

Pink Slip For Mitt's Mutt

by Paul Steven Stone

(Recently unearthed from a “Lost Luggage” travel trunk abandoned in a train station in Salt Lake City, Utah)

Dear Seamus:

Boy, we sure did enjoy having you as a member of our family all those years. I would have to say you handsomely returned on our initial \$150 investment. I think I speak for the entire family when I say, “Thank you” from the bottom of our hearts.

Now, dear Seamus, we come to the most difficult task of all, firing you—for disloyalty and for, most especially, leading the press off-message on my campaign. This firing is effective as of noon yesterday, when you were sold, at an acceptable profit, to Pastor Malcolm Thomas.

Why did you do it, Seamus? Did I deserve to be made a laughing stock? Just because I tied you to the top of the family wagon, where after a few hundred miles you irresponsibly soiled yourself and most of the car's rear window? I can forgive a little incontinence, Seamus, but not when it stains my national persona.

And so we come to the parting of the ways. You for Pastor Thomas, me for Washington, D.C. I trust you will find your new position to your liking. And that you'll always think fondly of the Romneys when you think of us.

In your honor, and to celebrate all the great years with you in our family, Ann and I plan to sing “God Bless America” tonight. Or “America The Beautiful”, if the mood strikes us.

Sincerely,

MITT

Willard Mitt Romney

Master/Former Master

