

Conscience – personal creative writing

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

He was dressed in a sluggish grey-green coat with dull checks. It reflected his character like a murky pond and the story he was feeding me smelt the same. I didn't like his attitude. The way he leered at me with his nicotine yellow teeth and thin sharp lips. It made me feel really uncomfortable. Like I shouldn't be there. I'd forgotten, as usual that I wasn't invited. I noticed that as he repeated himself his gnarled fingers were ever whitening at the knuckles. His hair was greased back off his face as if he'd put a vat full of chip fat on it. It made him look slimy and manipulating.

If he'd been a well dressed man with a polite attitude I would not have given a second thought to his wife's suicide. The man in front of me was showing no sign of remorse, not even the slightest bit of sadness. The emotions that float in the air catching normal people unawares must either bounce off his highly polished forehead or slide down the nape of his neck. The flat was quite large with a private elevator at the back. A desk sat in the middle of the room. It was an old solid oak desk with two top draws and ink stains on the blotting paper.

The worn out typewriter had the last written words of Mrs. Harrison stuck in it and sat there like a smug omen. People from forensics were buzzing about dusting this and bagging up that. They made the place look like an ant colony. It is very distracting to have someone spying for the minutest thing out of the corner of your eye. I went to have a look round myself. All the furniture, as far as I could see was dating back to the late 1930's yet it was all in impeccable condition. Scattered on the shelves were objects and ornaments the couple had gathered from their short married life.

China dogs, vulgar things, cluttered up the iron fire surround. On the mantelpiece slept two speakers, dusty with neglect. Something caught my eye. Two brass bookends. Neither of them particularly aesthetic yet that wasn't what drew me to them. One was brown with dirt and grime, however the other was clean as the day it was bought. I called over Pete, a friend of mine in the forensics team. We were at college together until I went 'over to the dark side' as he would say. Pete is the type of guy you could quite easily fall in love with, if you allow yourself. His hair is tight and curly.

The colour of midnight. Granted, his nose may be slightly out of proportion but the ocean blue colour of his eyes! Deep, full with care yet not deep enough to hide his soul. He told me he would take the bookends off for dusting and get back to me. I couldn't help but stare as he swaggered away in his own original style. The swagger that leaves all girls stranded... Waking myself up I walked back to the beetle red settee where Mr Harrison was lounging. I was sitting on the arm of the chair, trying to spot an intelligent comment from the ones reflected in his mirror forehead.

I persuaded him to tell me a bit about his wife appearance. According to him she was of medium height, hourglass figure and full on the face. He got out a photo of her. She was really pretty. Her hair was sandy and flew away with dark brown eyes and full lips. The complete opposite of her husband. That then began to arouse my suspicions of her playing away. I didn't address this issue straight away; I felt it wasn't wise but I did ask what the professional relationship was between he and his wife. At this comment his attitude got blacker once more. He spoke bitterly of how she was clever and outgoing.

She had been working as his accountant when they met and 'slowly weaved her way up to the executive managers position'. It was the way he said it that made your blood chill like an ice cube had just been shoved down your back on a freezing winter day. There was certainly some jealousy going on. I could not fathom why a pretty intelligent girl could want to end her life so suddenly and tragically. Couldn't she have just settled for divorce? Was he threatening her? One thing was for sure; this was no ordinary suicide. I had to find out what really happened earlier that night.

I bid good day to Mr Harrison and went to the front elevator. As I waited I tried to heave the sense out of this scene like the heavy contraption heaving itself up to the 18th floor. With the bing of the lift the cold air hit my face once more. The streets of LA are awesome. Especially at night. The rain pattered down as it had been threatening to do all day making the pavement shine like liquid silver. The starlight filled the roadside trees with a magical light like a thousand faeries having a party. A newspaper tickled my feet then went on its way to the next obstacle.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a crumpled heap, slumped in the doorway of a closed down chemists. It was partly illuminated by the street light. The other part shadowy and ghost like yet remarkably there. It churns my heart to see these things. From somewhere in amongst the churning it became clear that this fellow might know something. I strolled over as casually as I could muster in the below zero temperature and crouched down beside him. His face was like a canvas of war; his eyes hollow and lifeless. This guy didn't have a single dream or hope left to hang on to in the great pendulum of life.

He'd let go just waiting for it to hit him on its inevitable return swing. He showed an utter disgust towards me once I'd told him I was a detective. It made my job really hard. I had started off with a gentle motherly tone but I soon lost it to the wind. What is the point in trying to give these people respect if they judge you on face value and smell of dustbins and public toilets. He assured me that he was awake at the time I quoted and heard no scream. I hurried away as quickly as I could leaving him to mutter under his breath.