

The Rise of the Deplorables

Source: No More Fake News

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October 11, 2016

Something is happening in America.

Against all odds, people are seeing a coming dawn. In the darkness, new hope. And this hope is not being manufactured. This is not Obama hope. This is not sly wickedness. This is not wretchedness in disguise. This is not hate and revenge wearing a mask of share and care.

This is what happens, rarely, when millions of decent people have reached the end of their rope. When their common sense about what is being done to destroy their country and their lives will not be denied. Will not be denied.

The Clinton bandwagon of evil is coming apart. She, the one Clinton, is sputtering vapid generalities for all to see, as the programmed machine in her head is running down. The batteries are failing. The archetype of the android with a forever smile is a ghastly mechanical sight.

He, the other Clinton, is taking bitter, bitter medicine. There he was, on television screens across the world, rammed into his seat, frozen in a cold stare at his enemies, who are longer so afraid of him they huddle in anonymity. The remaining shreds of his self-constructed dignity are being torn away from him in a cyclone of accusation.

They, the minions of the press, are raging in their own nightmare. Dedicated to the Clinton apparatus, and the crimes for which it stands, these mob foot soldiers are running a

high fever. Whoever this outrageous businessman leading the charge is, they must destroy him. And time is running out. They have sold their souls, and the balloon payment is coming due.

Herds of so-called progressive Americans, who would take psychopathic murderers into their homes if it would prove their virtue, who are terrified of discovering their own bankrupt pretensions—"oh I am good, I swear on my life I am good"—are trembling. What is happening to their cartoon world? The bubbles are exploding.

Evil money from lizard scum is being poured into an effort to start a civil war in America. To rip America apart. But suddenly, there is the prospect of the center holding. Men and women of good will are finding their footing and their voices. This election is just one milestone along a road that is being shaped day by day.

America is not a lacerated piece in a board game of global control. America is still its own. Is still a living dream.

The ghouls who recoil in horror at glimpsing this dream are moving to the edge of the pit, where they seek power from the abyss. But the abyss is remorseless and has no pity. It swallows whatever and whoever comes to it.

Once, America's grand poet, Walt Whitman, sang of the open road, and the freedom that blossomed along its endless course.

These songs never die.

There is no final curtain.

Against all odds, the deplorables are rising.