

# MURPHY MURPHY AND THE CASE OF SERIOUS CRISIS

Pulled from the files of the  
Department of Redundancy Department

## Keith Hirshland

A long slender finger pressed the button, popping the car's trunk. The nail was in decent shape, but the cuticle, recently gnawed, displayed the slightest bit of dried blood. A pair of scuffed Doc Martens hit the pavement, left foot first, and headed to the back of the automobile.

A Caran d'Ache Carbon fiber lighter was tossed into the trunk, landing on top of a black, pebbled leather motorcycle jacket. Next to the jacket lay a whip; nine foot by twelve, plait, black and tan, made from kangaroo hide. Near the whip were other items including, but not limited to, a Brackish brand bird feather bow tie; a Code 38 stealth titanium corkscrew; an eight pack of La Croix Pamplemousse sparkling water and a dozen Titleist Pro V1 golf balls.

The driver surveyed the booty in the boot, and with both hands slammed the trunk shut.

### THE STORY BEGINS

Murphy Murphy stood under the steady stream of hot water pouring from the shower head for a few minutes longer than normal. He closed his eyes and gave thought to his paternal lineage, from great great grandfather down. They were all Murphy Murphy's, and they were all cops.

Another characteristic of Murphy progeny was that the men, after marriage, sired one, and only one, male offspring. A lad that, tradition held, would be named Murphy. They fathered girls as well, of course, as many as they wanted or could afford. But only first. Once a baby boy, a male Murphy, was christened into the world, the baby making stopped. As you can imagine, that placed an inordinate amount of pressure on each and every Murphy to continue the family bloodline. Most made quick work of the obligation by marrying young and getting right to work at keeping the line moving. Most, but not all. The currently soaking wet Murphy Murphy seemed to be thumbing his nose at the family custom, having recently celebrated his 31st birthday as a bachelor.

No Murphy Murphy's had brothers, but this Murphy Murphy had a sister who was, as another family ritual dictated, named Muffy. This Murphy's Muffy rebelled, ran away from home, changed her name to Lisa Lisa, then formed a rock and roll band. As the water started to cool, Murphy Murphy thought of her and hummed her number one hit, "Lost in Emotion".

### THE STORY CONTINUES

Murphy wrapped the towel around his waist and slid his size eleven feet into a brand-new pair of navy, Nappa leather slippers. They looked just like the ones he remembered running up the stairs to get whenever Grandpa Murphy Murphy, and later his own "Pops", Murphy Murphy, asked for them.

He knew for a fact great Grandpa Murphy Murphy had a similar pair as well. He'd heard stories of his Grandmother's scolding cries about the "waste of a hard earned two dollars and ninety cents!" The memory made him smile; he only wished his modern day "house shoe" indulgence cost so little. All clean, with tootsies warm and cozy, he grabbed his phone. A red dot indicated he had missed one call.

"Murph," Murphy heard the voice say the nickname he disliked. Truth be told he didn't really mind the abbreviated version of his given name, he just resented the fact that his captain frequently used it. "Captain Hill here. I need you back at the precinct bright and early tomorrow." Murphy Murphy was a seven-year veteran of the force and, as of now, the only member of the recently formed Department of Redundancy Department at the cop shop. The irony, while oblivious to some, was obvious to Detective Murphy Murphy. He hit the pause button on the phone and rolled his eyes.

At the Captain's request he had stayed late that night copyreading and editing the paperwork that was scheduled to be filed by other officers and detectives. Captain Hill liked clean, concise reports and he knew Murphy was a stickler for good grammar. Murphy hoped the additional hours spent at work might translate into a little extra shuteye the next day. Clearly that was not meant to be. He hit the play icon and the message picked up where he had left it off.

"I've got something special for you, pal. A case that, I think, is right up your alley. Let's say I see you standing at attention, in front of my desk, at 8 AM in the morning." There it was. Murphy Murphy cringed after hearing the redundancy even though he knew it was coming. Captain Hill was well aware of Murphy's aversion to redundant phrases. In fact, Hill took particular glee in telling everyone who would listen that the young detective "hated them with a passion" and he made every effort to use as many of them as he could think of around Murphy Murphy. The Captain had made his mocking abundantly transparent at the outset. When telling Murphy of his promotion and new assignment the Captain added, with a smirk, "I debated giving you a partner but figured, considering the caseload, that would be," he paused for effect, "redundant."

"Jerk," Murphy practically spat as he deleted the message. Then he kicked off his slippers, shed the towel, pulled down his Murphy bed, and called it a night.

END OF SAMPLE CHAPTER

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