



**ALBERT GORE**

You woke up this morning on the wrong side of the bed. Tipper was snoring all night, talking in her sleep about evil rock bands, your son had decided he was gay, your solar system on your green roof was dying, and the Congressional Committee on Environmental Hazards had subpoenaed you to testify in the wake of the gasoline scandals, and about the need for alternate forms of energy. You would have to skip the oatmeal this morning, that organic cup of whole bean coffee, and drive safely in your Prius at a hurried 46 miles an hour to the Capitol Building. But you should be comforted by all the attention; you were the guru after all, the Nobel Peace Prize Laureate of Global Warming and you were happy to accept this role on behalf of the world as we know it. But recently if not for the last four years, a certain word has been floating in your consciousness that keeps you up awake at nights. Even two drips of melatonin from your local homeopathic consultant will not keep you from waking up in the middle of the night and yelling "Florida!" Yes, Florida, your nemesis, a state that under suspicious circumstances, gave your opponent, George W. Bush, the Presidency, even though you had been given the popular vote.

You are not just the Environmentalist du Jour; you are also an American Statesman of the First Degree. Your father was a much respected Senator from Tennessee, and you followed in his footsteps being elected twice to two terms, running your own failed campaign for President in 1982, and then accepting your appointment as Vice President under Bill Clinton from 1992 to 2000. You would have been a shoo-in for the next president. But you respectfully withdrew, after a packed Supreme Court had ruled in your rival's favor. There was nobody left to appeal to, except the American people in another run for the highest office in the land. That would have been about now. But you concentrated instead on teaching, publishing books on the environment and producing "An Inconvenient Truth," the Oscar winning documentary about global warming. You also packed on a few pounds. This morning at about 3:00 a.m., you woke up with sweat on your brow and yelled out "Florida!" Florida, fucking, goddamn Florida. You were hesitant to say His name in vain, given your year in Divinity School. But you are the Voice of Reason. You are the only Democrat who can win, and you feel it in your bones. You had thought there were better more electable players out there- Obama, Clinton, Edwards. But you didn't even brave the primaries. They needed a new voice, so you thought, and you were not ready to take on politics again. Until this morning, when you found what had happened in the electronic votes that had been recorded.

ZZZZZZTTTT! POP! Sizzle! Crack! Oh, what now? The machines that had counted the votes have gone haywire! Seems like a hacker finally was able to tweak the machines, proving that tampering was not only possible, but likely. And by infecting them with a virus that destroyed the motherboard, all the results are wiped out. Gone. Vanished. So would you have had a chance? Hmmmmmm....It's already September and everything about the election is in shambles. How can the nation restore the people's confidence in a fair and free election so close to November? It may be your last chance.

A new election, with all the candidates back in the race, including you! Yes, everyone is back in play. All the Republican and Democrat primary aspirants will be on one big ballot in November. The voters can choose whomever they like out of all possible contenders. Your political career is not over – it's only just be reborn. Now you need to go forward and start collecting votes, so you'll have the states you need in the Electoral College to win the election!

1. You throw your hat into the race,  
It's time to pick up that campaign pace,  
You command respect across the globe,  
For the urban growth issues that you probe,  
And now you've become the world's guru,  
Of environmental issues that make you stew,  
A respected author in your own right,  
Of books about pollution and urban blight,  
It's time to realize this electoral feat,  
Without question you are the candidate to beat,  
Among promises to pay of the national debt,  
You claimed you invented the internet,  
Then enjoy the fruits of this endeavor,  
On Hyatt's second floor you can be quite clever,  
There you'll find the directions to breakfast,  
The nearest Whole Foods by Mapquest,  
Pick up a bite upon the fly,  
Upon coconut granola you can rely,  
You've that first row of upside down grain,  
Multiple helpings will help you train,  
You need that **Iowa** caucus mandate,  
To be first out of the starting gate.
2. To accept Stockholm's benediction  
The CDV to DXX is your connection  
The Montlake exit N after Lake Washington,  
Campus fever has you drummin',  
At NE Pacific take a liberal turn,  
But at 15<sup>th</sup> more of a conservative concern,  
North to NE 40<sup>th</sup> where right you coast,

To earn that coveted international toast,  
 And right again on Stevens Way,  
 Soon that Nobel medal will be your play,  
 Be collegial to a tee,  
 In spite of directional haphazardry,  
 Though you'd like to stop and smell the herbs,  
 Kincaid and Anderson soon perturb,  
 Onward past the view of a Washington peak,  
 Slow down when past Roberts Hall you sneak.  
**New Hampshire** will be sold on your morals,  
 There's no time rest on your laurels.



3. If the bench you're game for an inspection,  
 And not for the purpose of a failed election,  
 Then from there you might derive,  
 Something from Professor Gordon's jive,  
 In sequence the letters of his quote you pen,  
 Number them chronologically and then  
 Find 8 2 47 51 39 13 48 26 38 28 42 48  
 For assistance use your bag's template,  
 At Northeast this time go west, Old Man!  
 On NL Way draw a line in the sand,  
 The pollutants near the Greenwich longitude line,  
 Will one day soil the tides on your coastline,  
 And though you're proud of your new medal,  
 Upon A Nobel Prize you must not settle,  
 Ethanol, wind and solar use rebates,  
 Should be proposed at the **Florida** debates,  
 And toxic rain the skies will rule,  
 If we continue to depend upon fossil fuel.  
 So, step on the gas, my weathered candidate,  
 Upon new chads is your mandate.

4. The filling of wetlands and hydraulic mining,  
And the continued presence of oil refining,  
Has caused the salmon's numbers to diminish,  
By millions, for years, and soon they'll be finished,



The **California** populace loves a Maitre D',  
Who takes care of nature and its progeny,  
Where 34 grows to the number six squared,  
The sunset's direction is soon best fared  
The environmental news is certainly erie,  
Of a quick fix solution you must be Leary,  
Mark it now to that famous Manhattan Studio,  
Where celebs partied and danced bad disco,  
You'll have to walk a certain distance,  
With Jesus-like skills in this instance,  
Damn the fertilizer farming's destructive path,



The latest news now sparks your wrath,  
Lock yourself at Chittenden,  
Where the fish are now portendin'.

5. You can't put the issue of wildlife to rest,  
Unless the family car passes that emissions test,  
Hydrocarbons ruin the ozone,  
Making us all UV radiation prone,  
To save the world from this doomsday,

And the price of gas that is runaway,  
The auto industry in **Michigan**,  
Is about to now get hit again,  
What better strategy than by example advertise,  
Your own smart car to economize,  
Head south to a market that sounds like a peak,  
And there to Merchant Darwin speak,  
Retrace your steps to one Agent Smart side-kick,  
Get to Denny Way for your next shtick,  
Downtown bound to park after Stewart,  
At 1531 Western you'll hit parking-pay-dirt,  
For gas consumption to redress,  
Recite your own Goresburg address.

6. If fear is the most powerful enemy of **Reason**,  
Then the Iraq war is out of season,  
You insisted **on** an immediate pullout,  
You've seen what happens with fall-out,  
As the senator from **Tennessee**,  
You've seen how ugly war can be,  
Your work on the Armed Services Committee,  
Almost kept you from being the 2000 nominee,  
In a Cool House that near 4<sup>th</sup> Springs,  
Your research there some votes will bring,  
McCain and Hillary knew well that WMD's,  
Were hawkish imagination designed to tease  
In the first chapter for your first task,  
"What is the enemy of reason?", you ask?  
The answer will send you to your state,  
To E and A's sequence, escalate,  
The clue itself will surely be binding,  
But the animal at the steps you should be finding.
  
7. It's time to search your divine origin,  
In a place of worship you should be foragin',  
You'll help your political ascent,  
By going straight NE up the Fourth President,  
A right on 12<sup>th</sup> you'll need to ferry,  
Remember those days at the Vanderbilt seminary?  
The chapel there where you used to pray,  
Is a spiritual platform you must obey,  
The religious right will need a bone,

Who should now throw the first stone?  
**South Carolina** Baptists haven't seen enough,  
Are your family values up to snuff?  
St. Ignatius did foretell,  
That leaders would come to drink at the well.

8. The drought in **Ohio** has left them bare,  
Even with water, water everywhere,  
Polluted lakes, not a drop to drink,  
It's time to throw in the kitchen sink,  
Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Akron  
A true swing State to put the make on,  
Your water plan will break new ground,  
If your campaign is now Broadway bound,  
North you pass that grand slam diner,  
And pass the Way of a peaceful branch,  
For an electoral avalanche,  
Skip by the briefest President, Old Tippecanoe,  
And the G.O.P. for your rendezvous,  
But be conservative when you say "hello,"  
A Hawaiian flair while on the go,  
North on 14<sup>th</sup> you should now veer,  
Find campaign workers to volunteer.
  
9. The country's labor force is askance,  
Over your current NAFTA stance,  
The workers in **Texas** are incensed,  
By the Mexican imports that have grown immense,  
Now farmwork, textiles and steel production,  
Are exported to sweatshops for slave wage reduction,  
Unemployment has hit the ceiling,  
Your free trade views are not appealing,  
The AFL-CIO you must appease,  
Up the Five North to stop this business overseas,  
At exit 193 in Everett town,  
Walnut to Hewitt and ocean bound,  
You'll soon be looking for what is round,  
A remedy is somewhere prescribed,  
In oral form, thanks to a bribe.

10. Now that you've paid your union dues,  
With those new economic views,  
Of building our infrastructure from within,  
With American workers thick and thin,  
You've got the endorsement of Labor and GM,  
And agribusiness is in like Flynn,  
But one last die is left to cast,  
On Diversity you should raise the mast,  
You promise if to be elected,  
From the race your Cabinet's selected,  
Imagine Edwards as AG,  
Much better than Gonzales and Meese's pedigree,  
Let's just ignore that pregnancy!  
And Obama will become VP,  
And Richardson Secretary of Energy  
What should you do with Hillary?  
Heads of state know her intimately  
And with Bosnian bullets flying a bit,  
Secretary of State might be a good fit,  
Kucinich might be a bit inferior,  
To head the Department of the Interior,  
I think the Dept. of Defense  
At his helm would take offense,  
But **New York** would be pleased to epiphany  
If you crossed lines and got Guiliani.  
Follow the campaign trail and watch the results,  
There 'll be drinks and food and much tumult,  
Just return to your Interstate 5 beginnings,  
And go north a bit for you last inning,  
As you watch the precincts report,  
On exit 199 you should resort.  
Your union clue will bring you forth  
Or just follow your instincts and the signs,  
Wouldn't victory be sublime?  
But if the vote goes to the floor,  
Recite your Goresburg address at the door.

## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. In coconut granola

Are you ready to do battle?  
It's time head straight for Seattle,  
Face it, you are a health nut to the nth degree,  
Vegan and Green is your pedigree,  
Now you are crowned for the Nobel,  
For your efforts in a particular hell,  
It's the one that's causing the poles to melt,  
And for folks in wintertime to start to swelt,  
For global warming you are the lead,  
Even when the Kyoto accords were a small seed,  
A truth inconvenient was the warning to heed,  
Now you are awarded for your untiring deed,  
Pass the bust of James Hill ,and you've gone too far,  
But track his gaze and you're on par,  
The Theater of Columns comes in to view,  
On the campus of Washington U,  
Your award ceremony is in full bloom,  
I hear it's just sylvan standing room,  
Wouldn't it be ironic,  
If the truth were less ironic?

### 2. At bench at Sylvan Theater

Now you've gotten your accolade,  
But fossil fuels are still being made,  
Back up to Ne Pacific you must now veer,  
To save our endangered atmosphere,  
In your Prius now you're quick to drive,  
To the boiler room, pass under the Five,



Find the orange grate that spreads,  
 Over your curious democratic heads,  
 And pull a string that stands alight,  
 To make sure the votes are counted right.  
 Or see what floats inside the structure,  
 An easy ballot box topuncture.

GAS WORKS PARK ( from "Man's flight through life is sustained by the power of his knowledge")

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51

52 53 54 55 56

3. In Gas Works balloon or case

Chinook , coho, sockeye, and steelhook,  
 Your scaly friends now have no brook,  
 With lobbyists or farmers the message is bold,  
 Water is shallow, the eggs won't hold,  
 Once you walk over Salmon Bay  
 The first steel wave may cast you away,  
 But even a donkey can be heard to bray,  
 In the curly froth of a set's array,  
 Below your animal is a ladder,  
 If you watch the fish, you'll just get madder,  
 The first set on the right's the best,  
 As they meander in their remaining zest.

4. Under the first column of fish on the right/donkey in curley cue  
In Chittendon locks under signs for fish

Near where vegetables and flowers catch the eye,  
At the market where fish fly  
A flight of stairs leads to Down Under,  
Through double doors you blunder,  
Size does matter as you explore,  
A maze of shops past the candy store.  
Where you see The Soundview café,  
A car dealer waits for you to role play,  
If you are to be a Prez for real,  
Then enunciate your words with an orator's zeal.

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**GORESBURG ADDRESS**

**I am Gore, and eight years ago, our voters brought us a President , a bad incarnation, who, while still in puberty, devoted himself to the proposition that all votes are not created equal.**

**There, we were engaged in an electoral war, testing whether Florida, or any other state so deceived and so corrupted, can long endure. We are again met on the battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final protesting place, for those who here gave their lives in Iraq, so that Halliburton might live. My pants aren't fitting anymore, it must be the cheese.**

**But, in a larger sense, as I have become, we cannot pontificate – we cannot**

wallow around. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled there, have fought for a power that falsified facts. WMD's and Al Qaeda were lies of note. You should remember what I say here, and never forget what we have done in the name of freedom. Occasionally, I do. I have done so much. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the compromised idea they fought so hard to advance. It is rather for us to remember those ideals, to vindicate the truth remaining before us, that from the honored dead we learn our mission to the cause of greatness that we have held for two hundred years, only then can we say we can say they did not die in vain -- that this nation, under any God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that we cannot, we will not, we must not allow this Government of the People, by the People, and for the People, to perish from the earth.

#### 5. In Prius

You need to rout a cover-up  
On which Clinton and McCain were so corrupt,  
In **The**nineties you knew that WTC one and two,  
Was an expected **Assault** of which we knew,  
And the Bin Laden/ Baghdad connection was a foil,  
To bring the U.S.A. some cheaper oil,  
Find your treatise in a database,  
To a place where dewy decimals reigned,  
Before computer databases changed  
Head now south down First,  
North on U. or things may get worse.  
And once you find your tome of findings,  
Your state can't be found in the bindings,  
With animal and clue in hand,  
A few floors down you must command,  
If Oursler's 5663 you calculate,  
Then from 3 to 2 you'll escalate,  
Don't be averse,  
To turning the calculator in reverse,  
This is just the extra part,

*Then* to Cluesheet six for a new start.

6. In Age of Reason (Chapter One)

The onething left to tackle,  
Is that sacred tabernacle,  
Park off Marion to renew,  
Your vows at Number 32,  
At the trunk of a madrona tree,  
So that churchgoers can see,  
That God and Christ are part of your life,  
And though that has been said of your wife,  
Whatever rock 'n roll bashing we hear from Tipper,  
We all know you're not the Gipper,  
After all our college students,  
Need to learn the base of prudence.

7. In tabernacle

To promise the country more H<sub>2</sub>O,  
And get the vote of Ohio  
In this election you won't get far,  
Unless you climb up a reservoir,  
And fill in the blanks of your crossword,  
With bulletinsto which you're spurred,  
For your expertise to lord,  
You might consult the waterboard,  
And when your puzzle is complete  
The squares in shades of green will compete  
Against your opponents in the fall,  
For Ohio's twenty, winner takes all,  
To stop the work-force insurrection,  
Your puzzle will spell an intersection.  
And the object of your affection.

## 8. Crossword

Wetmore

Pacific

Cog

Wheel

## 9. In wheel

Your campaign headquarters are in full drill, make the drive, and take this pill  
But undue delay would be tantamount, to asking for one more recount,  
There's no Florida county left to blame, make the drive and now reclaim,  
What was lost before can soon be gained, At 9829, quote your last refrain,  
The polls that now say that you're ahead, were hopefully correctly read.  
Head left upon that maritime drive,  
Eight miles to this exit North, And up this street sally forth:



+ L.A. +



10. Hydraulic mining, filling of wetlands, and pollution from pulp mills and sewage outfalls have also figured into the decline of Columbia Basin wild salmon from their primordial strength of untold millions to some 300,000 today. To push them to the brink of extinction, however, required more than overfishing and the many serious blows to their spawning and rearing habitat. "The only obstacle the salmon have not been able to overcome," says Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus, "was the pouring of concrete across their rivers."

11. Dams on the Columbia had been dreamed of for decades; the federal dollars of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal made the dream come true. It was a grand, populist vision: an abundance of cheap electricity for homes and industry, irrigation to turn the basin green with crops, seaports in the dry Inland Empire, a sure harness on the river's destructive floods, and the creation of thousands of jobs to lift the Northwest out of depression. Bonneville, the first big federal dam, was finished by the Army Corps of Engineers in 1938. The Bureau of Reclamation built Grand Coulee in 1934.
- 12.

**Be trade protectionist with measure,**

1. **You're friend SAM gave you advice,  
He said "It's the workers you must entice,"  
Hammer away at their constituency,  
Break a leg with NAFTA's idiocy,"**

**Give CEO's no leisure,  
Goodbye goes the bonus,  
IBM and Halliburton just won't own us.**

The problem with your fall campaign,  
Was that the west looked at you with disdain