

Tina Walker

Errol would never see himself as a backward thinking man. To his mind he was just a standard Australian bloke. Conservative, but not too much, everyone deserved a fair go, ok, some more than others, but overall, he was decent and friendly. Therefore, it was a big surprise to end up here, handcuffed in the back of a police car.

His face hurt after they had pushed him in the dirt. He tasted blood and dry soil. Just like the summer days, when he played cricket with Bobby in the backyard. Bobby? When was the last time he spoke to him? Gosh, that was a hundred years ago. Maybe next Sunday he would go for a drive and visit his hometown and stop at Bobby's place. Errol smiled at that thought. But then he remembered. And stared outside. The ambulance had gone and all that was left was his car, the policemen and a forensic team. Errol had loved watching CSI. A shame that they were here for him.

He still couldn't suppress his curiosity and craned his neck to see better. The two policemen laughed and turned around to the car. Errol wasn't sure how to behave. Should he talk to the officers and make conversation? Or keep quiet? Would he need a lawyer? It was all so confusing. He had never been a murderer before. But it was self-defence, they must surely see it. You don't get attacked by a naked man everyday while waiting for roadside assist to appear. A man had to protect himself.