

My Job's Easier Now!

by

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* Sorry. I don't have a typewriter, but this makes it more original.

My Job's Easier Now!

I watch C-SPAN because I have to, it's my job, for I am The News! Oh, you don't know my name, then again, maybe you do. I am that person that decides whether Congress is right or wrong, irregardless of what the President or the Speaker says. Only I know if the economy is up or down, not Donald Regan and not Milton Friedman. What do they know?

The "experts" see facts and figures, I see people! My decisions don't come from an "official source"; they are derived from years of research at Burger King and K-Mart. I get my leads from Mom and Dad, my kids, and of course Stan, my official bartender.

You see, the reason I am always right is that I don't know from Republican or Democrat, Black or White, rich or poor. These labels tend to shroud the issues in a cloud of irrelevancy. I know which of these issues is important for you know. Don't listen to Dan Rather; he wasn't there, I was. Only I heard this or that guy say whatever to What's-her-name.

In the old days, my job was tougher. A few years ago, I had to rely on press secretaries, personal envoys, and the Washington Post. I had to take all of their information with a grain of salt. After all, if they didn't even know if my old high school won the big game last Saturday, how could you trust them to read the leading economic indicators correctly? Whatever the hell a leading economic indicator is.

Then the "Information Revolution" occurred (a.k.a. C-SPAN),

equaled in magnitude only by Gutenberg. Finally, I could see inside the monolithic House and Senate. Guess what. They're not such bad people, a little childish maybe, but I like that in a human being. As a matter of fact, we've become pals. They come over almost every morning, and so do a lot of their friends. Now, these heretofore faceless names are talking with me, not at me.

C-SPAN has also effectively eliminated my public enemy #1 — the dreaded "Middle-men." He was that ugly little guy whose job it was to discriminate, castigate, legislate, defecate, and help the Rusksies. But we finally beat him.

Boy, has C-SPAN made my job easier!

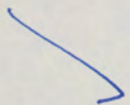
However, make ~~no~~ mistake about it, it's still a rough job. There's always someone that thinks that they are right — fools. How dare they challenge my perceptions. Granted, many of them have a few good points, but who died and made them The News. Then there's that occasional upstart that tries to tell me that Medicare is more important than the ~~Middle~~ East. Hah, kids!

Truthfully, I should thank these people. Hearing other sides of a question means I don't have to do all of the thinking myself. I especially appreciate it when they are right. Then, I can take credit for it, and no one will know that it was the furthest thing from my cerebrum. Once in a while they actually change my mind! That's off the record, of course.

Well, enough hints, have you figured out my name? No?! Okay, I'll give you one more hint ... who do you see when you look in the mirror?

Right! You are The News!

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