



# CHAPTER TWO

## THE REVOLUTIONARY

*England,  
7 June, 2025*

The day was perfect. Blue skies with wisps of clouds and just the slightest breeze. The children would squint as they looked into the sun, then back to their ball game. The grass was freshly cut and gave a clean smell to everything. The brick house stood proud on its ground overlooking the playful children and serious adults. The white marquee stood in stark contrast to its surroundings, beckoning the serious and frivolous alike. The smell of barbeque filled the air. Pork? Some beef? Certainly. An hour or so of speeches and then the crowd could eat and enjoy the glorious day.

“It’s my privilege to introduce our guest speaker. He needs no introduction. Please put your hands together



for my friend, our leader, the Right Honourable Fritz Williams.” Simon Evans, leader of the local chapter of the conservative party, took a step back and started clapping. The crowd joined in.

They were all volunteers and this was a way for the party to say thank you. They worked tirelessly and faithfully, raising money and corralling opinion sufficient to make this one of the safest conservative seats in the country. Williams, a career politician, wasn't overly fond of these types of gatherings but he tolerated it because they were part of the job. He got elected and ensured the party got elected. This was part of the process, stroking the local volunteer support structure. The grass roots of the party.

Williams shook the hands of the party faithful as he made his way to the front of the marquee. The people loved him and someone stood up, clapping more enthusiastically. Eventually they were all standing and he basked in the unadulterated love. He turned to them and raised his hands in acknowledgement and motioned with those same hands outstretched by a downward motion to have the crowd to sit down.

It was hot inside the marquee and the window sections of the glorified plastic tent were rolled up to expose the undulating green pasture beyond the house's curtilage. Years of experience (primarily



disappointment) had taught party planners in England to erect a marquee if holding an outside event. If there was one thing you could be sure of, it was rain.

But not today. Today, the rays of sunshine shone brightly on the marquee and its inhabitants. It shone and made brighter the lush green grass of the surrounding pasture. The long haired highland cattle grazed contentedly. Simon Evans, the local farmer and head of the local conservative chapter, was the host of the event. It was his backyard. The fields surrounding his home, almost as far as the eye could see, were his. He was prosperous and proud of his position, but he also knew that he could not be a politician beyond this village, despite his desire to be on the national stage. He had the wrong body type, the wrong temperament, and the wrong history. He was short and fat like an old Churchill yet he was still young, and he would just get worse as he got older. He told himself this was not good in the age of digital media. He also disliked anyone who disagreed with him, which would be a problem in a system of politics based on arguing. But all of this could have been overcome if it wasn't for the last skeleton in his closet. He had the misfortune of being the descendant of a disgraced Nazi sympathiser. It meant that anytime he would voice an opinion that had even the slightest hint of nationalism—even British



nationalism—his Nazi past would be mentioned. He had resigned to being a businessman and promoter of politicians.

The Right Honourable Williams grew up in a privileged position and went to Eton, then Oxford. He was used to the constant changing of clothes during the course of a day for events, sometimes as often as five times. Sports, of course, required a change of clothes, as did lunch, class, and evenings. It was so engrained in him that he didn't think anything of it. Changing was as natural as tying one's shoes. Perhaps this is one of the causes of the English schoolboy's dishevelled look. There was a uniform for each occasion. Today, he would have worn a casual summer cotton suit with an open shirt but for his role as key speaker and guest of honour. Instead, he wore a smart dark blue blazer with shirt and blue tie with a flower in his lapel for some flare. The flower was picked from the garden with the permission of the owner and it made everyone comment at his consideration and uniqueness. It was expected, so he wore it. He held the position of secretary of state in the government's cabinet and had the ear to the most powerful men in the country, not least of whom was the prime minister.

He took his position behind a makeshift podium after shaking Simon's hand. There was no microphone



or sound system. The gathering wasn't that big. He was a trained orator and his voice filled the space. The audience sat in rapt attention.

As he spoke, he felt himself blink involuntarily and everything went black. It was as though the lights had been turned off, but the sun was shining. *How could this be?* he thought. He heard noises and felt something bang into his arms and legs. Then it all went quiet. No sun, no noise, no nothing.

The screams were immediate. They were all sitting in rapt attention when Williams' face suddenly bloodied and he crumpled to the floor. On the white plastic marquee behind him was a splattering of what looked like something you blew out your nose, but grey. Lots of it. It was spread out over a foot in diameter.

Williams fell into the adjoining table. His legs banged into the box of wine meant to be raffled after the speech. The front of his face had a hole in it just to the left of the nose, but the back of his head had a hole bigger than a man's fist. He was bleeding and there was no doubt he was dead.

Among the screams and chaos that followed, Simon's mind registered that this was yet another strike against him in his desire to be a national politician.

