



**The Case of the Missing Foot: A Dick Burns Minit  
Mrdr®**

William Garner & monkeyrotica

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# Chapter 1

## It Happened on 14th Street

Dick Burns holstered his smoking .45, stood back, lit an Old Gold and admired his handiwork.

At his feet sat the bullet-ridden remains of what was once his Realistic turntable. A Mel Torme album spun haplessly on the smoking record player. Burns went to the wet bar, mixed himself a Black Russian, kicked-back in his chrome Breuer chair. The intercom buzzed.

"Burns! Stop whatever you're doing and get in my office! Now!"

Burns rolled his eyes at the intercom, swilled his drink. He took a yellow plastic Slinky out from his desk and tried to get it to walk down a stepladder. After ten minutes, Burns placed the toy in his suit pocket. Narrow lips blew the dust off of his fedora. His stinky size fourteen feet carried him down the corridor to the manually operated elevator. He gave the grizzled elevator jockey a smile, told him to punch seven, slipped him a dollar bill that smelled like a man's crotch. He got off at the boss's floor, pushed open the office door with both fists.

The boss sneered up from his desk. "It's about time." Burns caught a whiff of the boss' breath. He'd been at the pickled anchovies again. "Didn't your mother ever teach you how to knock?"

"I wouldn't know. I was too busy nailing yours." Burns lit a cigarette, walked over to the boss's bar, began mixing a Harvey Cocksucker. "Better make it quick, boss. I'm having a rough day."

The boss smirked. "Awww, what's the matter, Burns? That record player of yours scratching your precious vinyl albums again?"

"Not any more." Burns sniffed his drink like a dog at a newly installed hydrant, snickered. "At least I don't have to worry about CD rot." He knew the boss had junked his entire collection of Cocteau Twins albums in favor of the CD boxed set. Burns was hoarding l.p's for the day when vinyl came back from the grave.

"Got a call from Fribbage O'Shaunessey, Burns."

"The massage parlor kingpin?"

"The same. He says he wants you to walk his old lady across the street for him. He's willing to pay five grand if its done right."

Burns exhaled a plume of grey, acrid smoke, spoke into his highball glass. "And if it's done wrong?"

"He'll nail your nuts to a plank. He was very specific about that. Made me write it down, he did." The boss showed Burns a cocktail napkin with a hastily scribbled cartoon on it. An equation depicted a stickfigure Burns with a pipe, a plus sign, a pair of peanuts, another plus sign, a hammer and a plank, an equal sign and the word "screwup" underlined several times. Burns read the napkin, got a curious look on his face, as if someone in the room had farted. "Plank, eh? Sounds suspicious. I don't like it."

"You're not getting paid to like it, Burns." The boss reached into his desk drawer. "But maybe you'll like this."

He handed Burns a grainy Polaroid of a Mrs. Greta O'Shaunessey. She was staring wistfully out of a boudoir window into the falling rain. She was barely clad in a skin-tight, black silk camisole with a matching feather boa around her waspy waist. Her razor grey locks cascaded down her backless lingerie past a pair of legs that can only be properly worn around a man's head. O'Shaunessey looked about forty, but wore it better than many half her age. She stood five-eleven in her fluffy high-heeled pink mules, weighed about one-twenty-five, half of that being taken up by a pair of augmented breasts the size of party balloons. She had enough ass for three women. Burns eyed the picture intently. He'd seen her before, but he couldn't recall where.

"Nice." Burns sipped his drink. "Fribbage's wife, huh?"

The boss shook his shiny, cueball head. "It's his mother."

The drink shot out of Burns's nose. He wiped himself off on his sleeve and put his hands down his pants. "Hmmm. I'd say it's time Fribbage got himself a new daddy."

"Get in line." The boss reached into his desk and pulled out a wooden crate the size of a breadbox. "Fribbage got this in the mail yesterday. Take a gander."

Burns lifted the loose lid of the wooden box. Inside, nestled in a bed of styrofoam peanuts, was a well-polished black patent leather Mary Jane, size six. Burns had admired that particular type of shoe for quite a while. All the adolescent hepchicks in his building wore them when they went out to smoke and drink lattes. The unusual thing about the shoe was that it still had a foot in it. The nails were professionally pedicured, buffed, painted a sanguine luminescent red. The foot had been neatly severed an

inch above the ankle. Next to the bloodless limb was a note written in crayon. Burns read it aloud:

*word-up, homeslice:*

*we's gochyou sistah heah back at de crib. we done sent de foot to shows we's cereus. get jo mama's phat ass down to 14th an G wid fiddy gran fore noon or we's gonna off de bitch. word on that tip.*

*spooney of northwest  
in full effect, boy-eee*

Burns dropped the letter, pinched out the cigarette with his thumb and forefinger, placed it in his breast pocket.

"Sounds like a job for D.C.'s finest."

The boss shook his head. "Nix. Fribbage is in bad with the cops already. Something about overdue parking tickets."

"Straight UP."

"Besides, he doesn't want his sister to end up chained to a mailbox. He says you're the one for the job. You're the only dick in town he'll trust with 'fiddy gran' and his mommy."

"That's a mistake. Does Fribbage have the kale?"

"He's hitting the ATMs as we speak. He wants you to hold mommy's hand while she delivers the goods and gets his sister back. Just make sure neither of them get lead poisoning, if you know what I mean. And try not to kill any infants, if you can possible help it."

"Well, they can't get to heaven if they don't die." Burns put his drink on the floor, went to the door. He noticed a new DAT player by the boss's stereo rack along with the entire collection from the 4AD label.

"Hey, boss?"

"What?"

"Borrow your copy of This Mortal Coil?"

## Chapter 2

### The Big Pinch

Burns took a cab to O'Shaunessey's massage parlor and waited outside. He recognized an amputee masseuse by the name of Mariah Teats exiting the establishment. Burns had put her son through the Citadel with the money he had given her to pee on his head. Burns rolled down the window, flagged her over.

"Baby, you lookin' so fine, I'd eat the corn out yo daddy's shit."

"Hi, yerself," she purred back. "Little early in the day for a golden shower, ain't it, Burns?"

Burns cupped his hand next to his mouth, whispered, "Ix-nay on the ee-pay, Sister Ray. This is work we're talking."

"Really? Word on the street has it that Fribbage is paying you mucho dinero to walk his mom across the street."

Burns nodded. "Well, I'm not buying it. Just as easy for him to get one of his no-necked hoods do the walking. What's he paying them for? To stand around and look pretty?"

Mariah scratched her head with what was left of her right arm. "Just the same, I'd look out if I was you, hon. Last couple days, this place has been stinking of the driveby, if you read me."

"Like a Richard Cohen column. Thanks for the dope, sister." Burns winked, reached into his eelskin wallet, removed a crisp fifty, tucked it down her cleavage. "Here, get yourself a quart of thirty weight Pennzoil and be back at my office at nine. "

"Feeling automotive, eh? I'll be there, hon. Tell ya what, I can throw some of my Don Ho LP's on that turntable of yours and we can have ourselves a little luau."

Burns didn't say anything. He got out of the cab, walked towards the intersection and saw Greta O'Shaunessey waiting nervously with an attaché case. A skin-tight, high-collared Chinese minidress clung to her curves like graft to a politician. Flowered hairpins stuck out of her graying locks like chopsticks in a bowl of buckwheat noodles. A rag-clad

panhandler was demanding thirty-three cents from her. He would always need thirty-three cents. Burns walked over and introduced himself. The panhandler eyed him suspiciously and continued his brain-damaged polemic against the gays, the President's clone and large-breasted women who wouldn't give him thirty-three cents.

"You got a problem, Holmes?" Burns sneered, lighting a cigarette.

"Uh...huh... all I need is thirty-three cents to... to get my car out of the pound."

"Really? Well, my wheels are just around the block. Lets go take a look at this car of yours."

Rag Boy looked around nervously. "No... uh... that's OK, I just need the thirty-three cents... and... so... aw, c'mon, man. Help me out. I'm a veteran."

"Yeah? You were in the Nam, huh?"

"The what?"

"The Nam. Vietnam."

"Uh... yeah. That Nam. Yeah, the Nam."

"So what unit were you with?"

"Uh... huh... I was, uh, with... the... the thirty second... airborne... naval cavalry division... out of Tran... Van... Dong...Van Dong... yeah."

Burns pulled out a fiver, spat on it, tossed it in the gutter. As Rag Boy stooped after it, Burns gave him a swift kick in the ass. The punk flew headfirst into a FedEx van parked at the curb, leaving a bloody, scalp-encrusted dent in the passenger side door.

Mrs. O'Shaunnesy gave Burns the once over the way a Bengal tiger eyes a plate of braised venison and cottage fries. "I like your style, Mr. Burns. Yes... yes, you're just the man to walk me across the street." She patted him on the ass.

"I'm glad I measure up, Mrs. O'Shaunnesy. But would you mind telling me how this Dick fits into your little plan?"

"My plans are pretty tight right now. But I'm sure with a little work and some conversation lubrication, we can find a position you can fill."

Burns looked angry, confused.

"Look here, sonny. All I know is that I'm supposed to come here and switch this suitcase for my daughter, Megan. If they don't drop her off, we blast the shit out of them. Think you can remember that?"

"I can live with it." Burns checked his watch. It was to cut some deals. He patted his .45s; if he needed to trade lead, he was ready to make change. They started across the bustling traffic of 14th Street. Burns was busy admiring Greta's heaving triple-D's when a Jeep Cherokee with

throbbing Kicker basses careened towards them on two wheels. Two teenager homeslices with TEC 9s opened fire. Their gats barked white death, spraying lead across the bustling intersection. Burns dived on top of Mrs. O' Shaunessey and threw her to the pavement as a stream of copper jacketed slugs ripped by like hollowpoint dragonflies. A dozen Boy Scouts and Japanese businessmen took the rounds meant for Burns and Greta. The tourists' smoking torsos were thrown through the front window of a Burger King.

"Get the fuck off me!" Greta screamed.

"Sorry, ma'am. Just trying to..."

"Shut up and get your hand out of my dress! They're getting away! Let 'em have it!"

Burns pulled out his two .45s, opened up. Greta popped open her attaché case, revealing a silenced Mac 10. She pulled the trigger and let it rip. Burns managed to blast out both rear tires. A stream of empty brass cascaded out of Greta's attaché and tinkled onto the sidewalk like a tin shower. The hail of bullets punctured the gas tank, igniting it, sending a billowing plume of flame and smoke a hundred feet into the skyline. Two flaming Negroes jumped out of the back of the car. Burns quickly dispatched them with a pair of well-placed head shots. Burns and O'Shaunessey calmly shuffled through the spent shell casings and broken safety glass towards the smoldering wreckage. The bass from the speakers blared a Geto Boyz rap above the crackle of the flames and the cries of the wounded.

"Allow me."

Burns put two rounds through the smoldering speaker

# Chapter 3

## The Third Leg

After Greta and Dick had made bail, they drove to the coroner's office where Burns rifled through the morgue records. They stopped by Sibley Hospital to have a word with the crash survivors. The gangbangers weren't talking. Burns and O'Shaunnesy took turns tossing salt and lemon juice on their open wounds. Afterwards, they drove to a karioke bar, lip syched "Freebird" twice, and drank until the manager threw them out. Then, they went back to Burns's place and played Twister until 3 a.m. After a few more drinks, Burns microwaved some bean dip and they did a few things that are illegal in Utah.

Greta collapsed in a sweaty mass next to Burns on his futon. He lit them both a cigarette. She wiped herself off with a crusty Ziggy towel and sighed, "Oh, God, Dick ... I... I've never met anyone who could do that with his whole forearm! That was beautiful!"

"Beautiful?" Burns snapped back. "Wax lips are beautiful, baby. That knocked me owe-you-fucking-tee OUT!" He put the cigarette out on his sweat-soaked pubic hair. "But there's something about you... like I've seen you before somewhere?"

Greta turned her face away, stared at a velvet poster of dogs playing poker. She noticed that the collie was cheating. "You must be mistaken, Dick. I've only just moved here from L.A. last month to be with my son and daughter."

"Yeah, whatever. Look, I got some chores to run if I want to solve this case of yours. Help yourself to the liquor cabinet and the cocktail weenies, then get the hell out."

Burns went to the bathroom, shaved his legs and armpits, slapped some wood alcohol and bitters on the bald areas, screamed. He hopped into his battered 1969 Plymouth Superbird, roared across the river to Anacostia to have a word with his main man, Huggy Bear. Burns found the Bear holed-up in a gutted project behind Stanton Park.

Huggy Bear sat cross-legged on the bare floor of the gutted tenement.

He took a deep, satisfying toke from his crack pipe, exhaled a plume smoke the color of windshield washer fluid. He sat back against the wall, coughed up something brown and moist, spat it across the floor. Burns silently rolled a cigarette, listened intently to the burnt out old geezer.

"Yea-uh, so you wantsta knows 'bout Spooney? Ah'll tell yous 'bout Spooney, heh, heh, heh. He a rich niggah, ah tells ya, Burn. Ain't a bag o' rock clear soufeast wiffout hid name on it. Be livin' large out in Landovah an' shit. Big ol twenny room crib wif hid posse. Be livin' offa cold pizza an' Remy Martin an' shit. Heh, heh, heh. Yea-uh, at' niggah got class."

Burns lifted his left buttock, farted. "Why would Spooney want to kidnap O'Shaunnesey's daughter and take her across the state line? Moron's smart enough to know that's a Federal offense. If Greta goes to the Feds, the Bureau will be all over him like ugly on plaid. And for a lousy fifty g's? It won't wash, Bear. Sure as Hoover looked lousy in pumps."

"Shee-it, boy-ee. Ah coulda tole you it was a fuck'n setup. Lissen here, dis bitch he kidnapped, she gotta big butt?"

Burns shook his head. "I wouldn't know. But judging by her momma, she'd probably have enough to feed platoon in the Gobi Desert for a week of Sundays."

"Yea-uh, heh, heh, heh. If she gots some back, you knows Spooney's gonna be wearing chocolate on hid wick. He on the fudgepackin' tip, Burn. Gots ta likin' it that way when he was in the slammer. Now, he tryin' to be mistah bad-assed, big-dicked fukfilm director. Goin by the name o' Big Daddy Milkbone 'n shit. Know why he call hisself dat?"

"Eh... no. That's fine, I just had lunch. Just give me the cat's address and, here, go buy yourself some breath mints, OK?" Burns handed him a twenty and walked. He got in his wheels, drove to a payphone. He put a call through to Greta.

"Hello?"

"Hi-ya, tits. I got some news. We found your girl. She's out in Landover."

"Great going, Burns. Hold on. I'll get my Uzi!"

"Hold your horses, Tex. You ain't coming along. This is a set up. If I know my homies, you're the real target. So cool your heels. I'm going alone."

"Now, you listen here, you little worm-dicked jackass! If you think for one minute that I'm going to let you go after her without..."

Burns hung up, went to the car, jacked open the trunk, got out his Domino's delivery uniform. He put it to his nose, breathed deeply,

smiled, whispered, "Pizza dough..." Then, he placed a pair of loaded Glock nines and a roll of duct tape into the deliver bag drove to Landover.

It was a little after sundown.

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# Chapter 4

## The Twelve-inch Meatlover's Special

Burns pulled into the address Huggy Bear gave him, ran up to the door. He punched the buzzer. It played a carillon chime version of Gangstah Bitch. A bony-assed, whigger answered the door. The chump was whiter than white. He wore oversized Bugle Boy stonewashed denims with the crotch at the ankels, a White Sox hat turned backwards, a Phillies Blunt t-shirt, Bugs Bunny boxers. He resembled Vanilla Ice with AIDS.

"Word?" Slim intoned, as if it meant something.

"Somebody order a pizza?"

"Hole on." Slim disappeared behind the door, yelled up the staircase. "Yo, Spooney! You gots ta slide me another ducat fo dah pizza, show-tay." He left the door open enough for Burns to slip his Doc Marten in the gap. He reached into his pizza bag, pulled out his guns, slammed his shoulder into the door. Slim took a boot in the ass as Burns shoved into the main living room. Burns slammed the butt of the gun against Slim's head, duct-taped his hands behind his back.

A spiral staircase ascended to the second floor beyond a chandelier that let out a cool, tinkling sound when Burns farted. Wall-size mirrors and murals hung around the cavernous room. The marble floor was littered with broken Louis XIV furniture, empty Colt .45 bottles, cracked bongos, dead blunts, Nintendo cartridges. Burns heard a rustling sound upstairs. He trained one gun on Slim and the other on the second floor doorway. A voice called out, "White Boy, ah didn't order no pizza!"

A lanky black youth with a high-top Philly with a Gumby emerged from the doorway rubbing his eyes. He was naked except for his black silk smoking jacket. His eyes bugged out of his skull the second he saw Burns. Something brown and moist fell from beneath his pajamas, landed on the marble tile with a dull plop.

"Grab some roof, Spooney. Else Slim here gets a nine millimeter colostomy!"

Spooney ducked back into the doorway. Burns let off two shots, both

tagging the gangstah in the ass. Burns popped two rounds into each of Slim's kneecaps, charged up the staircase. Burns turned the corner, followed the scent of smoking ass and feces to the master bedroom. He paused outside the entrance, took off his pizza hat, slowly inched it into doorway. A dozen shots blasted it out of his hand. Burns ran back down the hallway to a door he had passed. He slowly opened it and found a large, dimly lit bedroom. In the shadows, Burns could see someone gagged and bound to a four poster, wrought iron bed. He inched over to the door on the opposite side of the room, eased it open a hair, peered inside. A connecting bathroom to Spooney's boudoir.

Through the bathroom he could see Spooney and two of his posse steadily tiptoeing towards the still smoking doorway. Burns stood back, took a breath, booted the bathroom door open.

"Dick Burns is in the hi-yo's!"

The three Negroes spun around simultaneously. Burns did a tuck and roll just as the bathroom mirror behind him erupted in sparks and jagged glass. He crouched behind the bed, nailed each goon with a smartly-placed shot in the throat. Spooney stood there with his pearl-handled pimp revolver clicking the hammer on empty chambers. It sounded like kids jumping double dutch minus the singing. He dropped the piece and got on his knees, bawling. "Don't hurt me mistah pizzaman! Ah's sorry ah stiffed you fo a tip!"

Burns grabbed him by the scruff of his bony neck, heaved him into the adjacent bedroom, snapped on the lights.

"Untie the gash, Spooney. And nothing funny or there'll be more than shit dripping down your legs."

"Man, you done shot me in the ass already!"

"Yeah, that's right. Now, let's see. What else can we ram up Spooney's..." Burns eyes wandered the room. They fell upon an iron candlestick with a five inch shaft. Burns picked it up, waved it menacingly at Spooney, smiled.

Spooney had the girl untied in just under six seconds.

The girl looked like a teenage version of her mother. She was built like the Hindenburg, only hotter. Her skin was whiter than a cadaver, her hair was black as soot and cut in bangs. She was clad in a sheer black negligee, garters, push up bra. At the far end of the room stood a Betacam on a tripod and a set of Klieg lamps. They were still warm to the touch. Burns rifled through a set of drawers, found a set of chrome-plated bondage cuffs, slapped them around Spooney's boney wrists. The girl wriggled up next to Burns.

“Thank God you’ve come! I’ve been...”

“Cut to the chase, sister. You’ve got a lot of explaining to do.”

She looked like she’d been hit with a koala. “What do you mean?”

“For starters, how did you grow a new foot?”

# Chapter 5

## Ecce Homo

Burns rang up Ma O'Shaunessey and told her the girl was fine. Real fine. In fact, she was so fine, he'd suck her father's dick.

Burns, Spooney and Megan waited on the curb for the cops to arrive. Greta pulled in first, ran towards the girl, the cops followed in short order, dropped Spooney to his knees.

"Thank God you're safe!" Greta cried, choking back the tears. "Oh, Dick! How can I ever repay you?!"

Burns fired up one of Spooney's Havana Maduros, blew smoke into Greta's face. "You can start by coming clean with me, Greta. Or should I say, Ms. Annette Haven!"

A look of cold horror flushed her face like a busted sewer main in Anchorage in mid January. "But, how did you..."

"I got a hunch when I stopped in at the morgue. In all the rush of finding the alleged Miss O'Shaunessey's foot, nobody bothered to take any prints. No one that is except yours truly. Needless to say, they didn't match your daughter's birth records. I ran a little cross check on any unidentified bodies that have shown up in the tri-state area minus a left foot. A French au pair student in Takoma Park just so happened to fit the bill. Well, now I knew something stank, and it wasn't my jock rot."

Greta turned away, cursed, "I thought I'd put all that behind me. I thought I'd have a new identity."

"Well, you didn't count on falling madly into bed with a connoisseur of that great American commodity: the fukfilm. The first time I laid my glims on that U.S.D.A. Prime po-po of yours, my Spidey senses went haywire. I'd seen that butt before. What cinched it for me was when we were doing the big ugly. Once I got a good look at those golden bozos of yours, I knew you'd had a boob job. The real Annette always wore a B-cup. Once I caught a front-row shot of that world-class rump of yours, it all clicked: the trademark mole on your left buttock that made its debut in High School Memories back in '74."

"I'm impressed, Burns. I can see you have a lot more than just time on your hands."

"Honey, when your life's been reduced to a bottle and your right hand, you make the most of what you've got."

"But my daughter, that's still doesn't explain..."

Burns threw a thumb at the cops browbeating the girl. "Little Megan here was in on the scam from the beginning, weren't you, hon?"

Meagan batted her eyelashes, fidgeted, ground a high-heel clad foot into the perfectly manicured lawn. The cops holding her tried to shake an answer out of her. Either that or they were trying to make her tits jiggle.

Burns puffed some more, continued. "Spooney found out about Megan's weakness for militant socialism and Black Nationalism. He approached her figuring he could scam some cash off of mama-san through her. What bleeding-heart suburban twat could resist the overpowering demiurge and twelve-inch personality of 'The Black Man?' When he noticed your picture in her Gucci wallet, everything clicked. The girl. The extortion video. Everything. The pieces of the big scam fit together like anchovies and stink. And to top it off, he wouldn't even need to find the Jade Monkey by midnight."

Megan chimed in, "Jade monkey?"

Burns eyes darted about nervously. "Uh... nevermind. Forget I said that. Anyways, Our Man in Landover offered Megan a deal she couldn't refuse: fake a kidnapping, milk her capitalist stooge mother for cash, then use the proceeds to fund the revolution in Togo. Except, Spooney had no intention of putting the ducats anywhere but in his phat pocket and up his flat nose. The real target was you, Ms. Haven."

"Me?"

"That little driveby we stepped into? Spooney's posse noticed you weren't alone and had a shitfit. The ransom was a ruse, anyway. Their original mission was to kidnap you, bring you here, dope you up and force you to make skinflicks with your daughter which they would then sell on the black-market for a tidy sum. The big Annette Haven cumbak: Taboo 23: A New Beginning. Directed by Big Daddy Milkbone aka Spooney of Northwest aka Rupert Bigelow. And when they milked you for all you were worth, they'd sell your ass into white slavery a la Linda Lovelace. The Macao market pays big for white girls with experience. Ain't that right, Rupert?" Burns put the cigar out on Spooney's forehead.

"Holmes, you bess stop dissin' me! Ah's large, y'unnuhstan! Extremely large! Ah's a straight-up gangstah gee, boy-eeee!"

One of the cops kicked him in the mouth and hauled him and the girl to the black Mariah. The other cop read them the riot act.

"You're both under arrest for extortion, attempted kidnapping and transporting a minor across state lines with an intent to commit unnatural acts. You have the right to remain silent..."

Annette ran her long tawny fingers through her hair, shook her head. "I can't believe it! My own daughter!"

Burns drop-kicked the burnt out cigar. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth, eh?"

"What?"

"Nothing." He put an arm around her. "Soooo, what do you say to a big steak? My treat."

O'Shaunessey shook her head. She was a million miles away. "Burns... Burns, what will happen to them?"

"Well, all of Spooney's drug assets go to the Feds, so when he gets out of the slammer, he'll be just another new jack hustler, albeit one with a really stretched-out perineum. I mean, whoa! He'll be able to hide fruit up there!"

"But, what about my daughter?"

"The girl?" He stroked his goateed chin. "As for the her, what can I say? She's white and her folks are rich. She'll be out of there faster than you can say 'Leona Helmsley.'"

"Oh, Dick! Promise you won't tell anybody about... about..."

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about that, baby. Your secret's safe with me. But it'll cost you."

She sighed, blushing, "Why, Mr. Burns! Whatever do you mean?"

"Remember that movie you made," he asked wistfully, "the one where you played the proctologist with amnesia?"

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