

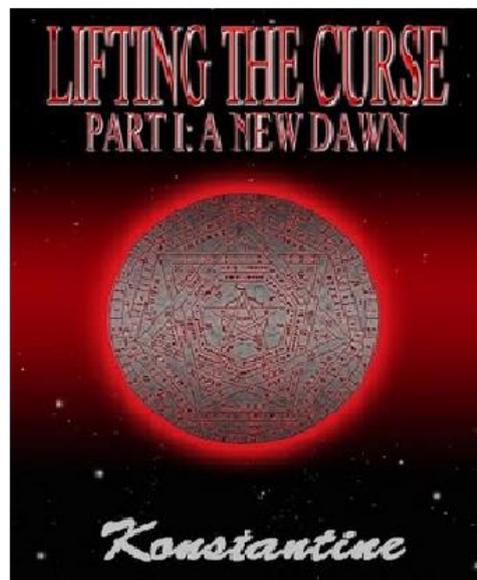
LIFTING THE CURSE

PART I: A NEW DAWN



Konstantine

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CHAPTER 4 FREE EXCERPT #2

“C’mon, we gotta get out of here! We need to go to a motel or something; a public place wouldn’t be safe now. Trust me, these guys don’t play games,” he looked at the downed Sergeant, “before you know it they’ll have a nationwide APB out on you! But I still think you got off easy: being framed for murder is better than dead.”

“Wow, lucky me.” Quipped John. He threw the handcuffs to the ground, then bent down and picked up Thomson’s unregistered gun. He put the safety on and unscrewed the silencer, putting it in his pocket. After that, he unstrapped the ankle holster, placed the Ruger in it and fitted the holster onto his own leg. J.C. glanced up at Otto and noticed the puzzled look on his face. “Can’t be too careful, right? I guess I’m gonna be a wanted man now; might as well have a gun to match my outlaw image. And, besides, his report’s gonna say it belongs to me, so I’m going to play the part like a good little boy.” John winked and stood up.

“I’m beginning to like you *already*,” Otto crouched down beside the unconscious cop, “and you just gave me an idea actually.” He started to unbutton the man’s shirt.

“Um, what are you doing...?”

“I’m impersonating an Officer! Got a *problem* with that?”

“Nope. None whatsoever.”

Otto removed Thomson’s shirt, then took his hat and handed it to John. After finding a nearby tree with a thin enough trunk to put the policeman’s arms around, he dragged him up to it, lifted him up and cuffed him to it. Thomson, who was now stuck to the tree whether he liked it or not, moaned and started to come to. Before he could say anything, Otto gagged him with the cloth the Sergeant had used to wipe down the Ruger, tying it into place with part of the policeman’s own undershirt after he tore it off his back. He turned to John, who stood a few feet away. “He won’t be going anywhere for a couple of days.” Meanwhile, muffled sounds of protestation could be heard as the desperate Sergeant tried in vain to free himself from the tree.

“You know, I think the tree hugging might actually do him some good; he seems to have a lot of anger issues.” John said. “Poor guy, it’s probably ‘cause he was bullied in high school.” He then looked at the policeman. “I bet you haven’t meditated once in your entire life, have you? I highly recommended it: it’s even better than tree hugging, trust me. No, really, it is. And, by the way, please don’t take any of this personally.” The cop became even more frantic now. Otto wore the shirt over his black sweater as he walked up to John and, after taking it back from him, put the police hat on.

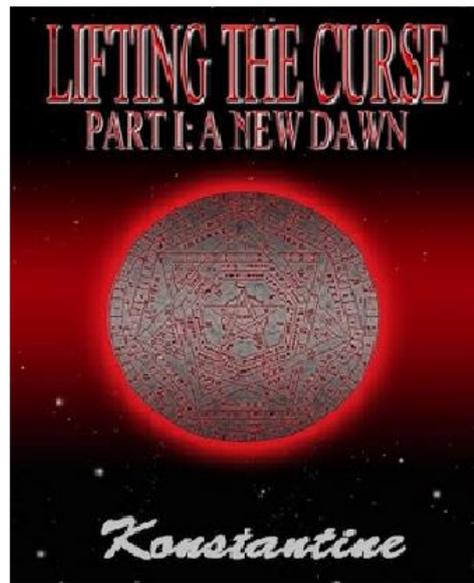
“What do we do with the dead cop?” John asked and turned to look at the fresh corpse a few feet behind him.

“Nothing. It’s best not to go anywhere near the body, otherwise you’re just giving the forensics teams more ammunition to use against you. As it stands, even if they found Thomson five minutes from now, they can’t pin anything on you right away without a murder weapon or witnesses; so it’ll take them at least a few hours, maybe even a full day, before they can trump up some charges against you and put out the APB. See, framing you was never part of their plan: this was a summary execution, pure and simple! Mr. Anger Management over there,” he glanced at Sergeant Thomson, “would’ve planted the gun on you –matching prints and all– only *after* he’d blown you away. So now we’ve somewhat thrown a spanner in the works and bought you a little bit of time...but not *that* much time. To be honest, you should be glad I showed up when I did; otherwise you’d be dead right now!”

“Right...” said a thoughtful J.C., “and I just realized: in all the excitement, I forgot to thank you for saving my neck.”

“Don’t mention it. Okay, let’s split,” Otto buttoned up the shirt as they walked towards the road, “I’m going to be Sergeant Thomson for the next five minutes and take a little peek at their Mobile Computer, while you sit by your shiny bike over there and pretend you’re still being booked for speeding,” he turned to John and grinned, “and let’s hope nobody notices there should be one more cop in the car.”

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