



JOHN EDWARDS

Poor white male. That's what you were back in 1953 in Seneca, South Carolina where you were born to a working mother and a textile worker. Your dad used to come home from the union meetings, pop a can of Pearl, and moan about the plight of labor in the United States. He would look over at his son, and wonder if he would ever succeed in this world of corporate greed. The family moved to North Carolina, where you excelled in your high school studies and played football. You went on to graduate from Chapel Hill, bettering your father's footsteps by earning a degree in textile manufacturing. But you found that world less than intellectually stimulating. And you felt propelled to do something for the downtrodden tobacco workers and the textile industry that was losing jobs to its Asian competitors. You became a voice for the little man by becoming one of the most respected plaintiff personal injury lawyers in America, winning the highest personal injury verdicts for the victims of corporate negligence. You married Elizabeth, four years your senior, and had four beautiful kids. Your family suffered a tragic setback in 1995, when you lost your son Wade when his jeep was blown off the freeway by crosswinds. You had weathered life, and all of a sudden being the American Trial Lawyer of the Year was just not enough. You turned towards politics. In 1998, you challenged incumbent senator Lauch Faircloth and became the U.S Senator from North Carolina. Six years later, you set your sights on the Presidency, and after an impressive number of second places, you cinched the nod as the running mate for Presidential hopeful John Kerry. The North and South presented a united front, but even then you couldn't agree with Kerry on the message. Was it *Help*, or was it *Hope* that was on its way? Getting trounced by Bush and Cheney only made you want to fight harder. You presented yourself again in 2008, angrier, more principled and more to the left. Though respected nationwide, and propelled by a second place win in the Iowa caucus, Hillary and Barack were taking a bigger part of the pie. Your campaign fizzled, and by the time the primaries came to South Carolina, you didn't even win your hometown. In Grand Rapids, Mich., you begrudgingly threw your support to Obama, a man you had hectored for the number of his "present" votes in the Illinois Senate. All was lost again; you were the bridesmaid, never the bride, and rather than present yourself as a running mate again, your only hope was to one day be Attorney General. Your problem wasn't that you were a populist, it was that, face it, you were a pariah. You were *a white male*.

Or so you thought...until a small electronic revelation put all the votes into question.

ZZZZZZTTTT! POP! Sizzle! Crack! Oh, what now? The machines that count the 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?

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. You had expected at the **Iowa** caucus,  
That support from locals would be quite raucous,  
But Clinton and Obama took the score,  
Leaving you worse than 2004,  
Now McCain is the Republican opponent,  
A has-been has made a true ascent,  
Are you yesterday's news, poor John?  
Or can you fight to carry on?  
Three titans now you must outwit,  
South down Bellevue Way you must now split,  
At NE 6<sup>th</sup> take a liberal turn,  
To the confrontation for which you yearn,  
Pass the Westin and the CPK,  
At a plaza is your first foray  
Find the place where heads will turn,  
A note is left of great concern,  
Crank up the heat to align them right,  
With blue red green red green blue in sight,  
Take a picture to make things right.
2. If a stomach is the way to a man's heart,  
Then sports are the way to read **Tennessee's** chart,  
In your youth you climbed the Smokies,  
The hillbillies there were all so folksy,  
Like Mt. Kilimanjaro that you scaled,  
With son Wade whose jeep derailed,  
At NE Pacific you'll see a place  
Where the Huskies play at a college pace,  
Bear *right* without a parking pass,  
Just a quick moment for an electoral trespass.  
E-12 or 11 will take you down the lot,  
Shimmy up soon or you'll get caught.  
To regain the respect of your constituency,  
Follow that environmental tendency.

3. Hate to leave you high and dry  
But in your case it's no wonder why,  
How can you as The Candidate rise,  
If you don't cause others to capsize?  
For **Florida** to be your bell weather,  
A few political arrows you must tether,  
McCain is off to his hundred years' war,  
And Hillary slept at invasions' door,  
Barack is fresh from "voting present,"  
In Illinois, that was not pleasant,  
Can you navigate this current?  
Can you sail these seas so rough?  
Flexibility would be the key,  
Please not so *Wooden* Edwards be,  
At S.L.U.P. you're taken aback,  
From your memories on one kayak,  
Every wave has its valley,  
That's where votes should soon be tallied.

4. *Broaden* your approach to the voting masses,  
It's time to take off the reading glasses,  
Ocean bound, you are hell bent,  
Have Mercy as you pass an opponent,  
No time to needle on your right,  
Don't stop at Denny's for a bite,  
The numbers go 4 3 2 1  
Park right before Western and you're done.  
For the question remains, "How do you pick?"  
A running mate who is in the mix?  
Do you exchange each other's vows,  
In the event the other gets the bow?  
What would you bring to the ticket,  
If once again you're forced to picket?  
It's all about that that known conjunction,  
A grammatical symbol will make it function  
Your union message found an ear  
In **Ohio** factory workers cheered.

5. In ***New Hampshire*** you railed against corporate greed,  
Jobs sent away, with children to feed,  
You harangued special interests and the lobbyists,  
Who earmarked bills with pork barrel twists,  
And then there was the war in Iraq,  
Subject to your angry unpatriotic attack,  
There was not much left to pillory,  
Except the two-faced parsing of candidate Hillary,  
But the voters were left with a negative tone,  
At least “Yes-we-can “ Obama gave them a bone,  
It’s time to sweeten your disposition,  
A Market merchant is left to commission,  
Off the beaten path you’ll need to campaign,  
With your bag’s trusty refrain,  
There with all your breathe beseech,  
The words in your bag give you the speech,  
It’s time to sweeten your approach,  
Lest the others’ smiles encroach,  
This Place is best when you regroup,  
A south down first, you’re in the loop.
  
6. The best thing about you isn’t the hair,  
But that trial lawyer flair,  
You were ATLA’s winner that one year,  
For ***Four Trials*** that came dear,  
Poor Jennifer Campbell and her still born child,  
Was enough to send you wild,  
In the courtroom there was no equal,  
The stay-rite lawsuit was the sequel,  
Jacuzzi disaster for one young child,  
That left a young girl without her bowels,  
An alcoholic colonel left brain damaged,  
By an antabuse overdose that left him ravaged,  
And an involuntary manslaughter,  
Of your plaintiff’s little granddaughter,  
These cases brought you accolades,  
This election you can have in spades.  
To be that persuasive demagogue,  
Find your bio in a computer catalog.  
Cuz’ ***South Carolina*** loves an underdog,  
You can’t always be the hapless rookie,  
Your bets are placed with a real bookie.
  
7. A street that bears your hometown’s name,  
Intersects with 5<sup>th</sup>, a little walk, you might be game,  
The northeast quadrant will make you aware,  
Of a construction of walls and ledges and stairs,

This is a bad idea for tenement housing,  
No windows or water just pits carved of stone for rabble-rousing,  
Another gift from HUD,  
And full of landlord liability,  
Another canyon that divides,  
The haves and have-nots into sides,  
The photo on the back  
Is taken from the point that you must track,  
A little blackmail must be fetched,  
Lest a scandal soon be hatched,  
Called Green Tree **New York** Finance  
They subsidized your campaign; you were ready to dance,  
Until you discovered, to your dismay,  
That sub-prime loans were their mainstay.

8. You seek to galvanize the masses,  
And empower the lower and middle classes  
The conditions in one state are grim,  
Since the auto industry layoffs in **Michigan**  
As the Director of the **Seattle Center** of Poverty,  
Get your nose to the grindstone, get down and dirty,  
Drive up 5<sup>th</sup> past Stewart and Battery,  
You're doing well, no time for flattery,  
Swing conservatively past that cartoon Menace and look left,  
Lest of Gehry 's EMP you be bereft,  
Park there and walk up the stairs adjacent,  
Stroll past the Woods of Child Contentment,  
And walk on past that Middle dwelling,  
With a **rightwing** bent the area's telling,  
The Great Lakes have more than economic woes,  
Their water you should diagnose.
  
9. What really miffed the voting blocks,  
Was your obsession with your locks,  
In 2004 and 2008  
Your follicles did intimidate,  
The public clamored a for a presidential look,  
Not something out of a male model's playbook.  
You can sell Dockers and Polo just fine,  
But where are you when it comes to a spine,  
Can you pull that red switch?  
Can you send the troops into the breach?  
Can you face down congress in a coup,  
Or will you be getting a \$400 doo?

What is needed is someone at the helm,  
Not blinking pretty in a barber's realm,  
To prove you're not a narcissist,  
Miles up the Five we must insist,  
Soon you'll take a merciful right,  
After Fairview upon an on ramp you'll soon alight,  
Go North just past exit 193,  
An 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 a Snohomo cursed,  
There find a familiar pole for that buzz cut,  
In a place that sells, well, anything but,  
Then , Richard or his helper, you should entreat,  
With your rendition of your Supremes beat,  
We all remember Gary Hart,  
That Colorado Senator who lost his start,  
When his monkey business turned back the clock,  
'least he didn't squire a child out of wedlock,  
Now the Drudge has re-reported,  
A lover's tryst not quite aborted,  
They say you're the father of this newborn,  
Of running mate credentials you're sure to be shorn,  
Before you leave Richard's eyes,  
Your bag's lyrics now improvise  
Don your caps and lashes, and blink away,  
Or you'll have to fight another day  
With vigor and glee you should enunciate,  
Or you will not win the **Texas** state.

10. 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 barber's clue will bring you in line,  
If you head in a direction maritime,  
To be the winning candidate,  
Upon 9829 cogitate  
But if the vote goes to the floor,  
You must sing your barber's song at the door,  
Crazy **California** is your last feather,  
Or will you be a bridesmaid forever?

## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. Under monoliths

In politics you must realize,  
That even allies cannibalize,  
You walked into the last remains,  
Of an Obama/Clinton blood fest campaign,  
Can you raise your head above the fray,  
And capture the votes of those dismayed?  
It is a hard mountain to climb, in this four-way  
Practice is perfect at the UWA,  
The CDV North will help you remake,  
An angry image lost on the take  
The EB VXX will take you past the Lake,  
A Montlake right you shouldn't forsake,  
A leftist stance with support appeals,  
Careful up and the top reveals.

### 2. In container on rock

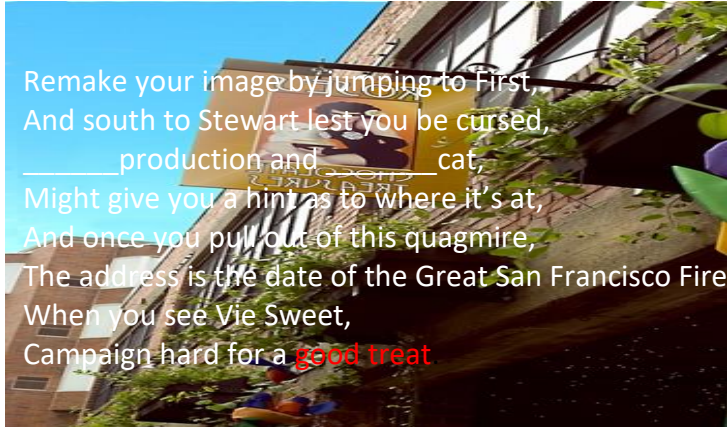
Head VXX to V South,  
Now it's Clinton that you bad-mouth,  
Hillary's character is afloat,  
On Bosnia lies somewhat remote,  
If you are truly the man of change,  
A right on Mercer won't be strange.  
Conservative on Fairview, and liberal on Valley,  
Then quick to starboard before you Terry,  
Walk the docks to find your center,  
And bravely soon a place you enter.

### 3. Puzzle pieces at center for Wooden Boats:

The three ramps up may cause you to frown,  
Walls and shapes and erasers abound,  
But the trail for prez now for all purposes starts,  
When you shake hands at a place of garden art,

Your dilemma stands at a birds' eye view,  
You have to pass the eagle & clouds too,  
At MMCM Western Avenue.

4. In watertight clue at Ampersand fountain



5. Letters in chocolates

FOURTH and

SPRING

6. At SPL in Four Trials photo clue

You need to look down from here to size,  
The smut you must now magnetize,  
It is the only way with string to reach,  
What might just put you in the breach,  
For the urban crisis of our nation,  
Is shown well upon this visitation,  
Water here is in scarce supply,  
Where in other times it wasn't dry,  
At a park nearby that Jackson Browne might say  
Lives on the edge of a certain byway.



7. At Canyon fountain magnet clue

Stand at the dolphins as if they were 9:00,  
With the Needle at 17:00 military Pacific time,  
An intrepid radius to the underlip,  
Under the spray give your opponents the slip,  
For your candidacy to truly vet,  
You may have to get downright sloppy wet,  
Get the 'Edwards for President "word out  
At this international spout.

8. In magnet box under water spout

The date of the Normandy invasion might help you crown,  
If you reduce it by 63 years in this little town,  
That number might help you disburse,  
What you should soon be finding at First,  
Jukeboxes, gas pumps and posters abound,  
Let's hope your reputation soon rebounds,  
Kitschy stuff from years ago,  
Attracts collectors in the know.  
An antique store with winged horse,  
Will give you quick recourse.

9. Under barber pole at Pegasus

You were once so terribly  
Pretty, why you campaigned so prettily,  
Not a hair out of place,  
But those twinkle eyes were your disgrace,  
The only way to make the train,  
Is to shave off that page boy mane,  
In your fifties now you must accept,  
So-so looks as a concept,  
The voters want a man of iron,  
Not one who preens like Lord Byron,  
But now there's a problem the media's unearthed,  
A woman named Rielle has given birth,  
And they're hanging you in effigy,  
For the public believes it is your progeny,

You have that one last task to see,  
To protect your family pedigree,  
And once you've belted out your tune,  
A drink at campaign hq's is none too soon,  
For 8 miles on that oceanic way,  
An exit soon is on display,  
So if you want those votes galore  
Then head now to



+ L.A. +



Speech at Rose's

SONG IN BAG:

## LOVE CHILD

You think that I don't feel love,  
Look what I have done to make it real love,  
In National Enquirer's eyes I feel selected,  
To be hurt, scorned and rejected,  
Love child, it wasn't me!  
Love Child, Andrew Young's agreed,  
Love Child, it's just fantasy,  
Love Child, I am so married,

Love Child, take a look at me,  
I wouldn't do this to my wife , I am no misbegotten bum,  
I'm a father too, not some deadbeat, cheating scum,  
That baby's daddy is no wild drama,  
While I bet you it's Obama's,  
This scandal here we're contemplating,  
Can be cleared with blood tests that are soon waiting ,  
I'll only end up dating,  
The woman accused of creating  
This Love child, it wasn't me,  
Love child, Andrew Young agreed,  
Love child, I'm tired of second best,  
Love child, can you please get me that blood test  
Mm, baby, hold on, hold on, I want to be on that short list,  
Mm, baby, hold on, hold on, I want to be on that short list,  
I may be a fool, in to have had that campaign tryst,  
I knew it felt dirty, to have that affair,  
But I used condoms of the best fare,  
To be without those simple things,  
I'd be afraid to place it in anything,  
Don't think I don't hold true,  
To the family values that I spew,  
But no rag should be sharing,  
My campaign tryst that was so daring

All the while, all the while, The Hilton was never quite as good,  
Though chased and hiding in the men's room, I am so misunderstood,  
But I still want to be on that short list,  
I still want to be on that short list,  
I should have had a woman on my ticket,  
Instead of one in that deep thicket,  
I 'll always love you.