

Dead End

Prologue

If you read the papers, watch the news or trawl social media you will soon learn that most real life murders are domestic, crimes of passion or spur of the moment (although I imagine a spur is not always going to be readily available as a weapon)

Of course crime fiction and TV detective series vastly expand this list up to and including what appears to be the most popular genre - serial killers.

Obviously not that popular I guess if you are one of the victims.

I hadn't started out trying to plan a perfect murder, I imagined it would be virtually impossible these days – what with forensics, DNA, tyre marks, number plate recognition, phone tracking, face recognition software, bank records, fibres, post mortems, pathology, CCTV and god knows what else.

Add to that smart coppers and intuitive psychologists (at least in 'Wire in the Blood' and 'Silent Witness', - although not so much in 'Minder' to be honest) ..but the fact is you have about as much chance of getting away with murder as Trump trying to convince everyone that he really doesn't have dementia

In my case not getting away with it was of far less concern to me than being able to kill the bastard.

But I'm getting ahead of myself, and I really ought to explain why.

The Perfect Murder

It started when a mate of mine...well I call him a mate, although a better description would be another four letter word.

Anyway, he had set up a business, which wasn't going too brilliantly and he asked me to leave my secure and well paid position at the bank and join him.

I know you're wondering why on earth I would choose to go to work somewhere less secure than I already had – and in fact I've asked myself the same thing – countless times.

Truth is it was greed – I had been promised 20% equity going up to 25% if I could improve the business value above £5 million

I was tempted....so much so I resigned from the bank, moved to where the business was based and set about improving the company and more especially my own fortunes.

And I did...within 3 years the value of the business had mushroomed and was attracting interest from bigger rivals.

An offer of around £6 million was made and accepted by the bastard.

You're way ahead of me aren't you...yes – you're right...quite stupidly I hadn't got the equity offer in writing.

Whilst working out how I could avoid tax on my expected recompense of over £1.5 million, I discovered that my aforementioned 'Mate' ...in inverted commas had signed the sale papers, pocketed the lot and gone off to live in a tax haven.

I'd been given nothing – he hadn't even insisted that the buyer should keep me on!

It took me some while to accept my stupidity and to rebuild my life, all the time seething, but knowing that there was nothing I could do about it.

However, I discovered, quite by accident, that he was coming back to the country to sign papers for selling his house.

Instantly I had revenge on my mind....big time.

My first thought was to shoot him – not my brightest idea I admit, but it seemed it might be fun and certainly worth trying.

What I know about guns can be written on the back of a matchbox – in large capital letters with a thick felt tip.

But I was an aficionado of Stuart McBride books so I went to the dodgiest looking pub in Brixton in the hope of spotting a likely looking gangster.

Another big mistake...huge!

I entered the dingy place rather nervously – much of the decor could have given Tracy Emin a rival for the Turner Prize.

It smelt of stale beer, cigarette smoke and in my case – fear.

I sat alone a half of shandy and looking furtively at the assortment of horrible looking tattoo laden ugly punters... some of whom were men.

I was approached by one character..it was hard to say what gender. and it asked, none to politely if I was a pig and told me there was a distinct smell of bacon.

I rapidly determined that this was not a reference to a farm yard animal

“You filth?” the creature demanded menacingly.

Resisting the urge to say that I had showered that morning, I shook my head and hurriedly left to the rough sounds of laughter and oink noises which followed close behind.

Once home I breathed a sigh of relief and then searched on line for weapons, knowing full well that my internet browsing would condemn me if I got as far as ...well you know.

Despite this setback I decided to search for alternative weapons...I tried Google and stumbled across a reference to crossbows.

Upon further exploring I discovered that you can get one on Amazon for about £30....no questions asked....and with my prime membership I could get it delivered the next day...before 8pm and , more importantly, without being mistaken for Dixon of Dock Green in a pub.

Result!

The instructions said it was good for small game hunting, but on the plus side I didn't have to go to a dodgy pub – in fact I didn't have to leave the comfort of my DFS sofa.

I then found out that the bastard was back and guessed he would have to go to the solicitors to sign papers...I was banking on it being the same local outfit that the business had used.

I spent two days staking out their offices from the Starbucks opposite – drinking endless cappuccinos and scoffing jumbo sausage rolls.

I was getting porkier by the hour , but it paid off...just before 4.30 on the second day I saw him entering the offices opposite.

I waited 10 minutes and then unpacked my weapon from the sports bag under the table and went outside .

If anyone thought it odd that someone was standing like an 18th Century French archer in the high street, nobody said or did anything..

Finally he emerged with a self satisfied smirk on his face.

He spotted me but chose to head off..I called his name and as he turned I raised the bow and pulled the trigger.

The bolt hit him square between the eyes and he dropped to the pavement with blood gushing like a crimson fountain from his ugly visage.

I was still grinning at this wonderful tableau when armed police arrived.

I surrendered without troubling the blokes who had positioned red dots on my forehead and chest.

I was manhandled, thrown roughly to the floor and handcuffed whilst one of them kicked me and screamed in my ear something about not having to say anything, which would have been difficult anyway since two more were kneeling on me and yanking my head back by my hair.

I was beginning to think that the blokes in the pub had a point when they had referred to them as pigs.

In the van one of the ordinary coppers was more reasonable and remarked somewhat admiringly about how good a shot I was.

I decided not to disabuse him of this notion..in reality the shock of the recoil had surprised me – I had been aiming for his heart and it was a bloody miracle that it didn't miss him altogether.

It was serendipity that it took him between the eyes – it occurred to me that Tell junior was indeed exceptionally fortunate that his old man William was better with a crossbow than I was.

I pleaded guilty...obviously.

The judge at the sentencing shook his head and commented that it was a stupid crime and could hardly be described as a perfect murder.

“On the contrary your honour” I replied....

.”for me, it was perfect...absolutely bloody perfect”