

The Rose Garden

“There!” Secretary Clittoff proudly uttered pointing to a globe. “Washington D.C.! Did I ever tell you the time that I saved the President of the United States from certain death?”

“Really, Secretary” Hip Pop said while grabbing Arrgh’s arm. “We must be going...”

A stern arm thrust them back into their chairs. Secretary Clittoff continued. “It was during the time of *It Takes A Village Idiot* conference. The President went on ahead to the West End of the White House for the Presser. I dallied a few minutes behind in the Blue Room naturally to enjoy a few puffs on my pipe, you know. Upon my arrival for the news conference I noticed that the president was missing. Wondering where he had disappeared to I took a whiff of the air and my keen sense of smell caught the odor of Big Macs and Pizza emanating from the other end of the building. I immediately sensed that trouble was imminent.”

“Good Heaven’s, Secretary!” Arrgh exclaimed. “Whatever did you do?”

“I quickly sprung into action” Secretary Clittoff informed. “Racing across the building I burst into a far room at the very East extension of the building. It was as I suspected. Inside the room the deadly Thorn gang had the President in their clutches. Empty Big Mac wrappers and pizza boxes were strewn on the painting of General Washington that they had taken from the wall and were using as a serving tray.”

Secretary Clittoff continued. “I spied that the President was in the clutches of the blue clad ill garbed leader of the gang: The Beret Bootie.”

“Ill garbed, Secretary?” Hip Pop asked.

“Yes” Secretary Clittoff replied. “She was busy adjusting her dress when I burst in. It was up around her waist and she was adjusting her thong because the lines could be seen through the dress. I surmised that since we were in the east extension of the White House that the President was under attack from a vast right wing conspiracy.”

The tale proceeded. “I spied that the President was about to light a cigar. My keen sense of smell informed me that the cigar was filled with TNT set to explode. Taking aim with my trusty pipe I hurled it at the cigar knocking it to the window where – *KABOOM!* – it exploded knocking the glass out of the frame.”

The Secretary’s gravelly sounding voice voiced more. “The explosion distracted the other conspirators in the room long enough for me to reach over and to grab the picture of General Washington and to slam it over the heads of the attackers. Using my strength I pulled the frame tight around the villains and twisted it into a knot immobilizing the assailants.”

“By George” Arrgh said “you really showed them. But what about the President?”

“Looking over at the President I saw him struck by the designer handbag of the Beret Bootie. The blow knocked him to the ground” the Secretary informed. “Then I saw the handbag being raised up and I realized that the purse contained an inlaid designer machine gun. The realization hit me that bullets would soon be flying at me.”

“Good heavens Madame Secretary” Hip Pop wondered. “Whatever did you do?”

“Using my cat like reflexes I jumped through the open window frame out into the garden” the Secretary replied. “My fall amongst the roses in the garden was cushioned by a binder of legal billing records that someone had lost in the yard. While dodging bullets that were flying through the building I hastily ripped the pages apart creating a paper airplane from the pages.”

“A paper airplane, Madame Secretary?” Arrgh asked.

“Yes” the Secretary stated. “A paper airplane. I then quickly plucked up some very nice dog roses out of the garden and, attaching the branches together, I created a rope. Attaching the rope to the airplane I flung the dirigible using advanced boomerang tossing techniques I learned from the aboriginal tribes of Australia. The airplane flew at the gang leader with a motion that made the airplane fly circles around The Beret Bootie thereby tying her up. This action stopped her from shooting the President but the briars also unfortunately scratched the President as the roses flew by. The briars then transferred the blood from the President onto the Beret Bootie’s blue dress thereby staining it.”

“I guess you could say that every Thorn has its Rose!” Hip Pop exclaimed.

“Quite” Secretary Clitoff said. “Quite”