â€œBEAUCHAMP AT THE BATâ€• by Dr. Sanity

Description

A little levity in all the stories of fabrication from Dr. Sanity:

BEAUCHAMP AT THE BAT
The Outlook was quite brilliant for *The New Republic* rag:
The polls were in their favor, and the public will had sagged.
But when Bush didnâ€™t falter, as Petraeus led the surge,
A sickly silence fell upon those moonbats on the verge.

A straggling few got up and wailed deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, if only one more Abu Ghraib could be brought to lightâ€“
Theyâ€™d put up even money, that weâ€™d lose all will to fight.

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So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance that they could count on that.
Then from a thousand leftist throats there rose a lusty yell;
The New Republic had a piece that claim the war was hell!

There was ease in Beauchampâ€™s manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in his raw expose, and a smile on TNRâ€™s face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he staunchly stood by his claims,
No leftist in the crowd could doubt theyâ€™d near-achieved their aims.

A million eyes were on him as he told his tragic story;
The defeatists all applauded as he defamed his Unitâ€™s glory.
And as commanders searched to see if Beauchampâ€™s tales were true,
They nonetheless were heralded; and those with doubts were few.

From TNR editors there came a muffled roar,
â€œHow can you even doubt us?â€• they all cried, â€œWe verified as before!â€•
â€œHeâ€™s just a courageous soldier with great moral authority!â€•
And its likely theyâ€™d a-sainted him; but that was not to be.

â€œFraud!â€• cried his comrades, and the echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Beauchamp and the leftist crowd was awed.
John Murthaâ€™s face grew stern and cold, and they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Beauchamp had found support in the weakest links again.

Now the sneer is gone from TNR, though the leftâ€™s still filled with hate;
Their lofty goal of surrendering will surely have to wait.

Because right now the truth is out, and and they have to let it go,
Because too many people realize, and too many people knowâ€¦.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Moonbat land- mighty Beauchamp has struck out.

UPDATE: It seems he probably was suffering from ***Pre***-Traumatic Stress Disorder!
â€“ Diagnosed by Dr. Sanity @ 9:24 AM Comments (9)

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H/T: Little Green Footballs reader pat.

Oh, and not to worry. IT seems the entire story â€œShock Troopsâ€• has been removed, without explanation from *The New Republic* website. Interesting, but certainly not unbelievable.

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admin