

The Legend of Hillary

It is said that in every legend there is a grain of truth.

Well, in some more than others.

We are privileged to be living in a time when a new legend is being created right before our eyes. Swirling around in the mists of the past are the origins of such famous legends as those of King Arthur, Hercules, the Trojan War, and Robin Hood. We can't be sure whether any of them were real people. Closer in time we have, for instance, the legend of Davy Crockett. He was a real person; but the umpteen Davy Crockett Almanacs, published during his lifetime, are utterly worthless as historical documents. They're just tall tales, one whopper after another. But no one was expected to believe a word of it, even back then: those tales were entertainment, nothing more.

Today we watch in amazement as Democrats labor to create the legend of Hillary Clinton.

This started quite a while ago with the claim, made publicly and often, that Hillary Rodham was named for Sir Edmund Hillary, the New Zealand explorer who became world-famous when he climbed Mount Everest in 1953.

Hillary was born in 1947.

If you don't believe that her mother was clairvoyant, you have to wonder why this extremely silly claim was bandied about for all those years until the Clinton campaign—and The New York Times—finally admitted that it was just a story... in 2006. Did no one have access to an encyclopedia? And the excuse offered by a Clinton campaign spokeswoman: "It was a sweet family story her mother shared to inspire greatness in her daughter, to great results I might add." Ugh.

As this year's presidential campaign neared its climax, the legend-spinners got down to business on the social media, creating a kind of weird cult called "Pantsuit Nation." We are asked to believe that some 2.5 million women signed on to this effort to transform an incompetent, lying, corrupt, foul-mouthed, power-hungry drunkard into a deathless icon of Woman's Struggle for Equality, blah-blah.

Oh, my stars. They went so far as to liken their candidate to Rosie the Riveter, the muscular figure who symbolized women who worked in factories in World War II to defeat Hitler. If you can even imagine Hillary working in a factory, you are probably insane.

Brewing up a legend is hard work, and after Hillary lost the election that she was supposed to win by a landslide, the work continues. In the Middle Ages, hundreds of years after the real King Arthur, if there was a real King Arthur, monks and bards and storytellers were still at work on his legend, claiming that he never really died and that someday, when he was needed most, he would return. But first they had to account for his disappearance, which they did by claiming that he was the victim of monstrous treachery within his own family.

The Legend of Hillary must come up with some explanation for her failure to win the election. Well, take your pick. Putin rigged the election. FBI Director James Comey betrayed her. Minority voting was suppressed. "Fake news." College students forgot to show up on Election Day. The women's vote betrayed her. The Electoral College betrayed the whole country by not handing her the White House.

None of this quite has the ring of Lancelot and Guinevere committing adultery and destroying the unity of the Knights of the Round Table, setting the stage for Mordred's rebellion against the king—but give them time, they're working on it. They're bound to come up with a compelling story in the end.

We are, after all, talking about people who stood up and cheered, during the Democrat Convention, when an addled B-List celebrity described Hillary—former captain of the Bimbo Eruption team, who smeared and tried to destroy the women who'd been sexually assaulted by her husband—as the defender and champion of woman who have suffered from sexual harassment. If they believed that, they'll believe anything.

They will create a legend; and future generations of Democrats—if there are any future generations, given liberals' penchant for feeding babies to Planned Parenthood—will believe it. They may even believe that Hillary will come again.

The grain of truth in this legend will be downright microscopic.

I have discussed these topics, and others, on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com>, throughout the week. Please stop by and read! All it takes is just one click to get you there.

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