

# umble PI'

The  
Sands  
Affair

By A.R. FOOTE.

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The alarm clock beside my bed screeched its wake-up call. My eyes opened blearily to reveal the digits 6:45 am. Harshly I flung my left arm out from under the covers and landed a blow on this noisy intrusion. The screeching stopped. I would rather have slept on, partly because I'd had little sleep for the last week, and partly because I went to a party at the home of Mildred Swain, to celebrate the return of her jewels which I'd tracked down, over some weeks after the robbery of her Regent Street jewellery store. The whiskey was good, I got pissed, I've got a hangover: "Please stop the noise," I said holding my hands to my ears, as the early traffic whisked hurriedly by. I had to get up, I knew it. There was work to do. The shower was refreshing, but did nothing for the hangover as I hung over & threw up in the dunny. I swore I'd never touch another drop. I lied. The bottle sat on my desk. Another swig and I was right as rain. I sat down in my leather rotating office chair and pulled the file marked "Davies". This was an interesting one. I could feel it in my bones. John Davies had called ~~me~~ ~~see me~~ <sup>yesterday</sup> ~~before~~. He was a man with a problem. The wife had left him for some bloke. Big deal, I thought. Then he told me.

"She left me, the bimbo," he said.

I thought, "So what", but said "I'm sorry."

"Thanks",

"Don't mention it," I said, "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I... I--- don't want her back," he stammered.

"I'm sorry," I said again "I don't do hits". I was joking. I smiled. He didn't.

"Look," he said seriously "She took my savings"

he sulked, "She closed out my account the bitch". he leaned forward in this chair & cupped his head in his hands. I wondered why he was so pissed off, he looked like a Johnny with no cash.

"Savings", I said "How much are we talking here". He lifted his head. "Five hundred & eighty big ones", he said.

"You want me to go after five hundred & eighty bucks Mac, I'll cost you that for ----,"

"Thousand", he interrupted. "Five hundred & eighty thousand". No wonder he was pissed off. I agreed to go after it and the effusive Mrs Davies. After all, with two hundred dollars a day, plus expenses. And a five percent finder's fee. Who'd turn it down. I took all the details that he could give me.

The little woman's name was Joline; She'd run off with this fella by the name of Jimmy Sands. Sands worked at Budd's paint supplies that all Daves knew. It was a start. I didn't have time to check on this stuff yesterday. I was tied up with Mrs Swain. ~~But~~

Breakfast was out of the question. I hardly ever ate before ten in the morning anyway.

First things first. I threw on my brown leather jacket, slicked my hair with my fingers and walked out the door.

The Valiant started with a whine of disdain at being lined up this early in the morning. Me too, but what the hell. Budd's Paint supplies was open by the time I got there. It was a decent sized place with a classy facade, and a classy board at the counter.

"Can I help you?", she asked.

"Yeah, is Jimmy Sands in yet?" I replied.

"Who?",

"Jimmy Sands; He works here," I said.

"No; He left two days ago."

"I don't suppose you know his address?" I asked.

"No, but the manager might. He's in his office."

She pointed to a door at the rear of the store. As I approached it; Quite logically I saw a sign on the door "Manager". I knocked.

"Yes!" came a gruff voice from inside.

I went in. He stood up. Introductions & handshakes.

"How can I help?" he asked. He sat down.

I told him I was looking for this Jimmy Sands. It turned out that he didn't leave, he was fired. The boss caught him with his sticky fingers in the till.

Figures! A quick look through his personnel file revealed his last known address. 92

Hollyford Road. I thanked him and was on my way. My guts was beginning to cry

"Food, food!" So I pulled the Valiant to the curb outside a corner store and got out. I shut the door, It bounced open.

I must fix that. A kick closed it properly.

I went in, "How can I help?" said a short, smiling Pakistani behind the counter. "Is that all anyone can say in this town?" I ~~is~~ <sup>grunted</sup>.

"Pardon please?" he said.

"Gimme a pack of cigarettes and a sandwich, any kind of either." I said.

He complied subserviently with a thousand "thank yous" as I paid the cash & walked out. The sandwich tasted like shit, but the smoke afterwards made up for it.

I belched & felt the phlegm rising in my throat. Instantly, I spun my head to the window and spat. The window was closed.

My handkerchief took care of that.

92 Hollyford Road was pretty much as I expected. Upper lower class. Pretty lucky but

Not too run down. I got out of the car and went to the door, knocked three times and waited, there was no answer. I walked over to a front window and looked in. The place was still furnished. It looked as though someone still lived there. I looked in the other windows and it was pretty much the same.

"Hello" said a squeaky voice from around the front. It was talking to me. I walked back. An older woman stood there in a red night robe & curlers.

"Hello ma'am", I replied.

"You looking for little Jimmy?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, yes", I answered.

"He's not here", she said looking at the front door.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Are you a policeman?", she asked.

"No, I'm Bruce, his brother from Wellington".

I lied. I lied to a little old lady. I promised myself not to lose any sleep over it.

"I'm down here for a couple of days on business and he said I could stay here.

Hotel bills and all that". I lied.

"You are in a bind", she said "He felt. I've got the key to give back to the landlord", she said, holding it up.

"I can give it to him", I said.

"That would be nice of you" she said handing it over. Some people are just too trusting but it made my job easier. I thanked her. She went home. I went into the house. I was looking for some kind of clue as to where they might have gone. There was junk every where. Newspapers, empty booze bottles & several overfilled ash trays. This guy lived like a pig.

I wondered why a woman whose husband is loaded ran away with a bum like this. If she has that little class, it's no wonder he doesn't want her back.

In a bureau drawn in the small dark bedroom, I found a few clues. A car ~~reg~~ registration in the name of James Logan. It was a white 1978 MONROE civic. "James Logan?", I said aloud. It made little sense on its own until I came across a newspaper article. It was about this James Logan character. He'd been arrested in connection with some shady deal on other and had been released due to lack of evidence. There was a photograph of him in the article. I saw nothing else of value and went to leave. The phone rang. I picked it up. A voice said, "Jimmy?"

"Yeah", I replied

"Look man, I'm out of it. You're on your own. Dump the broad, somethings up!" he said. "Phone the hotel and cancel." He hung up.

"Odd call, there's something more here than meets the eye". I said to myself. I replaced the receiver I got to thinking that since the word "Hotel" was mentioned. He might have called it from this phone.

I picked up the receiver and hit the 'redial' button. It rang twice and a voice answered "Pine lodge motel". I hung up. A few things had to be checked out. I left the house and went next door to the woman who gave me the key. I knocked.

"Hello again", she said.

"Hello,

I showed her the picture from the paper.

"That's little Jimmy", she said "But his names Sands", she said

It was him alright! I asked does he have a car?

"Why yes, a little white one." She was beginning to get suspicious of the questions. I gave her the key, told her I'd decided not to stay + left. Things didn't add up. Davies ~~was~~ keeping some thing back from me. He knew that his wife had run off with this guy, and she'd taken his money. That's a simple case for the police to handle. Why had he come to me for the money to be tracked down and returned at a cost of thousands, when the police would do it for nothing. I had two ~~styles~~ to follow. I wanted to talk to Davies, but I also had to check out the motel. Davies could wait. Whatever he was into would come up sooner or later, but if Sands was at this motel, he could leave any time + the trail would get cold. I decided to check out the 'Pine lodge'. I was quickly into the car and on my way. I lit a cigarette as I drove. A bad habit, but what the hell. With the smoke in my mouth, and left hand on the wheel; I reached under my jacket and pulled out "Webster". my .38 hand gun. and flipped open the chamber. Yep, it was loaded & ready to go. You run into all types in a job like this. I'd been shot at on the odd occasion and hit once. In the shoulder. I learned not to take chances. I had my own suspicions on this case, they wouldn't be verified though until I saw Davies. The Pine lodge motel wasn't that big, there wasn't even any pines. But there was a white Honda Civic parked out front of a motel unit. I looked at the registration form I'd picked up at the house. HZ 9347 was the number on it. I turned in

through the gate and drove slowly through the parked cars until I came to the Civic. I stopped the car and got out. I didn't want to spark them, but I knew that the money must be inside. I walked to the door & knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again. I wondered if they were in fact still there, so I let myself in with my AMPEC card. It was no good for credit so it may as well be useful. As I thought, the cupboard was bare. They'd been there though, the kettle was still warm. I walked two or three doors down to the manager's office.

"Yes" said a woman behind the ~~front~~ counter. "I'm looking for Jimmy Sands," I said. "He was in unit 14".

"One moment sir".

I waited for a minute or so as her fingers flashed across the computer keyboard.

"Sorry sir, they've just checked out," she said helpfully.

"Their cars still here," I told her.

"They called a taxi cab sir".

"What company?" I queried.

"Is there a problem?" she asked.

"No ma'am, I was supposed to meet him and his wife here, I'm awfully late." I lied.

"Rhino" sir, do you want me to check the destination for you?"

"Yes, if you wouldn't mind," I answered.

She made a quick check of the records for cab calls, & came back to me.

"That cab was ordered for Pine Lodge, to go to 32 Mainstreet. Sir," she smiled.

I thanked her and left. I walked quickly back to my car, just in time to see a tow truck removing the white civic. I walked over to the driver

who was just moving off. I hit the roof of the car with my hand and he stopped.

"Jimmy got trouble with his car?" I asked.

"Must have," came the answer. "I'm taking it to Sonny's wrecking yard."

I thanked him and walked away as he drove off.

Well, I guess that took care of that. I guessed he'd be looking for new transport. There was nothing wrong with the Civic, I was a way to cut short the trail. I still had two things; Davies, and 32 Mainstreet. I chose the latter. It took 15 minutes and another cigarette to get there. 32 Mainstreet was a car lot. Nice move, but stupid using a cab. Cabs leave trails to follow. I stopped the car in the car yard. A tall blonde fellow came out and looked at the Valiant.

"Looking to trade mate?" he asked.

"Might be," I said "What's popular?"

"Sell a few Holdens," he replied. "As a matter of fact, sold on HZ only half an hour ago."

"Nice couple, loads of cash,"

"Yeah?" I said looking surprised.

"Yep Mr. Morgan & his wife. The little woman likes gold cars with sunroofs in them."

"No shit," I exclaimed, "This the fella?" I asked, showing him the article with Sands' Holograph mil.

"Sure is," came the reply.

"What address did you get for them?"

"They wait a minute I can't tell you that. Are you a cop on something?"

"Something," I snarled "The address!"

"Piss off," he said turning away.

It would have helped if he'd played the game. Saved me some legwork. I had no time to lose. I spun him around by the shoulders and held him up by his ~~left~~ jacket against a mint Caprice. "I want

to know," I growled.

"look man, I don't know. They just came in and paid the cash. Never put no address on the form. Didn't figure they had to seeing as how they paid cash for it."

"Arsehole," I said, turning back and getting into my car. I drove out along Mainstreet towards 'The Parade' where Davies lived, Number 3.

The trail on Sands and Jolmer was temporarily at a stall. It was Davies turn to spill his guts. There was much more to this and I intended to find out what. I've got to admit, when Davies gave me his address I was surprised. 'The Parade' is the exclusive part of town. Davies looked like any man in the street, with his blue denim jeans and red shirt. I always suspect a man wearing running shoes who has a lot of cash. He'd told me his wife had taken five hundred and eighty grand from him, yet his address was in 'The Parade' The average house there is three million Bucks. Surely he'd have more cash than that. This whole thing made no sense at all.

Number ~~three~~, The Parade. turned out to be a huge pinky coloured mansion. I drove in. A knock on the door was answered by a maid.

"Yes" she said.

"I'm here to see Davies", I replied.

"He's not seeing any visitors sin".

"He'll see me miss; the names Humble.

Bruce Humble."

"Please wait sin. I'll check". she said and went away for a moment.

"Mr Davies will see you sin", she said.

I was led into a large modern room. Davies sat at a huge glass topped

desk. There were plants all around the white walls, and the lounge seats were light pink rolled leather.

"How are you going Humble" asked Davies.

"I'm fine."

"Have you found Joline yet? or the money?"

"I missed them by minutes, but I have a good lead."

"I need that money Humble," he said.

"Let's cut the shit Davies. I want to know what's going on. You've lied to me and I feel like I'm into more than I know."

"You're smart Humble. That's why I hired you. You come highly recommended. Remember the name 'Johnstone'?"

I remembered that name. All ten grand's worth.

"Yeah, so what?"

"He told me you could keep your mouth shut. I figured you'd sort this out. Well, if you must know, Joline's not my wife. She's a cheap whore; her and Sands set me up with some photographic evidence of, shall we say, a compromising nature. They tried to black mail me with it by threatening to show my wife Emily unless I paid them one million in cash. I told them to get lost and that little bimbo got hold of the combination to my corporate petty cash safe and cleaned me out. You not stupid Humble. You know the way things work. You know that that type of cash is unrecorded. We use it to buy influence and so on in high places. That's why it must be untraceable. That's why the police can't be involved. Do you think you can do this or not?"

"Shit!" I said to myself. I didn't really

want to get involved in corporate crimes but I wouldn't mind the ~~finders~~ fee either. twenty nine grand's nothing to be sneezed at.

"Do you think you can recover the money thumb?" asked Davies.

"Yeah, sure. It's a little bigger than you led me to believe Davies."

"Ok then. let's make it, say, 50 thousand as the finders fee, plus expenses of course."

I thought about it for two or three seconds before accepting. I often had these sort of jobs cast my way. Dave Johnstone came to me with the same sort of dilemma. I'd settled his problem pretty quickly and was well paid. I'd beat the hell out of peeping Tomming on cheating husbands. Better money, more interesting work. But also more danger. I'd long ago come to realise that the more money there is, the more risk, if not danger is tied up with it. I drove away towards the office of a friend of mine. Dan Jennings. A cop and a good source of info.

"How are you Dan?", I asked walking into his office.

"Giddley Bruce. Got a problem Huh?"

"Why should I have a problem mate,"

"That's the only time I see you," he said

"Truth is Dan, I need a favour,"

"Here it comes," he laughed.

"Fella by the name of Jimmy Logan, also known as Jimmy Sands. I need to find him."

"Know him well Bruce. I nearly busted him on a conspiracy rap a year or so ago. The one who had a lines though. An answer to everything. Someone robbed a business tycoon. Emptied out the safe. We suspected him of setting up the job. There was a woman with

him. "Jolie something. Why, what're you got?"

"Something very similar Dan," I said. "Naturally I can't tell you any specific details because of ethics and all that shit, but I'd like to know how to get hold of this angelbuck & his bimbo."

"Well, he has a few haunts; he also has several false addresses. He rents a place, stays there only two days or so in a month, and moves on after two or three months. Currently he has two known addresses. 14 Campbell ST and 146 Evans. If you want his haunts, try Simeons bar on Pier way, and his most likely, 'The Cambridge club'. He lit a cigarette. "What's he been up to?"

"Same thing as usual obviously. Can't tell you at the moment. But you might get the prick yet. I'll keep in touch," I said.

"Sure" replied Dan.

After goodbyes, I got up and left.

It was around 4 pm when I arrived at Simeons Bar, A shitty little dive in the down & out part of town. I figured that a trashy little Sands would hang out with the low life; All the low life were here, so why shouldn't he be as well. I went to the door & looked quickly in. It was a small, dark place, the air was full of smoke & the patrons looked like extras from a zombie movie. The place went silent as I walked in, scanning the crowd with a non expressive face. I felt a hundred eyes burning the back of my head. I was a stranger here, they knew it, I felt it. I walked up to the bar.

"What'll it be pal?" asked a large fat aproned man behind the bar drying a glass.

"Gimme a whiskey," I said.

He complied and the glass had been wiping

was put up to the upside down bottle of spirit above the bar, filled & placed on the bar in front of me.

"Dollon & a half," said the bartender suspiciously I paid him and took a swig.

"I'm looking for Jimmy," I said looking him in the eye.

"Know lots of Jimmys," was his reply "Which one?"

"Sands" I said looking into my glass and swirling its contents around the edges. There was a frightened look in his eye. I noticed him looking over my shoulder to the rear of the bar as he said "Don't know him". He was quite rattled.

I downed the last few drops & turned to the door. The patrons were sitting around the small round tables huddled in quiet conversation. One thing was for sure, they all knew Jimmy, but no one was talking.

The first inquiry is usually the one that starts the chase. When the guy you're trying to find hears you're looking for him, he's gone. I had a thought though. The bartender was looking nervously in the direction of a door down the back. Why? I stopped by the door out, and turned quickly to the right. The bartender's look changed from nervousness to fear as I walked to the door & threw it open. It led to a small dark room. There was a table in the centre with a light above. It hung low over the table and chairs and was swinging wildly. I heard a car start and my glance flicked to an open window. I ran over and looked out in time to see the gold **Holden** speeding out of an alley behind the bar, with its wheels screeching and smoking. I recognised the car immediately. It was Sands. The woman sat in the passengers seat looking back as I dived out the door & back to my own car. The Valiant

kicked quickly into life and the chase was  
 on. This asshole was really going for it,  
 I caught up with the speeding gold bullet  
 pretty quickly. This guy drove like shit. He  
 sideswiped a couple of cars going through  
 the intersection of Hills and Daboy, slid  
 sideways after overcorrecting and knocked over  
 a "no stopping" sign. From out of nowhere  
 a police car appeared. I saw him talking  
 into the microphone of his two way radio  
 as he tried to get past me. The blue  
 lights on his car were flashing but  
 with little effect as traffic refused to  
 pull over & make way. A second police  
 car appeared ahead, and a third as  
 they parked nose to nose across the road  
 in the distance. The Holden made no  
 attempt to stop, or even slow down. A  
 small red Toyota pulled out of a side  
 street and was catapulted back in by  
 the Holden. There was glass everywhere as  
 an old woman flew <sup>out</sup> through the front  
 windshield on the passengers side. The  
 roaring of V8 engines was exciting  
 and loud. As the Holden beared down  
 on the road block, its driver lined up  
 on the rear of one of the police  
 cars. Sands showed no mercy as he smashed  
 through the rear of a police car, their  
 drivers having moved quickly away. The  
 fuel tank exploded as the police car  
 spun half a circle and struck the other  
 one. A huge fireball rose into the air  
 as Sands' Holden sped through the gap and  
 slid left into Balmoral Avenue, with me  
 and the two remaining police cars on his  
 ass. Over the roar of engines I heard  
 the wailing of another siren. Two seconds

later it became obvious what it was as an ambulance made a fast turn from Edward Ave into the path of the speeding vehicles. Sands avoided it by veering to the right, I veered to the left and we both sped around the ambulance, which stopped dead in its tracks. The first police car smashed into it at speed. The second, trying to take evasive action slid sideways out of control and stacked itself against the first. The ambulance tipped over. It was just Sands and me for the moment. I glanced at the fuel gauge. It read almost empty. I hoped this guy wiped out before I ran out of gas. The woman stuck her head out the passengers window, peered back at me and brought out a handgun. As it rose to point out its target I panicked & hit the brakes for an instant. Releasing the brake pedal again I took out my own gun. Just in case. The woman fired twice, both times missing completely. It's impossible to aim when you're screaming along a city street at 100 miles per hour swerving to miss obstacles. The third shot hit the windshield, sending particles of glass exploding into the Volant. As quick as lightning I put my hand up to protect my eyes. I felt the glass hit all over me like thousands of needle jabs. It hurt. I lapsed my hand. The wind at this speed was blinding. I had to stop. Sands was ~~slipping~~ more slippery than an oiled eel. I'd get him sooner or later. That promise I made to myself. For now, I had to get a new windshield.

"Three hundred & twelve bucks," said the windshield repairman it begrudgingly handed over the amount, accusing him of robbery, got

in the Jalint and drove away.  
There was a little time spare so I made  
my way home. As I put the key into the  
online door, the phone rang, I walked  
quickly to it and lifted the receiver.

"Yeah!", I said.

"Humble?" said the voice on the other end; I I  
was Dan.

"Yeah Dan," I replied.

"What the hell do you think your doing?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Are you trying to tell me you know nothing  
about three cop cars, one ambulance and  
a civilians car being spread all over St  
Albans?" He was rather angry.

"Shit, what can I say, I'm sorry I suppose."

"Sorry!... Sorry!... you asshole, I got three cops,  
two ambulance men and an old woman in  
hospital and your sorry, Jesus Christ man  
whatdya think this is Chicago?"

"Jesus Dan," I said defensively, "I was on his  
ass, your boys got in the way. This guys  
some kind of shithead. You want him, and  
I want him. Maybe you should teach your  
people some sense: Jesus! they drive like  
shit!"

"Humble, you were doing over one hundred  
miles an hour and in town. You should have  
left him, & none of this would have  
happened. I'm charging you with careless  
& dangerous driving Humble; this time  
you went too far. Get your ass in here."

"Click...." the phone hung up.

I knew I ~~should~~ <sup>had</sup> do as I was told, but  
hey, Sands ass has dollar signs stamped  
all over it. Besides, he made me look  
pretty stupid. No one gets away with  
that. No one,

I picked up the whiskey bottle off my desk, opened it and took a gulp. "Ah, that's better," I said replacing the bottle. I took out my ciggarets, placed one in my lips & lit it. There's nothing like a ciggarett in a tough situation, except maybe two ciggarettas.

This new turn of events really pissed me off. Sands and his bimbo were mugs, but they'd made me into an even bigger one than them. I decided to visit my old pal Willie. Now Willie was an old fella, with white hair, wrinkles, the works. But the meanest son of a bitch I'd ever met. At 79 years old he still had a hoard of youthful energy and brashness many half his age had lost. Everywhere he went, bimbo on two hanging from his arm, he got respect. A guy called him a dirty old man once, just before Willie turned him to mince on the sidewalk. There was an ulterior motive to my visit to see him.

"Willie," I said as I walked up his driveway. "Jesus Christ, Bruce Humble, how the hell are ya?" he said. "What brings you into this neck of the woods?"

"Well mate," I said "I'm fine but I need your help;"

"Name it Brucie, I owe you."

"Yeah, Willie, but I wouldn't worry about that. Listen, I said recounting the Sands saga.....

"Jesus, you are in a bit of a bind; Don't worry though. I've got exactly what you need," he said with a smile. He led me into the house after telling a young blonde woman to get me a drink, him too. We went into a large room off the main hall. It was beautifully decorated in Victorian

as we left the room & went back to the lounge.

"What do I owe ya Willie?", I asked sipping at the JD on the rocks.

"Call it even," he said "Cheers". We raised & clinked glasses. The liquor burned all the way down. It was only the best. Nothing less at Willies.

"Come back when it's pleasure & not business soon," said Willie.

"I will," I replied as I left the mansion. I must admit, having this extra firepower helped my confidence along a bit. One more thing to do though. I can't let Sands see this car. I don't know why he ran. I'd never seen either him or the woman before. I decided it was time to see that barman again.

On the way to my office, I dropped in on that friendly little bar. "Simeons Bar". In case of trouble, I took an Uzi and some clips out of the bag, and pocketed the clips. The Uzi I tucked under my jacket. The bar was quiet as I walked in. The bartender was nowhere in sight. The patrons at their tables turned the other way. Two of them, who I'd recognized from earlier in the day, cast a quick glance at that door once again. I quickly sensed trouble, and walked quietly back to my car. Knowing that it was only a matter of time before Sands got the tip off, I took out one of the rocket launchers and opened it ready to fire. I took a smoke grenade and the launcher back to the bar. What luck, Sands was probably in the back with the bartender. I walked quickly along the bar front on the side walk. Down the alley beside the bar, I saw Sands car. There was

no one in sight so I quickly went back to the door, tilted the smoke grenade to my mouth & removed the pin, jabbing it into the bar. A few seconds later, people began running out of the bar. I heard the rushed starting of Sands' car in the alley, then the screeching of tyres on pavement. The Holden appeared from the alley at high speed and swung onto the street. I saw the look of fear, not to mention surprise, when he saw the rocket launcher I was aiming at him. I let him get about 200 feet away, then sighted his car & pulled the firing mechanism. The trail of sparks was impressive against the urban backdrop tinted in shades of blue & red of the evening sky. It was sundown, both for the city and Sands as the heat-seeking projectile found the exhaust pipe of the gold car. The ensuing explosion brought sight seers and sirens. I ran to the car. Sands & the woman were shaken but alright as they pulled themselves clear of the upside down hulk.

"Where's the money Sands?", I barked.

He pointed to a briefcase on the front seat of the car, which had caught fire. I reached in and quickly grabbed it. A second later the fuel tank exploded. Joline had joined Sands by me. The police arrived. Not wanting to get hooked into this, I went back to my car, threw in the briefcase & spent rocket launcher. I remembered the smoke grenade. I ran in & picked it up. No evidence that way, went back to my car & drove quietly to the office. On the way, I flicked open the briefcase. It was full of cash and in \$100 notes. There was more than

five hundred grand in there. I shut it again. Back in my office, I counted the money on my desk. There was two million dollars in it. There was obviously some kind of deal going down & I blundered into it. I took out the appropriate amount & delivered it to Davies. He gave me all money owing and I left happy. Meanwhile, Sands was explaining to police how this guy with a rocket launcher and smoke bombed the bar and blown his car up. Dan was the investigating officer. He recognised the description of the man who'd supposedly done all this, but said nothing.

I was sitting quietly in my office, reflecting on the events connected with this case. The phone rang.

"Humble", I said.

"You bloody well did it again Humble. Not satisfied with your efforts earlier today, you had to go and smoke bomb innocent people and fire rocket launchers in the street," yelled Dan.

"Hold on just a minute; What's all this crap about smoke bombs & rocket launchers?," I said.

"You should know, it was you who did it!"

"Dope, not me. Must've been somebody else. I've been here all night. Check for evidence," I replied.

"There is none; None at all but then you know that," because you took it all away with you," said Dan.

"Shit Dan, there's just a couple of arse bags don't sweat it pal. I think you've pissed off because you didn't get em." I laughed.

"I did get them, I'm holding Sands on a possession of drugs charge. His binbags there too. They're waiting for the lawyer to spring him. There's nothing more I can use,"

"Dan, what if they had to explain 1.5 million dollars? would that help?" I said helpfully. "Help, help, it'd nail em both good & hard," he said. "Have you got something I don't know about"? "I'll be down there in a few minutes," I said. "don't let them leave!"

The money did the trick. Just as they were leaving, I handed the money to Dan, he took one look inside and stopped them.

"Thanks," he said with a smile, as he let them away for questioning.

"Does this mean I don't get a ticket?" I asked.

"Call it even," said Dan

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