

Missing Man Chevelle

Thunk. Thunk. Thunk. There was a firm knock on the door. I opened it to be greeted by the richest girl in town, Mrs. Chevelle a six-foot babe with a figure like a French model and a face like a donkey. One look at her and I knew I would have to be like a dwarf using a urinal, on my toes. “Are you Mr. O’Farrell?” she asked in a voice as soft as silk. “I am.” I replied, “Please come in and take a seat.” She followed me as we went deeper into my office, boards creaking all the while. “Drink?” “Champagne?” She asked ““fraid we’re fresh out I got Scotch and Scotch,” I said flatly. She shook her head as I grabbed a glass, lit up a cig, and sat down. “Alright, Mrs. Chevelle, you say your husband has gone missing? When did you last see the fellow?” “Around 10 o’clock two days ago he said he was going out with the guys,” she shakily replied. “And does he go with the guys often?” I questioned, “On occasion but more recently as of late.” “I see....” I pondered this then asked, “Do you know where they meet?” “There is a bar off 16th the... um... Lucky Dam- no... Demo- no Devil? Yes, I think that's it! The Lucky Devil. I think he mentioned that when we last spoke,” she said with renewed confidence. “Thank you doll, now once I get my advance, I’ll get right on it,” I replied slyly, “Right how could I forget....” A little annoyed, she produced a small white envelope out her purse. “Twenty Thousand here. The rest after you complete the job.” Handing it over I eagerly snatched it and opened it up to find a sea of green smiling back at me. “Of course! I shouldn’t keep a lady waiting.” I said, leading her outside as I grabbed my coat locking my shabby office, the money safely in my coat pocket, my other pocket holding a grubby notebook and pen with the faint outline of my .22 poking through the old leather. “Now, I will contact you at this number when the job is completed,” handing her my card, “the one on the back sweetie.” I remarked her dainty hands turning it over to my scrawl.

“Alright.” she replied, hurrying out of my dump as quick as she could. “A’ight Shamus, time to make some money.” I thought as I walked down the road towards 16th Street.

The Lucky Devil was lucky indeed. Lucky it hadn’t fallen apart yet! I stood across the street wondering why a man of Mr.Chevelle’s status would go to a dive like this. With vigor, I approached the establishment. Opening the doors, I took a seat and began the list of the usual suspects; Dame one, Bartender, Dame Two, Sailor, Dam- you get the point. Important business. From here I learned that Saint Chevelle had an interest in sharing his love with more than his beloved. He’d been eyeing one Mrs. Charlotte Quill, a young dashing woman who could make a man faint in pleasure with nuthin but a wink. I heard from some of the more unsavory types that he frequented the establishment for her *services*. Apparently, he was friends with her old man and watched her grow up. Guess he wanted a more active role in the gal’s life if you catch my drift. Anyway, as I approached her humble apartment, I couldn’t help but notice the two rather large gentlemen on my tail. Naturally, I did what any sane man would do. I turned, looked them right in the eyes, and bolted. Bullets whizzed by as we traded shots. Windows and signs looking like swiss cheese in the dead of this night. “Oh, Shamus! Come on out you little creep! I gotta surprise for ya!” bellowed the voice of what I can only assume came from one of my pursuers. The dust settled and after a few moments, I emerged from my hiding spot. The barrel served me well, unfortunately, I was rank from my rotting finned friends who so graciously offered me a temporary home. So with the rain beginning to fall, I rushed over to the residence of Mrs.Quill. The door was unlocked (after I picked it of course). I searched the place every nook and every cranny to find a note that read:

Dearest Quill,

We must rendezvous at once for I fear the old bat knows. We shall soon be free to do as we wish. I have the money and the tickets. Meet me at the trains in an hour.

-Forever Yours, J.C.

From the warmth of the paper, I knew this was recent, but I had little time, so with that I was off to the station.

The rain stopped. In the distance, I saw the lovers held together, waiting beneath the awning. I approached, "Gotta light?" I asked "Here," Chevelle said, obliging. And with that, I grabbed his hand and threw him to the ground. "What the hell! Get off, you cretin!" he screamed "Mrs. Chevelle has been very worried about you sir. Why'd ya do it?" I asked calmly holding him down as Quill ran off. "The money. Surely you can see that! You really thought I loved her? She has a smile that would curdle milk!" He managed between struggles "I do," I said, "But I also got a job to do," and with that, I hit him with the butt of my gun and picked up the phone.

Two days later Jaque Chevelle was in prison. He got five years and died slipping on a bar of soap in the first week. Guess not all of us are meant to be behind bars. I attended the service since no one else would not even Mrs. Quill who had moved on to the next sucker already. Figures, in her line of work there are always boys with deep pockets willing to pay by the minute to lock with those luscious lips. She definitely wouldn't be going hungry. Interestingly, Mrs. Chevelle didn't arrive either. As it turns out she got a decent sum from the insurance company for the *suspicious* way in which her man died. Personally, I think she was just over his

rugged romance routine and wanted a new boy toy you know the new model. Hear it's gotta lot less upstairs and more down. Order now folks.

Anyway, I lit up my addiction and as I looked on Mr.Chevelle's face I smiled. "In a different life, I would've been you. Here," I said, tossing in my pack of cigs, "Now don't go through 'em all at once; those things 'ill kill ya." I turned, paid for the burial, and left. I had just got home when I heard a knocking on my door. "Man... Can't catch a break, can I, I said to myself as I got up to greet my next customer.