



Trois Lions Pour Toujours

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

The captain has left the Britanic.

'Twas a mere 13 months before the referendum that British voters had given David Cameron a mandate to lead the country, after successfully running unopposed against Ed Miliband.

The Prime Minister took said mandate, stood in front of the wicket, and then hit himself in the nuts. After three more weeks of publicly icing his gonads, he finally got [off](#) the ship.

“And as we leave for the last time, my only wish is continued success...”

Who is this “we” you are on about, paleface? [You](#) had the mandate to be head boy, not your family – which again had to serve as a human shield.

This was not a [full-bladder](#) speech, but a cookiecutter verbal middle finger from a man who tried not to go to the bathroom for two days. And then, just before he was to step out of 10 Downing Street, he popped into the bathroom, urinated all over the wall, onto the mirror, onto the soap, the towels and into the cologne, before turning the rug into a sponge.

“...for this great country that I love so very much.”

Not quite enough to steer the country through a self-made crisis, though. Vows do mean Jack K. Shit, do they not? It is just “for better” now, till resignation do us part. Can you imagine Cameron during the Blitz? Is Tuscany his [Cancun](#)?

And what do Brits do best? Celebrate meaningless moments, like a woman sitting on a chair for 60 years.

“[...]He was funny, he was quick, he was well prepared; both entertaining and thoughtful, witty and touching, light and serious, an effortlessly adaptable communicator.[...]”

I am sure you saw it that way, [Mr. Deacon](#). Unfortunately, none of this was supposed to happen. PMs are, like popes, expected to serve the full time, only death being an acceptable reason for dismissal. A PM stepping down is most definitely not a joyous occasion. It is reason to immediately check the country's vital signs and announce an election. David Cameron was elected, to apply these qualities to the well-being of his country, and especially to the 65 million constituents looking to

him for guidance, as well as application of any one of these characteristics, few of which he seemed to have use for during his time in office.

For f-ck's sake, you Brits destroy a football player for missing a seemingly easy goal! Or conceding one! Even a nutmeg. As a proportional measure, Prime Minister Cameron would have to have been hung, drawn, quartered, and turned into sausage immediately after announcing his demission. Here is the hypothetical BBC play-by-play:

"The Prime Minister is now beaten unconscious with the podium, as is tradition. The soon-to-be widow is escorted away, while her husband still seems to be twitching, showing quite remarkable resilience, lifting his head and raising a hand, as if he wanted to say something, as the podium comes crashing down once more, shattering everything into pieces, oh my, what a splendid strike delivered by one of his bodyguards, who are all taking pride, but should refrain from showing joy in this constitutional necessity.

The Archbishop of Canterbury observes the, no, oh, goodness me, the former PM demonstrates a formidable willingness to avoid ceasing to exist, that man can really take a punch, one cannot help but wonder whether the rumours about his erotic preferences were indeed true, oh dear, oh my, the Prime Minister, in a demonstration of his true British resilience now flips off the Archbishop, setting off a furious iron fist bombardment by the Royal Guards, yes, yes, yes, get stuck in lads! Yes, yes, oh my, yes, ladies and gentlemen, this execution is constitutional procedure at its finest! Yes! Everyone

in attendance, especially the children, should call themselves proud having witnessed this level of brilliance, while thumps are raining down on what remains of the Prime Minister's corpse, like cluster bombs on the Huns, as the former head of our proud government is receiving his own Dresden Fisting. Such great technique! Such flair! Heil Britannia! What a demonstration! We will be back after these messages."

Compressing any semblance of human nature down into the bottomless dry well of your minds. One percent of these remains might - might! - turn into Monty Python gems or John Oliver diamonds.

The other 99 per cent of festering sh-t will return as the enablers of post-imperialism, led by Mosleys, Tebbits and Thatchers, by Saviles, Murdochs and Spice Girls, and coagulate into a country as likable as a junkie's needle.

Joyless and proud of it.

I could draw a person of any nationality sporting a handful of Britain's worst features, and it would make you scream and break down crying:

"Crikey! Take it away! My goodness, what a horrible person!"

Then I would put the face of a Britonette or a Briton on a cell-cluster of those very same features. You would most certainly tip your hat, wish it a good day and think:

"Oh my, what a nice person."

It is the old 'why do you see the splinter that's in your brother's or sister's eye, but don't notice the log in your own eye?' conundrum, as quoted from some book I read.

And still, Europe would be better with you. I think.