

BAD FOR GOOD

By Graham Bartlett

Bad for Good
Force of Hate



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*For Julie, Conall, Niamh and Deaglan.
You make all my dreams come true xxx*

I always tell authors that the story and characters must come first. With that in mind, this is a work of fiction, hence some structures, titles, locations, even some police procedures, have been modified to serve the story and the characters for your enjoyment.

Part One

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8.30 a.m., Friday 27th April

As the steel baton shattered his right kneecap, Wayne Tanner wished he had broken his golden rule and driven away from trouble this time.

‘What the fuck?’ he cried, as he concertinaed into the dirt. Writhing and screaming in agony, he barely registered the second swing as it disintegrated his left shoulder.

He’d had ample opportunity to lose the black Audi tailing him out of Brighton city centre, but that was not in his nature. Now, trapped in the remote Ditchling Beacon car park and hemmed in by four truncheon-wielding thugs, there was no way out.

His reluctant yet desperate attempts to clamber away only resulted in his flaccid leg shooting fiery pains through him with every drag. He’d only managed a couple of yards before another flurry of strikes rained

down, crippling his other knee and left forearm.

‘You’re fucking killing me!’ he yelled, as he heard his white van cough into life. ‘Whatever it is, you’ve got the wrong bloke.’

‘Oh, I don’t think so, Wayne,’ came the reply from the impassive spectator who then raised his hand, which immediately stopped the beating.

‘Who the fuck are you?’ Wayne cried.

‘Friends of Susie’s. Or rather, her dad.’ Wayne detected a northern accent but couldn’t place it.

‘Reg?’

‘See, we are on the same wavelength.’

‘What are you on about and where’s he going with that?’ he shouted, as his van disappeared onto the Beacon Road.

‘We’ll take good care of your motor. Can’t say the same for you though,’ the man said as he pile-drove his boot on Wayne’s shattered leg.

A flock of gulls screeched into flight.

‘See, Reg never liked you. Couldn’t see what Susie saw in you. So when you put her in hospital, well he wasn’t best pleased.’

‘But I got nicked for that. I’m on bail and I can’t go near her again.’

‘Yet even if it gets to court, you’ll get a small fine and a smack on the wrist. Reg didn’t think that was enough, so asked us to help.’

‘But . . .’ Tanner pleaded.

The man turned to the others, their batons at the ready. ‘Get him in the car.’

Wayne's howls went unheeded as they dragged his crumpled body to the Audi. Pausing to plasticuff his wrists together, they shoved him into the back seat.

As the door slammed behind him, one of his attackers slid in the other side and shoved Wayne's head forward into his lap.

'Where are you taking me?' he groaned, as the car wheel-span out of the car park.

The man fiddled with the satnav, then turned and said, 'Let's just say, you'll soon wish you'd never met Susie Parker.'