

Battery Acid: A Fear Of The Dutch Razor. By John Cullen.

Warning: Contains Strong Language. May not be suitable for all.

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“So.... I’ve decided to take my work back underground. To stop it falling into the wrong hands....”

The Prodigy – Music For The Jilted Generation. 1994.

00: An Introduction: Ground Zero – Bones And Space....

There aren't many out there, who know what really goes into making a major, heavyweight, boxing bout happen....

I found out – First hand. And it changed me forever..... And not for the better....

My thirty or so years as boxing promoter, slash manager, turned me into an animal; I was obsessed with money and prepared to do whatever it took to get my hands on as much of that wonderful green paper as I possibly could – It's what makes the world go round after all.....

I, was in awe of the power of the dollar; I loved all the fringe benefits that money could bring: Fast cars and good pussy; bespoke tailoring and the finest dining; mixing with the social elite of Los Angeles and all the other beautiful people who ran this great country of ours that I had lived in all my life and loved so dearly....

I thought I had it all.... And – For a time – I did.....

One fateful night however, would change my life forever.... My life would never be the same again – A terrible cliché, I know, but so very true.....

That very night, I lost everything that was really important in life.... The things money can't buy: Religion and god; sanity and goodwill to other men..... Hope for the future....

I, would be reborn back into a dark world that I had previously lived in, but had never truly seen at it's ugly, face value....

My eyes, for so long, had been closed to the reality of my surroundings.....

My eyes are still, to this very day, closed....

I was in bed with my girlfriend when I got the phone call....

The clock read: 4:24am.

An anonymous voice on the line mumbled something like:

"We've got a problem.... There's been an accident at The Beast's apartment.... Getcha shit together. Head over... Now...."

The Beast was a heavyweight boxer that I happened to be managing at the time – He was called The Beast for a reason.....

Before I had time to respond or even ask a question, the line clicked off...

I showered quickly, jumping into the convertible as my girlfriend slept; the beast lived nearby in the hills....

It still haunts me.... I could have turned back at any point as I drove to The Beast's apartment..... My life didn't have to change.....

The third time I rang, I was buzzed inside; the beast lived on the top floor of the building, the penthouse....

I took the stairs instead of the elevator – My subconscious was trying to buy time it seems now in retrospect....

If only I'd turned around and left the building.... Gone back to bed....

The door of the apartment was already open by the time I reached the top floor. I was greeted by a sinister looking mob-type in the unlit hallway.

"He's really done it this time," he said laughing. "The cocaine makes The Beast go nuts....."

He was right – It did. We had already paid an escort somewhere in the region of two million dollars in damages after he had sexually assaulted her in the VIP section of a downtown Manhattan nightclub – The Beast was known to both the NYPD and the LAPD as a serial rapist who had managed to evade conviction due his powerful attorney and celebrity status; the press had already been warned there would be severe repercussions for any libellous stories printed. The Beast's crimes were known to many, but existed as mere rumours.....

The bedroom door was closed, but I could hear hushed voices behind it. The Beast was long gone; I could not feel his presence in the apartment and I doubt he would have invited me inside had he been there – The Beast had been plotting with his rotten attorney to have our contract terminated; The Beast felt my cut of *his* earnings were too high – I didn't warrant the fee....

The Beast was in collusion with a rival promoter. Both parties wanted my head on a silver platter – The world of boxing is just as savage as the world that exists outside of it.....

The reality of what was about to happen hit as I stood in the hallway....

A painting hung just outside of The Beast's bedroom – A large canvass that housed a multitude of different shapes and colours: Swirling blues and greens intertwined together in a sea of cold water; orange and yellow brush strokes created the sunlight that reflected off the water's surface; the grey, thick brush strokes created the small boats crossing the vast ocean beneath them..... I knew whatever lay behind the door was bad news.....

The longer I gazed at the painting, the more I could feel myself becoming lost in it. I was transfixed on the image, sinking and deeper and deeper into it; I could feel myself being consumed by the canvas, and willingly. If a Genie had appeared from that painting at the very moment, I would asked to become one with the oil paints hanging before me; I would have gladly become one with the artist's creation and fled the oncoming horror.

"You gonna stand there all night?" Asked one of the mob goons, opening the bedroom door. "The real art is in here."

I could now see the extent of The Beasts evil. A young girl lay flat on the bed. What remained of her face was looking upwards towards the heavens; she was naked as the day she was born....

I tried to compose myself and make some sort of sense of it all; I tried to figure out a reasonable explanation for what might have happened.... There wasn't one.

To this day I can still see the blood smeared across the walls and the telephone; I can see the teeth scattered across the bedside cabinet; I can still see the burns to her legs and lower abdomen.

A voice from behind me said:

"We'll dispose of the mess..... The fight has to happen. Gino will send The Beast the check for all this. Make sure The Beast understands one thing: You don't pop one of our call girls unless you got the go-ahead first. Okay?"

I floated out of the apartment, down the long staircase, lost.....

..... As I drove back to the valley, I ran through some stop lights without thinking – I was completely numb.....

I made a sudden stop, opening the door, spilling outta the car, collapsing onto the roadside.... I puked. I was on my hands and knees like a dog.

A passing car ground to a halt, the driver checking if I was ok. I wasn't.....

"You look like you've seen ghost!" He shouted as he pulled away. He was right. I had.....

Over the next few weeks, I changed beyond all recognition – I lost ten pounds, leaving my apartment and girlfriend behind; I threw myself into my work and switched off all thoughts of the past. None of that mattered now.

When a major heavyweight bout is about to take place, nothing will stop it. Not even a dead call girl. When millions of dollars are at stake, nothing will stop the fight.... Nothing whatsoever....

That's what it takes to make a major, heavyweight boxing bout take place....

The next three years seemed a blur – I developed a bad cocaine habit, spending weekends staring out of my apartment window, gazing up into the night sky and the stars that hung above me. All I could do was think about the dead girl. I would weep thinking of her poor mother; waiting and wondering; hoping her dead daughter may one day show up; dreaming of a lost child she had brought into this world and cherished. Wondering.....

Wondering where she was... And I knew; she was sleeping on the bed of the pacific ocean.....

The contract between myself and The Beast was terminated – A mutual agreement. I severed my connections with him for good.

I, would once again cross paths with The Beast – This time on my terms.....

I, at the time, represented a top prospect; the kid, Dynamite Jordan, was on course to become the new heavyweight champion. Like all future heavyweight champions, Dynamite had to fight some tomato cans along the way – Journeymen; The Beast was now a tomato can and sorry looking son of a bitch. Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.....

The Beast was a mess – His alcoholism was now consuming him and he'd blown most of vast fortune – He had sold the apartment and the painting.....

Those swirling colours now sit in a bank vault – And that's where they will stay. Until I pass.....

At the press conference for the fight, The Beast threw insults at Dynamite. And me.....

"This guy's a joke!" He laughed. "He couldn't hold a candle to me!"

I replied:

"At one time..... But now is different. Time can be a cruel mistress....."

The Beast didn't like that remark and he scolded me:

"God! I remember how much of a weasel you were! And look at you now! Some things don't change, huh Gustavo?"

I nodded, and the beast continued to mock me:

"You make me laugh, you know that?! Guys like you shouldn't be in this business! Guys like you should be working on Wall Street! Makin dollars hustlin' punk businessmen! Spending your weekends on a golf course doing stoopid shit with a bunch of assholes!"

The beast laughed:

"You ain't a killer...."

He was right – I wasn't a killer..... I didn't want to be one either...

Dynamite Jordan sent The Beast to the emergency room after the third round. I can still remember The Beast looking into my eyes as he hit the ropes, right before his eyeballs rolled back into his skull as he hit the canvas.....

Victory was so sweet, and yet, so hollow.... The damage had been done. My life wouldn't be any different – Regardless of how bad The Beast had been beaten by Dynamite.

The show must go on..... And it did.....

I, continued to make large sums of money – Every year – More than I could ever hope to spend. I married a beautiful, young model who enjoyed spending my substantial fortune and was able smile in public as she held my hand – The good wife. None of it bothered me. I was past caring.....

At some point in our life, we reach ground zero – The point where you realise there is no point. The stars simply align and reality suddenly drops like a boulder from the skies....

Nothing really matters.... And guess what? It never did in the first place. It was all bullshit. We're born alone, and we die alone. End of discussion....

Except it's not. If only.....

I can remember one hot summers day – A Sunday, at my holiday home in Colorado; I was sat alone on the veranda, looking out into the woodlands that faced the cabin directly. In the vast space that surrounded me, everything seemed to suddenly click into place. I had the complete picture. I could now see it all very clearly.....

We are born to die.....

We start from nothing and eventually we fade into nothing.....

We are all just energy that exists at a certain point in space and time.....

Think of it this way: The planet we exist on is one giant chess board – The white squares represent light, the black squares represent darkness. There is no heaven or hell. Just an ever continuing universe that we aimlessly float through. Alone.....

We start at one side of the chess board, and we fight and battle our way across to the other side.

All of it for nothing.....

Why?

No reason. And that's the tragedy of it all. There is no reason. There's no reason for any of it.....

Except reality for what it is: Bones and space.....

Nothing more..... Nothing less.

As we float through space, slowly, we start to decay; death is approaching and our journey on the board can only last so long. Even in victory, our fate is always there.... Loitering.... Waiting.

When, and if, we reach the other side, we merely drop off the board and fall. We can fall forever as we decay and rot. Beams of light pass as we sink deeper into the darkness.....

And there you have it.....

I cannot take your hand as we all make this journey alone. All I can do is make an empty gesture by wishing you the best of luck on this journey.

Walk the board with your head held high.

..... And when you fall?

Just simply fade away as we float through space and time..... A slave to the universe and it's masters.....

Gustavo Reyes

CEO and founder of Oxblood Gloves Entertainment.

01: First Round Of The Brawlers Cup.

"We're not your monkey. And so what?"

That's what I told this goon over the phone at the Palm Hotel; Gammon was running late an' couldn't make the fuckin' drop. Cunt.

The Arab bastard behind the desk complimented me on the quality of the blow.

"Very good," he said. "Keeps the girls up all night. They can work the mattress nicely you know...."

Whatever.

Outside, Gammon was waiting with the boys in the van; the cunt had fuckin' time to jump in the van alright.

Billy Wirral stuck his big, ugly head outta the window:

"HEY YA' WIDEBOY! YA' KEEN FOR THE SWEDGE?!"

I told the Scottish mugg to keep his fuckin' voice down; you never know who could be listening.

Billy makes me want to puke. He has about six teeth an' he's a fuckin' alcky; cunt shouldn't be behind the wheel of a van if you ask me; he was assigned to us by those cunts who run The Brawlers Cup.

Billy knows his fuckin' place alright. I tanned his fuckin' jaw a couple of weeks ago. He fuckin' embarrassed us all in the Manhattan Steak House, over in Longview. We were havin' a catch up, makin' plans for this seasons Brawlers Cup, and that cunt Gammon goes an' invites the Scottish prick. The fuckin' place was packed, wasn't it. We were waiting in the bar area, getting a few drinks. Billy has a problem with his guts; he does the most horrible fuckin' farts you've ever smelt in ya' life. We were waiting for fuckin' ages an' Gammon reckons the staff were mugging us off. Gammon goes an' eggs Billy on to start fartin' the place up. So he does. When the stench hit, this specky cunt comes out from behind the bar an' tries to kick us out!

"The bar is only open to customers who are eating in the establishment," he says to us, like we're fuckin' scum or something. I told the cunt we were waiting for a table. It was embarrassing. People were looking.

When we finally got a table, Billy says:

"That'll teach 'yers! Ya' clever bastards! Next time have a fuckin' table ready for me and the lads boyo!"

The cunt flashed all six of his teeth. People were looking at us. I followed the cunt to the toilet an' clocked the fucker. Bam! Cunt didn't know what hit him. Gammon thought I'd been rough on him an' that. I wasn't. People were looking.

Back in the van, I've told the cunt to turn his head around an' keep driving; it's his job to drive the fuckin' van an' that's it. Nobody values his opinion. Old cunt.

The boys are already in their boiler suits an' I'm trying to put mine on. Last year we had these plain, navy jobs. This year we got these jet black ones with a crushed skull on the back and our squad name is in big yellow letters:

MORELAND COURT RANGERS.

Our mugs don't matter cause they blur them out; means the coppers can't identify us or nothin'. That's the way I want it an' all. Don't want every Tom, Dick an' Fred on the street clockin' me, wanting some sort of fuckin' conversation or something. That's how the cops catch ya', when mouthy cunts spout off in public.

Last year, we were favourites to win The Brawlers Cup. We got to the semi finals and these Jew bastards from London fucked everything up; their captains this cunt called *Tobias*. I was stompin' the little queer an' embarrassin' the cunt in front of all an' sundry; he was on the floor lookin' like a right prat; his boys were all smeared across the concrete like the soft cunts they are. We had it fuckin' won! Then the cunt did something stupid, didn't he. Pulled out a can of mace an' blasted me right in the fuckin' canister; fuckin' blinded me! The weapon was undeclared so they got disqualified, 'cept we were out too! You can't progress to the next round in The Brawlers Cup without a clean win. These cunts called The Flatliners won by default. They got the loot an' everything! Mind you, they've disappeared of the face of the Earth; nobody has seen the cunts for dust. Gammon reckons they got snuffed out for the cash; I'd love to see someone try that shit with me; once we win the loot this year, it's mine, no matter what any cunt says.

Anyway, if we're lucky, we'll get to stomp The Stamford Hill Mercenaries again. And I'll get to sort out some unfinished business with that Tobias. Jew cunt.

Robbie's got his black mans curse out; he's rollin' up a reefer as usual; dunno how he can smoke that stuff before a rumble. These Rasta cunts are cut from different cloth; they smoke that shit for breakfast. Ever since Jamaica's economy tanked five years back an' they became part of the United Kingdom, we've had tones of these fuckers turn up. Mind you, we sent over all our old cunts; s'like gods waiting room in certain parts according to Robbie. The cunt taps me on the leg, tryin' to pass me his poison:

"Widebwoy.... Widebwoy...."

And I'm just shakin' my head; he's passed it over to Stephen:

"Small bwoy.... Small bwoy..."

And I'm tryin' not to laugh aren't I; Stephen hates it when Robbie calls him that. He don't mean no harm by it, he's just being protective. The dopey cunt just shakes his head an' keeps staring at the floor.

Stephen had this girlfriend, Becky. The mong was a miserable cow; she was always whingin' an' moaning an' makin' Stephen unhappy. She went an' hung herself from a chandelier inside her parents house. She fuckin' did him a favour if you ask me! She's from this filthy rich family an' she's still fuckin' miserable! Lost cause she was. And now Stephens a lost cause. I thought the cunt would get over it, but he's only gotten worse. I have to wind him up, just to get him to fight.

"Ere, Robbie.... That stuff stinks almost as bad as Becky does now..."

So Stephens jumped up an' the cunts yellin' in me face:

"YOU FUCKIN' CUNT! YOU GOT NO RIGHT! NO RIGHT! WHY'DA ALWAYS HAVE TO BRING HER UP?! IM GONNA FUCKIN' DO YOU WIDBOY!"

Dunno how that cunt can get so emotional over a bird, especially a dead one; her family didn't even like him 'cause he's half a spade.

Stephens fuckin' blazin'! And Robbie's holding the cunt back; he's tellin' him:

"Save it for the fight Stephen! Save it for the fight."

Robbie's lookin' at me like he thinks I've done something wrong, but what else am I supposed to do? Cunts no good to man or beast. He needs to be in killer mode. I've done my job as the captain. He's ready now.

Billy's puttin' his foot down as we enter the old town; I can't wait until they tare the rest of this fuckin' dump down. The Brawlers Cup is filmed in the old town 'cos there's no cunt here now, so there's no cops. There's no lights either so it's dangerous as fuck. Fuck knows what they'll do when WestPoint is finished. Where are they gonna film the fuckin' fights?! It will probably have to move somewhere else; they can film it in some other shithole town.

Makes no difference to me. I'm glad that The Old Town is nearly gone. I'm looking outta the back windows an' I can see all the shitty old shops on the beach front. I fuckin' remember those shops from when I was a kid; they were filled up with shitty, cheap plastic shit an' they were run by these rotten bastards with no teeth; cunts with trampy fags an' dirty, cheap shoes; even as a kid, those cunts made me wanna fuckin' puke. Dirty cunts. Old Town cunts.

And I need to keep the Scottish cunt on his toes:

"Where we goin' Billy? Where have they sent you?"

"To the school down yonder boyo," he says. "Just round the corner from the auld bingo hall."

And this is it. First round of The Brawlers Cup. Gammons swigin' outta his whiskey bottle:

"All you cunts ready, eh? Ready to stomp some pussies?!"

And now Billy's turnin' into the old school, up the service road; The Brawlers Cup security team is signallin', tellin' us to stop.

Showtime.

We're all dropin' our weapons into the bag. You have to drop a weapon 'cause that's how the fight ends. Mine's this cut throat razor; it has Some Dutch bird in clogs on the handle an' she's bent over, hiking up her black dress, showin' her knickers an' fat arse off. I found it in a draw at The Birdcage, the strip club where me an' Gammon work. Security. If I had a penny for every cunt I've sliced with it.....

And now we're being led to the back an' the place is lit up like a fuckin' Christmas tree. Billy says good luck an' I tell the cunt to fuck off; he's a fuckin' embarrassment.

The two white lines are already down on the pitch an' Tweakin' Tommy Rotten is doing his thing; Tommy's the coke head commentator; he's screaming into the camera:

"WELCOME YOU BLOOD THRISTY MOTHERFUCKERS! ITS BEEN A LONG COLD WINTER GIRLS AND BOYS! AND HERE WE ARE: THE BRAWLERS CUP! LET THE GAMES BEGIN!"

The muggs we're fightin' are already stood behind their white line; can't see 'em yet 'cause the security goons are blockin' the fuckin' view. They've upped the number this time; they must have really made a packet last year. Maybe it was those cunts who snuffed out The Flatliners; I wouldn't put it past any of those bastards.

Stephens lookin' biscuit arsed an' Gammons laughin' and jokin' around with Tweakin' Tommy; I fuckin' hate when he acts the clown when we've got business to attend to. Cunt needs to keep his wits about him. Anything can happen here.

Robbie's finishing his black mans curse; he holdin' it up the air, tauntin' the fuckers behind their white line:

"I'M GHONNAAAH BUUURN YOU SMALL BWOYS! BUUURNN YOU LIKE THIS SPLIFF!! IM GONNA CUTCHYA FOOKIN' HEADS OFF YA' SHOULDERS BLUD!"

He's right an' all.

It's Showtime. Time to stomp some-

Look at these cunts! Dressed up in these black an' red football shirts; you can spot these cunts a mile off. This is the sort of shit you get in the early rounds of The Brawlers Cup. You know the type: They've had a few barnies in nightclubs an' they've outnumbered and stomped a few pussies; they've never lost any brawls 'cos they always outnumbered the cunts they were beatin' up! Someone's gone an' put the idea in their head:

"You lots are fuckin' mustard! You know what you need to do? You need to enter The Brawlers Cup! You'll fuckin' wipe the floor with all those arseholes."

So what have they done? They've gone an' got themselves a bunch of tools an' some stupid fuckin' football shirts with a load of numbers on the back. They've gone an' got themselves a team name, something stupid like 'The Headcutters'. They've gone an' told every tart in the local nightclub that they're gonna be in The Brawlers Cup; and you can bet every one of those slags has given up the fanny nice an' easy for 'em; these slags think they're suckin' on the cock of some celebrity gangster type. They've seen the lads beat up a load of pussies an' old drunks; they've seen broken noses and geezers on their arse spittin' their teeth into the gutter at kicking out time. They think they're getting fucked by gangsters; top dogs; geezers. And these cunts are lovin' every minute, talkin' about what they're gonna do an' what's gonna happen; they've told every cunt to tune in an' watch the fight. Then I come along. Geezers like me creep up when these cunts aren't expecting it. Now these cunts are gonna have to pay the fuckin' bill, get their receipt. They're gonna look like fuckin' idiots in front of all the local slags an' all their muggy mates an' their whole fuckin' family..... Cunts.

Even their names on the back of their shirts has the marks of a bunch of mugs: D. WILLIAMS; D. SEEDORF; M. SHRUB an' J. SHRUB.....

What kinda fuckin' names are those? SHRUB?! Shrub, like some sorta bush? Round my way, a bush is pussy, a fanny. And that would be about right. A bunch of little pussies. First round fodder. Like I said, you can spot these cunts a mile off. This won't go on for two long. I guarantee it.

The head ref is spoutin' off a load of bollocks about the rules; you can write the rules of The Brawlers Cup on the top of a fuckin' pinhead. Now the cunts countin' us in:

"ONE!"

I've been waitin' a long time for this.....

"TWO!"

And I don't even hear the cunt say three; I've already got one of the Shrub cunts in a headlock. I'm twistin' him an' spinnin' the fat cunt around in a circle, making the fucker dizzy; once they're dizzy,

you lay the boot into their bollocks like a fuckin' savage. The cunts got fuckin' trainers on; this is another sign these muggs are fuckin' amateurs. Once, then twice in the fuckin' bollocks, the cunts yelpin' like a dog when you tread on their paws; yelpin' like a dog in front of all the cameras! Yelpin' like a dog in front of all his muggy mates! Yelpin' like a dog in front of some of those tarts who gave him a bit of fanny 'cause he's supposed to be a hard bastard! He yelpin' like a dog in front of millions of people watching at home. Fuckin' idiot. Cunt.

Robbie is on the other Shrub cunt, swedgin' it out with him; looks like he's getting the best of the cunt. M. Shrub. M. Pussy more like!

Gammons crushin' the life outta the D. Seedorf bastard; his arms are squeezin' the life outta him; cunts tryin' to scream out:

"PLEEEASE STOP!! FUCK! SHIT! PLEEEASE STOP! I CAN'T BREATHE! CUNT! PLEASE STOP!"

Cunts outta breath an' he's wheezing like a burst football, makin' mum and dad proud. Cunts melted like butter on the fryin' pan. I'm having fun here.....

Ol' J. Shrub havin' a bad day at the office, isn't he; he's all disorientated an' confused.

"What the fuck?! What the fuck is this?! Where am I?" He says, all fuckin' googely eyed, fuckin' spit drippin' off his rot.

Now I turn an' Stephens on the ground, getting pounded by D. Williams. He's getting fuckin' slaughtered. So now I have to bail that cunt out. Again!

So it's time for this J. Shrub cunt to go to sleep. I'm grabbin' a hold of his pussy lookin' blonde hair, smashin' the bastards nose into my knee. Fuckin' nice.

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

Bridge of the cunts nose has collapsed; I felt it. But you have to be sure. Once the cunt goes limp, he's chokin' on his own blood 'cause he can't breathe; cunts dropped to the ground like a corpse; his Brawlers Cup is over; he'll do better if he sticks to beatin' up drunks an' wannabe wideboys down the local nightclub.

D. Seedorf is on the floor with his eyes all rolled back in his head; Gammons like a wild bear, the more you scream, the harder he goes in; fuckin' lights out for that cunt. Sweet dreams.

Robbie is finishing up, stampin' on M. Shrub's nut. Gammons lookin' over at Stephen an' I signal to the cunt I'll take care of it. As fuckin' always!

Boom!

D. Williams has a head like a fuckin' concrete statue; his mum must have feed the fucker horse meat as a kid. I've just punched him in the back of his canister an' it's done nothing; the cunts still poundin' away on Romeo.

CLANG!

If in doubt? Use the fuckin' steel-toecap! Works every time. An' now there's claret spillin' outta the bastards gob, but he's still on his feet! I half admire the cunt. He's got balls, I'll give him that.

So now Tweakin' Tommy Rottens whipped out his megaphone; he's screamin' out his catchphrase:

"BLITZKRIEG!! BLITZKRIEG!! BLITZKRIEG!! BLITZKRIEG!! BLITZKRIEG!!"

The security goons got the bag of weapons out an' the rest of my lot are being pushed away; this ends now. Well, it had to end sometime, didn't it. Couldn't go on all fuckin' day.

And I wanna start laughing, don't I; the cunts brought a kendo stick with him. A fuckin' kendo stick! I told you these cunts were armatures; the idea of a weapon is something that can fly through the air, not clank across the fuckin' ground when you need it sharpish. I can see the Dutch tart with her fat arse stickin' out fly through the air; this cunt is jumping, tryin' to catch his fuckin' stupid ninja stick. Cunt misses.

Wonderful.

When his right foot hits the ground, I stamp my right foot down on top of it; I bash my left foot through his fuckin' knee cap, snappin' the cunt like twig. Cunt screams in out in pain; cunt sounds like he's been burned with hot water; he's wishin' he stayed at home tonight; he's wishin' he stuck to poundin' drunks an' pussies in nightclubs; he wishin' he never took that fuckin' stupid advice from that cunt down the boozier. He's wishin' he didn't wear that stupid fuckin' football shirt. Fuckin' mugg.

Showtime.

"THIS ONE IS FOR THE FANS AT HOME! THE MORLAND CUNT RANGERS ARE BACK YA' CUNTS!" I'm tellin' the camera, flippin' the blade out of the handle with the Dutch slag on it. "HAVE A NICE EVENING WORMS!"

The cunts got a shaved nut an' he's got these two scars on the top of his canister. So I give him one on his face to match his nut. Then I give him another one. Cunts in shock as his face opens up like a Tin of beans; he's lying on his back, shakin' like a leaf.

"Smile for the camera!" I tell the bastard. "Smile for everybody at home! Smile for everybody backatcha' manor!"

And with that? Now I need my prize, don't I; I want one of them stupid fuckin' shirts. I'm tryin' to grab it an' pull it off him but the cunt ain't havin' it. His canister is pissing blood all over the gaff an' he's tryin' to hold onto his stupid shirt! Fuck knows why?! But he's puttin' up a fight regardless. So I grab the Dutch Razor an' scissor the cunt off him. And now it's in my hand, up in the air; I'm making sure the cameras can see it clearly: D. WILLIAMS.

I'm holding the shirt by both shoulders, letting camera see this bastards name; it's a shame they'll blur it out; his mates will suss; all the slags back at his manor will suss. I hope his family suss an' all. They can swallow the cunts shame for him. Cunt.

Tweaking Tommy is screamin' his head off:

"HAHAHA! WELL, IF YOUR GONNA PITCH LITTLE GIRLS AGAINST KILLERS, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS!!"

So now we're being dragged away by The Brawlers Cup security team; they're shittin' it 'cause the cops have probably tipped 'em off they're about to bust the show; the security mob are all bottle jobs, pussies who wanna be geezers.

One of the Shrub brothers has run over to his mate, helpin' the D. Williams cunt lyin' on the ground.

"THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THAT YOU FUCKING CUNT! YOU HAD THE FIGHT WON! WHY DISFIGURE HIM?! WHAT'S HE EVER DONE TO YOU?! HORRIBLE BASTARD!" He's sayin', like he's gonna cry or something; I can see the bastards vagina through his football shorts.

And now the security firm have let go of us an' we're walking to the van; I've got the shirt up in the air; I gotta make sure the kids see the prize; the staff bods are still filming.

"Look what I got," I says to the camera, "a poofs shirt! This is what queer cunts wear kids! Beware the pussies! Plastic geezers get crushed like broken glass round these parts! Little faggot cunts like D. Williams!"

And I feel no sympathy for the cunts. You think they felt any sympathy for cunts they stomped outside clubs, pubs an' parties? Nah, 'course not! They was happy to get all the praise from the mugs they call their mates; they was happy to get all the fanny that birds wanted to give 'em 'cause they thought they were geezers, tough fuckers.

And look at them now. All beaten up an' pissin' blood all over some old school yard. Cunts. Have a nice trip to the hospital. Enjoy the prospect of explaining it all to yer' muggy mates and all the rotten-arse local fanny. You cunts was wearing pink knickers all along. Fuckin' muggs; the fuckin' 'lotta ya'.

The Tweaking Tommy cunt is signing off:

"MORELAND COURT RANGERS GO THROUGH! MORELAND COURT RANGERS GO THROUGH! SEE YA' NEXT TIME FOLKS, FOR MORE BRAWLERS CUP!"

We're jumping in the van an' I can still hear the Shrub cunts voice echo off the walls:

"YOU'RE A FUCKING DEAD MAN WALKING!! WHEN WE NEXT SEE YOU, YA' DEAD!! YOU HEAR ME??!!! YOU'RE FUCKING DEEEAAD!! YOU'RE FUCKING DEEEEEEAAD!! YOU'RE FUCKING DEEEEEEEAAAAADDD!!!"

02: The Rebirth Of A Nation.

Phillip Rijkaard took a deep breath, standing on the balcony of his new luxury apartment – WestPoint, United Kingdom...

Blowing the steam away from his coffee cup, Rijkaard took in the sea view before him. He observed a few seagulls on the beach front, swooping and bickering amongst themselves, marking their territory and being a menace in general – Some were perched upon the newly installed litter bins, staring blankly towards the vast water.....

The beach itself was deserted – There was no sign of any *human* life, that was for certain. Rijkaard could feel the darkness of the unlit apartment directly behind him.....

This is it.....

Rijkaard was unimpressed, but not disappointed. How could he be? He'd been in the country a mere three hours; it was hardly enough time to make any sort of reasonably balanced judgement on the place...

WestPoint.....

WestPoint was being built on what remained of The Old Town.....

The rebirth of a nation was beginning.....

Rijkaard peered over the railing, gazing down at the newly laid freeway – Nothing to write home about; just a few cars rolling past sporadically – People passing through; anonymous figures heading to greater destinations.....

'The Rebirth Of A Nation'

That was the slogan: Plastered across the news; plastered across all mediums of advertising; plastered across banners carried by zeppelins cruising through the blue skies in all of England's major cities; it rolled off the poisoned tongues of Politicians promising a better world by fixing societies social ills.....

Problems could be solved.... In one way – Or another.....

'The Rebirth Of A Nation'

The government had sent out a clear message: Things were getting better. And would continue to do so under their leadership. They had gained the confidence the nations populous for three consecutive terms – Quite a feat! Consortium had a job to do – A large one – Huge. Bigger than most people could imagine – Bigger than Consortium had imagined.....

In god we trust.....

'The Rebirth Of A Nation'

'The future has finally arrived'.....
The sun was now setting slowly over WestPoint; the blue skies were now fading to a dark, greyish red.....

"It's quiet now, but for how long?" Rijkaard pondered. Out loud. Only to himself.....

What the fuck is she doing?

No sign of life behind him still.....

Rijkaard suddenly considered his surroundings – He should cherish the peace and quiet; how long would he have it exactly? As his elders had told him as a child: *Make hay while the sun shines.....*

Rijkaard had expected a little more for his money if the truth be told, but what did he know about real estate in WestPoint?

‘The Rebirth Of A Nation’

The Old Town had originally housed local fisherman and their respective families since 1600s.....

Things had changed over the ensuing years.....

Bright white teeth had once existed along The Old Town’s coastline – Now they were cracked and broken, destroyed by time.....

WestPoint's vast redevelopment plan was the remedy; crowns and veneers were being glued onto the decaying brown stumps' that now remained.....

‘The Rebirth Of A Nation’

Rijkaard was talking to himself again:

“Clear as a bell!”

‘The Rebirth Of A Nation’

The Old Town had stank – Literally. A rather pungent Victorian sewage system had lurked just beneath the towns gums, wafting up from rotting drains and polluting small waterways. Action had been taken before the redevelopment plan had begun; tunnels had been restructured and replaced in parts; a few hundred-thousand gallons of industrial bleach had been pumped through the wormholes, gushing violently, banishing the sour odour of flatulence to nothing more than a distant memory.....

Out of sight..... Out of mind.....

‘The Rebirth Of A Nation’

Phillip was certainly the new boy in town – The new boy was here to sort out another niggling problem.....

The Brawlers Cup.....

Black market gambling was now reliant on the bareknuckle boxing tournament for over forty per cent of it's illicit income. There was no doubt in anybody’s mind that it was merely a matter of time before something horrific unfolded during a broadcast. WestPoint was the venue, or, to be more precise, what remained of The Old Town was the venue.....

The Brawlers Cup broadcast was being handled by criminal syndicates' across the globe, the cops knew that much – Everybody knew that! But who was in charge? The million dollar question.....

‘The Rebirth Of A Nation’

WestPoint's investors were becoming ever increasingly nervy; the question was being asked: How can we be sure of a return?

How could they be sure of their return?

They couldn't.

Things were getting tense.....

As always, the media could be relied on to stir the pot – Antagonism was their speciality after all; they'd accused The WestPoint Police of being 'ham-fisted' and 'hopelessly inadequate' – Nice! Relations between both parties were at an all time low; police statements were now sparse and cryptic. The Prime Minister himself had made demands that the media be kept strictly on a 'need to know basis' – Any weak links in the chain would be punished without discrimination. Heads would certainly roll.....

Every problem needs a remedy.....

Enter Rijkaard..... A knight in shining armour?

The Prime Minister thought so.....

Phillip Rijkaard was a regular 'Tony Rome' – Or so he liked to think. The press back in his native homeland had christened him 'The Dutch Razor'. Truth be told, Rijkaard resented it – He felt it didn't suit – He was right. But tags tend to stick – Human nature.....

Rijkaard had been somewhat of a maverick; he'd effectively dealt with a rising crime syndicate in and around his native homeland. Phillip had done something different: He'd seen the job through; and had an open mind with regards to dealing with the aftermath – Rijkaard got the results. But most importantly, he'd got the results the right way! And he gave a shit! Rijkaard didn't cut corners, nor did he use bully-boy tactics on suspects or colleagues. The man was a great coach, offering advice and encouragement to those receptive – Those who didn't want his head on a plate.....

Rijkaard's head on a plate would have suited some: Pissed off defence attorneys wiping egg off their faces; furious mob bosses fuming over their dwindling foot soldier numbers; rival detectives who resented the 'softly-softly' approach, angry and contradicted by The Dutch Razors success rate. The man had enemies, no doubt about that.....

In some ways, Rijkaard was too clever for his own good. But not everybody felt that way – The Dutch Prime Minister didn't. Rijkaard had been sent by the man as a gift to the local enforcement – Robin Bakker's brother was one of WestPoint's concerned investors. Rijkaard was the remedy.....

Of course, every hero needs an enemy.....

James Sevver was the newly appointed Commissioner Of Police in WestPoint: Like Rijkaard, Sevver was a man of principal; like Rijkaard, Sevver had a winners mentality; like Rijkaard, Sevver was a man on mission; like Rijkaard, Sevver was an *alpha*, not *beta* male; like Rijkaard, Sevver wanted to clean up WestPoint; like Rijkaard, Sevver had ambitions to make moves in the cut-throat world of politics. Like Rijkaard, Sevver liked to do things his own way. And here was the problem: James Sevver wanted his own way on everything. He privately resented the 'outside interference' from the powers that be. But what could he do? Nothing. James Sevver had a new arrival on his doorstep; and Rijkaard had a nemesis in the shape of a man he'd never met....

'The Rebirth Of A Nation'

The apartment behind Rijkaard was now dark, bar the flashing red numbers from the retro styled digital clock, installed directly above the kitchen doorway.....

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