

BANNED

His tablet, buttressed up forlornly on the sofa where it had been thrown with a vengeance, streamed vitriol. Banned. Shameful. Access denied. Not wanted here. Baying notices: the polite ones that could be read aloud.

What did they know? Nothing; that's what. How dare they; liberal Wokerati. Smashed avocado on soda bread was never going to galvanise a new Winston. Time to engage. Tommy time. Make Britain great again.

He levered open a Corona and twisted down a wedge of lime with brutal force. Bubbles congregated, slipped, burst up the neck. One swig drained half of the first drink of this solitary day. Influencing was thirsty work and the chosen one needed fuel to mobilise his church.

He shook the bottle, muddled lime and beer, then sighed. Time for a proper drink, not this plebian cousin; this was just - a making the drinks - drink.

'Siri, play Reggatta de Blanc.'

He collated bottles from his gin-palace. Casamigos tequila, controversial Cointreau rather than pukka triple-sec and placed them next to the ripped net of limes that rock and rolled, more evasive than a cross-channel migrant smuggler.

Euthanised decapitated fruits had their acidic fluid wrung out. It nipped the deep nick on his thumb. Equal parts: that was the trick. But Tommy rarely heeded his own council. Oily liquor sloshed, judged by eye. Pulpy stingy juice just added authenticity.

Not standing on ceremony, Tommy squidged a disgorged lime around the rim of a coupe and span the glass in speciality margarita salt.

He savoured the tang that wafted on the air – oh.

Looked longingly at the cocktail. Destined to defeat his despair with the world – oh.

Raised the glass to his lips -oh.

Salt and sour, crash bang wallop: sensory overload – oh.

The alcohol kicked.

No man an island.

Well, he wasn't alone. He would get his message through - oh

The socials were on fire. His rage-bait rumours, half-truth inuendo, itinerant theories and masked personal thoughts abounded. His posts poked and prodded the immigration argument envelope. Cited near truths and twisted facts to suit his agenda.

Divide and conquer. It was everyone fault: immigrants, Brexit, Labour, every minority and every Man U supporter. It was so easy to hold others to account. Spread the terror. The prawn sandwich brigade were undoubtedly responsible for the woes and strife of the true working-class backbone of the country.

Rebal rousing as Tommy called it. Flood X with his limelight. Transform attitudes, challenge authority, smash the fractured establishment. Rotherham would burn.

He must get a wriggle on. He stared at the now empty bottles. He should add them to the ammunition stored in the garage precisely for a time such as this.

Lock and load.

A hundred billion Molotov cocktails flamed through the air. Comet tails streaked, smashed on the asphalt to detonate with the brightness of a thousand suns. Fuses flared; a second fusillade let loose. He should have written a message on this bottle. With love from Tommy, no - too pussy. Up yours, no – still too lightweight. Burn pigs burn – perfect. Tommy was born for this, time to deliver his SOS to the world. His true patriotism; devoured by cannibalistic news cameras with fellow conspirators live streaming the coverage of roast pork and asylum seeker scum in the hotel.

‘Stop the boats,’ rocked on repeat.

A giant cheer roared on the flames as they licked and slurped the police van. It reflected in the glass hotel foyer; doubled the voracity of the mob. Nurtured by the heat and the futility of the moment, it tuned the virus within into frenzied culpability. Engulfed in ironic fiery orange prison overalls the cop van sizzled. Its tyres exploded, further cannon calls to the fight.

Tommy grabbed a wheelie bin, pulled the rag from the top of another firebomb. The square bottle tight in his hand as he tipped its contents over forlorn cornflake packets and single-use plastic packaging.

Tommy whooped a Red Indian war cry, no First Nation crap and launched the wheelie bin towards the hotel. It hit a fire-escape door, tottered like one of the pissed-up stiletto flaunting gilf’s down at Ritzy’s nightclub; before it regained composure and erupted. Krakatoa – east of Sheffield.

The enforcer swung hard and fast. The lock burst. The front door crumbled smithereens.

‘Armed Police, with a warrant. Come out with your hands where we can see them.’

A befuddled Tommy staggered from his bed straight into an armlock that threw him to the carpet and a set of handcuffs.

He spat, 'got nuffin on me scum.'

'Really Sir?' A detective sergeant stepped into the room. 'We have video surveillance, facial recognition and Sir... your blood, DNA and fingerprints on a Cointreau bottle, cum Molotov Cocktail. You sent us a message Tommy. Well, here's our reply. You're nicked.'