

# Osama, Osama--He's After Your Mama!

*by* Robert Crisman

Captain Zeep came to Earth at last century's end to help pave the way for a Zorkian takeover by 2012 at the latest. Key to the game plan: Earthlings had to get dumber than eggplants. When George Bush stole the White House, Zeep figured, Bingo, dumb rules the roost! Let the countdown begin...!

And then, 9-11! Zeep spritzed like a geyser. Now there'd be action!

As long as Cheney was there to make sure that things really got evil!

September 12, 2001. Bush met the press. He walked out on stage and stepped to the lectern. The hall was packed to the rafters. Bush, jazzed and blinking, looked out at the crowd.

A reporter yelled out, "Mr. President! What's going on?"

"Wow, man," Bush said, "it's way, *way* fucked up! I mean, Jesus Christ, your savior and mine, it's like, I'm in Florida, right? Reading stories to kids in this grade school. About goats, for Chrissake! And they come in and tell me these jets all slammed into those buildings! And I'm going, how'd they do that and--"

"Mr. President! Who did this?"

Bush squinted at cue cards. "Uh, Osama bin Laden! Followed by Iraq!"

"Iraq, Mr. President? Saddam Hussein is behind this as well?"

"Why not?" Bush said. "He's got nukes and plus all that anthrax we sold him. Plus he's pissed off 'cause my dad whipped his butt that last time around. Sounds right to me. And we're gonna get him!"

"Mr. President! Osama bin Laden--"

"Bad guy!"

"Yes, Mr. President--"

"And then, those Iranian ragheads and--well, not North Korea

but... Anyway, these are bad guys!" Bush looked at the cue cards.  
"Like an Axis of Evil! Plus people want freedom! You know?"

"Mr. President! Where does Europe stand?"

"Those pussies? The ragheads start barking, old Chirac rolls over and starts licking his nuts! And meantime, you know, who's gonna run the old flag up the pole if we don't go over and, you know, whatever! You know, bring it on!"

"Yes, Mr. President, but--"

"Look, guys, I gotta run. I'll be on FOX later. See ya."

Bush stepped from the lectern, tripped, and almost went down.

Zeep thought to himself, *way* fucking weak!

Somewhere up in Afghanistan's mountains, or perhaps Kennebunkport, Osama bin Laden prepared a response. Grinning into the video camera, he busted out laughing. Wiping tears from his eyes, he began: "Bozo said that Saddam Hussein was in on the deal?" Osama couldn't stop laughing. "Jesus, Dick! Is he still on crack?"

"Oh well... Hey, fellas, don't stand around with your thumbs up your ass! Go get the fucker!"

Osama's laughter echoed all over the world that night. And the sight of him rolling around on the floor and pounding the ground with tears in his eyes... Zeep just shook his head. If Bush kept this up, people'd start thinking the Marx Brothers did it! That press conference, man--a stone fucking clown show!

In Cheney's office immediately after the conference, Rumsfeld felt the same way. He hit the remote and shut the box off.

He turned to Cheney. "Well, whaddya think?"

"Osama? The tape?"

"Hell yes, the tape! What kind of spin do we put on that shit?"

"Hey, he admitted it, right? Him and Saddam, just like we said. Nothing we didn't already know."

"He was laughing at us, Dick!"

"Hey, Rum, the guy was calling us out, him and Saddam. That's how we'll play it. They think they're bad? We'll show 'em bad. Plus, Saddam's got those nukes, am I right?"

They laughed like hyenas at that one.

"We hit that one hard. That'll keep all the dummies in line."

"Okay," Rumsfeld said. "That sounds good. Now, Emmett Kelly, the only commander-in-chief that we've got. How do you think *he* went over?"

"Well," Cheney said, "he didn't fall off the podium at least."

"He almost did at the end!"

"Yeah, well, the main thing, he got the basic idea across. Osama-Saddam, Saddam-Osama. Now let FOX run with the thing. WMDs. Osama, Osama, he's after your mama. All that good shit. The rest of those dipshits'll follow like ducks."

"Yeah. Well, okay. I gotta go meet with Chalabi, let him know what kind of evidence his guys're gonna come up with for Powell's UN slide show. I also gotta call Vader at UnoCal and tell him Kabul's gonna be a go. See you later."

Rumsfeld went out. Cheney sat back and chewed the events of the day, much as a hooded-eyed cayman chews tapirs he's dragged from the Amazon River. With slow satisfaction, plotting the next degradation.

Zeep, watching this unbeknownst, sat back himself and pondered the meaning and prospects that issued from all that had happened so far. Not too bad, he had to admit. Bush, of course, was a black hole in space. But Cheney! The man just *reeked* evil! He could eat anthrax just like a Zork with no sweat! He'd get this slide into the mudhole right up and running for sure.

Zorkian takeover, 2012! Sure looked like the thing was on track...



