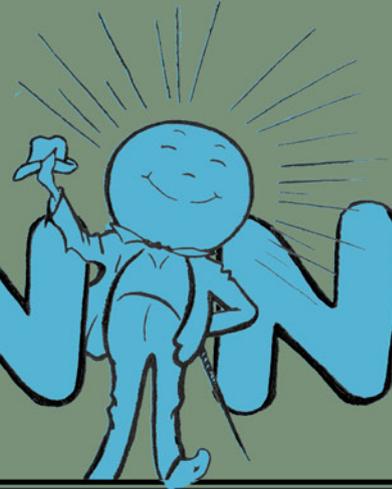


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the What the Hellth? number



GOOD MORNING



July 31st 2017

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 5 No. 5



Health Insurance Exchange Rape (The Counterfeit Coin of the Land)

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the What the Hellth? number



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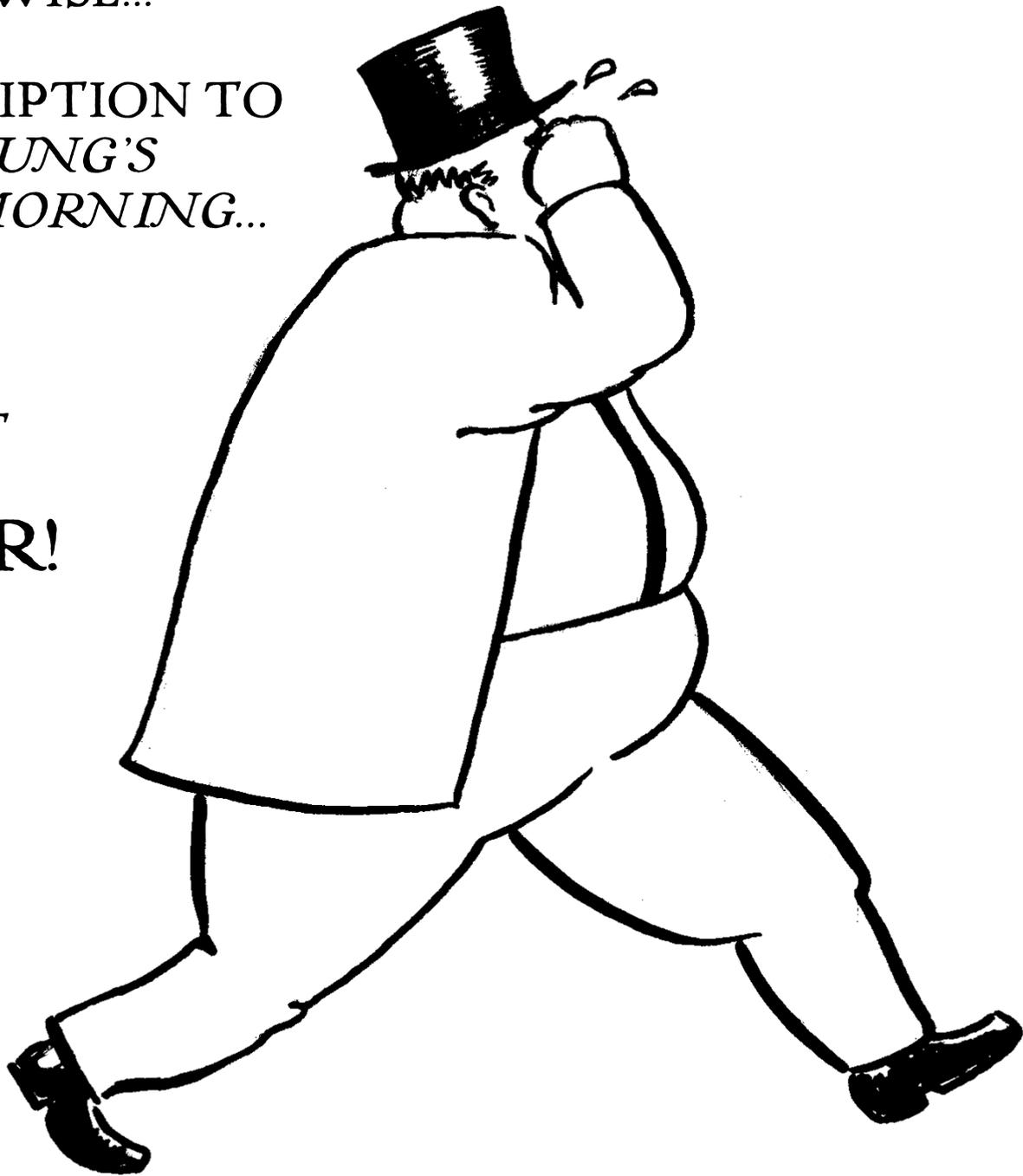
Health Insurance Exchange Rape (The Counterfeit Coin of the Land)

READ IT AND WEEP (IF YOU'RE A CAPITALIST)

OTHERWISE...
GET A
SUBSCRIPTION TO
*ART YOUNG'S
GOOD MORNING...*

And...

READ IT
AND
CHEER!



Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts a burden upon us all...

Enclosed find twelve dollars (US only) for three issues (appearing every two months) of *Art Young's Good Morning*.

Send *Art Young's Good Morning* to:

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Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801
Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>

Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts a burden upon us all...

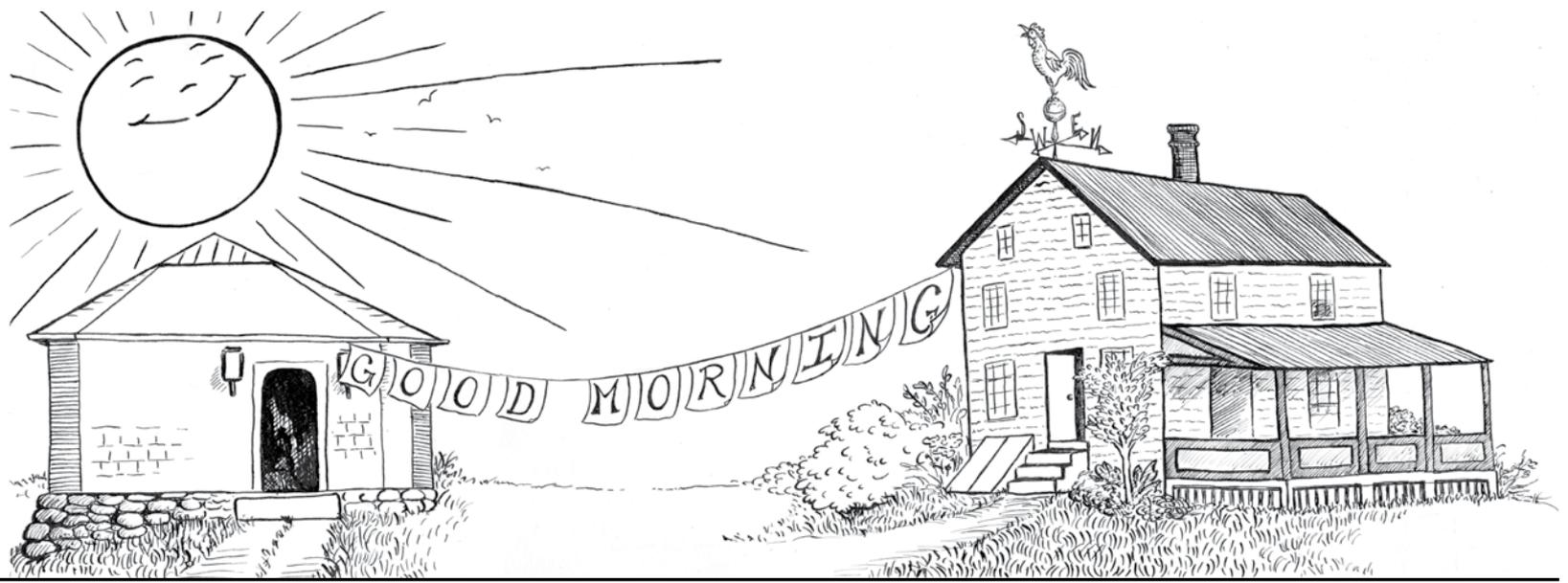
Enclosed find twenty four dollars (US only) for six issues (appearing every two months) of *Art Young's Good Morning*.

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HELLTH CARE

The devils and demons made them do it, we're sure. How else can you explain the fiery rhetoric against all people having health care, just to save a few bucks here and there?

But really, we're here to defend the devils and demons, the imps who interfere, for actually, they do not seek our early and painful deaths, and wish us long, long, life.

Why? Well, hell is full. Let the regular people go to heaven - the bored and thirsty devils and demons find the tastiest feasts and loudest screamers to be the capitalists and politicians who are no longer public servants.

This is what we mean when we say Hellth Care - or rather, Hell Cares. More than the politicians, that's for certain.

HEALTH CARE LESS

Thankfully by the time this is in print, and out in the streets, we all, too, should be out in the streets, demanding that all folks have Health Care.

The Health Care Less Act has been voted down in the middle of the night. (has C-Span ever before won the 1:30am time slot - likely not!), and it is now or never.

No conversations of affordability, availability, accessibility. Health Care. Like the entire rest of the industrialized world.

GIVE 'EM HELLTH

We here in Connecticut are dealing with a fascinating scenario - our five state representatives, who often throw around terms such as progressive, and constituents, have gone eerily silent on support for HR676 - for single-payer.

How is it that, at press time, over 110 Democrats have signed on to HR676 (Conyers' Single-Payer Bill) but Rosa DeLauro, Elizabeth Esty, John Larson, Jim Himes, and Joe Courtney have not?

It is times like these, in the fight for hell-th care, that we must turn to the infamous voice of the Church Lady and ask... "Could it be...Aetna?"

AND GIVE 'EM DEATH

A simple equation might be at the root of this problem. If health care is lessened, and folks die earlier, which in turns means that less folks live long enough to collect on Social Security, then the government would not have to find the funding to replenish the two-point-six trillion that was "borrowed", without interest, from the retirement fund we were forced to buy into all our lives...

HEALTH CARE MORE

What then, are our options?

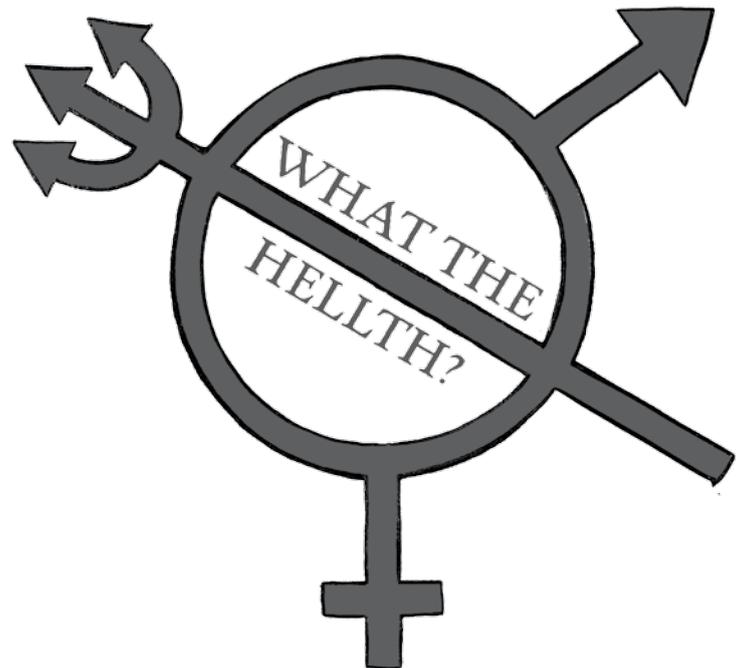
There is only one, really, and that is to make certain come the 2018 mid-term elections we vote for folks who support Universal Healthcare, Medicare-For-All. And that's it.

We have an issue at hand that has an effect on all people - regardless of the side of the aisle that they are on - and it gives us the opportunity to remove the aisles, seats, structured audience that has left us fighting with each other, and no energy remaining to fight those who keep us fighting with each other.

At every town hall, at every debate, on every facebook post, on every bulletin board - ask if the representative (an action, not, a title) supports Universal Healthcare. Ask if they believe in the fact that neither privilege, nor right, that the compassionate action of the wealthiest country in the world, is to ensure that all folks have their health, without worry, without concern.

For if the old adage is true, that if we have our health, we have everything, then those who stand against Universal Healthcare are attempting to take our everything.

Why then, do we keep rewarding them, with our votes?



HEALTH BAR CRUNCH

Can ya taste it? The lush flavorful bite after bite of having more flavors of ice cream available, than viable candidates for the Presidency? How about models of cars? Brands of soda-pop? Gas stations to choose from and decide whether one penny per gallon is worth having to make the left turn across three lanes of traffic and then a U-Turn?

Can ya scoop it, into a bowl or cone, smother it with hot fudge, and feast upon maraschino cherries that'll sit, and rot in the gut, with their fd&c red five, seeping into your bloodstream?

Would you still eat the dairy, the saturated fat laden, the high fructose corn syrup that had to be renamed so that it'll take years for word to get around so that people know what they are eating (and then the name will get changed again)?

If we are what we eat, then it is those who seek to destroy healthcare, that eat us. It is time then for us to put down the sundae, the soda, the sugar - and make certain that our faces (well primed by sucking upon lemons) spend seven days a week (we take no Sundays off - especially since now churches have a right to endorse political candidates - which makes them a fair pew-ground for activism as well - take that unintended consequence) at full pitch, calling out those who hide behind wanting funding for education and the military, but not for health care.

Because remember - we can teach war is good, so that when you die on battlefield earth, you'll care about health care, no more.

HEALTH LEDGER

But let's talk about the elephant in the room (though first let's stop saying there is only an elephant in the room, because there's a donkey, a jackass, an ass there as well - the triple demoblican deity).

The adverse effect on the citizenry, over a lack of Medicare For All, would not be so gross (both in quantity and disturbed nature) if they were not BFF with Big Pharma.

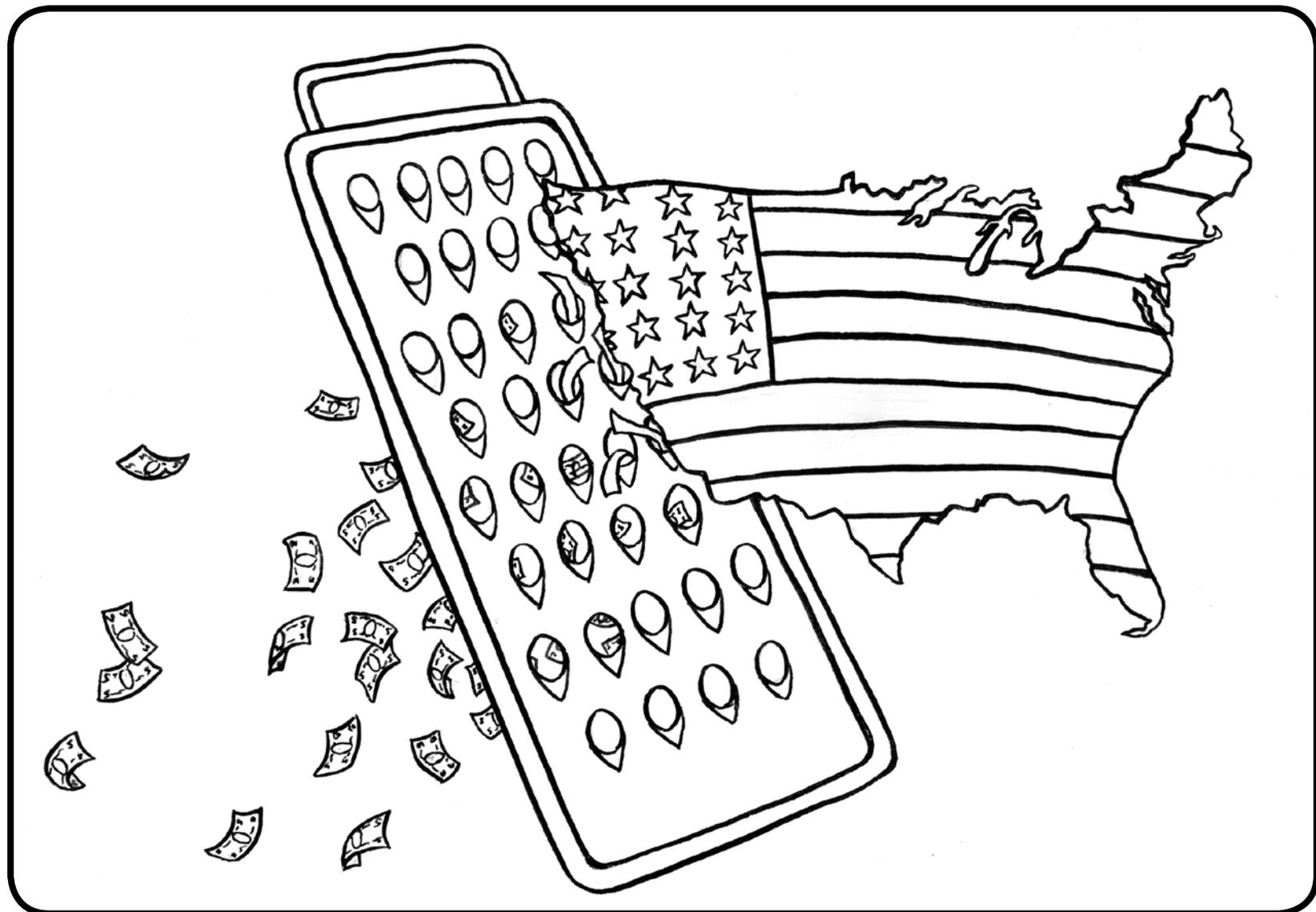
Get people sick - get them pain management in the form of opioids. Make it lucrative for opioids to be in the public sphere. Get people hooked on opioids. Get doctors and pharmaceutical companies, not to mention those buying and reselling on the street) to not be willing to give up big profit and...

...and those who stand to make the most money from addiction and lack of mental health care, throw away any moral responsibility to furnish their lavish reprehensibility.

Why heal people, when there is more money to be made by keeping them in need of that which one has to offer? How many must die because opioid is the new jelly bean?

We must push for a not-for-profit health care system, in which those who run the hospitals and marketplace do so for one reason only - the benefit of the people.

Until then, is there any greater example of how, to big corporations, we're not only living in an age of disposable products, but one of disposable people?



American Cheese (Make America Grate Again)

HEALTH PLAN LOVECRAFT

Only the greatest master of horror (Sorry, Steven King, you see, if one wants to be scared for a day, one can read your rambling nobody-dares-edit-you tales...want to be scared for a lifetime, we turn to H.P. - and no, not Hewlett Packard - though they are frightening in their own printed right) could actually come through for us, from the dead, and have brought us an unexpected ally on the side of the health care fight - and what a powerful and frightening ally it is!

Yes, that's correct, the one and only H.P. (You didn't know it stands for Health Plan, now did you - oh it doesn't, then without the Google, tell us what the letters really represent - we'll wait) Lovecraft had left the trail all those years ago - that Cthulhu is a supporter of Single Flayer health care for all, for Great Old Ones and Elder Things, alike.

While not exactly the bedfellow we'd expect (nor admittedly, desire), in an age of disparate groups popping up at the rate of one-point-three-seven per second (no seriously, check the social media statistics on this) it is nice to know that if we ever need some psychic help at a rally, those tentacles have our backs.

HEALTH OF A SALESMAN

The shattered ghost of Willy Loman haunts us - he whose popularity could not save him in the end. He, whose resources and resourcefulness was used up by the company that raised him. Here we all are, after decades of ignorance and insistence that one of the two major political parties was actually looking out for the people - and our usefulness is all gone.

Health Care, it appears, Biff and Happy, is for people that work hard and keep working hard, weekends and holidays, until they dig their own grave in the workground (for we have no play).

HEARTH CARE

There, in the hearthland, where so many seek a country doctor, and a visiting nurse, and a little something to help those cold winter nights, the realization and the revelation that the bread basket is no longer the meal ticket, will take a bit longer to settle in.

It would behoove those, who have watched corn turn into fuel and poison, and the fields turn fallow with seed that cannot reproduce, to take a listen to the ballad of the West Virginian coal miner - who is already coming to the truth.

HEART CARE

There, in the heartland, where so many seek a country doctor, and a visiting nurse, and a little something to help the ticker keep ticking on those warm summer days, the restitution for the revolution that left farmlands and farmvilles, to dry up in the drought (just as steel went rusty, and pensions went south), has been spent on the wars in foreign lands, whose final cost was the youth of the nation.

It would be, to those with hooves, a travesty if there were not corn left to eat, if there is any that hasn't been turned to syrup.

HEARSE CARE

There, in the hearse-land, where the country doctors cannot bill the insurance companies and the nurses have all gone to the cities, all that was once practiced has been closed, and left to corporate practices.

It is unfathomable that we have reached the point where the best care, the very best care, is achieved after we die. A nice bath, a clean robe, a place to live (albeit a bit small and made of pine). And then, finally, a heating bill that comes in at just under a few thousand dollars. Capitalism. Never be cold again!



**BUFFY
SUPPORTS
SINGLE
SLAYER
HEALTH
CARE
FOR ALL**



A Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun...

With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
AVA DAWN HEYDT AND MARC MOORASH

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org - editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org
fb: artyoungsgoodmorning twit: AYgoodmorning ISSN 2474-7734

July 31st 2017

Written to be delivered, at a rally at the gates of the office of Connecticut's US Representative, Rosa DeLauro, who...while publicly proclaiming herself a champion of progressive causes, refuses to sign on to HR676. Is it us, or is it Aetna?

To be delivered as if Rilke's caged panther, whose cage is set upon a New Haven Sidewalk.

We are not here to be silent today, we are not here to be quiet or just above a whisper, we are here to be loud - so that each and every rally in the country can hear the next, like the beacons of Medicare for Gondor, so that we may rock in resonance and shake down the walls of the jerichoes from Hartford to New Haven to Mordor to DC (though the last two are often the same) and all across this land.

First, a gracious thank you to our hosts. Who are our hosts? Aetna of course. For without their greed and need of a capitalistic profit-driven insura-garchy we would all have healthcare...like the remainder of the industrialized world.

But why this gratitude? Well, we need thank them for a satirist's dream - for having a marketing department which came up with the corporate branding slogan of "We Want You To Know"... for which I was just charged as it is a registered slogan...this is gonna be a speech with out of pocket expenses, which is so very like Aetna, don't ya know.

And as hosts, of course, they have a message for all of us...

We want you to know, Aetna has a CEO who made \$18.7 million in compensation last year. That's nearly \$72,000 a day. That's probably more than everybody at this rally combined will make today.

We want you to know, Aetna likes the ACA. It gives us room to decide whether we want five customers paying \$1000/month or one customer paying \$5000/month. We will leave it to you to endlessly debate our preference.

We want you to know, Aetna is a team player. We happily support the team that supports us. We have the funds to make certain our team buys the very best players, politicians, lawyers, lobbyists, doctors...every time.

So now, let us retort...

Dear Aetna...

We the people want you to know.....

That we will no longer elect politicians who stand with insurance companies over their constituents.

So, to you so-called Democrat Representatives in Connecticut - of which none of the five have signed on to HR676 and toward which all have made some comment or another that they will not sign it because it cannot pass...Because they are busy fighting President v45's Health Care Less Act.

Well guess what - the Health Care Less Act is DEAD. What is your excuse now?

We ask you to sign in earnest, we ask you to sign for it is near the time that a change of heart will feel like nothing more than a seeking of votes. We ask you to sign not as a politician but as a public servant who cares for ALL of their constituents, we ask you not to sign because you are worried about your won/loss record, but in solidarity...

Dear Aetna, We the people want you to know.....

...that if you do not stand in solidarity, we are now brave enough and determined enough, to stand over the wreckage of your re-election campaign in 2018 as we have stood over the graves of our dearest friends and family.

That we may laugh, and that we will not weep for your privatized industry or the political careers of those you have bought - for we have used all our tears, over the bodies of our dear friends and families, those who have died from lack of access to health care, or because the greed of the health care industry, hand in hand with their BFF Big Pharma, has made billions, pushing addiction and pain-killers, while limiting resources for mental health care. Creating an economy not only full of disposable products, but disposable people.

Dear Aetna, We the people want you to know.....

...we do not simply ask for Medicare For All or Universal Health Care or Whatever Name we work under. We DEMAND a not-for-profit health care system that demands the health of people, over the profit of corporations.

And now a history lesson...

It was at rallies such as these that the greatest Union Organizer and orator this country has known, Eugene V. Debs, set fear into the establishment and gained millions of votes for president, even after the US Gov't had thrown him in jail - in fear his Socialist Party would end capitalism once and for all.

There's a Debs quote that ought be spoken day in and day out, at every event and action such as this. For Debs said, "You need to know that you are fit for something better than slavery and cannon fodder."

Too many people defend the corporate greed by saying that health care is a privilege. Many respond that it is a right. It is neither of these - healthcare is a compassion - something that is at the very core of being human, of humanity.

For we should not need to speak of affordability, accessibility, availability...in a modern and wealthy age, into which we are born to be more than slaves and cannon fodder, there should be no need to EARN health care. We must shake off the capitalistic terms, judge people not on how they break their back in a cubicle or deaden their soul in a field, but on how they help the community. Only when we remove phrases such as "Earn a Living" will any of us truly be free to not just be alive, but to truly live - and at the end of the day, the adage that if one has their health, they have everything, is no more poignant than it is now - for all of us, each of us, a sea of we the people, deserve nothing but the beauty of this world.

And so we demand Health Care For ALL. And we demand it NOW. What say you Rosa Delauro? Elizabeth Esty? Jim Hines? Joe Courtney, John Larson?

WEALTH CARE FOR ALL

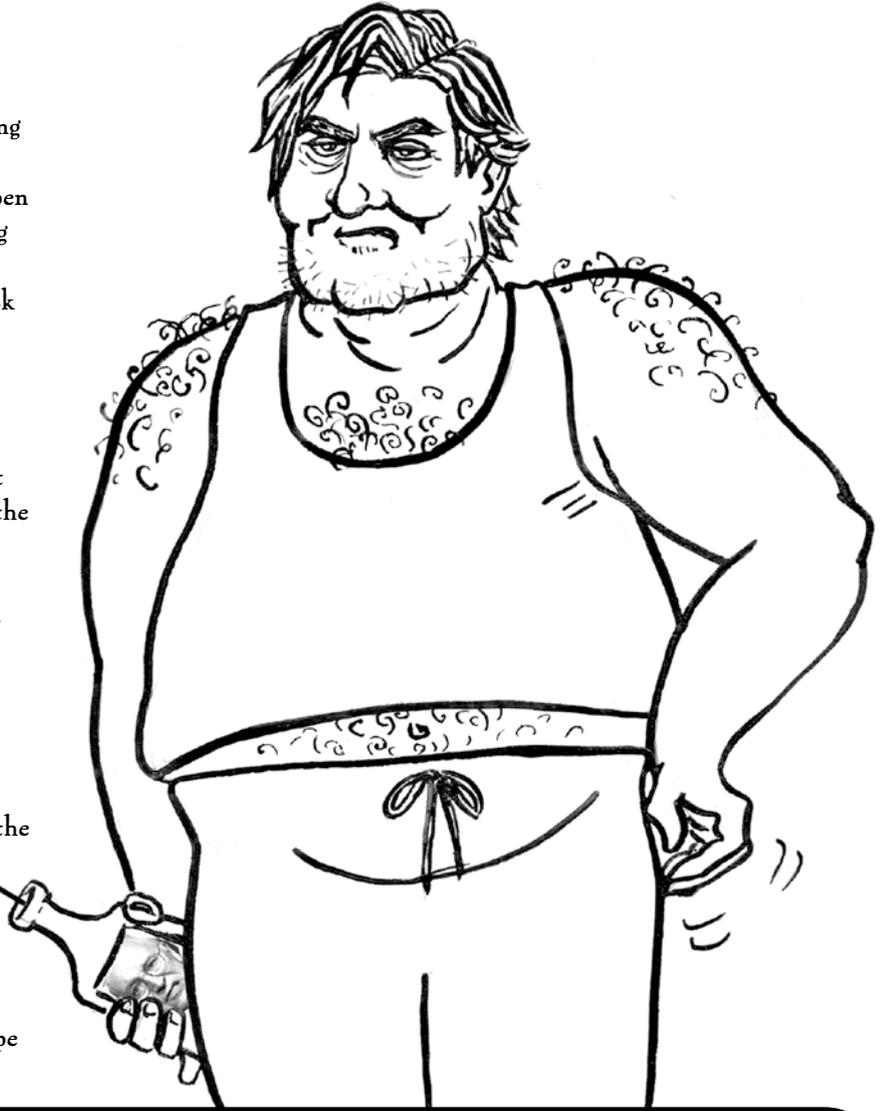
Isn't this really what the Health Care Less Bill© is/ was/ forever will be about - caring for the wealthy? Hundreds of millions of dollars of tax breaks, hidden like a three year old playing their first game of hide and seek - with legs sticking out below curtains, arms sticking out from under couches, closet doors left open with giggling sounds - and the public playing the part of pretending parent and making the game last one hundred times as long, by looking behind the chair, under the table, and to the side of the desk until finally the child appears.

But given that there is enough wealth, to care for all citizens, shouldn't it be a crime akin to premeditated murder to have an insurance company which balances their rate of CEO pay by how much they can withhold from paying a hospital, when that very hospital has raised prices to extreme amounts so as to inflate the numbers that the insurance companies say they are paying out?

A closed loop, for certain - and we thought we had it bad with government spending on eight hundred dollar toilet seats. As the saying goes, the for-profit health insurance industry, turned to their BFF Big Pharma and said, "Here, hold my non-alcoholic beer" and raised the price of a band-aid© to three times that price.

Suffice to say we are reaching the point where there is neither bread nor cake to be eaten, which leaves the population of the country on a very dichotomic path - either starve to death, or eat the rich.

And while our insurance companies try to insist we avoid fatty foods, they are really only doing so because they do not want to be on the menu when the revolution occurs. Suffice to say, one cannot have their face stuffed with stuffed grape leaves, and not be eaten, too.



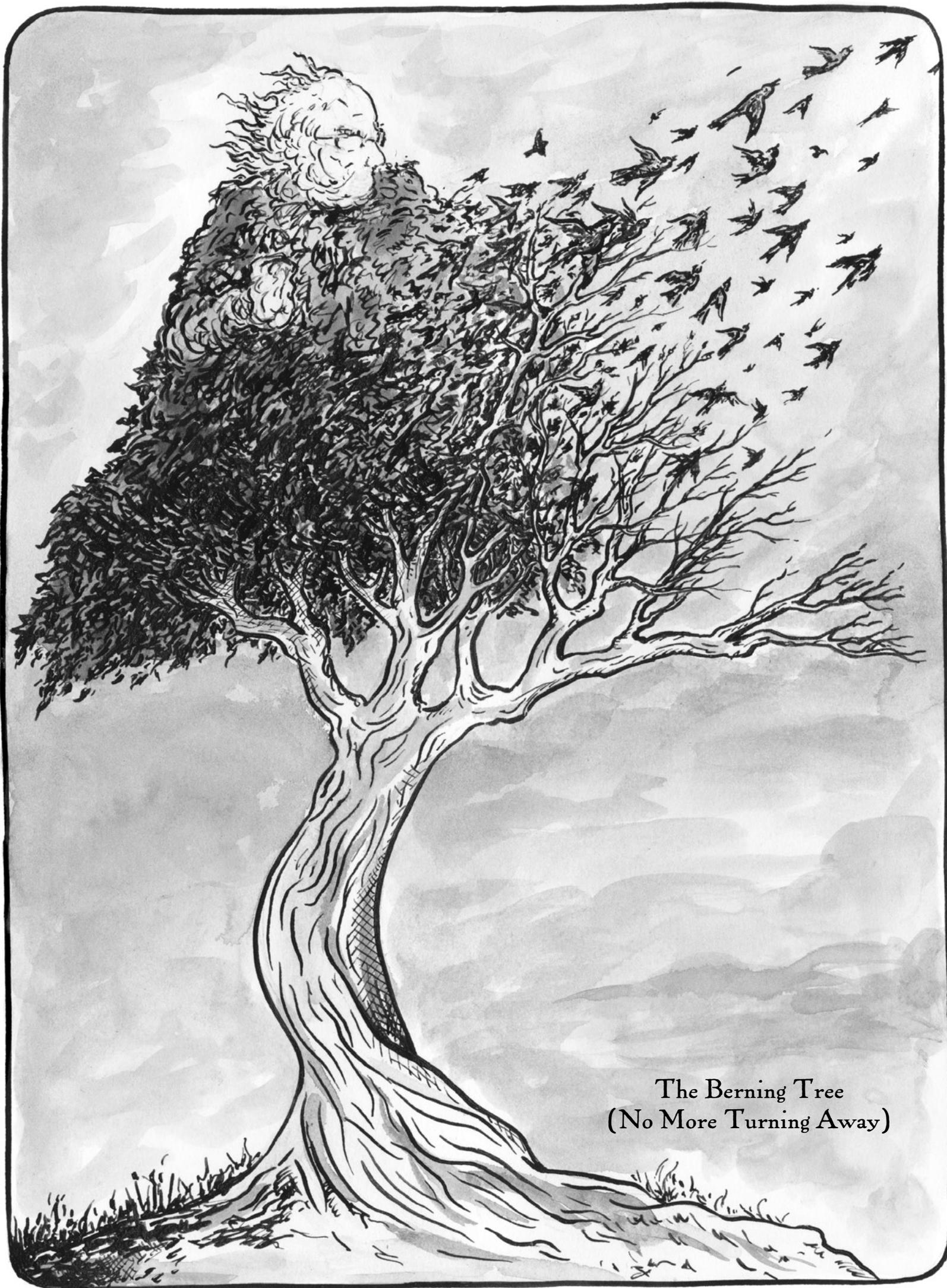
CTHULHU
SUPPORTS
SINGLE
FLAYER
HEALTH
CARE
FOR ALL



Hellth Care For Some (Gold Plan) - An Imp



ish Preposition, and a Preposterous Imposition



The Berning Tree
(No More Turning Away)

BIRDIE & BERNIE A CONVERSATION - CHAPTER 8 - IN A WAKE OF WINGS

And with the memory of a day we none of us want to remember yet nobody will likely forget, a lone bird, awakened by the call of a lonely populace who is dreaming of one specific dreamer and his waking dreams, awakens from the nest and flies high, turns left, looks right.

Birdie: Where are you, Bernie?

After a few moments of silence, the light waking, the dawn yawning, the sky rubbing sand from the eyes, a voice responds...

Bernie: Same place as always.

Birdie sets down upon the edge of the podium which stands outside the kitchen window of the home of Bernie and Jane. Pecks the secret knock on panes. Once, pause, three short, once, pause, then two short.

Birdie: I'm outside. Are you inside?

Bernie: Turn around.

Now setting upon boughs of a majestic tree, Birdie looks around. Lifting from the branch, Birdie watches as the tree falls, leaving only a neatly sawed bottom of the trunk. Bernie stands on what remains.

Bernie: I'm giving a stump speech. The trees are all gone.

Now the house, becomes a campaign office. Now, a homeless shelter, engulfed in flames...yet is rebuilt instantly before those avian eyes. Now, a library, books burning. Now, a hospital, burn victims screaming. Now, a refugee camp, lives burning...

Birdie: Water? Water anywhere?

Bernie: Gone. But the wind of millions of wings can extinguish the same. Quench the flame. Engulf the name. Silence the game.

Birdie understands now.

Birdie: Have we met here before?

Bernie: We have met in nothing but dreams. The grandest dreams of the people.

Birdie: This is a lot easier on the pennons.

Bernie: Don't I know it.

And because this is a dream, and we must never forget that we dream, we may clearly see the change left in our wake.

Birdie: Bernie, what do you see when you look back?

Our candidate, forever our candidate, for whom in an instant we would pick up the phones again, wear our soles thin on the pavement, where our souls thickened on sidewalks together...

Bernie: Family.

Family...it is like a party where we can all sit at the same table, pass the bowl from in-law to cousin to sister...and while not everybody agrees on the recipe for the potato salad, we make sure that nobody goes hungry.

Birdie: You have the largest family on the planet. The entire planet is family.

Bernie: And what the planet needs now, Birdie, is YOU. It is yours to lead the transformation.

Now a picnic, full of all those who still hold the line, and realize that what Bernie started will continue as long as we do not forget one another when the sun rises and we return to our homes.

Birdie: Do I have to wake up?

Bernie grins that grin we've all continued to love - the one which, despite detractors and the disappointed, shows that he cares for us all.

Bernie: We all have to wake up, sometime, Birdie. Every single one of us.

Birdie: Each of us, leaves, must eventually fly?

Bernie: Every single one of us, we're all just a little birdie, in the end.

So, Time takes wing again, travels up beyond us all - looking over the land, speeding up when we are having fun, slowing down when all is not well. Yet, unlike Time, we have one advantage - that if we stand so very still - even if for an instant - we can stop the clock and see the way we speak through the trees and woken dreams.

#ForeverBernie

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



If The Lorax insists on speaking only for the trees, then it would seem that this lonesome Poor Fish should speak for the sea weed, kelp, coral, lobsters, barnacles, sulfur vents and more...



UNIVERSAL STEALTH CARE

How long will it be, before hyperlocal underground networks pop up, so that those in need of medications can find medications from those who have leftover medications from similar procedures or illnesses?

Isn't it time to use the over-prescribing of drugs against the very people who are over-prescribing - when their entire intent is simply to make more money?

Why bill for one drug, when one can bill for four? But goodness, don't possibly let the people provide their extras to those who need (and we're not talking selling - we're speaking of community action so that each of us helps keep each and every other...healthy...).

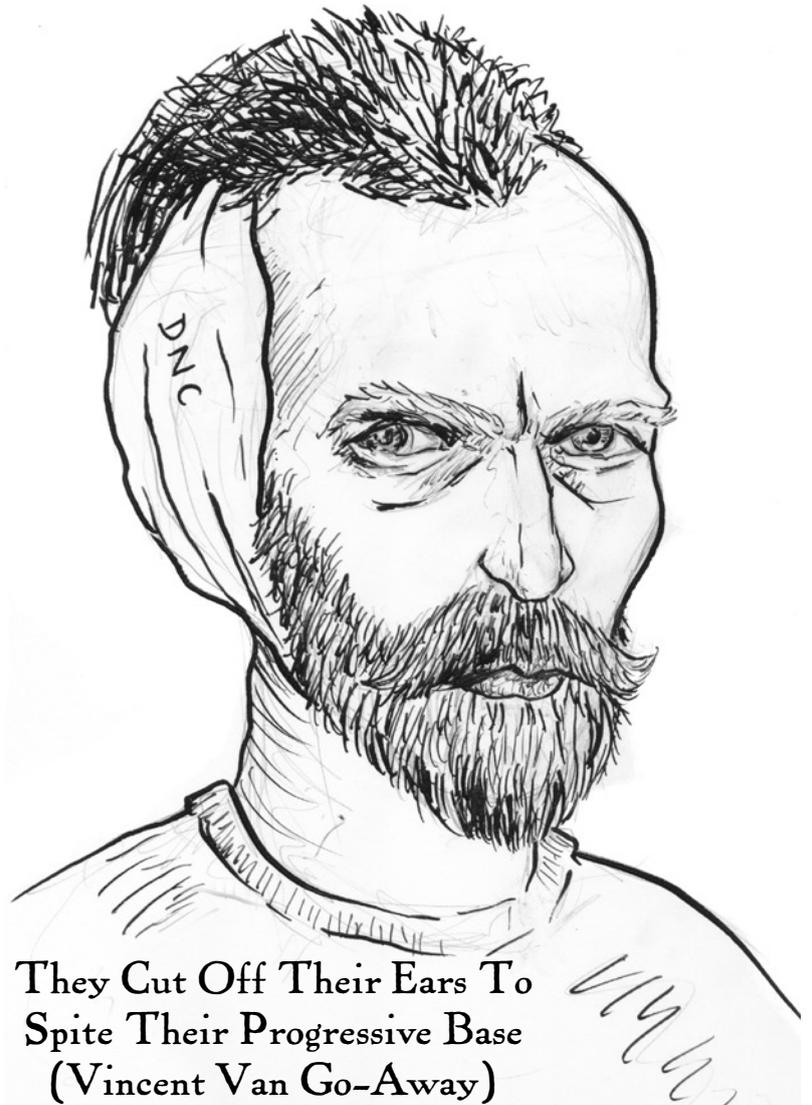
Encourage instead for people to flush all that "extra" medication down the toilet so it gets into the water supply and causes more issues, for which people will need more medications.

It all comes down to what we do with what we have - do we consume and dispose, or do we harken back to that Socialist Kindergarten we all attended, and find a way to share - for sharing, is, truly caring.

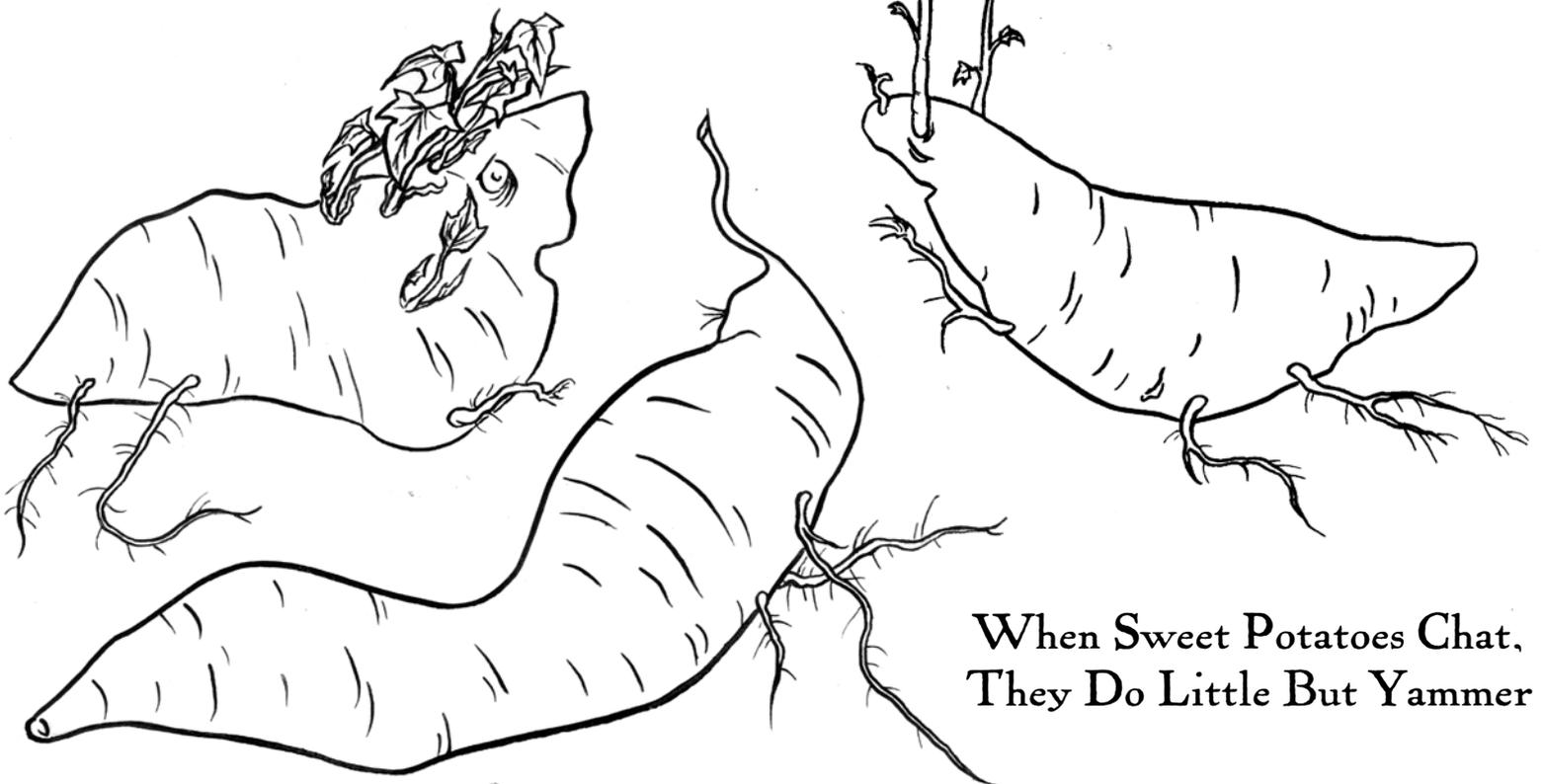
INTERGALACTIC HEALTH CARE

If tomorrow, aliens were to visit our planet, and we didn't have to immediately defend ourselves against the laser beams and death rays that in the movies bring the people of the world together, but would probably find no such happening in reality as each country fought to be the triggerman who'd get to brag to the surviving thirty seven people - "Yup, it was our R2 with a payload of one million kilotonnes of nuclear sugar that did them in - aren't you glad we didn't allow you to cut the military budget?"...

If tomorrow, aliens were to visit, we'd first inquire if they have separate policies for on-world versus off-world events, and if not, what were the keys to convincing their race toward passing intergalactic health care for all-iens?

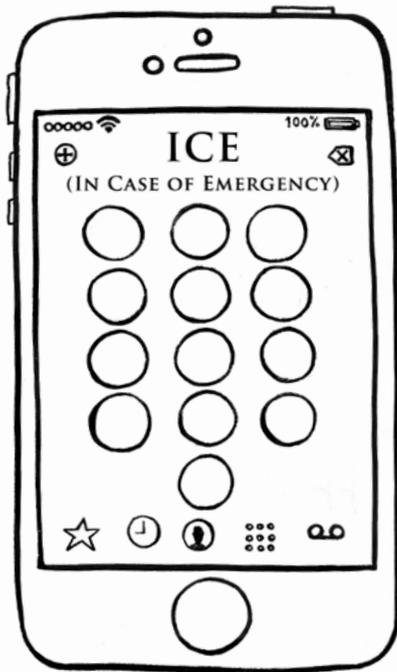


They Cut Off Their Ears To
Spite Their Progressive Base
(Vincent Van Go-Away)

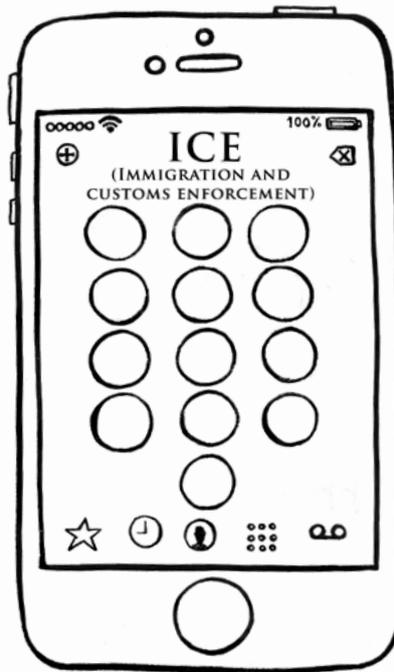


When Sweet Potatoes Chat,
They Do Little But Yammer

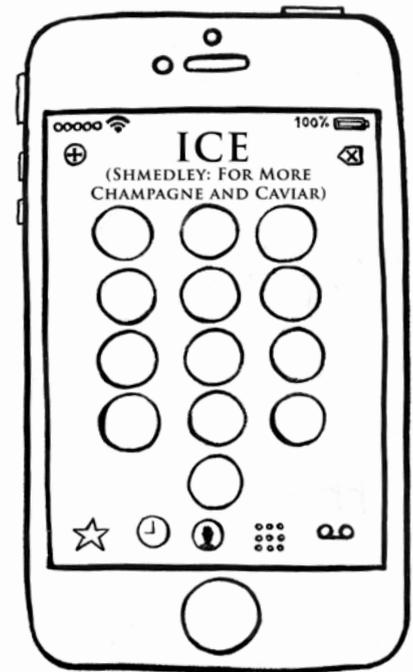
Which iPhone Upgrade are You Buying?



PRIVILEGED WHITE
64GB



MARRON BROWN
16GB



CAPITALIST GOLD
256GB

PLAYING (N)ICE

Ever wonder what would happen if all of those asked to uphold the law, actually upheld the law rather than the executive twittering?

Because changing policy on the fly, based on a tweet, or an executive threat, is not the same as actually having laws passed through the proper channels.

One might ask, when will the police, police the police?

"I challenge you, to a drool!"



NOT PLAYING (N)ICE(LY)

Ever wonder why the word police, is a combination of "politician" and "ice cream"? We have. We do. And now we've shared it with you.

PLAYING (V)ICE

If we were to bring back Crockett and Tubbs, do you think they'd stand for this garbage excusability for deportation? Probably not. How have we gone so far down hill that the coolest buddy cops in town have been relegated to a fashion statement of a t-shirt and sportjacket?

PLAYING (SP)ICE

It seems difficult to believe that Sean Spicer didn't realize that he was going to be the first, in what will be a long line, of public faces to take the fall for one who cannot handle being upstaged. Frankly, short of doing the pressers himself, which would simply turn into daily stump speeches (beware the Ides of 2019), who could last?

PLAYING (TW)ICE

But the attack on everybody who hasn't been bleached by the sun, is simply a more visible and vocal exclamation of a policy that ran the previous eight years under President v44. If numbers are accurate (and they are, until they become statistics), the previous regime deported two-point-five million.

The only difference is, they did it with a smile and an apology. Which may or may not be better.

PLAYING (M)ICE

This is simply a moment to note how much Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH was an influence on our lives. The film version too, which was rooted in a bunch of artists flipping the Jeremy to the Disney corporation...

THE PUDD'N HEADS
 (THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
 SENATOR FRED, AND...
 WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

Universal Healthcare?

*Tell ya what - if you
 constituents can get
 together and pay me
 more per year than I
 get from UnitedHealth
 Group, Kaiser, Wellpoint,
 Aetna, Humana, HCSC,
 Cigna Highmark, Blue
 Shield, Independence
 Blue Cross Group...*



ART'S STAND-UP (AND FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

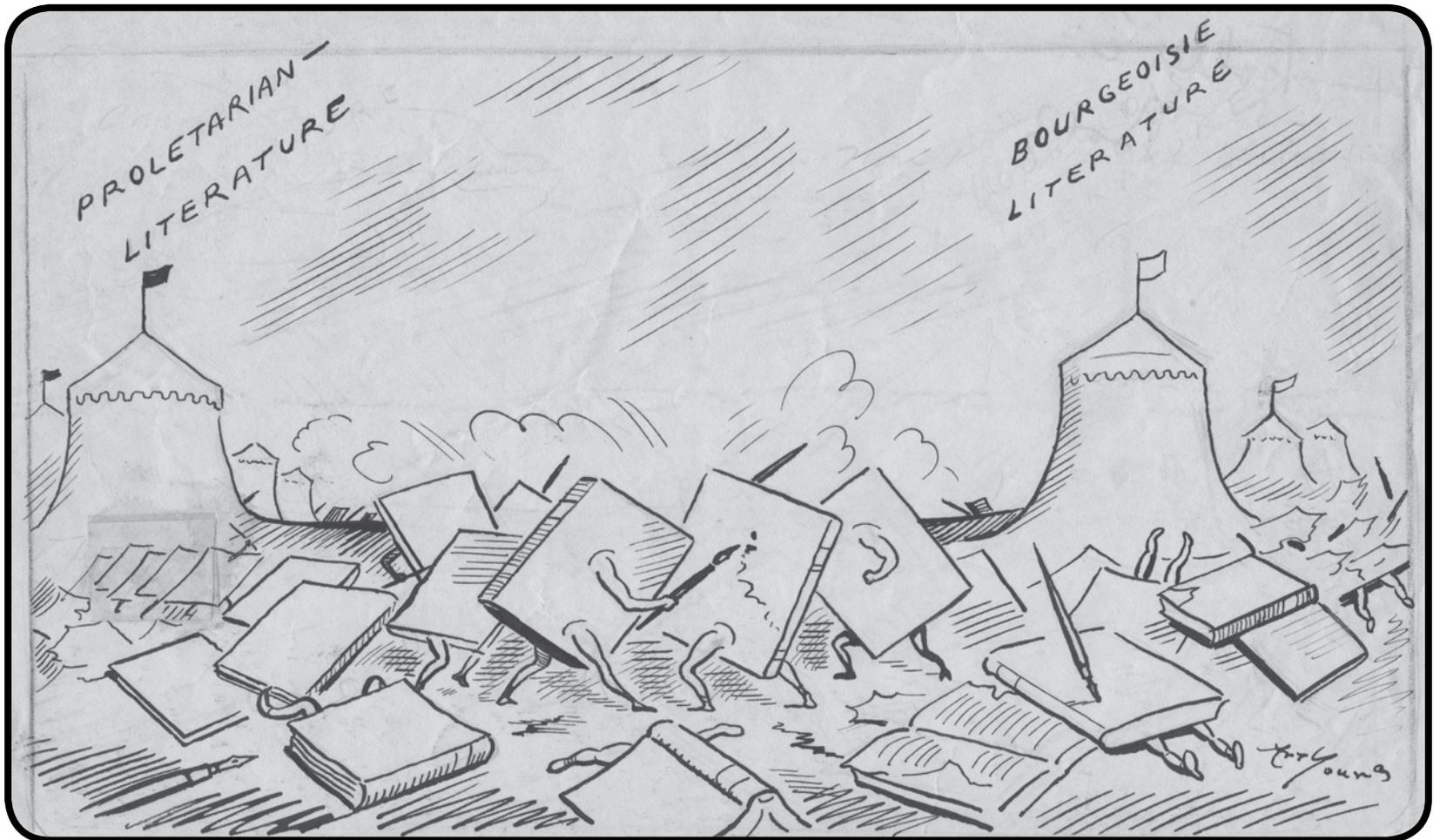
*How are the
 Republicans
 in the House
 and Senate
 just like
 Buddhists?*

*They both
 believe that
 life is NOTHING
 (but a pre-existing
 condition)...*



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



Unknown if this was ever published, but it is worth noting that in pencil at the top, Art's hand has written "Rough Literature" and "Nice Literature" - possibly a different set of headings based on a different original destination for the piece. Certainly, the inked result, is far more interesting. The bottom of the board has a faint title, possibly "The Book Battlefield" with a subtitle of "Two Camps".

PLAYING DOCTOR

Maybe the incessant jokes of being children and playing doctor wasn't about indoctrinating with capitalistic dreams (forget the body exploration - it has been decades since that!) but for preparing us when we'd have no choice but to borrow his hacksaw

the idea of going to an actual trained physician would be so far out of reach, to go to our neighbor, cubicle by carpenter by night, and ask him for our infected pinky.



What's the going rate for a neighborly amputation - is it still a bottle of whisky and first dibs on turning it into a necklace for sale on Etsy?



PLAYING LAWYER

Of course, this is what the entirety of the corporate monstrosity is about - find people who will sift through the paperwork for hundreds of dollars an hour, and eat up any differences they find between what you are owed, and what they need to repair their second vacation home.

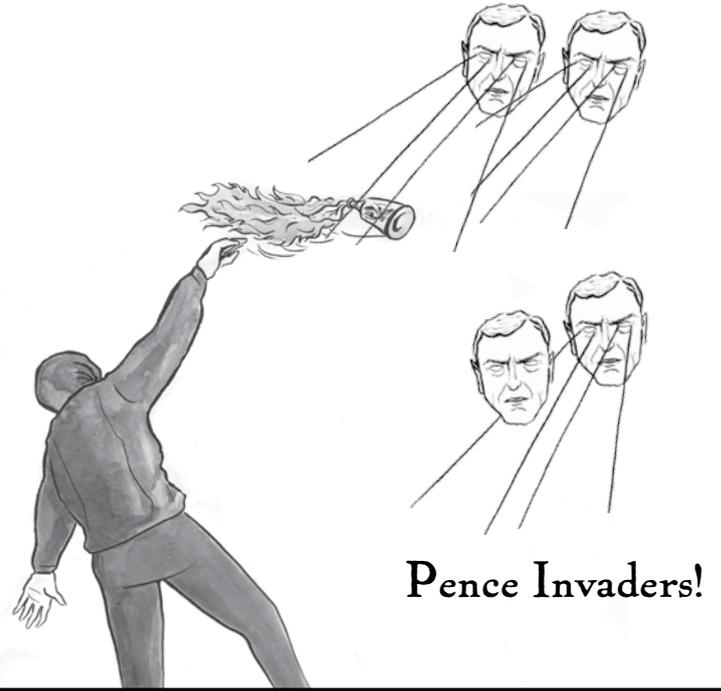


PLAYING WITH OUR LIVES

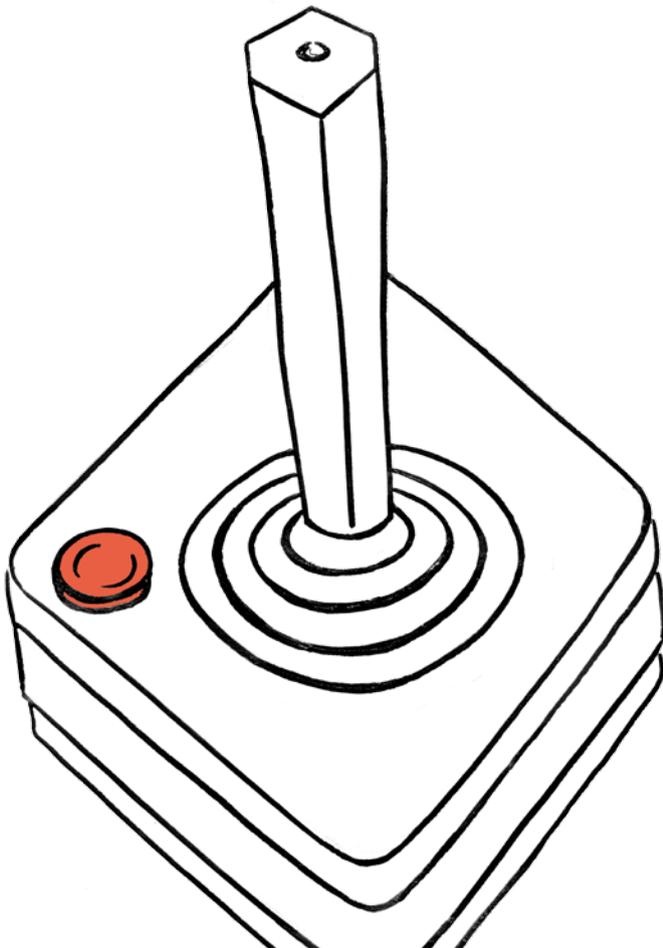
But let's get serious for a moment. Every single person who uses an excuse of any sort to deny health care coverage for every single person, is playing with our lives.

We are not born with earning our keep - we are born, so wealthy and rich with should be denied to none.

If it is true that having means we are wealthy beyond those who cease health care, are thieves to the highest degree.

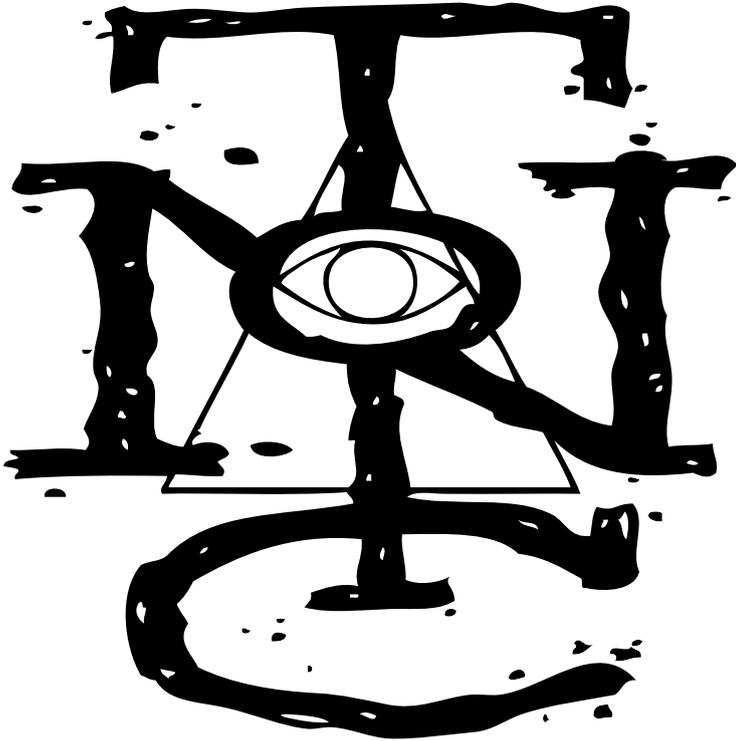


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- Anthony Scaramucci

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PRESS SECRETARY

"The best part of the job is when it is all over!"

-- Sean Spicer

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Art Young's Good Morning assumes that if these coupons actually somehow work that once you're on the inside, you'll place us at the very top of the official leaks list in all future correspondences...

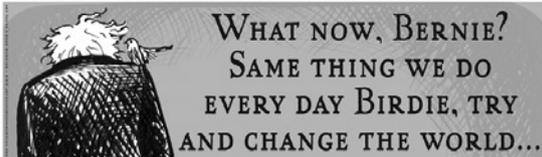
SOMETHING ON WHICH

TO PIN OUR HOPES..

SOMETHING TO SHOW

WE'RE STICKING TO OUR BELIEFS...

WWW.ARTY-
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STORE.HTML

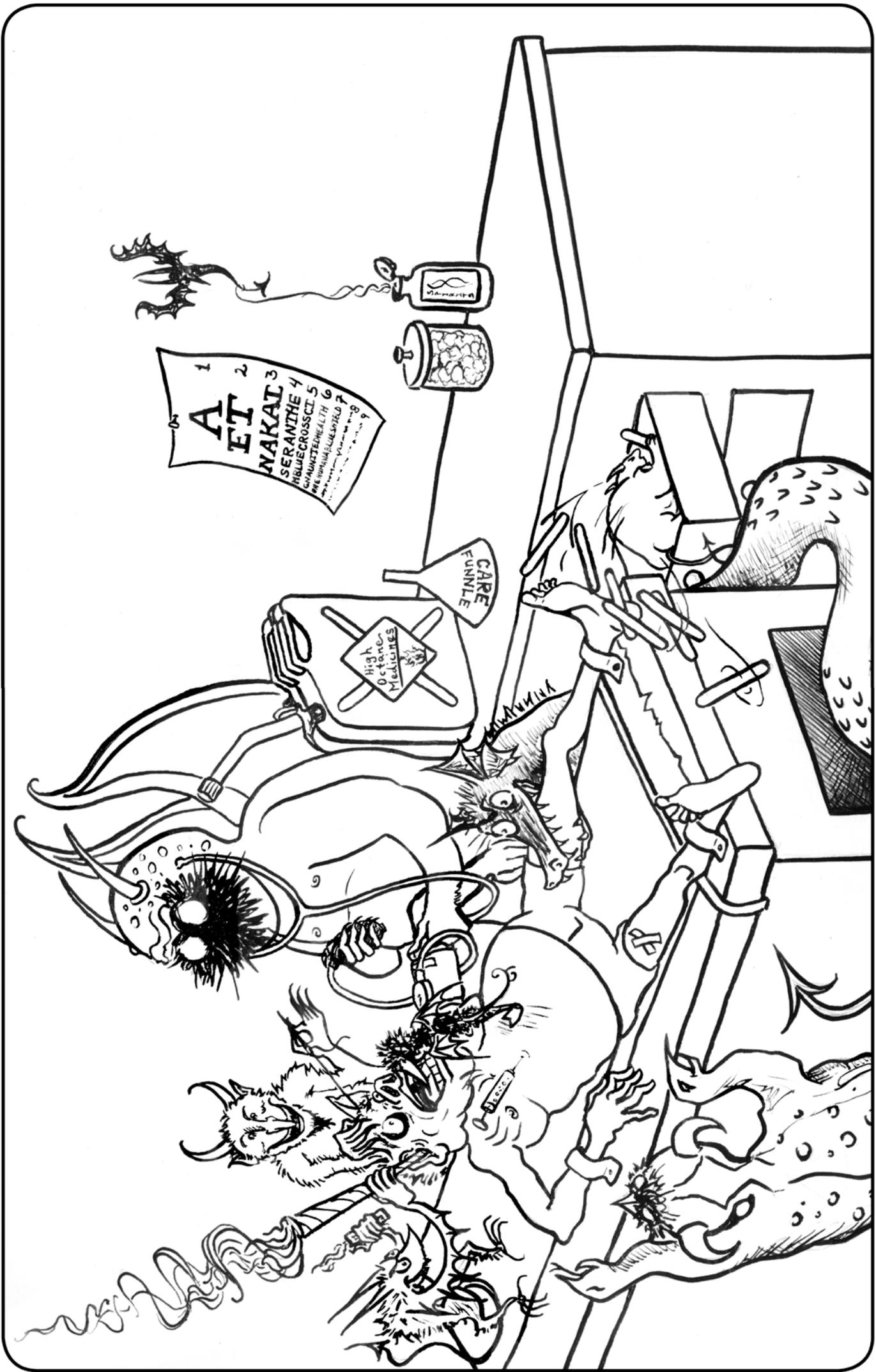


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Health Care For Some (Gold Plan) - An Impish Preposition, and a Preposterous Imposition