



ZWTF

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 2013 Zapping-you Whenever Thoughts Flow

“How to Not Worry About Politics,” or, “Human Misrule ROCKS!”

Martin Zender dives yet again o’er cliffs of political incorrectness.

Misrule in this world, and misrule *of* this world, is essential to God’s glory because, if humans could rule perfectly apart from Christ, they would not need Christ. And, in fact, our happiness today depends on our ability to realize God wants humankind to fail. This revelation will change your life. When you know this, you will stop being hopeful.

STOP HAVING HOPE. I’M SERIOUS! STOP IT!

Should you succeed in abandoning all hope in local, national, and world political success, your life should get happier. So, instead of smoking hundreds of cigarettes or eating large amounts of cheesecake, or cussing out Obama, you will be suddenly entertained by politics, and you may even have a laugh or two while waiting for Jesus Christ to transform your body of humiliation into a glorious body that will no longer crave large amounts of nicotine and cheesecake.

Ladies and gentlemen, as you can plainly see, we have no problem at all with misrule. Why? Because the world is run by *politicians*. Allow me to define this term for you: Politicians are not real people. They used to be real people, up until the time they entered politics. It was at this precise time—when they entered



politics—that these people became poll watchers rather than actual people. (They lick their fingers, stick them into the wind, then ask the wind: *What should I do?*)

Many of our citizens are upset and worried today because of how politicians—namely Barack Obama—is screwing up the country. And he *is* screwing up the country; *hello?* It is a fact that gasoline should cost \$1 a gallon

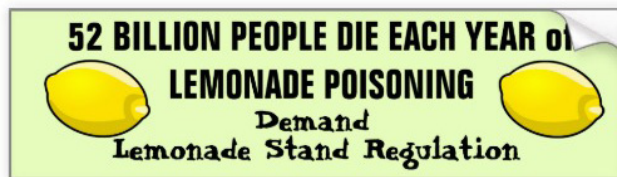
in the United States of America. There are two gauges on the gas pump, right? **Gauge 1:** The amount of gas you're getting, and **Gauge 2:** the price the gas is costing you. Nowadays, the little gauge that gives you the gallon amount moves very slowly, while the price gauge spins like a boat propeller. The sad thing is: It should be the other way around. You should be getting gallons and gallons of gas for pennies per ounce. It's the fuel gauge that should be spinning like the boat propeller, and the price gauge that should be moving so slowly you could time it with a calendar.

It's not that we don't have the natural resources to bring about this marvel of one dollar per gallon of gas. Because we do. That's the frustrating part. This stuff will frustrate the daylight out of you if you concentrate on it. There is so much oil in this country—and in places other than the Middle East—that if only we could actually go in and get it (a unique concept articulated here for the first time) we would have more oil than Jed Clampet.

COME AND LISTEN TO A STORY

Or how about this. If only you could go out yourself into the woods, shoot at some food, and bring up from the ground some bubblin' crude—then everyone could be self-sufficient and have their own source of bubblin' crude. *If only.* But the government has so many regulations (every single administration has contributed to this), you can't even put up a gum machine in this country without 15 different licenses and wing-tipped shoes.

A kid can't even set up a lemonade stand without following a long list of emission control regulations. And if it's three white kids running the lemonade stand, and they don't have a black kid on board—and an Asian, and an American Indian, and a lesbian—then they have to deal with ACLU, and the NAACP, the ASPCA, and God knows who else.



Back to this oil business—we *can't* shoot our own bubblin' crude, because we have to make sure we don't damage the habitat of the Guatemalan newt, or the three-toed prairie dog, or whatever other lame animal

we're supposed to be protecting—as if *these animals care*. Do you think the animals care? Do you think the three-toed prairie dog gives a yellow molar in hades if someone shoots it? Look, I love animals. But animals have a tough lot in life, and they really don't care if they "die and go to heaven" (their theology is as bad as most Christians' theology).

This SAVE ENDANGERED SPECIES mania is a politically motivated way for other people (namely people in government, otherwise known as *government people*) to tell us what kinds of cars we must drive and where to set our thermostat dials.

BRANDS OF GOVERNMENT

The best thing you can do for your peace is give up on hoping for government, and I'm including Conservative government here. Really I am. I will admit that Conservative government is better than Liberal government because, as Ronald Regan famously said: "Get



What kind of anti-government crap did you post on Facebook this time?

government off our backs." It's a great concept. The more government leaves us alone and just does things like pave roads and print stamps (even that's a stretch), the more we can breathe and practice free enterprise. Government wants to take your income, your freedom, and your guns. (I don't own a gun, and never will. I could not bring myself to shoot someone. I'm an ambassador of peace. Plus, I don't like loud noises.)

Why does government want to take your guns? Because if you don't have a gun, you can't shoot food

and bring up from the ground your own bubblin' crude. Scripture tells us that if a person doesn't work, neither shall he or she eat. Liberal government tell us that we'll steal from the person who works, and give it to the man or woman sitting on his or her ass eating Doritos and watching daytime television. This is a bad idea—I'm



pretty sure—because it not only removes the incentive of the person not working—why would you work if you get FREE MONEY!—but it removes the incentive of the working person, because he or she gets punished for *making* the money keeping the lazy bums of this world awash in Doritos.

BUT WHAT ABOUT CONSERVATIVES?

Let us speak now of the Conservative side of the political aisle. It is true that if free enterprise were left alone, a gallon of gas could possibly fall to the price of a bag of Doritos. And yet the Conservative Takeover of “when-ever” will become the breeding ground for the Beast of Revelation.

Oh, is that all? Pshaw! The Beast of Revelation? No problemo.

I'm glad you're fine with it. Why will Conservative politics become the breeding ground for the Beast of Revelation? Because the Religious Right looks at Conservative politics like a flea looks at a dog (*I will jump on this thing and ride it*). The coming one-world government—guaranteed to be religious in nature—will ally itself with the form of human government best suiting it. It will attach itself to the form of human government *appearing* more righteous than other forms. Liberal government, in my humble opinion, doesn't even have the decency to *appear* righteous.

(Liberal government leads to socialism, communism, and, eventually, evil people with beards and mustaches

who stick their fellow humans in cold jails and take away their blankets. Conservative government, on the other hand, leads to Starbucks, Border Books, Chipotle, and the Internet. This is in contrast to being in a cold jail without a blanket, by the way.) And yet, Conservative government, through no fault of its own, also becomes a host for *religious* power, and ends up being a sickening and self-righteous bag of nincompoopery, as well as the harbinger of the Antichrist.

The End Time Antichrist Religion will look and smell and taste like the real thing (“Pure Jesus Government”) yet will be packed full (like a horse manure-laden barge) with religious pride (sorry for the redundancy). It will assume it has God on its side (*God and Country, God and Country*, will be the battle cry), but will in fact worship the dual gods of human free will and eternal torment; in other words, it will be *Christian*.

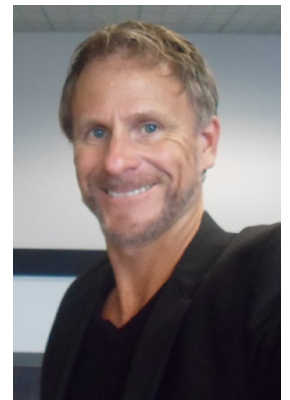
Friends, there is only one thing worse than Obama, and that's Christianity.

I'm serious. *What? You think Barack Obama is a Christian?* (laughing) Oh, my Lord. That is so funny (laughing and laughing). It's funny on two levels, really. Do you want to hear the levels? Good, because I want to tell them to you. **Funny Level 1:** Obama is actually a *Muslim* who is merely *posing* as a Christian. **Funny Level 2:** The thing Obama is posing as is—*itself*—a pose. Ha! (laughing again, grabbing side). Obama is *faking* being a member of a fake religion! (really laughing now, but not quite rolling on floor.)

You have to love that. Okay, maybe you don't.

HOW TO GIVE UP

So what do you do? Do what I, Martin Zender, have done. GIVE UP. It is fabulously relaxing to give up, and does wonders for the skin. I have not broken out once since giving up on politics. See? Look at me. Look how tanned I am and how lovely my skin is. These days, when not ignoring it, I am actually entertained by politics, and can eat copious amounts of popcorn while staring at it. In other words, I'm not worried about it. In this, I am hearing and heeding the injunction of our apostle Paul, who told us in Philippians 4:6—“Don't worry about anything.”



If gas goes down to 27 cents a gallon, I'll be ecstatic. Why not? I'll be laughing like a three-toed prairie dog (ha, ha, ha, ha). But if it goes up to 10 dollars a gallon, I'll pay it. Why not? What choice would I have? I won't have a gun to shoot up my own bubblin' crude. Either I will pay it, or I won't drive. I don't like cars, anyway.

FOUR WHEELS? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

What's the big deal with cars? Honestly. It's embarrassing to drive a car, if you ask me. *Hello?* It's got four *wheels*. How embarrassing can you get? Four *wheels*, for crying out loud. We're traveling on four *wheels*, and we think we're cool?

(Look of complete incredulity.)



I, Martin Zender, am perhaps minutes away from being snatched away by Jesus Christ and taken to heaven. This being the case, what do I care about stupid automobiles (sorry for the redundancy) with four wheels? Where I'm going, there aren't going to *be* any wheels. When Jesus comes, He's not going to hand me the keys and say, "Here's your *wheels* son! And don't forget to change your oil every 5 million miles."

What do I care about 10 dollar a gallon gas? What do I care about Obama? Jesus is going to kick Obama's ass anyway. Jesus Christ is going to kick Obama's ass, or that of any other president in office. He's going to kick Sarah Palin's ass as well, even though—I will have to admit—Sarah Palin's ass makes Obama's ass look like an anomaly of human construction.



Nevertheless, wait until you see what Jesus Christ is going to do to the asses of *all* this earth's politicians—dumb libs and religious conservatives alike. Wait until you see what He is going to do with the Right Toe of His awesome spiritual sandals—*BOOM*, right in their gluteus antichrist maximus.

This has been Martin Zender. Thank you for reading. Oh, and don't worry about radical Muslim Jihadists (sorry for the triple redundancy there) taking over our country, because it is prophesied in Scripture that we are going to crush them—right before God crushes us.

Care to set up a lemonade stand?

*Watch
& Wait.*