

I had just dipped my trunk in the third whisky of the evening, contemplating my next move, when the frog stumbled into my room. He wore a pink tutu and cried like a baby. Never nice to see an old frog cry.

„You've got to help me, Big O.“

„Why? Because it's not easy being green?“

„Not funny!“ He bawled some more. „The pig is dead!“

I scratched my big ears. Sooner or later we'll all snuff it. Most of us, sooner. That's why we were here. Still...

„Some...somebody...killed her“, the frog croaked.

I was surprised at how much it hit me, hearing it like that. I always took great pride in my thick skin. But she got to me. I'll never forget that. I never forget anything.

„I...I want to know who did it!“, the frog howled.

That pig had been no lady, but a damned fine woman. I drank a quiet farewell drop while the frog calmed his pond waters.

„What's in it for me?“, I wanted to know.

„My pudding, every day, for the rest of the year.“

„Your pudding, every day, for the rest of your life.“

He croaked, his eyes bulging out. Said „OK“, and then I knew that he must have really loved her.

„Tell me.“

„We were playing. Downstairs, in the kitchen.“

Risky. But I knew the frog liked it kinky.

„She ordered me to my room to get dressed. And when I came back, she...“

More bawling.

I looked at my watch. Dinner time was long over, most of the residents would be in bed by now, sleeping, or being glued to the telly screens. They were showing a rerun of 'Take Manhattan', in which most of the residents once starred. Even the night nurses would be watching, popping a pill or two.

The frog's tongue shot out and picked a dead fly from a heap of paper on my table. He chewed absent-mindedly.

„Let's go“.

We took the back staircase, just to make sure.

The blue guy jumped at us from a dark corner on the second floor: „Hey, wanna buy some cookies?

The finest shit cookies you ever tasted!“

„Cookies?“ the frog shouted excitedly.

„Shush!“ the blue guy said and looked around. „I also got lollipops, Big O. Special lollipops.

They're not only beer flavoured, they are made of beer! The nurses will never find out!“

„I'll get my purse!“, the frog said.

„No, you won't!“, I said.

Blue grinned. „Hey, Big O, don't need a breathalyzer to know that you've been on the whisky again.

No more AA meetings? Never mind. These cookies will make you fly!“

I can't fly any more. Grown too old, too heavy. And sick of the circus. I made enough money, I didn't need to fly any more. Playing detective was more of a hobby. Still...

I whacked Blue over the head. Only lightly. He backed off.

We walked down and into the kitchen.

A strong smell of cooking lingered in the air, grease and fat. Overwhelming, but still better than the odour of disinfectant and piss which permeated the rest of the building.

„I...I can't come in any further“, said the frog.

The first thing I saw were her black stilettos scattered on the floor. Next to them, a whip, handcuffs

Carola Wolff: Showtime

and the black leather dress that used to cling to her curves so nicely.

I knew she was into this shit. Some of us still liked a good spanking. The bear, for example.

Nothing as queer as old Disney movie folk.

Then I saw her. The pig had been a looker, even at her age. Now she was dead meat. She had been butchered by an expert. Sliced up and deep fried.

Fifty shades of bacon.

I looked around and saw, on the table, her head resting on a platter, an apple stuffed between her blood red lips. She was staring at me reproachfully.

My Whisky came up.

“Pork de dooh da, de porkyporkydooh”, somebody was singing in the pantry. “dedooo bananadidooh, banana split!”

The chef appeared, wielding a big knife, grinning madly. “Hey, Big O, look what I found. Couldn't let that go to waste, could I?”

He wasn't Swedish at all, they only made that up because they thought it was funny. But he was mad. Even then he had been a lunatic in the kitchen. Now he was completely gone.

“Call the others! We'll be having a feast! We are all sick of this tasteless, bland rubbish they serve us every day and call food!”

He had a point.

“Murderer!” Something flew past me and hit the chef right in the face. A big, brown brick. The chef fell down and his head made a dull cracking sound as it connected with the corner of the iron cooking stove. He was dead before he kissed the ground. Just like the pig.

Only, I didn't throw a brick. I just whacked her lightly. Didn't really expect her to die. Didn't expect the chef to turn her into a meal, either.

“Nice throw”, I said to the frog, “Where did you find that one?”

“Never you mind, dumb ass. She's dead!” He started crying again.

The pig really wanted to marry him. She told me, when I came down for a nightcap. Him, this pathetic old loser. Him, not me. And why? Because he made her laugh! And she never loved me. I wasn't cute any more, anyway. Just a fat, old, stupid elephant who couldn't fly any more. And then she called me dumb.

I picked up the knife and run the frog through. He looked utterly bewildered and died. I contemplated skinning and boiling him. Never have tasted frog's legs before. But then I decided to go upstairs and finish my whisky.

Don't call me dumb.

Ever.