

We call them the Removal Men

by Marit Meredith

They came early and parked up, under cover of the night and the giant oak. I only know this because people told me afterwards. Watching us, they were. It was six o'clock before they smashed their way in, scaring the three of us out of our wits. Baby Billy screamed the place down when all these men rushed in. I didn't know what was going on. I turned to Jack, but he was on his way out of the window. He never cared much about me or Billy, not really.

I clean forgot that I slept in the all together as I raced to the window after him. What the heck was going on? The policeman beat me to it, chucking me on to the bed and shouting 'Cover yourself up, miss!' I didn't have time to be embarrassed. Another policeman already had Jack by his shoulders, hauling him back in through the window.

'Gerroff, me, you filth! Oooooouucchh, that hurts!'

He'd caught his wotsit in the window latch. Perhaps he won't have to worry about having the snip.

A police woman came in as they took Jack out and stayed with me till I got dressed. She wouldn't let me get to Billy. Poor little sod, still sobbing his little heart out. Heartless pigs.

I got marched out to the Mariah van and shackled to a seat. Well, hand-cuffed. They'd already taken Jack off. Got nicked, didn't he? Quite funny really, getting nicked for nicking.

They're going to take me soon, once my mum comes here for Billy. Poor little sod.

I counted the policemen. Ten of them I saw, and there were others in the garage, rummaging around. What do they think they'll find? All my Jack does is dealing in used cars and car parts. Could have helped them next door with a new engine, if they had asked. Stuck up lot. What will they say about all this?

Bloody hell, they've got dogs and all. I don't like dogs.

'Could you shut the door, please? I don't like dogs.'

The burly policeman took one look at me and smiled. 'I suppose that would be okay.'

'Phew.' I've got a little something on my person, and those dogs are sniffer dogs, aren't they? They're behind the garage, barking every now and then. But at what?

I hope they don't wonder why I'm wearing big boots on a summer day. My Jack would do his nut if they found his stash.

The police woman is back. 'I'll keep you company for a bit, take some details, okay?'

Well, no, it isn't. 'Why are there so many policemen here, and what the hell are you looking for?'

'Don't you know?'

'No.'

She didn't look convinced. She actually smirked, the cow. 'We call them the Removal Men.'

I could see why. They were removing everything that wasn't nailed down or screwed down in the garage, as well as all the car parts round the back - and our cars. I didn't know about the Alfa Romeo in the garage though. Oh, and they're dismantling my little Corsa. I saved up for that.

He's a dark horse, my Jack. I didn't know about this car-crime lark. Honest, I didn't. They still took me away, but I was so upset and crying for my baby, they let me go. I think I convinced them that I had nothing to do with the stolen cars business. I think Jack will go down, though.

I'll be ringing the real removal men soon. Our other bit of business will bring me in enough to get away from here long before he is released.

Me and Billy will be all right. Giving Queen's evidence wasn't such a bad idea after all.

