

Dear Al,

You will probably guess who this letter is from but by the time you get to the end you will understand why I have not signed it. It is to warn you that you are in danger and to ask a special favour from you that will help you and us and we'll be very grateful in every way. Our intelligence is that you have been barking up the wrong tree having a go at that Rita Broadway woman. She is just a pathetic, rather stupid beaurocrat doing what she thinks is her job. She and you have both been manipulated by a much more unpleasant woman. You first upset this one by printing the truth about her boyfriend Dave Roberts. Then in a letter you called her a shickser. Then you upset her poofy friends in Housemans bookshop by taking money off them and boasting about it. You may think Gable is pulling her strings but in this case its the other way round. It was never Gable telling her lies about you. She told him practically all he knows about you and she got it from her exhusband in return for sex favours. She's a very cold blooded woman. She passed on that sheet you put out saying what money you got off bookshops in the libel case to a DHSS fraud officer who sometimes hangs around the office where she works (nice friends of the working class these reds have!!!!!!) by the name of Bronkhurst. It was him who passed it on to Broadway and who put her in touch with Gable. Broadway just thought she was doing her job. This Liddle woman guessed how you would react if you were called in for a fraud interview and how you would get yourself put away for it. She knew about your personality from Terry and counted on you blowing your top. I bet she really laughed last Christmas thinking of you in A wing while she was enjoying herself. You see how dangerous she is. You are not the only person she's stitched up. There's someone else has just lost his job thanks to her pictures being used by the Woolwich police. And she was really hopping mad when you got off in the Broadway case. She is already planing something else for you that is likely to be even more sinister. Remember if anything happens to Broadway now you are first in the frame. This woman has been getting away with too much for too long and its setting a bad example.

I expect you are begining to understand what we want. We think its time she had a little trip to meet her boyfriend Roberts. Only don't mess around on this one with threatening letters or stalking. If you give her any kind of warning she'll most likely get you first. It shouldn't be too difficult. She is very arrogant and leaves herself wide open. Weve been watching her and suggest three options.

First. She works very late every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the Clapham Junction communist party office, leaving usually after ten. She crosses the road to the station, gets a train for Waterloo then goes across to Waterloo east to get a train for Charlton. This is her usual pattern but she does change it once in a while. But if you don't see her one night she'll be there the next. Keep your cool and dont panic. Then, and this is the interesting bit because for most of the journey there's lots of people about, she walks up Charlton Church Lane, passed

Charlton House and into the back streets streets behind where theres hardly anybody about and its darker. Anyone sitting by the bus stop outside Charlton House will see her go by between 11 and 12.30 at night. Remember she doesn;t know you by sight. She's short and fat with a big black bag and commie badges on her jacket lapel. Remember she's very a strong woman and you will need to surprise her completely. She can't run but she could fight and shout if your not quick. Don't go near her house. There are other people living there and she'll get help or they may see you. Don't try anything near her office. There is another short fat woman works there and you could get the wrong one and there's always too many people about. Remember not Thursdays or Fridays.

Second. She sells commie and IRA papers as well as Searchlight every Saturday in Lewisham from just after 11 am to about 1pm outside the big shopping centre entrance between Burger King and the Natwest bank. She stands leaning against the rail near the pedestrian lights crossing with her back to the traffic, holding a big yellow fold-up display board with the papers on it. Anyone coming passed from Lee high road towards New Cross on a borrowed motorbike would have an easy shot at her back if they could borrow the right equipment. Even a knife might do if it is used quickly and decisivly. Remember the traffic is murder there so only a bike would be able to get away. Ride passed round the block a couple of times to get an exact fix on where she is. Naturally a crash helmet would be essential.

Three. Every Friday she sells papers in Woolwich. That is a pedestrian centre so getting away would not be so easy. But when she's finished she has something to eat then does her shopping. She always ends up in Sainsburys Woolwich and gets a Starmill minicab home. In other words at some time between 3pm and 4.30 she will stand at the back of Sainsburys (Calder Street) with a trolley of shopping among a lot of other shoppers. A four door saloon with a minicab ariel drives up and the driver says he's come for Liddle and she helps load the shopping in the boot then gets in the back seat. If you could borrow such a car and get their before the Starmill cab you could just pick her up and take her wherever you wanted. Listen on their radio wave length for a cab being sent for her. Be just round the corner ready to nip in quick. But you would need help with this. Once she twigged there was something wrong she could be quite dangerous loose in the back seat so you'd have to pick up one or two helpers just round the corner to keep her under control. An electric baton would be useful. This method you would get a chance to tell how you felt about spending five months in Brixton and help her understand what it felt like. But you'd have to recruit your helpers very carefully. They would need cool heads and not be piss heads who would talk. You can promise them around five grand each if doing it for the pleasure is not enough. You will be able to afford that soon easily. You'll also have to be extra careful. Remember both fire and sea water destroy finger prints and all traces of "body fluid". Quite appropriate as she is reputed to be something of a witch. Be nice to see her go for a ride on a twig broomstick -- if it was fucking on fire!!!. But make sure you get a long way from London somewhere totally quiet and very private.

Now I can understand if this letter have made you feel

nervous and you don't want to act on it. Fair enough, just burn the letter (do that in any case, it will do neither of us any good if it is found, just make a few notes from it in your own words to help you remember details but in a way no one else will understand) and nothing more will be said. But remember she is out to get you again soon. Then take a day or two to make up your mind. Check out some of our intelligence if you like. If nothing happens inside a month we'll know you're not up for it and get someone else.

But I suggested you because you are not like most of the wankers we've got, all piss and wind. You are one of the few who does have the nerve to do it and your sober enough to think it through properly and not make silly mistakes. This is not something we do very often but this woman is really getting up too many people's noses. And you need to be rid of her more than most. If you decide to go ahead think it through then get on with it quickly. Dont hang about especially if you use option three and need helpers. It will just make it more likely someone will get careless and talk. Don't bungle it. If she survives to implicate you they'll throw away the key this time. And don't believe her is she tries to sweet talk you, she's very clever with her tongue -- in all sorts of ways. Once its over everyone's implicated and if one talks your all in trouble so make sure they know that. I DONT NEED TO TELL YOU THAT IF YOU TALK OUT OF TURN ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE I WILL DENY ALL KNOWLEDGE OF IT AND YOU WILL CARRY THE CAN ALONE. EVEN AMONG OUR PEOPLE THERE ARE SPIES EVERYWHERE.

When its done phone our mutual friend on 01825 764707 and say the fat slag has gone to meet her boyfriend. I know you've fallen out with him in the past but Ive had a word with him about that. He will tell you then how to meet me. If you use options 1 or 2 it will be in the local news quickly but if you use option 3 I'll need some sort of proof from you that its actually happened. Dont even try to get in touch in any other way, any contact between us beforehand will implicate us both. If you do I'll deny everything. You wont be believed. Lets just say if you do it right when its over then you won't have to worry about benefits anymore. It won't be quite like winning the lottery, we're not fat cosmopolitans like Camelot. But it won't be far off that. Good hunting!!!