

Here comes the boss now. That didn't take long. I'm not even down. Anyway it means I don't have to go looking for him. And if he wants to look at my hand, I can show him the queen of diamonds. An old friend of mine once offered to sell me a matching pair of diamond rings that he thought would get a good price. He didn't mention that I would have to take the hands with them. He was right about the rings. The stones were massive and the settings were quite exceptional. After I'd taken them off his hands I gave them to a fence who got a good price in a Paris auction. As for the other disposal job, well I knew a guy. They got a decent burial on an old dumping ground out in Queens, where they will rest in peace for 5000 years. I believe one of them is holding a Mickey Mouse [_____]. Things are looking up. The dawn of a new day.

?