

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 2009

A message from Gov. Blagojevich

"This isn't an act of defiance. It's just these effing rules, man. They're fundamentally wrong and I don't like them. Let me also just say, though, that I would love more than anything to be there on Monday. I am so determined and eager to go to Springfield and show my innocence and call my witnesses and prove how determined and eager I am to show my innocence—oh, I already said that. That even though my wife and I dabble in swearing every now and then, I'm really a good governor. I would give anything to be there, I really would. I'd give my jogging tights. I'd give my wife, probably. However, as psyched as I am to be there and see everyone and have lunch and catch up—as determined and eager as I am to profess my love for being innocent and not doing wrong things... GOD, I am just SO IMPATIENT TO BE IN SPRINGFIELD ON MONDAY. However, as much as I'm dying to go, I just simply can't do that. It's these fundamentally wrong rules that prevent me from having a fair trial, and prevent every other citizen from being protected under the Constitution, ever. Specifically, it's rule number WTF5, which prevents me from calling in my effing golden witnesses. Witnesses like presidential Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel; top presidential staffer Valerie Jarrett; Congressman Jesse Jackson, Jr.; top chef Tom Colicchio; top model Tyra Banks; top gun Tom Cruise; and Ziggy from the cartoon Ziggy, along with a series of other witnesses that I personally know and have a great working relationship with. Witnesses like former President Gerald Ford and Oprah and Gayle Winfrey. But even if I wanted to call those witnesses, it wouldn't matter, according to the Very Worst Effing Rule of Them All, rule number OMG18. It essentially says I'm guilty. And THAT is a gross violation of American freedom. It is a violation of the cornerstones of something or other, it is a VIOLATION of my bangs. And if they can do that to me, the governor of Illinois, they can do it to every other American citizen in the world, too, also. You know, that reminds me of a story I'm about to make up just now. I would like to explain how these rules work in a very CLEAR and TOTALLY UNDERSTANDABLE way—by using a cowboy metaphor. There was this old saying in the old west—very, very old times—that, um, there was this cowboy, see. And this guy stole a horse. No, wait. He sold a horse. He sold another guy's empty horse when that guy went into the saloon for four or maybe eight years. No, wait, that's not it. Maybe he did steal a horse, BUT HE DIDN'T REALLY DO IT. But no one believed him, because they had wire-tapped his saddle bags and they THOUGHT they caught him admitting to something wrong, but he was JUST JOKING AROUND. That guy—that guy's a pretty good guy. So, you see, they're just hanging me, or something, without a fair trial. And when they hang me, they're hanging every citizen of Illinois who voted for me, twice. Under these rules, even if at the time of the accusation that cowboy guy had actually been home on the ranch with six other cowboys, herding cattle and roping steers—I think, actually, this place was a gay cowboy disco ranch, yeah—it doesn't matter. That guy can't bring in the six cowboys to the law place

for the trial so the other guys can say, 'Hey, this guy wasn't near that horse on that day. He was at home herding cattle with us, and maybe doing other things, but that's none of your business.' Even if he could bring in those hot cowboy guys to say that, it wouldn't matter..."