Lessons of the past

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Ranting on the internet is a viable substitute for intoxication. Always will be.

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Let us focus temporarily on the gargantuan lies surrounding Britain's formative past. Most notably how the population of Albion bent over for the Romans faster than you could say "Where's the fish oil?" while the population of Alba said "Up yours - you sandal wearing, short sworded, effete Mediterraneans".

History *Romans* *Scotland* *England* *Britain* *Intimidation*

This would logically lead into a lengthy analysis of the horrendous butchering the Romans suffered at the hands of Pictish berserkers. So much so that those fish oil favouring testudae had to expend massive resources building not one, but two

country straddling defensive perimeters.

This is obviously not the history taught in schools or even talked about on the internet. According to the mainstream narrative, the Romans got to the Scots border, took one look at the terrain and said "*Nae decreasum peni - Nulla Bona!*". They then knocked together a skimpy boundary fence and called it *una giorno* as far as northern expansion is concerned. Nothing of any interest and nobody worth taxing. This is not consistent with the words of Julius Caesar, who stated quite categorically that the Picts had an established culture with learned Druidic individuals possessing truly phenomenal knowledge of the planet. Including veracious calculations of the scale and weight of the Earth itself.

Then there is the nature of both the Antonine Wall and also the more widely accredited Hadrian's Wall. Neither of these substantial structures represent anything even approximating a *boundary marker* and in fact constitute entirely massive undertakings. Hadrian's wall has garrisons so large that those such as Vindolanda became towns in their own right. These garrisons were manned for the duration of the Roman occupation and were well known throughout the rest of the Empire as representing the northern frontier of the known world. In no way could these garrisons have been self sustaining. They were entirely reliant on fresh troops being regularly sent from other parts of the Empire and economic support from further south. Therefore these outposts could only have represented a substantial cost and inconvenience for the Empire. Which is not the type of thing that the entirely materialistic Roman senate was known for tolerating in regards to *symbolic boundary markers*.

After assimilating the population of Albion, peaking too early and then buggering off back to warmer climes, said faith swapping plagiarists busied themselves with a massive theological rebranding. Meanwhile the remnants left behind formed their own civilisation (eventually) and waited several centuries before any foolhardy repeats of their former overlords northern excursions. Unfortunately the records of this time are extremely scant, what with it being 'the dark ages' and everything. Opinions on what exactly caused this 'dark age' in Britain vary wildly. The official story is that without the civilising influence of Rome, the Britons gave up reading and writing, turned their nose up at fish oil and returned to a low brow form of early agrarian existence.

However, there is another theory which states that somewhere around the early 6th century, a bloody great comet entered the country at a low angle somewhere near Aberdeen. It then razed the middle of the mainland to the ground, killed all the inhabitants and left a thick layer of ash which can still be found today. After destroying most of the country it then blasted across the Atlantic and created a major amount of destruction in South America. Apparently reports from France stated that the recently Christianised population of Britain were denied any form of ecclesiastical aid and left to fend for themselves. The quote from the pontif of the day states that there was to be no more talk of such things as such a subject was clearly heretical, after all everyone knows that;

> No stone could possibly fall from heaven

Clearly the words of the pontif resulted from one of his many conversations with the creator himself and can not possibly be (in any way) inaccurate. The fact that this particular Pope was based in Paris instead of Rome is obviously no indicator at all of any type of agenda based affiliation. Whatever caused the 'dark ages', there's no text or even oral tradition from this time and it's basically just a conspicuous void of missing history. What we do know is that the British people eventually got the show back on the road and before you could say;

> Prithee Old Crone, be this St. Swithins day?

the southern based government had built back better and once again set their eyes on the glories of Caledonia. Campaigns were created, standing armies were mustered and water proof tabards were woven. Once again, countless numbers of them were cruelly dispatched in the ravines and passes of the Northern Borders before they finally got the message and gave up (for a while).

This debacle was repeated numerous times over the following millennia with broadly similar results. Eventually we get to the bit where Britain is 'united' under the rule of James the 1st or 5th - depending on your heritage. Everything was looking good for the Scots (especially the Monarchy) and surely this newly galvanised island nation would resonate with unbridled unity. Predictably enough things rapidly returned to the adversarial scenario endured pre unification and the southern based govt felt it was important to bring the Scots to heel. Hence the whole 'Unicorn in chains' imagery emblazoned on the contemporary coin of the realm.

Editors Note: There are the exact same number of tame Unicorns in Scotland as there are wild Lions in England.

The type of methods used to finally conquer the population of Alba are worth noting. It would seem that economic corruption has served the interests of many governments very well indeed, over the years.

Confronted by a people who are genetically predisposed to telling any oppressor to *step* off, Westminster or 'The Crown' bought out the Clan Chieftains. They were invited to abandon their people, depopulate their lands and spend large swathes of their remaining lives in the Capital with an abundant supply of cheap Gin and expensive whores. It is of course a major source of shame to the Scots people that ultimately they were sold out by the very leaders who should have been protecting them from such malevolent intent. The Highland clearances still ring out in Scottish folklore as one of the darkest periods in the entire history of the country. Significant numbers of the population were cast out of their tithed homes and offered passage on ships to the New World. Others were simply burned out of their homes and numerous people died as a result. Songs have been written about these events ever since, from melancholic flute compositions, to pop songs by The Proclaimers and Runrig.

Nonetheless, it must be conceded that this insidious gutting from within proved highly effective and facilitated an upturn in the ongoing expansion of the British Empire. Thus, when the Scots population finally got their act together enough to force a referendum (a mere half millennia later), it comes as no surprise that substantial resistance was encountered from the southern based government. There have been many allegations including;

Postal ballots were deemed unreliable and were forwarded to Westminster for 'verification' before being sent back for counting.

The EU invigilators appointed by Brussels quit in the first days because they were so outraged at the appalling lack of diligence or even orthodoxy of process.They were not replaced and the referendum was held without EU external oversight.

According to the absolutely bona-fide narrative, the 55.3% to 47.7% split was a clear indicator that the majority of Scots wished to remain as part of the glorious United Kingdom. Strangely enough, the very next year the Scots people almost unanimously voted for the established Independence Party. Which seems somewhat incongruous given that only a few months previously, more than half apparently wanted to be ruled by Westminster. The explanation offered by the media was that there had been some form of promise made by the Labour party in regards to economic regeneration and so on. According to this convenient explanation, the breaking of this promise lead directly to the extinction of Tory voting in Scotland and the Labour vote being reduced to Fat Boab, Soapy Soutar and Wee Eck.

Wullie couldn't make it to the polling station due to his excessive debauchery the day before. Everyone knows that Oor Wullie loves *a right guid bucket*.

Note: For anyone unfamiliar with such parlance, a '*right guid bucket*' can be associated with the abundance of cheap Gin mentioned earlier.