

## **Joker offers latest episode of “Total Recall”**

*The following scenario is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real people or actual events is purely coincidental.*

### **Total Recall: Sweat Shop City**

The county clerk’s office was busier than usual and the air conditioning wasn’t working. Nancy stared at her computer screen intently. The glare of the screen was beginning to hurt her eyes. It was day four of verifying signatures. The work was tedious and boring. She looked up at the giant digital clock, which was counting down. Over 80 hours left until 4:30 p.m. June 19th. She wondered how in the world they were going to make it. The recall signature lists were a mess. Looking at poorly written signatures for days on end seemingly caused her vision to deteriorate.

Cliff entered the room and began passing out bottles of water.  
“Keep the good work people. I know it’s hard, but you’re doing a great job. Keep it going.”

Nancy smiled and took a few minutes to savor the water. It was cold and crisp.

The clerk’s office door swung open and Nancy’s smile disappeared.

It was Mary and her entourage.

Mary was dressed in a deep purple business suit. She strode quickly across the room to confront Cliff face to face.

Cliff’s voice faltered, “Hello Mary. How can I help you today?”

Mary, “You can start by explaining why these signatures haven’t been verified yet.”

Cliff paused and then spoke slowly, “Well Mary, we have more than 5,000 signatures and it’s a lot of work. Many of them are not registered voters.”

Mary let out a guttural growl, like a wounded beast and began to speak, her voice growing louder with each word. “Cliff, we don’t want to hear your excuses. These signatures all are valid. They signed them. You can NOT deny the will of 5,000 people.”

Cliff turned white. He knew how bad it could get. “Look, we’re going as fast as we humanly can go.”

Mary closed her eyes and shook her head, “No Cliff. No Cliff. No Cliff. I don’t think you are. I think this is a failure of leadership.”

With that, Mary snapped her fingers. One of her acolytes, Randy, opened a bag he was carrying and handed Mary a long black bull whip.”

Mary extended her other hand and Bill helped her up on one of the desks.

“Ok people, from now on. I am in charge. We’re going to get this done. NOW!!!”  
cracking the whip multiple times. “I want to see verified. GET TO WORK  
YOU SLUGS.”

Nancy took another swig of her water, wishing it was something stronger. Suddenly, the water bottle was ripped out of her hand, leaving a stinging welt. Mary had whipped the water bottle and it smacked against one of the walls.

“NO BREAKS. NO WATER. NO FOOD.”

Three hours later, Mary continued to patrol the room like a tiger.

No one spoke. Cliff was his office typing on his computers, writing positive news releases as Bill and Randy looked over his shoulder to make sure the failure percentages went down.

Nancy stood up to go to the bathroom. She made two steps toward the door when she heard the sizzle of the whip. She felt a sharp pain in her back as the whip dug into her skin.

“WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU’RE GOING? GET BACK TO YOUR DESK,”  
Mary bellowed.

Nancy weeping, shouted, “I have to go to the bathroom.” Mary snapped her fingers and Randy ran into the room. “Randy, make sure this slug doesn’t take more than 5 minutes to finish her business.”

Randy grabbed Nancy by the arm and began escorting her, or rather dragging her to the women’s restroom, “Come on lady. You’ve got work to do.”