

Junior Town Crier

Kid, I really wish you'd stop going on about Town Criers and saying things like *well of course Town Criers were just the Instagram of their day, weren't they?* No they weren't and nobody is impressed by that kind of obnoxious analogy.

I want you to forget it right now, kid, this notion of you becoming the Borough's first ever Junior Town Crier. For one, there's no such thing as a Junior Town Crier. Think about it: they'd be too shrill, although yes, ok, if there were such a thing

they absolutely would use the word junior, which is just so obnoxious in itself; a word never used to describe any young person outside of *Junior Masterchef*, and in my view any child who ever wins the Junior version of anything

always ends up the sort of little weirdo who probably hangs around with his grandparents' friends saying things like *no, I don't listen to modern pop music, it's all just noise I much prefer your music, please tell me again all about Iron Maiden*

and why socialism doesn't work. So over my dead body are you becoming Junior Town Crier of this Borough, kiddo. If you want, you can have a bell and maybe a tricorne hat and maybe do it in the back garden. No buckles.

Granted, kid, you can't appreciate it now, I do get that, but what I'm doing here is a kind of love. Why don't you spend your time cultivating important things of your own to say?