

By **Fleg Waiver**, our *Perfidious Unionist Correspondent*



**As it prepares for it's latest leadership election, the UK Labour party has unveiled its new branding under which it will fight the 2020 general election.**

Gone is the white rose of England on its field of socialist red. Gone too is the word Labour from the party's title.

And consigned to history are words such as socialist, progressive and class war.

Along with dozens of similar terms, these have been banned from the party's lexicon in case they upset Tory voters who might be persuaded to support a slightly less aggressive version of their own party.

In line with its new emphasis on aspiration and rejection of the poor and needy, the party will be re-branded as the voice of the young, the fit and the beautiful.

Its new name will reflect this. It will be the party of the ripped physique, the party of the taught muscular core.

It will become the *Abs Tension Party*.

In a rare act of tangible opposition, Jeremy Corbyn's suggestion of the *Poltroon Party* was voted down by 3 votes to 1 (203 abstentions).

Its self-consciously contemporary new flag will feature a white feather on a field of purest alabaster, in honour of the party's light touch in opposition, and courageous poultry-like approach to policy.

While in opposition to the Tory government, the Abs Tension Party will fight under a newly crafted battle cry:

**What do we want?** Whatever you think is best, really.

**When do we want it?** As soon as it's convenient, thanks.

There is even a reworking of the old refrain which for a century has graced the end of Labour conferences. From now, assemblies of the Abs Tension Party will close with a rendition of the following:

The people's flag was deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,  
But now their limbs are stiff and cold,  
And all our principles are sold.

It suits today the weak and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on self and place  
To cringe before the rich man's frown,  
And haul the sacred emblem down.

So raise the milky standard high.  
Within its shade we'll safely lie,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the white flag flying here.

We expect the new party will do very well indeed.

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