



# Have we just witnessed the greatest heist of all time?

**Blame administrative errors and corrupt volunteers all you want; we know the press is making up the numbers.**

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## COMMENTARY

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This morning, newspapers all over the UK are slapping primary coloured bar charts next to droll reports of a heinous gang-banging of the national will. Their pages tell the story of how we held hands and skipped to sports halls, churches and schools the country over and did our civic duty.

The political climate of London is perfect for growing these psephological fictions. Many of our journalists and politicians are harmless weekend types, red top writers who are happy to make a living talking about potholes and congestion, no more harmful than snorkelers or skin divers.

But a savage few belong to what the others call “Independent Press Organisations,” and these are the ones who—especially on weekends and holidays—are likely to turn up looking for action. Despite everything the doctors and sophists have to say about them, they are hard, mean and more dangerous than wearing a

When push comes to shove, any fetish for serge green benches or Cinnamon Club reservations that may be involved are entirely beside the point, as anyone who has ever tangled with these boys will somberly testify. When you get in an argument with a group of Westminster types, you can generally count your chances of emerging unphased by the number of chicken tikka slices you can deflect with the intern you’re shagging in the time it takes to smash a bottle of Chateau Neuf de Pape. In this game, playing fair is for technocrats and the Quad.

“We’re going to steal the election,” I thought I heard one of them say to me as I wiped some mint yoghurt out of a brassiere. “We’ve already thought it out, just after the results are in, we’ll reveal that there’s been a great mistake. Hooky returning officers, duplicated ballots, that sort of thing.”

Chances are he might have been right; the results were colourful, exciting, and showed clear evidence of heavily biased manipulation. Just the thing to make a strapping good front page for the indie press orgs. Which it will do, lock, stock and barrel. The press will be vindicated by the fact that when the voting public take the crayons out of their nose long enough to glimpse a newspaper, they will be far too busy talking about administrative errors to realise that the mainstream media possess the flagrant ability to decide the colour of our democracy.

Where then, does all this leave us, the people? Are we really going to sit down whilst unaccountable Fleet Street bods tell us how we are going to be ruled? Are we better off for having the rights that our great grandparents died for ripped up in a whirl of overlays and paint by numbers maps of the place we used to call home? The answer should be no. I regained consciousness just three days ago after the mother of all weekends, and I’m already convinced that the end product of this charade will be the obfuscation of the popular will, facilitated through a bogus conspiracy of poll station volunteers and spoiled ballots. The right didn’t lose this election, leftist journalists stole it.