

# Liberals: America's Unhatched Boobies

I have often admitted that I could never handle being president. Aside from the dress code that requires suit and tie even if you're only taking out the trash, I simply lack the patience. I'm afraid I'd spend all my time muttering things like "But I don't want to meet with Nancy Pelosi. There's something spooky about an old woman who not only wears her hair like a four-year-old, but sounds like a four-year-old. She's like something out of a Stephen King novel" or "I don't give a hoot what the Supreme Court says. For God's sake, those clowns wear their bathrobes to work. Who do they think they are? Hugh Hefner?"

But a job I'd be even less able to carry off is Press Secretary. I can't even imagine what it's like being Jay Carney and having to go out every day and tell lies or provide alibis for the boss. If I had to do that much spinning, I'd fall down before I reached the microphone.

Frankly, I think Mr. Carney is fortunate that, unlike Pinocchio, his nose doesn't sprout a few inches with every fib he fobs off on us. Otherwise, by this time, eagles and condors could perch on his shnoz.

I saw a poll recently that insisted that only 16% of voters think that congressional incumbents should be re-elected. But that's entirely misleading. The real question is whether they want to replace their own congressman. There are, after all, scores of incumbents I'd like to send packing, starting with Nancy Pelosi, but, unfortunately, it isn't up to me. The sad truth is that the schmoes in her district think she's the cat's pajamas. The louts who live in my district feel the same way about Brad Sherman. The clods who live in the next district over are simply infatuated with Henry Waxman. In

politics, clearly love is blind.

So the fact that five out of six American voters think incumbents should be evicted from Congress is meaningless because they're referring to every incumbent but their own. That, in a nutshell, is how incumbents become incumbents.

There was that other foolish poll that I've heard even otherwise intelligent people refer to as if it were gospel. That was the poll that reported that whereas 40% of voters identified themselves as conservatives, a scant 20% identified themselves as liberals. I have actually heard conservative pundits take heart from those numbers. But the truth is that a lot of liberals don't like to apply that label to themselves. Instead, they prefer to regard themselves as progressives or independents or even moderates. The fact remains that in every national election, 40% of the electorate go for the Republican, 40% go for the Democrat, while the remaining 20%, who are apolitical or just plain dumb, get to decide who wins.

It's a mystery to me why anyone who was lucky enough to have been born into such a tolerant, freedom-loving, flourishing capitalistic society such as we have would despise it. An even greater mystery is why anyone would wish to see America transformed into something resembling one of Europe's socialistic disasters. It is because of mysteries such as these that I devote so much of my time and thought to liberals, not to mention my anger and contempt.

I have concluded that people become left-wingers because they confuse good intentions with actual activity, theory with reality and fairy tales with history. That is to say, they are disconnected from an objective universe where facts trump emotions. In short, giving them the benefit of the doubt, I've decided that they are not necessarily evil, but they are certifiably bonkers.

They exist in a state of delusion that a cartoonist named Chip

Bok captured in a cartoon in which Barack Obama, standing, as usual, at a podium, announces: "I won't allow the half of Americans who pay no taxes to bear the burden of the other half who aren't paying their fair share."

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