By Wonny BA Toff, our Arse-licking Columnist Critic



For some time now, one of the main arguments against Scottish independence, regularly expounded by Better Together and its camp followers, is that separation can never work because some of its proponents are too fat.

Many in the No campaign have cited the example of Alex Salmond, often dubbed the Fat Controller on social media. He has been the object of every imaginable adipose-related slur as well as some which should really be classed as unimaginable.

The same overweight jibes have been thrown at many other members of the splittist movement, as well as Cybernatz as a group and even Scots in general, as in the oft repeated phrase, 'lardy Jock keyboard warriors', so beloved of ToryTelegraph readers.

To be fair, there are some on the No side who occasionally come in for similar treatment. Jackie Baillie MSP, Labour in Scotlandshire's spokesperson on bullshite, is often referred to as 'a dugong [sea cow] which has emerged from the ocean and simultaneously developed the powers of speech and mendacity'. But these are aberrations and much less common than similar attacks on Yes fanatics.



The argument, at its root, contains some merit and is based on a logical train of thought. As No campaigners would say (naysay?), how can someone who is clearly unable to control his or her

body weight be expected to control the economy of a medium sized country in an uncertain and hostile world? And who could argue with that?

The Telegraph's neophyte columnist Daniel Jackson certainly doesn't. His rather toothless savaging of Yes icon Alan Bissett (pictured above) in Thursday's edition of the London broadshit takes exactly this line.

Separation is doomed to fail because Alan Bissett looked a bit podgy with his kit off, he moans, implying that the project of Scottish self-determination would have been saved if only Danny boy had been rewarded with the washboard abs and well-filled posing pouch he was hoping for. Bissett was once ranked amongst the elite of Scotlandshire's pretty boys but let himself go when the adoration of National Collective acolytes finally turned his head.

In truth, this reporter had never heard of Daniel Jackson, cub reporter, and expects to never hear of him again. However a search on the internet soon turned up page after page featuring images of the man himself.

Given the manly physique and Holywood good looks of the cub reporter, as displayed in his publicity shot (above), it was easy to see why he felt in a position to mock the podgy performance poet. But then I dug a little deeper.



It seems that the image I found was of an actor who played a character called Dr Daniel Jackson in the Scifi series Stargate SG-1, and not the cocky young Conservative columnist at all. This called for a little detective work.

It turns out that the real Daniel Jackson is an unemployed council worker who was made redundant when the Tories came to power in 2010, bizarrely inspiring him to join the nasty party himself.

Having lost his access to state-sponsored perks such as subsidised lunches and salary, he became embittered, thin and increasingly right wing. Just as he was considering a change of career, that of freelance abuser for the ToryTelegraph, he came across the disappointingly unchiselled form of Alan Bissett (or rather failed to) and decided to make him the target of his earliest emissions of bile.

Looking at his actual photograph - the only one I could find was a grainy image salvaged from Grindr - it would seem that Jackson was likely to have simply been jealous of Bissett's rather better-fed curves, rather than (as you might expect) his far superior writing skills and critical acclaim.

In Jackson's next article he will argue that disabled people are being punished by God for voting SNP.

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