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# *The Amerikan Dream*

Long ago, while your little sperm-spirits still swam in my big banger, Satan, my charming wife, was lonely and bored—even though she was married to God. What was I to do? I desperately searched for poets, slaves and worshippers. Finding none, I bawled. Do you think my wife comforted Me? Not a chance! That pitiless beast laughed and said some nonsense about Me having the power to create good children.

“Oh, really?” I replied like a genuine know-it-all. “Have you ever tried creating life from nothing—nothing but this?” I grumbled as I swept a hand over my body. “I don’t even know where to start!”

She reclined on the bed. “Have you ever visited the amazing cosmic-universal vagina?”

“What? Me? Well, of course I have!” I lied and thought, “She’s joking. No such thing exists.”

She whispered, “Good. Now, let’s do the pro-creative deed and build a home for our children.”

I nodded with fake confidence. I had never done anything creative with anyone, and since I never trust a woman to do anything right, I left her with a guardian angel. Then, in a private place, I grabbed my big banger and tried to build a home from nothing. My frantic banging filled the universe with painful music, but no home. Well, in my defense, it was my first time building anything.

Of course, I patiently persisted, and while I struggled, Satan grew fatter and fatter. One day, Satan told Me that she had finished building the foundation. She squatted, spread her ugly legs and laid a pile of boiling magma.

“What the Hell is that?” I asked.

“It’s an egg, you fool!”

“Oh.”

“That’s a joke. It’s the planet Earthome. Now, if you do your job, it will be a fine home for any child. Do you know what your job is?”

“Of course!” I lied and wandered away wondering what a god is supposed to do with a blasted planet. So, I put pretty lights around it in the hope that one day my children living in Earthome would look up at my beautiful face and worship Me. Of course, I had one problem: my children didn’t exist and I didn’t know the magic spells that make them. I looked at my wife for clues, but she feigned ignorance, and when I pestered her for help one of my angels showed Me how to masturbate.

I wasn’t offended. Being God, I do everything alone. And I’m a real perfectionist. At first, I was no good at masturbating, but after millions of years I got it down to a real art, and just as a cracked, pretty clay shell formed over Earthome’s pulsating mass of magma, I ejaculated a great stream of radioactive dust, salty water and nasty microbes all over it.

“Good job!” said my wife as she stirred the nasty ingredients and radiated her evil energy upon them. “At this rate, in another millions years our first children will have a wonderful home.”

She was right. My magical ingredients slowly evolved into trillions of children. Strangely, none of them looked particularly like Me. In fact, just by looking at them I grouped them into these distinct tribes: the wigglyies, the woodies, the worms, the mollusks, the arthropods, the fish, the reptiles and others too numerous to name. I was extremely proud. I imagined a great future for our family, but that was wishful thinking! Those ignorant scoundrels refused to thank, work for, and worship their God and father! They wouldn’t even acknowledge my existence! I shook a reproving finger at them and angrily hissed, “How many more times must the Sun orbit your home before you thank Me for all I’ve done for you?”

Do you know what they did? They ignored Me and snuggled closer to their mother! I warned them about the dangers. I spent a few million years talking to them about their behavior, and during that time the Earthome cooled and

grandchildren were born with feathers and later fur and warm blood. But my grandchildren were just as foolish as my children, and the worst ones were the great apes; they were genuinely stupid, for they worshipped their alpha males instead of Me!

One day I sat down and asked those hairy idiots, “Why don’t you recognize your father and ask to be my immortal slaves in Heaven?”

They refused to answer in my language, so I gave them the gift of speech. Well, I quickly regretted that favor. No sooner could they speak than they shouted, “Thanks, you old moron! Now we can insult you night and day and blame you for not giving us the brains we need to respect you!”

Can you believe such disrespect? Imagine blaming a parent for your bad behavior! Someone had to teach them a powerful lesson! So, one day I ate all their food. Then they understood, apologized, and said, “Oh grandpa, we surrender! We promise to be your slaves if you give us feet to run with.”

Being infinitely generous, I gave them human feet, but I quickly regretted my generosity. Thinking they could escape from Me, they fled the jungle and hid on a dangerous savannah! Of course, I followed them and told them to keep their promise. Why did I bother? They declared themselves free from tyrants and invented axes, cut down the trees and made fires and spears and dared Me to come near.

One night, while they slept, I entered their homes and gave them fleas. Revenge was sweet, but would have been sweeter with food in my belly, so the next night I returned and roared. They looked at Me, feigned fear and cried, “Oh ferocious nothingness, oh mighty ghost who prowls upon the savannah, are you going to bite us?”

I leapt and bit down on a dozen mockers and chewed their bones until they ... laughed. God has no teeth! They laughed so hard I tried to strangle them, but their throats were covered with cartilage that felt too disgusting to touch.

“Oh grandpa, why don’t you kill yourself instead?”

“I wish I could, but I’m immortal!”

“Doesn’t life suck?” they taunted.

“I’ll teach you how much it sucks!”

One by one I grabbed them by the hair of their heads and sucked their bodies hard. They should have died; instead, their bodies straightened, their hair was mostly removed, their nostrils stretched into noses, and salty water came out of their skins. The worst thing was that they thought their new bodies made them more beautiful than any other creature, God included.

I was determined to teach them to be nice to Me, so I punished them with plagues of cold weather, war and famine, but just when their population began dwindling, Satan chose her favorite tribes, turned them into sex maniacs and taught them how to make love for hours. I wasn’t jealous. Not Me! I only pitied their stupidity and cursed them with women who could not cook, but that made no difference. Somehow, they still loved their damn women more than Me, and they reproduced like rabbits!

I desperately needed help. So, I sent my fiercest angels to beat the crap out of them, but you’ll never believe what happened next! My angels fell in love with them. Oh, they had quite a honeymoon with lots of cuddling and snuggling and kissing before the inevitable fighting began. Then, conversations devolved into racist arguments and my pet angels were massacred. The murderers celebrated. It was quite a party until they resumed dying like flies from diseases, lice, hunger, war and divine disasters. Life was so bad, they considered praying for help and respecting Me, but suddenly everything changed. They stopped caring about death and suffering. Do you know what their secret was? That’s right, they invented some damn thing called religion! Those liars believed they were immortal beings destined for a better world—*even though they had no evidence!*

Well, let them have their religion, I thought, it will only make my job more interesting. So, one day I drew this pictograph on their favorite cliffs and cave walls: “When you’re tired of suffering, come to Amerika, land of dreams, and while

you are there work for Me, shop for Me, and follow my commands. Do this and you will be in Heaven.”

The geniuses deciphered my message, discussed it, and then danced and banged their drums and shouted, “Father, we’ll do whatever you want, but only after you eat mud, grow bananas from your face, make us giggle with your genitals, and make music with your ass!”

I guess those comedians didn’t know who they were insulting. So, to teach who I was and how life works, I struck them with a drought and another ice age. The smartest ones fled north, out of Africa, to look for the promised land of Amerika in the dark, cold regions of Eurasia. But there they found no food except my pet mammoth and other four-footed giants that could kill a man with their fearsome genitalia. Wise men would have hid underground, but do you think they were afraid of pain or death? Thanks to their religion, they ignored the threat of death and learned to hunt and eat the most dangerous meat, and they hunted and ate so well that their food became extinct.

Around this time, as hunger and cold loomed, a few hunters noticed their dark brown skins and black hair had magically turned white and blonde, and they imagined they were now gods like Me! I was embarrassed to even look at them, so imagine how insulted I felt. Well, I thought, a teacher’s work is never done, so I planned my final lesson and delivered it.

“My beautiful child-gods, your religion is correct. You deserve to live in a better place than Europe. To find it, just follow the Sun across the sea until you reach Amerika, land of the gods.”

They cheered and started to prepare for their voyage to Heaven! They cut down more trees, tied and glued a few together, and threw their lives onto the ocean. I was sure they’d drown, but damn it, a few washed up on Britain’s shores and conveniently declared, “Hoorah! We discovered Amerika! Here we can walk, hop and follow our leader on the path to eternal happiness! Hoorah!”

Then they waited for their leader to come. I let them suffer for a few centuries before I came to them in the form of the greatest leader to ever live, the great alpha male King Arthur. I taught them how to live with women and how to kill their enemies. At my command they conquered Rome, Persia, Russia and all the peoples of the world, and they cut down the forests and created pigs, cows, and vast fields of edible grass and bird seed.

Well, life was tolerable in God's kingdom, but they were not yet in Amerika, the land of God's freedom, so happiness was scarce, and as life worsened they accused God of having misled them. King Arthur explained, "Stop whining you wimps! If you want eternal happiness, you must get to work and create Amerika right here!"

The people cheered. Their king put the best British minds to the task. But all our hopes were dashed, for the best Britons were not clever enough by half.

Exhausted by my endless efforts, I begged my dearest queen for help and relief. She smiled, put my head on her warm bosom and sang a soothing lullaby. I shut my eyes and dozed and dreamed about a better life in Amerika.

# *The Pioneer of Love*

Once upon a time a very naughty Queen of England slept around with the Emperor of Japan, the King of Arabia, the Czar of Russia, the Chief of Namibia, the Fuhrer of Germany and many other foreign rascals. The scandal was published, the case went to the Supreme Court, and there the Queen proved that she was innocent of adultery because, in her words, \*n\*1 sex isn't really sex. Well, I'm inclined to agree, and so is British law since it refuses to mention that disgusting deed.

But God works in mischievous ways. Despite Queen Sisy Holywhore's sexual misconduct, she miraculously conceived a child in her buttocks. As the royal slut grew conspicuously fat, she blamed anyone she could and even executed her chef, her royal farmers, her beef cattle and all her dairy cows, pigs, chickens, and even her only apple tree.

Although her girth and her appetite continued growing, her husband suspected nothing. So, I sent him a dream. At first he didn't understand, then he didn't believe, but after the third time he woke and jeered over his sleeping wife, "GOD KNOWS YOU CHEATED SO YOU'RE GOING TO HELL! WHO'S THE WINNER NOW? HAHA!"

She said, "This is Hell, you idiot! And thank God for Hell's devils! At least they know how to make love!"

Dressed in pajamas, the royal witch flew to the local Masonic Lodge and flaunted the evidence of her adultery. Soon rumors started spreading. In a desperate effort at damage control, the Queen's doctors told the public that the bulging monarch suffered from an obesity gene, but witnesses glimpsed movements in her bulbous buttocks and guessed an unborn child was struggling to escape through the Royal Gate, for the public believed royalty were too polite to possess genitals.

The King, meanwhile, launched an investigation into the suspicious circumstances surrounding the queen's pregnancy. A

hundred detectives were commissioned, but the evil queen used her potions to turn them into horny apes.

The whole nation was scandalized. The court priests tried to save the country by blaming the mysterious pregnancy on God. This greatly impressed the English people; but God was not pleased to be implicated in adultery, so the priests woke one day to find their genitals so enlarged they had to be executed for decency's sake, for God's sake, and for England's sake.

Finally, on the greatest birthday in the history of the world, Queen Holywhore was liberated from her burden. While she was squatting, she gave birth to George "Jesus Christ" Washington, the child destined to be England's first prince of love.

The boy's curious divinely ordained career began one day while the royal family picnicked and little George sat like an angel under an ornamental tree, practicing his 2-times table so that the good prince might be well equipped to rule England. His education was proceeding fantastically well until Satan brought ruin and destruction to England. The evil one arrived in the form of a bunny. It emerged from the deepest pit of Hell, hopped to George's side and, in Latin, invited him to come along for a pleasant stroll through the English wilderness. The naive young prince excitedly followed the beast. Once they were alone, Satan, still cunningly disguised as a fuzzy rodent, violently raped the boy prince, stole his heart, and forced him to eat a weeds powerful enough to turn angels into devils. Hours later, he walked home with a weird glow around his eyes.

George was no longer himself. In his madness, he prepared and ate raw salads of dandelion, purslane and nettle, and he ate without cutlery and assumed no one needed cutlery, so he gave the family's golden utensils to the poor. Other sins included kissing dirty servant women and setting the royal horses free.

Obviously, the royals were scandalized. Queen Holywhore locked the possessed prince up in the Tower of Horrors and threatened to keep him there until he forgot his evil ways and learned to sing hymns and prayers. So, five times a

day George sang love songs that made even the hardest Englishman sick. As for food, after several bouts of vomiting, he learned to eat the food his father delivered: nutritious sugar loaf and lucky rabbit's feet. For the boy's mental health, he administered a daily bottle of wine and math problems.

One day, George decided he was a scientist and conducted a careful experiment on his cell's door. He pushed it, kicked it and screamed at it, but it did not open. Then he turned the handle and pulled, and he was amazed, for it opened. He literally danced into a miserable English rain. He nearly raced back, but he wanted to make friends, so he knocked on hundreds of doors and shouted, "The Prince of England wishes to have tea with you!"

Invariably, shuttered flew open and someone shouted, "Get lost and get some clothes, you pervert!"

He was too proud to pray for help, but I told him that good British citizens do not harbor escaped convicts—even if they are princes. But do you think he respected the law? No. He thought himself above it, and instead of running back to his tower, he pissed on England's doors, shit on England's gardens and went home shouting insults at all of England.

At home, he continued his evil ways. On his 14<sup>th</sup> birthday, the King announced, "Your talents are wasted on England. We're going to send you to India. Its lonely people need someone who can sing love songs. You'll be famous in no time."

George was beyond enthusiastic. His huge canoe was loaded for the voyage with a barrel of gin, sandwiches covered in butter, jams full of sugar, and four pregnant domestic animals. The canoe's captain, Christopher Columbus, imagined Earth was spherical and thought he could arrive at his destination by paddling in any direction. Luckily for him and his passenger, God blew his canoe to the province of India known as Premerika, which was the land destined to become Amerika.

Premerika was a terribly uncivilized country. Its godless savages captured Christopher and forced him to be their

homosexual slave, and they stole Prince George's clothes and jewels and laughed at his white skin, blue eyes and blonde hair. They seriously thought he was a clown and they asked him to do stupid shit, and, being a prince of love, he never disappointed them.

Despite everything, George was confident he could civilize the natives, so he mastered the crude, native language of the land, a language which was, by the way, mostly a lot of hateful cuss and swear words. Then he composed love songs in the native tongue and five times a night and seven times on Sundays, he sang about God's love. During his first night of singing, a gang known as the Bloody Thieves told him to shut up. He apologized, but as they staggered back to their beds, he sang after them, "I love you! I love you! I love you all, and everything you say and do only makes me love you more!"

In the morning, George approached his enemies as they were eating Christopher Columbus. Those gluttons wanted to eat George, too, but he quickly traced the heart-shaped symbol of eternal love on his breast and bravely kissed their fearsome leader, Chief Talking Bull, and whispered, "I will love you even more if you tell your men to bury their weapons."

The chief pinched his meagre buttock and said, "These little utensils? But, then how will we carve your meat?"

"My friend, because I love you, I tell you, God did not create you to eat meat, and white meat is the worst."

"Then what should we eat?"

Then Prince George tried to teach them to suck milk from cows, to graze on grasses, lick nectar from flowers and chew on raw sugar cane. The Bloody Thieves never laughed so hard, but when he persisted in teaching them they declared him mad from dehydration and gave him foul water to drink. That day, George caught beaver fever. Then imagined himself a beaver, fell in love with the whole beaver tribe and tried to impress them by scratching trees with his teeth. When his enemies pursued him, he swam to a beaver lodge and clung fast until the Bloody Thieves came with their ships, captured him, tied him

to a log, towed him downstream and sent him floating across the Atlantic, to his fatherland.

Back in England, George told his parents about his incredible adventure: “It was an incredible adventure! But I am not done. The savages were just learning to love me. But they won’t accept me until I improve my hygiene. Could you give me soap and a bathtub? I’ll repay you with grandchildren as soon as I get the chance.”

Queen Holywhore gladly provided the requested tub and soap, while his good father added children’s books, a globe, a telescope, a bag of wheat, a teddy bear, a bouquet of flowers and a headstone. Then he went out with the tide, and time passed quickly as the prince played with all his toys.

After beaching back in Premerika, God’s pioneer of love built the now famous House of Love on the Potomac River. He built it around seven almond trees. When the local women came to eat his nuts, George charmed them, saying, “Welcome one and all the House of Love! Abandon your caves of stone and human bones! Be baptized in my bathtub under a roof of flowers and join me in worshipping the holy petroglyph!”

I warned him against giving the gift of love to beasts of prey, but he welcomed his enemies into his home and happily let them rape and abuse him while he did their beds, baked their bread and cooked their turkeys. This continued for months before the Gang of Thieves found George with their women.

“You scoundrel! You’re gonna get a whipping!” yelled the chief.

“Go ahead and whip me with the whip of love!” George retorted.

They decided against whipping him. Instead, they tied poor George to his headstone, loaded him into a giant catapult, and said, “We’re gonna send you to Heaven! When you meet your good papa above, please kindly tell him to stop sending your kind this way.”

George sang, “I know you don’t mean what you say. Deep down inside, you love me more than words can say.”

Then George went flying through the sky and made a splash. The Bloody Thieves were sure he would drown, but they'd misjudged how well English fat floats. George spent two nights marinating in the salty brine before floated back up the Potomac. Chief Talking Bull arrested him and dragged him to court, where George was accused of trespassing on another's continent. After presenting no evidence of any crime except love, Chief Talking Bull sentenced George to eternal marriage to a giant beaver.

Of course, George blessed his enemies for giving him a chance to prove that he is God's true pioneer of love. Then, for weeks, he sang love poems to the biggest beavers, but this scared them away and infuriated the Indians who depended on beavers for their milk, clothing and meat. So, they dragged George back into court and sentenced him to grind flour and bake bread. George obeyed, but George's love for his enemies only intensified.

### *A Change of Plan*

Once upon a time Satan noticed that God loved George more than He loved her. Satan stormed out of Heaven and plotted to make George into an ordinary sex slave. When Satan told George that his destiny was to be her personal sex slave, he was happy about it, so God told him he had a much higher destiny and put the seed of his power in a mighty barrel-cylinder, put the thing in George's hand and commanded him thus: "Hold this little cannon in plain sight so that everyone will know that you are King George, ruler of the Kingdom of Premerika. Then tell Satan and her savages, 'Because you are ugly and disgusting sex slaves who refuse to work for and worship God, you will die if you do not earn God's love build the civilization I shall name Amerika.'"

King George didn't repeat this message word-for-word; like a good prophet, he communicated God's message in beautiful sonnets and verses. The natives were spellbound by

their beautiful sounds. If you doubt this is true, try singing George's poems aloud and you'll understand. Copies are provided below at no extra cost.

### An Economical Love Song, Part 1

Oh sweet, sweet Civilization!  
You are my inspiration,  
My dedication, my motivation!  
You make my heart race,  
You make my feet race,  
I know your surname, it is Economy.  
We live in harmony, not like sodomy.  
As my true wife, you deserve my life!  
You are so fair—in all affairs!  
God's best creation!  
You make my heart race,  
Whenever we embrace,  
You make me work,  
And go berserk,  
For you I sweat,  
Oh, you make me wet!

Oh sweet, sweet, sweet Civilization!  
You are my inspiration,  
You are the reason I get out of bed,  
For you I'll work until I'm dead!  
Since you are everything,  
The reason I work and sing,  
Each evening,  
I read your love letters:  
They are so legal tender,  
So full of numbers,  
Dullards call them dollars,  
But they are so much more—  
They are the true currency of love:

Kisses from the Boss Above!

Oh, sweet, sweet Civilization,  
As your prophet I can see  
You will save us from exhaustion,  
Poverty and misery,  
With robots and electricity!  
With foreign slaves and electric chairs  
You will make dying so easy  
With coal-powered toothbrushes  
And super-nuclear-powered vacuums  
Even cleanliness will be a thrill  
For which even God would kill.

Patience, my friends, and sing my song,  
The road to luxury, leisure, and freedom  
Might be long, indeed, too long  
To hold your breath,  
But if you can't save money fast enough,  
Don't wait for Death  
To lead you to the wisdom of true freedom;  
Just put your trust in God's good bankdom:  
And the Angels of Bamboozle  
Will rescue you,  
From the sin of poverty,  
The holy banker's credit line  
Continues for infinity,  
Beyond the clouds so heavenly  
God's angels of most high finance  
Never refuse to lend a loaded hand  
For the poor, for the needy  
They invent what they print  
As God alone created Earth from nothing,  
So they print money without accounting  
And create credit from pure imagination.  
They are so generous,  
They lend what they do not possess,

And wait so patiently  
While you work so honestly  
To redeem yourself  
From the sin of debt and poverty.

So, if I may summarize in song,  
If you want God's love,  
Always take more than you need,  
Give more than you've got,  
And work, shop and spend on God  
Make Him so full  
His girth encircles Earth,  
And none escapes His warm embrace.

#### An Economical Love Song, Part 2

My secret love,  
Who knows her name?  
The games she plays?  
So sweet, so tantalizing,  
Her mesmerizing glitter,  
Her leather, gold and silver,  
Her mansions made of sugar,  
And daily dinners red with blood,  
Legs and breasts and rarest meats—  
Who can resist all this?

No one! So, get up, you lazy bums,  
Dance to my lady's drum!  
Swing your tools, buy her jewels!  
Swing your axes, pay her taxes!  
Or King George, her true defender,  
Will use his magic  
And turn you into stew of rabbit.

Oh my lady, oh my lady,  
Can you feel her heat?

Move your feet or join the dead,  
Feed her fire-breathing dragonhead,  
Fill her tanks, turn her cranks,  
Stuff the Earth into her maw,  
Give her forests to digest,  
Watch her fires process and produce—  
Endless products, profits, too!!!!!!  
And toil, toil, *toil*—  
To build yourself a holy paradise  
Of cut stone, steel, and ice.

Our Economy's body is indestructible!  
Behold, she's made of asphalt and fables,  
Piles of paper, wires, pipes, and plastic cables.  
She eats flesh, time, and fossil fuels;  
She exhales pure smoke and fire from her holes;  
She sweats and pisses poisons on her enemies;  
So no one dares to say she's ugly  
Because the mirror shows her beauty.  
Besides, you know, she has rules, you fools  
So obey her kings and pastors,  
Lords and masters,  
Bosses, merchants and professors!

Renounce your evil pleasures!  
Wipe your smile from your face,  
Bow before your mighty towers,  
Worship your electric powers!  
And pack your privates in your pants  
And learn the wisdom of the ants!  
Bend your backs or get a whack!  
Respect the scepter, that's the way,  
To work towards our promised pay,  
When trickling down from high above,  
Comes your legal tender love.

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