

Wanna Bet?

During one of the earlier, 7-ring Republican Circus debates, Mitt Romney interrupted Rick Perry while the latter was struggling to explain how the former had changed his public position on numerous vital issues. Romney's interjection didn't just challenge the veracity of Perry's recitation of the record, he offered to bet him, hand outstretched to seal the wager, that what Perry had just said was a lie. "Wanna bet?" said he who hoped to become the Most Powerful Man in the World. "\$10,000?"

After the revelation that Gingrich had brought a duck along to his ailing second wife's bedside when he asked for an open relationship, coupled with the collapse of Rick Santorum's third-party campaign when he tearfully confessed that he was very sorry about it and all, but of course most Americans in blue states would be going to hell, Mitt Romney's path to the presidency was cleared. But the pivotal moment had occurred earlier when Rick Perry withdrew from the race, meekly throwing his support to Gingrich before exiting the national stage to spend more time with Jesus. Like any great politician and statesman, the Mitt-ster learned from this experience: Whenever your record is challenged, hit 'em with a preposterous wager.

Some pundits have observed that Romney's victory over Obama occurred weeks before the first Tuesday in November, when the Rominator offered to bet Diane Sawyer \$100,000 that she wasn't as big a job creator as he was. When a clearly flustered Sawyer lost her composure for a moment, Gingrich sensed weakness and made a lunge for her. David Gregory later reported that he distinctly heard the word "threesome" uttered in a signature tone that was simultaneously pompous, condescending and pleading.

But that incident couldn't dim the success of MR's stratagem. He had crushed the lefty media élites in their own arena. After that it was just a matter of refusing all debates and rebuffing all press inquiries and pretty soon he was in the White House, where he could bet with house money.

After signing an Executive Order rescinding all taxes on country club memberships – to avoid stifling the growth of this vital industry –

President Romney flew to Euro Disney for an alcohol-free summit about the impending collapse of the entire continent's banking system.

President Sarkozy and the First Lady of France greeted the Romneys on the bridge to Fantasy Land. Upon meeting Carla Bruni Sarkozy the Mittman couldn't restrain a whispered aside to Nicholas, "Wow, don't let her near Newt!" Then he got right down to business. "I'll bet you one billion simoleans I can turn Franceland around. Wanna bet?"

The stunned Sarkozy retorted, "Are you aware, Monsieur Romney, that France is a 20 trillion euro economy? I don't know what a "simolean" is – perhaps you mean a Napoleon? At any rate, I'm not in the habit of wagering away the French Treasury."

"And I'm not in the habit of betting with flaky pastry," said a darkening Mitt-o-rama, adding, "I never did the like the way you French people smell, like goat cheese. The bet's off."

Angela Merkel approached in an all-business outfit that Mitt-landia mistook for a servant's uniform. "I'll take a tuna melt and an Arnold Palmer," ordered the Commander in Chief. An aide stepped forward. "Mr. President, meet Angela Merkel, president of Germany."

"In that case, make it a sausage," quipped the nimble-minded POTUS. Too aghast to speak, Merkel allowed Romney to fill the conversational void. "I'll bet you dollars to bagels, or whatever it is you eat, you know, it's a metaphor, that I never changed my position on abortion. How about a billion Swiss francs, since your currency is now crap?"

Merkel blinked. "How did we ever lose a single battle, much less two wars, to these morons?" she thought to herself but did not say aloud. Instead she said, "We appreciate America's role in supporting our monetary union and hope you are good at following orders."

"Bet you a billion-billion dollars I'm not! Shake on it?" said the Stormin' Mormon, awkwardly aiming a bolt-straight arm at the glowering German. "Wanna bet?" he added, hoping to grind down her resistance with this pithy reiteration of his will to wager.

Just then Merkel caught Sarkozy sympathetically gazing in her direction. Their eyes met, and in that moment they realized what a long, dark, four years lay ahead.

Rom-aticious never took his eyes off the leader of the strongest economy in Europe. He smiled broadly, as if he were about to extend an olive branch of conciliation or drop another shimmering *bon mot*. The Rom-alma-ding-dong's eyes twinkled as he said, "Ten grand, just you and me. Whaddya say? Wanna bet?"

PS: I wonder how much it cost Romney to make that bet with Perry? The Mormon Church is not vague on the subject of gaming. It's no accident Utah is the only state in the nation without some form of state-condoned or -operated gaming activity. Of course Mitt is a member of the Mormon Church's upper hierarchy, so perhaps all he has to do is say he's sorry and hand over some cash. In this regard Mormonism is quintessentially American as both cultures' most cherished belief is that the solution to everything is more money.