

Wild Onion (a.k.a. The Local Lampoon)

Afflicting the deserving, needling the rest (you decide which is which)

Why Wild Onion: Ethical drift

What used to be called liberal is now called radical; what used to be called radical is now called insane; what used to be called reactionary is now called moderate; and what used to be called insane is now called solid conservative thinking.

—Tony Kushner



MOAB CITY HELPLESS BEFORE A HIGHER POWER!

Nine new hotels marching on Moab!

New disasters feared!

With nine new hotels in the planning stages for the Moab area [no joke. —Ed.], Moab City is apparently helpless before a higher power, adrift, paralyzed, and incapable of holding on to the tiller.

Some council members don't even want to bother preserving some of the essence of Moab. "We have no power over any harm or profit to ourselves except as Allah willeth, so bring it on!" said City Councilman Gregg Stucki at the recent city council meeting, wearing his signature bicycle helmet so people will imagine him as just a regular outdoors-loving kind of guy, maybe sympathetic to preserving some of that nature stuff. "It's a law of nature: in the John Birch Society

we've been taught since birth that surrender to the chaotic forces of the marketplace will set you free. Just give in to the business juggernaut, don't obstruct the Chi, and health and wealth will flow from that. Hey, ho, go with the flow!"

However, some others are simply at their wits end. "Of course, our fate is in the hands of our masters, the moneyed. But I do wish we could do something to stop all this, so there would be more demand for bed-and-breakfasts," said Doug McElheney. "Too bad we're just a little ol' city council."

"This is horrific!" said Councilor Heila Ershadi, with tears in her eyes. Ershadi ran

See "Helpless," p. 2

Uintah commissioners finally get own "Road to Nowhere"

Basking in post-climactic bliss

If you build it, will they come?

Uintah County Commissioners adjourned their circle, buttoned up their flies, and breathed deep sighs of contentment after spending \$60 million of your CIB money to build the Seep Ridge Road to Nowhere, to the Grand County border high on the Book Cliffs [no joke. —Ed.]. Community Impact Board funds, from oil and gas royalties, are supposed to be spent to mitigate the negative impacts of oil and gas development.

"It feels so good to have done this," said Sen. Kevin Van Tassell (R[of course]-Vernal) as he cleaned up his little mess with a hankie. "We finally got that out of our system—for the time being. It's just really bothered me

See "Nowhere," p. 4



Grand County to become next Saudi Arabia of energy!

New energy source relies on county's great "potential"

Wingate cliffs the "Bakken" of the West

"County better off flattened," says Jackson

Grand County is on the cusp of another salubrious boom cycle (all hail the booms!), this arriving just in time to pull the county out of its tourism success. In this special one-part investigative series, *Wild Onion's* reporters reveal that new technology based upon Swiss cuckoo clocks will rescue our fair community from prosperity and make a few people in far-away lands billionaires.

The principle is this: potential energy! Every fifth-grade science student knows about this, so why didn't they think of this before? All those rocks sitting up there in the air—the vast cliffs of Wingate, Entrada, Cedar Mesa, and Kayenta—are not to be romantically thought of as mere scenery or habitat but as *vast reservoirs of potential energy, just waiting to turn the wheels of industry as they topple*. And now, thanks to Swiss engineers, it is at last becoming possible to put all those rocks to profitable use. New hypercentripitalplanetarynano gears will generate electricity as they ease the rocks down and relieve them of their epochal gravitational burden, and a new network of powerlines lacing the county like an orbweaver's web will transport it to Las Vegas to run air conditioners and fountain pumps for the golf courses. It's called destroying the 99% for the 1%.

"You see," explained P. Brain of Teamdown Industries, Inc., the Swiss inventors of the technology, "just like entropy wants everything in the universe to be nice and evenly random, sort of homogeneous,

the principle of potential wants all things to be at rest in their lowest possible state (like our ethics). We are determined to not rest until all of Grand County has been returned to the anti-potential state it naturally desires—all nicely leveled out and flat!"

"Some say it'll be just another example of enrichment for the few, rubble for the many—like investment banking speculation with government-guaranteed funds," continued Brain. "But no—by virtue of the principles of sacrosanct topple-down economics (promulgated by our patriarchs, the Austrian economists), the 'little man' will get a piece of this pie too—right in the face! Topple-down beats trickle-down by leagues!"

As an added bonus, potential energy exploitation will not contribute to global warming, which doesn't exist anyway.

"I think this is fabulous," said Sen. David Hinkins (R[of course]-Orangeville). "This is exactly the sort of industry I'm in office to promote and protect."

Many of the rocks will be dislodged using free labor of tourists and locals eager to commit sanctioned vandalism (project managers are even thinking they might turn a profit by charging for vandalism rights, by the ton). Boy Scouts and their troupe leaders are expected to be particularly great performers, after having recently warmed up in nearby Goblin Valley; a vandalism merit badge will be offered for those who excel. (Toppled goblins will be available for sale for those

See "Better off flattened," p. 3

Helpless (cont. from p. 1)

on a platform of promoting long-term, affordable housing for actual Moab citizens, not the fly-by-nights, but apparently this is beyond her means. "All these giant towers marching over the landscape, gobbling up the neighborhoods we love—like *The Day of the Triffids!* I guess we can't do anything!" she moaned. "We're just hoping for some bacterium to rescue us and wipe them out, ala *War of the Worlds.*"

"Oh, no no no, a moratorium wouldn't work," said Mayor Dave Sakrison, in response to the suggestion that the city just grab hold of the bull's horns. "We'd just run around like headless chickens waiting for it to expire." Pusillanymous impuissance seems to be the order of the day, as the remaining city council members nodded in solemn agreement.

"And we certainly couldn't think about just zoning them out. That would make Randy Day and J.J. Wang and their buddies mad, and we couldn't have that!" said Councilman Kyle Bailey, visibly shaking at the thought.

After the nine are built, good hotel locations will be in short supply in this tiny town. Negotiations are already secretly underway to create double-decker hotels, which will add diversity to the community's lodging offerings. The first to go up, atop the Gonzo Inn, will be the Grunge-o Inn ("pet-friendly hot tubs" . . . or is that just a missing comma?), and, for the rock-seeking spiritualists, the Grand County Buddhist Pest Hotel, atop the Hampton Inn.

With so many hotels being built in town, disaster officials now fear two potential catastrophies. As the 123,641 Moab hotel rooms fill with tourists through the spring and early summer months, the cumulative weight of all these McStiff's- and McDonalds-engorged supersized rock gawkers will cause the Earth's crust to gradually sink. If a spell of bad weather hits and everyone decides it's more interesting to go home and play video games instead of communing with rocks, the sudden isostatic rebound of the Earth's crust, like that following glacial retreat, may trigger an earthquake of 6.9 magnitude.

The second catastrophe awaiting our humble burgh is a twist on an old desert hazard: *the dreaded "flush flood!"* If all 123,641 toilets in Moab's hotel rooms should happen to be flushed simultaneously, the sewage treatment plant would be overwhelmed and a sewage flood would back up all the way to the south Maverick and engulf Moab. (Guess you could then say that just wasn't

See "Helpless," p. 4

Better off flattened (cont. from p. 2)

seeking mementos of their working vacations.) Jared Ehler will handle any dinosaur tracks that may be encountered. That will be known as a *true* fossil energy source.

County Councilman Lynn Jackson, known for his *balanced* approach to energy and county management and *imbalanced* representation, said potential energy development will create *balance* in the county's economy. To start with, *Balanced Rock* in Arches National Park will be one of the most profitable contributors to the electricity grid. "Since it's so precariously *balanced*, it'll be easy to tip over, and we can generate enough electricity from its fall to pay for one-and-a-half part-time jobs at Wendys for three months—far surpassing its previous contribution to the county's economy." Jackson said that in promoting the scheme he is fulfilling the clear mandate for further ecological destruction he received by getting all cardboard cutout votes cast in an uncontested, issueless election.

When asked if this toppling wasn't going to be ecologically damaging, Jackson replied, "Oh no, God put 'em up there, and if we take 'em down, eventually God will put 'em back up, especially after the floods caused by global warming (which doesn't exist anyway). It's all part of the cycle of nature—you have to take the long, *balanced* view, like I do." Jackson added that after all the rocks are down, no one will be able to accuse him and his adopted good ol' boy buddies on the council of running the county off a cliff (but maybe some ditches will still be available).

The reduction of Grand County's cliffs and pinnacles to rubble will be overseen by SHITLA (S tate Highly Institutionalizable Trust Lands Administrators) because destroying the scenic, ecological, and civic

values of our children's heritage lands to make \$5 for the state's schools is already part of their charter and demonstrated expertise. SHITLA representative Brain Turgidon says the environmental impact of potential energy development will appear to be much less than that of the 32,000 acres of land (half the size of Arches N.P.) [no joke. -Ed.] being stripmined for tar sands at PR Springs (using cost-effective mountaintop removal techniques!), since the impact will be spread out across the entire county, instead of being in just one itty-bitty place. "Yes, we've really outdone ourselves this time," said Turgidon. "We've managed to come up with a program that will affect just about everywhere." (See related story p. 4: "*SHITLA*")

American RockTopple Enterprises, LLC, based in Shanghai, China, (ROT on the Chinese stock market) is the lead in the Six Company Ignominious Coalition (SCIC), which has received the franchise for the scheme. Jackson said the importation of cheap Chinese coolie labor allowed RockTopple to be the high bidder and still make the ungodly profit to which every corporation is ethically and constitutionally entitled. The \$1,393 one-time payment to be paid to the state will go to the school trust fund and will be sufficient to cover the cost of updating annual financial statements to show the income of \$1,393. "Yes, sir, SHITLA is a real asset to those kiddies in the class," said Turgidon.

In a show of its concern for ecology, RockTopple promises to return "1% for the land" ("that's all we could afford") by spending the money on advertising to proclaim how it is returning 1% to the land. RockTopple lawyers interpret that as 1% of what it pays for the franchise, or \$13.93. The remaining profits from the projects will go to needy investors in China, who, you'll be

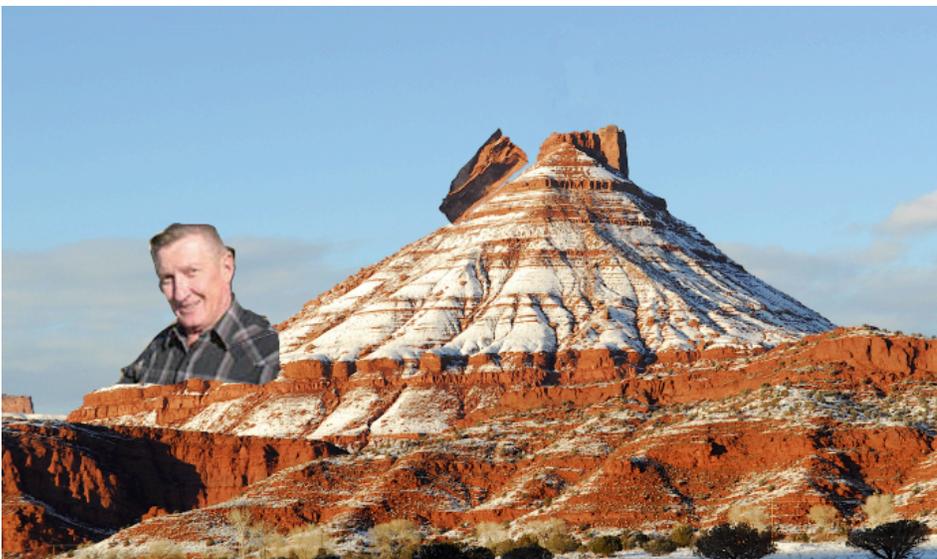
happy to know, really really need our resources and money.

After RockTopple, Inc., LLC is done with *Balanced Rock*, *Castle Rock* will be next up on the docket. Following its reduction to rubble, it will be renamed *Nubbin Rock* and the residents of the valley will live in the *Nubbin Valley Rubble Ranchos* (NVRRs). Town of *Nubbin Valley* Mayor David Surley figures it's a good thing. "These people should get a change once in a while—I mean, this town is in a deep rut."

Third up will be *Porcupine Rim*. Because all potential energy rights are reserved to the government in trust for a few big corporations, rimside homes in *Castle Valley* will have to be demolished, or will be demolished in the process, since potential mineral energy rights take priority over surface rights. Residents are hereby given notice to vacate, or else. Many residents agree the *Jims' house* will be particularly appealing as a rubblefield.

The *Needles in Canyonlands National Park* will be fourth up, and in this Utah's former Republican governor *George Clyde* was proven to be at least partly prophetic. In 1961, when officials, including Interior Secretary *Stewart Udall*, toured the *Needles District* of what is now *Canyonlands National Park*, *Clyde* looked at the majestic *Needles* and explained why he opposed creation of the park: "You see, Utah is a mining state, and we might need these as building stone some day." [No joke. -Ed.]

On the darker side of the potential energy story, related instances of affinity fraud, for which Utah is the nation's capital [no joke. -Ed.], are on the rise. *Dollar-crazed Provoans* are paying exorbitant prices to their brothers-in-laws and other members of their wards for large rocks that are simply lying out on open ground, in an effort to get in on the *ground* floor in this exciting energy field. "They just don't understand the physics of potential energy," says *Laff Salot* of *Potential Investors, Inc., LLC*. (PIILLC). "Those rocks gotta be up in the air to do the work! But then, we've always known Utahns aren't too bright—that's why we're here." PIILLC is working on figuring ways to securitize their portfolio of rocks so they can trade on the NYSE. That way instead of toppling rocks they can just finish toppling the economy.



Wild Onion:
Steam vent or
alarm whistle?

Nowhere (cont. from p. 1)

for a long time that San Juan County had its own boondoggle Road to Nowhere, to Big Springs Canyon, and we had none. Now we've shown 'em our stuff—and ours is bigger!"

[Editor's note: The Big Spring Canyon road, a.k.a. "Scenic Drive," was built with the original intention of building a tourist promotional highway all the way to the Confluence Overlook in the Needles District of newly established Canyonlands National Park. Miraculously, managers somehow came to their senses at the last minute, and saved the Needles backcountry by leaving the road incomplete to this day, to the perennial consternation of San Juan County.]

"Of course, the real reason for building this road is to allow the American public to visit the bee-uu-teafull national parks," said Commissioner Mark Raymond, as he lounged on a leather couch, lit up a cigarette, and studied a map of the oil leases . . . er, national parks . . . along the new highway, of which there are none.

Meanwhile, some in Grand County are starting to feel really inadequate. "Geeze, I wish we had one—a dem 'Roads to Nowhere' too!" mused "Special Interest" Jerry McNeeley, who has never heard of a road he didn't like. "I have a *sp-sp-SPECial* interest in dem 'Roads to Nowhere.'" Like a kid needing to pee in the middle of 5th period, Jerry rose up at the County Council meeting, pounded his fist, and proclaimed, "Madame Chair, we must not allow a Road-to-Nowhere gap!"

For a long time Uintah County has been in a real tizzy over just how do you entice someone—Grand County, the Feds, anyone—to build a darn road over the Books. They tried seducing Feds by giving them free dinosaur bone fragments, their stock in trade, but the Feds just laughed. So then they figured they'd show a little leg by going half way and laying themselves and the countryside open, hoping someone would take advantage of them and go all the way.

So far most of Grand County Council members aren't rising to the occasion, but Lynn "Shorts All Bunched Up" Jackson is sniffing around, showing his usual prurient interest in all things that smell of hydrocarbons, drill rigs, Caterpillar D-9s, or generalized despoilation. Jackson is thinking we should build our own Road to Nowhere up Hay Canyon, saying it will be better than Uintah's because it will rise at a steeper angle. "Just let me do this—it'll mean so much to me, and make us all so much closer," he said. "I promise ('Scouts honor!') it will stop just a mile before the end of Uintah's road," he said with a wry smile. "You'll just have to trust me."



Nil desperandum!
**SHITLA protecting resources
prior to scheduled destruction**

Utah citizens need not fear for the safety of their state's natural resources, ecosystems, and world-class landscapes. At the request of SHITLA (State Highly Institutionalizable Trust Lands Administrators), a special unit of the Utah Attorney General's Office has

In honor of the great road event, a special convention will be held at the Burning Man Festival for Uintah and San Juan County Commissioners, Lynn Jackson, Rory Paxman, CIB board members, and members of the Good Ol' Boys of Moab Club (GOBM) to reaffirm their brotherly bonding by drinking each others urine. Members of the general public may attend upon approval of their CV, and penis sheaths will be issued at the door (state size on application: S, XS, or XXXS) for those who don't already have their own. The Hawking Teds will be invited to sing their theme song.

In a related story, Uintah County now is seeking \$60 million in Community Re-Impact Board (CRIB) funds to "mitigate" the inevitable mineral development impacts of the Community Impact Board (CIB) funds they spent on their Road to Nowhere. Given what we now know about the CIB directors, and (since this is Utah) about CRIB directors as well, we can all see where this is going. In Salt Lake City, some officials are getting nervous, saying this is getting out of hand and creating a re-impacting spiral. Pretty soon we'll need a Community Re-Re-Impact Board (rhymes with "we-we"), and then a Community Re-Re-Re-Re-Re-Impact Board (CRRRRRIB) and everyone is going to get them all mixed up. "But don't worry," assures Van Tassell. "This can't go on forever—eventually we'll get this county completely drained of anything of value and the whole process will come to a halt."

been deployed to protect State lands from vandalism by enviros and flowe rchildren seeking to commune with the land or stage a sit-in to protest strip mining [no joke. -Ed.] prior to the scheduled destruction of those resources for the benefit of multinational corporations.

A large undercover force of heavily armed agents is now crawling across the state, disguised as trees, rocks, and bears shitting in the woods. (Be careful who you shoot at during the summer bear hunt!)

"We wouldn't want anyone touching these valuable cliffs before we get around to smashing 'em up!" said Brain Turgidon, Moab area director for SHITLA. "For example, those beautiful Book Cliffs lands around PR Springs are in good hands with us."

Ecoprotectors convicted of stepping on, touching, or breathing on these lands-held-in-trust-for-corporations will encounter armored personnel carriers and bazookas bequeathed by the Army's civilian militarization program. They will be sentenced to 30 years at hard labor but will be allowed to redeem themselves by assisting with the ongoing cost-effective mountaintop removal methods being utilized on the Books and elsewhere.

Helpless (cont. from p. 2)

our day.) But never fear, Moab is full of opportunists: Tag-A-Long Tours' J-rigs could then be brought into play so tourists could ride the chocolaty cataracts right in town, and Bob wouldn't even have to spend much for his boys to clean up to keep up with the company's usual standards. More sedate tourists could ride the rising tide with Councilman Rory Paxman's "Canyonlands Crap by Night," the oldest and most "feccious" tour in the county's tourism industry.

**Wild Onion: A joke
of a newspaper?**

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . .

In the incredible further adventures of *Father Knows Best*, Grand County Councilman Ken Ballantyne has likened his very own constituents to babies [no joke. —Ed.]. According to the *Times-Independent*, after coming to his senses and reversing himself to vote to secede from the 7CIC, Ballantyne then felt it necessary to explain himself thus: “It’s kind of like getting your baby to eat crushed carrots out of a bottle. They don’t like it, so eventually you stop. But sooner or later you realize that carrots are good for you. I’m not going to force the vote of the council on citizens who don’t like crushed carrots.”

So, ye citizen whiny babes, you got what you asked for and now you’ll have to live with it while Daddy pouts in the corner. But soon-



Liz Tubbs, leader of “Babies Against Carrots”

er or later you’ll be sorry, as you come to your senses and realize how great it would have been to be in bed with the big boys. Now who’s gonna change your diaper?

Wild Onion already wins most coveted award

.....

“He said-She said” journalism the new art form

After only one issue, the staid little newsletter *Wild Onion* has already won one of the nation’s most coveted awards, the “Fox ‘News’ Prize for He said-She said Journalism.”

“We are so excited and proud to receive this award,” said Cheeze Whiz, editor-in-chief of *Wild Onion*, “especially when you consider that all the nation’s newspapers are working hard to win the same award. He said-She said journalism is recognized as the lowest form of journalism, and we’re glad to be doing our part to bring down the level of civic discussion in this country to the most pointless level conceivable.”

According to Fox “News” officials, *Wild Onion* journalism has, incredibly, proven to be even lower than the mendacious fantasy style of Fox “News” itself, and therefore worthy of special praise. “No one thought it could be done,” said Rupert Murdoch.

To qualify for the award, a newspaper’s reporting must exemplify the “Balanced Approach” of reporting: simply, straightforwardly repeating what He said and what She said, without stooping to delve into the matter to discern whether or not what He said or She said was an absolute absurdity, a blatant falsehood, statement out of context, or yet another red herring like gays, abortion, religion, “special interest” accusations, and birth certificates.

“This is the real meaning of the ‘Equal Time’ doctrine,” says Grede E. Dick, Chief of Obfuscation for the Koch Brothers, speaking before a meeting of “news” reporters at the Public Relations Society of America, where members were just lapping up his every word. “Always report on every issue as though there are two sides. If someone says up is up, we can always provide you with a certified expert who will say no it ain’t, up is down! After a while blathering away like this, the public will be so confused and exhausted, they won’t know which way is up and they’ll quit voting so we can run the country by ourselves (which we pretty much do already). Your job is to give equal time to both sides. After all, who are you to say which is right? You’re just a reporter!”

“It’s all about being democratic,” Dick continued. “If you say one statement is a fact and the other is not, or worse, if you don’t even mention the other statement because it’s too absurd, that’s un-American, gay, and Communist, since you will probably be offending at least half of your readers because, by definition, half of them are of below-average intelligence . . . and remember, those are the ones with the guns!”

Dick considerably lengthened his argument by noting that it’s smart business to report both sides. “You wouldn’t want to offend your corporate sponsors, especially since they are usually the ones with a vested interest in saying the sun didn’t come up. So let’s just keep the ball rolling, and continue to give time to the climate change deniers, the birthers, and all the other inane blathering distractions America Crossroads can come up with.”

We get letters . . .

You skewer the Moab “Right” in just the right way, with humor. If the “powers that be” in Moab had any degree of self-reflection, they would run red-faced and embarrassed out of town, never to be seen again. . . In case you are unaware, I write blog at <http://jamesmcgillis.com> and an online novel at <http://jimmcgillis.com>. The blog has 315 articles, with about one third being about Moab and its environs.

—Jim McGillis

After reading your treasonass rag, I have asked Attorney General Holder to investigate who leaked the confidential medical information on Lynn Jackson and Chris Baird and broke the sanctity of the confessional that apparently underpinned your story on me. As a Democratic official, and given the current administration’s joyfully zealous pursuit of leakers, I think I have enough pull to have the FBI on your doorstep in no time.

—Bob Greenberg

p.s. My wife says the hair shirt is making me a bit cranky. . .

Geez, Bob, you don’t have to get all testy! I mean, we’re among friends here, right? Besides, you’ve got it all wrong: HIPAA (Health Information Politicization Authority of America) was passed in 1970 under the auspices of Richard Nixon for purposes just such as this, guaranteeing reporters authority to use the health information of innocent victims for personal profit and political gain all across this great America. HIPAA was part of the ongoing effort to expand the economy by freeing up Americans to suck up a buck in any conceivable way and set loose the dogs of war against l-l-LIBerals deserving of dirty tricks. The act soon came in handy with the Democratic nomination of Thomas Eagleton for Vice President (you do remember, don’t you, Bob?).

Oh, BTW: I suggest you try Bag Balm for them skin itches. If it works for 10 million udders, it oughta work fer you.

—Ed.

Wild Onion apologizes

Cheeze Whiz and associates apologize for a certain email faux pas unintentionally inflicted upon a few *Wild Onion* subscribers of the first issue. (If you don’t know what we’re talking about, then don’t worry about it!) Apparently *WO* needs a secretary (and Cheese Louise says, “I ain’t makin’ the coffee”!)

What Republicans have become

RepubliLiberTea Party to be renamed GIVMS

In a clear refutation to those who claim evolution is a fraud, the RepubliTea Party has been caught evolving right before our eyes. First there were Eisenhowerian Republicans, stodgy conservatives warning us about the military-industrial complex. Then the Nixononian Transitional Phase, which gave us scandal and arrogance but also the EPA. Then it was off the cliff, first with the Reagan trickle-down fraud, then the Bush anti-intellectual juggernaut with more gifts to the rich and mandatory staff prayer sessions, and more recently the Scorched Earth Republicans and their treasonous campaign of “government by us or no government at all!” In the ultimate flight from reality, the dyspeptic LiberTea era has been inflicted upon us. [No joke—all of it . . . or, the joke’s on all of us. —Ed.]

Now, in an effort to relieve voter confusion caused by the party’s current amalgamation of so many of the most caustic trends in American political “thought” to ever be embraced by a major party, the RepuLibertarTea Party will be renamed GIVMS.

“Yes, it’s true,” said President Scott Walker Monday. “The RepubliLiberTea Party is being renamed GIVMS. You see, we like to be true to our values; we believe in honesty. You see, our new name will subliminally suggest to people that we are a party of generous, kind people, a GIVing sort of people (he he!), when in fact what it stands for is the triumph of Greed, Ignorance (wilful), Vindictiveness, Mendacity . . . or is that Misogyny? . . . and Selfishness . . . oh, well there’s some disagreement whether that’s Selfishness or Stupidity, or Smallmindedness, but disagreement is good in a party—you wouldn’t want everyone thinking alike, or all voting the same, now would you?”

[What? Can it be—an entire major party a joke? —Ed.]

Reader competition:

The Jerry McNeeley

“sp . . . sp . . . *SPEcial interest*” prize
Wild Onion challenges readers to submit letters containing more “special interest” accusations per sentence than those of Jerry himself. The winner will receive a very sp . . . sp . . . *SPEcial* gift indeed—a custom-fitted “Jerry McNeeley Cock-a-Snoot” mask, so they can dress like Jerry when addressing the public.

County says “cock-a-snoot” to 7CIC

Jackson, Paxman deeply disturbed about election results

Irreparable harm to county’s industrial reputation

Apparently Grand County voters owe apologies to Lynn Jackson and Rory Paxman for the deep trauma inflicted on the two hapless councilmen by electing new representatives whose first action was to withdraw from the much-vaunted Seven County Infrastructure Coalition.

“Well, ookme-fé if those l-l-l-*liberals* didn’t steal this one out from under us,” said Jackson. “It’s that gerrymandering and the new mail-in voting that allowed over 70% of the voters to actually express their opinion. They’ll be sorry!”

Prior to the election, Paxman had been thinking of changing his name to Pacman because he had always thought of his “service” on the council as just a game—he never had to say anything or do anything except vote the party line for his own best economic interests, a mere placeholder. Paxman has been so little-heard of that almost no one in the county would recognize him on sight (no newspaper will dare print his photo), and those who do know of him tend to think of him as a big, silent, chomping mouth.

But now things are starting to get serious: Paxman and Jackson are worried that mega-industrial rapers-of-the-land “will think we don’t like them, and they won’t come to our parties!” said Paxman.

“They won’t want to mine here anymore! The drillers will be shy about going deep. Everyone will lose their sense of purpose in life. Who are we gonna play with if we can’t



join the Big Boys club?” pined Jackson, who has retreated to the company of his potash industry advisees. The depths of his depression are becoming evident, as he has even been slacking off on his bullying duties on the council.

Jackson is taking the reversal particularly hard and as a result is doing overtime therapy at Four Corners Behavioral Health, where Director Holly Long has organized a wrap team of Ray Pene, Ray Tibbetts, and Manny Torres along with staff to wrap around Jackson in love and support to get him through this difficult period. Jackson’s buddies are urging him to hang in there, telling him that surely in the next election Grand County voter apathy will again prevail (the earth children get tired of that toilsome voting process), allowing the good ol’ boys to once again run the show. In the meantime, voters may bring donations of heart-shaped cupcakes for Jackson to the back door at Four Corners (please, Jackson says, gluten-free).

Wild Onion contragulates

Castle Valley residents are oozing with pride over having an Academy Award winner right in their midst. Resident troublemaker Bill Rau has vaulted over many more famous contenders to win Best Actor for his role in the NBC production of *Big Flat Goes to Hell*. Bill also received an honorable mention for best hairdo.

Whadja git fer Christmas?

- “Black-and-orange-striped jammies—and just in time!” (Phil Lyman)
- “A lot more headaches than I was banking on” (Donna Metzler)
- “Flowers wallpaper” (Kim Call)
- “F____d!” (Utah’s fourth Congressional district)
- “A new Marriott!” (Rory Paxman)
- “A new class of unruly kids” (Mary McGann)

Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity. And I’m not sure about the universe.

—Albert Einstein (yeah yeah, and what did he know?)

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Wild Onion welcomes your letters and original artworks. Please let us know if they are intended for publication or only for our mortification. Write to WildOnion@null.net.

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