

Exclusive Interview with Prime Minister Gordon Brown of Great Britain.

The Special Relationship - is it Live and Kicking?

The interview was conducted with a Personal Assistant to the Prime Minister present.

JP: Thank you for receiving me, Prime Minister.

PM: Not at all, John. What is it your readers are particularly interested in?

JP: They're interested to know about the 'Special Relationship' with -

PM: The what?

JP: The 'Special Relationship'.

PM: There isn't one!

JP: Ah.

PM: Believe me. It never existed.

JP: But surely, sir. With respect. All your predecessors have referred to it many times as being.....

PM: Aye, it might have been for them. But it isn't for me.

JP: I'm not sure if I understand.

PM: Do ye not read the papers, man?

JP: Of course I do.

PM: Well then, ye're not paying much attention. The so-called special relationship is a dream, doesn't exist. Muir's the pity!

JP: Um.

PM: If it did we would respond with vision and courage to address the new insecurities! That hard-pressed, hard-working Britain faces! Aye.

JP: Er.

PM: I'll tell ye something else about it! Ye'd expect a little teamwork, wouldn't ye? But no! Forget it! And they're a lying lot. All of 'em. They've never liked me.

And it was me that got them their free kitchens!

JP: Um.

PM: Traitors! Traitors to a man! I'd sack 'em all, if I could! Except for guid wee Ed.

JP: Prime Minister. I'm afraid I don't understand.

PM: Ye must be deaf and blind. The whole country knows that the stinking Cabinet are all against me! Every one of them. Especially that nasty little git from the bluidy Massachuetts Institute of Technology. He's for the chop, by the way. No muir foreign jollies for him! There's an exclusive for your readers!

JP: Ah! Of course. Now I understand. You thought I was talking about a special relationship that might exist between you and the Cabinet.

PM: Aye. What else?

JP: Actually, Prime Minister, I was referring to the special relationship with the USA.

PM: The what?

JP: The special relationship with America.

PM: Och. That? Who cares? Anyway, I've got a Cabinet meeting now. What a pain! Wha' a panic's in ma breastie! I've no nails left! I canna wait to leave the lousy job! Ah, oh, woe! The king sits in Dumferline toon! Wha hae! Where's my onlie friend? Lest auld acquaintance be forgot, tra la la, pom tiddley pom. Are ye no gone yet?

JP: I'm leaving now. Thank you so much, Prime Minister.

PM: Aye.

Personal Assistant: Mr. Problem, we hope you will erase the Prime Minister's more excited language from the transcript. It's unusual, you know. He's been spending a lot of time with Mr. Balls, recently.