

Kama-Kama-Kama-Kama-Kama-Chameleon!

Editor , Thomas Lark

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Cue Boy George.

"Kama-Kama-Kama-Kama-Kama-Chameleon, you got to go! You got to go-oo-ooo!"

Kamala Harris, the purely notional vice president of the United States––now out on the campaign trail but dodging questions right and left, even those from the 99 *per cent* of ridiculous reporters and media morons willing to run cover for this brainless bonehead––is now trying to turn herself plaid and then polka-dotted and perhaps after that burgundy (her favourite colour of those godawful pantsuits she slouches around in), all in an attempt to behave like some confused chameleon, trying to be all things to everyone.

Despite being mostly Indian, she pretends to be black when it suits her. Though raised in California and Canada (!!), she adopted a phoney "blaccent," as one critic called it, when she recently addressed a group of black voters. Hooo-boy.

Shades of Hillary Clinton. Who can forget Hilldawg's infamous, insulting and patronising use of a put-on *patois* when she herself addressed a black group in 2016? Looking very like the cat that ate the canary, America's answer to Lady Macbeth stood there with her purse packed with hot sauce and said:

"Ah ain't in *no ways* tired!"

Not long later, Donald Trump clobbered her to pieces. And that's just what he'll do, less than two months hence, when he crushes Kamala Devi Harris. Lacking the decency and sense of propriety to take the surname of her husband, an emasculated wimp named Doug Emhoff, the feminazi Harris curiously honours her father, a card-carrying Marxist, by still using her maiden name. Perhaps not surprisingly, dear, old Dad hates her, and he has disowned his demented daughter, decrying her as a congenital liar and unfit to be a dogcatcher, let alone president.

She will pander to anyone, if she thinks it means votes. Harris loves to emphasise her African heritage, despite the fact that she is no more than one-eighth or one-sixteenth black. Again, as her middle name suggests, she is in fact mostly Indian. In Hindooism, Devi is a goddess, simultaneously the twin sister and wife of Siva, the god of destruction. What Dickensian appropriateness.

You can even find pictures of Harris wearing the *bindi,* the red dot, symbolising some mystical "third eye," worn by many Hindoos. An Indian friend, who grew up as a Hindoo Brahmin but is now a devout Catholic, once explained the *bindi:*

"It means 'my head is empty,'" he quipped.

All this demonstrates what those unenviably close to her have long known. As her abused staffers will attest (and Harris has the highest staff turnover rate of any modern politician; they all loathe her), she has serious trouble with the truth. Indeed, Harris hasn't been on speaking terms with truth and reality for decades.

Of late, if not exactly tacking right (a common Democrat ploy for long years, always intended as a way to pander for votes), *Devil* Harris has at least attempted to steal some of Trump's ideas. One is the proposed removal of the tax on tips so vital to waiters, waitresses and others who rely on tips.