

Another story with Mark.... We were working the Warrants and Summons car at Fairfield, we had a health violation warrant to serve, was over \$1,200.00 and at the time, that was a huge warrant, usually they were around \$120 each. We go to this house in Canley Vale, the place looked like a war zone. Turned out the occupant was a survivor of one of Hitlers death camps. The occupant, can't remember his name is on the verandah watching our approach. All the windows are smashed out with ventian blinds drawn, all sorts of weird satanic paintings all over the windows and house. The yard is dug up into a series of at least 5 feet deep trenches, he used them to move around the property in secret. He was immensley strong after all the digging. Anyhow we approach and advise him of the warrant. He says, how do I know you are police? Seriously, marked police car, full uniform, had to be a ploy so I did the right thing and reached into my pocket to take out my badge I.D. With the speed of a startled gazelle, he shoots inside and slams the front door shut. Remember Get Smart and Max having 7 or 8 locks on his door? We listened as we heard all these locks being slid across and locked in place. Shit, we will have to do this the hard way, so in a loud voice, because a crowd of residents were now watching the show, announced my title and office, gave details of the warrant and demanded he open the door or it would be kicked in. No answer of course, so I lay into the door with the power that usually has no problem smashing a door open. I just bounded off the door. Now I'm a pretty big bloke with heaps of weight behind me at the time, Mark was a shorter slim fella, so no use him trying. I increased my next assault with the power that should have ripped the door frame out, nothing, I bounced off it like a tissue hitting a fly screen. Lots of onlookers now, so I hit it again. This time there was the faint sound of wooding giving way but no movement. I hit it about another 10 times before the door finally began to crumble. The locks however all fully stood up to the test. Still in place with the door now busted open. So, Mark and I go inside. The floor inside the house was over ankle deep in rubbish! The first room on the left had every floor board ripped up and removed with about an 8 inch ledge only left all around the room. All open dirt in sight. Around all 4 walls was 3 rows of \$1 coins stacked about 15 high. In front of that was 2 full rows of \$2 coins stacked around the same height as the \$1 coins. Other rooms completely ankle to knee deep with absolute rubbish like you would find in the tip. Proceeded into the kitchen, the old fashioned gas stove had every burner lit on full and the oven lit on full. The heat was so intense, it was clear the thing had been running full time for a very long time. The tap on the sink, no longer had a swivel to turn it on or off but was running at full speed, water continually running down the drain. We moved towards the back of the house. Other than the dirt floor room, there was no way out, everything was all locked up from the inside, he either went out via the dirt floor room or was in the only other door that was shut and locked in the house. The toilet! So I knocked and said, We

know your in there, come on out! He answered, I'm on the toilet! Come on out or we kick this door in as well! No answer, so I kicked it open, this one flew open on the first try, here he is, fully clothed, sitting on the toilet, the lid was shut as well. Very comical scene really. So, he jumps up and says, I'm in my own home, you have no authority here! Of course, we were having none of that and dragged him out into the hallway, where he dug his heels in, flexed his muscles in with a Incredible Hulk like stance. Be stuffed if we could move him any further, was incredible. So I say to Mark, we better put the cuffs on this bloke, he gets his cuffs out and puts one on his left wrist, I'm on the right. Then both of us try to get his arms behind his back, neither of us could move either arm an inch. He just stood there with his arms out sideways like a body builder showing off his muscles. No fight as such, just stood there like a statue. Mark says, what do we do now. Nothing for it, I will have to weaken his stance, so I drive my fist into his stomach, he didn't flinch, didn't make a sound, didn't even exhale. Still no movement on the arms, so I go again, same result. I probably did this 8 to 10 times before his arms weakened enough to get his right wrist into the cuffs. Whew! Thank goodness nobody outside could see this show. Anyhow we wrestle him all the way to the front gate. The moment he is dragged onto the footpath, he completely relaxes and says, I am off my property, you are in charge now. At that moment he became a completely obedient and pleasant person.

We fronted up to the station sergeant in the charge room. Nothing for it son, you will have to charge him with resist arrest and assault police. But he didn't assault us, no son, both charges, you can't have resist arrest without assault police.

Sheesh, ok, so we charge him with the warrant, resist and assault police. Told the sarge about the coins, he sent us back to get sufficient coins to pay his warrant.

When it came to bail, we had to take him to Parramatta bail court as it was a Saturday morning, no Magistrate working, just a young clerk, we informed him that if bailed, he will not attend Court as he believes, once home, we have no authority over him. This young bloke goes, Bullshit! Issues bail after asking him if he will attend Court. Yes, I will attend Court. Hahahaha, yeah right!

So Court date comes along, no appearance your Worship. Now we have to issue warrants for fail to appear, resist and assault police. Go around, lock him up again with almost the same story happening all over again. Before a Magistrate this time, advise him he will not attend court if bailed.... Will you come to Court the Magistrate asks? Yes sir I will. Bailed again.

Next Court, no appearance, Now we have two fail to appear warrants and two sets of assault and resist police warrants. Go through it all again, before a Magistrate, he wants to bail him again, yep, we go through the same story. Now we have three fail to appear warrants and three sets of assault and resist police.

Arrest him again with another round and again the Magistrate issues bail with the absolute promise that he will come to Court.

Miraculously he actually does come to Court. It's a Friday. So after speaking to him outside Fairfield Court, I congratulated him for coming to court. He had actually used a texta to paint a pencil thin moustache on his upper lip. I said, I see you have grown a moustache... he was quite proud of it, yes, I have spent some time growing it. Bit of a giggle but at least he was at Court.

So, Mark and I are sitting in the Court and finally they call his name. No appearance your Worship! Oh Shit, not again. The prosecutor is in my ear, I thought you said he was here..... He was, saw and spoke to him in the lobby outside, Prosecutor jumps up, the constable has seen him this morning, he must be here. Magistrate says directly to me, go outside and find him, bring him before me. So I go outside into the public area, no sign of him, I go out into the street, no sign of him. I come inside and decide to check the toilets. Now the Court room at Fairfield has a side door situated directly next to where the prosecutor sits, directly opposite that door is the door to the male toilet, I go up the corridor and into the male toilet. Here is my defendant, totally naked, feet sticking out the toilet cubicle, doing push ups. I shut the door, turn around, open the door to the Court and say to the Prosecutor... he is naked in the toilet doing push ups. Prosecutor jumps up and blurts it out. Magistrate says, "Bring that man in here, no matter what condition he is in"! Beauty, this will be fun, two or three steps later I'm in the toilet... the bugger was fully clothed... Jesus, the Magistrate is going to think I am the biggest liar the Court has seen all day, so we enter the Court, the Magistrate looks at me with that, you lying mongrel bastard look. Magistrate asks, Sir, were you just in the toilet naked doing push ups? Yes sir, I was doing my calisthenics! Magistrate looks at me and mouths the word.... Sorry. Wow, thank God for that. So the Magistrate adjourns his matter to after lunch because it was a short list day and everything else will be finished prior to lunch. I thought he would just go home but he stayed all day and at 2pm after lunch, the fun began.

I get up and give my evidence..... remember, each time we had to arrest him, I was the one punching him to get the cuffs on, Mark just held on.

Mark gets up and gives his evidence. Both of us gave it just as it happened.

Finally the Magistrate asks him if he wants to give any evidence.... You could see he was hoping he would say yes, the Magistrate was looking forward to some fun.

So he gets in the box, says the big man... that's me, was very good to him... BUT the little man, he is the devil, Marks mouth fell open.... The little man, he beat me, he kick me, he put the handcuffs on me so tight that they cut through my hand until they almost fell off at the wrist. Magistrate asks, Really? Did you see a Doctor... No sir, they healed again. You mean that your hands were hanging by sinew but

managed to heal themselves.... Yes sir. Do you have any scars... holds his wrists up, no, they healed very well.

The Magistrate was having a ball asking again about how the little man beat him up.... Mark was going whiter than white, he thought his career was over but the Prosecutor and I could see the Magistrate was just having some Friday afternoon fun.

The defendant was fined fifty cents to the rising of the Court, the Magistrate left as quick as a flash, the defendant stood and tried to offer the Magistrate the fifty cents as he left. The Prosecutor told him he didn't have to pay as the Court had risen. Magistrate was actually peeking through the crack of the door and the defendant left the Court, he came into the room, laughing his guts out..... Sorry fellas, it's a fairly slow Friday, I just wanted to have some fun with this guy! You could see the weight of the world lifting off Marks shoulders as he realised he was off the hook!

Sorry about the length, but it's a giggle and a debrief for me!