Here we are again, another Theater of War -- is Iran in the same metroplex for these horror show festivals? -- and we're stuck, watching the Previews of Coming Destruction. They won't quit playing, no matter what we do or say.

Our leaders are all on screen in this long shot, all in a row, gesturing, all *cowboying up*, ready to slap leather and draw down, Western style, with these villains in the Mid-East once again. Iran's got the short straw, they'll catch some hot lead -- lest they give up their science and surrender, or else, get shot dead.

Time to break out these old signs for "*Hunt for WMD" -- just change, on the end of that thing, will ya, that "Q" to an "N."*

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You'd be forgiven if you thought you saw this movie before. Everything gets recycled, faster all the time, be it Hollywood or any of the other fantasy sites all across this big land.

With a couple changes, it's the same one saw, thinking, last time, it was too long, too expensive, gave you the cramps and the migraines, gave the pit-of-your-stomach-hell-doubts that doubled you over, showed you things you never dreamed, made you want to pull your eyes out.

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Odd strokes of Fate and Karma are everywhere these days. Who knew you could take a break, a time out, to make a new war -- when you're already in the middle of, what? Two? Three?

Seven? Eleventy-'leven?

What'll it be today? Pen strokes on paper, the diplomatic sort? How about some rousing club strokes, of the run-amok kind? We carry all types -- Master Strokes and Odd Strokes, best you will ever find!

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Any decent dictionary worth its words will give you a dozen definitions for "stroke." This one is for a medical condition: "A stroke is the sudden death of brain cells in a localized area due to inadequate blood flow." It is also sometimes called -- presumably after the starved heart condition -- a "brain attack."

There are surprisingly few accounts on record of humans succumbing to stroke after a long, frenzied session of thinking. Our leaders, then, are safe, all around.

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"Terminal Stupidity," it turns out from the previews, was actually not about being at the wrong gate, or not knowing your way around a certain airport -- but, oddly enough, it was about catching the wrong flight of fancy.

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Anyway, in this here western, Western civilization, that is, no straw's been invented that'll let you suck Iranian oil from American shores, so we'll have to go get it -- just like before. Cowboy up.

* * * * *

Odd strokes of Fate or Fortune or Favor: your pick. Probably, it's all plain coincidence a bipartisan policy group says we should give the Israelis 200 bunker-busting bombs, so that credible claims and more meaningful threats can be shook around, for chest-beating over there.

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Every human culture is periodically plagued with a prickly population of lunatics at the wheel of the bus, driving all the rest of us. You can go ahead and complain about the fear-mongers lurching us all around, but:

Sign's clearly posted, Mac: Stay behind white line - Do not talk to driver.

* * * * *

In November, 2011, delivery was made on the first batch of 30-thousand-pound bombs, each of them nearly 5 tons heavier than anything else in the arsenal here. They are 20 feet long.

They come in at about $314 million a pop. *Some pop.*

If you are fascinated with bomb lore, the Los Angeles Times went on, "The weapon's explosive power is ten times greater than its bunker-buster predecessor, the BLU-109. And it is nearly 5 tons heavier than the 22,600-pound GBU-43 MOAB surface bomb sometimes called the 'mother of all bombs.'"

This may be where your lips start to form words, yet to breathe sound: *Wait a sec here -- wasn't there a U.S.-installed dictator who once said something about "the mother or all wars," about the "mother of all battles," where, out that way, we used these "mothers of all bombs" all the dang time?*

Maybe, could have been -- maybe that's when you first came in to the show, wrestling with your popcorn and drink, not yet on the brink in this film.

You might want to ask, right out loud, "So, what's up with all this mother-of this-and-that stuff, what's up with all this motherly killing and stuff?"

Some large people will see you out in the lobby, and, right now, if you please.

They may confirm for you, "Affirmative: You can always ask."

If they do, we all dare you, go ahead -- go on: *Ask.*

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Last installment tomorrow, providin' the nuclear creek don't rise.