

WRONG PLACE WRONG TIME



Donna Bourke

(*Story: Bridget Jones Diary; Character: Dirty Harry - Inspector Callaghan; Task: Sing Jingle Bells backwards*)

Inspector ‘Dirty Harry’ Callahan walked out of the coffee shop. A slight snow was falling. He turned the collar of his jacket up and adjusted the scarf around his neck. The strong, triple shot hot black coffee smell wafted into his nostrils, warming him, albeit temporarily.

He looked around at the Christmas shoppers, scurrying here and there to buy last minute gifts for their loved ones. He felt no festive joy. Instead, he was annoyed that he had been given another ‘punishment’ assignment. He didn’t mean to punch the Chief in the face – well, not in front of everyone – and the destruction of two cars in one week – well that was just a part of the job. Shit happens.

He sighed deeply. He had no woman in his life to go Christmas shopping with – not one that hung around for very long anyway. He had gained weight and his new underpants were riding high up his butt cheek. “Why didn’t I put on my super comfortable extra large y-fronts?” he thought. He lit a cigarette, sucked hard and reached into his left pocket, taking a flask from his pocket. He poured a heavy slug of rum into his coffee.

‘Harry!’

He looked up. Just when his life couldn’t get any worse, he thought. The voice came from Stockton, one of the young guns from the homicide department. The department he used to work in, Harry thought despondently. Harry couldn’t stand Stockton. “*Go ahead, make my day*” was something that Stockton delighted in, mocking Harry’s famous quote in front of the other sycophants in the office. It made Harry want to throw him over a desk, straight towards the Chief’s office.

They stood for a few seconds, eyeballing each other.

‘Well, look at you. Standing guard out the front of Bloomingdales. That colour suits you.’ he said, laughingly referring to Harry’s pink woollen scarf.

Harry felt his holster. Yep, still there – the Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum. Spending Christmas as a security guard wasn’t his thing. He wanted – no, he needed to get back and find the creep responsible for the latest spate of murders. What he didn’t want or need was Stockton’s gloating. It was beginning to piss him off.

‘What do you want Stockton?’ he said.

‘Come on – it’s Christmas. Can’t you just loosen up a bit?’ Suddenly an idea came to Harry. He looked at Anderson, reached into his pocket.

‘Why don’t you just continue on your way.’ he said. He sipped his coffee, looking around, taking in the festivities.

‘You know, I’d say go ahead, make my day. But you already have.’ Stockton erupted into fits of laughter.

Suddenly Stockton stopped laughing. Harry’s steely, cold eyes penetrated his very soul. He’d gone too far.

‘You know Stockton. You’ve got to ask yourself one question: Do I feel lucky? Well do ya, punk?’ Harry said, his voice raspy from a lifetime of cigarettes.

‘What, what are you talking about. You’ve lost it man. Time to hang up the badge old timer.’ Stockton turned to leave.

‘Hey!’ Harry shouted. Stockton looked at Harry, feeling slight uneasy.

‘Sleigh open horse one a on ride to is it fun what oh! Way the all jingle. Bells jingle, bells jingle.’

The look on Stockton’s face made Harry’s day. He walked off, humming ‘Jingle Bells’ to himself.