

**SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.:** THE PAPERS SAY I'M A KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS. WELL, MAYBE I AM. DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE RATS THAT PREY ON THE GOOD PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE KILLERS THAT CRAWL OUT THROUGH LOOP-HOLES IN THE LAW? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE DREGS OF HUMANITY THAT SIT LIKE PARASITES UPON THE BACK OF SOCIETY AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU? WELL, YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I LIKE 'EM! 'CAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM, I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS. ME? I'M MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE EYE. I TRACK DOWN THOSE RATS, THOSE KILLERS, THOSE DREGS... AND I SHOOT! I SHOOT TO KILL! I DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS! INSTEAD...

# My Gun Is The Jury!

By MELVIE SPLANE

JACK  
DAVIS

POT CHAMBER, CAPTAIN OF HOMICIDE, LOOKED UP AS I SAUNTERED DAPPERLY THROUGH THE DOOR.

HE'S DEAD, MIKE! THE KILLER CARVED THE NOSE OFF A .45 AND FIRED LOW. THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIM BELOW THE NAVEL. KNOW HIM?

HE POLISHED MY CAR ONCE. HE WAS A GOOD KID. I LIKED HIM. FROM NOW ON, IT'S A RAGE, POT. I WANT THAT KILLER FOR MYSELF!



I LOOKED DOWN AT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE KID...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE DEALING YOURSELF IN, MIKE?

THAT'S RIGHT, POT. LISTEN... ER... WHATEVER YOUR NAME WAS. I'M GOING TO GET THE GUY THAT DID THIS. I SWEAR IT! AND HE WON'T SIT IN THE HOT SEAT... HE WON'T HANG...



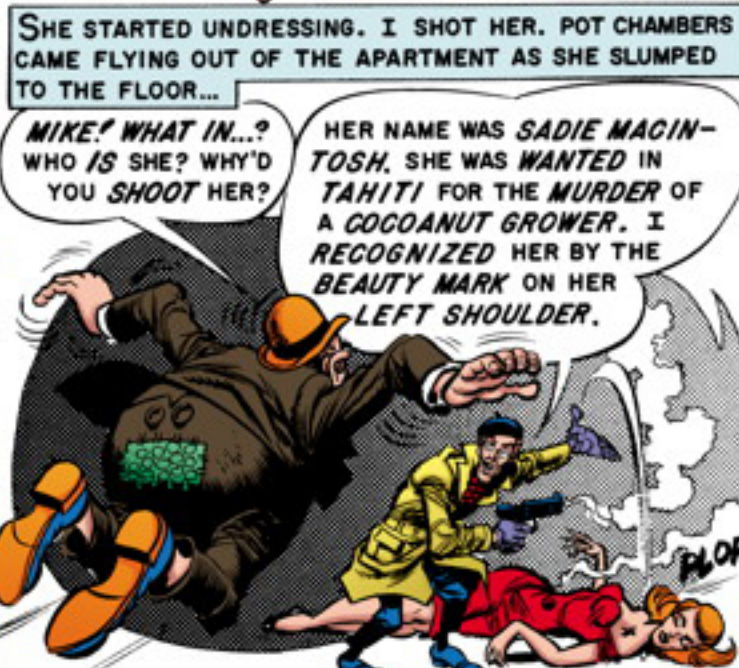
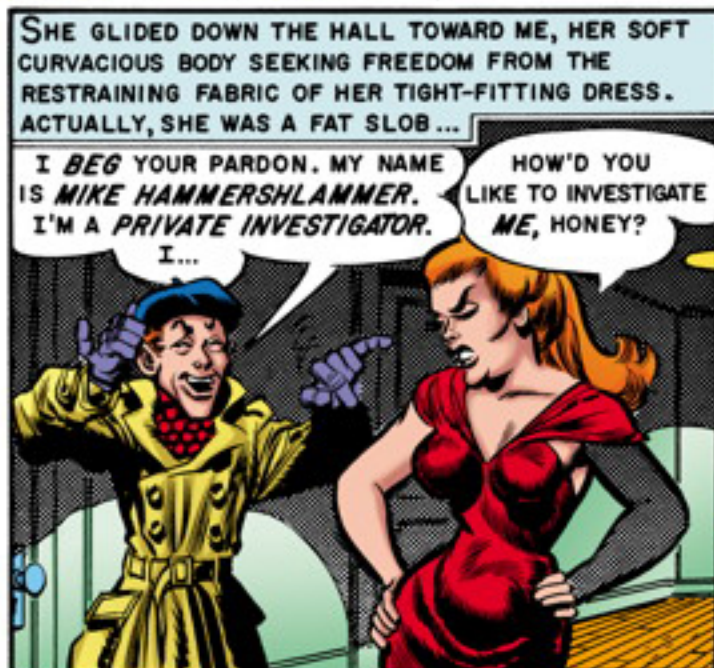
A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...

HE'LL DIE EXACTLY AS YOU DIED. WITH A SAWED-OFF .88 SLUG IN THE GUT A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON. A DUM-DUM THAT GOES IN CLEAN AND COMES OUT LIKE A FLYING SAUCER LEAVIN' A HOLE SO BIG, YOU CAN PUT YOUR FIST THROUGH...

PLEASE, MIKE. YOU MAKE ME SICK!











I TOLD YOU, POT! I MAKE MYSELF SICK, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS. THOSE FIENDS OUT THERE LOVE ME LIKE THIS.

CRAZY MIXED-UP FIENDS.



I LEFT POT AND DEAD SADIE AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND SKIPPED DOWNSTAIRS TO MY HEAP...

THIS IS MY HEAP. IT LOOKS LIKE A '41 BUICK. BUT UNDER THAT HOOD IS A GENERAL ELECTRIC TURBO-JET SUPERCHARGED AIRPLANE ENGINE...



I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR...

NO DUMB HIGHWAY PATROL COP CAN CATCH ME. I CAN DO OVER 40 IN THIS HEAP. I...

HELLO, MIKE...

SHE SAT IN THE FRONT SEAT WITH HER LEGS CROSSED, REVEALING THEIR SHAPLINESS...THE SOFT SMOOTH CURVES ENCASED IN NYLONS...FLOWING EXCITINGLY UPWARD AND UNDER THE VEIL OF BLACK SATIN THAT WAS HER SKIRT...



WHO...?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, MIKE! DRIVE TO MY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. EVERYTHING IS WAITING...EVERYTHING YOU LIKE...INCLUDING ME...SO DON'T ASK QUESTIONS...

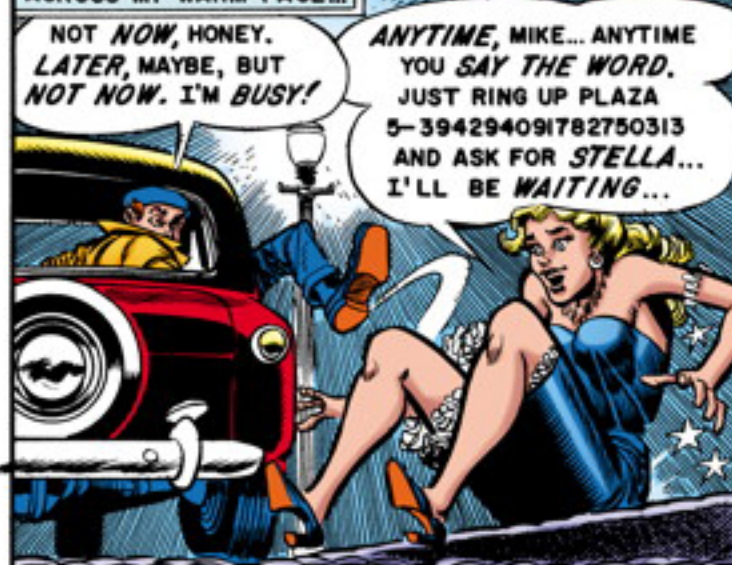
SHE PUT HER HAND TO MY QUIVERING, DROOL-COVERED LIPS. I STUDIED HER. SHE WAS A VENUS, A GODDESS, A QUEEN. HER EYES WERE POOLS OF BLUE FLAME...HER LIPS, SOFT AND INVITING... HER BODY...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW CAN EVERYTHING I LIKE BE AT YOUR PENTHOUSE, WAITING FOR ME, INCLUDING YOU... WHEN... WHEN YOU'RE HERE?

DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT, MIKE. IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US. LET'S GO. TAKE A RIGHT AT THE NEXT...

I EASED HER OUT OF MY HEAP. SHE SAT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK, POUTING. A WARM SMILE WORMED ACROSS MY WARM FACE...



NOT NOW, HONEY. LATER, MAYBE, BUT NOT NOW. I'M BUSY!

ANYTIME, MIKE... ANYTIME YOU SAY THE WORD. JUST RING UP PLAZA 5-394294091782750313 AND ASK FOR STELLA... I'LL BE WAITING...

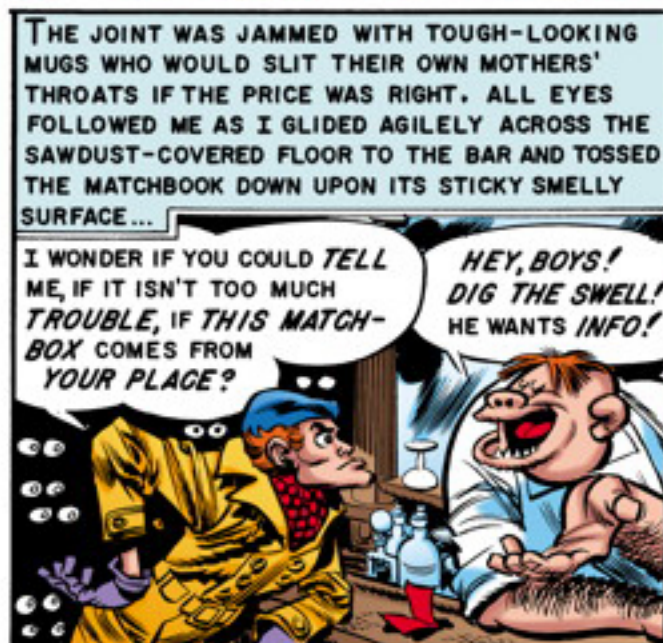
I MADE A MENTAL NOTE OF STELLA'S PHONE NUMBER AND ZOOMED AWAY. PRETTY GIRL, STELLA. LATER, WHEN I'D FINISHED CHASING DOWN THE MURDERING RAT, I'D LOOK HER UP. BUT RIGHT NOW, I HAD BUSINESS. I SPED ACROSS TOWN TO THE DOCK SECTION... TO THE ADDRESS ON THE MATCHBOOK COVER...



THIS IS THE PLACE!

MOVE ALONG, BUDDY! CAN'T YOU READ? THAT'S A NO-PARKING SIGN...







I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. THE TOUGHIES HAD TAKEN A POWDER. SURE. THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. SHOW 'EM A LITTLE BLOOD AND THEY RUN LIKE SCARED RABBIT. I WENT THROUGH THE BIG MUGG'S POCKETS AS HE LAY THERE GURGLING...

HMMM! A CHANCE ON A BICYCLE. AN OLD FISH-HOOK AND SOME STRING. A MARBLE. A DEAD FROG. A...GOOD LORD!



I POCKETED WHAT I'D FOUND AND LEFT. I CROSSED THE SIDEWALK TO MY HEAP. THE *PARKING TICKET* HUNG ON THE *WINDSHIELD*...



I POCKETED THE PARKING TICKET, CURSING THE FLAT-FOOT SOFTLY TO MYSELF, AND TURNED. SHE HIPPED OVER TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS, HER DRESS CLINGING TO HER BODY AS IF IT WERE SOAKING WET. ACTUALLY, IT WAS WET. IT'S DAMP DOWN BY THE DOCKS...

I SAW WHAT YOU DID, HANDSOME. YOU'RE A REAL MAN. I GO FOR REAL MEN.



SHE SLID HER ARMS AROUND ME, SNAKING UP REAL CLOSE. SHE GRINNED EVILY...



I EASED MY GUN OUT OF MY POCKET, SNAPPED OFF THE SAFETY, PULLED BACK THE HAMMER, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. SHE LOOKED REAL SURPRISED AS THE BULLET TORE THROUGH HER CHEST AND SHE SLID TO THE WET PAVEMENT...



POT CHAMBER SCREAMED UP IN A SQUAD CAR...

WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A BRAWL HERE, MIKE. I FIGURED IT WAS YOU. I...I... AYE, YI, YI! ANOTHER ONE...



I GRINNED A TWISTED GRIN AT DEAD MILDRED...

THE KID'S FATHER WAS MY FRIEND HE SOLD ME A NEWSPAPER ONCE! I SWORE I'D GET HER FOR HIM. SORRY, MILDRED! YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE HUGGING ME. I FELT THOSE 'H' CAPSULES IN YOUR MONEY BELT...





THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE. I LEFT POT AND DEAD MILDRED AND THE MORGUE BOYS, AND I NOSED MY HEAP BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE ACME GARAGE. THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM. THE THIRD SKELETON KEY ON MY RING LET ME IN...

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HAMMERSHAMMER...

HUH?

IT WAS THE BIG MUGG FROM THE GIN MILL. HIS MOUTH WAS ALL BANDAGED. HE HELD A ROD IN HIS BIG UGLY PAWS...

I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW UP HERE AFTER I CAME TO AND FOUND YOU'D FRISKED ME. C'MON! GIMME BACK WHAT YOU TOOK...

YOU MEAN THIS...?

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. I MOVED TOO FAST. MY .45 WAS OUT AND BARKING BEFORE HE COULD BLINK. I WIPED HIS EVIL GRIN RIGHT OFF HIS FACE...

NO... NOT THAT... CHOKE... GLUGG... THE OTHER THING... NG... NG... G-G...

THE BULLET HAD GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD AND SLAMMED INTO A METAL DRUM. THE LIQUID IN THE DRUM POURED OUT OVER HIM, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD... A BLACK SHINY LIQUID... MIXING WITH THE SCARLET OOZE...

HE DESERVED IT, MIKE!

EH?

I SPUN AROUND. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE, SMILING. SHE CAME TOWARD ME, HER ARMS EXTENDED, HER SUPPLE BODY UNDULATING UNDER THE TIGHT DRESS...

NOW THE *WHOLE SHOW* CAN BE OURS, MIKE. ALL OURS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF THE *BIG WHEEL*... THE *TOP BRASS*... THE *HEAD* OF THE RACKET. THERE'D BE *NOBODY LEFT*...

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HONEY?

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ME, PRESSING HER SOFT LIPS AGAINST MINE...

ME, MIKE? I'M YOURS! TOGETHER, WE'LL RUN THE SHOW... WE'LL...

SORRY, BABY...

POT CAME IN AS SHE SLID TO THE CONCRETE BESIDE THE BIG MUGG, HER FACE FROZEN IN A DEATH MASK, THE BULLET FROM MY .45 IN HER HEART...

THE MURDER VICTIM *WORKED* HERE AS A CAR-POLISHER. HE... HE... *HEE-HEE! MIKE!* ANOTHER ONE?

HER NAME WAS *EMMA GRETSLE*. HER *HUSBAND* WAS AN *ARTIST*! HE WAS MY *FRIEND*. HE LENT ME SOME *LINSEED OIL* ONCE. SHE *POISONED* HIM. I SWORE I'D *GET HER*!