



Character Profiles

These profiles cover the principle actors in **The Prequel**, **Sabine**, and **Silent John** books.

Characters beyond **Silent John** are omitted as they could give away key plotlines.

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● Shark

Detective Chief Inspector Aliisa Tuulikki Ykspetäjä.

Testimonials –

Beefy – *'You're skinny, scruffy, asocial, and a miserable recluse with the fashion sense as a blind sloth... and you talk funny.'*

The Burgerman – *'Is she always so fucking scruffy? I hope she didn't fucking visit the Mollers dressed like that. And how does she fasten her bra with one hand?'*

Emily – ‘See! This is why nobody talks to you, you testy cow! You’re just so... fucking awkward! Why can’t you just accept help like everybody else?’

Bio –

I was born in Salo, Finland, to a caring biological mother and a brutal serial criminal father. I was taken away from my homeland when I was six by my father and his girlfriend. My mother left for another man, allegedly, though I wouldn’t blame her if she did.

I’m asocial, emotionally deplete, self-obsessed, morose, private, sarcastic, anti-theist, lazy, glossophobic, with a superior attitude. But those are my good points. I’m also focused, organized, incisive, methodical and a good detective. Oh, and I look young for my age, not that many would class me as a classic Nordic beauty. I probably wouldn’t win a beauty contest if I was the only contestant. My beauty is inward, my outward features being simple, functional, undemanding, yet distinctive – cascading coal-black hair cropped more-or-less horizontally above my eyebrows and across the small of my back in what is considered Goth style.

I’m not a Goth. Kohl and grey eyeshadow emphasise my eyes, my only cosmetic vices, apart from a layer of matt cerise lippy. The rest is as nature intended – an ironing-board chest and a svelte frame wrapped in deathly pale skin. No jewellery to distract from the vision of chromatic austerity. If I get stares, it’s because I bewitch. Oh, I’m told I have a high opinion of myself. They might be right, but what’s wrong with that?

Thirty-two, 1.65 metres tall in my holed woollen socks. I buy my clothes from charity shops. Fashion is a waste of precious

resources.

A reclusive stone laithe, erected in 1784 on White Moor, beneath The Nab, is where I live. My motto: *Nunquam minus sola, quam cum sola* – never less alone than when alone.

I have no belief, except: *Me synnymme, me elämme, ja kun aika koittaa, me kuolemme* – We are born, we live, and when the time comes, we die.

The family / early days in Bradford –

If my parent's weren't shouting each other down they'd be beating each other with fists, or whatever else came to hand. I got beat. My Father was a drunkard and a bully. My sister got beat. My brother got beat. My substitute non-mother returned home when I was 12. I lost my little brother Onni four years later. At 17, I left home to doss around the derelict mills of Bradford with my one friend. She was killed by her drug dealer for non-payment of a loan. A year later, I was helping out at a butcher's when my right hand was sucked into a sausage machine. The court settlement paid for a return to Finland and my police training. I returned to the UK to join Greater Bradford CID as a Detective Chief Inspector, displacing Sandman as Beefy's "go to" detective and making an enemy for life. I've been here for four years.

Oili Piia, my younger sister by four 6 years, and Onni, my younger brother by six 8 years, were both born in Bradford to my non-mother. Onni died in car accident. Oili doesn't speak to me, blaming me.

The Gang

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• The Burgerman

Detective Chief Superintendent Ronald Blackwater.

A hard-nosed bully with fingers in pies. Obtained the job through special contacts, allegedly.

Beefy – *'A self-aggrandising bastard.'*

Beefy – *'Forty years of bullshit, brown-nosing and politicking. Never set foot on the beat. Never made an arrest. A reputation for having a nose for criminals but never caught anything more than a cold.'*

Officially, never inducted into the Gang, but still given a nickname.

• Beefy

Detective Superintendent Chris Braithwaite.

A colossus of a man possessing hoar grey eyes, greying hair, and size twelve boots, with the stiff, upright stance of a sergeant major. Sharp-cut, black suit, white shirt, black tie, super-shiny leather shoes – the picture of a no-nonsense traditionalist, a man's

man. Achieved his position by working his way up from a beat constable in Bingley. His pride and joy is his large, piano-black office desk, which complements a black leather swivel chair. Retirement is not far away.

Wife, Dotty. Daughter, Anna Chloe, 14.

Member of the Bingley Golf Club.

• Twilight

Detective Sergeant Emily Husher.

29. 1.5m short. A diminutive, well-endowed bundle of pink. Strawberry-blond candyfloss locks billowing around her head like a cumulus cloud. The type to holiday in hot climes and complain the tan spoils her complexion. Sociable, Catholic, jolly, but not well regarded as a detective and considered a bit of a Bimbo within the office. However, she is good at retrieving information from the system. A thorn in Shark's side, her aim being to "humanise" Shark.

Married to Dave, an precision engineering workshop manager. Two goldfish. No kids. Lives in a semi-detached at Chellow Heights, Allerton.

Shark – *'An annoying but a useful gofer. Somebody who enjoys being dominated, whipped, and fucked senseless while being dressed as Little Bo Peep. All unconfirmed, but I can believe it.'*

Shark – *'You have everything a man wants, except legs.'*

Emily – *'Rather no legs than no personality.'*

Shark – *'Rather have a brain.'*

Emily – *'Men don't want brains, they want boobs... like these!'*

Shark – *'I often wonder how you made Sergeant. Did you collect tokens from the back of jam jars?'*

Shark – *'At Junior school, when you were asked: "What would you like to be when you're grown up? Did you answer: "Taller" '*

● Sadman

Detective Chief Inspector David Soloman.

From the Keighley Constabulary. Beefy's top man until he hired Shark. A school report described him as "a hard worker but slow on the uptake". Hostile towards women of authority.

A sister and brother – Janet and Matthew. Apparently, a real bobby dazzler on the dance floor.

Shark – *'Two yards of dripping tap water.'*

Shark – *'Pushy, pedantic, delusional. A dominating, bullying control freak; at odds with his upright, skinny frame, his straight, dirty-blond hair and his wingnut ears.'*

Shark – *'A male whom any intelligent female should avoid at all costs. What little brain power he has he uses to convince himself he's God's gift to women.'*

Shark – *'A twat with first class honours in Twattery.'*

● The Oracle

Detective Chief Inspector Stefan Marian Otto.

One of the sharper knives in the drawer with a good depth of police knowledge, hence his nickname. Confident, a good organiser, well-respected, easy with people, and a good team leader. Unfortunately, he lacks ambition.

Rugby is his game.

• Two-face

Detective Chief Inspector George Hepplewhite.

From Calderdale Constabulary. Seconded to manage the “Noddys”. Army reservist, rank unknown.

• Bates

Detective Inspector Fritz Norman.

One of the younger recruits. Methodical, sociable. Of the gang but not quite one of them (admission pending) .

• Cuddles

Detective Sergeant Ted Cudliffe.

From Keighley Police, A quaker, but unmarried. Late twenties. Opinionated. Starrightlaced. Religious. Doesn't take orders without a fight if he considers them wrong. Famously rebelled against the ban on unhealthy confection in the snack dispenser. The sides of his head are shaved short and the top squared to leave a projecting blond quiff. A Bandholz beard projects a “woodsman” look.

• **Speakup**

Trainee Investigator Constable Jaisal Vaakpati Dey.

26. 1.7m. Very softly spoken – hence his moniker. Dark brown eyes. Slight-built, sandy-haired, mid-twenties Asian-British male. Enjoys designer clothes. Suffers from car sickness. Enrolled for a degree in Psychology at the local university.

• **Stitch**

Detective Inspector Alan Taylor. Stitch, tailor. You can see where his nickname comes from.

• **Muttley**

Detective Sergeant Earon Uttley. The office joker. Garrulous but can be annoying to some (Shark). Another from Keighley Police.

• **Sissy**

Detective Sergeant Donald Silson. Curly red hair and matching beard. Upright, confident. Don't be misled by his nickname!

Others

◉ Mike Stonewall

Outsource SOCO (Scene of Crime Officer)

55. Garrulous, with gallows humour. Someone, apart from Emily, who likes to pick at Shark's protective bubble.

◉ minor characters

Jackie – Mike's senior assistant. 28.

Headley Marham – a drunkard, 33, went to the same school as Shark. The cause of the infamous *Walls of Jericho* incident.

Keeley – painter & decorator and self-proclaimed artist and poet. Lives at Keighley.

Bob – reporter for Ridings TV. Shark's favourite media man.

Victor – barman of Dutch heritage. Wild blond hair and slight lisp. He caught Shark's eye during visit to his parent's pub.

Edgar Unnuk – murderer and murdered drug baron running the Thorpe Edge/Ravenswood estates.

Alan "Whacker" Bell – viscous rival drug baron to Unnuk, known for his "maim-or-talk" kneecapping campaign which he raged against anyone suspected of grassing on him. Recently released from prison having served his term and out for revenge.

Creepy Tom – cat burglar, a repeating offender.

New Staff

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● Guinevere

Detective Chief Superintendent Lance Arthur Preston.

51. 1.85m. Originally from Sheffield & District Police, later The Met. Married to Anna, divorce pending. Three children – Christian, Phoebe and Olivia. Private school educated, confident, polite. His father is a Detective Chief Superintendent at the Manchester Metropolitan Police.

Ruddy faced. Square jawed. Rugged bone structure. A mass of coal-black wild hair. Brown eyes. Dimpled cheeks. Coffee gives him headaches. A curious lexicon

Beefy – ‘a man daring to wear a country jacket, an open-necked check shirt, flannel trousers, Argyle-pattern socks and brown brogues – every inch the depiction of a well-heeled gent with the delusion that it’ll be a jolly jape to be a sleuth. All that’s missing is a deerstalker, a monocle, a twelve-bore shotgun slung over his arm and a pointer ready to claim a brace of pheasants for it’s master. Rather young to have attained the rank of Chief Superintendent..

Shark – ‘quite a hunk.’

● Superdude

Detective Superintendent Catherine Dudek.

38. Wide-rimmed, owl-like spectacles with shoulder-length, platinum blonde hair, thin lips, and cornflower blue eyes. A 70's hip-chick throwback with the image of a typical school teacher/librarian. Born in Leeds. Confident. A team leader. Decisive. A quote for any occasion. A master's degree in Philosophy, her favourite philosopher being Karl Rahne. A former kick-boxing champion, but also into hockey, riding, and hill-trekking. Muisically, Henryk Górecki, Metallica, and ABBA turn her on. Worked as a consultant at Blackpool Constabulary, creating DAAP meetings. Otherwise, she has a reputation of being an uptight Brawn Hilda.

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