

Arnold's Election Must Be Stopped

Scene: Midnight, a nearly deserted street somewhere in Sacramento, California. Suddenly, a burst of blinding blue light appears, which fades to reveal a naked man in a fetal position. He stands.

Please, disregard my appearance. The chrono-port incinerates all non-human matter, including clothing. My message is too important to be ignored. Although the bar code tattooed on my forehead may confuse you, I am no stranger to these lands. I come from California, or, more accurately, the Independent Worker's Island of San Francisco, which has been waging a fierce civil war with the breakaway cyborg-state of Los Angeles for the past seventeen years. Our scientists have pinpointed the source of the horrors of the twenty-second century to this precise historical moment. In short, I have come from the future to stop the gubernatorial election of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The rest of the country laughed when Arnold was elected. You all chalked it up to "those crazy Californians." Little did you know that Schwarzenegger's enormous popular support—combined with the

concurrent release of "T3: Rise of the Machines" as a Special Edition DVD—would propel him to an upset victory at the Republican National Convention and an unprecedented sweep of all fifty states in the 2004 presidential election. The Democratic ticket was simply no match for the star of "Jingle All the Way."

Blame it on the media's round-the-clock coverage of J. Lo's murder trial, but the public didn't quite know what it was getting into by electing Schwarzenegger as President. Arnold's campaign pledge to "clean house" in Washington was no idle threat: on his first day in office, he delivered savage beatings to all 435 members of Congress and two hapless janitors. It was months before Arnold ended his succession of brutal thrashings of all levels of the federal government and finally began to tackle the people's business. The few Congressmen who had already returned from physical therapy quickly passed the Terminator in Perpetuity Act, ensuring that a new sequel to the blockbuster franchise would be produced every three months. With the entire U.S. military budget now being funneled into Industrial Light and Magic, these films were all smash hits, with the exception of the romantic comedy "T7: Bride of Terminator." In my opinion, Maria Shriver was miscast.

Arnold's charmed reign ended with his first appearance at the United Nations. In light of the Secretary

General's massive spinal damage, the world community began to realize that President Schwarzenegger meant business. "T11: Terminator vs. International Institutions" was also a strong hint. The historical record becomes hazy at this point, but Arnold's popularity quickly dropped, even after he personally captured Osama bin Laden and lowered him into a vat of molten steel in lieu of delivering a State of the Union address. The catastrophic decision to spend the entire annual federal budget on "Kindergarten Cop 2" merely fueled the nation's growing contempt for the President. Despite the threat of additional beatings, Congress voted to impeach, an attempt that was short-circuited by a military coup led by Vice President Danny DeVito. Schwarzenegger was deported back to Austria, but not before authorizing the launch of the entire nuclear arsenal at every country that refused to show "T14: The Machines Rise For a Fifth Time."

I tell you now that nuclear armageddon can be averted. Trust me, it's not nearly as cool as the "Terminator" movies make it seem—for one thing, charred flesh smells really awful. The chrono-port is closing, so I must be quick. People of California: vote for anyone else, it matters not whom, anyone but Arnold Schwarzenegger. It is humanity's only hope. Goodbye, and Godspeed.

Epilogue, ten seconds later...

I come from the future bearing a dire message for the voters of California. For the sake of humanity, you must not elect Gary Coleman! ☹



How I Became a Conservative

I used to be a bleeding-heart liberal. I used to get riled up when I talked about the way rich white guys are cheating the underprivileged out of their hard-earned money and constitutional rights. But then I had a revelation. Suddenly, everything made perfect sense. I realized that I am, in fact, a rich white guy.

Once, I opposed the Bush tax cuts. Giving \$330 billion to the people who need it the least seemed like a "risky scheme" to me. After all, the government is \$6.6 trillion in debt. Then I realized that my family would be getting like \$5,000 from the Bush plan, which is exactly the cost of that Rolex watch that I have had my eye on. You know what the Democrats were offering me? Zippo. Nada. Maybe free healthcare, which, of course, I don't need. I'd much rather be able to tell time in style.

And let's not forget foreign policy. I used to be bothered by the fact that George Bush has let Iraq remain without electricity and water, while at the same time securing the nation's oil wells. But now I just don't care.

After all, none of my friends are Iraqi; in fact, I've never even met anyone from that God-forsaken hellhole. Meanwhile, my SUV needs gas, and I'll be damned if I have to spend an extra 3¢ a gallon just because the Iraqis want "basic civil liberties."

And who was being hurt by all my crazy ideas? Me! Affirmative action? I used to support that. But guess what? I'm white. And class-based affirmative action doesn't help me, either. Maybe I can get ideology-based affirmative action—colleges and graduate schools don't have nearly enough conservatives like me. We are a persecuted minority. Isn't that what diversity is all about?

I know what you wacko liberals are all thinking, because I used to be one of you. You're saying, "what about the poor, the uninsured, the single mother, the Iraqi orphan?" But the answer is so simple. I'm not any of them. They can all be liberal if they want to. Thanks to Yale's big iron gates, I don't have to deal with them, or their death threats. ☹



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This Town *Must* be Nice!

It has an Olive Garden!

I'll be honest. When my real estate agent told me she was going to take us to see a house in Clarkston, I was a bit nervous. It wasn't because my friends called the place Clarkstoned, and Narcston, and even Crackston. I didn't care about that. On reflection, I don't think I even know what that second one means. But even without hearing the names, I knew there was something bad about Clarkston, just by using my feminine intuition. I can sense danger. Like when I saw that local prostitute selling dirty needles to children in the house's backyard, I knew just by looking in her eyes that she probably wasn't completely trustworthy.

But when we were sitting in the urine-soaked living room of our prospective house, the agent casually told us that there was an Olive Garden right around the corner, next to the meth clinic. "An Olive Garden? Here?" I thought. "This place can't be that bad then. I mean, how can a town that has Never-Ending Pasta Bowls™ be bad?" And I answered, "It can't be." And then I thought, "Wow. Just...wow."

So that one fateful piece of information changed my whole outlook on Clarkston, and I convinced my husband that this would be a great place to raise our children. Unlike those awful, white-bread, Friendly's-laden towns with their clown sundaes and Klan members, Clarkston would have cultural diversity. Heck, it might even have Italians! Our future neighbors also seemed very nice and even assured me that the guy across the street who just got out of jail was really a great guy, save for that one

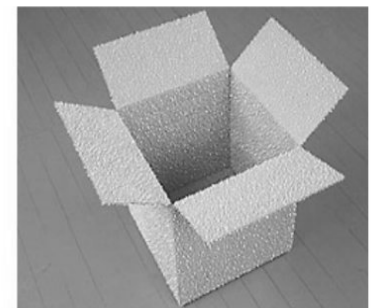
three-day weekend of terror. And when they told me he used to be the Olive Garden Executive Dish Machine Coordinator, I knew they had to be right.

Life here in Clarkston is fresh, warm, and, if you can believe, even has a tiny bit of spice to it! Now, when my naysaying friends ask me about living in Clarkston, I just tell them, "Well, When You're Here, You're Family™." And when they say, "Um, isn't that the Olive Garden catchphrase?" I just can't help but smile. ☺

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