

COVID-19

The cure cannot be worse than the problem itself.

I want to praise the statisticians for their revised death estimates.

ON HIGH! Wait, there's more.

Every Day the Casino on Wall Street is open for business (in the land of the DIRE.) The Treasury Department, the Federal Reserve, The Fancysseers, The Stockholders; the Oligarchs and Plutocrats; their pockets are bulging; and hope springs eternal. Essential Services include Beauty Salons, and Tattoo Parlors. Tushy is making a bundle on bidets.

As we foolishly follow the course of the pandemic, via the various 'breaking news' outlets, every few minutes away from the teleprompter. we are additionally 'plagued' by the efforts to promote insurance (of all kinds [including Medicare??]), to promote all the patent medicine schemes (with a lotta fine print that disappears before you have a chance); how to protect yourself against all the fiendish hackers; junk foods/weight loss; crooked pecker, and a host of consumer goods, Dollar General stuff (2 for 1), as well as all the ambulance chasings (from hernia surgery, to asbestosis, to wretched Round-Up, and Zantac (ratdiner –NDMA), and to sweeten the pie, all the adverts promoting the phony leader and his hollow opponent. AND, by the way, it goes without saying, COVID-19 is still with us. We are not well served.

Charline shopped at Costco, along with a long line of Seniors, during Senior Hour, six feet apart, masked, and felt like she was the last one to get on the ferry, with her car, to Vancouver Island, when she was handed the last 30 pack of Kirkland ass wipes. The solution is Tushy bidets.

We are situated in place where politics ought not intrude, but there it was, when Charline returned from her sojourn to the market place, The HUGE Trump/Pence yard sign attached to the closed gate, beyond which, and which encloses, the man with the huge dogs and the guns; and a hollerin' and echoin' PA System. There it was, like DJT himself, a brazen affront; the school yard bully unleashed on society.

This cannot be good. The affront is not negotiable. One cannot bargain away first and second amendment rights. There is only one solution!!!!!! OFF the chief instigator. Deb agrees. Charline opines "Naw, that would make of him a martyr." Geeeezzz whats to martyr? I recall George Lincoln Rockwell lying alongside his open car door in a market parking lot, looking as much asleep as dead.

It is a real social problem, dealing with aggressive behavior. There is a cure for this (perhaps lethal)

If it walks like a duck, talks like a duck it is a duck. If it quacks like a quack, and walks like a quack, it is a quack. DJT is a quack. For a time the American people took to quackery as an imaginary release from all previous quackeries (so typified by the logo: "Deep State").

It has been learned that the chief quacker had a bone spur on his foot, which may have been mistaken for an incipient webbed foot.

The Insidious Insinuation

They all said it was an honest mistake, David, Mitch, Lindsey claimed the stupid bastard was not stupid at all when he suggested a disinfectant; it is so, if you have an infectant, you gotta have a disinfectant; it only makes sense. Getting ultraviolet light into the lungs is trickier. And prescribing hydroxymethyl quintessential seemed reasonable to Laura and Dr. Oz, however intolerable were its recipients.

What was that; “the cure cannot be worse than the problem itself”. Pay attention.

Not to leave this stone unturned. A vaccine for Sars-2 was developed, but not tested. Somebody dropped the ball, the WHO, what, where, why, HOW! (that’s an American Indian greeting), the CDC, and all the other acronymmed and non-acronymmed entities failed to take seriously that which was serious. There may not have been any money in it, but a lot of vital information was lost to speculation.

There is no amount of cynicism that matches the limited intelligence of homo sapiens.

e.g. The bully has his pulpit. Before his ascension, he was famed for Bleeping women; he was even depicted as bleeping the Statue Of Liberty. Donny knows where to put it; into a syringe, loaded, to inject sodium hypochlorite into the ‘system’. The author would bet you thought he was going to say something else about where to put it. Not feasible to put his it into a vein, otherwise stated as ‘in vain’.

There are only so many people who can do this sort of thing. It takes a genius. For the lack of a better expression, the stupid sun-uv-a-bish needs to be fired. As indicated, more drastic action would assure for a complete success.

Then they put Jarhead (Heydrich) on the Hyena network to proclaim, ‘we got it under control’.

There was even an appearance upon the stage of daddy’s little girl (the one that looked like Stormy) but she didnt say nuthin.

Then they waddled out the Hippopompeotus to declare ‘it was their fault,’ but we cannot tell you how we know that’.

There’s a bunch a sycophants trying to bolster (speaking of which we aint heard from Bolton).

We did hear that Joe insinuatingly put his hand (bleep) into the cookie jar. That’s supposed to be a political labiability. They maintain he was not ‘senile’ when he did dat.

Then there’s Guiliani. He’s gotta a bunch of Ukrainian dope on the Bidens. Barr said he’s scaptickle about dope, but he’s willin’ to hear anything. He should know, after all; kinda like, if Norway had any dirt on Hilary, we’d wanna know about it.

Reading in the playbook, it says: you gotta know when to lie (stretch). You wanna know somethin’, the author believes all these guys are doing a head trip on him; they’re fucking him over. The author doesn’t own an assault weapon; he sure could use one now. When the goin’ gets rough! These guys try the author’s patience, and his Second Amendment rights. So you see, there is no problem, because there is a cure.