

# George Bush VS Hillary Clinton

1. Number
2. Car Type
3. Color
4. Gas Type (Matter Wise)
5. Something That You Can Sit On
6. Anything That Can Hold A Lot Of Paper Inside
7. Number Less Than Twenty ( But As In Second Third Fourth Etc.)
8. Color
9. Number(In The Thousands)

# George Bush VS Hillary Clinton

the war, George Bush concluded.

The crowd roared in agreement. \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_more years! \_\_\_\_\_number\_\_\_\_\_more years! \_\_\_\_\_number\_\_\_\_\_more years! \_\_\_\_\_number\_\_\_\_\_more years!

Now now you know I can't run again. Vote for an actual candidate! He ducked as they screamed rage and threw eggs. He backed up, dodging to the side as a rather \_\_\_\_\_size (big small 50 pounds etc.)\_\_\_\_\_ fellow threw a plasma screen T.V.

Ahhhh! Secret Service, do your bit! HEEEEELP!!! The Secret Service agents rushed in and blocked Bush from view. They were dressed in all black, from their hair to their shades to their shoes. They backed up, and helped him into the \_\_\_\_\_Car type\_\_\_\_\_. George laughed and made faces at the people in the window as they drove away.

Bush was going to walk into a concert, when Hillary Clinton blocked his way. He laughed. Her hair was matted and there was mud on her clothes. She was

glaring

at him. Look what your reckless driving did! I was rollerblading down the sidewalk, and your one hundred mile per hour driving made me fall into a ditch! I demand you pay for this.

A grin spread on his face. Well, I might do that, if you didnt look like something that guy threw up.

He pointed to one particularly ugly dude. Everyone one laughed except him. The ugly man with a twisted face punched George Bush. He fell to the ground, and touched his \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Color</sup>\_\_\_\_\_eye.

Bush, I, Hillary Clinton, wife of former president Bill Clinton, challenge you to a wrestling match. See you there at seven p.m. tomorrow.

Feel the burn! Visualize victory! A particularly buff kid urged Hillary on. Now use some quick punches.

Hillary had been punching the punching bag as hard as she could for almost half an hour. She started rapidly throwing punches for five minutes.

Now go punch the big bag! She panted as she staggered over there. She raised her fist, and brought it down. Her fist hit the \_\_\_\_\_ Gas type (matter wise) then she twirled around and fell.

Getcher butt up. If you wanna win that match tomorrow, you better be in top physical condition. Now lets practice kicking. Five minutes andGO!! She started kicking slowly, then rapidly, then slowly again.

Now grab that trash canyeah, thats itnow start hitting it. She raised the trash can above her head, and started slamming it down like a madwoman. She began to tire soon, and then fell forward. She lay still. Hey. Mrs. Clinton? He shook her, and a groan answered. Yeahhhwere done today. Same time tomorrow? Groans and grunts. Bye.

Hillary Clinton lay on the floor physically exhausted and passed out. More groans came out.

Bush sat on the \_\_\_\_\_ Something that you can sit on and turned the channel. What else is on? Click. What else is on?

Click. Boorring. Click.

Honey, you better practice or youll get beaten. I dont want to be publicly humiliated. Anger flashed in the eyes of

his wife. Come on, sweetie.

I got it. Dont worry.

You sure? Remember the last time? Go train, George.

Consider me punching the bag. Click. Click Click. Click Click Click Click.

George Bush, dont make me have to use the melted microwave. Bush turned the T.V. off and rushed out of the room. His wife picked up a black microwave with melted numbers and gave chase. GAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!

Your gonna train whether ya like it or not!

Later, a young man stood outside the entrance to the boxing ring stadium at ten o clock a.m. The entrance was blocked by a wooden post that was clumsily nailed to the walls. He sat at a stand with a Anything that can

hold a lot of paper inside filled with many ten dollar bills. A long line also stood putting money in the jar and stepping over the wooden bar.

The

people grunted and groaned. Bush was in line next. So, do I really have to pay ten bucks? I only get ten thousand dollars a day! That makes it how much percent? Carry the three, divide by eight, multiply by one

Number less than twenty ( but as in second third fourth etc.) find the greatest common factor of 1,229,743.98147, turn that into an algebraic equation using the variable I've got to go p, and that comes out to 99.6318 percent.

Ya mamma, the man muttered.

Hillary Clinton had been standing beside George. What? Say that to my face, big boy! I'll take your foot and shove it up your nose. Then you can smell your own foot all day.

The man got up with his jar of cash and started to run. George Bush swiftly took the jar from him as the man ran and yelled, Thanks!

George and Hillary stood in the ring wearing Color boxing gloves. They stood in opposite corners with a referee between them. Before he could blow the whistle, Bush ran up and delivered a big punch to him. The referee staggered over near Hillary, and she swiftly swung her foot to trip him, and the referee was flattened. He groaned and passed out.

This signaled the start of the match. George immediately received a punch to the cheek, then two to the stomach, and as he leaned over holding his stomach, a punch to his back, flooring him.

Someone from the crowd screamed, You gettin your butt whooped by a girl!

Bush got mad then. He leapt up and landed an uppercut to his opponent simultaneously. Hillary got up and their punches collided together. You wont take my title from me!

Hillary struggled for breath from the blow to the gut. What title? The title of losing to your wife in a physical fitness examination?

Bush withstood a punch and landed three more. No, my title as president! Beat that!

Hillary flew back to the pole in the corner. George grabbed her arm and slung her toward the red rope. She hit it and bounced off back toward him, falling flat with a savage punch.

She didnt get up. I think shes dead, the same voice from before commented.

The ambulance was called. \_\_\_\_\_Number(in the thousands)\_\_\_\_\_car crashes resulted from the speeding ambulance. Its red lights

flashed outside.

The medic rushed onto the scene with a stretcher and someone felt for a heartbeat. Shes perfectly fine.

The crowd booed and demanded their money back. Bush took the jar and ran for it, leaving Hillary Clinton out cold in the ring.

And George Bush won the challenge that was issued to him by presidential candidate, Hillary Clinton.