

## In Space, EVERYTHING is Hard-Boiled.

“I don’t get why you came to me.” I paused. “...Sir?”

The four-armed cricket - fresh off of the Spacer vessel - gestured with two hands. “You’re a shamus?” Its English was excellent.

“Well... yes, I’m a private investigator.”

More hands-waving. “We Spacers listened to your old programs, out in space. They were the bee’s knees! So when I realized some palooka wanted to put the kibosh on me, I knew I needed a good gumshoe.”

*Well, that explains the fedora,* thought I. “Let’s start at the beginning, then. Was there a ‘dame’ involved?” The cricket nodded. *It’s always about a dame...*

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