

"Dunne - an ordinary guy  
striving to live an ordinary life,  
if only his extraordinary one  
didn't keep getting in the way..."

# Getting Dunne

Sneak  
Peek!

Darren Oates



*While this ebook is a work of pure fiction it is based on real people and actual events. Only the real people and actual events have been changed. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to actual events or locales is a freakish coincidence, ~~except for any reference to radio talk show hosts.~~*

*This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you like to share this ebook with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with.*

*Copyright © 2019 Darren Oates.*

*All rights reserved. Including the right to reproduce this ebook or portions thereof, in any form. No part of this text may be reproduced in any form without the express written permission of the author.*



## *Chapter 1*

“Before we go out there, I need to make an announcement,” said Mr Wolfe stopping his struggle to put on his white cape. Mr Wolfe was the Factory Manager of Europa Pharmaceutical Industries’ Sydney site. “A most serious announcement,” he added.

“Are you being serious? You’ve got five of us stuffed in the cleaner’s store room. Five of us about to go out there and face that lot and you want a make a serious announcement?” implored Phil the exasperated Engineering Manager.

The Cleaner's Store Room was an old converted bathroom. Its three old shower cubicles were now lined with shelves and lit by a single caged light bulb. It wasn't the ideal place to hold an unscheduled Management Committee Meeting. Wolfe kicked at a pile of old cleaning rags trying to clear them from beneath his feet and continued.

“On my way in this morning I received a call from Malcolm in the Regional Office. He informed me that...” Distracted, Wolfe stopped and looked down. Something was stirring around his feet. “Juan? Juan! What in hell’s name are you doing down there? You’re going to have to leave and come back later. Go out and wait with everyone else. We’ll all be out in a moment.”

The five in the cubicles was six with Juan the Cleaner.

“Give him some space so he can get out.”

Dunne and Phil helped Juan to his feet as the others made space for him to squeeze his way through the tiny gap of the partially opened door.

“There, that’s better.” As the door closed Wolfe wondered out loud. “How did he get in here? It was empty I swear. Never mind. Now, where was I?”

“Malcolm! You were talking to Malcolm,” said Dunne struggling to straighten his white cape.

“Yes! Malcolm rang to tell me that Head Office is sending out ‘The Squadron’. They are in the air now on their way here from the Mologola site in Sierra Leone. And we all know the strife they’ve been in lately!”

“The Squadron,” cried Dunne stopping the struggle with his own white cape. “They shut down the factory in Italy last year! They flew in one morning out of the blue and had it shut down before lunchtime! What have we done to deserve them? We’re not selling any of our raw materials to the Mafia! What are they going to be looking at?”

“Everything and anything,” replied Wolfe pausing for dramatic effect and gazing at everyone. It was a skill he’d picked up at a recent seminar run by an Israeli Mossad trainer who explained military-based psychological coercive techniques and their application in the modern workplace.

Once Wolfe finished counting to seven - an essential element of the technique - he continued. "Each of you know the reputation of 'The Squadron'. Each of you know they both report to the very top, to Sir Nigel himself! Each of you know they'll not only look around leaving no stone unturned, they'll also test you in the most unexpected and unconventional of ways as part of their assessment. Each of you know that I don't need to stress the seriousness of the situation. These two operational auditors are the most ruthless and unpredictable you will encounter. They're unlike any others we've ever had." Wolfe paused again for dramatic effect.

Wolfe's tendency to repeat each sentence with 'Each of you know...' was not one he picked up in the seminar. It was an annoying habit he already possessed. "Each of you know you must make sure your teams don't slip up! Answer any questions they may ask no matter what! It doesn't matter how odd or out of place they may sound. Believe me, they

know what they're doing. Take them wherever they want to go and give them whatever they ask for! And finally, each of you know you need to stress to your teams that they're all to be on top of their game while they're both here. Each of you know there are to be no slip ups this time or it will be all over for some of you! Each of you know there'll be no escaping it this time!"

As Dunne wiped Wolfe's spittle spray from his left cheek he wondered whether Wolfe directed the last comment at him. Wolfe never missed the opportunity to bring up the 'incident' of last year's audit.

"The Incident. Yes Dunne, the incident!" said Wolfe employing another technique of boring his wide unblinking bloodshot eyes deep through Dunne's own and into his very soul. This was the first of three things that should have forced Dunne onto his back foot but didn't. The second was Wolfe's unnerving ability to read Dunne's mind. The third

was Wolfe's stale coffee breath. Dunne would have backed away were it not for Phil being hard up against his back.

### *The Incident*

*As the Assistant Factory Manager, it was Dunne's duty to take any visitors on a simple site tour. On the fateful day of the incident Dunne met a group of visitors at the Accountant's office. The visitors smiles showed they'd enjoyed their time reviewing product costing and variance analysis. Dunne reasoned that it was due to the bottomless cups of tea and soft white-bread sandwiches on offer. Their immediate desire to use the single shared office toilet confirmed it. Dunne admired the visiting group's patience while they waited and one-by-one took their turn. Most admirable was the chivalry displayed by the two youngest men. They both stood back to let the women go first, despite their obvious, growing discomfort.*



*The group followed Dunne into what the internal investigation later described as a full-scale riot. As detailed in the leaked final copy of the report, a forklift driver of Turkish origin had accused a colleague of Greek origin of sabotaging his paperwork. This then led to an exchange of words. Tempers rose. An unsavoury comment about the other's mother and a kebab was the trigger. It led to blows with the rest of the warehouse team splitting along nationalistic lines. Long simmering tensions between the two groups descended into open hostility. The minor disagreement escalated into a fierce battle. Combatants tore open cartons of cough syrup and started using them as missiles. Everyone dived for cover behind anything that offered the slightest form of protection. Opened cartons littered both sides. Scores of cute little bottles of cough syrup labelled with plump red strawberries and fluffy white puppy dogs became weapons of war. Exploding bottles showered everyone in glass and a sweet smelling, sticky red liquid.*

*The conflict soon reached a stalemate. A withering barrage of exploding bottles had pinned down both sides, but it was short lived. One industrious forklift driver broke the enemy's line with a hastily built, but ingeniously frightening new weapon. To the amazement of his comrades, and the horror of his foes, he broke through in his cardboard clad forklift. The enemy scattered as cheering comrades provided covering fire. At one point, like steel swords, the two long tines of the forklift exploded out of the cartons either side of Dunne. They were like spears bloodied by red cough syrup.*

*A quick-thinking truck driver delivered peace to the warehouse. He turned the high-pressure fire hose onto both warring parties. This had another effect. It triggered the automatic fire sprinklers drenching everyone. The water made the strawberry cough syrup run like blood.*

*The warehouse resembled a war zone. Water and strawberry cough syrup made it look like a gruesome bloodbath.*

*Reasoning that such carnage could only be the result of the use of automatic weapons the first fireman into the warehouse fled from it again in horror. He pushed his men back. Frantically he screamed for urgent Police and ambulance help. The seriously injured people drenched in blood were going to need all the help they could get.*

*Two days later the two groups were on separate shifts. By the end of the same week two groups of cleaners had put things right again. The first were a local cleaning contractor to remove the sticky waste from the warehouse. The second was the Corporate Communications Team from London. By virtue of the old school tie network in London, the making of several generous donations to Journalist's Christmas Party funds and a series of crafted press releases, they engineered a favourable media response. The event had in fact been a very realistic routine anti-terrorist emergency response drill. It was in line with the company's exemplary corporate*

*citizenship policy. The policy reflected the dangerous and unpredictable reality of the modern world.*

Wolfe was still staring at Dunne and repeated himself. “Yes, Dunne, that Incident...” before looking up again at his colleagues. They stood solemnly huddled in their ill-fitting white capes like the condemned awaiting the fateful knock on their door from their executioner. “OK! Each of you know what’s about to occur. Are we all now ready to go out and face the music?” There were half hearted murmurs of consent from the four including Dunne. None of them were looking forward to the fate that awaited them on the other side of the door, but in the cramped space of the converted cubicles, to stay put wasn’t an option. Wolfe took a deep breath, shuffled to turn to the others and cried, “Duty calls!” Squeezing everyone into an even smaller space as he pulled open the door they faced a blinding light and the cheers of the crowd.

## *Chapter 2*

Today was a special day. An historic day in Australia's oldest Police Force. It was Detective Constable Wilbur Claymore's birthday. Like most Police Forces, serving members have birthdays every day of the year. But what made this special was that Claymore turned 44. He had become the oldest Detective Constable in its proud 228-year history, but it was a day he'd prefer to forget. Claymore was thankful that this historic occasion was not marked with a cheesy card. He was thankful that there was no cake. Most of all he was thankful that there would be no special award ceremony at Police Headquarters capped off by a speech from the Commissioner. That was his fervent dream, but not for today.

Claymore sat at his desk brooding. He was thankful that nobody cared about this historic milestone. Nobody knew. But Claymore knew. Claymore cared about it. It was like a

knife that kept on cutting him. Death is supposed to follow a thousand cuts. By his own count he passed that milestone years ago.

His 20 year career in the Police Force had been underwhelming and this milestone proved it. In his 20 years he was never part of a major drug operation. He had never worked on a top-end-of-town fraud case. He had never gone undercover to break open an organised crime ring. His fellow Detective Constables of 20 years earlier had done these and more. One had even been the basis of a TV mini-series!

The most successful of his year group was the beautiful Debbie Mitchell. Claymore went all doughy-eyed the moment he first saw Debbie. He couldn't think of anything or anyone else. He couldn't concentrate on his Police academy studies. He fell for her hook, line and service revolver. Debbie was brilliant, beautiful and canny. She finished at the top of the

class in every subject. Her feat was more impressive owing to the chauvinistic attitudes all around her which she handled daily without raising resentment.

Claymore finished at the bottom, of everything. Stone motherless last. The State Government's misfortune was Claymore's good fortune. Within months of winning office, they were falling out of favour in the opinion polls.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. Law and order was their strategy. They promised more Police, and fast. This strategy delivered Claymore to graduation.

Claymore couldn't believe his luck the day destiny delivered her to him. They were assigned together as two young fresh faced Detective Constables. The reasoning of the senior officers allocating the new graduates was twofold, Firstly, that she, as the top of the class, was capable of carrying him, being the bottom of the class, and secondly, when she failed – which she would – they would be vindicated in their

view that the staff kitchen, not the frontline, was the place for a woman. Alone, at the start of their first night shift, Claymore's love-struck brain ruptured. Out of politeness, Debbie laughed at one of Claymore's schoolboy jokes. He found himself unable to resist his schoolboy urges any longer.

Claymore launched his unplanned amorous advance on Debbie. He threw his arms around Debbie's perfect waist and pulled her toward him in an attempt to kiss her. Despite a moment's uncertainty, Claymore knew Debbie must have felt the same for him. In one fluid movement Debbie had Claymore on his back on the cold hard station floor. In a matter of seconds, she had stripped him naked from his waist to his ankles. She straddled him. She was so beautiful, more beautiful than any girl he had ever been with! This was better than anything even his immature school boy mind had ever imagined. And that struck him as alarming. He had imagined thousands of scenarios, but never one like this -



never one where she was so dominant. He started to feel alarmed, but that feeling of alarm vanished as quickly as it had come. Claymore tried to look up into Debbie's sapphire-blue eyes. Instead they were stuck on the vision afforded by the two top buttons of her blue uniform that had popped open. Debbie caught his arms as his hands were going straight for her breasts. She pushed his arms down onto the floor above his head. Her own head moved down towards his as she did. Freely flowing soft blonde hair fell across his blushing face. Claymore looked back into her eyes which were now locked together. Slowly she lowered her face toward his. Closing his eyes in anticipation of their first kiss he could feel the warmth of her breath as she drew ever closer. The excitement was rising within him. It was becoming too much! This was different to any experience he had ever had with other girls. This time it was true love. This time it was a real girl. She squeezed his left wrist, hard. He liked it.

“Oh Deb, I want you so bad!” pleaded a panting Claymore.

“I can see that. I can feel it too!”

“Are you sure you’re ready for me?” she whispered into his ear as she bit hard on it, a little harder than he would have liked her to.

“Arrghh! Oh yes. Oh God I’m ready!” Claymore blurted back.

At that moment Debbie leapt back. Twisting his left arm she rolled Claymore onto his front. He resisted his urge to cry out in agony. “She must like it rough,” he thought. She pushed his left arm hard up behind his back. It was more than he could take. Claymore let out a long high-pitched shriek.

“Wow Claymore. You sure can hit the high notes.”

In her twelve years as a boarder in a girl’s high school she had never heard such high-pitched shrieking.

Within seconds, Debbie had him cuffed. Her full weight was bearing down through her right knee into his back. Claymore could feel his arm was being twisted to its breaking point. His panic at his breaking arm gave way to a bigger problem. He realised that his Police issued night stick was now being pushed hard between his clenched bottom cheeks.

Claymore clenched them so hard against the force she was exerting that he started to cramp.

Debbie moved closer to his painfully throbbing right ear. She whispered, "I am not here to be your plaything. Do you understand? I want to make this crystal clear. If any of you lecherous pond dwellers ever try that on me again you'll find yourselves in this position. Remember this. The humiliating position you're about to find yourself in will be nothing to what I'll do to you in the future. Mark my words. I will destroy you. You are a particularly pathetic, tiny little man. Do I make myself clear?"

Debbie applied more pressure on his nightstick. It was more than Claymore's fatigued bottom cheeks could bear. He let out a long, high pitched shriek that echoed through the empty station. Being cuffed, Claymore couldn't reach back to remove the protruding night stick, nor could he roll over. She dragged the humiliated Claymore by his ankles back into the cold empty station cell. Still face-down and whimpering, Claymore was aware of not only Debbie behind him, but a noise beside him.

"Oh, how sweet! It looks like you'll have company Claymore! I am sure you'll both have a wonderful time together." The empty cell wasn't empty after all. In terror he spun around fearing some giant man-rapist was in the cell with him. Despite his protruding night stick, he felt a moment's relief. His sheer terror disappeared when he saw that it was an old drunk on the cell's bed. The previous shift didn't know what else to do with him, so they decided to leave him for Claymore and Debbie.

Claymore's relief was short lived. Having been awoken from his drunken stupor by the noise in the cell the old drunk groaned. He struggled to focus on Claymore on the floor beside the bed. His attention switched to the young woman standing at the foot of the bed. At the sight of her unbuttoned blouse he tried to sit up. His efforts, unfortunately, were way too fast for an old man in his condition. As soon as he leant over the side of the bed he vomited all over Claymore and fell back down again. He then let out what Claymore hoped was only a long, wet fart. Unfortunately, it wasn't. It was much, much worse.

It was the longest ninety seconds in Claymore's life. It began when he was lying semi-naked, ready to make love with the most beautiful woman he'd ever met. It ended lying face down in a cell. Violated by his own night stick, covered in the putrid sticky vomit of an old drunk who had now soiled himself. Unable to move, Claymore watched Debbie step back and slam the cell door shut. He lay there with his foul-

smelling friend for the rest of the shift, not daring to make a sound.

While he wasn't very bright, Claymore did learn two things that night. That Debbie didn't love him, and that one day soon she would be the Commissioner.

Claymore stared out of the window. His brooding was interrupted by Kylie, a young constable holding another large 'Farewell' card. "Hi Clayton! Sorry, Claymore!" correcting herself.

The older staff had given Claymore his alternate name - Clayton - almost twenty years earlier to the day. It was used so often behind his back since then that it became the name by which new recruits knew him as, all except Claymore himself. The older ones knew the joke and would laugh about it while it was always a complete mystery to the younger ones like Kylie who went along with it. In the younger years of the older officers there was a well-known

non-alcoholic drink of the same name. The advertising tag line was *'the drink you have when you're not having a drink'*. The name Clayton became a word of its own to describe anything that wasn't real. While it retained its familiar meaning for that generation it didn't carry through to the next.

"Care to sign Carter's farewell card? I'm taking donations too!"

Claymore looked up at Kylie in confusion. "What?"

"Carter's off to Police Headquarters! He's now Detective Senior Sergeant Carter!" replied Kylie.

Claymore sat with the card for a moment reading some of the other entries. Resentment rose in Claymore. "I'm sure he's only been out of the Academy for 18 months," he thought to himself. "He got lucky. All he did was sit around and play on his phone and for that they promote him

straight into the Drug Squad in HQ." Claymore chose to ignore the details. Deep down Claymore hadn't a clue how he did it. "It's not fair. Why didn't I get training in how to hack into social media accounts using a phone? I could have cracked the ice-drug distribution network wide open. And he's still got a face full of acne!"

He scribbled a feeble joke about ice and HQ. He took care to make his signature as illegible as possible before looking out the window again.

"If only I could get a big case of my own. I'd grab it with both hands. I'd wring the life out of it and anything that got in my way. I'd blow it wide open and make sure my name and face is on the TV and radio like Carter's was. I'll call Payne at the radio station and get him on my side. He'd understand me, after all, we both think the same way! I'm sure he'd even push my case. They'd have to promote me then!"



Claymore got up and dropped the card back on Kylie's desk. Kylie was hard at work on her phone but stopped to look up at Claymore.

"Thanks Clay! You were the last one! Carter's 'send-off' is this afternoon at the end of the shift." A text message reply arrived on Kylie's phone. She continued talking while typing a reply. Claymore wasn't the slightest bit interested. He turned and was about to walk away when Kylie called out after him. "The Commissioner's office called too!" He stopped and spun around. Kylie was still typing on her phone. "She's coming out to make a speech. Carter's going to be the State's youngest Detective Senior Sergeant since the Commissioner herself! Hey, are you going to make a donation?" but as she looked up, she saw Claymore disappear down the back stairs towards the car park. She made the sign of an 'L' on her forehead with her index finger and thumb. Two other young constables, also hard at work on their phones laughed. "Loser!" she cried.

*I hope you've enjoyed the first two chapters of*

*“Getting Dunne”.*

*...the mis-adventure is just starting and  
continues soon. . .*

As soon as the ‘paint dries’ on the finished product  
I’ll be back to let you know.

In the meantime, feedback is welcome via

[www.darrenoates.com](http://www.darrenoates.com)