

**OCCUPIED**

by

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Novel. Political thriller

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## CHAPTER ONE

Kathleen Mackenzie and Death weren't exactly lovers. But even so, after all they'd been through together, here she was again, back for another date. This time, however, she wouldn't allow him to take without asking. This time, this very final time, it would be on her terms.

She peered at the busy car park below. The hospital stood several storeys high. Such a great height made her head spin. She scuttled back from the roof edge and sucked in a skyful of air to relieve the vertigo. Plucking a neatly folded tissue from her sleeve, she dabbed her tear-stained face and graced the cloudless morning sky with her attention, as if turning to God for answers.

The lone woman seemed somewhat out of place on the roof with nothing but air conditioning ducts, defunct analogue antennae and feral pigeons for company. She was no nurse or doctor. In fact, she had no connection with the hospital whatever in a vocational capacity. But what she did have was the absolute mother of all reasons to be there.

Kathleen.

Fifteen minutes earlier.

At the hospital bedside of her twelve-year-old son.

Hooked up to a million beeping, hissing machines, the boy lay covered from head to foot in bandages. She yearned to hold his hand, for her own comfort as well as his, but knew this could not be. One hand was encased in rigid plaster. The sheer force of the bomb blast had blown the other hand clean off.

Kathleen had spent the day of the incident shopping in London's West Zone with friends. Her son had phoned to let her know the school was releasing pupils early. Some old gumpf about a teachers' strike and not enough pro-state non-union staff to cover. Not wishing to cut short her long-overdue spell of retail therapy, she'd tempted the boy with the offer of the

greasiest, unhealthiest fast food if he agreed to a rendezvous with the parent. Oh, why hadn't she let him head to the house instead? He would have only been home alone for an hour, maybe two. It wouldn't have mattered. The lad was old enough to look after himself without burning the whole street down. He was twelve years of age, for God's sake. Another four short years and he could legally have sex. And six years from now would see him gracing the bars, casinos and brothels of the Leisure Zone with his newfound adulthood. Instead, she'd forced him to alter his usual route.

A variation which included walking past Hotel Superior in the city's Central Zone.

Just as the car bomb went off.

Boom!

The death toll of the terrorist attack had now risen to fifteen. A great many bystanders had been seriously injured by the blast, Kathleen's son being no exception. The shockwaves of the explosion had sent the schoolboy flying through the plate glass window of a department store. As anticipated, many of those wounded during the bombing were now falling victim to their injuries. Permanently.

Since the boy's hospital admission two days ago, Kathleen had heard the medics utter a million trillion times it was a miracle he'd not been killed instantly. This marvel alone gave her the will, the strength, the stubborn determination to keep going. However, hope was fading fast. She knew this all too well. Whether she'd let herself admit it was a different matter altogether.

'Mrs Mackenzie, your son sustained a great many injuries in the bomb attack,' announced a poker-faced doctor. 'I'm afraid it's only life support keeping him alive.'

Kathleen's eyes began to leak tears. She knew exactly where this was leading. 'You want my permission to turn the machines off.' A pained grimace contorted her pallid face. 'I'm right, aren't I?'

‘His condition is not going to improve. I’m sorry.’

Kathleen could hold back no longer, a loud bark of emotion, followed by frenzied, stammering sobs. She palmed her mouth tight in an attempt to fight back further yelps. It didn’t work. The woman’s anguish sliced the surrounding air.

Denial then struck. ‘No way, this can’t be happening,’ she whimpered. ‘You’ve made a mistake. My son will be fine. Really, he will. He’s sleeping. Yes, that’s what he’s doing. He’ll open his eyes in a minute. Just you wait and see.’

The doctor did as he’d been trained, appearing to share her grief. ‘I’m so sorry.’

Upon entering the hospital this morning, she’d been advised to expect the worst, but prior knowledge of an inevitable outcome didn’t make her decision any easier. Kathleen was his mother. She was supposed to protect him, care for him, nurture him, comfort him, not pull the bloody plug on him. She would forever hate herself for this terrible sin. Terminating life support meant terminating her only son, her pride and joy, her own flesh and blood. How could the doctor ask this of her? Did he have children of his own? Would he do the same if he was in her position? Well?

Reality began to sink in. Yes. Of course he would.

It took all her inner strength to emit just two little words. ‘Do it.’

The doctor tipped a grave nod and flicked the switches one by one. The breathing apparatus was the first to fall idle, one final laboured hiss and then nothing. The rhythmic beep-beep of the heart monitor continued for the longest time. Glowing hope returned to the woman. Maybe her son was fighting it. Maybe he would survive after all. Maybe he –

The piercing, continuous whine of the flat-line tore through her soul with the ease of a freshly-sharpened blade. A flick of another switch eradicated the noise, but the haunting, ice-cold scream continued to resonate deep inside her brain. She would never free this nightmare from her torn, tattered mind. Her child’s final moment would stay with her for ever.

Rivers of tears spewed out, zig-zagging in chaotic tumbles down the contours of her wavering face. A sharp pain shot through her abdomen, as if she'd been delivered the knock-out punch of a heavyweight boxer. She felt numb. Deadened. Empty. Killing her son had essentially killed her as well.

There was nobody left to share such a gut-wrenching burden. The woman was barely into her thirties, yet she'd already lost both parents to that bastard Death, one to cancer, the other a few months down the line to a broken heart that failed to mend. And her husband? Hah! He was long gone. The two-timing bastard had caught the early train with a leggy work colleague to Godknowswhere eleven months, two weeks and three days ago. Yes, she kept note of the exact time since the sleazy rat's middle-fingered departure with obsessive accuracy.

Kathleen now found herself alone in the world. Nobody to love or be loved by. It was all so pathetic when she thought about it. In a way, almost laughable. Only, there was nothing to laugh about. And here she stood on a breezy hospital roof, clutching nothing more than a well-used plastic carrier bag for comfort. Funny how things turned out.

She watched a black chauffeur-driven limousine pull into the car park, boasting flags of stars and stripes. Kathleen's cold, resolute eyes clearly indicated her role as a woman on a mission. The driver stepped out and opened the rear door. General Stratton emerged with concrete discipline from the vehicle, dressed as always in full US Army attire. He was never seen without a uniform. It was widely anticipated that the man even slept in it.

As he proceeded to head for the main building, a storm of reporters appeared from nowhere, wielding microphones and cameras like tribal weapons. Stratton offered a resigned sigh. He would have preferred to park directly outside the front entrance to avoid such unwarranted attention, but the area was strictly reserved for ambulances only. Even a man of

his notable influence couldn't relax a regulation so set in stone. England had changed beyond recognition, yet anal jobsworths were still going strong.

Like hungry birds to breadcrumbs, the journalists all jabbered at once, an urgent mish-mash of squawking and chirping, eager for fresh snippets of information about the recent bombing. However, they were wasting their time. Such an unsolicited bombardment fell upon deaf ears. Stratton failed to respond to their barrage of questions, face forward, moving onward, not once giving them the time of day. He was booked to open a new hospital ward, not front an impromptu Q&A session.

Kathleen had expected Stratton's arrival. The new ward, a special emergency care unit for injured US soldiers had been talked about on the early morning news. It was essential for Mrs Mackenzie to be here at this precise moment. This female had something important to get off her chest and so thus needed an audience with credentials.

She cast her eyes upon the outbreak of activity below. TV crews from almost every network were in attendance. Good. Her greatest moment would be fully documented.

The woman produced a white linen bedding sheet from the plastic bag and hastily unfurled it. It sported the bold red lettering she'd painted onto the fabric a couple of hours earlier. A few loose bricks aided the anchoring of the material. She then hung the makeshift banner over the edge for the world to see.

It was a passing member of the public who first spotted Kathleen's handiwork. He pointed upwards, egging on bystanders to take a peek. General Stratton and the reporters followed his point. They stared in open-mouthed bewilderment as they read the text on the banner.

**“GO HOME. YOU CAUSED THIS.”**

This had been her original plan. Create the banner, get the message on TV and hope the US Army would realise its occupation of England had ultimately led to the hospitalisation of her darling boy, her only born, a young and innocent child. But now things had changed. Her son was dead. Mere text on fabric was nowhere near enough. The event would soon be forgotten. This time tomorrow, it would be yesterday's news. The memory of her boy was worth far more than just one day of coverage. No, no, no, something else was required. Something big. Something memorable. Something extreme. An act which would beat a simple slogan hands down.

Kathleen stood upright and stepped forward. With the faultless poise of an Olympic gymnast, she raised both arms high above her head. The woman offered a quick glance up at the sky. A lone white cloud appeared overhead. She posted a warm smile, believing it to be her son looking down on her with the double thumbs of approval.

She closed her eyes. Took a deep breath.

And jumped.

Stunned onlookers watched in horror as the woman plummeted south and landed with a deafening bang on the roof of a parked ambulance. Then, a cold and deathly silence. Nobody moved. Not a soul said a word. What could they possibly do or say?

Kathleen lay broken and lifeless, both arms thrown open and wide, as if about to offer her son the biggest hug ever recorded. Her glassy, unmoving eyes gazed eternally at the heavens above. One corner of her mouth was curled upwards. It could easily be mistaken for a satisfied smile.

Her point had been made.

Her work here was done.

## CHAPTER TWO

## THE DAY OF THE BOMBING...

‘You look like shit.’

The remark threw Jonas Cain, seeing as the usually meeker and restrained Samms had delivered it. But yes. The man was right. He did look like shit. Shit dragged through a hedge backwards. Shit dropped from a great height onto concrete. Shit long since abandoned by its resident flies. He really needed to do something about it. After all, Samms was not the only client who had complained about his vagabond appearance of late.

Client. Heh, the term still amused him, even after all this time. Paying customers were no longer referred to as fares or punters. Not since all taxis had become state-owned. Pretty much everything was these days. Hardly anybody owned anything any more. It was a sign of the times.

After first wiping down the faux leather surface of the back seat with a few flicks of his hand, Samms entered the vehicle. Another eye-opener for Cain. This was certainly not like him. It was customary for the man to plonk himself down without checking. Many a liberally chewed knob of gum had found itself adhered to his unsuspecting back side.

Hmm. Without a doubt, today’s stringent pre-sit check had something to do with his unprecedented classy attire.

‘New suit?’ Cain enquired.

‘Just drive,’ Samms snapped, clearly not in the mood for idle chitchat.

Cain rolled his eyes. Tossler. He put the taxi into gear and let off the handbrake. Ho hum, it was all set to be one of those days. ‘Where to? The office?’

Samms indicated to his fancy threads. ‘In this get-up?’



Cain was tired already of his client's unwarranted rudeness. Who did he think he was? Scrawny little idiot, bigging it up like some kind of top nob. Samms was nothing special. An insignificant filing clerk. That's all he had amounted to in twenty years of working for the same company. Sure, Cain could understand the man's frustration, but did he really need to take it out on him? It was unnecessary. Totally uncalled for. He was tempted to make the twat get out and walk, but forty per cent of all takings – the state got the rest – was instantly credited to his swipe card... which was in desperate need of a top-up. Could he afford to be so choosy? No way.

If he couldn't swipe, he didn't eat, simple as that. In fact, citizens couldn't do anything these days without swiping. SwipeCo, one of very few English companies still boasting private ownership had totally revolutionised everybody's way of life. The plastic card had replaced money altogether as the only accepted form of currency. Cold hard cash was no longer legal tender. People were paid electronically with a top-up of credit. This was then spent on whatever tickled their fancy.

Cain braked at a junction, waited for his opportunity, then joined the steady flow of traffic on the main stretch. He still didn't have a clue where he was supposed to be heading. What was this, a guessing game? The tosser in the back was certainly trying his patience. If not the office, then where? The man never went anywhere else. Samms was Mr Routine. You could set clocks by him.

Cain inspected his client via the rear-view mirror. It was obvious. Something was up with the guy. The man had been acting rather odd for the past fortnight or so, but today was the worst he'd ever seen him. He was jumpy, tetchy, perspiring way too much, with eyes flitting in all directions like a pair of bees on coke. He didn't look too good at all. And to think he'd had the gall to accuse him of looking like shit. The words pot, kettle and black sprang to mind.

‘Samms, how about telling me where you want dropping off?’

‘Hotel Superior. And hurry up. I need to be there at two o’clock sharp.’

Cain frowned. Hotel Superior was the type of establishment where a guest needed to take out a second mortgage just to be able to tip the bellboy. ‘Don’t you think that’s a little out of your price range?’

An abrupt reply. ‘Who are you, my financial advisor?’

A passive response. ‘No.’

‘Then shut up.’ Samms mopped his brow with a tissue. ‘Life’s a piece of shit, Cain,’ he droned in full soapbox mode. ‘I’d like to see a return to the old days myself. Things were much better back then. Never going to happen though, is it? Look what they’ve done to this country. Everything bloody state-owned. What’s that all about? They’ve got the banks, the shops, everything. All paid for with taxpayer’s money. Supposed to belong to us, the people. Doesn’t though, does it? Money-grabbing bastards.’

Cain took note of approaching military traffic in his rear-view and promptly pulled in at the side of the road. He knew the drill. Pull over, let them pass, get on with the day. The foreboding convoy of US Army vehicles then trundled past.

Samms sneered at the sight with a hefty slice of abhorrence. ‘And they can piss off back to their own country. What the bloody hell are they doing over here anyway? They occupy our country, thinking it’s all right to take control.’

Samms extended the stiffest of middle fingers close to the window. Cain was thankful the gesture went unnoticed.

‘We can sort out our own trouble, thanks,’ snarled the suited man.

Cain felt relieved by a full set of closed windows. It was preferred that Samms’ derogatory comments travelled no further than the car interior. The last headache he wanted was trouble. It was best avoided. He only had one game plan these days. Make sure the day is as eventless

as possible, earn his credit, then while away the evening in a back-street bar in the Leisure Zone. Not a particularly remarkable way of life, but to him it was perfectly adequate.

Of all state-owned businesses, the adult leisure industry was the biggest earner. Leisure Zones were huge self-contained complexes, one per town or city, which consisted of bars, clubs, brothels, casinos, strip joints and the like where clients could drink, gamble and get laid in whatever order they pleased. The brothels, mostly former hotels, although fully regulated, were still somewhat despised by many, but it could not be ignored that their popular special offers, especially the cut-price one-minute handjob deal had dramatically reduced sex-related crime figures.

The military vehicles had now passed. Cain's car was back in motion.

There was no stopping Samms. 'They say they're only here to keep the peace. Hah! They're not doing a very good job, are they? We've seen far more attacks since they arrived. Mostly against them. Don't they understand? Nobody wants them here. All they're doing is creating more trouble.'

'Come on, Samms. Our government fell. Somebody's got to be in charge.'

Cain had no idea why he had delivered such a defeatist line. He disliked the American occupation as much as Samms. Maybe a quiet life was easier.

Samms continued regardless. 'Our leaders were brought down because of the way they pissed on their people.' Then, an afterthought. 'Hey, how come you're on their side? What's happened to you, Cain? A little bird tells me you used to be a major player for the Cause.'

Uh oh. Cain didn't like being put on the spot. Where had Samms tasted such a juicy morsel? He didn't want loose lips sinking his current ship. He'd grown accustomed to a more subdued existence. Save for the annoyance of the occasional bombing in the area, he was finally enjoying some peace and quiet.

'That was a long time ago.'

Samms scoffed. ‘You’re obviously going soft in your old age.’

Old age? Cain was only in his thirties. ‘Just trying to keep my head down.’

‘Yeah? What’s that going to achieve?’

A raised eyebrow from Cain. What the hell was Samms on today? What’s that going to achieve? Hah, says the man who had quietly accepted his role as office dogsbody for the last two decades without so much as a whimper of disapproval. Cain was unsure if he liked the assertive and self-important Samms version 2.0. The jury was still out on that one and would be for some time. Thank fuck Hotel Superior was now only a stone’s throw away.

‘Evil flourishes where good men do nothing,’ continued Samms.

Cain groaned. Here we go. Already, he’d reached the quotes stage.

‘You’ve got to make a stand, Cain. I will today. I’m determined to be remembered. I even got myself a new suit for the occasion.’

Cain shook an incredulous head as he pulled up and parked outside the main entrance of the hotel. It was crystal clear. Samms must have snorted a line or two before stepping into the taxi. The man’s mind was mashed, big-time.

The client leaned forward. He produced his swipe card, slid it across the slit in the SwipeCo transaction console and tapped in his PIN code.

‘Payment successful,’ chirped the console’s friendly female electronic voice.

‘Oh, just one more thing.’ Samms pressed the cold steel of a hand gun against Cain’s head.

What the fuck? Cain hadn’t expected this. It was not the first time he’d been threatened with a firearm, but it was certainly the most surprising. And the most embarrassing. After all the danger he’d encountered and survived in his life, was it his ultimate destiny to be put to sleep by a frustrated trigger-happy tea boy?

‘You don’t want to do this, Samms.’ There was a noticeable tremor in his voice. No matter how accustomed he’d become to guns, Cain had never completely lost the fear of the

receiving end. 'What will killing me achieve?' He truly wished to discover the answer to this question.

Samms considered his words. 'I want you to get out of the car.'

Cain, confused. 'What?'

'Get out of the car. And run. As fast as you can.' He gave a cold grin. 'Want to know why?'

Samms unbuttoned his suit jacket. He indicated at the driver to take a look. Cain soon wished he hadn't. Wrapped around his torso was a makeshift vest of explosives. The man meant serious business.

'You have got to be joking.'

'Do I look like I'm doing a stand-up routine?' No. He didn't. 'I was told you had to die with me. But I don't want anybody else sharing the glory. It's my day, nobody else's, so piss off out of it.'

'What are you talking about?'

'For the last time, Cain, if you want to live, get out of the bloody car!'

Cain was in no position to debate the issue. Samms had been turned into a loose cannon. By whom was anybody's guess. He was about to lose his taxi, his very livelihood, but at least he'd keep hold of his life. It was a consolation of sorts, even though, most of the time, he didn't care if he collapsed drunk in the gutter and never woke up again. Funny how life-threatening situations changed people's perspectives.

He shoved open the car door and leapt out. Upon his somewhat sharp exit, he peered through the glass double doors of Hotel Superior. Two heavily decorated US Army officers were walking through the plush foyer, approaching the exit. Top brass by the look of them. He glanced back at Samms in the taxi. The man leered at the hotel doors. Grinning. Watching. Waiting. Then it dawned on Cain. The two officers. They were his targets. Shit.

Cain dashed down the street. 'Get down!' he cried at every person he passed, thrashing his arms around like a madman. 'It's a bomb!'

Uh oh, the B word. Now he'd garnered some attention. Several people dived for cover. Others froze on the spot. One lady started screaming. The remainder frowned in question at the running man, not knowing quite what to do, say or think.

'A bomb's about to go off! Get down!'

Far behind him, the taxi exploded. Cain hit the deck. The vehicle, the hotel entrance, the local vicinity, everything was engulfed by a rampant fireball. The two US Army officers were instant toast. Windows shattered. Debris flew in all directions. People were bowled clean over by the force of the blast. And across the road, a twelve-year-old boy in school uniform, the son of Kathleen Mackenzie smashed through the plate glass window of a department store.

Then came smoke. The thick, billowing grey cloud smothered the vicinity. Shop and car alarms shrilled for attention. High-pitched screams of panic, pain or a fusion of both scratched the air. The wounded lay in agony on the concrete, jerking and flapping like landed fish. Terrified onlookers zig-zagged in all directions, headless chickens on speed. It was devastation with a capital D.

Cain clambered to his feet, awkward, shaky, unsteady. He couldn't take his eyes off the sheer carnage and destruction unfolding before him. For so long, he'd been left alone to get on with his life. Until now. Oh, great. Somebody had got him involved again. But who? And why? And did that somebody really want him dead? He truly wished to seek both enlightenment and closure on all these questions, but at this point in time, one solitary word graced his mind.

Run.

## CHAPTER THREE

‘General Stratton,’ began one of the many gathered journalists. ‘Are you able to give us any more details about this afternoon’s bombing?’

It hadn’t taken long for the emergency press conference to be arranged. Journalists from every newspaper and magazine imaginable were in attendance, all hungry for cold hard facts. Printed media had at last returned to its roots, telling the news. Proper news. Idle gossip concerning a has-been celebrity’s ballooning arse cheeks, waistline or breasts was no longer in vogue. The tragic events of recent times had guaranteed the tabloids consistent content to bloat those column inches, not to mention a lucrative sales rate. After all, there was always something going on to report about and somebody who wanted to know all about it.

Almost everybody purchased newspapers nowadays. They were essential. In fact, they were once again a way of life, just as they had been in days gone by. People needed a cost-effective way to be kept in the loop, especially during the harsh and unpredictable times of late. Many consumers could not afford the luxury of the subscription-only twenty-four-hour satellite news channels, nor the extortionate pay-per-view current affairs websites, so the thought-to-be-extinct reading of text on sheets of paper instead of on TV, phone, tablet or computer screen was making its humble comeback. The Paper Revolution, it had been dubbed by the media.

General Stratton sat rigid and emotionless behind a desk at the front of the hall. Alongside the US Army officer sat Detective Inspector Cooper, much respected and affectionately labelled by the Press as one of the London Police Division’s finest. Humble and unassuming, he’d tell the world, ‘I’m just doing my job,’ or, ‘I don’t deserve this adulation,’ but he was secretly lapping up the worship bestowed upon him with an eager tongue. The policeman had banged up a lot of hardened criminals in his time, including many English insurgents. This

was why the tabloids presented him as some kind of superhero. The Messiah of the policing world, destined to save the public from the threat of home-grown terrorist attacks.

‘Certainly,’ began General Stratton, eager to reply to the journalist. ‘At precisely fourteen-hundred hours, a bomb was detonated in a vehicle outside Hotel Superior, killing eight people, including two high-ranking officers of the United States Army. There was one body in the vehicle... what’s left of it... the identity of whom we are still trying to establish.’

‘Have you any idea who was behind the bombing?’ called out another journalist.

‘As yet, nobody has claimed responsibility for the attack.’

‘I must point out,’ butted in Cooper, ‘that the London Police Division and US Army are doing everything in their power to bring these terrorists to justice. Even as we speak, local CCTV footage is being thoroughly checked. We expect arrests to be made in no time at all.’

Another journalist stood up, making himself known. ‘Detective Inspector Cooper. It’s widely acknowledged that these terrorist attacks are being carried out by white English citizens on their own soil. How does that make you feel?’

‘Saddened.’ Cooper offered an accompanying sigh. ‘That’s how I feel. And disillusioned by the fact that this once great nation has fallen shamelessly into such deep and murky depths.’

‘Oh, and General Stratton,’ continued the journalist in a now more sinister tone. ‘Could it be that they are resorting to such violence because they no longer want you people here?’

Mixed murmurs of outrage and agreement resonated throughout the hall. It was clear the meeting consisted of a rich assortment of both for and against regarding the American military presence. Having another country barge in to sort out home-grown problems was a sore point for many, while others actively supported it with the widest of open arms.

‘Terrorism is terrorism,’ barked Stratton, unable to contain his disgust. ‘There is no reason for such mindless bloodshed, other than to cause harm and misery to innocent civilians.’



‘Oh? Could it not be that some people are actually willing to die for what they believe in?’  
the rebel dared to ask.

Gasps of shock were fired from the pro-American crowd.

Stratton scoffed, one corner of his mouth curling into some kind of half-smile. It was more likely a grimace. ‘And what would that be exactly?’

‘With respect,’ replied the rebel, employing adequate strategic decorum. ‘This is not your war.’

The half-smile was lost. ‘The war on terror is everybody’s war.’

‘But this is our country,’ cried a female journalist, eager to muscle in on the act, perhaps to fast-track a long-awaited promotion. ‘Therefore, shouldn’t it be our problem?’

‘I must remind you all,’ was Stratton’s next contribution, ‘the US Army is only here to keep the peace.’

‘But six months ago,’ continued the female journalist, clearly another rebel, ‘you said you’d pull out all your troops by the end of this week. Is this still likely to happen?’

‘A full military withdrawal at this stage would not be in this country’s best interest.’

‘What do you know about this country’s best interest?’ yelled somebody at the back. ‘You come over here, thinking you bloody own the place! Bugger off back to your own country!’

Stratton chose to ignore such scathing comments. ‘Sensible questions only please.’

Queries were now coming in thick and fast.

‘Will the Royal Family be returning home any time soon?’

Cooper intervened. ‘We will not be allowing them back into this country until peace has been fully restored.’

‘When will that be exactly?’

‘I’m sorry. I can’t answer that.’

‘What about the long-term leadership of this country?’ asked the original rebel. ‘When will a new English government be formed?’

‘Rome was not built in a day,’ said Stratton. ‘For the foreseeable future, England will continue to be led by the US Committee.’ And off murmurs of discontent, he added, ‘But we do hope to re-introduce a democratic voting system as soon as we can.’

The US Committee was made up of various US Army officers and other hand-picked American dignitaries, all huddled self-importantly around a table, thinking themselves to be kings. Oddly, but not too surprisingly, there were no native members. They had a few English advisors hovering around, including George Johnson, former Deputy Leader of the previous government, but people like him were only listened to when it suited them.

‘The last government fell,’ pointed out the female rebel. ‘What makes you so sure the next one won’t?’

Stratton ignored the enquiry. ‘Could you please limit questions to the matter in hand, people? This press conference is about today’s bombing. It is not a vehicle for a political debate.’

The original rebel called out, ‘Detective Inspector Cooper. If you catch those responsible for the attack, where will they be interrogated?’ And with venom, ‘Will it be the Talking Room?’

Cooper tried his best to play dumb. ‘I’m sorry. I have no idea what you’re referring to.’

‘The Talking Room. That’s where all the illegal torture of suspected terrorists goes on these days, is it not?’

In a firm tone, Stratton arbitrated, ‘The Talking Room was invented by the most warped of imaginations. It does not exist. The whole idea is a complete myth.’

The hall was now in turmoil, a tidal wave of voices all trying to compete with each other. Cooper stood up and attempted in vain to wave down the angry crowd.

‘Calm down. One question at a time please. I said calm down.’

Sod this, in maverick fashion, Stratton produced a pistol, pointed it above his head and fired off three shots. The crowd fell into a deathly hush. Even Cooper hadn’t expected it. A few small pieces of ceiling plaster landed on the unsuspecting heads of a couple of people in the front row. Stratton grinned with delicious victory. Oh, yes, that did the trick.

‘Terrorism in this country will be stamped out for good,’ the General assured them all, rising to his feet. ‘I promise you that with hand upon heart.’

His placed a palm on his chest to illustrate his words, then paused for dramatic effect, his eyes panning in a sluggish fashion across the length and breadth of his captive audience. Once satisfied that his promise had sunk deep into the minds of every soul in the hall, he concluded his speech.

‘Ladies. Gentlemen. Remember today. For this is the day that everything changes.’