

SNOWFLAKE CONFUSIONS
REFELCTIONS FROM TPATH
January 29, 2017

At the risk of melting a few more snowflakes the following short, heartbreaking thoughts are being offered.



Hate One – Hate Them All?

A man bought an ugly, oversized, gas guzzling truck. Every time he took the nasty old thing out on the road, it would breakdown and have to be towed. It leaked oil, belched carbon monoxide and in what seemed an intentional and contemptuous attitude, dropped rusty parts everywhere it went. He grew to despise that clunker but kept silent as he feared being labeled a hater of trucks.



*“Hold on a sec, I got the answer
here somewhere”*

No One Likes A Cheater

Upon completing a round of match play golf, after refusing to allow a known cheater to compete in his foursome, a man of great perception quickly stashed his clubs into the locker and departed. It was Election Day he exclaimed, and he did not want to miss his chance to vote for Hillary.



*The court finds the witnesses
guilty of interfering with
the outcome of this trial.*

Hacked or Exposed?

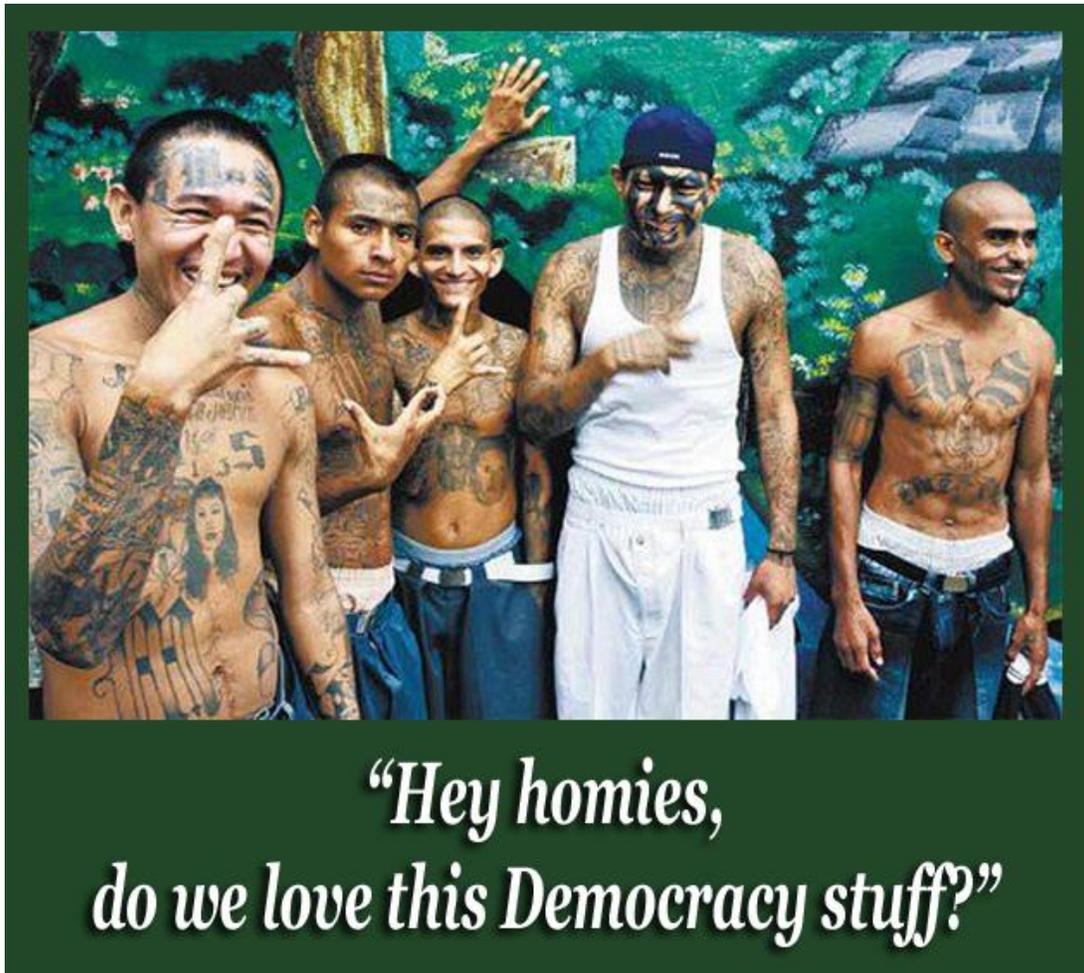
The term “*hacked the election*” has been relentlessly broadcast by the fake main stream media, despite the fact that the election was not hacked, the voting systems were not re-programmed, nor were any votes changed or deleted. Let’s be clear here. It was the crimes and unethical activity of the *Democratic National Committee* that was exposed and done so as a result of the incomprehensible negligence and downright stupidity of so many of them. The *process* which revealed their foul practices did not influence the election results. The results were influenced by their own *dirty deeds*.



***Great Turnout!
Everyone voted, at least once.***

New Math and Old Machinations

The local society group, *Mathematics for Morons*, was dedicated to providing extended education to those people in town who had been delicately cultivated and guided through the liberal school system. The club's bi-laws required that the voting membership never exceed twenty people. It came time to once again select a Chairman. The votes were counted and the incumbent was reelected by a 5 vote margin garnering 15 total votes to the challenger's 10. That new math is popular with progressives as its pliancy and non-binding attributes always carry the day.



Pure Democracy or How to Love the Popular Vote.

Pondering their fate, dread and concern were mounting as those shipwrecked on a remote island, where the survivors, 10 businessmen and 10 women who were on a group vacation, were joined by 50 members of a notoriously vicious drug cartel. The businessmen and the ladies assumed their futures would not bode well at the hands of the drug gang.

However, their minds were set at ease when the leader of the gangsters announced that they were not the ogres the world presumed them to be and therefore they would not be *unlawfully* imposing their will upon the rest. This would be a Democratic caste, he declared. Every issue or question would be voted on and enforced as a result of 51% or more popular vote. The faces which had become flushed with smiles and serenity at this announcement just as quickly reverted to anguish when it was announced that the first democratic vote, to be taken immediately, would determine which of the 10 women would be entertaining which of the 50 gang members.



Depend on Moderates and Terminate in Terror

There came a time when the remote village of Naiville began to be concerned about the violent activities of some of its newly arriving people. After many meetings and debates with the moderates of that distant clan, the villagers were assured that the dangerous activists were not supported by a large majority. Harboring warm feelings of diversity and tolerance, as they are want to do, a large influx of outlanders was agreed to. Eventually as the number of outlanders grew, so did the violence.

It came to pass that the Mayor of Naiville found it imperative to ask for help from the outlander moderates in defeating the growing menace as they were reminded of how they had ensured the village leaders that they did not harbor the same tendencies as the radicals. Hence, it was now time for them to help stop the madness. The spokesman for the moderates then explained, "*We said we did not agree with them, we said nothing about helping you stop them. We are moderates, and nothing is what we do.*"



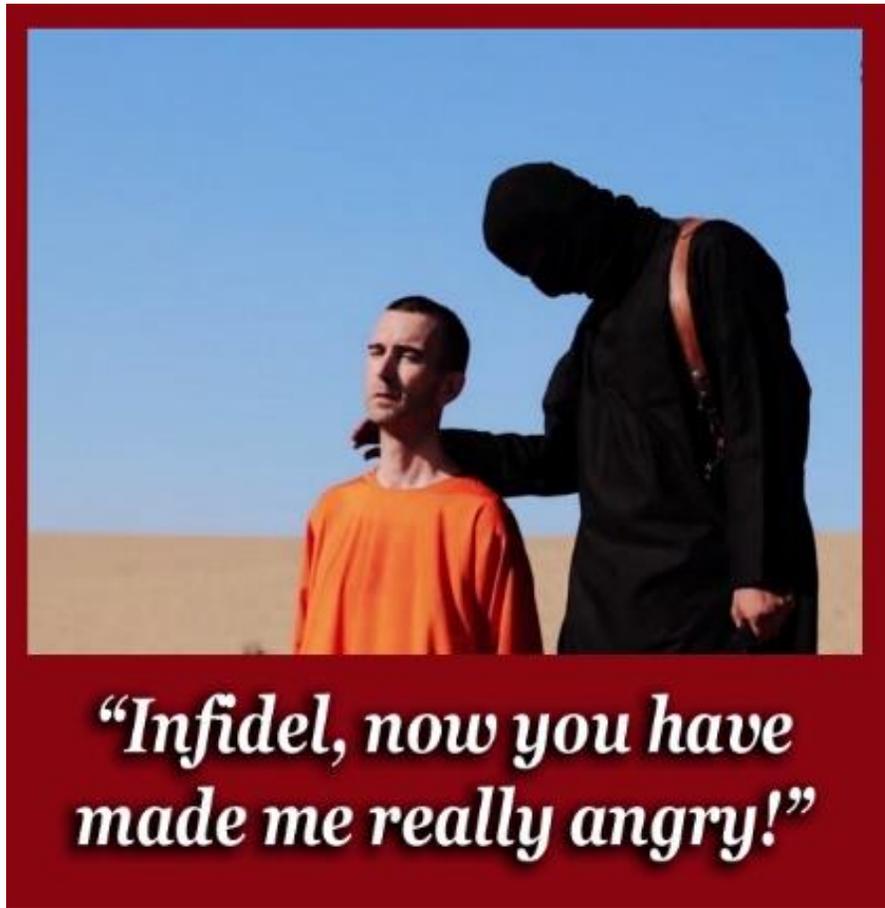
“What in the hell has gotten into that woman?”

Buttercup Brucie - Protests

It was late afternoon, tired and weary after a full day of protesting his country’s leadership remarks about “*putting America first*”, Buttercup Brucie arrived home to what he had expected to be a great celebration of his courage for opposing such an outrageous policy. But alas he found an eerily dark and quite house. No toys in the front yard, no kids screeching and much to his surprise his wife’s car was not in the driveway.

Dragging himself into the unlit kitchen he noticed an open letter from his employer laying on the table. The letter stated, “*Dear BB, as you know our company, two years past, hired a progressive and politically correct CEO. Unbeknownst to the Board, during his tenure he had been working to prevent our company from taking advantage of its competitors. As a result we now find ourselves in Chapter 11 and you and the rest of our employees are hereby terminated.*”

Then, under that letter from his ex-employer, he spotted a hand written note from his wife. That note said that she had finally come to terms with the reality that her once beloved husband, Brucie Boy, would never stop putting other people ahead of his own family and consequently, she has left him. Gone too were the kids and that crazy red MAGA baseball cap she had hanging on the coat rack.



“Infidel, now you have made me really angry!”

Don't Anger Them

The two Americans had been captured from separate locations. One a journalist, the other a soldier. Both marked for death as they were deemed to be infidels. Together now at the execution site, put to kneel before Allah's great warriors, the commander of the execution squad noted that there was a striking difference between these two sub-humans. One, the most egregious of infidels, had been working to keep terrorists out of his home country, the other posited himself to the world as one who cared deeply about the feelings of those who were about to separate his empty head from his worldly body.

At the strike of the coordinated blows, each of the condemned fell to the earth. One part dropping strait down into forever and the other part rolling off into a rubicund of viscous puddling. It was then noted by the commander, as the hoards joyously cheered on the event, that there indeed existed, among the believers, different levels of anger. Those words quickly faded in the boisterous clamor of anticipation as the commander pointed to an overcrowded cage and bellowed; “I feel a new anger, praise Allah, bring me the next infidel!”