

“Like a pigeon homing for Hades, I coxswained my chariot up the meandering alleyways of Beverly Hills...”

In the fall of 1947, the pulp-inflected ghost of Skip Ryker—a recently atomized Hollywood detective—hijacks the head of a literarily precocious young woman named Willie Tigue. The results are anything but predictable.

The serpentine saga opens at a New England women’s college, where the ever-playful Betty escapes a meddling narrator by slipping her friend Willie a mickey and assuming her identity. Undaunted, the plucky storyteller adopts Willie as her new protagonist and travels with her to L.A.

Meanwhile, the ethereal Ryker—whose corporeal being is reduced to lawn fertilizer when his pool house is provisioned with plastic explosive—tries in vain to solve his untimely demise. What he needs, it quickly becomes apparent, is a willing instrument.

The ensuing collision of these disparate narratives sparks a battle royal for control of Willie’s suggestible psyche—and subsequently, movie rights to the book.

“...that capybara had taken his last mud bath.”



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Hush, My Inner Sleuth

by M.E. Meegs & W.B. Tigue

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“...like reading P.G. Wodehouse on acid.”

— reviewer XXSarahXX on Meegs’ debut novella, *Babes at Sea*



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About the author: M.E. Meegs began writing epic poetry while still in the cradle, though her first real recognition came only after the completion of her dramatic tragedy, *Dolly’s Fourth, and Final, Crusade*. Written when she was five, it chronicles the midnight adventure of a favorite doll, which ended sadly in the jaws of a neighbor’s mastiff.

Both Meegs and her co-author, W.B. Tigue, are pseudonyms of the writer