

Whilst some may think that the following characters are based on the above stories, any resemblance to them is purely in the mind of the reader.

Extracts from a policeman's note-book
or
The true contemporaneous records of Mr. Ernest the Policeman



Mr. Mayor informed me that it was to be a day of Pomp and Ceremony. Large crowds were expected, and His Worship thought that I would need assistance controlling the people of ToyTown on this special day. As a consequence I called upon the services Special Constable Larry the Lamb to assist me. I was not completely sure how he would react to the crowd as he had once deserted his post to follow Mary Mary to her garden to look at her flowers.



The day started quietly enough as I did my usual patrol down the High Street. As I proceeded in a southerly direction past the Post Office I had occasion to say hello to Dennis the Germanic Dachshund. Dennis was observing, in his familiar way, to goings on outside the Co-operative Store.

Just then Mr. Cuthbert, the Town Clerk, strode imperiously across the street and elbowed his way to the head of the queue. "Give way," he cried, "I am on important municipal business for His Worship the Mayor." The people in the queue were quelled by the sight of this majestic figure dressed in his municipal best, full-bottomed wig and a black gown trimmed in ermine.

Everyone was most impressed to see the august figure of the Town Clerk emerge from the store, carrying in his outstretched hand, a large packet of *chocolate cream puffs*.

I was so surprised to see the Town Clerk act in this way that I nearly lost my decorum and had to arrest myself on the most serious charge, that of being alarmed in public. The reason I acted this way was because of my training. You see I am not just a police constable I am also the Head of the Municipal Protection Squad, a branch of that service that is even superior to that of the Royal Protection Squad. In my capacity as Head of the Municipal Protection Squad I have access to the Mayor's Parlour at all times. During several recent visits I have observed His Worship the Mayor, particularly in the afternoon is to be found, curled up on the Aldermanic Bench with a chocolate cream puff.

You will understand, therefore, my dilemma when I observed the Town Clerk's strange behaviour and my first thought was that he was attempting to 'out' His Worship Public. However, I had to dismiss such thoughts from my mind as the good people of ToyTown were not aware of the Mayor's peculiar habits and deviant behaviour in the privacy of his Parlour.

Whatever the Town Clerk had meant by his flamboyant actions I had no time to investigate as I now found myself on the horns of a dilemma. Anyone who has found themselves on the horns of a dilemma will know it is a most painful position to be in, for no matter which way you turn a horn sticks in you. My first duty was to continue on my beat down the High Street but in that endeavour I could not continue as I had arrested myself. I was faced with no alternative but to return to the station and record my arrest in the appropriate charge book.



When I arrived back at the station I discovered that Larry the Lamb had reported for duty. Larry was sitting in my chair with his feet up on my desk polishing his hooves with my best black-boot polish - Special Municipal Squad only- for the use of. This was a very serious disciplinary matter, and one that had to be reported immediately.

On arriving at the Town Clerk's office I discovered that he was in conference with His Worship the Mayor. When I explained the purpose of my visit, His Worship's first comment was to the effect that I must throw the book at him. This comment I found most confusing as there were several books in the Town Clerk's office and he did not say which one to choose. However, I am pleased to say that the Town Clerk, Mr. Cuthbert, took charge of the situation.

The first thing Mr. Cuthbert did was to ask Larry the Lamb to hand over his keys to the herbage store immediately, if not sooner; this Larry refused to do. Consequently, the Town Clerk suspended Larry, forthwith, on full herbage allowance, for gross misconduct.

This action placed me in a quandary and I did not know that such a thing could exist in Mr. Cuthbert's office. Equally I did not know if I should speak out on behalf of Larry and acquaint the Clerk of the facts of relating to Larry's employment. However, I decided that I should follow police procedures and hear all and say nothing and merely record the facts in my note-book.

Now the Lamb family are all staunchly chapel, with one notable exception, and it was not long until the congregation of the Rev. Ranter, the chapel minister, heard of the plight of Larry the Lamb. As word spread and the people of the chapel took to the streets of ToyTown I was most concerned that there might be a riot.

Fortunately peace and harmony was restored to ToyTown by the direct action of the Rev. Ranter. He called upon his flock to kneel down and pray for their Paschal Lamb. He asked his people to pray for divine intervention on behalf of Larry so that his position could be returned to the status quo and equilibrium restored and he could again roam freely in the verdant pastures surrounding ToyTown.

The people of ToyTown were always tolerant towards the idiosyncrasies of the Lamb family. Larry's Uncle Harry had left the chapel and became a minister in the des-establishment church where he was known as the Rev Harry the Ram. Unfortunately for the Rev. Harry his career came to an abrupt end when the church wardens found him in the Vicars' Glebe with two youthful ewes. His was charged before the ecclesiastic courts with the crime of bigamy and sentenced to be shorn of his new coat and if possible de-frocked. This proved to be an impossible task as he was such a frisky ram that he escaped and he changed his appearance and name and became known as Billy the Goat and sat as a Conservative on the Aldermanic Bench.

Larry's grandfather was known as Baa Baa (the Black Sheep.) Baa Baa and his relative the Lord Chancellor were accused of disposing of vast quantities of stolen wool. Bags of wool had been found every where and even the Boy down the Lane became implicated. However, as the Lord Chancellor was involved, and needed vast quantities of wool for his wool sack in the Upper House no action was ever taken against the pair.



Back in the Mayor's Parlour Mr. Cuthbert was informing His Worship the Mayor of the need to convene an emergency meeting of the Council to consider the matter and ratify the action he had taken over the suspension of Larry the Lamb. The Town Clerk stated that the meeting would have to be held 'in camera.' His Worship was not sure what the Town Clerk had meant

by stating that the meeting would have to be ‘in camera’ and, rather than loose face and ask the Clerk what he meant, he decided to consult Mr Flash, the Fashion Photographer of ToyTown.

Mr. Flash was quite sure what was required, and that was for Mr. Flash to arrange for a number of video cameras to be hidden in the Council Chamber so that the official proceedings of the Council could be recorded in colour and on video tape.

Mr. Flash suggested to His Worship that he might be able to sell the tapes to the BBC as a documentary called ‘Yes Your Worship,’ which could replace the popular series ‘Yes Minister,’ and thus generate income both for himself and the Council. His Worship was most impressed with the idea and agreed to look further into the matter in due course.



An important meeting

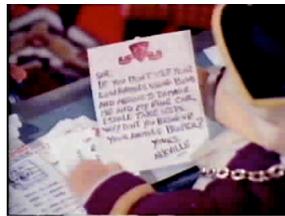
Later that day, after being contacted in person by the Town Clerk the whole Council agreed to meet ‘in camera.’ There was nothing unusual in this procedure since it was the normal practice of the Council to meet in private as they considered their deliberations to be of such a sophisticated nature and importance that they could not be disclosed to the good people of ToyTown at any price.

His Worship the Mayor called the meeting to order, and there were the usual cries of ‘tea with two sugars, coffee with no milk etc.,’ and once His Worship had dealt with these requests he proceeded to start the meeting. At this point the Town Clerk whispered to His Worship that before he could proceed he would have to suspend standing orders. A motion was duly called for and passed, (it is not recorded by who but its result was self-evident) and the Mayor’s Chaplain was asked to give the motion its last rites and to place it in the usual resting place for spent motions in the customary reverential way. This he duly did and the motion was placed in the

municipal china receptacle – patent pending, which had been specially commissioned from WC Flush.

It was at that point the Town Clerk was asked to leave the meeting to find a suitable hanger upon which the standing orders could be suspended for the duration of the meeting. When the Town Clerk returned and the standing orders were ceremoniously suspended, His Worship then asked Mr. Cuthbert to give a short resume of the action he had taken concerning Larry the Lamb.

Now Mr. Cuthbert being a somewhat thwarted thespian and not having many chances to take centre stage, made the most of his opportunity. After giving the main soliloquy from the bards new play, ‘A Right Cock Up,’ and attempting to sing the title song from Gilbert O’Sullivan’s new operetta, ‘The Prince and the Parrot,’ he thought he should return to reading the resume in his left hand.



The resume

At this point Colonel Sweatbread, formerly of the Rocking Horse Cavalry, woke up and demanded to know if the Town Clerk had taken legal advice on his resume. The whole meeting concurred with the Colonel and asked if the Colonel could recommend a suitably qualified legal person, someone well versed in ancient ovine law. The Colonel, some-what shamefaced said he did, a Miss Quill, a young lady whose briefs he had been studying for quite some time. He explained that Miss Quill was formally a Writer to the Signet but had recently been asked to move along the bar to its elevated section and as a consequence was now a Writer to the Swan.

Meanwhile, the supporters of Larry the Lamb were most concerned at the turn of events and thought that Larry would need the urgent support of his union. Consequently they were soon to be found scouring the forest looking for his trade union representative, Miss Muffet. This doyen of union secretaries was known to go to the forest daily to eat her dinner. In due course Miss Muffet was found on her customary tuffet eating her curds and whey.

I have to digress at this point and record various names, some of whom might appear in this narrative and some whom may not. The reason for such a record is simply that all the following have made or continue to made a contribution to the Mr. Ernest's Benevolent Fund, and as such all have asked for their names to be recorded.

They are:-

Miss Daisy Bank, a lady best known for walking the streets (in the company of her pet puddles).

Miss Joe Anna, the pianist at the Dog and Whistle.

WG Grace, the well known sports commentator and DIY enthusiast.

Mrs. Shorthorn, the well respected Crocodile breeder.

Harry Le Vine, the International conker referee.

Willie B Handsome, the star of stage and screen.

Lord de Ville of Frosty Hall, a nobleman of uncertain lineage.

A.N. Other, a person who gives information but not his/her name.

Before Miss Muffet would consider taking on the task of representing Larry in such an important matter she thought she should review that matter with a member of the third estate. As a consequence she sought the counsel of Nell of the Mercury. Nell the doyen journalist always had her ear to the ground like a blood hound and could sniff out a good story.

Nell was an alumina of the University of Trumptonshire. She had graduated with a double-first and her MA thesis on the Art of Espionage and Science of Plagiarism are still accepted as the standard work on these matters. Both John Le Carrie and Ian Fleming relied on her work as the definitive gospel on the black arts. Nell was also a classic scholar in the art Encrypta Egyptology. Her transcription of the following hypocoristic inscription was thought by all to be the definitive work on unravelling mythical writing as well as promoting the legend of Miss Muffet to supreme level.

“Little Miss Muffet  sat on a tuffet, 
Eating her  curds and whey.
There came a big spider, 



Nell, whilst at University, had been appointed the European correspondent of the KGB as well as the Soviet correspondent of the CIA. Her position in MI5 was thought to be most seductive and could not be equalled even in the Indian specialist service known as the Karma Sutra.

Miss Muffet, with the tacit support of Nell of the Mercury, considered that she would be invincible against the combined might of Mr. Cuthbert and Miss Quill, and thus was battle was commenced between the protagonists in this great narrative.

Meanwhile back at the station I discovered that Larry the Lamb had gone. I was told he had been seen skipping down the High Street with his friend Dennis the Germanic Dachshund showing off his newly polished hooves. I was not unduly worried as I was confident I knew where he would end up.



Back in the Council Chamber polemics were flying and controversy was raining down to such an extent that the members of the Council had to raise their umbrellas to protect themselves. The ebb and flow of the deliberations matched that of the tide, and it was not long before His Worship the Mayor felt completely at sea. His Worship felt he had to call for an immediate adjournment of the debate for two reasons; firstly because he was not wearing a lifejacket and secondly before he succumbed to a bout of mal de mer, a malady he frequently suffered from when he was confused and all at sea.

Upon leaving the Town Hall His Worship whispered to me that he needed to calm down and asked if I would join him down at the Municipal Golf Links. He always considered that by walking a few holes on the Links it had a most

soothing effect on his nerves and was balm to his sole, but sometimes hard on his feet particularly if it was wet as he had a hole in the sole of his boot.



As we neared the third hole I knew where we would find Larry and his friend Dennis. You see the third hole is situated near the edge of the forest where there is a small clearing. From my studies, as a trained Police Mycologist, I know that it was in this area that you could find the largest collection of psilocybe semilanceata anywhere in ToyTown. As part of my Constabulary training I have had to experience, from time to time, the psychedelic effects of these psilocybins and that it was through me that Larry became aware of this site.

Fortunately His Worship did not become aware of Larry and Dennis and their predilection for these cryotogamous plants that are without chlorophyll and feed on organic matter otherwise he might have asked to join them, and at present, I had no wish to share the secrets of this exclusive fungus site with anyone other than Larry and Dennis.

His Worship soon tired of his walk on the Links and returned to the privacy of his Parlour where he could indulge in his passion by curling up on the Aldermanic Bench and have a chocolate cream puff.

Meanwhile Miss Muffet realised that she would have difficulties with Larry the Lamb. Her main problem, she thought, would be to persuade Larry to take the matter seriously. It was an open secret that Larry and his friend Dennis were constantly into all sort of innocent mischief around the town causing acute mortification to His Worship the Mayor. His Worship had recently lost many things including his sense of humour, (he had previously lost his common sense and sense of direction) and was most concerned as he did not know where he could find it. He had been told to leave it alone and it would come home have been found by a lamb bring its tail behind it. As a consequence Larry was having a hard time at the hands of His Worship and

could not understand the reason for this nor could he explain why the Mayor was always looking at his tail.

Back at the Station my troubles continued. Boo Peep arrived to report the loss of her sheep, yet again. I sat at my desk with my note book open ready to take down what she had to say. However, Boo Peep was so distort that she asked to sit on my knee and be comforted. She had just sat down when she started to cry and she cried so hard that she cried her eyes out. This caused her tears cascaded down her face in a veritable cataract and a huge rainbow to form. Unfortunately some of the tears fell on my note book. This had dire consequences for the sake of this narrative as it caused many words to float away never to be seen again.