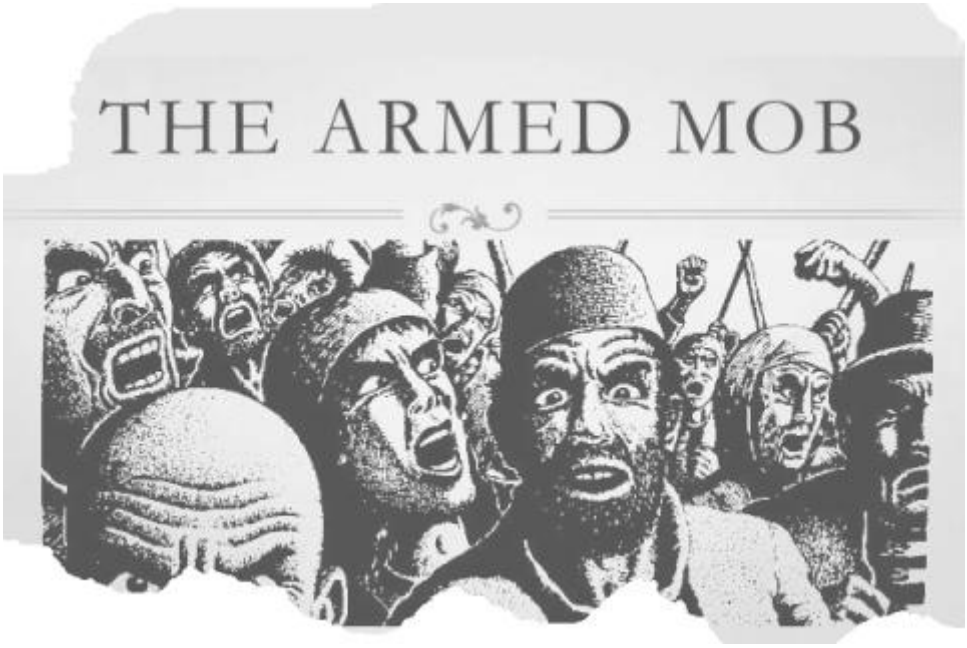
When the going gets tough ...

TEFLONRABBIT ARTICLE No.321

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Sometimes to win, you need to lose - your shit.

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Keeping your head isn't always enough to guarantee your safety. There are often situations which present an appearance of a no win outcome. Regardless of the overwhelming odds, perseverance is everything. In the words of the gladiator - Death laughs at us all, all we can really do is smile back.

What is TEFLONRABBIT *Violence* *Crime* *Anger*

On an otherwise uneventful evening during a day off, the author was returning from an errand when he was prevented from turning right by a white VW Polo. The driver was blatantly blocking the way without any signs of acknowledging other traffic or even using his indicators. Being aware of the perils of road age, the author simply flashed his lights at the driver and used the horn to make the driver aware of his lack of consideration for other road users. The driver blatantly ignored this courteous reminder as to the expectations of the highway code and continued to sit in the middle of the road preventing anyone from exiting the carriageway into the side street.

Being somewhat impatient to return to the family home, the author pulled out and circumvented this tawdry automotive fecklessness with a bit of a minor wheel spin. A glance at the driver revealed a stereotypical and somewhat haggered demeanor, entirely fitting with the locale which was definitely on the wrong side of the tracks. The driver made some form of gesticulation which the author ignored and the junction was negotiated at a slightly higher speed than normal. Continuing down the side street, the author noticed that the idle behaviour of the driver had suddenly turned into a frenzied pursuit. A quick calculation was made and a decision to test the difference in engine cubic capacity followed thereafter. Needless to say the VW polo may be the 'worlds biggest small car' but it's hardly a hot rod. Consequently the driver was left eating exhaust fumes while the author accelerated out of view. Job done, or so the author thought.

There is a public engagement mentality among security workers that changes with experience. Initially the attitude is one of some pride, after all it's not everyone that can handle the job. As such, uniforms are worn on public transport and if anyone asks they get the truth. With time this transparency becomes the exact opposite. Jackets are left lying on the rear seats and if anyone asks what their business is, they suddenly become a night porter in a local hotel or perhaps a nightshift worker in a textile factory. It's a well known process which leads to a somewhat more reticent mentality in terms of advertising the profession. With this in mind, the author was not dressed for work and was keen to blow the incident off and get on with the evening.

The local street layout was well known to the author and as it turned out also the other driver. After a quick detour around an industrial estate, the author emerged onto the street where the residence was located. Unfortunately the other driver had preempted this move and was driving straight at the author with the apparent intention of causing a head-on collision. This caused a raised eyebrow and the decision was made not to engage due to the proximity of the family home. A top floor flat which obviously contained soft targets that can not be exposed to such volatile street confrontation.

Stepping on the accelerator again, the author outpaced the other driver, turned right into the housing development and made short work of the traffic calming obstacles in the road ahead. Once on the other side of the development, he took a detour into an industrial estate, took several unannounced turns around the commercial units and headed back out onto the main street. At this point the other driver once again appeared in the rear view mirror. With some frustration the author weighed up the options. Clearly this utter fuckwad wasn't going to let it go and considered his VW polo to be something akin the the Knight Industries 2000.

The late summer evening bathed the scene in a gloriously warm light and there were groups of youths enjoying the opportunity to loiter on several corners. It should be noted that this area was not exactly the most des-res part of town. The infamous murderer Jimmy Boyle had grown up in the area and some of his family were still involved in organised crime along with half the other inhabitants. These and other thoughts pertaining to an immediate strategy were hastily processed. With the other driver literally tailgating the author, the decision was made to give the aggressor his moment of fame. The brakes were applied, the steering wheel was turned and on went the hazard lights. Rather than immediately exiting the vehicle with a wheel brace, steering lock or other weapon of choice, the author decided to use an old trick in perception management. It's not complex and basically involves establishing the physical characteristics of an opponent prior to revealing ones own.

As the other driver approached the car, the author observed him through the side mirror. He appeared to be about five and half feet tall and weighed somewhere in the region of about ten stone. This reassured the author that should there be any physical violence, this dimwitted dipshit would not be presenting much of a problem. However there's little advantage to being stuck behind the steering wheel during a confrontation. Something that the author had been reminded of some months prior during an attempted mugging. An attempt which went catastrophically wrong for the would be muggers. More details regarding that event will undoubtedly be posted in the future.

As the road raging roaster approached the vehicle the author made the decision to try and placate him. After all this was quite a dangerous locale and this dumb bastard clearly knew his way around. Before the other driver could see into the car, the author exited and instantly towered over this wannabe hard nut.

Some kind of problem here mate?

The other driver was noticeably taken aback when the 6'3 height and 14 stone weight of his intended target came abruptly into focus. Trying to keep his nerve he blurted out something about being chased with his kids in the car or some other highly spurious narrative. There were clearly no children in his car and there hadn't been at any point during the confrontation.

You didn't have any indicators on OK? I'm not looking for any aggro OK?

This was clearly not okay with this diminutive dickhead and he visibly steeled himself for a physical confrontation before uttering the final part of his verbal campaign.

Right .. well ... ehh .. you better erm ... get yersel' tae fuck

With his last words he moved toward the author with his right hand raised in a fist clearly intending to strike the author in the face. That would be possibly his most serious error in his entirely mindless strategy. When getting into a fight, the concept of signalling is critically important. Anyone who knows anything about technical fighting will favour non-telegraphic methods. The infamous sixteen inch punch utilises this methodology in that the target does not have time to see the punch coming. It is delivered in a straight jab in line with arm and the power is delivered from the tricep. So effective is this method that it generally results in a knock out if it's done properly. Needless to say, the other driver had no idea of such science and was blatantly advertising what he was about to attempt.

So massivley telegraphic was this opening gambit that the author had the opportunity to weigh up the pros and cons of the situation in real time. Would it be better to take the punch, feign submission and keep any knowledge of professional expertise well under the radar? As the half arsed right hook came closer, the decision making process speeded up. Yes or no .... yay or nay .... to be or not to be ... should I, shouldn't I .....maybe yes, maybe no, maybe ...

NO -

Therein followed a rapid block with the left forearm and countering right jab to the temple. This seriously upset the other drivers intended strategy, such as it was. However once a combination has been started it's unlikely that the opponent is going to get off too lightly. By the time he had felt his balance failing, a short kick to the thigh followed thereafter. This forced him to fall in another direction, which is extremely jarring to the senses and another couple of thousand calorie punches to the cranium followed in short succession.

As the other driver hit the ground the author moved in to make sure that he wouldn't be getting back up any time soon. The intention was to be close enough that should he look like he was still in the mood for street fighting, that a quick tap to the head with the sole of the boot would probably encourage him to let it go. However he was out cold and there would be no need for any further remonstration, or so the author thought. It was at this point that the unmistakable sound of screeching tyres and the thudding of car doors was heard behind the author. He turned around to observe a group of eight to ten men charging directly at him with a variety of weapons in plain view. They had chains, belts, glass bottles and what appeared to be a lightweight fence-post of some kind. Not expecting this rather disproportionate increase in opposition the author was somewhat surprised. With the distance between him and them rapidly diminishing his thoughts were somewhere along the lines of:

Okay then, bit of a game changer here then, oh well .....

The first couple of assailants were quickly enough dispatched and fell to the left and right of the author. He felt an arm being grabbed from behind, instinctively pulled the attacker off his feet and threw them into the path of one of the advancing group. Having been training in martial arts for some time, this was the first time that the author had felt it flow without thinking. This is actually more frightening than being attacked by an armed mob. To know that the training is now in control and the cognitive mind is not, is actually quite alarming and very humbling. Nonetheless this was clearly not an opportunity to reflect on the complex philosophy of subconscious interpersonal conflict and there was a bloody serious fight to negotiate.

Another man in his 20's was elbowed in the chest and with his chain flailing around his own body. He fell to the side just in time for one of his accomplices to deliver an overhead broadsword attack with the previously mentioned fence post. Again, anyone who knows anything about technical fighting knows that this is quite a stupid methodology. Certainly there is substantial force involved and if it makes contact, it will definitely do quite a lot of damage. However therein lies the problem with such an attack. To deliver such force the attacker must raise both arms above their head while holding one end

of the weapon. This leaves pretty much their entire anatomy vulnerable and if the blow is deflected, the centre of gravity of the attacker is profoundly compromised. Training to deal with such attacks, the traditional weapon would be considered to be a sword not a fence post. As such the best possible defence involves blocking the kinetic energy of the weapon as close to the hilt as possible. Also it's not a very good idea to block the edge of a sword attack with your forearm as it's unlikely that this will result in anything other than a severed limb.

With this axiom loosely in mind the author moved to take the blow from the side of the fencepost, aiming as close to the attackers hands as possible. This was partially successful and the rest of the exchange was entirely subconscious on the part of the author. The mechanisms employed to disarm a sword attack invariably include some form of riposte. After all somebody using a berserker attack with a sword has committed to a lethal use of force and as such should be dispatched asap before they can be successful in their intended assault. The particular process of disarming employed involves attempting to only deal with the flat of the blade and the hilt. The attackers own energy is deflected, an additional shunt from the defenders non blocking hand comes through and the sword is literally moved through a 360 degree arc. This occurred without the author even realising what was happening, the fencepost bit into the attackers neck and a spray of blood was the last thing the author saw of him. With the fencepost now in the authors possession, it met the face of another of the attackers as they careered toward him.

All in all things were going quite well. The entire incident was now into the 30 - 40 second mark which is an incredibly long time in a fight situation. Most physical confrontations are decided within less than ten seconds and anything beyond a couple of minutes is a sustained battle. As he turned to face the remnants of the group, he recognised one of the youths approaching at full sprint. It was the son of the downstairs neighbour who was in his late teens and a bit of a wet blanket. Without thinking too long about it the author exclaimed:

> Hoy you.... you know me .. what's your story?

The callow youth uttered some form of half baked excuse, blatantly skirted the author and ran off to the safety of the other side of the road. Shaking his head the author turned around to review the situation. Before he could take much in, a stocky man in his early 40's rushed him and received the fencepost in the torso and face for his troubles. However his momentum followed through and the author was knocked to the ground with this rotund career criminal on top of him. The stocky man was exceedingly angry and clearly considered himself the dominus in the group. Unimpressed with his method the author quickly pushed him off and delivered a gruff epithet:

> Get the fuck off me, you stupid prick

Get the fuck off, he certainly did. Mainly because part of the authors training had involved fairly extensive simulations of ground based fighting. Contrary to most peoples understanding, being on the ground can actually prove to be a massive advantage. It's not possible to be knocked down if you're already on the ground and as long as you haven't been *knocked out*, things can be turned around quite rapidly. In addition, the force one can deliver from a ground based attack is often far greater than that achievable while upright. The force in a ground based kick utilises the back muscles in addition to the thigh and calf muscles. It can be likened to the difference in power transferred to the crank on a recumbent bicycle as opposed to on a conventional bicycle. Regardless of this temporary advantage, being on the ground was decidedly sub-optimal in the authors opinion and he made to rapidly regain his stance and deal with any further attacks.

Just as he was raising himself from one knee, a massive flash of light seared across his vision and he recoiled backward. One of the recovered attackers had seized the opportunity to penalty kick the author square in the face. This was the end of the immediate confrontation and pretty much knocked the wind out of what had been quite full and billowy sails. With blood pouring from his badly broken nose the author curled up into a ball and covered his face with his hands. At this point it was clear that the recent spirited defence was not going to be enough to prove victorious. This was defeat and in such a market, defeat can well include a fatality. Fully expecting to feel steel being rapidly inserted between his ribs, the authors thoughts turned toward the motto held by professionals in the industry.

If it comes to it, make sure they don't cut your face. Then your family can still have an open casket at your funeral.

Surprisingly enough, the stabbing didn't happen. That particular experience would have to wait for another half a decade. This was unexpected and the author didn't really understand what was happening. It seemed extremely unlikely that they didn't have any knives, either on their person or in their nearby vehicles. As he remained enveloped in his own now somewhat contused and swollen forearms, he heard a female voice:

Are you okay there son, Just stay still and I'll phone ye an ambulance.

This was the last thing the author was expecting and he brought his arms back and opened his eyes. There was a woman in her late thirties who was quite clearly a local heroin addict. This was the last straw. At absolutely no point is it okay to have to rely on assistance from local itinerants. The damage to ones self esteem is just not a viable option.

Yes yes, never mind that. I'm fine thanks. Don't bother yourself. Thanks but I'll be fine now.

The woman may have been a burned out junkie but at the end of the day she was still a good Samaritan. Consequently his usual disdain for the dregs of the local society had to be tempered. She was however, undeterred:

No you're no. Yer face is all messed up. Just you stay there and I'll get the ambulance.

With some impatience the author forced himself to his feet and dismissed the good Samaritan while surveying the scene. All of the group were focused on the injuries of two of their party. The would be kamikaze swordsman was somewhere among them, conscious and holding his throat. The rest of the group were concerned with bodily carrying the VW polo driver into the back of a Ford Escort Mk4. This seemed like a good opportunity to get the hell out of there and attend to what felt like a cannonball wound to the face. The two cars raced off leaving the white VW polo abandoned in the middle of the street. The author made his way back to the car and checked to see if his Motorola analogue mobile was still under the drivers seat. With a sigh of relief he recognised the contours of the bulky device and slumped into the bucket seat.

Evaluating the situation with a quick look in the rear view mirror the author perceived someone that looked much more like Henry Cooper than he used to. The nose wasn't just broken, but smashed to the side and was still producing a lot of blood. Everything in the car was as it should be. This was massively surprising because such an area involves regular car break-ins and such a climate is synonymous with locking your car when you go to pay for petrol. Spitting a mouthful of blood out the window, the author moved up the street toward the junction. Ahead of him and turning right was the Escort Mk4 being driven by the stocky chap who had taken the fencepost to the face. He looked quite pissed off and the author spat another mouthful of blood at his car as he passed them.

Entering the house, he could hear his partner become alarmed due to the heavy breathing and general post conflict exhaustion. Going straight into the bathroom, he was keen to avoid her becoming too upset at the gravity of the situation. As he ran the cold water to soak the flannel he could see her in the mirror and she was definitely starting to panic.

Not again.... Jesus Christ ... what .....

The author was too concerned with the seriously damaged face to extend the level of counselling that was clearly required. He basically sought to chill her the fuck out as soon as possible. In her defence there had (as mentioned) been an incident only a couple of months prior which involved the author getting a few head injuries and a serious case of ashphalt rash.

Look it's fine, go take care of the baby and I'll deal with this.

She did as he suggested and the cold flannel was doing what it was designed to. Noticing something that looked like a Turkey egg forming on his left forearm, the author winced as he checked for breakages. Logically enough the arm was not broken and that would account for his being able to actually drive the car home. There were a dozen or so other minor contusions but the nose was definitely the main cause for concern.

After some rather blustery conversation with the extremely alarmed partner, the author decided that it was time to call for some assistance. In his professional role, some of the men he worked with were considered as close friends as well as colleagues. The understanding being that because you watch their back at work and rely on them watching yours, that when the call comes there is no option to refuse. Consequently you don't make the call unless the shit is absolutely in the fan. One of these colleagues had made this call in the past. An incident involving his parents had occurred and the details included a couple forcing their way into the house. The man had restrained the father while the woman assaulted the mother. He had enlisted the assistance of the author and they had both attended the home with a view to finding the man and making sure such things never happened ever again. Fortunately for that particular pair of estate scumbags, the parents were extremely keen for no further action to be taken. Nonetheless the call had been made and consequently the author had a 'Phone a friend' trump card in the bank.

Yeah it's me. look the shit's in the fan and I'm making 'The Call. Yes - really. Are you with (name redacted)? - Good, I need him to watch these two here and you to take me the A&E. Yes.... okay good. See you soon.

Within less than ten minutes the sound of a car horn was heard outside and the author looked out of the window into the street below. There were the two other musketeers with one of them brandishing what looked to be some form of a rounders bat or similar weaponry akin to a three quarter sized baseball bat. In they came and the general expressions of alarm of concern were made all round. For some bizarre reason, the colleagues had decided to bring their house guests with them. There in the back of the car was a rather lightweight male school friend of theirs and a female cousin from up north who had visited several times in the past.

Why the fuck did you bring them?

It turns out that they had all been about to go on a night out and were planning to go straight on after they had dealt with the authors emergency. Such logistical complacency was not out of character for these colleagues and the possibility of these passengers getting hurt or traumatised psychologically seemed unimportant to either of the colleagues. The Phone a Friend colleague responded in his trademark sociopathic manner:

Fuck them, they want to hang out with the wrecking crew, this is what they get.

As the car pulled out with two rapidly freaking out guests in the back and the author in the passenger seat, Phone a Friend suggested the city centre hospital as it was well known to us all and would be the favoured establishment in the event of worktime injuries.

Fuck that, go to the (name redacted) infirmary. It's much closer.

These would turn out to be somewhat rash words on the part of the author but that was half an hour into the future and his major concern was the mess that was once his face. The friends in the rear seat were visibly shaken up by what was going on, but as sociopath man had so eloquently asserted, if they want the cache of hanging out with nightclub security they need to take the rough with the smooth. Suffice to say they didn't look like they considered it a particularly good trade off.

The journey was made and on the way into the reception of the infirmary, the author received a few dirty looks from some men in the waiting area. Due to the gravity of the recent experience and possibly a degree of concussion, he thought no more about it, checked in and was shown straight into a cubicle. While a nurse was scrubbing the Turkey egg with an iodine scrub, the registrar went through the usual routine. Any other head injuries, hows the vision etc etc. Without any warning, Phone a Friend barged into the cubicle while dismissing a male nurse who was insistent on challenging his ingress.

Why the fuck did you no tell me those cunts were here already?

The author suddenly realised who the dirty looks had been coming from and made some form of glib apology. Phone a Friend was visibly shaken and had apparently received a few intimidating growls while sat in the waiting area. On seeing this exchange the registrar moved into what appeared to be quite a well rehearsed method.

Yes, we do actually have a couple of the men you were fighting with here undergoing treatment. Do we need to call the police?

The author was in no way interested in relying on the constabulary in this or actually any other instance. Glaswegian society does not take well to people getting beaten in fights and then phoning the police. The cliche of 'Snitches get stitches' is exceedingly relevant in such a market. The registrar was reassured that there would be no repercussions taking place on his shift and everything calmed down a couple of percent. He continued however ...

Hmm yes, well you seem like a reasonable guy. I can tell you that the injuries to one of these men is quite serious.

The author automatically assumed that it was the berserker fencepost swordsman who had taken the edge of the fence post in the general neck area. However this was not the case and in fact it was the original offending VW polo driver who was apparently not coming round since he had been laid out in the street.

He does have a bit of a history it seems. During a previous incident he was shot in the head and still has a piece of a bullet lodged in his skull... and you drove it even further into his brain. We're hoping that he'll come round soon and doesn't become completely comatose.

The author was quite elated at this news. There's nothing like finding out that the other guy(s) have come off worse to make a defeat seem somewhat less depressing. Also what kind of ludicrously dumb shit for brains goes getting into street fights when they've got a bit of shrapnel lodged in their head? Perhaps his cognitive skills had been compromised by the bullet or maybe it's just cause he was a stereotypical Napolean syndrome asshat who doesn't know when to quit.

After some more iodine scrubbing and even more frantic behaviour by Phone a Friend, a booking for a nose reset was made and the author was taken home. Apparently the head of the family of these career criminals had attended to find out what the situation was. He had confronted Phone a Friend in the car park and it was at this time that the true value of this blowhard sociopath colleague came to the fore. He was a notoriously poor combatant but possibly the best salesman anyone could ever have the misfortune to ever meet. He could literally sell bubblegum in an ortho-dental ward or birth control pills to lesbians. The head of the crime syndicate was exactly what anyone would expect, a man in his 50's who clearly had numerous violent attacks under his belt and would not think twice about ordering the most gratuitous violence to be meeted out to anyone who questioned his or the family's authority. The confrontation was conducted between these two native Glaswegians while the friends in the back of the car cowered in fear.

Look, my mans got a family and he's a quiet guy so you know, he's not looking to take this any further.

While he could be a tasteless idiot at times, Phone a Friend was no stranger to talking down enraged psychopaths, it was why he held such a prominent place in the team. Making absolutely no mention about the security profession, he bullshitted his way through the conversation with the skill of Swiss Tony. The head of the family was visibly displeased with the events and was clearly ready to go to war.

Aye well it disnae look he's very quiet from whits jist happened to mah boys in there.

Undeterred, Swiss Tony AKA Phone a Friend assured the crack dealing Kappa that there was no need for any vendettas and really his boys had kicked the whole thing off anyway. With a slightly begrudging tone the crime boss relented and seemed prepared to write the whole thing off as just another fracas between street gangs.

Right.. well you deal wi' it fae your end and ah'll deal wi' it fae mah end. Okay then ....

The friends in the back of the car had apparently been privy to the whole thing and didn't in anyway consider this to be the type of swank evening out they had been anticipating. As the author was driven home, they were noticeably subdued, perhaps even dealing with a degree of shock related symptoms. It seems they did get their night out but it wasn't quite as wholesome as they had intended.

The next few weeks involved some retaliation on the part of the family of Bullet Boy. The car tyres got slashed a couple of times and the authors partner got followed home from work by a conspicuous looking black Ford Granada. This was not acceptable as far as the author was concerned so the decision was made to relocate out of town for a couple of weeks until the dust settled. Bullet Boy had made a recovery but was clearly put out by the entire debacle and had undoubtedly lost face among the ranks of the family. Fortunately none of their lackeys were prepared to receive similar injuries and no further attention was forthcoming. A friend a couple of miles away had a property with a concierge monitored parking area. The car was kept there overnight for the next year and the logistical inconvenience of having a child without a car nearby just had to be overcome. The author was off work for six weeks, which was great news for some junior team members because they got a whole bunch of extra shifts.

The final piece of the story is a classic twist in a Glaswegian anecdote. The author had stopped training some months prior due to reactions becoming far too instinctive as opposed to cognitive. After a while, any serious martial arts training starts to get into areas which could be termed as using potentially lethal force. The more they are practiced, the greater chance that they will be used without thinking. Just because someone gets a bit too pissed on a Saturday night and takes a swing at a doorman doesn't mean that they should have veins ripped out of their forearms, knees broken or eyes gouged out. By way of touching base and who knows perhaps receiving a bit of a debriefing, the author had attended class and had a conversation with his instructor of some years. When the identity of the family came up, the instructor looked a bit shocked.

So it was you who did that to them was it?

It seems that the crime family had been so utterly gobsmacked by the experience of having one man deal with their armed and ready group of career criminals that they had done some research. Either they found out that the author had trained with this particular instructor, or it was simply that he was one of the few instructors in the country that could teach at that level. Either way at least five or six of them had enrolled in his class and were making their way through the various phases of learning highly effective martial arts training.

If there is any kind of moral to this story it would probably be something along the lines of;

Just because all the bullshit comes from their mouth, doesn't mean punching them in the head is the most sensible response.

However, being entirely honest the author was quite glad he did punch Bullet Boy in the head numerous times and kind of wished he'd died as a result ... the stupid prick.