Stop me if you've heard this one before: Bigwigs pull some strings, and the rest of us hardly ever know what the heck is really going on. This is how real life works. It's like looking at a 419-car pileup on the freeway, most days: Lots of wreckage, and no way to know what really happened, or how to easily untangle the mess.

However, this everyday, hamstrung-pulled reality also contains trainloads of Red Herring Brand fish meal scattered all over the road, for miles around, just in case it might help cover up some of the more telling skid marks, and to help keep anyone from tracing any awkward facts back to any embarrassing sources.

And, you know, truisms, and trains, can collide, like this one: The deeper the well-fattened, well-privileged hand goes into the forbidden cookie jar, the more fanciful the tale it tells when it gets caught.

The cookie-jar analogy is apt because most Jar-Divers are mere children, just in fully-grown, adult bodies -- adults with kid-brains, adults who have never been taught anything but the basics of one game, called You Grab and You Get. These are people who were never taught, and who never needed to learn about, impulse control.

Hell of it is? Probably, if they had learned about it, that information would have ruined their chances for successful forays into their many victorious, predatory business practices. Law of the economic jungle: keep your fangs sharp, and your claws sharper.

This is why every meltdown of Trump supporters and campaign staff is so revealing, both as to the character of the participants and nation, as well as the characteristics of the proceedings, and all its underpinnings, rigging, and backstage sideshow.

For one example, out of the last few hundred incidents this in the past month, we were all *gifted* with another moment of character clarity, when we learned Trump courted John Kasich, offering to hand over to him all foreign and domestic responsibility as Veep, freeing up The Donald to, in his own words, "make America great again."

(At least he's consistent: Big on the unlawful and vague, with no drawbacks from any baggage having to do with policy-and-planning.)

You can't go 12 seconds without Trumpsters diving into a few new dumpsters of their own making. But, then, it's been quite a thing, seeing the bewildered poor and the shredded working class gazing toward a deeply-troubled charlatan-elitist as their best possible hope and savior.

But, then, to be fair, when it comes to GOP candidates, choosing someone to represent your best interests is like picking between strains of the plague, batches of nerve gas, fatal diseases, natural disasters, comet impacts, extinction events.

(You haven't already forgotten the other *21 Horse-Hockey Players of the Apocalypso* where this whole Foam-at-the-Mouth-Fest started, have you?)

There's no telling what bizarre info outbreak will explode next, which is why I'm waiting for the ***r est***
of the news about Roger Ailes to come out. I mean, the tales we're seeing now are just the tip of things. For example: Reports say Ailes skimmed Fox profits to pay off his unwitting playmates after their apparent play-dates, having quick games of
Fox in the Henhouse
, so to say, and no one the wiser in the chicken-counting game at the House of Fox Finance and Poultry Networking.

Now that Ailes has been dethroned, all sorts of things are coming out about how he is said to have used company money to further his personal pauses and causes. (Hey, when you've got a billion or more in profits to play with, and a free reign on the company checkbook, a few million here and there to stifle some sexual harassment of your star propagandists is mere chump change -- just chicken feed!)

But, you know, I keep expecting more damning linkages ahead, and not because I see *imaginar y*
conspiracies everywhere -- but, because

real
conspiracies keep getting
uncovered
everywhere. The odds are good, let us say.

Personally, now, I would not be surprised if it comes out that Trump and Ailes have been in the back room, baking each other cakes, whooping it up, generating headlines, each to help further the headlines and largess and largeness of the other.

It's only a matter of time before we learn Trump promised Ailes the job as Secretary of Defense, so he could attack any country he wanted which sounded "too Muslim," or that didn't pony up new playmates fast enough to suit him, or to punish any foreign states which may have reneged on earlier promises to supply Ailes with plastic surgeons to help him look "less lumpy and toady," as his own emails will likely soon reveal.

(Lumpy and Toady, by the way, would be an interesting name for a comedy duo -- although, goodness knows, we've got plenty of GOP comedy teams already in full swing who should already be wearing this mantle.)

- Meanwhile: It's probably only a matter of time before we learn Trump wants to invade Taiwan at taxpayer expense, then sell the island to the Chinese mainlanders, and at a really handsome, postwar markup, freshly scalped, for Trump's own profit.
- Then, we'd learn some of the real reasons Trump is not releasing his tax returns are because of the connections to Russian organized crime, and to ongoing attempts by Trump to adopt Putin -- or vice versa.
- Somewhere in there, we'd also discover Trump is on a special per-character bonus stock payment plan, for his help constantly boosting Twitter traffic with petty attacks from a thin-skinned, temperamental brat with no impulse control -- the *exact* kind of personality you'd want to have focused on obsessive Twitter insult-messaging, as a head of state, as well as one seated next to the launch codes.

- Then, we'd all find out that The Real Players in the Land gathered Hillary and Donald together and years ago laid out the game plan for this year, and for maximizing the entertainment value, political contributions, and media ratings for the presidential race -- along with their quadrennial realignment and readjustment of corporate profit centers and plans, as they applied to changing global conditions.

(This year, The Real Players wanted to throw the Little People a bone, to show they've been heard, but then realized Trump was uncontrollable, unpredictable, and a liability -- promising yet another messy assassination for The Real Players to carry out and cover up. Clinton, on the other hand, was a proven middle-of-the-roader. And, in times like these, with the political landscape jammed so far over to the right, being a centrist was just like being a pocket conservative. So, here we are: Hillary's a no-brainer of a good move for business and the military, and a Lesser Evil as well!)

Considering how little self-control people with any amount of money and power actually have, it's no wonder humans don't have superpowers: We'd all be dead inside of a week if we suddenly had 'em -- or not gotten here at all, if we'd evolved them.

* * *

Erratum:

According to Rondo H. Kielbasian, Jr., former Chief of Condiments and Consumables for the Trump for All Eternity Campaign, Republic Presidential Nominee Donald Trump definitely does *NOT*
wear boxer shorts on his head, chasing family members around, while shouting,
"Look out! Here comes Pants-Down the Clown! I'm gonna get your underwear! Better get out your money! Ooodle-oodle-ooooo!"

Kielbasian, fired from the campaign for his miscount of mustard packets (as was discovered by Trump personally, during a campaign stop in Moosahackie, Minnesota, during a lull in his preparations at a campaign stop press conference), acknowledged he is under strict legal restrictions and heavy financial sanctions, should he provide any additional information to supplement the video tape previously supplied by the mysterious "Person X" on his team.

Kielbasian now categorically states Mr. and Mrs. Trump enjoy watching episodes of "Green Acres" when at home, especially the "ones with Arnold Ziffel." Kielbasian produced affadavits from the Trumps to that effect, along with a signed, notarized permission slip from the Trumps for release of the information.

Also: Previously, I quoted the publication *Supreme Entitled Platinum Elite Class News Quarterly* as the source for a leaked story about classified security briefings made to Trump already being leaked by him to Russian Federation President Putin. The wrong publication was credited. The story should have been credited to
Protected Billionaires' Ultimate Class Double Secret Circle & World Domination Bulletin.
The error was regrettable, if not inevitable.

Today's Bonus:

Arnold Ziffel will now explain civil rights to us:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fTEcL7bw6U4