

# **D.I.S.S.U.S. 2030**



**Edward Drobinski**

# D . I . S . S . U . S .

# 2030

By

**Edward Drobinski**

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The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Understand? Fictitious? As in untrue, fabricated, invented, made-up (not like in Liberace), false, pretended, fictional, conjured, and all those other words one politely calls liars. In fact they are so obviously fictitious that any attempt to assert otherwise would have to be the mercenary ploy of some lazy, non-productive crook or crooks, counseled, aided, and abetted by an

otherwise unemployed DEI chiseler or chiselers, as yet undismissed from the less than diligent bar. The year of the book is 2030. Like duh?? You know what day this is, ace?

Last and moreover, the unbalanced writer has vowed to report abusers to their local Muslim IDEAS office. Be forewarned.

For Anni, my best pal ever and her Benji  
terror.

"Somebody should have warned the English and  
Americans. Beware of gifts bearing Muslims."

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**The Big News 5-17-30**

TheInterdependentObserver.com

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The Guardian by way of

The New York Tattler

of unspecified varying dates, in turn

allegedly taken from Reuters

May 17, 2030

by Jennifer Jihad, Freelance Journalist

**Theresa May Declares Brexit De Facto Dead**

In a surprisingly candid statement, 73 year old former UK Prime Minister Theresa May declared Brexit dead. PM in 2016, when the people voted to leave the European Union, she has now directly declared the vote null and void, after suffering years of accusations of indirect intrigues. "Look here," she said, "There

is absolutely no point in leaving the EU when we are its only remaining member. One cannot leave one's self."

"When Latvia left in April, it left Great Britain as the first desiring to leave the dance, as well as the last partnerless one still there. Embarrassing at the very least; wouldn't you say?" PM May has suffered fourteen years of criticism over her handling of the affair, and now feels vindicated. "Look here again. It would have been quite rude to just up and go in 2016 based solely on the vote of 52% of the less-than-well-informed people in a non-binding referendum on that one particular day without some sort of mutually acceptable agreement. Even disregarding the other spurious issues, 52% is far from any sort of mandate. In a civilized country, one does not get *comme ci, comme sa* divorced by willy-nilly sneaking away at night without leaving any note."

For your information, The United Kingdom European Union membership referendum, also known as the EU referendum and the Brexit referendum, took place on June 23, 2016 to ask the electorate if the country should remain a member of, or leave the European Union, under the provisions of the European Union

Referendum Act of 2015 and also the Political Parties, Elections and Referendums Act of 2000. The referendum resulted in 51.9% of votes being cast in favor of leaving the EU. Although the referendum was legally non-binding, the May government of that time had promised to implement the result, and it initiated the officially farcical and pathetic EU withdrawal process nine months later on March 29, 2017.

"In politics, the astute of us learn that if one is patient, the needed decisions are most often provided for you. Time has clearly shown that this has become quite silly on the most practical of levels. Our left hand cannot very well negotiate with our right hand as to who holds the 400 million pounds. It's like publicly talking to one's self, and one might be seen as bonkers if seen doing that. We have attained the best of both worlds. Through astute, persevering management we have retained the entirety of the benefits attendant to remaining, while we have also gained the benefits of having left."

"If I may dare speak candidly, the politically shrewd among you no doubt know that even below average elected officials have absolutely no intention of following the ridiculous whims of the



uninformed voters. Indeed, just like everyone else desirous of a lucrative career, we primarily represent the whims of our large corporate contributors, including the dictates of the information controlling 'social' media, which have the goods on all of us. This whole Brexit business got a bit out of hand when some elected wise asses decided that it might be humorous to throw this right in the faces of the voters. Rather than the usual blah-blah-blahing disinterest in the undefined will of the people, the non-binding referendum of 2016, which some un-credentialed turkeys perversely said would be binding, showed very clearly as opposed to the standardized 'serious appearing' and fogging claptrap, that we political muckers have absolutely no intention whatsoever of following the vote demonstrated will of our plebian constituents. If you might pardon my Arabic, we don't give two Shiites. In the near future, I think it is safe to say that responsible politicians have learned that it is not wise to directly ask the rabble what they want. The clarity may prove unacceptably blinding, necessitating an official response of a roundabout, convoluted, interminable KMA. Speaking of which, did you see the Biden photos? Shameful abuser of privileged position. And at his age. Humph."

"Still, I am confident, that with continued help from our Illuminilibtardi friends, Britain will soon be able to manage their own affairs, just like the Africans."

"Besides, at the most bottom of lines relevant to my many peasant constituents; those nasty, raping, knifing Muslim invaders bearing a behavioral intolerance and an 'Allah granted gift' to tell everyone what to do, such as has not been seen since the days of that over-his-head State Secretary George C. Marshall, have all relocated to D.I.S.S.U.S, with the continuing full approval of the media savvy, Sharia supportive, black-shirted Antifa fascists. God bless and save England, our Queen, and Tommy Robinson, not necessarily in that order."

We at Reuters would like to extend our sincere thanks for the prior interview/statements which were granted with the unanimous approval of the Saturday evening staff of the Devonshire Dementia Care Home; where Ms. May has been residing and thinks presiding since 2020 when Nigel Farage and Boris Johnson got uppity. Reuters especially thanks them for the sanction and Ms. May's bubble bath. Elsewhere in the world;

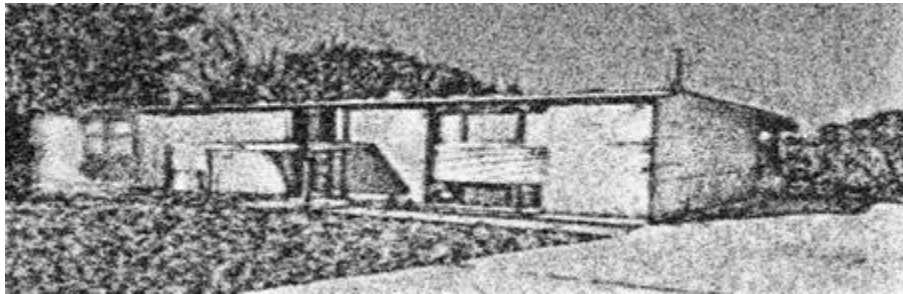
## **DISSUS (formerly the US) Has a New Supreme Court**

More or less on this day, the nine members of the Supreme Court simultaneously died from undiagnosed terminal phlebitis.

President Tupac Obama's nominations for replacement of Ayman Muhammed Rabbaie al-Zawahiri, Saif al-Abdel, Anwar al-Awlaki, Naser al-Wahayishi, Abu Yahu al-Libi, Busta Rhymes, Flavor Fav, Fifty Cent, with Sharia Fatwah at the helm were approved in two hours by both the House and Senate. The delay was encountered as a result of objections to two original nominees; The Notorious B.I.G. and Osama bin Laden on the grounds of purported death, and a House-Senate wish not to get bogged down in that invariably ensuing and tiresome Old School-New School BS, which resulted in Tupac's substitution of al-Awlaki and color coordinated Rhymes. This deft political maneuver overcame all objections, excepting a few hateful Republican reservations concerning Sharia's alleged transvestitism. Their first act was to legalize white beheading as a punishment for improper and recidivist existence.

**Pleased to Meet Me**

Please excuse my poor tabloid manners. It's not my wish to be discourteous, but things around here have gotten even more messed up than usual and I'm not myself. I'm Ralph Modesto. My humble family of three, counting yeztruly, my wife Alice and son James, but not including Sammy the boarder, reside on Humble Lane, in a hovel in the development called Humblehovels,



**Our humble abode. Trust me; it looks much better in color; really;** property of the author.

which is situated in the borough of Humbletown, in the state of Humility, in the Delphic Islamic Squealing State of the United States (DISSUS), formerly known as the United States of America, now still commonly referred to as Rogue State, and still seen, albeit only partially, as the rich white terrorist country it was once considered in its entirety.

In all fairness to anyone's suspicious mind, I do suspect that Sammy's real name is Ibrahim Salih Mohammed Al-Yacoub. This revelation was entirely accidental. Hehe. I was retrieving the mail while kind of spaced and inattentive to the requirements of the task at hand. When I got the snail desecrated lumber to the kitchen, I scanned through the customary sales pitches, cons, and exciting notices of having won bonus points; brightly noticing that two pieces of said lumber were addressed to one Ibrahim Salih Mohammed Al-Yacoub at this humble address. Though one did not have enough space to get past the "Yac" on the top line, I figured that it was a reasonable guess to think that they intended reaching the same person. One was from the hobby retailer; "Al Harb's Burst Aides; your favorite polyester resin and catalyst merchant." The other was from some DISSUS governmental agency, a new one I guess, as I had not previously heard of "The International Institute for Democracy and Electoral Assistance (IIDEA)." I was intrigued to find out what the second was about; but an ideological reverence for the sanctity, as well as fines and jail terms, of the mail system overwhelmed me, and I put the two items back in the box, hoping it would look like the posting of a bill to any casual observer.

I can and do laconically rattle that off for any near ear. My primary intent is to get a well-paid gig on "The Late Show with Stephen Colbert;" you know, that Illuminilibtardi propaganda "comedy" show they've been fucking up ever since Leno left. Barring that for now, I'm more or less contented to hone my material delivery skills through practice; which truly seems to excite the ringy thingy on the masjid. My tertiary goal is to convey a bemused attitude toward the popular, hula-hoop-type novelty which has been coming here through the Rio Grande since the days of the First-Muslim-in-Charge. If that "humor" escapes you at first, try thinking Rupert Pupkin, that's DeNiro, pre-empting an aged Jerry Lewis, laughing at someone-he-hate's teeth being broken through sucking on too large a sour ball, while trying to say that he was okay with blood covering his spat out tooth scraps. I really don't think so, but I guess I could imagine how for some this would be considered an acquired taste; requiring much too much ..... whatever. Welcome to the hovel.

My current state of mind might be interpreted as unbalanced or at least confused. I'm having some difficulty in reconciling and understanding how my middling career efforts at the middling local "Jimmy Hoffa Memorial Crematorium" franchise, have gone

unrecognized. This is after four hard working years of diligent, piping hot requirements; right in the ugliest faces of disease, infirmity, flattening and insistent, yet too often untended, familial obligations, but in full compliance with any vaguery inferred by the dictatorial operations manuals in existence. I have attained the "glorious" rank of Assistant Domestic Non-Sentient Fireman, that which I had on day one, with the same pay.

I don't know, but this may have been consistent with what has resulted in my having been charged by the Islamic Defense Establishment Artillery Section (IDEAS), not to be confused with the International Deepstate Equalized Anarcho Socialists (IDEAS), with ostensibly being a rich, white, though covert terrorist. Since the return of another Obama as a First Muslim in Chief, new IDEAS have been proliferating like poppies in an Afghani spring.

I can almost understand when I dumb down a few necessary notches. .... In fairness, I must note that this conclusion is based on a speculation which would be rejected by every credentialed Physicist; and even worse, rejected by the Physics

PhD candidates and even the aspiring nutjobs at the Master's level who spend the bulk of their time giving mathematically based near-credence to that weirdo multiverse quantum stuff. Undergrad they re-check the water-heat-steam calculations, never finding an error. Perhaps this is what makes them get all goofy.

It is sad, but it is also my possibly ordained and unfairly considered pathetic destiny. Before you might think that that sounds too whiny and solicitous of the obligatory, amusing, "kindly," supportive, and "social" shit, please be advised that I have always and continue to recognize that at the most bottom of lines, other opinions have all the significance of last Wednesday's incorrect weather prediction.

This sluggish, low paid position followed my sixteen glorious years ending as a well-paid Senior Vice President for Deutsch Offshore Advisors USA, continually rising from my initial Assistant Junior Tax Dodging Analyst level. But, Deutsch was chased to Yakutsk, Siberia, Russian Federation by the Muslim interlopers even while Trump, Jr. was still in office; and I'm a picky traveler. I try not to think of those wonderful years.



Luvya, all my old pals in the permafrost. All the best. If this global warming BS has any merit, spring might be coming soon. Hehe.

While it is always difficult to pinpoint the first instance, I think that the First Muslim in Chief, Barack Obama, got the transitional absurdity started back around 2010 with a seemingly innocuous Twitter twaddle which went the commonly overused term of viral, not yet recognized as being of its pathological "word equivalent" witchery. As is now required by the state, the momentous announcement hangs on my middle-western wall, having replaced my esoteric quote from old Henry Ford; "Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you take your eyes off your goal."

Oh, please excuse me again. Henry used to make cars before everyone started turning Japanese around 1970. .... Can you keep that under your hat? You know, when you say things like that they call you old, fossil, codger, stuff like that. I don't really give a wet raspberry about that, but the Muslims and Libby Millennials investigate you for "infractions" against the required nicey-nicey speech restricting laws if you say that

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