

How Veetzers Set Us Up For the Zorks

by Robert Crisman

We're doomed as a species. The Zorks are coming to eat us.

It all started when Joey Cacciatore, the dumbest crook in the history of the world, got *Veetzers* swarming like blowflies in 1972, and thereby ensured the upcoming Zorkian invasion of Earth.

The deal was this: Joey was born to star in cartoons. His fuckups busted all the known laws of physics. It got so bad the cops wouldn't even put him in jail. This dummy, they said, was *way* too much fun on the street.

Now, re the *Veetzers*: these guys *dig* stupid, you know? It's like their bread and butter or something. And Joey was stupid like nothing before on this planet. When he made the scene the *Veetzers* got happy and *zooped* up folks' noses and turned brains to slush in a heartbeat...

Folks' brains dribbled right out their noses! They gave Richard Nixon four more shit years in office. And that's when terminal dumb-down took off like a rocket, in the U.S. of A. and pretty much everywhere else.

And that's when the Zorks knew that they'd have us on toast before too many decades had passed.

Before we get into that, though, let's take a look at where *Veetzers* came from:

They'd originally dropped onto Earth from the loins of Bobo the Simple, the alien god-king who frolicked and gamboled on Everest those eons ago when Earth was still dewy and wet. He'd spritz and he'd spray and the *Veetzers* would mushroom, and spread like the mists from Niagara.

Bobo got offed at a party one night by a vampire warlord's old lady. He'd spritzed on her black velvet dress--*bad* mistake!--and she opened him up from nostrils to foreskin, using the razor she kept in

her purse for just such occasions as this.

After Bobo went down, the *Veetzers* moped in the lowlands, all hangdog and stuff--until someone got world-historically stupid...

Quick aside: *Veetzers* is a Zorkian term. It's the only word in their language that doesn't start with a Z. There's no equivalent word in the various Earthian tongues, because what do we know about *Veetzers*? By the time we get hip it's too late! But the Zorks had had dealings with Bobo way back and were hip to his spewings, and this time around, in March of 1972, when Zork recon agent, the good Captain Zeep, sniffed the *Veetzers*, they led him to Joey, and Zeep was able to track and exult in the progress of Runaway Dumb-Down, from Nixon right up through this week.

From Joey on through the next 20 years, the *Veetzers* just had a ball. We're talking Nixon of course, then Ford, then Carter, then Reagan, and then Papa Bush. From dumb to post-dumb and beyond! For the *Veetzers* these guys were just like a 20-year coke jag--and they found their way up more people's noses than coke ever did!

The consequent social collapse led to the signal event of the era: Bill Clinton, asked at the start of the '92 presidential campaign if he'd ever smoked weed, told the world, "Well, er, ah, yeah...*but I didn't inhale!*"

Didn't inhale!!! He said he didn't inhale!!!! The *Veetzers* spritzed on themselves and just up and died, laughing like Jack Benny used to at George Burns's jokes, convinced that their work here on Earth was complete.

And it was! Who in the fuck could top that? With just those four short, lying words, Clinton had rendered the *Veetzers* redundant!

I should say here that it's just as well that the *Veetzers* didn't survive that '92 gaffe. No telling what they'd have done if they'd been there to see Bill's attempt to redefine sex in the wake of his trysts with Monica Lewinsky.

"Those blowjobs," he told the Grand Jury, "were nothing but noshes, light snacks. It wasn't like...*doing* it, you know?"

"No shit," a bitter Monica riposted. "It was more like pecking a breadcrumb off Al Bundy's lap."

The Grand Jurors spritzed on themselves and just up and died, laughing like Jack Benny used to at George Burns's jokes, convinced that their work here on Earth was complete...

Anyway, the *Veetzers*, post-Joey, really clucked up the landscape. And in 2000, 50-plus million boxes of rocks threw their votes to George Bush--Stupe Cubed and then some. Of course, Bush was running against Al Gore the fencepost, but still..,

Bush turned out to be sort of a Veetzer himself, lowering the world's IQ with each speech as he bibbled and dribbled toward 2008, through two bullshit wars and the meltdown.

Then came the '08 elections and Barack Obama, who's made a career of pretending his right hand's his left, thereby setting the stage for that Ilsa-Koch, Barbie Doll ding-dong, the nit Sarah Palin in 2012.

Palin's so dumb she makes mulch look like Einstein--and once she gets in, the Zorks will invade and scarf up the Earth like a ribeye with anthrax on toast.

Zeep told me once over brewskis re Palin: "That broad barks like my wife! This is gonna be fun!"

Yup, we are *doomed*. Zeep keeps saying he'll take his with mayo and ketchup on rye...

