Kamala Harris Is A Fraud, Failure And Liar. Other Than That, She's An Inspiration.

Matt Walsh - DailyWire.com



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Ever since the announcement that Kamala Harris would be Joe Biden's Vice Presidential nominee, there has been a non-stop flow of worshipful articles and essays from the bootlicking media, trying to convince us to see this vapid, unimpressive bureaucrat as a civil rights pioneer and transcendent political leader.

Amid the initial tidal wave of fawning Kamala Harris hagiographies, a particularly sickening, and yet somehow still hilarious, example was lost in the shuffle. Originally published back on October 6, a piece in Elle titled "Kamala Harris Is Our New Vice President-Elect" has finally gone viral this week.

Author Ashley C. Ford, reporting with all the critical objectivity of a 16-year-old girl profiling Harry Styles for her high school newspaper, tells us in the subheading that Harris has been fighting for justice and freedom "since birth." I have four children

myself and in my experience infants just lounge around all day, defecate in their pants and cry when they're hungry. I have never seen an infant demonstrate any real interest in justice or freedom. But then again, none of my children are like Kamala Harris (or so I pray).

According to the piece, here is what Kamala's childhood freedom fighting supposedly looked like:

Senator Kamala Harris started her life's work young. She laughs from her gut, the way you would with family, as she remembers being wheeled through an Oakland, California, civil rights march in a stroller with no straps with her parents and her uncle. At some point, she fell from the stroller (few safety regulations existed for children's equipment back then), and the adults, caught up in the rapture of protest, just kept on marching. By the time they noticed little Kamala was gone and doubled back, she was understandably upset. "My mother tells the story about how I'm fussing," Harris says, "and she's like, 'Baby, what do you want? What do you need?' And I just looked at her and I said, 'Fweedom.'"

I'm told that in the rough draft version of this story, the young Kamala smeared blue finger paint across half of her face and shouted, "They may take our lives, but they will never take our fweedom!" And then galloped into battle on her trusty steed.

I am joking, of course. Kamala Harris would never plagiarize a Mel Gibson movie. She will, however, plagiarize Martin Luther King Jr. As some observant folks on the internet pointed out, this anecdote from Harris sounds strikingly similar to one offered by MLK to Playboy in 1965:

I never will forget a moment in Birmingham when a white policeman accosted a little Negro girl, seven or eight years old, who was walking in a demonstration with her mother. "What do you want?" the policeman asked her gruffly, and the little girl looked him straight in the eye and answered, "Fee-dom." She couldn't even pronounce it, but she knew. It was beautiful! Many times when I have been in sorely trying situations, the memory of that little one has come into my mind, and has buoyed me.

If we can fairly discount the possibility that the little girl in King's story was Kamala Harris herself, it would seem that Harris is cobbling together a fake childhood. In that same genre, over the holidays Harris released a video in commemoration of Kwanzaa, claiming that she has been celebrating the holiday her whole life, and recalling a time when "multiple generations," including "the elders," would gather together to engage in sacred Kwanzaaic rituals.

The only problem is that Kwanzaa was invented in 1966 (by a <u>violent felon</u> who would go on to serve several years in prison for kidnapping and torturing a woman).

While it's perhaps easy to understand why Harris would relate to something as meaningless and fake as Kwanzaa, it's still hard to believe that her whole family,

including "the elders," strictly observed a holiday that didn't exist when she was born.

Incidentally, Harris claims to also have a deep and personal attachment to Christmas and Hanukkah. What a fortunate coincidence that a politician should happen to connect so deeply to every holiday and cultural tradition on the calendar. I just can't wait until May 5, when we will no doubt find out about her previously unknown Mexican family heritage.

Going back to the Elle profile for a moment, we should note that the "fweedom" story isn't the only apparent fabrication. Creating a sense of symmetry, the piece ends with an anecdote that reads as fraudulent and ludicrous as the one it began with:

She relays a story about the night she became the second Black woman in history elected to the U.S. Senate.

"In every one of my elections, part of our routine is we do a small friends-and-family dinner before we go to the campaign night celebration." She explains that it was looking like the election was going to be called for Donald Trump.

"My godson, Alexander, who was seven years old at the time, came up to me, crying, and said, 'Auntie Kamala, they're not going to let that man win, are they?' And you know the babies in your life...." She closes her eyes and swallows.

"I held him. I mean, it still brings me pain to remember how he felt, and what it made me feel, which is that I needed to protect this child. I had one way, in my mind, I thought the evening would go. And then there was the way it turned out. And so by the time I took the stage, I had ripped up my notes, and all I had was Alexander in my heart. And I took the podium and I said, 'I intend to fight. I intend to fight.'"

If there's anything we can know about Senator Kamala Harris, it's that. When it comes to freedom, she will fight.

While we might assume that the bit about the 7-year-old godson distraught over Trump's election never happened, the most egregious fabrication is the final line, and the whole premise of the article: that Kamala Harris is a fighter for freedom. Where is the evidence of that?

Harris's actual biography is far less inspiring than the mythology that is currently being constructed around her. In reality, she began her political career through a sexual relationship with an influential, and still married, politician in California named Willie Brown.

Brown, who was dogged by FBI investigations, appointed Harris to her first state commissions. From there she would become a District Attorney and then Attorney General of the state.

But her record as Attorney General was criticized by many on the Left, and by the same media that now hails her as the second coming of the civil rights pioneer she plagiarized.

Indeed, it's one of the reasons why she garnered almost no support during her run for president and flunked out of the race before voting began.

Despite what we are now being instructed to believe, Kamala Harris is a pathological liar, a failed presidential candidate, and a mediocre political talent, who slept her way to power, achieved little of note as a California bureaucrat or a United States senator, and was eventually given the VP nod by a man who declared ahead of time that he was making the choice based on gender.

She is inauthentic to an absurd extent. She has achieved little of note in the positions she has held. And she will now serve under the man who she previously accused of racism. That is the true story of Kamala Harris. Personally, I will look elsewhere for inspiration.

The views expressed in this opinion piece are the author's own and do not necessarily represent those of The Daily Wire.