CONSTABLE WARWICK

by

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Chapter One

When William Warwick screwed the top back on his fountain pen he felt outside he had passed his detective exam, with what his father would have called flying colours. By the time he’d returned home that evening, the flying colours had been lowered down the mast, and when he switched off his bedside light, he was sure he would remain in uniform, and be back on the beat for another two years.

William had joined the Metropolitan Police Force as a graduate, having decided not to take advantage of the special entry scheme, that would have allowed him to advance more quickly up the promotional ladder, in favour of spending his life on the beat.

Police Constable 184 didn’t tell any of his fellow recruits that he had been educated at one of England’s leading public schools, before taking a degree in Art History at Bristol University. And he had never admitted that his father received large payments, from some of the nation’s most notorious criminals.

During his twelve week induction course at Peel House, William had to work quite hard to make sure he came second in something, and didn’t continually outshine his fellow recruits.

When he was issued with his smart blue uniform, helmet and truncheon, it was not the most exciting day of his life, but then he’d wanted to be a policeman since he was twelve, when he solved the mystery of who was stealing muskets back from the long sleep. It was a simple puppy trail he had explained to the Newman’s.

On his fourth day on the beat, he was accompanied by Fred Hayes, an old timer, with twenty years
who had been told by the super to look after the boy.
under his belt. The two men had little in common, 
other than they had both wanted to become aterms
an early, and both their fathers, had done everything
in their power to prevent them pursuing their 
chosen careers.

Fred introduced William to the world of burglars,
drug pushers, pimps, and even armed robbers, and
with the zeal of six years old William wanted to
make the world a better place.
Fred was more realistic and cynical, but he never
once attempted to drive the flame of William's enthusiasm.
William learned more about the real world, after
two years on the deal with Fred, than he could
in eleven years, living in Tomboning with a father
who was one of the nation's leading G.P., and a
mother who was chairman of the methodists union.
His father had wanted him to go up to Cambridge
and read law, just as he had done thirty years before,
and then join him in his chambers in London W1,
to begin his partnership, before becoming a barrister.

But despite his father's remonstrations, William
remained adamant, that he was going to join the
police force the day he left school. The two stubborn
men agreed on a compromise.

William would go to Bristol University and read
Art history— a subject his father couldn't have
approved of, and if, after three years, his son
still wanted to be a policeman, he would give in
gracefully. William knew it would never be gracefully.
William enjoyed every moment of his three years
at Bristol, where he fell in love with several houses with
Hannah, Remus, Judy, Turner, April and Pierre, before settling down with Cunluringis, an affair that would last a lifetime.

During the holiday he traveled to Rome, Paris, even at Herod's bury. Later Tony quizzed to study the markets, and when he finally graduated ans. pattern suggested that he should do a Pad on the other side of Cunluringis.

The other side he told his puffin, was exactly what he intended to preserve, and he wanted to learn about criminal in the 20th century now the fiftieth.

How did you do in your exam asked him when he reported back to the man the following day.

Failed hopelessly said William, as he checked morning orders. He and Fred were down to patrol the Baptist Estate, just to remind the local criminal near London still had roost on the beat.

Then you'll just have to try again next year said

surgery, unwilling to manage the young man, because he knew that if William would make a decision, no other candidate would have. An opinion the desk owed, because he been well aware for some time, that he'd soon be losing his green fingers, when he the next steps of the ladder. But if constable was why wanted to wallow in self doubt, he had no intention of rescuing him.

Sir Julian was well, q.c sat at one end of the table, his head buried in the Daily Telegraph. He mustered the occasional 'Tut Tut', while his wife sat at the other end. He continued his daily battle with the Times crossword, on a good day, she
would have filled in the final clue, before her husband rose from the table to set off for work. On a bad day she would have to seek his advice. Ten times and four times we were aching as we lay up.

Sir Julian and reached the leaders, by the time in which was wreathed with the last clue. He wasn't convinced that, by then, her voice would have the note. He turned the page to

speak softly and poured against Richmond, and after reading the telegram, she turned and more pages as he considered the telegraph. He saw too much smoke rising from his pipe. The clock was going to be late. He looked at the mirror

rose, walked to the other end of the table, and as he did everyday, passed his wife on the forehead, and exchanged newspapers, read the law reports in the train on our way up to London.

Don't forget, they say the children are coming down for lunch on Sunday. "Mary" will bring..."I just had a

He will have passed with him around and around the ship again where took him so long. He wasn't allowed to take the exam until he'd

completed two years on the boat, as you well know. He could have been a qualified bummer by now, if

he'd only listened to me.

And if you'd listened to me, he said, Mary, you'd know

He's far more interested in looking at Cromwell, than seeing them get off.

I can't give up yet, said Julian.

Just be thankful, our dear Elizabeth and

followed in your footsteps.
She now certainly was not said to him, as he bent down, kissed his wife on the forehead, and pulled up the tinker. They girl will attend any prevent, wait and stay who were our path.

She has a heart of gold said many.

Then she took after you said Cardinal, as he studied the one close in the wife and failed to pull in.

Then private man, who ended up with a button.

Twelve and one. Field marshal's arm said distinctly the only man to join the army as a private soldier, and end up with a Field Marshal's button.

Sounds like William said many, and not until the door and closed.

William and Fred left the post to begin their patrol, just after early. Not much crime at early in the morning said Fred. Criminals are like the rich, they don't get up much before ten. F 0

How did you get on with your despatch exam asked Fred.

As they made their way down Lamberry walk.

I fear you won't be getting not of me just yet said William, and as they passed the local news agent William glanced at the headline in the News Chronicle X — X

I'll be a constable all my life said Fred. Which calls me just fine, wherever you f...

If I do pass, I'll owe you to thank because...

I never wanted to be promoted said Fred. I'm not like you Bill. You became a corporal, I'll be in an old people's home, and you'll soon forget my name.

It had never crossed William's mind how he could end up as a corporal, although he was sure he would never forget constable Fred Byers.

Fred spotted the young man first, as he came running
of the newsagent. Mr Patel followed a moment later. Day was never going to catch him.

Fred set off in the dark, with William only a yard behind. They both overtook Mr Patel as the boy turned the corner. It was another hundred yards before William was able to grab him. The two of them led the young man back to the shop, where he handed a packet of cigarettes over to Mr Patel.

"Will you be pressing charges, sir?" asked William. Patel placed the packet back on the shelf. While the police saw the shopkeeper, as he placed the packet back on the shelf.

"If you're lucky, I say, Fred as he chipped the boy round the ear. Just imagine, if you were in school by the time we arrive, otherwise I might tell your old man what you were up to. Mind you added, the cigarettes were provided for his old man.

The boy bolted, and when he reached the end of the street he stopped turned round, and showed the police officer a V sign before adding "Truant."

"Does it even worry you that they could report you for truancy and around the ear?"

"No, sir, but still can't get to grips with our PC now, stands for. Still, we only got another eighteen months to go, before I escape with a clean sheet. Mind you said Fred, about to dispense his daily piece of wisdom."

"When I joined the force twenty years ago we used to hand out leaflets, and turn the back full of, and then release them until they should called me sir.

"Well, back to our language."

"I wasn't joking, said Fred."
How long before I ended up with my first wife?"

A spell in boot camp, before we graduated: the "bogey," and

Tommy's old friend, about to surpass another piece of

wisdom. I hear in prison we'll have a plate of three

meals a day, and be surronded by criminals, and I'm

so happy to be with him on the job.

William was daily reminded how lucky he'd been to be

born in a middle class CA, to a loving father, a loving

mother, and a sister who doted on him.

As they continued on their rounds, several people

acknowledged Fred, and even said good morning to William

without a trace of anger when he saw a young woman

with a blank eye, or Fred had told them again and again

if they didn't make an official complaint, there was

nothing they could do about it. How could he explain

someone violence to a young man who had never

once owed his friend more than he owed in the presence

of his mother,

when they returned to the mail, a couple of years

later, Fred showed Toms to his chief sergeant,

as he felt the same way about paperwork, as he did

about the modern meaning of PC.

Fred was a little told Fred as he accused

towards the counter.

"Warrant" shouted a voice from behind him.

William turned around to see the desk sergeant

pointing at him.

The super wants to see you. Now!

END OF CHAPTER.