

## CHAPTERS

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No one could see me as somehow I had just slipped through the net and now I was here in the disused kitchen garden beyond the wall. I had skipped medication after lunch and now I was sampling a new high, slipping back into reality in a beautiful walled garden turned middle English natural jungle. I had heard Sister Stella say before this was turned into an institution that it had been a fine Victorian English Country garden back in the last millennium. The part I was now sitting in was the kitchen garden and I was told, had been tended to by at least five gardeners in its day, however unfortunately they all had been called up to fight in the First World War. Not one of the poor chaps had come back, they had apparently all joined up together into the same regiment and had all been simultaneously taken out by one enormous direct hit in the Somme. What a heaven and hell contrast in surroundings they must have experienced to be here in this peaceful garden with the sound of wood pigeons in the pine trees, and then to go to that trench hell hole in France. I started wondering if their ghosts were all around me now maybe now tending to me. For now I was the only vegetable left in their old kitchen garden, yeah I was a prize vegetable alright just sitting and quivering, a complete nervous paranoid wreck who had skipped medication and was coming down to reality.

## **Chapter 1.**

### **The Occupation**

It all started with a new job at VonArbVG, yes VonArb Virtual Gaming an elitist Corporation which was really everything I was against. But after years of working for small graphics companies that had all gone to the wall I realised I had to go where the money was to pay off debts. As I entered the great gates on my first morning I felt like the new boy at school, on one hand I was wondering whether I was out of my depth but strangely also quietly confident in my own ability. I had been assigned as a graphic designer for the packaging of some of the latest games and this although an integral position was not considered as important obviously as the employees who designed and developed the actual software of the games themselves. These other employees buzzed by me in sleek luxury supercars like magnets to Mecca as I ambled up to the mirrored glass monstrosity of the main building. I felt like an illegal alien somewhere in Dallas, Texas, I heard nobody walked there either. Once inside in the foyer I was met by a young man from personnel who ironically looked as paranoid as I felt.

“Welcome to VonArb you must be Daniel, My name’s Piers Claybourne I’ll be your guide to settling in.” He said with a strange sarcastic twist in his voice.

So this was the weird world of virtual reality I had got myself into, in a company with a personnel man who sounded like a hotel receptionist on other planet. Funny thing was I liked him and immediately felt at ease in his company.

I greeted him shaking his hand. “Hello, You’re very efficient how did you know?”

“How did I know when you would arrive?” He cut in ahead of me. “At VonArb we have all the latest technology dear boy.” He said campily as he led me past a room full of security guards scrutinising screens of the surrounding grounds. “The thing you will notice the most though is how Americanised VonArb is. In the spring the board decided that we have to keep up with our virtual cousins over the pond. Now it’s all breakfast briefings with coffee and bagels, and on Friday the executives don sports shirts and get smartly casual. Hey! let’s do coffee now, you look like you could use some caffeine dear boy.”

He certainly had that right my bloodstream needed a whole caffeine bomb. With the first day nerves I hadn’t eaten anything and my mouth was bone dry, I ordered a cappuccino in the space age looking café, this place certainly looked after its employees.

Piers sipped camomile tea daintily from an old fashioned tea cup across the table opposite me. He was obviously a trouser bandit, but I never had a problem which side anybody batted for, as long as kept his chocolate speedway antics away from my rectum. He had James Dean slicked back hair and a 1950's collar, this guy was very clued up about everything and had me completely sussed out. But I could tell from the way he talked to me that he too was negative to all this huge corporate business rat race. His bright sparkly straight appearance was immaculate, but God I bet he liked a good spliff, it was too early to know.

“So when do I get started in the studio.” I said trying to be enthusiastic.

He smiled pouring more of the scented tea into his cup. “All in good time dear boy.”

We finished our drinks and were about to get up when two strange sinister characters entered the café. The atmosphere in the place went cold and quiet like two strangers entering an old remote inn somewhere and the locals all suddenly falling silent. One man was thin and wiry yet also strangely quite scary looking rather like a German Gestapo Officer. The other was a powerful mountain of a man wearing a priests dog collar, both were clinically dressed in grey suits with short square hairstyles.

“Who the hell are those guys, Piers?” I enquired inquisitively.

“Well, the skinny chap is Klaus Wolfgang Eisel or The Weasel as he's known. The cream of Austrian virtual game design technology and developer of BIP, that's Brain Impulse Pad. The other big fucker is the Padre, ex-army Priest and specialist in radar, they're working on some controversial game down in the lab. It's all top secret, but I think they're up to something quite sinister, I don't trust them they're like some God squad Mafia!” Piers warned.

That whole first day turned out to be a weird happy Monday, the whole corporation was full of oddball characters, mad professors and colourful spaced out geeks. The great thing about working with computers for a zombie daydreamer like me was you could make yourself look really busy scrutinising the screen of information, when in fact you could be just staring into a void and writing song lyrics in your head. The design studio were I was stationed was a labyrinth of laptops and bays where designers had made personal working areas, these crazy creative geezers and intellectual but scatty girls beavering away on hare brained ideas each in their own individual dens. When I first walked in that studio it struck me how the whole place looked like some fucked up Prep school dormitory for aliens to do their homework in. Piers showed me through what he called the ‘Mindfield’ to the Studio Director's office, he put his hand on my back as he minced along adopting a funny and sarcastic American Jim Carrey accent.

“Good Morning Gideon, this is Daniel Black, your new designer.” Piers introduced. “I trust you will have a pleasant stay dear boy.” He turned on his heel, Grenadier like and left us.

The bearded Gideon shook my hand. “Welcome aboard Daniel, its good to have you aboard with us.” He was a typical Studio Director, he looked like a old hippy art teacher in his chunky jumper. Probably not that computer literate but wise old graphic design skills of being able to look at his staffs' work and immediately know what was bad or pleasing to the eye. Everyone seemed quite easygoing and friendly and the thing I liked was everyone was an individual and able to be themselves, which was surprising in such a large corporation like VonArb.

Friday evening at the end of the week I bowled homeward out of the great driveway like my dentist had just given me the all clear, relieved that I could probably live with my new job. I just started to head up Tavern Street when Piers cried out in his unmistakable voice.

“Wait up dear boy”! He called waving frantically. “I'm just about to head up to the Reali-Tea Café, would you care to accompany me?”

“Sorry man it's been a long day and I think I'm about ready to get the hell out of reality.” I said nonchalantly.

“Well that’s exactly what I’m talking about”. He began enticingly. “The Reali-Tea Café, it’s a charming little back street Amsterdam style hang out and the purveyor of fine herbs and coffee. Come along I’ll buy you a spliff.”

God I thought, is it that obvious that I smoke ganja. I had only met Piers once but he had already sussed what a stoner I was. I immediately accepted his offer to join of course and we potted off to Reali-Tea.

The Reali-Tea Café it turned out was not so much a café but more an experience. An unassumingly normal café exterior from the outside, however once inside the crazy character of the place and the strong smell of skunk weed knocked me out. Piers was in full flow now hob knobbing with the various punters, it all seemed like walking into the bar in Star Wars to me. James Brown was getting on up like a sex machine on the jukebox and Piers was looking to get on down. He introduced me to a techno freak he knew called Ellis D who looked seriously pretty out there and twitched nervously like Hurricane Alex Higgins. I didn’t know Ellis personally but I had heard of him; he was infamous around stoners in Gippeswyk, a legend in his own liquid lunchtime. On a small stage in the corner there was a band called Jesus Solicitor playing spaced out Art Kraut Rock, they were very self indulged in their music and didn’t appear to be bothered whether or not the audience were digging them.

“Of course it’s just Jazzwank.” Said Piers bitchily as the guitarist went off on a musical tangent, clawing at odd notes all the way up the guitar neck. Ellis D on the other hand was really into the band and was also grooving along with the beat, he remarked how they sounded like Zappa and The Mothers. I liked them too, they looked so into their music and they reminded me of my days of playing in Punk bands. They looked like the classic band of different egos coming together; the show off guitarist and singer, the laid back bass player, the sensible keyboardist and of course the wild animal drummer.

Piers handed me an Amsterdam style menu of the various wares on sale, I opted for the ‘House Weed’, a mild spliff with a comfortable buzz or so the menu said. I had always enjoyed a nice spliff ever since I had first tried it when I was sixteen at College in Colchester. I had strongly supported the decriminalising of Marijuana and this café with it’s relaxed friendly atmosphere was proof of how socially people could enjoy the drug together. I mean if you walked through Gippeswyk Town Centre at midnight on a Saturday night, you would more than likely see drunken jobs trying to kick seven shades of shit out of each other, all because of drinking too much alcohol. My argument was that you would never see two spliffed up men fighting each other, more likely that they would be in friendly harmony laughing together. Also what about all the sufferers of terminal illnesses who gained relief from the medicinal properties of ganja, I don’t believe in the virgin birth but I believe in smoking Mother Earth, that was my philosophy. Pretty soon Piers was stoned on a strong skunk spliff and began to tell me anything and everything. He soon got round to the VonArb Corporation and told me about a secret file he had come across belonging to Klaus Eisel. It all involved an obsession Eisel had with Hieronymus Bosch the Dutch painter, who lived in the Middle Ages and painted hideous scenes full of deeply religious symbolism. The e.mail file Piers had come across was a document Eisel and his partner the Padre had submitted that related to a new virtual reality game they were developing called ‘The Game of Earthly Delights’. All Piers knew was that Eisel and the Padre were strong religious believers who wanted to turn around the virtual game ideals that they thought were corrupting kids, and this game idea involved Bosch type imagery. It all sounded fascinating as Piers the motor mouth leapt from one scandal to another but the spliff was beginning to give me an attack of the munchies and I suddenly remembered in my stoned state that I hadn’t eaten anything all day. I got in another round of spliffs, but Piers suggested we take them on to a club he knew.

## Chapter 2. Class War and Snooker

We left the Reali-Tea Café in Cromwell Square and made off to The Fonnereau Club, a high class hangout where Piers was a member. I knew of the club but had never been there as it had a swanky reputation and wasn't really my style, however it seemed like a fun idea to go there stoned with Piers constantly gossiping away like a big tart. Ellis D came along with us too and we laughed as Piers scrutinised and criticised the way people were dressed.

"Yellow was in last year dear". He sniggered to a sour faced girl puzzled at his bitchy ranting. She had obviously spent ages doing herself up and was now left feeling paranoid about her appearance, as we walked away from the poor girl I glanced over my shoulder and could see her checking herself in the reflection of a shop window, I was still beautifully too stoned to really care. The Fonnereau Club was next to a park called Christchurch and it's great gothic fascia stood proudly overlooking the trees as if to symbolise that Victoriarna still remained. But even this bastion of all things British had been dragged into the new millennium and the signs were all too clear as we approached the steps. For at the door of the club was a loud self important intoxicated character trying to argue his way past the doormen.

"Good Lord, its Clarence Samwell-Smyth, one of the old school chaps." Said Piers. "He's been a member since the old days, they won't know the poor old bastard, he rarely makes an appearance these days."

The club committee had tried to update The Fonnereau in an attempt to win back cliental who were leaving in droves for more fashionable Country Clubs on the outskirts. Much to the disgust of old members it had also let in ladies since the passing of the millennium.

"Now look here, I happen to be one of the oldest members of this club and my son-in-law Culludon Parton is Chairman, I demand to pass through". Slurred the irate Clarence.

"I don't care if you're Dolly Parton's father-in-law, we need to see your membership pass, or you don't get in". Replied the dicky-bowed doorman dryly.

"Why, I have never been insulted so much in my entire life."

"Well you should really get out more then, shouldn't you Sir."

"It's OK chaps, this is Sir Clarence, he's an old member." Piers said winking to the doormen reassuringly. They let us all through, even the shifty looking Ellis D, and Clarence gratefully began to pat Piers on the back as we entered the grand surroundings of the foyer.

"Thank you young man, this would not have happened when Jeavons was on the door. Oh no, he used to greet all members with respect, now let me buy you scotch. I take it they do still serve scotch at The Fonnereau, do they not?"

Clarence was very drunk and generously offered to buy us all drinks, him and Piers were hilarious together acting like a couple of old Lords from the early 1900's, talking so regally but also so regionally, the region being Suffolk. The situation seemed even more bizarre when Ellis D and myself found ourselves also adopting upper class accents but more in mockery of this alien splendour.

Clarence tapped abruptly on the bar to a bemused steward. "Four Fonnereau Scotches, my man, I take it you can fix a Fonnereau Scotch?"

"That's Glenfiddich, ice and dry ginger ale Rodney and we'll take them in The Snooker Room please." Piers directed the frowning steward with Clarence's order.

"I had rather have a pint of the amber nectar old chap." Said Ellis under his breath.

“When in Rome we do as the Romans do, not as the Romanies do.” Replied Clarence back down his nose, his hearing surprisingly good for an old duffer.

We went through The Regency Room to The Snooker Room, four Time Lords inside a club full of old reactionaries frozen in Victorian time. The corners of the Times newspaper folded beneath bloated fingers and these old fools staring from their leather upholstery at Ellis and myself swaggering through their little piece of remaining empire. Clarence was too drunk to be embarrassed by us but instead suggested a potential class war, Piers and himself in a snooker doubles match against Ellis D and myself.

“Prefer a game of pool old boy.” Mocked Ellis blowing cigarette smoke out over the snooker table’s green baize expanse.

“Pool my dear fellow, that dreadful transatlantic game played by sharks, no sir, here we play a gentleman’s game thank you!” Retorted Piers disgusted at the suggestion.

So snooker it was, working class verses middle class, this was to be no friendly game. Piers was an amiable bloke with his camp humour and love of intoxicants but in this case he was the opposition. Clarence on the other hand was a different kettle of fish entirely, a Thatcherite bigot slightly right wing of Gengis Khan, it was going to be fun taking him on and kicking his arse I thought chalking my cue. The only snag was my snooker which wasn’t great, no I was no Ray Readon and God we had an important game on here. The snooker table was empty of all balls bar the white cue ball as the last players to use the table had not set it up ready for the next players.

“Damn liberty, you would have been up before the chairman for not setting up after playing in my day.” Cussed Clarence.

Piers set up the reds into the triangular formation as Ellis placed the colours on their spots pausing with the green ball.

“Green, brown, yellow, just remember it as God, bugger, you. Pool playing cretin.” Advised Piers. Stirring up the pre-match tension. Then he tossed a coin on to the table.

“Heads, old bean.” Said Ellis sneering back at him.

Heads it was, and Ellis got ready to break. It was funny to see him eyeing up to break off, he was a happy-go-lucky street geezer, but he looked so serious concentrating on those reds, it was real class war. He broke off well, the white hardly disturbing the pack and returning back up to the bulk cushion. We smiled to each other as Clarence arose from his seat chest out proudly taking the chalk from his waist coat. He studied his shot for some time briefly conferring with Piers dubious of making a mistake and letting me in. Finally like Terry Griffiths he aimed up ready to take the shot.

“Anytime this week, I’ve gotta sign on tomorrow.” Slurred Ellis quietly.

“I had be obliged it you wouldn’t mind shutting up you oink.” Barked Clarence clearly now rattled.

He studied the table again in a deathly silence, and we all stood in anticipation as he again stooped to conquer. Suddenly just as he drew back his cue to strike, the bar steward Rodney came in dramatically with our beverages.

“Drinks Gentlemen.” He piped genially loudly placing a pewter tray down on a side table.

“You blithering idiot! Bugger orrf.” Stormed the furious Clarence totally miscuing the cue ball into the blue ball. “I demand to re-take the shot.” He boomed.

“Sorry old chap, no can do, house rules you see, and our free ball I believe.” Baited Ellis deadly serious, as I shrugged indifferently in the tussle.

“Damn you then, this is it then, this is war and I’ll wage you one hundred Euros we’ll still beat you.” Challenged Clarence, Piers nodding nervously in pride.

“Yeah alright man, you in Danny.”

I felt in my jacket at my wallet containing my first months pay. I took a 50 Euro note and slapped it on the tables slate bed.

“Top geezer.” Said Ellis winking and we touched fists together.

Of course after Clarence’s foul shot it was now my turn to play and I studied a possible red cut to middle pocket. I could see Clarence’s face glowing with rage out of the corner of my eye as I aimed up the cue, he was absolutely livid at being talked down to by Ellis. He made a fizzing noise under his breath like the acid of a battery being charged up. This struck me as rude considering it was my shot, so I decided to punish the old buffoon and put in 100% concentration. Funny really, often when I played snooker and took a shot I would find myself praying for some kind of divine intervention, the only other time I found myself praying was when I checked myself for testicular cancer. Before having a bath, I would cup my love spuds in both palms close my eyes and look up to the heavens. I took the shot and just clipped the red cutting it to the centre pocket it dropped slowly and safely.

Ellis winked, raising his glass to me. “Nice one maan.”

As the game went on any ideas of a nice friendly game were soon lost. Clarence was such a bad loser and as he became more intoxicated with the scotch he began to insult Ellis and everything he stood for.

“Don’t worry son I’ve slipped the old twat a disco biscuit.” Whispered Ellis to me smirking.

Oh shit this would explain Clarence’s increasingly erratic behaviour, now he was even becoming really friendly. Ellis had obviously spiked his drink with an E. Suddenly I wished I wasn’t there but instead back home with Miranda. Spiking someone with ‘Class A’ drugs was not my scene and winning would seem like a hollow victory now. Clarence was completely gone and was now hugging the astonished Piers.

“Steady on old dear.” Said Piers as Clarence slobbered over him like a big affectionate elderly St. Bernard.

“Well you beat us fair and square, what say I get in some more scotches.” Chuckled Clarence dancing about like a chimp in a suit. The E Ellis had slipped him was kicking in like a David Beckham free kick, as Clarence skipped through to The Regency Room in a euphoric state greeting the bemused old farts lounging like static slugs.

“What the fuck is going on with him.” Said a puzzled Piers looking through the door frowning at Clarence’s antics.

“Sorry geezer but it had to be done, the man was dissing me and I don’t like being dissed by upper class arses.” Said Ellis lighting a cigarette.

“Oh you fucking twat, you’ve only bloody spiked him haven’t you, oh that’s just great isn’t it. I sign you bloody scumbag in as a guest to this establishment and you slip the oldest most respected member a fucking E.” Seethed Piers as angry as I had ever seen him.

I could not just sit back unassumingly anymore I better help Piers I thought.

“Alright Piers, we’ll help you get him in a cab.” I said gesturing to Ellis who just sat there chuckling.

Clarence was greeting his stuffy bemused fellow clubbers now totally E’ed up.

“Henry you must come down to my retreat in Mustique, Lord Glenconner frequently drops in to Partee!” Quaffed Clarence looning about the old reactionaries.

“Oh no he’s totally fucking out of his box Daniel.” Said Piers now clearly worried by the raving QC.

Piers and I went through to the Regency Room where now Clarence was shaking hands and babbling to the stuffed suits who sat open mouthed. Unfortunately this was no rave party it was a Gentleman’s club and Clarence was off his nuts. We tried to calm the buzzing barrister down but he was spinning around the

Chesterfield leather chairs still circulating like a party animal. Suddenly there was an almighty crash! as he knocked over a dumb waiter and fell to the floor, The Times newspaper covering him like a shroud. He looked a happy hobo drunk laughing in his sleep dreaming of fine wine. We pulled him up to his feet and I glanced around to the old chaps who were seated around us. Who should fix me with a steely gaze but Wolfgang Eisel, 'The Weasel' from Von Arb and with him the Padre, both of them glaring at us.

"We know your face and we are watching you." Smarmed the Weasel in a sinister warning tone.

We got Clarence a taxi home, Piers said his housekeeper would see to him and we left. Piers was furious with Ellis for spiking Clarence and stormed across the road into Christchurch Park. Ellis didn't follow but swaggered off towards the town centre unremorsive.

"Hey Piers I didn't know he was gonna go that far." I said, catching up with him.

"Yes I know, I just can't believe that cretin Ellis, it's the last time I take him anywhere."

"Yeah but did you see the look on the Weasel's face in there?" I asked Piers.

"Ere just keep walking dear boy and don't look back." Advised Piers his pace quickening.



### Chapter 3.

#### Hippy Hill

We made our way through the park, past the icehouse and up to Hippy Hill. If you ever visit the town of Gippeswyk you should visit Christchurch Park, it is an amazing place with a large lake and a great round pond by Christchurch Mansion. The mansion dates from the time of Cardinal Wolsey and once was home to The Fonnereau family, the park being the surrounding grounds.

Two beautiful girls passed us, one dark and mysterious the other blonde and bubbly looking they smiled sweetly at us. Rodgers and Hammerstein basically got it right, there is nothing like a dame and I swear even Piers was aroused. We passed the great round pond and walked up through the pine trees to Hippy Hill, at the top we both sat down overlooking the arboretum and tennis courts. It was the perfect spot to spark up a spliff but we just sat and surveyed the idyllic trees and surroundings. After all the stress of Clarence going ape in the club we needed to chill out and Hippy Hill was the perfect place. You would often find little groups or pairs of stoners chilling out up on Hippy Hill but tonight it was just Piers and I up there.

“Did you see the Weasel at the club tonight.” I said thinking of Eisel’s manic eyes that had frozen on me earlier that evening.

“Well I couldn’t really miss him.” Replied Piers. “He crops up everywhere like a ghastly disease. I was talking to a friend the other day who is a born again christian, God Squad Gilbert is the fellow, complete fruit cake but a nice chap all the same. Well Gilbert knows the Weasel and the Padre from going to the Bethesda Church, and he told me that they are both into some pretty full on vigilante stuff. They believe that they can combat vandalism and teenage car crime themselves like some sort of religious guardian angels. They apparently told Gilbert that they are working on some kind of car crime trap to catch joyriders who keep breaking into the Padre’s vehicles. Apparently its a transit van that locks a thief in trapping him with a specially formulated solenoid dead lock. The startled intruder once locked in is then driven to a remote spot and treated to a deafening blast of torturously loud music that literally puts the fear of God into him.”

“Christ Piers you certainly get all the latest gossip, and of course you say they are also working on behavioural changing virtual reality.”

“Yes with Hieronymus Bosch imagery it’s going to be a cutting edge extreme game. You know Daniel, here I am working for the biggest game corporation and I don’t even like technology, in fact I detest it, I’m a luddite. I’m a believer in the Victorian great thinkers and poets like Ruskin, Morris and Wordsworth. They were visionaries, they knew that industrialisation was taking the character out of people, that’s where things started to go wrong. People crushed under the wheels of industry, and now you’ve got scientists looking into people’s minds with virtual reality.”

“When I were lad this park was full of kids of an evening playing football and cricket, but where are they now, all inside playing on computers.” I said effecting the accent of old pensioner from Yorkshire.

We both started to get sentimental about our childhoods in the 1970’s. Piers talked of Swallows and Amazons style adventures on the Norfolk Broads, but for me the holidays in Sussex at my grandparents stuck out in my mind. The memories of travelling around the Sussex downs in Granddaddy Joe’s old Triumph Herald were priceless. From Midhurst we’d go for trips out to Goodwood and Brighton. That old car had such great character, the walnut dashboard, the chrome wing mirrors and even the way the wind whistled through the little side vent windows. You wouldn’t get that with a modern car these days and I felt

glad I had grown up in an age when things had character, when life didn't depend on having the latest miniature mobile phone.

"Yeah and Piers do you remember white dog shit in the Seventies?"

"Oh really dear boy, do you have to bring those golden age memories down to the gutter. Yes actually now you come to mention it you know I do remember white dog shit. God yes why don't you see it anymore?" He said asking the great unanswered question of modern life.

"Well my theory on the said thesis is that people no longer feed their dogs bones these days." I said sounding like an Oxbridge professor.

"You know that does sound feasible." Said Piers pondering for a second.

Then we both lay back on the grass laughing into the blue sky, for a moment it was like we were high on life, like we didn't need anything coursing through our bloodstreams. I looked down to my feet as if my legs were a gun barrel, the tips of my toes I imagined were the sights and I aimed up to a gangly figure walking through the arboretum rhododendrons, his bright orange T-shirt an easy target, then he started approaching us up Hippy Hill.

"Fuck me, I don't believe it, it's only old Squeaker." I said suddenly recognising the geezer coming up the hill.

It was Lenny 'Squeaker' Watts coming up like a ghost from my past. I had first met him in the early 1990's when he was a small time dealer. He had a small techno record shop that he had started with two thousand pounds from the Prince's Trust, the shop was a complete disaster but really just a front for his drug dealing which was conducted from his grotty bedsit upstairs. That was ten years earlier and I wondered if he had changed much.

"Good God if it isn't Squeaker as I live and breath." I greeted him as he reached us.

"Alright Danny it's been a long time, how are you doing?" He said shaking my hand.

"Oh you know, surviving what are you up to these days?"

"Well man I just got back from Ayia Napa, yeah I've been out there DJing all Summer. It's crazy out there, cool chicks, cool weather and some fucking cool drugs too. By the way I picked up some killer weed earlier, you need sorting out at all?" Squeaker enquired, he hadn't changed at all.

"Aren't you going to introduce us then Daniel." said Piers impatiently.

"Oh right yeah sorry, Squeaker this is Piers, Piers this is DJ Squeaker."

"A pleasure to meet you Squeaker dear boy." said Piers campily extending a limp wrist.

"Ere, yeah likewise." Said Squeaker quickly shaking hands and then backing off clearly nervous of Piers camp manner.

"Anyway Danny how do fancy this bag of top skunk weed for just 30 euros"?

I took the cellophane bag containing the weed and smelt the contents, it certainly had the strong aroma of powerful skunk weed.

"Tell me I'm intrigued, why the dragon tattoo Squeaker?" Asked Piers inquisitively about the fiery chinese inscription on Squeaker's upper arm.

Squeaker looked serious for a moment clenching his arm close to his wiry body.

"Well maan you know its kind of a symbolic reminder to me. Had it done by Fat Jack when I kicked horse."

"Kicked horse"? Frowned a puzzled Piers.

"He means when he got off Heroin." I translated.

"Yeah got off scag right, it's just a reminder there's no need to chase the dragon anymore cause he's

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