



By **Pryin Ize**, *Our Biographical Correspondent*

*(Get lost, Pryin! This one's mine.)*

By **Withered Vine**, *Our London Fashion Correspondent*

**Humza Yousaf is an up and coming SNP politician whose intellect, good looks, rapier wit,**

**manly physique,**  
debating skills  
**, sturdy thighs,**  
analytical insight  
**and firm buttocks are turning heads everywhere.**

**When he tweeted that he was going out for dinner at Bella Napoli, police had to close Kilmarnock Road, Glasgow as the restaurant was besieged by hundreds of women of a certain age, desperate to catch a glimpse of him, and be favoured by his flashing smile.**

Nor is his appeal limited by gender or party loyalty. Patrick Harvie recently tweeted "Met with the always charming Humza Yousaf", and Annabel Goldie always seems a little breathless when his name is mentioned. "I well remember", she recalled, "that when Prince Philip asked me whether I had knickers made of the papal tartan, my first thought wasn't of his rudeness, but of Humza's kilt, and how true a Scot he might be."

Keen to get closer (a lot closer) to this political phenomenon, I tried to interview him at home though, unfortunately, his wife seemed keen to remain throughout the interview.

Conducting the interview through the letter box was a little difficult, so I was forced to seek opinion of him elsewhere.

Anas Sarwar, real leader of the Labour Party in Scotlandshire, was scathing in his assessment. "Can't see why you all want to talk about him, when all the really important people are backbench MPs in Westminster, not members of the Government in Edinburgh! Giving him the foreign affairs brief was typical of the SNP. He only got that because he looks like a foreigner. And what gives with all that 'Islamic Tartan' guff? Trying to have multiple identities reflecting their heritage and their new home? Rubbish! Nationalism is always about ethnicity, at least that's what I've been told, so they should just shut up and concentrate on being British, and letting us rich folk in London decide what's best for them. I wouldn't be seen dead in a kilt."

I carefully avoided pointing out that with his legs, he would look as dead in a kilt as Jack McConnell had done.

Niggle Forage of UKIP commented, "Well I don't know the chappie at all, but it does demonstrate the real problem with immigration. As I understand it, his mother's from Kenya and his dad is from Pakistan. They come over here and start producing children who want independence. Can't have that sort of thing, and we would have to change our name to EWNIP, so we'll just have to consider him a bounder."

Jimmy McB'stard, last remaining member of the once flourishing "Ah hate the Fukkin English Party", fondly remembered the 1950s when many Scots were content to whinge and moan about their southern neighbours and blame them for everything, while doing nothing about it.

"In ma day," he said, "we wur jist simple fairmers. People o' the land. The common clay of Scoatlandshire. Ye ken... morons. We widna hae minded yon Yousaf lad bein Kenyan-Pakistani, bit the wee bastirt his got mairriet on tae an English wumman! Yon's nae jist beyond the pale - it's beyond Oor Wullie's bucket!"

Acting Venezuelan leader Nicolas Maduro had hoped that Hugo Chavez's body could be permanently displayed. I speak for many, when I call for Humza Yousaf's body to be permanently displayed as well - NOW!

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