

The Black Watch

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Other books from Neil Holmes

A Lot to Lose

A fool's Mate

Previews at the back of the book

Dedication

I dedicate this book to my wife, Larissa. Without her help, patience and support, it would never have happened!

The Black Watch

By
Neil Holmes

First in a series of three

Notes from the Author

All the techniques described in this book are or have been used at some point of time on the general public, either as a form of torture, for entertainment or for medical purposes.

Many aspects of word manipulation, imagery and audio techniques have also been used to influence mass population ideology through politics, marketing and for other propaganda idealism. However, we have been informed many times from politicians, company CEO's and other moguls this is not the case.

Maybe they are right... or maybe we simply are not aware of it.

In the Near Future... Just Before 'A Vote of No Confidence'

"I demand we have face-recognition cameras installed in front of every door in every street through the whole of this country before the end of this year," the Prime Minister said in an unconvincing tone. She allowed her tired frame to slump back into the black leather chair and rubbed her dark-ringed eyes with her thumb and fore-finger. "We have to monitor every person's whereabouts all the time. This country is falling apart too quickly and it's my job to protect the Islamic people against the revolt they are facing. Do you understand the importance of the dire situation we're in?"

"Ma'am," Smithies replied. He tried to control the nervous tremble in his perspiring and pudgy hands. "You are aware this is beyond our current budgetary guidelines. That is, before we even consider the impossible budget and time-frame for purchasing and installing such equipment..., ma'am."

"You mean since we left the EU due to the diabolical referendum we held? We were already in serious financial trouble before we withdrew our membership, but it's fighting against the anti-Muslim brigade that's sapping the last of our

finances we have. Why won't the public understand that Sharia rule is above all else." The Prime Minister looked at Smithies. "Raise income tax again. Print more money. Sell more gold from our reserves. Just think of something. I don't care what you do," the Prime Minister said. Forlorn, she looked into the dark cabinet office past Smithies.

"May I make a recommendation, ma'am?" Smithies asked. He could not look her in the eye. He nervously rubbed his sweaty palm inside his trouser pocket while shifting from one foot to the other. He didn't want to be in this room anymore. He knew this Prime Minister's time was over. The 'vote of no confidence' was planned to take place later that week. And then hopefully Jonas would take over and bring back Christianity as the main religion. He knew how to make things happen. He would rescue our sunken and financially broken country. That would be the time for this country to fight back.

The PM rested her folded arms on her paunch.

Smithies reluctantly continued, "As you know, ma'am. Due to your Sharia initiatives, every civilian now has a compulsory chipped ID card they have to carry at all times. And just like mobile phones, they all have GPS trackers we can activate. It's law for men and women alike to carry these items so the Sharia police can track them and to ensure they are following their specific rules. Even all types of transport are monitored with QR codes on the roof. We can tell who is in them and when and where they take a break." Smithies weak voice tailed off to a whisper. He licked his dry lips to get them working again. "We even track and store everybody's accessed internet sites, social networking sites, telephone calls, personal email and even their post. Ma'am, we access and store as much information on our people as the Chinese and NSA. Instead of this, shouldn't we be considering at improving how we sort through this backlog of information? It would be more economically sustainable."

"It's not enough, Smithies. Please try to understand that!" she whispered back. "We have to get rid of this... these white vermin that's ruining our now Muslim country... Nothing personal, Smithers, but populations change." She reflected for

a while. "I had received an offer from the Russians when I first became Prime Minister several years ago. I rejected it at the time due to their strong stance against our new religious and political ideology."

"Ma'am, I've seen it. Do you think this would be a good idea to accept it after this length of time? What about...?"

The Prime Minister leaned forward and looked directly into Smithies eyes. It unnerved him.

"He came to see me about it. I hold him I would discuss it with the Sharia heads. Implement it immediately! Give Vathek what he wants. It might just work enough to support the cause," the Prime Minister said with an element of hope. "Oh, and Smithies. Tell nobody else about this until you have to."

"But, ma'am..."

"It may not be clear now, but this will probably help my follower according to the rumour I hear of a possible vote of no confidence against me. Whoever that may be, he can take the credit for it. Sharia rule needs supporting and has to continue for future generations in this new Muslim country. Now leave me in peace."

"Prime Minister," Smithies acknowledged. He shuffled his bulk out of the Prime Minister's airless office and closed the heavy door behind him. He shook his head in dismay. What can Jonas do with that if he's elected? He's the only person who has the slightest chance of rescuing this land. Smithies thought. It would be self-suicide working with the Russians in comparison and keeping Sharia law in this country at the same time.

Today... Kaneda and Alex

Alex's finger-tips rested lightly against the rough brick wall and he carefully pressed his ear against the cold window, where a thick curtain blocked his view from looking in the window. Closing his eyes, he listened to the muffled family noises and activities inside the exclusive detached house. A lop-sided sneer grew over his innocent-looking freckled-face when he heard a specific voice. Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he tip-

toed barefoot through the large garden towards a fenced corner surrounded with large, thick and overhanging bushes. A small group of men dressed in dark clothing crouched under the thickest of branches waiting for his feedback.

“There are three in the house and are all in the living-room celebrating something,” Alex whispered slowly. He sidled deeper into the bushes to avoid been seen in the moonlight. “I would guess mother, father and...” he sneered while fingering the rings threaded on a chain that hung loosely around his neck, “...their daughter.”

“Use the girl only if we need to,” Kaneda whispered back with authority to Alex. He turned to the men behind him. “Stay put until I signal for you to enter. When you do, search the house from top to bottom. It’s in there somewhere.”

His men nodded.

“Let’s be quick, the army could be on to us on this one,” Kaneda whispered. He grabbed Alex’s arm, breaking his thoughts. “Alex, wait over there.” He pointed to a shrub near the house door. “There’s a camera above the main door so stay out of sight until they’ve opened it.”

Alex ran across the grass towards the shrub. A wad of shock-red hair fell over his glistening eyes as he squatted down out of sight.

Kaneda strode over to the front door with his heavy boots crunching against the drive-way gravel.

“Ready?” Kaneda asked Alex. His finger poised ready to press the doorbell.

Alex nodded. He was more than ready. Just like he had been with the others.

Evey

Evey tucked her stockinged feet under her slender legs while settling into the back of the plush leather sofa. She watched with interest as her father pouring an expensive red wine into cut-crystal glasses. She adjusted a short black skirt over her well-defined thighs.

“Heh, a true business woman, you are, love,” Winston, her father said. He glanced up to her with affection.

Evey’s mother, Julia, ran her bony hand over a fold in her blue dress and smoothed it out.

“Dad, I’ve only sold a couple of prints,” Evey said with flushed cheeks. “And they were to you.”

“True, true. And what a loyal customer you’ve won!” Winston replied, unintentionally exposing the flab from under his pink shirt tail that had pulled out of his trousers as he passed two filled glasses over the coffee table.

Julia took them from her husband and passed one to Evey. They raised their drinks to each other.

Winston picked the third glass by the bowl with his stubby fingers. He admired the photographs on the wall.

“Make a toast, dear,” Julia said to her husband, waiting with glass’ stem in her fingers.

“Quite. But before I do, I have to thank your mother for giving you your first camera for your twelfth birthday,” he said, nodding to his wife in agreement.

“Oh, and you don’t know how much persuading he took, Eve. He thought it was a waste of money. Didn’t you, dear?” Julia replied with a hint of admonition to her husband.

“By ‘eck, I’m so glad you convinced me, an’ all.”

Julia turned quickly to the closed curtained window and frowned.

“Mum, are you okay?” Evey said, putting her hand on her mother’s shoulder.

Julia shook her head as though she was imagining things and lifted her glass in front of her again. She waited expectantly for her husband to continue.

“Alright, alright,” Winston said a little out of breath. “I’m getting to it.” He raised his glass. “To my wonderful daughter, whom I’m—we’re so proud of. Here’s to your new life at university and to our very own future ‘David Bailey’. To you, my girl. Cheers!” He raised his glass to her.

“You’re certainly everything I wanted to be,” Julia said, stroking Evey’s long black hair.

“Look, I know we’re going out tonight, but I’d like to catch the first ten minutes of this documentary on hypnosis. I’m sure to be questioned about it tomorrow. Let me watch the beginning and the rest I can see later. Do you mind?”

“We’re comfy here, aren’t we, mum?” Evey said.

“We sure are,” Julia replied, snuggling up to her.

Winston switched on the television set and let his mass flop into a leather chair with a grateful sigh.

“...and in this programme, we will be discussing the latest advances in hypnosis. Tonight, you will see some pretty impressive examples, and not just those that are normally performed on stage, which most of you may be familiar with. We will show you some extraordinary results from documented clinical trials ranging from simple problems to critical health issues. We will see an extremely overweight woman quickly freed from her serious addiction to chocolate where she would eat at least fourteen family bars in a day. And that’s not including those other unhealthy snacks she ‘unofficially’ ate in-between that really ruined her appetite. You will see that our greatest challenge was to stop her eating long enough to put her under hypnosis. We’ll show you her incredible change after just one session.”

“Eve, my dear. I’ve something for you,” Julia whispered with an excited tremor in her voice.

Although she knew what it was, Evey bit her bottom lip in anticipation.

Julia reached behind a cushion and pulled out a small red felt-covered box.

“It was your grandmother’s,” Julia said as she opened the lid. She passed it over to Evey.

Evey pulled the dark golden ring out of the box and held it in front of her. On top of a slender band grew an intricate pattern forming her grandmother’s initials, “ER”. The same as hers.

“This is really beautiful, thank you,” Evey whispered. She gently turned it between her delicate fingers.

“It’s Russian gold,” Julia said.

“And how it shines.”

"I'm surprised there's any gold left on it with the amount your mother's been polishing it," Winston chipped in with a cheeky to his wife.

"From a stage show, one participant was told she could no longer see her partner, that he was invisible. And, yes. Even when he stood directly in front of her, he, in her eyes, wasn't there. This is a scenario many of us go through daily when we frustratingly search for the house or car keys, only to find them where we had left them, in full view right in front of us. This state of apparent blindness is so easy for us to enter without really being aware of it.

"In a clinical experiment coming up, we see the scientists working closely with a lovely old lady who had been forgetting things a little too often over the past years. After one hypnosis session, you will see how her memory exceeded its previous capabilities. So much so, the psychologist had to categorise her new retrieval ability as photographic. You will see that she can now recall in astounding detail.

"The last item in our documentary considers a new technology that may have practical uses for our emergency and military services. This is a device called a hypno-transponder, that looks not too dissimilar to a black digital watch, that creates a continual positive anchor allowing these highly-respected teams to be permanently alert and responsive for longer periods of time. Discussions with the government to implement this could prove useful especially in difficult and life-critical circumstances. Watch this programme to see its powerful effects on our life-saving heroes."

The door-bell rang.

"I'll get it," Julia said, deftly standing up. She straightened and inspected the loose folds in her dress while trotting to the main door. In the hallway and next to the entrance hung a small monitor showing a person standing outside. He glanced to the side.

Julia twisted the latch without looking at the monitor.

"Jules, don't forget to speak in the security microphone first to find out who's out there," Winston shouted from his chair.

The entrance door flung open. It struck Julia against her light frame and catapulted her across the hallway. She cried out in pain as she crumpled up against the tiled hallway floor.

Where is it?

Kaneda's long coat fluttered behind him like a cape as he strode into the house. He scanned the hallway. To his left was the staircase. To the right a closed room door and straight on he saw the kitchen. From the living room to the left under the stairway he heard the sound of the television and someone breathing with difficulty who was shuffling around. He put his hands on his hips and stared at the woman writhing in pain on the floor.

"Stay there!" Winston whispered from inside the room.

"What... do you... want?" Julia whispered through pained gasps.

Winston suddenly approached with caution at the living room entrance. He stopped and froze when he saw Kaneda staring at his injured wife.

Alex slithered past Kaneda and kicked Julia under her chin with his might. Her head bounced back off the tiled floor. Her eyes curled up as, she passed out on the cold floor.

"That's enough!" Kaneda barked at Alex. "We're not here to hurt these generous people."

Alex sneered. He turned to Winston who dashed towards Jules and pushed him back into the living room doorway.

"Jules! Oh, my lovely..." Winston cried out and tried to push past Alex.

Alex snarled and thrust his flick-knife blade open before Winston's eyes.

"Uh!" Winston cried out and jerked his head back. He swallowed hard. "My wife... I need to check on my Jules... She's hurt," Winston whispered to Alex without taking his eyes off the nicked tip.

Kaneda's gang filed past him into the hallway and scattered themselves around the house. Two ran into the living room and two more into the kitchen. The rest thumped up the wooden stairway and started to search the rooms there.

Evvy dashed under her father's arms, shot past Alex and dropped down to her unconscious mother.

“You!” Kaneda shouted at Evey over the clatter his men made. “Get out of the way! You are a hindrance.” He did not need any extra distractions. He had a bad feeling about this one as it was already not going as smoothly as he wanted. Alex had gone too far already and it was taking too long. He needed to keep his cool and the group under control.

Kaneda grabbed Evey’s arm to drag her back to her father, but Evey snatched it free. She scowled at Kaneda before bending down to check on her mother.

“I don’t think you understood me properly,” Kaneda said. He yanked Evey up to her feet by her hair. He felt some strands tear away from her scalp.

Evey cried out while grasping his strong fingers for support.

“Go to your father’s side and stay there, otherwise he may have to hurt your brave mother even more,” Kaneda said calmly, but with serious intention, indicating to Evey where she should go.

Alex sneered at the unconscious woman on the floor.

Winston stepped forward, but Alex nudged the knife point into Winston’s neck. The tip nicked his skin that released a trickle of blood that ran into his shirt collar.

Winston whimpered, repeatedly squeezing his fingers into the palm of his sweaty hands.

“When I say something, I expect you to listen and follow what I tell you. So, do it!” Kaneda whispered in Evey’s ear. He thrust her towards her father by her hair.

Evey cried out, stumbled and crashed into her father’s bulk. She grabbed onto his flailing arms and pulled herself close to him.

Alex sneered at Evey and rubbed a palm against his filthy trousers.

“Lovely,” Alex whispered while staring at her legs. He pulled the skirt above her thighs. “And she’s mine.”

Winston pulled Evey protectively close and unaware her was hindering her from stopping Alex’s curious hand on her thigh.

“Who do you think you are breaking into other people’s property?” Winston said that came out as a mix of authority and fear. He held on to Evey’s shoulder with his sweaty hand.

“Nowt,” a member of the gang called out from the kitchen doorway.

Winston rubbed his thumb over Evey’s shoulder. He knew what they were looking for and it showed on his face. Kaneda could see it.

“How long does hypnosis really last with a client? An important question I would like to put to our special guest, Professor Vatbek.”

“Thank you, Miss Moschka. As you know, the simple answer is that a successful hypnosis session depends on how much the client really wants to change. If a person doesn’t really want to make the effort, then no amount of encouragement will make a permanent difference, regardless of how good the therapist is. What we have to remember is that we as individuals are completely responsible and in full control of our mind. Not the therapist. All he is doing is setting the scene for success by using a variety of proven manipulation models. Over a long period of time, it’s a different story. For example; one reason why many of us have such destructive thoughts that stop us from reaching our goals and aspirations is usually implemented into us from a very young age. Each of us is effectively born with a blank memory, which through the first six years of childhood, it has been programmed with all those influences that happen around us, this includes inherited hereditary beliefs passed on from generation to generation. At this wonderful age, our pliable mind responds just like a computer does to freshly installed software. Now, this on-going child-programming is unwittingly done by the parents, family members, friends, TV and the internet, just to name a few. Instead of parents being an active gatekeeper to their child’s inner mind, they constantly show the child how they shouldn’t respond to varying scenarios and problems in their introduction to varying experiences without realising the potential destructive impact on the child’s future behaviour patterns. Rarely are they shown how to respond correctly. And once this has been mentally committed in the unconscious by the child over the first six years of their life, which occurs one-hundred per cent of the time, it is their standard way of operating for the rest of their life. You can see how parents brought that person up by the way they behave and it’s a great shame they have these downfalls in life. And may I say, it’s only through a specialised

professional reprogramming session with a skilled practitioner that it is possible for this 'messed-up' adult-child the chance to live some of their expected life somewhat fuller than before.

"Let's take sugar as an example, it has such damaging health effects similar to that of opium, except that coming off it has actually been proven to be significantly easier than eliminating sugar from our diet. Yes, sugar rots the body, and quickly; it reduces our internal defence systems against disease immediately and helps to feed various cancers to grow unheeded in our body. And what do parents constantly offer children to help them deal with certain situations in their growing life? Sweets and treats! To effectively obliterate such a root cause problem, like sugar addiction, we usually find it is first related to a childhood experience. We, as the therapist, first need to find that exact trigger point and then change its associated meaning with something else more beneficial. When we've done this, the adult can take the first contigual steps to a more active life and have more control of their options and related choices."

"Just tell me where the money is and we'll go peacefully," Kaneda said to Winston.

"Look, why don't you just leave, eh? I'm... I'm sure the neighbours have heard something by now and the army's already on their way. My wife's seriously hurt and-it-it seems best to go now... eh?"

"Alex!" Kaneda bellowed, without turning away from Winston's fearful stare.

Alex's lop-sided sneer grew over his spotty face. He grabbed Evey by the arm and yanked her towards him, breaking her from Winston's weak grip.

Evey gasped from surprise.

Kaneda stepped in front of Winston, blocking him in the living room while Alex yanked Evey against him. An arm shot around her torso and grappled her breast with his dirty fingers. The other hand dived around her waist and tried to ram his probing fingers between her resisting thighs. In one swift movement, he licked her from neck to her ear. Alex sneered at her disgust.

"Take her away, but don't hurt her just yet," Kaneda ordered Alex.

Winston nervously danced from one foot to the other while repeatedly clenching his sweaty fists.

Alex swung Evey's fighting body against the doorframe to the right of the hallway, which knocked the fighting strength out of her. With her body slumped in his arms, Alex released his grip from her breast and wrapped his fingers firmly around her neck forcing her ear against his drooling mouth. With the other hand, he opened the door.

With a satisfied lop-sided sneer across his face, Alex shoved Evey into the darkened room. He paced in with expectancy while undoing the belt buckle on his trousers, then slammed the door closed behind him.

A crash of furniture rattled out of the room. Evey cried out in fear and pain.

"Evey!" Winston cried out and meekly pushed against Kaneda.

Kaneda jabbed the barrel of a hand-gun into Winston's ribs.

"Don't even think about trying to rescue her. I promise you your daughter will be safe until I tell him otherwise," Kaneda said. "Let's go in here where I can keep a better eye on you. I do assume you don't want her to suffer and more than she already has?"

"N... No." Winston whispered. He glanced at his unconscious wife sprawled out on the cold floor. A small amount of blood stained the tile behind her head.

Kaneda prodded the gun barrel against Winston's shoulder, forcing him to turn around, but his shaking legs gave way and collapsed against the living-room doorframe.

"C'mon, on your feet," Kaneda said, grabbing the fat under Winston's arm. With his might, he yanked at Winston to stand up. He did not need this extra delay. They should have left with the money by now. He had to remain calm, otherwise it could go much further than necessary. He did not want it to happen again. That was going too far.

Winston staggered into the living-room and grabbed the back of the sofa for extra support.

With his might, Kaneda pushed Winston over it, sending him crashing in a heap on the seating cushions.

“Sit up!” Kaneda demanded. He made his way around to an easy chair opposite where Winston had sat earlier.

Winston thrashed and grunted to pull his trapped arm free from under his own body-weight. Sweat soaked his shirt through and his stomach squeaked against the leather against every twist he made. After one large grunt, he swung himself up enough to release his arm and promptly flopped sideways on the sofa with his head landing into the soft cushion that had hidden the ring from Evey earlier on that evening. Crimson-faced, he panted heavily.

Kaneda lowered himself gently into the easy chair and noticed the bottle of wine on the coffee table. He picked it up, sniffed the contents and nodded in approval.

“It seems you have good taste,” Kaneda said. He took a swig from the bottle and nodded in appreciation.

Winston eased himself up, swung his legs off the sofa and slowly pushed himself upright. His saturated shirt clung around and between his rolls of fat.

“A good aromatic bouquet... I would say... French... the German’s can’t produce red.” Kaneda took another swig. “This isn’t your normal bottle of plonk, either. I would guess you know your wines much better than the average man on the street. Kaneda glanced around the living room. “And not just the grape, I see. I’d say you like the finer things in life, quality oak furniture, leather seating. And boy, what a television. Few can afford one of these in this economic climate.”

Winston slumped back and sweat dripped and collected around his mass on the leather sofa.

“For someone to have this quality of life,” Kaneda said not taking his eyes away from him, “takes money,”

Winston glanced away for a split second.

“Ah, now we’re speaking the same language,” Kaneda said and rested back in the chair. He raised his gun at Winston. “We know you went to the bank today and withdrew your life-savings.”

Winston squirmed.

“So, Professor Vathek, how long does hypnosis last for a client?”

“Generally, if a client really wants a specific outcome, then it will be achieved relatively easily and quickly and indefinitely. If however, after a period of time, the client considers, for example, trying just a small piece of sugar out of curiosity, and the hypnosis has been carried out correctly, then that taste of sugar shouldn’t be a pleasurable experience anymore. If this desire, or rather, this addiction is still strong enough, then the client may start to re-live those powerful opium associations, those pleasure locations are re-activated in the brain, as they were before. Well, at least enough to undo all the great work the client had invested in.”

“Thank you, Professor Vathek. This is probably a great moment to introduce your new theory that everyone is actually hypnotisable regardless of their wish or commitment. Would you like to give us a taster of what this is about before we go into the break?”

A piercing scream from Evey shot out from the distant room.

Winston sucked on his bottom lip and quickly glanced behind him.

“It’s horrible when you can’t do anything about it and have no control over the situation. I know. In my experience, when such drastic situations arise, as this, two questions are usually asked by the unfortunate person in your position. Do you risk death trying to rescue your daughter in distress? Or, if you wait long enough, you hope we get bored or desperate enough from the threat of been arrested, thus forcing us to leave empty-handed, so you don’t have to risk your life nor your money, regardless of your daughter’s state of mind? Most cowards opt for the second.” Kaneda pointed his gun towards Winston’s forehead. “No chance, pal. You’re our third hit tonight from god knows how many other families we’ve visited this month. They were in exactly the same uncomfortable situation as you. And those who gave us their money survived unscathed. Those that didn’t... well, you’ve seen the news. It just goes to show that you’re not so special, after all.

“Haven’t you noticed how everyone seems to be greedy nowadays? What do you think? We followed you as you came out of that bank today. You were pleased with yourself with your rather large and weighty briefcase in hand. We, as

professional cash collectors, that's a tax-free profession, in case you're wondering, also notice what's going on with this wonderful little island of ours. We follow the financial trends and react accordingly. That's how we make our business successful. And today, you are my bonus payment. But is that totally fair on you? I personally think you could thank the banks for this situation. I agree, they were too greedy in increasing their profits too rapidly through reckless decisions that simply drove the economy into a practical state of emergency after we left the EU. And this diamond mistake has caused a series of bank runs, where you, amongst many others, have, with natural caution, withdrawn all savings, thus forcing the banks to sell their own investments at significantly lower prices than they paid for them, thus driving them into collapse and ruin. As for me, I'm thriving. I think the government is doing a fantastic role in keeping me and my men employed, and they don't even have to pay me anything.

"Aren't you worried the army will come any minute?" Winston asked.

"But I ask myself," Kaneda said, ignoring him. "Why does the government keep bailing out the banks for such incompetence? Yet, all senior management do is to constantly redistribute that governmental donation to themselves as undeclared bonuses for failing to do their job properly. And Winston, how many times have the banks failed us?" Kaneda asked.

"Many," Winston whispered.

"I've lost count too. It's the greedy bankers and greedy governmental gannets that are destroying the national backbone and confidence of this country, thus forcing the common people to react, like you. Then there wouldn't be scum, like me, queuing up at your door to take your hard-earned money, like this."

A cry from Evey sent goose-bumps over Winston's arms. He stroked his own clasped hand for comfort.

Kaneda took another slug of wine.

"Hmm. This would go good with roast lamb... Where was I? Ah, yes. Tell me, where have you hidden the money you

withdrew from that corrupt bank today? You know it's tainted money. How could you possibly want it in this house knowing what it is doing to your family? None of my men get paid overtime and there are certainly no bonuses for them if the job isn't done properly. Except perhaps for my right-hand man who's currently with your daughter, which sickens me to say. And just in case you are wondering, I don't want to know what he will do with her. That means, for you, I can't guarantee her safety. As bank managers say, business is business and it's the small fry have to suffer for our wealth."

Kaneda re-aligned his gun towards Winston.

"And I'm sure you don't want your lovely daughter to be the one who suffers the most in this business transaction, do you?"

Kaneda pulled back the trigger.

Winston instinctively recoiled and rolled back in his seat with a whimper.

"Crying isn't going to help you, or her. Tell me where it is and we'll relieve you of it so you can't be robbed again. We'll leave quietly so you can attend to your wife and daughter. Seems fair, doesn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean..." Winston whispered and shook his head.

"I'm disappointed in you, I really am. I didn't take you to be the stubborn type. I'm afraid you leave me no choice," Kaneda said and put the bottle down on the table. "Alex, she's all yours!"

Evey's scream penetrated through the entire house.

Winston sat upright and gripped his hands tightly.

"No! Please no!" Evey cried out.

Primeval grunts rumbled into the deadened living-room.

"Daddy!!" Evey shouted out through her sobs. "Help me... Please!"

"Okay, okay. The money's in the kitchen. Underneath the sink there's a false cupboard wall. You'll find it there," Winston said. He buried his sopping head into his sticky hands. "Please free my daughter."

“You,” Kaneda said to one of his gang at the living room door, “check it out.”

“There are certain cases, where, we in the profession, know what people actually need in their lives better than they do, and that’s where we are able to re-adjust their inadequate beliefs for everybody’s benefit. This is morally correct and let me explain why. There are many people out there that really need help, but don’t ask for it and simply become an unnecessary burden to society. We all know someone like that, don’t we? Maybe it’s because they don’t really know what’s best for them or maybe even too scared to be hypnotised for the fear of losing some control of their meagre life. With that in mind, there is no ethical difference whatsoever between someone who is hypnotised willingly for some life improvement and someone being hypnotised as part of a national health treatment package that would change their life’s situation immensely,” Victor Vathek said.

“Professor, this sounds like an important topic for all our health and well-being.”

“Indeed. We, at the University in Canterbury in Kent have co-developed an approach with the most amazing results and are currently applying for government funding to trial this immensely powerful programme further.”

Victor and the Russians

“Now, I can truly say I am knowingly travelling back home with better results than expected,” Victor said. He stood up from a gold-gilded chair in a Kremlin office.

“Da, they were. I am pleased you are here mister professor Vathek and I hope you enjoyed your visit to our Russian capital. Before you go home to your lovely island, we have one more point to discuss,” Vladimir said. “Funding is important.” He passed a folder to Victor.

Victor opened it. His eyes widened as he read its contents.

“Now, that’s certainly an offer one doesn’t simply turn down. Especially if one considers making this more transparent to the government. We have to remember, Vladimir, our country is a little stronger on ethics due to the high death rates we are suffering, even though I can relate personally to this interesting proposal and its amazing future

benefits,” Victor said, rubbing his chin. “And this couldn’t come at a better time. Finding desperate enough people to practice on is gradually getting harder to find back at home. We’re having to search further afield which puts us at risk of being caught. For something as big as this life-changing project, the government would need to first approve it... There would naturally have to be some sort of financial benefit to the government, the university and myself, which I see you’ve already addressed this problem in your proposal here,” Victor said pleased at the large figures in the file. He nodded in approval.

“You speak to your Dean, da?”

“The university isn’t the problem. You know my interview went nationwide this evening in the UK as a primer to continuing this project? The government is enthusiastic about the original programme, so I can’t see there being too many points to clarify in taking it to this next level.”

“I watch it later. Who in government do I need to speak?”

“Because of the sensitivity of the subject, we will need to have this approved by the Prime Minister himself. As you know, my son has just won his first seat as an MP, but I’d rather you leave him out of this until the appropriate time. I don’t want him knowing this business, just yet.”

“Is good, is good. I have already made offer to Prime Minister. Your country’s finances not good, eh?”

“They’re in dire straits to be more exact. And to make things worse the Prime Minister has brought in Sharia Law for some stupid reason. That’s causing pandemonium throughout the country and eating our financial reserves quicker than anticipated,” Victor replied.

“Set up your laboratory. I have already written to her, da!”

“Good, good. May I ask what you will get out of this if we carry out the next step of this research in the UK instead of here?” Victor asked, intentionally ignoring his comment.

“You start experiments now, as though you have approval?” Vladimir asked.

“If you can transfer the funding to myself and the university this week, consider it done.”

“As soon as you land, the funding is in place,” Vladimir said and shook Victor’s outstretched hand.

For further reading, please purchase this book.

Thanks

Neil