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about 365 words

MY POLITICAL EDUCATION

By Paul Lambrecht

The corporate robots had installed the right man. Their national pitchman, President George W. Bush, was endowed by his maker with rather a troublesome relationship to the truth.

In his business, a lie had to be so grandiose and obvious it blatantly interfered with a lifetime of

unquestioned acceptance and flew square in the face of common sense.

Such lies were called "principles" and could not be averred from.

For the facts may change, but the principles never do. And where does one gain these principles? One plucks them from the aether. (Read: GOD.)

God may have given us geo-political challenges but he also gave us war-like principles. Such was the burden of the ruling class, to wield military might.

It was too bad, figured the President, that the dynastic warrior class had to be democratically elected. While there were men of courage who could rise from the bustling ghettos of America, they usually had some commie baggage from their rise to the top. Then again, the Ivy League elite was filled with inbred effeminates who had never stopped calling their mothers on a daily basis.

Ergo, he figured, it would be nice if a well-bred well-balanced man of principles could just be anointed dictator-for-life. He would have to practice forbearance, but given a high level of time-tested and perfectly seasoned wisdom, such a ruler could provide for his nation much like a father provides for his children.

And what would be the problem with that?

The President saw nothing as common and ugly as ambition in these thoughts; there was no room for doubt or introspection in his role as "The Decider" for his people. And those who had sent up a signal flare for discretion in the use of power and warned of its excesses and arrogance: products of their time and place in history, all. This was a bold new era of world affairs, highly dangerous and unstable. Such times required consistent and determined follow-through.

The budding dictator scratched his dignified ass. Then he set down his bible, unread.

THE END