



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

The Lundenvic Picayune

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

When Tony Blair's lies had power-bombed the camel's back ... by the way: In the late 90s, I fell for Blair's shiny bollocks just as most of you did. We had sixteen years of Helmut Kohl, which felt like 60, and like 0 Kelvin. Gerhard Schröder came in hot! We were young and we needed the ... nevermind. I still feel like a total idiot, and it has been a quarter-century.

You had seven from the blueprint of a - tautology alert - dried-up Englishman and eleven from a burlesque, where the artist was asked to illustrate heartless compassion.

Then Blair stone-cold-stunned the camel to an extent, his own corner united against him, even though they detested each other with a vengeance. Strangely though, for a democracy, a successor was not elected but chosen, in a now-defunct restaurant in 1994.

I would not expect this level of corruption from any European country - not even Italy - or Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Croatia, Cyprus, the Czech Republic, Denmark, Estonia, Finland,

France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, or Ireland, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Malta, the Netherlands, or Poland, Portugal, Romania, Slovakia, Slovenia, Spain, or Sweden - and certainly not from our oldest democracy.

For f-ck's sake:

Write down a constitution!

Including those insignificant parliamentary procedures, such as voting for a new PM if the old one's got the vapours.

In 2005, Gerhard Schröder pulled a similar stunt to David Cameron's referendum call, assuming they would secure a majority of votes for their political agenda - and a booster for their flailing careers. Ah [yes](#), the best laid plans of c-nts and men often go awry:

The cocky Currywurst lost - as did the figpucker. Bundespräsident Köhler enacted the constitutional mandate: He dissolved the government and dismissed the Chancellor per his request, which automatically triggered a new election. F-cking Germany is more democratic than you.

Seriously, how hard can it be to write down a constitution? Then, in cases when waters get a little rougher,

your neighbours know when to get suspicious of funny business going on, such as an 87-year-old de facto legally incompetent Reichspräsident appointing a pile of shit as Reichskanzler.

How about having a Deputy Prime Minister? You did? His office is not part of the uncodified constitution? It is 2016! There are EULAs longer than the Bible.

Why does the world's oldest democracy detest the democratic process to the point where successors are fiddled in back rooms? I get it: Only hardcore Labour fetishists had Gordon Brown winning a General Election in 2007. I would include opinion poll data here, but it seems British polls contain the about the same amount of useful information as a horoscope. Or sport's talk radio. Or wedding vows.

Brown and Labour likely would have incurred the same landslide loss of 2010 – but in 2007; thus preventing Britain's Walter Mondale Ed Miliband being burped onto a national political stage, where he immediately installed his personal trap doors:

Being a vegan carnivore, pardon: a Jewish atheist? An Ed Stone with detailed pledges along the lines of “deficit bad, money good”? Experience and authority similar to a fantasy football commissioner? ([00:36f](#) and [06:29f!](#))

A similar fate awaits the clenched-lip Cameron, set to go down in history as one of Britain's worst managers. If Prince Charles, Rebecca Brooks, or Jack the Ripper want to feel better, they remind themselves “I may be devoid of human characteristics, decency and innocence – but at least I am not David Cameron”.

He had one job: To not f-ck up as bad as Blair and Brown, something he could have achieved by literally doing nothing. David Cameron did not need a world war to destabilize his country. He did not even need a global financial crisis. He did it all by himself:

Cameron's 2011 veto to the EU-wide treaty. Not in the UK's interests. His January 2013 announcement to hold a referendum, if he wins the 2015 election. Not in the UK's interests.

The Eton alumnus David William Donald Cameron finished his Oxford PPE studies with first-class honours, yet apparently failed to learn the first thing about markets:

They crave stability.

They detest uncertainty.

Cameron tried to negotiate a UK position – namely, to have Eurozone laws not necessarily apply to non-Eurozone EU members – tipping his desire of the UK being a part, but not really, or, as Nicholas Sarkozy put it, the British PM wanted a *Europe à la carte*. Reprimand from a Frenchman for being elitist is a reprimand indeed:

“Yes, I will have the British champagne in a litre-bottle, the unicorn chateaubriand with polar potatoes and elf-hair peas. And could you please send someone to clean my chimney?”

Cameron was apparently unaware that the calendar read 2014, not 1914; a time, when his demands may have found more listeners.

Finally in 2016, after stumbling into a majority of seats with less than a quarter of the electorate's votes in 2015 – by the way, Britain: At some point in the future we are going to have to talk about your first-past-the-

post system – Cameron failed to get any major concessions out of the EU, because he is such a horrendous poker player. Who was supposed to buy his bluff, when everyone could see all of the UK's economic data cards?

These were not pointing-a-gun-at-unarmed-people away games, behind-the-back deals in the country club. This was not soft toss with Bullington buddies, or ganging up on a powerful competitor to badger him into a war.

Being a true Englishman, his imperial blood left him unable to grasp the basic understanding that his Empire is dead as a nut, and that you cannot be in, if you want to stay out.

Economy 101, kindergarten edition: One has to pay, if one wishes to get something. The one thing, the single, the only thing one expects of a Tory is a grip on the economy. Whether by a Thatcher-esque iron fist, a Reaganomics everything-must-go sale paving the way for a haulage company grabbing a piece of that tasty Legal Aid cake whilst defecating on the Bill Of Rights, turning a corporate tax burden into government subsidies: Bo knows football. Tory knows economy. Not any more, because this Tory seems to know Jack K. Shit.

When these himalayyas of dung are involved, we have to ask ourselves: Is he just stupid? Incompetent? Or is this on purpose?

A driver crashes his vehicle into a wall. It happens. It is not pleasant, it should not happen, but ... he was not drunk or anything, right? Right? It was an honest mistake, calm down, fix the car, grab a road map and get back behind the wheel.

When a driver hits a wall seemingly on purpose, he is a danger to the community, one who immediately should be removed. And tried for treason.

Of course, no one is accused of treason any more. Reagan got away it. Scharping and Fischer got away with it. Sooo 19th century. We have to do more with less, so, I guess we bring back the stocks, or, hold on, I got it:

David Cameron.

On Times Square.

In a Shrew's Fiddle.

Beside him is not his wife – for once not forced to be a political prop – but merely a menu:

Breakfast with the Prime Minister! (All items are well aged, read: rotten)

Tomato = £1 Egg = £1

Sausage = £2 Goose egg = £2

Fist-sized bacon bits = £5

Frozen = £10

Specials:

Blast w/ hash brown howitzer = £100
(21-gun salute available on request)

Air dropping a wheelbarrow of black pudding = £1,000 Raw = £2,000

Air dropping a barrel of baked beans, or mushrooms, or [pasty](#) = £2,500

Teasing the PM w/ a shlong-shaped sausage & your picture taken w/ him & signed w/ dedication = £10,000

W/ PM kissing sausage = £20,000

None of the items will cause physical harm, merely deliver their full olfactory and haptic characteristics.

The Queen will then throw the first egg, as is tradition. She may delegate to [James Anderson](#) bowling a replica [Koh-I-Noor](#) diamond.

The diamond, however, very much will impart its physical characteristics. Thus, before the throw, Cameron is granted the opportunity of a bailout, while his actual net worth is shown. If he lowballs it, Anderson will get two bowls.

And then, the public gets to serve breakfast to Prime Minister David Cameron, while Boris Johnson and Nigel Farage have to watch from just outside the splash zone – in silence – because each one of their words gets them a yard closer to their partner in crime.

How would there not be queues up to Scotland? Recession over, economy through the roof, FTSE at an all-time high! Kids would break their piggy banks, pensioners would cash in their checks, millions of foreigners would come to visit, do their part – and after Britain's collective soul has breathed a sigh of relief, you the people would get to vote for a new Prime Minister.

Taxes may apply.