

## **“A Lady In Moaning”**

by John DeBellis

Most of the guys in my business can perform in the sack, not me. Usually when I make love the girl only has time enough to yell out my initials. But not tonight. Sure, it was because of a couple a guys' misfortune. But heck, you only live once, less if you're orthodox.

Jim Thompson was an unusual man. He was as thin as a politicians integrity and stood over seven foot in his stocking feet, which is misleading since he wore his stockings over his shoes. Jim Thompson never spoke much. His older brother was born without a mouth (it made getting fit for braces difficult) and he didn't want to draw attention to his yapper. Today, Jim Thompson said nothing at all.

The good news was that Jim Thompson didn't have any appointments, the bad news: he was dead. It wasn't a matter of excellent scheduling. Jim Thompson was murdered.

Accidental death was ruled out after forensics examined the instrument that caused his death. They said, "Even if he could have handled that cheese grater himself... he certainly would have missed the spaghetti dish."

I'm not a cop. I'm a P.I, a private eye, a private dick, a gumshoe. And today I got lucky, real lucky. I was gonna make enough dough to collect unemployment. While I was in the middle of sexual fantasy one where I die and the end, I received a call on my service from Thompson's widow, but I had no idea what the call was about until I got her

machine. It was a cute message, her three little kids saying that their daddy was dead and to leave your condolences after the beep.

It was eight PM when I showed up at Mrs. Thompson's house. I would have gotten there sooner, but I didn't know her address and I had to knock on doors... Luckily she only lived in the next town.

She greeted me at the door wearing a dress so tight you could tell her blood type. Yeah it was the kind of snug where she wouldn't have to go to her gynecologist, she just send him the dress. And she had one hell of a body. Yeah, when she died I bet her soul wouldn't leave without copping a feel.

She led me into the living room, and if you believe everything in the universe is connected, she sat down on the couch. A non-believer would say she sat on my lap.

Somehow this behavior didn't strike me as that of a grieving widow, but hey, maybe a certain part of me reminded her of her husband. It's funny how even little things can trigger a memory.

Between you, me, and a lamppost, I'm not the type that can be choosy. To me sexual preference is being left handed if you get my drift. And I guess, you'd say I'm sort of self conscious of my body, when I masturbate I put a bag over my hand. Anyway, when Mrs. Thompson and I were through doing our animal impressions, she told me that her husband was having an affair.

She began to suspect he was cheating when he changed their life insurance policy's beneficiary to "Lilly's Massage Parlor." She wanted the killer. She couldn't wait for the cops. She wanted to know what kind of sick man would kill someone as worthless as her dear husband.

I asked if she did it. She slapped me across the face, her fake fingernails sailing across the room, and sticking in a fake Picasso print. She screamed, "Do I look like the type of women who'd use a cheese grater on her husband, especially when I have a new cusinart." I told her it depended on what attachments she had and she showed me.

After a few more thirty-second grieving sessions, the last one with the slice and dice, I left. Before I split I told her I'd be back with her husbands killer. She told me to call first, so she could get her hair set. She was my kind of widow; she was hot before her dead husband was even cold.

Meanwhile, I called a few friends at the station house. The cops didn't have any leads. They said the victim was grated over a thin linguini, with a light mushroom sauce. They were trying to find out where the pasta dish came from; hopefully before they sent out for supper, the sauce was delicious. They also told me the wife could pick up the linguini anytime she wanted, but she better hurry, otherwise she'd have to reheat it.

My next stop was Lilly's message parlor. Lilly was a large woman with a face that only a blind mother could love. At one time she was known for her large firm breasts, but now her breasts hung down like two mud flaps. And she was one strong willed broad. A year earlier she had a stroke and had to learn to walk all over again. She taught herself by going back to the basics and putting one breast in front of the other. Before I could chat about the weather or, ask her if she ever sucked up one of her breasts while vacuuming, a line of girls who just missed making it into every issue of Playboy magazine marched in. I told Lilly I wasn't interested in the girls, but first I prove to her I wasn't gay. She agreed, but needed to get a stronger prescription see the evidence. While we waited out side Len Crafters I flashed her my Investigators ID, two major credit cards

and picture of me the last time I had hair. I tell, you I really turned some heads in that communion out fit. Okay, it was in the other direction.

When we returned to Lilly's place I told her about the Massage Parlor being the beneficiary on Jim Thompson's life insurance policy, and Mrs. Thompson suspicions that her husband was having an affair. Lilly, laughed, the girls laughed, I laughed. Heck, funny is funny.

She told me that Jim Thompson was her birth son. She'd given him away for adoption because he was a difficult baby. He was a shy kid and refused to come out of the womb. Her back had gone out, and she permanently stretched her breasts bending over trying to nurse him. Lilly showed me a baby picture. It wasn't a pretty sight, and I couldn't be sure that was Jim's leg dangling down. But I believed her.

Lilly said that she recently rectified things with her son. When Jim realized that the family he'd lived with was not his birth family, he started accepting his mouth. He began to talk more and for the first time he ate in public. He even started throwing up with his mouth open. Last month he started doing a comedy act

If it wasn't Mrs. Thompson, or Lilly, then who killed Jim? Lilly told me that Jim was performing his comedy act on open mike night at Da Marino's Italian restaurant. Da Marino's was a local rodeo clown's hangout. I circulated a picture of Jim that his wife had given me. Several of the guys immediately recognized Jim and even more recognized his wife. I told myself; maybe it was just the leather mask, or the midget she was handcuffed to. I even thought I knew one of the singing nuns. It turns out that most of the rodeo clowns had seen Jim perform. Jim's act was my first solid clue. It seemed Jim was one of the pioneers of a new wave in stand up comedy -- food impressions. Jim

specialty was doing Cheese. I was told he could do a Locatelli, that would give you agida.

While a few of Jim's fans cracked each other up repeating his hysterical Feta cheese bit, a Greek sailor was slamming his fist down on the bar. He failed to notice the unconscious face that was lying on the bar top. The sailor lifted the guy's bloody head, put ten bucks under it, and left - a good tipper.

My PI's instincts took over and I ran out on my check and I followed the guy back to his place. I was good at following people, knowing instinctively to stay behind them. He lived only a block or two away from the restaurant, in the kind of building rotting people call home, and my dates call romantic.

I camped outside his door. About ten minutes later I heard a muted moan. I knew it wasn't a woman's moan because it was something I heard before. I ran back, and slammed into the door. It popped off its hinges, a few seconds before my shoulder popped out of its socket.

Inside the sailor, was pressing a bound and gagged guy through a garlic press. A young herb comic. I yelled for the maniac to stop, but he wouldn't. I had no choice. I fired my forty-five (I had a license to carry one - although I was still waiting for the license that would allow me to shoot it). It exploded... The death seeking bullet landed between the eyes, unfortunately it was between the comic's eyes, putting him out of his misery. My next shot, hit the Greek's dog. My next, his cat. The next, his canary. The next, sailed through the window and hit an old man who had just miraculously recovered from a heart attack and was now able to stand and look out the window. The maniac charged at me, wielding a potato peeler. Just as he was about to stick it through me, a

shot was fired. The wife of the dead man, who'd just recovered from a heart attack, shot the Greek. He fell into me, crashing into my gun. The gun went off killing the old man's wife.

It was over. The man who killed Jim Thompson was dead, as were all his pets and a few of his neighbors. Sure, sometimes the innocent are accidentally killed, or maimed, or tortured, or eaten alive by a drunk in-law, but heck that's justice. A tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye, even it's the wrong eye.

I called Mrs. Thompson telling her I was coming over with her husband's killer; she was upset. It was too late to get her hair done and only one of her breasts implants were in. When I arrived at Mrs. Thompson's door, she turned off the porch light and dove on me, tearing at my clothes. Even in the darkness, she was surprised how well endowed I'd suddenly gotten, at one point refusing to get on top because She was afraid of heights.

I didn't know what type of orgasm she was having, whether it was an inny or an outty or time released. I didn't have the heart to tell her that the private part she was going bananas over was the dead killer's. Besides, she was moaning!