

Stealth

I had half promised that I wouldn't order any music cd's for a month. I say half promised because it was a promise which I only half intended to keep.

I had overheard my boss (Sergeant Frederick Coles) explaining his use of Amazon Lockers to purchase golf equipment without his wife's knowledge. "It's simple, you buy whatever you want, have it delivered to a locker, and no one needs know!"

I googled "Amazon lockers", up popped a detailed video explanation, how simple!

I felt guilty, however the wife was keeping tabs on our spending. She wants an overseas holiday, so has introduced several cutbacks. No treats for the cats, no takeaways, no new clothes and no new music.

When I made this pledge, I hadn't realised that a remastered Beatles album was due for release. I ordered the cd and awaited the "ping" on my telephone 24 hours later. My package was awaiting collection.

The next morning I left home early. "Got to start a bit early today" She wouldn't have thought anything of this scenario. We often have a longer briefing if there has been a major incident in town, or a difficult arrest the night before.

I drove to the Co-Op and found the brightly coloured lockers. I stood looking at the different shapes and sizes wondering which door would open for me.

I carefully typed the combination of numbers and letters into the keypad. A door flew open. As I moved towards it there was another "Click" as a second door opened; not widely like the first, but just enough to see inside. I grabbed the cd sized package from the first locker and put it inside my jacket pocket. I glanced around, no one was paying attention, so I picked up the second package, the size and weight of a heavy book.

I closed both locker doors and headed back to the car, placing the packages in the boot. I headed for the station. Sergeant Coles (normally at work before the rest of us) arrived twenty minutes late. He looked dreadful; Pale and stressed, hands shaking.

"Sarge, are you ok? You don't look well"

"I don't feel it" he replied. "I had an important package being delivered today. I went to pick it up, but the locker was empty." I gasped and quickly swallowed but said nothing. I needed thinking time.

I struggled to concentrate all day, wondering what Coles had lost, what I had "found" and if the two incidents were connected.

Driving home that evening I pulled into a layby. Using my ignition key, I sliced the brown tape on both packets. The first was of course my cd. I tore the packaging into tiny pieces and placed into a rubbish bin.

The larger parcel was wrapped in strong brown paper. The cardboard box within was tightly packed with small self-seal plastic bags containing white powder. Taped inside the box lid was a hand-written note.

Freddy
1kg = £40k
Thank you for your custom