

**By Paedro File**, our Greetin Weans Correspondent

(Routinely monitored by Chief Inspector Tommy Watson of Scotlandshire Yard)

[*Editor note: What were you thinking Paedro? This load of absolute crap has nothing to do with the story I asked you to write. Look at how a proper journalist does a job of work: [www.newsnetscotland.com](http://www.newsnetscotland.com)*

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**Once upon a time...**



**There was a beautiful Princess of Scotlandshire, a wee lassie so very full of the joys of life and much loved by all who knew her.**

Princess Siobhan laboured long and hard at her duties and studies and brought happiness and delight to everyone in the royal court. She was affectionately known as “Little Princess

Sunshine” throughout the whole of her youth.

Her father King Michael the McMahan had always shielded her from the ever present evil in the Kingdom but it was becoming a near impossible task as the nasty separatist monsters were breeding and growing in greater and greater numbers.

With every passing day, more and more of the peasants of Scotlandshire were drawn by the hypnotic siren call of the Eckerjocky and his legion of separatist minions, all of whom carried a most vile disease spread through word of mouth. The infected peasants were known as “the plebs” and were avoided at all costs by those clear of the separatist plague.

By the time the young Princess Siobhan had grown up into a beautiful young woman the monsters were in the ascendency and roaming Scotlandshire without challenge. Drawn by her sense of entitlement and duty she asked the King for permission to train as a Knight of the Red Rosette.

Reluctantly the King agreed.





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