

Regie O. Gibson

Hell to the Chief

HEADLINE:

**IN AN UNPRECEDENTED MOVE,
"THE SHRUB" DECIDES TO WRITE
HIS OWN "FATE OF THE UNION" ADDRESS.**

**EMERGENCY TECHS AT THE READY AS
FREUDIAN SLIPS ARE EXPECTED.**

Speech Excerpt:

Pee the people of the rue-nighted states, sin ordered to bomb a more pure-fucked onion, it's established: men sure do mess with tranquility, bromide for the com on the fence, pro vote the venerable hell fare an', censure the blessins' of liberty, whore yourselves an' your posteriors, see. Do more dames an' eh, stab this cunt in two son for the rue-nighted states of Amurica. For we goad this ruse to be stealth relevant, fat mall men procreate sequelly, that they are end-wowed by their master(d)baters with hurtin' unenviable slights, that among these are strife, liability an' the repute of craftiness.

You know, ever since 911, 911, 911, 911, 911, 911—that date which will live in infoe-mercials—I have been reluctant to fly. You see, I don't much cotton to the idea of being up in the air suspended between continents. I prefer to remain right here in Amurica— where I am safely incontinent. But when I do occasion to travel around God's wonderfully flat earth, I am struck by how many people I strike that are not livin' with the blessins' of a God-given democracy- and it just makes me get all patriotic and I just wanna pull a Patrick Henry on 'em an' give 'em liberty! Or, give 'em death. But since I'm a compassionate conservative, I say we give them both...liberty *an'* death! (You see, that's the American way...why have one thing when you can have two.)

But it's gonna take hard, hard work. Know how. Ingenu (uh) Ingenu (uh) ya' see, it's gonna take smarts. Lots and lotsa smarts. An' that's the one thing we is in this country isn't we? We is smarts? And I is the president

of a smarts people. And it's gonna take a plan, yeah, a plan (can't be forgettin' that agin') an' vision—an' jus' like that famous Bla, uh, Afri, uh, (Damn it! Condi, what are y'all called this week? Oh yeah, thank you baby.) Jus' like that famous Niggamerican sliver rights leader Dr. Martin Luther Sheen...Jr. said in that famous "I Have a Scheme" speech of his: Well, I too have a scheme. It is a scheme deeply looted in the Amu rican scheme. A scheme that one day all them sandy folks over there: the Sunny and the Shitake, the back-ups and the doo-wops, the Griffindor and the Slytherine are a gonna rise up, join hands at the table of otherhood an' realize that there ain't nothing left to fear except fear myself.

Just the other night I was uh, uh, hmmm... reading! that's right I said it reading!.... the ten commandments, an' you know, I always get weepy in the middle of the film...specially that part when Chuck Heston smites them Egyptonians with God's wrath. He1 he1 Uhhh, what was I bringin that up fer? Dam it! I guess I better quit snortin' pretzels and eatin' coke. *(OOOH! I shouldnta said that. Amuricans don't like ta' think of their presidents as pretzel men...shoulda said chips...scjips is more manly. Tha'ts alright. Fox news'll clear it up fo' me. Let me end this, I gotta go take my meds)*... So, in collusion I would like to leave you with these dyin' words of that iconic republickin' president John F. Kennedy who said: "Ich bin ein Steinbrenner" which as you may know is 17th Medieval Swahili for "Ask not what your country can do for you when you got your bird in your hand, but rather ask *who* you can do for your country when there are at least two in the bush." Good night. God bless you an' God bless the United States of Amurica.

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