THE REAL PRIME SUSPECT

'Jackie Malton lifts the lid on the jaw-dropping realities that faced women cops.'
VAL MCDERMID

FROM THE BEAT TO THE SCREEN. MY LIFE AS A FEMALE DETECTIVE

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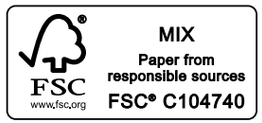

To my sister Sue, who has always watched out for me, and Peter.

You can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something – your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever.

–Steve Jobs, Stanford University commencement address,
12 June 2005

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have recounted my memories to the best of my abilities, given the passage of time. Anything I have misremembered is purely accidental. Some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.

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CHAPTER 1

WATCHING THE DETECTIVE

A street. London. It is night-time. A car pulls up and two men emerge. Police radios hum in the background as more cars arrive on the scene. The destination is a first-floor bedsit. A woman has been found murdered.

From out of a car steps a heavyset man with a nonchalant air; he's wearing a dark coat, a cigar in mouth. He walks across the road with a swagger. Flashing his warrant card to the uniform police officer at the entrance, he says: 'DCI Shefford. I'm in charge.'

Not for long: the next day he drops dead at work from a heart attack. It is left to Detective Superintendent Michael Kernan to break the news to the all-male murder squad that a woman is going to take charge of the investigation: Detective Chief Inspector Jane Tennison.

'I know how you must all feel, but give her the best you've got,' Kernan tells the team.

'I'll give that tart the best I've got, all right,' fires back a detective sergeant sarcastically. Tittering all round.

This should have been Tennison's case from the off. She was on call the night that the victim – identified as Della Mornay – was found. But Shefford was sent instead. On learning of Shefford's untimely death,

Tennison wasted no time arguing her corner to take over the investigation. And her boss reluctantly agreed.

*

I watch the scenes play out from the darkness of an auditorium, my heart in my mouth. It is 1991, and I am at the preview of the first episode of *Prime Suspect* before it airs on ITV on Sunday 7 April. Women barely featured in the cop shows I watched avidly as a child, so watching a female lead character in a cutting-edge television police drama is a seminal moment in my life. In more ways than one – because the character depicted on the screen is inspired by me, one of only three female DCIs in the entirety of the Metropolitan Police at the time.

In the room are journalists, cast and crew and a few friends of mine from the Met, including my good pal Bob, who is sitting by my side. Bob squeezes my hand reassuringly. He knows how nervous I am, and he knows why: there, on the big screen – finally – is the lot of a senior-ranking female officer operating in an overwhelmingly male institution.

This is all thanks to Lynda La Plante, the formidable author and screenwriter who listened to and absorbed my stories and experiences over many months of conversation to create a compelling character and storyline from my point of view: a woman in a man's world. La Plante establishes Tennison's role as an outsider early on. We see witnesses talking to junior male colleagues, unable to believe that a woman is in charge; detectives frowning defensively as she lays out her investigative approach to find the culprit responsible for rape and murder. La Plante cooks it perfectly.

I watch Lynda's script unfold on the big screen. I chuckle as Tennison channels my quips courtesy of the redoubtable Helen Mirren.

'Listen, I like to be called "guvnor" or "the boss"; I don't like "ma'am". I'm not the bloody Queen, so take your pick,' Tennison tells a detective constable.

'Yes, ma'am,' comes the defiant reply. She has her work cut out on asserting her authority over the troops.

My delight at La Plante's brilliance is tempered by nerves: how will this show be received? It was only a few months ago that an actor cast in the show had announced to the producer Don Leaver that 'it's a load of bollocks'. This was the verdict of police friends that the (now-dead) actor had shown the script to. It played on concerns that they may have a turkey on their hands. Cue a subdued conversation between me and Leaver, a kindly, respectful and thoughtful man. 'Should we be worried?' he asked me gently.

An avalanche of negativity descended upon me as the self-doubts I was often plagued with crowded in. I questioned whether my views were of value and whether I really knew what I was talking about. Maybe my experiences were wrong? Perhaps the sense of being an outsider was all in my head? It was a wobble of seismic proportions, of feeling an impostor, but then my mind cleared.

The fact that a bunch of men were trying to discount my experiences spoke volumes. This was déjà vu. I was a DCI with 20 years of policing experience under my belt already – 11 of which were spent in the Met. I had no idea who these fellow officers were, but how on earth would they know what it was like to be a female officer? The attempt to drown out my voice reflected my daily reality. There was no room for a woman's perspective in the Met.

'You can show this script to 25 officers, and 25 will give you a different point of view,' I told Leaver evenly. 'What I have given Lynda is my account of policing life. My experience. Imagine my surprise that male officers don't agree. It's kind of my point. They haven't got a clue what it's like to be a

woman on the job.' I returned Leaver's gaze for what felt like the longest time. Finally: 'OK, Jackie. I trust your experience. We will go with that.'

As I sit in the auditorium watching the finished work, the qualms ebb away. La Plante's well-crafted plot is gripping stuff. As the screen fades to black, the brief seconds of silence drag. Then enthusiastic applause breaks out. It seems that dust may have gotten into my eye.

Lynda La Plante turns to me from her seat. 'What do you think of it, Jackie?'

The damp eyes are probably a clue. 'I think it's brilliant,' I reply. 'Thank you very much.'

What I don't realize that night is that this drama Lynda has created will prove a massive hit. For me, nothing will ever be the same again. But, of course, DCI Tennison is not me, and I am not Tennison. There are many similarities, but there are differences too. This is my story.

CHAPTER 2

THE APPRENTICE

Langland Bay, Wales, 1969. I was living with my parents and had dropped out of college halfway through my A levels following disappointing mock-exam results.

My plan had been to become a probation officer, which required a degree. I'd set my heart on this career path because I'd thought it would satisfy my innate nosiness about people and why they did what they did. I also had a fascination with crime and punishment, sparked by studying prison reform at secondary school and reading Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. Dropping out of college meant a rethink.

I'd ruled out being a prison officer because I was worried that the job would just involve herding prisoners about with a large set of keys rather than engaging with them in any meaningful way. With my father working in the newspaper industry, the notion of becoming a crime reporter was another short-lived idea. One occupation I'd often wondered about was policing, an interest largely attributable to my love of watching police dramas.

I grew up watching the BBC's *Dixon of Dock Green*, where Britain's most friendly bobby, George Dixon, played by Jack Warner, pounded the beat. The show was a regular fixture in our house as my parents, my older

brother and sister and I settled down for our Saturday-evening viewing while tucking into sweets as a special weekend treat.

The show was tame fare and a far cry from the gruesome yet compelling blood and gore that would crescendo in cop dramas across the ensuing decades. PC Dixon was depicted as a safe pair of hands who offered a reassuring presence. At the end of each episode he would sign off with a 'Goodnight, all.'

It was the same with another of my favourites, *No Hiding Place*, centred around Scotland Yard detectives. The police officers were characterized as straightforward, trustworthy and by the book – not like the maverick characters so often depicted in the genre later down the years. The detective team was led by Detective Superintendent Lockhart, played by Raymond Francis. The sleuths would piece together the evidence and outsmart the criminal by the time the credits rolled. Sally Jordan, played by Rowena Gregory, was the 'woman detective'. Suffice to say her sex meant she had few lines to learn.

The virtual invisibility of women police officers did little to deter my 18-year-old self as I wondered what to do with my life. I chose to overlook the fact that all the exciting action I had seen on the telly involved male characters; instead, I focused on the vision of policing that these shows portrayed.

I didn't think my parents would approve of a career in policing, but they were very supportive. My father decided to contact Police Superintendent Syd Page, a former neighbour of ours back in Leicester, for some advice. Mr Page no doubt smiled when Dad called him. Some years previously, when we were still neighbours, he had invited my parents to his home and shown off the new décor. 'Ooh,' said my mum, 'did you use Durex? Jeff always uses Durex. It gives such a lovely finish.' Laughter all round. Now, hearing of my interest in policing, Mr Page

advised that I join the cadets – he said this would allow me to see if I was suited to it.

In many ways, the fact that I chose uniform service wasn't very surprising. Service was embedded in my family. My parents, Jeff and Olive, were both born in 1919 and met in Lincolnshire while working for the Royal Air Force during World War II: Dad as a pilot and Mum as a civilian telephonist at the aerodrome. My paternal grandfather had enlisted in the Royal Navy during World War I despite initial difficulties getting in because of his name. To us kids he would later be known as Pop, but to his huge regret he'd been christened Karl Marx Malton. This was thanks to my great-grandfather, who had either a sense of humour or strong political allegiances – I never did find out which. Mum's father, meanwhile, had worked as a policeman in the Metropolitan Police during the Great War.

After the war, Dad wanted to stay in the RAF, but my mother yearned for the normality of civilian life, so he carved out a successful career in newspapers instead and Mum gave up paid work to raise a family. I came along as a surprise pregnancy that left my mother reeling. By then, my brother, Trevor, was eight and my sister, Susan, was four. Mum, who had grown up with five brothers, cheered herself up with the thought of a second son, whom she would call Nicholas. Boy came there none. I arrived on 7 July.

Though I was born in the cathedral city of Lincoln in 1951, we relocated to Leicester before my first birthday, after Dad traded in his job at the accounts department of the *Lincolnshire Echo* for a step up to manager of the *Leicester Evening Mail*. We moved into a three-bedroomed semi-detached house, with bay windows and a garden front and back, in Broadway Road, situated in a residential area called the Way Roads in the south of the city.

We were well-fed, lived comfortable lives and were instilled with solid values by our parents: honesty, a strong work ethic, and the importance of helping others. Dad would walk home for his lunch during the week, which meant that I got to see him regularly. Sundays, without fail, was a day trip somewhere. My parents always had a car and the first one I remember was a black Morris Eight. Off we would go to visit stately homes or to picnic somewhere scenic. The fact that Dad was a bit of a petrol-head meant that, as the years passed, the family car was always replaced by a flashier model. The deal was that Mum would get to pick the colour and Dad would choose the make: first the Cortina, later a Triumph 2000 and then the much-hailed SD1 Rover. We were incredibly lucky that our parents could afford a holiday every year, Salcombe in Devon being our favourite resort.

Alliances had been established within the family by the time I came along: Trevor was close to Mum, Sue to Dad. My best pal and confidant at home was the family dog – a Wire Fox Terrier called Penny. Growing up, given the age gap, my relationships with Trevor and Sue were not close. I'm sure I was the pain in the proverbial. I shared a bedroom with Sue, who understandably resented her younger roommate. She was brightest of the three of us. By her teens, she was kicking fairly hard against boundaries: coming home later than agreed; trying to subvert the strict uniform standards set by her grammar school; and not necessarily putting her all into her schoolwork, despite her natural abilities. Trevor was tall, dark, handsome, and taciturn by nature, keeping to himself and with a small circle of trusted friends. By contrast, I fulfilled the role of the compliant child in a bid to court approval.

Dad was a lovely, gentle man. Tall, slim, smartly dressed and always sporting a moustache. The more stable and patient of our two parents, he was the one to attend to us if we hurt ourselves because Mum couldn't cope if we were in pain. Dad was a protective and supportive figure to all of us,

including our mother, and made us feel safe. Sadly, my mother was a more complicated, troubled soul.

With her brown eyes and hair so dark it was almost black, Mum was an attractive woman who dressed her slender figure tastefully and was blessed with charisma. She had a knack for storytelling and making people laugh, helped by her natural acting ability, which she put to good use as a member of the local amateur dramatic society. But regrettably she was also cursed by anxiety, which overshadowed her life and made her rather temperamental. Living with Mum often felt like walking on eggshells, never knowing what mood she would be in when I got home.

Back then it wasn't the done thing to share one's mental anguish, and I can only guess what the source of Mum's emotional struggles may have been. All I knew was that she had been born into a family of sons following the death of another daughter; she had suffered with alopecia during her adolescence, and one of her brothers had killed himself.

Mum wanted us to match the ideals of the time and worried far too much about what the neighbours thought, even what perfect strangers thought. Her preoccupation with 'standards' and how other people saw us was a key driving force. On the plus side, Mum's attention to appearance drilled home the benefits of being neatly turned out, of having the right shoes for the right outfit – something I have applied all my life. 'Better to have one good outfit that you can wear seven days a week than seven cheap ones,' she would say.

The pressure she put on herself to be the ideal wife and mother, combined with her fretful state, made for an unhappy combination. Like many women of her generation, my mother had acquired a lifelong dependency on tranquilizers prescribed by her doctor. Criticisms dropped from her lips on what seemed to be a daily basis: for not pronouncing words properly; for not having perfect table manners; for failing to

measure up to an ideal. These criticisms were usually conveyed by comparing us to other children. Her thinking could be summed up thus: 'You'll never amount to much unless you do *this*, and you do *that*.' Later in life, we would joke with her that she was a real-life Hyacinth Bucket, the pretentious character famously played by Patricia Routledge in the BBC sitcom *Keeping Up Appearances*. Mum saw the funny side, but it certainly wasn't funny when I was growing up. Perhaps she believed that the tactic of making unfavourable comparisons would spur us to raise our game, but all it did was chip away at my confidence. The frequent ridiculing of my thoughts and opinions left me feeling crushed and simply not good enough. This would cast a long shadow over my life. Sadly – for us *and* for Mum – the hugs, kisses or even words of affection that could have helped offset the harsher aspect of her parenting style were not part of her maternal repertoire.

My refuge from home life was playing outdoors with my best pals, Trevor Nunn and Gareth Miller, who lived in the same street as me and remain two very important friends to this day. My friendship with Trevor began as tots in nursery school. We first met Gareth aged seven, when he moved into our road. Together we played football and cricket day and night. Mostly football. We set up our own team, called the Broadway Rangers. I was the only girl. I was passionate about football, but the limits placed on females in so many walks of life were rudely impressed on me at Linden Junior School. Thanks to an enlightened teacher, I made the school football team – but this inclusion was short-lived as our opposing teams one by one objected.

When Trevor, Gareth and I weren't running about, we were inventing all manner of ways to pass the time, from making homemade telephones using tin cans and string, to building go-karts without the luxury of brakes. Uniform clubs were the only social occasions where the three of us were

segregated. Off I would go to Brownies and they to Cubs. We mixed it up a bit wherever we could. When the Cubs and Brownies held a fancy-dress party one Christmas, Gareth turned up as a Brownie and I came as a Cub. We won first prize.

I loved my time at Linden. I had marvellous teachers, mostly, and plenty of football at lunchtime. But one day the headmaster invited my parents in for a chat. He was worried that I spent so much of my time playing with the boys: when we all hit puberty, he said, I would be abandoned by them and have no friends. I'm glad to say that this touching concern was wide of the mark. In my teens I found it as easy to make friends with girls as I did with boys.

When my primary-school years were almost up, the question on my family's lips was, 'Where next for Jackie?' My siblings attended grammar school but my eleven-plus result confirmed that I would not be following in their footsteps. My first epic fail. What made it worse was accidentally overhearing my parents holding a post-mortem in the front room. I was sitting at the top of the stairs when I heard their disappointment first-hand.

'What are we going to do with her?' said Mum. My face flushed with shame.

'We can afford to send her to Evington Hall Convent,' said my dad, always ready with a solution.

'She won't like that. It's an all-girls school, and it's run by nuns,' said my mum. 'And we're not even Catholic.'

'The school takes children who are Church of England.'

Given that the other option was Spencefield, a secondary modern that my mother was heavily against, Mum took me to Evington to sit the entrance exam. As we walked along the long lane to the school, which looked like a huge mansion house, I was feeling pretty nervous.

'How are nuns going to play football in their long frocks?' I asked my mother.

A pause. 'Oh, you know . . . they manage,' she replied.

The exam took place in an attic room, where a one-bar electric heater failed spectacularly to bring warmth to the vast space. My mind made up, I turned over the paper and ticked the 'don't know' box with abandon. Spencefield, here I come . . .

I soon settled in at the large secondary modern. Being sporty certainly helped me to fit in. I worked hard in English and in history; but as for the rest, I clowned around far too much because I sensed we were somehow being written off by the system. Lessons about how to bring up babies, for example, seemed like a pretty clear message about the low expectations set for secondary-modern pupils.

Purgatory for me was needlework on a Monday afternoon. An entire academic year passed before I finished making a dress – I wasn't helped by the fact that the punitive teacher insisted on teaching me to use my right hand, when I was left-handed. Most of my domestic-science efforts ended up being fed to the appreciative family dog.

In my early teens I began going to fencing classes at a local club – inspired by Gareth, who had started lessons and made it sound a lot of fun. I loved the intensity of fencing and the agility of mind and body that it requires: nimble foot and wrist action, fast movement – forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards – and above all, quick thinking. Here, my left-handedness played to my advantage and foiled my opponents. This was a sport I would pursue for years.

I was about 14 when I started thinking about what I would do when I left school. As a regular churchgoer at St Philip's (C of E), I briefly considered becoming a nun. The church felt like a safe place: I enjoyed the rituals, the smell of the building, the silence, and the belief there was

something else bigger than man; not necessarily God but definitely some kind of spiritual power. It made sense to wonder whether this was where I belonged. The fact that I had deliberately flunked my entrance exam to a convent school three years previously was probably a clue that my interest in this potential vocational path would be short-lived, as indeed it was.

I moved on to the idea of working with criminals, a thought sparked by gazing out at the local probation service from the top deck of a bus one day. I thought I'd be good at helping the underdog rehabilitate.

It was also when I was 14 that my father announced we were leaving Leicester, because he had been appointed general manager at the *Grimsby Evening Telegraph*. My youthful voice of protest held no sway. I decamped with my parents to a detached house in Daggett Road, Cleethorpes, leaving behind my friends, my lovely school and the only life I had known to date.

It's amazing how quickly a heart can mend. I soon settled in at my new school and over the summer got a job selling candyfloss and ice creams on the seafront at Cleethorpes, chatting all the while to customers.

Two years later, I passed my CSEs. I was just about to start my O levels (the old version of GCSEs) when my dad was appointed manager of the *South Wales Evening Post*. This meant moving to Wales, but it was agreed that I would live with my grandfather Pop and his wife while I went to college. Pop was the person that I felt the happiest and safest with. An engineer after World War I, he was a gentle, kind and popular man. He'd been widowed before I was born, and had remarried – to a woman we knew as Auntie Vi. Unlike home, with Pop and Auntie Vi there was no telling off, no comparing me with others, no wishing that I was someone else. I loved their company.

I was a late developer by anyone's book and didn't start dating until I was 17. Glyn was fun and always lovely to everyone; I was very fond of him. The fact that he owned a car made me feel very grown-up. With him,

I started smoking and drinking socially, but I was too 'straight' to ever try drugs. Through his wide circle of friends, I met a girl called Jo, with whom I became close. Sometimes, as I lay in my bedroom with my Dusty Springfield posters on the wall, I would guiltily acknowledge that I was spending more time daydreaming about Jo than Glyn. The absence of gay role models in those days meant I was left confused by some of the feelings I was experiencing (not for the first time) but couldn't name. The relationship with Glyn petered out, eventually.

In 1968 I passed two O levels, in English and English grammar. My history and religious studies grade 1 CSEs were equivalent to O levels, giving me a total of four. Maths proved to be my Achilles heel. Without A levels, I didn't have the qualifications to apply for a degree, so my hopes of becoming a probation officer were laid to rest. Once I had decided on the cadets, though, I opted to apply back in Leicester. Syd Page gave me a reference and I was accepted on the scheme.

Being a cadet was essentially a policing apprenticeship for 16- to 19-year-olds. The role was an opportunity to observe up close what a police officer's life was like. Would policing be for me, I wondered. I was about to find out.

*

In the early autumn of 1969, I set off with my parents for Leicester with a sense of excitement at the thought of my first real taste of independence and the beginnings of a career. At last, I had a sense of purpose and direction in my life. I dumped my bags at the house where I would be lodging and spent the weekend with Mum and Dad.

On the Monday morning, I was raring to get started. As I turned up at the Blackbird Road cadet centre, based in the grounds of a police station, the smell of biscuits wafted in my nose from the nearby Frears & Blacks biscuit factory.

Roughly a quarter of my cohort were female, aged between 16 and 18. On our first morning, we were issued with kit: a pillbox hat, a skirt, a blue shirt, a jacket and white gloves. All I had to provide was the black stockings and sensible shoes. We were categorized according to age, as yellow, green or blue cadets. As an older entrant, I was a blue cadet. The cadetship promised to be a great introduction to becoming a public servant and to build skills that would serve me well if I went on to proper police training. The programme was designed to help us to learn to work as part of a team, to follow discipline, to foster good relations with the community and to familiarize ourselves with aspects of the law.

The training schedule involved a mixture of activities. A lot of our time was spent competing in sport, be it running, swimming or gymnastics, or doing organized events such as the Duke of Edinburgh awards to build up the team spirit. Given my sporty nature, this suited me down to the ground. We were expected to work in a community setting of some kind and also to serve as gofers in the various police departments at force headquarters. The course tutor, John Peacock, would take us through different elements of policing – learning what constituted criminal offences such as theft, robbery and burglary and the like. He was supportive and encouraging, and provided me with a great start to my fledgling career.

I wasn't expecting to go out and nick collars, investigate crime or do traffic stops as a cadet, though. We had no powers of any sort, so we were not allowed to walk the streets with a police constable since we would probably have got in the way of business. Clerical work was also part of the remit for all recruits. Males and females were treated the same, with no noticeable discrimination other than the fact that I don't recall the boys being asked to make the tea.

What I quickly learned was the importance of rank, rather like the military. The chief constable in post at the time came across as an

approachable leader: he took his black Labrador to work with him most days and had a reputation for knowing the names of everyone at HQ.

My first posting was a stint at Staunton Harold Cheshire Home, a residential home for adults with physical disabilities situated north of Leicester and near to the Derbyshire border. We cadets would help out and spend time with residents alongside other volunteers. One of the carers presented himself as an aristocrat, but intuitively it seemed to me that something about him didn't fit: he seemed too obsequious with residents and staff, a little too keen to befriend. What was he really doing there? He was a popular man and everyone else seemed to take what he said at face value, but my suspicions grew when he invited me to his room, where I clocked several shopping bags from expensive shops in Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Something about him wasn't adding up. I had no evidence but reported my hunch to a sergeant at the cadet school, who acted on my concerns. A bit of digging soon revealed him to be a conman who was busy obtaining money by deception. I had detected my first crime! I had spotted that something was off and raised my concerns despite the risk of looking like an idiot to experienced police officers if I was wrong – and this boosted my confidence considerably. A couple of days later, I crossed the path of a female superintendent called Hilda Parkin, who gave me a 'Well done, Miss Malton.' My cheeks reddened with pride.

After two wonderful summer months spent at the home, it was back to the administration department at force headquarters. My cup of enthusiasm ran dry when it came to making the tea. I failed to see how it taught me anything about the actual job of policing and resented the fact that only female cadets were expected to stick the kettle on. This thought brewed in my mind until one fateful day when I was asked to make a round of drinks for senior officers in a meeting being led by the slightly intimidating Deputy Chief Constable Eric Lacey. He stirred the sugar in his tea as he talked to

colleagues, took a sip, then promptly spat it out. 'You've given us salt instead of sugar,' he said, his face as red as a traffic light. Clearly I had absentmindedly dipped the sugar bowl into the wrong brown bag.

My reaction was to laugh and put my hand on his shoulder. 'I'm so sorry, sir,' I said. 'It wasn't intentional – but if my mum knew that being a cadet was just about making the tea, she wouldn't be very happy.' Thankfully my cheeky quip made him smile. Lacey remembered me after that.

The rest of my cadetship went off without a hitch. Sergeant Peacock told me that I'd been recommended as a suitable candidate for the police. I applied to Leicester and Rutland Police, where I was given an interview and a medical. The medical involved me stripping down to my bra and knickers, touching my toes and being weighed and measured. I have no idea whether male recruits had to undergo the same exam in only their pants, but as an 18-year-old I assumed it was normal procedure for everyone. (This practice would eventually be phased out in favour of a fitness test, where recruits could wear tracksuit bottoms and T-shirts, and the presentation of a GP's letter.) Fitness standards were quite strict: flat feet, varicose veins, hammer toes and lung, ear or eyesight defects were enough to rule out a prospective candidate. At 5ft 5in, I was an inch over the minimum height requirement in place at the time.

As soon as I arrived back at the cadet school, Sergeant Peacock called me in to his office. 'You've been accepted,' he said. I could have hugged him. When I called my parents, they were as overjoyed as I was. It offset the personal turmoil I was going through at the time as I began to realize that I was more attracted to women than men and was probably gay – a fact I couldn't bear to acknowledge because I knew that being a lesbian was seen as shameful. Being a police officer, on the other hand, was viewed as respectable. I wanted the police to be my life. I was determined to give my career everything that I had.