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The Good Old Days

by Sue Hitchcock

“Ladies and Gentlemen, After some delay, may I introduce your host for tonight, the Late, the Right Honourable Boris Johnson!”

Cheers and some boos from the audience.

Wearing a tail suit and top hat, with blonde hair sprouting out either side, the master of ceremonies stumbles on stage.

“Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen! Are we happy? Of course we are! You have enjoyed the Acts I have presented in the past, my bendy buses, even the mishap, when I got stuck on the zip wire. Now, tonight, for your delectation and delight, I bring you my next act, one of great daring and foresight. Welcome now the plans drawing the Nation we shall become, leaders in the Green Revolution into a future sustainably thriving with a vibrant economy, money in our pockets forging ahead with new technology. High-speed trains levelling up the country, windmills, heat pumps, hydrogen capture. We can return to holidays abroad with hydrogen powered planes. What’s not to love?

“Thus, my dear people, we shall shine at the upcoming COP 26 in Glasgow. The world burning with our inspiration we shall begin a new era. Let me repeat time is short. We must lead the way to go is clear...”

Heckling, "But not you!"

"Thank you my friend! Let me make myself clear. The road winds, tides turn – as my predecessor said, 'The lady's not for turning.' But tides turn to fuel our technology and more with wind driving cars powered by electricity and battery technology. We are the winners.

"The future is ours! Good night."