

By **Prof. David Starkers OBE WAN KER**, *England's foremost hysterical broadcaster.*



On this most historic of days, the fiftieth anniversary of my country's greatest ever sporting success in which we bested Germany for the third time (if you allow two world wars), I found myself north of the border in the once great imperial city of Glasgow.

Expecting little in the way of celebration from the surly Scotch, I was pleasantly surprised to hear of a parade being organised by the denizens of this dark and dismal town, and I determined to take part.

Consequently, I decided to undertake a short promenade along Glasgow's Great Western Road, stopping to peruse the many designer muesli outlets and beard-oil emporia which are its signature.

Shortly, I became witness to what one can only described as a wave of sweaty undesirables, apparently daubed with woad and approaching my current locus. Notwithstanding their appearance, and foul stench, I prepared to join their sojourn.

I noticed a goodly number of Saint George's Crosses being flown but, strain as I might, I could make out not a solitary Union Jack, the traditional banner of the English football supporter.

Even more strangely, the thousands of celebrants assembled included a great many children and young people who could hardly have been around to remember the heady summer of 1966.

Nonetheless, I accompanied the motley group of ten thousand miscreants and neerdowells as they meandered toward the aptly-named St. George's Square in the centre of the town.



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