

## NO COMEBACKS

Mark Sanderson liked to enjoy himself. He liked the company of women. He liked expensive food and champagne. And he had plenty of money to buy what he liked. He was a millionaire.

Mark Sanderson had made a lot of money by buying and selling houses in London. He was thirty-nine years old, rich, famous and bored!<sup>1</sup>

His photograph was often in the newspapers. He was often seen in the company of film stars and famous actresses. He loved women. But he was not in love with one woman. In fact, he was sure he would never meet the one woman – the woman he wanted to marry.

When he became rich, he bought a large house in the country, a house in France, a sports car, a Rolls Royce and a yacht<sup>2</sup>. He could buy whatever he wanted. He said, 'What Mark wants, Mark gets!'

He met many women, but he never met the one woman he had always looked for. Then suddenly, one night, he saw her.

He was at a party. Many rich, famous and beautiful people were there. Mark Sanderson knew them all. But there was one woman there he had never seen before. She was about thirty years old, tall and attractive, wearing a simple<sup>3</sup> white dress. Her brown hair was tied at the back of her neck. She wore no jewellery or make-up. The moment Mark Sanderson saw her – he wanted her. He wanted her more than anything else in the world!

He went up to her and asked, 'Are you enjoying the party?' The woman smiled at him and replied, 'I don't like it. I was invited here by a school friend, but I don't know anybody.'

Mark Sanderson smiled and looked into her dark eyes. He knew that she was the woman he had waited for. She was the one woman he had thought he would never meet. He also noticed the wedding-ring on her finger.

'Why have I never seen you before?' he asked.

She told him that she lived in Spain. She was in England for only a week. Her husband wrote books. She was an English teacher. Her name was Angela Summers.

At the end of the party, Mark Sanderson invited her to have dinner with him the next evening.

She thought for a moment, then said, 'Yes, I think I'd like that.'

The next evening, he called for<sup>4</sup> her and she came down to the car wearing a long, old-fashioned<sup>5</sup> dress. They drove to a restaurant. During dinner she talked intelligently and listened carefully to what Mark said.

He talked more and more about himself. He liked her very much and wanted to tell her things that he did not often speak about.

They were still talking quietly when the restaurant closed. He asked her to come back with him to his flat. She refused, politely but firmly.

Mark Sanderson was in love. He thought about nothing and about no one except Angela Summers. He sent her presents. He phoned her. He wanted to see her again and again before she went back to Spain. He wanted to show her his house in the country. He wanted to show her his yacht and his cars. He wanted to keep her. 'What Mark wants, Mark gets!'

On their last evening, he told Angela that he wanted her to stay with him. 'Divorce<sup>6</sup> your husband and marry me,' he said. She looked at him and saw he was serious. She shook her head and replied, 'I couldn't divorce my husband.'

'I love you,' he said. 'I'll do anything for you.'

'It's my fault,' she said. 'I should have stopped seeing you before now. But you must understand – I could never leave my husband. He needs me.'

'But don't you love me at all?' he asked.

'I don't know,' she said slowly.

'I want you!' Mark said fiercely.

'Yes,' she replied. 'But you don't need me. You don't need me the way my husband needs me.'

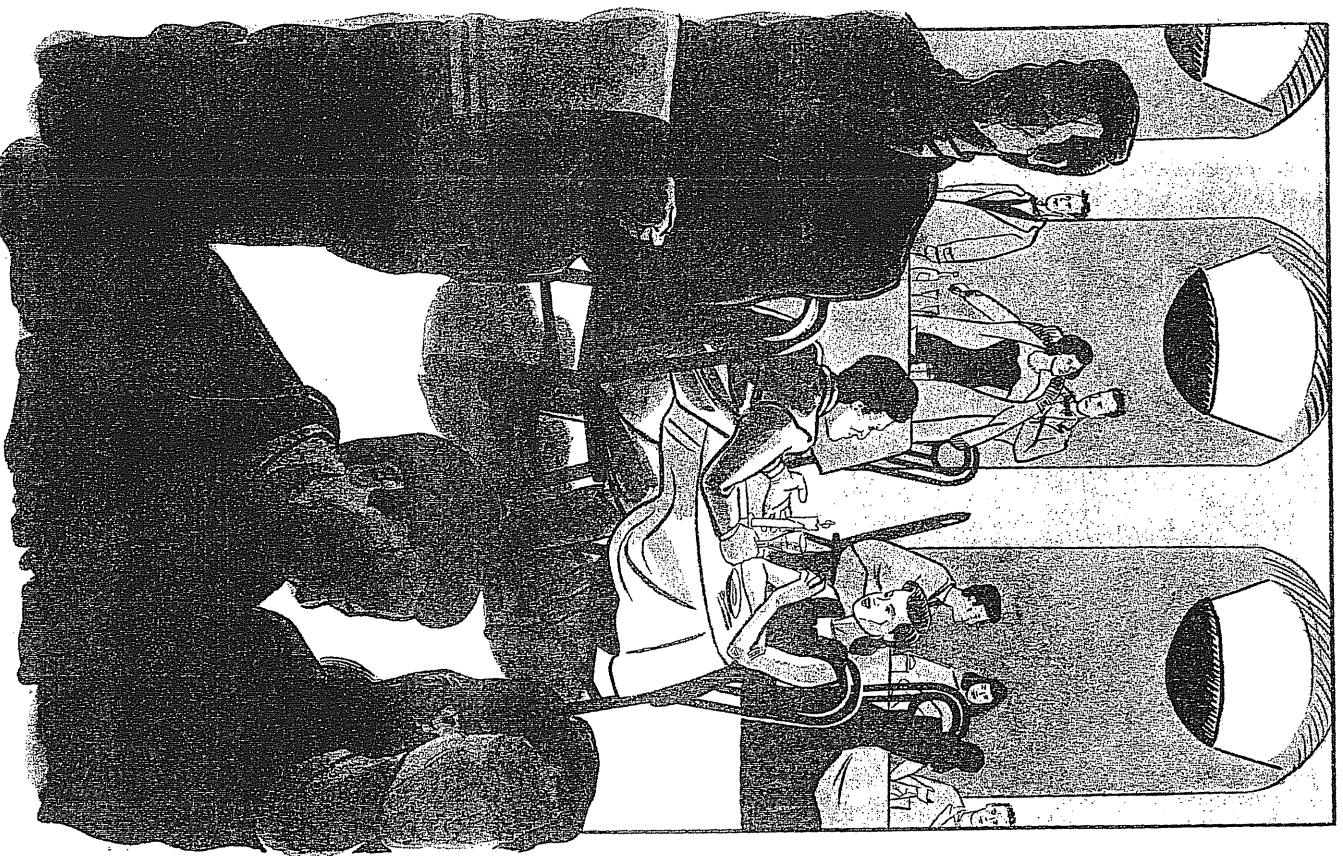
'So, you'll stay together – you and your husband?' Mark said angrily.

'Yes, for the rest of our lives,' she said quietly. She stood up, kissed him quickly and left.

Mark Sanderson was alone again and still in love. His love was now an obsession<sup>8</sup>. 'What Mark wants, Mark gets,' he said. 'Always.'

Mark Sanderson had decided he wanted Angela Summers and he was going to have her. Angela Summers was different from other women. Other women wanted Mark Sanderson's money. But Angela Summers was not interested in money. So, Mark decided to use his money to get her in a different way.

He told his business managers that he was going to have a holiday. He told them he would telephone every day, but he



*He wanted to tell her things that he did not often speak about.*

would stay at home. Then he rented<sup>9</sup> a small flat in the middle of London. He paid two months' rent in advance and said his name was 'Michael Johnson'.

From this small flat, he planned how to get Angela Summers. He had a new name – Michael Johnson. Now he needed a new face. His own face was famous. He needed to change it. So, he went to a small hairdresser's and he had his hair cut short and dyed blond<sup>10</sup>.

Next, he wanted to know all about Angela Summers and her husband. He paid a detective to find out where they lived in Spain. At the same time, he found the name of a mercenary soldier<sup>11</sup> who had worked for many years in Africa and the Middle East. He found out that the soldier was somewhere in London.

The detective sent information about Angela Summers and her husband. He also sent photographs. Mr and Mrs Summers lived in a villa on the Costa Blanca. Their villa was near the town of Ondara, half-way between Alicante and Valencia. In the mornings, Angela Summers taught English. Every afternoon, between three and four o'clock, she went to the beach. Her husband stayed in the villa. He was writing a book on the birds of southern Spain.

Mark Sanderson owned many companies. Among them was a publishing company which had printed a book on mercenaries in Africa. Mark went to see the author of this book. He took with him the name of the mercenary he wanted to find in London.

The author lived in a cheap flat and was often drunk. Mark Sanderson introduced himself, 'My name's Michael Johnson. I work for your publisher. I enjoyed your book very much.'

'It didn't sell very well,' said the author.

'No...' Sanderson agreed, 'but we're thinking of publishing the story of another man – a man you know. We will pay you £100 if you tell us where to find him.'

The author's face lit up when he heard the word money. 'Who do you want to find?'

'Mr Hughes.'

'That bastard<sup>12</sup>! Has he written a book?' the author shouted.

'Where can I find him?' Sanderson asked, counting out ten, ten pound notes.

The author took the money and wrote a name on a piece of paper. 'He drinks there,' was all he said.

Sanderson left. Written on the piece of paper was the name of a bar in Earls Court<sup>13</sup>.

That evening, Sanderson sat in the Earls Court bar for five hours. He had no picture of the man he was looking for. But he had a description – tall, strong, broad shoulders, bright eyes and a scar<sup>14</sup> on his jaw. Sanderson recognised the man as soon as he walked in.

The man stood at the bar and drank a pint of beer slowly. When he left, Sanderson followed him. The man walked to a nearby block of flats. He put a key into the door of number 2. He disappeared inside and a light went on in the flat.

Ten minutes later, Sanderson knocked on the door. The light went out in the flat. The door opened slowly. Sanderson could see nothing inside the dark room.

'Mr Hughes?' Sanderson asked.

'Who wants him?' A voice came from the darkness.

'My name's Johnson, Michael Johnson,' said Sanderson.

'Who sent you?'

## No Comebacks

Sanderson gave the name of the author. The door opened wider.

'Come in.'

Sanderson stepped into the dark room. Hughes closed the door and turned on the light. There was not much furniture in the flat. Hughes pointed to a kitchen chair. Sanderson sat down.

'I want a job done,' Sanderson said. 'I want to have a man killed.'

Hughes looked hard at Sanderson, then went over to a radio which was playing music softly. He turned the volume to maximum, opened a drawer and took out paper, pencil and a gun.

Sanderson felt sick as the gun pointed towards him. Hughes wrote a word on the paper and pushed it across the table. It said: 'STRIP'

Slowly, Sanderson stood up and took off his jacket. Hughes took it and searched the pockets, still pointing the gun. Sanderson took off the rest of his clothes. Hughes watched.

'All right, get dressed,' Hughes said. He turned down the volume of the radio and put away the gun.

'Did you think I had a gun?' Sanderson asked.

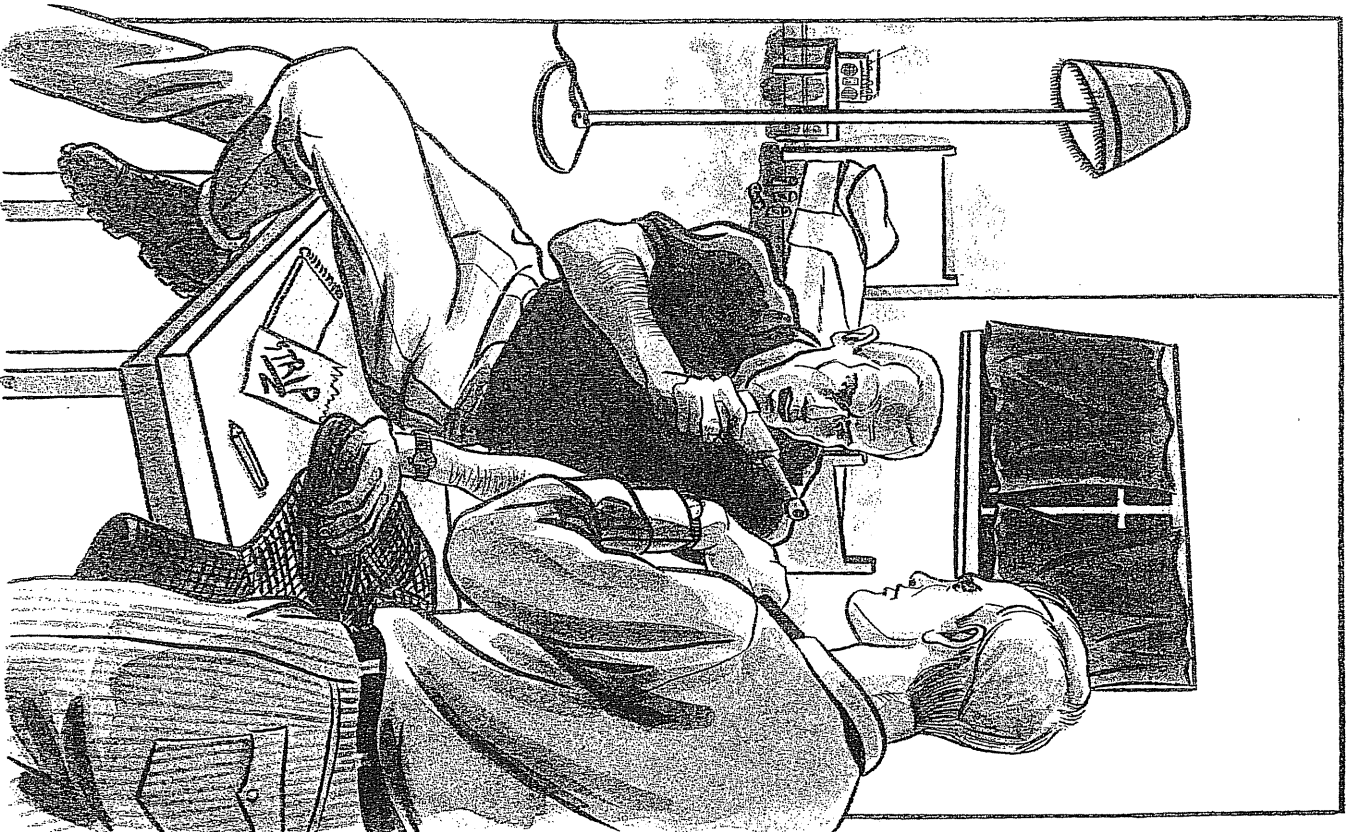
'No,' Hughes replied, 'I wanted to know if you had a microphone or a tape recorder. I could see you hadn't got a gun.'

'Now, about this job,' Sanderson continued. 'I'm prepared to pay well.'

'Not well enough for me,' said Hughes.

'I don't want you,' Sanderson replied. 'I want a foreign mercenary to do a job in a foreign country. Give me the name of a mercenary.'

Sanderson took out fifty new twenty pound notes and put



*Sanderson felt sick as the gun pointed towards him.*

them on the table. 'I'll pay the same again when you give me a name.'

Hughes took the money. 'I'll need a week,' he said. 'Be in the same bar as tonight, one week from today. Be there at ten in the evening. I'll phone you and give you a name. Send the rest of the money, poste restante Hargreaves, to the Post Office in Earls Court.'

One week later, Sanderson was in the bar in Earls Court. The phone rang at 10 o'clock. It was a call for 'Mr Johnson'. Hughes was on the line.

Hughes spoke quickly. 'There's a café in the Rue Miollin in Paris. Be there next Monday at midday. Read *Le Figaro*. Take five thousand pounds cash.'

The following Monday, Sanderson was reading *Le Figaro* in the café in the Rue Miollin. At five past twelve, a man got up from the bar and sat opposite him at his table. The man was a dark-skinned Corsican. He said his name was Calvi. Sanderson said his name was Johnson.

They talked for twenty minutes. Then Sanderson put a photo on top of his newspaper. 'This is the man,' he said. 'The address is on the back. It's a quiet villa by the sea. Also the job must be done between three and four in the afternoon, on a weekday. He is always alone at that time and everyone else is having a siesta'<sup>15</sup>. Understood?'

'Yes,' said the Corsican. He took the photograph and turned it over. On the back was written: Major Archie Summers, Villa San Crispin, Playa Caldera, Ondara, Alicante.

Sanderson pushed five packs of bank notes across the table. Each pack contained five hundred pounds in fifty pound notes. Calvi quickly wrapped them in *Le Figaro*. 'I'll pay you the same again when you've done the job,' Sanderson said. He wrote a

number on a piece of paper. 'Here is a phone number in Paris. Call me as soon as you've done the job. How long?'

'Give me two weeks,' said Calvi.

'Very well,' said Sanderson. 'And, of course, there must be no comebacks – nothing that comes back to me.'

'Of course,' said Calvi, 'there will be no comebacks.'

Calvi looked behind him to make sure he was not followed when he left the café. Then he thought about the job. Should he buy a gun when he got to Spain? Or should he take one with him? He made a decision and went to Iberia airlines and the Spanish tourist office. On his way home, he bought a book and several things from a stationer's shop'<sup>16</sup>.

That evening, he rang the Hotel Metropol in Valencia and reserved<sup>17</sup> two single rooms for one night. He used the name 'Calvi' and another name on a false passport<sup>18</sup>. He also said he would send a letter to the hotel confirming his reservation.

The letter of confirmation, which he wrote with his left hand, had in it another note, '... I have also ordered a book on the history of Spain. Please keep it for me until my arrival. M. Calvi.'

The book, which Calvi had bought that afternoon, was very thick and heavy. It was full of colour photographs.

He opened the book on the kitchen table and started cutting with a sharp knife and a ruler. He cut away the central part of each page, leaving a margin of three centimetres on each side. After an hour, the inside of the book was like a box measuring 20x15x7 centimetres. Into the box, he carefully put a Browning automatic pistol and a silencer.

He closed the book and put it into a clear plastic envelope. Next, he put this inside a large, brown, padded envelope.

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### *No Comebacks*

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He wrote an address on the front:

M. Calvi,  
c/o Hotel Metropol,  
Valencia,  
Spain.

Ten days later, he flew to Valencia. He used his false passport at the Hotel Metropol.

'Unfortunately, Señor Calvi cannot join me,' he said to the reception clerk, 'but I shall pay for his room and will collect his book.'

'Certainly, señor,' said the reception clerk. He handed over the package addressed to Calvi.

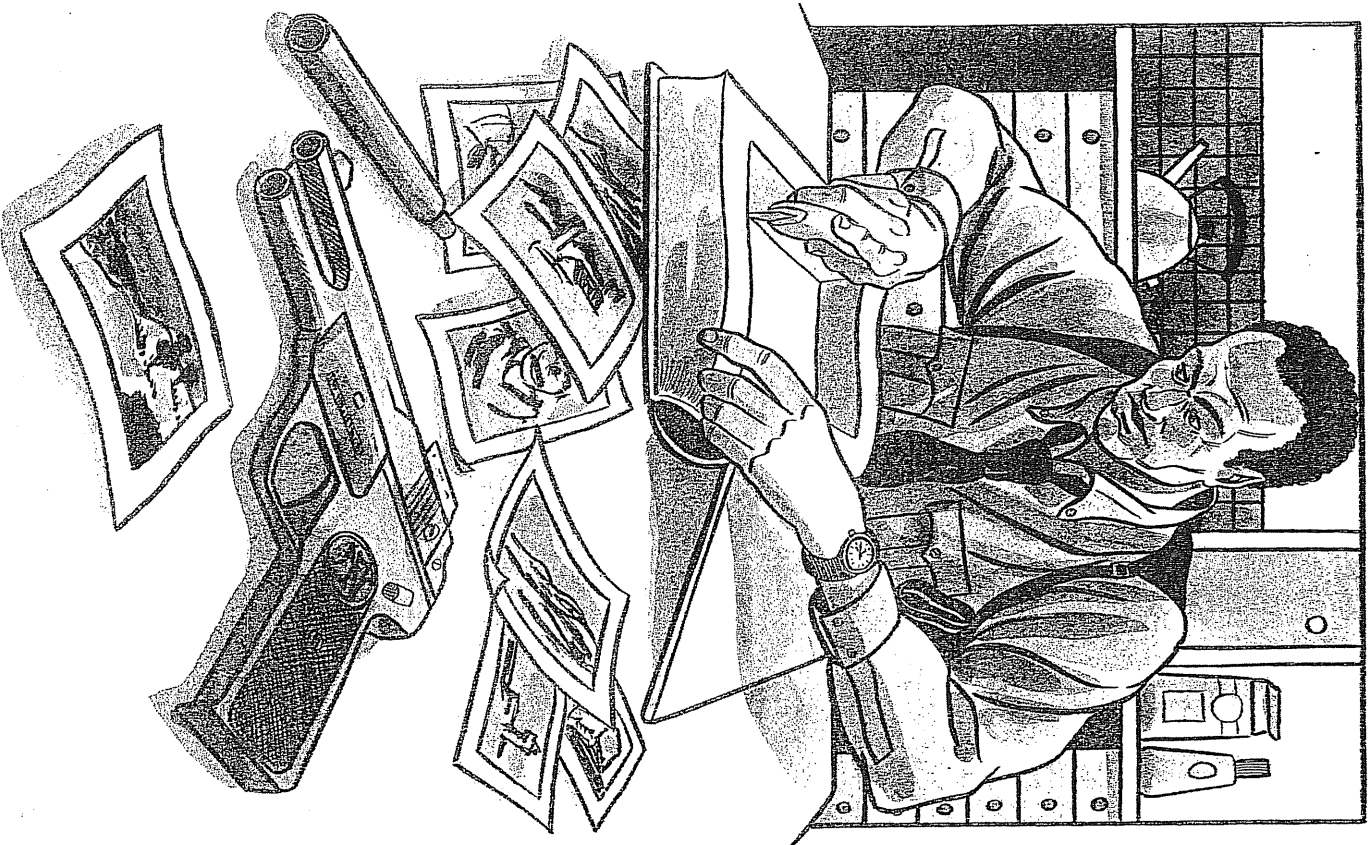
In his room, Calvi looked carefully at the gun. Everything was ready.

The next morning, Calvi checked out of the hotel. He went to the airport and reconfirmed his flight to Paris that evening. Then he went to the car-park and waited.

He was looking for businessmen arriving to take the flight to Madrid. Several men arrived, dressed in suits. They parked their cars and walked into the airport carrying briefcases. Calvi followed one of the drivers into the airport.

The man checked in at the departures desk for the flight to Madrid. Calvi returned to the car-park. He was an expert car thief. He was soon inside the businessman's car and driving along the road towards Alicante.

Calvi was driving towards the town of Ondara. It took him two hours to reach the town and he arrived at midday. He asked for directions to the Playa Caldera and was told to drive three kilometres out of town. He drove to the beach and found the Villa San Crispin.



*After an hour, the inside of the book was like a box.*



The beach was empty. He saw there was a back entrance to the villa which was hidden by orange trees. Through the orange trees he could see a man watering the garden. This was the man he had come to kill. But Calvi was early.

Calvi drove back to Ondara for lunch. The weather was very hot. He was thankful when a dark cloud covered the sun.

He was back on the beach again soon after three o'clock. The job was easier than he thought. The weather helped. Dark clouds covered the sky and there was the noise of thunder. Rain started to fall heavily as he walked through the orange trees to the back of the villa. No one would hear a thing.

The sound of a typewriter came from an open window. Calvi saw the man in the photograph and pulled out his gun. The man looked up when Calvi was only a metre away. Calvi shot him twice in the chest and once in the head. The job was done. He checked the body to make sure the man was dead. Calvi heard a noise and looked at the sitting-room door.

In the café in the Rue Miollin in Paris, Sanderson paid another two thousand five hundred pounds to Calvi. 'No problems?' he asked the Corsican gunman. 'No one saw you?'

'No,' said Calvi, 'no witnesses. Someone did come in when I was checking the body.'

'Who?' asked Sanderson, his eyes opening wide in horror.

'A woman.'

'Yeah. Nice looking,' said Calvi, who saw the look of horror on the other man's face. 'Don't worry. There'll be no comebacks. I shot her too.'

## THERE ARE SOME DAYS . . .

The ferry from Le Havre in France sailed into Rosslare harbour in the Republic of Ireland. The ship was full of passengers with cars and also lorries loaded with goods.

Liam Clarke was a lorry driver. He had loaded his lorry in Belgium and now he was going home to Dublin. He hoped to be home before evening.

The ship docked<sup>19</sup> and the cargo doors opened. Liam climbed into his green and white Volvo lorry, started the engine and drove onto the dockside. There was so much noise that he did not hear a sharp cracking sound from underneath the lorry.

He drove along the dockside to the customs shed<sup>20</sup> and stopped the lorry's engine. A customs officer came to inspect his import documents. The officer pointed under the lorry and asked, 'What's that?'

Liam climbed out of his lorry and looked underneath. He saw thick black oil running out of the engine. There was already half a litre on the ground and more oil ran out as he watched.

'Your lorry won't move far,' said the customs officer. 'You'll have to leave it here and get a mechanic<sup>21</sup> to repair it.'

The customs officer went to inspect other lorries. Liam went to the nearest phone and called his boss in Dublin. He told him that his lorry had broken down.

'You'll have to stay in Rosslare tonight,' said his boss. 'I'll send a mechanic with spare parts tomorrow morning.'

