

## **NEWS FLASH!**

### **PM VISITS TRIDENT NUCLEAR SUBMARINE.**

This morning, the Prime Minister, accompanied by the Foreign Secretary, is visiting a Trident nuclear submarine at a top-secret location somewhere off the Shetland Isles.

A spokesperson said; 'The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary wish to show their appreciation of Her Majesty's Royal Navy in maintaining peace in a troubled world, by paying tribute to those officers and men who keep Britain's nuclear deterrent in gung-ho order.'

We will now go LIVE for the visit as the PM and the Foreign Secretary prepare to descend through the conning tower into the hull of Britain's latest nuclear submarine, HMS Splat.

The visitors are welcomed by Admiral Basil 'Bash'em' Farquahar who leads them in descending the ladder. Oh dear! The Foreign Secretary, in following too quickly, has stood on the PM's head.

The Admiral leads the way to the Operations Centre. The PM and the Foreign Secretary shake the hands of the seamen lining the way. One of them whispers, 'Keep your 'ead darn, mates, and watch the wires on the floor.'  
'Oh, thanks,' says the Foreign Secretary with his customary matey charm.

They pass through a narrow entrance with a double steel door. The visitors are clearly impressed by the space-age look of the Operations Centre. Computers blink or trace lines, operatives tap buttons or flick switches, there is a quiet hum, as the submarine lies ready for action.

The PM asks the Admiral which is the button which launches the nuclear missiles carried by HMS Splat. The Admiral shows her a red button at the top right of the central console.

"But," says the Admiral, "No single officer can operate the launch button. The vessel's Commander and his Number One must operate the launch procedure in tandem."

"I suppose that is in case one of the officers panics?" queries the PM.

"Naval officers don't panic," snarls the Admiral. "It is purely a safety measure. While the commander operates the red button I showed you, his fellow officer operates at the same time the striped button you see here at the opposite side of the console."

"Jolly interesting, isn't it? And only £35 billion." says the Foreign Secretary.

"How do you zoom in on a target?" the PM asks the Admiral.

The Admiral manipulates a series of controls below a large central screen, zooming in and out.

“For example,” says the PM. “How might you target, say, um, well, Brussels?”

The Admiral, with a brief upward turning of his eyes, zooms in on Europe, then northern Europe, then Brussels.

“So then, the two officers would press their individual buttons together and activate the launch of the missile?” asks the PM.

“Precisely,” replies the Admiral.

“So if my Foreign Secretary put his finger over the striped button – try it Boris, not too close, I know you like punching the air with your finger - and I put mine over the red button, like this, we would be in launch mode?”

“The buttons are extremely sensitive, Prime Minister! Please take your fingers away! Immediately! That's an order!” shouts the Admiral.

“Nobody gives me orders, young man,” snaps the PM.

Suddenly, the submarine shakes, there is a grinding noise and a whooshing sound. A new set of lights are flashing crazily on the console.

“My God,” whispers the Admiral. “You've launched the bloody thing.”

“Oh dear me. Sic transit, I think,” says the Foreign Secretary, staring at his finger in horror.

For a moment a panicked look appears on the PM's face, but then, her usually serious features begin to show a slight smile which gets broader and broader.....