



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

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



“I want my Britain back!”, said dozens of Brits in TV interviews today. With journalism diving straight into the Leveson Inquiry crater, one cannot expect the human microphone stands to do what they should do, because it is programmed to think:

“Soundbite acquired.”

Your Britain?

It never was, is, and never will be exclusively your Britain. You do share it with 60 million people. However, can you please give us the definition of *your Britain?*

The same thing happened during the last US Presidential Elections:

“I want my America back.”

That or *“I want my Britain back”* is code for “all non-whites FRO. Except doctors. And football stars.”

None of this is particularly new:

Do you remember the *Buy British* campaign from the 1990s? I do. It was exceptionally funny, because I saw the sticker on an *Oasis* album – which prompted me not to buy it. And then, of course, there was this one:

Eggs from a [mammal](#)? Seriously?

If I had funds to conduct a survey, I would poll 10,000 British people from all ages, backgrounds, genders, etc.:

“Please indicate what you mean by *Britain* using these [ONS](#) numbers.”

I would slip the results in a Brussels letterbox, in the night, back away, change my name, hair, wardrobe, and I would GTFO, because the survey’s [results](#) can be summed up thusly:



G’dday, mates. *Moi* name is Krauty McKrautface. Go [Taipans](#)! Can I get a Foster’s with my ‘Roo, please?