

Reg, a proper geezer with a barnet whiter than a boiled egg and a moustache that could rival a Morris Minor, sat in his armchair, a mug of lukewarm tea sloshing precariously in his hand. Outside, the rain flogged the windows like a disgruntled Morrisons shopper on a Monday morning. Brexit, bless it, had changed things. No more cheap vino from Spain, no more dodgy kebabs from the corner shop run by a bloke named "Mustachio Mustapha" (Reg always suspected it was a fake name). No, now it was all about supporting British businesses, even if those businesses were Mildred next door, flogging pickled onions from a garden gnome stall. "Blimey," Reg muttered, switching on the telly to catch up on the latest Brexit news. A young bloke with a face like a slapped cod was ranting about "Avocado Apocalypse" and "Gen Alpha Starvation." Reg scoffed. Avocado? More like a posh pear gone wrong. And those Gen Alphas, always glued to their phones, wouldn't know a decent spud if it bit them on the bum. Suddenly, the screen flashed to a breaking news report. A queue outside Mildred's gnome stall stretched longer than a Greggs sausage roll on a Friday morning. People, mostly Mexicans (Reg blamed the influx on that bloke Boris with his "get Brexit done" malarkey), were clutching empty chip bags and looking like they hadn't seen a decent meal since the rationing days. "GEEZER CRACKERS CAUSE FAMINE!" the telly blared, interrupting Reg's ruminations about rationing. He spluttered his tea, a lukewarm geyser erupting from his nostrils. Mildred's pickled onions, it turned out, were the new national treasure. The only problem was, the Mexicans couldn't stomach them. The vinegary tang sent them running for the hills, or in this case, the nearest kebab shop.

Reg, being a true patriot (and a sucker for a bargain), decided to take matters into his own hands. He donned his flat cap, a symbol of British defiance as potent as a cuppa in bed, and marched down to Mildred's gnome stall.

The queue was a cacophony of grumbling stomachs and muttered curses in Spanish. Reg, bless his cotton socks, barged to the front. "Alright Mildred, love," he boomed, his voice carrying like a Morris Marina with a faulty exhaust. "What's all this kerfuffle about?"

Mildred, a woman with a face like a bulldog chewing a wasp, squinted at him. "Reg, you old rascal! Can't a woman sell her pickled onions in peace?"

"Peace ain't on the menu, Mildred," Reg declared, channeling his inner Winston Churchill.

"These poor sods are starving, and it's all thanks to your vinegary concoctions!"

Mildred snorted. "They can't handle a bit of British tang, the poor dears. Should've stuck to their sombreros and fandangos."

Reg, ever the diplomat (when it suited him), had an idea. "Listen, Mildred," he said, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "What if we, you know, modified your recipe a bit? Made it a bit...Mexican-friendly?"

Mildred's eyes widened. "You mean...spice it up? Add some chillis? Turn these pickled onions into fiery fiends?"

Reg grinned, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Exactly, Mildred. We'll call them 'Brexit Burritos,' see? A taste of home for our new neighbours, and a way to save their bellies from the tyranny of blandness!"

And so, the unlikely duo of Reg the geezer and Mildred the gnome-monger set about revolutionizing the pickled onion. Chillis were chopped, spices were sprinkled, and soon, the air was thick with the aroma of something both vinegary and vaguely Tex-Mex. The Mexicans, lured by the enticing smells, cautiously approached the stall. One brave soul took a bite, his eyes widening with surprise. Then another, and another. Soon, the queue was gone, replaced by a chorus of "Ole!" and "Gracias, amigo!"

Reg, watching the scene unfold, felt a surge of pride. He'd saved the day, not with a Brexit bus or a dodgy slogan, but with a bit of British ingenuity and a sprinkle of Mexican spice. He raised his mug of tea in a toast, the lukewarm liquid sloshing over his hand.

"GEEZER CRACKERS CAUSE FAMINE!" the telly blared once more, punctuating the moment with unintentionally perfect irony. Reg chuckled. Let them sing their silly songs. He'd shown them, hadn't he? A geezer, a gnome, and a pickled onion revolution – that's the true spirit of Brexit, wouldn't you agree