

Written by Ann Molten
Wednesday, 04 April 2007

If there is anything I hate more than not getting my share of the spotlight and the opportunity to pander to the public and make obscene amounts of money spewing venomous half-truths if not outright lies in my column or in books or on the lecture circuit, it is Democrats. I'm sorry, I can't even bring myself to capitalize that word. democrats. Ugh, it makes my taut, pale skin crawl. And to think that it is so close to the word democracy. I just want to rip someone's head off and spit down their windpipe.



Well, if for no other reasons than he is articulate and intelligent and sensible with really good hair and reasonable and stands just as good a chance to win the presidency as anyone else and is really cute in bike shorts, I hate John Edwards. But throw in the fact that he is a democrat and a liberal, oh , wait, all democrats are liberals and live on the beach in Malibu, and I want to rip out his fingernails while he watches "Dancing With The Stars" strapped in an electric chair set on slow cook. But now I find out that John Edwards is a telemark skier who

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has just come out of the Closets. I don't care how high-tech they look these days, you can take the boy out of the granola, but you can't take the granola out of the boy. Boy, I hate granola. And I hate knee dippin' tree fairies.

I'm a no nonsense, no sense of humor, neo-nasty downhill mama who thinks turns are for wimps. And liberals. If you're turning, you're slowing me down. Get out of my way. Left, right, left, right...make up your stupid mind. I've got no time for your wacko indecision.

But I digress. This column may seem like it is about how much I hate democrats and liberals and John Edwards and telemark skiers and granola and the media even though I am very much a part of the media. But it is really about me. My good looks. My best-selling books, "Republicans Are Always Right, democrats Can Rot In Hell," and "There's A Lot More Of Me Where I Come From," which have all the literary value of an Archie comic, the humor of a wet towel snapped at your ass and the sensitivity of a toilet seat. And don't get me started on Barack HUSSEIN Obama or Hillary Rodham Clinton! Sorry, I digressed again. My thrilling long, long legs. My wicked eyes. Me! Me! Me! I know that if I just keep writing the most outrageous, outlandish, tasteless, ranting columns, I will never go out of print. Just look at Foxy News Network or America's Top Model. That's what America wants. America wants me and is morbidly fascinated by me, hanging on my every word and drooling to find out what I'm going to say next. HA HA HA!!! Ann Molten is just a pseudonym. I'm actually Barbra Streisand.