

Paleoanthropologists have long speculated that the first inhabitants of the British Isles originated in South America. This is based on DNA type matching that shows commonalities between the mitochondrial DNA of women in remote parts of Wales and Ireland, and those from the highlands of Peru and Argentina.

As it turns out, the truth is even stranger than that.

In fact, the original Ancient Briton was a man named Pug. He came into being when he was squeezed out from a crack in the rocks during a limestone hole cave-in that occurred during a landslide caused by an earthquake in Cornwall.

Earthquakes were common in the British Isles during that era, though curiously enough only in Cornwall, and at the site of one small town by the name of Lower Throgmorton in Worcestershire. There was no actual town there back then of course, but there was a small and ferociously bubbling brown thermal lake which was to become the source of the original Worcestershire Sauce. Interestingly “Throg-mor-ton” translates from Ancient Anglo-Saxon as “The Source of the Sauce.”

There not being much else to do in Cornwall at that time, Pug naturally set about mining for tin.

It rained a lot in those days.

One morning, after a particularly heavy downfall, Pug was fossicking in the mud outside his cave, looking for a flint-headed shovel that he had misplaced. Quite by chance, he grasped an arm, which turned out to be attached to a woman. She had been extruded from the earth in a similar fashion to himself. Pug named her Doris.

Doris quickly set things to rights by inventing the first Cornish pastie, and shortly thereafter, well nourished, the new couple wasted no time in getting to know each other. They had nineteen children before they worked out what was causing it, but by then it was too late, with Puglets one through eleven already at it like rabbits.

The land of Ancient Britain was swiftly populated by the Tribe of Pug. Many were the names they thought of for their male children, affording them stirring titles such as Kevin, and Bruce, and Charlemagne, and Ivan the Terrible, and Derrek, and Paul, and Sebastian, and Alexander the Great, and Brent, and Neville, and Rupert the Abstainer, and so forth.

They weren't so creative with names for their female children however, and as time went on, they all came to be known simply as Doris. It is a tradition that persists to this day.

Ancient Britain began to become crowded, and numerous Puglets and their respective Dorises set off to explore and further populate the world. One couple, Andrew and Doris, sailed away in a 200-foot long, four-storey high dug-out canoe made from the trunk of a single Coxes' Orange Pippin apple tree, and arrived in South America, where they gazed in awe at a vast, high, snow-capped mountain range. Andrew was so enamoured and so enthused by the sight of these peaks that Doris named them “Andy's Mountains” in his honour. It is a tradition that persists to this day.

Andrew and Doris had 12 sets of twins, which wasn't unusual for the time. Curiously enough the names they gave the boys were Chill, Argie, Brazza, Urug, Parag, Perry, Equa, Colo, Venez, Boli, Surin, and Guy. Each went forth with his respective sister Doris and founded a new nation in this great new land. It's a horrible thought nowadays, but that's how things were back then.

Anyway much later, in a new epoch, the original Britons were displaced, first by the Picts, then the Celts, then the Romans, and then the Saxons and finally the Pakistanis. Scientists have postulated

that the similarities between the native South Americans of today, and the remnants of the first civilisations of Britain, pointed to the South American continent as being the birthplace of the British peoples; but the truth, as we now know, is very much a different story.

Richard Prosser