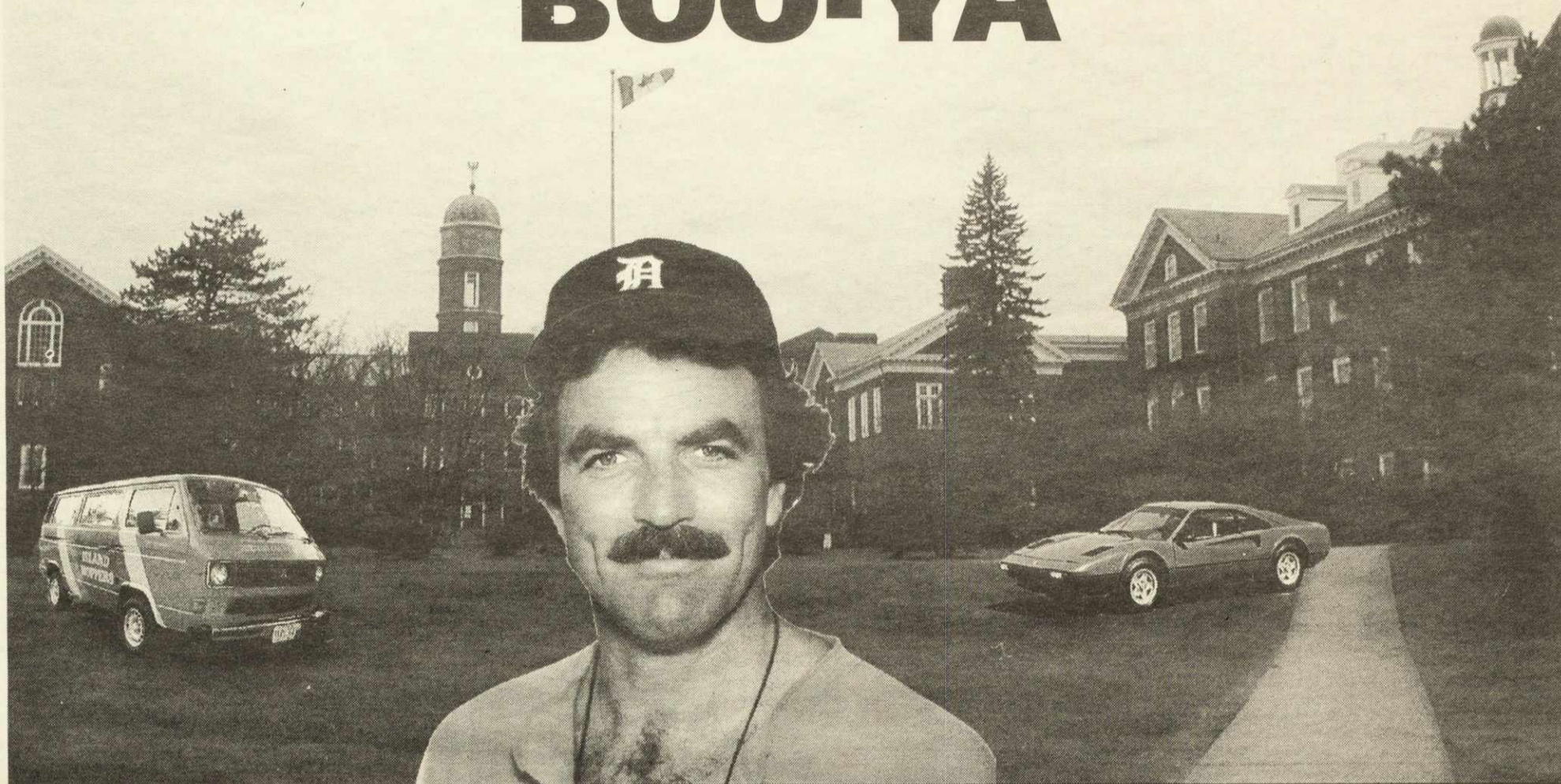


# BOO-YA



## An afternoon with Magnum

BY DILDO THE INTOXICATED MOOSE

I couldn't believe it. After months of trying to get an interview, I finally got one. An afternoon cruising in the Ferrari, solving crime, and talking with one of the worlds best Private Investigators.

I met him at the airport. I felt that if I were to do a story on Thomas Magnum, Vietnam vet and world renowned PI, I needed a picture of the legendary Island Hopper chopper, owned by a friend and associate of Magnum's. I got my shot, but I soon learned that TC doesn't like strangers touching his chopper.

"Get your filthy paws off

my chopper!" he exploded. "If it's smudged, I'll bust you up."

I was impressed by Magnum's entrance. As if a Ferrari that wasn't even his didn't already cut it, he apparently has free reign at the airport, and drove to meet us out on the runway. As he skidded to a halt, he motioned for me to hurry, waved to TC and left.

As TC yelled obscenities at us, Magnum explained that Rick had called from the bar, and that his girlfriend had been kidnapped.

"Load these up," Magnum told me as he passed me an Uzi and pistol. "We've got a busy day ahead."

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"Four fat Hawaiian guys just took her," said Rick, taking a long sip of his Mai-Tai. "You gotta help me, Magnum." I felt bad for Rick, but I knew if there was anyone that could solve the

case, it was Magnum.

We headed back to Robin Masters estate to call TC. Magnum was tired of driving, and we planned to take the chopper for the rest of the day. I was particularly excited to meet the infamous Jonathan Higgins, the head of security on the estate.

"Magnum, you bloody idiot, if you can't take better care of Robin's car, you'll have to take the goddamn bus," shouted Higgins upon spotting us. "You drive that thing like a fucking lunatic."

"Fuck off Higgins," retorted Magnum. "I've got better things to do than listen to you shoot off. Asshole."

I had never imagined the animosity between the two to be that bad, but as Magnum told me later, he and Higgins often fought, sometimes coming to blows.

"It's hilarious," said Mag-

num. "He doesn't want to admit it, but he's too old to fight. I kick the crap out of him every time."

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After TC picked us up, we headed to the Iceman's for some information. The elderly crime boss told us simply that there was no kidnapping. It was a hoax, but that was all. He wouldn't tell why, but he assured us the Hawaiian guys were hired by her to do it.

We returned to the bar to tell Rick the news, but he took it poorly.

"That's bull. The Iceman is a crazy old bastard, she wouldn't do that. If she wanted to leave, she'd tell me."

"Man, that ho was some serious scank," laughed TC. "All I'm saying is, who cares?"

The fistfight that ensued was an entertaining distraction, but we had work to do. TC and Rick finally decided to go talk

to some of their friends at the local police station, while Magnum and I went back to the estate for a joint break.

When we arrived at the estate, Magnum noticed that the lads, Apollo and Zeus, were not out patrolling the grounds. Magnum told me to start rolling in the guest house while he talked to Higgins.

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When Magnum walked in, he was white. "I found her," he said. "As we speak, Higgins and her are mimicking scenes from a porno, while doing several lines of coke. His bedroom door was open, so I went in." He paused thoughtfully. "Let's get the fuck outta here. I'm going to need more than a joint to get the image of Higgins out of my head."

I don't know who I felt more sorry for — Rick or Magnum.

Gosh Wilbur, my skin is crawling it's so good!

What the fuck are you talking about Reggie?

