

THE POCKET FULL OF CHILLI POWDER

In the early 1960s my grandad moved to England along with his mum and dad. As we all know, there were racist groups at the time called the 'skinheads'. Skinheads were very dangerous and would beat other races. Skinheads were lacking in mental development. I say this because no matter if you were Pakistani, Indian or Bangladeshi you were a 'Paki' in their eyes. You would have to face this type of language every day. Skinheads would target Asians and racially abuse them. My grandad had numerous encounters with them.

My grandad was just an average schoolboy attending Little Ilford Secondary School. The only thing that was not average was the fact that my grandad had a pocket full of chilli powder. Nobody at that time knew about that, not even his parents. Obviously, he only carried it with him for serious circumstances and would only use it as a last resort.

It was a normal day at school: my grandad was armed with chilli powder as usual; the skinheads were around as usual. The school day had finished and my grandad was on his way home from school on his own. Suddenly three skinheads came out of nowhere and circled my grandad. They started to make racist comments and were nearing towards my grandad. He was only a teenager and these three skinheads were grown men. They were going to attack but little did they know that my grandad was fully prepared for a situation like this. They thought he was scared but in reality, he was laughing at them. My grandad reached for his pockets, grabbed a handful of chilli powder and threw it into the air and sprinted home. One skinhead held his eyes in agony and the other two rushed to his care. My grandad still doesn't know what happened to them after that. They were defeated.

That was the penultimate encounter my grandad had with skinheads. Wait for the second instalment to find out what happened in this even more exciting and thrilling edition...