The Owl and the Pussy Cat!

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Welcome to my world… won’t you come on in?

Step outside of your’s… and let the journey begin!

Premise: A tale of bitter revenge and more.

Sitting at a small table structure in a single occupant, brightly lit and painted, newly renovated New South Wales prison cell that was a lot more acceptable to the inmate considering the conditions he had lived under for the last fifteen years or so. In the vastly different conditions of a lower security graded Prison for short term prisoners or prisoners due for release who were regarded as being manageable.

With its own small shower area and a steel toilet bowl, sponge mattress bed, and a chair is 47 year old Henry, ‘Harry’ O’Halloran. He is of an average height of five foot eleven inches tall, and is a well-kept thirteen stone middle weight. A long time villain and armed robber serving a sentence of 18 years for his part in the murder of a waring gangland figure in Sydney in the year 2000. The victim was a known drug baron and notorious stand over man. Harry O’Halloran had already started to grey in the hair as well as in his complexion due to the lack of sunshine and vitamin D that he had been deprived of for so long.

Harry O’Halloran, alongside his co-defendant and close friend and confidante, Samuel ‘Sammy’ Morris. but sentenced to 24 years for his role in the murder and incurring the blame for being the chief antagonist in the crime. Now sharing the same prison wing as O’Halloran, A man of 46 years of age and built like a bull, and who also has the strength of one. He is a natural heavy-weight, fifteen stone in weight, and five-foot-ten inches tall. He had been an amateur light-heavyweight boxing champion up until his late twenties. Earning him the nickname; ‘Sammy the Bull.’ And he was also known by that of another, that of, ‘Bull, Morris.’ To his family he had been known as ‘Pussycat.’ He occupies a single occupant cell further along the same landing as Harry on their prison wing?

Harry O’Halloran is only months away from being released after serving the whole of his sentence, minus time earned as remition for good behaviour. The only real distinguishing thing concerning the two friends was that Sammy when he spoke swore and cursed like a trooper, whereas Harry swore very little, and a little better mannered.

When it had come down to cell tidiness and hygene, there were two trains of thought as to this held by prisoners? One was a cell was never to be viewed as your home, therefore reject and abuse it. The other was; it is not my home, but I didn’t liv in shit on the outside, so I’m not going to liv in it, here on the indide, but it is my area of survival, and it will be kept clean and hygenic.

He wanted to retain a little respect and appreciation to or for something. The linoleum on his cell floor was highly polished and waxed to a mirror finish that would clearly reflect an image. Harry would only wear socks on his feet while in his cell, so as not to scuff the finish. His cell was bare, but it was immaculate.

What had appeared to most other convicts serving time with the pair as odd, and very determined, were their answers to questions about their involvement in the murder that they had been sentenced for? When they would steadfastly deny ever being involved in the murder in any way, shape, or form.

They always insisted and maintained that they had been set-up and placed in the frame by competing villains who were aided by corrupt NSW police detectives at the time. Some of these detectives were said to be instrumental in the suggested conspiracy against O’Halloran and Morris, with the collusion of criminals who they had corrupt dealings with, and they also gave them protection from prosecution in criminal cases that would normally be attributed to them.

These activities were well known in the Sydney criminal world. There was no exaggeration as to the involvement and practices of these highly corrupt police. It was true that they would employ the time honoured practice of what was referred to as the verbal; Giving false testimony, planting false and incriminating evidence, and using paid to lie witnesses to support their lies and fit up’s.

Even to going as far as the criminal milieu knowing of the existence, connections, and practices of the gang of corrupt police and criminal conspirators responsible for fitting up Sammy and Harry. Nobody but the jury had believed that the pair were guilty it would seem!

The criminal Crew involved in the set up oh O’Halloran and Morris, was despised by all of the other Sydney thieves, villains, and murderers operating in Sydney at the time. Plus, they had proven to be impenetrable and untouchable for a time, at least with the blind eye that the police establishment were showing regarding the illegal and unscrupulous methods that were being employed by the tight knit and loyal members of the crime squad involved.

The squad in question were undoubtedly getting major results as to arrests for drug dealing and the like, but that was primarily due to the reliable information given to them by the known criminals that they were in collusion with, and rewarding them with what is referred to as the green light when it came to them committing criminal acts with impunity from prosecution.

One particular highly corrupt and murderous influential detective sergeant who had become quite notorious for his methods of policing, was a man by the name of: Michael, ’Mick the prick’ Miller. This was another character that was perceived as a clone of Roger Rogerson.

But he had kept his head down and not attracted the attention of the media and his immediate superiors with his over blatantly socializing with criminal connections. Miller had been secretly controlling a pair of treacherous and murderous villains for a decade or so, being able to dictate to them who he wanted murdered or taught a lesson by the pair. It was an association that had been ruthless.

There had been other similar factions of corrupt police teams operating in the same manner with known criminals going back to the nineteen-fifties and sixties, with the criminal association between detective sergeant Ray Kelly, and Lennie McPherson. Detective sergeant Fred Kray, and others, up until the early eighties when the likes of disgraced former detective sergeant Roger Caleb Rogerson, and his association with the notorious Arthur, “Neddy’ Smith, and his off-sider Graham ‘Abbo’ Henry.

And a small number of lesser known up and coming villains waiting to mature and replace them, names such as the well-established Alexandria crew was being bandied about, and the relatively unknown Owl and the Pussy Cat. With them being real life Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid kind of characters.

The evidence presented against O’Halloran and Morris was predominantly based on forensics. There had been no actual eye witnesses to the murder itself, but the items viewed as evidence consisted of cigarette butts and drinking glasses with the pairs lip and fingerprints on them. Plus a blood stained handkerchief with Harry O’Halloran’s blood on it, found at the scene of the crime, that being the victims apartment. Plus other pieces of fabricated or altered items to add to the pot.

What had also made the case against them seem barbaric and gruesome was what atrocities had been inflicted on the victim. The body of the victim had been initially discovered by his part time, shocked, horrified, and terrified housecleaner.

She had found him in the bath of the expensive apartment that he lived alone at in an area of Rose Bay that overlooked the water. Cut up into pieces and cubes, with the legs and arms being removed from the body and severed in half. The head had been decapitated, with the eyes still glaring wildly, the mouth still taped with industrial strength gaffer tape, and all of the pieces that belonged to the victim were lying in a mound in the otherwise empty bath with the entrails slithered about the remains.

The majority of the victim’s blood had long drained down the plughole leaving only streaks on the porcelain as there were no excessive blood splatters or remnants of torn flesh or matter strewn about. It was envisage that no power tools had been used in the dismemberment, but it was thought to have been done with hand tools, slowly, and manually. The removing of the fingers and toes of the victim was thought to have been a part of the torture procedure suffered the victim suffered while alive. Plus whatever means incorporated prior to the post mortem sectioning and separating into cubes of the cadaver.

No screams or undue commotion had been heard by any of the neighbours, but it had been reported that a number of men, maybe three, maybe four, had been seen and reported to have made their way into the victim’s apartment on the evening of the murder. But facial recognition and identification could not be positively made or proven. It was discovered during police investigations the apartment block’s CCTV cameras and circuit had been disabled at the time.

What had been known on the street was that the heavyweight standover guy had started to encroach on other villain’s manors or territories. Seeking to try and stand over them and control them. This happened to include the Alexandria crew. The Owl and the Pussy Cat, Harry and Sammy, had no dealings or ties to the murdered guy, and they had never socialized with him.

Before their arrest the pair had specialized in armed robbery, but with a slightly more humanistic approach as that to the average armed robbers. That was the consideration of what was the least possible harm could they cause without it leading to a fatal outcome, and could also be used as an argument against any attempted murder charges.

In a time when conscience was still present in both Harry and Sammy, they had arrived upon a method of hold-up that would vastly reduce the chances of any resistance being shown by the cash escorting security guards. A way of assuring them that any heroics on their behalf would obviously lead to their serious injury if shot with a shotgun.

Having the knowledge of ammunition to be used in shotguns is what had had the pair initially thinking about and discussing calibres of ammunition that they had the choice of using. They were aware that a twelve gauge shot could and prove fatal. They were aware that if the shot is reduced in knockdown power such as a decreasing in scale of the power of damage or destruction. As used in a four-ten gauge cartridge, then lower, a bird-shot gauge, and lower again a Salt-Peta gauge.

The latter being a favourite among gamekeepers of earlier times to fire upon trespassers and poachers without causing fatal injuries. Although to the uneducated, the sound of the shotgun blast would be the same, so the expected psychological effects of recognising such a possible destructive force would register and have its effect.

While still trying to retain a modicum of morals, mercy, and empathy for others, their philosophy had been that it can never be predicted or dismissed, the possibility of anybody experiencing a surge of adrenalin and instinctively becoming a have-a-go hero. They had decided that they would start off with the intention of instilling enough fear into any of their targets as for them to immediately realise that there was no bluff or half-heartedness being used by their assailants, but a no-nonsense, determined raid with the possibility of innocent casualties.

Their preferred areas of ambush and attack would be tight laneways or alleys used for cash transit vehicles to have to access and use in order to deliver their cargo. This would suit number issues such as reducing the number of money raiders needed on the robbery, but so as to naturally restrict the amount of public traffic that might pass that way.

And also being a good escape route on high powered, normally inconspicuous motorcycles parked close by at the scene of the attack ready to be ridden into the tight, rather confined space in the laneway or alley via the call from a walkie-talkie held by Harry, to take them on their short way to a change-over vehicle.

They had even gone as far as reconstructing in a fashion, the intended laneway or alley using scaffolding to mark out a similar area to the intended strike zone inside of a disused warehouse to practice the raid and their initial escape on motorcycles.

The method that they had incorporated into their robberies had gone as follows: After waiting in hiding at the attack location, masked up and armed, they would wait for the cash delivery guards to first come to a halt and peruse the area for any suspect activity. Then they would alight from their vehicle and do a general check of the area on foot before opening the vehicle door to fetch the cash delivery bags or containers. When they had taken possession of the money to be delivered into the relevant building or premises, that’s when the attack would commence.

On one such raid, after hearing a very reliable whisper concerning a possible candidate for a money transit attack, Harry and Sammy had conducted thorough surveillance of the intended area and recording the movements, times, and regularities of the security vehicles making the stop and drop.

They had also learned from their reliable criminal card-marker friend, that one of the regular security guards on the intended robbery was a bit of a gung-ho character, and he chose to load his side firearm with black powder in order to release a bigger, more devastatingly charged, heavy gauge bullets to be fired, that he intended to use if ever he were to be attacked on the job. Harry and Sammy’s philosophy seemed to have worked a treat for them on this particular raid.

Both Harry and Sammy, being the lead armed raiders had unsuspectingly fallen upon the three guards involved in the money transfer delivery, now including the vehicle driver by complete surprise. The gung-ho security guard was leading the charge with his usual swagger of arrogance and confidence, when Sammy appeared out of seemingly nowhere, and without any hesitation or delay, he shot the gung-ho guard in the legs with the salt-peta loaded cartridges.

Dropping him immediately to the ground calling out in shock, pain, and surprise, as the salt-peta started to take its effects and sting like hell. When Sammy wasted no time in standing over him and looming down on the guard telling him not to reach for his gun or Sammy would blow his fucking face-off. The guard laid cowering and moaning, not knowing the non-fatal injuries he was suffering with, were just that, and him offering absolutely no resistance.

As Sammy relieved the screaming and wailing guard of his weapon, Harry was covering the other two completely shocked and momentarily frozen guards who had instinctively dropped the bags of money they had been carrying, and then obeying Harry’s command of stepping back a few paces with their hands clasped above their heads or they would receive the same treatment as their fallen colleague.

So Sammy could then also disarm them before the accomplice motorcycle riders appeared on the scene and have both Harry and Sammy could jam bags of cash on the petrol tanks of the motorcycles and their respective riders to lean against to keep them in place, and then climb aboard clutching bags of cash while making their escape.

O’Halloran and Morris had strenuously denied that they had ever habitually smoked cigarettes, but when a swab was taken from the inside of Morris’s mouth for a DNA test, there had been traces of tobacco residue also found to be present. It was only then that it had dawned on Morris that he had been smoking marijuana right before agreeing to volunteer to take a DNA swab test to help prove his innocence.

He realised that he was in the habit of mixing tobacco with the marijuana to smoke through a bong or a water pipe and therefore some discarded butts could have been covertly collected after he would have a cigarette dangling from his mouth as he chopped and prepared the marijuana before adding the tobacco to the mix.

This was said to be a common trait amongst dope smokers. Therefore there was always the opportunity to retrieve some of Sammy’s discarded butts at one of the social toking sessions with friends and other criminal associates at different meeting places.

This fact was ceased upon by the prosecution as this being the reason for Morris’s lip print and DNA being found on the cigarette butts presented in evidence. Then there was the perjured evidence of witnessing the pair smoking clearly in public by paid, what was known and regarded as: ‘ tutored witnesses.’

The same could apply to the drinking glasses presented in evidence. They could have been covertly collected after the pair had finished having a quick spirit chaser while out having a beer and socialising. O’Halloran had recollected an incident when he had been working on a car in his lock up when he had been visited by a couple of villains that he knew of from his home turf.

They were not close friends but they said that they had a criminal proposition to put to Harry. He had listened to them but had declined their invitation as was his normal policy as to criminal joint ventures with suspicious or unproven accomplices.

While bent over working under the hood of the car, Harry had accidentally caught his hand on an unseen bolt or screw and it had caused it to bleed. When he had withdrew his hand form within the engine bay, one of the visitor’s gave Harry a handkerchief to put on the wound. He had initially accepted the handkerchief simply to stem the cut with a bit of pressure, and he had handed the handkerchief back to the visitor before seeing them out.

This was the one clear memory that Harry had that could not be ignored. He knew the moment that the handkerchief was presented in evidence that the team of criminal conspirators were the visitors to his lock up that day, and their bosses. One of who was known as a highly feared monolith of a brute, and a notorious police informer by the name of Tommy, ’Fat’ Burns, and his equally vicious and treacherous offsider, Edward, ‘Basher’ Baker. A died in the wool thug. Sammy would commonly refer to the duo as the knees. As in Sammy’s speak, Vernacular: ‘they were lower than cunts!’

These two criminals were well known, feared, and also disliked by most of the Sydney underworld. They were the heads of the Alexandria crew. The knowledge of the despicable relationship between villains and corrupt police was abounding regarding their hypocritical partnership with known corrupt police, their green light status.

Plus the fact that they were giving up other armed criminals and drug dealers to pay for their ticket, simply infuriated the regular crims. They were regarded as being clones of Smith and Henry. There were plenty of Sydney criminals that would condoned the murder of both Baker and Burns for their blatant contempt and abandonment of what was normally regarded as the criminal code.

Much like the notorious pair of Sydney rogues before them, Neddy Smith and Abbo Henry. Said to be a for-runner of the same sort of situation that had taken place concerning earlier events, an apparent reincarnated, carbon copy and mirror image of the duo and their unbelievable association with corrupt police. It was something that blind Freddy could see… but chose not to.

It was undoubted that a couple of small groups of corrupt detectives with old attitudes and ties to some higher authorities had fallen through the net after the majority had been cleaned-up some and disbanded after the royal commission’s findings.

These police administrators at the time chose to scoff at any report or insinuation that there was still corrupt police acting within the NSW police force. And they would play it down with such statements as: ‘Oh, you’re talking about the past.’

They never would acknowledge the existence of a mirror-image, carbon copy, and small faction of highly corrupt cops had indeed survived the major scourge and continued with the decades old tradition used and employed as their predecessors had done in their day and prime.

It was impossible for any Royal Commission, or any other body to totally eradicate corruption and wipe it out putting an end to it. They had been quick to try and stifle any hint of it still existing. They didn’t really want to get so close to the bone again on the matter.

But how off the mark they could be! Even the media were skeptical when rumours started to appear, but they would always flag the idea the possibility of a re-emergence of such criminal activity taking place knowing that the viewing and reading public were also skeptical but still held a curious interest in reported local crime stories and claims.

With stories and myths of a re-emergence of the Nineteen Eighties criminal power struggles that had taken place in Sydney, being a favourite target of news coverage mainly from the comments being made throughout the Sydney Criminal milieu when a comment of; ‘Oh, fuck him’ was reported to have been made. When such a comment was made it would usually refer to a known criminal losing his support or standing within established criminal circles.

Why? May very well be the question, it might just lead them to a juicy story? The reports on the level and depth of criminal behaviour and activity in the nineteen eighties had swollen their readership and enthralled the Sydney reading public proving to be very profitable for them supplying intimate facts and revelations in their coverage of events.

It was not as if Harry and Sammy were ever in competition with the Alexander crew, as Harry and Sammy mainly dealt in and specialised in payroll or money movement robbery. They were a little younger in age than the members of the Alexandria crew, so they had been operating with a different breed of up and coming criminals who were not aligned in any way with the Alexandria crew. But they would socialise at times with them, as is a common occurrence in the crime world. Therefore criminal talk, suspicions, rumours, and even truths were bandied about at such events. The criminal world does have an amazingly active grapevine.

Names and reputations of the most prominent or active serious criminals were often mentioned and bantered about throughout the Sydney crime scene. Harry O’Halloran and Sammy Morris were known as the ‘Owl and the Pussy Cat,’ to those in the know. This was because of their real natures.

Harry O’Halloran was known to be an educated thief, with an impressive IQ of 130. He was regarded as being a very intelligent and innovative crook, with an impeccable reputation as being a stand-up guy. Secretive on his criminal activities, guarded in criminal group conversations, and dumb when it came to any police inquiry or interview. However, on the other hand, this normally affable and disarming fellow could explode at will with amazing capability when it came to having a fight or a brawl. He was known for being able to stand ground.

Sammy was a carbon copy of Harry when push came to shove. Although in social modalities Sammy was known to be a really relaxed and entertaining character. He possessed a gregarious sense of humour and was renowned for his charity to children or the aged. He was affectionately called a big pussycat. But he did have a quality that was known to be vicious if crossed or threatened, and it was said that he would have no qualms in literally clawing an enemies eyes out rapidly with his bare fingers like an angry feral cat would use its claws, hence the moniker of, ‘the Owl and the Pussy Cat.’

They were not involved in drug dealing or its distribution, whereas the Alexandria crew were heavily reputed to be. Therefore they had not been caught up in the drug and turf wars of the eighties that raged in Sydney between quite a few small factions and gangs of criminal want to be millionaires who tried to rival or emulate the violent reputations of the feared London underworld crime bosses of the early nineteen-sixties, the infamous Kray twins, the vicious and notorious Ron and Reggie.

The likes of these people were the McCann crew, the Domican crew, George Savvas and his crew and others in the tumultuous and deadly nineteen eighties. Now it was run by predominantly ethnic related gangs and individuals churning out dead bodies like the decades before.

Both Harry and Sammy had wracked their brains over the years as to what may have led to them being set up by the Alexandria mob in the first place. The reason that they had finally arrived upon was a normally unspectacular minor disagreement and squabble while out socialising.

They had been having a social beer up in Randwick, while visiting the Coach and Horses public house on the corner of Allison Road and Avowca Street, across the road from the post office, and about one hundred meters up from the location outside of a hairdressers shop where another Sydney villain and brutal criminal standover man, and ex-boxer, turned thug, by the name of Roy Thuurgar, the off-sider of Tommy, Tommy ‘the Irishman’ Domican. Or, called ‘Tommy the bin-man,’ because he was a garbage collector in the Eastern Suburbs, by the Sydney crime figure and illegal gambling Tsar, George Freeman, Thuurgar his head blown off with a shotgun while sitting in his car at the kerbside waiting for his girlfriend to come out of the hairdressers, by a short masked gunman who fled on foot and escaped.

It was known about Town that Freeman treated Domican with contempt for trying to muscle in on the Sydney crime scene with an under strength, motley crew regarded as amateurs when it came to being an experienced and formidable heavy weight mob. He was thought of as a mug-thug only by Freeman.

Tom Domican was also an enemy of Neddy Smith, Abbo Henry, and Christopher Dale Flannery, a Melbourne psychopathic criminal who was known to be a renowned and hot-headed hired killer with the nickname of ‘Mr Rentakill.’ Who had been run out of criminal Melbourne because of his crazy, unpredictable ways and behaviour? He had fled to Sydney and joined up with Arthur, ‘Neddy’ Smith, Abbo Henry, and the corrupt and murderous detective sergeant Roger Rogerson.

The union of soon to be working buddies was made on Rogerson’s suggestion and recommendation as he liked the idea of being able to control and influence all three of the crooks by offering them police protection from prosecution to further his own ends. Having them murder somebody on his behalf was a part of the deal.

This overall association was to eventually crumble badly coming to an end as a train wreck for all involved, especially for Chris Flannery, who went missing and is widely believed to have been murdered on the orders or instructions of George Freeman, because of Flannery’s highly inflated ego, and totally deluded belief that he could take over the Sydney crime scene and become its number one arch villain, and overall crime lord. That was while the threat of the intended plan for the elimination of Freeman had been discovered.

Soon after Flannery had exited the scene mysteriously, and permanently, word quickly spread that Flannery’s demise and the method of disposal of his body was said to have been organised and carried out at George Freeman’s large, and gated home. Affording him plenty of privacy being out of view of the public, and neighbours.

It was reported and confirmed by Flannery’s wife, Cathleen Flannery, that Flannary left his apartment at the Connaught building in the city to make his way to George Freeman’s home to inspect a sub machine gun that Freeman had in his possession, and wanted Flannery to test it out for him.

For some ironic reason, or a more plausible reason, Flannery’s car would not start and he was offered a very convenient lift over to Freeman’s home by a reported NSW detective known to Flannery, who was supposed to be passing, and had seen Flannery standing at the kerb trying to hail a taxi to keep his appointment with Freeman.

Flannery was reported to have arrived at Freeman’s home and received a warm and cordial greeting from Freeman, and his two associates, Lennie McPherson, and Stan, ‘the man’ Smith, two known and reputed serial killers. After settling in Flannery, who had taken a seat in front of Freeman’s desk as Freeman sat behind it, and Lennie McPherson sat on the edge of it. Stan, ‘the man’ Smith stood watching the proceedings.

Flannery had taken no notice of the leather jacket that was sitting on the backrest of the chair he was occupying, and made no comment as to it. In reality, the jacket involved was one that Lennie McPherson had supplied, and it was designed for military issue. It was in all intention, a disguise for a military grade bullet proof vest.

As Flannery was impatient at the best of times, he was so on this occasion also. He asked Freeman where the machinegun that Freeman had wished him to try out was. Freeman had then asked Stan the man to fetch the firearm from the closet that it was kept in. As Stan the man returned from the closet carrying the machinegun, Lennie McPherson, sprang into action, and quickly had a garrotte firmly applied around Flannary’s throat, choking him.

Flannery wriggled and twisted about on the chair trying to grasp unsuccessfully at the garrotte in an attempt to loosen it. It was to no avail. As Flannery was suffocating, he defecated in his trousers as Stan the man shot Flannary in the chest with two single shots from the machinegun, effectively finishing him off and killing him.

The purpose of the leather bullet proof jacket was to stop the bullets fired by McPherson from passing through Flannary, and becoming embedded in the wall of Freeman’s study, needing then to be removed and the area repaired, or worse still, leaving direct evidence of the crime if not.

Flannery was left to slump onto the rug on the floor of Freeman’s study, and in doing so; the fresh foul smalling liquid waste staining through Flannery’s trousers had infected the rug, along with a small amount of blood from the gunshot wounds. Flannary’s heart had already stopped beating after being blown apart by Stan the man, therefore there was not jets, or streams of blood gushing out of the dead Flannery.

It was simply decided to initially wrap the corpse of Flannery in the rug for both of them to be removed and destroyed, which is what happened. There was minor mention in the inquest to Flannery’s disappearance as to the missing rug from Freeman’s office, but the topic was quickly glazed over.

Flannery was initially transported from Freeman’s home in the boot of the unmarked police car that had delivered him to Freeman’s address initially, by the friendly police detective who had been waiting outside but did not witness the killing. But he knew that it had been planned to take place, and had agreed to be involved, for a price of course.

And had then helped further by removing the body from Freeman’s home in the boot of the unmarked police car that he was driving, before rigormortis set in. And with the specific instructions by Freeman, that no remains at all were to be left of Flannery to ever be discovered. He was not bothered if Flannary went securely wrapped in wire mesh, and heavy weights to the bottom of the ocean, or he went to be fed to the pigs.

This development led to a fracturing of the Smith and Henry relationship, and further led to unbelievable spiteful and vindictive exposés of the real level of police corruption that was in place at the time and the level of depth and involvement that the police really had.

Instigated by a bitter and self-destructive Neddy Smith, when he thought that he had been unfairly dumped and abandoned by the corrupt police protecting him, and he had lost his green light standing from Rogerson and some of his equally corrupt band of fellow detectives after Smith was charged with the murder of an innocent tow truck driver, Ronnie Fa-vel. After a minor traffic incident that happened involving the tow truck driver and Smith engaging in a fight on Coogee Bay Road, in Coogee in the evening. A drunken Smith had appeared to be losing the physical fight that he was embroiled in, and then he had proceeded to stab Ronnie, fatally, before making an escape from the scene.

This was the first murder that Neddy Smith had been sentenced for, but he had later literally talked his own way into a life sentence when he had been caught on tape bragging and confessing to the murder of another of Smith’s associates, Harvey Jones. Known as last laugh Harvey, because of his huge, wide smile and elongated face.

When his remains were found in the sand dunes of Botany, it was said his bottom jaw was wide open as if giving a big smile as to his discovery. In reality, that open mouthed position was more than likely caused from the two bullets that Smith had fired into Harvey’s chest before burying him in the sand dunes.

Smith couldn’t and wouldn’t accept the fact that Rogerson had been under internal affairs intelligence surveillance after he had shot and killed Warren Lanfranchi, in broad daylight in a very controversial, questionable, and even doubtful legal shooting, during a so-called confrontation between Rogerson and Lanfranchi in Dangar Lane, Surrey Hills. Therefore he was restricted in his powers of influence. Smith took this as a rejection and spitefully sought revenge.

While Rogerson claimed he was making a routine arrest when Lanfranchi had supposedly produced a gun, and pointed it at Rogerson, which was said in reality to have been a roll of money to the sum of $10,000, which was said to be to bribe Rogerson not to arrest and help prosecute Lanfranchi over serious criminal matters.

There were no doubts as to Lanfranchi’s criminal involvement with drugs, and using extreme violence as a standover man, and drug debt collector. He was a dealer, and Friend of Arthur, ‘Neddy’ Smith, who had taken Lanfranchi to meet with Rogerson on the understanding that Lanfranchi would pay an agreed monetary amount as a bribe for Rogerson not arresting Lanfranchi on serious criminal charges. Such as the vicious bashing with a baseball bat of a man who had a drug debt he didn’t pay, in Woolloongong, and pointing a handgun at a uniformed motorcycle policeman, and pulling the trigger only to have the gun jam.

But what wasn’t so widely known was that Lanfranchi had ripped of a drug dealer of a stash of heroin that he was supposed to be dealing to Lanfranchi as the supposed buyer. When both parties met up to conduct the changeover of drugs and money, Lanfranchi and his accomplice had pulled guns on the dealer and ordered him into the boot of the dealers own car.

As Lanfranchi and his accomplice were making their escape from the rip-off area they heard the dealer calling out that they were making a major mistake, and they should call a certain number. He called the number out a few more times, and Lanfranchi remembered the number.

After giving it quite a bit of thought he called the number and it was answered by a voice saying: Darlinghurst police station, detective sergeant Rogerson speaking. Lanfranchi knew only too well the reputation that Rogerson had, and was terrified knowing he had stolen Rogerson’s heroin when he had robbed the dealer that he thought owned the drugs.

He had begged Smith to try and intercede on his behalf and try to organise a deal so as to repay and compensate Rogerson for the heroin and any inconvenience that Lanfranchi had caused. Rogerson had agreed to meet Lanfranchi and have a talk to him, via Smith.

Smith was instructed to bring Lanfranchi to a meeting in Danger Lane, Surrey Hills. And for Smith to make sure that he search and frisk Lanfranchi who was known to carry a handgun regularly, and for Smith to make sure that Lanfranchi did not have a firearm on his person at all when they met.

As it so happened Smith had successfully gotten Lanfranchi to hand over the gun he was carrying, therefore he would assure Rogerson when he handed Lanfranchi over to Rogerson at the pre-arranged meet, that Lanfranchi was unarmed before Rogerson shot Lanfranchi.

The one rule Sydney crooks knew, was not to fuck about with Roger, ‘the Dodger’ Rogerson. Smith was then given the green light to operate after he had given evidence at Lanfranchi’s inquest hearing in support of the police version of events but he had become terrified of upsetting Rogerson from that time on.

Rogerson then started to play Smith like a piano, pretending to be Smith’s genuine friend, but making sure that Smith done exactly as he was told to do by Rogerson, at any point, and to keep coming up with the information on other crims from what he would hear in criminal circles. He would have to pay his way if he was to ride with Roger the Dodger.

Rogerson still insisted that Lanfranchi had drawn a gun from the front of his trousers, and Rogerson claimed that he had beaten Lanfranchi to the draw, by pulling his gun from behind his back, and he had then shot Lanfranchi twice with his service revolver. Then Rogerson was reported to have sarcastically said that Lanfranchi had circled, and pirouetted like a drunken dancer before falling face first, dead, into the laneway gutter.

The police Commissioner at the time was Mr John Avery, an honest cop who knew that something stunk in Hamlin town, and had made it perfectly clear that he wanted Rogerson and his ilk out of the NSW police force. This is when things started to unravel and come apart for Rogerson. He finally tendered his resignation and had become useless in using his previous influence to help Smith with his current charge of murder.

Then there had been a major incident were an undercover Sydney detective by the name of Michael Drury, had been shot through the kitchen window of his home when washing some dishes. After an undercover drug sting operation in Melbourne had gone pear-shaped. He survived the shooting and when questioned he had said that he had been approached by Detective Rogerson on behalf of the prime suspect in the sting, Alan Williams.

A known wealthy Melbourne drug dealer, and king pin who had escaped from the area of the police sting in a suped-up car when it had gone wrong. He was also responsible for two other murders that were related to the sting. Those of the two men who had vouched for the undercover detective Michael Drury, in the initial preparatory stages of the sting.

Williams gave evidence under oath later before he died, that he had paid his good friend Chris Flannery, and Roger Rogerson, $100, 000 to have Drury shot dead so he could not give evidence against Williams. $50,000 each was to be paid in two separate amounts. The first fifty-thousand dollars he said he paid to Rogerson, as the deposit for the hit, of which Rogerson then gave Flannery one thousand dollars of it.

Then when the successful hit had taken place then the second amount of $50, 000, being the balance would be given to Flannery, who in turn would then give $1,000 to Rogerson. All being square it would seem. Unfortunately for them Michael Drury lived, and although spending twelve days in a coma, he eventually came around and expressed his suspicions as to who had shot him. This declaration was to cause quite an alarm, and would lead to Rogerson facing criminal charges relating to the shooting, of which he was later equited of.

This was compounded by the showing of incidents of open flaunting of the highly unusual relationship between corrupt police and known criminals socializing and drinking heavily, and often together had been revealed in photographs printed in the press. Smith would then embark on a campaign of accusations and smear campaigns against a lot of NSW senior police officers. This would lead to the eventual Royal Commission into organised crime. The rest as they say is history!

Harry and Sammy were at the pub in order to meet up with some of their criminal colleagues. It had been a warm spring afternoon and there were only a couple of other drinkers in the bar. Harry and Sammy had been waiting patiently for their friends to show up when Baker and Burns happened to enter the pub coincidentally. The two groups knew of each other, all being raised in the Eastern suburbs and active in crime. They were initially cordial and had started to have a friendly beer together.

After a few beers the conversation turned to criminal activity and behaviour. Tommy, ‘Fat’ Burns, also known as the clone in criminal circles, via the same relationship and protection by police as Neddy Smith before him, had started to become obnoxious and demeaning towards Harry and Sammy.

He accused them of being selfish by not engaging in some criminal activity with the Alexandria crew, such as in their lucrative drug dealings, or at least marking their card as to pointing them in the direction to some of the terrific cash scores that Harry and Sammy were reputed to make while plundering the City of Sydney of its vast, but poorly secured cash stocks in the day.

The conversation had become heated when Harry had mentioned that they didn’t know shit about drugs and they had no interest in getting involved in them. He had merely pointed out that drug dealing was beginning to bring prison sentences longer than for armed robbery.

As for joint criminal ventures, Harry had said that they would rather stick to their personal policy of acting alone. Harry had also pointed out that he would normally do business with most people, but stressed that he would only do so with one person at a time, and he at present, Burns was reminded, that Harry was conducting business with Sammy. Then a bit of pushing and shoving had commenced.

Burns was relying on his size and reputation as being an absolute vicious brute to intimidate Harry, but he did not allow for the possibility of Sammy being any match for him in a bar fight. How wrong his assumption proved to be. When it came to loyalty and commitment the bond between Sammy and Harry could not be broken or penetrated. They could not have been any closer related in personality and ability, apart from being identical twins when it came to impulses, morals, behaviour, and respect, plus also in the protection of each other. Sammy was most certainly Harry’s Doc Holliday’s man.

They had known each other since kinder garden and had melded naturally, but with Sammy growing to idolise Harry for his natural practice of overall fairness and his protective intelligence when it came to looking out for Sammy, and the brotherly love that he was shown which had been lacking in Sammy’s life due to the fact of only having sisters.

Whereas Harry was known to always have Sammy’s interests at heart when it came to intellectual matters, Sammy was known to be incredibly protective of Harry in the physical sense. He would spring into action at any possible threat against Harry, even though he knew that Harry could certainly look after himself in a dust up or an all-out battle tooled up on the cobbles. Sammy felt as though it was his personal duty and responsibility to do so.

Sammy the bull, although being a lot shorter in height than Burns, but at about the same body weight, had launched up off his feet about twelve inches into the air and in a similar fashion to Joe Frazier, the exhilarating and dynamic heavy-weight boxing champion, when he had his first fight with Mohamed Ali, and had caught Burns with a stunningly powerful and stupefying left hook, cleanly on the opened jaw of Burns, as Burns was spouting demands. Dropping Burns to the floor like the proverbial bag of shit, unconscious, out sparko!

This came as an unexpected surprise to Edward, ‘Basher’ Baker; he was initially shocked and momentarily frozen at the sight of Burns collapsing to the floor as he had never known Burns to ever have been knocked off his feet before in a blue or a street fight in all of their years of association.

Before basher Baker could fully compose himself and start to react to the fracas, Harry calmly had asked him if he wanted to take care of his fallen mate, or have a go. It was Basher’s choice. He was then reminded that it was a case of one in, all in, with Harry and Sammy, when Baker took another look at a prepared and steam breathing Sammy, and said that things could settle down, it could be put down to a silly misunderstanding that went a little squifie that’s all.

But in reality, Baker had already made his mind up that should he ever have to tangle with Sammy in the future, and he expected that he would prove to be quite a handful, he would make sure that he would repetitively stab Sammy until Sammy was fucked, in Baker’s thinking. If given the chance and opportunity to do so.

Harry and Sammy finished their drinks and left the bar telling the barman who they knew personally to tell their friends who they were expecting, to meet them up at the Bat and Ball hotel at the top of Cleveland Street, over the road from Moore park, and the Randwick racecourse by Moore Park.

It had dawned on Harry at one stage, could this have been the point that the drinking glasses used by Harry and Sammy could have been picked up and removed from the pub, after they had left the pub, to be used as evidence against them?

There had been another incident leading to a run in between Harry and a member of the Alexandria crew. Harry had popped into one of the café’s on Coogee Bay road, the popular strip in Coogee for his regular mid-morning snack. He liked to have a pot of tea and some toast as a ritual. He was on very friendly terms with the proprietor and had complained in a friendly manner on his arrival that the tea was never quite hot enough, and couldn’t the proprietor put a little more Uumph in it? And thereby taking him by surprise, and giving the proprietor the hump at the suggestion.

He had been sat at a table when a guy by the name of Bernie Mac, a member of the Alexandria crew, walked into the café, and upon recognising Harry, he approached Harry’s table and stood before him. Harry sat looking relaxed, even gaumless and passive looking. Bernie Mac had then scowled at Harry that he supposed that Harry and his mate Sammy, might think that they were real hard men after their encounter with Burns and Baker.

Harry had no sooner poured the absolutely scalding hot cup of tea from the pot that the proprietor had made after Harry’s complaint about the temperature being too low, and before commencing to add the milk content that would normally be his usual routine. Harry picked up the cup and unhurriedly, and as precisely accurate as a Cobra’s venomous spit often proved to be, he had deftly flung the well-aimed shot of scalding liquid contents held in the cup into Bernie Mac’s unsuspecting face.

Bernie Mac had screamed in pain caused by the dousing and had reached both of his hands up so as to hold the injured area in the hope of some relief. Harry had then immediately hoped off the chair that he was sitting on and grabbed it by the back rest. Then he went to town and commenced to continually strike and beat Bernie Mac about the head, raised arms and shoulders until the chair started to come apart and he collapsed to the floor.

While he lay on the café floor howling and moaning, Harry had then proceeded to jump upon and stomp on any exposed areas of Bernie Mac’s head that he could, and whacking him with a piece of the broken chair. When he had finished the assault he apologised to the proprietor and gave him two fifty dollar notes, telling him that he was sorry for any damage or inconvenience he had caused, before taking his leave.

What both Sammy and Harry had discussed over the years was what had proven to be the shallow, juvenile and vindictive egos of two so- called hard-men and supposedly noted villains. Burns was reputed to be the lowest sort of dog, and a sadistic mongrel at that. He would always want and to inflict horrendous, degrading revenge on anybody that he took a dislike to, or worse still, somebody who had embarrassed him, or had gotten it over him in any way.

Basher Baker, on the other hand was simply tuned for violence. He actually enjoyed employing it at any stage of the game, and was not averse to using a gun or a knife to resolve disputes, but as to specifically setting up another known criminal… Yes! In his book, treachery was acceptable; there was nothing that would be dismissed as a form of action. If you were an enemy, then you would be better off out of the way as far as he was concerned.

None of this now seemed to matter to anybody apart from O’Halloran and Morris, as the jury had found them guilty, albeit with the help of very convincing arguments by the prosecution, aided by the fabricated evidence and the treacherous lies told on behalf of the jealous and vindictive conspirators.

The shame and the truth is that O’Halloran and Morris were innocent and had indeed been specifically set-up to take the blame for the murder they had been accused of, as they had refused to pay protection money to the corrupt police as a tax or a bounty for their highly successful criminal enterprises.

Oh they had been hearing whispers and stories about the Owl and the PussyCat, but they had never been able to gather enough reliable evidence against them to warrant an official pull and questioning. But the large amounts of cash that they were syphoning off the Sydney money movement companies in robberies rumoured to be carried out by them could not be ignored.

Neither would they agree to party up and share their profits or prospects with any of the other known heavy-weight villains or criminal outfits operating at the time. And insisting that they were not going to pay any tithe or percentage of their illegal earnings to anybody for so-called protection, or being active on somebody’s claimed criminal manner.

Explaining that they simply wanted their operations kept as low key and private as possible. The non-involvement in sharing their earnings or scores and scams had been peeving one of the local criminal gangs who had delusions of rising up and taking the major position in criminal standing and recognition in and around Sydney, the Alexandria mob.

Word had eventually slipped out and spread amongst the local criminal fraternities regarding Sammy knocking Burns out sparko up at the Coach and Horses.

This gossip had infuriated Burns to the point of distraction and it had been playing on his mind. He couldn’t stand the smear on his notorious reputation, and he could only focus on having his personally perverted revenge upon Sammy and Harry, no matter what it took.

There was no boundary or method that he wouldn’t breach or employ to reach his ends! And what more he had the means and contacts to help him achieve those ends with the complicity of his highly influential corrupt police handlers.

Over the ensuing years of their incarceration, Sammy and Harry had monitored and witnessed the decline and diminished standing of the Alexandria crew with the abandonment of their former police protection from prosecution.

A spate of various little bands of highly corrupt police officers were eventually illiminated from the police force due to a Royal Commission into crime held NSW in the mid to late nineteen-eighties. The likes of Baker and Burns were left to fend for themselves and it hadn’t taken long for the effects of the changes to catch up with them. Internal squabbles had begun to fracture their former attitudes and structure, and a splintering of the gang members had begun.

It was early in their sentences that Sammy and Harry had managed to square up with two members of the Alexandria gang and take revenge on at least some of the criminal conspirators against them and who had railroaded them. Harry and Sammy had administered their revenge.

They had been presented with the opportunities to kill the victims and had taken them while the victims had been serving prison sentences for other crimes and had found themselves incarcerated in the same prison as Sammy and Harry, who were then serving their sentences alongside of each other before being separated for the following 8 years before eventually being housed together for the last 6 years.

Because long term prisoners have a certain amount of kudos and a modicum of respect shown to them, they still have to obey all the unwritten prison rules. The would usually get assigned to a job in one of the prison workshops where they would sow-up the likes of small rollable pouches for carrying personal military emergency supply items in, or on the wing employed as a cleaner. Some would even be assigned to prison maintenance gangs, especially those prisoners who had a trade such as painters, bricklayers, electricians and so on.

Because of Harry’s standing among the other inmates with him being regarded as a stand-up guy, he was approached by his wing boss, as in prisoner overseer, who would keep in line the general population on the wing, settling disputes, keeping the order among the cons. And not un-necessarily provoking the guards causing a loss of privileges for all of the inmates on the wing.

Harry and Sammy’s wing boss had been a tough customer himself. His name was Billy Arthurson, and he ran a tight ship. He was serving a sentence of fifteen years for attempted murder. He had known of the reputation of the ‘Owl and the PussyCat,’ and knew both Harry and Sammy to be stand-up guys.

Billy was rewarded with a certain amount of perks and minor privileges by the guards for mostly keeping the peace. He also had some influence with the guards as to cell or job assignments for friends or favoured fellow inmates.

Billy Arthurson had once had Harry laughing in stitches at one time. There had been a newcomer to the wing and he was a bit of a character. He would strut around the wing as if he was a big shot, saying nothing but always looking sullen. He hadn’t got a clue as to how prison life really worked. His attitude and manner were giving other prisoners the shits.

As with Billy Arthurson’s role as the wing boss would dictate, Billy had had to address the matter of the bothersome prisoner to keep harmony on the wing. Billy had approached the newcomer down on the ones during the evening association period. Without warning, Billy had stood in front of the guy and without saying a word, Billy punched the guy square in the nose smashing it on impact, and sending the newcomer crashing to the floor in a semi-conscious state.

As the newcomer lay on his back moaning and groaning with blood pouring out of his newly flattened nose, running over his chin, and dribbling down his neck. He asked in a slow drawling manner, what the fuck had that been for? Billy stood over him and told him that it was for doing nothing… but wait until he does something, and then see what he would get. The newcomer got the message.

Harry was approached by his wing boss Billy, asking if he fancied a cushier job, one in the prison kitchen as a kitchen porter. These positions were highly sort after as it led to a lot more opportunity for perks and small personal treats to be acquired. Harry gratefully jumped at the chance, he would eventually become the Breakfast and Veg cook for his wing.

The early rises to start work in the kitchen of a morning suited Harry, as they would work making and then serving breakfast to the other prisoners on the wing, and then prepare lunch. Before taking a couple of hours break when they could associate with anybody left on the wing during working hours.

Cleaners and red-band trustees, or they could return to their unlocked cells for a bit of quiet time before resuming their shift preparing the evening meal. By the time the day was over, Harry was ready for sleep. Instead of the incessant tossing and turning that could be happening due to the early lights out time, and the time before dropping off to sleep.

Harry had slipped into favour with the kitchen crew like a hand in a glove. He partook in any underhanded scams or sub-diffusions that were taking place in the kitchen, and his personal diet had changed and improved drastically.

For a time with the kitchen crew’s suspicions may have been held but were never discussed in front of any of the kitchen cooks or guards, concerning the sudden and unexpected but appreciated extra kitchen ingredients that seemed to appear out of nowhere. Not prison issue ingredients that were of a bare minimum and standard of quality.

Things would mysteriously appear in the kitchen such as; packets of good brand gravy powder, already crushed dried herbs, quality blocks of cheese instead of the usual tasteless, and rubber like substitute that they were used to. Cartons of sour cream and thickened cream, and on and on with small delicacies and treats for the prisoner kitchen hands to gratefully take advantage of.

There was one prison officer working in the kitchen that actually enjoyed cooking. He had been heard saying that at home his wife couldn’t cook for shit. He professed that if she tried to cook a joint of roast beef, she would place two lumps of meat into a baking tray, one large piece and one small piece. When the small piece was burnt, that would indicate to her that the large piece was done. He had jested that his kid’s used to wind him up by telling him that his dinner was ruined… as the takeaway had burnt down.

It just so happened that when this officer was on day shift he would always ask the kitchen staff what they were having for lunch or dinner, and he was always invited to have a taste of what they were about to have. He always keenly accepted the invitation and would chow down with them, even if it was only on the slightly better portions of the already cheap cuts of meat suppled for the prisoner’s consumption.

But with a few added ingredients that wouldn’t normally be expected to be found in a prison kitchen. Then there was always the special pudding that the kitchen hand prisoners would bake and have with cream or good quality custard made from powder such as the Birds brand custard powder. Instead of the insipid carton custard normally supplied that was as weak as water with hardly any vanilla flavour to it.

The kitchen hands had privately put the mysterious arrival of the extra ingredients down to this officer, but never made any comment concerning the appearance of the much welcomed treats to him. The officer concerned had a fairly light and relaxed attitude towards prison life, as in, he would advise that everybody just keep the order and let’s get through it!

Sammy on the other hand had been given a similar invitation to accept a job in the prison reception area as one of the prisoner assistants to distribute prison clothing, bedding, and to even cut the hair of the new arrivals after they had been basically physically examined by a prison doctor by having their testicles held and told to cough.

Then to bend over and spread them so as to check the anus for hidden contraband before they were allocated to a wing. This was also a very popular, cushy and sought after position that would often be given to prisoners who were prepared to pay a sling to the wing boss in order to secure a start. As a favoured job to have when it came with various perks attached.

There were also times when Sammy had been in the reception area doing his job when various heinous criminals and despicable characters such as disgusting and despised paedophiles and child killers.

It was not uncommon for the arrival of such a person at the prison after being sentenced to having their identity and the type of conviction that they had been sentenced for being revealed upon their arrival at the prison reception area. There was also a very in-depth file with all of the specific details of the crime they had been sentenced for being important recorded information for prison records reasons, and to also help deal with prisoner classification.

There was a classification for protected prisoners such as paedophiles, informers, rapists, and even prisoners that had incurred drug debts and could not pay them. This protection system code sometimes known as rule 43 would be in effect.

They were housed on the top landing of the wing with the lower level having a metal safety net to catch any falling person, inmate or officer thrown over the landing rail before plummeting to the ground below on what is known as the ones.

It also acted as a deterrent for prisoners trying to climb up to the top landing or the roof of the wing. And would keep the protected prisoners separated from the rest of the prison population at all times. They would even exercise daily at a different time than the other prisoners.

It was not uncommon for an officer who may have not liked or tolerated such individuals, and maybe through personal disgust on behalf of the officer involved, they would often read the crime reports and mouth the contents loud enough for the prisoners present to hear, be aware of, and to absorb the information as the screw tried to be appearing to be reading and absorbing the information themselves.

Then they would quickly disappear feigning to have to attend to another matter, therefore leaving the despised and unprotected offender alone with the prisoner assistants in the reception area. The outcome would be predictable. One or two prison doctors had asked that the known beatings not take place until after they had conducted their formal examination and passed the prisoner as being fit and healthy at the time.

There was however two other opportunities for the regular prisoners to attack and injure these sort of people. One method would be on the evening tea round when trustee prisoners would go from landing to landing, cell to cell, to pour from a boiling hot tea urn a mug of weak tea and a rock-bun for supper before lights out.

On the odd occasion a trustee may sling the boiling tea over a particular victim on the protection landing and claim that they had been attacked by the protected prisoner first and had been held in a bear hug type of grip while causing the boiling tea to spill onto the injured prisoner.

As the prison guards were always a few cells ahead of the trustees delivering the tea, as they were opening the cells for the super to be delivered. This was to enable the officer to claim that he had witnessed nothing of the assault until called for to alert him of the incident and situation. Or he could lie and swear that what the trustee had claimed had happened was true.

That he had indeed been attacked by the protected prisoner when the trustee had entered his cell to pour him his mug of tea. The trustee prisoner responsible for carrying the rock-buns would also testify that the protected person unexpectedly assaulted the other trustee first.

There was one fiendish and determined attack that had taken place up on the protection landing when a notorious fiend, and child rapist and killer had been attacked. It had been a well-planned and organised attack that had taken time to put into action. Because the protected prisoner was so reviled by all of the other inmates, guards included, it had been decided that the prisoner in question would indeed be assaulted.

The plan put into action was one that required a long termer with nothing left to lose inmate, who volunteers to ask to be placed into protective custody for his own safety, which was supposed to be for heavy prison drug debts. After being transferred to the protection landing he would bide his time as to when he would have a normally appearing monotonous day as the next, and during the lengthy and usually quiet cell opening hours. So as he could carry out a sustained attack on the victim without early interference from the guards.

The false drug debtor got his chance eventually, and caught the target alone in his open cell, sitting on his bed in an unsuspecting manner. He had grabbed hold of the target and placed him in a firm choke hold and it only took about sixteen seconds for the victim to fall unconscious.

This was part of a specific plan so as to keep any screams or noise down to a minimum and not alerting the officers on duty. After the target was laid out flat on the cell floor with his wrists and ankles tied fast, a gag filling his mouth, the old lag went to work on him in the most gruesome of ways. It was said later, after the butchered body of the paedophile was discovered by a truly shocked and horrified guard when he had started to commence the evening lock-up.

It was said that the interior of the cell was drenched in splattered and smeared blood streaks. The scene was said to have resembled the scene in which Mary Kelly, the last victim of Jack the Ripper was found. Butchered and dismembered with various body parts strewn around the cell. There had been an organ here… an organ there, the nose lying on the prisoners bed along with his ears and tongue. All of this damage and destruction had taken place over a period of forty minutes or so, and nobody had heard or seen a thing.

The old lag that had murdered the target had simply returned to his own cell and sat quietly, although covered and drenched in the victim’s blood, as he simply waited to be questioned about the attack by the guards. No big deal… business had been taken care of.

It was also getting awkward trying to explain or establish how the prisoners had come to receive such vicious injuries before the doctors examined them and failed to record or report the incident. It was only after Sammy had nearly killed one such child sexual predator that he was removed from the reception detail and returned to work in a machine shop. But he was not charged with any offence.

It was a common sight for a prisoner to stand outside of his cell on the landing and look around the wing before him and not see a solitary prison officer in sight. But how quickly or slyly one could appear from seemingly out of nowhere was often a shock.

Their first pay back was on a member of the Alexandria mob, Alfie Thomas, who had been sentenced on drug related charges. He was known to also be an occasional drug user himself. With a little help from a prison drug dealer that they knew and was housed on their wing, Sammy had obtained the heroin that was used to kill the victim.

As both harry and Sammy was housed on separate wings from Alfie Thomas, it was impossible for them to attack him personally unless it was out on the exercise yard during the mandatory one hour communal exercise period. They had arranged it so the victim would be approached by another inmate that they knew and trusted to invite Thomas to have what was considered to be a taste, an amount of heroin that would intoxicate the user but not overdose them, supplied by a trusted source to the victim in exchange for some tobacco.

Sammy had again sourced the heroin through his jail contact and was only waiting for the opportunity to strike. He had given a small package to the trusted inmate that they had on side and left it to him to deliver the drug. After Alfie Thomas, and his trusted jail buddy had met up out on the exercise and conducted their trade. It was during the fraternisation period in the early evening known as recreation time to the prisoners, when they could stay in their open doored cells, or go down to the bottom of the cell block and congregate with other fellow prisoners.

The victim had been only too pleased to stay in his cell to have a taste of the heroin he had traded some tobacco for, which was supposed to be jail quality. That is not pure but heavily diluted and reducing its potency by using all forms of fillers. The victim had cooked up a teaspoon full of the drug and had it in a jail supplied syringe. He had sat on his sponge mattress and after tying a tourniquet around his upper arm, he had depressed the plunger of the syringe that had him injecting the shot.

It didn’t take long, fairly rapidly as it happened, before the victim slowly started to lie down on his mattress to relax and enjoy the euphoric effects of the drug. The initial pleasant high that the victim had felt upon the drug having its primary effect soon turned to discomfort. The victim lay convulsing and foaming at the mouth, he was dying from the effects of what was referred to as a hot-shot.

This was an amount of heroin that was laced with a crystallised form of battery acid that when combined with the heroin is known to cause death. The battery acid had been sourced by Harry and then finely crushed and then he added it to the heroin that Sammy had sourced before passing it on to their trusted accomplice.

In the meantime, Harry and Sammy were approached by a good friend from their teenage years, also doing a lengthy stretch, out in the recreation yard. Big Mick Kearns, a giant of an Irishman who would be an ideal candidate as the model for a typecast big and strong proud Irish Navvy made from brass, in Harry’s opinion. He was housed on a different wing to Harry and Sammy, plus he was banged up in a two man cell.

He had been telling the guys that he was pissed off with the cell mate that he had. He told them a story of his experience the previous evening, when after hearing his cell mate whinging and whining, snivelling and sobbing in his bed after lights out about his existence. He had waffled on a little about death being a better alternative. Big Mick had taken no real notice apart from telling the inmate to fucking well shut up complaining, and to let him get some sleep.

In the morning when it had come time for slop out, the inmate was still in bed but there was evidence of blood on his bedsheet when Mick had pulled the bedclothes back telling the inmate to get up. It was then discovered that the inmate’s wrists were stuck to the bloodied bedsheet. He had tried to slash his wrists, but had not made deep enough cuts and slices to have caused major damage and blood loss.

After raising the alarm with the screws, Big Mick had taken to abusing the inmate telling him that if he really wanted to commit suicide, then he should p[lace his razor blade on the vein and cut upwards all the way to the elbow, before he was whisked off to the prison clinic area for treatment.

There had been a time when Sammy had come to the aid of a young prisoner who was a new inmate who had been sentenced to a relatively short sentence of three years for aggravated burglary. He was a young man that was no bother to anybody, but he had been banged up in a two man cell with an older prisoner who was intent on sexually abusing the new inmate.

The sexual fiend and pervert had not pounced on the young man at the first opportunity, but was leading up to it with suggestions and hints that he would be doing so shortly. It was while out in the yard that Sammy had first took any notice of the fresh new face. He had noticed the young man sitting alone with a look of concern on his face that was so pitiful and panicked, and just short of tears. He looked pitifully terrified to Sammy.

Sammy, although never interfering uninvited in other prisoners troubles and plights, but in this case he was drawn to the young man with the same concern that he had always shown children and the aged, and felt as though he should try and comfort the young fellow if he could.

Sammy approached the young guy and introduced himself and commenting that the young guy looked as though he needed a friend, and simply asked him what it was that was bothering him so deeply and noticeably. The young fellow couldn’t help it and a burst of a terrified explanation came streaming out to Sammy about his fears and concerns about his cell mate’s threats and intentions. Sammy tried to comfort the young guy by telling him not to worry about it. He told the young fellow to point out the offending cell mate and Sammy would take care of it.

Sammy had always adopted the attitude that whatever consenting adults get up to in their private affairs and actions, it would not bother him in the slightest. But if a man was sexually attacked or abused against their wishes then that was a completely different kettle of fish that would be in Sammy’s book.

He was old school on this matter. Although there has always been some form or representation of prison Queens in male prisons, an openly homo-sexual male prisoner who would even have access to and wear ladies make-up, flaunting themselves to any of the would be male prisoner takers. Sammy could ignore this, but not male rape.

This was a total taboo to Sammy. It just wouldn’t be tolerated. Although the old zero tolerances and taboos were giving way due to time and attitudes towards gay sex. The huge rise in consensual homosexual activity taking place in the modern prison system was alarming to Harry and Sammy.

After the young guy pointing out: ‘that guy over there.’ Sammy started to walk across to the prisoner that the young fellow had pointed out and engaged him in conversation. The young guy could not hear what was being said, but he kept a close eye on the manner and poise of his cell mate as Sammy spoke to him. He could tell that it was uncomfortable body language being expressed by the cell- mate, who knew of Sammy’s supposed reputation as a vicious, sadistic killer who liked to dismember his victims, and after Sammy had called out to the accused prisoner; “hey, you, Mary. Who the fuck do you think you are? Stilvestra Rambro or someone? Listen up as you’re only getting one warning.”

What Sammy was telling the cell-mate in distinct, no nonsense, brutal clarity, and in the vernacular, was that the prisoner’s behaviour and intentions were not acceptable and would not be tolerated, and that he would immediately refrain from any further or future intimidation and threat to the young guy.

Otherwise, Sammy informed the pervert, that he the culprit would be faced with such violent retribution as to have him begging for death. Sammy then emphasised that it would not be gentle like a regular kicking or a bashing. With the likelihood of daylight being introduced into his person in various areas, if he knew what Sammy meant. So he had better take note!

Sammy’s interference had proven to be a near miraculous saving of the young guy and he was never again pestered by the cell mate during his remaining sentence. Sammy had also made it known among other prisoners that he Sammy was the young guy’s minder and it was now a case of keep away from, and hands off him, by any other scheming sexual pervert.

The young guy could never thank Sammy enough, and he kept asking Sammy what he could do to repay him for his kindness and much appreciated protection. Sammy had told him nothing, maybe for him just to show a little respect and just a little bit of gratitude and all would be sweet.

Their second payback came some 20 months later when another of the Alexandria crew, Davie Mathews, was sent down for grievous bodily harm. His demise was far more brutal and gruesome than Thomas’. He had been trapped in his cell and had been viciously beaten to death with heavy objects, fracturing his skull in a number of places.

Luckily, Harry and Sammy had been rendered assistance in this killing, whereas some other prisoners knew who had made the attack on the victim, but as the jailhouse code would insist, nobody would admit to seeing, hearing, or knowing a thing about the attack.

As far as some of the older lags serving time at the prison who knew of the history between Harry, Sammy, and the Alexandria crew, they condoned the action. Whether it was through coincidence or suspicion, Harry and Sammy had then been separated and sent to different jails for a period of 8 years before again hooking up at the same Big House.

As Harry sat contemplating, suddenly, a smiling Sammy appeared at the open door of Harry’s cell. He entered and reassured Harry that it wouldn’t be long before Harry was as free as a bird once again. No parole restrictions as he had completed his required sentence in full after never admitted liability or responsibility for the crime he had been sentenced for. This or these admitions were a pre-requisite for any parole application to be favourably considered.

On the other hand, in Sammy’s case, he was facing another 4 years banged up as he was considered to be the more culpable of the pair and more responsible. Plus he had never been considered for parole on the same non-admition grounds and still disagreeing with the jury’s verdict.

Sammy had then told Harry that he had feigned guilt, and swore that he was repentative, and a changed man, in his last parole application and hearing, for no other reason than to stand a chance of enjoying his final years in some fashion on the outside, rather than fading away there in the nick.

Sammy did however admit that he had succumbed to a certain amount of institutionalization just to be able to deal with things and wasn’t really that confident of how he would go if released. Harry had admitted that the same thoughts and fears had been facing him. He too had a million reservations.

But one thing he had never lost sight of was his intention to eventually kill all of the surviving members of the Alexandria crew, at least Baker and Burns. Nothing would ever break this resolve he had vowed to himself. Sammy was of the same opinion and frame of mind.

Both men had long lost and divorced their partners; they had lost contact with most of their relatives except a few devoted ones. Sammy had not seen any of his children for over 12 years. But he had kept in touch with his nephews, and they would visit him. That is, when they could borrow a car.

Harry was sentenced before the birth of his only child, a daughter that he had never seen in a live situation. He hadn’t even had a photograph of her, but he had his own vision of her and he imagined her personality.

The one saving grace that this unusual relationship held for Harry was that through all of the darkness, depression and lowest of times that he had ever had to endure, was the thought of eventually meeting his daughter, in person, and to try and express the love and pride he felt for her and in her.

What he was delighted about was the fact that his daughter’s mother had finally told her of her father’s existence, circumstances and background, plus of his imminent release. She in turn had said that she would be extremely interested in meeting Harry, and had said she would look forward to it upon Harry’s release from prison. She had recently started at University and appeared to have inherited Harry’s smarts! And she showed a lot of promise. It was just about the only thing that Harry could think about and focus on.

Sammy was overjoyed for him, and kept telling Harry to remind Carol that she had a loving uncle who was also looking forward to meeting her. Sammy! Whereas Harry was due for release and freedom, he would make sure that he would regularly, without fail, communicate with Sammy. His attitude was that although Sammy would continue to be banged-up, he would certainly not be forgotten. As far as Harry was concerned, even though they would be separated, Sammy was an integral part of Harry’s life.

The next few months would drag on as agonisingly slow for Harry as they had done for over the last decade and a half. His demeanour had changed slightly and he seemed to adopt a slightly more relaxed and less defensive manner. He was full of mixed expectations and trepidation as to how things would go when he finally met Carol, his daughter.

Harry had always carried the heartache of losing his mother in the early years of his sentence, and his father had become old and had been on his last legs before dying two years earlier. Again, no day release for Harry to attend the funeral. Harry’s father could not face having to see and talk to Harry in a prison setting; therefore he had never visited Harry, although he did believe that Harry and Sammy were both innocent men who had been set-up.

Four months left until D day. Harry had started to develop feelings and emotions again that he hadn’t felt or he had supressed for such a long time. Then he would remind himself that he had to keep a lid on them and a tight hold of them as they were becoming manic.

While Harry had been on remand all those years ago, he could recall clearly the advice that he was given regarding personal relationships by an older prisoner. The older guy had tried to forewarn him of the possible psychological ramifications of being in a relationship or being married for a long term sentenced prisoner.

He had suggested that if a man was in a relationship that he thought was dear to him, then there was always the chance of thoughts appearing concerning the fidelity of the relationship. As in, is the loved one on the outside playing up, and worse still who with?

The first cab off the rank would usually be the convict’s closest friends, and then if it was with one of the local friendly Henry’s that hung around. The old man was trying to point out the dangers of paranoia setting in when evidence is lacking and imagination is in control, quite common among the prison population.

The older guy had suggested that if Harry had resigned himself to receiving an up-coming lengthy sentence if found guilty, then he might be better off ending and removing himself from any personal relationship he was in at the current time. Just to help deal with the lonely future and the unlimited time to stew on anything and become convinced that things were actually as real as you were imagining them to be without there being any actual proof to support the suspicions, only imagination.

It was suggested that Harry simply carry on with the time honoured prison tradition of relying on memory, imagination, and to employ the service of the ‘five fingered widow.’

Sammy had developed the habit and attitude as to not getting to like anybody too much as he never knew when he might have to kill them. But he had maintained his imaginary personal role of being Harry’s personal Doc Holliday, as in Wyatt Earp, or Butch Cassidy’s Sundance Kid. Forever having Harry’s back.

Harry had not been reduced to the level of absolute spite and hate that Sammy had arrived at, but he certainly wasn’t far behind. Sammy was in the habit of spitting out comments concerning Burns and Baker to Harry, such as; “I’m going to pluck their fucking eyes out.” Or, “I’m going to chew their bollocks off while their still alive.” And a lot of other nasty threats as well. After all, it is bad enough for a guilty person to have to contend with a lengthy sentence, without an innocent person having to contend with one.

As the time passed in its usual pace in a thick glue-flowing type of manner, Harry and Sammy had started to remember and reflect on happenings and incidents that had taken place over the period of their incarceration. Then there were the recollections of the different characters that they had both come across. There had been the usual turnaround of habitual criminals that would regularly walk through the revolving door of the nick time after time.

There was one character that they could recall by the name of Dickie Edwards that had started with a seven years sentence. Then after him being released for a couple of months only, he was back serving a ten year sentence. Only to then be released and come back again in a matter of months only, again, doing another eight years. Harry reckoned that Dickie had done more prison time than him, and for far lesser offences, more likely because he was an habitually serious careless offender.

Even though prison is what it is, there is always one or two inmates that retain a high level sense of humour, and no matter how bleak or monotonous the prison life becomes, they always have the energy to try and have a laugh, or they to give the other prisoners a laugh. And there are times when these characters would give a huge moral boost to the rest of the prisoners. Who would always profess that they were: ‘only fucking about!’ As long as they didn’t target or offend the screws, then the guards would tolerate some of the minor foolishness and try to ignore it.

Then there had been the attitude of individual screws that they had to contend with, the unexpected loss of some of their friends. The dust-ups that they had individually been involve in over the years with different prisoners, but lucky enough to have been resolved amicably and not lead to a more violent and serious sets of tit for tat paybacks. And then there had been the never ending yearning that they both had to kill both Baker and Burns.

Murder had become a much more realistic issue and concern to both Harry and Sammy, considering that they were now living in the midst of murderers and killers on a full time basis. There had been a stark reminder of this when a well-known and feared heavy-weight criminal, also serving time, had passed Harry on the wing centre staircase and having greeting Harry with a pleasant: “Good morning Harry!”

And then he had continued on to enter another prisoner’s cell and kill him over a matter of a disputed small portable transistor radio? Plus over time, a number of other prison murders over what would normally be considered as relatively minor issues or paranoia. There was never any real escape from, or guarantee as to being immune from an unexpected attack from anybody, for any reason. No matter how boring, slow or unfulfilling it may appear to be, every day would start the same; ‘fuck, I’ve got to survive again today?’

They had seen a lot of familiar faces come and go, and had recognised the faces of a few regular returnees. They had come across some of the worst of criminal offenders in their time after being bounced around the various NSW prison systems. This had Included the cowardly backpacker killer; Ivan Milat. Who is a totally different passive and reclusive, yet still deluded character to his sadistic murderous self when he doesn’t have the upper hand with a gun and a knife to give him the edge over the defenceless? He has lost his natural strength, and is looking old and haggard, looking like a pasty faced, Gollum, from the Lord of the Rings trilogy, with his buck teeth and soul less smile, sporting a shock of grey hair higher and more spikey than Albert Einstein’s, with a noticeable bald pate. Unarmed he is of no consequence, and constantly in fear of attack.

There was the North shore granny killer, John Glover, who was another weak, deluded soul who committed suicide. There was the bumbling double murderer Bruce Burrell, another suicide case. There were the despised Murphy brothers and associates that were responsible for the heinous murder of Sydney nurse, Anita Coby, who should have committed suicide in most people’s opinion. Harry and Sammy would not tolerate this scum and had made it very clear that they should keep their distance at all times and on all occasions.

There were fallen celebrities, politicians, the King’s Cross drug baron: Bill Behyer, and more that they had come across in the different prisons that they had been housed in. Plus Sammy witnessing the old life-long police informer, a feared, so-called Mr Big in Sydney crime circles, and known murderer; ‘Lennie McPherson’ drop stone dead from a heart attack while making a prison phone call. The only thing that McPherson ever dreaded was dying in prison. He never though it would happen until sold out by a minor crook leading to his imprisonment.

Although McPherson had a brutal and vicious reputation, he was reported to have been hunched up lying on the floor, and he had cried like a baby when a famous Sydney, tough, hard-case detective sergeant by the name of Bumper Farrell, physically battered McPherson, knocking him down as McPherson hunched in fright, begging Bumper to stop on one occasion.

They had been highly amused by the inmates who would give themselves crude, black ink, prison tattoos badly spelt and crookedly written. And especially when they would ink themselves by using a mirror, but not allowing for the mirror affect that would take place when doing so it could be catastrophic.

In one case a young prisoner had decided that he would ink the word ‘Skins,’ with him considering himself to be a skin-head, on his forehead. Only to discover that what he had tattooed on his forehead that would actually be read by an onlooker would read as ‘snikS.’ They had even quietly cheered on a couple of escapees who had made successful and ingenious escapes.

Then there had been the attitude of individual screws that they had to contend with. Those with a zoomorphic attitude, and some more laid back.

They had witnessed prison gang brawls explode in a flash and without any previous warning that had been as violent as to leading to death or major injuries. There was one such gruesome attack made on a prisoner pinned to the floor that had remained vivid in Harry and Sammy’s mind. Although they were not averse to using a high level of violence when needed, there were examples of extremely sadistic and grotesque forms of violence being practiced by others.

As the pinned prisoner lay on his back with a heavy fellow prisoner sitting abreast of him and another holding on tightly to the pinned prisoner’s wrists that were pulled back above the shoulders, the prisoner sitting abreast of him slowly plunged a prison made shiv into the exposed chest of the pinned prisoner, with his top hand on the handle adding extra pressure.

Then upon removing the shiv to attempt to cut the victims throat and making a ragged wound in doing so, not a clean, deep wound, as the blood was pumping in small spurts from the injured man’s chest wound because of his heart being nicked. Not satisfied with that, the aggressor then stabbed at the pinned man’s eye with the shiv, only to slightly miss his target and stabbing the guy in the temple area close to his eye.

This was before the aggressor was himself stabbed in the back repeatedly by another prisoner, and then had his throat and eyes hacked at. Then to having all of the prisoner witnesses on hand scatter so as they could profess not to have been witnesses.

All obeying the jailhouse rule of remaining in a state of see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil. Remain silent at all costs. After all, isn’t a street fighter expected to use whatever means it takes to win, as when they do fight, they indeed fight to win!

Of course there was also a very good deterrent as to not being on the scene when the alarm bell had been activated by a guard, and this would bring the unwelcomed presence of the prison ‘heavy- mob,’ the prison riot squad. Also known to the inmates as; ‘the handpicked, merciless, thugs!’

The rules were simple. If and when the heavy mob entered a wing to quell trouble or instil order, anybody standing about or in the way of the squad that were advancing would automatically drop to the floor with their hands on their heads. And if need be, let the squad run over the top of them rather than have them impede the squads flow. Otherwise they were faced with a battering with the clubs and coshes being wielded by the heavy mob, until they fell to the ground and not to continue being an obstacle or impediment to the storming and fuming brutes.

Leaving Harry questioning whether a person can practice sadism or outright cruelty without being a psychopath? Yes, was his conclusion? He would argue that a sadist practices what they do to give them extreme personal pleasure as a reward. Not necessarily because they are emotionless, or at all angry, without showing mercy, as with the true homicidal psychopath?

Whereas even a maniac can still retain most, if not all of the traits of a loving, mercy practicing, caring and compassionate person when not being in the grip or throes of a psychotic episode. But there are some that are just programmed to be vicious, nasty, cruel, and determined.

Then there would be the occasional explosion of violence when least expected. Such as in an incident that had taken place in the dining hall of one prison, when Harry had been sitting at a table and with him being next to a wall of the hall. He had been sitting opposite a younger prisoner by the name of Jimmy, ‘Budgie’ Bird.

As they ate quietly, there was a quick movement made by Budgie that seemed to indicate some interference with his back. Behind Budgie sat a large, imposing figure that was highly suspected of being a sex offender. It appeared that the big guy had elbowed Budgie in the back for no other reason than Budgie sitting too close to him.

Without saying a word, or turning his head, Budgie stabbed his left hand holding his fork, past his face and around it, crashing it into the cheek of the big guy who was now growling at Budgie while facing the back of Budgie’s head. Leaving four distinct bloodied puncture marks from the fork. This had caused the big guy to explode and jump to his feet and starting to pummel Budgie around the back of the head and shoulders.

This caused another bigger prisoner by the name of Joe Hall, who was a sixteen-stone, fit and an old fashioned con, to jump to his feet not knowing why the big guy was wailing on a little guy, and had grabbed hold of the big guy with one hand, and then planted a powerful punch on the big guy’s eye, ballooning it immediately. Before the screws intervened after seeing it blow up, and carted off the big guy. Unfortunately for Budgie, he was transferred to another nick for his trouble.

One only had to look around the wing at its inhabitants to gauge a measure of ferocity in the air. There were two prisoners that only had one eye. Four prisoners who had the top of an ear bitten off. One prisoner known as ‘the pig,’ because he had the whole tip of his nose bitten off, leaving him with a set of nostrils that made him seem to appear to be pig like.

Then there were untold facial scars and dotted bite scars. Plus one funny old lag nicknamed, ‘gum-smacks,’ who didn’t have a single tooth in his head, and he used to jokingly fake aggression and threaten to attack and suck somebody to death. Harry would say the place was; ‘a fucking menagerie.’

Harry, however, had a personal policy not to be anyone’s judge over their crimes, but he would not accept being on the same level as some of them. He would merely keep them at bay and not acknowledge them.

When analysed, although in cold truth, the fact was that both Harry and Sammy had never actually killed anyone in cold blood before going to prison. They had beaten a few to within an inch of their lives, but they had never killed anyone. But the burning desire within them both had them convinced that they could do so. They had both developed the courage required to do so through sheer hate for their despised common enemy.

Although over time they had both been downgraded in the prison security system and were now serving their remaining sentence as category C prisoners, regarded as being a reduced security risk, in a refurbished rural prison unit that was far more acceptable to what they had been used to in the past. They had well been transferred around the various prisons in the NSW system.

There had been their years in Sydney’s notorious Long Bay, with its grim, dank and depressing gloom with a permanent invisible black cloud hanging over the place. Upon entering, the vibe of the place would automatically transport a person back at least a century.

The stories of ghosts haunting the wings and landings were common. Although Harry had professed that the only ghostly apparitions that he ever saw were in his dreams, although there were some hard core believers in ghosts among some of the other cons. One such story out of many was that of an old executioner who had ironically committed suicide by hanging himself. Who was then said to be seen at regular times by guards walking on the landing of the old execution wing.

The archaic attitude of the governors and staff, the dim internal lighting, the constant threat of having some tough guy wanting to make his criminal bones, the annoying arsehole’s that couldn’t do their time and constantly whined, giving everyone the shits.

There had been the absolute slop or gruel that was meant to be nutritious food. One of the prisoners working in the prison kitchen had reported that the poxy substitute that was supposed to be porridge was indeed prime Canadian, Pig food, as it was stamped on the sacks that it came in. The tea that was served for the evening supper was as weak as cabbage water. It was hot, diluted milk with water that may have had a tea bag dipped into the urn once or twice that was how weak it seemed.

This was primarily through the prisoners working in the kitchens filching or short changing any foodstuffs meant for the general prison population and keeping the best produce for themselves, or to barter it out on the prison wings.

It was amazing what could be bartered, a fried egg sandwich, toasted sandwiches, whatever cooked meats that were available, bacon, chops, sugar, milk, etc. There is always a very healthy black market system operating in every prison no matter how observant and security minded the officers and prison staff are. Then of course there is the practice of, very covert and isolated cases of corruption being practiced among some prison warders in order to add to their personal income.

There was no escaping the fact that all of the smuggled contraband items discovered and recovered in prison searches could not be solely attributed to contraband that was smuggled into the prison by visitors. There was far too much of it and its variations of content such as a mobile telephone or other cumbersome items would be just a little harder to smuggle.

Although it could be done after a little careful body placement by the visitor, and a similar bodily insertion then having to take place by the prisoner upon covertly having the item or package passed to them so as to clear inspection and frisking that would take place by the prison officers on duty at the end of the visit, and the prisoners returning to their cells.

One of the most popular methods of passing contraband to a prisoner was upon first meeting the visitor, usually a female, who would simply give the prisoner a normally accepted kiss on the mouth and then pass via the motion of the tongue a smallish item or package for the prisoner to retrieve and then secret on their person the contraband item, as they would have the interior of their mouths inspected before being allowed back onto the wing.

And there would be the occasional corrupt prison guard that would be on duty and in cahoots with some favoured prisoner as to having a pre-planned agreement to let the prisoner involved proceed back to the wing without being detected with what would normally be some assortment of drugs as they were the most profitable commodity to trade. Whereas the corrupt official would have money paid into a nominated bank account by outside sources on behalf of the prisoner involved.

There is no escaping or denying the fact that corruption knows no boundaries. It exists among the homeless, the rich, and at the highest level of government or power. And it is said that everyman has his price… it’s just that some are cheaper than others. Plus, there is always the possibility of engaging in corrupt activity through mere boredom, or the temptation of challenge alone.

A prison operates similar to a World War Two prisoner of war camp. There are so many ingenious ideas formulated, tools made, disguises and hidey-holes, arranged distractions, and audacious scenarios used to try to trick or fool the guards, and gain their attention purely for the purpose of distraction.

Then there was the time honoured disgusting ritual of slop out. This was when the prisoners would bring out their piss pots, plastic chamber pots that they had in their cell overnight and they would have to empty the contents both liquid or solids into a recessed area with a catchment pit.

It smelt absolutely atrocious at all times. For the more experienced prisoners the idea of defecating in the cell, especially if it were a two-man or three-man cell was a no-no! They would if they have to, shit in a sock and then throw it out of a usually broken blocked pain of cubed glass that were supposed to be making up a window out into the yard to be picked up later in the morning by prisoner cleaners.

These broken window glass blocks is where any contraband would be ejected if the prisoners realised that there was going to be an inspection of their cells, which happened on a semi-regular basis. The missing blocks also allowed the prisoners to swing contraband and notes to each other by tying the item to a long piece of string and then after dangling it out of the opening they would swing back and forth until another prisoner caught the package.

The reason that the individual glass blocks making up the window had been broken or knocked out in the first place was to allow for some badly needed ventilation in the steamy, sweaty, small confines of the cell. There would be a tiny period of slight ease when the cell doors were left open and unlocked during the weekend mainly, but if they were closed and locked then the temperature within the cell would rapidly raise, and so would tempers, they were mini ovens.

Then on the other hand, in winter the cells would be ice cold due to the lack of efficient heating, the missing glass blocks out of the cell window and the natural refrigeration qualities of the stone cold antiquated stone structure that it is made the cells feel like an ice block.

It was during one winter period when reports started to spread around the wing that there was a suspected thief swanning around the wing taking small items belonging to other prisoners. This was a low dog act in the criminal code and perpetrators would be harshly and cruelly dealt with if caught. There had been complaints that things like cigarrette papers, toothpaste, soap etc. Where starting to go missing. Then after a bit of a group discussion had taken place down on the ones, a matter of setting a thief to catch a thief, it was said that the suspect would turn out to be someone who seemed to be trusted by everyone, a regular friendly Henry type.

After all, everybody tended to keep an eye on strangers or visitors from other wings, but what about when we only see the same regular people who we normally trust. Well?

As it turned out, the culprit was exposed when a plan set in action actually worked. After some great discussion and amazingly ingenious ways were suggested as to how to take care of matters, it was decided on that a bait of a bar of soap be left on view to try and entice the thief to have it away would be their ruse.

There was a group collection of broken razor blades gathered and these were broken down into smaller pieces and inserted into and all through the block of soap that was to be the bait. Then with a little warm water run over the block of soap and smoothed down so as to seal the small gaps made by the broken razor blades and to render the block as nearly new and tempting.

It was left on an unoccupied table on the ones alongside a pad of paper, a pencil and an opened face down book. It appeared that somebody had been sitting there and was expected to return. The block of soap had gone missing after a time.

It took a short while, maybe two days before any evidence regarding the missing block of soap appeared. A red band trustee from another wing who had the freedom to go from wing to wing had suddenly turned up with badly lacerated hands.

He had used the block of soap on a couple of occasions and everything was fine. But as the thin layer of soap covering the hidden broken razor blade pieces wore down, he did not see the broken blades as he vigorously churned the bar of soap in his hands to make up and form suds, as the prison water was hard and made it difficult to activate the soap. He did not initially feel the blades slicing into his palms and fingers until he witnessed the arrival and pouring of blood from his hands and the stinging effect kicked in and he fled screaming for assistance from a screw.

This would not be the end of the prisoner’s pain and troubles. He had committed a taboo in the prison system and he would be punished severely for it. A week or so had passed when the trustee was attacked and swamped by a number of other prisoners and dragged into a secluded area and set about.

He was held firmly by a number of prisoners pinning his arms and his legs. Then one of the other prisoners held the red band by the hair with one hand and by his opened lower jaw with his other hand as another prisoner placed a knife into the red band’s open mouth with the blade resting on both sides of his mouth.

And then he pressed downwards and sliced the area, leaving a wide open gash up each side of the red band’s face and cheeks. It was said that he resembled the Joker, from the Batman movies. After he was released from hospital to carry on serving his sentence, the red band had been placed on protection for his own good, sent to the top landing with the other despised criminals.

Then there had been Goulburn gaol that Harry had been transferred to that wasn’t much better. At least some prisons had been bearable to Sammy, until their final reunification at this nick.

Harry had admitted to Sammy that he was shitting himself at the thought of freedom becoming an imminent reality. He said that there had been so much change that had taken place over the previous eighteen-years on all walks and levels in life. He said that he wasn’t really sure as to how he would go. He had tried to keep abreast of whatever was happening on the outside to the best of his ability, but his access to actual reports or accounts of happenings had been extremely limited.

The prison library had been a joke consisting of a small trolley pushed around the landings by a trustee prisoner, with dated paperbacks and books with clumps of pages missing. Even the amazing advances being made in technology, forensic science, and surveillance methods had him questioning whether he would continue to be involved in further criminal activities.

Things had changed drastically without Harry and Sammy really realising it. The golden hey days of relatively common armed cash robberies was behind them. There were very few successful attempts made over the last couple of years, but it was a dying art or trade.

There had been a huge turnabout in the balance of power and influence that was taking place concerning ethnic gangs, Muslim factions and Lebanese Christian factions, and some dominant aboriginal or Koori inmates were becoming real problems to deal with for the authorities trying to manage and segregate the hostile factions in the process.

There was also a growing concern that a lot of younger prisoners were being radicalised in their beliefs and behaviour by the influencing of a young Muslim man who had been jailed for a shooting murder of another young man outside a popular Sydney nightspot, by the name of, Bassam Hamzy. Who would start a movement and organisation known as, ‘Brothers for life,’ that would become both infamous and homicidally ruthless?

Primarily with them dealing in the sale and distribution of drugs, and committing paid shootings and maiming’s that he ran from his prison cell with the aid of smuggled mobile phones. It was as if lost and disenchanted young men were calling out for some sort of revolution of kinds, in a desperate call to be given something to believe in and die for, rather than continue with little prospects of achieving any sort of normal acceptable existence in their eyes. Desperate lost or confused souls. So much change had taken place in a slow dragging time frame.

Where tobacco had been the prison currency for over one hundred years, the same economy was now shifting to drugs being the main prison economy. This would bring its own class of power and hierarchy with cowardly and gutless former weaklings now controlling the movement of the much craved for drugs.

These characters would let a fellow prisoner get into debt for a measly amount of drugs, then when they couldn’t pay for them they were told and instructed to stab or bash some other poor soul in order to clear their drug debt.

Then there had been the surge in HIV and Hepatitis strain infections breaking out through the sharing of infected needles to inject the drugs. Which only further adding to tensions and concerns about the danger of being stuck with an infected needle by some low life, shit-head junkie to have to deal with.

Everything was up in the air and in doubt. Harry also admitted that he had succumbed to a certain amount of institutionalised conditioning, and apart from his personal thoughts he had realised he had become quite robotic in general.

Sammy had pleaded with Harry not to lose sight or interest in what had been both of their sacred vows upon being sentenced, that was to swear eternal allegiance and determination in the intent to kill both Baker and Burns.

The way Sammy explained it to Harry, when it came to the vow they had both made and had sworn to uphold, even if they were washed up bums on the outside, and even if they were fairly institutionalised in a slightly moronic way, and even if they were stricken with disease they would make it the number one priority on their bucket list.

Harry had assured Sammy that his resolve in the matter had not waned or altered in the slightest. He swore to Sammy that this matter would be resolved in the affirmative when both of them were free men. Nothing at the moment had any precedence whatsoever over this matter in Harry’s existence.

Recreation time or evening association time was spent with a limited supply of entertainment resources besides conversation. Playing cards were allowed and usually participated in. Draught boards and chess boards were common. Usually prison made boards and incredibly fashioned chess pieces being hand-made and sculptured by some of the talented inmates, but very little else.

Keeping in mind that prisons usually house quite a number of inventive characters and tradesmen from various areas and fields among their inmates, therefore all sorts of amazing things could and would be fashioned and made from the barest of materials and items on hand and available that could be classified as useful to the prisoners such as small tools and knives.

Radios from a stick of wood with the appropriate amount of copper wire coils wrapped around it to act as a radio receiver frequency, and a tiny earpiece from a disused telephone acting as a speaker. There were graphic artists who could either paint small pictures to trade, or to forge any sort of document, fitters and turners that could come up with the ugliest, yet most proficiently working models of just about any object.

Sammy had become hooked at playing back gammon. He had been watching some other prisoners playing it and he had started to take notice. He got to know the basic game play and rules, but was no hot player. He had partaken in a card game with some fellow prisoners, and at the end of play, Sammy was six dollars in debt to one of the players. After a couple of day’s going by, Sammy was approached by the card playing prisoner who had asked Sammy if he wanted to play back gammon for the six dollars that he owed the guy.

Sammy was at first taken back a little, he felt as though the guy didn’t trust him for the six dollars. He said OK, and they later met up to play. As Sammy was not too great at playing back gammon just yet, he did have a noticeable amount of luck throwing the dice and often throwing doubles. They had started off with tiny bets that went backwards and forwards for hours.

These games between the two guys had become addictive. As most do in nick, as gambling, especially on horses and football are as prevalent as on the outside, hence loss, debt, failure to pay, and retaliation for some. Sammy and his opponent would continue to play at every given opportunity over the following two weeks. It had reached a stage of Sammy being ahead with the winnings. They had started to implement the doubling cube choice and things were adding up quickly.

It had gotten to the ridiculous stage of Sammy being owed about eight hundred dollars. By this time the other player kept asking Sammy to agree to play double or quits. Sammy agreed to do so for a couple of games, and he was still way ahead in the winnings department.

Then Sammy had to remind the other guy that double or quits could go on until the eventual happens and one party comes up lucky and voids his debt. Therefore, Sammy had agreed to play one more game at double or quits as the amount at stake was $1800. Sammy had resigned himself to losing, and almost wished it, as this solution would at least bring the marathon session to an amicable end.

It was asked by Sammy, that if the other fellow was to lose, then how was he going to pay the debt of $3600. This was the issue. The other prisoner agreed that if he were to lose the final game, then he had a car that was worth between four and five grand and he was prepared to have it signed over to Sammy, or anybody on the outside that Sammy might want to nominate.

He would arrange it when he made his next prison telephone call. Sammy agreed to the conditions and they played on knowing that if he did win he could always give the car to one of his nephews. He just wanted this tournament over with. It had gone from silly fun to deadly serious individual games, and it had gotten out of hand.

The game commenced and continued like most of the others. It was late in the game and after Sammy throwing a number of high doubles appeared to be in the best position to win with only two tokens left on the board and a throw to come that would take his two remaining tokens off the board and give him the win.

The other player was about to have his next roll of the dice and he had four tokens left on the board. One of them was sitting on the sixth position from the finish, and the other three closer to the finish. If he could throw a double six, then he could remove all of his tokens and win, voiding his debt.

The other player shook and rattled his throwing cup and when the dice had come to rest, he had thrown a double five, which meant he could only remove three of his tokens, therefore losing the game to Sammy. The other prisoner kept his word and honoured his debt, and Sammy got to give his nephew his first banger. And it would ensure that Sammy got his regular visits of the boys.

Harry could recall having read a book about the end of the Second World War, which told a story of a young German soldier. He was no great standout example of anything, but his father had been a high ranking Nazi military officer and had him enlisted into the military. He was assigned to menial office work and record keeping duties. He did have one worthwhile talent, and that was as an artist.

His father had been expecting a visit from higher ranking and superior members of the Nazi party when the son volunteered to draw an invented and impressive looking award poster in honour of the visiting Nazi dignitary. It was so impressive in its finished form, hanging in an expensive frame and ticking all of the boxes when it came to sayings and postulations incorporated in it.

The father presented it to the dignitary and he was ever so pleased when he witnessed how impressed and delighted that dignitary was with the work, insisting that he would take it with him and hang it on his wall.

On realising the son’s true talents, the Nazi dignitary had him transferred to the Nazi art and forging program that was in place. Here is where the son had come to the fore with his talents. It was said that he had forged billions of dollars in American currency, the British Pound Sterling, and other currencies to such a high degree of excellence that upon inspection they couldn’t be distinguished between the real tender of the nations involved, that they had planned to flood with counterfeit bank notes so to destabilise their economy.

But for some unknown reason these stocks of quite usable bank notes were said to have been dumped into deep mountain lakes by the Germans. The son of the Nazi military officer was killed close to the end of the war and his father suspected that it was because he maybe had the knowledge of the locations of other vast stashed treasures, gold and cash stored away for the post war years and maybe he may have been seen as a liability.

But what had stayed vividly in Harry’s memory, especially when in the presence of a known forger, was the attitude of the young German soldier and forger concerning his works. He had professed that there was no such thing as a forgery… if a document did the job required, then it would be classed as a good document. If it did not do the job it was intended to do… then it would simply be a bad document!

An unexpected event happened that took Harry by surprise. It was mail call time for the prisoners and seeing that Harry got little to no regular mail from the outside, he had missed registering his name being called out by the prison officer as to having mail. It was when one of the other prison guards present had called out to Harry; ‘O’Halloran… you’ve got mail.’ that he was aware that he had mail waiting for him.

Harry was surprised and wondered who the mail could be from. He went over to the officer in charge and was handed a letter. He looked at the letter but he could not identify the handwriting. He placed it in his pocket and would read it in his cell. He made his way up to his landing carrying his measly prison rations that they called dinner.

He had eaten and had taken out the letter that he had in his pocket. He removed the pages from within. He was again surprised that its writer was a cousin of Harry’s who had kept in periodic contact with him over the years. He started to read the communique. It began with an apology for having to initially write the letter in the first place, under the circumstances. This immediately aroused and then alerted Harry’s shit detectors. His imaginary antenna’s shot up out of his head.

It started; Oh, my dear mate Harry. I am heartbroken to have to inform you… Harry stiffened as if struck with a charge of electricity at the introduction and the hairs on the back of his neck sprung up, his anus appeared to go into spasm with the feeling that it was rapidly dilating and un-dilating at an uncontrollable rate. A cold shiver ran through him and he didn’t want to continue reading but he felt that he was compelled to.

As he continued to read the letter he was soon overcome with dread, and then he was overcome by an initial denying inducing shock. He could not initially take in the importance and reality of what he was reading; it was too unbelievable or acceptable to him.

He knew that all prisoners’ mail was read and censored by the prison staff, and he was aware that the guards already knew of his position but they were not allowed to make any comment. Sometimes, but only sometimes, a prisoner may be called to the governor’s office to be informed of some major issue. But this consideration had not been afforded to Harry.

As he read he could not fully absorb and ingest the reality of the news he was now receiving and the mental no- no’s and rejections of the truth taking place. He gasped and then sucked in huge lung-full after lung-full of air when the words he was reading and re-reading penetrated the disbelief he was experiencing.

The contents and explanation held in the letter were not long. It did however go on to explain that Harry’s daughter Carol had been killed in an accident involving an explosion. His cousin Mark, who had written the letter, had said that rather than try to explain the details and circumstances of the accident in detail in this letter, he Mark, would visit Harry and personally fill him in on all of the details as soon as he received a visitors pass to do so.

Silent shock gave way to a terrible heart wrenching howl of despair, and a physical crumpling of Harry, carrying him to the floor in uncontrollable fits of sobbing and wailing. Harry was experiencing grief like he had never felt before.

The unexpected commotion was not missed out on the wing landing. So much so that Sammy heard it from his cell while he finished his regular cell fitness workout. He made his way out of his cell and onto the landing and asked some of the other prisoners what was going on? He was told that the din was coming from Harry’s cell. Sammy immediately pushed passed the standing prisoners and made a dash along the landing to Harry’s cell, yelling to anybody that would listen to move out of the way.

Sammy entered Harry’s cell to find him in the foetal position on the floor in such as distressed state as Sammy had ever seen him in in their lifelong relationship. He immediately asked Harry what was wrong. Calling out in concern; “Haitch… what the fuck!” Harry couldn’t answer him coherently, and when Sammy asked again, all Harry could do in a way of reply was to hold up the letter that he was still clutching and he shook it so as to indicate to Sammy to read it.

Sammy took hold of the letter and started to read it. He too was shocked into a silence, then he dropped down to the floor and hugged the prone Harry with enough strength not so as to hurt him, but to try to offer some form of support and reassurance, gently rocking Harry and trying to reassure him that he was not alone and that he did have a caring and loyal friend.

Some of the other prisoners started to arrive and congregate outside Harry’s cell, but they were quickly told to fuck off by Sammy. After a while Sammy was able to bundle Harry into his bed fully clothed except for his shoes. Sammy then sat in silence with a terribly uncomfortable mixture of emotions taking place within him. He was watching the toughest, solid and most resilient individual that he had ever known turn into an uncontrollable and inconsolable babbling wreck.

It tore him up. Sammy could empathise with the situation Harry had to deal with, he had had to deal with losing an adored child, one of his own children, a young seven year old son, Anthony, who had been killed in a road accident twelve years earlier and Sammy had not be allowed day release to go to the funeral because of his security classification at the time as an class A prisoner, maximum security risk. Nor had he had had another family visit with his other children since.

The memories were still fresh and painful and it had taken some time for Sammy to be able to eventually deal with the situation and he then started to divert his thoughts and intentions solely to killing Burns and Baker.

He had once told Harry that at times it was the only obsession that would allow him to deal with the psychological situation of having to get through a very long sentenced without being burnt out and fucked, defeated, institutionalized, and a useless decrepit old fart that is only a liability at the end of it, and then, also to constantly being plagued with the feeling of being as unwelcomed as a fart in a spacesuit. He sat with Harry until it was locking up time and he had to return to his own cell for lights out.

Two weeks had passed before Harry’s cousin Mark came to visit him. Harry was still in a sort of disbelieving, stupefied haze and suffering with a profound level of grief, but he had to know the painful particulars of Carol’s death. They were sitting at a small table in the visitor’s area, with Mark dreading to tell Harry about the true circumstances concerning Carol’s death, and Harry needing to know but not wanting to hear it at the same time.

Mark had gone on to explain that Carol had been dating a young man a couple of years older than herself. He was an associate and a nominee for a relatively new outlaw motorcycle gang with a chapter in Sydney’s outer west, known as the Black Knights.

There had always been large groups of bikie’s that were well established in and around Sydney, such as the Hell’s Angels, the Rebels, the Comancheros, the Bandidos, the Finks, and others. But the new comers, the Black Knights, had not been in any disputes with the other more well-known clubs.

The boyfriend had been tasked to work as one of the managers of the gang’s clandestine drug manufacturing labs. He was one of the cooks that were manufacturing commercial quantities of Ice, methamphetamine and other drugs.

The illicit drug lab was situated on country acres out of Town that were leased in bogus names, but there was never any strange or unruly behaviour taking place and the police were not aware of its existence. The boyfriend had told Carol that he worked at the rural property as a roustabout, and he had to work most weekends. She had asked him where the property was and he had told her the name and location of it.

Unbeknown and unexpected by the boyfriend, Carol had taken it upon herself to pay an unannounced visit to the property and to surprise her boyfriend, taking some wine and a small amount of marijuana with her for them to drink and smoke over the weekend. It was what they would do if the boyfriend had come back into town to visit Carol.

Although at first shocked and horrified by Carol’s unexpected arrival the boyfriend had finally admitted to Carol what he was really doing out on the property. She had been alarmed but she had been so wrapped in this boy that although she disagreed and complained of his involvement, reminding him of the possible outcome he would encounter if he should be caught or discovered.

She had tried to remind him just how perilous his actions and involvement could prove to be. She also commented that it was supposed to be extremely dangerous cooking up methamphetamine in less than perfect laboratory conditions. The boyfriend had tried to reassure her that everything was safe and under control in the lab that was constructed inside an old barn on the property.

He had insisted on taking her into the lab so as to try and reduce any of her fears and to convince her that he would be alright as he assured her that he knew what he was doing. He had already made a couple of successful batches and the bikie bosses who financed the lab and the chemicals required for production was more than happy with the results. The overall production, the quantity being produced, and the quality of the drug ticked all of the boxes.

Carol had hesitantly followed her boyfriend into the fairly well appointed lab after donning a surgical mask over her nose and mouth area as the boyfriend had done and had told her to do. It did look tidy, organised and clinical, and apparently as safe as any normal research lab.

While the couple were perusing the lab and the boyfriend was pointing out various pieces of equipment and there function in the process, and him also trying to impress her with his limited scientific knowledge. As they strode around the lab there was a sudden and unexpected explosion that had taken place, blowing apart the lab and a huge fireball appearing that had then set the barn alight.

A neighbour working out on an adjoining property had noticed a lot of smoke coming from the direction of the lab property. It seemed to be an awful lot more smoke than an average burn off. He tried to ignore it and put it down to a controlled burn off by the properties occupants but the pall of smoke appeared to be getting heavier.

He had decided to drive over to the property and investigate as good neighbours do. When he had driven through the opened farm gates he could see lower down in the paddock the barn that was well ablaze and beyond saving. He drove closer to see if there was anybody about but could detect no sign of life. He immediately telephoned for the fire brigade because of the still raging inferno that was threatening to cause a bush fire.

By the time the fire brigade had arrived from the fire station that was situated forty minutes away nearer town, the barn had just about been raised to the ground. After a thorough dowsing with water any embers or flames were extinguished before an initial examination was to be made by the fire brigade investigators of the affected area.

It was during this search for evidence and clues to what had caused the explosion and fire that they had discovered not only had it been an illegal drug lab so now their whole handling of the site radically changed because of the danger of the possibility of toxic chemical inhalation. It was when they had prepared for a more thorough investigation that they had come across some of the remains of Carol and her boyfriend, burnt beyond recognition. DNA samples would be the only form of establishing the couple’s identity.

Harry asked Mark what the bastard bikie’s who financed the lab had to say about the event and it had seeped out. He was told that their attitude to the accident was: ‘It was her own fault; she shouldn’t have been there anyway, the stupid nosey bitch!” Harry momentarily fumed and started to rise in anger, but he held it in as he did not want to draw attention to his visit from the screws present in the visitor’s area, or the reason for it.

When visiting time was up and Mark had left the prison, Harry was escorted back to his cell. It wasn’t long before Sammy joined him. Sammy asked Harry how his visit had gone and did he have a better insight into the accident. Harry recanted everything to Sammy. Sammy after a moment or two asked Harry what he wanted to do about it. Harry simply said: “Kill the bastards.”

Sammy agreed with Harry, he was incensed and suggested that they blow up the club house of the Black Knights, and kill as many of the bastards as possible in one fell swoop.

Harry pointed out to Sammy that there would be no guarantee that they would catch all three of the chapter hierarchy members together at the one time unless it was a formal chapter meeting and there would be plenty of bikie security and surveillance placed well about the club house on such occasions. He said it would have to be individual hits to be on the safe side, and he was prepared to personally make them all. Sammy saw and accepted the logic and agreed to Harry’s plan.

Harry had asked Sammy for his help in finding out as much as they could in regard to bikie gangs, their structure, their strengths, their weaknesses, and whatever information they could accrue so as to help Harry conceive a plan of deadly retribution. He was assured that the hierarchy of a chapter, the president, the vice president, and the master at arms were the controlling entities. These would be the prime targets of Harry. All he needed to know now was what gang or chapter was responsible for the lab and the hierarchy of that chapter would be illiminated.

Information flows freely and rapidly throughout the prison system especially between the cons themselves. It didn’t take long for valuable little reports to come to Harry’s attention. Talk and big noting is common in prison and damaging evidence is parlayed and admitions of crimes committed are inaudibly high on the gossip agenda through braggadocio.

There were bikie’s from different clubs and chapters doing time in every prison, and Harry and Sammy’s nick was no different. In less than a week the gaol grapevine had come up with the name of the bikie gang that were reported to be responsible for the lab and its explosion.

The Black Knights! Harry now had his targets firmly fixed in his mind. All he needed now was the names of the president, the vice president, and the sergeant of arms. The names would be forthcoming within the next couple of days. Rodney Micalef, president. Terry Barlow, vice president. And Charlie Speers, sergeant at arms. These men had no idea what was about to befall them.

Harry was now completely focused on one thing only. He would even put aside his vow of killing Baker and Burns until he had taken care of this matter. He had tried to explain to Sammy that he was genuinely sorry for changing the priority of his intentions when it came between the matter of Baker and Burns, and the bikie heads who owned the clandestine drug lab that was responsible for killing Carol.

Homicidal revenge on the bikies was all he was focusing on now at that present time. Sammy assured Harry that he understood the change in priorities and volunteered his assistance if he was to eventually be released. Harry would now go into the planning stage of the retaliation as he was down to two months before his release.

Harry was lying on his bed trying his damnedest to try and re-read an old western paperback to try and distract himself from his depression and grief, but he just couldn’t focus on the exercise for long without feeling twinges of, and small waves of sorrow overcome him when Sammy arrived at his cell.

Sammy was beaming like a Cheshire cat from ear to ear, and dancing a ridiculous jig. He called out excitedly to Harry: “You wouldn’t fucking well believe it Harry… Yeah you wouldn’t bloody read about it. They’ve granted me Jam roll! Yes! Nat King Cole, Parole!” It was the first smile and giggle that Sammy had seen or heard Harry make in all of the previous weeks. They both enjoyed the news and celebrated merrily. They hugged each other heartily in joy, as they were not completely homophobic.

There was an unusual part time gentle comforting sort of air of approval that had taken over most other prisoners on the wing, and even one or two of the officers when it was revealed that Both Harry and Sammy were to be finally released. Even though the primary job of a screw, besides locking and unlocking the cell doors for the prisoners, was to adhere to their specific instructions which were to watch, listen, and to report.

Although in reality everything carried on as usual with the same boring repetitiveness and monotony of prison life and the mind-numbing regular routine for serving convicts to have to contend with. Harry and Sammy had been forced to witness murders, bashings, stabbings and slashings, suicides and drug overdoses. They had witnessed lunacy take a hold of more than a few born again Christians over their period of incarceration.

They had even been in the small party of prisoners that had discovered a prison officer in a broom cupboard and storage unit on the ones when returning cleaning items and utensils to the locker. He was suspended from where he had stepped of an upturned bucket and had effectively hanged himself in the process, as he committed suicide.

The prisoners did not inform any of the prison staff as to their find. They had simply closed the door of the storage locker and left it for the guard’s workmates to find him. This happened to be some hours later, and he was as stiff as a board due to rigor mortis being in effect. Blue in colour, his eyes bulging, and a grotesque and contorted face due to a slow strangulation, and not a broken neck.

The reason for the inmate’s apparent callous actions was that the deceased officer had been highly disliked by all of the inmates. He had been one of those men who would show them absolutely no respect, nor allowed them their dignity, and at lock up time he would call out loudly; ‘OK, back in your kennels you lot!’ This would really get under the prisoners skin.

They had also witnessed on the odd occasion some of the guards being knocked senseless by some crazed prisoner, only to receive a terrible comeback from other members of staff when subdued and over powered. But Harry and Sammy had been able to avoid any such confrontations with officers. Survival and peace meant boxing clever, not acting like a berserker.

This was everyday life now for Harry and Sammy, and they had only ever had two choices open to them. That was to either neck themselves, or to simply get on with it. Brutal yes, but realistic.

Both Harry and Sammy had come to the decision concerning their incarceration that their attitude towards it would be one of: ‘OK, I’m doing time for the crimes that I had previously gotten away with, that’s all.’ Simply to try and offset the real reason and hate involved.

Harry had been offered a position on the outside farm working party because he was in the last six months of his sentenced and was considered not to be an escape risk; therefore he qualified for the position of a trustee. He would be assigned to driving the farm tractor to openly drive around the farm unaccompanied to take care of normal farm chores requiring the use of a tractor.

He would also be lucky enough to be able to stay on the tractor when ploughing up potatoes that the other prisoners would have to back breakingly gather and pick up the newly exposed potatoes, place them in a basket and then place them into the cart being pulled behind the slow moving tractor all day long, except for lunchtime. Harry thought that he had been blessed. He had access to copious amounts of fresh milk from the prison farm dairy that he could consume at will when visiting that section of the farm.

There was the piggery where he was introduced too and had participated in the castration of piglets to fatten them up quicker for the retail market. It had proven to be a little surprising as to what seemed to Harry as being a bit of a barbaric procedure when he discovered that the method taught to and used by the tending prisoners was to use a razor blade to slice the male piglets under developed scrotum. And to then manually locate the equally under developed testicles and cut the connecting tendons and such effectively castrating the piglet.

And then they would simply douse the affected area of the animal with an antiseptic powder before releasing the squealing piglet to re-join the other farm pigs without any more treatment or monitoring of the incision made on the piglets. They would then rapidly fatten up and become plump over the next couple of months or so and then be shipped off to market to be sold.

There was another highly unusual practice that he had discovered taking place when attending the cow milking and calf feeding section of the farm. He had been a little shocked, surprised, and felt a modicum of disgust when invited by one of the prison farm workers to put his dick into the mouth of a calf and have it give him a head job. This fellow prisoner tried to convince Harry that it was as good as the real thing, adding that he and some of the other prisoners were in the habit of doing so.

Harry couldn’t quite believe the invitation that he was being given and outright declined it. He was then told to put his finger in a calf’s mouth as an indicator to the gentle sucking of the calf, and was nowhere near the imagined and expected roughness and violent action that one might originally imagine.

Inquisitiveness got the batter of Harry, and just to be sure that he wasn’t being wound up like a clock over the declaration, he did stick his finger into a calf’s mouth and was incredibly surprised at how true the other prisoner’s description of such an event really was. He withdrew his finger from the calf’s mouth and realising the truth in the statement made by the other prisoner; he told the prisoner that he was a dirty filthy, perverted bastard, along with any other prisoner who partook in the exercise before he left in disgust. Then again, it was what was referred to as an open nick, and there were a fair percentage of sex offenders and perverts doing time there.

Then there was an incident that caught Harry by surprise through ignorance. He had parked and alighted from the tractor and jumped over the paddock gate to walk into a paddock that was occupied at the time by a full herd of cows so as to check on their watering troughs.

After wading through the herd to inspect the troughs he had begun walking back to the closed gate that he had climbed over to first enter the paddock. As he strolled back towards the gate he heard heavy footsteps behind him and he turned to see the whole herd of cows following him, he was taken back a little when he realised that they were gaining ground on him fairly quickly.

He had a minor panic and started to run only to find out that the cows trailing him had picked up their pace also. Harry shit himself imagining that he was going to be knocked down and trampled by a fast moving herd of cows and apparently to Harry, an angry herd of cows. He eventually made it back to the paddock fence and the closed gate and sprung himself over the closed gate just ahead of the cows who by now were galloping at a pace closely behind him.

It was only after the retelling of the incident to some other prisoner labourers that he was told that it was a normal practice for the cows to follow a human as that was usually the signal that would indicate to the cows that they were being herded to be milked. The other prisoners in the know started to laugh and Harry felt like a real dickhead. But he had to giggle when he realised how the level of his fear and concern had been at the no more than natural behaviour for the cows.

There was one occasion that Harry had to take a cart load of rubbish to the farm tip, this was usually out of bounds for prisoners but it was a required occasional chore for Harry to have to attend to in his duties. On this occasion, because he had privacy and time in his favour, he had taken a look around the tip more in curiosity than in expectation.

He discovered a used electric cooking stove had been disposed of onto the tip. Before long he had removed and retrieved the four electric rings and the element from the grill that was still attached to the stove with some pliers and a screwdriver that were a part of the tractors tool kit.

He secreted the stove parts in a sack he had found and placed them into the back of the tractor trailer and returned to the barn area of the farm where the prisoners would gather and muster for lunchbreaks and also wait for the return bus ride back to the prison at the end of their working day. There was the problem of getting the newly acquired items safely undetected back into the prison as everything seemed to be checked and accounted for besides just the number of prisoners in the head count.

Harry had observed and took notice that one of the practices that would normally be performed in the matter of security was to check all equipment being returned to the prison besides a pat-down of the prisoners themselves looking for contraband.

But there was a chink in the armour as Harry had discovered, and that was the heat shielded meal boxes used to house and carry the hot lunches for the prisoners that had been prepared at the prison and transported out with them on the bus taking them to the prison farm for their daily work schedule were routinely been overlooked when loading them back onto the bus for the return journey to the prison.

These containers were where Harry had placed the electrical items and took a calculated gamble that they wouldn’t be discovered. His plan worked and he was able to remove the canisters back at the prison and he had retrieved the electrical items before returning the steel canisters to the kitchen area, stashing them in the process.

He then organised a deal with some of the trustees that he knew and offered the individual electrical components he had obtained and stashed up for barter. There were a number of takers who pounced on the offer, especially by members in the dormitory sections that the prisoners outside working parties were housed in. Harry had been installed in one of the dormitories with his elevation to being a member of an outside working party.

It was a straightforward case of using some wire to connect the electric stove top or griller element to the socket that housed one of the unit’s light bulb holders and activating the stove ring to enable frying or boiling black market food supplies stolen from the kitchen, or for making instant coffee after being bartered for. Or an element could be fitted to the end that was not attached to the light bulb holder, and dropped into a container of water to boil the water faster. The odd fried egg or sausage sandwich, or even chicken pieces and the like could be obtained through the barter system.

This change in conditions to being able to spend time in the open air at the prison farm proved to be a little God send for Harry, as it gave him a sense of freedom and unusual normality, watching animals roam about, hearing birds sing after an age of beautiful twittering and chirping silence, and now enjoying the golden rays of the early Summer Sun, when he could unofficially at least, remove his shirt like most of the other farm labourer prisoners would do and absorb the long overdue intake of the previously lacking vitamin D that is normally required, and the raising of the level of Melanin in the skin due to Sunbaking so as to disguise the normal gaol pallor of any soon to be released prisoners making them look healthy at least.

He had even taken part in a spiteful payback on the civilian farm manager charged with running the prison farm. He was a really vindictive and spiteful bastard when it came to his attitude towards prisoners. He acted like a Nazi prisoner of war or internment guard towards them. His attitude really was disgraceful and he would not give the prisoners one inch, or any sort of respect or polite comments when addressing them.

On one occasion he had to leave the farm to take some suckling pigs that were born and raised at the farm piggery to the market for sale. While he was gone and during the prisoner’s lunch break, they had raided his garden besides the farmhouse he was provided with and he lived in, which had rows and rows of ripened strawberries ready for harvest and they consumed the lot between them in a gluttonous gang feast. Payback on the belligerent and spiteful old bastard they had all agreed.

Although it was evident that the prisoners were responsible for the now empty plot of strawberries, the screws couldn’t do anything about it and nobody was nicked for the offence, infuriating the farm manager. Another thing that would annoy him and irk him was the begrudged playful activities that the bored prisoners would get up to in the barn shed during lunch breaks was the habit of using an old tractor tyre left on hand for pranking about with and having a laugh in the process.

One of the prisoners would climb inside of the huge tractor tyre and place themselves in a semi-circular position within the tyre, and then the other prisoners would push and roll the tyre across the barn area as fast as they could until it crashed into the side of the barn making it bounce back violently and sometimes ejecting the occupant to the great amusement of the group.

This time spent on the prison farm had proven to be a great help in Harry coming to terms with the fact that Carol was gone. Even though things were still raw for him the level of his sorrow and depression had reduced or abated just slightly. He had even started to consider if he and Sammy could possibly become internet marketers or traders, or something similar to give them a sort of a fighting chance on the outside.

Harry was convinced and fairly confident that he could study the protocols and adopt the skills required to do so. But it was only a thought and not a specific intention. But then after reconsidering and reverting back to relying on his personal safety net, that of remembering the fable that when Icarus flew to close to the Sun, he found out just how fatal it could be. But Sammy remained pathologically obsessed with the idea of killing both Burns and Baker.

It would actually work out that Sammy would be released ten days ahead of Harry. Once he had been officially informed of his parole it would be within three weeks of the notification that he would be released on licence. Hopefully this would allow Sammy to try and get them some sort of half decent accommodation instead of having to live in a half-way house for recently released prisoners.

Luckily for both of them they still had money left over and stashed away safely from their thieving days and this would now come in very handy. In actuality they had over one million dollars safely stashed away, even though it had devalued since they first deposit it in their secret bank accounts. They would have enough funds to live modestly on for the rest of their expected lives.

Of course in an earlier part of their sentence, both Harry and Sammy had needed to make provisions for their wills, should they die in prison. And what was to happen to the secret funds if they did so.

In Sammy’s case he had left a sealed envelope with details and instructions inside concerning the protocol of how to retrieve the money with his solicitor. This sealed envelope was to be given to Sammy’s nephews only after his death.

In Harry’s case he had originally left his share of the proceeds from the robberies to his daughter Carol. But because of the change in circumstances, Harry had decided to bequeath his money to his cousin Mark, and to his previously estranged widowed sister Angela, who had a gang of kids of her own to care for. She had initially been appalled at what Harry and Sammy had been accused of, and through embarrassment she had distanced herself from Harry. Harry owed a beautiful fully renovated home in Bronte, outright, and he was not happy renting it, so he had remade contact with, and invited Angela to live there, rent free, knowing it would not be abused or left to fall into disrepair. He had also left a similar sealed envelope with his solicitor addressed to Angela, only to be given to her after Harry’s death.

Sammy had already given or handed over the house and the assets that he was known to have owned outright before his incarceration to his ex-wife and children.

Although Sammy would have to be incredibly careful not to break any of the rules of his parole, otherwise it was straight back to prison to serve out his time. In truth, Sammy only wanted enough time to catch up with and kill the remaining Alexandria crew. That had been his dream and his goal, his pathological intention for the last 18 years.

After having further discussions regarding priorities, Harry had insisted that he had to take care of the bikies before he could start on their quest to locate and kill Baker and Burns. Sammy had told him that if that was the way it was going to be then he Sammy would come to the party and assist in the bikie slayings.

He told Harry to simply tell him what he wanted Sammy to do at any stage of the game and Sammy would be cool with it. But he insisted that if it was the last thing that they would ever do, it would be that they kill Baker and Burns. After that Sammy had said; “I couldn’t give a fuck what happens to me.” Harry merely nodded in agreement.

Wednesday morning at 8: am on the day of his release, Harry had eaten breakfast and had said his farewells to the inmates he was on friendly terms with. He showered and retrieved his personal belongings and was dressed in his dated yet beautiful custom tailor made woollen suit that he had worn at his trial and it still fitted him and hung elegantly on him. His civilian clothes had recently been pressed by other inmates for him who worked in the laundry upon them getting word of Harry’s release.

He wore a clean freshly pressed shirt and a tie, highly polished shoes, and was once again sporting the expensive Rolex watch that he owned. As he marched along accompanied by a couple of screws, he was carrying a small parcel and a travel warrant and small amount of release money supplied by the gaol. He was also sporting a healthy looking freshly suntanned face. He looked and felt quit dapper for the first time in an age.

He was escorted through the gaol’s security tunnel entry and exit area and then then let out of the small man door that was a part of the larger prison front gate and he stepped out into a bright sunny early morning. There was no welcome home party or group waiting outside the prison to greet him, or any individual for that matter. Hello mate were not the words he was expecting to hear anybody say, but the words he did hear were spoken by the prison officer that had escorted Harry out to freedom.

The words would ring in his ears for a while: “And don’t let me see you back here ever again Harry!” It was when he had registered the tone of the officer when he had called him Harry, and not O’Halloran, that he realised that the officer wasn’t being dismissive or sarcastic, but he had been trying to say in his own way that he was wishing Harry good luck. As there had never been any issues between them in all of the time that they had spent on the opposite side of the fence, years it had been.

He stood erect for a moment and sucked in a couple of deep breaths as if to taste the imagined magically different fresh air outside of the nick before heading off. He then strode off to catch a bus and then a train for the first time in ages. He felt strange, he was aware that although he could be classed as middle aged, he knew that he had passed his prime but still being capable of being active and alert.

OK, his hair was greying, his teeth had lost their natural whiteness some, and wrinkles were beginning to show. But he was still regarded as being in quit good condition for a long term prisoner. He had fastidiously at first, then becoming programmed to, and then robotic in his cell physical fitness workout routine. He did not want to leave prison a hollow shadow or ghostlike leftover of the strapping man he was before being sentenced. Sammy had felt exactly the same as Harry, and had also kept up his own inner cell fitness routine.

But he did have something to fall back on in the upcoming lean times ahead of him, and that was his half of the stashed robbery money that both he and Sammy had stashed away. They had never been nicked for any of the payroll or money transfer robberies that they were guilty of, and their only criminal convictions were for acts of violence such as committing grievous bodily harm, actual bodily harm and the likes. They were not on the police hotlist of known, currently active armed robbers.

As he travelled he had the feeling that all strangers were staring at him knowing of his past and circumstances. Of course it was only a wave of initial paranoia and a little anxiety that had suddenly overcome him.

By the time of Harry’s release Sammy had retrieved some of the stashed cash that he and Harry had put aside. And with the assistance of an old acquaintance of Sammy’s in the real estate renting business, but still loyal to his criminal buddies, Sammy had been able to secure a lease on a tidy little place in Paddington for him and Harry to live in and had modestly furnished the place.

They had been released for a month or so and had done nothing but keep a low profile and kept their heads down and try to behave and react to normality once again and to concentrate and plan the executions of the bikies. They would both walk up from there abode in Paddington up to the top of Oxford Street and go into Queen’s Park to stroll around and talk tactics.

They were highly aware of the bugging and phone tapping methods now used legally by the police, so much so that they would not discuss criminal business or activity at home. Out in the open air and in intentionally muffled and coded conversation. They may have been free of all police surveillance or interest for all they knew, but paranoia would still prevail even though it was disguised or thought as being an extra careful tactic being adopted by them.

They had made a few visits up to Kings Cross just to have a look around and to catch up with a couple of old faces that they had known from their pre-sentenced days. They were surprised and alarmed to notice and witness the changes that had come about over the years of their departure.

There was a new breed of faces and names that were reported to be the in, or known, controlling crowd of the Cross. One young man that they did not personally know, but who was aware of Sammy’s and Harry’s former reputation as being successful armed robbers was a chap named John Ibrahim. Who appeared to be the major stabilising point in Kings Cross business and financial affairs, due to his involvement and investments in the Cross?

His brothers, especially Sam, was said to be responsible for supplying the muscle required to keep the cross and its interests protected, doormen, thugs, and it is said shootings. However, John Ibrahim’s brothers would develop a habit of attracting bad publicity through criminal and violent activities and would often make life hard and bothersome for the young business man, who had worked incredibly hard to divorce himself from some activities that his brothers were involved in, but at other times, who knows?

So as he could specifically keep and maintain a clean criminal record, allowing him to invest in clubs in the Cross with liquor licences. Mr Clean, as he would like to be referred to and would always profess to be! It was said that he was worth $50, 000, 000, and had a very impressive property portfolio. But there would be more scandal, revelations, and serious accusations to be made against the Ibrahim family as a whole to come.

They had also had their fair share of violence inflicted upon them. The four of the Ibrahim brothers had all been shot at one time or other. Sam, shot in the legs. John shot in the arm, Michael shot through the shoulder, and Fahdi, shot five times while sitting in his expensive sports car outside of his million dollar home. Even John Ibrahim’s long time personal bodyguard, giant Semi Nhegata, copped a bullet in the back while helping the Ibrahim’s set up for a private function.

There had been no need for Harry and Sammy to have any association with the present Cross identities as they would only visit the odd old face and acquaintance for a coffee and a catch up. Then they would reminisce about the old days, and the then carryings on of the Cross.

Times when they would meet up at popular venues at the time such as the Bourbon and Beefsteak, or Sweethearts, for breakfast after a night’s socialising in the area. But then they could hardly mistake or not notice the drastic difference that had overcome the Cross in general due to the introduced lock-out laws that were now in effect, since their colourful and exhilarating days, or rather, raunchy nights.

They would even make their way down to the Coogee Bay Hotel were they had spent a large amount of time between robberies socialising and listening to the great entertainment that the venue provided in a newly built function room at the time watching the likes of pop group Dragon play live.

Occasionally they would take a walk around the Bondi to Bronte scenic clifftop track which was extremely popular and well used. Although at one stage in recent history it had gained a reputation as being a night time danger spot after there were a number of suspicious deaths that had come to light concerning young men who were found at the bottom of the cliffs, or on the cliffs with suspicious injuries. It was revealed that some of these deaths were of known gay men who frequented the locally labelled the ‘gay haunt’ walk.

There were even rumours circulating that a small gang or gangs of young men known as ‘gay-bashers’ would frequent the area and assault and beat up suspected gay men. The rumours went as far as pointing in the direction of the beachside young clan known as the Maroubra boys, also known as ‘The Bra-boys.’ Suspecting some of their members, including a couple of their members that were on the cusp of Sydney rugby league fame at the time, but the rumours never came to anything.

They were thrilled at the chance once again to be able to walk down to Woolloomooloo and partake in the time honoured tradition of having a pie and peas at Harry’s Café de wheels, even though it had moved slightly from its original location. They had even taken time to stroll around Paddington markets as a pass-time, often with Sammy smoking a joint openly, not giving a care. Or taking the time to walk or mosey up and down Oxford Street ogling the sites and pointing out the changes that had been made over the area while they had been incarcerated.

Although this laxed attitude of Sammy’s towards toking in public could land him right back inside the slammer. It would give Harry the shits and he was forever telling Sammy to; ‘extinguish the fucking thing,’ and wait until they get back home in order to have a chuff. If they went out for a social drink, they made sure that they didn’t become rollie-poly drunk and inadvertently talk about their plans of revenge to anybody, friends or strangers alike. After all, this had been a secret determined mission of theirs for eighteen very long hate festering years. It was so ingrained that it could never be forgotten.

It was decided on one of their walks around Queen’s Park that the sergeant at arms, Charlie Speers, would be the first target as he was easy to locate and trap as he still lived at home with his mother. Harry and Sammy had done a fine job of surveillance on Charlie Speers, the Black Knights sergeant at arms. They knew all of his habits and movements. They also knew the address of his girlfriend and the addresses of his closest mates.

It was decided that they would hit him when he returned home from a visit to his girlfriend’s. He would return to his home after riding down the freeway for a half hour or so back from Blacktown, where his girlfriend lived. Little did he know that this was going to be his last ride on his cherished Harley Davidson? As he patiently stuck to the speed limit so as not to draw the attention of any traffic police or speed cameras, he was in a relaxed and easy-rider mood.

The traffic was much lighter late at night and there were only a couple of cars within sight of the motorcyclist, one ahead of him and two or three behind him. What he wasn’t to know was the car trailing three vehicles behind him was a stolen high powered machine being driven by Sammy, with Harry sitting in the passenger seat?

They had invested good money on some imported, extremely life-like rubber latex, full head and face masks they had seen advertised on the internet, from a contact in LA, California, from the movie studio’s prosthetics suppliers.

Fitted correctly and even more authentic looking if glasses and a hat or a cap were worn as this would detract from what could only be described as a giveaway point in the eyehole of the masks if a little cosmetic fine touching hadn’t been used to blend in the slightly different shades where the eyes would meet the mask. A real hair wig would not look so false.

Otherwise it had been proven that it was extremely difficult to tell that it was a mask unless scrutinised from a very close distance by a keen observer. These sorts of masks had actually been used to have people pass close examination such as airport check-in counters without being discovered, and other such cases of identification trickery.

As they trailed the bikie at the speed limit on the divided carriageway they noticed that the car ahead of the bikie signalled to leave the freeway via an approaching left exit slip road. Then after another couple of kilometres the two vehicles that were travelling behind the bikie and ahead of Sammy and Harry, both indicated to show that they were both pulling into a fuel stop on their upcoming left. This left only the bikie and the boys on the divided freeway along this stretch.

Harry told Sammy to give the car a squirt and to gun it as this was their opportunity to take action. Sammy gunned the car and it flew into high speed and ran the distance down between them and the bikie to just a few meters as Sammy eased off the gas to stay alongside the bikie.

This is when Harry lowered the car window feeling the cool evening air envelop his head and shoulders as he reached out of the now opened passenger window wearing a pair of supple leather gloves and holding a sawn off double barrelled, over and under, self-loading, semi-automatic shotgun and five twelve gauge cartridges stored in the stock.

He was pointing it at the bikie when the rider looked to his right and couldn’t believe the sight he was seeing. A man pointing a shotgun at him who he did not realise was wearing a very realistic latex mask and a baseball cap on his head. Before he could react and try to apply the brakes of the motorcycle to instinctively drop back quickly out of firing range, he was too slow and the gun barked loudly and spat some flame blowing the rider off his motorcycle and the helmeted head off his shoulders.

Then as Sammy looked into the rear view mirror of the car witnessing the Harley Davidson tumble then summersault before sliding to a mangled stop and then he commented sarcastically: “Argh… looks like the Harley’s fucked now Haitch!” But in doing so he drew no response from Harry.

Sammy slowed down to the speed limit on the freeway for a good while and then took a pre-planned exit road to where they had a second stolen car parked in a covering. They changed cars after dousing the interior of the attack car in petrol making sure to ribbon the seats first to accommodate a better and quicker burn out of the vehicle to destroy any evidence like DNA that might be left inside by the offenders.

They knew full-well that it matters not where we are, or what we are doing, we will always leave a trace of us being there after we have left, simply by the act of breathing. And what’s more, if we were to say sneeze, then traces of our identification will be left all over the place through a fine airborne mist and particles that we exhale. This process would be repeated when they had dumped the second getaway vehicle before abandoning it.

Harry and Sammy both knew that the police could eventually track the movements of vehicles that used the freeway because of the many strategically placed surveillance cameras on the freeway and others placed in the surrounding areas of the slip roads. This was common knowledge, but the police could not trace how the offenders had left the area of the second car dumping and incineration without showing up on any surveillance cameras that they had inspected.

Harry and Sammy had been previously informed that the freeway traffic surveillance cameras were capable of zooming in and recording HD footage of the driver and front seat passenger that could prove positive identification.

That is why Sammy and Harry had agreed to keep their latex masks on until the very end of the exercise when they would travel in the third getaway vehicle. It was first viewed by the police as a gang related murder by some outlaw motorcycle gang in tit for tat action. But this assumption didn’t hold water somehow as there had been no recent activity of any bikie feud taking place.

The next victim that Harry and Sammy had decided on would be the club President, Rodney Micalef. He was a cagier, paranoid, and slightly more allusive character than other members of his chapter. He lived alone in an expensive rented apartment in an exclusive area in the inner city. He would not leave or arrive at his apartment block wearing his club colours or the usual bike riding outfits. He didn’t even keep his hog there so as not to draw attention. He was trying desperately to stay under the radar.

It was to be of no avail. Harry and Sammy had done a recon mission of the president’s apartment block and all of the buildings surrounding it. They had been searching for a good position to use as a snipers lair. This was how they had decided to take the president out, with a rifle shot.

After some time looking for a suitable spot to take the shot from they had decided that a building fairly close by that had a set of unused locker type areas that had originally been designed as small storage areas for the residents living in the block, situated in the emergency exit stairwell. But because of vandalism and theft from them on a regular basis, they had become fairly abandoned.

But it proved to be an ideal position to take a shot from that would allow an unrestricted clean flight into the president’s apartment from the third floor locker in the stairwell that overlooked the president’s apartment. Then an escape could be made pretty quickly down the fire exit stairs that ran down the side of the building and into a waiting stolen vehicle.

Although a clear shot could be taken from the decided snipers lair, it could not be guaranteed that the target would always be in sight within the lounge room. There were only a couple of positions in the room where the target may sit to relax or watch TV and also be in sight of the gunman.

But what position he would take could not be ascertained for certain. The only constant that Harry could pick up through his surveillance observations made on the apartment was that from the position in the intended snipers lair, Harry could clearly see the back of the closed front door of the apartment. That would be their plan.

Harry had come up with the idea that Sammy should appear at the president’s apartment dressed as a pizza delivery guy, wearing his very realistic and convincing latex mask and carrying an empty pizza box as the apartment block was alive with CCTV cameras. He would knock on the president’s front door of the apartment and call out pizza delivery.

It made no odds if the president opened the door or not to chase the delivery guy away, or to inform him that he hadn’t even ordered a pizza. The ruse was to get the president to at least come to the closed front door where he would be an easy target for Harry to then shoot him. All Sammy had to do was keep knocking and calling out pizza delivery often and long enough to annoy the president to actually come close to the door to express his annoyance for Harry to do his thing.

They were fully aware that the forensic investigators called in to examine the murder scene could and would be able to pinpoint the angle and direction of the shot, but Harry planned on taking an extra precaution or two. He knew that it was no use trying to use a silencer with high velocity rounds as they don’t do much to muffle the sound of the shot. The silencer is more efficient at supressing the sound of a low velocity round such as the humble point 22 calibre round.

Harry knew that point 22 rounds would be a sufficient enough calibre bullet to kill the president over the relatively short distance between the snipers lair and the president’s apartment front door. The distance in reality was only 120 meters, well within the fatal capabilities of a point 22; Harry had just the weapon for the job stashed away for safe keeping.

It was an originally legally imported Sterling point 22 short barrelled Magnum from the Philippines, with an efficient silencer made to fit it. It was also fitted with an excellent telescopic scope that would be re honed in over 150 meters before the event. It could fire a regular point 22 shell or a point 22 magnum shell, giving it a lot more knock down power. As it happened at the time of the killing a normal point 22 round was used to shoot Micalef as the conditions to do so had proven to have been perfect.

Harry had entered the neighbouring apartment block via the fire escape wearing his very realistic, life like silicone mask similar to the one that Sammy was wearing. He was carrying what appeared to be a long canvas plumber’s bag. Nobody whatsoever had seen him when he had made his way up to the third floor disused locker. After entering the locker and closing the door behind him he opened the large plumber’s bag and removed a number of bedsheets which he hung, placed and set around the complete window frame area of the opened window that he would take the shot from.

This procedure was merely an effort to trap and contain most, if not all of the gunpowder residue that would be normally left as evidence, finely dispersed around the immediate area. On clothing worn by the shooter after a shot had been taken. Fine gunpowder residue could also be detected on the hands, face or in the hair of the shooter if it wasn’t washed of and removed soon after the event. Other residue would be left on the immediate surrounding area, In this case possibly on the window frame. The police forensic investigators could ascertain in what general direction that the fatal shot had come from, but not the exact location without supporting evidence such as gunpowder residue or used shell casings left at a particular scene. Both of these matters would be taken into consideration.

When Harry had finished his setting up procedure he removed the Sterling rifle from the plumber’s bag fitting the telescopic sight and then he fitted the silencer to it. He then inserted the magazine clip full of bullets into the belly of the stock. He affixed a small tripod to the rifle and placed it on some small sandbags that he had brought to stabilise the gun more efficiently.

He drew the bolt of the rifle and an unused round ejected from the Rifle. Harry picked the fallen shell and placed it in his pocket. He knew that upon ejection of the unused shell that a live round had popped easily into the firing chamber and was ready to be fired. The small safety switch lever was set in the off position ready to be fired.

He spent a little time looking through the telescopic sight so as to accustom to the dim evening light. But the curtains were open and the lights shone bright in the president’s apartment giving Harry a very good clear, unobstructed view of the front door. What more, by sheer coincidence, the president had his sliding glass door out on to the balcony area wide open.

This would aid the impact of the bullet as it would not have to break through the glass and maybe even cause the projectile to alter its original flight path and deviate slightly and even cause the shot to miss. This had been a gamble that Harry was prepared to take. He had considered the choice of using a higher powered rifle and ammunition for the kill, but that choice would have disqualified any chance of stifling the sound of the powerful gun shot and alerting someone in the close knit, surrounding apartment blocks, making an unseen exit and escape virtually impossible.

When he was ready, Harry checked his watch and noticed that it was 8:30 pm. This seemed to please him as he knew that most of the occupants of all of the apartment blocks situated around the tightly compacted area would be engrossed watching TV or busy on their computers and such.

Although the one boogieman in the plan was the possibility of the president closing his main window blinds. In the event of that happening Harry would simply shoot Micalef as he approached the window area to draw the blinds and he would be in full view of Harry. Then he would radio Sammy with a signal to abort and to come and get him. Harry used the hand held walkie talkie set to an obscure channel to communicate briefly with Sammy. He informed Sammy that he was ready to go.

Sammy, who was waiting and hiding well out of sight in some thick high bushes situated not far from the president’s apartment building entrance. He was waiting for an opportunity to spring out of his hiding spot and quickly run up to the apartments front doors with what appeared to be a pizza box when somebody was about to make their entry into the apartment with its automatically locking front doors. He would call out in a friendly voice asking for the person about to enter the apartment block to please keep the door open for him. With him carrying a pizza box most people wouldn’t question the request.

On the first attempt an old lady was about to make her way into the apartment block when Sammy, as planned made his move. But the old lady told him no, as he should ring the apartment number first to alert the occupants of his delivery. Sammy did not argue but told the woman that she was right and he would obey the protocol. Then he feigned leaving the soft drink in his delivery vehicle and said he would fetch it and return to press the apartment bell.

Sammy had to return to the bushes once again and wait for another patsy to arrive and let him in. He was however very pleased that the old lady had not picked or suspected that he was wearing a latex rubber mask. This reassurance in the assumed validity of the mask buoyed his confidence.

It was over fifty slowly passing and boring minutes that Sammy would have to wait before another chance would come along. This time Sammy spotted a young man approaching the apartment entrance who looked as though he was a little stoned or drunk. Sammy was quickly upon him giving him his spiel about keeping the door open for him. The young guy didn’t question Sammy, or even take much notice of him.

Once Sammy had gotten through the opened door the young guy turned and wandered off to his apartment via the lift, Sammy assumed. Sammy did not use the lift. He climbed the stairs to the second floor and made his way to apartment number eight, the president’s apartment.

As pre-planned, Sammy stood outside of apartment number eight and rang the doorbell as he called out: “pizza delivery” and into the walkie talkie that he was holding in his free hand, and to signal to Harry that he was in position. The first call and ring of the bell brought no initial response. Sammy called out again; “Pizza delivery!” He heard a voice call back that they hadn’t ordered a pizza.

Sammy once again called out that he had a pizza delivery for a Mr Booth, at number eight, Moreton gardens. “Is that you?” Sammy called. This time Sammy could tell by the volume of the voice that the speaker was standing close to the door. The voice called out that he had gotten the wrong name, even if the address was supposed to be correct. Then as the voice from inside of the apartment called out in annoyance: “I told you I didn’t order…” Then there was silence. Sammy could sense that Harry had taken the shot and he turned and made his way back out of the building without being seen.

He had made his way back to the vehicle he had arrived in and set off around the corner and travelled the hundred meters or so to the apartment block where Harry was waiting at the bottom of the fire escape for Sammy to pick him up. After retrieving the shell case from the bullet that he had fired and cleaning up the forensic evidence in the locker, and then carefully folding so as to contain the fine gunfire residue and placing the sheets that he had used back in the plumber’s bag along with the rifle.

They kept their realistic and convincing looking latex masks on until after they had dumped and burned the first two escape vehicles as was the normal protocol.

Sammy had asked Harry how it had gone from his end. Harry told Sammy that it went just about like clockwork. He said that when he first heard Sammy call out Pizza delivery over the walkie talkie, he said that the target was sitting watching TV but a clear shot was obstructed by the angle he was sitting in. It was when Sammy had called out the second time that he had a pizza delivery; the target had gotten up from where he was sitting and stood facing the door.

Although Harry could have taken the shot then, he watched the target walk closer towards the apartment’s front door, bringing him into perfect view when Harry had taken the shot. He said that the gun jerked a little on firing, but he could still see through the telescopic scope and watched the victim drop like a stone. And because of the apparently short distance that the bullet had to fly, the victim had been struck in the back of the head at the position of the old brain.

He had dropped immediately upon impact. Because of the bullet being of a low calibre, it had stayed in the head of the victim instead of blowing a part of the face off, and leaving a huge exit hole, or passing through the door leaving a large splatter mark of blood and tissue, and possibly hitting Sammy as a larger more powerful round like that used by deer hunters and the like would use while out hunting could do.

The point 22 round had entered the rear of the president’s head with its full unimpeded striking power and impact, and had left a relatively small hole in the back of the president’s skull, and a small pool of congealed blood had formed after oozing out of the smallish entry wound hole and had settled around Rodney Micalef’s head and shoulders area before he was discovered.

Things would escalate to the murder of the vice president now. They knew what they were going to do. They were just going to cool their heels for a short while and let the fear and paranoia build within the bikie chapter. The vice president, Terry Barlow, was rather shy and edgy about having to accept the role of club president once they had received the news of their former president’s murder.

Two murders of their members had everybody in the bikie chapter shitting themselves in case they would be next in line. And what made things worse was they hadn’t got a clue as to who was behind the murders, and for what reason that they were carried out. They had been left in limbo as to the conundrum. Once again the police attributed it to some sort of Bikie dispute. But as was their policy, the bikie’s would not talk to the police to assist them in investigations.

There was a bit of a panic on with other bikie clubs and chapters fearing that the mysterious assassin or assassins might be planning to make a move on any of them. The paranoia even went as far as suspecting members of the police force of being involved in some sort of Star Chamber activity to try and weaken or destroy the bikie culture and to slow or halt the growing number of new members appearing on the general bikie scene.

What had started to develop among the bikies, not just from the Black Knights, but other factions of bikie’s was a growing private fear that nobody wanted to discuss openly in case of being accused of being a weak ‘big girl’. But the bothersome fear and concern was there deep and strong, and talk of false bravado wasn’t as convincing as it had been previously.

Oh there where threats of this and threats of that made when the perpetrators would eventually be revealed and dealt with. But there were an awful lot of so-called hard-men and tough guys who in reality were absolutely quietly and privately shitting themselves.

They were faced with the conundrum of not knowing who their enemy was and what there reason for their beef with the bikie’s really was? Or when it would cease or could be resolved. The new vice president and master at arms for the bikie chapter were filled with the most fear and trepidation.

They had no idea or clue that Harry and Sammy were gunning for their kind, and that Harry had professed to Sammy, that he never wanted to be one of the big fish… he only wanted to scare a few of them.

It was merely Harry’s personal way of letting bikie’s in general witness, understand and realise that they were not immune to retribution, or neither were they a protected species in any way when it came to homicidal retribution for their attitudes and actions from determined unknown quarters and entities.

In this case they could not instil the fear that they were known to be able to in general. They had been left to appear like toothless tigers. The current situation had the personal fear within various members at breaking point. They were in an undoubted uncomfortable controlled like position that they found hard to handle and accept. But what could they do without a source or person to deal with. There was so much hypocrisy being practiced and false bravado being shown by one and all, but it wasn’t really doing them any good or easing their serious concerns.

Another couple of months went by before Harry and Sammy were ready to dispose of the new president, Terry Barlow, who had been the vice president when Carol was killed. Harry had noticed a bit of change about Sammy. He was starting to grumble about his guts being off and the amount of times a day that he had to visit the toilet. Harry had tried to assure him that he probably had an ulcer or two and recommended that Sammy should visit a quack and have a check-up.

He informed Sammy that if it did prove to be ulcers they now had an amazing three in one medicine that would clear up the condition in a matter of weeks as it had been discovered that ulcers were caused by a virus and not a nervous complaint or necessarily a poor diet. Sammy said that he would make an appointment with a doctor and have it checked out.

Another couple of weeks passed and Sammy was still complaining about his guts being off. Harry asked him if he had seen a doctor yet and Sammy had told him no. Harry told him that it was his own silly fault for delaying booking a check-up. Harry had asked Sammy if he was ready to help take care of the last bikie. Sammy had replied; “My bloody oath… let’s get rid of him so we can go after them other bastards in the Alexandria mob. Fuck me; they’ll die of old age if we don’t get a bloody move on!”

Harry assured him that they would be moving on that intention very shortly. He merely wanted to finalise his revenge upon the bikies before he could concentrate one hundred percent on taking care of Burns and Baker.

Their plan to dispose of the new president Terry Barlow, was to abduct him and to put him through a commercial food mincer and have the minced remains delivered to the bikie chapter’s club house as another intimidating and frighteningly unclear message. Harry had said to Sammy in a pretend and exaggerated manner, that because he had been a good boy helping Harry to dispose of his daughters perceived killers, that he would let Sammy have the privilege of killing both Burns and Baker as a grateful thank you and reward when they caught up with them.

Sammy had called out: “I’ll bloody well hold you to that Harry.” And then he added: “But I assure you Harry, that it won’t be quick and clean, and a matter of getting it over with like you seemed to be partial to. I can assure you mate that it is going to be a long, withdrawn torture that I intend to employ when I kill those dirty, low life bastard’s, Burns and Baker.

Harry did not have to answer; he would honour his promise to Sammy and assist in any way required to get the job done. Any goriness or inhuman actions and behaviour during the slayings would be tolerated. Both Harry and Sammy could not forget the fact that they had been robbed of the equivalent of an average teenager’s lifetime because of Burns and Baker. Not simply fucked by them in vernacular terms… but raped!

The planning and preparation for the new president’s abduction and murder was under way. Sammy had come up with an ideal location to take the new president, Terry Barlow, for his demise. It was an old disused piggery where there was still some commercial property and tools left strewn around the place, including an abandoned commercial meat mincer. But it was isolated and they were not likely to be disturbed by any nosey neighbours or the like while up to their skulduggery.

The target would be abducted from the caravan with a large annex that he lived in on a friend of his’ property out near Windsor. He thought that he was safe from attack at this location as nobody besides his friend and closest, trusted chapter members knew where he was living. What he didn’t know is that Sammy and Harry had placed cheap but covert tracking bugs covertly on Barlow’s two known vehicles. One being his personal V8 Ute, which he liked to drive as much as he liked to ride his Harley. The other was his Hog.

Their initial plan was to ride out to the property dressed as bikies and riding stolen motorcycles to help ward of any major suspicion when they would be undoubtedly seen approaching by Barlow from his caravan perched on top of a high raised slope of a hill, with an excellent view of the terrain and open paddocks below and would alert the new president as to any approaching visitors who he would further scan with the aid of a small telescope and a pair of binoculars. It wasn’t a working property so there were no cattle or sheep roaming around and having to cater for.

Harry and Sammy had gone as far as keeping Barlow under intense scrutiny and surveillance while being periodically hidden in the nearby thick bush not too far from Barlow’s caravan. They had waited patiently for him to leave on one of his formal chapter meetings back in town and they had fitted a tiny, affordable portable listening device to the outer corner of one of the outside caravan windows. They relied on Barlow not being very house proud, cleaning his windows regularly and discovering the small bug.

They had wanted to know when there would be a convenient time for them to attack and abduct their intended victim. It hadn’t taken long before Harry and Sammy picked up on a conversation that the new president was having on his supposed untraceable blackberry mobile phone to friends from inside his caravan.

It transpired that Barlow was expecting a number of his close bikie friends from a chapter of his motorcycle club from up north were planning on dropping in to catch up with him when they came down on bikie business. The plan was for them to stay and camp at the president’s location for a week or so socializing and organising inter chapter business. They were expected to arrive on an upcoming Saturday morning. But it had been mentioned that a couple of the boys who were always used as a foreword scouting party for the chapter, concerning if police radars were set up, and any sort of odd action taking place, who just may arrive late on the Friday evening.

On the planned Friday, and Friday evening of the planned visit, Barlow would be busy organising for the upcoming visit of his buddies. He would make sure that he had a designated area for the parking and standing of the visiting group’s motorcycles. He would also clear a flattish area for the visitors to lay down their swags for sleeping in, and he would chop some logs to fuel a large fire for his guests. Then he would choose a designated area for cooking and barbequing. He could be considered as a very amenable and pleasant considerate host… if he was there that is?

The plan was straight forward as far as Harry and Sammy were concerned. They had a pair of stolen motorcycles stashed away and they had fashioned as close as possible bikie style of dress resembling real bikie’s dressed in sleeveless denim jackets worn over leather bike jackets, grotty looking jeans and wearing biker boots and leather riding gloves. They had even done a fair job in replicating the patches and embroidery of the Black Knights insignia. For all intent and purposes they resembled members of the Black Knights from a distance. One would have to be a member of the Black Knights to know otherwise.

Harry had suggested to Sammy that they strike late in the afternoon, well before the possible arrival of any gang members. The president would be alone. They would ride straight up to the caravan and confront their victim. If there disguise held up under initial scrutiny they expected to arrive and to be met with a congenial reception from the initially unsuspecting victim. He would then be dealt with without any hesitation or delay.

As surmised and hoped for when they eventually rode up to the caravan location, the president was indeed waiting outside to greet them cordially, while holding a pair of binoculars in his hand. Harry and Sammy halted, dismounted and parked their motorcycles, and then they walked towards their broadly smiling target.

Then as Sammy and Harry casually and un-menacingly closed in on their target, and before removing their riding goggles, Harry had produced and pointed the sawn off double barrelled shotgun directly at the victims head. He didn’t hesitate in squeezing the trigger blowing the targets head apart.

After retrieving a body bag that they had brought with them in the saddlebag on one of the motorcycles and retrieving the president’s wallet form his back jeans pocket, not to rob him, but to use his vehicle registration certificate if they were to be stopped for a routine police check.

They had then bundled the dead victim into the body bag minus most of the head. They then hauled the body bag into the tray of the victims own V8 Ute sitting nearby with the keys in the ignition, and they secured the tarpaulin down. Sammy had specifically turned the ignition key the first turn to check the Ute’s petrol gauge and to make sure that it had fuel in it. It was three quarters full, and this pleased Sammy.

They made a final check of the stolen motorcycles to make sure that they had cleaned away any fingerprints that may be on it, even though they had worn gloves throughout the ride in. They then syphoned some petrol from the motorcycles and poured it primarily over the fuel tanks, handlebars, and frame where there may be some DNA from their breathing exhalations left, and then they set both bikes alight.

They climbed into the Ute, started it up and casually made their way back off the property. As they rode along the road leading to the freeway that would take them to the abandoned location that they had chosen to use for the dismemberment and mincing of their victim. They acted as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. It was just over an hour’s drive before they pulled off the freeway and headed to the destination that was now only a few kilometres away in a secluded rural area.

Once they were there they immediately set about activating the commercial mincer that they had already spent time on servicing it. The same went for the tree shredder that had been left behind. They then retrieved the body bag from the tray of the Ute and opened it to turf out the cadaver. They then readied to set about a process that they had heard of and was commonly used by other convicts and criminals, while they were doing time.

It involved disembowelling and dismembering the body. By decapitating it first, removing the arms and the legs, and then dividing the torso in to quarters. These parts would then be fed through the tree shredder so as to be smashed, crushed and mangled. Then the remains of that procedure would be put through the commercial meat mincer along with the entrails and turned into slurry. The finished mush would then normally be fed to pigs to eat and digest.

But on this occasion they wanted to gather all of the minced remains together and place them in a forty four gallon drum that they had already dropped off at the disused property along with some other bits and pieces that they may require, ropes, cleaning agents and plenty towels and rags and such. It was at this point that Harry had commented to Sammy that he wasn’t real sure as to how he would go with this part of the plan as he had never literally hacked anyone up before. He said that he wasn’t sure if he’d balk and spew his ring up, or whether he could hack it. Then he asked Sammy to excuse the pun.

Sammy agreed that he might do the same. But he reminded Harry that as young blokes they had shot enough goats and had both disembowelled them and skinned them, so really, Sammy asked. And the difference mate is? ‘I don’t know’ Harry replied. He will be a human after all, won’t he?

He is fucking-well dead Haitch, retorted Sammy. The dead don’t feel a thing. Treat it like butchers or pathologists do. It’s now just a carcass. Take it apart for food or for investigatory purposes, then off it. But hey Sam, what about the smell of the guts and such when we open him up Harry had asked? And what about that woeful metallic-smell of blood that you can’t forget.

Sammy told him not to fret as he had obtained some balm that the pathologists smear on their upper lip under their noses to reduce the retching causing effects of the putrid odour coming off a badly decomposed body that they may have to work on. Adding that he had obtained it from one of the cleaners that he knew who worked at the city morgue and he had whizzed a tube of the stuff for Sammy from the morgue stocks.

After committing to the task and getting through it without either of them puking, they then transferred the human mince into the drum and hoisted it onto the tray of the Ute, tying it securely to the side of the tray, behind the passenger side rear window with rope. They then took time to clean themselves up and change their clothing, throwing their soiled clothes into a laundry bag to take away with them and be destroyed when they left.

It was early evening before the pair had returned back to town and with Harry driving the Ute at this stage and Sammy following in a trailing vehicle; Harry had gently and unobtrusively brought the Ute to a halt directly outside of the Black Knight’s club house. There they would leave it to be discovered. It shouldn’t take long they assumed as everybody in the chapter knew and would recognise the newly installed president, Terry Barlow’s distinct Ute.

When Sammy had picked up Harry to leave the scene, he made a loud burb and said aloud: “Oh, shit!” When asked what’s up with you, by Harry. Sammy had said that it was his flaming guts again. Harry had asked him if he had made an appointment yet with a doctor to find out what was ailing him. Sammy told him that he hadn’t yet. Harry merely grunted at the reply.

After the disposing of by obliteration, the clothes and equipment that they had used in the murder, they had carried on in a normal fashion during the following months displaying the same behaviour as other upstanding members of the community. Fishing, playing the odd round of totally amateurish and clumsy golf, and taking part in other such pleasant distractions and hobbies. All while they were gearing up for an all-out concerted attack on Burns and Baker. They would both have their final revenge on Burns and Baker as they had always planned, and it was assumed that they would complete their mission.

One would have to keep in mind that the determination to kill their enemies even had them keeping on hold, the thing that they had both naturally longed for, and that was sex. Even after all of the years that had passed with them forced into celebasy in prison, and having a natural interest and the urges that go with them they had chosen to remain celebate until they had finished their quest. Then it would be game on. Not just a quick visit to the ever popular touch of class brothel, in Riley Street.

A total denial was made by all known outlaw motorcycle gangs as to being responsible or knowing who were responsible for the slaying of the Black Knights members. The attacks on and the murders of the hierarchy of the Black Knights main chapter could not be accounted for. There were few remaining members of the Black Knights who were game to take up the vacant leadership roles in case they suffered the same fate as their colleagues from whoever had started this covert guerrilla war.

There had been no warnings, threats, or even cause as far as the bikie’s were concerned. The police were no better informed and hadn’t any real clue as to the perpetrators of the murders or their reasons for committing them. They were investigating gang disputes, but could find no solid leads as to a plausible reason for the recent slayings.

No individual bikie gang had had any beef or trouble with the black Knights and everybody was at a loss to figure out as to why this particular set of murders had been committed. No blues or bashings were recalled having taken place concerning any of the other bikie gang members from any particular club or chapter by the Black Knights, or had any noticeable aggression been shown by them.

Or, any sort of encroachment on turf or territory had been reported. When the President, Barlow’s mushed remains were discovered in the forty-four gallon drum in the tray of the Ute, it had really put the cat among the pigeons and had affected and scared everyone in the local Black Knight’s chapter. This appeared to be a war of attrition, but as to why and what for they didn’t know. There was no doubt that any, or all of these bikies could comfortably kill their nemesis if they knew who it was? But this was like having to fight the Devil himself. And how is anyone supposed to be able to do that? And then especially after the Devil had pulled off the greatest trick of all, by getting everybody to believe that he really didn’t exist. Fear is fear, no matter how much it is denied. It cannot be ignored, supressed, hidden, or escaped from.

There was no reason in the world for the police to suspect Harry and Sammy, as they were not aware that Harry was Carol’s father, so no tie-in or connection was made. She had been born out of wedlock and had been named, Carol Ann Mortlake, being her unmarried mother’s maiden name. So this was not known to the police or general public. Even the prison department records would not show or indicate the true relationship between Harry and Carol.

Harry and Sammy knew through the criminal grapevine that both Burns and Baker had eventually fallen out over some matter or other, and both were now extremely reduced in power and influence in the criminal world. But they were both still capable of committing murder. When it came to friends and reliable allies both had few.

Harry and Sammy knew of Burns and Baker’s home addresses and where both of their normal, usual hangouts and haunts where. They had originally dreamed of catching the two together so as they could make them firstly; be able to witness each other being seriously maimed before being further tortured and eventually killed. Both Harry and Sammy wanted to hear their cries of agony and pain and to watch them die in a manner befitting them. That was, in their books at least.

They had planned to kill Burns first as he was the easiest to pin down and take out. Baker was still the sly illusive bastard that he had always been according to Sammy, and would change his habits and movements intermittently, as he would also do with his living accommodation. But on the whole, as they say, can a leopard really change its spots? Baker had been acting as a low level drug dealer to survive, whereas Burns was shunned by most of the Sydney criminal world and had to also survive any way he could although his options were now very limited.

Harry and Sammy had agreed that if they had too, they would blow Baker away with the double barrel shotgun at close quarters if need be. But otherwise, Sammy would like to act out his initial plan of applying maximum torture upon Baker and Burns before eventually killing them. The time was drawing close for the planned attack on Burns.

Burns was known to be suffering from some complaint or other and was a regular visitor to a clinic close by his home. It was here that he was given treatment for whatever medical ailment or malady that he was suffering from.

This was more than likely a good location where an attack on Burns could be made. He could quite easily be abducted while he was about to enter the clinic to keep an appointment, or upon his leaving the clinic. Both Burns and Baker had become so out of touch with the rapidly changing and developing Sydney crime world that was now taking place. Drugs were now the main commodity of choice and involvement, plus interest of the major players along with cyber-crime.

It was decided that Burns would be abducted from the clinic area that he visited. Sammy had gathered information concerning Burns’ regular booked visits at the clinic and he knew of the days involved. Burns would be snatched on his regular Thursday visit. No ifs or buts, and if things were to go pair shaped in any way, then Sammy was prepared to blast Burns with the sawn off shotgun rather than have him survive and escape the attack. They would be wearing their latex masks as usual, therefore Sammy had no qualms about being seen and actually recognised by any possible witnesses.

The day of the planned attack had arrived. Sammy was most certainly wired and ready. Harry on the other hand was seemingly quite relaxed but focused. They had retrieved the stolen van that they had stashed away for the venture and had already donned their masks before heading to the location of the clinic.

When they had arrived at their destination they parked the van close to the clinic at a vacant parking spot. It had been decided that they would attack Burns as he left the clinic as he would already be making his way to the kerb outside where the van could pull up beside him and Sammy, who would be then sitting on a small wall outside of the clinic with the sawn off shotgun loaded and secreted under an overcoat he was wearing.

He wouldn’t look out of place and would be inconspicuous in his manner. He would appear to be a normal visitor to the clinic who appeared to be waiting for a lift. Harry was sitting in the driver’s seat of the parked van patiently waiting and watching with Sammy sitting on the passenger seat. They spied Burns arriving on foot after alighting from a bus at a nearby stop. He had made a slow saunter into the clinic.

Sammy then sprang into action and vacated the parked van to take up his position sitting on the small low wall outside of the clinic. The next forty minutes passed as slowly as gaol time, but Sammy was well accustomed to that. He merely waited for the signal from Harry by the flashing of the van’s headlights when Burns first started to leave the clinic entrance of which Harry had in uninterrupted view.

Upon seeing the flashing headlights of the van, Sammy slowly rose from his sitting position and walked a little closer to the exit pathway that Burns was walking up to re-join the sidewalk where he intended to make his way to the bus stop across the road for his return home.

As Burns stepped out onto the sidewalk a van suddenly pulled up fairly quietly beside him. The side sliding door of the van flew open and Sammy had now produced the sawn off shotgun pointing it at Burns telling him to climb inside of the open van. Burns was taken by complete surprise and shit himself at the sight of the sawn off shotgun. As he stood in dumb shock he heard Sammy say. “Somebody wants to have a chat with you, so get in the van right now or I’ve been instructed to blast you to pieces here and now, right on the fucking spot.”

Although he was frightened and took the situation seriously, Burns abandoned any show of heroics and he climbed into the back of the van as ordered. He was told to get down on his knees with his hands held behind him. He did as he was ordered to do. When Sammy had also climbed into the back of the van he slammed the sliding door shut when Burns felt the barrel of the shotgun against the back of his head. He was told not to be smart or heroic by Sammy, as Sammy fitted a pair of handcuffs with his free hand on Burns’ wrists.

Burns had started to question what was going on. When Sammy told him to shut up and be quiet, as it wouldn’t be too long before he would arrive at an appointment that was waiting for him and then he could ask as many questions as he liked. For the rest of the trip Burns was in quiet panic and fear. He couldn’t work out who it could be that wanted to talk to him, and what was the reason? He had far too many enemies as to be able to make a calculated guess.

Burns was taken to a disused bond warehouse in Woolloomooloo not far from the garden island navy base. It was a solid construction made of a concrete floor and a double skin of bricks and a high roof level. It was massive in size and what was to be considered to be soundproof as far as interior noise was concerned. The area that they would be operating in would be dwarfed when it came to the overall size of the warehouse.

When they had arrived and entered the warehouse locking it behind them, they then ordered Burns out of the van when Sammy kept the gun on Burns, Harry took the keys off Sammy and undid the handcuffs from Burns wrists. Sammy then told Burns to sit on a waiting wooden chair while Sammy still held the shotgun pointed at Burns, when Burns obeyed the order.

While sitting being tightly bound and secured in the chair scrutinising his captors. Burns could see more clearly and was trying to evaluate who is captors where and who they might be representing. He noticed the slightly peculiar appearance of both of his captors and only then realised that they were wearing Latex rubber masks.

He had assumed that his captors simply did not want to be recognised by Burns in case he would retaliate for the actions and involvement with his abduction and they were simply afraid of reprisals from Burns. After the abduction issue had been dealt with. How wrong he was.

After removing the handcuffs from Burns wrists and then securing Burns to the chair with sturdy rope and knots, with his arms tightly tied to the arms of the chair and his legs to the front legs of the chair, he had asked who the fuck it was that wanted to speak to him, and over what? It was then when Sammy slowly peeled of his latex mask followed by Harry removing his, Sammy had answered burns; “We do, you no good cunt!”

Burns was at an initial loss as to recognising Harry and Sammy, as it had been a long time since he had seen them both last. He initially didn’t recognise them. Then it started to dawn on him who they really where when Harry had said to him: “Fat’s, you really don’t remember us. What about the affair that you and your bastard mate Baker were responsible for, in the murder of the guy that we had been set-up to take the fall for.”

The remaining colour drained from Burns face and he turned the pallid beige colour of boiled shit, in Sammy’s phrasing.

Burns realised just how much trouble that he was really in. He tried to lie and deny that he had helped set them up but it was to be of no avail. In panic, Burns had asked if they were going to kill him, to which he was told, ‘most certainly.’ He asked if they could make it quick and painless as he would appreciate it. He was told in a slow drawling snarling manner by Sammy, that there was absolutely no fucking chance of that. He spat at Burns that he was going to be well and truly tortured as revenge for his actions against both Harry and Sammy.

He added that he was not even going to gag Burns as he wanted to enjoy listening to his unbearable screams of agony and pain and to savour them. Then Sammy started to impersonate a scene from the movie the silence of the lambs, when the protagonist Hannibal ‘the cannibal’ Lecter, sucks in with a slurping motion and accompanying sound when describing tasting another man’s flesh and washing it down with a nice bottle of Chiantee.

The crude impression had unsettled Burns even further. Sammy then invited Harry to take a seat and relax as it was going to take a bit of time before Sammy was finished torturing Burns. Harry did so without making any comment. He was prepared to wait and let Sammy commence and to continue torturing Burns as he had promised Sammy.

Burns was now babbling and begging to do some sort of deal that would resolve the situation. Ball it was all to no avail. Sammy taunted him by telling Burns that he was a ‘Fucking big girl’s blouse!’ a ‘shithouse and a coward,’ and a criminal fucking disgrace.

Sammy then picked up a smallish set of bolt cutters and he leaned in on Burns asking him what his trigger finger was. Was it his right index finger or his left? Burns did not answer, although Sammy knew quite well that it was the index finger of burns right hand.

He closed in closer on Burns and placed the bolt cutters over the right index finger of Burns, who then started to stutter and plead, asking if they could do some kind of deal. Then without ado or any further hesitation, Sammy had snipped the finger off above the tip and first knuckle with one press of the bolt cutters. And then he commented: “You won’t need that anymore… Will you?”

Burns screamed out aloud when the finger was removed and he had started to try to wriggle in the chair as if to try to escape the searing pain. Sammy stood for a short while before then reaching for a knife and slashing Burns across each of his ears causing Burns to screech and cry out in pain.

Then, Sammy explained that in keeping with criminal tradition, as he slashed the cheek of Burns with the knife causing further screams and objections from burns. The interpreted brand of an informer was a scar on one cheek, usually an indication to any other crook that the owner of the scar was a known police informer, so to forewarn other criminals and ward off any association with the person. Although nobody else was going to see the scar, Sammy wanted to stay with tradition. He then told Burns that he had originally planned to pluck his eyes out one by one, but had decided to let Burns witness Sammy’s guffaws of pleasure.

Sammy then produced a thin length of hard plastic tubing similar to those used in plumbing jobs. He then produced a length of barbed wire and inserted it into the thin hard plastic tube. He then informed Burns that at some stage of the torture, Sammy was going to insert the tube that he was holding up Burns’ arse, and push the barbed wire through the tube until it reached way into the rectum of burns, and then he would ream it back and forth to create incredible damage and agony. This touched a nerve in Burns and he begged Sammy not to do that.

Sammy then put down the plastic tube and reached again for the knife and commenced to drive the knife into the top of Burns shoulders running off his neck on each side, but not too deeply as to cause a fatal injury, but deep enough to cause major discomfort and pain.

Burns howled in agony from the fresh wounds that Sammy had inflicted upon him. Harry sat watching, appearing to be nonplussed and disinterested concerning the activity taking place and the screams and moans, and constant plea’s grunted, yelled and screeched and emitted by Burns.

After another relatively short break, Sammy then reached for a portable gas blow torch and ignited it. He tore Burns shirt open at the front and separated the halves. Then he proceeded to apply the naked flame of the blow torch to burns’ bare chest area heating up at the same time a gold medallion and chain worn around Burns neck, and it had started to sear into his chest sticking to the melting and bubbling flesh and body fat.

This brought about more incredible howls and screams from Burns, and a wild and manic wriggling action was being performed by the well secured Burns. Sammy then started singing; “Your bollocks are next… your bollocks are next. Get yourself ready, cos your bollocks are next!”

The smell of burning flesh was unmistakeable; it smelt like an acrid mixture of burning tyre rubber and roasting pork. Sammy took a short break as Burns sat wriggling and shifting, moaning and groaning loudly in the chair trying to bear the incredible pain that he was experiencing.

Sammy had then decided to take a break from the activities. He fetched a flask of hot coffee that they had brought with them and poured him and Harry a cup each which they drank while watching Burns wriggle and moan, and curse and scream in agony. It was water off a ducks back to Harry and Sammy. They had imagined delivering this sort of barbaric treatment to Burns starting many years ago, over and over, and over again.

Harry remained seated, quietly witnessing Sammy go to work on Burns. There was not a skerrick of compassion, mercy or guilt felt or shown by the duo as to their barbaric treatment of Burns. He had had it coming to him for a long, long time they justified to each other. Harry insisted that it was not so much a case of deriving any normal pleasure from what they were involved in, but more of a case of it being a necessary procedure as to seeking satisfactory revenge.

Burns was now shivering in shock and moaning and groaning in pain. He was just short of passing out from the horrendous treatment that he was receiving. This was when Sammy had started to continue with the torture. He had retrieved another shocking looking instrument that appeared to be a large Butcher’s meat cleaver, and again positioning himself close to Burns and his right arm.

Without any further hesitation, Sammy had raised the meat cleaver high into the air, and then brought it crashing down with alarming accuracy across Burns’ right wrist, severing the hand from the trapped arm. Burns yelled out in fresh agony and jerked violently trying to stretch upwards in an effort to try and escape or better deal with the pain. He spewed a stream of vomit out into his chest, and then he collapsed into unconsciousness, but still heaving deeply. Sammy then tied a tight tourniquet to Burns right upper arm to prevent blood loss too quickly leading to burns death. He wasn’t finished with him yet.

Sammy had asked Harry how he was feeling about the activity. Harry had reassured Sammy that he wasn’t in too much of a hurry watching Sammy do his thing, but he did say that Sammy could finish it and get it over with at any point if he wished. Sammy had then told Harry that he might just do so when Burns next came around and he was conscious.

During respite from the torture Sammy had said to Harry that he had something to tell him, something that he didn’t really want to tell him, but it was better if Harry knew something because it had shocked the shit out of Sammy. Harry was perplexed at what Sammy was saying and where it was leading to. After a pause Harry had asked Sammy to go on and spit it out, what was it?

Sammy then dropped the news on Harry that after all of the nagging Harry had been doing about Sammy getting a medical check-up, that he had done so and had had a battery of tests done which had confirmed that he was suffering with a large inoperable tumour because of its size, growing on his liver. Plus there was another smaller tumour on his bowel.

Harry is shocked and alarmed and he said: “Fucking Cancer!” Then he repeated it, “It’s Fucking Cancer!” Sammy simply nodded slowly in confirmation. Sammy had then said in rhyming slang: “Yes, mate… the happy fucking dancer!” Harry then asked Sammy if the doctors had given him a time frame as far as life expectancy was concerned. Sammy told Harry that six months was the specialist’s opinion, maybe as little as four. Harry sat initially dumbfounded and didn’t really know what to say.

Then they got down to discussing this and that, how and why, when Sammy had said: “I always fucking knew that the bastard nick slops they fed us all them fucking years would fucking well do me in some day.” Adding that he knew something was wrong for ages, as he couldn’t believe the amount of times he was visiting the toilet day and night and if he complained to the screw that he thought he ought to see a doctor or medic, his call for help had fell on uncaring ears and his pleas were simply ignored.

And why did I eat that that diet of shit? “It’s because that filthy low bastard and his mates put me in the position of having to! So forgive me if I’m taking a little too long for your normal liking in the offing of this bag of slime Harry. How am I supposed to feel if not angry old mate? This creature is the shit on the shoes of society and it’s time to clean him off and obliterate the offending splodge,” Sammy had insisted. The asking: “What do you think Harry?” When Harry then answered him: “Do what you want Sam… as long as he dies!”

It was nearly an hour or so before Burns started to come around again and started to feel and register the incredible conscious agony and pain that he was suffering due to his injuries. Sammy had purposely tied a tight tourniquet around the top of Burns upper right arm so as to stem the major blood loss from the severed hand area, and prolonging Burns agony. It was at this point that Sammy rose up from his chair and declared: “Fuck him!” and fetched some cans of petrol that they had previously stored at the warehouse.

Without saying another word, Sammy started to pour the cans of petrol over a further terrified Burns, from the head downwards. Burns could smell the petrol as it was dripping into his eyes making them burn and sting, plus he could also taste the fumes enveloping him. He could only sit, wriggle, and yell and moan. The petrol had caused burns’ open wounds to intensify in pain. The screaming ,begging, and pleading was never ending.

Sammy then stepped back a couple of paces and tossed a lit zippo lighter into the lap of Burns as he dived backward to avoid any instantly spreading flame that was due to appear, immediately emolliating Burns like a devout Buddhist monk would do to himself as some form of protest.

When the zippo lighter had made contact with the fumes emanating from the soaked and drenched clothes of Burns, there had been an initial whooshing noise, and an intense flame that ignited enveloping Burns completely from head to foot. The short lasting howls of unbelievable pain and anguish coming from Burns soon died away when the heat of the flames of the roaring fire had entered his open mouth, and shrivelled his lungs as he was trying to breathe during moments of intense agony. The ball of flame stayed burning intensely for a while before Burns finally died, and was left burning to a charred heap while still being trapped in the chair.

Harry and Sammy patiently waited in virtual silence saying very little with any relevance to what they had done as they waited for the intensity of the fire to reduce somewhat before they started to pack up their equipment and made ready to leave the warehouse. Once again they would go through the process of torching the abduction van and the supporting get away vehicles. They had left the burning and smouldering body of Burns where it was to naturally extinguish itself.

They observed the shrivelled and melted body, now mostly unrecognisable charred remains still sitting in the rapidly disintegrating chair that eventually gave in to the devastation and collapsed into one black smouldering foul acrid smelling heap. The fire had burned itself out naturally when it had finally run short of accelerant and the remaining blackened and scorched area was only fairly small in size.

There was no damage to the warehouse itself as the floor had been made of concrete and the fire had been nowhere near anything that was flammable and could catch alight, and had eventually safely burnt itself out and all that was left was a mound of extremely charred, unrecognisable human remains.

Burns was not reported to be a missing person for a number of days by his wife, as she thought that he was away on nefarious business. As it happened, Burns charred remains were not discovered for quite some time before some kid’s playing in the disused warehouse had discovered them, recognising a blackened skull and some long fleshless bones and had raised the alarm informing the police.

It took a little while for the DNA recovered from the charged bones where that of the notorious and despised criminal, Thomas, ‘Fat’ Burns. From the evidence it sure does, one policeman had been heard to sarcastically quip.

Harry and Sammy were now putting into plan their intention to take care of Baker. Time was as important as ever now that Sammy had been diagnosed with terminal cancer and Sammy was terrified of dying before he could square up with Basher Baker. Harry was conscious and fully aware of Sammy’s rapidly growing concerns about missing out on the final square up.

They knew of various places that he visited on a regular basis and planned to make their attack and intended abduction of him at one of these haunts. Baker had had no idea that both Harry and Sammy had been released from prison and was not aware of the imminent danger that he was in.

He was carrying on with his normal routine of dealing small amounts of drugs to the local drug users that he knew. It was at a back alley haunt and meeting place in Surrey Hills for junkies that Baker would regularly visit where Harry and Sammy had planned to grab him and abduct him. They knew that Baker would probably be a bit more of a handful to manage as Burns had been.

Baker was a game enough tyrant as to put up a hell of a fight without worrying too much about any injuries that he may sustain during a brawl or ding dong. He was a vicious customer when it came to using violence and he was far too willing to use deadly force such as using a knife or a gun. Although he could stand ground and have a fight.

Once again Sammy had stolen another van and had stashed it away until the time it would be required to abduct Baker. They knew full well that Baker would carry a gun for his own protection if need be, but he would constantly have a couple of knives on his person at all times when he was out in public for his own protection. He would have one in his pocket or in a small bum-bag he wore around his waist. And he was known to also carry one in a sheath affixed to his ankle.

Harry and Sammy were well aware of this trait of Baker’s and would be keeping a sharp lookout for Baker making any tell-tale sign that he was about to reach for one of his knives if he was ever threateningly confronted by anyone.

They had gotten into the habit of monitoring some of the known haunts that Baker would visit to ply his drug dealing trade. Whereas Baker was known to be a pathological violent psychopath, more so than Burns had been, they weren’t going to take any unnecessary chances with Baker.

Their plan was to mask up and attack him on sight, injuring him immediately by shooting him in the foot and then dragging him and bundling him into the stolen van so as to whisk him off to another private and secure location where they could torture him and kill him. It was planned to torture him and emolliate him as they had done with Burns. It was surmised that any junkies present would not become involved in trying to stop Baker’s abduction the moment that they heard the gun being discharged.

It was an early Friday evening that they eventually caught site of Baker. He was at his most profitable junkie haunt and Baker had had no suspicions that anybody was out looking for him and gunning for him. The stolen van was situated parked not far from the dope dealing venue with Harry again sitting in the driver’s seat, and Sammy lurking in the shadows close by as if he was just another junkie hanging around in the hope of scoring some drugs.

When Baker eventually came out of the venue Harry started up the van and casually drove up close to where Baker was standing talking to a drug user. After reaching over and releasing and opening the van’s sliding door, Sammy had rushed forward out of the shadows and immediately shot Baker in the foot with the shotgun.

The blast had caused Baker to scream out in pain as blood and matter sprayed over the jeaned legs of the junkie standing next to Baker, and he was just as shocked and surprised as Baker to the sudden unexpected attack. Baker’s leg had involuntary lifted up in the air with Baker trying unsuccessfully to grab a hold of his injured foot with all of the toes and following quarter of the foot missing, in some sort of futile effort to hold it and try to somehow comfort it or ease the pain.

In the process of trying to do so, Baker had fallen to the ground hollering and cursing obscenities. The junkie that had been talking to Baker had turned and fled in fear as Harry was vacating the van so as to help Sammy drag the injured Baker and bundle him into the back of the opened doored van.

It was when Sammy had initially grabbed a hold of the fallen Baker, that baker had made a move to try and grab the knife that was secured to his ankle which Sammy had been expecting. He had clouted Baker on the head with the barrel of the shotgun forcing him drop the knife and to reach instinctively to the wound to his head because of the action.

Harry by now had joined Sammy in also grabbing the loudly bellowing Baker and dragging him to the side of the opened van when Baker had unknowingly to both Sammy and Harry, drawn a knife from the inside of his shirt, taped to his side in a sheaf.

Before they knew it Baker had made a desperate lunge with the knife stabbing Sammy with it in the process. Sammy was initially shocked and surprised by the unexpected injury, he dropped the shotgun that he was holding and he called out to Harry that he had indeed been stabbed by Baker, calling out for Harry to watch out as the sly bastard Baker still held the knife.

As Sammy clutched at the stab wound and collapsed to the roadway. Harry stopped dragging Baker and he immediately kicked the knife out of Baker’s hand before he then kicked Baker in the head momentarily stupefying him before recommencing to try and drag and bundle Baker into the van.

Things were going pair shaped. Sammy lay collapsed on the roadway as he watched Harry grapple with the still screaming and resisting Baker. It was at this point that Baker was able to wriggle and scramble, and retrieve another hidden knife from about his person, and then he lunged with it stabbing Harry in the process.

Harry fell back slightly when he realised that he also had been unexpectedly stabbed by Baker. Sammy could see what had happened and he called out to Harry in a supressed groaning sort of way, as though he was using only the air from his diaphragm that had pressure on it from his now tightening stomach muscles. Pleading with Harry to kill the fucker while he had the chance and letting Sammy witness his death, and not to let him escape.

Although Harry was injured he had the strength left and the determination as to fetch the fallen shotgun that Sammy had been carrying and still held four shells and he pointed it at a cursing Baker. As Baker was wriggling and ranting he was leaving small pools and smears of blood randomly dabbed on the roadway from the flailing injured and bleeding open stump of Baker’s de-toed foot around the area where he was lying.

Baker stared up at Harry holding the shotgun and spitting venom he defiantly invited Harry to shoot. Deliberately goading him to pull the trigger which Harry did, blowing apart Bakers head killing him instantly, but firing another shotgun blast into Baker’s torso just to be on the safe side. Nobody inside of the drug den was game to venture outside to see what the trouble was.

Sammy lay clutching his stab wound that didn’t appear to be such a large wound, but Sammy knew that it had probably punctured one of his vital organs at least, although he had found the strength to yell out a long satisfied yes! As he lay on his side folded up but witnessing Baker’s head disintegrate, and to call out to Harry to see if Harry was OK before he lost consciousness, and in a surprisingly short amount of time he faded away into death from internal bleeding there on the roadway in Riley Street, not far down from the famous bordello, A Touch of Class, from his injury.

Harry did not want to believe that Sammy was dead. He dropped down on one knee and held Sammy’s still mask covered head not being truly able to recognise Sammy, and calling out to him while in disbelief and false hope, staring into the cold, staring, glassy eyes before him. “Sammy! Sammy! And then, Oh no, Sam!” And then Harry started to quickly check Sammy’s vital statistics but he could find no sign of life. Harry was feeling himself go down rapidly now from the effects of the deep knife wound that he had received from Baker.

He knew that Sammy was now dead and there was nothing that Harry could do for him, so he clambered back into the van with its motor still running and would attempt to drive himself to the hospital emergency unit so as to try and get professional medical help for his injury.

It wasn’t long after Harry had left the scene and any police had arrived at the murder scene that one of the junkie’s from inside the drug den, as does happen in the seedier side of life hanging out for a hit or a fix. Taking advantage of a situation ventured outside and approached the dead headless body of Baker and commenced to remove the bum-bag affixed around Baker’s waist that held whatever individual small drug packages that Baker had been carrying for sale, before making off into the night with it.

All of the three close city major available hospitals where a few kilometres away from the location of the drug den, and Harry was starting to flag and fade with his eyes becoming bleary as he drove, and the pain and discomfort that he was experiencing was increasing as he headed for St Vincent’s hospital. He had torn off his latex mask and discarded it to the van floor.

Harry eventually blacked out short of the hospital he was heading for and went crashing into some parked cars and rebounding across the road to smash into another before finally coming to rest.

The sound of the crash had alerted neighbours and they came flocking out to see what had happened. It was when some of them looked inside of the crashed van that they discovered an unconscious Harry inside. They would not have a clue that Harry had been stabbed as there were open injuries on Harry’s face and head caused by the impacts of the accident on an un-seat belted Harry, when he had been catapulted into the windshield of the van and then rebounding into the driver’s seat, and the bloodstains on his torso may have been from the head and facial injuries that he had sustained. They called for an ambulance and the police.

In an excellent speedy response time the police and ambulance service were on the scene of the accident. Harry was still undiagnosed as to have being stabbed had been stabilised as best as he could be and was speedily transported to hospital. The police would remain at the crash scene and to organise for the removal of the crashed van and the cleaning up of the debris strewn on the roadway.

They were also unaware that Harry had been stabbed, and because he had no personal identification on him, the police had to do a registration check on the van only to find out that it had been stolen. Then a couple of local uniformed police constables were then instructed to go up to the hospital and interview the injured driver and establish his identity after he was stable and could make a statement. This was expected to take a couple of days.

When the police constables assigned to the task arrived at the hospital to question the van’s driver, they were told that the patient had unfortunately died while receiving medical treatment. It was also discovered that he had received a fatal stab wound at some stage, and that is what had caused his death.

He had died on the operating table while being treated under medical operational procedures. Harry’s DNA was on police records as was Sammy’s, as was Baker’s and all bodies were positively identified eventually.

As it would finally eventuate, because of the latex mask that Sammy had been wearing when he was found by the police and ambulance crew, and the dis-guarded latex mask that Harry had thrown to the van floor, these had immediately aroused suspicion and they would prove to have been the downfall of Harry and Sammy, should they have survived and been arrested and charged.

The police had methodically reviewed thousands of hours of CCTV footage, and mountains of footage taken from surveillance cameras on the streets and freeways around Sydney. They had eventually pieced together enough convincing footage as to who the bikie gang murderers were.

They now had an in-depth evidence of the crimes committed against the bikies, and Burns and Baker. Their first big break was in finding and recognising the faces of all of the drivers and passengers in vehicles that had been travelling the freeway at the time that Barlow; the bikie had been blown away on. After expensive digital analysing had taken place of the footage and stills, the investigating police could recognise the latex masked faces of Harry and Sammy. Who had then seemed to have disappeared from the freeway before being recorded on any other freeway surveillance camera?

Then the police had belatedly interviewed a gas station attendant who remembered clearly, the two men that had filled up their motorcycles at his small station on the late Friday afternoon of Barlow’s disappearance. When shown a photograph of two detectives wearing the latex masks, he swore that they were the same men that had stopped at his servo and filled up their motorcycles. He said he distinctly remembered how polite one bikie was when he had told the servo proprietor to keep the change from a twenty dollar note.

Then there had been the discovery of some CCTV footage that was taken by a watchful neighbour on his balcony CCTV camera, and overlooking Micalef’s block, not from the apartment block that Harry had shot Micalef from. This clearly showed Harry in the disguise.

Then also with positive footage eventually turning up from another apartment block of Sammy wearing his disguise walking toward the bushes that he was to hide in outside of Micalef’s apartment block.

There was weaker evidence provided by some of the witnesses at the clinic that Burns had been abducted from when they were shown a mannequin wearing the latex mask and recalling that they had seen someone very similar bundling Burns into the van.

There was enough evidence to have brought both Harry and Sammy down if they had survived their injuries. The police detectives had visited the Black Knights club house and had informed the members of the chapter of their findings. Informing them of who was responsible for their colleague’s murders, but could not give the reason why. But then with them saying that they could be assured that the previous hostilities towards them had ceased.

It still took a good while before the members of the Black Knights could settle down to their usual routines, without being constantly in private, and warranted fear, of an unsuspected attack.

All the major players involved in the old mutilation murder of the drug baron and standover man that were responsible for the set-up and framing of Harry and Sammy, the Owl and the PussyCat, were now dead, along with Harry and Sammy. In reality it seemed to be a fitting conclusion for them all, as they were all vicious and ruthless murderers.

The End

Poster

