



BOARD OF STUDIES
NEW SOUTH WALES

CRIME FICTION

Sometimes the best weapon is just to sit back & wait. When you're one guy fighting a turf war against a gang of muffs that seem to disappear into the shadows of L.A.'s streets, you can't do nothing but sit back & let them come to you. Or ~~so that at~~ ^{you see,} least that was what I was trying to do. ~~It~~ a ~~when I got restless~~ shamus isn't built to sit around & wait for the action ~~to~~ because I was a damn good one, ^{I got restless &} I decided to take a stroll in L.A.'s streets to see what I could find.

The night was cold & shadowy but that's what you'd expect every night in this squalid sewer they called L.A. I plunged ~~by~~ my hands deep in my pockets & panned the line of flashing night clubs. The neon lights of the Prancing Pony, ^{in particular} flashed madly in the ~~drizzling~~ ~~night rain~~ drizzling night rain. The Prancing Pony was good at luring in the ^{crowds} ~~customers~~.



It lured them in like flies to a zapper. Mind you those flies were loaded & they didn't mind getting zapped. They threw their money on the gambling tables & at the feet of exotic dancing girls who knew better but did not better. Money they made by ripping the odd good guy off. Dirty money made in dirty business. Maybe it was the thought of living in the same place as these murderous thugs or maybe just it was just the existence of this whole damned world that boasted too many crimes, but whatever it was, it suddenly made me want to get home & get drunk. Whisky, bourbon, hell even a gin of martini sounded good. But then again, I had a ^{case} ~~one~~ to get around & I had to be sober to do that.

I turned ^{from} the line of flashing lights & headed down town where things tended to ^{get} nastier. I was deep



in thought. Deep in thought about the guy who put a bullet through ~~Chuck's~~ Chuck's head & ~~to~~ the ways in which I'd ~~let~~ like to let him know how I felt about it. It was a ~~big~~ wrong more. You should never be walking ~~town~~ downtown in the middle of the night let alone allowing yourself a distraction. Fred always told me to stay alert 'round ~~the~~ ^{the} place. If only I ever listened.

I glanced up once & caught a glimpse of a dark blue ~~Rolls Royce~~ Rolls Royce disappearing 'round the corner. If my eyes were any good in the dark, I'd say it was the same one that had been tailing me not two days ago. I must have been thinking too hard because I didn't expect to have ~~a body~~ ^{some dumb mug} ram into me & push me into one of those alley ways no one seemed to notice. He was, ^{like} lightning. I'd give him that. He pinned me up against

The brick wall before I had time to draw a breath.

The hands began to search, prying into each pocket. If only I knew what ^{it was that} he was looking for & what made him think I had it. [He pulled off the coat & dumped it in the muddied puddle by my feet. It was a ~~nice~~ nice coat & I had had enough.

"Get your mitts off me...."

The mug moved away & rammed up harder against the wall. I decided to play the good puppy, more so because I was sure I heard the sound of a mazzuma, ready to pump some lead.

The mug must have given up because he decided to turn me round. But before I could ~~make out~~ see ~~or~~ something for anything, an iron fist the size of Canada hit the side of my jaw. ~~My~~
My senses were knocked all over the



~~place~~ ^{place} & when I came to, I found myself eating dirt.

"Keep your ~~nose~~ ^{nose} clean Dudge. Don't stick it where it don't belong." He turned to leave but decided to kick me in the stomach as an after thought. Then he left.

I picked myself up & shook my head. A ~~numb~~ dull numbing pain gnawed away at me in too many places for me to care. Besides, I was eyeing the coat. It was a bloody shame ~~to~~ because it was one damned nice coat. I shook my head again & turned my thoughts, ~~thought~~

thoughts to the voice. It was familiar, too familiar for my own liking. If I wasn't wrong I'd just might ~~to~~ have to pay the ~~chief's~~ chief's new boy a visit in the morning.

I dusted myself, left the coat & headed back towards the flashing lights. It was nearing midnight but the Night Owl Bar



~~opens all night~~ is up all night. I walked
silently, nursing a pain in the side. I wanted
to get some action. ~~needed~~ ^{I was lucky} & it gave me
a new lead.

I walked into the ~~Bar~~ Night owl, past
the bar & towards the phone. I put in
two pennies & dialed ~~Fred~~ the station.
Fred picked up as I knew ~~he~~ he would.

"Hey Fred, it's Dudge. Tell me, Fred where's
the chief's new boy tonight?" ^{the voice on the}

"He's out on patrol ~~in~~ in Brookville," ^{other side answered} "Why the
hell are you asking me this 12 am on Sunday?
~~What~~ And what's all that yacker in the back?
Where are you?"

"I'm in Brookville Fred & I think I just
had a run in with your boy. keep an eye
on him Fred, that boy's trouble"

"What the hell..."

I hung up the phone and sat myself
at the bar. Things were getting nastier
by the minute. The chief's boy wasn't



transferred here at this time out of coincidence. ~~It~~ And if that was the case, ~~more~~ then more uniforms ~~was in~~ ^{was} in on ~~it~~ ^{it}. If only I knew what 'it' was. My thoughts

~~The man at the bar~~ were ~~also~~ interrupted by the man at the bar.

"What ~~do~~ d'ya want?"

I ordered a bottle of whisky, then ~~I~~ changed my mind & ordered two. The care was getting ~~sift~~ me places but I'd rather drink about it in the morning. Besides, I had had enough of being sober for one night.