

David J Moran



The Trident Tales
Finally
"THE SEQUEL"

The Sequel!

Another Trident Tale

By

David J Moran

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David J Moran
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Dedication.

The Third Trident, as for the first Trident Tale, The Second Trident Tale, as well as several books in between are once more dedicated to Christine; long suffering wife, for without her patience and understanding, "The Third Trident Tale" would have taken even longer to write.

This is the last book of this trilogy, but not of the fight between Good and Evil, or the jinx that has tried to stop me publishing this book. No writer believes that the next book will be equally as scary!

So as you finish reading this tale, and wonder if it is based on any truth, look around, where you work, rest or play, and you will note where the inspirations come from, and who knows you might be the next character I am writing about!

This note to thank Pat, for all the sterling work that she has gone to, in her contribution in correcting and making a semblance of order, where the brain has worked more efficiently than one's fingers on the keyboard, not forgetting her husband David, who said he assisted as well!

My thoughts to my daughter Mandy, and last but not least to Norman Holness, for all his time and effort that he has given in finally finishing this book!

It is with some regret that these tales have now concluded, and the odd rogue tears wiped away, as one reaches the final page, but I will be writing more, research has already begun... for there are hundreds of years of history, waiting to be written about!

Thank you for purchasing my books!

David J Moran

Chapter 1

Wannabe

The car roared on eating up even more miles, everyone faithfully being recorded on the speedometer. Geraldine as well as Gwendolyn both now looking well, rosy cheeks, also feeling decidedly windswept, their hair blowing up, fan like, from the back of their heads. However, from the smiles on their faces they were both enjoying the situation, as both of them were mindful of needing to get back to The Princess Mary Institute as soon as possible.

They sped on, ever increasing their speed, Geraldine concentrating on the driving so much a grimace on her face was beginning to concern Gwendolyn. She certainly did not show it for she had her own agenda, or was it a dark secret ambition, as in conversation such as it was, as Gwendolyn could not actually speak, for in an instance of speaking out of turn her tongue had been torn out. Both wished to get back to the Princess Mary Institute as soon as possible, however, Gwendolyn's smile was more a grimace, as if it hid some dark thoughts, or ambitions of her very own. She noticed Geraldine glancing at her, never directly looking at her full in the face, as conversation was impossible at this speed. Gwendolyn seemed more content to wave her hands indicating her desire for more and more speed, as if she knew that there was nothing to be afraid of... or no harm could possibly befall them both!

Acting on cue, Geraldine squeezed the accelerator pedal even closer to the floor,

the Boxster was excelling itself, it and Geraldine was alive, she had never felt so good in ages anticipating her triumphant return to 'The Institute' to oust Gala from her job, which was by right hers!

Trees, hedges, with the odd house, even filling stations flashed past as the speed increased at an alarming rate, one could quite honestly say that the countryside was a blur of visions. The speed could even be considered as wilful, however Geraldine was also mindful of the other road users, taking care at pedestrian crossings, even smiling at policemen as well as acknowledging other drivers. It was at one such time that she became aware of an image in her rear view mirror; briefly it seemed to be that of a man, someone she felt she should know, however, as quick as it appeared it vanished again.

Geraldine felt that it was not real; a trick of the light, a mirage of her thoughts so it could not be real, so as quickly as it had appeared Geraldine dismissed it as a figment of her imagination. Also as Gwendolyn was not in a position to see the image, it was best that Geraldine kept the image to herself, in hindsight best forgotten... concentrate on the driving.

Reaching 'Indian Queens' on the A39, the sat nav broke into the silence with fresh instructions to turn onto the A30, which again was yet another open road, so once again the accelerator was pressed down bringing further colour to their cheeks, the kudos from driving a high speed sports car, as well as the vision from the rear view mirror had swelled Geraldine's confidence, that in turn increased the flow of adrenalin as it generated a sense of urgency in her brain...

she had to hurry, time suddenly seemed important. She could not explain it, but a feeling of liberation settled within herself, the controlling confines of the Natas Retirement Home had now been dispelled, the driving at high speed, passing cars as if they had stopped, she smiled at them sometimes, gave a small wave to the ones who scowled at her, almost laughing out loud as she noticed Gwendolyn, sinking lower in the passenger seat as she did, almost as if saying she was not really with this mad woman.

Roughly thirty-six miles further on they came upon the isolated 'Jamaica Inn' although it was not isolated enough to stop it being used as a local meeting place for tourists, and bikers, as well as the people living locally to the Inn. It was reputed to have a certain shady history, which seemed to add to the character, as well as the attraction of the place. Finally they pulled in and stopped.

Both women were re-arranging their hair, prior to getting out of the car, when they presumed that one of the two men coming out of the Inn, was the manager accompanied by a much younger man, a very attractive young man. Geraldine secretly wished things were different; he was beautiful with the grace and poise of a dancer. The two men approached the car together, then at the last moment moving to either side of the car, both doors being opened at the same moment. As they alighted, the manager who by now had introduced himself, guided Geraldine and Gwendolyn towards the front door of the inn, explaining as they walked that the valet would take their car to the rear of the Jamaica Inn, where

he would re-fuel it, then park it safely for their on-going journey after lunch, as the previous instructions had requested.

Both the Ladies smiled and Geraldine was about to express her appreciation, when loutish, drunken shouts emulating from the side of a transit van rudely interrupted her.

“Fuck me... two fat dikes with a sports car!”

The two ‘girls’ stood mortified, as well as the Inn manager, this was not happening, these two fools did not know who they were insulting, nothing but bad publicity could come out of this exchange... as well as he could be held responsible!

The owner's of the voices were totally drunk for starters, cans in hand swinging on the plastic can holders, they both were short as well as obese in stature, dirty in appearance with unshaven faces, they looked like animated road kill.

The clothes they wore, oddments no doubt from some charity bins they had raided, yet possibly not in the state you could see them in now, every part of them showed oil, mud, beer, food, scuff marks on their boots, grass stains on their knees. Geraldine shuddered as she suddenly thought of what the rear view would also entail, with all these indications one would quickly assume they had been sleeping rough for some time.

In their present mood they were people that one would give a very wide berth to if you saw them approaching you, every part of their body language, as well as facial expressions warned of possible danger if you were foolish enough to

approach them.

Nodding as well as prodding each other, as if they belonged to some secret society, actions that had the reverse implications, as they tittered at each other, as their addled brains, collectively formed into the same thought, suddenly seconds later the two drunkards turned towards the car, it would seem that now they were capable of a joint action, together holding on to each other for support, they rounded on the young man who was about to drive the Boxster away to the rear of the restaurant.

Together they grabbed at the youth, there was no finesse, organisation or skill employed in their tactics, using brawn instead of brains, together they tried to drag him from the car, no doubt in some beer filled illusion, to try and steal it.

The owner of the Jamaica Inn seeing the threatening action, shouted for assistance from his Staff within the restaurant. However, it would seem to be an unnecessary safeguard, for no sooner had the youth seen these two approach him, he was already, almost in slow motion, leaping out of the car, allowing them to grab him, before dropping into a crouch position. No sooner dropping to the floor, as a fist aimed at his head missed completely, the force of the swing causing the pugilist to swear as he pivoted with the blow, the valet stood up to face the first man. As he did so, he was seen to curl the middle two fingers of his right hand, held in place with his thumb, and like a snake, his extended fangs struck, his assailant was no doubt slowed by his intake of alcohol, for all he could do was scream, as the two fingers rapidly approaching his eyes, without

the wit to duck or take any action to defend himself; then as the two fingers hit his eyeballs, now he was blind!

The other one roared like a bull, all co-ordination gone, he came at the lesser target like a windmill. Had one of the blows connected, it would have killed him outright. The valet stood his ground smiling as he did, gesticulating to the other man to approach him, adding insult to injury as he waved the fat bully forward, ever more towards him, the valet grinned at the slavering face, now puce in colour as he came nearer and nearer. Evidence to the total lack of his fitness, the second drunkard now visible portrayed, more sweat was running down his face, he tried in vain to get close enough for his fists to connect to this grinning Adonis of a valet, who he was hell bent with an unreasonable urge to destroy, for the actions taken against someone you would assume, rightly or wrongly, to be his brother.

While the attention was drawn to the expected onslaught between the second brother and the valet, the brother who was now completely blinded; was staggering, as well swearing the foulest language imaginable, as he tried to walk unaided, in some pre-directional course only known to himself. Twisting and turning on collapsing legs he sought some form of support, almost falling over his own feet, in pain which was etched on his face for all to see, no idea of direction, or appreciation of objects ahead of himself, he was in a terrible state, one that he had never considered as an option, all he wanted now was to exact revenge on that 'jumped up poof' who had dared to disrespect him in this

manner.

The shouting increased, the main attraction was no longer him, his brother, and try as he would he had still been unable to make contact with his fists against the youth, who by a form of retaliation was goading him, at every chance he had. Everyone was holding their breath, unable to speak, waiting for the inevitable. Surely the valet was about to be seriously injured, and there were only so many chances he must have before his luck ran out.

Watching the blinded brother was now boring, not in the slightest entertaining, as he fell down, he tripped, maybe he had hit some obstacle, and his language was foul as well as disgusting. All of the customers as well as staff, stood together, watching what could only be described as a floor show, watching and waiting the outcome between the second drunk and the valet, this was without doubt, the most uneven contest they had ever witnessed, most certainly never before in these prestigious restaurant grounds. Yet this unpredictable outcome was taking place before them all. The exasperated drunk, emptied can after can of beer, spilling more than he drank, sparing seconds to open another can, before shuffling once more in a vain hope of his fists contacting with the grinning poof who constantly made him look an idiot!

The beer now continued to rule the brother's brain, for as try as he would, despite his best efforts, to land the intended blow, his whirling fists still had failed to make contact. The drunk was tiring, yet there was little doubt in anyone's mind that he was still extremely dangerous, it was at this point the

first, and only, communication from the crowd was from a waiter to the owner in mime; holding up a thumb and three fingers squeezed together, while the little finger was extended, his right hand was held to the waiter's right ear. The symbolism was that a telephone call had been made. Geraldine guessed this call was made to the police, to which the manager nodded back to the waiter, who with his colleagues stood on the steps the entire so now group gathered together, watching the contest with bated breath. The drunk now shuffling slower, shaking his head as if he needed to clear his vision, while the valet, hands in pockets walked around the drunk, every so often kicking at the drunk's shins, the man was so drunk that even these painful assaults took seconds to register. He roared in temper, again holding his clenched fists ready to strike his intended victim, who still smiling had the effrontery to laugh, was not there, he placed himself out of harm's way behind the drunk each time. Still all watched the unfolding saga, waiting for now the predictable outcome of this unequal match of violence with crossed fingers.

The general consensus of whispered opinions was that the young man could not be the victor, as nearer and nearer the arm swinging monster came towards him, spitting and cursing, ready to kill.

Chapter 2

1. Obdurate

With an animal growl the thug stumbled towards his intended victim, the arms more like the vanes of a windmill, as he neared his supposed target, now a cringing victim, the drunk's face split into a hideous grin, he was about to kill this upstart who had attacked his brother. However, there was a slight problem, this poof in fine clothing would not stand still, so not allowing him the courtesy of allowing this drunken slob to hit him, just the one blow that is all he needed, then these other smarmy bastards that were watching would pay for his brothers injuries!

The blinded brother, struggled to locate where he was, still unable to see, had found a support, in the form of a railing, the pain too severe from his watering eyes for any recognisable objects, so formulating a plan, where there was a fence, there was sometimes a place to sit, better if it was a bench then he could lay on it, until his brother came to collect him, then he would go to the hospital, get his eyes fixed, make a report to the police, get compensation, then he and his brother could go out and get proper blathered again!

Then and only then they would seek vengeance on this load of queers and poofs, as well as this bloody pub that boasted about the 'haute cuisine' of food, cooked by a 'cordon bleu' chef, all a load of bollocks... he had looked at the printed menu, there was not a single dish he recognised, besides which they did

not even have chips!

No, he and his brother would smash the place up, prison wasn't a problem, they both had done time, so it would not be any hardship to do it again, he gave a little laugh, it was going to be so easy... especially that little bastard who had blinded him, for him, he had the right boots on to smash that pretty face 'poof'... good and proper!

He felt pressure on his right hand shoulder, as if someone had their hand on it, angrily he tried to brush it off, strangely as he knew he had felt their presence, he made no contact with a hand or anything, they had moved away.

“Let me help you, there is a bench seat to your right, all we need to do is cross this road”

The voice was soft as well as caring, again the drunk felt the hand grip his right elbow, then guide him to the kerbside, he knew it was the kerb for although he could not see, he felt the drop with his boot to the road surface, as well noticing the onrush of the currents of air from the passing speeding traffic. Suddenly he felt afraid, he was no longer someone to be feared, all he wanted was to go to hospital so they could make him see, as well as an overwhelming thirst to drink the rest of the beer they had bought with money taken by assaulting an old age pensioner and stealing her pensions when she came out of the Post Office, how she screamed, both of them had laughed as she smashed her face on the pavement, dipping their boots in the blood that was forming a pool by her head. Then in the off-licence, they managed to hit a young woman who was the

Manageress over the head with a pack of six beers, this time they emptied the till of money, filled their pockets with cigarettes, stole as much beer as they could carry, spending the rest of the day smoking and drinking to oblivion.

However thanks to that bloody 'poof' he had to rest, then he could see again, deal with those two 'Lesbians, smash that car, finally recover and drink more beer, the remains of which now lay somewhere on the car park.

He was only too aware in his oblivious state, that if his brother got to it first he would drink it all, it was his... that bloody brother was not going to have it!

He stood upright, the hand firmly steadying him on the kerbside, until the voice again whispered to him.

"Quickly now it is safe to cross there is a break in the traffic!" The owner of the voice pushed him forward; the drunk tottered, confidently, and took a few steps forward into the road. The sound of air horns, car horns, the screeching of brakes, too late, as the warnings registered in his tired brain that he was in grave danger, he outstretched his arms, in an attempt to ward off the pending evil to no avail; his right arm was broken almost at once as the lorry radiator smashed into it, he screamed, then his left arm was shattered, this time by the lorry bumper as he fell, still screaming in absolute agony, the scream went unheard, on his back in the gutter where he had been pushed by the front tyre, he was aware of the heat of the lorry engine, as well as the 'hiss' of the airbrakes still trying to get the lorry to stop, what he was not able to see was the double axle tyres of the back wheels still slowly moving towards him. The first indication

that all was not as it seemed as the searing onset of pain of the ever slowing wheels moved up his body, the final act of the tyres was crushing his skull; like an over-ripe water melon.

The lorry had finally stopped! The lorry driver having stopped his wagon, got out of the cab and stood ashen faced on the pavement. The carnage before him sickened him, as he stood shivering, shaking his head, and trying to make some sense of his present predicament. It had been something in the order of only a millisecond. He knew he had run over something, never in a million years did he think it was a human being. He looked in horrified disbelief as the headless flattened corpse lay in the gutter, there was blood pulsating from the neck veins leaving a warm spread of vermilion colouring on the road, reminding him of a bowl of warm custard just starting to develop a skin.

For a few seconds you could almost hear the silence, the enormity of the accident hadn't sunk into the gathering crowd; it was not everyone that could see the gory details, for those who had probably wished they had not. It was simply a back of the eyelid horror story.

The drama in the car park lost much of its impetus; the drunk was left to get back to his alcohol consumption on his own.

So forming a queue, onlookers were getting out of their cars, waiting patiently as the queue moved forward until it was their turn to be sick at the spectacle, as even more vans or other lorries stopped to witness this bloody carnage. They stood around the squashed body to stare at the macabre sight it now presented,

there were no raised voices, a few crossed themselves, but in general, there was silence... with the exception of those one or two who left the scene to vomit for the second or third time!

At last the Police had arrived, accompanied by the Ambulance Service. The police lost no time in first interviewing the lorry driver, as well as the car driver who was driving behind the lorry.

The lorry driver was very clear, as well as positive in his recollections, “the man had been alone and stepped off the kerb, right in front of the lorry, he seemed to be staggering as if he had been drinking” he recollected, then as an after thought “It did seem as if he was talking to someone, for I saw his lips moving, just seconds before the front of the lorry hit him... then I... ran over him!”

The car driver was equally as clear in his recollection, now very white and shaking as he recalled the details.

“The lorry driver had applied the brakes in an emergency stop”, he said...”I had only limited observation, but I was in a position that when he stopped there were no other persons on the public footpath when the lorry did the emergency stop... I was lucky I managed to brake in time “

Finally a white - van man equally shaken by what he had seen, came forward, to report he had been driving in the other direction to the lorry driver.

He actually saw the man step off the kerbside appearing to try to walk quickly across the road, then prior to being hit with the lorry he put his hands and arms out to protect himself, prior to this... he hesitated, looked at his shoes for a

moment before continuing with his statement... "the man had the attitude of a person that was being assisted over the road, you know like a blind man, with a responsible person holding his right elbow; I know that sounds stupid...sorry it was only a thought!"

The policeman breathalysed all three of the witnesses, then looked almost disappointed at the results, all were negative, only then did he request, all three of the witnesses to call into the Police Station and make a statement. The same policeman shaking his head as the ambulance crew had arrived with a doctor now running towards the victim; they too stood in horror what lay at their feet. "We will need a big fish-slice to lift this one up off the road"

So spoke one of the paramedics, as she tried and failed to lighten the situation, then noticing her colleague shaking his head, it seemed that no words were needed in this case!

Only then concentrating on getting the traffic pile up cleared, the police assumed their normal roll and restarted the traffic to flow once more, all evidence collated. A drunk had committed suicide, while the remaining brute drank himself to oblivion on all the other beers that had been left, he too was picked up by another ambulance crew, then placed on a gurney and wheeled away, while the police sought information from the party on the steps of the restaurant, again there was only one story, An attempt had been made to steal a car, the valet stopped them, the one who had been killed... yes he had first been injured, then the brother started to attack the valet... after that, well...nothing

more could be added.

The policeman tried one more time to get some form of evidence that perhaps a crime had been committed..."The man who had been killed... was there at any time anyone with him?"

Every witness shook their head or committed a very strong "NO!"

At this the policeman closed his notebook, turned on his heels and went back to his car, using his radio to speak to someone, and seemed satisfied, then waited as the two ambulances left, and watched a fire crew wash the road, so the blood was removed, even to the point of washing the lorry tyres, no trace now existed of a man's life that had been prematurely extinguished.

Slowly at first as the lorry moved off, the same car behind it, the road traffic gradually gathered speed, very soon once more the traffic backlog had been cleared, everything was again... normal?

Chapter 3

Raison d'etre.

As for Geraldine, she felt she could not face lunch, it lay almost grinning on the plate before her, the salad leaves fresh with almost a mist of moisture on them, rosy tomatoes, as well as radishes, the cool slices of cucumber... it was the thick pink slices of ham, rolled up ready to cut, suddenly she gagged with the memory of the road victim, as his diluted blood, was washed into the gutter, it was almost the same colour of the meat that now laid on her plate in front of her.

“Geraldine... please don't be silly, you need to keep up your strength, now eat all the food placed before you!”

Geraldine looked about her, there was no one near, yet she knew that she was not mad... there had been a voice!

The waiter seeing Geraldine looking round the room, rushed over to her,

“Madam is the food not to your liking?”

He was genuinely concerned, as he stood directly before her, ringing his hands as if he was washing them, his facial expression down-cast, fearing possibly the manager's wrath.

“May I have a glass of water please...?”

“Madam... I am a fool... I am extremely sorry, I have placed it on the small trolley by the side of your table... please allow me to correct my mistake...”

He was almost relieved, as he bent down to the lower shelf of the trolley, to bring a pitcher of water and two glasses to the table, and then proceeded to pour.

“May I change the salad Madam, if it is not to your taste?”

“No thank you... it looks as if it will be very nice...”

“Thank you Madam”

He left the tableside, a very relieved person, to attend the needs of another customer, who had just entered the restaurant, and seemingly sought a table close to Geraldine and Gwendolyn. However, they were quickly seated elsewhere, seeming satisfied with the waiter’s choice of table and sat down to study the menu.

Gwendolyn did not have the same problem as Geraldine, for she proceeded to eat for the two of them, as well as drink. Geraldine watched in horror, feeling sick, having seen what they had all seen, she could not simply come to terms with the increased appetite of her friend, however, forkful by forkful, she ate as she was bidden to do so.

It was almost with a sigh of relief Geraldine discovered her plate was empty, 'Pudding', Gwendolyn ate two helpings, while Geraldine managed to eat most of hers, then they waited a second or so for coffees to be delivered to the table.

She was thankful that she knew her way back to the Institution from this point, knowing once they got under-way again, Gwendolyn would be asleep!

As she thought, Gwendolyn took out her note pad, and wrote for a moment or

two, then showed Geraldine what she had written.

“Geraldine... I am popping out to see if the valet has the car ready, for we might have to wait, due to those drunks... so if you like please drink my coffee as well, if this all takes longer than it should!”

Gwendolyn, walked out of the restaurant, turning left, following the building round until she reached the rear. There was the old stable block, a relic of bygone days, all of which still retained the ‘sets’ of cobble stones, as when these stables were home for the horses to recover, sleep and be fed, ready to be placed in harness on the next “Flier” Stage-coach, in exchange for the tired horses from the next coach, that called at this Inn, so allowing the passengers a ‘comfort’ break, as well as a chance for a quick meal, for like the horses, this too was always ready!

“Five more minutes Madam, and the car will be ready... I do hope that this will be satisfactory for you both?”

Again Gwendolyn took out her writing pad and wrote.

“Of course... what do I call you?”

“Michael... Madam”

He made a move to write on her pad, but she waved him away with a smile, also indicating she could hear him, then wrote another few lines, and showed him.

“Of course it will be Michael, you have done a wonderful job, and it is so shiny...”

He read the message gave her a bigger smile, and then took up his polishing

cloth once more, as he replied

“We try to please Madam... it is a wonderful car it seemed a shame to send it out again dirty?”

Gwendolyn stood watching him as he now moved quicker to get the polishing finished. She did notice his behind, so petite, as well as his muscular body, bending and twisting in one smooth movement, she felt that before her was certainly a eugenics specimen, in truth the sex of the subject was immaterial.

She wrote another message on her pad, crossed her legs, bending her body forward, tapping him on the shoulder showed him what she had written

“Michael... do you have a Ladies room here?”

“No Madam... the toilets are in the restaurant...”

She wrote on her pad quickly her right hand now between her legs, slightly hopping on one foot.

...“Michael I do need to go quickly...”

...“Madam there is my rooms upstairs behind you, but it may be less tidy than it should be...”

Without a further word, Gwendolyn almost ran up the staircase, as Michael put away the clothes and polish, he smiled, nodding at the gleaming car, yet another satisfied customer, if this kept up, there would be no end of reward from the Master.

Gwendolyn, once she had reached Michaels flat on top of the stairs, all sense of urgency seemed to leave her, as she was met with a sight of calm, neatness and

order, not even a trace of dust on all of the pictures of expensive cars, as well as award photographs of gymnastics... Michael was in them all.

Not being able to talk was a drawback, however the toilet was equipped with a small foot-opening bin, this she threw down the stairs. It was a sufficient warning to Michael, something had gone wrong, perhaps she had fallen, had an accident. The sound alone carried a sudden urgency as it resounded around Michael's garage...

"I'm coming Madam!"

Michael called back, as he switched off the car engine, and took the stairs two at a time, without getting the slightest bit breathless. He arrived at the top of the stairs, something was not right; the bathroom door was open but there was no sign of Gwendolyn, then as he looked into his bedroom, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen was lying on his bed, naked!

As he approached, only just aware of a mist that seemed to swirl about his room, then his senses noted the sweet smell of an exquisite perfume, as this looked not so much at this young naked woman, the white alabaster colour of her body brought into sharp relief, as it was stretched out on a new black silk bed sheet, but where on earth did she find this sheet, for he knew he did not possess them. Undaunted by his hesitancy, she opened her arms as to receive him, revealing those two wonderfully full petite breasts, with aroused nipples, then slowly, as he was having difficulty in breathing, Gwendolyn opened her legs exposing the shaven pubic hair as well as the dewy damp of the shining

clitoris, with an all ready open wet vulva.

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After drinking the second coffee, not that Geraldine wished it, but it was something to do, for her thoughts were that there had to be problems with the car. However, minutes later she heard the roar of the car engine, and Gwendolyn re-entered the restaurant. She seemed to have changed. It was the face that was more noticeable, some of the deepened lines about her face... well they seemed to be, not so deep, and her complexion, she was never what one would call healthy, but now there was a noticeable difference, there seemed to be a dull glow that was not evident before, possibly an effect of the wind while travelling. However, even as Gwendolyn stood, it was strange, some of the stoop that previously she always displayed... well it was now... missing? Finally they both were ready to move off, and the owner came across to the table, concerned that he thought that Geraldine had barely touch her meal, fearing what he had organised, was not to her liking, but she was able to convince him that this was not the case, rather the sequence of events, and the death of a human being... had in truth upset her, and certainly not the meal, as her friend had proved by clearing all her plates, as well as the extra pudding! He saw them both to the car, there were two annoyances, the first, the valet had gone missing, Geraldine it would seem to him, was being exasperating as well as trying, as she wanted to give the Valet money, as if he needed it.

So once again for the second time, the Hotel Manager had to explain to Geraldine, that Natas Retirement Home had indeed paid beforehand for the meals and the fuel for the car, as well as a very generous payment as tips for the staff.

Opening Geraldine's car door, the Manager was actually himself scouring the driveway towards the rear of the Inn, looking in annoyance for the missing Valet again., who still was nowhere to be seen. So no sooner was Geraldine being seated, her seat belt fastened, the manager almost ran to Gwendolyn's car door and opened it for her, waiting until she was seated, her seat belt clicked into place, only then with a smile, gently closing the second car door. His obligation to the Master had just been completed. It had nearly been a disaster, so yes, he felt he had been lucky, so relieved he stood and waved the departing car away, a broad smile on his face, although there was perspiration on his forehead.

However, the Valet would be sweating in a moment or two when he found him, what a time to go missing, it had been almost a disaster, with those drunks, the meal, and now him skiving off, he would be lucky to remain at this station if he did not have a damn good explanation for his absences!

Their Boxster was now cruising slowly to the Inn's white line that separated it from the main road, Geraldine braked, checking both sides of the road, observing it was safe to proceed, crossed the highway to the far side lane, the engine note climbing higher as they sped away, within minutes they were out of

sight.

Only then did the manager take out his handkerchief, wipe his face, then walk purposely towards the rear of the restaurant, and look for Michael, seething in anger, by being let down with one of his employees. He walked at a fast pace to the garage it was empty. Strangely both the doors of the garage were open, something Michael would never do, he had a few faults, but the security of this, his department was never one of them. The Manager called out up the staircase, but to no avail, there was no answer, so he decided to search the flat above the garage for Michael's non-appearance, when he knew damn well he would be required.

Climbing the stairs, there was a strange aroma, it was as if there had been some cooking done quite recently, it was arid stinging to the eyes as he reached the top of the stairs, it was then the Manager made a discovery. On the bed was the charred outline of a body. Michael's uniform was in a heap by the side of the bed, socks and shoes, as well as underclothes.

On Michael's bed he noticed the ring the Master had presented to him for some task Michael had been asked to do.

Mesmerised by what he saw, the manager started to gather all the ashes to the centre of the bed, by lifting the corners of the sheet, then tying them together in a bundle. It was only then that he noticed that although the body had been burnt, the mattress beneath the sheet was unmarked, not even a single single mark anywhere.

As he picked up the bundle he felt saddened, looking out of the small window across the countryside he spoke aloud. “Master... why, oh why him... Michael was one of our best workers you have ever given us?”

As he spoke allowed the sun was suddenly covered with a darkened cloud, a single bolt of lightning cracked into it, and on the cobbled yard, the force of which, actually cracked the cobble stone it hit!

Suddenly in a blind panic he remembered his place, in the designated system of things, plus what he had to lose, once his plastic surgery was taken away off his face and hands... the manager bowed his head towards the darkening cloud, for now again he was terrified, the Master’s retribution was well known to him it only required a slip from him... then he would be physically ripped apart, for past crimes against humanity!

“Sorry Master... I forgot myself please forgive me!”

Slowly the dark cloud rolled away, the sun shone again, the manager of the restaurant feeling no warmth. He retraced his steps to collect all of Michael’s personal possessions. Then once secured, returned downstairs to the garage, to put his bundle in the bin, only then double-checking the garage for any suspicious articles, letters or photographs and secured the garage doors.

He knew now that Michael never existed here, and once his paperwork was also destroyed, no one would ever be able to prove otherwise. Only then did he lock Michael’s flat door at the bottom of the staircase, then deliberately kissed the ring in an act of submission, before slipping Michael’s ring on to his own

finger, now his Master knew that once again he would be a very willing servant, to do all the Master commanded!

Walking around the back of the garage he entered the restaurant via the kitchen door, to find another Valet waiting for an interview, as well as the tasks that he was expected to do, and so instructed, he was handed the key of a flat, and told to report to the kitchen within the next ten minutes.