

to the parked car. When Benchley peered over the rim of the steep incline she saw a larger cloth-and-meat boulder lying near the plastic and tape ones, tucked in among the ochre-colored stone and the sand-clogged tumbleweeds.

She left the car and everything inside. She walked the opposite direction from the highway, away from the distant glitter of cars going from here to there. The dog followed, slowly. When they came to the first small home-*stead*—one cinder-block house, one wind-milled water pump, one weedy garden staked over with clear tarp, one teardrop trailer out back with a rusted-off hitch, and a lone corroded automobile propped on bricks—she knocked on the screen door and asked if her dog could have some water. The elderly lady, shriveled apple-doll small as though dehydrated by desert heat and wind, didn't behave as though it was odd for strangers to stagger up to her tiny front porch. She said her son had left his trailer, and Benchley and her dog could sleep there if they wanted, though it'd been sitting empty for many years now and was certainly a bit of a mess.

Benchley could tell the dog was tired, but it seemed to like the lady very much. So she accepted the offer with gratitude, and with the utmost assurance that she wasn't afraid of a bit of a mess, that she was in fact quite well practiced in the art of cleaning. 🐾

## Solution to DYING WORDS



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2019

### WORD LIST

A. Stingy	I. Errant	R. Unoccupied
B. Maraschino	J. Terence	S. Thorough
C. Iowa State	K. Honshu	T. Tenement
D. Titles	L. Itty-bitty	U. Hoity-toity
E. Harries	M. Needless	V. Emanate
F. Sautés	N. Goatee	W. Escaping
G. Ostrich	O. Attaché	X. Yesterday
H. Matterhorn	P. Barbarism	Y. Euphrates
	Q. Ossifies	Z. Sam Spade

### QUOTATION

**Author** — (Kevin Burton) SMITH

**Work** — SOMETHING ABOUT THE EYES

(*Mystery Scene Magazine*—Issue 145—Summer 2016)

“There’s something about the mystery genre . . . that seems to attract outside writers. Perhaps it’s the status of the American hardboiled eye as an . . . American . . . icon . . . or perhaps it’s the genre’s . . . ability to stretch out and cast its . . . eye on . . . any . . . issue you can imagine . . .”