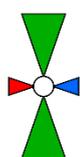


## 661 AD

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	FAP
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Chester, P
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1990
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	Murder forestalled.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	Murder forestalled. Sample containing about 44565 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
<b>Publication date</b>	1960-1974
<b>Text type</b>	Written books and periodicals
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_fict_prose

<p>&lt;661/c&gt;</p>  <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p>.’ And using that as an exit line she stalked out. I wiped my face with a handkerchief and thought about Barbara Porter. Whatever the world had done to the little wide-eyed innocent who got eaten up by a bad wolf in the big city, it hadn’t taught her much. She’d just walked in to the nearest doorway and spilled the whole thing to a complete stranger. It hadn’t occurred to her that I might take up the blackmail where Jack Mahoney had left off. As it happens, blackmail is a little out of my line, but she wasn’t to know that. I wondered whether Mahoney would die. Not that it was any skin off my nose one way or the other. Just for the sake of neatness, I’d asked Miss Hinkle to set Sam Thompson to work finding out about Mrs. Porter and her big black car when I excused myself early in the interview with her. It was routine, I didn’t think he’d turn up much. That’s the story of my life. You turn up a little here and a little there. Finally you put it all together and find you got a nice solid looking case. Then some damned smart lawyer comes along and shoots it full of writs and affidavits. So you pick up the pieces and start turning up a little here and a little - but you get the idea. If you think about it long enough you’ll go nuts. 2 AROUND noon, I decided I’d earned a break. The week-end had been great, but men left to themselves are apt to get a mite slipshod about such matters as mealtimes. Wilson and I hadn’t had a proper meal the whole time and now my stomach was beginning to remind me there were other things in life besides Scotch and bourbon. And it didn’t mean rum. I usually walk around the corner to a place nearby, but today I thought it might be worthwhile to eat at a small Chinese restaurant several blocks away where a lot of newspaper guys gather. The rain was holding off for a while and the streets were drying in patches. I watched a girl in front of me trying to hop from one patch to another so as to avoid ducking the two strips of leather somebody had sold her as shoes. She missed her footing in the end and stepped into a puddle about two inches deep. A man leaning in a shop doorway had been watching her performance too. When she splashed he roared with laughter. <b>Furious</b>, she swung around and I was the nearest to her. <b>Some of the things she called</b> me would have won</p> <p><b>the admiration of Hell’s Kitchen</b></p> <p>. I speeded up the walking a little to get away from there. Thirty minutes later I felt better, having worked my way through two platefuls of what the menu called Typical Chinese Dishes on one side and a lot of laundry symbols on the other side. I was on my third cup of coffee and looking around at the other coolies when I saw a familiar blue overcoat coming through the door from the street. Jerry Connors. He saw me and waved, then set about finding somewhere to park the coat. I was a little worried in case he left his wallet in it. For one thing you can’t be too careful these days, and for another I always manage to get stuck with the check when Connors eats with me. ‘Lo Preston. What’s new?’ He parked himself in the seat opposite and picked up the menu. I had a look at him. Pushing forty but kind of athletic for his age, a worried grey face and hair going a little thin. He patrolled the crime beat for the Globe and was on friendly terms with half the criminals in town. There wasn’t a</p>
---	---

	<p>heist man or second-storey expert in the neighbourhood who wasn't first-names with Connors. The strange thing was they didn't seem to mind that he was on the same terms with judges, cops and lawyers. Even shamuses like me. 'What did you have?' He waved the menu at me. 'Typical Chinese Dishes,' I told him. 'Sounds great. Waiter, ham and eggs. Sunny side up. And coffee.' He took one of my cigarettes from the pack on the table. I never could remember to put them back in my pocket. 'Thanks. I tried to call you this week-end. Where were you?' 'I was out of town. What was it about?' He grinned. 'Friend of yours got a little shot up yesterday, or don't you read the papers?' 'Just the funnies. I know too much about the guys who write the rest of the stuff to be able to stomach it.' 'Fellow named Mahoney. Jack Mahoney. Does it all come back to you now?' 'I've heard the name.' 'Yeah, that's what I thought. Didn't you and he have a slight argument one time?' I swallowed some coffee. 'Well, I don't know whether you'd call it an argument exactly. Far as I remember he called me a nasty name and I slapped his wrist.' 'I know. I was at</p>
--	--