

The Thorn in Our Side  
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Folks, I've always prided myself on my ability to be open-minded and peace loving and I've certainly done my best to get along with all members of minority groups. I have friends who are black, Jewish, and of course I have a girlfriend. These people have acclimated well into the mainstream of society. However, there is one group that, for some strange reason, seems content in remaining confrontational and militant with regard to all their mythical causes and demands. If you've ever met one of these people, you know who I'm talking about. It's the handicaps. I believe it was a foolish blunder on the part of the United States government to give these people the right to vote. It gave them the idea that they could compare themselves to real minority groups in terms of demanding equal treatment. It also opened a Pandora's Box of governmental handouts and concessions. Most recently, we have the ADA or the Affluent Disableds of America, which is what I call it. This piece of legislation is like an economic Smith & Wesson pointed right at America's head. When I think of how many more domed football stadiums could be built with the money we're frittering away on these crybabies, I just want to have Maalox pumped into me through an IV.

If you check governmental statistics, you'll discover that most businesses are struggling today and yet we all have to play the "accessibility game." To give you an idea of how silly this whole thing is, I personally own a small business and I guess there are about eight steps to get in the building. Someone explain to me why I should have to spend tens of thousands of dollars knocking out steps when the wheelchairs don't even shop at my store. Hell, they don't even come in to browse around. It's now the law though, and unless I do it, I risk losing my business, my home, and my car in a lawsuit.

I know who's to blame for a lot of this crap. It's Jerry Lewis and his little band of merry-men. By using him as a steppingstone, the disableds have managed to slip most of the politicians into their back pockets. I guess that's why so many of them walk funny. It's little wonder they're so brazen and hard to get along with. Believe me folks, I've tried. Back in my naïve days, I used to talk to them all the time. I was sensitive enough to know, however, that you can't just walk up to them and start badgering. What I always did was tell a few Helen Keller jokes before I asked them how they got that way.

In case any of you doubt my expertise on this subject, let me assure you that I know what I'm talking about. My father was in a wheelchair for about six months following a ski accident. Naturally, I took care of his mangled and repugnant looking body because he was my daddy and I loved him. You know, it's funny – now that he's a real person and back to paying taxes, you never hear him moan and groan about ramps and doorways or any of that other nonsense.

Let me tell ya something that really puts a bee in my bonnet. It's this whole handicapped parking nonsense. An incident that happened to me the other week will best express what I'm trying to say. My friend, Rusty, and I were heading up to the Fairmont Springs Mall to do a little shopping. When we got to the mall, it started raining cats and dogs. I didn't want us to get soaked, so I decided to pull right up close to the building.

As I did, however, I noticed a drain'n'burden parked right in the spot I wanted to park in. He was just getting out of the car because I noticed the wheelchair stuck between the car and the door. He was having a hard time because the chair kept hydroplaning away from him every time he tried to get in it. Rusty and I rolled our eyes and checked our watches. The next time we looked, we saw the man laying on the pavement with his chair several feet away. Apparently he had fallen. This made me mad, so I really laid on the horn. Finally, after about twenty minutes, I ran out into the pouring rain, looked down at him, and said, "Hey, Flash, how much longer is it gonna be?"

Don't get me wrong, folks, I'm no insensitive ogre. I don't have a problem with invalids having their own zones, but for heaven's sake, why do the spots have to be so close to the buildings? Why can't they be at the far end of the parking lots where they'll be clearly out of harm's way? See, that way the gimps would have plenty of time and space to fiddle around with all their crutches, canes, chairs, and all that other handicapped paraphernalia. The only exception would be blind drivers. I don't mind if they park their cars close to buildings. It sure beats the hell out of them wandering aimlessly around the parking lot like something out of "Night of the Living Dead."

I guess the thing that really burns my hide is this attitude of always wanting it both ways. The disableds want to be treated equally, yet insist on special treatment. I have a story that beautifully illustrates this point. It has to do with the time I was sitting in the lobby of the Holiday Inn reading the morning paper. As I glanced up, I saw a blind lady walking with her blind dog. As I looked at that beast, I couldn't believe a ritzy joint like this would allow such a practice. I wanted to walk up to her and remind her that the city pound was the in other direction, just in case she was lost.

Anyway, as the lady and her mutt left the hotel, I became increasingly disturbed. Suppose that wildebeest got loose somehow? I could just see him foaming at the mouth, attacking children in the gift shop and urinating all over the plastic ferns. At that moment, I decided there had to be some way to prove my point concerning the double standards and the potential dangers involved with these assistive beasts. Suddenly it hit me. I ran out of the hotel and gave my friend Joey a call.

About an hour later, I walked back into the hotel. Luckily, there were a lot of people in the lobby, so I walking in wearing a pair of dark glasses leading everyone to believe I couldn't see. Right beside me was Snickles, my friend's pit bull. I held the leash tightly as I circled the lobby. I wanted to make sure no one suspected the truth, so I purposely kept bumping into furniture and twisting my head all around like Stevie Wonder. Then, at just the right moment, I let Snickles loose and watched in glee as he attacked several people, including a five-year-old girl. "Boy, does this ever prove my point," I thought.

The lady at the desk rushed over to me and started yelling. I just looked to the side and said real loudly, "Snickles, where are you?" People were screaming and running out of the lobby as the little pooch followed in hot pursuit. I pretended to realize that Snickles was gone and faked a panic. I climbed up on the sofa and waved my arms all around while forcing a good cry. Then, through my dark glasses, I saw a not-too-pleased hotel manager standing there with his arms crossed. Somehow, he knew I wasn't blind. He ordered me down off the couch and said he was calling the police. I later found out that Snickles had decided to ham it up a little and ended up chowing down on eleven different people. One of them was a resident of the Twin Rivers nursing home who had

her left arm torn completely off. As I rode in the back of the police car, I became very upset. How could I have been so stupid as to come back to the hotel, wearing the same clothes, thus tipping my hand?

Folks, I could go on and on with countless examples of all the ways the cripples manage to work both sides of the street and get all sorts of special privileges, but I don't want to take the slightest chance of creating a perception that I'm some sort of stark raving lunatic. Instead, I would much rather present two different answers to the question: What can society do with this mutant army of welfare riffraff? Well, let me begin by saying that since I only have two strategies, I'll simply refer to the second one as "the final solution."

The first strategy involves simply moving all crippled people to one central location, probably Montana, since it's real roomy up there and most of the state is wasteland anyway. Naturally, there are several advantages to such a plan. First of all, by giving the drains their own land, we get them out of our hair. For example, businesses, college campuses, and hotels would be liberated, free from their bondage and enslavement to potential ADA lawsuits. Folks, can you imagine how much cheaper and easier it would be for the government to give in to the disableds with regard to Montana, rather than having to overhaul the entire country? Under this plan, the money for "accessibility," sheltered workshops, bus lifts, and all those other pork barrel programs could be raised by having tourists come and visit the disableds. Each visitor would pay a five or ten dollar admission and he or she would get to observe and intermingle with these special people. There would be concession stands and games of chance which would present some real employment opportunities for the diseased, assuming of course that they wanted to work. Now, I don't know how big this "park" would be. That would have to be worked out with the Montana state government, but we could call it "The Rocky Mountain Convalescent Confinery." (I always hesitate to use the word "zoo" because I don't want those PC people writing me nasty letters.)

Another great benefit of this plan would be the fact that all these challenged people could breed to their heart's content with each other instead of puppy-dogging after normal people the way it is now. Actually, the whole disabled mating process could be one of the exhibitions at the park. A staff of normals would reside there permanently and tourists could watch in awe as the handicaps are turned over and repositioned as needed.

Probably the most important factor to consider, however, is that by limiting them to a designated area, the FBI, CIA, and all those other loyal watchdogs of the government would be able to monitor much more closely the activities of certain extremists. These hate mongers are often seen in Washington, D.C., chanting and yelling all manner of un-American phrases while moaning and groaning about "housing" and this law and that law. It's always troublesome to me to see these uprisings on the news, especially the way the police are so hesitant to use force to break them up. Boy, I'll tell ya, a lot's changed since Kent State. It's certainly true that since the disableds are never satisfied no matter what society does for them, and since many politicians and all lawyers adhere to their propaganda, they represent the most dangerous and subversive group we encounter today.

Now, although my plan is air-tight, in my heart of hearts I know that it probably will not be passed into law. The damaged goods are extremely bitter individuals who would be content only if they could cause trouble across the entire country instead of just Montana. They shamelessly make society the scapegoat for all their pent-up rage about

not being whole. The proposal would invariably bog down in the Senate or wherever, while Jerry's crips busily worked to play one politician off the other.

Well, that brings me to my final solution. If you take a careful look at all the burdens in this country, one fact jumps right out at you. The handicaps are not like blacks, Jews, or women. They are what I refer to as a "manufactured minority," while the other groups are pure. Since outside forces such as diseases and alcohol related injuries caused this group, they certainly should not have the same rights as true minorities. They do, however – which is the reason for this plan. Why not simply have the government find cures for the conditions responsible for creating half-people? If they're all cured, they become one of us. It's akin to the way society tries to eliminate crime by legalizing drugs. I'll admit, there is one flaw with this plan: The disableds are extremely lazy and if the government normalizes them, they would have to go out and find jobs. Heaven forbid we should end the tomb-to-womb dependence on government handouts. The handicaps don't want to be cured because being different gives them "celebrity" status in the eyes of the government. Besides, if they were normal, no one would pity them anymore. Of course, one possible alternative to this problem is to simply have the government force them to be cured. Even if we would have to use federal troops, who cares? It's for the good of society that these people undergo all manner of experimental surgery.

Well, I've briefly outlined my ideas about what we can do to solve the whole disability problem. I hope I've given each and every one of you food for thought. All of my state and local representatives will be getting a copy of this manuscript and I suggest all of you write letters, too. It's the only way we can ever make a change.

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