

# There They Go Again

When it comes to inevitabilities, people always refer to death and taxes. But there's a third item that's even more of a sure thing. I'm referring to the goofiness of the Left. Death is inevitable, but not always predictable. After all, people die at all ages and under diverse circumstances. In much the same way, taxes are always going to be around, but not everyone pays the same ones or at the same rate.

However, when it comes to the chowderheads who take pride in identifying themselves as liberals, progressives, statisticians, socialists or just plain Democrats, as surely as the sun will rise in the east, you can bet the farm that before it sets in the west, any number of these boobs will have you shaking your head and wondering if they're being serious or just going for the cheap laugh.

For instance, Obama's EPA, otherwise known as America's storm troopers, have begun forcing refineries to blend 8.6 million gallons of something called cellulosic biofuel, made from wood and non-edible plant life, into their oil. I'm not sure what good it's supposed to do, but I'm guessing it's the chemical equivalent of hamburger helper. If you're wondering why, if I don't know its purpose, I object to the EPA's fining companies that don't follow orders like good little Nazis, it's because there is no such product! Nobody is bothering to manufacture it, as the EPA is well aware, but it's just another way for the dictatorial bureaucrats to flex their muscles and another way for the Obama White House to levy taxes by calling them fines.

As some of you know, I have occasionally taken a page out of the liberal handbook. Just as they were always trying to psychoanalyze George W. Bush, pretending that everything from invading Iraq to picking out his pajamas was pre-determined by his dysfunctional relationship with his dad, I try to return

the favor by doing the same to Obama.

It only seems reasonable. For one thing, I look something like Sigmund Freud. For another, Obama's early years were like the plot of a Dickens novel. That is, if he had ever thought to set one of his bleak masterpieces in Kenya, Indonesia and Hawaii.

After all, being dumped by one's father, stepfather and mother, all within the first decade of one's life isn't likely to lead to anything resembling a normal human being. If you add bi-racial parents and being left in the care of white, left-wing, grandparents, to the mix, the miracle is that his background only involves eating dogs, not people.

Recently, I got around to researching Frank Marshall Davis, who was apparently young Barack's mentor in Hawaii. Davis, a black man, was an avowed Communist, a bi-sexual and a confessed child rapist. Thinking himself a writer, he dabbled in bad poetry and also, under the pseudonym Bob Greene, wrote the pornographic "Sex Rebel: Black (Memoirs of a Gash Gourmet)."

From the age of 10 to 17, when Obama went off to college on the mainland, he admits spending a great deal of time with Davis, often drinking whisky and composing dirty limericks.

One can't help wondering what, besides left-wing polemics and hatred of the white race, young impressionable Barack learned at the knee of his perverted Uncle Frank.

For the longest time, I used to receive, on average, three messages a week from people in Nigeria. Although I had never been to Africa and never met any of these people, they were constantly offering to wire me millions of dollars. Sometimes they told me that someone had died and left it to me. Other times, they told me I had won grand prize in a lottery.

Sometimes it was a widow who needed my assistance to get the

money out of Nigeria, and was willing to share her windfall with me. Those were the emails that touched me the most because who doesn't want to help out a widow in her time of need? But I would write back and explain that I didn't want to get involved in anything that smacked of hanky-panky because it might mean jeopardizing my chances of collecting the \$35,000,000 I had apparently won in a lottery I hadn't even entered. But, displaying the empathy for which I'm famous, I'd let her know that I'd send her a little something as soon as my check arrived.

Still, all of that pales in comparison to the latest bit of audacity from Team Obama. It seems that David Axelrod or one of his flying monkeys has come up with something called the Obama Event Registry. Brides-to-be are being told to urge their friends and relatives not to foolishly squander their money on wedding gifts. Even if she has romantic stars in her eyes, the little gal is supposed to prove she has her feet on the ground by instructing them to donate the money, instead, to Obama's re-election campaign.

The next thing you know, Obama will be asking Americans to start growing victory gardens and collecting scrap metal to help him win World War III against Romney.

There is also a rumor going around that Obama is looking into changing the inscription at the base of the Statue of Liberty from, "Give me your poor, your tired, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free..." to "Give me your gravy boats, your waffle irons and your toaster ovens, to help me get re-elected."

I have finally reached the point where even I'm beginning to doubt that Obama comes from Kenya.

My money is now on Nigeria.

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