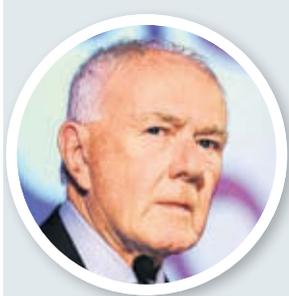


# Jake O'Kane



@JakeOKane



PAST IT... McNarry

## DAVE ON ONE-WAY TICKET TO OBLIVION

IT wasn't a good week for UKIP's David McNarry.

Having offered himself up on the sacrificial altar of the Nolan show, Stephen managed to get him to say he'd deport foreign medical staff for not paying a parking ticket.

Having realised he'd made a fool of himself, after everyone he met laughed in his face, McNarry then tried to retract what he'd said, agreeing it was a ludicrous comment.

He said: "Perhaps I didn't handle it too well. "But it's absolutely ludicrous of anybody to be deported because of a parking fine."

Several hours later, Mr McNarry again retracted his comments but this time criticised Nolan's line of questioning.

He said: "To be quite honest, I don't want to dodge it but I just couldn't believe the type of stuff Stephen Nolan was asking me in terms of deporting people for parking fines."

After all that, I'd suggest it's McNarry and not what he said that's ludicrous.

His 'Little Britain' mentality belongs to a time and place long ago and far away, and he had better hope he doesn't need medical treatment any time soon.

Nurse: "Mr McNarry you're going into cardiac arrest, but don't worry you'll be fine, we've beeped Dr Ahmed, he'll be back presently. He's just out putting a pound in the parking meter."

# Panama Papers show just why we're paupers

**GOOD morning, you mug. Yes, I'm talking to you. Don't you feel like a mug?**

Well, you should, and I sure as hell do. You're probably like me, one of the 99 per cent who pay all our taxes and, if self-employed, even pay penalties if we're a bit late getting them in.

And the missing one per cent - aka the super rich - well, they don't pay taxes like us and the leak of the Panama Papers has proved this.

It was New York businesswoman Leona Helmsley, convicted of tax evasion in 1989, who famously said: "We don't pay taxes. Only the little people pay taxes."

That the Prime Minister, David Cameron, found himself linked to the Panama Papers through an offshore company his father had set up was hardly surprising.

That he took a week to address the story compounded his difficulties.

The Prime Minister of Iceland, Sigmundur Gunnlaugsson, didn't get off so lightly. He was forced to resign after his wife was linked to an offshore investment company with multi-million pound claims on Iceland's failed banks.

While these two cases dominated the news agenda for most of last week, the leak of the Panama Papers illustrates a deeper problem within Western democracies, a problem that can be summed up in a simple phrase: They simply aren't fair.

It isn't fair that the top one per cent of the world's wealthiest get to avoid their taxes. It isn't fair that the world's biggest multinationals cheat their taxes. It isn't fair

because the rest of us, the other 99 per cent, have to pick up the shortfall in services this selfishness causes.

And it's not as if they don't have the money to pay. We are talking about billionaires, people whose wealth is matched only by their greed.

Capitalism by definition is exploitative - the vast majority work to enrich a small minority. We, the majority, accept this because we're sold the dream that with hard work and a bit of luck, we may one day move up into the one per cent club.

Of course, the reality is this will remain only a dream.

What stops us taking up pitchforks and marching on the one per cent is the belief that the worst excesses of wealth are minimised by equitable taxation - that those who have most, pay most - or so we

were led to believe. The Panama Papers prove that to be a lie.

The game is fixed and the majority are conned by a political class with a vested interest in keeping the game weighted in favour of the super rich.

And how does the union of the one per cent and their political minions get away with paying little or no tax?

Easy, it's called distraction. Magicians use it all the time. If they can get you to look at their right hand, you won't notice what's going on in their left.

It was invented by the first true superpower, the Roman Empire. There, a small ruling class discovered they could control the masses by giving them bread and games. Today we're pacified with reality television and cheap alcohol.

A wonderful example of pol-

itical distraction is the Tories much-hyped benefit reforms.

Remember all the talk of us decent people going out to work while the feckless lay in their beds?

Well, here's the facts - benefit fraud accounts for a loss to the economy of somewhere between £1.3bn to £1.6bn, while £4.4bn is the official figure lost to tax evasion, though many economists argue that sum is conservative and the figure is probably much higher.

So why does the government have 3,600 people working in the DWP investigating abuses of the benefits system, while only around 700 are working in the two units at HMRC that deal with the richest taxpayers?

The answer is obvious - unlike the super rich, the poor don't have access to top lawyers or have friends in politics.

Our only hope lies in how the Panama Papers came to see the light of day - through a whistleblower.

While the rich can build imposing mansions on remote islands and seldom meet us common people, they still rely on technology to do their deals. And that's their weakness. For it's people like us who sit in front of computers processing their business.

And because millions of transactions can be copied in a minute onto a flash disk, there is no such thing as perfect security or secrecy. We have them! I'm not so naive to think things will change overnight - but I do believe the internet has changed everything.

Never again will the rich and powerful get away with treating us like mushrooms by keeping us in the dark and feeding us shite.



VOTE... load of ballots

## ELECTION IS WASTE OF TIME & EFFORT

I WON'T be voting in the upcoming election.

It's the same old, same old...in new suits. I'm bored of it, bored and disillusioned - and a lot of you obviously feel the same.

Seemingly we now even have a name - we're the 'embarrassed majority'. I'll go along with the 'majority' bit, but not the 'embarrassed' bit. The majority will continue to vote the way their fathers and grandfathers voted.

The predictable result of this election will be five more years of crisis as politicians argue over trivialities such as flags or marches, while education, health and employment go down the toilet.

Not that most of our political class give a damn. They know that if they press the jingoism button and wave the flag they're assured of a job - and having given themselves a £1k raise just before the election, a well-paid job at that.

There are a few politicians working to bring about real change, but they will fail.

They cannot succeed in a system so divided and devoid of goodwill or generosity of spirit.

One answer could be an influx of independent candidates unwilling to be tied to the old argument between green and orange but minded to look for reconciliation.

But that isn't happening this time round and that's why on ballot day many of you will be in a garden centre or walking on a beach.



SHELTERED... Cameron & Gunnlaugsson

## MOUSE LOOSE ABOUT HOUSE

LAST week my eight-year-old son saw a mouse going under the sofa.

So armed with a toy brush I moved the sofa and a mouse darted out and under another seat.

The next half hour was straight out of a Tom and Jerry cartoon.

A seat would be moved, the mouse would run, I'd swing and miss and it would disappear under another piece of furniture. It was obvious this mouse had some military training

and wasn't fazed by my pitiful attempts to kill it.

So I packed the family into the car and off we went to B&Q to stock up on mousetraps and anything else that could be used to kill our invader.

Back home, I began placing my traps like some big game hunter. I was trying to think like a mouse - 'he wouldn't go here, it was too bright, he'd have to run here if I put this seat here'. Then I made the mistake of men-

tioning the mouse on social media. I've never been so deluged with advice. One guy gleefully informed me that there's never one mouse but an extended family. I mean did I need to know this?

Advice on the best bait went from crisps and Mars bars to overall favourite, peanut butter. I opted for the latter and with every inch of the room covered by traps, I went to bed. I didn't sleep. I spent the night listening to real or

imaginary mice scuttling. The next morning my children woke me with wonderful news - one of my 15 traps had done its job and the unwelcome guest was no more. After showing the corpse to my two children, I deposited the remains in the bin.

Of course I know this isn't the end. I will keep you informed as I battle on. I will fight them in the attic, in the kitchen, on the stairs and on the landing. I will never surrender.

