

SLAUGHTERED  
BY  
IDEAL  
PHILOSOPHY

Another  
“Trident Tale”  
By the Author

DAVID J MORAN



## THE DEVIL CHILD

This Book, as all my previous  
Books, David J Moran, the holder  
Solely the copyright “The Trident  
Tales”, which is listed by the  
American Library Association  
Writer’s Books Association!

No part of this book, or previous  
Books I have written, CAN NOT be  
Allowed to be photocopied, or  
Reproduced by electronically or  
Mechanical means, including

Information storage without the  
Written permission of the author.  
All Characters, Places, Events are  
Fictional, any Resemblance to  
Actual streets, Roads, or Persons  
Living or Dead are Purely  
Coincidental, as they were from the  
Imagination of the Author

David J Moran

#### Dedications

To Christine,  
My wonderful wife, friend, and  
Lover, who has shared her life  
With me, in years of harmony, that  
has never changed, she is always  
ready with support should I need  
it, for which I thank you, with all  
my heart!

To Norman who is in poor health?  
at the moment, I wish him a  
speedy recovery.

To Pat who has moved after the  
Death her Husband David, moving

to the North of England to be  
closer to her daughter, Susan  
To Sarah, Dawn, with loving  
Memory to their Dad and their  
Husbands & children  
To all our grandchildren, not  
forgetting their Mum, my daughter  
Mandy who died so young.  
With best wishes to all our other  
Grand children of Christine and I  
know who are now growing into  
Adult hood, our best wishes to  
them all!

All our Love & Best Wishes,

Christine & David

## Chapter 1

As Yan and I look back now, if it is possible; I might be allowed sharp intake of breath, the very thought even now is alarming as one desperately seeks solace as well as comfort from what we encountered, from a chance meeting, which no one could or possibly predict, to ever want to experience again, if one could be allowed to return. Why; oh, why we were ever so stupid in playing a major role in this carcinogenic synthesis, we should have known better? However, now we have the time, alas I do digress, from what I urgently need to say with a full description of how we were ensnared so easily?

We are a very small-contained Village, of some ninety odd houses built from 1946 as farmhouses, then more houses added until we reached that we have today, almost

a very large village or a small town, almost all of us on the left side of the single road, with the exception of new builds at the East end of the Village they are also on the right-hand side. Every one of the properties were inhabited by a Cosmopolitan of normal groups of people with their own religions, too numerous I am saddened to say, to remember!

Nationalities plus different shades of skin colour as well as their daily dress, all-aiding to make a huge mixture of different languages as well as personalities in our very happy community we now find ourselves living in.

However; so, as you enter our Village from the West, there is a large factory, this too used to be a small ram shackled group of buildings that commanded a large piece of former farm land, bordering what is the only road in our area, to be closed to all as the factory was built, a notable security feature on the rear of this factory, is a fast flowing stream, which is a constant supply to the factory as well as the entire Village with all its pure mountain water needs, that has never known to freeze or flood, with the added pleasure of actually drinking this pure water.

Every day the plant is working, with the exception on Sunday, save the attendance of Security watchmen, fire team plus the guards to ensure and maintaining

Security, as well as necessary system checks such as break-ins, storm damage, plus of course essential Security of the plant.

But for six days this factory is in full production manufacturing all requirements needed by the neighboring farming community, as well as us of course, as we supply most of the workers requirements, for their farms or smallholdings.

We produce a large variety of farming implements, with the additional requirements demanded by our big cities of which these are classed as special Orders?

Of which these are always treated as such to be collected every Friday with one or even a fleet of lorries, while the other tools, implements, tractors, carts trucks, are always

collected on Mondays, again with one or more large lorries, in a convoy. So each Friday and Mondays our little road is always busy with a constant stream of lorries, which in Summer we complain of their dust they kick up, that infiltrates into our homes, while in winter it is the snow and ice we have to contend with, to say nothing of accidents, skids, and collisions, on these icy roads although treated, it did not stop these accidents, as well as an occasional death!

Yet despite these niggles, we have organised with the help of the Owner of the factory, who encouraged us to plan accordingly with our shopping, visits or appointments we have to make them always on Tuesday Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday, Sunday as always for Churches or to see our family and relations, who lived nearby, sadly we are restricted on time as there is only one bus in the morning to return late afternoon, yet you still get the miseries who say that is too long, you cannot please all the people I suppose?

By and large we are very pleased with all the villages that live within our community, there will always be the exception, but we manage, plus, there has never been an actual fight, damage to property, rudeness towards an individual, nor any thefts or burglaries, in living memory, all this without Police or the Army, which as a thought no one could remember them coming into the village, save the soldiers being posted around the factory, as it was being built, seemingly it was a late thought that this seemed odd at the time... Why were they there, were they needed, if so why?

Added to this general picture of our village, is the efforts brought about by the Owner of the factory, as he sort with the aid of all his work force to keep the appearance of our village, as well as his factory; for as from day one that he opened it.

'His' new building, he organised teams from all parts of the plant to be responsible for his workers to have flowerbeds on either side of the entrance doors walkway to the plant. Plus, also of course across the front of the building, the best flowerbed designs, of colour throughout the year are selected by the workers themselves, who meet in the Staff Dining Room, to draw lots, one from every worker of the different groups, which makes the meetings very competitive, as well as noisy, until the owner is invited to the meeting to select a winning group!

Also, within the first Christmas Week period, the Owner sent his Seasonal decorated lorries down our road collecting all the old age pensioners, (whatever their religion,) and took them as well as their minders to a full Christmas Dinner, mindful of diets and religious beliefs, which was to be held in the Workers Dining room, also, at the end of the festivities, all the Owners guests had a choice of a single bottle of spirits, each of the selection of Rum, Brandy, Vodka, Whisky, or Gin to bring home with them, that was the talk of the village for weeks to come, as we all knew that some of us guests did not drink alcohol, these however, accepted the gifts after being prompted by others what to ask for, well I'm sure it is human nature, to miss out on a free bottle of alcohol?

## Chapter 2

We were living in a magical place, to such a peak of perfection and harmony, even workers who were ill went into work, rather than miss a day's employment, then having been taken into Hospital if they were that ill by the management! Well need I say; the villagers, responded to the challenge, to beatify not only the factory grounds but our village as well, so every odd paving slab was lifted outside each one of the houses, and every household once their square of paving slab was removed and soil added to the newly created hole ready for the plants, submitted a request for a flowering or a coloured leaf tree, which was planted free of charge by the factory management labour gang, nothing it would seem was too much of a problem or an inconvenience!

Well...this was the birth of our new closer ties to all the Village people who now lived in this wonderful? village, for no sooner did the Owner found out about our appointments to see health specialists that we all had to travel by bus, taxi or by car to visit in the nearest City, some twenty miles away, it would seem when informed, he was shocked, as it was brought to his attention how many working hours were lost, he decided to again help his villagers, which he did, for within a month, he had added to the factory a Hospital, with Dentist, several different Doctors, Surgeon on call when required, Mid-wives, Nurses, finally an Ambulance, all these open for twenty-four hours if required, as long as each appointment was necessary and treatment given...then it was free!

From then, we would look to our village for areas of improvement we could make, handmade Window boxes, was one of them.

Also, the external painting of the timber windowsill, doors, as well as gardens in the rear of the houses, everywhere was this new energy flourished, even steps in the doorways were now 'scrubbing-

stoned' clean each morning, "So be aware Mr. Postman" if you dare put your foot on our front step while wet, for the first time in our village was the actual sound of raised voices!



### Chapter 3

Months smoothly ran into years, as the monotonous call to duty as we the villagers ran like a school of automats to man our benches, yet there was never one in our villages complained either in private or in working parties, as under the leadership of the factory owner, for each day worked we all gained points to save for one week, or two to holiday in a wonderful quaint hotel on the beach off the coast, even a modern day couch was supplied to take us all, each time almost filling the couch when we went “Yan” my husband and I went, sorry again I forgot as I was trying to keep this story as it happened, so bye the bye, I am Sheila as in Mrs. Sheila Bostock, Yan of course is my husband, together now for nine and a half years, yes we do row, but it is ended that night before we go to sleep, I will leave that to your imagination how we achieve this!

We saw the country side that the majority of us had never seem in all our lives, plus the population in the sea side town we met were all friendly, ensuring we had a great time, some sadist noted we were bringing so much needed money to their small town, that is why they were so glad to see us?

It was a pull at our heart strings to pack up and re-board our couch, to return home, leaving our new found friends for another year, although as we neared our village we did become excited noting the flowers and the village trees as they came in view, wondering who would win the prizes this year?

Life was so good; there was always something new, inter-village flower festivals, twice a year, brewing alcohol, always a favorite with the men, cake making, these were times that tempers were for the moment lost, or smacks of jealousy rose to the surface. However, the downside to our wonderful arrangement of time spent at work, was the Owner of the factory altered our working arrangement to all the woman working an hour longer per day the men two hours longer per day, also retirement moved for woman to sixty years, while the men’s to sixty five.

Yet we could understand the point he made, everyone in the village had gained, while he paid all the bills, without a doubt he had treated us well, we were a happy

village, and the factory gave us a lot of perks, so in all...well you could help a good Manager, as well as a wonderful Owner, we accepted the alteration as a full body of workers was expected to do on reflection?

There was now fresh erections in a secret part of the plant, when we asked, what or why it was secret, the managerial staff looked at us all individually, while shaking their heads proceeded to laughs at us all, then waving their hands drew us into a circle, then almost a theatre act one of them stood on a chair, then told us what he knew about the special part of the factory...

“It is known as clean area, the work they were doing for the Government was for space exploration, and under no account was it to be exposed to any germs, fungus, or the very air we breathe, spiders, mice or rats as all this could be a contaminated of the finished articles, so even when the work is finished, each part had to be individually wrapped in cling film covering, then placed in lined padded boxes, this information is for all our factory Staff to know about, as in itself, the work is not a secret, nor meant to be!

However, the Management doesn't want anyone talking about this information you have been freely told, or discussed, outside the factory gates! As we know that other factories want this information, and any strangers seen in the village area, or you are approached at the holiday Hotel, you must inform the factory Management, by using the Hotel telephone, we will let them know of our request...any questions?”

Every one of us was stood there in that circle, like statues, shaking our heads, moment later we were surprised to note the management orator had left us, judging by all the smiles and nods some had guessed the secret, while others of us felt proud of being let into the secret, whatever they wished to call it, the only sad bit of news was we had not yet exposed one or more spies, against our factory, and who would be the first to report a possible spy?