

Ross noticed that the large roundabout they were crossing was strewn with litter: Spain was a strange place, parts are immaculate; parts are filthy,

'You have had quite a life, Tam.'

'I've been tossed about on the stormy oceans of fate and the wild, windy, seas of misfortune, Rosso!'

'I presume you regret getting involved in crime, Tam?' asked Ross. The policeman was looking for remorse in the fugitive.

'Not a fucking bit of it, Ross. It beats working. I'd do a bank tomorrow, if I thought I'd get a way with it, heh heh ...'

'There's always a victim, Tam.'

'Bollocks, Davide. Banks are fuckers!'

'Well there is some truth in that ...'

'There is total fucking truth in that, Ross.'

Ross decided to let Keenan get it off his chest. After all, they were now partners, in some strange way.

'Do explain, Tam,' smiled Ross.

'Right, you give your savings to the fuckin' bank and you think they are looking after your hard-earned stash, right?'

'Right,' said Ross.

'Wrong,' snapped Tam, 'are they fuck! What they *are* doing wi' your money is giving it to a fucker like Reggie, the fucking Hedgeie, who uses *your* money to control markets and fuck things up for the rest of us!'

Tam was getting irate.

'Could you explain without the swearing, Tam?' asked Ross.

'I fucking will explain, Rosso. The bank gi'es your fuckin' money to fuckin' Reggie.

Reggie buys oil futures, wi' other people's money, causing the price to double - fucking everyone up except the oil companies, the tax-thieving government and his greedy bastard clients. You, the poor bastard who earned the highly taxed pittance in the first place, get 3% interest from your bank, less than inflation, if ye're fuckin' lucky.'

Ross suspected that The City, Reggie the Hedgeie and injustice were subjects the old Aberdonian could lecture enthusiastically about over endless drinks in the bars of Puerto Banus. Tam wasn't finished,

'Even more fuckin' scandalous is this recent so-called food shortage: Reggie buys up futures in wheat and rice causing the price of these basic foodstuffs to quadruple, increasing Reggie's profits when he sells his contracts and causing half the planet to starve tae death in the meantime. That's what the fuckin' banks are doing with your fuckin' money. And guess what, Rosso?'

'What?' asked Ross, overwhelmed at Keenan's verbosity and knowledge.

'If Reggie fucks up and loses billions of *your* money, who pays? Not fuckin' Reggie, not the fuckin bank - *you* pay, that's who - you and the poor bastard taxpayers. Look at yer Northern Rock: the credit crunch - classic Hedge fund rape and fuckin' pillage.'

Ross interrupted the raging monologue,

'Is that why White wants to see you, Tam? Have you been preaching the defamatory sermon in the bars of Puerto Banus?'