

## **MURDER, BROADS, AND BONES**

*by John DeBellis*

### *THE DETECTIVE*

I was sore all over, especially in my rump from the sex change. It was nothing I hadn't felt before. It was my third one the first two didn't take. This baby had all the indications of sticking. The parts of me that weren't there anymore weren't coming back and the new parts were showing signs of not working anymore like the rest of me. I was gonna like being a guy. I knew from the very first stitch I was right for it. You see, I was a guy in girl's body that was meant for a guy – an ugly broad, tall, flat chested, bow legged, hairy, with early signs of a five O'clock shadow; actually it was more like an eclipse. I decided to look at the change as menopause that really works. Layla, my secretary buzzed me. I couldn't afford both a secretary and an intercom so I hired a cute gal who had a special talent for sound effects. After a minute of buzzing, a few ambulance sounds, and three kinds of ducks, Layla pretending to speak through a bullhorn announced that my new client Ms. Harriet Barkley was on her way in.

### *THE MURDER*

Not just being a top-notch private investigator, but also a former broad gives me an edge in knowing exactly what another broad is not trying to hide. This dame was all woman, which made me feel for the first time that I was all man. She was about to open her beautiful yapper when I asked, "Do you want a cup of coffee?" She looked around and said. "Sure I like taking risks." After her wise crack I was tempted to report her to the

IRS instead I asked Layla to bring us two cups. Layla made her percolator sounds and used my old radiator to heat a milk carton of day old java that was a day old the first time I reheated it a few days back. Age gives coffee character I told myself hoping the stuff wouldn't burn through my stitches and ruin my big boy underwear.

Layla handed Harriet a cup of coffee that now resembled quicksand. Before she could pour the deadly stuff into her deadly body she was shot dead. Harriet didn't even have time to get nauseous, or vomit, or scream in pain. Although Layla did it for her at one point even moving Harriet's lips. Harriet Barkly was now past tense. As I checked for a pulse that had already left the building, Layla called 911 or at least made it sound like she did. The bullet entered my room through a window without shattering any glass mainly because I left my window open so it would stick in a position that I someday hoped to fit an air conditioner in. Layla offered to make the sound of shattering glass for atmosphere when another shot that almost neutralized my sex change and hit a metal cabinet and ricocheted around the room destroying most of the stuff in my office which should have been destroyed along time ago.

I grabbed Layla's hand and ran into my windowless reception room and asked her if she was okay. She said she's just a little sore, but that was expected after all she was her gynecologist's first patient since he went blind. Then she rested her head on my former broad's shoulder and confessed to me that she loved me. And she would love me no matter what sex I became or would become. She'd love me for what ever I was at the time. She had even gone to the hospital and saved the parts they removed. I told her that they made me into a man and they didn't remove any parts, they just added. She apologized and said that was another transsexual she was once in love with. She told me

he or she or whatever had died in a leaf blower accident and then began imitating the machine. She was good. Real good. I even stopped to applaud and so did the cops as they entered my office.

### *THE BODY*

The cops examined Harriet's body closely, removing all her clothes and then dressing her in lingerie. After they were through it was determined that she was indeed dead, still very sexy, but like most corpses lacked passion. Oh, and it was suicide. "Suicide!" I shouted in surprise. When I asked them how she could have fired a shot through the window and hit herself while she was in my office. The detective said "she must have fired the shot from the other building ran across the street up six flights of stairs and into my office. How else would she know where to stand so the bullet would hit her?" He had a point there. Still, I asked him about the other bullet that entered through the window after she died. He said that must have been the second shot she fired before she left, in case she didn't make it to the spot in time. Some how I wasn't buying his explanation. My gut was saying something didn't fit. I didn't know what it was but I was gonna find out.

The police and the crime scene unit had left but I knew they were coming back. They forgot the body. This time I examined her and I didn't dress her in lingerie. That was sick and in bad taste and besides Layla was now wearing it. And she looked good so good I asked Harriet if she wanted to get into a threesome. But then I remembered she was dead. Of course I slapped her around for while first, finally when she didn't answer and I noticed every time I picked her up and slapped her she fell down, and that

she wasn't blue when she came in, and I remembered seeing her shot. Layla intrigued by the threesome idea offered to imitate the sound of her heart beating, but by then the passion had passed. I had work to do, a crime to solve, and a live girl in front of me in Victoria Secrets underwear. The kind of under wear that I wanted to wear when I was a woman but everyone including representatives of the company forbid me too. I had this urge to dive on top of Layla remove her lingerie put it on and parade in front of the window hoping to get shot, or at least some cat calls. But I knew neither was going to happen. I was just having a small identity crisis. For a second I hated who I was and wanted to be shot, sliced up in tiny pieces and eaten by a starving dog team. What's the big deal? We all feel like that at one time or another. Before I could chew on that, Layla jumped on top of me and we made whoopee. Yes, I had sex for the first time as a man to a woman lying on top of a dead woman. Life was full of surprises. While I was ravaging Layla I kept wondering. Am I compromising a crime scene? Okay, maybe I went a little too far when I tied Layla up in the yellow crime scene tape, or when I moved Harriet so I could make love to Layla while she was within the police outline of the body. Sometimes you just got to go with the flow. When it was over Layla and I lay exhausted, spent, in each others clothes and tangled up with in the limbs of a dead woman -- Layla's beautiful blue eyes matching Harriet's new skin tone. This was a moment I'd never forget. A moment of triumph. I had done the manly thing and all my stitches were in place except for the few that Layla was spitting out. I was now in a quandary. If I found the murderer, would I kill him myself, call the police or have him over for drinks. If it wasn't for Harriet's death my sex life would not have come to life that day. The only

thing I knew for sure, except that Layla was a real blonde, her breasts were phonies, and I should have paid more and gotten a larger organ, was that I had to find the gunmen.

### *THE CLUE*

I needed a clue. Layla offered to imitate one but neither of us knew what a clue sounded like. So instead she made the sounds of several kinds of garage door openers. Despite not wanting to infringe on someone's privacy I opened Harriet's handbag, which the police left on the body because it matched her outfit so perfectly. Except for identification she carried the usual things a gal carries around with her, lipstick, makeup, cell phone, genital electrodes, a list of North Korean double agents, and a small tube of plutonium, the only thing suspicious was a pen with a dentist's address and phone number on it. Why was that so suspicious? High-class broads like Harriet and starving P.I.'s like me didn't go to the same dentist. Especially a dentist who lost his license for mal practice. About a year ago my dentist was seriously injured while piloting an old crop duster when he foolishly reached out with both hands to trim his nails using the airplane's propeller. Despite temporarily not having the use of his arms continued to work. He started pulling teeth without using his hands. When patients awoke they were amazed, until he smiled and then spit their tooth out. Upon learning that his dentist license had been revoked he flipped out gassed the building his office was in and then pulled everyone's teeth out. He was arrested two days later wearing a six thousand-tooth necklace claiming he found the teeth that afternoon in the park after a hockey game. The police were about to let him walk when it was pointed out that it was July, 98 degrees and there's no checking allowed in the park league. So why would Harriet have the pen of a

defrocked dentist in her pocket, especially with teeth as perfect as hers. Teeth so beautiful that before we left Layla and me not only brushed them we also flossed and it's not easy getting a dead girl to rinse and spit. There was only one logical thing to do and that was visit my old dentist.

### *THE DENTIST*

I knew exactly where he lived because not only did I have his address, I was also his roommate. I live in a bad section of town in one bedroom run up where Doc Slattery sleeps uncomfortably on my couch. I had the key, but that didn't stop Layla from making knocking sounds while I was opening the door. In my apartment tables had been turned over, draws emptied, and the couch slit opened. It was just as I left it. That's one of the things I liked about Doc Slattery he put things back where he found them. Doc wasn't under any of the debris, but I did find him shivering in the shower. He explained to me that the faucet was stuck and he couldn't turn off the water, so rather than waste the rusty liquid he kept washing himself. By now the soap had dissolved and the washrag was in threads and Doc was holding his mouth open under the showerhead and drinking as much water as he could. I shut off the main valve in the kitchen and he opened his main valve over the toilet, which sounded somewhat like Niagara Falls. It took him several towels, which stopped soaking up water, and two burnt out hair dryers before he could put on his clothes.

Doc pushed off the cardboard boxes, the wooden crates, and the teeth he removed from a Chinese delivery guy and did a fanny hop onto the couch. I told him that Harriet had been murdered and asked him what he knew about her? Doc told me he didn't know

her other than having sex with her several times a day, fathering two of her children and tiling the bathroom in their summer home. I don't know if it was my detective instincts or what I had left of my women's intuition that told me he knew Harriet a lot better than he was letting on. I don't like being lied to just as much as I don't like being told the truth, so I slapped Layla across the face and said "tell him to stop holding back" I was about to slap her again when Doc knocked the wind out her with a punch to the belly. I wasn't going to take that from him or anyone, even a shrimp in a wheel chair so I hit her with a round house to the jaw. Before I could get another shot in, Doc was on top of Layla throwing combinations to her face and midsection. I was getting angry now so I kept kicking her in the ribs until she imitated bones breaking. Nothing like the sound of a rib being shattered to make a guy laugh! And laugh we did. Doc and I were rolling on the floor when Layla broke into her clogged garbage disposal impression, which sent us into laughing convulsions. We were praying she would stop, and after her imitation of a nun eating spaghetti she collapsed on the floor exhausted from the adrenaline rush and a punctured lung. That's when Doc told us all about Harriet.

### *THE BROAD*

Harriet was not what she appeared to be. She was a sick kid that had a rough start in life. She contracted Leprosy from a doctor who, realized he had the disease when he lost his arm in Harriet's mom's uterus while delivering Harriet. Trying to hide his illness the doctor finally removed both Harriet and his arm and claimed that they were paternal twins. At first mom favored the doctor's arm because it slept through the night and she could use it to scratch her back. Finally when it also slept through the day and would

smell after she changed its diaper, her mom discovered the doctor's deception. Before Harriet could drop any body parts in front of the other kids, fearing ridicule, she dropped out of school, as a teenager she earned a living as a leper pick pocket until a mark felt her hand on his wallet. Luckily she was a block away at the time. Still she found herself on the street, broke, alone, and with one hand. For the next two years desperate to keep the elements off what was still attached she lived in a revolving door. It was there that fate stepped in and she met her first husband, a plastic surgeon who specialized in wealthy woman who lost their right hand do to leprosy. He was taken by Harriet's beauty; her easy laugh which was really a rare strain of the whopping cough, and her cute ears (he just wished that he'd had found the second one before he stepped on it). A shy man with his own handicap he stood in the shadows and admired Harriet, until one night when he finally got the nerve to follow her. By picking up the trail of her falling body parts he discovered where she lived, but not having a great sense of direction he didn't realize that he was just walking in circles at the entrance to his own building. There, ready to propose, he got down on one knee, but because of his nervousness he'd forgotten that he'd lost that leg in a banjo stringing accident and fell to the ground. He never again forgot to take along his crutches. While lying on the floor with the revolving door rapidly pushing him in circles because an Ephedra support group was entering the building, he proposed to Harriet. She said, "No Never." He thought she said, "Yo! Trevor!" which didn't sound like Frank, his real name, but he decided it was as close as he'd ever get to a positive response. Harriet who was light headed from not eating for three hundred and seventy days (she liked to skip meals) forgot her answer and was too embarrassed to ask. The next day Frank took Harriet's good hand in marriage, and on

their honeymoon he fixed the other. After a good night's sleep (at a Day's Inn) and the promise of a meal, Harriet got out of bed and much to her surprise all of her parts went with her. She no longer had Leprosy. Frank was so thrilled he immediately replaced all of Harriet's missing parts. Unfortunately, a day later, while sitting at her bedside Frank had a heart attack and died. The coroner proclaimed that his heart attack was caused by the shock of feeling a bullet enter his brain. Harriet said it was an accident and that she had learned a painful lesson and would never again clean a loaded gun so close to anyone's temple, especially one with a silencer. Harriet was left a large sum of money from a life insurance policy that paid triple if Frank's death was caused by a heart attack from the fear of bullet entering his brain as a result of a loaded gun (with a silencer) being cleaned so close to his temple. The insurance agent signed off on the policy saying that life was full of coincidences just like the five hundred grand deposited into his account on the day of the settlement.

Harriet sold her dead husband's real estate and traveled all over our great country as a high-class migrant worker, organic foods only. Harriet loved picking oranges, apples, corn and especially cotton. Then suddenly while removing the husk from a rotten corn cob and seeing the discolored and missing kernels, she realized that she hadn't brushed her teeth in five years. The last year was not really her fault because only one back tooth remained which she never saw. It was because of that she was soon to hook up with Doc Slattery. She was admiring a mortally wounded lover's dental work and upon closer she look she saw the doctor's signature, office number, fax number, home number, cell phone number, address, favorite color and a prescription for Percadan chiseled on his upper molars.

*THE THREAT*

Harriet hijacked the next plane back here. She was never charged by the authorities when she claimed mental distress because the airplane food dissolved her teeth. Not only did she get away with the lie but was awarded several million dollars plus 20,000 frequent flyer miles and a free up grade to first class. A few days later Doc Slattery and Harriet met at his office and although they soon had two children, co owned several houses, and had joining burial plots they decided not to get serious about each other. The last time Doc saw Harriet was a week ago when she threatened to kill him and anyone he knew if she ever saw his face or heard some one say a name that started or ended with the same letters as his. And that was before she pushed Doc out his office window. Luckily, there was a window washer outside and Doc fell into him, which knocked the guy off the scaffold and sent him twenty stories to his death. The window washer would have been flattened like a pancake if he didn't land on a man just released from ten years on death row because of DNA evidence who also would have died a more painful death if he didn't get knocked into twin sisters who were separated at birth and reunited a few seconds earlier. Luckily for the sisters there were enough parts uncrushed to make one complete body for the coffin.

I asked Doc why Harriet was so mad at him, and he said it might have been because he jokingly removed two of her teeth through an opening other than her mouth. He couldn't understand why she would still be upset after all he apologized for not using Novocain. I had a feeling there was something he was holding back, something that involved me.

When Doc finished telling his story, I woke up Layla who in her sleep was making sounds like a blender stuck on the pulverize setting. I thanked Doc for leveling with us and said I saw no reason to suspect him.

### *THE PIZZA BOY*

It seems like everywhere Harriet went there were fresh corpses. Could this be just coincidence? And is it just a coincidence that every case I get is unsolvable. I was beginning to have doubts about my talent as a private investigator when I noticed the elevator had stopped at my floor. That's when it hit me. I hadn't really been paying attention. Immediately I started to feel better about where I was at. Not because of the case, but because I never noticed that I had an elevator in my building. For years I walked up and down the same smelly stairs. I knew every step of those twenty-seven floors. Some times things just aren't what they seem. In this case nothing was as it seems. Heck I'm not what I seem.

I let the pizza kid pass, but the smell of melted mozzarella cheese always gets me hot. I grabbed Layla's hand and put it on my private part but nothing happened. Then I did the same with her other hand – still nothing. So I asked my big muscular neighbor to do the same. He gave me a sharp right to the head! Suddenly something started to swell. My face! I was back! Before Layla could go into a second chorus of moil sounds I lifted her up, French kissed her left nostril, I'm far sighted, then I pulled her back into my apartment. Thinking of Layla's body gave me another question to ask Doc.

Doc had the pizza kid on the ground and was ripping one of his teeth out. I waited till he was finished and the kid stopped convulsing. It didn't take long, the kid

passed out when he saw Doc spit the tooth into his mouth along with a hunk of pepperoni. Doc said he didn't have enough for a tip so he removed a tooth for the kid. Now he'll have less teeth to worry about going bad.

Before Doc could do a root canal with his tongue, I asked him about Harriet's body. Then Doc asked me about Layla's body. I told him I asked first. Then Layla asked him about Doc's body. No one wanted to budge so we stripped the pizza kid and looked at his body for no apparent reason. It didn't turn any of us on, so after about five minutes of staring we had seen enough and put his clothes back on. Of course we tied his shoelaces together. We were a fun group. Finally I explained my question to Doc. I wanted to know if you could tell that most of Harriet's body wasn't real. The Doc said, of course anyone could. Her dead husband was not only a terrible plastic surgeon, but had this thing for Velcro. Before going to bed she'd tare the parts off and set them on the end table. To spice up their sex life Doc and Harriet put her body parts back in different places. The dead body at my office was perfect, no artificial parts, and no Velcro, which meant Harriet is still alive and probably the shooter. But who is the dead girl? There was only one way to find out.

### *THE MIX UP*

We went back to my place and after about 15 minutes of grilling the dead girl didn't tell us anything. I wasn't taken any more chances. I had to be sure. Either she was real stubborn, or really dead, or a really good actress or a really good dead actress, or a really good dead actress who was stubborn. Questions, questions and more questions. Unfortunately the answers came quickly after that. I was calling the cops to tell them to

pick up the body, and a diet ice tea when I glanced at my appointment book and realized that Layla had got the appointments mixed up. This dead girl was Lenora Corndog. The heiress to the Corndog fortune. Then it all fit together perfectly like OJ's leather glove.

I knew who the murderer was. The clue was right there in front of me in the form of a gun barrel pointed at my head. It wasn't Doc; I knew that right away because the person holding the gun was a woman. It wasn't Layla because she was wearing a blue dress, well dark blue, many of you might actually say its black but according the sales slip it was blue. And it wasn't Harriet because it's not the ending yet.

### *THE REDHEAD*

This dame was another looker, like they all are in detective stories; only she had such a wide nose, that even though her big blue eyes were crossed, it made them look normal. With red fingernails, long enough to rake leaves, she pushed a pile of black hair away from her face and it fell to the floor. How and why she got that clump of black hair to stick to her face was just another mystery that would go unsolved. I'm not usually attracted to red heads or any size Doxhound but this carrot top had something extra something that would make me want her even when I was a woman and I was no lesbian. Okay, maybe for brief period in the eighties and nineties and most of 2002 but that was a time of experimentation. She had great long legs that I didn't have to look down to see, but had to look up to see where they ended. I love legs more that I like air and I like air so much that I don't exhale. She didn't like my eyes on her gams and brought the gun closer to my head, but before she ever got a chance to pull the trigger Layla started to imitate a swat team which distracted her just enough for me to grab the pistil. It wasn't

much of a struggle, my superior strength and Layla's impression of a bowl of salsa being poured into a Tupperware, cracked us both up. The gun fell to the floor mid belly laugh.

### *THE TRIPLE WHAMMY*

The tables had been turned. I was now in control. Even though I let Layla slap her around awhile and I threatened to do her make up she wouldn't tell me how that clump of hair got stuck to her face. So I asked her why she pointed the gun at me. That's when I found out that the dead woman was still not who we thought she was. Just to make sure Layla and I checked the appointment book. It was the old triple whammy. Layla had written three appointments in reverse order. Layla had told me she had dyslexia but I thought it was just an excuse for wearing her clothes backwards and inside out. The living red head standing in front of me was Leona Corndog, the heir to the corndog fortune and the dead broad was her step sister Tracy Sarsaparilla a female Gene Rayburn impersonator, and heir to the Sarsaparilla last name, whose real dream was to have a husband, a family, and a whore house with a white picket fence around it (and if possible a F.E.M.A. trailer for over- night guests).

Was it just coincidence that the dead broad rotting at our feet used the same dentist as everyone in the room, or it was because Doc was the only dentist that also accepted auto insurance? And why didn't the Doc recognize her? I needed a few more answers, especially since this time I intended to use multiple choice.

*THE KILLER*

The real Leona assured me that she really didn't want to shoot me. She just wanted to pull the trigger a few times and see what kind of pattern my brains would leave on the wall. She was a performance artist and thought my brain splatter might qualify her for a government grant. Before she'd take my pop quiz she wanted me to answer her questions – like who killed her sister and if I could do it all over again would I still wear short-sleeved shirts in the winter. I was about to tell her it depended on what sex I was at the time when I found another gun pointed at me. This time it was Harriet. And she had an itchy trigger finger, which required occasional scratching and calamine lotion. I could see my reflection in her shiny eyes, eyes that had murder in them, my murder. I don't have much of memory especially for things that have happened already, but even a schmo like me can't forget what happened next. With the barrel of her gun just a few inches from my nose which was running at the time and required Harriet to wipe it on the barrel, I got the nerve to ask her what this was all about. And why she killed that girl? With a snarl that made putting on lipstick difficult Harriet replied. "What girl?"

And I bounced back with an answer that would make all my transsexual detective peers proud, "The dead one lying on the floor."

*THE TARGET*

Harriet tossed her lipstick at the dead broad and shot back, "Oh, that girl." I was tempted to fetch the lipstick since it was a shade I used back in my female days, but what she said next surprised me. She was actually smiling when she remarked, "I was trying to kill

you.” Excuse me for being long winded, but I replied, “Me,” That’s when Harriet while tweezing an eye brow like she was an old lady picking at free hordeours explained to us that she was aiming at the girl because she thought she was me. She didn’t know I had gotten another sex change. According to Harriet me and the dame could have been twins if it wasn’t for our looks, height, and coloring. But most importantly the dead dame was wearing a dress like the one Harriet had seen in my closet while playing twister with Doc, which she won easily since her parts were removable. She didn’t think anyone else had the same bad taste in clothes, especially after taking one look at the ugly handbag.

### *THE MOTIVE*

Sometimes I don’t know where my inspiration comes from but the next question just popped out of my mouth like a brat’s burp. “Why did you want to kill me?” The answer I got was not one I wanted to be aired in public. Harriet smiled like a clown watching a kid getting spanked “I found out about the tumble in the debris you and Doc had last week.” She said and then pulled out a tooth and tossed it at Doc.

Doc was right I should never have bragged about it on my answering machine -- someday someone was bound to call me. Before Harriet could empty her gun into my current body I explained that it was the night before my third sex change, I was scared, and we had some wine, smoked a few joints, downed a couple of Quaaludes, popped some ecstasy, snorted some cocaine, ate a couple bowls of grape nuts, sang the Notre Dame fight song, and joined the Lucy Arnez fan club. She nodded like she understood what a romantic moment it was, but said it was too late.

I had to keep her talking. So I asked her why the dead girl had one of Doc's dentist pens in her pocket book. She had no idea and pointed the gun at Doc. I thought she was going to shoot when Layla interrupted. Harriet loosened her trigger finger, a little too much because it almost fell off, and listened to Layla while she placed Post Its to mark where she was going to shoot me. Layla explained that Tracy had asked her to borrow a pen and since we had been given a few thousand when Doc got the can from the Dental Association, she gave her one. Layla apologized for not telling us sooner, but didn't want me to know that she pocketed the fifty cents she charged for the pen.

When Harriet let up on the trigger I breathed a sigh of relief until she pointed it at me. I quickly asked, "Why the second shot?" Harriet suddenly changed her mind and began rearranging the posteds as she spoke. "I realized I killed the wrong person when I saw you run to the body. I shot a second time but I'd already started to re apply my make up which caused me to miss. I won't miss this time." She squealed as she poked my fake Adam's apple with the gun barrel. "Why would you want to kill me for a few badly exchanged fluids? I thought you and Doc were history. You just threw him out of building?"

### *THE LAST STRAW*

Harriet explained that at the time she was just a little cranky from wearing high heels that didn't account for a cast on her foot. She had broken her foot that morning trying to squeeze it into a shoe by using a vice. She really was in love with Doc and that week they even had phone sex at my place, which explained why both my cordless phones were sticky. That's when she saw the ugly handbag. Then she turned to Doc and said

“Tell him doc... Tell him what you wrote to me, how you were in love with him, her or whatever it is” She stopped plucking her eyebrow and pointed at me. Harriet then explained to us that she found the note a half hour ago. Luckily before she went to get her driver’s license picture she looked in the mirror and saw it duck taped to her forehead. That’s why she came back. She wanted to kill me face to face. There’d be no mistakes this time. Now when she spoke she didn’t move her lips, which impressed Layla who asked for her autograph.

“Go ahead Doc read it to them. Okay if you won’t. I will.” Which she started to do, but suddenly decided singing it would be more effective. Unfortunately she liked opera and we couldn’t understand a word she was saying. Before our eardrums could burst she stopped her aurea and spoke. This time the message was very clear.

### *THE COPS*

“You see... That’s why I have to kill you right now!” She leveled her gun at me, which meant lowering it since I was now on my knees about to beg for my life and if that didn’t work do my Al Jolsen impression, when we heard banging on the door.

“Layla you’re good real good, but I’m no sucker, I’m not falling for that trick.” Harriet said as she checked for wind and adjusted her aim

“It’s the police. You can keep the dead body but someone’s gotta pay for the ice tea.” A man’s voice proclaimed. At least I think it was a guy. You can never tell these days.

Harriet still thought it was Layla even though by now Layla had fallen asleep. “Not only sound effects but impressons. You’re a talented kid. But I’m no dummy.”

We heard the door burst open and footsteps and “Drop it! Right now!”

Now Harriet was not only angry, she was jealous of Layla. “You’re even better than I thought. But can you do...”

The next and last thing Harriet heard was a shot. The bullet entered her back, the impact causing her left breast to tear loose from the Velcro and fall to the ground... The rest of Harriet followed. It was all over. Well, almost over.

Layla had awakened when Harriet’s breast fell on her breasts, which made Layla feel like she finally had a rack, and showed us. That broke the tension and soon the room was filled with hugs-- Layla and Doc surrounding me, and Ms. Corndog squeezing her sister’s corpse so tight we could hear the dead girl’s stiff bones breaking. Layla, Doc and I and the cops started laughing hysterically. Broken bones, there’s nothing funnier. Even Ms. Corndog was smiling. They police put Tracy - the dead dame, and Ms. Corndog who refused to let go of the corpse, in the body bag, zipped it up and took them away, not before they made me pay for the ice tea and include a tip.

### *THE KISS-OFF*

Since I now had a guy and gal in love with me, I was deciding what sex I’d end up being when Layla and Doc started kissing. They were going at it pretty hard. When I tried to join in they slugged me, called me a pig and left still embraced. Doc proclaiming that he didn’t need me anymore, that Layla could do me and had a much better body. I had to agree, wished them well, and asked Layla to send me nude pictures, her exact measurements and X-rays. My future was coming clear to me. By some kind of freaky fate, the case had been solved, the murderer was dead, and I had brought two lonely

people together. But as usual I was alone again. Maybe I had made a mistake. Maybe instead of being one sex or the other. I should be both. A hermaphrodite. Yeah, why not? Just one last sex change. This way worse case scenario, if my next relationship doesn't work out I could always leave whoever it is for myself.

*THE END*