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[About](#)

# The Satirist

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## What's New

[Donny and Vladdy: A Play](#)

TRUMP:(smiles warmly) Nice place...reminds me of my apartment on Fifth Avenue. / PUTIN: (bullying) Similar yes, but Kremlin has BIGGER rooms. No? TRUMP: (shakes his head) No...my rooms are HUGE, REALLY HUGE.

[The De-extinction of Woolly Mammoths](#)

De-extinction changes everything. Imagine driving north on California Route 1 and seeing your first woolly mammoth ambling across the road as you approach Big Sur. It will resemble an extremely hairy elephant with curved tusks that loop back to its eyes. Woolly mammoths are vastly different from the ordinary deer in the headlights. Our pre-historic ancestors hunted them into extinction by eating the inside and wearing the outside. Now, if all goes well, we will

## The Last Storyteller

By [Mark Fritz](#)

Homer O'Hara loved to tell stories. He had a wealth of them, accumulated over a period of 80 years lived in interesting times. For years he had been hoping to get the opportunity to tell a few to his 8-year-old great-grandson, Brandon. Kids are suckers for a good story...right?

Well, maybe, but so far, no success. Every time he had visited the city, he had hoped to be asked to babysit Brandon (well, Brandon's parents used the term "sit," leaving the "baby" part out). And on those few occasions when he did get the opportunity to "sit" Brandon, Homer had failed to engage the boy. There was nothing he could do to pull Brandon away from the big-screen multimedia entertainment system that every kid has nowadays.

But then one night Homer had a stroke of luck. During a rare visit and a rare "sitting" session, a sudden power outage blacked out the entire city.

There they were, just he and the kid, alone in a quiet apartment 31 floors above the streets, with only the weak emergency nightlight over the entrance doorway to prevent complete darkness. Homer had a captive audience who was just sitting there in the dimness getting more bored by the second.

"So, how's about I tell you a story?" Homer said, rubbing his hands together the way a hungry person does just before digging into the grub.

"A story! Great!" Brandon replied. "I can't wait. But where's your equipment?"

"No equipment needed, other than my tonsils," said Homer. "And I've lubricated them with a little scotch I borrowed from your Dad's stash."

"Will your story have a quadraphonic soundtrack?"

"No.oo. Sorry," Homer answered.

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be able to atone for all that.

### Trump's "Well-Oiled Machine" Completes Fifth Week in Power

President Trump added that the deposed Flynn had "done a tremendous job. He did amazing things. He will go down in the history books as one of the best national security advisors we've ever had. Believe me. I am one of the best Presidents ever for picking National Security Advisors. So I know."

### So You Want to Be the President

"To beat a reality TV star," producer Harvey Schleishenstein murmured to himself, "it takes a reality TV star..." The idea didn't belong to anyone in particular, but since it had come to him, he was considering it. Like the majority of voters in the last election, Harvey had no love for President Ronald Stump, that belligerent bad-hair-day billionaire casino-monger who had Brexited his way to the most powerful office on the planet.

### Four Weeks into Hillary's Presidency

"But how can you have realistic sound effects without surround sound?"

"Ah...well, I usually don't do sound effects, but when I do, I just use my mouth."

Homer quickly tried to launch into his story: "Once upon..."

"You mean you rely solely on narration?"

"Ah, yeah, that's right. Now, as I was saying -- once upon a time..."

"Will this story use holographic projections?"

"No, 'fraid not."

"Three-D graphics, then?"

"Ah, no."

"Animation?"

"Ah...none of that, Brandon. It's a story. It's all oral. I talk and you listen. That's how it works. And they always start like this: Once upon a time, there was..."

"Will it employ gaming? Simulation?"

"No, son, it's just a story."

"What kind of interaction will it have? What kind of user control?"

"Son, all those things require electricity, and as you can see, we ain't got none."

"Sure we do, Gramps," Brandon said, "I'll just go get my Handheld

Portable Media Player in my bedroom. And I've got lots of extra batteries for it."

Brandon flicked on an LED penlight on his keychain and scampered off to his bedroom.

And so Homer's story was over before it began.

Homer walked over to the big picture windows and looked out upon the blacked-out city. The half moon hung low in the sky and backlit the buildings, giving the whole scene an ethereal glow, as if freedom from electricity had magically transformed the ordinarily grim, grimed, crime-filled city.

Brandon re-entered the room, already absorbed in a multimedia "story" being played on the small Portable Media Machine he held



## Web Links

[The Onion](#)

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For those of you who just couldn't take it anymore and shut off the news last spring, let me commend you – and briefly summarize what has happened in the interim. Hillary won (of course), and just three weeks ago, she gave a very gracious, unifying inaugural address after being sworn in by Justice Merrick Garland, whose nomination to the Supreme Court was confirmed during the lame-duck session.

[Story: Fear and Loathing from Beyond the Campaign Trail](#)

What can one say about an election that saw the party of FDR doomed because white working class voters turned out in large numbers? The Democratic establishment will suicidally blame racism, nativism, misogyny, religiosity, and other tribal impulses, all of which indeed rose to the surface like the smelliest turds in a waste treatment plant.

The Dems will not, however, place the blame where it belongs, on themselves and on their candidate, a small-time grifter who never understood that America loves those

in his hands.

"Hey, kid, come here and look at how beautiful the city is in the moonlight," said Homer.

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