

“DENNIS MILLER RANT”

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TOPIC-SEPT 11

I watched the towers fall from my apartment window and all my former illusions of safety with it. First it was the phone calls of worried friends from all over the country: “Hey you o.k?”

“Yeah, I’m hanging in there”.

“Thank God the terrorists didn’t get you!”

“Who is this anyway?”

“This is Citibank visa calling about that outstanding balance you...”

Click. The Patriots are cashing in.

Can’t watch the news; everything sounds like an “anthrax”. “Amtrak will be running late”...What did he say? I used to be scared of guns and knives; now you can rob a bank with an old phone bill sprinkled with some dandruff:

“I HAVE A TALIBAN-O-GRAM!” 4 people have died from anthrax, 20 die of aspirin overdoses a week, but that isn’t news. Instead I am supposed to keep an eye out for a letter with loopy cursive in crayon with a return addressing Afghanistan. You want to kill everyone in the U.S.? Put some of that crap in Victoria Secrets catalog. You’ll kill all the straight men that jerk off to it, all the gay guys that order from it. We will be helpless.

News. Gotta watch the news so I can get more paranoid. We just dropped 2.5 million dollar bombs on some 20-dollar tents. Isn’t there a more efficient way to do this? Can’t we just parachute some GAP employees down there to shoo everyone off and fold those camps up? Welcome to OLD NAVY.

News. “We know that something is going to happen, somewhere, somehow, and it is going to be bad. Now don’t be scared”. Oops we just bombed a mosque during Ramadan but only 4 people were injured. I am supposed to believe that?! What, did the bomb just fall on some guys? “Ow my neck, I better go see a chiropractor”.

Supplies then bombs, what is the message? “Here are some band-aids because you are going to be fucking NEEDING them!” Here’s some rice because we want you alive and well fed before we carpet-devastate your whole miserable country. People are scared. They are fleeing New York. Good, get the hell out!

There are too many people living here anyway! Maybe after you pussies leave I will be able to score a one-bedroom for under three grand a month that isn’t the size of Tattoo’s linen closet. Prewar building, no this is a DURING WAR building, now slash that rent, here’s my box cutter!

Everybody’s scared here including the Arabs who have become the grand lotto winners in the Racial Profile sweepstakes. Don’t be from Egypt and show up to the airport with a pacemaker; “Who is ticking? It’s Hadji! Sir, get out of the wheelchair...slowly”. The Arabic guy in the deli by me is suddenly Puerto Rican which is surpassed only by the miracle that everyone loves Giuliani; our own former Mussolini.

Security is tighter than Joan Rivers face when she tries to yawn. I can’t bring a nail-clipper on the plane. Are the terrorists going to groom me against my will? Maybe they can wax my wife’s eyebrows while they are at it. Exfoliate! Exfoliate!

What if the U.S. loses? Not likely, but possible. I couldn’t live with those taliban-ized rules. All the women would have to wear veils. I’d be at the supermarket trying to find my wife. “Come on let’s go. Oops not you. You. Not you. Say your name. Oh no, it is one of those weird holidays where women aren’t allowed to speak. BLINK, we have to go!”

I have friend who bought a gas mask. A gas mask! I figure this is New York. Soon that will be in style. All the brothers will be wearing it tilted to the side. Chemical suits with one pant leg hiked up. “Yo money, this is the bomb!”

Why can’t we find Osama? We are a superpower and he is in a CAVE! If I run a red light at 3 in the morning, two weeks later I get a ticket in the mail with a photo of me running the light! Maybe we won’t find him and he will sell out just like every other enemy that is now an ally. Maybe we will cut on the TV and there he will be: “My name is Osama and I hate U.S. When I hate I get angry... and when I get angry, I get thirsty, so I drink SPRITE...the taste of LIE-MON.”

In the mean time I am going to enjoy my freedom. Catch a God Bless America sale. Be glad I don’t have to sport a four-foot beard that could give me whiplash if I am late for work and rushing to put on a turtleneck.

Watch a porno with a ham sandwich in one hand and my dick in another. This one’s for you Osama, now get the hell out of my tent and don’t slam the flap behind you!