

## **Then why call him god?**

**By Colin P Snuggs** (First draft 23/11/2017)

### **Chapter One**

It was late November of 2016 when the policeman came to take Macey Milligan away. Sitting, as she always was, by the patio doors at the back of the kitchen as far away from the television as possible. She watched all the seasons pass from this vantage point yet without the compulsion or whim to venture forth and experience them. So, this day, the twenty-eighth of November 2016 she stared out at the drizzle and the gloom and Tony the gardener battling futilely to collect leaves, was the day the policemen came. Three came, three policemen, two uniform and one detective inspector. The DI read the 100-year-old Macey Milligan her rights and two care home staff lifted her limp body from her chair to hand to the uniformed officers and as she passed through the television lounge she trilled, 'Turn that fucking thing down!'

They cuffed her and discreetly put her into an unmarked police car that had stopped out of sight by the garage and delivery area of the home. Then they drove to the police station. Her accent had thrown the officers. They knew she was from the USA but even after sixty years in the UK she had kept her strong southern states drawl.

She spoke very little. She only said yes or no. She only spoke when necessary. Her solicitor tried to explain the severity of the charges; she ignored him. She sat bolt upright. A small polystyrene cup of tepid water in front of her rippled as the sounds of approaching officers crashed along the adjacent corridor. Her hair was white and still in good condition. She wore it straight and the tips almost touched her shoulders. Her face, gnarled and stony, was set with anger and her long fingernails started to tap on the table, with impatience. Then

without warning she turned to look at the one-way mirror to her left and flipped the bird.

Then she returned to her normal posture after three seconds.

Her poor solicitor kept pleading with her to appreciate the situation she was in was not a good one but with cooperation she may find things easier in the long term. This annoyed her.

‘Right, I want to go home,’ she said but stalled when the chain on her handcuffs linked to the table refused to break away thus sustaining her position in the room. Now her head slumped for a moment then she sat up again like a right-angled triangle. Her solicitor pleaded once more.

‘Macey, please you have to meet the police half way. The evidence against you is overwhelming so much so that my job is merely damage limitation. They want to extradite you back to Texas.’

She did not even flinch.

Then footsteps heard outside the door and when it swung open two detectives entered and looked at Macey’s solicitor. He glumly shook his head. They sat down and set about explaining the procedure for extradition.

‘You won’t be extradited if the state of Texas can’t make a promise not to execute you.’ Said one surly detective who looked older than he was. His voice sounded like the raking of gravel. Macey’s solicitor sat bemused and shocked as the two detectives read out the crimes she committed from 1930 to 1947.

‘The state of Florida police department would also like to speak to you about the murders you ordered in Pensacola in 1935, but Texas state police are getting really keen to speak to you.’ Said the police officer with the hoarse voice. Then the second police officer produced all the files and all the evidence of every murder.

Her solicitor looked through the files and then turned to the bolt upright Macey Milligan.

‘You are the epitome of evil. I have never seen such barbaric and pointless murders of children who trusted you. I am...I mean I will not have no part of this. You are undefendable.’

With that he left.

‘That’s your last chance gone. That lawyer has defended some of the most depraved and cruel murderers in this country. There is a Lieutenant from Texas City coming to speak to you. He will probably talk about the drugs they use in the lethal injection maybe bespoke it all for you. He’s a really mean guy apparently. Two hours to talk than back to your cell. You might want to read these.’ He placed the files open in front of her. Pictures of children who have been dead for seventy years, all sixty-nine of them. She tried to swipe them off the table, but her cuffs would not allow it. Then she smiled and stroked one of the pictures. Just as the officers were leaving the room she said.

‘Sinistra...sinistra.’

They looked puzzled. She continued to smile. Trouble though had spread beyond the walls of Canterbury Police Station. News had spread across the two countries as the US media set up camp near the fire station and reported every single titbit that came their way hour after hour after hour. Some protesters tried to breach the Police Station and find Macey Milligan but by now there were armed police around the entire perimeter. Some people had large banners with some simple drawings of gallows which initiated people to scream for the reinstatement of the death penalty in England. They were told that due to security reasons they would be unable to move Macey Milligan from the Canterbury. They had intended to take her in the early hours to a more secure unit in London close to the Old Bailey. This was now impossible. One protester threw masonry and rocks at the Police Station which led to

some armed officer firing warning shots into the air. This did not deter demonstrators who started to surge forward and climb the building. One man made it onto the roof, then another and several until the order was to open fire on the people, with lethal force.

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Sixteen people died that night, including one unarmed Police Officer. Massacre. Yet it was a ploy. As bullets ripped open torsos with ease they drove Macey Milligan out of the Police Station, once thought impossible, in a blacked-out Range Rover. By the time there was calm, they had Macey strapped down, flanked by two police officers, and told she would be meeting a Lieutenant in the morning at an undisclosed location. They would primarily discuss legal proceedings when extradition is complete. The police officer driving the Range Rover expecting to go to a Police Station around the Central Criminal Courts or the Old Bailey was told to head for the Tower of London.

## **Chapter Two**

Ignatius Milligan junior was a proud man. He was a good God-fearing man and an upstanding member of his community just south of Mobile, Alabama. He ran a Hardware Store and a gas station on Highway 90. He inherited these businesses from his late father and he had to be mannered to run these businesses in an honest routine. Ignatius was married to Maddy and they welcomed their only child into the world on 5<sup>th</sup> January 1916, they called her Macey. It was a difficult birth which made Maddy decide not to have more children.

Ignatius said they should thank God for their daughter and that he will always protect her and see that her endeavours are honourable and decent. He was a tall man, over six-feet they said and had slightly red hair. Apart from a dimpled chin they said there was nothing more interesting about him.

Conscription into the US army occurred for Ignatius in September 1917 to fight in the trenches in Belgium and France. The army sent him to Europe after months of military training in early 1918. He went with dignity and many of his good friends and family said he would be home before the years out. As he proudly posed by his petrol pumps for a photograph, while holding Macey and dressed in his army uniform, he said his goodbyes and left a sad family behind. A troop wagon rattled to a stop and the driver yelled at Ignatius who at once picked up his kit bag and jogged to the back of the truck which had started to move just as his fellow conscripts hauled him into the back. He waved slowly one more time at his red eyed family.

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On Sunday the 5<sup>th</sup> January 1919, Macey's third birthday, a demobbed Ignatius returned home. He never made it past the rank of private and was given one small medal that all soldiers got just for surviving. Yet, Ignatius did not really survive, yes, he got home safe and in good physical condition; his mind had gone. It had been fragmented and he was no longer the man he once was. Recorded on his demob medical form was a note that said he was suffering from Shellshock. There was a small party to greet his home coming. He ignored everyone and simply asked his wife had she dug the latrines.

'I need a shit.'

He walked into the living room of a house he did not seem recognise anymore. Staring blankly at the green wallpaper.

'That my daddy, Mumma?' said Macey as she pulled at the middle of her dress. Maddy had turned to help her husband and politely asked her parents to remain outside for the moment. Macey slumped to the floor and sobbed. Ignatius turned and stood under the porch

glaring angrily at his daughter. She pulled her knees up to her chin and tried to hide. Her grandpa moved in along with Maddy and moved him back into the house.

‘What is that?’ he asked in a disparaged tone.

‘That is your daughter, Ig...Ignatius’ she thought better of calling him by his pet name for the time.

‘I am Milligan 23945. My revolver is GI 233469. I need a shit.’

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It was many weeks before Ignatius acknowledged that the little girl playing on the floor was his own flesh. He did not seem to understand the concept of having children. Soon after he had arrived home he was told to take his army medical report to his doctor for any further aid. His doctor knew of a certain form of physical and mental distress caused by being in the presence of exploding ammunition in the form of shells and bombs. He inspected both of Ignatius’ ears and found his right ear drum to be perforated.

‘Your report says that you have a “thousand-mile stare” which leaves you in a trance like state for a temporary moment’ said the doctor.

‘It was really noisy out there, doc.’

‘What you mean on the battlefield?’

‘Fucking yeah!’

‘Ok, does your head hurt at all, anywhere?’

‘Fucking yeah!’

The doctor became irritated.

‘Mr Milligan this attitude will not help me fully assess you and help with your needs.’

‘Fucking yeah!’

‘Ok, I’m referring you to a shrink, a psychiatrist, do you get that Mr Milligan, they’ll put you in the State asylum unless you cooperate.’

‘Fucking yeah!’

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The shrink kept him out of the State asylum on the basis that being around his young family and familiar environment may bring him out of his traumatic distress. From the vantage of Ignatius Milligan, he was still in Flanders and bombs and bullets were raining down all around him. Yet while sitting silently at home he started to see his young daughter Macey play contentedly on the living room floor with her various toys and saw through the images on man’s savagery on his fellow man.

Ignatius Milligan was not a brave man as when he met the battle arena he could never have dreamt how awful it actually was. He spent most of his time looking through a periscope and firing his revolver wildly in the direction of the enemy. Yet he was brave in the sense he could hide his terror as opposed to the risk of being a coward and running away.

‘I used to lie awake at night waiting for the molten rock to pour rapidly over the precipice of the trench. I think one night I saw it; when I came around I was told a shell had landed not fifteen feet from our lookout. We were lucky to be alive. Although it seemed we were lucky just to breathe our next breath. Every day in those trenches made me hanker for Hades. I wanted to do something bad, so I should get sent there,’ he said to Macey one Sunday afternoon. She barely looked up from her dolls.

They had, all three, been to church in the morning and attended a small spring fair after a light lunch. Ignatius had tired of a screaming Macey and said he would take her home,

so she could play. It was now mid-May 1919 and it appeared to the family that Ignatius had improved greatly and the advice not to send him to the State asylum was a sound one on his doctor's part. He did though during February suffer with terrible night terrors and would often wake up screaming. He was prescribed Barbital by the same psychiatrist and this worked well, and he managed to gain at least six to eight hours of uninterrupted sleep a night. Soon his fitness would improve, and he would be able to run the hardware store again. Maddy had run it in his absence and a youngster called Cunnlinth had run the gas pumps.

Maddy believing she had finally started to get her old husband back walked into a terrifying maelstrom after returning from the spring fair. She was with Pastor Moore who was carrying a cake she had won in the raffle. If he hadn't been there Maddy looks back in terror as to what might have happened. Ignatius was swinging his little daughter in circles above his head shouting,

*'Fuckin' bastard kraut, fucking lava kraut, die you fucking kraut!'*

Then he let go of his daughter and she smashed motionless into the wall partitioning the kitchen from the living room. As he went pick her up again Maddy shot him in the leg and he dropped like a rock. She went straight to Macey.

'Get Cunnlinth to bring the truck round, Pastor,' said Maddy and the old man dithered before carrying out her instructions. Ignatius yelped and cursed in agony. Maddy ignored him but the gunshot had alarmed many neighbours, especially Officer Hankey who was off duty but went running straight in.

'Fat bitch shot me, Hanks, goddam bitch put a bullet in me.'

Hankey quickly assessed the situation. Macey slowly started to come around and was patching her head up, the sound of a revving truck could be heard out front.

‘What’d ya do, Maddy? I can’t have you using a firearm like that ya know.’

Without a response she carried her daughter out to the waiting truck and took her to hospital. Hankey looked down at Ignatius and saw the amount of blood seeping from his left leg.

‘Better get you to the infirmary, too, I guess.’

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After spending ten days and ten nights in local hospital Macey Milligan was given the all clear to go home. X-rays showed that her father had caused her skull to fracture although it was hairline and would heal normally. So, they bandaged her up and with the advice being to avoid trips and falls where possible. They also gave Maddy tiny amounts of morphine to be given only if necessary and to return to hospital if Macey becomes unconscious again.

As for Ignatius, well Maddy didn’t visit him once even though he and his daughter were in the same hospital. She had had enough of him, but she did after a few days begrudge him some mitigation what with the war and that, but she was no psychiatrist and when her baby was nearly killed she did not give much of a fuck about his ‘condition’ as they saw it. Instead of being tried as a criminal Ignatius Milligan junior was sent up state to the Lunatic Asylum indefinitely.

### **Chapter Three**

Lieutenant Terence Tarnet was a big man. He stepped off a military plane at RAF Northolt and was quickly ushered into an unmarked Land Rover quickly to avoid the deluge that poured down. He seemed pissed off.

‘Why is it always fucking raining in this shit hole of a country?’ He asked.

Peter Moins was sitting in the front seat. He was a chief inspector and duly dealt with only the most serious of crimes.

‘Welcome to the UK, Lieutenant. I’m afraid it won’t stop raining until April,’ he replied dryly.

‘Shit flight, shit food, shit company,’ he looked at the high-ranking policeman in the front seat ‘so what’s the deal then? Grab the old bitch before they refuel that bastard thing?’

‘As you know, Lieutenant, we are happy to extradite on condition she does not receive the death penalty back in Texas,’ said Moins.

The American grunted as he swept rain and dust from his hat. He was given the simple task of collecting Milligan and bringing her back home. ‘Come on, what’s your name again?’

‘You never asked, but I am Moins, Chief Inspector Peter Moins.’

‘Peter, don’t think I’m going anywhere until I have that evil piece of shit restrained and on the way to solitary in Houston.’

Peter Moins was the first black officer at Scotland Yard to reach the rank of Chief Inspector. It was a role he had successfully undertaken for nearly a decade, all while putting some of the vilest criminals away for very long prison terms. He was recently successful in convicting a drug baron who had killed at least two people and smuggling over two tonnes of cocaine into the country. He also brutally tortured anyone who got in his way. The judge sentenced him to life without the possibility of parole. He was twenty-two years old. Sentences in general were getting harsher in the UK

