

DAVID.J.MORAN

THE VERY LAST ADVENTURE

OF

BUNGALOW BILL!

Hello; to all my readers and those among you thought to give me some idea on the proper sentence for one William Bracegirdle, or as we know him (AKA) Bungalow Bill!

Some of your ideas, to put it kindly, were extreme, to say the least, some I really liked, so I have chosen to follow the one which gained the most votes, although for originality; that Bungalow Bill, would be shanghaied, and married to a “Boot camp” female Sergeant-Major, in a camp she controlled that was filled with men hating female prisoners...it has possibilities for another book, but not in this series of books?

That could be misinformation! David J Moran

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ISBN-

Dedications

To my wonderful wife, Christine, of whom I write so profoundly about in this part of the books I have written, she has taught me the joys of marriage, by being a friend, a stalwart in sad times, also a lover in all our happy times, of which there has been many, Thank you!

Not forgetting Pat, Norman, Sarah (Rakemark, web designers) for all their help and guidance, even when my poor brain overtook my ability to write quicker.

Chapter 1

“Yer; I’m still in this bloody dock, up and down the bloody Court cells stairs, as this sodding Jury keep asking the Beak (judge) for directions about this case, he’s as bloody annoyed as I am, he just told them he would allow them a majority decision, as they could not make up their minds, don’t they know I’m bloody innocent?”

Mr. Dewhurst, my brief (solicitor) looked pleased, as he winked at me, as I was led downstairs again, a bit more of this winking and I am thinking, I recon he might be queer, or was it all the money he was earning on my defence, each time he winked was another couple of big ones (£1.000) in his bank account? So back in me little cell, these screws (Prison Officers) weren’t that bad, a hot tea in a stained plastic mug always ready when I was returned to the cells, one even told me that if the Jury did not make a decision in an hour, it could possibly be a retrial, and up to the Judge (beak), either back to prison or bail, just perhaps if I had told me story right, it could mean Marion and me snug as a bug in a rug for a few hours, before I hopped it like, (run away) I had the money, and me mates in the prison were always open for information, after a bung (bribe) a text in, and a text out, with the information, or a meeting place set up.

Derek, off our table had a sweet set up; as he worked in the kitchen he had a robin (mobile) squat (hid) in the pans den, (area for washing pans, tubs, urns etc.) which of course had a 13 amp plug that was used to charge up the robin, only when he was covered by the other inmates, who watched for the CPO (Catering Principal Officer) or his screws, while Derek did his texting, and arranged for monies to be sent in to one of the four scrubbers (Pan cleaners) who in turn when they signed for their in coming monies, would have Five

pounds to keep, then send their remaining monies to a bank account, details of account numbers supplied by Derek, as I said a sweet set up!

So if, or when I was out, I knew the robin number, I could make arrangements for a new name, identity, driving licence, and paperwork showing that I had a home address with documents to prove I had lived there, like gas and water bills, rent book, with up to date payment, last but not least for only a couple of thousand pounds a new passport, it was so easy, be a bugger as and when it all goes digital, and iris scans, but that is not now, trust Derek he was “sound as a pound” (trustworthy) not like Brian Glover he got his due, and I did it, no hassle, as yet they had not found his body, and Derek said “I did good, and he had friends that could use me, when I was on the outside!”

And it aint every day yer get praise from a man like Derek, I can tell you!

Daydreams shattered as the cell door was pushed quickly open, and to see the smiling face of a screw.

“Bloody Hell Sir, not again, it’s not been an hour has it?”

“Afraid not, just three quarter’s of an hour, come on be quick, and we cannot keep the Judge waiting Bracegirdle!”

So we ran upstairs and stood in the dock, with not only the Prison Officer who brought me from the Court cells, but two more of his colleagues, plus both doors to this Court was covered by two policemen on each of them, this did not look good, in fact it looked decidedly shifty, as if they knew something I had not yet been told, as I glanced up to Marion she waved at me, but I also knew she had been crying, even my bastard Solicitor was not looking at me, gone now were the winks, a silence fell like a lead balloon, as the Judges Chambers door opened, and he sat down, all this bloody theater was short of, was the beak putting on a Black cap, and spouting.

“You have been found guilty of a heinous crime, for which there is only one punishment that I can give, you will leave this Court and taken to a Prison where you will be hung by the neck until you are dead, may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Then the daydream snapped as I realised he had been talking to me and I had not heard a word he had said, save the last bit of it.

“Take him down Officers

“Hey what the fuck is you doing to me, I’m innocent, what did the beak say, did he give me a couple of months?”

“Only life Bracegirdle, be good and you could be out in seven to fourteen years, so shut your screaming, and now walk to that end cell!”

So after I was been dragged down stairs, I sat in another cell with some weirdo, who was crying, but he quickly shut up when I threatened to ‘pan him’ (hit him), and I shouted for the screws, but service it seemed had stopped, it sounded if they were eating, now relaxed, and waiting for the Prison Van, their day was nearly finished, mine I feared was just about to start, then I was told I had visitors, and if I watched my language, I would be allowed fifteen minutes, less if I did not behave!

Chapter 2

Yer it was Marion, and my bloody Solicitor prating (talking quietly) on about an appeal, as he was aware some of the evidence he had not been allowed to present, yer and pigs fly, he was taking my Marion for more bloody monies, at my bloody expense.

“You all right Marion, as the Solicitor said, there is hope that we can win, so we have to try don’t we, I am not the person that the prosecution made me out to be, I mean have I ever let you down, in all things we have been through?”

She was crying again, shaking her head, just as I thought I had got through to her the screw with a grin on his face shouts.

“Time please, we have to leave, and Madam you can ring the Prison for a VO (Visiting Order) which will be due to be used in twenty eight days from today!”

At that Marion burst into tears again, while slippy Sam held her hand to lead her away from the visiting window, and gave her his handkerchief, turning to smile at me, before the outer door closed behind them!

I felt a slow burning rage building up inside me, there would be a day of revenge, and I was the one to do it, after all I was the silent killer, I had done two, one in the car that went over the cliff, and my mate Brian, his face as I shot him, one of wonderment, just before he fell to the floor, the last gasp, only then brown bread, (dead) as they say down South!

The worse yet I was cuffed (handcuffed) to this sobbing winger, and so we shared a seat, he wanted to talk, but I didn’t I suspected he was a ‘nonce or pedophile’ either of which proper con’s (convicts) don’t talk to them, give a good kicking, help them fall down a metal staircase, or accidentally fall over the landing barriers, to the netting two floors down, yes that was justice, especially ones that touched babies or young kids, these were right at the bottom of the con’s social ladder. (I bet you didn’t know we had one?)

Into Reception, names, home address, religion, diet, prescribed drugs, alcohol and none prescribed drugs usage, date of Birth, charge of this offence and sentence, finally all boxes ticked or not, we went into a bath cubical, stripped and checked by a medical screw, in case we had hidden a gemmy, stick of dynamite, in our dark places, then a quick bath, towel around your waist, then to the Red Band (trusted prisoner) to have clean but worn clothing issued, from underpants, vest, shirt, trousers, jacket, socks and shoes, these were worth a check, as sometimes some nasty con wanted a laugh at you issuing a size seven and a nine, when you took an eight size in shoes or boots!

It would seem I had been expected, as all my clothes were not only semi new, but pressed as well, shoes broken in but shined up as well.

So dressed, and issued with bedding and soap, razor (no blade) lather brush, and toilet roll, I was then escorted to the pun's (Punishment Unit) instead of the wing where me mates were, this is not what I expected, and was about to kick off, then stopped from walking any further, to be taken into an office, on which the sign on the door stated it belonged to PO Hardman (Principal Officer), this was weird, so I decided to play it cool.

"Bracegirdle; you are down here because of your sentence, and you will be checked night and day every fifteen minutes, until we decide that you are fit and capable, with the understanding of what your sentence means, and how you choose to spend your time in this prison, or depending on your attitude as well as the company you keep, you could be transferred to an open prison in five to ten years, do you understand?"

"Thank you Sir, so I keep me head down, no waves, and always address the Staff properly, when can I expect to go on normal location please?"

"Bracegirdle, I like your attitude, you have made a good start in this Office, you will have a review every week, from the Officers who will be working with you,

and we together will listen to their reports, and you at the end will be allowed to comment, is there anything else?”

“Can I have a letter and a pen to write to me wife, also can I have a book to read please, please, not a cowboy, that is all my last wing had all of which had pages missing, and now I have the time so to speak, could I enroll in the Studies Group in the Education Block?”

“Yes you can Bracegirdle, now the Officer will escort you to your cell!”

So that was it, made me bed, door opened for Cocoa and a bun, pen paper and an envelope, and a book ‘Reach for the Sky’, by Paul Brickhill, yer this place was just my ‘cup of tea’ (cushy), these people were so up their own rear part of the body, a couple of weeks I would be in the main block (main prison area) with me mates planning how to escape, bugger five to ten years to get parole or open prison, I was ready to do the trots (escape) at the soonest!

I wrote me letter to Marion, aware that all prisoners mail can be read by Censor Officers, and being in the Puns, it was very likely that mine would be twice, so again play it cool, number and name on the top of the letter, with the date as well, how could I forget the date?

“Dear Marion, miss you lots, and I am thinking the Solicitor find grounds for a appeal, it wasn’t me that they dragged up all that tripe about me past, it could be the wooden tops (police) having a pop (telling lies to frame a person) at me, because they never liked me, that is why I changed me name!

This place not bad, food could be better, so you me to sleep alone until I get back with you again, take care Marion, I really miss you, love, Bill.”

I re-read the letter, nodding it was not bad as it been my third attempt trying it out on sheets of toilet paper first, until I got it right, there was nowt the Censor

Officer could do with the contents, I was sure, and it would help me case with these screws and their boss, 'stupid bastards!'

Now it was time to sleep, it was a warm cell so I stripped to the buff (naked) and went to sleep, aware of a shaft of light from the door spyhole, as sleep overtook me, with a thought, that a sharp needle on the end of a toothbrush handle, and the glass on the spyhole broken, I could blind in one eye this noisy screw, no respect for a sleeping man.

A giggle formed in my brain as I imagined the screams and the bloody eye socket looking at me in disbelief at what I had done, but I dare not laugh yet, perhaps later?

Chapter 3

Days and days dragged, each Friday was back to the PO's Office, listen to the whining's of my Landing Officer, bed pack was not squared off as per diagram (okay I will explain, you fold a blanket to a set size, then on top of that you fold one of your sheets to the same size as the folded blanket, then another sheet, and the last blanket, encasing all with the bed cover folded to the correct width, ends trapped under the bed pack.)

A load of 'bollocks', yet I had to do it, I said

"Sorry, I will try harder, to meet Staff's instructions?"

I could hear me mates laughing their head off if they ever found out, but still being a sniveling pushover, won me a visit from a member of Staff (Civilian) from the Education Block, who gave me a test or two, to do while she stood at my cell door with that Landing Officer, spouting all a load of guff, about the importance of their job, but I watched his eyes, he was measuring her for a spot of naughties and possible 'leg over', dirty lucky bastard!

I did not finish the two tests, they were all stupid questions, and I felt it was below my dignity to allow a young woman, that I had a problem with the three 'R's, just to put it mildly.

Only then as she smiled at me, my cell immediately lit up with my passion for her, this was serious love, do be dashed when she spoke, despite being beautiful, she was a hard little cow.

"It is fortunate that we have you here in this prison for some considerable time Bracegirdle, for your educational standard leaves a lot to be desired, however all is not lost, I will send you down a starter book to read called Peter & Jane when you have read it fully, inform your Landing Officer, and I will again come to your cell and listen to you read this particular book from the first page to the last, also I will send you papers that are impressed with the alphabet, capital and small casement letters, also a pencil, as well as five coloured pencils so you can fill in the dot-dot pages, with your pencil, then colour in the picture you made, any questions?"

"No thank you Miss, and thank you for your time!"

The cell door slammed shut, I felt my temper grow and grow, I needed to smash some ones face in, smash all me cell up into little pieces, hands balled up and shoved in my pockets, when I started to think, what I thought I wanted to do, was what they wanted me to do, these bastards write reports, and if me slimy Solicitor does get an appeal for me, the beak will get notification of me behavior in the Puns, and think his sentence was right, plus the fucking PO, and his Staff, will not put me back on the wing with me mates.

"Fuck you all!"

I hasten to add, I whispered to the window, because I had spotted my spy hole was open again for another fifteen-minute check, so turning with a smile I addressed the problem of my bed pack, pulled it apart and started to re-make

it, using the length of me pillow, for the width of the blankets and sheets, then folding them both using the pillow again for the length of the fold, and hay-presto, a squared off bed pack, wrapped carefully with the bed cover, and placing me pillow on top of the pack, just like that bloody diagram!

“Bloody stuff the lot of them, I can wait!”

Now was the time for serious thought, I had to escape, not from the Puns too much infringements of ones privacy, while you are here, then once escaped one needs to plan where one needs to get...

“Are you day dreaming Bracegirdle, exercise was announced on the tannoy and you are not ready, why?”

“Sorry Staff, it was the visit by the Education Lady, she set me thinking, about all the lost school time, and things, so please give me a minute and I ‘ll be me door?”

“Alright Bracegirdle, so long as this does not occur again I shall not report it, however please do not think me a soft touch...”

“...Oh no Sir, never, I said to the Staff and the PO I would not be a bother, and I am now ready to stand by me door, Sir”

“Right you lot single file to the exercise yard, first one to shout or scream, you all will back into your cells instantly, do you hear me?”

“YES STAFF!”

“Bracegirdle a good improvement on your bed pack that I will note on your record...”

“...Thank you Sir!”

We walked in a circle, in a square yard, Officers looking very bored at each corner, yet you knew you were being observed, and not to approach them. One of the Cons on the yard seemed to want me to walk beside him, which was worrying as ahead of him was the winger that was at Court and we had

shared the same cell prior to be returned to the prison, I had nothing better to do so I waved him to me, with my left hand fingers, so the Screws did not see the gesture while we walked slowly away from the immediate sight of the screw on the corner.

“Derek said Hi, and I am Bob, Derek said you will be needing his help soon as you get back to the wing, he’s fixed up you to work in the kitchen, and when you are on the wing he’ll get you fixed up in a cell next to him, any message?”

“Not at the moment, I am working on a few ideas, but I need to get back to normal location, too many screws, and too many checks...”

“Yer right Bill, exercise will be called in a minute, so I see you again this afternoon, I ‘ll get your reply to Derek, here we go...”

“Exercise halt, nearest the door single file to your cells, where you will find the Searching team have been, some of you are on a charge to be dealt with the Governor this afternoon, lead on!”

He was bloody right, the bastard had tipped everything on the bed, and me bed pack, me pride and joy, rubbished!

“Bastards!”

But I just remade it, I felt better, I had made contact with Derek, he seemed keen to keep me in his group, he must still respect me, and think we together have a future outside.