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e Rebel O NTANTAGONIST HUGUENOT

REPEAL THE 17TH AMENDMENT!

In 1913, the same year they gave control of our

money to a private company (Federal Reserve) and

created Federal Income Tax, the Democraps took

control of the appointment of Senators away from

the states with the 17th Amendment, making it a

voted position just like the House of Representatives. Now, how did they get that done?

The whole point of the Senate was that the states

controlled it. By returning control to the states,

WE THE PEOPLE regain control of Washington, it's

corruption and absurd spending sprees!

Trump is in and Hillary and Billary out! The Beast is gravely wounded, yet—as other wild beasts reeling in pain but does not yet wish to relinquish its quarry. Even wounded, it still craves the chance to reclaim it's prize to continue devouring and gorging upon the carcass. We have a chance to finish the job and kill the beast... send it to its inevitable end as it must be delivered.

Nothing and no one is safe from its wrath until it is done. We must now become the hunter, instead of the hunted. We must enter the forest with great care. The beast has

great and merciless cunning and knows his territory well, places of ambush are abundant. Vigilance and patience, our nose to the wind, our ears to every sound! Our sight upon all that moves!

Remember the English king signed the Magna Carta (the model for our Constitution), then back-peddled and stuck Belzibum in the arse!

Obama is not leaving Washington and Hillary still thinks she has a chance to reclaim the castle and will let nothing stand in her evil path until she is in the hoosegow!

Trump must do what he said, and be St. George and the dragon! Slay the beast and set the world on a better path!

Time for this old Reb to ride. Dumped our new, smelly friend in the creek close to our place! Pulled a bar of soap out of my saddle bags and tossed it to him and said,

"Dinner will soon be ready! Our place is just up there, see you there! We'll have you some dry clothes."

About twenty minutes and Sargent Harris knocked and there, in all his gory, he stood, naked in a pair of water soaked boots. We came unglued, couldn't stop laughing for hours it seemed.

He said, "Reporting for duty, sir! My tunic seems a bit absent, sir!!" After dressing, he ate and ate, then fell asleep in a chair by the fire, like an old hound dog!!

See you on the bridge!

P.S. That old murdering sack of crap, Castro, is dead. Not soon enough! From the words of Powers Booth as Curly Bill in the move *Tombstone*, "Well, bye!!!"

P.S.P.S. Why, of course the Democraps want a recount. People falling off a cliff always reach out, clawing at anything that might give a hand hold. Eventually, they fall into oblivi-

on. So, stay the course and we might get to see the end of the party of lies and corruption! "A!"

By the way, the Russians ate my homework is getting old!!! More of the same crap from the Democrap party, smoke and mirrors! By the way, I have some toxic swamp land I'd like to sell you!!

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