

HOW THE TERRORIST STOLE FREEDOM

(In the spirit of Dr. Seuss, How the Grinch Stole Christmas)

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Every American across the country
Like freedom . . . like Freedom a lot,
but abused it MORE than a lot.

But the Terrorist
Who lived, just where,
Saw weakness in freedom,
Which he did *LIKE*

The Terrorist despises freedom! The whole freedom system!
And to why? Even the Terrorist, probably had no reason.
It could be his mind was not right to start.
It could be this country was not too bright,
Or religious beliefs, that had no real relief.
But America thinks the most likely of them all
May have been his jealousy was just standing too tall

Whatever the reason,
He stood, grueling and hating all Freedoms.
More so, at what Americans brought bringing.
For he knew, every American was chastising,
something he despised from the very, very beginning.

"Their *materialistic* garbage," he snarled, with a
sneer.
"Buy that new SUV, was worshiped so, so clear!"
Then he huffed, with taunting fingers drumming.
"We MUST destroy freedom's upbringing."



For
Everyday, he knew . . .
. . . . Americans took their Freedom for granted.

Nobody threatened their land
No bombed out homes and plenty of filling stations full of gas.
They even pay someone to cut their grass.
"TV's and CD's are not Gods," the Terrorists shouted.
Capitalism is for the hogs
The exhaust from noisy cars.
The one thing he hated the abundance's of, CARS, CARS, CARS

It was time to show American who's really
the BOSS.
And get rid of that symbol, sew by Betsy
Ross.



*Then the Americans sit down to dine
And they whine and whine and
whine
On just about everything.*

What he hated. What he hated the most!!
Every American, whether tall or small,
Would stand close, hands across their chests,
Mumbled a "*Pledge to Allegiance*" to their best.
Then they would salute a flag, "*For which it stands*"
While playing their video games with non-callous hands.
"GOD bless a American," was the worst of them all.
Made his Allah's
Look like a child's doll

More and more he detested this Freedom ring.
The more he thought, "I must stop this capitalistic thing."
"Why for over two-hundred years, I've put up with it until now!"
"I MUST stop this freedom. I must stop this NOW! NOW! NOW!"

"But how?"

He thought, he thought.
He tossed as he thought
Then the evil. That awful evil of all thoughts
He'd organize his troops. And would call them, cells.
A cool trick . . . if planned so well.

*That liberty bell
. . . would soon stand alongside their God's hell.*

"YES!" The Terrorist simply said.
So he called his fellow terrorists, one by one.
There were many to be found. ALL TO MANY that agreed.
And he painted martyrs halo on eachs' head
Telling all, "That FREEDOM needed to be DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!"

*So,
he ordered his cells,
On a mission of rage.
And continued recruiting, regardless of age.*

Then the Terrorist,

GOT ANOTHER EVIL THOUGHT!

Be an American, the terrorist taught
Capitalize on what Americans selfishly bought.
So he grabbed a pair of Levis, and Polo shirt too.
Shaved off the beard . . .
But maybe left a whisker or two.
He snickered, "What a cheap trick!"
"With this, I'll JUST be another American named, NICK."

*The plan began, all SO, SO
And infiltration started, sometime ago*

All Americans weaknesses were evident. Liberties filled the air.
All Americans were insecure, each a lord without care.

They came far . . . they came near . . . they
came out of the clear.
Then they stuck out chins,
passing custom's officials with sneaky grins.

*"Those tall building are going to be
one of the first to GO!
Then we'll destroy each building row
by row."*



Then they slithered, disappeared into a world of democracy,
with smiles, most devilishly.
They stalked as cats
in Yankee's baseball hats

Around the country and parts of the World, they took every precaution.
Fake passports, Safe houses. And drank in neighborhoods bars
Tailgated at football games , even when it rained
Ate at Jack-In-the-Box chains.
VCRs they bought,
Rock music! And even Karaoka a lot.
Why those Terrorists, even decal Americans flags on their Cadillac's.

*They stuck to the plan, and never rest.
Americans vulnerability was none but the best.*

Young Republic, so naive she was
Asked him one day, "What do you think of our Freedom thing?"
The Terrorist so cool, so calm, so smart and so slick
Thought up a deception, all so quick.
MY DEAR, little Republic, " he said with a flirting smile. "I come from a country,
far short of this freedom thing. I come to experience freedom's ring."
He even flirted with a wink and bought her another drink.

Then he kissed her goodbye.
Made sure she got a ride . . . in his new Jaguar

*"And NOW!" Grinned the Terrorist, adding to his bitter.
"This time, we will really destroy the Trade Center!"*

It was a quarter past nine, East Coast time.
All was scrambling with bagel and Starbucks in hand,
trying to get to work on time,
while the rest of the nation was still in mime.
They grabbed their one-way tickets.
Parked their rent-a-cars that they paid with forged credit cards.
Chaos of people. Porters pushing bags.
Taxis being dusted with dirty rags.

*Thousands of feet up, the planes roared to the West.
They chatted to passengers feeling so lax.*



America Dies! where their hellish thoughts.
They're finding out soon that Freedom truly *rots*
They're just waking up! We'll know what they'll
do!
Their mouths will hang for a minute or two.
Then Americas tears will shed,
To our cause, they will finally bow their heads,
while *counting* their thousands DEAD, DEAD.
DEAD

*So with precision timing,
They crashed the planes, as any martyr would do
Sending a message that Allah told them to*

A nation sat stunned.
The Terrorist, proclaiming, "This is only the beginning!!."
TV's blared. Cries and moaning heard worldwide.
The terrorist said. "That's the America we want to see."
thinking of the Beatle's song "Let it Be."

*But something was strange in the
midst of dust
Why, is America not bowing to this
unrest?
It shouldn't be at its very BEST.*

So they paused. And the Terrorist lent an
ear.

It was not what he expected to hear.
It started in defeat, then sorrow. Then it started to *grow*



. . . . *Into something they never dreamed before*
A flag soon raised, as if victory was deemed.
A nation together in patriotic gleam.
Americans united. Americans prayed.
Americans figured, it's a really, really, bad hair day.

*The weak. The strong,
The rich. The poor,
All, joined forces unlike never before.*

The Terrorists stared,
at a shocking surprise!!

American, became proud in militant pride,
Telling a world, it wouldn't be deprived.
FREEDOM HADN'T stopped
If anything, it took a LARGE, LARGE, patriotic HOP.
Some how or another,
it came back even stronger.

And the Terrorist whose martyrs once stood proud,
Their ice-cold souls were nowhere to be found.
"How could this be," the one Terrorist queered.
"It came with death! It came with surprise!
"It came with agony, dismay,
and even at a tad past sunrise!"
And he puzzled for days, till he shivered at a perturbed thought,
"Maybe Freedom," he mumbled, " doesn't come from a materialistic bore.
"Maybe Freedom . . . means a hell of a lot more!"

*For the first time in decades, Freedom not only rang
A Nation gained unity and a different voice SANG!*

And what happened some feared to say.
After a while, suddenly Terrorism went away.
Some say, the political, or military might—
whizzed with frightening effects in the morning
light,
Had something to do with American's fight
for a God given right

Regardless of the rumors and facts that floated
A nation stood more proud,
with more reasons then ever.
*With God as strength, and patriotism as our symbol
American's Freedom will last forever and ever.*

