

## Free Dumb Rant

Now we didn't want to get off on a Free Dumb Rant (but we will anyway) ...because as a broken down dumbass Tennessee Volunteer United States Marine Corps veteran with an MBA who reluctantly "drew the short straw that broke the camel's back" ...sent out to wander into the wilderness of disenchantment, in order to tackle "a once great nation" struggles with freedom from grief in our never ending search for happiness. A year and  $\frac{1}{2}$  later it all came together drinking from the fountain of contentment, seeing a reflection of the correlation between freedom and getting dumb in disorder to find happiness. Turns out it is a simple formula. If (a) we want to be free + (b) we gotta get dumb = (c) happiness bliss. This fuzzy logic tells us we must let Free Dumb Ring if we want to be HAPPY.

Grief on the other hand mass produces HATE. Turns out the ultimate success of America, the basis of our unity and strength as unique human beings, is founded on our SHARED passionate "United" hatred of grief. Grief gives us our fighting fuel, our "do or die" fighting spirit to escape that ruthless bastard grief no matter what the cost.

When it comes to all-America's hatred of grief, we were the first compassionate human beings on the planet to proclaim a simple basic fact. When it comes to human suffering and mankind's struggles with grief, "all men & women are created equal". Not only in the eyes of grace, but also in the eyes of griefs fury. No one is immune to griefs suffering. Period. OK, Maybe scientists, college professors, politicians & sideline managers but that's it.

We all agree that grief drives US insane. Grief makes US want to die, not for a good cause, but to stop the unimaginable pain. Grief drives US to war against each other. When you strip grief down to our UNITED hatred of depression be sure to include our UNITED anger with oppression, our UNITED fury for repression and our UNITED rage for any type of suppression. This is what UNITES US as one people, one compassionate team of human beings standing up to grief together.

But here is a basic fact of a human life. Grief is a master magician. Grief's magic sleight of hand trick? Grief steals a love, stabs us in the back then disappears, poof, gone. Since humans can't actually see or find grief, what do grief Free Dumb fighters do when they are hurting beyond belief? They attack and try to destroy every other human they come in contact with. Think of it like this.

Grief steals your lollipop. It pisses you off and makes you really, really mad. Whaaaaa!!! Since you'll never be able to find grief...you decide the next best thing is to steal everybody else's lollipop's and throw them in the garage. This way everybody else can see what it feels like to have a lollipop they loved get taken away. Poor baby!

Ta-da! Grief played you like a human fiddle and you inadvertently joined grief's "hurt people hurt people" army. You are now an official dirtbag! You become a Debbie Downer or a Terrible Terry Con Queen! Congratulations!!!! Grief wins again. Grief kicked your ass and made you hurt other people because you lost a lollipop you loved. Let Free Dumb Ring!

Ask yourself this question? As American's, why do we have to HATE? We must hate because it is part of our good ole Free Dumb All-American DNA fighting spirit. Unlike Wall Street & Corporate rats like Gordon Gekko who think, "Greed is good" ...it turns out these greedy bastards cannot spell. The correct American belief is "Grief is good". What is the English language riddle? I before E, except after C, or sounding like E when it comes to self-righteous self-promoting greed.

Grief is good when we grieve as one United States. When we come together as one UNITED nation with a UNITED hatred of depression, a UNITED anger with oppression, a UNITED fury for repression and a UNITED rage for any type of suppression. Think about it.

Grief was good when US hated the British. Grief was good when US hated the fact  $\frac{1}{2}$  of US wanted to divide the country in  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Grief was good when US hated slavery. Grief was good when US hated gender inequality. Grief was good when US hated and defeated an Axis of Evil. Grief was good when US hated inequality and embraced civil rights. Grief was good when US hated terrorists.

As a great freedom fighting nation, we harnessed our grief like a ball of fury, and UNITED OUR anger with oppression, UNITED OUR fury for repression and UNITED OUR rage for suppression. We were UNITED in OUR unified depression. Grief is good when we hate that SOB together and need to go to war to free US from depression. Grief is bad when we tear ourselves apart because someone stole our lollipop. Therefore, we must know the enemy, if UNITED we can harness our depression and win this war against grief. Let Free Dumb Ring!

Think what we could do if we HATED that evil bitch COVID-19 causing us so much grief. What if we united as one nation with a FURY to kill that SOB? What if our RAGE was diverted so we HATED COVID-19 more than we hated losing some money? COVID-19 is threatening our freedom so why don't we unite as one great nation and kill that motherf\*\*ker? The answer. Grief played us like human fiddles making us "hurt people hurt people" who would rather hate each other than join the pandemic war. Let Free Dumb Ring!

Now I'll do my best to welcome you to this beautiful happiness neighborhood & try to explain with four wildly different children's bedtime stories of great American free dumb wars.

- 1) **FREE DUMB "COUNTRY MICE" WAR** - A starving-for-something-more 1770's (a mouseketeers great x 8 grandfather) immigrant country mouse in a far-off foreign land hated grief's oppression, repression, suppression and depression. He was tired

of being put down eating breadcrumbs. In the dark of night, he runs to the nearest port and boards a ship based on a fairy tale he heard about a united promised land, with nothing but his tail between his legs. During the treacherous voyage he beats himself up for being dumber than a bag of hammers for leaving the safety & security of his nest and flying away to destinations unknown like a dumbass. The moment he hears, "Welcome to the United Colonies of America" he knows in his heart his impossible dream has come true. When he is asked, oh by the way, "would you volunteer to fight & die for our declaration of independence so we can form a United States for all the country mice?" he answers without hesitation, "Hell yes!"

He now knows there is no risk he would not take to be free of oppression, repression, suppression or depression. It freed his fearless soul. He FEELS true happiness for the first time. He laughs for the first time in a long time at his reckless behavior and screams out loud, "Let Free Dumb Ring!"...as he marches into battle with a ragged tagged army of country mice from all over the planet, fighting against an undefeatable big city kingdom of tyrannical rat's without a single ounce of fear. In the end, a new country of country mice was born. Our courageous country mouseketeers finally found a country they were all willing to fight and die for. It was a New Beginning.

- 2) **FREE DUMB "I SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM" WAR** - These victorious country mice, now free for the first time in their lives wanted to have ice cream to celebrate. This started the "I Scream for Ice Cream" wars between two divided groups of mice & men. The "Vanilla Mice" (no relationship to Vanilla Ice who loves Neapolitan) wanted the country to only serve vanilla ice cream. The majority of the country loved vanilla ice cream but a few, proud, brave minorities in this fight for freedom country loved chocolate. These "Chocolate Mice" went into ice cream shops across the country asking for a delicious scoop of the chocolate ice cream they loved. Low & behold the "I Scream for Ice Cream" wars began. When they asked to finally be free to be SERVED any ice cream at all, their beloved chocolate ice cream dream turned into a real-life Seinfeld soup Nazi ice cream parody that went something like this.

"Good afternoon sir, may I have a scoop of delicious chocolate ice cream please?"

No! We only serve Vanilla. We only serve mice who love Vanilla ice cream.

Kind sir, may I please have a scoop of chocolate ice cream instead?

"NO ICE CREAM FOR YOU!" GET OUT!

This is a classic example of "someone stole my vanilla ice cream cone once in a blue moon" and Chocolate had to suffer Vanilla Ice Cream grief. This began the "I Scream for Ice Cream" war for ice cream equality. The poor "Chocolate Mice" started singing the "NO CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM FOR YOU" low down dirty blues. The chocolate ice cream lovers were oppressed, repressed, their lovable chocolate ice cream desires suppressed which led the "Chocolate Mice" to be like totally depression.

One day a good reverend minister ice cream vendor, a Mighty Mouse for all ice cream loving mice & men had an impossible ice cream dream. A dream that all ice creams were created equal and could share the same bowl. He proposed a simple solution. Why not create a banana split with let free dumb ring nuts scattered all over, a scrumptious banana sliced in two to represent the gift of sharing, topped off with delicious whipped cream? Vanilla and chocolate ice cream, sharing the same beautiful bowl together as one ice cream dream... and if these two delicious ice creams should not blend perfectly together as one...then separate the two with any other ice cream flavor you choose... so that ALL THE ICE CREAM LOVERS in this great land and from around the world can finally come together to share this bowl of ice cream equality!

This is another shining example that grief is good. Especially when it comes to the birth of 50 great states of this freedom loving country that proudly serves 31 flavors of delicious ice cream to anyone who screams for ice cream. Let Free Dumb Ring!

- 3) **FREE DUMB DODGE BALL WAR MASSACRE**-After the "I Scream" wars had been won, grief reared its ugly head once again with the all-American need to hate someone or something. American's having to hate so they can feel the power to berate. The Vanilla & Chocolate Mice still had a need to fight each other so the long-forgotten dodge ball game of thrones was created. This game was designed to train these two rival gangs to fight together as one breed of mice & men in one beautiful bowl of Ice Cream. It worked. It allowed Vanilla & Chocolate mice to have fun throwing balls at one another instead of shooting each other on the streets. But, as with all FREE DUMB ideas, it started a brand-new war of the strong terrorizing the weak. Grade school dodgeball gave birth to "tough mice" & the "timid mice" dodge ball war of attrition. It gave birth to slaughterhouse rules.

It was as if Vanilla & Chocolate ice cream lovers who had been warring against each other since 4 score & 7 years ago...had toughened up and decided to join forces to hate strawberry ice cream lovers. They hated strawberry fields forever because it ranked in as a much lower class of ice cream than vanilla or chocolate. Strawberry was timid, vanilla & chocolate strong. It turned into a "timid mice" massacre, two "tough mice" ice cream gangs against one. Ironically, it was two plain jane black & white colors of ice cream that came together to hate a true mouse of color,

strawberry. Think of a tiny, scared fat, red-headed, blue eyed, pink skin, freckled face mouse when you think of a "timid mice". Think of this different colored mouse getting pounded out loud for being different, being a lower class of ice cream.

Before the pounding began our timid little red-headed strawberry mouse had to hear insults like, "Red on the noodle like the peter on a poodle" by both sides immediately followed by a barrage of basketballs, soccer balls, volley balls to the face. This poor little "timid mouse" got his ass beat on a regular basis and hiding in a corner was not an option because back then nobody put baby in a corner. Even crybabies. Over time, he realized the "tough mice" were trying to teach him a valuable lesson of how to fight back in an unfair fight? (what the buck buck?)

In what nation could anything be so dumb?

It seemed all the "timid mice" were confused. Did the "tough mice" want them under a barrel, over a barrel, trapped in a barrel or should they hide behind a barrel when the dodge balls started flying? "Timid mice" did not know the ruthless "tough mice" rules of engagement. "Timid Mice" were just a bunch of "country mice" from back on the farm raised day & night to always fight fair. They were like totally confused asking each other, "what the hell do barrels have to do anything, why are we having to dodge a ball and why are all these tough vanilla & chocolate mice so damn angry at somebody different invading their "turf" in a so-called land of the free ice cream? Let us just say it wasn't a barrel of laughs for any of the colorful "timid mice".

Our red-headed strawberry loser entertained himself by keeping score: "Tough mice" 999, "Timid mice" 0; dreaming of one day beating the odds and turning this losing record into a 999-1 fair fight win. Once he accepted his fate, he latched onto this impossible dream and mastered the art of escape & evade tactics his great x 7 granddaddies passed down when they drove the first wave of tyrannical "tough mice" rats into the sea to be free.

He learned comedy adds an ounce of flavor to an ass beating. He told "tough mice", "I got my ass beat yesterday by a girl so don't go around bragging after you beat my ass today...it will ruin your reputation as a "tough mouse" tomorrow. Helping the "tough mice" maintain their delusional image of superiority somehow felt logical? Let Free Dumb Ring!

Being the "country mice" trailer trash breed of a 3-time war veteran United States Marine, our "timid mouse" adopted "Devil Dog" doctrine; "*Listen up sunshine, learn how to absorb bullets instead of dodging them and you will never know fear*". This mighty creed sounds Krazy when you say it out loud, but it somehow served to reduce the sting when a dodge ball smacked him in his face and knocked him off his feet.

Maybe it was because in olden days dodge ball game of thrones, the "tough mice" didn't use real bullets to shoot each other down like they do today? Who knows?

He came to grips with his lot in life of being a colorful little Minnie mouse and reached down deep inside his ancestry to harness the power of the Great American Country Mice Spirit of no pain, no gain. Suck it up and take it like a mouse.

This changed the narrative and he started having fun looking forward to getting hammered in dodge ball. He idiotically no longer walked into the ruthless dodge ball arena and rushed to hide in the corner like the other "timid mouse". He stood his ground timid & small like he had just as much right to be here as these tough mice turds. He renamed this wonderful duel of "tough mice" raining down terror on his timid country bumpkin's strawberry ass: Kamikaze Krazy.

He stopped trying to dodge balls and the game became a beautiful dance where taking a ball to the face was a badge of honor of absorbing bullets instead of always having to dodge them or being scared. He would run home at night to tell his daddy, "I absorbed 37 different balls to the face and body in dodge ball today and it felt GREAT!" Let Free Dumb Ring...as his heroic father walked away smiling shaking his head...whispering to himself ..."what a dumbass".

"Great" Pop quiz from a "Great" Pop star "in father we trust" hard as a free dumb rock, jarhead...to all those educated & logical "hide in the corner" timid mice out there too scared to stand up and learn how to fight against a bully or a rat:

*When our brain damaged Strawberry Fields Forever Minnie mouse got hit by 37 different balls to the face and body smartass...tell us who those 37 different balls did not hit?*

Once you figure out the answer, you will understand the United States Marine Corps Kamikaze Krazy doctrine, "learn how to absorb bullets instead of dodging them and you will never know fear". Next time you hear the phrase, "I would take a bullet for any of these courageous country mice I fight beside" you will finally understand how we can truly "Make America Great Again."

Low and behold, our regular as breakfast, ass whooped little "timid mouse" got lucky and grew to 6'4". This beat down Minnie mouse lost the fat but not the red-headed noodle and became a force of reckoning in the dodge ball arena. But guess what? Did this former "timid mouse" turn grief's "hurt mice hurt mice" magic trick into hatred so he could join the "tough mice" team? Hell no! He fired every ball he caught back at any rat bastard hammering the "timid" mice. He taunted "tough mice" gangs to a "10 against one" duel. He was too damn proud of the "timid mice" shaking like a leaf in the corner, all thanking his dumbass for getting his ass whooped on a daily basis so their pansy asses could stay safe and sound, to be that damn Krazy.

He realized over time the most valuable lesson in dodge ball was not who won or lost; or getting plummeted for being timid or different. It was not about learning how to absorb bullets even though those Kamikaze Krazy Marine SOB's are right about a doctrine that lets you live a life without fear...and it definitely had nothing to do with learning how to dodge a freakin' ball...the sole function of this blood thirsty exercise...was so a merry band of "timid mice" could quickly recognize, easily identify, which of their band of "so-called" brothers was deep down a grief riddled self-serving blood-thirsty Rat bastard whose mommy or daddy did not give enough hugs or someone stole their lollipop. Whaaa! Think of it like this. Game of Thrones Dodge Ball gives everybody "Rat Bastard Radar Vision".

Ah-ha! Dodge ball represents the game of life and how to recognize rat bastards instead of turning tail and running to hide in the corner like a "timid mouse". Dodge ball was a beautiful game that taught an outcast strawberry colored mouse that happiness was found in life by protecting the little, the last, the least and the lost mice... harnessing the energy of hate being thrown at him to protect and serve the timid...to clearly see a rat bastard and stand up to them so that grief would not consume him and make him a "timid mice" hiding in a foxhole corner of depression. Do or die.

This elementary game objective was specifically designed so that little country mice could identify rats. It is the perfect life strategy letting all the little timid mouseketeers too scared to fight for their freedom... SEE firsthand rat bastard thugs that pick on timid mice, the powerful who prey on the weak...Have No Balls. Bless me father for I have sinned. I will pass two hail Mary's in tonight's game and call you in the morning.

Meaning to say, bullies have no balls that can hurt you. Instead, rats outside of high school with no balls, are not so tough mice who still try to knock little mice down by slinging bullshit. It provides a happiness doctrine where all mice & men can, "learn how to dodge a bullies bullshit, hold onto your own balls so you never know fear and focus on the identification of any rat that gets his rocks off by pounding little mouseketeers into submission.

But sadly, not all "timid mice" were lucky enough to play game of thrones dodge ball and learn this valuable lesson. The "timid mice" grade schoolteachers watched what they incorrectly assumed was a slaughter that was producing a generation of hide in the corner crybabies. "Timid mice" teachers felt pity on their Minnie mouse flock. They did not know how to stand up to "tough mice" because they were never tough enough to stand up for themselves. They knew "tough mice" stand only for themselves. They declared dodge ball off limits. They told the "timid mice" who were

too scared to come out of the shadows that they were winners and gave them trophies for just showing up.

This "timid" flock was told the ultimate payback was to go to college, get a degree, move to a big city and seek revenge on all "tough country mice" who called them bad names and picked on them. The country called this movement; "Let's put baby in the corner college!" And parents paid dearly & bribed these babies into big city colleges...

These "timid mice" cried out; someday we will band together and "use our brilliant we-are-oh-so-special minds" to let Free Dumb Ring & Finger Pointing Sting!" We will band together in nonstop protest holding one giant intellectual "coming out from under mommy's skirt" party evolving to leeching off daddy from a super safe distance so we can bring the "tough mice" to their knees. They pledged to make them suffer 10K more than any dodge ball to the belly or "red on the noodle like a peter on a poodle" put down ever could. This was the lightweight diploma sad ending of the heavyweight championship rein of "no pain, no gain...stand up & fight like a mouse" creed. It was the ultimate transfer of power from "tough country mice" who fought & died to build a nation to "brilliant city mice" gathered in gangs who henpecked & pointed fingers at all the "bad mice" that did anything to hurt their feelings.

- 4) **FREE DUMB "CITY MICE" & "COUNTRY MICE" WAR TO END ALL WARS** - Fast forward 240 years to a Beaten Down Country Mouse bedtime nightmare of free dumb. A so-called united nation of "country mice" and "city mice" were prepping for "a winner takes all" election. A former timid mouse turned "Educated High & Mighty Big City Mouse" candidate, who never got to play dodge ball, was living high on the hog in the big city but claimed to stand up, fight and represent their "I lived in Arkansas once upon a time" "country mouse" roots. The "we represent all mice" candidate platformed as the "one & only" savior of all the poor, mistreated "country mice" all around THEIR great & prosperous land. This so-called democratic party was fully confident they held the winning ticket & would continue their unopposed 8-year win streak. The "we represent the country mice" party were so embossed with their big city living, their college brilliance, their sainthood, they failed to see the "country mice" out on the farm were not buying this high & mighty "city mice" bullshit anymore.

"Country mice" were suffering from grief's oppression, repression, suppression and deep in depression watching the "city mice" flood the screens on national TV with their caviar wishes and champagne dreams. The "country mice", the founding mouseketeers of freedom, without the social security of a college degree were treated like a lower-class of mice & men and they were tired of dancing for breadcrumbs. They felt oppressed, repressed, suppressed, depressed, no longer prospering. No longer free.



"But buying a college degree for \$150K and moving to the big city is a national badge of brilliance & upper class wealth, the only American dream worth having (you lowlife worthless uneducated tough little country heathens) and if you buy in bigtime, it will be the answer to all your problems out on the farm".

The "country mice" screamed back, "that's your American dream you pompous ass, not ours! This country was founded by "country mice" who fought and died for freedom to get back out on the farm and not to defend high on the hog big city living packed in like sardines in your royal kingdom walls of "never get your hands dirty, let the tough dumbass fearless guy do it" scientific studies.

Besides, "We don't need no stinkin' badges!"

We already know we are smart because we take pride in growing the nourishment of this great pack, working hard for a living, fighting, serving & feeding snobbish entitled talking heads like you, dumbass. In fact, the only "Power to the little mice" democratic statistic we give a damn about... over the last 8 years your pompous pilot party partied...and you only created 88,000 jobs for the poor belittled high school graduate or drop out mouseketeers ... so again, our eyes are wide open...we the "country mice" of this great nation ain't buying your "city mice" working hard for the "country mice" bullshit anymore." City mice are working day & night for city mice!

"If you are truly fighting to defend and protect the poor, uneducated "country mice" freedom... why not enact a law that drafts every college graduate & any mouse making over \$100,000.00 a year into the military as Privates Lower Class...and send them off to fight this global war against terrorism. Using your Free Dumb logic, the United States should only send our nations smartest, brightest, innovative mice off to foreign lands to fight our wars." This way, the "country mice" can work the farm, clean your penthouses, protect your investments & profits until you get back victorious."

Turns out "country mice" were not that dumb. It should come as no surprise, the only entertainment the poor little "country mice" could afford on their working two jobs only be allowed to work 38 hours to bypass full time work laws so companies did not have to give them healthcare or benefits making \$7.25 minimum wage with no benefits or tips in order to make ends meet, was reality TV and there's a Fox in the Henhouse nightly news.

The "country mice" watched in awe as a "Big City Slicker" TV star, a self-promoting "Big Business Czar", a self-certified real-life cold-blooded "greed is good" Gordon Gekko... was getting his rocks off in Prime Time right in front of God and everybody by firing privileged, intelligent, top of their class "city mice" live on national TV.

The "country mice" wondered? Can this greedy, arrogant, elementary king...the grand master showoff of caviar wishes and champagne dreams... stand up for the "country mice" against the royal kingdom "city mice profit machine" government?" They ran the happiness formula. If (a) we want to be free + (b) we gotta get dumb = (c) happiness bliss. The "country mice" realized they had nothing more to lose and sweet REVENGE to gain. GRIEF driven hurt mice hurt mice payback time on a scale never witnessed before in the good ole USA!!! They flooded the polls laughing for the first time in a long time at their reckless behavior of sending a big city business rat, and his business legions of big city rats, to the high and mighty pompous pilot Kingdom to eat the "city mice" alive; screaming out to destroy the "city mice" kingdom and "Let Free Dumb Ring!"

Since dodge ball was banded and all the "timid country mice" scampered away to college and headed for the big cities in search of fortune & fame & revenge against the "tough mice" that hurt their itty-bitty feelings...only a beaten down, red on the noodle like a peter on a poodle strawberry colored mouse was able to see..."tough country mice" grief turned the tides of "hurt mice hurt mice" hatred, anger, rage and fury to a whole new self-destruct level....and these tough country mice got charmed by a snake oil sales rat live on network TV and there's a Fox in the Henhouse nightly news who joined evil forces with the invading rats and turned the tables and pointed all the blame the other way back at the city mice. Grief played both sides, city & country mice, like a Mickey Mouse fiddle.

In the final standoff between the country & city mice parties, the two divided "timid mice" and "tough mice" who harnessed their grief to elect kingdoms of business rats to destroy their constitution and both sides fought to the death and ate each other alive and their once great nation was destroyed. No more city mice, no more timid mice, no more country mice, no more tough mice, no more big city business rats, no more country. The wicked power of grief led us all to Free doom.

Nobody saw it coming except the lucky few who got plummeted in dodge ball. Nobody saw it coming because they never learned how to distinguish a good ole "country mouse" from a real life, Gordon Gekko who thinks greed is good...a real-life Rat bastard. Nobody saw it coming but a broken down, used up, gray headed old fart mouseketeer, a strawberry ice cream colored mouse who got his ass whooped every day for years on a game of thrones dodge ball court...who till his dying breathe screams out while nobody is listening, not for ice cream...but "this rat bastard emperor wears no clothes and he eats any mouse, "city" or "country", that gets in his pampered ways for breakfast.

Yet no one listened, he was put down as a dumbass and told, "This fairy tale of yours is all wrong!!!" said the PhD on TV. *First off, the rat you are referring to was not pampered, he wears depends. Second, the rats you addressed is offensive to rats because they are really just a bunch of greedy pigs." You really should pay me \$150K and I can help you get your stories straight and make you an honor student. Our loveable strawberry mouse conceded and apologized to the rats and pampers.*

It was a tragic end to a once "GREAT" nation...

...no wait stops the presses...luckily, all the mice in this mighty land discovered the correlation between freedom and getting dumb in disorder to find happiness before it was too late. Hip, hip, hurray! If (a) we want to be free + (b) we gotta get dumb = (c) happiness bliss.

The "united mice of America" joined forces to figure out how to heal and restore a grieving nation that got played like a snake oil riddle on a Mickey Mouse fiddle. It was a classic case of, "Nobody move...I'm putting the gun to my head and if everybody doesn't do exactly as I say I'll pull the trigger" grief. Their "timid Mickey Mouse" government failed them big time and could not stand up to a rat (or pig). The "united mice" figured this out right before a rat bastard and his legions of rats drove the entire country off a cliff to free doom. They figured out that "grief is good" if it unites "country & city mice" to fight oppression, repression, suppression, and depression. They stopped bickering and thought...how do we let freedom ring once again? It reminded them of the great Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King.

First things first.

Using the catch phrase that had crowned the previous king rat...the United Mice of America assembled and pulled the worship plug and recited their unpledging of allegiance to any democratic or republican King or Queen:

*All you same-o, same-o presidential & political timid little pretend rulers who think their farts smell like roses,  
Stop pretending to be the nation's savior, a god almighty Free Dumb Finger Pointing Dirty Ole Grandpa Moses,  
You sound like worn out broken records "party fool" emperors running round in round in circles without any clothes,  
We're taking you to the woodshed for a spanking for acting like children with golden spoons stuck up your noses,  
Oh, and by the way, we saved this message from all the country mice you exhausted, worn out extremely tired,  
Please accept this parting gift all they have to say to all you greedy rat bastards...goodbye, farewell, sayonara...  
" You're Fired!"*

*If you honestly, truly, deeply, sadly want to "Make America Great Again",  
Then get thy to a nunnery, confuse your wicked deeds, your greedy all for me & none for you, totally unoriginal sins.*

The united mice said it was high time we broke from traditional party values in search of common ground. They decided to turn their countries leadership over to a Reverend, a Gandhi, a Mother Teresa, any person of faith, that could heal a nation like Dr. Martin Luther King. An honest Abe pure vanilla or pure chocolate mousse of faith. With time quickly running out, the country mice and city mice each presented

two new candidates. One of the candidates was selected and the country prayed every night at the dinner table that the broken nation could heal itself and wash away the tidal wave of hate grief almost drowned them all. The united mice still went to the polls and elected TRUE to their faith Red Republicans and the TRUE to their faith Blue Democrats because that is how the united American "party" is supposed to work just like the game of thrones dodge ball of old. Two sides battling it out throwing balls at each other (instead of trying to literally kill each other) with an occasional dumbass stepping up once in a while to take one for his or her team.

To pay for their sins, all elected politicians (and those on a political retirement tax payer payroll) were put in regular time outs where the "city mice" representatives had to go to work on the farm from time to time, and the "country mice" had to go to work in a new big city now and again as low level mouseketeers serving the public. Both parties drinking in bars, raising a glass of freedom with their EQUAL class of mice, the down home hard-working "tough country & city mice" which will always be the nation's better half.

This is how freedom was restored and "city mice" and "country mice" lived happily ever after. They all thanked God they finally saw the light...and finally opened their eyes and saw an army of real-life greedy rat bastards (or correctly stated grief slinging pigs) for the first time and finally stood up to them.

They all were part of this happy, happy ending which was really just another new beginning in their land of the free...

Let's rewind one last time and take a moment to reflect the lessons of these fictional children's fairy tales and focus on the devastating impact of "hurt mice hurt mice" GRIEF. The "country mice" have been hurting (dancing for tips and living off the breadcrumbs of big city business rats/pigs) for years watching a once great "united" nation step all over them, talk down to them, leave them left overs while the "city mice" and their golden ticket college degrees lived caviar wishes and champagne dreams. If that evil SOB grief teaches us anything about mice & men, hurt tough country mice wanted to hurt the timid city mice. I take that back...hurt country mice want the city mice to suffer. Not just hurt them but eat them alive and drag them kicking and screaming into their deepest darkest depressions.

Grief is a cancer of pain, revenge and self-destruction. Faith in mankind is the cure.

It was grief that drove a hurting "country mice" army of citizens to revolt for the single purpose: they wanted "city mice" to share their pain so they found a rat/pigs to represent them. It was a hurting army who thought their only option was to drag the "city mice" into their nightmare depression so they could finally get a taste of

the hopelessness they were forced to feel. They wanted desperately for the city mice to see what it feels like to have your freedom buried in a gutter of shame. What is the famous quote? "All of these poor little mice (city & country) cut off their own nose to spite their face". Therein these childish stories rest the reality of how grief can drive a noble freedom fighting country into the gutter fighting against each other like rats/pigs for a slice of "Make America Great Again" humble pie ALL American Dream. All thanks to that SOB grief.

If we (just another dumbass) say this once, we'll say it a thousand times a day until the day we die. "Hurt people who HELP PEOPLE" is the ONLY CURE for grief. It's the only guaranteed way to kick griefs ass. So if it HELPS get this less than mediocre country out of grief, all you mudslinging grief free dumb bastards on both sides of the aisle, meet us at dawn, on the White House lawn, on July 4<sup>th</sup> 2020 (you bring the doctor and dodge balls).

We'll play the part of an entire country of country mice, city mice, tough mice, timid mice, greedy rat bastards, stupid & lazy "at will" students & employees mice and any other mice you hate to death and grief wants you to destroy...all in one target of opportunity... and you angry broken self-righteous self-serving self-hyphenated people can all find your balls and pound us into submission if it snaps you out of the grief of not getting enough hugs from your mommy & daddy. You poor crybabies had to suffer through all or one of the 5 levels of grief like the rest of us and you all deserve your pound of flesh.

The real enemy of the people is not the mouseeteers you hate and want to destroy, or us, it is the fellowship of heartbreak ridge grief that is driving all of us insane. We must fight for our happiness and not for our grief. Hopefully, we can finally open our eyes and help our dysfunctional family of "country mice & city mice", "tough mice & timid mice", "business job creating mighty mice outside of Walmart & Amazon sweat factories" & "busting ass employee mice" and unite as one unbeatable force of happiness warriors so everybody can become a freedom fighting Mighty Mouse again. We can start again, helping hand in helping hand & finally understand what it means to "Let Freedom Ring!" Let's get recklessly dumb together so we can get recklessly happy as one united union of dumbass human beings who finally woke up to the fact, none of us will ever be able to live free again unless we help each other out of griefs destructive depressions and save this nations soul. That's our dumb ass story. We're sticking to it.

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Based on the premise that Freedom is Free, this website novella is totally free dumb advice. It's time to tell you about the "creating something out of nothing" theory of revolution and the impossible dream + "hurt people help people" ABC's impossible dream.

The ABC's of Happiness is a non-profit venture donated & dedicated to an outlandish "Make America Happy Again" impossible dream. It's your military retirement tax dollars still fighting hard to protect & serve, a novella of thanks to an incredible nation from a grateful jar head, wobbling on his last leg, but still absorbing bullets, standing up to rat bastards & greedy pigs, kicking grief's ass and taking names.

We have been working on this daydream about happy things for the past year & a half with no political parties, no organized religion affiliation other than 39 grief "no atheists in a foxhole" close encounters of the worst kind, no charity groups, no outside gofundme, no guidance, no support, no PhD expertise, no editors, no publishers, no mentors...throwing away a year of work starting all over helping ourselves with the hope we are helping you; making it all up as we roll merrily along. We are going it all alone as a certified dumbass "country mouse" American citizen who refused to "choose" sides to any "party" or "special interest" group. Being a lone wolf American standing up for what we think is right is good enough for us even if we are barking at the moon. Escape & Evade for Freedom. Improvise & conquer. We are literally creating everything on this website out of the nothingness of "the last straw that broke the camel's back" devastating grief event of getting throw away like "at will" garbage across the river from our nation's capital. Going from a stellar \$140K second career to nada in the blink of an Ay Yai Yai. Dumped without warning into an early retirement trash can. They even refused to thank us for our service! Again? Ouch!!!

We're chasing this impossible dream to escape another grief event that cut us to shreds and left us for dead. We're fighting for our unalienable right to be happy. All we knew when we started; we were committed to "live free from grief or die" guided only by our undying "In God we Trust" faith; FORSAKING GENEROUS OFFERS to... (1) be ashamed of the humiliation & sting of being cast out of a world renowned "at will" prostitution ring (2) back alley offers to become a substance abuse addict (3) unlimited prescriptions to get hooked on a legal supply of "feel no harm" science medications to comatose a potential final bout of grief's unrelenting Pain in the Brain Damage. In other words, we respectfully declined. We did not want (1, 2 or 3) pimps or drug dealers to profit off our grief. You can read more about this blotched Grief character assassination attempt under Mourning Triage: PROOF = One Devastating Grief Execution + A Leap of Faith is all it takes + 1 Impossible Dream + Helping People = Happily Ever After

Instead, we created a grief rope-a-dope strategy. We started over from the bottom of the barrel dreaming impossible dream #76 & committed ourselves to fighting grief not only for ourselves, but for a country we would die for. We wanted to SHOW the good ole USA how to kick grief's ass with a bucket full of faith, a novella of words, lots of graphics, a real-life musical soundtrack, weird science and amateur attempts at comedy to try and help us laugh at our dumbass selves.

We had a story to tell that broke us down into an intense utterly horrible depression. We manifested a grief escape plan and we scratched our way out of a black hole with reckless abandon. Above ground, free, we counterattacked that SOB grief and fought our way, inch by inch to the summit of another impossible dream Rocky Mountain high. We documented every step along the way to map out a helping hand to any handout there and created everything you see "ex nihilo". All this made us smile out loud & proud & landed us justified & satisfied somewhere over the rainbow once again.

Free of "at will" grief. Free of "at will" prostitution. Free of "at will" addiction. Free of "at will" politics. Free of "at will" education camps. Free of "at will" hurt people who hurt people. Instead of hurting people for the intense, very intense, and utterly horrible pain we suffered, we went "all in" to HELP other people with the incredible happiness we found and wanted to share. Free at last. Free at last. Thank God almighty. We were free at last.

Thinking about freedom & happiness every day is like totally awesome dude. Sharing this happiness with human beings we love, and love us back, makes life taste sweeter than apple pie. Forgive & forget the people who hate us. What started out as a "coming back from the dead again and again" bestselling book Pulitzer Prize pipedream, changed direction right before the finish line to this website novella reality. We changed direction because it did not make sense to profit off the pain of our fellow Americans, our fellow human beings, our onward Christian soldiers marching off to fight a pandemic war...realizing the gofundme American military retirement tax dollars and your generous social security checks were managing to keep us afloat. Thank you for supporting 20 years of dedicated military service and 49 years fighting for social security. It was an honor & a privilege to serve all of you.

Trying to proclaim that as "One Nation, Under God" ... (*remember that last stand adage-oh, "there are no atheists in a do or die foxhole"*) ... we believe, down to our last dime, we can help America fight grief with a drug-free "dream an impossible dream" + "hurt people HELP people" prescription... which seems laughable... if not a little "insane in the membrane" considering we're chasing windmills, rainbows & sunshine... no joke, we really are drug & alcohol free and only high on life... it's also a bit treacherous considering today's "hurt people hurt people" tsunami of mass destruction is pounding us with waves of hateful revenge leaving a country drowning in depression with therapy, substances and medication as the top three means of escape, the best our scientists can do...(Dear Lord, please give our countrymen & women the strength of faith to NOT commit suicide so we might reach out to them before it is too late, Amen) we will not be surprised if  $\frac{1}{2}$  the nation drags us out to the Dodge Ball arena so they can plummet us into silence for speaking out against their kings and queens and the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  drags us into the limelight of crushing shame in revenge for what we have said...American people are hurting and griefs cancer casts a tidal wave of "hurt people who want to hurt other people" spreading like a flood, drowning us in rage...

...without knowing that "dreaming an impossible dream" + "hurt people who help people" can be a reckless drug free no charge recharge grief CURE if you put your faith into it, if you put your mind into it, put your heart & soul into it. It's a resurrection of faith restoring an "In God we Trust" fearless nature, driven by our cherished unity & equal opportunity strength. It's supercharged by undying faith, kick starting your karma, trying your luck, taking a chance, plan for worst-hope for best with unrelenting defiance and confidence. It resuscitates a reckoning of change with love, passion, trust, ultimately settling us down, high above ground, to see & feel the beauty of a human life. Fighting back feels good.

Let's face it. This "Make America Great Again" Tweeter/Televised experiment was comical at first. We offered the world the "greatest" reality TV show on the planet and our ratings shot through the roof. It was free...dumb entertainment. Let free dumb ring!

People across the globe watched a once "great" **United** States, leader of the FREE world, divide into fractured special interest divisions, drawing lines in the sand, all going for the Gold in the "DIVIDED STATES OF AMERICA SPECIAL OLYMPICS" game of thrones.

These Special Olympics are being televised around the world. The world isn't looking at us as a shining example of freedom, they're riveted to their TV's watching a freedom train wreck laughing their ass off. Our basic respect; for my fellow Americans-gone, other human beings-gone, other countries-gone, other parties-gone, other races-gone, other genders-gone, other religions-gone, we're ripping ourselves apart and broadcasting it on live TV. It's a tragic comedy reality shit show. The World is watching us implode, self-destruct. We're sorry to make light of this FREE DUMB FUBAR but it's a little funny once you see these "pathetic pod people possessed by grief" through loving eyes of faith and forgiveness.

How is our gold medal national anthem ever going to be played again when we impeach each other on podiums of self-righteous immunity? How can we forgive or forget when over 140,000 and counting of our fellow American citizens are massacred by a virus and we mourn the loss of our economy instead of the loss of our ability to protect and serve our citizens?

(Damn! This has to be greatest example of a heartless Gordon Gekko wall street belief that "greed is good!" we have ever witnessed live of TV...and the worst picture Oscar for USA 2020 goes to cold-blooded Greed)

The world watches "the other dude did it" rallies and congressional hearings on both sides of the FREEDOM FUBAR Special Olympics aisles as they fail to protect...and only serve their self-interests. The coup de gras for freedom? Letting the entire world witness the murder of an American citizen (by protect & serve police) on our city streets in board daylight which served as an execution of our cherished "all men are created equal" declaration of independence. It happened live on "Make America Great Again" TV. The name of the show is THE GREAT AMERICAN FREEDOM FUBAR" broadcast 24/7. If you missed the breaking



news...Americans hate each other with a passion...their filled with rage & revenge & fury thanks to decades of grief...each side ashamed today's America is willing to settle for being less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  as great as we used to be.

We should be harnessing all this anger, hate, rage & fury and join forces to focus on fighting the real enemy of the state: that heartless SOB...Grief. If we must hate someone or something, which history tells us Americans must do; let's all hate grief with a passion for freedom. We're all fighting depression anyway, so we got nowhere to go but up. Let's attack grief with a "shock & awe" preemptive strike and win this war together.

It feels "great" to help another human being get out of a foxhole (not just an American, not just a member of your party, not just a member of your race or gender, not just a member of your church) and it feels even better if you jump in their foxhole and fight for freedom right beside them. It's freeing! It's frightening. It's liberating people from oppression, repression, suppression and depression. It is what American's do best.

Forget about being a great nation again because right now we are a freedom "has been", drunk at a bar loser, talking about what a great freedom fighter we were back in the good old days. Sitting on a high & mighty bar stool, drunk at the Free Dumb wheel, pointing out all the problems with other people instead of looking start ahead in the freakin' mirror to see the real problem. It's back in high school "Make Me Great Again" theatrics. It's pathetic.

When it comes to freedom, we are tittering dangerously close to splitting the country in two once again and falling back into the depths of our second "basic human rights" civil war depression and with this roaring intensity of rage, we will nuke each other into extinction. Game over. The richest nation in the world self-destructs morally bankrupt. Suicide by self-hyphenated self-divided self-interests.

We all go down together in once last Big Bang Theory as the biggest hyphenated losers in the history of mankind. America hears, "You're Fired" from freedom for the very first time.

Let's try focusing on making America happy again so together we can make FREEDOM, in these United States, the only reality TV star we want the world to watch. Let Freedom ring throughout the planet.

Since this is war, let's do it for the All-American War Time Godfathers of Freedom; Our Founding Father George Washington who fought for our independence, Republican Abraham Lincoln who fought and died, so our country would not divide, in slavery, Democrat Franklin Delano Roosevelt who fought an Axis of Evil so the world would be free. The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King who fought for the equal rights of an entire race and died to save this nations soul. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, who simply refuses to die, until

women have the same rights as you and me. This is the gold standard of American leadership. The dream team. Freedom fighters all.

Come to think of it, let's declare this World War III and recruit the entire world to join this fight on a global scale and win this world war against grief for all mankind once and for all. "One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." That's what American freedom fighters do. Let freedom ring from grief all over the planet. Go big or go home. Do or die. Have it all, lose it all, a party rock free for all. United we stand. Divided we fall. The ABC's of Happiness stands for freedom...we stand for truth, liberty & justice...and happiness for all. That's the American way. It's the only way we will survive the greatest FREEDOM FUBAR in our nation's history.

So, bear arms with us and let's kick griefs ass together. If we get lucky, maybe renegade Republican Toby Keith will write us a "we'll put a boot in your ass, it's the American way" GRIEF FIGHT SONG or the outlaw wide open spaces Democratic Dixie Chicks can stop their next concert in London and humbly say, "We are proud as peacocks this President of the United States ain't from Texas" so we can learn to fight for freedom, for what is right, laugh with one another, cry with each other, love each other again and help "a world of human beings" be set free from the tranny of grief, holding freedom dear to our hearts, like it's our FINAL OPTION.

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*JSYK: Our little brother has down syndrome if you are politically correct and offended by the Special Olympics references and plan to use this intentional comparison to shoot us down. This great little man with down syndrome beat COVID-19's ass, but it beat him down, took away 30 much needed pounds and he does not have long to live. Luckily, he is out of the hospital returning to his loving home to be with his lifelong adopted family at Holy Angels in Louisiana. They have agreed to give him loving "end of life" care in this lockdown so he can be with his adopted family when he passes, even though Holy Angels is struggling to financially stay afloat. Holy Angels is fighting to stay alive, just like our little brother, because both have lost the support of their government. They are on their own, but they will both keeping fighting the good fight till the bitter end. Want to help fight this war against grief and help people? Send donations to this incredible organization instead of your dysfunctional one-legged political "party".*

*Holy Angels Special Olympics are a celebration of fearless courage & compassion, a "we are proud to have down syndrome & our loving faithful family of friends is proud of us too. We are all in this together American spirit has us cheering those who are constantly beating the odds. Their down syndrome is our Thunder Dome of freedom!*

*The current state of affairs at the FREEDOM FUBAR SPECIAL OLYMPICS in our nation's capital involves a much lower class of people. To bring back the mud you used to sling at my little brother before you got high and mighty...everyone in nations capital is acting like a bunch of freedom retards. Meet us at the dodge ball court at dawn if you disagree. I'll bring all my down syndrome friends and we will kick your ass. Who's da retard now bitches!*

*Let politicians' campaign for free on their own two feet on a single platform of freedom & integrity for ONE United States. Stop pouring money into a dysfunctional one-legged race so  $\frac{1}{2}$  the country gets to hold a lavish party as the kings & queens of DC for 4 years, celebrating a spending spree where every dollar they spend for their elected  $\frac{1}{2}$ , is a dollar spent in spite, because it totally pisses off the other  $\frac{1}{2}$ . When we cry out to both parties "don't trend on me!" that includes  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the country not having to bow down on one knee to their sacred king so the other knee is free to press on the throats of the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  that lost. No wonder this nation is so off balance.*

*How about this for a two-legged platform? Campaign to pay off up to \$100K of student loans for the "city mice" college graduates and drop the VIG to 2% on the balance. At the same time campaign to give the "country mice" without a college degree a \$100K loan at 2% VIG so they could afford to continue working for pennies of the profits at Walmart & Amazon & Starbucks, in the Military or Public Service Sector, or any of the countless high school graduate "at will" industries out there without any State or any state of the UNION representation. Hard to believe the sleight of hand job the chosen "city mice" pulled on the public that protects and serves them coffee. Equal rights are equal rights.*

*That my, fellow American's, is a valuable lesson in great American taxpayer "tickle everybody" happiness economics.*

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*Of course, that's just our opinion, we could be wrong. Who's right or who's wrong, doesn't really matter anymore because we are masters of intellectual deception, masters of hiding weakness and promoting strengths, televised grief con artists covering up the truth with nightly magic shows of "the other dude did it" defense and nobody has the guts to say the most intelligent thing that ever came out of a human being pie hole...excuse me everybody...but I was unequivocally, undeniably, unquestionably, 100% WRONG.*

*Imagine any paper weight genius or newscaster casting blame saying these unbelievable words of wisdom, "I have no idea what I'm talking about, know very little about the subject I'm ranting endlessly about, so let me hand the mic to somebody who has volunteered to do something and has the guts to do it. I'm only a talking head that knows a little about one thing, but I am so, so proud I can't do much of anything but talk and when it comes to serving you the best bullshit I got...I'm the ratings king because I sure got a pretty mouth!"*

Turns out, none of us are as smart as we think we are, so once again it is time to (Let Free Dumb Ring if we ever want Freedom to Ring again). Lucky for us, we are masters of the happiness formula. If (a) we want to be free + (b) we gotta get dumb = (c) happiness bliss and a whole lot of fun.

No doubt about it, the idea of a Divided States of America is dumber than a bag of hammers, light years beyond stupid. The comedy reverend Ron White said it best, "you can't fix stupid". He's definitely right. Nobody can fix the "greatest" level of stupidity the world has ever witnessed in this Days Of Our Lives reality TV soap opera. But what brother Ron is preaching as he tells us dumbass tales of tater salad while he sips a glass of Kentucky bourbon, "we can definitely patch up dumb if we have enough duct tape". A few Free Dumb Patches, here and there, is all we need.

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That's what makes us so special, so unique, so incredibly free, so hilariously dumb.

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### Bonus track

**In 2009, 400+ radical terrorists... or depending on your point of view... freedom fighters trying to oust yet another invading army from their country (you pick)... swarmed an American "Outpost" manned by only a few dozen American soldiers "left to fend for themselves by a political money making management machine". (watch this based-on-a-true-story movie account called "The Outpost" asap). This will give you the big picture of the cost of freedom & justice when our wars are run by "sitting safely on the sideline managing bureaucrats" who put their troops in danger while they think big thoughts miles away from the fight. True American Leaders like "George Washington, George Patton or Mad Dog "should have been named George" James Mattis types are always out in front fighting alongside the men & women they are supposed to "lead"...never put them in a battle they would not fight in themselves... and never ever from a command bunker a million miles safely away...that's kinda why they put a word like "Leadership" in the dictionary and left "Management" as a "call this number for a good time" written on the walls of a "you're so full of crap" latrine. But when a nation is breeding sideline managers who command from the latrine, pumping them out of education factories all over the country instead of mass producing pioneering freedom fighting leaders...it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out a story like "The Outpost" is a "management" failure, a "educational system" failure, a failure to communicate leadership with zero chance a chicken-shit sideline manager would ever put themselves in Harm's Way and lead a charge of Americans into the valley of the shadow of death.**

**The story of "The Outpost" did not shock a nation until now...what the buck, buck?**

**In thinking how this unbelievable fight to survive battle might have made the Breaking News on every reporting news outlet instead of getting buried in the covered up files**

under "Command management pretending to be leaders was found to be void of any leadership skills once again...no duh!"...A COLOSSAL MANAGE FROM THE SIDELINES LACK OF LEADERSHIP FUBAR like this one only comes to the big screen whenever we witness an accurate depiction of the worthless power of dumbass, weak ass sideline managers thoroughly, methodically mass produced in a weak ass education system that promotes sideline behavior...sideline degenerates who have the audacity to send their disposable troops into harm's way and leave them for dead.

*"We make generals today on the basis of their ability to write a damned letter. Those kinds of men can't get us ready for war."*

*"I've always believed that no officer's life, regardless of rank, is of such great value to his country that he should seek safety in the rear ... Officers should be forward with their men at the point of impact."*

*Lieutenant General Lewis Burwell "Chesty" Puller (most decorated Marine in American history)*

*News Flash: If the following message sounds angry like a "hurt people hurt people" grief riddled wimp crying like a baby in a depression open your dictionaries to the definition of "anger" my fellow Americans. Anger is "an indignation for cruelty & corruption". Indignation is a cool word. This type of "anger" comes and goes whenever the writers dodge ball rat bastard radar vision goes off. This dumbass is simply catching the 10K "you are a dumbass" dodgeballs that pounded him & knocked him off his feet when he was a disposable "at will" Marine or Employee, extremely happy to be absorbing bullets for lame ass town criers who have no balls & hide in the corner like a baby. Happiness is the Free Dumb idea of I "In-dig-my-nation for its kindness & honesty" recklessly free. The power of the pen is a soft & fluffy wakeup call, "why so blue?" What makes you think I'm wasting time writing 'bout you?*

The dumbass author of this novella imagined & assembled an All-American Dream Team fighting platoon that would have helped make a "Once upon a time in Afghanistan..." screenplay that somehow made it to the segregated "bipartisan sinking ship" nightly news. This fairy tale reenacts this battle with just 20 American superstars, one dumbass jarhead and two lost souls in this miraculous Custer's last stand fight. They'd replace the courageous 4 dozen & 7 Afghan's allies or so ago...so we would never again put real-life great American "deliver us from evil" freedom fighters like the ones depicted in the movie "The Outpost" in jeopardy ever again. Only a Kamikaze Crazy mind could believe 21 Americans put in harm's way is all we would need to win this delusionary battle. A do-or-die fight to the death fairy tale without the heart wrenching "great" American casualties that were uselessly lost and actually occurred in a real-life, out-of-sight, out-of-mind, senseless-defenseless outpost in a foreign land managed by the best sideline minds our education system could manage to produce.

Perhaps if all our wars had star quality name recognition instead of what Washington DC and its armies of sideline managers deem as "disposable countrymen" the fight might have been avoided without having to wound & kill genuinely great American heroes, who had "to be named at a later date", once a Hollywood movie came out to tell their story of true American glory...

Once upon a time in Afghanistan...the morning broke with 400+ terrorists surrounding and attacking an isolated outpost with the sole purpose of killing all 21 Americans and

**two lost souls defending the "vision statement" of a once great nation while all the Commanding Generals & citizens slept comfortably in the cribs a million miles away...**

**We take you to live coverage of this story of dumbasses fighting to deliver us from evil in a hell hole where the odds are 19 to 1 everybody in the outpost is going to die...**

*In the chopper overhead providing intel giving up to the minute updates...Oprah Winfrey (1) and Dr. Phil (2) were flying high helping the troops figure out how to win the battle reporting down to the America fighters on the ground why these pissed off terrorists, who a wrinkled housewife of Beverly Hills source who had been married/divorced a dozen times said all they wanted to do was sleep with a virgin, were so angry and wanted to kill everyone invading their country. Oprah offered the fighters on both sides free cars if they stop fighting and asked everybody to focus on literature, self-improvement, mindfulness and spirituality. She had a Zen-like presence of peace & harmony that calmed the combatants down for just one hour. Unfortunately, she had to leave for a prior commitment with the Pope, but she had faith & confidence her country men and women on the ground they could get the job done. Dr. Phil let's his legends of home alone housewife fans know the source of the enemies' anger was "too much testosterone" and how the men on both sides of the fight had to learn to forgive each other because both were fighting for their God, Corps & Country so it would be impossible anybody was going to win unless both sides learned to love & respect each other. Oprah gave Dr. Phil a pair of binoculars and dropped him off at the highest peak of the battle so he could watch the little people fight it out because she did not need a "right hand man"...she needed a Steady Stedman by her side...not a \$10,000 an hour shrink.*

*Manning the gatling gun on the right side of the gunship with a limited conservative view of the entire field of operations would be Sean Hannity (3) from Fox News. Manning the gatling gun on the left side of the gunship with a limited liberal view of the entire field of operations would be Don Lemon (4) from CNN News. Both would be firing "friendly fire" rubber bullets on their own troops to motivate them to stand up, fight & win for the glory of the "right wing" or "left wing" of government helping to fuel the ratings in their ratings war. The troops on the ground would be giving both big birds the bird waving their divided states of America "talking heads" off to go fight each other in a "I'm the favorite bastard step-child & I'll tear this family in two to prove it" bitch slapping war of two beautiful brothers from a different mother. Tucker Carlson & Rachel Maddow would sell their souls to fix the fight in their favor & pick the winner so they could hang out with big guns Sean & Don...having all of us ask, "Where have you gone "And that's the way it is" Walter Cronkite?"*

**We interrupt this program with an important Breaking Service Announcement to our country....**

*The pod people you are getting your news from on TV & the internet are Barbie & Ken doll clones pre-programmed to bring you pre-recorded newscasts pushing a "Look at me... I'm a*

*general...Weeeeeeeeeee!!" sharing their "I'll love you if you'll love me" personal agenda. They are casting out their beautiful caviar wishes & their "this Champagne is awful" nightmares to hook you like a fish, to capture your diverted and completely DIVIDED attention.*

*We will snap you out of this freaky "muff stuff" by showing you "the right stuff" on the next page...*



*To all those lame asses educated Barbie & Ken Doll television managers on the sidelines regurgitating their right & left-wing ideals. Meet THE MAN, THE MYTH, the dude in the middle who is younger & better looking than Mr. Wolf Blitzer. THE USMC LEGEND, a real freakin' newscaster, a Soldier of Peace who carried a camera into battle to snapshot war. He was right there on the frontlines with all these Soldiers of War documenting a story worth telling outside the sanctity of the sacred big city news cathedrals you worship.*

*A MAN's man, a ladies MAN who should be manning the nightly news desk right now covering stories that matter, the unknown reporter, the Marine Corps "peace, love, dove" brother in arms, the fearless master photographer Mr. LUCIAN "Bullet-Proof" READ.*

*Remember that bloody freedom fighting "deliver us from evil" Soldier of WAR on the home page who was absorbing bullets for his men? That Marine has a name too remember? It was 1st Sgt. Bradley Kasal (He was an enlisted 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant in the Marine Corps which is like a leader of men & schoolteacher to his back in the office - officer children. A fearless warrior who LEADS by example, a BRADLEY TANK awarded the Navy Cross for valor just so he could say to every officer he sees in Washington, DC, "Say my name bitches, say my name!"*

*How in the hell could soldiers of war & peace enter Fallujah's famous Hell House together without fear... armed only with faith in God, each other, a love of their country, a resolve for freedom?*

The pictures to the left & right of Sir Lucian are nameless American Soldiers of war & peace. To his left is an unknown "green card" Latino Marine who has to cover his face so ICE will not deport him. (He asked not to be identified for fear of losing his freedom) He could have stayed in Cancun cleaning rich American college kids toilets but he would rather die like a man alongside his adopted courageous freedom fighter brothers & sisters of a different country than put up with that petty anty "keep the share change" entitlement shit. He wants no one to notice Meano-Latino "to be awarded citizenship at a later date" heroes, immigrants who fight for freedom by standing bulletproof in an open field (not afraid to die), quietly in the background, covering the six of his fellow Marines kicking down doors, kicking ass & taking names, including brother Lucian Read, who luckily have the freedom to reveal their All-American identity.

To his right is an unknown soldier of peace, a Navy Corpsman soul sister, who would dodge bullets & bayonets to make sure her brothers-in-arms receive on the spot medical care to repair any bullets they might absorb in their out-of-sight fight for freedom. Sure, black (and white) women are more than tough enough to grab a gun and kick terrorist ass...but she knows the body & soul of non-privileged white boys are worth saving in any fight for freedom, so she followed Dr. King's calling and TREATS everyone on the battlefield equally.

This commercial break is intended to wake you up that you are getting news from the wrong people if you are watching "look at me...weeeee!!!" news pods. Turn off Barbie & Ken & Kardashians Dolls and start turning your undivided attention to the fearless freedom fighters risking life and limb to deliver us from evil and keep your dumbass free.

**And now, back to our regularly scheduled "Once upon a time in Afghanistan" fairy tale...**

In the luxurious forward foxhole listening post Brad Pitt (5) and Halle Berry (6) would be stationed side by side ready to give an Oscar winning performance only armed with headshots and pens to sign autographs with. This secret weapon is designed to get the enemy to stop and line up for autographs while the rest of the troops in the gun pits locked & loaded and started shooting the terrorists down with ABC's of Happiness music, humor and highly effective stinky joke bombs. Nobody ever wants to hurt beautiful people so Brad & Halle would hopefully be safe. They would both be given cigarettes laced with acid and cans of dog food if the terrorists got ugly wishing Matt Damon & Pam Grier were in the foxhole instead. Leonardo Wilhelm DiCaprio, our revered shining star back on his yacht in the Arabian Sea sipping Pina Colodas with a staff of young gorgeous combat analysts would be sending out unlimited margaritas to both sides and his star power would be held in reserve with a flamethrower, burning up the stage if brother Brad or sister Halle sounded the alarm to come lend a hand.



*To our right flank...Martha Stewart (7) and Snoop Dog (8) would be cooking & getting baked in their foxhole helping both sides of the fight mellow out. They would feed & ganga everybody and offer them fine dining & wacky weed rapping together to fatten everybody up and chill out both sides as one team of do or die warriors in the Great Afghanistan, "Everybody gets tasted and basted bake off".*

*To our left flank...Toby Keith (9) and the Dixie Chicks (10) would be offering up free red Dixie cups of red, white & blue beer singing and fighting each other like banditos at the same time shooting songs at the terrorists to get them to stop fighting each other to have a beer and line up to line dance. Toby would be singing the Presidents beer tastes great and the Dixie Chicks would be harmonizing its less filling. These beautiful country superstars would go down fighting together in a Lady Gaga Blaze of Glory.*

*Covering the Americans six would be the spirit of The Godfather and Queen of soul. James Brown (1 passionate soul) & Aretha Franklin (1 beautiful soul) would be blasting over the loudspeaker making everybody stop fighting and start singing "I feel Good" while the Queen would sing, "I say a little prayer" for all of them no matter what nationality, color, culture, race, religion or sexual orientation they chose to follow.*

*Center stage on the battlefield in the perfect imaginary foxhole gun pit, a renegade gang of comedy all-stars helping our strawberry ice cream Minnie mouse (11) manning a 50 Cal ABC's of Happiness machine gun so he could single-handedly unleash his "deliver us from evil" 31 Baskin Robbins flavors of ice cream bullets to stop the attacking terrorists cold so they could taste something different and see that all ice cream flavors are awesome & unique. He would be the Star Trek red-shirt cast member of outlaw superstar volunteers helping to take center stage of the me so happy foxhole firing off laughing gas Grenade Launchers, silly putty Artillery, walkie-talkie Gunship comms, AK-razy-47 bottles of beer on the wall, nerf cannonballs & let freedom ring fireworks would be ... Bill Maher (12), George Lopez (13), Ellen Degeneres (14), Whoopi Goldberg (15), Dave Chappelle (16) and Kevin Hart (17).*

*Knowing the odds were stacked against them and they might all die together...this hilarious wild bunch squad would go down laughing their asses off...and it would be even funnier watching Bill Maher telling everybody his new rules while he moved to the corner of the foxhole, got on his knees praying to God we all somehow managed to survive, while at the same time making everybody in his foxhole swear to never tell a soul he would become a true blue Catholic in the end if we made it out alive. George would be saying, "Life is too short to not have an orgasm every day" so let's cha-cha with these terrorists so we can get down to it. Ellen would be dancing and saying to all the idiots on both sides "Asking who's the 'man' and who's the 'woman' in a same-sex relationship is like asking which chopstick is the fork." Whoopi would be whooping ass firing facts down range saying, "I don't look like Halle Berry. But chances are she's going to end up looking like me" you Show-Van-Halen-istic unmanly*

assholes. Just like Whoopi whoops she would be offending all the beautiful people in the fight making them stop and think about what she just said about the Color Purple! What???

Brother Dave would be saying, "The language you are about to hear...is disturbing" as he lobbed "black lives matter" grenade after grenade down range putting the terrorists in stitches with his truthful beautiful black comedy. And he would turn to his partner in crime Kevin Hart and say...see, I told you..." I think every group of black guys should have at least one white guy in it" as they watched Bill Maher calling in politically incorrect airstrikes in real time blowing up anybody stupid enough to want to sleep with a virgin instead of a Pretty Woman...the entire battlefield stopped fighting for a moment of "Julia, oh Julia, Wherefor art thou" silent prayer of every man on the planets impossible dream. Kevin Hart would say, ... "if you get kicked in the face you deserved it because that means that you watched the foot come to your face" as he dunked cannonballs of jokes and stopped the laughing terrorists in their tracks to show his buddy Shaquille O'Neal how a little big man is the only big man on stage who dominates the court all by himself.

All of these All-America "truth sermon" preachers who promote peace & equality with an unbiased truth would be unleashing hell with one simple pep talk. Right when the battle began, they were told...oh, BTW, these terrorists said if they win, "NO MORE MOVIES, NO MORE TV, NO MORE STANDUP JOKES FOR YOU!" If you could have seen the fury of these beautiful men and women, you would understand why they pulled out their unbelievable arsenal of talent & laughter so the rest of us can live free & laugh at our Free Dumb asses off and cry when their acting or message reignites our soul. Trying to shut them up or telling an artist or actress they cannot act like they want is like trying to stop the rain from falling.

All battlefield strategic defenses would be set up to protect and serve the 4 ice cream latrines for the lactose intolerants seated side by side in red & blue...lily white outhouses with Mitch (18), Hillary (19), Nancy (20) & Trump (call sign "You're Fired") checking out the battlefield through an Alice in Wonderland looking glass...(unfortunately, Biden was tied up somewhere and couldn't unmask himself and show up to face off with Bill Maher in Real Time)...all of whom were screaming at each other through their bulletproof bunkers squatting on gold plated toilets debating whose fault it was everybody was going to die and whose stupid idea it was to dream up "Once upon a time in Afghanistan..." anyway.

The chorus coming out of the latrines were, "Who let a lowlife dumbass retired Marine think or speak anyway...is it legal for a dumbass to open up a website on our internet... Marines are supposed to shut up and follow orders blindly (only lawful orders asswipe)...call the royal guard and off with his head!" At the same time these always sitting on the sideline managers would be barking orders telling the rest of the platoon how to fight and win the war.... with nobody listening because nobody in their right mind would listen to a sideline manager sitting

*on a shitter who was too scared to get off the pot and join the fight for the freedom & equality of a once great nation.*

*This crazy mixed nuts platoon of only 21 Americans (7 rich pure vanilla flavors, 1 poor trailer trash Strawberry Fields Forever Cracker (thank you Chris Rock for teaching him to sing, "Damn it feels good to be a cracker!"), 7 black & beautiful chocolate ice cream lovers and 1 Giant Mocha Ice Cream Joka would all be savoring and sharing their favorite ice cream flavors of freedom. Add to that 2 lost chocolate "Ice cream loving souls" who always want to unite us as one to defeat any terrorist force of ice cream haters with an impenetrable defense & fight to the death spirit so that we could finally "Make America Happy Again" and let freedom ring.*

*The accounts of this impossible dream team would have us laughing our dumb asses off at something so unrealistically impossible, while realistically true, because "DC Management" only wants poor people to fight our wars and they are willing to let them die needlessly because they are disposable humans. Let Free Dumb Ring!*

*This is a battle that would have made the nightly news or at least got a segment on Last Week Tonight with that hilarious former British Rat Traitor John Oliver who had the audacity to immigrate his liberal ass to become an freedom fighting American and come all the way to this country just to marry a conservative Republican. Welcome, Welcome, for shame, for shame!*

*How's about this for a novel idea. Instead of fighting & killing people so they can be free...what the buck? Doesn't someone who wants to be free need to stand up and fight for their own freedom? What the buck buck? It all boils down to anyone can be happy & free if they are willing to die for it. We could start by recruiting a few good men & women from all over the globe. Let's pretend the United States of America is a lighthouse on a foggy night guiding freedom ships safely to port, a beacon of hope that shines throughout the universe, a place where pioneers, renegades, outlaws, rebels who hate repression, oppression, suppression & depression can look too in their darkest hour for HOPE they will one day be free and make it to America! The fearless who would rather "live free or die" from their grief and have the free dumb guts to go "all in" and make their way to the good ole USA no matter what the cost...any person regardless of nationality, race, color, gender, religion or sexual orientation who PROVES they have what it takes to take a chance to live free or die. How's about we welcome their freedom fervor with open arms as the kind of courageous guys & gals & he she is me me fighters that Unite us as one Nation under God. A beacon of hope where we are all free to pick any religion (including none) as long as it is a peace, love, dove kind of hippie faith...as long as your faith allows you to bear arms and march off to war and kill evil motherf\*\*kers without mercy if it means protecting our nations freedom.*

*You just gotta have FAITH!*

## FAITH CRAZY 8 CONUNDRUM

→ If you don't have faith, that don't make you unfaithful  
If you are unfaithful, that means you're untrustworthy  
If you're trustworthy, it means someone has faith in you  
If no one has faith in you, **then you don't have faith** →

**If you don't have faith inside yourself...why in the hell would anybody ever put their faith in you?**

*If (a) we want to be free + (b) we gotta get dumb = (c) happiness bliss & a whole lot of fun.*

Thank you for your service padre!

*The End or if you dig the ABC's of Happiness this is just another New Beginning*

*Brother, wherefor art thou, "Now I don't want to get off on a rant..." Dennis Miller?  
We need your smartass now more than ever*