



Your on the Street Reporter



Uyless Black

Slim's Wisdoms:
Kentucy Redux

Slim's Wisdoms

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The other "Slim's Wisdoms" are available at Blog.UylessBlack.com. Scroll down to Series 19 in the Table of Contents and click on "Slim's Wisdoms."

Slim's Wisdoms (X) **Kentucky Redux, Part I**

Howdy. It's me again, Slim. I decided to pull out my Eversharp, and let you all know that I've been having a big bunch of trouble. It started with that marriage mess down in Kentucky. On the news, I saw a county clerk bein' sent to jail. Seems her lockin'-up was about her principles against a man marrying a man, or a woman marrying a woman.

How does that work when they get in bed? I'd like to discourse with you on the subject, but my wife, Slimette, said, "Leave it be, Slim, let it rest. That's what the county clerk should have done."

Anyway, I don't know much of what the news says about that so-called gay issue. After watchin' the TV about that Kentucky agent, it don't sound all that gay to me. She shore ain't makin' it gay for some folks who just wanna get hitched to one another. Still, is America great or what! In Russia, they'd just shoot that clerk for violating the law and be done with it. Same goes with China and all those other Communist places, like Norway and Sweden.

She only got five days in the caboose. Then she went right back to work, doing just what she was always doin'. Nowadays, she's a famous person. I'll wager my next glass of tequila that she won't do no more jail time, just like those Wall Street bankers that stole all that money from their stockholders.

Hell's fire, the courts fined the stockholders of all those banks, but not the thieves themselves! All those bigwigs stuck around and ended up with bonuses the next year. And look at that bunch from General Motors. They made bad switches that even killed people, and covered it up while them-there switches kept on killin.' Any jail time, bubba? Not a day, and here I am, gettin' thrown in jail for not much of nothing.' I tell you for shore, there's somethin' peculiar going on.

Anyway, Slimette tells me I should trade-in my 'merican made pickup for a Volkswagen. She says her *diesel darlin'* as she calls it, is made out of solid German stock. I don't want to get on the wrong side of my missus, else I'd have to scramble my eggs in the mornin', but I couldn't ever drive any car that was made in the countries of America's war enemies. Slimette says Volkswagen ain't ever gonna do anything like General Motors did. She says Volkswagen is above all that deception stuff. Maybe so, but I'm stickin' with my Dodge Ram. Bubba, it drives like a Daytona race car!

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- Slimette, "Slim, have you been watching the news?"
- Slim, "Sure fire, baby, those Nationals are blowing their playoff chances."
- "No, about the county clerk in Kentucky."
- "Yeah, couldn't avoid it. I kept channel searchin' and comin' up with that woman talkin' about bein' a county clerk 'til the Lord told her to stop bein' a county clerk."
- "Slim, Lord or no Lord, she is a county clerk. She took the job and signed a contract to uphold the law. She violated her pledge to the public. Yet she violated laws by lying to become the county clerk."

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Slimette's got a way with words that I don't much understand. And it ain't my intent to sullyfy that clerk's place in the spotlight, but I've got a complaint. 'Fore me and Slimette got hitched, we did some traveling in Kentucky. I spent two weeks in the Rowan County jail---same

jail as that Kim Davis woman was in. Just like that county clerk, my principles got me incarcerated...that's a word I picked up from my court-appointed lawyer.

What landed me and my principles in jail was my speedin' down I-40. It's against my principles to drive my Ram less than a hundred or so on those Interstates. Why, it'd go against all those pickup advertisements on TV. Judge wouldn't listen, 'specially after he learned I was drivin' without a license. I explained to the patrol man that Slimette, sitin' next to me, had her license, and that I was just borrowin' it for a while. Nothin' doing.

Anyway, I've been watchin' TV about those presidential candidates tryin' to get close to Ms. Davis after the TV showed her walkin' out of jail. Those men pranced out in front of the TV cameras...even pushin' each other away to get in front of Ms. Davis! I suppose those men was stickin' up for their principles, just like me and Ms. Davis did.

Slimette, who always argues with me, even when I'm right---which is all the time---was watchin' the news with me about Ms. Davis' jail release. She said that Mike Huckabee and Ted Cruz's wrestlin' each other to be next to Ms. Davis was pathetic.

After clearing up what pathetic meant...Slimette reads the dictionary almost as much as she reads the front page of the newspaper...I informed my missus that they were doin' their principles. Slimette never lets up. She's like a toilet plumber, suckin' and pushin' away 'till somethin' comes up or goes down. She said all that Huckabee and Cruz was after was some votes to keep them in office and not workin' for a livin.' She hit the nail on the head! Those politicians got it nice. I hear they don't even have to use Obamacare. They have their own retirement service, and don't do much of anything that us citizens gotta do to make ends meet.

Slimette's always comin' up with somethin' negative about my ideas. I wake up in the mornin' and say, "This first puff feels real good!" She's like a wet blanket. She says-back, "Slim, could you keep the smoke out of our bedroom?" Next thing you know, she'll have me smokin' in the bathroom.

But these last few days have shook me up a bit. Maybe if I tell you 'bout some incidents that took place 'round where me and Slimette live, you can help me figure out what's going on.
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A few days ago, Slimette decided she wouldn't cook dinner, so we took in one of the local cafes. The waiter there is a good ol' Jewish man, one who's been around as long as we can remember. Now, don't get me wrong. We both read bibles. That's good enough for me.

I started the ordering, which is a man's job when he's taking out a lady, "Howdy, Mozel-toff, I'll have my regular pulled-pork sandwich and Slimette..."

Mozel-toff cut me short, which is not a smart thing to do, especially when a Christian is talking to a Jew in this part of 'merica. Us Christians' got the upper hand down here in the south, 'cept for Miami.

Ok, you ask me how I know Mozel-toff's a Jew. That funny cap on this head gives him away. We wear baseball caps 'round here. Any other headgear is Communistic, Muslimistic, or Jewish. Communists and Muslims ain't employable in this part of America, so my deduction skills took over: Mozel-toff's a Jew. ...You're welcome, just doing my job of figurin' out who's what.

Mozel-toff took me and Slimette by surprise, "I don't do pork anymore. Kim Davis is my new role model. Sorry, you'll have to find another waiter."

Being a red-bloodied American, I jumped up from my chair and grabbed Mozel-toff, "I want a pulled pork sandwich! What are you, un-American or somethin'?"

Slimette took me by the collar, else I'd a pulled Mozel-toff apart. I made a joke later about a pulled-pork Jew, but Slimette didn't crack much of a smile.

Mozel-toff, not being bothered, walked away and said to me and Slimette, "If Kim Davis can do it, so can I."

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I tell you, good buddy, we left that place unhappy and hungry. But just down the street was one of our favorite pulled-pork places. We should'a gone there in the first place. We'd been eatin' there since the time me and Slimette got hitched.

"Howdy, Horace, me and Slimette will have two of your pulled-pork sandwiches."

Horace, "Sorry, Mr. and Ms. Slim. You've been longtime and loyal customers. But that country clerk, Kim Davis, is my new role model. If she doesn't want to wait on a customer, she doesn't have to. It's Friday. As a Catholic, I've decided I don't want to serve you pork."

"But Horace, all we want is what we have always had, a pulled-pork sandwich!"

"I've got pulled-fish sandwiches, one of the Pope's favorites."

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It got worse, pardner. Farther down the street, we settled into a café to try again to order somethin' to eat, any kind of food! Our waiter wouldn't wait on us 'cause she was in the middle of a religious fast.

She told us, "I refuse to serve you, because I am fasting. You should be fasting, too."

To be downright honest, I was gettin' out-of-sorts, and was about to focus on orderin' tequila with a piece of lime to get me through the day. But Slimette took over and dressed-down that waitress, "You can fast to your stomach's discontent. But *your* fasting has nothing to do with *my* stomach."

"Not so. Your stomach is as much my business as it is yours."

Slimette was pretty cool about it all, "You are in a job that you should not be in. Find another line of work but leave our stomachs alone."

That prissy waitress came back and said, "It is my ordained job to oversee all stomachs that come within my purview."

Now that's fancy language comin' from a woman, even if she does work for a livin'.

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I'll tell you what, good buddy, these attempts to eat nearly made me not want to eat. Hell's fire, it wasn't like I was tellin' anybody what to do with their own stomachs. Slimette and me just wanted to eat and be by ourselves. It seemed like all these waiters were lookin' at our stomachs instead of their own bellies.

I dunno, good brother, but I'd like to be able to order a hamburger at my local McDonald's and be given a hamburger and not a fried fish sandwich. If the food jockey don't like the menu she's supposed to use, she should find a place that has a menu to her likin' and leave me out of it. It seems to me she wants to have her ways of lookin' at things put into my ways of behaving.' Don't seem right to me.

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- Slimette, "Slim, have you been watching the news?"

- Slim, "Yep, even tuned-off ESPN for a while. I came across more about that county clerk. She's been talkin' out of both sides of her mouth. The news says she's been married four times, which I suppose is okay, as I beat that record 'fore me and you got together. But the news says she had kids while she weren't married!"

- Slimette, "Yes, I read about that in the paper. It's called adultery, Slim. But she said she found God a few years ago. She said she was 'washed clean.' "
- "Was the Lord lost?"
- "No, Slim, it's a figure of speech. She was the one who was lost."
- "Well, Slimette, I think she's a no-account Muslim!"
- "Why do you say that, Slim?"
- "'Cause she don't separate the church and the state, that's why. By the way, Slimette, I wonder if her religion permits her to marry...eh, illegitimate children."
- Slimette, "What do you mean, Slim?"
- "It'd be a shame if her children had to go to the next county to get hitched."

Slim's Wisdoms (X) **Kentucky Redux, Part II**

Howdy. It's me again, Slim. About Slimette 'n me not gettin' any service yesterday at those cafes: Well, the whole mess is spreadin.' Hell's fire, in this week alone:

Slimette was refused by one of those socialistic civil servants down at the Driver License Bureau from takin' a driver license test. The servant said she was a Christian Scientist and refused to give a license to anyone who wore glasses.¹ After Slimette took them off, the clerk allowed her to take the test. But she flunked 'cause she couldn't see. This presents a real big problem for her husband---that's me---'cause I lost my driver license a long time ago.

My nephew, Jehovah, got the cold shoulder treatment at the local Marine recruitin' office. He told a Marine that was doin' the recruitin' that he wanted to enlist and go fight Muslim terrorists. Whoa! My nephew was ready to kick some ass, just like we did in Korea, Vietnam, and Iraq...and what's that country? The name reminds me of a rug.

The recruitin' fella told him he wouldn't enlist anyone named Jehovah. That so-called Marine said he was proud to be a member of the...I wrote down what Jehovah said. It was the "Anti-Hebrew-Derived-Names" club. So, Jehovah was not allowed to be a name. Som'bitch! Anti-Hebrew-Derived-Names is a purty fancy title. Anyway, he told Jehovah that his new-found role model was a county clerk in Kentucky.

I told Slimette about what Jehovah had been through. She said back to me, "Slim, Christians are supposed to be tolerant of different views, if those views do not harm anyone else. That county clerk is taking the opposite stand. She's hurting innocent people because they have opposite views."

Lucky for Jehovah, the man's boss was a sergeant named David, and he was already signed-on to the Corps 'fore this woman down in Kentucky staked-out her principles. By the way, Slimette told me later that the Anti-Hebrew-Derived-Names Marine recruiter was invited to speak at political rallies for Mike Huckabee and Ted Cruz. Damn! Those men gotta be proud. Just look what their principles are gettin' them: TV coverage and damned-near ever'thing once they get elected.

Bud, this Kentucky county clerk business has washed-up on Slimette's shores. Just last week, she went down to the county office in town to register to vote for som'mhin' or 'nother. She checked the box of female in that part of the registration paper that asks how you're built. Wouldn't you know, another of Uncle Sam's Muslim terrorists told her...here, Slimette wrote it down:

"Miss, your application to vote is rejected."

Naturally, Slimette, being one not to back off from such things said, "First, I'm a Ms. Second, why not?"

That Muslim terrorist clerk came back and said, "Because you checked female in the gender question. I'm a Muslim, and I do not believe women should have the right to vote, drive a car, or show their chins in public."

I asked Slimette if she might have remembered it wrong... that he said shins and not chins. Neither ain't all that highfalutin' sexy to begin with. I'm inclined to investigate other parts of the female parts, but them Muslim men got their own way of lookin' at women. Seems to me

¹ One of my friends is a Christian Science follower who wears glasses. But how is Slim to know? After all, this is his story, not mine.

they need to focus on other things than their females...like, as Slimette mentioned, keepin' their religion and body parts out of government.

She said, "Slim, it's the same problem with that county clerk. If she's allowed to get away with not obeying the law of the land, so will everyone else. It's a recipe for chaos."

I came up with, "Yep. It's a slippery slope with no end."

That impressed the missus.

Anyway, Slimette asked if she checked the male sex box, would that make a difference?

Just think, bubba, that Muslim terrorist was being paid by me and you to be a government county clerk. Slimette told me he said no about her changing her sex; that he had already noticed her chin. So, she was a female in his eyes.

Slimette is one good lookin' woman. With all those looks, she don't need to vote anyway.

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OK, good buddy, my Eversharp's runnin' out of lead, I'll close my letter with one more story. Last week I went to the local library to check out a magazine, *Giant Mechanical Illustrated*, the one about 12-cylinder pick-ups. I have to open up here and admit that at this point in my life, I've gottn' interested in Gideon's Bible. That book keeps croppin'-up in my jail cells, so it must mean somethin' to a whole bunch of important people.

While I was waitin' in line with a copy of *Giant Mechanical Illustrated* in one hand and the Bible in the other, the man in front of me had his book check-out refused. Now tell me, how many times have you seen someone get rejected from a public library? Hell's fire! That's why they're called public...at least that's what Slimette said, after I told her this story.

Turns out that this man wanted to check-out a book by some guy named Darwin. I heard a bit of their conversation:

Librarian, "You'll have to find another library. I'm a creationist. I won't check-out this book. If that Kentucky county clerk can do it, so can I."

"But there is no other library in town."

"Then don't read it."