



MIKE HUCKABEE

“Let us never sacrifice our principles for politics. Not now, not ever.” More galvanizing words were seldom said in the political arena of 2008, one dominated by special interests, PAC’s and lobbyists. And they were not from a Martin Luther King or Robert Kennedy speech. They came from you, an ordained Baptist minister, who had surfaced on the national scene as a presidential candidate from Arkansas. You were, by all accounts, a tried and true Republican, almost a throwback to the “Family Values” platforms of the eighties, with that, ...yuck, evangelical, conservative side. But you were an anomaly, at least on the outside. You were born to a gas company clerk and a fireman in 1953 in Hope, Arkansas, and excelled as student, winning your student class election for high school president. That was to be the first of your many posts, but not before you worked as a radio announcer for an evangelical radio station, a preacher for a Baptist church in Texarkana, and as a staffer for a televangelist. Although you once said that “separating politics and religion was impossible,” **at least** you dropped out of the seminary in Ft. Worth before making your first unsuccessful run for the U.S. Senate in 1992. You quickly rose on the political scene, becoming an almost two term lieutenant governor of Arkansas. **Almost**, because by 1996, then Governor Tucker had to step down in the Whitewater scandal, and you stepped up to take his spot. Of course, he withdrew his resignation hours before you were sworn in as Governor, and as the crafty politician that you are, you had him once again withdraw on threat of impeachment. You then served the third longest tenure of any Arkansas governor, being handily re-elected twice. After that, you were insatiable, and before Iowa the only thing you had lost was 110 pounds, which became a national sensation and the story for your own book on obesity, Quit Digging Your Grave with a Knife and Fork. You entered the presidential race in January 2008, as a virtual unknown on the political scene, but because of your glib personality, often referred to as “a warm and charming, like a teddy bear” you became something of a sensation. You took third in New Hampshire, and then you juggernauted in the south to take West Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia and Kansas. Tuesday was no longer your Fat Tuesday; it was your Super Tuesday. You withdrew before Texas, because it was apparent McCain would take it the Republican nomination. Did the voters know you well enough? Were you the arch-conservative, who opposed abortion and same-sex marriage, condemning at least one Baptist convention for their racist tone? Were you Time Magazine’s “One of the Five Best Governors in America” or were you one of Judicial Watch’s “Ten Most Corrupt Politicians of the Year?” because of all those gifts. This time neither Chuck Norris nor divine intervention will help you. But something interesting happened on the way to the Republican Convention today. Something of an “electronic” revelation.

ZZZZZZTTTT! POP! Sizzle! Crack! Oh, what now? The machines that counted the primary votes had 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? Hmmm...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 8th to 116th,
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 outside where you won't be hated.
2. Your last speech, well, was a hummer,
But Iowa went with McCain, what a bummer,
Of victory you're soon to cheat him,
If you head down the 520 to the Arboretum,
Take the 405 North to make your connection,
At Lake Washington Blvd. take a southerly direction,
Turn things around in the bellwether state,
By stopping free trade at the starting gate,
Take now a left at Arboretum way,

A nice distraction to **New Hampshire** will play,
Where a fork one of two ways demands,
Take the one headed for Japan.

3. Your candidacy is sure to remain unsung,
If you do not use that silver tongue,
Cool your heels for a while, no whistle-stop,
There will be more than one pit-stop
Now your opponents you're set to demolish,
With that sense of irony and polish,
Special interests make you a pariah,
But please stop quoting Jeremiah,
One lobby however will always hold sway,
The Southern Baptist Conference which meets today,
At a place at 5th and U.,
You'll need to stop at the men's loo,
Once relieved in this opulent setting,
Upon **South Carolina** you should be betting.
4. It's time to take the monorail,
A photo recorded you should not fail,
The Needle there is happenstance,
Fight now, or the 2nd Amendment won't stand a chance,
Gun lovers will surely have to stand by,
Or just take aim for the brightly lit sky,
But to convince those hunters from the **Texas** hill country,
Your bag holds sealed what merchants' eyes are only to see,
If you cheat you'll be an ingrate,
Left completely without a state.
5. It's time you courted the **California** vote,
Even if the possibility stands remote,
Those delegates stand at high numbers,
Take the train back, don't be encumbered,
A longer stroll there is recommended,
Two more states won't be offended,
But your problem, my homophobe,
Is that your words were heard around the globe:

"I think the radical view is to say that we're going to change the definition of marriage so that it can mean two men, two women, a man and three women, a man and a child, a man and animal."^[207]

Such was your gift of gab to the gays, who have since stated,
That's it's a misfortune you haven't been assassinated,
To the idea of a civil Union surrender!
Who the hell cares about the gender?
A stance on behalf of consenting adults,
Might bring some needed political results,
To swallow your words, among other things,
Votes on First Street a special shop brings,
There you'll befriend versatility's birthright,
Why, it's a blue hermaphrodite!
There's your mascot for tolerance, Mike
Tell the bigots to take a hike!

6. Though the votes of the bloody Irish hardly sustain,
The success or failure of any campaign,
They would probably instigate a Democratic takeover,
If they weren't always so hungover,
To make sure they keep up their habit,
Your driver should walk back to the car and grab it,
Head down First after you pick up the rest,
Not north or south or east, but qwest,
The block to which you lumber,
Is the prefix of a toll free number,
There **Ohio** will be yours truly,
If you make the patrons a bit unruly.
7. Now that you've got those damn liberals inebriated,
That singing would've driven even the more sedated,
You penned a few autographs,
You're next move is on Carol Sue Shields behalf,
You pardoned her killer sight unseen,
A plan for penal reform you must convene,
Muse now upon law enforcement checks,
Background investigations must be high-tech,
Your judgment otherwise is left in doubt,
Your redemption for killers has its fallout,
It's good you don't wear a police officer's hat,
If you wore 707, you'd only arrest Democrats,
Find the cell where Dumond awaits death,
The state of **Missouri** holds its breath.
You live on politics' rim,
Your past achievements sometimes look dim.

8. You have a lot of nerve,
To tell the voters with such verve,
That you lost 110 pounds on healthy eating,
When in truth it was steroids upon which you were feeding,
“Dig Your Grave with a Knife and a Fork”?
You’ll need to do better to convince **New York**,
Yeah, those breathless moments up Capitol steps,
Should have made you more adept,
That the real thing you needed was exercise,
Up the Five to NE 70th, now surmise,
A leftist turn at Exit 171,
Conservatives at Green Lake Ave say you’re done,
But you can still win the AMA medal,
If you now start to *back-pedal*,
“It was some doctor’s unknown prescription,
That caused your fat’s circumscription,”
At Latchia you’ll see the specs,
Evans Pool your efforts expect.

9. You’ve been described as a teddy bear type,
Maybe that momma bear figure brought on the hype,
But the truth would be set adrift,
If it was heard you’d ever refused a gift,
What you stand for apparently depends,
On what a special interest is willing to spend,



Face it , you were the kid at Christmas time,
Who was the first to scream “Would that be mine?”
When you wrote that book about school shootings,
It was those royalties for which you were rooting,
If you really want a toy,
Then up the Five you must convoy,
North to exit 193,
And east on the 2 will set you free,

A SE turn towards Bickford is fine,
Pass Skipley, Fobe, and down to First,
Looks like you are Snohomish cursed,
As a Republican, teddy is the deal,
But wouldn't an elephant be a steal?
What is your next spin?
Who's ready and waiting is **Michigan**.

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,
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,
Head left upon that maritime drive,
And keep that Huckabee dream alive
Eight miles to an exit ocean bound,
To its end on Puget Sound,
You're sure to a lost country to be quite irisible,
With UV light the note's quite visible.

LITTLE CLUES

1. In Hummer magnet clue

A scandal is about to break,
That as the Arkansas governor you were on the take,
You padded your spending account so well,
That for years you evaded the accountants' bell,
You thought your affairs looked lily-white,
But the latest news now gives you fright,
You could talk about the problem in Sudan,
Or the latest skirmish in Afghanistan,
But what about that problem with Japan,
To divert the public's attention span?
Tokyo has robbed us of business in steel,
Tariffs and taxes will make them reel.
Find area seven at this garden,
With a map you should soon be carting,
There where koi propagate,
The scandal makers infiltrate.

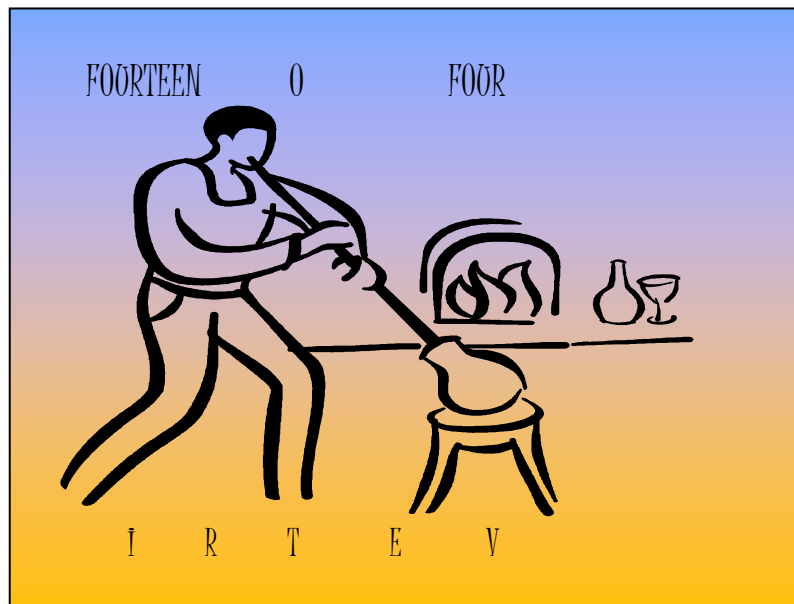
2. Under lily pad in area 7 at the Japanese Garden

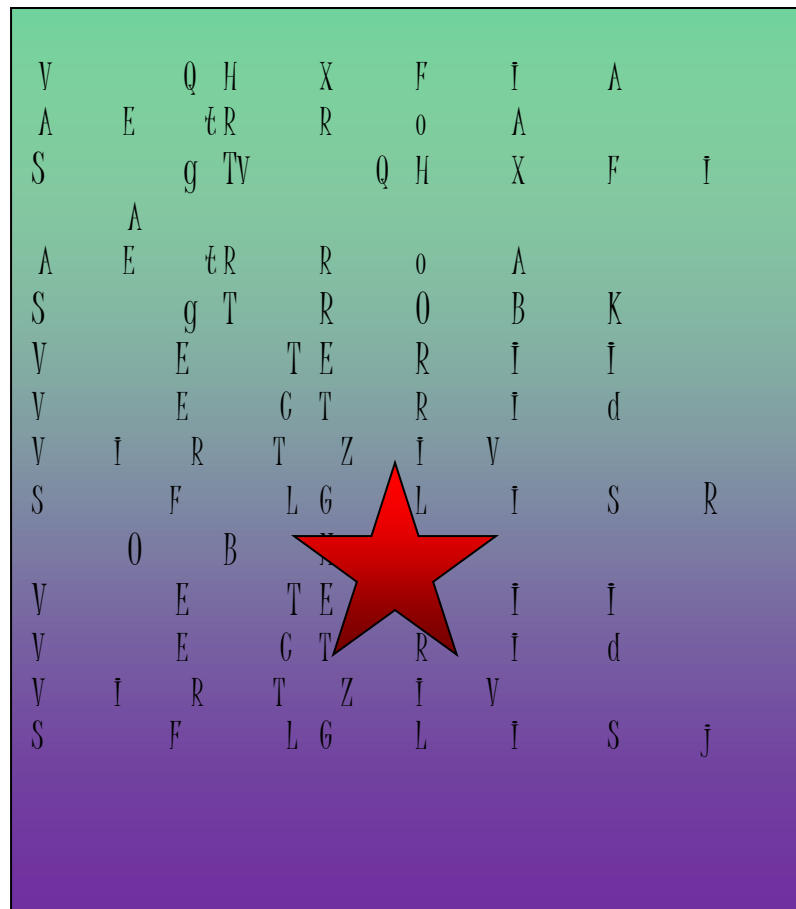
You need to distance yourself from Creation,
South to the Fourth President's delineation
For this view you must be repentant
Quit reminding voters they're a primate's descendant,
A right will fairly get you under the Five,
If past education's halls you drive,
You'll feel the need to call information,
For U. street's demarcation,
As you long as you fairly address the course,
The congregation will still endorse,
It's good you didn't choose a place of prayer
The People are ready for some secular fair,
You'll need good shoes to make the passage,
The Red and the Black bring home the message.

3. In shoe polisher

Now that your shoes are in tip top shape,
You'll need them to make your next escape,
If you walk up Fifth 'til you hit Pine,
At Westlake Center you'll catch the line,
Find **Shoot-For-The-Stars** at its end,
Down the ramp and around the bend,
Pass Fun Forest, and under a bridge's shade,
You'll find a quaint multi-game arcade,
To get the NRA on your side,
Pass your sealed envelope to the guide,
He'll sign the seal, withdraw your target,
Sight unseen, he will now park it,
Shoot for the star, and you'll know why,
Because if you let the bullets fly,
Your guide will tell us that you are no marksman,
And gun control will soon be barkin',
Three times is a charm in this event,
Take back your targets or soon lament.

4. On three shoot-the-stars targets





There are two others. Vetri's in diagonal across like an X and a sort of letter game with the same result.

5. In hermaphrodite candle

You've been described as positive, warm and charming,
 But others say your self-righteous pettiness is quite alarming,
 You're the "best of leaders" and the "worst of thin skinned pols"
 To a Pub you must now troll,
 If you play bass with Capitol Offense,
 Then do away with that pretense,
 The pundits say you won't get far
 'less you sing to Julia or Bart at the bar,
 There recount with the right tune,
 The song in your bag that makes you immune,
 A cassette recorder will give you background,
 Entreat the masses with your personal sound.

6. At Fado sing "We Like Mike " to Julia or Mark and get pen:

317 Third Avenue South (Police Museum); in hats rims, state/animal in cell

7. In rim of police helmet:

Your latest comment on losing weight, Analogized your diet to a concentration

camp fate, How special do ya' think was this news, To Auschwitz and Dachau surviving Jews?

Boy, you have a way with those metaphors, In your life, they must have closed a few

doors, Maybe you should say, "Oh, phooey!" "It's just like looking for an orange and white

buoy!" Heck, the public expects you to sweat, You'll be pedaling for them, just don't get too

wet.

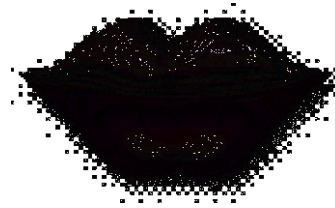
8. In clue at buoy with steroids

Okay, okay, the public feeling rebounds,
So this is the way you lost those pounds?
Now that we know you are on the take,
Get back to shore, and pass the wake,
You need to find a semblance of what you stand for,
The public is left with an evangelical-fat-before,
At least your women are not dowdy,
And you have a rep for being *rowdy*,
1020 First is best in the mix,
If you get there before six,
Debbie will say hot or cold,
But you will surely have to be bold.

9. In teddy elephant (in invisible ink)

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