

The Confessions Of A Republican Campaign Manager

(full version)

A satire by Patrick Mackeown

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I'm going to do three hail Marys right after I get through typing this.

I'm exhausted! I've been trying for several weeks to prevent the Republicans from being humiliated by the voters in the 2006 Mid-Term Elections. I know that we lied about weapons of mass destruction. We lied about Mark Foley, too. OK, so we've lied about a lot of things, but hey, this is politics. You're supposed to tell lies in politics, right?

It was my job to engineer an October surprise which would wrong-foot the Democrats right back into ignominy. I promised Karl Rove that I'd dump a load of so much whoop ass on their sorry butts that they'd wished they'd never been born. Sorry Karl. I hope you're not mad at me?

Well, as you know, I bullied the Iraqi supreme tribunal into postponing its verdict until two days before the US elections. Saddam got an October surprise alright. He coughed his breakfast right back up that morning I can tell you! So, my October surprise happened in November and in a completely different country. But, in 1968, Nixon stuffed LBJ at the Paris peace talks, didn't he? And it didn't do Richard any harm, did it?

The idea was that American voters were supposed to be so impressed that we'd pulled Saddam's cowardly, quivering butt out of that hole he was hiding in, and tried his sorry ass, that they'd forgive us for telling lies and starting wars and give us loads of votes.

OK, so it didn't work. But, let's look on the bright side; there's always the election in 2008! And, let's be honest with each other here. You can't win 'em all, right?

We had a backup plan. Plan B was to spend half a billion dollars on making the Democrats look bad. If they'd had sex, ever, we'd run advertisements saying they were porno addicts. And if they hadn't we'd accuse them of being homosexuals. Sometimes we'd get confused and call them pornographic homosexuals, but it doesn't matter. It's all bad, right?

It's a clever strategy isn't it? I mean would you give your vote to a Pinko, Liberal, Communist, Pornographic Homosexual? Yes? Why would you want to go and do a dumb thing like that?

What do you mean, to get rid of the likes of me?

OK, so I admit it. The TV ads didn't work. OK, so we wasted half a billion dollars.

But it wasn't my money was it? Big business gave it to us. They told us to spend it, and we did. So, to be honest, I can't understand what the hell everyone's complaining about. It's only money.

What am I going to do now that I've lost all the US Mid-Term elections? I don't know. I guess I'll have to retire. No one from the GOP is going to hire me as an election-losing chief strategist, are they? Not after this disastrous result.

But, before I disappear into obscurity, and am farted on from on high by the political historians of the future, let me just deliver one parting shot: The other political parties are Pinko, Liberal, Homo, Baby Killers, OK? Remember that when you go to the polls in 2008!

2006 US Mid-Term Election Satire by Patrick Mackeown

Thrillers by Patrick Mackeown - available from www.bookscape.co.uk

Mutilation Murders

The torso of a black child has been discovered in London's Kensington Gardens. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne and his men quickly discover that the boy was a victim of a ritualistic killing. At Heathrow airport a second child, Jubulani, and his mother disembark from their plane. On his arrival in London Jubulani is kidnapped. A Ju Ju witchdoctor in South London is preparing the new child, Jubulani, to be sacrificed. Hawthorne is racing against time to save the boy.

Midwinter's Children

Georg, a nine-year-old street child, has been captured by human traffickers from Moscow and is about to be sold to a child pornography ring in Amsterdam. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne, from Suffolk CID, is on the case...

The Black Daimler

Nexus, a London-based Chinese dissident, learns that his friend was found with an axe embedded in his head. As more of his politically active associates die, he becomes involved in a frantic struggle to understand and defeat the threat to himself and his organisation.

The Expendability Doctrine

Oil tycoon Keith Connors is found dead in the garden of his villa; undoubtedly the work of a pro. His ex-wife flees to Libya, where she is linked to the brutal murder of the White House Trade Representative. In his investigations, Inspector Hawthorne discovers a sinister web of treachery and greed in the international oil business.

The Devil's Brothers

Catherine Bronston, a fifteen-year-old girl, is snatched outside her local swimming pool. The kidnappers, ruthless Albanian mafiosi, issue a ransom demand containing dismembered body parts. Catherine's father fears that the ongoing police investigation could reduce the possibility of her being found alive.

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