

I set my alarm clock for 03:00.

*Beep beep beep ...* I get up, go through to the living room and peer out of the window. The street below is empty, and the three-storey premises on its far side has its lights turned off. I clamber into the full-body, soft-touch poly-firm mortuary garment, then tie plastic bags to my feet and put on the latex gloves and mortuary hat before picking up the bin liner containing my kit. Out of the window I go and along the wall, my back pressed to it. A pair of rock doves flap noisily away.

Below, a lorry passes along the street. Barely audible laughter is emanating from an apartment somewhere above. Stealthily, I continue edging along the ledge. Not far to go. A shuffle to my right brings me alongside my destination. I reach inside the open window with my gloved hands and part the nicotine-reeking curtains fluttering faintly in the breeze. A murky light suffuses from an illuminated computer screen. I can make out the outline of a settee, a coffee table, a television and, by the far wall, the transgressing audio system. From the direction of the bedroom comes the sound of a hoarse, smoker's snore.

*'HKH-sssss-HKH-sssss ...'*

Even in its sleep it is noise accosting. I lower the bin liner into the room. The gap is too narrow to fit through, so I push up on the window, which emits a creaking noise as it opens. I squeeze through the gap and lower myself to the floor with the grace of a feline. With the bag clasped in one hand, I creep through the apartment towards the snoring – *'HKH-sssss-HKH-sssss ...'*

Visible in the half-light are pizza takeaway boxes, crushed drink receptacles and vacant polystyrene containers of the type used to house kebabs, burgers and chips. A disagreeable aroma exudes from a bin at the entrance to the kitchenette. There is no sign of any potential mementos. I make my way to the open entrance to the bedroom. Visible in the faint light emitted by a red lava lamp is the bulging Noise Accoster. Clad in only boxer shorts, it lies on its side – *'HKH-sssss-HKH-sssss ...'*

The sour odour of BO permeates the room. In the passageway I open the bin liner, feel inside and extract two cloths, one to blindfold it with, the other to stuff in its mouth to prevent noise accosting. These cords are to tie it up with, and this thin, palm-length of metal pipe is to press to its head and pretend is a gun.

*'HKH-sssss-HKH-sssss ...'*

I step over a pile of discarded clothes and approach the bed.

*'HKH-sssss-HKH-sssss ...'*

I perch myself on the edge of its bed. This is a time to reflect and to savour what lies ahead ...

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