

IN BED WITH A. MANN

Part Two – Post-Referendum
ByAnthony Mann

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Reviving a precedent set with "Last Mann Standing", this page is once again dedicated to all readers who wish to draw their own conclusions.

Please do take advantage because if you don't, there is the likelihood of a developer building 300 affordable homes on this unsullied, prime piece of undeveloped space before you reach Chapter 3!

Welcome – Or The Bit Before We Start

You awake? I said, are you awake? I am and I'm still alive, which is more to the point. Surprising really as the naysayers deemed the decision to leave the EU as a life-changer, and for many remainers the earth should have stopped revolving by now.

As for me, I feel cleansed, as pure in my decision to "leave" as I feel living the life of a devout and practising atheist. I am aware, however, that in the eyes of the remainers and sadly increasingly remoaners, overnight I became unclean, unworthy, a racist, a bigot, an ultra-right-wing activist, a traitor to the European cause – a little Englander. Even worse, I own a diesel car and two log burning stoves. In comparison, Judas Iscariot and Genghis Khan appear to be extremely moderate chaps.

And glad to say, I do not give a jot. As somebody once observed, we should all take a lesson from the weather, as it pays absolutely no attention to criticism! During a legal and well-publicised referendum, the majority of voters decided to place their cross against the box marked LEAVE. Accept it, get over it, and learn to live with democracy.

Remember never to take life too seriously. After all, no-one gets out alive! I've been advised that I could be issued with a Fatwa for the illustration on the front cover, but as I'm on a diet, could I please have a Thinwa! Just a thought....

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Chapter 1

Where to start – diversity, gender, race – or Carol?

Oh, you are up then? Toast has popped, butter's by the side, choice of jams and marmalades as ever. It seems like you've never been away. So, welcome to "In Bed with A. Mann, Part II, Post-Referendum". I commenced this book on the day that the Daily Mail's front page pictured a scene of such horrific and hideous proportions that even the sight of a boatload of migrants being saved from drowning, or a homosexual wedding would have been pushed down the pecking order of stomach-curdling awfulness. Yes, it's the

faces of two men who even their own mothers couldn't have loved if they'd known how they would turn out. One is that flag-waving ambassador for a united Europe, Jean-Claude Juncker, the other, our very dis-owned Tony Blair. The Daily Mail describes the meeting as a "nauseating love-in between the EU's self-serving elite." The writer is not wrong. The photo actually shows them embracing each other, virtually cheek to cheek like Catholic priests at an LGBTQIA etc. rally. There really should be a law against this sort of thing, overly familiar Continentals....

Right, well, where to start? So much has happened since the commencement of Part I some two years ago now. Then again, so much has stayed the same. Aldershot is even worse, if that could be imagined. I mean, it is difficult to get any worse when you are actually at the bottom of the pile. Still, we have the same post lady, which is nice for us and Monday to Thursday, barring holidays, we have our Carol, who, with that Scottish lilt is still brightening up my weather front every morning.

It is now 15 months since that fateful night when Britons made their choice at the ballot box. Months of intense campaigning, lobbying, lies and counter-lies ended with the result that hopefully will lead us out of that singularly undemocratic juggernaut that calls itself the EU. I stayed up all night. It didn't look too good when Gibraltar

voted in favour of remaining within. In fact, at that point with such an overwhelming majority it looked like an accomplished fate. But by the time Sunderland's vote had been declared things were beginning to level out quite nicely.

Well, Breakfast News is on and I haven't missed Bill Turnbull. Nice man, but Dan Walker is an inspired choice as his replacement, a very presentable and pleasant sort of chap by the looks of it. I now feel ready for that second cup of tea. Socks, pants, jogging bottoms (not that I jog), and a maroon top purchased yonks ago from Chums on-line. This top, by the way, has gone from "not stylish but fitting" to "faded, hanging but comfortable".

Now, whilst your second slice of bread is in the toaster and the kettle is a'boiling, let's see what joys and irritations are to be gleaned from today's paper. Aha, mmm, one in three nurseries are likely to close due to a lack of funding. As ever, irrespective of political colours, consecutive governments announce wonderful social schemes that are continually underfunded. There is, of course, a counter argument that if you can't afford childcare you shouldn't have had children in the first place, or possibly have less so that you can plan your career and a family around your income.

Ours all went to a childminder, we certainly were not rich, but we survived without the need of parental or grandparental help. I go to so many talks these days where during a discussion over dinner someone will tell me that half their week is spent taking and picking up grandchildren from school. They feed them after work, they have them for weeks at a time during school holidays and for many, their whole retirement centres around their grandchildren's wellbeing. It would drive me to distraction. If you have children work it out for yourself and don't expect your own parents to pick up the tab. What's next?

I see August has been a washout for bees. After a promising start to the summer this late rainfall has had a very negative effect on both bees and butterflies. The article mentions that: "Wild life in the north and west of the country has had a particularly rough time". They may well have done so, but at least they're not whinging about it like their human neighbours. I read recently that mortality rates in the north and midlands are much higher than those over the age of sixty in the south. Well, it's hardly surprising. We eat better food, we eat less food, and oh we work!

There is a double page spread dedicated to the news that it is now twenty years to the day that Princess Diana died, or was killed, as I suspect. “The day Di and Dodi died.” I genuinely would not be surprised if her death had not been “arranged” by the establishment so as not to embarrass the royal family. Was Diana pregnant by Dodi? Can you imagine a Muslim child at Buckingham Palace! Why was she embalmed? There are so many questions. It’s as intriguing as Lord Lucan's disappearance, but with more flowers. There are bouquets wreaths and garlands laid to mark the twenty years. Nick Serpell, the BBC’s obituary editor, described the covering as “mawkish”. He’s not wrong. Naturally, he was rapped over the knuckles for his comments. In the Mann household we have always deemed a similar outpouring of vacuous grief as “Diana Syndrome”. The only beneficiaries, it seems to me, are the florists. All these people weeping and wailing, lines of solemn faces, glum faces, bleeding hearts, yet 99.9% of those affected by this “collective grief” never knew her. I happen to think that she was a breath of fresh air in the royal family. I admired the way she brought her two boys up to think for themselves and not be tied down to the strictures of a “royal” life – and certainly not ending up the way their father did. Will the Queen never resign – all right, retire – and hand over to Charles, an offspring who has spent his life being groomed for a position that appears to be as far away now as it was when he was 30, 40, 50....

Question! What do Manchester, Leicester and Islington all have in common? Other than places you’d prefer not to live in. Well, they are all looking at a lack of school places being available over the next few years. Not surprising, for as we’ve noted before, it’s all down to the population boom and specifically migrant families who are continuing to breed like ... well, migrant families. Fortunately, I’m not one to retain faith in any government so a policy change any time soon would be a policy too politically costly – boats, rocking....

I see the UK is in pole position, yes, number one in the “Islamic terrorist hunt”, sorry “count!” Gilles de Kerchove, an EU counter-terrorist co-ordinator states that Britain possesses 35,000 Islamic extremists, so we are way ahead of our nearest, though never dearest rival France, who have just under half that number at 17,000. Spain is estimated to have some 5,000, while poor little Belgium is struggling with an embarrassingly low 500 or thereabouts. To be fair, if I was an extremist I think I would prefer life in Britain to Belgium. Bloody

waffles! They won't get a better fry up before a day's terrorism than in this country and we really do make extremely tasty pork sausages. In fact you could say that British sausages will make any terrorist's day start with a bang!

Just in passing, I notice that a doctor has appeared in court accused of 118 sex attacks on female patients, including a girl under the age of 13. It's funny but over the years I've read a lot of stories similar to this and the vast majority involve Asian doctors. Is it part of their culture, that is, a total disregard for the female sex? Look at the number of Asians abusing white girls in towns and cities in this country. Systematic abuse. Still fortunately, it's not racially motivated and that's what counts!

What's that? You've finished the three fruit marmalade. Well there are another two jars if you care to look in the larder, that's them, just to the left. Thick cut, Frank Cooper's or thin cut, Waitrose. Anyway, help yourself. Well, yes, there are more but I was only giving you the option of the first two. There's also blood orange Seville orange – now with that one you have the option of Waitrose or Wilkins. There's orange and mango, courtesy of Cottage Delight, Mrs. Darlington's Extra Jam–Apricot Jam, or Roses' lime. Frankly, if you are not fussed about any of these, buy your own.

Where was I! No talks or tours today, although the first of the month is always busy. It's office day, end of month paperwork, banking and, of course, writing this tome. An advance warning was unwittingly given by the Beeb regarding this evening's episode of Celebrity Masterchef. It showed clips that included that dreadful woman, Lesley Garrett. She just never stops singing, Christ is she irritating! Thankfully the trailer has steered me clear from wasting my time. As ever, I shall watch a murder that took place somewhere in the County of Midsomer and yes, we are still watching episodes of Not Going Out. Luckily a new series is to be made for screening in the New Year.

Hang on, the post has just arrived. A full envelope containing catalogues from Chums and other related on-line stores, plus a letter from Legal & General inviting me to "leave my loved ones with more than memories". I hope to, not for my offspring a dwindling inheritance made smaller by the month due to the cost of a nursing home for their father. I'd rather end it all well in advance than be at the mercy of staff born oversees and with all the personality of a rat's anus! Right! Time to get on.