



Preface

The first eBook about Brian Sylvester, serial killer, ended with him being imprisoned for life. He had always been skilled at escape and vowed that within eighteen months he would be a free man. He had a burning desire to rid the streets of what he described as 'trash'. Each story stands on its own but if you would prefer to start at the beginning of Brian's story to discover what turned him into a murderer it is available on Amazon both in U.K. and America. and is entitled, 'Auburn. You Die.'

Chapter 1

Brian Sylvester, a.k.a. Andy Sutton was on the run. Serving a life sentence for murdering at least six women he had vowed to escape and here he was a free man. It was good to breathe in the fresh air. Brian had always been good at escaping. It had been necessary for his survival when a child. Treated cruelly and half starved by his foster mother, Brian had become a master of escape at an early age.

He had made good use of his time in prison. His first job had been work in the kitchen but later he had progressed to work in the library, both had paid dividends for him. He had secreted a meat skewer from the kitchen and had borrowed C.D's from the library. The C.D's he had inserted into other cases so no one knew what he was

actually borrowing. The C.D's in the library which now contained the wrong discs, he had hidden behind some large encyclopaedias. When alone in his cell he was able to play 'How to speak French in 3 months' on the small C.D. Player he had been allowed to use as a reward for six months good behaviour. He used the earphones provided so that there was no chance of it being overheard. Brian was a quick learner with an aptitude for languages but not even he could master it entirely in three months. It had given him a good start though and if his plan worked he would soon be immersed in the madrelingua of France. Brian intended to carry on his life's work clearing Europe's streets of those bitches commonly referred to as 'ladies of the night'. He had to smile 'ladies'! They were anything but ladies in his opinion.

He had heard that prisons were 'universities of life' and he had learned some very useful things here and made some very helpful friends. He knew he was a loner but he could act the part of a friend too when it suited him. He had been very careful to cultivate these advantageous friends when out of sight of the prison warders. He was on his way to meet one of them now. Arnie Chester had been in for forgery and knew how to make a perfect passport. Brian had just recovered his hidden stash of cash, in its steel box, from Epping Forest where it had safely lain under several feet under the ground. He had been careful to hide it in a more isolated spot and had made a mental note of exactly how to locate the spot again. It was near the sixth tree in the sixth row on the left of a little used small path. It was his life savings and amounted to around ten thousand pounds. He'd have to be careful with it as it wouldn't last that long and he'd have to look for work once he was abroad. It had been hard work digging the box out for the ground had hardened since his last visit but the spade he had 'borrowed' from a nearby garden had made things easier. On his way to the station he dumped the spade in one of the small front gardens.

The first thing he bought at a charity shop near the station was a new cheap sweatshirt, a jacket and a pair of trousers. He changed into the new clothes in the station toilet, depositing in the bin the ones he had stolen from a clothes line at the back of one of the more secluded houses near the prison.

Having then caught the train to Paddington, he arrived in London at 3.15 p.m. and made his way to Arnie's home in Whitechapel where, thirty minutes later, he rang the bell of the small red brick terraced house.

"Blimey, you made it then 'Bri'. Come in quickly. You know there's an alert out for you. You can't stay here but I have a mate who'll be able to have you for as long as it takes. You'll be safe at his place until we get things sorted out for you. Sit down and rest your bones. Let's have a brew and you can fill me in on what's been happening and how I can help."

As they enjoyed their tea, Brian told how he'd found it relatively easy to escape at night when he found two of the warders asleep. It had been reminiscent of his childhood days dealing with multiple locks. "I'd acted the model prisoner since I was 'nicked' so they wouldn't suspect I'd ever try to escape. Now I want to get to France so I'll need a passport and some kind of disguise," he explained.

"Well to start with you need to dye your hair or to shave it off completely and go for the 'Yul Brynner' look. I suggest the 'Yul Brynner' it'll be far less trouble to keep it shaved than to try and dye it. That could be difficult to manage when you are in France. That's quite a mop of black curly hair and with that gone even your best friend would pass you by in the street. If you don't like the idea of that you could have it cut really short in the 'Buzz' style but we'd have to dye it blonde and you'd have to re-dye it every couple of months. You should grow a moustache as that always helps to

change the appearance. It's a good idea to wear a baseball cap and to avoid all CCTV cameras. If one or two are unavoidable then keep your head down."

"That sounds good advice to me Arnie, I'll take the 'Buzz' look, it looks American and the girls seem to like it and they have those hypermarkets over there where I can buy more dye when I need it. I'll buy a cap as soon as possible too. You've come up with some great ideas Arn."

"Good choice mate, they say the girls think it sexy so you'll do O.K. with those French Mademoiselles," he laughed. The sooner we get that mop off the better then I'll take you over to Keith, this friend of mine, and get you photographed and settled in for a few weeks. I keep all my paraphernalia in his loft. The 'cops' don't know about our friendship and only think of searching my place and my garage when they have their occasional swoop to see if I'm still at my passport work. You always have to keep one step ahead of them Bri."

"I'm really grateful to you Arnie, you're a good mate. How much is it all going to cost though?"

"I always do it cost price for friends but I shall have to call in a few favours to get some of the documents you'll need so let's say a 'grand' will cover it And you'll need to bung Keith a couple of hundred."

"A thousand pounds? I was expecting it to be much more. Thanks again. At least that'll leave me with a bit to start my new life abroad."

"Glad to help. Come on let's get going the sooner we are away from here the better. I'm sure the 'Fuzz' will soon be keeping a watch on everyone who has been recently discharged from our previous lodging place," he warned.

Chapter 2

Reaching the front door Arnie went ahead to see if the street was clear of unknown cars and when he saw nothing suspicious he beckoned to Brian to get into the car. Brian looked up and down the street quickly and seeing no one hurried out to the car, closing the door behind him. Breathing a sigh of relief, Arnie started the car and rounded the corner on to the main road.

They made their way to Islington where Keith had a council house which his parents had bought and left to him when they died a few years before.

As they approached the area Arnie said, "We'll leave the car in the next street Bri so that anyone noticing the car will think we are visiting someone here. It's important for future business that no one knows we are friends of Keith."

"That's what I like about you Arnie, You plan things carefully," replied Brian, "I'm learning from you all the time!"

Arnie laughed, "It's years of experience mate. I want to run my business well into the future and I've no intention of getting incarcerated in the damned 'nick' again. Safety first is my motto."

They walked to the next street, cutting through an alley between the houses.

Arnie knocked on the door of number fourteen and it was opened by Keith, a tall, thin, middle aged man with a lopsided smile and after introductions he said, "Come on in to the living room boys, the kettle's on and everything's set up to start work on you Brian."

After a cup of tea and a chat about things in general, Keith showed Brian the bedroom which would be his for the next couple of weeks. It was a comfortable room with a single bed, wardrobe, small wash basin and a bedside cabinet on which stood a

small alarm clock and a bedside lamp. Brian thanked Keith for allowing him to stay and said he'd settle up with him later.

"No hurry mate, now let's get you into the bathroom first of all and see to that hair of yours."

Less than hour later, Brian emerged, his hair shorn like a sheep that had just lost its summer coat. It had been dyed a blonde colour and Arnie said, "Wow, good job Keith, well done! Even his cell mate wouldn't know him! Right, let's go up and take a couple of photos."

Keith pulled down a ladder and they went up to the loft which to Brian's amazement was a large area, brightly lit and appeared more like a photographer's studio than an attic. He was told to sit in a chair facing the camera and Arnie took his time to set the camera and position it correctly and then told Brian he was ready. He suggested that when he said "Now", Brian should blink twice and then look straight ahead without smiling."

Brian did as instructed and Arnie took the photographs, saying they he would develop and print them straight away and they may as well go on down. Brian and Keith made their way down to the living room and Keith said, "Tell you what Brian, why don't you go up and unpack, then come down and watch some T.V. while I get our evening meal on the go. I thought sausage, egg and chips, will that do you mate?"

"Just the job Keith! Can I help?"

"No thanks all the same, Let's break you in gradually," he laughed.

Brian went up to the bedroom and unpacked his few belongings. Looking at himself in the mirror he couldn't help laughing. Even that bitch of a foster mother would never recognise him if he had allowed her to live. Well pleased with how things were taking shape, he went back down and turned on the T.V. just in time to see his photograph and description appear on the screen. The newsreader was warning people not to approach 'this man' as he was dangerous. "Too right, I'll kill anyone who tries to tackle me. I haven't gone to all this trouble for some 'arsehole' to dob me in." Brian said to himself.

Arnie came down after a while and said the photos were fine and they were hanging up to dry. "I'll begin work on the passport tomorrow Bri but we have already made a good start. You look so different! "

"Yes thanks to you and Keith."

Keith then came in pushing a trolley with three plates of hot steaming chips, eggs and sausages and they were soon wolfing it down hungrily accompanied by several cans of beer.

After Arnie had gone, Brian insisted on settling up with Keith and said that if for some reason he had to stay longer he'd be happy to pay a bit more. After relaxing a little longer he made his way up to bed and soon had one of the best night's sleep he'd ever had in what seemed a luxuriously comfortable bed after the one he had been used to in Her Majesty's Prison.

Chapter 3

Chief Inspector Rossiter of the Met's Specialist Crime and Operations Directorate (S.C. & O) called D.I. James Denny into his office to discuss the latest developments in the Sylvester case.

"What's the latest on Sylvester Jimmy?"

"I'm afraid he's gone to ground Sir, the only sighting of him was on the CCTV cameras both inside and outside of the prison."

"Heads are going to roll on this one Jim, I believe two of the warders have been suspended already and an internal enquiry has begun. It's not looking good for their future careers. This man has to be caught and caught soon! I have no need to remind you of how dangerous he is. At least six women died at his hands and several others who still have to be identified. I've had the Super on the blower already this morning wanting to know what we are doing."

"We alerted all airports and ports within an hour of his escape Sir. Our man will not get out of the country via any of the normal channels. We caught him once and we'll do it again."

"We'd better do it before he kills again otherwise there will be an uproar. Can you imagine what the Press will make of it? "

"Only too well Sir. None of them will have a good word to say for the police and yet we are not responsible for his escape. I assure you that every member of the team will do their best. It's almost a personal thing with each of them. They tracked him down the first time and are eager to do so again."

"How is Bill Smith shaping up now he has been promoted to Detective Sergeant?"

"Very well indeed. That was a good suggestion of yours to encourage him Sir. He's a bit of a wizard with the computers, as you know, so he'll be watching for any communication between newly released prisoners and Sylvester."

"At least this time we know exactly who we are looking for and what he looks like. With luck it won't be long before he is apprehended."

"Good, keep me posted about any developments however small."

"Will do Sir," replied Jim as he was leaving to go back to the Incident room.

Calling the team around him he allocated the day's tasks.

" Bill carry on searching the Web. If he isn't picked up today then he must be getting help from someone.

Sarah you stay here and look through the records leading up to his capture last time. Let's revisit those people who were his closest friends or associates in case he has contacted any of them.

Bob and Carol go over and talk to anyone living near the prison in case someone was having a restless night and saw or heard anything.

Alan you come with me. We'll get over to the prison and make a few enquiries about who he made friends with especially during the last few months."

The team sprang into action, determined to find Brian Sylvester before he started killing again.

Chapter 4

Brian had been with Keith for two weeks when to his delight Arnie arrived that evening and announced that the passport was ready and all arrangements made for Brian's journey to France. Included in the documents was a European driving licence which was going to cost another hundred pounds. Keith had arranged with a friend of his who owned a small motorboat to take Brian over to a beach just north of Calais, He would need to be ready by six o'clock the following Wednesday. Arnie would drive him to a spot a little way north of Dover where his friend would be waiting to take him over to France during the night.

He had been booked into a small hotel, well known to French associates. It was the kind of place where the owners didn't ask too many questions. He would then be on his own and was advised to make his way to the south where he was likely to pick up bar work fairly easily. If he was lucky he may get some casual work driving.

The passport had been made out in the name of Michael Smith, a person born the day after Brian. Unfortunately for Michael he had not survived to adulthood having succumbed to a virulent strain of influenza as a small child. If anyone ever checked the birth records they would find that the name and date of birth tallied.

Arnie said he needed to get home early as he was expecting another 'client' who was in need of documents but he'd be back in plenty of time on Wednesday to drive Brian to the coast.

After Brian had settled up for the driving licence the men shook hands and Keith saw Arnie to the front door. Going back into the kitchen he took some supper in on a tray and he and Brian settled down to enjoy one of their last evenings together.

On the following Wednesday Keith was ready long before Arnie arrived as he was keen to get going. He had work to do in France and the sooner he could get there the better. Whilst he remained in Britain there was a strong likelihood of getting recaptured by the boys in blue

Arnie arrived in good time and Brian shook hands and gave Keith a hug saying he would really miss their evening chats and the companionship of his new friend. Keith said, "Its been a pleasure Bri and I shall miss you too. If you get a chance to send a card later on, let us know that you are O.K. No one is going to connect Michael Smith to you so it should be safe enough and I'll let Arnie know"

"Will do mate and again thanks a million," and with that he and Arnie went out to the car and started on their journey to the Dover area.

Arriving with an hour to spare they shared the flask of tea which Arnie had prepared and tucked in to a couple of ham sandwiches.

"I'm going to miss you Arnie and your cooking. I'll certainly miss the good old British sliced loaf. I guess I'll have to get use to those dry old baguettes now. "

"Well at least you'll be safe Bri. I shouldn't think the 'plods' will think of searching France for you! You can always have a chunk of French cheese with that bread and a glass or two of wine! Lucky you! If you do move on try and get a card to Keith as we both want to know you are O.K."

"That's a certainty mate. You have both been so good. I can't thank you enough."

"Only too happy to help a fellow former inmate," chuckled Arnie.

They saw headlights approaching at a quarter to midnight and Ken Stevens pulled up next to them.

Introductions were made quickly and Arnie and Brian shook hands and went their separate ways.

The journey to France was straightforward as Ken knew the coastline well having lived in the Calais region for several years. When they arrived he described the route to the hotel which was nearby and the two men continued their respective journeys.

Chapter 5

Brian set off uphill in the direction indicated by Ken Stevens. The road was not well lit but he had brought a small torch which wasn't proving much help. At the top of the hill he saw a stationary car which flashed its headlights as he approached and as he drew nearer a man opened the window and said, "Psst! Monsieur, you Mr. Smith?" "Yes, Oui Monsieur," Brian replied.

"Please, come, I take you to hotel."

Brian was relieved and grateful as he was exhausted and longing to get to bed, "Not far Monsieur," the driver informed him.

Brian (now referred to as Michael or Mick) replied, "C'est bon, merci monsieur. Please call me Michael, je m'appelle Michael ou Mick."

"Right Monsieur Mick, je m'appelle Marcel."

They continued trying out their language skills for the rest of the journey which took just over half an hour. Eventually Marcel stopped the car outside of a small hotel. The illuminated sign at the front informed people that it was called 'L'Hotel Flèche D'Or' or 'The Golden Arrow'.

Marcel accompanied his passenger into the small foyer and informed the night concierge that this was Monsieur Michael Smith.

"Welcome Monsieur Smith. Here is your key. Your room is on the next floor, Will you bring your passport to the desk in the morning please? There is a tray for you to make tea or coffee in your room. Breakfast will be between 7.30 and 9.30 a.m."

Michael thanked them both and made his way up to his room which was not very large but was spotlessly clean and comfortable. He made a cup of tea and then after a quick wash, climbed into bed and slept soundly until 8.30 in the morning.

When he awoke he had a quick shower and then made his way down to the dining room where three other people were seated enjoying a continental breakfast.

They looked up and mumbled, "Bonjour." Michel replied, " Bonjour à tous."

He chose coffee, croissant and a packet of cornflakes with a small jug of milk from items displayed on a table at one end of the dining room and decided to sit at a small table close to the window."

Looking out at the bright, sunny day he saw Marcel arriving with two other guests who shortly afterwards hurried into the dining room for breakfast. He scanned through one of the newspapers provided hoping to find an advertisement for 'drivers wanted', but he failed to find any. He decided to look again the following day and if he was unlucky again he'd hitchhike as far south as he could. He felt he needed to get established in a new job before he could begin to rid the streets of those disgusting women. In his opinion there were just too many sullyng the streets of Europe. He had done his best in Britain until he had been arrested. This time he would be more careful.

Leaving the dining room he went back to his room, cleaned his teeth and put on his sweater and went out to look around the area. There proved to be little of interest other than a couple of shops in the nearby village. Michael looked into the windows

wondering if they had any notices advertising work but again he was unlucky. He knew he would have to get work soon if he was to survive here. His savings were not going to last more than another three weeks.

When he returned to the hotel, he saw a Marcel washing the car in the drive and stopped to have a chat with him. Marcel explained that he was driving the two new guests to Paris the following day as they were meeting friends there. Apparently they were hoping to buy a property there.

"Is there a chance that you could take me too Marcel? I'd be very happy to pay."

"Yes, you can sit in the front with me Monsieur Michael and we shall carry on helping each other with our language skills."

"That's great, mon ami, merci bien," replied Michael.

Leaving Marcel to finish the task in hand, Michael went to the desk and explained he would be leaving in the morning with Marcel and settled up with the owner so that he could leave straight away in the morning. He also handed in his passport and asked if he could collect it before supper that evening and was told that it would be ready for him to collect in a couple of hours.

He went up to relax and read for a little before ordering some soup and a couple of filled rolls for lunch. The rest of the day passed uneventfully and after the evening meal Michael decided an early night was needed if he was to be ready to leave for Paris in the morning.

Chapter 6

D.I. James Denny and D.S. Alan Blake had visited the prison where Brian Sylvester had been a recent resident and questioned staff and several of the prisoners who had worked with him. They all said much the same thing that he wasn't a great socialiser. He was amiable enough with the prisoners he worked with and had been quite keen on playing cards and chess but it appeared that there was no special friend.

Disappointed that there was no breakthrough the two detectives returned to New Scotland Yard where the following morning James Denny called the team together and asked for a report from each of the team members.

Bob and Carole had visited people living in the streets around the prison but no one had seen anything unusual. Most reported that they had slept well that night.

Bill Smith had not found anything on the Internet that was linked to Sylvester other than the accounts of his original murders. He had also contacted the port authorities and the airports throughout the U.K. but Sylvester, it appeared, had not left from any of those. Customs Officers were expert these days at spotting fake passports and changed appearances but everyone was convinced he had not travelled out of the country that way.

Sarah had checked through the earlier case records searching for people who could have helped him this time but she had been unable to find any obvious link. It seemed that he had behaved himself and was a model prisoner who got on well with those around him and caused no problems. It had surprised prisoners and staff alike when he escaped. It was the first time it had ever happened from this particular prison.

The D.I. said, "There are two possibilities as far as I see it. The first is that he is somewhere lying low or secondly that he did have help in leaving the country under an assumed name. We have to remember that he picked the name Andy Sutton once and was accepted as such until Bill here discovered that the real Andy Sutton had died at a young age. It is highly likely that he will do this kind of thing again. He is quite

intelligent and even a moron is going to know it would soon lead to being recaptured if they continued to try and live openly under their own name.

I have been on to Interpol and reported his escape so police abroad will be on the lookout for him now. With luck it won't be too long before he is caught. I also got the O.K. from the Super and have asked the I.T. experts to come up with some photographs of what he could look like if he made simple changes to his appearance. Let's keep it at it people, we need to find him before he feels safe enough to kill again."

Chapter 7

The journey to Paris took just over four hours during which time the two occupants of the rear seats persuaded Michael to book in at the same hotel as them. They had stayed there once before and found it small but comfortable with very reasonable rates for Paris. Although Michael wanted to be on his own to plan his next move carefully, he thought it wise to agree, to avoid any kind of further discussion about why he was in France and what he intended to do. The hotel would suffice for a few days while he looked for some kind of work.

He was anxious to get settled in somewhere so that he could do a rekkie of the area and decide when and where to start ridding the world of a few more of those bitches who littered the streets.

During the last eighteen months he had had plenty of time to think about things and one change he needed to make was to vary his modus operandi (M.O.). The police must not be able to connect his European killings to those in the U.K. He knew that in France the police carried guns and he didn't want them to discover his whereabouts and swoop in to surround him as he was afraid they might become trigger happy. This time he had to avoid capture. Only he, it seemed, was willing to ignore man made social mores and actually do something about these women who had no shame. He would not stick to his previous M.O. of only killing those women with auburn hair. This time if they worked on the streets, they would all fall within his net.

He felt his heartbeat increase as he thought about it. He knew he would have to make a kill soon or he would either go mad or become reckless and lash out at anyone.

After breakfast and a quick chat to the others in the dining room, he left the hotel and walked briskly to the city centre. He needed to accomplish two things today. The first to find work and the second to discover the red light area.

He walked around the many streets leading off the large avenues and came across many bars and cafés but all those he tried didn't require any more staff for the time being. Feeling disheartened he walked down to the Left Bank and tried a few of the hotels in Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. At the third attempt he discovered one hotel which had two vacancies for kitchen staff. He went in and said he would like to apply for one of the posts. He was asked if he had had experience. He'd had plenty of experience during his first few months in prison when he worked in the kitchen but he could hardly tell them that. Fortunately one of the documents provided by Arnie was a forged reference reporting how capable Michael Smith was working in the kitchens of a London hotel. A telephone number was given. This, of course, would connect to Arnie's telephone.

On reading the reference Michael was offered a job if he could start later that day. He agreed at once and was told to bring in his passport when he reported at five o'clock for the evening shift which would end at midnight.

Thrilled to have found work so quickly he went into a small bistro for a coffee and a couple of filled bread rolls and decided he would spend another hour looking for lodgings somewhere.

Leaving the bistro thirty minutes later Michael discovered several smaller apartments in the area were available to lease for between three months to a year. The rent was more than he wanted to pay but manageable for three months during which time he hoped to find a job as a driver preferably in another town a little further south. He decided to wait until his first pay day and then pay in advance for the first month's rent on the apartment with the shortest lease.

Returning to the hotel he had a couple of hours rest before returning for his first shift at the hotel.

That evening he arrived for his first shift a little before time and was taken downstairs to the kitchen where he was given an apron and put to work cleaning salad items for the first course. When he had finished he was given the task of filling small meringue cases with a layer of cream topped with six strawberries. He then prepared a tray with small porcelain containers just large enough to take one serving of cream which would be taken out of the refrigerator just before the tray was taken up to the dining room.

The head chef would prepare and oversee the preparation of the main course which this evening would be a choice of 'Salmon en croûte' or 'Poulet rôti'.

There was a reasonably friendly atmosphere in the kitchen and Michael felt quite happy to land a job for which he felt sufficiently qualified to avoid suspicion. The evening passed quickly enough and his last task for the evening, was to wash the coffee cups which were considered too delicate to put into either of the two large dishwashers used for the rest of the crockery.

At a little after midnight he was returning to the hotel when he found himself in a street where several obvious prostitutes were walking slowly up and down their 'patch'. Michel knew he would not be able to restrain himself if he continued along the same street so he quickly retraced his steps and reached his hotel by a different route. This was far too close to his accommodation and his work place to make his first French kill. He must wait until he moved a little further away but at least he had discovered one of the areas of interest to him. He would return here when he was settled somewhere outside of Paris.

Chapter 8

During the following three weeks Michael continued his daily routine of looking for a driving job and working the evening shift in the kitchen. He was looking forward to moving into his rented apartment the following week. He had already established that the soundproofing was good which was important as he needed peace at night and during the mornings. In the afternoons he would continue his search for a better job and one suited to his future plans.

The two holiday makers he had travelled with to Paris had moved on to the south for a further two weeks and he was glad to see the back of them. They had been pleasant and helpful but he didn't want to mix with British holidaymakers. They could be too inquisitive and over friendly if they met any of their countrymen abroad. It was essential to his mission to remain anonymous. The last thing he wanted was to have the third degree from a couple of strangers.

At last removal day dawned and he packed his few belongings, paid his bill, thanked the owners for their hospitality and left the hotel for the last time. He had a

spring in his step as he made his way to the rental office to pick up his key and to pay the fees for the following three months. Then he was on his way and half an hour later opened the door of his apartment.

It was adequately furnished and he particularly liked the kitchen area which was painted in a light oatmeal colour and contained a small table with two chairs as well as a cooker, hot plate, microwave, coffee percolator, refrigerator and toaster. He was pleased to see the coffee percolator as he enjoyed the occasional cup of coffee. He would need to buy some tea bags though as he much preferred a cup of tea to accompany most meals. He would definitely need one when he arrived home after work. It helped him to relax and unwind before going to bed.

Michael was a happy man that night. As he lay in bed he felt God or Fate was on his side. He had done the impossible! He had escaped and started a new life in another country. Now he would soon be able to continue what he was put on this earth to accomplish.

The following afternoon he walked around the area in the hope of finding work as a driver but again there appeared to be nothing available. As he re-entered the block of apartments an hour later, a man who appeared to be in his thirties approached him and with a smile he said, "Monsieur, excusez-moi, you are English, yes?"

Michael responded, "Yes Monsieur."

"You have just arrived, you must be busy but would you consider visiting us upstairs once a week to help my two young daughters speak English. I am happy to pay eleven euros each time you come which today is worth ten of your British pounds. Would you be interested?"

Michael thought quickly and decided there would be no harm in getting on the right side of his neighbours, you never knew when they could prove useful and a bit of extra cash would be useful.

"You speak such good English Monsieur, why would you want me to help?"

"I am sure my wife and I have a strong French accent and we would like the girls to hear the language and proper accent from an English person. The correct inflection and stress of words is often not picked up at school. With everything else we have to do to encourage them in all subjects, it is difficult to devote as much time as we would like helping them with the language."

"In that case I would be happy to help. What time would you want me to come, you see I work the evening shift at L'Hotel DuPont?"

"The girls get home by 4.0 p.m. so would from five until six be convenient?"

Michael said that would be fine and arranged to start the following Monday. They chatted for a while and Michael asked his neighbour, who he discovered was called Marcel, to keep a lookout for any driving job as that had been his job at home and he would like to have a similar job now he was living in France.

Marco said that he would and he'd pass the word around at his own place of employment which was in the finance department of the nearby university.

The two men shook hands and Michael went back to his apartment to rest before leaving again for work.

The following Monday, Michael went up to his neighbour's apartment and was greeted by Madame Fournier who shook hands and invited him in. She took him to the lounge area where her two daughters were waiting. She introduced the girls as Marie and Lisette and Michael said, "Good evening, I am so pleased to meet you. May I sit down please?"

The girls giggled a little and said, "Yes, please sit there," pointing to an armchair opposite them.

Their mother said, "I will go and make you a drink. I think you English prefer tea. Is that so Monsieur?"

Michael replied that she was absolutely right and very kind to think of it. Madame Fournier went into the kitchen and Michael started to chat to the girls and ask if they had English books for reading practice and they showed him some of their school books and read a little from those.

Ten minutes later the girls' mother arrived with a tray on which were three cups of tea and a plate of biscuits. "You girls must behave like little English princesses," she said. "Now you must have 'le five o'clock' or in English 'afternoon tea' like they do in England."

Just before Michael left, Marcel arrived home from work and asked how things had gone. "It's great Papa," shouted his daughters in unison.

Michael smiled and said, "They did well Monsieur you should be very proud of them. How come you and your wife speak English so well?"

"We both studied English at school and like to spend at least three weeks in England during the summer break. Oh before I forget, I asked my colleagues about driving jobs and they have promised to let me know if they discover any."

The two men shook hands and Michael made his way back to his own apartment.

Chapter 9

During the following three weeks Michael's routine was the same most days. He liked the Fourniers and enjoyed the company of the two youngsters who were quick learners. He especially liked helping with the small things which help speech flow more fluently. He explained to the two young sisters that when someone asks your name, it isn't necessary to say, "My name is Lisette." He told them to just reply with their name. It was the same when asked their age. Now when he asked "How old are you Lisette?" she would answer

"I'm eight and not her usual reply of 'my age is eight'."

The evening work at the hotel was boring but it paid and that was the important thing until something more suitable turned up.

Getting up on Monday he had no idea that his luck was about to change. He had just about finished his hour helping Marie and Lisette when their father arrived home from work. After greeting everyone he said that one of his colleagues had a brother who worked in the office of a firm which delivered medical supplies to a large number of the hospitals and private practices in France. At the moment they were looking for more drivers as the business was increasing. He had written down details and had given Marcel an application form to pass on to Michael.

Overjoyed at the thought of getting one of the posts Michael jumped up and shook Marcel's hand and thanked him for taking the trouble to do this for him.

"Well friends must help each other and I hope it works out for you. Would you like me to help you fill in the form just in case you are unable to translate something?"

"Oh please Marcel. That would be best as I shall need to make a good impression."

"If they need a reference could you get one from your employer in England?"

"I brought one with me," replied Michael thinking of the forged one which Arnie had provided."

"Excellent, if you let me have it I will photocopy it for you in work tomorrow and enclose it with the application form. My colleague's brother can drop it into the office where he works the following day."

Thanking Marcel again Michael said he would leave them in peace to enjoy their meal and went downstairs to rest a little before going into work.

Two weeks passed and then a letter arrived on Tuesday morning asking Michael to go for an interview on Thursday afternoon. He was overjoyed and that evening, as soon as he heard Marcel come in, he went out to let him know the good news.

They both felt very pleased that things seemed to be working out and Marcel said that if he was taken on as a driver they would have to celebrate. He would have to come up for a meal. Michael smiled and said, "Thank you so much again for all your help. Let's cross our fingers that I shall be lucky and yes we must celebrate if I'm offered a post.

Michael made sure that he arrived early for the interview which he felt would show he was really keen to get the job and would prove a reliable worker. A couple of others arrived just as Michael was called in to the office. He was relieved as he didn't think his French was up to chatting for long with other lorry drivers but he knew he was improving daily so it wouldn't be long before he was able to hold his own with his hoped for colleagues.

The interview seemed to go well. There were two men interviewing and the spokesman said that he noted Michael was English and asked how he came to be in France. He had his story prepared and explained that he had always loved France and been keen to improve his French but that he had had to look after elderly parents who had sadly died two years ago within six months of each other. He had decided that if he was ever to move then now was the time.

He thought that seemed to go down well. Then he was questioned about his knowledge of French roads and if he was aware that he would be asked to deliver goods anywhere en route from Paris to the south of the country.

He replied that he had been told what would be required of him and had been used to driving long distances in Britain.

When the interview ended he was asked to wait while the others were interviewed as a decision would be made that afternoon. Michael went outside and the second man was called into the office. The other man looked up and smiled at Michael,

"Tout va bien?" which Michael thought must mean 'did all go well'?

He returned the smile and replied "Oui je pense," which he hoped indicated that he hoped so.

The inevitable happened as he was asked, "You are English?"

He replied that he was and was asked why he was in France. He gave his cover story once again and was relieved when the other candidate was called in for his interview.

He was also relieved when the person who had just sat down smiled at him and took out a newspaper and started to read. Obviously not the communicative sort Michael thought.

After a short while the senior interviewer came out and said that the three of them had been successful and his deputy would show them around and take them to the yard to see the type of vehicle they would drive.

The three men were delighted and happily followed the deputy taking in eagerly all they were told. They were impressed with the vehicles which were new looking lorries. Inside behind the storage space was a cabin with small bed where the driver could rest or spend the night on long distance deliveries. The three were told that they would be required to start at the beginning of the following month and for the for two weeks would accompany another driver to familiarise themselves with the various

routes. Then they shook hands and went their separate ways, saying they would see each other in a few weeks.

Chapter 10

When he reached his apartment, Michael went in and flopped down into one of the comfortable armchairs in the lounge area. He felt too exhausted to make a cup of tea and wanted to think about his new job. He would go in to work later and explain that he would be leaving in two weeks time.

He planned to have a week off before starting with the new firm. He needed to buy a few things and wanted to get them at the hypermarket just outside of the city. He'd get a bus there and back. He needed to buy a bottle of hair colouring to keep his hair the blonde colour Keith had chosen for him. He had also toyed with the idea of buying a mobile 'phone but decided against it as he knew the police could obtain records of calls made and he had no intention of enabling them to track him that way. It wouldn't be long now before he would be able to start the real task he was here to accomplish and it was taking all his self control to wait. It had almost driven him insane when he was in prison as it had prevented him from killing. One of the doctors he had been forced to see had had the cheek to say he was a psychopath but the fool had been overruled by two others who thought he knew exactly what he was doing. They were right! Of course they were! Unfortunately no one seemed to realise what valuable work he was doing and doubtless the Metropolitan Police at New Scotland Yard were after him again.

He was disturbed from his reverie by a knock at the door and on opening it he saw Marcel who wanted to know what had happened at the interview.

On hearing the good news he said that he was very happy that things had worked out so well and he invited Michael up to a meal at 5.0 p.m. the following day.

Michael thought he had been wise in feigning friendship with the Fourniers. They had proved very useful already so he would be in no hurry to move and anyway it was convenient for the new job. As long as he was careful he should be safe enough for a while.

That evening he explained to the chef that he would be leaving just before the end of the month as he now had a job as a driver. He was told that the staff would be sorry to see him go but understood that in this day and age a pay rise was too good to ignore. They would cope until they could find a replacement.

Michael enjoyed his meal with the Fourniers the following evening and to his surprise he'd had quite an enjoyable time. He wasn't one to mix with people willingly but this family behaved as families should. They cared for each other and were kind to their neighbours. He would never hurt anyone who he considered to be kind. The two girls were having such a wonderful start in life unlike the horrendous time he had endured. He'd made his foster parents pay though and the best part for him was they had known he was responsible for the fire which eventually killed them. Now there were others to take care of. Those women with the same attitude to life as that auburn haired bitch had had - take everything and give nothing worthwhile.

The following two weeks passed quickly enough and at last his free week arrived. Friday had been his last day working at the hotel and he had just over a week before he started the new job.

He found the hypermarket and bought the things he needed and when he returned to the apartment he washed his hair and used the blonde hair colour shampoo he had

acquired. He was pleased with the result as it looked quite natural and it did make him look totally different from Brian Sylvester. Now he was well and truly Michael Smith.

The following Monday he reported for work and arrived at the same time as the other two new drivers. They greeted each other but were quickly introduced to the three regular drivers whom they would accompany for two weeks to learn exactly what was required of them.

Michael was introduced to Marc Baudain and the two men shook hands. Marc said that he spoke a little English and took his family to England most years for two weeks in the summer. He had a boy of ten and a girl of fourteen. Both were studying English at school. He seemed friendly enough and said they had better get moving as they were a little later starting and had quite a number of deliveries to make but first of all they needed to pack the lorry.

They went into the warehouse where they were shown a large number of plastic crates with lids, each contains supplies of drugs for various hospitals and clinics. Each was clearly labelled and Michael was shown a list of the places they would be visiting and was told that the furthest deliveries must be loaded first and then in subsequent order with their first delivery nearest to the door.

Michael found it quite hard work but pitched in cheerfully. and soon they were on their way to the university hospital in the centre of the city.

Chapter 11

During the next two weeks Marc and Michael made deliveries to various areas one of which was long distance and necessitated an overnight stop. They had eaten at a small restaurant which catered mainly for drivers. Marc pointed out four who were regulars and later he introduced Michael to them. They were a friendly bunch and accepted Michael straight away as one of them. Michael felt that there was a definite camaraderie between long distance drivers and he was happy to be one of them at least for the time being.

They had all paid a small fee to park their vehicles overnight in the large parking area behind the restaurant. This entitled them to use the toilet and washing facilities which faced on to the car park and was open all night. Michael found the small bunk bed in the lorry surprisingly comfortable and had a reasonable night's sleep.

The following morning they made their way back to Paris arriving just in time to return the lorry to the warehouse and clock off.

At the end of the two weeks the new drivers had instruction on driving the vehicle which they would be using in future to make sure they would encounter no problems when they were driving on their own. They were all experienced drivers and found they were happy driving these new vehicles which were comfortable and, for them, easy to drive.

At last on the following Monday they went solo. Each of them was secretly relieved to start the job they had been employed to do. As they loaded up their lorries they chatted amicably and wished each other good luck, "Bonne chance! À bientôt!"

Michael's route had been explained to him when he arrived and his first trip was to a hospital in Orléans which was approximately 89 miles further south and then he had three deliveries to make in Dijon which was 200 miles from Paris. The Orléans deliveries would mean a slight detour but he should manage the trip in a day. He'd probably arrive back late but at least he'd earn some overtime.

The route was similar to the one he had made with Marc and he found it interesting as it was so different to driving in England. He preferred it here in France where the roads seemed longer, straighter and not as horrendously busy as the roads in the United Kingdom with their frequent traffic jams.

The visit to Orléans was straightforward and he made his deliveries on time and set off again for Dijon. After another hour driving, he pulled off to a parking area and enjoyed the light lunch of baguette, cheese and tomatoes which he had prepared the previous evening. He bought a coffee at the kiosk and after freshening up in the nearby facilities, he set off for Dijon.

The journey was uneventful and he pulled into the first delivery area at four o'clock,

reported to the office and was shown where to unload the boxes. All went smoothly and after the paperwork was signed he drove through the very pleasant old town to make the second delivery. All went as planned and he was optimistic that he would get back to Paris earlier than he had expected.

The third delivery was a little further to the east of the city and after he had made his delivery, the depot manager who was signing the receipt for the drugs said, "You are English Monsieur, Yes?"

"Yes that is right, Monsieur," replied Michael.

"My wife and I like England and we visited Bournemouth two years ago for our holiday. Which part of England do you come from?"

"I have lived in several places, but now live in Paris. You are fortunate to live here, Dijon seems a lovely city."

"It is old and interesting and my wife and I are happy here but you need to be careful around this area at night. The place is full of those ladies who walk the streets looking for men," he laughed.

Michael grimaced and thanked him for the warning then giving a slight wave he made his way back to the lorry and started his journey home.

That evening after he had returned the lorry to the depot. he enjoyed one of ready meals he had purchased at the hypermarket recently and sat happily planning his next overnight journey to the south. This time on his return journey he would stay overnight somewhere on the outskirts of Dijon and at long last carry out his first French 'cleansing'. He was so excited at the prospect that it was a long, restless night and he was glad when it was time to get up and start his second day delivering around the Paris area.

Chapter 12

It was not until two weeks later that Michael was asked to do a long distance delivery again. This time it was to Lyon in the south and he would make the delivery and stop at Dijon for the night on his way back. This time he would park at the back of the restaurant and sleep in the lorry. It was cheaper and safer than booking into a hotel considering what he had in mind. The last thing he wanted was some nosy old biddy noticing what time he went out and exactly when he returned. He was up bright and early that morning and the other drivers remarked on how cheerful he was.

"It's a fine day and I have some good music to listen to," he said, thinking they would never guess in a million years the real reason for his cheerfulness.

"At last, thank God, the day has come! " he whispered under his breath.

The road was now familiar to him and held no worries as long as he kept to the speed limit and didn't draw attention to himself in any way. He knew that caution would ensure his success. This time he would leave nothing behind which would lead to his recapture. He was not known to the French police so with care all should be well.

After each delivery he made, his excitement increased and by the time he reached Dijon in the evening he felt he would explode or have a stroke if he didn't release his emotions soon. He parked the lorry and then went over to the restaurant and ordered an omelette and a coffee. On any other occasion he would have enjoyed it but this evening he could hardly swallow. It was a struggle but again he didn't want to give anyone reason for particularly noticing him, so he managed to finish everything and pay the bill. He had to be a supreme actor to interact with the other drivers but somehow he managed it but was glad when after a suitable time he could leave without arousing suspicion.

"I'm off to get an early night, I've a long journey tomorrow," he explained as he made for the door.

"Me too," one of them called out - "See you soon! À bientôt."

He hurried out and made his way towards the east of the centre where he had been told 'the ladies' paraded themselves at night.

It was a fair walk but it helped to settle his stomach and when he reached his target area he immediately spotted several prostitutes plying their wares. He walked past them until he came to the last one who was dressed in a short low cut dress and very high heeled shoes. She called out and asked Michael if he was looking for someone.

Michael thought that this one was just the type he was looking for. She was a disgusting bitch who imagined she had some kind of power over men. She needed to be taught a lesson so he approached her with the sweetest smile he could muster and said softly, "Combien pour la nuit?"

"La nuit? Monsieur. Trois cents euros ou cinquante per une heure"

Michael thought fifty euros for an hour was probably the going rate but it didn't worry him as he would soon get his money back. He decided to pay the three hundred for the whole night and that way her 'colleagues' would not realise she was missing until the following evening.

He handed over the money and the girl made a sign of three fingers up to the nearest young woman, indicating it was an all nighter, then she took his arm and asked him where he wanted to go for the night. Michael said that he had booked a room just a short distance away. To get to it they would have to walk through the local park. It was quiet there late in the evening and they saw no one as they made their way along the main path.

Michael felt an overwhelming rage against this woman and suddenly turned hitting her hard on the jaw. The girl fell like an axed tree and felt herself being dragged into the bushes. Michael took out the rubber gloves from his jacket pocket and pulled them on, then grabbed the girl by the neck and squeezed long and hard until her frantic kicking and struggling stopped. He continued until exhausted then fell on top of her where he remained panting for a few minutes then slowly standing up, he felt a wonderful release of pressure. His head seemed lighter and he felt a new man.

At last he was doing what he was here to do and after two long years it was all the more satisfying. Now he had started there would be no stopping him.

He quickly arranged the girl so that she would be hidden from passers by whichever way they approached, took his money from her handbag, then made his way back to the lorry via a different route. He slept soundly until his small alarm clock alerted him that it was time to have a bite to eat before starting his journey back to Paris.

Chapter 13

On the way back to Paris, Michael suddenly had a very disturbing thought. He had intended to change his modus operandi (M.O.) but in the heat and excitement of the moment he had used the method he had always used. He had strangled the girl. Well it was too late to rectify it now and he was positive he could not be connected to the murder so he was still in the clear. It had taught him a valuable lesson though. He must approach things more rationally in future and decide on the method he would use before each of his nocturnal activities. He would wait for a few weeks and arrange to strike in a different location. Using a different method in another location made it more unlikely that the police would immediately connect the murders.

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