

# About That Sloped Roof...

By Ehud Neor

Remember the good old days when all we had to work with was the blurry Zapruder film and sixteen tons of hearsay? Now that was a conspiracy paradise. Oswald fresh back from the USSR, Jack Ruby and the local Mafia, Castro, the Bay of Pigs, the Grassy Knoll, the Book Depository—the JFK assassination had it all. The sky was the limit on conjecture back then. The wilder the better. And what's the story with "Depository?" Do they mean warehouse? Depository sounds like suppository which suggests suppose-a-story and that is just what a conspiracy does. It insinuates itself into your mind with a little jolt (say, for example, a President's brain matter splattering the car that is conveying him), then slowly dissolves into a relaxing tableau of exciting but soothing tall tales. Like having a children's book read to you before bedtime. A different book every night. Enough to keep you busy until the final Good Night. What if the whole thing was a false flag operation. (I cannot help myself). A big head fake. Oswald up there on the seventh floor with school textbooks. A newly minted product of communist indoctrination, I say that he was up to something with those damn textbooks. By blowing the president's head off, he ensured that no one would check the textbooks for changes. He could easily have slipped communist propaganda into those textbooks. And there you have it: the origin of Woke. Children taught from those textbooks are now department heads in prestigious universities.

Where was I? Oh, right: The Sloped Roof. Now that's what I call a real suppose-a-story. They almost got away with it. You could hear that old projector starting up, shuck shuck shuck shuck shuck, as we looked at the white screen, the tabula rasa, waiting to be fed our story. But then hundreds of hand-size screens pushed forward, all with high quality recordings of the attempt on Trump's life. You would think that the

segment showing the shooter sharing a smoke with the Keystone Cops...err...Secret Service snipers and pretending to shoot at the crowd with his assault rifle would have raised a red flag or at least put a damper on conjecture. But no, that “proof” was easily deflected by explaining that those were not Secret Service snipers, but Keystone Cops...err...local Cops for Hire, who knew the assailant personally and must have assumed that he was squirrel hunting. Under certain wind conditions I can imagine Trump’s head looking like a squirrel tail. But we will never know for sure, because the shooter was shot. Like I said: suppose-a-story.



Photograph from the [Daily Mail](#)