

Cop humour

There's nothing quite like murder to bring a jolly evening to a halt.

A serious situation requires sober people and looking around I realised I had my work cut out. The women were already beginning to tremble and several had the glassy eyed stare of the drunk and deranged indicating hysteria wasn't far away.

The men were slowly forming into two distinct groups based on body language alone. Dinner jackets were being put back on, trousers being hitched, bow ties tweaked. Their macho posturing in tuxedos had a slight nod to James Bond. The other group of men, young waiters and bar staff and a few older gentlemen were all beginning to look both puzzled as the lights came on and worried that somehow the premature end of the evening was their fault.

Morag had found the body and was now sitting in a corner of the room smoking despite the signs. Her fingers trembled. But at least she had stopped screaming.

I was just about to step up to the microphone when George Leonard stopped me.

'I'm the Captain. I'll handle this.'

I held on to his arm and kept my voice low.

'With all due respect George, you've been retired from the force for 30 years. This is a crime scene. I applaud your willingness but being captain of Stanmore Golf Club does not equip you with powers under PACE as well you know'.

He looked crestfallen. I threw him a bone.

'The body is still in the locker room and I've left young Hunter guarding the door but he may have been sick and that will piss off Forensics. Be a good chap and relieve him. Just in case, wear these.' I passed him a pair of cotton gloves used by the waiting staff. Nodding and with a clear mission he left the room.

I grabbed the mic, addressing the clubroom which was looking depressingly sad with the unflattering strip lights fully on. Several deflated balloons and paper streamers hung happily several hours before, now trailed across the floor.

'Thank you for remaining calm during this upsetting event and no, I'm not talking about the dinner.' The humour fell flat as I thought it might but at least I had their attention.

'The police are on their way. We don't know who the victim is as the injuries are too severe to immediately identify them. We also don't know cause of death except there is a lot of blood compatible with a knife wound.'

At this, several people began to look a little green, matched by young Hunter who slide into the room.

'Everybody is now in this room apart from George who's guarding the locker room.' Everyone relaxed a little looking around, confirming their nearest and dearest were present and correct. A little late in my view but still. A young waitress raised her hand.

'The chef has disappeared.'

Just as well I didn't complain about the beef I thought. Cop humour.

