

Divvying Up The Loot

I looked up as Clancy entered the room. The policeman shook his head. “And do those necklaces belong to you, Jackie?”

“They do now, Officer,” I replied. “But I saved you the earrings with the reward on them, and the knife used in the Murdoch murder.”

Clancy brightened. “You sure? There’s a reward for the knife, too. A *big* one. I don’t mind sharing.”

“Nah, I’m good. You can have it -- and the credit for collaring the bad guy.” I prodded the unconscious cultist. “Less paperwork that way.” Yeah, the Thieves’ Guild has paperwork, too. And wasn’t *that* a surprise...

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