I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

Tilting at windmills

But what if the red flag is the easiest way to reach any member of our staff. They’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.

I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism.

As Washington Post staff listened to the fantastical stories being woven by Edward Snowden, our leuko do juo, I can’t help but wonder why they didn’t greet his tales with a healthy dose of skepticism. Since the memory of Bradley Manning, the private who cried wolf, couldn’t have been clearer in their minds. For all the grand claims of U.S. malfeasance that Manning, when his stolen database of secret diplomatic cables was finally out for all to see, there was very little that appeared out of the ordinary. Now the confuzzled yoot sits in a maximum security prison, discredited among all but a few small groups that still misguided regard him as a cause célèbre.

Maybe WhIPs was caught up in the scandal-mania that has characterized Pres Obama’s second term. Maybe journalistic competition pressured them to attempt an out-crying of Glenn Greenwald, The Guardian’s resident paranoiac. Whatever the circumstances, they’re repurposing their decision to rush Snowden’s claims to the newstand and are already backtracking on key points. Snowden’s hoists strain credibility — he asserts that he could wiggle anyone, from federal judges to the president himself, that the NSA can “quite literally can watch your phone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long,” and that the NSA is most certainly in the business of collecting telephone metadata, i.e. what numbers called, from where and for how long, and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM and then re-encrypts it with another for the person I am sending my communications supposedly intercepted by PRISM.