



When I say Al Gore is in denial, I don't mean he's a swimming in an Egyptian river.

Guest Columnist: Red Neckerson

Al just can't admit he's wrong, dog. The Man has no shame. All his predictions turned out to be lies; hardly a day passes without more facts a comin' out that the greens are dead wrong. It's getting' to where believin' the opposite of what Al says gets ya closer to the truth. Instead a bein' embarrassed like the rest of us would, Al and his disciples are a doublin' down on silly claims and doomsday predictions. The greens are makin' UFO sightin's respectable, dog. Al is yer typical wussy, a mama's boy, and a sleazy politician who never did ah honest day's work in his life. He used scare tactics and political connections to make a billion dollars.

And Al's followers are harassing us to separate our trash and not drive our big trucks. Them tree huggin' commies won't let us use a full size flush, they done run up our power bills and we gotta change our light bulbs. They say everything in the world what's wrong is our fault just for livin', and they mean to make us change our ways to keep the world from a comin' to an end. It's fer our own good, they say. To this I say ha, ha, ha. And I might add ho, ho, ho.

I done told my coon huntin' buddy, Hoot, 'bout the bargain we needs to make to the greens. We ain't a goin' to require them green enviros to chew tobacco, own a shotgun and a chain saw. In return, they gotta leave us the hell alone; we just want our 'Merica back.