

16<sup>th</sup> December 2018

Dear Mr Rees-Mogg,

Well you can't say I didn't try!

Did I or did I not offer you the opportunity of co-operation so that you could have your dream of a 'No Deal' departure from the European Union put to a People's Vote? Did I not offer to bury the hatchet? And what was your response – apart from the usual diddly-bloody-squat, of course? To pull up the drawbridge and try once again – and again unsuccessfully – to try to unseat a Prime Minister of whom riding side-saddle into the Valley of Death is the kindest description even her Cabinet could probably find for her. And unlike the Russian cannon, you then contrived to lose a second time and in a manner both damp and squibbly. Whatever happened to due deference to their betters in the Conservative Party then, Mr Rees-Mogg? Because if your lot can't tug the forelock any more then don't ask the rest of us to do it!

While you well know that the UK's is one of the stupidest electorates on Earth – or we wouldn't be teetering here on the brink of civil war – did you take even a moment to recall that Tory MPs are this doomed planet's most dishonest electorate? OK, a quick check in the mirror might have set you right – but I imagine of course that Nanny combs your hair in the morning, and very fetching it looks too. (For that unusual moment of flattery I take the word of my new flaxen-haired friend Gretchen von Heckmundweik, who recently emerged from the Black Forest, asked whether the Second World War was over yet and whether your good chum Richard Grosvenor Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax is doing anything much next weekend. He's the MP who said at your constituency dinner this spring that the Germans are trying to do with the Euro what they failed to do with the jack-boot. I know: I was there. I told her that apart from a bit of preening he probably won't be very busy so I think you should let him know that she is on the way to south Dorset right now - and she isn't a happy Häschen. I'd tell him myself but he doesn't take my calls.)

Anyway, so you went and buggered up the MPs' vote of confidence in the Prime Minister. And then what? Well, like any good old Etonian on the losing side you felt cheated out of your just desserts (that is, everything on the menu) so you ... cheated! Oh yes, Mr Rees-Mogg: my spies tell me that it's not uncommon that when an Eton Junior XV is on the ropes against the likes of St Nutmegs Girls' Secondary Modern (forgive me: I live in Buckinghamshire) there's no shortage of members of staff ready to shave their legs, inhale a Zeppelinful of helium and take the field after half-time to ensure that social justice is done and all remains right with the world.

How did you cheat? By alleging a rigged ballot! Off you went to stalk the TV studios on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, complaining that the result was hardly surprising because most of the PM's supporters were "in Mrs May's pay" – which I take to mean that, unlike you, they had risen far enough in politics to be rewarded with a part, however small, however incompetent, in attempting to ease the country gently into the buffers where you would tell us all to take a fifty-yard run-up head first. Well if you are right about the vote – and do recall that even Tory MPs are disrespectful enough to vote by secret ballot these days – THEN WHY DID YOU CALL THE VOTE IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU SILLY MAN?

It gets funnier, by which I mean worse, and by which I mean worse for you. Not satisfied with the Arsène Wenger approach to losing, which is to admit the result but take a punt on future sympathy by blaming the referee, you then went on to demand that, although she won the vote, Mrs May should immediately call on Her Majesty and tender her resignation as the nation's leader! Here can I just check whether or not it is you, Mr Rees-Mogg, who regularly claims that Remainers only want a second referendum because they lost the first and what a lot of snowflakes we are?

Now I'm not one to bandy about the word 'hypocrite' willy-nilly; I know that to call someone a hypocrite – or a liar or a coward – is a serious and possibly actionable accusation if the subject of the accusation is wealthy and litigious enough. Did not such a wise old head as Chris Patten flamboyantly avoid the 'H' word when describing Iain Duncan-Smith on the radio just this lunchtime? But here I must observe that you, Mr Rees-Mogg, have gone one further than those Remainers who simply ask that, in the absence of Parliament being willing let alone able to discharge its sovereign duty, the terms of the Brexit deal be put back to your [sic] people when they are known. You, by contrast, claim that your lost vote was actually a victory and that the winner should roll over and give you your due.

How should I describe you now? 'Bad loser', while correct, barely does you justice. 'Hypocrite' sounds and is better. You are a hypocrite, Mr Rees-Mogg, and for a man who stakes so much on his moral probity that is, as I'm sure you will privately concur, a serious charge and well-defensible in court should you choose to let your money speak where you stay silent.

In which case I'll repeat it in case you missed it: you are a hypocrite.

Hypocrite, Hypocrite, *Hypocrite!*

But I hate repeating myself so enough of that. Since you haven't taken my advice and won't after all be joining me in campaigning for a People's Vote on a No-Deal Brexit – you snowflake – it looks like I will have to fall back on my former position and demand that you answer the two questions I have been asking you since the time - long ago now - when your parting was on the right, you still wore a monocle and the world was all going to be yours one day:

1. *Do you consider that Edmund Burke was wrong in his address to the electors of Bristol in 1774?*
2. *If so, with what principle would you replace that which he set out in it?*

Yours disappointedly,

Peter