

## Monday Sept. 13<sup>th</sup>

Pretty scary stuff happening at the moment, at least down in London. Riots reported around Westminster and police turned out with tear gas and water cannons. The Home Secretary – a woman called Florence Daniels – has called an emergency meeting of COBRA – the Government's security committee – and everyone is expecting a heavy crackdown. Johansson has spoken out against people trying to “defy the legitimate mandate given to the Government at the General Election” and Florence Daniels doesn't want to be seen as soft on objectors. I suppose I can't blame her. If I was sitting in her chair in the Home Office, I think I'd feel the same.

The BBC broadcast some of the discussions in Parliament about it. The surprising thing was how much agreement there was. Not like during the Brexit discussions when you'd get five points of view from three different politicians.

## Tuesday Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>

Well, Daniels certainly can't be accused of being soft. She's announced a national male curfew from eight each evening until six the next morning and prohibitions on any male-only assembly of more than six men. There's howls of protests from civil liberty groups, of course, but what did they expect? It won't cause too much trouble around the village – I can't remember when there were six men in the pub last.

Plenty of discussion in the coffee room at work about all this. All the women reckon the police should crack down harder on protestors. “Can't they just accept that there's an elected government that's doing things a new way?” was one remark and plenty others were saying that protestors ought to face up to the fact that New Order polled 16 million votes for and about 9 million against for all the other parties combined. The interesting thing is that I'd have thought most of those talking were pretty liberal sorts normally. Now, though, it sounds like they are ready for the Government to take almost any sort of repressive step to push its agenda through.

Lucy wasn't in today, so I didn't get the benefit of what she thought about it. I reckon I can guess though.

*Stuck into the fold of the journal is the following press cutting from the Times of Sept 14<sup>th</sup>.*

### **Prime Minister Condemns Disorder.**

Speaking on television last night Prime Minister Johansson emphasised the importance of national unity in response to the latest instances of civil disobedience.

“I am talking to you tonight in the interests of ensuring the whole country can come together and unite in the face of the events of the last few days. No responsible Government can allow the degree of unrest on the streets that we have seen. While we can all understand that some may feel disadvantaged by changes in our society, everyone should be clear that civil disorder will not be tolerated. The Home Secretary has announced measures which have my personal support and the full backing of the Cabinet. The measures will stay in place until we are convinced that the threat of further disorder has gone. We will not hesitate to extend those measures if we feel it is needed. To reassure the public, the Police Commissioner for London advises me that the offices of twenty so-called male-interest-defence groups were raided last night. These organisations are now classed as prohibited. Membership of them is illegal. I am informed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police that one hundred and fifty men have been arrested and charged with affray and conspiracy following the riots. Further arrests are expected to follow. “

### **Wednesday Sept. 15<sup>th</sup>**

I was wondering how on earth they were going to organise something like a national male curfew. Turns out its only going to be unaccompanied males that can't go out. It's all right if you are with a woman. Heaven knows how they're going to keep check either way. There are posters up all around the village. I guess most people won't want to get involved in anything that might cause trouble. Angie got an email this morning asking her to go along to a meeting in the village hall. Seems like the Government is asking for local groups of women to help the police by monitoring the curfew. The email was signed off by someone who called themselves National Commander: Male Control Force. That sounded a bit sinister. I haven't heard anything in the police called that before. Angie says they're a new thing that Daniels has thought up to counter dissidents. Anyway, Angie said she'll help out with the local group. She joked that she'd get a free set of handcuffs that we can play with in the bedroom. At least I think she was joking.

I was chatting in the pub with a couple of the guys from the village. I mentioned that Angie was involved with the curfew monitoring. "Sort of Neighbourhood Watch," I said. "More like Neighbourhood Witch," one of the other guys said. We all laughed. "What are they going to do, magic us off the streets?" Even so, at ten to six everyone was making excuses to get off home.

They've started up residency registration for males, so it's just as well I got Angie to agree to sponsor me. I've had a letter saying I've got to check in at our nearest police station and pick up something they call an Ident Card and it has to name a woman as your sponsor – basically someone they can contact if there's a problem with the registration, I suppose. Angie reckons it should all be a bit easier because she's now a party member.

According to the letter, if I don't register a personal sponsor then the Government puts you on a nationally run scheme and you have to check in more often and at one of their offices. It certainly seems like it's a whole lot easier with Angie as my sponsor. She's happy to do it, "as long as you go on behaving yourself," she says.

I'm never sure when she is joking.

### **Friday Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>**

I picked up my Ident Card. I don't know what all the fuss is about — just a card with your name and picture on it with some sort of reference code and the name of your sponsor. Angie says it's kind of romantic to think of me wandering around with her name in my pocket all the time. Somehow I don't think that romance was in Florence Daniels' mind when she thought of it, though.

The officer that checked my application before she issued my card was a real sour-looking woman. She had "MCF" on the epaulettes of her shirt – Male Control Force, I suppose. She didn't crack a smile until she saw Angie was a party member when she looked for the details of my sponsor. "Well," she said as she gave me the card. "At least your sponsor should know what you should and shouldn't be up to." I gave a sort of non-committal grunt and said thanks as I took it. "have a nice day," she said. I don't think she meant it.

Heard from Harry, a mate of mine from work. He'd told me he was planning to get out of the country. Doesn't like how the whole New Order thing is going. He's worried about getting a sponsor and an Ident Card. Thinks it all sounds too much like a police state. He's been objecting to New Order since the election back in May. Got into an argument over some of the new HR rules at work, too, and quit about a month back. I hadn't seen him since then. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd been involved with the demonstrations in London.

Anyway, he got stopped at the airport and they wouldn't let him board the flight without an Ident Card. He wanted me to get Angie to put in a word for him. "She's a party member, isn't she? Maybe she can pull some strings and get my passport back. Will you ask her?" I said I would but I didn't hold out much hope.

Angie's reaction was predictable, I guess. "You must be fucking joking," she said when I asked her. "If he wants to travel, he needs to get a sponsor and an Ident Card. I can't get around that even if I wanted to and, from what you tell me about him, I don't." She scowled "Shit MDDM," she muttered under her breath.

I asked if there was anything I could do to cheer her up. She leant over and twisted a lock of my hair in her finger. "All right," she said, "come and kiss things better." I knew what that meant. She tugged on my hair, guiding my head down to her lap. I know she enjoys this but I just wish we could get back to having some old-fashioned sex. It gets really frustrating. She doesn't seem to care if I've got an erection like a tent pole as long as I can lick her off. At least she noticed this time even if all she said was, "If you're going to do anything about that, I don't want to know about it."

I'm not sure if that means I can or I can't. As it was, the look of distaste on her face as she said it made sure the problem went away.

### **Monday September 20<sup>th</sup>**

Met up with Harry at lunch time and broke the news that Angie wasn't going to help. He didn't seem surprised and said thanks for trying. Apparently he knows someone that might be able to sort him out, although whether it was by getting him out of the country or getting him a forged Ident Card, he wouldn't say. It sounds like he's taking a big risk to me and I'm not sure it's worth it. After all – how long are this lot likely to stick around.? Come the next election, I can't see any men voting them back in and that's assuming they don't get thrown out first.

Harry reckoned that now they've got themselves in power they won't be too keen to lose it. Apparently this bloke he knows has seen some documents from the last New Order party conference that were never published. Plans for nationalising all male-held assets and stuff like that. I let him ramble on. Some of it sounded quite extreme, I can't see anything like that happening here.