



CRIME LORD



DAVID PAUL BAKER

A CRIME NOVEL



FREEDOM

I left the prison gate with a carrier bag filled with notepads, pens and a change of underwear for one day. The note pads have three quarters of a crime novel written on them. I have just served my time for armed robbery. I took a chance at getting the dream in fifteen minutes, but I ended up with a fifteen year nightmare! Pretty stupid. I mean when does a heist ever go right! Even in the movies it's always a "HEIST GONE WRONG!" Well, that's usually the way it is in real life too.

I read a whole library inside, so I'm aware that the world has changed a lot since 1999. The global financial collapse, the internet, social media, disruptions in many industries and countries. Fuck!!!, Jimmy Savile was a serial paedophile! (He hosted a TV kids show, and made their wishes come true) I wrote to the BBC and asked if Jim would fix it for me to have a new family when I was a kid, but he never replied! Fuck him!

I have changed a lot in the last few years. I've even had to take it up the arse once or twice, but it sounds like many in this new post 911 world have been shafted in every orifice too! I don't know if that's a good world or a bad world to be entering, but I do know one thing. It's a world of "New opportunities" I'm determined to get a piece of 'something'!

The gates of the prison open. I walk out to the car park and hear an Irish voice I have not heard in five years.

Paul!..How you doing? It's Ray Tierney.

Want me to describe him for you? Ok, late thirties, balding...Ohh fuck this. He's a cunt!!!.....With a heart!...A hustler and pornographer! But this smut peddling cunt has not visited me in five years! Now he just turns up and wants to high five me and act like were buddies! WTF!!!

What are you doing here? (To Ray)

I've come to pick you up!"

Yeah! Why?

What do you mean why?

Five years and not a visit, letter, or even a Christmas card and you have "Come to pick me up!"

The fucker is shocked at my reaction! If he continues with this puzzled look because of my anger, he's getting a kick in the nuts and I'm off for the bus! This is a fresh start for me, so I don't need any bullshit!

Well?"

Ok, I'm sorry I never came to see you, but I couldn't bear to see you trapped in that place!....Honestly!

He seems genuine but he's a hustler. We stare at each other. His eyes are telling me something else. I have always had a great bullshit detector. I'm intrigued why he's 'really here'. I don't even have my bus fare, so at least I'll get a lift back to the city centre. I'm starting at the very bottom again, but it's exciting. I'm ready for anything. Bring it on! I get in the car.

We chit chat on the drive back but I can barely hear a word he's saying. I have lived in my head so long, that I only respond with the one tiny part of my brain that I use for, "Yeah, you don't say! No fucking way! Is that right?"

I throw a few laughs in there when he laughs, even though I don't know what the fuck I'm laughing at! My attention span for chit chat is limited to the zombie half of my head. But you know what, I hate people like that! If somebody's talking, LISTEN! Even if they are talking shit, because you will then be able to determine quickly if you really need this person in your life!

I don't have time on my side to fuck about any more, so I need to identify my friends, associates or enemies fast! Listening is important. But I have a writers head now, so I do tend to get lost in my own thoughts. What happened to me! Me, a 'Writer' Well, at least I didn't find GOD inside. I shared a few cells with the "Born Agains"

"God will bust me out of this cell....He listens to me!"

"Really! All the shit that is going on in the world, and God has got YOU on his radar!"

If God has a place in heaven for some of these scumbags, then I want to go straight to hell! An eternity with bible bashers is my idea of hell! Fuck, maybe that really is hell! A world full of lying two faced fucks who bullshit they have family values, have your back, but behind the scenes, they're fucking you over undercover! I met a few of them inside too. Suited white collar bankers, corporates. The respectable posh boys! I hate LIES!

Anyway, while I'm on this ride to Glasgow city centre, I'll give a brief summary of my last few years inside. I did have the whole Max Cady attitude for the first few years. I was in that revenge kinda mood. I thought I was set up with the heist. I wanted to torture and kill a certain individual when I got out of here.

I did a hundred sit ups every morning, built myself up, and planned a fucking rampage when I got out. Kill Bill style! But you can't live your life inside like that. That type of anger will only burn you up. I changed but I never found Jesus, I found a 'reason' to get up every morning. I started to think, learn, study, read, and then write! This was my spiritual awakening.

We end up in a city centre bar. I have a lager. Damn, just to be sitting here drinking this feels like I have just won the lottery. Whatever happens from now on, it's all a bonus. I have a crime novel that is almost finished, and I even have interest from a publisher. This new chapter in my life could be good!

Ray said, You... A WRITER!

Yeah I know, me, a writer!

What kind of writing?

A crime novel!

Yeah! What's the book called?

CRIME LORD!

Crime Lord!....Cool! Who would have imagined this. Paul Black. A WRITER!

Ray seems surprised. Although there's still something not quite right. Maybe I'm just being paranoid. After fifteen years inside, you're always ready for the worst from people. The booze kicks in. I start to chill out.

So what's happening with you? You still in the porn business?

Ray, No!..I lost ninety percentage of my business. It's all fucked! Music, Movies, Media, Porn! Disrupted!

Ray used to crank out about a hundred porn flicks a year. His business was booming. They were shot fast and cheap but they were quality films. He wasn't like some creepy pervert, he treated the girls right. Nothing hardcore, just naughty smut fuck films.

He couldn't get a grant to get into film school, so he started shooting and selling porn to try and pay the fees. He finally made it to Hollywood for a few films. Not as planned though. He shot a few US porno stars in a burbank studio. He got comfortable with the money, so the Oscar ambitions drifted.

Ray says....Anyway, I'm trying to find a way to evolve with all this at this minute, but it's not going that well

Why?

I'm a pimp now!

A Pimp?

I'll tell you later!

We walk through the city centre. There's a lot more shopping malls selling designer clothes, all the latest phones, computers. On the flip side, every tenth store seems to sell shit for a pound! "Everything is a £1!" Gadgets, clothes, food, jewelry, you name it! I think I have one pound on me. Things are not so bad! Although I heard the cost of living is higher. Looks like many can afford an iPad and a smart phone, but it's a struggle to heat your home!

We're at the reception of a fairly plush hotel. "GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL" Glasgow. Ray gets the key from the receptionist. We say nothing as we walk down the long corridor to the room. The minute we reach the door and see the name plate, "JOHN LOGIE BAIRD SUITE", my alarm bells start ringing.

We enter the room. Ok, it's not Ritz but it's not the Travel Inn either! Large sitting room and bedroom, with bottle of champagne on ice. The only cherry that's missing is the Call Girl in her underwear! This is where you take somebody to fuck them, or fuck them over! Either way, I think he's trying to fuck me! Now I'm 'really' suspicious!

I look around the suite, my head's racing trying to figure out all the potential motives. We were mates in the past sure, and sure, mates can do shit like this for mates. But I hear 'nothing' for five years, then this. On top of this, Ray is as tight as a nun's crack! Micro budget filmmakers don't spend money like this!

Paul, What the fuck's going on with the 'suite'?

Ray, What?