

Sandra Fluke Wants a New Car

✘ (We have been fortunate enough to obtain a rough draft of the speech that birth-control crusader Sandra Fluke will deliver in the coming days at the Democratic National Convention in Charlotte, NC. You may recall that Ms. Fluke's bratty demands for free birth control early this year led to a conflict with radio personality Rush Limbaugh. Now it is time to hear what else she wants other people to buy her.)

Ladies and gentlemen of the convention, I need a car. I wouldn't bother you about this, except that the Catholic Church has adamantly refused to buy one for me, even though I am a student at one of their most renowned universities.

I asked the dean whether the church has some doctrinal objection to automotive travel, and he said no, but that cars cost a lot of money and the university can't afford to provide them to all students. I told him that I only wanted one for myself, not for all the students, but he replied that he didn't want to establish a precedent. The pervert.

You should see what I am driving now. An old beater that I bought ten years ago when it already was a broken-down wreck.

I need a safe car, this time one with brakes and a steering wheel, and I see no reason why someone else can't pay for it. I have enough stress as it is, never knowing where my next pill is coming from.

I certainly can't afford the \$300,000 that I would need to buy a new car. I already hear some of you whispering that a new car doesn't have to cost that much, that the figure I cite is ten times the true average.

That's the same kind of BS I had to put up with some months ago when I claimed that enough birth control to get a woman through three years of law school would cost \$3,000. Just today I glanced at the Planned Non-Parenthood Web site, and

those liars claim that you can get birth control pills for as little as \$15 per month.

Yeah, right, pills made of sugar! Don't forget that Planned Non-Parenthood wants everybody to get pregnant so it can make big bucks from abortions.

It so happens that I want a Rolls Royce Corniche, and that can easily run you \$300,000.

President Obama calls me every day to ask if I am OK, and I told him I would be more OK if I had a Corniche in my garage. He promised to raise the tax rate to 92 percent on incomes over \$15,000, and to buy me the car with public funds. He channels public funds to all his friends, he says.

Now that is what I call a mensch!

OK, Rush Limbaugh, give me your best shot. And no, wise-ass, I don't intend to keep my birth control pills in the back seat of my new car.