



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

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Diary of a Kraut Man
Sum 108 (re-krautification 2024)

Ever since I understood the concept, I have been pro-EU. How could working together towards common goals not win the heart of a World War II grandchild?

I grew up in and around Trier, one of Europe's oldest cities. [Maastricht](#) is 90 minutes away, [Schengen](#) merely 45, and it is only 2.5 hours to either [Strasbourg](#) or [Brussels](#).

This area has seen flags change [too](#) [beaucoup](#) during the last 150 years, exclusively because of wars.

Today, Britain has changed its flag. Or at least some carnival barkers seem to think so. Au revoir EU, good morning UK. Fair enough. It did not take a war, it took the sausage of a democratic process. That is the good news, even though that black pudding is stuffed with beaucoup unpleasantness.

I understand why the Leave Campaign used #TakeControl and the slogan "Believe in Britain". Lowest common denominators and feelings sell. Facts? Not so much.

This campaign will be a watermark at least, perhaps a blueprint or a warning for the next would-be leaver.

Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, France, Flanders, Bavaria - there seem to be a number of stables with greedy owners, anxious horses, and fidgety jockeys.

It is a never-before seen battle: UK vs. EU. Backstage access for premium members only. Contact local lobbyists for rates.

Nationalism, even in justified doses, does not fuel an economy. Nationalism is the cotton candy of feelings, and it is the fast-food of politics.

Restaurant owner David Cameron has spent years trying to win EU customers with the same outdated menu, but his offerings left guts churning. As a result, Britain's economy is not just screwed. It is beaucoup screwed.

England, I mean: Britain needs a war, and those are sooo 20th century. Tacky, passé, almost kitsch. Also, the EU has slightly better arms than the protesters in Amritsar.

Britain's national deficit remains, even with the EU gone. Are there al-

ready panic calls, I mean: exploratory inquiries across the pond? Or to the former big red cousin? To the current big red step-uncle?

Hey, at least you still have a BBB rating ... hold on, is that for "Broke Beyond Belief"? A slightly more tax-paying, slightly less sunny Greece?

Britain's debt is nearly six times its GDP! No worries. All you have to do is work for 2000 days straight without buying food – as your sweat and tears shall provide sustenance aplenty. Just a little under 300 weeks not spending a farthing on yourself – and you are in the clear. Even France is considering a pledge drive. France!

"Yes, they are putains de merde but they are still people, no? It's not like they are stupid Americans!"

Africa is sending water, India food rations, and the rest of Asia is sending potent smokeables.

~ ~ ~

Dear Britons and Britonettes, there are no more nationalistic shots to pound. You have blown through a generation's worth of patriotic booze in less than a handful of years.

The Euros are supposed to visit Wembley in 2020 – if UEFA condones games in a foreign country.

The next Olympic Games are so far away, even her royal sisterness will be a wilted English rose, and the Royal family, your multi-billion Pound security blanket, needs to brace for a funeral rather than plan a celebration – unless you want Kate to pound out one baby a month, have Harry marry a starlet every week, or have Pippa go into ... the tunnel.

What are you going to do?

Be-leave-ing does not build an economy either. And here it is where the campaign runs out of ideas. Nigel Farage is already reneging on a central Leave Campaign slogan – on the day the results are announced!

Get used to more of the same. Will the term peasants see a resurgence?

Will we see child chimneysweeps coughing up soot spark Oscar-baiting movies?

Britons are known to enjoy irony. The older folks ordered a fucktonne of the most Cornish of pasties for the country to munch on, did not even throw napkins to the younguns, and by the time those finish the last batch of this abomination pretending to be food, the old folks will have been dead for decades.

The people making the decision do not have to stand for the consequences. That is sooo 21st century.

Oh the humanity indeed.

The Hindenburg disaster was an accident. Chernobyl was an accident.

Voting *Leave* was pure, uncut stupidity, with an ignorance chaser, served by a fecal fist in a fecal glove – while the PM quietly lobbies all dictionaries to change the meaning of *surrender* to *victory*.

Too beaucoup sigh.

There once were seniors in London
Taking to the EU with a stun gun

The results they cherished
But their homeland perished
And millions of juniors felt numb

(Fiddlesticks, fudge, oh what fun.)