

Better days are coming
(a collection of short stories)
by
Austin Mitchell

Copyright © 2018 Austin Mitchell

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author. If you purchase this book without a cover you should be aware that it may have been stolen and reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher. In such a case, neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Published by

Austin Mitchell

In memory of my mother, Alma Wilson (Miss Lilly)

Other works by the same author:

Undercover Soldier(novel)

Uptown Lovers(novel) Book One

Uptown Lovers(novel) Book Two

Waiting to Cross the Bridge**

Going to the Bushes to cut Firewood**

Taking a Short Cut Home**

Days up the River**

The Fire by the Wayside**

Riding the milk truck to School**

Making grass mats to Sell**

Going into the Hills to Teach**

I'm Back from the Hills Now**

Life at 21 Lane(play)

The Freeloaders (play)

Glengoffe Days***

The Downtown Massive(novel)

The Worst is over Now**

**** Collection of short stories**

***** Collection of Poems**

Index of Stories

1. Willis' Lucky Escape	7-11
2. No Tears for Sonya	12-41
3. The Serial Burglar	42-61
4. The Troubled School	62-65
5. Wrong Directions	66-72
6. Who wanted Dory Anthony Dead?	73-89
7. The Amateur Investor and Baby Father	90-95
8. The Absentee Husband	96-112
9. Delaine's Dilemma	113-130
10. Bad Man's Woman	131-140

Better Days are Coming

Short Summary of Stories

Willis' Lucky Escape- Will Willis escape his kidnappers and summon up the courage to testify against them? Read the full story in Willis' Lucky Escape.

No Tears for Sonya- Most persons believed that Sonya was a wicked girl. She had been involved in some bad things in her younger days and even since becoming an adult. Will she find redemption and repent of her evil ways? Read the full story in No Tears for Sonya.

The Serial Burglar- Las and Dalby set out to capture Bender, a wily and dangerous praedial thief. On the way they have to fight the man's sons to get to him. They also have to get out of Lobban's Woods with Bender and avoid Clinch Salmon and his band of cutthroats. Read the full story in The Serial Burglar.

The Troubled School-All sorts of problems were plaguing the school. Will it be able to overcome these problems? Read the full story in The Troubled School.

Wrong Directions-Romain was given wrong directions and robbed of all his possessions. He has remained on the island to find the men who robbed him. Will he succeed? Read the full story in Wrong Directions.

Who wanted Dory Anthony Dead?- Dory Anthony was dead and Dalton Ferguson, her fiance, was charged with her murder. Reece Patterson, a private investigator, is called in. Can he get Ferguson off the murder charge? Read the full story in Who wanted Dory Anthony dead?

The Amateur Investor and Baby Father-Phil lost all his money in a failed investment scheme. His baby mothers have also taken him to the family court for maintenance. He has also suffered a shock at the loss of his money. Will Phil ever get on his feet again? Read the full story in The Amateur Investor.

The Absentee Husband- Alrick got into trouble with his wife when he got nineteen year old Gwen Dacres, pregnant. His wife has left him and he suspects that she is seeing another man. Read the full story in The Absentee Husband.

Delaine's Dilemma-When a woman is as beautiful as Delaine Tennant, men will do anything to get into bed with her. And that's exactly what ex-cop, Clyde Harper, was trying to do. When Delaine dropped her lover, Easton Rivers, also another ex-cop, Clyde thought he was in business, except that he had another guess coming in the form of Marc Evers, also another ex-cop. Also, why was Easton so hell bent on destroying his ex-girlfriend's reputation by labelling her as a worn out prostitute and a harlot? Read the full story in Delaine's Dilemma.

Bad Man's Woman- Was Elroy so infatuated with Carline that he would challenge a Don over her? Or maybe he didn't know who a Don was. Read the full story in Bad Man's Woman.

Willis' Lucky Escape
by
Austin Mitchell

Willis woke up with a headache. He knew that it was after midnight because he had heard the National Anthem being played on the radio in an adjoining room. The room was dark and his hands and feet were bound. As he lay in the darkness he recollected what had happened earlier in the day. After dropping off a female passenger in Queensbury, he had been driving his taxi on Molyne's Road when two men waved him down. It had been about two o'clock. They wanted to go to Papine. His first instinct had been to drive on but he remembered that he hadn't made Bydie's money yet. This was Friday and the man would want his money first thing tomorrow morning. One man came to sit beside him while the other one sat in the back.

They were on Hope Road when he found a knife sticking him in his side.

"Hey guy, we're going to show you which road to turn into. My brethren has his gun with him so don't bother try anything."

"It's not my taxi this, brethren. It's a man I'm driving it for."

"All the better, we don't like to take away anything from people like ourselves."

Despite his pleas to the men, they took him to a lonely road in Meadowbrook Estate. They had tied his hands and feet and locked him in the car trunk. He was highly suspicious that he was in Portmore and that the men had gone on a robbery spree with his taxi.

Willis knew that when they returned, they were going to kill him. They would probably run the car with him in the trunk over a precipice. He felt weak, having not eaten since midday. They had taken away his cell phone, his wallet and all the money he had on him.

Willis wondered what Marlene was doing when she didn't see him come home. He was normally home by eleven o'clock. He would eat his dinner before having a bath and going to bed. He had to be up by six o'clock or even earlier. His two children, ten year old Roger and six year old, Jassette, were bound to ask for him. Jassette, especially, never liked to go to her bed until he came home.

Willis heard voices and suspected that the men had returned. He hadn't heard a car, maybe they had left it down the road.

The door to the room where he was, was kicked open and the light turned on.

"Who are you? The guys aren't here, Vinny," the man said.

"Who are you talking to, Bounce?" the man named Vinny asked.

"I found a man tied up."

"I'll soon be there," Vinny replied.

A few seconds later, Vinny came into the room.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

Willis remained silent. Who were these men, he wondered?

"Two men took away my taxi. They tied me up, left me in this room here. They said that when they returned they're going to kill me."

Willis was sure that the two men were armed. Both of them had their shirts out of their pants.

"We can't do anything for you. You just have to wait on those men," the man named Vinny said and left. The other man followed him. The room was again plunged into darkness.

Willis slumped back into a corner of the room. He wondered who this last set of men were. It seemed that there were enemies of his kidnappers.

One of his kidnappers had a distinct voice that he would recognize anywhere, Willis thought. It had a nasal drift to it. This was the man who had been in the back of the car. He also had a mole in his forehead. The other man, the one who had his knife

sticking him in his side, had a huge knife mark on the right side of his face.

He missed his cell phone and knew that Marlene would have called it several times.

Reggae music was coming from at least two places. He suspected one of them to be Bam's jerk pit over in Braeton.

It must be after one o'clock now, he thought. The second group of men had turned off the radio. Willis stretched out on his back on the floor. He knew he would be killed once his kidnapers returned. Then he thought he heard voices.

The men had returned! He heard footsteps and then the lights were turned on.

"They kicked in the door, Coley," one of the men said.

"Hey guy, anybody came here?" the other man asked.

"It must have been Bounce and Vinny, Cluffy," Coley said.

"Let's get out of here. How did they trail us here? They might have told other members of their gang where we are," Cluffy warned.

Coley turned to Willis.

"Hey, guy we're going to give you back your taxi. We're going to drive you somewhere and leave you with it. We're going to blindfold you. Do you know where you are?"

"No, I don't know where I am," Willis replied.

"He's lying, remember it's a taximan we're dealing with. He knows everywhere in town," Cluffy opined.

They locked him in the car trunk. They hadn't bothered to blindfold him. He knew that there were two cars now. He was certain that the men were going to kill him.

They were driving for about a hour and a half when the car stopped. He was tense, waiting for one of the men to open the car trunk. They opened the car trunk, but from his position he couldn't tell where he was.

The men started pushing the car. He was sure they were pushing it over a gully. He shouted at them, but they paid him no mind. He felt the car rolling, then he himself rolling, and then the car plunged into water then everything went black!

A month later he was out of hospital, but walking on crutches. Six weeks later he could do away with the crutches. Bydie, whom he was driving the taxi for, said that he could get back his job. He said that the car had been written off. He told him that he was lucky as the river the car fell in was very shallow. He had been found the next morning by a farmer who had raised an alarm. He had been flung out of the trunk of the car and lay face down on the river bank. Villagers had untied him and took him to the top of the road where a car had taken him to the Linstead hospital. The next day he was transferred to the Spanish Town hospital.

Willis, not seeing any other alternatives, decided to resume driving as soon as possible. Marlene was fearful for him, but her job could not sustain them as she just worked at a nursing home and they had the two children to clothe, feed and send to school.

So Willis started driving again for Bydie, but he never forgot his ordeal. All his friends and colleagues said that he had been lucky. All the drivers on his route had each other's cell phone number.

"One of the men had a nasal drift in his voice like that disc jockey, Linkman," he told Marlene. This was the man called Coley, who had been at the back of the taxi. He also had a mole in his forehead. He hadn't told any of the other drivers anything about the two men. Cliffy was the name of the other man who had been sitting beside him.

One day he was in the Clock Tower plaza in Half Way Tree when he heard two men talking. One of the men had the same nasal drift like one of his kidnappers. He took a quick look at the man. He had a mole in his forehead and had a flat top hairstyle. Willis knew he had to be brave. He didn't see any policemen about the place. That was how the police were, they were never around when you needed them.

The next week Friday he was again in the same plaza when he spied the man. Willis saw a police party passing by and alerted them and they confronted the man.

“This guy must be a madman. I never took away any taxi for him,” the man protested when he was taken down to the Half Way Tree police station.

The man had no identification papers on him. He told the police that his name was Marvin West and that he was from Portland. He refused to say where in Portland he lived or what kind of work he did.

The next week Willis heard that another of the man’s cronies had been captured. Two weeks later he was called to an identification parade. Despite Marlene’s misgivings he went. It was the man with the telephone cut, Cliffy! He positively identified him. They held an identification parade for the man named Coley a week later. Willis went and was surprised, they had four men, two of them with a mole in their forehead. He had taken a good look at both Cliffy and Coley before they boarded his taxi. So like he had done with Cliffy he had no trouble identifying Coley.

Willis changed his route and began driving on another route. He has given the police a statement. He has heard that Cliffy was caught driving a stolen vehicle. He has also heard that documents belonging to the owner were found in the stolen car. He has heard that both men have been hit with several charges, including attempted murder, kidnapping and car stealing. He is prepared to go and give evidence against both men. The End. Austin’s blog: stredwick.blogspot.com

No Tears for Sonya
by
Austin Mitchell
Chapter One

Sonya Brown was getting ready to go out with her occasional boyfriend, Mickie Harris, when her cell phone rang. Her boss, Chester Guthrie, was on the line. They talked for about two minutes before he ended the call.

“Who was that?” Mickie asked.

“Chester, he wants me to come to the office tomorrow at ten o’clock. He says it’s an emergency.”

“That damn slave driver, what does he want that can’t wait until Monday?”

“You’re still bitter at him for firing you after that detective told him about you and Tanya.”

“That guy was lying.”

“Why did you have to go out with her when you know that she was Chester’s woman?”

“She begged me to go with her for a drink. We never went to any hotel.”

“I still want to know why you did it? I was calling you while you were with her and only getting your voicemail.”

“That was almost two years ago and we’ve gone over it many times since. We don’t know why Chester wants you down at the store tomorrow.”

“Maybe he’s doing some stock taking, but I worked until three o’clock today and he didn’t say anything to me.”

“You think he could have found out.”

Sonya bit her lips.

“About what?”

“The apartment and the three taxis you have on the road.”

“I don’t think it’s that. He can’t prove that I’ve ever stolen any money from his hardware store.”

“Still want to go out again?”

“No, I’m sorry. I want to know what he has up his sleeves.”

“I told you to leave from about four years ago, but you wouldn’t listen.”

“Leave and go where? You know that if I resigned, he would get suspicious. I’ve been with him, since leaving high school almost twelve years now.”

Mickie patted the gun at his waist, hidden by his sports shirt. Sonya also carried a gun in her handbag. It was a Smith and Wesson, Colt. 22. She had completed a firearms instruction course. She had been careful not to let any of her colleagues know about it.

“Do you want me to get Carlos to bump him off? We made him take care of Judy when she got too nosy.”

“Are you crazy? And as to what happened to Judy, you know that I had nothing to do with it.”

Judy Binns had been one of Chester’s assistants and she had begun to ask some awkward questions. One day she saw Sonya writing receipts for customers in an irregular receipt book. She had threatened to go to Chester.

Sonya had wanted to give the girl a good beating, but Mickie had suggested that they used Carlos to beat her up. God, she hated Judy. It was like Chester had set her to watch her. Sometimes she would burst into her office unannounced. She was still in shock when she heard that Judy had been killed in a hit and run accident. She had refused to give Mickie any money to give Carlos.

She remembered Alton West. They had been going around for a year before she ended the relationship. Alton kept turning up at her gate at all sorts of hours, begging her for another chance. He had lost his job, the bank had seized his car, in fact, he was almost bankrupt with credit card debts of over half a million dollars. True, she had helped him run up the credit card debts, but she didn’t want any broke pocket men around her. One night, she had called the police on him. He got into an altercation with them and was shot. He died the next day in hospital. His family and friends had blamed her for his death, but she felt blameless. Nothing came out of the case. The policeman who shot him claimed that he fired his

gun in self defense after the man stabbed at him with a knife. She felt that after eight years, it was time to put the whole episode behind her.

“We don’t know what he’s up to. I think we should wait.”

“What if that detective is spying on us and reporting to Chester?”

“What could he report? The money from the apartment is sent straight to my bank account and remember that you manage my taxis.”

“Suppose he finds out about us?”

“He doesn’t know that I’ve stopped seeing Skippy.”

“I’m tired of this kind of life. We have to be hiding just because of one man.”

“You’ve just got to be patient. Things will work themselves out.”

“It’s like all his employees are slaves. He doesn’t trust any of them. That’s why he fast into their business so much. I’m glad I’m no longer working for him.”

Sonya came and hugged Mickie. She could feel his frustration. Maybe after tomorrow she would know what to do about Chester.

“Let’s go down to Randy Chin’s bar and have a few drinks. It might make you feel better.”

“Okay, but I just feel like going with you tomorrow and let him know about us.”

She wondered what Mickie was talking about. They had too many break ups over the five years they had known each other. She certainly didn’t want anymore relationships with him. She would soon tell him that they should let their relationship remain as employer and employee. That would put him down a peg or two, but she didn’t care.

“I’ll lock up the house and we can go.”

That morning, Sonya left for her work place at nine o’clock. Being a Sunday there was hardly any traffic on the roads. As she drove down, she thought of calling Mickie. He had dropped her

home last night before leaving for his flat. As she neared the entrance to the store on Barnes Avenue in Constant Spring Gardens, she was shocked to see yellow tape and policemen.

A car had crashed into the gate! It was Chester's BMW! The front doors were open and police photographers were snapping away. A small crowd had gathered. She stopped her car on the other side of the road, flung open the car door and rushed out. She dashed across the road. Other police vehicles with their sirens flashing were coming on to the scene.

"Miss, move away from the yellow tape, you're disturbing our work," a young policewoman shouted at her.

Policemen were all over, taking photos of the scene.

"It's my boss' car. What happened to him? Is he injured? Was he shot? I saw blood in his car."

"Miss, move away from the tape," an inspector growled at her.

Sonya did as the inspector ordered.

She saw a security guard and called him over. She couldn't remember his name, their employer changed them so often.

"Just as I came on duty, Miss and Mister Chester drove up, I heard the gunshots. By the time I turned around, the car sped around the corner and disappeared."

"How long ago it happened? Is Chester badly injured?"

"About a hour ago, Miss. It's in his head he got most of the bullets. He looked dead to me."

"You know what colour car it was?"

"It was a white car. Everything happened so fast that I didn't even have time to see what kind of car it was."

Mickey drove a silver colored Nissan Tida. She drove a Suzuki Swift Hatchback.

The guard left and went to stand with a group of onlookers.

Sonya took out her cell phone and called Mickie again, but all she got was his voice mail. She decided to wait around and see what was happening. Within a half hour most of the staff members were there. Chester's wife, Delta and other family members were also

there. Some of them, including Delta and some employees were crying. Watching them Sonya had to hold herself, not to join them in shedding tears too. She got on her cell phone to other staffers whose numbers she had and let them know what had happened. Some of them lived far away.

Everybody left after the police finished what they were doing. Sonya returned home and tried to call Mickie but all she got was his voice mail. She wondered if she had mislaid her gun, but she searched all the places she would have put it, but to no avail.

Two hours later Delta, called her, Chester had been pronounced dead at hospital.

A few mintes later, her cell phone rang again. She picked it up and pressed the call button.

It was Kirk Palmer one of Mickie's friends.

"Sonya, I have to talk to you. We can't do it over the phone. Can I come up and see you?"

"What for, Kirk?"

"It's about Mickie."

"What about him?"

"I can't talk now."

"Okay, so come up then."

Sonya was in tears.

"I can't believe it. Saturday night we were down at Randy Chin's sports bar. Now you're telling me that you dropped him at the airport this morning and he's bound for Montego Bay."

"I heard that Chester was shot dead this morning. Do you think he had something to do with it?" Kirk asked.

Kirk was a former employee of Chester's Hardware, but he had left three years ago.

Sonya started drying her tears.

She didn't know what Mickie running away to Montego Bay meant. She went for her laptop.

Mickie had cleaned out one of the bank accounts. That was the one on which she had made him a signing officer. How he had managed to get into the account without her permission was a

mystery to her. He must have used one of his tech savvy friends to do it. Nevertheless, the bank had a lot of explaining to do, she thought. She checked her investment accounts, these were intact and so was her main bank account. She looked at Kirk.

“At least he hasn’t left the island,” Kirk remarked.

“He must be planning to do that, or why would he go down there?”

“What should I do? I can’t go to the police.”

“Why not? All you have to do is to come clean to them.”

“Kirk, you wouldn’t understand. I have to find Mickie or else I’ll be in big trouble.”

The next day Sonya went to work. The whole office was in turmoil over Chester’s death. Delta came in and took control of everything. Sonya was petrified lest any fingers got pointed at her for causing Chester’s death when she didn’t know a thing about it. She was gravely worried about Mickie and the loss of her gun. As she sat at her desk in the accounting office that morning she wondered what could have happened to it. She should report the loss to the police.

At lunch time she drove up to Manor Park and had lunch at Oscar Chin’s restaurant. When she returned, she saw two police cars parked in the customer’s parking lot. She became petrified and wondered what they wanted.

One of the security guards pointed to the two police cars and told her that detectives were inside questioning the staff. As she went to her office, she wondered what they were going to ask her.

Surprisingly the detectives only talked to Delta. They were locked up in the board room with her for about half hour. They then left. Sonya heaved a sigh of relief. It would give her enough time to find out where Mickie was.

She left work that evening still in a trance. She drove up to her sister, Marsha’s house in Barbican. Her eldest and youngest sisters were in the United States. Marsha was the one she followed. She had a half brother but he was dead. Her parents were both

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

