Mr. Quayle, let's begin with three simple questions. How smart are you? Do you drink? And what are your sleeping habits?

IQ! Ale! Lay nude!

You can answer them one at a time. How about elaborating on your intellectual capacity? People say you're a man of vision, optically speaking, yet believe your internal vision is somewhat lacking.

An eye? A dull IQ?

That's right. In fact, one optometrist claimed that you read an eye chart perfectly except for some letters, which you didn't recognize as being part of the English alphabet. Can you recite the alphabet?

Yea: A, D, L, U, E, N, I, L, Q.

I don't mean to challenge you on your deep-seated beliefs, but the English alphabet does have several other letters, and none of them are recited twice. Most politicians would agree——and Quayle lie?

Oh, no, sir. It has to do with early childhood education. I've heard that you were raised by an illiterate nanny from dawn to dusk, and that you practically worshipped her. Do you remember her?

Lila, Day Queen.

Sounds like Lila made a lasting impression on you. According to informed sources, she also let you ride on her like a horse.

Equine all day.

You and your friends built a tree-house for her to live in, but it crashed to the ground when she climbed inside, bringing her life to a tragic end. What was the problem with the tree-house?

Quayle nailed.

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize. Maybe we should move on to a different subject, like the problem of alcohol and drug abuse among politicians. I mean... Equally! I quelled.


All right, if you want to talk about your experience as a student slept through the prone tutorial.

Need quail?

A very good monetary site. What do you think I know? You know. You subjects of my master.

Deal? Eh?

Well, you're certainly master of a typewriter, I am.

A quill and——

So it's back to schooling you believe to leadership. Like your fathers. Rich in every way, sir. As I told you, Mr. Quayle, I led any regiment after you. I dealt any—

It sounds like you've certainly mastered in twenty-six letters. But you one last up?

Lead Quayle.
politicians. How do you feel about it?

Equally! I end a--

A what? What do you end?

I quelled a "nay".

All right, if you don't wish to go into details, let's talk a little about your sleeping habits. As everyone knows, our previous president slept through several international crises. Will you follow the prone tradition?

Need quail lay?

A very good point! With that in mind, let's discuss the global monetary situation facing the Bush-Quayle team. In particular, do you think Japanese currency is stronger than British currency?

A yen? 'Ell, a quid!

I didn't know you could speak Liverpudlian. So you're bilingual, like Dukakis and Bentsen?

Yes, and I quell!

I know. You mentioned that earlier. But since we're on the related subjects of money and quelling, do you think that former President Reagan masterminded the Iran-Contra arms deal?

Deal? El yanqui?

Well, you're full of surprises; I had no idea you're trilingual! Fluent in Spanish as well as Liverpudlian and English. You've certainly mastered the oral tradition! What do you use for writing? A typewriter, a computer, or a laser pen?

A quill and eye.

So it's back to basics. I'm sure the American public will be relieved to learn that you're a traditionalist when it comes to penmanship. Imagine—you use a quill pen just like our nation's forefathers. Richard Nixon preferred an Etch-A-Sketch board, while Ronald Reagan was especially fond of pencils with broken points. But you, Mr. Quayle, are a true patriot with leadership qualities.

I led any equal.

It sounds like you've set some pretty high goals for yourself, especially in today's world, where most English-speaking people use 26 letters. Before we conclude our discussion, sir, I'd like to ask you one last question. Do you want to be president when you grow up?

Lead Quayle in!