

The Air is Alive with Santorum

Written by Alex Baer

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Ever get something caught in your throat, you don't know it got there, it won't loosen its grip, and there's a split-second of eternity, in which there is instinctive fear, a panic-button reaction?

Yeah, well, it happened here, just last night. The offender in question, generally so, was ***American Exclusivism***

, we'll go ahead and call it -- the capacity, unlike other sovereign nations, to be fully and totally, flaming-bat-guano, flat-out insane:

psycho-religio-socially so.

We've moved on from the banal fiction of artificial elevation of American Exceptionalism, created by simpleton decree, and continually-called such by dangerously deluded political gangster types. Welcome, now, to the writ-large, Dali-esque diorama of Exclusivity. Welcome into the fractured realm of religious terrorism of the first order and degree.

All that hacking and coughing last night was triggered, specifically, by one *Rickus Santorumi*, a dull-edged heir-apparent of the religio-insane Crap Pack, jammed and lodged sideways in our throats. It is not enough, you see, in American Exclusivism, to believe whatever cockamamie thing you want -- one must next attempt to enforce one's beliefs on all the rest of the people in the land, like it or not -- some would say more than a little like *trying to play God.*

Once upon a time, this was a key element of fascism. *Yes, and, we just checked: ☐ Unfunny enough, it still is.* For one so consumed in the fires of religion, this flamed-out, somehow- overheated hothead, says he doesn't believe in the separation of church and state.

Well, Ricky, the feeling is mutual: the Constitution, the Founders, and the majority of the people in this country absolutely can't believe in you -- we all can't believe you exist, can't believe you somehow made it this far, breathing our air. *Isn't it too bright and airy out here for you -- don't you miss being under your nice, familiar, damp rock?*

To show us his utter lack of belief, he went on the air again -- always mucking up our air -- on

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the ABC News program, "This Week." Ricky commented on a famous JFK speech made to Baptist ministers in 1960, saying it made him want to throw up -- *his words there*.

Well, Ricky, you little puke, you're making all our stomachs really uneasy and pretty damn queasy. ☐ You make regular, sane people really very ill -- know what we mean? ☐ Is that clear enough for you?

Trying to be polite, and not as offensive as the pseudo-upstanding Ricky's personality disorder, psycho-drama belief set, and his constantly offensive speech to everyone still equipped with brains in this country, Santorum should be desperately seeking Schedule 1 medications to help control his psychosis and, in the bargain, put *him* out of *our* misery, *stat*.

This nincompoop's nauseous after a JFK speech? We wouldn't trust this addlebrained punk to correctly dispose of a topped-off airline sickness bag without screwing it up, let alone successfully disposing of the complex challenges facing 312 million people and a country armed to the teeth, seemingly hooked on living via hair-trigger adrenalin, 24-seven.

Little Dicky wants to be president? Of what? The local clubhouse of *Mandatory Dead-Fetus-Handlers for Santorum Kids Under Age Seven*
? The state chapter of
People Longing to Be the First-Ever, President-Pope-Ruler-of-the-Universe
? An area gathering of
Malignant Pustules Who Refuse to Ever Put Their Holy Book's Words and Spirit into Actions and Works
?

For even more foot-in-mouth time, ol' Rick told UPI that he stands by his earlier comment where he called President Obama a "snob" for saying everyone in the United States should obtain a higher education. That's a fine word choice and hot one, even for an *exceptional* moron like Santorum, where wanting the best for kids and country is demeaned as being a snob.

Ricky must think that all Americans are ready to compete with the world, right after high school, *right outta the chute!*

Ricky, this is not still the year of your immaculate birth, 1958, you know. You may have grown

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up shielded from life, didn't get around very much, might need some help with a few concepts, and some intensive tutoring on your word selection, too.

See, if you're going to snatch "snob" out of the air to sum up a President's best hopes for children in this country, and for the country itself, if that's the very best you can do, and even stand by and vigorously defend it later on, too -- we need to chat, Ricky.

We have some very special and *exceptional* words for you -- *exclusively* for you.