



The Rebel Speaks

GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGUENOT

“Well,” they are telling us that the trafficking of heroin has doubled. Let me see... open borders with no enforcement by our usurper—what do you expect? With all the freebees flooding over our borders, that and more is to be expected, don’t you think? We are aliens in our own country. I have decided to learn a language that our invading neighbors from the south can’t understand. Something like Icelandic! So as to have them standing in bewilderment as to what I’m saying, like they do us.

The truth be known, everything qualified as illegal trafficking, drugs or whatever, has doubled because of Obama and his treasonous entourage. Even monsieur Obama-pie is in on it. Didn’t he give twenty five hundred automatic weapons to the drug lords south of the border? Then those weapons were used to kill Americans! Who’s side is he on anyway? “A!” It’s not ours!

These so-called leaders have been stealing from, lying to and cheating and murdering the American people long enough. I’m pressing the issue that law enforcement do the jobs they swore a blood oath to do. The people in D.C. are criminals of the highest order. So... arrest them, charge them and let’s get to the trials so we can fix this.

Both my sons served time in the Army, on the pretext that they were protecting the American way. Question! I’m putting myself on the line every time I write an article. Why aren’t you? In case you haven’t noticed, we are at war, a war for our country’s very survival. So, to those who crybaby and do nothing, I say, “Get out of the way, you’re in my line of fire!”

Time for the Reb to ride! We got hit hard on our right yesterday. We were re-enforced last night and are going to hit back this morning. I stopped by a big oak where a wounded corporal sat. I said, “Are you going to get that looked at?” He said he dug the bullet out of his own leg because, he said, his “chances were just as good as if he had gone to the med

tent,” afraid of them just cutting it off. I asked him about what he was writing. He replied, “it’s my will!” I noticed he had crossed out the last recipient’s name and began to write another. He said, “Sir, I joined up in ‘62, in Hardin County Tennessee. There were two hundred and ninety-five then. Over yonder stand my two remaining comrades. We lost a hundred eighty-five from our company the first day at Shiloh! Seventy-two at Chattanooga! The rest one skirmish after another. We three are all that are left!”

“Well, luck of the Irish to you, corporal!” I went to get ready for the counter attack and didn’t see the corporal again till late in the afternoon. We charged their flank and they shot us to pieces. We charged again. They started to break. We hit ‘em hard again and then everything went black. I woke up looking at the evening sky. There, sitting against a fence rail was the corporal. “Are you alright, captain? I think my arm is

broken!” There, on his knee, was that crumpled piece of paper with the last name crossed out. “I’m not sure who to leave my goods to now, my two friends fell today! I’m the last!” He helped me to my feet, of which one was minus a boot. “There it is, Sir.” he says, “still in the stirrup on your dead mount!”

“Oh, my! Oh, my!” I said, “Oh, my!” So much death! Too much murder!! We took the day!

See you on the bridge!

P.S. Our illustrious commander and chief usurper has nothing less than what I just described planned for us, and everything I have said will happen. Will, in good measure, happen. If blood is what they want, blood is what we will get! You say, “What makes you, the Reb, so high and mighty?” I say, “I and my brother and father built a city! It’s called Tulsa... what did you do?”

P.S.P.S. Snuck up on you with that story, didn’t I?

Who does actually strive to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least he fails while daring greatly. So that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.” ~ Teddy Roosevelt

<http://rebelspeaks.weebly.com> - Check out the Reb’s Comments Page!

“The Rebel Speaks” newsletter’s purpose is to share thought provoking viewpoints and inspire discussion and debate about today’s political issues... *and make you mad!*