

The Naked Nymph In The Dark Flickers

Excerpt

We got the sixteen-mm film going and Hughie came upright in his seat as soon as it started. The nude man on the flickering screen rated about twenty. The girl—beautiful and delicate with a round angelic face—couldn't have been more than fifteen. The poor lighting and the deep shadows caused images to appear to flicker in the wavering light, but what the two performers were doing left nothing to imagine.

After a few minutes I told Hughie to turn off the projector. We threaded the second spool and started it up again. A different man, mid-twenties, loomed out of the shaded scene, dallying with the same girl, slightly older in this flickers. The naked nymph in those flickering shadows raised my hackles. No way could anyone mistake Rachel Anne Maddon.

"I'd have to say those two youngsters were almighty active," Hughie said, grinning brightly. "You make the girl?"

I nodded, said nothing. I put the two film reels back in the box, but I had no intention of leaving them in my office. "Hughie, you need to forget you ever saw this."

Dunnum picked up the projector. "Can't say I'll ever forget I saw that. But I can remember that I didn't see it, if anybody asks."