

Chinatown Detective Agency social media posts

The following are a selection of tweets and microfiction I've written for the social media campaign of the upcoming game Chinatown Detective Agency. I've stripped out the text and provided a link for each.

These are just a few examples, the rest can be found on the @genintoco account.

July 16

Soon as I saw her I knew something was going down. It was the eyes. Every time a case had gone south the client had those eyes. Something behind them spoke to a whole heap of trouble...

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1283763322693849088>

August 4

The airport was a second home these days. I lost count of the time I spent wedged between tourists on metal benches or pacing the halls waiting for a red-eye. It was a world of transition and change.

Appropriate

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1290648686213525504>

August 8 (international cat day)

I was always a cat person. Elegance and grace combined, nature's own ballet.

But it was their independence that floored me, their reliance on no-one, their brazen indifference to the humans who thought themselves their masters.

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1292118556570779648>

August 16 (Tell A Joke day)

Jokes weren't a thing back at INTERPOL. Instead they used to tell the story of a detective who identified a murder weapon in seconds flat.

It was a brief case.

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1294997340269371393>

August 22

As I clung to the sweat-streaked railing of the metro I wondered how it had come to this. Here I was, airport bound to god-knows-where, all to deliver a stamp back home.

The train roared its way through the dark and I allowed myself a smile.

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1297171667425169408>

September 9 (three tweets comprising a short noir story)

Tweet 1: Morning

The body was cooling on the bed, crimson stains writ high on the peeling walls.

I nodded to the officer.

“Kim. We got a name?”

“Gerard Chin. Low level enforcer. A nobody”

Someone hadn’t thought so. The whole thing smelled rotten already.

Tweet 2: Afternoon

Something dripped into my eye, blood or sweat I couldn’t tell. It obscured the barrel pointed at my head

“Why Chin?” I asked. Now seemed as good a time as any. She laughed.

“Let’s say he crossed the line. Twice.”

I felt the blackjack move inside my jacket. Now or never...

Tweet 3: Evening

“Who was she?” I heard Kim scribbling in his notebook, even over the lap of the dockside wake.

“I guess we’ll never know.”

“Too bad she got away.”

I turned and flashed a smile as a fresh wave of nausea hit.

“Yeah. Too bad.”

Turns out I was a good liar after all.

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1303634251317833729>

October 20 (second short story tweet-thread)

Tweet 1

She didn’t look a day over 21 but stood in my office like she owned the place.

“So Ms Darma? Are you my woman?”

She held the envelope like a gun, a wad thick enough to shatter a cop car windscreen.
“Sure.” I said. “Let’s go find this husband of yours.”

Tweet 2

I found him in a gin joint sucking back off brand gut-rot like water. Easy money. Too easy.
I phoned the client, gave her the address. On a whim I checked her details again. Everything
checked out, everything except the marriage certificate.
Of course, that’s when I got the call.

Tweet 3

One in the back of the head, execution style. Professional. Perp hadn't even waited till he'd left
the bar.
Kim was there, passed me a faded capture from the cam over the door. A woman dressed all in
black, pistol clutched in a begloved hand.
She didn't look a day over 21.

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1318492154549784576>

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1318552554368892933>

<https://twitter.com/genintco/status/1318628053539377152>