

I was born near the end of the millennium, the year 1997. My father used to say that people were so afraid that the world was going to end that they were willing it to happen. I don't remember much of the century's turn. I don't remember the market crash or the plague or any of the Trafalgar riots. I've read about them since but I don't recall how any of them impacted my life except for the fear. They would hide it from me, like a secret between them. But I could feel it. of the chaos that seemed to swallow the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, there is one thing I do remember. Very clearly, I can remember that sound. And I remember those boots, black leather that gleamed bright in the morning sun. I had never seen such boots. All moving in perfect unison. It must have seemed so easy to them. They offered such a simple deal; give up control and we will restore order. At first, the arrests were political. Dissidents. Radicals. Liberals. When my parents were younger, they had been activists. They had marched with Labor in the great train strike. I never saw them again. Overnight, my life, my entire world was erased. It was done so quickly and violently, so completely, that it began to seem that it had never even existed. The homosexuals were next. What God had started with AIDS had to be finished by man. It was God's work. That's what we were told. But once they were gone, there was someone else. Someone dangerous. There were those who understood what was happening, who knew it was wrong but who kept silent. And in the vacuum of that silence, order was imposed. Order that was like those boots, order that required rigorous discipline. Order that is exactly the same, where each single step falls with every step. The order of the many shaped into one, what they thought they had crushed, the spirit they believed trampled and ground beneath the marching of their boots, rose up, rose as if from a four hundred year old grave, rose to remind us all that day.