

MEANWHILE, IN DAVID CAMERON'S HUT

Remember that Cameron paid £25k for a specially designed 'shepherd's hut' for his garden in which he would write his memoirs. In this book he intends to explain how he had no choice but to hold a referendum; how an advisory vote somehow became a binding one without the electorate knowing; and how, compared to Theresa May, the world is sure to agree that he is among Britain's greatest ever premiers.

A title for the book has yet to be finalised. So far the favourite is 'MY LEGACY'. But that may change.

A nagging worry pops into his head: "Shall my book be remaindered?"

Geddit?

He begins with a poem inspired by the nation's most famous poetaster, E.J. Thribb.

So, farewell then Theresa May

'Strong and stable'

that was you're catchphrase

'My manifesto'

that was another

'I intend to spend more time with my shoe collection'

that was you're latest

er....that's it

Kevin's mum says, 'Who was Theresa Thingy?'

E.J. Cameron (51 and a bit)

Cont'd page 94

Now he is running out of ideas. Life was so much more straightforward when one lived in the land of Bullingdonia: in that academic theme park studying PPE, otherwise known as Pride, Privilege and (lack of) Effort. If, he tells himself, MY LEGACY is to be the working title what about the sub-title? Every book has one of those these days.

Something with the word *Floriat* in it, harking back to school days?

How about, *A Journey*?

Someone else used that.

Got it!

Britain's Greenest Prime Minister.

Perfect!

Well, that is enough toil for this morning. I think I'll pop down to the pub. I may have left a child or two there.

AUTHOR BACK FROM THE PUB

Sharpens pencil. Sharpens another pencil. Rearranges paper. How about some coffee? Hard work, he tells himself, all this authoring stuff.

Today he thinks the eager readers will want to know about the hardship of his start in life.

“Where is the next million to come from?”, my dad kept asking as he worked out to which low taxation country he would transfer the family moneybox. Growing up I learned the need for the consistent application of effort to achieve the consistent growth of assets. Thanks to my father we had to keep getting bigger and bigger moneyboxes.

A thought comes into his head.

Who is going to read this book? Might people who did not go to Eton read it? Golly gosh, I will have to explain the most basic stuff to the plebs.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen Sam Cam's flan is almost ready for another country supper. Now that normal service has been resumed DC is looking forward to seeing an old school chum and his charming wife Rebekah. How shall he greet her? A tune comes into his head.

Rebekah are you better are you well, well, well?

Do your favourite newspapers sell, sell, sell?

Perhaps it needs some work.

But today it is the Queen's Speech. What, he wonders, has Theresa May written for Brenda?

"My government intends to cling to power"

That, he tells himself, should sum up the full legislative programme Theresa has in mind.

NOW FOR SOME RESEARCH

Our author roots around his filing system and in the dustbin labelled HISTORY he finds an old collection of bad political poetry. He is rather partial to the charms of such literature and from the collection inspired by the General Election of 2010, introduced below, he selects a Theresa May special.

ConDemNation

A Garland of
Scurrilous Rhymes, Parodies and Rants
To Greet our
New Political Masters

Composed "In the Nation's Interest"

The full collection of bad poetry and worse can be found here.

<http://www.criticalprofessionallearning.co.uk/assets/WebConDemNationJan2012.pdf>

Here is the Theresa Special

The place of women in this government

Women in government, whatever next
They should be home looking pretty
Or dusting the dado, looking *in* NEXT
Not thinking or planning the economy
A fresh G&T when I finish my day
Is what I want from my lovely
Not questions of fact on pensions and pay
Or the state of our new foreign policy

Good old Theresa, O how we tease her
For wearing such fancy footwear
Her pedal extremities couldn't be better
But I cannot think how she got here
Was she at Eton, was she a Wykehamist
Has she been out with the Quorn
There were no silver spoons as her head was kissed
On the day that she was born

Now we men have asserted our natural rights
To be in the cabinet dominant
We can bring in some ladies who eventually might
Show our desire to be tolerant
For we really do like them, honest we do
As long as they remember their place
Which is not at the top; that would not do
For even when clever, as some of them are, they're only
a pretty face.

Cliff Jones 17th May 2010

Our author notes the name of the great poet he is quoting. Played for Tottenham Hotspur he remembers. But he won't hold being a left-winger against him.

Today is the 22nd. June 2017. Time for hols. Back later.