

Here is the Joker's fictional account of politics in Coeur d'Alene.

Rufus Peterson shuffled through a stack of legal papers. The aging hippie had seen better days. Too many trips on LSD and mushrooms forty years ago had left his mind a little foggy around the edges.

"Mr. Peterson," the judge said clearing his throat.

The only sounds in the court room were an occasional creaks from the wood benches as onlookers tried not to breath too loud. Phil Hammer stood against the wall, scanning the crowd and taking mental notes of who was there.

"Mr. Peterson," the judge repeated in a tone that he usually reserved for when his grandchildren played with his World War II model airplane collection. "It is your witness."

Rufus' head snapped up, the Jimi Hendrix song playing in his head suddenly stopped. "I am sorry your honor," Rufus said. "My I approach the witness?"

The judge nodded and Rufus rose from his chair.

"Mr. Cougar. Do you think men who kidnap a child should be free in 10 years? Do you think men who rape a child should be free in 10 years? Do you!"

Dale Cougar, a 30-something hipster with more style than cash, stammered out a "Well, no."

Henry Goldenstein, a slick lawyer from Chicago sprang from his chair. "Your honor, I object. What in the world does this have with anything remotely to do with the 2009 Coeur d'Alene city council election?"

"Mr. Peterson, please limit your questions to things that are relevant to this case," growled the judge and wagged his finger at the ruffled attorney.

"Your honor, my client was raped. He was raped by a political system that destroyed his professional and political career," Peterson said with excitement.

The judge shaking his head, said, "Please continue."

"Mr. Cougar isn't true that in the weeks leading up to the election you were part of a liberal conspiracy to organize people who didn't live in Coeur d'Alene to vote in the election," Peterson said, his eyes blazing with rage. "We're you part of a human smuggling operation that brought illegal immigrants from the south of France into this country to work in Mike Kennedy's telecommunication sweatshops?"

Dale Cougar was stunned. "I don't know Mike Kennedy. I don't know what you're talking about. I've never been to France."

"Mr. Cougar. I have documented proof from one Mary Full of Grace on her blog. She claims to have very good sources who tell her you did go to France a lot in October and that you were paid a hefty sum."

Mary Full of Grace handed Rufus a piece of paper, which had nothing but gibberish written on it.

Rufus looked at it and smiled.

"I've got it right here. Would you like to see it?"

Rufus handed to Dale Cougar, who tried to make sense of crayon scribbled lines and dots before him.

"I am afraid I don't follow this," Cougar said.

Rufus took the paper back and said, "Oh, I think you do. Did you vote for Mike Kennedy?"

Goldenstein leaned over and whispered something into Chicago Mike's ear. Chicago Mike shot an angry look at Cougar. Chicago Mike used his hand and motioned like he was firing a gun. No one saw except Dale Cougar.

Cougar began to sweat. He shifted in his chair and prayed for the deposition to be finished. "No. I mean I have a good job. It's legal. Ok, I went to Belgium, but that was six months ago. All I did was vote."
