

# Our constitution in a cracker!

SINCE being declared a National Key Point, I have been studying the relevant legislation. I lie – I have in fact been going over an earlier draft for discussion, so my comments are based on astrology and falsehood.

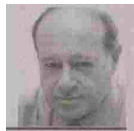
My info comes from the internet, to which I am always connected by wires in my retinas and prefrontal cortex.

This means that any new developments in the related fields of porn and Lady Gaga's skirt are instantaneous. The news media have again popped their cork because of the lack of information about Jacob Zuma's Nkandla incursions, to wit the extension of the costs of the primary habitat into the nuzzle-pits of his surrounding friends, relatives and bemused cattle.

My neighbour, the unbathed and racist Gatvol van der Pomp, has been gibbering at my electric fence to extend my privileges into the gated compound erected for his common law wives and pick-ups. His piglets whine piteously to be let into my fortress, guarded 24/7 by Telkom-trained snipers. They know the doom that awaits them as bacon.

I am honest with Gatvol. He doesn't fit into our Rainbow Nation, even though the SA reconciliation barometer has found that 43.5 percent of our population never speaks to any-

## In a State peter wilhelm



one of any other group, and the smelly one next door slots well into this demographic.

To qualify for the *Men in Black* on mouldering rooftops in my street, you can become a Key Point by meeting the following criteria: be an airstrip, a seaport, have a nuclear bunker in your basement, house an exceptionally blobby presidential mistress, or video a sushi-gobbling orgy with Lady Gaga.

Nkandla meets all these requirements. In addition, the Chinese have been contracted to build a 700m wall with spikes on top. This is in case a 701m fiend attempts to clamber over and steal Jacob's DVD collection of such classics as *Zulu Triumph*, *My Night With the Queen*, *Show Me Your Prepuce* and *Goodfellas*.

Note my care in describing presidential playmates as "blobby". This meets my constitutional duty not to use the word "fat" about anyone. We have long since abolished derogatory slurs on categories such as lesbian, gay, trans, bisexual and bipolar. Also, we now spend public funds saving drink, tik and shoe addicts.

Rationality is dead – the kind that rejects traditional medical ceremonies such as slaughtering cows for good luck.

They won't even let you into a Key Point with a stolen credit card unless you swear allegiance to these principles. And now the worldwide caucus of PC loons has created fat studies for a list of inappropriate terms. A relevant document says that the "emergent, interdisciplinary field of fat studies has at its core the identification and elimination of bias based on body weight, shape, and size"

The intention is to "challenge the long-standing denigration of fat in the US, as well as other cultures" and achieve "a synergistic effect with oppression based on other areas of difference such as gender, race, social class, and sexual identity".

Our constitution in a Christmas cracker! Tactfully, I explained all this to Gatvol. He was not mollified: "Then why is the world turning against the representation of *SpongeBob Squarepants* on TV?"

"Because he's fat and gay," I responded. Woefully, Gatvol staggered back into his warren and tried to watch e.tv on his flickering set using electricity filched from a nearby pylon. Zuma and me, I thought smugly, have a full bouquet.