Being Donald Trump: Disgrace the Nation!

by Worffan101

Summary

The author, a biology student in his senior year, wakes up in the body of Donald Trump, a week before Inauguration Day.

Hilarity Ensues.

Warning: Contains strongly-held political beliefs and copious cursing. If strongly pro-LGBT positions, opposition to war crimes, socialist economic positions, or seething hatred of Nazi scum like the "alt-right" offend you, please don't read. :(
Welcome to "Being Donald Trump", a story I've been writing primarily on Alternatehistory.com for my own catharsis.

This story has three main themes: Making the TV show "Supergirl" as LGBT-friendly as possible, spreading socialist policy and thought, and giving the entire Republican Party of the USA twin middle fingers.

If you are offended by profanity, you may want to stop reading now.

If you think that "Supergirl"'s writing is fine and there's no need for more LGBT characters, you may want to stop reading now, and also, seriously, how does your gaydar not pick up Lena's love for Kara?

If you are offended by socialism, I can't do anything for you.

If you are offended by brazen and outspoken love of LGBT people, immigrants, Muslims, and Jews, then you might want to take a long walk off a short pier.

If, on the other hand, you're OK with profanity, think that "Supergirl" needs to be gayer YESTERDAY, think that socialism sounds pretty cool if you can just take the Stalin and Mao out of it and try it with democracy instead of hypocritical tyrants, and think that LGBT people, immigrants, Muslims, and Jews are victimized groups that need protection, you might like this cathartic little yarn about my mind doing whatever I damn well please in Donald Trump's body.

And if you leave a comment, I love you. :)


I turn to the microphone, feeling a little rain trickle through my hairpiece and run down the back of my neck. I'm tired already, hauling Donald Trump's gross flabby ass all over DC, even with a car and a driver it fucking sucks. I've been in this thing for only a week (well, 6 days, 23 hours, and 59 minutes) and already I want goddamn liposuction.

I take a quick look over to the DJ I insisted on hiring at the last minute. Nice guy called Raj, said he'd do literally anything for me in exchange for the million dollars and 15 ounces of marajuana I slipped him in a manila envelope two days ago. He gives me a nervous thumbs-up, and I nod to him. One step takes me to the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, and other folks here today, let's just take a few minutes before my speech for the national anthem of the greatest country in the world." There's a wave of cheers and clapping. I turn to Raj and nod sharply.

The boom boxes start the first swelling chords, and the cheering peters off into confusion. I straighten as much as this stupid flabby asshole's body can and salute crisply, moving my coat aside to show the hammer-and-sickle pin on my chest. Donald Trump's singing voice is shit but I do my best to
sing along.

"Soyuz nerushimy respublik svobodnykh
Splotila naveki velikaya Rus'!
Da zdravstvuyet sozdanny voley narodov
Yediny, moguchiy Sovetskiy Soyuz!

Slyav'sya, Otechestvo - nashe svobodnoye,
Druzhby narodov nadyozhny oplot!
Partiya Lenina - sila narodnaya
Nas k torzhestvu Kommunizma vedyot!

Skvoz' grozy siyalo nam solntse svobody,
I Lenin velikiy nam put' ozaril.
Na pravoye delo on podnyal narody,
Na trud i na podvigi nas vdohnovil!

Slyav'sya, Otechestvo - nashe svobodnoye,
Druzhby narodov nadyozhny oplot!
Partiya Lenina - sila narodnaya
Nas k torzhestvu Kommunizma vedyot!

V pobede bessmertnyh idey Kommunizma
My vidim gryadushcheye nashey strany,
I Krasnomu znameni slavnoy Otchizny
My budem vsegda bezzavetno verno!

Slyav'sya, Otechestvo - nashe svobodnoye,
Druzhby narodov nadyozhny oplot!
Partiya Lenina - sila narodnaya
As the Red Army Choir's rendition of Gosudarstvenny Gimn SSSR comes to a close, I take a breath and clap as loudly as these damn little baby hands can, as close to the microphone as possible. "Wonderful, wonderful, wasn't that just a great song? The A. V. Alexandrov Twice Red-banneered and Red-starred Academic Song and Dance Ensemble of the Soviet Army, ladies and gentlemen, remember their service to the great Soviet Motherland and be sure to light a candle in sorrow for the crash that killed many of their members late last year. Now, who's ready for my inauguration speech?"

There's a faint, halfhearted cheer, and a couple of boos. I grin. "Well, too bad, you sons of bitches, because you elected the racist sack of shit you see before you, I took the goddamn oath of office, and now you dumb, gulliblefuckers are stuck with me for four years. You had a choice between the party of evil scumbags and the party of incompetent morons, you chose the evil one, and got yourselves an evil moron—namely, Donald J. Trump. The Donald is a racist, sexist, homophobic, Nazi-loving idiot with no self control, the attention span of a hyperactive two-year-old, the morality of a sociopathic toddler, and short, stubby little baby fingers on the nuke button, so it's a damn good thing that The Donald is just a character I've been playing for decades just for this purpose. So, let's talk about how I'm gonna make America great again. First, I'm changing the national anthem, if it was good enough for the Soviet Union it's good enough for us. Second, Mike Flynn, Steve Bannon, you're fired! Especially you, Steve, you Nazi piece of shit. You do anything that I can see as illegal if I squint at it in the right light and you're fired, you hear me, Steve? I fucking hate Nazis. Anyway, we need to get to work on some important shit! I looked over my deranged ramblings about a border wall, and yeah, that shit's not happening. I can't ask a coal miner from West Virginia to starve so a bunch of racists can build a monument to my fragile ego. Also, everyone I've suggested for my cabinet, fired! Except for Mattis. Mattis is cool, he can take Defense, I know jack and shit about running a military because my Dad bribed some guys so I could get out of the draft and never had to go to Vietnam like one of you fucking plebes, but Mattis does so I want him working for me. Neil DeGrasse Tyson, I want YOU for Secretary of Education. Michael Mann, how'd you like to run the EPA? Oh, yeah, and I have a Supreme Court vacancy—well, here's how it's gonna work, Mitch, you greedy little turtle-faced motherfucker, you either confirm Merrick Garland or I nominate the most liberal gay black woman I can find just to fuck with your recalcitrant ass. Fuck you. Donald Jr., Eric, you little shits have lived on Easy Street for long enough. You're both fired, go get yourselves a real job, I'm putting my companies in a blind trust and sending down orders to stop scamming people and cheating contractors because I'm sick and tired of stealing from the American working man. Paul, Mike, I can't fire you, but I can make your evil little lives a living Hell. Mike, you want to torture gay kids in a brain-dead attempt to make them stop being gay. Eat shit, I'm gonna write and sign executive orders banning so-called "conversion therapy" every week for the rest of my Presidency if I have to. Paul, you keep trying to push your moronic Objectivist Ayn Rand-wanking kill-the-poor nonsense in Congress, well fuck you. Everything you send me had better be to the left of Karl Marx and contain a passage trumpeting the glories of American labor unions or I won't sign it. And Mitch, either you start passing sane legislation for me to sign or I'm vetoing everything you send me. Hell, I'll veto everything you send me that I don't like, just to spite you, you turtle-faced moron. And Muslim refugees? Our refugee screening process already takes fucking months, I'll accept boatloads of Syrians if it stops kids from being blown up by ISIS and Bashar al-Assad. And speaking of Assad, Mattis, I want him gone by Christmas, and ISIS too, you hear me? Kick their fucking asses."

I pause for breath. Then I remember the important part. "Oh, and Vlad? Vladimir Vladimirovitch Putin? I know you put a lot of money into hacking the election to get me elected, really nice work there, great job subverting our democracy you corrupt autocratic thieving piece of shit. Well, you got..."
me, so fuck out of Ukraine right now, or I'm dumping so many sanctions on your ass your economy will be toast, understand?"

I hear a chuckle from behind me. I stop and turn, and every eye tracks with mine to Barack Hussein Obama, who's grinning like a madman. The chuckle morphs into a laugh, and in seconds the former President of the United States is screaming with laughter and slapping his knees so fast I'm afraid he's going to have a heart attack. Michelle Obama tugs at his arm and tries to calm him down, but the ex-President keeps going, so I grab the microphone and bring it over. "Hey, someone get this shot, goddamn it, it'll look fucking awesome on my TV show and memoir movies!"

Melania's giving me a look. She's smarter than Donald Trump, so I suppose keeping up the deception would be impossible for more than a couple of days. Hope I can keep her on-side. As Obama keeps laughing like a hyena with no end in sight, I take a look around. Slimy Asshole Trump and Slimier Asshole Trump look lost. Good. Ivanka is sheet-white. The other one, Timmy or something, the other blonde girl, just looks worried, and the kid, the little one with the stupid name, is looking at me like I'm an alien. McConnel looks like he's sucking on lemons even more than usual, and Paul Ryan has his brow furrowed in confusion. Mike Pence is glaring pure hate at me. Good, fuck him.

(Unbeknownst to me, in the bowels of the Kremlin, Vladimir Putin is howling insults and orders at his advisers, outraged that such a grave miscalculation could possibly be made by the GRU and SVR, and ranting about how he wants Donald J. Trump dead yesterday, God damn it)

Obama peters off into hiccups and chuckles, and I pull the microphone back to me. "President Obama, ladies and gentlemen, glad I could amuse him. Alright, where was I? Well, you elected me to talk straight, so I'll give it to you straight. Hard policy and no bullshit, straight from the faucet of awful that is my pie-hole, whatever I feel like saying and I'll let you guys quake in fear of my Twitter fingers and my big, stupid, loud mouth. I'm keeping Obamacare, but I'll get around to working out the kinks in a year or two once the more important shit's done, so don't worry, my voters, you will keep your new health insurance. I'm shutting down Murray Energy, and fuck you, Bob Murray, you got six men killed through your shoddy safety procedures, you don't deserve to be in business, putting American lives at risk, you slimy little cretin, fucking stupid supervillain wannabe, you greedy sack of shit, go ahead and sue me, Bob, my lawyers are better than yours and I'm the fucking President, so good luck suing me, asshole.

"I'll be launching a program soon-ish to help deal with the unavoidable fact that coal is a dying industry--I'm thinking sponsoring job retraining programs in the Appalachians and build off of that. For the Rust Belt, there isn't much we can do to stop companies moving jobs overseas or switching to automation, so we'll need retraining programs for you guys and I'll try subsidizing the renewables industry so you can build solar panels or some shit like that in the mean time. I know you're hurting and I promise I'll do everything I can to help you, but I've also gotta be honest, it won't be easy. But hey! This is America, we know how to work hard. If I offered you a quick fix like every other stinking leech in this town, I'd be a liar, and I was lying my ass off for this entire campaign.

"So. Don't expect a quick fix. Do expect me to fire Steve Bannon's Nazi ass and Mike Flynn's treacherous Kremlin-fanboy ass and to hunt the neo-Nazi shits who showed up to my rallies like fucking rats. And...shit...uh, look, guys, I'm really not President material, I got elected because I pandered to the lowest common denominator and a good third of the country is literally dying of boredom and hopelessness and will vote for whoever promises them so much as a fucking drink. I started this whole ride for the sole purpose of kicking the American people while they were down, looting the country, and running for the hills. I figured if I promised coal miners and farmers a bunch of stupid shit they'd vote for me and I could steal from them like I've stolen from people for my whole career, but fuck it, I actually give a shit now, so my old plans can suck it. My kids, too, like I
said Donald and Eric can get themselves a real fucking job because they're fired and won't get another penny from me. Hell, people, I have no idea what the goddamn Christ I'm doing here, this country's a fucking train wreck and a bunch of lying thieves control the legislature so I can do jack and shit really. Don't worry, though, I've got a plan. It won't be pretty but I've got a plan. America's gonna be a little beat up when we're done, but hey, Chevies aren't pretty and they're made in America, you take a Silverado out and ram it into a Yugo it's still a fucking Silverado and the Yugo's so much twisted metal. So we'll make it. I hope."

I scratch Trump's hairpiece, trying to remember what else I was going to say. "Shit, I forget the rest of my speech, but trust me, it's gonna be great. I'm gonna have lots of fun. Hey, Melania, go ahead to the party and shit without me, do what you gotta do, I've gotta actually work. And someone get me a goddamn personal trainer! My arteries probably look like a goddamn cannoli packed with lard, I shouldn't have bribed that doc to pass me in that physical. Fuck off, America."

I drop the mic, sending a loud screech through the speakers, and head for the limo, waving my arms and yelling insults at Paul Ryan and Mike Pence as I go.

This might actually be fun. I probably wouldn't think that if I hadn't already had a psychotic break, but fuck it, I might as well be insane.

Now to see if I can pay regular!me's way through senior year before I get assassinated...

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January 21, 2017

"...experts are still stumped by President Trump's bizarre and profanity-laden inauguration speech yesterday, with some such as Fox News host Bill O'Reilly claiming that the President is mentally ill..."

"That's because I'm LITERALLY GOING INSANE IN THIS STUPID BODY, you dumb asshole!" I yell at the TV. "Fucking CNN, running the same bullshit for 16 straight hours..." I fire off another tweet in my online war with the Russians, calling Putin a cowardly pussy and accusing him of being gay. That ought to really rile him up. The Secret Service guys by the door look a little worried. Scratch that, they look terrified.

Today I had Steve Bannon and Donald Trump's creepy kids literally thrown out of the White House. Good times. Need to disinherit the little brats later today. Melania was pretty easy to buy off, it turned out, I sent her to Milan for some shopping trip and told her to pick up whoever she damn well pleased over there because she deserves a good time after years of this glutinous oaf. I'm ignoring email and my phone since my inbox and calls are exploding, of course, but I have Microsoft Word open on one screen while I download the Mass Effect trilogy on the other, so technically I'm working, right now on a rural development bill that I'm going to send to both sides of the isle in Congress as an idea.

There isn't any rioting, probably because my speech was so balls-to-the-wall crazy that nobody actually has a damn clue what I'm doing yet (myself included), but I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. "Hey, Vinnie."

"Wade, sir," the Secret Service agent with the buzz-cut says.

"Yeah, whatever, Vinnie, go out and get me an Xbox and the remastered Halo trilogy. Then buy yourself a treat, here, have ten grand." I write him a quick check. "What was your name again?"
He gives me his name, and I write it down. "Great. Go wild, Vinnie. Take, uh, Fred here, too."


More Secret Service guys are called to protect me while the previous two wait for them to arrive so they can run my errands. In the meantime, I imply that Kim Jong-Un has no penis, again insult Vladimir Putin's masculinity, confess to Donald Trump's epic mounds of sexual harassment cases, and call Mike Pence worse than Hitler on Twitter. It's the most pathetic, juvenile, and insane couple of minutes of my life, and the scary part is that it's kind of in character as Trump. Well, except for the insulting Putin bit.

Congress is still getting their act together, I figure I have a week before they find their collective asses. I need to keep them on their toes.

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January 22nd, 2017

The blonde in the Skype call still doesn't trust me an inch. But Berlanti, at least, thinks I'm legit.

"I actually kind of like this idea about Supergirl travelling in time and punching out Hitler, it'd make a great crossover with Legends of Tomorrow and corporate wants us to really push that. Though I've got no idea why you hate Mon-El so much or how you know how the season's going to end..."

"Like I said, I'm a college student from months in the future trapped in Donald Trump's body," I tell the producer matter-of-factly as my phone beeps an alert. "Hey, hang on a sec, tweeting." I tap out my hourly homoerotic flirtation with Vladimir Putin, call Marine Le Pen a crazy racist, and get back to the Skype call. "Look, Greg, if you're going to ask me how I know this shit you're only going to get crazy answers. I hate Manhell because he's taking time away from Kara, I watch Supergirl for fucking Supergirl, not for some piece of bland white toast soaked in cheap beer. Gimme more of Kara hanging out with Alex, Kara kicking racists' asses, and just more Kara in general next season, alright? And I'll get you the money, plus a bonus if I like the season."

"Why are you doing this?" Benoist asks. She's got her arms crossed and still looks pretty pissed.

"Because I'm a different person from the one who got elected back in November," I answer honestly. "Trust me, I hate this situation more than anyone. I know jack and shit about being President, and I really don't think a 20-year-old with impulse control issues should have nuclear launch codes, but I gotta work with what I've been given. Anyway, I think that an Alex and Maggie wedding episode will appease the shippers, plus give Kara a reason to kick some ass when the bad guys inevitably disrupt it. Just be sure to give Kara a good love interest--hell, have her shack up with Lena Luthor if you have to, Benoist and McGrath already have great chemistry. Or try her just going it single, I don't care, just anyone but Manhell."

"You still haven't given me a straight answer."

I groan and pinch my nose with these stupid fat baby fingers. It's a supremely un-Trumpian action, enough so that Benoist actually blinks in confusion. "There is no straight answer that isn't insane. Point is, I have money, I'll help pay for your show if you let me consult on the writing, on the hush-hush. I'm rich, I'm the President, and fucking Hell I'm going to enjoy this shit as much as I can until they physically haul my ass out of the White House and make me go to prison. I already bribed a DJ to play the Soviet anthem at my inauguration, and..." My alarm goes off again. "Hang on. Oh, and you should probably check Twitter."
Benoist pulls out her phone. I tap out about 140 or less quick characters and hit enter.

"I don't see what...uh...what the hell?" I'm pretty proud of The fact that I was able to harass women for so long without consequences is a travesty of justice! Sad! #MAGA, if I do say so myself. "Are you trying to...apologize for being a sexist creep?"

"In a way. More like apologizing for the odious racist asshole known as Donald Trump. It's complicated. Look, I've gotta go soon, setting up a meeting with this Jim Mattis guy, he seems pretty chill, then I have to convince Michael Mann to head the EPA, shouldn't be too hard. Then I'm appointing Ted Cruz to be Postmaster General just long enough to fire his ass and get him out of Congress. Just trust me when I say I love your show, it's my happy place in this fucked-up world, I want the best for it and for you and all your co-workers. Hang on, the Kremlin just posted something, I've gotta flirt with Vlad again, he hates that shit, homophobic ass." I hang up and fire off three quick tweets, then check the time. "Hey, Vinnie..."

"Wade, Mr. President."

"Yeah, Vinnie, look bro, I want to play a couple rounds of Red Orchestra, die for the Motherland a bit, you want to play while we wait for Mattis? I figure we've got about 15 minutes so if you want to do a private server..."

Vinnie agrees out of fear I'll ask something more insane, and I swear a lot as my shitty little hands leave me dying for the Motherland a lot more than I wanted to. Vinnie frankly looks surprised when I thank him for the game.

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January 23rd.

"Hey Vinnie, go get me some tofu dogs, keep the change." I write a $1,000 check with barely a thought and get back to Halo 2. In the background, the TV blares.

"President Trump today called Senator Jeff Sessions a 'racist moron who sucks KKK cock' in an inflammatory Twitter post that has been condemned by several senior Congressmen. White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer attempted to explain the tweet in a press conference at noon." The screen cuts to Spicer at the podium; I take a quick look and see him taking a Tums in public.

"Look, the President, the President's words, you have to understand that he can't possibly mean all of this literally," Spicer tries. I pause the game and grab my phone to tweet out I DO TOO mean everything I tweet literally! #MAGA!

"He's...when we attempt to put his words into policy, we have to try to interpret what he means when he says words. " Spicer's visibly sweating. "I really think, I think that this is a really nasty and inappropriate criticism of the President, he's doing a very difficult job, some hiccups are going to happen in the transition period..."

I laugh my ass off at that one. Vinnie comes back a few minutes later with the tofu dogs and I make him sit down and eat with me. I kind of like Vinnie.

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"We have literally no idea what the President will do next, since it's now abundantly clear that everything he said on the campaign trail was not only a lie but also part of what appears to be a character created by a madman doing extreme method acting."
--Nate Silver, speaking in a 538 emergency podcast, January 23rd, 2017

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January 24th.

"Vinnie, tell me straight, do the Republicans have the votes to impeach me?"

"Impeach, I think yes, sir, but not convict. The Democrats will block them just to be dicks about it."

"Never thought I'd say this, but thank god for petty partisan gridlock. C'mon, take over for me and finish this match, I need to finish this executive order, and then my formal apology letter for every bigoted thing I've ever said."

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January 25th.

"Hey, Wade, how's the wife?" Wade doesn't respond, too focused on winning my Red Orchestra match for me. "Oh, right. Hey, Vinnie, how's the wife?"

"Huh? Oh, great, sir, thanks for asking, we're planning to induce tomorrow."
"Great, take the whole week off, and give her my best. Hey, you know a way to call Mike Pence an uptight psychopath and simultaneously insult his mother in 140 characters or less?"

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January 26th.

I meet with Mattis in the Oval Office. He looks a little surprised when he walks in.

"General Mattis," I greet him respectfully. "How was the confirmation hearing?"

"Uh, good...what the Hell is going on here?"

"Oh, I had my Xbox and computers moved to another room, I wanted to be respectful. So, I know jack and shit about running a military, OK. My Dad got me out of Vietnam with a bribe and a sob story about hemorrhoids in my ass. You, however, are apparently one of the best damn generals we have, so I want you to just take the army and keep it the best in the world."

"Alright." He gauges me with a quick eye-sweep. "You're a different man."

"Huh?"

"From the last time I saw you, Mr. President. You've lost a couple of pounds and you hold yourself
differently. Plus, you're not trying to impress me with your chickenhawk bragging crap."

"Spot-on." I kick back in my chair. "I'm not the lunatic cretin who won the election. Here's how I want to do things—you keep the military running, and running smoothly, fix up the Veterans' Affairs mess, and get the F-35 and Ford class out and out with the maximum functionality for the minimum price. You do that, I let you run things as you wish, outside of the broad-scale war goals and such that Congress and I set. Can you do that?"

Mattis nods. "I can do it on, hmm, maybe 2/3 the budget I've got. But I need you to stop provoking Russia, Mr. President."

"Putin's an asshole and I want to piss him off."

"Sir. Nukes."

Oh, shit. "Riiight. Yeah, my finger on the nukes..." I feel a little queasy. "I should step back a little?"

"Just a bit, sir." He gives me a grin like a hunting shark. "But not entirely. Imagining that bastard's face when he reads that shit is goddamn hilarious."

I grin back. "Yes, sir. Oh, and, uh...can you get me a retired drill sergeant? Someone who knows how to get people fit for duty?"

Mattis nods at that. "I have a few ideas, Mr. President."

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Donald J. Trump
@realDonaldTrump

Somebody kill #MonHell already! Worst boyfriend ever! Sad! #Supergirl #MAGA

RETWEETS 3,288 LIKES 24,174

4:25 PM - 06 Jul 2017

796 2K 24K
"Hey, Vinnie, I thought I said take the week off?"

"Liz said if I hovered over her for one more hour she was gonna stab my eyes out with a fork. So I'm sleeping on the couch, decided to come in to work."

"Shit, sorry, man. How's the kid?"

"Oh, awesome. She's healthy, real healthy pair of lungs. How're you doing, sir?"

I throw my controller down in disgust. "Hang on, mic on. LONGSCHLONG YOU FUCKING DUMBASS MOTHERFUCKER, GET YOUR GODDAMN ASS IN GEAR! I'M THE FUCKING PRESIDENT OF THE GODDAMN UNITED STATES, EITHER START PUTTING OUT SOME SERIOUS DPS OR I'M KICKING YOUR ASS FROM THE PARTY! I NEED THESE FUCKING DRAGON SCALES FOR CRAFTING YOU MOTHERFUCKER! I'm great, Vinnie, had a talk with Pelosi and the Democrats won't try to impeach me, so I'm basically going to sit here and be obstructive for four years. You want to get high? I signed an executive order exempting myself from drug laws, so until the courts throw it out I've got 15 ounces of Brazilian cocaine in the Resolute Desk if you want to try some."

"Sir..."

"Shit, Vinnie, take it yourself, split it among the detail if you like, I don't give a shit."

Vinnie looks at Fred, who looks over to the other guy on duty. Fred makes a call. Minutes later the cocaine is being passed around.

"How long until I have to work again?" I ask.

"You've got an hour, Mr. President," Vinnie says. He skipped the cocaine and now he's standing behind me. "Get the dragon down to 10% first, the giant dies quicker."

"Shit, thanks. You know this one?"

"You made me run it for you while you used the bathroom last week, Mr. President," he reminds me. "I played this thing for you because you said you wanted dragon scales for your armor."

"Damn. Thanks a lot, I need to give you a raise." I pull Donald Trump's wallet out of his pocket and peel a couple hundred-dollar bills out of it. "Take this to start."
"Sir, I..."

"Aww, just shut up and take the money, Vinnie. I'm the fucking President god damn it."

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February 12th, 2017.

Things have settled into a routine. Tiffany and Jared are out on their asses after I fired the latter and disinherited the former. Melania doesn't care as long as I keep her paid, and I don't actually give a shit about the other kid. Slimy Trump Jr. and Slimier Trump Jr. are working for Jared Kushner at his business, which I think is fucking hilarious. I wake up in the morning, complain about Mon-El, insult Putin, flirt with Putin, insult the Republican party, tweet about random shit, sign balls-out insane executive orders, and call Steve Bannon a Nazi.

Sean Spicer, who I've kept for sheer comedy value, has taken to drinking Maalox straight from the bottle at press conferences. Kellyanne Conway is out and I hired Megyn Kelly in her place because fuck it, I felt like it. Berlanti caved and let me help write the next season of Supergirl in secret; it wasn't easy, but I bribed him with a white envelope packed with cash, some more of my cocaine, and a bottle of Chateau Lafite 1933 (that shit is expensive), so I'm sending in scripts as fast as I can. Benoist actually thanked me on the last Skype call. Fun times.

They tried to impeach me already but the Democrats refuse to work with them or convict, so the Republicans are kind of stuck. Thanks to the complete electoral gridlock, my days are full of Twitter rants, video games, and an hour of hellish exercise courtesy of a drill sergeant Mattis found with the shoutiest voice in the nation. Tonight, however, there is no workout--I've got to be on John Oliver's show.

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Look, the President is insane, but there's a clear, intelligent method to his madness. His...for lack of a better word, his new personality--is a troll. He's a petty, spiteful troll, but he's doing it with a policy agenda that is very, very left-wing populist; I'd hesitate to call it strictly socialist but he's definitely not the right-wing populist we saw on the campaign trail.

As for his obsession with a show about a girl who flies around and shoots lasers out of her eyes, I don't know. He might actually like it or he might be fucking with all of us, and at this point it frankly doesn't matter.

...yes, we're altering the model. In fact, we're trying to rebuild the model from scratch. It took us the better part of two weeks to even find a pattern amid his insanity. Yes, I said insanity, he acts like a person who doesn't understand that consequences exist.


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"Mr. President," John Oliver begins.

"Call me Steve," I interrupt him. "Or Donnie. Actually, yeah, go with Donnie. Or Little Donnie. Hang on, tweeting Putin." I tap out half the tweet, then look up with a frown. "Hey, bro, what's the Russian for 'Yakut whore'? I'm trying to insult his mom."

Oliver actually blinks. "Er, I'm not certain that that's...what you should be doing, Mr. President."
"Hey, I'm almost to my quota. So, you wanted to talk? I think I'll just say it in English."

"Er...we...that is, the country...are rather worried about your recent, ah, bizarre behavior."

"Yeah, I'm a 21-year-old college student stuck in this gross evil fucker's body."

Oliver does a double-take. "Wait, what?"

"Nah, I'm just fucking with you. I've been doing extreme method acting since I was a kid because I have a deeply cynical view of the American people and humanity in general."

"That's...you know that this is real life, and not a movie, yes?"

"Honestly, I don't give a fuck anymore. Or maybe I'm just insane. Take your pick. I shrug. "Look, I need to keep this tight, I'm flying out for an audition in a couple of hours."

"Audition?"

"Yeah, for the next season of Supergirl. I'm gonna try to get the role of Reichsprotektor Trump, evil puppet fascist dictator of Nazi-ruled America in an alternate universe. In the show, I mean. Not in real life. It's gonna be great, trust me, just watch it in the fall, it's gonna be awesome, I wrote the script myself, I think it's really great."

"You...wrote it yourself." Oliver looks skeptical.

"Yeah. Well, of course I can't show you, confidentiality, and my lawyers say it actually is legally binding, but Jeff Finlandi at the CW, he runs the show, said it was OK if I talked about it, something about publicity. I'm just pissing everything was already set in stone for the second half of the current season, honestly, I already watched that shit once and wrote fanfic about it and got pissed, when I woke up in this fat stupid asshole's body I thought it was a golden opportunity."

"Or I'm just insane and making all this shit up. Or I'm a method actor and making this shit up. Or I'm a craven politician trying to court the liberal vote because I have no idea what the fuck I'm doing. You make the call."

Oliver rallies well. "Don't you think that maybe it's a bad idea for the leader of the free world to spend his days on Twitter and preoccupied with a television show?"

"Hey, I got some guys together to turn my word vomit into law proposals, it's not my fault if Congress doesn't do jack with them. I think they tried to impeach me again instead. I snap my fingers, and Vinnie nudges a quavering waiter forwards with a Dora The Explorer lunchbox, which I open. "Hey, you want a cool beer? I found this great shit called Mott the Lesser, pretty pricey, hope you like a stout."

Oliver manages a polite refusal, and I shrug. "Suit yourself." I pop one of the beers open and take a swig, then wheeze. "Ohhhhh fuck yeah that's good shit. Hey, Vinnie, you want the other one?"

"Not right now, Mr. President, I'm on duty."

"Suit yourself, man. Anyway, Jim, you got any particular questions for me?"

Oliver leans in, and I feel a jolt of fear at the spark of cunning in those eyes. "Yes, as a matter of fact. Do you ever intend to have a coherent policy, Mr. President?"

"Shit, man, I kinda already do. Policy-wise, I'm basically gonna be Bernie Sanders, but insane and evil and lazy and immature. I like Bernie Sanders, I voted for him in a past life. First time I ever
voted, actually—I forgot to register on time the year I turned 18. But eh, whatever, I'm President now so fuck it all. Anyway, if I had my way this'd be a Syndicalist—that's this kind of libertarian sorta socialism, it's a big thing in Kaiserreich: Legacy of the Weltkrieg, this game I like—a Syndicalist country and we'd all be saluting a red flag, but fortunately for all the sisterfuckers in Congress I don't have that kind of power. I can masturbate on the Resolute Desk, though."

"That's...a horrifying thought. Quite frankly, I think I'll have to bleach my brain tonight."

"Bullshit, you're going to use that in your show, with a funny photo manip. Good delivery, though." I snap my fingers, and Vinnie hands me a bag. "Here, I got you a goodie bag."

Oliver takes it gingerly, and digs through it. "A nude picture of yourself standing behind the Resolute Desk."

"With erect penis. Sorry, it's a little hard to see, it's not very big. But I figured I'd make your life easier. Wasn't easy to take, let me tell you."

Oliver looks slightly queasy. Shit, did I push this too far? "A picture of you in a SS uniform..."

"Oh, shit, sorry, you can't have that, that's for my audition, I was trying on the uniform to show how great I'd be playing Reichsprotektor Trump." I grab the photo back. "Can I see that?"

Oliver hands the bag back in mute horror and I pretend to rummage around inside it. "Oh, you'll like this one. I bought you a gift card from shitexpress.com, you can send shit to people you hate. And I'll be personally offended if I don't get some from you soon. And here's a jump drive."

"A jump drive?"

"Yeah. I know you want to do a piece on Murray Energy. That's the goods. All of the goods. And the goods on my campaign's ties to Russia, and Steve Bannon's ties to Nazis, and the pee-pee tape. Extended cut, with my commentary in a fake Russian accent. Hope you enjoy."

Oliver accepts the jump drive with numb blankness. The next thing I pull out makes him raise an eyebrow.

"Anal beads."

"Don't worry, they're clean. I dunno, I was making a joke about Jared Leto's completely inept Joker performance to Vinnie here and we got some baaaaaad ideas. Do you want me to keep these?"

"I think that would probably be for the best, yes."

"Fair enough. Hey, if you and your wife want to do it on the Resolute Desk, you're welcome anytime, I charge $100 an hour for the privilege. Have a nice day, I got a plane to catch."

I'm out the door before Oliver can even fully reboot his brain.

***

"He then gave me a picture of himself standing behind the Resolute Desk, naked, with his penis erect, saying that he knew I would make a funny reaction picture because he mentioned masturbating onto the desk..."

*laughter*

"...and you'd better believe that we did it!"
*howls of laughter*

"Yes! That is a Photoshop manipulation of an actual picture that the President gave me, of President Trump masturbating on the Resolute Desk!"

*more laughter*

"He also nearly gave me anal beads, but then decided against it..."

--Last Week Tonight with John Oliver, February 13th 2017.

***

Will you stop fucking asking me to predict him? He OPENLY STATED that he's insane and never sticks to a story about why he's acting this way. At this point all I can say is that the Republicans are screwed in 2018 unless the Democrats completely step in it.

--Nate Silver, 538 Regularly Scheduled Emergency Podcast, February 14th, 2017.

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February 16th

I literally have my finger on the nuke button and can kill all you dumb sons of bitches instantly, and I'm snorting cocaine. #fuckyouall

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Keep up that political gridlock, #MitchMcTurtle! You're just letting me use more crazy executive orders! #MAGA
I let Vinnie and his wife eat in my office for Valentine's Day. She wasn't impressed. I apologized to Vinnie, but he says we're even already.

Sean Spicer is visibly intoxicated as he takes the podium for today's press briefing and attempts to explain my latest tweets, which makes it all the more hilarious when I barge in with Vinnie and a couple of his guys in tow, lean over the podium (and leave my shitty cologne all over Spicer's nostrils), and proceed to tell everyone that "I love the trans people, I have the best relationship with the trans people, I'm signing an executive order for all trans federal employees to have their reassignment surgery paid for if they want it, and all other medical shit too, have a nice day and be sure to get high!"

As I leave, Spicer breaks down and cries.

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February 21st

"MOVE, YOU SON OF A BITCH! I WANT TO SEE THAT FAT LAZY ASS IN GEAR! MOVE, YOU FUCKING PANSY, YOU FUCKING MAMA'S BOY! I DON'T CARE HOW MANY FUCKING BONE SPLINTERS YOU HAVE IN THAT FLABBY WHITE ASS, I WILL PERSONALLY KICK A THOUSAND MORE UP THERE IF YOU DON'T PICK UP THE PACE, YOU GODFORSaken EXCUSE FOR A PRESIDENT!"

"Sir, yes sir," I wheeze semicoherently, my vision blurring as I slog my way around the National Mall, parents hiding their children's eyes from the spectacle of Donald Trump's gross flabby body spilling out of my workout clothes, sweat dripping from my jowls and second chin as well as my nose, Vinnie and his guys jogging easily alongside me without breaking a sweat.

Maybe I shouldn't have asked Mattis for the shoutiest drill sergeant in the nation.

"YOU HAVE THREE MEETINGS TODAY AND I KNOW FOR A GODDAMN FACT YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING VIDEO GAMES ALL DAY SINCE YOU GOT BACK FROM LA, YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE SHIT! YOU WANT TO GET SOME ACTUAL FUCKING WORK DONE? YOU WANT TO BE A GODDAMN PRESIDENT INSTEAD OF A JOKE? THEN YOU'D BETTER WORK FOR IT, YOU SHITEATING LITTLE SON OF A BITCH!"

"Sir, yes..." I crumple to my hands and knees, groaning. The sergeant stops, crouching down
alongside me, and I puke my breakfast up.

"Can you keep going, sir?" Vinnie asks from my other side.

"Yeah, sorry," I manage. "Haven't done that since that half-marathon I ran back in 2012, when I was 15." Vinnie and the drill sergeant are both used to my references to my old life by now, and ignore it.

I (eventually) make it back to the White House, nap for a couple of hours while Vinnie tells visitors that I'm on the toilet constipated, grab my phone, tweet support for John McCain and say that he should get himself checked out for brain cancer (I've got a soft spot for the old bastard), call Putin a coward, call Kim Jong-Un "Smuggler Hair", threaten to cut off all relations with Saudi Arabia and Qatar if they don't stop bringing slaves in to do their work for them, insult Ted Cruz's father, and play a quick Red Orchestra match with Vinnie (I lose, badly).

Then Sean Spicer stumbles into the Oval Office, tie loose, shirt stained with something purple, reeking of booze, and slams some papers with illegible scrawl on them (and a big-ass near-empty flask of Jack Daniels) on my desk. "Mishter Presidht. I quitsh."

I grin like a motherfucker. "Nope."

Spicer does a double-take. "Huh?"

"I refuse to accept your resignation. Now get out there and give the press conference, you need to explain why anyone who says I look horrifying trying to work out is fake news."

Spicer shudders, trembles, shakes, tears welling in his eyes, and collapses to the floor, sobbing spasmodically.

OK, maybe that was a bit of a dick move, but fuck it, I'm the President now. I turn back to my work. "C'mon, Vinnie, give me a hand with this executive order? How do I say "net neutrality forever and anyone who tries to break it will get sued" in fancy legal speak?"

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March 1st

"...and the world continues to await with bated breath an "impending major announcement" from controversial President Donald Trump. An insider calling himself "Vinnie" claims that Trump will be recognizing Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, a move condemned by many Arab nations..."

I chug a "low-fat recovery shake" that Vinnie swears by even though it tastes like kale and protein powder (and thus is barely edible), throw on my bathrobe and tie one of Donald Trump's power ties around my head like Rambo. "Gimme my props, Vinnie."

"Sir." Vinnie hands me an unloaded AK-47, a monogrammed Soviet flag apron, and a gold hammer-and-sickle pin, which I swiftly don. "You look good, Mr. President."

"Aww, don't lie to me, Vinnie."

"Sir. You look like a nightmare made flesh."

"Excellent." I wave my "squeeze" (actually just my secretary but her job title is "squeeze" to give the media something more to chew on) over, and she hands me my notes. "Awright, how's Spicer doing?"
"He left, sir. Refuses to come back, last I checked my agents couldn't stop him and he got on a plane to Taskhent."

"Goddamn it. Alright, I'll do this myself." I coax a metallic noise out of the AK-47 and stride as best I can in this shitty fat old moron's body out towards where my lectern's been set up.

The media erupts into a firestorm of questions and gasps of shock as I emerge, taking my place in front of the Soviet and modified American flags (the hammer and sickle replacing the stars on blue) that I ordered put at all my press briefings and announcements. I stand there and grin, posing a few times with the gun. Eventually they quiet down as it becomes clear I won't respond, and I grin, putting the gun on the lectern and gripping the lectern with both hands.

"'Sup, 'Murica? This is Comrade Donny, Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Union of American Workers'..." I break down into sniggers, and it takes me a minute to control myself. "Nah, sorry, I can't keep that up. Welcome, shitheads, to another Donald Trump press briefing. Tremble, brief mortals, for I am your master...thou shalt have no other shitheads before ME! So, I promised some shit about the Middle East. Well, we're going to bomb the shit out of ISIS, I've told Mattis to make minimizing civilian casualties our top concern because I don't want kids blown up since I'm not a total monster. Oh, and Palestine. So, I'm here today to say that I am officially recognizing the State of Palestine, with its capital located in Jerusalem, as the rightful owner of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. I also recognize the State of Israel, with its capital in Tel Aviv, as the rightful owner of the territories corresponding to the pre-1967 Israeli borders. Sorry, guys, it ain't getting better than that. It's wrong to kick the Jews off their land, and it's wrong to deny the Palestinians their state and land. I'm sending a humanitarian aid convoy to Gaza tomorrow, escorted by a carrier battle group with orders to use the minimal necessary force to ensure that the convoy reaches its destination. No, Hamas is not going off the terrorism list. You fuckers stop targeting civilians or else, and there's no weapons in that convoy, just food, clean water, some toys for kids, and a couple advisers to help you guys set up a little domestic industry in Gaza. I'm also signing a couple of executive orders to reduce our subsidies to Israel if the Netanyahu regime does not immediately end all construction of Israeli settlements on Palestinian land, formally, completely, and irrevocably, and send a delegation to my shitty golf club in Florida to talk peace. Oh, and the Palestinians can expect my recognition and the aid convoy to be revoked if they don't agree to send a delegation and Hamas announces a cessation of all attacks against Israeli personnel by tomorrow morning, 10 AM Eastern."

I take a breath. "Both sides are acting like children, but Israel is currently engaged in kicking the Palestinians in the fork while they're down, so I'm gonna look like I'm being harder on them, but it's really ending indulgences for a bunch of assholes who engage in state-sponsored terrorism against the Palestinians. And while you're at it, Benny Netanyasshole, maybe you can get a lid on those ultra-Orthodox loons? I know that we have a freedom of religion thing here that makes it hard for me to crack down on thieving televangelist con artists, but you're an officially Jewish state, you can exercise a little more control. Oh, and speaking of which, I wrote this up last night but I revoked Creflo Dollar's 501 (c) 3 status by executive order, I dunno if I'm allowed to do that but fuck it and fuck Creflo Dollar."

I take a breath, standing there in front of my Soviet and Commie 'Murican flags in my Soviet-flag apron, red hammer-and-sickle bathrobe, red power tie headband, and golden hammer and sickle pin. "Any questions?"

Dead silence. Then the room explodes with shouting.
March 3rd.

"Well this fucking sucks," I growl, throwing my controller away. "Whole fucking game full of backstabbing assholes...no fucking honor, and they call it *For Honor*..."

"Do you want me to take over, Mr. President?" Vinnie asks.

"Nah...but you know what'd be great? Go out and buy one of those Nintendo Switch things and a copy of the new Legend of Zelda. My buddy loved that last life." I hand Vinnie a wad of cash. "Keep the change. Oh, and you can play the game with me too if you like. Switch lets you co-op really easily."

"Yes, sir." My loyal henchman salutes crisply and stands. "I remind you, Mr. President, that you have to meet with the Israeli and Palestinian delegations again today."

I groan. "Ugh, fine. Tell whoever the fuck my new spokesman is that I want to make a speech. Shit! And I gotta call my pick for head of the FCC."

Vinnie pauses on his way out. "Sir?"

"I dunno, I just picked a youtuber I like. Guy called Lewis Lovhaug. Calls himself Linkara and reviews comic books. He oughta know more about net neutrality than that spineless invertebrate Ajit Pai, right?"

"I have no idea, Mr. President. And sir, Israelis at 2."

"Right, right...fuck this life..."

When I finally bother to show up to the meeting, the Israelis are fuming and the Palestinians look smug. "So!" I bellow, my monogrammed bathrobe loosely tied and open so wide they can see way too much of Donald Trump's gross flabby body. "Which one of you dumb fucks wants to go first?"

The yelling starts immediately. I wait until the aforementioned dumb fucks are done, then speak up.

"Lemme put this to both of you plain and simple. I don't tolerate genocide or ethnic cleansing." I snap my fingers. "Shit! That reminds me!" I pull my phone out and make a quick tweet.
"Right, where was I? Oh, yeah. So, what that means. Israel, you end your "law of return" OR you let Palestinians back in as citizens and give them back the homes stolen in 1948. One or the other, either way your ethnic replacement scheme ain't flying. Palestine, and no, I don't care what your fucking name is, you two jackasses are just fucking countries to me and I don't give a fuck if that's a breach of diplomatic protocol, anyway, one attack on a civilian target and I land some Marines in Gaza, and they won't be there to help you. Israel, cease all settlements immediately, end your so-called "occupation" of Palestine, and recognize the Palestinian state and apologize to them in front of the entire United Nations for your ethnic cleansing programs or I cut your funding. If I see rockets flying in either direction, Marine battalions land in Gaza and Tel Aviv. Netanyahu leaves office by the end of the year or the Marines land. Don't forget that I have a metric butt-fuck-load of nukes, and that I'm fucking rich so don't you fucking dare try to bribe me. We clear?"

I have to explain it three more times and man, the Israeli guy hates me, but fuck him and fuck Israel, I'm tired of all their bullshit.

"You cannot possibly expect us to..." the Israeli delegate spits for the 10th time, and I slap the table with both hands, rolls of gross flab jiggling.

"No! You can't fucking expect me to sit by while you engage in ethnic cleansing and your..." I point at the Palestinian "--populist paramilitary force targets kids! My terms are fucking clear. I sent the US ambassador to the UN to start a Security Council vote on a total embargo of Israel on my command, you really want to fucking push me, you racist sack of shit? And you, Palestinian, you want recognition? I laid out my terms. Don't get me wrong, I'm sympathetic, Dickface here and his country's apartheid regime make 19th century America's treatment of the Native Americans look positively cordial, but your guys have to face the fact that there are a metric fuckload of Israelis who have known no other home, and kicking them out is just as bad as the Israelis kicking your people out in '48."

"I...think that it might be potentially possible to take this back with me," the Palestinian guy offers tentatively. "It will be, as you say, a hard sell, though."

"Yeah, that's why I have an economic stimulus fleet docked in Gaza." I turn to the Israeli. "I'm not kicking your people out. I'm demanding that you stop kicking this guy's people in the fork while they're down. That's too low even for me, and I'm Donald Trump."

"You...you..." The Israeli guy is reduced to purple-faced sputtering.

"Two days," the Palestinian guy offers. "Two days, under your ceasefire terms, and we will need to
contact the Hamas leadership. They are cooperating so far, but..."

"Done. But you know the terms."

"Yes, Mr. President." The Palestinian offers me a nervous grin. "Just...please keep the Marines on their ships, I don't think either of us wants a Third Intifada."

"Benny Netanyahu does, it'd do wonders for his poll numbers, the corrupt sack of shit. But as long as you cooperate, I won't give that fucker the satisfaction," I chuckle. "So, white boy, you taking this back home with you or what?"

"You son of a bitch," the Israeli hisses. "You can't do this! We're your allies, you backstabbing piece of..."

"Dude, I had actual fucking Nazis cheering at my rallies for the entire campaign. And still you dumb fucks supported me. Benjamin fucking Netanyahu supported the man with actual fucking Hitler cultists waving Nazi flags at his rallies. You jackasses were so busy with your ethnic cleansing you didn't even think about what a boneheaded dumbfuck stupid move that was. You also, you know, are trying to ethnically cleanse Palestine under the radar, and that shit don't fly with me. You brought this on yourself." I shove the chair back and stand, Donald Trump's glutinous flab spilling partially out of my bathrobe. "We good?"

The Israeli starts yelling, and it's over six hours before I get back to my all-important wasting of time.

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March 10th.

I curse as I try to finish buttoning my Leonid Brezhnev costume. "Fuck! Vinnie, this things needs to be fucking let out already!"

"On my list, Mr. President." My henchman helps me finish buttoning the coat, and I straighten the medals on its chest. "You look good, sir," Vinnie reports. "Very 'glorious comrade leader'."

"Great, that's exactly the vibe I'm going for." I stretch out my arms, let out a quick breath, and readjust the medals. "Fucking hell how did that geriatric old goat tolerate this bullshit?"

"I think that being leader of the Soviet Union might've given him some incentive to tolerate petty bullshit, Mr. President. Also Brezhnev was probably a bit narcissistic."

"Point. Alright, gimme my fake cigar and my gun." He does so. "Let's get this show on the road!"

The reporters are already buzzing with curious noise. So far, I'm still in power. Pence stopped trying to get me removed from office, mostly because the Democrats nearly shut down the government when he tried it, and the Republican Party is in panic mode. Israel and Palestine are currently in a very nervous and in Israel's case ridiculously angry state of ceasefire, but on the plus side world diplomatic and public opinion (and American public opinion, now that I have some reasonably fair documentary ads running on TV and Youtube) is turning heavily against the Netanyahu regime. Netanyahu's corruption scandal blew up dramatically on Israeli news, and his poll numbers are cratering; Hamas is quiet and has been for the last week, but there've been parties across the West Bank and even a few celebrations in Gaza. My minions say that Sheldon Adelson and the Koch brothers pulled their funding of me, but fuck them, I'm Donald Trump, I can own the TV if I want to. The UN is already working on ordering an end to Israel's "military occupation" of Palestinian territory, so we'll see if this actually works out or if Netanyahu or Palestinian revanchists are stupid enough to try anything.
The Soviet anthem plays as I walk out, holding my unloaded AK-47 and chomping a fake cigar in my mouth while the press takes in my Brezhnev outfit. "Sup, 'Murica?" I begin. "This is Donnie, President Donnie, your Dear Leader. So, I'm here today because Tyson Foods and ConAgra and a bunch of other shitty-ass corporate raiding fuck-knuckles are ripping off American farmers to inflate their already berserk profits. Fuck them. I've ordered the US Department of Agriculture to dramatically increase regulations on the current practice of contract farming, because that shit lets the companies bully and financially ruin anyone who objects to their bullshit exploitation of good, hard-working Americans. Fuck those guys, fucking greedy corporate fucks, they can eat shit. I'm the fucking President, I can fuck up some fucking CEOs, right? So let's get on the path to Communism, take down the corporations, defend the workers of America from the lying, greedy corporate shills that paid for my campaign ads. Because America? I ama lying, greedy, corporate shill, but I am a lying corporate shill for the American people, and I personally promise you that I will fuck the shit out of every abusive corporation I set my eyes on." I coax a few metallic noises out of the AK-47 and stick the fake cigar in my mouth again. "Any questions?" I ask around it.

The first question comes from the Washington Post reporter in the front row. "Are you even allowed to do that, Mr. President?"

"I dunno. Probably, but since Steve Womack is bought and paid for by Big Poultry, Congress won't let any funds from the agriculture appropriations bill be used to enforce regulations. But there are other ways I can make Tyson Foods' corporate life miserable, I'm the fucking President of the United States. And I can call any Congresscritter who doesn't vote to stop corporations from taking unfair advantage of our farmers and workers a chicken-fucker until I literally drop dead and have to be dragged out of my office, and you know as well as I do that there's no fucking way the Democrats are letting me leave office as long as I'm causing the Republicans this much chaos, and you know what? The Republican Party fucking deserves to die. Both of them do, but the Republicans do a bit more because they more openly shill themselves out to the corporations, and they use racist, homophobic, transphobic, xenophobic dog whistles to try to distract the American people while the Republicans' corporate owners steal from us. A lot of the Democrats do the same thing but they go on about free trade and other neoliberal talking points instead because they haven't cottoned on to the fact that neoliberalism is a completely failed ideology and economic theory. Long story short, I'm taking advantage of the petty partisan bickering of this stupid-ass country to fuck over some rich fucks and pass the profits onto the little guy. Which reminds me, I'm considering cutting off all diplomatic ties with Switzerland unless they break up the Nestle corporation and ban its exploitative bottled-water-selling practices, but my advisers say that's a bad idea for some reason. Pussies. Got another? Yeah, you in the shitty blue power tie."

"Uh, Mr. President, do you have any concerns about re-election, given your current behavior?"

"Shit, dude, I don't know, care, or give a fuck, I'm just trying not to blow up the country. Oh, and that reminds me, I was gonna tweet this, but you know Harvey Weinstein? Asshole producer guy in Hollywood? He likes to grope, abuse, and rape women, and I have evidence. He's a sack of shit and there's a bunch of people preparing cases against him right now, but I told the DoJ to investigate him this morning while I was playing Halo with Vinnie here." I jerk my thumb at the Secret Service man looming behind me. "So yeah, I'm basically going to clean this country up and try not to cause World War 3 by accident. On purpose, maybe, but not by accident. That'd be super embarrassing. Re-election can wait until 2020, I might run as an independent if they kick me out of the Republicans, I don't know, might go to the Democrats, I really don't give a fuck at this point but generally, fuck the corporations, glory to the revolution." I point to another. "You, navy blazer."

"Why chickens, Mr. President?" she asks.

"Because the fucking Tyson scumbags are treating American farmers like shit. You wanna know
why there's a heroin epidemic sweeping rural America and half the damn country is mad as hell? Corporations. Guys like Tyson and ConAgra and clothes makers who don't give two shits about the American worker. Fuck them. I'm breaking the shit out of them as best I can."

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"We at 538 are pleased to announce that we might actually be approaching a model for the President's poll numbers and have hashed out some possibilities for why he is behaving in the completely fucking insane way he is. He appears to in fact be the legendary stealth liberal.

Over the past month and a half, he has called international attention to political and social issues the world over, all from a left-populist point of view. He knows that he can't actually enact much of his policy through normal means, so he's effectively trying to generate political pressure in favor of his policy positions with his flamboyantly bombastic personality and completely inappropriate and irreverent actions. Policy positions that for the most part are in categorical opposition to his own party.

And the scary part? He seems to be succeeding."


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March 22nd.

"How was the game, Mr. President?"

"Ok, Vinnie. I liked Drack and Vetra, fun companions, loved Vetra's romance. Jaal was OK. How's the wife?"

"She says you're insane and an immature sack of shit, Mr. President."

"Smart woman. I oughta give her a medal. You want a vacation, by the way?"

"In all honesty, Mr. President, life is more interesting right here."

I chuckle at that. "Goddamn it, I like you, Vinny." I finish styling my toupee and move my head around a bit to make sure the spiky hair look stays. "You know, I used to have Tourette's, in my old life? Now I've got this shitty body, the only good thing--and don't get me wrong, the fat sucks, the
tiny fingers suck, the spray-tan sucks, the shitty lung capacity sucks, the fact that I have this toupee sucks, and Donald Trump's two-inch penis sucks ass--anyway, the only good thing about all this is that my Tourette's got left in my old body. That would've really sucked to have in this shitty body--I mean, my body. Seriously, would it have killed me to keep it in good shape for the last 70 years?

Vinnie is used to my mad ramblings by now. "If it helps, Mr. President, you look good in a Leonid Brezhnev costume."

"Aww, thanks, Vinnie, you're a pal." I straighten my tie. "Right, so, I meet Benanti at 4, dinner at 5--you and the missus are invited, by the way--but I gotta do the CNN interview first, that's at 1. I'm gonna continue the anti-Big Chicken spiel, then a global warming bit, call Senator Inhofe a lying buttfucker, and finish off by saying that I'm going to call for a new UN climate summit to double down on the Paris agreement's guidelines. That's all, right?"

Vinnie checks his iPad. "Yes, Mr. President. Will the actress be joining us for dinner, Mr. President?"

"Don't think so, she has a Broadway job, that shit's intense. Why, you want an autograph?"

"Liz likes her singing, Mr. President."

"Sure thing, then, I'll get one. To Liz Wilson, right?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Good man. Also, I got you and Liz tickets to Hidden Figures tomorrow, you want 'em?"

Vinnie grins and takes the tickets. "With pleasure, Mr. President. Now, uh, sir?"

"Yeah?" I pause in midstride and turn to face my lieutenant.

"Go get 'em."

I grin like a shark. "You bet."
Chapter Summary

Immature asshole Comrade Donnie goes on a foreign trip and plots to make "Supergirl" more gay.

March 24th.

"Now listen, I'm the President, I'm the best President ever and the gays, they love me, and I love the gays, and that's why I'm designating today Official Gay Marriage Day, it's great to be gay, trust me, I'm Donald Trump, I may be a lying asshole but I'm an honest lying asshole!" Damn, that sentence made no sense, but fuck it.

I'm currently dressed as Soviet Superman from "Red Son", except with a rainbow flag cape, and the room is stunned silence. I grin like a motherfucker again and grip my lectern.

"So yeah, that. I also plan to issue an executive order designating March 24th Official Gay Marriage Day. Oh, and next month I'm picking an Official Right To Have An Abortion day, not really sure if that's something to celebrate since in my opinion the government should stay the fuck out of women's business and just let them get abortions in peace if they need 'em, but the fundamentalists get irrationally angry whenever someone mentions abortion so fuck it I'm gonna do it and see what happens." I take a swig of the Dirty Commie Heathen beer (complete with Joe Stalin branding on the bottle!) that I got on my friend-from-my-old-life's recommendation from this really nice microbrewery in North Carolina, belch, and go back to grinning like a motherfucker.

"Basically, I hate Mike Pence and his ilk. Mike wants to make gay kids go to concentration camps where they torture you with shock therapy and shame you in public until you try to pretend you're not gay to make them stop torturing you. Fuck you, Mike. You're an evil sack of shit, son of a bitch, you can go fuck yourself, I want to make your life a living hell. So Hail Satan, and have a nice day."

The questions pour over me like a flood.

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"I pray that God will forgive President Trump for the hate in his heart, and that the President will cease his un-American and un-Christian behavior for the good of us all. God Bless America."

--Vice-President Mike Pence, March 25th, 2017.

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April 2nd.
"Look at it! Isn't it great, Vinnie?" I'm grinning like a madman, and I practically shove the first poster into Vinnie's face. "I look so evil!"

"Mr. President, you make an excellent Nazi stooge," my loyal minion assures me.

"Aww, thanks, man, you're too good." I pull out my phone and dial Jeff Finlandi or whatever the fuck his name is; he picks up on the third ring.

"Mr. President?"

"Jeff! Hey!"

"Uh, it's Greg, sir."

"Right, whatever, George. Hey, I saw the advertising poster, looks great. Whenever you want me for filming, I'm down with it, only it can't be during next week because I'm on an Asia tour. But you have to have Benoist punch me across the room."

"Yes, Mr. President, we're, uh, excited to have you..."

"Great! Awesome! Hey, did you like my suggestions for the season?"

"Actually, Mr. President, I've been meaning to ask you...would you be willing to accept a writing credit?"

I start squealing like a little girl and Vinnie has to grab my phone from me. "The President accepts,
and apologizes for being overly exuberant." I punch the air and fall flat on my ass, weighed down by Donald Trump's massive rolls of blubber; Vinnie tucks the phone away from his mouth for a moment. "Rollins, Palmiotti, pick him up." He goes back to the call. "Yes. Absolutely. No, thank you. Not a problem. With pleasure. Good-bye." He hangs up. "They're casting Führer Heydrich already, Mr. President. You should be proud."

I make a thumbs-up, tipping my head back in the chair Rollins and Palmiotti dragged me to. "Livin' the dream, Vinnie, livin' the dream!"

"I'm proud of you, sir." He pulls out his own phone and taps to his calendar. "Now, you've got to study before you head to China. Mattis--and I know he's the only Republican whose opinion you actually value--said that he will 'strongly disapprove' of you insulting the Chinese."

"Makes sense, nobody wants a nuclear war. Gimme the basics, let's get started." A thought occurs to me. "And one of you two guys get my video-game stuff out of here and up to my bedroom. I need a good environment to study without getting distracted. And someone call Tiffany, tell her she's re-inherited. I found out last night that the previous Donald Trump hated her, so bring her in, she's my favorite daughter now."

"At once, Mr. President."

Studying for the diplomatic bullshit is tough and boring, but Mattis and Vinnie do have a point, and nobody really does want a nuclear war.

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Seoul, South Korea. April 9th.

"...and I love the North Korean people, I don't want them hurt, nobody should die because Smuggler Hair Kim has no penis, really Little Rocket Man should just give up his silly ideas about nukes because dude, all you're doing is wasting time and money that could be spent making your people's lives better. Look at the USA, look at us, we've got so much food we throw away more than half of it because it isn't good enough for our moronic standards, while your people starve and you have to have fake shelves to pretend there's food. So I'm telling you, Smuggler Hair Kim, you little Rocket Man, just leave power and let North Korea become a real democracy. If you really love your people, you'll do it. I don't want to hurt your people, I mean who the fuck would but a sicko like you, the North Korean people are shit on enough by you and your cronies already, so I'm telling you now, leave power and let your people rule themselves."

Hwang Kyo-ahn is smiling a rictus grin next to me, the wind's blowing through my toupee, and I feel great. I'm careful to avoid bombastic threats--the entire point of this exercise is to undermine Fatty Kim's support by casting him as a callous and cruel despot, and the North Korean people as victims. I know that my speech won't make North Korean state news, but it will be smuggled across the border, and people will watch it covertly. Anything I can do to make Kim Jong-Un look like an insane evil coward and the USA like a bunch of friendly people where the rule of law is big will do good.

The first question from a South Korean journalist is translated to me as "What actions will you take against North Korea over this issue?"

"Well, ma'am, I honestly don't want more people to starve because of my actions, so no nukes or sanctions on food, but I will sanction oil sales, energy, and nuclear tech. Anybody who ships radioactive crap into North Korea will piss me the fuck off."
But doesn't that mean that I'll get into a fight with China?

"China's ecological base is a mess because Mao Zedong was an arrogant moron who didn't understand science and Zhou Enlai could only do so much to hold back that idiot, their economy is built on a gigantic bubble and the government has to go to ridiculous extremes to censor their media. I'll be scared of them when they have more than that single shitty-ass excuse for a carrier. Sure, they're powerful now, but they're operating at peak, and America's operating at 50%, maybe 60%, minus the corruption and the tax cuts Reagan and Bush gave me at the expense of the working class." I take a drink from the glass of water the Koreans provided for me. "No offense, Comrade Xi, you've got a great country, lovely country, the parts of it you guys haven't despoiled anyway, lovely people, great cinema, fantastic history, lots of art and shit, I love Peach Blossom Fan, I want to pay some real Chinese acting people to come to America and put it on Broadway, it'll be great, just the best, the best ever, but anyway Xi, you can't compete with America, we will out-fucking-compete you, I know this because I'm the President, the best President ever, and everybody loves me." I give a thumbs-up. "Hail Satan."

Am I not afraid of retaliation from North Korea?

"Nah. If Smuggler Hair Kim actually starts another war with the USA, we'll win. It won't even be a contest. North Korea will cease to exist in an instant. And Little Rocket Man knows it. So his "retaliation" is basically going to be hacking Sony again and whining on North Korean state TV. Fuck him."

Overall, it's a pretty good press conference. I probably could've handled China better, though.

***

April 12th. Beijing.

"You are a fucking asshole," Xi Jinping tells me through the interpreter.

I have to admit I like this way of communicating. "And your government's an authoritarian craphole running on fumes. Now look, I know I said a lot of crappy stuff about your country in Korea, and some nice stuff too, but I want to talk North Korea."

"I am listening, you son of a whore." He smiles pleasantly as he says it, though, so I think we're on the same page still. I kind of like Xi, he's a sharp motherfucker.

"Great. I pull US forces out of South Korea, cite budget cuts or something, and you force Smuggler Hair out of power. Replace him with someone less godawful and start the reunification talks. I'll back your claim to the Spratlies and you won't see American boots on the Yalu as long as I'm President. As for the humanitarian cleanup after we end Smuggler Hair, America pays 2/3, you pay 1/3."

"That is if you can get such a measure past your Congress," Xi notes. "And if I can convince the Politburo that this is a viable foreign-policy solution. And if I even agree that this is acceptable to China. You immature moron."

"It's an offer," I shrug in response. "I just don't like seeing people being treated like shit. This doesn't have to be the solution, one and only. I'm open to talks. But at the end of the day, I want the people of North Korea to not be treated like shit and I want that Orwellian shithole destroyed."

"You presume a great deal."

"Yeah. But can we at least discuss the matter?"
Xi nods at that. "I can allow you that much. But I cannot make promises. There are...things that must be done." He pauses, then glares at me. "And don't you mention a word about Tibet."

I shake my head. "Can't promise you that. You made your bed there."

"It is essential to the function of the People's Republic of China."

"Yeah, and you could, y'know, not be raging dicks about it. Just let them be and bribe the local leaders to let you control the water. Boom, done. Catch more flies with honey than with vinegar."

"You may be unaware of certain facts of the situation on the ground. Er, you obese buffoon."

"It's OK, we can forgo the formalities. I'll level with you, don to don, boss to boss, man to man. You trample on the Tibetans and you trample on your own people. I'm a crazed college kid in this fat old moron's body. Neither of us is clean. But we can try not to be assholes. So, maybe talk with the Dalai Lama a bit. Through me if you like. Look at the deal the Spanish offered the Basques. Think about why you need Tibet."

"Spain is having a rather large separatism crisis at the moment."

"Not with the Basques. The Catalans, yeah, but that's because Madrid fucked Barcelona over. Look, you want another UN vote to support your claim on the Spratlies? You play ball with me. That means trying to be less of a bag of dicks. You don't have to decide today--I'm too busy housecleaning to bother with playing Chicken with another nuclear power--but I do want a dialogue on this. Doesn't have to be public, but I want it to happen."

Xi listens to the translator conveying what I just said for a long moment. He frowns, thinking. Then, "I'll get back to you. I agree that open conflict makes it more difficult for our nations to achieve maximal profit, but you demand far too much. Still, I will consider what you have said. I think that a regular dialogue between us, don to don as you say, would be worthwhile."

"Fine. You call me anytime. And don't worry, none of this is going on Twitter."

"I should hope not, or I would have to change policies in a very negative fashion."

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April 17th.

"I know you harass female employees, Matt."

Matt Lauer goes white, then purple, as I kick back in my seat and take a long drink of my grape-juice-in-a-wine-bottle. Everyone else is stunned into silence, so I pop the bottle out of my mouth, belch, and let out a satisfied aaahhhhh.

"Yeah, I know all about that shit," I continue. "The lewd remarks, the unsolicited sex toy presents, the lewd notes about how you want to fuck various women. That's too creepy for me, and I'm Donald Trump. Anyway, you want to know how my meeting with Comrade Xi went? He's OK, we talked, didn't get much concrete done but I think we understand each other."

"Er, what was that about Matt that you said?" the other anchor, Savannah something, asks me.

"What, you didn't hear President Donnie the first time? Fucksake. Matt Lauer is a serial pervert who sexually harasses female subordinates and producers. There, that clear enough for you?" I take a
swig and belch as Lauer sputters like a balloon with a hole in it. "Look, I'm here to do some advertising. I'm helping to write the next season of Supergirl, it's gonna be great, the best ever, all kinds of great stuff I have planned, Lena Luthor fans will love it, Supercorp forever fam, and I'm totally showing up dressed as a Nazi so that Supergirl can kick my ass, it's gonna be awesome, the best show ever, so beautiful, very beautiful, just like America, just like our nuclear is so great, and our country is the best in the world, so beautiful, and with all the gays, I love the gays, let's just have more of the gays, OK? Also John Conyers harasses congressional staffers, he's such a fucking pervert, and Blake Farenthold too. Sacks of shit, all of them. Just like how when I was being the Donald, you know, the way I was before I got elected, I was the biggest fucking creep, so creepy, I was a fucking asshole, but it was necessary for maintaining my cover."

Savannah whatsherface is floundering, but seizes on the last part. "Cover?"

"Yeah, this is all, my life, it's all one big social experiment. See if America will elect a completely unelectable raging moronic perverted racist. Sorry, 'Murica, you failed. But I still love my country so I won't ruin it." I take another drink.

"You...you fucker," Lauer manages. I chuckle.

"Got a problem with me, shitface? Come here and face me like a man. But not too close, I don't want your aura of perv touching me." He sputters and tries to contain himself as I give a big shit-eating grin like a motherfucker. "Anyway, folks, President Donnie's gonna get to work on the economy. Congress, I want you to deliver an economic stimulus bill aimed at strengthening our wellfare state, taxing the wealthy and corporations more, and rebuilding our heartland to cope with deindustrialization and automization. I know, tall order, but you're allegedly adults, you figure it out. Also, Conyers, Farenthold, fuck you. As Donald Trump, the private citizen, rather than President Donnie, the President, get the fuck out of my country. So, yeah, I've got a plan, America, it just relies entirely on you, the American people."

I spread my arms and offer a magnanimous shit-eating grin. "I need you, the American people, to turn out. I need you to write letters to your congresscritters--drown them in fucking paper. Tell them to vote for Comrade Donnie's bill. Tell them to vote for America. Get out there, write, call, text, do whatever the fuck you can to save our country and our economy. This year's gonna be a big tax overhaul year, and you need to step up to the plate and tell Congress to stop making life easier for the super-rich and the CEOs, and start making life better for the average American." I take a swig of my juice. "Good luck. I believe in you, and so do Mattis and my Secret Service detail chief, Vinnie."

Savannah whatsherface offers the cameraman a plastic smile as Lauer finally manages to compose himself. "Commercial?" she begs.
Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie strikes again!

Trigger warning: References to suicide in this chapter.

April 20th.

Mrs. Vinnie--Liz--and Fake Melania--Laura's the actress's real name--start out the evening pretty awkward. Might be because I'm wearing a red bandanna and a Soviet flag shirt. Vinnie, sitting at my right, tucks in without a care.

"Hey, it's awful quiet here," I say through a mouthful of tofu dog. "Vinnie, can I have my phone?"

"No Putin tweets, Mr. President." But he hands it over without looking up from his pasta.

"Yeah, no, just want to support a comic book writer I like." As I tweet, I look up to Fake Melania and Mrs. Vinnie. "You guys know Gail Simone?"

Mrs. Vinnie is silent, and pointedly not looking at me. I think she doesn't like me. Fake Melania is polite enough to give me a fake smile. "Er, no, actually. Who is he?"

"She. Best comic-book writer of all time, I love her Birds of Prey and Wonder Woman runs."

"I'm trying to bring her on to help finish off some dialogue for Supergirl's next season," I explain with my mouth full of salad. "I suck at screenwriting and dialogue so I figured, get one of the best writers I know. Evil Nazi Trump has to be fucking awful, I mean more awful than Donald Trump already was."

"Seriously?" Mrs. Vinnie--Liz--snorts.

"What?"
"You talk about yourself in the third person?"

"No. Just Donald Trump. I'm in his body, but I'm really barely old enough to drink." I wince. "I, uh, was in a bad place. December 22nd, 2017. Ironic, isn't it, 3 days before Christmas? My dorm room was on the third floor over the sidewalk. Landed headfirst. Woke up in this slob." Liz's eyes widen as she realizes I'm telling the truth. Fake Melania just looks lost. I take a swig of grape juice. "Vinnie, can I have some fucking booze, I don't like talking about this."

"No, Mr. President, remember what the Sergeant said."

"Awww, fuck..." The Sergeant--my scary-ass drill sergeant hired by Mattis--is not a man you want to cross, and says my doctor says I need to drink less or my liver's gonna selfdestruct. And the Sergeant will beat my ass if I don't comply. "Alright. So, Laura...loved you on Supergirl, and you're a better Melania than Melania."

"...thank you?"

"I tell it like it is. Seriously, the dual roles? Great work. You're a natural for superhero roles. Also, your singing? Great shit. You deserve another Tony. So, I wanted to pitch you something--uh, hey, Mrs. Vinnie, Liz, should you be drinking if you're still breastfeeding the baby?"

"Shut up," Liz wheezes after draining her glass. "Just shut up. You...I'm talking to a zombie?"

"Future ghost? I dunno really." I offer a big fake plastic smile to Fake Melania. "I'm sorry. You probably have no idea what's going on here."

"...in all honesty, I was confused enough when you offered to have me for dinner, for a second time, in the White House."

I shrug. "I like your work, a guy should show his appreciation."

Vinnie waves the waiter over and whispers in his ear--probably making sure that Liz doesn't get more booze. I jerk my thumb at him. "Like this guy. Best minion I ever had--"

Vinnie coughs loudly and glares at me.

"Henchman, sorry, Vinnie. Anyway, best henchman I ever had, so I doubled his salary. Great guy, keeps me on an even keel."

"Thank you, Mr. President."

"I still don't understand why you let him call you Vinnie instead of your actual name, Wade," Liz glares at her husband. Vinnie shrugs.

"I don't really mind anymore. It's kind of fun to just watch him fuck things up." He takes another forkfull of pasta. "Also, Mrs. Benanti, Liz loves the autograph, thank you very much."

Liz manages a smile. "Yes, and I'm very sorry this is so awkward..."

Fake Melania waves a hand dismissively with her first honest smile of the day. "I've been in worse."

"Yeah, if you two want to hang out after dinner, go ahead. And Mrs. Vinnie--uh, Liz--I got you and Vinnie tickets to Hamilton for next weekend, call it a bonus for Vinnie." I belch, then wipe a napkin over my face. "So, Laura, hope you don't mind me calling you Laura, I was wondering if you'd be willing to do TV work again."
"For?"

"Supergirl. I know they moved the shooting to Vancouver, but I can...make some things happen."

"Well, I want to spend some more time with my family, and my daughter, and I'm looking into more Broadway roles over the next year...but I suppose an episode or two wouldn't hurt, or some cameos perhaps, if the script was good."

"I have some preliminary treatments on top of my XBOX in the Oval Office." I snap my fingers. "Yo, Pointdexter, get me the scripts off of my XBOX." One of my flunkies snaps into action, and snags the roll of $100 bills that I throw him out of the air. I continue, taking a bite out of another tofu dog and stuffing some kale into my mouth to go with it. "'O, it'sh gonna be a really gay shcript." I swallow some of my bite. "I made a promise to have, like, lots of gay cuddles and shit, so I hope you don't mind..."

"In all honesty, I'd be up for a gay kiss or something like that, if the script was good enough and it was respectful."

"Well, trust me, this season, it's gonna be so fucking gay..." My phone dings. "Hang on, Putin time!"

I chuckle as I put the phone away. "That oughta piss him off. So, anyone got policy suggestions?"

Fake Melania blinks in confusion. "Er, what?"

"Policy suggestions. Just throw 'em at me, see what sticks."

"National Endowment for the Arts," Liz says.

"Sweet, I'll throw in another few million dollars into that. Maybe a billion, I-D-K, I'm Donald Trump." I take a drink of grape juice and belch. "Laura?"

"Um...I suppose that you could do more for the environment?"

"No problem. I'll order a hiring surge at the EPA and elevate them to cabinet level. Vinnie?"

"Pass, Mr. President." He grins a little. "It'll be worth it just to see the look on Mitch McConnel's face."

"Stop encouraging him, Wade," Liz snaps. Vinnie leans over the table to kiss her hand, and she
blushes but still tries to maintain the glare. "I'm serious, honey!"

"Babe, if he does anything really stupid, I'll stop him, I promise."

"It's true," I say around a mouthful of masticated pomegranate seeds. "I pay him to do that."

The flunky returns with the scripts, and I hand them over to Fake Melania for her to look over. "So, I'm planning on putting through a few more executive orders, tomorrow I'm gonna give a press conference and demand that the NFL stop blacklisting Kevin Pumpernickel or whatever his name is, then I'm gonna rant about the police needing oversight and overhaul for a bit. Executive order tomorrow's going to basically be fucking over that Joe Arpeggio shitfucker down in Arizona, I want to see him locked up, it'll be fucking hilarious, he won't last a week in his own prison, the corrupt sack of shit." I snicker like an asshole. "In a couple of months, I'm going to Comic-Con, heh, I'm so excited, I'm totally going to fuck up the Supergirl MTV interview..."

"I thought you bribed your way onto that show," Vinnie asks in confusion. "Why would you..."

"Last 2017, the cast pissed off the entire fan base with a song-and-dance number that basically mocked some of the fans and hurt a lot of feelings. I'm gonna interrupt that and just... well, me all over everything."

"Oh god," Liz groans. "Get me some fucking booze!"

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April 25th.

I stride dramatically out to my podium, the press waiting with bated breath as usual. Today I'm wearing rainbow overalls, cheap heart-shaped sunglasses, and nothing on underneath. Well, except for the body-paint symbols on Donald Trump's gross flabby chest.

"'Sup, 'Murica?" I begin. "This is Comrade Donnie. Tremble before me, for I write executive orders!"

"Hail Donnie!" the guys Vinnie hired to stand behind me and do Klingon salutes chant. "Hail Donnie!"

"Aww, thanks, guys, you make me blush. So, 'Murica! I been hearin' some bad shit recently, about a bunch of douchebags trying to stop trans kids from going to the right bathrooms! Lemme put it this way--if you're a man, even if you were born with a vagina, you use the men's fucking room, understand? Since I can't do anything about the legislative crap since that would probably get me booted for abuse of power, I'm gonna do what I can and fix up my own branch." I slam the binder onto my podium, open it, and pull out a pen. "From now on, the White House will have one bathroom designated as gender-neutral, and I'm ordering that trans federal employees use the bathroom of their gender, not of the gender they were assigned at birth. I had a talk with Mattis about making gender-neutral bathrooms standard in the military, he wants six months of studies before he changes anything, but I trust him to do what is best for America."

I sign the paper, tuck my pen away, and spin the binder around with a big shit-eating grin. "There we go! Trans people, you will always have a friend in President Donnie. Trust me, I'm Donald Trump! I'm the best President ever, and the trans people, they love me, and I love the trans people, and they're all so beautiful, the entire LGBT community is so beautiful, just like America, America is so beautiful, well except for Mitch McTurtle, Mike Kill-The-Gays Pence, and the religious fundamentalists, but otherwise America is beautiful! And I love America, just like America loves..."
I pose for a moment so they can take some pictures. Then I set the binder down and give the biggest shit-eating grin I can. "So, 'Murica, any questions?"

All the hands go up. I point to a random reporter. "You, Shitty Power Tie."

"Uh, isn't this completely against your party's platform, Mr. President?"

"Nah, my party is the Party of Me. The Republicans? They can go fuck themselves, up the ass-hole. I just want to be the best President I can, and that involves being good to the LGBT folks, because duh, they're people too. That's why I wrote and signed this executive order, and why I'm writing season 3 of Supergirl to include all of the happy gays I can, and why I made a day last month into Official Gay Marriage Day. Because I love the gays, and they love me, and I'm the best President ever, I'm Donald Trump."

More hands go up. I point to another. "You, unprofessional cleavage."

"This is a perfectly valid clothing choice," the reporter defends herself, "and I notice you're wearing ugly overalls with nothing on underneath so you're one to talk."

"Touche," I quip. "But you wasted your time with that outfit, Comrade Donnie ain't easily seduced unless you're Chyler Leigh or Sofia Boutella. I would sell my soul just to talk with those women. What do you want to know?"

"Don't you think that taking this position will hurt your reelection chances?"

"Lady, the Republicans hate me with the burning fire of 10,000 suns, most of the Democrats' base know me primarily as The Donald, my evil lecherous racist sexist asshole persona, and I'm Donald Trump. My reelection chances are lower than a salamander's slippers and were from the moment I won the electoral college while losing the popular vote. At this point I'm just trying to do as much good as I can before I get ridden out on a rail."

"So you are aware of what a dramatically un-Presidental oaf you are?"

"Uh, yeah, I thought that was obvious?" I scratch Donald Trump's gross flabby chest, and the reporter visibly recoils. "I'm still the President, the best President, the best President ever and everybody loves me, and I love them, and I'm such a strong, stable genius, I'm amazingly smart and sane, everybody loves what a stable genius I am. Next question? You, smarmy punchable face."

"Milo Yiannopoulos, Breitbart News," the oily shithead oozes. "How much are the trannies and the globalists paying you to do things like this?"

"Oh, Pedo Milo! That's right, you didn't write that article about how much you love touching little boys this time around." He goes white and sputters. I grin like a motherfucker. "You tell that Nazi shithead Steve Bannon from me that he is at war with me now. And as his flunky you are too, but given that you're a pedo I really don't think you'll be a flunky for him or anyone much longer. Also, fuck you. Next question?"

Hands shoot up. I pick one in the forward rows. "You, auburn hair, and wow, nice jacket!"

"Er, thanks, Mr. President..."

"Seriously, tell me where I can get one of those, I got a friend who'll love that, it'll go perfectly with her cosplay. Anyway, what did you want to know?"
"What do you mean about Mr. Yiannopoulos being a pedophile?"

"Exactly what I said. Last time this year happened he wrote an article saying that his desire to touch little boys was totally OK or some shit like that. He basically lost his job and everything. Since I'm a completely different person in this timeline, he didn't write the article so he's still licking Nazi Steve Bannon's Nazi jackboots." I take a drink of the grape juice Vinnie left for me at the podium. "He's a creepy little shit as well as a Nazi, though, so it's only a matter of time before he says something stupid. Speaking of which, Bryan Singer, the film director? He's a pedophile, been known as one for years, creepy as fuck too, but he's rich and powerful so he's kept it covered up. Oh, and I'm not sure if this came up yet or not but Joss Whedon cheats on his wife. Like, regularly." I take another drink. "I mean, say what you will about me, but at least since I was elected I haven't cheated on Melania, and I told her she can treat our relationship as open since I'm not interested in sex and I know she's a woman with needs. Hell of a lot smarter than Donald Trump, too, woman's a cold bastard but I honestly kind of like her." I belch. "Next question? You, GLAAD pin."

"Can we, uh, just get back to the trans bathroom thing?"

"Sure, forcing trans people to use the bathrooms of their assigned-at-birth gender is wrong, unless you'd make a little girl use the men's room too? Fucksake, 'Murica."

"Er, can I just get like a statement, something to clarify your exact position on this issue?"

I chuckle. "I thought it was obvious. I think that any and all attempts to discriminate against LGBT Americans, be they cake bakers refusing to make wedding cakes, places like that ridiculous 'ark encounter' creationist museum refusing to hire gay people, or assholes in North Carolina's legislature-nothing against North Carolina, lovely state, lovely people, I love Duke basketball, Coach K is a goddamn legend--anyway, assholes in North Carolina's legislature trying to ban trans people from the right bathrooms." I snap my fingers to the side, and Vinnie motions a minion forwards. The minion hands me a picture album, and I open it. "This is a bunch of pictures of post-transition trans people I pulled off of the Internet. All the names in the captions are fake, eyes are blacked over and parts of the faces are blurred to protect identities." I hold the album up. "This is a trans man. He goes into the ladies' room, people are gonna freak because he's visibly a dude. This is a trans woman. She goes into the men's room, at best she gets weird looks, at worst she gets harassed or assaulted. Folks, I can't make this more clear; trans people are people too, treat them with some basic fucking respect." I hand the album out. "Let everybody except Pedo Milo have a look at that. Hashtag signal boost."

Yiannopoulos starts shouting, and it takes a couple of minutes for my minions to drag him out.

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April 29th.

"Yo, Vinnie, how are my poll numbers?"

"Surprisingly, Mr. President, you're at 42%. I think that you lost a couple of points for the overalls."

"Damn." I wince. "You're keeping an eye on Other Me?"

"Yessir."

"Good." I finish managing my duty officers in Star Trek Online, accept some breakfast from my "squeeze", thank her, and quit the game so I can eat. "So, I'm thinking of setting aside some more protected land and making some loud threats against those Bundy assholes out in Nevada. Will that piss off Mattis?"
Vinnie cocks his head. "Might. Might not. You should definitely talk to him first."

"Alright." I take a swig of orange juice. "How's Liz?"

"I had to give her six foot rubs before she stopped trying to drink herself to death. She still thinks you're an asshole but isn't telling anyone."

"The kid?"

"Alright. She has some stomach problem so she's breastfeeding exclusive, Liz isn't happy, but I'm the goddamn foot-rub master."

"Good man." I pass him a roll of Benjamins. "Treat her to a night out on me. Let's do some foreign policy. How's Israel?"

"Hopping mad, but they're complying because you're threatening to pull the funding. Most of Hamas is turning in weapons to our people, according to Mattis. He's not hugely happy but he admits that you aren't charging into this like a complete idiot, just a rank amateur."

"McCain?"

"Pissed."

"His cancer?"

"Detected, but he has a year and a half to live."

"Someone buy a get-well card and an Edible Arrangement for him, get me the card so I can sign it before we send it to him. I've got a soft spot for that old bastard. Pence?"

"Hates your guts. He's a canny bastard, though, Mr. President, you need to watch him more."

"You got a guy for that?"

Vinnie grins. "Sure do, sir."

"Good, put him on Pence. Congress?"

"FBI's investigating Sessions for KKK ties ever since you put the Klan on the terrorism blacklist. Ryan can't control the House. McConnell's spitting fire but the Senate's splitting into factions. Democrats are mostly allied and the left-populist wing's forcing the older neoliberals to comply. GOP's split on how to deal with you."

"You got more on the House?"

"A madhouse." Vinnie pulls up some report on his iPad. "Pelosi's lost control of the Democrats, they're getting defections, and the Republicans are having populists break off to support your farm bill proposal. Rural districts are up in arms about this chicken thing, so Ryan and McCarthy can't stop the defections if they don't want to put the seats at risk. Democrats are looking at recruiting left-populists and social democrats for over fifty seats."

"Senate?" I stare straight ahead, chewing on a pancake as I plot.

"Sanders is playing footsie with the Greens and Socialist Party USA. McConnell wants a recall election or impeachment for sure, but the chaos means he can barely keep the government open let alone force anything on you. Duckworth's trying to forge a moderate left-wing consensus among the
Democrats, trying to be populist enough for the left and the working class but not too much for the party elite, doesn't seem to be working but it isn't a total failure so far. Feinstein's leading the Clinton wing but that's sinking fast. Most of the party's either with Sanders or Duckworth, Duckworth might be plotting a Presidential run in 2020."

"Republicans?"

"Like I said they're fractured. Cruz is trying to push himself as the religious-right candidate and dabbling with populism but it isn't working. McConnel's trying to get the Randroids and the Jesus freaks to work together with each other and the old-schoolers, the Tea Party thing's biting them in the ass. The Jesus freaks ironically won't touch your populist stuff and it's killing them in the polls, the Randroids hate it on ideological grounds, and the rest just hate you personally but don't want to move against you because they don't want to risk a Dem landslide in '18 and '20."

"State and lower?"

"Dems are pushing hard, mostly populists and new kids. Republican organization is in the pits, mostly thanks to you, and they're trying to fight the populist candidates in earnest now because most of the populists on the right are either total goddamn morons or actual neo-Nazis." He lays a hand on my shoulder. "You're winning, Mr. President."

I grin like a motherfucker as I stand. "Excellent. C'mon, Vinnie, let's go to work."

***

May 3rd

I stride off of my plane wearing a pickelhaube and a replica WW1-era German formal uniform, Vinnie at my side in a crisp suit and two of his minions looking really embarrassed carrying Kaiserreich flags behind me, a third carrying a boom box blaring Heil dir im Siegerkranz at high volume. Angela Merkel meets me at the bottom, looking confused and a bit angry.

"Angela!" I bellow. "Great to meet you, guten tag, ich bin Donald Drumpf, I'm a jelly donut, nice to meet you, lovely country you've got here, glory to the Kaiser. C'mon, let's get to talking, I'm the President, I'm the best President ever, and everybody loves me, and I love Germany, and Germany loves me!"

"...Was ist das?" Merkel finally manages.

I grin like a motherfucker. "Heil Kaiser, dir. I'm like, a huge fan of the Kaiserreich, but fuck Hitler, Hitler was ein scheisskopf, a schweinhund, Louis Ferdinand Hohenzolern was so much better, and Kaiser Wilhelm was the best, just like me, like how I'm the best." I wave to the cameras, Vinnie standing slightly behind me looking sharp in his suit. "Hi, Germany! I'm Donald Trump! I'm a stable genius, so stable, such a genius, everybody knows what a stable genius I am, I'm so smart, so rich, so beautiful. And you're going to love me because the beauty of me is I'm really very rich!"

Merkel breaks diplomatic protocol, grabs me by the collar and yanks me down, Vinnie waving off my security guys. "Was der Holle...what the Hell do you think you are doing here, Donald?" Her accent's a little thick but I can understand her.

"Thought it was obvious, Angela. Celebrating German history,"

"Du verdammtes...Now listen here, arschfischer, I do not know what you are thinking, coming here dressed like that, but I assure you that you started off on, as you say, the wrong foot."
"I could've come in my SS-Obergruppenführer costume that I'll be wearing on Supergirl later this year," I offer. Merkel goes white. "Yeah. Figured this was more polite while still being me. So, you want to talk trade and the environment?"

"Ich werde dich schneiden, Donald," Merkel hisses.

"Hey! No call for that! You know, I had a better time with Xi Jinping, at least he just insulted my mother and called me a fucking asshole."

Vinnie taps my back, and I pull away. "Yeah, Vinnie?"

"Maybe take the helmet off for a little bit, sir?" he suggests. "The Chancellor looks like she wants to murder you."

To be fair, I admit to myself, I do kind of deserve it.
Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie returns to America from his clusterfuck of a Germany trip, only to be greeted by a nefarious Nazi who plots his demise...

May 4th.

"'Sup, world?" I ask, then belch into my microphone. "May the 4th be with you!" I snicker like a little kid. "This is Donnie, Comrade Donnie, speaking here from the glorious German fatherland. Glory to Kaiser Wilhelm, glory to the Empire, and shit like that." One of my minions starts Die Wacht am Rhein, original flavor (the 19th century lyrics, not the shitty Nazi version), playing on the boom box. Merkel glares daggers at me. "So I'm the President, the best President of the United States, and everybody loves me because I'm such a stable genius, I'm so rich, so smart, so beautiful, so stable, such a genius." I turn to Merkel with a grin. "So nice to have me here, Angela, such a nice country, I love your Nazi ban, fuck the Nazis, I like to shoot Nazis, I love video games about shooting Nazis, best fun there is and such good clean fun, killing pixelated SS goons is awesome. Hey, do you want to play some Wolfenstein?"

There's a few moments of silence before Merkel manages to process all that. "Was?"

"Wolfenstein, the game? Video game, about shooting lots of Nazis? It's super fun, you get to shoot Nazis in the face with double machine guns, it's the best, just the best ever, and I love it, and everybody should do it sometime, just take the time off and brutally murderize some Nazis, it's the best, the best and most fun there is, and I love it, and really there's nothing better than killing Nazis, good clean wholesome fun, kill some objectively monstrous scumbags and save the world, so do you want to kill a lot of Nazis?"

"I think, Donald, that we were supposed to be talking about solar power."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I wave her off, pickelhaube wobbling. "But do you want to kill some Nazis?"

Merkel sighs. "Alright, Donald. If you will just get to the Gottverdammt speech?"

"Fuck yeah!" I enthuse, and grab my podium for support. "You're the best, Angela, just the best, I love your country, so beautiful, so great, just great, beautiful, so rich. So! Who wants to talk about solar power?" I wave Vinnie over and switch my props--he clips a black cape on as I switch the pickelhaube for a face-concealing mask, and one of the minions hands me my other prop. Vinnie steps away, and I flick the button on my prop, which lights up red...

Wait. Something's wrong. I turn to the guy with the boombox. "Fred! Second track!"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-bzWSJG93P8

I step back up to the podium, give a big fake Vader breath for about fifteen seconds, then chuckle malevolently. "Welcome, shitheads, to another Donald Trump press conference. Today I'm announcing a solar-energy cooperation deal with the Germans--that's Angela here's country, beautiful people, so lovely. I know that the American people will rise to my challenge and make 70%
of our energy produced by solar power by 2030. Pray you do not...*disappoint* me!"

Merkel facepalms. Must be Thursday.

***

May 7th.

I stride to my podium in a sombrero and a Fidel Castro outfit, complete with cigar. "'Sup, 'Murica?" I ask. "This is Donnie, President Donnie. Welcome, shitholes, to another Donald Trump press briefing.

"Today I wanna talk about farmers. American farmers are being fucked over. Big agrobusiness conglomerates fuck over American farmers, and fuck up our soil for a quick buck. Our idiotic food-labeling standards leave perfectly good fruit literally rotting away on the ground across our beautiful nation--so beautiful, just like me, like how I'm so rich, the beauty of me is I'm really very rich. And of course American kids as young as three are getting hurt and killed operating farm equipment they're too young for 'cause our farmers are being fucked over so hard they can't afford to hire work.

"So that shit's all bad. I'm ordering the FDA and USDA and all those guys to engage in a major restructuring of American food labeling and classification rules. Farmers, I'm sending some ideas to Congress about giving you a square deal on produce and paying 80% market value for what we currently call Grade-B produce so we can send that to our welfare programs and to countries that need food at cut rates. After all, Grade-B fruit looks ugly, but it's safe and edible, so why not put it to good use? Should be great for diplomacy, help our current hunger crisis, *and* give American farmers a square deal.

"A square deal that I gotta say is *badly* needed. Agrobusiness conglomerates have been fucking over this beautiful country for *years*, the evil little shits, sons of bitches, fuck 'em over, I hate those capitalist pigs. ConAgra and Tyson have a bunch of Congresscritters bought and paid for. Well, I'm gonna change that shit--trust me, I'm Donald Trump. I have your back, in the name of Socialism and the Red Banner of Labor. I love the American working man and I will protect you.

"I'm going to launch an antitrust investigation of Tyson and ConAgra and every other food conglomerate I can find, and we're gonna break them, I'm gonna break them up and hand all their assets over to farmers' unions, because union labor is the way forward and if I hand production to the
working man he'll set a fair price since he's buying his own damn product, so he'll find the best balance between keeping his kids fed and being able to afford food for his kids. I'll institute new regulations for farms, cut down on some of that pollution, but it's gonna be smart stuff, and other regulations are gonna go, and it's gonna come with a big bonus for farmers, I'm sending a proposal to some friends in Congress and they're gonna push it, it raises taxes on rich people and sends the profits to the little guy, I'm the best, and if Congress doesn't send a bill I like I'll veto it, I promise, I refuse to sign a bill that doesn't directly benefit American farmers and American taxpayers.

"Vote Steve Womack out of office, he's corrupt, he takes money from the agro-conglomerates! Those guys who fuck over our chicken farmers? They fuck over all of our farmers too, because they fucking suck, fucking asshole companies, evil sacks of shit. But America is strong! America's so strong, so great, so bigly, so beautiful, just like me, how I'm so beautiful, so rich, we're gonna fuck these guys up the assholes, we're the best, America's the best, down with capitalism, glory to America! Hail Huitzilopochtli, Hail Satan."

I openly scratch my ass and nod to myself. "Alright, folks, any questions?"

The next day, I get an angry call from the CEO of ConAgra, and I laugh in his face before hanging up. Feels good, man, feels good.

***

May 9th.

"MOVE, SHITHEAD! WHAT KIND OF FUCKING MAMA'S BOY ARE YOU, HUH?"

"Sir, yes sir!"

The Sergeant's spittle flecks Donald Trump's gross flabby jowls mixed with my sweat and tears--I haven't vomited on this run for a month now, and I hope to keep it that way. Vinnie, as usual, glides easily beside me, the Sergeant somehow not out of breath despite his jogging and bellowing.

"MOVE, BOY! MOOOOOOVE!"

"I'm moving, I'm moving!"

"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME, YOU FUCKING NANCY-BOY?" Oh, shit. "I AM A FUCKING MASTER SERGEANT, YOU LITTLE SHIT! I WORK FOR A LIVING, UNLIKE YOU, YOU FAT SACK OF DOG SHIT! SHOW ME SOME FUCKING RESPECT YOU LITTLE SHIT! I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE FUCKING GOD HISSELF, WHEN YOU'RE BEING WHIPPED INTO SHAPE BY ME YOU CALL ME SIR, YOU UNDERSTAND ME, BOY?"

"Sir, yes sir!" I manage.

"THEN GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR!"

I obey, forcing myself to push on through the wheezing and the blurry vision and the sweat. I notice a white guy about my age in a dark hoodie off to the side of the National Mall as I pass--huh, he was their last lap, hardly anyone stays around for a second sight of Donald Trump's gross flabby gut wobbling and sweating in the warm May weather.

Meh, probably just some guy. Still, though, he's gotta be sweltering in that...

"Oh, shit!" Vinnie says like he's realized something. I turn...and see that he's turning too, back
towards the guy in the hoodie. Who's standing up now, a metal glint in his hand.

"Get down!" Vinnie roars, and the Sergeant hits me, knocking me flat as my lieutenant pulls his gun. There's a crack of gunfire, and something whizzes over my head, then Vinnie's gun reports, and the guy in the hoodie stumbles backwards as he's hit in the shoulder. His gun goes off again, off-aim, and Vinnie grunts as blood spurts from his left arm. My lieutenant fires again, followed by his minions, and the guy in the hoodie jerks like a puppet with cut strings before collapsing to the ground.

"Wade!" I wheeze, trying to crawl out from under the Sergeant, but he holds me in an iron grip. "Wade, are you alright?"

"Stay down, Mr. President!" Vinnie growls, and curses as his sleeve begins to soak with blood. "Just a graze. Brooks, Kelly, sweep the area! Reed, check the shooter. Sergeant, get the President out of here!"

"Sir!"

Vinnie pulls out his phone with a grimace and quickly dials 911. "Vinnie!" I try again, struggling against the Sergeant as he starts to haul me away, head down. "You saved my life, man! I owe you!"

"Just doing my job, sir."

***

"The shooter's name is James Alex Fields," James Comey reports eight hours later, Mattis and National Security Adviser Bob Harward sitting in a couple of spare chairs alongside Attorney General Kamala Harris. Secretary of State Angela Walker, a bus driver and Socialist activist, is currently in France campaigning for Philippe Poutou's New Anticapitalist Party. Two of Vinnie's boys are watching me; Vinnie himself's at home recovering from being shot in the arm. I miss him. "Native of Ohio. Turns out he has a history of disciplinary problems in high school and neo-Nazi leanings."

"Figures," Harward grunts. "You have been provoking them, Mr. President."

"Got a problem with that, sir?" I snarl. I'm pissed--nobody hurts my henchman, especially not fucking Nazis.

"Hell no, Mr. President, just pointing it out." He nods to Comey. "Keep going, Jake."

"Sir. Fields is in critical condition at the George Washington University hospital; we have him under guard but he's in a coma at the moment. Shot four times, in the shoulder, left lung, liver, and one hit a rib. We're looking into his online trail now, but we contacted his high school and apparently he expressed support for Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany."


"I'm considering whether you should throttle back your insane demeanor, Mr. President," my Sec-Def replies. "I think that you should definitely consider reducing public appearances and less-secure situations for a few weeks, though."

"Hell, no," I shoot back. "That'll just make 'em think they won."

Mattis nods. "Alright. This isn't really my purview, but I would in that case recommend a larger
security detail. And definitely stop running the National Mall with only a four-man detail."

"Agreed," Harward growls.

"Fine. But Kendra, I want you going after these Nazi-loving fucks, understand?"

"Kamala," she corrects me for the 873rd time. "And yes, Mr. President."

"Great. Jose, see if you can find any neo-Nazi groups who this Fields assfucker was associated with."

"Uh, yes, Mr. President," Comey says.

"General Mattis, Harward, with me. I'm giving a goddamn press conference."

"Oh, Hell," Harward mutters. "This is gonna be a shit sandwich." Mattis shushes him.

***

The crowd of reporters seems a little surprised to see me as I stride out to my podium in an actual (albeit not fully buttoned) suit, Mattis and Harward flanking me with Vinnie's goon squad and Harris muttering something in Comey's ear a few steps back.

"So!" I roar into my mic. I'm having trouble thinking straight, I'm so mad. "Some no-good Nazi fuck shot my Secret Service detail chief! I fucking hate those guys. His name's James Fields, from someplace in Ohio, he's in a coma in the hospital right now, and Mattis says I can't unplug his life support."

"That's correct, Mr. President," Mattis says from behind me, loudly enough for the reporters and their mics to pick him up.

"Yeah. So this shit's domestic terrorism, and attempted assassination since he was shooting for me, and my buddy's in the hospital and your great President is pissed right the fuck off, you understand me?" I swear and slam my podium with a fist, wracking my brains for how to show I'm pissed. Inspiration strikes, and I pull off my shoe, standing up quickly and slamming it into my podium.

"Steve Bannon! You and all your neo-Nazi fucks! I will bury you! I will fucking bury you, I will leave you in the dust, I will kick your ass and make you wish you never heard the name Donald Trump! I'm the President, you sad sack of shit, you think your little brainwashed cultists won't be tracked back to you, fuck you! You fucking Nazi fuck, I fucking hate you fucking Nazis, you fucking fanboys masturbating over a bunch of dead, un-American mass murderers, fuck you, just fuck you, I'll fucking kill you, I'll fucking blow up all you fucking neo-Nazis, I'll nuke your fucking houses down to the fucking bedrock, all of you 'alt-right' little Internet weevils, I'll fucking find you in your mothers' basements and I'll nuke the shit out of you, bomb you, shoot you, send in airstrikes, fucking destroy your entire fucking lives..."

Mattis taps my shoulder. I stop, breathing heavily, and turn. "Yeah?"

"Calm down, Mr. President."

"Right. Yeah. Thanks, Mattis."

"Not a problem, Mr. President."

I grip the podium with both hands, gritting Donald Trump's teeth as I try to control myself. "I am fucking done with all the fucking Nazis in my fucking country. This is America, people!
We kill Nazis here! I don't want fucking Nazis in the US of fucking A! I'll deport them! I'll fucking deport all the Nazis to Antarctica, I'll get rid of them all! Nazi fucking scum! Kill 'em all! Kill the fucking Nazis, throw 'em out, deport 'em all, get rid of 'em!"

I pause for breath as Mattis coughs firmly behind me. "An' Vinnie, I'm sorry, man," I choke out, starting to tear up. "You were right, I shoulda had a full detail locking off the Mall, or I shoulda used the treadmill. I'm so sorry, man, this is my fault, you shouldn't have taken that bullet for me. You're fucking promoted, and a raise, you're the best, I love you, man, and your daughter's going to the best schools I can pay for, she's so cute, absolutely adorable and smart baby, and Mrs. Vinnie can have a free Hawaii trip on my dime, whatever you want, man, you took a bullet for me, so loyal, so great, you're a great man."

"These fucking Nazis, they shot Vinnie, I fucking hate them, they can all fucking eat shit and fucking die, build a wall, build a fucking fuckhuge wall around the country and deport all the Nazis and keep them out, fuck them, fuck them all!"

I throw my mic down and storm out, yelling about shooting Nazis in the face. Harward follows me at a sharp nod from Mattis, who steps up to the podium.

"My apologies for the President, he was almost assassinated earlier today," I hear Mattis begin, but I'm too busy yelling at Harward about how I want every Nazi in the USA rounded up and shot to care.

When I wake up the next morning, I realize that maybe giving a press conference while almost too mad to see straight was a bad idea.

***

May 10th.

I knock on the door politely, and hear a muffled come in! from inside.

"Vinnie?" I ask as I slip through the door. Mrs. Vinnie glares at me from his side. My henchman grins at me from his couch, the TV blaring in the background.

"Morning, Mr. President," he says, arm in a cast. "Turns out it was a bit more than a graze. Hey, I saw your speech--you were a little off-topic, sir."

"Yeah, sorry about that, I was worried. Are you feeling alright?"

"A bit sore, but Liz made me chicken teriyaki so I'm good." He kisses Mrs. Vinnie, and she can't keep her scowl at me. "Babe, it's fine, Donnie means well even if he's a dumb kid."

"He's a ghost zombie revenant and obviously insane," Mrs. Vinnie counters, but she lets me sit next to my henchman without protest.

"Your poll numbers are up, sir. Turns out 90% of America doesn't like Nazis, you've hit 45% and climbing."

"Fuck my poll numbers, Vinnie, I don't give a shit about my poll numbers. Are you and your family OK?"

"Aw, Hell, Mr. President, I'm fine." He tries to move his left and winces.

"You're not fine, you were shot thanks to this idiot," Liz snaps at him.
"Yeah, uh, sorry about that," I say. "I shoulda listened to you more."

"Hey, I'm alive. Next time you'll remember." Vinnie chuckles. "Besides, this way I don't have to take change diapers."

"Why, is that a problem?"

Liz groans. "Our daughter's behind is a weapon of ass destruction."

I wince. "Sorry to hear that. You need a hand, I have lots of money so I can pay someone to help."

"We're fine," Liz says firmly before Vinnie can talk.

"Though could you maybe help us deal with my mother-in-law?" Vinnie asks hopefully.

"Wade, no, we can handle her..."

"Liz, baby, she tried to *kidnap our daughter* because she thinks that I'm infected with Satanic influence because I work for Donnie."

"You have a restraining order, right?" I ask. Liz nods.

"Of course. But we can handle her."

"It's no problem, really, I'll hire some South African mercenaries, those guys are hardcore. If both of you agree of course. You changed the locks already, right?"

"And put up security cameras."

"Smart lady," I note with a grin. "Considered guard dogs?"

"I'm allergic."

"Got it, I was planning on getting a cat for the White House anyway." I pat Vinnie on his good shoulder. "Don't worry, folks, your overly grabby mother-in-law won't bother you."

"I *can* plan for these things myself," Liz notes. "I already have a plan."

"Oh?" I ask. "What's that?"

She pulls a small spray bottle out of her purse and shows me the label. I grin like a motherfucker. "Got it. You're a woman after my own heart."

"Ugh, *never* say that again, zombie kid."

There's a displeased baby sound from another room. Liz sighs. "I've got to go feed her. You take my husband anywhere or get him hurt again, I cut off your balls and feed them to you."

"Not much of a meal, but yes ma'am." She snorts at me, then grouchily heads off to feed the kid.

"You got sued by ConAgra for libel today, Mr. President," Vinnie advises me once she's left. He looks actually worried. "They've got a low burden of proof since they're a food company."

"Fuck 'em, I'm the President. I've already got my lawyers moving."

Vinnie grins. "Working with you is always a pleasure, Mr. President."
I chuckle. "Yeah, alright. Hey, you're gonna be OK, right?"

"Hell yeah, it's just a scratch, I'll be back in a month tops."

"Awesome." I give him an awkward one-armed hug. "I love you, man. And the guy in charge of my detail right now is a limp-wristed idiot who doesn't get me."

"You'll push through," he assures me. "Now, you got the speech for the Supergirl panel ready yet?"

"No, I was kinda busy. I still have to write the Supercorp date episode, too."

"Right. Liz usually takes about 30 minutes to finish feeding Natalie these days, so get out your computer, Mr. President, we're gonna do this."

***

May 12th.

Mattis escorts me to the podium. He vetoed my MacArthur costume, so I'm dressed as Kruschev (with a heavy-ass necklace made of ears of corn) today.

"What up, 'Murica?" I ask. "So, Mattis here says I need to apologize for ranting a couple days ago. No, I am not actually planning to use nukes or bomb the USA. Sorry about that unhinged threat, I was a little upset about almost being shot and Vinnie being in the hospital. However, I am fucking done with neo-Nazis, and those little shits, they tried to kill me and they hurt Vinnie, so I'm gonna fuck them up. I'm having Comey put together a new task force to deal with domestic white-nationalist, neo-Nazi, and KKK terrorism. I'm coming for you, Steve Bannon."

I scratch my toupee. "Look, not much to say here, I hate Nazis. Nazis can eat shit, and neo-Nazis are just pustule-ridden fanboys of a toxic ideology that explicitly endorses genocide. Fuck 'em. Make America great again! Make America great again by throwing all the Nazis out, reject them, defy them, and being tolerant and kind."

I pull out a piece of paper from the briefcase. "This here's a list of the groups the Nazis hated. Jews, gay people, trans people, Romani--those folks that racist assholes in Europe call "Gypsies", fuck you by the way, Le Pen--Slavs--that's Russians and Poles and a bunch of other people--Communists, pacifists, and anyone who didn't show sufficient loyalty to Adolf Hitler. Mostly in that order. Oh, and black people too, but there weren't enough black people in Nazi Germany to really make headlines.

"Long story short, if someone's on the Nazis' kill list, be kind to them, get to know them, fight for their rights. Because fuck the Nazis and their toxic bullshit."

"Long live America. Night, all, I'm done for the week."
Disgrace the nation!

Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie goes on Colbert, does policy, and thumbs his nose at the political establishment.


May 19th.

I shove Pointdexter, the nickname I've given to my interim Secret Service chief, aside and grab my costume hat from my "squeeze", Anne. "Bro, you ever fuck up my routine again you're fired! Only Vinnie gets to be my executive function."

"Mr. President..."

"No! I'm giving this damn conference, there's only three entries or exits, you can cover that with 20 dudes. Fuck it, shut up and set up some guys to protect me." He gives up and just runs off to do my bidding. I adjust my hat in the mirror my "squeeze" (well, admin/aide) holds up, completing my Mobutu Sese Seko outfit. "Drink." Anne, my "squeeze", hands me a Gatorade, which I chug, and I hand back the empty bottle. "Energy drink!" She switches my empty bottle for a little 5 Hour Energy drink, which I down in a single gulp while passing her a Benjamin as a tip. "Thanks. Props!" One of Anne's assistants hands me a banana and a copy of Das Kapital. "Wait, why was I using these again?"

"You haven't used them yet and said you felt like it, Mr. President," Anne hesitantly informs me.

"Well, fuck that shit, Comrade Donnie need not elementary Marxist theory, need not throwing banana." I snigger to myself at the AH.com in-joke. "Alright, people, let's roll!"

I stride out to my podium in a loud suit in a checkered pattern of small black and white squares, magnificent gold bling, and a leopard-print hat. La Zairoise plays as I take my place, posing for the cameras. When it's done, the reporters quiet down, and I grin.

"'Sup, 'Murica? This is Donnie, Brother Leader and Harmonious Guide of the People's Revolution Donnie." I snicker like the dork I am and clear my throat. "Ahem. Welcome, shitheads, to another Donald Trump press briefing. So, I wanted to talk about water and oil. Specifically, the Keystone oil pipeline that I'm putting the kibosh on, and California, who're going to be getting a shitload of water use regs dumped on their asses if they don't shape up.

"Speaking of California, ain't it funny how all the most toxic places in Silicon Valley just so happen to be where all the poor people live? Basically what happened is Steve Jobs and Bill Gates and all the other Silicon Valley bunch polluted the hell out of the areas where not-rich people live with their factories and then went off to live in the good land where they brag about how green and liberal they are. Pukes. At least I'm honest about being a loathsome incarnation of greed, corruption, and gross hypocrisy. And you know, that water crisis of yours, I want you to start following strict regulations, grey water recycling is a hugely important thing, stop wasting water, use bathwater to flush the toilet, stuff like that, do that, don't waste water or I'll fuck you over.
"Anyway, yeah, no Keystone pipeline, but I am ordering a hiring surge at the National Parks Service. Mostly grunt positions--hey, guys? Guys sitting around out of work and angry? I'm making some jobs, jobs where you get to go do good hard clean honest work out in the sun and fresh air, tearing up plants from Europe so American plants can grow there instead. It feels good, man, feels good.

"Oh, and the Keystone pipeline, yeah I'm killing that, I think that since it runs over the aquifer that supplies half the West I really shouldn't let some greedy corporate fucks run crude oil over our water to sell to China. These evil corporate fucks want to sell oil overseas and then import replacement oil from the Saudis, they want to kill our energy independence, America has got to be energy independent, fuck the corporations, glory to America, we're going to make America great again even if I have to nationalize all the energy industries, America, so beautiful, so rich, and the Keystone pipeline is such a bigly mistake, so much failure, so bad, so very bad, what a mess, such a low-energy disaster, horrible disaster, ruining our country like the racists and criminals running around at those alt-right rallies, I can't let this pipeline be built, it's un-American! So yeah, no, I'm not doing that for 2000 jobs that'll last all of a year. Same with the Dakota Access Pipeline, it's dead, I signed the executive order already." I pull up the bit of paper as proof. "Enjoy, corporate Big Oil scum.

"Also I wanna talk about immigration. Immigration is good shit! Immigrants work hard, make our economy strong, throughout American history immigrants have made America great. Hell, my granddaddy was an immigrant. Melania's an immigrant. So I'm gonna do everything I can to make sure we get more immigrants, because those chumps'll do shitty jobs that nobody else will, so I'll get discount mowing done on my shitty golf course in Mar-A-Lago. Good shit. Oh, and Spanish is a great language, learn to be tolerant, learn Spanish it's super easy.

"Oh shit, and I almost remembered! I want more money for FEMA, it's shaping up to be a bad hurricane season what with the global warming the Republicans' policies has helped along, we need our emergency management to be the best, just the best ever, because our country is the best, just the most beautiful and bigly and amazing, and we deserve the best, just the best, like me, how I'm the best, because I'm so rich, I'm so beautiful because I'm really rich, and I'm gonna get richer because of all the money I have bet on Wonder Woman making a shitload, I'm the best, just the most amazing, and I'm gonna make FEMA great again, we're going to make this country really amazing, and Puerto Rico, they've got a lot of infrastructure issues, I want to help them, make Puerto Rico great again and make them a state finally so we can have 51 states, it'll be amazing, so amazing, so bigly, absolutely yuge, so great, our country's the best, just the best, I love America and America loves me, I'm so great, everybody loves me, I'm going to make America great again, I'm going to make FEMA great again, I'm gonna make our immigration policy great again, I'm gonna make our national parks great again, fuck the corporations, fuck the CEOs, fuck the neoliberals, socialism's where it's at, I love anarcho-syndicalism, great ideology, so bigly, very smart, just like me, I'm very smart, a huge stable genius.

"And I'm gonna make the biggest, the best agriculture reform, the best farm bill ever, the stuff I said earlier, that's happening, socialism, it's great, so bigly, it's gonna make America great again, so good for our farmers, our workers, amazing, just like our nuclear, how we have so much nuclear and it's gonna be so great, just brilliant, amazing, like me, how I'm so rich, so beautiful, very wow.

"So yeah let's do that."

I take a drink of the water my assistant set out for me. I'm about to open the hall for questions, but then inspiration strikes.

"Oh, and fuck whoever thought making a big-screen Peter Rabbit movie was a good idea. Leave Peter Rabbit alone, you childhood-killing corporate Hollywood fuckwits. Fuck you, from the depths
of my corroded soul *fuck you.*"

I grip the podium and belch. "Alrighty, folks, any compliments for my costume, or questions?"

The room explodes with shouting.

***

*May 21st.*

"Fuck you, Mr. President," McConnel snarls.

I chuckle, not even looking at him as I guide Pathfinder Ryder, her krogan buddy, and her turian girlfriend through a visually impressive but mechanically frustrating alien vault. "Fuck you too, Mitt. Got a problem with me?"

"You got elected on the Republican ticket, Donald, you can't just turn around and backstab us like this without consequences!"

"Two things, Turtle-Face. One, it's Donnie, or Comrade Donnie. Or Ian, but that was the old me. But you call me Mr. President, *sir*, or Oh God Please Not In The Face. Two. The number of shits I give about your bullshit sycophant crew gang of idiots is approximately negative. You give me the policy I ask for or I veto everything."

"This isn't how things *work!" McConnel snarls. "You're not a dictator, Donald, you don't get to tell me what to do!"

"And you can't make me not veto shit, plus you don't have enough votes to impeach my crazy ass. You give me what I want or I veto it."

"We sure as Hell won't!"

"Heh. Well, sucks to be you, Mark. But I've got you by the balls here. You do what I want, your big donors evaporate and the social conservatives stay home. You fuck with me, the working class deserts if they haven't already and you look like assholes." I pause the game and turn to him, grinning like a Bond villain stroking his cat in his lair with Bond and the Bond girl stuck in his overcomplicated malevolent death trap. "Check. Your move, Mike."

"You have no fucking idea what you're dealing with," McConnel hisses. "You listen here, Trump, you start acting like a good Republican President or you're out of the party and we're going for impeachment again."

"Shit," I realize. "I was going to get a cat." I offer the asshole a big shit-eating grin. "Sorry, Marvin, you do that the best you're gonna get is me ranting and raving about you being a lousy obstructionist trying to stop me from making America great again. Capisce?"

McConnel sputters, then sets his lips in a firm line. "Fine. You asked for this, Donald."

"Fuck off, Mick."

***

*Breaking News! Republican National Committee disavows and withdraws funding for President Trump!*

*The controversial President is under fire from Congressional Republicans after a series of*
increasingly unhinged and bizarre rambling policy demands, a dramatic assassination attempt, and repeatedly throwing insults at senior Republicans on a daily basis for several consecutive months. Trump, whose approval rating rose to 51% today in a new Gallup poll following the recent failed assassination attempt and a dramatic, rambling, highly profane pledge of support to the Rust Belt, reportedly laughed when told of the RNC's action and instructed aides to "come back when they can work together long enough to actually do anything to me".

Meanwhile, embattled Senator Jeff Sessions resigned today after an explosive expose allegedly released by a White House insider codenamed "Vinnie" revealed Sessions' ties to the recently-blacklisted Ku Klux Klan domestic terrorist organization. A special election is expected to be called for the Senator's seat, scheduled for November.

President Trump is expected to take to Twitter shortly to comment on Sessions' resignation.

--CNN online article, May 22nd, 2017.

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"No, we don't know his end goal, but in the short term I think this is actually a win for the President. His Tweets all involve distancing himself from wealthy, establishment Republicans, he's claiming the party has abandoned him and Middle America. We'll have to wait for the next round of polls, but I suspect that his approval ratings are going to go up from this..."


***

"He's a devious fuck, but he's making my life a lot more interesting with how he's flouting the traditional left/right binary of American politics."


***

May 23rd.

Mrs. Vinnie opens the door cautiously, and groans. "Oh. It's you."

"Yeah, yeah, can I come in?"

"Shoes off, no tracking dirt in my carpet, and if you get my husband into any of your zany schemes I cut off your dick and shove it up your ass."

"Trust me, no plans for zany schemes."

"Fine. You can come in, for now."

"Thanks, you're the best, just the best, the most beautiful and smart, so very rich." I barge in, kick off my shoes, and gesture at Pointdexter. "Shoes off."

"Mr. President..."

"If you get mud on Mrs. Vinnie's rug, I won't just let her cut your dick off, I'll do it myself and turn your ball-sack into a tiny purse." His cheeks burn but he obeys. "Frank, where's the cake?"

"It's, uh, Fitzgerald, Mr. President..."
"Whatever, Fred, you got it?"

"...yes, Mr. President."

"Right. OK, everybody ready? Alright, follow me on three. One. Two... THREE!"

I stride dramatically into Vinnie's living room, where my chief henchman is doing push-ups one-handed, and he looks up in surprise as I begin belting out For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, my minions somewhat less enthusiastically backing me up. Vinnie wavers, finishes his set while I sing, and pulls himself up to a sitting position, wiping a tear from his eye with his good hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr. President," he manages when Donald Trump's shitty singing voice finishes. "You didn't have to..."

"Nah, nahh, Vinnie, man, you're my favorite henchman, of course I had to! Yo, Pointdexter, Francis, cake, now!"

"Yes, Mr. President," Fitzgerald whimpers as he finishes lighting the candles.

"How's the kid, Vinnie?"

"She's good, sir."

"Mother in law?"

"No problems yet."

"Good. You keeping your weight off that arm?"

"Yes, Mr. President. Uh, I've been monitoring your approval ratings, you're settling around 50% but that's gonna drop once the bump from the assassination attempt settles."

"You're forgetting the millennials. I'm counting on them and I'm shooting up in the numbers with the gays, I mean, with LGBT people. Sorry, still a bit in speech mode."

"No offense taken, Mr. President." He blows out the candles as Pointdexter holds the cake out for him. "Liz! They brought cake!"

A wail sounds from the other room, and I feel the blood drain from my face.

"That's fucking great, dear!" Liz shouts from the other room, "but that insane zombie kid woke our goddamn baby!"

"Fuck," I whimper.

"Behind your guards, now!" Vinnie hisses. Donald Trump's body is surprisingly nimble when I'm desperate, though suddenly Pointdexter seems way too small. Liz tears out of the other room, Baby Vinnie wailing angrily in her arms, and glares blue murder at me.

"Name the policy, I'll advocate for it!" I beg shamelessly.

"Fuck you, zombie kid! Do you have any idea how long it takes to get her out cold? I have to rock her for half an hour while she listens to the same damn lullaby, over and over and over and over, it drives me insane! And you come in here, and you just belt out crap at the top of your lungs, and you think you can buy me off?"
"I'll teach her science! I know a shitload about paleontology, ten minutes with me and I'll hook her on science for life! Great career options, biology and other STEM fields wide open! I'll make a scholarship program so that down the line she has a guaranteed college trip!"

Vinnie makes an attempt. "Honey, he didn't mean to wake up Natalie, he was just trying to cheer me up..."

Mrs. Vinnie snarls as he approaches cautiously, wrapping his good arm around her carefully. "This goddamn kid is going to destroy the fucking country!"

"Not with me and General Mattis handling him," Vinnie promises.

"I used to be a volunteer at a natural-history museum in Philly in my last life, I'm great with kids, I'll watch her for a day, best security in the world, trust me, and I'll send you and Vinnie to Aruba!"

"Stop making offers!" she snaps. I shut up.

"Honey..." Vinnie says cautiously. She holds a finger up to him.

"Shh." He clams up.

After a few minutes, Baby Vinnie having calmed down to a hiccuping whimper, Mrs. Vinnie speaks up. "Which museum, dead boy?"

"Academy of Natural Sciences. In Philly. I know the exhibits portions of the AMNH in New York too, and I know the Carnegie."

"Hmm." She thinks for a few more minutes, letting me squirm. "You rock Natalie back to sleep. While my husband watches, so he knows how much time that takes. I'll be in the bath. Then, you and Wade get your shit done, and you fuck off back to the White House."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Get to work."

I head for the back room as Vinnie takes his kid. Mrs. Vinnie's voice makes me stop before I go into the nursery, though.

"How old are you, dead boy?"

I turn, and Mrs. Vinnie looks tired and almost sympathetic as she looks at me. "21," I admit. "I was born in September '96 in Seattle. I was a college student, suffered through this fat idiot's first year as President, had some mental-health issues going on, decided to end it. Ended it. Woke up in his body."

"Have you considered therapy?" she asks. The fury's gone, and she's looking at me in a way I don't quite understand.

"I can't. Not without it blowing up in my face."

"Your mental health comes first," she counters.

"Hell no. I have one chance to fix this goddamn country that I love, and I'm gonna do it." I suck in a nervous breath. "Besides. I don't have the Tourette's in this body, and my OCD's a lot better. I have a shot."
"I won't push," she promises. But she grabs a Post-It pad and a pen from an end table, writes down a number, and hands it to me. "Here. Wade wanted me to have a contact just in case of postpartum depression. She'll help you find someone if you start having issues."

"Thanks," I manage.

"Not a problem." She pats my shoulder awkwardly. "Now get to work putting Natalie back to sleep, and have your fun with Wade. Not too much, though, he's got to sleep."

"Yes, ma'am."

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May 25th.

I save my first-draft proposal script for *Supergirl's* season 3 finale (involving my evil Nazi alter ego invading Earth-38 and getting the living shit beaten out of him by Supergirl for interrupting her attempt to propose to her girlfriend, because I demand maximum gay), guzzle the Gatorade my "squeeze" hands me, and belch. "Ag bill draft."

She hands me a thick ream of paper, which I begin to flip through. "Tell Paul Ryan and his cronies I want a tax hike to pay for this shit. If we're paying 50 cents a pound for Grade B pears and selling some of them to other countries at 60 cents a pound, we need to pay for them first." I belch, and keep scanning. "Get this to my counsel and to Vinnie. I want comments and full analysis by tomorrow morning so I can send something back."

"Sir."

"Thanks, Anne. Executive order draft?" She hands it over. "Thanks."

"Press conference in 30, Mr. President. You're dressing as Kim Jong-Il today."

"Thanks again, Anne, you're a doll." I munch on some kale chips as I read over the formal executive order, and chuckle. "Man, gets a kick out of me every time." I sign it, officially declaring Ronald Reagan's grave to be a gender-neutral bathroom. "Hey, Anna, how's Vinnie?"

"His physical therapy's going well, Mr. President."

"We got a timetable on him getting back to work?" I pull up my proposal for a sweeping federal antidiscrimination law, take a quick drink of water, and prep for a quick, intense writing session.

"About a week, Mr. President; his arm's almost fully healed."

"Sweet. Mr. President; his arm's almost fully healed."

"Sir."

"Press conference in 30, Mr. President. You're dressing as Kim Jong-Il today."

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"Sweet. Mr. President; his arm's almost fully healed."

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"This is a disgrace! A travesty, a slap in the face to the great President Reagan! This President, he hates America, he hates our country, he hates the Gipper! And I truly believe, I believe that he is the Antichrist, that Donald Trump is the spawn of Satan sent to destroy us!"


***

May 27th, 2017.
"Lemme tell you about Russia," I half-belch to Stephen Colbert as I take a seat on his show. "Vlad's so sexy, so powerful, what a masculine man, he tries so hard to be manly, it's so sexy, but in bed, when we're in bed he always liked me to be on top, he's so tough in public but in private he's subby as hell." I sniffle theatrically. "But after the inauguration, he hasn't spoken to me! I'm going crazy, so many first-world problems, such a mess, so bad, very bad."

"I...see..." Colbert says slowly. "You had an affair with Vladimir Putin?"

"Yeah, he likes it rough, with my glutinous ass on top, I'm the best, just the best at the sexings, so beautiful, just the best." I chuckle. "Anyway, how are you today, Stan?"

"Stephen."

"Yeah, whatever, Stallone. Hey, did I tell you about Botswana?"

"Er, no, what about Botswana?"

"It's a beautiful country, Sam, absolutely lovely, beautiful country with beautiful wildlife, and a democracy, such a good democracy, very free, so beautiful, very nice. But they have a big, bigly problem with AIDS, so I want to send them a little help, just a bit to get 'em back on their feet, we should support democracies, support free countries, and get a really strong, a good, a bigly alliance of democracies to spread freedom and justice across the world. So yeah, Sean, I'm a huge fan of Botswana, we can totally give them a hand to make our position stronger. MAGA!"

Colbert tries to rally. "So does this, um, affair that you claim that you had with Vladimir Putin, does that affect your policy decisions in any way?"

"Nah, I love Mother Russia as much as the next guy whose election was bought and paid for by the Kremlin, but as long as Vlad's not talking to me, I'll oppose him publicly. Vlad, you need to talk to me if you want me to stop embarrassing you in public. MAGA!"

"So you aren't colluding with the Russians?"

"Well, they sure gave me a fuckload of money on the campaign trail, but I donated that shit to Doctors Without Borders through a shell corporation and called it a day. And they gave me advance
intel on Clinton's skeletons in her closet, but I emailed the pee-pee tape to an Anonymous hacker to make sure there would be parity. I mean, when I was playing The Donald, he was an asshole, but I, Comrade Donnie, I care about fairness a lot." I shrug and take a drink from the grape-juice-in-a-bottle-in-a-brown-paper-bag I brought with me. "Aaahhh. Anyway, the Hillster lost despite my best efforts, she really should've gone to the Rust Belt and avoided cozying up to the banks. Capitalism isn't all that popular anymore, because it's bullshit, and it's theft, capitalism is stealing from the little guy."

Colbert finally manages to rally and makes a game attempt at retaking control of his own show. "The Russians did collude with your campaign? You just...you just admitted that?"

"Oh yeah, they did that. But, funny thing about a bribe, the bribee has to accept it. And it works on an honor system. Well, pity for the Ruskies, I have no honor. I took Putin's money, sent it to charity, and now I'm laughing my ass all the way to my tacky gold-plated toilet seat to take a shit on Vlad's plans. At least until he gets back together with me. Honestly, Vlad needs to get the fuck out of Ukraine, him and all his minions, or I'll start hunting for oppressed American minorities in Kamchakta--I mean, West Alaska. You hear me, Vlad?" I sniff theatrically and wipe an imaginary tear from my eye. "These lovers' spats, they can get so out of hand."

"Lover's spat, eh?" Colbert chuckles, starting to get a sense for me. "What would you call the situation in Ukraine, then?"

"Vlad being a dick," I reply. "Look, he wants to rebuild the Soviet Union, except instead of geriatrics he wants one shirtless dude on a bear in charge. Problem is, not many folks're on board with that, so he has to find or just make up Russian minorities to "liberate" in proxy wars and naked land-grabs." I take another drink of my grape juice, and belch as loudly and rudely as I can. "Hey, you got Fake Melania around?"

"Unfortunately not."

"Damn, that's a shame. I like Fake Melania, had her over for dinner with Vinnie and Mrs. Vinnie at the White House. Mrs. Vinnie's great, just the best, the best mother, and Vinnie's a great guy, he took a bullet for me, best bodyguard ever, best henchman ever, absolutely bigly beautiful, just like how I'm so rich, and such a stable genius."

"I'd use a different term," Colbert quips. I laugh like a hyena.

"Damn straight you fucking would, Saul! Most people think I'm crazy. Which, fair, I look and sound pretty crazy, what with my intentionally insane outfits and my predilection for talking out of my ass." I take a swig of grape juice. "Look, the people of this country elected me, now they're stuck with me. I'm not sorry."

"Of course, that would require you to be a decent human being."

"Hey!" I wag a finger at him. "I'm only fucking with people who deserve it. Also, fuck Wall Street, I want to regulate the shit out of them, fuck capitalism, it's one big lie. I'm the friend of the little guy, I'll fight for America, MAGA!, I'm Donald Trump."

"So you're...a communist?"

"Ehhh, I don't like labels, anarcho-syndicalist might fit but honestly, I just want to help the little guy, freedom and equality, Murica, all that good shit, America's the best, I love America, great country, would be even better if we ended capitalism, America rocks, make America great again, all of America, so strong, so beautiful, so good. We'll make Puerto Rico a state, full representation, end
the corporate abuses, repair the infrastructure, make all of America great again, we will be invincible, the most powerful, with all the friends, so badass. Down with capitalism, victory to the American worker, MAGA!" I belch and take a swig. "Ahhh. Want some?"

"I'd really rather not."

I shrug. "Yeah, fair point, grape juice--uh, I mean, wine, booze stains real easily, this is definitely alcohol, totally, just the best, so rich, so good. I'm the best, so drunk, totally drunk, definitely not just pretending."

"Uh-huh." Colbert doesn't believe me, and there's a glint to his keen eyes that makes me think he's catching on to me. "Can I ask you something, Mr. President?"

"Well, yeah, sure, that's what I'm here for, right?"

"How did you get Congress to cave on your agriculture bill?"

I grin like a shark. "Because I threatened to veto the budget. Not sure if I can even do that, but I threatened to try. That's how you play poker, Stan. When you're ten million in the hole and the other guy's twenty mil up but has ten mil of debts to pay, you can afford to bluff since you've got nothing left to lose. And with my approval ratings barely reaching 51% after I got shot at by a fucking Nazi in broad daylight, I had nothing left to lose. And America had everything to gain." I stand and salute crisply. "Satan bless America."

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"Thanks for taking my call, Jeff." I lean back in my President chair and stroke the purring mass in my lap.

"Uh, Greg, Mr. President."

"Whatever, George. Now listen, are we good for the Comic-Con plans? Trailer ready?"

"All but the trailer, Mr. President. We need you for a quick scene."

"You're teasing Earth-X this early?"

"Mr. President, you make such a natural Nazi puppet, it would be a crime against fiction to not use your gifts."

I know it's flattery, but I let myself bask in it anyway, Mr. Whiskers sprawling across my crotch and making a sound like a very small chainsaw. "Why, thank you, Greg. When do you want me?"

"Vancouver, next couple of weeks, drop by the set and we'll get you made up and ready."

"I'll be there on the 3rd, I have a trip to Canada planned anyway." I grin as I take a moment from stroking Mr. Whiskers to pat the folder marked Canada annexation bullshit speech. "Oh, boy howdy do I have a trip to Canada planned."

I can practically feel Berlanti shudder over the line. "Oh god. Er, that's wonderful, Mr. President, please, have a safe trip."

"Trust me, George. I will." I hang up, and chuckle Blofield-style to myself. "Oh, believe me, I will. And I'm going to have so much fun...bwahaha...haha...MWAHAHAHAHAHAAAAA!"
My office light flips on, and Anne glares at me. "Mr. President, why the Hell are you here in the dark? And put down the damn cat, you have work to do!"

"Come on, you're ruining my evil laugh! I need to practice that shit!"
INTERLUDE: Headlines from the Donnieverse

Chapter Summary

Some more headlines from Comrade Donnie's tenure as POTUS.

May 26th, 2017

AGRICULTURE BILL PASSES, STUNNING NATION

President gloats, prepares to sign landmark bill; food corporations ready lawsuits.

Embattled President Donald Trump today scored a major victory when the Senate, buoyed by Republican defections (including Steve Daines, R-Montana, Chuck Grassley, R-Iowa, and Joni Ernst, R-Iowa), passed an agriculture bill largely identical to that drafted by President Trump. Letter-writing campaigns by rural voters and a shocking recall bid against Arkansas Representative Steve Womack had swayed the House last week, and the Senate narrowly passed the bill with minor modifications after a fractious debate and an aborted attempt at a filibuster. Senate insiders claim that the filibuster was ended prematurely by threats of rural Republican defection after a letter-writing campaign called for by the President made rural rage evident to several Midwestern and Great Plains-area Congressional delegations, and several Senators, including Sen. Grassley (R-Iowa) were swayed by riders to the bill providing pork-barrel funding to certain districts and promises of reforms and exemptions to the estate tax in the President's planned tax overhaul push.

Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnel (R-Kentucky) expressed disappointment at the bill's passage, claiming "This bill is a disaster for the American people, it will cost millions of jobs and could cause serious damage to the economy." President Trump, meanwhile, gave a brief, nakedly gloating speech to the press, making several insulting jokes at McConnel's expense before signing the bill into law in an impromptu ceremony.

The bill, known as the "American Freedom Farming Rights Restoration Act", or the "Comrade Donnie Act" in the President's speeches, embraces sweeping agriculture reforms, greatly strengthens protections for whistleblowers in the agriculture industry, invalidates the GIPSA rider (a provision in regular agriculture appropriations bills that heavily restricts the USDA's ability to fund regulation efforts), and includes a passage harshly restricting the practice of contract farming. President Trump called the bill's passage "a huge, just a yuge victory for American farmers and workers, hail America, great stuff, absolutely beautiful workers we have, this will make American agriculture strong again!", then threatened to subject ConAgra and Tyson to antitrust lawsuits. Agricultural corporations including Tyson Foods and ConAgra have announced lawsuits challenging the bill's constitutionality, but the President, when asked, was confident and dismissive, stating "I've been over both versions ten times, it's airtight, air-fucking-tight. Unless they bribe a judge they're getting fucking nowhere. American farmers will be safe from corporate exploitation! For the American worker, for the Red Banner of Labor! MAGA!"

Farmers' rights advocate Kay Doby applauded the President's move and called the bill "a greatly needed win for farmers and growers across America", and Representative Marcy Kaptur (D-Ohio) hailed the bill's passage as "a surprising but greatly appreciated event, and desperately needed for rural America".
May 28th, 2017

Trump backing backfires; National Front craters in French legislative vote!

After controversial President of the United State Donald J. Trump delivered a rambling press address talking about a "three-way with [Russian leader] Vlad [Putin] and [French National Front leader] Marine [Le Pen]", in which he claimed that "Sometimes Marine’s racist collaborator daddy comes in and starts ranting about how much he loves Hitler and wishes he could sell France out to the Nazis again, so unsexy," Le Pen's far-right National Front party is suffering badly in the polls as French voters call her alleged ties to Vladimir Putin into question. Le Pen, who lost the second round of France's dramatic recent Presidential election to centrist candidate Emmanuel Macron, was nonetheless set to pick up numerous seats in the legislature, but according to recent polls Macron's pro-EU coalition will almost certainly pick up a supermajority in the upcoming vote.

Le Pen has avoided press attention save for a brief angry Facebook post attacking Trump, who was unavailable for comment.

May 29th, 2017

Trump endorses controversial politician.

"Silvio's the best," controversial President Donald Trump said today while holding a cardboard cutout of disgraced Italian politician Silvio Berlusconi. "So corrupt, so rich, sucks Vlad's [expletive] like a master. Of course I'm Vlad's first love, we're so gay, he wears rainbow underpants, but Silvio, he likes to suck [expletive], so good at that, even more than Vlad, absolutely amazing."

Trump, in his customary semi-incoherent fashion, repeatedly described the former Italian leader as "astoundingly corrupt" and "such a narcissist", in what appeared to be a failed attempt to compliment Berlusconi. Berlusconi, a notorious womanizer who was temporarily banned from Italian politics in an infamous corruption scandal, has often closely associated with Trump and Russian leader Vladimir Putin in the past.

Although it is nearly a year until Italy's 2018 parliamentary elections, Trump’s comments have already set off a firestorm of debate on Italian political sites, and several amateur investigators have announced "major discoveries" about Berlusconi's unsavory ties in the wake of the endorsement.

Neither Trump nor Berlusconi was available for comment.

The Onion, June 3rd, 2017

President Trump Annexes Canada

Declaring "this is what we need to make America great again," President Trump today demanded the annexation of Canada, America's northern neighbor. "Look, their military is all rusting away," Trump said, dressed as Nazi dictator Adolf Hitler, at a speech in Toronto. "They're so weak, if we Anschluss them it'll make America strong, invincible, an empire that will stand for a thousand years! We'll bring all these cowardly overly-friendly idiots in easily, because America's so much stronger and with a greater race. Heil Trumpler!"

Canadian authorities were apparently in a state of panic, as the insane President publicly ordered an invasion of Canada to enforce the annexation, and to "Secure America's Future Security Now!" Panic swept several cities and hundreds were reported dead in an aborted mass exodus. Speaking from his Trumpenführrerbunker, President Trump offered the following comments while sacrificing a new-born baby to Satan as he wore a fetching Count Dracula-inspired ensemble:
"I need to make America great again, and that means getting rid of those stupid cowardly surrender monkeys to the north. France is doomed now, hahahahaaaa!" The President's cabinet could not be reached for comment.
Comrade Donnie goes to Canada, and threatens to eat Justin Trudeau.  
It kind of goes downhill from there.


Justin Trudeau smiles nervously as I take my podium, my Jean-Bedel Bokasssa coronation getup glittering with fake gold and glass gems. I nearly tripped twice over my cape just walking up here. "'Sup, Canada?" I bray into my microphone. "Listen, I gotta make this shit quick, I have to be in Vancouver tonight, there's a trailer I need to film and my SS costume needs to be resized since I've lost some weight." Ten pounds, even--I'm doing surprisingly well, ever since the Sergeant brought in a swimming coach to howl at me in the pool as well as while running.

"So, I came here, lovely country you got here, and I thought, I just thought, you know, you'd be so much better as part of my country, you're basically America's hat anyway, it'd be great, just amazing, if we just made you states and let you vote in our elections." Trudeau goes white. "This is what we need to make America great again!"

"Um, uh, we're our own country and don't want to join yours," Trudeau squeaks.

I wave a tiny hand dismissively. "Semantics. Look, your military is all rusting away. You're so weak right now, if you join us you'll be stronger, and with the whole continent under our control we'll be stronger, our military is so great, and Canada's people love their freedom, just like we love our freedom, let's be free together! I mean, I'm already pushing for Puerto Rico to be a state, it's past time anyway, if we're strong with 50 states we'll be stronger and better with 51, and even BETTER with Canada thrown in, so strong, so powerful, so free, we'll secure America's freedom's future security now, we're so great, make America great again, join us and be stronger, just trust me, believe me, trust me and it'll all be great, and you can have part of our nuclear, we'll share our nuclear since you'll be part of us, we'll all have all the nuclear, so strong, so powerful, we'll all be so free, your military will be strong because it'll be OUR military too, your boats won't be rusting, your tanks will be the best, just the very best, and you'll have money, so much money, we have so much money, so incredibly rich, the beauty of America is that we're really very rich, just like me, like I'm so rich. So beautiful, so rich. It's gonna be great, we're gonna bring so much to you, make Canada amazingly great just like how we're so great, build so much, so much stuff." I pause to catch my breath. "So. Uh. Are you guys cool with this or should I focus on Puerto Rico? Oh shit, and I should offer Mexico a chance to join too, that's totally not weird, right?"

There's twenty consecutive seconds of utter silence before Trudeau manages to gain control of his own mind again.  
"Um. Mr. President, Donald..."

"Call me Comrade Donnie, all my friends do."

"Right...Uh...Donnie...you do realize that nobody in Canada wants to be annexed by the US, right?"
"Yeah, but I figured I could give you guys the economic incentive to join us, give us a complete control over the whole continent and make the whole continent strong," I word-spew. "Believe me, it's gonna be great, like I'm so great. But you have to vote for it first! I believe very strongly in the democratic process, so like, you have to vote to join. We have the best country, you're going to love it, I'll pay for it all, and it's gonna be great, and I won't have to build a wall on the border anymore!"

Record scratch. Trudeau goes pale. "Um. Wall?"

"Yeah, on the border? Between us and you? I got elected on a tougher immigration policy platform. Build the wall, yanno? Our border is super fucking long. Like, it's...really, really long, so long, amazingly long, yuge, just yuge, and there are so many drugs, so much drugs coming over it, anyone who says otherwise is fake news, because I said it, there, that's some shitty logic, hail Satan, and our border is so long, just like Vlad loves my penis, and..." I frown. "Hang on. Getting a little too into character." I snap my fingers, and one of Anne's assistants snaps to attention. "Water. Need a water bottle, and an ibuprofen, I'm getting a headache."

The assistant hands me a water bottle and cracks open a pack of Motrin. "Thanks." I gulp the pill down, and belch rudely. "Uh. So I was rambling a bit there, sorry, I keep forgetting that I can be me now. The Donald, the character I played for decades, he has dementia, you see, so I had to portray that on the campaign trail. But I'm serious about the joining us bit, if you want to join, I'll make Canada great again too, and if you don't I'll build a big fucking wall on the border between the great and amazing America and your country here. You guys already started the process for me, too, you threw out Harper, that's gonna make Canada so great, because Harper sucked, fucking asshole, Islamophobic savage."

Trudeau gapes at me. "You. You were acting."

"Shit, yeah, man. Why do you think The Donald said all that bullshit begging Vlad to fuck with the election? I was fucking Vlad--admittedly I was being The Donald at the time, but still, calling my boyfriend to fuck with our election like that, only a fucking crazy man would do that, and well, my character was a crazy man. The whole point of this grand social experiment." I chuckle. "Or I'm a zombie ghost of a crazed barely-adult. Your pick."

Trudeau rallies. "Well, I think that you're asking a whole lot, President Trump."

"Comrade Donnie."

"Sorry, er, Comrade Donnie. Now, while I appreciate the offer, I really think that the slight against our military was uncalled for..."

"Your military is literally fucking rusting away. Especially the navy." I take a swig of water. "Again. Harper. Fuck him, the fucking toad. You're a lot better simply by not being Stephen Harper. But your military still sucks ass when it used to be pretty good. Now, we can give you a hand making it better, what's NATO for after all, or we can just let you into the Union and build a few more supercarriers and let you play around with them. Thoughts?"

"I think you might get perhaps get better results by not insulting me in front of my country, my friend."

I grin like a shark. "Nice. So there's a little of the old Canadian spine left, the ol' fighting spirit that kicked ass in two World Wars." I offer a hand. "Look, even if you don't want to join us, your people've got guts. When we were friends, we were the best, just the best ever. Americans like Audie Murphy, who killed a fucking shitload of Nazis without breaking a sweat, and Alvin York, who captured a shitload of the most badass Germans ever, the OG WW1 kind who nearly conquered
half of Eurasia despite being saddled with the Ottomans and Austria-Hungary as allies; and of course Canadians like Ernest Smith, one of your badasses who made fucking Rambo look like a pussy, and Leo Major, that guy who single-handedly liberated a Dutch city from the Nazi jackboot. When we were the best pals, we fucking took down Adolf Hitler and made him shoot himself like a pussy. Our Lost Battalion, your heroes of the Medak Pocket. When America and Canada stand together, there's nothing in the fucking world that can stop us.

"So what's it gonna be? We gonna be pals, or are you going to just up and join the Union already?"

Trudeau's brow furrows. "I, er, don't know some of those people you brought up. Who were those Canadian fellows you mentioned?"

I gasp, and shake my head. "You don't know Leo Major? I'm ashamed, Johnnie! He got his fucking eye burned off by a white-phosphorous grenade when he killed 4 SS guys by himself, decided to be a scout and sniper because he figured he didn't need depth perception to be a sniper and he looked cool with an eyepatch.

"Then he liberated an entire city from Nazi occupation by himself. Literally. One man saved a whole fucking city from the fascist jackboot of Hitler's goon squad. Fucking Canada, man. Back in the day, your guys were fucking badasses."

Trudeau closes his gaping mouth. "Um. Incredible!"

"Seriously, learn your history, bro, if I were actually Bokassa instead of just dressed like him you'd be in a pot for my dinner by now. Canada fucking rocks. Just like America, like how we're so great, so beautiful, we've got 8 nuclear supercarriers, so badass, and all the best war heroes, well, OK, the Finns have the White Death and the Brits have Jack Churchill and the Ukraine has Lady Death and her stupid levels of sniping skill but still, Canada and America," I gesture to myself and Trudeau, "we fucking rock."

"So..." Trudeau marshals his courage. "What, exactly, do you want, Mr. President?"

"Well, Canada could join America, just like Puerto Rico's gonna be a state, or we could sell you some ships that don't catch fire. But either way we need to be better friends." I scratch my ass. "You know, like the old days, killing Nazis, saving the world, we'd be the best bros. I fucked Stormy Daniels, by the way."

"...what?"

"Porn star? She directed a couple of movies, which are apparently pretty good but I've been too busy to watch them? We used to fuck. She has all kinds of dirt on me, go ahead, Stephanie, put it out there, no legal repercussions. I tell you, Jason, she's great, and she isn't submissive, not like Vlad, Vlad loves my penis."

"Vlad--Vladimir Putin?"

"Yeah, who do you fucking thing, Jamal? He likes it when I stick my penis up his ass, and especially when his is up Silvio Berlusconi's ass, it's so hot, Vlad's so submissive, he likes to do this one scene, where he's a poor prostitute and I'm a big business guy who makes him do all sorts of sexual shit. Vlad has weird tastes, but I love him so I put up with them. Владимир Путин - гомосексуальный вор, который плохо одевается. Он сексуально подчинен и украл много денег от Матери-России и великого русского народа. Я знаю это, потому что Маленький Володя - Владимир - мой гомосексуальный любовник, и ему нравится брать мой крошечный член в задницу." I grin like a motherfucker. "Кроме того, он лживый гангстер"
КГБ, который ограбил бабушек и платит мужчинам, чтобы убить патриотических русских." It's a series of calculated insults that I spent a week designing to be as aggravating to the shirtless KGB thug on a bear as possible,

Trudeau blinks several times in quick succession. "...was that Russian?"

I grin even more broadly. "Конечно! Я был вынужден своей бессмертной любовью к славе Матери-России и великого и могучего русского народа, чтобы узнать великий русский родной язык! Слава Родине!" I clear my throat after that, then grin like a shark. "Also, Vlad, he's into some really kinky shit, but it really gets hot when we invite Silvio along and I do Silvio up the ass while he takes Vlad, and Vlad begs for us to..."

Trudeau grabs the microphone from me with lightning speed. "Mr. Trump, my apologies but that is I think quite enough. If you would be so kind, I must ask that you please get the Hell out of my country, my friend."

I chuckle, grabbing a new mic from one of my flunkies. "Sorry, Joseph. I gotta be in Vancouver tonight to shoot a trailer. But trust me, after that I'll head back Stateside. Oh, and you should totally drop by the White House sometime. I pre-ordered the new Wolfenstein, we can slaughter Nazis together, just like old times. America and Canada, shooting Nazis and blowing their motherfucking heads off, just the way things should be, it'll be great, just so beautiful, the best ever, so rich." I salute, crown nearly falling off. "Satan save the Queen."

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CNN, June 5th, 2017

Pornographic actress and burlesque dancer Stephanie Clifford, also known as Stormy Daniels, commented today on President Trump's confession of having an affair with her during his trip to Canada two days ago.

"Yeah, I f***ed the big orange dope," Clifford said in a brief interview conducted as she walked to her car this morning. "Dunno how much of what he said was true otherwise, but I can tell you he likes being spanked with a rolled-up magazine and watching Shark Week. And after we broke up one of his goons threatened to kill me. He's a gigantic manchild and I honestly don't have the time or the patience to put up with him if he isn't paying hard cash for one of my flicks. Now get that goddamn camera out of my face, I have a kid to feed and errands to run."

In the wake of the revelations, Trump experienced a dramatic loss of support in opinion polls, possibly also due to his threats to build a wall on the Canadian border and to eat Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Trump has repeatedly Tweeted admiration of Daniels over the last two days, but otherwise has remained uncharacteristically quiet, save for an apology to Trudeau after what a Trump insider called an "epic ass-chewing" by Secretary of Defense James "Mad Dog" Mattis early this morning.

The White House so far has refused to comment.

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June 6th.

I pass my Fidel Castro costume over to one of my minions and swiftly don a suit with another's help. Anne sticks her head in the door, and her face wrinkles up at the sight of me. I've lost a bit of weight, but I'm still on cholesterol meds from Trump's decades of fried food and little exercise, and Donald Trump's no spring chicken.

"Mr. President, Secretary Mattis is here with General McMaster and Admiral Harward." First day back and Mattis is already set to chew my ass out. Fuck.

"Right, gimme a sec." I try to tie my tie, fail, and throw it aside in frustration. "Fuck that shit, I don't need a goddamn tie." I button my suit, my minions tucking the shirt in for me. "Send 'em in, Anne! And I want this room private for the next 15 minutes."

"Yes, Mr. President."

I check my collar just as Mattis strides in, Harward and McMaster behind him. "General Mattis," I greet my SecDef, snapping to attention and saluting crisply, a gesture which he returns. I nod to the others. "Bob, H.R."

"At ease," Mattis tells me, grabbing a seat across the Resolute Desk. My minions clear out. "What the Sam Goddamn Hill were you thinking?"

"Uh..." I scratch my head with a grimace. "I kinda fucked up a bit."

"No shit," Mattis deadpans. "You threatened to eat the Prime Minister of Canada! And Vladimir Putin is threatening to sue you for defamation!" My ass twinges as I remember the shouting one-sided "conversation" we had on this topic while I was still on my way back from Canada; Mattis was mad.

I pause as I'm about to reply. "Wait, can Vlad do that?"

"He has nuclear weapons, I'm sure something will be worked out the moment Congress turns on
"You." Mattis shakes his head. "You have one job. Keep things stable so I can work on keeping our military on top. I need you to keep our international reputation strong so that I don't have to buy more goddamn bullets."

"Yes, sir."

"You were pushing the envelope with Merkel but you pulled that out of the bag. This is not acceptable."

"Yes, sir. I will be more careful, sir, it won't happen again for a while, sir."

McMaster's new; his eyes are bugging out at how politely and earnestly I respond to Mattis. Harward is rubbing his temple. Mattis, knowing that's the best he'll get out of me, nods sharply.

"You need to keep a goddamn lid on yourself, Vinnie and I can't be your executive function. Now. We need to talk about Israel."

"How bad is it?"

"Currently, it's quiet. Both sides took you seriously so there haven't been any clashes, but the IDF wants your blood and the government ain't against the idea. Customs caught three known Mossad agents trying to slip into the country just this month, we think there's a credible threat on your life."

"Well, if they assassinate me they seal their own fate. But nobody accused Benny Netanyahu of being smart. Besides, I got some damn good bodyguards."

"Regardless. I want you in the White House for a month. Don't leave the country. Limited appearances off of the grounds. Clear?"

I salute. "Yessir. I have Colbert coming up but other than that I'll stay on the grounds as much as I can."

"Good. Now." He pulls a photo out of a folder in his briefcase. "Recognize this?"

"Lockheed-Martin F-35 Lightning II multirole fighter. A gigantic waste of money."

"Close. It's one of the F-35 As that the Obama administration sold to Israel. This version is modified to allow integration of Israeli EWS into the existing machine; the Israelis want to pretend that they can maintain a modern fighter fleet without us, and while they can't make the engines they can make their own ECM and EAS."

"And you want me to get them back?"

"Exactly." Mattis shows me another picture. "I embedded an ONI agent in our ambassadorial staff in Tel Aviv, he took a "day trip" to Jerusalem and got pictures of this."

"That sly son of a bitch," I hiss as I pick up the picture. It shows Netanyahu greeting an elderly Russian man who I recognize as Sergei Lavrov, the Russian foreign minister. "They didn't announce this."

"Neither did the Russians, and you'd expect them to brag about it. Lavrov flew in commercial, diplomats never do that, and he was dropped off in an unmarked civilian car. The Russians are playing this close to the chest."

"They want the F-35. And the Israelis need someone to fix their engines."
"Exactly."

"Can't we just let the Russians have that piece of shit?"

Mattis shakes his head. "It may or may not be the most effective or cost-effective warplane, but it represents a major advance in multi-capability fighter design. It's easily ten years ahead of anything the Russians have, and we cannot give them the chance to reverse-engineer it."

"Alright. So we buy them back."

"The Israelis will almost certainly refuse. Or demand a mark-up."

"Are the planes operational?"

"Not until December. Probably March, what with the sanctions that just hit Israel from the UN, if not later."

I nod, tapping the arm of my chair. "Then we go with money. I offer to get gears turning at the UN to relax some of the sanctions and block the next round if they sell the planes back to us. At cost."

"And how do you counter the Russian counter-offer?"

"Can we blockade them?"

"Congress will throw a shit fit and even the Democrats won't save you."

I nod. "Hmm. Bob, H.R., any thoughts?"

McMaster, my new national security adviser, just looks at me like I'm a xenomorph. Harward strokes his chin. "I'm no diplomat, Mr. President, but it'd take the Russians a few years to get production for spare parts for American planes up and running. Plus, the last I heard their economy wasn't doing too well."

"Yeah. Israel's between a rock and a hard place, we just gotta make sure they don't pick the hard place." I tap my armrest with my fingers. "What about the Palestinian Authority? They're corrupt, but we give 'em some stripped-down F-16s they might be able to be a stick to the financial carrot?"

"Bad idea," Mattis replies immediately. "Provocative, plus the Israelis would take the jets ASAP. You need to remember, Gaza and the West Bank aren't really independent; they're effectively Israeli territories being slowly ethnically cleansed and under a military regime with civilian collaborators. Even after what you pulled earlier this year to stop the outright crimes against humanity, the Israelis have an overwhelming military advantage."

I nod. "OK. So how about we go to Benny Netanyahu in secret. We tell him, he plays ball with us and sells the jets back, we give him five years' spare parts for the F-16s and block all sanctions for a year, four more years after that contingent upon Israeli good behavior. He doesn't play ball, we use our Security Council veto to fuck him over as much as possible, and I refuse to sign any appropriations bill that includes funding for Israel."

"He's gonna spit fire," Harward comments.

"But Russia can't replace us, not without breaking their fucking economy, and Netanyahu knows it," I counter. "Russia can't support a puppet-gone-off-the-rails with one of the biggest propaganda programs on Earth and an oversized overpaid military while also keeping Putin in charge, it'd cause a crash and Putin would be out on his ass."
"That sounds like a good place to start," Mattis concedes.

"And I'll point out Israel's nuclear arsenal. We can embargo the shit out of that, too."

"You'll need Congress's support."

I grin like a shark. "Not if I do it via Kaine." Tim Kaine, my ambassador to the UN, has very strict marching orders. And I still have that You're Fired! catchphrase in my weapons crate. "I have greater control over policy there, and I can use the Security Council veto to fuck Israel's shit up. And who are they going to go to, Russia? That ruins their propaganda and they know it."

"Sound in the fundamentals, but potentially risky," Mattis says. "However, given the 1-80 on policy that we're talking about here, and how tightly Netanyahu's being squeezed, we can pull it off, I think."

"My sentiments exactly. Bob, H.R., your thoughts?"

"I know that you're set on this policy, Mr. President," McMaster says, "but I gotta admit, this doesn't sit right with me."

"Explain." I steeple Donald Trump's tiny fingers in front of me.

"Israel is our ally and this feels like stabbing them in the back."

I hold up my hand as if to forestall a comment, not that Mattis or Harward actually supports me personally enough to make one. "Ok. Fair. But they also fucked us a lot. Their actions are the number-one source of justification for skullduggery on the part of Arab despots, making the Israeli ethnic cleansing op in Palestine a threat to our national security, they attacked one of our ships unprovoked back in the day and killed some of our guys--USS Liberty incident, you probably know about it--they claimed it was incompetence, but the American flag doesn't look that much like the Egyptian one to me, so I don't know what those fucking idiots in their jets were thinking. Israel has been one gigantic waste of money, time, and international rep. They don't do what we say, they keep sneaking around murdering people behind our backs, and they take our money and our toys and stir up hornets' nests with them while kicking the Palestinians in the fork while they're already down. I like Israel as much as I like Saudi Arabia--and you'll notice I haven't even graced the House of Saud with so much as a Twitter mention yet, and you bet your ass they've noticed that all my praise to the Arab world is going to the Hashemites in Jordan, and they're only going to be screwed more when I finally get around to unloading at them on TV." I tap my desk again. "More importantly than my personal opinion and the risk Israel's regime provides to our national security, though, that pigfucker Netanyahu is ethnically-cleansing Palestine. And I don't know about you, H.R., but ethnic cleansing doesn't sit right with me. I mean, Hell, I gave that big-ass rant about how much I like killing Nazis and want all the fuckers dead, I think my opinion on racist mass-murdering scum's pretty clear by now.

"Besides, it's not like I'm giving Hamas a blank slate. One car bomb goes off, they can kiss my good graces bye-bye and get to enjoy my big-ass military spanking their asses halfway to Samarkand."

I lean back in my chair. "From a national security and ethical perspective, I can't justify sending Israel another goddamn cent if we're not getting our money's worth. I'm not saying drop Israel, I'm saying renegotiate the deal so they aren't screwing us to the tune of half their GDP every year. They want our money? They play by our fucking rules, not the ones of their fantasy world where international law doesn't apply to them. Which reminds me, I gotta ship Cheney to the Hague, but first things first... So anyway, we make Netanyahu play ball on our terms, not his, end goal of ending the Israeli "occupation" of Palestine to pacify the Middle East and stop wasting so much
goddamn money kicking leaders out all the fucking time." I jerk my head at Harward. "Bob, any thoughts?"

"Just don't do the talking with Netanyahu," he almost-pleads. "Let State handle that."

"Fine. But if they fuck up, Benny and I are talking man to man, and it ain't gonna be pretty."

"Keep an even keel," Mattis orders me sharply.

"Don't worry, General. I've been practicing on Israel. I know what I'm going for and I know what I'm doing."

Mattis snorts softly. "That's what I'm worried about."

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The White House. June 7th.

"Yo, Pointdexter, where the fuck are you?" I demand.

"He quit, Mr. President," says Vinnie--Vinnie! I tip out of my chair as I try to swivel and crash to the ground, but my henchman quickly helps me up with a grin.

"Holy shit, man, you're back! How's the arm?"

"Better, Mr. President. Not back to 100% yet, but I'm getting there. Your Canada trip was a fucking disaster."

"Tell me about it, Mattis already chewed my ass off over that. And now I gotta get the F-35s back from Netanyahu, and call Hamas." I grimace. "The Fatah crowd were eager for anything, but now I gotta convince Hamas to start playing ball like a state actor. They've been in a holding pattern for months and people are getting antsy."

"Sounds like you've got a decent understanding of the situation, at least. Canada?"

"I apologized to Trudeau, at least now he's going to get serious about fixing their ships. How's Liz and the kid?"

"Liz is fine, says you're a moron but also says that she really thinks you need therapy. Natalie's fine, she might be on solids a little late while the doctors figure out her gastrointestinal issues, but we can live with that."

"Good." I pull up a document on my computer. "How's Trump Games going?"

"I talked to them on the way over. They're in negotiations for a big name to come in and help with the writing."

"Awesome, you're the best. Tell 'em I want SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! ready for next year's E3. Hey, you got any thoughts on this speech?"

He eyeballs it. "First look, it's very you. How was the Supergirl filming?"

"Awesome, just great. I gotta go back in August to film more, Leigh should be back by then. I'm psyched." I haven't really interacted with Alex Danvers's actress yet, but she said via Skype message that she read my scripts and thought they were "OK". McGrath claims that Leigh was just upset about the enforced breakup. I've got my fingers crossed.
"Great. Hey, I wanted to talk to you, Mr. President, about a YouTube channel?"

I frown. "Never really considered one."

"It'll raise your media platform."

"True." I tap my desk. "Let's do it. Give me a nice set of Syndicalist imagery taken from Kaiserreich or something, and tell my PR team to get set up for a series of tax videos."

"Understood. You got a plan for taxes?"

I grin like a motherfucker. "Take a look." I pull up another doc, and a second one in an adjacent tab. "Taxes and education, ready for review before I send them to Schumer."

Vinnie starts reading. His eyes go wide. Then he slowly starts to grin. "Holy shit."

"I know, right?" I chuckle nastily. "Mitch McCrackhead's gonna be fucking pissed."

"Yeah. Good luck getting this shit passed."

"Vinnie, bro, I've been rolling all natural 20s so far. Trust me, I know what I'm doing."

"That's what I'm worried about," Vinnie says, echoing Mattis from yesterday.

"Fair. Hey, you want to play Kaiserreich for a bit? I'm done with work for the day."

Vinnie nods amiably. "Sure. I'll play Union of Britain, full Fed-Con run?"

"Great, I'll do Combined Syndicates, Unionist run. Thanks, man, you're a pal."

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June 8th.

Vinnie slaps the newspaper down on my desk. "Congratulations," he tells me. "You may have just broken the United Kingdom, Mr. President."

The headline is lurid, blaring CORBYN WINS BIG--TORIES LOSE 45 SEATS IN BREXIT-FUELED ELECTION SHOCKER! in block capitals. I grin like a shark. "Holy shit. May can't form a government this time around, can she?"

"No, she can't. Nobody can form a majority. Your pulling for Corbyn just broke the back of the UK and effectively forced a minority government."

"Coalition?"

Vinnie snorts as he kicks back in his seat. "No chance in Hell."

I snicker. "Figured. Oh, well, I guess they have only one red-white-and-blue option now."

"I guess so," Vinnie chuckles. "Jesus, though. Why didn't you just back May for stability?"

"Bro. I'm a dirty commie. And fuck the neoliberals too. The Tories and New Labour are failed jokes, hell so is Macron but France's system is so buttfucked he might actually be a net positive."

Vinnie nods. "Fair enough. But between you and me, this had better work or we're going to be in a lot of trouble."
"Trust me, bro. I know what I'm doing. Have Annie set up a call with Corbyn, will you? I gotta spread the World Revolution."

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June 10th.

"What's up, America?" I bray over Colbert's offer of a handshake. "This is Donnie, Comrade Donnie, your President and leader. I'm here to talk to you about taxes, and a bill that's going through Congress right now." I adjust my sombrero. "It's called the Restore American Greatness Good Old Days Economic Independence Fuck The Corporations Eisenhower-Era Tax Brackets Restoration Freedom America Make Corporations Pay Liberty Freedom MAGA Act." I gasp for breath and take a swig of my grape-juice-in-a-wine-bottle-in-a-brown-paper-bag. "Right. So, we gotta do three things here. One, explain how the corporations fuck you over and refuse to pay taxes. Two, explain how our taxes work nice and simply. Three, explain what this bill is going to do and why it's great for America."

I wave my minions in with a blackboard. "So, 'Murica. Comrade Donnie hates the corporations, and you can trust Comrade Donnie, 'cause I hate the CEOs and I hate the rich fat-cat fucks who want to keep you poor and stupid. I want you rich and smart, like me, but the CEOs, they want you and your kids poor and stupid so they can keep stealing from you, and making you suck their cocks and pay them for the privilege. Fuck 'em. I know how they work, I'm Donald Trump, I've lived among them for years, they can't fight someone who knows their insides." I make double-finger-guns at the camera. "Trust me, America. I'm on your side. MAGA!"

I start writing on the blackboard, sketching out some rough tax brackets and a bell curve. "OK. So, here's a simplified model of how our taxes work." I draw a line across the top portion of the bell curve. See, in America we've got what's called a progressive tax system. That means that you pay more on marginal income. That's legalese, what does that mean in reality? It means that you can't game the system." I start drawing numbers under the tax brackets. "Well call these three brackets Julie, Steve, and Fucking Scumbag Bob Murray. Julie's a single waitress with a kid who's making $20k if she's lucky. Steve's a mid-level manager at a company making $50k. Fucking Scumbag Bob Murray is a rich, greedy shithead who gets his coal miners killed since he's too cheap to pay for vital safety procedures and doesn't care about his men. Fuck that greedy skinflint little cunt. He makes 5 million bucks a year since he's a greedy rich fuckstick and needs to be cracked down to size.

"So! Here's how they're taxed. Julie, below the poverty line, pays 5% and gets rebates for most of that so that she can put food on her kid's table. Steve pays 5% on his first $20k, and on his next $30k of income he pays 10%. Fucking Scumbag Bob Murray pays 5% on his first 20k, 10% on his next 30k, 15% on his next 50k, 20% on the next 100k, and everything on top of that he pays 25%. Note that Steve, even though he's in the 10% tax bracket, is not paying 10% in taxes. He is only paying 10% on the money he makes more than the poverty line--in this example, $20k--but less than 50k. That means that if Steve gets a promotion and is now making $60k, he pays 5% on the first 20k, 10% on the next 30k, and 15% on the last 10 grand. You will never pay so much in taxes that it will make financial sense to voluntarily make less on-paper salary, under the American system. Anybody who says otherwise is a damn liar.

"Now! This graph is another simplified model, this time of how much money our government makes from taxes and how much it needs to run." I tap the line. "This is the money we spend, minus the stuff paid for by loans and bonds and shit. This is our guns, our ships, our roads, our police, our Air Force, our Medicare, Medicaid, Social Security, all of that. This is the shit that America needs. Can you imagine America without road repair crews, a military, a police force, or Medicare? Imagine paying for your parents' retirement out of your own pocket? That's the America
"There's a balance that has to be met in taxation. Tax too high and people won't work. Tax too low and you won't draw enough revenue. What you need is something in this sweet spot here in the middle, where the government's making more than it spends, to keep a nice budget surplus. A budget surplus means that we'll be able to save up as a country for tough times, so that when the next recession happens we can easily stimulate the economy."

I point to a little annotation I just wrote at the bottom of the graph. "This is the current tax rate. As you can see on the graph, it's not enough to pay for the damn government, which is why Paul Ryan and Mitch McConnel keep on selling us to China by taking money from the Chinese and letting them buy us all up, making us poor and reliant on the Chinese. This is because Ronald Reagan was a chickenshit pussy who was owned by the corporations, and I'm going to piss on his grave."

"This line--" smack dab in the middle "--is the Eisenhower era's tax rates. Much higher for those rich fucks, paying for so much, making the rich pay their fair share, which is why America was so strong under Ike. You folks want the good old days back, well, that's what I'm going to do! I'm going to break the corporations and make the rich pay more! Fuck the rich! Power to the workers!"

I take a swig of my "booze". "Now listen here. Another thing the corporate scum do is use tax havens." I quickly sketch out a diagram, with rough circles marked "AMERICA" and "Fucking Lichtenstein". "Companies like to shop around, find the country with the lowest corporate taxes, then relocate everything there, cheating America out of massive amount of money. The corporate filth steal from you, they take that money overseas and they sit on it in giant fucking vaults, and I know this because I have lived among them, I know how they work! I'm the best President ever, I've seen the way they work, I know how those rich capitalist fucks steal from the people! And I will fuck them up the ass.

"The Restore American Greatness Good Old Days Economic Independence Fuck The Corporations Eisenhower-Era Tax Brackets Restoration Freedom America Make Corporations Pay Liberty Freedom MAGA Act includes strict and punishing provisions to tear the fuck out of the corporations. If they move their base overseas for tax purposes, the IRS will fuck them up. Their taxes will be hiked, applied retroactively, then the US government is going to sue their asses for enough to cut them down to size. I'm tired of seeing the American people get fucked over by fucking corporations! Fuck 'em! American workers are the best in the fucking world, and I will defend them with my last fucking breath!

"Now, we gotta head back to this diagram." I indicate the bell curve. "We're not making enough in taxes, because rich fucks like me aren't paying enough! See, they've paid Beltway insiders, Washington insiders, to have their taxes slashed to stupidly low levels. Warren Buffet pays less marginal taxes than his goddamn secretary!" I take another swig of grape juice, staining my tie by accident, and belch loudly.

"Right. So, what am I gonna do? I'm gonna pay more taxes. Rich fucks like me will pay more taxes. Ordinary people will mostly pay the same, some may pay a bit more and some might get a little drop but it really honestly depends, and no more than a thousand or two either way. This is my first step towards a good, working-class-run, socialist economy, where you, the American worker, the coal miner in West Virginia, the auto man in Michigan, the farmer in Iowa, the rancher in Montana, the tech assembler in California, the waitress in Texas, where you own the economy, where you own your labor and its fruits. Where I, the lazy, shiftless business heir who hasn't done an honest day's work in his life, am nothing since I don't work, and where the President is a good, honest American working man who came up through good, honest labor and knows what it's like to be a good, honest working American. Not the walking incarnation of greed topped off with a shitty toupee and
pointless racism. Seriously, I was racist as *fuck* on the campaign trail.

"Now, this is gonna take time, and the Republicans don't like socialism since they're in the pockets of the CEOs and the big banks. So are most of the Democrats, to be fair, but a few of them aren't corrupt. Feinstein is, though, she's corrupt as shit, just like Paul Ryan and Mitch McConnel and all those other sacks of shit in Congress. They're going to fight this, because their corporate masters don't want the workers of America to break their chains. They want you to be poor, stupid, and screwed. They want your kids to starve and you to suck their cocks for pennies. These greedy corporate shits, they whine about small businesses and "prosperity", but what they really mean is they want to *fuck* you over more and bleed you for a few more lousy bucks, and I know because I'm one of them. I've infiltrated the corporate hierarchy, I have made them think I'm one of them, and I have dedicated my *life* to the destruction of their corrupt edifice from the inside. I will bring freedom and a fair, square deal to the workers of America! Break the chains! Bring back the good old days when the rich paid a fair tax rate, when our industry was strong since our workers were treated with fucking respect! Make America great again!"

There's some halfhearted clapping. I snort. "Yeah, really funny, what, not enough $5 lattes around here for you lot? Now! Middle America! The corporations want you to stay poor and stupid. That's why they keep fucking over rural schools! That's why they fuck with taxes until the government can't stop their greed! That's why there are so many political ads now, because the corporations buy tons of ads to spread lies, to fuck over our democracy by spreading bullshit to steal elections! They want you to live in a gerrymandered district where they can just have a corporate sockpuppet get elected over and over as they spread propaganda and hate on the airwaves! They want to pay you less, make you sweat harder, and make your kids grow up poor and stupid so they can make them work more for less pay, and they tell you to hate immigrants so that if you complain about them gouging you, they can just call you racist! The corporations are clever, and they always have a scapegoat--they used the Jews first, then it was the Irish, then black people, then the Chinese, then Indians, then Arabs, and now it's the Mexicans, and they pretend that they're not complicit when they throw up the scapegoat to be hated the moment people realize what's going on! *Fuck* that shit! Capitalism is the problem! Rich fucks stealing from the people! Comrade Donnie's going to end that.

"Now, let me talk about other shit the capitalists do to keep you down! There's a thing called *school choice*." I draw another quick diagram. "What this means is rich-kid fucksticks like me and my fucking useless brats get to take your tax dollars and use them to go to private schools! Now, that has some *really fucking bad* effects on the country." I sketch out a Venn diagram. "There's a roughly fixed pool of money going into education. What this does, roughly, is it lets rich kids go to a nice, fancy private school with a top-flight sports team and computer labs and an indoor pool that's cleaned every other day and the best teachers in the state. Meanwhile your kids have to make do with whatever your public school can scrounge and teachers who are barely paid! *Fuck* that noise! There's another bill that some Congresscritters just introduced," and I neglect to mention that Vinnie and I wrote it with a couple of pointers from Mattis (who said that a good education system would give him smarter officers, which he wants), "called the *Restore American Freedom Education Strength American Independence Sovereignty Restoration American Dream School Improvement Freedom America Liberty American Education Reform Act*. It diverts money and support to struggling schools, using the increased property taxes on rich people--oh, yeah, the tax bill makes me pay more for my McMansions, that's important--and it helps restrict the ability of rich parents to *fuck* up kids' education."

Time to really rile up the base with some blatantly inflammatory crap. "The capitalists, they want you to be poor and stupid! They buy elections, damaging our democracy! They go to their fancy private schools, they get their athletic scholarship they don't need and their daddy buys a building, then they go to college and rape your daughter, like this Brock Turner fuckhead did..." I grab a
folder that my flunky provides and pin a blown-up mugshot of Turner onto my board. "This fuckhead, fucking trust-fund baby from some rich-people town, he got caught in the act of raping a woman and was given six fucking months. Caught in the fucking act, and his mommy whines that she can't decorate her living room so he gets six fucking months in minimum security! Pointdexter! Next file!"

My flunky hands me the next file, and I pull out and pin up another mugshot. "Ethan Couch. Rich fuckstick from Texas. He got caught blind drunk in the back of his daddy's pickup with a naked passed-out girl, underage too, and he got off because his daddy paid for it all to go away. Then he killed four people, including a good hard-working American mom, her daughter, and a fucking youth pastor, because he was speeding drunk and high through a neighborhood. He got two fucking years, and even after he got busted running away to a resort town in Mexico he's being released next year!

"These fucksticks don't care about you. They think because they're rich, they can walk around, big swinging cocks, fuck over the rest of America. It ain't right, and Comrade Donnie's gonna stop it. They'll try to blame it on other people--the Mexicans, the Jews, the Muslims, whoever the fuck, they always pick a fucking scapegoat, but it's rich people. It's always the fucking rich, thinking their money and their power makes them fucking untouchable. They put in laws that gut the ability of your union to fight for you, they lower the marriage age so they can fuck your daughters, they fuck your kids' education, they fuck over the American worker--black and white, men and women, it doesn't fucking matter, they fuck you over just the fucking same for their fucking $5 lattes and artisanal compressed macchiato laundry, then they have the gall to fuck up the planet, make things that fuck up the planet cheap and things that don't expensive, then blame you for not buying the expensive shit that won't fuck up the planet."

I stop for a breath and a drink. Colbert clears his throat. "Ah, Mr. President..."

"And another thing!" I wheeze, grape juice running down my chin. "Listen to me, home viewers. Middle America. When I say they fuck your daughters? I mean that Tennessee and Missouri, just as an example, have laws that let adults marry teenage girls. Alabama, too, but I trust Alabamans to know that any age under 18 is too young to be fucking. Hell, I'm over 70, and I have a decades-long affair with Vladimir Putin going--I'm the top, he's such a bottom, but he can be bratty about it too--and I probably shouldn't be fucking, I'm way too immature. Anyway! Bill Halsam, governor of Tennessee--wonderful state, by the way, home of Davy Crockett and the best fucking whiskey in the country..." I swig my "booze", "...holy fuck, yeah, Tennessee rocks, but Halsam, he's done nothing about this law! It lets adults marry 15-year-old girls if they can bribe a judge to let them! Do you want these tiny little baby hands touching a 15-year-old girl's privates?" I wave my hands for emphasis. "Missouri does the same thing, only they're even worse because you don't even need a judge to marry a 15-year-old! Now, I know that the people of these great states don't want this shit, they won't stand for this. They're gonna get out there in the streets and protest this bullshit! Don't let capitalist-imperialist fat-cat fucks rape your daughter!" Holy shit, I'm starting to get angry. Maybe my propaganda's working too well. "Protect your kids! Fight the corporations! Demand that your representatives, your Congresscritters, your governor, all those fucks tell you how much they get paid by the corporations! Demand accountability! Demand honesty! Fuck the capitalists!"

"People like Mississippi's governor, Phil Bryant, and the legislature of that great state, they're fucking this country, that's why Mississippi's education system is so shit, the state government's owned by the corporations! Bryant and his pals are in the pocket of the capitalists, the corporations, they're keeping good American kids poor and stupid for their corporate masters, they want your kids poor, stupid, and sucking corporate cock! Fuck them! America is better than this shit! Vote the bums out, we will make a better education system, a better government free of corporate influence, I'm going to fuck up the corporations! You people voted for me--now I'm going to fucking deliver. Make
America great again!

I pant for breath, and swig grape juice. Colbert clears his throat again.

"Um, Mr. President, well, that was very, ah, enthusiastic..."

"Oh, and black lives matter," I blurt out. "Police reform is a thing--officer suicides are way too fucking high, and police brutality and discrimination is a big thing, we're going to fix that too. Comrade Donnie is on your side, America." I snap my fingers, and my flunky steps forward again, this time with a modified flag. I stole the idea from *Kaiserreich: Legacy of the Weltkrieg*, but hopefully they won't sue. "The Comrade Donnie Movement--that's anyone who wants to join me and make America great again--stands for Syndicalism." The flag unfurls as I plant it firmly on the stage, showing the grain and gear in place of the stars in the stars and stripes. "Socialism, the American way. Democracy. Liberty. Equality. And lots of fucking guns to protect our freedom."

This time, Colbert just turns to his camera people. "Commercial?"

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*The Huffington Post, June 11th, 2017*

**Rockin' Revolution! Tennessee experiences mass protests!**

*Following a controversial televised interview by controversial President Donald Trump, the state of Tennessee is in turmoil as mass protests calling for the ouster of Republican governor Bill Halsam for "failure to act" on a controversial age-of-marriage law have crippled commutes in three cities, including the capital of Nashville, for over twelve hours. In the viral interview, Trump, whose approval rating currently sits around 22% but is expected to rise, loudly and profanely decries Halsam and Tennessee's marriage law, which allows girls as young as 16 to be married to adults in some cases, and includes an exemption that allows a court order to override the minimum age. Similar protests erupted in St. Louis, Missouri, where protesters openly called for the resignation of the entire state legislature and demanded immediate change to the state's marriage law, which places the age of consent at 15. Both Missouri and Tennessee have attempted to raise the age of consent previously, but in both cases the initiatives fell through because of disagreements about abortion riders and other social-conservative policies. Trump, who released a viral YouTube video this morning, condemned the Tennessee and Missouri branches of the Republican Party for "sacrificing American girls for the sake of goddamn fetuses".*

*Tennessee's governor Halsam has released a statement pledging to insist that the marriage law be immediately dealt with in the state legislature, but it is believed that the sudden and dramatic show of discontent has Democratic strategists eyeing Tennessee, further weakening the GOP's position even if Halsam avoids a recall election...***

"I don't fucking believe it! That lunatic is actually doing it, he's actually breaking down the binary political axis! Get everybody in for a meeting, we need to tweak the model again!"

--Nate Silver, private conversation with Harry Enten, June 12th, 2017.

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*Tashkent, Uzbekistan. June 12th, 2017.*
"Hey, Pavel," the man behind the bar grumbled in rough English, "I cut you off."

"Huh? No, no, please, I need more..." The man calling himself Pavel Grishin begged, pouring Pepto-Bismol into his glass of cheap Russian vodka and downing it in one swig. "I saw the news this morning, I need all I can get!"

"Pavel, you come in here every night, get so drunk can barely walk. Not this night. Here." He slapped the bar with the flat of his hand. "I help you. We have TV in back, gets American stations. You like that?"

"No, not the news, please..."

"Calm, relax, Pavel. Gets sports, too. You like sports, da?"


"OK. You step in back, sober up, OK? Then we see what is wrong with you, da?"

"OK. Yeah." Grishin nodded absent-mindedly as the bartender led him carefully into the back.

"Sit here, Pavel, watch ESPN. I need make quick call, da?"

"OK." Grishin slumped into a provided chair and let himself ride on the sports coverage. College football. He could do college football. He didn't care about college football, just the pros. That Kaepernick thing. The man who called himself Pavel Grishin shuddered at the memory, and took a swig of Pepto-Bismol. Don't think about him. He can't find me here. Tashkent was the last place That Guy would ever look...

The coverage changed to a commercial. Grishin mindlessly sat through an Allstate ad. He was almost at peace, just for a few minutes.

Then an American flag and a familiar Russian song took over the screen, and the man calling himself Pavel Grishin froze. No! Not HIM!

"Hey, 'sup, 'Murica," brayed the voice of Donald Trump, and the orange idiot himself appeared on the screen dressed in a sequined jumpsuit that did nothing to hide his horrible flabby form. "I just wanted to tell y'all about the Restore American Freedom Education Strength American Independence Sovereignty Restoration American Dream School Improvement Freedom America Liberty American Education Reform Act, which is in Congress for debate right now. It's the best, just the best ever, and you should tell your Senator to vote for it. I know what I'm talking about, I'm Donald Trump."

The fake moustache on Pavel Grishin's face drooped to one side as the adhesive was overwhelmed with sweat. And Sean Spicer screamed.

The men from the hospital who the bartender had called showed up ten minutes later. Spicer was still screaming.

***

The White House, June 14th, 2017.

Donald Trump's kids are sat down at the other end of the table, silent and watching me with wide, still slightly terrified eyes. It's been months and they still don't know how to act around me? Ah, probably my own fault for not eating dinner with them that often. Vinnie, Mrs. Vinnie, and Fake
Melania are sat right at the top near me, with Mrs. Vinnie occupying the spot next to her with the baby. The real Melania's on a shopping trip to Milan and possibly doing a male supermodel. Good for her.

"So," I say to Fake Melania, "what do you think?"

"About?" she asks cautiously.

"Supergirl. You like the scripts?"

She nods politely. "Yes, I think so, Mr. President."

"Call me Donnie, or Comrade Donnie, I like you."

"...alright, Donnie." Fake Melania smiles with just a bit of nervousness in her eyes. "I do, actually like the scripts, and I would not be opposed to a regular role next season, if you can deal with the housing situation."

"Right, you're still in the States. Hmm. Well, I'm gonna come into some money this summer when Wonder Woman hits, and then since I'm betting hard against Justice League I stand to make bank there too. Plus the money I'm going to rake in when Black Panther shatters records next year. I can...'transfer' some of that to you, and pay for an apartment, childcare if you want it." I remember something. "Your kid doing OK?"

"...yes, quite well. Um. I do want to know what the next season would involve for me." She seems hesitant. Yeah, it is a bit of a strange position for an actress to be in, especially a mid-ranger who's known more for her Tony.

I snap my fingers, and one of Annie's minions steps forward smartly with a folder. "Take a look. Plans, and the fanfic I based them on. You OK with lesbian romance?"

"If it's treated with respect, yes." She opens the folder and begins looking it over.

"Sweet. You just made my life a Hell of a lot easier." I remember Trump's kids, and raise my voice. "Hey! Tiffany, Barry, you two OK?"

Then nod frantically. "We're fine!" Tiffany replies. She's still not hugely comfortable around me ever since Donald Trump completely changed tack and made her the golden child.

"Good, good." I turn to Vinnie and Mrs. Vinnie. "How's the paella?"

Vinnie gives me a thumbs-up. Mrs. Vinnie shrugs. "It's fine. Are you planning on taking my advice?"

"I can't. If it gets out, I'm going down, and I am not going down."

"Therapy would help a lot with the stress, your depression, and the anger problems."

"Anger problems are from stress and depression. I'll deal with it when America's fixed." I stab my tofu angrily. "I am sick and fucking tired of all the classism, racism, homophobia, transphobia, xenophobia, all the fucking bigotry on this fucking planet. I'm going to fix America, one step at a fucking time."

"You got this, Mr. President," Vinnie says without looking up from his food.

"Zombie kid." Mrs. Vinnie is deadly serious as she lays a hand on my shoulder. "Hey. Kid. You
"Patrick Harmon. He's going to be killed on August 13th unless I can butterfly that away." I can see Benanti freeze out of the corner of my eye. Mrs. Vinnie's more used to my future knowledge, though.

"Who's that, kid?"

"Black man in Utah. He's going to be shot by the cops while unarmed, in the back." I chew on a small piece of tofu. "I want that shit to stop. I'm trying to end systematic discrimination across an entire planet, and even though I'm goddamn lucky I can't fight that without Congress's help."

"You passed that chicken bill. You screwed over some of the biggest companies in the world and got away with it."

"Yeah, that's like Step .01 here. I need to significantly change large parts of American culture."

"No one person can solve everything. And you have your weird ghost revenant future knowledge, up to December."

"November 5th, 2017, a psychopath who was supposed to not have guns shoots up a church in Texas and kills 26 people and himself due to a clerical error that let him get guns. October 1st, 2017, a crazy man called Stephen Paddock shoots the guests of a music festival in Vegas, killing 58."

"I have friends in the FBI monitoring Paddock," Vinnie speaks up. "And my ex is in AFOSI, she's tracking down the guy in Texas. They make a move, we'll get 'em."

"I want to fucking do something, though!" I snarl. "That Nazi who tried to assassinate me? August 12th, 2017, he intentionally drives his car into a crowd in Charlottesville, Virginia, killing a woman named Heather Heyer who's there to protest a Nazi rally."

Mrs. Vinnie is resolute. "You prevented that. He's in the hospital and being charged with attempted murder for trying to kill you."

"Yeah, and what happens when I run out of knowledge?" I challenge her. "School shootings, one's going to happen eventually. How do I stop them? I can't prevent them! The NRA has more money, resources, all that, than anyone I've gone up against yet 'cept maybe Israel, even its own set of TV stations that it uses to spread propaganda! I can't stop all of this."

"She's right, though," Vinnie and Benanti say at once, before Benanti continues. "You don't have to do it all yourself." She holds the folder out to me, open to the bit I wrote about Benanti's character (who's still a major-ass spoiler for the entirety of the season I've written so far) helping Alex Danvers through depression. "Look at this, um, Donnie. Imagine the depressed teenager who sees this. Think of the girl who's going to look at this, realize there's something wrong with her when she hears Alex describing how she feels, and goes to get help."

"And you're making a positive impact," Mrs. Vinnie notes. "Nobody's blown up anything or killed anyone in Israel or Palestine for months. Yeah, it's because you've scared them into compliance, but who cares? You stopped deaths, at least for a bit."

"Syria," Vinnie notes. "You giving Mattis a free hand let him ship a metric ass-load of materiel to Rojava, and now the Kurds are closing in on Raqqa, and US advisers are helping the Iraqis deal with the military culture problems that keep losing wars. It'll take time to build an NCO corps, but we'll get an ally out of this."
"Yeah," I mutter. I shove my food away, not hungry anymore. "Yeah. Fuck." I run my hands down my face with a groan. "I'm sorry. I opened up a bit too much there."

"It's fine," Mrs. Vinnie assures me.

"Yes, absolutely, perfectly alright," Benanti lies. I chuckle.

"You don't have to lie. Hey. Since you're on my show, I'll tell you the truth." She looks more than a little nervous now--she looks scared. "Don't tell anyone." She nods. "Good. I'm not actually Donald Trump. My mind is that of a college senior who dies in December. I was born in fall '96; I'm 21 years old and I don't know how the Hell I'll celebrate my birthdays now."

Benanti's gone pale. Trump's kids are looking up the table nervously but staying silent. "How...how is that possible?"

"I don't know," I admit. "But seeing as I'm probably going to be screwed out of 50 years of my life, I'm going to fucking enjoy the time I've got left."

Vinnie's phone beeps, and everybody turns to him. He groans, pulls it out, and checks it. Then he grins. "Mr. President. great news."

"Yeah? What?"

"That was Trump Games. We got Kapryshyn."
INTERLUDE: June headlines.

Chapter Summary

Some headlines from June 2017 in the Donnieverse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

_The Globe and Mail, June 4th, 2017_

Trump humiliates Trudeau; PM fights back, threatens to ban POTUS.

_The Sun, June 6th, 2017_

MAY MUST STOP VAMPIRE JEZZA!!!!!
Let's throw unelectable IRA-lover Corbyn in the Cor-Bin!!!

_The Sun, June 8th, 2017_

ELECTION CHAOS!
Two-faced Trump's backing brings Corbyn victory, threatens Britain!

_The Wall Street Journal, June 11th, 2017_

Trump reveals socialist tax plan, sending shock waves through markets.
President's policies risk severe economic collapse

_The New York Times, June 11th, 2017_

Trump turns coat; controversial President openly endorses socialism!
Page A13: What is "Anarcho-Syndicalism" and why does the President like it?

_Stormfront, June 14th, 2017_

Trump's ties to International Jewry: Race traitor or Talmudic-Illuminati mind-control?

_Israel Hayom, June 14th, 2017 (translated)_

Anti-Semitic, Nazi roots of Trump's pro-terrorist position revealed!

Chapter End Notes
This is just a bit of a breather before the next proper chapter, "Comrade Donnie vs. Big Benny".
June 16th, 2017.

Netanyahu is visibly pissed as my minions escort him in. Figures, nobody likes short-notice foreign visits on pain of giving the UN free reign.

“You have one chance to explain to me the reason for your demands, Trump,” the Israeli leader snarls. I swivel my chair around, petting my new tabby cat, Muffin, as she purrs in my lap.

“No problem, Benny. You’re offering the Ruskies basing rights and the F-35. You’re going to apologize politely to Vlad and tell him you suddenly can’t agree to any deal, and you’re going to sell me the planes back.”

“And why the fuck should I do that?”

“Because if you do, I’ll block all sanctions for 5 years or the remainder of my term, whichever comes first, then if I’m reelected keep ’em off contingent upon your government’s good behavior and you staying out of politics and paying back the money you stole. Also if you don’t, well, I have the instant sunshine button in the next room.” Vinnie coughs sharply from behind me—OK, too far.

The color drains from Netanyahu’s face. “You wouldn’t.”

I chuckle. “Bro, I’m sitting in a chair petting a cat like a Bond villain, do not fucking underestimate me. In all seriousness, you don’t comply, I will let the UN sanction your ass so fast and so hard your economy will cease to exist.” Netanyahu visibly goes paler and stifles a gasp, eyes going wide; I twist the knife. “Also, you know the engines for your fighter jet airplanes? You won’t be getting any more if you don’t comply.”

“This is extortion!”

“Yup. But since you’re a crook, your country’s in violation of international law, and I have nukes, it’s also diplomacy.” I lean forwards, drawing an angry noise from Muffin. “Listen, Benny. You play ball with me, all that has to change is military and settlement policy, plus who’s PM.”

“I can’t change the settlement policy any faster! Jewish Home will gut me like a fish!”

“It’s your own fault for pandering to ultranationalists and then giving them what they wanted. Plus, you’re not gonna be PM by next year—I believe I demanded your resignation?”

“Fuck you.”

“Please, if you want to, just strip and unzip me. Do a little dance first, though, I like strip dances.”

He does a double-take. “Wait, you actually…”
I shrug. “For the right authoritarian dickhead, yeah. Tyrannical corrupt scum turn me on.”

Netanyahu looks disturbed. “Uh…maybe, um, another time…I’m married…and not gay.”

“Sure, Benny, Vlad and I are married, too, doesn’t stop us from embracing our forbidden love.”

Netanyahu licks his lips, and I can see the sweat start to trickle down his forehead as he tries to redirect to the important topic. “You said 5 years on the sanction block?” I have him over a barrel and he knows it.

“Or until I get kicked out of office. If you play ball I’ll block ‘em for longer.”

“And the airplane engines?”

“And spare parts, standard discount. Contingent upon you playing ball.”

He licks his lips again. “Listen, Donald…”

“Comrade Donnie.”

“Yes, that…I’m going to have a hard time getting Jewish Home to comply, there have already been three incidents of violence between civilians…”

“I’m aware. And like I’ve said, one car bomb or genuine terrorist attack from Hamas, my Marines take Gaza. You play ball with me, you keep the crazies on your side contained, I keep your people safe.”

Netanyahu grimaces. “Safe people make for liberal voters.”

“Yes, well, fuck you, Benny. Take it or leave it.”

“And you’ll cut off the supplies if we try to switch to Russia?”

“Oh, yeah, plus every sanction the UN can level. And I know the Ruskies won’t be able to copy our tech fast enough to supply you properly. On the flip side—you refuse the Ruskies basing rights, you sell the planes back to me, then your economy gets to remain intact.”

Netanyahu snarls. “Fine. You have a deal, Trump. How much for the F-35s?”

“Full rebate. You sell direct to the US military. We do a head count, and if anything is missing you will be seen as noncompliant and you can kiss your economy good-bye.”

He nods. “Of course, of course.” He mops his forehead with a handkerchief. “And if the Palestinians try anything…”

“I already said that, they get kicked halfway to Samarkand. Trust me, Benny. I’m Donald Trump.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Netanyahu replies.

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June 17th.

“Jeff! How’s the fiancé?”

“Uh, he’s fine, Mr. President,” Berlanti replies over the Skype call.
“Good, good, hope you’ve set a date, be sure to invite me, I love gay weddings, always so loving.”

“…I apologize, Mr. President, but I really don’t want to have Donald Trump at my wedding.”

“Eh, fair enough, I’d only try to pick up groomsmen anyway. And bridesmaids for that matter. I’m kind of a disaster at weddings. Anyway, how’s production going?”

“I just got off the phone with the suits. How the fuck did you get Andrew Kreisberg fired?”

“Threatened to drop a dossier of his sexual harassment allegations on Twitter. They caved in six seconds flat.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yup. Anyway, did you get the info on the deal I cut with Laura Benanti?”

“Yeah, I don’t know how you do it, Mr. President.”

“Money, decent screenplays, and Vinnie as my beta reader.”

“…fair enough. Listen, I need to ask you, Mr. President—can you come to Comic-Con to promote the show?”

“Greg. I was always planning on going.” I chuckle nastily. “Trust me, bro. Last 2017? Your cast fucked themselves over at an MTV interview. I’m going to fix that.”

“Last…fix…huh?” Then he frowns at something I said. “You used my name!”

“Yeah, I got tired of making up nicknames. Hey, you mind if I come in costume?”

Berlanti shakes his head to clear it. “Sure, Mr. President. Whatever you like. Just… build good publicity, OK? We’re taking a big risk here, I’m counting on you to bring in the numbers so the Suits don’t cut me off.”

“Trust me, bro. I know my audience—teenage lesbians. And I am going to fucking court the electorate out there.” I tug at my jacket like some fat-cat businessman. “I know what I’m doing.”

“Jesus Christ, I can’t believe I’m doing this…OK. I’ll get you the reservations, just remember, it’s on the…”

“20th through 23rd next month. Trust me, dude. I planned this out. I’ve got lines ready. Just make sure the cast is there and the trailer’s ready.”

“Of course. Both trailers should be ready on time.”

“Good. And the ‘We Listened’ promo video?” Said video being literally just a title card with “We Listened” on it followed by McGrath planting one on Benoist in full costume.

“We’re doing shots for that now. McGrath’s having a ball, Benoist is still a bit grumpy. Now listen —this blows up in our faces, you don’t get a second chance and I take a big hit, OK? So draw that fucking audience and don’t screw this up, OK?”

“Sure thing, Greg. I’ve got your back.”

“Yeah, see, that last part, that’s the part I’m worried about.”
“Greg. I’m even using your real goddamn name. Trust me. Did you get the last scripts?”

“Yeah, I like the thematic element—save the Worldkillers to beat them, that’s pretty clever. Still not sure about the rest of it but I think overall, workable.”

“It’d be better if I could cut Manhell out entirely.”

“No can do. Suits want Legion Lost, I have to put him in as part of that.”

“Hmm.” I grunt angrily, then pull out my notes on what I still have to do. “I want a meet-up with Leigh. In person if possible, Skype otherwise.”

“She’s still not sure whether to trust you.”

“I need to talk to her, Greg, I need to know what she’s comfortable with so I can finalize plans for the end of the season. And I have ideas for season 4 I want to fly by her. Plus, since I bought creative control, I want to fly some ideas past her about trying out an undercut.”

“Oh god, you’re going to get the Moral Majority nutcases gunning for us if you do that! Undercuts are iconic lesbian chic!”

I chuckle. “Exactly why I’m going to suggest it, Greg. I love the gays—sorry, LGBT people. I keep slipping into speech mode. Hey, you want me to send a gift basket?”

“A what?”

“For your wedding. A gift basket. Edible Arrangement’s a little bit of the wrong message, but…”

Berlanti interrupts me hurriedly. “Mr. President, do whatever you want, just don’t show up, please.”

I try to contain a snicker at his slip. “As you wish. Have a good day, Greg.” I hang up, and start laughing like a hyena.

When I’m done, I make a note to tell my admin to send a gift basket and a lucrative hotel deed to the TV producer and his future husband when they get married. I gotta admit, he’s kind of growing on me.

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June 18th.

“Alright, Vinnie,” I grin, putting my controller aside after a refreshing round of Red Orchestra 2: Heroes of Stalingrad (a game that I lost horribly to Vinnie). “Let’s get me suited up.” Anne’s minions swarm me, and Vinnie grabs my speech notes and starts reminding me of the points I need to hammer home.

Today, I’m wearing a full-on Gaddafi outfit, one of the tackiest sets of clothing ever conceived. My minions help me get the elaborate tie-dyed robes on, then the wig, and finally the hat. It weighs nearly twenty pounds and it’s stupidly fucking hot. “Fuck this monkey suit, holy shit, how did the crazy old goat stand it? Alright, let’s get this shit over with!”

I prance out to my podium, my minions doing Ingsoc salutes and chanting “Ph’nglui mglw’nafh Cthulhu, R’lyeh wgah’nagl fhtagn! Ia, ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!” in a flatly insane display of bullshit that makes me snicker uncontrollably, clutching my podium for support.

“Hahaha, ohh, hehehe, hooohohahaha, hoo boy! OK! Welcome, shitheads, to another Donald
Trump press conference! Tremble before me, brief mortals, for I have over you the power of Instant Sunshine! Hail me!”

“Hail Donnie!” my minions obediently chant. “Hail Donnie!” Mattis, who I asked to come to this briefing because we have a meeting right afterwards, and is standing with Vinnie, facepalms for the second time in as many minutes.

“Shaddup, this is America, I’m not actually some berserk dictator. Berserk, yes, dictator, I take exception to that.” I clear my throat. “So! I hear that ConAgra and Tyson haven’t been having much luck challenging my farm bill! Well, fuck ‘em. They can suck my cock all the way to SCOTUS, I won’t abandon American farmers and workers. Now! Anyone got a question?”

Several hands go up. I point to one at random. “You, white blouse and nice jacket.”

“Jenna Johnson, Washington Post. Mr. President, your strident support for a socialist economy has left many people wondering about your motives. Why do you support controversial economic models?”

“Because the alternative’s shit,” I reply. “Look, Middle America has been fucked over by capitalism. Jobs are being moved to authoritarian regimes overseas where corporate scum can gouge workers and maximize their profits to satisfy their shareholders. Good, hard-working Americans are being underpaid, overworked, and “downsized” by greedy corporate filth who’d sell their own mothers for a buck and only care about the bottom line. Your pal Donnie opposes that. Your pal Donnie is of the belief that the American worker knows what’s best for America than some soulless corporate executive. I believe that if we turn over the means of production to the workers, if we put the People in charge of the workplace and remove the shareholders from the equation, that the proletariat will ensure a freer, more just America, where corporate money stays out of politics and every hard-working American has a square deal.

“I believe in workplace democracy. I believe in a federation of unions making the big decisions. I believe in the workers of America seizing control of their own destiny. I believe in the essential goodness of the American people and that together, we can forge a new world, a new America, a new day that will see our country emerge from the ashes of corporate greed better, stronger, and more secure. A freer, happier, more just nation, of the People, by the People, and for the People, not for some greedy corporate leech’s damn profit margins.”

I shrug. “So yeah. That’s why. Syndicalism is the future. The people of America are America’s strength. Our corporations aren’t our strength, they’re our weakness. It’s the people—the waitresses, the coal miners, the ranchers, the farmers, the clerks, the teachers, the electricians and plumbers and other construction workers, the men on the floor of the car factory, the firefighters and cops and tech assemblers and every other hard-working blue-collar American in this goddamn country, they are the ones who have made America great, and by turning the power in this country over to them, I will make America great again. Any other questions?”

More hands go up. I point to one in the middle. “You, green tie.”

“Uh, Mr. President, I’m with CNN, what’s your position on Brexit?”

“Stupid idea, I am soft against holding another referendum, because that sets a bad precedent, but if they were to hold a referendum on whether or not it’s OK to hold a binding referendum to potentially invalidate the nonbinding referendum I think it’d be acceptable, if only just. Either way it’s a gigantic fucking mess, thanks a lot, David Cameron, you fucking moron. Point is, the only way that Britain can get out of Brexit now is to ask their people if it’s OK to hold a second referendum in the case that the first referendum is nonbinding and the second one would be binding, which is going
to be a really tough sell because that’s questionable as far as democratic stability goes. Next
question?” I point to the Times reporter. “You, New York Times, and for fuck’s sake, man, that tie
is an abomination!”

“Hey! My wife gave me—uh, I mean, um, Mr. President, how did you get Benjamin Netanyahu to
sell back the F-35s?”

“Threatened to sanction his economy to death. He caved like a pussy in minutes. Not like he had
any other options, if I order Kaine to go along with the UN, then Israel gets sanctioned and boom,
their economy evaporates. Not even the most fanatic ultranationalist would call that bet. Next
question—you, Fake News, I mean, Fox News.”

“We are not fake news, Mr. President!”

“You are as long as you pretend guys like that rich lying fuck Sean Hannity are reliable sources and
objective reporters. Now, you got a question for me, asshole?”

The Fox News lady grinds her teeth. “What are you going to do about the Iran deal?”

I motion to Mattis, who steps up. “General Mattis, tell the Fox News bimbette what you told me.”

“Yes, Mr. President. Also, I would advise you to watch your language, sir.” Mattis turns to the
crowd, standing ramrod straight with his arms clasped behind him. “The treaty with Iran is not what
I would have pushed for, but it is the current status quo, it is objectively better for American national
security than no deal, and it will help keep America safe. The President is of the same opinion, and
thus will support the deal in its current state.”

“Thanks, General.” I salute him crisply, which he returns with a beautiful poker face. “This guy’s
smart, and he reads a shitload and is professional as hell, too. Best General we’ve had in decades, I
swear to god, you talk to the Marines and they’ll tell you all kinds of legends about Mattis.” I
chuckle. “People call him ‘Mad Dog’, but what General Mattis is, is he’s a goddamn American
warrior monk. I really lucked out with him as SecDef. Anyway, who else wants to ask a question?”

Fox News bimbette raises her hand again, red-faced. “You, bleached hair.”

“Alright, President Asshole, I’m not just some fucking Fox news bimbette, OK, I’m going to be a
serious fucking journalist if it kills me, and I’m sick and tired of everybody seeing this stupid outfit I
have to wear and the Faux News insignia and thinking I’m some brainless bimbo!” Her brain
catches up with her, and her eyes go wide. “Um, Mr. President.”

I laugh out loud, rapidly losing control and slapping my podium. “HAHAHAHAhahahaa
hoohehehehe, heeeheehoohaah, oh man, oh fuck, holy shit, oh wow, that was great! Oh, man, OK, I
take it back. I’m sorry, you’re not a bimbette. Hey, you want to be a correspondent? From now on,
you’re the only Faux News lady allowed to report from these. Congratulations, uh…”

“Um, Lacey Dawes, Mr. President. I’m new, Mr. President.”

question?”

“Er, yes—you wouldn’t have threatened enough to get Netanyahu to the White House over a few
planes, what was the real reason you did that?”

I grin. “Sharp. I like you. You ever go out for drinks and need a wingman, I’m your President.” I
can hear Mattis facepalm again behind me with a sigh. “Anyway. That pig-fucker Netanyahu was
trying to sell the planes and basing rights to Vlad under the table. Vlad, baby, that’s just not cricket! So in the interests of American national security, I told Netanyahu to get bent, and threatened to kill his economy, so he caved. Vlad’s probably hopping mad, maybe this will get him to take me back for post-breakup hate sex!” I chuckle to myself. “Speaking of which…” I type off a quick Tweet accusing Vlad of cornholing his mother.

“OK, where was I? Right, I’m the best, so I threatened Big Benny, and he caved. Not much of a boss, that man.” I affect a mafioso act. “Godfather Donnie didn’t even have to threaten to have him wasted.” I chuckle, going back to my regular bullshit. “Not that I’d do that, I’m not Vlad, I don’t kill politically inconvenient people. Got another one for me, Lacey?”

“Yes, actually.” She grins wickedly. “What happened to Sean Spicer?”

“Weirdest thing, he ran away to Tashkent. Changed his name to Pavel Grishin, one of my agents over in Uzbekistan says he got locked in a mental ward. Apparently he just snapped and started screaming uncontrollably after drinking lots of cheap vodka with Pepto-Bismol, weirdest thing.”

“And you had nothing to do with that?”

“Swear to Satan I didn’t.”

“I can confirm,” Mattis speaks up. “The United States of America has not taken any action against Sean Spicer.”

“I think he just went nuts from dealing with my bullshit,” I admit, picking my nose. “I mean, by March he was spending most of the day drunk off his ass all the time.” I chuckle. “It was fun seeing him come up here and try to explain the bullshit I was spewing. That was so goddamn funny, especially after last 2017. Hey, any more questions? You, MSNBC.”

“Mr. President, are you aware of what the Vice-President was overheard saying about you at a Family Research Council dinner last week?”

“The fuck should I care? Pence is a homophobic, sexist, transphobic prick. He can go eat Jesus’s shit, he’d like that. He wouldn’t like that Jesus was an Arab, but hey, you win some you lose some. Next? You, ABC.”

“Do you have any explanation for the 911 call recorded recently claiming to be from your son
Barron?”

I frown, and Mattis’s head whips over to point towards the ABC guy. Vinnie looms behind me. “The fuck now?”

“An hour ago your son called 911, Mr. President. He claims that you’re ‘possessed by a hellspawn, like from Doom’, and that you’re going to ‘destroy’ the company that makes his FIFA games?”

“Aw, fuck,” I mutter. “The little shit’s been playing too much Doom.” I snap my fingers. “Vinnie, have Bobby’s, Billy’s, whatever his name is, have his phone taken away indefinitely, and remind me to suspend his video game privileges unless he eats his vegetables. In answer to the question, I’ve ordered the Department of Commerce to start investigating a number of video-game publishers, including EA, Activision, 2K, Ubisoft, and others, for their shady business practices and possibly violating gambling laws, because fuck ‘em. I’m particularly interested in the pay-to-gamble lootboxes that EA’s selling to children in the Madden and FIFA games, so yeah, fuck those assholes. Activision’s getting investigated for the same thing. Next question? MSNBC again.”

“Mr. President, rumors have been flying about your work on the set of Supergirl…”

“Lena and Kara are getting hitched at one point, Supercorp identity reveal, Alex has no romance for the season because the ladies of Supergirl ain’t nobody’s rebound, our new villain is called Reign and she’s another bad lady from Krypton but when I write season 4 it’ll be better, I’m the lead writer this season, I have to bring Manhell back but he’s in like thirty minutes out of the entire season, I had to break Sanvers up because of contract issues, I wrote the big crossover too, I play The Donald, he’s a Nazi, and I get punched by Supergirl. Other than that I am contractually barred from saying anything—oh wait, and I bribed my way on with a bottle of Chateau Lafite ’33. Good booze. Next question. You, fuckface—I mean, fuckhead, I mean, Breitbart.”

“President Trump, what has caused you to betray your voters over the past few months?”

“I’m punishing America for electing The Donald by being a dramatically un-Presidential asswipe, much like you’re an asswipe, a shit reporter, and Breitbart is shit. That said, I still love my country, so don’t worry, I’m still going to be the best President ever and everybody’s going to love me. Hail Satan, by the way. I think about three more questions and we can call this a day? You, Lacey again.”

“Mr. President, what about your recent tweets on Native American affairs. I believe you said ‘the state of the Pine Ridge reservation is a national scandal, we need to reform the reservation system’?”

“Yes, I plan to work with Native American representatives at some point this year to help improve conditions in Western reservations. Native Americans are often subjected to discriminatory and poor treatment due to various complications of the legal system out there, and I aim to fix that. Our citizens deserve equal treatment under the law. That’s also why hashtag Black Lives Matter, by the way. I don’t like seeing hard-working Americans getting murdered on Facebook Live. Next question? CNN, your turn.”

“Mr. President, what are your plans for your next foreign visit?”

“I’m not going on one for a while. Mattis told me to stay home, because the great and amazing American national security forces caught a bunch of fucking Mossad agents trying to assassinate me. It’s really hilarious, the Nazis and the Israelis both hate me, it’s fucking insane. Anyway, your glorious leader, Comrade Donnie, is staying home for the most part for a couple weeks. Oh, and Big Benny Netanyahu can expect the next Mossad guy to try to sneak in here to be sent to GITMO as an enemy combatant. Don’t fuck with me, Benny. I’m the best President ever. Next question, last one
I take my pick slowly this time. “How about…you, BBC.”

“President Trump, you have been accused of meddling in the recent elections in Great Britain. Did you do this, and if so how do you justify it?”

“I only said I like Corbyn, you can’t prove anything else. But if hypothetically I had offered Labour certain advice, and offered Theresa May carefully calculated shit advice over tea, it’s not my fault they took it. Satan save the Queen—I’m a big fan of Her Majesty, by the way, and she’s related to the old German royalty, Angela Merkel, if you’re listening, you should totally re-found the German Empire and make Elizabeth II your Kaiserin. Kaisersreich best Reich, ich liebe Vati Wilhelm.” I chuckle. “Sorry, I play a lot of Kaisersreich for Hearts of Iron IV when I’m not fighting to save America or writing scripts. My favorite countries are Combined Syndicates of America, because making America even more democratic in the face of treacherous capitalist attempts to subvert democracy is fun, German Empire—Restore Bundesrat for maximum democracy only, all else is heresy—and Union of Britain—Comrade Horner stronk, Comrade Mosley is a traitor to The Revolution! Oh yeah, and Britain should be a Syndicalist republic too.”

“…are you even listening to what you’re saying?”

“Yeah, I just think, like, if you were a Syndicalist workers’ democracy, but like still had Her Majesty, really everything would be better.” I belch, scratch my ass, and then my toupee as Mattis facepalms again behind me. “I mean, America would be better as a Syndicalist state, too. I love democracy, and making this country even more democratic by introducing workplace democracy and encouraging the fraternal unity of the working class would be awesome for making America stronger and better. Hashtag MAGA.” I snap my fingers to my minions. “Minions! Start passing out the instructional booklets. Yo, Vinnie, do me a solid and set up the video I made about Syndicalism?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Thanks a ton, you’re a pal. OK, folks, the video we’re about to put up will be on the Comrade Donnie Youtube channel in ten minutes, and I’m going to post a link on my Twitter. Sit back, relax, and enjoy learning about Syndicalism! General Mattis, with me, please, I seem to recall you wanting to discuss the Zumwalt-class?”

Mattis salutes crisply, which I return. “Yes, Mr. President. At ease. Admiral Harward will be joining us.”

“Good.” I wave to the reporters. “Ciao, all! And all hail Satan! Minions! See me off!”

“When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,” my minions begin to sing,

“There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one,

But the un-ion makes us STROOOOOONG!”

I stride off, Mattis shaking his head beside me with a faint grin, and the room remains stunned into silence behind me.

It’s good to be President.
June 20th.

“This,” I declare to Juha Sipilä around a mouthful of melted cheese, tomato sauce, and bread, “is the best fucking food in the world.”

The Finn nods wordlessly as I munch on my slice of plain cheese pizza, the TV crew filming our meeting stunned by my complete lack of diplomatic norms. I chew, swallow, and motion to the rest of the pizza with a grin. “Go ahead and take some, I was hungry but I can’t eat the whole thing.”

He shakes his head. “No offense, President Trump, but I am alright.”

I shrug, taking another bite carefully so as not to get tomato sauce on my Captain America costume. “Whatever you like,” I mumble around my food, then set my pizza down, munching quickly. “Anyway, I called you here,” and I pause to reposition the masticated mass in my mouth, “I called you here because I love Finland, and I want you guys to make a Simo Häyhä action figure.”

It takes the Prime Minister of Finland thirty whole seconds to respond. “I’m sorry, what?”

“A Simo Häyhä action figure? I’m funding an alternate-history movie where he’s one of the main characters, I want a short list of good Finnish actors who could play him and an action figure made in Finland so I can have him and my Audie Murphy action figure kick the asses of the enemies of Freedom.” I swallow my mouthful, and belch. “Also I’ll sell you a couple of destroyers on the cheap and let you into NATO—and if you don’t want into NATO, then guarantee of independence and trade deals, which is to say, if Vlad attacks you I will make him regret it with the full force of the awesome and amazing American military. I love Finland, the most awesome country in the world, successfully held off the Soviet Union, really fantastic country. Best in the world, except of course for America, America rocks.” I wave to a couple of my minions, standing at the back of the room with a boom box. “Yo, put on the Finnish anthem for my guest here!”

They rush to obey, and I sing along.

“Oi maamme, Suomi, synnyinmaa,
soi, sana kultainen!
Ei laaksoa, ei kukkulaa,
ei vettä, rantaa rakkampaa
kuin kotimaa tää pohjoinen,
maa kallis isien.

Ei laaksoa, ei kukkulaa,
ei vettä, rantaa rakaampaa
kuin kotimaa tää pohjoinen,
maa kallis isien.

Sun kukoistukses kuorestaan
kerrankin puhkeaa;
viel' lempemme saa nousemaan
sun toivos, riemus loistossaan,
ja kerran laulus, synnyinmaa
korkeemman kaiun saa.
viel' lempemme saa nousemaan
sun toivos, riemus loistossaan,
ja kerran laulus, synnyinmaa
korkeemman kaiun saa!”

I clear my throat with a grin, and the Prime Minister of Finland looks back with mute stupefaction.
“So whaddaya say? Oh, and I want to invest in Nokia, can you encourage them to become a Syndicalist workers’ cooperative? Finland rocks, America will keep you safe, protect you from Vlad, he’s being a very bad boy and Daddy Donnie will punish him.” I mime spanking. “I might spank him normally, might use my belt, he has trouble deciding between them sometimes.”

Sipilä finds his voice. “I think…perhaps that…how many action figures do you want?”

I shrug. “I dunno, one for myself, maybe one for Benny’s…Barry’s…my youngest kid’s birthday? You can sell all the rest you like. Oh yeah, and I’ll help support you if you need help with the deficit spending since I’m raising taxes on the rich here soon and I’m throttling back my support of Israel. Hey, do you mind if I put up a monument to Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim? Just, like, a big statue with “Ruskie-Smasher” emblazoned on the base? I think that’d be cool.” I belch, then grab my pizza and take another bite.

“…you mentioned destroyers?”

I hurriedly swallow my bite and nod. “Yeah, I’m discussing this with Mattis but there’s a good chance we can deliver some old ships to you, details to be finalized later. You want ‘em at a discount rate, we can deliver. You’re exactly the kind of allies we want—glorious Finland can muster 230,000 guys in a month, out of a population of 6 million, that’s fucking incredible. And you’re not a racist apartheid state like Israel so I feel morally justified in backing you. Oh, and from now on, you get the NATO discount on buying American gear whether or not you’re in NATO, on the condition that you authorize my White Death movie.”

Sipilä nods slowly at that. “I…I think that that could be arranged.”

“Sweet! Glory to Finland! Oh and by the way, I wanted your thoughts on a video game I’m writing, you mind taking a look when I’m done eating?”

“I…suppose so, yes.”

“Awesome. Trust me, bro, you’re gonna have such a great time with America, so strong, such great friends, really amazing. Hail Satan, by the way.”

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June 22nd.

“Listen here, President Trump,” Blake Jorgensen, CFO of Electronic Arts, begins.

“Shut the fuck up and listen to me, you capitalist fuckwad,” I snap. “You’re going to tell Andrew Wilson the following: The investigation will not be going away. You will not stop it. You will go ahead with further lootboxes at your own peril. Do you understand me?”

Jorgensen sputters, and Vinnie offers me a thumbs-up from where he’s listening in on the call.

“You…this is a free country, you bastard! We can bury you with Super-PACs!”

“Try it. Super-PACs mean diddly-shit when I can get a billion dollars with a fire sale on Trump Tower. I may be shit at business, but I’m really fucking good at hoarding shitloads of possibly-embezzled money and cheating dudes.” I inspect Donald Trump’s disgusting fingernails and stubby fingers. “You’re going to quit ripping off your customers, and apologize for Mass Effect 3. If you do not, there will be…consequences.” I lower my hand and stroke Muffin. “Do you understand me?”

“We’re one of the biggest companies in gaming,” Jorgensen snarls. “Our profit margins are always getting bigger, our shareholders are all behind us and we will bury you in cash.”

I laugh out loud. “Good luck with that, I just have to expose you selling gambling to children and you’re done. Look at what I did to Bill Haslam! He’s being recalled and all I had to do was criticize a law he had next to nothing to do with!” I lean forwards in my chair, though Jorgensen can’t see me do so. “If you fuck with me, I will fuck you up. I will break your company apart and cannibalize the remains. I will out-compete you with SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! and I will do it without lootboxes or microtransactions. I will cripple your market share and tear your empire into little pieces, and turn your corpse into a model for good business practices. Am I fucking understood?”

Jorgensen sputters again with rage. “You’re making a huge mistake, Trump,” he threatens me. “We own BioWare! You can’t compete with us in the RPG world!”

“You own BioWare’s husk,” I correct him, “and you have no fucking clue what to do with it. I have Kapryshyn. Remember what I said, asshole.”

I hit the end call button. Vinnie gives me a thumbs-up as I lean back with a grin. “What do you think, Vinnie?”

“Good work. They’re going to run scared. Think they’re going to remove the lootboxes?”

“Are you kidding? It’s EA. They’ll call my bluff.” I rub my hands with a vicious grin. “Then they will know the fury of Star Wars fanboys. Alright, let’s review the SuperSoldier notes before you ship ‘em off to Kapryshyn.”

“Yes, sir. OK, so you said you have a pitch?”

“Yup!” I pull a document up on my computer. “Ok, here goes…Ahem.

“The year...is 1942. YOU!...are the Super-Soldier, the free world’s last, best hope against the Nazi menace.

“You are deployed alongside a squad of elite commandos to Nazi-occupied Europe. Your mission...to destroy the Third Reich once and for all, and to personally escort Adolf Hitler TO THE GATES OF HELL!
“You will face the horrors of war, the depravity of the Nazis, and the vile machinations of the depraved mastermind, Reinhard Heydrich, the Butcher of Prague. You will destroy the network of death camps that the Nazis have built as a machine of organized genocide. You will personally square off against the most advanced supermen the evil Nazi scientists have to offer. And you will single-handedly slaughter a shitload of mother-fucking Nazis!

“SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! Kill Nazis. Save your country. Patriotism is killing Nazis.”

“I think that we could get into trouble trying to sell that to children,” Vinnie notes. “Cut the last sentence.”

“Too on the nose?”

“Just a tad. And we might need to tone it down just a tad and remove the profanity.”

“Aww, damn it. Fair point, though.”

“Also, foreign markets?”

“I have an alternate tagline for the Russian release. Супер-солдат: нацистский эсминщик! Убей нацистов. Защищай Мать Россия. Уничтожение нацистов служит Родине! Кроме того, Путин - веселый клоун.” I clear my throat. “That means: Super-Soldier: Nazi Destroyer! Kill Nazis. Defend Mother Russia. The destruction of Nazis is service to the Motherland! Also, Putin is a gay clown.”

“Again, sir, might have to chop off the last part unless you actually are ready for World War 3.”

I pout. “But I want to piss off Putin…oh, all right. We have a programming team all set up?”

“Still recruiting graphics modelers, but the basic programming shouldn’t be too hard since you want them to largely crib from the Mass Effect series on gameplay—that’s what I’m told, anyway.”

“Good. Now, I’ve made some modifications to the backstory plans. I’m adding a German Jewish ex-pat background—this one’s fun, you’re a middle-aged WW1 vet who fled Germany and wants to kill Hitler for obvious reasons.”

“What about French Resistance? Wouldn’t people want to play them?”

I cock finger-guns at Vinnie. “Expansion pass, my dude. Give me 15 bucks, and play as Yugoslav partisan, French Resistance, or Ethiopian rebel, fighting the Axis occupiers, and pay another 15 bucks to play as Korean or Chinese resistance against Japanese oppression. Or 20 bucks for both. Keep it reasonably priced, add lots of content, support good business practices, you know how it is.”

Vinnie nods as he follows me. “Fair enough. So what’s our final list of backstory options?”

“American white dude, American black dude, American woman, British man or woman—I figure I can get away with only minor dialogue changes there—Soviet man or woman for those who want to defend Mother Russia, German Jewish expat man or woman, French Resistance man or woman, Ethiopian rebel man or woman, ditto for Yugoslav partisan, Korean resistance, or Chinese military/resistance.”

“Good comprehensive list,” Vinnie admits. “How about a giveaway for advertising? Liz says those are popular, like a ‘retailer exclusive’ or something.”

I shake my head. “No retailer exclusives. But…hmm…how about a charity campaign? Donate to
Comrade Donnie’s fundraiser for Syrian and Rohingya refugees, get to play as a Sophie Scholl expy?”

“Who?”

“German socialist, anti-Nazi activist who was executed for spreading anti-Hitler news. I dunno, she was a pacifist so putting her in a game called *Nazi Slayer* that’s about brutally slaughtering Nazi scum might be difficult, but…”

“Reluctant Warrior.” I raise an eyebrow at Vinnie, who looks a little embarrassed. “I had to look up some of the terms you’ve been using on the Internet, and got sucked into TVTropes. Liz was telling me to go to bed at 2 AM. Anyway, play that sort of stuff up?”

“Yeah. I dunno, guess I’m just a little worried about historical accuracy—in my game about using superpowers to rip Nazis apart. I mean, we already have Witold Pilecki, and actual Nazis, and Stalin and Patton…”

“You could just go all the way and make the Finnish companion character that White Death guy you keep raving about,” Vinnie notes.

“Hey, I like that! I’d want to get permission from the Finns, though.” I tap my notes. “Get Kapryshyn to look over the six main companions and propose two more concepts. I’ll come up with one for each of the DLCs, too.”

“Understood.”

“I think we can start to recruit voice cast—call up Jennifer Hale and see if she’s available. I’ll start asking around while I’m on-set on my weekends.”

“Yes, sir.” He checks his watch. “Mr. President, you have five minutes until Schumer gets here.”

“Right, that’s all for the game, you take that shit over to Trump Games and keep that chain of plausible deniability.” I turn to my computer and open another document. “Also, I need dirt on Schumer, even he’s going to have some trouble accepting the *Restore American Greatness Jobs Liberty Red Flag Freedom Labor America Workers’ Tax Reform Act*.”

“Oh, shit,” Vinnie mutters. “What’s your plan?”

I grin like a motherfucker. “I’m gonna undo Ronald Reagan, Vinnie. And then I’m gonna shit on his grave.”

He shakes his head with a grin as he looks over the graph and Cliff’s Notes version of the bill on my computer. “Oh, fucking hell. I’m gonna enjoy seeing this go down.”

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*Reuters, June 23rd, 2017.*

**Protests in Russia as citizens criticize Putin.**

_Thousands of Russians protested against Russian President Vladimir Putin today, accusing him of being a “gay thief” and of “robbing grandmothers to enrich himself”. Police arrested dozens of demonstrators for failing to acquire official approval for the protests, and several people were reported injured. The protests appear to be a response to President Donald Trump’s recent high-profile accusation, spoken in Russian during a press conference that became a viral video, that Putin_
is a thief and Trump’s homosexual lover.

The Russian government refused to comment, but an anonymous source claiming to be a Kremlin insider alleged that Putin is “spitting fire” and outraged at Trump’s behavior. The source continued, “he spent a lot of money, getting Trump elected, and now Trump’s stabbing him in the back. He’s become snappish and aggressive towards his advisers, and he’s gone through three secretaries in a week.” Kremlin spokespeople again refused to comment.

Reuters will continue to monitor this developing story.

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June 26th.

“Ahh, what a week,” I chuckle as I sprawl into my chair at the head of the dining table. Barron and Tiffany are sitting close to me for once, since Melania’s here and I demanded a family dinner. “Yo, Billy-Bob, eat your fucking vegetables, kid, or I’ll take away your Xbox. Melania, how was Paris?”

She picks at her salad. “Quite good.”

“Good. Your squeeze?”

“I do not have…”

I wave a hand dismissively. “It’s fine, I don’t care, I cheated on you enough as The Donald. Is he hot?”

“I thought you had a boyfriend already,” Melania comments with a raised eyebrow.

I laugh uproariously, making Barron flinch. “HAHAHA!! Good one! Well, Little Volodya, Vlad, he isn’t returning my calls. Or my texts. Sad, really. Anyway, you do you. Benny! Eat your goddamn vegetables, you’re being punished. Don’t call 911 on the fucking President, kid.” I turn to Tiffany with what I hope is an inviting smile. “So, how’ve you been? I know I treated you like shit as The Donald, I hope you like the White House?”

Tiffany pushes her food from side to side nervously as I cram tofu dogs into my mouth with both
hands. “I’m… I guess I’m OK? And the White House is alright? Mr. Wilson, Vinnie, he’s been really nice.”


She’s saved from having to answer by one of Vinnie’s men, who taps me on the shoulder. “Yeah?”

“Mr. President, sir, you’re needed. You ordered that you be alerted if Roy Moore declared his candidacy in Alabama?”

“Senate race?” I cram another tofu dog in my mouth and stand.

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“’oog,” I grunt around my mouthful of tofu, ketchup and bun, then swallow it mostly whole. “Melania, make sure Bobby eats his vegetables. I have some late-night planning to get done.” I stop on my way out the door. “Hey, Tiffany, uh, you want to watch me be President? I mean, in case you want to go into politics?” I scratch my toupee uncertainly.

She looks something between confused that I give a shit about her and horrified at the idea of being around me. “Um… no, um, Mr. Pres—”


Tiffany nods. “Uh, yes, whatever you say.”

“Good. Alright, yeah.” I wander out the door. I should probably learn how to be a parent, since I’m not throwing those two of Trump’s kids out to the wolves.

Vinnie’s waiting for me, having not gone home for the night yet, with Comey and my Director of National Intelligence, Bob Mueller. “What’ve we got?”

Vinnie proffers a briefcase-thick folder. “The dossier you requested, Mr. President. Pedophilia, corruption, violating the Constitution, the works.”

“All of this is confirmed and legitimate? I don’t want some overeager asshole trying a shoddy frame job, I have standards.”

“I made sure it’s all legitimate,” Comey says. “Some of it’s not enough to go to court with, but I can see the pattern. And Jesus Christ, Moore’s a sick fuck.” Mueller says nothing, but makes a lemon-sucking grimace.

“OK. I want to play this one close to the chest until the fall. Comey, can I trust you to go after this son of a bitch with both barrels once I dump the dossier?”

“Yes, sir, but isn’t that kind of political?”

“Yeah, it is,” I admit. “This is paying Mitch back for fucking with Congressional rules on the Supreme Court matter. I’m going to let Moore win the primary, then bury him in the general by dumping all this and showing that he’s completely unelectable. I’m going to drown Moore in his own sleazy shit, and I need you guys to do most of the grunt work of prosecuting him since it’ll be hard for me to intervene directly.” I turn to Mueller. “Bob, I want you involved because I know
you’re a man of the law. You work with Comey, and you use your best judgement on whether or not to charge Moore and when. Comey’s a good investigator but his timing is shit. Especially when it involves emails.” I glare pointedly at Comey, who has the decency to flush with embarrassment. “Thanks for getting me elected, bro.”

“I want to say right now that I don’t support this conniving scheme of yours, Mr. President,” Mueller tells me right off the bat. “But if I think there’s enough to convict, Mr. President, I will nail this pedo sonofabitch to the wall.”

“Good.” I pat him on the back. “And thanks for not going after me for the things The Donald did with Putin.”

“As much as you broke the law, Mr. President, I understand that it was for a good cause and that in doing so you dealt significant damage in terms of resources and prestige to Putin and his intelligence chiefs. I don’t like what you did but I damn sure like the results, so we’ll call that one even. Just… please never do that again, Mr. President.”

I chuckle. “Trust me, Bob. I won’t take a cent of Vlad’s money until he lets me fuck him up the ass in public.” I try not to let my relief show—a bulldog like Mueller accepting my bullshit explanation for Trump’s antics with Putin? Thank Christ, I might actually survive another three and a half years.

That is, if being Donald Trump doesn’t drive me crazy or give me a heart attack first.
Chapter Summary

Here we go. The big one. The overwhelming major-daddy. The one where Donnie goes to Comic-Con and throws shade fucking everywhere.

If you like Manhell, don’t read.


“Mr. President?” Anne ducks her head into the Oval Office, where Vinnie and I are playing XCOM 2 with the Long War mod. “Jeremy Corbyn’s office called. He’s ready for the call, sir.”

I stand, Vinnie saving the game (we’d almost made it to the final mission!), and shuck my jacket, starting on my Oxford. “Good. Let’s get me dressed.” I trade the white shirt for a blue one, and roll up the sleeves. One of Anne’s minions pins a grain-and-gear symbol in gold too my right lapel and a red flag pin to my left.

“How do I look, Vinnie?”

“Very proletarian, sir.”

“Sweet. Try not to look too intimidating.”

“Sir.”

I pull up Skype, and Corbyn appears on my computer in a fairly relaxed suit—collar button undone beneath a brown coat, no tie. I nod approvingly. “Jeremy! Good to see you, mate, congratulations on becoming Prime Minister, you’re the man! Also, I wanted to have a chat about BAE Systems.”

“How now?”

“BAE Systems, Jeremy, try to keep up—you crumpet-eating oiks have a company called BAE Systems that makes military tech. It’s a shitty lazy monopoly and Mattis told me it’s costing you billions due to the lack of competition and shoddy work. Now, I’m going to throw my political capital—well, what of that I have left after my showdown with Big Benny and declaring a day Official Gay Marriage Day—behind you to give you a hand in dealing with it. My advice is nationalize it, but Mattis says break it up—either should do the trick, do what you can get past the bloody Tories.”

“You don’t give me orders, President Trump.”

“Call me Donnie, Comrade Donnie, all my friends do.” I lean back in my chair as my cat, Muffin,
jumps into my lap, and I start to stroke her as she settles down on my dick and balls, purring like a lawnmower. “Jeremy, I need good men to stand by me against the corporations. I backed you in that election because I think that you have the balls to stand up for Britain and fight the corporations. Together, we can see a socialist system rise—my vote’s for DeLeonism or Syndicalism, the best of Marx and Bakunin both—and crush the capitalists underfoot. Whaddaya say, buddy?”

Corbyn’s silent for a full three seconds. Then,

“I think that you’re just a bit insane. But I like the sound of nationalizing BAE, they are corrupt and we spend proportionally more money for fewer weapons then we did before BAE consolidated the aerospace industry.”

“Yeah, figures. I’ve been talking to Mattis, he says, he says BAE makes us an infantry transport that doesn’t work and a bunch of other overpriced shit, and since I’m a dirty syndie I want to BREAK THE CHAINS and fuck up the corporations, fuck the corporations. So you game? I’ll give you Brits our F-35s if you break the back of BAE.”

Corbyn chuckles. “Comrade, I’d nationalize BAE for free. But I won’t refuse free aircraft.”

“Oh, not free, just heavily discounted. And you pay the US government, not Lockheed. Which reminds me, I need to break up the big airplane companies, because Boeing’s a fossil, Grumman and Lockheed are stagnated, and our procurement chain’s stupidly long and easily fucked with.” I turn to Vinnie. “By the way, remind me to tell Mattis to audit the DoD?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, you’re a bro. Anyway, Jeremy, since I want an IFV that isn’t shit, how ‘bout you fuck up BAE for me? In return, I’m soon to be not needing a bunch of F-35s, and you can have those, how about that?”

“I daresay our new carriers will be a waste of money without those planes, so yes, I would appreciate such a gift.”

“Awesome! Hey, we should totes get together sometime, declare a New Internationale or something, it’ll be great, and then we can play Kaiserrreich together and make Syndicalism victorious, how about that?”

“I have no idea what Kaiserrreich is, Mr. President.”

“Oh, it’s a game, I’ll show you.” I grin. “Also, drop by the White House sometime this year. I’ll wave the red flag from all the poles.”

“Oh dear God. I’ll…I will see what I can do, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, Jeremy, you’re a pal.”

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*July 4th*

“The People’s Flag is deepest red.

It shrouded oft our martyred dead.

And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold.
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.

Beneath its shade we'll live and die.

Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer.

We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze.

The sturdy German chants its praise.

In Moscow's vaults its hymns were sung

Chicago swells the surging throng.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.

Beneath its shade we'll live and die.

Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer.

We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might.

When all ahead seemed dark as night;

It witnessed many a deed and vow.

We must not change its colour now.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.

Beneath its shade we'll live and die.

Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer.

We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It well recalls the triumphs past.

It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Beneath its shade we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer.
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It suits today the weak and base.
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place
To cringe before the rich man's frown,
And haul the sacred emblem down.

Then raise the scarlet standard high.
Beneath its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer.
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

With head uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall:
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim.
This song shall be our parting hymn.

The Red Flag plays loud and proud as I take the stage, dressed as George Washington but with a giant red cape with a grain and gear on it. “Sup, ‘MURICA?” I bray like a jackass, Mattis facepalming to my right. “Man, I love the USA! But the USA could be better! We’re the best
country in the world but we could still be better! With Syndicalism, we’d be, like, America, but like more, which is good, because I love democracy, and FREEDOM, and LIBERTY!!!!” I toot an air horn I’ve brought with me. “Vinnie! Get something patriotic playing!”

“Yes, sir.”

*John Brown’s Body* begins to play as I salute the American flag, standing ramrod straight, and Vinnie and Mattis do the same. “And they’ll hang Jeff Davis from a sour apple tree!” I shout as the final chords sound. “Glory to America, death to the Confederate shitscum traitor slaver filth!”

“Glory to America!” my minions chant.

“Freedom to all! Equality to all! We must achieve maximum democracy, to maintain the power and glory of our people and our nation! *For Red America!*”

“Freedom to all! Equality to all!” Mattis visibly bites his tongue, his iron discipline strained, as usual, to the limit by my antics.

“Ah, that’s some good shit!” I half-shout into my mic as I grab the podium. “So, folks, happy Independence Day! Today’s the day we declared independence from the Brits, and took the first steps towards the inevitable World Revolution, and socialist utopia, and all that good shit, you know, where everybody’s free and equal. And anyone who won’t be free and equal can ask Champ Ferguson and all those other slaver traitors who dared to fight America how that works out. And if those guys won’t answer, being dead, then the idiots who don’t want to be free and equal can ask Adolf Hitler’s corpse and see how pissing us off worked out. America! Fuck yeah!”

I take a swig of grape juice in a wine bottle—I’m considering actually trying booze soon, but in public it’s just for show. “We’re the best country in the world,” I blather. “So incredibly rich and beautiful! And we’re going to be better! We’re going to throw the capitalists out, and dismantle their regime, the capitalist-imperialists hate our freedom and want us all poor and stupid, we’re going to break them and make a new America, a better America, an America with equal liberty and equal justice for all, where everybody’s free and everybody’s fed and everybody’s got equal rights.”

I belch. “And then I’m resigning and putting Mattis in charge because he rocks.”

“You can’t actually do that, Mr. President,” Mattis notes.

“What? Oh, then I’ll settle for a Syndicalist workers’ republic. That’s going to be so great, the workers of America are going to be free, we’re going to throw out the bosses and institute workplace democracy and stop the corporations from buying Congresscritters, and send Dick Cheney to Gitmo like the fucking war criminal he is. Fucking skunk. Also, Mattis, get up here.”

The General steps up to the podium. “Yes, Mr. President?”

I wave a minion who’s carrying a box over, and open said box. “This is for you,” I say as I take out a Presidential Medal of Freedom. “General James Mattis, for your stellar track record as the best Marine officer since Chesty Puller, for your military doctrine changes in Iraq that crippled Al Qaeda in Iraq, for keeping my ass alive, and for being probably the greatest General we actually goddamn have, it is my great honor to present to you, on this fucking awesome day that celebrates the freedom and liberty that you have helped to defend, with the Presidential Medal of Freedom.”

“Mr. President…I…” The old man’s actually tearing up. I totally blindsided him with this, but it’s so worth it. “I don’t know what to say, sir.”

“Don’t fucking *sir* me, Mattis, you’re a goddamn American hero. Oh, and I want recommendations
for this from you for Memorial Day, minimum five.” I drape the ribbon around Mattis’s neck, the medal sitting nicely over his tie. “By the way, I talked to Corbyn like you wanted, we’re getting our troops an IFV that doesn’t suck donkey ass and actually fucking works. How does the medal feel?”

Mattis wipes a goddamn tear from his eye. “I really don’t know what to say,” he admits.

I chuckle, and pat his shoulder. “Then don’t say anything. You’re James fucking Mattis and you’re helping me to save America. You deserve this.”

I wave to Vinnie. “Now let’s celebrate our troops! PLAY IT!”

“Sir!”

My henchman activates a projector, and Mattis turns to see the President’s Own on the big screen behind me, my minions shuffling the US and Syndicalist US flags aside. “This is a livestream,” I note unnecessarily as Vinnie maximizes the window. “Let’s get this show on the road!”

The conductor salutes crisply, and the song begins.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a-7XWhyyVpE

Mattis’s eyes are wet when it’s over. I drop my salute.


The reporters are stunned into frozen silence. Again. The conductor clears his throat over the livestream.

“Yeah?” I ask, turning my head.

“Should we, um, still do Semper Fi, Mr. President?”

“Did I call you for Mattis’s sake?”

“Er, yes, Mr. President.”

“There’s your answer.”

“Mr. President,” Mattis begins, “there’s no need to…”

“I like you, you’re a badass, you’ve done good stuff for this country and I want to throw you a party. Also, did you hear? Benny Netanyahu ‘decided’ that it’d be a good idea to start forcibly evacuating some of the smaller settlements, the ones occupied by the crazy super-hardliners. We gotta meet about Iran soon, but we’re making progress, General.”

“I heard,” Mattis replies.

“Awesome, awesome. Enjoy the song, and take a week off if you like, you’re a national hero. Anyway, no questions today, reporters. Support our troops, and down with capitalism! Hail Satan, by the way.”

I stride out, flag cape flaring dramatically behind me. Back at the podium, Mattis salutes the Marines again as they begin Semper Fidelis over Facebook Live.
“This is brilliant,” McGrath drunkenly confesses to me over a pile of fanfics. I offered her a writing credit if she helped me write flirty Supercorp stage directions, but she brought some wine and I broke out the booze from the White House stocks, so now it’s become “read Comrade Donnie’s fanfics while blitzed out of our minds”. “President Trump…let’s make it part of the show!” It’s slurred, but I understand perfectly.

I kind of like McGrath. She’s funny, smart, a sweetheart, and drop-dead gorgeous to boot.

“Done,” I slur over a glass of the vodka we broke out about an hour in. “How d’you think Lena wants Kara?”

“Six ways over her desk before dinner. Maybe with heavy petting for dessert.” She downs a shot of Vinnie’s favorite brand of tequila and giggles. “Show me the one where they get married!”

I dig through the fics and pull out one that involves a lesbian double wedding. “Here!”

“Fortress of Solitude, great, absolutely great wedding spot,” McGrath slurs. “Ok how ’bout this. We make more of the episode about the wedding. And, like, it starts and ends on that? And the bad guys, they want to stop Kara and Lena from getting married?” Or at least that’s what she tries to say, what comes out is largely ‘sh’ sounds and apostrophes.

“Brilliant!” I slur, eyes unfocused. Greg Berlanti, here with us in this nondescript house in rural Maryland, nods along with us.

“OK, I can see the appeal.” Berlanti’s drunk and probably a little high still on the weed that Vinnie got for me, hence why he’s so calm. “Hey, we should work on the finale, right? I know you’re, like, bringing back a dead character and stuff, and that she’s from Earth-X but not really?”

“She died, was revived on her way to Earth-X, and comes back. I think,” I respond, riffling clumsily through my script notes. “Yeah. And romance potential next season. Alex Danvers needs some love, amirite?”

“Oh god, poor Chyler’s so upset about the breakup,” McGrath complains around her booze. “Can’t you fix it?”

“Can’t, contract problem,” Berlanti says as I slur the same thing. I chuckle.

“Haha, jinx! OK, how much time do we have for the Big Gay Wedding? ‘Cause I want to include some stuff for Harewood to do too.”

“I dunno, like ten minutes, fifteen maybe?” Berlanti manages, scratching his head. I pass him another weed cigarette and he fumbles with a lighter until he lights the weed. “So, yeah. Nothing too fancy I guess.”

“I could totally wear a really gay shirt,” McGrath suggests, missing her glass with more wine. “Whoops.”

“Like, something with crossed distaffs that says ‘Likes Girls’ or something like that?” I suggest. Then I shake my head, wine slopping from my own glass as I waver unsteadily. “Nah, too
obvious…”

“No, no, sounds great,” McGrath slurs. “And then, like, when Lena, when Lena ‘goes evil’ to infiltrate…the bad men, her evil mom’s people, those…bad…alien-hating…” She frowns.

“CADMUS?” I offer, then down a shot of vodka.

“Yes! Them! But like, when she’s faking being bad, right, she’s letting Supergirl know, right, because Kara thinks that Evil Lena is, like, sexy?” She waves an arm, nearly dumping booze on Berlanti. “I dunno, that sounds fun. I like to vamp it up, you know?”

“Yeah, yeah, I feel you, that’s a great idea!” I throw a plastic bag full of weed at Berlanti. “Make it happen, dude. George. I think that’s your name.”

“I’m Greg…” Berlanti mutters, but it’s not like McGrath or I actually give a flying fuck at this point.

“I fucking love you guys,” I slur, reaching over the small, densely packed table to pull Berlanti and McGrath closer by the shoulders. My wine slops down the back of McGrath’s dress as I accidentally soak Berlanti in tequila. “This season’s gonna be the best ever, just the best, so gay!”

“I know!” McGrath laughs, high-pitched as she’s as blitzed off her ass as me, and accidentally soaks my toupee in 350 dollars’ worth of Chateau Lafite 2000. “I mean, you suck, you’re Donald Trump, but also like I love you?”

I blush, stammering uselessly. “Aw, come on, you’re way better than me, you’re smart and, like, gorgeous and stuff, and I’m Donald Trump.”

McGrath shrugs, a rivulet of wine trickling out of her glass and down the back of my suit. “Don’t care, you still made my day.” Her eyes light up. “Hey! How about we do weed?”

I shrug. “Yeah, alright. Hey, Finlandi, pass the dope, we need to get high…

By mutual agreement, the night is never brought up again.

Berlanti and I still change the scripts to include Supergirl enjoying her girlfriend faking supervillainy, and Lena wearing hilariously gay clothes in our token “here-is-the-homophobic-villain” episode. Hey, they were good ideas.

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June 9th.

“I see you’re hung over, Mr. President,” Vinnie notes without an ounce of sympathy as I haul my sorry ass into the Oval Office. “Did we learn anything?”

“yes,” I manage.

“Yeah. This is why you don’t tell me to wait outside.” My chief henchman shakes his head. “Christ, Donnie. You need to take care of yourself better, for crying out loud.”

“Just gimme the fucking ibuprofen,” I moan.

Vinnie plunks the pills and a glass of water on the Resolute desk. “Here. Also, you have email from Berlanti and McGrath; both want to never mention last night again but McGrath is open to meeting with you, as long as no alcohol is involved. Something about a great time and wanting to do her part for the fans by making the show gayer?” He shrugs. “Get healthy, sir, you have a press briefing in
20 minutes.”

“Fuck,” I groan, neatly summing up my feelings.

“This is your own damn fault.” He shakes his head again. “I want you to call that therapist Liz gave you the card for.”

“Vinnie, I can’t be seen talking to a goddamn shrink…”

“We can pretend she’s your squeeze,” he notes. I pause. “Donnie, you regularly brag about fucking Vladimir Putin in creative ways. I think we can make people think you’re cornholing a 40-year-old woman.”

“Fuck,” I spit. “Fine. I’ll make the goddamn call. After the press briefing.” He sighs but lets my minions in without comment; I wave to them impatiently. “Get me some fucking Gatorade, goddamn it! And food! I need breakfast!”

“That reminds me, Mr. President,” Annie speaks up from where she’s directing my minions to serve me. “You’re on a new diet now. Your drill sergeant’s orders.”

“What the fuck? The fuck am I supposed to…” A quavering flunky puts a plate of arugula and strawberry slices on the desk. “…oh. Well, this isn’t too bad, I like arugula.”

Annie rolls her eyes. “That’s good. Now, you’re off of 5-Hour Energy today, new diet again, so we’re going to try tea. How do you like it?”

“Earl Grey, not quite hot enough to burn but enough to be almost uncomfortable.”

“Understood, sir.” She motions to a lackey, who races off to get my tea. “Your itinerary is here,” and she hands me a piece of paper, “and has as usual been emailed to you, Mr. President. You have a Skype meeting to finalize scripts at 3, a meeting with Senator Schumer at 2, and scheduled Putin tweets at 1, 4, and 5:30. Any questions?”

“Yeah, how’s Mattis taking my suggestions on criminal justice reform?”

Vinnie speaks up. “He says he doesn’t have any strong feelings either way but that there’s no damn way it’s passing in this climate. Unless there’s a paradigm shift—if I remember correctly, he said ‘if a cop gets caught murdering a white girl in cold blood, then you might be able to push it through’. Even that, he said, is pushing it, though. It’s the same situation as tax reform and gun control.”

“Speaking of which, Paddock?”

“Under surveillance. ATF is looking into authorization to move in.”

“Tell me ASAP when they have enough dirt on Paddock to justify moving in. That psycho has to be stopped. Any other news?”

“That Brock Turner guy you were complaining about? He’s suing to have his conviction overturned.”


“He’s suing to have his conviction overturned on the grounds that the prosecutor said that he raped the victim behind a trash bin, but she was actually behind a garbage enclosure. And apparently he didn’t get to call enough character witnesses and he wanted the jury to consider less serious charges.”
“He was caught red-handed in the middle of raping a woman who was passed-out drunk,” I reply disgustedly. “How the fuck does he justify this? He got off lightly.” I make a chopping motion with my hand. “Keep me posted, Vinnie. I want him buried.”

“Yes, Mr. President. I’ll make a few calls.”

“Good.” I stuff arugula into my mouth. “Tell Comey to get his ass working on that case, too. Fuck rapists.”

“In other news, the alt-right’s blowing up the Internet,” Annie says. “Some guy called Tom Kratman says he’s going to write a book called ‘2020: Trump’s Treachery’, about how you’re going to destroy America.”

I laugh out loud at that, spraying arugula. “Kratman? Oh, that’s fucking rich! Vinnie! I’m gonna write a novel! Where the Nazis try to take over America and are helped by a guy called Bob Whitman, who’s an Army washout with blue eyes who served in Panama and brags about his war experience in a peaceful country.”

Vinnie sighs, but nods to Annie, who rolls her eyes and writes it down. “As you wish, Mr. President.”

“Exactly, I’m the President. I rock.”

“You certainly do, from a certain point of view,” Vinnie chuckles.

“Start dressing him as he finishes,” Annie orders. I hold my arms out as I chew and minions take my coat. “Mr. President, you’re dressing as Che Guevara today.”

“Good. Hey, let’s piss off the Croats, pencil in a YouTube sketch where I play Ante Pavelic and pretend to suck Vinnie’s cock while he’s dressed as Hitler?”

“No,” Vinnie retorts flatly.

“Come on, man, it’d be hilarious!”

“Mattis said no pissing off foreign countries for no reason, Donnie.”

I groan, but roll my eyes and nod in acceptance. “Fine. Let’s piss on Putin again instead.” I shove my empty plate away, chewing my last bite. “I’m done, let’s roll.” I stand swiftly…

…and double over, moaning in pain as I grip my head.

“Take it easy for a couple of hours, sir,” Vinnie recommends. “And maybe don’t get plastered again?”

“Laugh it up, Vinnie, laugh it up.”

“I told you the vodka was a bad idea, Donnie.”

“That you did.”

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_Reuters, July 12th, 2017_.

_Tensions with Russia flare as Putin threatens Trump!_
Russian dictator Vladimir Putin attracted controversy today with a belligerent, bombastic outburst against American President Donald Trump. Although Russian news stations cut away from the majority of the outburst, cell phone recordings have surfaced showing an apparently exasperated Putin shouting “I am not a homosexual! I like to fuck women! Lots of women! He is lying, I am sexually dominant and not gay! That lying dog Trump, if he continues to threaten me, the leader of Mother Russia, and to insult the great leader of the Russian people, he can expect the fiercest retribution, that son of a Nazi bastard pigdog squeezed out of a Latvian whore’s diseased potato-munching snatch, that fucking ape, that…that pig! I will fucking bury him! I am stronger, more masculine! I will show him the power and the glory of a Russian man! I am not a gay clown!”

Putin’s outburst was denied by several figures of the Russian government, and accused “anti-Russian saboteurs” of “trying to subvert the dignity of President Putin through vile lies” in official statements.

President Trump has been unavailable for comment.

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*The New York Times, July 15th, 2017*

**Controversial tax bill passes subcommittee!**

The controversial Restore American Greatness Good Old Days Economic Independence Fuck The Corporations Eisenhower-Era Tax Brackets Restoration Freedom America Make Corporations Pay Liberty Freedom MAGA Act, a major overhaul of the American tax code openly supported by President Trump, passed its first major hurdle today as the House Subcommittee on Tax Policy sent the bill by a single vote to the House Ways and Means committee, the powerful body that holds primary power in setting American tax policy. Rifts in the Republican party and spiraling lack of party control showed as Trump’s calls for public activism on the matter swayed several key Republicans, who cited reelection worries as the primary motivation for their decision. Rumors of the impending resignations of ranking Republican Congressmen Mitch McConnel and Paul Ryan have continued to build as Trump eats away at establishment power; popular politics and statistics website FiveThirtyEight expects that if the bill passes the House and Senate, it will mean the end of the current Republican leadership.

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*July 16th, 2017.*

“This tax bill will ruin America!” Sean Hannity shouts as I hand Vinnie some popcorn. “That two-faced backstabber President Trump is trying to destroy capitalism, to destroy everything that makes America great and that we won the Cold War for! He has to be stopped, this is going to destroy my invest—I mean, our economy! We’re going to lose millions of jobs without our corporations!”

“Man, this is fucking good,” I comment to my henchman. Vinnie nods and holds his hand out for more popcorn. Mrs. Vinnie just shakes her head, patting Baby Vinnie’s back. Baby Vinnie burps. “Does the kid eat popcorn yet? Candy?”

“If you give my child candy I will kill you myself,” Mrs. Vinnie responds, colder than liquid nitrogen. “Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I’ll take some popcorn.”
“Pass me more, too,” Vinnie adds as Hannity screams about American exceptionalism.

“Yeah, sure thing.” I hand the whole bag over and take out my phone. “Lesse…” I type out a quick couple of Tweets.

I show my phone to the Wilsons. “What do you guys think?”

“I am not part of this discussion,” Mrs. Vinnie replies. Vinnie squints at my phone, then chuckles.

“Alright, good one.”

“Thanks.” I tap off a quickie accusing Hannity of being un-American for hating American workers, then sit back and sip my lemonade. “Ahh. Man, will he ever shut up?”

Freedom MAGA Act is an un-American piece of trash designed to…uh…destroy…America…damn it.” Hannity realizes the idiocy of what he just said. “Commercial! Commercial!”

I laugh like a hyena. “Woohooowoohoooh! I love naming my bullshit patriotic things, seeing these assholes squirm is so worth it.” I toss back a mouthful of Skittles. “Hey, you guys want a vacation after I get done at Comic-Con?”

Mrs. Vinnie perks up. “Where?”

“Both of you and the kid, Tahiti, a whole week. I rented a private beach.”

“How the Hell can you afford this?”

“I just made two million dollars betting on Wonder Woman’s second-week box-office drop, and I’m going to make over a hundred million when the buildings I’ve wagered against its worldwide gross come back in a month or two. And if anyone asks, I’m psychic and don’t pay taxes, and that makes me smart. You have a mile of Tahiti to yourselves. Well, yourselves and the kid. For a week.”

She gapes. “…why?”

“Cause you hate me yet you still give a shit about me.” I grimace. “So yeah. Also, I like Vinnie and he saved my life.”

Vinnie snorts. “Like that half-assed Nazi moron coulda hit you anyway.”

“Wade!” Mrs. Vinnie snaps. “He was a good enough shot to hit you!”

“Not very well,” he notes.

“Yeah, and that shit’s getting life for trying to kill my best lieutenant,” I growl. “And for trying to assassinate me, of course, little shit like that. And when he’s convicted, I’m sending his ass to Gitmo. Fucking nobody hurts Vinnie when I’m around.”

“On a lighter note,” Vinnie cuts in, “Are you ready for Comic-Con?”

I grin like a shark. “Oh, Hell fucking yes, Vinnie. Hell yes.”

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“OK, everyone!” I mumble-spew excitedly into my microphone, my Che Guevara T-shirt stretching over Donald Trump’s still-prominent pot belly and my hammer-and-sickle bandana not quite containing my toupee. “Who wants to see the trailer for our big super-awesome crossover, we’re going to outdo the Avengers, so many dead Nazis, really gorgeous?”

I get a single cheer from the back of the room.

Amell looks like he’s seriously reconsidering not punching me. Benoist has her face in her palm. Lotz is fishing in her pretzel bag for the last one, and Gustin is visibly struggling to avoid glaring at me.

“OK, alright, I get it, I’m Donald Trump, not exactly the most popular guy in the world, and I bribed my way here, alright, I get it.” I belch. “But trust me. This shit? It’s gonna be fucking awesome! Play it, Vinnie!”
One of the A/V guys my henchman’s guarding hits a switch, and the lights go down, the trailer starting behind me. An intentionally scratchy propaganda bit starts us off…

“For over half a century,” the Hollywood German-accented announcer intones, “our Thousand-Year Reich has been protected by the invincible New Reichsmen!” The camera pans up along a stage, showing each supervillain in line. “The Aryan!” Amell in a black suit with SS runes on his collar. “Siegfried!” A scarred, Nazi Ray Palmer, Routh giving a cruel sneer. “Blitzen!” A man in a yellow suit, eyes glowing red as his face blurs from speed. “Branhilde!” A masked Benoist, a silver thing sticking out of the back of her head. “The Panzer!” Evil!Nate Heywood from the Legends, all silver with a swastika painted on his metal chest. “And our beloved leader, OVERMAN!” The camera halts on the emotionless face of our main villain, Reinhard Heydrich, his blue eyes cold and cape snapping in the breeze, the SS logo emblazoned villainously on his chest.

“Today, our Führer announces a new conquest, to be spearheaded by these invincible warriors for the grand expansion of our eternal Reich! Sieg Heil!”

The film fades into brighter, more realistic colors, and our Heydrich speaks as if to a great crowd, their murmurs and cheers stitched in in postproduction, a portrait of Hitler on a flag CGIed in behind him. “Today, on the anniversary of the ascension to divinity of the great Adolf Hitler, I come to you all with joyous tidings!” He raises his arms dramatically. “Our brilliant Aryan scientists have discovered dozens of parallel worlds, soft and peaceful, all of them ripe for the taking by our invincible armies. Tomorrow, the New Reichsmen will be known as the masters of the Multiverse, our victory assured by our superior abilities, and by the might of the Master Race. Our enemies’ weapons will be powerless against my might,” and he lifts from the ground, eyes glowing, “and their resistance can be nothing, but futile! Through this conquest we will be secure—not just a Thousand-Year-Reich, but an eternal Reich, a nation that shall never fall, forever guarded by its immortal protector—me.” He snaps to a Nazi salute. “Sieg Heil!”

“Heil Heydrich!” the supervillains and the offscreen Nazi crowd chant. “Heil Heydrich!”

The screen cuts abruptly to Lotz, holding a katana on the bridge of the Legends’ timeship. “Well, I’ve got nothing else planned for this weekend. Let’s go kill some goddamn Nazis.”

An action scene explodes—one of the minor ones, Supergirl versus a buttload of Nazi mooks at the wedding-crasher scene. My own narration takes over. “You think you’re strong? Think you’re tough, heroes or something? I’m the real hero here! I sold my country to the Nazis and I’d do it again, gladly. I’m so rich, sacrificed so much, so strong, such big hands, so powerful, so rich. Hail Hitler, by the way.” Scenes filter in of Green Arrow fighting his alter ego, and Flash fighting Reverse-Flash with Kid Flash by his side. “I’m just the best Reichsprotektor ever, I’m Donald Trump.”

The scene cuts to Benoist, superspeeding across the hastily-constructed audience hall set to grab SS-outfitted me by the throat. “I noticed,” she snaps. “You betrayed your country to the Nazis?”

“Yeah,” Nazi Me says dickishly. “They paid me a whole lot.”

The music starts again as Nazi Me (or, as he’s called in the show, Reichsprotektor Trump) is punched clear across the room, which gets cheers. Heydrich’s narration takes over.

“You cannot stop us, Kara Zor-El. I will break you, just as I broke your counterpart. I will mold your quivering carcass to suit my needs, and you WILL serve me, body and soul!”

Cut to Benoist, wiping blood from her lip. “You can try.”

Amell’s voice takes over now. “We’ve got limited resources, a planet full of goddamn Nazis to fight,
and they have TWO Kryptonian-powered Nazi supervillains. Outside of us having moral fiber and lots of courage, I’m having trouble seeing a way to win this.” Tableau of the heroes assembled, facing a huge army of Nazi goons overseen by the New Reichsmen. Gustin’s narration cuts in.

“Heydrich’s strong, and his army’s big, yeah, but we’re smart. We’ve solved problems like this before and we will again, we just need to have the courage to step up and face them first.”

Cut to Gustin in Flash getup. “Besides. I’ve got enough problems already. Can’t deal with Overman and his dimension-hopping Nazis stopping by to ruin my honeymoon, can I?”

Scenelets flicker across the screen—Firestorm fusing as they shoot Nazis, Flash and Supergirl side by side, Overman and Supergirl fighting, Earth-X Kara dying in Supergirl’s arms, White Canary and Alex Danvers fighting Nazis and headshotting many, and now they come faster, our spoiler character (not quite visible) knocking Overman off of Supergirl in a blur, Flash and Kid Flash opening a breach between worlds with their speed, Jay Garrick’s hat being picked up by Overman, Thawne and Flash clashing, Green Arrow and his alter ego in hand-to-hand, Green Arrow and Supergirl pulling a dramatic stunt attack, White Canary fighting Nazi Arrow at the wedding crash, White Canary cutting Nazi Ray Palmer’s throat with a sword, Supergirl locked in mutual choking with Overman, Overman’s eyes blazing as he uses his heat vision, Kara holding up her hand to block it and screaming in rage as she returns fire…

And the crescendo slams to an end, and Lotz and Leigh are on screen, Leigh looking a little overwhelmed (since her character is at the time) and Lotz flirting.

“So tell me, Agent Danvers. How open are your Fridays, when we’re not being attacked by interdimensional Nazis, of course?”

Leigh’s character grimaces. “Honestly? In between the Nazis and the evil real estate developers and my sister’s crush’s psychopathic mom launching terrorist attacks and my sister dating one of the richest women on the planet less than a month after my fiancée left me, I don’t think I’ve had a single free Friday yet this year.”

Lotz shakes her head. “That’s just not fair. Gorgeous babe like you, wasting a free day on these losers? Now I’m really gonna have to kill Reichsprotektor Trump.”

The screen goes dark, then shows the big Crisis on Earth-X title card with a dramatic flare of music, before it trails off and flashes the basic information; the title card with credits, info, and a promo poster for the crossover. Slowly, the lights in the convention hall come back on, and I grin like a madman.

“So! What did people think? Do I make a good Nazi? Oh, and before I forget, our tagline for this is, Punch Nazis, save the Multiverse, since Nazis fucking suck.” Kinda redundant since it was on the poster, but whatever.

“You make a disturbingly good Nazi,” Lotz admits. I grin like a madman.

“Yeah! I mean, The Donald was a Nazi back on the campaign trail, and a bunch of his pals like Steve Bannon are Nazis, I know how to be a Nazi, been method-acting as one for a while. And of course, since I’m the best President ever…”

Amell grabs my microphone away from me. “Mr. President, can you shut up for five minutes?”

I roll my eyes, but nod with a dramatic shrug.

“Alright,” Amell sighs. “I thought the shoot went pretty well, the President was surprisingly well-
behaved, and a lot of people had a good time fighting Nazis. I think it has all the important elements of a good story—action, a bit of romance, and some old-fashioned cheesy superhero stuff.”

“Yeah,” Lotz speaks up. “Trump actually wrote it. I came in thinking it was going to be misogynistic crap, but I read the script and… I mean, it was surprisingly PC? I don’t think he’s gonna win any Oscars anytime soon, but I had a blast punching out Nazis, and I think Melissa, Stephen, Grant and the others had a good time too.”

“I don’t like everything he wrote for my show, but at least it wasn’t sexist,” Benoist admits. “I still would’ve liked it if he hadn’t bribed his way on, though.”

I reach out for my microphone, but Amell smacks my baby hands away, and I pout dramatically. “Yeah, I got the general impression, working with him, that he’s a gigantic kid,” Amell says. “I don’t know about you, Grant, Caity, Melissa, but he was giggling like a schoolboy at the scene where Supergirl punches him out, so much that we had to do three takes before he could compose his face. Honestly I think he was just indulging himself, after…well, whatever he’s been doing all these years.”

I lunge bodily and grab the mic before Amell can stop me. “Method acting, Steve, method acting, or maybe I’m a ghost, take your pick.” I grin like a motherfucker. “Yeah I had a blast, being punched out by Supergirl was the best. And guys, uh, remember the spoilers, please. Uh, Mr. Gustin, what did you think?”

“You’re an idiot, Mr. President. But a damned funny one,” the actor replies with a grin. “I mean, I’m not really the person who should be upset about you not being PC, if you had still been, but, uh, at least from my perspective the worst I can say about you is that you’re loud, obnoxious, have no sense of timing, you’ve got horrible social skills and you’re always drinking wine out of a paper bag.”

“Thanks,” I reply with a grin. Then I belch, right into the microphone.

“He’s exasperating sometimes,” Amell says completely seriously right into his own mic.

“Yup,” I bray. “So what do you guys think about the work I did on Supergirl? Yo, Speak the Uberhund, get me a fucking lemonade and I’ll pay you a hundred bucks!” I motion to one of Anne’s minions, who salutes and sprints off to do my bidding.

“I don’t like it all,” Benoist starts, “but it wasn’t as bad as I expected. And my co-stars seem to like it.”

“It’s gay as fuck,” Lotz speaks up. “And I love it. This big orange dope was basically writing fanfic and getting it made with the CW’s money.”

“Shhh!!” I stage-whisper. “We’re supposed to be pretending otherwise!”

“Mr. President, you are a gigantic fucking nerd, and it’s adorable. Also a bit scary. But adorable.”

“First time I’ve been described that way, this lifetime at least.”

Lotz shrugs. Gustin clears his throat. “I, uh, I’ve been focusing more on my own show but the President ambushed me while we were filming the crossover and basically made me skim all of his scripts. I dunno, I thought it was mostly kinda average but I did like the finale, I think it had some really good themes, and of course it was almost obsessed with being…how do I say this politely…”

“As gay as possible?” Amell offers. “He made me read those scripts too. Cornered me in the hall
while in costume as an SS goon and made me read them, the single most bizarre experience I’ve ever had. Ahem. Yeah, some were a little amateur but he was surprisingly sensitive about writing LGBT relationships, so…well, I guess he really has been doing intense method acting all his life like he claims, but overall, his scripts looked fine.”

I can feel myself blushing. “Aww, thanks, guys, you don’t know how much this means to me!” My lemonade arrives and I tip the minion with a Benjamin. “By the way, anyone got any regrets about their time on these shows?”

“I dunno, I’ve had a blast working with these guys,” Lotz replies. “Probably my biggest regret is not pushing harder for a lesbian relationship for Sara earlier. My girl needs some love.”

“Well, Jeff Finlandi came around and got you one for this season,” I note, and she nods with a grin. “My personal regret is that I didn’t get involved for the end of season 2 of Arrow.”

“What?” Amell asks in confusion. “That was one of our best seasons, a lot better than 3 or 4.”

“Oh, yeah, it was good, lagged a bit in the last third but good. The problem was the scene where you beat Deathstroke—Manu Bennet’s a very strong actor, so this totally could and should have been done but wasn’t. Basically, what should’ve been done, you or Felicity get Deathstroke with the mirakuru-cure-arrow or a syringe or something, and he stumbles, snarls and says something villainous, then it hits him and he basically collapses, and realizes just where he is and what he’s been doing, the idea being to basically end with you two on the ground together just apologizing for all the shitty things you did over the past two seasons, end with a conscious inversion of how you ended the Lian Yu storyline by stabbing Slade instead of curing him, then call out how Ollie was straight-up murdering people and being a massive emo in the first season, have Deathstroke ask how he can ever atone for the people he killed, then Ollie gets up and offers him a hand, saying something like ‘I don’t know but I gotta do the same, you want to join me?’ then he comes back for a few episodes the next couple of seasons because Manu Bennet’s great but he had a couple other jobs he was doing at the time.” I take a swig of lemonade.

“…huh,” Amell says, nodding slowly with a frown. “I never thought about it that way. That’s… surprisingly not the worst idea I’ve ever heard.”

I blush deep red. “Aww, thanks, man, you got no idea how much that means.”

“I honestly think that breaking up Alex and Maggie’s relationship hurt the most,” Benoist speaks up. “Uh, the orange guy over there, he got completely plastered while we were doing the trailers for the crossover and I was stuck on a couch with him and couldn’t politely get away, and he blubbered like a baby about how he hated writing that part and he only did it because Maggie’s actress wanted out of her contract. And, honestly, he raised some good points.”

“I didn’t blubber like a baby!” I protest. “I let out a single manly tear!”

“You got snot all over your power tie.”

“I had allergies and needed to blow my nose on something. I wasn’t crying!”

“You had to go in for emergency makeup touch-ups and you can still see the red eyes and smudged makeup in a couple of frames.”

I pout. “C’mon, my ego’s already taken enough of a beating what with Vlad still refusing to call me back and claiming we never dated, which honestly hurts more than being dumped by Vlad and Silvio—Silvio Berlusconi, we used to fuck, had threesomes with Vlad—can’t you let me
“No,” Gustin and Lotz deadpan at the same time. Amell chuckles at that.

“OK, so what do you like most about everything you guys are doing this season?” I ask in a hurry.

“Mine’s all the gay stuff I stuck in, I bribed Jamie Clayton to do a bit part as an alien from a
genderfluid species, so there’s like the T and other stuff in the LGBT, and like I used explicit gay
terminology, guys, Kara is officially pansexual and Alex is officially lesbian, OK? Just in case it
wasn’t abundantly clear.”

“Preach it,” Lotz says, extending a fist that I strain to bump with my own little hand. “Honestly I
would say the same as Donnie here, but I get to romance a sexy blonde time agent this season, and
I’m having a blast acting that out.”

“I think that the continued evolution of Oliver as a character as he atones for some of his past actions,
and endeavors to be a better father to the son he just now got stuck with, is a lot of fun to play,”
Amell confesses. “The writers really hit it out of the park this season and I’m really enjoying the
chance to be more than off-brand social-justice-flavored Batman.”

“The villain this season,” Gustin says immediately. “His powers make him a unique challenge for
Barry, not just another speedster, so I get to approach different aspects of my character, it’s incredibly
fun.”

Benoist chews her lip. “Honestly? The most fun I had was punching him across the room.” She
points at me. “But…I really don’t mind the romance he wrote. It was…surprisingly sensitive? And
involved a lot of cuddling on the couch and cheesy date clichés. But Katie’s a great actress and she
made every scene fun.”

“Awesome, just beautiful, so amazing,” I gush. “So, guys, uh, how about we introduce our villains?
For the crossover?”

“Sure,” Amell begins. “My evil duplicate is a Nazi version of Oliver Queen, The Aryan. He’s…
basically the opposite of Oliver, he’s never really grown past the thoughtless idiot stage and just
added hatred and self-aggrandizing justifications on top of that. He’s a bit of a coward, but cruel,
scheming and cunning but not as smart as he thinks he is. I hated him every second I played him, but
I like to think I delivered some good work on the material.”

“I’m fighting Eobard Thawne. Again.” Gustin says. “Thawne basically escaped to the Nazi world
after the Legends defeated him, and he’s been working as a mercenary ever since. We were
considering having him be in the Wells disguise again, but…well, you’ll see how things turn out.”

“I don’t get to fight my Nazi duplicate, but the Atom has a creepy sexist Nazi duplicate,” Lotz says.
“I get to fight him, Brandon and I had a blast doing that.”

“My Nazi-world duplicate is kind of a big spoiler,” Benoist chimes in. “I was a little disappointed,
but Agent Orange here said that since I have another Red K episode this season that I can act evil
then. Pretty shallow excuse, but I did like the actual plot Supergirl got for the crossover.”

“Our Big Bad,” I cut in, ignoring the Agent Orange bit, “is Overman. Der Führer, Reinhard
Heydrich. Basically, Earth-X’s point of divergence is that a SS unit finds Supergirl’s pod after it
crashes in the early 1940s and the Nazis manage to reverse-engineer her powers, hybridizing
Heydrich, who was head of the Gestapo and a major Nazi leader, the architect of the Holocaust, with
Kryptonian DNA. He’s a master villain completely without mercy, empathy, or morals, driven only
by a lust for power. He’s at least as strong as Supergirl and has no compunctions about civilian
casualties. Basically, he’s the perfect Nazi; tall, blonde, blue-eyed, good-looking, and utterly without a soul. He’s the kind of monster who would murder eleven million people for political points. His Achilles’ Heel, though, is hubris—he so trusts in the fear he instills in others that he tends to do stupid arrogant shit, it’s what got him killed in our timeline and it’s his biggest weakness here.”

“He’s a bad dude,” Lotz deadpans. I chuckle.

“No shit. In real life he masterminded the Holocaust. Charming fellow, hashtag slash s. Completely soulless, even Hitler was scared of him. The Czechs iced him in ’42 but they did it really badly so most of the Czech resistance got snapped up in the aftermath. Anyway, that’s the bad guys, and of course, I play myself, kind of a parody of the The Donald character I spent most of my life as, anyway, that was good fun, Supergirl and Alex Danvers beat me up, so fun, very amazing, very beautiful, everybody involved is so beautiful, so rich, the beauty of me, is I’m really very rich.” I clear my throat, catching myself. “Uh, sorry, rambling. So, uh, anyone got a question for ol’ Comrade Donnie or someone else here?”

“I’ve got one,” Amell says. “Besides wondering what the Hell is wrong with you—”

“No inner filter or sense of tact from years of method acting followed by suddenly stopping,” I interrupt.

“…right, well, the other thing I wanted to know is how you dealt with Maggie Sawyer’s actress leaving Supergirl? Obviously given the limited representation of LGBT people in media, it’s important to handle such things carefully.”

“Well, I’m glad you asked, Steve, because that’s something I was thinking about well before I became Donald Trump.” I scratch my ass and belch. “I had a bit of email correspondence and a couple of phone calls on my vacation days—some Presidents play golf, I chat with showbiz people and write Supergirl scripts—with Alex Danvers’s actress, Chyler Leigh, very nice woman, very supportive of the LGBT community and very worried about portraying her character and her character’s relationship well, also super invested in the Alex/Maggie romance that took up much of season 2. Obviously we were between a rock and a hard place since Florianna Lima didn’t want to stick around and I’m not an asshole, the only person I’ve forced to stay in a job they don’t want to stay in since I dropped the The Donald act was Sean Spicer, and that was because torturing him was fun, before he ran away to Tashkent and changed his name to Pavel Grishin anyway, so I kind of had to break up the couple, but I tried to make it believable from Maggie’s side. It still wasn’t perfect and nobody was entirely satisfied with the result, plus it involves time travel and other comic-book ridiculous crap, but at least we pulled a few heartstrings. Now, I sat down with Mrs. Leigh, absolutely wonderful woman, absolutely beautiful, physically and mentally, she’s a very kind and thoughtful dork and I say that as a gigantic dork myself who’s taking a vacation from fucking with Congress to go to Comic-Con and then stop by Ronald Reagan’s grave to piss on it, but anyway, we sat down, talked through what she thought she’d be comfortable performing, and I listened and took some notes, so Alex has a few women flirt with her after the breakup but remains single because she doesn’t want to subject someone to being her rebound. She does have a few really soft gay moments with some other characters who are interested in her, but for this season, at least, she’s going to spend most of it single.” I take a swig of lemonade and belch. “Which is why we’re going to be hashing out options as soon as filming wraps and we know who wants to stick around for next season for who’s the best romance option, since I will have Alex Danvers get married to a nice woman and live happily ever after, I’m bound and determined by my honor as a shipper to have Alex get into a nice loving lesbian relationship because fuck the homophobes, fuck ’em up the ass with a rusty spade. Anyway, I’m partial to her dating one of the Kryptonian ladies—not Kara, there’s a couple of other Kryptonians who are going to be in and out, sorry Grant but weird foster incest is your show’s thing. Uh, no offense.”
“...none taken,” Gustin manages in the face of my word vomit.

“Yeah, ok. So her next real romance arc is gonna have to wait for next season, something I am incredibly frustrated by, but at least I got to turn the season into one big Supercorp fanfic. Instead, one of the big things I have Alex dealing with is issues of self-worth since she’s clearly got depression and borderline alcoholism what with how much fucking booze the woman guzzles—don’t worry, I was depressed myself before I started being Donald Trump, I know how to write that sense of apathy and tendency to drown yourself in mindless stimulation—anyway Alex clearly has had some struggles with depression and a lot with alcoholism, so the breakup’s going to hit her hard, she’s gonna mostly keep it together but then we have a breakdown episode, which is basically all Kara and Alex bonding and then Kara beating 16 kinds of crap out of the bad guy of the week for taking her away from her sister when said sister really needs a hug. Oh yeah and the Martian Manhunter is basically space dad so they’re going to be one big huggy family.” I wipe a tear from my eye. “I love mixed-up huggy families like that. So sweet. Everybody’s going to be really supportive this season and there’s going to be a lot of family feels floating around. Anyway, yeah, that’s how we’re gonna do it, just believe me, trust me, it’s all going to work out, just trust and believe me please.

“Oh yeah and Alex gets romantic interest from at least three women, nothing fully reciprocated because of the breakup but she’s really attractive to all the bi and gay women floating around the show, because she’s adorable and lovely and wonderful and I was basically writing fanfic when I wrote this season but fuck it I bribed my way onto this show—with my own money! I don’t dip into public funds, I’m out of character now—so anyway I bribed my way on here I’m going to do what I like.”

I lean back and belch. “Anyone else got a thought?”

Benoist leans into her mic. “Well, OK. So this is kinda hard to say, but he actually did a decent job, and I don’t know how he kept that character up for so long, or if he even was a character before…whatever happened on Inauguration Day, but um, he is very pro-LGBT. Like, Supergirl is officially ‘pansexual’ now, however that’s different from bisexuality or if it even is a thing now I don’t know, and he scripted a…honestly I don’t know how to describe it, it was like if you took porn and replaced all the sex with cuddling, soft kisses, and two women telling each other how strong and beautiful they are?”

“It’s called fluff,” I cut in. “Very popular type of fanfic. I write a lot of it. By the way, Katie McGrath, amazing actress, lovely woman, gave me a few suggestions that I ran with, so yeah, uh, Kara’s romance arc this season might seem a little cliched but honestly, Katie and I, brilliant woman, very nice, we had such a blast, suggestions back and forth, Vinnie chipped in a few times, Vinnie’s my henchman, great guy, really badass, took a bullet for me and shot a Nazi, he’s a real American hero, so we had some good writing sessions and we’re going to make a nice happy ending for Kara and Lena, trust me, Supercorp forever fam, it’s going to be canon.

“And I literally have Alex and Kara talk through pansexuality, so yeah, bi and pan pride, you guys rock too, and there’s going to be a sort of trans character, briefly but they’re going to be in the show, it’s a thing, very fun to play around with, wish I could’ve done more but only so much the network would tolerate.” I belch into my mic. “Fuck the corporations, glory to the Red Banner of Labor. And there’s a sexist bad guy who’s basically The Donald but better looking, which honestly isn’t saying much, but anyway, Lena’s going to run rings around his ass. And Livewire’s coming back so that should be cool.”

I lean back with a shit-eating grin. “So. Anyone like those ideas?”
The clapping starts slowly, but within ten seconds over two-thirds of the women and all of the people of indeterminately androgynous gender in the audience are on their feet and cheering.

It’s the single coolest thing ever to happen to me.

“Thank you,” I sob as the hall quiets down, sniffing as I try to wipe the tears away. “Supercorp forever, fam. Holy shit my life rocks. I pissed on Ronald Reagan’s grave yesterday and I’ll do it again later. This season is gonna rock. Like, I looked at the character list, and holy shit we got two lesbians and two pansexual aliens on this damn show, and the bisexual supervillain who’s trying to go hero, and I think I can get another one of the aliens and hopefully some gay or bi dudes next season, it’s gonna rock, everybody’s gonna love it, so gay, it’ll all be maximum gay, ’cause everybody’s equal in Comrade Donnie’s America, we’re all gonna be equal and I’ll give the gays, all of the gays the visibility and role models they deserve, it’s gonna rock, so great, and then the het stuff’ll get better too, like there will be less clichés and writers will have to be creative, all part of my plan.” I belch again straight into the mic. “Also I’m going to try to get on Star Trek. I have about 50 pages of Bashir/Garak slash on my hard drive and I want to televise most of that stuff. Bashir and Garak are endgame, guys.” I finish my lemonade. “Yo, flunky, fetch me a refill and I’ll give you a Benjamin. Anyway, folks, I am very pro-LGBT. I am going down a list of diversity and will try my damndest to fit in some representation for everybody, I want to avoid tokenism but it’s going to depend on who’s available and how much I can wrangle out of the suits.

“Also, Jeff Finlandi says I can come back and do more scripts next season if the ratings are good, so watch! Watch the show, watch all the shows, let me write more gay shit for you all, I have so much fanfic…” I reach down, grab my suitcase, and thunk it onto the table as Gustin and Lotz gape, Amell pinches his nose, and Benoist buries her face in her hands. “Lessee…” I pull a sheaf of paper out. “OK, so this I did not get permission for but if I get on to next season this will be made canon, this is about Agent Vasquez being trans, and this is about Alex and Astra, and this is about Alex with Maggie, and these…” I grunt as I haul out a full ream of paper. “These are all Kara and Lena.”

Amell clears his throat into his mic. “I think you sent me those, Mr. President.”

“Uh, yeah, I CCed everybody. Even the production people. One of the grips on your show said she was crying when she read them.”

Amell licks his lips. “OK. I’m going to try to not be an asshole when I say this, but Donald, your email goes straight to my spam folder and I don’t have time to deal with you on a daily basis.”

“It’s only six hundred,” I protest.

“Whichever. Now, this is not because I don’t approve of slash fic—write what you like, more power to you—but because I simply do not have the goddamn time to deal with you on a daily basis.”

“That’s fair,” I nod. “Mitch McTurtle doesn’t either, he’s looking really unhealthy these days.” I narrow my eyes. “Wait, how did you know about this?”

Amell sighs. “Alright, I looked at it once. Or twice. It seemed alright, but I have a job, Mr. President, and a kid to raise.”

“Alright, fair point, I disowned three of my fucking brats and let the other two kids do their own thing.” I frown. “I think Barron’s been playing my Mass Effect games, he’s the only one in the White House who plays MShep. I need to broaden that little brat’s horizons.”

The other four look at each other, and collectively groan and facepalm. I grin.
It’s good to be the POTUS.

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“Is he coming?” I hear McGrath ask from ahead. “Or should we just get this started?”

“He’s only five minutes late,” Harewood counters, “let’s wait, I want to grill him.”

“I’m here!” I bray, throwing open the door so hard I dent the wall. The entire cast and the MTV film crew all turn to look, and gape.

My Superman costume is a little tight over the gut, yes, but I’m pretty sure that the cape looks dramatic, even if it doesn’t really fit snugly over Donald Trump’s gross flabby chest. “Comrade Donnie in the house!” I shout. “Roll the fucking cameras, that’s an order from the President! Vinnie! Get in here, get into the picture, you deserve a spot here.”

“Mr. President…”

“C’mon, man, live a little!”

He sighs, but acquiesces, standing behind me as I sprawl on a couch, crowding Wood and Benoist into the other side. “Are we fuckin’ rolling yet?” I demand. “Afternoon, Ms. McGrath, Mr. Harewood, good to see you here. Pity Leigh couldn’t make it, so sad, I’ll send a card or some shit like that if I bother to remember. I need to push on taxes next week, it’s going to be great, so much socialism, fuck the corporations, I’m Donald Trump.” I belch loudly. “Ahhh. Better out than in, as Shrek says. Hey, jackass, are we filming yet?”

“Um, we have since you started talking to your bodyguard,” the interviewer lady squeaks.

“Shit.” I make a big show of sitting up straight and fluffing out my cape, which not coincidentally leaves it draped partially over Wood and Benoist, who are looking increasingly pissed. “Are we fuckin’ rolling yet?” I demand. “So, yeah, I’m Donald Trump, lead writer for Supergirl season 2, and this is a good chunk of the cast.”

McGrath just looks resigned to her fate of spending the next thirty minutes with me, Harewood is trying to decide how pissed he is, Brooks and Jordan visibly want to be anywhere else, Benoist increasingly wants to strangle me, and Annabelle is openly gaping. “Chyler Leigh, she plays Alex Danvers, she isn’t here, very sad, I’ll be sure to send her a recording of this, very nice woman, loves her fans, wonderful. I’m Donald Trump, by the way. I wrote most of the season, it’s gay, very gay, all the lesbians and bisexuals and I’m trying to work in gay men too because they shouldn’t get left out.” I scratch my ass. “Shit this thing pinches my balls, and my dick is small enough to fit into Vlad’s tight ass.” I wipe a fake tear out of my eye; nobody has the balls to stop me yet. “Oh, Vlad, I miss him so much. But I suppose he’s busy being a dictator over in Mother Russia right now. He’s such a thief, I love him so much.”

“OK,” Harewood growls. “Will you please shut up, Mr. President?”

“Yeah, OK, for a minute. What do you want?”

“We have the MTV people here, you jack—uh, we have them here. Could you please let them lead?”

“Oh, sure, sorry.” I belch. “Shit, that one was real—Vinnie, make sure I never get that kind of lemonade again, it was partially carbonated or something.” My cheeks feel red. “Something called Mike’s Hard Lemonade? I had like 16 of them. Pissed a fucking river, let me tell you…”

Harewood facepalms. The MTV lady clears her throat.
"Moving on... We’re here in San Diego with the cast of the CW’s *Supergirl*, and, um, the lead writer of the third season. Um, President Trump."

“Hello!” I bray, waving with a grin.

“Yes. So, um, our viewers are probably wondering, after that, um, panel earlier...what exactly is in the next season? Someone other than the President?”

“Well, I’m very happy with Lena’s arc,” McGrath speaks up as I pout. “It’s very much a return to the girl-power narrative that I think some people were missing from Kara’s arc last season, and it ties closely into Kara’s arc, which is also I think pretty well-done, especially for such an amateur author.”

“Is there a romance with Kara, as President Trump alluded to?”

Benoist nods with a bit of a grimace as McGrath answers with a smile. “Oh, yes. I had a wonderful time reading that, Melissa is an excellent performer and I think we’re going to have a lot of fun being sickeningly in love.” She winks at the camera. “I also haven’t had the chance to vamp it up since *Merlin*, so the episode where Lena goes dark...well, I think I’ll enjoy it a lot, and Melissa is excellent in similar episodes from last season, this time she has to play Kara as desperate to stop Lena, worried for her, and, well, a little *interested* at the same time, and I think it will come out very well.”

“Wait, Lena goes dark?”

“Spoilers!” I snap. McGrath offers an apologetic look to the camera.

“I unfortunately can’t reveal too much, but I liked it. Lena’s struggling with her darker half, but she’s also very intelligent. And so far, I want to say for the fans, for all of the ‘Supercorp’ fans out there who have so desperately wanted this couple, of Kara and Lena to be realized on the screen—it ends well. We’ve only filmed a few episodes, but I’ve read the entire season’s scripts, and helped write them with this great orange...um, that is, the President, and I want to reassure all of my fans that everything ends happily.”

“Not *everything* per se, but the important things,” I interrupt.

McGrath nods equivocally. “I would debate that with you. But either way, the script is solid, and yes, he bribed his way on, but he *did* listen to criticism and was very polite and professional.” She’s *amazing* at saying things very carefully to make them seem different from what they are, this is great.

“Somebody talk about Martian Manhunter’s dad,” I say. Harewood sighs, but picks up his mic as the MTV lady turns to him.

“Yes, J’onn’s father was kept from the early drafts of the season. I...I honestly did not expect a racist idiot like Donald Trump to come up with a story arc that conscious of the racism angle in the White Martian/Green Martian arc.”

“Hey!” I shout. “The Donald was the racist idiot. I’m Comrade Donnie. The former was my character, the latter is me. Think Colbert. Except with more extreme method acting.” I grin like a motherfucker. “Or I’m a ghost possessing Donald Trump, take your pick.” I turn to Vinnie. “Hey, dude, my vision’s a little blurry, is that normal?”

“After 16 Mike’s Hard Lemonades?” Wood speaks up from beside me. I turn to him, blinking in manufactured surprise. “I think you’re drunk, Mr. President.”
“I’m sorry, who are you?” I shake my head. “Vinnie, some frat boy got in here, get rid of him.”

“Hey!” Wood complains. Anabelle is now openly gaping. Harewood is pinching the bridge of his nose. Jordan looks at Brooks, who just shrugs at him, out of options. Benoist clenches her jaw hard enough to snap steel. Vinnie sighs.

“No, Mr. President, that’s one of the actors.”

I frown in fake confusion. “You sure? ‘Cause he looks like some frat-boy alien who had a lazily written cheapass romance arc that took up half of season 2. Uh, no offense, dude.” Benoist makes a move in my direction but luckily Wood’s in her way and she remembers we’re on camera in time.

“Um, moving on!” the MTV lady squeaks. “Um, Melissa, Katie, are you aware of the way that much of the active fandom, um, of the show is interested in what is called the ‘shipping’ of…”

“Of Lena and Kara?” McGrath cuts in in her ridiculously attractive Irish accent, rescuing the poor lady. “Yes. I think it’s adorable, myself.” She looks directly into the camera. “And I will accept gifts from fans with Supercorp themes, as well as comment on or sign fan art if you bring it to me at a convention. I can’t accept or comment on fanfiction, though, that would take far too long.”

“Yeah, I gave her a ream of Supercorp fics I pulled off the Internet to study and she read like the top three and said she didn’t see how this was different from how she was already acting,” I interrupt. “She’s been really great about this.”

“Honestly, Mr. President, I just enjoy playing a brilliant but hopelessly thirsty lesbian CEO.”

“Who wouldn’t?” I shoot back, and we actually share a chuckle.

“And, um, how about Supergirl? Where’s she going?”

Benoist takes a moment to respond, fuming as she is. “She’s got a new romance for a new season. We’ll see how long this one lasts. Mon-El comes back briefly, but another thing the fat idiot kept from the first draft was that he dumped Kara for some future girl. On the plus side, President Trump is a gigantic asshole, but at least this…I don’t know, the new Trump? Whatever he is? This new Trump wrote a season largely focused on Kara and Alex supporting each other and Kara kicking a lot of butt. Then there was the weird episode where Mon-El’s future wife takes Kara and two supervillains on a road trip in a weird attempt to get Supergirl alone to try to seduce her because she’s actually a gigantic fangirl who initially consummated her political marriage with Mon-El out of a bizarre desire to be with Supergirl by proxy?”

“I, uh, kept that from the first draft,” I note. “My rewrite just makes the blatantly stupid parts of the episode, like the radiation that only kills dudes, be something Saturn Girl made up to get Kara to herself.”

“…right. But basically, Supergirl helps her realize how she’s about to turn into a supervillain and she apologizes and goes back to try to find her own life in the future?”

“My character ends up in the future and dumped,” Wood notes. “I dunno, it was kinda funny, but I sort of expected a bigger role after last season?”

“Fans didn’t want it,” I nix him immediately. “Sorry, my dude. Your character is a tool to help develop Kara, but in season 2 it got turned to the other way ‘round, which is bad. Show’s called Supergirl, not Mon-El and his girlfriend, the blonde.”

The MTV lady takes over before shit goes south. “What about Kara’s sister, Alex Danvers? I know
her actress isn’t here…”

“Don’t worry, I got this,” I cut her off, grinning. “This shit is good. So, first off, I started off the season between a rock and a hard place. Florianna Lima wanted out of her contract. Nothing I could do there. Chyler Leigh was very personally emotionally attached to the Sanvers couple, and is worried about her fans and their feelings. And hey, good on her! It’s like how I love America and American workers, I worry about them all the time. Vote for me, by the way, and write your Congresscritter to tell them to vote for the Restore American Greatness Jobs Liberty Red Flag Freedom Labor America Workers’ Tax Reform Act. Anyway, I had to break up a couple who, logically, should not be breaking up, and I had to do it for primetime TV.” Harewood and McGrath audibly groan and visibly wince at the thought, in spite of themselves. “For a fanbase predominantly composed of teenage lesbians who are already super twitchy about their representation since most lesbian characters in media die horribly. So yeah, I had to walk a fucking tightrope. So…unfortunately, the breakup is mostly on Maggie. I did my best to make it understandable, her logic I mean, and the triggering event is very comic-book, but…look, guys, it ain’t perfect. Nothing was going to be perfect. Please, accept my best, and tell me how and why I fucked up. Anyway…I refused to have Alex be interested in romance for the middle part of the season. You want to ship her with some of the ladies around, most likely. I have Odette’s character flirt with her a bit, then sort of become her friend, and I have a…well, someone who’s a bit of a traumatic memory for Alex come up in the crossover. How do I put this…there is potential for romance there, in the future. I can’t really say more, because I am keeping this one close to the chest, and after I fired my scumbag lawyer and got a new one I made everybody sign confidentiality contracts.

"By the way, Michael Cohen, my shitty sleazeball lawyer, the FBI should be raiding you…” I check my watch. “Five minutes ago. Congratulations on helping me pay off all the women I had affairs with as The Donald. Eat shit and die, Mike.”

I turn back to the MTV lady with a grin. “Anyway. I am committed to further explicitly lesbian interactions and relationship progress for Alex Danvers. I am constrained by what the actors want. But there is content, not queer-baiting content but actual, characters who are openly LGBT content there.”

“Lena is a lesbian,” McGrath speaks up.

“Exactly,” I grin with a nod to McGrath. “You have Lena Lesbian—oh shit, hey, Vinnie, remind me to write a ‘Lena Lesbian’ joke into one of the next couple episodes as we do a final script pass, that kind of alliteration pun is just so comic-book, we have to do it—you have Alex, both lesbians, then you have Sam, who’s bi, Livewire, who let’s face it, she’s been bi since the first goddamn episode she appeared, she called out Kara on being queer as a three-dollar bill for fuck’s sake, and don’t tell me she wasn’t interested…then there’s our spoiler character, who’s pan, which is actually a clue to her identity if you pay close attention to my Kryptonian worldbuilding, and there’s Kara, who’s pan as fuuuuuck, and I’m working on bringing back Lucy Lane and seeing if Jenna Dewan Tatum’s OK with playing bi, oh yeah and Sara Lance is a guest in the crossover, and honestly there’s really only two straight women here and that’s Cat Grant and Eliza Danvers, both of whom I’ve managed to bring back, thank you Ms. Flockhart you are a gift. And then there’s a couple of guest characters like Saturn Girl who’re bi because they’re from a pansexual-normative society in the future. My best friends in my past life are bi and my other best friend is ace, so obviously I’m going to be pushing bi pride and ace pride since those people often get skipped over.

“So yeah, lots of LGBT stuff and gay-ness this season. Gay people rock. Fuck you, Mike Pence, you’re a stinkbug in a shitty wig and I hate your vile guts.”
The MTV lady goes to speak, but I interrupt. “Oh yeah! And I will have minimum one preferably more lesbian weddings over the next couple of seasons. Watch the show, folks, watch it and drive up the ratings so we get more seasons! Also I’m making a video game company, there’s going to be a licensed game if I can bribe the right people with booze, I’m going to write that, too. It’ll be gay as fuck, trust me. Lesbian superhero dating sim/action RPG, I’m thinking.”

The MTV lady smiles for the camera. “So… um, yes! That all seems to be very…very nice? Um, what are the rest of the cast’s thoughts?”

“I love it,” McGrath says immediately, Harewood nodding along. “I really have no problem with the way most of the fandom has interpreted my performance and Lena’s relationship with Kara, and I think that it’s really nice that we’re going to be so pro-LGBT. Although I do wonder why the President wants Lena in an off-the-shoulder dress at work, that thing’s a wardrobe malfunction waiting to happen.”

“It’s to seduce Kara,” I reply. “That whole scene, folks, when you see it it’s staged as the tropiest seduction ever. Kara is wearing an Oxford shirt in a plaid pattern and tight khakis, very sort of ladette ensemble, and she basically spends the whole scene tripping over herself as Lena prances around her in the femme outfit, because I am not a total douchebag and I want to give the lesbians some eye candy.

“Besides, there’s payoff for all the flirting, it’s not just queer-baiting bullshit.”

“I agree with Katie,” Harewood rumbles. “This asshole is a rude rambling nutcase, but he’s dangerously smart, I keep underestimating him, and he’s written an impressively sensitive if amateurish storyline. I had a talk with him by Skype, and I felt like he was listening respectfully to everything I said.”

“I didn’t get a Skype call,” Wood says.

“That’s ‘cause Manhell is my least favorite character and I don’t really give a flying fuck about him,” I reply without missing a beat. “Hey, we’re missing the new lady—Odette here, really wonderful woman, she’s playing Samantha Arias, a single mom and Lena’s lieutenant at L-Corp.”

“Also a gigantic gay mess,” McGrath chuckles. I laugh; turns out we work well together, who’d have thought?

“Oh yeah. That too. And also our main villain.”

“Oh?” MTV lady arches an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Anabelle says. “I get to put on black eyeliner and a sexy costume and fight Supergirl. While sort of flirting with her, I don’t know, I did that for kicks in one scene and the President ordered me to keep going. My character has a daughter in her Human form, who’s going to be instrumental to the climax of the season, and gets to interact with Alex Danvers a lot; now, I want to say, before I really get into this, this is my first time working on the show, I know the fandom is very passionate and sensitive—I mean, the lead writer this season is apparently one of those fans, so it could not be more obvious to me—so I may make some mistakes here, but please, let me know if I say anything that is hurtful and I’ll try to make up for it, OK? Um, so, my character is bisexual, I mean she was a teen mom and has a daughter, and her daughter ends up interacting a lot with Alex because of what happens with Reign—I’m not really sure how much I’m allowed to say? I get to do a lot of thriller-movie type things—what did you call it, Mr. President?”

“Rear Window stuff, I think. Where like you wake up and something’s changed dramatically and
“Yes, basically that. So... My story arc goes kind of all over the place, with flirting with Chyler’s character—she’s been very sweet and nice to work with so far—and then sort of becoming her friend, and then there’s the inevitable reveal, of course, and then we tie it up in the ending in what I think is a really very sweet way, and the President was so kind to ask for my input, and I think that the way that Reign is defeated is just wonderful, it’s very much what the viewers have come to expect from Supergirl’s overall message and I enjoyed the look of it in the script.”

“And I think that’s about all you can say without spoilers,” I note. “Hell, I can’t even say what happens to Sam without spoiling the whole arc of the season!”

“How’s it been working with the President?” MTV lady asks.

“He’s loud, overwhelming, annoying, obsessed with making the show more gay, and only respects David and Katie. He called Melissa ‘Ms. Forehead Benwa’ one time when they got into an argument about homophobia.”

“To be fair, that was an unjustified overstep caused by flaring tempers,” I note. “I should’ve just said ‘I’m the lead writer, deal with it.’” Benoist grinds her teeth audibly. “We started getting along a little better once I held a mandatory Skype call where I went point by point about how I want to make the show more feminist. Used this book called The Mommy Myth I would sneak reads of as a kid when my mom thought I was doing Russian. Joke’s on me, I learned either way. By the way, I don’t get why tabloids fawn over celebrity babies so much, let people have kids in peace and be real people with baby vomit on them. Babies vomit! I know because Vinnie and I had to take care of his kid a few times.”

“Never has take-your-child-to-work day been so egregiously misused,” Vinnie deadpans.

“Yeah, I felt her about to sick up and spun her around to point at Paul Ryan. Funniest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Also got us screamed at by Liz.”

“Oh, right.” I wince at the memory. “Mrs. Vinnie is fucking terrifying. She’s wonderful, but she scares the piss out of me.”

“All that said,” Anabelle continues with a glare, “he always treated me, personally, with common decency and made me feel like I and my contributions were valued.”

“Can I say something?” Jeremy Jordan asks.

I shrug. “I mean, only if Brooks doesn’t want to.”

“Uh, go ahead?” Brooks says in confusion.

“Um, right.” Jordan clears his throat. “Normally, you know, as an actor, you get your script and unless you’re the star of a big movie the director’s word is law. Or if you’re a contracted actor on a really long-running show.”

“Yeah, Armin Shimmerman refused to perform some scenes on Deep Space Nine. Episode Profit and Lace, it was transphobic sexist homophobic shit even after they took the stuff so awful he refused to do it out. Biggest W. T. F. of that entire final season.”

“Can I please talk?” Jordan begs. I grimace.
“Sorry. I go on tangents.”

“Right. So…he’s kind of a distant boss most of the time, it’s like…like *Supergirl* is what he does for vacation? Like, President Obama played golf, Trump writes and yells orders. He’s…look, the scripts are fine, honestly, I don’t know about *all* that lesbian stuff all over *everything*, but hey, he’s paying for it, and I’m getting my check. But overall, he’s…unless he doesn’t like you personally or you really piss him off with arguing about something he’s fine. He and Melissa had a big argument and he keeps forgetting that Chris exists.”

“How?” I ask with pretty decent comic timing and a decent fake-confused tone, if I do say so myself. Benoist audibly grinds her teeth.

“Dude, c’mom, not the time. Uh, Mr. President.”

“Call me Donnie, everyone does. Well, Mattis and Harward and McMaster insist on a little decorum, so when they drop by I keep up appearances for Mattis. Now that’s a real man—scary smart, cares about his men to a degree few modern officers do, disciplined like fucking iron, and phenomenally badass. I think just talking to him makes me stand up straighter.”

“Uh, right. Um, Don---President Donnie. But, um, as a relatively neutral observer, Odette’s basically right, my scripts have been fine and I get a really nice tragedy episode this season that deals with my character’s father and I think really gives me something solid to do, which is great, but, well, the President, he’s just…a bit hard to work with sometimes, I guess.” He quails as I chuckle.

“Buddy, I told Theresa May to get bent. In public. To her face. When I next meet with Benny Netanyahu, if he doesn’t agree to lift the ‘occupation’—” I make air quotes “—of Palestine *permanently*, I’m going to tell him to go ethnically-cleanse his own anus and see how he likes it. Preferably by means of icewater enema. Which, by the way, is a weird medical thing that some people do as a sex thing too that involves water up your ass. Apparently it hurts like a mother-fucker if you do it with ice water, I tried it with Vlad once and he screamed blue murder, it was only warm water after that, I had to suck his cock for him to let me apologize…”

Vinnie clamps on my shoulder with one hand. McGrath and Harewood have their faces in their hands. Everybody else is gaping at me open-mouthed, except for Benoist whose eyes are wide with some kind of realization.

“…you gave the President of Russia an icewater enema?”

“I mean, we used to fuck,” I lie shamelessly as my phone chimes. “He’s very submissive. Hang on, gotta tweet him.” I tap up a quick tweet. “Hey, should I talk about how his mom liked to cornhole farm animals? Yeah, probably a good idea.” I fire it off.

“You’re fucking insane.”

“Yup. But I write a cracking good lesbian fluff fic, if I do say so myself. Check out Worffan989 on Archive Of Our Own. I got Supercorp, domestic fluff, big weding, fake dating AU, alternate meeting, coffee shop, kid fic—adoption and pregnancy—*Krypton* AU, divorced lesbian mommies, rom-com inspired…I got Sanvers, domestic fluff, action lesbians, fake dating, just plain dating, alternate meeting, coffee shop of course, kid fic, rom-com, leather and motorcycle action adventure, mystery, more just plain dating, The Big Gay Wedding…I got General Danvers, *Krypton* AU, alternate meeting, domestic fluff, coffee shop, kid fic where the kid ships it, saving each other, big sappy wedding…I got a couple Agent Lane fics and part of me wants to write Agent Reign in my spare time just because.” I grin. “I don’t do Kalex because ew incest and I don’t do Supercat because seriously who fucks their mentor slash surrogate mom, that’s fucked up. But pretty much
any other pairing with a few fics, I’ve written a bunch. I don’t do smut because I’m shit at writing
lesbian or het smut; all I know is M/M BDSM because of my life with Vlad and our fuckbuddies like
Silvio Berlusconi and Marine Le Pen—don’t do her, by the way, her Nazi daddy sometimes comes
in and rants about how much he loves Hitler, so awkward, and who wants to stick it in Nazi spawn,
just disgusting. Anyway, my only M/M pairing is Bashir and Garak from *Deep Space Nine*, OTP
folks, but I don’t have any up for them yet since my hard drive didn’t get turned into a zombie ghost
with me. Anyway, read my fic, that’ll give you viewers at home an idea of what to expect.”

Benoist is just staring at me. “I can’t decide if I hate you or not.”

I shrug. “I don’t care at this point if I’m hated or not. I’m going to drag this country kicking and
screaming out of neoliberal hell and into the inevitable socialist future whether people like it or not.
Join a union, by the way, fight for your rights and BREAK THE CHAINS! For Syndicalism.”

“…I’m already in SAG.”

“Oh, right, of course, sorry. My bad.” I turn to Brooks. “Hey, you haven’t had a chance yet, you
want to talk?”

He waves me off. “No, no, watching this is amazing enough.”

“Alright, whatever you like, dude.” I nod to the MTV lady. “Anything else?”

She finds her voice. “Um. How about the, uh, non-romance storylines?”

I lean forwards, chuckling. “Well, Jeff Finlandi already had some ideas in this regard, but I had a
ball fleshing it out. James is still sometimes helping Kara out in fights, and he has a great, just
fantastic story about police brutality, it lets him and Kara bond a bit and gives him a story arc from a
reporting angle and at CatCo. Winn has this thing with his dad, that lets him and Kara bond, Martian
Manhunter gets out a bit to kick some more ass, he has an arc with his dad and Alex being
supportive and he’s there for Alex while Kara’s busy or indisposed. I’ve tried to refocus the arc a
bit, there was this character from last season called Manhell, he barely shows up, oh yeah and he got
married in the future, the only drama I could milk out of that is how she, the future wife, wants to
cheat on him with Supergirl so that was pretty easy to write given how often I’ve cheated on my
wives with Vlad; Vlad, baby, I still love you the most! Reign and the Worldkillers are the
overarching thing plus some remnants of the CADMUS thing. Our main plots are Reign and the
Supercorp arc, side arcs are the Legion Lost which Alex is involved with, Martian Manhunter and
his dad, Alex’s crapsack of a love life which I plan to improve dramatically, the grand badass
crossover, Winn’s dad, James’s tussle with douchebag racist cops, and this evil misogynistic real
estate developer who’s running for President I bet you can’t guess who he’s based on.” I grin.
“After playing the Donald for so long it just comes out naturally.”

“I can confirm,” McGrath pipes up. “Morgan Edge is about as sleazy as the grab-‘em-by-the-pussy
tape.”

“Oh, man, I remember that,” I chuckle. “At that point I had being The Donald down to a *science*. I
had a list of shitty lines I practiced—bad chat-up lines, bragging, loud proclamations about my dick.
Vlad loves to hear about my dick. In his ass. Vlad loves to hear about my tiny dick in his tight ass, I
fit him so well, and…”

The MTV lady cuts in. “Mr. President, who did you like working with the best?”

I tilt my head. “Harewood, McGrath, and Berlanti, actually. Greg’s not the most sensitive dude in
the world, but he’s a chill guy once you get him talking, and y’know, since he’s gay himself he was
really supportive of my plans for the season. Or it might’ve been the Chateau Lafite 1933 I bribed him with. Katie here, she’s amazing, wonderful actress, should’ve been the protagonist of *Jurassic World* rather than that redheaded corporate vampire lady. And Dave’s brilliant as Martian Manhunter, excellent, real standout performer.” I grin like an asshole. “Though of course I’m the best, just the best actor and director ever, I can even fake orgasm for Vlad when he’s trying to make his tiny dick satisfy…”

Harewood clears his throat. “Mr. President, changing the subject to keep this safe for work…what about Episode 15?”

I grin like a motherfucker. “Oh. *That.* Well. You see…my friend was in an abusive relationship. Dickhead who tore her down, told her that she sucked, complained that she was doing her helping-people job out of selfishness, lied constantly, cheated on her, got angry when she looked at anyone else, you know the drill.

“I see a lot of her in Kara and Manhell’s relationship. So Episode 15, Kara finally makes up for being a fucking doormat last season and stands up for herself. Let’s just say that she isn’t letting Manhell touch her ever again, and she makes that fact crystal fucking clear.”

“It’s kind of beautiful,” McGrath says. Anabelle nods eagerly. Benoist shrugs but grudgingly nods. “Also I don’t want to spoil what happens to Manhell, but…you know how in the comics, Mon-El was just Budget Superman, and kind of a nice dude with a weird weakness? Well…when he leaves the show, he’s like that. And I prefer to think—I’m not the guy in charge of the inevitable *Legion Lost* spinoff, of course—but I prefer to think that he leaves a better person for being called out. That there’s enough decency still in the shithead to realize what a fucking waste of oxygen he’s been for most of his life and to try to not be a raging fuck-knuckle at every possible fucking opportunity going forward to make up for the possible relationship with Kara that he destroyed by being a little cunt.

“Also Lena is the best friend ever and everybody loves her for it, so that’s all good fun.”

“Agreed,” Harewood rumbles. “Now, I’d like to remind the President that he himself insisted on certain spoilers. But yes, we *can* confirm that Laura Benanti is returning to the show, and the President has been working with her personally. She is a true pleasure to work with, funny, charming, professional, and with a fine singing voice.”

“Absolutely gorgeous voice,” I agree. “She won a Tony for a reason. Also she likes my fanfics.”

“Should we really be talking about this without her or Chyler?” McGrath and Benoist ask at the same time. I wince, and nod.

“Yeah, point, it does pertain to Alex’s story as well. Anyway, so that’s the cast! Kara gets the girl, has to fight a villain who’s stronger than she is, and that’s her big thing, balancing her new relationship and pansexuality with not wanting to steal her sister’s thunder, she and Alex are much closer this season. Alex picks up the remains of her love life, buckles down and focuses on the rest of her eclectic little found family, and gets help from Kara to deal with her depression. Reign, our main villain—AKA Odette here, fantastic woman, pleasure to work with—is the driving force behind the middle and final thirds of the season, and her defeat is really I think something that fits the tone and themes of the show. Martian Manhunter is Space Dad and has the thing with his Dad and the Martian resistance. James has a short arc involving the police and is briefly Lena’s beard but that lasts like two episodes before he figures out what’s going on.”

“That’s goddamn hilarious, by the way,” Brooks notes. “Katie had a great time acting that.”
“Yeah, and Lena has to stop Legally Distinct From The Donald from doing bad shit, then help her best friend and girlfriend. Who are not the same person at the time, it’s complicated. Winn has the thing with his dad and his mom and finally gets a little work done with him, god I hate it when side characters get ignored. And this white guy comes back from the future but I don’t really give that much of a shit about him. Plus, our spoiler character shows up in the crossover, shows up in the finale, and is slated to be big next season, and she’s a lot more complicated than she lets on at first.”

“I figured it out in about a day,” McGrath notes. Everybody but Harewood turns to her with questioning looks, and she shrugs. “What? You literally took the plot with her directly from one of your fanfiction stories!”

“True,” I admit. “But in my defense that story was very well-received.”

“It has ten reviews and two of those are mine and David’s.”

“OK, but they’re all positive.”

“That, yes, is technically true.” McGrath raises an eyebrow at me. “Even if eight of the reviews are from incredibly thirsty lesbians who want to do Livewire.”

Harewood nods in agreement. “I thought the redemption arc was well-written and Alex and… uh… the spoiler character’s relationship was good goofy fun.”

“So yeah!” I turn back to the camera and grin. “That’s the Comrade Donnie version of Supergirl. If it gets decent ratings I get to come back. So, please watch! I’m Donald Trump, President of the United States thanks to the electoral college and gerrymandering, and I endorse this message.”

“Cut?” the MTV lady asks weakly.

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I snap my fingers at my minions and they split behind me to guard the door. “Vinnie, nobody gets in or out. Period.”

“Yes, Comrade-Leader.”

I pause with my hand on the door, and turn to raise an eyebrow at my chief henchman. “Seriously, dude?”

Vinnie grins, eyes hidden by his sunglasses. “A man can have a little fun on the job, Mr. President.”

I chuckle. “Fair enough. Keep the door secure. Nobody goes in or out, and I’ll give everyone a bonus.”

“Yes, sir.”

Kevin Feige’s just zipping up his pants as I enter. He turns, freezes midstep, then rolls his eyes and continues with a faint groan. “The answer is no, President Trump.”

“I haven’t asked you anything yet, Kevin.”

“The answer is still no.”

“Please, just gimme a chance!” I beg. “I can totally be the best Thanos, just the best ever, I’m Donald Trump.”
“I’m aware of who you are.” The man in charge of Marvel Studios squeezes some soap from the dispenser and scrubs his hands under the water.

“I’d love to kill the Marvel universe, man, it’d be awesome and make billions.”

“You’d kill the Marvel universe, all right. More efficiently than Deadpool, even.”

I gasp. “Holy shit! A comic reference and a play on my own words?”

“You walked into it, Trump.”

“I can fund Black Panther 2.”

“No, you can’t.”

“After Wonder Woman makes 800 million for being the first watchable superhero movie starring a woman who isn’t dressed like a cheap hooker, I will.” Feige winces. “Ooh, pissed that Perlmutter cost you all that dough?”

“You know the answer to that.” Feige snarls, shoving his hands under the blow drier. “That fucking moron Ike.”


“Would’ve made a billion dollars,” Feige grumbles. “Well, 800 million. Even if we got a script as bad as Thor 2’s.”

“True.” I scratch my toupee. “Hey. I’m building a file on Perlmutter, and starting to make some key investments. I can get you the TV and Netflix branches too in a year and a half.”

Feige pauses at that. “For what?”

“My voice as Thanos.”

He’s tempted, I can tell. But his head shakes. “No deal. Brolin is perfect for the role.”

“Come on, Kevin!”

“I’ll let you see the movie a week before it premieres, if you sign an NDA. And….” He looks me up and down, considering. Well, more like he looks up and down my attempt at a Black Panther costume—doesn’t quite work with this shitty fat body. “I can get you a behind-the-scenes meeting with the cast and crew of Black Panther.”

“I want to meet Michael B. Jordan. And Winston Duke, and Letitia Wright. And 30 minutes alone with Ryan Coogler.”

“Deal.”

We shake on it. Then Feige clears his throat.

“Yeah?”

“This conversation never happened. And, I’d appreciate it if you stepped into one of those stalls really quick.”
“Oh, sure. No problem, man.”

“Thank you, Mr. President.” He reaches the door just as I squeeze Trump’s bulk into a toilet stall…

…and Feige immediately gets taken down by three Secret Service guys tackling him at once.

“Freeze!”

“AHH! What the FUCK?”

“On your knees, hostile! Stop resisting!”

“I’m not resisting, you fucking moron, you fucking attacked me!”

“Get off of him!” Vinnie roars. “For fuck’s sake, do I have to put you guys back in training?”

“Whoops,” I mutter to myself. Probably should’ve specified that it was OK to let people out…
I'm A Stable Genius!

Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie returns, and gives a medal to a trans SEAL.


Vinnie’s still in Tahiti with Mrs. Vinnie and their kid, so it’s his replacement, Pointdexter, who’s standing guard when Annie brings me the daily news.

“Mr. President, the Finns just repealed their unenforced transgender sterilization law. Secretary Walker and Attorney General Harris think that they’re trying to curry favor with you.”

“Figures,” I grunt, unloading two machine-guns full of lead into a Nazi’s face. “Good folks, the Finns. Tell them if they ban ‘conversion therapy’ I’ll, I dunno, send them some free planes? Hey, did the East Timor folks get back to me?”

“They have expressed their thanks for your congratulations on the election matter, Mr. President. Secretary Mattis thinks they’re fishing for favors and protection.”

“Of course they are. Remind me to have an infrastructure aid package included in the next budget, and tap Schumer so he knows what I’m pushing for.” I grimace as BJ’s health drops into dangerous territories. “Gah, fucking panzerhund!” My annoyance isn’t just for the game; I really shouldn’t be working this closely with the legislature, but it’s the only way to pass policy and ensure that 2016 can’t happen again. “I should congratulate the Mongols, too. They had an election, too, very free I heard. Anything else?”

Annie checks down her list. “Senator Tester of Montana publicly expressed support for you in an event in Billings yesterday evening, stated that he supports your attempts at breaking up agribusiness conglomerates and supporting small-time farmers. He’s a Democrat, but one in a red state, so we think this is a sign that you’re developing bipartisan appeal.”

“That’s the point of Syndicalism.”

Annie raises an eyebrow but doesn’t pass comment. “McConnel and Paul Ryan have sworn to defeat your tax plan; Schumer’s having difficulty, he reports, rallying the Democratic base in response. There’s a lot of concern about retaliation from big donors.”

“Screw ’em, I’m crowdfunding my next campaign just to prove that that’s bullshit. How about some lighter stuff?”

“Well, response to your Comic-Con trip has been mixed; on the plus side, there’s an insane amount of buzz surrounding your writing of Supergirl, and our fandom trackers are showing #Supercorp trending on Twitter. Ms. McGrath gave a multi-Tweet positive review of your scripts, which seems to be driving buzz from the fans towards a positive reaction, but there have also been three boycotts—two organized by conservative groups—against the show in general and you in particular.”

“Details.”
“One by Focus on the Family, criticizing your ‘promotion of immorality’, and one by someone called Sargon of Akkad. We think the latter’s just fishing for attention. The other boycott’s a little stranger; some people called Gender Identity Watch protesting your vow to include a trans character on the show?”

I go ramrod straight. “Who’s their leader?”

“Oh, um, not sure, Mr. President…”

“Get Comey on it. If it’s Cathy Brennan or another of her transphobe cronies, well, that’s just another reason to hate that bigoted pile of shit. I mean, I expected the homophobes and Carl the egomaniac, but seriously…” I shake my head. “Anyway. Is Feige pressing charges yet?”

“Not against you, Mr. President, against the Secret Service agents who dogpiled him. Agent Wilson—Vinnie—had two of them put on probation pending further action.”

“Well, shit. Have my new lawyer try to settle out of court.”

“Yes, Mr. President. Agent Wilson—Vinnie—and his family emailed from Tahiti, they’re apparently doing fine and just wanted to thank you for the vacation. Agent Wilson’s mother-in-law attempted a break-in at their house back here, but was caught on videotape and arrested.”

“Have her sent to Gitmo.”

“Mr. President…”

“Nobody fucks with my buddy,” I wheedle, tapping the controls to make BJ punch a Nazi to death. Honestly the mechanics in this one aren’t as big of a draw as the story, it’s weird.

“It’s inappropriate, Mr. President.”

“Fine. Make sure she gets put in a psych ward for a while, then. Who’s my first meeting?”

“Senator Tester flew in last night and wants to talk to you personally, then you have a meeting with Comey.”

“Good. Minions! Dress me.”

Senator Jon Tester (D-Montana) is a big, jovial-looking middle-aged white guy, one of his callused hands a mangled mess missing some fingers. The dossier Annie showed me says he’s an old-school New Deal Democrat; anti-big business, pro-farmers, and pro-gun. Makes sense, seeing as he’s from rural Montana.

“Mr. President!” he bellows, shaking my offered hand with a crushing grip. “I know this is a little unusual, but I wanted to thank you personally for your support for the American Freedom Farming Rights Restoration Act! That law’s going to help out my constituents a whole lot!” He chuckles. “And, truth be told, my own family farm’s going to get a bit of a boost—my wife Sharla and I, we’ve got an organic farm, the measures in that bill are going to make life a Hell of a lot easier for us.”

“And Schumer sent you down here to butter me up, didn’t he?” I reply with a grin. “Nice to meet you, and give my regards to your wife. Don’t worry, I don’t need buttering up, I’m already considering switching parties for ’20 anyway.”

Tester chuckles again, but it’s a bit more restrained. “Yeah, Schumer sent me. He wants you to try
for moderation on that tax reform plan.”

“And what do you think, Jon?”

He purses his lips, hands behind his back. “I think that you’re pushing maybe a little too hard, too fast. But I also think Schumer’s worried about what the big donors will think.”

“I see.” I clasp my hands in front of me, over Donald Trump’s fat gut. It’s been shrinking these last couple of months, and I’m starting to get actual muscle definition. I’m certain that whatever alien space bat put me in Trump’s body is on my side, there’s no way even my Marine-sergeant-run exercise plan should leave me in this good shape. “How about this, Jon. You send me some suggestions for comprehensive gun reform—and keep in mind I think that’s an issue where devolving to the states is a viable solution—and vote for the tax bill as-is, I’ll keep the pressure on the agricorps and help you keep that good rating with the NRA.”

“That…That could work. May I interpret that to mean that you’re gonna make my suggestions into the proposal you route through Schumer?”

“It’s not a guarantee, because that would be borderline unethical. But it is a thing that could coincidentally happen.”

Tester nods, slowly. “Let me get back to you on that. I’ll have an answer by the end of the week.”

I grin broadly, clapping the Senator on the back. “Great! Glad to see you’ve got good sense in that head. Say, Jon…have I ever told you about Syndicalism?”

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Two hours later…

“Mr. President,” Comey says as the door closes, his blonde squeeze in a neat suit between him and Mueller, Mattis on his left. “We have confirmation on the Russian election interference.”

“Beyond the deets I gave on Manafort, Gates, the Greek, Bannon, Flynn, and my brats?” I retort with a raised eyebrow. “Have a seat. Who’s the blonde?”

“This is Reality Winner, former Senior Airman. She works for a military contractor to whom the NSA’s outsourced some intel duties. We got a tip that she was about to leak the intel to the press, but Secretary Mattis got to her first.”

“No, seriously, who is she? I don’t care if she’s your niece or something, my daughter’s sitting in on all my meetings with Congresscritters tomorrow, after all, but no squeezes in my business meetings, Jimbo.”

“Uh, Mr. President, my name really is…” Blondie speaks up.

“Bullshit,” I chuckle. “Reality Winner? What, you got a brother named Survivor and a sister named PowerBall?”

“Mr. President,” Mattis cuts in. “I assure you that this woman truly is a discharged Senior Airman, and that her name really is Reality Winner. No matter how odd it may seem.”

I raise an eyebrow, then shake my head with a chuckle. “Fair enough, General Mattis, I trust you. So, what’ve we got?”
Comey hands me a folder, and the alleged Reality Winner (that name is still fucking bullshit, though) speaks up. “Russian intel agencies, including the hacker units Fancy Bear and Cozy bear, which we suspect to be GRU and SVR subsidiaries, respectively, hit our voting-software suppliers by targeting zero-day vulnerabilities, leaked the Clinton emails, and sent spear-phishing emails to dozens to hundreds of election officials in the leadup to Election Day.”

“Your cooperation would be appreciated, Mr. President,” Mueller notes.

I look to Mattis. “General, I need to talk to you. Alone.”

He frowns. “Mr. President…”

“Mattis, you’re the only man I fucking trust to keep this country in a basic functioning state if I get my ass killed by the Nazis, the Mossad, the GRU, or anybody else who wants to kill me. Please.”

He lets out a breath. “Alright.”

I wave Mueller, Comey, and the alleged Reality Winner out, and nod to the Secret Service men to do the same. When the door closes, I lean in.

“I’m not actually Donald Trump.”

Mattis sits there, blinking. “Yes?”

I frown. “You’re not surprised?”

“Mr. President, you went from a racist blowhard with an out-of-control ego and wandering hands who palled around with Nazis, to a socialist iconoclast who gleefully brags about shooting Nazis in a video game, listens to people who have a goddamn point, and who hasn’t even been alone with a woman for months. I decided not to wonder why you changed and just accept the current state of affairs a long time ago.”

“Oh.” I scratch Trump’s toupee and clear my throat. “Well. Uh. My real name’s Ian, I’m 21 years old. I died December 22nd, 2017. Did a header on the pavement out of my dorm room. Woke up on the 13th of January, this year.”

Mattis nods. “That’s when you went silent right before the inauguration.”

“ Exactly. I was a college student, majoring in Biology, minors in history and environmental studies. Stress, possible depression, and Donald Trump. Took a nose-dive. Literally.” I grimace. “I kept you because you were the only sane, competent, non-evil member of the administration as of a year in.”

“Jesus Christ.” Mattis looks pale. “As a matter of personal interest, how bad was he?”

“Failed to reaffirm NATO commitments at a major NATO meeting, alienated all of Europe at a routine meeting, nearly caused nuclear war with North Korea and China, attempted a trade war and only fucked up the heartland worse, tried to ban Muslims twice and caused diplomatic chaos, banned trans people from the military, though you told him no to that one, put his kids in charge of his businesses and his surrogates were advertising his brands in their official capacity, kept Steve Bannon on the National Security Council for months, failed to mention that the Jews were the primary victims of the Holocaust on Holocaust Remembrance Day, made an oil executive Secretary of State (which, to be fair, technically I did even worse but I don’t care it was still a bad idea), pulled out of the Paris climate agreement and handed China free propaganda points, claimed that “both sides” were at fault after that guy who tried to assassinate me drove his car into peaceful protesters
and killed a woman, described outright Hitler-hailing swastika-waving Nazis as ‘very fine people’, sucked up to Putin before you and Congress finally managed to rein him in almost a year in, and in December he said he was moving the embassy in Israel to Jerusalem which probably would’ve caused another intifada.”

“Jesus Christ.” Mattis’s voice is a whisper.

“Yeah.”

“So your plan is…”

“Keep America strong, keep America stable, fuck over Putin, fix our economy, promote democracy at home and around the world, avoid World War 3, tell Netanyahu to get bent, and have a good time while I’m doing it.”

“Do you have his memories?”

I shake my head. “Nope. Been a big problem there, let me tell you. Melania had me rumbled by day 4 and cornered me Inauguration Day, I paid her off with money and all the fuckbuddies she wants. Threw the three oldest brats out and disowned them, that was fun. But I’m still working from a base of knowledge that’s rooted in a college student who likes reading and debating history and current affairs, not a bloviating manchild who likes having his ego stroked. And no, I don’t know the details or if Trump himself was actually privy or just peripherally involved, but I suspect the former.”

“Damn it.” Mattis pinches the bridge of his nose. “Alright. You’re still technically the President, and you’re better than Pence, plus I know you’re trustworthy and that you trust me. I have your back, as long as you keep yourself stable. Do you have a shrink?”

“Mrs. Vinnie—my chief henchman’s wife, she wants me to get one.”

“She’s a smart lady. Where’s Agent Wilson now, anyway?”

“Tahiti, sent him there with Mrs. Vinnie and Baby Vinnie for a vacation.”

“OK. I want him to talk to me as soon as he gets back. I’ll smooth things over with Bob and Jim, but I want you to get yourself a therapist on the side. I can have some friends help you keep it dark.”

“Thanks. And…why not Pence?”

“The man’s a fanatic,” Mattis replies simply. “More importantly, you are a known quantity, and… well, I’ll deny this if you ever repeat it, but I kind of like you, Mr. President.”

“Understood.” I salute, which Mattis returns. “Good to have you on my side, sir.”

“I sure as Hell hope so.”

Mueller looks suspicious as Hell when he and Comey are escorted back inside with the self-proclaimed Reality Winner.

“You’re sure he knows nothing?” Mueller asks Mattis when I’m done with my convoluted explanation involving Genghis Khan, video games, stress, and alleged alcohol.

“Absolutely, Bob,” Mattis replies. “He’s given us what he can, and I trust him.” Much more than I would the actual Donald Trump goes unsaid.
“Oh, shit, I need someone for Veterans’ Affairs,” I remember. “Hey, General Mattis, you know Maximilian Uriarte?”

“Ex-Marine who writes a webcomic? I met him once, good man.”

“Think he can run VA?”

Mattis pinches the bridge of his nose. “Mr. President, you know as well as I do that a drunken monkey would do better running Veterans’ Affairs than it’s been run these past few decades. However, I caution you to exercise good judgement and to seriously consider the qualifications of all potential nominees before putting some guy whose webcomic you like in charge of the department. Even if he isn’t that bad of an option.”

I nod. “Fair enough, sir. Right, Comey, gimme the deets.”

The FBI chief is clearly considering another career, but clears his throat. “Uh, as I was saying earlier, Ms. Winner here was, according to an anonymous tip we received, about to leak a dossier on your campaign’s dirty dealings to the press. We acted first, and she has turned over the intelligence to my investigators…”

I nod along as Comey continues. Manafort, Gates, and Trump’s sleazy son Eric are all screwed. Hopefully I can fuck over Donald Jr., too…

***

July 30th. Tashkent, Uzbekistan.

The man who called himself Pavel Grishin pulled his hood tight, looking over his shoulder nervously as he slipped into the airport terminal. There were black-suited men following him, he was certain. His agents, closing in on the man who called himself Pavel Grishin. Or possibly guys from the mental ward.

The man who called himself Pavel Grishin had been put in the actual mental ward, not the “mental ward” for out-of-favor politicians, and it had been a considerably unpleasant experience. He shivered, and took a swig of the mixed vodka and Pepto-Bismol in his bottle to calm his nerves and stomach.

He pulled his rolling bag closer. The man who called himself Pavel Grishin had been lucky enough to find his wallet as he left the Uzbek mental ward, and he hadn’t yet bothered to freeze Sean Spicer’s cards. The man who called himself Pavel Grishin had hated to waste thousands of dollars on bribes, but the smugglers’ case had been well worth it.

The man who called himself Pavel Grishin sweated in spite of himself as the bag went through the metal detector, though the bored-looking security man didn’t even twitch. The man who called himself Pavel Grishin didn’t allow himself to breathe until he made it to the bathroom a hundred yards in.

Locking himself in a rancid stall, the man who called himself Pavel Grishin let out a gasp of relief, panting for breath as he frantically unzipped his bag. The smuggler’s case was still intact in the base, and Grishin carefully peeled back the lid.

Inside, a specially-modified SVD Dragunov sniper rifle rested in pieces against foam padding. The man who called himself Pavel Grishin let out a relieved breath, and carefully re-closed and lined the flap.
He was the only man who could save America. *I’m going to end this nightmare*, Sean Spicer told himself. *I’m going to stop Donald Trump from…from destroying my country by being Donald Trump.*

***

*August 3rd. Washington, DC.*

“Thanks for coming for the meet,” I say, sliding into a booth in the back of an out-of-the-way diner and unwrapping my bandana as Vinnie slides casually in to block off my side from the general public. “I wanted to address your concerns about my writing the show, Mrs. Leigh.” I doff my hat and hand it to Vinnie. “Or do you prefer Ms.?”

“It doesn’t matter,” my guest, one Chyler Leigh, currently one of the leads on *Supergirl*, replies. “I’m just…you’re Donald Trump.”

“Sort of. Not really.”

“It’s complicated,” Vinnie notes. “Donnie here’s the ghost of a deceased college senior possessing the President’s body.”

“What.” Her flatly confused face is fucking gorgeous, but I retain enough self-control to not mention that.

"Mattis had a bit of trouble believing when I told him, too," I admit. “You can believe what you like. Point is, this is the real me. For given values of real and me. And I’m here to make *Supergirl* gay as fuck again.”

“He has fanfic,” Vinnie notes.

“I…uh…I know about the fanfic,” Leigh replies, pulling a thick folder from her bag. “I read some of it. Surprisingly fun, if a bit repetitive and cheesy. I want to know what the catch is.”

“The catch is I pay for our drinks—Vinnie, get what you like, I’ll have tea, Earl Grey, hot—and you help Katie McGrath and me brainstorm.”

“No booze at future writing meetings, Mr. President,” Vinnie cuts in. “Remember what happened last time?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about,” I retort primly. “It was agreed between me, McGrath, and Berlanti that the alleged incident you are referring to never occurred.”

“You got Chateau Lafite ’33 in your hairpiece, sir.”

“Only because McGrath’s hands were unsteady from all the booze she sucked down!”

“And you soaked Berlanti in tequila.”

“Only because I’d been mainlining Absolut and don’t have a very high alcohol tolerance.”

“My point stands, sir.”

“Anyway.” I turn back to Leigh with a grin. “How much gay are you OK with?”

It takes a moment for her brain to catch up with the insanity. “…all of it?”
“Are you OK with Alex being single most of the season and then dating a Kryptonian refugee next season?”

“Kara and Alex are sisters and it would be weird to…”

“No, no, different Kryptonian,” I interrupt. “Vinnie, folder.” He rummages through his briefcase, then passes it over. “Here, take a look.”

She looks. Her eyes widen. “I…this is certainly interesting.”

“You like the redemption arc?”

“Uh, yes. But working with Laura again would be great, too…” She squints. “Wait, so she’s from Earth-X?”

“No, she’s just pretending. She’s actually the original Astra from earth-38. The Earth-X Astra dies in the end of the crossover, mercy kill.”

“Alright…so then why doesn’t she reveal herself in the season 3 fi…ohhhh. I get it. Repressed emotion?”

I cock twin finger guns at her. “Bingo. How’d you like a raise?”

“Wait, you can do that?”

I spread my arms with a grin. “I have complete creative control, and I’m going to make a billion dollars when Black Panther drops early next year.”

“Also the action figures,” Vinnie cuts in.

“Also I have a lot of income about to come in from Crisis on Earth-X action figures, there’s one of me dressed as a Nazi and a deluxe version with “extra-punchable action” which is literally just an extra joint, and a collector’s edition that I signed and a super-deluxe collector’s edition metal box signed by me and Greg Berlanti that doesn’t come with the action figure, it’s complicated, I’m parodying video-game companies in a really complicated bit of meta satire.”

“…wait, are you making action figures for everyone?”

“Oh, yeah. Hey, you mind looking over the prototype for you?” I hold my hand out, and Vinnie puts a folder into it containing the schematics and concept art. “There’s the concepts…” Vinnie hands me the prototype “…and here’s the first version.” It’s about nine inches tall, and consists of an action-figure sculpture of Leigh in a black armored bodysuit with pockets, a utility belt, an assault rifle, a pistol, an alien pistol, a knife, a grenade belt, a spare holdout pistol in her boot, and an extremely gay undercut. “Unofficial title ‘Ms. Second Amendment’. Since Alex is always using awesome guns.”

She’s silent for over a minute. Then,

“I’ll admit it, I was expecting you to have me in cleavage and with bigger tits.”

“What, and ruin the gorgeousness that is you, and in particular you in costume as Alex? Hell no! You’re an icon to millions of teenage lesbians—and probably their celebrity crush, too—and I’m not going to fuck that up to make you look like a sexist Barbie caricature.”

She frowns. “You really are…what you said, aren’t you?”
“Think what you like. Mattis says I can’t tell anyone either way.”

“It’s complicated,” Vinnie deadpans from behind his sunglasses.

“Either way, this whole damn season’s going to be about lesbian and bi women kicking ass.” I tug my fedora back on as the waitress approaches. “Vinnie, order—Mrs. Leigh, order what you like, I’m paying.”

“Hi, can I take your order?” the waitress asks, eyeing me suspiciously as she steps up to the table.

“Hot dog with relish, sauerkraut, ketchup and mustard for me,” Vinnie tells the Waitress as she steps up to the table. “All-you-can-eat pancakes for Dieter-Johann here. We’ll both have water with that, and he’ll have hot Earl Grey tea if you have it.”

“I’ll have iced tea, unsweetened, and a house salad,” Leigh says.

“This is all on his tab,” Vinnie says, jerking a thumb at me. “Name of Dieter-Johann Drumpf.”

“I…see,” the waitress says, taking down the orders. “I’ll be right back with your drinks!”

“Thank you!” Leigh calls out as the waitress leaves. I turn to Vinnie.

“Thanks for the pancakes, man. But Dieter-Johann?”

He shrugs. “I thought it was funny.”

I chuckle. “Fair enough.” I turn back to Leigh with a grin. “So yeah. Are you in?”

She pinches the bridge of her nose. “I am so going to regret this, aren’t I? I’m in.”

“Sweet! Also, the salary hike is a flat double. The beauty of me, is I’m really very rich.”

“Now you sound more like him.”

I chuckle as I pass the forms for her to sign over. “I figure I gotta keep up the deception sometimes, right?”

“Mr. President, you spend half of your press briefings hailing Satan and wearing socialist flags, I think that people have realized by now that you’re not really Donald Trump.”

***

August 6th.

“‘Sup, ‘MURICA?” I bray as I take my podium, wearing a massive fake Stalin ‘stache to go with my cosplay. “Boycott Shillin’ Sean Hannity! I’m the best President ever, I’m a stable genius, so stable, such a genius!”

Fox News White House Correspondent Lacey Dawes snorts audibly at that.

“No, seriously, I’m amazing. I mean, if you were to, like, capture the essence of human perfection, it would totally be me.” I preen obnoxiously. “The thing about me, is that really, I’m just totally amazing. Also I’m really good at killing Nazis in Wolfenstein.”

“Anyway, I wanted to talk about the amazing tax bill currently stuck in Congress. America needs the Restore American Greatness Good Old Days Economic Independence Fuck The
Corporations Eisenhower-Era Tax Brackets Restoration Freedom America Make Corporations Pay Liberty Freedom MAGA Act! Our workers need it, our farmers need it, and we must fuck the corporations up the ass for the glory of America and the future of our blue-collar workers!

I spread my arms with a scowl. “But Mitch McConnel and his corporate bosses want to stop the bill! The forces of capitalism are plotting to screw over American workers, so bad for America, very bad, all kinds of evil capitalism, we will defeat it with union labor, our unions are strong, the IWW will return to glory, we’ll fly the Red Flag and save America. Get out there and call and write your Congresscritters! Tell those rich Objectivist fucks trying to destroy our country what you think of them! Show your solidarity with the workers of America! AMERICA! FUCK YEAH!!!!"

I pull at my costume and frown, turning to one of my minions. “Why the fuck am I dressed as Stalin? Fuck Stalin, he was a fucking shitlicking assock, a psychopathic tyrant. Stalin betrayed the revolution. Why am I dressed like him again? Wait, never mind, don’t answer that, must’ve been on the rotation. Take him off. Take Stalin off the rotation, I’ll dress like Mobutu again instead, someone less awful than Stalin. Hail Satan.”

I turn back to the press, tossing my hat and mustache aside. “Sorry, having a long day here. Anyway, I just wanted to announce, on the 12th, I’m holding a nice big gay pride party on the White House lawn. We’re celebrating gay people, it’s going to rock. I invited a couple of ladies called Ellen who are gay, I dunno, Mrs. Vinnie recommended them, and George Takei and Neil Patrick Harris doing jokes, and some dudes from a choir I saw on John Oliver once, and some trans people, I love the trans people, going to have Jamie Clayton, she’s gorgeous, some dude called Chaz, I dunno, he seems nice, and this dude called Kyle who played basketball in college. It’s going to be great, we’ll have games, a big piñata of Mike Pence, fuck you Mike Pence, and a dartboard with Jerry Falwell’s face on it, fuck him, and we’ll be making voodoo dolls of Jim Daly and Cathy Brennan and other homophobes, transphobes, and disgusting bigots.

“And we’re going to have a very fine soldier serving our country, Logan Ireland, a great American warrior, from the Air Force, he’s a badass Sergeant from Texas, Mattis says that he can get Logan Ireland here for LGBT People Rock Fuck Mike Pence Day, it’s going to rock. We’re going to celebrate LGBT people, it’s going to be amazing, so beautiful, just the best ever. I’m going to give a medal to a trans ex-Navy SEAL because fuck you, bigots.

“And right there in the middle of it all, I’m going to sign a new executive order clarifying the executive branch’s position that LGBT people are protected by the 14th amendment and that denying them service at a restaurant or similar business because of their orientation or identity is a violation of nondiscrimination laws. Mattis is going to be there to support our troops, too, because I want more LGBT people in our great military, it’s going to be so great, so beautiful, we’re going to have so many badasses. I got a list of LGBT soldiers here who’re going to be at the party and General Mattis will be there because the Trump administration is committed to recruiting anyone who is willing to fight, kill, and die for their country regardless of gender identity or sexual orientation, fuck you Mike Pence, and Mattis is a great guy, Presidential Medal of Freedom I gave him, amazing man, I’m a bit of a fanboy.

“Right, uh, where was I? Oh yeah. Patriotic Americans should show up if they can, it’s going to be a great party and you can show your support for the gays, it’s going to be amazing, so beautiful, so rich, we’re going to revel in the patriotism of our LGBT people, it’s going to be great, America is the best, just the best, just like me. I’m a stable genius, so stable, such a genius.

“Our country is going to be the greatest in the world for centuries to come, and I am going to make sure that’s the case. We are going to be the freest, most equal, the most democratic country there is. Everybody is going to be equal and our country will be fucking invincible. We will have an
economy so strong, so beautiful, so invincible and rich, we will crush the Russians and the Chinese and anyone who thinks they can be richer than us underfoot, we will swamp them with AMERICAN goods and the AMERICAN workers’ economy, under the shadow of the Red Banner of Labor, raised up by the courage and tenacity of the American working class, and the power of Syndicalist labor!

“Also, Vladimir, baby, please call me, I’m really worried that you’ve found another man! You know that nobody can top you like me, Little Volodya! Маленький Володя, мой дорогой маленький гомосексуальный клон, пожалуйста, возвращайся ко мне! Мой пенис скучает по твоему мягкому дну!”

I spread my arms to the reporters. “Any questions?”

Lacey Dawes is the only one who isn’t too busy gaping at my word-spew to raise her hand.

***

August 7th. Burbank, California.

The door opens on my second knock. The ex-Marine who opens the door takes one look at me, Vinnie standing behind me with a cool pair of shades, and facepalms.

“No. Just fucking no.”

“Hear me out,” I begin.

“Mr. President, whatever it is, my answer is…”

“I want you for Secretary of Veterans’ Affairs,” I spew.

Maximilian Uriarte freezes, then peers over his hand at me. “You know that I’m a terminal lance who has a webcomic about Marine Corps life, right? I don’t actually know how to run a government department.”

“Eh, you can learn on the job, I sure as hell have.”

“You haven’t learned a damn thing, Mr. President,” Vinnie says from behind me. I turn with an aggrieved look.

“Dude!”

“You know I’m not wrong, sir.”

“I have too learned things! Like how to cause an international incident with one costume and a threat to eat the Prime Minister of Canada!”

“Are you fucking insane, Mr. President?” Uriarte asks me.

I shrug. “I’m getting there. While it’s good to be the king, being Donald Trump starts to really drive you up the fucking wall after a while.”

“Why me?”

“I dunno, I like your comic and Mattis said you seemed like a chill dude when he met you and shook your hand.”
“Wait, he actually remembered…”

I shrug again. “General Mattis is one of the scary-smartest guys I’ve ever met. And he’s got a damn good memory. So yeah. I figured that was enough of an endorsement. If you say no, I’ll nominate John Bolton, and then the Unabomber.”

Uriarte gapes. “You’re not fucking serious.”

“How do you think I got all my department and court picks through? I threatened to nominate people like Angela Davis and Bob Avakian if I didn’t get my way, actual hypocrites and nutcases. McConnel caved after a couple of days.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“The President doesn’t believe in Him,” Vinnie comments helpfully.

“Hail Satan,” I reply with a grin.

Uriarte groans and pinches the bridge of his nose. “Jesus Christ. Ok. Whatever. I’ll do it. Jesus Christ, I’d almost rather have had the original Trump.”

I scoff. “No. You don’t.” I’m deadly serious, and Uriarte goes pale as he realizes the implications.

That could’ve gone better, but at least I have a new Secretary of Veterans’ Affairs…

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August 10th.

“Welcome to DonnyTube,” I say, looking at the light over the camera. “The official Youtube channel of the 45th President. I’m Comrade Donny, President of the United States. And today’s episode—hey, Annie, what episode we on?”

“Season 1, episode 4, Mr. President,” my admin (well, officially she’s my “squeeze” but she’s really my admin) says, sitting by the game table.

“Shit, really? OK, then. Well, anyway, today’s episode is about Dungeons and Dragons.” I turn to the table, and catch Barron looking for the exit. “Kid, just settle down and wait a sec, we’re going to skip character creation, I brought pregens. And besides, it’s not like I’m making you play F.A.T.A.L.”

“Fatal?” Annie asks, against her better judgement.

“The worst roleplaying game ever made,” I reply. “It’s borderline unplayable, racist, sexist, homophobic shit. Also it has like 18 pages of detailed rules on modeling sexual violence, up to and including anal circumference tables.” I pause, and glare at Barron. “If I find you looking up F.A.T.A.L., sonny boy, I’ll tan your hide so hard you won’t be able to sit down for a month, you understand me, boy?”

Barron nods sullenly. I chuckle. “Good kid. See, I told you, Melania, I can too raise a kid on my own.”

Melania checks her nails. “You still cannot do it well, Donald.”

“Well, I don’t see you stepping up to the plate.”
“I carried the brat for nine months, Donald, I am finished parenting for this lifetime.” She checks her makeup in a pocket mirror. “Are we doing this?”

“Of course!” I wave to the empty seat. “Just gotta wait for the party meatshield to get back from the bathroom.”

“I’m here,” says former President Obama as he hustles in. “Sorry, it’s been a few months, I nearly forgot where the restroom was.”

“Fair enough, Barry, fair enough.” I set up my DM screen. “OK, people, so this is going to be mostly a tutorial session for these guys, and for my amazing audience watching. We’re going to be doing a fairly standard homebrew adventure—could you guys introduce yourselves?”

“I’m Annie, I play Cypher, a changeling rogue,” my admin introduces herself with a smile. “She’s a beautiful daredevil who wears a thousand faces, with a lover in every town and a frenemy in every bar.”

“I am Melania. Donald is paying me to play a ‘sorcerer’. Also called Melania.” Melania checks her nails. “I am only here because Donald is paying me.”

“Love you, too, Melania.” I nod to Barron. “Well, kid?”

He sighs, and leans forward with a pout. “I’m Barron. Dad is making me play a ‘cleric’ called Jeff. I don’t want to be here, but Dad took away my Xbox for no reason—”

“It was because you didn’t eat your vegetables, and I warned you, boy. Now show some gratefulness, I gave you a Tier 1 character, pre-minmaxed, too!”

Barron grumbles. I nod to Obama, who clears his throat.

“I’m Barack, and I play a paladin called Sir Barry. And may I say, Mr. President, I’m happy to be here.”

“Great to have you here, Barack. It’s a long time since October, huh?”

He chuckles. “I concede. You will go down in history as a President, Donald. How’s McConnel holding up?”

“Spitting fire but powerless.”

“Pence?”

“Haven’t heard from him in months, he’s smart enough not to show his face around here. I’m thinking of hosting a Pride Month party next year in the White House, every day in June, just to spite his medieval homophobic ass. Anyway, Tiffany?”

The last member of the party swallows nervously and smiles for the camera. “Ah, hi! I’m Tiffany, and I play a...’warblade’ called Lady Jenna. Um, President Trump ‘min-maxed’ my character…”

“Tiffany! Come on, kid, I told you to call me Dad! Or Comrade Donnie.” I shrug. “Sorry for the confusion, folks, when I was playing The Donald I treated Tiffany like shit, so I’m trying to make up for it now that I’ve finally broken character. Hail Satan, by the way, and fuck Mike Pence. Also, Tiffany, I made a few tweaks—your character also has Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Furniture), I traded out your ability to rhyme on purpose, and you have +2 to hit while power attacking or using a martial maneuver, I traded out your ability to blink.”
“…this says my character has only one eye?”

“Yeah, I traded that out for you in exchange for a bonus feat. Besides, it makes your character look cooler. Oh, and if you want to wear an outfit that doesn’t clash you’ll need to ask someone else for help, I traded out your ability to coordinate colors for +1 damage with all melee attacks.”

“Um, alright then.” She smiles for the camera. “I’m sorry in advance for Pres—um, for Dad.”

“Can we get this going?” Obama asks. “Michelle and I are headed to an event in two hours.”

“Not a problem, Barack, I have to work today, too. You know the drill, shitload of Senators to browbeat, tax bill to pressure through, and some fuckwit from ConAgra is suing to stop the American Freedom Farming Rights Restoration Act from protecting American farmers.” I crack open my dice box. “Right. Now who’s up for punching some bad guys?”

Annie and Obama raise their hands, followed (cautiously) by Tiffany. Melania checks her nails. Barron sulks.

This is going to be an interesting session.

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August 12th.

I shake Staff Sergeant Logan Ireland’s hand with a grin. A good, strong handshake, from a handsome All-American boy. You’d never be able to tell he’s got two X chromosomes.

“Pleasure to meet you, Sergeant! I’m glad you could show up!” Behind me, a couple of my minions throw darts at a dartboard with a picture of Mike Pence on it. “What do you think of the décor?” A couple of gigantic rainbow banners unfurl down the sides of the White House.

“Uh, it looks great, Mr. President.”

“Wonderful, wonderful! So beautiful, so rich…Vinnie! Hey, Vinnie, what do you think of the flags and shit?”

My lieutenant pauses in his flailing at the piñata shaped like the head of Focus on the Family to offer me a thumbs-up. “It looks great, Mr. President!” Beside him, Mrs. Vinnie (carrying Baby Vinnie in a chest harness) rolls her eyes but offers me a thumbs-up from under her massive sun hat anyway. She’s been trying to be nicer to me ever since I let her know that Mattis made me set up my first psych appointment.

Some famous LGBT people are smiling and waving and taking selfies with their fans, but my eyes are drawn to the protest outside the fence. I frown. “Damn, I wish I could have those Westboro Baptist Church and ‘Family Research Council’ nuts run out of town. Ah, well, it is only right to apply free assembly equally.” Even the Nazis, technically, have the right to that. I don’t like it, but that’s America. Of course, nobody said I couldn’t organize a counterprotest.

The counterprotest is a hundred thousand people, dwarfing the homophobe rally, clogging the streets and waving rainbow flags and cheering gay couples as they kiss all along the streets that I had closed off. Christ, I love freedom.

“Mr. President,” Secretary Mattis greets me, saluting crisply as I return the favor. “Sergeant Ireland.”

“General Mattis, sir!” I’m not sure if Mattis is in Ireland’s chain of command, but everybody salutes
Mattis. It’s just plain natural.

“At ease. The rainbow face paint’s a little much, Mr. President. And what’s with the…”

“The horns?” I point to the horns on my hairband. “Official Satanic regalia as defined by me. I got ordained by the Universal Life Church this morning, and I’m the President, I can legally marry people.” I point to two women in white sundresses who’re cheering as that trans former Navy SEAL, Kristin, as she says something that I can’t quite make out over the sound of my counterprotest. “What do you think, Mattis?”

“About Senior Chief Beck?” Mattis nods towards the ex-SEAL. “Good soldier. The kind of woman we need more of. Fine career in DEVGRU.”

“I like you, Mattis.”

“So you’ve said, Mr. President.” He turns his attention back to Ireland. “I apologize for the President’s…eccentricity, Sergeant.”

“I don’t have a problem with it, General. Or should I call you Mr. Secretary?”

“Honestly, what with President Trump still saluting me every time we meet, I’m alright with a few lapses in protocol. Choose whichever seems more appropriate.” Mattis shades his eyes with his hand, looking out over the lawn again, the Medal of Freedom resplendent on his chest. “Mr. President, I think that the Fuck You, Mike Pence sign was a little bit too much.”

“Just a little, sir?”

“A lot, Mr. President.”

I shrug. “True. But I fucking hate Mike Pence.” I check my watch. “Alright, I gotta find a microphone. We’ve got about ten minutes ‘til the wedding, and I need to have my executive orders ready by then.”

“Your admin is down by the Gay People Rock Trivia Contest, Mr. President. Winning every category, I believe.”

I grin. “That’s Annie, all right. Thanks a bunch, General. You got your speech ready?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Awesome and amazing, let’s go rock the media’s world.”

I pick up Annie as she wins the trivia contest, Vinnie and Mrs. Vinnie falling in behind me, and take a little diversion to hit the Pence piñata, then mime fucking it for the cameras. Sadly, it can’t last, and after ten minutes I hustle up to the hastily-assembled wedding party.

“Welcome, welcome everyone to the first annual LGBT People Rock, Also Fuck Mike Pence Day! We have some VIP guests here for the wedding—this is Kristin, she used to be in SEAL Team 6, a real American hero, and this is Sergeant Ireland and his wife Laila, they’re trans too, she’s a vet and he’s an active-duty American soldier, absolutely amazing people, our LGBT servicemen and women are the strongest and the best soldiers in the world—Kristin here, she’s a badass, you can see the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart, absolutely gorgeous, so badass, so beautiful, so amazing.” I pause and take a drink from a water bottle that Annie hands me. “Thanks, Annie. My admin, she rocks. Anyway, before the wedding—sorry, brides, it’s gonna be a few minutes—I’ve got a little something, a medal to award.”
Annie hands me the medal case, and I clear my throat. “To Kristin Beck, for over a decade of exceptional service and being a trailblazer for transgender Americans in the service of our absolutely great and amazing country, I, President Comrade Donnie Trump, hereby present to you the Presidential Medal of Freedom.” Beck stands at attention, her eyes tearing up as I hand the medal around her neck. “Looks great on you, not as great as on General Mattis of course but then I’m biased because Mattis is the best officer the US military’s had since Admiral Spruance and the men of Taffy 3.”

Beck nearly breaks my hand with the handshake, but I go along with her one-armed hug without complaint. “Thank you, Mr. President,” she says, voice a little hoarse.

“You deserve it, you rock.” I turn to the next people down the line. “Brigadier General Tammy Smith, another great American who does valuable work for the Army Reserve, and Brigadier General Carol Timmons—both great Americans, and gay as fuck. Fuck you, Mike Pence. Mike Pence said that women and LGBT people shouldn’t be in the military!

“Mike Pence would have cost us Kristin Beck, Logan Ireland, and all these other fine American heroes, as well as tens of thousands of others. He would have made our military weak and stupid. He would have cut our recruiting pool more than in half, he would have thrown out some of our long-serving Generals and Admirals, he and people like him would sabotage America’s defenses! Mike Pence and other right-wing social conservatives don’t support our troops! Support our troops and oppose Mike Pence! Make America great again, by supporting our LGBT people and especially our LGBT soldiers! Fuck Mike Pence! Mike Pence is a medieval idiot and his cronies in the ‘Family Research Council’—” I make air-quotes “—are a bunch of stinking, un-American bigots! Fuck them!”

I wave to Annie. “Bring out the executive orders!” She snaps her fingers to a minion, and I’m handed the folders. “Awesome. OK! First executive order! Denying LGBT people service at a restaurant is definitely a violation of nondiscrimination laws!” I sign it, and hold it up. “Fuck you, Mike Pence, you un-American coward! Second executive order! I hereby order that restitution be made to those American troops victimized and discharged unjustly under Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell! Our troops deserve the best, when you serve your country, your country should serve you BACK! AMERICA, FUCK YEAH!” I sign the second order, hold it up, and turn to the third. “Our America is strong, and this fantastic country will get stronger. Our soldiers are strong, our workers are strong, and our People as a whole are strong! So today, I hereby order that the incredible US Department of Veterans’ Affairs, led by the awesome new Secretary Uriarte—thanks to my loyal opposition John McCain, also a real American hero even if I disagree with him on some issues, for the deciding vote there—begin paying for gender reassignment surgeries of trans veterans, effective immediately.” I sign and hold up the order with a grin. “AMERICA! Fuck yeah!”

There’s a thunder of applause and cheers, and I sniffle a little bit as I’m cheered. “Thank you, thank you, really you guys are the ones who should be applauded here! Our country is greatest there is and our LGBT people are the best in the world! Also, fuck Mike Pence!” That gets another cheer, and applause from some of the military folks behind me.

“OK! So now the amazing and incredible General Mattis is going to say a few words, and we can get Sergeant Grimes and Warrant Officer Chernowski married! Such beautiful, adorable brides, real American heroes too. Our troops are so strong! Take it away, Mattis!”

The Secretary of Defense steps up to the microphone with a crisp nod. “Thank you, Mr. President. I’ll be quick as we have a wedding to get to, but as of today the Department of Defense will be reviewing the possibility of allowing gender reassignment surgery for active-duty service members. This is not a guarantee of change in standing policy, but it is a process that is expected to take six
months and will result in a thorough analysis of the ability of the United States military to support active-duty gender reassignment.

“We will also be maintaining current hiring policies for LGBT servicemembers, and I have personally ordered that a review of current procedures to be conducted to ensure that spouses of LGBT servicemembers are treated with the same respect and accorded the same privileges as the spouses of heterosexual and cisgendered servicemembers. Thank you.” He smiles. “Now let’s get the wedding started, shall we?”

There’s another round of applause and cheers, and I take the podium again. “Wonderful, wonderful, General Mattis is great, just like our troops, like they’re so great and incredible! Alright, you two, get up here!” Sergeant Grimes, a big, blocky woman almost as tall as me, and Warrant Officer Chernowski, a muscular mid-sized Marine, step up in matching white sundresses. “Hold hands or something, I have no idea how to run a wedding so I’m going to wing this…OK! We are gathered here today to celebrate in the name of whatever deity or deities you so choose to worship, the wedding of these two great and heroic American women, servants of their great country, the awesome United States of America, we’re all so great, I love America just like how I love Syndicalism, but anyway back to the wedding, these ladies are wonderful and their love is beautiful, I’m not entirely sure why they agreed to let me marry them because I’m a fucking disaster of a human being and I’m rambling like an idiot because fuck Mike Pence and I love gay weddings because everybody’s such a loving sap at gay weddings, fuck the homophobes, we will eliminate them, we will defeat them with love, like these ladies, like how they love each other, Air Force and Marines in love, I’m tearing up a bit…” I pause to sniffle, and wipe my nose on my sleeve.

“Sorry. Uh. Staff Sergeant Grimes here and Warrant Officer Chernowski are absolutely beautiful and great, just like America, how America’s so great. And they love each other enough that I’m sure their relationship will survive being married by me, President Comrade Donnie…”

Mattis lays a hand on my shoulder and clears his throat. “Mr. President. Please don’t ruin the day.”

“Uh, right. Thanks, General Mattis. Ahem. You two got vows?”

I barely make it through the vows, and have to wipe my nose and eyes on my sleeve. "I'm not crying. You two are just adorable and in love, that's all. Well, by the power vested in me by the amazing people of the United States of America, and my friend Pastor Tom of the Universal Life Church, I hereby declare you wife and wife!” There’s a scattered cheer. “You may kiss…” I sniffle again. “Sorry. You may both kiss your bride!” I croak, and I start crying like a faucet as the women kiss and the crowd roars their approval. “Christ am I going to be like this at all weddings?” I ask nobody in particular.

Either way, it probably doesn’t matter. It’s good to be the chief.
August 13th.

I wake up the day after my party and start my routine, only to see some amusing news on TV during my morning stationary bike ride.

“...and while I am of course quite offended, I merely hope that the President will let go of these un-Christian and antireligious attitudes and allow our Savior into his heart...”

“Yes, but the question I asked was, what about the accusations of you being un-American, Mr. Vice-President?”

“Well, look, you see, Anderson, it's really, it's very unfair of the President to accuse me of...”

“Mr. Vice-President, you've dodged the question for ten minutes straight, will you just give me a straight answer? What are your thoughts on the President’s accusation that your views and policy proposals on LGBT rights are un-American and dangerous to our military strength?”

“Uh, completely unfounded, just because I think that those damn godless faggots and ugly dykes shouldn’t be...er, uh, that is, I mean, I love America, I have nothing but love for my God-fearing country, and, uh...all of its...people...um...I don’t hate the gays, I just believe very strongly in our Creator, I'm not a bigot...”

I guffaw. “Finally! Got that motherfucker! Thank you, Anderson Cooper!”

“If you can talk, you aren't pedaling hard enough!” the Sergeant roars into my ear. “FASTER, MAMA’S BOY!”

“Sir, yes sir!”

I gotta thank Anderson Cooper. Mike Pence’s greatest skill is deflecting until he can think of something innocuous; that he slipped is a good sign of both Cooper’s skill at questioning and my vicious insults.

As I tug my business shirt on after my shower, my minions help me dress, Annie showing me my itinerary. “We're doing the Western Sahara conflict today, Mr. President, you're expressing soft support for an autonomous region and demanding cessation to Moroccan oppression.”

“Works for me. We got those attack ads on the Saudis and Qatar running yet?”

“Yes, sir, through your proxies. The Trump Organization is also beginning the covert social-media offensive through a shell political action group, according to Agent Wilson.”

“Good. Fuck those guys. Israel?”
“Stable for now, but tensions are high since the settlement evacuation’s begun. Netanyahu’s facing a no confidence vote and he’s days away from being indicted for corruption.”

“Good, fuck him. Keep me posted on the situation, I don’t want anyone getting hurt.”

“Yes, sir. Hamas is complying with disarmament demands, but is requesting a temporary stay to participate in forceful disarmament of fundamentalist hardliners.”

“Granted, give them a month’s stay, it’ll look good for PR with the Arabs. Syria?”

“ISIS holdouts are still present in Raqqa and some of the desert regions, but General Mattis assures me that the peshmerga have over ninety percent of the city under control and the locals are helping turn over holdouts. We expect to have the city cleared by the 20th at the latest. Turkey is apparently getting antsy, though, and is accusing the Kurds of assisting a terrorist group called the PKK.”

“Didn’t I delist those guys? Set up a call with Erdogan, and tell Mattis I want him in on it. I’m going to tell that little pig Erdogan exactly what he can expect if he starts fucking with my foreign policy. He’s already pushing his luck playing dictator.” I shrug on my coat. “And set me up for a meeting with the SDF and Rojava leadership. I’m going to talk Syndicalism.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“And then I’m going to need to make a statement on Assad. Probably should just admit that Russia’s using him as a proxy. How’s the Iraqi election cycle looking?”

“We won’t know for certain until next year, but reliable Arabic-language sources are saying that there’s a lot of grassroots support for Muqtada al-Sadr. He’s a Shi’a conservative, but anti-Iran, led a major insurgency against US occupation in the 2000s.”

“Bush era?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Hmm, figures. I think I remember him—Sadrist movement, anticorruption stance, allied with the Commies since ’15 or ’16. Get me a meeting with the CIA and State, I want to put out feelers. I don’t like religious hardliners, but as long as he doesn’t try to change the system too much and is willing to play ball, I’ll play ball with him. China and North Korea?”

“General Mattis wishes to again express his belief that Operation DEBTSTORM is a bad idea and risks nuclear war; I quote, ‘Crashing their economy and destroying the CCP’s hold on power will cause chaos, and driving a nuclear power into chaos is a very risky idea at the best of times’. Operation INTERVIEW is similarly inadvisable.”

“Have to play the slow burn, then. I guess there’s some oppressive regimes you just can’t take down easily. Russia?”

“Putin faced another protest today; we suspect that your propaganda offensive is starting to bear fruit.”

“Heh, that’s a good one. Ok. I think give it a month and I’ll call the Saudis in, make them really squirm. And pencil me in for another China-North Korea planning session, might have to make that wait. I also want a meeting with the CIA set up to do a quiet canvass of public opinion of me across the Middle East to see what kind of grassroots power I can leverage there and how. How does Italy look?”
“Politics are shaping up as you predicted, sir.”

“Time to start Operation OLIVER, then; have the Trump Organization get ready to divert the funds for the op. This’ll teach them to leave loopholes in the laws for choosing their Premier, heh. Britain?”

“Corbyn’s launched an anticorruption and pro-union offensive, and he’s trying to negotiate for a nationalization or breakup of BAE like you suggested. He’s leaning nationalize, prevailing winds are leaning breakup. Labour control remains tenuous but Corbyn personally retains considerable personal appeal and power.”

“Keep me posted—if he squanders what I build him on this I will ream that guy a new fucking asshole. Ireland?”

“Your pressure’s bearing fruit, there’s a strong push now to legalize abortion, including from nationalists who want to stick it to the Orangemen.”

I chuckle nastily. “That’s funny. Fuck DUP and fuck the Republic’s abortion ban. Pass this along, I’m ordering a hold on Operation CROMWELL and a double-down on Operation MAGDALENE. I’m thinking the domestic pro-choice movement has the power, with a bit of help they can do it. France and Germany?”

“Macron’s gearing up for a big fight with the railway union. Are you planning on passing comment?”

“Maybe a few references to how the French system mishandles economic power and responsibility. Merkel?”

“Facing an apathetic youth and disenchanted public. At least the far-right is weaker there than in France and Britain, PEGIDA and Alternative For Germany are losing a lot of power since the Pirate Party and a satirical political group called Die PARTEI started making subtle and outright Nazi comparisons.”

“Netherlands?”

“Geert Wilders is as obnoxious as ever, you may want to do something about him. Otherwise, currently stable.”

“Yeah, alright. What’s this kerfuffle with Poland?”

“Their controversial right-wing ruling party are trying to re-brand the WW2-era death camps on Polish soil as ‘German death camps’ rather than ‘Polish death camps’ as some people call them. Israel’s spitting fire because it’s Poland and not the US doing the vaguely anti-Jewish-seeming thing.”

“Figures. Pencil that in for my press conference later, I’ll dismiss it as stupid bullshit and call Duda and his cronies in Poland idiot cowards, because they’re fucking idiot cowards, and tell them to focus on the fact that their policies are horrible for Polish workers. My talk with the Aussies?”

“Tomorrow, be rested, sir.”

“Got it. Also, pencil me in for a talk with Mattis, we gotta talk about Hungary and Orban. I want to fuck Orban up the ass but we gotta play it smart—same way with that fuckhead Erdogan and the House of Saud, I want them out of power and in disgrace by the end of my term. Central Asia is another thing I want to get at but may have to wait. How about domestic politics? I caught a bit this
morning but that’s it.”

“Vice-President Pence is pissed.”

“Well, fuck him. Also, remind me to sign an executive order ending the enforcement of Taft-Hartley.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Tax bill?”

“Still held up. Smart money is saying it’s going to fail.”

“I’ll try again. This country will treat the poor right if it kills me. How are we tracking on the energy-independence argument for ditching fossil fuels?”

“Well, it’s still controversial in coal-mining regions and in oil-rich states like Texas and Louisiana, but it’s trending high out West.”

“Figures, they’re worried about their water and they’re sympathetic already because of the farm bill. How’re the Canadians?”

“Trudeau is quiet and popular but public opinion of you in Canada is 0%. Plus or minus three.”

I wince. “OK, maybe I should apologize a little more sincerely. How about my actors?”

“Benanti said that your check cleared so we’re good on the relo and filming.”

“Good. What’ve I got today?”

“Press conference after breakfast, then a daily national security meeting. After that…” She hands me a schedule. “We’ve got a meeting with a football team, and a photo op—wear a suit to that—and then you have to act Presidential since you have an interview with 60 Minutes.”

“Fuck Presidential, I’m going wild. Get me a fur loincloth and a caveman club.”

Annie groans but acquiesces. “As you wish, Mr. President.”

“Hmm, I should practice inarticulate grunts. Nah, too cliché. Anything else?”

“You’re also meeting with the Swedish ambassador 30 minutes after that…”

“Right, that should be enough time to paint me in rainbow colors. Have the Oval Office decked out for LGBT pride with a “Fuck Mike Pence” banner during the 60 Minutes interview.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Tweets today?”

“You’re scheduled for two insults at Putin and a free keyboard on Mike Pence.”

“Good. Phone?”

“Here, sir.”

“Awesome.” I tweet out a little starter.
“Heh, that oughta be good to start. Later I’ll accuse him of fucking male hookers, that oughta be fun. Have me talk to Vinnie about that.”

“Um, yes sir.”

“Good.” I run a hand through my hair. “Let’s get some food in me, I want to go disgrace the nation.”

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“I,” I tell the assembled reporters, “am amazing.”

Dead silence, then a snort from that Fox News correspondent. My #MeToo-approved pink knit hat doesn’t quite fit right on my toupee, and wobbles slightly as I gesture wildly.

“No, seriously, I’m pretty fucking great. Who do you think could push through a bill protecting American farmers as great as mine, and openly endorse any kind of socialism, and threaten to eat the Prime Minister of Canada, and piss on Ronald Reagan’s grave, and tell that fuckhead Mike Pence to go fuck himself, other than someone really incredibly amazing?

“Anyway, I’m amazing, but there’s tons of people better than me. Mattis, Kristin Beck, the late, great Audie Murphy. But since I’m amazing, if only a bit, I’m going to lend my awesome support to a bill being considered in Congress right now.

“The 2017 Violence Against Women Act Amendment Act is a very good and strong bill that will keel America strong by defending women and kids! It’s been crafted based on ideas supported by Native Americans to help protect Native women better, and it’s got stuff to help women escape abusive relatives more easily, and it’s so strong, so very strong on sexual violence that we’re going to stop scum like Brock Turner, that piece of shit filth-bag who’s trying to sue the incredible and great USA, he’s suing the best country in the world, the pussy, the shithead, the fucking sack of shit rapist, we’re going to stop scum like him from hurting women and we’re going to lock scum like him up for a decade if they do. And no exceptions for rich kids! Fuck rich kids with their entitlement and their dim-bulb bragging and the bullshit they pull, real men know when a lady says stop it means stop.

“I should know, I spent most of my life playing a thin-skinned arrogant manbaby who categorically refused to understand that.
“Anyway, do you want to protect your daughter from pedos and sickos and scumbags like Brock Turner, who raped an unconscious woman behind a Dumpster and only got six months even though he was caught red-handed? Then tell your Congresscritters, vote for the 2017 Violence Against Women Act Amendment Act! It was even proposed by a veteran, a great veteran of our fantastic armed forces, a real American hero, Senator Tammy Duckworth, such a brave, powerful woman, really amazing, so beautiful, so rich, the beauty of me is I’m really very rich.

“Support our troops, by the way!”

I pause for breath, then belch. “Ugh, sorry, chugged a couple brewskis before coming out here.” Well, it was PowerAde, but I’m trying to ape Yeltsin here with my “alcoholism”. It was a stupid idea but damn it I’m sticking with it.

“Anyway, our women are strong, so strong and great, and we should recognize that, and tell all the manbabies whining about “SJWs” on the Internet to go take a hike, real men don’t care if the asskicker they’re watching is a dude or a lady, real men just like seeing someone tear a bunch of un-American scum like Nazis a new asshole.

“Speaking of women in media and shit men who treat them wrong, Brett Ratner, the idiot who directed X-Men 3: The Last Stand of my fucking sanity, seriously Brett, your movie sucks donkey ass, he’s a serial sexual harasser and outed a gay woman on set despite her protests. Fuck Brett Ratner. And Kevin Spacey, he creeps on teenage boys, he’s a serial predator and he needs to be shut down. The documents are available on Twitter as of…” I tap my smartphone. “Now. Fuck you, Brett and Kevin.”

“Now, we have a major problem in this country. Our fantastic military has a problem. Some guys, who are rotten shitstains and a disgrace to our incredible US armed forces, think it’s cool to sexually assault and harass their fellow soldiers. Well, that’s ending. General Mattis will be going into detail later, but we will be changing Defense Department policy on investigations of sexual violence, and mandating investigation by the appropriate branch’s CIS for every allegation. There is nothing lower than hurting your own fellow soldiers, and if you do that you’re barely-human filth and your ass is getting thrown out of our amazing military.

“Which reminds me, there’s still a bill circulating called the Military Justice Improvement Act. Mattis and I support the American People’s Army Justice Improvement MAGA Act, a slightly modified version that’s being introduced in Congress, we need our soldiers to be disciplined so that they can be great!

“Also fuck Mike Pence, if you can’t be alone in the same room as a woman then you’re clearly a threat to society. Fuck you, Mike, and your antiquated BS. And be sure to vote for Luther Strange in Alabama, he loves the gays, much more than his crazy opponent, Roy Moore, who’s a very conservative idiot.

“So yeah, that’s how I’m going to help women’s rights. Before I open the room for questions, let me just say Hail Satan, and have a wonderful day.

“Oh, and Stormy Daniels, if you direct a movie about my love affair with Vlad, with Little Volodya—I’ll send you notes if you like—I’ll remember it and the moment I leave office I’ll do any favor for you that you like. Just make sure the guy who plays me has a really small penis, ‘cause you know how small Little Donnie is. You’re an icon, Stephanie!”

I take a swig of grape juice from my customary bagged wine bottle, belch, and grip my podium. “Any questions?”
Sussex County, New Jersey. August 15th.

“So…” I say, trying to break the silence. “You got a bite yet, Tiffany?”

She shakes her head. “No, um, Dad.”

I nod. “Ok. Same here.” I tug on my rod a bit. “Supposed to be pike in this lake, and walleye perch.” No luck so far, though.

“Did you like D&D?” I ask a minute or so later.

“I thought it was OK. I think I want to try a spellcaster at some point, though.”

“OK. Maybe Psion? Psionic powers are cool.”

“I guess?” She shrugs. “I think I like talking to people more than just going in gung-ho.” She pauses. “Also Melania wasn’t paying much attention.”

“Yeah, I tried to get Vinnie and Mattis to play instead but they both refused. Actually, Mrs. Vinnie threatened to castrate me again if I got Vinnie into another one of my “crazy plans”. I think she was joking but I can’t be sure.”

“Oh god. Um. Alright. I’ll make my next character a psion, then, when we’re done saving the kingdom from the serpent god?”

“Yeah, alright.” I reel in my line and cast it out again. “Frankly, I’m still surprised Barron actually enjoyed it.”

“It’s a game with princesses and swords and explosions and dragons, he’s been playing DragonAge on your spare computer and he’s ten. Of course he liked it once he got into it. Um, Dad.”

“Wait, he’s been playing—shit! Did he get to DragonAge 2?”

“Uh, yeah, he’s almost done with it, he’s planning to finish it this weekend.”

I swear profusely. “Did he say if he was doing a romance in it?”

“Uh, I think his character was flirting with the pirate with the skimpy clothes?”

“Shit. Fuck. Shit! There’s sex scenes in that game, and in the third one. Including tits in Inquisition. I need to get a mod for them or something when I get back home, that could be politically problematic if it gets out.”

“Maybe a parental control or something?”

“Nah, the kid has a right to shoot Nazis in the face and tear demons apart, I paid for DOOM and Wolfenstein: The New Order, didn’t I? Speaking of which, how’d you like a voice-acting career?”

“Um, I don’t know, Dad? I’m thinking of actually going the distance as a lawyer.”

“Prosecution, defense, personal injury, corporate?”
“Well, everybody says that defense is the most lucrative, but…” She hesitates. “I don’t know. I’ve never really had a point, Dad. I just get money from Mom’s separation agreement and hang out with one of the younger Kardashians and take pictures for Instagram. But ever since you changed, since you, um, broke character… I don’t know. I’m thinking of becoming a public defender and living off of the inheritance.”

“Good on you, kid,” I reply with a grin. “We need more public defenders.” I shrug. “Besides, I’ve got some Congresscritters who I have serious dirt on who’ve promised…well, I’m blackmailing them, so it’s better than a promise—promised to help me expand and improve funding for public defense agencies. You won’t starve.”

She’s about to reply, but then her line jerks. “Whoah!”

“You got a bite! C’mon, kid, reel it in, nice and gently…” I set my pole in its holder and hustle over, squinting at the line with one hand over my eyes. “That’s it, nice and easy! Now pull him in, slow and steady does it…” The water ripples, and a foot-long striped fish breaks the surface. “Pike! Hell yes! Bring him in and we can put him in the bucket for a photo!”

“I got it, Dad!” Tiffany assures me, reeling the pike in only a little awkwardly. I help her grab the fish as she hauls it out of the water, and quickly measure the flopping animal as she unhooks it before dropping it in the water bucket.

“Beautiful!” I exclaim, clapping Donald Trump’s shitty little baby hands excitedly. “Great catch!”

“Honestly, I’m surprised we got anything, Dad.”

“Meh, I was going to stay here all day anyway. Anything for my favorite kid, amirite?”

Tiffany actually tears up, and hugs me with both arms. “Thank you, Dad. I know I said I don’t really see the point of this, but this… spending time with you, it means a lot, you know?”

“I understand.” What I don’t tell her is all the times my Dad and I drove up this very mountain to this very lake to do bird surveys. Four years of surveys, a year of data analysis—and one Young Naturalist’s Award competition won. It was the most formative experience of my childhood and many of my fondest memories are of weekend mornings, waking up early with Dad to run out and watch birds.

I sniffle a bit myself, and hug Tiffany tight. I miss my dad so fucking much it hurts.

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August 17th.

The journalist looks a little worried as he’s escorted into the Oval Office.

“MAX!” I bellow, standing up and nearly falling over the Resolute Desk in an attempt to shake his hand. “Oh, fuck, damn it, sorry. Uh, welcome to the White House, Mr. Blumenthal, I’m Comrade Donnie.”

“I, uh, noticed, Mr. President.”

“Sweet, sweet. So, I need someone to piss off Netanyahu. I heard you’re a warm body and you don’t like Israeli war crimes, so congratulations, you’re my new Ambassador to Israel. Of course, if you don’t want that I can always make Eli Valley my Ambassador instead, he’s this cartoonist guy who Big Benny hates.”
He does a double-take, then frowns at me. “You know, Mr. President, people should really stop being surprised by your antics.”

I grin like a shark. “Damn straight.” Vinnie chuckles from behind me.

“Anyway, Comrade, I wanted more Jewish people in my administration, ‘cause Bernie Sanders wouldn’t accept, and I hate Nazis and want to piss them off by appointing more Jews, ‘cause Jews are great people, and Nazis are scum and I like to piss those fuckers off.”

“Didn’t a neo-Nazi try to assassinate you?”

“Yeah, but they haven’t tried again, they aren’t’ angry enough yet. Fuck the Nazis. I want every single one of the pricks stewing in impotent rage.”

Blumenthal nods equivocally. “You might want to avoid getting assassinated, is all I’m saying, Mr. President.”

“That’s what I’m for,” Vinnie says.

“Yeah, the Mossad tried to sneak people in to kill me, too, but I had ‘em thrown in Gitmo until Big Benny called to ask for them back. That was funny.” I belch. “Vinnie here shot that Nazi fuck who shot him and tried to shoot me. He’s a great bodyguard, the best. Anyway. You got three jobs, Max. You piss off Benny Netanyahu, you follow the Rules I’ll email you for what you can and can’t offer, and you tell the Palestinians to keep things under control. My initial plan included settlement evacuations, but after talking to Mattis I’m open to limited land swaps under controlled circumstances if both sides agree. We clear?”

“Uh, yes, Mr. President…I haven’t actually accepted yet…”

“But you will,” I note.

Blumenthal sighs. “Yeah. I will. Fine, let’s do this. Mr. President, I accept.”

“Excellent!” I shake his hand with a grin. “Glad to have you on board. By the way, you got a spare menorah?”

“How, I can probably get one, why?”

“Need one for December. It has to be about 30 feet tall and have giant multicolored flames at the top. Because rainbows, gay, and menorah, Jews, it’ll really piss off the Nazis come December when I put it on the White House lawn.”

“…you might want to talk to someone else about that, Mr. President.”


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August 19th.

My chief minion, my admin, and I sit down around the Resolute Desk, me dressed in an N7 hoodie and Commander Shepard pants. “This meeting of the Fuck EA Club shall come to order,” I intone. “Vinnie, how goes Operation VAKARIAN?”
“Our inside man says that EA is moving ahead with lootboxes as predicted. So is Warner Brothers according to recent rumors.”

“Oh, this is gonna be good. Department of Commerce?”

“Primed and ready.”

“Good. Let’s rip these assholes a new fucking asshole. Annie, how’s SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! coming along?”

“We’re ready for production, Mr. President. The animators should have some test renders by tonight.”

I clap my hands with a grin. “Excellent! We’re going to fuck EA so hard, it’s gonna be great. I will release a remastered Mass Effect trilogy, and get a fifth game out to start a new trilogy. I will become a hero to the gamers of the world…”

Annie coughs. “Mr. President, we still need to break EA first.”

I come back to my senses and clear my throat. “Right, of course, yes. Let’s review, uh, plans for SuperSoldier. Plot’s finalized?”

“Pending revisions, but the outline’s there, sir,” Vinnie tells me. “Kapryshyn wants to add more of a ‘cohesive philosophical theme’.”

“Tell him my theme is killing Nazis. We’re not trying to be Quantic Dream here. We keep it high-concept—you’re a supersoldier who wants to kill Nazis—and go from there. Vinnie, tomorrow you and I gotta sit down and sketch out a plot for the Rising Sun expansion.”

“Yes, sir.”

“We should probably brainstorm ideas for spinoffs and other products, too. Annie, schedule a pitch meeting. Hey, maybe we could make a survival game with dinosaurs, but like, single-player…Like Tomb Raider, but with time travel and dinosaurs!”

“…I’ll pencil that in,” Annie replies, trying to stay diplomatic.

“Then for SuperSoldier 2, assuming it doesn’t bomb…how about we call it SuperSoldier: The New Reichsmen! And have it be a fight against an evil alternate universe where the Nazis win? Pencil that in. Also, talk to Wizards of the Coast, I want to make a D&D RPG. Other IPs…again, I want pitches, just thinking aloud right now…how about something where you defend America against the KKK and alt-right and other domestic terrorists?”

“Sounds alright,” Vinnie admits.

“Great! We need a robust set of offerings to destroy EA forever. Has Trump Games gotten my rules on DLC?”

“Yes, Mr. President,” Vinnie assures me. “No more than $40 total of story DLC, which shall always be offered as a bundle for $30 and shall not include anything that ought to be in the core game. No more than $25 of $5 cosmetic and gear packs, which shall be available for a bundle for $20 and shall include a small mini-mission for each cosmetic and gear pack, with re-used assets and a quirky miniboss.”

“Good! Pre-orders?”
Pre-order bonuses shall be limited to bonus cosmetics, also available for $5 after launch.

“Microtransactions and lootboxes?”

“No lootboxes in premium games, period. No microtransactions in premium games, period. Lootboxes in premium games shall come bundled with a supplementary currency in amounts suitable to purchase the most expensive lootbox-available items after no more than $10 spent on lootboxes. Lootboxes shall not be tied to progression, and shall award cosmetic upgrades only. Microtransactions in free games may offer superior gear, but equivalent gear shall be available in-game after no more than 40 hours of grinding.”

“Excellent.” I nod to them both. “I think that we’re in good shape, what about you?”

“I think we’ve got ‘em right where we want them,” Vinnie agrees. Annie nods as well.

“Sweet. Meeting adjourned, then.”

I can’t wait until EA launches the Battlefront 2 early access. I’m getting one Hell of a Christmas present this year…

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August 22nd.

“ANGELA!” I bellow at the top of my lungs as the Bundeskanzler steps off of her plane. My Kaiser Wilhelm ‘stache is still sticking to my lip, thankfully, despite how hot my replica WW1-era Generalfeldmarschall uniform is in the August sun. “Pleasure to see you! Hey, I got you a copy of Wolfenstein: The New Colossus for PC, a custom German-language version I ordered, so you can kill lots of Nazis even when you’re on your own computer!” I stick the DVD case into her face. “Now, you can’t say I don’t give you anything, I got you a video game and I’m going to give Germany some jets on the cheap, long story. Hey, what do you think’s a better way to kill Nazis—incinerate them or fillet them?”

Merkel laughs for the cameras, then pulls me in close. “Do not fuck with me, Donald,” she hisses in accented English. “I do not know what game you are playing…”

“No game, Angela. Except for the video game. I love Germany and I want to be your friend. Also I want to piss on the place where Hitler died because I don’t think he got a grave.” I chuckle. “So glad you could come today, though, I’ve got some activities planned that I think you’ll like.”

“Was? Activities?”

“Yeah, little Civil War roleplaying, we’re going to hang Jeff Davis in effigy, then I have a mockup of Hitler on the White House grounds and some BB guns for us to shoot it with, then I want to show you some test renders of the video game my company’s developing, SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!—see, I want to make a deal, I want to make sure that you Jerries won’t edit it to remove the Nazis when I make the German version, since it’s a game about killing shitloads of Nazis and saving the world from their evil. We have concept art, too.”

“Was zur Hölle ist los mit dir, Donald?”

I chuckle again. “I’m going insane because I’m stuck in this fat idiot’s body, Angela. It’s that simple.”

She looks at me with a bit of a twitch in her left eyebrow. “You are a very strange man, Donald.”
“Trust me, I’ve got my reasons.” I turn to the cameras. “ANGELA MERKEL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The Chancellor of the third-greatest country in the world, after America and the awesome Finns, of course. She’s great, really great—other European countries, their politicians suck, like the Netherlands have this idiot Geert Wilders, he’s like a bleached chimpanzee with shitty hair who says racist nonsense and pretends that he’s not also a massive homophobe because he’s trying to turn the LGBT community against the immigrants, since Geert Wilders is an idiot, a shitty fuckface, just a garbage human, Geert Wilders should really just take a long walk off of a short pier, the racist fuckhead, I hate him, I think everybody hates him really, except maybe for the Nazis, fuck the Nazis, did I mention that Marine le Pen is the spawn of a Nazi collaborator? Yeah, her daddy was in balls-deep with the Nazis, he’s a shithead, man, having him barge in and mutter about how much he loves Hitler while having a three-way with Marine and Vlad, it’s the worst, just the worst, so bad, so very, very bad. But Angela here, her economic policies are fucking dumb but she’s a very strong leader, even though her party’s economics are stupid and they love the corporations too much. Fuck the corporations! Down with capitalism! The capitalists are too close to the Nazis, they both hate the workers, and the capitalists love to divide and conquer, they want you to hate your neighbors so they can rob you blind while promising to rob your neighbor more. Angela you really should do something about that, Syndicalism is the future.

“And speaking of Syndicalism, Jeremy Corbyn and I are great pals, and we’re going to make the world so great, form a new Internationale and…mfgl! Mmph, mmff, mflmph…” Merkel pulls me down and holds a hand over my mouth.

“Halt den Mund, Donald! Du bist ein verdammter Dummkopf und eine Schande für die Welt!” Then she realizes where we are and yanks her hand back.

“Love you too, Angela,” I say, grinning like a shark. “Did we get that on camera? Make sure we got that on camera!” I do an exaggerated bow to Merkel, taking off the pickelhaube for it and everything. “You’re an amazing woman, Angela, and if you want a date, I’m always open—Melania and I have an open relationship, amazing woman Melania is. Now, let’s talk trade and fucking up Vlad’s day. That son of a bitch will pay for dumping me and pretending to be straight!”

I sweep my hat off of my head and bow for the cameras. “Also, Mexico—I want to be your friend. I figure, the best way to make our border safe is to kick the cartels in the fork until they die. So, whoever wins the next election down there, you ask and I will answer. Hail Satan, by the way.

“And Enrique, Enrique Pena Nieto? Fuck your mother, you little puta.”

I raise my arms, yanking Merkel’s arm with mine as she yelps. “We’re going to fuck the cartels like I fuck Vlad!” I yell. “Like I’m going to keep fucking Vlad if he doesn’t pull out of Ukraine! We’re going to fuck them up the ass! We’ll fuck them up the ass, or my name isn’t Donald Trump. So Hail Satan, and have a nice day.”

“Mein Gott,” Merkel whispers. “Was habe ich gemacht?”
Alternative Facts

Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie pisses on a grave, films a TV show, and generally misbehaves.

August 27th. Simi Valley, California.

“I tell you, Vinnie,” I say as I unbuckle my belt, “I fucking love this country.” I wave to the small crowd that’s gathered around us—my visit wasn’t really publicized, I just flew in with some Secret Service guys on an overnight, so the only news is a local station with a camera van.

“So you say frequently, Mr. President,” Vinnie replies, looking out at the crowd with a cool pair of shades. I unzip my pants with a chuckle and pull my underpants down just a bit.

“Yup. But I really love our freedom. Stuff like freedom of speech. Freedom of peaceable assembly.” I take a wide stance, and jerk my head at one of my minions. “Yo, Pointdexter, move a little to your right, I want multiple angles of this.”

“Um, yes, Mr. President.”

“Anyway, Vinnie, all that shit’s great, and I fucking love this place. If someone wanted to they could stand outside the White House fence 24/7 and scream about how I fuck goats—I don’t, obviously, but Vlad’s beard does, she has weird tastes—anyway, people could say that, because it’s a free country. I love freedom. You can burn the US flag and that’s protected speech, and I fucking love it. Freedom is the best. But you know what I love the most about good old-fashioned American FREEDOM and LIBERTY?”

“I snicker. “Indeed.” Then I sigh as I relax my bladder, a stream of yellow flowing out in a glorious golden shower, spattering all over Ronald Reagan’s oversized headstone. Monument. Whatever the fuck this stupid stone horseshoe is supposed to be.

“I tell you, Vinnie. I fucking love this country.”

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“Well, at least now we can state with definitive certainty that the President does in fact have a small penis...oh, my god, I can’t believe it’s come to this. I literally can’t come up with anything to say, I’m a fucking comedian and I can’t come up with something more absurd—people, he peed on Ronald Reagan’s grave. He actually did what he’s been threatening for months. And because of his executive orders and the legal status of the grave in question, it was not only legal, but the explicit purpose of said grave.”

--Stephen Colbert, The Late Show with Stephen Colbert, August 27th, 2017.

***
Mattis demands a meeting the moment he gets back from Jordan.

“Actually fucking did it,” is his greeting.

I scratch the back of my head, putting my slushie down next to my computer. “Yeah. I, uh, I’ve been wanting to do that for a while. Ronald Reagan is one of the big reasons this country’s gone to Hell.”

He looks slightly awed rather than exasperated or pissed. “Do you have any idea how fucking pissed the entire Republican Party is going to be?”

“Actually, I was hoping that big LGBT People Rock, And Also Fuck Mike Pence party would wear all the hardliners out.”

“You literally pissed on the grave of the guy the Republicans have adopted as a secular saint,” my voice of reason shoots back. “And videotaped it, then sent the tape to every major news outlet! Look, most people either don’t know or don’t care just how dirty his foreign policy was or how he tried to make an ex-Nazi his press secretary or how he gutted social services while locking nonviolent offenders up for decades. They think Reagan and they think ‘the good Republican President’ since the only others anyone remembers are Bush and Nixon and people don’t like Bush anymore. This is going to have consequences.”

“I’m aware, sir.”

“Don’t fucking ‘sir’ me, ghost boy—uh, that is, Mr. President.” The Secretary of Defense runs a hand through his hair. “You’re trying to push tax reform through, how the Hell do you think this will affect that?”

“Calls attention to it?” I know it’s weak.

“Get real, kid. You pulled that bullshit because you thought it was fun.”

“Well, yeah.” I scratch the back of my toupee. “It still could help?”

“You set off a political bomb in the middle of fucking August. Of your first year as President. You’ll be lucky if you can keep your approval rating in the positive numbers.”

“Actually, the Church of Satan and a group called the Sunrise Movement, they’re these environmentalist types, they both are cheering me on…”

Mattis groans. “How the fuck…who…”

I shrug. “Turns out that Reagan’s really not popular on the left.” I turn my computer screen to face him. “Take a look at this, by the way. Uh, sir. Dedicated dossier on every bad thing Ronald Reagan ever did as President.”

Mattis freezes. “Where are you sending that?”

“Twitter. In…” I click my mouse. “However long that takes to upload.”

“Oh my God.” The greatest officer in the US military slumps into one of my guest chairs. “You’re actually fucking doing this.”
“Yes, sir.”

“You shouldn’t…you know what, never mind. I’m not covering your ass from the fallout, Donnie.”

“Wouldn’t expect you to, sir. Uh, while we’re here, we need to talk Iraq.”

Mattis gathers himself impressively. “Alright. Hit me.”

“Muqtada al-Sadr or Ali al-Sistani. Who’s the better option to pal up to?”

“al-Sadr still doesn’t like us and is more conservative, but reliably anti-Iran. al-Sistani has rank and is more likely to agree with you if you try to influence social policy, and has some kind of religious beef with the Iranian ayatollahs, but he doesn’t like to get involved in politics, we’d have to convince his surrogates and that’s less effective and more likely to fail than the man himself.”

“Fair enough.” I tap down a couple of notes into a Word document. “ANNIE!”

My admin ducks in, her hair in a mess and makeup smudged. “Yes, Mr. President?”

“Set up a meet—me and Grand Ayatollah Ali Al-Sistani. Within two months.”

“Uh, yes, Mr. President.”

“Great, thanks.” I wave my hand to dismiss her. Mattis raises an eyebrow as she ducks out; I only have eyes for my slushie.

“Alright. How’s the LGBT outreach stuff going?”

“Recruitment numbers are slightly up but my staff tells me that the increase isn’t statistically significant yet. Senior Chief Beck’s presence at your big party has caused a significant uptick in interest, though.”

“Figures. People might get turned off by the testosterone-laden image. Maybe we should change that? Nah, might harm spirit de corps.”

“I’ll look into it, Mr. President. Changing our recruitment advertising shouldn’t affect morale, though.”

“Thanks, Mattis, you’re the best. How’s Veterans’ Affairs doing?”

“Well…” The general gives me a Look. “I did tell you that a drunken monkey could do better than the last few administrations’ leadership. But Secretary Uriarte is intelligent and hard-working, as I’d expect from all of my Marines, though I don’t think we’ll see real changes until he gets the hang of the job in a month or two.”

“Fair enough.” I put down my slushie, then stand and salute. “Keep up the good work. Dismissed, General.”

Mattis stands and returns the salute. “Sir. And, Mr. President—please don’t piss on another politician’s grave.”

“I’m going to Germany again soon-ish, so I can only promise I won’t pee on any American graves for a few months. Hitler, on the other hand—pissing on Hitler’s grave will be fucking fun.”

***
“Look, the President has the right to free speech. And nonviolent political protest is protected speech…” I can hear Secretary Uriarte, who was called in based on a roll of my D&D dice, trying to handle the reporters as my minions help me get my Napoleon costume on.

“…I know that it was incredibly rude, I told him so to his face, which he apparently thought was funny. However, the President has still, somehow, committed no crimes, and therefore impeachment is clearly not warranted…yes, I told him to his fucking face, I was in the fucking Marines, you know how many people have died to protect that fat nutcase’s right to piss on Reagan’s grave? Oh my God, I called the President of the United States a fucking asshole to his face and he gave me a raise.” Uriarte sounds close to breaking.

“It’s alright, Max, I got this,” I assure the Marine grunt turned cartoonist turned Secretary of Veterans’ Affairs (and sacrificial lamb to the Altar of Press today, I’m feeling like a troll and I’ve been having a lucky streak on my dice rolls) as I stride up, taking my place at the podium from the visibly relieved Uriarte. “What’s up, folks? Speaking of crimes, a couple of the sisterfucking degenerates over at Immigration and Customs Enforcement are on the news today for trying to separate a two-year-old from her mother during some kind of “raid” that I sure as Hell did not authorize. All of the agents involved have been summarily fired on my personal command. They have also been permanently blacklisted from any Federal job higher than janitor and the Department of Justice has been ordered to find something to charge the motherfuckers with. Their daddies are chimpanzees who cornhole sheep, we don’t need the kind of scum who would tear a screaming child from her mother’s arms in our country. AMERICA, FUCK YEAH, we’re a better country than that.

“Now, all those Europoors, those snooty assholes who look down on us and think we’re just a bunch of uneducated bigoted hicks, they got some major-ass skeletons in their closets when it comes to immigration. Not just motherfuckers like Viktor Orban, who’s a human-shaped bag of diarrhea, or Geert Wilders, who is like a balloon made of shit in that he’s full of hot air and is made out of pure crap, or that racist garbage fire Nigel Farage, with whom I wipe my ass, or those PEGIDA motherfuckers, those fucking racist Nazi-lovers, PEGIDA are filth, and the English Defense League are worse, they hate America, they hate our country, they hate freedom, they hate immigrants for no fucking reason. Whole fucking political parties are complicit in this—and it’s a cultural thing, too. The Europoors want immigrants to ‘assimilate’ by becoming just like them, and they don’t hire immigrants or give them the chance to work for good homes so they end up stuck in shitty slums, then the Europoors claim that this means the immigrants inherently suck, because the Europoors are still hung up on bullshit fucking ethnonationalism.

“We can be better than that. Our fucking Statue of Liberty, the greatest and the best statue in the world, so amazing, so beautiful, she says, ‘Bring me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free’. We’re better than those snooty European fucks, acting all superior when they treat immigrants even worse than we do. We will spread FREEDOM and LIBERTY to the world by bringing people from everywhere and teaching them the American way. The American way is friendship. It is liberty. It is tolerance. And it is taking two motherfucking machine guns and blowing the Hell away any motherfucker who dares to fuck with our friends—I fucking love Wolfenstein, killing Nazis is patriotism.

“So that’s why, in the interests of making America stronger and better, and to show those Europoors how it’s done, and to invite more people to be American and to make America stronger and better with more workers and more jobs and more industry, I will be moving ICE to the purview of the Department of Defense and ordering a full investigation and audit of the agency’s record and finances—give it like a 90% chance I end up just abolishing the whole thing and firing all the thugs
who work for it, I think that America should have more immigrants because immigrants are good for Syndicalism. I will be enforcing stricter hiring standards for the Border Patrol and increasing hiring quotas, and setting up dedicated branches of the FBI to investigate and periodically check up on the Border Patrol and ICE.

“What’s more, our border fence is shit. It doesn’t stop the gangs, it doesn’t stop the drugs from coming in, and it cuts across the land of good, hard-working Americans and wrecks their livelihoods. So I’m tearing that shit down and offering the Mexicans all the help they want from our amazing intelligence services and military to kill or capture every fucking cartel boss until the gangs are defeated. Also, to the great and strong Mexican people, you ever think about trying Syndicalism? It’s the best kind of socialism, lots of freedom, workplace democracy, and I like it and I’m going to help you crush the cartels. ‘MURICA!”

I belch. “So yeah. That’s my fantastic plan to save America and make Europe look stupid. I love my country! Also, that Cliven Bundy guy can fuck right off, he hates America, he hates this country and he can go fuck himself, the little racist shithead, that stupid ugly old goat’s sh(itwit son tried to take over a public national park, fuck him, that brat’s going to GITMO if I can help it, real Americans respect the land and they respect Uncle Sam’s land rights! All glory to America, the best and most amazing country there’s ever been! And all hail Satan!”

I scratch my ass. “Any questions?”

Lacey Dawes, Fox News White House correspondent, is the only one who doesn’t raise her hand, because she’s too busy laughing so hard she starts to cry.

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August 30th.

“…and while Congress is usually as proactive as an arthritic mummy, I think it’s great that they’ve finally gotten off their asses, for once, to pass this amazing law,” I say at the end of a ten-minute rant about how much I hate pedophiles and the poorly-worded state marriage laws that until now let adults marry underage kids. “Sure, it’s not the tax bill I’ve been pushing for, but this is a huge and great and wonderful, so beautiful and so rich, such a great thing for America, just like me, I’m the best thing ever to happen to America.” I whip out a cheap ballpoint I had Vinnie buy at CVS; my image is Man of the People, so I use cheap pens when signing my laws, even if it is a bit dubious in terms of tradition.

“THERE!” I shout as I whip off the signature. “The Restore America Now Protect Our Kids Fuck The Pedos America Is The Best Act is now law with my signature on it! Age of consent and minimum age of marriage is 18 in this amazing and wonderful country, no exceptions! Man, I love separation of church and state. Vinnie! Get in here, and you, Sanders!” My bodyguard and Bernie Sanders awkwardly shuffle into position behind me, and we all smile for the cameras.

When they’re done, I give a double thumbs-up. “AMERICA! Fuck yeah!” I lurch to my feet. “No time to waste! Vinnie! Call Krugman, we’re gonna get a photo op with those new 20s! And all hail Sauron, Lord of the Rings, Lord of the World!”

***

Treasury Secretary Paul Krugman grins nervously as he holds up the first sheet of Harriet Tubman $20 bills. His wife—huh, she’s the Wells on the Krugman-Wells intro economics textbook I used when I was studying for the Aps—stands on the other side of him from me. Completely understandable, given me.
“Absolutely beautiful,” I spew. “Gorgeous bills, gorgeous woman, saved lots of people and rescued people from slavery, a really great person to have on the 20, much better than that racist ethnic-cleansing scumbag Jackson.” The cameras flash.

“I wish that you wouldn’t make me question my sanity so much, Mr. President,” Krugman tells me through his teeth. “But I will give you this, your economics are at least passable, and it is good to have Tubman on the twenty.”

I slap him on the back so hard he stumbles. “MY MAN! Yo, press dweebs, get some more fucking photos! Let’s sing a song!”

“Uh, Mr. President…”

“Come on, Paul, it fits the moment! VINNIE! We’re good to go!”

Vinnie waves the Marine Corps band in, and Krugman and Wells are stunned into silence long enough for the song to start.

“Come on, guys, sing along,” I encourage the economists, then begin myself.

_Old John Brown’s body lies moldering in the grave,_

_While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save;_

_But tho he lost his life while struggling for the slave,_

_His soul is marching on._

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!_  

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!_

_John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave,_

_And Kansas knows his valor when he fought her rights to save;_

_Now, tho the grass grows green above his grave,_

_His soul is marching on._

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!_  

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!_

_He captured Harper’s Ferry, with his nineteen men so few,_

_And frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled thru and thru;_

_They hung him for a traitor, they themselves the traitor crew,_

_But his soul is marching on._

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!_  

_Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!
John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be,
And soon throughout the Sunny South the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!
The conflict that he heralded he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with its flag red, white and blue.
And heaven shall ring with anthems o’er the deed they mean to do,
For his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!
Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,
The death blow of oppression in a better time and way,
For the dawn of old John Brown has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!
And when we take ol’ Richmond, we’ll catch the traitor crew,
For John Brown’s body we’ll string ‘em up good an’ true,
We’ll break every chain of bondage and make our Union forever free,
And we’ll hang Jeff Davis from a sour apple tree!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our Union’s marching on!

“Beautiful, just beautiful,” I say as I clap appreciatively. Nobody seems to have noticed the verse I added on the end yet. “Speaking of hanging Jeff Davis, the Trump foundation’s going to be running a children’s Civil War reenactment where the children will get to judge and hang Jefferson Davis and that egregious shithead Nathan Bedford Forrest, I think it’ll be really nice, great for the kids, and I’m paying for the Harriet Tubman exhibit that’s going to be touring the US in celebration of this great American hero going on the 20—and before I touch on that, today I’m also pleased to announce that I’m putting John Brown on the 50, Grant’s going on the back and his portrait’s being changed to one
of him in his military uniform, Grant was a great general but a shit President, poor bastard was betrayed by every backstabbing snake in the snakepit that is Washington.

“Anyway, yeah, I’m paying for a touring exhibit about Harriet Tubman, a real American hero whose courage, determination, intelligence, and fortitude set a fantastic model for the youth of modern America. It’s going to be a fantastic exhibit, so beautiful, just fantastic, and while I’m at it, David Duke’s going to be arrested for giving aid to a proscribed terrorist group, namely the KKK, in…” I check my watch. “Three minutes ago. Enjoy Gitmo, Dave.” I neglect to mention that the FBI has Stormfront, r/TheDonald, 4chan, 8chan, and a bunch of Manosphere blogs monitored and wired like a prison designed for a shapeshifting blob by the most paranoid germaphobic security consultant ever, and my guys are compiling a shit list of epic scope to help me round up and destroy all those fucking alt-Reich filth. “As I was saying, this exhibit’s going to be about Harriet Tubman’s life from birth to death with real historical artifacts and an audiotor, narrated by your choice of Michael B. Jordan, Lupita Nyong’o, or yours truly—don’t pick the version with me, I did that one just for kicks, it’s like 99% cursing and me expressing my opinions about how we should’ve treated the fucking rebel slaver scum after the War of Treasonous Southern Butthurt. The other versions are a lot better. I’m paying for it personally so the entrance fee should be pretty low.”

I scratch my ass. “So, anyone like these new bills?”

Lacey Dawes is the only one not gaping, and gives me a thumbs-up. “Lacey!” I call. “My favorite correspondent! So, what do you think?”

“They look great, Mr. President. Who did the artwork?”

“The same guy who did Clinton and Ruth Bader Ginsburg. Simmie Knox, nice guy, I paid him to do mine, too. It should be done soon, I made him promise to put lots of red flags in it. He’s a chill dude. Anyway, glad you like it, Lacey, hope you’re getting paid properly now.”

Lacey blushes. “Mr. President, you didn’t have to call Rupert Murdoch and call him a ‘pasty-faced old shithat whose face looks like it caught on fire and someone tried to put it out with a fork’. And the threat of a lawsuit was way too far.”

I shrug. “What can I say? I hate the gender pay gap, I think you’re funny and you had the ovaries to call me out when I called you a bimbette, when I heard you weren’t getting paid the same as the overpriced fuckwits who get their own talk shows I had to take action.”

“Mr. President, I was called in to a meeting with my boss and Mr. Murdoch and his sons and had to listen to a recording of the insults you used. It was mortifying.”

“Really? Shit, I’d say I was sorry but the thought of them still having to promote you after hearing all the shit I said is too funny. Hey, was my suicide joke too far?”

“Which one was that?”

“I said that if I wanted to kill myself again, I’d climb on a mountain as high as his chromosome count and then jump on his IQ.”

Krugman, who’s been in a state of stunned incomprehension for several minutes, chokes on a snort of laughter at that.

“Actually, Mr. President, that one nearly gave Mr. Murdoch a heart attack. I have never seen any human being so purple; he looked like a prune.”

I let out a full-throated laugh. “HA! Fuck you, Rupert Murdoch! Thanks, Lacey, I hope you’re
doing OK outside of a little embarrassment.”

“Mr. President, as horrible as that meeting was, the raise and job security are probably worth it.”

“Fair enough. So, anyone else have a question, or want a close look at the new Harriet Tubman $20s?”

By the time I’m done answering questions, I’ve somehow managed to miss my scheduled Putin tweet, but I give Vinnie a pout until her acquiesces and lets me write a late one accusing Putin of molesting goats. It’s good to be the king.

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September 1st, 2017.

“Welcome back to DonnyTube,” I bray. “Hello to my wonderful audience, glory to America, freedom and LIBERTY forever!”

“Hello!” Tiffany and Annie say, waving for the camera. Obama offers a raised hand and a smile. Barron’s engrossed in one of my D&D books. Melania checks her nails.

“So we’re doing D&D again today, following the Comrade Donnie Comrades as they pursue the mystery of the Lost Island of the Serpent-Men! For those of you who need a reminder, we’ve got Cypher the changeling rogue…”

“Hi!” says Annie, waving again.

“…who last session retired to bed with a pair of buxom barmaids after three straight natural 20s, Lady Jenna the warrior…”

“That’s me!” Tiffany pipes up.

“…who mightily slew an evil serpent cultist for the honor of the Democratic Socialist Workers’ Republic of Donnieland and saved a lovely princess from a horrible fate, Sir Barry the Paladin…”

“Atroon,” Obama chimes in.

“…who’s in this to fight for truth and justice, and to pay for his daughters’ magic college fund, Jeff the cleric…”

Barron doesn’t respond. I clear my throat.

“I said, Jeff the cleric…”

Barron still doesn’t look up. I sigh, clear my throat again, and then shout. “BARRON!”

He looks up with a start. “Yeah, Dad?”

“I said Jeff the cleric…”

“Oh, yeah! I got a bunch of XP and loot last time, ‘cause we beat the kobolds and the yuan-ti shaman—Dad, can you maybe throw in the Cup and Talisman of Al-Akbar sometime in the adventure, they’d be great for boosting Jeff’s healing potential, and I’d be able to free up some spell slots for buffs.”

“…kid, those are epic level items.”
“I know, but I think we can raid for them, right? And if I have them I could totally buff Sir Barry enough to take down a Beholder, if Mom takes Bull’s Strength and Protection from Evil next level.”

I wipe a tear from my eye. “Good kid, thinking ahead for how to powergame. You make me proud, boy. But sorry, as Dungeon Master I’m going to have to decline. Anyway. So yeah, that was everybody, except of course for Melania the sorcerer…”

Melania doesn’t even look up from her smartphone. “Hello, Donald.”

“…who blew up some Kobolds and then went to have her nails done. Alright, who’s ready to follow the serpent-men’s trail?”

All hands but Melania’s go up. “Ok, then. Tiffany, you look thoughtful.”

“Uh, yeah—Dad, do you mind if I flirt with the princess, just for kicks?”

“Do what you like, kid, it’s all in good fun.”

“Do you mind if I flirt with the princess?” Obama asks.

“You mean if we roleplay flirting with each other, Obama?”

“Well, yeah.” He grins. “I want to give McConnel a heart attack.”

I sigh. “You need to get into the spirit of this more, man! Inhabit that character! But I’m sorry, you’re not corrupt or authoritarian enough to turn me on, I only get hard for my boyfriend, Vlad. And some other corrupt scum like Silvio Berlusconi and Viktor Orban, who’s also a lying Nazi-loving tyrant and a thief, and that racist garbage fire Geert Wilder, who only technically qualifies as human because he’s usually bipedal. And Big Benny Netanyahu, he offered to fuck me if I dropped the sanctions, but his cock wasn’t big enough to please me.”

Obama does a double-take. “Seriously?”

I chuckle nastily. “Oh, yeah. It was hilarious. Fuck Big Benny, by the way.” I’m bending the truth by a lot but fuck it, it’s funny. And also I want to piss off Netanyahu so he sits in his office fuming in impotent rage.

“You…you offered to…” Obama looks like he’s trying not to laugh.

“Barry, if I wasn’t self-conscious about my micropenis I’d have made that corrupt racist asshole suck my dick. Netanyahu is a bastard and he deserves nothing but humiliation. Hail Satan.”

I clear my throat. “So! Are you lot ready to continue? We need to get this game going.”

Everybody except Melania nods.

“Dad,” Barron says, “can you houserule in this prestige class I found in a Forgotten Realms book?”

“Is it Incantatrix?” I grill him. “Because I blanket-banned that class from my powergamers for being overpowered.”

“No, Dad, it’s not…” He hands me the book, and I see the class.

Dweomerkeeper.

“Blanket fucking ban on Dweomerkeeper! Nice try, kid, I’m proud of you but I need to keep this
game on some semblance of balance."

“But Da-ad! It’d totally let me try this buff suite build I’ve been working on…”

“No. You need to learn how to optimize builds with classes that don’t break the game, kid. I know I
started you with the training wheels, but a man’s got to learn how to stand on his own two feet.

“Women, too,” I add with a nod to Tiffany. “But melee is suboptimal in 3.5 anyway so I had to give
you bigger training wheels to keep you at parity.”

Barron tries again. “OK, Dad, then I have another idea for my next character—all I need is

“…what.”

“Well, and a couple of other supplements.” The kid grins at me. “I figured out a build that can train
an army of CR 16 battletitans at level 4. If I can get them with the warbeast template, I think I can
solo an army without taking any damage.” After a moment, he adds, “I call him Star-Lord the
Zookeeper, like that guy from the new Jurassic Park movie.”

I set down my pen. “Son,” I choke past the sudden obstruction in my throat. “I’m fucking proud of
you. That is rule abuse that I can get behind, my man.”

Barron tears up a bit. “Thanks, Dad. Can I have my Xbox back?”

“Not until you finish your homework tonight.”

Obama and Annie look at each other, then at Tiffany, who shrugs. Melania’s still on her phone,
probably IMing her squeeze. Obama clears his throat.

“Uh. Ok. So, um, what exactly should we do next?”

I shake my head to clear it, then pick up my DM notes. “Right! Um, Barron, we’re going to talk
later. I’m proud of you, boy. Now, Obama—I think that last we checked Sir Barry was using
Sending to remind his daughter to work on her application essay?”

“I think so, yes…um, alright. Should we start with me?”

“Works for me, Mr. Former President. Let’s get this show on the road.”

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“The key,” I inform the TV crews following me, “is to get a good firm grip on the tree and on your
saw. Euonymus wood’s really fibrous and wet, the sapwood splinters really easily and fouls up the
blade, then the heart is hard as fucking rock, I hate that shit.”

I step over a long-fallen oak and grab a big euonymus about 15 feet high. “I’m gonna try to cut this
guy down to about a foot and then we’re going to spray it.” Behind the camera crews, Annie’s
minions maneuver wheelbarrows full of saws and herbicide backpack sprayers up to the edge of the
trail. To my right, Vinnie stands in the cargo pants, hiking boots, light polo shirt, and broad-brimmed
hat that I ordered him to wear, an impassively blank expression on his face.

“Now watch, then I want you goddamn morons to get to work on it, too. Good, hard, honest work
is as American as it gets.”

I go at the euonymus with my folding saw, puffing and panting like a bellows after a few moments, but my saw bites deep, backed up by my four extra inches and 50 pounds of whale-like blubber. God damn, whatever ASB put me in this shitty body has really gotten me into shape. “See how the sapwood’s splintering? Really wet and fibrous! You want to watch that!” My saw bites into the heart of the branch. “You want to go at it about a third of the way through, then again from an angle, then rotate 90 degrees down and do it again, then start pulling the branch down! That goes a bit easier, and this is already hard enough! Works best if you can get a bit of weight behind it like I can here!” A half-minute of puffing, and the branch splits under my saw. “There we go! Now we just push it down and slice up the last bit!” That goes easier, and I step back. “You see?”

The reporters all offer some kind of confirmation.

“Great. Now get a fucking saw and get to work! All of you!”

It’s good, hard, honest work, no fucking emails or President bullshit or racist idiots to annoy me. Just the hot sun, a bit of a breeze, the good clean outdoors air, and the trees.

Most of the reporters start to flake out half an hour in, pleading exhaustion, sweaty and plant-damaged clothes, and superficial injuries. An hour in, Vinnie brings me some water. After an hour and a half, I step back, taking a breather, and fold up my saw. Vinnie hands me a sandwich as I look around. The reporters are all out on the grass looking miserable. I roll my eyes.

“Come on, guys, it’s just a little good clean work! Nothing like it to make you feel like a Real American Man.”

I get mutinous glares from some of the braver ones, and sigh with a roll of my eyes.

“Fine, be that way. Vinnie! Backpack sprayer, I think I can solo this in half an hour.”

The next day, I’m informed that I got a ten-point polling bump with rural demographics from that, but I tell Annie to skip it ‘cause the real fun was getting out of the goddamn White House for a few hours and getting some good honest labor done.

It was all over too damn quick. Oh, well, at least I have my hobby to do…

***


“We have got to stop meeting this way, Supergirl,” McGrath groans, her cleavage threatening to escape her costume. I write a quick note to Costuming to tell them to give her next dress a bit of a higher cut; the fans would love it, probably, but we need to keep our PG rating. “What was it this time? Another gunman?”

“You were poisoned, Lena,” Benoist replies, forehead crinkling with worry. “If I…uh, if Kara Danvers hadn’t called me, you could be…”

“Oh, you can stop, I know who you are, Ms. Flew-here-on-a-bus,” McGrath murmurs, reaching one arm up to loop behind Benoist’s head. “But shouldn’t the hero of the hour get a kiss from her fair maiden?”

“Um…” Benoist manages, and then McGrath pulls her down and plants one on her, on camera. I count the seconds, and then McGrath drops her arm right on cue and Benoist pulls back with
professional slow speed and professional precise timing.

“Um. Oh. Oh wow. Um. Lena, I…uh. Oh Rao. Um….can you do that again?”

McGrath chuckles with imitation exhaustion. “Of course, but I’m going to have to ask you on a date first.”

“Um, yeah, whenever you want…oh Rao, I think I might be gay…but I also like boys…oh Rao. I have to go, I have to ask Alex…oh Rao Alex is going to kill me, you know my secret identity…” Benoist gets up as Supergirl starts to panic. McGrath props herself up on her elbows.

“Kara. Relax. My lips are sealed.” Benoist stops and looks down. “Can you help me to bed? I think I’ll be alright with some water, I just have to sleep it off…”

“I’ll stay here until Jess gets here,” Benoist replies, naming the bit character who’s Lena’s secretary. “Then, um, I have to talk to Alex…I have, um, questions…”

McGrath chuckles as Benoist helps her up. “I remember that stage. High school—this was when I was 13—was interesting. Then in College I found the GSA.” She giggles, Benoist helping her over to the bedroom. “Fifteen and just starting to figure out who I was—well, am. Good thing I like pink, blue, and purple. Bi pride, you know?”

“Yes. Um, absolutely. Just…stay safe once I leave to report to my boss, OK? Um, I’m going to hold you to that date and the kiss.”

“I hope you do, Kara. And when Jess gets here…I wouldn’t mind a preview kiss before you go save the day, Supergirl.”

“And CUT!” I yell, hopping down from my DIRECTOR seat, my Leonid Brezhnev costume’s medals clanking. “Absolutely beautiful work, beautiful, gorgeous, so very rich and beautiful, great job everybody! Take five—Ms. Leigh, what do you think?”

“Um, still questioning why I have my own chair next to yours?” the actress replies from her seat, which is labelled “DIRECTOR’S FAVORITE CAST MEMBER”.

“Cause I like you, and I’m fucking rich and I bribed my way onto this gig. Alright, food, water, get some now!” I snag a tofu dog and start cramming it down my throat. “An’ someone call Jeff Finlandi, he and I gotta finalize the scripts for the end of the season. Hail Satan, everybody!”

A flunky falls in behind me as I stride up to the stage, shaking McGrath’s hand. “Gorgeous work there, you and Forehead both.” Benoist and I are currently arguing, this time over her character’s scripted wedding, and she grinds her teeth as I call her Forehead. “Should get the gays, I mean, the LGBT people, sorry, still in bullshit speech mode, should get all those great folks fired up. One month, folks, until we premiere!” In between the planned winter break and the blitzkrieg of press our half-finished shoot is getting, we’ve got more than enough time. Even if the goddamn Sanvers shippers flew a fucking plane over our outdoor shoot because of the breakup.

(The ensuing Twitter flamewar got my phone taken away by Vinnie and Mattis for a whole day, after which I apologized for my language (via Twitter) and reiterated that I’m in a bind on that matter. Hell, I don’t even have Lima anymore, the actress fucking off to the Netflix Punisher shoot—not that I blame her, being “the love interest” is tough even if it’s a lesbian role in primetime and therefore much better for the ol’ career than a regular love interest role.)

My phone chimes. “Hang on, tweeting Putin.”
McGrath leans over my shoulder and sees the Tweet. “What the…”

I hit Send really fast and whirl. “Jesus! Don’t come up behind a man while he’s Tweeting! Wait until it hits the Net like a normal person!”

“Do you really think that’s a good idea, Comrade Donnie?”

“Eh, it’ll piss Vlad off, good enough for me. OK! Somebody get me Greg, we need to finalize the fight order for the finale, this bullshit he’s trying to feed me about Pestilence being taken down last just doesn’t fucking work, experimenting with story structure in an episode like this isn’t what we need to do, goddamn it! And then set up for the bisexuality discourse scene—Ms. Leigh, Mrs. Leigh, whatever the fuck you prefer, take all the time you need to get in the zone. Forehead, you’re playing this worried—Kara doesn’t want to usurp Alex’s “thing” but Alex doesn’t care, so you start nervous and stammering, then transition to relief, then some crying and hugs.” I scratch my ass. “And Vinnie! Get me the latest reports on Rojava, I want to know how the elections are going! SYNDICALISM, fuck yeah!”

Vinnie puts a hand on my shoulder. “Mr. President. Breathe.”

I pause, suck in a breath, and hold it for three seconds before exhaling. “Right. Sorry, man. I’m just having a blast.”

“Not a problem, sir.”

I lower my voice. “Also, any luck on the paleo thing?”

“Logistics is going to be a nightmare, and you are, quite frankly, in horrible physical condition still, Mr. President. Also—you already have a full-time job. And your directing job that you bribed your way into.”

I sigh. “Yeah. Probably gonna have to wait until I’m out of office. I gotta decide whether to run again, too.” I shake my head. “Fuck it. Let’s just shoot this next scene then I gotta talk with the effects people about the crossover.”

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“I gotta say, I don’t like the décor,” Heatwave grumbles. “I mean, swastika flags on the White House? Clashes with the fong-shooey.”

“Feng Shui,” Professor Stein corrects the pyromaniac as a flood of Nazi stormtroopers emerges from the White House. “It is a Chinese art, Mr. Rory…”

“Can we focus on the Nazis, and the fact that our timeship is currently embedded in the lawn?” Alex Danvers asks. “I mean, I don’t want to ruin the mood, but…”

“Gorgeous has a point,” Sara Lance says. “Kill Nazis now, question Mick’s apparent interest in interior decorating later.”

“Surround them!” a loud voice calls from the doors of the White House. “Don’t let the rebel filth escape, Führer Heydrich’ll pay me lots of money for them!”

“No way,” the Flash says at the same time, speaking for all of the heroes.

“Who the Hell are these idiots?” I sneer. “OK, take them alive, be sure to separate out the Jews and Slavs so that the Führer can execute them in primetime. Do it right this time, guys, because I’m so beautiful, so rich, I have so much money and I’ll have you all impaled if you fuck it up. Hail Hitler, by the way.”

Sara turns to Alex. “Gotta say, I’m really wishing your ex had had the ovaries to stay with you instead of becoming a Green Lantern in the future right about now.” Then all Hell breaks loose on the screen.

In the real world, Vinnie and I watch the fight scene, occasionally pointing things out and grunting or nodding at each other. It looks pretty decent, for an outline; lots of dead Nazi mooks, me in a Nazi outfit getting Donald Trump’s ass kicked, and then Overman shows up as Supergirl’s about to turn Nazi Me into a smear of blood and grease.

“Here we go,” I tell Vinnie, half-turning my head to him while keeping my eyes on the screen. He grunts and nods in acknowledgement.

Supergirl’s fist pulls back, the Kryptonian rearing over the Nazi Trump’s whimpering form with a snarky put-down on her lips and earth-shattering force ready behind her indestructible ist…and twin laser blasts slam into her chest, throwing her backwards. The last bits of combat stop, the heroes turning from the dead and unconscious bodies of hundreds of Nazis to look…

“Kara Zor-El,” Reinhard Heydrich says, voice coldly calm. “I see that you arrived on Earth in another universe as well as this one.”

Supergirl picks herself up, groaning. “Who in Rao’s name are you?”

“Oh course, how impolite of me to fail to introduce myself. My name is Reinhard Tristan Eugen Heydrich. The Overman. Führer of the Thousand-Year Reich, ruler of the world.” Behind him, more Nazis arrive; Laurel Lance, wearing an SS-Obersturmbannführer outfit, a sneering parody of...
Sara Lance in a SS-Oberführer costume with a Totenkopfverbande insignia, a scarred Ray Palmer wearing a version of the Atom suit bearing a prominent swastika, a masked Kryptonian with SS runes in place of the S shield, a yellow-suited speedster with glowing red eyes...

“My New Reichsmen,” Heydrich introduces them, conversational tone still as cold and empty as his glittering eyes. “The immortal champions of the Master Race. Sieglinde, and her sister Sara Lance—reliable servants and peerless killers. Siegfried, a mechanical genius and loyal follower of his Führer. Brunhilde, my personal killing machine. And Blitzen, the fastest man alive.

“You will surrender to me this instant, or I and my New Reichsmen will torture every one of you to death in front of your families.” He delivers it casually, with a sort of icy, careless matter-of-factness about the whole thing that should chill the viewer to the bone.

“What the Hell is wrong with this guy?” Heatwave mutters, looking queasy. “I mean, in front of our families? What kind of sicko does that?” Firestorm’s two halves reach for each other.

“Go to Hell,” Supergirl spits, and launches herself off the ground to cannon into Overman like a thunderbolt.

“See, that’s good. I like that,” I tell Chyler Leigh, who Vinnie and I roped into this bullshit. “Supergirl wouldn’t even consider surrendering to a Nazi.”

“Why am I here, Mr. President?” the actress asks me.

“Because I like you. Oh, shit, Vinnie, random neuron fire, remind me to get an appointment with a neurologist—I noticed my fingers ticcing yesterday, I think that I was wrong when I figured I didn’t have the issues in this body.”

“Sir.”

“Is this some attempt at seduction? Because I have a husband,” Leigh tells me.

“What? No! I don’t want to fuck you, it’s your millions of female fans who would give their right arms for a night with you. I’m really not comfortable with that whole thing, I mean, I’m making up all this nonsense about an affair with Putin to piss him off, and I’ve literally never had sex.”

She does a double-take. “Wait, what?”

“Me, Comrade Donnie the college student trapped in Trump’s body. The most I’ve had is a crush on a genderless friend—they’re wonderful, linguistics genius, I worry though because they work too hard but my friends and I, from my old life, we love them, and we try to check up, you know? Biggest regret I have about killing myself—I mean, not just because now I’m stuck in Donald Trump, but I feel really fucking guilty for abandoning my friends. Doing whatever pops into my head only distracts me for a little while, too. Anyway, yeah. A crush and two lunch dates I didn’t realize were dates. The whole thing just..I don’t know, it just doesn’t feel right.” I shrug. “But I’m, like, eighty percent sure I’m a straight cis guy? Eighty-two? I dunno, it’s weird. Probably because I’ve spent years trying to get into the head of an OC I was writing for a Star Trek fanfic who was a bisexual woman. I should get back to her, I have some good ideas. Anyway, yeah, no, I’m not trying to seduce you, I just think you’re really cool and want to give you more gay shit to act out.

“Also I’m going to make a shitload of money when your lesbian fans give this show insanely high ratings this year, and I’m going to use that money to donate a shitload to Doctors Without Borders and pay for Laura Benanti’s daughter’s college fund, and hopefully have enough left over from the
cash I just made betting on Wonder Woman’s great box-office drop-offs to pay for Greg Berlanti’s wedding and catering.”

I shrug. “It’s complicated. I’m an immature 21-year-old, nearly 22 I think if we go by old dates, and I have obsessive-compulsive disorder and ADHD and most of my friends from my old life are LGBT so I’m addicted to Supergirl and I want to throw some representation out there for my buddies. Also I’m going to spread Syndicalism.”

She absorbs that info as Vinnie pauses the video. “…Are you sure you’re healthy, um, Comrade Donnie?”

“I’m going insane,” I admit. “The only way I can cope with the stress and the existential body horror that is being in the body of a misogynistic asshole who was apparently allergic to exercise is by doing cathartic shit and pissing off Mitch McConnel and Vladimir Putin.” I turn to Vinnie. “Which reminds me—I want to shit on an effigy of Geert Wilders. Mark it down.”

“Sir.”

“So yeah. That’s my life. You want to read some of my preliminary drafts for next season?”

Leigh takes a whole three seconds to muster up the will to reply. “…alright?”

I pull a printout marked with a bunch of “Classified” labels from my suitcase. “Take a look. You get a romance arc, you get to help a trans boy who’s just coming out, and you get to save Supergirl. It’s complicated.”

“…you have Alex with Astra?” She sounds hesitant, but thoughtful. “I’m…I’m interested. Laura’s a great actress, and fun to work with.”

“Yeah, that’s why I’m paying her the big bucks. Don’t tell anyone about this, obviously. Hey, um, are you down with another action figure?”

“…what for?”

“Alex in that power-armor suit she had in season 1 and used in season 2, with the Kryptonite sword. Because of how you kill Pestilence and her psycho host personality in the finale, and then we have that scene…”

“With me and Laura almost kissing?”

“The Big Tease,” Vinnie speaks up. “The President says it’s guaranteed to make the fans want to kill him.”

“I don’t know, this season has so much LGBT representation that they might just forgive you.”

“I have them get interrupted by Manhell,” I note. “Well, by Kara being about to throw that jackass into space, but still.”

“I think it’ll be fine.” Leigh turns the page. “You need my approval for my likeness again?”

“Yeah, and you get 1% off the top—I get 5% but that’s only because I’m using most of it to fund charities that I like. I think I can fund NARAL Pro-Choice America for a month entirely off of the yearly profits from my ‘deluxe collector’s edition’ nonsense. Fingers crossed. I’m also building a video-game company, we’re going to release a beauty of a game called SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!, that should net me enough to fund a sequel and maybe a movie.” I grin like a motherfucker, then my
eyes widen. “Oh, shit! Vinnie, random neuron fire, do we still have Jamie Clayton’s number?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Have someone call her and schedule a meet with me and Berlanti. Tell Greg we are a go for Operation Maximum Fucking Diversity And Fuck The Alt-Right.”

“We need a better name for that plan, Mr. President.”

“I’m well aware of that, Vinnie.” I turn back to Leigh. “So, how are you with a slow-burn romance arc with Laura Benanti next season?”

“You know what, as long as I get to be the supportive big sister to Kara and this ‘Currently Unnamed’…you seriously haven’t thought up a name yet for your Big Barrier-Breaking Transgender Character?”

“Well, I mean, I’ve been busy trying to force through a tax bill and convince my flunky Schumer to stop trying to manipulate me and just pass a bill mandating that trans people use the bathroom of their gender rather than their assigned-at-birth gender and on top of that I’ve been having therapy for my declining mental health, but Greg said he had some ideas last time we talked—that was when I threatened to chat up that nice guy he’s engaged to and Greg threatened to cut out my kidneys and feed them to me, remember, Vinnie?”

“Yes, Mr. President. And on that note, email from Berlanti—he says that he wants to meet ASAP because the Suits just gave him permission to include a female trans character as a minor superhero and he’s got a short list for characters to adapt and actresses.”

I’m up and out of my seat in an instant. “Right, we’ll finish this later. Vinnie, tell him to meet me here immediately if he’s in Vancouver.”

“He is, sir, he’s on his way to the studio now.”

“Good. Vinnie, with me. Mrs. Leigh, you coming?”

The actress gives me a blank stare. “Why are you inviting me to a casting meeting?”


Leigh gapes, then pinches her nose. “Oh my God. I need a fucking drink.”

“Better not,” Vinnie advises her. “If you start drinking now he’ll have your liver destroyed within a week, and even when he pays for your medical bills you’ll still regret it. Just ask Sean Spicer—if the CIA can find him, that is.”

“Wait, what?” I frown as I open the door, Vinnie and the actress following behind me. “I thought he was in a mental ward in Tashkent.”

“He escaped, Mr. President. We’ve got Homeland Security on high alert but no sign of him yet.”

“Fuck! Ah, well, at least when he gets back I can torture him more. Hey, you want to hear an ‘alternative fact’ I just came up with? In my alternative world where I choose the facts, my approval rating is 87%.”
“What?” Leigh frowns, thoroughly confused as she trails Vinnie and me to my office here.

“It’s actually about 40% and slowly climbing,” Vinnie confides to her. “When he says ‘alternative fact’ he means ‘obvious lie’. It takes a little getting used to.”

***

September 9th.

“I turn 22 in a week,” I mention to Vinnie as I wrap up my first draft of the *Trans People Rock So We Must Defend Our America By Protecting Our Great And Awesome Trans Citizens Also Mike Pence Is A Moron Act.*

“Decided how to count the time?”

“Yeah, I figure I’ve aged a bit from the stress.” I type up the last few clauses, including the clause that bans health insurance companies from considering trans status a pre-existing condition and the clause that mandates that said companies pay for trans people’s hormone therapy. I love being the President. “Hey, what should I tackle next, abortion? Maybe nuke some uninhabited island just to prove I have a tiny penis in this body? Or how about I change the IRS policy on churches to make them no longer tax-exempt? Can I do that without Congress?”

“I don’t think so, Mr. President. How about we start with what you’ve got here?”

“Yeah, fair enough. Hey, you and Mrs. Vinnie want to eat some cake with me? Tiffany’s going to be there, and Barron, and I invited Obama.”

“Sure, why not? Just, Natalie isn’t on solids yet, and Liz will skin me alive if you try to feed her cake, so don’t even try.”

“…she’ll skin you alive?”

“You don’t want to know what she promised to do to you if you feed our kid cake. She’s really, really protective of Natalie.”

“Well, good healthy instincts I guess. Hey, you want to help me design my heel wrestling manager persona?”

“…sure?”

“Alright. So here’s my initial concept—I’m managing a really big woman who used to be a bodybuilder, we’ll have to find someone who can act and is up for stagefighting—I mean, wrestling—and wearing a goofy outfit, and her character’s name is Mother Russia, and I enter in front of her on a model T-90 tank, two rows of people in Red Army uniforms standing on either side and saluting as the Soviet anthem plays, and we have red flags and shit waving, and my character’s name is Comrade Commie. What do you think?”

Vinnie chuckles. “It sounds absurd, but I kind of like it.”

“Alright, you think I should start development?”

“Yeah, in what spare time you have.”

“Well, once we wrap the shoot I should have some spare time. How about a big promotion, we see if the Rock’s up for it, and we have him beat me up on pay-per-view?”
“Worth a shot, I guess. I’d go indie to start, though.”

“Fair point.” I grab a water bottle and take a swig. “Well, I got the law done, have that sent to Schumer, then you want to watch the Earth-X finale? Post said they got the effects done early.” Benefits of me basically bribing my way into complete control and paying for most of this out of pocket, it’s done nearly a month ahead of time. You get what you pay for; I had to bet Trump Tower on the semi-legal pool that was severely underselling Wonder Woman’s performance to get the winnings to pay for this, and Benanti’s move—and I don’t even want to know how I’m going to covertly divert enough to pay for the actress’s kid’s education. Worth it, though.

“Sounds good to me.”

The episode came out alright. Our Heydrich does a pretty good job at soulless sociopathy, and the heroes are all having a blast in between punching my villainous alter ego out and fighting other Nazis. The plot of part 4 is pretty simple; the characters have already figured out what’s going on, rescued Alex, Sara, Green Arrow, and Kid Flash, fought Heydrich a couple of times, destroyed a concentration camp because it happened to be in the area and that kind of thing pisses off superheroes on general principle, and tried and failed to stop the launch of the oversized, over-weaponed Nazi spacetime warship Adolf Hitler, which is now en route to Earth-1 with a hold full of Nazi goons and two Kryptonian-powered supervillains aboard.

The plan is pretty simple: The Legends are going to use bombs to blow the Hitler apart, killing lots of Nazis and saving Earth-1, so the heroes have to hold off the Nazis and Heydrich on board as long as they can. While Sara Lance kills Nazi Atom and is nearly killed by her violently homophobic Nazi duplicate (before being saved by her girlfriend the time-agent and the hacker lady the Legends picked up early in season 3), Green Arrow duels Nazi Arrow (or “The Aryan”) as the Nazis call him, and the Flash, Kid Flash, and Jay Garrick face off against Reverse-Flash and a team of time-remnants of speedsters that the evil speedster’s gathered, we get to the main event: A full-on Kryptonian-versus-Kryptonian tag-team match.

“Heydrich!” Supergirl shouts, blowing the inside doors off of the Adolf Hitler’s hangar bay with her heat vision and striding in from a corridor. “Come out and face me, if you’ve got the spine!”

Heydrich rises smoothly from a group of Nazis that he’d been ordering to various parts of the ship, Brunhilde nowhere to be seen as the Nazis scatter. “You are persistent, Kara Zor-El. I will give you that much. But it is fruitless. You cannot stop me now; this battleship will destroy your ramshackle vessel the moment we emerge from the timestream, and then I will personally ensure that everything and everyone you love is burned to the ground.” His voice is calm and tone casual, if icy. “You have failed. Surrender, and I will ensure that you feel nothing before I yoke your body to my will.”

“Go to Hell.”

Heydrich lunges without another word, and Supergirl dodges—but Brunhilde drops from above, the silvery implants gleaming at the back of the empty-eyed Kara’s head, and she hits Supergirl like a meteor, the hero sent sprawling across the floor. Supergirl recovers fast, but Heydrich is there, hammering her in the face once, twice, three times, before she gets her hands up, blocks his next blow, and strikes out with laser-vision. He rears back with a snarl, and Brunhilde surges into the opening, the lobotomized Kryptonian pounding Supergirl mercilessly with lightning speed. Kara flies back, trying to recover, and Heydrich calls Brunhilde off with a whistle.

“You cannot stop us, Kara Zor-El. I will break you, just as I broke your counterpart. I will mold your quivering carcass to suit my needs, and you will serve me, body and soul!”
Supergirl wipes blood from her lip, and sniffs. “You can try.”

“Break her,” Heydrich orders, and Brunhilde lunges.

Supergirl blocks the first blow, but then the next hits her gut, and she doubles over with a wheeze. Brunhilde follows up with a knee to the face, and Supergirl screams, Brunhilde lifting her back up and delivering a haymaker to the face. Supergirl crashes into a Nazi death-rocket, thankfully not one that’s armed, and gets back up to swing the gigantic piece of metal into Brunhilde as the lobotomized Kryptonian lunges with robotic precision. The blow hits, and Brunhilde flies back into a wall, pulling herself out of the indentation before Supergirl cannons into her. Supergirl hits her duplicate in the face, abdomen, face again, an uppercut to the jaw followed up by a haymaker to the face and a follow-up elbow...

Brunhilde jabs Supergirl in the abdomen, the Nazi-controlled Kryptonian immune to the pain, and Supergirl stumbles back, only to be kicked in the chest by Brunhilde and sent sprawling.

“Give up, girl!” Heydrich calls out with a hint of cruel mirth. “I’ve had that pet for over seventy years! Those implants give me absolute control over it, and the bitch knows no pain or fatigue!”

“Shut. UP!” Supergirl screams, and her heat-vision lances out again, tearing into Brunhilde’s chest and sending her staggering back.

The superhero’s in the air again in a heartbeat, catching Brunhilde in the midsection and ramming her duplicate through a bunch of crates and into a Nazi jet. Brunhilde fights back robotically, eyes still empty and bloody face blank, and Kara is forced back, her lobotomized double lunging back into the fight and not giving the hero a moment to rest. Kara ducks this time just before the blow lands, throwing Brunhilde over and behind her, then turns on a dime and leaps into the air, landing astride Brunhilde before the brain-controlled woman can recover, and grabs the implant with both hands. She yanks at it, screaming, and Brunhilde, for the first time in all four episodes, lets out a sound, a single inhuman wail as Kara hauls on the implant with all of her strength...

And then Kara’s falling backwards, the bloody metal in her hand, and Brunhilde slumps, her body shuddering. Heydrich shouts in pain, scrabbling at the side of his head and tearing at something stuck behind his ear until he pulls it out—a little antenna setup. Supergirl stumbles in a half-crouch to her double, rolling her over...

Brunhilde’s eyes are clouding over, but she focuses, just for a second, on Kara. Her arm comes partway up, and her lips curl into a faint smile. Thank you, she mouths. And then her arm slumps to the ground, her head falling sideways as she dies.

“NEIN!” Heydrich howls. “Du verdammtes...I will torture you to death!” He cannons into Kara before she can turn all the way around, ramming her into the floor and punching her repeatedly before throwing her aside. “I have worked too hard for too long to be foiled by a pathetic little girl like you!” the Nazi screams, his icy calm fracturing as his psychosis reacts to the results of his hubris. “You’ve killed my living weapon, but I still have the power of your kind in me!” Supergirl screams as she shoots laser-vision at him, but Heydrich dodges and responds with his own, which Kara catches on her hands, snarling as she tries to hold the supervillain back. “I stole your power, girl! Claimed the blood of your species and made it my own! You are just a girl who was born lucky! I spent thirty years doing Hitler’s bidding, scheming my way to the top of a tree of incompetent buffoons, doing their dirty work and tolerating their idiot dreams of tanks the size of mountains and magic spears of Odin—I killed twenty million people for a passing political advantage! Next to me, to the work I have done to rule the universe, you are nothing, girl!”

“BURN IN HELL!” Kara screams, and she forces herself up into the air, her own laser-vision
blasting back. Heydrich dodges, his beams shutting off, but then launches himself in to fight directly. Kara isn’t ready; the first blow hits her while she’s off-balance, then Heydrich has her on the ground, choking her remorselessly against the ground, and Kara’s scrabbling back up at his throat, but he’s got the advantage, and Kara’s grip grows weaker, Heydrich snarling with a feral grin as he bears down on her, his eyes glowing red with power.

“You are weak, Kara Zor-El. And when I am done, no-one will even remember your name.”

Supergirl wheezes a snarl in response, but her hands are going limp…

And Astra In-Ze slams into Heydrich like a bolt of lightning.

The leader of the anti-Nazi Freedom Fighters, poster woman to Earth-X’s native resistance against Nazi tyranny, formerly a General in the Soviet Red Army and the USSR’s sole superhero before that nation’s destruction and the enslavement of its people by the Nazis under Hitler’s Generalplan Ost, has Reinhard Heydrich in a headlock, pulling him up to his knees as he struggles against her iron grip. But it’s fruitless. Heydrich is a Human/Kryptonian artificial hybrid who had the support of his lobotomized version of Kara in every previous fight against Astra; now, alone and pinned by the greatest commando in the history of Krypton, his fighting skills are as amateurish as Kara’s own two and a half years of off-and-on martial arts.

“Not my Kara, you genocidal bastard,” Astra snarls, and she snaps Heydrich’s neck.

The Führer of the so-called Thousand-Year Reich crumples to the ground in a limp heap, the light in his eyes dying as Astra drops the dead man like so much trash. Kara tries to push herself up, wheezing as she fights for breath, and Astra flies to her side, supporting her.

“Kara! Breathe, Kara, just breathe slow and deep.” The Resistance leader holds the superheroine with a gentle arm as Supergirl catches her breath. “I am sorry that I did not arrive sooner; the charges are set and we need to evacuate, but I was delayed by one of their metahumans.”

“Other…” Kara wheezes. “Other me. She…She’s dead. Implant, died when it came out.”

Astra’s eyes darken. “I am so sorry, Kara…”

“I know,” the superheroine replies hoarsely. “I should be the one apologizing, though. She was your niece, not me.”

“I don’t care what universe this is,” Astra shoots back. “I will always love you as I loved Alura, no matter where we are.”

“If it helps,” Supergirl manages, “She died as herself.”

Astra’s eyes are wet with tears. “It does,” she chokes out. “And if nothing else…she died as herself, and she did not die alone or in vain. That…is all we can hope for, here.”

“Damn,” I mutter to Vinnie as we watch. “That came out great.”

“Benanti’s worth the money,” my henchman opines. “Popcorn?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

The rest of the episode is pretty basic—they escape, the Hitler is blown up and breaks into pieces in the timestream, the heroes throw a party on Sara Lance’s timeship, they return to Earth-X, montage of Nazis getting beaten up and laser-visioned and stuff, a little exposition from “Earth-X” Astra.
saying that the Nazis are retreating to Europe, where they’re facing a mass uprising and an invasion by the Freedom Fighters, who now have a monopoly on superpowers on Earth-X and will certainly win, some good-byes, and they head back.

Then we get our two stingers.

First, on the remains of the Adolf Hitler’s forward section, Earth-X Oliver Queen/The Aryan hauls himself painfully into an office, dead Nazis surrounding him. A tinny Wagner track plays in the background as the supervillain slumps against a desk.

“Those so-called ‘heroes’ of the multiverse will pay,” he hisses to the bodies of a shitload of Nazis. “They will all pay for what they did to me…to the Reich…to the Master Race.” He coughs up a fleck of blood, groaning in pain. “Heil Hitler,” he chokes, and the scene fades to black.

The next scene is marked “Three months later; Freedom Fighters home base”. The Earth-X heroes are celebrating the fall of the Nazis, having used their powers to neutralize the Nazi nuclear arsenal and liberate Europe with the help of local resistance movements. Pleading exhaustion, Astra (the one who’s been in the 4 crossover episodes so far and who claims to be Earth-X Astra) slips into a tunnel hidden beneath the base, reaching a hidden bunker, and looks around before entering…

Inside, the Kryptonian shuts the door, approaching a humanoid figure on a bed. Machines beep and whir all around, monitoring the woman’s vitals.

“My world found us,” Astra says. “My Kara, and a number of her allies. They helped us overthrow the Nazis. Heydrich is dead; I killed him. Their empire is dust. I made sure of that before coming here. We killed most of the leadership and have people setting up new governments among their ashes.”

“You did more than I ever could,” a suspiciously similar voice wheezes around what looks like a breathing tube of some sort.

“Nonsense. You would have defeated him had he not…done what he did to your Kara.”

“Perhaps.” The figure doesn’t move. “You did not have to do any of this.”

“Of course I did. Heydrich was a monster.”

“Still. Many would say that discretion is the better part of valor. When I challenged him, his husk of Kara held me down as he broke my neck.”

Astra turns on a light over the other woman’s head, revealing a near-identical copy of herself, this one pale and sickly-looking, obviously quadriplegic. “You fought until that psychopath left you paralyzed, and spent decades unable to do anything against him,” Astra notes. “I was so determined to save my world that…well, it didn’t go very well. I made a few mistakes, and was left in Fort Rozz for more than twenty years. We are not so different, and when I met you, after your people mistook me for you…” She shook her head. “It was not even a choice. I had to help you.”

“You were wrong when you told me that you are not a hero, then,” the paralyzed Astra replies. “That you felt there was no other choice? I have those same instincts. So too, did Kara—before that monster found her.”

“I am not a hero. I did evil things—for the right reasons, yes, but I lied, killed, stole, and harmed innocent civilians, and released a weapon that could have killed billions. I was killed in battle—more than I deserved. I am not a hero, and as for this second chance…”
“Enough.” The woman on the bed coughs weakly around her tube. “Do not lie to yourself.” Her duplicate bites her lip but doesn’t reply. “I…please, if you would…one final favor?”

“Anything.”

“Send me to my Kara. Please.”

Astra stiffens. “I…you will not reconsider?”

“I am stuck here, alone, with decades of regrets. My niece is dead, this world is free, and I am the last of my kind of this universe. Please…kill me. Make it quick.”

Astra steels herself, hands shaking slightly. “If you are certain.”

“And promise me—promise me that you will go back. Be the hero that we were meant to be. The hero that we should have been. Follow Kara’s example—for both of our sakes.”

“I…” Astra’s—Earth-38 Astra’s—breath shudders. “I will try.”

“Thank you.”

Astra stands, takes a deep breath, and then turns off the machines, one by one. She pulls out her duplicate’s tubes, and clasps her face with one hand, the other gripping the woman’s shoulder. She hesitates. Her duplicate looks up with understanding eyes.

“Do it,” Earth-X Astra whispers. Her duplicate snaps her neck in one sudden movement.

Earth-X Astra dies smiling.

We wait through the credits before Vinnie speaks up.

“That was kinda dark.”

“Good dark or bad dark?” I ask.

“I kinda liked it, but that’s going to have trouble with the media ratings board.”

“Meh. If it gets the numbers, it gets the numbers.” I take a drink of water. “Remind me to give Benanti a raise.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Go take a break or something. I gotta be alone for a couple of minutes.”

He leaves without another word. I breathe slow and deep, ruminating. Fuck. Did I put too much of me into that? It’s a risk whenever you do art, but…

No. Too late now either way. Just put it out, hope for the ratings.

If nothing else, people will show up to see Donald Trump get his ass kicked.
Comrade Donnie celebrates his birthday, plans his professional wrestling debut, and puts Anita Hill in charge of a sexual harassment task force.

September 11th, 2017.

“Sixteen years ago,” I declare, “a dimwitted asshole failure from Saudi Arabia with a serious habit for hardcore porn by the name of Osama bin Laden attacked this great country. Then Obama had him iced a few years ago, and nobody shed a tear. Fuck bin Laden, America’s the best, hail Satan.

“Now, it’s been brought to my attention—no, that’s the wrong phrase. It couldn’t be more blindingly fucking obvious that this country has a serious problem with hating all Muslims for what one nut job and his brainwashed cultists did. That’s like hating all Christians for those psychopaths who murder doctors who perform abortions! That ain’t right!

“So Comrade Donnie, the best President ever, I’ve got something to say on this matter. I myself am an atheist, but in our country, we’ve got this great and amazing thing called the First Amendment, which I love because it makes our country the best and the freest in the world, that says that restricting the exercise of all religions is wrong. Now, obviously religious liberty ends where personal liberty begins, but the level of casual hate and violence directed at Muslims in this country is a disgrace to our nation and a slap in the face of our Constitution.

“America is a great and indestructible nation. Our Muslims are the best, just the best in the world, and they love our America just like our Jews, who are the best Jews in the world, and our Christians, who are kind of alright I guess, and our atheists, who are the best atheists in the world. Our Muslims are fantastic and beautiful, they’ve fought and bled and died for our amazing country, just like the rest of us. There’s this guy whose parents were calling out The Donald when I was playing The Donald during the campaign last year, there son was called Captain Humayun Khan, a fantastic soldier of our unstoppable military, he died for our country in Bush’s bullshit illegal war, part of a legacy going back to our fucking Revolution! Back when we were kicking the British out with only a token bit of help from the French because America is beautiful and unstoppable and immortal, a lot of historians think that Peter Salem, who fought for our nation at Bunker Hill and killed one of the British officers, a key point in us winning the battle, was a Muslim. When those treasonous secessionists rose up against our glorious Union, two-hundred and ninety-two Muslims are known to have fought for our great nation against the cowardly slaver traitors. Mostly black men who fought for the freedom of their brothers against the forces of evil.

“Right now we’ve got about 6,000 Muslims in our fantastic military—by the way, I’ve ordered Mattis to have our military stop serving pork at mealtimes and remove pork products from MREs, because Muslims aren’t allowed to eat pork and they shouldn’t have to choose between eating and following their beliefs when serving our amazing country—but I’m going to try to recruit more. And of course I’m going to try to protect our Muslim citizens from hate crimes from racists, they deserve to live free of fear like all good patriotic Americans, because too many dumbasses think that Muslims are evil.”
I snap my fingers. “Minion! Gimme that Koran!”

“Sir!” The minion, I think one of the Secret Service guys, hands me the book.

“Ok,” I say, flipping open to a bookmark. “Let’s see what the Koran says, and compare it to what racists say, huh? Annie! Whiteboard and marker!”

My admin waves to a minion, who hustles up with the implements I demanded.

“Thanks. OK, so racists say that Muslims hate Jews and Christians.” I draw two columns, one called ‘What Islamophobes think’ and one called ‘what Muslims actually believe’. “What does the Koran say? Oh, look, here’s a commandment telling Muslims to protect Jews and Christians. Here’s something about all Abrahamic religions being part of god’s plan for humanity. Weird, that, it’s almost like Islamophobic hatred is bigoted nonsense.” I write as I talk, holding the book one-handed. “Hang on, lemme get this quote right. OK. Next! Islamophobes say that Muslims believe that they have to kill ‘Infidels’ by any means necessary.”

I flip to another page in the book. “This is based on a particular extremist pile of bullshit that intentionally misreads this passage right here.” I point at the passage, though the press probably can’t see it. “What it actually says is, roughly, ‘if you’re being attacked by people from a different religion, god doesn’t mind if you skip prayers’. Pragmatic, I dig it.

“Racists say that Islam is a religion of violence.” I chuckle. “Well, besides being bigoted nonsense, that’s just stupid. Vinnie! Projector!”

Vinnie turns my projector on, and I exchange my marker for a remote. I pull up a picture of an elderly Pakistani man with a long beard and simple clothes. “This guy’s Abdul Sattar Edhi. Great man, a real hero. He lived in Pakistan, and ran the biggest free ambulance network in the world. Why? Because he could. Also his foundation runs rehab centers, orphanages, homeless shelters, even goddamn animal shelters. Saved hundreds of thousands of lives just because he could. He was the Florence Nightingale of Pakistan, except to an even greater degree—he even called out a few politicians for corruption and such. We need more men like him in the world. He was born in Gujarat to a Muslim family, moved to Pakistan when India got partitioned.

“You seriously want to tell me that a religion that produced that guy is a religion of violence?”

I shake my head. “You fucking Islamophobes are just stupid as Hell. Hey, you know who else is a Muslim?” I flip to the next slide. “Malala Yousafzai. When the Taliban tried to kill her, fifty Muslim clerics issued a formal religious declaration condemning those idiot fucksticks. Hey, look at that!” I pull up a transcript of said *fatwa*. “Bunch of Muslims explicitly condemning violence! Religion of violence my ass!”

I put down the Koran and reach out with a grabby-hands gesture while I write on my whiteboard. “Booze, somebody gimme booze, I need a drink.” Annie rolls her eyes and passes me my bottled grape juice in a paper bag. “Thanks. Anyway, so that’s…” I chug a few swigs. “Aahhhh. That’s some great Muslims right there. Hey, you know who else is great?” I tab to the next picture. “King Abdullah of Jordan. He’s a big Trekkie, great guy, hates ISIS, he’s made Jordan’s special forces great. This man’s a real tough military man who likes shooting ISIS guys and is a great friend to our fantastic America. Also a Muslim! Great man, likes the same stuff as we ‘MURICANS do, made his country great, really great guy.

“So I don’t want to hear any dimwitted dicksquirts talking shit about or hurting Muslims, because everybody in our fantastic and amazing country deserves equal protection under our laws! That’s the founding principle of AMERICA, the best and the greatest country in the history of the world, the
democracy that will last ten thousand years, mofos. We want everybody to come to America and be
the best, just like us, we’re the best, America is amazing, our country is better than all those other
shitholes like the Europoors, I want to be friends with awesome democracies like Botswana.

“Anyway, because I’m amazing and I love America, I’ve ordered the FBI to deliver me a
comprehensive report on religious bigotry and hate crimes, ranging from religiously-motivated to
anti-religious bigotry, across the country. We will end bigotry under the Comrade Donnie
administration. We will build a new, better, stronger America, that will stand for a million fucking
years and show the world how to do things! We will make our nation even greater and stronger than
it already is, so, like, I don’t even have the words, for how great America is gonna be! We’re going
to be a beacon of badasses, tolerance, equality, power, and just pure fucking awesome, democracy,
freedom, liberty, equality, it’s going to be great, so beautiful, so rich, just like us, like how we’re so
rich, like how the beauty of me is I’m really very rich.

“Hail Satan, by the way.

“I’ve ordered a partnership between the federal government and DC and Marvel comics, sort of like
how our contractors pay for advertising comics and stuff, but like, we’re going to teach kids about
tolerance with Superman, like they did in the ’50s. And while we’re at it, DC and Marvel, go back
to using cheap paper and go back to charging reasonable amounts for comic books, comic books
should be more affordable for young audiences if you want to stay solvent. And give Gail Simone
and G. Willow Wilson more work, ya daft punks.” I frown. “Wow, where the fuck did I pull ‘ya
daft punks’ from? Anyway, yeah, let’s be more tolerant, huh? Everybody’s free, everybody’s equal,
this is AMERICA, people!

“As I mentioned, our fantastic military is going to be enacting some policy changes to better
accommodate Muslim and Sikh servicemembers, details might change based on my talking with
Mattis but the gist is there, and I’ve ordered the FBI to do that hate-crime report, and I’m going to
have a pan-religious winter holiday exhibit this December, it’s going to beautiful, just like me, like
how I’m so rich. I’ll also being a series of YouTube educational videos on my channel, DonnyTube,
it’s brilliant, I’m going to be doing some videos about tolerance and various world religions, it’s
going to be great, just the best. So yeah that’s beautiful.

“Any questions?”

Lacey Dawes raises her hand. I point to her with a grin. “My favorite correspondent?”

“Mr. President, the tax overhaul plan that you had heavily backed and helped plan recently failed in
the House. What plans do you have going forward for the economy?”

“I’m gonna try again. I lost the battle, the war for the fate of the American people has just begun. If
you look at the polls, some Congressmen are already suffering popularity hits, and Congress’s
approval rating just hit 3%, which is lower than that of NAMBLA. Actual pedophiles are more
popular than Congress. I will win, and America will be great again. Next?”

CNN gets to go next. “Mr. President, what do you think of the threats leveled against you recently
by a group called the ‘Aryan Brotherhood’? In the manifesto that they published online, they claim
to be financed by ‘allies of the White race’ and planning to kill you?”

“Is this what Comey was telling you guys about yesterday? He’s picked up some chatter that
suggest involvement by foreign agents, maybe the GRU or the Mossad, but nothing definitive. Right
now I think the plan is to just isolate and deal with them. Next?”

“Mr. President, the Israeli police recently revealed that they are planning to indict Benjamin
Netanyahu and his wife on corruption charges—"

“Yeah, about time, everybody knew this was coming. Good work by the Israeli police, very solid job, congratulations. Big Benny is going to regret taking all those bribes. Next?”

“Mr. President, you recently compared Emmanuel Macron to a makeshift pillow…”

“Yeah, because he’s a stuffed shirt, he pissed me off. Next?”

“Mr. President, have you heard of the allegations of anti-LGBT purges in Chechnya?”

“No, but it doesn’t surprise me. Ramzan Kadyrov is a dimwitted psychopathic little thug who’s Vlad’s little fuckpuppet, and his fragile masculinity makes him react to Vlad making him suck Vlad’s cock by hating LGBT people. Ramzan Kadyrov is a pathetic little waste of oxygen, a garbage human who’s lucky he’s Vlad’s puppet because he’d get a Georgian necktie in minutes otherwise. The gormless little bullying shite, he only fights those who can’t fight back, because he’s afraid of fighting a real man. I’m accepting LGBT refugees from Russia, we’ll accept them because their lives are in danger thanks to Vlad and Kadyrov’s ego problems, and we’ll integrate them into our society because America is just that great. Next?”

Lacey raises her hand again, and I pick her. “Mr. President, my superiors are demanding that I ask this—do you know who Seth Rich was?”

“Some guy who died, Breitbart told the Internet that he was murdered by the Illuminati or whatever other bullshit conspiracy. Breitbart is Nazi propaganda, they are liars. The truth is, sometimes people just die, and it’s not because of poison or bioweapons or lizard aliens or Vlad loudly stating that he would appreciate it if that person disappeared and was never seen again. Also, tell Rupert Murdoch from me that he’s a pervert, please. Next?”

I take a couple more questions before I call it a day, but only frivolous crap. I go salute the flag for the 9/11 memorial, then I start making calls. I need to get that giant menorah for December…

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September 13th, 2017.

“Mr. President,” Vinnie says, coming in to the Oval Office as I eat breakfast. “Trump Games is checking in. Development on SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! is proceeding on schedule. We should have a trailer for E3 by 2018.”

“Good!” I reply, shoving kale into my maw. “Have a round of bonuses ordered. How are the toy lines coming out?”

“We got Benanti’s signature, so we’re good to go on the ‘Red October’ and ‘Nazi Slayer!’ action figures. Benoist is still recalcitrant.”

“Double the cash offer, I bet Trump Tower against Justice League so when that movie flops horribly I stand to make fifty million at least.”

“Sir.”

“Allright, minions, let’s ride.” I shove one last bunch of kale into my mouth and stand, chewing as I shrug on a jacket. “Vinnie, I want a meet with the SuperSoldier dev team, and have Karpryshyn get to work on that The Lost Regiment ripoff game. I thought of a title; The Union Forever: Re-Making America, does that sound good?”
“Workable. Is this the one where you play the commander of a Civil War regiment fighting slavers on a primitive planet?”

“Yeah, pretty much.” I take a reusable travel cup of hot Earl Grey from a cowering minion and start sucking it down.

“It’ll do as a working title. Format’s gonna be a challenge, but you’ll probably think of something.”

“Or my minions will—what am I paying ‘em for, right?”

Vinnie chuckles. “Fair enough, Mr. President.”

“Annie!” I call out, seeing my admin approaching with a clipboard. “How’s it going?”

“I’m fine, Mr. President. Secretary Krugman advises against beginning another attempt at the tax bill immediately, and Schumer is in agreement.”

“Fine. McConnel?”

“Crowning victory, but his approval rating’s at 18% and dropping. My analysts think that he’s expended significant political capital on this fight and given the political realignment that you’re causing, he might not have gotten anything for it.”

I snicker. “Paul Ryan?”

“The House is in disarray, Mr. President. There’s well over a dozen Republicans running scared because they’ve gone from twenty points ahead to twenty behind in weeks—Ryan’s completely lost control of his caucus and he’s at serious risk of being voted out of his position.”

“Wait, what?”

“Since the Speaker serves at the House’s pleasure…”

“Oh, shit! Things are that bad, that the Democrats could bring up a measure to throw him back to the House floor?”

“They could try, but it won’t be easy,” Vinnie opines. My admin nods in agreement.

“It’s nowhere near certain, only a possibility, but the House Freedom Caucus is outraged at the defections on your farm bill, the Israel Allies Caucus wants you dead, some members of the Tuesday Group and the Republican Main Street Partnership are pissed at the Freedom Caucus over their refusal to cooperate on your farm bill because that’s red meat to their voters, the New Democratic Coalition is upset about your tax proposals but also hates Ryan…long story short, the Democrats are shaky but the Republicans are in civil war. There was nearly a fist fight yesterday, you missed that while you were doing your weekly foreign policy sweep with Secretary Mattis and Secretary Walker.”

“Oh, man. This is gonna be fun. OK, then, I’ll try something nonpartisan. I’m thinking an overhaul of our adoption and orphanage system, maybe put out some “adopt, don’t reproduce” propaganda?”

“We’d need a more memetic message, Mr. President.

“Hit me up for ideas later and have the minions try to think of something. We need to support adoption, though, especially of older kids, and we need to make it appeal more to stable households and affluent people.”
“I’m pretty sure there’s a caucus in the House for that, Mr. President. Let me get back to you.”

“Good. Anything of note on foreign policy?”

“More protests against Putin in Russia, Ramzan Kadyrov challenged you to a fist fight and threatened to kill you.”

“Call him a pussy and tell him if he wants to fight he’ll have to come to America. Then I want him put on the terrorist watch list and the no-fly list, if he ever steps foot in my country I want him arrested. Asia?”

“The Chinese are calling for international calm and are complaining about you trying to make friends with the Vietnamese. The Vietnamese want to talk about shifting to a Syndicalist system, but they’re talking conditions and stages of change.”

“Party bosses want to keep power, they’re worried that if they abandon their Constitution—this is the modification to the one the Soviets pushed them to install in the ‘80s—they’ll lose power. Makes sense, the Soviet-esque authoritarian system is the only way those decaying octogenarians can keep control, the people would want younger leaders. Fresh faces. We play hardball for now but we offer to support Vietnamese border claims, under the table. Democracy is nonnegotiable, make sure Trong and Quang are clear on that. They’ll protest, but the General Secretary will have to play ball when China starts shifting down there and away from the Korean money sink. I want weekly updates.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Americas?”

“Brazil’s still in political chaos, but ‘putting the screws’ to Temer with rhetoric and Secretary Walker has been effective so far.”

“I’ll double down, schedule me for a speech in two weeks, I’ll hit him with my little-man rhetoric. Mexico?”

“The political situation is unstable. Confidence in the government’s at an all-time low, the cartels are operating effectively unopposed by Mexico City, and two of the five serious candidates for next year’s election are openly advocating for inviting American military forces in to provide a military solution. The other three are accusing you of imperialist threats to conquer Mexico.”

“Fuck.” Which about sums it up. “Well, I fucked that up. Issue a statement—I’m only going to move in if the sitting head of state and a majority of the legislature vote to allow intervention, and even then it lasts a year tops. That should make it clear. Also, I want a meeting set up for next month; I’m putting the US’s resources effectively at Mexican disposal to help eliminate those gangs. Venezuela?”

“On the verge of revolt; Maduro’s dealing with an economy that’s dead and buried by seizing power and trying to crush and silence the opposition.”

“I want to meet with Mattis, we’ll discuss covert and diplomatic options. I’m leaning put the screws to him and then force him out, but the only way the opposition’s any better is that they haven’t seized absolute power yet. Anything else of note?”

“Our observers and agents in Myanmar are certain that the government’s planned an organized genocide to distract from the tyranny and rickety economy. Bangladesh is continuing to complicate matters in what appears to be an attempt to shore up national pride to distract from…”
"...the way the Bangladeshi government sold out to megacorps, I’m aware. OK, this is now a humanitarian situation, like with those Yazidis on Mount Sinjar. I want a coordinated evacuation of Rohingyas with an accelerated naturalization option—if we’re going to do Syndicalism, we’ll need a labor influx to support growth, Syndicalism grows on immigration. Contact the Indian and American Sikh communities, they do some really great charitable work with feeding people in these kitchens they set up, they can help with the evac and with feeding people while we pick them up. Tell Mattis I want a carrier strike group overseeing the evac just in case anyone gets any ideas, if we need cover we send Mattis with them for a visit to ‘our brother workers in India’ or something. Maybe throw Gandhi in there and talk about honoring his memory or some shit like that. I want immigration restrictions slashed, too—get me a meet with Schumer this afternoon. We’re going to help as many people as possible and we’re going to do it with freedom and liberty. America, fuck yeah!"


It’s good to be the President.

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September 16th, 2017.

“Happy birthday, Donnie,” Vinnie says as he and Mrs. Vinnie come into the Oval Office, the former carrying a bag and the latter Baby Vinnie in a harness, who despite being a female baby resembles nothing so much as a very grouchy Winston Churchill in a beanie. Behind them, Trump’s kids and the actresses I invited sort of shuffle awkwardly.

“Thanks, Vinnie,” I reply with a grin, standing up and walking around the Resolute desk to sweep my henchman into a hug. “Hope the trip wasn’t too bad.”

“Ah, traffic is traffic, Natalie survived OK.” He reaches over to Mrs. Vinnie to tickle the baby’s cheek. “Cootchie cootchie coo?”

The baby attempts to bite his finger. Vinnie and I chuckle and Mrs. Vinnie cracks a grin as my henchman pulls his hand back. “Guess she really wants some cake!” Vinnie jokes.

“No, Wade. Don’t give the President ideas,” Mrs. Vinnie shuts him down.

“Great to see you too, Mrs. Wilson.” I shake her hand politely. “How’s your daughter?”

“Healthy, thank you. How are you, dead boy?”

“Alive, as healthy as I can be in this shitty body, looking forward to my next D&D session with Obama and these two.” I wave at Trump’s kids. “Hey, Tiffany, Barron, you two want to do cake first or just hang out for a bit?”

Tiffany shrugs. “Whichever you like, Dad.”

Barron doesn’t even look up from the Complete Arcane, which he’s been poring over for days. “I got some work to do here, Dad,” he says, scratching out a quick note into a pad of paper in his left.

“Should we be worried about that?” Benanti asks from behind him.

I shrug. “Eh, the kid’s writing outside of schoolwork, I count this as a win. Even if he’s a powergaming little bastard, I can work around that.” I tap Barron on the head as he passes me by.
“Initiate of the Sevenfold Veil is super mega ultrabanned, boy.”

He groans without looking up. “But Da-ad!”

“It’s blatantly overpowered,” I counter. “Learn how to make Green Star Adept not gimped and we’ll talk.”

“He’s being punished for downloading a copy of the Book of Erotic Fantasy,” Tiffany explains to the confused actresses. “That’s this Dungeons and Dragons supplement that Dad permanently banned on general principle, so now Barron has to make his next D&D character with a narrow list of ‘underpowered’ options.”

“Yeah, the problem with BoEF is it’s badly-written and juvenile BS talking about porn,” I explain. “I run a clean D&D game, that means we fade to black on sex scenes and flirting has to involve subtle metaphors. Except for Obama, he gets to do whatever he thinks will drive Pence and McConnel nuts with me.”

Leigh looks completely mystified. “Why?”

“Because it’s funny as hell,” I reply matter-of-factly. Benanti, who’s a bit more used to me, rolls her eyes. “Anyway, thanks for coming—I’m 22 today, great age, really fantastic—I was hoping we could talk season 4?”

“We aren’t even done with season 3 yet,” Leigh points out. “We aren’t even done filming.”

“Yeah, but I got me some ideas,” I respond, rubbing my hands with glee. “Vinnie, what was Berlanti’s verdict on Jamie Clayton?”

“Too pricey. He has a shortlist.” Vinnie pulls out his smartphone, taps at it, then hands it to me; I read.

“Nicole Maines? Why does she sound familiar?”

“She was in that documentary about trans people that came out this year, Not Your Skin. We watched it at the LGBT People Rock And Also Fuck Mike Pence party after the wedding, you called it ‘Hashtag signal boost’?”

“Right! OK, have Berlanti call her. What about trans guys?”

“He’s still working on that.”

“Tell him to consider that dude from American Horror Story.”

“Chaz something?”

“Yeah, him. He’s got a nice beard I think. Have him play like a therapist or something, all those secret agents have to need a therapist. Then there’s that chick, I mean that person—I think she uses she and they pronouns, you know who I mean, the sexy tattooed one from that Vin Diesel movie I watched the day after I was inaugurated to celebrate kicking Steve Bannon in the ass as he was thrown out?”

“Ruby Rose? Australian?”

“Yeah, if I remember correctly she’s non-binary or one of those other weird genders, one of my friends from my last life thought she was hot, call her, see if we can find a way, there’s gotta be a
way to fit in another gorgeous woman—person—you know what I mean, there’s gotta be room for someone in like a secret agent role, I dunno, something like that.” I grab a beer from the minifridge I had installed next to the desk. “Dirty Commie Heathen while you wait?”

“No thanks, Mr. President.”

“Mrs. Vinnie? Chyler, Laura?”

The actresses both nod and reach out wordlessly, and I pass them beers. Mrs. Vinnie puts her hand up.

“Can’t, still feeding Natalie. No substances.”

I wince. “Sorry. Man, that sucks.”

“Yeah, her digestive system needs to shape up and take formula, or her teeth had better finish coming in, or Mommy is going to blow a fucking gasket.” The baby makes a disturbing noise and appears to frown deeper. “Aaand now I have to ask—is there a diaper-changing station?”

I point out the side door. “Had one put in the bathroom after Take Your Child To Work Day went really wrong. Obama banged his knee on it when he went to take a piss last time he was over for D&D.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.” I turn to Tiffany. “You want to sit in the Seat? The big president seat?”

“I’m allowed to do that?”

“I don’t give a fuck, I can sign an executive order or pardon myself if it’s a crime. Go ahead, I got one of those super-fancy Swedish jobs.”

She heads for the chair with some nervousness evident. I turn back to the actresses with a grin. “Alright! Thank you both so much for coming…”

Leigh drains her beer. “Um, Mr. President, do you have more?”

I check the fridge. “I have one more Dirty Commie Heathen and then we’re down to a Bud Light—Vinnie, why do I have Bud Light in here?”

“I have no idea, Mr. President.”

“Get rid of it. Get this goddamn soda water the fuck out of my office. Bud fucking Light? What the fuck?” I shake my head. “Anyway—here, last beer I got—I had some ideas for season 4, wanted to run them past you two to make sure you’re comfortable acting them.”

“…we’re both on contract,” Benanti says, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world. “Technically you don’t have to.”

“Yeah, but you two are my favorites. Here, lemme get this shit out.” I duck around the Resolute Desk and start checking drawers. To my right, Tiffany settles into my chair. “So basically, I don’t want to put you two up for acting out a romance arc unless, like, unless you’re comfortable with it.”

“Is it gay?” Benanti asks.

“Yeah.”
“Then I’ll do two. As long as you’re still…”

“Don’t worry, your kid goes to college on me.” I grin like a motherfucker. “I’m going to come into some money soon.” I pull out a file and plop it on the desk. “Alright, so this is how it’s gonna go. And feel free to chime in with ideas. So, in the finale for season three…”

I pass over the first script and explain it, using a copy that I keep for myself. The gist is pretty decent, I think; the Worldkillers are fighting all the good guys because it’s a comic-book show and the woman in the colorful costume has to fight the other women in emo costumes, and they’re trying to use technobabble Black Kryptonite to defeat the Worldkillers which basically means restraining them and using their loved ones to help their Human personalities trump their Worldkiller ones. This works, albeit slowly and imperfectly, for Sam (Reign, the main and most powerful one) and Julia (Purity) but Pestilence (the one with the contagion touch) is in the body of an actual fucking psychopath who's fully symbiotic with the parasite personality. So we have Supergirl and Superman fighting Reign, who's physically the strongest, to try to restrain her, while J'onn is helping deprogram Julia and Manhell and Saturn Girl are being thrashed by Pestilence (because I don’t like Manhell). They're slowly losing, though, and Reign literally headbutts Superman until he falls unconscious, then begins beating the shit out of Supergirl. Alex breaks out her Kryptonite sword and battlesuit (because b a d a s s l e s b i a n, of course), but can't kill Sam because she's having Astra flashbacks (Leigh gets to do that lip-bity thing she does so well!). Ship Tease as Reign chokes out Alex and says that Sam cares about Alex but not enough to break free, and Reign starts gloating at how much this will hurt Sam and how much more it'll hurt when Reign dismembers Ruby (Sam's daughter) personally. Because villain.

“And then Astra stumbles out of a portal, asks the nearby Winn and Braniac—who're failing to help J'onn as Manhell, Saturn Girl, and now Guardian are desperately trying to avoid death by psychopathic Kryptonian supervillain—what's going on, gets the run-down, sees Alex in danger, and hits Reign so hard they go flying into the stratosphere,” I continue my explanation as the actresses read over the copy of the script I handed them. “Supergirl recovers and assists, they use Kryptonian Facetime to help Sam see Ruby begging her to fight back and push through, Reign knocks Astra through something that explodes, but Supergirl pins her and manages to hold her down until Sam can take over again. Astra comes out, and she's missing part of her shirt, and Kara sees a sword scar over her heart.”

“Wait, so this is…” Leigh frowns, then nods along. “OK, when you had her in the crossover, I was pretty sure, but damn, keeping track of all these alternate universes is hard.”

“Tell me about it. But yeah, this is the original Astra, she got brought back to life by technobabble horseshit before she came to Earth-X.”

“Alright, I think I get it. Keep going.”

“OK. So, Astra swears Kara to secrecy, saying that Alex can't know, and Kara protests, but then Sam speaks up and Kara acquiesces ‘cause Sam's afraid she can't hold out forever. J'onn, using the magic Kryptonian space rocks, manages to kill the Reign personality and heal Sam—he already saved Julia with her help and now Julia’s able to help restrain Reign—though the Reign personality temporarily partially reasserts herself and Astra and Julia have to hold her back while Kara tries to bring Sam back out and J’onn does the space magic to save Sam.

“Meanwhile Alex literally jumps in to save Manhell, James, and Saturn Girl from Pestilence, and is able to do the deed and take down the Worldkiller this time since Pestilence's human side surfaces and gloats about being an irredeemable asshole. Like, she actually enjoys hurting people and spreading plague, so Alex kills her and Manhell, Saturn Girl, and Guardian all look at her open-
mouthed because she’s so badass.” I give Leigh a little grin. “Like I said, Director’s Favorite Cast Member.”

“Your naked favoritism is going to bite you in the ass, Mr. President,” Vinnie says loyally from behind me.

“Good man. Anyway, as everybody recovers from the battle, Sam has a Ship Tease moment with Alex where they joke about being Ruby’s moms and Sam snarks that maybe Alex should sue for joint custody and Alex blushes—are you up for this, Ms. Leigh?”

She nods. “As a general rule, if it’s gay or my fans like it my default state is that I’ll do it.”

“Awesome. We need more gay in this fucking show. So, now that everybody has time to catch their breath, Astra still won’t admit to Alex that she’s the original one, Alex is torn at seeing what she thinks is Earth-X Astra again, and Kara thinks Astra is being an idiot about the whole thing. Cue the soft gay scene with Laura cupping Chyler’s cheek and them moving in with the camera framing their faces for an almost-kiss.”

“Payoff in this season?” Benanti asks skeptically. “Won’t Alex still be getting over…ohhhhhhh.” She grins. “A tease.”

“Exactly!” I cock double finger-guns at Benanti, then fumble to catch my copy of the script. “Alex has to pull out to go stop Kara from punching Manhell into outer space. Then we have something with Kara and Lena, and an ending montage, and then we cut to whoever Greg decides our master villain for season 4 should be. My current plan for that is to take Magog from Kingdom Come and have him be coming back in time to kill Supergirl and discredit her crime-fighting methods ‘cause he’s angry because someone he cared about was killed by an escaped murderer who Supergirl originally caught and he thinks superheroes should kill, but we’ll see.

“Then we have a final, ending card that looks like this.” I pull another printout from my folder. It’s a black sheet with white writing on it, saying:

SUPERGIRL will return again soon for its awesome 4th season...with the great President Trump as lead writer.

And Alex will get a new girlfriend. Who’s a gorgeous badass Kryptonian.

Also Livewire's coming back, because ladies, Comrade Donnie understands, and Comrade Donnie wants you to know that it is completely OK to be a thirsty slut for Livewire. Comrade Donnie himself is that way for his boyfriend Vlad, the gay clown. Call me, Vlad!

“Don’t you think that’s a little much?” Benanti queries. “And maybe use a different, um, word?”

“Maybe ‘it’s OK to be horny as hell for Livewire, Comrade Donnie himself is hard as a rock for his boyfriend Vlad, the gay clown’?”

“That might work, but I think maybe just cutting that out entirely, I don’t want there to be a nuclear war anytime soon, you know?”

I shrug. “After I accused Vlad of fellating sheep, I think I reached peak Putin rage.”

“You did what?” Benanti goes white.

“That was yesterday, do you follow my Twitter?”
“I must have missed it.”

“Fair enough. I’ve been spewing a lot there lately. So anyway, season 4’s going to be pretty great, we’re going to have a message about good old-fashioned superheroics and giving a middle finger to Rob Liefeld, it’s gonna be great.”

“Please just remember what I suggested, Mr. President.”

I stop in mid-ramble, and nod. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll talk it over with Greg and Vinnie.”

“What will you be doing with my husband?” Mrs. Vinnie asks, coming back out of the bathroom with Baby Vinnie strapped to her chest. Baby Vinnie still looks like an angry Winston Churchill.

“Talking over some plot ideas. Hey, you might want to stay and listen to this next bit. So, I thought up some stuff for next season for you two, Chyler, Laura, and please, at any point if you have any concerns just throw something at me to shut me up.” I half-turn. “You too, Tiffany. Anyway…”

I pull out my notes. “First off, Alex and Astra start off civil but awkward around each other. Alex is a mess, what with her crush who she killed now walking around in front of her and saving people. Astra is really worried about upsetting Alex and has changed a lot over the last two and a half years—well, for her it’s been decades but Kryptonians age slower. Astra went from fighting to enslave a world under the belief that it was for its own good, to fighting to save the same planet in a different universe from Nazi oppression, so she’s been thinking a lot and has changed her mind about a few things.”

“Jesus, the work I could do with that…” Benanti mutters. Leigh nods her agreement. I grin. “Just wait. So Astra and Alex are in this tense but workable relationship. Then, we have this big episode where Magog turns on Supergirl and tries to kill her after mostly just being a rude jerk who scoffed at her methods for the first few episodes. Astra is NOT standing for that shit, so she tangles with Magog, but he’s cheating with Kryptonite or something and hurts her, badly. Alex immediately runs to her while Martian Manhunter and Supergirl team up to drive Magog off. Obviously we might shake this up a bit depending on if we stick with Magog as a bad guy, but the important part is the Alex/Astra plot. Alex is trying to stabilize Astra and sees the scar. Next scene with Astra, she wakes up in bed, and Alex is there next to her, all red eyes from crying, and asks Astra what the fuck she was thinking and why she lied. Astra offers some rambling bullshit explanation that only pisses off Alex more, so Alex—”

“—kisses Astra and runs off in tears,” Leigh and Benanti finish as one. I grin. “Now we’re thinking on the same page.”

“Mr. President, this is literally from one of your fanfics.”

“It is?” Leigh asks. “Huh, I just thought that would be good for the drama.”

“You two are good with this, though?” Both actresses nod. “Good. So, then Kara demands that Astra fix this because Alex is crying and getting drunk and is a mess. Astra, big honorable Kryptonian dope, decides to formally court her, and begins by going and…”

“…asking her mother’s permission,” Benanti finishes for me. “I like where this is going.”

I chuckle. “Oh yeah. Alex’s mother says ‘if you hurt my daughter I will bury you so deep they will never find the remains of your body’. Astra goes pale and mentions that she already fucked up and hurt Alex. Eliza says ‘then you better fix it right fucking quick’.”
“Alex’s mother doesn’t mess around, huh?” Mrs. Vinnie remarks.

“Nope, not when she’s trying to make up for being a stressed and less than effective single mom to her now-adult daughters. The next episode is a crossover to build the tension for the viewers, who will probably be lynching me in effigy by this point.”

“You really like tempting fate, don’t you?” Mrs. Vinnie asks, bouncing Baby Vinnie up and down.

“Yeah, I like living Danversously.” Leigh, Benanti, Tiffany, and Mrs. Vinnie groan at my shitty pun. Vinnie chuckles. Barron’s too busy trying to min-max a broken prestige class.

“Anyway, the episode after that, Astra goes to Alex in her apartment. She starts to speak but Alex, who’s been crying and drinking again, she holds up a finger and Astra clams up. Alex asks, ‘Did I ever meet the Earth-X you?’; and Astra admits that she didn’t. Alex asks when Astra was planning to tell her the truth. Astra hesitates, says, ‘I don’t know’. Alex slaps her, Astra takes it. Alex lunges forward and starts crying as she pulls Astra into a hug. And she asks Astra…”

“…’Why didn’t you just stop?’ Right?” Leigh finishes for me.

“Exactly.”

“Jesus. And then of course Astra has no response but ‘I don’t know’, right?”

“You read my mind.”

“Then you let us just hold each other and cry, right?” Benanti asks. “Because I think that would be a hit.”

“Yeah, that’s basically my plan.”

Leigh and Benanti look at each other and nod. “Keep going,” Leigh says.

“Ok. So then, Alex says, ‘I think I care a lot about you, and I think you feel the same. So from now on, honesty. Last time, we lied. I lied to you, you lied to me, that all ended badly. That can’t happen again.’”

“Good, good, and then I finish with something like ‘Kara will be devastated if you die again’ and trail off with ‘and I…’ and leave the love implied?”

“Damn, that’s gold, better than what I had.”

“It has to pay off with a kiss,” Benanti cuts in.

“Of course! Then you two head to the couch to cuddle and we cut to the next morning and Alex and Astra walk into the DEO hand in hand, Martian Manhunter mutters something about a tinfoil hat and gives them a hug, Kara does a loop-de-loop..”

Benanti chuckles. “I’m definitely up for this. But what do we do for the rest of the season?”

“Easy. Part of the strength of this pairing is going to be that your characters can help each other out. Astra isn’t going to let Alex talk herself down when she’s depressed and alcoholic; Astra’ll shut that crap right up. And Alex will help when Astra’s feeling too judgemental.”

“Oh wow, this is going to be a lot of fun,” Leigh chuckles.

“The fans should have a blast, too. Speaking of which—I like the undercut.”
She blushes. “Thanks, I was kind of nervous…”

“Don’t be. It rocks. The gayer you look the gayer Alex looks and the happier the fans are. MGS!

“…what?”

“Uh, Make Supergirl Great Again. My new catchphrase.”

“It needs work,” Mrs. Vinnie says. The actresses nod.

“I gotta agree,” Vinnie lets me down. I pout, but nod.

“Yeah, OK, I’ll find a better one. So, anyone want some cake? I got angel food with whipped cream and cherry vanilla ice cream.”

“Hit me,” says Vinnie.

“I deserve extra cake for taking care of this one,” Mrs. Vinnie states while pointing at her baby, and nobody even thinks to disagree.

“I’ll take some for me and Barron,” Tiffany confirms. Barron’s still busy poring over the sourcebook.

“Do the director’s favorites get two slices each?” Benanti asks me jokingly.

“Yeah, sure, why not? Everybody can have two slices, I got a lot of cake. MINIONS! BRING ME CAKE!”

A couple of my minions hustle the cake in, and Vinnie starts a round of Happy Birthday To You, for which I give him a pretend glare followed by a hug. “I love you, man, you’re the best.”

“My pleasure, Mr. President.”

“OK, folks, let’s eat cake! BARRON! How much ice cream with your cake?”

He looks up for about two seconds tops. “Two scoops, extra whipped cream.” And he’s back to his min-maxing.

I sniffle. “Aww, he’s dedicated to his powergaming. I’m raising that kid right, I swear!”

“Uh-huh,” Mrs. Vinnie mutters, Leigh and Benanti giving me a dubious look. Tiffany just shakes her head.

I cut the cake, Vinnie helping me with the whipped cream and ice cream. “I appreciate all of you coming tonight,” I say. “My last birthday, Mark and I had some Scotch in his room. That was great, but this…I dunno, feels great, too.”

“Mark?” Leigh asks.

“A friend from my old life.” She frowns, and I elaborate. “I think I told you my backstory. I’m not actually Donald Trump, I’m the mind of a college student who committed suicide after nearly a year of this fat idiot being in office—and however bad I am as POTUS, trust me, he was far worse—stuck in Trump’s body.” I stick a spoonful of cake, ice cream, and whip in my mouth and talk around it. “I’m about 22 years old. Celebrating on my old birthday.”
Benanti, Tiffany, and Leigh look pale. Barron’s distracted, Vinnie’s chowing down, and Mrs. Vinnie is actively not giving a fuck. Leigh clears her throat.

“You’re…dead? You weren’t fucking with me?”

I shrug. “I guess? Hard to say. There’s another me running around in my original body. Apparently I joined my campus fan club and he’s spreading the word about Syndicalism.” I shovel another spoonful down my gaping maw, trying to stifle tears. “I’m sorry, guys. I get really emotional about this.”

“It’s fine, zombie kid,” Mrs. Vinnie says. “You died, now you’re stuck in the body of a disgusting, racist, misogynistic rapist. And your family doesn’t even know you’re dead. That’d screw up anyone. Speaking of, you’re attending therapy?”

“Yeah, so far the press hasn’t caught on but we have a cover story that she’s my rebound after Vlad. She being the…”

“Therapist, yeah, I gathered.”

I nod. “Yeah. I’m sorry. Sometimes, I just…I just wish Dad or Mark was here and I could hug them, you know?”

“I can’t really compare, but I can tell you this, kid. When I first had Natalie? Well, first I threw Wade here out of the house because he was hovering over me too much like a nervous shadow, but then? I felt goddamn empty. Natalie finally passed out, and I was there, a week into this whole thing, and it all just caught up to me. I felt...yeah. Hollowed-out.” She shakes her head. “And I’m apparently coping pretty well. You’re literally in the wrong body and probably lost 50 years off of your life, and now you’re a target for assassins and your best friend is a man you have next to nothing in common with save a terrible sense of humor.”

“Hey!” Vinnie protests.

“Quiet, baby. Kid, it’s OK to be a little messed up.”

“Agreed,” Benanti puts in.

“Yeah, frankly I’m surprised now that you haven’t gotten us all blown up by this point,” Leigh adds.

“What they said,” Vinnie says.

“Yeah, uh, Dad, I guess, um, anyway you’ve got a right to be hurt,” Tiffany chimes in.

There’s a half-moment of silence, then Barron speaks up. “Dad, can I take warforged feats as a tenth-level Green Star Adept?”

“Barron!” Tiffany hisses. “He’s having an adult moment, OK? Just...be quiet and ask later, alright?” The kid grumbles but complies.

I’m crying for real now, and I pull Mrs. Vinnie into a hug, my plate forgotten on the Resolute Desk. “Thank you. Thanks, uh, Liz. I...I’m sorry, I should’ve asked…”

She squeezes me back. “Nah, you need a hug, kid. Just beware of Natalie, she’s in the biting phase, because she apparently hates Mommy personally.”
“…isn’t she teething, too? And you’re still feeding her…”

“Yeah, that’s why I’m never having another kid, dead boy.”

“I’m getting a vasectomy next vacation I get,” Vinnie confirms.

I wince as I pull back. “I’m, uh, so sorry, that sounds like Hell.”

“It pretty much is,” Mrs. Vinnie confirms. “Which reminds me, Laura, when we set the date for that meet-up, I’ll bring some of that pain-relief cream I’ve been using. Works wonders.”

I’m drawn to Tiffany’s bemused chuckle as the actress responds. “What, Tiffany?”

“Oh, nothing, Dad…person. It’s just…conversations around you are weird.”

“Tell me about it,” I mutter.

The rest of the party’s pretty fun, if subdued. My origins aren’t brought up again, and I make a point of thanking and hugging everyone who brought presents. Tiffany got me a pair of binoculars since I mentioned wanting to go birdwatching again, Vinnie got me a copy of Dishonored (ooh, that’ll be fun to play again), Mrs. Vinnie got me a book about coping with depression and Dr. Strangelove on Blu-Ray, Leigh got me Supergirl comic books and Benanti hands me a picture of Lena Luthor in Supergirl’s arms.

“I met a fan who does excellent fanart,” she explains. “It seemed like the sort of thing you’d like.”

I give her an extra hug and cry again. As birthdays though, this has gone better than some.

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September 17th, 2017.

“Wassup, folks?” I bray. “Comrade Donnie in da HOUSE!” I make a gang sign gesture, and my obnoxiously tall hat wobbles. “Hope you lot like my Abe Lincoln costume!”

“You need a beard!” Lacey Dawes calls from the Fox News seats. I chuckle.

“I have one, her name’s Melania! But as for a physical beard, Comrade Donnie gets an itchy chin. SO! I’ve been looking into sexual harassment allegations in the great and totes amazeballs US government, and you would not believe some of this shit—I mean, the fucking Forest Service? You’re alone in the fucking woods all day with one other human being and you decide to fucking sexually harass them, what the fuck? Don’t pinch the ass of the only other person for miles around, for fuck’s sake, just what the fuck is wrong with you guys? I mean, I’m Donald Trump, I spent however many fucking decades playing the most lecherous creep in Human history and I’m including Caligula there, and even I can keep my fucking hands to myself you fucking inconceivable dicksquirts!

“So yeah, I’m organizing a sexual harassment awareness and prevention task force, focused on instituting good workplace attitudes, targeting and eliminating outdated and negative attitudes and workplace atmospheres, and on punishing serial perps. It’s going to operate with full Presidential approval and direct oversight from me, when I can be bothered to check up on it anyway, since I trust the lady I’m going to put in charge of it. I tried to make its name an acronym for Keep It In Your Pants, but that didn’t work out since I was having trouble structuring the name to fit the acronym and it was getting like, stupidly long, so I decided, fuck it, and just called the task force the Keep It In Your Pants Task Force.
“Then I called Anita Hill and asked if she wanted to be in charge, and like the amazing woman she is, she accepted!” I grin like a motherfucker. “Also, fuck you, Clarence Thomas, you incompetent creep. Start doing your fucking job and asking questions in the court already, you Koch-owned robot. Alright, I got shit to do, so let’s get this stuff going.”

I wave Hill out. “C’mon, Professor, it’s your moment! Hey, press people, give Professor Hill a cheer. Vinnie! Play something appropriate!”

“The Hell is appropriate now, Mr. President?” my henchman asks in confusion.

“I don’t know, something about how sexual harassment is wrong and women are great? I can’t think of everything myself! That Lady Gaga person, the one who sings and has that fucked-up vomit art buddy, she did a couple songs about sexual assault, right? We could, like, play those?”

“Your playlist is entirely patriotic marches, Russian patriotic songs, power metal songs about shooting Nazis, and socialist protest music, where the Hell am I supposed to find a Lady Gaga song?”

Hill taps me on the shoulder as I’m about to reply. “Donald? I don’t need an introduction song.”

“But it’s tradition!” I whine.

“This isn’t the WWE, Mr. President.”

I sigh, but acquiesce. “Fair enough. Alright, you’re in charge of the new task force now, congrats, I want proposals for training seminars in a week. You make your own org structure, budget’s literally waiting on the Congresscritters to get off their asses. You’ve got my permission to do whatever, accountable only to me, and act with Presidential authority.”

“…Thank you, Mr. President.”

“Don’t mention it. Yo, press nerds, applaud!”

There’s some slightly confused applause. Lacey Dawes whistles and claps ferociously.

“Floor’s yours, Professor. I gotta go fuck with Vlad’s head and call Prime Minister Corbyn and then there has to be a trans guy somewhere who acts and I can pay to be on Supergirl next season. You know how it is, never ends. You good here?”

“I think I can handle a few reporters, Mr. President, I handled a hundred rich old men with snide aspersions about my sexual habits, after all.”

I give her a grin. “I like you. Give ‘em Hell.” I turn to my minions. “Vinnie! Let’s go annoy Vlad. And someone remind me to call Merkel and convince her to put a public toilet on top of where the Führerbunker used to be so I can literally shit on Hitler’s legacy! Fuck Hitler, hail Satan!”

I stride off, yelling for my minions to get me more dirt on Putin. Behind me, Anita Hill takes my place with a raised eyebrow.

“Well. Ah, the President certainly seems to have…committed to his change of heart…that, or he’s the most adept and cynical method actor in the history of Humanity. I’ll take questions now, though please be aware that I only accepted the President’s offer this morning and was immediately flown in, so I’m still in the planning stage for this ‘task force’.”
The fitness model opens her door, and immediately gapes. “What the heck?”

“Lauren Lillo?” I ask, unnecessarily.

“Um, yes, what do you…”

“I want to pay you five hundred thousand dollars to be a professional wrestler for a couple of guest events that I’m doing as a hobby. Only if you’re comfortable with wearing a Soviet-themed one-piece, of course.”

“…what the…why?”

“Because I need somebody to be Mother Russia to my character Comrade Commie—I’m going to be a heel manager and I need someone to manage. And you’re buff and tall enough, so…”

“You’re seriously paying five hundred grand?”

“Oh yeah. I made millions off of my bet on Wonder Woman, and I stand to make a quarter-billion off of my bets and investments on Black Panther and Thor: Ragnarok and against Justice League. I’m really very rich, and I don’t pay very much in taxes, that makes me smart.”

“And you want me to wrestle?”

“Yeah. It just requires learning unarmed stagefighting and how to sell and no-sell hits. Five hundred grand initial sign-on, I’ll pay the same yearly for the first two years then a million a year once Trump Games gets up and running and I have a steady cash flow for my proxies.”

“This can’t be legal.”

“I checked, as long as I have proxies my lawyers will get me off. As long as there’s plausible deniability—no collusion!”

“Why?”

“Because I think it’d be fucking hilarious and I needed someone with gorgeous muscles to wrestle for me, since Comrade Donnie is in the body of Donald Trump, and Donald Trump’s body is one Heart Attack Special at McPiggie’s from a shallow grave. So whaddaya say?”

“…can I have a week to think it over?”

“No problem, here’s my card.” I pass her a business card with ‘Comrade Commie Wrestling Stable’ on it. “I have this beautiful plan for the whole thing, trust me, I know what I’m doing.”

Vinnie snorts from behind me. I give him a wounded look. “Dude!”

“You do whatever the fuck you feel like, Mr. President.”

I roll my eyes. “You see this? No loyalty! My chief henchman and he doesn’t even massage my oversized ego!”

“You pay me to be honest, Mr. President.”
“Yeah, but I do have *some* self-esteem that needs to be massaged, yanno?”

“Oh my god,” the bodybuilder realizes. “You’re completely nuts!”

“Nah, I’m just Donald Trump. Anyway, hope you agree to the deal, I’ll send you some costume ideas later.” I gesture to Vinnie and start walking away. “Comrade Donnie, out! *Slava Rodina!*

The woman stands there gaping at least until I get out of sight.

***

*September 21st, 2017. Trenton, New Jersey.*

“What’s the matter, Vinnie?” I ask, tugging on a blue Oxford shirt. My henchman looks around nervously, scoping out the buildings. “You don’t look all that great.”

“Just a feeling, Mr. President. We didn’t have as much time to set up security as I would’ve liked.”

“Hey, this ain’t Dallas and I ain’t JFK. I already survived an assassin, I’ll be fine.” I pat him on the back, but he doesn’t return my grin.

“Just watch yourself, Mr. President.”

“Sure thing, Vinnie.” I give him a grin and walk out, my henchman pulling out his walkie-talkie as he tails me.

I greet the Justices of the Supreme Court, taking the time to kiss Ginsburg’s hand and tell her that I hope she never retires because she does great work, and then take the stand. The press mob quiets after a moment. We’ve drawn a little crowd of locals, including a lot of families who’ve taken their kids out to see the President. It’s a nice day for this little affair.

“Afternoon, everybody,” I say. “I thought that today would be better served by a more…subdued speech from me.

“Antonin Gregory Scalia and I disagreed on just about everything. He was an arch-conservative strict constructionist with a belief in a strong executive, and I’m a socialist iconoclast who’ll always point to the Constitution’s nature as a living document as the key factor behind its success and who believes that I have way too much fucking power. But we agreed on one thing, and that’s that America is fucking great.

“While he and I no doubt would have had some fantastic arguments, I’ll say this, right now, about Scalia: He was a loyal and accomplished American, and a goddamn brilliant Justice. Unlike that sad boring guy Clarence Thomas, who hardly ever asks questions and mostly parrots the party line, Scalia did his goddamn job and did it well. He could quiz a lawyer like the worst professor you’ve ever had and his dissents were always sharp as a tack and on point. He was an honest, shrewd, professional man, and though I hated his guts I can’t help but respect him.

“So that’s why I’m announcing the opening of this little monument here today.” I motion to the big plaque off to the side of the stage. “I think that we can do more to recognize great Americans. Obviously if Justice Ginsburg here dies when I’m in office she’s going to get the same sort of thing. I appreciate competence in a Justice.

“Anyway…” I pause, hearing a murmur ripple through the crowd. “What? Surprised I’m willing to…” Screams split the air, and I frown. Someone’s pointing at my chest, and I look down to see a red dot…
“Mr. President, get down!” Vinnie hits me like a battering ram, carrying me to the ground, and the screams reach a fever pitch as something snaps inches above my head.

“Fuck!” I wheeze. “Who the fuck…”

“ACTIVE SHOOTER!” Vinnie roars into his walkie. “Top floor, sniper, within a couple hundred yards! Fuck! I fucking told you this was too short of notice, Donnie!”

“Again? They’re trying to kill me again?” I’m confused, Vinnie hauling me to a stooped posture as another shot rings out.

“Stay down, Mr. Pres—ugh!” And Vinnie falls to the ground, a hole in his shirt—he’s got a bulletproof vest, but I forget that amid the chaos and stumble away from him in shock, before falling off of my stage.

“MOMMY!” some kid screams. I push myself up, looking around. There’s a little girl there, five feet in front of me, looking up in terrified confusion, and I scramble forwards, grabbing her as she screams.

“Stay down, kid!” I shout, trying to shield her with my body. “Cover your ears!”

“I WANT MY MOMMY!”

“There he is!” someone yells. Oh thank fucking god, my minions. I half-turn…

Two civilians with pistols, youngish men with short hair and nondescript clothes, are coming for me. “Eat lead, you fucking race-traitor cuck!” one of them screams, the arm that isn’t holding a gun snapping up into a Nazi salute. “HEIL HITLER!”

I shove the girl to the ground, showing my back to the gunmen as I shield her. Two guns fire, and I’m taken down, pain exploding in my left shoulder as the girl screams blue murder from two hundred pounds of overweight asshole landing on her. I clutch her tight, somebody else yelling in pain—oh, that’s me.

Cold metal meets the back of my head. “Put your gun down or I kill this SJW cuck! The Storm is coming! Heil Hit--”

A gun reports, and something wet showers my back, and there’s the thud of a body hitting the ground. Then more people are on me, yelling “Mr. President!” and a lot of other stuff.

“Keep the fuck away!” I yell. “VINNIE!”

“Here!” my henchman shouts, crouching down next to me. “Mr. President—shit, he’s injured. Rollins, Clay, get him going.”

“Vinnie, the kid, the girl, find her mom, she wants her mom!”

“I will, Mr. President, now get the Hell out of here!” Another rifle shot fires, and people scream again. “MOVE!”

My minions hustle me to a waiting van and help me in. “Hospital, go!” one of them roars at the driver. “Mr. President, just hold on, just breathe, you’re going to be just fine!”

“They shot Vinnie,” I wheeze through the pain. “They shot him!”

“He was wearing a bulletproof vest, he’ll be fine!”
“Sonofafucking…” I yell wordlessly as the van hits a bump.

“Don’t try to talk, Mr. President, just breathe and try to stay calm!”

“Make sure that kid’s alright,” I wheeze. “Hey, you have to…” I try to sit up, and the pain spikes. I black out.
Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Comrade Donnie's near-assassination. Also, fuck Isaac Perlmutter.

**September 21st, 2017.**

“I swear to God, the President is trying to give me a heart attack,” Secretary of Defense James Mattis grumbled as he strode through the White House with several of his loyalists behind him, the sound of babbling voices coming from ahead. The reporters were already assembling. “Bob, his admin’s running interference on Pence, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good.” Mattis jerked his head at Secretary of Veterans’ Affairs Max Uriarte, until recently a cartoonist and ex-Marine. “Get on your phone and get me constant updates on Pence’s status and Trump’s location. If there’s any major developments, interrupt me to tell me—use your best judgement.”

“Yes, sir!” Uriarte saluted crisply, which Mattis returned. The former General opened a door, a junior staffer hurrying up to meet him as he approached a podium. The reporters were already nearly bursting out the back of the hall.

“Mr. Secretary, the President’s being airlifted to Walter Reed. Preliminary investigation has tentatively IDed the shooters on the ground as members of the Aryan Brotherhood, a new neo-Nazi group, which claimed responsibility on 4chan; the sniper was captured alive, he’s calling himself Pavel Grishin but we think he’s actually an American.”

“Fuck,” Mattis swore. Sean Spicer had gone completely off the rez in Tashkent; this Grishin man had to be him, and for him to have a sniper rifle and to have gotten that close to the President he had to be backed by a foreign power. The Secretary turned to National Security Adviser Robert Harward. “Bob, get the CIA on this, I think Putin tried to make a move on the President.”

“I’m already on it, sir.”

“Good man.” Mattis nodded to the staffer. “Thanks, son. I’ve got these folks.”

“Pence is still in Kansas, he’s being moved to a secure location,” Uriarte reported, showing Mattis his phone. “Secretary Walker’s in Korea meeting with the Vietnamese, she’s safe. There’s footage of the shooting.”

The Secretary of Defense grabbed the phone and watched as, on-screen, President Trump was tackled by his Secret Service detail head, Agent Wilson. The camera shook, the cameraman trying to escape the frenzy, but caught Trump as he fell off of the stage, got up, tried to herd a young girl under the relative safety of the stage, then turned as someone approached. On the stage, Wilson—the man Trump called “Vinnie”—had his gun out, while on the ground two young men with pistols
approached Trump. One gave a Nazi salute, both raising their guns as Trump spun and tackled the girl.

Wilson shot one of the Nazis in the head with pinpoint accuracy, the other’s shot hitting Trump in the back. Wilson shifted, the remaining Nazi sticking his pistol to the back of Trump’s head, and paused; the Nazi said something, then Wilson shifted slightly and pulled the trigger, the Nazi’s head exploding before he could react.

“Get that to the press,” Mattis ordered.

“It’s already on CNN and local news. Police are saying the shooters are linked to a group called the Aryan Brotherhood. The Internet one, not the prison gang.” Mattis knew the name, a new neo-Nazi group that had popped up on the Internet, lurking on sites like 4chan and Stormfront and getting the FBI interested.

“Good. Keep me posted.” Mattis took the podium, tapping the microphone for silence. The frantic press quieted, and Mattis nodded sharply.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Today, an attempt was made on the life of President Trump by domestic terrorists, currently suspected to be affiliated with a group called the Aryan Brotherhood. Both terrorists were killed in the attempt. A third shooter has been captured, and will be charged as soon as we’re certain of the order of events. The President is alive and stable; he has undergone emergency surgery and is currently being airlifted to a secure location. The Vice-President is safe and en route to another secure location.

“Let me make this absolutely clear. The United States of America does not negotiate with terrorists, foreign or domestic. We are not intimidated by a gang of cowardly thugs, no matter what country they’re from. We will find those responsible for the planning and support of this outrage, and we will punish them to the fullest extent of the law. They cannot run. They cannot hide. We are hunting them, and we will find them.

“I will take questions now.”

The surge of raised hands and shouting would have overwhelmed a lesser man. Mattis waited a few moments for it to die down, and then raised his voice.

“Fox News! Ms. Dawes, what is your question?”

Fox News correspondent Lacey Dawes, wearing a pair of shiny new earrings and a designer dress that she very definitely would not have been able to afford before the President had demanded that Rupert Murdoch give her a massive salary hike, stepped forwards as the crowd quieted a bit. “Mr. Secretary, video footage of the assassination attempt appears to show the President attempting to shield a child with his body. What exactly happened?”

“So far we’ve determined that the sniper’s first shot missed the President thanks to his bodyguard’s swift action; the second shot appears to have hit the bodyguard, and disoriented the President, who fell off of his stage. Witnesses then claim that he grabbed a lost child who was nearby and attempted to pull her towards the stage, likely attempting to hide her there for her safety, then was ambushed by two armed neo-Nazis. At that point, the President attempted to position his body so as to shield the girl, and was shot once in the back by one of the Nazis. The other was killed by a shot to the head from the President’s bodyguard, who sustained superficial bruising injuries. The surviving Nazi attempted to threaten the President’s life to secure his escape, but was killed by a bullet to the head
from the President’s bodyguard before he could make good on his threat. The girl was taken to the hospital with the bodyguard and several other injured bystanders, last I heard she sustained superficial bruising and a sprained wrist from the President falling on her, and is expected to make a full recovery.”

“Mr. Secretary! Were there any other casualties?” the CNN reporter asked.

“Justice Alito was hit by a bullet to the throat at some point, he’s currently in critical condition. Ballistics specialists are examining the scene to determine exactly what happened. At least six bystanders were injured in the confusion, none fatally. Both Nazis were killed by the President’s bodyguard, but we captured the sniper with only minor injuries, he’s in federal custody at the moment.”

“Has the sniper been identified?” called out a CBS reporter.

“He’s using a Russian passport under the name Pavel Grishin, but we suspect that to be an alias.”

“Secretary Mattis, does the government have any idea of the attackers’ motivation?”

“We currently…” Mattis paused as an intern hurried up with Secretary Uriarte. “What is it, Max?” Mattis asked quietly, covering the microphone.

“Aryan Brotherhood manifesto, published on Twitter minutes before the attack.” Mattis took the proffered smartphone and scanned it quickly.

“What the Hell is Qanon?”

“It looks like a conspiracy theory, sir. As far as I can tell, they think that the President’s brain was replaced by a ‘Jew-Demon from the Talmud’ in a Satanic ritual run by George Soros and Hillary Clinton.”

Mattis took a second to process all of that. “What the fuck?”

“I have no idea how Nazis think either, sir.”

“Do you have anything else for me?”

“I’m scouring…well, I have people scouring this Nazi’s Twitter feed and 4chan history for anything relevant.” Uriarte shook his head. “I still can’t believe I have actual proper minions now.”

Mattis could sympathize with that. The President had inspired a bizarre sort of groveling obsequiousness among his various staffers and interns that went beyond mere loyalty. “Focus on the mission, son. Coordinate with Bob, and tell me when Mueller gets here. If there are ties to foreign intelligence agencies, we need them rooted out ASAP.”

“Yes, sir.”

Mattis nodded. “Good. I know this isn’t technically your job, but with Pence de facto the opposition we have to improvise to coordinate.”

“Yessir.”
Mattis turned back to the microphone. “The two shooters on the ground are believed to have been members of a neo-Nazi group calling themselves the Aryan Brotherhood. According to a manifesto published on social media, this group believes that the President’s mind has…” Mattis glanced down at the intern’s smartphone. “…has been replaced by a ‘Jew-Demon from the Talmud’, whatever the Sam Hill that Nazi crap means. It appears that the motivation was bigotry and opposition to the President’s policies.”

“Mr. Secretary!” the MSNBC reporter called out, “Has the 25th Amendment been used?”

“Not to my knowledge. Vice-President Pence is on his way to a secure location.”

“Where is the Vice-President?” a younger-looking reporter towards the back asked.

“I am not at liberty to disclose that information.”

“Was there foreign involvement?” shouted a man from CBS.

“We are uncertain at this time,” Mattis replied. Better to keep it ambiguous and hope that the Russians got overconfident.

* * *

The Kremlin. Moscow, Russian Federation.

“FUCKING BITCH!” Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin roared. “THAT USELESS FUCKING WASTE OF FUCKING OXYGEN, THAT THRICE-DAMNED SON OF A KRAUT PUSHED OUT OF A YAKUT WHORE’S LOOSE SNATCH, HOW THE FUCK COULD HE FUCK THIS UP?”

Sergei Lavrov, Putin’s Foreign Minister, licked his lips with a suddenly dry tongue and tried not to stammer. “Ah, Vladimir Vladimirovich, it appears that the concerns about Spicer’s reliability were well-founded…”

“Shut up, Sergei Viktorovich,” Putin snarled. “Shut the fuck up! That fucking bastard failed and now that whoreson Trump, that fucking backstabbing bastard, that worthless son of a bitch, not only is he alive but he’s popular!” Putin threw a gold-plated mug across his office in rage. “Those fucking idiots on the ground fucked it up, too! Who sent them? Who sent those fucking idiots, I want that man to disappear!”

“Er, they weren’t ours, Vozhd,” Igor Korobov, the head of the GRU, replied. “I suspect the Mossad was backing them, the Israelis said that they were planning alternative solutions when we were trying to get basing rights on the Levantine coast.”

“Son of a bitch,” Putin hissed, then stopped. “Wait. Why the Hell would the Israelis back Nazis? Don’t the Nazis want to kill Jews?”

“Those could kill two birds with one stone, Vozhd. Kill Trump and bring a crackdown on the Nazis.”

Putin nodded. “That could make sense. Still, you would expect Netanyahu to have better taste.” He shook his head. “Now get our assets fucking moving, you fucking slug. I want Trump dead, do you understand me? Dead, dead, fucking dead like a fucking rabid dog!” He nearly screamed out the last part, slamming his fist repeatedly into his desk with rage. “He insults me with impunity, he thinks
that he is fucking invincible! Shoot him, poison him, I don’t fucking care, I want him to die in fucking pain!”

Korobov gulped, licked his lips, and attempted to calm his leader. “Er, Vozhd, they captured Spicer alive. If he breaks, which I believe that he will, our entire operation is at risk.”

Putin glared at him, red-faced and panting for breath, and Korobov felt a line of sweat start trickling down his forehead. “Do you mean to tell me,” Putin snarled, “that Trump can discover our operation?”

“As…as I told you, Vozhd, before you ordered the hit on Skripal, these things are not like they used to be. We cannot simply have a man killed with an icepick and award the assassin an Order of Lenin anymore. There is not enough plausible deniability to…”

Korobov ducked as Putin threw a priceless Ming dynasty vase at his head, the relic shattering on the wall behind the intel chief. “Idiot! Incompetent! Imbecile! I do not care what it takes, Korobov, I want that bastard gone! Dead! Fucking wiped from the face of the fucking Earth!” Spittle flecked Putin’s lips as his bloodshot eyes danced crazily under wide-open lids. “He is making fucking Kadyrov angry now! Fucking Kadyrov is angry and starting to doubt me! This cannot be fucking allowed, you moron! My puppets must never doubt me, do you fucking understand, you whoreson ass-fucking excuse for an intel chief? Do you understand the fucking importance of this?”

“Yes, Vozhd,” Korobov replied hurriedly, sweat dripping into his eyes. “I understand, Vozhd.”

“Then get the fuck on it! Find a way to get rid of Trump! Hack their fucking elections again if you have to, just fucking get rid of him!” Putin spun to Lavrov, who visibly flinched back. “Sergei Viktorovich! Make another call to Netanyahu. If I can get him to work with me, I can get at Trump.”

“But, Vladimir Vladimirovich, he is about to be…”

“I don’t fucking care, obey me when I give you a god-damned order, you son of a Polish slut!”

Lavrov, also sweating, offered obsequious apologies and hurried out with Korobov to obey.

* * *


I come to to beeping machines and Mattis’s face leaning over me.

“guh?” I manage.

“Welcome back to the land of the living, Mr. President,” my Secretary of Defense tells me. “Next time, you might want to listen when your bodyguard tells you that a situation is dangerous.” After a moment, he adds, “You also might want to take a vacation. Agent Wilson’s wife wants to castrate you again.”

“Whu? Th’girl, Vinnie, ‘r they…”

“Superficial injuries only.” Mattis gestures to my side, and I turn my head slowly, seeing a mountain of bouquets, cards, and drawings from schoolchildren piled on a table by the bed. “The girl’s mother
sent that large bouquet with the lilies."

“Get it outta here, ‘m allergic…wait, no, that was my old body.” I frown as I try to push myself up in bed; there’s a creak and a rustle of clothes, and Vinnie is there at my side as Mattis leans in to support me.

“Easy, Mr. President,” Secretary and henchman say at once.

“You got shot in the back, fortunately it missed your vital organs,” Vinnie tells me. “The Nazis are both dead. So is Justice Alito.”

“The fuck?”

“Shot in the throat. Sean Spicer took a shot at you, missed, hit the Scalia plaque, it hit Alito. He died last night. Sotomayor was hit by one of the Nazis when his shot went wide, on account of me blowing his goddamn head off as he pulled the trigger—she’s recovering, it hit her in the arm, she said was more shocked than anything, should be able to get back to work in a few weeks. Ginsburg was knocked off of the back of the stage in the scrum and got bruised up with a few minor cuts, she’s recovering.”

“Fuck.”

“Good summary, sir;” my henchman loyally assures me. Goddamn it, I like Ginsburg, she and Scalia are the best Justices of the 21st century hands down, probably of the last 30-40 years at least, and Sotomayor ain’t half bad either.

“Pence invoked the 25th yesterday,” Mattis says. “He’s Acting President until the 13th. Congress is in chaos, even more so than usual, your approval ratings are at 80% and rising, and a couple of ex-Marines went to a neo-Nazi called Richard Spencer’s house this morning and put him in the hospital with broken ribs and a fractured jaw. Beat him senseless in the middle of the street, broad daylight, two dozen witnesses, turned themselves in to the cops and handed over their guns right afterwards. They’re being held for assault and battery, witnesses reported that they called beating Spencer ‘justice’ and claimed to be ‘real American patriots’.”

“What the fuck…Vinnie said Spicer shot at me?”

“He was the sniper, Mr. President,” Vinnie explains. “He’s being interrogated by the CIA and FBI. So far all we know is that a Russian national, probably a GRU operative, helped him smuggle a sniper rifle into the country and get close enough to try to assassinate you.”

“The Nazis?”

“FBI raided their addresses—they both lived in their parents’ houses—and recovered computers, weapons—mostly knives and BB guns—and Nazi propaganda material. It got leaked, there’s coverage all over the news.”

“Why is my approval rating…”

“Mr. President, you got caught on camera using your body as a shield to protect a six-year-old girl from Nazi thugs,” Mattis says. “You could piss on the flag and burn it on live TV while swearing allegiance to ISIS and you’d still get reelected tomorrow.”
“Seriously?”

“Donnie, it’s been playing on every major network. There was an eight-hour stretch on CNN when they literally covered nothing but computer-modeled replays and discussion of the attack and nearly an hour of that was the various presenters falling all over themselves to praise you. They aren’t even criticizing you for not trying to fight the Nazis.” Vinnie shakes his head. “Secretary Mattis is right. This is a gold mine.”

“Which also restricts Pence’s effective power,” Mattis notes. “He can’t touch your executive orders and there’s no way in Hell Congress will send him any legislation in the three-week period because if he tries to damage your agenda half the country will revolt. Congratulations. You’re the most powerful legally powerless sitting President in the history of the country.”

I let out a breath I don’t realize I’ve been holding. “Jesus motherfucking Christ.”

“That’s pretty much my and Liz’s reaction,” Vinnie notes. “Speaking of which, you might want to hide out where she can’t get to you for a couple of months, she’s pretty pissed, like Secretary Mattis mentioned earlier. I recommend Camp David.”

“Fuck,” I mutter. “OK. OK, I can deal with this. First things first—when do I get outta here?”

“The bullet went clean through you just below your shoulder blade,” Mattis says. “The doctors want you to stay in here for a week for observation, then three weeks of wheelchairs and light exertion only. That means no crazy costumes, subdued press conferences, and if you want to keep directing your TV show bullshit you do it via face-time or not at all.”

“Can’t I, like, take the wheelchair onto Air Force One?”

“If your doctors permit it, Mr. President. If they advise against it I will block the entrance myself if I have to.”

I sigh. “Alright. Vinnie, contact Annie and tell her I want daily briefings on the political and foreign policy situation. Mattis, I want your read on how the military’s handling it by tomorrow at noon.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Good. Last thing I need is our men and women in uniform to be off their game. Who sent the flowers?”

Vinnie holds up a red bouquet. “This is from the Supergirl cast. Came with cards from the whole cast and letters from Benanti, Leigh, and McGrath. Greg Berlanti sent a get-well-soon card.” He holds up a bouquet of lilies. “This is from the mother of that girl you saved. Came with a card, she was so grateful to you for saving her daughter that it’s barely legible but it’s the thought that counts.” He holds up an assortment of flowers in a couple of dozen bouquets. “These are your admirers.”

“I have admirers?”

“You’re stupidly rich and every TV news station in the country’s been obsessively re-playing footage of you saving a child’s life from Nazi assassins for over a day. Of course you have admirers, Mr. President. I advise against following the advice of the woman from Michigan who’s suggesting a polyamorous relationship, that probably wouldn’t track well with your core demographics.”
“Wasn’t planning on it. The drawings?”

“This is a sample. We have dozens of these things coming in every hour from classrooms across the country. You are the news, and you’re the President, and now half the country considers you a hero. I mean, Nazis hate you, you saved a kid, that basically screams ‘I AM AN ALL-AMERICAN WHOLESOME IDEAL’, you know?”

“Jesus motherfucking Christ on a popsicle stick.” I shake my head, then wince as my side twinges. “OK. Holy shit, I’m actually popular with most of the country. OK. I can work with this. How’s this tracking abroad?”

“Well, your approval ratings in Canada are finally unquestionably in the positive numbers,” Mattis says blithely. “They seem to have temporarily forgiven you for threatening to eat their Prime Minister to his face.”

I wince. “Yeah, not my finest moment.”

“No shit,” Vinnie mutters. “According to Annie when I saw her last, it’s too early to tell from anything but the most cursory of polls, but initial reactions on most foreign media are positive. Russia’s barely covering it, of course. North Korea briefly claimed that you had been assassinated by ‘invincible agents of the glorious People’s Army’ but then shut up when they realized you were alive. The Chinese called to wish you a safe recovery and advised taking all the time that you need; I think that Xi would rather play hardball with Pence than try to figure you out. The Kurds issued a statement in social media…here we go, ‘We stand in solidarity with Comrade Donnie Trump, and pledge our undying support to any efforts taken to eradicate and destroy the influence of the Nazis, who are the eternal enemies of democracy and human decency. The Syrian Democratic Council and the Co-Presidents of the Democratic Federation of Northern Syria pray that God in His mercy shall grant Comrade Trump a swift and full recovery. God is great.’ Pretty boilerplate, but they came out really strong on the Nazi thing.”

“Nice of them, I should send the Co-Presidents a gift basket or a nice note or something. Did the PKK or other Kurdish groups say anything separately?”

“PKK said the same thing just replaced the God references with ‘for the cause of Syndicalism’ and stuff like that. The Germans came out in force on Twitter, too—every single member of the Bundestag Tweeted support for you and condemnation for the assassins. Merkel gave a speech yesterday condemning the attack and calling for ‘all civilized nations’ to cut neo-Nazi organizations off at the root.”

I have an idea. “Can we capitalize?”

“In all fairness, Mr. President, you’re already doing almost everything you realistically and legally can against domestic fascist and white-supremacist groups,” Mattis says. “The only leash you have left to slip off is pulling the trigger on that FBI sweep that you have Comey doing, but that’s nowhere near ready to produce arrests and convictions.”

“Are we in a position where I can realistically start banning more Nazi groups?”

“You already have most of the Klan groups listed on the terrorist watch list. You can hit people like the ‘Traditionalist Workers’ Party’ but those guys are a God-damn joke already.”

“How about rhetoric, propaganda? Can we leverage this into a cultural movement against the alt-
“That’s already happening,” Vinnie says. “You’ve already been spouting that rhetoric, now people are starting to realize that you were right. Congratulations, you look like a mad genius and you accidentally caused that cultural shift.”

“Holy shit, you’re right. OK. Shit, I don’t want to go al HUAAC here, even if they are Nazis. Maybe I can get some of the other alt-right guys arrested—push for stronger hate crime legislation? Name and shame?”

“Hate crime legislation is already fairly strong,” Mattis says, “but I’ve been briefed on Internet harassment because some moron who used to be in the Corps decided to send threats to some of my Marines on Facebook, and the law just hasn’t caught up to tech in that department. You could work on expanding the definition of terroristic threats.”

“Ooh, good idea. And since I have their websites wired like a Soviet hotel…Vinnie, you remember that Andrew Auernheimer guy?”

“Nazi who’s working propaganda for Putin’s proxies in Ukraine now?”

“Yeah. I remember last 2017 that when the guy who tried to assassinate me a few months ago killed a woman in Virginia, Auernheimer was leading an alt-right effort to make him look like the victim and the vic look like…I dunno, a bad person somehow? It was stupid. See if we can get him. He’s still on the no-fly list, right?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Good.” I turn back to Mattis. “It’s past time these scumbags got dealt with. I’ll look into options—Vinnie, call Annie in here for a minute, I gotta schedule a meet with AG Harris.”

“Mr. President, you need to recover,” Mattis growls.

“Yeah, yeah, but I’m going to be bored stiff if I can’t do…” I yawn, a twinge of pain throbbing in my side. “Ow. Fuck. OK, pencil it in for half an hour tomorrow.”

“Will do,” Vinnie promises. “Now you have to rest, Mr. President. I know it was a relatively minor injury, but recovery takes time.”

“Exactly,” Mattis says. “Don’t worry, Mr. President. The country’s in good hands.”

“Thanks, General.” I settle into my pillows with a groan. “And Vinnie?”

“Yeah, Donnie?”

“You saved my life again, man. I’m gonna give you a fucking medal.”

***

September 26th, 2017.

I’m watching WWE SmackDown and chuckling at Rusev’s new “Rusev Day” gimmick from my hospital bed while I get the call.
“Motherf…” I mutter, reaching over to my bedside table as my L’Internationale ringtone plays. “Yeah, who the fuck is this?”

“Trump! You backstabbing son of a bitch, I deserve a goddamn explanation!” yells the asshole on the other end. The accent is thick, Israeli probably, and the voice is obviously killing mad.

“Who the fuck is this, asswipe? I’m busy watching one of my favorite wrestlers feed Randy Orton his own shirt.” Not that Orton doesn’t deserve it—that character is currently going well beyond the usual levels of heel by kayfabe punching Rusev’s legit wife and threatening Rusev’s family. Credit to Orton’s actor—he plays psycho heel really well.

“I don’t give a shit about your goddamn wrestler, I give a shit about how I paid you good money to have control over Veterans’ Affairs, and when I tried to meet your fucking Secretary now that you’ve finally gotten off of your demented ass and named one down at Mar-A-Lago today, he didn’t show up, I had to call the little shit, and he told me to get bent and that ‘your corruption will not be tolerated by this administration, Mr. Perlmutter’. What the fuck is that? What the fuck is your little lackey playing at, you rat bastard, the deal was simple fucking tit for tat!”

I get an evil little smile as I realize who’s calling. “Ike Perlmutter?”

“YES! I helped the goddamn Russians pay for your election, I think I deserve a little goddamn repayment!”

I chuckle nastily. “Ike, let me get something straight with you. You are human offal, a disgrace to your faith and a disgrace to this species, and I consider you to be lower than the oak bracket fungus. You’re a racist, misogynistic, corrupt, greedy sack of shit who has ruined some of my favorite comic books with your greed, venality, short-sightedness and bigotry. Your plan to screw over vets for your own profit by directing them to your pricey private-sector pals for shit care was not only despicable, it was also entirely dependent on my goodwill.

“Also, you ordered bullshit like Secret Empire and Inhumans vs. X-Men, and really, given that you’re Jewish, was mandating that a character who’s a member of an oppressed minority be compared to Hitler for trying to save his people from being gassed to death by space Nazis at ALL appropriate? You’re a horrible person and you’ve done a terrible job running Marvel, you penny-pinching sack of crap.

“You will get not one single penny from me, nor one ounce of influence with my administration.” I neglect to mention that I tipped off the FBI and the Department of Commerce as part of my plan to leave Ike penniless and powerless. “You wasted all that money and all those favors on a backstabbing traitor, Isaac Perlmutter. You were snookered by a halfassed con artist with delusions of grandeur. You got played by a socialist iconoclast who has loathed you for as long as he’s known you.

“And when you die, penniless and alone in a solitary cell, I want you to remember this. Because it was Comrade Donnie who fucked you, Isaac. Comrade Donnie who played you like a harp and fucked you like a cheap hooker. Comrade Donnie who ruined your life and destroyed every bit of bullshit you ever built. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m too busy watching Rusev ram Orton’s face into the color commentators’ table to give a shit about you.

“Fuck off and die, Ike.”
I hang up, then send a text to Comey to check up on the investigation into Perlmutter for me. From the side of my bed, a couple of Vinnie’s minions give me terrified looks.

“Nothing to see here, boys. Just emasculating a greedy hypocrite.”

Some days, I really fucking love this job.

***

September 29th.

“Pence did what?”

One of Annie’s flunkies, an intern-looking type, gulps in terror. “Mr. President, um, he nominated Roy Moore to fill the Supreme Court seat opened by Justice Alito.”

“Holy fuck.” I gotta credit Pence for balls. He’s not stupid enough to think Moore has a chance—this is him trying to show off his power and wave it in my face. “Senate?”

“Uproar,” Annie says herself, walking in with her blouse not quite covering a bruise on her neck. “McConnel tried to push forward the confirmation hearing but the Democrats are lockstep in opposition, the Republicans have only a 50-49 advantage, McCain condemned the action as a breach of procedural protocol—we think he’s charting his own course now that he’s no longer beholden to the party for reelection—and Schumer’s called me asking to talk to you thirty times already today. He’s smelled blood.”

“Jesus Christ.” I pissed Pence off enough that he actually did this? “He actually slipped up. Pence slipped up! I’m getting to him!” I laugh uproariously, then groan and clutch my side. “Phone.”

She rolls her eyes, but passes it to me from my bedside table. I tap out a number, laughing and wheezing painfully the whole time.

The guy on the other end picks up on the third ring.

“Bob Mueller.”

“Bob? This is Comrade Donnie. You still got that file on Roy Moore?”

“Yes, Mr. President. My agents have been expanding it as ordered.”

“How sick is the filth that man’s done?”

“Uh…he’s a pedophile, Mr. President. He stalked and molested numerous teenage girls over a period of years. I don’t know how much worse you can get.”

“Fair point. OK, Bob. I think it’s time to release it.”

“Just the pedophilia, or the whole dossier, Mr. President?”

“Everything. Corruption, constitutional violations, the whole nine yards. I want you to fucking bury him.”
“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, Bob, you’re the best.” I hand up. “Ooh, this is going to be good!”

“…I don’t believe it. I’m starting to like working for you,” Annie mutters.

“Heh, thanks. You alright, by the way?”

“…yes, sir, why do you ask?”

“You’ve got a little spot…”

She blushes and yanks her blouse collar up. “It’s nothing, Mr. President.”

“It looked like a…”

“Just some misapplied makeup, sir.”

I shrug. None of my beeswax. “Fine. Did John Oliver get back to me yet about going on his show again, by the way?”

“Not yet, sir.”

“Well, when he does—remind me to tell him about this idea for a children’s book about a gay rabbit called Marlon Bundo.” I snicker. “And Mike Pence thinks he hates me now…”

***

October 1st. The White House, Washington, DC.

“Autobots, roll out!” I chuckle as Annie follows my wheelchair, Vinnie pushing me as we pile out of the van we took from the hospital. “Thanks again, guys, I should give you raises.”

“Just doing my job, Mr. President,” Vinnie says, his Secret Service minions swarming around this. He’s got some new people on my detail, including that tall blonde who’s usually on Melania’s detail but sometimes drops by the West Wing when Annie’s working with me. Annie has her clipboard out already, ready to go over the (short) list of crap I can do while in a wheelchair, a shiny black clip holding her brown bun together.

“I’m not saying no to a raise,” my admin says. “Alright, Mr. President, you have thirty minutes with Greg Berlanti, that’s in an hour, then a quarter-hour break, then a half-hour with Senator Schumer, then another quarter-hour break, then a half-hour with Attorney General Harris, then you’re off until dinnertime. You need to take it easy and get a lot of sleep, doctors’ orders.”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it. Have a Benjamin as an advance on your raise—oh, wait, jesus, I don’t have my wallet.” I shrug. “I’ll pay you at the end of the month, usual drill. Alright, let’s get me situated!”

When Berlanti comes by, he comes with a thick folder and a friendly grin. “Mr. President! Glad you’re recovering quickly!”

“Yeah, thanks, Greg—I swear to god, that bullet hole hurts like a fucking ice pick. How’ve you been?”
“My team’s nearly done working on _Love, Simon_—this movie I’ve been directing, it’s about…”

“Closeted gay kid, I know, I bought the book, started it, and read the Cliff’s Notes when I got distracted and needed to free up time. Congrats on getting a gay romcom made, though!”

“Thanks, Mr. President, I’m just glad I can make mainstream Hollywood friendlier to my community.”

“You’re doing good work. So, how about the Arrowverse stuff you emailed about?”

“The Suits gave me an opening.” He’s picking _me_ up; no more does he bother with names and specifics, now it’s just “the Suits”. “We’re going to get a _Birds of Prey_ series or a _Batwoman_ series, my choice—so really our choice since you’re contributing so much to _Supergirl_ now you’re effectively my new collaborator—if _Supergirl_ gets average ratings over 3 million viewers.”

“Tough mark.”

“Yeah, but with pre-premiere buzz…your involvement alone has _tripled_ use of _Supergirl_-related hashtags compared to before you became involved, according to my publicity people. We can do this, we just need your scripts and the direction to deliver.” He flashes that grin again. “And I’ve read and helped with touch-up work on your scripts. We’ve _got_ this, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, man, I’m actually pretty nervous,” I confess. “How’s your fiancé, by the way?”

“We’re in full Groomzilla mode trying to get this damn wedding together, but it’s finally happening. Thanks for promising not to crash the wedding, by the way.”

“Hey, I actually kinda like you, Greg. You’ve earned some respect, yanno?” I motion at the folder. “So, deets on our options?”

“Right.” He spreads out some papers. “We can choose _Batwoman_ solo or _Birds of Prey_ team.”

“I like the latter. You have casting options?”

“I have a studio mandate—they want to try out Ruby Rose as a superheroine once she gets done with this _Jason Statham_ shark movie.”

“Sounds good to me. Let’s draft _Birds of Prey_ first, OK?”

“Alright. I’m worried, though—_Arrow_ poisoned our Black Canary options by killing off Laurel, since Dinah Drake is coming off as more of a placeholder. I want to diversify our casting, so if we can avoid Huntress…”

“Here’s an idea. Cassandra Cain Batgirl, look for Asian actresses, young, good at face emoting. Kate Kane Batwoman, Dinah Drake Black Canary as our main star, and Renee Montoya Question as the one most attached to the non-cape world.”

“Question dating Batwoman?”

“Yup.”
“That has to start partway through the season…”

“Yeah, no, I totally get it. Kate is ‘very upset’ about this ‘frustratingly pretty’ cop who keeps foiling her vigilante antics…”

He’s nodding along with me. “Good material. Love interest for Batgirl?”

“Hold for season 2. Dinah needs character dev early to make up for not being the comics! Black Canary. Villains?”

“Trying to get permission to cast a Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy.”

“Good instincts. I’ll call the Suits, maybe we can convince them that the market won’t be confused because functional human beings are smarter than that. Suggestion—we have Earth-X Laurel Lance surviving the Crisis and showing up on Arrow—bring her back?”

“Ooh, she can be a recurrer. We need a big bad, though. Corporate villain?”

“Sounds good to me. Lady, but not like Lena, an actually evil corporate woman. White, young, good-looking—we cast diverse on the heroes.”

“Naomi Scott as Question or another supporting character? As long as you’re bankrolling?”

“Put out the feelers. Get Rekha Sharma and ask if she’ll show up, she’s probably a good cheap alternative and she’s older so we can do different sorts of characters with her.”

“Hero or villain?”

“Hero. They’re still making that Titans crap, right?”

“Yeah, sorry about that, I couldn’t get control.”

“No need to apologize, we’re pushing the envelope as it is. So if Starfire’s out…we already have a mediocre Saturn Girl in a generic costume…do we have Legion characters?”

“Only if the Legion Lost spinoff proposal fails to attract buzz. So far people are threatening to boycott if Mon-El is involved so we’re looking into options.”

“OK. Hey, do I have Jeremy Jordan next season? I’m struggling to find stuff to do with him.”

“His contract’s lapsing. You have Braniac-5, though—the Suits think that since Chris Wood’s contract’s expiring that Supergirl needs a new ‘real’ love interest.” He makes air quotes around ‘real’ with a grimace. Fuck the Suits.

“Can’t use him, especially not as a beard. We need to cull the cast, anyway. Have the Suits talk to me via my admin and chief henchman, move him to Legion Lost, cook some shit up. We still haven’t filmed the closing scenes of the last episode on Supergirl, so we could always leave it hanging.”

“Doable. I’m down with this Magog plan, by the way, I’m looking into people to cast.” My plan for season 4 of Supergirl is to use Magog from Kingdom Come as the villain—basically, he wants to discredit and then kill Supergirl because his daughter was killed in the future by a murderer who Supergirl caught but who then escaped prison. The idea being to be a gigantic fuck you to ‘90s
antiheroes.

“Shame you already used Manu Bennett. Serkis would be OK but he’s too pricey…get someone white, older, grizzled, gruff. Big if possible. The whole season’s going to be about how Magog is a douche and needs to be stopped.”

“I’m on it. Back to Birds of Prey—who do we cast Sharma as if she agrees?”

I snap my fingers. “Jessica Cruz, the Green Lantern. Not Tumblr-friendly ethnicity-ethnicity casting, but she can pass as mestizo and…”

He’s shaking his head. “No dice. Geoff Johns has a hard-on for Hal Jordan bigger than the Washington Monument, and Tumblr flays me for ‘homophobia’ on a regular basis—and I’m as straight as a pretzel! If you pay for Naomi Scott and cast her as a Latina you have to take the flak, and I’m not casting Sharma as Cruz because I’m not taking that one in the balls for you, Mr. President.”

“Fair enough. Power Girl would create confusion with Supergirl and I don’t think any actual woman has breasts that big. How about Kate Spencer, codename Manhunter?”

“She’s on the list of adaptable characters, fairly generic powers, though…”

“No, no, she’s perfect—we need variety in the fight scenes, right? Manhunter uses a staff and a suit of armor that makes her stronger and faster, Batgirl uses kung fu and goofy boomerangs like Batman, Black Canary uses a sonic scream, Batwoman is basically Batgirl but older and a redhead. That’s not, like, Avengers-level fight scene diversity, but it’s the best we can do on TV budgets.”

“Point. OK, that could work. Let me get back to you on casting. Oh, and we would be idiots not to use Catwoman as an antivillain if we can get her.”

“You got permission?”

“Not yet, but some of the Suits are receptive.”

“Holy shit! OK, keep me posted.” I reach for a water bottle and groan with pain as I stretch my scar. “Fucking Nazis, shooting me…I tell you, Greg, Nazis are the fucking worst.”

“I’m well aware, Mr. President. Congratulations on saving that girl and surviving, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, Greg. My technique could use a lot of work.”

He shakes his head. “Mr. President, I don’t think that little girl or her parents care about your technique.”

***

Chuck Schumer shakes my hand with a grin so practiced I can’t even tell whether or not it’s genuine. “Mr. President, glad to see you recovering swiftly. On behalf of my constituents, thank you for your contributions to this great nation and for saving that child from those Nazi scum.”

“Hey, I just jumped on top of a kid and stopped a bullet with the fat waste of oxygen I call a body. What do you want to talk about?”
He grins even wider, and now I can tell it’s genuine. “You just handed us the goddamn midterm, and probably the next election, too. You pissed that fucker Pence off until he snapped, you revealed on national news that that nut job Roy Moore likes to molest underage girls, and got caught on TV saving a child from a couple of honest-to-freaking-God Nazis after spending months promoting a platform so far left two-thirds of my party think you’re a communist. You are an entire childhood of Christmas wishes come true in adulthood in one orange bundle. So, thank you, and I hope to God you’re planning to run as a Democrat next election.”

“Oh, you’ll see,” I chuckle, then wince as my gunshot hole twinges. “Ow. You’ll see, Chuck. It’s going to be one for the ages.”

He looks a little worried about that, but it’s soon overcome by ambition. “Moore’s nomination was withdrawn by Pence and Moore’s lawyering up but you just handed us a Senate seat because Doug Jones is at 50% in the polls and Moore’s refusing to pull out of the race. The Republicans are in chaos and the anti-tax crowd are threatening to break from the party while the Jesus crowd accuse them of treachery. It’s a disaster, at least for them. Pence hasn’t said a word in days, not even via Twitter. He signed a couple of executive orders overturning a couple of your LGBT protections, but I think that was just to spite you.”

“Yeah, I can get those done when I come back in a couple of weeks.” God, I love being President. “Hey, listen. I know you’re worried about my anarcho-syndicalist ideology, but Chuck, it’s the way of the future. If you play ball with me and start moving the Democrats away from neoliberalism, I will make you politically immortal.”

“I’ll consider it.” He won’t. I can see it in his eyes. Fair enough, Schumer’s not a bad guy per se but he’s too tied to the linear political spectrum that I plan to destroy and the neoliberal ideology that I intend to consign to the ash heap of history. I’ll make sure he’s remembered well, at least; like Mattis, he’s not a comrade in arms, but an ally. At least until I convince most of the country that capitalism is outdated and Syndicalism is the way forward.

“I assume this isn’t just a social call. What’ve you got for me?”

“We’re gearing up for a push on immigration. My analysts think it’ll play well with the…”

“No.”

“I’m sorry?”

I shake my head. “It’s too early, Chuck. I need to inoculate the blue-collar folks to the idea that immigrants can be good for the country, inject a little antidote for that Fox News crap. What we need now is a push on taxes.”

“We just lost that fight!”

“That was before the Republican Party started to fall apart and I got shot by Nazis while defending a little girl. I have so much pull I could swear allegiance to ISIS tomorrow morning on live TV and I’d still get re-elected next week in a landslide. Trust me, we can do it.”

“I’m going to take a crap-ton of flack from the big donors.”

“Donors don’t provide free publicity on regular TV addresses and their YouTube channel. And your
base is tracking further left every year—next election, Generation Z will be starting to vote, and they’re the leftiest yet, even more so than the younger millennial cohort.” My phone chimes, and I tap out a Tweet accusing Ramzan Kadyrov of molesting pigs and donkeys. “Chuck, my approval rating among 18-to-24-year-olds is just over 90% right now. We can do this.”

Schumer runs a hand through his hair and sighs. “Goddamn it. God-fucking-damn it. You’d better deliver those younger voters, Trump.”

“Trust me, Chuck, I know what I’m doing.” I take a sip of water. “Also, I’m going to be arresting some alt-right types soon. My intel boys have been collecting thousands of posts, Tweets, and other bits of evidence on various prominent and rank-and-file alt-right figures for months, and I need you to be on-message when I tighten the net. Here’s a list.” I hand him my phone with a document open. “Darius Valizadeh is a prominent misogynist who made the mistake of posting rape threats at and doxxing a journalist who covered his little Internet shithole. The next guy down is an ‘incel’ from Canada who’s about to receive a visit from the Canadian cops based on an anonymous tip, and hoo boy will they find a weapons stash. The next three are white supremacists who’ve been tied to illegal gun sales and are pals with the KKK. Few dozen others who can be conclusively tied to criminal activity or who we know are planning attacks.

“This is a clean-up operation, getting a bunch of crazy Nazi scum off the streets. We’ve got a zero-tolerance policy on domestic terrorism, but these are just the guys we could tie to actual plans for terroristic acts.”

“Just these?” Schumer looks confused. “They’re domestic terrorist wannabes, right? Why didn’t you just scoop ‘em up under the PATRIOT act?”

“I want that piece of shit buried. It gives me way too much power.”

He eyes me like I’ve grown a second head. “You’re worried about that?”

“Yeah. Technically speaking, Mike Pence can have me thrown in GITMO right now basically just by swearing up and down that I’m an ‘enemy combatant’. Well, if he wants to be impeached right afterwards. I think that’s too much power.”

Schumer shakes his head. “Christ, man, what’s the matter with you? You get handed power and all you try to do is piss it away!”

I shrug. “It looks to be polling well with my base.”

***

Kamala Harris meets with me as I’m having a light snack. “You’re really not making my job easy, Mr. President.”

“Sorry, Kamala. I’ve got Nazis to lock up. Can you do it?”

She scoffs. “Of course. They’re Nazis, and you just got shot by said Nazis. This Mike Cernovich guy, you’re sure you can tie him to the Russian government without your testimony?”

“Pretty sure.” The electronic evidence isn’t perfect, but Mattis and I agreed that without Trump’s memories I can’t testify. And even if I hadn’t agreed, he sure as Hell wouldn’t let me. “The real target is Steve Bannon, but he’s a wily sonofabitch and it’s not gonna be easy taking him down.”
“The Breitbart head? All you really need to do is ruin his reputation with the public.”

“Won’t stop him spreading Nazi propaganda to recruit people to his bullshit Hitler cult. Sane people already know he’s fucking nuts. I’ve gotta use propaganda to hit people like the TERFs, other nuts on my side, but that’s gonna take time and prep.”

“TERFs?”

“Trans-exclusionary radical feminists. Generally tied to the ‘lesbian separatist’ movement and typically associated with outright misandristic views, anti-pornography stances, and bullshit conspiracy theories. Basically the closest thing the Left has to those ‘incel’ whack jobs. They’re like tankies, but more annoying and hateful. Here’s some stuff…” I pull up Fundies Say The Darndest Things on my phone and scroll down. “Here’s an example.”

Harris takes the phone with a raised eyebrow, scrolls down, and makes a lemon-sucking grimace. “Isn’t that ‘trans women are just men trying to sneak into women’s bathrooms’ bullshit a right-wing rumor?”

“No exclusively.”

“What the Hell?”

“People go nuts when they get locked into ideological-purity crusades.”

“…wait, porn is misogynist?”

“According to some people.” I give her a what can you do? shrug, and I know she can see the unopened DVD cases in my inbox that have ‘DIRECTED BY Stormy Daniels’ on the covers. I still can’t believe that Stormy agreed to do that ‘based on real life’ Trump/Putin porno, I’m going to have to ensure it goes viral in Russia when it finally comes out.

The Attorney General shakes her head. “News to me. How the Hell are people supposed to be ‘brainwashed into gender treachery’?”

“I dunno, the Nazis think I’m a ‘Jew-Demon from the Talmud’, bigoted people will come up with all kinds of crazy shit.”

“I mean, I met that Logan Ireland guy and that ex-SEAL you brought to that absurd party of yours, they were…normal people.” She shakes her head. “It’s like they’ve never met a trans person.”

“Welcome to the Internet, Kamala.”

“Jesus. I can see why you want to criticize them.”

“Yep. Can’t do it right now, though, not when there’s Nazis to condemn. Don’t want our message muddled until I’ve got the Syndicalist movement in motion and things are stable enough for self-analysis and internal study of the movement to get going.” I take a sip of water. “Anyway. We need to talk about Nazis.”

“Alright.”
“I need advice. What more can I do, legally, to fight the neo-Nazi presence in America, particularly on the Internet?”

“Not much without Congressional help, and even then not much; a big problem is that a lot of their organizing and propaganda is covered by free speech.”

“Figured. How about stricter legislation on online harassment?”

“We’d have to be careful, it’s a legal gray area, but I think that criminalizing sending death and rape threats via social media might be possible, if it were handled right and had clear definitions, but that would only do so much and the Supreme Court would weigh in.”

“Fair.” I tap the arm-rest of my wheelchair. “Goddamn it. OK. Do you think the op I have Mueller and Comey running is enough?”

“It’s what we can do without the risk of sacrificing democratic institutions and civil rights, Mr. President.”

“OK. Then I think I’ll take the good will and the public hate of everything vaguely Nazi to start some criminal justice reforms I’ve been meaning to get to. I want to end civil asset forfeiture.”

“Winding down the drug war, Mr. President?”

“Changing tactics. You think we can do it?”

“With Congress’s help, yes. But it’ll be hard to tie that to Nazis.”

“Sure, but if I announce a big justice push along with the tax push…how about this, we throw in private prisons and the way people with unpaid tickets get farmed out to ‘payment schedulers’ who throw in gigantic fees? I want to make fee collection handled directly by the municipal or state governments, with federal funding for any bureaucracy needed.”

“That might be prohibitively expensive, Mr. President.”

“Sure, but when my tax plan passes, we’ll have the cash to spare.” Always loved putting the screws to corporations. “When I get back my official power, I’ll push on that right away. Meet with me again next week so we can hammer out a solid agenda?”

“Sounds good to me, Mr. President. If you ban private prisons, how will you handle overflow of the state system?”

“Expand the federal system and use it as overflow for the states. Plus, I’ll be pardoning and commuting a shit-ton of nonviolent drug offenders as part of my plan to piss on Reagan’s legacy. Find me some veterans who use pot to deal with PTSD, I want to invite them to the White House for a drug roundtable in two months.”

“I’ll…put someone on it, Mr. President.”

“Awesome, Kamala, you’re the best. Also…should I pardon Spicer?”

She gives me a Look. “No, Mr. President. Not that you’ll have to; it’s looking like he’ll be declared unfit to stand trial. The alcohol and Russian drugs and the stress have left him with a…tenuous grasp
on reality and serious alcoholism, on top of mental instability.”

“Jesus, really?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

I wince. “Holy fuck. OK, I really didn’t intend to do that.”

“Mr. President, you’re hard to deal with at the best of times, and you spent months actively trolling Spicer in the middle of his press conferences.”

“Yeah, but it was just supposed to be a laugh…” I shake my head. “Ah, well, Spicer’s an asshole anyway. Besides, once he’s in a facility and off all the substances, he should recover, right?”

“The psychologists who’ve examined him are hopeful so far, but not certain, Mr. President.”

“Good enough for me.”

I still feel kind of bad for the guy, though, even if he is an asshole.

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October 3rd.

“Mr. President,” Director of National Intelligence Robert Mueller says, striding into the Oval Office. “We have a situation.”

“Hit me, Bob.” I save the script proposal I’m working on and switch to a blank document.

“The CIA tracked down Sean Spicer’s backers. GRU agents, embedded in America by the Russian government years ago. They, most likely along with Putin’s lackeys in Uzbekistan, smuggled Spicer into the country with a Russian sniper rifle to assassinate you. We also discovered that a suspicious person arrested while attempting to covertly flee the scene of the shooting is a Mossad agent, most likely tasked with eliminating you, as well.”

“Jesus fucking Christ.”

“We think that the Nazis were Mossad-backed. It sounds like a pretty simple ruse; use your worst enemy as the point man so if the hit fails, he takes the fall.”

“Makes sense, but…jesus. OK. Do we have all the spies?”

“I’ve got men working on the case now. We suspect that the other Mossad operatives have already fled the country, though; the one we caught was just unlucky enough to be at the wrong place at the wrong time and got grabbed by an overeager cop.”

“Figures. OK, send the Mossad guy to GITMO and interrogate him there. No torture, period. I’ll have a minion call Big Benny after I announce that we caught a Mossad spy and demand concessions. He’s desperate, this was a last-ditch kind of move. He’s got maybe a month before he’s thrown out.”

“Understood.” Mueller’s face is unreadable, but I think he approves of my no-torture order.
“And when I say no torture, that means no waterboarding and if you have to put him in solitary at least give him a window and a couple of guards to talk to.”

“I’ll make sure of that personally, Mr. President.”

“Good. Leak the intel on the Russia connection, I want to have the excuse to sanction Vlad again. And tell the offensive tech guys to start inserting propaganda into Russian social media, I want the ‘Vlad is a gay clown’ memes to go viral.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Good man. Hey, did you see the news on Roy Moore?”

“I did, Mr. President.” He gives me a lemon-sucking grimace. Roy Moore is still running for Senate in Alabama, but now he’s six points behind and falling. Meanwhile, the damage on the national level is done; McConnel wasn’t able to stop McCain from publicly condemning Moore as a disgrace to the nation or Collins and Murkowski from complaining about the ‘over-emphasis on religious fundamentalism over Republican principles of freedom and tradition’. At the same time, Kansas governor Sam Brownback went on a Twitter tirade supporting Moore and claiming that ‘Democrat anti-Christian harlots are launching a smear campaign with the ungodly disgrace who calls himself President to destroy the great and holy man that is Justice Roy Moore’.

It’s been an interesting time.

“What’d you think?”

“I think we dodged a bullet, and that your policy of being a gadfly to end all gadflies is working to your advantage.” He shakes his head. “I’ll make the calls, Mr. President.”

“Good man. And see if you can catch that Russian agent.”

“I’ve already got a team working on that, Mr. President.”

“Thanks. You’re the best, Bob.”

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October 6th, 2017.

“This is a big set of moves,” Vinnie says as he, Annie, Secretary of State Walker, and Secretary Mattis look over my plans. I spent most of the day drafting them, then called this impromptu meeting since all four of the relevant people were in the city.

“Agreed,” the Secretary of Defense says. “I think that the Coast Guard move is a good idea, though.”

“Thanks. Yeah, I’m a big environmentalist, so I’m moving the EPA to full Department level, and I’m going to find someone good to be Secretary—need a good solid environmentalist with good solid credentials. I’m also not a fan of Bush’s reshuffling, so the Homeland Security breakup is something I’m committed to. All the stuff like the Office of Civil Rights and Liberties is going into the DoJ, Coast Guard to Defense, FEMA to the Interior, and the immigration and border stuff to State. I call
that part of it the ‘Make More People American’ program.”

“I like the sound of that,” Walker says with a grin. She’s been, if I’m completely honest, a bit out of her depth as a diplomat, but she’s better than an oil executive or whoever else Trump would have put there. “You’re planning to raise immigration quotas?”

“Yeah, Syndicalism gets an economic boost from immigration. I’ve been writing some essays on it in my spare time. Secret Service is being split up and moved; the financial side is going under Treasury as the Office of American Currency Protection and the protective mission’s going under State and keeping the name.”

Vinnie sticks a hand out to Walker to shake. “Guess you’re about to be my new boss. Sort of.”

“Are you even still in the Secret Service?” Mattis asks.

“Technically, sir. But the President’s, uh, kind of using me as a middleman a lot. It’s complicated.”

“Yeah, Vinnie and I rely on plausible deniability. Or at least a veneer of deniability. We’re considering moving him into my official staff and putting someone else trustworthy in charge of my detail.” I shrug. “Anyway. Any more thoughts?”

“Funding for NASA?” Mattis asks.

“I want to try a Mars shot. I also want to get the government back to the forefront of space exploration, less of this privatization crap, I hate relying on Silicon Valley assholes. I’m thinking, moon base by 2050, Mars base by 2070, might be a bit ambitious but if we can get the funding…I mean, for chrissake, we funded that obscenely large military we had during the Cold War just fine until that idiot Reagan fucked everything up.”

“So this is all dependent on the tax plan?”

“Pretty much.” I shrug. “I have the soft power now. I can pull this off.”

“Hmm.” He doesn’t look confident, but keeps his doubts to himself for now. “You have pulled off some impressive stunts.”

“Yeah. I’m counting on the Republicans selfdestructing and the moderates being forced to vote for it. Might piss some voters off, but again, I have the goodwill to burn.” I turn to Walker. “While we’re in this meeting—I want you to do a Mexico trip, and talk to the Zapatistas. And I want to host the Co-Presidents of Rojava in the White House.”

The former bus driver nods. “Alright, Mr. President, I’ll get it done.”

“Good. We gotta do some good outreach for Syndicalism, and with me in traction I need your help. I want everybody on-message for when I get my power back and Pence has to fuck off.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“I’m still a little concerned about the financial aspect,” Mattis says. “You’re going to need significant political capital to push this through.”

“That’s where my populism comes in. Annie, I want that farmer guy who sent me the thank-you
letter here at the White House, and make a call to Senator Tester, I think I can convince those two to endorse Syndicalism. We’ll need to set this up over the next couple of months.” I have a week until I’m legally in charge of it all again, but I can’t resume my old schedule with this injury until it’s healed.

“I’m on it, Donnie.”

“Good.” I turn back to Mattis. “Also, how’s the replacement effort on the Littoral Combat Ship going?”

“It’s early days yet, Mr. President, but we’re already getting shipyards calling back to let us know they plan to submit proposals. These things take time, we probably won’t see an actual prototype for several years.”

“Fair. Just don’t let BAE Systems touch the project, I’ve got Jeremy Corbyn working on breaking those assholes up, but until then BAE is still the worst, even compared to the arthritic mass that is Boeing.”

Mattis’s lips twitch in a bit of a smile. “You actually pay attention sometimes, don’t you?”

I shrug. “It helps. I intend to disgrace this nation, not destroy it. We gotta get kicked out of our complacency, not dethroned.”

“And converted to your…syndicalism?”

“Well, yeah. I want to make America even better, and that means turning the power over to the People. Wouldn’t mind a red flag, but that’s probably not gonna happen.”

“…this is amazing,” Walker chuckles. “I’m sorry, I still can’t get over how you played the entire country for fools!”

Nobody corrects her, despite knowing the truth, as I shrug and grin back. “What can I say? I’m awesome.”

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October 9th.

“Carefully, carefully!” Vinnie tells his minions as they carry my LCD HDTV down to the Oval Office, my bodyguard pushing my wheelchair ahead of them. “We’ve got time, it’s all good.”

“Yeah, guys, I won’t fire you if we miss the intro segment,” I say over my shoulder. “We’ll let you guys work—Vinnie, get me down to the office, I wanna get the snacks set up.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Mrs. Vinnie coming?”

“No, she found a doctor who’s figured out Natalie’s intestinal issues while you were in the hospital, so she’s out at a Mommy-And-Me swimming lesson. Said something about wanting to get back into the pool so she can try to fit back into her date-night dress.”
“She looks fine as it is.”

“Yeah, that’s what I said. Got me a kiss and a day’s exile from the house.” He rolls his eyes. “Women.”

“Eh, I’ve known guys who were harder to deal with.” We go on in silence for a bit, then I frown at a noise from the Oval Office. “Is someone in my office?”

“Shouldn’t be…” Vinnie mutters, pulling out his gun and moving ahead. I wheel my chair after him, and my bodyguard slips up to the door, counts to three with gestures to me, then throws it open with a shout. “FREEZE!”

“AAHHH!” screams a blonde in a Secret Service suit, her top undone over her front and pants around her knees, sitting on my desk as Annie, in a crisp white blouse, black jacket, and black skirt, sucks on her neck. I see where (or rather, in whom) Annie’s fingers are, then immediately snap my eyes up.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Vinnie and I say together.

“Anne, Anne, baby, there’s somebody…” the blonde, one of Vinnie’s top women, built like a tank, ex-Marine terminal lance with scars and tattoos to prove it, gasps, Annie reluctantly pulling back partway.

“Oh, it’s you,” my admin says, and I very carefully keep my eyes aimed just above head height as the blonde squirms. “I owe you a Benjamin, Mr. President.”

I find my voice. “Keep it, this time’s on me. But for future reference, it’s $150 to fuck on my desk, and you have to clean it afterwards.”

“I’ll remember that.” Blonde, blushing crimson, tries to pull her shirt closed as Annie pulls out. “I’m sorry for the, ah, display, I thought we had more time and it just sort of happened.”

I wave a hand dismissively. “Don’t mention it. Just clean my goddamn desk after the next time. Congratulations, Agent…uh…”

“Clay,” Blonde supplies. “Vivian Clay, I was a Lance Corporal in the Marines.”

“Congrats, Agent Clay. You’re one lucky woman. Annie here’s the best-organized person I know. Uh, how long…”

“We met at the LGBT People Rock And Also Fuck Mike Pence Day party. We’ve been sneaking moments when we can…” Clay looks like she wants to fall into a bottomless pit. Annie just looks pissed that she got interrupted.

“Aww, I love a good love story. Annie, work with your schedules so that your free time syncs up.”

“With pleasure, sir.” My admin straightens her collar one-handed, and I look away as she cleans her other hand in a rather risqué manner not fit for polite company. Agent Clay goes even deeper red and lets out a strangled whimper. “Viv, hon, pass me my earrings?”

“Here…”
I clear my throat as Annie puts them in with her dry hand and Agent Clay, still blushing, pulls her pants back up. “Just, uh, in the future—if you really want to do it on my desk, just let me know first, OK?”

“Sure thing.” She crooks a finger at Clay. “Come on, Viv, I still want to finish—my place or yours?”

“Your place is fine,” the Secret Service woman squeaks, picking up her coat and scurrying after Annie as my admin steps around me. “Mr. President, Agent Wilson, I’m so sorry…”

“Don’t…uh…don’t mention it,” Vinnie manages. “Just, uh, keep it to off-duty hours.”

“Yes sir, absolutely, sir.” She practically sprints down the corridor after Annie, slowing only to skirt around the guys with my TV.

Vinnie holsters his gun as I finally process the whole thing.

“Dude, what the fuck? How did I miss that?”

“If it helps, Mr. President, all I had was suspicions.”

“Damn.” I shake my head. “I mean, goddamnit. It’s like the fucking West Wing, in the actual goddamn West Wing, only not on TV, and with more people who aren’t straight white people, plus extra crazy courtesy of me.”

“Yeah,” Vinnie manages lamely. “I, uh…That was a shock.”

“I didn’t even know she was gay!”

“Who, Annie? Mr. President, she won every category in the trivia contest at the LGBT People Rock And Also Fuck Mike Pence Day party!”

“I just thought she was good at trivia!” I protest. “Jesus. OK. So…after all that…um…do you still want to watch the Supergirl season premiere?”

“…Sure. But let’s get the TV set up and clean the desk first. Jesus Christ. I’m sorry, that was a bit of a shock.”

“Yeah, for me too. I can’t believe how blasé Annie was about the whole thing.”

“Mr. President, she’s never made anything more than an eye-roll to your crazy antics. She can tolerate you walking in on her without a flinch.” He shakes his head. “I’m more surprised that Agent Clay…ah, never mind, I shouldn’t speculate about people’s bedroom preferences.”

“Not even Vlad’s?”

“Not the time, Mr. President.”

“Fair.” Behind me, the guys with the TV get to the door. “OK. Let’s set this up, clean off my desk, and watch Supergirl punch the bad guys. Keep your fingers crossed that the ratings are good. And, uh, try to forget what we saw so that Annie doesn’t ruin us.”
“With pleasure, Mr. President.”

Sometimes, life manages to be crazier even than me. I'm gonna have to step up my game.
October 13th, 2017.

“…and the numbers look great, Mr. President, over four and a half million by initial reports.” I pin my phone to my shoulder with my ear as my minions help me dress.

“That’s awesome, Greg, really awesome, keep me posted, OK? I have to Skype the Kurds and then give a speech, I get my President powers back today.”

“I assure you, Mr. President, we’re all appropriately cowering in terror over here.”

I snicker as I swap my phone to my other side. “Good to hear, buddy. Tell the cast thanks for the get-well-soon gifts, OK? And take it easy, we earned it. You earned it, coordinating this shit, you’re a gift, Greg.”

“I will, Mr. President.”

“Call me Donnie, all my friends do. OK, do svedanye!” I hang up and motion to my admin, Annie, who’s sharply dressed in a crisp white blouse, dark jacket, and navy skirt. “Annie, got my short list?”

She hands me a piece of paper. “Here, Mr. President.”

“Thanks.” I start to scan my short list of SCOTUS nominees. “How’s your girl?” Four days ago, Vinnie and I walked in on Annie doing her girlfriend on the Resolute Desk; I gave both of them the next two days off, and it’s Annie’s first day back.

“Vivian’s fine, though she’s refusing to come anywhere near you or the West Wing.”

“Entirely reasonable after all that awkward. OK, so out of these three, I want a woman, so Sri’s out, and Kamala’s too good of an AG—plus I’m considering making her my VP and grooming her for POTUS if she can still tolerate me in 2020. Jackie Nguyen’s an Obama appointee, right?”

“Yep.”

“Ok, then, we go with her. Make the call.”

“On it,” Annie confirms, tapping on her phone as Vinnie, my bodyguard and chief henchman, strides in.

“Morning, Mr. President.” He relieves the flunky standing behind me, and the sweating Secret Service guy flees to saner parts. “How’s your side today?”

In case you hadn’t noticed, hi! I’m Comrade Donnie, the mind of a former college student who’s
currently stuck in the body of Donald Trump. Welcome to the insanity that is my daily life.

“Better than I was. How’s Liz?”

“Well, I tried to surprise her with dinner reservations but she couldn’t fit into her date dress—this is from before she got pregnant, right, so she’s gained about twenty pounds net since then and a decent chunk of that up top, I think I told you about how she was complaining about feeling ‘fat’—so she got frustrated, and I fucked up.”

“You did not tell her she was fat!” I gasp.

“No, you think I’m fucking suicidal? I told her she’s still the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen, then I said that if I had to pick between her and Sofia Boutella I’d still pick Liz.” He chuckles. “Which reminds me, I’m going to have to put a hotel room on my expense account for a night or two since she threw me out of the house for ‘lying.’”

“Jesus, man. Is she OK?”

Vinnie shrugs. “It’s been a big transition even nine months in, and not only is she taking the brunt of it since I’m the primary income and she’s primary caregiver, but I find watching you fuck up the world oddly hilarious and so I get to spend most of my time in the most interesting sort of feeling of detached amusement, while you’re just an annoying frustration to her.” He pats my shoulder. “And I just remembered that you’re probably never going to experience parenthood the same way as she is or I am. Sorry for reminding you about that, Donnie.”

“No your fault, man,” I assure him, though it’s still a bit of a mood dampener. I mostly cope with the whole ‘50 years off my lifespan’ thing by annoying Putin for the catharsis, and I’m only allowed to accuse Putin of taking anal from a horse so much. “You and Liz are going to be OK?”

“Yeah. She just needs a night or two to herself after the blowup, and then maybe a little help to cope. She’s the most stable person I know, it’s just that the stress gets to her sometimes. And, she’ll never openly admit this, but I think she was a little worried about you.”

“She threatens to castrate me most times we talk,” I reply flatly.

“Yeah, but she also tries to be supportive when you start to break down. Anyway, my point is, even the best of us start to crack sometimes. Which brings me to another important point. You have a therapy session tomorrow.”

I groan. “Yeah, yeah, I’m going. Hey, Annie, did you tell your girlfriend I’m sorry for walking in on you guys?”

My admin nods with only a hint of a wince. “Like I said, she still doesn’t want to show her face around here. And, uh, thank you for not making a big deal out of that whole incident, I was a little buzzed and miiiiight have made some poor decisions while preoccupied.”

She sure as Hell didn’t look drunk, but whatever, I don’t care what bullshit excuse Annie wants to use. “Justified, and don’t worry, just don’t talk about it ever again. OK. Annie, what’s on the docket today?”

“Well, Mr. President, you legally get your powers back in 30 minutes plus a couple more for Congress to argue about it before the inevitable vote. McConnel’s expected to not fight too hard, though, because Pence dropped the ball so badly. The Hurricane Maria cleanup in Puerto Rico is a mess, you should address that ASAP.” I had FEMA stockpile extra supplies just in case Maria wasn’t butterflied, but the infrastructure situation was still apparently a clusterfuck.
Welcome to every single day of my shit sandwich of a Presidency.

“I’ve got an idea for handling that. How’s Texas?”

“Cleanup’s going well, probably don’t need to do anything there that FEMA isn’t already handling.”

“Can I tour Puerto Rico?”

“Not until you get the OK from your doctors,” Vinnie tells me.

“What he said.” Annie swipes at her tablet. “Plane travel could stress your injury too much. Next, the matter of Alex Jones, who’s claiming that the attack on you was staged and that that girl you saved was a ‘crisis actor’.”

“Not worth my time. Let the public julienne him.”

“Alright. The Syrian Kurds are sending their Co-Presidents to DC to meet with you.”

“Awesome, let’s fight the good fight for Syndicalism. What next?”

“I’ve tentatively scheduled a press conference in two hours, do you have any special costume needs?”

“Can we mock up my wheelchair to look like a tank?”

Admin and chief henchman give me a Look. “No, Mr. President,” Annie tells me.

I nod agreeably. “Fair enough. OK, then, I’m going to make it about government transparency, and reminding the People that the government works for them and not the other way around. That should be the next episode of DonnyTube, by the way.”

“Yes, Mr. President.” Annie taps out a quick note.

“Vinnie, did you hear the good news?”

“No, what, Donnie?”

I grin like a motherfucker. “More than four million viewers for Supergirl. I worked my magic, it seems.”

My henchman snorts. “Please. You’re a Bond villain in a white hat, you draw attention just by being a flamboyant nut.”

“Fair, fair,” I allow him. “But still, they wouldn’t have kept watching without some quality in the programming. Annie, how’s Trump Games doing?”

“Pre-production’s wrapping up and basic systems are solidified, it’s just a matter of crunching the production out now. We should have beta material for SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! ready for E3 next year.”

“Excellent. Keep it quiet for now, I want the aura of mystique, then after EA implodes we launch the media blitz. I want ad time to target blue-collar people, too, that means ad time during the WWE and stuff like that. We go flashy, we go lurid, we go crass--I mean, like Wolfenstein crossed with DOOM, just emphasize the whole ‘Killing Nazis is patriotism’ angle. It’ll play well after those nut jobs tried to kill me.” I shift in my chair, feeling a twinge in my side. I’m off most of the pain meds now, it fucking sucks, worse than when I got my wisdom teeth out last lifetime.
“I’ll let Trump Games know, Mr. President.”

“Good. And make sure that Barron gets to playtest it in alpha and beta. I’m getting a soft spot for the kid. Speaking of which, D&D is on for this week, call Obama and ask if he wants to show up.”

“Yes, Mr. President. One thing, your wife is in Paris and refuses to attend.”

“Well, then the way I see it, you can invite your girlfriend or I can see if Laura Benanti’s willing to take another hundred grand to play a character.” I’m starting to actually enjoy being nakedly corrupt, jesus christ.

“With respect, Mr. President, it already took a lot to bribe Benanti to move to Vancouver for the show, getting her to fly back on weekends for a freaking D&D game’s going to be a lot harder.”

“Also fair,” I reply with a nod. “Alright. Ask Agent Clay if she wants to join the group. Failing that we can ask some minion, I’ll figure it out.” I cock my head. “Or maybe I’ll let Barron try that cheesy zookeeper character he was proposing. That might be fun. How’s Operation OLIVER going?”

“The operation’s primed, Mr. President. Advertising phase is ongoing, showing positive results in the polls; the Italian government doesn’t seem to suspect much so far. Oliver himself has not been notified.”

“Keep it that way, I want to surprise him. Bribes?”

“According to Director Mueller, operatives managed to successfully save money by taking advantage of the endemic corruption to bribe some lower-ranking politicians with the Italians’ own money.”

“We’re keeping good records, yes?”

“Yes, sir. Have the mission parameters changed at all?”

“Nope. Plan’s still to get John Oliver made Prime Minister of Italy by bribing Italian judges and right-leaning lawmakers, then exposing the entire operation as a sting, then let the Italian people take care of the rest.” I rub my hands together with an evil cackle. “This is gonna be fun.”

Annie rolls her eyes. “In that case, I’ll coordinate for your Secretaries. I don’t want to be near you during today’s speech if you’re in one of your Moods.”

“Dude!” I complain.

“She’s got a point,” Vinnie notes. “You do tend to raise people’s blood pressure.”

“You stick around me, man!”

“That’s just because I learned in the first month that I’m doomed to this fate and might as well embrace it, Mr. President.” After a moment, he adds, “Also you’re paying for my daughter’s education.”

“She’s going good places,” I put in. “OK, buddy, can you get a few minions and find someone willing to make an effigy of Rick Scott for me to set on fire on the lawn?”

“Oh, I can do that one,” Annie cuts in. “I have, uh, friends. Lots of friends who hate that man.”

“Leave room for me when we build it,” Vinnie insists. “I used to live in Florida. That man’s a piece
of shit.” After another moment, he adds, “Also he’s as good a governor as an alligator is a baseball player.”

I wince. “Cold, dude.”

“But entirely accurate,” Vinnie says darkly.

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“What up, ‘Murica?” I bray, the Red flag hanging proudly from the back of my wheelchair. “This is President Donnie, and thanks to Congress telling Mike Pence to go fuck himself I’m back to having the full legal powers of the POTUS! Our Constitution rocks! I love this country! Support our troops! Also, Fuck Mike Pence and fuck Pedo Roy Moore, you two shitheds are motherfucking, no, sisterfucking degenerates who hate our America, who hate our great and glorious Constitution! Fuck you, Mike Pence! And I hope you get thrown in prison, Roy Moore!”

I pause for breath. “I’m back, America. I’m going to bring Syndicalism to the world and I’m going to do it for America. America’s the best, we’re going to spread Syndicalism and democracy, we’re going to make our country the best there’s ever been!

“Now, you know ol’ Comrade Donnie, I’m not just going to get up here without something to say! So, America, I’ve got a few announcements to make!” I rub my hands together and snicker with glee. The press corps, excepting some of the senior reporters and Lacey Dawes, pulls back with a collective ripple of anticipatory horror. Jesus, I think some of those guys are war correspondents--some of the ones who don’t flinch, anyway.

“First off! Comrade Donnie’s reforming the executive branch.” I see every face, including Lacey’s, stiffen, and all the whiter ones go deathly pale. “I’m getting rid of the Department of Homeland Security, it’s a mess of a department that doesn’t really have a unified purpose. The Coast Guard’s going over to Defense, so Mattis can make it great again--that’s a new slogan, b-t-dubs, MTCGGA, Make The Coast Guard Great Again--and I want to make FEMA great again too, MFGA, MFGA! So FEMA’s going to the Department of the Interior, and I’m going to make that agency so great by putting some former military logistics man in charge of it, we need to bring the amazing US military logistics to FEMA, it may be stupid and overcomplicated at times but there’s no group on the planet that can move massive amounts of supplies in an orderly fashion like our fantastic and amazing Workers’ Army.” Shit, I’m getting ahead of myself. I’m only going to rename the armed forces later. “Anyway, stuff like that, because we need to help Puerto Rico.

“Puerto Rico is a great and loyal part of our fantastic nation, but we haven’t treated them right! Puerto Rico’s been used as a playground by corrupt corporate scum because our fucking incompetent Congress hasn’t had the fucking balls to restrict the access that corporate scum have to fuck over the people down there. Folks, it’s a mess. And so the infrastructure down there was shit, and it got hit by a hurricane and now a fuckload of good, honest, hard-working Americans are out of power and it won’t be back on for months at least! It’s bigly bad, so bad, many fine Americans dead and more at risk, and the last few sad, low-energy administrations like Bush and Clinton, they made it worse by letting the corporations fuck over Puerto Rico, since Puerto Rico isn’t a full state yet those motherfucking corporate scum got a free playground, they raped Puerto Rico, they screwed over an island full of millions of beautiful Americans, because corporations are evil and all they care about is greed, and they made Puerto Rico pay through the nose for shitty, very bad, low-energy infrastructure that all got broken by the hurricane!

“That shit ain’t right! I’ve mobilized FEMA, mobilized our fantastic Army and Coast Guard and Navy to help as well, I will help repair the damage done to Puerto Rico and I will make them a full State of our glorious Union so that this situation doesn’t happen again! Puerto Rico will be a strong
and strategically amazing 51st state, full of good American workers who will help make us stronger than the Europoors and the Ruskies combined! And when we rebuild Puerto Rico and make it a new state, we will build factories there, just like we will bring jobs back to America and build new factories, and we will bring Syndicalism to Puerto Rico as we do so!” I salute crisply, then grab my side with a hiss of pain. “Ow! Fuck that fucking Nazi pig that fucking shot me!” I look up to the mic and cameras with a pained grimace. “I’d shot again in a heartbeat, though, if it meant saving that little girl again. Because man, a 70-something pervert who spent most of my life being a raging asshole, or an innocent little 6-year-old? No contest, I should be the one to go.”

A flunky hustles up with a painkiller pill and a water bottle; I down the pill and chug some of the water, then belch. “Ahhh. Ok. So anyway, Make Puerto Rico Great Again! And Make Puerto Rico the 51st state! Hopefully we can get the process going before April 9th next year, because Bernie Sanders—a great man, a very great pro-Syndicalist man who loves the workers and farmers of this amazing country—just introduced, after I suggested it to him over a phone call, a proposal for a federal Victory Over The Slaver Traitors Day for April 9th every year, to celebrate our glorious Union’s triumph over the racist scum who betrayed our country, and I want to celebrate in Puerto Rico by leading a mock-hanging of Jefferson Davis. Because man, fuck the Confederacy, fuck the alt-right, fuck the neo-Nazis, America’s the best.

“Well, except for Finland, Finland’s pretty cool too. Not like North Korea, North Korea’s uncool and Kim Jong-Un is a sad, low-energy loser with a small penis and smuggler hair. Anyway. I want Puerto Rico as the next state of the Union, and I even made a poster!” I snap my fingers at my flunkies, and they bring out the Uncle Sam-style poster, which bears the garish caption ‘I want PUERTO RICO as the 51st state!’ and features yours truly, in Trump’s body, pointing dramatically with a dopey attempt at a serious stare. “Workers of America, Comrade Donnie calls upon—nah, sorry, that doesn’t work. Yo, comrades! Get your asses down to Puerto Rico and help rebuild, if you’re man enough! The US government will foot the bill, and if Congress doesn’t like that...tough. I’ll redirect funds from nonessential crap if I have to, Mattis says the military’s going to be running a big surplus now that Jeremy Corbyn’s done us the favor of breaking up BAE Systems—thanks, Comrade Corbyn, you’re a good man and a great friend to the workers of the world!

“Speaking of which, Comrade Bernie should be reintroducing the Comrade Donnie-approved MAGA Tax Reform Act in about ten minutes, give or take, it’s going to fucking destroy the stranglehold the rich shitheads have over our country, it’s going to be amazing, we’re going to make a freer, better, more equal America with true liberty and justice for all!

“Next! Rick Scott, Governor of Florida, is a fucking prick and felony disenfranchisement laws are bullshit. Especially since, and this is true, there are people who have been thrown in prison on felony counts and been stripped of their right to vote for smoking pot. Fucking pot. People have literally been denied the right to vote because they smoked the wrong kind of goddamn leaf.

“So fuck all that bullshit. I’m going to be using my awesome POTUS powers to pardon basically every nonviolent drug offender who was screwed by Ronnie Reagan’s bullshit, stupid, ineffective mandatory-minimum laws, and I’m gonna put ‘em in rehab or some shit like that instead, and I’m giving everyone who comes to me back their voting rights as soon as they’re out of prison.

“I mean, jesus christ, convicted felons still pay taxes. We fought a goddamn revolution over that shit! No taxation without representation, American revolution, red white and blue, Stars And Stripes, give me liberty or give me death, that kinda stuff. If you’ve paid your debt to society, and you’re paying taxes, then goddamn it, you have the motherfucking right to vote, jesus fucking christ.

“America is the best country there is, and that’s why I’m doing this. We are going to be the best, most invincible nation, with liberty and justice for all! Plus, Rick Scott is a tiny-minded buffoon who
looks like an albino python about to swallow a baby gazelle.

“And fuck Mike Pence, by the way.”

I take a swig of water and clear my throat. “Also Brazil’s leader, that corrupt shithead Temer, is a corrupt shithead who’s slashed his great nation’s education budget. Temer wants the people of Brazil to be poor and stupid so he can screw them over! Temer, you are human offal and I will piss on your mother’s grave, you sister-fucking moron! And Silvio Berlusconi, you still owe me a refund for that time I came to your bunga-bunga party with Vlad, this was the time Vlad was wearing that pink tutu, and I had to pay for the time of that one Moroccan stripper but it turned out she was underage so Vlad and I didn’t get to see any action, that’s not cool, Silvio. Bringing kids to your sex parties is creepy, disgusting, and beyond wrong, you fucking pedo piece of shit. Anyway! All Hail Satan! Any questions?”

There’s a full twenty seconds of stunned, possibly horrified silence. Then Lacey Dawes clears her throat.

“Uh, Mr. President...you know that you can’t make Puerto Rico a state, right?”

“Sure I can. Hold the statehood referendum ASAP, then I get all my awesome, amazing, high-energy fans to brigade Congress until they let Puerto Rico in.” I grin. “I fucking love democracy. FREEDOM and LIBERTY are the best things America ever invented.”

“We didn’t invent those, you moron.”

I roll my eyes. “Lacey, I’m trying to be theatrical here.”

“Mr. President, you have a red flag hanging from the back of your wheelchair and you frequently cosplay mass-murdering dictators. You don’t need to try to be theatrical.”

“I respect your point but I disagree. Fuck, I just remembered--now that I’m back to work I can’t play Tomb Raider for 8 hours a day! Motherfucker! And I’m going to miss WWE SmackDown, too!” I pout. “Ah, well. I got a duty to my country, that’s all it is. Video games and SmackDown are lower priority, sadly. Also, WWE, why the fuck are you still pushing Roman Reigns when Rusev is primed and ready to turn face and kick ass? Rusev’s a better actor, more versatile performer, and better suited to be the face of the company--plus this new Rusev Day gimmick of his fucking rocks, I love it. So is Seth Rollins, honestly, solid actor, great performer. Get one of those guys and have Reigns do a heel run again, and this time when he turns face keep his character mostly the same as his old heel character except heroic, because people like faces who used to be popular heels because they keep a lot of their heel traits. Seriously, Vince McMahon, get WWE Creative to get off their lazy asses and write a good story, for crying out loud! I’ve been watching your company’s production twice a week for the better part of a month, on account of being hospitalized thanks to those Nazi fuckheads shooting me, and Vince, you need to get better writers, because Jim Sterling’s parody heel manager character, Sterdust, is ten times better than anything your moron squad’s putting out, and he’s a shallow parody, for chrissake!” I shake my head. “Morons. Anyway, more questions?”

A CNN guy with a British accent’s the first to speak up. “Mr. President, do you have any comment on the recent attacks against white-nationalist figures by vigilante actors?”

“Political violence is wrong, but I sure as hell ain’t shedding a tear if a patriotic American punches a Nazi on the jaw. That said--guys, come on. They’re Nazis, but don’t swing the first fist. You’re better than that! Let them do it first, dodge, and then kick ‘em in the nuts. I know that some people have said that they’re defending ol’ Comrade Donnie or avenging me or whatever--guys, I’m the
fucking President. The best, high-energy, bigly President, OK? I can take a bunch of cowardly punks hiding in their mommas’ basements. If you throw the first punch I’ll have to arrest you for assault and battery and I really, really don’t want to have to do that. It’s funny to see a Nazi get the living shit kicked out of him, but we have to be better than those bastards, political violence is just not OK. Hail Satan. Next question?”

“Mr. President,” a reporter from the Wall Street Journal asks, “Are you concerned that your movement may be developing into a cult of personality?”

I snort. “And The Donald’s wasn’t already? Jackass. Listen here, pal, Syndicalism only works if the People tell me what to do. If the American people get the fuck out to vote every election!

“See, folks...our country’s a democracy. Democracy dies in silence. If you don’t vote, if you don’t say anything, then our country dies. It will die under a flood of Russian money, Russian hackers, Russian trolls, Russian-influenced fanatics who go to the polls and elect a racist, thin-skinned, immature overweight lecher with tiny hands.

“That was The Donald, by the way. The Donald was a horrible person before I quit playing him. Turnout in 2016 was disgustingly low. Voting, people? It isn’t just a right. It is a duty. When you are born in a democracy, when you hold citizenship in a democracy, it isn’t just your right to choose your leaders, it’s your duty. Otherwise you’ve got nobody but yourselves to blame when the political machine picks the new dictator.

“Get the fuck out to vote or I’ll take your voting rights away and give them to your children--your children who are going to inherit this mess, so you’d better get your fucking acts together, people of America, and start working the fuck together to fix this fucking planet.

“Do you understand? Or do I need to come up with a bigger vocabulary of expletives?”

I take another swig of water. “Next question, shitwits! You, red tie!”

“Mr. President, your company, the Trump Organization, recently announced that you’ve set up a video-game studio called Trump Games, can you give us any details about that?”

“Sure thing, though obviously I don’t know the inner workings because it’s in a blind trust under a good friend of mine. Trump Games will have two divisions--our money-making division, who churn out reliable crowd-pleasers about machine-gunning Nazis and stuff like the upcoming SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!, and our artistic division, who work on more involved, games-as-art stuff to establish video games as an artistic medium of the future. Not that the crowd-pleasers can’t be artistic, too, but I want a division to focus on mid-priced games and really cool experimental shit, to encourage additional innovation. Obviously there’ll be some overlap, but frankly, most game companies these days have forgotten how to make decent, affordable games and I want to bring that back. Along with some decent, ethical fucking business practices. Like unionization and not trying to swindle customers.

“You see, there’s a lot of bad people doing bad things in the video game industry. Corrupt corporations like Warner Brothers’ video game division, 2K, and the great Satan, EA Games, are all doing loot-box gambling bullshit aimed at kids. Those low-energy losers are selling online casinos to children--fucking children--I saw the news about EA’s latest shitty bullshit, they made a game called Star Wars: Battlefront 2, and it’s just a pay-to-win casino, it costs thousands of dollars just to unlock freaking Darth Vader in a Star Wars game! I mean, what the fuck?

“So I’ve ordered the US Department of Commerce to dismantle EA and prevent video-game publishers from turning games into casinos! Because fuck that bullshit, keep kids safe and help
gambling addicts recover, EA has gone too far this time in their pursuit of money--so many great games ruined by their greed, *Mass Effect 3* and *Mass Effect Andromeda*, *Dead Space*, *Medal of Honor*, *Command and Conquer*, *Dungeon Keeper*, even freaking *Battlefield*! Well, it ends today. Andrew Wilson, I will take you down, you greedy capitalist-imperialist bastard! For the Red Banner of Labor! For Syndicalism!"

I clear my throat. “Anyway. To change the bad, money-grubbing, lootbox bullshit things that other, no good, low energy people did. I, Comrade Donny, will make video games great again, ‘cause I can. I will make games better, bigly better with all of the gays, who I love, and all of the minorities because there aren’t enough of them in video games, so beautiful, so rich, we’re going to make video games great again. Higher energy, so much higher energy. Video games will be in college, I know it, within the decade, for certain. Thank Satan for me.”

There’s a moment of stunned silence. Then, a hand goes up, and I point. “You, green plaid.”

“Mr. President, is making video games your new hobby?”

“Nah, it’s my company doing it. It’s in a blind trust, I don’t know the inner workings at all.” A lie; Vinnie’s my middleman but he tells me everything. “Me taking on EA is my attempt to use the Department of Commerce for its actual fucking job. If the Trump Organization’s new games division engages in predatory monetization practices, I will gut them like a fish even if it costs me all my money. I am an ethical person, and I believe in strong business ethics.” Holy shit, I managed to keep a straight face through that last one! “OK, let’s move on. I don’t know more details on Trump Games, someone else will be talking about that at some point.”

Lacey Dawes raises her hand, and I point at her. “Yeah, my favorite reporter?”

“Mr. President, can you comment on the allegations of foreign involvement in the assassination attempts?”

“Not too much. Let’s just say that Sean Spicer, the sniper, was in a fragile mental state after manipulation by what we suspect were foreign agents and copious application of alcohol and drugs, and believed himself to be ‘saving’ the country from me.” We’re keeping the Russian involvement close to the chest while my CIA guys finish rounding up the ring. “The Nazis were backed by an authoritarian asshole who runs an apartheid state and will be resigning before tomorrow morning if he knows what’s good for him. By which I mean, Benny Netanyahu, your grace period is over. I have your Mossad agent in GITMO and he’s already admitted that your op was backing the Nazis. Not even a hint of torture, too--I’m proud of my intel guys, they did a good job and they’ve been doing well re-learning humane interrogations. Anyway. Benny, I gotta admit, smart move using the Nazis as proxies. Win-win situation for you, either a couple of worthless Nazi shithags get offed or your #1 enemy bites it. Smart idea, in concept. Unfortunately, you just ran out of luck. So, I want you to resign by tomorrow morning, and I want some *sincere as fuck* apologies from you and anyone else who was involved with the attempt to kill me, and by sincere as fuck I mean with groveling and diplomatic concessions to be determined over the next few days, and I expect representatives from your next government to show up to negotiate with me and the Hamas and Fatah leadership before the end of the month, or I will go to Congress and ask for a declaration of war. Eat shit and die, you corrupt pig.

“And while we’re at the subject of corrupt authoritarian thugs, Stormy Daniels just came out with a new movie, *Putin/Trump: Their Forbidden Love*, it’s a porno documentary about my sexy romance with Vlad, she directed and cameos as a dominatrix in the golden-shower scene. She’s a wonderful director and cinematographer, totally mainstream Hollywood skills there. Am I allowed to say buy her movies? I don’t have a financial stake, am I allowed to give her free advertising?”
There’s a full twenty seconds of stunned silence. Then Lacey speaks up. “Mr. President...you have hard evidence that Israel was behind the assassination attempt?”

“One of them, anyway.” I pull out my phone and tap a few buttons. “Deets are on Twitter now. Hail Satan.”

The reporters go for their phones. Lacey clears her throat as her cameraman does the same. “Mr. President, what will you do if Israel doesn’t comply with your demands?”

“I’ll go to Congress asking for a declaration of war, and when I get it I’ll invade,” I say simply. “Cut them off with the US Navy, blockade their coastline and the Straits of Tiran, have the Marines I have guarding the Israel-Palestine border shoot anyone with a gun who gets too close, and bomb every Israeli military installation we can find down to the bedrock. The Israeli military’s degenerated into little more than a gang of thugs with expensive toys, their doctrine is lazy and relies on war crimes over forethought and their COIN doctrine is hilariously primitive--it’s regressed decades in just the last 10-15 years. So we shouldn’t have that much trouble. Then move in with boots on the ground, systematically dismantle the Israeli state and government, and occupy it until we can reintegrate the whole mess with Palestine. Invite the refugees back while I’m at it, like the Palestinian nationalists want.

“Quite simply, Israel can comply with my demands, or they can cease to exist as the apartheid-regime settler colony they currently are. And if they break out the chemical and bioweapons, well, I’ll haul their military high command in front of the ICC and send them to prison for life.

“Don’t fuck with me, and don’t fuck with my people.”

The room is deathly silent. Lacey finds her voice after about fifteen seconds. “Mr. President, are you sure that that’s wise? What if Israel uses the nuclear stockpile that they’re suspected to have?”

I lean forwards in my wheelchair and shrug. “With his supposedly-secret nuke program, Big Benny Netanyahu can kill one, maybe two of our cities, if he’s feeling suicidal. If he does that, I’ll kill his entire country in an instant. Burn it down to the bedrock. Make Jerusalem glow in the dark as ten thousand nuclear warheads glass the entirety of Israel and all eight million-plus people therein down to the lower crust. That’s what the USA’s nukes are for. To make it crystal fucking clear that if someone kills millions of our people, we will burn their country so deep that for ten thousand years not even the tiniest lizard will be able to survive upon the layers of radioactive trinitite glass left after our bombardment.

“You hurt American civilians, you die. Osama bin Laden learned that the hard way. You mass-murder American civilians as a state actor? Your entire country is erased from the face of the Earth.

“Ball’s in your court, Benny.”

I lean back and take a drink. You can hear a pin drop as the reporters try to collect themselves.

“Mr. President,” one of them finally manages, “Was that a threat?”

“A promise.” I take another drink of my water. “Ideally, Israel will accept that they’re way the hell in the wrong and accept the consequences of their actions peacefully, and nobody will get hurt. I really, really want that option.

“But if the unthinkable happens, and Benny’s stupid enough to kill one of our cities, millions of our people...I’m sorry. But I would be one shit President if I didn’t respond appropriately.

“If you nuke us, Benny, eight million people, plus a few million more from the fallout, die. If you
don’t nuke us, they live. It’s that simple.”

Nobody seems to have any more questions. I clear my throat.

“I’ve got one last thing to say, on a somewhat less sobering topic. I started watching *Star Trek: Discovery* recently. Now, I’m a huge Trekkie—I love Deep Space Nine, I used to write Bashir/Garak slash fic, really steamy stuff, Vlad loves it, and I love TNG and the original series too, but Sisko is a better Captain than Kirk or Picard, OK—anyway, I sat down to watch it, and…

“It’s shit.

“Seriously, people. *Star Trek: Discovery?* It’s shit. I call it *STD*. It’s imperialist trash written by a lazy, incompetent team, helmed by a congenital fuckwit called Alex Kurtzman, who only technically qualifies as a human because he’s bipedal, because he has the brain of a chimp with severe developmental delays. Alex Kurtzman—seriously, why the *fuck* did he get to be showrunner? He’s literally never written anything that was any better than passable! His only foray into directing was an abject flop and one of the worst movies ever—that shitty Tom Cruise Mummy remake, that one, that nobody saw. Why the *fuck* is he a fucking showrunner? He makes Rick Berman and Brannon Braga look like Shakespeare!

“Anyway. Shit writing. Main character’s a racist asshole. First episode is, like, half special effects, and not very interesting or good ones at that. The only interesting character dies in episode 2 when she gets shot by an orc. They turned the Klingons into shitty orcs. All the weapons and costumes look stupid, ugly, or both, even by the admittedly low standards of Star Trek. And most importantly, the writing is ear-searingly bad shit that actively embraces xenophobia, cultural imperialism, mindless violence, and racism. I swear, the protagonist sounded like *Dick fucking Cheney*.

“I found it completely unwatchable, and I just want to say, Alex Kurtzman, you’re on my list. The list of people I hate personally. It takes a *lot* to get on that list. It took Big Benny Netanyahu paying Nazis to assassinate me to get on that list. Not even Kim Jong-Un is important enough to me to get on that list. Nigel Farage doesn’t rate that list, or even Assad.

“One day, I will have my revenge. Through entirely legal, ethical means, of course, no abuses of power from ol’ Comrade Donnie. But you and I will meet. And *I will ruin you*.”

I drop my microphone to the floor. “Vinnie, let’s ride.”

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*October 14th.*

“Congratulations,” Mattis growls, walking into my office with Harward trailing him. “Netanyahu resigned thirty minutes ago.”

I look up from my draft for the *Freedom America Comrade Donnie Stop Televangelist Scammers Act* with a bug-eyed gape. “Seriously? He actually did it?”

“You threatened to invade Israel!” Admiral Harward explodes. “He was about to be thrown in prison for corruption and you threatened to invade, of course that ass decided to cut his losses.”

Mattis nods in agreement, face unreadable. “Exactly. The Knesset is in chaos and there are calls for snap elections, the Palestinians are holding nationalist rallies across the West Bank and Gaza and we had to keep them back from the border—even fired off some blanks at one point—and we had to take an Israeli ultranationalist into custody when he tried to stab one of our men on the border. What the *Hell* is your endgame here?”
“Make them both sit down with me and talk peace under threat of mutual destruction,” I reply. “You can’t make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, and Benjamin Netanyahu’s political career is one of those eggs."

“Oh, Christ, he wants to talk with the Israelis and Palestinians?” Harward mutters. “Mr. President, are you trying to be Jimmy Carter here?”

“Nah. I’m going to bring whoever the Israelis put in charge, whoever Hamas is willing to send, and whoever of the Fatah leadership isn’t too lazy to fly out here to the White House, I’m going to lock them in a room with me, Vinnie, and a couple of my minions, and I’m going to explain to them my conditions for not just occupying the entire area.” I shrug. “Israel has an official population about the same as New York City; the Palestinians they shit on are a few million more. It would suck but we could do it if they don’t stop bickering like children.”

“You’ve got balls to risk pissing away this much good will,” Mattis mutters. “What the Hell is your plan if they refuse but you can’t get a declaration of war?”

“Total embargo on Israel and then occupy them when their economy implodes and rebuild the whole region as a one-state solution. Get me a meet with my intel guys, I need to know who’s replacing Netanyahu. Probably Bennet or Nir Barkat, pays to be sure.”

“Hmm.” Mattis eyes me. “You had better not fuck this up, kid.”

“I’ve got a plan,” I promise him. “Now I gotta call Mueller. Defanging Israel is step 1. Next, I’m going to take out the Saudi royal family and end their oppression of their people.”

“How do you plan to do that without causing an economic collapse here?”

“Green energy initiative, start buying from other countries, raising emissions standards in new cars, stockpiling oil. I want to float dealing with Venezuela; food for oil, kinda thing. We make that trade, we get oil to replace the Saudis, then we cut off Saudi, intercept any attempts to get nukes from Pakistan with our obscenely huge navy, and move in when the House of Saud is toppled.”

“You’ll need a justification, and even then, this won’t be viable for a year at least.”

I shrug. “If I know Mohammed bin Salman, he will give me everything I need before the next Presidential election. In the meantime, Bernie Sanders and Tammy Duckworth have a clean-energy initiative ready to go, dressed up as a jobs-and-energy-independence bill, and I can whip up support by playing to xenophobic fears if I’m careful about it. Don’t want to have to do that, but I can in a pinch.”

“Hmm.” The Secretary of Defense nods. “We’ll talk about this, with Walker and her people, later. I do agree that cleaning house among our allies is long overdue, though.”

“Thanks, General. Have a good one.”

“You, too, Mr. President. Don’t fuck this up.”

“If I do, I hope that you’re the first one in line to throw my ass out.”

“Nope,” Mattis promises. “There’s a legal means to deal with you if you need to be thrown out. I don’t come into play in that mechanism.”

I snort. “Like impeachment is anything more than partisan showboating in this political climate.”
“If you fuck up badly enough to make the Democrats turn on you, you deserve to be thrown out on your ass. Mr. President.”

He’s got a point.

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October 15th.

“...and in Russia today, Russian President Vladimir Putin gave another speech condemning controversial President of the United States Donald Trump. Calling Trump a ‘gay-loving coward’ and a ‘lying son of a Finnish <expletive>’, Putin repeatedly demanded that his American counterpart apologize for what he claimed were several false and slanderous statements made by Trump about Putin, threatening ‘swift and terrifyingly masculine retribution’ should Trump not comply. Simultaneously, protests erupted in the city of Volgograd against Putin, with protesters calling the Russian leader ‘unfit to lead the Motherland’ and accusing him of ‘betraying the people of Russia to Yeltsin-loving criminals’. Police dispersed the protest with tear gas and, allegedly, rubber bullets, but tensions remain high.

“Meanwhile, Chechen politician Ramzan Kadyrov received international condemnation for Tweeting support of the neo-Nazi assassins who attempted to kill President Trump last month. Kadyrov, accused of numerous crimes against humanity during his tenure as Chechen leader, remained unpunished and posted a provocative image showing himself beheading…”

I change the channel, Vinnie chuckling as he goes for the popcorn. My nightly news roundup is one of the funniest parts of my day.

“...Vice-President Pence has now entered his second week of complete social media silence following the disastrous events surrounding his nomination of alleged pedophile Roy Moore to the Supreme Court post left vacant by the late Justice Alito. President Trump again antagonized his 2016 running mate with several insulting Tweets, including accusing Pence of wanting to ‘<expletive> Jesus’. The Vice-President was unavailable for comment.”

“Nice one,” Vinnie comments.

“Thanks,” I reply.

“The widely negative reaction to the news of Moore’s nomination continues to send shockwaves through Alabama politics, as Moore now trails Democrat Doug Jones by ten points following a former Marine officer’s last-minute Independent bid for the Senate seat. Moore has repeatedly denied the accusations of pedophilia, calling them ‘baseless slander’ and alleging that his accusers have fabricated evidence including a yearbook allegedly signed by Moore.

“Meanwhile, President Donald Trump has returned to full official capacity as President, despite still being temporarily wheelchair-bound following his near-assassination at the hands of two neo-Nazis and alleged Russian agent Sean Spicer, a former press secretary who CNN’s sources claim suffered a mental breakdown shortly before leaving the country covertly for Taskhent, Uzbekistan several months ago. Trump is in good health and spirits according to a White House insider codenamed ‘Vinnie’, and allegedly celebrated the season premiere of the CW superhero drama Supergirl, which Trump is currently the unpaid and uncompensated lead writer of, with a ‘disturbingly large piece of double-chocolate cake’. Trump’s approval ratings remain at a record high following his dramatic rescue of New Jersey first-grader Eileen Smith-Buller, whose life the President saved last month from two neo-Nazi assassins by shielding the young girl with his body.”
“I did a shit job of it, too,” I mutter. The poor kid got bruised up a bit by this fat idiot’s body falling on her.

“I don’t see her parents complaining,” Vinnie counters.

“Fallout of last month’s domestic terror attack continues to reverberate through the nation, as this week four cases of vigilante violence were reported against far-right figures. Neo-Nazi leader Richard Spencer remains hospitalized after his near-fatal assault at the hands of two Marine Corps veterans, who remain released on bail after a crowdfunding campaign raised the 2 million dollars necessary in under two days. Jury selection on the case continues, although Spencer’s attorneys have alleged that the justice system is irreparably biased against their client after an alleged 47 jurors expressed open contempt of Spencer and his political views when questioned about potential bias.”

Vinnie snickers nastily. “Couldn’t happen to a sweeter guy.”

“Yeah, I disapprove of political violence on principle, but…” I grimace. “At the same time...actual freaking Nazi…”

“I can see where they were coming from even if the method was definitely wrong.”

“Fair, that’s a good way of looking at it.”

“Supreme Court justices Sonia Sotomayor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, injured during the assassination attempt on the President, have returned to work; Ginsburg was briefly hospitalized due to concern for her health but suffered superficial injuries only in a fall from a stage amid the chaos, and Sotomayor was hit by a mis-fired bullet and has begun physical therapy to restore the functionality of her arm.

“Speaking of the Supreme Court, President Trump today nominated 9th Circuit Justice Jacqueline Nguyen to replace the late Justice Alito, and ordered a state funeral for Alito, calling him a ‘martyr for America’s great Syndicalist future’. Some Congressional Republicans protested the President’s speedy nomination, but Nguyen is all but certain to be confirmed after the President threatened on Twitter to nominate Communist Party leader John Bachtell if Nguyen is rejected, as well as to ‘get crazier from there’. Trump used the same tactic earlier this year to force through many of his cabinet proposals, as well as to push through the confirmation of Justice Merrick Garland. Conservative activists are already protesting the likely long-term liberal swing of the Supreme Court, but the President’s supporters—predominantly labor unions, LGBT groups, and minority activist groups, applauded the move.”

“Yeah, Annie was in earlier and said that the American Farm Bureau Federation’s backed every single nominee I’ve put up ever since I got that chicken bill passed,” I note.

“You save a man from being fucked up the ass by a corporation, he feels that he owes you,” Vinnie muses. “That bill’s helped a lot of people.”

I click my tongue and make finger-guns at Vinnie as the TV keeps going. “Exactly. And now they’re gonna be more sympathetic to Syndicalism because they hate the corporations, too, and as long as I’m tearing up the corporations they’ll work with me and I can slowly convert them. That means I can flip the West, and cleave into the South, which means I can fuck up the Republicans even more.”

“You’re running the risk of losing upper-class moderates,” Vinnie notes.
“Fuck it,” I shrug. “Going for them cost Hillary the election. The future is with the workers.” I take a swig of lemonade and make a grab for the popcorn. “Also I’m gonna overthrow the old order. Bring in the new. All that jazz. A new, better America, you know the usual drill.” The screen turns to a new topic. “Oh, shit turn this up!”

“Andrew Wilson, CEO of controversial video-game publisher Electronic Arts, struck out against President Trump on Twitter early this morning. Accusing the President of ‘illegally attacking a law-abiding company’s bottom line’ and ‘slandering the good name of Electronic Arts’, Wilson claimed that the President’s outspoken criticism of the company, which is the most prominently-mentioned of several publishers accused of circumventing gambling regulations with ‘lootbox’ micro-transaction monetization programs, is an unfair, illegal, and slanderous attack on what Wilson calls ‘the hardworking developers, marketing teams, and executives of a legitimate business’.

“President Trump fired back, calling the Australian businessman a ‘low-energy lying loser’ and threatening to sue EA and its CEO for slander while uploading documents purporting to show EA’s allegedly duplicitous and illegal monetization methods. EA’s stock price has already dropped by over 30% and is expected to continue to decline amid a growing controversy about the lack of regulation and prevalence of potentially predatory business practices in the video-game industry. Warner Brothers and Take Two Interactive, other corporations accused by Trump of ‘scamming’ players through gambling mechanics, have already announced plans to scrap the mechanics in current and upcoming releases, but Trump has pledged to continue the fight against Take Two for older games it has made that still contain loot-box systems.

‘Lootboxes are vital for extracting prodigious value for our shareholders,’ said EA spokesman Patrick Söderlund. ‘With the rising cost of making games, we are simply forced to find alternative methods of monetization to continue increasing our profits in the current economic climate.’ Secretary of Commerce James Hoffa disputed this claim, stating that ‘EA is a predatory corporation that does not have the best interests of its workers or its customers in mind. Furthermore, even if they were truly in dire financial straits, which their bloated advertising budgets and ability to pay for celebrity voice-actors makes a dubious claim at best, that’s not an excuse to break the law. An explanation, sure, but not an excuse.’ Continuing the feud in the late afternoon, President Trump again took to Twitter, calling Söderlund a ‘very boring and sad capitalist fat-cat shill’ and pointing out that EA’s own internal earnings reports claim hundreds of millions of dollars in profit from annual FIFA-title lootboxes alone. The President then linked to several videos from notoriously caustic self-declared ‘independent video-game critic’ James Stanton, alias Jim Sterling, who has decried the rise of loot-boxes in video games and joins us now from his home in Jackson, Mississippi.”

“Holy shit, Vinnie, I watch his YouTube channel!” I tell my henchman. “He’s cool, buckle up for this shit.”

“Sure thing.” Vinnie turns the volume up a bit, sits back, and reaches for the popcorn.

“Hello, Savannah, how are you today?”

“I’m great, Jim, thanks for asking. Now, you’ve been something of a harsh critic of the video-game industry for several years now, and recently wrapped up a lengthy lawsuit with independent game developer Digital Homicide, as well as producing several viral YouTube videos about video-game industry practices. What’s your take on this situation?”

Sterling chuckles. “Savannah, I’ve warned publishers for years, if they keep pushing the envelope of how much monetization they can get away with, sooner or later the envelope will push BACK. And that’s what happened here; the President’s consistently heavily favored regulation and opposed
money-grubbing practices, so of course the moment EA turned their Star Wars game into an online casino he took notice. It’s likely that Trump’s youngest son plays a lot of video games and likes Star Wars, and even Donald Trump would have some trouble shelling out cash for all the ‘micro’transactions EA’s latest mess demands.”

“For the benefit of our viewers, just how expensive is this game, this, ah, ‘Star Wars: Battlefront 2’?”

“Well, the game itself is $120—you can get a shell experience, an obviously inferior, feature-reduced version, for $60, but a would-be player is heavily incentivized to buy the more expensive edition as an initial entry price. Now, once you have the game, EVERY bit of progression in the current build of the game is designed to sell lootboxes. Essentially, in order to progress in the game without spending literally thousands of hours playing repetitive, boring missions and attempting to save up in-game currency while playing solely as relatively boring, unpopular character classes, you need to shell out thousands of dollars in cash. Some players have actually done the calculations based on average in-game rewards, and determined that it would take over forty hours of nonstop gameplay—assuming constant server connection, and not including loot-box opening or anything like that, just pure grind as if it were some kind of job—JUST to unlock Darth Vader without paying money. And it would take thousands of hours or a similarly vast amount of money to unlock all of the game’s playable hero characters, let alone get the progression items necessary to make them effective in normal gameplay.”

“Wait, they make you wait a whole work week to play Darth Vader? That seems a little excessive, one would expect that a Star Wars game would let the player interact with or play as Darth Vader right off the bat.”

“Exactly. He’s everybody’s favorite Star Wars villain, why isn’t he playable immediately? And then there’s the card system. You see, Battlefront 2’s lootboxes produce in-game cards, which come in tiered rarity values and improve player performance by large amounts. This means that a player who pays hundreds or even thousands of dollars can open lootboxes to get the cards or materials to be effectively invincible in normal gameplay—gaining a massive, nigh-insurmountable advantage over less wealthy players. The whole system is there to squeeze more money out of the customer—a clear pay-to-win advantage, accompanied by advertising of the in-game purchases in the game’s menu. It’s just not something that should be sold to people with gambling problems, children—really, to anyone, since the game itself rapidly becomes boring if you try to actually PLAY it; it’s so geared towards encouraging loot-box purchase by making the gameplay a monotonous chore, that the game itself is only fun when you have some new toy to try out fresh from a lootbox.”

“Wow. That, ah, that certainly sounds like a scam.”

“Effectively, it is. And that’s why I support the President on this, insane though he clearly is; SOMEONE has to take a stand against unethical practices like those EA’s exhibited here, and Trump’s the most powerful person doing so.”

“Moving back to Battlefront 2 itself...how is it that players know so much about the game already? Isn’t it unreleased at the moment?”

“Correct, but EA has been offering an open beta program as an incentive to their customers to preorder games; essentially, pay full price to test out the barest-bones version of the game and ‘check for bugs’ in part of it—though they never, ever change things from the beta, so it’s hard to say whether the player feedback is even listened to—before it’s released to the public. It backfired on them this time, though!” Sterling chuckles nastily. “It gave their customers an opportunity to see how egregious the microtransactions were. And now? Now the GOVERNMENT is involved. And
not just in America--Belgium, the Netherlands, and Finland are all apparently investigating this game, as well as several other games that sell lootboxes, to determine if they’re legally gambling and therefore subject to regulation. Really, the video-game industry, and in particular the big-budget ‘triple-A’ publishers, should thank EA for this. EA got greedy, like it always does. EA pushed the envelope too far, like it always does. And now EA may just have brought the whole sordid mess down around their ears.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, EA’s stock price dropped a third of its value yesterday. It’s still falling; this incident’s panicked the investors--that is, the only people EA really cares about--and it may just cause EA to go bankrupt. In which case, I hope that the developers find new jobs swiftly, and that the executives are short on luck. The greedy bastards.”

“Jesus,” Vinnie mutters. “I had no idea they could get that greedy.”

“Dude, in my last life, EA had to pull back and ‘temporarily’ remove the lootboxes before release. It was that bad. I’m not going to give them that chance now, though; Comrade Donnie’s gonna fuck ‘em up.”

“So you’re planning to make them go bankrupt, then buy them out?”

“Only the bits I want. BioWare, for DragonAge and Mass Effect and Jade Empire--jesus, we need another good wuxia game, I’ll have to hire someone who really gets that for Trump Games. Preferably someone Chinese to avoid racism allegations. Anyway. I want BioWare, I want whatever’s left of Visceral, I want the Westwood IPs, I want Dungeon Keeper. I’ll take Battlefield and Medal of Honor too if I can get ‘em but the only good stuff in Battlefield, really, is the Bad Company stuff. We’ll see how it goes.”

“You got a plan and money for releasing this?”

“Well, given my preternatural good luck and the tendency of Nazis to launch high-profile attacks on me, I expect SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! to make boatloads of money. We use that to fund a high-profile remaster of the Mass Effect series; performance and graphics touchups to ME1, plus doing something with all those procedurally-generated planets, add a bit more content there, then integrate the ME2 Arrival DLC into the base game, package all the DLC with the remaster, add spacesuits for ME2 while we’re at it--then we remaster Mass Effect 3, which means completely changing the ending to be more like ME2’s, taking the entire Earth mission sequence and making it more of a badass set-piece, ME2-esque thing, integrate the Omega DLC into the base game and expand it like it was originally planned before those fuckers at EA interfered, that sort of thing. Plus content expansion and an overhaul of the war asset system.”

“I’ll pretend to understand that, Mr. President.”

I roll my eyes. “I’m going to take the stuff I want from them and leave the lootbox-ridden corpse with their Madden and Fifa games in the gulch. Which reminds me--we got that bribe from the Saudis, right?”

“Yes, Mr. President. A hundred and ten million dollars from Mohammed bin Salman for rent and floor leases at your hotels and a stake in a couple of your casinos. You’re still the majority owner, though.”

“Good. Start looking to sell off my private jet, too; I only really need Air Force One. We’ll use the cash to fund Trump Games, rake in the dough from SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!, and go from there.
The floors are wired, right?”

“Yep. The FBI’s been anonymously notified and are in that part of the loop.”

“Awesome, hopefully I can take down the House of Saud before I’m done with this job…”

***

October 16th.

*They were old when I was young*

*Now they're all but passed away*

*Now it's just a second hand*

*Memory of the day*

*When from all around the world*

*They sailed off to Spain*

*Where they fought against the fascists*

*Where so many men were slain*

*Who will recall the days*

*When they all stood side by side*

*Now that the last Lincoln Veteran died*

*Beside Martin Luther King*

*Or in a Veteran’s Parade*

*You could see the men who made the journey*

*To join the Fifteenth Brigade*

*When men of many nations*

*Of most every creed and hue*

*Catholics and Protestants*

*Atheists and Jews*

*Joined together in the trenches*

*To turn back the fascist tide*

*Now that the last Lincoln Veteran died*
The working class of many countries
Joined in a desperate bid
With what weapons they could find
They fought to save Madrid
From Brussels and Berlin
Galway and London town
Who will recall the Brigadistas
Who tried to take the fascists down
There beside the Spanish people
Even the figs and olives cried
Now that the last Lincoln Veteran died

The Republic had the people
But the fascists had the tanks
Il Duce and Der Fuhrer
Deserve only some of Franco's thanks
'Cause the fuel to move the armor
Came from the USA
And the men that they gunned down
Were from New York and Frisco Bay
Uncle Sam said he was neutral
Who will remember how he lied
Now that the last Lincoln Veteran died

Some say people get conservative
The older that they age
They say that being radical
Is just a youthful stage
But the finest communist I've known
Lived to 95

And he spent his whole life fighting

For humanity to thrive

To forget these fallen heroes

Is something I cannot abide

Now that the last Lincoln Veteran died

There's a valley in Spain called Jaramy

It's a place that we all know so well

It was there that we gave of our manhood

Where so many of our brave comrades fell

I roll out to the tune of *The Last Lincoln Veteran* from the loudspeakers, red-and-black CNT-FAI banners flying proudly behind me as plane engines roar in the background. “Greetings, Comrades!” I yell as best I can into my megaphone. “Puerto Rico, this is Comrade Donnie! Help is literally about to lift off the ground to get on its way! I know that some help’s already there but, like, this is the good stuff. Anyway! I just wanted to say that Milton Wolff, a great American hero, the son of Jewish immigrants who fought for freedom and socialism against the vile fascist hordes of Hitler’s Condor Legion during Francisco Franco’s treasonous rebellion against the democratically elected government of Spain, his birthday was eleven days ago and I wanted to throw a big party, but I was still legally out of power at the time and kind of sort of still in recovery so I couldn’t really do much. But anyway. Great American, very high-energy, so beautiful, just like me, like how I’m so rich and beautiful, the beauty of me is I’m really very rich.”

Behind me, a transport plane roars its way down the runway. I jerk my thumb at it. “THAT’S WATER FILTRATION GEAR AND FOOD!” I shout. “Immediate needs first, then we get the power back up! FEMA’s doing a great job, but I’ve still got the entire military on standby just in case they need more logistics help. Americans and the good ol’ USA take care of our own!”

Fuck, my side’s starting to hurt again. Fucking Nazis, why the Hell did they have to have aim good enough to hit me?

“Our relief effort is very bigly high-energy and strong!” I shout. “We’ll show those Nazi-loving toads who think FEMA’s evil! Our government is strong and smart, just like me, I’m a stable genius, we are going to help our Comrades in Puerto Rico rebuild the island, make it bigly, very bigly and stronger than ever before! AMERICA! Fuck yeah!

“And then we’re going to make a big, beautiful Syndicalist economy and we’re going to make the fat-cats pay for it! MAGA!”

I take a water bottle from Annie, who’s got her hair in a severe bun today. Probably because of the
wind. Her girlfriend’s in my detail--should I bring them up to applaud them? No, that’d be too embarrassing. I suck down a few gulps of water and think up my next line. “Also, effective immediately I’m ending the bullshit way we put kids through immigration court. It’s just not right. Not right to put a fucking four-year-old in front of a judge for something that isn’t even really a crime and that they weren’t responsible for anyway. So fuck that shit, it’s over.”

Lacey Dawes, looking pissed (probably because of the wind ruffling her perm), pipes up. “Can you even do that, Mr. President?”

“I think so, and even if I can’t my awesome fans will exercise their 1st Amendment rights and make their voices heard. Satan bless me.”

“Mr. President, aren’t you concerned about becoming a dangerous demagogue?”

“I wasn’t already?” I chuckle. “Lacey, my love, I’m going to make this country the best it’s ever been, with liberty and justice for all. And I’m going to do it with the help of my cheering crowds of fans, every single step of the way.

“Hail Satan.”

“Why the hailing Satan, Mr. President?”

“Because I kinda like Satan. He’s a rebel, like me. Anyway, we’re going to build Puerto Rico up and make it the 51st state, then we will proceed on my great plan to make the entire world into America! But we also gotta make sure our house is in order, which is why Mattis is auditing the DOD for me to eliminate waste and stop arthritic shambling zombie companies like Boeing and lazy idiots like BAE Systems from fucking our crap up.

“Well, BAE Systems is also about to be broken up thanks to Jeremy Corbyn and the Brits, thanks Jeremy, but you get the idea.”

“Did you even have a plan for this speech, Mr. President?” Behind me, another plane roars down the runway.

“Nah,” I admit. “I just wanted to see the planes off and ramble a bit. How’re you doing, anyway?”

“...I’m alright, Mr. President. I have a date tonight.”

“Hey, have fun! And if he--or she, don’t want to assume anything--isn’t to your satisfaction I’ll have a supermodel flown in from Italy for your pleasure. Silvio knows some fucking gorgeous men and hot babes.”

Sometimes, being President is worth all the crap I’ve gone through as Donald Trump.

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October 17th. The Kremlin, Moscow, Russian Federation.

“Vozhd, we have a new plan,” Igor Korobov assured his leader. Behind his desk, Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin slouched in his $6,000 chair, bloodshot eyes glowering forth with terrifying intensity. Korobov gulped and continued. “The sniper was a bust, and poisoning him while he’s in the White House will be extremely difficult, but we may be able to take out his support structure, and then the man himself.”

“How?” Putin snarled. Korobov felt his armpits start to sweat.
“We have agents in place, to whom we have supplied the necessities for mail-bomb construction,” Korobov explained. “If we can take out even one of his primary agents--his Secretary of State or Defense, his Attorney General, or that bodyguard of his who tackled him during the hit--we can, we predict, do irreparable damage to his support network.” The intel chief licked his lips. “Do not worry, Vozhd, this won’t be another Illegs Program. We’ve made sure to use Anna Kushcheyenko on another option.”

“Kushcheyenko? Isn’t she the hot one who fumbled a basic computer security protocol?” Putin asked.

“Er, yes, Vozhd, which is why we aren’t using her brain.” Korobov pulled up a nude picture on his smartphone and showed it to Putin. “That certainly ought to be distracting to a man like Donald Trump, yes?” He offered a weak smile.

Putin eyed the phone, and snorted. “Have her get a boob job. That backstabbing son of a bitch always liked big fake tits. And pay her enough to be willing to piss on him.” The leader of Russia ground his teeth in fury; Putin was still fuming at the infamous golden-shower tape being preempted by Trump’s own release of the tape to John Oliver’s TV show, which had ruined the Russian government’s ability to use the tape against the American President.

Korobov cleared his throat. “Um, about that, Vozhd--given the drastic changes to Trump’s personality, we are operating on the assumption that the existing file is no longer accurate. Kushcheyenko is, we think, perfect as-is for a honey trap--she doesn’t even have to be briefed on the package. She’s the distraction, unwitting at that, and we slip him a delayed-action toxin.”

“How do you plan to make this work?” Putin’s gimlet eyes were hard, and Korobov was forced to mop the sweat from his brow with his handkerchief. “I won’t have my remaining capital wasted on a tiny-minded bimbo and a half-baked scheme.”

Korobov offered a greasy smile that he hoped was reassuring, and began to explain the first step of his convoluted plan. “Well, you see, Vozhd...first we must send Kushcheyenko to Dubai. And then, we will need to offer Trump a diplomatic summit…”

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October 19th. Washington, DC.

“Tell everybody on the cast great work, Greg,” I say as I settle into my chair with Vinnie’s help. Melania’s in Paris with her ‘manager’, so I’m having the Wilsons over for dinner. “4.3 million viewers. 4.3 million for episode 2!”

“Yeah, I just got back from the Suits, and Mr. President, they’re giving us a blank slate on Birds of Prey for this. Thank you.”

“Hey, don’t mention it, my pleasure. Tell Benoist excellent work and I’m sorry for calling her Forehead last week.”

“Not a problem, Mr. President.” Berlanti chuckles. “I still can barely believe this is working.”

“It’s the characters, Greg. It’s aaalll in the characters.” Mrs. Vinnie waves off a few minions and puts Baby Vinnie into a high chair as Vinnie, Tiffany, and Barron take their seats. “You did great, too, buddy. Flash is looking really solid.”

“Hey, thanks, I’m pretty happy with how it’s turning out. Did you catch Legends?”
“Yup! Sara Lance’s comments about her ‘rockin’ bod’ were fucking hilarious. You’re the man.”

“Uh, that wasn’t me, that was Ms. Lotz. She thinks you’re hilarious. I just overrode the writers and put the line in the script.”

I chuckle. “I guess I do try to be funny. Man, I’m blushing, holy cow. Great job anyway, though, Greg. OK, hang on a sec. BARRON! Eat vegetables, boy!”

“But Da-ad! I hate kale!”

“It’s good for you and Lena Luthor loves it. Plus, I hear it makes great chips.” I shrug. “I like mine raw, though. Anyway, Greg! Great work overall, I think. I’m gonna see your movie when it comes out, congrats on that, and I had a proposal I wanted to fly by you—a special charity crossover Arrowverse episode. Double-lengther, everybody gets together to do something for a domestic-violence survivors’ charity.”

“I like it a lot, Mr. President, but the Suits would never go for it, that would cut into profit margins.”

“Greg, I’ve got this. After the Department of Commerce destroys EA, I’ll threaten to gut Shadow of War and Warner Brothers if they don’t give us what I want.”

“Isn’t that illegal?”

“The Donald sure as Hell didn’t care.” I pile some more kale onto my plate. “Anyway, Greg, I gotta eat, Vinnie and Mrs. Vinnie are here. Tell Laura and Katie from me thanks for the wine, and tell Katie I said her character should’ve been the hero of Jurassic World, also fuck Colin Trevorrow.”

“...what?”

“Colin Trevorrow. Big Hollywood director now. He’s a nasty, grotty little person of low intelligence and no creativity. Very low-energy. Not like you, you’re alright, Greg. You should drop by sometime, have a drink with me again. Anyway, tell all the ladies great job, and I guess the guys too, we’re kicking ass so far and if we can keep the streak alive until Earth-X I think we’re golden.”

“About that—Mr. President, we might need to tone the Nazis down just a bit.”

“They’re Nazis, Greg.”

“Yes, but...there are concerns that Heydrich is unsuitable for primetime TV. Specifically, some of the threats that he makes and how he delivers them.”

“That’s just historical accuracy, in real live the guy was so evil Adolf Hitler thought he was a monster.” I sigh. “Fine. Tell the Suits I’ll take the fall. If you have to cut something out, I trust your judgement, just fly it past me first. Now if you’ll excuse me, I gotta eat.”

“Oh, of course, uh, Mr. President. Thanks, by the way. Uh, have a good dinner, then.”

“I will, Greg, thanks. Tell your man I said Hi and I promise not to crash your wedding. Ciao!” I hang up and slide my phone into my pocket, Mrs. Vinnie pulling out what looks like a jar of baby food from her purse. “Oh, hey, she’s on solids?”

“Finally, yeah,” Mrs. Vinnie replies. “She’s eating carrots alright.” Baby Vinnie, who looks like an angry Winston Churchill with hair, spits up onto her bib, which Mrs. Vinnie ignores in favor of
scooping out some baby food with a spare spoon. “Most of the time, anyway.”

“I can handle that, honey,” Vinnie offers.

“Thanks.” She passes the stuff over to Vinnie, who starts making airplane noises in an attempt to get Baby Vinnie to comply. “And honey, if you give the President that spoon I will skin him.”

“You know it’s technically illegal to threaten me, right?” I ask.

Mrs. Vinnie just stares at me until I burst out laughing.

“Hahahahaha, oh man, that was my best one today. Keep it up, ma’am, keep it up. Tiffany! How’s law school?”

“Well, now that I’ve actually, you know, got a goal it’s a lot harder,” she admits. “And sometimes I want to go hang out with my old friends again...but honestly, Dad, most of them are assholes. You wouldn’t believe some of the people I’ve met.”

“People who don’t have money, I’ll bet.”

“Well, yeah. And I don’t think they liked me at first, but...I dunno, Dad. My old friends all had, you know, nothing to do. They were just...stupidly rich and related to famous people. The people I’m hanging out with now, they’re doing stuff. And they know who they are, my old friends used to go from style to style and hobby to hobby all the time, but these people, they’re so...I dunno, real, I guess. Not like my old friends were fake, exactly, not all of them anyway, but my new classmates and colleagues, they’re intense.”

“Well, socialites in general live lonely, emotionally stunted lives,” I opine. “Being poor sucks, but at least if you’re in that lucky group who get to be above the poverty line but still have to work for a living you can really get some fulfillment out of life. Work for a living. Join a union. Fight tooth and claw for a better wage. It’s got a lot of downsides, but it makes people better people.” I munch some kale. “Different problems.”

“I’d still rather be rich,” Tiffany points out. “But, like...not rich and pointless rich.”

“No, I understand. ‘I have a hundred thousand dollars as a survival cushion but I still work for a living’ is a good kind of rich. Keeps you real. ‘My daddy’s the President but I don’t know what to do with my life other than be white and rich’ just sucks ass.”

“That’s pretty much it,” Tiffany admits. “Heck, there’s, like, a whole social language that I didn’t know existed until I got away from it. Like, if you’re rich...there’s this kind of...like, being ‘tolerant’ of non-white and LGBT people like they’re toys.”

“Performative tolerance. Get Out was a pretty harsh satire of that.”

“I didn’t see that one. But what I mean is, there’s this kind of...OK, for lack of a better term, society women are allowed to be really huggy and even kiss each other or use the term ‘girlfriend’ for each other without being seen as gay, right? It’s become, well, like you were getting at, a performative way of expressing superficial tolerance that’s been degraded into part of a high-society language and lost the original meaning of expressing homoerotic affection.”

“That sounds like a quote.”

Tiffany squirms. “I, uh, may have accidentally started dating a classmate and had to let her down gently.”
I chuckle. “Well, you’re doing better than Comrade Donnie, who so far has been on zero dates in either of his lives.” I motion with a Vietnamese grilled-tofu summer roll that coincidentally has a phallic shape. “I mean, we’re all friends here, we know I’m not actually fucking Vlad. Anyway. You’re still friends with her, right?”

“After she read me the riot act, yeah. I, uh, might have given false signals.”

“Well, if nobody’s feelings were permanently hurt and you’re both still comfortable around each other, no harm no foul, right?” I snap my fingers at a flunky and point to a chunk of carrot that Baby Vinnie’s expelled onto the tablecloth. “Minion! Clean that up, I’ll give you a Benjamin.” Being rich might be slowly turning me into an asshole, but god damn is it fun.

“I think I’ve seen what you’re talking about,” Mrs. Vinnie says, examining the tofu I had my minions cook up as Baby Vinnie gurgles. “When I was feeding my little monster on the couch three times a day, I’d watch Access Hollywood, and actresses would get really tactile sometimes. Straight ones, too.”

“Yup,” I nod. “I know gay people who’re kind of upset about it. I dunno, I think it’s a sign of progress and that we’re on our way to a more equal future. Not there yet, but we’re on the way.” I shrug. “Hey, Barron, get some carrots with that.”

“OK, Dad.” The kid looks happy to have something other than kale to focus on.

“How was school this week, boy?”

“It was alright. We learned about the Indian Wars and Red Cloud in History class. Did you know that Red Cloud actually beat the Army for a few years?”

“Yeah, the US was distracted by the slaver scum down South, but then we came back around and finished ethnically-cleansing the plains. Nasty business. Red Cloud was a fucking badass, though. What did you think of Supergirl this week?”

He rolls his eyes. “I like Arrow more, he’s cool, like Batman.”

“Heretic!” I hiss, only half-joking. “Goddamn it, I told Greg to tone down the BATGOD crap that kept infiltrating that show…anyway, what were your thoughts, kid?”

“I think Supergirl wants to do to Lena Luthor what you’re pretending you and Putin did,” Barron replies matter-of-factly. “Is everybody on that show gay?”

“I think Martian Manhunter is pansexual and Manhell is straight, but Manhell won’t be on the show very much.” I munch on some kale, then continue with my mouth full; ever since becoming Donald Trump my table manners have gone down the shitter. “I think that Reign’s human side we decided on being like mostly straight, like 70% straight, on that end of the sexuality spectrum, and I don’t think we decided on the guys yet. I gotta talk to Greg about that. Also Supergirl and Lena Luthor are bi, but that only comes up a bit towards the middle of the season.” I swallow. “Thanks, kid. Hey, Vinnie, did you and Liz watch that Stormy Daniels flick I ordered?”

“Donnie, both of us would rather do anything else other than watching a guy playing you get a golden shower,” Vinnie replies.

“Dad, what’s a golden shower?” Barron asks me.

“You aren’t allowed to know until you turn 18, and if I ever find you searching for it on the computer I’m taking your Xbox for the next ten years, sonny boy.” I take a bite of tofu. “Anyway.
I gotta meet with the Israelis tomorrow morning. Vinnie, I’ve been prepping with Annie and Mattis when I can, you’ve seen my draft for the treaty, right?"

“Yeah. You’re going to have to strong-arm the Israelis, they’ve gotten used to being on top.”

“Well, fuck ‘em. Technically the Serbs and Croats were winning in Bosnia before the intervention, but now they have to play ball fairly with the Bosnians. Frankly it’s just a huge bonus that Netanyahu’s out of office. He’s fucking scum.” I take a giant bite out of another summer roll, talking with my mouth full. “I’m going to make the Israelis play ball like civilized Syndicalist people, rather than imperialist savages. See what I did there, Tiffany?”

“Yes, Dad. Associate your side with progress, the other side with primitiveness.”

“Exactly. You shout that loud enough, people buy it. That’s how Donald Trump got as far as he did.”

“Dad?” Barron says, looking up from his dinner and the John Scalzi novel he’s reading at the table.

“Yeah, kid?”

“You really are someone else--like, not my actual dad, right?”

“Yep. I’m 22 years old, son. Paleontology nerd, amateur fanfic writer, and currently President of the United States.”

“OK.” He ducks his head. Um. “Can I still call you Dad?”

“If that makes you happy, sure.”

“Thanks, Dad.” He clears his throat. “I, uh, I don’t think my actual Dad was a very good guy.”

“He was scum, kid.” I stuff some tofu into my mouth and talk with my mouth full. “I’m doing my best to make sure you don’t turn out the same way. How’s the book?”

“It’s pretty funny. Why do people keep going on the dangerous away missions, though?”

“‘Cause it’s a parody. They’re all redshirts--one-shot bit characters whose entire point is to die for cheap drama. The book is about them getting wise.” I chuckle. “Wait until you see how they save their own lives.”

“I can’t believe how much you’ve gotten him to read,” Tiffany says.

“Just a matter of finding the right books. Scalzi’s a hoot, you should try that one Barron’s reading now, actually. And Brandon Sanderson.”

“I’ll check them out.”

“Donnie, we’re going to need to prep tomorrow for the meeting,” Vinnie cuts in. “You have a game plan?”

“Yeah, I’ll need some help finishing the first draft of the treaty but I have a rough outline. You got Halloween plans?”

“Nah, not really.”

“You guys are both invited to my party, then. Bring the kid. I’ll have pumpkin pie and I’ll be in
costume.”

Vinnie starts to nod, then freezes. “I, uh...we might be busy that night.”

“Come on, dude, I’ll pay you!”

“Sir, I’d pay good money to not see you in your Sexy John Oliver costume.”

“Oh god,” says Mrs. Vinnie, looking queasy at the thought.

“...fair enough,” I note. “Should I just use that Superman costume I had at Comic-Con?”

Vinnie chuckles. “It might be a good idea, yes. For everybody’s sanity.”

“OK. I’ll save the other one for my next meeting with McConnell.”

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October 21st. Camp David, Maryland.

“Afternoon, gents,” I declare as I roll my wheelchair into the conference room. The Israeli, Hamas, and Fatah emissaries, who had been glaring at each other, look over—and immediately gape in astonishment.

I guess they have justification. After all, I’m dressed like Bozo the Clown.

“OK! Let’s start with names. I’m Comrade Donnie Trump, the President of the United States.”

The Fatah guy, an older dude with a neat moustache, clears his throat. “I, ah, am Riyad,” he says in accented English, speaking slowly and eyeing me with a mix of confusion and abject terror. “Riyad al-Maliki, Foreign Affairs Minister of the State of Palestine.”

“Nir Barkat,” the Israeli, a younger man with a made-for-TV face, offers. He sounds like he’s about to faint. “Acting Prime Minister of Israel.”

“You going to make that longer-term?”

“I...I...” He’s staring at my red clown nose like he’s hypnotized. “I am not certain...”

“Fair enough. You, Hamas guy?”

“Ah, you can call me Muhammad Abdul,” the guy says. He’s older, too, but has a full beard and moustache combo cut short-ish. He offers me a desperate grin, clearly struggling with the polka-dots on my outfit.

“Buddy, I know Arabic. And I know Arab naming conventions. And I know that ‘Abdul’ is a bastardized English translation of the prefix abd el, meaning ‘servant of’, typically followed by a name describing an aspect of God. So. Real name. Now.” I could have my CIA guys get it for me but that’s not the point here.

He squirms under the wrathful glare of Bozo. “Khaled Mashal,” he admits. “I stepped down from leadership of the political wing recently.”

“So you bastards really are all committed to this. Good! Maybe your shithole countries can make it through the day without any unfortunate nuclear accidents.”
They all go pale. I lean forwards with a nasty grin. “Let me make this clear. I am at the end of my fucking rope with you people. Barkat, you run a settler colony that’s engaged in active ethnic cleansing. Mashal, your people went plain clothes and hid among civilians during the Gaza war and you shoot mortars at civilian population centers. Al-Maliki, your entire party are sellouts to a regime that wants your people destroyed. I despise all three of you and I will treat you all with the exact same disrespect. Hell, I’m even dressed like the clowns you are. So. You three are going to sit and listen as I lay out some motherfucking terms. Your shithole countries can accept them or reap the whirlwind. Comprendez-vous?”

All three men nod in horrified stupefaction. I reach forward and honk my Bozo nose, and all three start backwards at the sound. “Awesome! Let’s read this treaty I drafted up, huh?”

I pull out four copies of the document, all in three languages—Modern Standard Arabic, Hebrew, and English. “You will note that I have left some blank spaces under certain items. These are for enumeration of additional individuals or policies of objectionable or criminal nature that might be necessary to prosecute or eliminate from the legal structure. Don’t get pushy on those, though. A few scum are going to slip through the cracks.”

The treaty’s title reads, in big bold letters (in all three languages) “STOP THE MADNESS YOU PIG-FUCKING MORONS TRIPARTITE TREATY FOR THE FORMATION OF A PERMANENT SOLUTION TO THE PALESTINIAN CONFLICT”. I flip to the first page of my copy as the three old dudes take theirs with trembling hands. “Let’s begin, shall we?” I start to read aloud as the three negotiators read with wide eyes.

*The following shall constitute a permanent and eternally binding agreement by the Parties signatory, the purpose being to prevent the further senseless slaughter and ethnic cleansing of innocent civilians in the former Mandatory Palestine. In layman’s terms, you jackasses are acting like children, now the United States are going to make you act like adults.*

*As of the signing and ratification of the Treaty by all Parties (the State of Israel, the State of Palestine (Fatah/West Bank government), the State of Palestine (Hamas/Gaza government), and the United States of America), the area encompassing the former Palestinian Mandate, as well as the Golan Heights, shall henceforth be known as the Federation of Israel and Palestine, and shall consist of two separate partially sovereign states, one jointly administered city, and one specially administered area.*

*The area equivalent to the 1949 borders of the State of Israel shall continue to be known by that name, and shall continue to be administered by the organs of government already present, but shall strike all claims of ethnic or religious identity from the description of the State itself. The area encompassing the Gaza Strip and the West Bank shall be known as the State of Palestine, and shall be administered as a democratic unitary republic, likewise without claim of ethnic or religious state identity. The City of Jerusalem shall be administered jointly by both governments and shall be open to citizens of both states without obstruction or harassment. Both states shall have right of free passage between all entities of the Federation. Any attempt by any Party to this treaty or element of the Federation to formally claim ethnic or religious state identity shall be treated as an act of war against the other elements of the Federation and against the United States of America.*

*The government of the State of Israel and the government of the State of Palestine shall both answer to an elected Truth and Reconciliation Commission, consisting of three elected members from the State of Israel, three elected members from the State of Palestine, and a nonvoting observer appointed by the United States of America, the latter of whom shall ensure the democratic proceedings of the Commission. This Commission shall adjudicate all disputes between the States of the Federation and all disputes and claims of crimes against humanity brought across the border.*
between the States. It shall be the final authority on all matters of the Federation's law and function, and shall not be dissolved or unilaterally abandoned by either State—any attempt to do so shall constitute an act of sedition and rebellion against the Federation and shall constitute an act of war against the Federation and the United States of America. The Commission shall negotiate every such dispute between the constituent States of the Federation until it has reached a unanimous decision; failure to do so within one year of beginning work on an individual dispute shall result in economic sanctions from the United States of America as detailed in Appendix A.

The United States of America shall defend the Federation from all foreign enemies and will assume control of all nuclear weapons belonging to constituent states of the Federation upon the ratification of this treaty. Likewise shall the United States of America defend the Federation from any secessionist or rebellious activities on the part of the constituent States. The United States of America shall take no financial or reciprocal payment for this pledge unless and only if the Federation chooses to enter a mutual defense pact or alliance with the United States of America. Likewise shall the United States of America, fully at its own expense, maintain diplomatic consulates in both the State of Palestine and State of Israel, and shall also maintain a full diplomatic embassy to the Federation as a whole in Jerusalem.

The Golan Heights being critical for the stability of the constituent states of the Federation, it shall be administered jointly by the constituent States of the Federation as well as by the United States of America. It shall be returned to the legitimate government of Syria or its successor upon the resolution of the current Syrian conflict and the reestablishment of democratic rule in Syria or its successors, if said Syrian government or successor state voluntarily accepts that the Federation shall have unlimited water rights to the Golan Heights and any watersheds originating therein.

The Israeli Defense Force shall immediately turn over all officers above the rank of Colonel (NATO grade OF-5 or higher) associated with the development and/or use of the 'Dahiya Doctrine' of actively targeting civilian infrastructure to the International Criminal Court for war crimes tribunal. The Harakat al-Muqawamah al-Islamiyyah, also known as Hamas, shall immediately and irrevocably disband its militias and paramilitary wing, renounce political violence, turn over all weapons to the United States of America, and prepare to enter politics as a conventional political party. Senior officers of the military wing of the Harakat al-Muqawamah al-Islamiyyah deemed responsible by United States investigation for targeting of civilians and other breaches of the laws of war shall likewise be subject to ICC tribunal.

A well-regulated military and stable society being necessary for the defense of the Federation and its component States, the United States of America shall finance the construction of civilian and military infrastructure of the State of Palestine, and shall sell the State of Palestine sundry infantry weapons, tanks, and other supplies as stipulated in Appendix B to facilitate the genesis of a law-abiding and robust military. The State of Palestine shall receive a loan from the United States of America to pay for this purchase, to be repaid in full with interest no later than December 31st, 2099. Furthermore, the United States of America shall provide military and military ethics training and advisory forces to the militaries of both States of the Federation.

All component States and territories of the Federation shall guarantee the essential human rights of all citizens of the Federation and the right to freedom of movement and land purchase within the Federation to all said citizens. The Federation shall guarantee the essential human rights and freedoms of speech, peacable assembly, nonviolent political demonstration, religion, and protection from unreasonable search and seizure for all citizens, and shall adopt as part of its supreme law and the supreme laws of both constituent States a Bill of Rights, containing constitutional amendments identical to the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States of America, in addition to any guarantees of rights mutually agreed upon as necessary by all Parties to this Treaty.
“I can’t take this home to my voters,” Barkat whimpers. “It recognizes Palestine! I need the nationalist vote to stay in power and they’ll hate this! They’ll eviscerate me! I’ll be lynched in the street!”

“Don’t worry, I have an excuse for you.” I hand him another document. “Say that that was your other option and you talked me down from it.”

He looks at the first page, which says Treaty for the Replacement of the State of Israel with a Unified, Multi-Ethnic, Multi-Religious Palestinian State, and suddenly looks a Hell of a lot more cooperative. Or maybe that’s just terror. “Oh, fuck my life,” he squeaks. Christ, this guy’s almost as much fun as Netanyahu.

“And in case it wasn’t clear, you guys can agree to this or I kill Israel’s economy and occupy all of your shithole countries.” I squeeze my nose for another honk. They jump slightly at the sound. “Don’t fuck with me, boys.”

“How, ah, how many of our military leaders must we turn over?” Mashal asks hesitantly.

I chuckle. “My boys cooked up a list for me. ‘Bout twenty at the moment, but there will be more.”

“Communication with the military wing can be somewhat difficult at times…”

“I expect and demand that they be brought on board. Period.” This time there’s no chuckle.

Mashal licks his lips. “Er, that may be somewhat difficult…” Beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead.

“Remind them of who has the thousands of nukes here.” I reach up as the color drains from all three men’s faces again, and honk the nose. Barkat and Mashal’s pants darken and a pungent odor wafts up. “You probably should’ve pissed before coming in here, guys.”

“You’re not actually going to…” al-Maliki starts.

“King Solomon said, if two mothers can’t stop squabbling over a baby, kill the baby. If two kids won’t stop fighting over a toy, burn the toy.” I bare my teeth, which are covered by a set of cunningly-designed fakes marked with Batman logos on the front. “If a bunch of idiots engage in toxic ultranationalism and futile revanchism and won’t stop fighting over a country? Break the country and burn the remains down to the lower part of the crust.” I’m placing a lot of cards on this bluff, but they seem scared enough to buy it. “Of course, I really hope it won’t come to that. I’ve got Marines who’re just waiting for orders to kick the IDF in the nads and start occupying the whole of Palestine--and Israel, though really Israel should be part of Palestine, but we’re here to compromise, not to reiterate old blood-feuds started by Israel’s little ethnic cleansing incident in ’48-’49. And of course I can kill the Israeli economy with one phone call.” I cross my arms as the men stare at me in rapt horror. “So. Al-Maliki. What do you think?”

He clears his throat, collecting himself, and starts by trying to bolster his own position like an asshole. “It would be injurious to the peace process to allow Hamas to…”

“Don’t bullshit me, boy.” I think he’s at least three times my age, but who gives a fuck about that when I can emasculate these assholes with diminutives? “You and your cronies just want to keep power and be the Israelis’ pet sell-outs. Well, that ain’t happening anymore, you corrupt sack of shit. You’ll be a proper democracy, and if you want to get in my good graces an anarcho-socialist one, or you can get on my shit list with the Israelis.” I turn to Barkat, who visibly flinches. “And you? Your country will stop the ethnic cleansing and act according to international law. Just like mine will
when I finally trick Cheney into flying to Belgium for his war crimes tribunal. If you don’t? I’ll start by killing your economy and go forward from there.

“And I would advise against letting any crazy ultranationalists get control of the nukes, because if you launch one at America you won’t live long enough to regret it.” I reach up and honk the nose again. Al-Maliki’s bladder finally gives out at the sound.

Alright, I think they’re ready.

I wheel back from the table. “I’m going to go grab a bite of food and get you three some sandwiches. I’ll be back in thirty minutes. I expect you three to be in agreement when I return.”

As I reach the door, I hear Mashal clear his throat behind me. “This...will be possible to justify to my people,” he admits as I roll outside. “Mr., ah, Barkat, will it be acceptable to your…”

Holy shit, this is actually working.

***

“What the Hell is your play here?” Secretary of State Angela Walker asks me in shock. “Nuke threats are serious!”

“Other kinds of diplomacy didn’t work, so I played hardball.” I pull the Bozo nose off with a pop and wave to Annie. “Annie, I need a minion to clean me off! And someone to dress me!”

My admin waves to her flunkies as Vinnie and Mattis look at each other, then at me. “You and you, dress the President. You, clean the makeup off of him.”

“You see, Angela, right now those three men are clinging desperately to each other because they know I’m a nut job with nukes,” I explain as a pair of flunkies lift me up and start pulling the Bozo suit off. “Number one problem is that the Israelis and Palestinians don’t really see each other as equals. Israel’s spent a long time and a lot of money telling its people that Palestinians are mindless, primitive, fanatic savages who want to slaughter them, and Palestinian propaganda is all about how Israelis are murderous genocidal imperialists who want only to kill Palestinians and rape their land. I admit that I favor the Palestinian position, but my #1 priority is freezing the conflict without ethnic cleansing. Which is why I’m defanging Israel and then enforcing equality until people get used to it.

“This meeting isn’t about deciding terms, outside of debating minutiae and adding legal-ese to the treaty I drafted. This is about getting the factions to stop fighting and work with each other, even if it is just to stop a crazy man from destroying them all.” I grin as the flunkies strip me down to my underpants. “Let them think I really do want to nuke them. If they start to work together to survive, well, that’s a precedent, isn’t it? That makes them realize the truth and rec commission thing can work. Then I go back in and offer a nice economic deal to go with the treaty, and they’ll fall all over themselves to agree.” I chuckle. “And it’s all thanks to me acting like a total crazy person.”

“Be that as it may, this is still a huge risk,” Mattis growls. “Why the Hell would you do something so completely insane?”

I nod to Vinnie. “Gimme the d20.”

He passes me the die, and I pull away from my minions and walk unsteadily over to lean on a table. “I noticed this when I was doing D&D. I kept rolling natural 20s. Every. Single. Time. I had to make a flunky roll them for me during my DM sessions.” As I talk, I roll the die, getting a 20 three times in a row. “Notice how it comes up? It’s a fair die.”
“So I went out and bought 500 d20s and spent a couple of hours just rolling them as Vinnie took notes. Every single one came up 20. Every. Single. Time.”

Mattis and Walker’s eyes widen as they realize what that means. “That’s not possible,” Mattis growls.

“Technically it is, just numerically infinitesimal. So I learned something that night. I have supernatural levels of good luck. And that’s how I know that they’ll all buy into my bullshit—because I am literally the luckiest man on the planet.” I pass the die to Walker. “’Mon, Angela, roll it.”

She rolls. 13.

“Again.”

7.

“Mattis?”

The Secretary of Defense takes the die without a word and rolls it. 11.

I pick up the die and roll it. 20. Again. 20.

“Anybody got a coin?”

Mattis hands a quarter over wordlessly, his face pale. I flip it, calling it in the air. “Edge!”

It lands on its edge, rolling for the edge of the table. Vinnie grabs it up and passes it back to me. I flip and call it again. “Edge.”

It lands edge again, wobbling briefly before stabilizing. Mattis swears under his breath. Walker looks like she’s about to faint. The minions surrounding us look like they want to hide.

“I could flip a coin five million times and get edge every time if I wanted to.” I pick up the coin. “There are some limits, though. I call two and a half flips, followed by hovering midair and playing Bohemian Rhapsody out of thin air while revolving as if settling on the table while still hovering.” I flip the coin. It revolves precisely two and one half times, then thunks to the table.

“You’re limited by what’s physically possible.”

“Yeah. The only reason I could pull this bullshit off? Because I already prepared Israel by destroying Netanyahu.” I make my way back to my wheelchair and sit with a sigh; technically I can walk around again now, but standing for too long gets painful. “Besides. It’s something they can get used to. And I’ve made the penalties for violent response from either side extremely clear.”

I turn to Annie. “By the way, uh, they’re going to need clean pants and underwear in there.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. President, I got their sizes before they went in.”

“Good. You deserve another raise.” I grab a cup of water from a waiting flunky and down it. “OK. I think they’re about ready to negotiate. Angela, I need you and your people ready to go. We push this hard, we go for the throat, we get this peace and then use that as a springboard to further spread the ideals of democracy, peace, and workers’ rights across the Middle East.” I pull the fake Batman teeth out and pass them to one of Annie’s minions. “Annie, you got the economic package?”
“Here, Mr. President.” She passes me a couple of copies in Arabic, Hebrew, and English.

“Thanks, you’re a doll. General Mattis, I think we’ve got this. I want you and Angela to coordinate on this and lock down our commitment. For socialist labor and all that.”

The Secretary of Defense gives me a hard look. “I’m on it. But Mr. President? Next time, let’s stick to *conventional* diplomacy.”

I chuckle. “General, nothing would please me more. Well, except for an orgy with Sofia Boutella and a Russian supermodel. That would kind of rock.”

Annie groans at my attempt at humor. Vinnie, in spite of himself, chuckles. I grab my new mask from a flunky and pull it on.

“Gimme the sandwiches. Let’s get this show on the road.”

***

“I am sorry for calling you a hog-fucking terrorist savage. And for threatening to have your children disappeared,” the Israeli says as I crack the door open to peek in. He reaches a hand out to Mashal, looking like he’d rather fuck a rat. “I will take this treaty back home and...try to get it ratified.” He looks like he’s sucking lemons.

After a moment, the Hamas negotiator accepts the hand gingerly. “And I apologize for calling you a Zionist-imperialist pigdog and the son of a rabid ape,” he says like he’d rather cut out his own teeth than say it. “I think that it will be acceptable to my people.”

“Yes, I hope the same,” says the Israeli, beads of sweat visible on his forehead as the Fatah negotiator nods in agreement. “After all...it is better than...*him*.”

Mashal nods vehemently. “Trump is a crazy person.”

Barkat shudders but nods in agreement. Al-Maliki speaks up, looking slightly happier than the others. Which is saying very little.

“At least we can agree without reservation that literally anything is better than having him force some even crazier idea on us?”

They all nod. “Yes, absolutely.” “*Inshallah* he will not do something even more stupid.”

“Do what?” I ask, opening the door all the way and wheeling myself in. “Did you fuckers figure things out?”

They turn to me. Mashal has a black eye and Barkat’s got blood on his lip and shirt; al-Maliki’s clothes look scuffed and half his moustache has been torn off of his face. All three are still wearing their urine-stained pants and visibly blanch as I roll my way in.

I can understand why. I’ve traded my Bozo costume for an Angel of Death costume, complete with scythe and skull mask.

Al-Maliki recovers first. “We, ah, are agreed that the majority of the stipulations are acceptable to all parties,” he begins. “But we must demand revision to the nuclear weapons portion.”

“I won’t be able to get this through without nukes for defense,” Barkat explains.

“And if the Zionist-imperialist motherfuckers get nukes, we want nukes, too, to defend ourselves,”
Mashal adds.

“Hey!” Barkat protests. “Don’t insult my people, you shit-eating little monkey!”

“I can glass you both down to the bedrock, you know,” I mention conversationally. Barkat and Mashal, who’d been grappling at each other, sit back with ashen faces. “Apologize to each other.”

Mashal has the good graces to look sheepish. “I apologize for calling your people motherfuckers.”

“I apologize for accusing you of eating shit,” Barkat manages in reply.


“I apologize for calling your people Zionist-imperialist motherfuckers.”

“And I apologize for calling you a shit-eating monkey.” Barkat offers a hand. Mashal accepts gingerly and shakes.

“See, you boys can learn!” I chuckle. “OK. So, I’ve got a proposal. Since I can’t trust any of you fuckers with nukes, here’s my deal. Israel destroys their nukes and production facilities, subject to UN inspection, but the USA is obligated by the treaty to keep some nukes in Israel and Palestine as a tripwire. Good idea?”

Barkat looks at Mashal, and both men look at al-Maliki. “I...believe that that may be acceptable,” Barkat offers.

“Equal numbers of the same kind of nukes, of course,” al-Maliki insists.

“Sure thing,” I promise.

“Subject to the same terms as the rest of your military forces under the treaty,” Mashal cuts in.

“No, but similar. They’ll be a last resort against an openly genocidal foe, but otherwise the whole ‘mutual defense of the Federation’ thing still stands.”

Al-Maliki looks at Barkat, who looks at Mashal. The three men nod slowly.

“I think that this will work,” al-Maliki says. “If we remove the ‘pig-fucking morons’ comment from the title of the treaty.”

“Excellent!” I beam, then take off the mask so they can see my smile. “I’ll bring my guys in to hammer out the minor details. Also, while we’re officially in negotiations— you can consider the ‘USA will curbstomp anyone who attacks the other’ part of the treaty to be in effect. So no funny business, any of you.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Mashal says with a strained grin.

“I’ll order the IDF pulled back from the border as soon as I have a free moment,” Barkat adds with a desperate smile of his own.

“Good.” I turn to wheel away, then pause. “Also, Barkat—do you have a 50-foot menorah I can borrow?”

“...no. Um, why do you ask, Mr. President?” He sounds terrified of the potential reasons.

“Because I want to put up a giant menorah instead of a Christmas tree this December on my lawn.
Ivanka married into a Jewish family, see. So it’s basically the closest thing I, an atheist, have to a religion. By family connection. I know, stupid, but it’s an excuse and it’ll piss off a lot of Nazis.”

“Given the regrettable incident that occurred recently that Bibi was involved with, do you truly think that that is a wise decision, Mr. President?”

I chuckle. “Let me let you in on a little secret, Mr. Barkat. I f**king hate Nazis. Bigotry in general—antisemitism, Islamophobia, racism, homophobia, transphobia—is a HUGE berserk button for me.

“If I had my way we’d lock all the neo-Nazis up, but unfortunately I also believe in freedom of speech and using my President powers somewhat responsibly, so I’m stuck with just annoying the living crap out of them. Besides, I like Jews, just like I like Muslims. Great religion, really nice emphasis you guys place on education and the community. Really good for society. Any opportunity I get to piss on some Nazi asshole, I’ll do it.”

I clear my throat and head for the door. “Now play nice, guys. Any sectarian conflict will be swiftly suppressed with fire and fury.”

And on that sobering note, I head out the door and wave the actual diplomats in.

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October 23rd, 2017. Washington, DC.

“We’ve got a situation,” Annie says as she marches in, minions following her as I munch on my kale breakfast. “The Guardian and the New York Times published a big one this morning.” She passes me a tablet, and I take a look. Facebook data breach leaked to Trump campaign! it screams. I scan it; something about a company called Cambridge Analytica using data unethically.

What the f**k? I don’t remember this!

“How bad is it?”

“Given that you and The Donald are largely accepted as being different people by the public? Not too bad for you, but Facebook’s taking heat.”

“Congress?”

“Still trying to find a way to function properly after the last month or so.”

“OK. Call Schumer. Have Zuckerberg hauled in front of Congress, then in front of me. And call Secretary Hoffa in Commerce. I want to kick Facebook in the dick.”

Man, f**k Mark Zuckerberg, anyway.
"These are physically strong, young men"

Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie marshals his forces for 2018, and the Red flag rises over West Virginia...

October 26th.

“These are good American boys,” I rant into my microphone. “These are physically strong, young men, helping to rebuild their state. Territory. God fucking damn it, Congress, just hurry your asses up and make Puerto Rico a state already!”

I shake my head. My aid effort in Puerto Rico’s getting decent reviews, but I can always do more, and my analysts say activism for more goods for the territory polls well with Latino voters. “Puerto Rico will be the 51st state of our glorious Union. Our United States will stand forever, indestructible and eternal, ever expanding and ever assimilating.

“Our 14th amendment makes us strong. The strongest and best country in the world. It lets us assimilate people into our great nation. We will conquer the world through peace. Every year, our Union will grow stronger. Every year we will gain more Americans. Every year we will spread across the world, until every country is one of our states and every human on Earth is free and equal. MAGA!”

“Mr. President?” Annie, my admin, says, tapping me on the shoulder. “Pull back just a bit, sir. Focus groups say that the whole we-are-the-Borg routine intimidates the electorate.”

I lower my mock-up mic and clear my throat. “Ah, yeah. OK. Fair point. Pull back just a bit?”

“Just a tad, sir.”

“Fair enough.” I grab a water bottle and roll out my neck. “I need to say something shocking, though. Something to really fire up my base.”

“Frankly, Mr. President, you’re lucky you have a base.” Annie sighs and shakes her head, then pulls something up on her phone. “Here, how about this. Vivian and I were talking about it this morning, she’s a big ol’ softie at heart even though she denies it. Some guy who did Lara Croft/Wonder Woman art…”

I take a look. After a moment, I start nodding. “OK. Name, and what’s this for?”

“Guy called Stjepan Šejić. Used to do work on Witchblade, I think. He apparently did these after talking with Gail Simone.”

“Get in touch with them both. Pay what Simone wants, no questions asked. I want this made into a comic.”

“You’ll have to juggle Square Enix and DC executives and make sure the comic rights align.”

I grin, and Annie sighs in anticipation of another insane Comrade Donnie stunt. “Ma’am, I’m
CURRENTLY DONALD TRUMP. IF THEY DON’T GIVE ME WHAT I WANT I’LL DO A STRIPEASE IN THEIR OFFICES.”

“NOT A VISUAL I NEEDED, MR. PRESIDENT.”

“SORRY NOT SORRY.”

SHE SWATS ME LIGHTLY WITH A ROLLED-UP MEMO. “IN OTHER NEWS, YOUR APPROVAL RATINGS ARE UNSTABLE AGAIN, BUT A LOT HIGHER THAN BEFORE. VOTERS THINK YOU’RE GOOD AT DEFENDING AMERICA AND OPPOSING OUR ENEMIES, BUT THREATENING TO NUKE ISRAEL AND PALESTINE IF THEY DIDN’T AGREE TO STOP SHOOTING EACH OTHER RUBBED SOME PEOPLE THE WRONG WAY. HOWEVER, THE PROVEN EVIDENCE OF YOUR DEEP-SEATED ANIMOSITY WITH THE NAZIS SEEMS TO BE KEEPING THE PEOPLE ON YOUR SIDE. CURRENTLY WE’RE ANTICIPATING STABILIZATION AROUND 70% APPROVAL IN THE NEAR TERM.”

“ZUCKERBERG?”

“SCHEDULED HIM FOR NOVEMBER 1ST. I FIGURED YOU’D WANT TO THROW THAT HALLOWEEN PARTY AND COOL DOWN BY MAKING HIS LIFE MISERABLE.”

“AWWW, YOU KNOW ME SO WELL. ROY MOORE?”

“STILL REFUSING TO DROP OUT OF THE RACE, BUT HE’S AT 40% AND STILL DROPPING SLIGHTLY AND THERE ARE DAILY RALLIES OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE. APPARENTLY IT GOT OUT THAT HIS HOMETOWN HATES HIM BECAUSE HE HAD A REP THERE FOR CHILD MOLESTATION, AND IT SNOWBALLED.”

“HEH,Couldn’t happen to a sweeter guy. PENCE?”

“HONESTLY, MR. PRESIDENT, HE’S STILL SILENT. ARE WE CONTINUING WITH OPERATION BUNDO?”

“OF COURSE WE ARE.” I’VE BEEN PLANNING THIS FOR MONTHS, EVER SINCE I FOUND OUT ABOUT PENCE’S STUPIDLY-NAMED RABBIT. LOW BLOW? HELL TO THE YES. BUT IT’S GONNA BE A FUCKING RIOT. “HOW’S BRAZIL?”

“POLITICAL CHAOS. LULA’S TRYING TO RUN BUT OUR ANALYSTS THINK HE’S SCREWED BECAUSE OF THE CORRUPTION ISSUE AND TEMER’S CONTROL OVER THE GOVERNMENT. THAT MEANS THE MOST LIKELY CHALLENGER IS BOLSONARO. HE’S A RACIST, SEXIST, AUTHORITARIAN STRONGMAN WANNABE--BASICALLY THE DONALD, BUT WORSE.”

“That bad? Have the CIA on standby. We’ll destroy that motherfucker if he looks to be a problem.”

“I’LL INFORM THE DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE PERSONALLY, MR. PRESIDENT.”

“GOOD. OH, AND I NEED A NEW PRESS SECRETARY.”

“I WON’T DO THAT FOR YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.”

“I FIGURED. I WANT TO MAKE BILL MAHER’S LIFE MISERABLE, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT APPOINTING HIM AND THEN FUCKING WITH HIM?”

“MR. PRESIDENT, THE LAST PRESS SECRETARY YOU DID THAT WITH WENT INSANE AND TRIED TO SHOOT YOU WHILE WORKING FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AS PART OF PUTIN’S ASSASSINATION PLAN.”

“... POINT.” I CLEAR MY THROAT AND STRAIGHTEN MY JACKET AS MY MINIONS CLEAR AWAY THE SPEECH PRACTICE MATERIALS. “ALRIGHT, HOW’S THE ISRAEL SITUATION THIS MORNING?”

“The Knesset ratified your treaty by one vote but the Israeli ultranationalists are hopping mad. Hamas is cooperating so far but that’s producing a possible security situation--non-Hamas groups in Gaza aren’t party to the agreement.”
“Ask the leadership if they’ll let our guys go in to hunt noncompliant groups. To keep the peace. How’s the tone on the streets?”

“Israel Hayom accused you of planning to exterminate all Jews and warned of an ‘American Shoah’. Naftali Bennett—he’s the head of the Jewish Home Party—denounced you in front of the Knesset and implied that he’d have the Mossad try to assassinate you again but also that they didn’t already try under Netanyahu, and that you’re a Nazi.”

“...the Nazis tried to kill me. My entire administration’s been about hardline religious, class, and gender equality and I regularly give speeches openly denouncing Nazis and talking about how much I like shooting those bigoted fucks in Wolfenstein.”

“He’s an ultranationalist, Mr. President, they don’t exactly make sense. Also, he’s gunning for the top spot now that Netanyahu’s out and Barkat’s position’s unstable.”

“Well, fuck the capitalist-imperialist bastard, anyway. And fuck that Uri Ariel asshole if he or the rest of those Tkuma nuts tries anything.” I start stretching out, my side twinging a bit still. “God, I can’t wait to get back to working out. Schedule a visit, tell Barkat I want to drop by on the last day of Hanukkah and celebrate with him. When he begs for me to not do that, tell him that he made this bed and he’s going to lie in it, damn it, because it’s too late to cave to the ultranationalists and get his country destroyed. And speaking of pissing off Nazis, how’s progress on that 50-foot menorah?”

“We’re working on it, Mr. President. Is gold-painted wood OK?”

“Yeah, sure, as long as it pisses off the Nazis. I fucking hate the fucking nazis.” Sons of bitches embody everything I despise. “I gotta call Berlanti. Where’s Vinnie?”

“Dealing with a situation out front. There’s pro-Palestine and pro-Israel protesters fighting again outside the lawn.”

I groan and pinch the bridge of my nose. “Of course they are. Threaten to have them all arrested. I’m gonna talk to Greg about making Supergirl gayer and see if that calms me down.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“And say hi to Agent Clay for me!”

“...I will, Mr. President.”

As she leaves, I flip my phone upen and hit a number on my speed dial. The man on the other end picks up on the third ring.

“Hello?”

“GREG!” I bellow into the phone. “Numbers still strong?”

“Uh, yes, we’re seeing across-the-board bumps, somewhat reduced for Arrow but Flash and Legends are up a million viewers each. Legends is climbing, too--we’re going to shoot for a lesbian love triangle there to really cement the LGBT interest. I think embracing diversity and bringing in as many openly LGBT characters as possible is the way to go, despite the Suits’ misgivings.”

“Be bold, my man. I’m proud of you.”

“Oh, thanks, Mr. President. I’ve been going over that outline for Supergirl season 4 you sent me--
I’m rolling with this, I like it, better than cribbing Red Son awkwardly, anyway.”

“I’m thinking Lex Luthor for season 5?”

“I don’t know, we’ll figure something out, Mr. President, we’ve got time. You feeling better?”

“Still hurts like a bitch if I stretch too far the wrong way, but I’m healing up. Hey, listen—you want to drop by my place for my Christmukwanzitzuvasakah party? I mashed up all the winter holidays I could remember, we’re gonna throw a big bash, presents for the kids and Melania’s on vacation so I need Laura Benanti to be fake Melania anyway, and I’m dressing as Santa Claws, like, lobster Santa, because I think that’ll be funny, and there’ll be lots of warm spiced apple pie and my mom’s marzipan stollen recipe and rainbow flags with ‘Fuck Mike Pence’ written on them everywhere. And I’m thinking of hiring a guy to wear a Marlon Bundo the gay rabbit costume.”

“...that sounds insane, Mr. President.”

“Call me Donnie, Greg, we’re sort of like friends now, right?”

“...I...I...oh god. Sure. Donnie. Whatever you like. I’ll, uh be there. With as many of the casts who’ll come. Just make sure there’s pie for me and Rob.”

“Awesome, I’ll give you two a couples’ table. Say hi to the other Mr. Berlanti for me. Hey, did Katrina Law sign--”

“...remarkably, Mr. President, I find myself hoping so despite my better judgement.”

“Hail Satan, Greg. Hail Satan.”

“OK, before you hang up--Garber and Drameh are open to coming back at some point, thanks for the fruit baskets in that little incident. Lotz thinks you’re hilarious and wants to meet privately.”

“Garber and Drameh are still leaving, though?”

“For at least a season, yeah. They’re also out of the contracts, but aren’t against coming back.”

“Good. Leak that, on Tumblr. We don’t want the fans to think we don’t like gay people.” I pause while popping an almond into my mouth off of a bowl on my desk. “I mean, despite me openly proclaiming that I’m gonna “Make Supergirl Gay Again” and calling Guggenheim a fucking moron for the fridging of Sara Lance on Arrow season 3. Anyway, tell Garber from me that he’s welcome back any time, him and Drameh are a great double act. Do you have a short list of trans male actors for me yet?”

“It’s a challenge, Mr. President—there aren’t many with a high profile. Also I’ve been busy running four TV shows, supervising a fifth, trying to set up a sixth, conveying your insane demands to my teams, filling in for Andy Kreisberg since you got him fired, and trying to stop Marc’s bad ideas from fucking up another show. I’m kind of swamped.”

“Fair point,” I acknowledge. “Sorry for imposing, I’ll have one of my minions work on it.”

Annie sticks her head back in. “Mr. President, you’re needed for a briefing on the New Zealand election.”
“Thanks, Annie, be right there. Hey, Greg, I gotta go to work, talk later?”

“...Sure, Mr. President. Try not to destroy the country? Please? ”

I’m about to say no promises, but I stop. I don’t really want to give Greg a heart attack.

“I’ll try my best, dude. Stay safe, stay sane. Ciao!”

***

Work is, as usual, kind of a mix of fun and hectic.

“...and I want you to start pushing this Make Corporations Play Fair Defense Bid Solidification Act alongside the tax plan, Chuck. Mattis says we need to teach companies like Boeing and what used to be BAE Systems that when they make a bid for a contract, that bid, adjusted for inflation, is the price that will be paid for the number of units specified, period.”

“Mr. President, we’re lucky enough to have your popularity spike boosting the tax plan, surely this bill can wait?”

“Mattis wants it ASAP and I promised I’d deliver. Chuck, just make it happen, you play ball with me I’ll do the same with you.”

Chuck Schumer sighs. “God damn it. OK. I’ll have it proposed, but you owe me, Trump. You owe me a goddamn fundraiser, at the minimum.”

“I’ll do you one better, Chuck, I’ll put a socialist 28-year-old Democrat in the White House as my running mate.”

“... what?”

I chuckle as my minions help me into my Captain America ensemble. “Chuck, I want you to propose a constitutional amendment as a distraction. Have Manchin do it. Reducing the minimum age to be Vice-President or President to 30. Double-team that and the tax bill.”

“That could reduce our chances of getting the tax bill through...”

“I have dirt on top Senate Republicans. As in, I know who their mistresses are and my agents have the evidence ready to send, kinda dirt. You play ball with me, Chuck, we’ll have accomplished landmark reforms AND I can get you Kansas--state legislature and governor both.”

“Kansas? Fucking Kansas?”

“Yeah, Sam Brownback ain’t a very popular guy at the moment. I’ll deal with him. 2018, I can get you the state if you play ball.”

“We’re still going up against serious Republican opposition in the House.”

“Not once I tear the lid off the sex scandals we won’t. Also, prepare to lose Franken. Inevitable casualty. My admin will email you a short list of viable replacements later today. And be ready to lose Bob Menendez in ‘18--don’t object, he’s corrupt as Hell and we both know it, but New Jersey is safe blue and by the time I’m done the midterms are gonna be a blue tsunami, nominate someone young and preferably female.”

“I...you can’t just make these demands, Trump...”
“Comrade Donnie. I prefer to be called that. Play ball with me, Chuck, and I will get you unlimited POWAH!”

“...so far you’re just offering me promises, Tr--uh, Donnie.”

“Comrade, I just made the Israelis and Palestinians sit down and talk it out while dressed as Bozo the Clown. Under threat of nuclear annihilation, yes, but still. I nuked Roy Moore’s career from orbit and basically handed you guys a Senate seat in fucking Alabama, I effectively gave SCOTUS a 6-3 liberal majority by nominating Nguyen, I passed a farm bill that’s already shifting popular opinion towards literal socialism, and I’ve driven Vladimir Putin into a frothing pillar of manic rage. And that’s without formal party backing and after throwing away all the political capital I got in the election. Think what we could do together, Comrade.”

Schumer’s silent for a long, long minute. Then he clears his throat.

“You make a strong argument, Donnie. I’m in. For now.”

“Good,” I chuckle. “Wait until you see what I have planned for next year!”

“Oh, fuck,” Schumer groans. “What are you going to do?”

“Now Chuck! That would be telling. But, let’s just say, I can win us West Virginia. Maybe Texas, too.”

“You’re fucking with me.”

“Trust me, Chuck. I know what I’m doing.”

***

It’s getting late, but I still have to wrap some stuff up before I take a break to eat dinner and play Kaiserreich (I have a Commonwealth of America run going that I want to get back to).

“Annie, I want the PR campaign for the education bill prepped by New Year’s. I’m thinking I hit the stump with “they want you poor and stupid” and go from there. Trial run the slogan next month.”

“I’ll slot that in, Mr. President. Stormy Daniels refused to cameo in your planned ad campaign for the infrastructure bill you’re prepping to push, by the way.”

“Aww, man...Hire your favorite porn star instead. OK, once we get the tax bill past Congress--and do we have enough votes for that?”

“We have Murkowski, we can buy Collins with pork, and I think you can get McCain to flip if you talk with him. Keep in mind, he has a year tops, malignant glioblastoma, and he’s going to be pulling back from work almost completely in about three months. So you need to do this soon, because whoever replaces him is probably going to be a staunch conservative who doesn’t feel the need to occasionally reach across the aisle.”

“Got it. Invite him to the big winter holiday party. Tell him he can bring his family.”

“Yes, Mr. President.” Annie writes down a quick note, then checks her smartphone again. “On an unrelated note, Politifact has officially split their Lie-O-Meter category for you into two. There’s now a ‘pre-inauguration Trump’ and ‘post-inauguration Trump’ listed. They also rated your claim that you slept with Putin a ‘Pants on fire’.”
I shrug. “Can’t have everything, I suppose. Hey, I want you to know--you and Vinnie are in my shadow committee for plotting out my re-election. Can you pencil in a little scouting out of Democrats and leftists for VP in ‘20? I’m dumping Pence and the Republicans like a hot potato.”

“I’ll have my people get on it, Mr. President.”

“Thanks, you’re the best, Annie.”

“So you say frequently, Mr. President.”

“Just being honest. Speaking of which, you’re getting a raise next year. Hail Satan. Now, don’t you have a date?”

Annie blushes. “Actually, yes I do, sir.”

“Good. Now get going! Romance your woman, woman! And give her a good time, or you’re fired.”

“You couldn’t find you shoes without me, my job security’s tighter than a nuclear bunker’s.”

“Surprisingly, our nuke security kinda sucks. Mattis is working on that. Anyway, you heard me, get to it! And hail Satan!”

***

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7i574Em3IrI

I take the stage to the Captain America Star-Spangled Man theme (ripped off of Marvel Studios, I’m probably gonna get sued but I welcome the opportunity to destroy Ike), striding up for the first time in way too damn long, the bullet wound down to occasional twinges even without the painkillers. I strike a dramatic pose, the star-spangled shield raised, two American flags waving behind me as a trained eagle flaps on its handler’s wrist.

“I freaking love America!” I shout, and my minions salute in unison. Except for Vinnie, who just rolls his eyes. “I don’t have much time today because I’ve had a last-minute schedule change, but lemme just get my usual rant out of the way, OK? People, America rocks. Our workers are the strongest and the best in the world! Our people are the strongest and the best in the world, and I will fight for our people, I will fight for the little guy and end capitalism forever! We will build a new, better American Way on the ashes of Ronald Reagan’s poisoned chalice, an American Way rooted in FREEDOM and equality!

“The Nazis think that they can stop our revolution by killing me. Idiots. Syndicalism is more than just one loudmouth in the Oval Office. Syndicalism is the future. And we will triumph over the counter-revolutionaries, the reactionaries, the fucking garbage outdated racist Nazi bastards who seek to destroy our America! We will bury them! Hail Satan!

“And men of the United States? Today, I issue you a challenge. You worked like heroes to help the victims of Hurricane Harvey in Texas. Now I challenge you--get to Puerto Rico and work for America, if you’re man enough! You know construction? You got a boat that can reach Puerto Rico? You haul food? Do whatever you can, if you’re man enough. Volunteer with FEMA, the government can offer compensation if necessary, but either way, I challenge you, help rebuild this nation and prove what a man you are, if you dare.”

I take a sip of water from a glass at my podium and continue. “Ahhh. OK. Now, today’s a fantastic day, because ol’ Comrade Donnie’s got a surprise! BRING OUT THE KIDS!!!!”
The reporters are quickly maneuvered to either side of the room by my minions, and the doors at the end of the hall open, letting in a bunch of elementary-school kids chaperoned by half a dozen teachers.

“WELCOME TO THE WHITE HOUSE!” I boom. “Built by slaves, well, and some free people too but a lot of the work was done by slaves, then the Brits set it on fire, we made a few additions...you know how it is, my current residence, seat of American power, all that. This is where the leader of the free world sleeps, kids!”

“Captain ‘Merica!” shrieks a first-grader with Iron Man sneakers, jumping up and down with glee. I chuckle and shuck my cowl.

“Nah, kid, I’m just the President. I’m dressing up as Cap for kicks. But if you give me a couple days I’m pretty sure I can pay Captain America to show up.” I pause, getting an idea. “Annie, random neuron fire, remind me later to donate a couple million to Make a Wish. Off of the profits from Operation Kronprinz.” My operation to destroy Mohammed bin Salman; in exchange for a ludicrous amount of money, I’ve rented out several (completely bugged) floors of Trump Tower and some of my other buildings to the Saudi royal family on a long-term basis, hoping to collect private conversations and other intel from the autocratic fuckstick and his goon squad to send to the CIA and FBI.

Huh, maybe I should rent out my penthouse, too. MBS would like that tacky decor, I think. “And have me call Chris Evans.”

“Yes, Mr. President,” my admin says. “I’ll pencil that in for tomorrow?” I nod and turn back to the kids.

“OK, kids! Where’s Eileen Smith-Buller?”

A nicely-dressed little girl, the one I saved in New Jersey, raises her hand. I give her my nicest grin and hope it doesn’t look creepy. “Hey there, kid. You just won the lottery, because you’re President for the day!”

“...I am?” she squeaks.

“Heck yeah, kiddo! I figure I owe you something after the less than perfect job I did protecting you from those Nazis. Ol’ Comrade Donnie’s gotta meet with his Director of National Intelligence later, but for now? I’m giving you and your class the tour of this joint, and you, young lady, are President for the day. Except that I still have the nuclear football, my advisors insisted.” I roll my eyes. “We’re taking your class through the White House, so you can learn about all the history and some of our best and worst Presidents, then we’re driving down to the Pentagon so you can meet Jim Mattis and learn about our fantastic military and how our warriors protect our great nation. AMERICA! Eff yeah!”

“Cool!” the Captain America fan shrieks, and that sets off all the kids, who start cheering at my exuberance.

Some days, I love dealing with little kids.

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October 27th.

“Congrats on the win, Comrade Ardern,” I say into the phone. “Can’t for the life of me remember your first name, sorry. All I know about New Zealand is that the Maori ate all the moas and killed the
giant eagles, then the white people shat on the Maori because imperialism. Anyway, great job on the win there, me and my good pal Comrade Jezza are really rooting for you.” I drain a glass of lemonade. “Shit, I need to say something in my speech tomorrow supporting his re-nationalization of the railways. Goddamn it, I love the man but I keep forgetting to praise him enough. You won’t be so awesome I sometimes forget to give you due praise, right?”

The incoming Prime Minister of New Zealand responds with five straight seconds of stunned silence. “...I was warned about you, Mr. President.”

“Do I live up to the hype? Man, I need to go to Japan and try to shake hands with the Emperor, that’s on my bucket list. Oh, and personal advice--keep your cat inside.”

“... what?”

“Keep the cat inside. The one with its own social media account? I used to have cats, in my previous life. Smudge and Pipsqueak, Smudge was dumb and overactive and spoiled and Pipsqueak was sweet and quiet. Good lap kitty. Anyway, I have knowledge from the future and last 2017, your cat was run over by a car in November ‘17. Hopefully that’s been butterflied, but still, be careful, huh? I like cats.”

“How the Hell...what…”

“Anyway, congrats on the win, Janice...Jasmine...fuck, Ms. Ardern. MINION! Google me the name of the New Zealand Labour party leader!” A minion rushes to comply. “Sorry about that, I’m a lunatic. Listen, I’m looking for reliable allies to spread the World Syndicalist Revolution, and I need a poster lady for women’s issues. Since I’m a dude, I am not the best for that. I’m looking for up and comers here in GLORIOUS ‘MURICA, but it’d be good to have some international collaboration, you know? Fraternal Syndicalist Brotherhood and all? Siblinghood maybe? Ah, fuck it. Look, I want to be friends. You’re invited to my great big Satanic holiday extravaganza, my minions will email you the deets. And keep your cat inside. Any questions?”

“Are you threatening my cat ??? What’s wrong with you ?”

“Oh, no, I want your cat to be OK, it’d just be really fucking stupid if I sent SEAL Team 6 to guard your cat, you know? Vinnie says so, anyway, and Vinnie’s usually right. Anyway, I want you to know, if you need political support for initiatives aimed at women’s rights, LGBT rights, minority rights, and un-fucking Nauru, I’ll be there. I’ll talk you up to the UN and everything. Hail Satan, by the way.”

“You’re mad.”

“Only partially. Really, you people should be getting used to me by now. Seriously, how long will it take for people to realize that I’m being as provocative as possible on purpose?”

“You know what, Mr. President, I think I’ll call you later.”

I squint down at the smartphone being shoved in my face by a minion. “Sure thing, uh, Jacinda. Madam Prime Minister. Have a good one, and take care of your cat!” I hang up with a grin. “OK! Now let’s get this commercial aired and get that tax bill rammed through!”

Annie shakes her head at my antics. “Alright, we’re getting you some lessons on holding a conversation without driving it into a ditch.”

Fair enough. I really am starting to lose it from being Donald Trump.
“So glad you could make it,” I gush to Mrs. Vinnie, Baby Vinnie strapped to her chest as Vinnie gives Agent Clay a few last instructions for the night (I ordered him to take the night off, but that man has trouble taking a break). The reporters, of course, get every word. “Melania’s in Cancun with some fitness model she met in Spain, I assume they’re having lots of sex, but don’t worry, I flew in a replacement.”

“You did not make Laura pretend to be your wife,” Mrs. Vinnie asks, scandalized. I’m surprised, both that I pierced her armor and that she’s on first-name terms with Benanti.

“I had to buy a theater but as far as I’m concerned that’s a worthwhile investment,” I admit. “Nice costumes, by the way.” She’s dressed as Catwoman (to Vinnie’s exceedingly campy Adam West-style Batman and Baby Vinnie’s already somewhat drool-stained felt Robin), and actually looks pretty good in the catsuit. “Hope it breathes better than it looks.”

“It does, but I still feel like a whale,” she complains.

“Nonsense, you look fantastic. Frankly I’m surprised even Vinnie has the discipline to keep his hands to himself.”

“You do, dead boy.”

“That’s because if I touch you without permission my hand will get broken,” I reply with a grin. Then, after a moment’s thought, “and you’ll probably feed my fingers to Robin here.”

She looks down at the frowning baby strapped to her chest. “...yeah,” she admits. “I probably would.”

We share a chuckle, and I spread my arms. “I love you guys. Thanks so much for coming, enjoy the party, and do you mind a hug?”

“Sure, kid.” I give her a hug and she squeezes me back. It takes me a moment to pull the House of El insignia from Baby Vinnie’s jaws as I pull back, but that just makes us both chuckle again.

“Don’t be. She’s a baby. Be sure to check out the marzipan stollen, yeah? My mom’s recipe, you’ll love it.”

I’ve been trying to lose weight...”

Vinnie chooses this moment to return. “Babe, you’ve lost all the baby weight except for up top and in your butt, and quite frankly, that just makes you hotter.”

She blushes crimson, but acts put out anyway. “Wade! I don’t need the flattery...”
their fifteen minutes of quasi-fame, shoot ‘em.”

I amble over to a gaggle of reporters as Vinnie groans at my awful joke, and straighten my Superman cape. “Lacey Dawes, my favorite reporter!”

“Evening, shithead,” Lacey replies, downing a glass of champagne. There’s a very handsome man with olive skin and electric green eyes standing next to her in a flawless charcoal suit. “This is Pietro. Pietro, Comrade Donnie, Donnie, Pietro.” Lacey herself is in an embroidered designer dress that I’m pretty sure costs a few thousand dollars, and those look like real diamonds in her ears. She’s doing well for herself.

“Charmed, I’m sure,” I tell Lacey’s squeeze, and shake his hand. “Lacey, I got time for a few questions from you and this lady from CNN, I know that technically I invited you but no reason not to give you some data to regurgitate, right?”

She sighs, looks longingly at Pietro’s ass as he turns to grab an hors d’oeuvre, and turns to me. “Alright, Donnie, let’s do this. What’s your take on Congress finally passing the Public Defender Funding Allocation Improvement Act today?”

“A couple of Congresscritters won’t be having their dirty laundry aired. But even then, this had bipartisan support even without my nudging. Senator Murkowski, for example, a very great woman, voted for the bill despite McConnell and the party line being against. I think it’s great that even in these times, even the party that hates my guts has some members willing to stand up and do what’s right for America. And of course I’ve already signed it into law, on my way down to this party as a matter of fact. America’s public defenders are a noble and selfless bunch of hard-working joes, and they deserve our support, not in the least because they’re also a critical support to other hard-working joes across America when those folks get in trouble and need representation. Remember, our system isn’t about punishing the guilty, it’s about protecting the innocent.”

“Thanks, I’ll write something up about that later. Well, maybe tomorrow--Pietro and I have... plans.” Pietro smiles and nods along as she licks her lips in anticipation.

“Well, you have fun, Lacey, wholesome or otherwise. Be sure to try the marzipan stollen, my mom’s recipe. Hug?” I lean in to give her a hug as she shrugs, and whisper quickly into her ear. “Talk to Obermaier and Obermayer at the Süddeutsche Zeitung. Two terabytes of leaked data. Proof of Isaac Perlmutter and Yuri Milner’s financial ties to the Russian government. Story of the decade. I want Perlmutter ruined, use the rest of the leaks to advance your career.”

Lacey pulls back with a brilliant smile, and I hold her hand for just a few moments longer than necessary, sliding a matte-black jump drive into her fingers. “Thank you for the party, Mr. President.”

“Thanks for coming, Lacey. Have a nice night, and try that stollen!” I turn to the CNN lady. “Hi, what can I do for you?”

“Erin Burnett, Mr. President.” I know the name, this is a fucking anchor, all dolled up like a Faux News bimbette. They must be having a rough time. Or trying to get to me. “Mr. President, about the suspected Russian influence on the assassination attempt…”

God I’ve been hoping someone would ask me this, Mueller said I could spill these beans as of thirty minutes ago. “Near as we can figure the Mossad paid for the Nazis on Big Benny Netanyahu’s orders and Vlad paid for Spicer. Doesn’t matter now, Prime Minister Barkat’s promised to not try to have me iced because the alternative would really suck for everybody involved, and I’ve taken... precautions to discourage Vlad from trying again. He’s a jealous little bitch.” I grab a gift basket.
from a minion. “This is for Greg, I just need to hold onto it for a bit.”

“Greg?”

“Berlanti. I bribed him with Chateau Lafite ‘33 to let me write for Supergirl? Great dude. Anyway, I’m sanctioning Vlad’s ass harder than my cock when I penetrate said tight ass, because I am bigly beautiful and bigly rich and I’m the President so I can do things like that.”

“I did not need that image, Mr. President…”

“Watch Stormy’s movie about it, she’s really hot in her cameo in it. Also I tried to hire her to play a part in the ads for my infrastructure project next year, but she told me I’m a nut job and to fuck off, she has enough cash out of me to send her kid to college.” I sigh dramatically. “I think I’m in love, whatever your name was. Stormy’s so hot when she tells me to eat shit.”

“…Uh-huh.” Burnett edges away from me. Something by the entrance catches my eye.

“Oh, shit, Greg’s here, I gotta talk to him. Ciao, whoever you are. And all hail Satan!”

Greg’s fiance’s eyes widen as I approach. “Uh, sweetie, he’s wearing a Superman costume…”

“I see it,” Berlanti says, eyeing me. “I think he’s going to be serious.”

“Wassup, bro?” I ask, offering the gift basket. “This is for you and the Mr. here. Hello, Greg’s fiance.” Said man is a handsome, square-jawed athletic type, real heartthrob. Greg’s a lucky man.

“Um, hi.” He looks mildly disconcerted by the sight of the President of the United States in a Superman costume stained with baby spit. Fair enough.

“Enjoy the wine, it’s expensive as Hell. A ‘49 Richebourg Grand Cru, consider that an early wedding present. Set me back a few thousand, but I’m paying for it from my deal with the Saudis. Mohammed bin Salman is a thuggish little shithead, but his checks clear.”

“What did you sell him, Mr. President, a bridge?” Berlanti asks, taking the wine and checking its label. His eyes widen at the sight. As well they should—this shit cost like seven grand for the bottle.

“Couple floors of Trump Tower, including that tacky-ass penthouse. Well, I rented the floors and gave him a time-share on the penthouse. I think he’s an asshole, but again, checks clear, so…Anyway. Thanks for sending me the Legends tape. I had a blast—I mean, Hedy Lamarr? My favorite Golden Age actress? You do her justice. And going whole-hog and having Sara Lance being distracted by Helen of Troy was even funnier than the original episode from my last life.”

“Glad you like it, Mr. President--are you up for directing the Supergirl season finale?”

“Am I? Of course! Unless you want to collaborate?”

“Eh, I’m more of a production guy than a camera artist. Have fun, sir.”

“Aww, thanks, you’re too kind! Also, Laura Benanti’s over by the punch bowl in character as Melania, hence the Marie Antoinette costume. She wanted me to talk to you about whether she can go back to Broadway when we’re not filming the show?”

“Yeah, paying for her kid’s education only goes so far, people want to do things for fun and fulfillment,” Greg notes. “I have options related to Supergirl that we can leverage schedule-wise but you need to deal with relo, Mr. President.”
“Already done, I have an apartment for her family reserved in Trump Tower, rent free on my orders.”

“How the Hell can you afford all this, sir?”

I grin like a shark. “Saudi blood money, betting on Wonder Woman, about to make bank on Justice League failing, and my stock manager sold a bunch of stocks for me right before I threatened to eat Justin Trudeau and the market took a dive, then bought ‘em back on the cheap. I apparently made fifty million, so I gave him a promotion.” My stock manager being Vinnie conveying my orders to a team of minions and flunkies who in turn manage the stocks. “Also, I sold that stupid jet The Donald had since I have Air Force One now, and started betting on sports.” The Super Bowl alone was early enough post-ISOT that I doubled my investment. “Leave the financials to me.”

“I’d offer you a salary out of pity, Mr. President, but I don’t think I legally can.”

“Nope. I don’t get paid except for being POTUS, and I donate that shit to charity. Anyway. I wanted to thank you for being so friendly to me after I overturned your team and took over one of your shows.”

“Mr. President, in all seriousness, getting drunk with you and being exposed to your madness was the single best and worst experience of my entire life at the same time.” After a moment, he adds, “And you got me a promotion and serious leverage at the company with the ratings bump. Now, I was thinking--the Suits are pushing to build up to Crisis on Infinite Earths since that sells a lot of trade paperbacks. Arrow is damn near played out and you and I both know that a lot of the cast probably wants to move on--we’re losing Willa Holland and Paul Blackthorne already, doesn’t help that the writers’ room is running low on gas. Flash already did its best story in season 1 and everything since has been either trying to recapture that or merely good TV, which isn’t bad in and of itself, but presents viewer fatigue problems going forwards. But Supergirl’s just getting good now that you’ve sidelined Mon-El, and Legends can go ad infinitum with the format we’ve set out for it with no problem, plus Black Lightning’s getting strong numbers and Birds of Prey is all but guaranteed to be a hit. So. I’m thinking, next year we introduce the key characters in the lead-up arc, then we wrap Arrow with more than enough material for syndication, then the year after we hit the big Crisis, shift focus on the Earth-1 shows. Replace Arrow with something else, we have Birds of Prey to be gritty and all that stuff…”

“How about this,” I suggest. “Let’s be ambitious. Have the Crisis create a “new” Earth. Call it ‘earth-Prime’ or something dragged out of the comics like that. And use that for stuff like the post-Rebirth Earth-2 comics.”

“I’m listening.”

“So, it’s set in, like, a world post-alien invasion, right? Use characters like Donna Troy--not sure if we joke about her backstory or not--Power Girl, Blue Beetle--I mean, come on, Jaime Reyes Blue Beetle is Iron Man but he’s also Spider-Man and the Last Starfighter, sort of, that’s win right there. Use them, have them sent back in time and they have to be heroes and prevent the invasion. Bring Booster Gold, too.”

Berlanti’s nodding along excitedly, but his fiance is all but tugging on his arm now, and leans in to hiss something about leaving work behind and enjoying the party into Berlanti’s ear. The producer blushes. “I’ll see what I can do about the rights, and I have some quibbles, but--yeah. Blue Beetle would sell. Let me get back to you on this, Mr. President.”

“Sure thing, Greg, sure thing.” I shake his hand, nod to the future other Mr. Berlanti, and amble out the door to yell up the stairs. “BARRON! GET DOWN HERE AND EAT SOME AMERICAN
APPLE PIE, YOUNG MAN!”

The kid’s voice filters down over the bubble of conversation. “But Da-aad! I can’t fit all my Batarangs onto my utility belt!”

“What the--son! Are you dressed like fucking Batman? Vinnie’s Batman tonight! We can’t have two Batmans!”

“But Batman’s cool!”

“I’m cool, I’m the goddamn President!”

“You’re not cool, Dad, you’re a disgrace to the nation,” Tiffany snarks as she waltzes down the stairs in a Supergirl costume. “How’s my hair?”

“Looks great, kid. How do you like it?”

“As Halloween costumes go, I’ve had worse.”

“Good. Eat some marzipan stollen, my mom’s recipe.” I give her a hug, pat her on the back, and send her in. “BARRON! You still have the Green Arrow costume, don’t you?”

“Fiiiiine!” Trump’s son whines from upstairs. “I’ll be down in a few minutes!”

“Hurry up, boy, the pie’s getting cold!” I shake my head, muttering aloud as I head back to the party. “Fucking kid won’t even come down for pie, I swear to god he’s spoiled rotten.”

As I amble back into the East Room, I spy my next target standing aimlessly by the refreshments and munching on stollen. “Bob Lightfoot, I presume?”

The Acting Administrator of NASA swallows what he’s chewing hastily, and wipes his powdered sugar-covered hand on his pants. “Mr. President! So sorry, this bread stuff’s really good.”

“Don’t be, that’s marzipan stollen, my mom’s recipe. Good shit, I’m glad you like it. So. How’d you like your job to be permanent?”

He freezes. “Huh?”

“Literally, I will nominate you for the permanent post. If you won’t have it, I’m trying to decide between Buzz Aldrin and bringing back Chuck Bolden. Aldrin’s old but I like him, and he lays the smack-down on moon landing deniers, that whole thing was fucking hilarious.”

“I, uh, I…” The engineer shakes his head.

“Yes, of course, it should come with a pay rise. If I can mobilize the populace enough and flip McCain, I’ll be able to get my tax bill through and raise NASA’s budget to 2% of the government’s. Tucked the clause deep in the sub-amendments and riders. Then next year, I’m planning to make NASA a cabinet department. Ever considered being a Secretary?” Currently the tax bill in question’s stuck in committee, but with momentum shifting my way and John McCain openly praising my anti-Nazi efforts, I may just be able to push it through.

Lightfoot looks faint. “Um. I never…oh jesus. I was just supposed to be acting administrator…”

“Yeah, sorry, I’ve been distracted and Neil Armstrong and Sally Ride died a few years ago. More’s the pity, putting a lesbian in charge of getting us back to the Moon would’ve pissed off Pence to no end, heh. Fuck Pence. Hey! Do you think offering Valentina Tereshkova ten million dollars and
citizenship to run NASA would be crass?”

“...yes?”

“Hmm. Loveable asshole crass or just regular crass?”

“...the latter?” Lightfoot’s looking at me like I’ve grown a second head.

“Bah. You want the job, or you got a lady astronaut who’d do better than Buzz Aldrin or Chuck Bolden?”

Lightfoot rallies magnificently. “Uh, Mr. President, I, uh, think that you should make your own decision for who to nominate, but, uh, if you want a female astronaut, I think that Peggy Whitson has the most experience. Though she might not accept.”

“You don’t want the job?”

“Mr. President, Ramzan Kadyrov put a million-dollar price on your head on Twitter and you threatened to eat the Prime Minister of Canada a few months ago. I think that working for you on a permanent basis would be bad for my health.”

“Fair enough. So, Buzz, Chuck, or Peggy?”

“I can’t help you with that, Mr. President.”

“Fair enough. Enjoy the stollen, and have a nice night, Bob.” I pat him on the back and wave to Vinnie, who trots over.

“Sir?”

“Tell Annie to set up a call. I’m gonna nominate Buzz Aldrin to lead NASA, and then we’re going back to the Moon, baby.” To Mars, too, if we can solve the whole radiation problem.

I want to grant Valentina Tereshkova her wish, after all.

***

November 1st, 2017.

The room’s dark as my prey is ushered in. A single lamp shines out over the Resolute Desk, illuminating the chair in front of it.

“Sit down, Myron,” I say before my prey can speak up. He does so, cautiously. I stroke one of my pet cats, Mr. Whiskers, as I hold the little woogums in my lap. “Matt, Mason, Martin. Whatever am I to do with you?” Mr. Whiskers meows as I halt my petting, and I scratch his chin. “Cambridge Analytica, Mark? You’ve been a very bad boy.”

“Facebook has always attempted to maintain a high standard of data security…” Mark Zuckerberg begins.

“Can it, asshole. And be glad you have Comrade Donnie today, Congress is gonna grill your sorry ass for hours.”

“Uh, Mr. President…”

“Shut up, you little invertebrate. I’ve got half a mind to set the Department of Commerce and the
IRS on your ass at the same time. And that’s before we get to what your shitty company’s responsible for in Myanmar.”

“We’re not responsible for what our users…”

“Shut up, you fucking pubic louse. Your company is obscene. You make your money selling people’s data to companies, you outsource content moderation to bots and understaffed, underpaid teams with vague guidelines, and quite frankly, your guidelines suck. And that’s before we get to the fucking Nazis you let on your platform.”

“Our profit margins require…”

“Shut up, you fucking waste of life. You are at a crossroads now, Mickey. One route leads down the path well trod. It’s called ‘you keep going business as usual and Comrade Donnie slaps enough regulations to drown a rhino on you and then just nationalizes your fucking ass two years down the line’. The other path...that’s the road not taken. That’s called, ‘Facebook starts focusing on its users instead of its profit margins’. If you take that road, I think we can have a good relationship.

“So, Mike. What’s it gonna be?”

“You can’t threaten me like this, Trump,” Zuckerberg hisses.

“Ask EA how well defying me worked out for them,” I counter. EA’s stock price is currently at $40 a share and dropping like a stone, as the company collapses around a Department of Commerce investigation and a bipartisan effort in Congress to legally ban lootboxes.

Zuckerberg goes pale, and I know I’ve got him pinned. “You fucking bastard. My company is multinational now! I provide services to half the planet!”

“And I have the power to end you,” I counter. ‘Or maybe I should release these docs I have here about Russian hackers using your platform, with your company’s knowledge, to spread misinformation and foment chaos for months?’

“You wouldn’t.”

I grin like a shark, and lean forwards, petting Mr. Whiskers Blofield-style. “You know me, Mark. And you know that I very much would.”

“I’m a liberal titan! I own half of Silicon Valley! IAM FACEBOOK! I can make you lose California for the next century, you goddamn asshole!”

“Funny thing, Mark,” I note. ‘I don’t give a fuck. And you know, when you try to turn California against the most open champion of LGBT rights ever to occupy the Oval Office, the guy who threw a massive LGBT People Rock And Also Fuck Mike Pence Day party on the lawn and gave the Medal of Freedom to a trans SEAL before conducting a lesbian wedding right there on camera, you might find yourself overmatched.”

“ You fucking bastard.”

“Guilty,” I chuckle. “And happily so.”

“I will fucking end you.”

Mr. Whiskers meows. I pull back so only my smile and my petting hands are illuminated. “Try it and I ruin you. I own millennials now, boy. And I own Generation Z. I own at least 75% of all
social liberals in the country, plus most of the working class. You fuck with me, and I will destroy you.”

Zuckerberg looks like a limp scarecrow as he slumps in his chair. I honestly don’t even care about his answer—whatever he does, I have him backed into a corner and he knows it.

I let myself chuckle malevolently as I stroke Mr. Whiskers. Sometimes? A man’s just gotta Blofield.

***

November 2nd, 2017.

The email’s brought to me printed out by a quavering minion, Mattis right behind him as Vinnie barks orders into his walkie-talkie just outside the Oval Office.

“Director Mueller’s being briefed as we speak,” Mattis says. “It looks like Putin finally made another move.”

The note is short, simple, and to the point.

“President Trump,

“After the unfortunate incidents of September 21st, and the increase in tensions between our two great nations, I feel that it would be useful for us to clear the air between us and reaffirm the bonds of amicable interaction that have long governed relations between the United States and my beloved motherland of Russia. To that end, the kind-hearted Sheikh Khalifa bin Zayed bin Sultan al-Nayhan, President of the United Arab Emirates, has graciously agreed to host a diplomatic meeting between us at the Burj Khalifa in his capital of Dubai.

“Would you do me and Russia the great honor of attending this meeting, in order to set back the nuclear clock and ensure the lengthy and prosperous lives of the United States of America and the Russian Federation?

“Sincerely,
“Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin, President of the Russian Federation.”

“Well, he’s pissed off, he made a veiled nuclear threat on the secure hotline,” I mutter, and look up at Mattis. “Trap?”

“Of course it is, this is Putin we’re talking about,” the Secretary of Defense scoffs. “You put a message on Twitter this morning accusing him of fantasizing of fellating Harambe the gorilla, and he just made a veiled nuclear threat on, as you said, the secure hotline. He probably wants nothing more than to see you dead or humiliated. Or both.”

“Think he’ll try to ice me at the meeting?”

“Unlikely but not impossible. He’s angry, maybe angry enough to get stupid.”

“Hmm.” I scratch my chin. “Get Secretary Walker, have her stall. I want a couple of days to think about this. And put our forces in Europe and Turkey at DEFCON 4. I wouldn’t put it past Little Volodya to pull something while I’m distracted. Think he’s gonna publicize this?”

“More likely he tries a diplomatic offensive. He wants you on the back foot, but revealing a message on the hotline would be too obvious, it’d make him look like an ass.”

“Good point.” I tap my desk, and nod as I reach a decision. “I’ll hold off on insulting him for a week or two. I’ll pick on Assad and Kim Jong-Un instead. Thanks, Mattis. You always give me good advice.”

“I try, Mr. President. I try.”

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November 5th, 2017. John F. Kennedy conference room, West Wing basement, the White House.

“OK, Bob,” I say to Robert Mueller, my Director of National Intelligence, “what do you have for me?”

“Twenty minutes ago, the FBI moved into position to arrest several members of a neo-Nazi extremist group calling themselves the Atomwaffen Division on my orders, Mr. President,” Mueller replies. “These individuals had made several suspicious firearms purchases, including, interestingly enough, at the same store where Stephen Paddock, the mentally ill man that your guard detail chief asked some of Jim’s agents to look into, got most of his equipment. We’ve had their communications tapped for weeks, including their private chat room on the Discord platform, their official website, and several group email chains. It looks like we’re dealing with a fully-armed paramilitary organization plotting armed insurrection here, Mr. President.”

“They’ve been on our radar for years, Mr. President, but until the recent neo-Nazi attacks we’d considered them lower-priority,” Comey explains. “These guys are a wacko death-cult, they worship Adolf Hitler and Charles Manson and plan and train for an apocalyptic race war. Insane even by Nazi standards. But we think that the recent uptick in firearms purchases, along with the communications detailed in the briefing packet, indicate a planned attempt to foment insurrection against the United States.”

I flip through the material, frown deepening as I go. “Sure looks like it. Trying to take over Oregon? Didn’t the Rajneeshis try that thirty or so years ago? And look how that ended up. Jesus, these guys are fucked in the head--they seriously believe I’m a ‘Talmudic sorcerer in service to Satan’? Why weren’t they dealt with before?”
“The group’s membership is small despite their fanaticism, Mr. President, and they’ve only existed for about half a decade as far as we can tell.”

“OK. Round ‘em up. Any of them you think is a halfway credible threat, or even a potential threat, or involved with this plan as well. Get ‘em off the streets, I’ll brief the press the moment you’re done.”

“We have people in position to move in on remaining Atomwaffen members, Mr. President,” Mueller assures me. “They’re ready to move as of twenty minutes ago.”

“Give the order. Vinnie! Tell Annie to call the news outlets, we’re doing a press conference!” I turn back to Mueller. “I’ll stay with you until we’ve got these sons of bitches in custody, then do the speech. No time for a fancy costume, the power tie’ll have to do.”

Mueller resists the urge to roll his eyes. “Understood, Mr. President. Thank you for your continued attempts to be Presidential.” He fires off a quick text, and the end of the Atomwaffen Division begins.

I must be getting to him, that almost sounded like sarcasm. “Trust me, Bob, I know what I’m doing. On this topic, anyway. Fucking Nazis have to go. OK! You also said you wanted to discuss Operation Oliver?”

“Yes, Mr. President. Are you sure that you’ve fully thought through this?”

“Yup. Italian politics is corrupt to the core. We are going to fix that.” I shuffle the papers about the Nazis to the side. “Do we have the tape on Salvini?”

“Yes, Mr. President.” Mueller hands me a folder with veiled distaste. “Here.”

I flip through, nodding as I look over the summary of this particular Cunning Plan (™). Tricking Matteo Salvini into a sex tape with Arab prostitutes was always going to be one of the hardest parts of this plan.

“Prep this for release as per my schedule. We need to destroy the League’s credibility. Have we hacked the 5-Star site?”

“We’ve got a honey trap ready to spring on one of their programmers. Task Force Piss-Off-The-Bear has also logged thirty thousand dummy accounts just in case.”

“Good. I want to be updated the moment we have clear evidence of vote-fixing by Davide Casaleggio. How’s the bribery campaign?”

“On target. We have two-thirds of the legislature, and 40% of the judiciary. We are also slightly under-budget there, due to creative re-allocation of funds and using promises of future kickbacks, as detailed in this folder.” He hands another over, and I start flipping through pages and pages of accounting shit.

“We’re keeping records?”

“Yes, sir. Are you sure that you want to do this, Mr. President? It could be catastrophic for our international reputation.”

“Eh, Putin bought my election and he’s still doing OK. If we dump the docs the day of, public rage should turn against the Italian political class. That should cripple the League and 5-Star, and get the Soc-Dems to clean their own house.” I close the folder with a grin. “Trust me, Bob. I’ve got
Satan’s own luck.”

“You’re also completely insane,” Mueller deadpans right back.

“Touche, Bob, touche. We’re laying the bedrock for a socialist, anti-racist reaction in their social media?”

“Yes, sir. Operation Russian Reversal is proceeding as instructed. Documentation has been classified above top secret as ordered. Our Piss-Off-The-Bear hacking unit has been proceeding well.”

“You picked up that guy I told you about?” I know a guy from my old life who was a couple years ahead of me in college; he was the smartest guy I knew, so I had Mueller look into recruiting him for the CIA’s computer-intel groups.

Mueller doesn’t even sigh. “Yes, Mr. President. He’s been given a position with the Piss-Off-The-Bear unit. Seems to doing OK so far, I’m told.”

“Good.” I look out for my friends. And for the people who take time out of their 6-course class load to give me a pep talk and a hug in the dining hall. “Now, Vlad invited me to a diplomatic conference in the United Arab Emirates. I’m having State drag heels and delay ‘til mid-January. By that point I want the Burj Khalifa to be operated and staffed by our operatives. Clear?”

“Yes, sir.” Mueller’s steely gaze holds just a spark of what might be approval. “It’ll get done.”

“Thanks, Bob. You rock.”

I’m gonna make Vlad regret every single thing he’s tried to do to America, and then some. I’m going to disgrace his nation as well as my own, because damn it, if I’m stuck being Donald Trump, I’m going to do some good while I can.

***

November 10th, 2017. Mingo County, West Virginia.

“I want to tell you guys a story,” I start, on a relatively sedate note despite my Fuck the Rich T-shirt and the IWW flag flying from the pole strapped to my back. I’m riding high off the poll bump from rounding up the Atomwaffen Division (currently sitting at 85% approval and holding steady!), so it’s time to leverage that for the Red movement. “A kid, a good, smart kid, from a town like this one. Went to school, got decent grades, maybe not honor roll, but decent. Got in trouble in school once or twice—he got drunk behind the bleachers on a couple cans of his dad’s Bud Light doing a little fooling around and getting to first base with his crush, he punched out some kid who insulted his mom, you know, the usual stuff. He figured, no need to really try to apply to college—he wasn’t that great at sports, and he wasn’t honor roll, so what’s the point when some kid from Boston has better grades from a better school and that kid’s parents paid for ‘em to go on some fancy trip that the admissions people like?

“So he figured, ‘I’ll just get a job in the coal mine, like my daddy and Grandpa before him’. But coal’s a dying industry. Most of the anthracite’s tapped out, power plants are shifting to oil and solar and gas. So he can’t get a job, and since the vo-tech school closed down due to lack of funds—thank you, Republican Party and your wonderful plan to slash education year on year—he can’t get training for something good like a carpentry job, electrician or plumber. So he’s stuck. No job, no money, since Dad got laid off and Mom barely scrapes by as a nurse at the local hospital if she’s lucky. What can he do?”
I lean forward and grab the lectern. “Jack fucking shit. That’s what. He manages a few bucks getting odd jobs, but he’s spending 5 days a week in Mom and Dad’s basement, slowly decaying. Stewing. Feeling like shit. One day he’s down in town by the corner store. Man comes up to him, says, here, try this stuff, it’ll give you a good time. He refuses at first, but soon...well, what can he do? He’s got fuck all else to do. So the kid takes the drugs, gets hooked. All the money from those odd jobs now goes to the next score. Soon the cops and his parents find out. He tries to get clean, but he can’t afford treatments and cold turkey sucks ass. So he goes out, feeling like shit, buys more drugs.

“Caught again. Soon it’s three strikes. Mandatory minimum, part of that motherfucker Ronnie Reagan’s plan to destroy black communities in the inner cities, that’s now coming around to bite small-town America in the ass. Stuck in prison for half the rest of his life.

“I think that ain’t right. Every damn step of that ain’t right. It ain’t right that Mitch McCrackhead and his corrupt pals keep slashing school system funding ‘cause their corporate masters want you poor and stupid. It ain’t right that you guys got stuck on one dying industry with no ways out. It ain’t right that a scumbag shyster came to town and promised you to bring back jobs that don’t exist anymore. It ain’t right that your kids are getting hooked on prescription drugs and opiates because they’ve got less to do than people stuck in that open-air prison the Israelis call the Gaza Strip. It ain’t right that our America can’t provide for our people.

“Hell, we did it before! FDR, a great man, who also hated Nazis by the way, he brought the New Deal to America, he got America working again! The corporos hated him for it, they want you poor and stupid so they can cheat you and lie to you and rob from you and pay you shit for a crappy job because you’ve got no other options. And they hate ol’ Comrade Donnie because he wants to get your kids working!

“Starting on December First, my administration will be sponsoring a great and wonderful program for nonviolent drug offenders. FEMA needs men and women who can work to rebuild Puerto Rico, and that means I need good men and women. Young, strong kids who need jobs, need to rebuild their lives--I will give them a way out. 6 bucks an hour, plus 3 hours vo-tech education every night, 6 hours a day of vo-tech and no work on weekends. Meals and board provided--by board I mean tents, not a fancy hotel, so be prepared for hard living. But American kids are tough, they’ll survive.

“That lasts six months. Building houses, building roads, building power lines. Rebuilding Puerto Rico, which I probably don’t need to remind you folks is part of our great nation, and those born there are American citizens just like you and me. Working for our country, if your sons are man enough and your daughters woman enough. When it’s over, they’ll have a couple months of money saved up, experience, and they’ll have been working for a living for months. Now, you’re all working men here. You know what it feels like to work for a living.” There are general nods. These guys know physical labor. “It’s a good feeling. Puts you in a good place. So. Once that work period’s over, these kids’ files will get sent to me. And I, Donald J. “Comrade Donnie” Trump, will personally pardon each and every one of them.

“To show that I mean business, I will personally join the work on the first day. December First. You got a kid who’s hooked on drugs? Get on the computer, get ‘em registered with the Work For America, If You’re Man Enough program, at the address on the banner up there--workforamericaifyouhavetheballs.com--using their Selective Service information or Social Security number. Volunteers only, a hundred thousand slots in the first 6-month period, we take nonviolent offenders first, and you need government-issued photo ID on your first day, we’ll issue you an ID card for the program’s use.”

I take a drink of water. “There’s a bill being proposed in Congress right now, to expand this
program to a full-on government-funded division. Like the WPA was back in the ‘30s. Rebuilding and building up our interior, having our young people work for our country. Write to your Congresscritter today, tell them to Get America Working Again! GAWA! ...nah, that doesn’t really work, does it? Ah, fuck it, I’ll work on the acronym. Write to your Congresscritter and vote, people! It’s the only way to restore America to the little man, and to end the corporo’s power forever! Flood your Congresscritter with calls and letters, tell them to support the Get America Working Again Act and the Make The Corporos Pay Fair Deal Tax Act! Don’t let up, make those sons of bitches work for you, damn it! For Labor! For the People! Get out and vote, get out and make your Congresscritter vote! MAGA liberty, MAGA democracy! AMERICA, fuck yeah!”

I take a sip of water. “And next year we’ll fix the education system, because fuck Mitch McCrackhead and the Republicans and their boneheaded education cuts. I want you rich and smart, but the corporos and their Republican puppets want you poor and stupid. Hail Satan!”

“I will make our schools good, bigly good, because schools is this nation’s backbone!” I degenerate into frantic giggles. “Sorry, I took that one from a Will Ferrel movie. That guy’s hilarious. But seriously, folks—I will continue Making America Great Again over the next year. I have a slate of initiatives planned, and my friends in Congress have plans to introduce bills, that will get this country working again, will force the corporos to give you a fair deal, will finally fix this country’s broken-ass school system, and will get your kids jobs to get them back into our workforce.

“We will rebuild our infrastructure, we rebuild our economy’s foundations, and we will make the corporos work for us. But I need your help. I need you to write, call, email, and otherwise harass your Congresscritters to make them vote for the legislation that will Make America Great Again! Use your voice! We’re a democracy, damn it, those fat pigs in the Capitol Building should work for us! Make ‘em MAGA! ARE YOU WITH ME??!”

I finish at a roar, and the audience responds.

“MAGA! MAGA! MAGA FOR UNIONS AND LABOR!”


The cheers nearly bring down the stage.

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“I have in the past complained about the controversial practice of civil asset forfeiture,” I declare, my skintight rainbow Spandex bodysuit shimmering in the light from all the rainbow sequins I had glued onto it. “I believe my exact words were, ‘fuck this shit and fuck the corrupt fucking assholes who call themselves cops who do this shit’. Followed by an extended digression about the size of their micropenises.”

I clear my throat, my forehead itching from the red star painted across my face. “However, thanks to a truly awesome writing and calling campaign by the awesome American people, and the vote of Senator Lisa Murkowski, a great woman who lives by her principles, I am proud that today I am able to sign into law the Civil Asset Forfeiture Reform and Regulation Act, which my experts have told me will all but end the abuse of civil asset forfeiture laws and regulations across this great nation.” I whip out my cheap ballpoint, pulling the cap off with my teeth. “Hail Satan,” I say around the
obstruction, and sign.

There’s a brief interval of scattered applause, and I smile and wave for the cameras.

“Watch out, America. Comrade Donnie’s gonna get you working again.”
Chapter 17: Peachy-Dory

Chapter Summary

Comrade Donnie achieves his first major legislative goal, and celebrates the holidays.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

November 20th, 2017.

“Vinnie,” I greet my henchman as I pull on my jacket, “How’s the family?”

“Funniest thing,” Vinnie chuckles. “Liz got into Supergirl and Legends of Tomorrow. Says she’s going to watch the other shows on Netflix to catch up. Also, she says that you’re a madman but she’s starting to think you’re the kind of madman she can get behind.”

I chuckle. “God damn, you’re a lucky man, Vinnie.”

“Yup,” my henchman says completely seriously. “Natalie’s been pretty quiet this week, all things considered, so Liz is finally able to relax.”

“Awesome. Warn Mrs. Vinnie to get really wasted before she binges Arrow season 4, it’s hot garbage. How’s the tax bill?”

“McCain’s going to abstain, he says he wants to spend time with his family before he dies and even McConnell can’t drag him back. Frankly I think he’s just tired of the bullshit and pissed at the obstructionism. But with Moore losing by double digits and Murkowski under pressure, we have a chance. Annie thinks you need to hit the stump, on DonnieTube and in ads. Have the voters write in to pressure for higher taxes on the rich.” The Alabama special election’s happening a couple weeks earlier than last time, and with an ex-Marine running an independent bid and the FBI looking to arrest Roy Moore for obstruction of justice (I wanted to throw in sexual assault and statutory rape but Mueller and Comey didn’t think that we could get any convictions thanks to how long it’s been since the most viable cases), it looks like Doug Jones is going to cruise to victory and be seated within 2 weeks. Meanwhile, the combination of Native Alaskan voters and my working-class appeal is seriously putting the screws to Lisa Murkowski, who’s been under fire in her home state for being too close to McConnell.

It seems that accusing Mitch McConnell of making working-class people poor and stupid is an effective tactic.

“That’s what I’m doing today, then. I’ve always enjoyed stumping, I guess.” I straighten my jacket and buckle on my sword. The lion on my jacket looks pretty cool. “Tell Annie to give the tailor a bonus from my personal funds.” This costume rocks.

“Yes, sir. You ready for your press conference?”

I grin like a shark. “Hell yes, my man. Hell to the yes.”
“Then go get ‘em.”

He falls in behind me as I head out. I have the FBI ready to move in on Kenneth Copeland, Creflo Dollar, Robert Tilton, Joel Osteen, Jesse Duplantis, and other prosperity gospel-preaching greedmongers. They think I’ve forgotten to enforce the new IRS rules on 501 (c) 3 organizations, or that I was bluffing, and that today’s press conference is about immigration, so none of them have yet gotten to an airport to get out of the country. They think that they have all the time in the world to quietly transfer their money away to offshore accounts. They think that they can escape the IRS.

They are wrong.

I start humming as Vinnie escorts me to the podium, and as I take my place, the soundtrack starts to play.

And who are you, the proud lord said,  
that I must bow so low?  
Only a cat of a different coat,  
that’s all the truth I know.  
In a coat of gold or a coat of red,  
a lion still has claws,  
And mine are long and sharp, my lord,  
as long and sharp as yours.  
And so he spoke, and so he spoke,  
that lord of Castamere,  
But now the rains weep o’er his hall,  
with no one there to hear.  
Yes now the rains weep o’er his hall,  
and not a soul to hear.

I grin like a shark. There’s dead silence from the reporters. “Creflo Dollar. Ken Copeland. All you televangelist fucks. You are in deep shit now.” I nod to Vinnie. “Let’s get this show on the road. Bring out the executive order so Comey can initiate Operation Our Lady of Perpetual Exemption. Hail Satan.

“Oh, and render unto Caesar that which is Caesar’s, or at least be honest about what you’re doing when you give Creflo Dollar dollars. Fuckers.”
“Well, Sam Brownback is losing his mind on Twitter,” Annie says as I munch on a veggie sandwich straight from Subway (I order from there every day to keep up my everyman image, and frankly I kinda like cheap subs). “Apparently you are an ‘agent of the Antichrist’ and hate religious freedom.”

“To be fair, I did say Hail Satan. Before I quoted Jesus anyway.”

“Yes, quoting Jesus to compare Creflo Dollar to Caesar. If it helps, sir, I found that quite amusing.”

“Enough about Sam Brownback. How are the numbers?”

“Surprisingly, sir, you have very strong numbers with moderate Christians; several Presbyterian and Methodist groups are just about calling the ‘prosperity gospel’ un-Christian and heretical in their messages of support. And it seems the Pope is a fan.”

“Yeah, he always has gone for that man of the people vibe. Have something inserted into my next prepared speech about him being chill. Congress?”

“Your loyalists in the plains states and rural districts are responding to your calls for a letter-writing campaign. With the breakdown of House Republican unity—that’s gotten to ‘death spiral’ stages, Ryan has no idea what he’s doing—and the spikes in support for a higher marginal tax rate thanks to your YouTube channel and free publicity, we think if you keep up the heat we can get past the House.”

“Then schedule me for more YouTube videos. Senate?”

“Needs work. I’ll get back to you on strategy but it’s going to hinge on Collins and Murkowski.”

“Keep me posted. Is ‘MAGA SOCIALISM’ a meme yet?”

“According to my minions, we’re seeing good numbers on Tumblr and Twitter, Mr. President.”

“Jesus.” I shake my head. “OK, Did Berlanti call?”

“No, but he did email you some storyboards.”

“Thank him for me, I’ll take a look at ‘em.” I grab a mug of hot tea from a minion who holds it out and guzzle it down. “How’s your girlfriend?”

“Vivian’s fine, we’re hoping to get some time later this week for a night out, but what with our schedules, it’s kind of difficult.”

“You both like Italian?”

“Um, yeah, why do you…”

“I’ll call up Masseria and get you a reservation, on me. Arrange your schedules for Thursday night off. Don’t worry, I won’t be there, I have to help Vinnie spoil Mrs. Vinnie over Thanksgiving. Mattis and Angela—Angie Walker, you know, my Secretary of State—have the foreign-policy front under control for the next couple of days, so I’m going to be taking the 23rd off and spending half the day with Vinnie, trying to cook a turkey without setting anything on fire.”
“Masseria? Isn’t that the fancy Italian place…”

“Michelin starred, yeah. Only the best for Comrade Donnie’s friends.” I offer her a wink, which gets me a roll of her eyes.

“Thank you, Mr. President.”

“Don’t mention it. Enjoy your date!”

***

November 23rd, 2017.

“This Thanksgiving, I am thankful for all the great times Vlad&me have had...shooting skeet, riding horses shirtless, making soft love in the beautiful Russian wilderness by Lake Baikal...miss u, Vlad! Pls. call me! #LittleVolodya #MakeRussiaGreatAgain

RETWEETS 11,753 LIKES 10,670
2:06 AM - 10 Feb 2019

“Goddamn it, Vinnie, I told you not to turn the temperature up!”

“Oh god oh fuck oh no, Liz’s gonna kill me...hold Natalie, sir! Oh god…”

“I mean, it’s basic thermodynamics, man--have you ever cooked before?”

“I can make a sandwich and nuke refrigerated leftover pizza? Oh god…”

“Jesus, man, you gotta learn how cooking times work...oh shit. I think the fire department’s here.”

“Wait, you can’t go out there alone, protocol!”

“Vinnie, I’m taking the fucking day off…”

“Goddamn it, wait a moment, I’m not having you get assassinated on Thanksgiving while holding my daughter!”

“Dude, what are the chances of...OH GOD MY FINGERS!”
“No! Don’t put them near her...oh jeez. OK, hang on, hang on…”

“GET THIS KID OFF OF ME OH GOD IT HURTS SO MUCH! FUCK! FUCK!!! OH MY GOD!”

...We end up ordering the turkey from a fancy restaurant at great expense and lying our asses off to Mrs. Vinnie. This Thanksgiving is never spoken of between Vinnie and me again.

He enrolls in cooking lessons anyway.

***


I think it is very important for us to press forward with Comrade Bernie’s Green New Deal plan. It would be great for the nation to minimize our carbon footprint and become a leader in rising industries of green energy - even if no other country would do the same. #MAGASocialism

---

Kudos to @NirBarkat, @AbbasPresident, and Hamas for having the courage to sit down and negotiate a LASTING peace in Palestine! Very brave men! If they are lucky, I won't need to sanction anybody! #MAGASocialism #peace #MakePalestineGreatAgain
“Vinnie, why is some asshole called Uri Ariel DMing me on Twitter with death threats?”

“You already know why, Comrade Donnie.”

“...fair point. Get these to the CIA and State to make sure they’re legit and see if we can capitalize.”

***

November 29th, 2017.

I see the number on Caller ID and put my phone to my ear with a grin. “Greg! My man!”

“Morning, Mr. President. I was surfing fan blogs, and you’re going to like what I found.”

“Yeah?” I chuckle. “How are we looking?”

“Twitter chatter is positive on your performance. General consensus seems to be ‘hilariously vile’. I don’t know where you learned how to act but by god it worked.”

“Shakespeare Theater of New Jersey acting classes. Good shit. Reception on Overman?”

“He certainly made an impact. I still can’t believe the Suits let us run the part where he implicitly threatens to have the Green Arrow raped to death in front of White Canary and Alex Danvers, but as villains go, it seems like we’re getting the reactions needed. I have people checking Tumblr, reception seems to be positive from our core social justice-oriented demographics, apparently Nazis aren’t hugely popular on Tumblr. The ADL finally stopped ranting about your dislike of Israel and praised you for ‘realistic portrayals of Nazi monstrosity’. And here I was thinking that having you say ‘Make America Aryan Again’ was too on the nose for primetime.”

“Told you going full-bore on the Nazis’ portrayals was the way to go. Laura Benanti’s big return as Astra?”
“Buzz on Benanti’s performance is extremely positive among key fan demographics. She’s all over Tumblr and we have three hundred and fifty-nine Astra/Alex fanfics put up on Ao3 just in the last 24 hours.” He pauses for a moment, probably checking something. “Only two hundred and forty-seven of which are pornographic. Impressive.”

I whistle. “Those are good numbers. Hey, I saw that you brought Nyssa up on Legends. Katrina Law’s signed?”

“Signed and written in for next season. Do you want to see the storyboard or do you want a surprise?”

“Surprise me, Greg. Just...what about Ava?”

He chuckles. “Having second thoughts?”

“No, just...fuck, man, I like both characters, they’d both be good for Sara.” I’m whining like a dope, but fuck it. I love these cheesy-ass shows, especially now that I’m helping to write them.

“Well, I may just be able to do something about that. Think of it as a belated Christmas present from me to you. Guess who got complete creative control and was told by the Suits to ‘do anything that will piss of Fox News and make the President happy’?”

My breath catches. “Seriously?”

“Complete. Creative. Control. I have a list of characters, a short as fuck list of things I’m not allowed to do, most of which involves killing them, and otherwise? I am final say. Which means that you, partner, are also half final say.”

“I love you, man. In a platonic way, I mean, I don’t want your fiance to…”

He chuckles. “I got it, Mr. President. Hey, thanks for the wine--you didn’t need to get us something so expensive…”


“Well...thanks?” I can hear Greg’s awkward grin. “Listen, Robbie and I will be royally pissed if you ruin our…”

“I ordered a couple of gift baskets, Greg, don’t worry. I have other plans for December.”

He breathes a short sigh of relief. “Thanks. You know, you aren’t so bad, when you’re not disgracing yourself and the nation.”

“It’s good to be king, Greg. Stick with me and you’ll understand that. So...what was that about Legends shipping?”

“Watch and find out, Mr. President. Watch and find out. That said--the writers’ room there has everything well in hand. We have a formula and it works.”

“Easy money, Greg, easy money. Alright, thanks for the update--and great job, man, tell the whole cast great job for pulling in those numbers. Loved Amell’s dual performance, came off really well I
thought, and Benanti was in top form as usual.”

“Will do, Mr. President. And thanks for the script.”

“Trust me, Greg, my involvement here is just beginning. Ciao!” I hang up. “Annie, have ice cream ordered for tonight. Cherry vanilla with a full sundae bar. Barron can have whatever he wants, we’re celebrating.”

“Yes, Mr. President.” She hands off a shopping list to a flunky. “The tax bill’s heading to the Senate, the House Republicans are still in complete disarray and your stumping in West Virginia is causing a groundswell of support for your policies across the Midwest, so Republicans in swing districts are pandering like mad. We have a chance to pass the Senate by one vote, since McCain is effectively an empty seat and Murkowski’s under pressure from her constituents to vote Yes.”

“Excellent work, all around. Great job on propaganda, have gift baskets sent down there to your minions. That said—they’re going to rally properly sooner or later. We need to keep up the offensive, keep them on their back feet. Is McConnell threatening filibuster?”

“No, sir, I don’t think he can count on his own party at this point, and my analysts think he’s betting the long game. Passing your bills with token fight, hoping that he can leverage that down the line.”

“Then we need more propaganda. Convince the people that higher taxes on upper income brackets are good, that sort of thing. Have polls run on that.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“I think I’m making progress, given that I had rural West Virginians chanting MAGA SOCIALISM for me, but I have to be sure. Speaking of which, Tester called my phone but I had it on silent because Mattis was briefing me on our Kurdish allies’ situation?”

“Yes, sir. Apparently he was doing some kind of outreach thing with kids in a town called Red Lodge yesterday and some parent wanted him to tell you that the IWW is organizing cattle ranchers to fight Big Meat for a fair deal. He’s a little worried because that turned into an impromptu chant of ‘Break the Chains!’ and he knows that you’ve been using that slogan in all of your YouTube videos about economics and socialism.”

“Well, shit,” I manage. “I guess that happened.”

“He’s asking if he needs to worry about a challenge from the left.”

“Tell him to beat the man-of-the-people drum. Tester’s a Montana boy through and through, he’ll be fine. Shit, I need more leverage on Erdogan...sorry, the Kurdistan situation is driving me up the wall.”

“I understand, sir. Should I notify the CIA?”

“No, I’ll call myself. Set me up for a meet with Murkowski before the bill goes up for the final vote, but let Pelosi and whoever Schumer’s got who can pressure people go over her first.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Get to it. I’ll talk to Schumer about attaching a rider or something, a little pork for Alaska or
something. That oughta help.”

***


I’m busy practicing my Japanese for my planned trip to Tokyo next month (Vinnie, Mattis, and Secretary Walker are all against me saying “Konichiwa, Emperor-san!” and offering to shake the old guy’s hand while dressed in a kimono and katana, something about an “unforgivable diplomatic insult”, so instead I’m just going to offer to build Japan a new aircraft carrier in exchange for Ishihara Shintaro personally apologizing, in person and on live TV, to Moon Jae-In for the “comfort women” and other Japanese atrocities in Korea), when Vinnie opens the Oval Office door without even knocking.

“...Ishihara Shintaro, kutabare! Chi--oh, hey, Vinnie, what’s up?”

He’s grinning like a shark. “Guess which company is about to be bought out by your minions?”

I gape. “No way! EA??! What the hell happened?”

“Madden and Disney pulled their licenses thirty minutes ago, and with the EU resolution yesterday to ban lootboxes in premium games and restrict their sale in free-to-play…”

“But they still have capital, right?”

“Well, their stock price is below five bucks a share and dropping. With the money you made from betting on Wonder Woman and against Justice League, plus the payday from the Saudis and the liquidization of your private jet, we can buy out the entire company on the cheap.”

“Do it. I didn’t want the Madden or FIFA licenses anyway. OK. Whatever you do, whatever it costs, I want BioWare and all associated IPs. All of them. See if you can’t get Westwood and Visceral, too-I’m thinking, Command and Conquer: Red Donnie Rising, or something. Other than that, our top priority is remastering the Mass Effect trilogy and then pumping out SuperSoldier. Got all that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, I need to call Greg Berlanti. We’ve been cooking up a plan to pester the Suits into making a set of Arrowverse licensed games, and I’ve got some great ideas. A Supergirlgame, part pansexual dating sim and part action RPG! Play as Kara, take down bad guys and date Lena Luthor kinda thing. Shit, and we could add DLC where you play as Alex and have to choose which woman you want to date while kicking ass...and an Arrow game, oh man, we could do like a diverging-paths kinda thing, or even, make it a series, take it from the show, do it kinda like a hybrid between Telltale and Arkham City, not like a full-on BioWare style game but with limited choice at key points...Anyway. Make the buy. Greg and I need to talk, then I need to finish learning how to compare Ishihara Shintaro’s mother to a diseased pig in Japanese.”

My bodyguard rolls his eyes. “Yes, sir. I honestly thought you’d be celebrating more.”

“Believe me, man, I’m jumping for joy on the inside. We’re ordering in, bring your family because it is fucking pasta bar night for Comrade Donnie.”

“Just make sure they go easy on the garlic and olive oil. That pesto last time upset Liz’s stomach.”
“Sure thing, bro. And hey! Don’t worry about wine or anything, I’ll bring the booze.”

***

December 7th. Situation Room, White House basement.

“You gave her what?” Secretary Walker is aghast.

“Terabytes of data on dirty financial dealings between American and Israeli business magnates and the Russian government. But this new leak? The leaked emails talking shit about Merkel and Hollande? It’s not me.”

“You gave a Fox News pretty-face access to a library’s worth of data collected by the CIA?” Walker shakes her head. “Why?”

“The President didn’t think we had enough to convict Perlmutter, Stone, Prince, and their cronies outright, because of the President’s...unique situation vis a vis the campaign problem,” Mattis growls. “Director Mueller disagreed, but the President was adamant.”

“Yeah, so I slipped Lacey Dawes a jump drive and a link to two German journalists with access to terabytes of data. There shouldn’t have been any intel on State communications in there. Whoever’s leaking to the Daily Mail has to be separate.”

“So we have a leak,” Mueller sums it up. “In State.”

“Can we tell who it was?” I ask. “Clearance, motive, who hired this jackass?”

“Clearance is likely below top secret,” Mueller reports. “Given the contents of some of the leaks, we think he’s a Clinton or Kerry hire--Secretary Walker and I put INR on the job, it looks like the leaker was trying to get a cheap shot by leaking department emails. Probably a disgruntled former employee.”

“I’m having everybody in my department questioned just in case,” Walker adds. “I miss the days when I just organized strikes.”

“Look on the bright side, Angela,” I comment. “You’re helping to spread socialism across the whole goddamn world.”

“Leaving aside your ideological leanings, we need to do damage control on this yesterday,” Mueller growls. “We have leaks of State Department staffers calling Angela Merkel a ‘land whale’, whatever the Hell that means, and the Brits are hopping mad at this chain discussing the...‘fuckability’...of the Duchess of Cambridge.”

“Fire whoever sent those particular emails, immediately,” I demand. “And, Angela--yes, please use the ‘you’re fired!’ catchphrase.”

“I’ll look into it right away,” my Secretary of State assures me. “Though, Mr. President, about the Mexico trip--do we push for the next stage of Zapatista negotiations?”

“Not yet--but say in public that we’re looking to renegotiate NAFTA. Throw out buzzwords like ‘restoring sovereignty to our southern brothers’ and ‘punishing the corporations for exploiting the
proletariat.” Right now it’s just talk--Justin Trudeau’s hopping mad about the idea, and hates me anyway because I threatened to eat him to his face, so full negotiations are unlikely to succeed--but I remain a skeptic of multinational corporations and their increasingly unchecked power. “How’s Martinez looking in the polls?”

“Marichuy?” Walker asks, and I nod to confirm. Maria de Jesus Patricio Martinez, an indigenous activist nicknamed Marichuy, is one of the people I’ve been trying to subtly push into Obrador’s coalition to force him to stay on the straight-and-narrow leftist path just in case he gets any ideas. “She passed the signature threshold under the ‘Partido del sindicalismo y pueblos indígenas’ banner, and we’ve been advising her to support Obrador, which so far seems to be working out in our favor. She supported his anti-NAFTA position, and the staffer I had talk to him says he thinks he can safely court the indigenous vote without sabotaging his coalition. Expect an announcement soon, Mr. President.”

“Good. When you get down there, be sure to beat the anti-corruption drum, and see if you can’t subtly criticize Pena Nieto about it. Don’t tell him to fuck his mother, I’ll take care of that.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll advocate for independent labor organization, too?”

“Reasonable, but don’t imply that the unions that exist are corporate or state puppets too openly, that could be taken as a faux pas. Let me do that if it has to be done, I’m the insane one.”

“Bringing us back to the leak of embarrassing emails,” Mueller growls, “Mr. President, I’ll conduct a full investigation into the matter.”

“Good man,” I say with a nod, switching topics so fast it’d give most Congresscritters whiplash. “Bob, Angela, update me as you go. Dismissed. Mattis, stick around--we need to talk about the defense budget for next year.”

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December 11th.

“Senator Murkowski,” I greet my first meeting of the day as she takes the seat across from me. “Welcome to the Oval Office. Want a brewski? Sandwich?” I offer her a cold bottle of Sam Adams and a veggie footlong from Subway.

“No thanks, Mr. President. Please, call me Lisa. I assume this is about the tax bill?”

“Yeah. And call me Donnie, Comrade Donnie, all my friends do. The tax bill I know you’ve gotten fifty thousand or so letters about.”

“Seventy thousand, most of them phone calls and emails, and some of those are repeated,” Murkowski corrects me. “I’m worried about what your proposal--and let’s not mince words, Mr. President, we both know who’s pushing this and it sure as Hell isn’t Chuck Schumer--could negatively impact the economy due to reductions in investment.”

“Good point, but let me flip that around. How many stock options do oil-rig workers or game wardens have? Or ice fishermen, for that matter? My bill will balance the budget and then some, pay down our national debt AND let me jump-start the economy, all by taking our tax rates back to the way they were in the ‘50s when our economy was booming under the New Deal’s aftermath.” OK, it was more complicated than that, but I think it gets the point across.
“All good things, and I don’t disagree on the budget or the national debt.” She licks her lips. “But--
let me be frank, Mr. Pres--Comrade Donnie.” She makes a weird face at that but keeps going. “Wall
Street’s voice is powerful, I’m not sold on high taxes, and frankly, if I vote to raise taxes I’ll be
ridden out on a rail.”

“How about this,” I propose. “Schumer puts a rider on the bill cutting taxes slightly for the lowest
income bracket. We keep the 80% capital-gains and 60% top marginal income rates from the bill as-
is, plug it as ‘balancing the budget’. And don’t forget, 30% of the country believes literally anything
under the Twitter handle @realdonaldtrump no matter how hard I try to tell them to think for
themselves. If you play ball with me, your voters will know you as a real American hero who
brought home the bacon, including a billion-dollar stimulus package for Alaska.” Might have to
negotiate that down later, but I need to sweeten the deal at this stage. “Don’t play ball with me, and
you won’t get that bump.”

“What, no threat?” she blurts out, then looks embarrassed.

“Pointless. I want to be friends, not enemies. What do you say? You can tell your voters that you cut
taxes on working-class Americans, improved funding for Medicare, and helped balance the budget
so we won’t be bought out by China in a decade.”

“That’s...a creative way to interpret this.”

“Yeah, well, I’m a creative guy.” I wink. “Lisa, I will take full advantage of Citizens United before I
figure out a way to axe that shit. I’m a hypocrite, see. I’ll have my minions set up a super-PAC and
use the money I’m going to make from betting on the movie industry to buy some ad time, then go
on YouTube and Twitter until all your voters think your opponents are insane womanizing Commie
Nazis who do crack off hookers’ chests in Vegas. How’s that sound, Senator?”

“Big promise,” she notes.

shoutouts to Lee Carter--an outright socialist--and other left-wing candidates, the Democrats took the
state House of Delegates by 3 seats.”

“I remember.” Murkowski licks her lips. “I’m sticking my neck out here, Trump.”

“And I’ll reciprocate with money and endorsement. You will win re-election until your dessicated
corpse is literally hauled out of your chair after you expire from old age.”

“Thank you for that image,” she deadpans.

I shrug. “Or until you retire. Either works. Obviously I hope you get a nice long rest of your life,
Senator, gotta admire a woman who wins re-election by write-in.”

She tries to hide her preen at that, but I can tell I’m getting to her. “Alright. Say I play ball. You’ll get
that rider in?”

“I’m talking to Pelosi in thirty minutes and she’ll help me lean on Schumer,” I promise, then stick a
hand out. “We cool?”

She mulls it over for a full thirty seconds. Then she looks over to the minifridge by my Resolute
desk. “May I assume that the offer of Sam Adams is still open?”

“Go ahead, take a sandwich, too, if you like. Guest sandwiches are marked with ingredients. Pass me one of the ones marked Extreme Leader?”

She does. I eat as she drinks the beer with a frown. After about ten minutes, we’re done, and she puts the empty bottle on my desk.

“If I may speak freely?”

“Say what you like, Senator.”

“You’re a strange one, Mr. President.”

I nod. “Preaching to the choir. Are you in?”

She extends a hand, and I wipe my hands off on a napkin and shake. “I’ve got my concerns about such a radical tax increase, but with my party in the state of useless bickering it is, I’m willing to consider unusual options.”

Close enough.

My next meeting is gonna be tough. Nancy Pelosi’s got decades of legislative experience and ran rings around Bush for years--unlike Chuck Schumer, who’s never struck me as a particularly inspired player, Pelosi’s a keenly intelligent, razor-sharp schemer who could easily cut me off from the inside of my own side if I piss her off.

On the flip side, she’s sharp as a tack and she’ll give me a fair shake.

“Madam Once and Future Speaker,” I greet her as she walks into the Oval Office, offering a hand to shake. We’re alone except for Vinnie and Agent Clay, who’re lurking behind me. And the 50something Secret Service goons who have the entire West Wing secured, of course.

“That your idea of a joke?” she replies with a raised eyebrow, accepting my hand.

“You kidding? We both know you’re going to be Speaker next year.”

“Not with your Socialist friends running against incumbent Democrats we won’t.”

“C’mon, Madam Speaker, you’re sharper than Chuck. Have a seat, by the way. You and I both know that dead wood has to be cut to make America’s politics great again.”

“That catchphrase is really getting overused.”

“You think I’m bad, you should’ve seen The Donald in this office. Now listen. I think I can get the tax bill through the Senate, but after that, I’m thinking midterms.”

“I set the strategy,” she demands right off the bat.

“You and I set it. You’ve got experience, I’ve got refuge in audacity.”

“Schumer’s going to want a seat.”
I chuckle. “Chuck Schumer’s OK, but he’s got half your wits at best. It stays between you and me. I think you can run rings around Paul Ryan from now ‘til next November.”

Pelosi smiles. I suppress a shiver; this must be what a seal feels like before the great white hits. “That won’t be a problem. But you got Franken and Conyers fired.”

“And I’m gonna get Menendez’s crooked ass out on a rail. You and I both know they’re all guilty as sin.”

“Conyers had rank, though. I had to kiss ass for weeks.” She nods grudgingly, though. “OK. So Conyers was a pervert and Bob’s skimming off the top. You got alternatives for them and all the other incumbents you want to primary?”

“I took the liberty of having my people do some research on up-and-coming leftists.” I hand her a dossier. “Look at this one. Lee Carter, IT specialist from Virginia. Just won in the blue wave down there with an openly socialist platform.”

“That could be because Mike Pence’s approval rating as Acting President averaged 18% and there were down-ballot effects.” Her tone’s neutral, though, I might be getting through.

“Or that he had the balls to contest. Look, you and I both know Obama dropped the fucking ball down-ballot. I want to run at least one Democrat or Socialist on every damn race. Every single one in the country. Preferably multiple candidates per race, flood the country with vibrant young progressives, socialists, anarchists, anyone who wants to fuck the corpo scum and drive the Republicans out on sheer numbers.”

“Ballsy.” But she’s grinning. “About time someone other than me had the stones to take action on a golden opportunity.”

I snort derisively. “Please, like Donald Trump’s shriveled testicles can compare to the pair you’ve got strapped in under your kidneys.”

“Well, yours still work,” she throws back with a hint of a grin.

“Benefits of blowing loads of cheap swimmers instead of bothering to make a larger investment, I guess.” We share a chuckle at my depreciation of my sex, then I get serious again. “Try this one. Amelia Marquez, she’s leading a ‘Make Montana Great Again’ group under an openly socialist platform, claims inspiration from Bernie Sanders and William Jennings Bryan.”

“Bryan lost every Presidential race he ever ran,” Pelosi comments.

“But he could orate like a champ,” I counter. “And this girl’s legit. Pretty young local girl, that’s appeal points right there, and she’s boosting turnout at Tester rallies.”

“We do need that Senate seat. Who’s this woman in Billings?”

“Denise Joy. Ever been to Billings? Nice town, I flew into there from Philly once by way of Denver, so I could catch the bus to Red Lodge for paleontology camp.”

“You’ve never been to Red Lodge, Montana in your life,” Pelosi retorts with a disbelieving look. I grin, and as she meets my gaze I see the unflappable former Speaker suddenly go pale as she realizes
that I'm being completely honest.

“Not in this life, Madam Speaker. Not in this life.”

“Oh my god,” she realizes. “You’re…”

“A ghost inhabiting a dead man’s body,” I cut her off. “Save the debate on the specifics, we need to get this moving—and I’ve got an IWW rally to attend in support of the teacher strikes that just started up again in Oklahoma. Can you deliver the down-ballot support?”

“Of course,” she replies, shaking her head to center herself. “I, ah, will need to vet the candidates.”

“You can’t do that personally on every level. There are staffers for that.”

“Of course. My people go over them, too.”

“No claiming that political positions are unfeasible unless they’re actually a racist.”

“We can’t just nominate Communists…”

I chuckle at that. “Madam Speaker, Angela Davis says she’s running for Congress out in California. The Commies are already out in force.”

“Angela Davis can’t win a fucking national election, Mr. President, and she’d kill our chances…”

“You think I don’t know that? I read her autobiography for a class in college, fucking hypocrite that she is, and a casual homophobe too. That’s why she was one of my threats to get the appointments I wanted, not a serious candidate.”

“So you want socialists, but not communists? What’s the difference?”

I shrug. “My club is a no-assholes club. Well, except for me. That means no Stalinists, no Maoists, no Nazis, no gay bashers, et cetera. And no Trotskyists because they’re pathetic.”

“So, what, only the right kind of leftists allowed?”

I nod. “Kind of. Anybody who seriously likes Stalin at this point is fucking deluded. He was a thuggish tyrant whose closest toadies, Vyacheslav Molotov and Lavrentiy Beria, were a brown-nosing incompetent obsequious cowardly toady, and a pedophile, respectively. Dude killed more Communists than Adolf Hitler, probably. And Mao? Murdered something like fifty million people through sheer incompetence. His political philosophy is literally just 1984 plus red paint. There’s nothing of value in his books and anyone who thinks there is is a fucking moron.”

“What kind of leftist do you want?”

“Council communists, syndicalists, DeLeonists, other libsocs and anarcho-socialists. Good people.”

Pelosi looks at me like I’ve grown a second head. “So you want…what, the IWW?”

“Which is finally back on its feet, sort of, and surging in membership. Madam Speaker, I have a YouTube clip here of my fans in West Virginia coal country shouting MAGA SOCIALISM over and over. There are teachers on strike while waving the IWW flag on national fucking TV in
Oklahoma. *I have caused a sea change in American politics*, we just haven’t seen the full effects yet. I’m giving you the chance to get on board.”

She’s silent for a good ten seconds. “Let’s say I accept this...offer. What then?”

I shrug. “We prune the tree, then fertilize. Primaries for complacent Congresscritters. Asleep at the wheel in a blue district? Fight for your seat, damn it. Corrupt? Out of there. Then we bring women in, LGBT people, people of color, a lot of young, fresh, new blood. Look for mothers, labor organizers, farmers. People who’re mad, people who like my politics, people who want to serve and preserve their country and bring the USA into a better tomorrow.”

“So you’re thinking of just going straight-up leftist?”

“Socially egalitarian, I am the ‘Fuck Mike Pence’ guy, after all. Economically leftist to left-populist—I want to reach that ideal of a union-owned economy but I’ll settle for Keynesianism in a pinch as a stopgap measure. Tax the rich, feed the poor, all that good Robin Hood shit.”

“You’re going to cost us a *lot* of big money.”

I shrug. “Bernie Sanders funded his campaign with small donors.”

“Bernie Sanders *lost*.”

“Sure, Clinton won the South because she had more appeal with older blacks, but Bernie basically forced her to adopt his platform in key areas because otherwise she wouldn’t have been able to make her coronation ‘race’ convincing. And we both know that was a glorified coronation that went so very wrong.”

“You don’t need to rub it in,” she snaps. “Alright. I see your logic, the man-of-the-people crap works well enough in farm country, but after that rageaholic rant you gave on YouTube about Tyson and ConAgra, I’ve been offered hundreds of millions in campaign donations to convince you to stand down. Your ‘pro-worker’ positions may be nice and idealistic, but in the real world we gotta get reelected to put through a platform, and yes, that means taking corporate money in exchange for policy moves.”

“But the base wants an anti-corporate platform,” I counter. “Especially out West.”

“You want to run socialists in *Montana*?”

“Call ’em ‘Farmer-Labor’ or whatever. Point is, we need major anti-capitalist voices out there; milquetoast moderation is dead.”

“I agree that the base doesn’t want compromise with the Republicans, but we can’t just go ultra-liberal in red states without consequences.”

I shake my head. “Not liberal. Anarcho-socialist, with bits of generic left-populism. Power to the people, empower the House, weaken the imperial Presidency, weaken the corporations, end corporate abuses, tax the rich, a square deal for every American, that kinda thing. Poor people in small towns, they’re desperate and they want solutions, and giving bonuses to billionaires ain’t helping them. We need people who’re active, idealistic, intelligent, and aggressive in their desire to break the old political binary and fight for the common folk against the elite.”
“Semantics aside, it’s risky to do it now--there’s still demographics to consider, Cold Warrior demographics. And evangelicals.”

“The evangelicals are fucked anyway, they’re literally dying out every year. We have a potential to create a new New Deal coalition here, Madam Speaker.”

“Call me Nancy, Donald.” Little dominance ploy there, but fine. She earned it. “I admit, you’ve made some incredible progress, and Pence shot himself in the ass which is only good for us, but going full-bore leftist is dangerous until we’re sure the demographics have shifted.”

“Please, call me Comrade Donnie. I can make Pence fuck himself over again. I’m the most annoying person that shithead’s ever met, and I will piss him off until he snaps.”

“Good luck with that.” She taps the arm of her chair unconsciously. “Let’s give it a dry run. There’s primaries coming up, if your candidates poll well with the base we’ll go with it.”

I reach out to shake with a grin. “Thanks, Nancy. Now, about Lisa Murkowski...”

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December 15th.

“Come on,” I whisper as Murkowski moves to the floor. “Come on.” The Democrats are lockstep behind my tax plan--well, a slightly modified version that includes a small cut for working-class America, in an attempt to shore up support for red-state Dems--but I need one Republican to flip. Chuck and Pelosi (there’s a woman you don’t want to fuck with) have been pressuring Murkowski, and with the recent surge in popularity for straight-up socialism, it’s anyone’s guess how she’ll vote. McCain’s on his last legs, so whatever the total is, it’ll be 50-49. I just hope it’s on my side.

On the plus side, Pelosi was able to credibly offer her a sweet pork package for Alaska (Republican support has cratered so far in the polls due to Pence’s catastrophic term as Acting POTUS--and the growing rift between Rand Paul’s smallish bloc of traditional law-and-order guys and libertarians versus Pence’s religious-right and the hardline racist types-- that we’re all but assured of a blue majority next fall) come 2018, and Chuck’s planning to make sure that the Dems don’t run a credible candidate against her, so maybe...but on the flip side, the Senate’s much less easily pressured than the House (when a Republican Senator is inundated with 50,000 letters from angry voters, it means a lot less than a Republican Representative whose district consists of 50,000 angry chicken farmers and a whole lot of chickens), and Murkowski might decide to take a stand for principles. Bribes and shifting voter preferences or Republican principles? Hard to say which she’ll choose.

Which is why I’m watching C-Span with the currently off-duty Vinnie when I would much rather be doing the prep work for my planned Japan trip or the meeting I’ve got coming up with the Iraqi Grand Ayatollah.

She sticks her arm out on the TV. Vinnie’s leaned forwards next to me, beer forgotten in his hand. My breath catches.

And Lisa Murkowski’s thumb goes up.

“YES!” I roar, leaping to my feet and dumping popcorn all over the floor. “YES! YES! YES!” I pump my fist with glee as I caper around the room, revelling in the moment. On the TV, McConnell and Pence are giving lemon-sucking grimaces. “FUCK YEAH! Vinnie!!! Break out the good
stuff, we are fucking celebrating again!

Vinnie motions to a minion, who runs off to open up some fancy booze. “Holy shit,” my chief henchman chuckles. “That’s a new one. You convinced a Republican to raise taxes on the rich.”

“I convinced her to balance the budget. OK, raising taxes was part of that, but…”

“It’s still an accomplishment,” Vinnie counters. “Man, I’m glad I came in even though it’s one of my days off.”

“I still can’t believe this shit myself,” I admit, then cram popcorn into my mouth. “C’mon, let’s get wasted.”

“I’ll pass on the getting wasted, you need a designated sober.” He shakes his head in disbelief. “You convinced a Republican Senator from a safe seat to vote for a tax hike. Jesus fucking christ.”

“Eighty percent capital-gains tax!” I whoop. “Eighty percent! Empowered IRS! Mitt Romney paying his fair share! Fuck yeah!”

I still can barely believe I made this happen. But capitalism had better watch out, because I’m coming for it.

Socialism. Fuck yeah!

***

December 17th. The Oval Office, D&D Night.

“Welcome once again to DonnieTube,” I tell the camera, rocking a Supercorp shipping t-shirt and a grain-and-gear baseball cap. “MAGA Syndicalism! MAGA unions, MAGA workers! People of the great United States of America, we have won a massive, beautiful, bigly, so gigantic, positively colossal victory in the battle against capitalist imperialism and oppression!” Of course, I’ve got to make sure that the Republicans don’t win a majority and start rolling back the plan next year, but as it is my tax-the-rich plan is all set to go. “The Restore American Freedom Now Tax The Fat-Cat Pigs Progressive Taxation Act will balance the federal budget, end the stream of deficit to the Chinese, restore our economic independence, deliver a major blow to the corporate scum who think they own us, and give ol’ Comrade Donnie the money I need to make America great for ALL Americans! Black and white, green and fucking purple, we’ve come together to show those fucking pigs that a proletariat, united, will NEVER be defeated! The Workers of America have come together, and we will build a better society starting with this act—a great new society, truly befitting the fantastic Constitution we’ve followed for over two centuries! MAGA SOCIALISM! MAGA EQUALITY!

“And it never would’ve happened without YOU, Proletariat of America! Our farmers and workers are the best in the world, from single moms in Texas and immigrants in Pennsylvania to family men in Montana! From sea to shining sea, we have told those rich fuckheads who think they own us that this land is our land! A land of freedom, a land of equality, a land of opportunity and united, Syndicalist labor!

“Grab yourselves a brewski and celebrate, folks, because Comrade Donnie is giving your kids work when the New Year comes, and Comrade Donnie is fighting for the American people—in my on-the-job hours, of course.” I grin. “It’s a weekend and Congress are lazy assholes, so I’m taking a few hours to give you some more of the Comrade Donnie Campaign! We’ve got a new player here
today, introduce yourself please!”

“Um, hi, I’m, uh, Vivian,” Agent Clay says to the camera, blushing red. Annie pats her hand, and the big badass Secret Service agent flushes deeper. “I play Veronica, a half-elven warrior-psion and Cypher the rogue’s old flame. Apparently I’m replacing the First Lady and her character...uh, Melania.”

“Welcome to the party, Vivian and Veronica, I’m Comrade Donnie, your Dungeon Master and Extreme Leader of Donnieland. Folks, let’s let the American People know how the team’s doing so far!”

“Sir Barry heard from his family that his oldest daughter got into Stanford,” Obama says. “He could not be more proud, and knows that his daughter is going to great if she buckles down to study hard--like Sir Barry knows she can and will.” He winks at the camera. “Congratulations, Malia!”

“Yeah, congrats to Barack’s daughter! Top-tier college admissions are a bitch and a half. Barron?”

Trump’s youngest son grins, shuffling some papers. “OK, Dad. So I wrote out Star-Lord the Zookeeper’s backstory to explain this better, but basically I found a way to explain his backstory, he’s a Marshal and has the prerequisites except for skill ranks for Beastmaster and trains magebred warbeast tyrannosaurs, which he has 4 of right now, to do his bidding, and he’s half mind flayer, half dragon, half elf, and half orc, or, well, 1/3 of each, and he has a Candle of Invocation that I’ll use if you’ll let me use the dice I pre-rolled all the 1s out of and he’s got storm giant and lycanthrope bloodlines from Unearthed Arcana because you said that was fair game and I found a rule that says the dinosaurs don’t count for a share of XP so Star-Lord will still get a regular share as he levels up.”

He pauses for breath, and heaves a small novel that has to be half a ream of paper at me. “I also wrote this up so you understand his backstory and why he has all the flaws--I traded away his ability to talk for +6 to hit and telepathy--plus all his bonus feats, exact stats and details for all his pets, and his items, and a list of off-map resources and stuff he has from being an orphaned prince who rediscovered his heritage after a rags-to-riches heroic journey and a few years in the military (but he still looks my age because he’s got that elf and dragon blood).”

I slow-clap. “Son. My apprentice. You have done it. You have spent a week of your life doing intensive math and learning how to type, just so you could be far and away the most powerful character in this game.” I wink at Obama. “And Melania said I’m a terrible parent.” He nods, wide-eyed, and I turn back to Barron. “Great job, kid. Your new character is approved, get ready to sic your dinosaurs on bad guys.”

He grins. “Awesome! Thanks, Dad!”

I hope this doesn’t turn out to be a mistake. “Tiffany?”

“Hi, I’m Tiffany! Last we saw, Lady Jenna had slain Ystan the Greylord when he tried to conquer the Democratic Socialist Worker’s Republic of Donnieland, and was elected Comrade President in the emergency election. Now she’s headed out again to solve the mystery of the disappearing ships off the Demon’s Reach, with the rest of the team in tow! Um, Dad, are you sure that Barron’s character isn’t...too high level?”

I point to the character sheet. “Says level 4 right there. Seems like a legit build, if a bit cheesy.” I nod to Annie. “And my wonderful admin, Annie.”

“Hey, folks. Last time we saw her, Cypher the shapeshifting rogue had just gotten back in touch with
her old flame, Veronica.” She blows a kiss to Agent Clay, who flushes deep red. “Let’s get to work, people! Those missing ships won’t find themselves.”

“Way to get into the spirit of it!” I chuckle. “OK, people--get your d20s ready and rev your roleplaying muscles, because it’s time to play some weekly D&D! MAGA Gygax!”

Barron manages to steal every single kill for the entire session. Tiffany is not impressed.

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“WELCOME TO THE PARTY!” I shout over the din of conversation as Lacey Dawes and a couple of other reporters are let in. “Pfeffernüsse over by the spiced cider! Kosher bar has signs up, everything’s vegetarian.” Including tofurkey, which Vinnie says is “palatable”. “Get plastered, take your picture in front of the menorah and the Festivus pole on the lawn, and be sure to hail Satan!” The menorah in question is 50 feet tall and has rainbow flames--quite the construction, if I do say so myself.

Lacey Dawes shakes my hand, wearing what I’m at least 80% sure is a Dior evening gown, diamond studs in her ears and a ridiculously handsome black guy in what I think is a tailored suit on her arm. “Mr. President. Thanks for the tip. CNN gave me a sweetheart deal after I put out my story on Perlmutter and Milner.”

“And thank you for publicizing the story.” I promised Kevin Feige that I’d fuck over Perlmutter as stage 1 of my extremely seat-of-the-pants plan to reform and/or demolish Disney, and Lacey leaking the docs on Perlmutter’s corruption was critical to that. “I expect that that corrupt shithead’s gonna be convicted.” Perlmutter’s looking at a decade in prison for epic levels of bribery and attempting to get control over the Department of Veterans’ Affairs through influencing Trump--lucky for American vets, Comrade Donnie ain’t like Donald Trump at all. “Got yourself some new arm candy? What happened to the Italian dude?”

“Pietro? Oh, he was wonderful, but he had to go do some fashion show. This is Franklin, he’s a model, too.”

“Mr. President,” the guy says politely, shaking my hand.

“Nice to meet you. So, living the high life, Lacey?”

She grins. “That and I’ve got a good chance at sharing a Pulitzer, unless someone blows open the rumors about your campaign manager.”

“What rumors?”

She leans in. “I heard from your friends in Germany that apparently Paul Manafort has ties to Russian oligarchs. The FBI probably knows better, of course…”

I pull back. “Thanks, Lacey. Excuse me a moment?”

“Sure, sure…”

I duck out of the party and pull out my phone. #3 on my speed dial answers quickly. “Bob Mueller.”
“Bob, this is the President. I want a briefing tomorrow morning, everything the FBI has on Paul Manafort. I think he hid something from me on the campaign trail, and I want to nail his ass to a wall. Bring Mattis in for the meeting, too.”

“He’s in Korea…”

“Fine, have him conference-call in. But make sure it’s a secure line, I don’t want Vlad catching wind of it.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Good man. Happy holidays, Bob.”

“Merry Christmas, Mr. President.”

I meander back into the party room, snag a cannoli, and grab a glass of white grape juice (no alcohol tonight, my doctor’s orders) from a waiter. Almost time for my speech.

I’d better get out of this suit and into my costume.

When I hit the stage ten minutes later, it’s in a red suit with a cloth tail and two horns on a headband.

“Hey there, ‘Murica!” I belch into my microphone. “This is Donnie, Comrade Donnie, in my Satan costume, hail Satan. Anyway, today on my generic holiday celebration, remember to do something nice for another person—or people! Get out there and volunteer for a food bank, shovel your neighbor’s walk, something like that! MAGA kindness! MAGA freedom!”

I clear my throat. “OK. So, since I hate Nazis and want them to fuck off, I’ve decided to actively antagonize those bigoted morons by getting a rabbi in here to give you a little lecture on the Jewish holiday that just ended yesterday, Hanukkah. Really nice festival! Eight whole days of giving and family and kindness! Jews are wonderful people that way, one day of generosity and kindness and family festival isn’t enough for them, they gotta have a whole week on top of that. Very fine people! After that I’ve got a religious scholar to talk about the history behind midwinter festivals and the origin of the December 25th date of Christmas. Then I bribed an imam with a building deed for a building here in DC so he can set up a mosque, anyway he’s here to talk about the Muslim holy-day calendar. Cool shit!”

I belch into the microphone, and everybody winces at the feedback. “Uh, sorry. OK, so, here’s Rabbi Alissa Wise, she keeps sending me emails asking me to donate to Jewish Voices for Peace because I signed an online petition, really nice woman. So, uh, yeah, Ms. rabbi, please get to it. Tell these folks about Hanukkah and why that shithead Jared was bitching about eating potato pancakes or something for a week.” I know what latkes are, of course, but this is for the benefit of America, not just for me.

The rabbi steps up as I stand aside, and there’s polite applause. “Ah, thank you, President Trump,” she starts. “I must admit that I was somewhat surprised by your...about-face? Whatever happened on Inauguration Day?”

I lean back in for the mic. “It was a social experiment, that’s my story. It went on way too long and I was, like, totally crazy for a few years there too, though. Something like that. So yeah. I love Jews. Hate Nazis. Fuck the alt-right. MAGA socialism! MAGA social justice!”
“...right,” the rabbi manages after a few seconds. “Um. So, the story of Hanukkah begins with a revolt against Alexander of Macedon’s successors by the Israelites, the ancestors of today’s Jews and Palestinians…”

Knew this lady was a good choice.

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I haul my ass out of bed and stumble downstairs past stern Secret Service agents, my red footie pajamas with the grain and gear insignia garishly clashing with my spray tan and ugly toupee. Fuck it, I’m stuck in this body, I’m gonna scar some dudes for life.

“Mr. President,” Annie greets me as I make it to the bottom of the stairs, yawning and rubbing my eyes. “Itinerary for today…”

“Hold up,” I cut her off. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“Working, Mr. President,” she deadpans.

“It’s Christmas. I know you’re not Jewish, otherwise I’d have given you the week before last off, so get your ass out of here and take the day off with your girlfriend.”

“It’s alright, Mr. President—my dad’s an atheist and my mother’s family are Old Believer Russians from Oregon, so we throw our holiday party in January…”

“Then take…whatever day in January off, too. I got you and Agent Clay a private beach vacation in Tahiti and arranged shit with the Secret Service, now fuck off and don’t come back until you’ve tanned off your bikini lines, or whatever they’re called. Happy holidays.”

She’s stunned for a moment. “Tahiti?” she eventually manages.

“Yup. Whole week, nothing but you, your lady, sun, sea, sand, and waiters doting on you hand and foot. Have fun.”

She hugs me, and I reciprocate. “You don’t have to do these things, you know,” she says. “We’d have been more than happy with just a day off.”

“Take the week. You deserve it, arranging my schedule, helping pass stuff onto my companies, all that stuff. Without you and Vinnie I’d be toast. Now have fun.”

She pulls back and salutes. “Yes sir, Mr. President.”

I chuckle and wave her off. “All in a day’s work.” Then I turn to the Secret Service guys Vinnie has shadowing me. “Speaking of holidays, anybody who’s working today has New Year’s off, and a bonus. And get me your names in an email later so I can send you all a card.”

“Yes, Mr. President,” a burly, buzz-cut black guy I mentally label Agent Brawndo rumbles.

“Thank you, Mr. President,” says the chiseled Latina woman beside him—Agent Vasquez? I think? I
need to remember these guys’ names.

“Not a problem, it’s a holiday, you shouldn’t have to be here. Fuck those Nazis.” I toss them a lazy salute and amble off to the East Room, scratching my ass through my footie pajamas.

“Vinnie!” I call out as I head into the room and toward the tree, and my henchman gets up to shake my hand. “Hey, none of that, man, gimme a hug!”

A man-hug ensues, and Vinnie pulls back to point me to a table. “Hot chocolate’s out. The ‘Let Pepe Die Already’ mug is yours. Sir, I just wanted to say, I really should be working…”

“Bullshit, you and your family deserve the time off and I gave you a direct order.”

“He’s right,” Mrs. Vinnie says, wrangling a baby harness. “You deserve some time with Natalie, Wade. Now hold her, will you? What’s the point of taking the day off if you’re just going to worry?”

Vinnie grimaces, but accepts the harness, puts it on, and inserts the baby. “Fair enough...hello there, Daddy’s little sweetie! Who’s a big girl today?!”

“Besides, you can’t be here for me all the time,” I point out. “That’s why you Secret Service guys have shifts.”

“Fair point,” Vinnie noted. “Rice here is reliable, he’ll take good care of you.”

“Thank you, sir,” Agent Brawndo rumbles. Vinnie grimaces again.

“Sorry, that was kind of a backhanded compliment. I guess I’m just nervous after the whole, near-assassination thing.”

“If it helps, we’re all kind of on edge,” the woman notes. Agent Brawndo--Rice--nods in agreement.

“Enough of that grim stuff, let’s get to presents!” I chuckle gleefully. “Tiffany! Open that one, it’s from me!”

Tiffany likes the computer I got her (she’ll like it even more when she finds I pre-loaded it with an e-reader program and a bunch of books), and Barron cackles madly over the Call of Cthulhu stuff I bought him. Kid loves to make rulebooks his servants.

Mrs. Vinnie’s reaction to getting the deed to Donald Trump’s mansion in Seven Springs is a little more...vehement.

“What the fuck?” she shrieks, then looks to the happily babbling Baby Vinnie with a wince. “I mean, what the heck?” Vinnie himself is distracted by the baby clinging to his thumbs, and bounces the little tyke up and down to her glee.

“Figured you’d need a nice place now that the family’s expanding,” I say over my mug. “For when Vinnie retires. Also I don’t need more than one house, really, so I needed someone to give the mansion to, and I figured you guys were the best option, since I like you and Vinnie's a good buddy.”

“I can’t possibly accept this!” Mrs. Vinnie protests. “It’s got to be worth millions!”
“Yeah, so? Other option is me selling it to some rich shithead who doesn’t deserve it. Or turning it into a hotel or selling it for 5 bucks to the first rando I meet on the street, but I’m too lazy to do either of those. Merry christmas, by the way.”

“You’re insane.”

“Yup.”

“...Wade! Back me up here!”

“I mean, it’s his house--or was, honey. He can kind of do what he wants.”

“You guys have had my back when things were totally shit for me. Liz, you refused to get off my ass until I got a therapist. Vinnie, you literally saved my life, twice.” I shrug. “C’mon, just accept the gift.”

While Mrs. Vinnie’s still trying to formulate a response and Vinnie’s gently reminding her that I have a point, Barron opens the present containing the card.

“‘I got you both Baldur’s Gates and Pillars, so game on, kid’? What does this mean, Dad?”

“It means check your steam account, because I got you this beauty,” I reply, pulling up the receipt on my phone.

“And this is…”

“This, Barron, is a classic,” I tell the kid. “Baldur’s Gate enhanced edition digital download for your Steam account, and the sequel, and Siege of Dragonspear. Got you Pillars of Eternity, too, so you can play that, too.”

“Uh, thanks, Dad?” he manages. “What exactly are those?”

I swig my hot chocolate, then belch. “Vidya games, kid. Baldur’s Gate’s a classic, a D&D game for PC, with a damn good story. You liked DragonAge, well, Baldur’s Gate’s where the BioWare guys cut their teeth.

“Oh, and subscribe to Trump Games’s email newsletter. They’re reworking and expanding the Mass Effect games for me. And subscribe to the SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! newsletter, too. Kill Nazis, gain Patriotism to level up your Super-Soldier. Save Jews, Romani, and other concentration-camp victims to get Heroism points to unlock new cosmetics, build renown with various factions, et cetera. At least, that’s how we’re planning it right now, I want there to be separate rewards for saving people and for kicking Nazi ass.”

“Wait, you’re making a video game?” Barron asks, excitedly.

“My people are. Trust me, it’s about killing Nazis and saving people, you’ll love it.”

My phone rings again, and I pull it to my ear without even bothering with caller ID. “Hang on. President Comrade Donnie.”

“Hi, Mr. President,” Laura Benanti says, sounding hesitant. “I wanted to ask you...have you been
pulling any...strings? In New York?"

“New York? Outside of renting Mohammed bin Salman a bugged floor of Trump Tower, no. Why do you ask?”

“I just got a call, from that production of My Fair Lady that’s going to be on Broadway. And they want me to play Eliza. No casting call, just a direct call to me.”

“Hey, congratulations! Told you sticking with me would get you good work…”

“Mr. President, did you bribe them?”

I wrack my brains trying to remember. “I...don’t think so? I’d remember, I’m pretty sure, there’s only so many bribes I’ve made. You, Greg, Vinnie, Melania...yeah, that’s all. Why?”

“If you did bribe them, please, tell me now, because…” She sighs. “It just wouldn’t feel right to get the role that way.”

I drop my affected Donald Trump whine and speak in something approaching my cadence from my old life. “Ms. Benanti. Laura. You are one of the most talented actresses I’ve met, and you do stage, too, which is always harder than film. Maybe my active recruitment of you helped, but I don’t think it’s a coincidence that you got the role so soon after the crossover aired. You are a genuinely talented person and you earned this role on your own considerable merits. If you need any help with scheduling, I got rid of that ostentatious 757 Trump had, but I’ve got a business jet you can use whenever you need. Money is no object, I got a huge payday from swindling the Saudis and when SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer! hits the market, I’m going to make millions even after tax.”

“You really didn’t get me the role as some kind of Christmas present?”

“No, I got you some Chateau Petrus 2010, a set of action figures from the show, a case of Skullsplitter Ale because I was drunk and thought that’d be funny, a wheel of first-batch Italian parmesan, don’t eat it, it’s worth money if you age it right, and my favorite Nature episode from when I was a kid, ‘Pandas of the Sleeping Dragon’, on Blu-Ray. Your kid’ll love that, turn it on and she’ll be hypnotized for hours, and it’s educational and will get her into science and nature. I got the cheese and wine for everybody in the cast, every regular has a wheel of parmesan and a bottle of Chateau Petrus. So. Yeah. Hope you like the booze!”

“I...I think I will, Mr. President.”

“C’mon, Laura, call me Donnie. All my friends do.”

“I...” I can practically hear her shake her head to clear it. “As long as it wasn’t you who got me that job, Mr. President. Donnie. I was wondering about that Blu-Ray, though.”

“If you need more suggestions—get the kid a nice book on dinosaurs, kids love those. Got me into paleontology. Now, well, before I got stuck in the wrong body all I wanted was to dig in rocks for the rest of my life. You know how it is.”

“I’ll touch base with you later about that. And...thank you.”

“Not a problem, ma’am. Not a problem. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to show Barron how to grind ankhegs for XP and cash in Baldur’s Gate. I’ll have his Imoen dual-classed and at max level in
only a few dozen hours of grinding, heh.”

“You...uh, you do that. And happy holidays.”

“Happy holidays, Laura.” I hang up with a grin. “BARRON! Let’s play some computer games, son!”

“One thing first, Dad,” Tiffany says. She, Barron, and the Wilsons are all holding wrapped boxes--where the Hell did they hide them?

“We figured you might like some stuff, too,” Vinnie tells me.

“Yeah, hope you like ‘em, Dad,” Barron adds.

“You’re paying for my daughter’s education, this is the least I can do,” Mrs. Vinnie notes. “So here. We all got you a little something.”

I try to force back the tears, and fail. “Oh, jeez, guys, you didn’t have to...thank you so much...I don’t know what to say!”

“Then don’t say anything, Dad,” Tiffany replies. “Just open and enjoy.”

Tiffany got me a copy of the new Brandon Sanderson *Stormlight Archive* novel; I hug her so tight she complains watch the bones! in an affected wheeze. Barron got me a boxed set of the new edition D&D rulebooks and immediately asks to borrow them; I tell him to come back when he’s managed to un-break the D&D 3.5 Truenamer. Mrs. Vinnie got me a book on dealing with trauma and a homemade pie; I hug her, which for once she tolerates without a word, even when I cry on her shoulder so hard it soaks through her sweater.

Vinnie hands me a package that turns out to contain three items; a membership card for the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology, a copy of a book by Donald R. Prothero (a legendary Cenozoic mammal specialist who I’ve enthused over before), and a little photo album containing our finest moments; D&D with the crew and Obama, pissing on Reagan’s grave, me in the hospital after being shot, Vinnie and me after he was shot, the Thanksgiving disaster, Comic-Con, all of it.

I wrap him in a two-armed bear hug, baby harness and all, then we spend a full ten minutes separating the bulldog-like jaws of Baby Vinnie from my power tie. And even then we lose part of the tie.

Worth it.

I can’t believe it. I actually love these people.

***

*December 31st, 2017.*

“G’night, Vinnie, and happy New Year.”

“Night, Donnie.” My henchman accepts my one-armed hug. “See you in 2018.”

“Yup,” I try to chuckle, but he spots my nervousness.
“Hey. Donnie, it’s gonna be alright.”

“My future knowledge expired over a week ago, man. I’m worried I won’t be able to pull shit off anymore.”

“You still seem to have that supernatural good luck. And you’ve got a great team–Mattis, Harris, Mueller, et cetera. And you’ve got me.” He winks, and he’s got a point; Vinnie kind of is a massive badass. “Together, we can pull this shit off.”


We share a chuckle, and he grips my shoulders. “You stay sane, kid. This country needs you, and by god I like you, so don’t you dare go losing it on me. Alright?”

“Sure thing, Vinnie. Now go on, fuck off and pop off the cork of that champagne with Liz and the kid.”

“Will do, sir. Happy New Year.”

“Happy New Year!”

It takes me three hours to fall asleep even with a double dose of Ambien. I’m scared as Hell.

Some thirty seconds later, the Earth’s rotation takes my bed past the imaginary line between the center of the Earth and the center of the Sun, technically bringing me into the new year of 2018.

And I wake up screaming.

Chapter End Notes

And that was "Being Donald Trump: Disgrace the Nation!" Stay tuned for the first part of "Being Donald Trump: It's Good to Be King!", coming soon!
SUPPLEMENT: Some of the stuff Comrade Donnie's fevered mind cooked up

Chapter Summary

bunch of stuff on the alternatehistory.com version of this story, but now I'm putting it up here because I'm starting to go as crazy as Donnie what with the actual Donald Trump being a shithead without end. Featuring:

--A summary of Comrade Donnie's version of "Supergirl"'s 3rd and 4th seasons.

--The plot and mechanics of Comrade Donnie's video-game, "SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!".

Bonus material 1: Comrade Donnie's Supergirl, seasons 3 and 4.

Season 3:
1: "Girl of Steel": Kara, upset by the brutal solution she was forced to enact for the Daxamite invasion, has been putting too much time into vigilantism, worrying Alex, Lena, and James. Lena and James are trying to stop Morgan Edge's evil plan to drive lots of poor people from waterfront districts to build fancy estates; James is hampered, however, by the need to run CatCo with Snapper Carr on sabbatical and Cat Grant currently White House press secretary. Alex is worried about Kara but otherwise in a happy cloud of about-to-be married bliss, but Maggie pulls away from her fiance after having strange, vivid dreams of a green ring. Edge hires supervillain Bloodsport to attack a statue that Lena's unveiling of her girlfriend Totally Just Friend Supergirl with an evil submarine. However, Bloodsport has Kryptonite weapons, weakening and knocking out Kara, but Alex dives in to save her, pulling Kara out as Martian Manhunter stops the attack. Lena buys CatCo as a present for her wifey to stop Edge from shutting the company's reporting up, and Kara, after a talk with Alex, decides to take a little personal time. Meanwhile, Samantha "Sam" Arias, one of Lena's friends and associates who Alex saved at the waterfront, has a nightmare about a strange creature and wakes with a start.

2: "Triggers": Kara battles a powerful metahuman bank robber called Psi, who can evoke her victims' deepest fears, forcing Kara to struggle with her memories of Krypton's destruction and her guilt over sending her annoying ex-boyfriend Mon-El into outer space. After Winn's psychic dampener fails, Kara finally overcomes her fear and arrests Psi. Lena decides to run CatCo as a present for her wifey, to stop Edge from shutting the company's reporting up, and Kara, after a talk with Alex, decides to take a little personal time. Meanwhile, Samantha "Sam" Arias, one of Lena's friends and associates who Alex saved at the waterfront, has a nightmare about a strange creature and wakes with a start.

3: "Revolution on the Red Planet!": J'onn tells Kara and Alex about M'gann's message and Kara goes with him as back-up. The two journey to Mars in his spaceship, encountering M'gann and the "resistance." They discover J'onn's father, M'yrnn, has been coerced into giving the White Martians
the location of the Staff of Kolar, a psychic weapon that can defeat the resistance. J'onn rescues M'yrnn, who initially believes J'onn is a White Martian in disguise. Eventually, Kara convinces M'yrnn to let J'onn prove his identity. Having acquired the location, the resistance arrives and defeats a contingent of White Martian operatives. The recovered staff is entrusted to J'onn, who returns to Earth with M'yrnn and Kara. Meanwhile, Eliza throws an awkward Alex and Maggie a bridal shower. Alex, trying to repair the rift with Maggie, convinces Maggie to invite her father, who comes but still cannot tolerate her homosexuality. She tells him that she no longer needs him because she now has a family who accepts her.

4: "Harbinger": The night Kara first revealed her powers and became Supergirl, a grieving, emotionally compromised passenger, Thomas Coville, was inspired by her, but not in a good way. In the present, Kara attends an ostensible self-help group with Winn and James and discovers a cult made up of people she previously saved. Led by Coville, they worship Supergirl and follow what they claim are the Kryptonian God Rao’s teachings. Those who wish to join initiate disasters so that Supergirl will save them. Coville recognizes Kara in her alter-ego when she confronts him. The group plans to blow up a stadium filled with people with a bomb made from the engines of a crashed Daxamite frigate. When Kara tries to stop them, she finds Kryptonite inside the bomb which she uses to wound herself, thereby disillusioning the cult, but is sickened by residue that collected on the Kryptonite’s surface, causing her to collapse in pain. Alex evacuates Kara while Maggie tries to defuse the bomb, but the detective vanishes in a space-time rift effect cribbed off of the Flash.

5: "Midvale": Kara and Alex arrive at Eliza's home to help Alex cope with her grief at Maggie's disappearance, but they quarrel instead. Ten years prior, while attending Midvale High School, Alex and Kara did not get along until a mutual friend, Kenny Li, was murdered. A photograph on his laptop revealed their teacher was in a relationship with Alex's best friend. Kara sent the remaining encrypted files to Chloe Sullivan from "Smallville" for decryption. After an attempt on Alex and Kara's lives, the teacher was arrested, but Alex discovered an alibi for him. Kara decided to cease looking into Kenny's death after a conversation with an FBI agent, secretly J'onn in disguise. Alex went to the sheriff for help just as Kara learned that the sheriff was involved in drug dealing and was Kenny's killer. Kara saved Alex from being killed by the sheriff. The sisters bonded and Kara decided to not use her powers again, taking the disguised J'onn's advice to embrace her new home. In the present, after recalling their first adventure together, the sisters reconcile and return to National City.

6: "Damage": Several children are diagnosed with lead poisoning. Morgan Edge publicly blames Lena's lead device which repelled the Daxamites in season 2, causing the public to turn on her. Lena attempts to give a speech to defend herself, but ends up taking fire. Kara (angry on behalf of her lover "friend") and Sam investigate, discovering that all the affected children attended a public pool laced with a chemical which causes the same symptoms and is manufactured by one of Morgan's subsidiaries, as well as finding a copy of Lena's diary, which includes a number of potentially embarrassing signatures, Lena having been practicing writing her name as "Lena Danvers". Kara being particularly dense today, she assumes that Lena is interested in Alex, despite Sam's raised eyebrow, and resolves to be Totally Just Friends in a Way Hetero way with Lena. Lena confronts Morgan Edge alone, but is knocked unconscious and imprisoned inside a plane with barrels of the chemical, set on a collision course for the city's water supply. Lena manages to get a message to Supergirl, who rescues Lena, secures the barrels, and destroys the plane, but flees in awkward panic from Lena's attempted kiss. Morgan Edge, however, covers his tracks, leaving his reputation mostly intact. Meanwhile, Alex throws herself into her work with fanatical dedication until J'onn makes her stop and lets her cry into his shoulder about Maggie.

7: "Legion Lost": Kara, J'onn, and Winn investigate a crashed spaceship detected beneath National City. They find Manhell and occupied stasis tanks aboard. They take Manhell back to the DEO;
when he attempts an escape, a suspicious Kara locks him in a cell despite his attempts to badger her into re-starting their romance, while a female Green Lantern elsewhere arrives from the future. Manhell convinces Winn via aggressive flirting to take him back to the ship because the life-support systems are unstable. Kara follows them. Manhell explains that his pod went through a wormhole, bringing him to the 31st century where L-Corp had long since developed a cure for the Daxamite lead allergy. While only seven months had passed for Kara, Manhell experienced seven years in the future. One of the tanks begins to malfunction; Manhell cannot break it open, so Kara frees its occupant: Manhell's wife, Imra, who is instantly fascinated by Kara. Kara, meanwhile, is pissed right the hell off at the two-timing Manhell and flees to cry on Lena's shoulder (being Way Hetero Best Friends is...not working so well). The Green Lantern arrives, beats the tar out of Manhell, yells at the Legion members for being damn idiots and nearly breaking time, and reveals herself to a distraught Alex to be Maggie Sawyer, who's been a Green Lantern in the future for half a decade. Maggie tearfully bids farewell to Alex, having become emotionally tied to the future; Alex cycles between pissed and distraught, making Kara even angrier, but Alex holds Kara back with one hand and says goodbye as Maggie drags the Legion Lost team back to the future. J'onn decides to rent an apartment for him and M'yrnn to live together, taking the first step towards restoring their bond. After discovering another superhuman ability, Sam visits her foster mother and learns of her Kryptonian origins. She later travels to the "Fortress of Sanctuary", where a holographic artificial intelligence reveals that, while Sam's motherhood was unexpected, her Kryptonian physiology is emerging and she is destined to become the Worldkiller. Despite Sam's resistance, her alternate persona, the psychopathic Worldkiller Reign, is triggered from her subconscious, and Sam screams her daughter's name as she's taken over.

8: "Crisis on Earth-X: Wedding Crashers": On Earth-X, a Nazi regime rules the world under the iron boots of the supervillain Overman. Nazi agent The Aryan/Oliver Queen seizes a temporal gateway from the Freedom Fighters, including alt-James Olsen, allowing the Nazis to contact other universes and finish their space-time battleship. Nazi ruler Overman arrives, and orders Dark Arrow to launch a probing attack on Earth-1. Meanwhile, on Earth-38, superheroine Kara Danvers/Supergirl picks her sister Alex up from work, calls her crush Lena Luthor to let her know Kara will be out, and leaves for Earth-1 to attend superhero Barry Allen/The Flash’s wedding to Iris West along with Earth-1 superhero Oliver Queen/Green Arrow, his team, and his friends the Legends of Tomorrow. However, the wedding is crashed by a group of soldiers in gas masks and SS uniforms, who appear through a portal that pops up behind the altar with three other Nazis as backup; Nate Heywood/Der Panzer (a dimwitted thug), Oliver Queen/The Aryan (a cowardly, racist sadist), and the lobotomized husk of Kara Zor-El, AKA Brunhilde. Supergirl and Brunhilde clash, and the wedding party turns into a superhero fight, but as the Nazis are ripped to shreds by the sheer number of heroes present, The Aryan orders a full retreat, escaping with the other Nazi supers. Pursuing the cadre using Sara Lance/White Canary’s timeship Waverider, the assembled superheroes crash into the lawn in front of the White House--which is flying swastika flags, the sign of Nazi rule and the evil empire that is Earth-X. Exploring the area, the heroes soon find Reichsprotector Donald Trump, dim-witted and psychopathic puppet dictator of America, and fight him, defeating him in seconds; but then are surprised by an attack from the assembled New Reichsmen, led by the Führer, Nazi supervillain Reinhard Heydrich/Overman. Kara fights Overman, but he’s assisted with the lobotomized and remote-controlled Brunhilde, and together the two Nazi supers are too much for Supergirl; however, help arrives in the form of the Freedom Fighters, an eclectic team of socialists, minorities, and people who just plain hate Nazis led by the mysterious General, a masked Kryptonian who manages to get Heydrich and Brunhilde off of Supergirl long enough for the team to beat a hasty retreat. Heydrich, injured in the confrontation, calls off pursuit, having slipped a tracker onto Supergirl in the melee…

*cue three more episodes of basically all the Arrowverse heroes completely thrashing the backs of a whole buttload of Nazis, for the sheer catharsis factor*
9: "Reign": Sam wakes up at home with no memory of being in a Kryptonian fortress, but finds she is oddly tired. A mysterious Kryptonian symbol, unknown to Kara or her mom hologram, appears throughout National City, and Thomas Coville later explains to her that it is a mark of a great evil from Krypton deliberately forgotten from its society. As Kara hosts a Christmas get-together at her apartment to help the team recover from Earth-X (thankfully, nobody died, but a world run by Nazis wasn't exactly pretty to see), Sam becomes Reign, who, as a masked vigilante, attacks random people around National City, including Edge. Reign's rampage damages Supergirl's reputation due to her having the same powers and similar physical attributes. Lena, irked with Kara for "some reason", begins a relationship with James impulsively after an assassination attempt on Lena by Edge, causing Kara to gorge herself on comfort food in 'inexplicable' frustration. When Kara decides to face Reign, they fight throughout the city; in the process, Kara discovers that Reign is considerably stronger than her. Though the fight clears Supergirl's name and reveals another Kryptonian in National City, Reign eventually overpowers Kara and drops her off a building, requiring emergency medical care from the DEO. On Christmas Day, Ruby runs downstairs to find her mother, but Sam does not seem quite right.

10: "Legion of Superheroes": Imra Ardeen returns from the future to help heal Kara's injuries (and sigh over Kara's hair), antagonizing a jealous Lena (who also is extremely bad at being Way Hetero Best Friends), but Kara remains in a coma. J'onn and Alex enter Kara's mind to try to wake her. Though Sam continues her life with Ruby, Reign takes control sporadically without Sam's knowledge, and Ruby remains unaware of her mother's divided personality. Reign continues her rampage throughout National City and has a series of confrontations with the DEO and company. Kara emerges from her coma to join them when Reign seeks to destroy a prison (ironically one containing Lillian Luthor, seriously tempting Lena to use the incident as a convenient excuse). Kara injects Reign with a concentrated dose of liquefied Kryptonite, forcing her to retreat, but Alex's leg is broken. Prior to Kara's awakening, J'onn, who disguised himself as Kara to cover for her, advises Lena on her new 'relationship' with James (seeing James as the beard he is). Lena speaks with James, who notes that he's been aware he's a beard for weeks, advises Lena to follow her heart, and promises to always trust her and be her friend. James and Lena hug and break up. Kara takes steps to move on from Manhell after her near-death experience, but categorically denies any interest in Lena when Alex asks. As Reign recuperates in her fortress, she learns that there are other Worldkillers like her, and Coville joins her as a sycophantic cultist.

11: "Girls' Night Out": Sam prepares to go on a business trip, leaving Alex (who blushes at Sam's ambiguously flirtatious farewell) to babysit Ruby after Alex is volunteered by J'onn, who doesn't want Alex doing anything stupid like drinking. The DEO learns that a Kryptonian priestess with knowledge of Reign's mission is imprisoned in Fort Rozz, which is currently drifting near a blue star, which emits a radiation that Imra claims is fatal to males and will strip Kara of her powers. Kara forms a team with Imra, Livewire and Psi to locate the priestess. Reign learns of their mission and intercepts them inside Fort Rozz; like Kara, her powers are fully operational. Imra admits that she lied in an attempt to get Kara alone, being obsessed with Kara and romantically interested in her after years of hero-worship in the future. Kara is incensed, and gives Imra a dressing-down, and Imra realizes that she's almost become a villain. Meanwhile, Alex gorges herself on ice cream with Ruby, and helps Ruby realize that she's gay. The two have a huggy crying moment, then go out to have Ruby admit her crush to her crush, who rejects Ruby and slams the door. Alex confronts Ruby, but Ruby is stoic, determined to win her crush's heart. Meanwhile, on Fort Rozz, the team locates the priestess and she reveals the existence of two other Worldkillers (Purity and Pestilence) before Reign kills her. Psi sacrifices herself to save Kara, while Livewire uses her powers to hold the supervillain off as Imra hauls an injured Kara away. Imra's ship starts drifting into the star, but Winn, communicating through the Voyager 2 probe, saves the vessel. The team returns to Earth, with Kara repaying Livewire's assistance by asking the DEO to give her better accommodations. Prompted by a nightmare, Sam asks Alex for help with her "missing time". A kindhearted woman named Julia
Freeman is struck by a car; however, she effortlessly moves it off her chest, revealing herself to be a Worldkiller.

12: "Lena Lesbian is a Luthor!": Lena, wearing a sexy dress at work in an attempt to seduce Kara (so much for Way Hetero Best Friends), is poisoned by an unknown hitman but is rescued by Kara; James pursues him, but the hitman is shot down by a sniper. Kara and Alex are able to stabilize Lena at the DEO, and later flies the CEO home, where Lena kisses Kara and Kara realizes that she's Not Straight. Lena and Kara gatecrash a party hosted by Morgan Edge, where Lena confronts him about trying to kill her and warns that her mother wants revenge. A drone controlled by Lillian attacks Morgan, prompting him to admit he tried to kill Lena. After Supergirl arrives, Lillian attacks her with a Kryptonite blade while wearing Lex's exoskeleton. Kara and Imra fight Lillian until Winn hacks the drone and disables the armor. Edge is stopped from escaping with the recorder containing his confession by Guardian; Lena retrieves the recorder. Sam fears she has a brain tumor due to her memory loss, but all the medical tests come back normal. Winn, J'onn, and Imra deduce that the Worldkillers are genetically modified to be stronger and more able to blend into the human race than conventional Kryptonians, raising questions about why they would need to blend in with humans specifically. Suspecting the Worldkillers arrived on Earth around the same time as Superman and have secret identities, Winn discovers four possible women, including Julia Freeman, whom Kara identifies.

13: "Personality Splitting": Supergirl and the DEO converge on Julia Freeman's home; initially she seems normal and an embarrassed Supergirl apologizes for the intrusion, but then Julia's alter-ego, Purity, takes over and fights the heroes before being subdued. Sam, on sick leave from L-Corp due to her amnesiac episodes, decides to spend time with Ruby by taking her ice skating. However, Reign takes control over Sam after Purity's capture, and abandons Ruby to deal with the DEO. Ruby calls Lena in a panic after finding herself alone. Through Purity, Supergirl suspects that each of the Worldkillers' personality is split, including Reign, therefore in order to stop them they need to reach their benevolent sides. When Purity escapes, despite the heroes' attempt to recapture her, Julia regains control but Reign abducts the panicked woman to the Fortress of Sanctuary to complete her transformation. Imra and Lena talk about Kara, and Imra apologizes for poaching Lena's turf, to which Lena notes that Kara wasn't with anyone at the time, but now to "keep away from my woman, or I'll use that Luthor genius I inherited". Imra gulps and agrees to avoid flirting with Kara. At L-Corp, Reign briefly takes control over Sam in front of Lena.

14: "Toys-R-Nuts": Kara, Alex and Winn attend his father Toyman's funeral. Winn is approached by his estranged mother, Mary, with Winn remaining distant. Kara saves Winn and Mary when the coffin detonates. Mary reveals to Winn that after trying to escape to an abuse shelter, Winn's father ran them off the road and threatened Winn's life if she ever went near him again. Flying monkey toys attack the DEO, which Kara and James fend off. Mary helps her son analyze the toys to discover their origin. Imra reveals that before Maggie hauled them back for fucking up the timeline in Manhell's failed efforts to save the day, the Legion came to National City to stop the Worldkiller Pestilence, who will transform into an apocalyptic living doomsday weapon called Blight in 1,000 years. Toyman's penitentiary officer, who sent the toys, kidnaps Mary and holds her at an abandoned toy factory. Kara, Imra and Winn save Mary after battling a toy dinosaur and incapacitating the officer. Kara calls up Lena, who claims to be busy with L-Corp work; she is keeping Sam in a locked medical bay in L-Corp under sedation.

15: "FML": Lena brings Sam out of sedation and tells her that her blood tests are normal, but further analysis shows Sam undergoes a metamorphosis at the cellular level when she becomes Reign. Sam, panicked, refuses to believe her until Lena shows the secret Worldkiller images of Reign that correspond with the times of her blackouts. At the DEO, M'yrnn performs a ritual to help preserve his mind, but the psychic bleed affects everyone by amplifying their emotions, leading to multiple
fights and Alex repeatedly punching a wall in anger and grief as everything that's hit her this season piles up. Kara and J'onn salvage the situation with Imra's help and J'onn and Kara calm Alex down, the agent angry at her show of emotional weakness. J'onn convinces M'yrnn to wear a power-dampening bracelet to stop the psychic bleed after a White Martian and other prisoners escape their cells, forcing Kara and company to leave Alex to fight them. Meanwhile, Lena, despite knowing that it's a danger, holds a crying Sam close and promises to keep Ruby away from Sam until Sam is cured (at Sam's request).

16: "Horsewoman": The DEO investigates the rash of dead animals; it spreads to humans, as people develop flu-like symptoms with a large scratch on their wrists. Imra believes this is the work of Pestilence, the third Worldkiller. Winn and Alex become part of the infected; Lena, multitasking desperately, tries to create a cure from Kara and Imra's blood, though it fails, making Lena doubt herself despite Kara's assurances and kisses. The DEO discovers the person behind the attacks is Grace Parker, who has fully accepted her powers and role as a Worldkiller. Supergirl, J'onn, and Imra battle Pestilence until Purity arrives to help her escape. Imra is able, however, to gain a blood sample from Pestilence for Lena to manufacture a working cure. Lena still holds Sam at the L-Corp lab to run tests, where she causes Reign to appear for brief moments so she can learn more about her. While in Sam's mind, Reign tells her that the Worldkillers are coming for them. After detecting Purity and Pestilence approaching L-Corp, Kara, Alex, Imra, and J'onn go to warn Lena where they discover Sam. Purity and Pestilence arrive, freeing Reign, and the three fly off together as Kara and Lena have their first proper argument.

17: "Sisterhood of Doom": Lena and Kara argue, Lena revealing that Sam asked her to keep her contained and Lena synthesized Kryptonite to do it. At the Fortress of Sanctuary, the Worldkillers work to bring about a total eclipse for reasons, as well as to deal with their human sides. Grace is in evil symbiosis with her other side, flipping back and forth with ease, but Sam and Julia are still fighting to remember their human lives and stop the Worldkillers from taking control. Kara is pissed as all Hell that Lena made Kryptonite, which is poisonous to Kryptonians, but Alex urges her to talk it out with the CEO. J'onn broadcasts Supergirl, Alex, and Lena's minds into Juru, a Kryptonian valley, where they track down Sam and Julia. Sam is reminded of Ruby, which prompts her to retake control of her body on Earth. Sam activates a location beacon for the DEO just as J'onn pulls Supergirl, Alex and Lena out of Juru. Reign takes back control as the DEO arrive with a fleet of heavily-armed helicopters supported by Lucy Lane (guest star Jenna Dewan Tatum). A fight occurs, destroying the Fortress as the Worldkillers thrash the DEO; Imra and J'onn are badly hurt and dozens of DEO agents killed. Lena and Kara reconcile as they heal the injured heroes, and Lucy decides to monitor Alex as the two drink to cope; Alex blames herself for the deaths, but Lucy gives her a pep talk that helps Alex feel a bit better. Lena and Kara retire to Lena's apartment to have make-up sex.

In the final act, Reign decides to go after Lena and Ruby as Pestilence attempts to force a resurgent Julia back beneath Purity.

18: "Adult Fear": Reign attacks Lena at her apartment, but Kara holds her off long enough for Lena to get the Kryptonite handcuffs she made "to see if [Kara] might be interested in some things in bed" and get them on Reign, who's partially depowered, but still manages to throw Lena across the room before retreating. Lena and Kara decide to take Ruby and their loved ones to Lex Luthor's mansion, disguising the trip as a "slumber party". Reign kills Sam's mother, taunting the woman as she dies with the knowledge that Sam, despite hating her emotionally abusive mother, is still traumatized by the event. J'onn leads a team to the site but arrives too late, and warns Kara that Reign is likely on her way. Reign attacks the women and Ruby at the mansion as J'onn and Imra are still en route, and a horrified Ruby realizes that her mother's been turned into a supervillain, and is terrified by the thought that she might turn into one, too. Alex is injured by Reign again, but together the heroes manage to drive the supervillain off. However, Kara and Lena discover from a fragment of Reign's ranting that she plans to terraform the Earth with the remains of the Fortress of Sanctuary on the
orders of a Kryptonian cult, and that she was created by a Harun-El, a kind of black Kryptonite. Lena and Kara think that they might be able to save Sam...

19: "Oh, Crap": The team searches frantically for the Harun-El, while Reign salvages the remains of Coville's cult and orders them to help her finish the terraformer plan. The DEO tracks them down while Ruby and Lena try to cheer up Alex by taking her out and about. However, Alex is attacked, and nearly injured again. She initially suspects it is the killer sheriff she and Kara helped capture ten years ago, however a second attempt is made on her life and she realizes it must be someone else. Alex and J'onn set a trap for Alex's killer by J'onn posing as Alex, but he targets the real Alex before she captures him with Lena's help. Meanwhile, Kara and Imra track down the cult while J'onn and M'yrnn discuss performing the Reach, a Martian ritual for an elder to pass on all memories to a younger family member.

20: "Oh Hell": Purity is finally able to properly contain Julia as Reign does the same for Sam, but the Worldkillers' cult is ambushed by DEO forces, and the terraformer destroyed. Reign and Pestilence decide to make a new one with parts from the crashed Daxamite ships from the invasion, as well as stuff stolen from Superman's Fortress of Solitude. Lena discovers that there is Black Kryptonite in the Fortress in one of Superman's saving-the-world souvenirs, and Kara flies up to get it. However, a second attempt is made on her life and she realizes that she's got an unfortunate track record of getting crushes on women (Astra, Maggie, Vickie Donahue) who then go away for various reasons. Ruby encourages Alex to take the plunge next time, and none too subtly notes that "Mom will need someone when this is all over". Alex elbows Ruby and tells her to shut up with a blush.

21: "Oh No": The DEO is distracted from their attempt to find the Worldkillers as Lena does the SCIENCE by a vigilante who's murdering people with DEO-made guns. J'onn says that the gun was made by a private contractor, and goes with James and Kara to question the contractor's CEO, who after a metaphorical ass-reaming admits that he sold the guns on the black market to make some side profit. J'onn locks the man up, demands an immediate review of the procurement chain, and asks Lena to look into a "multi-purpose weapon capable of Human-lethal and Human-nonlethal selective fire", to which she replies, "a phaser? Let me see what I can come up with, Captain Sisko". J'onn's response is a grumble and instruction to "just take the knee already, it may be stereotypical but she loves you". Lena pulls a small box out of her pocket and looks at it while biting her lip. Meanwhile, Alex and Kara deal with Livewire as the supervillain accidentally breaks the Internet while sending a flood of spam email to right-wing politicians.

22: "Baby Gays VS. the Worldkillers": The Worldkillers attack the DEO to get the last piece they need for their terraformer, and several agents are killed, including a minor recurring character who Alex was friendly with. The team suits up for payback, and Superman arrives to help out. Alex and J'onn find and go to destroy the terraformer with M'yrnn while the others handle the Worldkillers as the three Kryptonian supersoldiers cause chaos as a distraction. M'yrnn sacrifices himself to destroy the terraformer, and J'onn and Alex comfort each other while the Worldkillers retreat, Reign promising to return and finish Supergirl once and for all. Imra, desperate, summons Braniac-5 and Manhell from the future as reinforcements.

23: "This Gay Sh*t": Superman, the Legion, and Team Supergirl assemble to fight and cure the Worldkillers, but it goes badly. Superman is KOed, Alex is in a chokehold held by Reign, and Martian Manhunter can barely restrain Purity while Supergirl tries to regain her feet to fight Reign. Then Astra appears from Earth-X, having defeated the Nazi regime and set up a new world government led by the Freedom Fighters. The fight turns around by sheer weight of Kryptonians,
and Reign and Purity are killed in favor of their human personalities and Pestilence slain with her host by Alex. Kara realizes that Astra, despite claiming to be from Earth-X, is actually originally from Earth-38, but Astra swears her niece to secrecy. Alex and Astra share a moment, but then Alex is called away by Kara being about to beat Manhell to death from sheer frustration, causing the fans in real life to sharpen their pitchforks for President Trump's blood...

**Season 4:**
1. "Supergirl's Bi!": Sam and Ruby are in Metropolis getting therapy, Winn is in the future with the Legion, and James is dealing with legal problems from being outed as Guardian. Kara flies off to rescue Lena from minions of Maxwell Lord, who plans to use legal bullshit to take over L-Corp and CatCo after killing Lena and then use all the money he'd get from that to buy out the small third-world country of San Cristos and turn it into an Objectivist paradise. However, Lena's already doing a pretty good job of rescuing herself by shooting some of Lord's goons, and Kara saves the day. Meanwhile, Alex and J'onn talk with Astra, who wants to help Kara with superhero stuff. Kara advises Astra to come clean with Alex about being the original Astra, not the Astra of Earth-X, but Astra can't bring herself to do it. Transgender reporter Nia Nall, wanting to be something other than just the diversity hire, asks Kara for advice on her story.

2. "Comrade Commie": General Donald "Comrade Commie" Trump (played by President Comrade Donnie) of the Commonwealth of America, a socialist Donald Trump from another universe with the power of granting others (only other people, not himself) superhuman strength, durability, and speed by loudly proclaiming socialist rhetoric, arrives on Earth-38 with an army of Red Flag-waving soldiers to liberate the USA from capitalism. Kara comes to good terms with him after an initial misunderstanding, but then Comrade Commie discovers his Earth-38 doppelganger, The Donald (also played by Comrade Donnie), a dim-witted, racist, cruel and perverted blowhard, and challenges the latter to a duel to the death, threatening to have his army of supersoldiers attack The Donald's corporate headquarters if his request is denied. Supergirl makes a speech about how socialism is about peace and harmony across all peoples and the betterment of the common folk, convincing a shame-faced Comrade Commie to stand down. The socialist leader consults his troops, who narrowly vote to return home, and Comrade Commie promises to prosecute The Donald for "crimes against the People" separately. Meanwhile, Lena is spurred into action on the marriage market by J'onn, and Alex and Astra interact with extremely awkward sexual tension after Alex catches Astra watching her work out.

3. "Gaybies In Love": Lena proposes to Kara, who stammers an "I love you but I don't know it seems a bit fast" after nearly a minute of semi-coherent rambling. Lena is crushed, and Alex and Astra both chew out Kara, who admits that she does love and want to marry Lena but was surprised and is concerned about her own quality as a romantic partner for Lena. Kara is chewed out again by Alex and Astra for being too hard on herself. Nia Nall meanwhile is endangered when she finds out Maxwell Lord's evil plan to buy a country, and Kara and Alex rescue her. Kara apologizes to Lena, and accepts the proposal; Lena kisses her and they retire to Lena's apartment as Alex and Astra look on happily.

4. "F*** Mike Pence": Lena is outed as bisexual by a tabloid, and is heckled by "Church of Eternal Purity" protesters. Kara cuddles her soon-to-be-wifey and is supportive. Meanwhile, Nia Nall discovers that she has superpowers and Alex and J'onn plan a strike on Maxwell Lord's operation. Kara and her friends organize a counter-protest to deal with the hecklers, and Lena gives an interview with Nia for CatCo News talking about her sexuality and plans to organize a multi-front charitable effort to help LGBT youth in the US and abroad.

5. "Supergirl Vs. Ayn Rand": Maxwell Lord takes over San Cristos through his company, seeking to institute an Objectivist system of rule. Supergirl and company stop him, with Astra deploying for the
first time to approval from the populace. Everybody celebrates...but in the stinger, horn-helmeted vigilante Magog arrives from the future.

6: "Darkness Rising": Magog secretly unleashes the supervillain Volcanium on National City, and Supergirl and Astra deploy to fight the new threat. Magog arrives as Astra and Supergirl are momentarily knocked back, and brutally kills Volcanium, horrifying Kara. Kara and Magog argue, but Astra tries to keep the peace between them, not wanting more destruction to ensue. Magog eventually apologizes and offers to fight with the DEO, saying that he'll give Kara's way a try. Kara agrees, but now Astra is suspicious at Magog's capitulation on the issue, though she keeps it to herself. Meanwhile, Nia stops a petty criminal with her powers and decides to try the whole superhero thing out.

7: "Freedom From Others": Supervillain Agent Liberty has taken over the remains of CADMUS, and sends Lex Luthor's henchmen Mercy and Otis Graves to steal a sample of the Kryptonian bioweapon repurposed by Lillian Luthor in season 2. Astra, Kara, Alex, and Magog deploy to stop the henchmen, but Magog subtly arranges for the Graves siblings to escape, nearly allowing the bioweapon to be released before Astra is able to take down the dispersal system with Alex's help. Astra confides her suspicions to Alex.

8: "Ultimate Liberty For The Right Sort": Agent Liberty helps Maxwell Lord escape prison, expressing his support for Objectivism. Lena and Kara plan their wedding with a mostly-happy Alex's help, and note that despite their tension working with Astra has been good for Alex. Liberty works with disgraced General Sam Lane and Objectivist asshole Maxwell Lord to steal a nuclear weapon in an attempt to pin a devastating attack on aliens; Kara J'onn, and Magog stop him while Astra and Alex track down a new super (Nia). Meanwhile, the press starts to criticize Supergirl's technique, with some calling Magog's brutal methods more "decisive" and "proactive" while pointing out Supergirl's near-miss the previous week.

9: "Crisis on Earth-1, part 1": Superheroes Kara Danvers/Supergirl, Jefferson Pierce/Black Lightning, and Barry Allen/Flash assemble to help Oliver Queen/Green Arrow against an interdimensional crime syndicate. This marks the debut of Batwoman and the backdoor pilot of Birds of Prey, with Dinah Drake leaving Team Arrow to move to another city at the end of the crossover.

10: "Magog": On the run, Agent Liberty is tracked down by Kara and Magog, who comprehensively defeat him. But Magog, loudly announcing that he's sick of all the "near misses" (ironically caused by himself), goes to kill Liberty, but is blocked by Kara. It turns into a giant fight as Astra and Alex hurry to help, with Magog gaining the upper hand as Kara takes a couple of hits trying to protect the downed, helpless Liberty. Magog promises to discredit, humiliate, and destroy Supergirl, calling her a weak-willed, bleeding-heart joke. Astra and Alex arrive, Alex drawing Magog's attention by shooting at him, and the supervillain goes for her with his weapon. Astra screams "NO!" and jumps in front of Magog's blow, taking a bad hit as she and the supervillain trade blows. Supergirl manages to injure Magog badly enough to drive him off and helps Alex carry Astra to safety...

11: "Astra": While Kara tries to deal with the aftermath of Magog turning on her, Alex is distraught at seeing Astra hurt, and kisses Astra before running off crying. Kara is not happy. Astra confesses to Kara what happened on Earth-X (it wasn't exactly pleasant, being a planet run by fucking Nazis), and attempts to apologize to Alex, which results in Alex and Astra confessing their feelings for each other and kissing. Meanwhile, Lena promises to marry Kara "next week" and to help her beat Magog for good, and Kara and Nia start to train, the latter wanting to help against Magog.

12: "As Requested By The Fans": Lena and Kara get married, but supervillains Bloodsport, Lillian
Luthor, and Agent Liberty attack the ceremony—Lillian to stop her daughter from marrying an alien, Liberty to get rid of an alien and shame an "alien-lover" after Lillian springs him from prison, and Bloodsport for cold hard cash. The day is saved but the general vicinity is destroyed and the ceremony has to be performed at the Fortress of Solitude. Magog messages Kara, telling her that escapes like this and the ensuing destruction are a consequence of her methods, but Alex and Lena disagree, believing that it's not Kara's place to decide who lives or dies and that once the criminals are in prison it's the justice system's problem, not Kara's.

13: "Trans People Rock And Also F*** Mike Pence": The Church of Eternal Purity is back, and now they have a supervillain "Gabriel" who's killing LGBT people—and Nia and Lena are next on the Church's hit list. Meanwhile, Alex and Astra have their first date, which keeps getting interrupted by having to save people (making Astra worry that Alex might get upset at Astra's constant getting up and superspeeding off).

14: "Manhunters": Martian Manhunter discovers a message detected by the DEO's satellites, and takes Kara with him to investigate in a spacecraft borrowed from the Legion of Superheroes from season 3. They discover a planet with a thriving colony of Green Martians beset by alien "savages" in the surrounding area. However, J'onn, despite his happiness at finding a thriving Green Martian population, discovers that the "savages" are the native inhabitants of the planet and that the Martians are preparing a punitive campaign; when he confronts the Green Martian leader on the act of land theft, the leader claims that the White Martian genocide of the Greens justifies the colony's actions. J'onn, completely fed up with this pile of bullshit, and Kara expose the leader's corruption and oversee a peace deal between the two groups, and bring members of the Green resistance to the planet to help keep the peace (the Greens from Mars being rather disapproving of ethnic cleansing and land theft, as they themselves are victims of such) while getting support for their resistance (Greens from the colony having grown up on community mythology of reclaiming the homeworld). Meanwhile, Astra moves into Alex's apartment, resulting in several cute romantic moments.

15: "Failure": Magog brutally tortures and kills a member of a violent drug gang, hanging his corpse up on a bridge with a message pinned to the dead man's chest demanding a challenge from Supergirl. Supergirl shows up at the time of the fight Magog demands, and the supervillain explains his backstory; his daughter was killed by a killer that Supergirl captured alive and who then escaped prison. Magog wants to discredit Supergirl's methods, then kill her brutally. The two fight, and Kara is defeated in large part due to pure bad luck, but before Magog can hurt her too badly, Astra arrives and drives the villain away with Nia Nall's help. Meanwhile, Lena attempts to find a way to neutralize Magog's superpowers.

16: "Comrade Commie Returns": Comrade Commie returns to Earth-38 with more soldiers of his "Democratic People's Liberation Army". He announces that the Commonwealth has voted and the previous vote (representing only Comrade Commie's military unit) was overturned; he is ordered by the Workers Of America to retrieve The Donald for trial. Trump and Trump face off, as Astra and Alex keep Kara from interfering for the sake of comedy, and The Donald delivers a loud, rambling speech in which he inadvertently demands single combat amid a blustery rant; Comrade Commie consults his soldiers, who vote Yes. Comrade Commie and The Donald then fight, The Donald rather reluctantly, which Comrade Commie wins; the socialist leader promises to return if Supergirl needs him, congratulating her for her efforts to "spread the Red Banner of Labor across the globe!". This episode got more than 8 million viewers due to airing over two years into Comrade Donnie's Presidency and tapping into a desperate zeitgeist. Meanwhile, Magog steals some Kryptonite to more effectively fight Kryptonians.

17: "Date Night": Lena and Kara (and Alex and Astra) have date nights, while a Valentine's-themed villain wreaks havoc. J'onn meanwhile comes to terms with his latent grief over his father, and after
18: "Both Sides": The Church of Eternal Purity is planning to send minions to lynch Nia, but the cultists are slaughtered by Magog. Supergirl decides to try a charm offensive, giving an interview about her nonlethal methods with Nia on CatCo News, but Magog calls in, asking if Supergirl was so concerned with not killing when she got rid of the Daxamites. Kara protests that she had no other choice because Rhea was going to destroy a children's hospital, and Magog counters that that is exactly his point; when it comes to violent criminals, superheroes have no choice but to kill them to preserve the lives of the innocent. Kara counters that people can change, and notes that Livewire is now fairly rehabilitated (as in, she hangs out at the DEO flirting with anybody who walks by and sending spam email to Republican politicians), saying that this shows that her methods work, and that she isn't part of the justice system, and so doesn't have the right to deal with people after they've been arrested and/or imprisoned. Magog promises to prove otherwise, and breaks into the DEO, releasing dozens of dangerous aliens which Supergirl, Nia, Astra, Alex, Lena, and J'onn must recapture. Kara manages to do it all nonlethally, but several people are killed before she arrives, distressing her greatly.

19: "Alex's Day": Calling Sara Lance (who congratulates the Danvers sisters on their new relationships and offers bedroom advice with a grin before being slapped upside the head by her own girlfriend) for help, Astra and Kara go to the future to learn more about Magog and maybe stop him before he comes back. Meanwhile, Alex fights alt-right supervillain Master-Man while helping a Native American activist get National City to throw out a statue of a 19th century military officer who founded the city but ordered a massacre of Native noncombatants, resulting in Master-Man getting humiliatingly defeated and Alex delivering An Aesop to the city council. Subtle? Nah. Necessary? Most audiences said yes. In the future, Astra and Kara discover Magog's backstory--his daughter was killed by a gang member who'd previously been captured and spared by Supergirl, and he wants to inflict revenge by humiliating her, "proving" that vigilante ultraviolence is the only way to deal with crime, and then killing her. Kara vows to stop Magog, without killing him, just to prove him wrong.

20: "If You're As Thirsty For Livewire As Vlad Is For Comrade Donnie, This Is Your Episode": Livewire volunteers to help draw Magog into a trap. This is basically an excuse for her to hit dive bars and hit on people for the audience's enjoyment, but it eventually works, as Magog believes that criminals cannot be rehabilitated. Livewire escapes into a power line while Magog fights Team Supergirl. However, Magog reveals his new Kryptonite weaponry, and defeats the team, declaring victory as Kara retreats. The next morning, some news outlets are complaining about the damage from the fight and urging Supergirl to just admit that Magog might have a point already; only CatCo is fully in Kara's camp. Lena arranges a visit to one of the children's hospitals that Supergirl saved for Kara, where the kids thank Supergirl for stopping Rhea and profess their belief that Kara can beat Magog. Lena and Alex think they might've found a way to shut down Magog's powers, but it's going to require some exotic stuff.

21: "Calm before the storm": As Kara and friends collect all the weird things they need to defeat Magog, the supervillain plans his final revenge. Meanwhile, Nia and Astra team up to fight supervillain Insect Queen.

22: "Endgame": Magog attacks a prison, planning to kill all of the prisoners just to make sure that none of them kill his daughter in the future (he's not in the best mental state by this point). The anti-Magog weapon isn't ready yet, so Kara must face him off with nothing but a Kryptonite inhibitor, her aunt, and her sister in a powered battlesuit. Although the Kryptonite inhibitors are broken, Kara and her family are able to dominate the fight early, though Alex is injured before Magog is driven off. Lena worries that Kara and Alex are putting themselves at too much risk, and goes without sleep to the heroes' dates are disrupted, he and Alex share a talk and a hug.
finish the weapon. Meanwhile, Nia uses her journalism skills to hunt down Magog's victims' families, and stops the daughter of one of Magog's victims from stooping to crime as the girl tries to join a gang.

23: "Kingdom Come": Kara and her team deploy to fight Magog, this time demanding that the supervillain come to them. Kara accuses Magog of being no better than the criminals he claims to hate, infuriating the villain and leading to a pitched battle. While Magog is initially winning, the Kryptonite weakening both Astra and Kara while Nia isn't showing up, Alex and Lena arrive with the anti-Magog weapon, disabling Magog's powers temporarily and letting Kara gain the upper hand. Kara defeats Magog, but refuses to kill him. Magog swears to come back and continue his brutal methods until Supergirl learns her lesson, but Nia arrives with the daughter of one of the people he killed, and Kara points out how Magog is literally everything that he hates. Broken by Supergirl's speech, the supervillain slumps into a crying wreck, and is hauled away in cuffs after having his weapons confiscated by the DEO. Everybody celebrates, Magog is sent back to the future, where it turns out that his daughter is alive (the girl who Nia convinced to not join a gang is the one who killed Magog's daughter, not the guy Magog thought did it, and by defeating Magog and convincing the girl to not join a gang the heroes have changed history), and Astra proposes Kryptonian-style to Alex, who accepts while crying like a faucet. Kara does a loop-de-loop and cuddles with Lena.

The credits roll, as Comrade Donnie's voiceover encourages the audience to explore their sexuality, be kind to others, and "whatever you do, ****ing vote in election years, OK? That **** is important, OK? It's your duty to your nation."

**Plot Summary, basic mechanics, and significant characters of SuperSoldier: Nazi Slayer!**

*SuperSoldier* is a hybrid third-person shooter/action RPG with superpower action mechanics loosely built off of systems originally designed for BioWare's *Mass Effect* video game series. The player levels up the protagonist's abilities using "Patriotism" (experience points, gained by killing Nazis and completing missions) and unlocks new costumes, cosmetic medals, and many achievements with "Heroism" (gained through acts of kindness on missions and through rescuing people from concentration camps). Encumbrance mechanics were added in the *Rising Sun* expansion to balance the game's energy-projection superpowers against super-strength powers and such.

The protagonist, whose first name and superhero identity can be chosen by the player (last name is backstory-dependent), and whose superhero powers can be chosen from a list, is a soldier or volunteer from one of several backstory options (American white male, American black male, American female, German Jewish male or female, British male or female, Russian/Soviet male or female, and the DLC choices of French Resistance, Ethiopian rebel, or Yugoslav partisan male or female, later supplemented by Korean and Chinese backstory options in the third and last DLC), who is after a brief and catastrophic tutorial mission genetically and physically engineered by Allied scientists in an effort to directly counter Nazi supersoldiers being produced by the SS. The player may also select from several pre-generated archetypes; Liberty’s Hammer/Wilson Blake, a black man from Detroit with super-strength and durability, Red October/Yekaterina Bershanskaya, a Soviet partisan with telekinetic powers, and Union Jack/John Brown, a British agent with superhuman accuracy and invisibility powers. DLC pack “The Resistance” adds the pregenerated option of *La Patrie*/Georges Duvalier, a French Resistance supersoldier with superhuman regenerative abilities and enhanced reflexes, and the DLC “Rising Sun” adds the pregen Lotus Blade/Yun Do-Ri, a Korean woman who escaped the Japanese occupying forces who has superspeed and incredible ability with bladed weapons.

Custom players may choose from the following power sets: Super-strength and durability ("The
Tank”); telekinesis (“The Mage”), superhuman gun accuracy, gun speed, and invisibility (“The Ghost”), energy blasts and an energy shield (“The Blaster”), superhuman regenerative abilities and advanced reflexes (“The Wolverine Expy”, added in DLC), superspeed and bladed weapon enhancements (“The Streak”, added in DLC), teleportation and enemy weapon redirection (“The Master”, added in a special charity DLC for Holocaust Memorial Day as an exclusive package deal with a unique backstory allowing the player to play as an Expy of German dissident Sophie Scholl), and superhuman senses, invisibility powers, and the ability to temporarily phase through some objects (“The Shadow”).

The protagonist, referred to as “The Soldier” or by rank or last name, is the only Allied soldier ever to successfully kill a Nazi supersoldier and survive the act. Newly modified into the Allied war effort’s signature weapon, they are deployed to the front with a squad consisting of African-American grenadier and heavy-weapons man Private Franklin Lincoln Davis and Soviet sniper Starshina Natalya Mikhailovna Pavlova (a blatant Expy of Soviet sniper Lyudmila Pavlichenko, acknowledged by Trump after release).

After fighting on the Eastern front, launching a secret mission behind enemy lines, and liberating the victims of the Auschwitz death camp with the help of Polish commando Witold Pilecki and experimental Allied super-technology, the protagonist gains the loyalty of Nurse Edith Blair and commando Jack Disraeli (an expy of Mad Jack Churchill), a medic and a scout commando respectively. The Soldier then participates in Operation Husky, pushing into Italy with the Allied forces, fights Nazi commando and spy efforts in Allied territory, and clashes with Soviet dictator Josef Stalin after a mission to icy Finland, before being sent on a secret mission to Occupied France with French Resistance spy Odette Theroux, decapitating the Gestapo in France and recovering a list of all the death camps and their locations but attracting the notice of Nazi mastermind and supervillain Reinhard Heydrich. Joined by Finnish (Finland having declared neutrality in the World War after a truce forced on an outraged Stalin by the Soldier) sniper Simo Kallio (a blatant expy of the historical Simo Häyhä and a former friendly opponent to the Soldier), the Soldier delves deep into Nazi territory with their squad and Pilecki in an attempt to destroy the death camps and kill Heydrich.

The Soldier and their squad successfully destroy Auschwitz for the second time (after destroying the other death camps), but Heydrich ambushes them with a team of Nazi supersoldiers, trapping the Soldier beneath rubble and killing Pavlova or Davis as “untermensch”, then taunting the Soldier for their failure. The Soldier, enraged by their companion’s death, brutally kills Heydrich’s squad when they attempt to remove the Soldier from the rubble, and vows vengeance upon the retreating Heydrich. Tracking the supervillain to Berlin against orders, the Soldier personally attacks the Reichstag, killing Heydrich in a boss fight before confronting his superiors, Heinrich Himmler and Adolf Hitler. Himmler begs the Soldier for mercy but is cut down, and the Soldier, companions abandoned, single-handedly slaughters Hitler’s guards before slowly choking the Fuhrer to death in his bunker.

The Soldier returns to their home, the Allies easily overwhelming the decapitated Nazi forces due to the Soldier’s efforts, and is awarded the highest honor their nation can bestow (the Victoria Cross for British characters, the Medal of Honor for Americans and German expatriates, the Legion d’Honneur for French Resistance, the Hero of the Soviet Union for Soviets, et cetera). They can also affect the ending in their final speech; British heroes can either support the federalization of the Empire, say “there is nothing wrong with the Empire let’s keep going the way we always have, what!”, or push for decolonization, American white heroes can either give a generic patriotic speech, speak frankly about the Nazis forcing them to abandon racist views, or publicly support desegregation, American black heroes can support desegregation or a “political revolution” in America, American women can proudly embrace women in the workplace and fight for feminist
values or humbly state that they have done their duty, the French character can decide who leads the new France and what path it will take on the world stage, the Soviet can either support democratization of the USSR in the aftermath of the war (the ending narration stating that the Soldier was elected Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the reformed, democratic-socialist USSR) or declare themselves General Secretary (after removing Stalin in an earlier mission) to become a tyrant, and the German character can either adopt the US as their home, support Zionism (controversially portrayed as the “bad” option), or return to Germany (stating “they’ll take me from my home over my cold, dead fingers”) and helping build a UN with teeth to ensure the protection of universal human rights, Chinese characters can build the new China in the model they want by putting Mao in charge, putting themselves in charge, or supporting a democratic republic and focusing on land reform, Korean characters can decide what to do about Kim Il-Sung (if he survives Rising Sun) and how to organize post-independence Korea, Yugoslav partisans can decide the fate of the Croats after the fall of the Ustase and determine their country’s policy on the USSR, and Ethiopian characters can decide how far to go in supporting decolonization in Africa and elsewhere.

Apart from the main plot and set-piece raids to destroy death camps, the Soldier also takes part in various backstory-specific, faction-specific, and independent missions, such as killing Nazi leader Odilo Globocnick and dueling Nazi commando turned supersoldier Otto Skorzeny in an attempt to foil the rescue of Mussolini by Nazi supers. Backstory and faction-specific missions include the black American going on a brief war-bond tour in the USA and having to fight KKK thugs who try, stupidly, to lynch his brother; the Jewish expatriate facing off against a former WW1 compatriot who’s become a Nazi supersoldier; the Soviet finding that their entire village has been exterminated by the Nazis as “subhumans”; and the French resistance fighter rescuing the Mona Lisa from Nazi looters.

DLC (enabled as a pre-order bonus for those who pre-ordered the game) also enables the player to add then-President Trump’s voice and likeness to randomly-generated Nazi NPCs, which led to a minor dispute with an actors’ union. The expansion pack SuperSoldier: The Resistance! enabled the player to choose a French, Yugoslav, or Ethiopian Resistance backstory, and added content set in Occupied France, Ustase Croatia, and Italian-occupied Ethiopia. Two DLC gear packs were released, bundled with short missions that the player must undertake to get the gear. Finally, the second and final expansion, SuperSoldier: The Rising Sun allowed the player to choose a Chinese or Korean backstory, and to fight the malevolent Kwantung Army and their sadistic lackies, Unit 731. The Rising Sun focuses on three short three-mission campaigns against the Ustase, Italian colonial administration, and German occupation. The Rising Sun, meanwhile, has a full 15-mission side campaign with sidequests and 10 short mini-missions focused on ending the Japanese occupation of Korea and their threat to China and the Pacific, culminating in the Soldier’s destruction of Unit 731, the deaths of Shiro Ishii, Prince Asaka (potentially), and Tojo, and the capture of General Yamashita and Admiral Yamamoto.

Main characters:

The Soldier (protagonist): Personality and voice chosen by player; there’s a choice between Jennifer Hale, Jo Wyatt, Mark Meer, or Steven Barr for voice, personality is chosen by in-game dialogue choices.


Private Davis: Voiced by James Earl Jones. Macho but intelligent and thoughtful badass mountain of muscle. Romance option for female protagonists.

Captain Jack Disraeli: Voiced by Brandon Keener. Badass action-man commando whose insane feats of derring-do are matched by his lethal badassitude, his skill in a barfight, and his eccentric obsession with being the most patriotic Briton in any room, down to teaching himself the longbow, sword, and bagpipes “to give the noble Scots their due”.

Edith Blair: Voiced by Jo Wyatt. Nurse and field medic, a proper lady of bourgeois background who left her comfortable but bland existence to help her country in its hour of need. Initially a bit shocked by war but buckles down and holds her no-nonsense attitude together. Romance option for female protagonists.

Simo Kallio: Voiced by Brian Bloom. Finnish sniper and stealth operative of legendary talent, a somewhat blatant Expy of the White Death. Friendly and affable, with a good sense of humor, has an initially tense relationship with Pavlova but they cool off as the game enters the third act.


Zhang Gongren: Added with The Rising Sun, can be carried over to the main game. Chinese moderate Communist soldier and fighter against Japanese occupation; neutral on the Republic as an idea but opposed to the inept KMT administration, somewhat alienated from Mao by Mao's titanic ego but supports the goal of a socialist China. Handsome, dashing, and generally a heartthrob. Dialogue options during early talks with him and his companion mission can result in opinion changes if the Soldier decides to execute Mao in the middle of Rising Sun. Romance option for male protagonists.

Su Chae-Yung: Korean resistance guerilla fighting Japanese occupation. Added with The Rising Sun, can be carried over to the main game. Initially appears sweet and quiet as a resistance contact in Korea, but turns out to be a serial killer stalking and killing Japanese soldiers before taking body parts as trophies; Su’s sisters and mother were taken to be ‘comfort women’ and she only escaped due to facial scarring making her “too ugly”, according to the Japanese. Can turn on the player if they don’t kill Dr. Ishii and the Kwantung Army leadership depending on the outcome of her companion mission.

(some of the) Bad Guys:

Obergruppenführer Reinhard Heydrich: Nazi supersoldier, member of Hitler’s inner circle, head of the Gestapo, and general bad dude. A completely amoral clinical sociopath with no moral qualms (about anything), Heydrich is the primary antagonist and final boss of the game, a cold killer who brags about creating the death camps for political points with Hitler and brutally kills one of the Soldier’s companions in front of them just to piss off the Soldier and demonstrate his power over them. Utterly vile and without redeeming features.

Führer Adolf Hitler: Leader of the Third Reich. A delusional psychopath obsessed with German supremacy and the genocidal eradication of Judaism. Slowly choked to death by the Soldier after they beat Heydrich.
Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler: Nominally Heydrich’s boss. Impaled by the Soldier after they beat Heydrich. An unstable, creepy little psychopath obsessed with Teutonic mysticism.

Rudolf Höß: Kommandant of Auschwitz-Birkenau extermination camp. A cruel, stupid, and thuggish man, the first Kommandant to be killed by the Soldier after they defeat his supersoldier bodyguard.

Otto Skorzeny: Nazi commando and supersoldier, dueled and killed by the Soldier as he tries to evac Mussolini following several encounters between Skorzeny and the protagonist. Ruthlessly competent and a deadly fighter.

Ilse and Karl-Otto Koch: Kommandant Karl-Otto Koch is a cruel, corrupt, racist, dimwitted toady who’s the head of Buchenwald concentration camp, and his wife Ilse is a sadistic torturer, rapist, and (it is revealed) supersoldier who volunteered for Heydrich’s supersoldier experiments, getting flashy superpowers and an even more unstable personality out of it. Killed by the Soldier as they hit Buchenwald and free the prisoners inside in a side mission.

Adolf Eichmann: SS officer and assistant to Reinhard Heydrich. Also a supersoldier and part of Heydrich’s personal supersoldier squadron. Killed by the Soldier at Auschwitz after Heydrich kills one of the Soldier’s companions and leaves.

Hermann Göring: Drug-addicted, cruel, racist, and petty Nazi official, the corrupt idiot in charge of the Luftwaffe. Captured by the Soldier and beaten into a bloody pulp after they kill his supersoldier bodyguard.

General Hideki Tojo: Leader of the Japanese ultranationalist government and primary antagonist of the final phase of Rising Sun. A racist, ultranationalist asshole who participated in the Kwantung Army’s atrocities in Korea, he’s killed by the Soldier in the final mission.

Tomoyuki Yamashita: A brilliant Japanese General and primary antagonist of the middle third of Rising Sun. A hard but not cruel man, Yamashita attempts to reform the Kwantung Army into something resembling a competent organization, and to hunt down the Soldier and their contacts, but is defeated and captured by the Soldier, who spares his life for his termination of the “comfort women” program and relative decency as an enemy.

“Doctor” Shiro Ishii: A Japanese medical scientist and psychopath working for Unit 731. Committed horrific experiments on Chinese and Korean prisoners to perfect a supersoldier creation process, eventually turning himself into one as well. Primary antagonist of the first third of Rising Sun. Can be killed for his crimes or spared to be interrogated for information.

Prince Yasuhiko Asaka: Japanese royal and leader of the Kwantung Army. Antagonist in the first phase of Rising Sun. Can be killed for his atrocities including the Rape of Nanking, or captured for interrogation.

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