

The Detective's Detective Writer

The sun turned a lavish array of deep violet, apricot, and sun color. Light leaked through my window and briefly enlightened my dark, dank room. I felt the warmth coating me as though the sun was an artist and I was a canvas, or a piece of paper, or anything you can paint on. I was restless earlier in the day; I made many attempts to create a science fiction novella. But all I could come up with was a piece of burnt toast in outer space; which makes no sense as birds would have eaten it. So I silently await my eventual slumber as the sun drenches over me like a warm blanket. *“Knock Knock”*

“Why I do declare that I hear a knocking noise”

I abruptly uttered. *“Knock Knock”* The banging becomes roughly 2 decibels louder in C#.

“Please tell me who decides to bang at this hour! Please speak the name that wakes me!”

“Knock Knock” The banging is unbearable at this point and I let out a screech and chant.

“I will now open this door and unleash hell upon the one beside me 1... 2... 3—”

“Hello, sir would you like to buy a box of girl scout cookies?” A short-haired girl no more than 7 politely asked me. I was hunched over and resembled a goblin, my cheeks turned crimson and I quickly regained posture.

“Why would that be delightful, how much is one box?”

“Fifteen dollars sir”

I shut the door in her face, I heard the cries as I sat on my faux leather office chair.

I murmured to myself, *“over my dead body I’m paying fifteen dollars for snicker-caca-doodles”* I then without haste tipped my gray fedora over my shut eyes and began to slumber. A song I listened to not long ago started to play in my head and each note crashed my inner peace. I was on the border between sleep and karaoke with Steve Aoki. Not soon after the brat knocked at my metal screen door I again heard pounding that rattled my house and eardrums. *“Oh my dear lord and savior, what the hell could it be this time?”* I yell as I slouch to the door. And you just won’t believe what happened next, or maybe you will. I can't control you.

“Hello, mister hmm....?”

It was a tall lanky woman with chalky pale skin, contrasting with her artificially blonde hair in a bob cut. Her nails were as long as she would make my day and her face looked like a— well I rather not say. She proceeds to cross her arms while waiting for me to finish writing this to answer her statement of a question. *“It’s Howard Madam.”*

“Well Mr.George, my daugh—”

“My god.”

“She says that you slammed the door in her face.”

“Yes, yes I did. If you have a problem, politely contact this number.” I gave her a Papa John's card and slammed the door in her face. I heard the cries as I sat on my faux leather office chair.