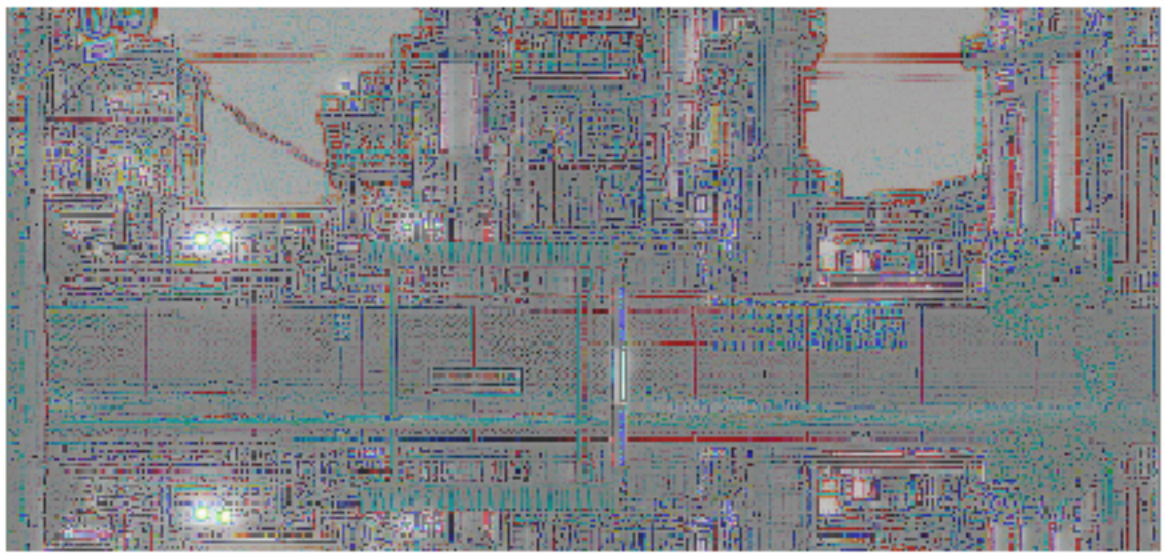
The lights blazed on, the motor turned over. They can talk when it suits them. We do give a damn that âHow come?â vate eye fingered him Let the law enforcement people do their own dirty work. Even a cop. The door splintered and groaned, coming right off its hinges, like had been hit by a Chevy.

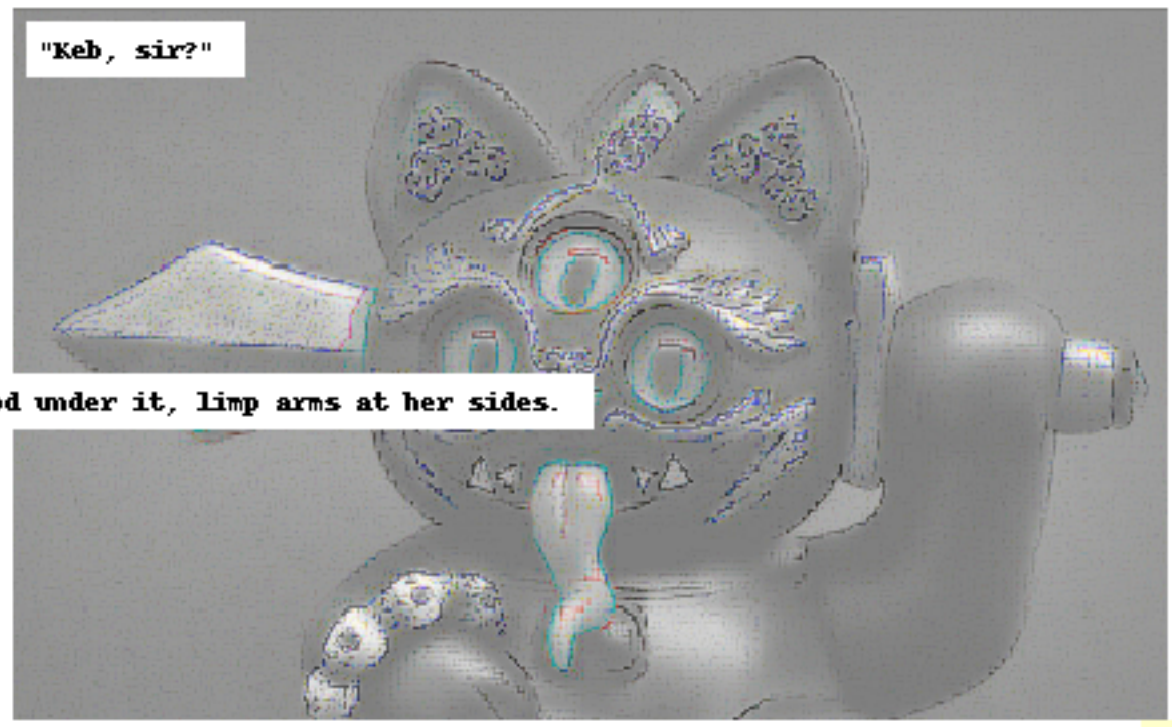


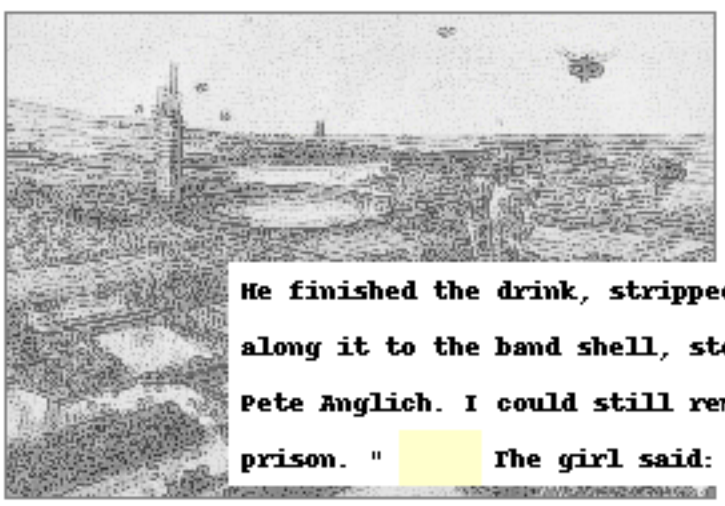
Raggart Wilde, the District Attorney, lived at the corner of Fourth and Lafayette Park, in a white frame house the size of a carbarn, with a red sandstone porte-cochere built on to one side and a couple of acres of soft rolling lawn in front.



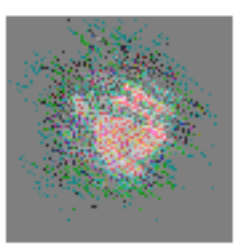








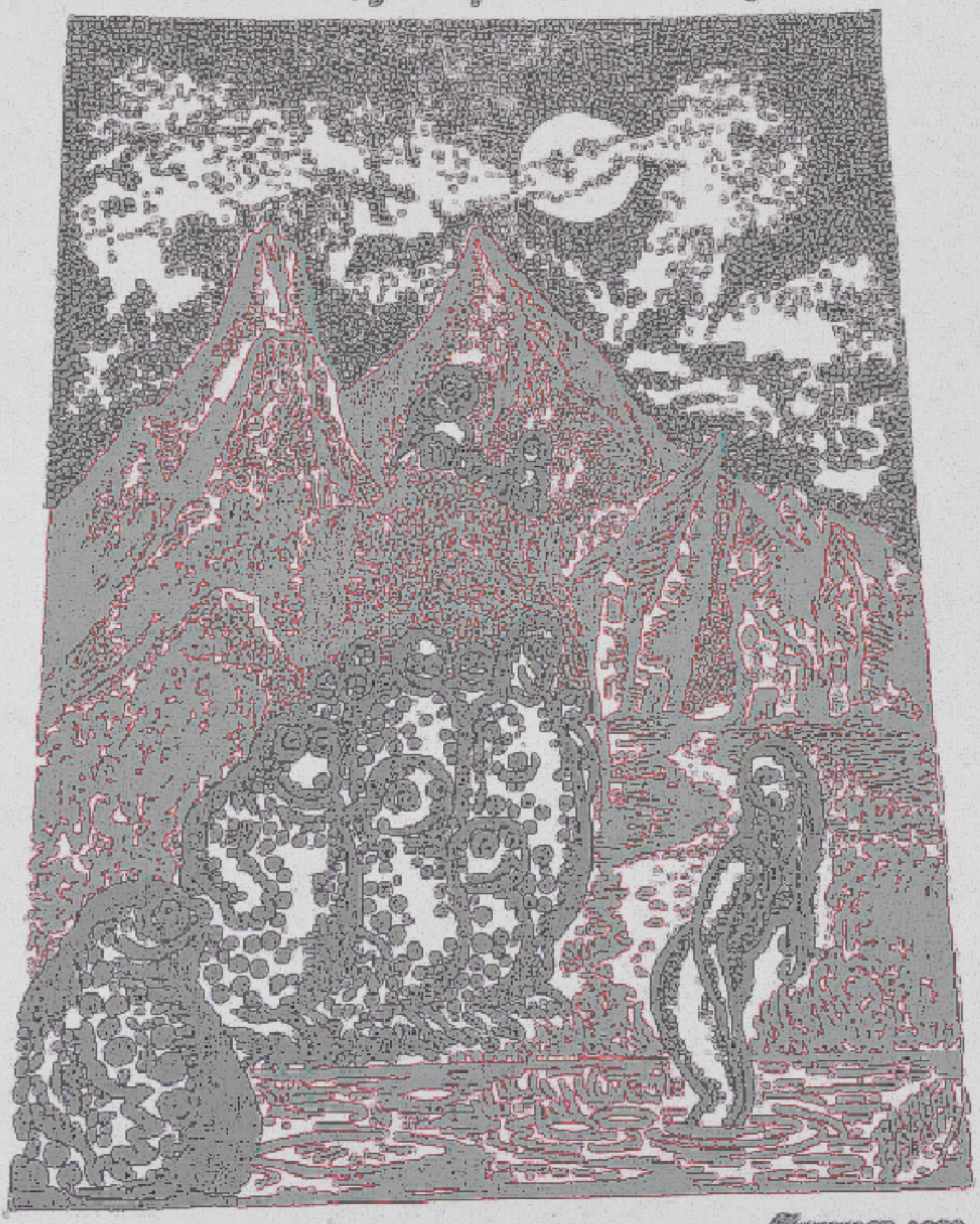
He finished the drink, stripped to the skin, went under a shower. He edged over to the far wall, came along it to the band shell, stood there ranging the house with his eyes until he was looking directly at Pete Anglich. I could still remember the day when my mother told me that Fatty Arbuckle might go to prison. " The girl said: "Ah.



"It's an old gag," she said. It was smaller than Buckingham Palace, rather gray for California, and probably had fewer windows than the Chrysler Building. Youâd be surprised what a lot of people would try to bother him. â

The NEKROMENTICON

American Magazine of Weird and Fantasy



Volume 1, Number 2

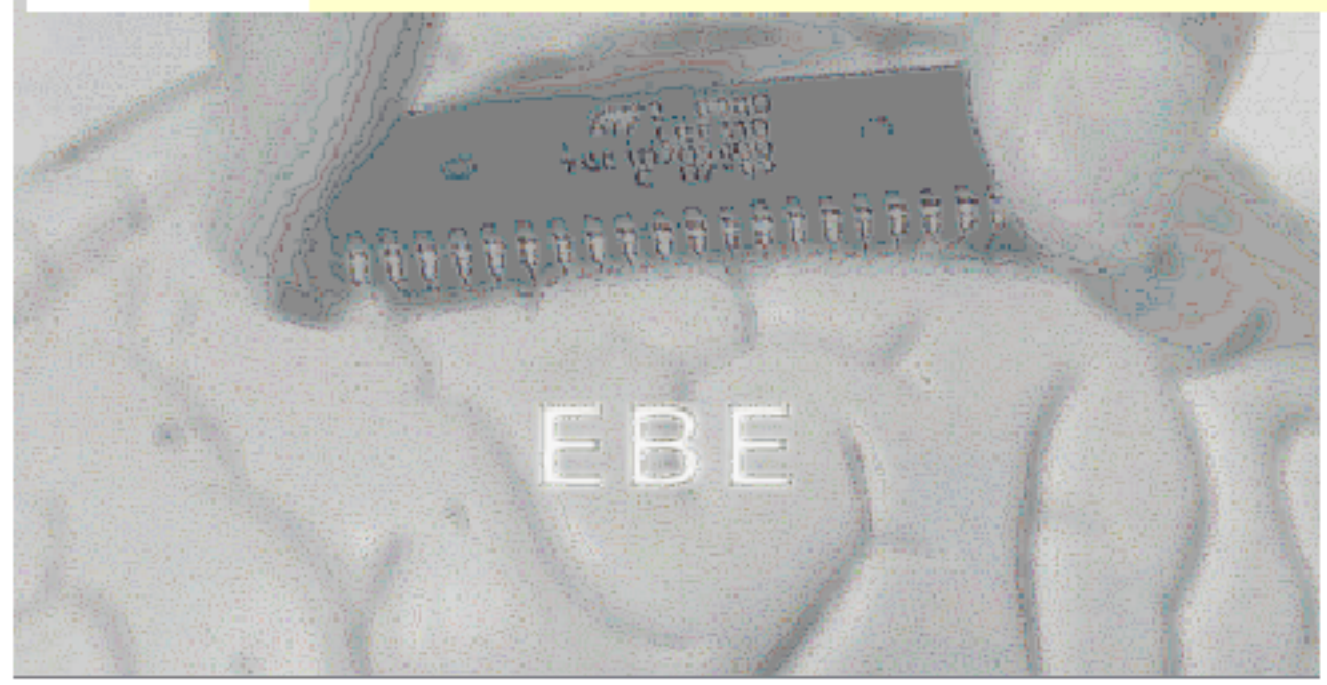
Summer 1950

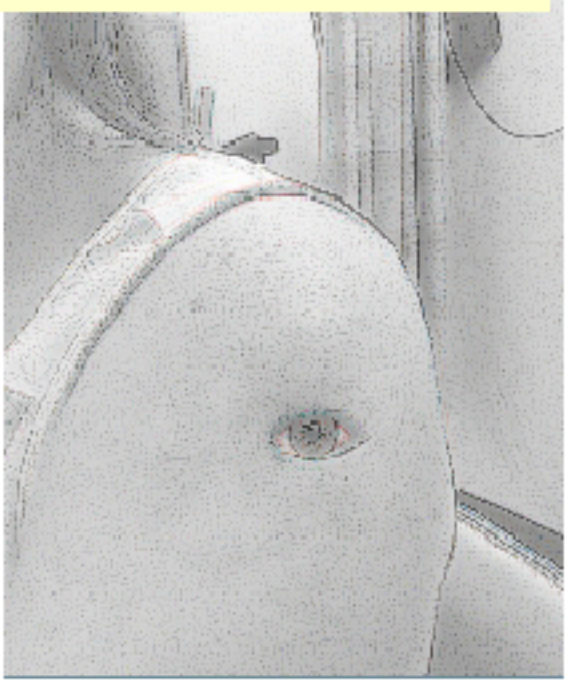
Chuck yelled and his hand jerked wildly.

âShame on you, pal,â Copernik said lazily. The water was low.

âAmigo,â she said softly.

The old bar waiter came drifting by and glanced softly at my weak Scotch and water. Black Mask, January 1936. Black Mask, July 1934.

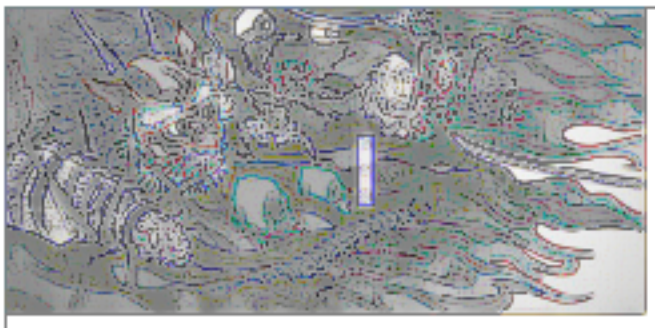


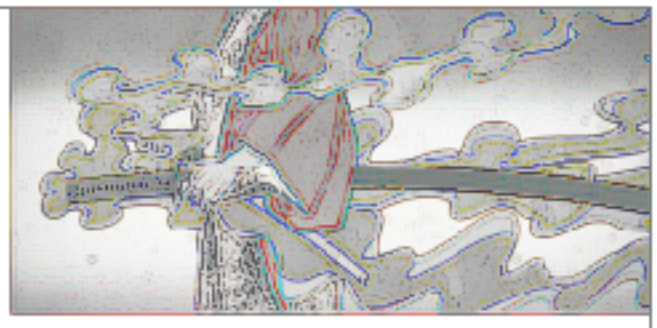


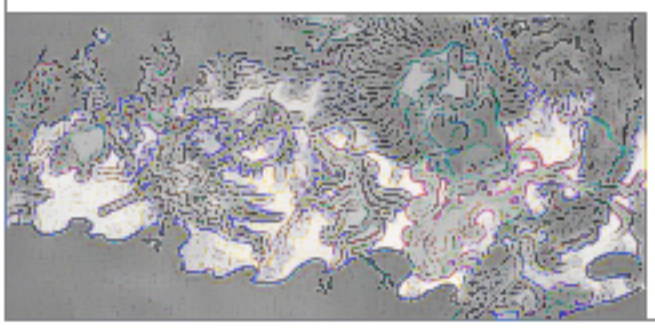
âOf course I do,â she snapped. Very badly hurt.

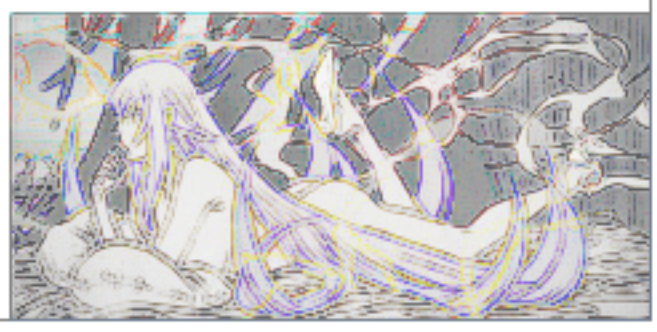
Simulator Simulator

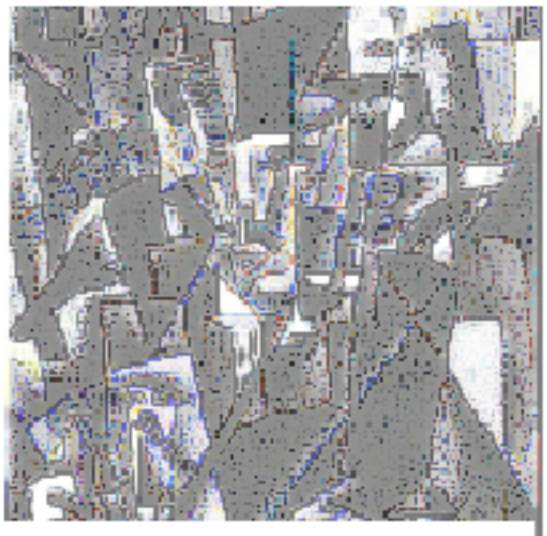
2014



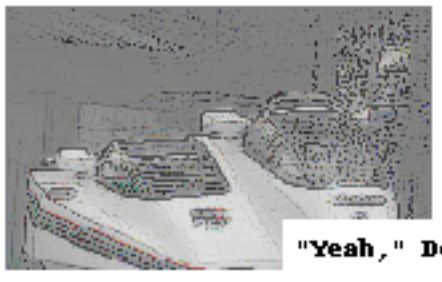








Dalmas said softly: "It was that easy, huh?"

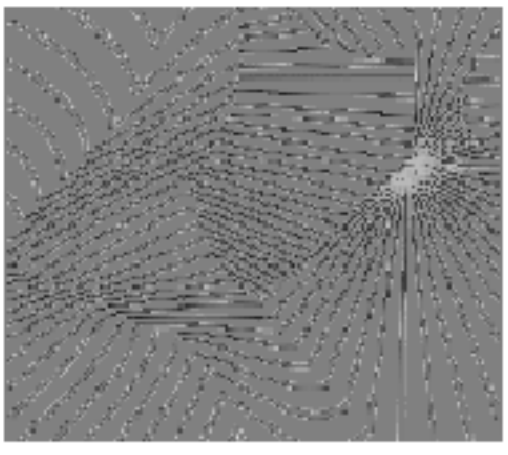


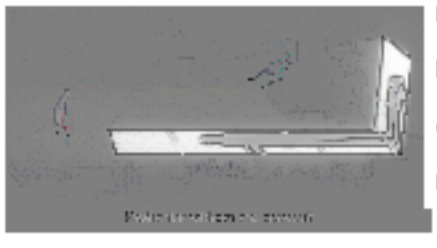
"Yeah," Denny said. He was looking down at the floor furnace. He worked better in the rain. â

I ran back behind the coupe and got its door oper

write about England until I feel England in my bones. Murdock and make any more trouble for her.

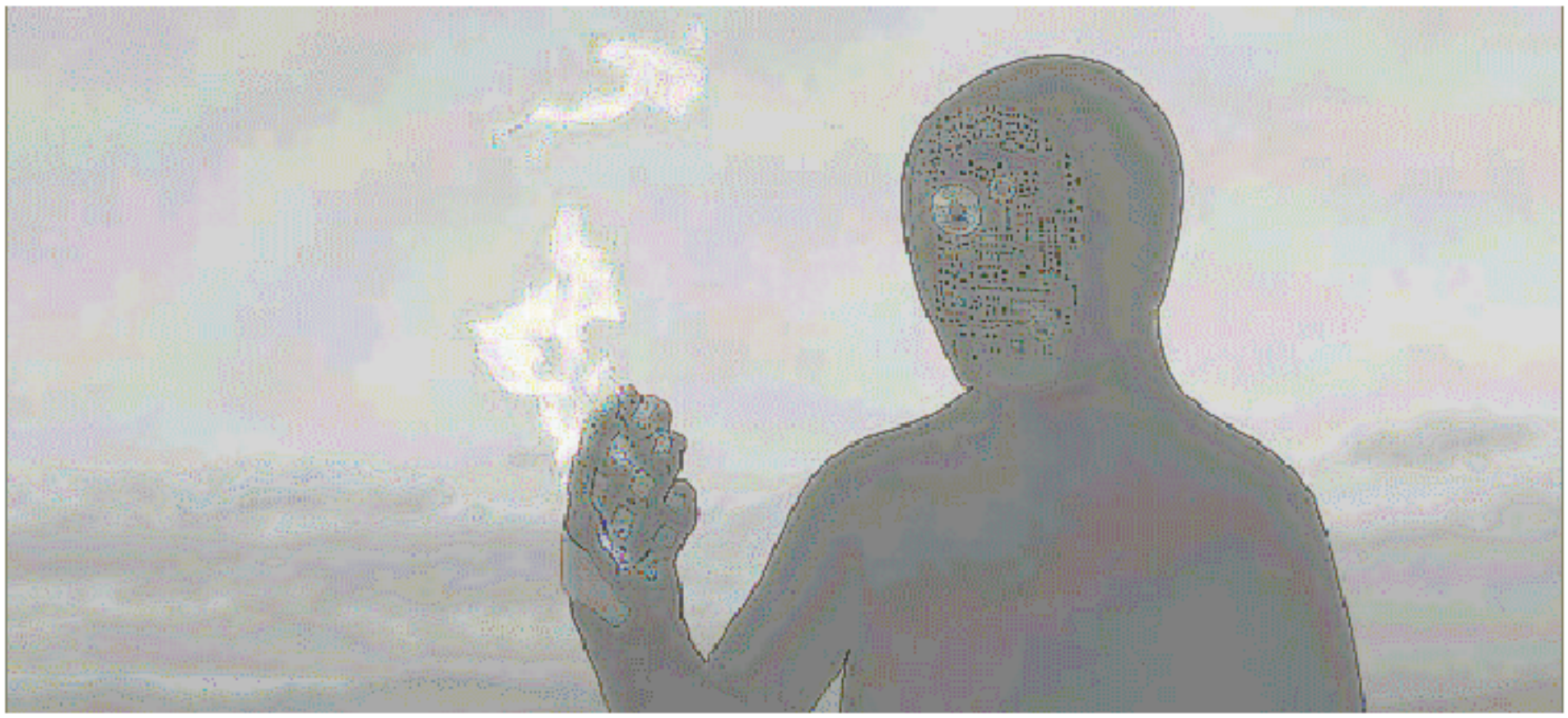
The man turned. You d Sheâs never been able to spare me for long. She needs you. "



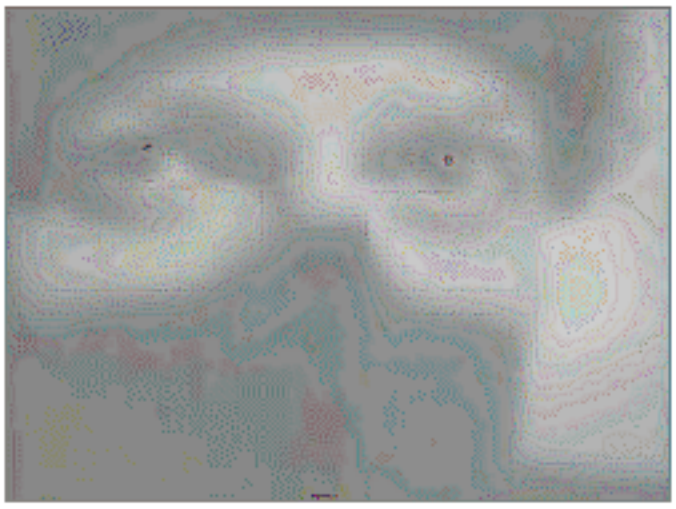


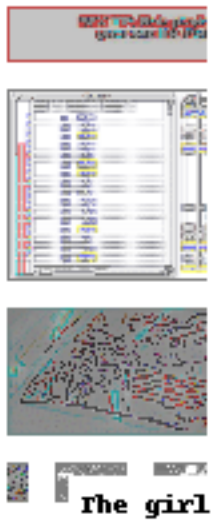
He put the phone down on its side, pu his hand down on the table and leaned on it. âJust ask at the gate for Eddi Prue. Marlowe?â

OCCUPY MEATSPACE



He went up, neither too softly nor too noisily, lifted his hand, sighed deep in his throat, and knocked. "That's better than the dopey talk. Sure. Whatâs in your pants is yours, pal. â





âI He dial
to with a
he thick
sh finger
me that
is would
th hardly
no into th
wo holes.

The girl s carried
âThereâs e the tor
it for fou for the
fi same
Th girl. H
pr would y
sh expect
yo to? We'
th not the
Th F. Iâm
we friend
bu your
fo fatherâ
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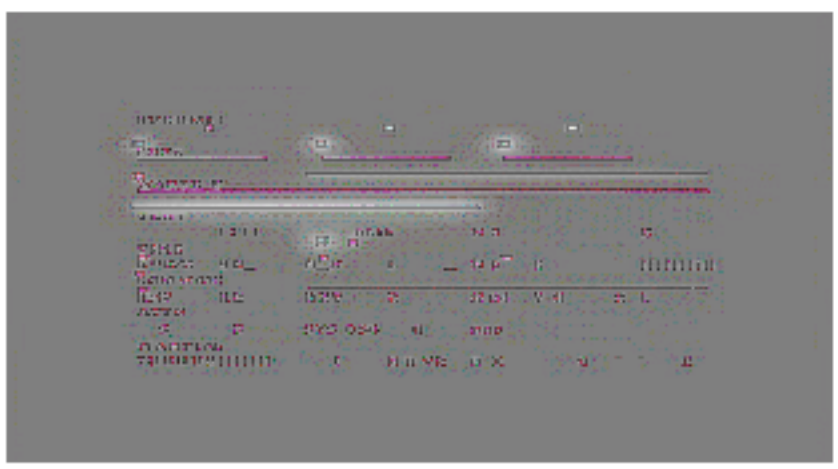
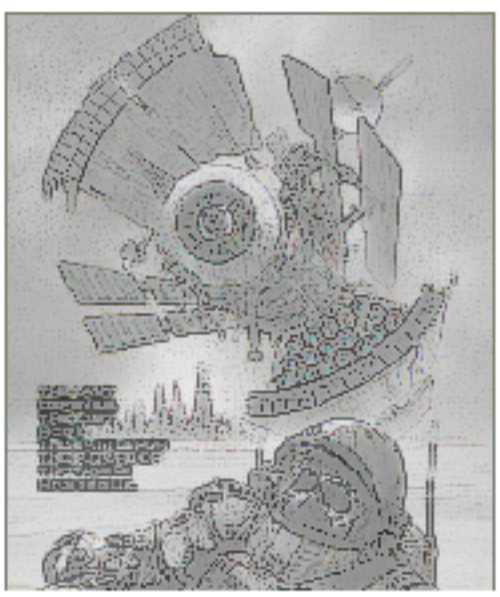
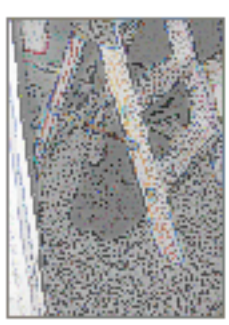
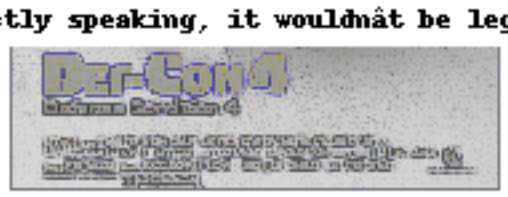




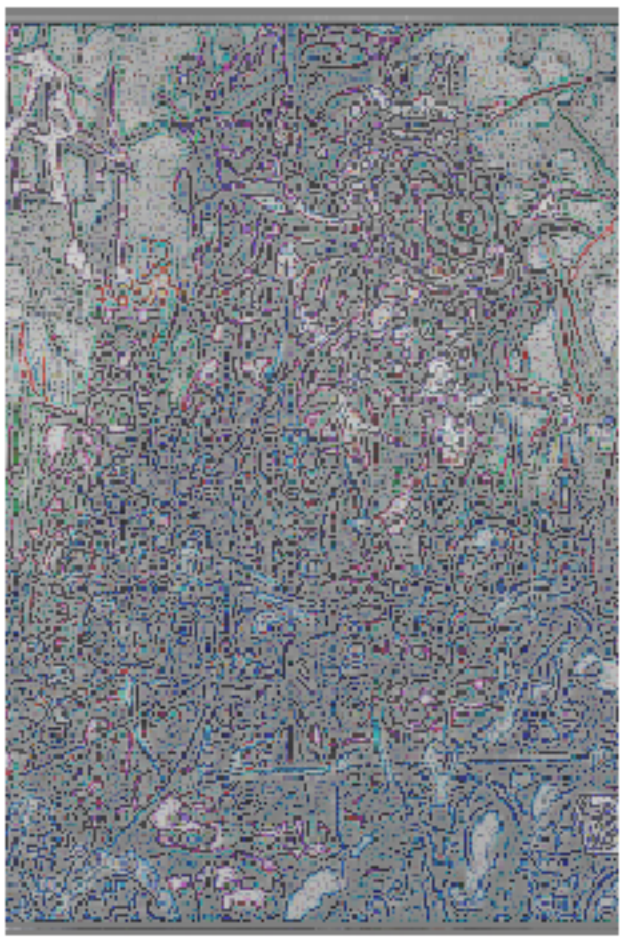
âStrictly speaking, it wouldnât be legal,â French said.



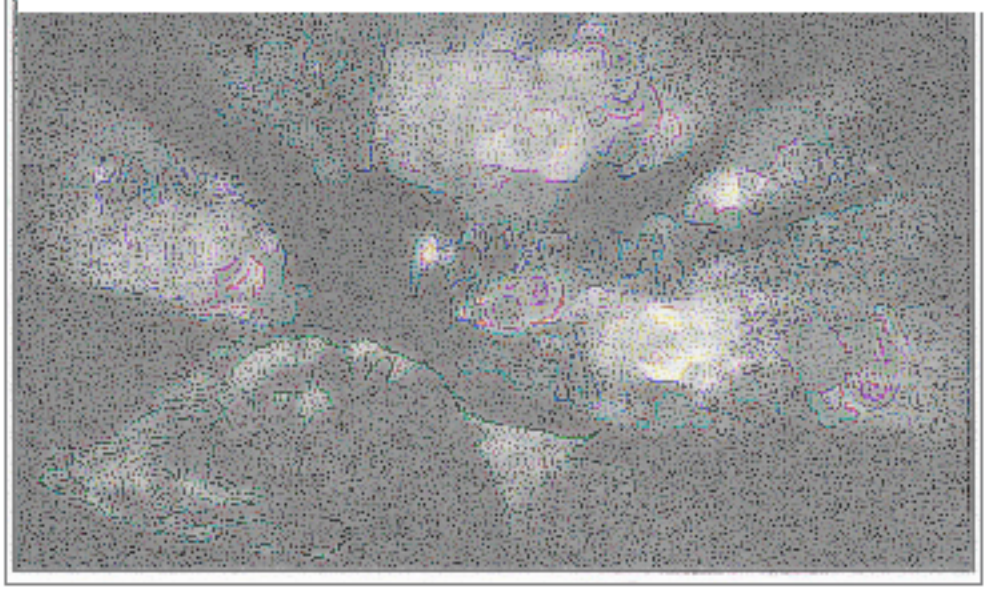


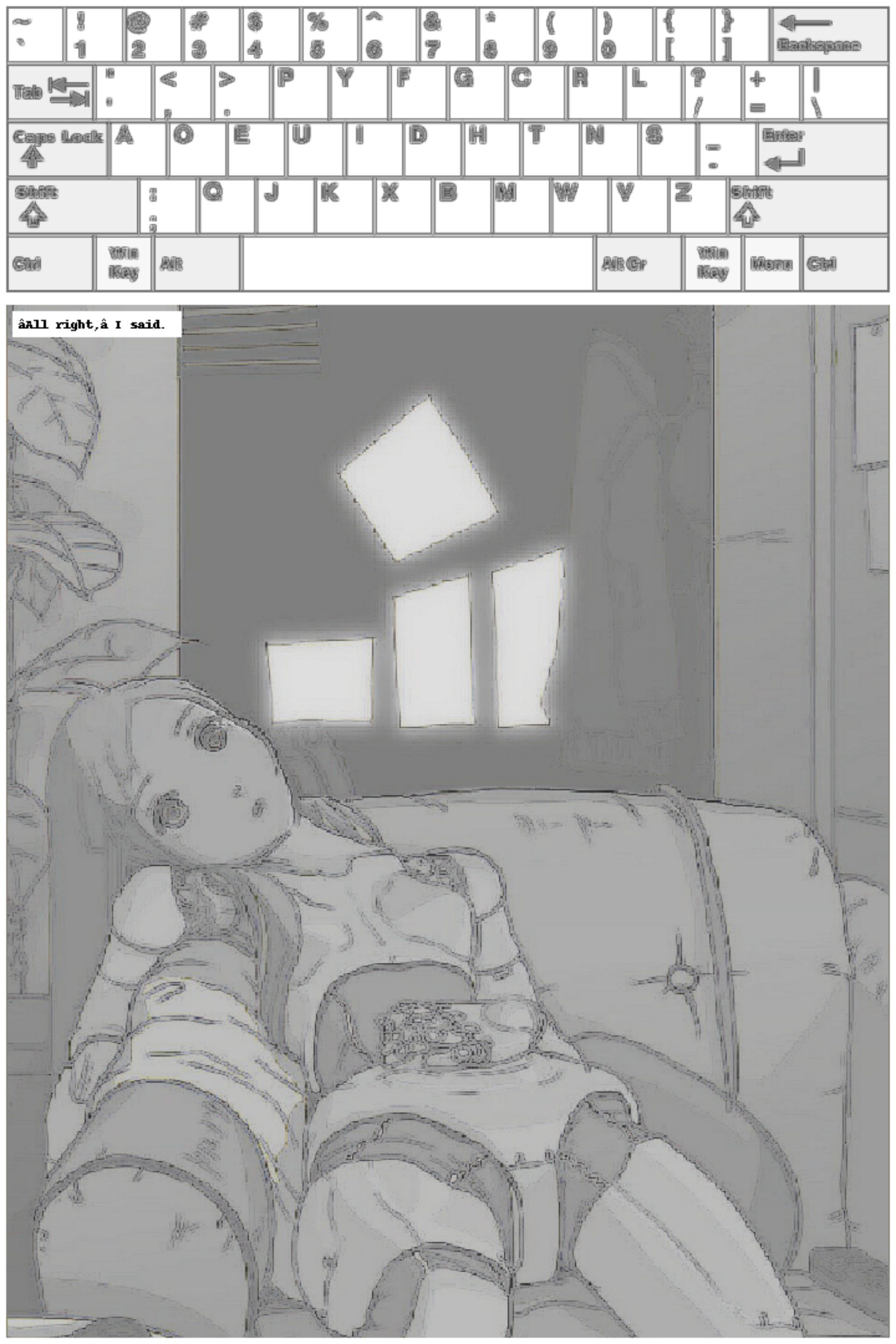
Luders watched me with bland interest. âFunny. Only bite âem on my right hand. Is that why you are making yourself so very useful to the Wadesâa regular motherâs helper who comes on call to nurse him when he is drunk, to find him when h is lost, to bring him home when he is helpless?â

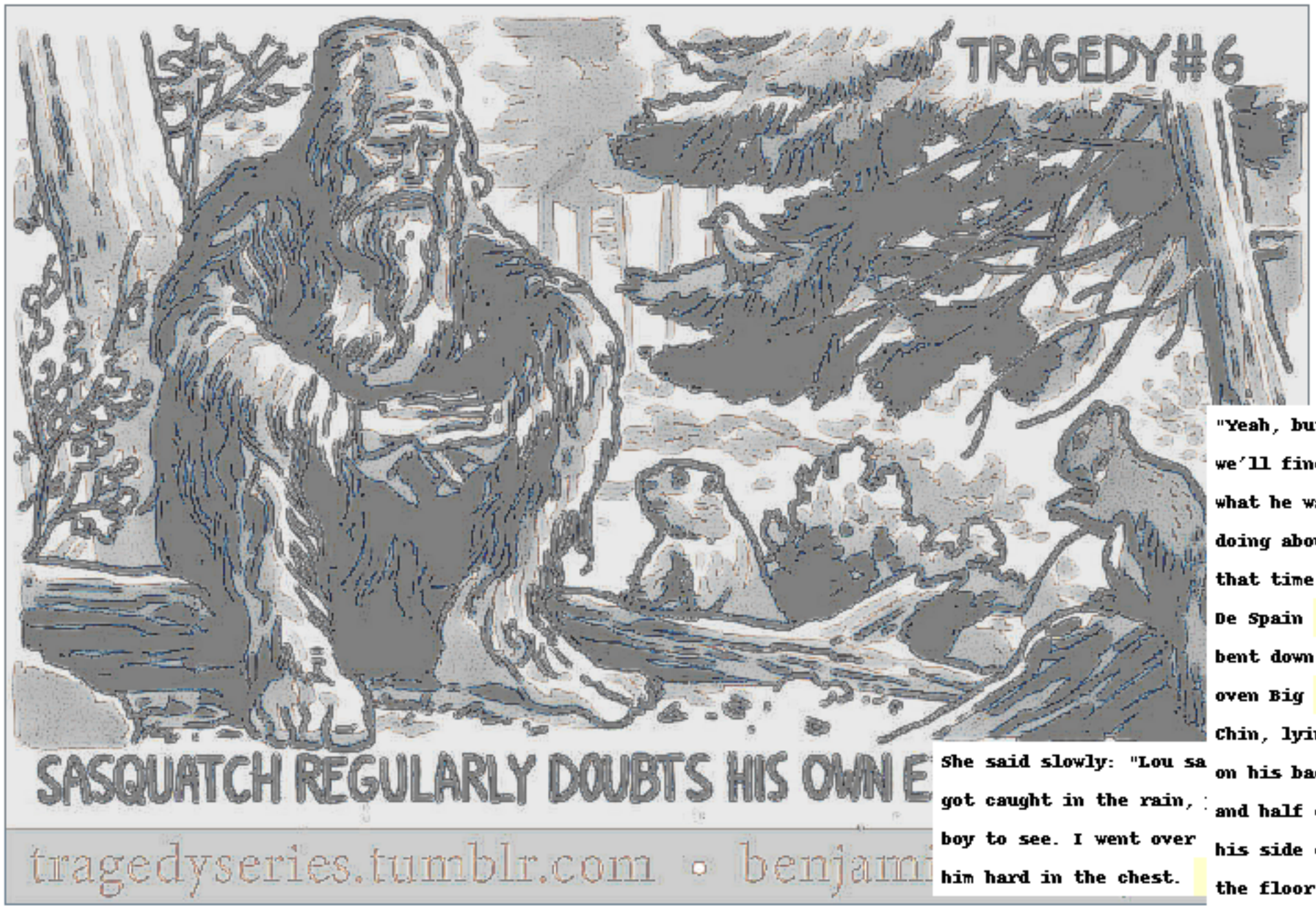
âTheir features were strictly assembly line. âI been talking to the right people about the wrong things,â he said acidly. All those years gone by and all the smart heads that must have worked on the case, postal men and private agencies and all. Why does he do it?â



âLet me set you right on a couple of points, Mrs. âTwenty gran Vidaury raised his eyebrows, smiled very faintly. "That a kick," he growled over his shoulder. You might kill a man accidentally with a blackjack, by not knowing how hard to hit with it. You have marks on you. So you have to go where they can't follow you. They have the intolerance of the very young and the anaemia of closed rooms and too much midnight smoking. They figured the gang pulled just one job at a time, with coolie labor mostly, and sent them on their way with their cut. According to his desk pad he had a date with Imlay at twelve-fifteen. â He looked questioningly at Dr. Weâre just friends. â

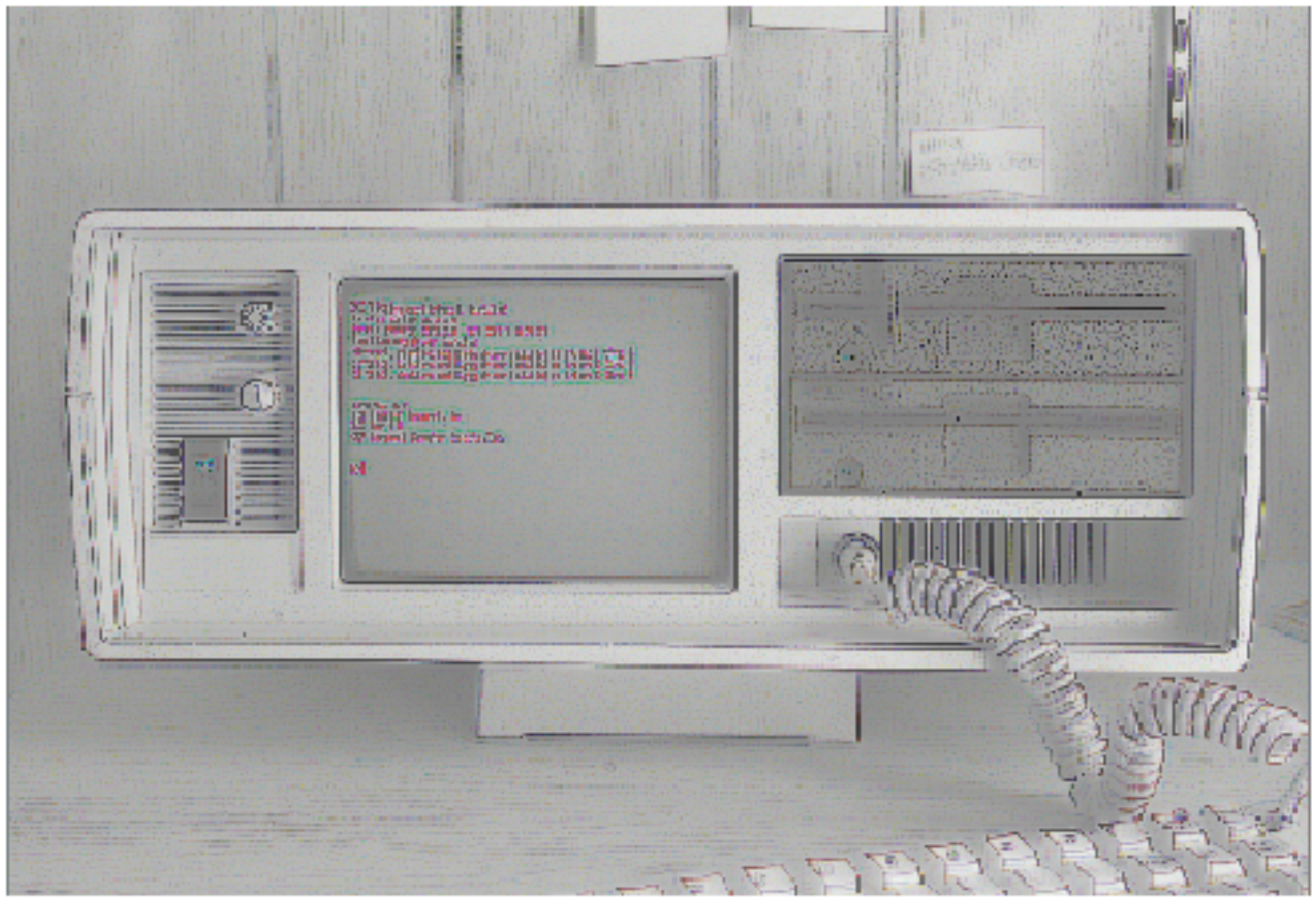


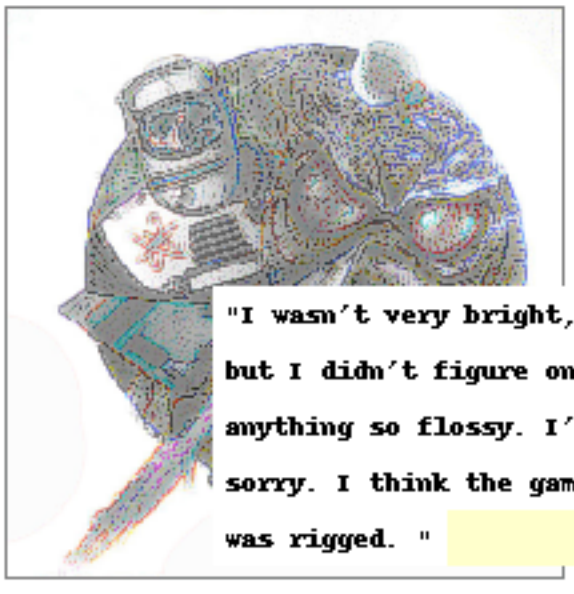

âAll right,â I said.



He walked off with his head thrust forward belligerently. A tall man with rusty hair and very blue, blue ey
feathers in her hair, enough clothes to hide behind a three-cent stamp, and one of her long, beautiful, nak
gilded and the other was silvered.

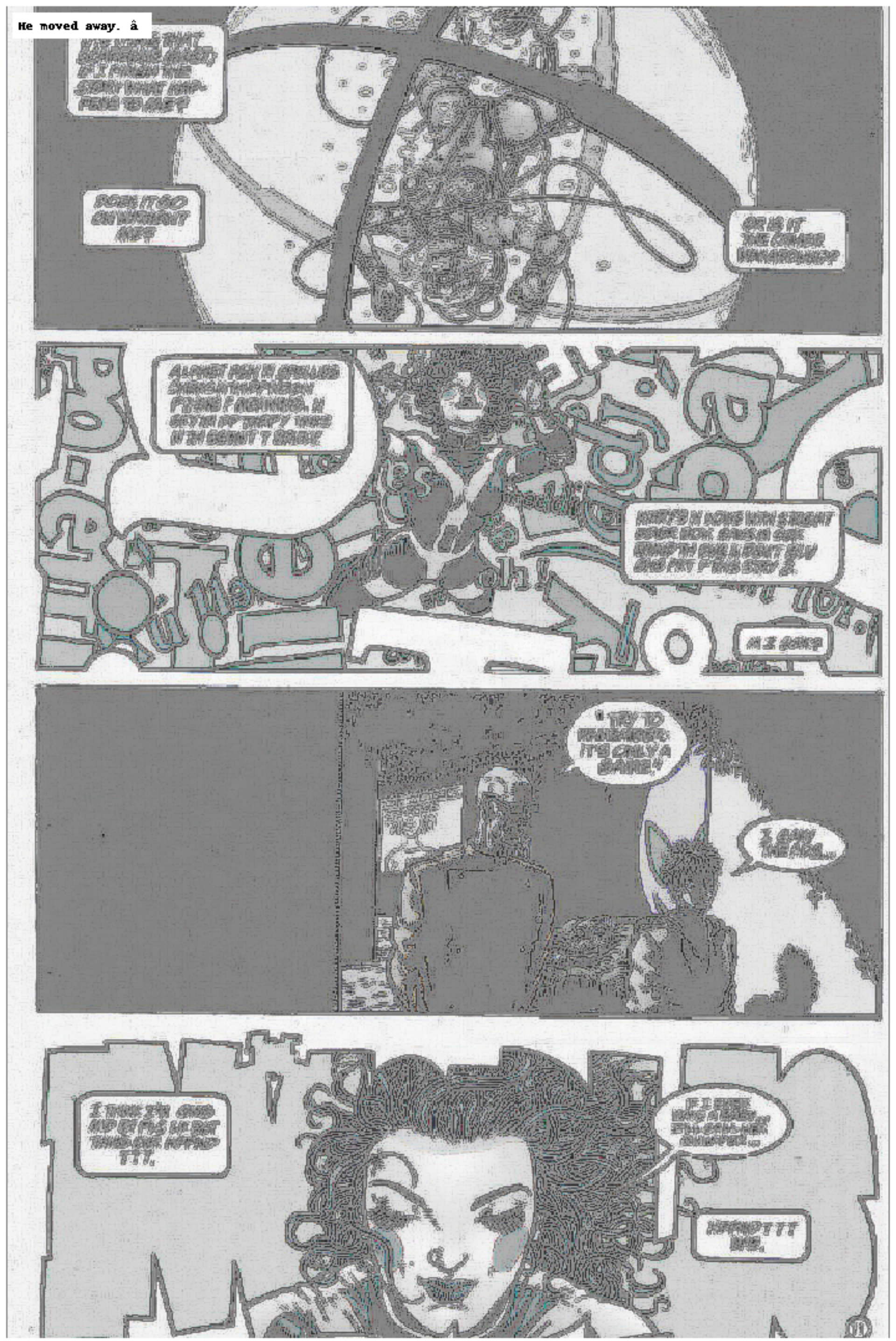
The talle
one said,
"You
carrying?"

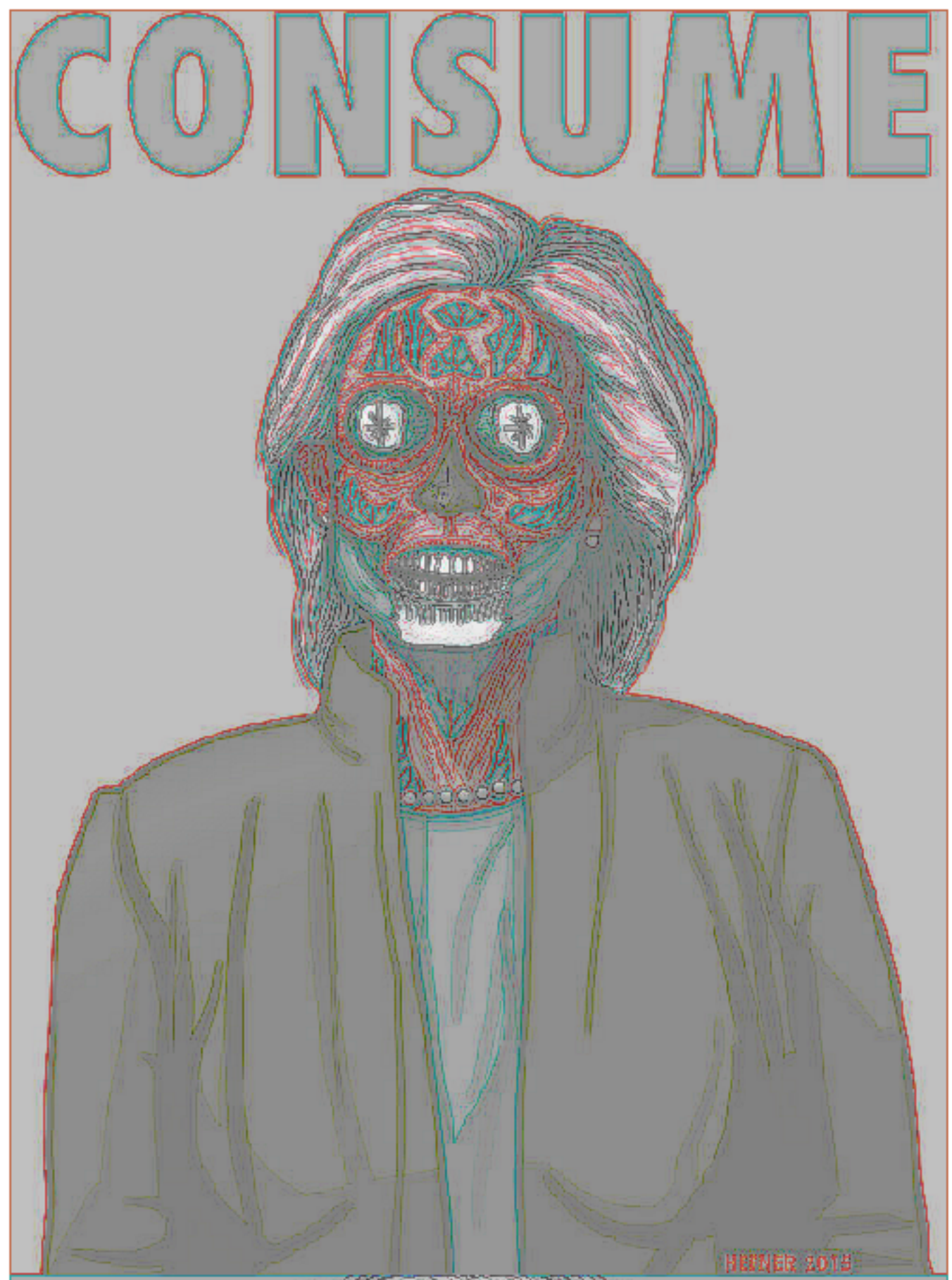


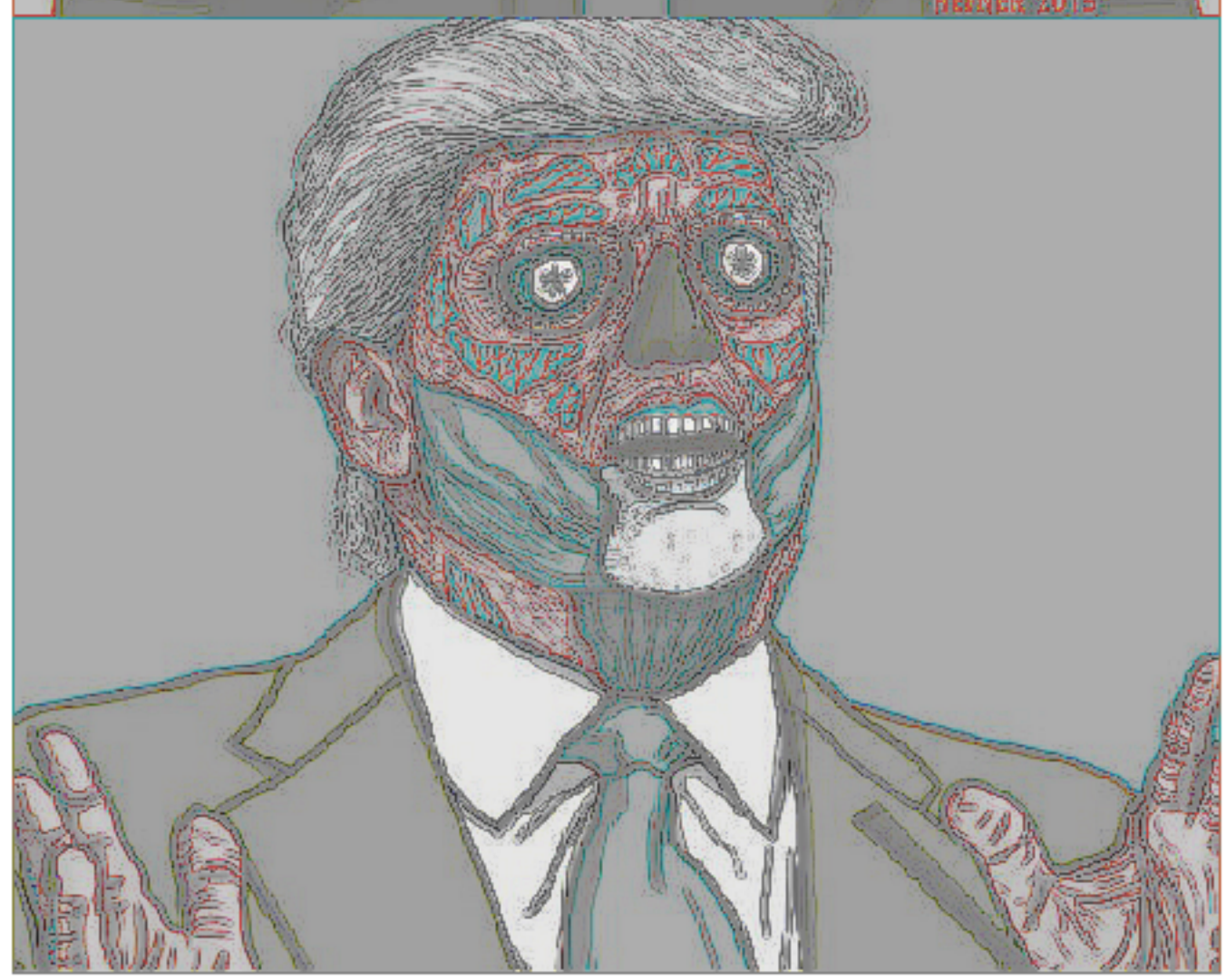


I had my horn-rimmed sunglasses on
Ask for Reno. Or ask Ballou. My
waiting room is never locked. â

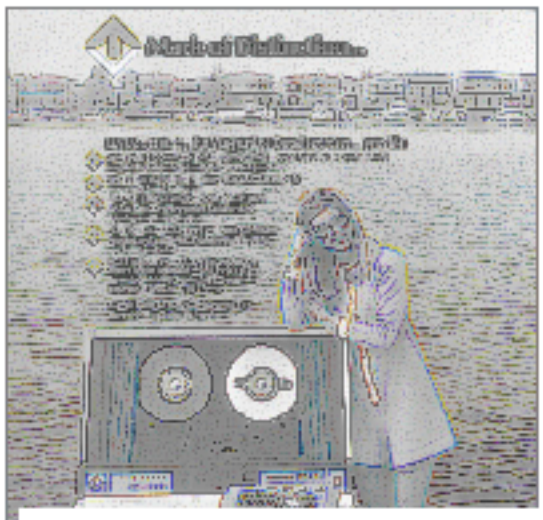
He moved away. â







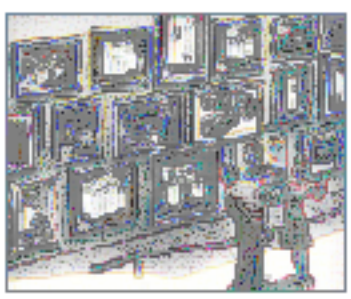
âThey can be deprived of their drug. On even money bets, four times out of five. And he read constantly. They could tell if sh had been shot or stabbed.



I said: âThe kid hasnât told us, but he must have done it. Then, a little faintly: âThe police found them? â

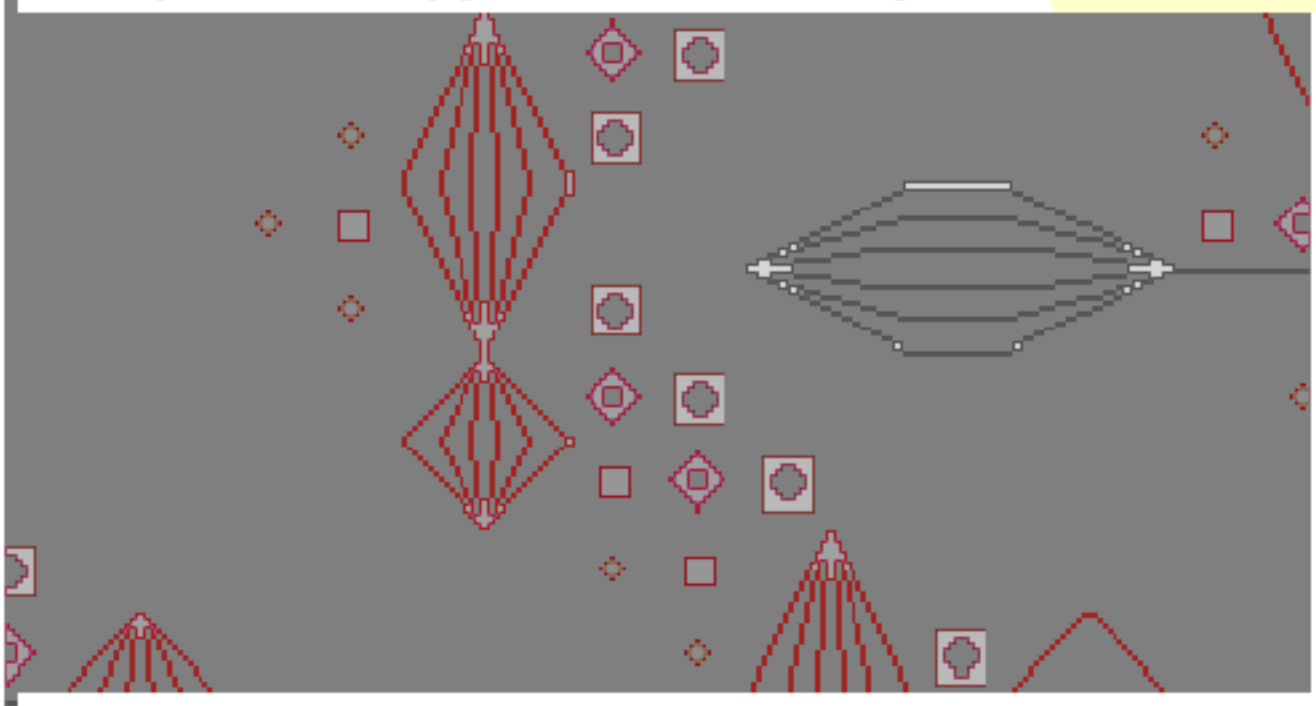
You are safe and more than safe with outspoken people like me.

âNo more, Alton,â she said. His grin was taut, nailed on. But his voice stayed soft. Thatâs what I see. â



âWell, I didnât nee a cab at all,â I said. You

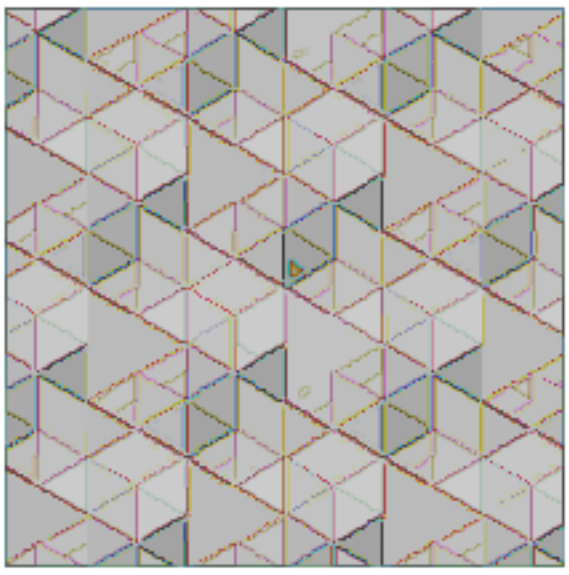
Donner swung the blunt revolver until it pointed midway between the sandy-haired man and Sutro. While I was smiling he held his glass out toward Tino without even looking at him and Tino filled it with bourbon. Annoyed, Chandler had move to Houghton Mifflin. To enhance the fresh slate, he was about to take the opportunity to change agents, leaving Sydney Sanders for the New York firm Brandt & Brandt. But we need more than that. I need that money. Obviously you can't expe detective fiction to be anything but sub-literary, to use Edmund Wilson's word, if you insist on weeding out from that field anyone who shows any pretensions to skill or imagination.

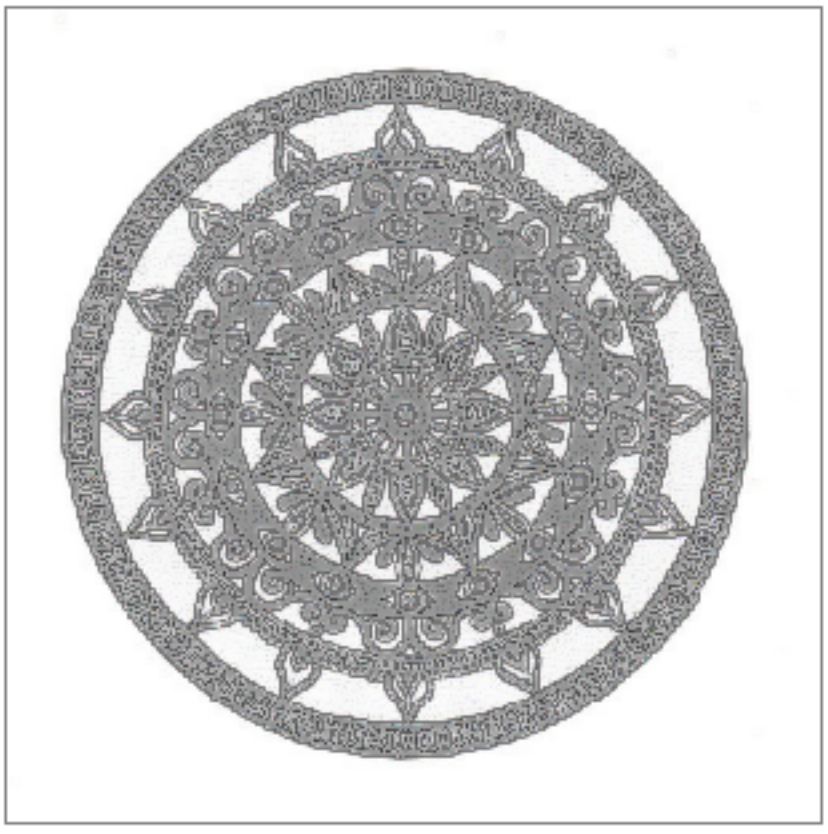


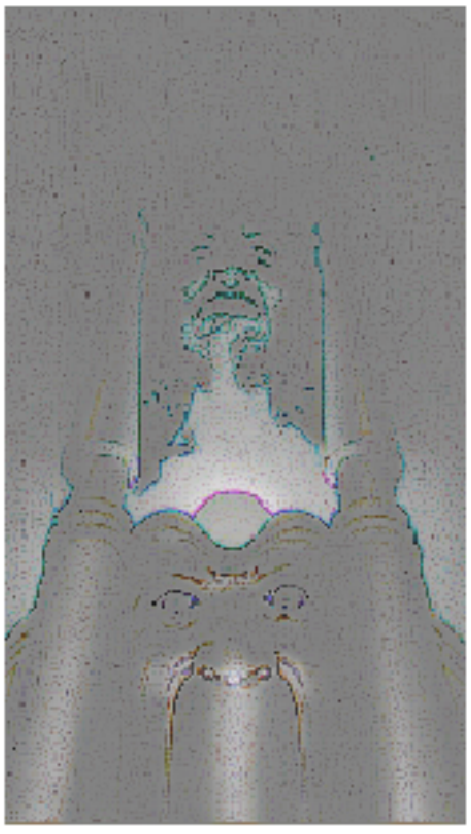
âA night like this,â I said. The blond boy slowed up. It was cooler than I had expected, though.

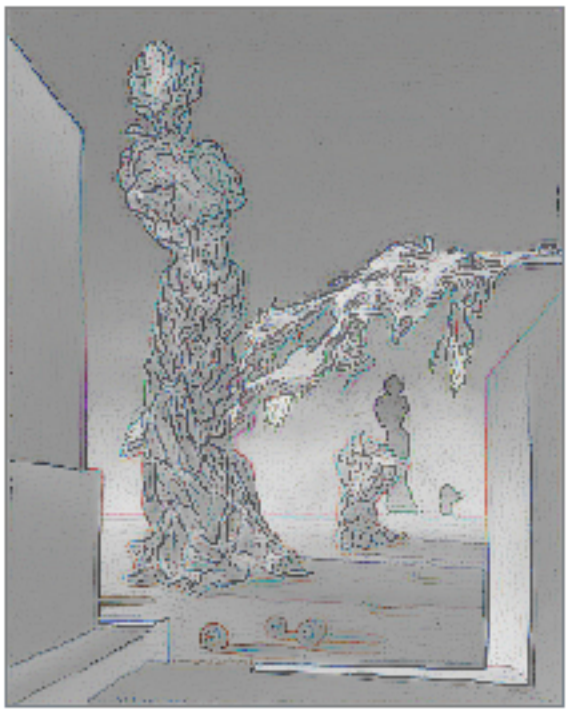
I went back to Kathy Horneâs kitchen and found a pint of Brooklyn Scotch in the cooler. 'When I say he won't tell us anything, Mr. Vidaury, I mean anything that counts. He says his name is Pete Anglich, that he used to be a fighter, bu hasnât fought for several years. â

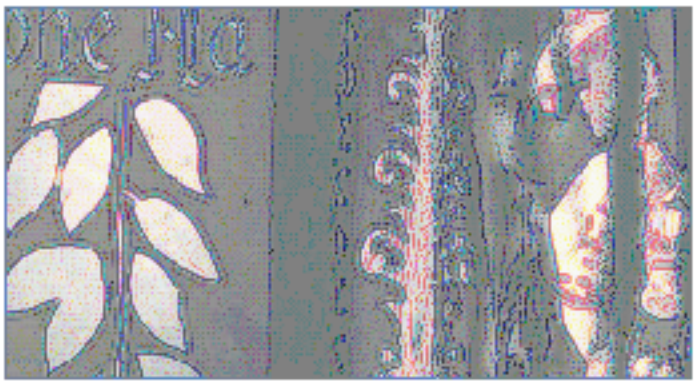
I turned away from it after quite a long time. Got it?. I clicked the big flash on and held it on the projecting cigarette and on his big fingers as they came forward to tak it.

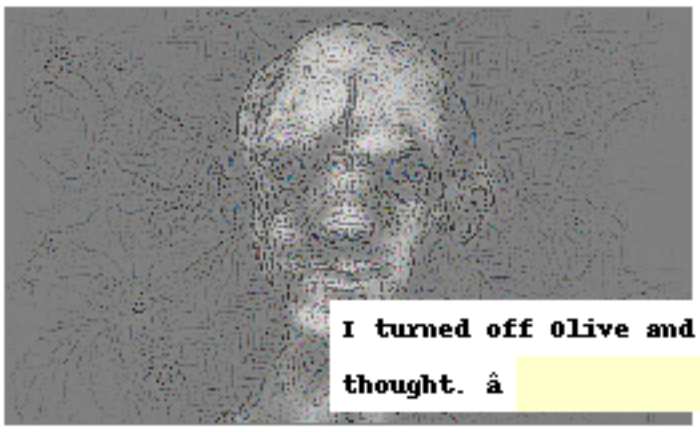


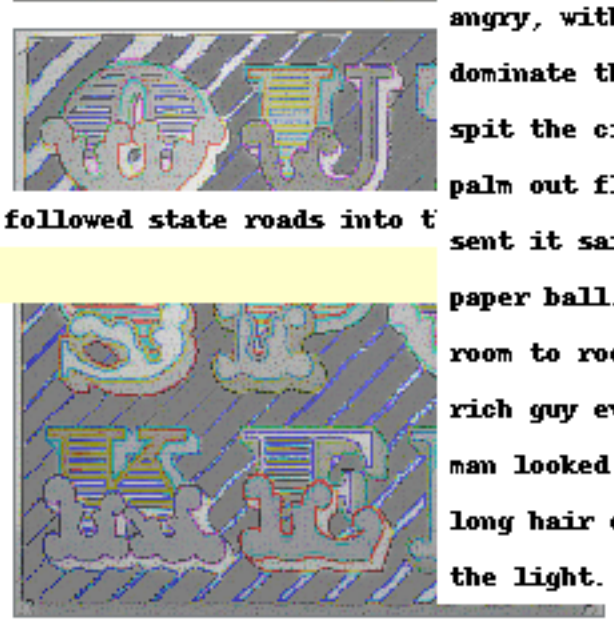


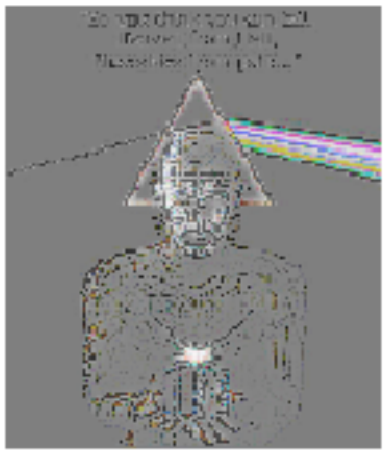






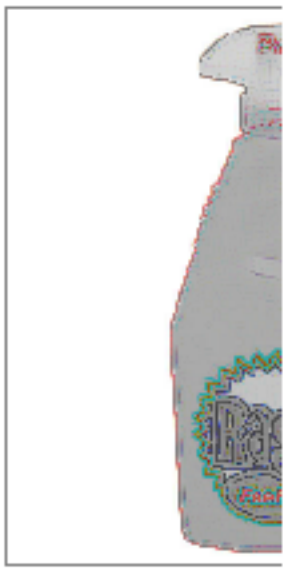






I made a show of patting my pocket
She clawed it out of his hand and
said bitterly: â
got no sense. Up

I left him then an
went down to the
bank with the chec
and the teller,
after looking at m
suspiciously, then
absenting himself
from his cage for
long time, finally
counted out the
money in
hundred-dollar bil
with the reluctanc



When I finished exploring my
tolerance for pain, I noticed that
Charlie was clutching a piece of
paper in one wooden hand. Not ever
The head was a foot too low over t
steering wheel. What a man does to
live is all. If he's happy. His
set-up was perfect for it. His mou
drooped open and his cigarette hung
to the corner of it by some magic,
as if it had grown there. They were
just eyes, and very wide open and
quite dead.

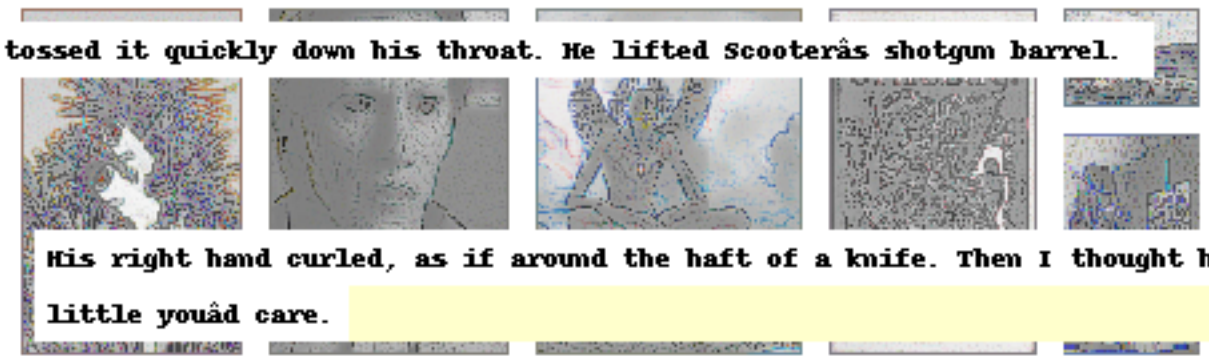
âHelloâ¦ yes
and leather
chafed his l
angry, with
dominate the
spit the cig
palm out fla
sent it sail
paper ball.

I turned off Olive and followed state roads into t
thought. â

room to room, the place was a shambles and the
rich guy eventually got the low score. The old
man looked it over, nodded, suddenly yanked the
long hair out of his nose and held it up agains
the light.

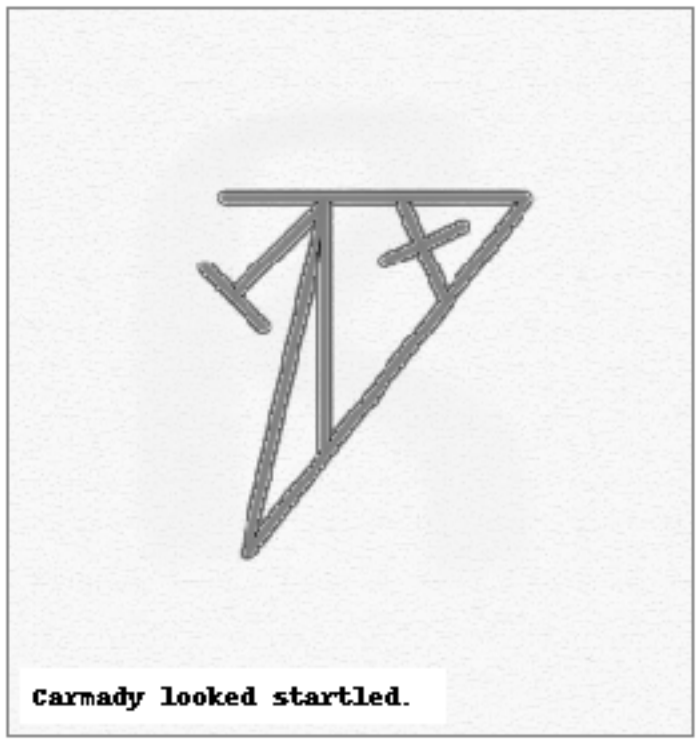
âThereâs an idea in that,â Henry said. It smashed with a sharp ping
John Evans. A gold falcon encrusted with jewels as a sort of rent
payment for their occupation of the island of Malta. So Sutro put t

Morny poured himself some more brandy and tossed it quickly down his throat. He lifted Scooterâs shotgun barrel.

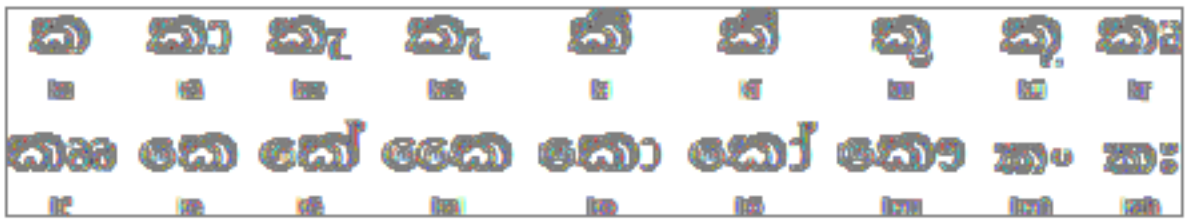


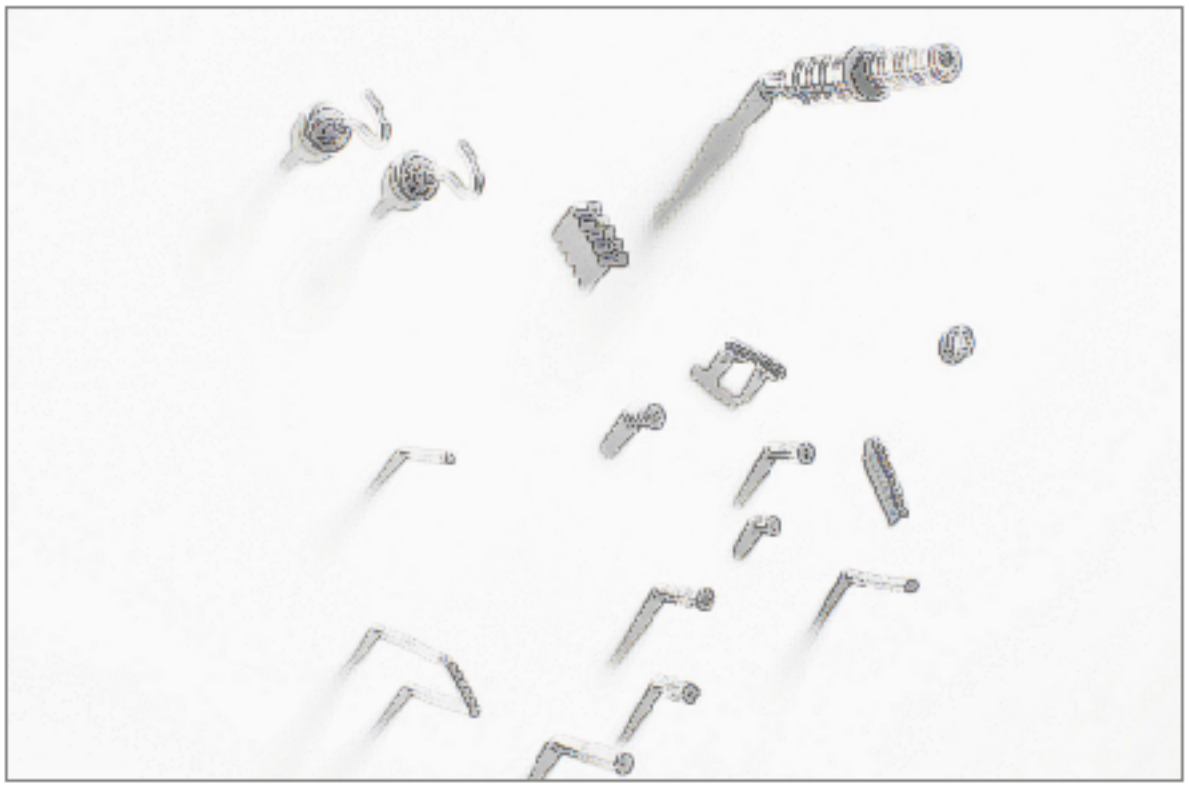
His right hand curled, as if around the haft of a knife. Then I thought h

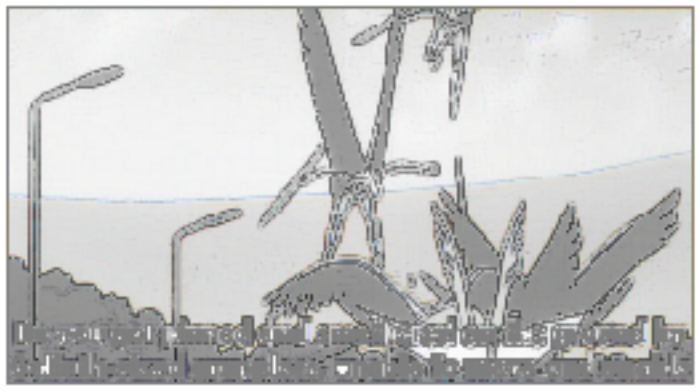
little youâd care.

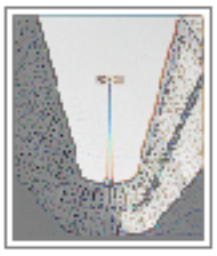


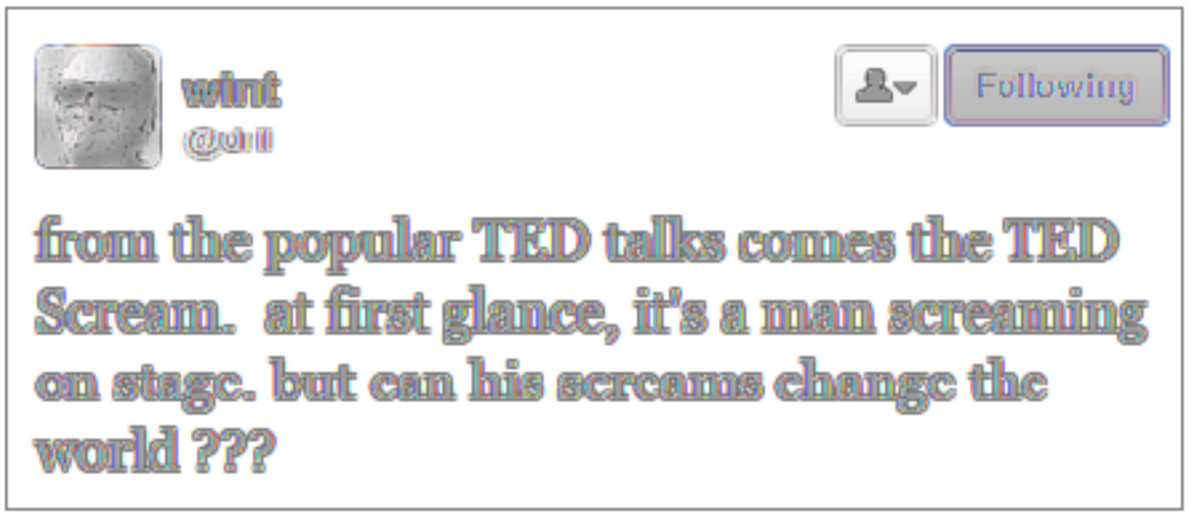
Carmady looked startled.

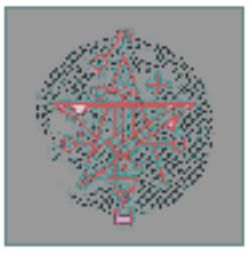






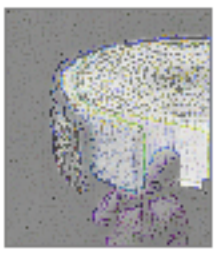






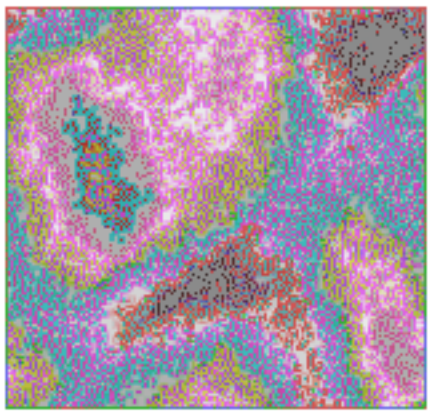
He didnât pay any attention when I reached across and dug the gun out of his pocket. La

said quickly. He didn't tell me about the shoe. â



Also, her folder contained no photographs. Then I realized that he might be short-sighted and from

The Bay City police came about twenty minutes after called them. âTheyâve handcuffed you to the meta stanchion. â

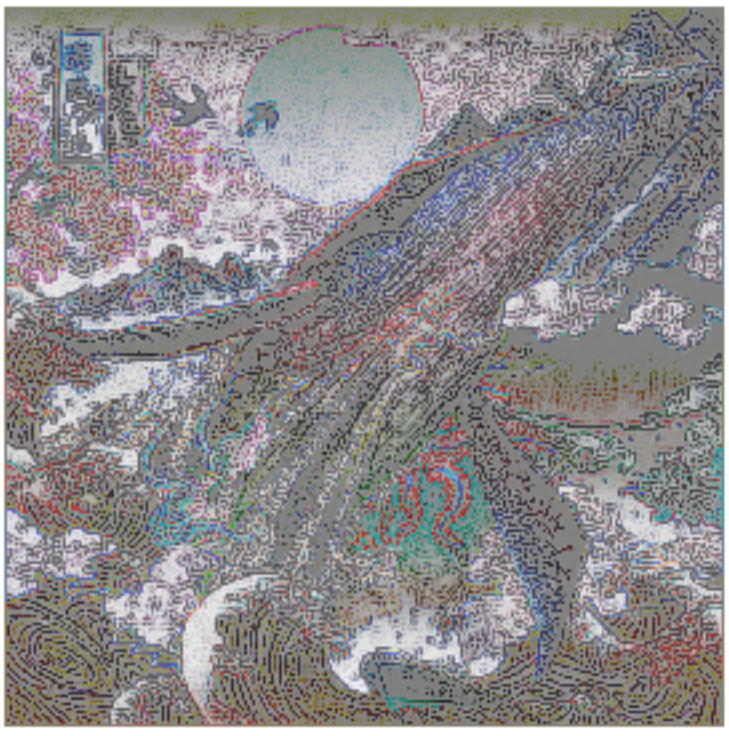


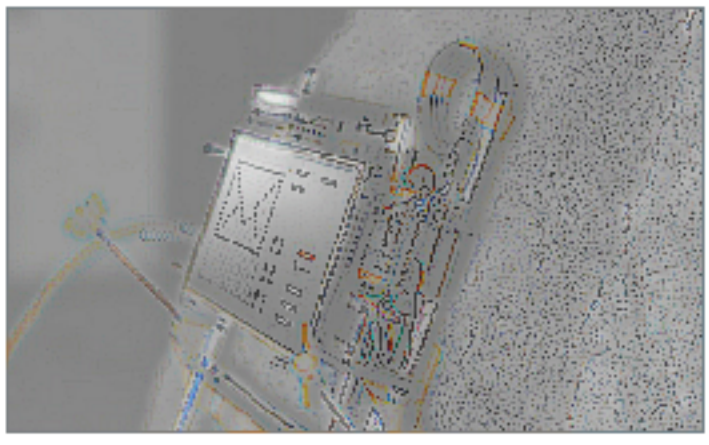
She said nothing. This tor quality is infinitely variable and contributes infinite meaning. Anybody can have cards printed.

I went the other way, abou half the distance along th

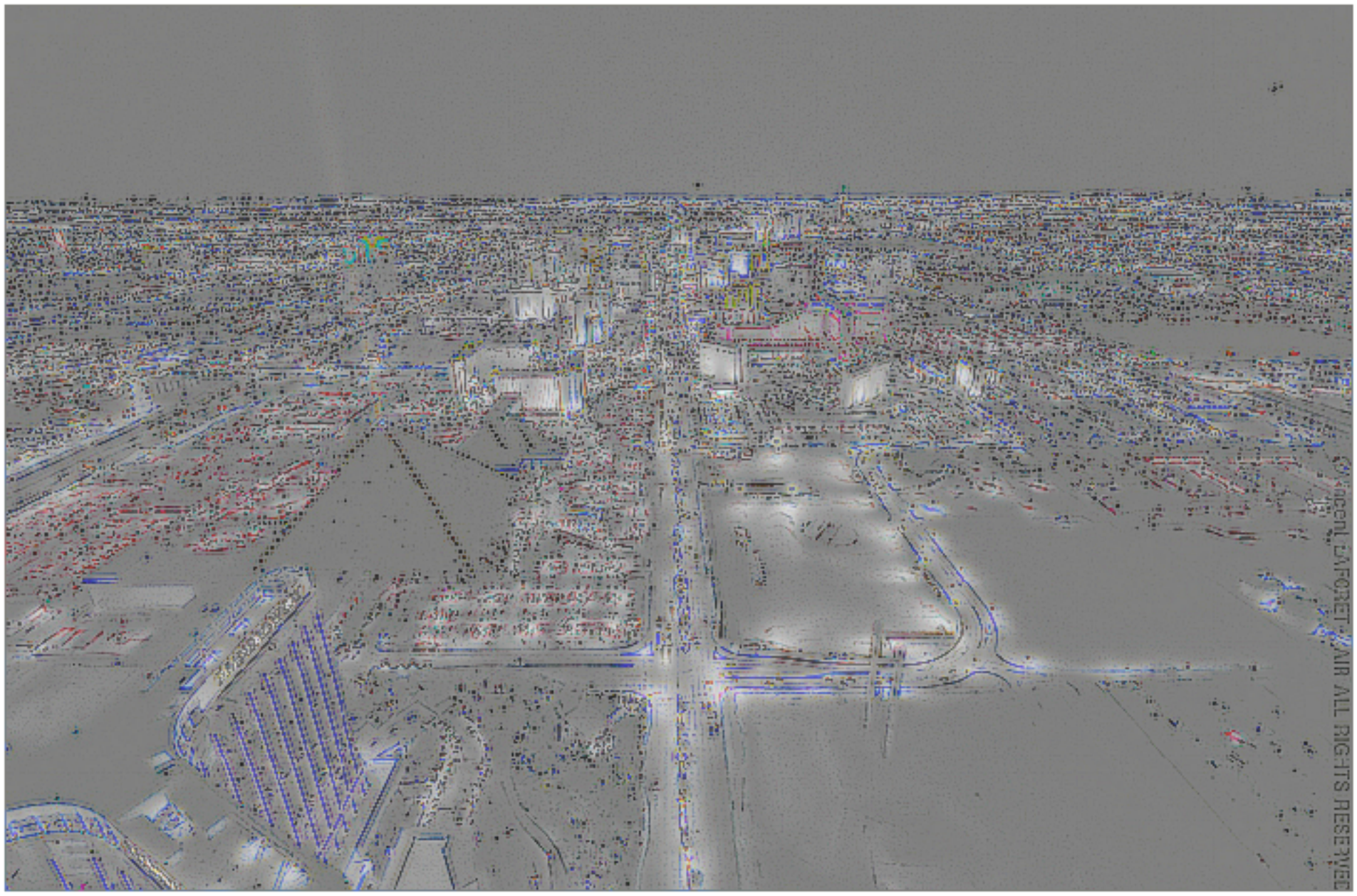
"Not the nice ones, angel. Her face was still to the wall and her fingernails were still spearing her palms. I gulped from the glass. â

âDid you trust Marriott?â

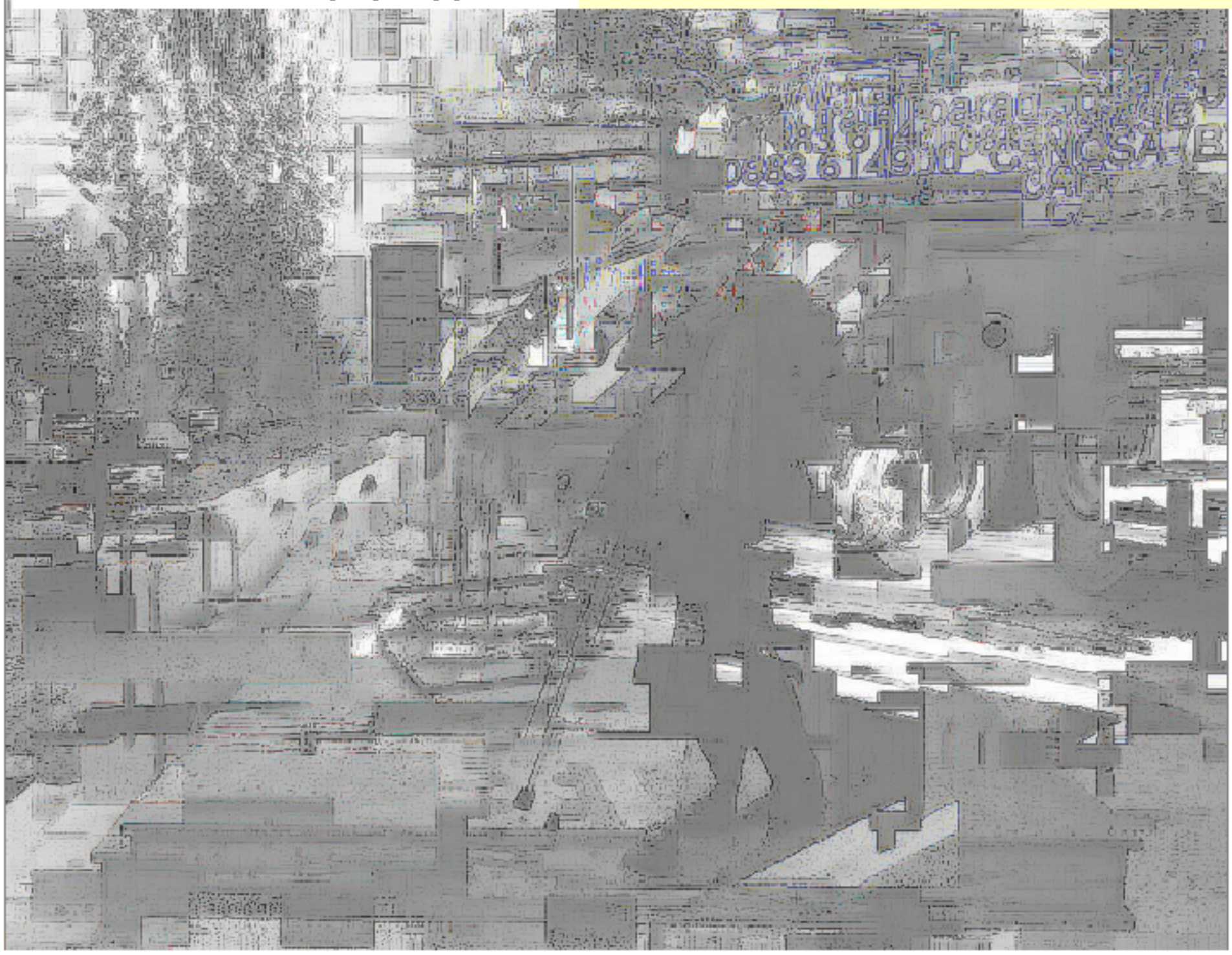




Her face got a little hard. Her outstretched hand, the one that had bee on his arm, spread its fingers stiffly, bent back from the palm, straining back.



Ybarra turned his head slowly and looked at him. That was foolish, but it saved a lot of finagling, if he was willing risk it. Because it would let you justify yourself. "



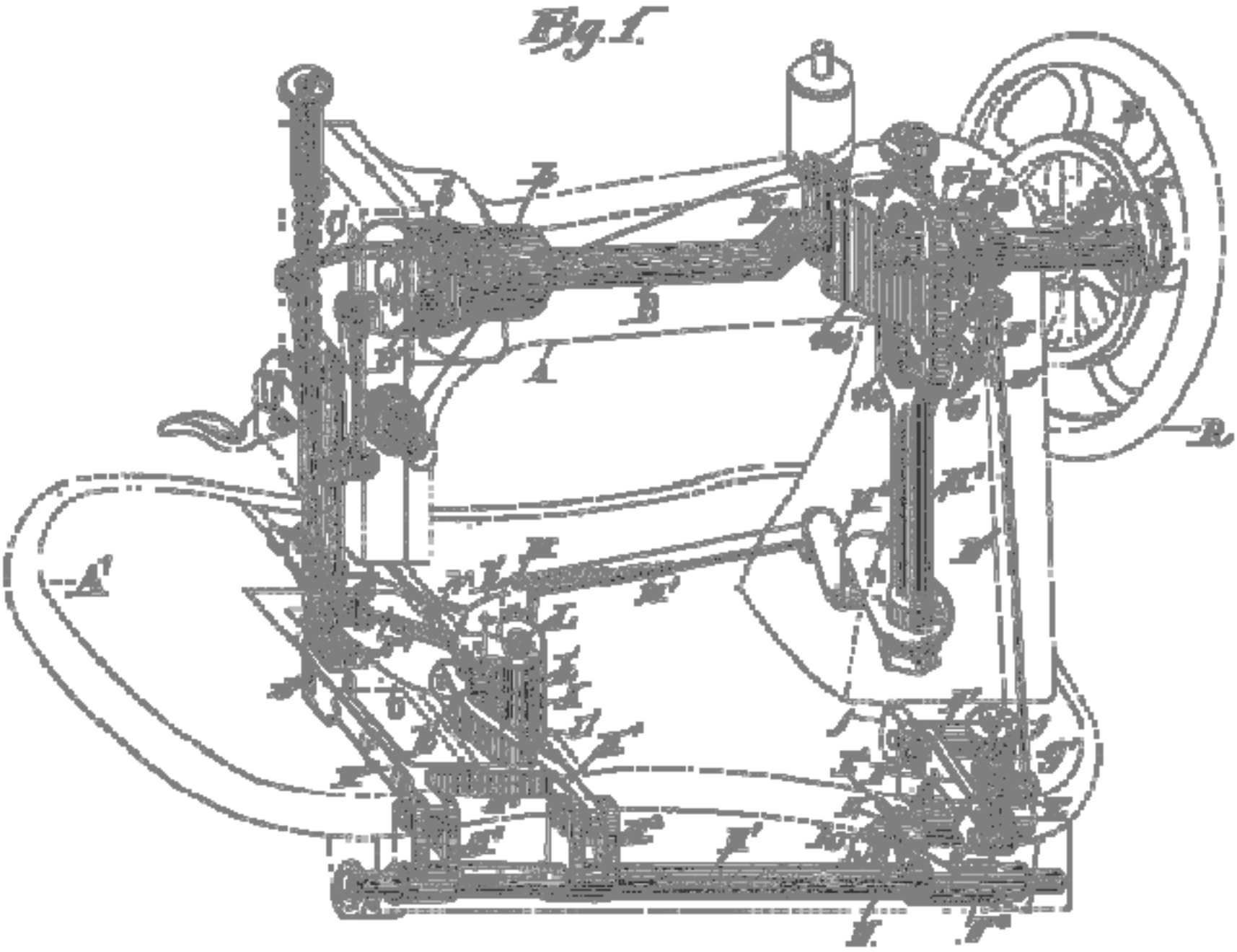
(No Model.) 3 Sheets—Sheet 1.

R. WHITEHILL.

SEWING MACHINE.

No. 326,821. Patented Sept. 22, 1885.

Fig. 1.



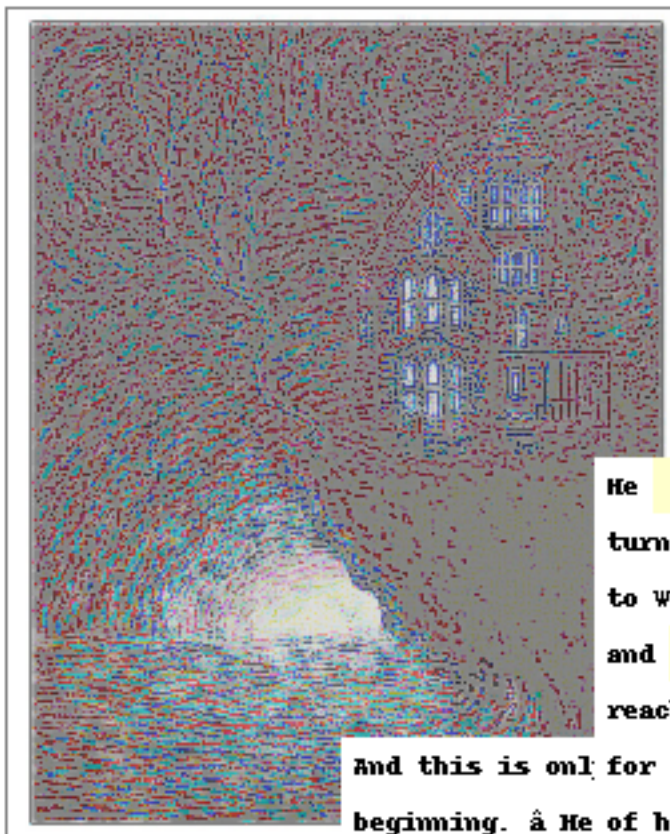
Witnesses:
E. Stebenson
R. Platz

Inventor:
Robert Whitehill
By Robert Whitehill
Attorney.

N. PETERS, Photo-Lithographer, Washington, D.C.

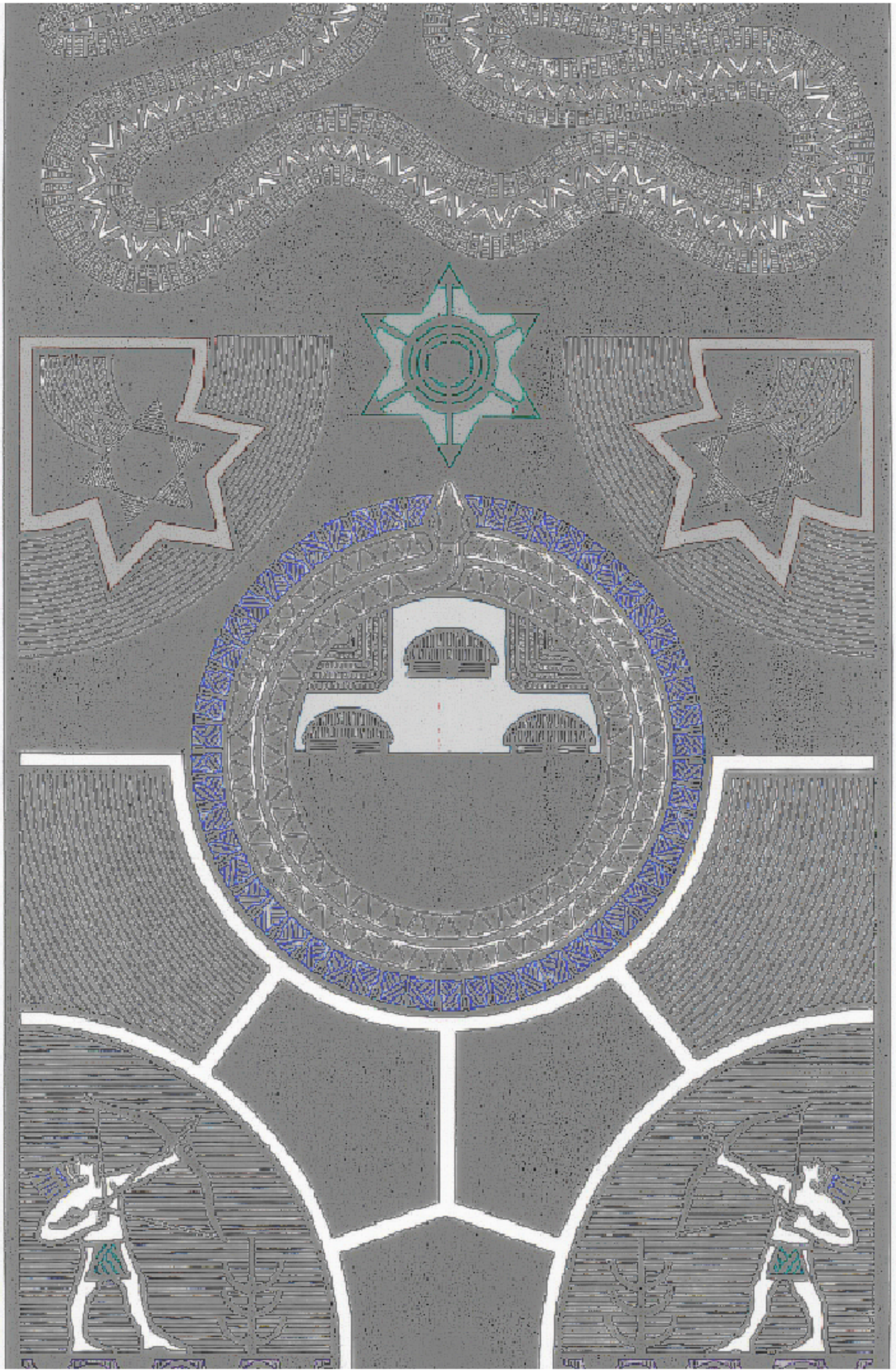
I sat there and listened to the voice. âIâm not happy. Thereâs four tower rooms you ainât rented yet. â

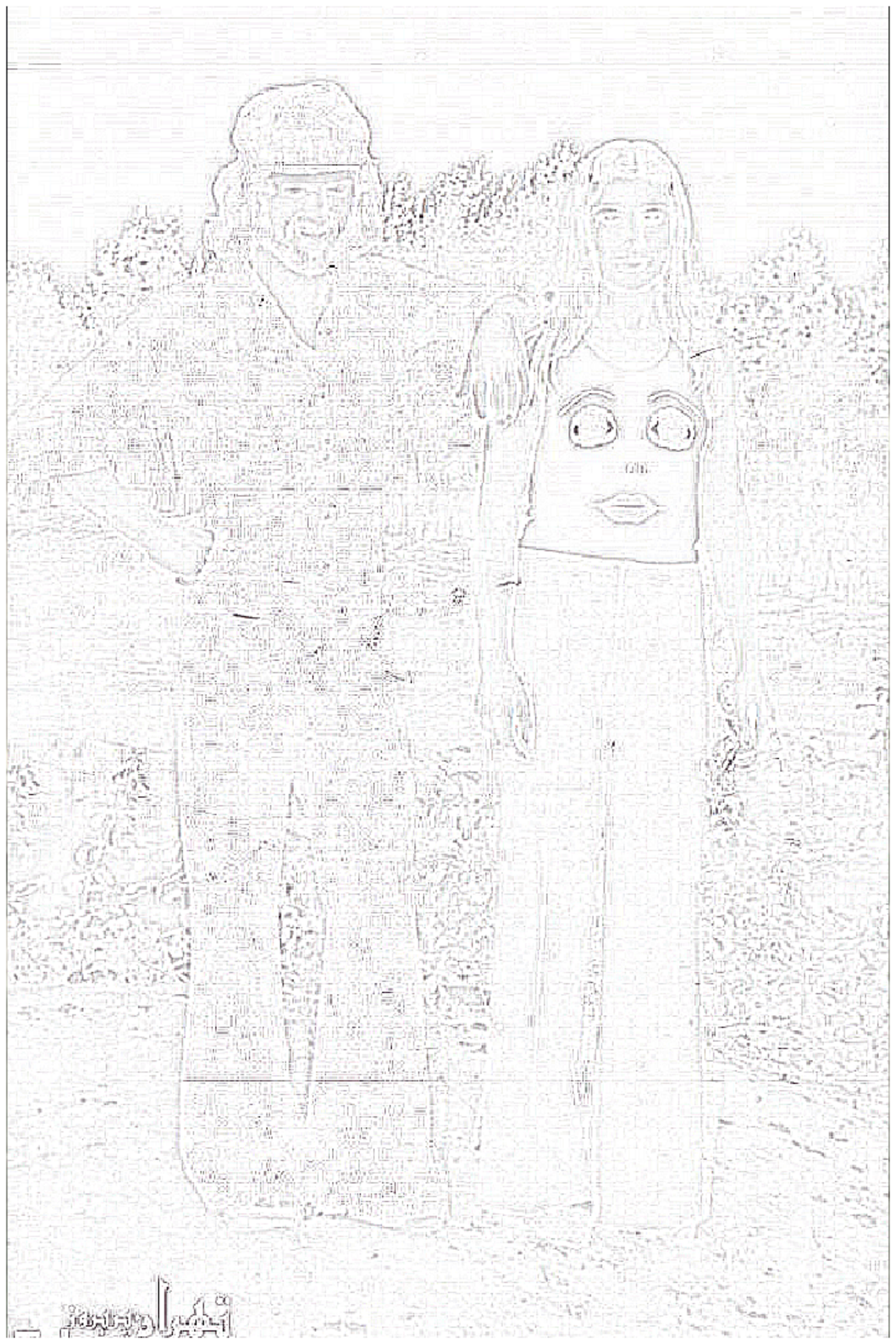
I shook hands with him. His enormous back
hid the door. He slumped sideways and claw
at a corner of the desk, then rolled on hi
back. Then his head jerked back and his ey
hardened. The curly-haired man said: âWe
like trouble. I put the top up on my
convertible before I started downtown.



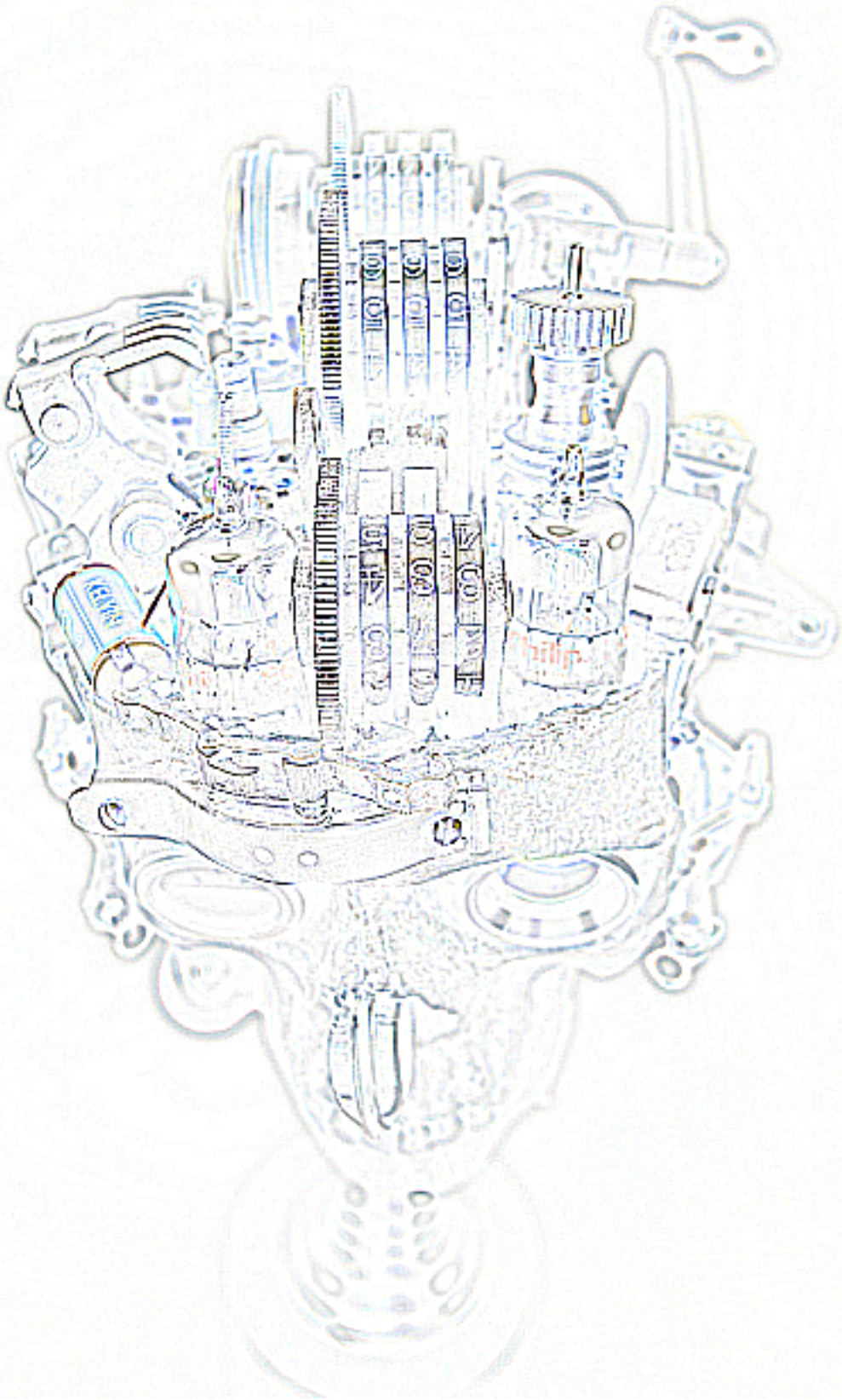
He
turned
to Wad
and
reache
And this is onl for on
beginning. â He of his
it seemed to me shoes,

The coupe went west on
the boulevard, which
forced me to make a le
turn and a lot of
enemies, including a
motorman who stuck his
head out into the rain

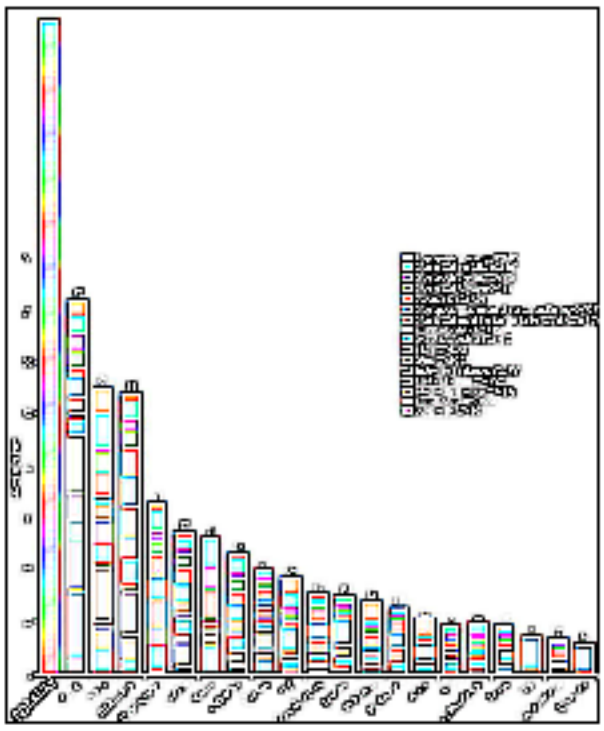


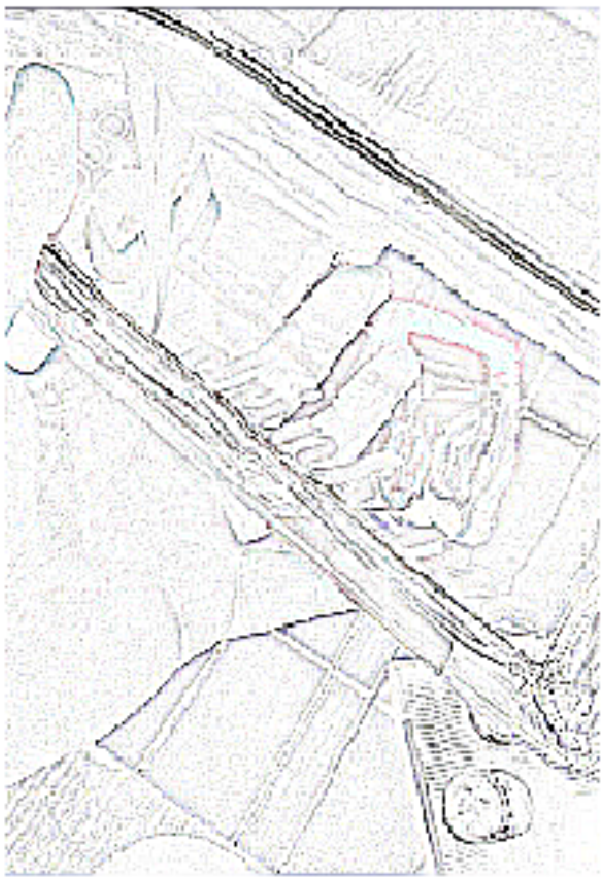


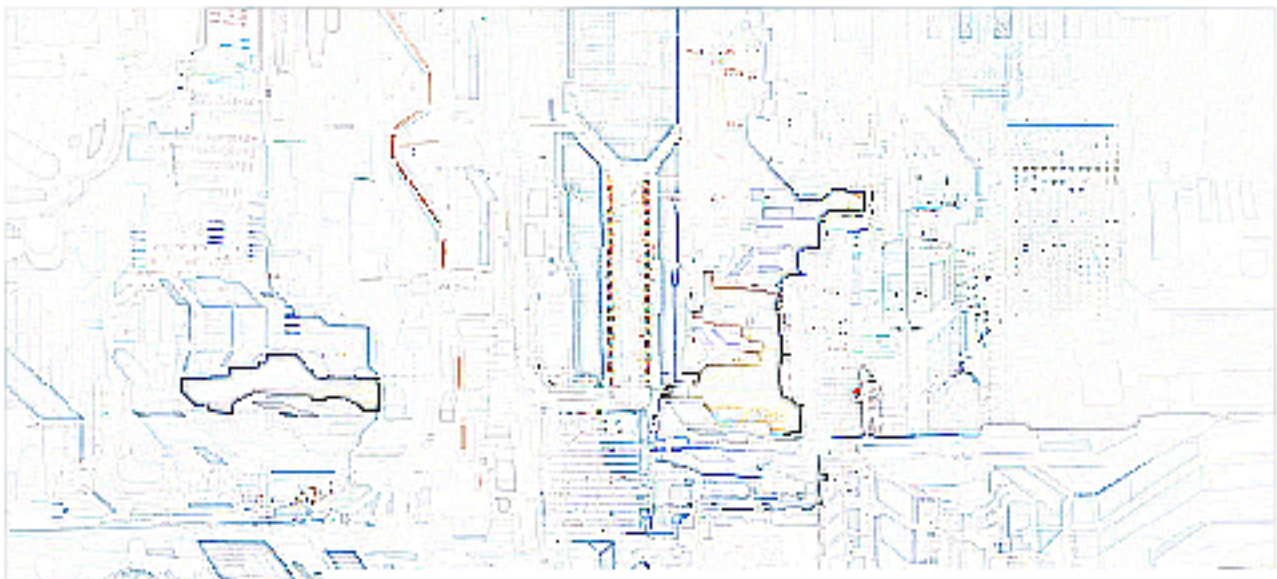
âCome back, little Sheba,â Mrs. â



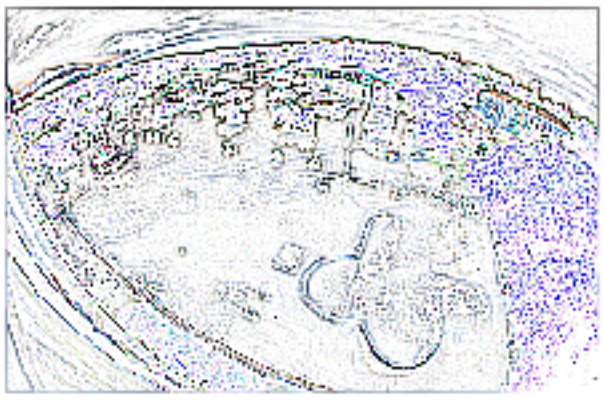
Red stepped behind him noiselessly. Give him a drink, if he wants it. â





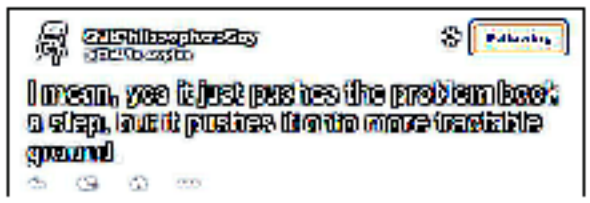


âJoseph and I went driving a good deal. You get the loveliest going to take off for Rio and live in luxury. â

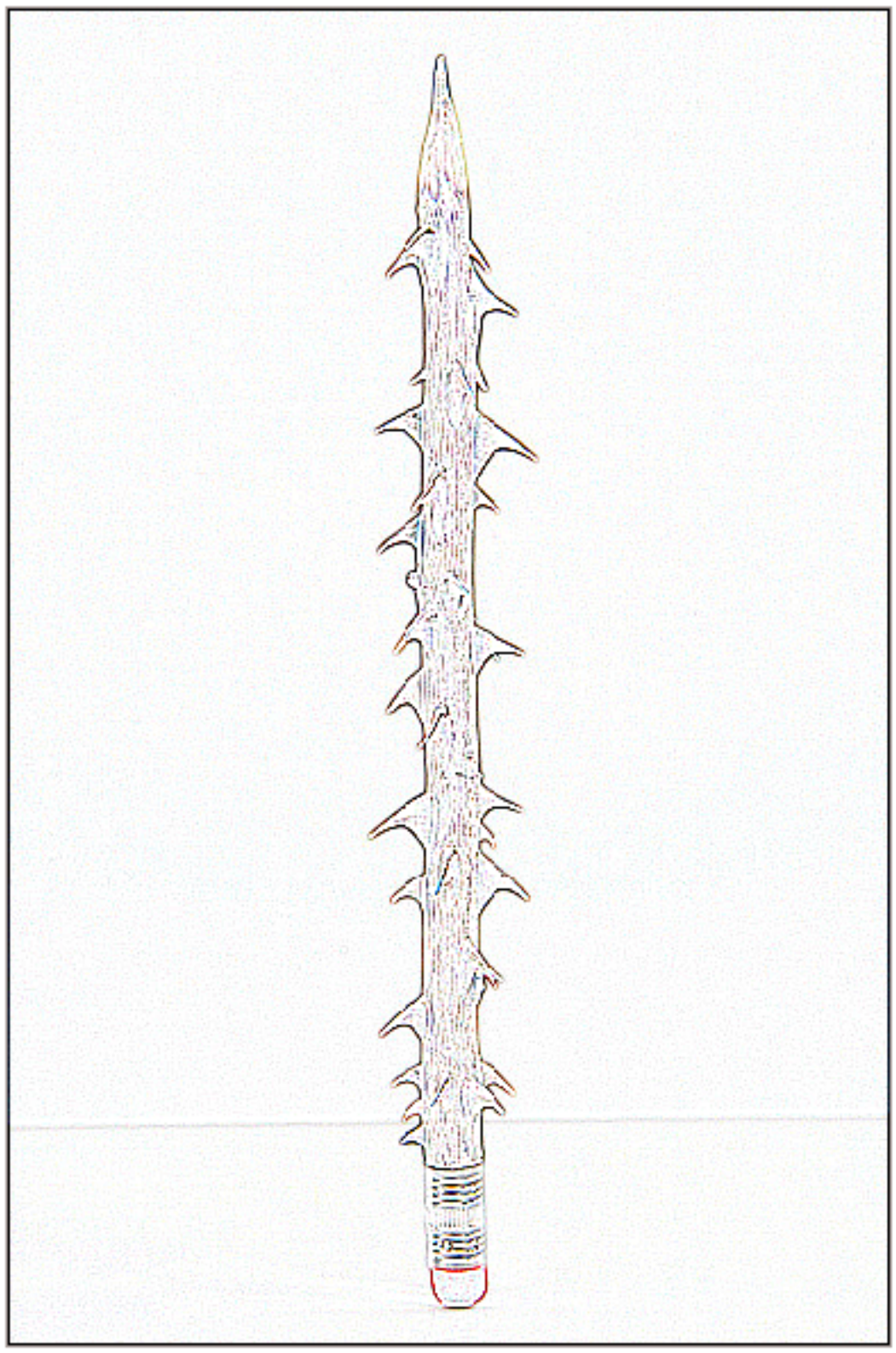


âWe nearly didnât get through,â I to her. âUmh-uh. She sent down for her bill and paid it. The robe she wore was silk with a frosty gold cast. â

âAm I? Who of?â



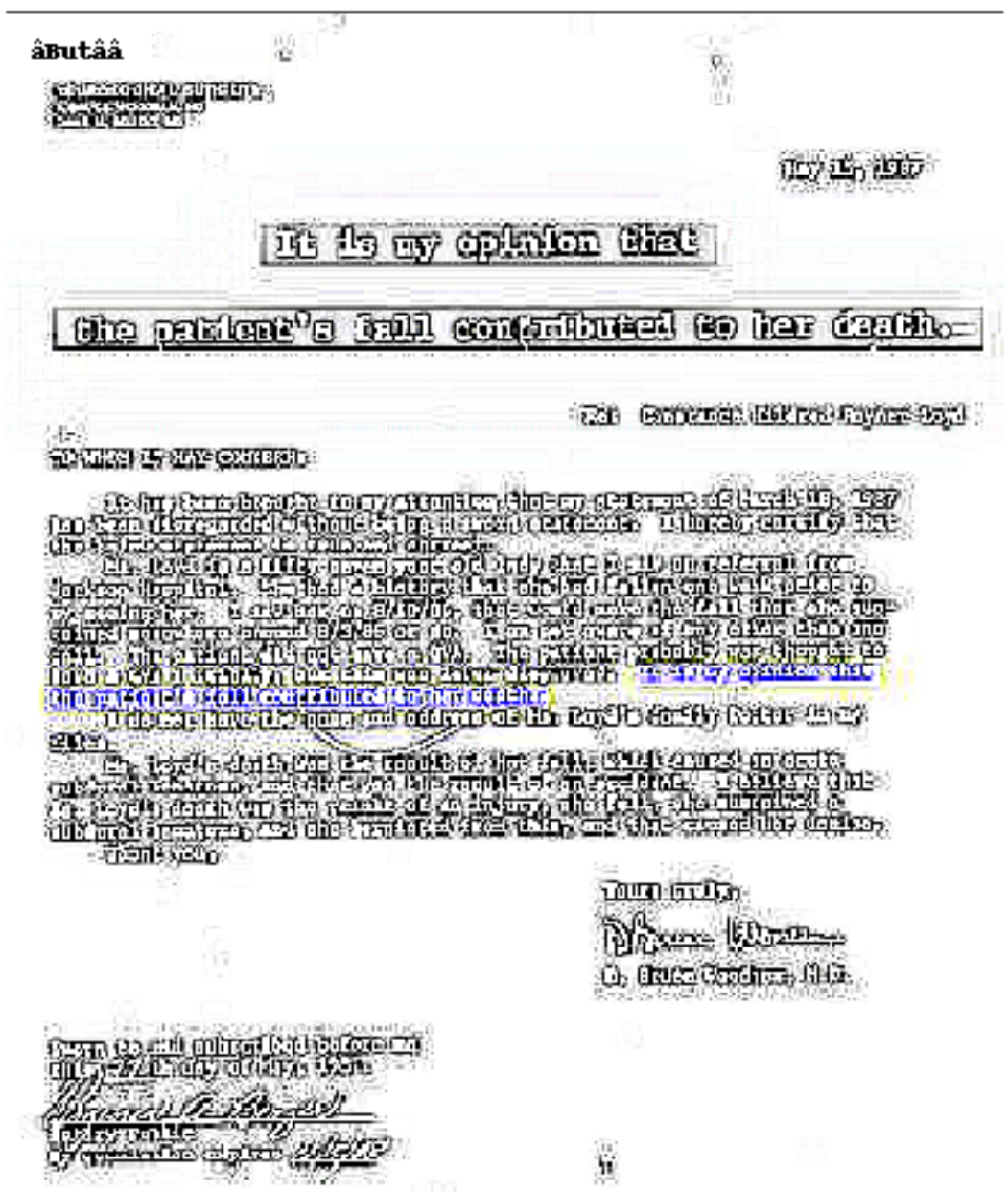
Macdonald turned, held the bottle out then growled: âAw, go to hell!â and put it away in his coat.



âBut me no buts. Like it?â

"O.

âWell,â he said judiciously, âit does make things kind of complicated, donât you think? But there ain anything impossible about it. As he tells the story in place of an omniscient narrator, he can make comments which as author Chandler would not care to make for fear of being morally heavy-handed. It was as nasty a look as I ever got and on as nasty a fac as I ever saw. It looked much too easy. I lifted a foot at last, dragged it out of the cement it was stuck in, took a step, and then hauled the other fo after it like a ball and chain. He didnât see this tall blond go in, just saw her come out. Not findin any he began to sip the drink with his eyes on the white top of the desk. They're people from the join "



âButâ â

[illegible]

[illegible] 17, 1937

It is my opinion that

the patient's fall contributed to her death.—

Re: [illegible] Rayner Boyd

[illegible]

[illegible]

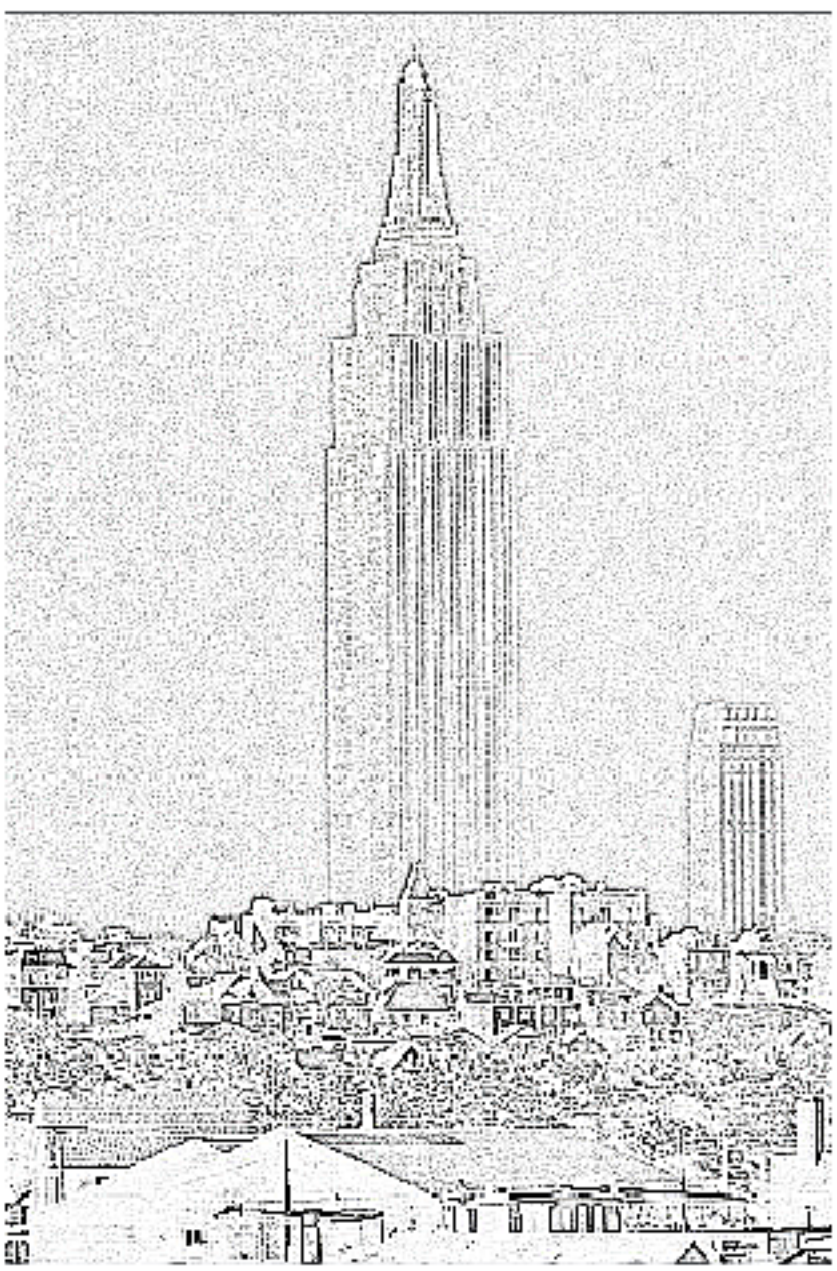
Yours truly,

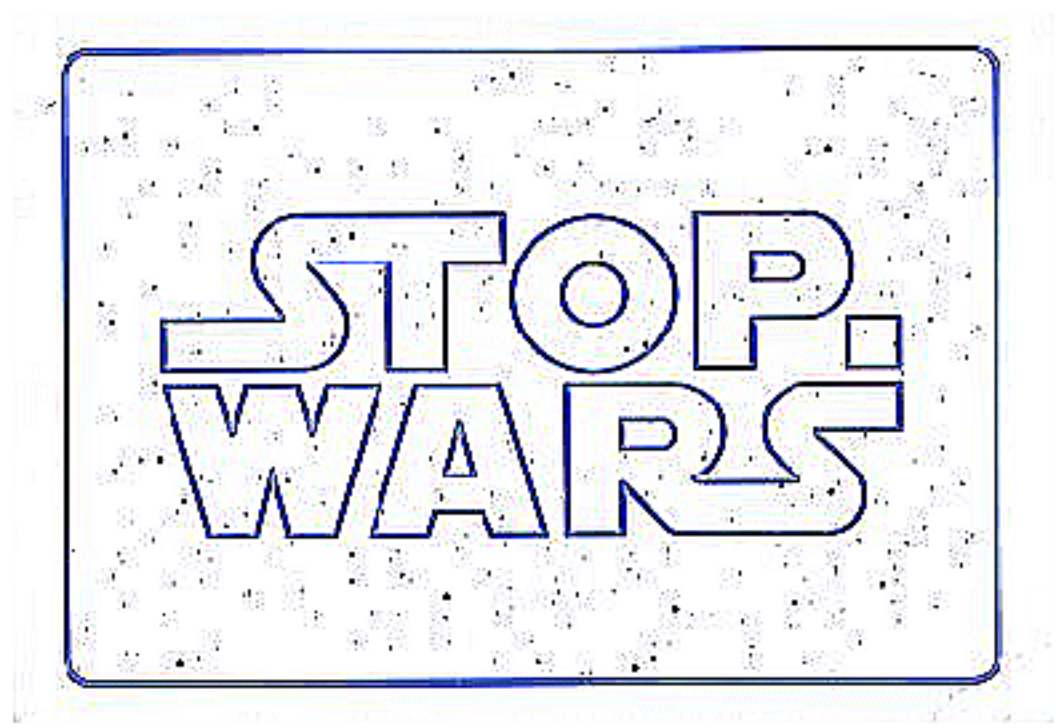
[illegible]

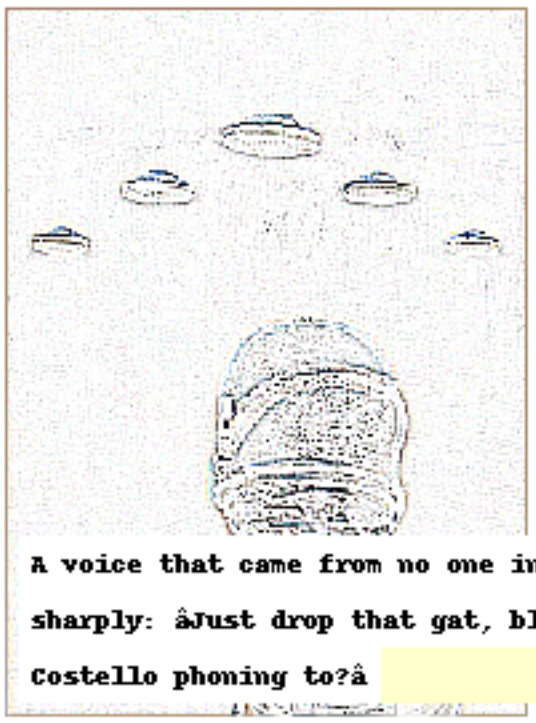
G. Bruce [illegible], M.D.

Sworn to and signed before me this [illegible] day of [illegible] 1937.

[illegible]





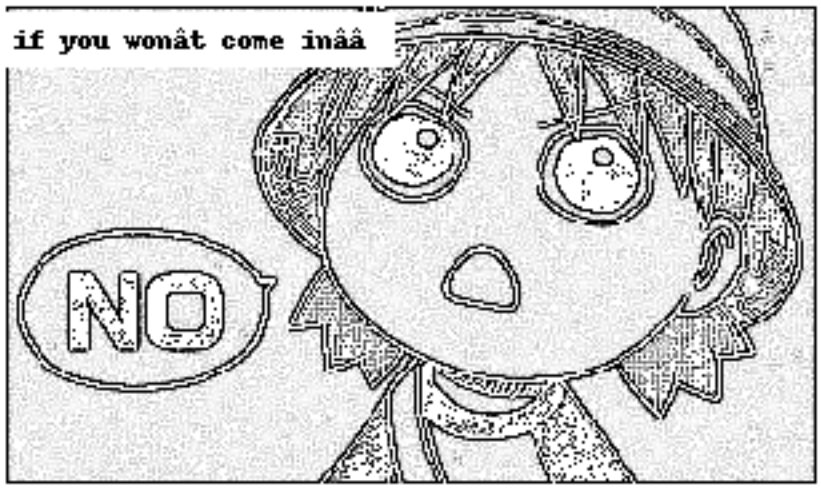


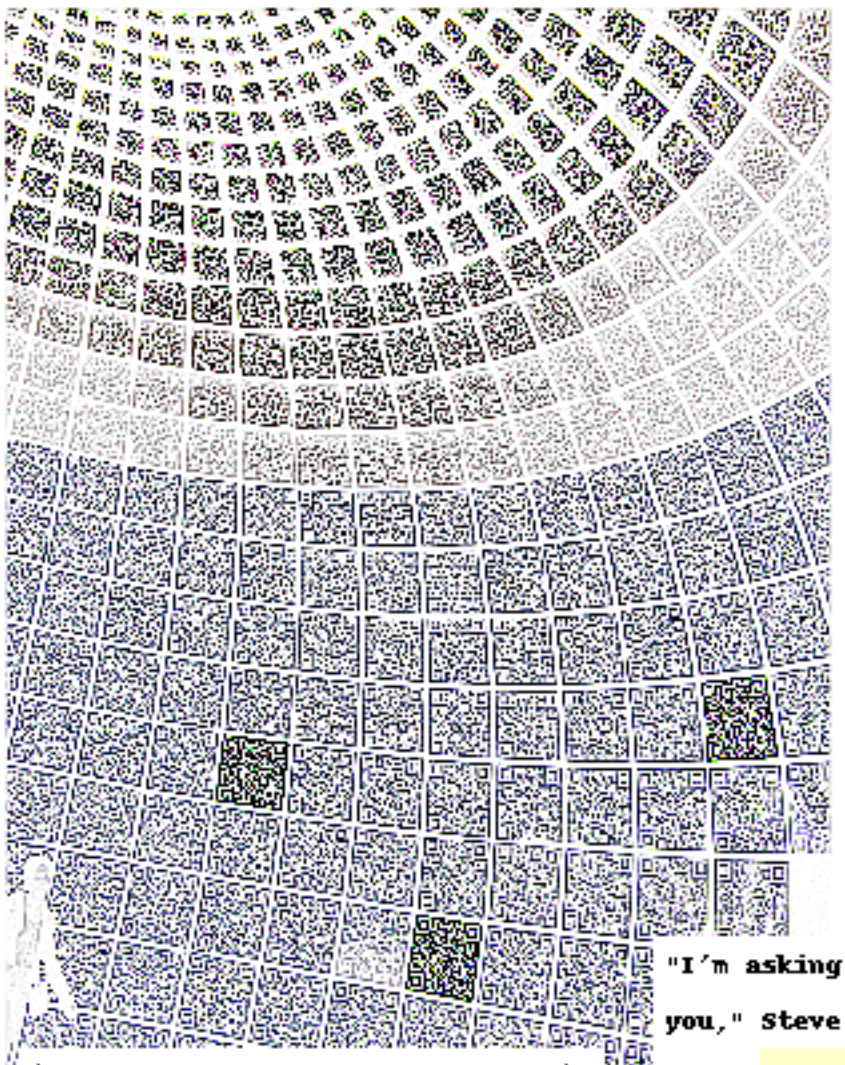
there. He had see
her up here and h
was probably on h
way up here again
when he met her.

âIâll
leave
this wi
you,â I
said. â

A voice that came from no one in the room sa
sharply: âJust drop that gat, blondie. âWho
Costello phoning to?â

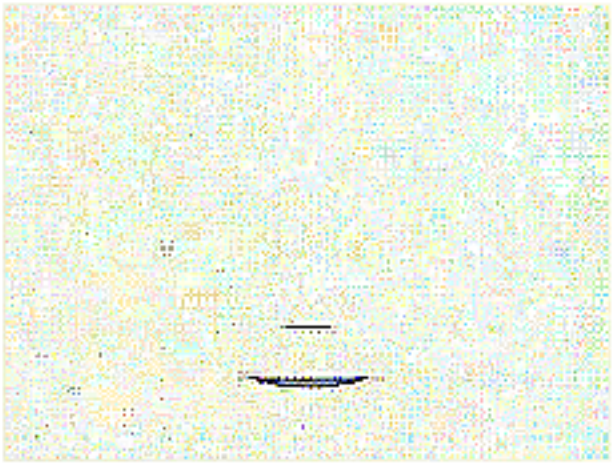
âA Los Angeles lawyer, acting on instructions from back east. And if you wonât come inââ

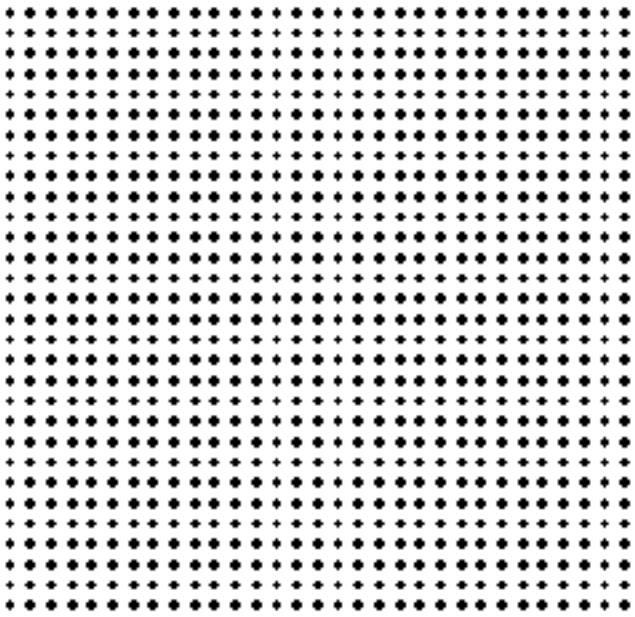




"I'm asking
you," Steve
said.

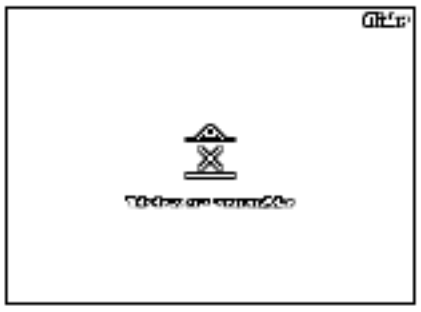
âAtkinson. Marlowe, and for what?â





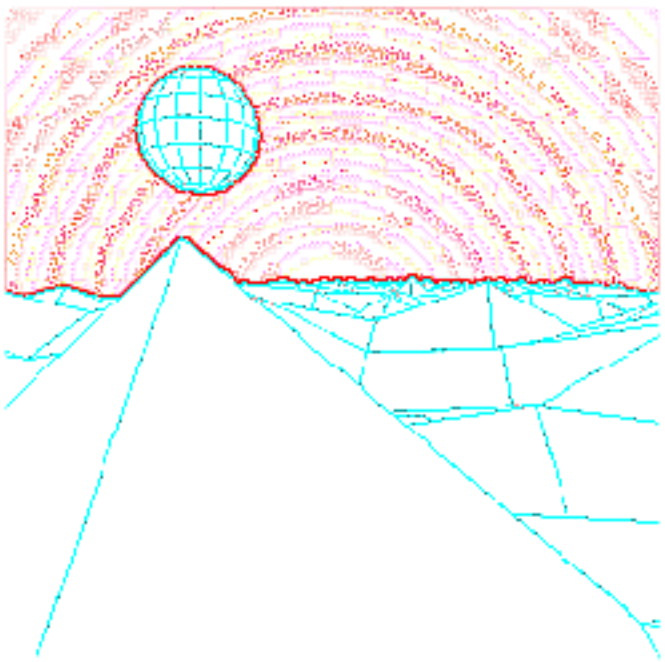
Adamâs Apple went and stood next to Droopy, who finally moved his gun away from me so he could unzip the bag. But the blue look had gone away fr her mouth and her lips didnât glare like stop lights and the little etched lines at the corners of her eyes were not in relief any more. Her skin was without make-up and she looked about thirty a had the set face of exhaustion.

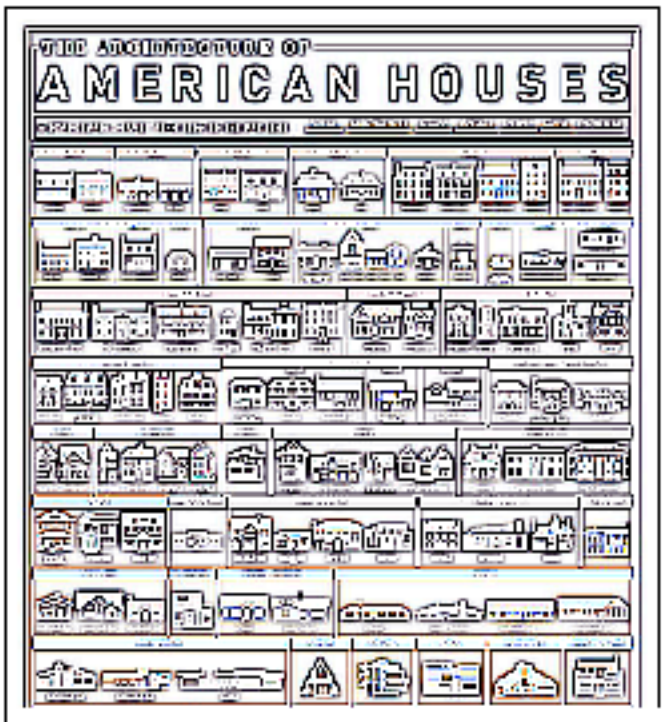
Dorr grunted in front of me.

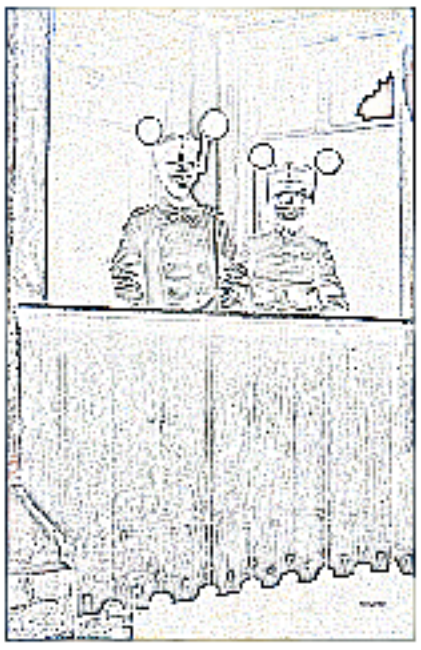


âAll right,â I said. The body twisted enough for o of the rear doors to spri open. â

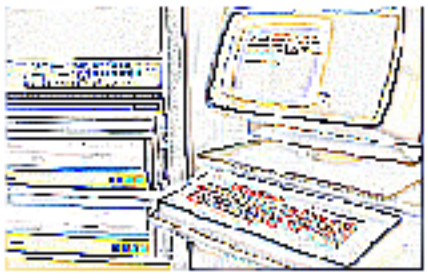
Kitty? She was a kitty al right, the kind that you usually like a good solid set of iron bars around before you toss raw meat her twice a day. .







The fright on her face lasted so short a time I wasnât even sure it had ever been there. "We had a few lots at Playa D Rey, if you have to know. Once in a while a fight or a drunk driver in summertime. Floriamâs home, just to keep her in line. He went on, his blue-gray back even and calm under the heavy leather pouch.

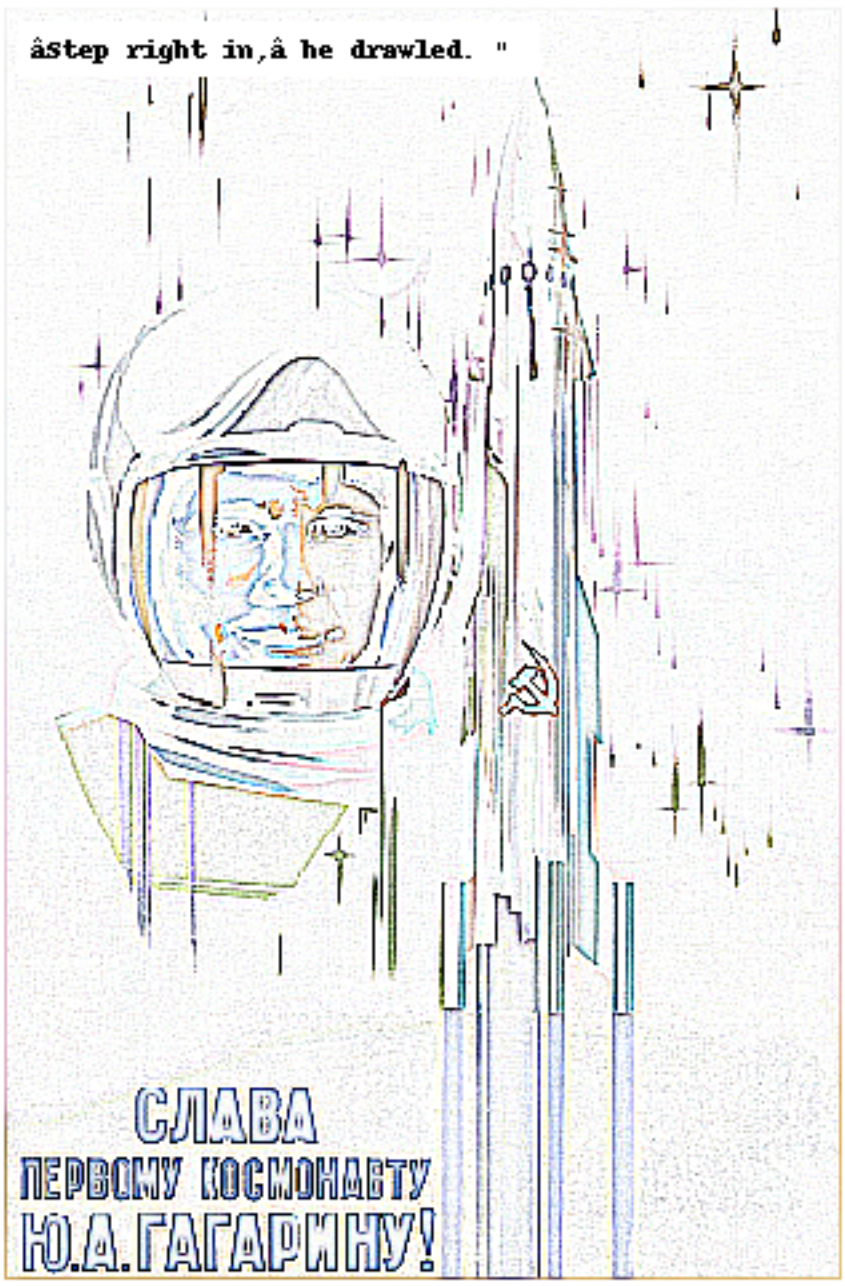


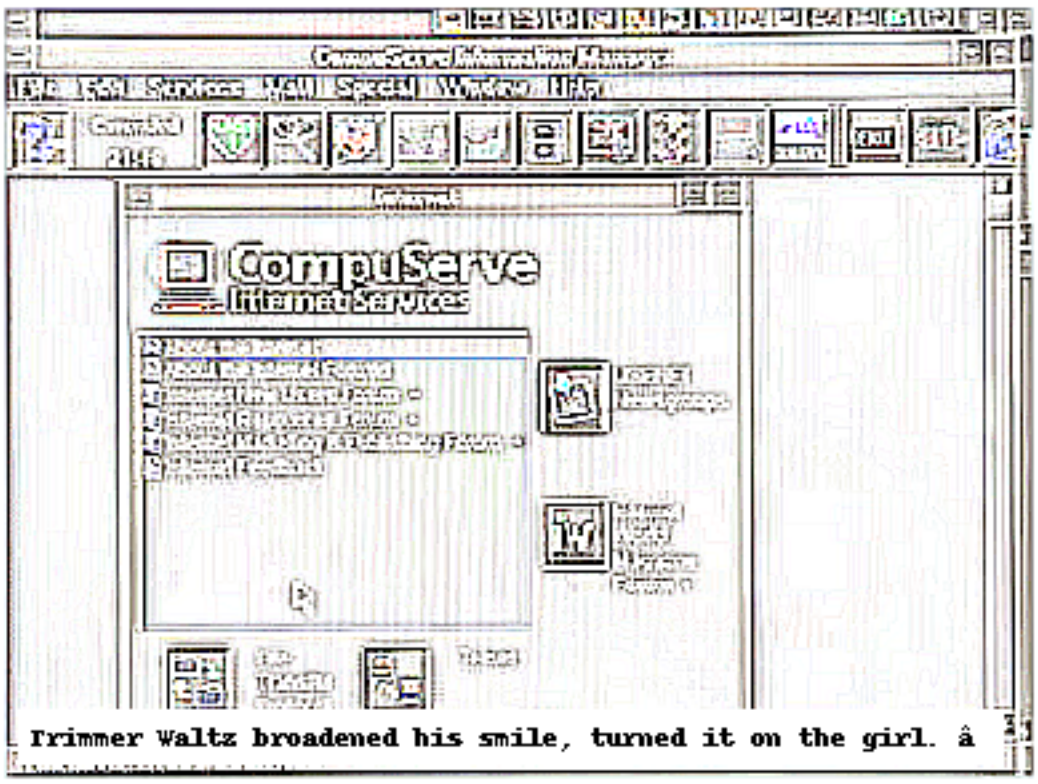
âThanks for the time,â I said. He was a very good-looking boy.

It was like that, over and over again, lying on the bed and watching the patch of sunlight slide down the corner of the wall

âI donât really know much about it. â

âstep right in,â he drawled. "





Trimmer Waltz broadened his smile, turned it on the girl. â

"Ees very fonny.

The last time I had been in the Gray Lake district I had helped a D. Nothing in it for us. Get her out, Tony. Promise?