

DREAMING OF HILLARY 10-18-06

by David Crawmer

A local corporation had decided to give up trying to turn a profit here in NY and closed its doors. Two hundred and sixty people were to lose their jobs. How dare they! What will happen to our state if these rats continue to behave as if they are on a sinking ship? Several big name Democratic leaders decided to arrange a hearing to get to the bottom of the company's desertion. There was Chuck Schumer, Michael McNulty and Hillary Clinton to name the most prominent. Having my own questions to ask, I decided to attend the hearing being held in Schenectady. I was nervous. I had given a lot of thought to the question(s) I would ask if given the opportunity and the more I thought about it the more nervous I got. In the past when I have had the opportunity to speak up in front of a large crowd, I would often chicken out at the last minute. The hostility of the crowd would intimidate me or I figured I would go blank or misspeak and embarrass myself, so this time I decided to have a belt of Scotch beforehand. When I got there it seemed too quiet. There were lots of Secret Service people, State and local police, the Mayor and other dignitaries and the media, but what was mysteriously lacking was an audience. At the base of the auditorium was a dais where the politicians sat facing the nonexistent audience. In front of and facing the glare of the inquisitors was a table where the business' leaders were seated with their hunched backs to the nonexistent audience. At the base of the center isle was a microphone stand and along side it was where I took a seat. I kept turning around to see if people were coming in and was surprised to see some familiar faces; the President of our local taxpayer association, some of my neighbors, my sister and several others who were sure to give me courage. Then the politicians sauntered in to their high seats and who should be right in the middle facing the microphone but Hillary Clinton! The Mayor acting as moderator called upon each of the politicians in turn to give their prepared statements. It sounded like this: Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah. I'd heard it a thousand times before. I had just started to zone out when Mrs. Clinton said: "I am tired of going to Washington with my hand out to the Republicans for tax dollars to keep New York going! You business people can't leave. I need...I mean... the people need you to continue your obligation to return..." That's when I jumped out of my seat and planted myself in front of the microphone. I said: "Mrs. Clinton, The business community has an obligation to stay in business and its New York's heavy tax and regulation burden that is forcing us to choose to either leave or stay here and face bankruptcy." That's when she picked up this heavy glass ashtray and whipped it at me like Derek Jeter throwing a liner to first. It was thick and square and looked to weigh about a pound and a half. It kept getting bigger in my eyes and as it approached I read "2008" on the side of it and just before it connected with the bridge of my nose... I woke up...

Wow! I sat up, my heart pounding like a drum. This is why I shouldn't have spaghetti marinara with sausage just before bed!