Twitter Thread by Bobby McDonagh



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A Christmas Carol. My Brexit “take” on a popular seasonal tale. Happy Christmas everyone @mrjamesob @campbellclaret @chrisgreybrexit @rafaelbehr

It was Christmas Eve in Downing Street. PM Ebenezer Johnson was sitting alone in his office, colouring in a picture of sunny uplands. He was looking forward to a jolly Christmas and a glorious future for his country.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and a wraith materialised in the semi-darkness. “I am”, he announced, “the Ghost of Christmas Past”. “What ho”, replied the PM, “what can I do for you? “

The ghost explained that he had been living in the attic of Number 10 since Winston Churchill’s day. Ever since It has been his practice to appear every Christmas Eve to update the PM on the country’s progress.

Over many decades, the ghost had been able to report on the great influence the UK had come to wield, in Europe and beyond, by working closely with its European neighbours; and on how the UK had used its sovereignty effectively to advance its interests.

Then, in a twinkling, the ghost disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

The PM was about to say “Hang on” when a second phantom appeared, proclaiming “I am the Ghost of Christmas Present”. In a trice, the ghost and the PM were on a whistle-stop aerial tour of Europe, peering down at the 27 EU Member States, proud and comfortable in their sovereignty.

The ghost pointed out Brussels where vital decisions, crucial to the UK, continue to be taken. “But, but....”, said the PM. “Never mind”, interrupted the ghost, “our journey ahead is a long one. We must visit every country in the world that thinks Brexit is a good idea.”

“Jolly good”, said the PM. He cheered up enormously and began to hum Waltzing Matilda. “Sorry, just having a laugh”, said his ghostly friend, “forgive my sense of humour. Bye for now”.

In the blink of an eye, the PM found himself back flying over Blighty, accompanied by a third spectre who announced himself as the Ghost of Christmases Yet to Come. The new ghost pointed out, far below, some of the landmarks that would be

visible at future Christmases.

“Behold”, he said, “the world-beating lorry parks, the queues of traffic slowing to a trickle approaching the coast, the shut-down factories, so proud to have traded patriotically (albeit briefly) on vastly disimproved terms. See up north the myriad Scottish and European flags.”

“Gadzooks”, said the PM, “what happened to prospering mightily?” The ghost smiled in a kindly way. The PM asked him about an abandoned fairground he could just make out in the darkness below. “That”, the ghost replied, “is all that remains of the great Brexit Festival of 2021”.

Suddenly, the PM found himself back alone at Number 10. A Dickens story sprang to his mind, something about a man called Scrooge who had been given a final opportunity to change his ways. The PM recalled vaguely that in 2016 he himself had faced a vital decision for his country.

Now what was it? The details had slipped his mind. He could remember flipping a coin. “Perhaps”, he thought, “the ghosts were right. Maybe I could just flip another coin? Future Christmases might not have to be so gloomy after all”. But then he said “Bah Humbug”, and went to bed.