



**Your on the  
Street Reporter**



**Uyless Black**

**Slim's Wisdoms:  
Doubting Redoubts**

## Slim's Wisdoms (XI) Doubting Redoubts

Howdy, Slim here. It's been a while since I wrote you. I got a good excuse. Remember me losing my EverSharp? It's still lost, pardner and Walmart don't sell 'um. Fact is, Walmart's closed down in this neck of the woods.

I've tried writing using those new-fangled pens, but I just can't seem to get any words to come out of 'em. It's like my hunting those wolves that have been eatin' up the livestock around here. I got a choice .30-.30 that seems to kill those critters almost automatically...and it's not even an automatic. One of my neighbors shoots deer, coyotes, and wolves with an automatic. He uses an AK-47 to mow down those critters. He puts down a few cattle grazing nearby during his wolf hunting, but that's what we hunters call collateral damage.

Anyway, about my EverSharp and my .30-.30. A few days ago, I took out my brother-in-law's brand new 30-.30 to shoot some wolves, but I couldn't kill nothin'. Slimette tells me I got a mental block 'bout new technology, like them modern pens and my relative's .30-.30. But then, she uses the words "mental block" a lot during our conversations, so I don't pay much attention to her.

Not having any EverSharps, Slimette told me to use her word processor. Word processor? So, that's where Slimette gets all her words. She don't make 'em up! They're already processed and ready to go for her to write down. No wonder she out-writes me. But I refused her offer. I don't believe in stealin' words or nothin' else from nobody. I'll do my own word processing, thank you. So, here I go with my No. 2 lead pencil, not as fancy as my EverSharp, but like they say, "Any pen in a storm."

Slimette and me's watching the TV news 'bout what the announcers call redoubts. Damnest word I ever heard of. Seems to me that "doubt" is doubt. Ain't no "re" about it. That's what I told Slimette. She said she giggled her computer and found out that some folks were building private forts, which they called redoubts. They're buying up some acreage, and puttin' fences around their property to keep everybody out, 'cept themselves, of course.

The news says somethin' 'bout they're afraid California will get over run with Mescans, or run out of water, maybe both; that all them big box stores will close down and stop selling water and food. Hm. That would be a big problem. I don't know anyone who could live off 7-11 candy bars and frosties. There sure ain't no food to speak of in those 7/11s.

Damn! I wrote "Mescan" again. Must be my pencil, or somethin'. Slimette gets all over me when I use that word. She says it's insulting, and most of them ain't from Mexico in the first place. She says they's from places down south of Mexico, so I should call them "Latinos." Horseshit! "Latinos." If I use that word, my buddies will start calling me a fagot.

I told Slimette the problem 'bout calling those folks Mescans or Latinos would be solved if we just went back to calling all immigrants "wetbacks." But she never lets up...told me I couldn't use the word *wetback* anymore, 'cause the Rio Grande's too dry for gettin' much of anything wet, including backs. She said, "Slim, the Rio Grande is now more like the Rio Pequeno." She was smiling at her little joke, but it actually ain't much of a joke anymore.

Anyway, according to those redoubters, the folks from California might leave the state and head north where these's plenty of water and food. 'Course, the big box stores are closin' all over the country, even up north---up here in God's country. Hell, we even got regular stores closin' down. Slimette tells me those stores are going broke 'cause ever'one's buying ever'thing by usin' their computer and that fancy Internet.

So, unless those invaders can keep up their strength on 7/11 frosties, Baby Ruths, and chewin' tobacco, they'd have to go somewhere else for their vittles. I'm thinkin' they'd go to those redoubters' redoubts. According to the news, the redoubters got plenty of food and water, just like the Mormons in Utah. Those Mormon folks was building redoubts 'fore redoubters was even born.

Like I said, those redoubters got themselves some land and put fences around it. They're even diggin' their own wells, and some of them are putting in air raid shelters, just like my old man did in the 50s.

I suppose they think those fences will keep those starvin' Mescans away from their property. Now I ask you, good buddy, if America with its millions of people can't keep the Mescans from stealing jobs in America, and to stay put in Mexico, how are those redoubters going to keep out some people that are in need of something serious. And I ain't talking 'bout a paycheck. I'm talkin' 'bout food and water.

I got some drinkin' pals that tell me they're doing the same thing as the redoubters... 'bout how they'll be safe and sound with their fences and private wells. They'll all voting for Donald Trump, 'cause he's goin' to put up some more walls and make America a giant redoubt.

Hell-fire, I started to tell um' their fences would be 'bout as effective as...well, I couldn't come up with anything on the spur of the minute. I asked Slimette for somethin' to come up with. She said, "Slim, just tell them their fences would be about as effective as a crumbling Berlin Wall."

I gotta give Slimette some slack here and there...not so much that she'll go romping off with her new-fangled notions. But she sure impressed me with the Berlin Wall stuff. I didn't use Slimette's ammunition 'cause I don't know what a Berlin Wall is, much less a crumblin' one. I was afraid one of those smart asses would ask me to define Berlin Wall.

So, I just kept on saying, "I still doubt it," when my buddies kept trying to convince me 'bout their redoubt fences against them Mescans. Then, I started to use my superior intellect that I get from watchin' TV news ever' day. ...That's right, pardner. Ain't no flies on this mind. I know what I'm talkin' about.

Why, I even make the best use of my time when the TV news switches to their advertisements. I flip over to one of those infomercial channels so I can keep staying informed.

Back to the bar and my barfly friends and their messing with me about redoubts...and not allowin' me tell them that I still doubted their fences would do much good.

Don't know what came over me, but I finally said, "I redoubt it!" There you go. I used "doubt" the way I learned it in school. After all, I was just sayin' I doubted it again. I tell you what, when I said, "I redoubt it," They sat on their bar stools, as quite as church mice and those big box stores down the street.

But I did some serious ass-kicking, pardner. Not comfortable with them Berlin Walls, I told them to remember 'bout those wolves we hunted...or those wolves that were huntin' us, while we were huntin' them. Wolves---'specially hungry ones---is one of the scariest critters I've ever come across. Unless you got a heap of .30-.30 shells, they keep comin' at you till you or the wolves is dead. They never stop, even if you do. Why? 'Cause they're hungry and they hunt in packs.

I told my bar pals that was the way those people from California would be. I told them they'd be trying to hold off, I made up some new words for 'em. Slimette would give me some

grief 'bout bein' insensitive and all, but I told my buddies they'd be dealing with Mescan Wolf Packs. That sure got their attention.

Mescans is bad enough. But you put a wolf inside a Mescan---stick him alongside other Mescans , and bein' hungry besides...and you got yourself a bunch of critters that don't give a hill of beans 'bout fences and them redoubts.

Maybe my buddies got to rethinking 'bout redoubts and those hungry and thirsty Californians. As for you, if you doubt what I'm saying, go hungry or thirsty yourself for a few days. I guarantee you won't re-doubt any doubt about your turning into a wolf of some sort. You'll be tearing down fences, jumpin' into water wells, climbin' water towers, and snippin' at your neighbors' loins.

Same goes for that man, Donald Trump. He's tryin' to build a national redoubt. Damn near as stupid as those folks puttin' up fences to keep out Mescan Wolves.

Slimette told me a better word than "stupid" was "futile." She said it was like keeping those people from coming into Europe. She said, "Slim, humans go where the goodies are. In the end, they can't be stopped. It's been that way since Adam ate the apple."