California's Dream, Chapter 1

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California's Dream is about a man who is part of organised crime in a small Northern English town, but wishes to move to America, because he wants to fulfil his parents' dream of one day moving to America. He sets out to start up an organised crime syndicate in New York, and he soon clashes with a powerful gangster named Killban. from then on the man's world starts to full apart around him.

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Hello thank you for reading this. This is my first post on this website.ï¿½

California's Dream

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Chapter 1

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In Tremwood, a small English northern town; it was quiet most of the day; it was filled with the town's people going about their business and their jobs. It was a simple town, not many cars pass through the winding narrow roads; the only noise you might here would come from overhead where the roaring of a plane would pass through the chalk sky. Crime rates are at an all time low in Settle, the police could just lie back on their chairs watching couples wonder the streets aimlessly. Tremwood looked as though it had been swallowed by the hills, because the town centre was at the bottom of the valley, and the houses were just above it on a steep hill. The whole of Tremwood was in-caved by the high steep hills.

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There was only one place in Tremwood which could dictate the crime rates and, that is at forty-nine Baltmore Avenue. ï¿½This was an affluent road where the rich can simply sit there all day laughing at their wealth, and fortune, or take a dip in their Olympic sized indoor swimming pool, or have a swing on their red gravelled tennis courts. ï¿½But number forty-nine was different; different in the sense that it was separated from the rest of the street. Number forty-nine had silver steel spiked gates which opened with a key, or from the inside, and a dirt free clean driveway which gave any visitor a tremendous first impression. ï¿½The house itself was medieval, it was grey brick, grey tiled and had green ivy snaking up the walls and around the windows. The front door was wooden, brown, and large in scale with golden letter plates on it saying 'CALIFORNIA'.

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Down the long musty cold hallway ZZ-Top's single *Gun Love* blasted out from the office door, a man in a black slim fuzzy suit came to the door, and said loudly so as to be heard over the overpowering beat of the song:

"Cal, Kit is here".

ï¿½California who looked pale and cold said,

"What?"

The black suited man gestured with his cold hand to turn the stereo off, which was the culprit for pumping the overbearing sound. Cal got the hint and switched it off, and said in his rough husky voice "what do you want pal?"

"Kit is here" Cal just nodded, and waved the man off. ï¿½Cal, whose full name is California, was named after the state; his mum was from Boston, and when he was born she missed America so much she named him after her favourite state.

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Cal who was thirty-one, had short matted down thick jet black hair, icy blue eyes, small chin, and wide jaw bones. He also walks with a slight limp because once three years ago he was hit in the leg by a car which diverted onto the pavement. However if people say,

"How'd you get that limp?"

Cal would just reply "doing the job I do, you form some enemies, and those enemies try, and get at you sometimes, but I will never be gotten too". ï¿½He lied because he was the kind of person who liked to impress people. People believed this because everyone in Tremwood knew the drugs go through him, all money goes through him, he seriously ran things in Tremwood.

As Cal walked out of his small office and into the long hallway which, had all of the album covers of ZZ-Top, stuffed animals such as tiger heads; which were his favourite when he goes hunting in Africa. Cal also liked to show a sense of masculinity so he put up Paintings of his favourite all-time movie *Scarface.*

Cal walked past his maid who was cleaning his ornaments, and said "turn the heating on will ya; it's like the North Pole in here". The maid jumped to his attention, and ran to turn the heating on.

Cal crept down his monstrous staircase which dominated the main lobby. Cal liked to walk down the stairs slowly, not because he had a limp but, that was half the reason; but to soak up his wealth, and congratulate himself internally for his successes. He walked to the big wooden door, and turned to his maid who was now returning from turning on the heating; Cal said "How cold is it out?" his maid shrugged and said

"Cold enough sir for you to be wearing a thick coat"

Cal pulled his thick black coat down from the hanger, and swung open the gigantic wooden door. The cold English air slapped his cheeks vigorously, like one of his girlfriends when he told them he no longer loved them.

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Cal walked around to the back of his large house where his long stretched out garden, or "field" lay. "Kit" who Cal was supposed to meet was kneeling down on the wet patio with two of Cal's bodyguards holding him by the shoulder. The small weak looking man looked up sadly with his large globe eyes, and said

"Look Cal I'm sorry, I promise I'll have the money by next month".

Cal ignored him, and started the conversation off in his own way.

"You know I don't remember your name, I choose not to remember people's names, when they choose not to remember to pay me on time".

Cal really did remember Kit's name, because Kit was very important to Cal, Kit brought in the majority of drugs for Cal. ï¿½He received his nickname Kit because he was considered as soft as a kitten but as sly as a cat.

Kits looked scared and shocked like he had never seen Cal before. Kits opened his mouth and said "I... I... My client is on holiday, I promise when he gets back I will give you the money". Cal, who was intrigued by this; said

"Holiday? Where?"

"Scotland"

Cal laughed and said "that is not a holiday, a holiday is a place like Florida, or Miami, or Spain. Kits who was looking at the floor seemed as though he was going to break up into a pile of nerves, however he plucked up the courage to say "Cal why are you doing this to me?, I am one of your better mates, and I've always given the money to you on time before. Is this how you treat your friends...? Cal?"

Cal gave the impression he had just frozen in time right on the spot, he was staring into space now, thinking.

Cal never really took to having many friendships much as an adult, or a child, and this spanned right back to when he was in secondary school. When Cal was thirteen he preferred to keep himself to himself, he was quiet but not shy; he had a few friends in school he would talk to, however he wanted to concentrate on his school work primarily. Cal's parents were like his best friends, because he would go to the cinema with his dad to see the latest releases, or go with his mum to the theatre to watch whatever play was on at the time. His parents really wanted him to do well in school, and Cal really wanted to make his parents proud of him so he worked hard, and obtained A-grades in almost every subject apart from English; he wasn't very good at English. Unfortunately one night on the 7th September 1994, when Cal was 13; his parents had to leave him home alone for the first time that night, because it was his dads bosses birthday party, and everyone his parents new were going. Cal's mum wasn't too keen on going, she kept saying to his dad "can we not stay too long at this party, I don't want to leave Cal on his own all night". His dad just said

"Don't worry we won't be long, we'll just mince for a while, and then try to make a move away". That was the last time Cal would ever see his parents again. Later that night at around ten o'clock Cal heard his Nan banging at the door frantically; Cal opened it to hear her say "I'm so sorry Cal", his Nan was also at the party that night because she was invited through her friends who were there. His Nan told him his mum, and dad had been shot dead by

"The police think an armed gang, who were trying to mug them, but the mugging went horribly wrong". His Nan broke down in to tears, her make-up smearing her aging face.

Cal boomed out the front door, and ran towards the restaurant that his parents were. Currently Cal lived in inner London; so crime levels were quite high on the streets at night.

It took Cal twenty minutes to run to the restaurant, and when he reached there all he could see just to the left of the restaurant, was four police cars, an ambulance, and about a couple dozen party-goers, sobbing. Cal eyes started to well up with tears, and he went to cry in the nearest alley-way so he couldn't be heard. The alley-way was dark and quiet, the only things that were in it were, a couple dustbins, and a red balaclava. Cal spotted the balaclava and leaned down to look at it; it had black crosses as symbols on the cloth, and a red background. Cal knew straight away this was from the gang who killed his parents because the end of the alley led right to the crime scene.

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Cal never recovered from the devastating incident, and thirty days later when he was now living with his Nan he just simply ran away; decided to head up north by train, to seek a better life.

"Cal you alright?" asked one of his wide scruffy bodyguards. Cal looked confused for a second, and then realised where he was again. "Yes I'm fine", Cal took a moment to compose himself and then he continued by saying "Kits, you have until your client gets back from holiday, Ok?" Kits smiled and said happily

"Thank you boss".

Cal walked back inside to the welcoming warmth of his own home. His maid rushed towards him with news; "Cal Doug just wrung, he says you have to go to River Street immediately" Cal looked bemused by this order and said quizzically "why? ...he is supposed to be killing someone for me" the maid shrugged her shoulders and said "he says it's urgent". Cal sighed, and walked back outside and shouted to TJ; his best friend to "come over here".

TJ who was closing the gate behind the weak Kits, ran over and said

ï¿½"what is it buddy?"

"Doug's says something's urgent, so I want you as backup" said Cal

"ok, whatever let's go"

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