

The Podman Chronicles

Trouble in a Small Town

Authors Anonymous (didn't want to be associated with this garbage)

The following is a true story. The names have been changed to protect our butts from lawsuits.

Note from Legal Department: Please change the above. We don't want to get sued for publishing non-factual non-fiction.

The following is a pile of lies, half-truths, and innuendo. Absolute bull manure. Balderdash. Malarkey. Baloney. Rubbish...

Note from Legal Department: Not quite good enough. Try this...

The following is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. The views expressed in this work are the views of fictional small-town goobers and are not our own. All attempts were made to verify our facts. There is no intent whatsoever to offend any person, animal, or vegetable of any sexual, religious, political, ethical, economic, demographic or ethnic persuasion whatsoever. We apologize whole-heartedly in advance because someone is going to be pissed. Portions of this work may be deemed unsuitable for children.

This is a proprietary work. If you steal any words or images from this work, we ask that you credit the people we stole it from.

Critical Praise for 'The Podman Chronicles'

"I couldn't put it down..." (fast enough).

"Intense..." (boredom).

"Colossal..." (Stupidity).

"A real page-turner..." (in my haste to reach the end).

Forward

Camelot. It was a mythical time. The handsome young politician had just been elected, and he and his beautiful wife moved into the sumptuous Mayor's mansion in downtown

Troy. Everything seemed possible. Men walking on Mars. The elimination of poverty. Free hootch for all. The end of all wars. The shining radiance of optimism illuminated the country.

But there were ominous clouds on the horizon. There were rumors -- Madonna had been seen entering and leaving the mansion under the cloak of darkness. The free flow of Weed dried up. Suspicions of associations with shady characters hounded the young leader. He was seen with the River Ridge Trailer Trash Boys. The headlines exploded with tales of drunken parties with seedy denizens of the backwaters of Florida. His charming First Lady was rumored to be having secret liasons with a rich Charlottesville tycoon. The walls of Camelot seemed to be tumbling down around them.

But the most ominous accusation was yet to come. Woody Bobward of the Troy Sentinel published a series of exposes. The Mayor had been implicated as the leader in a gambling ring. The young Mayor put his staff into full spin mode. It was not gambling, they said, it was a charity. It was a pitiful attempt at damage control. The public was not convinced. It was the beginning of the end.

One by one, his supporters turned against him. The Troy Police Department was called in, and they demanded the public release of his emails. He balked, claiming executive privilege. It was a classic battle of Big Government versus the People. The Mayor seemed to crumble under the pressure; a suspicion seemingly confirmed when he uttered his now famous proclamation: "I am not a bookie!"

The final straw came when a young intern went public with bawdy tales of cigars, methamphetamine, and massages. The first calls for impeachment came from the citizens of Troy. The embattled Mayor announced his resignation. It was a turning point in history. Never again would the public be quite so naive about its leaders.

The young leader retired from public service. He returned to his roots, to his thriving cactus farm nestled in the hills of Virginia. He and his glamorous wife reconciled. Their great love survived. She entered politics, becoming the youngest Alderman in Troy's history. And now she is one step away from the grand prize -- Sheriff of Palmira.

-- excerpt from "A History of Central Virginia", Henry A. Kissassager