

Campaigning For The Apocalypse (Writing Sample)

It's been a good morning for canvassing, all things considered. Of course, we had a few contentious exchanges. Some of the usual suspects showed up to give us grief, and there were the familiar stares and scowls. Still, Rome wasn't built in a day, was she?

We had a lot of good responses too. Hands were shaken, eyes were met, smiles returned. One bloke—a fat, chinless bastard—pulled me in close, the way a father might embrace a son, and whispered, right into my ear: *Never Surrender*. I certainly did appreciate the sentiment, although one does have to appreciate the irony of someone quoting Winston Churchill to show their support to a Fascist.

That's what I am, by the way. At least, on paper. I'm a card-carrying member of the English Nationalist Coalition; one of the fastest growing far-right parties in the country. Its leader is a failed actor and, to be honest with you, an absolute fruitcake. Which is exactly what I'm looking for.

You heard me.

"Want to get some lunch?" asks my canvassing partner, the honourable Thomas Brooker. "Before we, uh, meet back with the others?"

I run my eyes up and down my partner's immense bulk—a process that lasts three, long seconds—taking in the oozing ring of neck-fat, the slippery grey patches under Brooker's armpits, the rivers of sweat that run down his broad, acne-scarred forehead. I tell him that sounds like a fine idea to me.

We trudge over to *Burger Hut* and place our order. I get a double-cheeseburger; Brooker orders some fat monstrosity, littered with slimy gherkins and thin streaks of flaccid bacon. Sitting face to face at our little round plastic table, we look like an especially grotesque couple on a date;

contestants on some hideous Channel Four dating programme: *Married At First Lobotomy*, or, in Brooker's case: *Love Beyond The Bell Curve*.

"I got a good feeling about this election," mumbles Brooker through a mouthful of chewed-up beef. "I think we got a good shot."

I also have a very good feeling about this election, although for very different reasons than my partner. My master plan is working perfectly. Everything's coming together for THE PARADIGM SHIFT. The Tories are almost universally hated, the Labour party doesn't know which side of the fence it's squatting on, and the Liberal Democrats...well, I mean, *come on*. That bunch of limp-dick Liberal misfits were never electable anyway. We only let them into the House of Commons for a laugh. Very soon, though, the ENC, which has spent the majority of its political adolescence on the cultural fringes, could very soon become a serious political force in this country. The polls—those fickle minxes—are, for now, very promising. When we're in power, things will finally start to get *interesting*.

"God, look at that."

I follow the angle of Brooker's greasy finger. It points towards a fat woman wearing the *Burger Hut* uniform that has just come out of the toilets, limping behind a mop and bucket. She's got a rainbow coloured bracelet draped around her chubby wrist.

"Makes you sick, don't it?" snarls Brooker. He shakes his head, disgust pooling on his cratered features, pulling his slippery lips down towards the slobbery peak of his second chin. "God, hope she's got nothing to do with making the burgers. Might catch something. I mean, that's not *right*, is it? She might *give* us something. One of their diseases. I got to look after my health."

Once again, I run my eyes up-and-down Brooker's considerable frame. I take in his double-chins, the bloodshot eyes, the creased grey shirt that barely manages to contain the cretin's ever-expanding gut. I give him a smile.

“It just goes to show how far this country’s gone down the toilet,” I tell him, choking back my bile. “People think that’s *normal* now. Like *we’re* the freaks, or something. It’s madness, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Brooker echoes. “They think it’s normal now.”

As Brooker nods his empty head in agreement, I have to force myself not to ram my thumbs into his bulbous eyes. See no evil, speak no evil.

Still, it’s the girl with the bracelet who’ll have the last laugh. What Brooker doesn’t know is that, regardless of what’s on paper, I am *not* a true member of the ENC. For me, they’re just a means to an end. An end that, if all goes well, will more than justify these dreadful means. I’m using the ENC to bring about THE PARADIGM SHIFT.

Here’s the truth. I hate my life. In that sense, I think I’m very much a man of the people, a creature of the twenty-first century. I hate *life* in general. It’s mundanity. It’s inanity. The endless humdrum of work, broken up by brief flashes of cheap, bland entertainment. *Love Island*, followed by eight hours of trying to get to sleep, followed by soggy cereal, followed by another eight hours of trying to stay awake at the office. Doom scrolling. Pornography. The News. More pornography. Wage slavery. Cramped public transport. Cracked pavements. Pot holes. Watered-down beer. Life is a tedious joke, a long-winded anecdote, conjured up by some mediocre, philistine God, probably whilst he was trying to impress some female deity at a celestial office party. I’ve had enough, I want to blow it all to smithereens. I want MAYHEM. I want MADNESS. I want CARNAGE. I’m a nihilist, in the least academic understanding of the word.

I actually have the word nihilist—or, most of it—carved into my left thigh. I decided to do that after my second suicide attempt, way back in university. The happiest time of my life (pause for the canned laughter). That was long before I got inspired to bring about THE PARADIGM SHIFT; the downfall of civilisation. This is why I’m doing whatever I can to support the ENC.

You've got to give the devil his due, Fascists are pretty good at bringing about the destruction of once great civilisations—and this civilisation is a *long* way from being great. So, the way I see things, it won't take the ENC very long to destroy *this* society, once they acquire political power. They're the shake-up, the wake-up, that we've all been waiting for.

About The Novel

The first draft of *Campaigning For The Apocalypse* was written between 2020-2022. Since then, political events have conspired to make the novel even more relevant. *Campaigning For The Apocalypse* follows the journey of a young, nihilistic anarchist, who thinks that the only way to save his country from the stagnant wasteland of late-stage capitalism is to completely destroy the current political establishment, bringing about a new state of complete anarchy and freedom that he calls "The Paradigm Shift." Unfortunately, the only way that our protagonist, who calls himself "Mark," believes he can bring about this new state of freedom is by bringing a new fascist political party (which calls itself The English Nationalist Coalition) into power. Mark believes that with a hang of unstable nationalists and fanatical weirdos at the helm, he will be able to destroy the existing political establishment and inspire a mass revolution. Mark soon finds himself lurching from political catastrophe to moral crisis as he scrambles to gain as much influence within The English Nationalist Coalition. One moment, he's spying on a rival group of Socialists; the next, he's helping organise political rallies and marches. Eventually, Mark finds himself questioning his commitment to political revolution as he begins to uncover dark secrets about certain members of the party, which draws the attention of the sinister far-right activist, Lorcan Peel...

Campaigning For The Apocalypse is a deeply satirical state-of-the-nation novel that explores the growth of political extremism within the United Kingdom.