

My Night with Sarah Palin

by Joe Tripician

Snow fell lightly in Wasilla last night, and while Iggy blasted from the musical gun rack, Sarah turned to me holding a golden spoon laden with the finest Columbian humping powder and coaxed, "Lock and load."

We had spent that depraved day perusing a glossy catalogue filled with a seemingly endless array of stunning female escorts, each one willing to switch-hit and double play. But Sarah was unusually picky that night. It might have been the meth, or perhaps the poppers. At every opportunity I had tried to coax the former governor to kick, but her Adderall wouldn't let her.

I admired her stamina. Her ability to Charlie Sheen it night after night. Was it sadness, fear or simply the rush to live large that fueled her all-night binges?

I moved in closer, letting my hand creep up her leg and into the now-moist V that she called her "kitty bank." "I can see Putin from here!" I shouted, which sent her into a giggling jag. It was the first time that day she laughed, but it wouldn't last.

Her mood descended again, so I tried anew. "After one trip in the kitty, I bet he'll spill State secrets faster than a waterboarded Muslim."

She batted away my hand, walked to the window. The moon cast a wicked glow on the frozen land and her pitiless face. I was almost certain I could hear a whimper from my lady.

"If there's one thing I can't stand," she spoke above a whisper, "it's a reformed degenerate."

None of her barbed words stung, not nearly as much as the thought of her expiring before the election.

"Cheer up," I countered, "the strategy is still solid, and the troops are falling in line."

"It's not that simple, Joe." She turned, showing the ache and longing on her face. I beckoned her and within minutes I was admiring the back of her head as it bobbed up and down in my lap.

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The rumors were all true. She gave the best head since Nancy Reagan.

She was a fine specimen, a lovely sleeper agent, like Barack and Hillary (although we never had to awaken the Secretary of State). Sarah possessed the one essential quality for leaders of tomorrow: the ability to feed her unquenchable ego on the blind support of enraptured followers. It stirred the beast within, so I took her on the bearskin rug, pounding her in her crosshairs from behind as she howled her drill chant of love.

First Castro and Chavez will join the cabinet, followed by the Kims Jung and Mahmoud. Next, the bank vaults will fling open to all on welfare, and the Wall Streeters and lawyers shipped to Gitmo -- if they survive the air flight, which will slam into the nearest evangelical church or Tea Party rally.

Our automated death panels will take care of the rest, with Michael Moore at the switch.

Soon, the streets of America will be overflowing with on-demand abortion clinics, same-sex wedding chapels, discount swinger clubs, free heroin kiosks and mandatory teachers' unions. I can hear the chants already, "We stole America!" as the newly sworn president is driven in her inaugural motorcade, wearing nothing but a smile and two very patriotic goose bumps.

Soon, Sarah *mon amor*, soon...

JUST PUBLISHED: the new book "My Night With Sarah Palin ... and other disturbing stories"

On Amazon:

<http://www.amazon.com/Night-Sarah-disturbing-stories-ebook/dp/B007KOAIRY>

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Barnes & Noble:

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