

THE BIG SNEEZE

by Suzanne Verrall

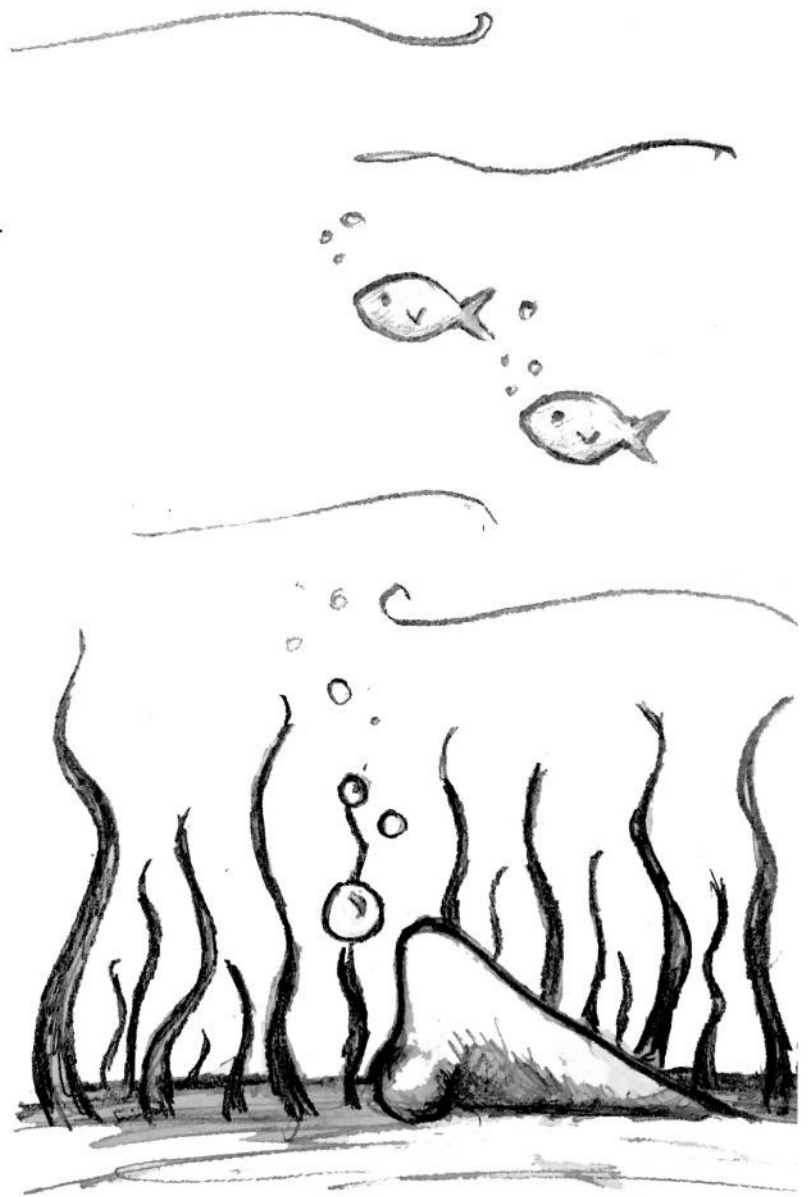
The giant nose yearned for a trilby and trench coat but hats sat too low while the empty sleeves flapped fleshless and broken, attracting just the type of attention a schmick private eye should avoid.

So the giant nose relied on grey-lensed Persols and the occasional moustache for disguise. Which worked, generally speaking, and it was habit for the giant nose to move freely through the sinning city: unnoticed, untroubled.

Until...

Kidnap, murder, black market liquor were bread and butter to a dick who was maybe straighter than most. But dames were poison. And when Mr Big's own special little blackbird Missy M took a hankering to a certain patrician profile, no amount of dissuasion - polite then acrid then downright reeking - could blow her off the scent. Rumours sprayed across town like bullets from a Tommy-gun. It stank of a set-up.

The boys at the docks were apologetic as they trussed the giant nose like a Thanksgiving turkey. Breathe deep, it'll be over quicker that way, they said, tossing it into the murky depths where, thanks to the cinderblocks, it sank like a stone and came to rest gently at the bottom of the bay with all the other suckers.



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