

## FRED THOMPSON



It is amazing that in our minds you still exist. You started out as a very small seed in the American consciousness, first as an attorney, than as a politician, and finally as an actor. You remind us all of those Los Angeles folks who introduce themselves as, “a waiter, and an actor, “ a lawyer and an actor,” or, “ I am working on my doctor’s thesis in African tribal art, and I am an actor.” Now in your case, you are the esteemed former senator from Tennessee, and an actor whose most memorable role was that of District Attorney Arthur Branch in the long-running television show “Law and Order.” You started your legal career, at least the non-fictional one, as a young United States Attorney from Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, who rose from nowhere to become minority counsel to the Senate Watergate committee in 1973. You then rose to greater heights by prosecuting the unjust firing of a parole board officer from Tennessee, a trial that acted as the blueprint for a movie called “Marie” and resulted in the toppling of the governor on charges of cash-for-clemency. The script, starring Sissy Spacek, was so exciting that, always possessing that actor’s bug, you got yourself written into it. And you excelled so highly as a thespian , that you found yourself all at once playing parts in blockbusters like “The Hunt for Red October,” “In the Line of Fire,” and “Die Hard II.” You then segued your life in movies with a life in politics. In your first campaign you were elected by the people of the State of Tennessee to fill an unexpired term. You were returned to the Senate two more times, retiring in 2002. And then you couldn’t stand the listlessness of retirement. You had played Presidents and now you wanted to be one. And there was certainly strong support for your conservative candidacy, especially when you molded your image into that of the new Ronald Reagan. And truth be told, you had a pretty good shot. McCain was an embattled moderate who alienated the Right, Guiliani was pro-life, twice divorced and lacked dynamism, and Romney, well, was too boring to be of interest. There was a void to fill, but your ideological spigot, dripping Reagonomics late into the game, was too late for the public to comprehend. Faced with the war chests of your titan opponents, McCain, Edwards, Obama and Clinton, you found that the \$149,547.00 left in your campaign account could barely buy you a cup of Starbuck’s coffee and the support of the local Elks’Lodge. Then the unbelievable happened.

ZZZZZZZTTTT! POP! Sizzle! Crack! Oh, what now? The machines that count 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 did you really come in second, or did you win? 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?

A new election, with all the candidates back in the race! 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 begun. 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. It may not be Kansas anymore,  
But this time you just might make the score,  
The public's disillusioned by the war,  
But your position on the surge declares "encore!"  
With vehicles better militarized,  
Your hawkish platform is best summarized,  
From NE 8<sup>th</sup> to 116<sup>th</sup>,  
A short jaunt south, then to the brink,  
Caddy to your prototype,  
There you'll find your mission ripe,  
A place in show would be your sector,  
There quickly you must now vector,  
The model and color are indicated,  
In your bag you're vindicated,  
Things are not what they seem on the surface,  
A door ajar will serve your purpose,  
If you're to take the **Iowa** caucus,  
Beware about being a bit too raucous,  
But the real thing is best appreciated,  
On the inside where you won't be hated.
2. Campaign finance reform,  
Doesn't mean that abstention is the norm,  
Just avoid those PAC's,  
There are limits to those who can be fleeced,  
But if you opt out of public funds to match,  
Then the sky's the limit for your catch,  
Just find a billionaire or two,  
I hear two reside at Washington U.,  
To find out if you're candidate fodder,

On the VXX west cross presidential water,  
Montlake to Pacific Northeast you'll swing,  
And take a turn for once that is left-wing,  
15AVENE45 to a conservative entrance,  
Down this road of great remembrance.  
The gates of money are sure to open,  
Be civil in this money gropin',  
Clinton and Guiliani have a stake,  
Their war chests are brimming in *New York's* wake  
Your campaign can't survive if you're on poor farm,  
Contributions will give you that shot in the arm.

3. The check number that you read,  
Is the direction west and south that you must heed,  
A college bridges the portage way  
Across this scenic bay,  
A liberal bent at an Ivy league,  
A Virginia town left soon does intrigue,  
Right and eleventh and a left at a Tea Party,  
Will make your finances quite hearty,  
Then the rest as the day is clear,  
If you find a campaign volunteer,  
In a conservative house that protects,  
Political varieties quite complex,  
*New Hampshire's* moderate views you're sure to surmount,  
With the number of the check's account.
  
4. Curiosity killed a cat,  
Now what could be worse than that?  
Apparently you lack endorsements,  
Head to town for reinforcements!  
It seems that on pier 54,  
There's plenty of election lore,  
South on 15th toward Highland Drive,  
A right on a Hawaiian goodbye will keep you alive,  
Left at Tenth and a right at Roy,  
One mile on a Manhattan show east you now deploy,  
At a fourth Prez be Reaganesque,  
At the coastline end your quest.  
Ye of little faith they say!  
Give them hope in this foray,  
With this next whistle stop,  
For more voters you must shop.  
After you have made your rounds,  
In a place where heads and bones abound

Two headed bulls you'll pass on by,  
And that jackalope who is on the fly,  
You're the son of *Tennessee*,  
Tell us how you'll set them free,  
The note you find will leave you risible,  
Use your pen to decipher what's invisible,  
The management is quite aware,  
Of your stance on medical care,  
But to win your own state,  
From your bag you must orate.

5. A labor union gave you advice,  
He said "it's the workers you must entice!  
Hammer away at their constituency,  
Break a leg with NAFTA's idiocy!"  
Be trade protectionist with measure,  
Give CEO's no leisure,  
Goodbye goes the bonus,  
IBM and Halliburton just won't own us.  
To the place where your friend stands guard,  
It designates a man who labors hard,  
Back to town you quickly Spring,  
Where public works are quite the thing,  
And to *Michigan's* unemployment woes,  
You'll have something of substance to propose.
  
6. A drunken librarian was known to carouse,  
At a Dynasty character's opulent house  
In the back it is believed,  
She kept tomes on infamous campaign misdeeds,  
Apparently proving the notorious line,  
"That you can fool all of the people all of the time,"  
At page 113 with your template,  
Find some time to meditate.  
Read those words that you still can discern,  
Then you'll figure on ways to burn,  
Obama with his Muslim rap,  
By adorning him in an Arab cap,  
Or Clinton with her medical plan,  
By showing she uses a medicine man,  
Or Romney's Mormon family tree,  
Which was rife with lawless bigamy,  
A campaign strategy must be formulated,  
For *Ohio's* votes to be anticipated.

7. What is a left for voters to decipher,  
Is this business about being a right to lifer,  
The female vote you'll jeopardize,  
If upon this subject you proselytize,  
Just like Ronald Reagan's views professed,  
You need to make an exception for rape and incest,  
But the Catholic Church will come to the fore,  
Hispanics will be knocking on your Saint's door,  
Family values still sell votes,  
Your own progeny is something of note,  
At your age you still procreate,  
To your next precinct now accelerate,  
The *California* Latinos will come out in droves,  
Even without the help of old Karl Rove,  
You'll be the haloed savior of our land,  
With angels' wings you'll make your stand.
  
8. Now it's time to go on safari,  
Head up the Five and don't be sorry,  
At 50<sup>th</sup> go West young man,  
And pass a Smart agent's highway ramp,  
A right on a liberated mountain street,  
Will find a place for species to greet,  
Pay the sum, I hear you're rich,  
After the experience you're not likely to bitch,  
*South Carolina* is wondering,  
If your campaign is foundering,  
You have to be true to your Southern roots,  
This is the moment where you might wear boots.
  
9. Ahh, you're now down to your last dollar,  
But there are two states left to collar,  
If you head up North to one nine nine  
Twenty Six miles of peace divine,  
And then quickly left to Marine you merge  
And then this message we now urge:  
A small problem has started a fire,  
Attacks on your credibility show you're a liar,  
As brutal as the truth can be,  
The *opposite* is always better in this fait accompli,  
So you're not really a Senator from Tennessee,  
It's all been an act, your favorite hobby,  
So if you can bluff so well,  
There will be a place that is sure to tell,  
To test your truthtelling ability,

I would suggest consistency,  
If you lie, the rally will,  
I suggest now *south* or take a spill,  
The public will go to the opposite chasm,  
10200 Quil Ceda might *won't* give you orgasm,  
Since you're *not at all* a betting man,  
Except when it comes to your campaign plan,  
Who needs blackjack and poker to play?  
When you're lost in disarray  
Who needs to play that old 'Hold em game,  
But for votes will **Texas** abstain?

10. There are only three things sure in life,  
Death and taxes and the usual strife,  
But a Fair Tax you proposed to the middle class,  
That actually might buy them a bit of gas,  
But it's the Social Security woes,  
For which our next generation will be in throes,  
The **Florida** polls currently report,  
That old folks yearn for some resort,  
*So follow the campaign trail* and watch the results,  
There 'll be drinks and food and much tumult,  
Continue left upon that maritime drive,  
And keep that Thompson dream alive,  
Eight miles to an exit ocean bound,  
To its end on Puget Sound.

HOTLINE: Marc (310) 779-3057  
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## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. In Hummer



Through your hawkish stance has attracted votes,  
Your name and record are still remote,  
The only way to make the A-list,  
Is to raise money hand over fist,  
Rumor has it you've gotten attention,  
From the Melissa and Bill Gates foundation,  
They're read to offer a sizable donation,  
As a real estate agent might say, Location! Location!  
As your political ideas need some outlet,  
For your candidacy to vet,  
From the entrance sally fourth,  
Only covered ones have any worth.  
Glass pyramids provide a modern backdrop,  
And trellised walls for a photo-op.

### 2. Check

1247 15<sup>th</sup> Ave.  
45/11



### 3. In Conservatory

It's a bitter pill to swallow,  
When in defeat you're left to wallow,  
What does your electoral fortune hold,  
It's time have your fate foretold,  
For the first of this two parter,  
A mystical woman will serve as a starter,  
For fifty pence she'll dole out a card,  
The back of it you must regard,  
And for the second part of your clue,  
Follow *old* Sylvester's cue,  
Hopefully your medical insurance solution  
Won't leave patients with this constitution.  
Your animal honks "It's a wrap,"  
To the counter now to get on the map!



### 4. Alex (206) 383-3340

Fortune teller card : SAM

Invisible ink pen: First and University

### 5. Under foot of SAM statue



You need to hire a consultant of spin,  
Who can build your image from within,  
And destroy the reps of your rivals,  
And ensure electoral survival,  
Great slogans like "Fred Instead!"  
Might just find you way ahead,  
Not unlike the question "Where's the beef?"  
That left Senator Hart with so much grief,  
At a reading bar you'll need to search,  
For a bit of Buchwald's research,  
Below red steps to a Marion eagle,  
Northern view up First will make it legal,  
The state's however in the feathers,  
Mudslinging now you'll surely weather.



6. In Book

Page 113

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Spells

H N I T N  
A C O I U M B L  
State in eagle upstairs



7. In angel's wings on door of catholic Church

Now that you've garnered the Hispanic vote,  
It's time to head to a place remote,  
Your own party needs reassurance  
That your candidacy is not false insurance,  
Like Hell Week in a fraternity,  
A test of courage is demanded by the G.O.P.,  
They want you to hunt down their mascot,  
The elephant pool can't be forgot,  
In the bushes around the **view**,  
Your symbol forages at your rendezvous,  
Take the rightist path to Tropical Asia,  
I hope the kiddie crowds don't phase ya',  
At the place of 60,000 gallons good,  
You'll find your animal in the hood,  
It's the only one to cause you grief,

Find it now and sigh relief.



8. in plastic elephant at Pool at zoo

If you want more folks to pushing your dots,  
I suggest a play with corner slots,  
Perhaps the truth is now befuddled,  
The location of victory might be somewhat muddled,  
Your flamingo basks at water's edge,  
But inside our bets we will now hedge,  
With our *earlier* understanding,  
On the *right* back corner you should be standing,  
And for lying pay a price  
Reality always ain't so nice,  
Who really needs to try a case?  
If you go by the bar that is nearest your cue,  
I am afraid your candidacy might be through,  
Upon which side is your manager vying?  
For all you know we could be lying,  
But three sevens always set a good pace  
Voters are waiting for your embrace,  
Some 18 million hugs will do,  
And holding 10,000 babies on a camera's cue.



9. Casino



Law and order theme

Hi! I am Fred Thompson. And I am running for President. I think. We need a president who stands for America. What we believe. What as Americans we trust. I am for Law and Order We need to revive our economy, keep jobs here, finish what we started in Iraq, and secure our borders from terrorist nfiltration. We want to have families that are also secure from infiltration. And filtration , immigaration or visitation. One of those. I am a politician, and an actor.

And so was Ronny Reagan. Nothing wrong with being an actor, except when they talk about cancelling your show. The you have to look for work. I went on Craig's list and saw that the United States presidency was available.

. I would like to campaign, audition if you will, for your good graces. If you take a left at Tulalip Shores and pull up my sign, then saunter off to 9829. I would like to be your President. I have played them before, and now it's time to be one. I say vote for " Fred Instead ".

I am Fred Thompson and I am running for president.

Paid for by the Committee to elect Idiots.

Law and order theme