



THE FURTHER
ADVENTURES OF
BUNGALOW BILL!

*Another Trident Tale
by the Author*

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Acknowledgements

“The Further Adventures of “BUNGALOW BILL “

Is dedicated to Christine who I have been happily married to for a number of years, and hope for many more, she has encouraged me with love and support. To Norman, besides being a friend, checks the M/S for mistakes as well as errors.

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In friendship and gratitude to all our friends everywhere!

Chapter 1

Well “Hello”, you came back to read of my adventures from the last book, well I am recognized now in Glan-ya-Don village, it’s “Mr. Smith” this and “Mr. Smith” that, with polite enquiries into the work at ‘my’ cottage. These enquiries and conversations meant I was able to be available for “handy man” tasks. I never asked for payment, I simply gave them the receipts for the items I bought, and told them of the hours worked, making sure they observed the state of my clothes after the particular task was finished. Some of which I will admit I had to embellish with added mud or water, however it did enable the widening of the purse, or being handed eggs and vegetables as a ‘Thank you’ for a job well done!

So I was keeping the wolf from the door, as well as the odd bit of 'nookie' now and then, nothing serious, for the ever watching Marion seemed she was still interested in me.

As for the village gossip, it would seem that the missing Doctor Richard Dwyer had been seen on the odd occasion in Prestatyn, which is a relief, as I still think it was him that was in my smashed up 'borrowed car', when the handbrake snapped.

While Thomas the electrician, who had now been thrown out of the widow woman's house, was trying unsuccessfully to get back into his wife's bed, the same woman, that in her own words.....

"She was brought up a Christian, and everyone was allowed one mistake!"

So Thomas by Mrs. Thomas's kindness of heart was now allowed to live in the shed at the bottom of what used to be his garden.

Evening meals were provided if he was at the back door at six pm sharp, and allowed to eat them in his own place; the shed!

Breakfast and lunch, were his problem, if he worked then he could buy food, his matriarch declared to all who would listen. For Thomas was experiencing a very limited number of friends all whom seemed to have be told.

"That dirty bugger look you, married to that good woman, did we not say she was too good for you, we were right you know, you fathered a child with that poor widow woman; I be dammed if I'll let you cross my door ever again and she feeds you, a living Saint is that woman!"

The village still talked of the funeral of Pearl, and Dia, although Dia's name is never spoken in my presence, the two coffins, the Church Service, the flowers, as well as cars, paid for by Marion, and my £150, although that pales into insignificance compared to the amount of support from the total population of the village people, with the amount I drank that night, paying for none of it, I may add. Then to wake up in Marion's Porch later the next day, I was proper poorly for the rest of the day, mind you I think Marion was the same as me, but I'm only guessing, as my memory fails me!

It took me nearly two days to be normal and start to eat food again, despite Marion's best endeavours, bringing me little tastes of what she had baked, or bowls of soup, or very small dinners, although as soon as she had left I did manage to scoff the lot, making sure I washed and dried the plates

before I returned them, with the suitable 'hang-dog' expression, earnestly thanking her for the offering, but also mentioning I could not eat it all!

"Stomach problems perhaps?" enquired Marion.

So more and more food was delivered, while I did work in and on the cottage, fixing an aerial on the roof for a television, also an aerial for the radio, as reception was terrible in this part of Wales.

Finally putting the bed in its own room with the help of battens fastened to the floor and the ceiling, then nailing ply board either side to them, only then, as an afterthought, did I pay a friend of Marion's, to make me a door frame plus the door of course, along with a window. My bedroom was now private!

Well until I had a better offer like!!

Now Marion was the real puzzle, no matter what jobs I did for her, she always treated me fairly, with meals or the odd drink, more often cups of tea than anything else. Despite her kindness after the funeral I thought that I could build on that alone, in order to cement our relationship.

However, it seemed there was still a brick wall between us, perhaps the ghosts of Dia and Pearl still lingered here?

So I was thinking, well I did sometimes, that penknife had to be got rid of, plus I wanted to know the value of a couple of objects that Pearl must have dug up somewhere in this so-called garden, more like a bloody field, it was just dying to be dug up and planted, by someone.

So inviting Marion on some pretence I suggested a trip to Prestatyn, stopping on the way at the quarry to place some flowers in remembrance of Pearl.

While placing the flowers at the scene, I could then 'accidentally' drop that cursed initialed penknife over the edge of the quarry into the water below, once I had wiped my finger-prints off it. Only then would I be safe from investigation by Mr. Plod, if by chance it was ever found!

Watching those crime programmes does make you smarter. So now there was a lot to plan. I thought long and hard.

Checking on the date, it would be six months since Pearl was murdered, a week Saturday, so Marion could not fail to be impressed, maybe eager to be my friend again, and what do friends like to do best?

Chapter 2

So what do you think?

It's not what you think, so there!!!! We hired a car which

Marion drove as I had no driving licence, or insurance, and on

the plus side she would be a good character witness if pulled up by Mr. Plod. Marion was the driver in our relationship, for on asking me I did say that I had never driven any sort of vehicle, although again in conversation, I missed about learning to drive a small tractor, to plough the land around the cottage. Perhaps she could help me in this matter?

I do not think Marion was the slightest bit interested in my comments for all I got for my troubles was an unfriendly stare.

So not a good start to our day out when we stopped at the quarry again there was a deadly silence between us, so I took a small wreath to the high point of the quarry where I had been told the murder had taken place. Standing there the wind was cold, chilling me, yet no thoughts about Pearl came to me, my mind was a blank!

The accursed penknife now scrubbed, soaked in bleach all night, never handled with my bare hands, was wrapped in tissue paper then inserted into the wreath now it could not be seen by anyone. Then I very carefully spun the wreath away from me and watched it as it spiraled downwards to land on the surface of the water. The penknife seemed still to be contained in the wreath. It was with a very small splash the wreath hit the water below, only then did I start to cry! I stood there at the very edge of the quarry, aware of the gusts of wind that seemed to push me further towards the crumbling edge, my brain alive with all the good times Pearl and I had in that very short space of time. Without doubt she must have seen some good in me to give me the chance to turn around my life!

I was no longer cold, nor was the wind as forceful as it had been. I leaned forward to watch the wreath take on a life of

its own, as it was being propelled across the water, so encouraging me to lean even more to see where the wreath would finally go...

“Don’t do it Mr. Smith...”

A man’s voice rang out, a voice I thought I recognized, as I was grabbed around the waist and dragged back, as I turned there was Mr. bloody Pc. Williams, with Marion by his side.

They exchanged glances which instantly put me on my guard

“Well now Mr. Smith, that was close you know, another minute and you would have fallen in as you well realise.”

“Well no Mr. Williams, I was watching the wreath as the wind was pushing it over the water like a boat...”

“...But Philip there is no wind, is there Mr. Williams?”

“Now you mention it Mrs. Re...”

He stopped mid sentence, and coloured, shuffling his feet, as his brain fought to come up with a proper reply.

“Sorry about that like... if I may call you Marion please”

Marion nodded, the crisis had passed and these two were friends again.

“Well I was about to say Marion was right Mr. Smith, there is not as much as a breeze, and you were too close to the edge, crying and swaying you know. Well we thought...”

“We were worried about you Philip, after all it is only six months since you lost Pearl, and although it has been said somewhat unfeelingly by others how you have dealt with her death, not by us I might add, for it is we who always responded that we all deal with death in many different ways, don't you agree Mr. Williams?”

“Marion, I could not have put it better. Now I think it would be better if you left here, it is too sad to stay I'm thinking”

“Mr. Williams is correct as always however I have one more job to do while I am here, so if you will wait a minute...”

At that Marion strutted towards the car, opened the boot, and came back to the edge of the quarry carrying two large plastic bags refusing any offers of help, and flung first one bag closely followed by the second. The latter spilling out cards and letters as it was in flight. When the first bag hit the water it split spilling out men's clothing, from underwear, to shoes socks and jackets which floated for a while on the surface of the water then gradually sank.

That will knacker up the fishing here for a while, I thought!

“Rest in Hell you Bastard!”

Marion shouted it so loud it echoed around the quarry. She looked directly at Mr. Williams as if daring him to speak.

“Marion, look you now, if I was on duty like...well I would have to mention the law about littering you know. As it is, well I'm not you know, at this minute that is, so shall we all leave before someone reports it like?”

At that we walked away from the quarry to our respective cars. Mr. Williams watched me as I entered the passenger side of our car to put on my seat belt, only then did PC Plod walk over to our car and opened my car door to stare at me now in an accusing manner.

“You not driving Mr. Smith then? I was thinking that you would be taking Marion to the town, and showing your skills off, like they do in England so I am told?”

Before I could reply Marion was like a mother protecting its young,

She almost snarled at Mr. Plod.

“No he does not drive and, from what I have seen, as a passenger, Phillip is very nervous when I am driving, so I’m thinking he displays a lack of knowledge about motor cars, added to which he has asked me to teach him how to drive a tractor, so what does that tell you Mr. Williams then?”

“It wasn’t that Marion, but Mr. Smith came to our notice about a car accident on the top road, when the driver was killed, and we have not been able to identify him either, but Mr. Smith was in the vicinity so a little further investigation was asked for by the Inspector in order to verify the information like. Now I’m going back to the station, to inform the Sergeant of these facts, so thank you both with no harm intended like.”

At that he left. Marion turned to me, and I feared the worse, as she sought to phrase the next question.

Chapter 3

“Phillip!”

Marion hesitated, her hands clutched the steering wheel, to such an extent that I could see her knuckles whiten.

Thankfully she was not driving.

“What the hell have you been involved with? The police are now checking up on you. Are you using our friendship to get yourself eliminated from enquiries? There is one point I cannot understand and that is why a man of your age has never driven a car... no lies, I want the truth”

Marion still stared through the windscreen not looking at me at all; every second seemed like a minute, as the tension between us grew to such an extent that you could almost taste it!

“Marion, it is like this, and you have asked for the truth so that is what you are going to get. When I have finished the choice will be yours. To drop me off at your house and I will walk back to the cottage, or we drive to Prestatyn for a meal and check on these artifacts I have found.”

I was sweating; again lies came out of my mouth like quicksilver on a glass plate. So taking a deep breath I started to tell the best story ever...

“Marion; you probably know I have been a bit of a rogue. I have been on the road for as long as I can remember, never settling down to a job or a relationship, picking up work here and there, drinking, as well as gambling when I was in the money, bloody starving and living rough when I wasn't. Some of the squats I have had to stay in, frankly the conditions and what went on there, would turn your hair white, from rape, drugs, theft, even murder. Whenever it happened the leader would get those who could stand and walk, to carry the body in a sack or similar to some other place, fill it with sticks and pieces of wood, and then set fire to it. It was then reported as being another vagrant full of drugs. The verdict by the

Coroner's Court was always the same – 'death by misadventure'!

I tell you, when we went off begging next day I for one never went back to that squat, I'd rather have a night in the open wrapped up in a cardboard box once I found a safe area!

So when PC Williams found me at his parents' house, he was not amused, I can tell you. But it was thanks to Wilf and Blodwin, who found me in the ditch after I fell off the path that I think, saved my life. They called the veterinarian, David, who coated me in some stinking substance, and then I was scrubbed in the shower, until David thought me safe to join the human society again. As my clothes were ruined, Wilf gave me some of his, then some food, which I nearly got to eat, but PC Williams instructed that I was to be driven to the spot where I had been found. It was on this journey that David told me about the accident further down the road. The

car apparently had been stored at one of the places I had worked, so I was nominated as the likely culprit, or even the villain.

However I found my backpack, and set out to walk back to England, when I met Pearl.

Then Pearl took me to the local police station, where I was able to meet PC Williams again. I handed over half of the money I had been given for his parents looking after me. This money had been given to me by Mrs. Connie Walker who I had worked for. She generously paid me for all the work I had done. This also was the same address that the car in the accident came from. There was a garage at the bottom of the garden but I know it was securely locked. Connie paid me, fed me, and allowed me to have a room, while I did repairs and emptied the house of unwanted 'bric a brac' most of which I burnt!

So now you know all about me Marion so do we go back to your house, or to the big city?"