

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

BY

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Chapter One

Askes to askes intoned the priest.

Miles Faulkner showed little interest as the body of his mother was lowered into the grave. ~~His thoughts~~ were elsewhere. He had more important things on his mind. After all, he hadn't spoken to the damn woman for years, and she'd made no attempt to contact him, ~~even~~ ^{since} she'd signed the ~~contract~~ ^{the contract} post mortem as Booty waiting described ~~it~~. She would be paid one thousand pounds a week as long as she made no attempt to contact him, well aware that the payments would dry up if she as much as crossed his path.

Miles never told his friends or associates that he was the son of a railway porter who had fortunately died before he won a scholarship to Harrow, while his mother was a seamstress from Chelsea and was ⁱⁿ ~~less~~. A country he had never entered since he left school. Although in truth, the only reason he had been awarded a scholarship to Winston Churchill ~~at school~~ ^{at my mother's} was because of his background, Harrow attempting to appear a ^{really elite} Labour government.

He looked around at the small ~~circle~~ ^{circle} of gathering that
circled the grave. ~~He~~ ^{She} recognized none of them, although every
one of them recognized him.

During the funeral service, three plain clothes detectives and sat in the row behind him, among them Detective Inspector William Warwick, while another ~~had been~~ ^{had been} posted by the church door. ~~At least~~ They had removed his handcuffs just before they had accompanied him into the church. They had tried to melt into the background when he left to witness the burial. All of them were dressed in dark suits, black ties, and grey raincoats so all the mourners knew who they were. At least they'd had the decency to stand a few paces back while the burial service took place. A ^{blue} helicopter hovered above them almost drowning out the vicar's words. Dust to dust.

A large white van drove through the gates at the far end of the graveyard. William warily took a closer look, as the

van drove slowly past them, before coming to a halt. A sign on the side of the van declared in large black letters
Desmond Leach and son,
stone masons and engravers.

Founded 1963

William took an even closer look, when the driver jumped down from behind the wheel, walked to the rear of the van and unlocked the double doors. Moments later a younger man joined him and climbed into the back.

All four guards were watching carefully until they saw the younger man pushing a grave stone ^{out of the van,} which the older man took hold of, before the two men heaved it off to the other side of the graveyard.

William ~~the four police officers~~ turned his attention back to Miles Faulkner whose head was bowed as the coffin was lowered into the ground.

The priest made the sign of the cross, as the first spade of earth was thrown onto the coffin. ~~and~~ Three Norton 750^{cc} motorbikes shot out of the back of the van and seconds later skidded to a halt by the graveside, ^{turning over} ~~engines~~ ~~and~~ William moved quickly, but Faulkner had ^{and} several weeks to prepare for what was about to happen in the next twenty seconds.

He turned, and began running towards the centre bike, the only one that didn't have a passenger. All three riders wore identical black leather ^{outfits} ~~clothes~~ and black helmets, ^{and} down. The two pillion passengers who were seated on the back of the first and third bike, wore ~~dark~~ dark grey suits, white shirts, and black ties, similar to the mother Faulkner was wearing.

Faulkner ~~leapt~~ leapt onto the back of the middle bike, and threw on his walking helmet. William was only a yard away, ^{when} the bikes took off, and accelerated away.

William continued to chase after them until a squad car skidded to a halt by his side, but he could only watch as the motorbikes continued to zigzag in and out of the gridlocked towards a small public entrance that led out onto Albany street.

William's car turned back and headed for the main entrance, but even with Danny Danny behind the wheel, ^{he} had to admit it was a wicked trick, because by ~~the time~~ the time they drove onto the main road, the motorbikes had already covered the first mile. However the two officers in the helicopter and witnessed exactly what had taken place below them.

The pilot banked and swung down towards the three bikes and followed their progress, while a colleague, radioed back to ~~sector 4~~ the command centre in central yard, to let them know what had happened. Moments later every patrol car within a five mile radius had been alerted and began heading in the direction of the cemetery, something else the three motorcyclists had anticipated.

Once they reached the main intersection they began a maneuver known as the three card trick, every few seconds they switched places, until the pilot of the helicopter, had no idea which of the motorbikes had been on.

When the three bikes reached the next junction, the lead bike turned left, the second turned right, while the third, carried straight on.

The pilot decided to follow the bike that was heading for the motorway, while giving support yard the exact location of the other two, and the direction they were heading.

The police got lucky. The front of the patrol car spotted the bike that had gone straight on coming towards

them. The driver ~~they~~ switched on ~~their~~ siren, swung quickly around, and pursued the suspect, who to their surprise slowed down, and came to a halt, by the side of the road.

The two police officers, ~~jumped~~ ^{leaped} out of their car, and cautiously approached the suspect.

The rider had removed his helmet long before the two officers joined him, but they were only interested in the passenger. They stood on either side of him, while they waited for him to remove his helmet.

The ^{passenger} ~~passenger~~ slowly removed his helmet, shook out his long fair hair, before giving the ^{two policemen} ~~two~~ a warm smile. How can I help you, ^{other} he asked innocently.

When the second bike reached the motorway, he moved into the centre lane, but never once exceeded the speed limit, while the helicopter continued to hover above them. When the ^{driver} ~~driver~~ heard the siren, he glanced into his rear view mirror, to see a police car speeding towards them. He moved across to the inside lane and took the slip road off the motorway, only to find three more police cars blocking his path.

This time, the bike was surrounded by a dozen officers, ten of them armed. The driver ~~he~~ removed his helmet and said, I don't think I ~~was~~ speeding officer. (Pro)

We're not interested in you, barked one of the officers, who ripped off the passenger's helmet. To be greeted by a teenager, who gave him a huge grin. You promised it would be exciting dad, but not this exciting.

The third bike slowed down at the next junction and kept a close eye on the helicopter, as it banked, and headed both towards them. When the bike stopped at a halt, the police passengers jumped off to be replaced by someone wearing an ^{un}identifiable ~~other~~ outfit.

Faulthrus strapped on his helmet, before he ~~stepped~~ ^{simply} onto the pilot's seat, ~~and~~ The Norton sped away in the direction of the helicopter, as instructed ~~and~~ couldn't have ^{been} clearer, lend them a merry dance, for as long as you can

Good morning Sir said Charles, as he opened the back door of a Ford Escort, to allow his now to climb into the back. He didn't have to ask Mr Faulthrus where they were going, because he already knew, and had gone ~~straight~~ ^{over} the route, several times, during the night.

While the Norton ^{turned left and} sped off in the direction of the helicopter, the dark blue Ford Escort turned right, and drove slowly in the other direction.

by his father * * *
When asked William described the problem as urgent, so ^{Sir Julian} ~~his father~~ suggested they meet in his chambers at eight o'clock the following morning, as he would be appearing in front of Mr Justice Nourse at ten.

William arrived in ~~taxi~~ court long before the appointed hour. He walked across to ^a Victorian building on the far side of the square, that would have been a fashionable private residence, and probably was a hundred years ago.

As he reached the entrance he once again studied the long list of names, printed neatly in black on a white wall. Sir Julian Warwick Q.C. headed the list. His eyes continued on down, only stopping when he reached the name of Mr Grace Warwick. How long would it be he wondered before Q.C. was added to his name, ~~and~~ ^{Q.C.} where his name might appear on that list, if he had taken any fatherly advice and joined him in chambers, and not ^{signed up for} ~~joined~~ the police.

He began to climb up the well worn ^{stone} steps to the first floor, ~~and~~ ^{William} knocked on a door and had entered as

a child, and he still felt the same way.

'Come' said the voice of a man who didn't walk words.

William entered a large room that was dominated by a partners desk. To find his father and sister seated on either side, clearly waiting for him.

Grace leapt up and gave her brother a huge hug, while his father shook hands with him, as if he were a child.

You clearly require the advice of two of the leading advocates in the land my boy, so he warned the clock is already ticking, and on your return, I suspect we can spare you about ten minutes.

I've got all morning said Grace giving her brother a ~~warm~~ ^{appointment} smile. reassuring smile.

But, unfortunately I can't said William as my next is with Commander Harkby, when I shall be handing in my resignation. He tapped an inside pocket.

Sir Julian didn't look surprised, and simply said, I'm sorry to hear that.

I thought you'd be delighted said William. After all, you never wanted me to join the police force in the first place.

True, but I'm no longer sure, I was right when I gave you that advice.

Are you sure you're making the right decision said Grace, especially now that Pauline is back on the wave. That's not the reason I'm quitting, but perhaps it's a good thing, that most people will think it is.

Then what is the real reason said Grace

William remained silent for some time before he said, How can I be expected to go on working with a senior officer who I know is just as crooked as the criminal I'm trying to put behind bars.

for what he is
Now you're exposed Lambert/said Julian, perhaps he'll
resign.

That's damned unlikely said William. He's more likely to
break it out, while reminding everyone just how
successful 'Trym Horse' was.

The Hawk might wonder it ^{possible} to move him to a
less ~~important~~ ^{important} department ^{before he retired.} suggested Julian.

Burgary perhaps said William when at least bought
a smile to his father's face.

So what do you plan to do next ~~about~~ ^{let's take it} Grace, because
you're ~~not yet~~ ^{not yet} thirty.

I shall do what father has always wanted me to do.
Apply for a place at Kings College London and read Law.
~~And~~ once you've graduated, said Grace you can join
us in Chambers.

only if like your sister, your awarded a first/said
Sir Julian. I don't believe in nepotism, so there will be
no 'Bob's your uncle' in these chambers.

Remind me father said William, playing game that
and started in his childhood.

The saying derives from the days when Robert Red,
later Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister, and put two of
his nephews in the cabinet. Hence "Bob's your uncle."

But which one of them also went on to become
Prime Minister.

Sir Arthur Baltour said Grace as the phone on
Sir Julian's ~~desk~~ ^{desk} began to ring. He picked it up,
listened for a moment before he said, Yes he's ^{coming} here,
I'll put him on. DC Roy wait, says it's urgent he
added as he picked over the phone ^{about} to his son.

Hi Jackie said William, what's the problem.

The Hawk wants us to visit Richard's apartment
in Brixton, and see if we can come up with

picked up as a policeman would ~~do him any harm~~, ^{or} will serve him in good stead, whenever he's up against a hardened criminal in the witness box.

Or a policeman for that matter, but I still think he should ~~have~~ ^{remain} in force, and go on locking up hardened criminals, rather than setting them free.

I agree said Julius.

But you never wanted William to join the Met in the first place Grace reminded him.

Even Homer nod. But I worked it better me some time to realize just how wrong I was. ~~However~~ ^{However} it's not too late. He picked up the phone on his desk and dialled a number that wasn't on his roster.

Swatland yard said a voice. How can I help?
Can you put me through to Commander Hawley?

END OF CHAPTER.