

The Rebel Speaks

GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGUENOT

My friends, Hannibal is at our gates—a so-called caravan of mostly men. Women and children as human shields. Exactly what the Democraps hoped and prayed for.

You see, it is exactly what is in their playbook, the Communist manifesto. Anarchy in Washington with eighty-five subpoenas? Chaos on the border. The Democraps could care less about what we the people want, which is to do the country's business instead of committing continuous treason against the people of this country!

These people use their titles like barons and arch dukes. They are willing to kill, if necessary. If you don't believe me, ask Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia! "A?"

They remind me of Pope Alexander VI, all his cardinals conspiring and murdering, each vying for the papal throne any way they could get there. Torturing, poisonings, armies attacking cities for power in the Vatican... sounds like D.C. today.

What? All done with the ill gotten gains stolen from the people! By being elected and taking our money, then ignoring us... that is theft! Plain and simple. The ultimate goal of Nancy and Charles is not only to take our money, but our entire sovereign nation!

Time for this old Reb to ride again. Big Bob and I were stand-

ing outside the barn and observed a strange wagon pulled by one white mule and one brown one, with a chubby old man wearing a funny hat driving them. A rolling "everything" emporium, you could say.

He said "The name is Billy Leonard, purveyor of fine trade goods!"

Hannibal is at the gates!



He asked to rest himself and his mules for the night. Of course, we offered our hospitality. We asked him how he made his way out here, without having trouble with the native peoples. He replied, "I guess they don't find me to be a threat. I'm too bald to scalp, too short and fat to get any honor having sport of me, so they trade sometimes and leave me to my way here and there. This fellow called Tall Elk showed my flint lock blunderbuss to his warriors last fall. When they stopped laughing... and a couple of knives and copper pots later, they left laughing!

See you on the bridge!

P.S. George Bush senior is in the Rotunda getting ready

for his last resting place. I wasn't exactly a fan of his but I still salute him. He was a veteran of WWII and was shot down in combat three times. I respect courage, of which the Democraps are mostly devoid!

P.S.P.S. Warning! Warning, Will Robinson! Mrs. Reb has expressed her desire to write the next Rebel Speaks. Hope you had a great Thanksgiving!

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