

## A PRELUDE TO A RANT

I was assigned to write a monologue for a drama class.  
My life is largely one long, convoluted monologue. So, it should have been a snap.  
What a trip it turned out to be.

First, I didn't want to do this.  
I didn't want to go on a rant – about anything.  
Least of all about George W. Bush and all the horrific things he's done to my country.

I had a lot of other ideas:

- Cemeteries
- Funerals
- Death and Irish Wakes
- Eye Exams
- Democracy in the Middle East
- What the English (another bunch of losers) have done to the Irish

But no matter how much I tried, how many pages I wrote, I kept returning to the  
overwhelming realization that I'm really angry with this guy - and with all the  
Republican hypocrites who slime my TV screen with sanctimonious, self-serving,  
evangelical hogwash.

No matter what else I turned to, I found myself boiling over at the endless string of  
disasters W and the Grand Old Party have foisted on this nation.

So, it's a rant. I'm sorry. But until I get this out, there's nothing more I can say.

Except this: I know some of you don't like foul language. I understand. I've long  
thought foul language was – well - foul. But when you hear me out, please understand  
I'm seething inside with foul language. I'm not going to use it. I'll keep it clean – but  
it's not clean, not in my heart, not in my head, only in the act of telling.

Here it goes.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Update: And now Trump! Nixon was a low point. Bush 2, lower still. Trump? It  
doesn't get any lower. Pure evil.