

The Adventures of Bungalow Bill

By

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Trident Tales Books



The Devil Child

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ISBN -10:1519647646

DEDICATIONS

For my wife Christine of many years for all her understanding, encouragement, love and support while I written 'The Trident Tale Books'. For help from Norman, Pat & David, Sarah (Rakemark, web designers) for all their help and guidance, in checking, correcting, and finding lost work when pressing the wrong key!

Finally my daughter Mandy of whom I could not wish for better, as she is always been my friend!

Bungalow Bill

Chapter 1

It was one of those days, as it had been seemly forever; nothing, but nothing went right, today was no exception!

It started badly as I had to do a quick exit from a flat, that small confining box that I was supposed to pay rent on. I had convinced the owner my company had changed the rules on pay, and we were now being paid monthly and he... believed me?

Yesterday he reminded one's self with a smile, at last I would be rich again, a subtle hint that he would call for his share of my non-existent wealth, some hope... I was not working, I could not claim any money from the 'dole' due to a technical problem, my real name was on the Police computers, over a misunderstanding of money that went missing from a boarding house while I was lodging there, and I tried to pay my rent with monies I had found under her mattress, and she had the audacity to mark every bloody note she had!

So I was not registered because the current name I was using was not mine... I 'borrowed' it from a gravestone, while on the run from the boarding house problem, people it would seem needed money to provide a service... what was this country coming too?

Added to this state of my woes I could not get any official notification for the name I was using, as I did not have any documents or a permanent address for more than two weeks at a time, due to the urge to keep moving.

So I was on the 'run' again, yet another debt I had acquired without a hope in hell of paying, so again I was looking for another name to acquire, with backup of official papers, however, there was the same problem, I first had to have a permanent address for at least a month. With no money in my pocket, the clothes I wore were in fact all that I had, save shaving kit and a borrowed towel, so no prospects, no one I knew to borrow the odd twenty pounds from, or again resorting to street begging, my total achieved for one day sat in a closed shop doorway in the pouring rain, was just short of £3.50, then I was beaten up by a tramp, because I was begging in someone's else's territory, although I tried to defend myself and my money... believe me. I still got hurt, and being back to being broke in record time, while he drank a large bottle of 'Methylated spirits' bought with my money! Then my bad luck broke, I got a job and found some transport, but I get ahead of myself, not that I have anything to feel really proud of... as per usual!

So keeping my car, which really was another mute point, it was in a garage, at a house owned by a Mrs. Connie Walker, who because she had now plans to move in with her daughter, that now I, a Mr. Ivan Jones

had a room, rent free, as well as food, what there was of it, while I decorated, repaired, laying carpets, to do all things, 'Epluribus unum' as they say in Rochdale. I was a general handy man, until the house was ready for sale.

Well as I saw it, I investigated the garage, there was a back door locked at this time with a padlock that was held in place with a very rusty 'hasp', that needed to be twisted to snap it... only so I could investigate the interior of the garage, by being helpful just in case it needed cleaning out, or rubbish removed. Instead, as I discovered it was like a new pin, save what had blown under the door as dust and old leaves, plus the liberation of the entire ceiling by the mass of spider's webs. But there it stood... quietly rotting away... a very old 'Ford Cortina'

The tax disc showed it was over five years ago that it had been on the road, however it would seem up to Connie's husband's death, he had still looked after it, even after the final drive in from the road via a double door, then left to rot away gradually.

So every time Connie was away from the house, I did what I could to get the car started, battery charged, water in the radiator, check the oil levels, and generally clean the inside and outside of the car, finally blow up the tyres, everything one needed was to hand in the garage... except one thing...petrol?

However, Connie noticed that a lot of rubbish was building up at the bottom of the garden, that I had I carefully collected, the house loft space was the provider of most of it, what was not broken when I found it, was broken by the time I passed it down to her, then between us we moved it down the garden, so making the pile I needed, and wanted. Connie was the one that suggested a bonfire, while I suggested burning such an amount of rubbish needed petrol, not a lot for the fire's needs, as the rest were poured into the car tank, well it was a start, and after an agonizing minute or two it did!

The house finally was put up for sale, sold almost immediately, so I assisted Connie to load what she decided to take from her house to her daughters in a small removal van, then I was handed a bonus of some £50 in notes, with instructions to stay in the house until the afternoon, when the new occupants would be moving into their the house, therefore I could pass the keys over, then leave the property.

Later the next day they took possession of the house, and took possession of the keys, so did I with the car, now supporting a beer mat where the tax disc should have been, as for the tax the matter of insurance or MOT was treated in the same Cavalier attitude, what did I have to lose!

Well now that I had another name change to Mr. Dennis Walker, driving away from the house, calling in at the nearest garage then keeping away

from the main roads and motorways, in “my car”, that was the same Ford Cortina, a two tone, black and rust, with the engine rattling like ball-bearings in a can, smoke pouring from a broken exhaust so that you needed the window open, so you did not suffocate with the fumes, to help matters... now as it was raining “Cats and Dogs”, I was getting soaked, to such an extent the car floor would have flooded, but due to the holes in the floor, some of which I had stuffed rags into, water ran out, which was a blessing I suppose?

The car was suffering as I dropped it into an even lower gear, visibility was to the end of the bonnet, I was only aware of all the bends and turns, as the car struggled to maintain a forward motion. I dropped it into first gear, which finally it seemed to like, as the speedometer even managed to get to a respectful twenty miles an hour.

Lastly, but not least, the petrol dial needle was now firmly on the red mark, as the car coughed, I glanced at the petrol gauge, only to have brought to my attention the sound of a ‘Bang’... seconds later to notice the body of a man sliding down my windscreen, falling off the bonnet, out of my sight onto the road, not that I really wanted to look, for he had not been there a moment ago.

I stopped... well the car did, it would seem the kinetic energy to power me further left all hope of the car’s progress, as the last of the petrol did

in the engine. The car was now in a quiescence rest period as the whole car seemed to physically sag!

Pulling the handbrake to its full limited, which did not always mean it was working, but one felt that it would seem the best thing to do in these circumstances.

I left the car, as the rain increased in its ferocity, what did not wet you on the way down, got you as it bounced off the road, within minutes I was cold as well as soaked to the skin, it was at this point I noticed my shoes leaked as well.

Paddling to the front of the car I observed the man lying on the road, so I checked him for signs of life, he had a wallet, with money in it, a plastic driving licence and some papers now soaking wet, as was the money, his vital signs checked and still no movement from him, ergo he was dead!

It was then as I paddled to the side of the road to think... this so far was my greatest achievement... now I had killed someone... could this day really get any better?

Chapter 2

So; I was in a quandary, not really knowing which way to turn, to run away was the best option, but with no car it did limit one's options, however, now I was with funds, not mine, but he was in no condition to

argue, so therefore the money was mine, and if the money was mine, what else could be?

His mackintosh was ripped, as were his trousers, then his shoes I could not believe my luck, we both took size nine, so with his permission of course, we swopped shoes, new for old as one could argue, well I did, my need being the greater.

The transfer done, I could not leave my benefactor in the rain, well it would not be fair, so taking my shaving kit off the passenger seat, and placing it on the road in front of the car, then half carrying, plus dragging the body into the passenger seat, as I maneuvered his body into the seat a cascade of loose change fell from his pocket, as well as a penknife fell besides the car. This was immediately placed in the bag for safe keeping with my shaving kit on the road in front of the car, this was a necessity as my trousers both had holes in the pockets.

Things were getting better minute by minute, so as an act of generosity, I gave him my wallet, complete with bills, and stubs of tickets, a used cheque book, that no one it would seem, wanted to honour any of the remaining five cheque's for reasons known only to themselves, was it possible that they knew I was 'without funds'?

So as I was soaking wet, shivering with the cold I viewed the scene with an experienced eye, gained by watching all those police programs.

I was him, whoever he was, he was me, however, although he had all my worldly goods and chattels, he was not me, for he should be in the driving seat, and had the wrong finger prints, there was always a 'but'... but, were my finger prints on record somewhere, yes they were on my wallet, and everywhere in this car, so I had to move him again, put him in the driving seat, dab his fingers all around the interior of the car, as well as wiping my, no, his wallet clean, then adding a new set of finger prints to the wallet, his!

So even wetter, I lifted him off the passenger seat, and around the car to the driver's side, exhausted I finally managed it. Then using a rag from one of the numerous holes in the car floor, I wiped all areas I thought I had touched, even those I imagined I might have touched, not forgetting the door and window handles of course. Then 'dabbing' his finger prints to all the areas he might have touched, but he refused to get out of the car to dab the boot areas and petrol filler cap, some people just sat there letting you do all the work!

Finally dabbing his prints on the steering wheel... so as I reflected now, not only had he acquired a leaking pair of shoes, a new used wallet, plus a car, I thought he was definitely on a winner.

Now what should I do?

Picking up my shaving bag, now somewhat fuller, the loose change, penknife, also the wallet now safely contained with my shaving kit, I

rolled it up and put it under my arm, all my worldly possessions in Tesco plastic bag, but one should not be judgemental at this stage as the plastic bag served the purpose.

I viewed the scene once more, now it made sense, there I was walking, to where I did not know, but that was a mere bagatelle at this stage. So if asked by those nosey buggers in authority... I was walking, and came across this old car with hopes of a lift, only to find a dead man sat at the wheel with the car window open, so I tried to wake him... no I was concerned... he might have had a heart attack, but he was cold, and no pulse was found by myself...that was better, I needed another surname, one that I had not used before... the wallet was a clue, I could be Dr. Richard Dwyer...

Before I was able to direct my thoughts onto this thorny subject, there was a 'TWANG' from the car, as it silently rolled backward, it would seem that the handbrake cable had finally parted, the car as I watched in silent panic, was picking up speed to crash through a wooden fence barrier at the side of the road, within seconds to disappeared from view, as it vanished there was a scream from inside the car, followed by the sound of twisted metal as it hit some solid objects, twisting and turning over in flight in its death plunge to the road below.

Following its descent, there was an was explosion, a vivid flash of orange and red flames as the car finally stopped its downward journey.

There could not have been a lot of petrol left in the petrol tank to catch fire, but it would seem that I was wrong, however, the pouring rain quickly extinguished the flames, as well as all my hard work, now all in vain. I was now a 'no body' again, the name in the wallet was just too dangerous to use!

Standing there, looking at what I could see, which was not much thanks to the rain; I did remember the car slowing as it worked its way along this road. Due to poor visibility and the windscreen wipers needing replacing a long time ago, it had been in fact a hill, so possibly why the engine was starved of fuel, on hindsight there had seemingly been sufficient petrol to provide a powerful explosion.

Now after all that work with the poor sod I had killed, and wiping off my fingerprints, and replacing with his, it had been a complete waste of time... I had never been here, nothing down there was mine... however, I had to find shelter and warmth quickly, otherwise I would be another corpse that someone would find, if they used this road ever again.

The only worrying thought as I fought the rain, was that cry as the car went over the edge of the road, was it the car, or the poor sod I had robbed, thieved from, and finally killed him, as well as my last personality, whoever he was, I had brought nothing but shame to his good name, or had I, who would tell me anything about either the ones I had used so far?

Chapter 3

Struggling against the weather, as well as these hills, as I had been for over at least several hours, looking all the time for a derelict building, or anywhere I could seek shelter, my teeth would not stop chattering, being soaked to the skin, every footstep I took was agony, my wet trousers had rubbed my groin raw, blisters on my heel from these new shoes, even my plastic bag seemed to weigh a ton. With bouts of dizziness, I knew only too well I was nearly at the end of what strength I had left, I could just about stand, but as I did I could feel myself swaying as I looked through the mist at the road ahead, still forever going upwards. There was a sign... painted on the road... could it be, was it a village ahead, I peered for moments at the sign that kept being obscured by the water cascading down the front of the sign.

As I stood, my feet were getting wetter by the minute, as excess water running down the hill was filling as well as refilling my shoes, it was not only the water for this never ending stream it also carried minute sticks and dead leaves.

Shaking my head I bent down to focus on the road, then to trace the words with my fingers, "ARAF" Was some of it missing, was a post ahead my saving grace, could this be my salvation... with new heart I struggled on, nearly at a run. As I saw a sign on the post, I could have wept with joy, I was about to be saved, I took hold of the sign post and

stared intently into the rain, and looked, my brain no longer functioning as I stared at the strange wording, nothing made any sense, I could not read it... until I read another message below the first one.

“Dangerous Corner”

As slowly I slid down the pole to lie on the road, my brain still acting as if in a fog, slowly came to fruition with the meaning of the two messages...

I was in Wales!

I saw a light... now for certain I knew that this was finally the end, the life I had led, was down to me, all the trickery, thieving, skullduggery, lies and promises, easy made, more easily broken, people had become a lot poorer knowing and helping me!

My last act was to put my plastic bag at the foot of the sign and with what was the last of energy I knew I could muster, I covered with stones, so when I was eventually found... I was simply a ‘John Doe!’ There was no more evidence that could be used, at that I let go of the sign pole, to slide into the water filled ditch, then hearing voices that seemed to be coming through a filter...

“Grab him, Blodwin, I have his arms... I told you I thought it was a body, he is still breathing... we’ll get him to our house, and ring for the Veterinary, as well as the ambulance, but it will have to come from Prestatyn, so it could be at least an hour, look you!”

“But Wilf, he’ll be wanting the Doctor, Mr. Thomas, there he is one in Dyserth, and he knows us, why he came to Llanasa last year to deliver Mora’s baby...”

“Yes Blodwin, did you not read his letter... he was married last week and he and Gwyneth have gone on Honeymoon to Swansea for the two weeks at that posh hotel...”

“Yes Wilf you are right... your body seems to be moving, perhaps he has not finished dying yet?”

“Quick then woman, help me lift him between the seats at the back of the car ...”

“But Wilf... he is very wet... what about the two sheep that are there already, and they have just been ‘Tupped’...?”

“Just help me get him in Blodwin, the sheep will keep him warm, and besides the state he is in... he’ll not mind the smell...!”

“Wilf you are naughty... wait till we get him home, he’ll sink us out!”

This other world was mad; first I was soaking wet, cold and ready to die, then I was being carried, pushed and cajoled into a smelly pit that literally stank; yet with soft, warm wooly walls, that had bad breath, it was all too much as finally I thought I was safe, surrendering to waves of sleep, if ever possible forever, now and again the hard floor I was laying on suddenly lifted and dropped beneath me, bruising and hurting, that also made a noise that strangely said “Ba”?