

Without Remorse – Sneak Peek Sample Chapter

# Without Remorse

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Fiction ~ Suspense ~ Drama

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11:45 p.m.

The bluish purple clouds swirled and shifted as though a river were passing overhead. The infrequent rain showers during the day and into the night made most of the cobblestone street wet and slippery. Water ran off the rooftops and drained down broken pipes along side the old stone buildings. Standing off in the darkness, the crowd of people that once filled the narrow streets had dwindled down to few and far between. Walking in groups or staggering alone, they all found their bellies full with a night of festive drinking and brawling. Laughter echoed off in the distance as men who had been drinking beer and whiskey inside Black Hollow Tavern were making their drunken way home or back to the various ships anchored in the harbor not far away. A thick layer of fog and mist had settled in and around the streets. The oils lamps struggled to illuminate the street as the broken pipes whistled in various pitches from the swirling wind. The opening of a door and low voices inside caught the attention of the figure who had stayed in the shadows watching the street for several hours. Patiently waiting, watching as they had time after time before. The brightness of the moon broke through the clouds briefly as the fog and mist illuminated to a grayish white. A woman closed the door shut adjusting her shawl on her shoulders as she began to walk up the street. Water ran along the edges, dripping and draining as she watched her step. Stepping out of the shadows, the moon silhouetted the snarling scowl as the woman faded into the fog. The moon's bright shine soon vanished itself as clouds rolled over blocking it once more. Moving quietly along the side, the figure followed her on the opposite side of the street, staying in the shadows as the woman's pace quickened. The wet street echoed each step one by one. As she made her way to a corner, she turned.

"Hello? Is someone there?" she asked, her voice shaky as she looked around the area. Listening to the same humming and whistling of the pipes that she did, the figure walked smoothly across the street to her side.

"Hello? Is someone there?" asked the woman once again. Her silhouette illuminated by the fading light of an oil lamp, was being swallowed by the surrounding fog. Hearing her begin to walk at a quickened pace, the figure moved to the corner of the street just ahead of her. Hearing the crashing sound of a trash can, the woman let out a startled scream. Walking to confront her, the figure held out his outstretched hands.

"Your soul must be cleansed!" he said in a gravelly tone. The woman's eyes widened as he reached out for her. Falling towards the ground, a flash of light blinded his sight briefly as his eyes adjusted to the darkness he found himself in. Water splashed all around as he searched for her. Walking past a concrete column, he found her hiding between two rows of benches. Lightening flashed in violent bursts outside the building as he began to slowly walk towards her.

“You must be cleansed!” he said looking at the woman who defiantly frowned at him. The rolling crash of the thunder shook the building violently as rain fell in torrents outside. Reaching for her, she stood up swinging her arms desperately towards him. The broken broomstick she clutched found its mark as the pain coursed along the side of his head. Stumbling to a stop, he looked at her as she held the broken half of the stick in her hands. Lightening flashed once more, illuminating the building. Reaching up to the side of his head, he looked at his left hand dripping with blood and pieces of his scalp and hair. Looking at her, he moved towards her once again. The woman twisted sideways and kicked him in the stomach. Loosing his balance, he fell over one of the rows of seating. Water splashed all around as he tried to stand back up quickly. Thunder crackled and rumbled as the woman picked up a small radio he had been carrying.

“This is Agent McCloud, I need help!” said Agent McCloud frantically looking around. Her eyes swelled with tears as she briefly saw the body of her partner floating in the water just a few feet away. Watching her draw her hand back, he felt the impact of the radio against his right ear as pain seared along his face and jawbone. Backing up, he looked at her as she looked back down at the small shattered radio.

“This is Agent McCloud! Officer needs assistance at Berkshire!” said Agent McCloud watching him as he slowly began to walk towards her.

“No one is coming to help you! You must be cleansed!” he said starring right into her eyes. Looking back down the aisle she began to run towards the doors. Lightening flashed outside as the crackle and rumbling of the thunder followed it. Running after her, water splashed away as he was getting closer.

“Gotcha!” he said as she turned to look back at him. Bursting out of doors he found himself being subdued by six men. Grasping and restraining him by his arms and legs. The people in the room were all up standing and talking as he continued to struggle. Looking up towards the judge, he smiled as he kept hammering his gavel to quiet everyone down.

“Order in the court! Order in the court!” said the judge as he looked around. His shoulders ached as his arms were twisted back and around him. Being stood back up he looked at the judge.

“Take him away,” said the judge angrily. Looking back out into the gallery of people he found the person whom had come to see him. Dressed in a blue suit, she sat expressionless watching him.

“I found you once! I’ll find you again! You hear me!” he shouted looking at her as the men pushed and shoved him along.

“It isn’t over.....you hear me!” he shouted as the door he was carried through closed shut. Opening his eyes, he looked around the darkness of his cell. The smooth, cold walls were the only comfort he knew. Glancing out towards the metal door with its small bars, he folded both his hands back under his head and smiled, staring up to the darkness of his ceiling.

“You must be cleansed, so sayeth the lord,” he whispered to himself.

“And his will.....will be done!” he said grinding and gnashing his teeth as he lay on his cold jail cell bed. The only bed he had known for the past seventeen years.

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