

## Statues.

Jason stood three shades stupefied in Euston's concourse, looking up at the departures board that confirmed not time nor platform for his train. The updraft from the underground swished his top-knot, an aloe-vera draught to his sunburnt neck.

Feet clattered; synchronous with the board.

'The next train from platform eleven, is the twenty-twenty - calling at Harrow and Wealdstone, Watford junction...'

Jason burst into a run down the ramp past the M&S where he careered through the poncy couple and their newly purchased overblown bottle of plonk. Passengers scattered as he burst through the barrier without even the decency to swipe his oyster card.

He ran (those watching or avoiding him, would say staggered) down the platform to the front of the train and jumped into a first-class compartment. Lolling, he rested his boots up on the chair opposite; his blue urban combat trousers clashing with the lime-green check seat coverings.

He popped and downed his pilfered can of Stella; before discarding it onto the floor with the toast 'Drink, fight, football.'

He fished out a large cigar from his pocket and after running his nose along its length, lit it; confirming that it was well alight by blowing a cloud of vitriolic blue smoke into the compartment.

Rule Britannia, his ring-tone floated up into the smoky strata.

'Yeah Baz, great day.'

'Just like we promised - protect the statues - Ing-ger-land - Ing-ger-land.'

The couple and their plonk, made to enter the compartment; took one look at his flagrant smoking abuse and retreated.

'Great day on tour; what a ruck at the Cenotaph, did you see that horse bolt? Priceless.'

'Pity Boris didn't show his mop in Trafalgar Square, he could have worn one of your smoke-bombs.'

Crowing laughter echoed.

'Never has so much been owed; we'll fight them on Waterloo Station, on Dover beach.'

Jason puffed on the cigar.

'We must do this again. What was the name of that boozier? What do you mean, of course I can remember how many pints we drank; unlucky thirteen. You're such a lightweight and it was your round next. Typical Mourinho always bottling it... No surrender Baz, gotta go, it's my stop.'

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'Jason.'

His head was fit to burst; 'Oww, Mum.'

She hit him with her paper again and again. 'Is this you?

He peered out from under the duvet and got another whack for his troubles.

'Mum.'

'Don't you Mum me you filthy toad. It is you.'

Jason scrutinized the headlines through a fog, fending off more blows.

'Crap.'

#### RIGHT WING THUG DESICRATES

#### ROBERT PEEL'S MEMORIAL.

As his Mother was pointing out, there in colour, so it had to be true, was his own bum on show – an amber rivulet trickled away from Peel's statue and it wasn't from all the discarded beer cans.

'But mum, I had thirteen pints.'

'Do I look like I care?'

Jason winced as his ear was twisted.

'Protecting statues my foot. As usual, you're taking the Peter Schmeichel. Bye the bye, the Bobbies want a word.'

