

THE BIRTH OF A NATION



WARNING  
**18+**  
EXPLICIT



# RAVESTORY

BASED ON THE LIFE OF OTIZ F. ANGEL

# Chapter 1

## 'Just Another Day At The Office'

"Turn this car around Now!" bellowed the policeman. "The road is closed! Bumper to bumper, cars stood still. Horns blared and beeped relentlessly. Unable to reverse, the arriving vehicles added to the congestion. A long winding traffic jam coiled into the distance like a lit up iron snake. Hoping to find an alternative route, a few drivers diverted off the main road, curbing crawling down narrow winding country lanes. A few locals were caught up, unaware to why the motorway had been blocked at four o'clock in the morning. But, the majority of people knew exactly why they were there, and they were not prepared to leave so easily. Thud, thud, thud could be heard in the distance. It was continuous, It was hypnotic, It was powerful.

If you've never been to a rave before, Follow me and let your mind wonder. Hear the deep, amplified kick-drum, beating like a robot heart. Sucking you in, until the thuds make the earth tremble.

Walls of speakers push sound waves across the open space as you hear shakers and hi-hats fizzle into the void. Synthesised melodies cut through the air creating visions of the past, present and future. Your blood rushes with excitement as thousands roar in appreciation and dance liked their lives depended on it. And...for a brief moment...You feel FREE! for a brief moment... There is unity and harmony as 'I' becomes 'We'. for a brief moment... 'We are one'.

This was the experience shared by so many, who enjoyed the raves, but on this night, things were different. Very different.

By the entrance of the rave, a huddle of stocky security guards began to form a defensive cluster as though they were under attack. These were not shopping mall types, these men were rave warriors, ex thugs who learned to control their flare for violence. Each man was there to secure the festivities while protecting the ravers and making sure there was no trouble. Yet, trouble was approaching and it was dressed in riot gear.

Behind helmets, coppers glared, ready for action. Not intimidated the security stared right back.

Both sides were seemed poised to take the moral high ground in this stand-off. More and more onlookers gathered to watch as an air of hostility grew. Sweat beaded on foreheads, mouths became dry, then suddenly the sound of festivities was shredded by the deafening squeal of a megaphone.

"This is an illegal gathering! Stop this party or we will remove everybody by force!" There was a moment of silence, followed by outrage as onlookers hurled insults. The jeering got louder while people moved closer for entertainment. Flanks of policemen stood still, silent, solid and ready for action. One of the party promoters started dialog with a sergeant, hoping to resolve the altercation. "Hello Gents, what's the problem here?"

You are holding an illegal gathering and your in violation of ...

Hold on, hold on one minute, interrupted the promoter, this is a birthday party and we've got permission to hold this event.

That was not an option as the police sergeant answered, 'Listen, I don't care who gave you the go ahead, we've had complaints and this party is over. Are you the organiser of this event?'

'No I will get him' answer the promoter and quickly scurried out of site.

Minutes later he came back with two muscular, mixed-race women, their pretty faces looked tough, with a swagger forged from the streets of London. One women reassuringly spoke to the security crew, boosting their numbers a little, while the other gently whispered to an intoxicated black youth, barely out of his teens. Wearing an expensive black fur jacket, the wide eyed kid ambled forwards in a daze, a trance even, still nodding to the beat. Obviously high, yet cocksure and confident the wide-eyed youngster warmly smiled.. For the benefit of this story, let's call this stranger 'Mr A'.

With a puzzled expression on his face, the tall, well built but somewhat chubby sergeant asked 'Are you the organiser?'

Yes! Mr A proudly answered.

The sergeant turned to his fellow officers and shook his head. Pointing to the crowd, he continued, 'This is an illegal gathering. Tell these people to pack up and leave - Right now'. Not quite getting it and high as a kite, Mr A. replied "Come on mate, we're just having a bit of fun : ) " but the officers were not amused.

"Where not here for your fun and games! the sergeant blasted, 'You can't come down here from the city and act like you own the place, Do you think this is a zoo? A little confused Mr A. gestured back towards the riot police and replied "What are you talking about? Ain't all this a bit over the top mate?"

Sternly the sergeant spat. There are farms around here and we don't tolerate your rave nonsense. STOP THIS PARTY OR YOU'LL BE NICKED'.

Juggling the rush of an MDMA pill taken earlier, Mr A tried to comprehend what he just heard. With his jaw gyrating, Mr A said the first thing on his mind, "NO! We're staying here mate!"

The sergeant, cheeks now a glowing tomato-red, was clear "I will have no more of your lip boy, go and stop this ruckuss right now!"

Trying to reason the best that someone can when they are high, Mr A, argued his point. "Listen, we've got permission from the landowner, theres been no trouble, just you, turning up in riot gear. I don't get it! Anyway, who's protecting your local villages while you lot are here harassing people for dancing?" The sergeant furiously barked "Don't you try to tell me how to do my job". Losing his temper, the sergeant continued 'You don't own a farm do you? You're not from around these parts! And as far as I'm concerned, you're not even English! Clear off and go back to wherever you came from."

Disturbed by the double entendre stuffed with racist tone, many revellers got rowdy.

Oblivious, Mr A joked sarcastically" so, if I was a white farmer, this party would be cool then right?" You lot would probably all take your uniforms off and start skipping naked around the fucking maypole. Embarrassed the sergeant warned "If you don't stop this, I'll have you arrested for causing a disturbance!"

But adrenaline had kicked in. Rushing, Mr A was on a roll. "Your making me out to be the bad guy here but that's bullshit. Your just pissed off that we're enjoying our lives while you lot kiss the governments ass and sheep about looking for something to do."

Blood pumping Mr A continued "Your pissed off that I'm not afraid of you. I out think you, I out dress you". Armoured clad officers began to scuttle closer forward. Just then a voice from the crowd hailed out, "Yeah! He'd probably out shag you as well mate, ask your wife."A roar of laughter erupted as the crowd cheered. Getting carried away with the moment and leaning on dutch courage Mr A laughed and danced then blasted at the top of his voice "To you I'm just another black troublemaker from London but who cares, we're having a party right now and there's no reason for you cunts to be here so... GO FUCK YOURSELF!"

Furious, the sergeant lunged forward. Like a knee jerk re-action Mr A pushed the sergeant hard into the chest. Just then the pin dropped as for a split second Mr A thought to himself, 'Shit, maybe I've gone too far' but it was too late. He felt the huge strength of the sergeant grabbing him around the neck, as he screeched, "YOU BLACK BASTARD! You're fucking NICKED!"

The two men collided, wrestling and punching. For a second everyone froze. Few eyes met, mirroring a look of astonishment. Several officers rushed in, immediately overpowering Mr. A in preparation for an arrest. Tense feelings washed over people witnessing the commotion. A silent anger spread like a virus while people pushed and shoved. A raver shouted 'Fucking leave him alone' and was immediately set upon by officers. Several rave security guards leapt in to defend Mr A but out numbered this action was met by even more force as more officers rushed forward to crush the rebellion. An intense feeling of rage washed over the party goers.

Then like a champagne cork - It all popped right off!

More guards and ravers alike stormed into the fray and the full might of the law smashed onto the resistance. The drama had passed the point of no return. An infectious wave of aggression swept through the crowd. Seconds seemed like hours as panic-stricken onlookers tried to escape the sea of violence. Riot shields were raised, batons were drawn, blood spattered across faces, noses were punched and bodies bruised as the brawl consumed men and women alike. Stampeded ravers ran wild in the eye of the storm, punches flew in all directions. Some wept as friends were arrested. Soon the music stopped. The light and sound systems were unplugged. The party was over. As the ravers began to leave, all would soon realise that what seemed like an isolated incident, was the beginning of the end.

Round and round, and round she goes.

Where she stops? Nobody knows.  
Round and round, and round she goes.  
Where she stops? Nobody knows.  
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