



NO NEED

BY

ANDREW CAMPBELL

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

Andrew Campbell's, "No Need," is a square off in a boxing match, two dicks fighting to figure out who has the biggest dick, a look at the futility of power in the face of those who are driven to clamor for more.

Short, this story cuts to the quick. A sergeant and private fight over who gives the orders, who takes them, and who actualizes them for the most recognition by the higher ups. What counts as insubordination? And if not a direct disregard for an order, what does that say about a testosterone fueled armed service and the order of control as a cog in a machine that more than likely doesn't give a shit about you.

My ability to read the Scottish dialect is limited at best, but the language of this story growls and colors this work with a violent humanness, subtlety, and sarcasm, sort of an Irvine Welsh meets Joseph Heller. There is great satire and humor within the words, and yet those same words are a vehicle for frustration, pointlessness, and stagnation with our sense of place in the world.

While "No Need," is the title, I implore you to read this story and recognize that there is a need for this narrative, this voice, and this reflection upon the ironic fight to establish ourselves in an unforgiving world.

WHY I LIKE IT: *Senior Editor CHARLES writes...I have no idea what's going on here but who cares? It's a textbook example of how to write 'voice' and it's magnificent! Five Stars*

QUALITY QUOTABLE: *(for the love of language...)*

I've got to restrain myself from panelling his puss in wi' ma napper; there's no hiding the damage and I need this wee gobshite to work the gates without any officers sniffing about asking what happened to his boatrace, eh.

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I told them to put an armed sentry on the gate eight till nine so the brigadier and the rest of the bigwigs see the weapon when they drive in, eh. They head honchos love it and the boys know that but yet, here's one o' them now, sat at the computer, no fucks given. I check my watch: zero eight forty-five hours. 'Where's the armed?'

'I needed to check the computer,' he says, without taking his eyes from the screen.

'Mate, am getting ma arse chewed 'cause there's no armed guards on the gate when the top corridor drives in and you're sat playing fucking solitaire. You need to get the weapon on and stag on the gate wi' the fucking thing, aye?'

'I'm not playing games am checking my emails, mucker. You're always at us for no checking them so here I am.'

Mucker? Am the fucking sergeant here and this wee scrote is a private, pure boiling ma piss. 'Well, mucker, your emails can wait.'

'No. They can't,' he shrugs, like am chinned off and that's it.

'Now.'

'Fuck you.' He pushes the chair back and stands up, his body language screaming "Square Go". Am right in his face an' the wee fucker tries to push us back. Am six three and twenty

stone. This fandan is five-foot fuck all and about ten stone. I feel nothing and push him on to the desk ma coupon right in his coupon.

‘You’re nothing but a bully.’

‘Bully! You’re no in kindergarten noo, sweetpea.’

I’ve got to restrain myself from panelling his puss in wi’ ma napper; there’s no hiding the damage and I need this wee gobshite to work the gates without any officers sniffing about asking what happened to his boatrice, eh.

‘What you doing, you fucking nutter’ he’s saying, trying to push me off. I’ve got him by the throat and he’s bricking it.

‘I told you to get on the gate wi’ the weapon.’

‘Aye, but there’s no need to get in my face about it. Bampot.’

‘Well fucking do it then, gobshite. You wanting to go in front o’ the sergeant major too?’

‘You attacked me!’

‘I done fuck all of the sorts. You pushed me. That no right, Colin?’

My big mucker the quartermaster shouts from the office next door, ‘That’s right, Pete.’

Good lad.

‘He never seen nothing,’ says the scrote.

‘You calling the QM a liar now too?’ I give him a smile. ‘What’s it to be?’

‘Am fucking going.’

‘Last chance.’

‘For what?’

‘To do as you’re fucking told.’

He snorts and fucks off. I’ll give him his due though: he’s a game wee cunt. He’s fucking lucky but that I didn’t charge him with insubordination too, eh. Giving me lip like that. No need.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *I was the scrote. Ten stone me faced with a twenty stone bear getting pissed because there wasn't an armed guard on the gate. No need. As a species I think we're mental. Mental for disrespecting one another, mental for fighting one another, mental for lying to one another. Is our pure mad mentalness beneficial à la private vices, public benefits Mandeville style in 'The Grumbling Hive'? Perhaps. With 'No Need' I wanted to capture one wee moment of mental and I love to read authors who do this with ease: Irvine Welsh, John Niven, Brett Easton Ellis, Chuck Palahniuk.*

AUTHOR BIO: Andrew Campbell is 49 and has been writing since 1998 when he was a young soldier based in Germany with the British Army. In 2014 he self-published a novel titled *Hand Grenade You*, which he swiftly withdrew as it's mince. He then set about studying the craft of writing with a variety of UK short course providers and in 2019 he had an article titled 'AGAI 67: Can we do it better' published by the *Wavellroom.com* and in 2020 won a *Forces Voices* competition with a very short story titled 'Stagging On'. In 2021 Inky Lab press accepted one of his stories for their *Within A Forest Dark* anthology and in 2022 8D press did the same for their *Alone* anthology. He's just broken his publishing duck for 2023 with a short story titled 'Clocked' accepted for publication by the *Wavellroom.com*.