

# JENNIFER SHOT



Patricia Kristensen

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*Another Shot*

By  
Patricia Kristensen



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# *Dedication*

I dedicate this book to my children: Rachel, Natasha, James, Matthew and Lillian who make me laugh and bring me joy.



# *Acknowledgements*

Thank you to my brother, Stephen, my sister, Maree, and my children: Rachel, Natasha and James, for being my sounding-boards.



# Chapter One

When I was young I dreamed of being a princess waiting for a handsome prince to rescue me from my Aunt Elizabeth's turret, but it was Friday night and I had just followed Gerald Mason into the Hobart Cemetery car park. There was something definitely wrong with this picture.

I'm Jennifer Shot, a full-time law student and part-time private detective and security officer, out of financial necessity. I work for Shadow Private Investigations and Security Agency, and tonight I had a call out to follow Wendy Mason's husband. Gerald Mason has been making a number of unexplained evening expeditions, and Wendy is concerned that he may be having an affair.

I was at the Beetle Juice Wine Bar when I got the call. I was with my friend Kathy. Kathy's biological clock is ticking like an imminent time bomb. Her sole purpose in life is to find a husband to father her unborn babies. In her attempt to make herself more alluring to the opposite sex, she volunteered for a number of beauty treatments at the local beauty training college, and ended up looking like a gold fish with partial facial paralysis. Kathy is now taking the safe road and has consulted a qualified medical professional regarding a breast augmentation for which she is desperately saving. Tonight we went out so she could trial a pair of size C bra cup inserts over the top of her size B breasts.

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"I think he's getting out of the car," said Kathy. "Why would you meet someone in a cemetery?"

I moved the car slowly forward so that we didn't get too close and alert him to our presence. It was ten thirty according to the digital clock on the consol. One street lamp and a partial moon provided the only light, apart from the car headlights. Luckily there was another car in the first row of the cemetery car park, and I slid in beside it. Kathy and I



watched as Gerald Mason climbed out of his car and made his way towards a wrought iron side entrance gate.

Crap! I'd developed an aversion to cemeteries after a recent encounter in one involving a psychopathic mob hit-man called Chester the Chisel, who tried to give me a new hairdo with his weapon of choice.

"You'll have to come with me," I said to Kathy, picking up my surveillance video camera.

"Only if you get some shots of my boobs," answered Kathy. "So I can see what they look like when I'm on the move."

I immortalised Kathy's size C breast inserts on film as we crept towards the cemetery gate. She was hunched over but you got the general idea. I pushed the gate and it creaked slowly open. Tombstones sat in rows marking the final resting places of the dead, and a light mist hung in the air. We stood quietly until we heard the sound of gravel crunching.

"That must be Gerald," said Kathy. "Where is he going? Do you think he's sleep walking?"

"Not unless he was also sleep driving," I replied.

We followed the noise another fifty meters, and looked out from behind one of the large pink rose bushes separating the dormitories of the dead.

"Why do you think everyone writes on head stones; 'Sleeping Peacefully' or 'In Eternal Slumber?'"

"I guess they don't want to inscribe; 'Being Eaten by Worms' or 'Slowly Rotting into the Ground'."

"I suppose that doesn't sound very loving, does it?"

"I suppose it doesn't."

Gerald stopped in front of a tombstone and was gazing up at a large white angel hovering overhead on a marble pedestal.

"He's visiting a grave," said Kathy. "Why would you sneak out to visit a grave at night?"

"I don't know," I replied. "But I better take some footage for Wendy. Maybe she'll know." I sat down to adjust the camera settings, and heard a rhythmic jangling sound.

“What’s that noise?” I whispered to Kathy.

“I’ll take a look.”

Kathy poked her head out from behind the bushes, while I pressed the ‘on’ button on the video camera.

“Full moon,” said Kathy.

“It’s only a partial moon tonight,” I replied.

“Not from where I’m sitting,” said Kathy.

I crept forward and followed Kathy’s gaze to where Gerald Mason was standing with his pants around his ankles.

“You think he could have gone before he came to the cemetery,” said Kathy.

Then we heard the noise again . . . the jangling noise . . . it was becoming louder and more rhythmic. It was the change in Gerald’s pocket. I held the video camera up and inched forward with Kathy close behind me. Then we saw it. “Eeeeuw!” we both said in disgusted unison. Gerald Mason was taking his joy-stick for a ride right under one of God’s finest.

“That’s got to be breaking a law,” grimaced Kathy.

“That’s just nasty,” I replied, thinking *nothing good ever happens in cemeteries*.

“Whose grave is it?” asked Kathy.

“That’s a good question. We’ll wait until after he goes and then check the name on the grave.”

“I just hope it’s not his mother,” said Kathy.

“Eeeeuw,” we both said.

After a few minutes the jangling ceased. Gerald hitched up his pants, tucked *little Gerald* away, and crunched his way back to the side gate of the cemetery.

Kathy and I walked over to the grave that had been recently desecrated by Gerald, and looked at the name on the gravestone. ‘In Loving Memory of Jackie Long. May the Angels Watch Over Her,’ was inscribed in gold lettering on white marble.

“I don’t think the angels contemplated watching over what they coped an eye full of tonight,” remarked Kathy. “I remember Jackie Long from Stony Bay High. I think she was

going out with Gerald when she was killed in a boating accident during the Australia Day Regatta.”

“So, Gerald was visiting an old girlfriend; only she was dead and buried.”

“Do you think that qualifies as cheating?” asked Kathy, as we walked back to the car.

“I really don’t know, but it certainly qualifies as being weird and freaky.”

We’d been in the cemetery for about half an hour, and my little black dress provided no defence against the cold night air. As I hurried towards the gate my four inch heels caught on a mound of freshly dug earth and I tripped and fell against one of Kathy’s size C’s. It flew up out of her top and landed on the ground at our feet.

“It’s a good thing the real ones don’t do that. It may slow down the husband finding process.”

“The plastic surgeon said that once the implants are in, they look just like part of your own body.”

I grimaced at the thought of the pouch of soft squashy stuff Kathy was holding being inserted into her chest and stitched in.

When we reached my car we saw Gerald driving off. We had parked next to an old brown station wagon when we arrived, and I made my way past it to access the driver’s side door. Kathy was standing at the passenger side door putting her boob back in, when a man appeared through the mist at the front of the vehicle. We locked eyes for a few seconds, and then he disappeared.

“Did you see that?” I asked Kathy.

“See what?” replied Kathy.

“That man in front of the station wagon.”

“Nope, I was trying to get my boob back into my top. Where is he?” she asked, looking around.

“I can’t see him now. He disappeared.”

“Maybe you just imagined him. It’s pretty dark and creepy out here.”

I took another look, but couldn't see anyone. I followed the cemetery road out to the main street where I caught up with Gerald at the lights. I tailed his white Nissan Tida until he pulled into a driveway on South Street, and waited while he put his car in the garage and disappeared inside. The lights in the house went on, and ten minutes later went off again.

"I think he's done for the evening," said Kathy. "I guess there's only so much whacking-off in cemeteries you can do in one night."

"One can only hope. It's the last time I want to see that show," I replied.

I drove Kathy and her boobs back to her unit and then made my way home.

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I live in my Aunt Elizabeth's house in the historical suburb of Battery Point in the island state of Tasmania. Tasmania is the most Southern state in Australia, which is the most southern country on the planet. It was colonised by the British in the 1800s, and used for the initial purpose of being an off-shore penitentiary. It was later settled by farmers, bureaucrats and want-to-be gentry. Land grants were given as an incentive to settle in Tasmania. My great aunt and uncle had been given one of these land grants. Their son, Uncle Ernie, went to the great battlefield in the sky after he was run over by a tank in World War II. Having no other children, his parents left their estate to his wife, my Aunt Elizabeth.

Aunt Elizabeth raised me from the age of thirteen when I became an orphan. My father was murdered by a mob enforcer. A biker called Asshole. My mother drove off the Derwent Bridge through a gaping hole left by a drunken sea captain.

Aunt Elizabeth recently relocated to the Bellerive Bay Twilight Years Assisted Care Residence following a spate of dementia-related escapades where she abused Range Rovers

and tried to find Uncle Ernie to give him a clean pair of underpants just in case he was hit by a bus.

Being the sole heir of my aunt's estate, and having power of attorney in the event of her mental incompetency, I was left with the task of maintaining the Battery Point property. A war pension was enough to pay my aunt's accommodation but fell short of the amount required to cover other expenses, so I was forced to rent out two rooms in the main house and the converted servants quarters on the grounds.

I have three tenants. A disgruntled police detective, Cindy, who hates all men after her husband left with everything; including her three beloved Harley Davidson motor bikes. And two fellow law students, Nathan and Rod, who spend more time drinking and picking up women than they do studying.

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I parked my car on the street and made my way to the front door. Rod's stalker, Clare, a deluded, emotionally confused, but friendly person, was sitting in her usual spot in her car outside the house reading a book. She looked up and waved. I smiled back and returned her greeting. Clare was a dedicated stalker. She had been stalking Rod now for more than six months. It was possibly the longest relationship he'd had with a woman.

I unlocked the front door and walked down the hallway to our communal living area. Cindy was sitting on a club lounge in her gym gear. She had her feet up on the coffee table and was making short work of a bottle of Cascade beer.

"Hard day?"

"I've had better," she said, taking another drink.

"Problems with your new partner?"

"No, problems with a dead body. Jet's been called back to work on the case."

Jet Damon, also a police officer, is Cindy's partner. Our relationship started in primary school where he chased me into the girl's toilets and punched me in the arm. Jet ruined

my graduation night at Saint Marie's Catholic College for girls. He appeared unannounced and uninvited, beat up my date, and kissed me in the Holy Virgin Mary's Rose Garden of Contemplation. The nuns still cross themselves when they see me. After finishing school, Jet went to mainland Australia and joined a biker gang called the Hell Cats, before joining the police force. Jet reappeared in my life about nine months ago when our paths crossed on a case. He was recently sent to Melbourne to complete a course in criminal psychology and our contact has been limited to a few phone calls.

"It must be serious if there're bringing Jet back," I said.

"It doesn't get much more serious," replied Cindy.

We heard a noise in the yard, and then Cindy's dog, Chomper, started barking. Rod appeared at the glass patio door next to a young, giggling, blond girl with big boobs and a short skirt. The girl went in search of the Little Girl's Room, and Rod grabbed some beers from the fridge.

"Is Clare out the front?"

"Yep, she's catching up on her reading," I answered.

"Reading?" Rod replied. "How can she stalk me properly if she's reading? I think I at least deserve her full attention. She's been stalking me for too long and is just beginning to get complacent."

"Maybe you should get a new stalker," I suggested.

"Maybe you should get a new brain," said Cindy, momentarily glancing up from her beer.

"Hey, I'm not the stalker," replied Rod, disappearing down the hallway with the blond.

"He's right," said Nathan as he walked into the living room. "He's not the stalker."

"The valued opinion of another social degenerate," commented Cindy.

"I'm glad you regard my opinion as valuable," replied Nathan.

Nathan spotted my camera on the coffee table, picked it up, and turned it on. "Been making home movies?"

Nathan, Cindy, and I watched the camera pan in and out on Kathy's boobs as she walked to the cemetery gate. The scene then went to Gerald Mason working on his gear like he was on a sinking ship.

"And you call me a social degenerate," Nathan said to Cindy, giving her a look at the show.

"Mmm," said Cindy. "It's a good thing Jet's coming back."

We all watched in horrified astonishment as Gerald worked himself up to a frenzied finale at the foot of Jackie Long's grave; accompanied by the acoustic jangling of the coinage in his pocket. Even though I'd filmed the original event, this was the first time I'd seen it in its entirety. In life you really don't need to see some things and this was definitely one of them.

"Wow," said Nathan. "That was some serious self-loving!"

"In public, that type of self-loving is known as indecent exposure," said Cindy, looking squarely at me.

"Hey, don't look at me. I was just doing my job," and I explained why I was following and filming Gerald Mason.

"Well, at least he's not having an affair," said Nathan.

"Yeah, I bet his wife is going to be relieved when she finds out that her husband is just going out to the cemetery, and whacking-off over the grave of a dead ex-girl-friend," said Cindy.

"I guess there's no way we can make this sound okay, is there?" I asked.

"Sure there is," said Nathan. "Tell her Gerald is not having an affair."

"And leave out the bit about him being a sick, perverted, public exhibitionist."

"Now you've got the idea," said Nathan.

"All men are sick and perverted," muttered Cindy. "So why aren't you out trawling the bars?" Cindy asked Nathan.

"Tonight the Love God is in," said Nathan.

"More like in-sane, perverted, and emotionally challenged," said Cindy.

“So, I’m not perfect,” said Nathan. “But as of tomorrow morning, I will be employed.”

Cindy and I looked at each other and groaned. Nathan had a serious problem with employment. In the past he had caused a terrorist alert by leaving his brief case in a toilet cubicle. Set fire to the prime minister’s table with a flaming pudding while working as a waiter. Verbally abused and assaulted young children while dressed as a chicken. Driven a tractor through a shed wall while on his mobile phone.

“You may groan,” said Nathan, “but tomorrow morning I will be up early making a valuable contribution to society.

“Damn,” said Cindy. “I haven’t got time for another call out tomorrow.”

“I’m even planning on getting to work early, surprising my new boss, and setting an example for my fellow workers,” said Nathan.

“Looks like I’ll have an early start then,” said Cindy, getting off the couch and retiring to her bedroom.

I said good night to the Love God and went up the stairs to my room. My two cats, Tom and Psycho, had already settled for the evening and were asleep on opposite sides of my bed. Tom is a loving good natured cat. A cross between a Bombay Brown and a Rag doll, he is soft and fluffy with large pale green eyes. Psycho is another story. I found him behind a butcher shop as a kitten, and after an encounter with my sister’s two children, which I believe involved the clothes dryer, Psycho developed a bad attitude and a hatred for the laundry. Tom purred when I approached my bed, while Psycho shot me a brief look of contempt, before spreading himself across the majority of the mattress and putting his head back down. I slid in next to Tom and avoided disturbing Psycho. I’d seen his work.



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