Speaker John Boehner Showing Strain Over Government Shutdown, Close Aides Report "He's Lost His Orange"

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Michael Matthew Bloomer, October 1, 2013.

Staff members with regular access to Speaker of the House John Boehner reported this morning that the Speaker appears less robust and

energetic this morning. Significantly, as this staffer reported:

> "He's noticeably less orangey, less than ever since last November 7th. Everyone's concerned. He's not even wearing socks. Some speculate he's without underpants."

The before photo at right illustrates the Speaker's appearance before shutdown and after shutdown. A blood draining shift from his mid-range orange to a literally pale version of his former self.

Staff members worry. His top legislative assistant reports anonymously that

> "The old man has been dwindling physically for a week now. He's lost seven inches off his legs, and three fingers have withdrawn into his hands. He can still cry, apparently non-stop. So much so that we worry about his electrolyte levels. We water him every hour. His ears sometimes flap, loudly.
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> It gets worse. Lately, during conference calls, he often speaks in tongues, so we know he's right with God, and that's good, but translating his tongue-speak to American poses a real challenge. On Capitol Hill, other than the Tea Party mob, glossolalia translators are rare. So no one appears to understand him, and Tea Partiers remain stingy with their translators. The result? The Speaker's basically, shunned by both parties. Yet, he dances a skips down the Capitol corridors singing 'Sweet Mystery of Life' . . ."

A Light in the Middle of the Tunnel. A resolution of one of the Speaker's concerns, however, brought him cheer and solace. Anonymously, his tall, redheaded office Golf Director explained,

> "Well, the Speaker believed that the famed Congressional Country Club in Bethesda was a federal program run within the Department of Agriculture. So, naturally enough, he supposed it would be subject to the government shutdown. The club is the Speaker's favorite and the realization that it must close its doors caused him a great deal of dyspepsia, sobbing, nictitating, and glossolalia. Moaning was heard as far away as the

> Senate floor, scaring Lindsey Graham so much that Capitol Police forces escorted him to an underground shelter.
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> In the end, however, I explained to the Speaker that the Congressional is neither a government facility nor a so-called government sponsored enterprise. I asked him, 'How *could* it be a federal program? Congressional Country Club is *successful!*' It took heavy lifting and psychopharmeceuticals to convince him that Congressional is indeed a *private* golf club supported by dues paying cento-millionaires, in other words, his friends. The Speaker perked up, and he's now sitting up, taking nourishment, and practicing his putting with a few cento-millionaires and a multi-billionaire. All seems back to normal."

He's improving, but his ears still flap, he continues to believe he Larry the Cable Guy, and his ruddy orange complexion has yet to return. Staff remains hopeful and somewhat upbeat. So, perhaps soon, the Speaker will once again take a shot at leading the Republican party in whatever form he finds it.