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“The Politician’s Tale”

There was a King who ruled the land; His Majesty was in command.  
That’s how it starts. Anyone stop me and ask if you’d like me to go into more detail on something, or if it gets too boring. Okay?

So, this King, he was my kinda guy. He didn’t even pretend to be honest or virtuous. He did whatever he could to get as much power as he could. He understood the one real law of politics: the ends justify the means. Always. Really, that’s the best lesson anyone can learn. People will tell you that it’s more important to be ethical or a morally good person. Ha! What do they know? They haven’t seen what real authority is like.

So, where was I? Oh yeah, this King. Hmm. What did happen? They say memory’s the first thing to go. Oh yeah. I remember. You see, this was before the Magna Carta, or any of that junk. This King could rule as he pleased, just the way it should be. So one day, he decided he was going to invade a neighboring kingdom, to get some more land. He didn’t mind sacrificing a few peasants, if it was to get the kingdom more land. Like JFK said, “Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.” It’s all about the good of the whole. So many people get mad at the government. We’re really just doing what’s best for the country, and the whole world.

So, the first thing he had to do was put together his army. That really wasn't hard; he simply called for a draft, and nobody dared protest him. Not like 'Nam. That effete corps of impudent snobs. Those long-haired hippies burning their draft cards. They make me sick.

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Lemme get back to the story. He assembled a militia, 200,000 men strong, and began to train them to be top-notch soldiers. He planned to surround the castle and starve them out. That was a pretty common and effective tactic of the 14<sup>th</sup> century.

The King was all ready to begin the march into battle; he was giving one last inspirational speech to his troops with his son, the Prince, beside him, when, all of a sudden, the Prince unsheathed his sword and struck his father down. With a single thrust of his blade, he killed his father and made himself the new king.

The moral of the story is: politics is a ruthless business. The King had concentrated too much on planning his war, and not enough on protecting his own power. The Prince saw his opportunity, and took it. Atta boy.