

Term Two
2008

Wednesday Scribes

A Selection

of

Our Literary Efforts

for

this year so far.

A South Penrith Neighbourhood Centre Production.

Wednesday Scribes.

*We meet on Wednesdays at the South
Penrith Neighbourhood Centre.*

*We are a small group who have a common
love of the written word.*

*The contents of this booklet are a
sample of the creativity generated each
week at our meetings.*

*If after reading this booklet you are
inspired to take pen to paper, please join us;*

9.30am - 11am

Cost only \$4.00 per week.

Coffee, tea and biscuits included.

Phone 02 4721 8520

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Page 1. A Five in One.....by Bobbie Travola.

Bobbie has taken very literally this exercise. Given a choice of five scenarios, she has successfully managed to incorporate all five into this short piece of prose. Well done Bobbie.

Page 2. Alarmingby Ilona Kruger.

Ilona has a delightful knack for providing surprises in her stories. The fast pace of this tale leads the reader through the excitement of the moment, does a few twists and turns then produces a good twist at the end.

Page 4. I'm Three Now.by Lavinia Mitchell.

When confronted with the challenge of an exercise to tell a tale from the point of view of a two year old, Lavinia showed great insight into the 'child within' us all. Through the eyes of a child, she tells this sweet tale.

Page 7. A Mouse Tail.by Maria Junge.

Writing from the point of view of an inanimate or non-human subject can be quite a challenge. In this exercise, I asked for a story from the point of view of a mouse. Maria grabbed hold of this concept with relish and seemed to enjoy the experience. A delightful tale that could easily become a series of children's books.

Page 9. The Christmas Parcel.by Trish Rogan.

The scenario is of a poor family during the Great Depression receiving a large parcel at Christmas from their eldest child. Trish has managed to give a sense of the love and unity of a family doing it tough. Her details transport the reader back to a time when simple pleasures were scarce and treasured. A delightful read.

Page 12. You Are Trapped in an Elevator.....by Alison Vella.

Alison has delightful style of writing. Choosing the scenario of someone trapped in and elevator, she has taken a light-hearted glimpse into what could be a very stressful situation. The interaction between the characters and their reaction to the situation in which they find themselves is a thoroughly delightful read.

Page 16. Deadliest of Weapons.by Dorothy Charnley.

In the pursuit of creating a variety of exercises to stimulate the writers in our group, I had been rather lax and had not written a piece for a while. This was not acceptable to the rest of our happy crew. So, throwing caution to the wind, I placed myself at their mercy. From scenarios that the group devised: a character – a setting – a situation – a time frame. I was given – a tall blonde in very high heels – at a gymnasium – at 2 am – a fight occurs next door. The result I leave for your approval.

Dedicated to the Memory of



Nanette Perry

4-1-1941 to 3-8-2008

*A special garden full of bloom in view,
Prepared with love a room just for you.
Your journey has been hard and long,
Time to rest my friend where you belong.
Know only gentle peace and blissful grace,
When at last, our Lord you greet face to face.
As you reach, your journey's ending part,
You take a piece of all within your heart.*

© Dorothy Charnley 3rd August 2008

A Five In One.

Sleeping soundly next to my beloved husband, I was dreaming about our first date. It was so real that I felt even more in love with him. We had watched a movie about a Lithuanian telephone company that had been raided by Russian troops and had shut down the company and killing a few people including the telephone operator. I could still hear the telephone ringing on and on and on.

Realizing my own phone was the cause of this ringing I started to arise to answer it.

My husband said, "I'll get it my darling." I thought I'd go back to sleep but I could hear my husband yelling at someone on the other end of the phone.

"Can't you get help, you stupid boy?" he seemed to be upset as well. "You ring 000 they'll get somebody."

Little did I know that our dear son was trapped in an elevator. Next day I was able to find out that he and a mate had snuck into a store just before closing time to steal phones and computer games. The lift had become stuck and they were found still in the lift surrounded by the stolen goods.

© Bobbie Travola June 2008

1. *It is the middle of the night and the phone rings.*
2. *Write a story from an overheard conversation.*
3. *You are a worker in the Lithuanian Telephone and Telegraph office. Russian troops have just come in to shut down the service.*
4. *Describe your first romantic encounter.*
5. *You are trapped in a broken elevator.*

From these five scenarios, Bobbie incorporated all five in this short piece.



Alarming.

The alarm goes off. A comforting and highly exciting sound. For some it spells terror. For me, it's a thrill: I know it means a chance. It means success. It means survival.

It was me who raised the alarm. I had used my mobile. A text message I have pre-formatted. Everyone could be warned. Everyone could get to safety. Everyone could escape from the terror.

The siren said it all. 'Everyone out! Leave your things behind! Time is of the essence! Your life is more important than your possessions.'

The evacuation routes are clearly marked. Something to do with Occupational Health and Safety. Within moments, the thudding of deliberate, rapid footsteps are invading the length of the corridor. The lunchroom is clear. Everyone has gone. Minds focused, feet co-ordinated. Is it just a drill or is it for real? Muddled voices. People in the 'know'.

'It's a bomb! Someone rang up and said he wanted to kill everyone here. Some idiot with a grudge.'

'There's a fire somewhere. I'm sure I can smell smoke.'

Shuffling, pushing, anxiety. Everyone is heading outside to assemble, to wait until the danger is over.

I will follow them soon. It won't take long. I have it all down to a fine art. I've done it all before. Now comes the best moment. The day after payday, purses full. Bags easily accessible. No cameras in here. No security necessary. Not with co-workers. My coat is full. Thank goodness for all the interior pockets. Now I shall run and catch up with the others. Oh, how I love the thrill of it all.

Time to exit. I don't want to be missed. I don't want to draw attention to myself. A swift dive through the door and I'm outta here.

But, oh no! A huge spider is blocking my way, abselling contentedly from atop the doorframe. I hate spiders. Everyone knows it. I don't know why. Must be something in my childhood. I am terrified of them. I can't abide them. Big black and ugly, it jumps on me. I scream. I can feel it on my head. I scream again. I can feel it on my neck. I can't control

the incoherent sounds emanating from my mouth. It will go down my back. It will bite me. I will faint. I might even die. I grab at my coat. I try to get rid of the attacker. I will complain about the danger. The psychological trauma. I will make them get an extermination team so we won't be terrorised like this again. That is, if I survive.

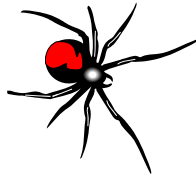
Where is the damn thing? I rip my coat off. There it is on the ground. I stomp on it. I will squash it. I will eradicate the life out of it. My shoes are solid. I might be okay, after all.

I keep stomping but it won't squash. It keeps bouncing back. It's indestructible. I can't believe what I am seeing and furiously keep my barrage of footwork up.

'Fancy footwork you've got there, mate,' an almost kindly voice says from behind me. Then more sternly, 'Mr Con A Lott, you are under arrest for theft and deceit. We've got you at last.'

He picks up the spider. 'Great weapons, these rubber spiders and they can be used more than once. The remote control is a bonus too.'

©Ilona A. Krueger June 2008



I'm Three Now



When I woke up yesterday, I was two years old but today Mummy says I'm three. What is a year anyway? Is it longer than it takes Daddy to come home from work? That is a very long time.

Mummy says it is my birthday today. I don't know zackly what it means, but it seems to be special to have a birthday. She says, "It's your birthday Paulie, and you are three years old today." She said all my friends will come to my house this afternoon and might bring me presents. I remember having presents when Santa was here at Christmas, and that was fun.

Mummy dresses me in some new clothes that Nanna had sent. I liked yesterday's clothes better. Nanna doesn't choose very well, I think I will have to tell her that I like to wear red, not brown. I have some nice new shoes, they are red, green and yellow. They look good on my feet and I have been looking down at them lots of times. Mummy calls me to come and have some breakfast, so I grab Teddy and run to the kitchen.

I see a big box on the floor of the lounge room. It was not there when I went to bed last night. I wanted to take the paper off and see what is in it, but Mummy says I must wait for Daddy to join us for breakfast, and then we can see what is in the box.

I can't hear Daddy coming. I better go and fetch him.

"DADDY! COME, COME NOW!"

Daddy is coming into the kitchen, now we can have breakfast quickly and open the box. I'm not sure I want any breakfast now.

"Mummy, I not hungry."

But Mummy says I will get very hungry if I don't have my breakfast now, and she makes me sit at my little table and eat my Weetbix. I do like Weetbix, but today I don't want it. Mummy says as soon as I have eaten my Weetbix, we can open the box, so I eat very fast and run over to the box.

Mummy and Daddy come to the box too. I think they want to know what is in it. Daddy helps me tear the bright blue paper off the big box. Mummy says, "Auntie Mary brought this present for you, Paulie."

I can't think who Auntie Mary is.

Now I have the paper off, and I get excited. The box has a big toy crane in it. This is just what I wanted! Auntie Mary is very clever to know this. I said to Mummy yesterday, "I need a crane, Mummy." How did Auntie Mary know?

I can't get the big crane out of the box and Daddy has to help me undo all the things that are holding it in. It takes a long time. Hurry up Daddy; I want to play with it!

At last it is out of the box and I can see that I can swing the long arm around the bottom of the crane. It has wheels and a driver's cab, and a handle to bring the crane bucket up and down. This is FUN!

Daddy is telling me that there are more presents to open. 'Don't bother me Daddy; I want to play with my crane!' I think in my head. I can't wait till I can go outside, put my crane in the sandpit, then I can fill the crane bucket with sand and put it in my dump truck.

Mummy and Daddy want me to open another present. This one feels soft, so I tear the paper off and find a teddy bear. It's not my best teddy, I throw it on the floor and run back to my crane.

Daddy is holding another present. He says, "Paulie, this present is from Mummy and Daddy. Are you going to see what is in it?"

I want to play with my crane but Daddy pulls a sad face, he really wants me to open the present. I don't want Daddy to be sad so I leave my shiny yellow crane and tear the paper off the new present. It is a book, I like books very much, but I want to play with my crane. I put the new book down on a chair and run back to my crane.

Daddy says he can smell something and thinks I need a clean nappy. How does he know these things before I do? It feels yucky and now I can smell something too; Daddy is right. Sometimes I go on the potty, but not this time. I don't want to stop playing to get a clean nappy, but I know I have to.

My yellow crane is waiting for me when Daddy lets me run back into the lounge room, and I have a lovely time finding out how it works. Mummy says I can take it out into the sandpit! I wheel it to the door making truck sounds, then out onto the courtyard. I run back inside for my dump truck and take it outside too. Now they are ready for eckvakashun jobs.

I think I have been playing in the sandpit for a very long time. I don't want to have my lunch, but Mummy has strawberries and ice cream, they are my favourite. So I go inside to eat some.

When I go back to the sandpit, my friends Thomas and Damien come to play with me. They both want to play with my new crane and dump truck, I don't want to give them a turn, but Mummy says, "You must share your toys Paulie." I let them play for a long time before I say, "My turn now!"

Thomas and Damien have brought me presents for my birthday. Thomas gives me a jigsaw puzzle and Damien gives me a ball. I will play with them another time. We all go inside for some cake. Daddy says this is my birthday cake; it has three candles on it and I have to make a big huff and puff to blow them out. Everyone sings "Happy Birthday to you" and Daddy cuts the chocolate cake cos I'm not allowed to use knives, and everyone has a piece. I drop some cake on the carpet, but Mummy doesn't say anything at all, just smiles and wipes it up. She made a big fuss last time I spilled something on the floor. Maybe it is all right to spill things when you are three.

Thomas and Damien have gone home now, and I have had a bath. I have special new pyjamas from Nanna. They have 'Thomas the Tank Engine' on them and they are nice and warm. My new crane and dump truck are back inside now, they are on the floor next to my bed. I have a new bed now. Daddy says a big boy of three should sleep in a proper bed, so last week he packed away my cot and now I have a nice new bed.

I feel sleepy now. Will I have another birthday tomorrow? Where is my special blanket and Teddy? Ah, I have them both now, I'm sleepy, I go to sleep now.



A Mouse Tail

Barney is having a wonderful time going backwards and forwards getting food to feed his family. No one is at home. Barney is a grey mouse living with his family in a large human's house. He crawled inside a bag with bread in it and started eating. Looking out the window, he can see a large German shepherd playing in the yard outside. 'I'd better keep away from him.' Barney thinks to himself.

He can hear something, the giant human is back, she is opening the door, and Barney hides deep inside the bread bag. She walks past Barney and goes outside to bring in the clothes on the line. 'I hope she doesn't let the dog inside,' Barney says quietly.

The dog runs through the kitchen and just past Barney but doesn't see him. 'That was a close call,' Barney thinks to himself. The human reaches for the bread bag and ties the end closed. She carries the bread me and outside and places me inside a dark bin.

All night Barney's wife Liz waits anxiously for him to come home with the bacon. In the morning, she decides to go and look for him. 'Maybe he got caught somewhere,' she says as she scurries across the kitchen floor. She knows that she will have to find food for herself and the babies. The giant human comes close to where she is hiding; she is frightened and runs to a hole in the wall to hide.

Meanwhile Barney wakes to find himself in a noisy garbage truck headed for Penrith tip. Finally, he manages to escape from the bread bag and finds that a feast of vegetables, fruit and bits of cheese surrounds him.

Barney and Liz's eldest daughter, Belinda has waited for her mother to return. She decides to go looking for her. As she runs over the carpet she sees that there are lots of humans all watching her. One of the humans chases her into a big black umbrella and she is trapped. Suddenly she's outside in a field and the humans are all watching her. Belinda decides to go and search for her father. She sniffs and snuffs at the air and finds a vegemite and lettuce sandwich. She thinks of her brother and sister at home and with a full fat belly, she begins her search for her father.

She is a bit scared, as she has never been out in the big wide world before. When she crosses the road she hears loud noises and big machines with wheels that she has to dodge. "I will make it," she says to herself. "I am only a baby, and the wheels look so big

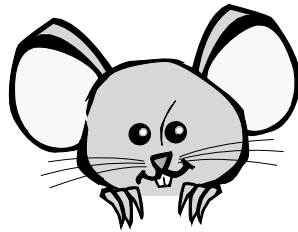
when they come close to me." Finally, she makes it to the other side. She runs through the grass looking for other mice. Next thing she meets a bird hopping around, pecking the grass. "It better not peck me." Belinda thought to herself.

It starts to rain; Belinda wonders what this water from the sky is, as she has never seen rain before. "I hope the water doesn't get too deep as I might drown. If it doesn't stop I might have to learn to swim quickly." The rain pours down and soon Belinda has learnt to swim, she is paddling here and paddling there. "I think I'm doing well," she says to herself. "But I must find dad, I hope he is alright in the rain."

She comes to a pile of dirt called the tip, and sniffs around. There are some other mice but they are wild and don't want to know her. Belinda is getting bigger now, nearly as big as the other mice.

"There is lots of food here, enough for everyone." Belinda said. Then she hears a voice that sounds like her dad, but it isn't so she will keep on looking. Maybe next time she will find her dad.

©Maria Junge June 2008



The Christmas Parcel.

Christmas day found the family gathered in the kitchen. Mr and Mrs Marshall and three of their four children stared down at the parcel on the painted wooden tabletop. The calendar on the wall showed 1935 and the depression years were starting to show their mark on the worn clothing and Dad's tired face. He had just come through another month without work.

Brown paper, now wrinkled and scuffed, enclosed the parcel. It was bound tightly both across and down with string and secured with a double knot. The parcel was big.

'At least as big as my old suitcase,' thought Nonie. 'Maybe it is a new suitcase for me.' It was a forlorn hope. 'No,' she thought sadly, 'this parcel is for Mum and Dad. Although,' she brightened a little, 'it is addressed to all the Marshall family.'

A cluster of stamps filled the top right-hand corner of the parcel. They mostly showed pictures of the King. "Bags the stamps Mum," begged her brother James. He had a collection of at least 50 stamps. "One day I will sell these for a King's fortune." James boasted.

The address on the parcel was to the Marshall family, 25 Evans St Penrith New South Wales Australia. There was no return address but they all knew it came from Emily, the eldest daughter. Nonie hoped one day she too could get an important job in the city like Emily and have enough money to buy presents to send back home.

In the top left-hand corner was a small green sticker with "Certified Mail" written in tiny black letters. This made Nonie wonder whether it should be sent away, to that special home like Uncle Henry. Dad always said Uncle Henry was certifiable.

But no, Dad took down the bone-handled knife from the high shelf and cut the string. He carefully wound up the string and put it in the table drawer. Turning the parcel over, he unfolded the wrapping. Except for the crackling of the stiff brown paper and the occasional pop from the coal fire, there was silent anticipation. Nonie held her breath, 'I think I am going to burst.'

Dad peeled back the layers and spread out the contents. On top was a letter from Emily in her large, neat handwriting. Underneath were five butcher-paper wrapped parcels of various shapes and sizes, names pencilled on each.

"Oh Dad," said Nonie's Mum, "She must have spent all her money on us."

"We'll see," he replied sternly, but suddenly her Father looked younger than she had ever seen him before. A small smile hovered around his mouth. "James," said Dad, "It looks like this is yours."

Dad handed out each gift until only one remained. At last, it was in Nonie's hand. She examined it carefully. At seven years of age, being born into hard times, this was her very first gift. It was about six inches square and one inch deep. It felt hard on the bottom and soft on the top. Slowly she pulled back the paper from the patterned box. Inside lay two snowy white handkerchiefs arranged as if a sandwich cut in four triangles. Each embroidered with a different coloured rose and green leaves. She hardly dared touch them, they were so beautiful.

James seemed equally dumbstruck as he stared down at his new, soft covered stamp album. Exotic pictures of foreign lands were scattered across the cover. Sid, the eldest son at 14, stared unbelievably at the book in his hands. "Biggles of the Camel Squadron" featured in large letters over the exciting picture of two aircraft in flight.

Mum stared mistily down at her Willow Ware teacup, saucer and plate. Vivid blue Chinese patterns spread across the white porcelain and Nonie could see two little figures on a bridge. Dad carefully unrolled his new tobacco pouch. The smell of the tanned leather grew strong as he turned it this way and that. "That's a fine piece of craftsmanship," he announced sagely.

The family chatted happily over their new gifts and complimented each other on their good fortune. Emily had excelled herself, each gift chosen specially for its recipient with knowledge and care. The only sad note was Emily's absence from the family. As only one of two housemates in that city household, she could not be spared at Christmas. She said so in her letter, but she sent her love and asked that they keep her in their prayers and remember her at Christmas dinner. Dinner would be a meagre affair, as they all knew, but they put this scarcity easily aside as they returned to the wonder of their gifts.

The family placed their presents on the sideboard and Mum put the chequered cloth on the table. Crockery and cutlery fetched, breadboard and knife, bread and hard cheese placed in the centre. Sid carried a thick green glass jug of milk to the table and Mum bought the big enamel teapot. Lastly, she added a pot of jam. "It looks like quite a feast," laughed Dad, "strawberry jam-we are coming up in the world!"

"Been saving it for Christmas" she smiled fondly at her husband, "and a very special family time."

© Trish Rogan 18 June 2008



You Are Trapped in an Elevator.

'At last!' I thought looking at the clock, 'the weekend is here. Time to put this overheated computer to bed.'

At last I logged out, I pictured myself at home, turning on some music and sipping a glass of wine while soaking in a hot bubble bath. A knock on my door snapped me back to reality.

"Come in", I half shouted. It was Marcy, one of the company researchers.

"I have that list you wanted."

"Thanks very much, Marcy" I said as she put it in my tray.

"No problem, have a lovely weekend", she said as she turned and walked towards the door.

"Thanks, the same goes for you" I replied.

I stood up, grabbed my black jacket off the coat stand, and walked out the door and into the departmental cubicles. Saying my goodbyes to my work colleagues while walking towards the elevator.

There wasn't anyone waiting for the elevator to arrive, so I reached out and pressed the down button to call it. The large numbers '29' catching the attention of my eyes again. The oversize numbers have only been up recently, and I was not used to them yet.

Waiting in the middle of both elevators, I was deciding on which one was going to come first and yes, it was the left. I hopped on and noticed that I was ALONE! I hated being alone in elevators due to bad experiences. I cautiously walked over to the panel and pressed LB for lobby basement where I had parked my Mazda 6.

The doors closed and I was by myself, a shiver ran up my spine as I took a few deep breaths. I noticed that the elevator seemed to be going faster than usual and a feeling of panic was starting to surface, then I heard the soft, 'bing' and 24 flashed on the screen.

Phew! I was relieved someone else was getting on, 26..., 25..., 24, at last the doors opened. I looked down and the elevator floor seemed a fraction lower than the floor outside, but I was not completely sure. Maybe my panic had put my judgement off.

As I looked up at the person who got in, my panic suddenly turned to nerves, 'OH NO, it's HIM!' I thought.

HE saunters in and smiles at me, then turns to the panel and pushes LB, even though it is already lit up. His beautiful thick brown hair, styled in a slightly messy look, dreamy brown

eyes behind a pair of 'Clark Kent' type glasses and his soft velvet skin and luscious lips - what a vision. This is 'THE GUY', the one from my happy thoughts.

I must have made a noise, because he is looking at me now with his gorgeous smiling face. I'm so nervous and don't know what to do, so I just look at him and try to smile. I think I smiled well I hope I did. He turns his head away and stares at the silver elevator wall.

Another soft 'bing' and 17 flashes on the screen; the doors open and two more enter, a redhead and a brunette. I glance at both floor levels, and again they don't seem to completely match. The two females who have joined us don't seem to have noticed the unevenness of the floors. I try not to think too much of it, the elevator had stopped when it was supposed to and the doors had opened. I really don't want to leave, not now, leaving would be disastrous to my love life. If HE hadn't gotten on at 24, I would have got out by now I would have used the stairs.

The redhead pressed G for ground, while the brunette glanced at the panel then looked around for a spot to stand in the elevator. The doors closed and the lift started to descend. It seemed to be going faster than before as it passed the floors.

I looked at the faces of the two women, both had worried looks; I was too nervous to look at Mr Sexy, fearful of making eye contact with him. All of a sudden the elevator came to a stop.

We all just looked at each other, and then turned to face the doors expecting them to open. We waited for the longest minute.....nothing; the doors were not moving. Anxiety started to rise within me. I tried to block it out by thinking of calm positive thoughts and thinking how glad I was that I had been to the toilet before entering the lift.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a button being repeatedly pressed.

"Come on! Damn doors OPEN!" the frantic redhead cried. Worried that she would do more damage the brunette yelled at her to stop.

The redhead stopped pushing the button, turned to face the brunette and gave her the filthiest of looks. I was sure that a fight was about to erupt. "I didn't mean to yell at you, but all that pushing is not helping and is making me and probably everyone else here nervous." The brunette nodded in my direction and I nodded back with arched eyebrows, as if to say 'Duh!' The brunette had apologised, being not too sure what the redhead was capable of.

It was then I noticed that Mr Sexy had slid to the floor, he was crying like a baby, mumbling something that sounded like "I want my Mummy", through large sobs. The three of us just stared at him. The brunette knelt beside him, putting an arm around his shoulder, she tried to comfort him as she spoke to him as you would a baby. The redhead and I just watched in silence.

'This is unbelievable', I said to myself. 'I have to get out of here.' I walked over to the panel and pressed the red alarm button; it rang for a few seconds then over the loudspeaker came a female voice. "Hello, this is the emergency line. Are you trapped?"

"YES! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE WITH THREE OTHER PEOPLE," I yelled, not sure if she'd be able to hear my soft quivering voice.

Her voice was strong and reassuring, "Just try and remain calm. My name is Judy; we have a link showing us exactly where you are. Help is on the way."

"Thank you Judy," I said with relief in my voice.

I turned around to see that Mr Sexy was now in the foetal position sucking his thumb; while the brunette was still trying to calm him. "What a baby", I said softly to myself disgusted with what I was witnessing.

The redhead must have heard me, "I reckon, although he is good looking but he is known to have 'blonde moments'.

"Oh, so you know him," I said a bit surprised.

"Yeah, he used to work in our office, but in a different section to me, then he was promoted to Jolene's Personal Assistant. Not for his work, but because she loves 'eye candy'.

"That's sexist," I said disgusted, "she should lose her job."

"It is only a matter of time now," the redhead replied with a knowing smile. "Oh, and by the way, my name is Debbie." She held out her hand for me to shake.

I shook her hand, "Pleased to meet you Debbie, I'm Monica."

"Hello Monica," said Debbie while still shaking my hand.

We heard tapping on the top part of the door, then a muffled voice, "Hello, can you hear me? We're here to rescue you."

Debbie and I moved closer to the door, "YES, WE HEAR YOU" we shouted together happily. The other two jumped to their feet and huddled near the door with us.

We stood back and watched the doors being prised apart with a crowbar. The elevator had stopped between floors; there was only a small gap for us to climb out to freedom. The rescue team lowered a ladder and we were told to climb it. First, up went Mr Baby, followed by the brunette, then it was my turn, last out was Debbie. We thanked our rescuers and were on our way. Debbie and I arranged to meet up one day after work for drinks.

'Freedom at last!' I thought as we descended the stairs,



©Alison Vella 22nd July 2008

Deadliest of weapons

Word on the street that a big drug deal is going down tonight is the only reason that Daniel has agreed to this double shift. His body aches and his eyes sting from lack of sleep. The neon light above the gymnasium flickers on and off, 'You'd think a drug lord like Boris could afford to fix the damn thing.' Dan thinks to himself.

Movement near the overflowing dumpster catches his eye; it 's Bennie, Dan's own private snitch, he's finding a warm spot for the night. Obviously, he hasn't used the money Dan gave him for food and shelter; his telltale unsteady swagger speaks of cheap booze. Dan slouches low in his seat, tilting his hat down to hide his face. Being recognised by Bennie is the last thing Dan needs. Bennie staggers by falling hard on the side of Dan's car; slurring "Sorry", and continued on his way without a backward glance in Dan's direction.

"2 am, only another four hours before my relief shows up." Dan unscrews the lid of the thermos, pouring the last dregs into the coffee stained lid. Luke warm coffee is not exactly what Dan needs right now; but it would have to do. The headlights of an approaching car blind him for a moment. As his eyes readjust, Dan observes a dark highly polished BMW parked outside the gymnasium. The number plate is a dead give away; TSAR01, Boris Kysenco considers himself royalty. In many ways he is, he has been 'a royal pain' in the side of the entire force for the past five years.

Slicked down hair, wearing an Italian suit, the driver exits the car. As he opens the rear door, slender long legs appear as if in slow motion. Perfectly contoured, they shimmer, sheer nylons caressing those wonderful legs. Legs that seemed to go on forever, a flash of silky long blonde hair and there she stands. Willowy, tall and 'drop dead gorgeous', Dan drinks thirstily with his eyes, taking in every inch of this vision of loveliness.

She turns back towards the car, her gold stiletto heels glistening in the light from the street lamp. Then he, emerges, Dan recognises him straight away. Boris Kysenco is a man who stands out in any crowd, always dressed in black and always adorned by heavy gold chains and an abundance of rings, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds clustered on his stubby fat fingers. This is not one of his usual 'bimbos', this is a babe that reeks of class.

Dan watches as they enter the gymnasium. Once they are out of sight, he makes his move. The shabby apartment block next door is derelict and empty. Dan has already been there before so he is well aware of its layout. Carefully he makes his way through the boarded up window, flicks on his torch and quietly picks his way through the debris.

On the first floor at last, he eases himself into position. The small hole he had previously drilled in the wall has a pinpoint of light shining through. Taking great care, Dan gently pushes the optic fibre cable through the hole, attaches it to his mobile phone, switches it on and adjusts the picture.

Boris is sitting in a large leather chair at the far end of the office; his ugly mug has a leering smile on it. Without warning Dan's phone rings, desperately he presses buttons to silence it. Dan frantically looks to see any telltale sign that Boris and his cohorts are aware of his presence. Boris's expression remains unchanged. The willowy blonde comes into frame, she drapes herself over Boris's revolting body. Distracted, he throws her aside like a piece of rubbish as he calls over one of his henchmen. A few whispered commands in his ear and the henchman leaves.

Suddenly next to him, there is an explosion that throws Dan to the floor. As the dust settles, a large part of the wall near where Dan had been standing is gone. The muzzle of the shotgun is slammed into his face; through a haze of blood Dan can see Boris and his henchman looming over him.

"Should I blow him away Boss?" the audible sound of the hammer cocking can be heard.

Boris laughs, "Not yet, let's see who this scum is first."

Dragged roughly through into the office, Dan struggles to remain conscious. There on the table he can see the neat packages of coke, 'This would have been the Mother load of all busts.' He thinks as he's thrown into a chair. Out of the corner of his half-swollen eye, Dan can see the blonde watching in a detached manner. 'She's got ice in her veins.'

"Tie him up, we'll soon find out what he was doing in there. But first I have some unfinished business." He nods to the blonde and without a word she follows him through the door.

The henchman tied me firmly to the chair. "The Boss could be a while. He likes to ride the new fillies hard the first few times." As if on cue, there were several loud bangs from the room next door followed by a woman's shrill squeal. 'This could be a long night,' thinks Dan.

After a while all was quiet, the henchman seems surprised when the blonde re enters the room alone. "Where's the Boss?" he asks.

"He sent me to get you. There's something he wants you to do for him." Obediently the henchman heads out the door followed by the curvaceous blonde. Desperately Dan surveys the room looking for something that will help him escape. A loud thud and the blonde casually saunters back into the room with a broad smile on her lovely face.

"So, Detective Daniel Woods, what do you have to say for yourself?" she asks as she playfully ruffles his hair.

Dan gives her a grin, "How did you manage to disarm those two? I know you aren't carrying a weapon, in that dress there's no where to hide it."

"So you like my dress, I'm glad. You know my daddy; Captain Murphy didn't raise a stupid child. One of my first lessons in self defence was how to use the heel of my shoe to protect my honour." She started to untie Dan.

"You never looked better, Detective Josie Murphy. Though I think you'd better register those shoes as deadly weapons."

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