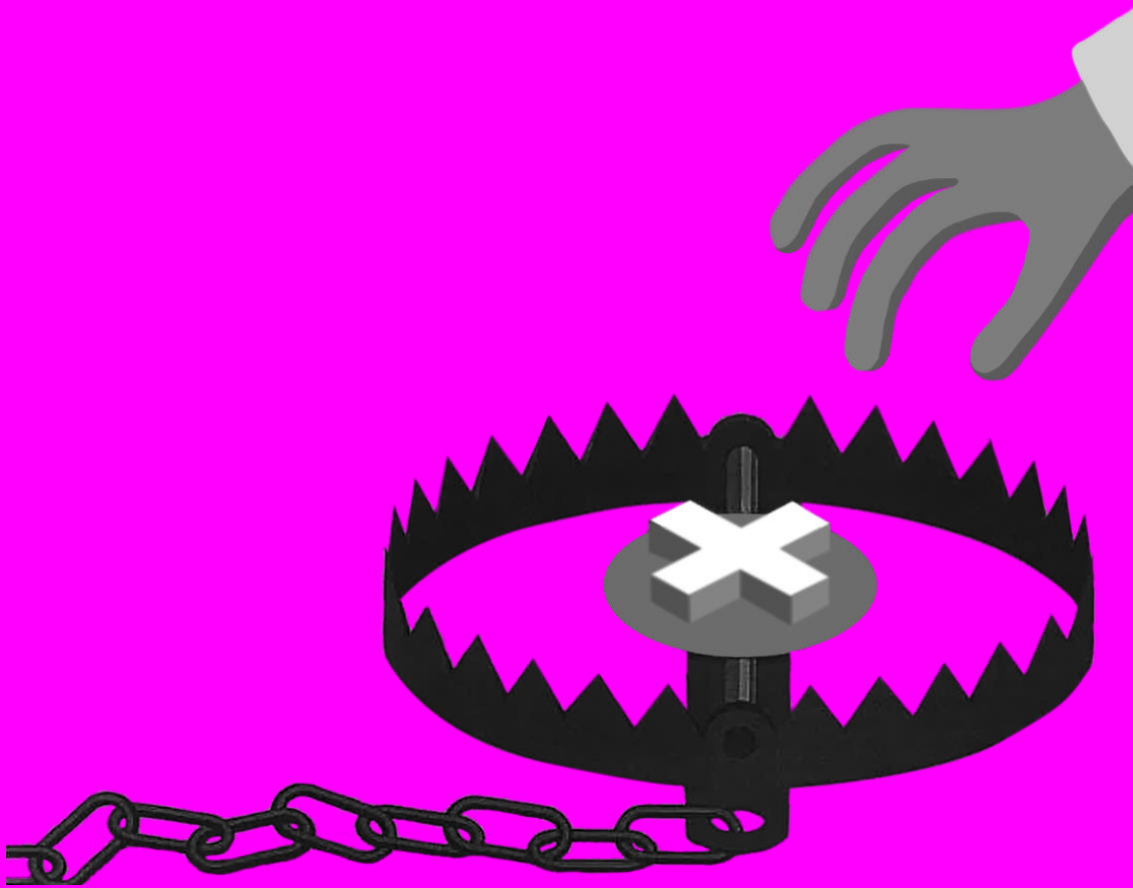


C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES



Tragedies Created by C.U.N.T.s

STEVE HORNER

C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES

by
Steve Horner

Copyright ©2022 by Steve Horner

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form whatsoever, by photography or xerography or by any other means, by broadcast or transmission, by translation into any kind of language, nor by recording electronically or otherwise, without permission in writing from the author, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in critical articles or reviews.

www.stevhornerbooks.com

DEDICATED TO:

All Americans who are fed up with today's increasing levels of social chaos, but don't know where it stems from.

And, to Carole, the original Southern California girl who composed a prayer which I say every time I'm about to settle into my script-typing mode: "Dear God, may right and fine come to mind."

Electing arrogant and vindictive C.U.N.T.s has major C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES



Speaker of the House, Nancy Pelosi, ripping up President Trump's 2020 State of the Union speech

TABLE OF C.U.N.T.-TENTS

Introduction.....	i
Chapter One: C.U.N.T.-TRADITIONS	1
Chapter Two: C.U.N.T.-TROL.....	38
Chapter Three: C.U.N.T.-DITIONING	72
Chapter Four: C.U.N.T.s and C.U.N.T.-SPIRACIES.....	99
Chapter Five: C.U.N.T.-TEMPTUOUS	135
Chapter Six: C.U.N.T.-VOLUTED	168
Chapter Seven: To Be C.U.N.T.-TINUED	175

INTRODUCTION

“Women, women, women! You can’t live with ’em, and you can’t live with ’em.”

– Mike Coltrin, Vietnam buddy of author Steve Horner

Or, “Here’s to woman; would that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.”

– Henry Grattan (initiated Ireland’s independence from Great Britain in 1782)

Yes, we’ve heard all the gender bashing among barroom banter and, believe me, women have certainly done their share of bashing men. Feminist Gloria Steinem popularized the phrase “A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle.”

Gender truly is a popular topic, always has been, because we can all relate to it. Each one of us was born either male or female and from then on we learned and adapted to our specific gender cultures picking up norms and biases along the way. Yet, in spite of all this popularity and familiarity, never, until *C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES*, have gender differences been so openly discussed in a way that examines the inherent strengths and weaknesses of today’s modern woman who’s being instilled into positions of public policymaking in record numbers while being armed with new-found power and authority.

As defined in *C.U.N.T.*, this book’s predecessor, C.U.N.T. is an acronym for Can’t Understand Normal Thinking. Subsequently, C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES are the tragedies created by C.U.N.T.s.

To say *C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES* is misogynistic is wrong; if anything it’s patriotic. Yes, the naive individual might initially find it shocking, while others might see it as absurd, maybe

slightly humorous. Cynics will view it as regrettable, infuriating, maybe even archaic. However, astute men and women will appreciate its boldness and feel empowered with a sense of gratitude for its revelations.

Inside *C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES* you and every other reader will run into at least one allegorical narrative, probably many more, that will strike a personal chord. It'll begin to persuade you to understand and believe what I am professing. You'll then know I am right about this extremely volatile topic, and that you, too, have been right about it all along. Thrilling? Just wait until you dig in.

– Steve Horner



Chapter One

C.U.N.T.-TRADITIONS

“Ahh, this is the two-to-three-week period of warm and sunny, midsummer days in Minnesota that you always wish you could bottle to save for those frigid cold stretches of below-zero temps in December and January.”

So, there I was, wearing my baseball cap, shades, swimsuit, and flip-flops with a towel draped over my shoulder visiting those thoughts as I walked along the blacktop trail circling Lake Harriet about a block from where I grew up in South Minneapolis.

On this Saturday afternoon sailboats were riding a light breeze, the beach air was filled with glee by kids playing in the sand, one or two parents shouting orders to their young children to stay close to shore, four older boys were tossing a football while two couples enjoyed a picnic under a tree. I was taking it all in while looking for a good spot to roost so I could jump in for a swim where there weren't so many youngsters in the water playing on their inflatable toys.

I had driven in from my home in St. George, Utah, where I was living as a happy, semi-retired bachelor, and was visiting friends and family along my journey. The main attraction was the 50th Golden Anniversary of our class's graduation from De La Salle High School, a Catholic, all-boys institution, until going co-ed in the 70s, and opened in 1900 on an island smack dab in the middle of the Mississippi River in downtown Minneapolis. My three older brothers had also attended De.

Skipping the golf tournament that day seemed like a good idea for two reasons: I don't really enjoy golf that much but, more importantly, I wanted to gather my thoughts for one of the keynote speeches I was scheduled to deliver later in the day during the Social and Dinner at the school starting at 5:30.

The Friday Night Stag held the night before out on the huge, open-air deck at Lucky's on the River was a fun time. I was running into guys I hadn't seen for fifty years . . . lots of catching up to do. But the most memorable encounter was with Tim Bennigan.

I had always considered Tim a friend during our years at De. Sometimes we car-pooled, we usually ate lunch at the same table, and always greeted each other in the hallways between classes. And Tim was a good-humor man. Every year while approaching Christmas, someone at our lunch table would make reference to Tim, a lifelong, chronic stutterer, by telling the same old joke: "This time of year, who's dressed in red and says Ho-Ho-Ho?" Then somebody else would shout out, "Tim Bennigan making a hotel reservation."

Nobody laughed louder at the stupid joke than Tim.

At the stag, though, Tim was different. He seemed unfriendly and standoffish toward me. At one point while at the bar trying to get a beer I noticed Tim nearby. I asked him if he had received the voicemails I had left for him over the years asking how he's been doing. He said he had. So I asked, "You never thought about returning my calls?"

While maintaining a disingenuous smirk he said nothing other than one word: "N-N-No."

"Aha! You didn't like me shutting down ladies' night, did ya?" Tim maintained his stoic disposition, shook his head no, took his drink and walked away. And I'm thinking "What the hell was our Catholic education all about if it wasn't to right wrongs? Giving preferential treatment to women with gender-based pricing at bars and restaurants like this was a blatant C.U.N.T.-

TRADITION of what equal rights was supposed to be all about. But not with simple-minded Tim. Not with that apathetic, sympathetic diabolical denizen of Know-Nothing-Do-Nothing U.S.A. Screw Tim.” And I went about mingling with others.

Back on the beach Saturday afternoon I started thinking about Tim again and how he snubbed me: “Dipshits like Tim remain indifferent to hot-button issues until they bite him in the ass then they wonder where that came from.

“Wait a minute! What if Tim is the one doing the biting? I never did get a chance to ask him what he’s been doing all these years. What are his objectives? Maybe he made a living by preaching equal rights out of one side of his mouth and arbitrary law enforcement out of the other just to stir things up so that he remains an important piece on the board. Maybe it was his business to create those social divides.

“Dipshit Tim might’ve been a newspaper editor, a civil rights advocate, civil judge, divorce or immigration attorney, social services adjudicator, college professor . . . no idea. But any of those would sure explain a lot about Tim’s behavior last night.”

After finding my place on the beach I decided to spread out my towel and catch some rays. Lying there with my cap covering my eyes, my mind began to wonder. All of a sudden I heard a woman screaming from up the beach where I had just walked: “Help me! Please, someone help me! Jimmy, where’s my Jimmy? He was just here.” Then she screamed and screamed and screamed. Apparently most of the beach bums froze.

I didn’t move. I didn’t even rise up on an elbow to get a look at the woman. I just laid there thinking that the woman should call the National Organization for Women to ask them to help her find her Jimmy. “After all, aren’t women always talking about how independent they are and

that they don't need men? That's what I hear. So, you can't have it both ways with me. The woman is on her own.

"I'm usually first in line to help people and rarely shy away from the action. In Vietnam, when the shit hit the fan, I was in the front of the fray. In church last month when the old man in front of me went down I was quick on the scene to help out. But not today. The woman should call one of the pussy-whips like Tim Bennigan to help her. Let's see how good that phony puss is in a pinch.

"Yes, yes, yes, I know what the Bible says about love your enemies, anger and retaliation, but assholes like Tim have accommodated women like this for so long that I'm sick of the double standards. They've caused way too many C.U.N.T.-TRADITIONS for way too long. You gotta reap what you sow, sweetheart.

"Oh sure," as my internal argument raged on, "get your revenge by forsaking the drowning child. Shit on that noise. Those hypocrites have forsaken a hell of a lot more than one drowning child. How about the millions and millions of aborted babies they've forsaken? How about the millions of inner-city Black youth who are forsaken with the indoctrination of hate and the absence of a father at home? How about the children of divorce? And public-school kids whose education is lackluster at best?

"No, don't play that forsaken shit on me. Two can play that same game. This is her C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCE."

Just then I snapped out of my daydream as a football hit my knee. I got up, tossed the ball back to the boys, and jumped in for a cool, invigorating swim.

On the way back to the White Knight, the term of endearment for my eight-year-old 2006 white Ford Focus that had about 110,000 miles on it and was running well, it occurred to me that

I hadn't received a single comment the night before about me shutting down ladies' night in spite of at least two solid weeks of local and national publicity regarding the popular bar promotion that gave favors to women.

"Hell, I continued to be interviewed by radio stations for at least a year after that. I still get an occasional interview request. They must've heard about it.

"Tonight during the program I'll throw in a few jabs about the obvious silence surrounding the emperor not wearing clothes. That'll get 'em thinking.

"And, yes, golldamnit, I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong. Had it been a real-life situation, my conscience would have made sure I was the first one in the water looking for Jimmy."

Sunday morning found me driving out of the Twin Cities heading north to Minnesota's major lake country. I was reflecting on my speech the night before. Several alumni and their wives told me they loved the jokes and appreciated the messages of having had sound Christian values instilled in us at De. Then I resurrected the De sports anthem to which I led a march around the gymnasium. Lots of fun.

After class photos and while sitting with friends over the next hour, two couples came up to me to say they didn't appreciate my pitch against gender-based pricing. One of the wives told me before storming off, "Horner, you're an asshole," to which I told her husband, "I'm glad she's not my wife."

The other wife ragged on me about how she resents my book *C.U.N.T.* and how "sexist" I am.

Just before dragging her meek little husband away I looked up from where I was sitting and told her "My hunch is that you recognized yourself on nearly every page."

The group I was sitting with seemed to relish the whole episode, albeit slightly stunned.

Continuing on my Sunday drive I stopped on the west shore of Mille Lacs Lake to have lunch with Ernie, my good friend and former business customer when I ran my in-home, Minnesota advertising agency. Then I made my way further north to McGregor for a two-night stay with my age-old friend, Pat, and his honey, Karen. Pat has since died of COVID-19 and Karen died of lung cancer.

Then, turning my sights southwest I stopped in Willmar where I had spent seven years on the radio to visit another buddy, Steve, and his wife, Heidi, for two nights. Unfortunately, they have both turned sour toward me because they blame me for Steve losing his 2020 re-election bid for County Commissioner.

I had left a voicemail in support of Steve with one of Steve's political enemies, the voicemail got some internet play, my reputation preceded me, and Heidi blames me for Steve losing by fifteen votes. But, people will always find a way to blame others for falling victim to their own C.U.N.T.-SEQUENCES. Steve and Heidi should've exposed those ultra-liberal adversaries to the public long before I came along. The bottom line is, though, I hope the Lutheran do-gooders of Kandiyohi County reap what their C.U.N.T.-TRADITIONS have sown.

After that trip I wasn't so sure I would ever care to return to my home State again with all the Black anarchy brewing, favors for illegals, Somalis on the dole, and all the C.U.N.T.s in charge of city governments, I was glad to see the land of 10,000 lakes in my rearview mirror.

I sold the White Knight with 175,000 miles on it in September of 2020 and got \$2750 for it, then bought the Golden Knight, which is an appropriate term for my "new," three-year-old, 2017 metallic gold Ford Focus because it's taking me nicely into my golden years. With only 23,000

miles on it I expect to enjoy it for a good, long time. I can't wait for my sugar pie, Carole, to feast her eyes on it. Up until a couple of weeks ago she was in COVID lockdown for a year.

I first met Carole in May 2019 during one of my three-day mini-vacations to the beach for body surfing and overall R & R. My main haunts are Carlsbad and Oceanside because I like the surf, plenty to do, and the lodging fits my budget. It was an outdoor karaoke bar near the beach in Carlsbad where I ran into Carole and her friends after I nailed my customized version of Creedence Clearwater's *Travelin' Band*. The crowd went crazy:

“767 comin’ out of the sky
I’m in the World Trade Tower
I don’t want to die, I want to live
please Saudi Arabian man, yeah
I said I wanna keep my head
I wanna keep my hands
please Saudi Arabian man.”

They started dancing in the aisles, jumping on the tables and firepits. I didn't always receive a favorable response from this politically-incorrect rendition, but I sure did that night. Carole wouldn't let me get away without buying me a beer. That sealed it for me.

Carole is a few years older than me, but you'd never know it. She lives seven hours from me in a nice home in West Covina, California, where her three sons were raised.

Sometimes I look at her and I see a young Katharine Hepburn, other times it's Gale Storm, but the one she resembles the most is Judy Garland. Overall, she is one hundred percent Carole. I tell her often, “You are, without a doubt, in my opinion, the original Southern California girl.”