

Day 45

## Chicago, Illinois

I had finally met up with Marty in Chicago.

After he had stopped drooling over the Mist Mobile - I really needed to change that fucking name - he showed me where he had seen the Ducati being recovered by the Police. I soon found myself standing, almost exactly, where the Ducati had been found on East 78th Street, on Chicago's South Side. There were quite a few apartment blocks nearby; could Mindy have had an apartment in one of them? Possibly, but we had nowhere else to start.

I gave Marty a photo of Mindy and he started checking out apartments while I drove around the area, in the slim hope that I might see my Mindy. I really was grasping at any straw I could get my hands on. Four days had passed since the Ducati had been seized; was Mindy even still in Chicago? Would I even recognise her? Marcus would let me know if she was picked up by the Police; an altogether bad outcome. Every time I saw a petite girl with blonde hair, I slowed to check. None of them was Mindy - I needed to be careful, though, or I'd get myself arrested for kerb-crawling. Chicago was a fascinating city, but also being a city, it was very large. Mindy could be anywhere - if she was still in Chicago at all. Finally, I took Marty back to his folks, at around six in the evening, and then went back to my motel. We had agreed that I would pick Marty up in the morning and we would continue working through the apartment blocks on East 78th Street.

I spent the evening thinking about Mindy. I also considered how much I missed her and I was determined to find her. The drive to Chicago had seemed to take forever, but I had had to keep to the speed limits as much as possible to avoid attracting any Police attention to the Mustang - which attracted enough attention as it was. Before I went to bed, I contacted Marcus to say that I had arrived safely and that so far, I had nothing. Marcus commented that, in this case, no news was also good news.

I went to bed feeling very down that night.

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I was *really* miserable.

The room I was using stank and I mean, *it really stank*. I'd not even seen any cockroaches but that might have only been because cockroaches had better taste, I thought sourly. It was however cheap and slightly off the grid and at that point, I needed anonymity.

Thanks to the room, *I stank*. I needed to get some different clothes; I'd worn my current clothing for over *four* days. I had a total of \$163 in my pocket: a big come down from \$3million in a suitcase! I had even managed to lose my fucking purse; it must have fallen out during the attack or soon after. I had never thought to check at the

time which was so stupid. At that moment, though, I thought about calling Dave again but I decided against it; it would only drag him into the shitty situation that I had found myself in.

I had really fucked up, this time - no question about it. As I looked back, I wasn't really sure *why* I was even going out on the Ducati. I had just wanted to get out for a bit, maybe; it was early on, on that morning, and I would not easily have been noticed. I definitely had *not* expected some fucking cunt to try and take the fucking Ducati off me. He had made a mistake, a *big* mistake: he had pulled a knife and I had then made an even *bigger* mistake as my training had taken over. Within seconds, the guy was dead on the floor with his own fucking knife embedded under his sternum. My hands were covered in blood; the knife must have ruptured his heart and then I must have panicked.

Why the fuck did I panic? I was better than that! I ran. I didn't stop to think. I didn't stop to grab my gear. I just ran. Stupid, so stupid! I was so *fucking* stupid. I had a Balisong in my pocket and that was it - no other weapons. I'd had less, though; Daddy had taught me well. Nonetheless, I was going to need every skill that I possessed to survive; I had no idea if the Police were hunting for me . . . yet.

Should I leave the city, or should I use the city to hide? So many questions with so few answers.

I went to bed feeling very down that night.

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*Updated: September 2017*