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## The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Bafflin Smoke Signals - 07-05-2008 07:05

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The idea: write just a line if you want, don't write for ever, no line is too clichéd and you have to leave a line that offers an open goal to the next contributor. Here's something to kick off my first nil thread...

I woke up face down on the desk, my nose flatter than road-kill. I was in worse condition than an art collection in Nazi-occupied Europe. I felt like I had a head full of ball-bearings and guys with magnets were circling me slowly. I straightened up. My hands were full. In one I had my automatic, in the other a bottle of rye. I keep one loaded, the other keeps me loaded.

Whoever it was that woke me by hammering on my office door, did it again. Then they pushed the door open. It was a broad - like part of Norfolk, but with more hills.

"Hey doll-face," I growled, swigging from my patented hangover cure, which I call More Of The Same. "You look like my kinda woman. I like my women like I like my coffee - rich, dark and slightly bitter."

"I like my men like I like my fish," she purred. "Glassy-eyed and packed in ice."

I could see she was trouble. She raised a manicured hand. In it, she held...

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by The Purple Cow - 07-05-2008 09:25

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... A Wisden 2007 - large print edition.

"You know what this is?"

"Yeah, it's a big book"

"It's a book about Cricket. That's a game where you hit tough leather balls with a very hard bat."

"Uh-huh" I answered non-committedly.

She snapped it open at page 727.

"You know who this is?"

I leaned forward to study closely, a chill went through me. A chill from some very bad memories.

"Yeah it's Harry Pilling, Lancashire all-rounder 1950's and sixties. Averaged about 23.4 with the bat."

"That's right, I want you to find him."

I stared out of my window into the street.

Snow fell against the pavement like an advert for silence. Ten degrees of frost had laid out a carpet of crushed diamonds, now crisscrossed with footmarks and tire tracks.

I turned my attention back to the Norfolk Broad.

"Why you want him found?"

"Because he's my Daddy, and I want him dead."

"Why should I help you kill your daddy?"

She put her feet up on my desk, revealing stocking tops and M.C.C. branded suspenders.

"Because you haven't paid your office rent in three months and the landlady wants to kick you out, your wise-cracking

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secretary won't come back to work until you pay the salary you owe her, and you're a lonely guy."

She let her dress fall away from her thighs, which she stroked absent-mindedly.

"I can make it very, very, worth your while."

She took out her business card from inside her suspenders, and flicked it lazily onto my desk. If you want the job - txt me before close of play today."

She got up and minced her way to my office door. Pausing to throw one last one-liner in my direction..

"You do know how to text don't you? You just put your thumbs together and blow.."

I picked up my tumbler and downed four fingers of 'Maker's Mark'. Harry fucking Pilling - who in their right minds wouldn't want that tedious bastard dead?

I picked up my Nokia and began to txt...

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by JtS - 07-05-2008 09:48

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"Odd", I thought as her scent followed her out the room like a poodle with an appointment at the salon, "that's how I make owl noises".

I picked up the business card, turned it over in my hand, twice, opened the middle drawer to my right, took out a small plastic box that once bore my business cards and dropped it in.

I held the lid of the box in my hand staring blankly at the yellowed card taped to the lid, the tape was peeled up at the edge and was dirty.

Lazlo Laurenz  
Private Dick  
Laurenz, Bartholomew & Wicket LLP  
555-1525

I needed to speak to Bart, I knew where he's be, every day since Wicket left he'd been...

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by JtS - 04-06-2008 16:21

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Did I kill it?

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Wyatt Earp - 04-06-2008 17:44

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I think it was ailing.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Matej - 04-06-2008 18:54

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That's right. Ailing. My mind was running a mile a minute, my stomach was growling for something solid and not 6 bottles of Maker's Mark I had in my desk drawer, and I put it out of its misery just like that racehorse that cost me the last

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\$100 dollars I had in my pocket.

Bart owed me money. But in the meantime, I'd take the job.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by J1s - 04-06-2008 20:03

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I'd never admit it to Bart's face but I knew what he was going through. About Wicket leaving. He was older than us and was a kind of an unofficial mentor. Whenever a case got too crazy or led us down one dead end too many, he was the one we'd go to. For guidance.

"You guys don't have my perspective", he'd say.

And it was true. We didn't. And still don't. All I had was an aching head and a sense that something wasn't right with this case.

"Right", I said to myself. "What would Wicket do now?"

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by J1s - 06-06-2008 14:47

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Oh dear. Now I seem to have killed it. As a relative newcomer to these parts, I feel pretty bad about this.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by EIM - 08-06-2008 02:19

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I wouldn't. You can't kill what's already dead.

At least that's what I thought until the dame walked back in to my office.

"Surprised?" she said.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Rogin the Armchair Fan - 08-06-2008 13:08

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"Surprised?" I replied, hastily tucking my copy of "Nuts" magazine under the papers on the edge of my desk.

"Surprised!" She exclaimed, angry now. "I have a poblemonouncing my 'R's, you find anything wong with that?"

"No, doll," I said, "I don't think there's anything wrong with your 'R's, whatsoever. I'd love to see as much of your 'R's as I can".

She calmed somewhat, and sat on the edge of my desk. Her dress split up to the top of her thigh, again, and from my vantage point I could see she was wearing stockings and possibly little else under it. "Bloody hell," I thought, "she's going to crumple my Nuts".

"It was my father", she purred. "Bastard used to bowl full-beamers at me when I was six in the back garden, from a length of about eight yards. Split my lip on several occasions, boke my jaw twice. THAT's why I want you tack him down - and kill him."

"Hey, tracking down's what I do, doll," I replied, "but I'm not a contract killer. Not unless the reason's good, and the price is right. Now if I'm going to find this guy for you, you need to tell me a little more about him. When did you last see him?"

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"Here", she said, opening a little clasp purse. "This will help." And handed me ...

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Bafflin Smoke Signals - 08-06-2008 13:19

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<http://img516.imageshack.us/img516/6272/0102rz2.jpg>

<http://img385.imageshack.us/img385/8792/0304px5.jpg>

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Bafflin Smoke Signals - 08-06-2008 13:21

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Antonio Gramsci - 08-06-2008 13:21

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Bafflin Smoke Signals - 08-06-2008 13:23

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<http://img204.imageshack.us/img204/556/0910yr5.jpg>

<http://img501.imageshack.us/img501/9062/1112xm3.jpg>

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Bafflin Smoke Signals - 11-06-2008 19:49

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by WornOldMotorbike - 17-06-2008 14:33

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Meanwhile, across town, Bart awoke. His head was banging like a cheap whore on a double-date.

He looked around.

"This isn't my flat. This isn't my gun. And this sure as hell isn't my cocktail dress. It's too tight around the waist."

Bart had been working undercover. Man's work. But it had gotten ugly.

There'd been a dame. There's always a dame. But this dame liked dames, and that's where Bart came in. He'd had her fooled until a five o'clock shadow had given him away.

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The Five O'Clock Shadow was the house drink at the Crown & Anchor near the bus station. It was a serious drink for serious drinkers. He'd tried to make one himself, back at his cold-water flat, but couldn't get it quite right. Was it a teaspoon of grenadine, or a tablespoon? Only Frenchie knew. She'd been making them since Hitler learned to drink. And Frenchie knew a lot of other things, too. Like where to find a one-way cab ride outta Trouble Town when all you've got to your name is the promise of a coupla bucks tomorrow. That's when the phone rang.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by ian.64 - 17-07-2008 20:06

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O'Flaherty came in and looked around, using his eyes, which, thanks to experience and moxie, he relied upon to help him out of those things that would otherwise have been a trial. Like opening doors, or eating out of a bowl. Without them, it was lifetime of banging into walls or not wiping properly. Yes, this was the novel he was supposed to be in, alright. A crime novel. Not one of those pansy Bronte novels he mistakenly tripped into just a day ago.

A stumble, a fumble of the trigger and Mr. Darcy took it in the marimbas, singing countertenor for a long time to come. His fault, he was standing there like a schlemiel, wrong place, wrong time. O'Flaherty got out before other fluffy-shirted fags turned up with those guns that look like walking sticks.

He took off and found himself in this Narnia place. He didn't know what the hell he was doing there, and consequently got as jumpy as a mouse on a hot plate. The next thing he knew, a lion came flying out at him, but he blew its brains out with his trusty sidearm before it even took another step. A bunch of kids nearby started crying. Ungracious brats, thought O'Flaherty, I saved them from being first item on the menu and they turn on the waterworks. Fuck 'em.

And now he was back in his office. Same stink of old cigar smoke, same traffic blaring through his windows, same whisky on top of the filing cabinet. He took the bottle and allowed himself a huge swig. He'd earned it.

"Where the hell were you?"

His secretary, a not-unattractive set of curves called Lana, gave him the steel stare of unforgiveness.

"Ever read Pride & Prejudice?" asked O'Flaherty.

"No." she huffed.

"Good," he replied, "avoid page one hundred and ten. It gets messy."

"There's a lady been waitin' for yer." Lana announced, her bust big enough to enter a Christopher Biggins lookalike contest. "Fer about an hour. Damn how she managed to put up with it fer that long."

"Send her in." he ordered.

Lana turned and walked out of the office as if on a crusade. O'Flaherty liked Lana. It took a person of great character to put up with a hard-drinking, hard-shooting buttfuck who farted every ten minutes and didn't care where the smell went or whose nostrils it visited. But O'Flaherty was that man and he stayed put when Lana ever went crazy with a bourbon, a shotgun and an ass that wouldn't keep quiet.

The client entered. O'Flaherty was glad he was seated behind his desk, because the woman opposite him was of such beauty and desire that he swore his nether regions were deputising for Glenn Miller and his Orchestra. She was blonde and wore little make-up. Good. She didn't need it. Her eyes were as blue as a lifeguard in the Arctic Circle and her lips were ruby and pouted so much that she was in danger of sucking up every piece of furniture in the entire room. She wore a one-piece dress so tight that O'Flaherty could hear the seams calling for an ambulance. Talk about shapely. She had so many curves the detective could feel half of Los Angeles looking over his shoulder. O'Flaherty looked at a pair of breasts that could a passable impersonation of Orson Welles if someone stuck a fake beard on them. Her buttocks resembled two elephants fighting in a tent. She was some woman.

She sat down and the detective immediately felt jealousy towards the seat of that chair.

"I hear you're a good detective." she said, her alluring voice a cat's purr. "Got time for a poor lady like me?"

"The whole clock." said O'Flaherty, his groin performing Strangers in the Night. "What's the story?"

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"My ex-husband." she responded. "I want the schmuck off my back."

"Wrong side to be in my opinion." ventured O'Flaherty.

She grinned. She could take the pressure, that lady.

"No, Mr. Dick," said the woman, sharply, "he's following me around, eavesdropping. Anywhere and everywhere. I could be in Africa and he'd be there, nosin' in my affairs."

"So get the police." said O'Flaherty, pouring out two whiskies. "They can handle a weirdo, easy. Like puttin' out the cat."

"They got their own business." she replied, taking a glass, "I need a personal touch. A man who ain't afraid to get his hands dirty."

"I like you, lady," said O'Flaherty, sitting back, "but big fish need frying, if you gets my meaning."

"How's fifty thousand dollars sound?" she asked.

"Show me the mud." said O'Flaherty, his curiosity suddenly piqued. "How is your ex? Can he handle himself?"

"He went to Hawaii two years ago." she replied. "It's the only island that can handle his weight. He can kill five people all at once by just cuddling them."

"Any other distinguishing features?"

"Yeah." she said, leaning forward, her bosoms almost entering another dimension it had created for themselves. "He edits books, narrative. Any story. Crime stories, you name it. He's a religious nut, too. He even said to me, Grace, I can edit life if I want to, even yours. Jeez, there's a candidate for President of the Nuthouse, right there."

"Even the one I'm in?" asked O'Flaherty, flicking ash into a tray.

"Come on, Mr. O'Flaherty!" she laughed. It was a giggle that could cause blushes in an Viking at fifty feet. "You don't seriously think that Herbert J. Fursheim could take life and edit it to the way he sees fit do you?"

Editing life. O'Flaherty kept his thoughts to himself, bearing in mind what he'd been through just before Breasts Of The Year came through his office door. Could a man have the power to edit what was happening to him right there and then? It couldn't bear thinking about.

"Other features, lady." he said, returning such thoughts to the meat of the matter. "Scars? Birth marks?"

"He's got a scar on the left side of his face." sighed the blonde.

"Accident or deliberate?" asked the detective.

"Accident." she answered. "I swung a knife around. It was an accident when he got in the way."

"Listen," said O'Flaherty, "I've changed my mind."

"You have?" replied the blonde.

"I have." continued O'Flaherty. "This Herbert guy is a decent sounding fellow. In fact, I find it insulting that you would even think of paying me to either injure or hurt the poor man. His character, I find, is one of virtuous integrity and I would not be so surprised if he was a pillar of any community, never mind the one which we inhabit now."

Grace, her golden blonde locks glowing like silken fire in the sun, stood up and held her beautiful face upward, her eyes full of forgiveness for her fine, upstanding husband.

"You are so right, Mr. O'Flaherty." she gasped. "How could I ever have thought that I would even dare to harm my kind and generous husband, who has a soul of such warmth that I find myself sullied for having even entertained the idea of paying someone to threaten him or assault him? I am ashamed."

O'Flaherty, his heart full of righteousness, arose from his chair and pointed his finger at the woman, who, even now, silently begged for mercy from her true love, the estimable Herbert J. Fursheim, man of culture and no little talent.

"Go to him, woman." he demanded, throwing aside the bottle of whiskey which he had partaken of before, reviled at how

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he could have drunk such filth. "Be his wife once more and share in his love and forgiveness."

"I shall!" she cried. "But what of you, Mr. O'Flaherty? What will you do?"

"I will cease becoming a detective." he said, withdrawing a bible from his desk drawer. "And promote the Lord's good works. I shall raise myself up from the gutter and sit at his right hand. Yea, for I have been shown the way and thus shall I follow! Go, madam! Join your husband!"

And so the blonde fled the office and ran to the street where she found the happy and waiting figure of the esteemed Herbert J. Fursheim, revered editor and man of intelligence and wit. She ran into the arms of Herbert J. Fursheim and found him irresistible, this man of importance and high-standing, his heart big and replete with gracious emotion. She kissed the handsome Herbert J. Fursheim, and found herself cursing the day she parted with the venerable Herbert J. Fursheim, head of Herbert J. Fursheim Publishing and writer of such books as 'Fishing The Bing Crosby Way', 'Shooting the Bing Crosby Way' and the international bestseller, 'Invading Small Countries The Bing Crosby Way', all brilliantly written in that unmistakably crisp and erudite Herbert J. Fursheim style.

She climbed into the car of Herbert J. Fursheim and was blissfully happy that her future was with Herbert J. Fursheim and no other lesser mortal. For her, there was no other way of life. All would be happiness, tranquility - dammit! Herbert focus! - tranquility and joy. All provided by Herbert J. Fursheim, master writer and benevolent, humane citizen.

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## Re:The OTF Interactive Hard-Boiled Detective Novel

Posted by Rogin the Armchair Fan - 17-07-2008 21:27

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[http://farm1.static.flickr.com/148/361938268\\_ffcbf58d26.jpg](http://farm1.static.flickr.com/148/361938268_ffcbf58d26.jpg)

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