

AN INSIDE LOOK AT G-8 SUMMIT PROTEST PLANNING

Rap! Rap! Rap! "This session of the G-8 Summit protest planners will come to order. Welcome to our special steering committee, the Committee for Rebellion, Unrest and Destruction, or CRUD. Remember, ladies and gentlemen and those of you somewhere in between, we want to be ready to shine when the world leaders come to Sea Island in a few weeks. We want the world to know that we are CRUD." (*Yeah! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

"Now, let's get down to specifics. I want to go around the room and have you introduce yourselves and tell us about your protest plans. Let us start with the young woman dressed as a hot dog bun and slathering herself with mustard."

"Yes, Mr. and/or Ms. Chairperson, my name is Buffy Bloomers. I represent all the liberal weenies who hate George Bush." (*Hurrah! Clap! Clap! Clap!*) "We want to restore integrity to the White House. So Bill Clinton was a skirt chaser who cheats at golf. So what? That's better than having someone in the White House who didn't win the election fair and square. Al Gore should be president because he invented the Internet." (*Whoopee! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

"Well said, Ms. Bloomers. And you, sir, in the ski mask?"

"This isn't a ski mask, Mr. and/or Ms. Chairperson. It is a symbol of the hopelessness of the proletariat oppressed by the worldwide military-industrial complex controlled by Dick Cheney and Beetle Bailey." (*Right on! Clap! Clap! Clap!*) "Besides, when we throw rocks through store windows, this symbol makes it difficult for the police to identify us."

"And why would you throw rocks through store windows?"

"Because we believe strongly in world peace." (*Yes! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

"Interesting. Let me recognize the man in the gray wool suit with the 'Sonny Lied' sign."

"My name is Leon. I thought this was a protest meeting about the state flag, but I am obviously in the wrong room. You folks are weirder than a possum chasing its tail. I'm outta here." (*Booooo!*)

"Sorry, Leon. Let's hear from the pimply faced kid in the front row. Tell us about you and your organization."

"Mr. and/or Ms. Chairperson, I am the leader of the Global Committee Against the Environmental Policies of the International Monetary Fund." (*Hurrah! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

"Wonderful. And just what are the environmental policies of the International Monetary Fund?"

"I have no idea. It just sounded like a neat thing to protest. Besides, I have never been to Sea Island in June." (*Ha ha! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

"Thanks, pimply faced kid. Now, here is CRUD's public relations director, Puffin Weeds, to bring us up to date on media coverage."

"Thank you, Mr. and/or Ms. Chairperson. There will be thousands of media people covering the G-8 Summit, and they don't have the foggiest notion what is going on, but to justify their expense accounts they have to report on something. That's where we come in. We have a number of photo-ops planned. For example, we will hang banners daily from the Sidney Lanier Bridge, protesting everything from the plight of the Siberian Yak to the visual pollution caused by hanging banners from the Sidney Lanier Bridge." (*Fantastic! Clap! Clap! Clap!*) "We are also going to organize a march to protest how good we have it in the United States. It's just not fair. Why can't we be more like Cuba?" (*Yes! Yes! Amen to that!*)

"I see a weird-looking guy in the back of the room, dressed in a blue blazer, khakis and docksiders. Forgive me for saying so, but you don't look like CRUD."

"I take that as a compliment. My name is Dick Yarbrough. I represent People Having Onerous Opinions of Extremist Yahoos, or PHOOEY. On behalf of my loyal followers, we say PHOOEY on you all. (*Gasp!*) You are nothing but a bunch of publicity-seeking, self-righteous phonies. (*Gasp!*) I hope all the sand gnats in South Georgia fly up your nose and hold a protest march on your sinuses." (*Gasp! Gasp!*)

"Mr. Yarbrough, sticks and stones may break our bones, but your words will never hurt us. We are CRUD and nothing you say will change that. Meeting dismissed!" (*Yeah! Clap! Clap! Clap!*)

**Copyright 2004 www.dickyarbrough.com. All Rights Reserved.
User is granted permission to reprint one copy of this column for personal use.
Column may not be otherwise reproduced without author's permission.**