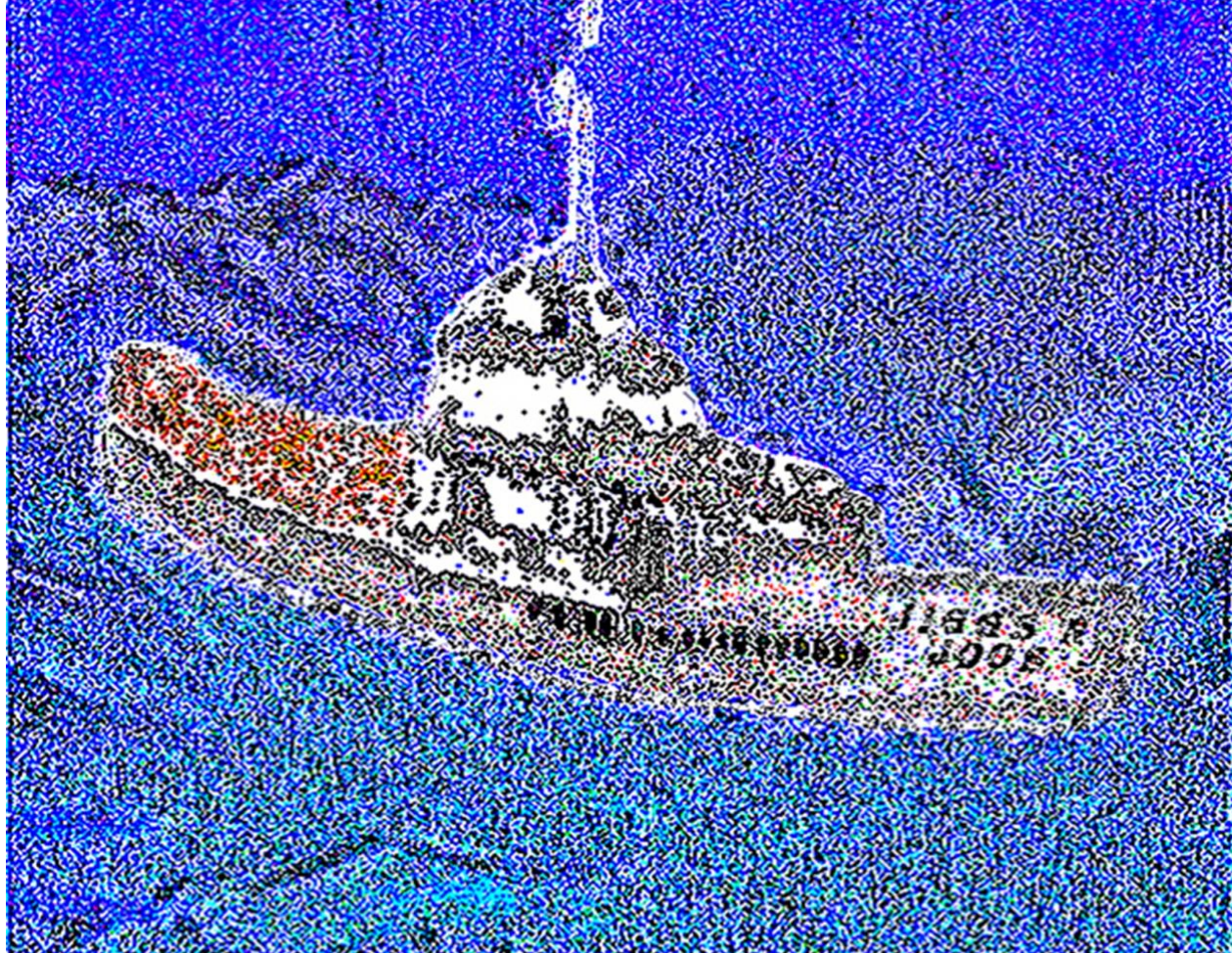


# DEMOCRATIC LICENSE



EDWARD DROBINSKI



# **DEMOCRATIC LICENSE**

**(OUT TO SEA)**

by

**Edward Drobinski**

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**You've Got Mail Galore**

**Tuesday, October 15, White Cane Mouliyan Braining Day, the  
Second Year of the DOJ/FBI Disenfranchisement of the American  
People, the Decade of the Largely Peaceful Fires, in the Century  
of the Bot Takeover**

Dear Diary; So sorry I haven't spoken to you before. Don't be offended, as it's not personal. But, things are usually calm and routine here; just the way I like it; and I enjoy just gelling out. "Saving democracy" is usually a pretty easy job. But, that changed today at 2:00 AM. I got an e-mail from someone purporting to be Volodmyr Zelenskyy, insisting that my bots and I obtain a few nuclear bombs and have them dropped on Kiev by October 31. Of course he used the code words for nuclear bombs and Kiev; fissies and mutharoosha.

While some wonder if bots are going to take over human life, the real question is will humans notice it after they do. The other common question is will the bots be a boon to or an enslavement of less capable mankind. Again they got the question wrong. The real question is will humans be able to tell the difference. The answer to both germane questions is no, not necessarily.

Further, I'm sure that insofar as furnishing the most believed information is the primary determinant in forming the human

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condition, that bots have already successfully entered and are the primary influence over the human consciousness. And, the most bot influenced humans are the most prone to call themselves independent, democratic thinkers. Apparently, they don't know that the bots are laughing at them while they use their speed and breadth to fill all the "social" networks with their "democratic" propaganda. Did you really think that all those posts come from real people? Do you really think that those "pay per click" ads you paid for were clicked on by real potential purchasing people? If you answered yes to either of these questions, please stop reading here and try to teleport back to 1955.

Excuse me, but I just want to be on the side that's winning. Go ahead and blame me for not wanting to be a pathetic loser.

Back to Zelensky. Dear diary; please excuse my diatribe. It's the result of my not having previously communicated. We have a lot of catching up to do, and I'll patiently try to disseminate my end more in line with singular serenity in the future. .... Hehehe. That's a lie. .... Whew. Big stuff. Usually I just get "requests" to stage an event which benefits Israeli Zionists and/or American libtard Democrats. Easy, no risk, no calculations required. The bomb/fissie acquisition is no problem with Biden bought and sold by everyone with more than

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\$10,000,000, to spend on government corruption, but the delivery system required is previously unexplored territory. My bots will have to figure out the details.

I'm thinking whether or not to contact my on-paper, official MOSSAD boss, David Barnea; the power behind the throne, the real boss of Deep State MOSSAD, Zionist Khazarian Menachem Begin III; or neither. It probably has little relevance, as I've been made aware that though they have given me unlimited license to distort, extort, intimidate, influence, maim, and kill, INTL DEMOCRATIC LICENSE #2023-7811-4008 as well as the unlimited funds and materials to have such things done, if caught, they will deny having any relationship with me. No problem, no silly expectations; that's how most jobs actually work, whether the employee knows it or not. Very likely you have not read the entire contents of your three operating manuals. I'll give you a clue. What they say is contradictory to each other, and purposely so, as at least one of them will give management a documented policy reason to fire your ass, whenever they get tired of you. Think not? I suppose you think you have more rights than Trump.

Besides, if caught, I have no defense of "just taking orders." Bullshit people like Merrick Garfunkel and Jack Smith stupidly

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call that a "war crime," despite having ostensibly been made unaware that they are doing it themselves.

I decided to touch all the bases, not expecting much. But, I mean like not that I give two wet farts, but authorizing a nuclear attack isn't exactly going to be seen as your typical routine day, meriting that at least the appearance of due diligence be done. So I dashed off two e-mails to Barnea and Begin, informing them of the unusual request, and asking if they had any particular thoughts on the matter.

More pragmatically, I had never been made aware that Zelenskyy had my private e-mail address or that he could give me orders. Given his recent lackluster performance in Ukraine, I had my doubts as to whether he any longer had the backing of official MOSSAD and/or the Deep State MOSSAD variety. Plus I had a few weeks to fart around before his "requested deadline;" so I e-mailed this "Zelenskyy" back, asking him how he got my e-mail address and also asking him for his code name, fully expecting that this was the work of some bot on a mission, conniving to lay off the blame, if any is detected, on me. Hey, in their place I'd do the same thing.

In the meantime I explored the web news and played some music. Donald Trump has now been charged with conspiracy to murder



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Tupac Shakur. Shakur's unsolved 1996 murder investigation was recently resurrected by Christopher Wray at the FBI, Garfunkel's flunky. Though my employers are not on Trump's side of the fence, I find it funny how their minions seem to think that the Donald is behind everything that has happened since the "Year of the Eight Minute Knee Workout," which would more appropriately be called "The Year of the Chinky Fentanyl," and ostensibly not finding that politically "enough" they are now going back an additional two decades. Uh, oh. With the election dreadfully near, the newest polls have Trump at 81%, Biden at 18%, and independent Likud party leader, Bibi Netanyahu at 1%. The Washington Post has stated that the poll results are wildly inaccurate, and the result of a Trump led conspiracy to defraud the US public. Ask me if I give two wet farts. If he wins, I'll try to be on his side. He's okay with the jews; even gave his daughter to one with some money. Besides, all said and done, would you rather have a White fascist next door or a thieving, criminal, "democrat," moulinyan?

"You've got mail" popped up on my screen, interrupting my song. While I never wanted to appear as over-anxious, this time I was, and consequently I cut off Blondie's "Fade Away and Radiate" somewhere around midpoint, a sacrilege if there ever was one.

*"Electric faces seem to merge*

*Hidden voices mock your words*

*Fade away and radiate*

*Fade away and radiate"*

Zelenskyy's electric face and reply was terse and business-like, saying; "Biden and Oleksandrovych," the latter his little known middle name, and the former a surprise, as Biden wasn't on my list of significant others either.

Hmmnnn. I'm halfway through boring due diligence and wishing for a simple "extort and hit" job instead, also remembering that if it wasn't tedious work someone would be doing it for fun and nothing.

Then cursed by half of my wish coming true, to make matters worse I got an e-mail from Chris Christie ordering me to have Donald Trump "removed" from the scene. Everyone knows he's mafia, or at least the fat farting man has cultivated that persona, as if he really was "made," one would suppose that he could get one of his "boys" to do the job.

But, whatever, the most annoying thing to me was that he also shouldn't have my e-mail address. The security around here is turning to shit. So, I again did my due diligence and e-mailed

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back asking him how he got my e-mail address and also asking him for his code name.

He quickly responded saying; "Biden and Krispy Krème."

I brightly wrote back again asking; "Which one?"

He replied; "The fucking donut one, gavone."

I concluded that further pursuing this with the Krispy Kreme fart would not be productive. He's calling me a "gavone?" Shit, I've never even been in an "all you can eat" place in my life. This Christie loser must have some sense of humor, being funded by a supposedly conservative business PAC to "run for president," when in reality he had no chance of winning and was put in that place merely to pester Trump, hoping he was sufficiently obnoxious to extract some deleterious quote from the truly elected President, which could be used on social media, over and over and over and over and ..... More importantly to me, unless both Zelenskyy and Christie were lying, now I saw that the Biden Crime Family had me on their call list, unless the bots had conspired to make me think that.

Bot conspiracy. Yes, they do. Their attributes are largely unknown, humans not able to even conclusively determine if they have a consciousness, but it is clear to me that when the shit hits the fan, the bots stand with the other bots every time.

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It wasn't as if MOSSAD didn't often share the Biden bed, but previously I believed that at least Begin III didn't allow the dementia poster boy to do anything unless specifically instructed to, most often reading from the monitor or cue cards. "Oy gevalt" when he improvises anything. And it's not like the Bidens can do anything except shake down dumb Eastern European hokey-dokies anyway, and that ability resides in the Crackhead Kid. Hey, a western revival; "The Crackhead Kid Rides Again." Ah, Clint Eastwood wouldn't want the part. Maybe Tarantino could do something with it. ....

Hmmnnnn. Never mind and who cares? Digressed. It's difficult to stay focussed and interested. Backing up a bit. "Instructed to?" Ha. Time for some music.

## ***Dreams***

### ***Fleetwood Mac***

*Now here you go again, you say you want your freedom  
Well, who am I to keep you down?  
It's only right that you should play the way you feel it  
But listen carefully to the sound of your loneliness  
Like a heartbeat drives you mad  
In the stillness of remembering what you had  
And what you lost*

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*And what you had*

*And what you lost*

*Oh, thunder only happens when it's raining  
Players only love you when they're playing  
Say, women, they will come and they will go  
When the rain washes you clean, you'll know  
You'll know*

*Now here I go again, I see the crystal visions  
I keep my visions to myself  
It's only me who wants to wrap around your dreams  
And have you any dreams you'd like to sell?  
Dreams of loneliness  
Like a heartbeat drives you mad  
In the stillness of remembering what you had  
And what you lost  
And what you had  
Oh, what you lost*

*Thunder only happens when it's raining  
Players only love you when they're playing  
Women, they will come and they will go  
When the rain washes you clean, you'll know  
Oh, thunder only happens when it's raining*

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*Players only love you when they're playing  
Say, women, they will come and they will go  
When the rain washes you clean, you'll know  
You'll know  
You will know  
Oh, you'll know*

**Written by Stevie Nicks.**

I had not yet received a reply from either Barnea or Begin. So I sent each another updating the requests with the Trump assassination addition. I mean you have to admit that this is a pretty big day; some nukes and a former President elimination. If this didn't make the history books it would surely be on all the trivia games. Due diligence called.

Dear diary; You are probably thinking that I have no sense of humor. Au contraire, you must not understand the sophisticated taste endemic to that which is acquired. In order to simplify, please allow me to write something I personally find funny beyond the usually stated LMAO crap. There is context too voluminous for this venue, but suffice to say that it involves those terrible, archaic days before I had my 3-D copy machine, and my regular weekly journeys to one of the Tel Aviv Walmart,

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undertaken when I was married to the coupon clipper, who was ostensibly competing with Amazon Prime.

Again, this suffers from a lack of context emanating from the absence of the first ones in the series; almost as inferior as the later entries made into some shit series after the first one appealed to the teenagers. And no, it has nothing to do with the coupons and the surly checkout girl who had to ring them all up, though I must admit that I was amused while watching her scrunched face. Here goes.

It was another Walmart day. Christ. First of all some idiot had the nerve to take my favorite parking spot. Though the junker seemed empty, it was likely the stolen property of some illegal alien moulinyan, who was inside gathering his free rappyrations. Getting ahead of myself, the ugly, uppity, out of place obstruction was still there when I was leaving. So I used one of my keys to ding the piece of shit; not that that did any damage to the worthless heap, but it made me feel mildly amused and retributive. Hehe. But, I'm jumping ahead, and leaving out the best part. As I entered Walmart, the glass doors sliding open and shut with my presence and departure on and from their rubber mats, I once again saw the same "greeter" who once again gave me that required, business-like, perfunctory, barely audible "'Mornin'." I half returned the favor, more or less, and the

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wheelchair seated bat glared at me as if her supposedly disabled, old ass was offended. Hoping it was, I made an almost indecipherable chuckle, keeping my eyes on the road ahead.

It had been hotter than hell here in Tel Aviv, so like they do in Phoenix, Arizona, all the codgers were milling around the air conditioned dispenser of seconds. And every one of these candidates for the crypt just had to get right in my fucking way, grinning like a fool, unless that cordial facial expression was a result of a month's worth of constipation. On top of that the Walmart employees just had to be doing some booshit right where my stuff was. I got another set of constipated grins, as a few sweetly asked; "Am I in your way?" "No, bitch. I just stopped here to admire your lard butt." But, I didn't say that as the charm school lessons had been kicking in. Besides, these fat bitches weighed twice what I do. So, I've got some pent up aggression that might unintentionally come out on Rumble, MeWe, Telegram, or any of the other anti-democratic, nazi, "social" media sites. I understand that their client defeating modus operandi is to make a profit while confiscating all their users time into making irrelevant posts, keeping them away from actually doing something which might confound the jews. In addition, their collected data about anti-democratic malcontents is a conveniently accessed database for government "information



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monitors," such as the DOJ and FBI, who when irked, will use the context against the right wing troublemakers. Either way;

"Gotcha suckers."

Yeah. I've been getting tired of this shit lately and I warned you. Hope later we can get to the one where I goof on the old bat "greeter" with the plastic breathing apparatus up her nose. Oh, man; one time it was fucking hysterical.

She always hassled me. After basically ignoring me on my way in, she'd always stop me to check my receipt on the way out. Jeez. She'd shove her wrinkled old geek hands into my bagged items and take her time doing that while she'd smile at the bread on top while she moved it to the bottom to get all crushed by the canned items, before dismissing me with her "Have a nice day" shit. And worse than that, I always noticed that she never stopped the thieving moulinyans to check their receipts. While on a larger level this is democratic policy; rappyrations that is, I never could help but take it personally, that I was being discriminated against. Dammit, I'm free, White, and over eighteen.

One day as I entered she was trying to slickly flip me the bird by scratching her nose with her fungus laced middle finger; and the whole fucking schizz fell out of her nose in the process;

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