By Terry Fayed-Nation, our Extraterrestrial Correspondent



As the mother of all parliaments, Westminster, enters its final recess before the General Election, a pall of fear hangs over the institution. A terror of the enemy within. A tangible horror of change.

The Scottish Nationalist Party are preparing to become King-makers in an institution where Kings are genetically programmed to rule, and need no help from such alien Jockistani upstarts as these.

The imminent demise of the Labour Party's operation in Scotlandshire, for no greater a crime than the defence of the very realm itself, seems likely to unleash the apocalypse upon an unsuspecting nation. An invasion of barbarian SNP MPs who neither know nor care how things have always been done.

Not cricket

To allow the nationalists to rule over the good yeomen of England, people who could not have voted for them even had they been sufficiently deranged to wish it, is quite simply unacceptable in a democracy. No country should be able to impose it's electoral choice upon another.

Our image shows the current six separatist MPs as they left parliament today and headed for their secret Highland lairs, led by Angus Robertson (no relation to the prescient Lord Robertson who predicted this cataclysm) and pursued by David Cameron and Ed Miliband who seem powerless to stop them.

Steps no barrier

Robertson was heard to proclaim that they would return on May 8th in such force that they will shake the institution to its foundations. Newly empowered to climb stairs by their massively increased support, they will infest and attack everything which we hold dear.

And, as they headed for the HS0 train to Edinburgh, all six could be heard to chant in unison, in their chillingly monotonic voices, this single demonic phrase:

"NEXT TERM AW NAT..., NEXT TERM AW NAT..., NEXT TERM AW NAT..."

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