Al Gore Credits Emotion Chip with Resurgence in Popularity

Al Gore: Even in 2000, when I was robbed of the presidency by a gaggle of robed octogenarians, I was quite popular. I had just invented the internet, which is still the most awesome invention of all time. I had also invented the George Foreman grill, but since George and I are such good friends, I let that one slide. And I was evidently popular enough to win the popular vote, which means millions of people actually checked my box on purpose! So what was my problem back then? In this case, I have to agree with many of my former critics, who lambasted me with a plethora of mean spirited, but in hindsight accurate, epithets: robotic, stiff, boring, off-putting, and having-the-personality of a dead zombie who was never really all that personable when alive. To the Al Gore I was back then, jokes were like Sanskrit (which I now speak perfectly, thank you), and a smile from me was about as likely as a gunless Republican (but I don’t hate). So who and what can I thank for my newfound award-winning personality and comedic timing? None other than the brave genius kids of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a little chip now lodged firmly into my frontal lobe.

This chip — the 10.2 GHz Duo-Gore Hyper-Personalitron — is amazing. Who would have thought that a dime sized silicon wafer nesting in one’s left superior frontal gyrus could turn a killjoy politician into a fatter, whiter version of Chris Rock (The weight gain, I admit, is one of the few negative side effects of the technology, but if elected, I promise to reduce my fast food print). I’ve now hosted SNL at least ten times, I killed at the Oscars with Leo Dicaprio, and I was able to draw upon heretofore untapped reserves of vulnerability and heartfelt humanity as I narrated the shit out of the personal dramatization bits in “The Inconvenient Truth”. It’s even helped Tipper and I deal with some of our ... problems.

I truly owe a great deal of credit to the technology that has been instrumental in my turnaround from dull son of a tobacco farming senator to high rolling Hollywood insider, Nobel Peace prize nominee, and second sexiest man alive next to myself. How, might you ask, did I present the same global warming lecture over ten thousand times, perfectly replicating every slide and joke to sub quantum precision? With my chip’s new 100 Terabyte hard drive, my previously unreliable memory is now approaching elephantine proportions. The new Al Gore is all about High Fidelity. Some might object that such reliable repetition is just too good, like Commander Data and the violin, but these people are just punkass medieval technology haters. I also admit, proudly, that the MIT Media Lab didn’t stop with the chip. I’ve got GPS, RFID, Bluetooth, Blu-Ray, and some state of the art gizmos that are so shit hot they don’t even have acronyms or logos yet. I’ve even got a USB port in an undisclosed location where not even Dick Cheney would dare to tread, unless there was money.

The greatest thing is, I haven’t even formally entered the race, and I’ve got Barak and Hillary shitting toasters. One of my problems in 2000 was my commitment to taking the high road. But I sure as hell won’t make that mistake twice. This time, I intend to use my augmented razor sharp wit to sling enough mud to build a replica of my own face on Mount Rushmore. I’ll deal with the Republi-cants after the primaries. First I have to start trash talking my would-be Democrap opponents. But it’s not even like I need to verbally bitch slap Ms. Clinton and Mr. Obama. All I really need to do is just wait until they kill each other. I believe they were within minutes of speaking at the same Alabama church on a recent campaign stop, and believe me, I’d have paid good money to see them go cage match.
Even so, Hillary is clearly a fraud. She about as much of a New Yorker as Arnold Schwarzenegger is a Californian. Ghost renting an apartment just to get legal residency isn’t exactly what I’d call senatorial. Yes, she recently did break some fund raising records, but all that tells you is that she’s about as corrupt as an Argentinian treasury minister. While America may be ready to let the first “lady” into the White House, we clearly aren’t ready for a Wellesley attending, cast iron les-biyatch with a haircut that screams rug muncher, is all I’m saying. Also she’s just a mean lady. I never had the courage to say so when I was Bill’s bitch, but that was before I became the Cyb-Gorg uber man I am today.

And Obama. It’s not even the fact that he’s one typo away from being America’s terrorist nemesis. It’s not even the fact that he’s more politically inexperienced than a twelve year old boy in the girl’s locker room. It’s not even the fact that he’s about as African American as I am, which is half – the American part. The inconvenient truth, which you can see for yourself every time he coughs during his inspirational speeches, is that the man keeps on sneaking smokes behind America’s back. I know he says he quit, but I also know the smell of tobacco when I sense it with my newly enhanced single molecule detecto-nose. I grew up on the stuff, until my family stopped growing it when scientists finally told my daddy it caused cancer (or at least within twenty years of that). The Audacity of Hope my ass. More like the audacity of dope. While getting a bunch of college kids to listen to your audio book on their iPod is no small achievement, it can’t hold a candle to 50 trillion viewers I got for my film, which won an Oscar, by the way. Bitch.

John Edwards? Isn’t he that guy who talks to the dead on TV? He better think about crossing over when I come to town, or else he and his $400 haircut are going to end up in court. Bill Richardson? Being a Hispanic guy who once went toe to toe with Saddam Hussein doesn’t cut it anymore. Look what happened to Donald Rumsfeld. And Christopher Dodd? John Stewart only let you on the program out of pity, and also cause he thought it’d be funny to sit next to a guy with hair so white it looks like Hiroshima and Nagasaki went to prom. In fact, I laughed several times that episode, a feat that would have been impossible seventy eight years ago before I had that modern metal miracle installed in my hip-hop-o-campus. And speaking of hip hop, look for my new CD, “Al B.G. in the Ho-Zone” featuring Snoop Dogg where I fight global warming not with my crisp documentary filmmaking, but with my amazing verbal acuity (that’s white speak for “dope rhymes”).

I thought of bringing on my homey D. O. double G to clean hzouse with a Gore-Doggy Dogg ticket in ’08, but after some personal reflection, I realized that the best running mate was staring me in the robotically enhanced face all along. As such, I hereby announce myself as my running mate in 2008. I plan to be the first hybrid president / vice president. Truth is, I already have the requisite VP and environmental championing experience. And don’t believe what that baby murdering faggot Sean Hannity says about my supposed hypocrisy for allegedly flying around in jets. I now travel exclusively in solar powered hovercraft mode, which I can engage at will. By never touching the ground, my ecological footprint is less than zero. My emotion chip was also made with zero CO₂ emissions, by the way.

Its had such spectacular results that I even hear John Kerry is thinking of installing one. J. Ker, sorry I stole your enviro-thunder with my kickass documentary. But you’ve got to admit your book is a bit late. And since when did you care about the environment? I didn’t see you planting any trees while you were shooting kids in the forests of Vietnam. You probably should have focused more on something from your own era, like, say, the dangers of the bubonic plague.

So I guess I also have to shitcan the Republican nominees, all of whom are about as scary as a Disney special. Mr. Giuliani. After three failed marriages, I don’t think I need to worry about the cross dressing pro-choice Republican who’s named after a reindeer. Yeah, I know he was mayor of New York on 9/11, but if I hadn’t been lawyered out of the presidency by a bunch of power hungry partisan cheaters, all Rudy Giuliani would have been was the Mayor of New York in September of six years ago. McCain? Unelecticable if you ask me. Prove to me that she’s really your adopted Bangladeshi daughter and not some jungle fever love child and maybe we’ll talk. Mitt Romney hunts rats with a blowgun. Big game my ass. And what is it with Mormons and trampolines anyway? I just don’t get it.

In summary, I’m a new man, thanks to my kickass cyborg implants designed by American’s top nerds. Although I’ve been coy about it in the past few months, I am officially running the fuck for office — with myself — and if you don’t vote for me and me, you’re basically borderline retarded. I am so ready to be your rightfully elected president again, for the second time, again. No need to wait to put Florida in the Gore column in 2008, and if you say recount, I’ll tear you a hanging chad myself. Comedians everywhere, scour the footage, find some quotes to take out of context, and get ready to make fun of your new president, Albert Gore Jr. the Third, 2.0.