

The Radicalisation of Hunter-Lee Hackensack

Philosophy is defined as the study of the fundamental nature of knowledge, reality, and existence, especially when considered as an academic discipline. A particular system of philosophical thought, the study of the theoretical basis of a particular branch of knowledge or experience. A theory or attitude that acts as a guiding principle for behaviour.

There are several ways to achieve all of the above. There is the academic study of the great philosophers, there is guidance through professional tutorage and there is simply living life and learning from your mistakes. Another way is to learn from the mistakes of others, the great figures of the past and from the shared experiences of ordinary men, like Hunter-Lee Hackensack who was sadly radicalised and fell into a drunken stupor of hatred.

Hunter-Lee Hackensack's children had long abandoned him but one of his daughters organised and paid for his funeral. It was a small affair and two former colleagues arrived to pay their respects. One stated, *"I knew him when he was a Chief Superintendent in the Police and in many respects, despite his authoritarian approach to other people, he maintained his kindness and humanity. He was forced to resign from the police due to the left-wing city council, who did not appreciate his disdain for their political interference. His wife eventually left him, forcing the sale of their house, taking all his savings, the furniture and even the family dog. However, he kept his police pension and moved into a small rented tenement flat. Of course, once those 'wall to wall' political news debates appeared on the television, he changed for the worse and ranted about the state of the country. He spent most of his time in the local pub. Eventually, he just stayed in his flat, and drank himself to death, poor sod."*

Hunter-Lee Hackensack finished his can of beer and threw it at the television. He rose from his well-worn chair and incandescent with rage he shouted at the ceiling, *"I am tired of the western media brain washing everyone. Politics are wall to wall every minute of the day and in everything: political debates on all the news channels. The country has gone to hell in a hand cart with a host of different activists with their own agendas out on the streets causing chaos. A shower of idiots are in charge of the country."* He finished the rant by picking up a vase and throwing it. He smashed the screen of the television which made a loud bang as it imploded.

His rage unfinished, he slammed his front door on his way out of his flat and meeting a neighbour on the way down the tenement stairs, he heard her, *"good morning, Mr Hackensack."* Scowling he replied, *"what's good about it, why don't you mind your own business."* The woman scurried upstairs, her face wearing a scared look. Hackensack continued on his way and his battered old 1960s Mini Cooper drove some 5 miles from his home and drew up at a huge hypermarket. He slammed the door of the poor car, and strode into the shop. His scowling demeanour did not change and as his anger was clear to see, the shoppers in the supermarket carefully avoided him. A few heard his mumbled

voice and were shocked, *"bloody supermarkets, the owners are all those corporate elites, bleeding us bloody dry, they have destroyed the small shops and the communities. Its feudalism, we are all like worker ants, borrowing money from the banks to buy food, material possessions while they print the money and get it back through interest and our purchases. What we need is a revolution. One day, we will drag them out of their homes and offices to face the firing squads."* Finishing his shopping he carried his purchases out to his car in the car park.

The Mini Cooper roared away and eventually drew up alongside a kerb and on double yellow lines outside Currys. Rushing in, he looked at the new televisions on display until he found the one he wanted. Hackensack scanned the shop, his eyes searching for an assistant to take his order. Eventually he found one at a computer till with another customer, a huge whale of a man. He stood alongside and slowly but surely; his blood began to boil. He had a vision of a parking attendant outside at his car placing a parking ticket on the window and ordering up a tow vehicle to take his car away to the pound. He mumbled, *"hurry up, you fat slob."* Unfortunately, the man heard him and turning around he floored Hackensack with a single punch to the jaw. Hackensack eventually woke up to see that the fat man had left and the shop assistant was helping him to his feet, *"that was a bad fall sir, are you okay?"* Hackensack nursing his swollen jaw, mumbled, *"I would like to purchase a Samsung NEO 43" television, like the one on display."* The assistant checked the stock on the computer and the reply came back, *"I am sorry sir but the display model is the last of the old stock and we are waiting on new model stock arriving, I can let you have the display model with a reasonable discount."* Reluctantly, Hackensack agreed to the deal and now somewhat subdued by his ordeal, he carried his purchase out to his Mini Cooper. Fortunately, there was not a parking ticket on the windscreen. Of course, once he was in his car and heading home, he let rip, *"bloody Currys, its always the same, never have what you want; that fat idiot, I'll be looking out for him again and he's going to get what's coming to him."* Back at the shop, the assistant was talking to his manager, *"that's the third television he has purchased in the last month. The silly old fool, I think he is mentally retarded?"*

In the car, Hackensack's smartphone was ringing and he struggled to answer it by swiping the screen with his finger several times, but to no avail. He even took both hands of the steering wheel but finally, in anger, he threw the phone on the floor. Unfortunately, it landed between his feet just as the car in front braked. Of course, Murphy's Law came into effect, and the smartphone became caught between the floor and foot brake, whereby the Mini Cooper crashed into the rear of the car in front, a beautiful Rolls Royce. Hackensack jumped out and the chauffeur of the Rolls jumped out. They met up as Hackensack was pushing the Mini Cooper back from the Rolls Royce to assess the damage. Hackensack heard the chauffeur exclaim, *"Lord Marshfield is not very happy, he's in the back there and he is livid with rage."* Hackensack ranted, *"Oh damn, what a bloody shame, I bet he is a banker or a corporate company CEO. I bet he is fat as well, enjoying all my money at his private club, living in a penthouse, tax evasion money stashed away in the Maldives while poor people are starving and sleeping rough"*

on the streets. How much money did he get as a bonus this year, one million, two million – one day, one day, you'll see." Names and addresses were exchanged although Hackensack did not have any insurance cover for his Mini Cooper and would later have faced a private law suit, had fate not played a hand.

Hackensack continued on his way, unloaded the television, his food, and climbed the tenement stairs to his flat. He switched on the TV, set it up and the BBC channel came on with the latest news. He stood there watching, as a man sitting at a desk with three others spouted, *"I think the Jews have a right to invade the Gaza Strip, and even the West Bank. Afterall, those Hamas terrorists invaded Israel and killed and abducted the Jews as hostages."* Hackensack looked up at the ceiling, threw his arms in the air and shouted so loud, they probably heard him down on the street, *"bloody Jews, what did they expect? They grabbed the land of the Palestinians back in 1948, and killed thousands of them in the process. For the last 75 years they have marginalised, caged and killed the Palestinians in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. All the time, more and more Jewish settlers were encouraged to 'illegally' settle on captured Palestinian lands. The whole world knows it's illegal, even the Jewish courts state that it is illegal. Damn those Americans, if they had not armed the Jews, this bloody nightmare and the continuing slaughter of Palestinians would never have happened."* Just then another TV panellist commented on yet another news story, *"I have to agree that transgenders have a place in our society and I agree with the Vatican, which has announced that it will bless all transgenders."* Hackensack, an ardent catholic, picked up a full can of beer and smashed in the screen of the television. That night he drank himself to sleep with cocktails of vodka, lime and lemonade.

The next morning, wearing a sore head, he headed off on foot to the local park to take in some air. It was a sunny, brisk autumn Sunday and Hackensack carefully avoided any human socialisation as he walked down the main street. His calm mood was shattered when suddenly a marching band with some fifty men and women dancing about behind it, confronted him. They were scantily dressed, with the men carrying huge rainbow-coloured flags. Hackensack, groaned, *"not another gay pride parade, where the hell do all these people come from? Christ, there's one wearing only short pants with a white collar around his neck. What a scrawny, ill looking person. That's right; yes you, I am talking to you, get back to your church."* Unhindered and ignoring his shouts, the crowd danced on as the band played. Before the police could intervene, Hackensack legged it into the park and disappeared from view.

Yet another visit to Currys was made that week for yet another television, much to the amusement of the staff. Hackensack switched it on and the news channel bombarded him with the latest lawless troubles of the UK. Picking up the Muslim Quran, his latest read, he exclaimed, *"that's what this country needs, Sharia Law and an Islamic Muslim Parliament, a new religious order. That would sort out the rich elites, those MP wankers and those bankers and corporate CEOs. Some public beheadings*

for the criminals and the sodomites. The women would have to dress like they did back in Victorian times, showing only their shoes and parts of their faces. Yeh, let's get them back in the kitchen cooking the food and looking after the kids."

That night, Hackensack drank himself into a stupor and asphyxiated in his own vomit. Eventually after a couple of weeks, the smell of his decomposed body aroused the neighbours as to his condition. His daughter arrived and entered the flat with a neighbour. Both on seeing his rotten corpse stuck to the carpet and festooned with thousands of maggots, threw up on the floor before fleeing to alert the authorities.

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