

The Country of Cory: A Proposal

by Cory Bickmore

May 26, 2007

I want a country. Nothing large, like Canada or Mars, merely a few hundred square miles of prime real estate to call my own, preferably with large cherry licorice mines. Not that I dislike my native America – I love it indeed. It is, after all, the land of the free and the home of the Atlanta Braves. But something about being the Supreme Sovereign Commander-in-Chief In Charge of Everybody appeals to me in a profound way. Bring on my personal realm.

I can see it now. The country of Cory would contain everything a body needs: sun-soaked beaches, mountains brimming with aspen and pine, and my own debit card linked to Bill Gates' checking account. Gasoline would cost a nickel per tubful, as would nickels. Vacations would be four days to six months long, depending on how nice you are to me. Every inhabitant would be left-handed, allowing essential leftie products to find their way to market, like smudge-proof #2 pencils and Nerf Boomerangs that actually fly around the park for us the way they did for the right-handed kids in the old television commercials. Yes, I had a sad childhood.

As a fully funded independent nation (thanks again, Mr. Gates), no one would have to pay me taxes, ever. The government's only other source of income would come from the National Talk to Your Magnificent Leader Cory Hotline. It would cost only \$3.99 per minute with a \$10 connection fee. I predict big bucks coming my, er, our way.

Just think of all the perks I'd score from being a respected world leader. For example, I would receive ambassadors from the 140 or so countries around the world. They could all live at the Holiday

Inn on the edge of town. We'd have pool parties and play video games in the hotel arcade. When other presidents make official visits, the ambassadors and I could toilet paper their limos by night and hide beef bullion cubes in their showerheads. I might even assign their Secret Service details to wear pink suits. I can only hope for similar respect when I travel abroad.

As blissful as my own country sounds, it still requires structure. All nations need laws to maintain order and the public safety, and the country of Cory is no exception. Our law would reflect the values of the community, meaning me. With this in mind, it would be illegal in my country to own, sell, or consume cottage cheese in any form. Pants would henceforth be referred to as 'trousers'. For every email or text message a person sends or receives, that person must spend 15 minutes playing outside (get a life, people!). All personal injury lawyers would be forced to resign their practice and work in the licorice mine. And finally, the names "Hillary", "Clinton", or any combination of the two would be banned on penalty of having your nickels taken away permanently.

George Orwell teaches that nations need a powerful enemy to distract the populace and keep them loyal. I choose us. Most people are their own worst enemy, so the government would merely make it official. Citizens of Cory would be so preoccupied with what the citizens of Cory were up to they wouldn't notice how wonderful their lives actually are. The Supreme Sovereign Commander-in-Chief In Charge of Everybody would issue periodic statements on the government's latest efforts to defend us against us, and raise an army to match our growing army man for man – just in case the worst

happens. My generals tell me that, if provoked, we could beat ourselves in a fair fight.

You see, I have thought of everything. Even my national symbols are covered, to promote deeper patriotism. Our national flag will fly proud in the breeze with my face emblazoned on a field of blue. The national anthem will be *Numa Numa* by O-Zone. The national sport? Kissing basketball. I even have written my own pledge of allegiance. Tell me what you think:

I pledge allegiance to Cory, the Supreme Sovereign Commander-in-Chief In Charge of Everybody, and to the handsome face that he certainly has. One leader, with a sculpted bod, indestructible, with licorice and nickels for all.

Absolutely! All your needs have been anticipated in the country of Cory. But what happens when Cory the man is no more? How would my devoted countrymen select a new leader at that sad day? Forget free elections or monarchical succession or military *coups d'etat*. No need. Simply freeze my body at the moment of death in a cryogenic chamber and allow the country to sail on with the flawless system established by yours truly. I have only one request: thaw me when science has overcome death or the Utah Jazz wins the NBA championship, whichever comes first.

As you can see, I deserve a country. These principles of government merit the swiftest of implementations. So if you come across a chunk of land with beaches, mountains, and a licorice mine, please let me know. You'll get an extra tubful of nickels for your trouble.