

Shit Maghoo, Episode 1

"Maghoo! GET YOUR ASS DOWN TO THE STATION THERES BEEN A CRIME!" says sergeant McHarvey into an ugly black rotary phone. It's not ugly because it's a phone, or because it is a rotary one, but because it is each of these things at the same time. But, the phone is not important here. The important things are sergeant McHarvey and Maghoo.

Sergeant McHarvey is a normal man. short, chubby and getting on in years, he is by no means the most handsome kid on the block. In fact, all of these things combined with his bloodshot eyes, general stink of alcohol and insomnia-induced blackened-eye-sockets make him downright scary. He is far past caring about his appearance and instead focuses on scaring people. He cares only about justice.

Maghoo, our protagonist, is a slick figure. He is a detective. I would say that he is attractive, but he is not. He is balding and smells faintly of a bad haircut. How does one smell like a bad haircut? Only he knows. He has tried for many, many years to eradicate the smell, but it always returns. He has a hunch it is linked to traumatic childhood memories which he has since repressed. The reason sergeant McHarvey calls *him* and not someone who is more competent is because Maghoo is the most competent person they've got.

"Maghoo! ARE YOU THERE DAMMIT!" sergeant McHarvey yells into the ugly phone one more time. He fails to realise that some cum of events has made Maghoo temporarily unavailable to be called by phone. These could be anything. They are, in fact, simply because Maghoo never picked up the phone. He is already at the police station. In fact he is even in the room that McHarvey is in.

McHarvey sets the phone down and says "And that is what it is like every time I use this phone. To call you. Isn't that interesting?"

Maghoo says "No. Not at all, although learning your side of our conversations is good to know. Pour me another, I dumped the last one on this plant in the corner here." Maghoo gestures vaguely with his glass, and then extends it towards McHarvey's crystal container.

It should be noted that McHarvey is very proud of his crystal container, and everything that comes with such a container. He is good at pouring, drinking and polishing simply because he owns this container. It is very fancy and very nice. He bought it at a garage sale for \$5. Well, he tried. He ended up stealing it because he felt that was the sort of thing that one should do when encountering such a crystal decanter.

McHarvey moves to grab the decanter almost too quickly, too eagerly. But doesn't. He pours the liquid into Maghoo's glass. Maghoo asks:

"What is this shit, anyway? It's awful."

"It's distilled listerine from my bathtub. I made it myself."

"Thanks. I actually was kicking around the thought of you letting someone distill listerine in your bathtub, then you said that."

"You're welcome."

They drink in silence, staring at one another. A vein visibly bulges in McHarvey's forehead, while a bloodvessel pops silently in Maghoo's eye. Blood begins to seep under the surface of the sclera. This would normally sting like a bitch, but Maghoo is actually blind in that eye and this kind of thing happens all the time.

McHarvey twitches at this show of poor health and says "You know that can't be normal. It certainly doesn't happen to people who can see out of both eyes. Shouldn't you do something about it?"

"Oh, did it happen again? Shit." Maghoo drains the rest of his glass and slams it on the table rather unnecessarily.

"Well, whatever. It was going to happen sometime, might as well be now. Lets ignore it. So, what made you call me in here?"

"Well I had this thing I wanted you to investigate, but seeing as we're both buzzed on distilled-listerine I say we should both go have a look. Also we should probably go get our stomachs pumped I think listerine is actually deadly."

"No we're not doing that, neither of us have the money for it. I was pre-gaming with rubbing alcohol and anti-bacterial hand-sanitiser anyway." Maghoo bends over in his chair and lets out a small groan. He is visibly uncomfortable. A small bottle of hand-sanitizer slips for the inside-chest pocket in his ratty trench-coat. There are far too many hypens in this paragraph.

"Well, maybe a good walk will make us throw up. Are you all right?" McHarvey asks while simultaneously handing Maghoo a much needed towel. It is covered in what looks like mold, and if one were to smell it, it would smell of Old Spice and the bottoms of feet.

Maghoo glances up at the towel, back at the ground and then rushes to the corner of the room where a potted plant sits. It becomes the wrath of his reverse-digestive fury, as it so often is. In fact it's sole purpose is to be a vomit chamber for the kind of company McHarvey keeps.

McHarvey glances at his own, personal vomit-plant. He thinks to himself

'It is not time. *He will be ready*'

As if you answer him, the plant sways gently from and unseen wind. Probably from the open window, or the open hole in the wall under the open window. McHarvey shivers.

Maghoo finishes comiting violently. The blood in his eye has spread a little. It is not a flattering look. Luckily, he keeps a pair of broken sunglasses in his coat pocket for just such an occasion. The only way it is broken is that a lens is missing. As he slips them on, he says:

"Alright, so whats all this about a thing you wanted me to investigate? I feel this is an appropriate use of my Friday night."

"Well, hm. Lets see. Of the case files anyone lets me handle anymore, I've got one about an amber alert, one about a haunted house and one about rats killing people in south Chicago."

McHarvey shuffles through his desk to search for the folders on each of these cases. He places them all on his desk, which is cluttered with trash. McHarvey has also carved his own name into his desk. It is quite ornate.

Maghoo sighs. He is obviously unhappy, what with his alcohol poisoning, slowly reddening eye and poor posture. He looks out the open window to observe the cold Chicago night. All he can see is brick, and about half of an ad for a beer no one makes or sells anymore. McHarvey's office was very ugly, and in a very poor building.

Maghoo says "Well, let's check out the haunted house. I hate rats and amber alerts are bullshit. No one likes children anyway."

"Alright, sure, let me get my flask. I want to take some of this with me, in case we need to bribe someone or something."

"Who would we even bribe? Ghosts don't drink, and if they did I don't think they would want Listerine."

"Well, maybe I just want to drink it on the way, okay?"

"Fine, fine."

Maghoo begins walking towards the door, while McHarvey fiddles with his decanter and slightly-rusty metal flask.

No one is happy. Everyone is tired. Cut to commercial.

Maghoo's mother had died of cancer. She had gone bald approximately 3 months before then. He wasn't sure of the exact date, he just knew that it had happened. The last thing she said to him, and the most important thing he remembered her saying, was this:

"Do you know what it's like? What it's like to know that you'll never smile again?"

Then she had looked out the window and only answered his questions monosyllabically. It was a very sobering experience. He probably hadn't smiled since either.

As he and McHarvey were leaving the office, this is what occurred to him as he tripped down the stairs. He fell down 6 or 7 of them and ended up prolling into the landing at their bottom. It was all very painful. He woke up from blackness dizzy and staring into McHarvey's sea-worthy face.

"Are you alright?" McHarvey asked stupidly.

"Probably not. I guess we'll see. My head doesn't hurt, so I don't think I have a concussion, but then again I wouldn't know. Maybe I have a touch of hemorrhaging, eh? Well whatever."

Macghoo got up and begin limping towards the rest of the stairs. McHarvey followed, thinking his own pale thoughts.

By the time they actually reached the front door, everyone was slightly winded and Macghoo's limp had gone away. Everything was fine. Or as fine as they both could be, what with their appearances and intoxicated status. They were a sorry pair.

Outside was cold. The inside was also cold, but the outside was cold in a way that the inside was not. It was as if the whole world outside McHarvey's office were saying to the two "We know you're here, and we don't want you." It was a very disappointing experience, going outside. Neither felt like staying long, in the cold and the passively-hostile place that was Chicago, so they walked briskly toward their target. It wasn't far, but it was in a pretty shitty place, so their speed was justified.

As they neared the building, they sensed an ill calm about the place. Nothing psychological or eerie, it was just that it was almost silent. No papers rustling in the wind, no dogs barking or cicadas chirping, it was like the place was invisible. Like that feeling you get when you close your eyes but you know someone is walking near you.

It was also phenomonally ugly. Paint was peeling, glass was broken and boarded up in places and graffiti covered most of the first-floor's exterior. Macghoo wondered if anyone actually lived here. McHarvey wondered how long his flask would last.

They walked up to the door together, rubbing sholders on the narrow steps. Macghoo knocked loudly on thee wooden door. He saw little flakes of paint and dust fall from around the frame. After waiting a moment with no one answering, they began to leave.

McHarvey stopped Macghoo and gestured at a letter sticking out of the mailbox on the stoop. Macghoo grabbed it, it was adressed to "Detectives". It read as follows:

"Dear Detectives,

As you can see, this is an ugly house. For a while, that was the only thing it was. Now I have reason to believe it is haunted by something that seeks to drive me mad. I have left the house for now, as I feel it is detrimental to my health. I have contacted Mr. McHarvey to see that it's maliciousness is put to rest.

Walter P. Wright"

"Fantastic." Macghoo said once he had finished reading the letter. He reached into his coat pocket and found his flashlight. He never left home without it.

McHarvey drank heavily from his flask.

Macghoo turned on his flashlight and opened the door.

They both entered into the ugliest house they had ever seen.

The first room they looked at was your standard kind of entrance to any house. Closet within

sight, stairs off in the corner, end-table placed badly against the wall. There was nothing really wrong with it except an overall feeling of disgust, and the ever-present danger of anthrax.

There were noises coming from upstairs. A kind of slow, steady tapping or banging that reverberated through the house. Macghoo, of course, led the way up the stairs. He would hate to think that anyone but him should put this case to rest. He rubbed his red eye absent-mindedly.

McHarvey hated haunted things. In fact he hated most things he and Macghoo had to do together. It was usually only Macghoo that did all the detective work, McHarvey just filled out paperwork in the background for him. He also provided company, if that was worth anything.

They were reaching the top of the stairs now, and McHarvey's flask was not as full as it used to be. Macghoo headed down the long hall to their left, where he believed the tapping to be coming from.

McHarvey stumbled and looked down, his shoe had become untied. He called out to Macghoo, "Oy hold on a tick my shoes undone." and bent down to fix it. He heard a door open and close ahead of him, and happened to glance up. Macghoo was gone. McHarvey was now alone where he stood, undone shoe and all.

He hurriedly tied it back up and scuttled toward where Macghoo had gone. He opened the door and found nothing. Just a single chair, facing the wall away from the door. Also dust. Dust everywhere, like moss.