

HOMOPHONES:

A SHORT STOREY.

No piece for Harry Homophone.

Detective Harry Homophone new that this job was almost over. He had bean hot on the tafe of Pinky Malone, ex – heavy wait boxer and now notorious gangster, four over a weak. But now he was only ours away from getting his man.

Harry lent against the wall, pulling his hat low over his eyes. He was at the harbour down buy the sure, and knight had already fallen. The plaiice was deserted and silent except for a ship's bell that had wrung out once or twice threw the see missed that had crept up the beech that evening.

He tossed his cigarette but into a puddle left by that afternoon's reign and approached the seedy sailor's hostel that Malone was using to whole up in. He entered silently, past the door leading to the bar and began to climb the stares. At the top he paused, listening intently to the noise that came from the room.

Was this Pinky Malone, oar was it just an ordinary guessed? No, that awful snore could only mean won thing and have only one sauce. This had to bee the write man. In his final fight in the wring Pinky had had his knows broken and now snored like a foghorn.

As Harry's shoo crashed into the door he whipped out his gun, and their he was face to face with Malone lying in bed. Malone's startled expression soon gave weigh to a rye smile.

"looks like you got me this thyme, Homophone – my gun hand's empty", he said waiving his write hand in the heir.

Harry was just about to put up his peace when he remembered that Malone was a South – pour, and that his left hand was still mysteriously under the bed-clothes.

As Pinky Malone was about to let loose with his concealed weapon, Harry snapped him back into his site and pulled the trigger.

The blanket went read.

"Aargh!" Screamed Malone. "You've filled me full of led!"

Harry put up his gun and said, "you went two far when ewe tried to beet Harry Homophone".

KEY:

A SHORT STORY.

No peace for Harry Homophone.

Detective Harry Homophone knew that this job was almost over. He had been hot on the tail of Pinky Malone, ex – heavy weight boxer and now notorious gangster, for over a week. But now he was only hours away from getting his man.

Harry leant against the wall, pulling his hat low over his eyes. He was at the harbour down by the shore, and night had already fallen. The place was deserted and silent except for a ship's bell that had rung out once or twice through the sea mist that had crept up the beach that evening.

He tossed his cigarette butt into a puddle left by that afternoon's rain and approached the seedy sailor's hostel that Malone was using to hole up in. He entered silently, passed the door leading to the bar and began to climb the stairs. At the top he paused, listening intently to the noise that came from the room.

Was this Pinky Malone, or was it just an ordinary guest? No, that awful snore could only mean one thing and have only one source. This had to be the right man. In his final fight in the ring Pinky had had his nose broken and now snored like a foghorn.

As Harry's shoe crashed into the door he whipped out his gun, and there he was face to face with Malone lying in bed. Malone's startled expression soon gave way to a wry smile.

"looks like you got me this time, Homophone – my gun hand's empty", he said waving his right hand in the air.

Harry was just about to put up his piece when he remembered that Malone was a South – poor, and that his left hand was still mysteriously under the bed-clothes.

As Pinky Malone was about to let loose with his concealed weapon, Harry snapped him back into his sight and pulled the trigger.

The blanket went red.

"Aargh!" Screamed Malone. "You've filled me full of lead!"

Harry put up his gun and said, "you went to far when you tried to beat Harry Homophone".

