

Tea Leaf

Sid had only just been let out of Chelmsford jail a few days ago, but already he was up to his old tricks. He parked his old Thames van about half a mile down the road then walked back to the large house that he had in mind.

The house was set well back from the road in pitch darkness; Sid like it like that because he was a burglar and proud of it. He had heard down at his local pub that the owners were on holiday so the house was sitting pretty or so Sid thought. He went round the side without much trouble and let himself in by the back door. Quietly closing the door behind him he found that he was in a beautifully appointed kitchen. "Won't be nothing here worth nicking," thought Sid, but at the same time he caught sight of a note on the pine table. He couldn't resist being naughty and read it by torch light. It was worded carefully and went like this, "Hello Sid, you thieving rat bag, come right in I'm sitting in the next room holding a loaded double barrellled shotgun. Yours, Al Capone"