

A wide-angle landscape photograph of a vibrant turquoise lake, likely a reservoir or dammed river, nestled between steep, forested mountains. The water is exceptionally clear and bright. The surrounding hillsides are covered in dense evergreen trees. In the distance, a prominent mountain peak is visible, its upper reaches covered in snow. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall scene is serene and majestic.

# See No Evil

Peter Thwaites

**See No Evil**  
**by**  
**Peter Thwaites**

*This book is a work of fiction. Places, events, and situations in this story are purely fictional and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is coincidental*

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*First published by AuthorHouse 04/15/04*

*ISBN: 1-4184-3206-7 (e)*

*ISBN: 1-4184-3207-5 (sc)*

## *Preface*

'See no Evil' is the second in a series of mystery stories based on the diaries of Rick Shore. Rick is alive and well and lives in his much-loved bungalow in Worthing, West Sussex, on the South Coast of England. As well as enjoying the quiet solitude of his garden, Rick still enjoys the adventure of fishing from the local pier, but has yet to land anything heavier than a one hundred gram Bullhead which somehow became entwined on his line when reeling in one wet Sunday morning.

Rick began his working life as a Police Cadet, easing his way gently up through the ranks to Detective Inspector, when he was selected for a transfer to the Flying Squad. Here he remained for several years before taking early retirement and settling down for a quiet life and some good fishing.

He now spends his retirement as a Private Detective working on mysteries that confound the local police force, more as a hobby than a job.

Rick was married for almost thirteen years, when regrettably he was divorced, leaving him to bring up three sons single-handed. The youngest of whom has only recently left home.

Rick is a deep thinking, quiet man with simple tastes and an easy manner, and loves to spend a quiet evening philosophising over some of life's adventures.

This story is dedicated to my three great sons, Jez, Jon, and Tom who will, no doubt, recognise their dad.

## *Chapter 1*

“What we don’t see, we don’t worry about”

We spend our waking and sleeping hours worrying about events that may never happen or if they did would cause no harm at all. The early morning anxieties are the result of the pressures of everyday life that we put ourselves through. Searching for that perfect existence is an endless task and the more persistent the search, the greater the anxieties in the early dawn. We need to feel that we have control over our destiny, the work that we do, and the way that we live our life. Without this control we are continually swimming upstream and against the tide. The more conscious we are of our failure to offer the best that we can is an added burden to carry whilst on our daily swim.

The events and happenings that are not visible to us will inevitably cause us the greater pain, yet we

do not strive to explore the unknown. Perhaps it is the fear of the knowledge that we might discover.

It had been a good day. The weather had been very kind with a gentle South Westerly wind blowing small tufts of soft white cloud around a pale blue sky. It was even warmer than of late which, after the past few days of cold biting North Easterly winds and the occasional burst of heavy rain that seemed to want to drown everything in sight, was a very welcome change. The visit to the firm's latest construction project site on the South Coast had gone extraordinarily well. Armitage Jones and Partners, the clients, had expressed a real concern that the project should be commenced on time and at the moment this seemed very possible.

There had been some earlier difficulties in the location of a suitable site, with an extensive and detailed specification having been presented to the

Architects at their first conference, but following widespread enquiries and copious site visits this particular brown field development site had actually been suggested by the developers themselves. Tucked away behind a now derelict farm complex, it was of the requisite size, and with a location some three miles from the main highway, planning permission was unlikely to be an issue. The Local Authority were very keen, within their sustainable development policy, that disused brown field sites should be effectively re-developed.

The site was currently somewhat a mystery as the only surviving owner of the land was an elderly spinster who had taken possession shortly after her brother had died following a serious heart attack many years ago. There were one or two rather ramshackle old buildings scattered about the area but these had long seen better days

and were in imminent danger of collapse.

James was the Architect appointed to oversee the new project and this was to be his first visit to the site. He was a newly qualified Architect in his late twenties, had already established a reputation for his designs of similar type developments and was very keen to establish himself locally. He was an enthusiastic squash player and often enjoyed a round of golf with some of his colleagues over the weekend. James was a handsome young man with well-groomed blond hair and a physique to match. He was fastidious in the way that he dressed and always kept a spare pair of shoes and trousers in the car ready for that particularly muddy site.

Walking over the site that afternoon, James perceived that a large majority of these buildings appeared to have basements with access by the way of heavy steel doors bolted up a long while ago,



and refusing any attempt to re-open.

The ground itself was made up of a mishmash of now crumbling tarmacadam and reinforced concrete paving designed for some reason, to carry substantial loads. There were few other remaining structures, with only a very basic chainlink fence bordering the property, and sparse vegetation, save for the grass and weeds desperately forcing themselves through the ancient road and pathways in search of the life giving rays of sunshine.

The buildings themselves were more often than not built of concrete blocks with corrugated iron roof panels; although some of them had been faced with a simple white wash rendering to make them slightly more attractive to the eye.

Inside the few buildings missing a door, where access could be gained without having to climb over piles of discarded boxes of evil smelling

packets of some sort, there were some remnants of wooded furniture, such as a few tables and a chair or two, but no signs of habitation. In fact the whole site appeared to have been thoroughly cleared of any signs of life. None of the buildings had any windows intact, although this was probably mindless vandalism over the last few years. There was certainly a great deal of broken glass around.

In fact it seemed to cover the entire site.

It won't take much to clear this area, thought James, as he crossed the site to where he had parked his car. A couple of scrapers and heavy bulldozers would remove most of what was left standing. As for the basements, they would require further investigation. Removing his boots and replacing them with a pair of light brown brogues, he made his way to the front of the car and went to open his door. A small Terrier dog had wandered on to the

site, probably from the nearby farm and was sniffing around one of the buildings. James felt a slight brushing against the sleeve of his jacket, as if he had touched a wall or door, and he suddenly felt cold, with a shiver running down his spine.

"Someone walking over my grave" he said to himself out loud and spun round.

There was nothing there, only the distant solitary buildings, and a light warm breeze playing with scattered leaves and the smallest of twigs.

The dog had crouched down low with his stomach scraping along the ground as if in defence, and was softly growling with his teeth barred and lips curled back. His tail was absolutely flat against the ground. James had the strangest feeling that he was not alone. He couldn't explain it, but there was something close to him. He was certain. Without warning the dog suddenly sprang to its feet and

sprinted back to where it had come, ears flat against his head, tail between his legs, and occasionally glancing back towards the buildings. James felt that shiver again, and the atmosphere around him became suddenly icy cold. He cautiously turned back to his car and once again tried the lock. His hand was shaking and felt cold and yet sticky and it took him a while to unlock the door and sit down. The door closed to behind him on its own accord, and he managed to start the engine.

As he drove the car slowly away from the site, a feeling or maybe fear, made him glance in to his rear view mirror and although he could see nothing, he felt certain that he was being watched. He could feel eyes watching him as he left the compound, and headed for the road.

Back on the main road James was beginning to slowly recover. His hands had stopped shaking and

he felt warm and safe in the close comfort of his car. By the time that he had reached his home he had almost forgotten the whole incident and as he drove into the driveway, with his wife waving from the lounge window, the thoughts of the afternoon disappeared completely.

Today was Wednesday and regularly as clockwork every Wednesday evening whilst his wife invited a few girl friends home for a gossip and drinks, James enjoyed a game of squash with one of his younger colleagues from the firm, Josh. Josh was much younger than James, but the games always ended very close with either one or the other winning on alternate nights. This evening was no different and with the events of the previous few hours long gone from his mind, James succeeded in taking the match. Both players showered at the courts, and after exchanging ideas and designs for their latest

project over a light meal, each left to go their separate ways home.

James collected his car and switching on the headlights turned into the lane that would take him home. He felt tired, nothing really unusual here, it had been a long day, the game had been fierce, and he wasn't getting any younger. At least he would be home in under a quarter of an hour. He rubbed his eyes, which were feeling tired and sore and concentrated hard on the winding road ahead. He actually enjoyed driving at night with the dark shadows and many twinkling lights. He felt safe and comfortable in his car. Looking upwards he could make out the moon, and many stars, and towards the Southeast a dull orange glow was sure to be Mars. He greatly appreciated the wonders of the world, and although not particularly a religious man, it was a good feeling.

Ahead, about two miles, he guessed, he could make out the headlights of a car flashing on and off between the many trees and bushes that lined this road, travelling towards him. Not going particularly fast, but just in case they were to meet on a narrow section of the lane, James kept into the left-hand side. The car disappeared behind several trees and then re-appeared; bright headlights casting long beams of sharp white light into the countryside lighting up the trees and hedgerows like giant searchlights burning through the night-time darkness. As it suddenly materialized directly in front of him, James felt himself completely blinded by the piercing brightness of the lights.

“For Gods sake, dip them, dip them” he screamed as intuitively he pulled into the left side of the road.

The nearside front wing of his car caught the

trunk of a wizened old oak tree, no doubt planted by a young farm hand many years ago, and as the car spun around it forced him against the steering wheel where his seat belt tightened across his chest. The force of the spin caused the offside wheels to lift and as it shuddered to a halt against the low steel barrier, the car began to roll. The windscreen shattered into a thousand minute pieces, and the bonnet lid twisted by the collision sprung free from the safety catch bouncing up towards the broken windscreen. James released his seat belt as the car completed the first roll and he was thrown like a wet towel in a washing machine against the roof. He felt his chest explode with pain and blood began seeping from his forehead as he made contact with the cracked roof light.

The car began a second roll, this time gathering momentum as it entered a slight downhill gradient



running alongside the lane. With the wheels spinning in shrill torment, the roof collapsed trapping both of James' legs and he felt his lifeblood draining away. At the end of the second roll, the car bounced to a halt settling disturbingly on all four wheels. The engine had by now stalled, and great gasps of steam were coming from the engine compartment. The world was unnaturally still and with a quiet groan, the car stopped moving.

James' lifeless body hung limply from the rear of the car and even as the sounds of the rescue services could be heard below in the valley, his spirit entered into Peace.

George Perkiss replaced his mobile phone in its holder and pulling onto the soft grass verge to the side of the lane; stared unbelievably at the wreckage that was spread before him. He had never been this close to a vehicle accident ever before

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