

The shadow – creative writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The sun rose from behind the hill, at tower hill, as it climbed higher in the sky, its rays beamed through the window pains of the roof of the train station.

Mr. Hitchin's stood staring at the train schedule; he didn't know where to go, London, or Leeds?

Mr. Hitchin was looking for work, tower hill just wasn't good enough, he had bigger and better things in mind, he wanted to make themoneyand give the orders, but this time he wasn't going to let happen what happened last time.

He had decided, he was going to Leeds. He was wearing a black trilby hat, and a black pin-striped suit, he was also wearing a long brown trench coat, that traipsed along the floor as he made his way to the ticket office.

" One way to Leeds," he said to the ticket officer.

" What time?" said the ticket officer?

" 12: 35, please if that's the one that goes the earliest" questioned Mr. Hitchin's

" Yes sir, that is the earliest train to Leeds today sir, that's 12. 50 please"

Mr. Hitchin's handed the officer the money

" Thank you, sir, you look familiar have we met before? you remind me of somebody that I saw in the paper, but I can't remember what for, ow well was probably somebody else, have a pleasant journey sir"

" Thank you" Mr. Hitchin's replied.

He made he was to the platform ready to catch the train, the time was now 12: 39, 4 minutes late, two police officers walked through the entrance of the train station, Mr. Hitchin's stood with his back to the wall, around the corner from the platform, wedged between the wall and a vending machine.

The police officers were getting closer to him, as they walked down the platform asking people questions and showing them a piece of paper.

" Excuse me, sir, have you seen this man?" Mr. Hitchin's looked at the sheet of paper there was a picture of him and the words 'wanted, for attempted murder' on it!

He quickly jerked his head down and slightly pushed the brim of his hat over the edge of his face. " No, sorry" he quickly replied.

The train was now at the platform, and people were boarding it, one of the officers' looked him up and down.

" Excuse me, sir, do you mind if you come with us, so we can ask you some questions?"

" Of course" Mr. Hitchin's replied, as they made their way to the exit of the train station, Mr. Hitchin's turned and ran to the doors of the train, the police officers stumbled behind him trying to catch him.

As Mr. Hitchin's jumped onto the train the doors firmly closed behind him.

The train set off, as the police officers ran at the side of it trying to catch it, but the train carried ongoing, all the way to Leeds.

Mr. Hitchin was scared; the police were onto him again...

Mr. Hitchin was awoken as the train jerked to a halt; people clambered over each other as they exited the train. He rose from his seat, collected his belongings, and left the train as well.

Here he was Leed's city station, he looked around there was police at the entrance and still, the wanted posters were around on the walls as well. He made his way over to a newspaper stand, where he brought a copy of the Yorkshire Post, where he had happened to make the front page, again, the headline read " convict on run for attempted murder".

He jerked quickly handing over the cash and makes a swift exit of the station, he turned out of the station and made his way to the Queens hotel.

He exited the hustle and bustle on the streets and made his way into the reception of the queen's hotel.

The warm air welcomed him with the smell of peaches, he swiftly made his way to the front desk, where he rang for some service.

" Hello sir, and welcome to the queen's hotel," said a man, who emerged from behind the counter, he was quite short and had jet-black hair.

" Hi, I'd like a room for one, for 4 week's," said Mr. Hitchin's

" Yes sir, the total will be a total of 2, 100, when would you like to pay?"

" On my departure" replied Mr. Hitchin's

" Very well sir, we do insist of a deposit of 10% sir"

Mr. Hitchin's handed the receptionist the money

" Thank you, sir, her is your room key, it is room number 24 it is up the stairs and is the first room on your right".

Mr. Hitchin's made his way to his room, he opened the door and walked in, he paced over to the window and peered out, the streets were full of people making there way to work, what was he going to do?

He needed a job, so he grabbed the Yorkshire post he bought earlier and started to look for a decent job. Half an hour had passed, he still hadn't found anything.

He needed a new identity, a new look, so he grabbed his phone and called Steve, " Hi Steve, it's Greg, well I'm in Leeds and as you know in a spot of trouble and I need a cover, can you help?"

" Meet me outside the royal armoires in 2 hours" replied Steve.

Mr. Hitchin's set off to meet Steve, he walked down bridge gate end, over the river Aire, and onto dock street, soon he reached armories way and waited for Steve to arrive.

He saw Steve inside, and sharply made his way inside, making sure his identity wasn't recognizable.

He sat in an armchair by the side of the door, Steve walked over and sat down next to him, he placed an envelope that he had in his hand on the arm of the chair, Steve then got up, leaving the envelope on the chair arm and

walked away, Mr. Hitchin's took the envelope and placed it in his inside pocket, and made his way back to the hotel.

On his way back, Mr. Hitchin's noticed that there was a black ford escort following him, with two men on foot, who also seemed to be following him, Mr. Hitchin's quickened up his pace, he was just about to turn into the street was the hotel was when a police officer stepped in front of him and said: "Greg Hitchin's, I think we need to talk".