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The Morning After

Von **steven lee beeber**

In the interests of improving electoral techniques in the future, a team of scientists secretly followed the course of the campaign from inside the collective consciousness of the Republican Party. Below is an excerpt from their findings, focused specifically on the morning after the election:

Oh man, my head hurts. What a night. I'm never going to campaign like that again. Did I really say that thing about legitimate rape? Even as a joke? No wonder I almost came home alone. No woman's going to put out for that.

Not that I did come home alone. Oh no. I should be so lucky. When I woke up this morning, I couldn't believe it. The puppy dog eyes. The 1950s haircut. All that talk about the sanctity of virginity. And he has my phone number! Just hope little Ryan doesn't start calling. If he does, I'll pretend I'm not at home. It worked with that Sarah Barracuda chick. Eventually.

But what about the rest? Did I really say I was going to bring change by changing everything back to how it was four years ago? Stupid, stupid, stupid. And claiming I'd have nothing to do with Obamacare when my wingman came up with the precedent for it? Fuck it. I'm never hanging out with Mitt again. He's so full of shit. And he never even buys a round.

No, I'm going to clean up my act. I'm laying off the stuff. No more tea for me. That party clearly spikes the punch. And no more blaming all my problems on others. Blacks, gays, women? I'm cutting that shit out. It just makes me look bad. And it is bad, I realize that now. All of those people deserve the same respect I'd ask for. I've hit rock bottom, my friend. I need to get into Republicans Anonymous.

Tomorrow. Definitely tomorrow. Today, though, I'm going to have one last binge. I'll get the other guys to join me. Big oil, big banks. They fucking rock! We'll declare we won't work with the president while shouting he's not bipartisan. And we'll claim he's not dealing with the economy by making sure he can't fix it. Hell, maybe we'll even go back to muttering about his birth certificate. That one was a fucking riot! We'll have us a hell of a time, drilling in national parks, dumping crap in the oceans, riding out the storms while claiming the scientists are full of shit. Hey, if you can't take the heat, get out of the kitchen, right? And if you don't love this globe then go to another one, asshole!

Yeah, it's going to be one hell of a night. But after that, I'm cleaning up my act once and for all. I promise. I'll do it tomorrow. Or the day after that. Or next week. Definitely next year. Hmmm, the next election's still pretty far off. Let's set that as the date then. 2016 - the year my party finally gets sober. Absolutely! And this time, I mean it.

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