

# Smallholder Sid

By Richard Barr

## Brexit – Exit

They were back in the snug in the Cowpat and Fly. It was their first session of 2019. Smallholder Sid still had a sore head, not just through excessive celebration of the festive season but from the blow that he received from a wise man (at least that is how he was dressed though he was not at the time on a camel) who objected that Sid, despite being dressed as God, had not succeeded in turning any water into wine at his Christmas party, and nor had he provided backup crates of Chardonnay. You will have to read last month's instalment to remind yourself what all that was about.

All three of them (Sid, Allotment Holder Alice and Farmer Fred) looked punch drunk. Like everyone else in the country (except a small gathering of people on a Scottish Island so remote that it did not have a name and was without internet, TV and radio coverage, mobile phone service and newspapers) they were suffering Brexit Burnout. They stared at each other like zombies.

It was Alice who broke the silence. She had lately been a student of the East Trunch Spirituo Wobblio Academy which had appeared overnight and guaranteed that anyone following its tried and tested technique - initially used very effectively in the USA for those suffering from PTSD (Post Trumpmatic Stress Disorder) – would cure symptoms of Brexitis.

"What we need to do is to put ourselves in the politicians' shoes then we will feel better," said Alice. "I will be Mrs May. Fred you can be Gove and Sid you are obviously Boris. So let's get started. I have written out your scripts." With a flourish she pulled out several sheaves of paper and handed them round –

"Let's make a start. I will be Theresa." Putting on her most strident petulant voice she launched into her script:

*Mrs May (aka [also known as] Alice): 'Now my fellow citizens I recommend the strong and stable deal that I have negotiated for you with my best friend Monsieur Barnier.'*

*Gove (aka Fred): 'I agree Mrs May you are so right.'*

*Boris (aka Sid): 'Pffwahah. What nonsense. What we need is a no deal Brexit. Bring back control. Bring back the bus with the writing on the side. Keep foreigners out.'*

*Gove: 'I agree Boris. You are so right.'*

Fred (departing from script): "Do I have to keep agreeing with everything Alice? Sticks in my craw."

Alice: "Look Fred if the therapy is going to work you have to get into



character. We all know that Gove changes his mind every time the wind shifts direction You've never disobeyed me before. If you don't play along with me there will be no cuddle in your pickup on the way home."

Fred looked suitably crestfallen and sank into the leather arm chair (its springs had broken so his bottom was nearly on the floor).

But Sid was unrepentant. "I like being Boris. We should tell Barnier and Juncker where to shove their deal. We are not called 'Great Britain' for nothing. We have fought and won wars against most of the European countries (remember Napoleon, Mussolini and Hitler?). We can easily survive without them buggers. There is the whole world that wants to trade with us."

With that he tore up the script (with difficulty as it was more than 500 pages long).

Alice (slipping back into the role of Mrs May): "You are talking complete nonsense Sid. They will shun us and ignore us. They will make things as awkward as they can. It will be no fun. And you can't rely on Trump to come to our aid. Or the Chinese."

"Oh come on Alice", retorted Sid, "we did alright for more than a thousand years without Europe. I am sure we can rule the waves again."

"You are deluding yourself Sid. A no deal Brexit will be a catastrophe."

Suddenly another voice piped up from the depths of the arm chair. A Gove like voice uttered: "you are so right Mrs M.... er Alice."

"That's right Fred" said Alice almost affectionately. "I like a man who is strong and stable."

"Pffwahah. What nonsense," snorted Sid.

Their argument was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord of the Cowpat and Fly who pointed out that they had been there for 2 hours and had so far drunk a single round of Old Fart. He also told them that there had been a new house rule since the beginning of the year that anyone who uses the word 'Brexit' has to pay a fine of five pence.

"So far you have incurred a penalty of £4.65 this evening. Now pay up and buy more drinks or have your meeting elsewhere."

"Pity" said Sid, "I was just thinking that I might like to become the Brexit Minister."

Exeunt (isn't that what they put in Shakespeare plays  
when everyone leaves the stage?) ♦

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For more silliness buy a copy of Richard's book *The Savage Poodle* (get it on Amazon or contact Richard on [Richard.barr@paston.co.uk](mailto:Richard.barr@paston.co.uk) for details. Price now £7.99) or listen to him every month on the Chrissie Jackson mid-morning show on BBC Radio Norfolk (when he tries to be a little more sensible).