

Da Sikh Boyz



Fictional Crime Novel by Malkeet Singh



Prologue

It was a sunny evening the birds were humming the kids were playing in the playground of the block of flats. On the second floor, Amarjit was in his room, after finishing his weights he drank some water sitting on his bed, his room was painted dark blue even the ceiling. All the wood work was yellow and there were pictures of Sikh Shaheeds (martyrs) all over the walls, he also had a poster of the Mool Mantar (Sikh scriptures) and the Sikh national anthem.

His mum was cooking sabji (chickpeas curry) downstairs and had Rehras (Sikh evening prayers) playing, Amerjit pulled out his 9mm and started cleaning it, at 28 most guys were married and had successful jobs, while he was on JSA (job seekers allowance) and killed the enemies of Sikhs. He was the leader of a gang called Da Sikh Boyz. Deep down he wanted a normal life as the passion of vigilantism was dying due his experiences. But he was hopeless, in the ghetto, jobless, no girlfriend, no money, mourning the loss of many friends due to murders and prison.....sitting in his room, in a state of depression clutching on to his weapons (his soul mates) and playing Nintendo gamecube which he brought from cash converters for £20 to help ease his depression....

How did his life turn out this way, where did he go from here?

Chapter 1 – Homeland

The sun was blazing it was typical Indian summer day, the cows could be heard (MOOOO). The farm dog was running around, the smell of smoke coming from the typical Punjab outside kitchen was in the air. The nalka (water pump) sound could be heard as the servant was filling a bucket to go and feed the cows. Two sisters Rano and Kako were jumping rope, while brother and sister Poma and Chana were playing marbles and were looking forward to flying their kite and challenging their neighbours in a kite fight. This was their life a simple and joyful life, a typical Jatt (farmer family) life in the Punjab living off the land. Family coming to stay over now and again, from different villages of Punjab. Their dad used to be a police officer in another village but was sacked for smuggling illegal gold and awaiting trial. So, he had to go on the run and brought this farm and lived on the down low (changed his name etc.). Raising up his kids and working hard on the farm, he also provided for some poor families by hiring men from their family. Years flew by in this way until all the kids reached the right age and it was time to get married and continue the life cycle that was “pre-destined” and set for you the day you were born in to a Jatt family. The concept is simple you are born you play and grow until it's time for you get married and you have kids and do the same for them.

Chana and Rano were married and settled in Punjab, Kako was married to Harpal in England. Poma was 18 and a rista (suggestion of partner) came from a family friend for her, after considering the success of Kako's marriage, Poma's father said yes to another marriage in England. This was 1970's you didn't question your parent's decision you just did what they said because they raised you up. Deep down Poma was nervous she didn't want to leave her homeland, the place she grew up and go to a whole different world. But questioning your parent's decision was unheard of in Punjab in them days. End of the day, the parents just wanted them to have a better life in a more modern and better country (that's the way they looked at it and fair play to that. The west was seen as a land of riches and opportunity and in them days it was).

Her heart was beating fast; she was looking down at the world from the plane, leaving her loved ones behind. The transition from her known reality to an unknown life with a stranger. You never got to know anyone them days you were lucky if you saw a photo before the big day. The looks of the person weren't the only element of surprise, you were signing up the rest of your life to a personality you never had a clue about. In Punjabi culture, you don't marry a person you marry their whole family because things are that close knit, you normally live with your in-laws if you are the girl. Shaking nervously and hoping for the best she felt anxious as she left her homeland.....

Chapter 2 – The New Homeland

This was meant to be the start of her happy days, most girls from India would have loved to have landed in the western world (The land of opportunity and fortune). The cold weather attacked her bones, she was shivering, was it the cold or the fear? She was getting chills down her spine; her hair was standing on end like a scared teenager watching a horror movie at night with the lights off on their own. The country seemed clean, but was grey, dull, and all around her was just concrete. Now this was a girl who had been raised on a green farm full of nature. Something was just not sitting right with her, her intuition was talking to her, her soul was crying and mourning for some reason. She felt isolated and a prisoner as soon as she landed but she didn't even know why?

Here she was in this new land of opportunity, her homeland seemed a distant memory away within the first few seconds of arriving. It was like a rebirth of a new life had taken place, the anxiety and fear of the unknown invaded her being. Everything was fast, the cars were moving in line and not honking. The traffic was moving strategically (it was a bit too much), and she already started missing the "chaotic" ways of India. She missed the air; she could sense the pollution and change in the air straight away.

From the airport, her and her new husband drove to Birmingham, and entered her new house and new life. Jaspreet (her Hubby) had collected her from the airport. Jaspreet was a coconut type of guy, he had lived in UK since he was 7 and he was brought up by strict Punjabi couple. But his values and way of life were totally different from Pomas, even though technically they were from the same cultural background, they were different due to environmental influences. So, the journey from the airport to the house was a bit awkward, I mean what would they talk about, these were two people who never knew each other. Were they attracted to each other, was there any chemistry of love roaming around in the air. Nope it was one of them hi were married let's go home moments (obviously, no one said that, but you can damn guarantee that's what they were thinking). Song "Love is in the air" bullocks no it was not, it was arranged marriage knock some kids out and bring them up and make them have good jobs so they can do the same, the cycle is meant to repeat every 20 years. Anyway, back to the story, where was we and yeah, poma was in her new homeland.

Chapter 3 - The next cycle

In the 1970s in rural Punjab, sex was something that was not discussed or debated. There was a standard rule and pattern for all unmarried people, you stay a virgin, get married have sex and have kids. There was no dating, try before you buy (will he or she meet my sexual needs). For fuck sake, you had to marry someone even if you weren't attracted to them, if you said no you would be disrespecting your parents. Me personally I like the two virgins get married aspect, it is a good feeling knowing your spouse has not been intimate with anyone else, it makes you feel special (not much chance of that in this day and age). It's always better to sit in a brand-new car than a used second hand one lol. No but on a serious level a person's virginity meant respect and honour in the Punjabi culture. I mean even if you looked at a guy in the wrong way, the village would label you as a kanjri (hoe) and it would be hard for you to get married. On the other side in UK, it was hippy season everyone was banging everyone, clubbing was up and coming and sex had become a way of saying hello. The British culture was not always like this but there was a sexual revolution starting in the 1970's.

"Yeah Steve, I banged Tracey she was good she ticks all the boxes now mate, I might marry her soon or I might fall for someone with bigger knockers HAHAHA"

"I'm going to fuck Kelly, Rebecca, and Amanda, and going to pick the one that gives it good and proper"

"Nah Vicky babes, he may have the looks but has he got the goods, - "well you're just going to have to find out, just fuck him in the car at the end of the night love, you will soon find out about the goods"

Forget sex with one person there were group orgies going on at hippy concerts etc., the contrast in culture and sexual behaviour in different parts of the world were worlds apart. India is filled with porn and it all goes on nowadays, but in them days it just wasn't like that. If you had an affair you would be disowned by the whole family have your face blackened and paraded in the village on a donkey. In very extreme cases honour killings took place, if the man had an affair the girls side would kill him and vice versa (I'm not saying this is right but this is how it was and stuff like this still goes on in the eastern world). Divorce was a word that wasn't even known in the vocabulary in India. In the UK, the corner shop (or Mr. Patel's happy shopper shops) had men buying dirty magazines from the top shelf. It was cool and trendy to have a girlfriend and sex was becoming more open in the UK. A lot of the Indian lads who were being raised in the UK were growing up in this way.

But the parents that had been brought up in India still had the old thinking; they never had a clue what thinking their kids had being brought in the UK. Loads of Indians used to arrange the marriages of their sons to Punjabi girls back home in India, some of these were successful but a lot of them were not due to the different upbringings. A lot of Indian lads never had the courage to tell their parents about their girlfriends or fantasies, they just got married to keep the parents happy and had their bit on the side in secret. (it's a bit like the marriage of convenience/deception of a gay Indian in this day and age) These marriages were happening daily and the next generation of Indians were being born on UK soil, the 80's babies!

Chapter 4 – Family

It was January the 18th 1982 Poma and Jaspreet had their first kid, it was a little baby boy who they called Amerjit. But their relationship was rocky, Jaspreet used to disappear for nights on end, and when questioned by Poma he used to say he was out with his mates. But something was not sitting right with her, she had a bad gut feeling. But for now, she just had a little baby boy and that was her priority. As She bathed little Amerjit (she smiled) and took care of him, like he was a God sent angel to her. He was the remedy to her depression; he was the focus of her life and made her forget her pain. When a person is depressed they feel like no one understands them, they feel isolated, weak and scared. The only way out seems to be killing yourself because you see no hope in every direction you turn to. You will sit there and feel lonely even if you are surrounded by people, you remain in a constant daze through the day wishing when will this life end. You look at other people who are happy and think they are so lucky and you wish you could be like them. The mind and body start crumbling as if someone is hitting you with a sledge hammer all day long, the emotional pain and strain seems never ending. You start aging fast in the prison of your mind. You are moving like a snail but the world just rushes past you, you feel dazed and your body starts aging quickly. You spend your days walking around like a zombie, with the emotional strains from the burdens life has thrown at you.

Most married Indian women have tension or suffer deep depression due to how they are treated by the in-laws. Some mother in-laws treat daughter in-laws how Cinderella was treated and on the opposite side of the spectrum sometimes when the mother in-law is decent the daughter in-law is a complete bitch. In most cases one of them will be a bitch; only rarely do you find the right balance in the Indian household. Poma was depressed so it is easy to work out what type of balance there was in this household. Even giving her in-laws a son didn't change nothing and that is the ultimate in some Punjabi households. A lot Punjabis prefer boys as a boy carries the family name and lineage. There have been many cases were

women have been divorced as they are seen as being cursed because they have not been able to give birth to a boy.

Pomas parents send her to have a better life, but that was far from reality. She felt lonely and isolated, she knew her husband didn't love her and her in-laws were just miserable sods and she couldn't really connect with them.

Chapter 5 – Discovering the Unknown

Pomas father had passed away, she never got to tell him of her pain and how his wish for her to have a better life in the UK has turned out. Even if she had the chance she probably would not have told him due to the emotional pain and stress it would have caused him, it would have sped up his death even more. But she had an imaginary conversation with her dad:

“You sent me here with strangers to be happy and make a better life for myself. I know it was all good intentions, but the truth is I can't bare it here. I miss the love you guys showed me as I get no love here. I had a bad feeling when the plane landed for the first time, something didn't sit right with me. You were tricked dad, this man you married me to was married before to another girl from India for 9 years until they divorced due to her not been able to have kids. He also has a white girlfriend who he has been in love with before he married me, and his parents even know, but they thought the marriage to me would make him forget her. But they got it wrong he stills sees her, he used to lie at first and then one day he beat me when I kept questioning him about his disappearances and he let it all out. That he was forced to marry me, and he just did it to keep his parents happy. I even have his kid and am pregnant with his second child and still he is not willing to leave her and make this family work. I do not care if I am not happy, I will bare it all for the sake of my kids. I know this is not the life you expected me to have, I live in complete misery and isolation in a foreign land and its driving me crazy”.

Day by day the isolation and abuse had taken its toll on Pomas well-being, she started getting suicidal thoughts, but then thought who will look after her kids. She struggled day by day to keep going, mentally being worn down day by day! Finally came the day when she phoned her sister Kako, “Come and save me from this life of misery or I will pour petrol over me and my kids and save us from this hell hole”. Straight away Kako and her husband Harpal bombed it down the motorway from London to Birmingham and brought Poma and her two kids Amerjit and Sophie to East London (That was the last they saw of their dad).

Chapter 6 – Life on the estate

Pomas social worker had managed to secure her a flat in Upton Park East London, it was a vibrant estate full of people from all kinds of backgrounds and races. However, Poma and her kids were the only Sikhs on the estate (even to this day you do not find many Sikhs in council homes as most of them work hard and do well financially). Even though she was free, she was still scared on her own in a country where she didn't understand anything, she had the job of bringing up two kids on her own. There was a two-and-a-half-year gap between Amerjit and Sophie, but as the years went by they became close, they played with each other, games like connect four, frustration and so on.

They were a simple poor family not very clued on about what was happening around them regarding the current trends. They were living a secluded life for the early years just getting by. When at primary school, other kids used to laugh at his gola, Dunlop and mercury shoes. But he never understood why? to him a shoe was a shoe, he was totally unaware of fashion and name brands etc. In the early years of his life, all he knew about was going school coming home and playing wrestling with Sophie, flying down the stairs in the duvet pretending it is a rollercoaster and pretending the bed was the wcw ring and pillows were the chairs wrestlers used. Years went by in this innocent and naive state, they spent most weekends going to Eastham and playing with kakos kids. Saturdays was their highlight as they watched the A-team, knight rider and Gladiators.

When Amerjit was 13 and Sophie 11 and a half, that's when they mingled with other kids in the estate and played in the communal grounds. This is when they learned about name brands and consoles. Every day after school the grounds was like a park, kids coming out to play football and chill, there was always something going on. Summer holidays were crazy, massive water fights, huge football matches lasting hours on end. Most kids went to the local government play scheme which took them on outing once a month to places like Alton towers etc. Amerjit went to the local youth club, but ended up getting bullied and after two weeks never went again, he stuck to his friends in his block. Huge run out matches, 60 seconds, shooting pellet guns and going trick and treating together. Playing knock down ginger, bomb fire night everyone made a bomb fire and put their fireworks together. The day after Christmas everyone brought out their new toys and gadgets to show off. Growing up on an estate has many disadvantages but it also has good memories which people that don't grow up on estate might not be able to relate to.

It wasn't all fun and games growing up, there was times on sports day and football matches where Amerjit's friend's dads had turned up and showed support. These types of things did

upset him, you develop a confidence complex. There was also Mad Mary a local nutcase, she was a big black woman and extremely fat. She had big eyes, massive shaved bold head, she used to chase the kids making weird noises, flash her breasts to the kids, and make weird noises. Sometimes going to school you would have to watch out for her and that builds up anxiety. This went on for years until she disappeared suddenly. She either got put in a mental home or must have passed away, no one ever found out what happened. But she used to give Amerjit Nightmares and he even pissed the bed because he was so scared to go to the toilet at night thinking she would get him on the way.

It was a very ruff area, violent crime and muggings happened all the time, once Amerjit picked up Sophie from school and was walking home when they were mugged by two gang members who threatened to stab them, all Amerjit had was a £12 watch which was his birthday present and they took it. Once poma was coming back from work, and when she got in, she was bruised up, seeing this Amerjit and Sophie got sacred and worried, their mum told them she was knocked to the ground and stomped on for her bag. Things like that never leave you physiologically, knowing your poor mum is working her ass off to feed you and someone nearly killed her for her bag. Amerjit knew he had to study to get out of this shithole, he planned to become a pharmacist and put his head in his books!

Chapter 7 – Head in The Books

Amerjit went to Lister community school, it was a school of pupils from all backgrounds and faiths. On his first day, he was shitting it because rumors were that the year 11s flush the new year 7 kids head in the toilets. When you are in year 7 and you see the size of some of the people in year 11, it's like a mouse and king kong difference. By this time Amerjit knew he wanted to be a pharmacist and work hard to get his mum and sister out of the estate. So, he kept it safe with everyone and just kept his head in his books during secondary school, he had the odd mess about, and it was east London he had one or two fights in school but nothing too serious. You know how it is, it's the puberty age so he had one or two crushes where he would day dream about how they would get married in the future and have kids and live happily ever after (until the school bell brings that to an end). The 5 years in school flew by quickly and smoothly, most the memories from school were good ones. Kids from all faiths and races got along well, there was no religious or racial wars. Amerjit finished school with the grades he needed to go on to college to study A levels in Mathematics, Biology and Chemistry.

At college, he hung around mainly with a group of Girls that were in most of his classes, this group of Girls were a little pretty bunch who had ambitions. Amerjit cycled to college and

tried to avoid any issues with anyone as much as he could. But college had people coming into it from all over East London, it was a different environment from school. People were different and more hostile, people stuck to their own crews and friends. All the Muslim boys mingled with their own, the blacks with their own and the whites with their own (there was a few mixed groups here and there). The Christian and Muslim societies always had debates and arguments in the main foyer of the college.

Amerjit also caught the intention of A Muslim Gang, they approached him one day as Amerjit was walking home from college. They spoke to him about how they didn't like him hanging around with Muslim Girls and questioned his intentions. Amerjit just replied they are in my class and we are all just friends due to being in the same class. One of the lads slapped Amerjit and threatened to beat him up if he was seen with them girls again.

Amerjit got home and sat on the sofa, this was out of his league, he didn't know anything about gangs and real war. He had a few shitty little school fights, but that was it, he didn't have serious beefs. Amerjit was shitting it, gob smacked and confused. He had no one to turn to, he had no brothers, older cousins or dad to help him. He had a few mates from school, and some mates from the estate, but they were just mates not comrades or anyone he could turn to for help. A cold frightening feeling hit his soul for the first time he was totally lost and isolated. He didn't want to fight or stand up to them, as that would mean death or a police record. He just wanted to keep his head in his books. He sat on his sofa and just cried and cried, he didn't go college for a week. Someone from the estate told Amerjit that a lad they both knew was C.S gassed and bricked in the head by a Muslim gang called Paki panthers. The gang came outside of college and targeted black youths, they mugged and beat them. This put even more fear into Amerjit, wtf his life from a cozy school with great cohesion to a college atmosphere of a warzone. Amerjits life was sheltered just school and the estate which were 5 mins from each other. But now his eyes were opening to how fucked some people were. Amerjit went to see their mutual friend, he was at home with a bandage around his head:

Amerjit: "oh shit what happened bro?"

Richie: "Nothing man was just in the Chicken shop, about to yam and this guy just walked in the door and said what you looking at and gassed the shop. I chased man and then they bricked me on the head. Its war blood watch when I catch man"

Amerjit told Richie about what had happened to him. Richie just said it's on, man is not taking this shit. Richie was more streetwise and had a little gang so for him to give it war talk

was not out the ordinary and justified. Amerjit went home and decided to go college the following week and thought he would just avoid hanging around the girls. His plan worked the gang had seen Amerjit on the way home but they just gave him dirties and laughed at him. Pheeew he thought they are of my back and I can get on with this education, the jump from GCSE to A LEVELS is massive that was a war on its own let alone any other drama. Amerjit loved math's and biology and was getting B and A grades in his mocks, but he struggled at chemistry and was only getting an E grade at MAX.

One day on his way home Amerjit saw about 3 ambulances and 15 police cars whiz passed him, he knew it was something serious. When he went home he put the local news on, it said a teenager had been stabbed 11 times near the college, the description of the attackers fitted Richie and some of his boyz. Amerjit just thought Richie was not chatting shit, but not many people in east London would let someone just brick them and get away with it, especially if you had a bit of a street rep (that is something you had to maintain by putting in work on the streets). A few weeks later Amerjit bumped into Richie and Richie just smirked at him and said you cool G. Richie lived by the code of the streets even if Amerjit asked him did you do it, he would deny it. On the streets, you never admit something to anyone, it's a set code you deny everything.

Few days after The Paki Panthers Gang raided the college, stabbing a Black boy in the head right outside the college in broad daylight. News spread amongst the college that the boy was totally innocent, some black boys in college got together and confronted known associates of the Paki Panther Gang about the attack. It didn't end well a big commotion took place and a few harsh words and fists were exchanged. Just in Amerjits luck few of the Black boys (Ben and Quincy) were in his Maths Class and after avoiding the Girls Amerjit used to hang around with them. In East London, you are guilty just by association, he too would be a target just because he hung around with them.

Tension built up in college over the next few days, something was going to happen you could feel it in the air. Either someone was going to die or some sort of mass brawl, everyone was on edge, rumors of this and that were going around. Ben had found out from some source that the Paki Panthers were sending a Black convert called Kenny saleem down. Keeny was known all over east London as a notorious drug dealer who had stabbed up many people in his days, a sudden trip to prison and he had come out as a Muslim. We all knew he was someone not to be fucked with someone was going to get hurt.

Ben had managed to barrow a revolver from one of his mates down Bow, he carried it with him after he found out Keeny was looking for him. Ben, Quincy and Amerjit had just finished maths and someone ran and told them that Keeny was outside waiting for Ben, for some reason he wanted Ben. Ben was like alright let's do this, he walked out to Keeny and Keeny pulled out a taser, Ben quickly pulled out the revolver. Keeny sensibly walked away, but now Ben was panicking he ran off and 10 minutes later he called Amerjit to meet him at his location.

Ben: "Bro do me a favor take this and hide it at your house until shit dies down"

Amerjit: "wtf you guys are Crazy"

He took it and a few days later when things had calmed down Ben came at night in his mate's car and picked it up. No one had heard any Rumors or any talk of a comeback by Kenny and it seemed like the Paki Panthers had calmed down. But a few weeks after Quincy was stabbed in his Back a few roads away from his house by another Black Muslim convert who was with some associates of the Paki Panthers who went to college with Quincy. Quincy was in hospital for a long time, he was in a coma for a week. This shit was getting too out of hand, people were nearly dying over bullshit, is what most of the college thought. Rightly so, why couldn't everyone just get an education and make something of their life, who needed this shit.

Amerjit was stuck in the middle, he was fucked, either way he would get it. The choice was join the fight or take it laying down. The Paki Panthers and the Black Gangs chose a day for all-out war to end this situation once and for all. It was set to go down on Friday which was two days away, on Friday there were 5 police cars parked outside college. But Black young gangs from Brixton, and Hackney had heard by their cousins of what was happening in this college and they were not going to stop. There was about 30 Paki Panthers marching up the hill near college, Amerjit was with Ben, Quincy and few other lads. Amerjit was shitting it adrenaline rushing and all sorts. But out of nowhere from all the side roads came about 200 masked Black youth who caused havoc, about ten of them pulled out guns, the police and Paki Panthers ran away. One of the Paki Panthers managed to get an axe in his head before he could get away. A lot of people from both sides never went to college after that day, their educations were down the drain. That's how it was in the ghetto, just too much bullshit, wrong place wrong time, or association with the wrong person, either way it was easy to get it!

Chapter 8 – Things Done Changed

Amerjit was fucked he couldn't go back to college, fucking every college around the 15-mile radius had member or associate of the Paki Panthers. Amerjit started signing on and through the job center jumped on a brick laying course. Brick laying was good money but it was not good money for a reason, people make it look easy but it is a hard skill to grasp. Amerjit just couldn't grasp it so he quit. He applied for a job in UPS, and got it, things went well for a bit, but the boss was an asshole and Amerjit was too young to understand that a fucked-up boss is a normal setting in a work place so he left after a few months. He then became a laborer for a Sikh building company, but they never used to get paid for Jobs, or there was always some sort of money dispute with customers, so Amerjit never got paid from some jobs. But he managed to learn Laminate flooring and started doing flooring for a bit, but there were too many dry periods with no work.

He saw Richie, and saw that Richie was wearing the latest trainers which cost 120 pounds and was covered with quite a bit of Gold. Amerjit wanted in, Richie was selling weed and cocaine. Amerjit asked if Richie could set him up with a link for pure weed. Richie and Amerjit jumped on the bus to leyton where they met a bloke called Darren, the introduction was made. Amerjit used to meet Darren every Sunday and pick his supply. Amerjit never made it big time dealing, he made about £200 pounds a week profit. He had a mountain Bike and had to ride here and there at all sorts of time. People think drug money is easy money, but in reality it is not, you must carry a weapon, if you get robbed once it gives everyone else the green light. You are always worried about the police or if the next delivery you make will end up in a conflict. I guess the real kingpins on the top make the easy money just by sitting in their mansions and making a few calls. But the street peddler, is just making pocket money to tick by day to day. Its glorified a bit too much in these modern-day rap videos, the reality is not like that.

One day Amerjit was walking to Upton park station to make a sale it was 11pm at night, it was a chilly winter day. There was this little girl about 15 years old Amerjit was 20 now, the girl was very pretty and was walking in a dazed manor. She dropped a little knife, Amerjit called her and gave her the knife back, she started crying. Amerjit and the girl recognized each other, she used to go out with a boy called tin tin who was Amerjits friends little brother. As she was crying she was saying how her new boyfriend set her up and gang raped her. Amerjit quickly made the sale, brought the Girl some chips and let her stay around his house for 2 weeks while she got herself together. He learnt that the Girl was in the social care system after her dad had raped her, he felt for this girl a lost little child. The day she went back into care he told her that he is there for her as a brother if she ever needed anything just

buzz up the flat. The two of them became good friends and occasionally Amerjit took her shopping and cinema like a big brother would.

Amerjit had made a little name for his self on the streets, he had links to get guns and ammunition. When you are in the drugs game you meet all sorts of people, so Amerjit started selling them alongside the weed. Him and Richie formed a gang called the Anonymous Killers, it was about 5 of them. Everyone had a nickname, Richie became chete, Amerjit became Killa, J became Murka and so on.

Amerjit tried weed for the first time, he was in the back of a car and after a few minutes the buzz hit him. Fuck he felt anxiety and paranoia, everything slowed down and became clearer in away. But it didn't suit Amerjit it was a short-lived habit lasting 6 months in which he nearly got killed twice due to the impact the weed had on him. Weed might have some benefits but in the long run it fucks you up mentally.

Once Amerjit was buzzing and went into a Kebab shop but had the giggles and every time he wanted to order he kept laughing. The Turkish Kebab owner thought he was taking the piss and chased him out with a Kebab knife. Another time, he was chased by some rivals with samurai swords and he just stood there and laughed (buzzing on weed), before his mate had to pull him out the way from a swing and then make him run. These two incidents made Amerjit think and he decided to stop smoking weed (but he continued selling it). Amerjit was living the street life it happened gradually unknowingly, to be honest most of the people he grew up with were on the streets. The Anonymous Killers chilled together every day, ate at each other's houses and knew each other's parents. A tight bond was formed for life, even if in the future everyone went separate ways the few years they spent together would have cemented a strong bond.

Chapter 9 – Transition

A local convenience store was run by a Sikh family, Amerjit used to go there all the time. The owner's son used to be a right Alcoholic and pot head, he was about 2 years younger than Amerjit. Amerjit had just done 6 months in prison due to weapons possession, when he came out he went to the shop for something, he hadn't seen the son for over 8 months now. Amerjit saw a big built Sikh bloke wearing a turban and beard stacking the shelf, but didn't think nothing of it. A voice echoed "Yo Amerjit it's me Ammo!" (it was the son). Amerjit was shocked and said to him what happened man, last time I saw you, you had a haircut and was a skinny pot head. Ammo said he found Sikhism and that the local temple had some youth out of town come there and preach in English. He explained there was a mass youth

movement to spread Sikhism around London by University students. He told Amerjit to come down to the next session at the temple.

Amerjit was interested to see what had changed ammo, I mean ammo looked vibrant and his confidence and manner of speech had improved so much. When Amerjit got there, he saw all these young Sikhs some of them wearing blue attire adorned with weapons and singing the lords praises, it sent shivers down his spine. He was hooked, he never missed a session and went to all university talks, it was a mind-blowing experience. When you experience spirituality for the first time you fall in love with it so quick. His soul, and mind state started changing after a few weeks. He threw his drug dealing line in the bin and whatever he had left to sell in the bin. He was done with all of that now.

Amerjit read Sikh history about ancient Sikh warriors, he loved the pride and bravery his ancestors had. He was shocked that he belonged to such a revolutionary race but never really knew about it growing up. He learned about the sacrifices the Sikh Gurus had made, and how much they helped humanity. His mind was blown away by Sikhism, it was what he was looking for, a belonging in real love. It was a good time for Sikhism in London during that period loads of youths lives were changing there was a lot of love and unity.

Chapter 10 – Formation of Da Sikh Boyz

At the same time Amerjit was getting into Sikhism, there were a lot of Muslim gangs forming in and around east London. When Amerjit started mingling with Sikhs at all these events he heard how these gangs were targeting and bullying Sikhs whenever they crossed paths with them. The gang Paki Panthers was mentioned a few times and a few other gangs were mentioned. After a few months of hearing about more and more violations Amerjit had enough, he called a few local Sikh manz that he knew, who were about that life and they collectively formed their own gang the Da Sikh Boyz.

The first thing they did was print out stories of Sikh warriors and leave leaflets in every Sikh temple in their area. They then held meetings were youth can come and talk about any problems and social issues they face. The also started a rap group which talked about Sikh pride and everyday struggles that the youth faced in the ghettos of the UK. The main agenda was to instill Sikh pride back into the youth, all Sikh youth were encouraged to buy khanda hoodies, boxing gloves for the car and wear karas. This was the first step; the youth had to have an identity and not be scared to show it.

They organized trips to theme parks and seaside's, this was a way to get local Sikh youth knowing each other and mingling to build links. You could live two roads away from someone in London and not know them, it's just that type of city. So, before they started to take the enemy to war, the idea was built up momentum amongst normal Sikh youth.

Amerjit knew the enemy was fierce, they had unlimited cash which they accumulated from various criminal errands from drug dealing, pimping and fraud. Also with unlimited money comes fire power, and in east London fire power was easy to get hold off, the only problem was not everyone had 2 to 3 thousand pounds to spare for a gun. That's why mainly criminals had them because they had that kind of money laying around. Da Sikh Boyz were also outnumbered so an invisible war had to be fought guerilla warfare style. Like ancient Sikhs Amerjit knew he had to seek help from the Guru to protect him and the boyz, there would be prison sentences and deaths involved, but the blessings of the Guru can save you from anything if he wants to. So Amerjit kept his daily prayers up immensely and rode his mountain bike to the temple at 3am in the morning every day to pray and seek the Gurus Protection. Sikhs youth came to da Sikhs boyz all the time to narrate what crime had been committed to innocent Sikhs and who the culprit was. It was through word of mouth and a link (trustworthy middleman) that people came to them seeking help.

Loads of Sikh girls were being harassed in Ilford exchange shopping center and if they refused to give their number they were slapped or spat on. Turbans were being knocked off outside secondary schools by gang members. Sikh youth were targeted for muggings and violent assaults. The aim of these gangs was to belittle and humiliate the kaffirs, I don't think they took Sikhs seriously as no one had given them a reason to, I think they just saw it as a fun pastime to terrorize a few Sikhs here and there. Things were about to change a revolution was on the way to teach the enemies of the Sikhs a lesson that we will not take shit laying down. Amerjit was 22 now and most of Da Sikhs boys were a similar age may be a year here and there difference. After enough momentum, had been built and normal youth had the courage and pride to report the crimes to da Sikh boyz, a hit list was made and now it was time to get gritty with vigilante surprise attacks!

Da Sikh boyz used a ninja style approach unlike the Khalsa army of the old days who were upfront and raw, the current times would not allow for that. You had the police to worry about, and if the enemy don't know who you are, who would they come back for if they survived the attack. The raw days were over, this day and age was about survival and longevity. The more enemies you do over the better for our community, you are no good dead or in jail, hence why the ninja approach was the chosen and most wise method. Emotions were high, blades were sharpened, balaclavas ready and it was time to do what our

ancestors did. It was time to spill the blood of the evil tyrants that would dare mess with the lions of Punjab. It was time for waaaaaaarrrrrrrrr!!!!!!

Chapter 11 – Slice Ya Face

Amerjit was just finishing of his training; he was doing a circuit on his dumbbells. It was a circuit of death mastered by old school boxing legends. Da Sikh boyz never trained for the beach or looks. They trained to be lethal assassins, so they could out run the police and their enemies. Each member was taught the regime and Had to stick to it, a lapse in training made one a liability on the streets, it was survival of the fittest on the mean streets of east London, even dough most scores were settled with the gun and knife, the condition of the body still helped when using weapons. For example, climbing a wall, running away from the crime scene or when outnumbered by foes. Also, there was no gun and knife in prison so they had to prepare for a rainy day in case they had to become residents at “her Majesties pleasure”. There is only so much you can cover tracks; every mission was a 50/50 chance of jail time. It’s only Governments that are above the law and get away with their brutal madness. Civilians are oppressed by manmade laws and do what they got to do to survive with a big risk to their liberty, it is an accepted norm amongst the underworld, and no jail term can put fear into a man ready to die for his faith and people.

Amerjits Phone rang; it was a few Young Sikhs who used to hang around Roseberry Avenue Gurdwara. They wanted to meet The Crew as they needed some help. A meet was arranged for 8pm that same night. Amerjit jumped on his mountain bike and met up with Assassin who was also on his mountain bike and they both reached the Gurdwara at 8pm.

They all met in the langar hall by this time a few more members of Da Sikh Boyz turned up, however the main shooters of the gang never showed up to any meetings, these were the undercover hitmen of the crew and only Amerjit knew their identity and whereabouts.

The Lead speaker of the young Sikhs was a skinny fella wearing traditional attire, some black glasses and was adorned with weapons. “there is a guy Called Sheraz he is out of control and is attacking Sikhs left right and center, there are some people present to day who have been his targets I will get each one of them to tell you what they have encountered at the hands of this tyrant (Dusht). He lives around the corner from the Gurdwara, and his crimes against the Panth are vile and heinous, he must be an old soul of a Mughal”.

He had mugged a few of the lads for money and phones and slapped them about a little. One lad said that on Pakistan Independence Day, Sheraz lead a mobb and attack his dads work

van when they were trying to pass the parade, they smashed it up just cos they were Sikhs. When Amerjit asked to see the guys profile picture, it turned out to be one of the guys that slapped Amerjit up for chilling with Muslim girls in college. Inside his head, he was excited to get this big nosed mother fucker. He asked one of the lads to show him where he lived. For a few days' surveillance was conducted to work out a routine, it turned out that this motherfucker worked full time as an estate agent. It was decided the best time to get him was when he left work, Amerjit wanted to personally take care of this, it was a rainy day so Amerjit and Murka posted up pretending to wait for a bus outside this cunts workplace with scarfs covering their face. As he came out Amerjit moved like a cheetah and cut his face leaving him with a massive wound, before they made off. Amerjit slept well that night, he was buzzing, he loved every minute of it.

Chapter 12 – Saga of Indi Singh

Indi Singh was a simple lad, he was a quite boy (shy) who wouldn't bother anybody. He was an easy target for bullies, he also knew Amerjit as their mums knew each other from school drops etc. So, whilst growing up they always used to say hello to each other as they past each other. Amerjit would normally bump into him every 2 to 3 weeks, but he had not seen him for time. After about 8 weeks of not seeing him, Amerjit was on the bus and he saw Indi walking, he noticed that indi looked all dazed like a zombie and extremely skinny.

A few days later Amerjits mum told him that Indis mum had phoned and that they needed someone to speak to a group of lads that were bullying him. Amerjit rode to their house and spoke to indi and the mum to find out what has been going on.

Indis mum: "he was being mugged by some Muslim yobs outside his college, they take his money and every two weeks they take his wages from the bank. We moved him to another college and somehow, they found out and done the same thing at that college. We have been to the police, but they could not prosecute due to insufficient evidence. We just need someone to have a word with them to sort this out."

Amerjit told them not to worry it will get sorted, we will just need Indi's participation to trap them.

Amerjit: "when is the next time they expect you to pay them money"

Indi: "In two weeks bro"

Amerjit: ok no problem we will be there and you scream and we pretend to be good Samaritans.

Amerjit was chilling in the park with Richie and Murka, all three of them had noticed a gang of youths acting all bad, showing off to their Girlfriends. There was one that stood out another big nosed ugly cunt, he was giving it large and bopping to these tunes. Amerjits intuition kicked in and he said to the lads I bet you that's the mother fucker. Indi gave amerjit a call and said that he is on the way to the park to drop the money off to them. As soon as Indi entered the park the big nosed cunt walked over to him and slapped him and asked for the money. Indi screamed for help, Amerjit and the lads walked towards him, the cunt grabbed Amerjit from the chest and said mind your own fucking business. Amerjit just hit him with a meat cleaver, panic broke out in the park the girls start screaming and running, Murka and Richie got their bits in too. The three of them made a run for it, Indi was nowhere to be seen. A police helicopter was in the sky within minutes, so all three of them split up. Indi contacted them a week later and told them the police had picked him up and that the Paki was blaming him for the stabbing. The case was later dropped due to eye witness accounts that said Indi didn't do it and that it was passersby.

Chapter 13 – The Murder of Waffer Khan

Da Sikh Boyz gang was in full swing, they were well organized and the clique had a trustworthy infrastructure with loyal members. Several X career criminals were brought in to channel their energy into fighting the enemies of the Sikh nation. The Sikh lads that were still in the drug game were contributing to the struggle with funds and intelligence. Sikh Gun runners were offering Firearms at low prices or at times as charity. The Sikh Boyz had provided a sense of unity and identity in the underworld of Sikhs, this had never happened before (well not in that current generation)!

The Sikh Boyz had completed many successful missions by now, even dough the authorities and enemies could not prove a thing, it was in the air. The word of this Sikh gang was getting out, for the first time Sikhs were getting Street credibility for standing up for their faith and people. Attacks on Sikhs were calming down as foes feared reprisals. Anyone that messed with Sikhs knew that their life was at threat, no matter how powerful or bad they were. On the street you can get caught slipping and then boom within seconds you're dead. Only a fool would think they are untouchable, this was the era of the bullet so a man's fighting skills did not count for jack shit. A little metal projectile was more powerful than any Karate shit out there. East London was full of guns, every gang had them, and you were a nobody if you never had a gun.

Waffer khan had been serving a prison sentence for gun charges; He came to hear of the Sikh boyz in prison from Pakistani inmates. He hated Sikhs and had been taught that out of all kaffirs, Sikhs are the worst. Waffer was not a joke, built like an ox (he was a steroid junkie), he had done his fair share of missions and street shit. He was shocked and in disbelief about the reputation Da Sikh boyz were getting. He was in disbelief and just thought it was all hype and that on his release he would set them straight. He had underestimated them; these were not the normal Sikhs that he had bullied all his life. Little to his knowledge these were hardened criminals who lived in slums in a worse part of the borough than he did. Upon his release he held a meeting and forcibly invited some Muslim gangs in the borough, he reassured them that he would supply guns and handle any reprisals from da Sikhs boyz. He gave orders to the Gangs to start robbing Sikhs and start humiliating them in any vile way they can.

Waffer managed to get intelligence on Amerjit and other key members of da Sikh boys. He had not come across any of the names in his life. He smiled and thought to himself "little nobodies are trying to act big". Most people with a brain would do more homework or be cautious as anyone can get shot. But Waffer thought he was superior, so on his Hi5 he openly challenged Da Sikh boyz dissing the Guru and Sikh community.

"Da Sikh Boyz think they are all it, the boss is back in town, it's time to show them who is who, like the Mughals showed their Gurus"

However, da Sikh boyz had bigger fish to fry and they had never heard of or crossed paths with Waffer too, they just classed him as an internet gangster and got on with their daily shit. But every day Waffer was on the prowl in his Range rover with a few Hench men who recognized Amerjit and knew whereabouts he lived.

Amerjit was very tired, it was 8pm on a cold winter night, he had to go and get bread, he looked at his Glock pistol and thought "nah I'm only going down the road, I'll take the knife instead as its lighter".

Amerjit was walking in a rush to the shop; the convoy of Waffer had spotted him. They drove passed him. Amerjit had clocked that the car seemed dodgy; everyone in there was looking at him, so he gripped his knife. They parked up a few meters ahead of him, and got out of the Car, mean while another car of Pakis pulled up. Amerjit had the chance to run but thought fuck it and walked towards them, his heart was racing but the thought of his blade put his mind at ease. By this time there was another Car parked behind him and a mob was walking

behind him. But Amerjit never clocked this car as his concentration was on the mob of eight men in front of him. They circled him and Waffer was in the middle being the main attraction acting like the Bigman. He was a sight that Amerjit could not stand, full of Ego, a dirty looking inbred with a big nose thinking he was a Black gangster from the USA.

“So, you’re the Sikhra (an offensive term for a Sikh used by Pakistanis) that everyone’s talking about u fucking prick what u gonna do now. Big muthafucking Waf is back in town and shit is gonna change u raghead hairy motherfucker”.

Amerjit just drew his blade and went for his throat but he had missed because simultaneously he was hit from behind which also made him fall to the floor. The mob beat the shit out of Amerjit and even threw his turban in the road. Amerjit got back up and said, “is that all you got, your all dead men”. The mob ran at Amerjit again and fucked him up again. But Amerjit just got back up and walked home. He was hurt bad, wounded and bruised. He was bed bound and turned all his phones off for the next few days so he could recover. Deep down he knew that whoever was behind this had fucked up cos they never killed him, and that was their mistake. Amerjit was out for blood and fired up worse than ever. The rest of the crew were worried as they never heard from him or saw him for a few days; they just thought he had been nicked by the pigs.

On the fourth day of no sighting, Randeep, Jv and assassin decided to knock for him, a swollen faced Amerjit opened the door. All three gasped and were in shock and angered at the same time, they loved Amerjit from the heart and it was like they all had been beaten up.

Amerjit explained the ordeal he went through to all three of them, while they were sitting in his living room.....

Randeep: “Motherfucking Cousin shaggers they are all dead G, we need to find out who the fuck did it, I’m gonna machine gun them down. I’m going to make the fucking news, I don’t even care if its broad day light main road and I’m showing my face I’ll do the time.....I’m fucking fuming G.....

“Chill G, let me heal and ill contact you guys ASAP, call of all missions and keep D low. We need to find out who done this shit....Safe My G’z (Amerjit gave em a touch and they all walked out, Jv had not said a word at all)

A few hours later Assassin called Amerjit,

Bro there is this punk on hi5 is claiming he has ended the Sikh Boyz.

Come around G show me who it is.....

Assassin and Amarjit went through the supposed suspects Hi5 account (social profile page), Amerjit recognized him and said yeah it is him. Who the fuck is he....

Wait bro stop on that picture thats Imran Khan I recognize him he sells weed from that sheesa place. Fam go home G, I want to deal with this, it's too personal so let me heal yeah...

Aite safe fam catch you soon.

Amerjit picked up his mission phone and belled Troy

“Yo fam it's me Amzy, come and see me, I want to buy a dog Asap”

Troy was the man for arms, from Cs gas to a rocket launcher, he loved Amerjit as he had made him a very rich man during the years. Apart from the business they were also great mates as they both saw that each other kept it real, and that was a rarity these days in the era of snakes and snitches. So troy jumped into his motor and made his way to Amerjit pumping out some Tupac tunes on his journey.

Amarjit explained the Story to Troy who was a devote Christian and was not a fan of Islam and Muslim mentality either.

“blud I can get u an ak with two clips for 5g”

“Fam I only got 2g to my name at the moment, and I want a one hit death thing, I want a small pumpy, it's got to be 12 gauge, I want to do some closed casket shit. But it's got to be a shortened one so I can fit it into a large rucksack, when I heal up G im going to be on it”

“No problem I knw just the man, I'll go and see him and ill have it delivered o you within two days fam”

Amarjit reached out and gave troy the 2g – “keep the change blud, take the kids out to eat from me”

Troy - “Safe fam, nuff luv and respect! If you need me I'm down to ride”

“Nah FAM, family men don’t bust shots for next mans beef, not my beef anyway! (They gave each other a touch and troy had left the building while making enquires on his phone).

2 weeks later at Amerjits house.....There was a Sikh Boyz meeting being held (JV, RANDEEP, HAMZY , & Richie were present)

Richie “look we know where Imran hangs around G next man is bound to hook him up, we just need to put a car on him 24/7 for a few days and then follow next man yard”

J.v “that’s a good idea G”

3 days later Amerjit had got his delivery it was dropped off by a skinny black fellow who never revealed his identity and just jumped back on his motor bike from the door. Amerjit loved his new tool, it came with 20 shells and was small and chrome and had the ability to take five cartridges. This was going to cause mayhem!!!!!!!!!!

Amerjit and Hamzy were driving through Green street and they spotted waffer in his range rover, they were in hamzyz car on the way to the Gurdwara. Amerjit cocked the thing and was gonna blast him broad daylight, Hamzy pulled Amerjiys shoulder, what the fuck blood, this dog gonna get his day we are all on it, this aint the time and place G. Amerjit would have blasted him if he was on his own, but he didn’t want Hamzy to do a life sentence with him.

8 days had gone by now and the surveillance on Imran had not achieved anything, but it would soon it always does, patience was a virtue and it always payed of in Ghetto warfare. While the Sikh boyz were doing their hunting, there was another crew who were getting extorted by Waffer and his hench men. This was a weaker paki crew of fraudsters, they were Geeky and had no muscle or street Cred. They never had a good knife or gun between then let alone the balls or intention to ever use one. Most of them were illegal immigrants from Pakistan who came here to study but never went back. Waffer had found out what they were doing, and put it on them, for every fraud they committed he wanted half of the profits. These boyz were after quick money and wanted to go back home after a few frauds so waffer was slowing them down. They wanted him out of the way, and had managed to get wind of the recent trouble between waffer and Da Sikh boyz. At 3am in the morning one of the freshie pakis had posted wafers address through Amerjits post box on the sly. When Amerjit woke up that morning he was excited with what he had just opened, he oiled up the gun. Arranged for the ringer car and put a surveillance team on the house.

J.v on the phone to Amerjit "he is leaving his house now, some girl has just come and picked him up. J.v followed them all the way to pizza hut where the couple wined and dined and had a pizza, after a munch they had a kissy kissy in the car and she dropped him back home. Amerjit was just waiting at home with his mask and shotgun and a Mountain bike. It was 3pm by this time.

At 6 pm there was more movement, the big prick waffer jumped in his range and drove to pick up another girl from a park nearby his house.

J.v – "haha the cunts picked up some next chick, she aite u knw sum light skinned suli (Pakistani girl in Punjabi) lolhahah" J.v was laughing

Amerjit - "Erghh fuck that bro her pum probably stinks of halal meat fam, im allergic to sulis I can never call one pretty they make me cringe.

It was 10pm and they were parked in a discreet car park, the car was getting steamed up.

J.V – this is the one now fam, they are not far from your yard, they at the plashet park car park fam in the range.

Fam get your gloves on when you see me coming open the door and get the bitch out the car. Amerjit wore all black clothing, and a ski mask on top of his head, he rode his bike like never before, but ensured his hood was up to his nose and always looked down to avoid cctv. The wind was rushing against his fierce eyes making them water and red. The lactic acid was building up in his thighs already after 10 minutes. The metal on the chain was grinding like never before, all the training Amerjit had done over the years was coming into play, this is why cardio is so important as it comes in handy in a real-life situation. Big muscles were seen as a waste of time by da sikh boyz, as they would not help you in ghetto warfare. It was the athletic build that had the advantage on the streets. Well they did when it came to running away from danger, because the gun and who got who first determined who won the wars!

As he approached near the car, he dropped the Bike to the floor, pulled down the Ski mask, and walked to the car, by this time JV had opened the door and with a hand gun ordered the bitch to get out and watch what was going to happen. Waffer was frozen with fear as he saw Amerjit put the pump up towards him. Plaoooooooh boom, the first shot was fired. Waffers arm flew off his body and he rolled out of the car, screaming in agony, the sight was too much for the girl she had fainted, while Jv was laughing and calling him a paki mother fucker.

Amerjit: "Not so tuff now are you, see you in hell mother fucker", and another shot splattered his brain all over the road.

Jv walked to the ringer car and Amerjit got on his bike, and they met at a field where they burnt the car and bike and all the Ski masks and hoodie, as they were all contaminated with Gun powder residue. When they both got home they put petrol in their nose to decontaminate the residue and had a bath. They then met up and burnt their mission phones, they had left no traces and covered their tracks as much as possible. Amerjit was feeling so good and then they went to celebrate at a restaurant. When they got home it was all over Sky news and the local radio, the bitch was still at the scene and in shock so she would never be of use to the police as a witness, she would be lucky if she remembered who she was. Plus, her parents would probably ship her to Pakistan after finding out she was with a guy in a car park. The Murder was done and they had felt they got away with it, not that they were bothered if they got caught. This was a diehard gang, ready to die for their principals. In their world honour became before everything, and on the streets if you get violated you got to retaliate otherwise you're just a wanna be punk.

J.v - "what about the shottie?"

Amerjit: "fuck it I'm keeping that fam"

The next day Amerjit put all the Guns he had at home into a rucksack and belled one of his loyal youngers from forest Gate.

"Yo Tee come and see me asap"

"Fam I be there in an hour its nothing long G"

Two hours later T was at Amerjits house. He filled in Tee with had had been going down...

See fam I want a better life for you Tee... that's why I need you to study hard bro and get somewhere in life. I know that might be hypocritical when I'm giving you guns to transport for me, but even a smart man must have a bit of street experience so he can look after his family if it comes to it. Balls are important to survive, even if you're into a 9 to 5. Anyway, in a crew we help each other, you can't expect your crew to be there for you if you're not for them. Look at the papus (cowards) they would watch their mum get slapped and just freeze up. Just like you train muscles you have to train your balls and that comes with doing shit that tests your balls. Any way a cab will be here give him this address in ilford and then bell this

number a woman will come and take the rucksack off you and then get the cab home. Amerjit gave Tee a hundred pound for all his troubles, “don’t waste it all, and buy some school books bro”.

Chapter 14 – No Comment

It had been 6 weeks since the murder of waffer khan, the media frenzy died out after one day. They said it was all gang related as the victim was known by police and was heavily involved in crime. The police were happy that someone had done them a favour. They were not big fans of Waffer. Also what worked in Da Sikhs boyz favour was that waffer had asked for a panic button at his house due to having trouble with a local yardie gang. So that gang was the main suspects according to police records. But da Sikh Boyz names had come up in their enquires.

Waffer was the type of man Amerjit hated, a bully, fake gangster who snitched to the police when the going got too tuff. He despised these type of people. He knew that normal public would go to the police as they have no other means. But A real gangster would always fight to the death regardless of the situation. A real Gangster never informed and dealt with shit themselves. It was the code of the streets to have your own back, any other way showed weakness and was a sign of fear.

Chapter 15 - Groomed Talk

It was a cool night; the moon was out and the stars were in the sky. Amerjit was laying in bed, plotting how he was going to cause injury to his next intended target. His window was open, a small breeze came in; he could hear a fox ravaging through a bin bag that was left outside in someone’s garden. He could also hear two cats fighting with a dog barking thinking that he could get the cats to shut up. It was as if the Dogs sleep was disturbed by the noisy cats. Amerjit’s secret phone used solely for his missions began to vibrate , he picked up the Nokia 3210 as he saw the green light flashing near his pillow, he sat up and took out his gun as he thought an emergency came up. It was Randeep Singh:

“Yo Amz I can’t sleep bro this so called grooming shit is getting on my nerves what do these girls see in the pakis....look at our history and now look at what we have become, this shit hurts deep down G.”

Amerjit: Blud this grooming shit was never a problem with the ancient Sikhs, cos the women & girls weren't loose or dumb like these modern breeds. There was no sexual shit before marriage back in the day and hence why there was less mess and problems G. Fam it takes two to tango, the term grooming is just to get sympathy most times blud. Why weren't ancient Sikh women tricked and blackmailed, instead they were killed and raped by force cos they never converted, some even died fighting back against their attempted kidnapper. The pakis have always wanted to destroy us, they aint changed from that, but our people have changed, we have become appeasers and bumlicks. We are not educated about their agenda; parents don't know their daughters are hoes even if they spell it out to them. Our generation overly mingles and is overly friendly with Muslims, like there has never been bad blood between our communities. It's like we have forgotten the history and their agenda and more importantly what our Gurus taught us about the Islamic faith.....and that they killed our Gurus as part of their religious cause. They started on the Guru for no reason!!

Randeep: "Fucking 'Grooming' that's just a political term that the politically correct white man uses, but we know most times it's a pedo cunt and a promiscuous naive bimbo. Some sell outs, when they get caught with a paki, they just use the grooming card bro, to disguise their own behavior and guilt, it's in their eyes and aura bro remember that bitch we saw last week who tried getting us to do her dirty work ..."

Amerjit: "Yeah G I remember, you could tell she was lying her shit didn't add up."

Randeep: "It's the parents fault most times, you got to tell your kids the sacredness of virginity and Sikh history and how we should not be in no way, shape or form dating Muslims....They don't want to tell them the sakhis (Sikh Stories) , but the sakhis are what protects our identity in this multi-cultural society."

"I mean look why don't they tell the story of the battle of Chamkaur when Guru Gobind Singh Ji was shocked when some Sikhs trusted the oath and word of the Muslim armies , he got some warm oil and dipped his hand into it and then put his hand into a bowl full of seeds and hundreds of seeds stuck to his hand, he then told the sangat the Muslims will tell you more lies then the amount of seeds on his hand, never trust their oaths , Mohammed has allowed them to lie to kaffirs!!!!"

Amerjit: "Bro end of the day the people that will listen to the Guru will never be a victim, the ones that get groomed are just sheep ready for the slaughter, and they are not armed up with wisdom and knowledge. If they were they would not be on the end of a helpline!"

Randeep: "Bruv I don't know how these girls that get raped can live in the same town of the groomers and see them regularly, I don't understand why they just don't knife em when they see em, too many cowards in our community. It's a sad state of affairs that someone can get violated to such an extreme and that their blood doesn't boil to seek payback. How can they not want payback? I mean when we come across a genuine case we don't rest until the culprit has been marked with our blade and dats a minimum. Where are the women like Mai Bhago gone? she would never get raped she would die fighting! Jheeze if it happened to my real sis or daughter I would shoot heads off with a 12 gauge shotty or stab the guy 50 times argghh make sure it's a closed casket funeral u get me fam."

Amerjit: "Sikhs are in lala, po n dipsy fudu land g, they got it too easy all rich and shit. Their ignorance is their weakness!"

Randeep: "Bro what it is, is that their knowledge is too weak, people paint the Guru as this all loving passivist who seemed to love all regardless of their agenda, but in all honestly the Guru made a stand against all types of evil in the world. The Guru did not agree with Islam and saw the intentions that some Muslims had for kaffirs, there's a phrase in Dasam Granth in which Guru ji warned us not to trust easily! ...hmmm it was sumthing like this....."

"I have no faith in thy oaths,
Even if thou bringest in God as thy witness.

I haven't even an iota of trust in thee,
For, all thy ministers and thy courtiers are liars.

He who puts faith in thy oath on the Koran,
He in the end, comes to ruin."

"That's what Guru ji said to a Muslim Ruler of his time."

Amerjit: "Yeah bro you make sense, when you put things in this perspective, it makes me sick that most Girls tbh are playing the victim card to get pity and sympathy. I know they don't deserve to be blackmailed etc I have empathy for that, but they are no angels too. The groomers don't pick on a random stranger that they have kidnapped on the street, they entice the girl and she has to entertain him in order to fall for the traps. I don't understand, they will sleep with 20 more guys due to blackmail rather than tell their parents. wtf, where's their honour, u can get tricked once but tricking and pimping yourself is too low, they need to grow some balls and just come clean the first time they get tricked . That way it should end

there and then cos the pakis would have no ammo for blackmail. But the bimbos say they scared of their rents. In my head I'm like Bitch if you were that shook, you would not even entertain a guy without their permission. What worries me is why the parents and girls don't fight back and how can people get violated and not even get revenge? What's the point of pretending to live a normal life once u been pimped like a hoe? I mean we can't live normally when we hear of someone else being violated, if that happened to us, we would make the front papers G."

Randeep: "hahaha a few years ago we would stab a man for starring us out aggressively let alone anything else."

Amerjit: "Bro I'm just pissed off that the naive and bimbo behavior of some of our girls is bringing down the honour of our community, can't only blame the groomers, it takes two to tango. Some of the parenting and guidance these girls get is just koo koo. All we seem to be doing these days is picking up the pieces instead of moving forward. If our youth were clued up with the right attitude we would not even have a single victim in our community."

Randeep: "your right bro, it aint worth the stress fuck it, I guess we just got to look after our own family in it the rest is out of our power. How is the surveillance going on Wasim, oh yeah I found out he has been checking bare Sikh gals too the wanker lol"

Amerjit: "That aint our problem g, if a bitch is a sellout that is her and her families' problem (she wants her pussy pounded and Wasim wants to pound it, I could not care less G). If there aint no force of blackmail it aint a form of rape. I'm dealing wid wasim cos of the shit he pulled on eid the cunt. (Wasim was celebrating in a street parade and as he went passed a Van Full of Sikh Builders with turbans, he shouted out racist remarks and punched the passenger in the face. The passenger recognized Wasim from school and approached da Sikh Boyz gang for help). The cunts got a face like the old skool mughals...hahah, it gonna be a pleasure to serve him up....."

Randeep: "Can we talk raw on the phone G is it safe"

Amerjit: "Yeah I just got this new line and only u and a few of da man dem got the number g, I'm gonna chuck it next week, what number u phoning me off, "

Randeep: "It's my new mission number too g,"

Amerjit: "Yeah I thought so no I.D came up still, but I knew it was one of da man dem init."

Randeep: "I say we shoot him in the head the wanker, make an example."

Amerjit: "I was thinking of wearing a patka and covering my face and stabbing him multiple times in the face, and let him know a Sikh did it."

Randeep: "Naah fam that would bring too much heat on us, Wasim has got a lot of back up, or he might go to police and say our crews name ini t. All the alis know that if a Sikh does em it gonna by someone from our clique. Plus we are on the radar big time bro the police is on our case as it is due to Waffer khan getting shot, my contact in the police is saying waffer's friends have given them our crews name. I say we do a proper undercover one and cap him, so the news just says masked shooter instead of Sikh shooter."

Amerjit: "your right G stick to the ninja shit, sometimes I just want the wankers to know a Sikh did it but your right it's not worth the comebacks. Let all the surveillance come back and we make an appropriate plan G. Pay Back will be done and his blood will pour down an east London drain or he will have marks to remember us for life, if he lives. We gonna hit him hard the fucking pussy, let's show him what Sikhs are made of, it should only be a few more days until the girls give us all the info we need for the hit. I can't wait blood, I want him bad, I keep thinking about his face and it's affecting my sleep."

Amerjit wanted him bad, his strained heart was in pain and it would not ease until he got payback, street Justice was the only way this pain would ease. Wasim had violated the Sikh community and Amerjit saw that as a stain on his turban and it would only be wiped away with Wasims blood. Wasim did not have an idea of what was coming his way; he took Sikhs for a joke. But the wrong Sikhs had him on their hit list and it would happen, it always did. Da Sikhs Boyz never gave up on an important target. It was only a matter of time.

Chapter 16 – Shut up shop

For nearly a decade the militant wing of the Sikh boyz operated in the UK, on the way causing havoc on the enemies of the Sikhs. They committed a few murders, attempted murders and loads of gbh were they felt it was necessary to protect their community from onslaught or harm. War is a two-way thing there were causalities and losses suffered by the Sikh boyz too. Alongside the violence they set up a music project to reach out about their pains and struggles worldwide which took of badly and made a mark and impact on urban Sikh youth going through similar shit. They went from town to town, doing talks and presentations highlighting Sikh history and tactics used by modern day enemies of the Sikhs. The gang

gained a massive online following and had a huge voice amongst the current generation of its time. Over the years as the gang's fame grew, but so did, the envy and jealousy from other Sikh orgs and many attempts were made by Sikh orgs to bring down certain members of the gang. This was heart breaking and after a few years the constant betrayal really took its toll on the morale of the gang. They lost the passion for what they stood for, they were just facing too many hurdles from their own community and this became very draining. It was decided to shut down the gang. All gang activity was stopped and everyone went back to normal civilian life. Most moved out of east London and set up their lives in other towns. This book just narrates some events of the Sikh boyz but there were many more. Amerjit closed all the awareness websites etc, his last message to the youth was to become educated and beat the enemies with success. The enemies don't want us to flourish they want us to be in the dirt, success is the best way to up your life and beat the enemies. Good education and good jobs, earn a good status and get good careers. He wanted his community to flourish like the Jews are, the Jews have learnt from the oppression they have faced, and have made sure they are never in that position again through remodelling their outlook on life. They have put themselves in powerful positions where they are no longer sitting ducks, or have their head stuck in the sand.

Hope you enjoyed this crime thriller, thanks for reading love from malkeet Singh, this was just something I put together while I was bored lol hopefully it entertained you.