



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

The Lundenvic Picayune

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

England practiced the art of [exiting](#) all things European against Iceland, and the result [cost](#) the Prime Manager his head: Roy Hodgson is no more.

David Cameron already is a self-declared dead c-nt walking.

Boris Johnson also already pulled out after not finishing the job, while today, Nigel Farage put his F in FRO, calling years of muck-raking “the conquering of his political Everest”, without proposing or sponsoring meaningful legislation – a trait Snooker legend Dennis Taylor might have labelled the Nigel Farage Special.

All three leading figures of Britain’s EU Referendum asked 46.5 million eligible voters to place their order, and then ran away when it came to prepa-ring the meal.

Plaxico Burress shot himself in the leg by accident and mostly stupidity. These fellows unloaded machine guns of ignorance into their own feet. They could not have hurt Britain more with a Buckingham lemon party, filming it, and sending DVDs to every British

household with a strangled puppy tied around the envelope.

Instead of this clusterfuffle, one of them would gladly have a live Sky broadcast, sticking his little Dave into any pig’s orifice. Another one would gladly help beat up a journalist again, but the foreigners-marrying monorch would probably do it all again.

At least Captain Smith was merely negligent. This time, the people at the helm saw the shiceberg, aimed right at it, reamed Britain hard, burned more money than the Joker – only to exit stage left and revealing their country’s present identity:

The Joey Chestnut of countries.
The Real Housewives of Anyplace.
The Rolling Stones of democracies.
Wrestling Champion of Empires.
Money Laundering Central.
Koh-I-Noor Kleptos.

Quitting is not an option because occupying space is all you have left. For f-ck’s sake, Keith Richards looks older than Prince Phillip, Mick Jagger is as sexy as the Queen, Brian Jones, Princess Di, STDs and pock blankets – I rest my fucking case!

What was the question?