

## **Excerpts from 'Even More Lies,' Book 02**

### **Laughter, The Best Medicine**

Whilst seconded to the Crime Intelligence Office, within the Strathclyde Police Headquarters. I was working with two regular 'Crime Intelligence Officers', who were both suffering 'ill health' problems and were placed on 'protective duties', however, both were exceptional at their respective 'Collator / Intelligence' duties, that they were soon assigned permanent positions. One of them, Bob Agnew, had been involved in a motorcycle accident, resulting in him being left with a noticeable 'limp' when he walked. The other officer, Jimmy McNulty, suffered from 'cancer' and was attending hospital for regular sessions of 'chemotherapy' in order to contain it. On one particular day, we were having a tea break and the 'boss' at the time was discussing the possibility of recruiting another permanent member of staff to the Crime Intelligence Department. As I was presently seconded to the office, I immediately volunteered my services and went into my 'Yosser Hughes' impression and said, "Give me the job boss, I can do it, c'mon boss, give me the job"! Quick as a flash, Jimmy, one of the cops suffering from ill health said, "You can't get a job in here unless you have a 'gammy leg' or 'cancer' and I would suggest the latter as it doesn't leave you with a limp"!!

### **A Smashing Service**

Whilst on Police motorcycle duty along with 'Alex Urquart' my partner, we attended a call to assist an Asian motorist, who had locked his car doors with the keys still inside. At that time, we had been issued with 'Jiggler' keys, which were thin pieces of key shaped metal, but, I have to say, I don't know of any Police Officer, who had any success with them and I know from personal experience that they did more damage to the car locks and ignitions than anything else we had used and I would submit that they would have been hard pushed to open a tin of corned beef! However, Alex said to me to remain on my bike and he would try out the 'Jigglers'. He made the initial token effort to open the car door with them, but to no avail. New car .... No use! He was just about to make our excuses and ride off, when he noticed a slight gap in the front passenger door window. As a last resort to assist the motorist, he pulled on his leather motorcycle gloves and proceeded to try and slide the window down enough, in order to get his hand inside. Concentrating all his efforts at this attempt, he slid his hand down the car window repeatedly. I must admit to being quite impressed with the amount of effort Alex was putting into this task to gain entry, as was the Asian car owner and his family, who were all standing around him, pointing, as he worked away like a beaver, sliding his hands, clad in his leather motorcycle gloves, repeatedly down the length of the passenger window. He continued to work away at the window using this method and a short time later, all of his hard work and effort was rewarded, when a small gap, appeared at the top, between the roof of the car and the top of the window. There was barely enough space to insert his fingers into. However, Alex squeezed his leather gloved fingers into the gap and as he did so, he pulled down hard on the window.....Suddenly ..... 'Sssmmaasshh'

The passenger car door window completely shattered under the pressure, scattering broken glass everywhere, inside and out. Unperturbed by this disaster, Alex nonchalantly put his hand inside the broken window, opened the door and turning to the 'stunned', 'shocked' and totally 'gobsmacked' Asian car owner and his family, he confidently announced, "There you go sir, that's the door open for you now"! He then turned around to face me, with a look of horror etched across his face. At that, he then walked over to where I was still seated on my motorcycle, looking on in astonishment and calmly mounted his motorbike. Starting up the engine, he whispered out of the side of his mouth, "Quick, let's G.T.F. before he clocks my shoulder number"! He then rode off along the road, without looking back! Quickly followed by me, I hasten to add!

## Whit's That Smell?

During a 'drugs' raid on a house in Glasgow, the Drug Squad Officers, armed with reliable information, decided, the best way to enter, would be through the front window, due to a sophisticated 'locking' system, fitted to the main door entrance. Although the house was ground floor, the front windows were quite high up, however, the plan was, for the first cop to take up a position, directly underneath the lounge window. Other Officers would create a diversion by hitting the side door entrance, thereby, drawing the attention of those within the house (Damn clever stuff!). The first cop, would then 'smash' the front lounge window, before adopting a position, where a second cop would run at him and he would assist the second cop, by giving him a 'punty' lift up and through the open window ...

One slight problem! A big bloody vicious 'Rottweiler' dog guarding the front lounge! Undeterred, the second cop decides, 'let's just go for it!' Now I must point out, when one is involved in this type of 'Raid', your 'Adrenaline' is running high as a Kite! You are 'Pumping'! 'Smash'! Open window, that handy, first cop takes up his position directly underneath. Second cop starts his run and getting a 'punty' lift up, he jumps straight through the broken window. The 'big Rottweiler guard dog', got such a 'fright', that it's 'bomb doors' opened and it physically 'shit' itself. At which point, the cop, pumping with adrenaline, grabbed hold of it by the 'arse' and 'neck', picked it up and promptly threw it right out the broken window that he had entered through. As he did, 'piss' and 'shit' are flowing freely from the dog's rear end, like 'muddy' water from a burst pipe!

'Splatt'!! It 'dumps' all over the first cop, still in his position, situated directly under the front window....'Splatt'!! It splashes all over the foot path immediately in front of him and 'Splatt'!! On touching the surface of the ground, the big dog was off, up the road quicker, than a safe 'bet' at the 'Shawfield 'dog' Racing'! However, while the 'dog' was on it's way out of the window, a third officer had already started his charge towards it. 'Splatt'!! He stood on the dog shit 'dumped' on the footpath! 'Splatt'!! He stood on the first cop's hands, who was giving him the 'punty' lift up! 'Splatt'!! He then stood on his shoulder, which already has 'doggy pooh' deposited all over it! This continued, happening to the first cop, who was totally unaware of what was being 'spread' all over him, or where the 'obnoxious foul' stench was emanating from, That is.....Until after his 'Adrenaline' began to slow down and the 'Drug Raid' was over and all house occupants arrested. That was when his colleagues politely pointed it out to him!.... He was then asked to sit in the rear of the Police van....Along with the accused! 'Phew'!!

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