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Why he left the city
was no mystery.

Starting as a postman
he soon became a doorman.

He enjoyed his job, and kept on top.



For fifteen years he worked, thoughtful and dedicated,
in the blink of an eye he left the door he once guarded.

To put it bluntly, to why he left in a hurry,
he'd finally taken his job personally.

A man of a few words -
he was used to the typical problem with drunkards,
boys chasing girls caused the odd problem with lovebirds.
On a regular basis, the doorman,
would deal with alcohol-induced aggression,
he'd have it under control before it could worsen.



With ownership changeover the club grew bigger than,
he was proud to be made head doorman,
it didn't take long before the club's growth began,

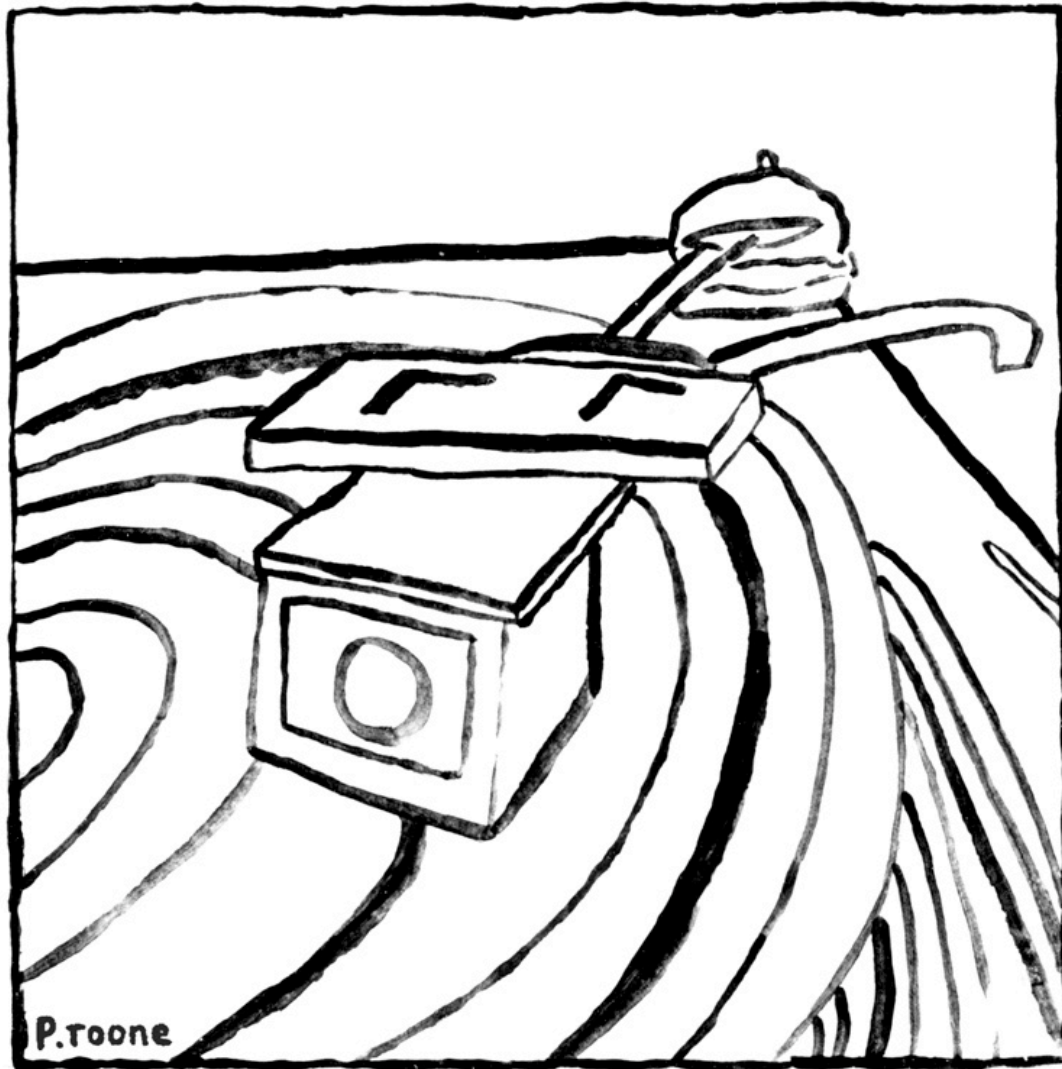
...extending the club knocking into the pub next door
pulling in more than twice the amount of punters than before,



they'd come from around town by the carload
and of the highroad by the coach load,
from the crossroads by the train load.

All weekend from 10pm Friday to 5am Sunday the club was banging,
a revamped mainstream dance venue with headlining Dj's to go clubbing -
bass line thumping.

Outside growing numbers were queueing.



On his team he kept the cheerful,
rooting out the cruel and dreadful,
the team he ran was entirely respectful.
What was hard to believe was how little trouble,
this extended club was even more peaceful.

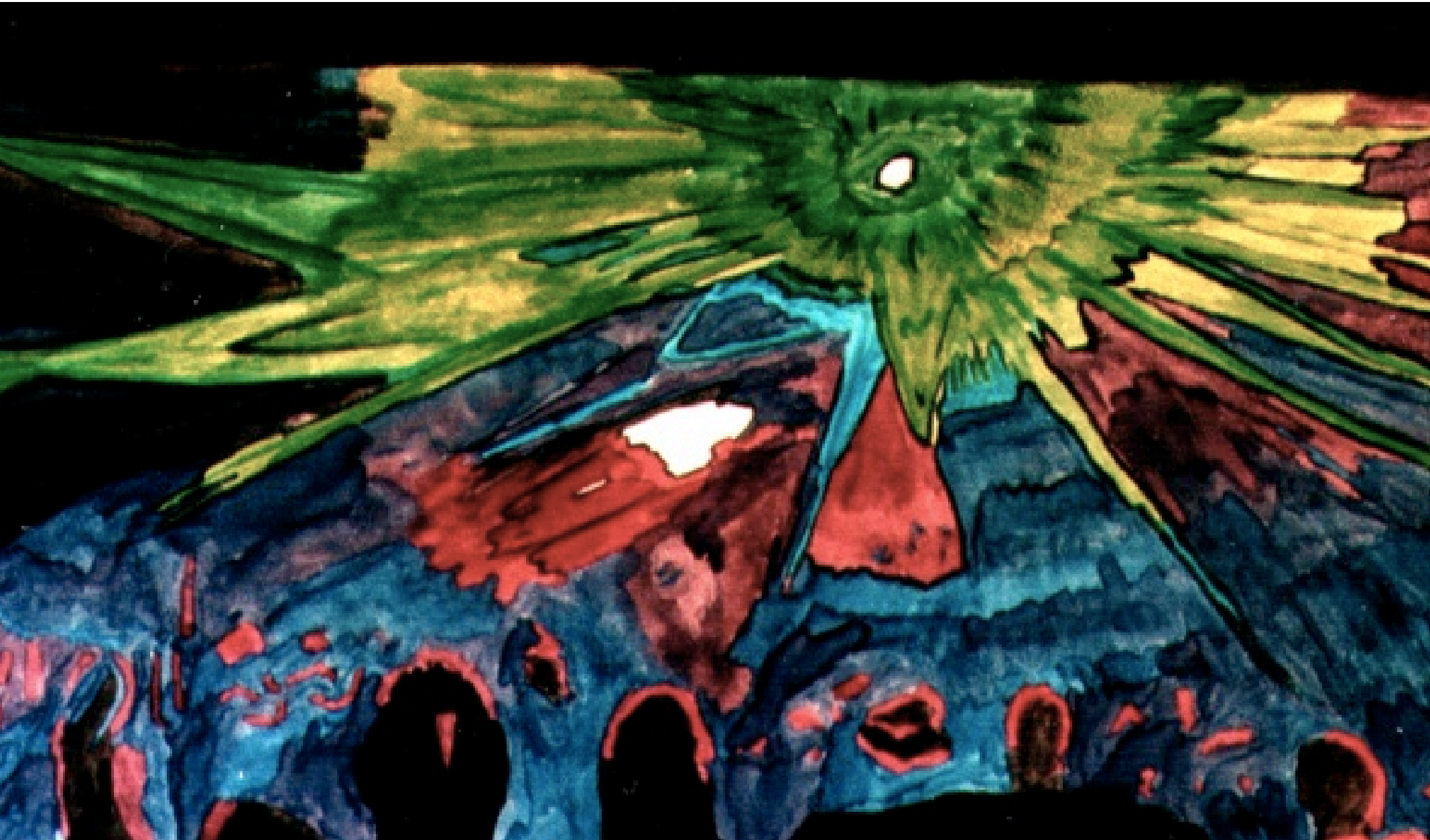


To the world of drugs they remained naive,
when pills were offered to the off-duty barmaid, named eve -
they pulled him aside and found ten mickey mouse pills up his sleeve,
After flushing the gear they made him leave.



'Coke' n 'E' heads were a growing trend -
with sign of end.

A popular way for the punters to spend the weekend.



As he went for his weekly breakfast at the cafe,
it didn't seem odd when the large framed guy sat opposite that day.

As the man cordially speaks he knows the club where he works,
he has a business proposition and lays out the networks.

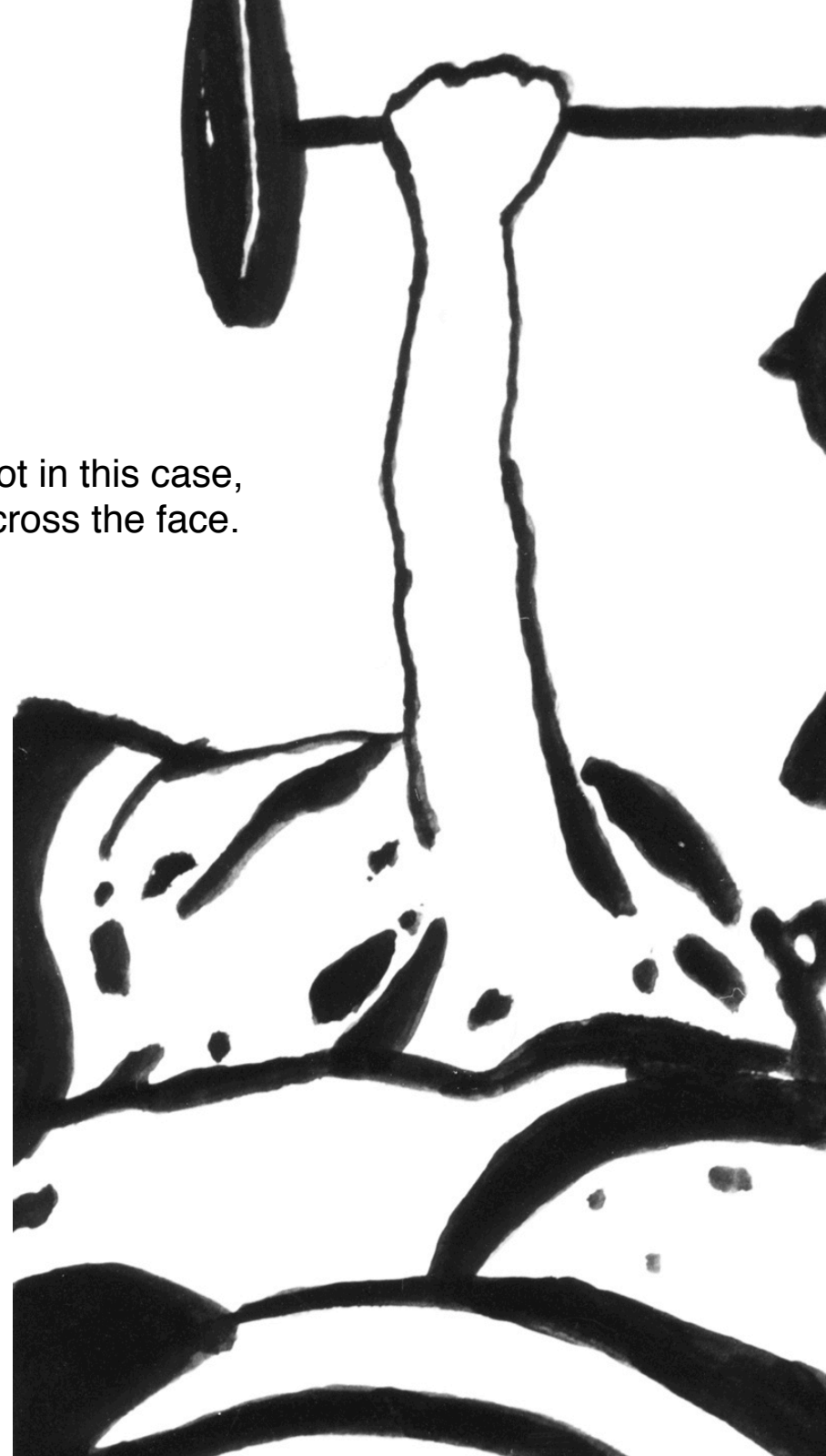


He begins to feel uneasy,
he knows the man is connected largely,
Armarni threads, heavy gold chain and rolex ticking precisely.
Among other things on his neck the tattoo,
was an obvious clue,
the man knew about his kids, wife and nephews.



He knew about the gym he trained, and his house.
The car he shared with his spouse,
and his children's school next to the courthouse.

He already knew too much to embrace
as sweat poured out his heart began to race
he replaced intimidation with his boldface
he wanted to big himself up but felt out of place.
He knew he couldn't react as he would on the door, not in this case,
the reality of this was hitting him like a baseball bat across the face.



The business deal was simple,
the cash he would receive was ample,
the task of knowing and letting dealers in seemed dreadful.

He would carry the gear in to avoid doorman searching,
then hand it over to associates in the club for distributing,
the two grand a week wasn't even tempting.



The man left, and got in his shiny black car,
the phone rang after quarter of an hour,
informing the operation would start in a week - no later.



For the first part of the week he thought of little more,
taking the money was never an option and this he was sure.

He sent his family of to his parents
preferring to deal with this in there absence
he was unsure what to do, and where to turn for guidance.
That night at work he was on edge and the grumpiest he'd been,
his team knew something was wrong because he was the quietest they'd seen.



He spotted the dealers, cocky, relaxed, protected and connected,
as arranged they entered the toilets for the hand over of pills collected.
As he pulled out the bag and handed it towards the dealer he didn't notice the bottle of
liquid acid.
He poured the acid over the bag and the contents melted -
the two guys grunted,
the acrid smell from the destroyed fizzing tablets was putrid.
Leaving the rancid stench behind, they scattered.



He kept his phone on him through it all,
never turning it off, patiently awaiting the mans call.

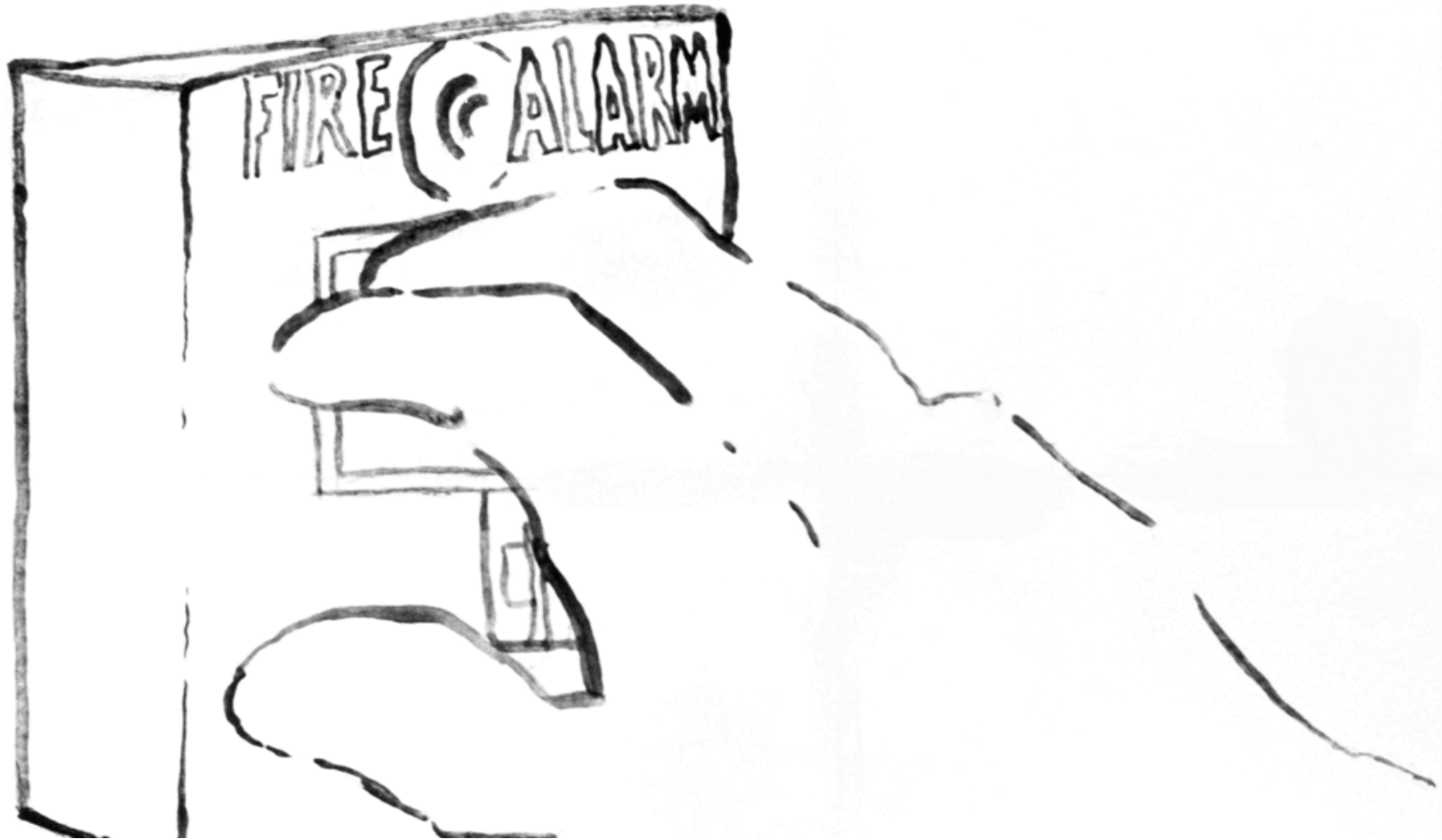
The man rang and arranged to meet at the sea front,
it was late at night and the moon was lucent,
in a plastic bag he was handed the shipment,
and reluctantly accepted the envelope full of cash payment



He decided to dump the cash in a red cross benevolent fund, walking straight back to the club he got on with the pre-opening, feeling threatened, his security team turned up on time and he began to stiffen.



Standing back by the front door he felt a huge weight of his shoulders,
the rear door fire alarm soon went off - he knew it was the man and his dealers.

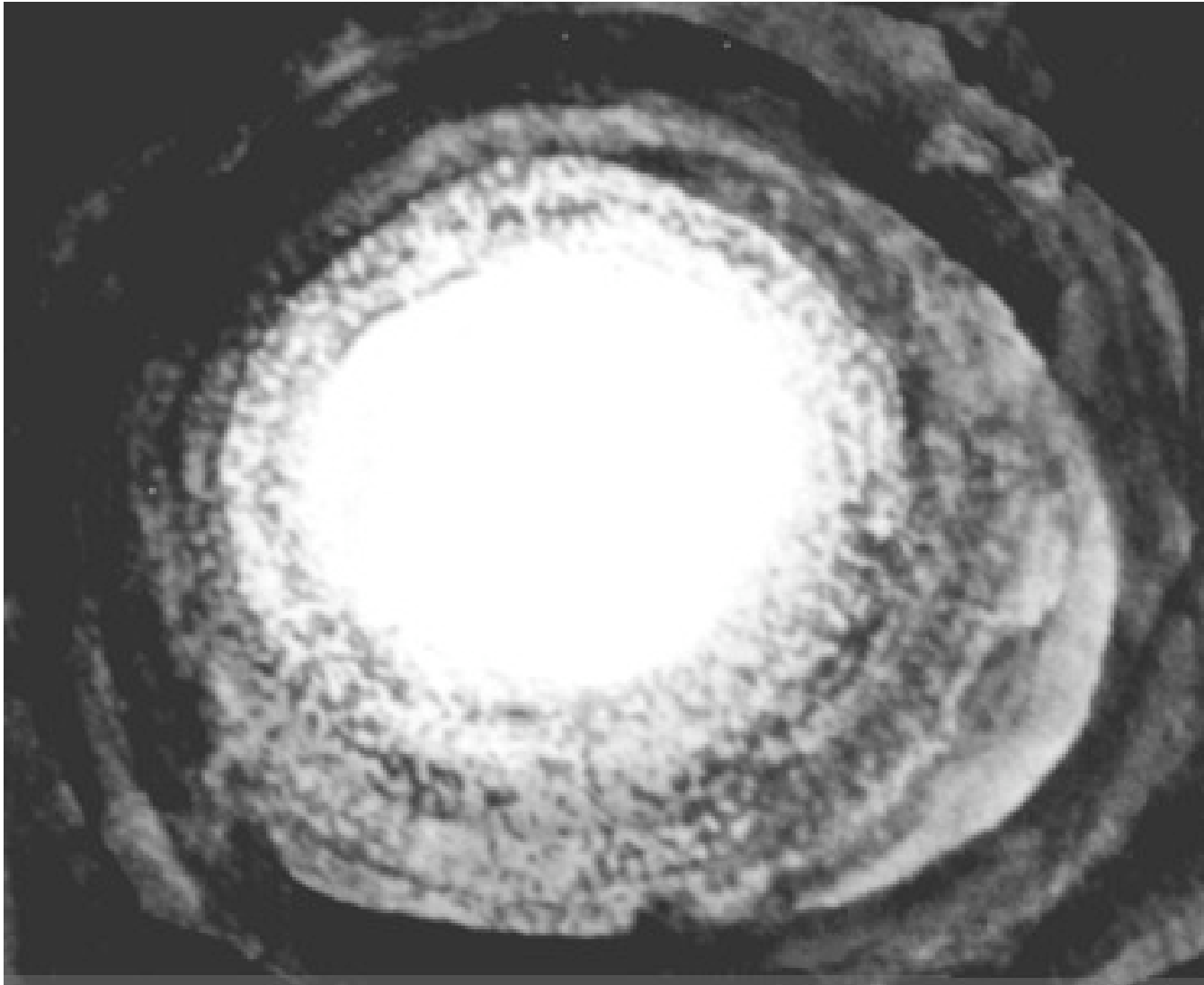


He knew he was safe by the front door, cctv was constant protection, he didn't answer he phone when it rang and expected retribution.

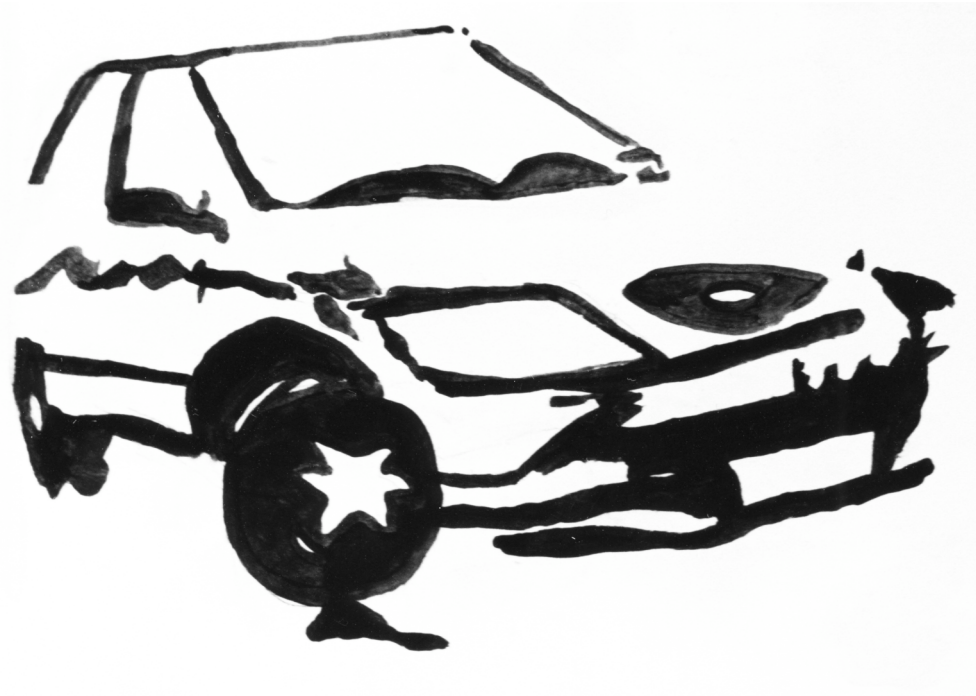
The night went peacefully and the 'clubbers' left calmly, one problem was locking up and walking to his car which he feared immensely starting to regret not leaving early,



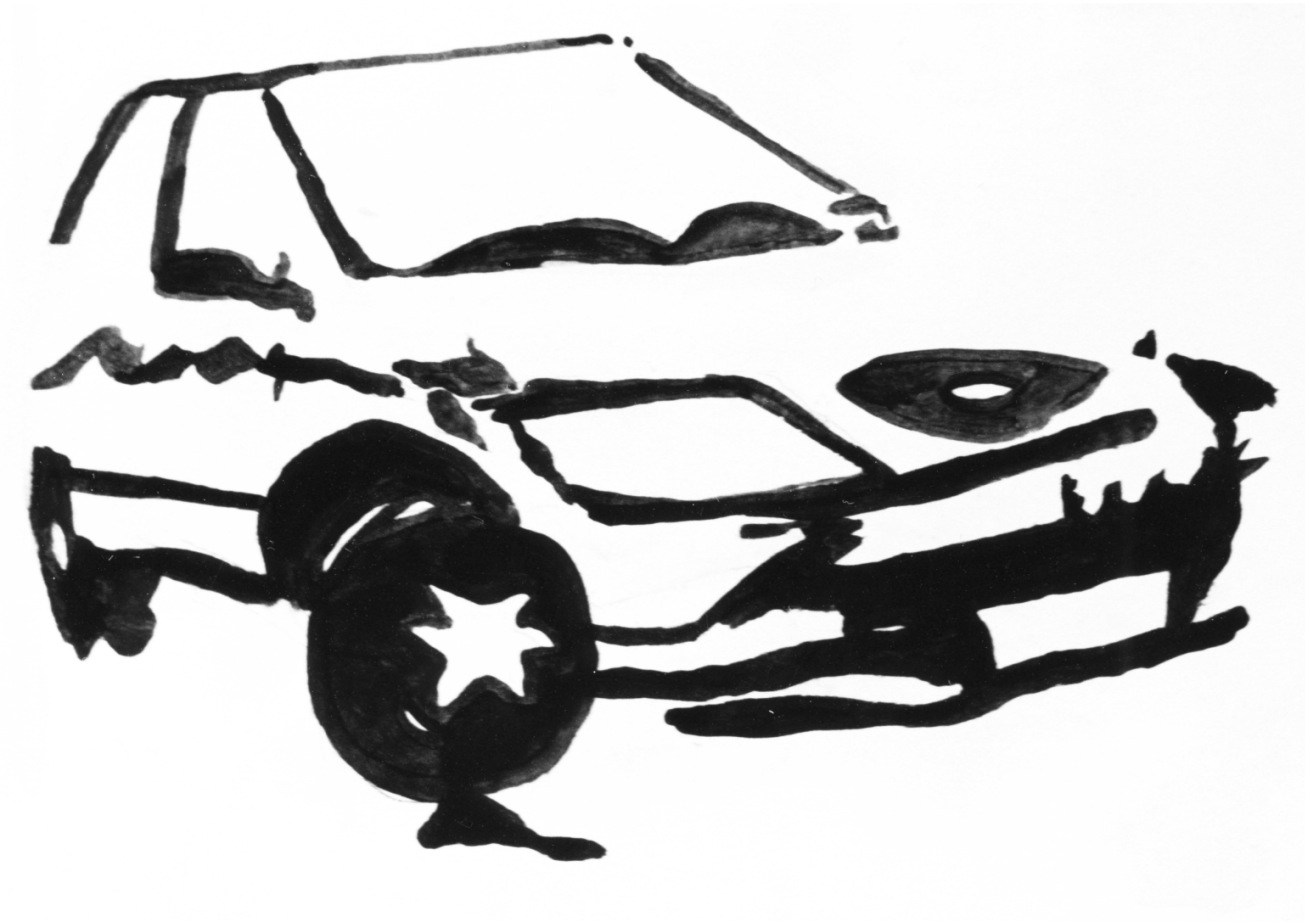
He was the last one to leave the club and the moonlight shone brightly, he had been checking the back door cctv tensely - after not noticing much activity he left from the back smoothly.



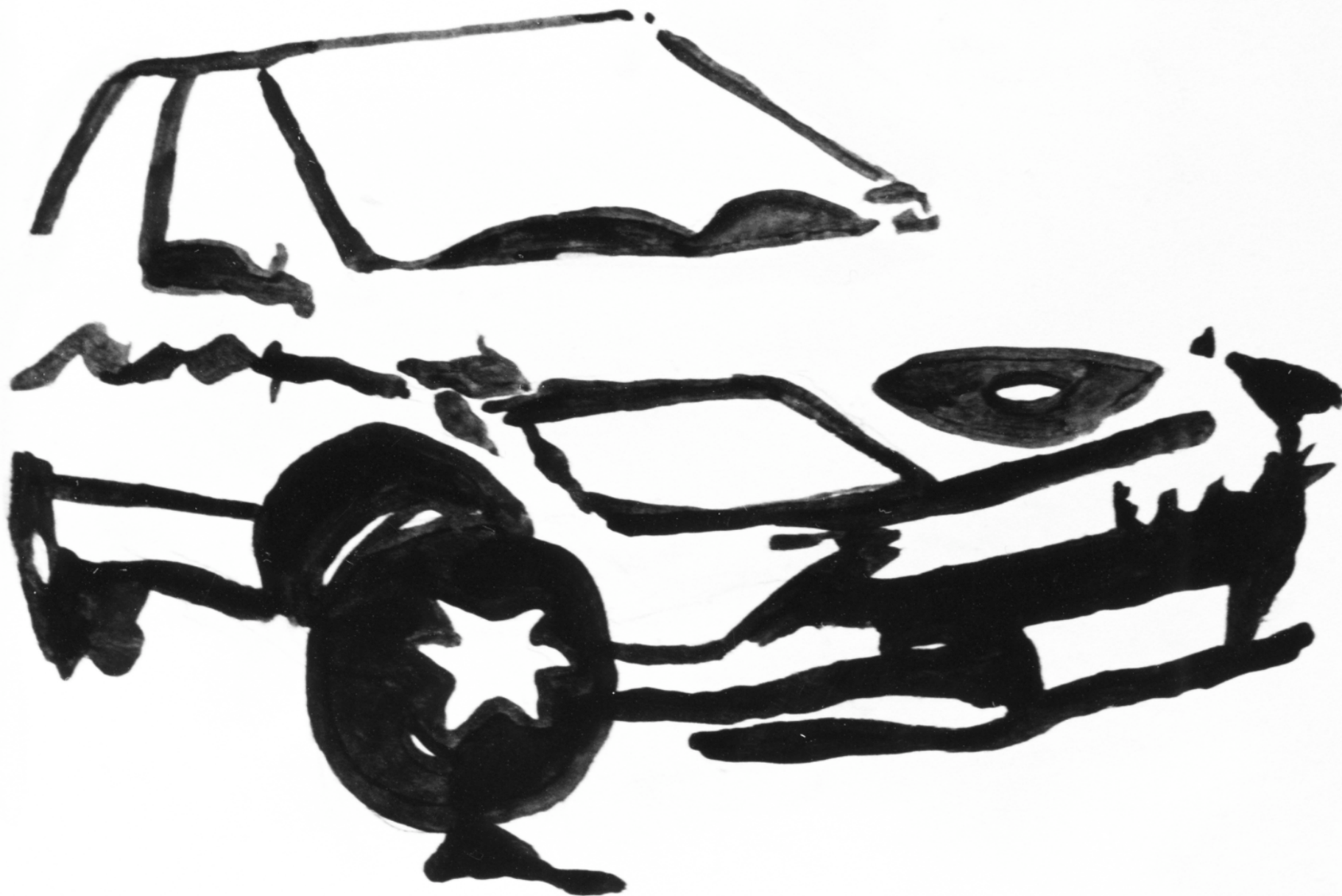
While walking to his car he had decided not to go home,
he looked around again and again... He was alone.



Even if they showed up now he could make the car safely,
he was nearly there but still looking around wisely.



He was starting to relax as he stooped forward to open the door -
he noticed something metallic on the roof of his car.



There were plenty of good reasons for him to leave the city,
a 9mm bullet with his name etched on it, was a reason needed, put bluntly.



For more information on this illustrated poem, please visit:

