

## Excerpts from 'Nuthin' Like The Truth,' Book 03

### The Patient's Armless

Early one morning, prior to going off duty after a long and arduous twelve hour nightshift, Barry Potts (nicknamed 'Bam' Potts) and I, along with the rest of our colleagues were congregated within the Police Garage, when a call came over the radio regarding a train having crashed at Polmadie, in Glasgow. Everyone present jumped back into their Squad cars and headed for the location to give assistance. On our arrival, there were sirens wailing and klaxons blaring as all the Emergency Units of Police, Fire and Ambulance descended upon the crash area as one. A quick assessment of the devastation caused, revealed that the traction engine and several of the carriages had been derailed and overturned, with the train driver trapped under the over-turned traction engine.

The Fire Service personnel worked away, in an effort to free the trapped driver, and using their portable Hydraulic Jack equipment, they made several attempts to lift the engine off his trapped arm, but to no avail. Eventually, the Royal Infirmary Surgical Squad, or as some of the services cruelly 'dubbed' them, the Royal 'Butchers Department' arrived to take over the situation. With post dramatic shock, coupled with an excessive amount of blood loss, the decision was taken by the senior member of the Surgical 'Butchers' Squad, to amputate the driver's 'trapped' arm, in order to free him and have him conveyed by Ambulance and Police escort, to the nearest Accident and Emergency Hospital. For our part, Bam and I were detailed to provide the high speed Police escort, through the busy populated Glasgow streets.

The Royal Surgical Squad crawled under the engine and performed their amputation, thereby freeing the trapped driver. We then carried out the next part of the emergency proceedings, arriving at our destination in practically no time at all. As we were about to drive off, a young nurse came running out of the entrance, frantically waving her arms at us, in an obvious attempt to attract our attention. We immediately pulled up and stopped, as she ran over to us. "His arm"! She screamed. "Where is his arm"? Bam and I both looked at each other slightly puzzled.

"We assumed it was in the ambulance alongside him"! I replied. "Well it's not there and the Surgeon requires it here immediately in order to try and save it. So will you please go back to the scene of the accident and get it". She asked. In layman's terms, the Emergency team and their patient were completely 'armless'! As quick as we had arrived at the Hospital, we had returned to the scene of the train crash in less than no time, to collect 'our' 'missing' arm. Having radioed ahead about our dilemma, a Rail worker was waiting for us and came running over to our car with the arm wrapped in a towel. "Excuse me sir, but wid ye just like tae check the fingers on this arm and confirm there is two gold rings and a tattoo of a Highland bagpiper"? He then opened the towel to expose the Train Driver's full arm, which was saturated with his blood. I couldn't believe what I had just heard, so I asked him, "What did you just say there"? He then repeated, "I want you to check out his hand, because I need a signature from you that I gave you an arm with two gold rings and a tattoo on it. It's just tae keep me right wi' my gaffers in case they had to go missing"! He explained.

Bam looked at him and said, "Are you fucken stupid? Who the fuck is going tae steal an amputated arm, with a tattoo of a Highland Bagpiper and two rings on it, ya bammy bastard"? "Well ye never know! He replied in all seriousness. I'm just covering my back and keeping mysel' right". "Well I'm not signing anything". Said Bam rather indignantly. "Fine"! Said the Rail worker. "Then I'm not giving you his fucken, arm"? At this point, I had to intervene to calm things down. "Woah, there mate"! I said. "Put that arm in the back seat of the police car and don't be so stupid"! "No way, not without a signature in my book"! He replied. Bam interrupted, "How about I give ye a signature wi' my police baton across yer stupid heid, ya thick bastard"? "Right, that's it, I'm going tae see my gaffer about you swearing and threatening me". At that, he walked away. I quickly got out of the Police car. "Wait a minute mate. Let's get a reality check here. There's a colleague of yours lying in the Operating

Theatre of the Hospital down the road, with a team of Surgeons standing 'round him, waiting on us arriving back with an arm, in order to try and sew it back on, now unless you've got something better to do with his arm, like maybe a triple arm wrestling competition, I suggest ye give it to me and let me get on with my job of 'hand' delivering it"! He then thought for a moment, before handing me the arm. As I took possession of it, he then said, "Mind and check the rings and tattoo are there". Before adding, "I just hope this left arm is the right one"? There was no answer to that last remark, apart from the fact he had just confirmed to both of us, he was definitely a 'thick bastard"! As I placed the arm on the rear passenger seat, he shouted over, "I hope it doesn't fall off that seat"! To which I responded, "Don't be silly! It's holding onto the door handle".

Armed with our important despatch, we delivered it safely to its destination with tattoo and rings still intact and the Surgeons were able to perform a successful operation to save it. Although Bam reckons they sewed his arm on back to front and he now gives you the 'thumbs up' and 'thumbs down' at the same time!

You're a sick man Potsy!

### **Plastic Surgery**

Georgina Hill was an enormous woman, who ate for Britain. She would visit me regularly at the Police office and talk non stop about her favourite pastime ..... 'Eating'! Georgina never got offered 'seconds' when dining, because she usually ate for hours anyway! However, her constant obesity was beginning to cause her considerable health problems and was becoming a serious worry to her family. As luck would have it, they struck out and won several thousands of pounds on a lottery ticket. The usual booking of sunshine holidays and cars etc, were the normal, but the family also decided to contact a Specialist Cosmetic Surgeon and arrange a private consultation with him and 'Georgina', about a possible 'Tummy Tuck' operation.

Having been encouraged by her family, that this was the way to go, Georgina agreed to have the Surgeon operate and make her a new woman! It was after successfully going under the knife that I learned that Georgina received three 'Get Well Cards'! 'One, was from her beloved husband Wullie'! One was from the Cosmetic Surgeon who performed her successful operation, and the other one was from Brian in the 'Burns Unit' thanking her for his new 'ears' and the complete rebuild of his 'arse'!

### **What's He Like?**

Whilst walking through a busy Shopping Mall one day, a young boy came running over to me with tears in his eyes and said; "I've lost my daddy, I've lost my daddy"! After I had managed to calm the boy down, I asked him; "What's yer daddy like son"? The young boy thought for a moment then said, horse racing and drinking whisky!

A reply that describes an awful lot of daddies in Glesca!

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