

The trenchcoat brigade

The man in the trenchcoat and cap left the women's restroom in the international departure lounge at Stanstead airport. He walked in a slow, lavish pace. The odor of weeks' old sweat was unmistakable. His face was strangely clean and unshaven, the rest of quite the dubious quality. People stared at him. Some people stared hard, and with anger burning in their eyes, but he ignored them.

A sign said, in very large letters.

The airport community charter is here to help you, but we will **not** tolerate:

- Drunkenness
- Insulting words or behavior
- Threats or actual physical violence
- Abusive language

BAA Stanstead/Essex Police

People had filed into the lounge for quite some time. It was just a few minutes until the gate would open, and the passengers would be let onboard the plane.

The man bumped into a woman with a baby on her arm.

- HEY, watch there you're going, you sow.

He belched, very loud and distinct. The woman quickly removed herself from his immediate vicinity.

- What are you guys STARING at? He shouted. – It isn't *nice* to stare, you know.

At this time the man had already been observed by the guards through the surveillance cameras, and they began paying attention to him. A couple of them sat course towards the lounge, to calm the situation at an early stage.

- I can smell your count, the man said to an overdressed woman.

He sat down by her side, moving her nose over her groin. His sniffing was very pronounced and loud, almost eerily so. She struck him in the head, struck him hard.

- You fucking cocksucker, she screamed, very loud.

He rose and stumbled off. Quite a few of the passengers applauded. The woman took a bow. He stumbled in a foot and fell over an entire row of people. Quite a few of them fell off the chairs. He grabbed the rest and pulled them with him to the floor.

- Sorry, sorry, he grinned, - all you stinking shits.

The first few guards appeared, striving to keep up their appearance of calm, as they approached the clearly disturbed man.

- Please, sir, one of them said soothingly, - you need to clam down.

- So, I need to *calm down*, you stinking SHIT! The man sniveled. – How do you people get off, anyway, how do you get laid, for that matter?

The last part of the sentence he added as an afterthought, clearly, seemingly pondering something.

Then he visibly brightened.

- Jesus fucked Maria, he said with absolute certainty.

- Your behavior is disturbing, deeply disturbing to the other passengers, the officer in charge said with a frown on his brow. – I'm afraid we have to ask you to become with us.

- Am I disturbing? The man turned and asked the passengers. – Am I offensive?

- I don't think so, a young man grinned. – But then I'm biased, I guess.

He and several others chuckled darkly.

- I have no misgivings, the woman with the smelly cunt shrugged.

People stared astonished at her.

The frown deepened, as the officer in charge hesitated a bit, clearly sensing that something was... off, that something wasn't... right.

He was sweating, looking around him with a pained expression in his face. It was clearly visible on the monitors.

One of the other guards grinned. He looked forward to this. That was also visible on the monitors.

- C'mon, sir, he said, - you need to come with us and stop hassling these fine people.

They stepped forward.

The man stepped backwards, scowling at them.

The police officers were, in general quite confident, fairly certain of their place in the world, in the scheme of things. They surrounded the man in a maneuver they had practiced by doing many times.

The disturbing man laughed out aloud, a very patronizing laughter making them stop in their tracks.

- You guys never cease to amaze me, in negative ways.

He shook his head in mock despair.

Suddenly they felt a chill, and they couldn't for the life of them tell why.

The man began removing clothes, his cap, his coat and his pants, leaving his jacket for some reason.

- That's enough, the officer in charge snarled.

They charged the disturbing man. In an amazing move he grabbed the two in front and pushed them back. The entire group of six was stopped. To the spectators it looked like they hit a wall.

Then, in an even more amazing move, before anyone managed to catch their breath he struck the biggest police officer in the face, felling him with one blow. He was unconscious long before he hit the floor.

The big, very big man threw his jacket away, revealing a large, ugly machinegun hanging from his belt. He drew it, and before the security forces managed to even utter a word of protest he mowed them all down. The screaming began.

Several more guards approached, guns in hand. Some of the perceived passengers, among them the woman with the smelly cunt drew large guns, too, firing totally indiscriminately, at everything moving, and everyone was moving, attempting in vain to escape the barrage of hot lead. The woman and the baby in her arms were among the first casualties. Many more followed in the seconds and long minutes to come.

The sign with the big letters were blown to bits.

For a while, a few seconds at least a temporary, eerie silence reigned.

- That was FUCKING invigorating the woman with the smelly cunt, shouted. – WASN'T THAT FUN?

She threw herself into the arms of the big man and kissed him on the lips.

- I love you, Timothy, she cried. – I fucking love you. You know how to keep a girl entertained.

The young man with a dark chuckle threw his head back and howled at the invisible moon, and fired a salvo at the ceiling.

There were wounded people on the floor. The disturbing gang took care of everybody, before they moved on to the next gate. People fled in droves from it. Some got away, but most of them were either hit by a rain of bullets, roasted by flamethrowers or blown to bits by exploding rocket grenades. The twenty-two people walked in a fast ace, but didn't run. They calmly (with the exception of a few excited cries) eradicated everything in their path. More security guards showed up. They were exterminated with the rest.

- TO FUCKING HELL ON EARTH, Timothy Joyce shouted and cackled insanely, as he walked in front of the lethal procession. – TO THE DESECRATION AND SODOMIZING OF ANGELS!

Everybody, also those far away, fleeing with their hearts stuck in their throat heard his voice, heard it above the thunder of the guns.

They would never forget it. Long after they had stopped having nightmares filled with blood and thunder they would remember the demonic face and voice.

Timothy Joyce and those enthusiastically following him stopped at an intersection and began shooting to pieces all the surveillance cameras. All screens turned black.