

The Rebel Speaks

GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGUENOT

The other morning I was sitting in one of my deer stands. After being there all morning, I decided to unload my muzzle-loader, so I fired it at a big tree. There was no wind. Everything still, I watched as the thick bluish cloud of smoke settled into the brush and then just sat there like an eerie ground fog, but smelling of burnt sulfur.

I imagined my ancestors, maybe on picket duty, looking out across a battlefield in the moon light and there, hanging low on the ground, the sulfurish fog that covers the many corpses. Hands and torsos breaking sight just at its top. Voices coming out of it! "Mama! Mama! Help me! Someone, please?"

But you know you dare not venture out into the haze, for the chance a sharpshooter might get his next victim. So, you stand your guard and try not to listen. And then a shot from the other side, the voice is silent. You look to see where the shot came from, but to no avail. Even the smoke from the sharpshooters musket has blended itself over the dead with the rest of that awful cloud and his newest victim. I suppose he was just putting the man out of his misery... or is that just trying to justify murder of one as opposed to the murders of so many—even time has no room for the number.

Sort of like the murder by Obama of our Constitution and our country. We can hear him across the battlefield of politics

murdering another and another of our rights and constitutional laws. But we do nothing to stop him, afraid we will be his next victims.



"But out of that silence rose new sounds more appalling still; a strange ventriloquism, of which you could not locate the source, a smothered moan, as if a thousand discords

were flowing together into a key-note weird, unearthly, terrible to hear and bear, yet startling with its nearness; the writhing concord broken by cries for help, some begging for a drop of water, some calling on God for pity; and some on friendly hands to finish what the enemy had so horribly begun; some with delirious, dreamy voices murmuring loved names, as if the dearest were bending over them; and underneath, all the time, the deep bass note from closed lips too hopeless, or too heroic to articulate their agony...It seemed best to bestow myself between two dead men among the many left there by earlier assaults, and to draw another crosswise for a pillow out of the trampled, blood-soaked sod, pulling the flap of his coat over my face to fend off the chilling

winds, and still more chilling, the deep, many voiced moan that overspread the field."

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The Republican party is lying in the mist! Wounded! Crying for "Mama. Please help me? Someone, please?" And there, on the other side, sits Obama! Looking down the barrel of his Yankee musket! Finger itching for a target! Or a noise to pinpoint... so he can finish the job.

Well, time to ride; the sun is getting brighter and a small breeze is coming up! You can see the hundreds of dead everywhere! It seems the enemy pulled out quietly in the night and retreated, at least for the moment. I guess that last shot was a parting "see you later" from their rear guard! They are regrouping for a new attack somewhere down the road!

See you on the bridge!

P.S. So, if you find yourself lying in the mist—bite the bullet. Take the pain and survive till the morning. We'll come get you when it gets light! The moral is to survive! And fight another day!

P.S.P.S. Wow, that little story just kind of snuck up on us! Didn't it? I didn't even see it coming. It just popped out!

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"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!