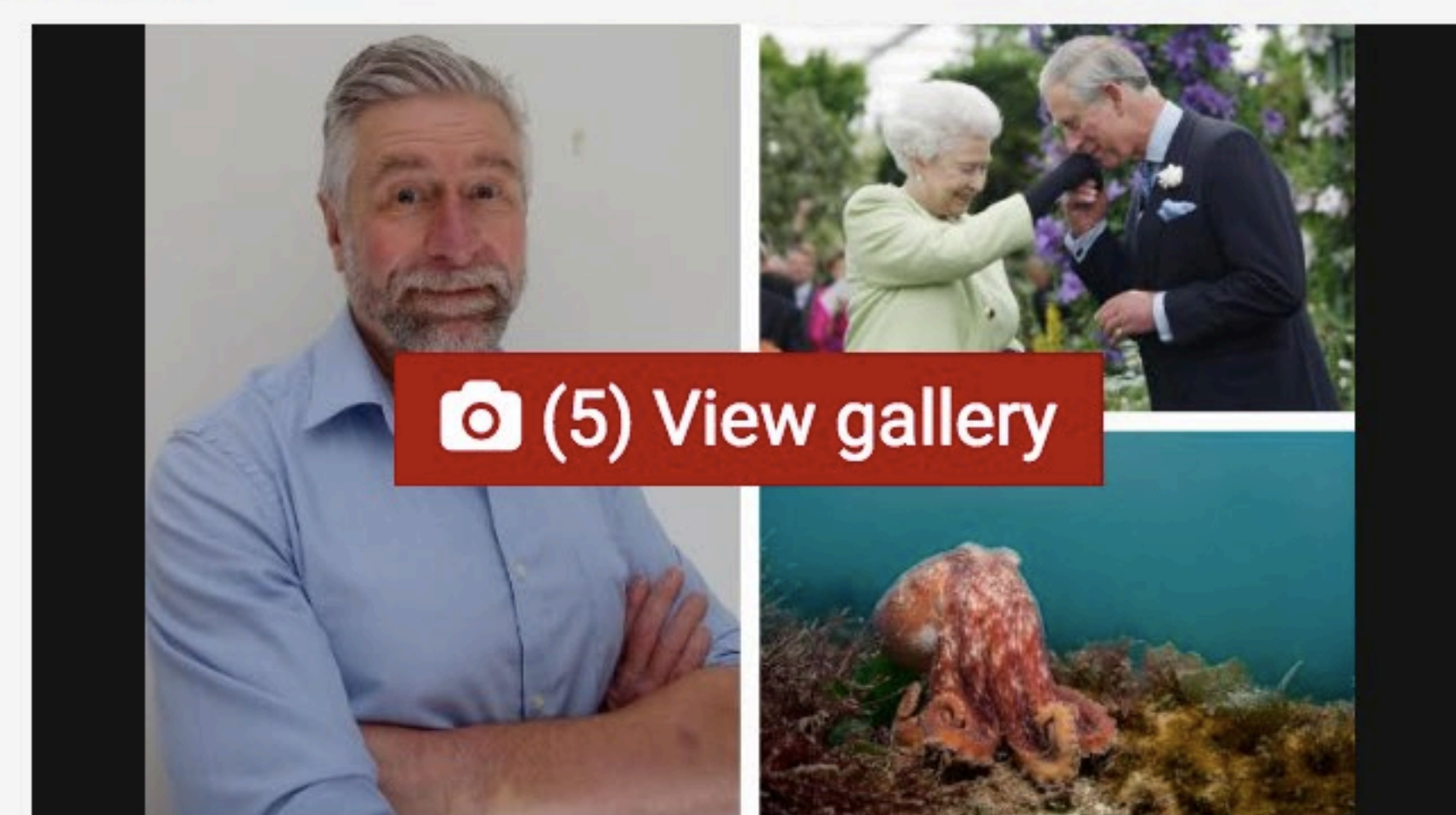


# Rab McNeil: In preparation for being reigned by a right Royal Charlie

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 (5) View gallery

FELLOW serfs and peasants, we must prepare for the day when Britain is ruled by a right Charlie. Like any good academic, by which I mean someone with at least four O levels (pew, just made it), I must first define my terms.

By “Britain”, I refer to the fake nation better described as England and the Other Bits. And by “Charlie”, I’m referring to Charles, Prince of that ilk, minted sovereign, wax-jacketed animal-mangler and macrotous galoot.

I say “sovereign”, but really mean “sovereign-to-be” – or indeed not to be, depending on his Maw’s longevity. Turns out that yon “long to reign over us” line was remarkably prescient. Liz has long been reigning on Charlie’s parade.

In advance of his 70th birthday this coming Wednesday, Prince Charles gave an interview to the Bolshevik Broadcasting Corporation, during which he made the controversial claim that he wasn’t stupid,

By this, he meant that he knew better than to meddle in current affairs if and when he became Leader of All Britain. This is a pity, as his views on architecture are sound, which is not so much the case with his enthusiasm for homeopathy.

As the excellent current affairs magazine, Viz, put it in its influential Top Tips column: “Recreate a visit to the homeopath by pouring yourself a glass of tap water and throwing 50 quid out the window.”

Many Scots, I suspect, have a similar idea regarding the Royal Family. They want to throw them out the window. Only joking. I mean they can only take them in tiny doses.

As an occasional socialist – generally during periods when I’m not so well off – I have a problem with hierarchy. On the other hand, I know that the downtrodden, middle-class masses need role-models. The question is: are these the right ones? Answer: no.

I will admit to a bit of a soft spot for Charles – he’s always laughing and having a good time – and Walter seems to be a level-headed fellow. Is it Walter? William? The baldie one at any rate.

The point is that these poltroons come from that peculiar, alien toff class that talks, dresses and behaves differently from the rest of us. Chances are you may never even have encountered one. I only ever came across them in the line of duty and was rarely able to avoid vomiting on them.

I feel a bit guilty saying this, but I can’t stick them at any price. They can’t stand me either. It’s as instinctive with them as it is with me. The worst I experienced it was when they gathered en masse on **Edinburgh’s** Meadows park for a rally in support of the largely urban-based Countryside Alliance, a front organisation for fox-mangling weirdos.

Seriously, they were from an entirely different planet, and it was remarkable how they all dressed in the same duds, being prone to civilian uniforms in the same way that neds are.

It’s quite comical how some people in Govan or wherever identify with this elite, who wouldn’t micturate on them if they were ablaze.

The question is: what would we have in place of the Royal Family? Say what you like – and I just have – but they do at least have a sense of duty. We couldn’t nominate football players or reality TV stars in their place.

Everybody likes **the Queen**. We need someone like that. Is Charles the man? We will see when – if – he dons the holy tiara of state and issues decrees, preferably outlawing square glass box architecture, but preferably not enjoining us all to have a tincture of belladonna vapour.

YOU’LL have read many wise words elsewhere about Remembrance Sunday. Second World War-leader Winston Churchill was a man who had a way with words. Seen by most as a saviour of civilisation by war, and by others as someone who prosecuted conflict too keenly, the truth is he was probably the right man in the right place at the right time.

And at least he gave it some thought. “War,” he said, “is mainly a catalogue of blunders.” He wasn’t wrong (while admitting that he’d made a few himself).

LET’S blunder into another war with the psycho-cycling lobby. Though most attention focuses on the mayhem they cause on roads, I was reminded of the danger they bring to green walkways and parks when I met a chap on my local suburban hill.

His mutt was nervous, and he said it was partly because it had been hit – twice – by cyclists. Each time was on the Meadows, a public park in Edinburgh, and he added that cyclists had shouted at him to keep his dog out of the way.

Dogs are frequently frightened by speeding cyclists on the Union Canal walkway which, like many Edinburgh green routes, has been ruined for walkers, because of having to jump out of the way of these middle-class bullies every 20 seconds. Once a pleasant place to perambulate, none of my friends walks there any more.

There was tremendous opposition to them ruining walkways in our local wood and, thankfully, they’ve largely kept away. But you still get the occasional “mountain biker”, churning up the ground and barrelling downhill at great speed.

People tell me they used to cycle but gave it up because of the macho brigade bullying them. It’s a shame. Like many folk, I used to support cycling in its gentle, Oxford don sense. It’s still largely like that in Denmark and the Netherlands.

But, in Britain, it attracts aggressive hooligans in killer shades. I’ve seen several altercations between cyclists and motorists; all involved cyclists shouting at – invariably female – motorists. Like most motorists, I take exceptional care going past them (not least because, as their sworn enemy, if they ever caused an accident I’d be crucified for it), but it’s a courtesy rarely returned.

Don’t be cowed by the pedal-power supremacists, folks. Let’s get them off the streets and into special lanes where they can bully their own kind.

Next week: joggers – the case for imprisonment.