

Three Stories by Jean-Marie Avril

THE LAST CHRISTMAS

In Birmingham City Center, the preparations are going well for the celebration of the Winter Solstice, says the voice on the television. A mood of festivity and celebration of the natural diversity of the Kingdom of England and, especially, of the vanguard efforts for achieving this goal by the incomparable City of Birmingham. It is great to see so many peoples of all ages, sexual orientations, shades of skin, clothing habit, sizes and haircut gathered together to celebrate the coming of the Season of Winter.

Another voice on the television utters: "We see that all reference to old England, that center of monolithic cultural agenda and non-correct cultural monopoly is gone once and for all. Look how Christians and Moslems get on together in celebrating this wonderful festival. From where I'm standing, I can see the Koran with the Bible standing on the altar of celebration alongside the Upanishads, the works of Karl Marx, the Book of Shadows, the Light of Asia and other products of the beautiful mind of humankind."

The other voice on the television adds: "Fortunately, we also see all those community policing units standing by to prevent aggravation between Moslems and Christians that..."

A series of sounds—BLIP, BLIP, BLIP—interrupts the voice of the commentator and the picture on the television screen disappears to be replaced by the smiling picture of Eugenia Roberts, mayor of Birmingham, her body in the multi-colored wheelchair accompanied by some World Music tune.

A few minutes later, the unexpected interval is stopped and the broadcast resumes with apologies for a sudden seizure taking hold of the commentator who was getting all of a sudden culturally deviant. The voice on the television adds: "Everyone knows that there are no aggravations between our Moslem and our Christian sisters and brothers..."

Someone in his Birmingham flat says: "How do they dare put sisters before brothers? Inch Allah, those peas-sized brains of the media will know the wrath of God soon enough and there will be an end once and for all to those unholy

pagan celebrations of Western decadence. This so-called diversity of so-called religions, sexual preferences and silly haircuts is the work of Satan delaying the inevitable victory of Islam. It is a shame that our Black brothers and sisters have chosen to remain faithful to a religion that was used by the White infidels to enslave them. The Sword of Allah may have to forcibly convert them to the true religion."

The voice on the television continues the commenting: "Today the mayor of Birmingham has chosen the young talent from the Cheltenham-Gloucester Region to entertain the audience with a story concerning our wonderful celebration of the Winter Solstice. This young talent from Colford is lame, has a sleepy eye and has a beautifully arched back. Plus, the person is frequently challenged by asthma. But in spite of all those karmic lessons, the person has grown to be an esteemed young writer, proof that the education minister is achieving its target and that the social dynamics of the Kingdom of England are working well. I can see that the microphone is given to this young writer. Let's hear what this marvellous piece of personal expression will be made of; certainly it will enhance our festive moods."

The young writer commences to read his text:

"This was the last pub in England, or was it? There were probably a few still left in the diminishing countryside of England, in a state of semi-legality, yet it was not exactly clear as to the definition that branded those establishments as being on the margin of the law. Through the first few decades of the 21st Century, many events occurred which stroke at the core of English identity such as the Cyberspace revolution, the birth of the Virtual World religion, the establishment of woman as the wise half of the species, the condemnation of the White 'race' as the evil perpetrator of mankind, the rapid extension of towns and cities due to massive immigration from the four corners of the developing world, et cetera. In this transformed England, everything which sounded like old England was terribly frowned upon, while not actually made illegal but constantly harassed by the thought police of the post 2012, post European old Europe. Post Europe was named 'Eurasia' and it was a solid multicultural bastion against the reactionary tendencies of the last Russian Empire, decaying in its Siberian decease. So the last pub—or one of the last

pubs among the last pubs of England—was going to celebrate Christmas. What a curious idea indeed. Christianity has been labelled as the evil spiritual excuse of 19th and 20th Century White colonialism and, in this post White England, any thing reminding of Christmas as celebrated by English old-styled Natives, as were dubbed the Anglo-Saxon stock, was bad news in the eye of the Diversity establishment. The Christians left alone were the Blacks in their ghettos of London, Cardiff, Manchester and Birmingham. The police was keen to prevent civil disturbances between poor Black Christians and the rising Moslem majorities but not bothered to lecture Blacks on the evil of Christianity. The community policing units were on the other hand culturally offended whenever old-styled Natives continued to manifest elements of the old colonial masters' identity. Harassment just came in the way of cultural repression. They always found excuses to prevent the manifestation of old-style England."

So in this old fashioned pub in one of the villages of the Forest of Dean—the adjective 'Royal' having been removed from official appellation—the old, slightly younger and much younger people were on their way to celebrate Christmas like when it was the mainstream norm a century ago. Gloucestershire has disappeared from administrative labelling as it was now called the Cheltenham-Gloucester region—CGR for short. And here the ladies were busy preparing the hymns in co-ordination with the person disguised as a priest—no self-respecting official Anglican priest would have dreamed to celebrate the coming of our Lord in the world in this fashion, as they were all occupied celebrating the Winter Solstice. Hymns were sung. The ale flowed. The fake priest uttered a sermon on the joy of the world bathed by the light of the birth of Christ. Presents were the mistletoe and a Christmas tree—made of plastic as it was illegal to use real ones for any man-devised celebration and that was the official view. Not a single reference to the cultural realities of Eurasia was found in this vestige of another time. And of course they had the man disguised as Santa Claus making an appearance and that was when the community policing units—it once was named the police—forcibly forced their way into this quaint celebration of a by-gone age.

And the officials didn't like it one bit. A Union Jack and Saint George were discovered lording over the Christmas tree. The old Black couple was an annoyance among this sea

of White specimens. The community-policing units did not approve of a situation reminiscent of Uncle Tom. Yet the old Black couple even shared the Forest of Dean accent with the old-style Native, and spoke it even better than the few White teenagers present in the pub. Diversity functioned one way and not the other way, and so the old Black couple was escorted back to where they lived with a mild reproof from the civil servants and that was it. The others were accused of cultural deviation, whatever that meant and had to go through 'new awareness training.' Sitting in barren rooms for long hours and subjected to streams of soul-less English as utilized by the bureaucracy and they had to watch endless footage of the new cultural paradigm ruling the fate of the English district, the noun 'England' being avoided as best as one could. Once the old-style Native were deemed to be properly re-programmed, they were allowed to return to their Forest of Dean village, provided they attended new awareness updating each month. No charges were inflicted on them. Words were used in such a way you could prove anything without actually defining what had to be proven.

But this village was stubborn in its will to celebrate Christmas and Easter and Pentecost and All Saints and that did not go well down the throats of the officials. A few years passed and the officials decided to use the big guns to stop this manifestation of old England. A mob was brought in composed of disaffected Moslems and White renegades; that is they turned their back without the hope of a U-turn on their native Anglo-Saxon ancestry. And the mob made its way into the pub and did its dirty job. Throats were cut and blood was shed. Women were raped and children were summarily executed. The old Black couple was bombarded with fist blows and became an unrecognizable pulp. The Union jack and Saint George were set on fire while the woman playing the role of the priest and the man disguised as a deacon were disembowelled. As to the person disguised as Father Christmas, fate decided that total dismemberment was an appropriate ending for the life of this cultural heretic. Once the carnage was over, the mob diluted into smaller groups of individuals making their way back to the cities with the blessing of the community policing units standing near by. The old Black couple were the only ones charged with anything. They were tried for 'cultural deviation' and 'Uncle Tomism.' The remaining old-styled Natives alive were transported to re-education centers and the media reported a case of 'cultural

breakdown' resulting in 'deviant behavior' that could have brought 'community dissonance' and that had to be stopped.

So the last Christmas ever recorded in the history of the English district was stopped by the might of the powers that be. The protest of Christians—the majority of them being Black—was silenced by way of accusing the Afro-English of lack of 'new awareness' due to unfavourable economic conditions and the Moslem-led mobs did the rest of the job, whilst the affluent Blacks were brought into submission by sheer colleagues and peer pressures. The Blacks carried on celebrating Christmas. Nobody from the officialdom gave a damn, except when it spilt into civil disturbance involving Moslems. The White Anglo-Saxons still fond of old-fashioned Christmas carried on celebrating the birth of our Lord in an underground fashion till the last of them passed away.

The pub by then had been a new awareness center since the stopping of the above-mentioned Christmas."

The interval resumes again after the finishing of the story telling and millions of English are shocked while other millions breath a sigh of resuming hope. The interval stops and is replaced by last year's commemoration of the Winter Solstice.

THE TREACHEROUS SPELL

Princess Gertrude was not happy in her principality of the Forest of Dean. She was overweight, jealous of Naomi Campbell, eating fish and chips and watching *Neighbors* on the television. Her subjects called her "the Bulldozer." Graffiti, litter and neglect vandalized her princess-fitting mansion in Colford. Her staff was often on strike, as she did not want to increase their wages. The 37-year-old princess, virgin and single, was desperate to marry Alberto de Asturia. But the prince from North Spain was gay. She could not really be bothered to govern the principality of the Forest of Dean, and so left the task and duty to the discretion of her chauffeur Harry Johnson who, taking the advantage offered by the "position," endeavoured to import illegal 18-rated DVDs from Central Asia, as the equivalent produced in the neighbouring republic of Wales and the kingdom of England was saturated with health-and-safety regulations, which took the sex edge off the product, so to speak.

Princess Gertrude was thus three years before reaching her forties and the immoderate consumption of greasy fish and chips and the local poorly produced cider had kind of damaged the features of her face. She then realized she was going to resemble John Prescott in no time if she did not stop her self-neglect. A mischievous spirit called Blablazacazaca suggested she do a spell to regain and permanently keep her youth. Eternal youth was thus to be the goal and she set to work with Mercury for mischievous youth—she wanted to be a naughty girl as she hated her virginity—and with Venus for beauty. She decided to call upon them both at the hour of Venus on Wednesday and at the hour of Mercury on Friday.

Blablazacazaca suggested to her the following words for calling upon both deities: "O you Mercury, God sexier than the likes of Willie Smith and Pierce Brosnan, I command you to give me eternal youth and beauty and, as you're mischievous, I command you to turn me into a naughty girl. So mote it be. And you, O Venus, goddess sexier than the likes of Naomi Campbell and Posh Spice, give me eternal beauty so that I do not resemble an ugly youth as you find them in Gloucester and, while we're it, give me naughty lust for I'm fed up of being a virgin. Now I command you both, tell me what you want."

This went on for a while and, after a few performances, Blablazacazaca caused many poltergeist activities, to confirm her prayers had been received loud and clear, such as the toaster finding its way to the toilets, the dogs being dispatched to the local pond, shrieking like owls and all the bulbs finding themselves covered with black paint. Satisfied that the magic prayer had worked, Princess Gertrude asked again: "O mighty deities, please and for a last time, tell me what you want for what I want, otherwise I shall call upon the Norse gods, and then you'll have to get lost for, you see, I'm an impatient bitch."

Blablazacazaca did not expect princess Gertrude to get threatening—she was a princess after all—and in a panicky state, answered what she had to do. She had to bring a ring and twenty spiders for breakfast every Wednesday for the duration of a whole year, and she would then get eternal youth and beauty. "So shall it be" interrupted the princess, causing Blablazacazaca to stop and not resume his recommendation. Thought by the princess to be both Venus and Mercury, the spirit was now bound by the law of

magic to fulfil the princess' request, provided she kept her part of the bargain for a whole year. The trouble was, the spirit did not have the time to specify the characteristics of the ring if the spiders had to be alive or dead. And dead spiders were horrible for the spirit and their astral sap was near to nil when the cobweb-making animal was dead. Princess Gertrude detested spiders and therefore she got drunk every Wednesday to chase the spiders. The ring was bought in the local Poundland for a quid and was made of plastic. A drunken princess then brought the dead spiders and the plastic ring to the altar of Venus and Mercury—really.

After a year, The royal has fulfilled her part of the bargain and the spirit had no choice but to grant fruition to the request of the princess. The spirit was in trouble for he did not know how to bring eternal youth and beauty to a human who, by nature, could not escape from Death and that was it. So he used all his magical resources and transformed Princess Gertrude into a plastic Barbie doll with a mischievous smile. Now sure the ex-overweight was young looking, the celluloid equivalent of a 12-year-old girl. She was beautiful; that is, if you find beautiful the type that looks like chisel-faced upper-middle-class youths from America. The princess could even speak but her arms and legs were hopelessly out of her will's reach. Plastic is kind of indestructible short of a nuclear explosion or a volcanic eruption. So the princess had acquired her illusory eternal youth and beauty. But the horror of her turned into a talking toy sent her raving mad forever.

The chauffeur came back and finding the doll nearly went mad himself when he heard the voice of his boss coming from the celluloid structure. He gathered courage, took the doll and dumped it into the Willie bin, making sure black bags covered her. He then saw for some unknown reason the semi-physical appearance of Blablazacazaca who had turned gay. The spirit manifested as a pretty youth and the chauffeur fell in love with the spirit. So Blablazacazaca appeared every night to the chauffeur who could nor stand the sight of the princess, now mad under the garbage of the rubbish site. The chauffeur was happy to exchange sexual favours with a beautiful youth. The only trouble was: it was like having sex with a hologram.

BABY GONE

The gloves of the baby... Where's that damned infant? Has it disappeared? I'm inspector Paul Williams and the gloves are all that remain of the baby. What happened to it? Has it been kidnapped by a pro-life group keen on preserving infants from what they view as the infanticide society? Is it sequestered by a pro-choice group keen on educating the creature in the merits of diversity? Or has it been snatched by an anti-procreation group that sees humanity as a cancer spoiling Gaia? I'm more inclined for the latter than the two other ones. What could they be doing with the baby? Would they teach it that procreation is a disease that must be, if not stopped, at least severely controlled or would they simply sacrifice it to the spirit of Gaia? What an age we live in. For all I know, it might have nothing to do with the organizations I mentioned. But those fanatics constitute today's headlines so often that it makes you wonder.

Rightwing Christians, Moslems, Jews, Hindus and Buddhists are bizarrely united in a pro-life front. The pro-choice is dominated by the terribly effective new feminists and then there's the anti-procreation pressure group, secretive as the spirit of Gaia which they claim to serve. They frighten me. They are able to become the most deadly terrorists we've ever known. To them, politics is reduced to a single aim: the stopping of humanity's overpopulation and the culling of the same species for the preservation of Gaia and her life-forms. It's like they want to return to the condition of Adam and Eve when humanity didn't number more than 144,444 souls, or so they claim.

And to return to the disappeared baby, the other clue is this sello-tape. What's the reason behind it? Is there some kind of message or is the meeting of the two sorts of objects purely accidental (if coincidences do happen, that is)? The pro-life groups insist that God is ruling the show while the anti-procreation fellows claim that Gaia is a self-sustaining organism and that everything occurring right here, right now is no accident but the working of the planet. Only the pro-choice groups proclaim the accidental nature of life and humanity as the sole owner of consciousness and reflection. I can remember my parents were living in the Cold War era and that was simple: Capitalism versus Communism. Then we had the period of Islamism versus the rest. And as overpopulation swelled to the extent of dwarfing all the other causes and lighting passions to the fullest, things became more complicated.

This anti-procreation movement is really terrifying. Take, for instance, the case of deadly Vaseline that allegedly killed more than 15,000 infants in India alone. They reckon it's the work of an anti-procreation group. How on earth did they manage to substitute the real Vaseline with their lethal brand, a new type of weapon for a new age of historical madness? And other cases were reported in China (number of estimated deaths at 11,000), the USA (number of deaths estimated at 8,500) and other populous nations. Iceland seemed to have been spared, but then Iceland is practically herself an anti-procreation nation, proud of never exceeding 300,000 people. It even seems certain that several anti-procreation groups have their headquarters in this sparsely populated country, the only state to have banned religion as it's seen as pro-life. If there's anything religious about Iceland, it's a kind of curious blend between Nordic paganism and the love of Gaia coupled with a neo-Gnostic trend. Who knows? Maybe the baby is in Iceland. And if there's any truth behind the rumours, then the Icelandic guys know how to defeat Interpol investigations. I'm not surprised considering Iceland is a paradise for information technology vanguardists of whom I've never understood how they can mix electronic communication avant-garde with the love of Gaia.