

An Open Letter to Ann Coulter

by Erik Deckers

Dear Ann, Can I call you Annie? I'd like to think we could be friends, or at least colleagues. Sure, you're a big time author with several books, and I'm just a weekly humor columnist, but we're siblings in the written word. As your friend, I think you need an intervention. You seem so angry all the time. But I know what's really going on. Your attention-seeking behaviors -- saying the September 11th widows enjoyed their husbands' deaths, saying liberals hate God -- really cry out "pay attention to ME! I need LOVE!" I can't imagine what you're going through these days. You're enjoying a wave of massive popularity, but you're also one of the most reviled people in America. How lonely you must be. Pretty enough to date any guy you want, but so frightening to any potential suitor, they avoid you like a lawyer at a medical convention. You're a literary Black Widow, and I think you hate it. You probably sit at home, weekend after lonely weekend, eating a tube of cookie dough with a spoon, watching old Benson reruns, and weeping silently into a tattered "Love Is..." pillow, wondering why none of the boys call you. But while the rest of the nation excoriates you as a skeletal shrew who will say anything to stay in the spotlight, I defend you at every opportunity. Recently, I was sitting with someone who said, "Ann Coulter is a cold, heartless (B-word) who hates anyone with a conscience." I stood up, voice quaking with rage, and defended you. "Annie is not cold! She has a core body temperature of 98.6 degrees, just like the rest of us!" I shouted. Sure, it was a little dramatic, but it had to be said. Friends stick up for each other. I don't believe you really want all liberals and Democrats to go to Hell. It's just some role you're playing on the political stage. A character in the media theatre. After all, you're in the party of Compassionate Conservatism. A woman who calls herself a Christian wouldn't really take pleasure in seeing more than half the United States spend the rest of eternity in lakes of fire, would she? I'd like to think that deep down, you really care about people, regardless of race, nationality, religion, or political affiliation. Some may scoff, but I can tell by the gleam in your sunken eyes that there is the tiniest glimmer of humanity in there. Somewhere. We just need to help you find it, if it takes months, or even years. So what happened in your life that makes you say such hurtful things? Were you teased as a child? You weren't always the blond, svelte -- some would say emaciated -- beauty we see on television, were you? Were you a dumpy brunette with stringy hair, braces, and chronic acne? Were you a band geek? President of the Mathletes and Latin Club treasurer? One of those lonely girls who clung to the wall at the high school dance, praying fervently the captain of the football team would ask you to dance, knowing deep down that he didn't even know your name? I'll bet he called you Amber by mistake once, and your heart sang for a week because he got the first letter right. I'm worried for you. You've become a caricature of what you once were, and you can't stop. You've gone from being mildly controversial to the most hated woman in America. You say you don't care, but I think you do. You probably want to stop, but don't know how. How soon before you hit rock bottom? With each book, your rhetoric becomes more poisonous. Now you're actually accusing the September 11 widows of dancing on their husbands' graves. Where will it end, Annie? A public flogging of the more moderate conservatives? Kicking orphans and puppies because they receive welfare? I'm worried you'll end up passed out in a gutter of venomous hate with Bill "Falafel King" O'Reilly and Rush "Little Blue Pills" Limbaugh. Ann Coulter, tear down this wall. Take off the mask. Put down the poison pen. Liberals are a caring and forgiving people. Just ask, and all will be forgiven. You'd be welcomed with open arms, and can find refuge in a safe and loving space. Say the word, and you can start the healing process. But eat a sandwich first, would you? You look like a friggin' skeleton. I keep expecting you to show up my house yelling "trick or treat."

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