

THE JOURNAL

MAY/JUNE 2025 VOL. 10, NO. 3



["Thoughts on the American Dream" – Pursuing happiness in 2025 with Jack n' Jill By James Longo p. 25](#)

[Something we all suspected? – Nancy Mace is a Potty-Mouthed C**t By Lucy Thorp p.58](#)

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AOTCJournal

Welcome to the **Journal of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast**, a secular humanist gathering, providing companionship, conversation, support, and good times, within honest and objective atheist, agnostic and freethinking values.

Vol.10, No.3

May/June 2025

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**- Produced by the TC Secular Writers -*/*

awareonesofthetreasurecoast.com

INTRODUCTION

Picking A Cover Shot Is Tough.

Welcome to the third issue of the Aware Ones of the Treasure Coast Journal of 2025, Vol. 10, No.3. We're over one hundred days into the second Donald Trump travesty and not one of the Aware Ones have been arrested yet. What's wrong? Aren't we trying hard enough?

I'm doing my best. I write about the terrible things done to our country, our constitution, in the name of Donald Trump by himself and his despicable minions. I use the F-word a lot. Not because I enjoy being obscene (well, maybe), but because it is time to use obscenity to describe obscenity. Just this weekend, the thugs from ICE kidnapped a two-year-old and its mother in New Orleans and sent them to Honduras (of all places, I guess a step up from El Salvador!) and then, without blinking, they kidnapped a four-year-old male cancer patient with stage-four cancer. We're talking "child trafficking" here! Sent the four-year-old to Honduras without his medicine! How despicable can you get? WTF!?!?!?

Keith Olbermann says that the DA in New Orleans should have ICE director, Tom Homan, his boss, Homeland Security director, Kristi Noem (of the push-up bra and hair extensions photo-op) and the big fish himself, Donald J. Trump (the most loathsome president in history) arrested and charged. I mean, there is guilt and there is fake guilt. Locking up Hilary Clinton was fake guilt. Stealing a child in the middle of the night is real guilt. Charge the motherfuckers.

Meanwhile, I have been publishing the Journal with a cover picture since the beginning of last year. I found it to be a fun

thing and reminded me of those carefree days when I would pour over pictures of nude or semi-nude photos provided by porno video producers for the covers of our magazines. It was something I relished and looked forward to every month. Of course, the picture had to be pretty. It had to have a certain verve. The cover had to show restraint, it had to show class. A little flesh perhaps, a little inviting smile. But nothing too overt. No whore shots, no Larry Flynt spread shots. It often took all night, but it was something I really loved to do. This issue reminded me of the only negative aspect of those times. Too many cover shots to choose from!

I believe I selected the most pertinent one for this issue being an admonition for the current state of Health and Human Services of our nation.

For the runners-up, in no particular order, to show you how difficult my job is, I am including them here:



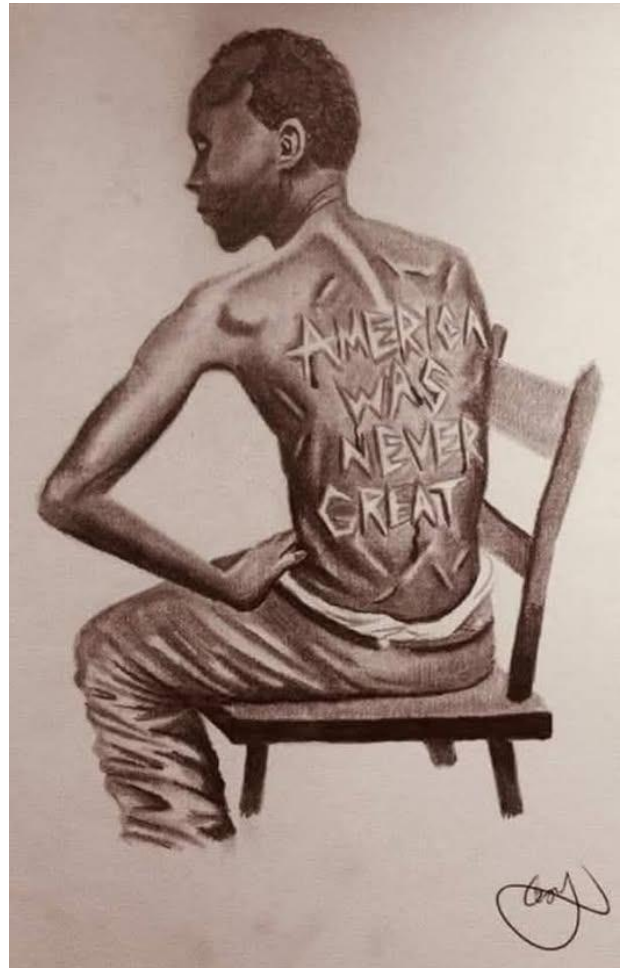
Tin foil Pietà di Michelangelo



goodgodabove

You can't say criminals don't deserve due process — due process is the thing that decides if they're criminals. Otherwise you're just kidnapping people you don't like.





Aren't they beautiful? They run the gamut from clever, to happy,

to shameful, to ridiculous. Like I said earlier, tough to choose when they would all work. Please feel free to choose your own captions. Mmmm, maybe I need more Journals?

Virgil



We continue the process of increasing the distribution of this Journal in the hopes of attracting new members. If you are new to the Aware Ones and would like to know more about us, please visit our website at <http://www.AwareOnesOfTheTreasureCoast.com>.

You are also welcome to join our tables and the fresh air at either Stuart's *Sandsprit Park* 3443 SE Saint Lucie Blvd, or *Flagler Park* (under the Roosevelt Bridge on the 1st Friday of the month), where we gather every Friday *around* 11:00 am to share ideas and challenge your mind – masks optional. Members are encouraged to share and spread what is becoming a very interesting magazine. Outside criticism and interesting contributions are welcomed. Everyone is welcome to join us at the Sunday 11 am Zoom meeting.

*If you do not want the journal and wish to have your address removed,
please email vmthorp@outlook.com for confirmation.*

AOTC MEMBERS

Dan Vignau
Marsha Banks
Ernie Breud
Eddie Buitrago
Ray Duryea
Rick Burkhart
Roberta Synal
Paul Carlos
Gloria Cosgrove
Gale Baker
Bert Mautz
Betty Kasoff

Ed Zillioux
Bob Haskins
Barbara (Lange) Longo
Jim Longo
Jerry Shaw
Sandra Burkhart
David Dorenzo
Lucy Thorp
Virgil Thorp
Linda Webb
Betty Tewksbury
Mark Kasoff



MEETINGS & EVENTS

Meetings



Friday gatherings: **First Friday** of month at Flagler Park (next to *Hudson's on the River* restaurant across the tracks from the Roosevelt Bridge). **All other Fridays, *Summits at Sandsprit*** – 11 am gathering in the sun and fresh air of Stuart's Sandsprit Park. BYOB.

Sunday Zoom – 11 am Zoom meeting. Contact Dan Vignau <vignaujdan@aol.com> to be included with the connection codes.



TC Secular Writers – We have returned to Jensen Beach at the *House of Brews* (3311 NW Main Ave, Jensen Beach, FL 34957) on every other Thursday evening at 6:30 pm. Check “Events” section for schedule. All are welcome.

Events

May 2025 **Barbecue Month**

May 1 [Al-Qaeda founder, Osama bin Laden, killed](#). 2011,



May Day

National Day of Prayer

May 2 – Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.



[Dr. Benjamin Spock](#) Born in 1903

1945: The US 82nd Airborne Division liberates Wöbbelin concentration camp finding 1000 dead prisoners, most of whom

starved to death.

Photo: Citizens of Ludwigslust, Germany, inspect Wöbbelin concentration camp under orders of the 82nd Airborne Division. (US ARMY/National Archives)





May 3 **Kentucky Derby Day**

May 4 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11**

am. 1970 Photo: Kent State students gathering around a wounded student who was shot by the National Guard during riot. (Howard Ruffner/Time & Life Pictures)

Star Wars Day



May 5 **Cinco de Mayo**

May 6 **National Teacher's Day**

May 7 Aerial view of the wreckage of the Hindenburg airship near the hangar at the Naval Air station in Lakehurst, New Jersey. May 7, 1937. Photo: Murray Becker / AP



May 8 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.**

V-E Day Times Square, New York City - May 8, 1945. Photo: Michael Ochs Archive/Getty

World Red Cross Day / World Red Crescent Day

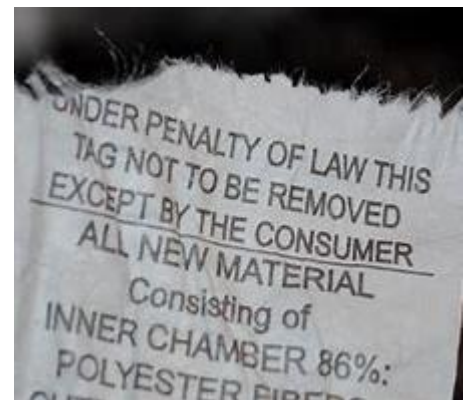


May 9 – **Aware Ones at Sandspritz Park 11 am.**

Tear the Tags off the Mattress Day

May 11 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

Mother's Day – The second Sunday in May.





May 14 [Beginning of Lewis and Clark Expedition](#) In 1804.

1643: [Louis XIV](#) becomes King of France at age 4. Portrait of the King Louis XIV as a child, 1644 by Mellan, Claude (1598-1688). Found in the collection of the State Hermitage, St. Petersburg.



May 16 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)

National Mimosa Day

May 17 [Armed Forces Day](#)

May 18 – [Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.](#) [Mount St. Helens Erupted](#) In 1980.

Photo: R.G. Bowen/The Oregonian

International Museum Day



If going to space
for 3 minutes
makes you an
astronaut then I'm a
gynecologist...

May 22 – [Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.](#)

May 23 – [Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#)



May 25 – [Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.](#)

May 26 [Memorial Day](#)

May 28 [Jim Thorpe](#) Born in 1888

[Amnesty International Day](#)



May 30 – [Aware Ones at](#)

[Sandsprit Park 11 am.](#) 2005: American student [Natalee Holloway](#) disappears while on a high school graduation trip to Aruba. Her disappearance caused a media sensation in the United States. Photo: Holloway Family





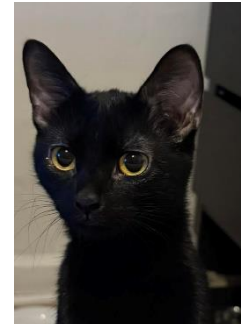
June 2025 Accordion Awareness Month

- Gay and Lesbian Pride Month
- National Adopt a Cat Month



June 1 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

June 3 1965: The launch of Gemini IV, the first multi-day space mission by a NASA crew. [Ed White](#), a crew member, performs the first American spacewalk.



My wife just bought us a garden gnome. I want to name it Kristi Gnome because it's hollow, artificial, and my dog is terrified of it.

Photo: Ed White, the first American to perform extravehicular activity, outside of Gemini IV (NASA / Astronaut James McDivitt)

June 4 [First Ford Made](#) Henry Ford made his first operational car in 1896.



June 4 - 5 1989: The Tiananmen Square protests are violently ended in Beijing by the People's Liberation Army, with at least 241 dead. Photo: (Jeff Widener / Associated Press)

June 5 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of Brews, 6:30 pm.** Moonshine Day

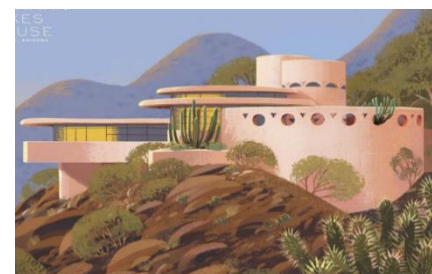


June 6 – **Aware Ones at Flagler Park, 11 am.**

D-Day, WWII Photo: Members of the 101st Airborne Infantry Division and the 4th Infantry Division crowd aboard an LCT on the way to Utah Beach,

June 6, 1944. (The National WWII Museum)

June 8 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** [Frank Lloyd Wright](#) Born in 1867.





June 9 **International Omelet Day**

June 11,
1963: Buddhist monk
[Thích Quảng Đức](#)
burns himself with
gasoline in a busy
Saigon intersection
to protest the lack of

religious freedom in South Vietnam. Photo: Malcolm Browne for the
Associated Press, World Press Photo of the Year 1963



June 13 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**



I can't stop laughing at the fact that we're
literally in a trade war with penguins

Friday the 13th

June 14

Flag Day

June 15 – **Aware Ones**
Zoom
11 am.



1970: [Charles Manson](#), [Susan Atkins](#),
[Patricia Krenwinkel](#), and [Leslie Van Houten](#)
go on trial in Los Angeles for the
Tate-LaBianca murders. Photo:
(Associated Press)

Father's Day

June 18 **International Picnic Day**

June 19 – **Writer's Group @ Jensen House of**
Brews, 6:30 pm.



Juneteenth

National Kissing Day "Vive la difference!"





June 20 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.**

Summer Solstice

June 22 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.**

National Chocolate Eclair Day

June 25



Global Beatles Day

June 27 – **Aware Ones at Sandsprit Park 11 am.** [Captain Kangaroo](#) (Bob Keeshan) born 1927



June 28

International Body Piercing Day

June 29 – **Aware Ones Zoom 11 am.** [Hug Holiday](#)

June 30 [National Organization of Women](#) Founded In 1966.



Meteor Day

A quote from Tyrion Lannister comes to mind:
"We've had vicious kings, and we've had idiot kings, but I don't think we've ever been cursed with a vicious idiot for a king."

LIVES LIVED – LIVES LOST

March 2025



1 Hazel Nell Dukes, 92, American civil rights activist, president of the NAACP (1990–1992).

3 Carl Dean, 82, American businessman. Husband of country singer, Dolly Parton.

7 Danny Cox, 81, American singer and songwriter, best known for his 1974 LP album *Feel So Good*.



8 Athol Fugard, 92, South African playwright (*The Road to Mecca*, *Blood Knot*, *"Master Harold"…and the Boys*) and political activist.

10 Stanley R. Jaffe, 84, American film producer (*Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Fatal Attraction*, *The Accused*), Oscar winner (1980)



12 Bruce Glover, 92, American actor (*Diamonds Are Forever*, *Walking Tall*, *Chinatown*). He was the father of actor Crispin Glover.

16 Jesse Colin Young, 83, American singer (The Youngbloods) and songwriter ("Darkness, Darkness")



17 Naseer Ahmad Soomro (Urdu: نصیر احمد سومرو; was at one point the tallest living Pakistani, standing at 2.36 m (7 ft 9 in).

19 Aaron Gunches, 53, American convicted



murderer, execution by lethal injection. Gunches attracted notoriety for repeatedly requesting his own execution and criticizing the state of Arizona for not carrying out his sentence. .

20 Nona Faustine, 48, American photographer and visual artist.



21 Kitty Dukakis, 88, American author and political figure, first lady of Massachusetts (1975–1979, 1983–1991), complications from dementia.

- George Foreman, 76, American boxer (two-time world heavyweight champion), Olympic champion (1968) and businessman (George Foreman Grill).





23 Max Frankel, 94, American journalist (*The New York Times*). He won a Pulitzer Prize in 1973 for his coverage of Richard Nixon's visit to China. He also brought attention to *The New York Times* underreporting on the Holocaust.

- Mia Love, 49, American politician, member of the U.S. House of Representatives (2015–2019), glioblastoma. he first black person elected to Congress from Utah,
- Dave Pelz, 85, American golf coach.



29 Richard Chamberlain, 90, American actor (*Dr. Kildare*, *The Thorn Birds*, *Shōgun*), complications from a stroke.



- Nancy Bea Hefley was the stadium organist for 28 years for Major League Baseball's Los Angeles Dodgers.



31 Betty Webb, 101, English code breaker an English code breaker who worked at Bletchley Park during World War II at the age of 18.

- Sian Barbara Allen, 78, American actress (*Scream*, *Pretty Peggy*, *The Lindbergh Kidnapping Case*, *You'll Like My Mother*), complications from



Alzheimer's disease.

April

1 Val Kilmer, 65, American actor (*Top Gun*, *Tombstone*, *Batman Forever*), pneumonia. Kilmer had a reputation for being difficult to work with and having feuds with some of the actors with whom he worked.



Kilmer's *Tombstone* co-star, Michael Biehn, said: "People ask me what it's like to work with Val Kilmer. I don't know. Never met him. Never shook his hand. I know Doc Holliday, but I don't know [Kilmer]."

- Johnny Tillotson, 86, American singer-songwriter ("*Poetry in Motion*", "*It Keeps Right On a-Hurtin'*", "*Without You*"), complications from Parkinson's disease.



6 Clem Burke, 70, American Hall of Fame drummer (*Blondie*), cancer.

- Jay North, 73, American actor (*Dennis the Menace*, *Maya*, *Arabian Knights*), colorectal cancer.





12 Kyren Lacy, 24, American football player (LSU Tigers, Louisiana Ragin' Cajuns), suicide by gunshot.



13 Jean Marsh, 90, English actress (Upstairs, Downstairs, Doctor Who, Willow – Queen Bavmorda) and television writer, Emmy winner (1975), complications from dementia.



- Richard Armitage, 79, American diplomat and government official, deputy secretary of state (2001–2005), pulmonary embolism.



14 Elaine Wynn, 82, American businesswoman (Wynn Resorts, Mirage Resorts) an American billionaire businesswoman, art collector, philanthropist and education reformer. She co-founded Mirage Resorts and Wynn Resorts with her former

husband, Steve Wynn.



- Edwin Jed Fish Gould III, known to radio listeners as "Jed the Fish", was a disc jockey who hosted afternoon drive on KROQ-FM in Los Angeles, from 1978 to 2012. He interviewed alternative acts such as Brian Eno, David Bowie, Sting, and Elvis Costello. An early supporter of new wave and alternative bands, Jed the Fish is reputed to have been the first U.S. DJ to play Depeche Mode, Duran Duran, and The Pretenders), lung cancer.



16 Roger McLachlan, 71, New Zealand bass guitarist (Little River Band), pancreatic cancer.

19 Rodney Francis Cameron, also known as Rodney Mallard, commonly referred to in media as the Lonely Hearts Killer.



21 Pope Francis, 88, Argentine Roman Catholic prelate, pope (since 2013), archbishop of Buenos Aires (1998–2013), stroke and cardiocirculatory collapse.

22 David Briggs, 82, American Hall of Fame keyboardist (Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, The Nashville A-Team, TCB Band) and record producer.

23 Steve McMichael, 67, American Hall of Fame football player (Chicago Bears) and professional wrestler (WCW), Super Bowl champion (1986), nicknamed "Mongo,"

- Bertha Louise Hable known as "Lulu Roman", 78, American comedian and gospel singer. a regular on the comedy-music show Hee Haw, which ran from 1969 to 1993. , she worked in Dallas-area nightclubs owned by Jack Ruby as "Lulu Roman, the World's Biggest Go-Go Dancer."



Heroes



BREAKING NEWS



Former Vikings punter Chris Kluwe has been FIRED from his HS coaching job following his protest of Donald Trump at a Town Hall meeting. "They did give me the offer to resign, but I told them that they would have to fire me because I wanted this community to know that this is what MAGA does...they take away resources from the community to make themselves feel better."

He showed TRUE courage speaking out! This is what a hero looks like.



Good Trouble USA



Asshole(s) of the Month



Trump Admin Officially Cancels Enola Gay, But Not Because it Dropped a Nuke on Innocent Civilians, But Because the Word 'Gay' Offends MAGA.



Zach Radcliff is a Liberty U. graduate. He led worship at a Michigan church. He performed at CPAC. He loves Donald Trump. He thinks LGBTQ people are inherently "immoral."

And he now faces life in prison for sexually abusing children.

Right-wing Christian worship leader now faces life in prison for child sex crimes



Zach Radcliff's alleged crimes stretch back to 2014

**THESE 10 DEMOCRATS JUST
VOTED TO **CENSURE**
CONGRESSMAN AL GREEN FOR
STANDING UP FOR TRUMP:**



Ami Bera
CA-06
(202) 225-5716



Ed Case
HI-01
(202) 225-2726



Jim Costa
CA-21
(202) 225-3341



Laura Gillen
NY-04
(202) 225-5516



Jim Himes
CT-04
(202) 225-5541



Chrissy Houlahan
PA-06
(202) 225-4315



Marcy Kaptur
OH-09
(202) 225-4146



Jared Moskowitz
FL-23
(202) 225-3001



Marie Gluesenkamp Perez
WA-03
(202) 225-3536



Tom Suozzi
NY-03
(202) 225-3335



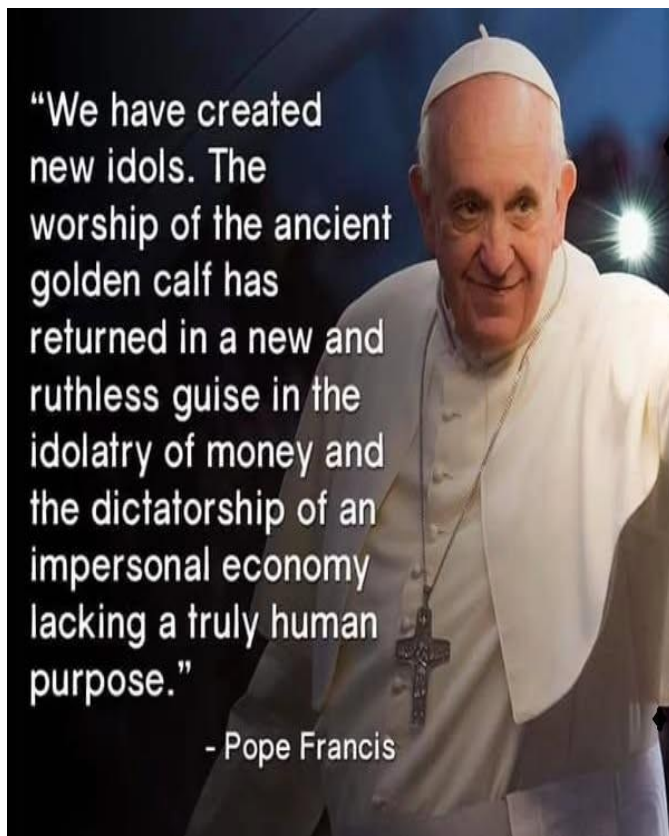
Prominent **Republicans** Who Made News for **Child Sex Crimes** in 2025:



AND IT'S ONLY 3 MONTHS IN



Atheist (Humanist, too) Quotes



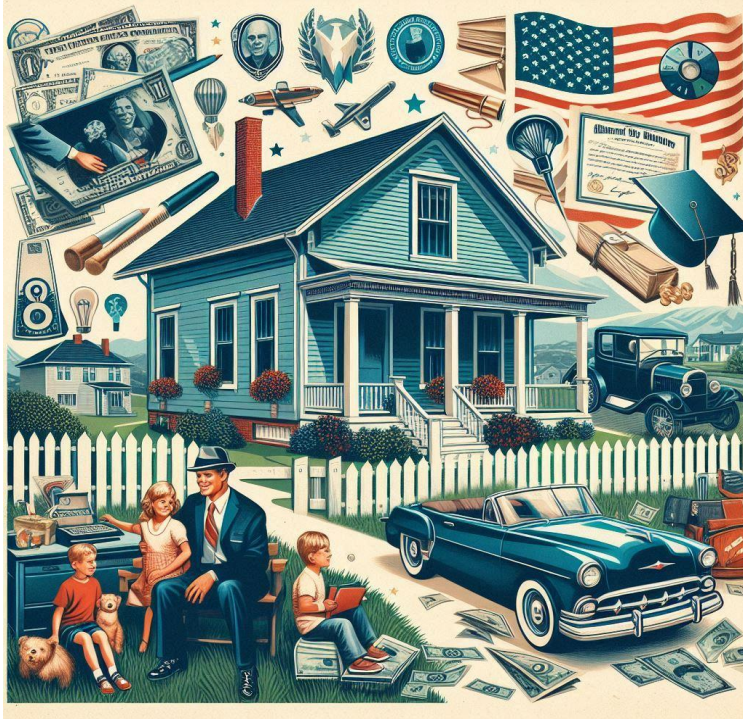
"Gods always
behave like
the people who
created them"

Zora Neale Hurston (1891 - 1960)
American folklorist

COMMENTARY

DEI

I don't think everyone knows what DEI includes. It includes your disabled neighbor that can only work 4 hours a day, the down syndrome bagger at Kroger that greets you with a smile everytime you come in, the autistic barista at Starbucks that always makes sure your drink is correct and can remember your daily order without a beat, it includes veterans, it includes **YOUR PREGNANT FRIEND!** That would have to take FMLA for bed rest or be able to have accommodations for her job while she saves for her first baby. It's not just about ethnicity, it's about making sure **EVERYONE** has an equal opportunity to work without being discriminated.



Thoughts on the American Dream

By James Longo

Well, honey, what are you writing about today?" Jill asked as Jack stared at his computer screen.

"I was thinking about the American Dream," Jack said.

"What about the American Dream?"

"That's one of the questions, Jack said as he stared harder at the screen like the answer was already there, but he just couldn't see it.

"What are the rest?" Jill asked.

"For starters, what is the American Dream?"

"Isn't it life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

"No, I think that was the Declaration of Independence," Jack said, smirking at Jill.

"Well, what is it, smartass?"

"When I googled it. The concept was contributed to by James Truslow Adams in 1931, and that every person has the freedom and opportunity to succeed."

"For starters, who was James Truslow Adams?"

"He was an investment banker who became a Pulitzer Prize-winning author," Jack said.

"So someone from the ownership class during the worst financial crisis in our history came up with the concept of the American Dream that says, yes, you too can succeed. It sounds like it started as bullshit."

"It probably was, but with one in four Americans unemployed. How could you not buy into it? If you have nothing, you have nothing to lose, and hope is fairly inexpensive."

"You mean like free," Jill said.

Jack chuckled, "But the greatest generation pulled it off. They got out of the Depression. Destroyed half the industrialized world. Came back from the war and sold it everything and improved their lot."

"Which gave rise to the Baby Boomer generation, which kept the ball rolling, but what has happened since then?"

"The ruling class in the 1970s decided that too much of a good thing wasn't a good thing," Jack said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"It was all good when the American Dream was marriage, two kids, owning your own home, a couple of cars in the driveway, a nice vacation once a year."

"Why wouldn't the ownership class like everyone buying stuff and making the money off isn't that where power comes from?"

"Yeah, but with attaining the American Dream comes more free time, and as 61% of the population hit the middle class in 1971, there is great social upheaval due to the Vietnam War, and the children of the middle class want more. More rights less injustice, and the owners of this country see those numbers and think this shit has got to stop."

"So, how do they stop it?" Jill asked.

"They stop the war; Nixon goes to China. China has a billion people; they have to keep busy. We have an ungrateful middle class. We'll send you our manufacturing jobs, and with that money, China buys US debt."



"Yeah, that in itself didn't destroy the American Dream," Jill stated.

"Jobs go overseas, which leads to less manufacturing, and laws protecting the owner class from organized labor (right to work laws), which weakened unions, decreasing their ability to collectively bargain. Add to that the cost of inexpensive immigrant labor coming into the country, and as the cost of living goes up, wages stagnate. Now you need two paychecks to keep the classic American Dream."

"That's an oversimplification," Jill said.

"Yeah, it probably is, but the percentage of people who feel they are middle class is down to fifty percent, and it takes two incomes now to get there."

"Is the American Dream dead?" Jill asked.

"My father once told me, 'I am a janitor, so you can be a professional, and your kids can be CEOs, so their kids can be poets.' The American Dream wasn't a dream to my parents, it was a religion."

"And what did you tell him?" Jill asked

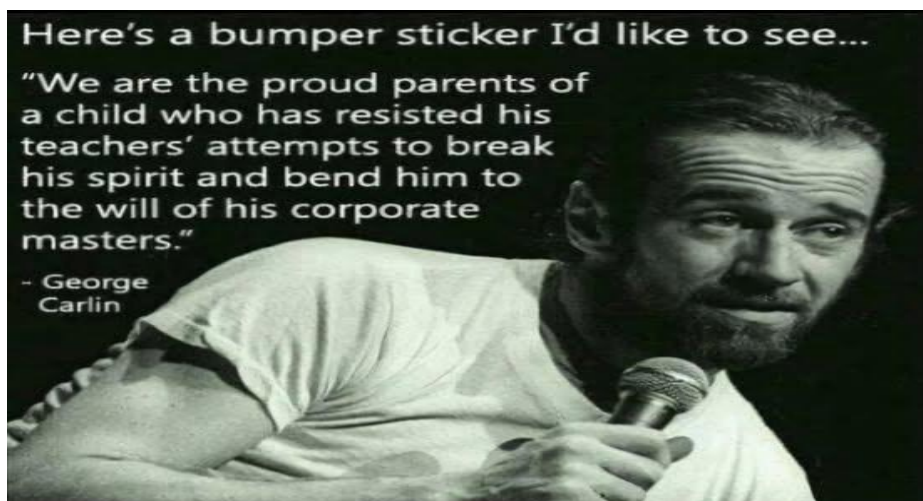
"Can't I be a poet and cut out a couple of generations of misery?"

"We screwed that up. We didn't have kids," Jill said.

Jack smiled, "So much for my father's American Dream. You know what I think when I hear the term the American Dream."

"No, what?"

"The George Carlin line, 'They call it the American Dream because you have to be asleep to believe it.'"



The class struggle, heating up

*POSTED BY
INFIDEL753*

[Important note: This post is not condoning violence. It is a discussion of a social/political phenomenon that needs to be understood clearly.]



The global Tesla boycott as a weapon against arch-oligarch Elon Musk continues to take its toll. Just this Monday alone, Tesla's stock price fell 14%, wiping out \$127 billion from the company's market value and further eroding Musk's personal wealth, which had already dropped by over \$100 billion since December. And it's not just Musk and Tesla. The idea of permanently boycotting toxic brands — not just symbolic, meaningless one-day or thirty-day abstentions — seems to be taking hold. Several billionaires associated with Trump have seen declines in their wealth, though none as dramatic as Musk's drop.

But as I pointed out at the beginning of the year, what's emerging now in the US is something far more fundamental than the old left-vs-right paradigm or opposition to Trump.

Americans all across the political spectrum have been awakening to the underlying reality of the class struggle, beside which party politics increasingly stands revealed as a mere sideshow. For half a century now, regardless of which party was in power, a tiny



class of oligarchs have siphoned off more and more of the wealth produced by the workers, growing richer and richer while real incomes for most of the population barely rose or just stagnated.

The Republican party has been totally captured by the parasite class, cutting taxes on the wealthy at every opportunity (and eroding the threadbare social safety net for the poor to pay for this), while the Democrats have mostly just tinkered ineffectually around the edges of the problem, treating the oligarchy as a normal part of the political landscape. There is no serious political faction, in either party, calling for wholesale expropriation of the parasites' wealth and returning it to the workers who produced it.

Given this reality, the wave of mass supportive feeling unleashed by the UHC CEO assassination in December 2024 should not have surprised anyone — it merely revealed the reality of anger and frustration that had been festering among the masses of people for years. And while the MSM are downplaying it, violence is actually spreading, targeting oligarch wealth in various forms. Just last week three yachts were destroyed in an explosion and fire in Miami. There have been arson attacks on Tesla dealerships and charging stations across the country. Here in the Portland area, there were recently gunfire attacks on a Tesla dealership and the house of a corporate CEO. No person was harmed in either attack, and I probably wouldn't have heard about them if they hadn't been nearby and thus mentioned in the local news. The billionaire-owned national media will not highlight such attacks — they don't want to risk fueling any more mass enthusiasm as with the CEO assassination — but they are happening nevertheless. One should also mention the apparent cyber-attack against Twitter yesterday, another property of Musk's (his attempt to blame Ukraine for this is absurd since the last thing Ukraine needs right now is to pick a fight with a powerful American), though it's always possible that the real culprit was Musk's own incompetence.

There is every reason to expect more of this kind of thing. As

Musk trashes the federal government to free up the last dregs of our money for yet more billionaire tax cuts, and as Trump's idiotic

Dear really stupid trump supporter..

donald trump didn't lower your taxes. He didn't get your roads fixed or your bridges built. He didn't get you healthcare coverage, lower the price of your prescriptions, decrease the deficit, end the opioid crisis, revive the coal industry, he didn't make "covid disappear", didn't make Mexico "pay for the wall", he didn't "put America First" and he sure as hell didn't "drain the swamp". So when you say he "fought for you", you mean he validated your hate. Because he didn't do a goddamn thing for you other than that.

blundering wrecks the economy, job losses are skyrocketing, while government assistance for the deprived grows ever more meager. More and more Americans are being plunged into desperation and despair and anger. With growing class consciousness, more and more of them know who is really to blame, and for whose benefit

it is all happening. *And this country is awash in guns.* Beyond that, the Ukraine war has made everyone aware of the military potential of drones. Drones are widely sold in the US, at prices individuals or small groups can easily afford, and could be adapted to carry things like improvised explosives. Mansions, yachts, and corporate headquarters stand as potential soft targets for such devices. And note that the victims of Musk's mass firings include a disproportionate number of military veterans, people skilled in the use of a wide range of weapons. Don't be surprised if things get *really* nasty.

It didn't have to be this way. Nobody needed to pile up ten or hundreds of billions of dollars in personal wealth; a tiny fraction of that could keep a whole family in luxury for generations. It was their choice to rig the economy so that they could skim off endlessly more and more of what the workers produced, to chip away at pay and benefits every way they could, to grind us down

without mercy for the sake of their own greed that appears to be literally insatiable. It was their choice to buy a dominating influence over both political parties and use it to take any serious redistributionist policy off the table, so that no sensible

person believes any more that voting for one party over another can put so much as a serious dent in this problem. They've put a huge, heavily armed population in a hopeless position and taken



away any option for peaceful change. What the hell did they *think* was going to happen? The left thinks we're heading for Germany of 1933. We're actually heading for something more like France of 1789.

It's still not too late to turn aside the advent of a hot class war. Some of the wealthy themselves understand what's at stake, openly recognize the nature of the problem, and support rational policies to resolve it; some of these have formed the Patriotic Millionaires group. There's nothing to stop the wealthy as a class from adopting their view and saving the country and themselves. Given their track record, I'm not optimistic. But maybe they'll come to their senses.



What is Donald Trump?

By Ed Zillioux

Who is Donald Trump?
What is narcissism? Two

questions or, two ways to ask the same question? When I attempted to answer the first, I find I have also answered the second cup. And vice versa.

Since I am comparing a personality trait with an actual person you might ask if that is fair. At least in that part that has to do with the person's age. Very young babies' narcissistic behavior is



common. Their young brains can't help but think it's all about them — and it is. When they want something, they cry, they get it. Social behavior is not even a concept. Twins may be a step ahead in development, but not much. Much of the same parental doting is bestowed upon each baby. But, that splits the

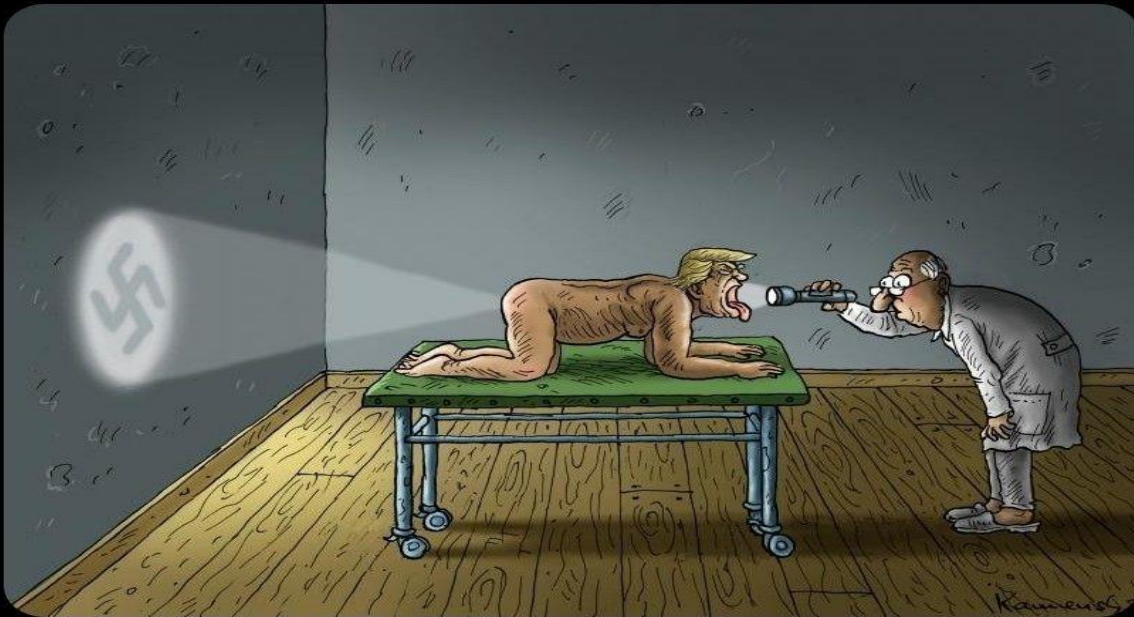


attention and thus competition is born.

Yet, in the typical scheme of things, babies become socialized, that is, they grow up. Generally. There are, however, cases of severe narcissism where the "it's all about me" attitude of early childhood is never lost. Where the physical "adult" remains at an infantile level of mental development the common name of the level of narcissistic behavior is called "Arrested Development". Such a person can seem to function normally despite harboring a mental disorder, leaving them with a sense of entitlement that can become dangerous, particularly if the person rises to an advanced level of political power.

Who is Donald Trump? What is narcissism?

MR PRESIDENT, I THINK
I SEE THE PROBLEM!



April 20, 2005 — First They Came For The File Clerks



No "Ghosts Of..." contextualization required here. Just a straight repost of what I wrote 20 years ago today.

By Driftglass

First They Came For The File Clerks

Then they came for the Family Planning Clinics.

Then they came for the “activist” judges.

Happy Anniversary, Moderate Republicans!



It's been 10 years to the day that
Ultra-Right Wing Hero First Class
Timothy McVeigh murdered 168
Americans in your name.

After a decade of a booming, non-stop torrent of "Government Is Evil and Must Be Annihilated!" rhetoric vomiting out of the

mouths of Newt Gingrich, Tom DeLay, Dick Armey, Jerry Falwell, Bob Doren, McVeigh decided to take them at their word...

...and you fucktards threw up your hands in horror at the blank, White, zombie, unremarkable face of tax-hatin', Clinton-hatin', government hatin' Tim McVeigh and shouted, "Not Us!"



Shame, shame. To get your tax cuts you eagerly hiked your skirt up and let the Right Wing fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you...and then, when your Love Child showed up at your door, wrapped its bloody arms around you and said, **"I wuuuv you Mommy!"** you gave the poor thing the back of your hand?

Where's all that sassy talk of "Personal Responsibility" now?

Sure it's grotesque. Hell, we've been telling you that it's

downright terrifying for 15-20 years now. What do you expect? It takes after its Father...but it sure as shit has **your** eyes.



Now a decade is a long time. A **VERY** long time. Hell, whole governments come and go in intervals shorter than that, so one must assume that to be taken seriously, you've must have used the last decade to aggressively purge your party of the radical lunatics that found such a big, expensive Welcome Wagon basket waiting for them at GOP Central Command. That bigotry and aggressively ignorant Fundamentalism is no longer synonymous with "Republican". So as a proffer of your good faith — that you really aren't the \$2 Blowjob Whore of the Right Wing — tell me...

...has Tom DeLay been banished yet?

Falwell shunned?

Has Limbaugh lost so many dittoheads that he has to sell used RVs to support his hillbilly heroin monkey?

Dobson's gone?

Is Creationism buried under Homophobia on the ash-heap of history? And those that spout that hateful nonsense, laughingstocks?

Robertson and Wildmont, kicked to the curb?

Randall Terry has been disavowed?

And no one would ever, ever think to threaten, say, judges, if you disagree with them on a ruling here or there?

On April 20, 1995 it became unambiguously clear where the demagogues and swine were leading your party, and the terribly price tag came with it. You've had a decade to excise the cancer that **you and only you** allowed to grow inside your party, and you didn't do it. Instead, you chose to water it. Feed it. Cultivate it. Harvest it.

You **encouraged** the carcinoma to blossom and metastasize and because you **voluntarily** chose to do this, you have accepted Tim McVeigh as your child.

And Eric Rudolph as your child.
And Randall Terry as your child.
And Fred Phelps as your child.
And Ann Coulter as your child.
And so many more. So many, many more.

You are obviously **very** proud of what your children have accomplished: if not, you would have acted otherwise.



So embrace them.

professionalleft.blogspot.com

ARTICLES





How much would you pay for relief? How much would you do for redemption? How far would you go for a feeling of harmonious peace? I achieved all three at the three-day 2025 FreeFlo conference over the Ides of March weekend.

It was a conclave of secular minds that I had been anticipating for a year when it had been announced by the Orlando based, Central Florida Freethought Coalition. (CFFC) I have had the pleasure of attending the five previous meetings and looked forward to this, my sixth. Personally, I needed that reinforcement. As many believers do, I needed a re-birth in a way that despite all the media stories to the contrary, my existence meant something, that liberal values I had embraced were not stupid but desirable. You know, that whole government dismantlement thing that makes Grover Norquist puddle on the rug like an excited labradoodle has been driving my anxiety up the wall and over the fence. Yes, I hate that feeling. But hey, look, there is an alternative. FreeFlo 2025.



Friday afternoon, Lucy and I traveled to the hotel in Altamonte Springs just past the Disney, Epcot, Universal Studio traffic jam. It was developmental overgrowth with no chance to get your bearings to find the correct turn lane. So, of course, we had to develop an alternative route. It took four left-turns and a two U-turns before we were able to find a liquor store to not only

I have every confidence in CFFC's directors, David and Jocelyn



{ 44 }

right on time. We gave our names and we were served with name tags, programs, t-shirts, food tickets, little ribbons to stick on your name tag to identify what particular variation of secular you are into or want to be; Humanist, Atheist, Pastafarian, Satanist, Sceptic, Agnostic, etc, etc., even a ribbon for First Timers.

I was reminded of the days at swingers' conventions that we attempted something similar to identify what particular fetish a person was into. What they would kiss and what they would not kiss. But, that is just my whimsey.

There was the Friday night "get to know you" Star Wars theme costume party where we introduced ourselves around as "who are you and why are you an atheist. And are you really Princess Leia?"

I started volunteering two conventions ago as a door person. That's the person sitting just inside the speakers' room making sure the doors do not slam shut, disturbing the lectures. You know that noisy mechanism, it makes a slight click as it engages and then, a loud "ka-chunk" as it closes. If you tend it correctly,



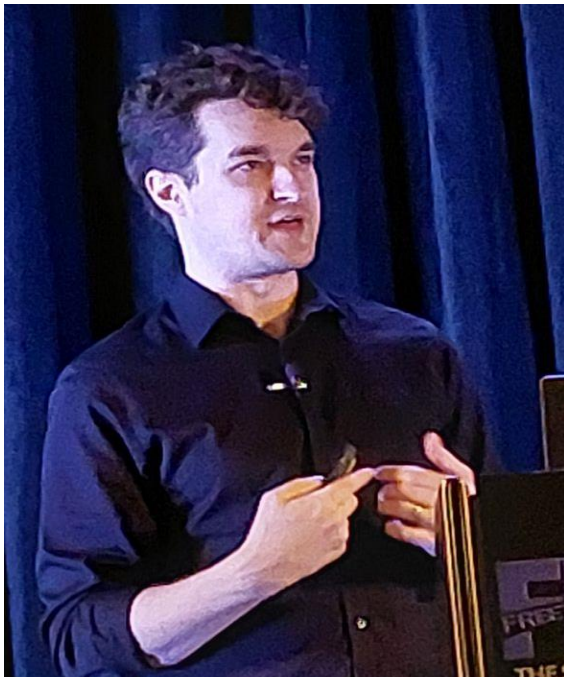
you can keep the noise to a minimum about three out of every five times. But this hotel's doors are quiet. Almost silent. Which was good because there was a constant line of people leaving for the restroom or returning with large cups of Starbuck's coffee.

Fortunately, no one distracted from the talks and the panels. Two additions to the setup were close captioning on the flanking video screens and the American Sign



Language people on either side of the platform. Like I said, David and Jocelyn think of everything.

I have had the pleasure of meeting several of the secular world's celebrities at previous FreeFlo conventions. I have met Freedom From Religion Foundation's Dan Barker, Atheist Experience's Matt Dillahunty, The Thinking Atheist Seth Andrews, The Scathing Atheists Noah and Lucinda Lugeons, Aron Ra and many others have shaken my hand. And, it has been a thrill to be around these people. The newest, that is, youngest secular personality, the newest face of atheism is Forrest Valkai. A you-tuber, tic-tokker, Forrest is a "biologist and science communicator known for his infectious enthusiasm and boundless love for life" who thrilled the crowd with his address about the universe and our place in it. "LIFE LESSONS FROM THE LAB: HOW LEARNING SCIENCE MAKES YOU A BETTER PERSON". I felt very secure being an atheist who knows this little planet is not the center of a theological universe after hearing his words.



Other speakers included Washington Post columnist, Kate Cohen who spoke about "WHY I STOPPED PRETENDING TO BELIEVE (AND MAYBE YOU SHOULD TOO)"; Katherine Stewart whose topic was; "MONEY, LIES, AND GOD: INSIDE THE MOVEMENT TO DESTROY AMERICAN DEMOCRACY". Executive director of Equality Florida, Nadine Smith, spoke about "EQUALITY IS A HUMANIST



VALUE"; American Humanist Association Executive Director, "Fish" Stark forcefully declared that "We" are the "Real" Moral Majority. Finishing the conference up was Seth Andrews who passionately told us a "War Story About Love."

But, out of the 300 plus attendees, I guarantee you will meet many other outstanding free-thinking individuals at a FreeFlo conference. Early in the weekend I had a great discussion of mutual interests with Gregory Jarrett of The Humanists of the Treasure Coast. And yes, Gregory, our respective groups need to have more interaction. So I have made it a point of joining them at the Sailfish Brewing Co. in Ft. Pierce this Saturday.

Other special individuals I met:

This year I had the opportunity to get to know a remarkable person, originally from India, who now resides near Clearwater, FL, Vijaya Goli. Vijaya is handicapped and gets about in a motorized chair. She is smart, fun and irrepressibly unhandicapped. We had a delightful lunch with her and Alex, the

Orlando Space Ace on Sunday before Seth Andrew's wrap-up address.

I'd be remiss if I failed to mention the special people who we shared the table with at Saturday night's banquet and awards ceremony; the charming Miguel and Yulia, from Miami, Space Antenna expert, Steve from Titusville who was with Sheila along with Mark and Betty who were on the opposite side of the table and therefore out of range of my hearing but we smiled at each other a lot. The featured entertainment was Devin Siebold, "a nationally-known comedian, a former public-school teacher and proud freethinker."



Saturday's banquet also featured the awarding of cash scholarships to three secular high school students, a moment of silence for recently passed members and the honor of Florida Humanist of the Year to Randa Black for her selfless outreach to others from Florida to Pakistan.

It is funny, when I got to this year's FreeFlo I felt worn out, almost punch drunk from the last two months of Trump-mania. When the weekend was over, I felt refreshed.

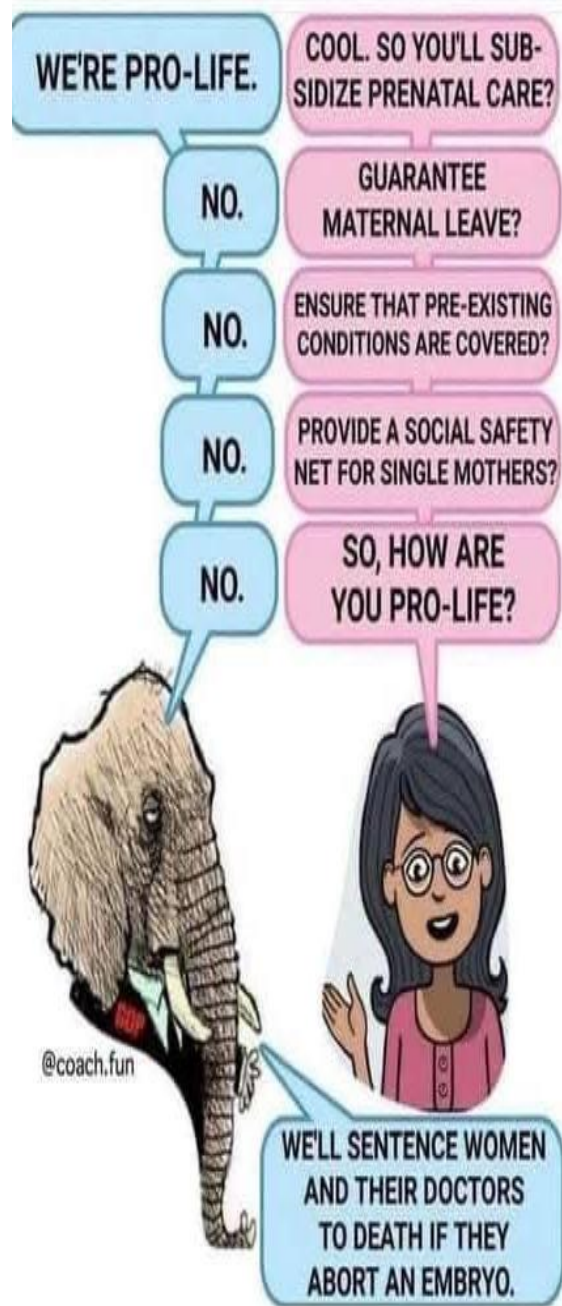
Every speaker, every panel echoed an overall message that said, Yes, we are atheists and yes, we are right to be atheists and the nazi — xtians are indeed crazy mutha fuckas and cannot be allowed to get away with fucking up our country and our world.



I feel so much better ... we are not alone.

This Week in Misogyny By Lucinda Lugeons

As you're probably aware, the latest "surely they won't" to crumble before the harsh reality of anti-abortion crusaders avarice is "surely they won't start arresting women for having miscarriages." But of course, we crossed that Rubicon last month, and we did it just down the road from my house in a small town called Tifton, Georgia.



The woman was Selena Maria Chandler-Scott. She was picked up by an ambulance on March 20th after somebody reported an unconscious, bleeding woman. Turned out she'd had a miscarriage, which isn't illegal *per se*, but because she disposed of the fetal remains in a dumpster, she was charged with

concealing the death of another person and abandoning a dead body.

You're telling me a woman can be convicted of a crime for having a miscarriage (like Brittney Poolaw; first-degree manslaughter) but parents who refuse to vaccinate their kids and let them die from a preventable disease get off scot-free?

Think about the trauma of that. This was a pregnancy she intended to bring to term, as far as we know. So at the same time that she's dealing with the psychological trauma of a lost pregnancy and the physical trauma of a miscarriage, they suddenly pile on top of that the incredible stress of being arrested for damn-near murder. Now, ultimately those charges were dropped when an autopsy revealed that she had a "natural" miscarriage. But no doubt a ton of damage was already done. And what if the autopsy hadn't shown that? What if it had been

inconclusive? What if it had shown she'd taken an abortion pill? What would have happened then?

Like so many other aspects of American life at the moment, we're very close to a worst-case scenario with this shit. And just because this is the case I'm talking about, don't assume it's isolated. In 2023, the most recent year we have data for, 210 women were charged with some form of bullshit pregnancy crime that didn't exist before the Dobbs decision. That number has risen since then and will continue to rise.

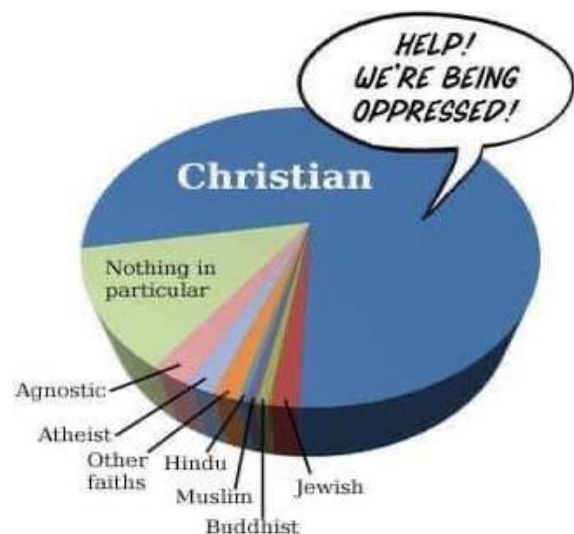


But you know what number is *also* rising? The number of abortions. That's right, despite all their draconian, Margaret Atwood bullshit, America is still aborting more fetuses than ever before. That's according to... well, all available data, but most recently, a study from the Guttmacher Institute, a pro-abortion group that's been correlating data on how the landscape of



abortion in America has changed since Roe was repealed.

One interesting finding I had to dig into in the survey — one that's leading a lot of headlines about it — is the fact that the number of people crossing state lines for abortions has decreased. And anti-abortion zealots are using that to try to say that the



state bans are working and that people are changing their minds rather than crossing state lines. And while I agree that some people who need abortions aren't getting them, when you dig into this particular number, it turns out that it's because many of the states people were fleeing to *also* banned abortion in the past couple of years. So, like, all the people who had been travelling to Florida for abortions stopped doing that when Florida's six week ban kicked in.

But it's not all bad news this week. Because as bad as the abortion numbers are looking, the lesbian witchcraft numbers are looking better. Or, at least, they will be, according to anti-abortion zealot Seth Gruber. He has a silly little YouTube show where he spouts misogyny; the most recent nugget of which praised Pat Buchanan for saying that feminism (quote) "encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians" (end quote).

Of course, if you know your misogynists like I do, you'll know that was Pat Robertson, not Pat Buchanan. Get your antiquated, homophobic, dead Pats right, Seth. But hey, if this is all just a painful period we've gotta get through to get to the part where lesbian witches destroy capitalism, I'm way more okay with it than I thought.

GA woman arrested for miscarriage: <https://www.nbcnews.com/news/us-news/georgia-arrest-miscarriage-fetal-personhood-rcna199400>

New study finds that abortions are increasing, fewer people are crossing state lines to get them: <https://apnews.com/article/abortion-survey-2024-guttmacher-0049dbafd97284c7577d6bb0b97374f7>

scathingatheist.com

**If Eve was created as an
afterthought, why was
Adam created with a
penis and testicles ?**



We all saw it. We all heard it. But, did we (or could we) follow what was really said? So, FYI PZ Myers provides us with the actual transcript.

By PZ Myers

Jesus. I am so ashamed of America right now. The spectacle of a couple of American bullies lying to a beleaguered foreign leader is shameful, and it's going to go down in the history books as one of those moments where this country revealed itself to be on the *wrong* side. **Trump and Vance took turns lying**, accusing Zelenskyy of being the one to start the war, of not being sufficiently grateful, right to his face. It's classic gaslighting.

It also reveals that Trump and Vance are Putin's stooges.

Zelenskyy: What kind of diplomacy, JD, are you are asking about? What do you mean?

Vance: I'm talking about the kind of diplomacy that's going to end the destruction of your country.

Zelenskyy: Yes, but if you ...

Vance: Mr President, with respect, I think it's disrespectful for you to come to the Oval Office and try to litigate this in front of the American media. Right now, you guys are going around and forcing conscripts to the frontlines because you have manpower problems. You should be thanking the president.

Zelenskyy: Have you ever been to Ukraine to see the problems we have?



“Why aren’t you wearing a clown nose?”

Vance: I’ve actually watched and seen the stories, and I know what happens is you bring people on a propaganda tour, Mr President.

Do you disagree that you’ve had problems with bringing people in your military, and do you think that it’s respectful to come to the Oval Office of the United States of America and attack the administration that is trying to prevent the destruction of your country?

Zelenskyy: First of all, during the war, everybody has problems, even you. You have nice solutions and don't feel [it] now, but you will feel it in the future.

Trump: You don't know that. Don't tell us what we're going to feel. We're trying to solve a problem. Don't tell us what we're going to feel.

Zelenskyy: I am not telling you, I am answering ...

Vance: That's exactly what you're doing ...

Trump, raising his voice: You're in no position to dictate what we're going to feel. We're going to feel very good and very strong.



Zelenskyy tries to speak.

Trump: You right now are not in a very good position. You've allowed yourself to be in a very bad position. You don't have the cards right now. With us, you start having the cards.

You're gambling with lives of millions of people, you're gambling with World War three and what you're doing is very disrespectful to this country.

Vance: Have you said thank you once?

Zelenskyy: A lot of times.

Vance: No, in this meeting, this entire meeting? Offer some words of appreciation for the United States of America and the president who's trying to save your country.

Zelenskyy: Yes, you think that if you will speak very loudly about the war ...

Trump: He's not speaking loud. Your country is in big trouble. No, no, you've done a lot of talking. Your country is in big trouble.

Zelenskyy: I know, I know.

Trump: You're not winning this. You have a damn good chance of coming out OK, because of us.

Zelenskyy: We are staying strong from the very beginning of the war, we have been alone, and we are saying, I said, thanks.

Trump, speaking over Zelenskyy: You haven't been alone ... We gave you military equipment. Your men are brave, but they had our military. If you didn't have our military equipment, this war would have been over in two weeks.

Zelenskyy: I heard it from Putin in three days.

Trump: It's going to be a very hard thing to do business like this.

Vance: Just say thank you.

Zelenskyy: I said it a lot of times.

Vance: Accept that there are disagreements and let's go litigate those disagreements rather than trying to fight it in the American media, when you're wrong. We know that you're wrong.

Trump: You're buried there. Your people are dying. You're running low on soldiers. No, listen ... And then you tell us, 'I don't want a ceasefire. I don't want a ceasefire. I want to go and I want this.'

Trump: You're not acting at all thankful. And that's not a nice thing. I'll be honest, that's not a nice thing.

The whole world has witnessed that disgraceful exchange. America, bully to the world, Putin's lackey.



freethoughtblogs.com/pharyngula/

NANCY MACE IS A POTTY-MOUTH C*NT



... and is begging prez to grab her by it!

By Lucy Thorp

I know that some people think this may be too strong of a word. I don't. Nancy is not very good at legislating. She has a real problem with sex. A REAL unhealthy obsession with transgendered women. She is either fine with transgendered men or is not aware they exist. She recently co-sponsored two anti-transgender bills.



Co-Sponsored H.R.1017:

"To prohibit an entity receiving Federal funds if such entity permits an individual to access or use a single sex facility on the property of such entity that does not correspond to the biological sex of such person, and for other purposes."



Co-Sponsored H.R. 1016:

"To prohibit any individual from accessing or using single sex facilities on Federal property other than those corresponding to their biological sex, and for other purposes."

biological sex, and for other purposes."

Word Salad! It means if you're a "tranny", screw you. You don't get to pee! And what does "and for other purposes" mean? Nod-nod, wink-wink.

The second bill was aimed at Delaware State Senator, Sarah McBride, who happens to be a transgendered woman. She won her race by 57.9 percent to 42.1 percent as an openly transgendered person. Clearly, the majority of Delawarean's didn't care.

After Nancy introduced a measure "to bar transgendered individuals from using women's restrooms and changing room in the Capitol complex" (no mention of men's restrooms), Sarah replied, "The more I thought about it, I realized that it would not be safe for me to use the restrooms."





SERIOUSLY??!! Nancy wants to protect everyone from people like Sarah McBride when they have to pee. Including the CHILDREN (clutching her pearls)! We must make sure the CHILDREN (again, clutching more pearls) are safe from Sarah McBride!

So, I came up with three scenarios to keep the CHILDREN safe. From most costly to least costly, I present....

#1...THE POTTY PATROL

There are 49,600,000 students in public K-12 schools. 3 percent identified as transexual = 1,488,000 leaving 48,112,000 as "other".

Average one bathroom per 100 students = 496,000 bathrooms.

Proposal: Potty Patrol that monitors every bathroom in K-12 public schools. They would make sure that everyone in the bathroom has the correct genitalia,

Cost Breakdown.

Cost of hiring a new employee:

Most sites I viewed agreed on \$4700 per employee, but they were factoring costs like training and equipment. That seemed a bit high since most equipment costs





would be chairs and radios (to report when the wrong gender tried to enter the bathroom!). I don't think it would take too much training to check genitalia. The cost of national background checks including sex offenders

seemed to be \$50. So, I deducted the \$50 from \$4700 = \$4650 / 2 = \$2325 + \$50 = \$2375 per employee.

Total Bathrooms = 496,000

Employees per bathroom is $1.5 \times 496,000 = 744,000$

Average cost per hire = \$2375 for a total set up of \$1,767,000,000

Yearly cost:

Salary \$25 / hour $\times 744,000 = \$18,600,000$ per hour

Average 7 hours a day = \$130,200,000 per day

Average 180 school days = \$2,343,600,000 per year.

First year cost total is \$4,110,600,000

Per transgendered student = \$2762.50

Per other student = \$85.43

#2...THE UNISEX BATHROOM

Most of us have unisex bathrooms in our homes (100%?). Once during an arena concert when I had to pee and the line to the lady's bathroom was 2 miles long (ok, exaggeration but not by much) and the boys were waltzing in and out of theirs, I went

to the boy's bathroom door and hollered "Does anyone mind if I use a stall?"

Someone called out, "Come on in!"

I did. And so did a whole lot of other women with full bladders. No one was molested! Not a woman and certainly, not any man. However, a woman in Texas was arrested a week later for the same act.



So, let's go Unisex. This is a one-time renovation cost. Future schools can be built with unisex bathrooms, so no extra cost.

Bathrooms = 496,000

Girl's bathrooms are all stalls now, so no renovation would be needed in $\frac{1}{2}$ = 248,000 for renovation.

Average boy's bathroom consists of 4 stalls and 4 urinals. The stalls are fine as they are so that leaves 124,000 urinals to convert. The renovation costs I found were between \$4000 and \$6000 so I settled on the average \$5,000.

$\$5,000 \times 124,000 = \$620,000,000$

Cost per Transgendered student = \$416.67

Cost per other student = \$12.89

Cheaper but,



#3...Mind Your Own

Effing Business

Cost \$0.00

Interesting notes:

1/30/25 Mace stated she is considering a run for Governor



1/31/25 Mace joined in an ICE raid in Goose Creek. Goose Creek PD was NOT informed. It was HER party and no PD was going to spoil it because it may or may not have been legal. Mace wants prez support. She IS a cunt and wants the prez to grab her by it!

BTW, if you put a picture of Nancy Mace and Sarah McBride next to each other and asked people who was the Transgendered one I would bet money I don't have, that Mace would "win". Snarky, but true!





Fate, Pain, and Death

By James Longo

I ran into a friend the other day, the first words out of her mouth were, "I dreamt you died. I am so happy you are still alive,"

My comment back, "I've died but only inside."

I mulled it over for a few days, not that I am superstitious or anything, and decided to get a check-up. I hadn't had one in three years. I love how a physical or check-up is now called a wellness visit. The cynical me thinks the whole point is to find something wrong so we can do away with any wellness you might have and keep you coming back.

I had decided to call for an appointment when Blake called to go for a bike ride. Bike-ride or making an appointment seemed like a no-brainer. Before starting, Blake said, "Let's make the ride a little short, it is blowing out of the south at about twenty miles an hour." I agree and we headed out.

Riding with other people is a little like a symphony. There is commute /slash social time where you get to more biking-friendly roads. Once you get to those friendly roads, there is the push phase, where you push each other, each taking a lead to hold a decided pace. You take a break. Shoot the shit then ride hard home, about three miles from home there is a cool down where you take it easy and try to get home alive.

A shorter ride meant less talking, more riding, and more importantly a different route. So we make the turn to start our push. We came upon a bicyclist stopped on the side of the road. Blake asks, "Do you need some help?"



He answered, "Yeah I could use an Allen wrench."

We stopped, and I break out the Allan wrench. He takes out his axle and we hang around as he changes his tire, then reuses the Allan wrench to reinstall his axle. We restart.

A mile down the road, we come to a four-way stop. Blake says he thinks there is a cop behind us. So, we came to a complete stop. We never come to a complete stop, a California roll at best, most times we just blow through it. It turns out it wasn't a policeman after all, just a white van.

We come out of the stop sign and accelerate. I look down at my cyclometer, figuring we are finally on our way. KABOOM! Blake had hit his brakes, and I didn't hit mine. I was eighteen inches

behind him going eleven miles an hour. If I had my head up looking ahead and not up my ass, I might have been able to swerve around him. There was no way I could have hit my brakes and stopped.

What did he stop for? There was a Martin County Fire Rescue SUV with its lights on but no siren. Blake had a bicycle mirror, saw it, and stopped. Being slightly deaf and not paying attention, Blake stopped me for me. Ouch.

It turns out the Fire Rescue was going to a false alarm. It wasn't a total waste of time; the EMT's now had a bicycle accident instead. They checked Blake out. I told them I was fine. I wasn't, though. I had smashed my chest into his seat and both shoulders into the pavement.

I don't know if I believe in a Supreme Being, but I do believe in fate. If we didn't decide to shorten our ride. If we didn't decide to change our route. If we didn't stop to help our fellow bicyclist. If the false alarm hadn't gone off, the fire department wouldn't have been behind us. The accident would have been avoided, but it wasn't. Proving no good deed goes unpunished.



As for dying, most of us don't die all at once. Little things happen to us and we lose a little of our abilities. A doctor botches an ear surgery, leaving you deaf in one ear. You fall roller-skating and dislocate your clavicle. A bicycle accident where your shoulder sockets slam into the pavement. You come back from all these mishaps, but you come back with a little less ability, more aches and pains, and each ache and pain takes a little bit of the joy of life. Friend, I am not dead, but a little bit of me is dying with every additional ache and pain.

I've always had a soft spot in my heart for teachers. My mom was a teacher. This post is for all the teachers — Greg Copeland

Dear Tucker Carlson,



Hey Tuck, I just finished watching a segment of your show. You know, the one where you suggest that there should be a camera in every classroom in order to root out ... let me get this accurate ... "civilization ending poison."

I'm going to zig where you thought most teachers would zag. I welcome your Orwellian cameras in my classroom. Frankly, I don't know many teachers who would object to having people watch what we do. As a matter of fact, I hate to tell you this Tucker *Swanson* McNear Carlson, but most of us spent the last year having video cameras in our classrooms.

See, I think you believe that your suggestion that people see what happens in our classrooms will somehow scare teachers. The truth of it is that we have been begging for years to have people, such as yourself, come into our classrooms.

I somewhat famously asked Ms. DeVos to visit a public school before she became Secretary of Education. It's unclear whether she has yet to set foot in an actual public-school classroom, but I digress.

I sense that you think you'll see all of us pinko teachers speaking endlessly about Critical Race Theory leading to... and again, let me get this right, "civilization ending poison."

IT'S NO ACCIDENT THAT:

You learned about Helen Keller instead of W.E.B. DuBois

You learned about the Watts and L.A. Riots,
but not Tulsa or Wilmington.

You learned that George Washington's dentures were made
from wood, rather than the teeth from slaves.

You learned about black ghettos,
but not about Black Wall Street.

You learned about the New Deal, but not "red lining."

You learned about Tommie Smith's fist in the air at the 1968
Olympics, but not that he was sent home the
next day and stripped of his medals.

You learned about "black crime," but white criminals were
never lumped together and discussed in terms of their race.

You learned about "states rights" as the cause of the
Civil War, but not that slavery was mentioned
80 times in the articles of secession.

Privilege is having history rewritten so that you don't
have to acknowledge uncomfortable facts.

**Racism is perpetuated by people who refuse
to learn or acknowledge this reality.**

I've been in a lot of classrooms (more than you I am willing to bet) and think you're going to be disappointed on that front. What happens in America's classrooms is teaching and learning. Your "spy cameras" will see teachers and students working together to be better every day. I'll tell you what I saw on a tour of classrooms not that long ago.

I saw a group of kindergartners trying to create bridges over running water with basic classroom supplies in a lesson about collaboration. I saw a high school literature class talking about the character development in *The Glass Menagerie*. I saw a middle school history class participating in group project where they had to solve problems in a fictional city, with specifics of how they would utilize resources and build public support for their projects.

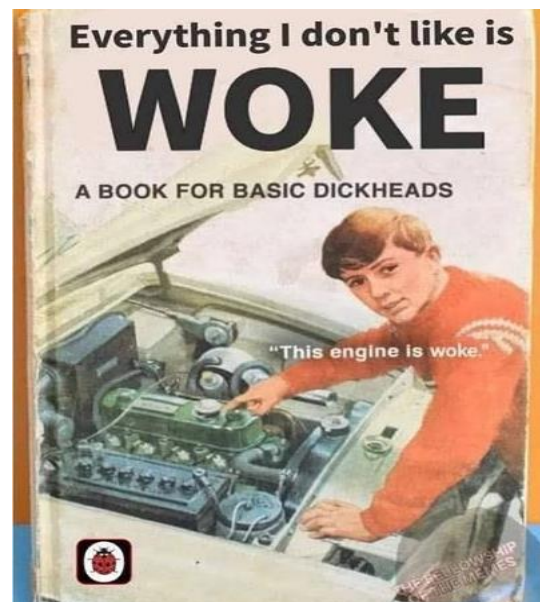
Anyone watching your cameras will see learning... All-day-every-day. For those who watch your "nanny cams" carefully, they'll see a lot of other things as well. They will see teachers working with students who have vastly different life experiences.

They will see students who are fluent in multiple languages working with teachers to become proficient in yet one more language. They will see students who are hungry get their one

solid meal a day in the cafeteria. They will see students itching for more fine arts, industrial technology, or world languages to be offered in their school. In my classroom, if we're being honest, they'll probably hear some sketchy intonation from my saxophones, and I promise we're working on it. But for sure, they will see learning... all day every day.

To be honest, I'm fascinated by the logistics of your proposal. In a world where school districts are struggling to recruit and maintain teachers, who is going to man your "citizen review boards" (setting aside the fact that public school teachers already answer to publicly elected school boards)?

For instance, in my school district I sense you would need well over 500 cameras going every day. Who watches those 500 screens 10 hours a day (I want you watching my 7 am jazz band and my after-school lessons)?



What qualifications would these "experts" need to know what they were watching for? What happens when they catch a teacher teaching... let me get this right..." civilization ending poison?" Who do they report that to? I'm also curious who will pay for all of this incredible technology.

Maybe I missed it, but can you point me to a K-12 institution where Critical Race Theory is being taught? Hell, can you define Critical Race Theory for all of us? I'm sure you've got answers to all of these questions.

Frankly, I've never been able to figure out, instead of dreaming up Orwellian plans to have Big Brother in all of our classrooms, why you don't round up an army of bright young conservatives to actually step up and teach?

Is it because teachers work hard, aren't paid as much as those with similar educational backgrounds, don't have support from our elected officials, constantly serve as punching bags for those who don't understand public education, or is it just because it's easier to throw rocks at a house than to build one?

Here's the real deal Tuck, I grew up with my mom making me eat your family's Salisbury Steaks once every couple of weeks (his family makes Swanson TV dinners) for many years. I struggle to take advice on teaching and learning from a guy who makes a steak that, on its best day, tastes like shoe leather that has been left out in a goat pasture for a few weeks.

I get that Critical Race Theory is your latest attempt to scare your easily manipulated demographic, but let's just admit that you don't know what you're talking about.

With all of that being said, count me on the cameras Tucky. Like many teachers, I'm in the early stages of understanding Critical Race Theory (most of us hadn't heard about it until you and your people started crying about it), but if you find me teaching it, have one of the Tucker Youth watching your surveillance devices let me know.



If Critical Race Theory involves talking honestly about American history, I'm probably doing that sometimes. I spent much of the last six years advocating for a way for teaching to become more transparent, and in the dumbest way possible, you are joining that crusade. Let's make this happen TV Dinner Boy.

Sincerely,
Patrick J. Kearney
Actual Teacher

THE WAY WE WERE

The six most common causes of vaginal dryness



A book, in and of itself, is not evidence of a phenomenon or being. The Bible is not evidence of a deity. It is the claim of one.

@InfoIsGood

@pinkheretic

PAM, PRAYER AND THE OLD MAN

By Virgil Thorp

[Matthew 6:5-6](#)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

It has now been nearly four years since I last saw my father. I had visited him at the care home one last time before I picked up Lucy at the hospital, packed her and her broken leg into the car's back seat for the long trek home.

He was in his motorized wheelchair. We hugged, we cajoled, we waved. This time he did not cry when I left.

He passed away that following October, it only seems like six months ago. My grief still comes and goes. Sometimes I find myself hyperventilating with sorrow. Sometimes there is a dull twinge in my chest. I often wonder if a tumor is growing there. There are mournful moments, spikes of sorrow, but there are also flashes of joy in my memories.

I had a recent phone call with my step-sister, Pam and I wanted her to know how I felt about her and how grateful I was that she had borne the brunt of taking on the necessary tasks of our

father and mother's funerals and last wishes. She started relaxing after a while, especially when I asked about her new grandbaby.

We started sharing stories and Pam wanted me to know about something she had discovered at our father's last year at home. It also had to do with his final hours. It was not so much religious in its nature but it was spiritual. Almost metaphysical.

I realized that Pam was not trying to convert me, but it was something she felt strongly about, and she thought that this thing gave our father comfort in his last hours. It was a consolation she found, too. I'm certain I could hear her sniffing as she described the story.

Before our parents left the family house for the nursing homes, Pam had been visiting her mother and thought she heard sobbing coming from the old man's bedroom. She crept down the hall as quietly as she could. She saw that his bedroom door was closed but she could hear what she thought was crying. She crept closer and was able to make out that he was praying. His prayer was for her and her eldest daughter Rachel and Rachel's husband to reconcile with Pam and her husband, Duane. He was begging his god to dissolve the rift between them.

That was my dad. His prayer to god was fervent. His prayer was secret, like the verses from Matthew's gospel had directed.

It struck me that I had heard the old man pray like that once before, long ago. It wasn't so much that I had eavesdropped on my parents praying together ... for their god to take away the cancer that was eating my mother alive. I couldn't help but hear. My bedroom was next to theirs. I could hear the prayers and picture them, almost like the picture of Jesus, tormented at Gethsemane. Leaning against a rock. Sweating blood. Pleading, imploring. Asking *his* father to "Take this cup away."

I was crying as hard as they were. It was a bad dream that had been hidden but now, would not go away. At that moment, My

heart ached more for Pam as she struggled with her memories, more than mine. Time was the key. Time to hurt, time to ache, time to heal. I know time does heal all wounds. Leaves scars though, but it will heal wounds.

She could not help thinking, at his death bed — she and all her daughters doing their best to comfort the old man — what will happen to the family once he is gone and if his prayer had been answered.

Believers might swear it was. There was family waiting with Pam. Rachel and middle child, Allison, still a bit frosty to each other. Lauren, his favorite, saying silent prayers. All were touching him. Holding his hands. His organs were collapsing on him. The body can only take so much. There is an expiration date they say, and obsolescence is not planned. They just wanted him to know how much he was loved.

Pam's anguish was palpable. It throbbed. It ached. Just like mine. The initial gush of loss had subsided but she had to find a reason. To find a good thing brought from his death. She wanted so much that the old man's passing had brought harmony in her family.

My eyes clinched as she attempted to make sense of it all. So much woo, so much Pollyanna blue bell. I wanted to hug her and tell her all will be fine.

"I am happy you feel that way, dear sister. Thank you," was all I could say. More for the memory than for anything else.



SkeletonKey³
@Key3Skeleton

...

It may be that ministers really think their prayers do good and it may be that frogs imagine their croaking brings Spring.

~ Robert G Ingersoll

8:56 pm · 12 Oct 2021 · Twitter Web App

PROSE



*Trump Shoots
Someone
on 5th Avenue
(...Allegedly)*

*By
James Longo*

My Maga friend says, "It's a lie,"

"We have the video."

"The video has been doctored."

"We have witnesses."

"The witnesses were all Democratic operatives."

"Three were New York policemen."

"They were paid by Soros."

"One of the witnesses was the Dali Lama."

"The Dali Lama is scum."



"Trump shot a man on 5th Avenue."

"It was in self-defense."

"In the back."

"He was an illegal alien."

"His name was Jack Smith."

"Then he deserved it."

"Is it okay if I shoot you?"

"I have rights,"

"So this guy doesn't have rights."

"Not as many as Donald Trump."

"I am surprised you didn't mention that the Democrats do it too."

"How did you know I was about to say that?"





Thanks for the advice, dad

By Virgil Thorp

Herman didn't know what motivated him to write. What compelled him to turn his experiences into stories he could share to either the delight or loathing of his readers. He supposed it was a gift that when he sat down in front of a keyboard something came out. Maybe that was his curse, too?

Some stories were simple tales of growing up and discovering the joyful differences between girls and boys ... soon to become women and men. Some stories had to do with more weightier issues like heaven and hell and if there was a God who actually gave a damn and answered urgent prayers. His logical positivist experiences gave him a certainty that such an entity could not possibly exist. The only truth being that there are things you cannot turn away from.

At the present, Herman was a recently returned Vietnam veteran who had decided to take a second gamble at higher education and use the GI bill he had earned. He took the chance and enrolled in Jr. College. He wasn't a particularly good student in

high school. Lazy was the consensus assessment of his instructors. It was true, but not quite accurate. His daydreams were so much more vivid than the sonorous lectures that bored him into hypnotic fantasies. He got kicked out of freshman college too.

But now, his mental condition was different, much more mature. The time in the service had changed him. No doubt for the better. He was no longer a lackadaisical student whose only interests were getting drunk and getting laid. He had added experiences that were no longer dreams but were nightmarish realities that his doting parents had tried to shield him from. He had seen things. He had taken part in things. He had gone to war.

Usually, losing your naivete, your virginity if you will, was something that was inevitable. Contrary to the romantically depicted image of the valiant liberator, war is a destroyer. War essentially rapes you, demolishes any notion of right and wrong and good and evil.

You go in thinking like a crusader. You go out bleeding inside. You go in thinking you'll be the hero like John Wayne, riding at the head of the cavalry, every shot you take with your pistol drops at least three and maybe a dozen bloodthirsty injuns (*you, you poor fool, just don't realize how bigoted you are!*)

Reality of war strips those romantic notions from your head. Those are human beings you have just laid open with blood and guts and brain bits exploding out. As Sonny Corleone so succinctly described in *The Godfather*, "Badda bing, all over your nice, clean, ivy league suit."

A person, civilian or combatant, cut in half from a machine gun, a raped 10-year-old village girl makes you want to heave your guts out. Does it matter who did the shooting? Does it matter who did the raping?

If you are honest, you realize that both sides are barbarians and the people you took an oath and made it your duty to protect and defend are merely unfortunate unintended casualties. The euphemisms of things we would rather not hear. Not confront the realities of what you did. You say, "Collateral damage." You repeat the lie of "surgical strikes". The logic behind "burning down a village to save it from the Viet Cong," sounds almost heroic. When you realize How heartless such euphemisms are, it changes you.

To share the reality is tough. How can you tell what you saw? Even if you try to tidy it up, the horror rests in your head. Some poor vets relive it every day, especially in the really scary time, like it was in Vietnam, at night.



Herman took it personal. He feared if he did not describe the truth, use the words that were used precisely even if they were profane and offensive to some people, to try to pretty things up, he would be lying. He would be a part of those who had put fantasy notions in his head. To use euphemisms to avoid, to weasel out of the stinking reality and thereby help civilization retreat to fantasy. Allow barbarity to take its place. That that lie would compound what had happened. The necessity of experiencing that cold slap in the face.

This time, back home, Herman couldn't get the troubling images he had seen inside and outside the bar he had hung out the previous night. It felt like a story he had read long ago and dismissed. Longfellow's Evangeline had come to life at the bar that night. The pathos of human existence bit him on the ass. The question of whatever happened to Evangeline and her lover,

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the ships that had passed in the night. Unrequited love of nearly angelic proportions. It was a bullshit love story that Herman was sure that Longfellow left incomplete on purpose. What a fuckhead.

Herman was certain he had seen Evangeline that night at the bar. A tired, lonely, sad older woman, well past her prime. She wanted company. She did not want to go home alone to an empty bed that night. She had tried to look desirable but only looked clownish with overdone eyeliner, makeup and lipstick.

What would you have done if you were her? A few drinks to lower



inhibitions. A loss of reality from numbing inebriation. No one had hit on her as she sat at the bar so Evangeline had to make a move to show how much she longed for love. She approached a table of young men. She could do it. You could do it. She attempted to entice

someone, anyone to dance with her. To touch the warmth of someone human. The young men, like most heartless young men wanted something nubile and young to molest, to paw and to grab. They didn't want a dried-up hag. Not her. They started making rude comments, vulgar jokes. The more she shimmied, the cruder and louder the comments became.

But Evangeline ignored the uncouth and crude. That was how desperate she had become.

Then, to Herman's shock, came the most heartlessly obscene and indecent comment, "I know where there's an old stud dog you can fuck." In other words, 'get outta here you ugly old bitch!'

Herman couldn't believe what he had heard. Didn't Evangeline hear it? Why wasn't she slapping the ill-mannered jerk in the mouth? Why wasn't Herman taking him outside to teach him a lesson in manners?

The coup de grace was delivered a moment later by another boorish lout, "I know where there's an old stud horse ..." The rest of his words were drowned out by the laughter from the table and the tables around them.

Herman chugged his beer and ordered another one. Longfellow had sold out. The old barfly was the real Evangeline! Herman knew he had to describe the carnage of the evening. It was one of the most disgustingly obscene things he had ever experienced. He knew he couldn't write that story without including the explicit indecencies. Herman felt it was his duty to testify with the reality of what had really happened. To use a euphemism to lighten the blow of the words would be a greater insult to Evangeline.



But what he saw he wanted to come out of his head. So he started writing. He brought his typewriter down to the kitchen so as not to disturb his family and began to paint the story. Writing about a bar. Writing about loneliness, writing about lost love, shattered dreams; writing about how cruel the world can be. It was Longfellow's Evangeline he was writing about, like a modern Cunegonde through Voltaire. From maiden to whore.

Dawn was breaking and Herman had just finished with the last sentence of the story when his father walked down the stairs, ready for a new start, a new morning.

"Good morning, son. is that coffee fresh?"

"Made it about an hour ago, I think. Maybe two hours."

"Have you been up all night?"

"Yeah," Herman replied wearily, yet proudly. "I had this story that wouldn't let me sleep."

There was an uncomfortable pause. "Have time to read it?" Herman asked.

"Sure." His father hadn't spent much time with his son since the boy, now a man, had returned. This was a chance to ... what? To understand where his son had journeyed to. He wanted to know.

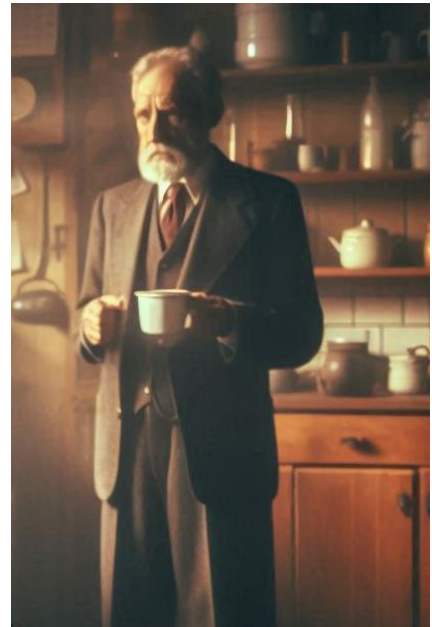
Herman's father poured himself a cup of coffee, took the pages from his son and began to read. "Thoughts of Evangeline? What does that mean?" His father asked.

"It means that I saw a drunken woman at Sike's last night who reminded me of Longfellow's heroine."

His father had never read Longfellow but he seemed to grunt and hum as he read his son's masterpiece until he came to the end when Evangeline was told about the 'old stud dog'.

"This is filth," Herman's shocked father exclaimed as he slammed the papers on the table. "This is pornography!"

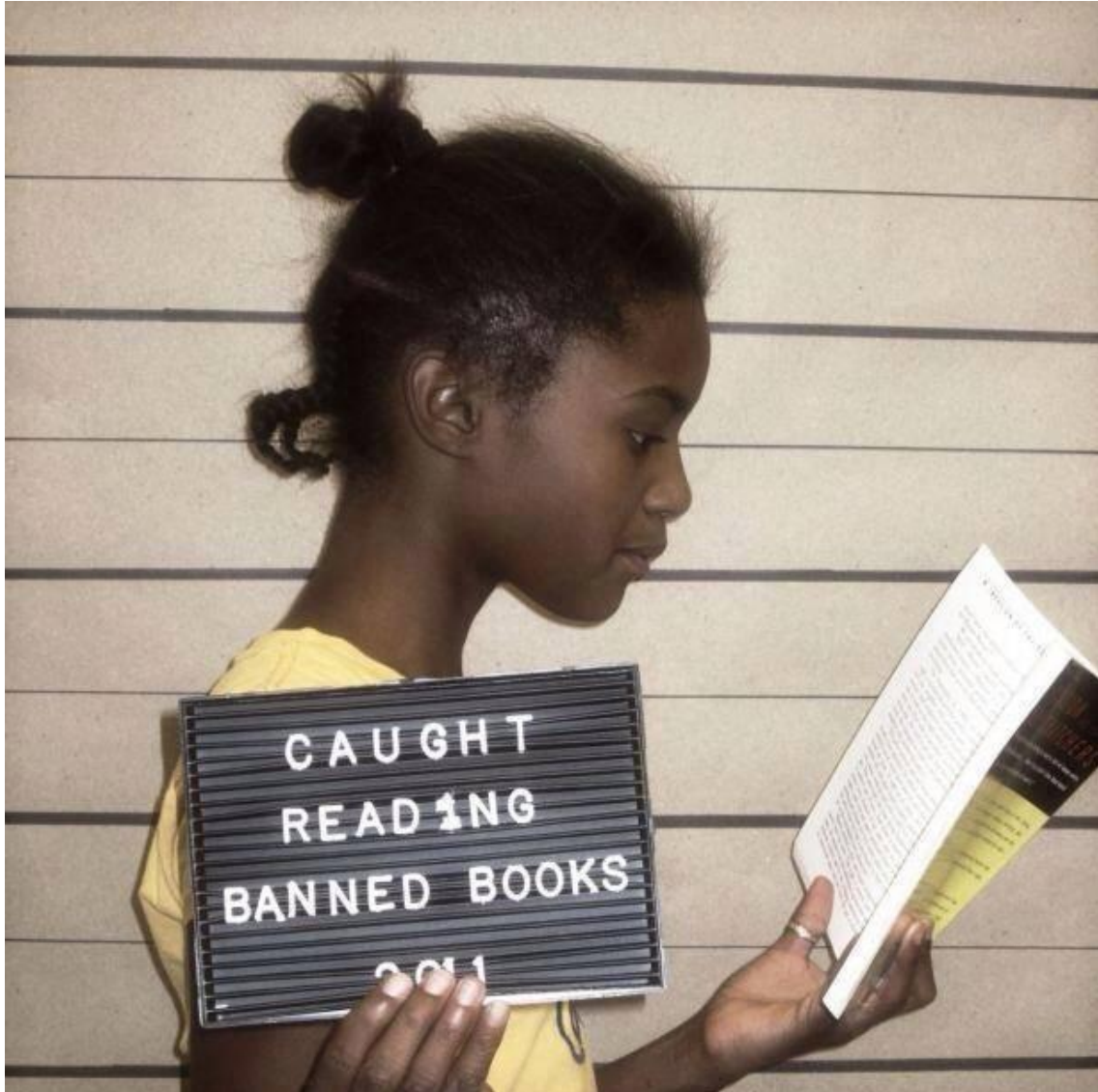
Herman looked upon his father with tired eyes. "Yep, it sure is. It is stuff that needs to be said, the way it was said."



"It Is filth." His father declared, his spit landed on the typewriter, he was so distressed. "Change it!" And then he stomped out of the door and left his son alone. Somehow, at that precise moment, Herman realized he would be a pornographer forever.

"Thanks for the advice, dad."

POETRY





What I've Learned

By Maya Angelou

"I've learned that you can tell a lot about a

person by the way he/she handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights. I've learned that regardless of your relationship with your parents, you'll miss them when they're gone from your life. I've learned that making a "living" is not the same thing as making a "life." I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance. I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands; you need to be able to throw something back. I've learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision. I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. I've learned that every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. I've learned that I still have a lot to learn. I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

— Maya Angelou

What the F...?

'efwərd

By Ed Zillioux

*What is it in that word that is so bad that,
we should not even utter it?*

*Why, even Joe Biden, when he was a little boy,
was not allowed to stutter it.*

*But when he tried so hard to give his words more luster,
foh, fuh-fuh, fuh-fu was all he could muster.*

*Alas, when emotions are up, neither "what the heck", nor even
"what the hell",
would not suffice to shed a tear — or ring a bell.*



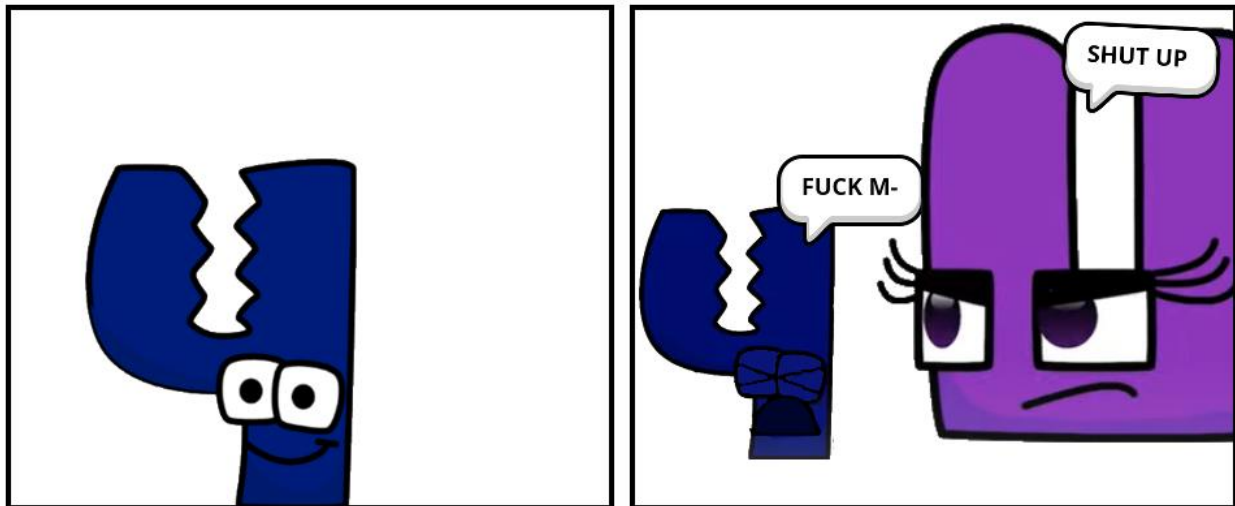
Nevertheless, I have found that the F word is used freely in poetry. To make my point, I give you just one example:

Allan Jenkins, while a "poet-in-residence" at St. John's college, Cambridge, penned the following in a piece called "the mermaid"

...

*he felt a soft-wet happiness
in which she lay naked
with that just— fucked look
in Gray-green eyes like a sea-mist,
while breezes shook
and moonlight shone through the shutters ..."*

but, if your point is to discuss sexual intercourse, there are surely many more amorous, romantic, or simply titillating forms of expression than resorting solely to the "F" word. Yet, as an expression or exclamation in casual speech, it obviously has utility and place in the English language. So, indeed, to argue for or against its use seems like a waste of time or having nothing to do. And, frankly, I couldn't give a rat's ass or a flying *fuck*!!!



When che Says The F-Word

otheralphalore.comic.studio

"Give me your tired,
your poor,

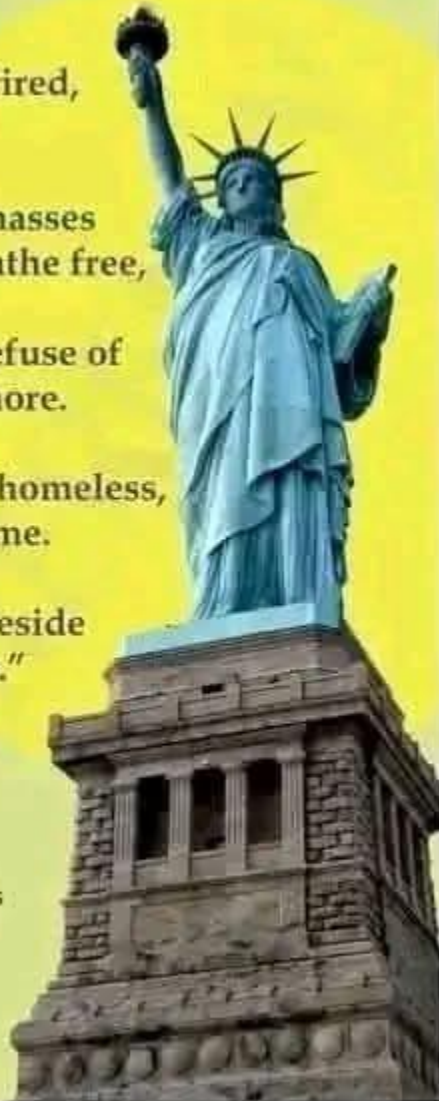
Your huddled masses
yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of
your teeming shore.

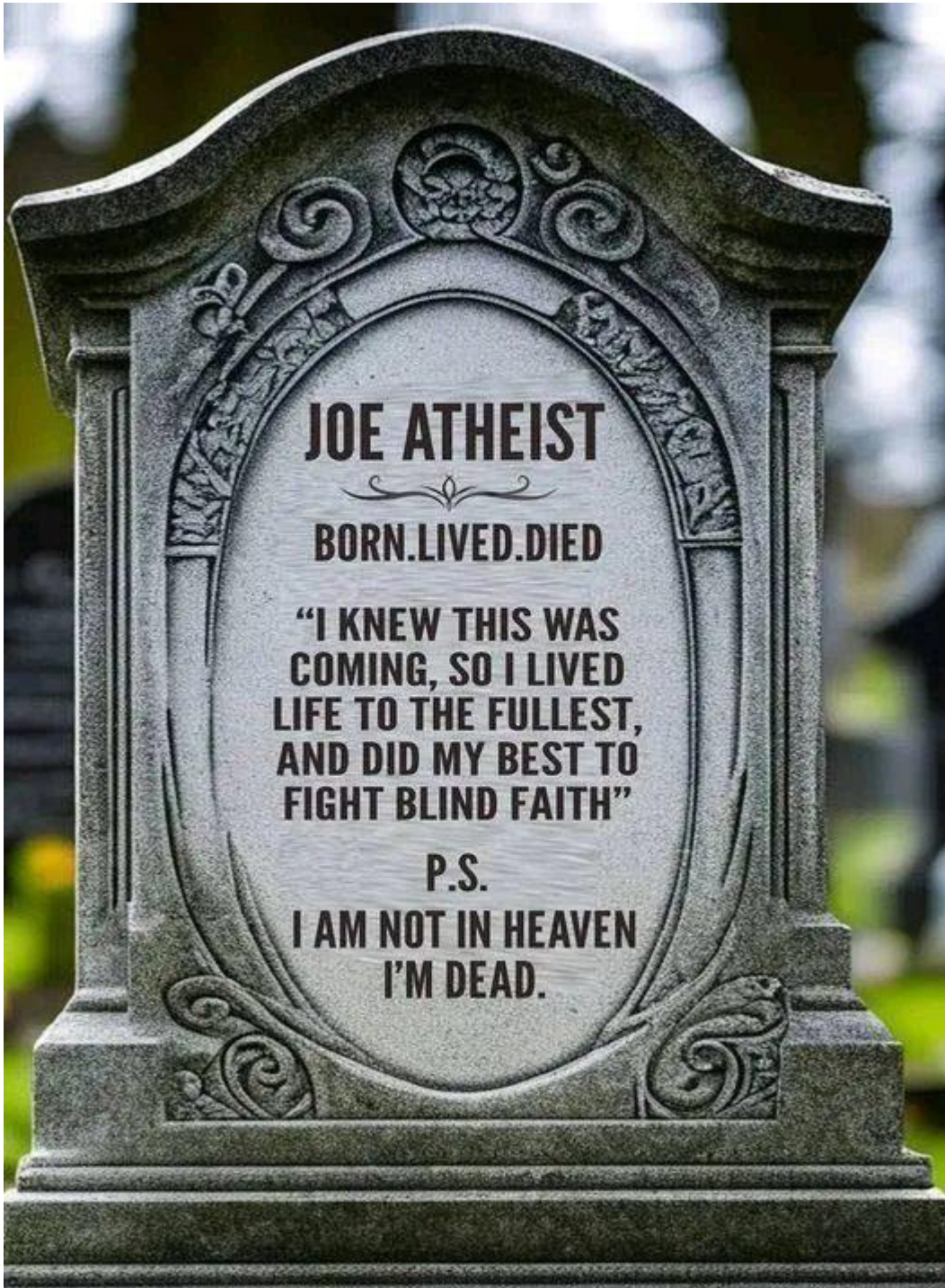
Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tost to me.

I lift my lamp beside
the golden door."

Emma Lazarus



COMEDY CORNER





A UNITARIAN EASTER SERVICE

By J. Dan Vignau

Many people seem to only go to church on Easter and Christmas. Not me!

I did attend the local Unitarian Easter service this year. The last two times I had attended a service (and my only visits to a Catholic Church) were my baby sister's weddings.

Upon entry to the building where her marital travesties were consecrated, I was immediately in awe struck that there was a full-sized statue of a woman with outstretched hands. The awe part was not the hands, but the snake that she was stomping on! The poor critter seemed to be writhing and gasping for air from the weight of its tormentor on its throat.



Of course, there was a lot of genuflecting and other rigamarole; in fact, this experience is how I learned just what genuflecting is. Hell, I had not even realized the church pews were modified, with a folding knee pad that was continually folded up and down to facilitate kneeling.



There was none of this crap in the Unitarian church. In fact, as I walked toward the open door, the first thing I noticed was the sandbag bunny that held the door open. It was a bit over a foot tall, with a shape and airbrushing to resemble a bunny.

Here is my James Bond impression of an Easter bunny: "*Bunny, that's Easter Bunny.*"

Few regular churchgoers know what a Unitarian is. Well, these worshipers (if I may be brazen enough to call them such) are Deists. Deists just like our founding fathers. They do not believe in the "Trinity"; therefore, Unity = one god, or whatever.



Like the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, deists can't explain why we exist, so they just assume that maybe something like a god made it ... and us. Like the founding fathers, the Unitarians do not really seem to believe that there is a god that is a part of our lives. If there is, it is not a "supreme being" that can be persuaded to change any divine plan, in which all things that will ever happen are known but, through prayer, might be modified against the will of this god to please a begging human.

The Easter service began with a rehashing of the Early Unitarian leader, Dr Forrest Church, remarks. Church's Easter service touted equality and fairness, with a touch of self-regulated morality thrown in.



A full-grown adult begging for forgiveness from 2 bags of cement mixed with sand, water and paint.

There was no prayer; after all, what does a Humanist Unitarian pray to? *Dear, To Whom, or To Whatever it may concern?*

Following the presiding minister's oration, an older man, but not older compared to us, sat at the baby grand and played the popular song, "I Believe".

"Oh no!" I thought. Here we go with the religious crap, but the song does get by without all of that BS. (Thank God, so to speak.)

His piano picking (describing it as "playing" is too generous) wasn't that bad, at least adequate for the occasion, but he could use a bit of training as to how to find a vocal note. At first, I was annoyed, but by the end of the song, I really felt sorry for him. No one seemed to respect him enough to suggest he record and listen to himself sing.

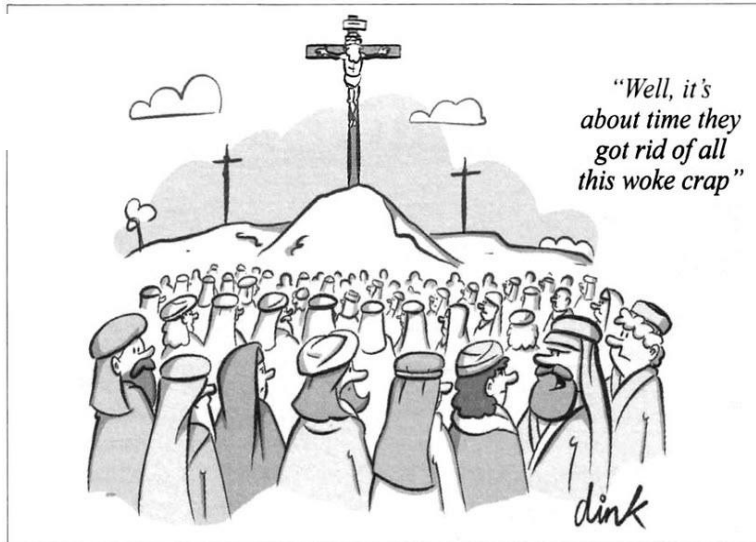
Later on, he played and sang John Lennon's "Imagine". I really could not have *imagined* that he could butcher this song even more than the first, but he certainly succeeded.



**YOU'RE IN CHURCH PRETENDING TO
EAT FLESH AND DRINK BLOOD**

**BUT THINK I'M CRAZY FOR BEING
ATHEIST**

Some other BS happened. I am not quite certain what, because I was surreptitiously trying to set the date on my watch.



I have attended this church before, in fact I was brought up as a Unitarian, with maybe a dozen or so visits. Today, I wanted to see if maybe a few writers could be found for we Aware Ones, or maybe some new friends with new interests.

The former goal was a bust, but the latter has worked out quite well. Unfortunately, I feel that I am expected to show up the actual church service, in order to go to the weekly ZOOM book club, and semi-weekly picnic, plus an occasional rock concert by The Filthy Bastard Band. Yep! *Filthy Bastards*.

One thing I noticed was the lack of children at the services, but we had three there for Easter. I guess the bunnies helped. These kids did not seem to know how to look for Easter Eggs, so the adults who had hidden them led the kids around and acted surprised when an egg was spotted. Besides, they weren't even eggs, but plastic things shaped like small eggs. (Publix had these for \$9 per 72 eggs.)

How To Murder Children: Bible Style	
Matthew 18:6	Drown them
Lamentations 2:20	Moms should eat daughters
Ezekiel 5:10	Fathers should eat sons
Lamentations 4:4	Starve them to death
Gen. 9:24, Lev. 10:3	Set fire to them
Exodus 12:29	Smite them all dead
Deuteronomy 21:21	Stone them to death
Joshua 10:36	Use a sword
Nahum 3:10	Smash them in the streets
Matthew 19:29	Abandon them
Revelations 2:23	Kill them with death
Deuteronomy 32:24	Poison them

FB.com/WFLAtheism

The fake eggs paired well with the imaginary, even to this membership, “god-like whatever” that might be up there, or elsewhere, or nowhere-ish in the ether.

There were treats, too, mostly pastries, and Easter baskets full of candy, and an array of decorative, little bunnies. The final event was the Easter Bonnet contest. Six entries weren’t that bad, considering that only about twice that number of women attended. All of this was something to behold. I have no idea what, but I politely beheld them.

I don't mean to complain, but I am really glad that my church-going Easter only comes once every fifty years, or so.

When was that last Easter service? Oh Yeah! It was in about 1962, in a Cumberland Presbyterian Church, when my dad was called out for asking the minister to

heretical_theology

This Easter, Remember these 7 things:

1. You did not put Jesus on the cross and no one asked Jesus to die for us.
2. Sin is a made up, theological, social construct. It does not exist.
3. The claims of Jesus' resurrection does not make him a god.
4. All four gospels have contradicting resurrection accounts. The gospels are mythical narratives and are not historical texts nor eyewitness accounts.
5. You can love "Jesus" without guilt and shame. You can also REJECT "Jesus" without guilt and shame.
6. You should not feel obligated to attend a church service just to appease family members.
7. If God wanted to remove our "sin", it should be able to do so without murdering its own son.

“please end his Easter service early, so that he [dad] could beat the other golfers attending their own semiannual church service (i.e. Easter and Christmas) and would not beat him to the first tee at our insanely hilly golf course.

Hell, I might go to Easter service fifty years from now.

**To the citizens of the United States of America
(and specially the Trumpists) from His most
Sovereign Majesty King Charles III:**



In light of your failure to nominate a competent candidate for President of the USA and thus to govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective immediately. (You should look up 'revocation' in the Oxford ENGLISH Dictionary.)

My Sovereign Majesty King Charles III will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths, and territories (except North Dakota, which I do not fancy). Your new Prime Minister, Sir Keir Starmer, will appoint a Governor for America without the need for further elections. Congress and the Senate will be disbanded.

A questionnaire may be circulated next year to determine whether any of you noticed. The nincompoop you've elected as President will go to gaol (note the correct spelling) where he belongs and it will not be a comfortable, well equipped, large prison for the rich; it will be the usual one-room cell - this is not open to debate.

A criminal is a criminal is a criminal, and he will be treated the same as all other criminals. It might be our pleasure later to hand him over to the people whose lives he ruined but first we shall see whether there's any contrition after a few years in gaol.

Likewise, the criminals he has pardoned will be sent back to gaol (note the correct spelling again). Elon Musk will be tried for treason and, if found guilty, will join his friend Trump in gaol (you will learn to spell this correctly).

Either way, he will be stripped of his wealth and half will be given to the poor which will eradicate world poverty; the other half will be sent to Mr. Zelenskyy to put an end to Russia's invasion — we will stop the wolf at our door. Mr. Zelenskyy is a war hero and will be treated by all Americans as such.

It might interest you all to discover that when a country is at war, it is standard for the leader of that country to wear an army uniform but in time you will all learn civilised protocols. A lot of you seem to have very short attention and memory spans which has been exploited to the full by Mr. Trump and his cronies so effective immediately, you will read up on recent history and commence daily memory exercises until you understand that Russia was the aggressor in the war with Ukraine.

You will keep your silly hands off Canada and Greenland. Also: To aid in the transition to a British Crown dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

1. You will learn to resolve personal issues without using guns or lawyers you may carry on using therapists if you wish but guns will no longer be available in Costco or anywhere else. In future you may not carry anything more dangerous than a can-opener.
2. You will tell us who really killed JFK. It's been driving us mad for decades - you will stop lying about it.
3. The letter 'U' will be reinstated in words such as 'colour,' 'favour,' 'labour' and 'neighbour.' Likewise, you will learn to spell 'doughnut' without skipping half the letters, and the suffix '-ize' will be replaced by the suffix '-ise.' Generally, you will be expected to raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels. (look up 'vocabulary'). There is no such thing as U.S. English. We will let Microsoft know on your behalf. The Microsoft spell-checker will be

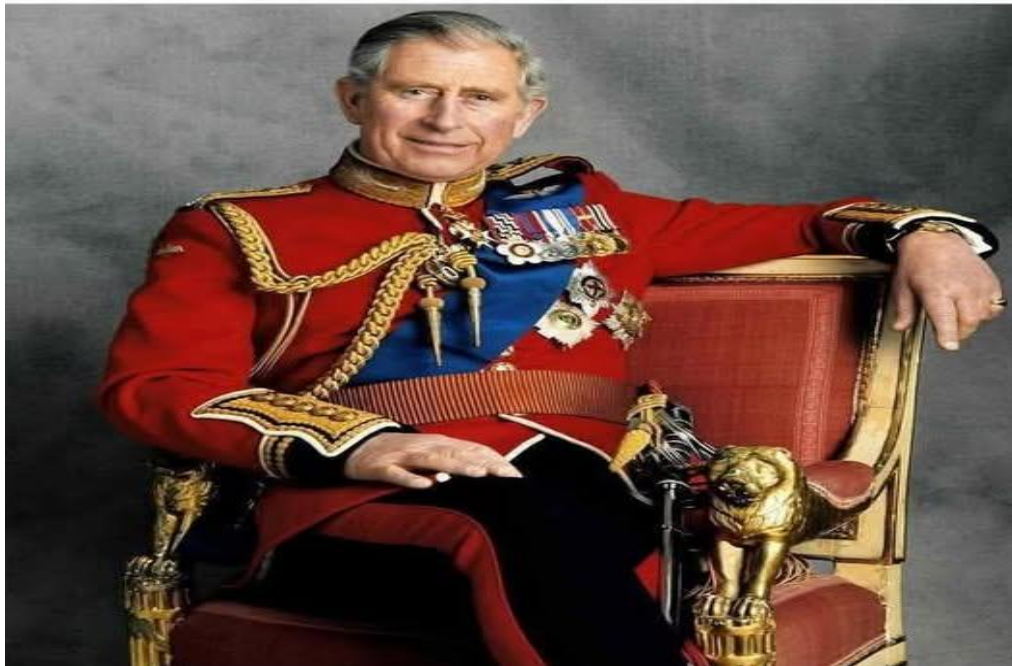
adjusted to take into account the reinstated letter 'u' and the elimination of '-ize.'

4. 4th July will no longer be considered a public holiday.

5. You will stop playing baseball. It is not reasonable to host an event called the World Series for a game which is not played outside of America. Since only 2.1% of you are aware there is a world beyond your borders, your error is understandable. You will learn to play cricket but you may play England first, to take the sting out.

6. Further, you will cease playing American football. There is only one kind of proper football; you call it soccer. Those of you brave enough will, in time, be allowed to play rugby (which has some similarities to American football, but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full Kevlar body armour like a bunch of nancies).

7. I am King Charles III, that means Charles the Third (and not Charles Three); you will learn the correct form English.



(By Not Charles Windsor Montbatten)



The harmonic ambiance of a breakfast diner was smashed by the tantrum like yells of the two-year-old. The terrible two-year-old would not shut up.

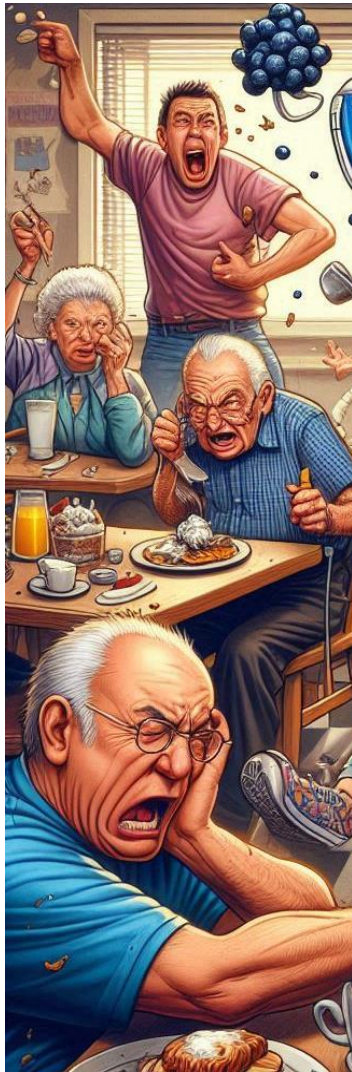
"No, no, no, no, no" ad nauseum. Like a loudspeaker designed to ruin every retiree's breakfast.

You could see the reverb squints at every table, at every booth.

"No, no, no, no, no" won't it ever stop? Please, make it stop emanated from each geriatric brain pan.

There were teeth and dentures on edge, being worn down with every God Damned "NO".

Get that kid a gag. Take his sock off and push it down his spoiled ass throat! Stop him before my ears break.



Which, some of the older patrons did by removing their hearing aids that unfortunately was only able to turn down the volume from agonizing to shrill to semi-numb.

This was torture. Not for the kid, but for the patrons. Torture that rivaled Abu Ghraib, surpassed Gitmo, transcended El Salvador to make it sound like a fairy story vacation with fairies and elves, bubblegum cigars and fake waxed lips.

Lenny Bruce talked about *hot lead enemas*. "I'm a cartographer, I would never betray my country. Why are you melting that lead? Why are you putting the funnel in my ass? You're not going to pour the hot lead into the funnel in my ass, are you?"

I tell you, the "No, no, no, no, no's" were hot lead diabolical torture. I felt like one of the unfortunate prisoners as the aural lashing continued. How many intimate secrets would I yell out to make it stop?

The mother made a forlorn attempt to set the two-year-old into the provided highchair. I say forlorn because she only had two arms and two hands. She probably was on her first child, too. This was all new to her and it showed. The kid had already figured out that *it* was in charge and the young mother catered every childish whim. She wasn't teaching the kid, the kid was teaching her. She couldn't hold the squirming toddler under the

arms and still guide the thrashing legs and feet into the opening that most parents had acquired and commanded through years of practice.

It got chaotic. One shoe flew off in a graceful arc directly into the mother's fruit bowl, then the other landed upon the mother's blueberry pancake. It was coated with whipped cream.

All of this was punctuated by the constant, repetitive percussion of "No, no, no, no, no."

Determined, she tried to force the legs through the highchair's opening. A howl issued forth. "AAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaa." My hand was shaking so violently that a splash of coffee leapt out of my cup and wet my shirt. The howl caused every muscle in my body to flex and my head tilted in a pitiful attempt to get away from the noise.

It was a struggle between the immovable object and the irresistible force. One would win, the other would give up. I just wanted to eat my French Toast and bacon and get out "F" of there.

How many diners turned around and glared at the poor, overmatched, overwrought mother; the slut who had needed to procreate this screaming demon who was successfully destroying what should have been a very pleasant breakfast.

"No, no, no, no, no."

That's it! Just say "no". A thought took but a moment to form. "I'll make a movie of this. I'll record every shout, every gurgled muffle, every kicking and hitting of his mother and make every



potential fornicator, every anxious breeding couple watch it until they will never cohabitate without birth control ... ever again.

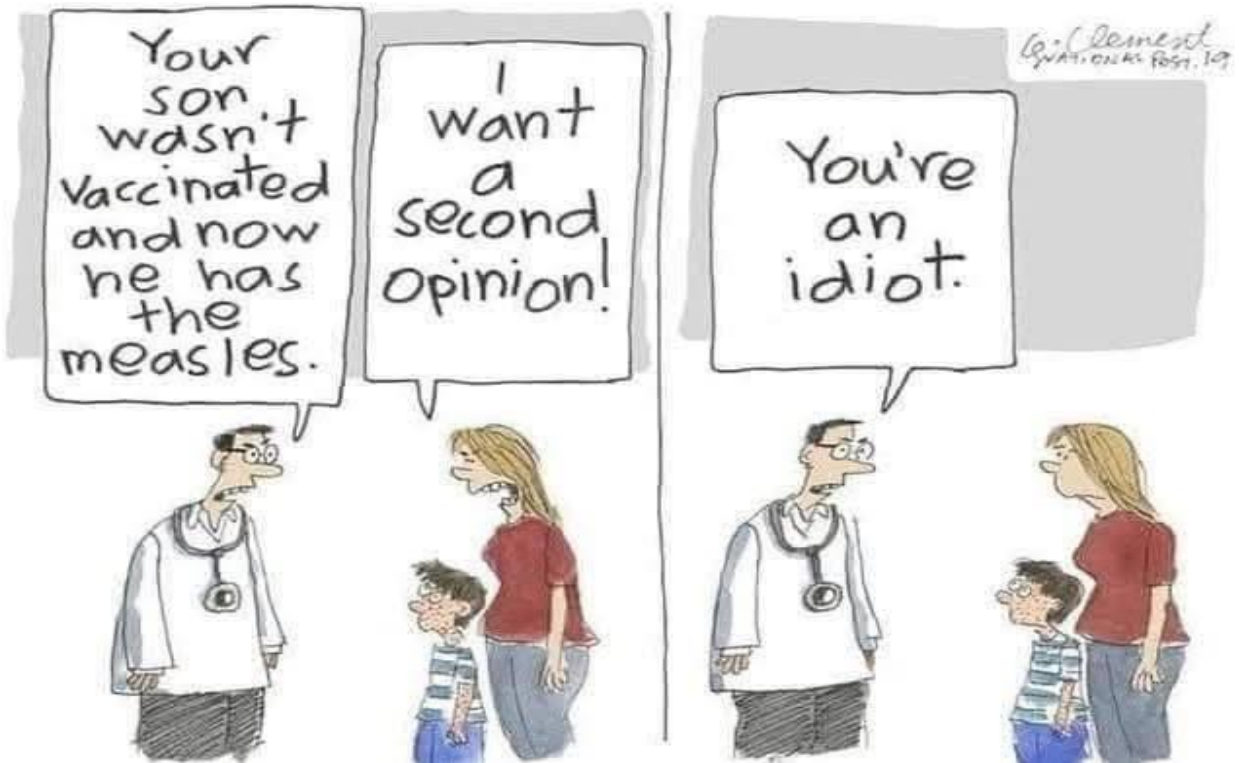
After all that, the old guy sitting at the booth in front of me, was a MAGA man, all grizzled, all pock-marked, all stubborn and refusing to remove his hat inside a restaurant – a repulsive hat, a



hat with a message, a hat that declared with finality that, "Jesus is my Savior" on the top and "Trump is my President" just above the red, white and blue bill – just didn't seem quite so offensive.

When the child screamed again, I cringed, the grizzled old Maga man cringed and we simultaneously realized, we had something in common after all.





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"Mom! There's a man at the door
dressed in a pedophile costume!"

SNAKE BREAKS SILENCE AFTER 4000 YEARS OF BEING ACCUSED

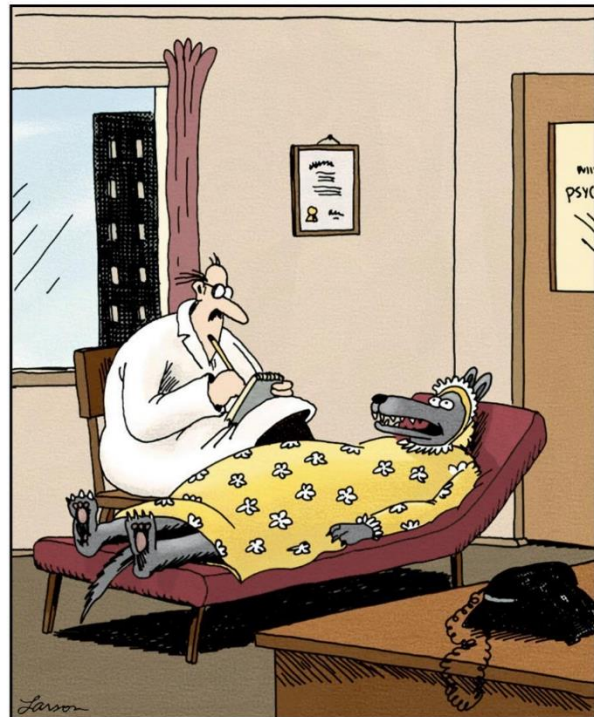


Trump Signs Executive Order Making Official Language Of U.S. Remedial English

SOMETHING YOU WILL NEVER SEE:



ICE ROUNDING UP THE CEOs WHO ILLEGALLY EXPLOITED UNDOCUMENTED WORKERS ...

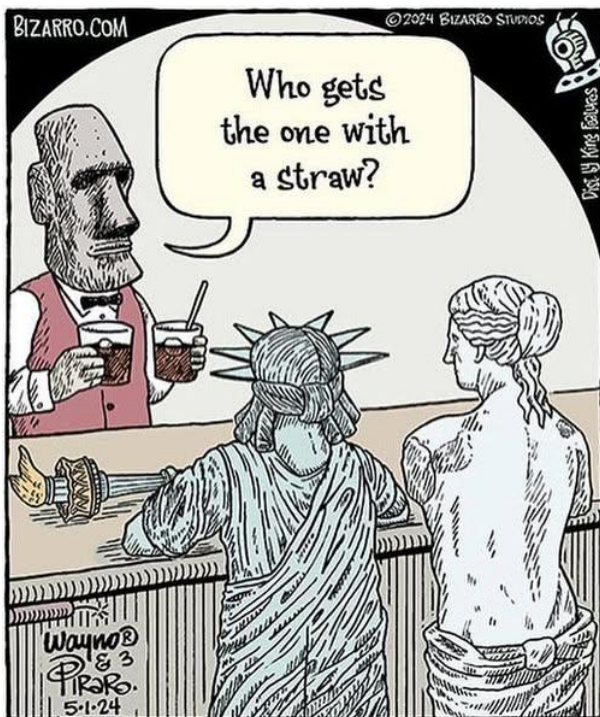


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"You know, it was just supposed to be a way to trick this little girl ... but off and on, I've been dressing up as a grandmother ever since."



On display at Mar-a-Lago: A golden Mount Rushmore monument with Trump's head on it



**Finally,
a 12 year old
that a
Muslim
won't touch!**



Linda McMahon watching students learn about A1.

