

# Chapter 1

Laying in bed. Trying to sleep. Eyes closed. The rain outside falls hard, each droplet is like a bomb dropping as it hits the bedroom window above my bed. I reach over to the left towards my bedside table, my eyes still closed face buried into the pillow. Feeling around for the bottle of whiskey I was drinking earlier. Just as my fingers find it, my phone rings. the annoying monotone screeching rings out like an explosion, the bottle falls to the wooden floor below and shatters. Just like the hopes and dreams a person had when they realise they are no longer an adolescent.

Sitting up, I answer the phone. Staring at the shards of glass on the ground, half listening to the voice on the other end of the line. It was John Moore, another detective that works homicide, the Happy Bastard. He was the kind of person that if you pissed in his coffee he'd just smile at you and pour himself a new cup.