**The Memorial**

It was a glorious sunny day in Parliament Square, London, England. Big Ben chimes the hour, as builders erect a new statue of deceased South African President, Nelson Mandela.

 Sir. Winston Churchill looks down from his position and snarls, as Abraham Lincoln draws him a grin and offers a quick wave. Winston sneers back at him to show his clear dismay by the new statue being mounted on the South-West side of the square, opposite the Westminster Abbey. He is clear in his own mind that he had stopped the rise of Fascism, and Nazi Germany conquering all Europe by military force, and so believes he is justified a place within the square - and in its rightful place opposite to the House of Commons. And he rather enjoys being photographed and admired by admirers and tourists alike. It’s the paint and eggs that upsets him most, during violent demonstrations; since it is his memorial that is always the first to be attacked, no matter the cause behind each protest. He simply loathes those people he defines as Neo-Radicals, or New Atheists, and Anti-Capitalists plotting and scheming inside their little canvas tents, scattered round the square. They remind him of clods on a hillside somewhere outside of the city. He imagines that one day they would not only bogart, but also ruin all that he had striven for when he was in High Office. He would have had them removed instantly and without fuss.

 Abraham Lincoln was once a newbie statue himself, and it had taken some time for Winston to acknowledge him, as he stood up, in front of his comfy chair on the Westside of the square. He thought Abraham had been offered too great a view of Westminster Bridge, and he often feels aggrieved, because Abraham had been given a comfy seat, since he wasn’t offered one himself. Well at least he had been given his cane as he cut an awesome figure in his black shiny coat.

 ‘So who’s the newbie, Abe?; Winston bellows over to a co-liberator. Winston has much respect for Honest Abe, since he knows all about America's short history, and so he feels a strong kinship towards the country, since his own mother was born at Cobble Hill. And he knows that Abe was responsible for the abolition of slavery, to which he supported wholeheartedly.

 ‘Beats me,’ Abe replies, in his refined Kentucky accent. But Abe is aggrieved by Winston’s hostility towards this new bronze monument which he looked down upon from his own position, though he hasn’t a clue as to whom the statue is supposed be of. He wonders if Winston is just envious of the statue’s popularity amongst all the gathering photographers who stand around in awe whilst flashing their cameras for their journals and photo-albums.

 But he’s a Negro,” Winston retorts, before he takes a long drag on hisfat cigar.

 ‘So, what of it?’ Abe replies as a thick cloud of smoke wafts over towards him at great speed. Abe is clearly chagrined by Winston’s lack of respect for this new statue which he happens to like very much.

 ‘Well, who the hell is he supposed to be?’ Winston bemoans, as he begins to cough uncontrollably.

 ‘Beats me.’ Abe’s reply irritates Winston, so he waves his stick in fury at him.

 ‘What’s he doing inside my square? There aren't any cotton fields left in Lancashire.’

 Abe’s disdain becomes evident, as his eyes narrow and his well-trimmed beard suddenly pricks up like a bush of angry needles inside a soft pad, and the erectors turn in unison and look up in perplexity at Winston’s angry frown. But Nelson bears a cheeky grin as he twiddles his long fingers. Winston is mortified by the possibility of a relationship between himself and a newbie statue, no matter who he might be.

 ‘Good afternoon, Sir Winston.’ Nelson politely calls up to him in his soft yielding voice. "How are you today, Sir? It is a beautiful day, is it not?’

 Winston’s pervicacious murmur is quite evident, as he turns his head to face the commons building once more. ‘Whatever,’ he splutters aside, before he stiffens.

 “What’s up with Winston?” Nelson calls up to Abe for guidance concerning the matter, because he cannot recognize why Old Winnie was behaving churlishly, since he too is a liberator, and had spent twenty-seven years of his life in a prison cell as a result. Winnie is a name he knows he’s going to have to get used to yet again, since the monument to his left is often referred to as Winnie's Memorial.

 ‘Beats me,’ Abraham replies, nonchalantly, before he too stiffens

 ‘Apartheid,’ Nelson reminds him, before he also stiffens.