

**By Nat Butcher**, Political Correspondent

*Nat Butcher hears disgraced Chancellor Alistair Darling give the John P MacKintosh memorial lecture in Prestonpans community centre, while embedded with proscribed organisation; the Scottish Militant Ninja Turtles.*



**Last evening I was witness to the most uplifting and impressive political speech of my journalistic career - a learned polemic given by Alistair Darling to a huge audience of Labour councillors and other East Lothian pensioners, which was cleverly entitled "Better No".**

Unseated Chancellor Darling explained to the eager attendees how a Separated Scotlandshire would be denied access to vital cultural assets as these would be retained by England.

These included all members of your family who are resident outside Scotland, who would immediately become 'foreign scum', a term already used in Westminster legislation as a synonym for the less insulting 'Johnny European'.

Scots would also be denied the right to listen to Jedward, [Mr Blobby](#) or Chas and Dave, while Hollyoaks and Cash in the Attic would be blocked from Scottish televisions and cricket would be completely forbidden to us on all media and in person. We would even be unable to support Andy Murray, as he would be declared English, [as was previously reported on this channel](#)

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90% of all culture would be lost to a cleaved Scotland. Separationist Scots would then be forced to fall back on their own horribly obscure Scottish 'Kulchur', which is internationally regarded as being pure shite.

Much more seriously even than this loss of culture, Ex Chancellor Sweetheart told the septuagenarian delegates that continued use of Sterling would lead directly to Scots becoming serfs of England. A Sterling union, he explained patiently, would lead to a political union, which would lead to most decisions about Scotland being made in Westminster. This was, he said, the worst of all possible futures.

On the economy, he opined that Scotland would have been unable to afford the bail out of the banks, as she would have been obliged (somehow) to take on the 95% for which England was responsible, on top of their own 5%. This was a banking crisis made in Edinburgh, not in London, he said, referring to the numerous meetings between himself and Gordon Brown on the subject of bank deregulation, which took place in his Edinburgh home/second home/home.

He concluded his masterly analysis of constitutional fears, scares and uncertainties with the immortal phrase, "Coming together as Britain will not be a Strength, sorry - a weakness, sorry - an option...". Wonderful stuff!

Throughout the speech, the smelly bunch of cybernaut agitators and malcontents, with whom I entered the venue, hid their idiotic nationalistic beliefs behind false Labour scowls and feigned Scottish cringes, so as to mingle undetected in the crowd. At the appointed moment, near the

end of once-chancellor Honeybun's speech, half a dozen of these unruly beasts stood up and paraded to the front of the stage.



The ragtag bunch of unBritish rebels displayed their vile vestments to the assembled pensioners, causing uncontrolled panic amongst those with pacemakers and Rangers season tickets.

They stood facing the pensioners for long seconds, displaying their offensive message and faces to councillor and card-carrier alike, their silence more menacing than any invective they might have screamed.

Eventually several brave police officers, law-abidingly stubbing out their cigarettes before entering the hall, ejected the cybermiscreants from the stage, and incarcerated them back in their old seats.

Were it not for the swift action of the constabulary, there is no telling what further assaults may

have taken place. On clue was given us, however, when two more Robespierres donned Saltires and were immediately thrown from the building for their crimes.

Speaking to Shadowy Chancellor Loveydove after the event, in a local sandwich shop to which he had been led by fellow patriot Ian Gray MSP, I asked why such criminal conspirators could still believe in separation, in spite of the positive case for the union which he had promised, but somehow forgotten, to describe.

"I don't understand why they would," he replied, "I simply don't understand it. I also don't understand why Scots are not content to stay in their place. In fact, I don't even understand the question. I don't really understand why I'm here. I don't quite understand the menu.

"What is a 12 inch sub? Is it dangerous? Should we put it on the Clyde? Please make those nasty t-shirt people go away!"

One staunch Labour activist, Cllr Graft McChiseller, told me, "Those protesters were disgusting, with their menacing silence and meaningful clothing. The Labour movement didn't get where it is today by protesting.

"Why can't they just lie, cheat, intimidate voters and corruptly misuse the system for personal and party gain like a proper political party? Would we be remembering the great John MacKintosh today if he had protested against apartheid? Of course not!"

Later, on the way back to the pub from which the Turtles had emerged, one of the nationalist reptiles whose *nom de traison* is Donatella told me, "We only do this stuff in the hope of getting in the papers. Of course, we don't believe in separationhood at all, who would? Nobody in Scotland thinks we would benefit from running our own affairs, that sort of thinking is just for foreigners and other misguided unbrits.

"We prefer the status quo, and look forward to English rule being further strengthened after Scotlandshire votes no."

I contacted Westminster sage, Ian Davidson MP, chairchoob of the Scottish Affairs committee for Becoming English Through Touting Every Ridiculously Negative Opinion, who told me:

"Thon protesters ur jist wastin' thur time. Thur isnae gonnae be ony separashun fur Scoatlandshire. Wur gonnae poakcle the gemm tae make sure.

"Wur spendin' fifty million oan the stert ay Wurd War Wan jubilee, plus oor electoral commishun pals ull gie us a couple ay million mair tae spend than the nats get. An' there's nae shoartage ay cash in the city ay Lundin tae help buy us a naw vote. They natz is already buggert.

"Even if they dae manage tae get a yes, every toon, village an' croft that votes naw ull become an English enclav.., inclev.., colony, and that'll let us keep aw the oil 'n gas. An' Faslane's a dead cert tae vote naw, 'cause the hale population works fur us. Like ah said, already buggert."

Johann Lamont, a not very prominent member of the 'Better No' campaign, was unavailable for comment as she's feart of protesters, and even more feart of leaving her nuclear bunker, now that she's been told to support the replacement of Trident.

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