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King Santo discusses his biggest issue

By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—Last night, I visited Richtorum for the first time. I'm the only American reporter to penetrate this tiny kingdom, which is hard to find because it's so far off the beaten path.

I had persuaded Richtorum's King Santo to grant me a scoop interview. He agreed because he knows that I am directly related to the Apostle Anonymous who, according to early church records, spent his time writing critiques of secular authority that he kept in a cave full of deadly mold. Anonymous didn't like to blow his own horn.

After many years, the Apostle gathered his scribbles into a single, meaty volume, *Corpus Rantus*. The book was seized immediately by the Emperor Snoopus, The Infected, only son of Crackus Potus, and thrown to the lions in 60 A.D. Snoopus didn't like being called a nut job in print.

The lions died in the arena in short order, so Anonymous had to split with the Emperor's thugs hot on his heels. He ended up in Blue Grass where he was never heard from again, hence his name.

Snoopus acquired his appellation, The Infected, after he arrested all practicing condoms in his Empire and hung them by their necks until they were dead, even the ones who had confessed. A handful escaped into the hills where their descendants can be found today.

King Santo traces his royal blood back to Snoopus. His family and mine have history.

Today, Richtorum is a pleasant little spot where all roses are red (Reagan red, not Communist red), and no prose is blue. Women never fret, and men are required to dress up in vests that are not down.

Every Saturday morning, Richtorum's citizens gather to burn their Social Security cards at the foot of a large monument to Snoopus, who is depicted pricking Trojans with a sewing needle in defense of his people.

On assignment from Reader's Digested, I wanted to show American voters the real King Santo. Controversy has arisen stateside over the King's campaign for the U.S. presidency. He promises to merge the United States into Richtorum, making one Nation, indistinguishable, with liberty and no college for all. Liberal birthers are demanding more than a valid certificate.

Me: “Do you think the most important issue in this race is improving the economy?”

Santo: “No.”

Me: “Reducing the deficit? Balancing the budget? Cutting spending?”

Santo: “No.”

Me: “What then?”

Santo: “Protected sex.”

Me: “Really.”

Santo: “Guns don’t kill people, condoms do. I favor strict condom control. I want to rid America’s streets of all condoms—from automatics, to six-shooters and even muzzleloaders. The Second Amendment does not protect the right of the people to keep and bear condoms, even in a well-regulated militia.”

Me: “Snoopus would be proud.”

Santo: “He always has my ear. But the biggest fear we have to fear in America isn’t protected sex. It’s sex itself.”

Me: “Who knew?”

Santo: “European socialists and your domestic college grads have taught America that sex should be fun. This has caused the decline of western civilization as I know it. Sex has only one purpose: addition. Math is work, not fun.”

Me: “I’ve been misled.”

Santo: “And what’s more, puberty is a socialist plot to corrupt America’s values. Not many Americans know that puberty started in France. You know how the French are. They shipped it here in perfume. Generations of Americans have come down with it. And, I ask you, how will Obamacare eliminate puberty? Trust me--it won’t. Michelle wants to get rid of fat teenagers; I want to get rid of all of them.”

Me: “I see. If elected, would you impose your religious values on people who don’t share your beliefs?”

Santo: “Of course, not. Who’s saying that about me? Snobs? Hippies? People who know me?”

Me: “Would you outlaw birth control of all types?”

Santo: “That’s what I’ve done in Richtorum, but only after my subjects indicated by their silence that they didn’t want to discuss the subject with me. I respect their right to privacy, which, by the way, is not found in the Constitution or anywhere else. I’m for freedom; I’m just against letting people use it.”

Me: “Do your citizens know about sex?”

Santo: “All of my subjects have voluntarily joined Unplanned Parenthood and go door-to-door confiscating sex-education materials.

You tell me: What law requires that American citizens know where every cervix is? This endangered stuff is really overblown. One or two in a zoo somewhere is plenty. Maybe a small herd running wild out West.”

Me: “Aren’t you confusing...”

Santo: “Now this is off the record. I have friends in Wyoming who say their ranches are overrun with these things. They want me to lift the hunting ban as my first Presidential act. What’s the harm in one week for bow hunters and another for rifles? I’m told cervix only come out at night and are smart as whips.”

Me: “I don’t have a follow-up question on that issue. But let me ask this: Do you think the American people want the federal government to stick its big, fat nose into their bedrooms.”

Santo: “Obviously, not. But it’s not the government’s nose; it’s mine. I pledge this: No bedroom will be left behind during my first term. A framed photo of King Santo will hang over every pillow. My administration will also pay cash for condoms, not clunkers.”

Me: “Do you think that will stop sex?”

Santo: “Admittedly, it’s only one piece of my economic stimulus program. But let me admit that you finally got me with one of your Ivy-League questions. How would I, King Santo, increase the sexual deficit?

Here’s how. If you want to stop a dangerous and destructive behavior, you have to tax it. Make it expensive. For that reason, I favor a sex tax, even though I oppose all taxes.”

Me: “I’ve never heard of a sex tax.”

Santo: “Very simple. It’s a thousand bucks a pop. A flat tax like that is fair and efficient. Nip sex in the bud, tax it into a dark corner, and we’re home free.”

Me: “But won’t this tax fall hardest on the poorest Americans?”

Santo: “Of course. Duh!”

Me: “How would you collect your sex tax?”

Santo: “You’ve heard of ankle monitors? Well, Richtorum’s scientists have adapted them. Here, take one with you.”

Me: “One final question. Are you really descended from Snoopus and Crackus Potus?”

Santo: “That truth should be self-evident.”

When I submitted this story, my editor threw it to the shredders since lions have been banned from the newsroom. “No one,” he said, “wants to read fantasy in this election year.”

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, Land Matters , Blue Grass Notes, and Snowy Mountain Breakdown are available through his website.