

Rumors are stranger than fiction

Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—Only a few friends know that I operate a clearinghouse for phone-in callers to screen what is now called, Internet ficto-info.

I listen with an open mind to all theories. No caller hangs up without a good pat on the head. This week I recorded the following:

Caller: Did you know that Michelle Obama is a Soviet mole?

Me: I hadn't heard.

Caller: Her real name is Masha Robinsky. I've seen her birth certificate. It's signed by Lenin himself. It's on www.stashamasha.com. She's not black, either.

Me: Okay, I'll bite.

Caller: She underwent a color-change operation.

Me: Didn't know they had such a thing.

Caller: Very hush-hush. The KGB turned white Russian babies into everything they needed—Africans, Cubans, illegal aliens, ICBMs. Then they programmed them. They taught little Masha how to dribble and dance. At six months, they placed her with those Robinsons in Chicago who'd been Party plants for years.

Me: How do you know that?

Caller: Her father worked for the City, didn't he? A public employee. Just put two and two together. And do you want proof beyond reasonable doubt?

Me: Sure.

Caller: Masha named one of her daughters, Natasha, who goes by, Sasha. You can't get more Commie than that.

Me: Well, she could have named her, Boris.

Caller: How did you know? My closest friends call me, Rocky, the Flying Squirrel.

Caller: I've seen a posting that said Obama attends a secret mosque in the dome of the U.S. Capitol at least twice a day.

Me: I hadn't heard that one.

Caller: It's Jihad-America's headquarters. That's where he coordinated the 9/11 attacks on us.

Me: Haven't heard that one either. What about Osama bin Laden?

Caller: A patsy, just like Lee Harvey Oswald. Osama took the fall.

Me: So who was behind the Kennedy assassination?

Caller: What assassination? Kennedy died of old age on an undisclosed island in the South Pacific in 2002. Lived like a king. Had his money invested with Bernie Madoff. Obama forced Kennedy to fake his own death on Mob orders.

Me: But Obama was just two years old in November, 1963.

Caller: Only if you believe his birth certificate.

Caller: Did you know that Obama is a Muslim?

Me: I've heard that. Do you have proof?

Caller: His name is "HUSSEIN." How many Protestants are named "HUSSEIN?"

Me: At least one comes to mind.

Caller: My foot!

Me: Here's the way I understand it. His parents named him after his father, who wasn't religious and didn't practice Islam. His maternal grandparents were non-practicing Protestants, a Baptist and a Methodist. His mother was basically an agnostic and secular humanist, with a tendency toward atheism. Obama was non-religious growing up and didn't formally embrace Christianity until adulthood. And I think he probably leans toward his mother when it comes to religion.

Caller: He eats falafel, which only grows in the Middle East as we all know. You are what you eat.

Caller: Obama is Satan. It's all over the Internet.

Me: You can find anything on the Internet.

Caller: Well, he is the leader of the Devilcrat Party. And he has big ears.

Me: What about a tail?

Caller: I've looked. He must have had a tail-change operation when he was a kid.

Me: A bob job?

Caller: That's why his mother took him to Indonesia. She found a back-alley guy in Jakarta to cut it off, because it was growing longer.

Me: Proof?

Caller: You can't see a tail on him now, can you?

Caller: I have proof that Mormons are Martians.
Me: What's the proof?
Caller: Both start with capital "M," have two syllables and end in "s."
Me: Anything else?
Caller: You bet. The angel Moroni who they put on top of their temples always points up. That's where Mars is—up.

Caller: I knew Mitt Romney in the 60s. He drank non-alcoholic margaritas that he laced with LSD. I'm blogging this as we speak.
Me: I'm always skeptical of these accounts. Did he salt his rims?
Caller: Mormons are prohibited from salting the rims of their non-alcoholic margaritas when they are spiked with LSD.
Me: Did you actually see him take LSD?
Caller: You bet. I was incarcerated at that specific time, but I'm telescopic.

Me: Don't you mean telepathic?
Caller: No. I mean that I can see things far away close up in my mind.

Caller: The Democratic National Committee site says that Obama has a plan for increasing private-sector employment.

Me: Really. What is it?
Caller: They don't say. It's a secret, like Nixon's plan to end the Vietnam War.
Me: Nixon had no secret plan. Does Romney have a plan to increase jobs?

Caller: Sure. Blame Obama.
Me: Might work.
Caller: Well, Obama's plan in 2008 was to blame Bush...and that worked.
Me: It's amazing how many jobs are filled by blame.

Caller: Mitt Romney sleeps in a silk nightshirt that covers his toes.
Me: That's better than sleeping in a suit...with his shoes on.
Caller: He's assigned three full-time operatives to stop the truth from getting out.

Me: How do you know all this?
Caller: I embroider his monograms...online.

Caller: I read a post that Obama likes Bo, his Portugese Water Dog.

Me: So?

Caller: It has white feet and a black face.

Me: So?

Caller: Well, why didn't he get a one-color dog? And if he couldn't manage that, why not an American dog like a Shepherd or a Lab? I also read that his favorite food is Italian.

Me: So?

Caller: So why can't his favorite food be American, like pizza?

Caller: Why does Mitt Romney refuse to wear flip-flops? This is the Internet question of the day.

Me: Why?

Caller: Because they would reveal a tattoo on his right calf that says, "I love Big Stella." To hide this from his wife, he has worn black, knee-length dress socks to bed for their entire married life.

Me: He's a flip-flop kind of guy, in a closet kind of way. Who was Big Stella?

Caller: I'd ask his Cranbrook classmates.

Me: How do you know about the sleeping socks?

Caller: Because he hired me to wash them by hand.

Caller: The Internet says that Obama is divorcing Michelle and intends to marry Ben Bernanke. This will happen after the November election, win or lose.

Me: So? It's a free country.

Caller: I just thought he'd fall for someone cuter, like Eric Cantor.

Caller: I saw a website that proves that Obama was born in Kenya to a Peace Corps volunteer, Shirley something, and a guy who played football for Alabama. They ponied up a fake name, O. Bama. They sent him to Hawaii where he tricked the local newspapers into publishing his birth announcement. What do you think?

Me: Anything's possible.

Caller: So how did he end up with Ann Dunham who claimed to be his birth mother?

Me: There's only one way. Shirley was the sister that Ann Dunham never knew she had because she didn't have any.

Caller: Oh, I get it. Man, is Obama slick or what!

Caller: I read a blog today that said that Mitt Romney once hummed along to Bob Dylan's, "Blowin' in the Wind."

Me: How many times can a man hum a song before he knows what it means?

Caller: Do you think two hums make him a hippie?

Me: The rule is five hums or one spirited whistle.

Caller: Tell if I'm wrong. I got an email link that shows that Obama is really white, not black. He paints his face every morning.

Me: His mother was white; his father, black.

Caller: No. Both parents were white. He was born in Ukraine. His father was a Cossack who smuggled Pampers in from Poland; his mother sold "Grandma Babushka's All-Beet Borscht" to the Red Army. They were sent to Siberia for five years after their shipments were mistakenly sent to the other person's customers.

Me: Do you have any proof of this story?

Caller: I talked to his parents.

Me: What did they say?

Caller: "Nyet." In unison!

Me: Well.

Caller: See! Denial proves it's true.

Human imagination produces the best and worst of us. We're lucky that Internet ficto-info always gives us at least one side.

Curtis Seltzer is a land consultant, columnist and author of **How To Be a DIRT-SMART Buyer of Country Property**, available at www.curtis-seltzer.com where his columns are posted. His latest books -- **Snowy Mountain Breakdown**, **Land Matters** and **Blue Grass Notes** -- are available through his website.

Use and Payment:

This original column may be reprinted or posted on websites under the following payment schedule and terms. It may not be resold. Payment per column:

News services and magazines.....\$50
Print weeklies and nonprofits....\$10
Print dailies, brokers, developers, online buy/sell sites,

blogs, newsletters... ..\$15

Author credit above should be included at the end of each column. Editing for length is permitted. Copyright remains with Curtis Seltzer and applies to the column's use.

Send checks to Curtis Seltzer, 1467 Wimer Mountain Road, Blue Grass, VA 24413.

All archived columns may be purchased for \$10 each, 60 days after the release date. They are posted at www.curtis-seltzer.com, click on Country Real Estate. Contact me for orders, and I will provide them by email.