

All the Ropes Had Blood on Them

I was off the bongs and ice. I was just snorting a line a week. That's discipline. Something those arseholes didn't understand. If either of them had had any discipline, they wouldn't have walked down Chedghey Drive. In their colours. In their big arse basketball boots. With their pieces down their trackpants. They thought Dr Feelgood was no danger.

Wrong, fuckers

They were going to shoot Manick. I knew that. Everyone in St Albans knew it. Manick had a target on his whale of a head. And the big take-down was going to be a gang initiation for someone. Turned out to be two someones.

Manick deserved his arse shot. He'd been ripping everyone off for months, but I didn't care. I could afford whatever price the moonhead made up. I was running a little love factory in Maidstone then. All legit. As legit as it could be. Proper wages for the girls. A new Monaro for me. Could have afforded something with more fang, but too much flash is no good. Like guns, if they're poppin down your street.

[Read more in The Canary Press, Edition 6, 2014](#)