

I know it's a long shot, but given the remote possibility that anyone who's reading this is gullible and unstable, I need to open this article with a

fawning disclaimer that **I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KILL HILLARY CLINTON.**

My aim is NOT to encourage any wannabe John Hinckleys or Arthur Bremers or Lee Harvey Oswalds out there to strap up their Army boots, polish their rifles, and go blow off her little blonde head. It is for legal and ethical reasons—well, mainly legal ones—that I feel compelled to clarify this. I suspect that our former First Lady and potential next Commander-in-Chief is a litigious, ruthless, humorless, vindictive control freak who, if she becomes president, will seek to classify even the mildest criticism of Her Royal Highness as terroristic hate speech, so I need to cover my ass here. So don't kill her, OK? In his boundless wisdom, God will one day come along and snuff her.

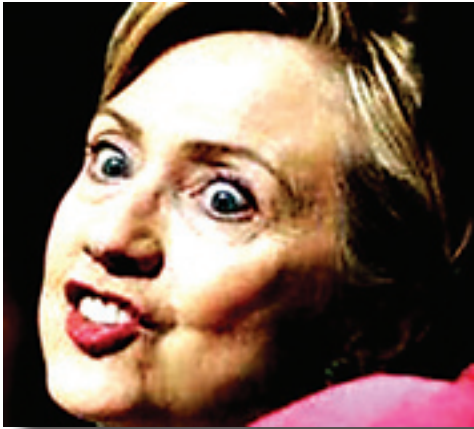
The only reason that I say "Hillary Clinton Must Die" is because, after years and years of observing her in action, her death would be the only thing that would truly convince me she's a human being. Mortality is the most indelible part of the human condition, and death would finally reveal her as a mere mortal instead of, say, a Machiavellian Castration Robot invented by evil feminist scientists.

My distaste for her has very little to do with the tight-lipped shrew's political policies, because I haven't bothered to study them, although I'd assume they're some predictable mishmash of sheltered leftism typically endemic to wealthy whites who need to at least *appear* compassionate in order to assuage their inner guilt for being spoiled social parasites.

HILLARY CLINTON MUST DIE

(IN ORDER TO PROVE SHE'S HUMAN)

She's for universal healthcare, is she? Strike one. We need a lot MORE people to get sick and die—the sooner, the better.



She's for open immigration? Strike two. We should have built a hundred-foot-wall around the country fifty years ago and sealed it with waterproof bathtub caulking. Hypocritical Hillary is far too rich to be forced to live in neighborhoods alongside recent immigrants. She is an egalitarian on paper, but in practice and personal style, she's the worst breed of elitist. What was the name of that book

she wrote—*In Africa, It Takes a Village to Raise a Child, Because the Kid's Deadbeat Dad Skipped Town?* What the fuck would an ultra-wealthy white lawyer know about African villages?

She's for women's rights? Strike three. The law and public sympathy are lopsided in women's favor as it is, as evidenced by the fact that she still thrives as a presidential contender. No *male* candidate could get away with repeatedly assaulting their spouse...or looking so undeniably *mental* in picture after picture...or for appearing so foolish and/or untruthful during a national marital scandal. Hillary bitch-slapped Bill because

she knew he cheated on her, all while telling the media that it was a lie concocted by a "vast right-wing conspiracy." But deep down, she knew it was her old, wrinkled womb, cold as the Yukon, that drove Bill away.

I didn't even *like* Bill Clinton until I heard he got

a blowjob from Monica Lewinsky while eating a slice of pizza and conducting presidential business over the phone. But Bill is Hillary's perfect counterpoint, and he illustrates a president's true role—he or she should be someone who is charming, warm, and who inspires a ripple effect of confidence among the electorate.

If you truly understand that the REAL government is the tag team of the IRS and the Federal Reserve, you'd realize that a president's main job is symbolic. Presidents are supposed to make people *feel* better. Hillary Clinton couldn't even keep her own husband happy.

The idea that a female leader would be more compassionate and peaceful than a male ignores recent history, where global *Über*-cunts such as Margaret Thatcher, Indira Gandhi, and Golda Meir eagerly sent their

nation's young boys off to war. It ignores *ancient* history, where bloodthirsty Goddess cultures routinely slaughtered male infants and made lifelong slaves of the ones they didn't kill. Speaking of ancient history, my grade-school teachers were predominantly nuns, so I have an acute sense of what it's like to live under female authority. Ever had a female boss? OK, then.

It's always a bad idea to give women too much power—but ESPECIALLY scorned women. One would assume that Hillary is also postmenopausal. Great. She's a husky-cunted harridan whose desirability was publicly mocked by her husband's flagrant indiscretions. We're going to give a sexually humiliated woman control over the world's largest arsenal?

Beware, fellas—if elected, she will pursue every means to snatch away your freedom to masturbate as you see fit—perhaps the most fundamental



freedom of all. She'll get in office, bask in her newfound power as if it were a luxurious bubble bath, start thinking about Paula Jones and Gennifer Flowers and Monica Lewinsky, and then seek legal recourse to prevent every American male from ever seeking sexual satisfaction again. Women have historically been the primary force behind censorship. They like to ban what they can't control, especially when it involves women more attractive than they are.

But you don't have to be a misogynist to hate Hillary Clinton. At the very least, a female leader should display the sort of protective caring instinct with which women are allegedly endowed at birth. Hillary Clinton doesn't seem as if she cares about anything beyond her own bald drive for power. She walks around as if her vagina is as cold and steely as a pair of toenail clippers.

Hillary Clinton is a big steaming pile of Democrat.

We, as a nation, should quickly get over-the-Hillary.

Voting for her would be a huge *Presi-don't*.

Cast your ballot against her, lest she strangle the world to death with the vengeful muscles of her bitter vagina.