

Elective 2: Crime Fiction



Sometimes the best weapon is surprising someone. The guy I was tailing had no idea anyone would follow him in the middle of a storm but he didn't count on me. The rain was vicious, like a constant load of steel piercing the velvet night sky, cutting into the flesh with its chilling temperature. I was standing in it. Finally he did his deal and went home. Home to Rose Bay. After all my cases that led me here I started to wonder if ~~am~~ you had to be crooked to get a house ~~to~~ there. Was Rose Bay real estate a direct link from prison? I headed back to my office. Surry Hills. It isn't exactly Vaucluse but I was comfortable. Besides, who would believe a private detective from Vaucluse? It was 3.am, I was wide awake. I poured myself a Scotch and contemplated my situation. I needed to ~~can~~ catch Sam in the act before I could do anything, following and watching



was useless, I needed to get in. The phone rang. Should I answer it? Why don't I just take a Holiday? Get away from it all.

I hear Queensland is great this time of year. Pick up the phone you fool! I tried to sound as uninterested as possible, it makes me look busy. "Charlie Maxwell" I said in a bored tone.

"Charlie, it's Sam. You gotta help me!" the voice cried
"Sam who?" I said, knowing exactly who it was.

"Sam Hopkins. Please Charlie."

"Where do you wanna meet then?"

"My place, get here as fast as you can"

I put the phone down and thought about things. Sam Hopkins was and still is the most crooked cop in the country. He's into everything. He only knows me from my days in the police. He took bribes all the way to the top and I got sick of the corruption. He's now the chief of police



Living in Rose Bay and I'm a private investigator sitting in my crummy office in Surry Hills. If only I had no morals. I could be rich right now. I finished my scotch and called a cab. ~~The~~ ~~the~~

On the way to Sam's place I couldn't help but wonder why he asked me to help. He had an army of crooked officers to do his work for him. He even ~~had~~ Jones, his ~~big~~ 'associate' or hired killing machine to be more to the point. The view was spectacular from the taxi window but I had no time to worry about picturesque views. I was tired and my session of scotch and contemplation had been rudely and unexplainably interrupted. Luckily for me the taxi driver sensed my mood and spared me his life story. I needed a drink.



I got to Sam's place and paid the driver. The rain had dwindled to a mist of diminutive beads. I knocked on the door. A shaken looking police chief opened the door and peered out like a rat terrified to leave the dumper bin behind Pizza Hut in case someone walks past. He jumped, spotted something and dragged me inside. I found myself being led into a study. The air was thick with stale cigarette smoke and the lamp on the table cast a wide circle of dim light about the room. On the desk was a full ashtray and an opened bottle of scotch. Sam lit another cancer stick and poured us both a scotch. I didn't even need to hint. "So what's wrong?" I asked. I didn't really care but I was here now and it was intriguing. "They killed Jones." "Who's they Sam?" I asked



"Uh... I don't know, I can't say" he was so aggravating I couldn't take it anymore.

I snapped.

"Jesus Christ Sam don't feed me this crap! I didn't come all the way over here to this ex-convict settlement to listen to your bullshit. I know you're controlling the whole operation so tell me what happened or you're on your own!"

"Sorry Charlie. I guess I owe you an explanation after dragging you out on a night like this," he actually sounded sincere "I'm not in control. Not anymore. The operation went international and it was bought out by some foreign bloke. I sent Jones to show him who he was messing with and they sent back his body. Cut into pieces and stuffed into a suitcase. He was my best..."

"associate?" I suggested, this Scotch was working wonders.



"Yeah," he replied "associate."

So I sat and contemplated the situation, and with the patience that comes only with a \$ glass of Scotch I asked "So what can I do?"

"I need you to help me get them out of the country before they take over everything."

Before I could get names out of him a gunshot rang out from the street, it smashed through the window and hit the light, plunging the room into total darkness. The rain started again and it drummed steadily on the roof as ~~we~~ I dragged Sam from under the desk. In the kitchen we were safe, for the moment.

"Where's your car?" I demanded

"This door leads to the garage." I was glad it wasn't very far at all.

In the garage I could hear the trigger-happy intruder re-arranging the



furniture in Sam's house ~~and~~

"Did you call for a redecorator?" I asked. I couldn't resist.

"Funny Charlie, real funny. But will you take the case?"

"Yeah I'll take it" I figured I had to now that I had become involved this far.

This would get me in to the operation and I could take it down from the inside.

I drove Sam's car back to Surry Hills and parked it in the underground carpark at my office. Once safely back

inside I poured ~~myself~~ ^{us both} a scotch and contemplated my situation. I couldn't

be sure they were firing at me but even so revenge is sweet and they

could've killed me. As for this thing with Sam I had to work out what ~~to~~ to

do with him. Scotch or no scotch I wasn't patient enough to let him stay with me.



BOARD OF STUDIES
NEW SOUTH WALES

If I let him go home they would kill him for sure and he was my link to the operation.

I had to get into the operation. They owed me more than they realized and I was going to pay them back. Sam was just a way in. He was watching me think. I hate it when people watch me think, it's unnerving.

"What?" I snapped staring at him

"Charlie, have I ever told you you're an incredible woman?"

Jesus this guy didn't know when to stop!

"Cut the crap Sam, I told you I'd take the case."