

The Boys in Blue: Operation Dragon Head

Forgotten and only recently discovered among the musty archives of the Royal Hong Kong Police Force is the legendary saga of 'Operation Dragon Head'.

It is an intriguing story of a secret op between MI 5 and the Hong Kong Police Force. The Force has volunteered and participated in many difficult operations in the past but Operation Dragon Head was one of the strangest of all. Read on!

A stop traffic shapely blonde dressed in a low cut dress as if it had been sprayed on calmly sauntered into a gentleman's lavatory in a dungy street in Chinatown. She selected a cubicle which read 'gentlemen lift the seat'. She lifted the seat and when seated pulled the chain. There was a gentle swish of machinery and the whole cubicle slowly



ascended. Exiting the cubicle lift the blonde found herself facing a red colored iron door with painted large black letters on it - MI 5. Pushing the bell there was a sound of hydraulics and the electronic door opened. Blondie stepped into a cluttered office.



"Morning Miss Pennypiddle," as the blonde slipped off her Mac-Donald clan tamyschanter and flicked it across the room towards the hat stand. Unfortunately, the hat sailed out of the open window. "Shoot!" Blondie exclaimed "My best bonnie Scottish bonnet". "Mornin' 008", "You are late as usual". "So is my monthlies but later than never," Blondie quipped. "So what is new?" "Don't worry about your bonnet Q will collect it together with the half dozen hats that 007 has thrown through the window". The Chief is waiting impatiently for you. "I'll just brush up first." Do you mind if I use your toilet? Go ahead Pennypiddle graciously agreed. "MI 5 may be an equal opportunities employer but thank goodness I have just been able to cling to one little privilege".



"Coffee 008?" "Percolated, sugar, shaken not stirred." It tastes like s**t!" 008 grimacing and looking into the cup. "Sorry 008, I must have snubbed out my Cuban cigar in the cup". There was a sudden ring from the red phone on the oak desk. The Chief without looking up. "Hello Mr.



President" "What?" "You want to nuke the Kim nuclear facility in North Korea?" "Yes, you want to up the anti". "O.K". "You have already stopped all deliveries of coca cola to Kim?" "That will really piss him off!" "Bye Mr. President".



“Now 088 here is your next assignment and air ticket”. “Where am I going?” “Hong Kong!” “Q is already there and will brief you on your arrival and round up some help.” “Good luck.”

The plane lurched as it approached Kai Tak airport. Some lady passengers looking through the window suddenly found their knickers rather damp. “We will all get killed!” one chap yelled as the stewardess gagged his mouth with his seat belt. “This is just a normal landing sir, we will be on the ground safe and sound soon”. “See!”



008 waded through the water onto the runway. In the Mandarin Hotel Q asked 008 “Had a nice flight?” Why did the silly old sod send me to Hong Kong?” 008 sighed. “It is a difficult assignment” Q said quietly.



At the Hong Kong Police Marine HQ Q briefed 008 and the other men gathered around carousing and shifting large quantities of amber fluid down their throats as if it was the end of the world. “Do these fellas always drink like this?” 008 remarked. “They are the HK Police finest! “What do you expect?” said Q.



“They look a rough lot” as 008 glanced around the room. A burley fella approached 008 with a glass in hand. “Fancy a beer Blondie?” 008 grasped the full tankard and drowned the beer in one swallow. The others cheered as the fella melted away into a corner.

008 just stood on the table with legs apart as she drew her .45 as the officers stared at her blond locks and what else was on view. “You lot, I am in charge of this caper and anyone who does not like it will get one in the goolies right now”. There was a sudden pregnant silence.

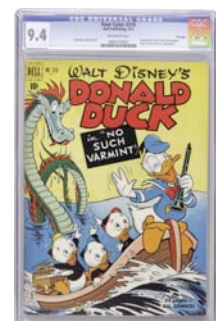


Q continued to explain “Gentlemen, you are the finest, smartest and meanest dudes in the Hong Kong Police Force”. “Hurrahs” all round.

“The situation is like this”. A consortium of local land developers have seized a small island and intend to level it and construct hundreds of tower residential blocks on it. The island villagers have been intimidated to move off and the island has been occupied by triads recruited by the developers.

“The object is to drive off the baddies from the island and reoccupy the island”. “Simple”.

One problem is that the island is difficult to approach. We shall have to use stealth and a bit of subterfuge. “Here is a copy of your brief”.



"You are all familiar with dragon boats. As you are aware dragon boat racing originated in China 2,500 years ago. We are going to use a submarine disguised as a dragon boat. On the surface a dragon boat will be attached to a small submarine below. Some paddlers will paddle the dragon boat while the remainder of you will be seated in the sub below".
"Once the boat is in close to the island you hard men will go ashore and capture the island".

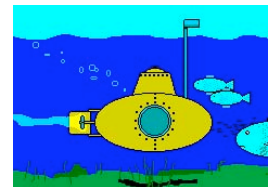


"Piece of cake!" they growled. "There is one more thing. The island is haunted by evil spirits so each of you will be given a rabbit foot to place around your wrist".

"Any questions" Q asked? "How about the submarine propulsion and firearms?". I have thought about that Q replied. "You will have to propel the boats by using paddle power. I also have rigged a compartment in the sub full of animal faeces". "You mean?" "Cow shit!"



"Exactly, the methane from the cow crap get squirted out from the stern pushing the sub propeller along. Pretty neat, eh!"



"I have to remind you that all MI 5 vessels and vehicles have designated smoke - free working environments, so 'no smoking', You will have to rely

on your paddles". "No firearms." "When you get ashore to drive out the triads or defenders anyone who kills or injures anyone you may be sued, as MI 5 lawyers will record everything. "As we are in a multi cultural age you will not be allowed to bash minorities or persons with tattoos or body piercing and people like that".

I can inform you that I have engaged a professional drummer who plays in a rock band so the paddler's can paddle with the rhythm and cadence with the drum and gong urging you to greater speed.

It was June, the Tuen Ng Festival and the boats were ready. The police were perspiring crouched inside the sub as the dragon boat paddlers joined the racing. "It is believed in the earliest boat racing, rituals and sometimes human sacrifices, were involved," 008 added. "Her rituals, we the human sacrifice", "The silly bitch!" One grunted.

"My gluteus maximus has become numb sitting on these hard seats. Break out the beer!"
"I have to remind you again it is MI 5 policy that binge drinking has been abolished".
"Crappo!"

“No insurrection!” 008 shouted. “Hong Kong expects every person to do his or her duty, forget race, gender, sexual orientation, religious persuasion or disability.” “ We better stop”. One piped up, “Half of us cannot do that!”

Number 8 boat started in their lane and quietly changed course to head for the island. However, despite all the preparation and training lady luck was not on their side. The drummer had just started to drum faster and faster to get up a head of steam when the leading HK land developer in his huge motor launch with other HK shakers and movers sipping their champers ordered the launch to cut right across number 8 boat. The turbulent wash filled the dragon boat with water. The dumb ass drummer fell from his perch and grabbed the chair falling into the water adding to the chaos.



The crew members gasped for air as they eventually came to the surface. The water was foul and smelled like a hundred fresh buffalo turds.



Struggling ashore the St. John Ambulance volunteers administered anti-tetanus or something to the manly submariners. One paddler asked an

ambulance volunteer if she could inject him with San Mig direct into his veins to kill off any bacteria that may have entered his body.



Epilogue

While Operation Dragon Head mission was not a total success one has to applaud all the officers who faced the odds with courage in one of the strangest operations undertaken by Hong Kong police officers.

008 became a samba dancer and can be seen among the crowd at the Hong Kong Sevens.

Q went on to design methane jet propelled fiberglass dragon boats.

MI 5 & RHKP Operation Dragon Head RHKP Sub Crew



	Roll of Honour	
Brian Coak	Bob Wilkinson	Don Bryan
Eric Crowther	Paul Dickinson	John Turner
Derek Aplin	Larry Abel	Dave Wright
Brian Gravenor	Wally Kiel	Charlie Fisher
John Bennett	Alex Hamilton	Dumb Ass Drummer

