

## *Chapter One*

# **No Tools**

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Es Kaitell's voice tightened, "You have probably heard that I became a Christian a few months ago . . . from now on we're going to do the job differently."

Black, well-built and a towering 6' 5", Es Kaitell was well known in and around east London. His security firm, set up seven years earlier, ran the doors at some of the roughest pubs and clubs in the area. He was addressing forty of his doormen, who were sitting in rows in the room of what had been Crews nightclub at Fairlop Waters, near Barkingside, one Monday evening. He hadn't told them over the phone what the meeting was to be about, but he had stressed that it was very important that they all turned up.

They all stared back blankly.

"We're going to lay down our weapons, we're going to wear uniforms, we're going to polish our shoes, clean our fingernails, and we're going to meet and greet. We're going to treat people with respect," continued Es.

He could tell from the looks on the guys' faces that they thought he had lost the plot. Asking them to go to work without their tools was like asking them to go to work without their clothes on. In security, tools such as knuckledusters, coshes, knives and baseball bats were considered an integral part of the job. He knew that he was taking a huge risk. They might all decide to leave and go and work for someone else.

“And I'm going to start a training school,” he continued. “Has anyone got any questions?”

The guys just sat there, looking shocked. No one said anything. Several of them then stood up and made their way towards the door, while others began talking in huddles.

“Es, how are we meant to do our job without tools? It's impossible,” asked a barrel-chested guy who had only been with Es for a few weeks.

“It's not impossible, mate. Nothing's impossible if God's with you.”

The guy shook his head. “I don't think you can do it.”

“So what are you saying? We take a Bible instead of a duster?” said another doorman sarcastically.

“Trust me. We can do it,” replied Es.

“So what would have happened the other week at that pub in north London if we hadn't've had dusters?” he retorted. A dozen Turkish guys had attacked five doormen the previous Saturday night. Had they not been tooled up with coshes and dusters, they would have been beaten to a pulp – just like he had been that night at the Ilford Palais a few months before.

Deep down, Es too wondered if it was possible. How were his guys meant to deal with punters who came tooled up if they only had their hands to defend themselves? Wasn't he putting them at risk? Maybe it wasn't compatible to work the doors and also be a Christian. He knew that he had to place his faith in God.