

# **Coursework unit 1**

**By Jake Wombwell-Povey**

▲As I sat in a leather booth in the corner of the vivacious bar, the time seemed to pass me by, while I caught more and more suspicious glances from the other punters. Dr King's misleading message had told me to meet him in Shane's Bar anytime after Sunset, a somewhat strange time to meet someone. Shane's bar was a small, respectable, up and coming cocktail bar, in the centre of Kensington, London.

I wasn't entirely sure if Dr. King knew exactly how urgent and pressing this appointment was. The information that he was passing on could be vital; in fact it could save a man's life.

The bar's smoky ether was now filtering deeply into my lungs making me splutter, a chesty cough hurting my dry throat. The case was starting to break me. The manner and variety of the other men and women in the bar started to catch my wandering mind in it's boredom and frustration. Exhausted office workers had their heads strewn across the formica of the bar, cocktail in hand ready to die. Groups of girls and lads bellowed rowdy banter as they headed off for a night on the town. Each person in each group trying to look more stylish, classy, sexy and god knows what else, than the next the group of hormone pumped 'booze-guzzlers.'

Couples attempted to grasp moments of romance in the turbulence of the bar's nocturnal business life. Their quiet conversation appeared as mimes accompanied by peaceful smiles, as they also seemed to allow time to pass them by, but without a care in the world. These people unlike their youthful counterparts were toned down and apparently more content with themselves. This seemed to soothe me slightly. The only other soothing thought at that moment was the fact that the unfortunate individuals lying on the bar were probably in a worse situation than me. Unfortunately this could mean that I still had a fair bit to fall.

There were old veterans on barstools, like brothers huddled in the corner, all drinking scotch and exchanging war stories. They grudgingly surveyed the surrounding youthful punters; there eagle eyes gloating at the fun that they were having in their apparently

miserable presence. In my own life, I signalled to the rushed waitress for another orange juice, or should it be an espresso? What the hell, I ordered both, taking the rough with the smooth as it were. My heavy head and eyelids were consciously felt now and Dr. King's dilatory manner was starting to bother me. The Espresso and orange juice both soothed and awoke me, reviving and refreshing me, in a very pleasing and enlightening way. I did actually have a life and this place and situation weren't particularly the way and place that I wanted to spend it, funnily enough.

Now that it was very dark and well past sunset I wondered to myself if I, firstly had the right date and place and secondly if Dr. King was going to come at all? The changing crowd were starting to give me strange and disconcerting looks, which wasn't surprising considering that I had been in the bar now for nearly an hour so. God knows who they thought I was or what I was doing? Mad and talking to myself, a loner or paedophile or some strange reclused and shunned rank of society. ▲ miserable old git who spends his night's perving at young ladies as they embark on their night out. I didn't particularly care at this point, in this day and age the chance of seeing any of them again meant that I might as well go and insult all their families without fear of a riposte.

Then I noticed a man came in who looked distinctly and thoroughly out of place in this down market, trendy and funky West End bar. He was tall, about six feet three inches, lean yet not too lanky or too muscular. This was apparent from the way his suit hung on his figure. He wore a hat, not dissimilar to those people wore in the 1940's, which cast a shadow over his defined face. He was a clean-cut man, no hair of considerable length showing from the rim of his hat and no trace of stubble on his peach smooth skin.

His suit, tailor made, fitted him perfectly, the cuffs with silver cufflinks teetered on the sleeves edges, half covering a watch which I later discovered to be a very up market Breitling, with a silver surround on white face with leather strap and gold knobs. The smooth, black, pinstripe suit and half brogue shoes struck a very sophisticated impression in my sedated mind. I knew that this was my man. Upon his appearance I sat up tightened my tie and arranged myself. Then I gave him the sign. I coughed once loudly, once quietly, looked around, first glancing to my left then to my right and looked at my watch. I then looked at the clock, which sat directly above the booth I was occupying.

To any normal person this would have looked like quite a sudden, yet short and intense flurry of movement from someone who had lain counting cabs outside for the past hour. But they wouldn't have thought anything more of it.

He strode up to me, tall stature, broad shoulders, walking with an air of confidence and power. Looked at one of the men behind the bar and signalled for a Bloody Mary, before sitting down across the booth from me. As he did he reached a hand across the table and said, " Uh, so sorry I was late Tim. Traffic was awful and well the office was simply packed. I had tons of paper work to do. You know how it is. It's good to see you though how have you been?" I was stunned, what the hell was this guy going on about? Was it a fluke that I gave the signal at the right time and he just happened to think I was some one else? Then in a hushed voice he continued,

" Well sorry I'm late ran into a bit of trouble, Josh Dunn. I'm Doctor James King; I understand that I can be of assistance to you, and that you're a lawyer. Firstly give me a bit of background to this case if you could, any mitigating names and specific's of course, I know about the confidentiality agreements you guys have to abide by.

What can I say! I was truly stunned. This guy appeared to be the definition of smooth, probably working for MI6 or maybe even one of those secret agencies. The waitress came and as he brushed aside his jacket to pay her I could swear that I saw a gun holster. I reminded myself that I was feeling very frustrated and tired and that it may have been the shadows playing tricks on me. I was now extremely confused about this Dr. King. Firstly what kind of doctor was he? That answer probably wouldn't be that interesting but you never know. Why was he carrying a gun strapped to his chest? Especially in this country as it is banned. What made him so late, and what kind of guy gives a time such as sunset and pick such an unusual place to meet? This situation was overwhelming, stunning. I wasn't entirely sure what I had got myself into. Another question pending was how did one of my colleagues who I sought out as a pure outside chance have connections with Doctor King? This guy at least at first impressions appeared to be quiet simply amazing.

I paused for a few seconds while he paid the waitress. He looked at me in an amused way and took a few sips of his Bloody Mary. I held back my words as I considered the best way to start the conversation. I was now feeling as if I was in a subtle chess game of wits and that I had tricked myself into it. If this guy did

give me the information I needed was I going to trust what he said? I decided that the best forward was to find out about meticulous Dr. King so at least I knew where my information was coming from. I also decided that I could be getting far to paranoid for my own good.

"Firstly," I pronounced, " If you don't mind, could we get to know each other, so I err, know where my information is coming from if you know what I mean?" I tried to rattle that off with a voice compelling him to tell me about himself while trying to sound as polite as possible at the same time.

"I have no problems with that, in fact it would a pleasure and yes I understand where you're coming, you want to know if you can trust your source." God, he was good, he introduced himself and already I was almost in awe of his sophistication and smoothness.

He told me everything; his dad had been the notorious fraudster, thief, general gangster and crime lord who had stolen items of art, culture and fine jewellery worth millions. His dad was known as Freddie Bullet. He went on to say that he built connections, which were encouraged by his father, so that he may follow in his footsteps. ▲ rival gangster had murdered his mother. This tore his father to shreds - but he picked himself up again and pulled himself back together. He himself did not follow in his father's footsteps he went on to say; instead he turned to law and became a lawyer himself. One major and distinctive advantage he had over others was that he had substantial networks of criminal friends and associates who gave him a huge amount of information. This was very useful in the real and legal world. He told me of his childhood, the intelligence that he had obviously inherited and the opportunities that where granted to him. He continued with his university years, and later school life. He wasn't much for team games, excelled at academics, and achieved extremely high grades and other distinguished qualifications. His social life was filled with class and sophistication; he had acquired a taste for this with the help of his father. He had in general gone down the disciplined path of self-improvement. He told his story with such confidence, modesty, and enchantment, that it was easy to see how he had come so far in the world of legal litigation.

I forgot the purpose of the meeting, as his story was long and captivating told from a refreshment point of view. We lost all track of time. I'm sure that there was just about as much that he did tell me as he didn't tell me.

"Well," he said, " Time has flown, but it's been interesting. I'm extremely sorry but I' have got to shoot. I hope you don't mind? I apologise once more for the information or the lack of it! But are you free next Thursday, three o'clock" he inquired looking at the organiser that had sprung from his pocket.

"I can make time" I replied with a tone of reassurance.

"Good good, Ill meet you at the London Eye ticket office then Thursday afternoon, I look forward to it and it's been a pleasure meeting you." He looked at his watch once more, straightened his tie and started to get up. "Here's my business card and this for the bill."

"Don't worry about it." I replied casually, but he turned around as if he hadn't heard me. " Take care," I shouted after him. He turned precisely, waved back at me and then walked out of the door, smoothly and purposely.

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