

Reading Time: 4 minutes

---

## *Dear Scotland;*

I am writing with a simple request; to find an individual, family or group who will 'adopt' me as a Scot. Whilst this may be confusing to some, I believe that whilst my passport may read Camden, London as my birthplace, over time I have grown more spiritually aligned with Scotland, both before and after learning more about my heritage which includes being close to  $\frac{1}{4}$  Scottish. Some of this of course is due to the way you as a nation represented your country with the highest honour during the World Cup, but also for the amazing hospitality I've received from you in my journeys North of the wall, and also from them being forced into exile in England.

I was born in Camden, London in 1988. Whilst I have many a fond memory of returning to my home borough, it also has become yet another gentrified shell of its former self, the only relief being playing the game of 'wait for the platform to be announced exactly 2 minutes before departure' sprint at London Euston, of course often with a barely edible Burger King bag in one hand, ticket in the other. I'm sure anyone getting either a train to Glasgow or the Caledonian Sleeper will be well aware of this shambles, and whilst slightly better for those departing from Kings Cross to Edinburgh and the Eastern side of Scotland, many challenges remain just to get out of London; heck, you can't even drink alcohol until you get past Watford Junction legally!

I have never met my birth mother / father, however Ancestry DNA implies that I have 21% (approx.) Scottish heritage, most likely along the South Eastern side of the country. This is mildly ironic, as I have always considered myself a Hearts fan in terms of Scottish Football, some 30 years before finding out this information. I grew up in Milton Keynes to some slightly horrific adopted parents, and the less said about Milton Keynes / them, the better. After living in Birmingham for 13 years due to studying at and working for a university (With a brief interlude being a Town Planning Consultant, ranked #1 for professions leading to divorce). I now live just outside of a place called Dudley, where the biggest export is 'battered chips'... And the odd bit of glass.

I can confirm that I know some of the basics of Scottish life. I know my tablet from my snowball, and my Caramel Wafer from my teacake. I agree that breakfasts benefit better from a well cooked Lorne sausage over some of the things classified as 'Sausages' south of

the border, and am partial to both White and Black pudding. Both myself and my pup Jupiter are house trained, and know how to pick up after ourselves, everyone else, and keep our surroundings clean. Whilst I have never placed a cone on a statue, I did facilitate the 150 mile journey of a cone from a Rage Against The Machine concert in Finsbury Park, London, to Birmingham, complete with attached light, which was proudly displayed for 11 years on my flat balcony. I have visited Boston three times for 'work' related reasons as an Esports Motor Racing commentator, and can confirm that their statues look far better being adorned with cones.

I understand the immense privilege and responsibility that being an 'Adopted Scot' would be; I am already a partial 'Adopted Hoosier'; namely adopted by the State of Indiana due to my Esports Motor Racing Commentary work, and an intense relationship with the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and the city of Indiana (Yes, I was a Dario Franchitti fan). Having supported the Indianapolis Colts in the NFL, and the Indiana Hoosiers in College Football and College Basketball for 20+ years, I understand the highs and lows of the journey of a sporting season; whilst the scariest P word for an English football fan is 'Penalties', in Indiana, we have another P word; 'Playoffs' (<https://wilv.click/playoffs>).

Whilst I may not drink much anymore due to health issues and occasionally being a walking, talking pharmacy, on my day, I can stand toe to toe with the Finns, the Germans, and the Norwegians, at the same time. It's pointless including the English in this debate, due to many an English Football fan getting to the point of aggression after exactly 2 and a half Carling-shandies, and the Americans? You left them with their coveted Bud Light for a reason; I'm more likely to enter into a diabetic ketosis induced coma before getting 'drunk' off of that stuff! Most importantly, I believe in mosh-pit rules when out with a group of people. If someone falls down, don't be a dick, help them back onto their feet, then carry on with the party. In extreme cases, administer a small dose of Irn-Bru between drinks, for public health reasons... Obviously.

I promise that I will hold true the highest values of Scotland if adopted. I am ready to partake in the 'catching of the haggis' test if necessary, and understand that any adoption by a Scot is subject to me capturing photographic proof of seeing Nessie, which of course can't be shared with the English under any circumstances, for fear of them ruining yet another beauty spot. I promise not to just 'start wearing Tartan' due to the (rightfully) strict and complicated rules surrounding family heritage and tartan, though if ever afforded the opportunity will wear appropriately; cold weather be damned! If I can make someone's day

a bit better with my sarcastic humour, listening to someone who needs someone to talk to, or buying someone a cuppa or similar with the shrapnel I occasionally have lying around in my back pocket, I will. We each have our own stories and past; it's not fair just to judge.

Thank you for reading my waffle, and I hope someone, somewhere will take me under their wing, so that if things really do go to pot in geo-political-whateverness, I'd have somewhere safe to relocate to that's not stuck in England. Finally, someone add a pint to my tab for Craig. He deserves it, coming from someone who's had to deal with the horrors known as NHS Mental Health services and finding third sector support.

Forever, humbly in your debt. Peace, rage and love!

**Wil S. Vincent**

*P.S: Can we make 'No Scotland, No Party' Christmas #1 Please?*