

## **Inspector Moxham**

*Moxham is a washed, up cynical middle age policeman - the antitheses of the Colonel. He saw active service during the war, and he's affected by the experience.*

I've been in the police force for over twenty years, although I did a stretch in the army during the war. I made Sargent Major and in recognition the force promoted me to Inspector when I got demobed. I was a Detective Inspector in the Metropolitan police force. Fenchurch East was my patch, a district that included Mile End, Whitechapel and bits of Stepney - all the tourist spots. They were rough people, hard people but you knew who was who.

There was a couple of young lads that came to my attention, went by the name of Kray. Nasty pair of scroats, both of them. They ran an old snooker hall out on Commercial road, but we all knew they were up to something else. Couldn't make anything stick you, see. They had a clever brief. Seem to be making a bit of a name for themselves these days. It will end badly. Trouble follows lads like them like the smell of dog shit on a shoe.

I could have fitted them up of course. Oh I'm no angel and I know a wrong-un like I said. You see, it's an instinct. I might have had a friendly word in the cells with a villain or two and made them see the error of their ways, but chances are

they were guilty of something even if it wasn't what we actually brought them in for. But I never took a back hander, despite what happened. I was set up - I don't know how or by who I but I was set up. Of course they didn't actually charge me with anything - just demoted me for 'lack of supervision' whatever that was, and packed me off to do some God awful bit of no-where in Hampshire. Nothing to do but to count bloody sheep. I'm not saying this place is dull but it makes bloody Switzerland look interesting. Everyone has a purpose in life. Some people collect stamps and put them in a book, I nick villains and bang up inside but round here - there aren't any, at least not any worth my attention.

You see I feel the same way about criminals as a plumber feels about turds and I tend to have the same solution; get rid of the blockage and flush out the system. Blaggers want to go out and take whatever they want rather than earn it like good honest folk and don't give a dingo's kidneys about hurting anyone that stands in their way. That is until they meet me. I've always been able to handle myself; growing up in East London you learn how to fight because that's what blokes did at the end of the night. It was either that or dancing and I knew where my strengths lay.

These days there's talk about getting inside the mind of criminals and I'm all for it. Just pass me the cricket bat and I'll gladly take a peak. *Grunts*. I can see you're thinking;

that I'm a relic something from a bygone era that should be pensioned off or put in a museum. Well I'll tell you this, as much as my existence disgusts you and your middle class values, you want me out there. You need me out there to protect you from the outside world where the streets are awash with filth, scum and villainy. I don't do this for love, I sure as hell don't do this for the money I do it because in life there are good people and there are scumbags. So who's going to protect one from the other? You? You? I thought not.

So, while you abhor my attitude and you despise my methods, there's a place deep down inside all of you which you don't talk about in polite conversation that knows that the only reason why you're not afraid to leave your big posh safe houses is because I am there like the lone bloody ranger keeping the streets clean. Oh you can ignore me you can condemn me, you bury me in red tape but I will never forsake you. I and those like me made an oath to uphold the law and that is what we do. We are the police. We are the law. We are the ones that keep you from danger and we, we will never stop!