Despite being three days away from reaching the grand old age of nine when ~~MI6 assassinated~~ the media Diana Spencer had done so much to court aided in her final destruction, I remember the event well. I remember lots of upset grownups on TV telling me how significant it all was, and how everyone cared about her, and her untimely demise. And I remember being doused with messages from all angles that I should care about her, and her untimely demise, and what the flickering adults trembling onscreen were saying. And, I suppose, I probably did for a bit.

As Elton John led candles by the hand across Britain’s greenest hills, her coffin trundled an ellipsoid path through the streets of London, leisurely looping through Kensington, rattling glacially past the Palace of Westminster, rolling over the stuffed heads of resolutely gawking teddy bears and inexpensive flora all the way, as people stared and waved things at the aristocadaver’s mahogany home, sobbing themselves compassionate. It was quite the death of a Soviet apparatchik; I’m not sure I quite made the connection at the time (I was yet to unwrap Lenin’s *The State & Revolution*, after all, although it did lay sheathed in spangled paper in my mother’s cupboard), but it certainly struck me as a tad odd. And more than a little bit unnecessary.

The Lady’s funeral wasn’t quite so vulvic. The Iron Cadaver’s final journey was phallic in its rectilinear rigidity – a lance shearing its way from the bowels of Parliament to St Paul’s, thunderously journeying in the manner of so many new acceded British monarchs, who are required by convention to meet the aldermen of the City of London, renewing its charter in the process. Thatcher mapped this route and authorized it herself before she died, making sure that her corpse would osmolotically absorb the posthumous mojo from the bronze bust of Churchill opposite Parliament, and the engorged stone spire of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, along the way. Upon reaching St. Paul’s, the casket containing this fallen Boudicca (another take no prisoners ginger ninja, who protected England from the deathless forces of blah blah blah) was transferred to another group of able-bodied belligerents. The assorted crowds were neither quite as emotive nor voluminous as those who witnessed Diana’s final descent, but they represented an even lower still proportion of Britons than the weeping of the media, and our political class, implied would be in attendance. Perhaps the rest of Britain thought it would be too crowded if literally every citizen of the United Kingdom was in attendance, and stayed home in an act of mutually assured lethargy. Perhaps they just didn’t care.

When Maggie passed away, your Coalition government showered her carcass with military honours (it was already starting to emit a tremendous whiff), mesmerising in their quantity and glimmer. And your alleged opposition tried to lead the eulogies, colluding in the en-masse slobbering over her altar to an even greater degree than their counterparts on the benches opposite, aiding in the mass-hypnosis foisted by the boys in blue and their jaundiced lickspittles. Key to the Milk Snatcher’s success – her enigma, even – during her time in office was her dependable deployment of repressive forces to stifle rebellion when the public had had enough. The bricks of NUM strikers were met with batons of marines dolled up like pigs, the bombs of the IRA were met with thumbscrews applied by the SAS, the imperialism of aggrieved Argentines was quashed by Britannia’s ruling of the waves, and the fanned flames of Poll Tax rioters were extinguished by a flurry of furious filth on horseback. In the 21st Century, democracy and freedom of expression are not demolished by way of jackboot, they’re smothered by bureaucrats in cheap suits pleadingly offering to ‘help’.

As the footsoldiers ferrying her to St. Clement Danes pushed ever-onward, they were flanked by strapping young lads and ladettes laden with automatic weaponry capable of splintering belligerents into 1,000 little pieces in little more than a handful of seconds. The truth is, friends, is that Thatch carked it ages ago. She died more than once, in fact. She doddered through those neutral grey gates of Purgatory on November the 22nd, 1990. She died anew when Alzheimer’s ragingly cobwebbed her errant synapses, renewing her Limbo visa in the process, on a date not even her own children can quite agree upon. This time, the third time, was perhaps the smoothest. Those soldiers marking that final trail to her ultimate resting place were there to remind us all of her status as a whip cracking war leader, they were there to ensure safe passage, they were there to crush dissent. But one also thinks they were posted in the parade just to make sure, you know.