

PERTH, THURSDAY, 7:18 PM.

IT'S A CRESCENT MOON, and the white supremacists are prowling the streets again, guarding their designated patches of Little England.

Here's one, rushing up to bus awaiters, and demanding why they haven't queued in the correct prescribed manner.

Hint of a non-Anglo accent and he's in their faces, red nose to theirs, screaming.

Here comes another, specialist in those blessed with a touch of melanin.

He's tall, shaped like a bent cone on pins, all red-skinned, sliding just that little bit too much inside people's personal spaces.

He approaches, leans over over them blank-faced and staring, and his prey is off, hackles raised, under threat. Red man follows onto the bus.

He's in luck—it's full of foreign students. Plenty of nasty work to be done.

He follows as three exit. There's bodies smashing into the side of the bus as it departs. ❁