

## **Constable Oliver**

Inspector Moxham.

The Guvnor.

Guv.

He arrived at New Forest Central nick about three years ago from the Met. He'd been busted down from DCI and shipped down from London to us. Officially, it was for 'lack of supervision,' whatever that means. Some say that he got up the noses of someone high up and this was payback. Others say he was bent and he got caught taking a back hander but I don't believe that. Not the Guv. I mean, he might bend the rules a bit but take a kickback from a scumbag? Nah.

I was in uniform when he arrived and he was looking for a bag man. No-one volunteered - who wants to work for a bent copper? So they started looking for someone to draft in and I drew the short straw .So I was lumbered with him. Although it did get me off the beat and into plain clothes, I thought that was it for me; always going to be the one who worked with that dodgy inspector from London. Something like that follows you around for your whole time in the service.

But then that case came in - the two missing girls. Terrible thing, it was. Two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, the oldest was twelve, the youngest just seven, were taken from their beds in dead of night. Their whole village turned out looking for them

- but it was the GUV that found them. It does things to a copper, that does, finding something like that. It can break even the strongest bloke but the GUV well, how can I describe it? It fired him up in ways I've never seen in a man. He worked day and night ten days straight on that case. He was determined to find the killer of those two babies - and he did. A farm hand called Joe Wateridge was the one that did it. He'd got form had Joe - tried to get a bit too friendly with a woman a few years back and ended it inside for it. I guess this time he chose someone who couldn't fight back, the bastard. They hung him, Wateridge, in the end. I reckon death was too good for him. Better to make live with what they did for every day of their lives...

Anyway, after that, you'd think the management at the station would have treated the GUV like royalty but our Super was having none of it. We call him Flash Gordon, our Super; he thinks it's after the Buster Crabbe serial at the pictures we used to watch as kids but really it's because the mac he wears makes him look like a flasher. He - Flash - hated the GUV from the off; didn't like the idea of having some 'upstart from the met coming down here and telling us how to run things'. That didn't bother him, the GUV, that is. He does things his way and gets results. That's what matters, banging up villains, but banging them up properly, so it's legit. Last thing any copper wants is some scumbag walking free because

some smart Alec brief gets them off because someone's been sloppy with the paperwork or done something stupid. When we caught Wateridge some of the lads wanted to go down to the cells and make sure that he confessed, but the Guv was having none of it. He wanted to make sure that Wateridge got sent down because we had a watertight case not because someone tried cutting corners.

So now I can walk around our nick with my head held high because I'm the bag man for one of the best coppers in our division. We're a team him and me - and we are unstoppable.

Inspector Moxham. The Guv. My Guvnor.