

BIG MIFFA RETURNS TO HIS ROOTS.

Born into the Rowbottom-Smyth family, Cedric had been a staunch member of Oxford University's Bullingdon Club, where mock revolutions, including the trashing of one's college room, were considered laudable.

The year was 2073 and 'The Common People', as Cedric liked to call them, had started a revolution of their own. 'Insurrection will not be tolerated,' he declared. The commoners' movement, which advocated the abolition of The House of Lords, and even the monarchy, had to be halted and Cedric understood that such a monstrous impertinence threatened the whole system. The commoners' leader had even been heard to say, 'An uneven playing field denies true competition', when the idea of competition was, ironically, at the heart of the Cedric's philosophy. In private, Cedric had said that the 'commoners' were at the bottom, where they deserved to be, but he had denied this in public.

Cedric knew that he had to infiltrate this group of revolutionaries. So he attended elocution lessons, not to learn 'how to speak posh', but to learn how to speak like one of the 'locals', focussing on removing any erudite words from his vocabulary, and substituting the word 'like' wherever possible.

He had spent many hours in front of the mirror practising, 'Well, yeah, sorta like, yeah, you know what I mean, bruv!' He even invented a new persona for himself, that of 'Big Miffa' Jones.

As plan of his master-plan, Cedric, or 'Big Miffa', developed a relationship with a young commoner from Stepney, called Missy. He proceeded to develop the habits appropriate for someone called 'Big Miffa', including adopting a football team of his own, the richest in the land. But as he became accustomed to his new lifestyle, Cedric started to feel genuine passion for his team and his new partner.

It was Sunday, 22nd January, 2073 and 'Big Miffa' sat in front of the TV, watching his team. As usual, he was getting excited, yelling abuse at the referee at every opportunity.

But Cedric's team, despite their wealth, succumbed to defeat and, as the referee blew the final whistle, Cedric threw his cap at the television, uttering expletives.

Unfortunately for him, this was not the only loss that Big Miffa suffered that day. Years of tolerating him had finally taken their toll on Missy.

'Your team is not the only team that has lost today. I've had enough of your behaviour, Miffa!' yelled Missy. 'I'm leaving you for another man, one who writes poems, and doesn't spend the whole of his life watching football!'

With that Missy slammed the living-room door, and was gone.

Cedric had lost twice in the space of a few minutes, and with that his enthusiasm for leading a counter-revolution disappeared. He was to return to the safety of his privileged lifestyle in Surrey, where he re-entered his former world, re-joining the family firm of financial investors.

Cedric had lost Missy, who he had come to love, but was this compensated for by money and privilege?

Only Cedric himself would know.