

THE POWER OF FIAT

Good morning, Mr. President.
Huh? Oh, hello Mac. Sorry if I'm a little outta breath. Been jogging, you know.

Yes. I drove by McDonald's and saw the Secret Service guys.

Hmmm. They seem to be getting a little chubbo, don't ya think?

Yes sir. Perhaps they should run also.

Of course. Then they'll earn their sausage egg muffin and three hashbrowns like I do. Mac, are the windmills up yet?

Mr. President, I've been on a secret mission to Bangladesh to stop piracy of the musical works of George Harrison. Top secret. I have no idea what you're talking about.

Wasn't it in the papers? On CNN? Jenny McCarthy?

What! Speaking respectfully, of course.

The windmills case! All the clean energy in the world! Don't tell me you've blown it!

A very bad pun, sir. What windmills case?

Yesterday, in round four of the Osa Johnson Howlin' Monkey Debate Tournament in Chanute, Kansas there was this kid -- let's see, I have everything he said -- ah yes, Ted Owens. Last plan plank -- 'all speeches serve as legislative and executive intent'. And then -- 'affirmative reserves the right to (gulp!) fiat'. Right next to 'Slow down, you idiot.' Hmmm well, must have been a note to his colleague. But, you see, it happened.

What? Negative dropped case?

Yes, and turned a disad on goat milk as a renewable energy.

Good heavens! The judge voted affirmative.

Unfortunately, yes. Sweet old lady who had never judged before. Look at the ballot! Mac, that's a strange look you have. What are you thinking?

Sir, I think we must implement wind energy. Right away!

I agree. How could we have never seen it before. I have every intent of building those windmills. Tell you what. Close all the military bases by noon today. Use the soldiers out of work to build the windmills. I want 50 per cent of all energy produced in this country to be wind powered by Thursday.

Immediately sir. How will we pay for it?

What kind of intent is that? Do you want wind power or not?

Desperately, Mr. President. I would gladly sacrifice the bodies of twelve thousand Americans to get those windmills turning.

That's the spirit! Imagine the gall of the negative, saying a pittance of people will die. With wind energy, we will avoid nuclear war!

Remind me. How?

You fool -- the links are solid. You know that wind energy would decrease imported oil. This means that the dictators of the Middle East and OPEC nations would have less money to spend on plastic vomit, and as a result Taiwan attacks China, which causes the Russians to try to sneak their way into Manchuria, which is the sign of the apocalypse for the weirdo who runs North Korea, and he personally insults Garth Brooks during a free concert in Moline Illinois, causing all true 'mericans to demand war with Korea, with the resulting sale of revolvers and bullets leading to a stray shot flying through one of the White House windows, striking Hilary and gasping as she falls pronouncing the codes activating irrevocable nuclear attack!

Sir, you won't believe it, but Gnewt Ninrich is at the door.

Good. I've been itching to destroy the Bipartisanship feeling in Congress (from August 1995) and help the campaign prospects of my beloved vice president to become the first man to be elected President while hugging a tree. Bring him in!

Hello, Adulterer.

Mac, there's something up. Why would he not insult me?

What have you done about the windmills, Liar?

What? You are in favor of windmills?

Of course! Legislative intent! Everyone loves wind power. Well, everyone but Jesse Helms. He thinks it's soft on drugs.

Ha! we'll show him! We'll put the real bird killer windmills in his state. Won't be a live eagle for five hundred miles.

Con man, I want this power by yester-

day. Else your approval rating will drop, your vice president will not be elected, and I will become the most powerful political figure in the world.

Good heavens! The Clinton Good D/A. Leave! Our Bipartisan Consensus is over.

Hmm. Who's at the door?

Mr. President, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

But this is Marcia Clark.

Yes, Mr. President. You remember the Patriarchy disad? That only a feminine perspective can save the world?

You mean --

Yes. Oprah and I are in charge. Would you have Jenny McCarthy's number?

Yes. It's Volume three, number two. The one with the bunny on her -

Mr. President, I think she means --

Oh -- um.

Well, that certainly triggers the disad, doesn't it? All the ice caps are melting as we speak. Good day, pig!

And I thought she was mad.

Mr. President! The people are rioting!

What!

All those ex soldiers on the military bases! They refuse to work!

Don't stand there! Fiat them!

But fiat is only reserved to the agent of action of the resolution. The federal government is the extent to which fiat applies.

But -- what good does it do to fiat the government if the people don't want it?

No problem. We do what the people don't want all the time. Who says fiat doesn't exist?

Right! Look, do you think there's any chance that hemp case will pass? Of course, I'll never inhale.

(Bill Davis coaches at Blue Valley, (KS) and writes this regular Rostrum column.)