

Closin' down da sector

A crime story.

Valentin Bura



“I’m afraid I am the big dick here today” said constable Little to the paramedics.

“The area is to be secured properly, and it’s only our guys who are allowed on the perimeter as of now” he added.

Il Bordello was a well-established business in Wellington. It was there, on that place off Cuba Street, for at least twenty years. And they did

provide good service, too. Only the finest girls in attendance.

Yet that evening something weird happened: a Maori gang broke in there and thrashed the place and then they set the premises on fire... some of the security guys got hurt, hence the need for paramedics.

“There is nobody coming in unless I’m approving it” insisted constable Little.

“Sir, John Campbell from TV One is right outside and he’d like a word with you.”

“Yeah okay” said the constable.

“Dear constable Little, there’s rumours going on outside the premises. People say this was a venue for sex slavery... Sex slavery? In New Zealand? This cannot be correct, right?”

“Yes” said the constable. “This is incorrect.”

“And how should I report this?” asked Campbell.

“Well, just do your job properly, for Heaven’s sake, and report it as it was: some thugs broke in and thrashed the place.”

“Alright, I’ll do just that” said Campbell.

“Fine. See you at the Lodge” said the constable.

“See you” added Campbell.

“What are we to do with the girls?” asked a paramedic.

“Straight to Te Whare O Matairangi” said the constable. “Our guys should be on stand-by over there.”

“All of them? There’s at least fifteen” the paramedic seemed disturbed by that solution.

“Yes, you heard me right” said the constable.

“Yes, all of them. I think the ward does have that capacity.”

“That’s a lot of paper work, sir” said the paramedic. “Perhaps just let them go?”

“Let them go? Are you nuts, mate?”

“What do you mean?” inquired the paramedic.

“This is explosive material right here, mate... how on earth do you think we can let them go?”

“Aha” said the paramedic. “Alright, let me see what I am able to do. There will be an enormous

amount of paperwork for this, though” he concluded.

“Well you do your job, brother, and do it properly. To the dot” added the constable.

Constable Little was the irascible type. He did not tolerate polemics, he was not a fan of debating, and quite bossy, all of the time. It was not that the situation at hand was an emergency, which in fact it was. That was him, all of the time. Extremely bossy and irascible.

“All of the girls are in a state of terrible panic, sir” said the paramedic when he returned.

“Well, that’s what I’m saying, right?”

“What exactly are you saying, sir?” asked the paramedic.

“I am saying they belong in a mental health ward.”

“Really? Is that what you’re really saying here?”

“That is precisely what I am saying, brother” said constable Little.

“I’ve shipped the girls” said the paramedic in about fifteen minutes.

“Well done brother. I’m commending you for this. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to interrogate the perpetrators” concluded the constable.

The TV reported that evening that a gang broke into a Wellington bar and set it on fire. Not one word about the nature of the business. It wasn’t mentioned that the bar in question was actually

a brothel. Not a single mention about sex slavery happening in New Zealand in this day and age.

“Campbell did an excellent job” said the constable. “We’re doing good boys, let us wrap things up” he then addressed the paramedics...

“I need to be back in Auckland tonight, and report to Steve, the commissioner. So let’s wrap things up as fast as we can, guys. Come on guys, we don’t have the entire evening for this.”

“So what brought you and your guys in here, mate?” asked the constable...

“Brother,” said the gang member, “the guys and myself just thought it would’ve been a fun thing to do. Just a bunch of kids playing stupid games, brother...”

“Really?” inquired the constable. “A journalist said earlier there’s rumours going on about sex slavery in the realm of New Zealand.”

“I haven’t heard anything like that, brother” said the gang member.

“Yes, really now. I can’t find a motive for this action of yours, brother” said the constable.

“As I said, brother, just some dumb kids playing stupid games...”

“Alright, brother,” said the constable. “You and your boys are spending a good while at Te Whare O Matairangi...” he concluded.

“That will not be a problem for us, I guarantee that, brother,” said the gang member.

“Alright, brethren” said the constable to the paramedics, “we’re all done here.”

“Perimeter secured, cleaned and order restored. I must return to Auckland now. A pleasure working with you gentlemen. Our collaboration was fortuitous in this present instance. I hope to be seeing each of you again” said the constable to the paramedics.

“We thank you for everything, sir. A pleasure working with you, and send our best greetings to your good lady at home, in Auckland” concluded one of the paramedics...

Constable Little went straight to the airport and caught a special flight straight to Auckland.

When he arrived Steve was waiting for him at the section.

“What happened on Cuba Street?” asked Steve.

“A major leak situation, sir” replied Harry.

“Tell me about it” said Steve. “It’s all over the news, Harry. The whole country is talking just about this. This is a very risky situation for us and our Lodges, mate. I hope you can appreciate the gravity of the situation. This is a major leak. How did you deal with it?” he then inquired.

“I have taken all of the necessary steps of precaution. Our guys were all there at their stations. I’ve spoken to the press, too. I’ve done all by the book, sir” said Henry Little.

“Really, Henry? By the book? Then how come the entire country is talking about this, mate?”

“Everything was done by the manual, sir. I personally vouch for that” said Henry.

“Explain to me what you did.”

“We secured the perimeter, cleaned the garbage, got rid of the residuals, and restored the order in the area...”

“Aha. That’s interesting” said Steve. “I almost panicked here, Henry” he added.

“No, sir. All was done according to standard procedure. As I said. You sent there the best there is, and that is myself” added the constable.

“Then what on earth happened. Why is everyone talking about this?”

“I’m not sure on that one” said the constable.

“We done it right on our end...”

“Who was there from the press?”

“John Campbell from TV One, sir.”

“Ah, right. He could not have leaked anything...”

“Yes, I think that too, sir.”

“Then what on earth is going on. If everything would’ve happened smoothly this thing should’ve gone unnoticed.”

“Indeed.”

“N.Z. is not a place for sexual slavery, now is it, constable?”

“Indeed it isn’t,” said the constable.

“Oh well, let’s wait until tomorrow, constable.

Have a good night.”



The End.

