

Senator Smarmy

The Airport Ride

Aidone gazed in adoration at Senator Smarmy. Aidone enjoyed being Senator Smarmy's top assistant. She always made arrangements for the Senator's sticky situations to be handled. Then Aidone voyeuristically enjoyed watching the Senator exchange both handshakes and blows with the public, press, and private individuals over any job at hand. Right now Aidone enjoyed watching Senator Smarmy handle health care negotiations. This view exceptionally excited Aidone.

They were all on the way to the airport for a flight home for the Christmas Holidays. Pent up energy existed from negotiations. Senator Smarmy sought a climax to her bargaining to provide relief for all.

Aidone loved the Senator's tanned Raquel Welch body and alternating personality styles of Vivian Rutledge and Alexis Colby combined with the poisonous venom of Hera. Now...Now she loved the Senator's Nailin Paylin mindset.

Jilloff also rode in the vehicle. Jilloff had a finger ready on Senator Smarmy's alarm button in case the situation warranted such action. Jilloff lifted her head asking "Senator, when did you decide to put out your vote for health care?"

Senator Smarmy replied "Jilloff, my dear, you are so new here, aren't you? You must realize that this legislative situation is like all other legislative situations. This health care legislation is like all other legislation because when the votes are close to being there the Executive Branch will stop at nothing to get something passed. It is only a matter of final negotiations because even though the vote will be tight the votes are there. The last few votes just need to be bought." Senator Smarmy smiled at Jilloff. "Always remember, Jilloff, that my piece costs a lot."

Senator Smarmy continued “So those who don’t put out until the very end get whatever they want to secure those last votes to pass the health care legislation. The health care legislation votes are there and nothing can stop it from being passed. So the smart ones don’t put out until everyone else has gotten whatever they want because the tail end is where the big dog likes to wag his tail.”

Senator Smarmy ran her hands through Jilloff’s hair. “When the Congressional floor play is over then there are the entries made behind the green door. You *want* the big dog to give you a bone to lick. Then, after you lick that bone, BANG! Oh, there’s a shocker! It is time to change positions.” The Senator adjusted her position. “Changing positions has nothing to do with right or wrong or what is best for the country. It is all about taking it out in trade. It is all about satisfying the needs of the Big O. Don’t buck the slobbering donkey; bite the pillow instead. Eventually the ATM machine issues pearls from the swine and you know you have made it.”

Jilloff smiled and finished clicking the mouse on Senator Smarmy’s computer. “You have cut friends all over the Capital!” she exclaimed.

Senator Smarmy pointed. “That’s what my box contains. All the cut from my friends!”

A phone rang. Senator Smarmy pressed BlackBerry to her cheek. “Smilfme here” she said with a smile.

“Why Mr. President that is very big of you! Mr. Speaker that is also very large of you. Those should fill all holes necessary to get my vote.” Senator Smarmy enjoyed ecstasy. The Senator got the big deal in the back of the limo. Smilfme squeezed tight and dreamily looked off saying “Nothing can stop the healthcare legislation now. The fix is in.”

Jilloff began convulsing and coughing blood up. She fell to the floor of the limo; her body twitching in spasms. Senator Smarmy took charge of the situation stating “Aidone, call the limo driver and have the vehicle re-routed to the nearest emergency room.” Aidone gladly complied.

In a flash the limo arrived at Washington DC General Hospital. The driver parked the vehicle in front of the Emergency Room doors. A series of ambulances were in the process of arriving. Inside the ambulances rode lead poisoning recipients seeping blood from their holes.

Aidone proudly strode into the emergency room reception area past the line of citizens waiting to be enrolled for treatment and walked to the desk. "Nurse, Desk Person or whatever your title is" Aidone said "We have a medical emergency with one of Senator Smarmy's aids. Get your top ER staff out to the limo ASAP and see to the Senator's needs!"

The Receptionist said "Ma'am, I'm afraid we have a line of other people here..."

Aidone cut him off "HEY! You didn't hear me! This is a medical emergency for US Senator Smarmy. There is a person choking to death in the limo out front! This is a life waiting to be saved!"

The people waiting were not thrilled with this new set of circumstances. They all looked at each other incredulously. One man started to talk. "Hey lady..." he started.

Aidone would have none of it. She had been well trained. "Everyone please excuse the inconvenience but this is a Congressional issue and that means it supersedes all else that is going on here. You will all get your turn but" Aidone turned to the Receptionist "If you value your job and you don't want to be the cause of a Congressional Committee coming down on this hospital then you better get your fanny in gear and get the Senator's staff member treated! The Senator's office will hold you personally responsible if she dies due to your inaction!" Job well done, Aidone turned and proudly strode off to report to Senator Smarmy.

A police officer involved with transporting the top shottas to the hospital heard the ruckus. He looked at the hospital security person in the ER. They both shook their heads. What could they do?

They approached Senator Smarmy and Aidone. “Senator” the police officer asked “May we have a word with you?” He nodded to a doorway to the inner halls of the hospital. “In private, please?”

“Of course, Officer” Senator Smarmy said. “Adione, you stay and take care of Jilloff and I will see what these officers have in mind.” The three of them walked to a hallway simultaneously filled with activity and anonymity. Smilfme posed against a wall and said “I always like men in a uniform. How may I help you?”

“Senator” the security guard said “Please, look. No one working here wants any trouble. But if you look around us you can see it’s like the Saturday before Christmas at the mall here right now. There’s a lot of bodies moving around here right now in bad shape.”

Senator Smarmy would have none of it. “Is this what you bothered me about? You’re worried about equal treatment for these shot up gang bangers here who probably don’t have a job or pay taxes.” Senator Smarmy snorted. “I have a sick staff member to take care of!” Senator Smarmy turned to go.

“Senator” the police officer said. Senator Smarmy stopped, rolled her eyes, and then turned to face the police officer with a look of *don’t waste my time*. “Senator, please help me out here. Help me understand something. See, you’re on the inside of things in the Capitol where as me, me why I’m just a lowly nobody. I’m kinda stupid and there’s something I just can’t quite understand here. See let’s assume these guys here all shot up didn’t have health insurance.”

Senator Smarmy shrugged her shoulders and said “So?”

The officer continued. “Yeah, well the thing that bugs me is this, and I can’t figure it out. See, we go ahead and pass this massive health care overhaul that’s out there and these guys all get shot up again. And then what happens? They’re back here in the emergency room getting treated. And then, just like

before, they go somewhere and get hooked up with colostomy bags or orthopedics or whatever they need.”

“So?” Senator Smarmy asked.

“So” the security guard interjected. “What’s the difference? I mean, they got shot up and they got treated before any insurance overhaul and then after any insurance overhaul not a damn thing has changed for their treatment!”

“Insurance companies now will pay the bill” Senator Smarmy said. “That’s the difference!”

“So who pays who is the only thing that changes for these guys” the police officer said. “It’s just who pays for it that changes. Well, Senator, please let me ask you one other thing.”

Senator Smarmy curtly snapped “What?”

“Senator” the uniform asked “Is there any difference between me being a cop in the USA and someone being the military? I mean, in both cases, no matter what we do every day the police and fire fighters can be asked any day to put their lives on the line. Some of us work tough gang turf and some have cushy jobs in low crime cities...but some military jobs are cushy and some are in harms way, you know.”

“Yes” Senator Smarmy answered. “I see your point. Now I must go.” The Senator started off.

“Well, wait” the Officer said. “My question is this: how come when the various unions that were in the White House getting cut out of paying taxes in the health care proposal...how come the military and police and firemen weren’t given prime status for exemption? I mean, if anyone is going to be exempted from paying the tax shouldn’t the protectors of society be first in line for exemption and not just campaign contributors?”

“Everything being done is all legal!” Senator Smarmy snapped. “You just need to have faith in us!”

The officer shook his head and said “You know that’s the thing about politicians. There was a time when slavery and later segregation were legal and now they are illegal. But whether slavery or segregation are legal or illegal by God they never were right! All you politicians think that people like me can’t see through the BS and know what actions being taken are or are not right.”

The officer pointed across the hall to where a group of doctors were working on a patient. He continued angrily. “Senator, that’s my partner in there and he’s dying right now because some illegal immigrants shot him up. And maybe he will live tonight and maybe he will die tonight but while nothing will change about how these gang bangers are treated with the health care legislation one thing that will change is that saps like us will now be paying more to the Fed’s to fund this nothing change, this paperwork change, while you and your buddies get away without having to pay for any of it! And you tell me that it is *the right* thing to do that your Union buddies shouldn’t pay a fair share! And then you wonder why the common people like me who work hard every day to get by and have a retirement are angry when we see both political parties doing these things that just aren’t right!” The officer spat on the hallway wall beside Senator Smarmy and walked away. The Security Guard followed.

Senator Smarmy phoned Aidone to call her to appear. Aidone gladly obliged. Senator Smarmy pointed to the spittle on the wall. “I want DNA testing done on that spit to prove it was that officer that spit at me and I want you to contact the AG’s office to get him prosecuted for assault and to have him busted in rank!” Aidone nodded and went to work. Senator Smarmy started walking away but stopped at a doorway. “And get someone to get IRS info on that bastard! I want his fanny pushing up daisies before his partner takes his last breath!”

Senator Smarmy strode through the doorway in an attempt to see if she could find the room where Jilloff was being attended to. In the room she entered Senator Smarmy found Doctor Ama standing over a patient. The patient laid spread eagle on a table; the doctor stood between the patients legs while

reaching up and pumping the patient's chest. Nurses worked around the body but they decided the patient had passed the point of no return. The unpleasant emotional feeling of having failed to keep a younger body alive permeated the mien of the physician and attendees as they turned to walked away.

Senator Smarmy asked doctor Ama "What happened here?"

Doctor Ama replied "This woman used her uncommon sense to have sex while having a tampon inserted. Somehow through other complications she went into cardiac arrest while we were trying to help her and she expired."

"Well that's a relief" Senator Smarmy said. "It liked like some intercorpse going on. I guess she would rather have redwings than chicken wings!? Anyway, I doubt angel wings are in her future. No one stupid enough to leave a tampon inside while doing it could possibly be let into heaven!"

Doctor Ama was stunned. "Who are you?" he asked. "And what are you doing here?"

"I am Senator Smarmy" she replied. "As Senator I am here looking for the room where my aide is being treated. I designate you to find that room for me."

The nurses moved the decedent to a gurney. Doctor Ama told the staff "I'll satisfy The Senator; you go help out elsewhere. It's not like we have a shortage of patients today." Doctor Ama took charge of wheeling the gurney out of the room. He nodded to the Senator "Come with me, Senator."

The Senator said "Call me Smilfme. I like men in uniforms!"

Senator Smarmy followed along as the Doctor led them to the morgue area to deposit the body. Senator Smarmy philosophized to the physician "I wonder if Bill Clinton would consider that as having had sex if the woman kept a tampon inside of her? I mean they truly would have been doing the nasty nasty so does that qualify as sex?"

“You really haven’t spent time in an ER, have you?” Doctor Ama asked. “Despite what Congress may think the ER is not all visits for colds or bunions. There are a lot of really stupid people tricks that people do that require medical attention.”

“That’s why they need full health insurance coverage!” Senator Smarmy snapped. They arrived at the morgue area and entered the room. Senator Smarmy continued. “In fact, I want this lady’s death certificate to read that she died from a lack of health care for that is what truly killed her.

Doctor Ama waved his arm to the variety of corpses laid out on tables. “And these...?”

Senator Smarmy said “We need to look at their death certificates. What do they currently say?”

Doctor Ama led the Senator on a tour of the bodies reading off the initial death diagnosis. “These here died of gunshot wounds. These were from HIV. These were from a car accident. These are unknown. This one...” Doctor Ama stopped to read the death cert “This one is the son of a Senator!” Doctor Ama smiled at Senator Smarmy and continued. “He died from an overdose. An overdose of being a PG rated kid in an X rated society because surely it was the X rated society that caused the drug overdose instead of poor parenting.” Doctor Ama continued. “These were from heart disease. These were from natural causes...”

“STOP! Right there!” Senator Smarmy said. “All of these death certificates need to be rewritten. None of these people died from anything except a lack of health care insurance. Aren’t you aware of the study? Forty Thousand people die every year in the USA from a lack of health insurance. This inherently means that there must be death cert’s that support the argument for we all know that the argument is more important than the facts. We fit the facts to support the argument!”

Doctor Ama laughed. “I know. It’s so funny, isn’t it? One million abortions or early terminations of pregnancies or whatever you call them occur every year in the USA, people live longer than they ever

have in the USA, and some boob gets up in Congress and makes a big deal about people who *supposedly* would not have died if they had health insurance. It wasn't a stupid people trick or a cause of nature that killed the body; it was not having health insurance! The bill is supposed to be about health care but I find it hard to believe that one million women having abortions annually is good for both the women and the child. It's not about the term *health care* as much as *who pays for all the pills and services we dispense.*"

The doctor continued "America has sent generations to war. All those soldiers grew up and faced death without being raised on Ritalin and other drugs. They became men and women but they were probably children no different than children are today. But somehow America has become convinced that these children all need to be taught that there is something inherently wrong with them. They all need pills that of course have no long term effects on the body. If the ads and the studies and the doctors say it is so then it is ok!"

Her Smilfme mind said "I like the way you think! And speaking of pharmaceuticals as long as I am here..."

Senator Smarmy thought a second. "Actually, I guess I need to find Jilloff or I'll never be home for Christmas. You start changing the death certificates to *no insurance*. Well, make the OD a case of death by global warming. I'm sure there was a lot of hot air and smoke blown in his face. And that will add to the global warming death toll!" Senator Smarmy paused a second in reflection before continuing. "Now, let's find my aide."

They found Jilloff in an observation room. Jilloff lay on a table continuing convulsions and blood spitting. Doctor Cratic worked on her body. "What's wrong with Jilloff?" the Senator asked.

"It appears that Jilloff tasted some form of poison" Doctor Cratic offered.

Senator Smarmy sniffed uppity while looking at the noisy Jilloff in dismay. “One Senator’s taste is another person’s poison” she said with disgust. The Senator took a position over Jilloff and moved to quiet her.

Jilloff died from asphyxiation. Local warming from the carbon sink release caused a series of volcanic spasms. Smilfme felt it to be an incredible experience. Wild eyed Smilfme looked at the doctors and smiled. “My heart is racing and I am short on breath; come perform CPR on me.”

Aidone entered the room a short time later and found the doctors providing DPR to Smilfme. “Is there anything I can do?” Aidone asked.

“Oh God, yes!” Smilfme exclaimed. “Book another flight and buy enough booze for the whole flight. Plus I need a new limo arrangement to get home. Submit all charges for Federal reimbursement. Also, call Maid and tell her my new arrival time. Tell her I want champagne and a Pink Lady ready for me as well as my top shelf fishing whites laid out. You stay here and deal with Jilloff. Buy flowers, make arrangements, write a eulogy speech about human rights. Have a candle lighting ceremony but most of all... get me a new Jilloff!”

The Mile High Club

Senator Smarmy settled in for the flight. She found herself flying with Arrgh Ument, Hip Pop Crissy and Athena. They were enjoying the blockbuster film on the flight of *National Pleasure*.

Smilfme threw down a drink and signaled for another as well as for a round for her travelling companions. Her Smilfme mind smiled at Arrgh saying “What a great movie! Don’t you marvel at all the scenery and the chasing? Aren’t all those treasures and big guns so wonderful? Can’t you just imagine plundering that booty?”

“For my sake” Arrgh Ument said “can’t we see something other than simple fantasy? Something that challenges my mind?”

“Like what?” Senator Smarmy asked.

Hip Pop Crissy chimed in. “You mean like stories that deal with American Society today?” Hip Pop Crissy thought. “Maybe a story about race relations in the USA centered around a criminal mayor of Detroit?”

“Exactly” Arrgh said. “We could have a biracial mayor whose skin color is white who ascended to power through crime and now he faces corruption charges so he acts like all politicians do when in trouble. They find something to deflect criticism elsewhere. This mayor will champion slave reparations. He starts the *African American Coalition on Reparations Now*, AACORN, to promote the cause. They have marketing campaigns planned out with slogans like “*Be an OctoMom today!*” because eight kids before a reparation payment are worth a heck of a lot more than after a payout. Of course, they would be prepared to sell “*Genuine Slave Semen!*” to women of all racial backgrounds so that they can be inseminated to properly get paid. And, of course, AACORN will get the government contract to certify DNA for payout. But the whole plan is actually a scam by the mayor and cronies to be money managers of all the billions or trillions paid out by such a plan.”

Hip Hop Crissy said “But that would advocate hypocrisy as the rationale of the reparation argument. That would indicate that the whole scheme is nothing more than a mass money grab by those who seek power and money under the guise of social good!”

“Absolutely!” Arrgh said. “We are now twenty years removed from NWA and at least one nigger has lost his attitude; he’s selling soda pop on TV! The title of the book can be used to symbolize how far American society has come since 1959; instead of *Black Like Me* the title shall be *Nigger Like Me!*”

Athena said “How about a story of what will be the fifty first state in the Union? The novel can center around various global political leaders and the various US government departments and can point out the fact that the malaise of both the Democrat and Republican parties lies in the lack of a vision for America for the future. Capitalism requires constant expansion but the US political realm has ceased expansion and has ceded expansion to the UN.”

Smilfme interjected. “You got that one wrong. You mean a book about what will become the fifty-eighth United State, don’t you?” Her eyes twinkled.

Athena continued “It’s funny that all the aged hippies see the UN as the way to achieve world peace through global taxation and lifestyle manipulation. If the United Nations has proven one thing it is that it is merely another cesspool of political corruption. Think about it. Just what is the long term plan of the United Nations? Does anyone really know? I think that what the US needs to do is to actively seek other countries to accept the US Constitution and the US way of life and that should be the goal of the political parties as well as the government. Building a better world for all of mankind through one global political system should be the goal. This is the *Unmanifest Destiny* of the United States.”

“You argue that the political parties have no realistic long term vision for America and isn’t that pointed out by the lack of a plan that the floated health care legislation actually is?” Arrgh asked. “I’ve read the various proposed legislations and there are some very curious aspects to the legislation. For starters, in this age of modernization and simplification, how come the language of lawyers is still so archaic? I’m not convinced that bills written in such legalese are needed any more. There are certainly better ways to construct the format of legislation than what is currently used. But the political parties exhibit no desire to change that system. The only reason to write every document in such un-extenuating legalese is to hide both truth and the devil in the details.”

Arrgh continued. “But, really, if one took the *plan* put forth by Congress and the Executive branch to a bank to have the plan financed as a business plan then the bank would reject it. There is no semblance of a plan; only legislation. They want to redo one sixth of the economy but the legislation floated doesn’t even have spec’d out what branches of government will do what. They’ll figure it out as they go along. Now what kind of plan is that!”

Arrgh inanely blathered away. “Now, let’s assume that one wanted to provide as a start dental health care to everyone in the USA. How would that be accomplished? Would each citizen get one or two teeth cleanings a year? Would teeth whitening be covered? And better yet; do you think that getting dental accomplished for everyone could be done in two years...let alone the whole health care industry?”

Senator Smarmy said “That all depends on the health care plan one purchases!”

“Yepper!” Arrgh said. “The current ideas put forth in the *health care* legislation are therefore not to provide dental care to everyone but to force affiliation with an insurance plan. Each unique affiliation adds layers of bureaucracy. Every layer of bureaucracy adds layers of cost and inefficiency. Any business person who is competent can see that the health care costs will skyrocket as the layers of bureaucracy are added.”

Arrgh paused. “If the government were really serious about effectively providing health care for all citizens then the government should not look to enforce health insurance for everyone but rather the government should look to enforce a system where citizens have their medical bills directly paid by the government without any insurance middlemen or marketing services costs. A true *universal health care system* for all would mean slowly implementing, bit by bit, a system of consistent homogenous *health care* for all...no matter where one lives.”

He campishly continued. “The thing about insurance is this: having insurance really doesn’t prevent one from getting sick or injured. That will always occur. Insurance is only about who will pay for it. Building an insurance system is much more costly than building a system of providing health care for people.”

Arrgh continued his misinformed perspective that was built by special interest advertisements of evil insurance companies. “How does mandating insurance help a woman without enough intelligence to remove menstrual devices when having sex? Do you think she will fill out annual forms to have credits assigned to her, or shall she be thrown in jail and fined for not getting her big brother forms in? The prison system is already releasing violent criminals out early due to a lack of prison space but now we will fill the system with health care deadbeats. The police force will also now love being tasked with arresting citizens for being health care deadbeats. Of course, twelve million illegal immigrants in the USA and the government can’t find any of them even though the AG claims that the USA is a nation of laws to be obeyed. One hundred thirty thousand immigrants were deported in 2009. At that rate it will take 95 years to deport the current illegals in the USA. Yet the police will now have better things to do like go after people who haven’t properly signed up for health care through Big Brother. Does that sound like a smart system design to you?”

Arrgh went on with his Anti-American ramblings. “Can anyone see a system designated in a three thousand page bill that has no real implementation design other than to throw money over the wall at a bunch of new departments and to tell the departments to have the system up and running in two years as anything but a recipe for fraud and disaster?”

Athena chimed in. “That would be a great novel! An exploration of how Americans have their lives ruined and are thrown in jail due to a lack of following health care legislation while the illegal immigrants in the neighborhood thrive. That can be paralleled to the empty spots in the judicial system as well as the *take our time attitude* regarding political appointees. Something that seems to be

forgotten by both political parties is the concept of *Administration*. Administration, effective administration, means accomplishing standard tasks in a timely manner with little interruption. Both political parties are guilty of malaise in effective administration to the detriment of the general public.”

Athena continued her preposterous rumination. “Another side story could be the story of the supposed Death Panels compared to prior legislation. Sure, there is no explicit line in the legislation that states Death Panels will be created. There are also no line items that specify in the *civil asset forfeiture* legislations to attach illegally gotten gains so that people don’t profit from crimes that police departments can seize cars and houses from parents of teenagers who get caught smoking a joint yet that is the court’s interpretation of the law. A woman accused, but not convicted, of shoplifting a twenty five dollar sweater has an eighteen thousand dollar car designed for her handicapped daughter confiscated as the “getaway” car? Is that *right*? Is that any more right than a Senator buying thousands of dollars of booze for a Congressional junket and all leftover booze ends up at the houses of the Senator or the staff? Isn’t that theft of government property?”

Athena rambled on with her angry mob mentality. “The point is that the medical panels created will exert incredible control over people’s lives by selective prosecution of one’s medical condition. If you are the next Joe The Plumber and you publically speak against a government figure think that not only the IRS data but also your medical data won’t become public? Imagine the smears: *Don’t listen to that person; they had gonorrhea in their lifetime.*”

Senator Smarmy chimed in with political correctness. “Marijuana is illegal and it serves the parents and children right if their possessions are confiscated and sold. Those are bad people!”

Hip Pop Crissy chimed in “The health care story would also be contemporary and not rely on morphing to make a plot move. It’s so easy, isn’t it, to morph beings? I mean, it’s like *Name That Tune* except with features. I can morph that human in two seconds of cinema time! The physiology of the body is

irrelevant. It's like building Utopia where no being in Utopia ever poops or generates any garbage. It's so easy. There is no dissension even if you are not born to royalty and everyone chooses their mate with no issue and they never fight or cheat or argue with each other...or bone someone else!"

Smilfme giggled. She smilingly looked at large Arrgh's eye claiming "I see you!"

"That's because" Athena said "America became the land of the *The Worst and the Dumbest*.

Hip Pop Crissy said "Oh! You mean the fact that the largest corporations in the world with the greatest capital to spend on human resources are also the organizations that have made the worst business decisions in the history of mankind. Think about all the high GPA students who have been hired since the Vietnam War by these institutions only to have the institutions commit fraud on a magnificent scale. The corporations test for drug use and supposedly only hire the top of the line material but it is funny how in all the massive fraud cases perpetrated on the American public that drug use is never the reason cited for the fraudulent abuse and activity. It is always greed. So while the majority of Americans just want to have peace and some recreation and possibly some vice in their meager lives the greedy ones have established a system of persecution of the little people while the *ins* fill their coffers."

Arrgh offered "Were they then truly *The Worst and the Dumbest*? They walked away with millions and billions and left the bulk of Americans holding the bag under the guise of too big to fail. They received complicity from the political parties who view themselves as too big to fail. Look at all the bankrupt communities and states who for years did no planning for a rainy day and now have obligations to pay to people getting a free ride and now they must do whatever they can to steal wealth from the people that do work honest. They've all been taken to the cleaners by the greed of their stewards. So who was truly *The Worst and the Dumbest*? Sounds like a great novel idea."

Athena spoke:

“Palpatine he
Wanted to be
Paulson Henry

Congress said nay
Thanks anyway
Now we can pay

Money to friends
With crooked ends
No need defends

Government
US money spent
Without assent

From the people
For the people
Political

Power abused
Public used
Congress accused

Of crimes against
The people whence
Lost common sense

Paulson Henry
Wanted to be
Palpatine he”

Senator Smarmy said “Charming.” Her Smilfme mind poutedly continued “You don’t know all the hard decisions that we had to make to save America with all that money.”

Athena said “Let me make sure I understand this. Every economic collapse has been accompanied by mass fraud. The collapse is the economy going through a market correction to adjust for all the artificially increased valuation that bubbled the marketplace value up.”

Athena’s jejune Common Sense continued. “In 1929 there were no accounting standards that led to fraud. In 1987 there were no program trading standards that led to fraud. In the early 2000’s there was the dot com bubble IPO fraud. In 2007 there was the fraud associated with subprime lending and further bond manipulation, etc. In all cases the collapse of the economy is followed by a malaise that naturally finds a spark somewhere down the road. No government in history has ever spent itself out of economic collapse despite revisionist history. The problem today is that the banks are still mandated by Congress to make subprime loans, and the biggest bubble growing is the US government bubble. Imagine what happens when that bubble bursts!” She paused. “It is so funny to hear the politician’s state *we must get the banks’ lending again!* Lending again for what? If a company has a sound business plan shouldn’t the money be available? To lend money just for the sake of lending money is part of

what caused the current economic collapse in the first place. It's just like Congress now spending billions in stimulus money to get it spent before the expiration of the authority to spend the money. Who cares about payback or whether jobs are created in the US or how much it costs to create each job in the short or the long term. Spending the cash is so much more important!"

Senator Smarmy said "If the Government bubble were to be the next bubble to burst I would know it."

"Just like the Government reacted to head off all the other bubbles?" Athena asked. "The lesson history taught is that the people who see the bubble do their best to profit and exit before the bubble bursts. They don't react to stop the bubble even if it is obvious. They try to time their market exit strategy instead. Besides, the macroeconomists are so busy cranking math that they fail to look at the big picture from a qualitative point of view to see the parallels between the various financial crises that have occurred. The macro economists are more concerned with how much more Federal money can be given to Wall Street and my companies or my University so I can be rich Rich RICH!"

Senator Smarmy said "You have no proof of that! Besides, the government had to bail out Wall Street because all the derivatives and credit swaps all had to be paid or there would be economic ruin."

Athena asked "No? Let me ask you, Chicken Little, the following: If I loan you 10 dollars and you agree to pay me capital plus interest do we have a loan arrangement?"

Senator Smarmy replied "We do."

Athena continued. "Then if I sell off a part of the arrangement, which, in essence, is what the derivatives and other financial instruments are doing, then why would I do that? The only reason that I would engage in such behavior is to make more money. I am betting that the change in market conditions will profit me. And all the market trading of futures and financial instruments are in essence all bets placed on future changes in value. Thus the doctrine of *too big to fail* was put forth by Chicken

Little so that the bad gamblers who ended up holding the bag get bailed out. Except that they weren't bad gamblers because the people at the top raked in huge commissions overseeing the betting."

Athena floated flatulence. "The *too big to fail* argument is nothing more than a sham and it is the path to the economic ruin of the USA. No executive at a *too big to fail* will ever lose. Governments can tax profits to build up a fund a fund to bail out companies but the fact is that without the fear that these massive corporations will face bankruptcy courts the corporate executives will continue to gamble with bets based solely on personal greed. Death is a part of nature and also a part of the *free market* and death *must* be allowed to occur so that the newer, younger, stronger and more agile corporations can take the place of corrupt aging dinosaurs."

Athena taught turgidity. "In a similar fashion there is the belief of the ill educated politician that the USA cannot collapse because the country is *too big to fail*. Just like the politico's believe that their parties are too big to fail. If history teaches us anything it teaches us that the Roman Empire and other great political systems collapsed so why not the USA?"

Arrgh said "Every day it's another episode of *Fear Factor*. FDR said *the only thing we have to fear is fear itself* but look at how afraid America and the world is of everything. Billions of pills that did not exist a scant thirty years ago are popped all the time because we are told we are ill or might get ill. It is fear that drives the pill popping. If America wants to get serious about reducing health care costs then America should admit its addiction to pills from the drug companies. The first step to recovery is to admit you have a problem. Just because people with a financial interest in having the government or you or the insurance companies pay them for the drugs they sell tells you that you will be sick or die if you don't take the substance they push doesn't mean that you will be sick or die if you don't take the substance."

Unknowledgeable Arrgh said “The CDC web site says that twenty to forty thousand people die every year from the flu. But this last year maybe five thousand died solely from H1N1. Yet billions of dollars were spent to fight the new strain. In other words, don’t fear the strain that is timeless and kills more. Fear the new disease and buy the new drug!”

Arrgh insanely babbled on. “It’s the same *Chicken Little* fear of Hank Paulsen and the Wall Street Connection cronies. They completely and conveniently ignore that the framers of the Constitution built in bankruptcy protections so that people don’t die if they file bankruptcy. You start over and hopefully learn from your mistakes. Allowing the *too big to fail* doctrine means that you never start over and therefore corporations who are new and would normally overtake the dinosaurs who are corrupt and too top heavy never get to do so. Sending insolvent corporations through bankruptcy will not cause an economic collapse. It will cause mass economic inconvenience but the Four Horsemen of the Economic Apocalypse will not suddenly appear on the horizon.”

Hip Pop Crissy chimed in. “That’s taking a common sense approach to thinking about the situation, isn’t it? That’s like taking a common sense approach to the crowing that Congress makes about now posting a 2,500 page bill on line for 72 hours before voting on it. Let’s see, how many hours a day will a normal citizen have to read and analyze the legal mumbo jumbo in the bill? They might have 5 hours per day to read the bill, or 15 hours max per the 72 hours available because they have to eat and sleep and go to the bathroom and just to let the material sink into their head. That means 166 pages an hour or almost 3 pages every minute. Have you read the bill and tried to analyze it and find where the devil is hidden in the details? At the time one finishes reading the bill the vote is being taken and all the special deals are enacted into law before anyone can do anything. They’ve extended the *too big to fail* doctrine to legislation writing. If the legislation is so massive then that means it cannot fail. The shame of it is that

the legislations being passed now and in the last year are massive shotgun bills that don't really offer a unified plan of vision for the future of the USA. The bills are debts that will come due some day."

Senator Smarmy said "That's not true!"

Athena said "No? You won't have family members profit from new corporations that spring up to meet the needs of the health care legislation? No one will be on Boards of Directors or get Stimulus money to start corporations to do the filing of medical data for people who are too stupid to take out tampons when screwing? No one will corner the market on medical marijuana distribution? I mean, lord almighty, once there is universal health care those prescriptions for medical weed will be flying out the door and someone has to provide it!"

Senator Smarmy said "None of that is going on! You just haven't listened to the legislators' explanation. The CBO scored the document as good for America. Think of all the evil in the system that will be rooted out! You need to hand it this Congress for the hard work that we have done!"

Arrgh said "Getting handed something is supposed to feel good! It isn't supposed to feel like being rubbed the wrong way."

Hip Pop Crissy said "Oh! That's the storyline for another upcoming novel titled *H& Job*. It is about the hypocrisy of education and business. You ever notice in the President's speeches all the talk about education and getting jobs? And then what happens when you get a job; you get some jerk who wants to be king of the hill so they engage in behavior to jack you off. It's like a guy who works himself off the floor of a factory, maybe an ex-Navy sailor, who works his way into the office. And then his boss is told to fire him for nothing relevant as a business reason because a moron who has become President of the company is conned into having the Navy guy fired. Even though the Navy guy works harder and does better work than all those Six Sigma \ QS-9000 or whatever it is up to now he gets fired and then he

blows his head off with a shotgun because he got jacked off. Somehow the idea of what getting a job really means is a little different than the dream we are sold.”

Arrgh chorused along. “You ever notice how there are all these courses and training on corporate efficiency and six sigma this and black belt that and yet American business gets its ass kicked because of decisions made to line pockets of management today. I mean, logically, if this entire wonderful training works as well as the money spent on it every year then why do all these people still suck at their jobs?”

The Smilfme mind put Arrgh’s finger to her mouth thinking *MMMM! They suck at their jobs. He said “suck.” Huh Huh, Huh Huh.*

Athena stated “But this is nothing new. Corruption and incompetent as well as devious business people have been around since the dawn of recorded history. They are *Timeless.*” She showed them a book she was reading. The book had the ugliest cover ever on a book; it showed a man’s head in a hurricane that was ready to hit Florida. “To quote this piece of tripe trash I happen to be reading *Recidivism is ugly whether on a personal or social scale.* What this means in the context of the story is that we see blatant corruption in business and government flaunted in front of the people as *legal* and therefore it is OK that these events occurred. The *belief* is that government does what is *right* but the *belief* is always shattered like massive panes of glass shattering. Taking it in the end it is all very *painless* for the common people because the pen is a very quiet sword.”

She went on. “It’s like the bailout being used to settle all contracts at face value for bad bets and for bad personnel contracts. What is the phrase that is used? We *must* honor these contracts? What a crock! You would think that the government has never broken *any* contracts ever, and you would think that at a minimum to get bailout money *someone* with Common Sense would have said *for you to get billions in bailout money all options are open and that includes contract renegotiation!* Instead we get

mumbo jumbo that sounds like mumbo jumbo because people know that, above all else, the decisions made and the execution of the decisions just were not *right!*”

Athena continued her *Alice in Wonderland* oration. “It is incredible that today’s politicians really don’t understand that the anger of the public stems from politicians continuing to flaunt tactics and programs that just aren’t *right* by the people. The laws already passed have been twisted and turned against the hardworking people in favor of snake oil salespeople who are greasing palms; palms that cannot say no. The disapprobation of the public over *eminent domain* stories of good people having their property seized for someone else’s benefit under the guise of *the good of all*. Legal or not how is it *right* that government takes property from party to give to another for development?”

Athena’s ignorance continued to shine. “America needs to fully realize, and the start of it has begun, that it is NOT the wealthiest nation on Earth but it is actually the POOREST nation on Earth. The debt that is owed makes the USA that way. The USA needs to get a better return on its investment and that means to quit being the financial support pins for the UN and other countries without getting something in return. Look at Haiti with the billions sent there over the last two decades. As flawed as the US system is can one argue that the Haitian people would be worse off if the USA had been there with military force and social services working to improve the lot of the citizens? Would more have been spent than has already disappeared down the tubes into the hands of various politicians and others? It’s pretty hard to believe that wouldn’t be the case.”

Senator Smarmy felt indignant. “You people don’t know what you are talking about.” Smilfme continued. “You should just enjoy the in flight feature films and dream of being in the mile high club. Look, see? *500 Lays of Summer* is about to start! You people should just lighten up and leave everything to the politicians. We know what is best for America!”

“Yes” Arrgh said. “Keep feeding the idiot principle plot forward. Congress is just like modern cinema where 95% of the product is based upon the principle of the next thing occurring being more idiotic than the last idiotic thing coupled with doses of high profile public explosions where behind the flash there is no substance. *Star Trek* once dealt with topics like *time vs. anti-time* when constructing a plot. Now to move the plot forward the Enterprise is navigated by a 17 year old twerp who throws a Starship into reverse thereby stalling out the Starship on the way to a galaxy saving battle thereby actually saving the Enterprise by being late to the battlefield. WOW! The Federation really is recruiting from the cradle. Any jerk can just walk up one day and be whisked away and then be captain in no time! Talk about taking the easy way out in story creation! It’s far better to dumb down the script with big explosions and a Captain Kirk who in one single night can both bed Uhura and rewrite the whole Kobayashi Maru test than to work on creating an entertaining story about the abuse of Eminent Domain that people would enjoy. The assumption is that Americans wouldn’t like such a story.”

Arrgh unscientifically went on. “Art has become *demographically homogenized*. The bell curve of target market is surveyed and art is designed to meet the maximum money making potential versus creating art to state something about the world in which we live. The corporate machine controls the distribution and promotion of art and the goal of profit maximization mean that all materials are edited into a homogenous product. And since most artists are desirous of being wealthy they easily accede to corporate homogenization demands. The result is the retread of the idiot principle in all films.”

Athena countered “That’s old news. *The Player* exposed that a long time ago. That’s recidivism! But that makes me think of another good novel plot; *The Old Ones*. The metaphoric theme is that Congress is infringing upon *human rights* in the USA like a human sacrifice is being performed to feed the Old Ones. One could take a first person Lovecraftian style and have a collection of short stories tied together that theme around how the creatures from Arkham have spread around the country.”

The Sytgian sinfulness seeped from Athena's mind. "For example, there is the feathered ostrich eyed serpent on the west coast that sucks the fetuses from pregnant woman's bellies. There is also the thin hirsute monster of the Sierra Nevada's who preys on travelers led astray by a GPS designed to lead them astray. Another story is the Texas monster of the bush that has a cultist following preparing sacrifices. There would also be the Massachusetts town where the electrical impulse from the power grid provides energy to genetically alter the beings into homosexual lispers. This would be topped off by the central protagonist in DC who has read the horror stories across the nation and has documented how the stories tie out but, in Lovecraft style, is powerless to do anything as the protagonist is facing human rights sacrifice on an altar in the bowels of Congress."

Hip Pop Crissy said "Symbolic and Metaphoric Political Horror from an author who writes in multiple genres. What a conundrum for bookstores. Where would one shelve such outrageous trash?"

Smilfme said "The trash is the only place for all those ideas for novels or films. All those stories are weird. People want light and fun and sexy."

Arrgh said "Oh, I suppose you have a better story?"

Smilfme said "Oh yes I do!" She stopped her activity to swizzle a drink stick. Smilfme said "Let me clean you up while I tell you me Scheherazadean tale. It is called *The Salvador Dali Code!* In Salvador Dali's painting of The Last Supper the hidden meaning of the two loaves of bread on the altar is that of female breasts and the chalice of wine is vulvar imagery. It means that God is a woman who can only be achieved through prurient activities." Smilfme continued stirring up the liquid. "All the works of Dali lead to this and he was led to this by his promiscuous wife Gala whose name is actually derived from the unknown unchaste religious sect of The Nuns of Malaga who provide full service to the Catholic Community."

Arrgh was speechless. Athena said “That’s a whopper!”

“Maybe” Smilfme said. “But the universal knowledge this method of achieving Nirvana provided extends out to other religions so we can have all sorts of different ethnic hot male and females in this story. There are Sisters from all over the globe who, ah, come together by means of...”

“Orbing?” Athena interjected.

“...cubing like in the style of cubist art Dali dabbled in” Smilfme said. “These sisters would be known as...”

“The Charmed Ones?” Hip Pop Crissy asked.

“...The Ample Ones!” Smilfme said. “See what I mean?” Smilfme giggled. “And then they could meet their magical male counter parts who would be The Gifted Ones! And then they could chase artifacts all over the globe like maybe finding The Shroud of Muhammad in the Venus De Milo Chest of Drawers Dali made. They can find the religious relics of Saint Cynthia made plaster caster images of important religious figures that possess magic powers and have secret coded messages to be deciphered.”

Arrgh laid back in his seat. “That’s as ridiculous as the plot of *Insatiable Congressionals* symbolically centered on backdoor dealings of Congress screwing the American people with one of the prime characters being a Senator with a variety of ethnic maids symbolizing the various racial ethnicities of the USA who is very good at giving either *quid pro quo* or else *quim from a pro* to achieve her ends. Her counterpart would be named Marilyn who had been around since the Clinton era. During that time period think of all the bills that went in and out of her chambers!”

Smilfme found his argument hard to swallow. In the end she achieved her means.

Behind The Senator's Green Door

Senator Smarmy arrived home in the back of another limo. She stood in her driveway and looked at how small her house was. She needed a bigger place. She walked forward. The green front door of her house opened for her. She entered the hallway and kicked her shoes off. "Put my shoes away!" Senator Smarmy said.

"Ndiyo" Maid said.

Senator Smarmy threw her coat on the ground. "Put my coat away!"

"Da" Maid said.

Senator Smarmy said "My box is in the limo. Go get it and bring it to the master bath and draw me a hot bubble bath and keep it at my ready. And tell my husband I am here and that I will be see him shortly."

"Si" Maid said.

Senator Smarmy walked across thousands of square feet of variegated flooring past many nice furnishings to reach her daughters room. She began disrobing along the way throwing her top and skirt on the floor. Maid arrived with two filled glasses and a magnum of champagne. Senator Smarmy took the glasses telling Maid "Pick up my clothes!"

Maid bowed deeply and complied.

A pungent odor emanated from the room of her daughter. The door stood ajar and hump music played from within. Smilfme closed her eyes and sniffed deep before entering the room. She heard voices. *Was that Brown Eyed & Handsome Man?* Smilfme wondered. She entered the room.

In the room she found half a candle burned out. Smilfme relit it relishing the tasty smell. Voices were heard in the spacious walk in shower. Smilfme had to look. Pollutants obscured her vision. *Those certainly are carbon footprints!* Smilfme mused. The candle burned lower. Smilfme swayed to the music. *That is so like a field declared a carbon sink being plowed under* her Smilfme mind thought. *Look at all that carbon emission!*

Smilfme eventually floated across thousands more square feet of various floorings and furnishings to her spacious bedroom. It was time to go fishing. Her white nets were on the bed. Smilfme lay on the bed declaring “Maid, come dress me!”

“Sim” Maid said.

Smilfme laid there thinking about all the things in her box. She and her husband had so many big things to discuss.

Smilfme gazed up at the image in the mirror above the bed. *Some things just aren't big enough* she thought. She closed her eyes and smiled thinking *YES! I'm getting a bigger house! I'm getting a bigger bedroom! I'm getting MORE!* She open her eyes and thought that her cups framed magnificently on a white open shelf.

Her TV turned on. Smilfme watched herself on the news. A story ran about her aide's sudden death. Her office had issued a statement about grief and sorrow and tragic loss and time of morning. *Damn!* Smilfme thought. *Damn my staff is good! They fill my every need!* Smilfme felt a thrill running down her leg while watching MSNBC's report about her.

After the broadcast aired Smilfme felt the desire to take a bubble bath. She entered the bathroom to find the tub waiting for her. She sank her nets in. The warmth and smell felt so good. She turned on

the TV in the bathroom and watched more Smilfme video. It was so exciting to see herself on the big screen! Smilfme thought about how big her new bathroom would be.

A news story ran about the assault of Senator Smarmy that occurred in the hospital. Her office had issued a statement that the Senator expected there to be a full Congressional investigation into the matter. Smilfme beamed thinking how wonderful she had trained Aidone. Today was a day that made Smilfme proud to be an American!

“Maid” Smilfme said “bring my husband up here.”

“Oui, Madame” Maid said. Maid led her husband out in the bathroom.

Smilfme stood up. Her husband gazed at her dripping wet lingerie and the tan skin so oily. He stood up and said “Smilfme here.”

Smilfme smiled and pointed to her box saying “Inside my box are some tasty things for you to assign your John Hancock to. There is approval to use stimulus money as seed funds for our stock purchases for three new corporations that will spring up with the passage of the health care legislation. One company will receive a government contract to be in charge of ensuring that poor people, I’m sorry...disenfranchised people... properly file their request for health care credits as well as their insurance paperwork. A second company will receive a government contract to go after non compliant citizens. Then a third company will be set up for marijuana distribution on a national scale because there will be an explosion of prescriptions for medical marijuana. The law will be used to force out all other competition so we have a monopoly. You will get a paid position on the Board of Directors of all the companies and we will have what amounts to being a free 20% interest in each of the shares of each company. To top it off; it will all be legal!”

Hubby said “That looks so good to me.”

Smilfme smiled. She turned and walked to the sauna. She posed in the doorway and said “Maid, pull my husband in here for me.”

Maid brought Husband along. Maid also appeared carrying a drink. “Oooohhh” Smilfme said “There’s my Pink Lady!”

They settled into the sauna. Smilfme put hand around her husband and said. “In this case we all get whatever we want. The votes are there and nothing can stop it.” She sat down. Smilfme squeezed tight and dreamily looked off saying “Nothing can stop the healthcare legislation now. The fix is in.”