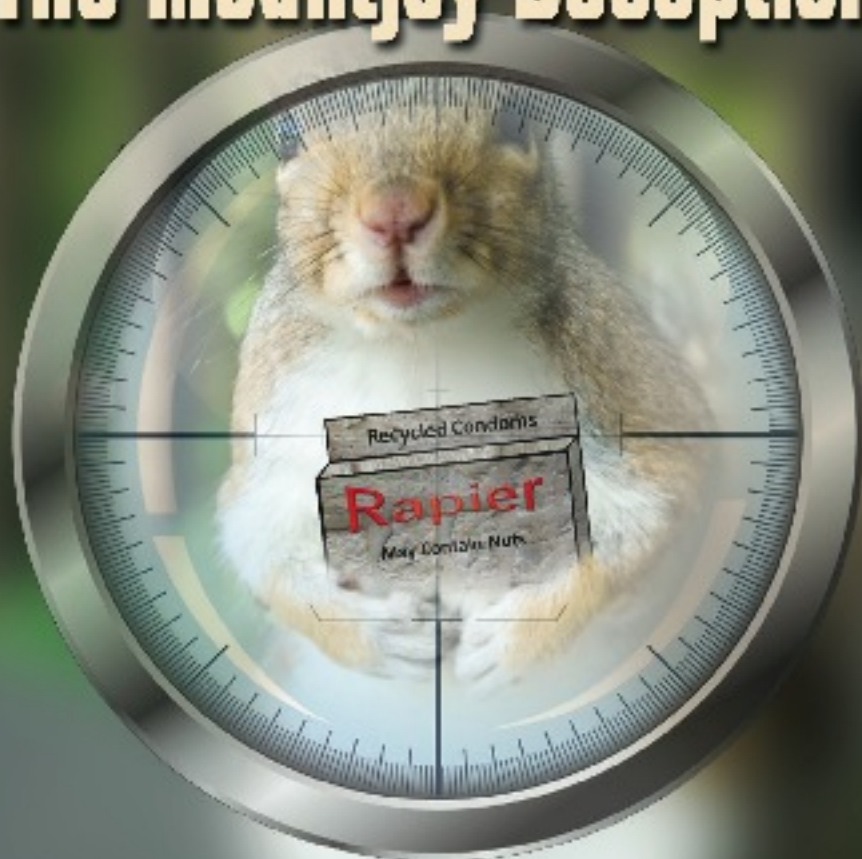


The Mountjoy Deception



**Can a recycled condom salesman
really be provoked into becoming
a ruthless killer?**

David Jarvis



England's second best recycled condom salesman, Derek Mountjoy, is unwittingly caught up in a global conspiracy controlled by the mysterious SPHINCTER. Can he piece together the sinister goings on at Erasable Rubbers, get together with the gorgeous Melissa, discover why he gets an erection when he sees a squirrel and ultimately save the world? A final dramatic confrontation on the train from Paris brings his world into focus. Is he who he thinks he is?

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First Edition

Contact the author and leave feedback through his website:
www.backintheboxjarvo.com

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For my K who understands

Now.... this very minute

Andover, Hampshire, England, ten o clock-ish

After a seemingly endless twenty-five minutes wedged under a bench in a cunningly concealed sniper position overlooking Tesco's car park, Derek Rodney Mountjoy's mind had inevitably begun to wander. He had tested himself on identifying the various types of clouds floating lazily above him and been quite pleased with his efforts. He still knew the difference between his Cumulus humilis and his Cirrus and he was feeling quite smug about it. He had studied some of the yellowing weeds poking through the feeble looking grass at the base of the rusted legs of the bench and not done so well in identifying them, probably down to the overwhelming smell of dog urine that pervaded the area and which dulled his senses. He had even tried to narrow down the breed of dog that had left an odorous and fresh-looking turd under the bench within inches of him. It must have been like a Chihuahua to be able fit under there but yet have bowels the size of a Great Dane to have created such a monumental pile of crap. He decided he didn't need to meet that particular canine on a dark night and edged himself a little further away from it, glancing around to make sure the hound wasn't still loitering nearby.

The sallow youth was still there however. The poor lad was just out of Derek's peripheral vision about ten metres further down the footpath but Derek knew he was there. He could hear him shivering and the occasional rasping cough. With his head lowered as he shuffled along the footpath, he hadn't noticed Derek as he had approached the bench and started

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when he had finally noticed him lying there. He had stepped over the protruding barrel of the rifle and moved on without saying a word. The wretched boy had terrible acne and not much in the way of warm clothing. A black hooded top pulled down tight over his head was all that kept him from the elements - luckily it wasn't raining.

It was a cool morning despite the watery sunshine and the lack of breeze, especially when you were in a stationary position for so long and he was thankful that he had the forethought to wear the tank top. He hadn't worn one for years and realised that he had been missing out on a wonderfully versatile item of clothing. His torso was toasty warm and yet his arms were free to hold the weapon. It was the perfect piece of clothing for a sniper although there was always the underlying threat of static electricity from the manmade fibres. He was also getting a little concerned about the glowing pimple on the end of his nose. He hadn't had any spots for twenty years and now this monstrous red lump had appeared just when he didn't need it, not that you ever really needed a zit. He could see it clearly with both eyes open, it looked marginally bigger with just the left eye, which meant that with just his right eye open, his aiming eye, he should be fine, unless of course it suddenly burst, unlikely, but just don't touch it or even think about touching it and all should be well. He brushed an irritatingly persistent fly from the pimple. It settled itself on the dryer end of the dog turd and watched him, silently almost mockingly. Derek looked at his watch for the twentieth time in the last five minutes - it was nearly time for action.

Derek Rodney Mountjoy, England's second best recycled condom salesman, holder of not one, but two auspicious

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golden Johnnie awards flexed his fingers and resumed his grip on the stock of his Winchester Model 70 bolt action rifle, checking the magazine was firmly attached as he did so. He scanned the car park below looking for his targets. It didn't take him long to spot them.

He had certainly been expecting to see a couple of familiar faces to appear down there but now he watched with mounting consternation as almost everyone he hated in the world seemed to somehow casually bump into each other at the bus stop in the car park below him. He could see his disgustingly flabby and irritating wife Irma, her lover Fat Barry Hunter the lorry driver who stank of kebabs, 'Monkey' Silverback from stores, Wendy Shawshank the receptionist with the hairy feet, his boss, the esteemed Desmond Wilbury the III, the bloke in the pub with all the conspiracy theories, the woman with the big tits from the internet and best of all, his arch rival and nemesis, that complete and utter wanker, Jed Rhombus.

He watched them having a slightly heated conversation for a few moments and then edged himself a little bit deeper under the bench to ensure him a greater level of invisibility. He gave a deep sigh and considered what his next move should be. After days of deliberation, he had finally decided yesterday who should die but now he was being presented with a target rich environment and perhaps he should rethink who or indeed how many of them should perish, it was a six round magazine after all.

He was momentarily distracted by a pair of squirrels frolicking gaily along the railings to the right of him and was briefly puzzled by the totally unexplained and unwarranted erection that they induced, until he remembered exactly why

that happened to him. It was one of the main reasons he was here now, with a gun in his hands fully prepared to kill someone. He contemplated shooting the bastards but then he figured that he should perhaps conserve his ammunition given the evolving situation. He squirmed a little and tried to think of something suitably nasty to get rid of the bulge in his trousers before it began to hamper his firing position. He glanced back down at Irma Mountjoy and smiled to himself. That did it - she was good for something at least.

What was the word he was thinking of for a situation like this? It should come to him immediately having spent all those years immersed in books. Was it providence, fluke or fate that had brought them all within range? Or was it perhaps serendipity, no that was a happy coincidence and there was nothing happy in this for that lot, maybe for him but definitely not for them. That was it, coincidence, and it was a fucking epic one at that. He smiled to himself and revelled in his own schadenfreude. He loved that word as well. It meant 'revelling in the discomfort of others' and it had stuck in his memory since an idle conversation with Granddad Albert Mountjoy about the war. Albert loved to idly chat intermittently about the weather and the Germans and used schadenfreude a lot which Derek thought was slightly ironic as the Germans had no word for small talk.

At that moment, as Derek Mountjoy let an involuntary shiver of relief run down his spine as his crotch finally lowered itself gently to the ground, things suddenly began to look up for him. He could see that the group had turned to watch an Old Age Pensioner shuttle bus careering towards them, seemingly out of control. To Derek's untrained eye as he mentally measured the stopping distance, it was a situation

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that could obviously only conclude in a horrific and satisfying bloodbath and the end to all of Derek's torment, worry and frustration without him having to take a shot. Or as it transpired, it wasn't. The driver infuriatingly regained control of the bus just in time and hissed to a halt alongside Irma and her cronies; as though it was something he did every day. Fucking hell, thought Derek Mountjoy biting his bottom lip in frustration and running his fingers along the barrel of the gun.

Derek noticed a diminutive, blue rinsed, and horned-rimmed bespectacled lady trying to exit the bus with some difficulty, as the steps were inexplicably high for an OAP vehicle. She was waving her walking stick in front of her like a light sabre to clear a path. He felt another sudden chill surge through his body as she suddenly looked up and pointing her chin forwards, fixed her glance up to near to where he lay and then she swivelled her head slightly to focus on the park bench under which he was hiding. Derek held his breath and stayed stock still. Surely the old bat couldn't see him from there, she must be a hundred and eighty years old and wearing glasses? She patently could see him, as she proceeded to let out a frail shriek and wave her walking stick in his direction causing all those around her to swivel their heads towards him. Derek rapidly wriggled himself backwards to try and get out of sight, inadvertently smacking his head painfully on the underside of the bench and plunging his hand into the dog turd he had made a mental note to try and avoid a mere half an hour earlier, killing the fly instantly.

Suddenly, while wiping his hand on the threadbare grass beneath the bench, Derek Mountjoy had an epiphany. This was it, this was his moment of destiny, it was now or never, this whole charade has to end right here and right now. Drawing

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mentally on all the hatred that had festered inside him engendered by the close proximity of all those who had made his life so bloody miserable, he regained his sang-froid and went through his mental check list. He called on all of his gruelling eight months of intensive occasional Wednesday nights and the odd weekend training which had been combined with realistic mock combat experience in the Territorial Army, the TA, he pulled the rifle firmly into his shoulder and grasped the stock firmly in his sweaty and slightly smelly palm. He checked the sights and then rested his trembling finger on the trigger. He controlled his rapid breathing, took careful aim and then gently squeezed the trigger.



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