

Mountains into Mole-Hills

My fellow Anniversarians!

It is my sad duty to formaldehyde you of another grave threat to the very fabric of our civilization. We have detectified a counter-factor to our pursuit of the Higher Math. Enemies of Demography have been caught red-nosed with their fingers in the check-out.

My fellow Artichokes, I have to advise you that The Moles are undermining the foundation-garments of our Great Nation!

Only last night, our unfathomable Intelligence Service came to me: "Mr President, sir," they salubricated, "Mr President, sir, we are obligated to interface with your aural input. We must position you knowledge-wise with some non-palaeological facts." "Go ahead, son," I respondulated. "Mr President, sir," they exponentiated, "Critters of a cratering characteristic have been observified, exculpating earthworks of a nefarious nature underneath your white House. We have factored in some vegetariables and conclude that our olfactory nerves are in rodent proximity."

There we have it, my fellow Mathematicians! We are under-moled by mines! As the Free World is aware, we have previously stated beforehand that these excavators are axiomatic to the Axis of Evil, formulated, on the one cheek, by the Crows, and on the other cheek, which I humbly turn to you now, by the Moles.

Since I learned of this surreptitious threat to my House, I have deployed a global survey from my bathroom-window and have visualated the extent and magnitude of their terroristic subversilitude. These holes are vastiferous: the Moles have collectified accumulations of ill-congealed piles of earth. The very walls of our Presidential Palace are about to collapsify in a retrotumbular direction. Already the Oval Room has gone pear-shaped and slipped squarely down the tubes.

Meanwhile I have to inform you, my fellow Palatinates, that the dastardly Crows are providing moral and financial supplication to the Moles. This morning I asked the Senate for authorisation to borrow 20p; I then spoke with the Leader of the Crows from the Presidential phone-booth, requestifying that he dessicate from his aggressive deeds. But he refusinated, allergicating that we had brought it all on ourselves by building our Palace in a field which rightly belonged to the Moles. Further, he threatened that mole-hills could be turned into mountains. I can report, without fear of contradiction or indeed otherwise, that I replaced the telephone-receiver with extreme prejudice. As long as I am your elected President, I say: obliterate them! If Moles have no sight, then Moles have no right!

My fellow Antiquarians, the Free World does not take this threat lightly! I have today paracetamoled the SAS into the war-zone. Even as I speak to you, our bravest and finest from the Sniping Auxiliary Squirrels are implemented: they are postulated in the trees, they are postulated in the hedges, they are postulated in the long grass and in the beeches; they will hit the ground running and ask questions later.

Molehills will never be made into mountains! Nor vice versa!

God Bless Mediocrity!