The New Rhodesia 2.0

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Story so far

The first thing you need to know or it will slap you in the face by paragraph two, is that the New Normal does not follow a linear time line. In JohnnyC's world, time does not exists. He tells everything as it is happening, in the present so to speak, as if such a state of time actually existed. Sure things change and history echoes, but the precence of Cecil John Rhodes as the elephant in the room is not restricted by calendar events.

Every espisode includes elements of sex, drugs, philosophy, politics and economics. Students of a PPE at a woke University do best if they do not quote JohannyC in their assignments.

Johnny C Rhodes is the great nephew, twice removed, of the nineteenth century diamond magnate of similar name and Johnny is the sole trustee to the diamond fortunes. It is little known that he is one of the richest men in the world, even though he has never worked a day in his life. He lives with Innocent, his Zimbabwean chauffeur, at Genadendal.

This arrangement comes courtesy of The Rhodes Trust agreement that gives ”usufruct” on the main house to South Africa's sitting Prime Minister, but reserved the cottage for Rhodes' sole Trustee. In 1994 Nelson Mandela took a shine to the place and rerouted the rigth from Prime Minister to President. It nearly upset the Codessa arrrangement as FW de Klerk saw himself as continuing his occupance after the revolution. Mandela, the master negotiator, offered de Klerk half of the Nobel peace prize and took Genadendal. De Klerk was shipped up the West Coast to obscurity with a good view of Robben Island.

It is said in certain circles that Johnny C actually runs the country from the cottage.

DOWNLOAD Story so far

Innocent makes Captain

"How many times have I told you that Nigel is the Royal Fauntleroy , Boss."

Innocent is driving me around the city. We are going nowhere in particular. I have just found that a drive to nowhere is the best way to get to talk to him. Book a set time with his Black Cab service and then I have him as a captive audience. His cellphone is buzzing, but he keeps his integrity to focus on the client and blocks them. "You are going to have to tell me again a few more times how tough it is. Every way I look at it, You have landed your black ass in Africa's white cream butter."

"How old are you, Boss?"

"Thirty-five."

"So in 1994 you were ten? You've never lived under the administration of the British?"

"What do you mean", says I, knowing exactly what he means.

"You have to understand how deeply the racism goes. Sure you meet it every day in the street, but it cuts right down to the family. Look at my brother's name, Nigel III. That says it all, now you know what that means for me? I am the black sheep of the family that is why he has send to to the Colonies to make my fortune.

So the Rhodesians now see South Africa and the UK as colonies. How ironic. "The the first born son inherits everything and any subsequent sons are made to go make their way in the world. Yes it is an English tradition that has served The Empire well. Where do you think they found the officers for the colonies? Rhodes dealt squarely with nepotism in the Trust Document, no man with a son may be the Trustee. It gets rid of the inheritance bullshit."

"Boss, I am the second son. Worse the bastard son. With Nigel II, that means that I am the Sitole and Nigel III is the Fauntleroy. He gets all the assets. I get fuckall. In fact I get worse than fuckall. I am the one with a black skin, not even his lodge masons trust me."

"What do you mean? Nigel gave you everything." I am starting to think that the bugger believes this shit he is sprouting.

"When I arrived on your doorstep I had ten dollars in my pocket and my entire worldly assets in a suitcase."

"Yes, but it cost a Rhodesian marker to get you there. How do you think you just arrived at my doorstep without a marker? You get dropped at the desk of the world's greatest scriptwriter, with a

sealed contract for the lead in his next movie. You boy, are like Megan Markle, you have landed the role of your life. Anyway, anyone that needs more than a suitcase to carry his assets is overburdened."

"How so?

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players... William Shakespeare, As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII. You have been chosen to follow a script and all you have to is follow it to glory. Nigel III is trapped in Zimbabwe, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel. Seeking the bubble reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth. Worse he has the yoke of Nigel II's assets to bind him to an inevitable miserable bourgeois destiny, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

"A script you say?" I can feel him tugging at the bait.

"You have been following this script all your life. You have been brought up as an English gentleman, the next best thing to actually being one. Nigel II wrote your life story and then to produce it, he called in the Marker. A Rhodesian Market is worth more than a Bitcoin mining Cheatsheet, delivered by Satoshi Nakamoto himself. You are the Peterhouse Flyhalf. You have lead platoons of cadets. Nigel has sent you to Cavalry training. I taught you to ride a horse and stick a pig didn't I?"

"Stick a pig? I taught myself Japanese sward fighting. And this car? This car I paid it off myself from the spoils off my own labor.

"Yes and what did it teach you?" There a few assets in life as valuable as a fully paid car. I am looking around the car – I notice he has installed buffalo skin seats. And a new sound system. "Yeah sure, you paid for it and good for you. Its gets better. Your script leads all the way to the top - Lord Protector of New Rhodesia. And to prove the point, today I am going to give you your own battalion and the rank of Captain."

"What do you think of the seats?", he reads my mind.

"Yeah they are OK, What's special about them? "

"Slaughtered Halaal, I did it myself - a thousand men you say?"

"Yes a thousand men." I tell him the obvious. "Unless an Imam did it, its not Halaal."

"But I haven't even commanded a company yet? You can't take the Carbo del Gardo incident to be a captainship."

“I haven't got time. War has broken out. In times of war promotons are rapid. I have His Excellency suggesting his son for the new position of administrator general of New Rhodesia. I have to put forward a credible candidate and the job I have for you is going to create that proof of credibility. The action of your Cabo men won us a country.”

"So where does the script come in? At Cabo we didn't know what the outcome would be."

"Of course we do. We never fight a battle unless we are going to win. Look out there at those pedestrians, bent double like old beggars under sacks." I point to the beggars on the streets of Cape town. It feels liek we are in that scene from Wall Street with Michael Douglas playing Gecko. "People don't follow their own lives. They follow scripts. There is only one plot, The Heros journey, and the job of the hero is to lead the cast and to make sure that all the characters follow the script. The protagonist must deal with all antagonists on a journey that must be completed, even if The Buhda is killed at the side of the road."

He hits his foot on the brakes a little too hard at the next red robot “Whoah I 've seen this movie before and the black guy always dies.” I can see that he is actually buying into the idea. Then he remembers, “So it's like Journey's End where Captain Stannert leads the company to certain death and the Officers dine on fish back at HQ.”

“Relax, it's not a real battalion, it is just the size of a battalion. It is actually a movie company in Joburg, that has been comming up with some titles that have tanked. They have run out of money for the next season. I want you to go in and sort it out, and release us a blockbuster.”

“OK I get it, Its like Jim Carey in Fun with Dick and Jane. He gets made CCO of Dynacor just as Alec Baldwin and the other directors are taking the helicopter off the roof to a game of golf at Augusta.”

“No - more like Tom Brady and the Super bowl. The Buccaneers are basement stuff. Brady doesn't have the best arm, he is as slow and as fat as one of the cavalry pigs, and he is so brittle that one hit could end his career. Still, he reads the script, cuts through it until he can store it in his head, develops a working plan, calls his own plays and makes his men execute them. Viola - a Superbowl without even breaking a sweat. You are Brady, there to see that the other characters play their parts. You are perfect for this.”

“Can I still do cavalry work?” he looks into the mirror to see my nod. “I hate it when my sward lies idle. When do I start Boss?”

“The executive producer gets in this afternoon. Pick him up at the airport and show him the city. And for fuck sake remember you only get one chance to make a good impression. He looks at me as if I am trying to teach him to stick pigs. “Captain, I have told you not to call me Boss.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Sithole's first day at work.

<Outline for a fight scene >

Sitole is on a zoom call after his first day at the movie company.

"It was dark Boss."

"What do you mean it was dark?"

""Well I figured best way to start would be to do a site visit to the warehouse. I went to their web site and they pointed me to an industrial shoot location in Crown Mines. When I got there the office was dark."

""Did you go in"

"Yes"

"And what did you find?"

"There were four guys rummaging through the production libary footage."

"This is company property." I told them.

"Well we are not here for company property. We are here to pick up our footage. We have not been paid and our contract states that the footage is ours until fully paid. We are just taking back what is rightfully ours". Only one of them spoke.

"My Lords, if you have any problem with payment, please take it up with our finance department, and until them I am going to have to ask you to leave."

"Ask us to leave, you and whos's army?" The last comment was accompanied with the click of a gun being safety-unlocked.

"The rummagers had all turned to face me."

This is when I notice that he is still shaking, and there are specks of blood on his shirt and a small bruise above his left eye. "OK Innocent, let me guess. They are standing in a semi circle gunman on the right. It is like a preying mantis form?"

"Yes thats it." He pantomimes the kata. "There was no way out without casualties. You can't manage four coming at you simultaneously.

"So you draw the sward with the rigth hand and strike out at the gun man."

"Yes the first strike is critical. It is a broad slash. I take his gun hand three quarters off at the wrist with the first cut. He drops the gun and sinks to the ground grabbing his dangling hand. The second guy actually falls onto the sward, His momentum turnd into an upward lunge into his belly. I can feel it rupture his liver. He has about three minutes to live. Unfortunately that gives number three the opportunity to grab me round the neck from behind. I drop backwards into the mantis position and he hits fall to the ground, he lets go with shock and I am up in time to slash the throat of

number four. "

"So what did you do with the third guy, he must have been unharmed. "

""Yeah bruized but in no mood to attack."

"And then"

"I tore a strip off number twos shirt and I told number three to pick up his gunman friend, Tie his wrist with the strip and take it back to their finance department and tell them to put in their invoice politely."

"And that was it, they left politely?" there was a bit more action from security as we tried to leave, but the Rhodesin took care of it.

"Yes. I wrapped the two bodies into plastic bags and dumped them into the sea, The fish were eating them before I left. And that was it Boss.

"You get to Joburg, they are a vicious breed." and I've told you not to call me Boss."

"Yes Boss.

A Villa in Beverley Hills

"Windsors, thats Thirty Fifteen", I yell, even though everyone knows the score. I am playing doubles with Megan, Harry and Naomi.

"With you serving Rhodes, it can't last much longer." Harry doesn't mind the Windor tag, gives him that prince walking amoungst the paupers feel.
'
Her highness, I can see, is pissed with the familiarity, She is playing a set in private game of tennis with the world's highest paid female athlete and what she thinks is the richest man in the world and she still expects me to let her play the customer. Its a fair game. Harry and Megan are sub league playes, I am useless and Naiomi can ace every shot even with her iPod blaring. Its five all and can go either way. I give her Highness a good serve, as hard as a Gentleman can politely serve in mixed doubles, but she smashes it back into the tramline passed my backhand. Then, she bounces forward to the net to get into position for my serve to Harry.

"Duece" I murmer.

"Thirty all"cries she.

"Its the same thing ..."says I trailing off. Whats the point of explaining to an actress that in a Godel numbering systems, duece and thirty thirty are fuctionally equivalent. Any side that moves to forty-thirty is in the same position as a side getting an advantage. They either win the game onteh next point or it goes to duece.

Harry winks at me. On my serve to him, he knows he is going to drive it past my forehand, I know he is going to drive it past my forehand, So what does he do? He drives it past my forehand.

"Thirty- Forty Rhodes", he laughs.

They take my serve, Naiomi loves them on hers and we go into the tie breaker and they win that on a double service from me. Naiomi sulks off without so much as shaking my hand.

We are sitting after the game at the pool deck, the women are exchanging numbers of LA physchologists, and sending off selfies to the mental health society.

"I thought you might be good for Naomi, You also don't like the limelight."

"Yes I saw the business with the French Open, but thats as far as we go in the similairty. I don't mind public speaking, It is just preferable for me to have a lower profile, given the nature of my transactions."

"So you cant see it?".he lifts his red eyebrows into his receding hairline.

"Nah, she's too young for me, Next thing I will have her demanding guarantees for a prenup."

"You can't run forever Rhodes." I have neglected to tell him about the Trust clause that any Trustee who fathers a child must imediatiately resign.

"Look I am always available for a game of tennis and anything that may follow, but thats it. But its you I really want to talk to. I know you speak for Lesotho and Botswana."

"Not really, I left that behind with the firm." He puts his hand out and we pass the Mason level five handshake. We both know he is bullshitting, he has already made the Ratheon contact, and we both know that a single battalion of British led mercenaries, backed by a modern helicopter squad and America hardware is sufficient to patrol the whole of New Rhodesia. It is the kind of card that you never want to play, but you always want up your sleeve.

"I've been getting some push back about your man in Joburg. Apparantly he killed two accountants." hey says taking a sip of his Earl Grey.

"It all came out at the bail hearing. It wasn't in Joburg the incident happpened on a film lot in Capetown. Innocent is the managing director and he surprised these, lets not call them accountants – henchmen, afterhours on one of the sites. They attacked him." I can see him whince as I pour in the milk first.

"Yes but he killed two of them."

"It was self defense. There were four of them, all thugs. One of them even brought a gun to a knife fight. If Innocent had not been faster, he would have been shot. The second had him in a choke hold and would have choked him rigth there if he had not defended himself. My accountant Colquohoun checked it our. Only one of them was a genuine CA the others were unqualified. Calquohoun expects the police to drop the charges. They were jsut lucky that Innocent was strogn enough to n be able to neutgraalsie them without killing the lot."

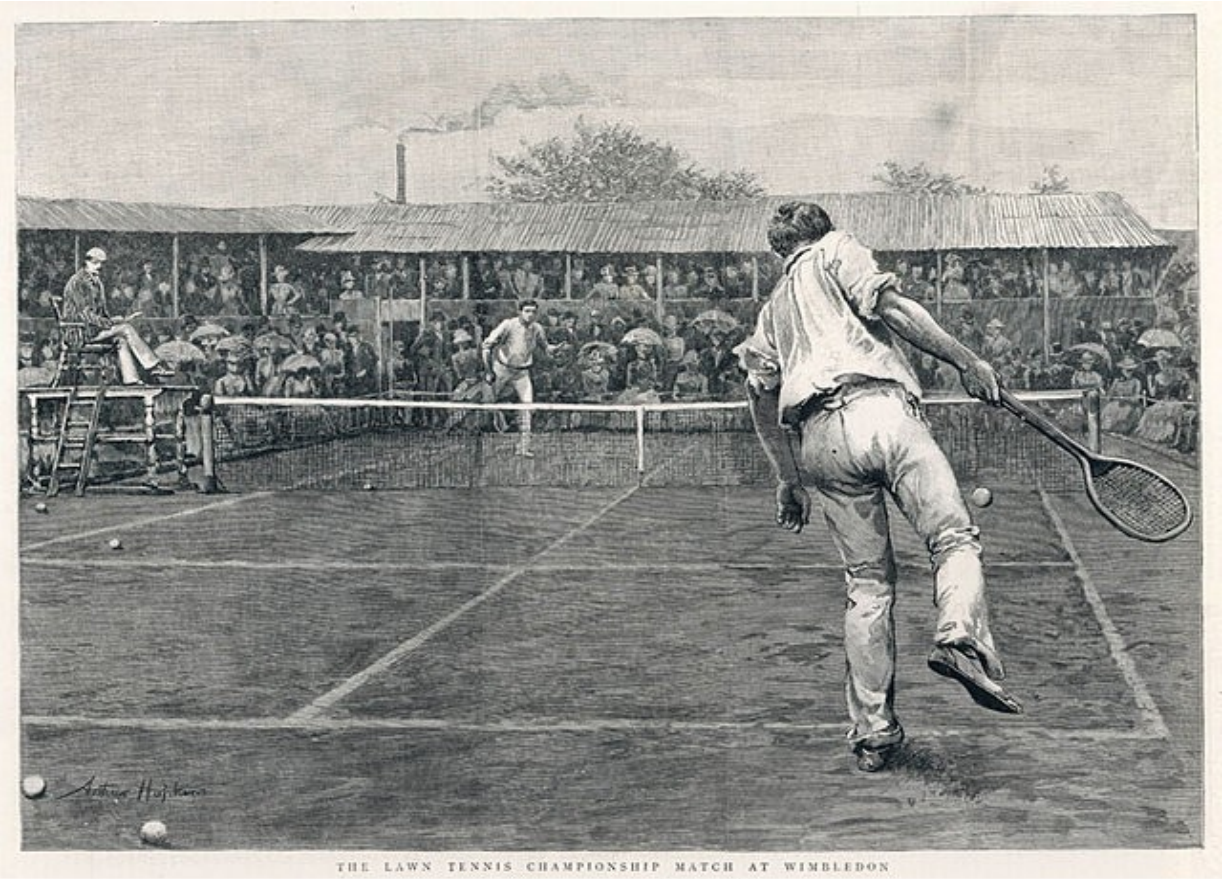
Naiomi and Megan were sulking about the fact that I woud not appear in a charity tennis match with them, So I get up to leave."

"You really should stay." says Harry, " We are having fish."

"I can't bru, I am on such a deadline for this New Rhodesia deal, that if I miss a beat it can all get away from me." I pull out my cheque book. Even he looks stunned. "I know you don't see a lot of these anymore, but I am making this out to cash, you can decide how much of it is for mental health."

He looks at the figure and even he can't hide the red flush to his face. ""Well Rhodes, I will see you in Africa then."

I should have pcked it up. The bugger had a glint is his eye. That "up-for-the-fight" look seen only in the Englsh upper classes and paid for with the blood of the African foot soldier.



Innocent presents to the board

The Pimilico

We here is the innocent first day at the office and Harry and megan tennis gme?

The Chest of Gold

For those of you that are not familiar with the exploits of the villainous Johnny C Rhodes and his bloodthirsty sidekick Innocent Sitole, as they romp through neo-colonial Southern Africa planting red flags across The Territory, start here: https://www.facebook.com/johnnycnewnormal

Cast for this episode

Johnny C Rhodes - The trustee of the Cecil Rhodes fortune.

Innocent Sitole - A son of a Rhodesian, marked as the next Trustee.

Nigel - A Rhodesian associate of Rhodes' predecessor

Betty Sibanda - Rhodes' partner in a chain of up market brothels reaching from London to Blantyre to Cape Town.

The story so far:

Rhodes has sent Sitole to Johannesburg to rescue a movie company that is in financial distress, with the brief to stabilize the situation and produce a new movie. On arriving in Johannesburg Sitole finds the company in chaos. Needing no excuse, the blood-thirsty Sitole enters with his favorite opening – violence...

"Where are you?"

Innocent is sounding a bit agitato. His voice is crackling. He is calling from a satellite phone. "I'm on a boat."

"I meant in terms of the deal, not your hotel location."

"Yes, in terms of the deal I am on a boat, about five km off the coast of Durban, just off the continental shelf. The currents are treacherous out here."

"Boy, I sent you to Joburg, how did you end up in Durban?"

"Boss, I did exactly what you said. I went to The Pimlico."

"How was The Pim? Did you meet Betty?"

"Yes I did, and she introduced me to the Rhodesian hands that you said would be there. I employed two of them to help with the warehouse stocktake. By the ghost of Seloux himself, they were handy. What is that place The Pimlico? I have never been to a club with such friendly girls. Are all Joburg girls like that?"

"Yes mostly. The Pim is an Education Institute providing bursaries and seed finance to young startups, mostly girls aged 20 to 30. The girls live at the club and get all the facilities they need to either finish off their education or get into business. The Rhodesians are sponsors of the place. As members of the Pimlico, they take an active mentorship role in helping the girls to find their feet when they first get to Joburg. It's a real service to all concerned." Where did Nigel take this naive kid? "Good that you got the Rhodesian hands. Then what happened? Did they make you settle their bill?"

"Betty said that you had settled it. After an hour of hanging around at the club, we hot-footed it over to the warehouse. That's where I found the creditors rummaging through the storage cages. I decided to grab the case of gold. "

"I told you in these situations, time is always someone else's money. You should have gone straight to the warehouse. Who knows what they removed before you got there. Nevertheless, what on earth did you think you were going to do with a chest of gold? I said you have to make a new movie."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time. The Rhodesians proved really handy, the creditors got all bolshy and we had to shoot our way out of the place."

"Well done Boy, there are few things in Africa as affirmative as a patrol of Rhodesian mercenaries in a fire flight. What next?"

"I met our film crew ánd director. They showed me the script for the Secret Life of the Southcoast Sardine. Its a really great idea, it's like an annual mass suicide, like lemmings running off a cliff. This movie is going to make that Octopus movie look like sashimi on the side. I hired a truck to lug the chest and the film equipment to Durban where I rented a really big boat as a set and we have been out here ever since safe from intrusion, filming the new movie. We have some beautiful undersea shots of the Sardine Run Boss."

"Great. So why are you calling me?"

"Well about five days into the shoot, we are drifting along in the Agulhas Current. Its like a river Boss. As you fall off the continental shelf it is like gushing white waters dragging you South. You have to pull five knots hard north west, just to stay in the same place."

"OK but you learned how to do that at Sea Scouts in Muizenberg, whát can go wrong?"

"'Three hours ago, a loose container comes drifting down the channel on its way to the Southern Ocean, You cant see it. Ít comes at us like a twelve by two iceberg. It Titannics three tons straight across our bow. We have been taking on water ever since. This boat has only a few more hours left."

"Containers falling off carriers is a world problem. Can't you call in a rescue?"

"I tried that, but the boat company has not paid its last maintenance bill. The ship is going down, but I have a plan to grab the chest of gold before it hits the bottom. The Rhodesians have a mate who is a few minutes out, he is getting here with a small cabin cruizer. What shall I do."

"Get on your phone and call the Masters Office. Get a salvaging licence."

"A salvage licence? Shouldn't I go for the chest?"

"You can't touch that chest until the stern goes under the surface. You can get ready to pull it, but don't move it from the boat until you have the salvaging licence.."

"What do you mean?"

"Maritime Law. When A ship goes down, the salvage of the wreck becomes state assets. Anyone with a salvage licence can dive down, pull it out, and keep the loot. If you dont do tghat the original owners will still claim ownership."

"But nobody is trying to save it. They are all trying to save themselves. Those that aren't immediatey getting into the life boats are all cleaning the whiskey out of the bar and fitting their life jackets. Nobody cares about the Chest of Gold."

"Trust me they will. If you risk your life to dive down into the hold and get it up, you will find that by the time you have got it onto the cruizer and back on the beach. They will be there ready to claim the Chest."

"OK Boss, leave it to me."

"Ï've told you not to call me Boss."

Blow me in the car park if he doesn't call again in an hour. I am still on the phone to Betty. She is one of those rare African women who truly knows what a guy wants.

"Yes I am billing the Rhodesians club tab to your account." says Betty. "They have been hanging around The Pim for days and the problem is that their credit card is bouncing. I am also also adding

in two grand for a premier service to the kid."

"So that is why it took an hour to get to the warehouse!" I guess you have to forgive the kid he is nineteen. At that age, men have different priorities.

"What warehouse?"

"Don't worry about it."

"I have some good news. There is a graduate of the Institute that works in the Masters Office in Durban. We have secured the salvaging permit. The graduate has asked that she is under financial pressure on repaying her student loan, She asked if there was anyway that you could settle her Loan? In exchange she says that for the next five years, anytime you are in Durban, you know where to find a lap dance. I agreed on your behalf." She knows me so well does Betty. ""So your Bill this month is a little higher that usual. "

"Thats a good girl and add a thirty percent tip on for yourself. That squares us until I get to Joburg next week, in the meantime, keep it warm for me." She blows me kisses and I click over to Innocents incomming call.

"Where are you?"

"I am back on the beach. The Rhodesians are also commercial divers. We rigged the Chest with cables, cut a hole in the lower deck and it all simply detached as the boat went past. It all happened so fast. There wasn't enough time to get the salvaging licence. You were right Boss, I am on the beach and the Boat owners and the Crew are claiming the Chest belongs to the company. What do I do?"

"Hold on a moment, I will WhatsApp you the salvaging licence. Get the Rhodesians to take the chest to our safe house in Ballito."

"Thank you, Boss. The good news is that I also saved the Cameras and the tape packs with Sardine footage on it. This is going to be a Netflix hit."

"You're welcome, and I have told you not to call me Boss".

Secret Life of the Sardine

Secret Life of the Sardine

Afghanistan Opens up.

"Rhodes this is the start of great days for us." Omar da Santos and I are at his beach bar, toasting the spectacular success of the Taliban in Kabul.

The thing about Muslims is that celebrations with them soon hit the "red empty line" on the boring-celebrations-chemical-index. The first thing is that muslim celebrations are cockfests. The only women invited will be waitresses and not the kind that Jameson and I like, I am talking like full burka, the only contact is eye jobs. The celebrators always have one eye on the celebrations and one eye on the infidel making eye contact with the waitresses.

A situation like this is never going to end well. Have you ever been to an Islamic state. The women are like caged spaniels on heat. The more that the beards try to stop them, the more they chase after a clean shave. When the girls know that JohnnyC is in town, they start leaning in on you like an Afghan collaborator clinging to the side of a departing US military plane. Now there is only so much you can get out of sweetmeats and two loose swinging titties being pushed onto your neck as she reaches over to serve you. It is inevitable that soon someone is going to caste the first stone. You have to tread really carefully.

The second thing that stokes boredom is the nature of the chemicals involved. Tea, sweetmeats, and the best dope grown this side of the Lower Zambezi Valley. Don't get me wrong I am not against a good spliff, but when it is celebration time even the best-prepared hooka is still going to deliver a downer. When taken in conjunction with beastly rations of Ugandan Coffee, it can be OK, but it's not something that you would take with you to a New York Dinner party.

It's ironic actually. Here we are two guys in control of 90 percent of Southern Africa's heroin trade and drugs are off the menu. Touching the merchandise is out of the question. All opium dealers know the effect that dipping into the Company Store bins can have on even the strongest character. Best leave it for the suburban housewives as their little helper.

I had heroin once, It was delivered by a nurse at a clinic in Sandton. Pethidine they called it. I had broken two fingers playing in one of the most exclusive cricket games in the world. An Invitation game - Nicky Oppenheimer's Eleven against an invitational team of the visiting Pakistani squad and some of their entourage. This game is played out at Nicky's private cricket field in Cullinan. Jonathan opens the batting and of course, I always get an invite. If you are not connected it's a pretty tough call to get the selector's nod. This is sacred ground, rolled perfectly, no more than a few yards from where the Largest Diamond in the world was discovered. It is rumored that Nicky threatened to have a De Beers geologist fired for suggesting that there might be a commercial pipe located under Nicky's cricket field.

Anyway back to my fingers. An aging Imran Kahn is playing for them, At tea, he calls me over and tries to touch me for a donation to a Children's hospital he is building in Lahore. I was much younger then and still only playing as my Trustees plus one. I wanted to tell Khan that my neighbor had recently asked me if I could help with the floods in Pakistan and I told him that my water hose

barely reaches to the end of my garden, Instead I mumbled something about the Trustees charity focus is on Rhodesian wildlife or something like that. He looked miffed and soon drifted off to one of the other marks in the Pavillion. Even then you could see that Kahn had the chutzpah that is so common in politicians. Later, when he did take up politics, it was an obvious choice to those that have met him. Begging is an essentail trait for any successful third world President.

I usually don't get to bat in these Oppenheimer games. I am down the order and Nicky always makes sure that their team has the most spinners so that his invitees can usually manage to play out some form of low-scoring defense. Anyway, this was the day after a really strong highveld storm and without rain today, an unusual humidity hung over the Cullinan. I am not saying it was a sticky wicket, but it did offer more turn than usual and I found myself coming in at number eight with one ball left in the over.

As I am taking my guard, I see Kahn move over the young spinner and whisper something in his ear. The spinner walks up and delivers a dolly slightly short and with absolutely no spin on it. It to be quite a by surprise and while should have knocked it out of the park instead I turned it for a single at mid-wicket. I walked through to the other end and as I turned to take my guard I could see what the old man had in mind. Kahn was doing his stretches for a full over at me.

I am not a complete palooka tailender, but I wouldn't play number eight if I was any good at battling. Kahn on the other hand was one of the few to take 300 test wickets. Even at his advanced age and in a social game he could turn on the speed.

The first one I didn't even see. It was short, came whizzing at my head and I collapsed dicking down, nearly taking my wicket with me. The world might have been a better place and I could have done more finger jobs and less cunnilingus if I had not lost my wicket on the first ball.

I had broken into a fine beaded sweat and it didn't help that Kahn was grinning from ear to ear. We walked five metes past his bowling mark and paused to look at me. His eyes were burning with the passion of a Taliban executioner before he brings down the sward.

The second ball was completely different, pitched at length. I had been prepared for another high ball and had played back. I took a wild swing at it. The ball hit the seam with a chipping sound, bit the ground, and nipped back in to hit me squarely on the tips of my two outstretched right-hand fingers. I could hear the crack as they both pushed backward and broke. They had to cut the glove off my hand as a broken phalange had pushed through the cover.

"Rhodes, I could get you treated at our hospital in Lahore but the orthopedics is not ready yet!". He was grinning from ear to ear."

Yep pethidine did help the experience as four orderlies held me down and a psycho surgeon pulled the fingers back into place. The thing that hurt the most is that it was my wanking hand and things have never been the same since in encounters with my favorite sexual partner. To his credit, Kahn did come to visit me in the clinic and gave me tickets to his private booth for the Wanderers game. We ended up being friends and he did eventually get his donation.

"I can't see it", Afghanistan is going to turn into a shithole and I can't see how that is going to help us. We spent over a Trillion Dollars fixing the place. The Taliban are just going to cause shit and destroy everything." I say, passing Omar the bubbly. "Things have been working well for twenty years, with the Pakistanis now in control of the poppies, it is going to turn the clock back."

"You have been watching too much CNN, Rhodes"

UN Report on Opium Production

https://www.unodc.org/unodc/en/frontpage/2021/May/afghanistan_-37-per-cent-increase-in-opium-poppy-cultivation-in-2020--while-researchers-explore-novel-ways-to-collect-data-due-to-covid-19.html

A third of the world snatched.

"A third of the world snatched from beneath our noses, aren't you being a bit melodramatic Rhodes?"

There is a big problem meeting Merriman "under the Oaks" at his residence in Gardens. Like most of the Cape bureaucrats, he likes to show off his 21-year-old whiskeys, and like most of the Cape bureaucrats, he is a real schnorrer for more than two rounds. Two rounds of 21-year-old disappear faster than a packet of Romany Creams at a bulimics convention. With empty glasses rattling dwindling ice cubes, tempers get a little edgy.

"Think about it", I am now repeating myself to him. "The US, UK, Australia AUKUS Defense deal is not about the Indo-Pacific area at all. That is just a cover for the liberal press It's about the Southern Ocean. With this deal, they effectively control everything below the 30 degrees parallel. It may be water but it is still a third of the world."

"I thought you liked the Empire," says he sneaking himself a third dram without offering the same to his guest.

"I like the Empire when it is the colonials running it, but this is an Imperial move," says I rattling three ice cubes in vain.

"I don't get it?"

"Imperialists are people that sit in Westminster, plotting maps of places they have never been to. Colonials are people like us, who actually live in these places and have full local knowledge. Colonialism is about leaving it to us to run the show. What pisses me off is when they leave us out of the loop altogether. When you are out of the Club, you may as well be making clay oxen with the natives."

He is starting to get all agitato. He is right to be twitchy. I am fingering him for the blame. He is about as useless as France for missing this one.

"Well, why don't you do something about it, Rhodes?"

" I have told you before, It's not in my Trust mandate. "My mandate is to look out for the Rhodesians. I can push that definition quite a bit, but Antarctica is stretching it."

"What do you want me to do about it? You know how iffy the President is about the Chinese, If I make the step towards this alliance, he will be onto me within minutes."

The way Merriman struts around the Cape party circuit, you would be mistaken that he is Governor, he is of course when it comes to the crunch, he is only a provincial administrator reporting to his bosses in Pretoria. On the payroll he can just never see that the only reason we like the Vaalies

coming down to Cape Town for their Parliament is that we score big on the hotels and the brothels.

"I've told you before Merrimen, We are going to have to deal with the Boers and their servants in Pretoria. There is always a way. Think of what Cecil did, Confronted with their obstinacy he went around them. That's why we still have the protectorates today."

We are never going to pull that off in the Cape. The Cape Party rises up each election touting for Independence votes and simply flops at the polls. The Capetonians are simply not interested in it."

"The Capetonians don't know what they are interested in. Explain it to them properly and they will come around like cousins for a free lunch. With an Independent Cape we could get on with it. We push up the west coast, pop a US naval base in at Saldahna and we will be in Windhoek in no time. I can then link us right across to Cabo del Gardo in the East and we have strangled the Boers and their brown noses."

"I thought you were having problems with the Israelis up in Cabo del Gardo?"

"Right now it is only Rwandans. Just focus on doing your job and leave the Hinterland to me"

"Where there are Rwandans, the Israelis are never far behind. What's wrong with Simonstown?"

"There are only two possible platforms, Saldahna and Algoa. Between them lies the Aghulas bank and it stretches to far offshore. These two are the only place with enough space.

"Why wouldn't they take Uswayo, that's much further South."

Merriman talks like someone who has never been to sea. Without the Patagonian toothfish, there is no traffic around the Horn. AUKUS already controls the pacific all the way from Perth to South America. A Cape base closes the loop.

"You are going to have to step it up here Merriman, next moment they will simply develop St Helena and we will be as irrelevant as three slips with a spinner."

"I am not sure about that," he says, getting up to signal the end of the meeting. I can see him counting up the horror of his salary and pension being at risk. The important thing to him is that Bishops final fees are due this month. "Why don't you deal with the Americans, you are better connected than I am?"

"While the usurper is on the throne I am persona non grata. Wait until President Trump gets back to the Whitehouse - the world order will be restored.

I pull out a brown envelope. "Here's your cheque, Colquhoun made it out to the Cape Trust."

He pockets it with the entitlement of an ANC deputy minister. "You look after everything below the tropic of Capricorn and I will take care of the rest."

As I step outside onto the curb waiting for Innocent to pull up. I can feel Adamastor cough the first cold gust of the gathering storm. If we have to rely on Merriman, this is not going to end well.

#newnormal #johnnyc #newrhodesia

https://www.bbc.com/news/world-58592613

Jameson takes it down a notch

Warning to sensitive viewers, episodes of The New Normal contain scenes of violence, drugs, sex, and politics. The characters are racist, misogynous and duplicitous, never take their word at face value."

"Tell me, Jameson, what is it?"

It could have been a few seconds it could have been hours since I asked him that simple question. The thing about downers is they have the common characteristic of being able to dilate time. It makes sense right? How else do you chill out unless you stretch time? The only way to achieve the complete high is to stretch time until it stands still. At that point, the universe stops and there is nothing that happens that you have to worry anything going wrong. If you can get to that level and get back safely, it's a downer that you are always going to return to.

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics."

"This can't be good for them. Surely they are better off talking to their other selves than taking this. Nothing is going to split your personality more than this. Take these every day and you sure will have the time to develop an alter ego."

"Some of them can't function without it. That's an urban myth about schizophrenics having multiple personality disorder, not what happens at all"

"Huh?"

" Schizophrenics have issues with the timing of brain messages, like a camshaft in a supercar with some extra notches. So given the right conditions, the synapses can actually fire faster than normal people. They can be remarkably intelligent. Bobby Fisher the World Chess Champion was a Schitsophrenic, Marilyn Monroe. Their intelligence and extension of these mental capabilities enable them to build up alternate worlds that run simultaneously."

"So what's wrong with that?"

"Well is fine until the alternate world starts to fight back. Because they are going at such high speeds, the crashes tend to be spectacular. You are not going to be functional if you are sitting in a business meeting and a dragon bursts into the room burning all the furniture."

"Yeah, that would be a problem."

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics. "

Did he just say that or have I traveled back in time? I blurt out, "I am sure I heard you say that a few minutes ago."

"Can't be, There is no such thing as time travel, trust me I am a Doctor."

It was Douglas Adams, who said that the problem with time travel is not the physical restrictions, but rather that it screws up grammar.

"That was a good point, Rhodes, why do you always write in the present tense?"

"It makes metaphysical sense. You can only live in the present. I would argue that in fact because there is always only one eternal present, that it is quite possible that time has not existed at all."

Jupiter takes one more revolution and as Titan is rising, he says, "That is preposterous".

"Is it?" says I, ever aware that our own moon may be on an eclipse path. "Shoemaker-Levy crashed into Jupiter a few years back, can you honestly tell if there is a difference in time from before we were born until the crash and the time after the crash? In the whole history of Jupiter, this moment has stood out, longer than the rest.

"You have lost me, Rhodes."

"How can you be lost? At worst I could be losing you – remember there is only the present. Even a medical doctor can get it. The Dinosaurs were alive for much longer than they have been dead, The Egyptian Empire reigns for longer than it has been gone."

"What the fuck has that got to do with us?"

"Look at Cecil's problem. Is it any different from ours? From his perspective in Cape Town, he had the same problem unifying Africa by linking up with the north. Like us, he has the Boers blocking his way. What's the difference between Boers handing out blasting licenses and sending raids into Matabeleland, and Boers with their corrupt relations in Joburg. Echoes of an unsettled past."

"The difference is we can do something about it, Rhodes."

"That's not the point, we can always do something about it. Cecil can do something about it. It's not that history repeats itself, but it does echo. The thing about echoes is that they exist in the present, but they are a voice of the past. That is how we get the first hint that there is no time."

"Now you are twanging Mark Twain at me. If there is no time then how come I am always waiting for things to happen? How come I am always early. I really think the drugs are taking hold. These are scheduled seven you know."

Isn't it ironic how he can't see it, The waves are illusions, illusions of change, a Platonian cave where the pictures never change? The Drug has nothing to do with it. It is not Xeno's paradox gone wild, Jameson is changing the perception of the Universe, not the Universe itself.

"Say here that it contains fencamfamin and that is a stimulant." Says I having just conducted the slowest Google search in history. "Why does it feel like a downer?"

Doctors see everything as a stimulant, if it can alter the mental state of the patient, it is a stimulant. Downers or stimulants are just a matter of perspective. To the chronic mental patient, it is a step down to a workable state of schizophrenia, to the casual user is a step into their world. The common factor is the suspension of time. It is the same reason you don't like cocaine. Most people get a buzz out of it, It slows you down, Rhodes."

"Do you think we are drug addicts Jameson?" I miss the opportunity to tell him once again that I am never sure if time separates Jameson and the drugs, they coexist in dilated-space-time. If you've had them once you have always had them"

"No way, I work with addicts every day, we are nothing like them."

"What do you mean?"

"Addicts have a drug preference, they are not interested in broadening their perceptual horizons. Alcoholics are not interested in getting high, they just want to get drunk and stay drunk. Junkies find every other drug a waste of time. We struggle to get them off it using methadone as a substitute. Their drug of choice is what transports them to a better world and they keep trying to get back there. They are not like schizophrenics who don't need a drug to turn in on, they need a drug to turn it off."

"That's was true." It was the first time in the evening I looked at my watch, it was 12-47, and Innocent will be waiting outside for the last twenty minutes.

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics."

The Countess Polenska

"Be honest Rhodes, I am the oldest woman you've ever fucked." If it was not for the inconvenient truth that cocaine changes your character, this should be a very civil observation by The Countess Polenska.

But because of the inconvenient truth, what is coming at me is a prickly pear spinning with the deception of a Shane Warne googly. There is no upside here. If you are not careful catching it, it can spike right through your hand.

"That's not what I said. I said you're one of the best I have ever fucked." I am doing my best to gather the situation, "So what? I am thirty-five and you are fifty-three, that a difference of, ehr.."

"Eight". She is always quicker at mental arithmetic than I am.

The Countess and I are doing lines of coke off the menu at a fine dining restaurant in Upper Constantia. Let me get this straigh I eshrew the Big C, and the only exception I make to this rule is the Countess. If I have to explain this to you, then you have never fucked a Countess and probably never will.

We are at the Cellars Hohenort They are serving the eleven-course Moonlight Kitchen. There's something special about eating at a fine restaurant. The elegant waiting staff with impeccable manners, fancy cutlery, the aroma of expensive wine, and delicious meals give customers a sense of importance. There are plenty who are willing to pay top dollar for the optimal experience., especially when topped with a touch of royalty and the sparkle of Peruvian icing sugar. My part for each date is to pick up the tab and score two grams from Jameson's endless supply. The Countess does the rest.

How do you even begin to decide on the best fuck you have ever had? It is like choosing the best Guinness you ever drank. They are all terrific! If you are like me, getting it from a Countess, a professional like Betty Sibanda or an absolute crazy like Fiona Halstead, matched only by the sheer terror of banging Maria da Santos in her UCT dorm room, knowing that at any moment her brother Omar could burst into the room and save the family's honor by plunging a Rhino handled dagger into your sweating back. How do you pick the best, when Madga Strydom brings three hundred years of Afrikaner angst to the tryst? If you believe there is such a thing as a free fuck, then sure Magda is for free. There are high stakes are high, knowing that her position at SARS means yoyur last performance will determine the outcome of your tax return. You have to make sure that each stroke is the best you can make. Hell I can't even tell the difference between the Rhodetts, the one is more ginger than the next.

"I said the best and to prove it I am happy to meet you in the ladies' room right now." I lay down the challenge. She is not satisfied that her attack has run aground. I look past the dark rings under her eyes. Then it hits me - the age difference is eighteen, not eight.

"Hold on tiger there will be plenty of time for that. There are eleven courses." It is fine dining and in fine dining, portions are small and there are no seconds. If it were not for the coke, you still want to swing by MacDonalds on the way home for supper. With an appetite suppressant, eleven courses becomes a push.

I just don't like coke. For a start, I am always worried about the price. "Don't worry old boy, there is plenty where this comes from," Jameson assures me. He works pro bono at a leper colony in Lesotho and they pour the powder onto the patients' arms as part of the treatment. Doctors without borders. There is no distance too far for the Good Doctor Jameson to travel to treat the sick and the dying.

But there are more reasons I don't like sniff. Most drugs east of Tequilla are quite harmless. Coke is dangerous – it will change your character.

"Can we get a vermouth apéritif served prior to the hors d'oeuvre." the Countess asked our designated bar-waiter, a kid probably in his first job. The Countess and I are always a disappointment to the bar at fine dining. There is nothing like bump to flatten your desire to drink. I usually make up for it by tipping the barman generously and our near teetotalling is soon forgiven.

"Certainly Madam" he heads off to the bar to fulfill the order while I scrape out two more lines.

The great thing about fine dining is that the restaurant is widely spread out and you don't have to feel that you are involved with the next table. It actually has the feeling that each table is in a separate room. The Countess and I can set about snorting our main dish without having to share the experience with other foodies.

This brings me to the next anomaly I don't like about coke. It is said that any primate with a hundred-centimeter tail or a hundred thousand pay packet will develop a habit, but in my experience, invariably in any nose candy parlor, there is always one person who is really far more into the stash than the rest of the company. As the evening progresses and you get to the inevitable end of the spice flowing, the addicts become ever more belligerent at the intrusion of the real world. In the case of the Countess and myself, it is always her that loses her shit.

Our dinner waitress appears. She looks like the bar-waters twin sister. She is carrying two large white plates. Our first course, an Amuse Bouche is a beet and honey savory sorbet with tarragon." Sure enough, placed just off centre of the plates is a half scoop of red ice-sorbet, decorated with a snip of a Cape Cymbidium. Chefs love to put rare flowers on the plate in fine dining.

"I order an apéritif to be served before the first dish, Can you take it back and give us another ten minutes." Her Ladyship requests. The waitress looks down at the carefully prepared frostball which looks like its bottom is already starting to thaw and slide on the plate.

"No problem Madam." The waitress and with a forced look over at me, catches me fixated on her

breasts. She forces a smile and takes the plate back to an irritated chef back in the Moonlit Kitchen.

The evening starts out well enough and for half an hour it appears that the centre will hold. Two appetizers, a foie gras pate, smooth sheep's milk Italian cheese, dried plum, and parmesan crackers, followed by a Braunshweiger, olive, pimento pate, formed into a rose and served with a chevre kale tartlett. I order sparkling water. Then the snow plow turns into an icebreaker...

"It's time Rhodes, let's do it."

When she says "It's time Rhodes, let's do it." We both know what "it" means. We retire to the restroom to powder her nose and clean my pipes.

Sooner or later we all do it – pork a dusted aristocrat. For those of you with the budget to try, if intimacy is what you are looking for from the affair, you have come to the wrong place. The deal is simple. You squeeze into the ladies toilet, she bends over and gets to tug on some really solid lines off the top of the throne in an uninhibited space, where she does not have to hide the depth of her snorting. She can suck it right up to the deepest parts of her throat. And the beauty of it is that all this happens while the Duke of York marches ten thousand troops up the hill and marches them down again. The Hammer of Thor calls it, stiring up the pearly snowstorm. It is a two-step shuffle when only one person comes, but the other gets what she wants anyway. Unless it all starts to go wrong ...

"Pass me the toot."

"The what?" I already have her bending over the toilet, and I am thumping my first strokes to the time of the march. I gather myself, reach into my pocket. I almost break my rhythm when I feel what's not in there. "There's a problem. I brought two grams and I only have one here, I think I left the other gram on the Menu."

"You didn't!" She bolts like a filly. With my steady hand, I grab her hips and hold myself in place, getting in a few more vital strokes. It's now a race for the line. She wants to get back to the table, I want to stay the distance. I slap her on the ass and pass her the second gram. She slaughters half of it in three mountains of toot. Still, she is in such a hurry to get back to the table that at the last hurdle I slip off the saddle and start squirting all over the seat. What a mess - white power and white putty everywhere. I am too scared to touch it. If the two substances mix it is going to make a ceramic glue that will make two surfaces inseparable. I notice that she keeps the balance of the gram for herself, putting it into her bra. I barely get to scrape the top of the porcelain and rub it into my gums. It gets worse as we head back to the table...

She is fuming now. "I am getting tired of our dates Rhodes. They are always the same. We go to dinner, have a few courses. You fuck me in the crapper, we have dessert and you go home."

I have to agree with her there. It is an irrefutable fact. We have railed the speedball in the piddly diddly department of every top ten restaurants in Cape Town. There is no denying it. "OK next time

I will jump straight to dessert and we can go home early." I shouldn't have said it. I grab at the words, but they are already out of my mouth.

We get back to the table, The Countess storming in front of me. Our bar-waiter is standing at attention grinning from ear to ear. The gram is nowhere in sight. For the first time, I notice the kid has pimples. Something is unsaid, then I detect him sniffing back a nasal drip, as he takes my chair out for me. Bastard.

I get through the seafood, a sauteed scallop with scalloped potatoes, leaks, and mushrooms, all served in a white cheddar sauce and garnished with a caper and some sauteed tree mushrooms, the smell on my fingers of the Countesses' inner workings tops off the aquatic, aromatic experience. In the following course of pasta, I can only manage two of the three homemade pancetta spinach cheese raviolis with a roasted red pepper cream sauce. It doesn't help that Polenska is not reaching into her tits to bring out the Big C between courses. Then its starts...

"You are not eating your food, Rhodes." I can see the coke is starting to wear off and she is slowly turning the three mountains into a pillar of salt. What beast will gird its loins and head towards Gomorrah? "I am going to power my nose while you sit here. " I start to get up. She wags a long finger at me, "Uh-uh, don't even think about it. Finish your food."

She stumbles back into the room about ten minutes later to find that a lot has happened. The waitress is now on a charm offensive, and Hunter Rhodes is at his best. The waitress clears out the half-eaten pasta and by the time The Countess gets to the table, she finds the waitress adjusting my cutlery and discussing from which side it should be served. We try all sides and agree that the one is where she rubs her breasts on the back of my hand to be the best.

Countess Polenska, is the doyenne of Cape Town's social set. Belladonna lives in a palace in Wynberg, a few minutes from Genadenal. I have always thought she bought the palace just be to be near the President and myself, but what happens next is an exercise in psychological warfare, waged with the empathy of psychopathic generals gathering like witches at black masses.

She starts bitching at the bar-waiter about the bouquet for the wine and it comes to a head on the sixth serving, pork bellies, arguably the most challenging dish of the night, slow braised pork belly with slivered gingered sugar peas and a roasted peach with cardamom creme fraiche. The Countess sends the dish back to the kitchen! This is a crisis. Anyone in any city in the world knows that in fine dining you never do this. It is the social equivalent of telling a whore that you are not going to pay here because you don't like the service. A classy chef will simply urinate on your next course, one with less restraint might even come out and stab you in the eye with an oyster shucker. The whores use a nail file.

I wink at the waitress and she reads my mind. As she leaves the room I see her put the plate aside behind the curtain, where she later puts it into a small white cardboard box. Thank Jesus and the waitress that the chef will never know.

I am definitely not going to be able to eat this piggy. The psychic waitress comes over to pour me

another soda water. She reaches over me, his time her breast pressed hard against me. She puts her nose right down onto my plate and sucks up the pork belly and what do you know, she balances the whole action by leaning her right hand straight down and grabs onto Big Jim and the Twins for support. Only one problem. A scowling Countess sees her standing up licking the sauce off her crystal smile. Then the lid comes off...

The Countess jumps up, grabs the bar-waiter by the hand, and drags him off to the restroom. I don't know how long they are gone, but back at HQ the situation deteriorates. By the time her highness gets back, towing her giggling bar-waiter, wagging a radiant tail, like a labradoodle who has just been taking on a walk, our dinner waitress is serving silver service from a kneeling position in front of my chair. The girl is not having a great time of it. From my earlier encounter with the Countess, the effects of the coke, and what with me craning around the room looking for security cameras, Gerald and the troops are simple refusing to come out on parade. High on my list of anti-coke facts: it makes the troops lethargic when following orders. From here the evening plays out as best as it possibly can ...

We are all embarrassed and eager to get it over with as fast as possible. The seventh course is a palate cleanser, a blood orange-cranberry sorbet with thyme. Then the relief of a simple salad, a green bean, pistachio, golden raisin salad with slivered mushrooms, and a green garden gazpacho. It is topped with a warm hazelnut encrusted egg that has been soft boiled so that when you break it open, the soft runny yolk mixes with the vinegary dressing. No one notices that I don't eat the main, a roasted rack of lamb topped with a chianti-lamb reduction and breaded in a kalamata olive tapenade, served with an asparagus risotto. The waitress is happy to scoop it into her doggy bag with the pork bellies, which she and the bar-waiter will doubtless take home for a midnight snack.

We finish off dishes ten and eleven with dessert and petit fors, a cocao nib panna cotta with a blueberry red wine syrup with a hint of cinnamon served with a milkless chocolate mousse, with a blasted caramel spiral and hazelnut spike followed a Chocolate Truffle made with Belcolade Peruvian Single Bean Chocolate garnished with lavender. I offer my truffle to the Countess as an olive branch. She is having none of it and spurns the hand of friendship. Outrageous - without cheese and biscuits ,without Port or coffee, we get up. I go to pay the bill and the Countess pulls the bar-waiter by his leash with her to the front door. They obviously have discipline issues to settle.

I come from the cashier to a commotion on the front steps of the restaurant. The Countess is standing spreadeagled over the bar-waiter, pissing straight through her pants onto him. He is lying prostrate, propped only by his elbow on his elbow, blood streaming from his nose, his white shirt splattered in red blood and yellow piss. Apparently what happened is that he told her the joke about why Germans have no sense of humor while tugging on her crotch in the reception. German humor is not funny because it is no laughing matter. She then smacks him with her handbag, punches him square in the nose. As he goes down she explains, that not all Germans are alike, The Austrians for example are charming and polite, even though they don't mean it. But that is not what really makes her cross. Have you ever seen a flaked up Pollak behave well when you call them German?

The maitre d' comes trotting up, word has just got to him of my five grand tip and he is eager to see us off in style. He scolds the bar waiter, picks him up, wipes the piss and the blood off his hand onto the back of the waiter's tunic, pushes him inside, and tells us to have a safe journey, enjoy the rest of the evening and he bids us au revoir until our next return.

By the time I get her into the car, she is in tears. "The worst of it Rhodes, is that in the privy he told me that he loved me." White lines blow away, and that part, the character-changing part, is the real reason I just don't like the way that snow blows. "I don't know how I am going to get over this. I feel violated." In the White Rock diaries, mark that not as simple psychopath, but as a pathological psychopath.

"Driver can we wing-foot the Countess to the palace in Wynberg please."

"Yes Boss"

Reference

The Menu, courtesy of The Moonlight Kitchen

http://www.moonlitkitchen.com/?p=10

Innocent settles a sharia loan

Cast for this episode

JohnnyC Rhodes - Sole Trustee for the Rhodes Fortune, with a mission to unite Africa under a Rhodesian Flag.

Innocent Sithole - Rhodes' blood thirsty side kick, with an entitlement that only the future Lord Protector of Greater Rhodesia would have.

Omar Da Santos – Born to a christian father and a muslim mother, Africas' most notorius drug and human traficker, any faith that might once have inhabited his soul, has long parted this earth.

Story so far

Rhodes and Omar have been business partners in the Northern Mozambique heroin trade for years. Their relationship grows and the ceremonies keep gettting more intense.

Innocent settles a sharia loan

"Are you sure this is legal?"

"Why wouldnt it be?"

'

We are in Omar's Retreat, a bedoin style tent some where deep in the lowland scrub of Nyasaland. Omar and I are reclining on cushions looking at a large wooden block in the centre of the room. We are smoking some obnoxious weed, smells like Rooibos, with absolutely no halucenegenic side effect. Omar has offered Innocent the honor of administering a hand chopping to settle an Islamic loan. The boy has been practising his kata for days now. Me, the bloodsquirming philanthropist, is worried about the fate of the accused.

Omar takes a swill of the hubbly and to my relief he passes it to his right, where a mullah and a doctor are waiting to take the severed item and to administer medical aid to the unfortunate accused. ""The important thing to understand Rhodes, is that this is not a trial of judgement. This is merely an execution." I crinkle my brough and he feels that he needs to explain. "This man has been tried in Islamic court and found guilty. At the mercy of the plaintiff, Cabo del Gardo has now offred him the chnace to settle the matter in the spirit of the prophet.

Innocent, steps back into the mantis position, then with the grace of an angel and the strike of a devil, he delivers the blade.

The waterboy

Cast

Johnny C -

Fiona Halstead - Oxford SRC president and conniseur of aristocratic British Beef, and JohnnyC

Lewis Hamilton - seven times FIA Champion

"It's just not woke."

"Whats not woke?"

"This, The whole thing. You're not woke."

"I meant, 'What is woke, not what's not woke'."

"If I have to tell you what woke is, then you are are definitely not woke." She says while she does a the very unwoke deed of circling herself alternately, clockwise an and cloackwise. If I was not concentrating I might have cum rigth there and then.

Its a strange conversation to be having when you are dogging on Tolkein's Bench on the banks of the Cherwell River.

"Why do we aways have to come here it can be so cold, when we could have gone to the library?

"You know why!" says I pushing it all the ways to the end of the tunnel. What could she wish fro more than bending over the Tolkien Bridge, legs asdrtide, one hand in teh bench adn the other free to use for her own pleasure, with the added benefit of the occassioanl Jogger down In truth we have done it at almost every known Tolkein Tourist spot and not only in Oxford, we have even done it in his childhood house in Boemfontein, on one of Fi's visits to survey the Empire.

"There right there thats what I mean".

"What do you mean?"

"Thrust it like that, Lewis would never do that.""

"What?" It caught me by such surprize that even Big Jim jumped out into the Cold Late Autum air. There is a frantic four had shuffle to get him back under the covers. OK - she got me - I really do like her kneeling in Tolkeins Bench, twerking away to the African Rythms. The bench is just at the

right height and when stciks here ass out you get this long swinging action that give maximium arc to the whole thing. but Lewis Hamilton – Fuck man. I actually knew it when I saw him bluetooth his cell nuber to her at the Meeting in Grove.

A plumber from sweet Riverlea

Was thumbing his girl by the sea.

She said, "Stop with your thumbing

"There's somebody comming."

"Yes I know. Don't be silly, Its me."

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Bringing up the rear

You can't love a woman you have just fucked in the ass. When are you going to learn that?"

Maria has a half shaved bush, treads th fine lien between catholics ad Arabs.

Are you racist with everyone

extra

I seriously question that - sanctions had very little effect on the Apartheid regime They had 90% of their exports tied up in a deal with Anglo-UK and US. Sanctions didn't stop them, their own ineptitude stopped them. It's the same as Mugabe, they created an expensive army with no one to fight. In the enclave eco