

On The Road to Lunacy



by Lee Duigon

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I can almost hear the voice of Rod Serling: “Mile markers on the road to... the Twilight Zone.” Only I think it’s more the road to lunacy.

Here are three signposts on this highway. Just three little markers. You might not even notice them, especially if you’re in a hurry. But they’re there.

*Have you ever wondered how human flesh would taste if you made it into a hamburger? It’s okay if you haven’t. Anyway, a Swedish company specializing in plant-based foods—by which they mean “vegetarian,” but “plant-based” sounds less frivolous—launched a new product just in time for Halloween: the Human Meat Burger.

It’s supposed to be “exciting.” Honk if you’re excited. Don’t honk if you’re just grossed out. They say they did a lot of, er, “research” to make sure they got the taste exactly right. Whom did they ask—Hannibal Lecter? Really, where do you find someone who can answer the question, “What does human meat taste like?” I don’t know anyone like that; do you? Is there a cannibal community in Sweden, or did they have to go farther afield to find qualified experts on that subject? (The interior of New Guinea springs to mind.)

They say it’s a gimmick to demonstrate to us plebs that vegetarian dishes can be created to taste like anything your heart desires. Again, I don’t know anyone who ponders “Gee, I

wonder what human flesh tastes like!" Whoever they are, I'd rather they weren't wandering around loose.

*The newest fad in Communist China is to try to mold your baby's head to make it round. They have special helmets for it, to shape the baby's skull bones as they develop. Somewhere there is a factory that makes those helmets. The baby wears it every day until his skull is... well, round. Because people don't want flat heads anymore. As one mom put it, "I have a flat head, and I know how painful it is for women who are chasing beauty." Be careful what you catch.

Once upon a time in ancient South America, people used to shape their babies' heads to make them long and cone-heady. When we see these skulls in museums, we wonder: space aliens? Are these the remains of ancient astronauts? Different strokes for different folks, I guess.

*At a recent demonstration against the state of Texas' new restrictions on abortion, a doofus was photographed carrying a sign that read "Safe, Accessible Abortions for All Genders." This person stood next to someone else who had a sign that read "Abortion Is Our Future!" We could have a vote to decide which sign was more preposterous.

"All genders," eh? Do characters who say this sort of thing really, truly, honestly believe it—that there are all these different genders instead of only two? Or do they only say it because—well, I can't imagine any compelling reason for it. Showing off a mental illness? Purposely trying to undermine our culture because he or she hates it? Have you encountered any pregnant men lately, who might want abortions but Texas won't let them have 'em?

As for being "our future," aborted babies have no future. And if we aborted enough of them, the human race would have no future, either.

By the way, have you noticed that "My body, my choice!" just

goes away when they're talking about COVID-19 vaccine mandates? They're perfectly happy to have Big Brother make that choice for them. Sure, shoot us up with experimental chemicals! But it's "my choice" to off my unborn child. Was it Arnold Schwarzenegger or Howard Stern who said "F*** your freedom"?

Why so much idiocy? I think you have to expect that when a people turns its back on God and worships the claptrap that comes out of their own willfully disabled minds. Proverbs 8:36: "All they that hate me love death."

We could surely find more of these little signposts; but if they're as depressing to read about as they are to write about, we can quit while we're ahead.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and visit, while it's still allowed. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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