

## DEATH OF A STORE DETECTIVE

Potential thieves gave up the ghost  
on seeing his 'miss-nothing' figure.  
One false move, they knew he'd pounce,  
arrest them with great vigour.

The shopfloor was his own domain.  
The place which made him tick.  
On *his* watch, scarves and cashmere  
coats – impossible to nick.

For Burberry raincoats, silk checked scarves,  
Necklaces, (gold plated,)  
bracelets, watches, handkerchiefs,  
safe havens he created.

For thirty years, he ruled the roost.  
By all shoplifters, feared.  
But feelings of unease crept in  
as forced retirement neared...

He worried how he'd spend his days  
with no more thieves to catch.  
Distracted, fretting over this,  
he came to meet his match.

Three raincoats just went walkies.  
Then, without too much delay,  
a younger man appointed  
to steal his job away.

