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For those of you who asked, I grew up a Republican, born in Toledo Ohio and spent summers fishing on the Maumee River with my grandfather, a WW1 veteran. No he didn't impose any great wisdom, just work hard and treat people fairly, even if they don't treat you the same way.

We have heard that the Republicans in Congress are bought and paid for by Elon Musk and his DOGE posse, to scared to oppose anything he desires. If you oppose Elon, you will be primaried. Sadly it appears that the reasons you ran for office, your plans to make America better, are no longer needed, just your yes vote when and where you are told, questions are not allowed.

As a reminder, in 2026 we have a mid-term election, and I hope there will be an election. If the destruction of our Democratic values continues, it won't matter which puppet Elon dangles...

Charge Bucks Coffee v. Andrew Dailey

The Missouri courtroom was packed.

The case of Charge Bucks Coffee v. Andrew Dailey had captivated the nation. On one side sat Charge Bucks Coffee, the mega-chain known for overpriced lattes, smug baristas, and seasonal cups that somehow always caused a culture war. On the other, Missouri Attorney General Andrew Dailey, the man who had

decided that Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion was the greatest threat to American capitalism.

Sitting across from him was Susan Kim, the sharp, ruthless attorney for Charge Bucks. She adjusted her glasses and shuffled her papers before standing and walking slowly to the witness stand.

“Mr. Dailey, let’s cut right to it,” she said. “You filed this lawsuit because you believe Charge Bucks Coffee is putting social justice ahead of profits. Correct?”

Andrew straightened his tie and nodded. “That’s right. Their radical hiring policies are driving away good, hardworking Americans.”

Susan tilted her head. “And by ‘good, hardworking Americans,’ you mean...?”

Andrew hesitated. “You know. Normal ones.”

Susan raised an eyebrow. “Define normal.”

Andrew blinked. His forehead glistened under the fluorescent lights. “Well, uh, you know, people who fit in. People who, um, order their coffee and don’t make a scene about, uh, pronouns and whatnot.”

Susan smiled. “Ohhh. I see. So, when you go into a Charge Bucks Coffee, do you personally count the number of—what was your phrase?—‘bright shining faces’ behind the counter?”

Andrew swallowed. “I—I wouldn’t say ‘count’ exactly...”

Susan took a step closer. “So you don’t go into Charge Bucks Coffee locations and count the number of white—oops, I mean ‘bright shining’—faces behind the counter?”

Andrew’s entire body locked up. “I—I mean, no, I don’t count them.”

Susan tapped her chin thoughtfully. “Hmm. So you’re saying your entire case is based on something you don’t even count?”

Andrew’s upper lip twitched.

“Well, no, see, what I do notice is the—um, you know—the general shift in, uh, employee demographics. You can tell that the company is prioritizing woke hires instead of just... hiring the best people.”

Susan nodded seriously. “Ah, yes, the *general shift*. I assume you have evidence of how this is hurting Charge Bucks financially?”

Andrew perked up. “YES! You see, coffee crop production is actually down this year due to climate change—”

Susan held up a hand. “Hold on. Did you just blame ‘climate change’ for Charge Bucks’ hiring policies?”

Andrew’s face turned red. “That’s not what I—”

Susan held up another hand. “No, no, I just want to clarify. You, the Missouri Attorney General, who filed this lawsuit because Charge Bucks Coffee is ‘too woke’... just admitted that climate change is real?”

The courtroom gasped.

A journalist dropped his pen.

Somewhere in the back, an old Republican consultant clutched his chest like he was having a stroke.

Andrew immediately panicked. “NO! NO! I MEAN—NOT LIKE THAT! IT’S JUST —”

Susan interrupted smoothly. “Let’s move on. Mr. Dailey, do you have a single complaint from a customer about the quality of service at Charge Bucks due to DEI hiring?”

Andrew licked his lips. “Well, people are always complaining about the long wait times.”

Susan raised an eyebrow. “But isn’t it true that most customers spend their entire time in line staring at their phones?”

Andrew hesitated. “Well, sure, but—”

“So just to confirm,” Susan said, “you have zero complaints from customers about ‘woke hiring’ because everyone is too busy scrolling Bluesky to notice?”

Andrew’s eye twitched. “Well... technically, but—”

Susan smiled. "No further questions on that point."

The judge suppressed a chuckle.

Susan flipped through her papers. "Let's talk about discrimination, Mr. Dailey. You've said that straight white men are being excluded from Charge Bucks Coffee."

Andrew nodded aggressively. "That's right! They've been locked out of opportunities by DEI hiring policies!"

Susan took a slow step forward. "Do you have any evidence of a straight white man who has been denied a job at Charge Bucks because of DEI?"

Andrew opened his mouth—then closed it. "Uh... not yet."

Susan's eyebrows lifted. "Oh? So, you don't have any evidence?"

Andrew sat up straighter. "Not yet! But they're out there! I have binders full of straight white men who are too afraid to come forward!"

Silence.

Then—someone in the courtroom snorted.

Someone else giggled.

A moment later, the entire room erupted into laughter.

The judge had to bang the gavel three times.

Andrew's face turned beet red.

Susan pretended to look concerned. "Oh no! Straight white men are so oppressed they can't even file lawsuits? What a tragic loss for America."

More laughter.

The judge wiped his eyes.

Andrew gritted his teeth. "You're twisting my words!"

Susan tilted her head. "Oh? Are you saying you don't have binders full of straight white men?"

Andrew slammed his fists on the stand. "I—THAT'S NOT—YOU'RE—"

Susan leaned in. "Mr. Dailey, I have to ask... why do you hate Charge Bucks Coffee so much?"

Andrew froze.

The entire courtroom went silent.

A bead of sweat rolled down his forehead.

His hands gripped the stand.

Then, finally—he broke.

"BECAUSE THEY KEEP MISPRONOUNCING MY NAME!" he screamed.

The room gasped.

Susan blinked. "I'm sorry... what?"

Andrew collapsed into sobs.

"It's not AN-drew, it's An-DREW! The second syllable is stressed!"

The courtroom erupted into laughter.

Susan gasped mockingly. "Wait, so... this entire lawsuit is because baristas at Charge Bucks keep mispronouncing your name?"

Andrew buried his face in his hands. "Every morning I go in, and they write 'Andy' on my cup! IT'S NOT AN-drew! It's An-DREEEEEEEW!"

"So they write Andy but call you Andrew? Susan could barely contain her smirk.

"No further questions, Your Honor."

The judge wiped tears from his eyes. "Mr. Dailey, I'm dismissing this case with prejudice."

Andrew sobbed harder.

As he stormed out of the courtroom, journalists chased after him.

"MR. DAILEY, WILL YOU CONTINUE THE FIGHT FOR THE OPPRESSED STRAIGHT WHITE MEN?"

Andrew snapped.

"IT'S An-DREEEEEEEW!"

Meanwhile, at Charge Bucks Headquarters...

The CEO popped a bottle of champagne.

"Damn, that was easier than we thought."

An intern leaned in. "Uh... sir? Should we, uh, start saying his name right?"

The CEO laughed. "HELL NO."

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The 1797 Treaty of Tripoli



Begun by George Washington, signed by John Adams and ratified unanimously by a Senate still half-filled with signers of the Constitution, this treaty announced firmly and flatly to the world that **"the Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."**

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