



Gardian Republic

DEMOCRATS INVADE MARS BY STEPHEN GUY HARDIN

"The Future Holds Unlimited Possibilities For Us All"

Still Going Strong

**Reports, Retorts and Revelations on
the Terrestrial Machinations of the American Left
(And Other Alien Cultures)**



Mixing sarcasm and humor with facts and current events, 'Democrats Invade Mars' follows in the footsteps of Stephen Guy Hardin's previous works, 'Comms on Parade' and 'If Being a Conservative Were Easy There Wouldn't Be Any Liberals' as it attempts to peel back yet another layer of the various and nefarious schemes of the American Left and the Democrat Party.

Democrats Invade Mars

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Democrats Invade Mars

Stephen Guy Hardin

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At That Point George and Barack Kissed

Stephen Guy Hardin /May 13, 2012

The upcoming issue of Newsweek magazine will devote its cover story to president Obama's tactical campaign decision to come out in support of gay marriage.

The story's author is Andrew Sullivan, Newsweek's homosexual extraordinaire and founding member of *Gay Commies for Barack*. In his uniquely gleeful journalistic manner, Andrew has christened Obama as the "first gay president." This politically calculated and morally dubious honor comes complete with a cover of a toothy Obama beaming radiantly under a gay rainbow halo. This cover is a nice departure from the typical shining, gold haloed and skin bleached Barack that the media Photoshops on its other magazine covers.

Since Bill Clinton has already beaten Barack to the punch as America's first black president, our first equal opportunity president must be content to be America's first gay president.

Jimmy Fallon must be giddy with excitement.

But as A-list Hollywood Leftists go Jimmy can't hold a razor blade and mirror to George Clooney.

One has to marvel at the coincidental timing of the president's gay marriage announcement. Within hours of proclaiming that he has evolved in his views on gay marriage *The Hollywood Daily Worker*...uh, *Variety*, reports that a massive black tie Hollywood fundraiser was hosted by fellow gay marriage *uber* enthusiast Clooney.

The event proved to be that unique fusion of West Coast glamour and East Coast political delusion as the president moved from table to table begging for...I mean soliciting, campaign donations. Former mega star Barbra Streisand, sporting a black beret and a diamond studded Che Guevara t-shirt, sat at one of the fourteen tables on George's basketball

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court, which had been converted into a tented wonderland for the event celebrating the gaiety of Hollywood.

But, I digress.

The president worked the tables reminiscing about his days as a young Muslim and his reckless Chicago days as Bill Ayers' valet and part-time cook. After sipping his way through a couple of Long Island Iced Teas the president bored attendees with the story of his first date with Mrs. Obama. Waxing sentimental about that glorious night when Michelle chose him from the chorus line of an all black production of *La Cage Aux Folles*, the president was overcome by sentiment and alcohol.

The star studded guest list openly gushed about the president's public support of gay marriage. Though many of the guests were quietly wondering why Barack didn't go further and come all the way out of the Oval Office closet. But reality has a way of rearing its ugly head, even in Hollywood, as optimism about the president's reelection prospects seemed muted compared to his Beatlemania days of 2008.

"It wasn't like four years ago; it wasn't the hopeful thing. It was more realistic," said Rona Rothstein, VP of the Muslim outreach department at the Hollywood talent agency, William Morris Entertainment. "The 2008 campaign was a once in a lifetime event. That was a little bit of lightning in a bottle," she added. "Plus, in 2008 we didn't realize he was such a complete boob."

Boob, indeed.

Though the fundraiser brought in a record sum for the president, it could invite a political backlash. Mingling with wealthy entertainment figures plays into a Republican narrative that Mr. Obama is himself a full-fledged celebrity who is detached from the struggles of everyday voters.

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As Barack spent the evening following George around, many guests openly commented on what a striking couple they made. As they traded jokes about getting older, compared their competing theories on Marxism and whether or not John Travolta would squeal on them, their hands would occasionally touch and George would noticeably blush, Barack not quite so noticeably.

“There was a blog post about, ‘Look how wrinkly Obama is getting,’” the president quipped to the crowd near the end of the evening. “It was sort of distressing. George is aging so handsomely he doesn't have to go through these things. By the way, where is George? George?”

As if on cue, the spray tanned, gray-haired Mr. Clooney squeaked, “I’m over here, Barry! I’m over here!”

At that point the president stepped into the crowd and was heard to whisper, “There you are. I thought I had lost you.” *At that point George and Barack kissed.*

“What can you say about a society that says that God is dead
and Elvis is alive?”

~Irv Kupciner

Elvis Wages Fatwa

Stephen Guy Hardin/May 31, 2012

Iranian rapper and owner of Naj's Rug Emporium, Shahin Najafi, has been sentenced to death by the Islamic Republic of Iran. The death sentence was issued against the rap artist after he released a controversial song called *Naqi*.

Mr. Najafi has become the Salman Rushdie of rap after clerics in the Islamic republic issued a fatwa, or righteous curse of the boogeyman, labeling him an apostate. Being branded an apostate is considered punishable by death under *sharia* law and is the second most heinous crime in modern Iran, right after wearing Levi's in public.

The holy shit storm hit Allah's fan when the Germany based Najafi, released a song which made references to Ali al-Hadi al-Naqi. Ali al-Hadi al-Naqi is the tenth of the twelve Shia Muslim Imams, a religious figure highly respected by millions in Iran and several sections of south Detroit.

The cleric Ayatollah Naser Makareme Shirazi, Junior, a Holocaust denier and registered Democrat based in the semi holy city of South Qom was the latest to jump on the fatwa camel train.

Fatwa camel train, indeed.

"Any outrage against the infallible Imams ... and obvious insult against them would make a Muslim an apostate," he said. Makareme Shirazi, Junior, has in the past issued other controversial edicts that attempted to ban women from attending soccer matches, denying the existence of the Holocaust and banning reruns of *How I Met Your Mother* on Iranian national television. Well, I can see the logic of that last one.

But, I digress.

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Najafi's song, *Naqi*, is a compilation of events in the past year. Najafi, speaking from his rug shop in Frankfurt, has rejected claims that he meant to insult the Imam's religious beliefs or the true parentage of their children.

"I thought there would be some ramifications. But I didn't think I would upset the regime that much. Now they are taking advantage of the situation and making it look like I was trying to criticize Islam and put down believers," he told German journalist and renowned Islamophile, Wolfgang Fang, the author of *Eva Braun Wore a Hakim*.

"For me it is more of an excuse to talk about completely different things. I also criticize Iranian society in the song. It seems as though people are just concentrating on the word 'Imam'. Just because I call the Imam's bitches does not mean I do not respect them."

In an effort to resolve the growing cultural crisis the official Iranian religious website, www.tehranafterdark.org, has offered a \$105,000 reward for anyone who delivers Najafi's head on a platter. Failing that there is a \$ 20,000 reward for an autographed copy of his soon to be released CD, "*Elvis Wages Fatwa*."



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