

By ***Niggel Far-Wright'rage***, our resident U-Kipper unpaid columnist



The good people of Britain are becoming bored by all this talk of "independence" for Scotlandshire. After all, independence is the preserve of actual real nations, like Britain, and not jumped-up little English regions like Scotlandshire. It doesn't make sense.

Even the name of the SNP – the Scottish Nationalist Party -display's their ignorance of Scottish history. It should be the Scottish Regionalist Party, of course.

Don't the separatists know that Scotlandshire became a county of England in 1814 when they lost the battle of Brigadonside, an event celebrated in Tchaikovsky's famous 1814 Overture.

The separatists have cynically chosen the 300th anniversary of the battle of Brigadonside – September 2016 - to host their "referendum" on isolation.

Coincidentally, this is also the centenary of the outbreak of mustard gassing during the Great War, as well as being Hiroshima day. Both will be celebrated at limitless expense as highlights of British wonderfulness, rendering the SNP's referendum plans moot.

We will even allow the people of Scotlandshire to pay somewhat more than their fair share of the cost of these celebrations, along with the bill for the Edinburgh christening of little Prince Harry (named for that great Scot Harry Lauder) whose birth is planned for that year. That should help to foster a proper spirit of gratitude and dependence in the forelocks of Scotlandshire at just the right time.

Of course I fully support my friends in the Conservative and Labour parties in their brave No campaign, and I am committing my own undoubted campaigning talents to their cause. In fact, I intend to become a central figure in the Better Together movement.

I even have my own campaign song.

I say U-KIP, but you say Me-KIP,

You say U-KOK, but I say Me-KOK,

U-KIP, Me-Kip, U-KOK, Me-KOK,

Let's call the whole thing off.

I only hope it doesn't get me arrested, haw haw.

Now it seems, even the Scotch have drunk their fill of separatist bitter, as evidenced by the SNP's failure to win last week's Glasgow by-election, despite it taking place in their own capital city.

The demise of the separatists was confirmed by today's scientifically conducted opinion poll in the Morningside local newspaper, *Scotlandshire-on-the-Sabbath*, which showed that over 99% of its 2,000 readers found the SNP's defence policy to be a load of cockeyed cowardly crap. Incredibly, that's a majority of nearly 40,000 votes!

What a contrast with the nationalist's success in the historic Stirling by-election which took place during one of the General Elections of the 1960's. This was where the SNP gained their first and only MP, Madam Margo Ewing, as a result of publicly renouncing their anti-English roots. There were doubts at the time about the party's sincerity, which were reinforced when colonial recidivist Mel Gibson turned out to be a drunken racist bigot.

The SNP's isolation plans have never been popular in Scotlandshire. This comes as no surprise, as no-one in their right mind would wish to be turned from a proud British subject into a damned foreigner. Far better to keep all those Johnny foreigners abroad, which is their natural habitat anyway and where they are actually much happier, being surrounded by other foreigners. Don't get me wrong, I love foreigners, especially when I'm on holiday, or when they're cleaning one of my homes. But I wouldn't want to be one.

But now, the SNP has returned to its racist traditions, probably as a result of their extreme socialism. As explained by head Scottish kipper Lord Haw-Haw, their leader Herr Alex Salmond was once drummed out of the Labour party for his extreme left wing views. Thankfully, they threw out all the other socialists as well, making Labour the wonderful party we know and love today.

On every one of my two visits to Scotlandshire, I have been the subject of deadly anti-English insults from the foul mouths of terrorist members of the SNP. This upset me greatly, as I am not used to hearing insults being levelled at people just because of their nationality. Normally, someone would need to have a deep tan, eat smelly food, speak funny or kill goats in their back garden before I would dream of insulting them.

Some people have commented that my detractors were mainly fellow Englishmen, but that just shows how insidious the separatist poison really is. That a couple of years spent at a Scotch "university" could turn a true blue Englishman into a raving Braveheart, is damning indeed.



Besides, I am told that hiding indoors from protesting students has a long tradition in Scotlandshire. Just because I chose to hide in a pub instead of a sandwich bar seems pretty irrelevant to me.

The time I have spent north of the "border" this year has given me a real insight into Scottish politics and the aspirations of the Scottish people. Those are, of course, identical to those of the English as we are but a single race. And as Anglo-Saxons, we are superior to all other races – that goes without saying.

After the 2015 General Election, I expect to be deputy prime minister in Boris's coalition. Like Holly Willoughbooby on the Voice, we'll be the Blonde leading the blind. This will allow us to enact the alternative Queen's speech together, which means stopping foreign aid, leaving the EU and bringing back hanging.

In particular, we will be able to dissolve the Scottish parliament, which was pointlessly created by the SNP in 1979 (or was it 2007), and stop those separatists from ever forming the government of Scotlandshire – a remote, but still a genuine and scary possibility.

As I have revealed before, Scottish separatists and our own beloved EDL are all but indistinguishable. So I say to you, people of Scotlandshire. If you share my vision for the future of the Great British people, vote NO in the isolation referendum in 2016.

You know it makes sense. Common sense. Trust me.

Comments

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