

COLD FEAR

He had been driving eight solid hours. He was on the verge of sleep. Pulling into the service station he filled the lorry with diesel. Sleepily he walked to the hotel, rented a room and slumped into to bed...

Robert Dixon awoke. Light was pouring through the curtains. He had just had a long day of driving. Now all he wanted was a lie-in. But his phone rang. Once. Twice. He picked up. "Hello?"

"Hello Robert." It was a female voice, strangely familiar.

"Who is this?"

"None of your business. Go to the 'window." Confused, Robert obeyed. "Good, look outside" Cautiously, he drew the curtains.

"What?! It's snowing, in the middle of summer! I bet Linda's loving this."

"No, your daughter is back home, far away, there is no snow there."

"Oh yeah. So I'm in some distant planet at the furthest reaches of the universe., I suppose?"

"Close enough."

"Yeah, sure. Where I am I then? He countered sarcastically.

"That is for me to know..., and you to find out." She hung up. Hurriedly, Robert dressed and opened the door of his room. "Holy !!" The rest of the hotel had vanished; all that remained was his room and his lorry. He ran over to check if the cargo was still there, He yanked the tarpaulin and peered underneath. He breathed a sigh of relief. It was there. He shivered, but not just from the cold, this was creepy, wrong. He climbed up into the cab, switched on the heater, then the radio. Hiss. Crackle. Nothing but static. Turning the key in. the ignition all sound -was drowned out by tine deep rumble of his engine. Within seconds he sped away, tires squealing. Where he was going he didn't know. He didn't care. He just wanted to get away from this place...

A blanket of snow covered his windscreen, he couldn't see. He opened his window to free the wipers, but loads of snow came through. Hurriedly, he closed it again. He drove for miles trying not to remember the events of the previous day. *No needs to dwell on thing's in the past, Robert, think about the future.* But it was no good, in his mind he could see yesterday all over again...

He was sitting on a wall watching the people of London go about their afternoon business. He was nervous about what he was about to do, despite the fool proof

planning. He, Robert Dixon, was about commit what was to be the greatest robbery in history. And the smart thing was that his only accomplice would be dead by the end of the day. But Rob would be driving a lorry packed with one hundred-thousand fifty pound notes (£5,000,000). His partner would be entering the Swiss safe deposit bank now. He would be pointing a gun at all the members of staff. The police would arrive and Rob would open vault 59B. They had already stolen the key and found out the ten digit pass code. Rob was wearing a police uniform when he entered the bank. He went straight to row 59 and found 59B. Quickly he opened it and emptied it. He knew that if he left through the back door no-one would notice him; all the guards would be busy with Andy, his partner. He also knew that Andy would fight to the death, which was why he had chosen him in the first place. Dead men tell no tails; Rob was loading all the cash onto the back of a pre-ordered lorry when a police officer appeared. Female. Brunette. She demanded angrily: "What are you doing?"

"Well I'm robbing a bank." He replied smiling smugly. Now Robert had never planned on killing anyone but it was an emergency. He was still grinning as he pulled the trigger. She was found an hour later, 12 bullet holes in her chest...

His phone rang, vibrating in his pocket snapping him back to reality. He looked at the screen: Unknown Caller. Robert picked up. "Hello?"

"Hello again, Mr Dixon. It's me."

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? Well yesterday a police officer died outside a Swiss safe deposit bank in London. You shot her. 12 times. I am Kate Ford, 28 years old, of the London Metropolitan Police Service. Yesterday I died trying to stop a robbery. And I want revenge."

"Pardon?"

"Goodbye Robert." The crack of a bullet. The hiss of a bursting tyre. The scream of a man.

THE END