

Het volgende fragment is het begin van hoofdstuk 9 van het boek Dead Man's Time, over een politieagent in Brighton, geschreven door Peter James (2013)

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Whenever Roy Grace left his front door he was always on guard. After over twenty years as a cop, looking around for anything unusual or out of place had long become second nature. It used to irritate his former wife, Sandy. One time, during his early days as a Detective Constable, he'd
5 spotted a man slipping a handbag off the back of a chair in a crowded pub, and chased him a mile on foot. It had been the end of their evening, as he'd had to spend the next four hours booking the thief into custody and filling out forms.

Often when he and Sandy were out for a meal, she would notice his eyes
10 roving and kick him sharply under the restaurant table, hissing, '*Stoppit, Grace!*'

But he couldn't help it. In any public place, he couldn't relax unless he knew he was somewhere where there were no obvious villains, and no immediate signs of anything about to kick off. Sandy used to joke that
15 while other women had to be wary of their men ogling other women, she had to put up with him ogling Brighton's pond life.

But there was one thing he never told her, because he didn't want to worry her: he knew, like all police officers, there was always the danger of retribution by an aggrieved villain. Most *crims* accepted getting arrested –
20 some saw it as part of the game; some shrugged at the inevitability; some just gave up the ghost from the moment the handcuffs were snapped in place. But there were a few who harboured grudges.

Part of the reason judges traditionally wore wigs was to disguise themselves, so they would not be recognised later by those they had sent
25 down. The police had never had such 35. But even if they had, to someone who was determined enough, there were plenty of other ways to track them down.