

# THE RANT!!!



**"Welcome to Broken Britain: Please mind the gap between fantasy and reality"**

Ok, I know, I know — I'm going to get a bucket of abuse for saying this. Cue the outrage, the pearl-clutching, the Facebook warriors tapping away in their unicorn pyjamas, calling me every name under the sun. But hey-ho, when have I ever not said it as I see it?

**Let's begin with a simple question: What in the name of fish-paste gravy has happened to this country?**

I was born in the 60s, raised on post-war values, and taught that if you wanted something — anything — you worked for it. No "manifesting", no TikTok tutorials about becoming a millionaire within 90 days, and definitely no "life hacks" involving scamming the benefits system. Just graft. Actual graft. Remember that?

My parents, bless them, were the definition of "mend and make do". They saved, sacrificed, and eventually bought their house. No interest-only loans, no government-guaranteed magic money trees, just old-fashioned budgeting and the princely sum of about £4,000. And guess what? They still live in it.

Today, four grand won't even get you a garden shed in Ashford — and that's if you turn up with a discount voucher and a tear in your eye.

But despite the world being skint, we weren't poverty-stricken. My parents worked, we had food, clean clothes, and holidays. Not Marbella. Not the Maldives. Not a yoga retreat called "Reconnect With Your Inner Tree". No — Yorkshire. Or if we were feeling rebellious, Butlins at Bognor.

Once, a friend of mine went to Disney World. DISNEY WORLD!!!. I practically needed counselling. My grandad looked at me and said, "Well get a good job and maybe you can go there one day."

No "manifest your dreams". No "write to the council and demand a Mickey Mouse hardship fund". Just: Work hard, earn it.

So I did. Strawberry picking. Potato picking — which should be classed as an Olympic sport. Grass cutting. Caddying at Littlestone Golf Course, where the golf bags weighed more than me and by the 10th hole I looked like a collapsed deckchair. But I earned enough to buy my Airfix kits — 75p each, glue and paint included if I'd been extra useful.

Fast-forward 50 years... Now?

Apparently "work" is something previous generations did because they didn't have Wi-Fi.

What happened? No genuinely, what happened?

Because something in this country has snapped cleaner than a KitKat in a freezer. We now live in a world where being a responsible taxpayer makes you the village idiot. The more you contribute, the more you get fleeced. Meanwhile, if you know how to fill out the right forms, cry on cue, and get a doctor to say little Tarquin the Third has "educational anxiety", you get showered with cash like it's game show confetti.

I didn't even know I was severely dyslexic until my late 20s. Back at school, it wasn't called dyslexia — it was called "stupid." Now, apparently, that qualifies you for a government grant, a support worker, a therapy dog, a laptop, and possibly a personal chauffeur.

And that brings me neatly to the big show: SEND funding.

**Brace yourself, because here comes the part where the internet lynch mob lights the torches.**

I sit in KCC budget meetings — real ones — with real numbers. And I've seen things that would make a mathematician faint. I'm talking about kids who absolutely deserve good education — every parent wants that — but the system has turned into a free-for-all Disneyland of spending with no financial common sense.

Here's a totally hypothetical (but absolutely true) example: Mum and Dad live in a lovely 4-bed detached. Dad runs an engineering firm, drives a £155,000 AMG Mercedes. Mum has a shiny electric VW camper van. Their son goes to a great school in Ashford. So far, so normal.

But instead of Mum driving the child to school — in the camper van she uses for weekend glamping and hot-tub Instagramming — a taxi picks him up. Not a local taxi. Not even a reasonably-priced one.

A professional SEN taxi company. From Dartford1  
DARTFORD to ASHFORD.

Twice a day. £400 a day.....£2,000 a week.....£78,000 a year just in transport.

That's the same as sending the kid to Eton — with pocket money.

And you know what the parents pay? Nothing. Not. One. Penny.

Because it's not means tested. Why? Because the government, in its stunning wisdom, has labelled it a statutory right.

Meanwhile, those of us who work 50-60 hours, pay 40% tax, and still check our bank balance before daring to order a takeaway, get told to "tighten belts".

Funny, because there are people out there with belts so loose they've turned them into skipping ropes.

Some parents have figured out how to self-diagnose their kids with ADHD online, fill out the right forms, and boom: £400 a month. Then PIP. Then disability: £740 a month. Right up to age 24.

I know someone — again, purely "theoretical" of course — who cannot work due to "anxiety".

But somehow manages to go down the pub four or five nights a week. Marvellous medical miracle, that.



Too anxious to work, not anxious enough to drink San Miguel and play pool until closing time.

And here's me, counting pennies before ordering a steak.

Someone recently called them the "Red Bull and roll-ups brigade". Apparently they've modernised. It's now Red Bull and vapes.

**Let's get to the punchline:** KCC is spending £350 million a year on SEND. Plus £90 million on transport.

How is council tax going up every year? THIS. This is how.

Not potholes. Not libraries. Not bins. Not parks.

Chauffeur-driven children in £400-a-day taxis while mum sits at home polishing the camper van.

Is it cruel to say it? Maybe.

Is it true? Completely.

And here's the real tragedy...

We've created a society where hard work is punished, responsibility is optional, and taxpayers are treated like cattle. The more you give, the more they take — and the more they tell you you're privileged for doing it.

Britain isn't broken because of immigrants, Brexit, the bankers, the Tories, Labour, COVID, or whoever this week's scapegoat is.

Britain is broken because:

entitlement has replaced effort

benefits have replaced responsibility

and common sense has been hunted to extinction

You can't run a country where half the people carry on their backs a system designed for everyone to climb aboard and dangle their feet.

So yes, I'll say it loud: The country is broken. The economy is broken.

And the system is being milked dry — legally — by people who know exactly how to play it.

Meanwhile, the rest of us?

We work. We pay. We shut up. We get told we're selfish for questioning it.

Well, sorry, but no.

If you want a country that works, you need a country where WORK means something.

Where support is a safety net — not a lifestyle.

Where responsibility exists.

Where taxpayers aren't walking cash machines.

Until then?

Welcome to Broken Britain.

Population: All of us.