

***By Stairheid Coktale, Our Addiction Correspondent***



**Angry oil workers demonstrated last night outside the home of Sir Ian Wood demanding to know where the "9 billion barrels of oil" had gone. This followed Sir Ian's confession that he had "lost" 38% of Scotlandshire's oil which he had promised would give them jobs for life.**

An embarrassed Sir Ian finally admitted that he had drunk it. He said: "I really resent the accusations that I was lying in my recent statement on behalf of U-KOK. There were 24 billion barrels of oil when I said that back in February. It's also true that there are only 15 billion left now."

Addiction counsellor, Dr Giesa Fagg pleaded for understanding of an unfortunate who had lost his way.

Dr Fagg lectured: "It's understandable that ordinary people find it difficult to understand the enormous quantities of the drug that addicts need to satisfy their craving. However, a heavy smoker will consume around 9 thousand cigarettes over that period of time and a "thousand" is just a big number like a "billion", so there is very little difference between Sir Ian and that selfish

bastard in the flat below who smokes in the close."

A spokesrig intimated Sir Ian was too stressed to answer questions directly, and anyway he was currently gulping down vast quantities of a rather fine 'Late Cretaceous vintage from the Clair Ridge, which had interesting overtones of pre-Paleocene deformation' so "couldn't come to the phone right now".

We contacted the self-help group *Oil Produces Existential Conservatism* (OPEC), who were happy to provide us with a case study of a victim of this dire and debilitating condition.

One of OPEC's councillors said: "Obviously, we strictly protect the anonymity of our members. However, one of our sufferers has agreed that his story be told, so that wider society can appreciate the difficult lives that they live, and the inevitability that they will sell their souls to the Devil (or SLab, or U-KOK, or the Waist Monster) as a result of their indulgence in oil. The only restriction he placed on his story was that we protect his identity through a pseudonym (though he's rather fu\*ked up that strategy with his latest admission)."

With their permission, therefore, we reproduce the story of Iain Timber.

Iain was born into a deprived home in war-ravaged Aberdeen in 1942. With fuel rationing in place, young Iain was forced at a tender age, to secretly siphon fuel from Army trucks to keep the poverty-stricken family's six fishing boats at sea. "That gave me my first highs from drinking oil", a tearful Iain later remarked.

Too poor to send their son to Eton, his father was forced to send him to Robert Gordon's College for his education. "That was certainly an education!", Iain said. "In those days the staffroom had an extensive bar, and teachers just signed chits for the booze they consumed, which were later set against their wages. Some staff took home no cash at all. I longed to work somewhere where you could be on a constant high from stock held on the premises, rather than spend my evenings siphoning or breaking into corner shops to steal the lighter fuel."

Unable to find a real job after he graduated in Psychology in 1964, Iain's family took pity on him and gave him a job in the family firm, and made him Managing Director at the age of 25. Had a great curse not befallen Scotlandshire soon afterwards, Iain's fantasy would never have become his great obsession - but oil was found to lie in vast quantities under the North Sea waves that Iain could occasionally see from his window (on most days the haze meant that he could see bugger all).

Little wonder that Iain was among the first Scots to spot opportunities from the discovery of North Sea oil, investing heavily to create a supply and contracting business to serve oil majors, and to feed his increasing thirst for oil.

Of course, the craving was never satisfied. Eventually Iain was reduced to supporting the case for Scotlandshire remaining in a UK Union, which was itself subordinated to the US gas-guzzling addicts. "I had to sell-out", sobbed Iain, "I needed to be tied into a multi-international armed force that would invade brown peoples' countries to grab their oil. An "iScottish Government would just never, ever do things like that."

As a show of support for this terrible condition, Prime Minister David Cameron undertook the icebucket challenge to raise much needed charitable funds for OPEC.

Mr Cameron was once accused of petrol fume vapour abuse while filling his 4x4 Chelsea tractor - a pure necessity for the streets of London.

A Downing Street Spokes-ad-dick was quick to defend Mr Cameron. He responded: "The Prime Minister did this before he entered politics, he deeply regrets not sending one of the servants to fill up that day and he most certainly didn't inhale."

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