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Will the ring accept my hat?

By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—After months of deliberation and fundraisers where checks rained like tickertape, I decided this week to throw my hat at a presidential primary.

My supporters are staying as quiet as corpses so as not to generate laughter and ridicule. Of course, my most ardent supporters are mostly dead to the world anyway, bless their hearts.

Why would I choose to run? Here is my platform.

First, I am the only true American in the race. We Seltzers trace our roots in the New World back to the time before the mammoths.

My Republican opponents are no more than Johnny-come-lately mice trying to bellow like elephants. Any fool can strap on a pair of fake tusks and wave his nose like a flag.

My other opponent -- Mrs. Clinton -- dismisses my candidacy as part of a vast right-wing conspiracy to deny her a rightful place on Mt. Rushmore as the first president who ever consented to having sex with a president before either were in office.

Because the Seltzers predate the Stone Age, we have opposed human immigration to America since our first encounter with the Clovis hunters who kept sticking us with their points and roasting our pet mastodons.

Vote for me, because I'm more American than my opponents.

Second, I am more against more taxes than all the other candidates combined. I would abolish anything that sounds like a tax—the income tax, the estate tax, the gas tax, the sales tax, the stamp tax, the tea tax, the syntax and the thumbtacks that I would embed in all smartphones sold to teenagers and below.

So how would you fund the government? my critics ask. Simple.

I would rely on the kindness of stupid strangers.

It's clear that all manner of foreigners are willing to pay Americans to speak to them—just ask the Clintons. A tax on speaking fees paid to former presidents and first ladies could fund all the government we ever need.

And speaking of less government, I would abolish all federal departments, not just the two out of three that Texas Governor Ooops Perry was able to recall in 2012 when he introduced this proposal.

Third, I believe in a robust foreign policy. We should project America onto the world. Not enough foreign countries look like Baltimore where the rich prosper and the poor fester.

I would, therefore, depose all foreign dictators regardless of race, religion and national origin. Then I would occupy these countries with 13-year-old boys who would wreck their economies, level their cities, foment civil and religious wars...and then hold elections for zombie-in-chief. That'll get her done.

We should annex the choice parts of Canada to keep American tourist dollars at home. Canadians are nice. They might trade Montreal for Love Canal and Toronto for a toxic wasteland to be named later.

You might ask: Would I have invaded Iraq in 2003 knowing what I know now? Of course, I would have. Saddam Hussein was a stone in our shoe.

I could name five dozen other stones in my shoes right now. Were I president, I'd step on every one of these stones every day to show them who's boss.

The way to improve a country is to squash it like a stinkbug, which always leaves you something to remember it by.

Fact: Saddam was hiding his weapons of mass destruction in Barak Obama's basketball shoes. That's why no WMDs were found there.

If you had a bunch of WMDs, would you hide them in your clothes closet where one of your wives doing spring cleaning might give them to Goodwill? Saddam wasn't that stupid.

My White House sources say that Obama has now moved the WMDs to the Cayman Islands, which takes anything hot. He set up the account in the name of "H. R. Clinton when she reaches the age of

maturity as evidenced by a willingness to tell the truth about this and all other accounts.”

Like many of my fellow citizens, I am sure that Barack Obama was not born in the United States.

Sources close to Uranus have told me in strictest confidence that Obama is the love child of Wilt Chamberlain and Marilyn Monroe. The actress claims to have died in 1962. This was a full year after that faked-up Hawaiian birth certificate suggests Obama was born.

I have Obama’s real birth certificate. It states plain as day that he was born in the Soviet Union at KGB headquarters in Moscow. His mother was Masha Monrovovitch.

I also have a photograph of Obama wading across the Rio Grande when he was six-months-old, disguised as a deep-fried chimichanga.

Obama has never directly denied these facts, which, to me, confirms their truthfulness. If the story wasn’t true, he’d deny it, right?

Fourth, I would solve poverty once and for all. How? Simple.

The problem with the poor is that they do not spend their dollars wisely. The solution—give them play money before letting them have jobs that pay real dollars.

After three years of play practice and successful completion of a five-day SOL exam in financial management, each poor person would receive a certificate of attendance and the opportunity to spend any future dollars as productively as Congress.

Fifth, I would require all novels, movies and television shows to have White-House-approved endings. I would ban all movies with plot twists and subtitles—much too taxing.

Sixth, I would reallocate our gang resources. I do not understand why we insist on keeping American gangs in America.

It would be more useful to send our Pagans, Hell’s Angels, Bloods, Crips, MS-13s and Goldman Sachs to Iraq where they could fight a local gang named ISIL. The winner gets the desert; the loser gets more desert.

Seventh, everyone agrees that Obamacare is the worst health-care system ever devised by the mind of man. So let’s enroll all jihadists. We could force them to have annual checkups and then offer them free birth control.

Eighth, we need to stop wasting money on infrastructure. Why should we spend money on roads, bridges, airports and rail lines when they begin falling apart as soon as we finish repairing them? Why sink money into 20th Century technologies?

Instead of spending taxpayer dollars to shore up these sandcastles, I propose that all future infrastructure maintenance be based on a cost-free alternative—user prayers.

Ninth, privatize the beast. It's time to quit mollycoddling ourselves by spending tax dollars on We the People.

It's time to auction all government departments, agencies, equipment, parks, gold reserves, debts, buildings, monuments, natural resources, secret files and paper trails to the low bidder.

Who cares if the Chinese buy the White House and turn it into a take-out noodle shop? Not me. Fried noodles stir up private-sector employment; the current residents just noodle around on your money and mine.

Cash from the sale of these dubious assets should be used to pay reparations to every American with a net worth of more than \$500 million. This would provide a partial apology for the nasty things the liberal media have said about them in recent years. Reparations delayed is justice denied.

Tenth, I would unleash our creativity by ending all federal regulation. The U.S. Constitution does not use that word. So it must have been cooked up subsequently by activist judges who should keep to the laws as they were in 1789 or be impaled on the Washington Monument.

The first federal regulation of American business reared its ugly head in the 1877 Interstate Commerce Act, which limited the monopolistic practices of our biggest and finest railroads and the alleged criminals who ran them.

Today, every industrialized country has better railroads than we do. These lines are owned, controlled or subsidized by government. This has nothing to do with their track records.

Why do third-rate countries like Japan, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Britain, Belgium, China, South Korea, Taiwan, Netherlands,

Turkey, Russia and even Uzbekistan have high-speed rail...and we don't?

Simple. It's because federal regulations made our railroads choose CEOs who hate speed and reliability.

We should send these CEOs to Iraq to lead its government-owned railroad and operate its 1,200 miles of track. They can joint-venture with ISIL, because both sides believe that high-speed rail is the work of the Great Satan and not authorized by the Koran.

Of course, a few teensy-weensy regulations may be needed in remote corners of our economy. So who better to run the Federal Reserve than the Bank of America? Who better to write our regulations than those who prompted their writing in the first place?

Assigning regulatory authority to the folks who need it most follows an age-old truism: Every society whose laws were written and enforced by criminals created peace for its citizens, except for those who disobeyed these laws.

Finally, I would add moral fiber to the American diet. No more alcohol, tobacco, dancing, music, television, ice cream and hanky-panky.

Men should grow their beards and beat their razors into swords. Women should stay in the home and hide their faces to avoid beard burn. (On the other hand, it's OK to grow dope and sell it to the Infidels.)

I propose that we all wear the same uniform to show that we belong to a country united. We should attend rallies where I will speak, and you will clap.

We are One Nation, One State, One Leader. Repeat after me.

It's not that hard to go down this road, marching.

Clearly, I am the most transparent presidential candidate in either party.

I may quack, but I don't duck.