

# Dead to Rights

*by* Thomas Pluck

He draped the sheet over her body. Blood spotted the fabric, rose petals on snow.

He left the pistol, but pocketed the first edition she'd signed. Part of his fee.

In the park, he ditched the glasses, fake mustache, and anorak before making the call.

The publisher called an emergency board meeting. The suit's voice cut through the buzz.

"This is terrible, everyone. The most popular author of the decade murdered by a deranged fan." He glanced at the floor with practiced solemnity. "But she won't be self publishing the electronic editions now. Those revert to us."

