



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

The Lundenvic Picayune

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

Even Edward VIII., the king who went hoes before bros ... and throne ... and country, even he knew he had to make a choice:

Throne or cooch.

The entire *Leave* campaign seems unable or worse, unwilling to comprehend this simple fact:

Leave or stay.

Not:

Leave and technically stay anyway. But it does not have to be that way. For once: You can have your cake and eat it, too.

You want the EU?

Fine.

Because we want you, too.

A European Union with Britain is much more preferable than one without. We want to visit our neighbours

whenever possible, we want to chat with them and we want to listen to them.

We want them.

We want you.

To be family.

No one says they like all members of their family. However, the history books far too war-heavy already. I do not want any of my yet unborn children walking into ant hill machinegun fire again. Burying the fallen is something no one should have to do.

We can ask the new people.

They have been there.

They have had that done.

To them.

For f-ck's sake, please vote again. We will even take David Cameron back. After a shower. Whatever it takes.

Maths for a 21st century:

Britain + EU = 1