

Excerpts from 'Ye're Never Gonnae Believe It,' Book 04

Professional Mourner

This may sound unbelievable, but after you have retired from the Police and you've caught up with a lot of the things that you dreamed of doing, 'one day when you had more time'. You suddenly and for no apparent reason, begin to take an interest in the Obituaries section of the Police Magazines. Firstly to see who you know from the list of names of ex-cops that have unfortunately, 'popped their clogs' and secondly and more importantly, to check your own name isn't on the list. Then, totally out of the blue, I get a call from an ex-colleague, with a bloody invite! "Hi Harry, it's Donnie Henderson here, how's it hanging pal"?

And before I can answer, he nonchalantly slips it in, "D'you fancy goin' along tae a funeral on Thursday? It'll be a right good yin. A big 'turn up' is expected, without a single vegetable in sight". He said it in the same way that you would expect him to ask, Hi Harry, d'you fancy going tae the Ten Pin Bowling?Or, D'you fancy going for a game of snooker and a few beers? "What are you all about Donnie? Inviting me tae a funeral, huv ye been drinking, or are ye just aff yer heid"? I replied angrily, before asking. "Who is it that's getting buried anyway"? There was a moment's pause, as he replied sarcastically, "The deceased ya daft bugger, who dae ye think"? "Well, I had already worked that out. So who was he"?" Tam Spencer!

Apparently he was the van driver over at Hamilton". He replied. "What was the cause of his death"? I asked, showing some concern for a fallen colleague. "What! All of a sudden you're fucken 'Quincy ME'? How the fuck wid I know, I just read it in the paper, but he died of something, or they widnay be burying him"! I thought for a moment then said, "I don't think I know him". "Well ye don't need to worry about it Harry, 'cause yer no' gonny be introduced, he's deid"! He then paused for a moment before continuing. "Look! There's gonnae be a big turn out at this, so we wear the funeral camouflage gear of black suit, white shirt and polis black tie, a wee poke in the eyes with yer finger to make them water and we're are in the Funeral 'Party' mood".

"You're a totally shameless and heartless man Donnie". I said, but my remark went right over his head. "Listen tae this! 'The family are putting oan a 'Free Bar' in the 'Black Bull' after it, all relatives and friends, that's us, are invited to join them', you'll no' need tae spend a penny"! "Imagine it, a Free Bar"! "D'you honestly think I would stoop that low for a free drink"? I said in utter disgust at this suggestion. Donnie totally ignored my protestations and continued, "And! Wait for it, to help soak up the drink. A sit down meal of Home Made Steak Pie, Totties and Gravy"! "A sit down meal of Steak Pie, Totties and Gravy"? I repeated. "And a Free Bar"! Donnie reminded me. "So what time did you say we had to be there"? I asked. "Good man Harry boy, I'll pick you up at 11:00 am, so let's synchronise our watches". He said excitedly. "It'll be like a big party, without the host being present"!

Next day, Donnie picked me up as arranged and off we went to Daldowie Cemetery. When we arrived, there were already quite a few mourners waiting, so we mingled amongst them. During the service, which went as well as a funeral service can, Donnie really got right into character for the part and at one point was sobbing uncontrollably. So much so, that several people on either side of us, handed him paper tissues. As for me, I wanted a bag to be sick in just watching him. As we left the cemetery and got into Donnie's car to follow the family to the 'Black Bull', Donnie said, "What about my Bafta' performance in the church? Was I good or what"? I was speechless, but I must admit, he was bloody good! Definitely worth a nomination that' for sure! To crown it all off, the family had hired the services of an 'off duty' member of the Police Pipe Band to play a 'lament' at the grave side, which was a nice touch.

Unfortunately, being a typical Pipe Band member, he could drink like a fish and even more so, when he found out it was 'free'. When asked to play the funeral 'lament' once more for the family members, he was that pissed, he couldn't remember how it started, so he just played another old 'Scottish' funeral favourite, 'Will ye no' come back again'! Not exactly his best choice for an 'off the cuff' tune. As a result, he was extremely lucky not to be wearing his 'bagpipes', 'round his neck, when asked to leave! So! Who knows? We might bump into each other at the next one.

First Class Examination

During another shift drinking session, one of the female officers was relating an unusual story, about an incident, when she had to undergo an examination with a Gynaecologist. Having showered and shampooed all her relevant bits and put on some nice new 'Marks and Spencer' underwear, she made her way to the hospital for her appointment. As she sat nervously in the waiting room, fidgeting away, the urge came over her to go to the toilet. She got up from her seat and hurriedly made her way to the toilet. After she finished, she reached over for some toilet paper, but to her utter dismay, the 'holder' was empty. Panicking, she quickly searched through her handbag, frantically rummaging about the bottom for anything. Fortunately, she found bits of old paper tissues and using them to wipe her 'privates', she returned to the waiting room, just in time to be summoned into the examination room, by the nurse.

Once inside, she removed her clothing and put on a hospital gown, after which, she was instructed to lie up on the surgical table and place her legs in the 'stirrups', thereby spreading them. Whilst lying there in this uncompromising position, the Doctor moved in, wearing his 'miners' light on his forehead, to examine her. Moments later, he removed something from her 'privates' and looking up at the slightly embarrassed police woman, he handed her a '1ST Class Royal Mail Postage Stamp' and said, "I think this would look better, attached to an envelope"!

Sex and Marriage

One day while sitting having my refreshment break with a young probationer cop, we were discussing sex and marriage. "I never even slept with my wife before I married her. What about you Harry"? He asked me. I thought for a moment, then said, "I'm not really sure son! What was her maiden name"?

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