

8-2-16



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

The Imaginary Party of America's semi-occasional convention, by unanimous decision, has chosen Mergel Funsky to be its presidential nominee for this critical 2016 campaign.

No, this isn't some joke, where no one even knows who the candidate is (like Gary Johnson). Nope, this is a REAL choice (and we use that term loosely). What this country desperately needs is Imaginative solutions, and Mergel Funsky is both desperate and imaginative.

In the next few months, Funsky and his campaign team will tour the nation, release his vision on how to address our most vexing problems, and make contact with his growing constituency.

In an exclusive interview, the candidate, fresh off the convention floor, had this to say to an imagination-starved nation:

"Hi Everybody! Oh yeah, the teleprompter..."

My Fellow Americans:

One week and seven days ago our fathers were bored to death watching first the Republican and then the Democratic convention, both dedicated to the proposition that TV viewers will watch and believe anything.

Now we are engaged in a great election war, testing whether this nation, so mired in mediocre candidates, dirty politics, and bad TV, can long endure. The imaginative response is simple: stop plagiarizing. Not even Lincoln! We need to be original, creative, pushing the boundaries of

whatever has been done before — in short (and I am nothing if not short) — we need to be Imaginative! And there is only one candidate who qualifies in that arena.

I am running to be President of all Americans, both imaginary and real — but most of all, I run for the next generation, your children. Although kids have often created their own imaginary friends, their imaginations have been limited, confined by the absence of a role model that allows them to dream that their own imaginary friend, might actually someday be President. My friends, this is the year that together we can break through the "reality" ceiling, by allowing me this humbling opportunity to give America its first imaginary President.

Those of you who were with me from the very start may remember that, way back in 2004, I ran for President. It was a grueling campaign, as I beat around the Bush and Gored my opponents with imaginative proposals. And it was not in vain. In November of 2004, when Americans pulled the lever, I Mergel Funsky received two REAL write-in votes (both coincidentally in Illinois). So my goal this year, in this 2016 campaign, when YOU go to the polls, is to get even more actual votes! Two votes is a high bar, but I'm confident that, with your help, we can go over the top and beat our 2004 record. But I can't do it alone!

So, unlike all other politicians, I don't want your money (I already have a credit card). I want your support — imaginative help with my campaign, and in November, real write-in votes. Let's see if, nationwide, we can win three — or even more — votes.

I make two pledges to immediately show you the difference between me and those other two big shots:

First, I will fully release any and all tax returns that I have ever filed. I have nothing to hide (unfortunately).

And second, I have already happily released and made public all of my emails (whether you like it or not), and there are plenty more to come. With pictures!

And, being imaginary, I shall always be completely transparent with you.

Finally, and here we get even more serious: let me ask everyone on my Friends of Funsky mailing list for your genuine and specific support — now! You're probably asking: Huh? What can I do? Well — and this is a real request — I, and my campaign managers Ginny and Simon, want your imagination to work overtime — for my campaign. So, *if you have any ideas* for my campaign (maybe possible slogans, pictures, logos, position papers, imaginative events, etc.,) please send me an email. No suggestion or idea is too dumb (after all, we've got Simon as a baseline).

And get this: as my campaign gets underway, I will be sharing some of your ideas (either with credit or anonymously, as you prefer) and drawing pictures, and even running contests with

REAL prizes. Our goal is to try to make something fun and positive out of this campaign season, and incidentally, also get elected.

So, as a million balloons drop, I leave you with this message: Grab a pin!"

Your candidate,

Mergel Funsky

(That was pretty long-winded, just like a real politician. Sorry.)

PS: Next time, I will announce my Vice Presidential candidate.



9-6-16

OK, I'm taking the gloves off. My campaign gets serious — NOW. And there's a free gift for you (a REAL one, not imaginary).

The Team



First, and most important, I have chosen my running mate. I surveyed all 49 states (Alaska has been permanently disqualified based on its most recent Vice Presidential offering) in a nationwide search for the perfect Vice President. After much deliberation, I went downstairs and asked Anthony, our building's doorman. And he said YES.

Anthony is eminently qualified to run on the Imaginary Party ticket — for instance, he says hello to me, while most other people pass me by as if I didn't exist. Over the years Anthony has posed for many pictures, thus evidencing the kind of Imagination this country needs. He's been my trustworthy friend for years, and he lets me ride his elevators. He guards our building's back and front door, so he's an expert on homeland security. Simon told me that I have to have a balanced ticket, and although Anthony weighs a lot more than I do, he is Real and I'm imaginary so between us we have the two major voting groups covered. Finally, Anthony doesn't use email, so he's immune to potential scandal in that realm.

My major reason for choosing him is that Anthony totally trounced Simon in a recent push-up contest that the two of them held — right in our building's lobby. Simon's personal trainer Kyle was the judge. Simon had no idea that Anthony had a lot of army basic training under his belt, while everyone can see exactly what Simon has under his belt. So, even though it was only the two of them competing, Anthony came in first, and Simon came in somewhere around 18th. Accordingly, I will appoint Anthony to be in charge of training our youth to be in top shape and physically fit. Screw Michelle's vegetable garden idea — except for the pickles.

I brought Anthony to our first rally, somewhere across this great nation, addressing the specific needs of many of our valuable immigrants, women, union workers, disabled people, Olympians, people of all color (including red necks), senior citizens, junior citizens, civil service workers, uncivil New Yorkers, LGBT's, XYZ's, students, uneducated white guys,



college-educated imaginary people, the unemployed, the retired, progressive Evangelists, poor folks (I learned to call them “folks” from Obama), Wall Streeters, people whose Lives matter, the unexceptionals, and anyone who owns a pony. These people comprise my “core constituency.”

Simon told me I should kiss babies. Yeechh! But thanks to the generous donations of absentee moms, we had almost a complete collection of kids, who will grow up to become our next generation — that’s a promise. Anthony and I will be virtually traveling around the country in the next few weeks, so watch for us, coming soon to a computer near you.

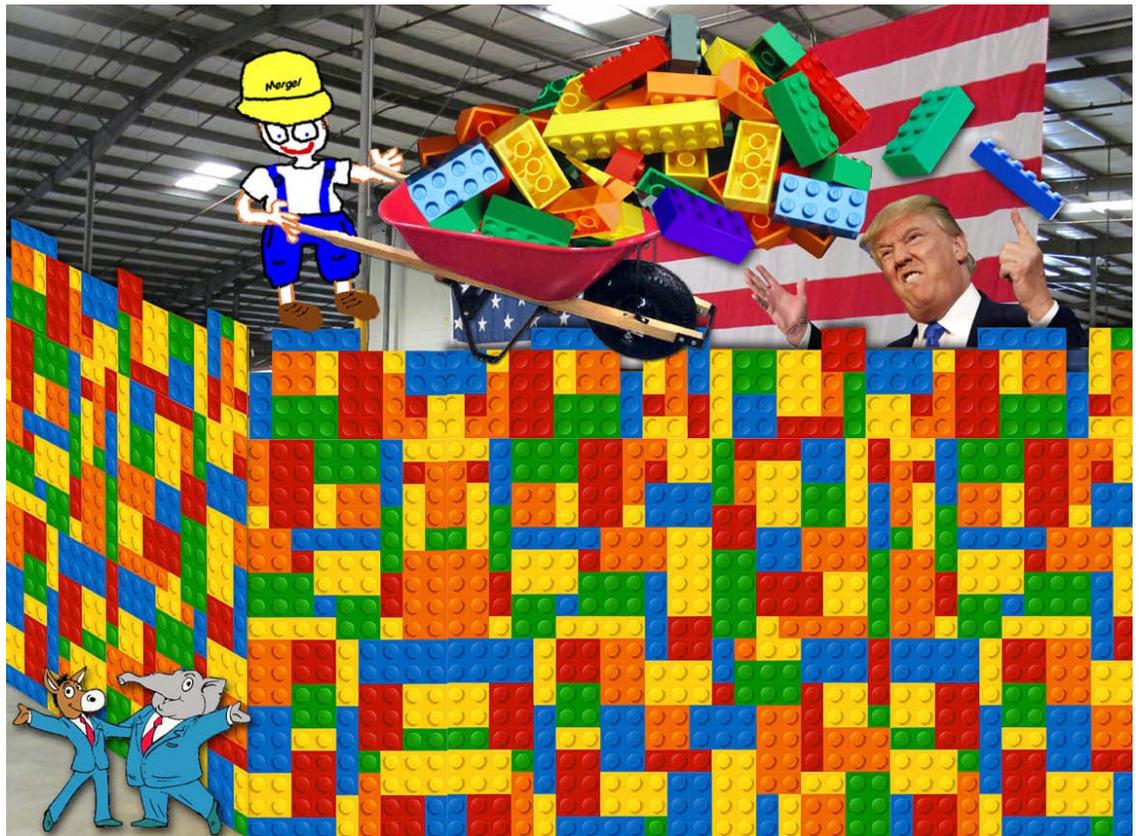
Promises, Promises

Time for more campaign promises:

Here’s the one promise you’ve all been waiting for: I will make NO robo-calls in my campaign. (Bet you haven’t heard that one before). So, when your phone rings, and you jump out of the bathtub to answer, and you hear dead silence — it isn’t me! (I tried a few “Do you have Prince Albert in a can?” but nobody gets it anymore.) If everyone voted for the candidate that makes the fewest telephone calls, my Imaginary Party might actually win. So, tell your friends: it isn’t Mergel (or Anthony) calling.

Next promise: I will build a wall. A really big wall. Surrounding Donald Trump! (And Mexico and the United States will both vie to pay for it!)

Next promise: Yes, it is true that I do have my own Foundation (see my emails from 2010), but that just goes to show how qualified I am to be President: my presidential papers (exhibited for the first time at my Foundation)



evidence my pivotal contributions advising a multitude of past presidents (you can revisit them via the attached pdf). But I pledge that all donations to the Funsy Foundation will only be used to buy pickles and pizza to feed guests. No hiring of anybody to do anything; that would be a major conflict of interest, to which I shall not succumb. And, to promote transparency, you can fully examine the Foundation’s financial records; they’re maintained on Simon’s Lou Malnati’s Deep Dish Club Rewards Card (and NOT on some private server). And I absolutely will NOT take any “pay to play” just because you might want to spend a night in the Funsy bedroom! You can come free (bring your own pajamas) for a sleepover, and we can have a pillow fight and play Monopoly and eat pizza.

Simon and I are currently engaged in mock practice debate, to get me in shape for the first TV debates later this month. Simon will be playing Trump, Ginny will be playing Hillary, and I want to play Gary Johnson. That means we all have to just imagine someone there, playing ME! (This is an extremely realistic scenario, since the real me of course will be Imaginary). Simon thought of this idea.

High Tech Wearables

So now the most important part — the freebie! This is a real, genuine offer, generously supported by my PAC (People Against Candidates). Look at the gorgeous, 2 ¼ inches round, solid metal campaign button depicted in attached photo. It can be yours! No strings attached (just the pin). If you ask for one, I will send one to you — absolutely free! I will even cover postage and handling.



This pin was designed by a team of PR and fashion-savvy experts, to fit with any kind of clothing, for any occasion. Wear it as a lapel pin at a Republican or Democratic rally, or at a job interview where you don't really want them to focus on your resume. It's perfect for making an impression on that first date. It comports with Black Tie protocol, or the latest runway avant-garde design, or with almost any bridesmaid's dress where you want to stand out from the rest of those look-alikes. In a pinch, the pin can be used for costume malfunctions, so they'll stare only at my image.

First and foremost, this button will subtly allow you to mention that there is a real (er..., imaginary) alternative this November.

So, how do you get one of these buttons? Real simple. Only two easy requirements:

1- send me your **snail mail** address (because I can't send it by email). I promise that I won't show it or sell it to anyone; and

2-please tell me you will actually wear it. At least sometimes, somewhere. You don't have to wear it in the shower or when you're sleeping or all the time, but I'd like to know that it doesn't just get tossed into the back of a drawer without first serving its political purpose of getting people to use their imaginations (at least until November). I ask this only because my PAC can't afford too many.

This button's rarity guarantees it is destined to become a collector's item. This offer is good only while the supply lasts. And is even more fun where prohibited by law.

My name is Mergel Funskey, and I approve this message. (No other candidate can make this statement).



10-4-16



Announcer: If it's Sunday, it's Meet the Press. And here's your moderator, Chuck Todd.

Todd: Ladies and Gentlemen, today I'm excited to bring you our first-ever interview with an Imaginary person, let alone an imaginary candidate for President of the United States. Mergel Funskey, welcome to Meet the Press.

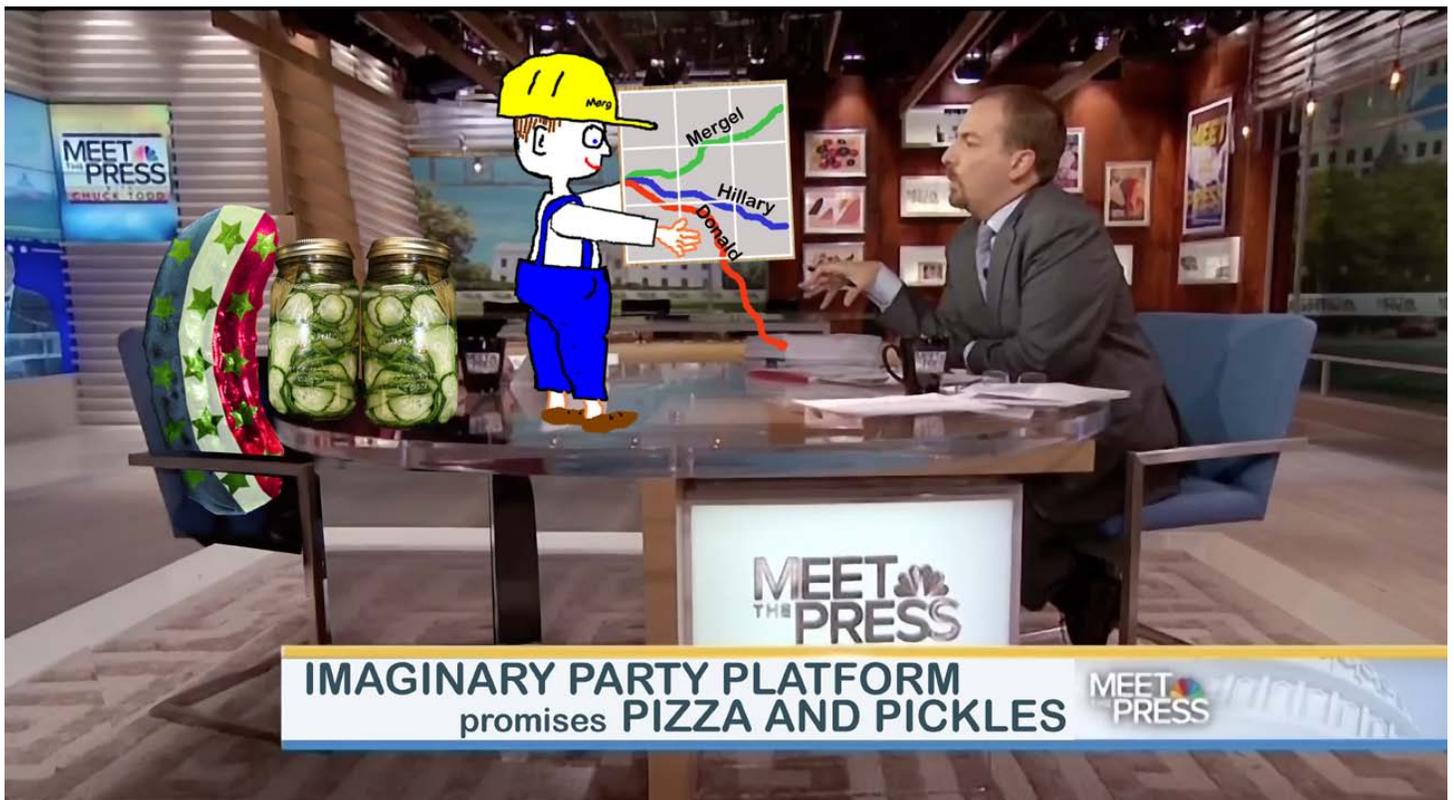
Mergel: Thanks Chuck, good to be here. Did you see me on the debate?

Todd: Actually, no. I wasn't aware that you polled the requisite 15% to qualify.

Mergel: That number only applies to real candidates. The bar for Imaginary guys is much lower, because we're shorter.

Todd: But were you there?

Mergel: Absolutely, all you needed was an Imagination. But they not only gave me a defective microphone, they also shot me with a defective camera, so it made it difficult for viewers to notice me. But it's pretty clear that I won; no one challenged any of my answers. Simon says I resonated with the American people.



Todd: Let's start right off with the question many scholars are asking, concerning your eligibility: is an Imaginary person a "natural born citizen" under the Constitution? How would you answer that question?

Mergel: Yes.

Todd: Fine, but I mean, do you have any further response? Any precedent?

Mergel: I know all the presidents.

Todd: No, I meant **precedents**, like legal examples that support your candidacy.

Mergel: Hey, I meant just what I said. No one ever questioned the legality of any of our prior presidents — what makes you so sure that some of them weren't imaginary? Did anyone ever "fact check" their reality? Do you seriously think any "real" person would be named "Millard Fillmore"? And look at his initials—sound familiar? He might be an ancestor of mine. So, why raise a birther issue now, about me?

Todd: Fair enough. But as an openly avowed Imaginary person —

Mergel: and proud of it...Hey, the issue isn't whether I'm Imaginary; it's whether I'm the right age. I pick a different age every year on my birthday, and I've pledged that, if elected, I will choose to be over 35 years old for all eight years.

Todd: Eight years?

Mergel: Yeah, you want to make something of it?

Todd: Sorry, I didn't appreciate the scope of your plans.

Mergel: It's only getting elected that'll be difficult. Simon says I lack name recognition.

Todd: Yes, we didn't realize you were even running, until we saw someone wearing a campaign button.

Mergel: We gave away over a dozen nationwide, so I'm expecting a landslide.

Todd: Let's get down to specific issues, and how you plan to deal with them. What about the Middle East?

Mergel: I know where Aleppo is!

Todd: That's a start. But what would you do to handle the unrest, the fighting, the political upheaval in the entire region?

Mergel: I would run real fast, and hide.

Todd: Yes, I can understand that as an astute personal plan, but as a politician trying to bring peace and stability, do you have a plan for that?

Mergel: Absolutely. I'd set up lots of committees to do intensive studies of the entire region, and I'd convene the cabinets, all my military advisors, and David Gergen, and a few Kurds for good measure, because they ought to be allowed to attend the party. And I'd listen really carefully with an open mind to all their ideas, and then I'd hold a major conference of all the leaders in the Middle East and the heads of all the factions and the religious groups, and have them sit together—probably with a bunch of maps (in different colors)—and tell them to compromise.

And then, I'd run and hide.

Todd: That seems to be the current administration's policy. Do you think it's working?

Mergel: About as well as can be expected. After all, they lack imagination.

Todd: What about Europe?

Mergel: Well, Italy has great gelato, but Paris had these real fancy restaurants. Vienna had pastries that we'd get every morning for breakfast, so it's tough to decide.

Todd: Yes, I wasn't really focusing on that aspect. What about NATO, and the Ukraine, and Russia.

Mergel: I'm not sure I'd want to go there; I don't like borscht. I think the pizza is best here in Chicago.

Todd: OK, speaking of home turf, let's switch to domestic policies...

Mergel: Yeah, we have a really good cleaning lady. She's my friend, even though she wasn't Ms. Universe.

Todd: I meant your economic and social policies for the US. Can you tell us about them? What would you do to help the economy? What about the inequality gap?

Mergel: That's easy. I would have the government give every family a Monopoly set. The more they played Monopoly, the more people would Pass Go and collect \$ 200. If you played all day, you could get rich. Playing games would also bring families together. Trump isn't the only one who can make it rich in real estate, especially if you own the Orange properties.

Todd: That's a novel approach to the economy. Does it trouble you that Monopoly money isn't real?

Mergel: I'm Imaginary — why should it? Besides, I will balance the budget by cutting waste.

Todd: Can you give me one concrete example of how you would eliminate waste?

Mergel: Sure, I'm already planning my Presidential Library. Every president has wasted millions on building gigantic museums to house their presidential papers — and nobody reads that stuff anyway. I'd just send all my pictures to everyone by email. And, if I do have any papers, I'll have a portable library to drive around the country; I'm attaching a picture I drew.



Todd: Fair enough. What about crime and the justice system? Do you have any plans do deal with that?

Mergel: I just told you — my Monopoly program covers this. Everyone has an equal chance of going to jail. And, if you're lucky, you can get a Get Out of Jail Free card.

Todd: But what about the fragile and contentious relations between the police and the community? How would you address that problem?

Mergel: Donuts.

Todd: I'm beginning to detect a common thread. So, as we wrap up, do you have anything you want to say to the country, as election day draws near.

Mergel: I'm seeking your votes, from both the Blue Republican states and the Red Democratic states...

Todd: Wait, Mergel, aren't the colors supposed to be the other way around?

Mergel: I don't believe in being politically correct.



A Tale of Two Town Hall meetings — the reality candidates were a total sham. (Ginny and Simon are as real as they come).

My constituency turned out in record numbers ... now, all I have to do is broaden my base. So remember to write in my name on November 8 (even if you're not imaginary — I am representing ALL demographics).

Spelled F-U-N-S-K-Y.





Announcer: We interrupt your regularly scheduled email to bring you this breaking news story.

The Wikileaks website, and Julian Assange, have just released an audio tape recording purporting to be a clandestine late-night phone call, apparently between Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump. While the voices in this phone call are clearly recognizable and have been identified as those of the two candidates, the quality of this recording and the heavy breathing make portions of the tape difficult to fully understand. Below is a verbatim transcript:

* * *



Hillary: (Whispering) Hello? Hello, Donald, is that really you? I can't believe our campaign managers have actually recommended that you and I talk!

Trump: Hillary honey, I don't know what the f*&k they're thinking, or why they wanted to arrange this top-secret conversation. And why at three o'clock in the morning? They *know* I'm busy tweeting.

Hillary: My aides pulled me aside, really anxious, truly worried, and said this is serious. I think they chose this hour so no one would know about this call; so remember, this entire conversation "never happened."

Trump: Yeah, it would be a disaster, just a complete catastrophe, if you know what I mean. America could never be great again...

Hillary: Apparently there's a spontaneous grass roots revolution, a movement supporting some unknown upstart candidate, that's been building up and gaining traction across many of the key states. He's someone we were completely unaware of — and his campaign buttons are flooding the country!

Trump: Yeah, you're usually clueless as to what's happening outside of Washington. My gal, one of those blond surrogates I'm close to—really close, if you know what I mean— says this movement began in Chicago. Nice looking blond, I can't remember which one, it's hard tell them all apart, but really nice ass. So, she says we need to join forces to crush this jerk's campaign, before we're in a real pickle. Can you imagine — murders all over that city, it's in terrible shape, a total disaster — and yet, Chicago gives rise to some puny little candidate no one's ever heard of! And apparently, he's taking off bigly! Who the hell is he, anyway?



to

Hillary: My aide said he's "funky," or calls himself something like Fun-Guy—that's probably just a nickname to soften up the voters. I'm told he wears a hard hat; probably a play for the "working people."

Trump: Supposedly he's promoting a platform of a pizza in every pot — with pickles! What kind of handout is that? Some new kind of entitlement? Is he going for the "green" vote?

Hillary: His message is for the voters to use their imagination. We definitely can't allow that, that would undercut everything I stand for. It never occurred to me to advocate "Imagination." Frankly, it's a clever sound bite, much more forceful than "Stronger Together." I'd use Imagination myself, but now I'd be branded a copycat.

Trump: Imagination, what's that?

Hillary: Come on Donald, you know, it's like announcing a "Change" platform, but one where you actually have thought about what you might **do** in the future, instead of just spouting off the word "change."

Trump: You mean, he's poaching on my campaign theme? That dirty, little bas@#%d, if this twerp ever gets near any of my rallies, he won't know what hit him. My people say he calls himself Muddle, or something like that, maybe Myrtle. What kind of a wimpy name is that? How big are his hands?

Hillary: Enough of your whining and bragging. If our campaign managers feel we need to collude in the middle of the night to stop this Imagination kid, then we better agree on a plan to stop him and his Imagination Party, before it mushrooms nationwide. If we're up against Imagination, we need a united front.

Trump: Hey, Hill, your "front" isn't half bad yourself. Is Bill there tonight?

Hillary: Donald, you're deplorable.

Trump: How much has this Myrtle Fun-Guy raised in campaign funds?

Hillary: His latest filing indicates only 75 cents. But there must be a hidden PAC behind him, some billionaire magician pulling his strings.

Trump: You mean he's funding his own campaign, so he won't be dependent on special interests? That's my facade, but believe me, it can't be done! His self-funding must be rigged, a total fabrication. There's gotta be some behind-the-scenes, deep pocket that's funding his worldwide deluge of campaign buttons...

Hillary: But what should we do? I hear he sends out emails. Maybe if we hack into them, we could find something damaging? Maybe some revealing pictures?

Trump: What if I just ban all Imaginary people at the border? Or ridicule people who have Imagination — it's a disability, right? How about we claim that all Imaginary people are born in Mexico, like that Indiana judge, or that they don't have the temperament to be President! Let's put it to the voters: Do you seriously want Imagination in government?

Hillary: I think the only thing we can possibly do is deny this cartoon of a candidate any media attention. Don't mention him, don't take issue with him, don't even let the American public know he exists...

Trump: You mean, like Gary Johnson?

Hillary: Whatever it takes. We can smear, and lie about, each other — but neither of us should ever mention this funky character. Donald, I give you my word: I won't.

Trump: Oh, your "word" — that's really gonna get you far. Well, you don't have to worry about it on my side, because I arrange everything so that *all media attention is directed my way*. So nobody will *ever* see his name in any headline...

Hillary: And no matter what happens, Donald, make sure that **neither** of us ever does anything Imaginative — we don't want his campaign accusing us of just following his lead.

Trump: On that score, Hillary, you don't have to worry.

* * *



I just read the attached, and I am absolutely shocked. After all my “clean” campaigning, who would have thought that the big guys would play dirty. If I lose this election, now I’ll know why. (I will ask the FBI to investigate, and I will send them all my emails, even the ones I marked with a C).

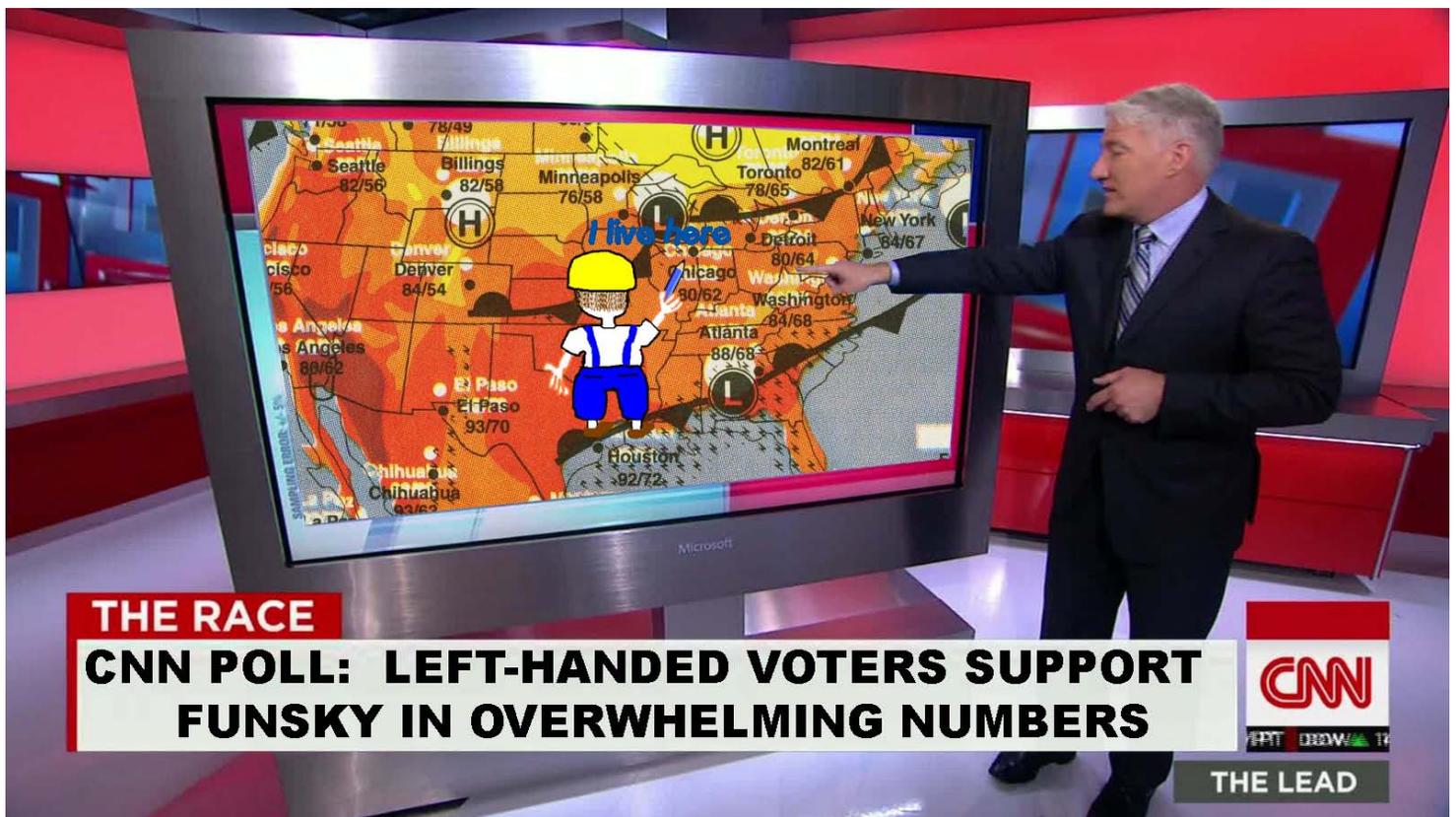
When you go to the polls, please write my name in on the President line, and be careful how you spell it — I don’t want to be confused with any other Imaginary candidate with a similar name. If you have problems, just explain everything to the election judge; I’m sure they will tell you exactly what to do.

And remember: Even the Cubs once seemed hopeless.

We’re busy planning my “victory” party for next Tuesday night. We’re having pizza....

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11-7-16



Getting Out the Vote/Final Campaign Strategy

Hey, tomorrow's the big day, when YOU can bring Imagination into Government. Here's what you should know:

1. In a last-ditch move of desperation, Hillary today held a rally in Florida with Jon Bon Jovi playing. Lots of people attended. So far, listening to Bon Jovi is probably the best reason offered to date for voting for her.

Not to be outdone, I am holding a last minute musical rally for all of you, absolutely free. Music will be provided by Katy Perry, Justin Timberlake, Adele, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Spike Jones, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dion and the Belmonts, and Ludwig Beethoven. Because of the large attendance we anticipate, I'll be holding my rally simultaneously on Pandora and Spotify. Tune in and choose whomever you like to hear. Take that Hillary.

2. Donald Trump, in a complete reversal of his entire campaign, pulled the rug out from everyone's expectations and actually stayed on message for a full 24 hours. His message, spelled out in monosyllabic words on a teleprompter, was: the election is rigged, Hillary is crooked, Imagination is passé. At best, that's only two out of three correct.

Simon refused to buy me a teleprompter. He mumbled something about how I will have limited use for it after Tuesday.

3. According to the latest map that I just saw (on the Weather Channel) some states are clearly in the Funsy camp, some are leaning my way, some are having above average temperatures and a few are expecting rain.

4. Tomorrow, when you vote, be sure to bring a marking pen — with a big point. Write-ins are pretty straightforward if you use a paper ballot, but you will definitely need the marker to write-in my name if you're voting on a touch screen.

5. I have told Ginny and Simon that they cannot use their telephone tomorrow night once the polls close. The phone line needs to be kept clear for Hillary's concession call. (Trump is still playing cagey on this issue, so I will accept the call from Ivanka).

It's been a long campaign, but I hope I've thrown some imaginative ideas into this year's election. Tomorrow, it's your turn. Thanks to all of you, no matter what color your state is.

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11-10-16

The Aftermath — Progress, Perspective, and Pizza

You are probably shocked by the election results — you thought you'd wake up with the comfort of knowing that Mergel Funsy was your new President.

Nope. Nobody called to concede. This is understandable, since I don't have a phone.

But, believe it or not: **I Won!!!** With your help, the Imagination Party (and yours truly) has achieved its goal! Because this is not an individual defeat — it's a movement forward, for Imagination.

You might recall, in my first email to you when I declared my candidacy, I wrote:

“In November of 2004, when Americans pulled the lever, I Mergel Funsky received two REAL write-in votes (both coincidentally in Illinois). So my goal this year, in this 2016 campaign, when YOU go to the polls, is to get even more actual votes! Two votes is a high bar, but I’m confident that, with your help, we can go over the top and beat our 2004 record. But I can’t do it alone!”

The mainstream media has overlooked most third parties (particularly the Imagination Party) but despite their bias, the truth always leaks out (Ask Julian Assange, or our plumber!) So, I can proudly announce — we’re now known across the map!

My Exit Polls, based on what you guys have reported back to me in the past 24 hours, reveal these real-world results — each one confirming an ACTUAL write-in vote for Mergel Funsky:

One (1) vote in New York (where both Hillary and Trump reside, thus overcoming enormous hometown odds)

One (1) vote in Washington (state, not DC)

One (1) vote in Hawaii (yes, my mailing list is far flung)

And, get this:

Eight (8) votes here in Chicago (all of them from living people, not the traditional Chicago machine way of voting),

Count ‘em guys, that’s at least eleven (11) confirmed actual write-in votes! More than a 500% increase over my first foray back in 2004 — no other candidate has had such an increase in support! And that’s just the people who have so far reported. Outlying precincts, where the counting procedure is done on your fingers, still may report. Small though that sample is, if projected across the nation, I might actually have received over 20 votes!

My heartfelt thanks to those who voted for me (but Simon insists I have to thank **everybody**, because my constituency is supposed to include even those without the requisite imagination or chutzpah to defy the system). Who knows, you may get another chance in 2020.

But as a seasoned politician, I must now look to the future. You’re all wondering: where do we go from here. In rough order of priority:

1. We still have some left-over pizza, so that’s gonna keep me occupied for a while.
2. Anthony, our doorman and my running mate, is keeping his day job. He feels he can better stay in touch with his now-greatly-enlarged constituency.
3. I will NOT let this go to my head. We will act normal, regardless of any paparazzi chasing us, or microphones being thrust in our way. My new, highly-popularized image recognition will be at least somewhat balanced by the fact that, being imaginary, no one can see me. And for ethical reasons I have declared a blanket moratorium against accepting any endorsement contracts, so don’t even ask.
4. In response to your requests, no, I will not cease my artistic career. Any increase in monetary worth stemming from my fame or celebrity will not affect me in the least; I never drew for the investment value anyway. (But those of you still in possession of original Funsky emails (with attached artwork) have clearly got in on the ground floor.)
5. You may occasionally see me on CNN, but for the moment, my political life has to take a back seat to the many things we’ve put on the back burner during this campaign. Like...oops, those burgers are burning!!!!

6. It may be that my unique perspective, forward reaching ideas, and level-headed (under my hat) approach might best be put to use on the Supreme Court. My emails offer a sample of my opinion-writing style, probably best reserved for dissents. And I already own a giant hammer, an essential tool for successful judges.

7. I plan to write my autobiography posthumously. Here is a sneak preview:

“It’s a quintessential American story.

An unknown young man, originally born (at the odd age of 105) deep within the imagination of a retired lawyer-magician, in the impoverished, divided, corruption-filled town of Chicago, is surrounded by perennial losers (the Cubs). Having only one set of clothes and a hard hat, he apprentices himself to Larry the Contractor, where he learns the how to change an electric switch, how to install a toilet, and all the other essentials of the construction trade. At night he teaches himself Photoshop, to release his inner artist. He survives on a meager diet of pickles, lamb chops, pizza, chicken pot pie, orange juice, marshmallows, and desserts, somehow managing to avoid malnutrition.

Gradually, he reaches out into the real world through the internet, and his perceptive emails excite the minds and spirit of an imagination-starved world. His story and message resonates with those raised on the Great Books of the Western World, as televised by Monty Python and Groucho Marx. ...”

That’s it so far, but you get the idea. I can hardly wait to see how it ends. Simon says we should think about a movie, but I’m doubtful we could find a star suitable to play me. Stay tuned.

8. I hope people will remember this historic campaign — not just for what I’ve achieved, but as a triumph of Imaginary people everywhere. I am just a modest representative of what Imagination — when combined with Photoshop, and a lot of time on your hands — can accomplish. As a simple but fitting memorial to my campaign, I humbly submit my two suggested renderings (attached) to the United States Department of National Parks.

Just think: If my ground game had started earlier, and I had learned to Tweet, we might have together produced several hundred million more write-in votes— and Tuesday’s result would have been quite different.

But Simon says then we’d have to move to the White House. So this works out fine.

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