

Bullets & Ballots ... and Bathrooms

Written by Alex Baer

Tuesday, 09 August 2016 21:38 - Last Updated Wednesday, 10 August 2016 18:22

It's another day on the road with the Totally Amazing -- I Mean, Like Wow! -- Candidate with the Snap-On Head... and the Drop-Down Pants.

But then, it's been a Totally Amazing -- I Mean, Like Wow! -- season for the Grandiose Orange People party, for the Genetically-modified Orangutans Party, for the GOP.

Having had a hearty breakfast of Lucky Charms, His Daily Bread ala Tempest-in-a-Teapot Toast, Juice of Personally-Crushed Oranges, and Oval-Office-tine, The Candidate's head was taken from its storage perch, wiped down, and fully reattached to Body #29.

(Number 29 is the one The Candidate takes to rallies in the south, because #29 has 20% more short, jerky hand motions timed to purposefully NOT match any speech elements whatsoever. Ol' 29 also has more built-in swagger, and a programmed propensity to kick more things.)

The Candidate took a minute before going on stage, checking his pockets, making sure he had everything. The Candidate called the sound engineer over to him, bent down from the waist toward the man, leaned in, and talked to him conspiratorially, importantly, quietly.

The candidate checked the name on the man's shirt. "So, Manny," said the Candidate, waiting for the nod of agreement, which he got, "Big stuff now, the big time, is where you're at, let me tell you."

The Candidate patted Manny on the shoulder, and showed him two dog whistles -- one with an NRA-logo, and one with a swastika, then handed him one, saying, "Now, listen to me -- I've got the most important job for you, the biggest ever, - I mean, you're not gonna believe it, you'll be so proud. It's big, and I mean, big -- large, even."

The sound engineer turned to look at his boss, the venue manager, who shrugged, motioned his helplessness, nodded to play along.

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"Now, just as they introduce me, I want you to blow the hell out these things, and for the whole time I'm out there talking," The Candidate instructed him.

Manny looked over at his boss again, who was making little circles with both index fingers, up near his temples. The Candidate followed Manny's gaze. The venue manager jerked his hands to his sides, just in time to avoid being spotted. The manager meekly brought up one hand to wave feebly at The Candidate, grinning like a busted sixth-grader.

The Candidate looked back to Manny, squinted at him.

The venue manager gave Manny the double thumbs-up, nodding "yes" in big, comical arcs, hoping Manny would see him out of the corner of his eye.

Manny looked back at The Candidate with intent seriousness.

Manny bit his lip to keep from laughing. The venue manager made pushing motions with his arms, as if he were rushing two rolling tires down the street, one in each hand.

"I know I can count on you, because this is really big," said The Candidate, sliding a pair of hundred-dollar bills into Manny's breast pocket. The bill was folded in half, the long way, a couple of times. It was placed carefully in Manny's shirt's pen slot -- placed slowly by The Candidate's thumb and finger, like an OK sign bearing a thorny rose.

The Candidate grinned broadly, rapidly nodding, clapping Manny on the back. "Big time, real big, which is why," The Candidate said, seeming to answer a question no one ever asked. The Candidate went over to the venue manager and had the same conversation, shedded some more hot-off-the-campaign-bandwagon hundreds, and handed him the other whistle.

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In a moment, The Candidate was introduced, and went on stage.

Manny stood next to his control board, bird-dogging the volume control meters and settings, blowing hard on a dog whistle. Leo, the venue manager, stood next to Manny, blowing into the other one with all the breath he could muster. Both men gave The Candidate the thumbs-up sign whenever they were shot glances from the podium.

It might have been an odd thing to do, but, by the time the rally was over, all the "Second Amendment people," as The Candidate had called them, were in an absolute uproar, frothing at the mouth for the head of The Opponent.

By the time the rally was over, The Candidate also had renewed the feverish support of the American Nazi Party, who also wanted the Opponent's scalp.

It was a pretty good day, The Candidate decided, basking in the sweetness of his supporters' ardent applause. The Candidate marveled at the energetic reaction, knowing that he never even had to show the audience any of the bullets he'd been carrying in his pocket -- that he'd never had to hold up a bullet alongside The Opponent's head, imagined to be standing next to him at the podium... never had to make a motion of tapping the flat end, as if with a small hammer, so as to make the bullet fly from its brass casing and burst into the head and brain of The Opponent...

He didn't have to. The whistles were working as good as ever.

The Candidate made a mental note to get another few hundred whistles from that crazy old lady from the old country. The Candidate didn't know fortune tellers from fakirs or fakers, of course -- but the Candidate knew what success looked like. Or, same difference, what it appeared to be.

Good thing that crazy old lady had so many different kinds of whistles. ☐ And they all worked good. ☐ Real good. ☐ Big time, really big.

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The Candidate could hardly wait for the next campaign stop. It was a long time, still, to November.

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UPDATE ON A CONTINUING STORY:

There's been a new development in the ongoing Republican War on Bathrooms -- sort of.

This latest round offers a new offshore wrinkle, with a U.S. Olympic athlete in Brazil posting a photo, he says, which commands a number of rigorous instructions, including an apparent "no fishing allowed in toilets" directive, among others.

It is hoped that this new turn in porcelain-suite warfare will not migrate onto these shores, as we've already come quite close enough to having to show our birth certificate "papers" in order to receive a pass from the GOP's new cadre of bathroom guards.

Let us also hope that TSA-style scanners, pat-downs, and strip searches will not be the *next level of Olympian difficulty* in the increasingly competitive event of *Confused-Republican Bathroom Sex-Matching*.

(Judges around the country are still trying to figure out how to score these events.)

Today's Bathroom Bonuses:

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Olympic Potty Pic Pick:

http://www.upi.com/Odd_News/2016/08/08/Rio-Olympics-bathroom-sign-bans-fishing-in-toilets

A little more humor-and-education from HBO's John -- John Oliver, that is:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hmoAX9f6MOc>

*(You have to admit; □ putting genital symbols on the door would be funny as hell, and be an instant way to throw the
Corps
three.)*

*GOP Bathroom Scouting
an extra curve or*