



# The Rebel Speaks

## GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGUENOT

My! My! The Democrapraps have sent another of their minions to disrupt Trump! The Democrap party has nothing but commies and a murderess who laughs at justice and says to us, the American people that she "will never be prosecuted!" And aiding and abetting them are the GOP morons who don't want to see their ill-gotten share of our American pie get confiscated by a real leader! All while he, who calls himself our leader, is vacationing with our enemies! Isn't that just a big slap in our faces?

You know Bernie thinks he can win the Democrap nomination. I've got news for Bernie... the votes have already been bought and paid for by Hillary-Dillary-doc and there is shiite he can do about it.

I admit, Bernie is scary, but he can't hold a candle to Hillary. Satan's concubine herself! That woman is so evil and vile, even Lucretia Borgia couldn't stand her down. I can't wait to see who will go head to head in the election. I hope to god that it isn't Cruz. He is another of the same... a week, back-peddling Lie-yer (aka, lawyer) and so-called compromiser!

I say crap on that! Trump! Or civil war! Those are our only real choices. If Hillary wins , I, the Reb, will pick the fight myself. I'll not live in a country controlled by murderers and usurpers. I will, however, endeavor to see each and every one of them tried and hanged for treason and the sabotage of our country's laws and its constitution... and nothing less!!!

Time for this old Reb to ride. Thought I and my crew would have a last drink or two before leaving Dodge. We walked into what barely passed for a saloon. Looking around the room, there, leaning against the bar next to three scruffy looking humans, was that stupid buffalo gun again. So, I walked over to them and said, "Where did you get that gun?!"

The one closest said they had taken it off some Indians they had killed a couple of days southeast. It seems that these dirty slugs were scalp hunters. Then he made his biggest of mistakes... he

said, "What's it to you?" as he put his hand on his pistol.

"That belonged to a friend of mine!"

He started to draw his pistol. I jammed my bowie knife into his chest. He screamed and pulled the trigger, shooting me through the right calf and into the floor as I pulled my pistol with my other hand, then laying it across the man's shoulder, I shot his partner squarely in the face, who in turn fired his pistol into the other man's kidney. The corporal drilled the third man waist high.

We backed out of the saloon, with that rifle in hand, leaving three dead slugs. A few miles out, I buried the Chief's scalp along with the gun.

A couple of mornings later, waking up, I rolled over and banged my head on something hard. I looked up and, low and behold, there was that stinkin' gun again, with two eagle feathers attached to it. Next to it, on the ground, was a deer hide depicting the fight! And on the corporals' hat lay another eagle feather.

There, on the hill, stood a group of Osage. One sat high on his horse, his hand held high. They turned and disappeared , not to be seen again. It would seem it was the Chief's brother saying, "thanks!"

Dodge was a great place to... ?

The Chief's brother, called Man that Laughs, would, for some reason, break out laughing. I could hear it just for a moment in the wind, then it was gone.

See you on the bridge!

P.S. Just so everyone knows, the first U.N. cap this Reb sees in his country will be the first he shoots! Got a problem with it?

P.S.P.S. Shoot straight, boys, there is going to be a war! Don't believe me? Ask Castro!

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