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COWS ARE SCARIER THAN PIGS

Anonymous

when we left the eco-village at 2.45 in the morning on July 6, my friends and i walked at the front. sometimes in front of the rubber rings. eager to act. i remember looking back and seeing a sea of hundreds of us and it filled me with a sense of pride and of confidence, the feeling that we could achieve anything. at the first police line i ran to the front and was crushed between pushing protesters and baton-wielding pigs. they hit me in the face and then broke my thumb, the bastards. we fell back and re-grouped. after this a sense of defeat and of fear spread through us as panic set in. most of us were not accustomed to violence, unlike the desensitised pig-robots. we ran through lines, we ran over, under and around them. i can't remember how many. then a group of a hundred or so of us split and headed into the fields. long grass, crop fields (single file!), railway lines (not sure if they were in use or not), a stream or two, embankments. we didn't all know the way, but we had a few black bloc with us and they showed us. thank you to them!

gathering sticks and stones. helicopters – cover your faces if you don't want to be photographed! lines of pig vans everywhere. keep going! exhausted, i'd been at the gate all night with a young guy from holland, too excited and wired to sleep. a phone call, some had already made it to the M9! cheers, elation, heart jumps a beat, pride restored. we have to get there and help them. up that hill, over there. we look down from the top to see the M9 empty of traffic, lots of stationary blue lights, queues of traffic. cheers all round. we will make it. fields of cows! don't

SHUT THEM DOWN!

run! i'm from a city. cows are scarier than pigs.

WE REACHED THE M9!!!!!! kiss the ground, lay the blockade. fuck the pigs. we take the slip road.

not for long though, by now our numbers are down to 50. we have to get out of here. they are riot pigs, they have dogs. the helicopters and the exhaustion. we have walked miles, and all are drenched from rain and long wet grass. i decide to make a break. we had achieved our goal and i had to go. not wanting to be caught, remembering Burger King and the shopping trolleys. i ran, they were chasing us through a field, and many were left behind. an abandoned farmhouse with no roof. 2 hours freezing, shaking, crying, burying my maps. hiding under mud and grass. ALONE. dogs barking all round me, helicopters overhead. FEAR. finally, i decided to break for it, across more fields, woods and 2 motorways. met up with 2 guys. the best people i ever met. walked back. 32 mile round trip cross-country, in holey old trainers. soaking, scared, injured, bleeding, aching, blisters. TRAUMA!!!! got back to camp at about 2 or 3 in the afternoon. collapsed in med tent, taken to trauma tent. cup o' tea. wish i'd brought some weed, dyin for a spliff.

6 hours crying, jibbering, the aloneness in the farmhouse will remain with me forever. it contrasted so starkly with the group dynamic i had had just moments before.

mission accomplished, now to get the fuck out of the eco-village before the fuckers block us in. bus to stirling station, pigs at station proudly taunt that they are nazis.

we were fluid and dynamic, and without preordained hierarchy. they were rigid and immobile and locked to their orders and to their training. we ran rings around them. fleeting hierarchies of experience and knowledge, or of sheer confidence developed naturally as each situation presented itself to us. heroes emerged. we kept each other going. anarchy was proven before my eyes.