

You're Probably A Terrorist If...

By David Brunoehler

- ... you know where Osama is...
- ... you try to keep your mind off it...
- ... you feel you have to act normal when others ponder his whereabouts.

- ... you can account for how Cheney spends most of his time...
- ... tell all to the tabloids...
- ... want to get closer to him.

- ... you've offered Bush's daughter a beer in the past nine months...
- ... you waved a cocktail in front of her in the courtroom...
- ... the family suspects you got high with her.

- ... you tinker with explosives...
- ... you wonder where you could play with them...
- ... you find a secret place.

- ... you find you have a new fondness for North Korea...
- ... you seek a pen pal over there... preferably a physicist...
- ... you invite him to come see your basement.

- ... you take umbrage at George Senior's pronunciation of Saddam's name...
- ... you admire Saddam's stick-to-it-iv-ness...
- ... you send him a friendship card.

- ... you can't sleep on Jewish holidays...
- ... you get red in the face when you pass a synagogue...
- ... you try to tip yarmulkes off Hassidic lads' heads.

- ... you hold a saber in your teeth...
- ... you conceal a weapon of mass destruction – even a pocketknife – in your clothes...
- ... you hire a school kid to carry your bombs for you.

- ... you date a woman whose body you've never seen...
- ... you prefer only to see her hooded eyes...
- ... you can't get it on unless she's fully covered.

- ... you enjoy frenzied music from Afghanistan...
- ... you trade tapes and cds with the Taliban...
- ... their culture and terrain makes you want to dance and fight.

- ... tabouli turns you on...
- ... babaganoush, bat-meat and warm beer begs a party...
- ... you're finding more and more to eat in caves.

YPATI: 2.

... you find yourself shopping for fuses.
... you soak your dishrags in gasoline
... you hollow out the heels of your shoes.

... you can't stand American coffee
... you can't find anything to like about America
... you're a man, woman or programmed child without a country.

... you can't get the dirt out of your clothes
... your clothes smoke
... you can't really call what you wear "clothing"

... you really don't want people to know how to contact you
... birthday cards and letters from home come in code
... you spend more time in the back of a cargo van than anywhere else

... you have someone stand guard while you sleep
... you either on call or on guard all your waking hours
... you've grown accustomed to sleeping with a weapon, rather than a significant other

... someone always has to taste your food first
... you have to hire or capture someone new for this job
... you're called in to do a tast test for your "senior"

... anger management is a foreign phrase to you
... love your neighbor is an alien concept
... the "golden rule" doesn't make a lick of sense.

... you just love blood brother ceremonies
... you and your friends hack your foreheads with swords on parade days
... you've been filmed or photographed celebrating in the streets

... foreign correspondents want impunity to interview you
... CNN reporters seem to be everywhere you go
... you get paid to misdirect nosy media

... tragedy amuses you
... comedy irks you to no end
... when it comes to a sense of humor, you're clueless.