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| **Michelle Obama – Democrat Rally 2016** | Opinion/feeling, technique, how/why |
| Now sadly, for some reason, Hilary's opponent comes from a different place. I don't know, perhaps living life up high in a tower, in a world of executive clubs, measuring success by wins and losses, and the number of zeros in your bank account...perhaps you just develop a different set of values.  Maybe with so little exposure to people who are different to you, it becomes easy to take advantage of those who are down on their luck, folks who play by the rules and pay what they owe- because to you those folks just aren't very smart and seem somehow less deserving.  And if you think this way, it is easy to see this country as "us" versus "them". And it's easy to dehumanise "them", to treat "them" with contempt, because you don't know them. You can't even see them.  Maybe that's why this candidate thinks certain immigrants are criminals, instead of folks who work their fingers to the bone to give their kids a better life, to help build the greatest nation on Earth. Because, he doesn't really know "them".  Maybe that's why he thinks we should be afraid of our Muslim brothers and sisters because he really has no idea about who they really are. He doesn't understand that they are "us". They are our friends, our family our colleagues our neighbours. People of faith just like so many folks around the country.  Maybe that's why he sees veterans enduring the wounds of war as weak. Why he insults Gold Star families, folks who have spent months praying not to get the knock at the door. Heroes who love this country so much that they are willing to die for it. He just can't see "them".  Maybe it's easy for him to mock people with disabilities because he is unable to see their strength and their contributions. Maybe that's why he demeans and dehumanises women as if we're objects meant solely for pleasure and entertainment, rather than human beings worthy of love and respect.  He just doesn't understand us.  Maybe that's why he calls communities like the one I was raised "hell" because he can't see all the decent, hardworking folks like my parents who took those extra shifts, paid their bills on time; folks who are raising amazing families, sending their kids to college.  Maybe he doesn't believe folks like us really exist. Because he does not see our shared humanity. And it is becoming increasingly clear to him that most of America is "them".  But here's the thing. Look at us. Just look at us. We all know better. We all know that an attack on any one of us, is an attack on all of us. And we know that is not who we are.  Who are we? We are a nation founded as a rebuke to tyranny. A nation of revolutionaries who refused sovereign reign from afar. Hear me- we are a nation that says "give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free."  We are a nation built on our differences guided by the belief that we are all created equal. We are a nation that fully realises that we are always stronger together. All of us. That is what we are. |  |

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| **Katie Hopkins – Daily Mail 2016** | Opinion/feeling, technique, how/why |
| The first Presidential debate was one of the most disappointing nights of my life. And that's from someone who has slept with a vegan.  Despite my desperate excitement at the thought of Trump humiliating Clinton in front of 100 million Americans and more around the world, he failed to deliver.  And I class myself as a loyal Trump fan. I love his bombastic rhetoric. I applaud his straight talk in the face of terror and his feel for the frustrations of ordinary Americans.  I was expecting Full Fat Donald. But I got Donald Lite.  Every time Clinton left her chins exposed, Donald failed to land a punch. And at each opportunity for him to switch it up and take the offensive, he seemed to miss the obvious cue. He never made it on to the front foot. Instead we had to listen to the minutiae of his tax returns and business affairs, another defense of his support for minorities.  Bouncing around in the red corner, Clinton regurgitated endless scripted passages by rote, like a boggled-eyed puppet in a pant suit. I swear if she opened her mouth wide enough you'd see one of Hillary's puppet-masters' fingers forcing her face into smile.  I was hoping she'd suffer a 9/11 memorial-type malfunction and wobble off stage to face-plant on Lester's miniature manhood. But no. More disappointment.  There is nothing more frustrating than watching a man armed with so much ammunition fail to take a shot back at a sniping woman made bitter by years of failure and rejection.  Wife. Rejected.  Presidential candidate. Rejected  Likeable, normal human being. Rejected.  There is nothing more frustrating than watching a man armed with so much ammunition fail to take a shot back at a sniping women made bitter by years of failure and rejection.  Accusing him of jeopardizing cyber-security, when half her top-secret emails were virtually sitting on iCloud with the natty password 1234. Accusing him of starting up his business with his father's money, when she is funded by the deep pockets and dirty cash of Wall Street and Saudi Arabia. Accusing him of supporting the war in Iraq, when she left Americans to their fate in Benghazi.  Why didn't he just fire back with both barrels? Don't tell us about your ten-year-old son who is good with computers, Donald.  Tell her she is so desperate on every level that she clung to the leg of her adulterous husband, scuffing her knees, side by side with Monica Lewinsky in action.  Remind the audience about her failure in government. About her failure to be honest. About her loyalty to the establishment. About her inability to connect with real people. About her unquestioning support for immigration.  Thankfully, Donald did not drop his hands when she jabbed at his sides.  'You failed to pay more tax than required.' That's smart.  'You drove people out of the homes.' That's business.  'You called Miss Universe fat.' She was. |  |