

REPORT NUMBER 234

To: Chief Constable, Thomas Hardy

From: Super Grasses, Code Name, Big Phut and Warmers

Your suspicions are confirmed. This is a dangerous group that you assigned us to survey. And we must confirm your wise decision in choosing us for the surveillance. Our record for successful intelligence gathering is suited to this task. (To remind you of our successes: exposure of the Satanic Cult at the W.I., the prostitution ring located at the Leicester N.H.S., and the rent boy revelations of the C. of E.)

Through our network of informers, we determined that the meeting of the gang was to be **Sunday, 1st of February**, at the Manor House, Quorn. The organizer was to be a person nicknamed "Blow". We're not quite sure why that name. (We suspect that it's short for Blow-Away, an assassin. We discount the homosexual connection, as this group seems to dislike poofers, as they term them). There were quite a few members present at this gathering, about 15, dressed in colorful running gear. The run is a disciplinary measure to keep them in shape physically for their nefarious activities, and also serves the purpose of scoping out areas for possible future criminal action. Before we set out on the run, a burly, tough-looking person named Show-man, a.k.a. Enforcer, a.k.a. R.A., furnished G.P.S with a police uniform and cap as a cover. There was quite a bit of talk about G.P.S. infiltrating the local police department, something about a female P.C. who is a squealer. (You might want to follow up on this immediately)

It was a cold, clear day, the ground still frozen as we set out north on trails toward Swithland. The pack was well spread out, Big Phut stays at the rear as a protective measure. (Don't want any of this group behind you). We were promised a beer check and a novelty check. The run passed through beautiful countryside, and we approached the tunnel under the railway tracks near Paudy Farm Bridge. (Where the trainspotters hang out) The pack went through the tunnel, then on to the beer check at Swithland. This time Blow had beer for us because he carried it. The theft of the beer from the LH3 run was not to be repeated. I pity the thief if this fellow Blow ever gets his hands on him.

From there we wended our way via well-set checks through Woodhouse back to the Manor House. The Pub was warm and the locals friendly. But finally we were forced out into the cold for the ritual circle Down-Downs. Showman. introduced his virgin step-brother, Scott to Down-downs. Big Phut received one for slipping in the mud. (which he vehemently denied in the President Clinton mode). Pleasure Gnome received one for her usual transgressions. Goblin (nee Cobblers) decided to launder the front of her T-shirt. G.P.S. received one for his police duties and liaison (Scott drank most of it) Hen-Pecked got Showman for not being able to open a gate during the run. It was so cold that morning, that someone complained about the car-wash not working because it was frozen. Jetslag, the chauvinist, said his car washer wasn't working either, because he couldn't get her out of bed.

Presently, we are too busy to accept your offer of infiltrating the Yardy gangs in London. Attached is our current expense account for this project. (Apologies for it being so high, but good information is expensive, our entertainment bills and dues to infiltrate this group are staggering.) We calculate there will be months of work ahead of us for this assignment. We have to determine what illegal activities this gang is going to engage in. Given their personal characters, we know that if they're not stopped, the Russian Mafia may look like small fry!