
VIEWS LETTER

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JUST IMAGINE

~By *Adverse Yaw*

Imagine that President Obama's way is the only true and good way for America, and apparently the President believes this to be. First, we must imagine that the President is an honest man and that he would never intentionally say something that he believed was not true. Second, we must imagine that the President is not only totally honest, but that he is mentally balanced enough that he couldn't possibly be a pathological liar. Thirdly, we must imagine that the President is mature enough in his reasoning that all of his good wishes and hopes for the American people can be accomplished his way.

Whether the President is a saint or a sinner doesn't really matter. What matters is that we understand what is true and what is not about what and how the President thinks. For instance, does the President believe that he is superior to the American people? Does the President believe that America can serve the world better as a third world country? Does the President have the wisdom to understand truth and the importance of truth? Does the President understand that Socialism has never worked in the history of the world? Does the President realize that the ultimate form of Socialism is Communism, and that it has never worked either? Does the President realize that Communism is the only anti-god form of government in history, and that for Communism to work properly it cannot allow Christianity to influence it at all? The fact is that Communism can't tolerate very much truth.

I am not saying that you should imagine this way or the other way. I just want anyone who reads this opinion to think and to think with an open mind.

One of the first loved American sitcoms (back in the 1950s) was the show "Amos & Andy." Both Amos and Andy were outstanding citizens with different personalities—both were kind and honest men. Then there was the "Kingfisher" who was the troublemaker and the liar. When the Kingfisher was expressing one of his lies, he would roll his eyes as he was allowing time for his lie to take effect. What amazed me is the number of the other characters that would believe him again and again. Each of had to realize that they were being duped at the time; however, they would continue to express their faith in him until they got totally burned. The President doesn't roll his eyes when he is in the process of duping the country—he has, however, a smooth speaking ability and has elevated the duping of others to a whole new level.

It could be that the President's beliefs are due to his immaturity. He may believe as I did when I was much younger. When I witnessed injustice, I would think to myself that there should be a law against that, and somehow a law would fix it. When I thought this way my naivety was showing. Some immoral behavior cannot be legislated away, and we just suffer the results of it.

It may be that the President wants to leave his mark or that he wants to be sovereign or that demonic forces possess him or that he is more than ignorant. Maybe he is just stupid. I doubt if the President

knows just exactly why he behaves the way that he does. It does not take an extraordinary amount of intellect to witness and understand that much of what the President states is less than true.

One thing is for certain. We, the Citizens of the USA, had best search for the truth and act accordingly. If America continues in this present direction the outlook is grim.

The American Wannabe

~By *Adverse Yaw*

I wannabe good
I wannabe bad
I wannabe happy
And never sad

I wannabe a guitar player
I want the sounds of my strum
The music of my song
To be heard long after I'm gone.

I wannabe a good person
For all to see
My faith, My hope
My charity

I wannabe a father to my children
So the world can see
What a great dad theirs was to be.
I bumbled a lot and fumbled a lot
But humble I'm afraid not

I wannabe a husband
With a wife who worships me
I wannabe desired by women of beauty
And, I wannabe free
That is who I wannabe

I don't wanna feel crummy
I don't wanna feel bad nor sad or mad
I just wannabe good for the world to see
What a magnificent creature that I be

I don't want to remove manure
from the stalls of progress
I wannabe an entrepreneur
A man who all aspires to be
That is who I wannabe.

I don't want so much
I just wanna a Midas touch
Not for riches in gold
But for the glory that riches hold
This is who I wannabe.

The pronoun "I," the tiniest of words, yet it dominates the thoughts of most minds throughout the world and especially in America. This arrogant little poem applies to me, it's only redeeming quality is its honesty. It reveals the selfish, dark side of many Americans.

STUPID IS AS STUPID DOES

HEY! WHY DON'T WE DO SOMETHING REALLY STUPID?

HERE IS WHAT WE DO: We make sure that only the irresponsible, mentally unstable people, young and old alike, all known felons, all drug dealers, gangs and gang members, all severely addicted drug users with no incomes who have to steal to feed their habit, will have the best semi-automatic hand guns, rifles, shotguns including pump guns with boo coo ammo at their disposal.

THEN WE DO THE STUPIDEST OF ALL THINGS: We make it a felony for anyone to own any semi-automatic guns to include pump shotguns. We confiscate all guns that are worthwhile weapons of protection for the civilized, the productive, and the hard-working citizens. Of course, the only people who will obey this obviously unconstitutional law is the good folk, the productive folk, the folks that have acquired valuable possessions that are worth stealing. This is what has already happened in Australia, and the violent crime in Australia is on the upswing.

This can happen in the USA. President Obama, will tell everyone that this will not happen in America, and that he is an avid skeet shooter. President Obama has been known to say what needs to be said in order to benefit his agenda, what ever that is. Both truth and honor are on a back burner in the White House, and have been since President Obama usurped the office and moved in.

We have the best Congress that phantom money can buy, the vast majority of which don't have the backbone required to stand alone for more than a few minutes without the aid of something to lean on. They have proven to be a bunch of bed-wetters with very little intestinal fortitude. As a result, they won't stand up to the usurper President not the Federal Reserve nor the Wall Street elite. President Obama has already been doing just as he pleases for the past four years with little opposition other than cheap rhetoric.

Wake up America, we still have a valid Constitution, but who knows for how long.

~*Adverse Yaw*

Preparing For The Storm

Chapter three.

After leaving the airport and on his way back to the office, the Sheriff stopped at Rubens Taco Shop for a fish taco. It was a small restaurant on Broadway in Alamo Heights School District which was on his way.

His cell phone rang, and it was Elizabeth. She never called unless it was important and seldom talked longer than a half minute. He answered quickly as he was shaking hands with and greeting his friend Ruben, the owner of the restaurant. Liz said that he had received a call from a Arnold Holliday, a policeman from New York City. Some big shot at Homeland Security in Washington, DC had also called twice, and that it was important that the Sheriff please call him back as soon as possible. She said that she had fired Harry Pritchett as he has asked her to if he didn't resign. She said that he didn't take it well and sounded threatening toward the Sheriff and the whole department. He should watch out. He asked Liz if she thought that Harry might be a danger. She told him that she thought that the sheriff should be armed because Harry seemed threatening to her. He thanked Liz and told her that he had expected as much from the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) but he didn't expect it to be this

quick. Edwards, the TSA Manager must have called the DHS office in Washington before Joe ever got his car started. Wow! He thought those guys didn't waste much time. He folded the phone and placed it back into his shirt pocket. He made a mental note to call Arnold Holliday back ASAP to start carrying his relatively new Para Commander 45 Auto.

"Hey Ruben, how are you? Please sit with me for a while." He put his in order with the waitress for his usual two fish tacos and cup of black coffee.

"I'm great Joe, how about you?" Ruben warmly asked.

"I'm fine, things were moving along at a constant pace until this morning, and now, it looks like I may be busier than a one-armed-paper-hanger for a lot longer than I would like. But, I've always been a survivor, and I'll get through this issue. I hope!"

"It sounds like there may be some doubts over the horizon. Can you tell me about it or is it too official?"

"Well it is very official, however, I can tell you all about it only because, with your permission of course, I am going to deputize you. Will you be one of my posse members, Ruben?" The Sheriff looked Ruben dead in the eye as he spoke.

"This is kinda sudden isn't it, Sheriff? And to answer your question I'm still sworn in from a few years ago when we cleaned up that marijuana ring on the Southside, remember?" His eye contact with the Sheriff was solid as he replied.

"Of course, I remember. Those arrests and convictions, they wouldn't have happened without the help of the posse and my deputies. But Ruben, this could be a very sensitive event, and there could be a lot more danger involved. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"No, you know I don't."

"You need to know that the bad guys might be wearing federal uniforms, with guys more efficient at combat than that bunch of Mexican kids dealing marijuana. There could be clandestine groups working against us. Are you still in?"

"Yeah, I'm in, as long as what we are going to be doing is the right thing in the eyes of The Almighty."

"Believe me, I think God will give us a green light on this one no matter who or what rises up against us." The Sheriff proceeded to fill Ruben in on the details of Abby's molestation at the airport by TSA agent, Edith Stone. He named all of the people who were already involved. And, the fact that this could be a hornet's nest because of the toes that were going to be stepped on.

What do you mean toes being stepped on? It looks cut and dry to me, a simple case of sexual harassment by the federal government. Who's going to feel that their toe are damaged?"

"Here is the catch Ruben, the vast majority of people who are supposed to be servants of the people, who work for the government, (federal, state, county and even city governments) are daily violating their oaths of office, and each time they violate their oath they commit treason. We have arrested Edith for treason, not for sexual harassment. She can't get out of jail until she is tried because there is no bail for treason." He ended saying, "hornets nest or not this kind of thing has been going on for long enough. If we want America to remain free we must stand up and be counted. Enough is enough!"

"I couldn't agree more, and I'm all in. Just let me know when the briefings begin, and what you want me to do. I'm ready to go now," Ruben stated as duties in the kitchen required his attention. "Just let me know, Joe."

As soon as the Sheriff was in his car and headed toward his office, he called his friend, Arnold Holliday, in NYC and got better news than he could have ever hoped for. Arnold had the names, addresses and phone numbers of three people. Two of the people were witnesses of Abby being searched, the third was a young woman who had received some of the same treatment by TSA agent,

Edith Stone. She was extremely upset and irritated about the way she was touched. She informed Arnold that she felt horribly violated in a nasty and dirty way. He asked Arnold if he could make a detailed report of what they had to say and send it to him. Arnold told him that he could do better than that. He had recorded the majority of the interviews and sent him a CD along with a detailed written report. Arnold told the Sheriff that he was happy to help.

Joe just had trouble completely trusting all the electronics of the day. He had developed his own shorthand and took notes feverishly when talking on the phone. If it was a really important conversation, he would have Liz listen on the another line and take notes as well. Joe did all this in spite of the fact that all telephone conversations in his office were recorded on a 50 hour loop which means that the machine was supposed to record and retain several days of conversation. It was difficult, but possible, to find a conversation if you knew the time of the conversation, which line you were on etc. etc. etc. I was much easier for Joe if he had taken good notes and only use the phone recordings only in an emergency or in the court room.

"Hello, this is Special Agent Ralph Stewart of Homeland Security can I help you?"

"I don't know if you are the one who called me I am only returning your call. This is Sheriff Joe Flynn."

"Oh yeah, Sheriff Joe Flynn in Bexar County, Texas, you need to drop all charges on Edith Stone and release her immediately per Jane Napolee, Secretary of the Department of Homeland Security. That is an order from the boss." He replied with all the authority that his vocal arrogance could muster.

Special Agent Ralph's rhetoric and the sound of his arrogant little voice irritated the Sheriff like the barking of a noisy Chihuahua. "You say that the boss is ordering me to drop charges and release her?" There is no way that will happen, he thought. "She will be tried by a court with proper jurisdiction. The Judge will pass judgment on her case. Only the judge can release her, and if a judge releases her without a trial, I will arrest the Judge and lock him up. Now, I'll say this before I let you go! After what you have said to me—I now have enough evidence to arrest you and to lock you up. If I ever catch you in Bexar County I'll do just that. You best stay in you hiding place wherever that is. Is there any thing else Mr. Stewart?"

"If you know what is good for you, you had better drop all charges and release her!" Special Agent Ralph snapped.

"I had better? No! Mr. Stewart, I'm having a warrant issued for your arrest for the act of committing treason over the telephone. As I have already said, you had best stay under that rock that you're hiding under and stay out of Bexar County or you may find yourself with only one right, and that is to make one phone call!"

"Sheriff Flynn, do you know what your dealing with here?"

"Yes, I do, I know exactly what I am dealing with. Anymore questions? Hello hello hello." Apparently, Special Agent Ralph Stewart hung up or the call was inadvertently disconnected. Either way, the Sheriff thought it was a waste of time, and he made a mental note to never call the DHS ever again if he could keep from it.

As the Sheriff placed the phone back in it's cradle, he buzzed Liz. "Elizabeth, would you please have one of the wiz kids get me a copy of that phone conversation?" Anyone who could work a smart phone the sheriff labeled 'wiz kid.'

Liz buzzed the interphone, "Sheriff, you have a call on line two. It's a Judge, Ethel Simpson, of the U. S. District Court For the Western District.

"Hello, Sheriff Joe Flynn speaking, may I help you?" Joe answered the phone while thinking what next?

"I'm not sure, however, you may be able to help yourself."

Joe interrupted "What do you mean help myself?"

"Do you have a Ms. Edith Stone in your jail?"

"What if I do? And, what difference does that make to the US Justice Department? The Edith Stone case is a County and State issue. Besides, if you are a Judge, aren't you supposed to be the moderator in the courtroom? Why are you calling me and wasting my time?"

"Sorry Sheriff, you are right, and I won't bother you again. However, for your information there are powerful people in Washington that are extremely upset about this arrest. You will hear from others and possibly feel discomfort as long as this woman is in your jail."

"Thanks for the heads up, Judge Simpson."

Joe buzzed Liz again. She answered with her usual reply, "What's up?"

"Well, Liz, the hornets nest has been shaken a little, and I'm headed home. I'm having friends over tonight to watch the Spurs play. There will be plenty of snacks and cold beer. You and Abby are welcome to come over if you want. You know the crowd so come on over if you feel up to it. Your presence would certainly be an improvement, and all those guys love you both."

"Thanks Sheriff, but you know I can't do that, especially after all that has happened today. You guys have a good time, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Okay Liz see you in the morning."

After everyone arrived and had a beer or cocktail in their hand. Joe, called them all into his big den and told them that he needed to talk to them for a few minutes before the game.

Joe stood in front of his big screen television and paused the game so they wouldn't miss anything. There were 15 guys in all and each were close personal friends. Most of them were in their 60ties and lived alone. Some widowers, some divorced and two or three still married. He began his monolog:

"Hey guys; it is great that you are here. Being single and living alone isn't so bad when a man has friends. This morning when I went to work, I had no idea of what was going to transpire today. I am glad that you guys are with me here tonight. It looks as if I am going to need everyone here to watch my six, because there are going to be a number of people after me."

"You guys are familiar with the murders of the judge, his wife and the prosecutor and her family in Ridall County. The saddest part of this story is that this violence has more to do with political power than it does just drug trafficking. The facts are that there are many within our State and Federal Governments who are in bed with drug cartels in Mexico, and in many cases in America the County governments are the only ones who can be depended upon for real justice and many times, they are suspect. One of the real problems is that the culprits are so adapt at deceit that it is difficult if not impossible to determine who the bad guys are. The fact is that no one has a clue who was behind those murders."

"I know that each of you know Elizabeth Washington, my Secretary/Deputy, and you probably know her children. Her son is in Afghanistan serving with the Marine Corp, and her daughter, Abby, is a student at Yale. They both are great young people, and I love them both like there were my own." The Sheriff spent the next fifteen minutes explaining to them the details of the day and asked them if they would serve with him on his posse. Most of them had been sworn in as his deputies already and those who were not, agreed to do so the following morning at the Sheriff's office. The Sheriff went on with his monologue, "We have all ranted about the poor condition of our government, and now, we have the opportunity to do something about it. Maybe, we can make a little difference, and maybe we can make a big difference. I don't know how this will play out as we will be doing something that hasn't ever been done before. Those of you who have already taken an oath as my deputies and those of you who will in the morning, I emphasize the importance of that oath. It's important that you know it. I will expect you to die before you violate your oath. I don't think I can over-emphasize the importance of it."

"It's apparent to me that the greatest threat to the American people is its own federal government. They do more harm than racketeers, prostitution, gambling, drugs, scams artist and thieves. Many times, the State government's are filled with less than honorable individuals, too, who are more interested in themselves than what they were elected or hired to do."

I'm going to need two or three hundred armed deputies in my posse of volunteers, and right now you guys represent just about the whole posse. I know that each of you have experience dealing with men in combat. I trust each of you totally, and I am counting on you to recruit some good guys who love this country, and some that have seen combat in Iraq and Afghanistan. I can tolerate some PTSD in my posse, but what I can't have are druggies, crazies and cowards. I want honest and courageous warriors. Okay?"

Everyone was silent hanging on each word the Sheriff spoke.

Okay, I'm glad you're here, there is ice cold beer in the cooler, and Hors D'oeuvres in the kitchen. Help yourselves and make yourselves at home. Let's see if the Spurs can pull off a win.

The game was going Joe's way and ahead by 15 points in the second period when his cell phone rang. The caller ID indicated that it was Elizabeth calling from her cell. When he answered "Hello." Then he heard the frantic voice of Abby. She was so upset that she couldn't talk plainly. The Sheriff understood enough to know that someone had been shot, and they were on the way to Methodist Hospital in the hospital district northwest of the city. "Abigail where are you?"

"I'm at the hospital with Mama," she stammered.

"Is your Mama okay?"

"No, she's unconscious, Sheriff Joe!" Abby was sobbing talking between short breaths.

"I'll be there in 15 minutes, Abby, you settle down as best as you can. Call me if you need to. I headed your way just as fast as I can."

"Hurry, Sheriff Joe, please hurry!" Abby Sobbed.

"Hey guys, I hate to leave a great party but I have an emergency. My best deputy has been shot, and that is all the details I know right now. Could one of you guys head over to Elizabeth Washington's home and find out what is going on over there? Thanks, Al, the rest of you finish the game and I'll keep your posted. Okay?" The Sheriff grabbed his Para Commander, chambered a round, cocked it and locked the safety on. He then secured it inside his belt line in a holster. Out of his driveway with all emergency lights flashing, he headed for Methodist Hospital. This was not good! Elizabeth was his right hand. Who in the world would want to shoot her, he thought to himself? He grabbed his cell and called the SAT PD dispatcher to see if they knew what was going on.

The phone rang only once and the voice on the other end stated, "SAPD Dispatch, Sgt Adams here, may I help you?"

"Hello, this is Sheriff Joe Flynn. I'm calling about my deputy that was shot sometime in the past few minutes."

"Hey Sheriff, this is Steve Adams, and yes Elizabeth Washington was shot once in the abdomen with a nine MM Auto. We found the casing. She is in critical condition and on her way to the hospital as we speak. The paramedics were hopeful that she would survive. We know that she got off a couple of shots herself but we are not sure if she hit anyone. At least as I understand it, there were two spent chambers in her revolver."

"Who is working the case, do you know yet?" the Sheriff asked.

"No I'm not sure, however, probably Lt. Walters."

"Could you text me his cell phone number?"

"It's on it's way now."

"Thanks Steve, I'm arriving at the hospital now. I'll talk to you later."

"Okay, Sheriff."

As the Sheriff walked into the Emergency Room waiting area, Abby met him and threw her arms around him. One of her metal crutches fell to the floor with a clang as she hung on the Sheriff weeping profusely. They clung to each other for the better part of three minutes both sobbing and holding to one another.

"Abby, I was told that she was alive and stood a good chance of surviving. What happened anyway?"

"Mama had gone to the drug store and when she returned, I heard her talking to someone. Shots were fired and when I got to the door, she was lying on the steps bleeding from the stomach and unconscious. I called 911, and the ambulance was there in minutes. The police came, but I came here in the ambulance with Mama. That's when I called you."

To be continued in the next Viewsletter in July 2013.

"If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything."

~Mark Twain

Book Report:

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

by Chris Kyle

I have just finished reading Chris Kyle's book "AMERICAN SNIPER" which was an exciting read. I highly recommend this book with a caveat. It is a brutally honest description of this war and one must have the ability to tolerate a certain amount of vulgarity. I suppose that that sort of language comes with the territory, however, it may be offensive to some of my readers. Keep in mind that war is a very vulgar subject especially if you are as close to it as Chris Kyle was when he served, and today, as many of our young men and women are, who are serving this very moment.

This does not mean that I support this particular war, because I do not. Ninety-nine percent of wars are fought by the innocent and instigated by evil men. The greed for wealth and power are the obvious reasons that wars are instigated, and in most cases, the reasons that the USA gets involved. When I say the USA, I don't mean the vast majority of its citizens, but I mean the powers that can manipulate truth. In recent years, the wealthy elite of the world has bought off a vast numbers of our politicians, and deceit has become a way of life for many within our government and on Wall Street. If the reasons that the USA gets involved in a war were to protect our citizens and our borders, I would be for all out war to the point of killing the enemy into extinction.

Is this war a just war? I think not. However, we are involved, and if we are involved in a war I want guys like Chris Kyle to be on my team. I certainly don't want guys like him against me.

He was tough, and he was rowdy. There are rumors that he shot and killed a two armed robbers who attempted to car jack his pickup truck at a gas station near Cleburne, Texas. There is a rumor that he punched out Jesse "The Body" Ventura (previous Governor of Minnesota) one evening in a SEAL bar in Coronado, CA. These are both incidents that have been pretty well hidden and can't be proven. However, I believe them both. What can be proven is that he killed one hundred and sixty of the enemy in Iraq while he was serving as a SEAL Sniper.

His final days were spent as a loving husband and father. Chris Kyle lost his life in a violent way trying to help the very man who shot and killed him. He is a true American Hero that did his job, and did it very well. This is not to say that he wasn't a human being with a few flaws. The best of us are flawed.

~Adverse Yaw

Around the House

~By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

This Oklahoma weather seems to have a mind of its own. Winter comes every year, and gradually Spring takes over, although, it seems to struggle each time the baton is passed. It's like Winter just doesn't want to let go. By the time Spring has finally established herself, I have thought thoughts like, "I didn't think this bitter cold would ever end." And, "what is all this talk about global warming?" I have come to the conclusion that very few people who claim to be educated know very much of anything except they have convinced someone, somewhere, that they are smart enough to call themselves educated. Especially, places of higher learning are dropping the ball. Just look at the evidence of creation and then listen to some PhD of Philosophy spout off about the accidental happenings of the Universe. GIVE ME A BREAK! I could go on and on!

I am more of a conspiracy theorist than the Boss, and people say that he is well overboard in some of his beliefs. When your friend tries to distract you so that they can steal your favorite bone, well, dogs are not too different from human beings, if you know what I mean. Of course, the Boss believes that Conspiracies are simply a series of lies used to distract and to deceive the simple minded. The Boss uses the term IGMO which is an abbreviation for 'Ignorant Moron.' He never points to any particular individual unless that individual takes an obvious stand in the obviously wrong direction, (any untruth that is repeated over and over again is the wrong direction). Some-times, he admits that many folk may not be deliberate in their deception and that they may be one of the simpleminded who couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a base fiddle. He does admit that there are those who are so busy trying to make a living that they don't have the time or lack the desire to check on the validity of the information available.

He has become the most political incorrect persons that I know of. I remember that he used to tippy-toe around such subjects as homosexuality, race, and those who refused to work and are permanently on the dole. The Boss is one of the most fair people that I know and has gained much understanding and courage from people of color. Recently he has been inspired by a black man, Dr. Benjamin Carson, Professor of Neurosurgery, Oncology, Plastic Surgery and Pediatrics Director, Division of Pediatric Neurosurgery Co-Director, The Johns Hopkins Craniofacial Center. A man who is untouchable, who has the courage of Joshua and is an admitted Christian Man who loves Jesus Christ.

Dr. Carson told President Obama to his face just how poorly his ideals were, and that political correctness had damaged America. Of course, the IGMOs will take shots at Dr. Carson with much disdain. But, it must be realized that even an old dog like myself can see through the views of IGMOs as nothing more than cheap rhetoric. What blows my mind is guys like Chris Matthews who spews his deception for all the simpleminded to believe. The Boss calls Chris Matthews the Pied Piper of the simpleminded. I'm just a simple dog with no skills. But, I can smell a deception when it comes on TV. And, it is a sad commentary when guys like Hannity (another TV personality) have to stoop to bashing the obvious liars within our Government to include the President. I hate to see such a great communicator use such tactics, however, this is the only way to get the simple minded to listen.

Well I've already run out of room. Things are looking up for me doing some bird hunting if that little French dog will stay inside. I tell ya, that dog has screwed up more than a few ambushes. Point your nose into the wind and enjoy the Spring.

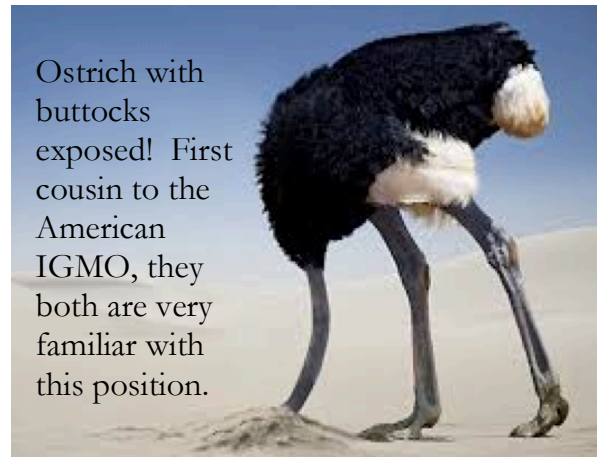
~Bark

The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Strike him as hard as you can, and keep moving.

~Ulysses S. Grant (1822 - 1885)



Cayeden Doudney wishing she could fire this gun!



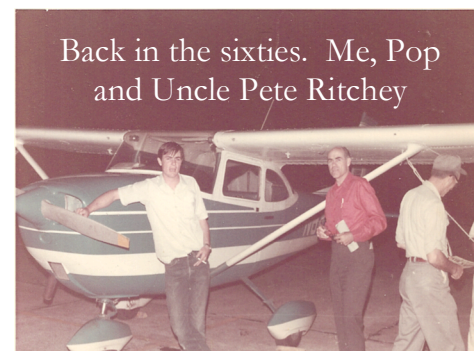
Ostrich with buttocks exposed! First cousin to the American IGMO, they both are very familiar with this position.



Let me get this straight.

We're going to be "gifted" with a health care plan we are forced to purchase and fined if we don't, which purportedly covers at least ten million more people, without adding a single new doctor, but provides for 16,000 new IRS agents, written by a committee whose chairman says he doesn't understand it, passed by a Congress that didn't read it but exempted themselves from it, and signed by a President who smokes, with funding administered by a treasury chief who didn't pay his taxes, for which we'll be taxed for four years before any benefits take effect, by a government which has already bankrupted Social Security and Medicare, all to be overseen by a surgeon general who is obese, and financed by a country that's broke!

What the hell could possibly go wrong?



That's All Folks!