

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

We have all read about the faux pas of Mrs Hillary Rodham Clinton, the US Secretary of State, on a trip to Kinshasa, the Democratic Republic of Congo, but do you realise that the unwise, angry outbursts of this lady have cost her much more than she, probably, realises. Her bad temper will haunt her for her entire political career – which is unlikely to be very long, now. She complained bitterly when a university student asked her what her husband thought about the involvement of China and The World Bank in the affairs of the Democratic Republic of Congo. Mrs Hillary Rodham Clinton, clearly terribly annoyed at the mention of the name of President Bill Clinton, said, pointing fingers in all directions, indicating that she was almost completely out of control, her anger, having got the best of her: ‘You want to know what my husband thinks? My husband is not the Secretary of State. I am!’ I venture to suggest that that sudden display of emotion may well cost her her job in the fullness of time. It is obvious, by her stentorian response to a university student’s question, that she is a woman who, in my opinion, is unable to control her temper – and that is not the way that a senior diplomat of any country should act in public. To be kind to her, she may be struggling to control herself as she goes through menopause – and we all know how difficult this time can be for many women. Just look at her and you can see that her looks are fading, on a daily basis. She is having a great deal of trouble in accepting the inevitable: She is ageing; her skin is wrinkly; her breasts are sagging; her lust is waning; her strength is being sapped, almost daily; her muscle tone is sadly lacking; her skin grows drier, daily, requiring copious quantities of lubricant; and, fat is building up on her bottom, hips and thighs. Possibly, President Bill Clinton spoiled her badly when they were together in the White House, allowing her to yell and scream at him in the privacy of their quarters. If a President of the United States of America can put up with her tantrums, then, she must feel confident in displaying that side of her nature to commoners, especially young and somewhat innocent black ones on the African Continent. She should be sacked! Now, I ask you, My Dear Grandchild, would you vote for her as the next President of the United States of America after hearing what she said in response to a question from a young, black university student at Kinshasa? Of course not! She can no longer be trusted or be relied upon to act in the manner, expected by reasonable people, in representing the largest and most-important country in the world, today. In fact, I would go further to suggest that, unless she can be medicated with something, such as Valium, a pretty powerful sedative, she should have all of her future political meetings cancelled. The advantages of administering Valium is well known because, among other things, it is a chemically active compound that binds to receptors (specific cell wall proteins) in areas of the brain, including the limbic system, which controls the emotions, and the cerebral cortex, which is responsible for analysing information. In enhancing the effect of a specific neurotransmitter (a chemical that allows transmission of activity from one nerve cell to another), it has the effect of calming the patient. It, also, has hypnotic, sedative, anticonvulsant, and (central) muscle relaxant actions. It is quite often administered to ladies, going through a change of life, known as menopause.

When President Bill Clinton was having it off in the White House with that intern, Ms Monica Lewinsky, in January 1998, and it came to light, publicly, it was interesting to me and the rest of the world how Mrs Hillary Rodham Clinton, then, the First Lady of the land, reacted to the discovery. Now, if Bo-Bo, my

froglike husband, had had it off with one of his staff, male or female, I would have been tempted to take matters into my own hands: That means to strike a most-decisive blow, probably with a pair of scissors. In the case of The Frog, of course, it is highly unlikely that any female would be interested in him because (a) I control the money in this family and (b) I can assure you that he is, almost, incapable of being able to satisfy the needs of a healthy and sexually active lady. Take it from me, I know the proclivities of The Frog. A normal wife, having learned of the deception and disloyalty of her husband, would respond as I would react – with passion and anger. But First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, in the case of her husband, being accused of perjury and obstruction of justice, and having been impeached by the House of Representatives – later acquitted on a technicality – seemed to take the situation far too laid back, almost as though it was a matter of trivial importance. This is a sure sign that she is not a normal woman. The concealment by First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton of President Bill Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky is unforgiveable, in my eyes, because a lady, who agrees to be the wife of a man, not only surrenders her body, but, also, places her trust, completely, in the man with whom she agrees to share her bed. This must be the case because the normal result of sexual intercourse is the fertilisation of the mother's ovum by the sperm of her partner, leading to the birth of a child. With the birth of a child, it is important that the mother may rely, completely, on the support of the biological father of the child, not only for financial assistance, but, also, for psychological support when pressures come to bear on the family unit. In the case of President Bill Clinton, he did the unmentionable for which it is difficult for a normal wife, ever to forgive him. Further, as the most-powerful man in the world, his actions brought discredit to his entire Administration, making the Government of the United States of America, the joke of many a country. Again, you will note, My Dear Grandchild, First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton did not react in a timely and reasonable manner on learning of the scandalous behavior of her husband toward Ms Monica Lewinsky. And she must have known of the love affair long before the Popular Press reported the situation (a wife can tell of such things, you know –underperformance, you understand?).

You will note, also, that if First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton had sought to divorce President Bill Clinton, either during the Monica Lewinsky Affair or after it, she would never have been able to run for the post of President of the United States against what is, now, President Barack Hussein Obama. And, having lost the bid to be the President of the United States, President Barack Hussein Obama would never have considered this lady for the post of Secretary of State. It seems to me, after weighing all the facts, that Mrs Hillary Rodham Clinton swallowed her pride, on learning about her husband's wayward ways in the White House, in order to leave the door open for her emergence as a politician in her own right of the most-powerful country of the world. She wanted to be known for much more than just the spouse of a former US President. Well, she has had her day and, now, it could be said that she has flubbed the dub, once and for all. If she has a modicum of honour left, she should resign as Secretary of State in the Administration of President Barack Hussein Obama before she embarrasses this President. Lastly, My Dear Grandchild, you may not have realised this, but Mr Hillary Rodham Clinton has taken to wearing slacks quite regularly, now. This is, in case you are unaware, an unconscious, psychological act which is indicative of a lady who is telling the world that she is willing to renounce something, that something, being an integral part of her personality in days of yore. It is as though she is rebelling. But at what:

- *Her femininity, which has been sullied and degraded by past events when she was known as First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton?*
- *Her inability to be a person of importance in her own right since she is, more often than not, overshadowed by the persona of her husband?*
- *Her innate propensity to stumble, publicly, when faced with a certain kind of problem?*
- *Knowledge of her many past failures and the reasons for them?*
- *The realisation that she is coming to the end of her useful life on the world stage?*

In short, the flower of yesteryear is fading and she does not enjoy this part of her life. The poor, poor dear!

She cannot handle the situation and has turned to being aggressive in order to try to hide her true feelings.

As for me, I have The Frog, my yoga lessons, my weekly facials, my trips to my favourite boutiques, and, if I run out of cash, well, there is, always, the plastic money, isn't there? Life for me is good and I am willing to accept that age is creeping up on us, all. If I knew US Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton, personally, I think that I could help her over this difficult time. However, by the looks of things, she is too proud and would not take kindly to an approach by the likes of me, a Chinese tai-tai of no political consequence. Stumble, bubble, mumble, then crumble, in the words of that 20th Century Doctor of Philosophy, Montague Raymonde.

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady

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