

Sherlock Holmes and the case of the Zombie Capitalists.

There's nothing more depressing, I said to Holmes, than seeing how much of asian and black Britain has been groomed to behave like halfwit meatheads and cabaret hookers - we live inside a trope Holmes.

"Watson, we're about to be tasked with a case."

"Marvellous", I replied, glad of the excitement. "what is it?"

"I don't know, Watson, I just know that we're about to get one."

"How?"

"Because of this."

He presented me with a letter he had received by first class email and printed out on monogrammed Victorian note paper.

"You are about to get a case," it said. The letter was unsigned.

At that moment riots and horrific violence broke out all across London and, as it transpired, the world. As Holmes smoked a pipe we tuned in to Russell Brand on Youtube. He informed us that people all over the country had suddenly become possessed by some sort of demonic force and were walking around in a manner comparable to Zombies, engaging in ceaseless, constantly accelerating aggressive capitalism and destroying every habitable part of the planet in their path.

"Look at page seven of your copy of the Times from last Wednesday, Watson," my improbably crime-solving friend put it to me. I did so.

"Sudden surge in share buying boosts Wall Street, City of London, Chinese superstocks and the Vatican," I read out aloud once I'd procured the specified document.

"I did wonder, when I saw that, if it meant that we would soon be swamped by Zombie Capitalists, but foolishly I allowed myself to be distracted by James Brown's performance of Nature Boy and forgot all about it. We must go to the sewer at once, Watson. I think you'll find the answer to this disaster lies in among the stench. Capitalism, after all, is nothing more than a type of stench."

"I agree Holmes," I confessed heartily. People often mistook me for an establishment man, but frankly the very idea of people telling each other what to do gets on my nerves, which is why I hang around with Holmes, who is far too busy trying to outperform himself to ever take much of an interest in telling anyone else what to do. Leaves me free to do my writing and enjoy a sort of 'quiet life' - with occasional wildness, but a natural wildness.

An hour later we were in Stenchford Sewage Treatment Plant a quarter of a mile from Fulham. A grotesquely victorian-like working class lackey smelling of any

number of chemicals and pollutants informed Holmes and myself that strange things had been afoot. Almost all the workers of the sewage plant had suddenly invested wisely in numerous stocks and had become independently wealthy and quit their jobs. Every time they recruited new workers the same happened, almost immediately - these very same shareholders were, police had revealed when interviewing this sole surviving member of the plant's workforce, turning into Zombie Capitalists and destroying the world.

"But do they eat brains?" I asked the man.

"What the hell are you talking about Watson?" Holmes cut in. "Excuse my friend, he's a writer. He gets carried away."

Several hours later Holmes and I were aboard an advanced but small river vehicle, somewhere near Chiswick, using expensive equipment to analyse underwater activity. Bizarre chemicals in the water had led us to a part of Chiswick where, Holmes believed, the ashes of Margaret Thatcher had gathered and formed a demonic residue. Due to the appalling abuse of nature by capitalism in ensuing years by 2022 the Thames had serious sewage overflow problems in the area, and so, Holmes explained, the demonic residue had spilled out of the river, mixed with river water, into sewage systems and through and out of them in many ways.

"Humans who step on the sewage," Holmes conjectured, "would leave traces of the demonic residue in the hallways of their homes. Sooner or later just one atom of that residue is all it'll take - the moment it touches the skin of or is breathed in by a human, the demon Thatcher takes over. This is a serious problem, Watson. It may be impossible to solve. This may in fact be the end of the world and we may all be about to die. I certainly would not be surprised at all if that were the case."

The next morning the papers, the tv, and Russell Brand, all said "Zombie Capitalists all vanished." All of them had completely vanished and on top of that everyone suddenly had all new stuff, out of nowhere, and was better off than before the Zombies had arisen.

"Would you like to know who did it?" Holmes asked me as I ate my avocado toast and he threw darts at a Sun Newspaper headline about migrants and 'woke' people.

"I already know, Holmes," I cheekily replied. "It was Santa Claus."

Holmes was truly astounded. For a minute he thought I had somehow learned to match his impeccable analytical ability. Out of the blue and without warning. A foolish thought for Holmes, but no doubt it briefly flashed across that vast mind.

"How in buggery did you work it out Watson?" he asked.

I explained, frankly, that Santa had in fact mentioned it just before breakfast when dropping in - whilst Holmes was busy writing some haiku. I went to school with Santa, and he sometimes confides in me. We were on the chess team together.

"I see," said Holmes.

"How did YOU work it out?" I asked Holmes, genuinely curious.

"For all the demonic capitalists to be healed overnight someone had to remove the residue from every single house in the world all at the same moment, and no one in any part of fiction or history other than Santa Claus has that capacity. Furthermore given that we know it was the demon spirit of Thatcher who made this happen, it makes sense that her ultimate nemesis would be the one and only one who could resolve the problem. No doubt even the residue of Thatcher in the river is now all gone."

Nowadays local governments no longer pollute the river, and they have upgraded their sewage systems in line with reason rather than mercantile feudal greed. The inhabitants are increasingly eating proper food and not anti-nutrition and sugar-coated poisons. The exorcising of Thatcher's demon spirit has really lifted this town. Only Holmes and I know it even happened, and Santa Claus, of course.



Matt Berry, as
Sherlock Holmes



Richard Ayoade,
as Doctor Watson



Fulton Mackay,
as Santa Claus



Mark Williams,
as Stenchford
sewage treatment
plant worker