

P.C. Perkins

by J. Richards

P.C. Perkins came to tell us
All about the law
And most of us remembered him
From when he'd come before

But we still sat there spellbound
As he spoke of things he'd done
Describing nasty rogues he'd caught-
Dark villains, every one!

He told us of the plot he'd foiled
By cunning diamond thieves
Who'd thought that they could hide
The gems they'd stolen up their sleeves!

But P.C. Perkins knew their game
And, as they made to flee
He sat in wait above them
In the branches of a tree.

He'd come across these fiends before
He knew their every trick
And as they passed beneath him
He descended with a stick

With giant sweeps he caught their arms
And as the seams unwound
The little leather sacks of stones
Jumped out onto the ground.

Well, proud as punch we clapped and clapped
Until our hands were sore
But that was not the end of it
For P.C. P. had more!

So, all of us sat motionless
And quite ignored the bell
For none of us had appetites
While he had tales to tell

But just as he began again
His radio rang out:
"I need assistance, now please, sir,
You know what it's about!"

Now, P.C. Perkins isn't small –
He's six foot six and square –
But when he heard that call
He moved as swiftly as a hare

In half a blink he reached the door
Then swung round in a flash
And, smiling, said: "I'm sorry, folks
I really have to dash!"

What happened next I can't describe –
I'm still quite dizzy now;
In seconds I was in a squad car
Please don't ask me how!

"You seem a little nervous,"
Said the bobby through a grin,
"Don't worry, son, I simply needed
Someone small and thin."

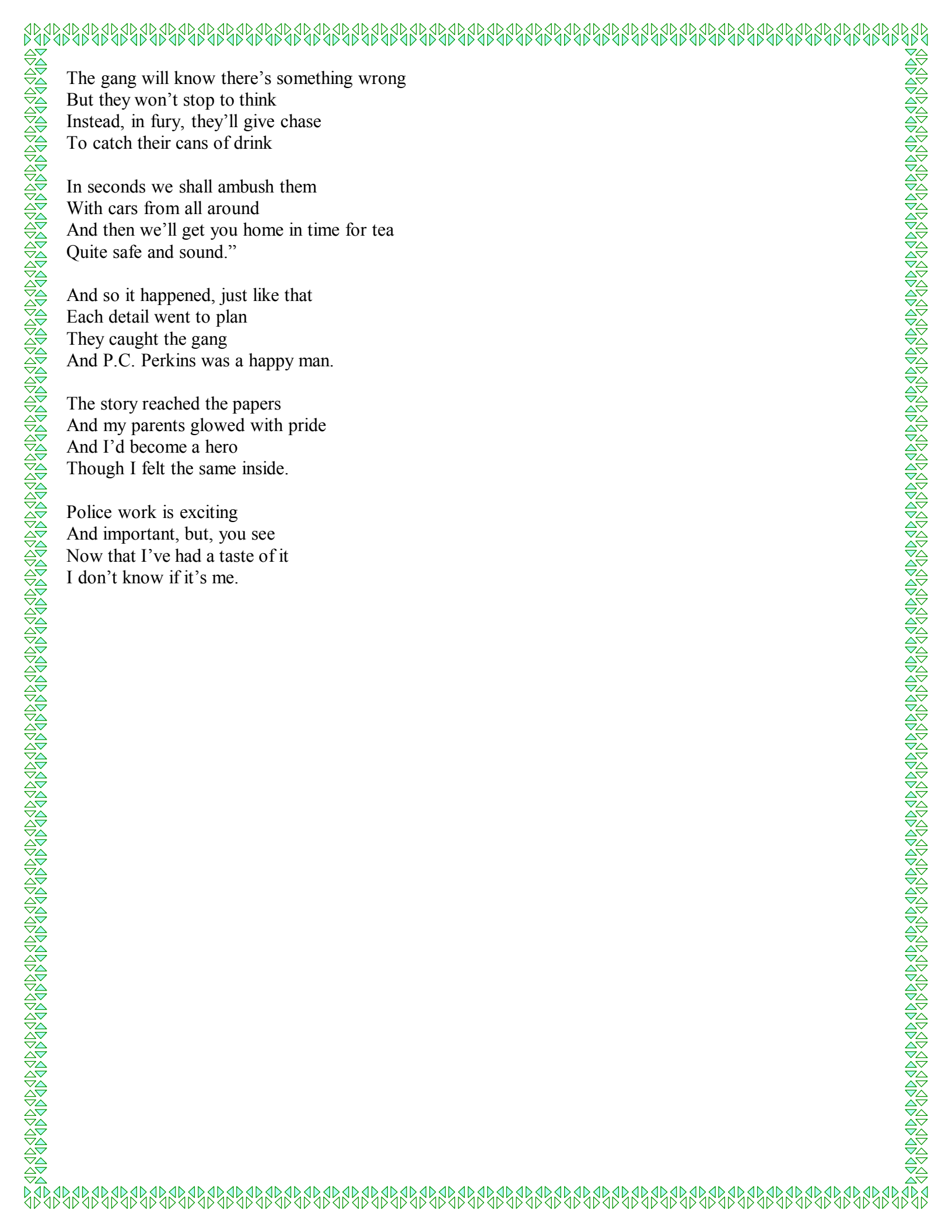
"I checked with your headteacher
And he said that it's ok
When I told him just this morning
I might have to leave this way."

"Now listen well 'cause here's the score
And if you get it right
I'd say you could become
A local hero overnight!"

A thirsty gang of no goods
Has evaded us for years
They send kids through pub windows
To pinch half a dozen beers

"So here's the plan – it might not work
But it's the best we've tried –
The next time they send in a boy
You'll switch with him inside.

We'll hold the lad and you jump out
The window that he used
Then you just run off down the road
To make the gang confused



The gang will know there's something wrong
But they won't stop to think
Instead, in fury, they'll give chase
To catch their cans of drink

In seconds we shall ambush them
With cars from all around
And then we'll get you home in time for tea
Quite safe and sound."

And so it happened, just like that
Each detail went to plan
They caught the gang
And P.C. Perkins was a happy man.

The story reached the papers
And my parents glowed with pride
And I'd become a hero
Though I felt the same inside.

Police work is exciting
And important, but, you see
Now that I've had a taste of it
I don't know if it's me.