

The Chronicles of Dubya

**Volume 1
The Defeat of Saddam**

**by
Frank J. Fleming**

edited by Sarah C. Fleming



TABLE OF CONTENTS

In My World	1
Iraq Defiantly Refuses to Give Opinion on UN Resolution	2
Rumsfeld: Iraqi ‘Bastards’ Will Be Nuked	3
White House Scoffs at Daschle’s Criticism of Radio Commentators	5
Dead Man Jeffords Slams Bush’s Environmental Record	6
US Unimpressed with Iraqi Inspections	7
White House: US Must Get to War with Iraq Before Rumsfeld Hurts Someone	8
Wussy, Whiny Liberal Powell Asks for Mercy for America’s Enemies	10
North Koreans Say Sanctions Means They Will Commit a Violent Suicide	12
Senator Murray Defends Bin Laden Comments and Calls for Death to America	14
Rumsfeld Wants Talks with North Korean Leader	15
Stupid People No Like War	17
Bush Running Short on Patience That Rumsfeld Never Had	19
White House Dismissive of Whiny “Allies”	21
Rumsfeld Finds Call to War Not Nearly Loud Enough	24
White House Demands Death of “Nutjob” Mandela	26
God Denies Charges of Vengeance	28
US Troops to be Led by Haunted Robot	30
Bush Likened to Cowboy	32
Rumsfeld: I’d Rather be Killing Commies	34
Clinton Visited by Ghosts of Founding Fathers	36
Benevolent Bush Does Not Slaughter Protestors	38
Somewhere There is a Very Angry Universe with Two Belgiums	41
Happy Children Equals Angry Rumsfeld	44
President Bush to Do Own Lawn Care	47
Rumsfeld Reveals His Evil Plans	49
Bush and Chirac Personally Supervise Inspections	51
Robot Spiders Almost as Hostile to Questions as Rumsfeld	54
One Last Chance	56
Rumsfeld Vows Frog-a-cide	57
Rumsfeld Vows to Kill Everyone and Then Sing “Kum Ba Ya”	59

TABLE OF CONTENTS

If Iraq Uses WMDs, the US May Respond with Happiness	61
Cleaning Staff Nearly Fed Up With Press Conferences	64
France Replaces America as a Superpower	66
Cheney Wishes Undisclosed Location Was More Disclosed	68
To the Victor Goes the Renaming	72
Laser-Guided Concrete Makes Great Practical Jokes	74
Suspicious-Looking Middle-Eastern Men Laugh at All the President's Jokes	76
The Press is Getting Bored with Seeing Daschle Mauled by a Gorilla Every Year	78
Bush Plans to Use Blasphemy Instead of War	80
Rumsfeld Seemed Unhappy About Letting Inspectors Back Into Iraq, Though No Statement Was Given	83
<i>El VP</i>	85
Career Day	88
White House Denies Scaring Away France	95
FOX & Friends Transcript—Interview with Buck the Marine	101
US Claims to Have No Plans to Attack Britain, Australia, or Israel	106
White House Hopes Democrats Don't Flee to Canada (wink wink)	109
Orange Alert	114
Black Project Insano Part I	117
Black Project Insano Part II	122
Black Project Insano Part III	131
White House Press Secretary Had Built Up Many Sick Days	138
Chomps, The World's Angriest Egg Timer	140
Nuke the Moon!	143
The Rumsfeld Strangler vs. Mayor Crackhead	150
Attack of the Belgians Part I	155
Attack of the Belgians Part II	159
Attack of the Belgians Part III	163
Reading to Underprivileged Kids	169
I Am Ah-Nuld!	173
The Hunt for the Rumsfeld Strangler	176
Blood is Also Symbolic of Blood	182
That'll Teach Mr. Squawkers to Think He's 'All That'	187
First Day	189
Buck Goes to Liberia Part I	192
Buck Goes to Liberia Part II	194
Rabbit Duck Saddam Season	198
The Saudis Are Great People... For Me to Strangle!	203

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Duke Versus Stalin	206
Condi's Coup Part I	210
Condi's Coup Part II	214
Condi's Coup Part III	220
Ride of the Warmongerers	227
Vice President Day	234
The Rumsfeld Strangler vs. Cyber-Lenin Part I	238
The Rumsfeld Strangler vs. Cyber-Lenin Part II	246
The Rumsfeld Strangler vs. Cyber-Lenin Part III	251
It's All About the Jesus	256
The Fall Guy	259
Autocide Bomber	261
Buck the Marine and the Jolly Rancher Bandits	264
Visit from the Parents	269
UN Negotiations	274
Rumsfeld Carefully Considering His Resignation	277
Boldly Going Where No White House Press Secretary Has Gone Before	279
Total Recall 2—This Time It's Personal	282
Stabilizing Iraq	285
The Demoncrat—Volume 1	288
The Demoncrat—Volume 2	293
Bush Haters of the World Unite!	299
When God Attacks	302
Mad... With Power!	305
Die, Leakers, Die	308
George W. Bush in "Marked for Death"	312
FOX & Friends Transcript—Interview with Donald Rumsfeld	316
Stop Those Saudis!	319
Strangle Rangel	323
FOX & Friends Transcript—Interview with Steve Irwin	326
Ah-nuld Takes Office	330
O'Reilly Factor Transcript—Interview with Donald Rumsfeld	333
Negotiating the Medicare Bill	335
The Axis of Evil Strikes Back Part I	337
The Axis of Evil Strikes Back Part II	342
The Axis of Evil Strikes Back Part III	346
Ace in the Hole	350

January 15, 2003

Rumsfeld Wants Talks with North Korean Leader

The White House softened its tone on North Korea by hinting that a sweeter energy and food deal may be made in exchange for disarmament, but Pyongyang hasn't let up on its militaristic tone toward Washington, threatening the US with undefined "options."

"Unless that option is to starve to death while we watch and laugh, I'm not sure what they're talking about," Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said at a press conference. "Frankly, I'm getting tired of these retarded Commies. I keep trying to concentrate on the demise of the Iraqis, and then North Korea interrupts my train of thought by screaming, 'Kill us! Kill us horribly!'"

Surprisingly, Rumsfeld agreed with the idea of opening up talks with North Korea. "I think it's a great idea. We should have talks immediately and see if we can get Kim Jong-Il himself to attend. Then, as soon as we meet, I can strangle that freak myself while Condoleezza takes care of any guards." Rumsfeld savored the thought for a moment. "As soon as I saw that reject with his puffed-up hair, I said there was nothing I wanted more than to squeeze his neck until he is dead. Remember when I told you that?"

Most of the press in attendance nodded.

"Well, if Kim Jong-Il finds out about my new plans, I'll know who ratted me out," Rumsfeld told the reporters threateningly.

When asked whether murdering the leader of the North Koreans was the best course of action, Rumsfeld responded indignantly, "Are you questioning me?"

The reporter shook his head and shrank away from the podium.

"What do you say to reports that you are mentally unstable?" asked a reporter who was new to these press conferences.

"I'm sorry," Rumsfeld said, "I'm getting hard of hearing in my old age. Did you say something about wanting to be stabbed repeatedly in the neck with a ballpoint pen?"

Rumsfeld looked ready for violence but then calmed down. "My doctor says killing reporters is bad for my heart. He also had the gall to tell me to stop eating my steaks raw and instead cook them to at least medium rare like I'm some sort of fruit. I thought about giving him a good throttling, but I don't know if my health insurance covers that. Anyway, one more question."

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

The revered Helen Thomas stood up and asked, “Where am I? Has anyone seen my pills?”

Rumsfeld then frantically searched under his jacket, where he usually kept his Luger, but eventually gave up and announced, “This press conference is over,” punched the nearest reporter, and left.

A North Korean diplomat immediately responded to Rumsfeld’s statements, saying, “The super might of our country will knock the flying fortress of our enemy beneath the sea using the magic winds of our flutes.” He went on a while longer, but, by all accounts, the rest of his statement was just random words strung together in imitations of sentences. The same diplomat was later found strangled to death, seemingly another victim of the serial killer known as the “Rumsfeld Strangler.” He apparently only kills foreign diplomats and gets his name from his calling card he leaves on each body: the statement, “I’m Donald Rumsfeld. I strangled this guy” on a piece of the Defense Secretary’s official stationery that is signed by Donald Rumsfeld and stamped by a notary public. DC police are baffled.

March 10, 2003

Bush and Chirac Personally Supervise Inspections

In an effort to prove whether Iraq is actually disarming, President Bush and President Chirac went to Iraq to personally watch Saddam as he destroyed his weapons of mass destruction.

“You aren’t going to get anything past me, Saddam,” Bush warned. “I know you’re not disarming.”

“Why are you Americans so mean?” Saddam asked, sounding quite hurt. “Here I am, clearly destroying my anthrax.” He then threw another bag labeled “Anthrax” into the furnace.

“Did I hear that bag meow?” Bush asked. He then opened one of the bags. “These bags aren’t full of anthrax! They’re full of cute little kittens!”

“Whaaaaat?!” Saddam exclaimed, slapping his hands to his face a la Macaulay Culkin. “I thought those bags were full of anthrax!”

“I knew Saddam would do everything he could to undermine this disarmament! He’s so evil he’s burning kittens alive!”

“Nonsense, you silly American; inspections are working!” Chirac declared. “Now that Saddam realized he is burning the wrong bags, he can get to destroying the real anthrax.”

“Don’t rush me,” Saddam said, measuring some chemicals. “I’m not done making it yet.”

“He’s making biological weapons as we speak!” Bush yelled. “I told you this disarmament is bull.”

“You stupid warmongering American; I spit on your mother,” Chirac said as he put a flask on a Bunsen burner. “Why won’t you let the inspections process take its course?”

“You’re helping him make it!” Bush said, getting steaming mad. “I’ll murder you both!”

Bush began to reach for the Colt .45 at his hip, but Karl Rove whispered, “Diplomacy! Diplomacy!” in his ear, and he settled down.

Saddam walked over to a nearby detonator. “Now I’m going to destroy my missiles just like I promised.”

Chirac patted Saddam on the head. “What a good evil dictator. Not so crude like a certain current American president I won’t mention.” He then turned up his nose at Bush.

Saddam pressed the plunger, and there was an explosion nearby.

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

“Why are children running away from that explosion?” Bush asked as he squinted to get a better look. “Those aren’t missiles! You’re blowing up the playground equipment at the orphanage! You’re a monster!”

“Whaaaaat?! The orphanage?!” Saddam yelled, looking really, really surprised. “Who wired these explosives? This is the most ridiculous thing ever!”

“Inspections are working!” Chirac cheered, doing a little French dance. “I haven’t yet come up with an explanation of why this means inspections are working, but just give me a minute more.”

“You better destroy the real missiles right now!” Bush demanded.

“Alright,” Saddam answered, “but then I think the UN should disarm America of its weapons of mass destruction, such as its nuclear missiles, its daisy cutters, and its Donald Rumsfeld.”

Chirac shuddered. “Don’t mention that name in front of me; such a rash and angry person. So how do you plan on destroying the missiles, Saddam?”

“I think I’ll launch them at Israel.”

“There is much support for that at the UN,” Chirac stated. “Hey, I’m starting a new UN commission on hating America. You should head it after this silly disarmament thing is done with, and the Americans are laughed at like the fools they are.”

“Diplomacy! Diplomacy!” Karl Rove shouted at Bush, but it was too late.

* * * *

“Bush’s beating of Chirac and Saddam with a sack full of kittens has created an international incident; will any apologies be issued?” a reporter asked.

“The president has already sent a written apology to the kittens,” White House Press Secretary Ari Fleischer stated.

“Kittens can’t read.”

Fleischer rolled his eyes. “The president is not a zoologist. He can’t be expected to keep track of which animals can and cannot read.”

“So does the president have anything else to say?”

“Nothing more than his usual weekly proclamation of his complete and utter contempt for the press. Oh, and he bet me five dollars I couldn’t hit one of you in the eye with my pen.” Fleischer then flicked his pen at the reporters.

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“Ahh! My eye!”

“Bull’s-eye!”

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

July 14, 2003

Blood is Also Symbolic of Blood

“Know what superhero I’d like to be?” Bush asked. “The Hulk. Then I’d get to just smash everything I don’t like... but it wouldn’t be my fault, because I’m the Hulk. It would be other people’s fault for making me mad.”

“I’m mad, too,” Cheney answered.

“I hope you at least like your new undisclosed location.”

“I’m sitting right next to you,” Cheney said with annoyance.

Bush covered his ears. “Well don’t tell me!”

“Idiot,” Cheney uttered.

“I heard that!”

“Then you need to learn to cover your ears better!”

“I’m not mad at you,” Bush said. “I’m mad at all those people out there who are saying I’m a liar for saying Iraq was trying to get uranium from Africa. I was just reading the teleprompter! Instead of getting credit for good reading, they call me a liar! It makes me so mad I want to grow big and green and smash them all!”

“And some are saying I knew it was untrue ahead of time!” Cheney stated irately. “I didn’t even know what undisclosed location I was in when your speech was made!”

“It was the crawl space of my friend Ralph’s house,” Bush said, “but that’s neither here nor there. We need to get these people and tell them to stop saying lies about me lying!”

“What’s your plan?” Cheney asked.

“I’m going to invite Daschle over for a meeting and then hit him in the knee caps with my six iron!” Bush exclaimed, holding up his golf club.

Cheney thought about that. “This is the part where I leave.”

“Where to?”

“Undisclosed,” Cheney said, exiting the room.

“A bar,” Bush muttered. He then heard Senator Tom Daschle coming, so he hid his club behind his back.

“I heard you’re ready to compromise on that bill,” Daschle said, entering the room, “but you just didn’t say which bill.”

“Uh... the one all you Democrats are whining about,” Bush answered.

“You have to be more specific.”

“Anyhoo, there is another initiative I decided to veto.”

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“Which one?”

“The ‘Not hitting you in the kneecaps’ initiative!” Bush yelled, hitting Daschle in the kneecaps with his club. Daschle screamed like a girl and went straight to the ground. “That’s for saying I lied in my State of the Union address and putting out those commercials.”

“It wasn’t me, I swear!” Daschle yelled. “It’s Moveon.org; they’re putting out those commercials.”

“Well then, get out of here,” Bush commanded.

“I can’t! You broke my kneecaps!”

“Fine,” Bush said as he went to the phone. “Secret Service, please come and drag Daschle somewhere he can get medical attention.”

Two men came in and started dragging Daschle away. “I am saddened by this assault on me,” Daschle said as he went out the door.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” Bush answered.

Laura Bush then came in the room, looking quite shocked. “Did you just hit Daschle with your six iron?”

“Maybe,” Bush said, putting down his golf club.

“What have I told you?” Laura scolded. “If you are going to cudgel someone, you go and buy a cudgel. We use things for what they’re intended for in this house. If you break all your irons on people’s knees, I’m not going to let you buy any new ones. And then won’t you look stupid playing golf with no irons?”

“I’m sorry, dear,” Bush said, looking at his feet. “It’s just everybody is saying I lied in the State of the Union about Iraq trying to get uranium. I don’t even know what their point is! Do they want me to pull out of Iraq and let Saddam go back to torturing everyone?” Bush then thought about that. “Hmm... there’s an idea. I pretend to apologize for the invasion, and when Saddam goes back to Baghdad to retake power, we snipe him good!”

“Uh... you run that idea by your advisors, George,” Laura told him. “So who is calling you a liar?”

“Lots of people,” Bush answered, “and then there are these commercials by Moveon.org that says I’m a ‘*Misleader*.’” Bush then started to laugh. “Hey, I finally just got that; that’s clever. Before I thought they were insinuating I’m a woman.”

“So, George, have you thought of talking to these people and explaining your side?”

“No, but I’ve thought of bombing them followed by the deployment of ground troops; that always seems to clear up misunderstandings.”

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

Laura rolled her eyes. “Well, if you’re not going to talk to them, I will. It’s time for someone to be an adult.”

“I dunno know about this...”

“It’s a little thing called ‘diplomacy’,” Laura said. “If you plan on being president for another four years, one of these days you should learn it.”

* * * *

“Hello, is this the headquarters for Moveon.org?” Laura asked with a pleasant smile.

“Yeah,” answered an unshaven hippy man in a tie dye t-shirt, “this is where we fight Bush and his lying and his killing.”

“Well, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about,” Laura said softly. “You see, President Bush is my husband, and I know he is an honest person. The mention of Iraq trying to obtain uranium in his State of the Union speech was an honest mistake, and it seems silly to condemn everything the Iraq war has accomplished by focusing on that one thing. Maybe you people should ‘move on.’”

The hippy looked confused.

“You know; the name of your organization...” Laura prompted.

“Bush lied; people died!” the hippy responded.

“I think that oversimplifies things,” Laura said, struggling a bit to keep her pleasant demeanor. “The war in Iraq was fought for many reasons, and you have to admit the people in Iraq are better off now that the murderous Saddam is out of power.”

“He had his illegal war for oil!” the hippy shouted.

“I’m not quite following you now.”

“He lied; people died.”

“Uh... you said that already,” Laura responded, getting frustrated. “Now, I want you to think really hard. Do a few words in the State of the Union address invalidate that a horrible, evil regime is gone and that a once oppressed people now has a chance at freedom?”

The hippy seemed to try to think, but it looked painful. Finally, he just grabbed a canister next to him and threw it at Laura, splattering her with red paint. “That’s symbolic of the blood of the dead Iraqis! Blood you helped enable!”

Laura was in complete and utter shock. “You... just... threw... red paint... on me.”

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“That will teach you to support a war with oil involved and things!” the hippy yelled.

Laura was still shocked beyond sense. “My favorite blouse... covered in paint...”

“Bush is a misleader!” the hippy continued. “He is a misleader! Bush lied; people were killed... I mean... died.”

“You threw red paint on me!”

“That’s to protest warmongering and all those countries being so unilateral together and... uh... uh-oh!”

* * * *

“Clancy, you’re my intelligence guy, right?” Bush asked.

Clancy fixed his black tie and sunglasses. “I can neither confirm nor deny that.”

“That’s what I wanted to hear. So do you have some intelligence about terrorism I can include in this speech I’m about to give?”

“Yes, we have just learned that Syria is working with the Umbrella Corporation to develop something called the ‘t-virus’, a biological weapon that turns people into killer zombies.”

Bush started to write that down but then paused. “Hey, I just got burned for using bad intelligence recently. I want to be sure about this before I include it. What are your sources?”

“I can’t tell you that; it’s classified.”

“But I’m the president!” Bush exclaimed. “I get to know everything!”

Clancy chuckled. “Yeah, like we’re going to tell all our secrets to just *any* American president. If we did that with Bill Clinton, every whore in the tri-state area would know where the aliens are buried. You first have to be cleared by the secret, hidden government before you can hear about our sources, and that won’t happen until that measure is cleared by the doubly-secret government that actually runs the secret government, unbeknownst to the secret government.”

“But I want to know now!” Bush whined. “Where did you hear that intelligence from?”

“Fine,” Clancy answered. “We were tipped off by British intelligence, which had intercepted it from Polish intelligence which had heard two Swedes talking about it, who had read it from an independent Danish

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

newspaper which was quoting a Japanese kid what he heard from another kid during recess.”

“So how certain are you of the zombie story, then?”

“We give it a certainty ranking of 3L.”

“And what does that mean?”

“While you are cleared to hear our rankings of intelligence certainty, you aren’t cleared enough to be told what those rankings mean.”

“Dangit!” Bush exclaimed. “Hell, I’m going to include it in the speech. Everyone will support me if they think the terrorists have zombies.”

Laura now entered the room, covered from head to toe in red.

“Uh... how’d it go, dear?” Bush asked, a bit confused.

“They aren’t going to say mean things about you anymore,” Laura answered firmly.

“Then why are you... uh... covered in red paint?” Bush inquired, handing her a handkerchief.

Laura wiped her face with the handkerchief. “It’s not all paint.”

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

August 13, 2003

Ride of the Warmongers

“What are you guys doing?” White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan asked as he approached President Bush, Dick Cheney, and Donald Rumsfeld, who were all wearing black leather jackets and wielding switchblades, bats, and chains.

“We’re starting a biker gang called the Warmongers,” Bush answered.

“Is that a good idea?” Scott inquired dubiously.

“All the cool presidents were in biker gangs in their spare time,” Bush explained. “Reagan cracked skulls every weekend, Nixon stabbed more people than you can count, Eisenhower was wanted by the law in most states, Teddy Roosevelt used to exercise his big stick while speeding on his hog, and Lincoln used to jump school buses on his Harley.”

“Enough talking,” Rumsfeld said. “I want to smash something!”

“You coming?” Cheney asked Scott.

“I don’t know if this is smart,” Scott said.

“The guy is a dweeb,” Bush remarked. “Let’s ditch him.”

“I’m not a dweeb!” Scott protested.

“Uh-oh; my old lady is coming!” Bush exclaimed. “Everyone act cool.”

Laura Bush walked by and looked at the four of them. “This looks suspiciously like a biker gang,” she commented.

“No, we’re just getting ready for Bible study, ain’t we guys?” Bush said. Rumsfeld and Cheney nodded in agreement.

“Mr. McClellan, is this true?” Laura asked Scott.

Bush pointed a switchblade at Scott and gave him a stern look. “Uh... yeah... Bible study,” Scott answered.

“Alright,” Laura said, not looking quite convinced, “but I’d better not hear otherwise later.”

She walked off, all the while keeping an eye on the four men until she was out of sight.

“Thanks for covering for us, Scott,” Bush told him. “You can be part of the gang now. We all have cool biker names.” He pointed at Rumsfeld. “He’s Mad Dog.” Then at Cheney. “He’s Chainman Charlie... and I’m Tex. Your biker name will be ‘Skippy.’”

“Skippy?”

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

Condoleezza Rice walked by. “Hey, Condi,” Bush called out, “do you want to be a biker slut?”

“Someone has to stay here and keep watch of the country,” she answered.

“But it’s the weekend!” Bush exclaimed. “International incidents never happen on the weekend.”

“Hey, do you want Colin Powell trying to make peace with everyone while we’re all gone?” Condi asked.

“Okay, stay,” Bush grumbled. He then turned to his gang. “Let’s get rolling!”

“Yeah!” Rumsfeld and Cheney shouted, while Scott looked warily at one of the motorcycles.

“I’ve never driven one of these before,” Scott said. “Do you at least have some helmets?”

“Of course not,” Cheney answered. “If I wreck my hog, I don’t want to live!”

“Just get rolling, Skippy,” Bush commanded. “Time to show everyone who owns this town!”

* * * *

“Yee-haw!” Bush shouted as he rode his Harley over the top of the French ambassador’s limousine.

“I surrender!” squealed the ambassador.

“Not accepted, Pierre!” Cheney answered, smashing one of the limo’s windows with his chain as he rode by.

“Rarr!” Rumsfeld shouted, smashing the windshield with his bat.

“Now hit him with the Molotov cocktail, Skippy!” Bush called out to Scott.

Scott threw a bottle at the limo. The bottle shattered and splashed liquid everywhere, to no effect.

“You’re supposed to light it, moron!” Cheney yelled.

“I’m sorry, but I’m not very experienced with this sort of thing,” Scott said.

The limo drove off. “Aww, he got away!” Bush whined. “You have to shape up, Skippy.”

“I’m trying,” Scott said, “but did I really have to get a green Mohawk?”

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“Hey, we decided one of us needed to have a Mohawk, and it was a three to one vote that it should be you,” Bush said.

“I want some drinking!” Cheney yelled.

“And I want some fighting!” Rumsfeld shouted.

“Off to the biker bar!” Bush yelled as he drove off, Rumsfeld and Cheney following, with Scott wobbling far behind.

Soon they arrived at a shady-looking bar and parked their motorcycles. “We need to find the toughest guy in there and beat him up,” Bush told his gang. “That will show everyone we’re boss.”

“I don’t know if this is all legal,” Scott stated uneasily.

“We’re above the law!” Rumsfeld shouted.

They entered the bar, and Bush walked over to the bartender. “Who is the toughest guy here?”

“That would be Murderin’ Carl,” the bartender said, pointing out a massive man who looked quite unstable. “He just got out of jail... for murder!”

“Thinks he’s so tough because he’s ripped people apart with his bare hands,” Bush scoffed. “Go beat the crap out of him, Skippy.”

“What?”

“Hey, Murderin’ Carl!” Bush yelled. “Skippy says the reason they let you out of prison is because you cried like a little girl!”

“Then Skippy is dead!” Murderin’ Carl yelled, grabbing Scott and lifting him into the air.

“Eep.” Scott uttered as his life passed before his eyes.

“Hey, look over there, Tex,” Cheney told Bush.

At a nearby table sat the Warmongerers’ rivals. “Hey, Scott,” Bush called out, “stop getting beaten up by the murderer for a second and get over here.”

Dizzy and in pain, Scott stumbled over to Bush. “What?”

“See over there?” Bush said, pointing at the table. “There’s our rival gang, the Hell’s Democrats.”

“That’s Governor Howard Dean, Representative Richard Gephardt, Senator Ted Kennedy, and Senator John Kerry,” Scott stated, a bit surprised.

“Yeah, but in the biker world, they are known respectively as The Dean, Dick the Knife, Big Fat Teddy K, and By the Way I Served in Vietnam.”

“Let’s kill ’em!” Rumsfeld shouted.

“Be cool, Mad Dog,” Bush said and then slowly walked over to the Hell’s Democrats. “So,” he chuckled, “if it isn’t Deany Weenie, John *Fairy*,

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

Big Fat Teddy *Gay*, and Dick... uh..." He thought for a moment. "Gephardt... Gephardt... What sounds like Gephardt?" He looked back at the Hell's Democrats. "...and Dick Dumbfart." Bush turned to his own gang. "Best I could come up with on short notice."

The Hell's Democrats all stood up. "We're going to rule this town!" Kerry shouted. "Just like I ruled when I was in Vietnam!"

"Yeah, you ain't so tough!" Dean said.

Big Fat Teddy K just chewed on a shank of ham.

"You guys think you can beat us," Bush laughed, "but you're just a bunch of jokers. By this time next year, the economy will have improved, and we will have found WMDs in Iraq... and then we'll make you eat them!"

Big Fat Teddy K just laughed.

"Hey, Chainman Charlie," Gephardt said snidely, "I see you ain't in hiding no more."

"Keep it up, and the undisclosed location of my foot will be in your ass!" Cheney threatened.

"You guys are all talk, and I know talk, having been in Vietnam," Kerry said.

"You're soon going to be known as the haughty, French-looking Massachusetts Democrat who by the way served in Vietnam and got ripped a new one by Rumsfeld!" Rumsfeld shouted.

Senator Joe Lieberman then showed up. "Hey! There is no need for violence," he said. "I think we can settle this in a bipartisan—"

"Quiet, Jew-boy!" Big Fat Teddy K shouted as he broke a pool cue over Lieberman's head.

"I'm gonna cut me a 'publican!" Gephardt yelled, pulling out a knife.

"Now why don't you guys back off before you get hurt?" Dean said with a smirk.

"Know what?" Bush said. "I think it's time for a preemptive strike... AGAINST YOUR FACE!" Bush punched Howard Dean. Cheney whipped out his chain and knocked down Dick Gephardt.

"Rarr!" Rumsfeld shouted as he picked up John Kerry and tossed him across the room.

"Grerawerr!" Big Fat Teddy K snarled as he charged Scott, who quickly tried to hide under a table.

"Eep."

* * * *

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“I keep telling you,” Condi said with frustration into the phone, “I had the nuclear launch codes, but I misplaced them. Now, I wouldn’t want to be in your shoes if Finland isn’t nuked by the time the president gets back... Yeah, that’s right; he explicitly ordered Finland to be nuked while he was away... Hey, I’m not the one who is going to lose his job if Finland exists an hour from now... Yes, and he approved me to get that pizza on his credit card... President Bush is going to be so mad if he hears you denied me that pizza!”

“You in here, Dr. Rice?” Colin Powell called out from the hallway.

“Don’t come into the war room!” Condi shouted, quickly trying to hide her map of the world that had marks on it such as “Bomb here,” “Invade here,” and “Genocide here.” “I’m not decent!”

* * * *

“You were supposed to have the pardons on you!” Cheney said angrily to Bush.

Rumsfeld snarled and held onto the prison bars.

“I’m sorry!” Bush exclaimed. “I left them in my other biker jacket!”

“I can’t believe it!” Scott cried. “I’m actually in prison!”

“Keep coo’, yo,” Bush told him. “Keep coo’.”

“Okay, you troublemakers,” the police chief said, “I’m letting you guys out for one press conference.”

“Put a good spin on all this,” Bush ordered Scott as they walked out to the prison steps where the press was waiting.

“Is it true that Bush and his administration are involved in a violent biker gang called the ‘Warmongers?’” asked one reporter.

“Now that’s just silly,” Scott said with a forced laugh.

“The French ambassador has told the police you harassed him,” said another reporter.

“I’ll murder him dead!” Bush shouted.

Scott raised his hand to silence Bush. “As we all know, the French are a race of liars,” Scott told the press. “Only a fool would believe anything they say. Any other questions?”

Melinda Hawkish from FOX News stepped forward. “That green Mohawk you have is so gay.”

“That’s not a question,” Scott answered with annoyance.

THE CHRONICLES OF DUBYA

“Uh-oh; my old lady is coming!” Bush shouted. “Everyone hide your microphones and cameras.”

“What’s happening here?” Laura Bush demanded.

“We’re just having a Bible study, dear,” Bush answered innocently.

“On the steps of the police station?” Laura asked with suspicion.

“Yes; Police Chief O’Malley was nice enough to let us have our study here.”

“Is that true, Chief O’Malley?”

He looked into the air. “Uh... sure, it’s true.”

“And why does Mr. McClellan have a Mohawk?” Laura asked.

“You know Scott,” Bush said with a laugh. “He’s an idiot; doesn’t know how to present himself for Bible study.”

“It’s true; I am an idiot, ma’am,” Scott stated.

Laura kept looking at them all with suspicion. “From the clueless expressions of these people here, they look a lot like reporters,” Laura said. “Reporters assembled to hear a story about some lawlessness related to a biker gang.”

“It’s nothing like that, honey,” Bush said. “We’re just studying our Bible stories.”

“Which story are you studying, then?” Laura inquired.

“Uh... the one where Jesus... uh... fights the lions and... uh... blows up the Death Star.”

“That doesn’t sound like a real Bible story!” Laura exclaimed.

“Uh, Mrs. Bush,” Scott interjected, “you see, being a bunch of dufuses, we forgot our Bibles and had to try and draw the stories from memory... and... well, we’re all really dumb.”

“It’s true,” Bush said, and everyone nodded in agreement.

“Alright then,” Laura said, beginning to walk away as she kept a stern gaze on Bush. “I’m heading to the store and am going to pick up your diarrhea medicine.”

“Thanks, dear,” Bush said with a smile while everyone snickered.

Once Laura was out of view, everyone let out a sigh of relief. “That was a close one,” Bush said and patted Scott on the back. “Quick thinking there, Skippy. You’ll make a great member of our violent biker gang yet.” He then remembered the press was still there. “Which does not actually exist and did not smash up the German ambassador’s limo.”

“It was the French ambassador’s limo we didn’t smash up,” Cheney reminded him.

VOLUME 1: THE DEFEAT OF SADDAM

“Oh yeah,” Bush laughed, smacking himself in the forehead.

“Grerawerr!” came a snarl from nearby.

“It’s Big Fat Teddy K looking for revenge!” Bush exclaimed, pushing Scott into the charging beast’s path.

“Eep.”