

14. Spanners With Hammers

Sunday 27th February 2050

There are not only religious nutters hiding behind every stone in society. There are also those types who don't necessarily see such situations as the long awaited ripened fruit of an engineered plan but take advantage of them. These people are like spanners in the works. They can rock and roll, or rather, depending which side they're on, they can rock or roll the greatest of plans. They're not your local gangsters, protection rackets or tabloid newspapers - they were born to be spanners in the works. They're usually people that either love or hate their country. These people would never listen to the words of a king or a government calling for peace and restraint. These people were what the European elite thought they needed. They were the spanners with hammers - Rioters!

Much of London city centre had seemed to erupt spontaneously. Trafalgar square was a battlefield which would turn out to leave three dead and hundreds wounded. On Oxford Street, a rally, secretly instigated and arranged from the top by Qadir's unofficial minister for dirty tricks Dominique Tana, had also been heading for Trafalgar square. Her lefties carrying pro-democracy banners, mostly students and professional picketers, had turned ugly when confronted by a small group of her British Front skinheads. As the battling groups were dispersed by police they filtered into the side streets and continued their fight. Running battles raged across central London, smashing cars and shop windows for hours.

As darkness fell, others got to hear about the down-town mess and came looking for looting opportunities, many carrying weapons such as hammers and axes openly. Police were drafted in from all over Greater London which probably gave a number of thieves the opportunity to burgle a few houses in the city's outskirts. Eventually the police got a grip wherever gangs gathered and the trouble seemed to begin to die down. Fights had also begun to break out in bars and pubs and spill out into the streets during the night and many more cars and shops were burnt out. The sound of wailing sirens, and, in some places, thick smoke, began to fill the night air but by dawn the worst seemed over.

In the half light of the early hours of Monday Macca looked out over London from his rented top floor apartment where he had been studying his portfolio. The underground was closed because the authorities could not cope and an eerie quietness had fallen over the capital. London had witnessed riots before and this one had been comparatively mild to many of those previous. However, as morning set in there was something different about this one, a feeling that it was not over, a feeling that this was just the beginning.

Excerpt from chapter 13

All at once, Macca needed a fag and another drink but he'd just stood on the empty cigarette carton and his bottle was empty. For a second or two he felt like he was in a whirlpool going round and down. He couldn't believe what he was hearing and at the same time he actually believed for the first time that this was real. Too bloody real. He was to infiltrate this group by pretending he was like them. He was to be from a Russian equivalent set up by the Russian Secret Service years ago. Now, Ark MacIntyre looked around and he was shit scared. African and Asian hoodies were situated around the square in large groups. They were weirdly quiet but the situation was scary.

Macca knew the racial situation in England had been degenerating fast but he had a feeling that today was button pressing day and he really didn't want to be there. He was wishing he was on the beach in his chosen place on the Costa Del Sol, even wishing that he was Spanish.

Maybe it was a sixth sense but Phoenix's rant lost Macca's attention. Suddenly his hairs were on end and he felt like he was wired to the national grid. Something was coming, something was in the air. Looking around at the edges of the square he noticed more people gathering. Lots of movement.

Phoenix was still shouting,

'One God! One brain! One skeleton ... in a valley? Have they dug up Russia? ... China? ... One stupidity! One shepherd with one dark ... dark ... mind, to lead us to slaughter ...'

But Macca had lost the context. He had realised this was no longer a religious speech, even one with expected controversial content. This was Nuremberg upside down. This was a rallying call - and a suicidal one at that.

Crack! Crack! Thud!

The sound of bullets being fired was met by screams and mass panic.

20. Knock Knock

Sunday 6th March 2050

Two days after Macca's initiation into the church, Regan's British Public Protection Regiment (PPR) were all geared up and ready for action. Their mustard yellow berets were at least the colour of English mustard and not French. Their dark blue uniforms which had the appearance of overalls made them look like the nasties from Orson Welle's big brother novel *1984*. They had two priorities to begin with. One: make their presence known by patrolling the streets of the major cities in their mustard jeeps and armour plated wagons. Two: to set up military liaison units within the Territorial Army bases. They were all armed with side-arms and many carried automatic rifles. They also had special tactical firearms units with some heavier weapons.

In the parking lot of their HQ in London, Regan was addressing them. He felt it was his place to give them the rousing speech they needed for purposes of morale and morality. Without him speaking to them all they would of course not share his values. They were robots which needed programming. Goodness gracious – some of them might even be uneducated and uncouth lowly people who were obliged to fall in line with his morally greater vision of Regan world. It began something like:

‘Comrades! Patriots! Men! Stand together against the great turmoil which faces us. Stand together with me. In the face of ...’

He knew he had to end with a joke which wasn't a joke. It was what all respected men did. A serious simile to endear his men toward him and the seriousness of their cause was all that was needed. It came across as hyperbolic and would have been termed so if it were not for the fact that many of Regan's regulars felt that they may actually be having their heads kicked in by the end of the week.

‘... Into the breach my friends! Into the breach!’

Regan paused to silence expecting some kind of response. Maybe three cheers of hip hip hooray or something. A few rolled eyes, squirms and silent grimaces later he probably realised that he should walk away and he did - another cringing Regan moment.