

# Example - Detective Noir



Tasker tried to get his breathing under control despite the prickle around the edge of his vision. They were too close. Anything could betray his location to the pursuing thugs. Carefully he peered around the edge of the recess. A heavy-set shape crossed the alley entrance, the dull streetlight briefly outlining his slab-like features. Tasker pulled back out of sight. He didn't stand a chance against someone like Talbot. Everyone in the gang knew Talbot was the Baker Street Gang's top attack dog. How could they not? They had lost enough men to Talbot. He was built like a pro-wrestler, as vicious as a stoat, and smart. It was only a matter of time before Talbot came back to inspect this ally.

Silently cursing his lack of discretion when asking around for information on the shipment, Tasker cast his eyes around the alley. This had been a bad move. He was trapped. The wall opposite was blank, the end of the alley was also a blank wall with a couple of overloaded dumpsters and rubbish bags. The only feature of note was the doorway in which he was concealed. He sighed and leaned back against the doorway which suddenly fell open.

Picking himself up, he found himself in a large room. Light from the street filtered through grimy windows to fall on crates and work benches covered in intricate glass equipment. Suddenly remembering himself, he quickly closed the door and slid the bolt across.

He inspected the glassware more closely. Some of it was still surrounded in packing material. The crates had stenciled labels that claimed the contents to be oranges. Tasker knew all about crates of "Oranges". That was what the shipment was supposed to contain. That meant it had already arrived....



Challenges: They know who has been asking questions  
 Events: Someone learns the truth  
 Characters: The last person anyone would want to meet in a dark alley  
 Challenges: They were beginning to get hysterical  
 Events: A doorway opens unexpectedly  
 Objects: A very small camera

Challenges: The gangs are on the verge of war  
 Challenges: Won't believe the evidence  
 Endings: ... turned and fled, the police hot on their tail.  
 Endings: Rejoin the force? The pay was lousy but it was still better than what they were earning now.

