

Hot Off The Press (Rome Is Burning)

The Gump Mess

The weasily little man with the weasily little face, with the quirky little mouth, made up a story about a Comely man who had abetted the Tromp success, whether intentionally or unintentionally; for which Tromp had lauded him. But the Comely man failed Tromp when he began to investigate Tromp's connections to the Russian interference in the US Elections (which may have unseemly consequences). So Tromp went to his newly appointed DAG, and his AG, asking them to draft a memo (an excuse) (cook up a story) to facilitate getting rid of the Comely man who was investigating (who had formerly abetted - for those not in the no, he broacheth Hillary).

So the weasily little man with the weasily little face, with the quirky little mouth, used the formerly abetting activities as a plausible excuse for FIRING the Abettor, turned Investigator.

The weasily little man denied that he had made up the story, but was asked for the plausible story by the Tromp. The recused AG un-recused himself temporarily to add more credibility to the FIRING.

Aw Shit Man!

So this has a lot of people scrambling. The Senate Minority leader (Schumer) raised chagrin when the FIRING took place although he would not have been chagrined if he had been FIRED sooner when he appeared to be abetting (trying to prove that Hillary was a crook).

Although the whole imbroglio is another shameful chapter for our flag-waving history books, the party in power is sitting on its hands (not scrambling) while Rome burns.

Of course the fourth estate is having a field day trying to figure it all out from anonymous sources (leaks) so they can tell us eager citizens what they think we need to know (fake news?), while all the testimony (public) before the august bodies, is couched in secrecy by those who know the most. As it has been said "Slander sits on the high road, mocking all the passers-by".

Scorching Incendiary

Those in power claim that Rome is not burning. Senator Cracker from South Carolina claims that Rome is not burning; smug sun-uv-a-bish.

The man from Kentucky wears his inscrutable implacable mask; the man from Wisconsin wears his smirk; they appear unconcerned that Rome is burning. And the Prez; Good Gott! Trump That!

Since the previous prez was awarded the Kennedy Profiles In Courage Award, there has been a lotta talk about the Party in power getting up some guts to shake the tree (er ... to put out the fire).

The weasily little man with the quirky mouth is Rid Rosieseem. (Catherine would wince if she knew what the author was [well, you know!]) The other guy, the Angora Goat, is was named Jiffy.

It gets worse. A Congressman was shot. That is, a disgruntled citizen aimed his rifle at a person on a ball field in the likelihood that that person was a congressman (Republican). The author cannot explain why only 'men' were on the ball field, 'cause there are also congress 'women' wo men (woe men). For this writing, beside the point, the point being that since this happened to a Republican (not in the Ben Franklin sense), but a right wing advocate who voted with the NRA, gun rights and all that anachronistic shit, dey is compromised. One hears its not the gun or the bullets; it's the trigger man. Trouble is there are a lotta trigger happy people out there, sorta protected by the Second Amendment (and Moses and Ben Hur).

Anyway it has raised the alarm in a way that Newton, Conn, did not. Not only has it become necessary to carry, but these representative types shit their pants every time a fire cracker goes off. Personally the author wishes they would get the runs every time they vote to reduce taxes for the rich, getting the money from the disenfranchised. So the reader knows who the disenfranchised are, let it be clear the author refers to those who happen to be born into a country that talks out of both sides of its humanitarianism. The 'richest' nation on de oith aint all in it together; that is, the poor (formerly identified as 'social retards' [by the guy who promoted Chesterfields]) are intended to remain poor, and without the basic necessities; safety net and all that; freeze in the gutter, no food stamps, guaranteed illness without remorse, consigned to clean the

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latrines (and drain the swamps); none of that coddling shit, whereof unproposed by Hitch and MacColonel, Riorn, and Tromp. The lady writer, Ann, from the New Yorker, characterized the perpetration as 'heartless'. To make it clearer, we are speaking of Healthcare For The Masses, where Hatch, McConnell, Ryan and Trump, the Neros (near zeroes) of this drama, have been miscast. To plagiarize another New Yorker, they have acted in "Cold Blood". There may be some correlation between 'heartless' and 'Cold Blood'; where there is no heart, how can there be any other outcome? Is this portraying something worse than it seems? Negative!!! Hah! At the HEART of this matter is GOLD, coin of the realm, green stuff, in the pockets of the rich (who think of themselves as benefactors). Hatch, McConnell, and Ryan serve as the sycophants (true beneficiaries of the benefactors [corporate, vested, voters] {it gets even more parenthetical}). Donald is the prime example of a recipient. Is there such a 'creature' as a Cold Blooded sycophant? Look at them! What do you see? Nothing! Of Course. But, what else? Its not just these actors; there are others in the wings, talking out of both sides of their mouths. These realize the inhumanity of their sentiments, but their sentiments are not aligned with the people as much as they are with their political affiliations (bankrollers). Some have ventured this may come back to haunt them, when the disenfranchised public rears its ugly head to vote them out of office. (Authors Comment! There is something rotten in Rome. Rise UP!)

Since Rome has been invoked, let us think like Romans. Drain The Swamps, the seats of all pestilence. Washington DC has been characterized as a SWAMP! The key to Health Care for the masses is to drain the swamps. Infrastructure! When you drain the swamp, flush out the sycophants.

By the by, Ben Franklin, an Ancient American, is reported to have said to a constituent, "A republic, if you can keep it". So there is no misunderstanding, Republic does not infer Republican; whereas the opposite is the more likely. It is inferred that Ben gave a shit, whereas the usurpers do not. Ben woulda been the first with a bucket. One man fire brigade. Whereas, the new patriots arm themselves 'to the dentures'. (Sorta protectionistic, under the guise of American Exceptionalism. (Is this relevant?) Aristotle proposed that mammals were 'blood-holding' animals. A humink beinik has been phylumed under blood-holding. Question: Is a creature that

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resembles Hatch, McConnell, Ryan and Trump, even though it is found only in the gutter, still a blood-holding mammal?

The author leaves more room below in this harangue, for all who may feel inclined to add to what has already been intimated.

The author cannot guarantee that any additions will be protected by copyright. You might get hung (shot) all the same. Somebuddy ventured that when you ingest hemlock, the legs go numb first; it is believed that Socrates confirmed the latter before he uttered his last famous words: “Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius, will you remember to pay the debt?”

Addendum: The weasely little basturd (Rid Rosieseem) mentioned earlier in this diatribe, was at it again. Confidentially, clandestinely, he tole the big usurper he wasn’t a subject of an investigation. Also he reassured the ‘Cheif’ that he was gonner ‘Land The Plane’, and that he ‘Had His Back’, (allusions [code words] arising from the Washington Mafia).

His subsequent pilot was a round bulldoggy faced entity, who had already landed the plane in the swamp, amidst double talk, equivocations, dissemblings, distortions, prevarications, evasions, and sundry misrepresentations and perversions, and extraneous irrelevant obliquities of the truth.

Prior to all this latter spell-binding by the pilot, the weasel was fearful of losing his job as DAG, after having uttered in frustrated ill-conceived confidence in the presence of listening and interested ears (Andrew’s), that he (jokingly) offered to wear a wire to entrap the Sun-Uv-A-Bish; he also suggested 25th Admendmenting the SUAB. But he tearfully recanted when treading the carpet in the sacred halls; he kept his job.

See what the author means by weasel. He not only looks like one, but he even sounds like one; and he’s a servile little fucker; a suckyphant. Your author had it right the first time.