

LOVE

&

HATE

IN AMERICA

*Lambchop Battles
the Sexist Pigs*

Novel by Bill Orton

Love and Hate in America

Lambchop Battles the Sexist Pigs

By Billy Orton

Smashwords Edition

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This writing exercise

One New Years Day 2016, while everyone else in America had to begin enduring the most miserable year of presidential campaigning in the nation's history, this writer started the year hobbling through a hospital ward, after suffering a massive stroke and emergency brain surgery in Dec 2015. While others watched hatred ripping America apart, the former press secretary to five politicians and author of three novels figured that four was a number not possible to reach. This text became a writing exercise, gutting earlier work, adding new characters, getting ride of others, and basing the story on one question... "What happens if hatred wins the White House?" The writer used Smashword and posted four chapters, or about 20,000 words, the day before the Inauguration of a new president. As a writing exercise, it showed how horrible one can write when the brain gets sliced open, when short-term memory is weakened, when eyes and hands function poorly, and when it adds up to basic inabilities. Because the author seems the luckiest soul in America, when memory and eyes and hands returned to use, the first order of business became making sure the earlier novels stood up, before taking on any refining of "Lambchop Battles the Sexist Pigs." What you will see are chapters one and two having been edited, and chapters three and four unedited from the January 2017 text. This is a writing exercise, and the author's other novels are called absurd. So this borders on insanity. Please know that this is simply a writing exercise, and the trip through Hell shown in the opening two chapters are rather stark compared to the third and fourth. Is the book worth completing? Can't say, for sure.

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PART I – EDITED IN FALL 2018

Chapter One – Groundhog’s Day in the East Wing

A gorgeous giant blond man in his 50s – Filippé, the model who used only his first name when he had decades earlier gained fame as the eye-candy champion of an eternal battle of beauty – waved and bounced to U.S. Army Lieutenant Lori L Lewis, and to her wife, December Carrera, a former stripper and webcam diva, as the couple passed through a snow-flaked vestibule, into the Main Lobby of the East Wing of President Dick Bomber’s “White Again House,” on a freezing Groundhog Day, just two weeks after the new leader incoherently spewed hatred during an Inaugural that few Americans attended, watched on television, or viewed online.

“Oh my God!” shrieked Lori Lewis, as the couple stepped up to Security. “Isn’t that *Filippé*?” The soldier-and-athlete gasped and lifted her arms for a scanning, each wagging – as would a teenager’s – during a vigorous pat-down.

Next to Filippé, also waving and bobbing, stood an equally gorgeous older man, who looked to perhaps be his father, dressed in a carefully-ironed suit one would have worn each Sunday for decades, with a label showing a name. Each was wrapped by an obviously hand-woven giant tiger-striped woolen scarf.

The woman looked to each other, as the model smiled and quoted the President’s favorite phrase to everyone near.

“Boom, Baby!” playfully squealed the gorgeous Filippé, repeatedly pivoting, waving to children in the packed Main Lobby of the East Wing, and openly flirting with every adult woman, laughing with all.

A disabled brown-skinned child pointed to the enormous scarf.

Everyone laughed.

The famous model held stud stances for gleaming women guests, as the school teachers shot selfies or would hand their cell phones to the older man.

As the father and son bobbed toward Lori and December, the men would point to an enormously ovular-shaped badge on the model’s massive chest, declaring him to be, “Filippé, Baby” above the title “Apparatchnik” above the words, “White Again House.”

Lori and December looked at each other – “*Boom, Baby!*” – as Filippé posed for selfies – “*Is this, ‘Such a crowd?’ Yes, it is!*” – while tossing words first hurled during a presidential election – “*Are we not yet very great, Baby?*” – to distract undecided voters and push down turnout – “*Only winners are great!*” – for the race of an anti-politician who owned social media – “*Only Big Dick #1 will make you rich!*” – and ordered a rapidly-erected stone wall to be etched with words spoken at a barely-attended Inaugural – “*Tweet! Boom! Pow!*” – by the self-declared “stable genius” who immediately began defining himself as the greatest President of the United States of America – “*It is me who loves you, Baby, dat is right!*” – and laughingly brags of his nicknamed, as “Big Dick #1.”

Lori took in the wafting scents of animals.

“So who is *Filippé* anyway?” said December, brushing away snowflakes before unbuttoning her winter coat and stepping onto a red-carpet walkway, surrounded by studio-caliber stage lighting and photographic equipment.

A crew of camera operators, wearing *Riefenstahl Communications* uniforms, shot cam videos with Bright-Fart equipment. Above the Hollywood-like set, a mounted screen showed Dick Bomber shaking hands with a professional clown, above a teaser, “President welcomes his newest Chief-of-Staff!”

“My Mom bought *all* his books,” said Lori, as the married couple moved through Security. “Well... he didn’t *write* them.”

“Is this *The Day?*” asked Filippé, as the two men approached the couple, all standing together, below a large framed meme that told visitors to, “*Play ‘The Great Game!’ Every Body is a Winner!*”

“What *day*?” asked Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

“The very exciting ‘*Day of the Hog*,’ of the very beautiful frozen ground,” said Filippé, projecting glowing light from his smile.

The model’s father gleamed. A handwritten label read, “I am. . . Volaré Tigger.”

“You mean, ‘Groundhog Day,’ right?” replied December.

“Dat is right, Baby,” smiled Filippé.

“Outta the way!” ordered a brutish Security guard, guiding a gaggle of Fat Cats past the couple, to the far right, where a young woman in a scanty cocktail dress staffed a counter mounted as, “VIPs Only.”

“Do you raise livestock?” asked Lori, taking another deep inhalation.

“Sheeps,” said Volaré, the stunning older man.

“And two cows,” quickly added Filippé.

Volaré watched Filippé reach into his pocket and flip open his wallet.

The two women – standing just past the red carpet – timidly drew closer to the model.

Filippé extend his massive arm, to show a winter’s photo, of a thickly-woolen sheep with the gorgeous shepherd. “We weave’a much wools, dat is right,” said Filippé, lifting the tiger-striped scarf.

Volaré proudly nodded.

* * *

“Oh, but wait,” exclaimed Filippé, pointing to the vestibule, and in the sound of a practiced script, “is *that* not the much famous and very beautiful singer dancer, Nancy Bazooka?”

“-*N-a-n-c-y-!*” shrieked December, her own incredibly voluptuous body bounced.

A *Riefenstahl Communications* team closed in for a shot of the introduction.

“Didn’t you call me ten minutes ago, Big Boy?” winked Nancy, flirted with the panting giant, before hugging December. “Long time since the USO show, Hunny.”

“Tell me, my little Angel,” said Volaré, delivering a script with less polish to the *Riefenstahl Communications* cam, “who *are* these many bee-*u*-tea-ful womans?”

“Am I not *telling you* about the soldier/swimmer and her wife, yes I am,” impatiently replied the model, before wrapping his eyes around the famous daughter of Frank Bazooka. “And Nancy Bazooka?”

“Do not *say* what you said you are *saying*,” loudly whispered Volaré, to his son.

“Must be White House reality TV,” said Nancy, looking at the cam drawing for a close-up.

“It is ‘White *Again* House’ for a February month,” corrected Filippé, tapping his enormous badge.

“Get off the Toll-Lane, Eye Candy!” barked Security, escorting a *Kluster of Kaboose Klams* across the Red Carpet. “Don’t make VIPs miss the Red-White-and-Blue Rooms!”

The Klams proudly goose-stepped.

Security led the VIPs under the Hollywood lighting, past cameras shooting a three-second-delay display of arrivals. When the Klams goose-stepped past the cameras, the screen morphed to show the President watching a clown dance with a pair of dragons.

* * *

“It is a very busy day,” said Filippé, as he took another call.

“Don’t let *us* stop you, Stud,” smiled Nancy Bazooka. “Must be your agent.”

Filippé smiled as his took a yelling voice on speaker, before pocketing his phone. “We must not be late to the Red-White-and-Blue Rooms,” said the Apparatchnik.

“Red, white and blue?” asked Nancy. “There’s a White Room?”

“We are waiting for a Four Star General,” said Lieutenant Lewis. “I don’t move without my Boss.”

“So. . .,” again asked Volaré, as a cam continued shooting, “who *are* these bee-*u*-tea-full womans.”

“Did I not *say* these are the married womans, of Florida, visiting on the ‘Day of the Hog’ to meet Mr. Presidentá?” impatiently repeated Filippé, scanning his cell phone. “The ‘athlete-hero-soldier’ who loves the ‘young-wife-dancer’ woman... and also beautiful Nancy.”

“Oh, he is my little Angel,” cooed Volaré, tapping his son’s giant ovular-shaped badge, smiling to the cam. “My son talks about his new job each night, and today I am his guest.”

“-*R-i-g-h-t*,” said December. “This is my husband....”

“Lewis... Lieutenant, U.S. Army,” said Lori, as Filippé’s smile cast beams of light to the soldier. “And... uh... We’re... you know, like, *married*... kid... housing... All that.” Filippé beamed light cast heat to Lori, and a drop of sweat dripped from the soldier’s cheek.

“*A kid?*” asked Nancy. “Must’ve been an *incredible* honeymoon after the USO show.”

December lifted her necklace and showed Nancy a glass case holding a ballerina, dressed in lace, and showed a round photo of a child. “Riley Lewis Carrera Beach,” she said quietly.

“*El señor*,” said Volaré, gazing at the necklace upon December’s large chest.

“What is your *first* language?” asked Nancy Bazooka, as she inhalation deep scents.

The two men looked at the picture, as a snowflake dripped from the necklace chain. Actual light again flowed from Filippé, turning the falling drop into steam, which evaporated.

* * *

Another *Riefenstahl Communications* team walked up and whispered to the model.

“We must not be late,” said Filippé, motioning for everyone to walk, as the cams followed.

“I’m *waiting* for a Four Star General!” said the Lieutenant.

Filippé walked the three women and his father toward a large painting mounted on the east wall, depicting Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the president who saved the nation from its deepest economic collapse and rescued the world through a global war against violent tyrants and genocidal murderers.

“Nana has his picture next to Christ,” said December, pointing to the only president elected more than twice. “She is a full-time grandmother, after paying Social Security for 30 years.”

Two workers also wearing crisp uniforms and badges only reading *Riefenstahl Communications* closed in on FDR, carrying hand tools. “This’ll do,” said one worker, pointed to Mr. Roosevelt, to a cam.

The women stared, as a worker held a crow bar and the other lofted a flexible screen that showed the video of a clown dancing with dragons.

“Dragons?” asked Nancy.

“A gift,” said Filippé, pointed to the dancing creatures that appeared more than mere pantomime. “The beautiful China... or Korea... Do I know which? No, I do not.”

The screen morphed to a slow-mo showing the clown performing athletics in the Oval Office.

* * *

Lori looked to Security, where three pair of skinheads in matching white suits got lightly patted. One thug – with “Brain” tattooed across his neck – pulled the ear of another skinhead – tattooed as “Tattler” – to the far right. Each skinhead carried a cone stitched with, “*Kluster of Kaboose Klams*.”

Lori’s eyes tightened. “Why *are* they allowed here?”

The half-dozen Klams swarmed the counter with the “VIPs Only” sign and encircled a young woman in a scanty red-white-and-blue cocktail dress, and displaying a huge ovular-shaped badge stating, “Frivolity Team” and “Ring the Bells.”

“That’s not a ‘White Room’ means, is it?” asked Nancy, to Filippé.

“Red-White-and-Blue are VIP rooms,” said Filippé, smiling for the three-second-delay camera. “The beautiful Center Hall features the beautiful dragons and offers many wonderful foods, dat is right.” The model and his father both smiling for multiple cams.

“My little Angel told me about the ‘Big Apple’ tree in the Red Room!” said Volaré, to a cam team, while instructing Filippé to pose for a selfie with the three women.

“A ‘*Big Apple*’ tree?” asked Nancy Bazooka, resisting a photo.

“Fake dragons?” said December, also resisting.

“Are not the *not fake* dragons very beautiful, yes they are,” said Filippé, smiling, his huge arm extended, and Nancy surrendered, posing for a cam with the gorgeous man, in front of Franklin Roosevelt. “So very special, Baby, that is right.”

* * *

“They’re letting anybody in,” said December, watching a frivolity staffer in a cocktail dress sign in three fabulous furry hippy freaks.

“Isn’t that Russia’s President?” said Nancy, pointing to an unsmiling thin man behind the freaks, standing with a barrel-chested man, both looking angry.

“I’m sorry,” said a beautiful young woman in a skimpy cocktail dress, “but we are *ordered* . . . to *only* call you . . . ‘Vladdie Vlad Vlad.’”

“Okie *-d-o-k-i-e-*,” scowled the beefy man, standing beside the silent, unsmiling thin Russian man. “Blue Room . . . vodka . . . Yah?”

After a nod from the frivolity staffer, the Russians followed the trio of fabulous furry hippy freaks into the narrow-but-fast-moving passageway on the far right.

“Good thing Nana’s watching Riley,” said December, as a *Riefenstahl Communications* worker maneuvered a crow bar, to wedge under FDR’s frame.

* * *

“Mister Presidentá loves the beautiful Red Apple tree,” said Filippé, who pointed to a mounted screen, showing a social media video of a rotating mock apple tree, with apple-shaped candy falling into apple-shaped baskets – marked “Big Dick #1” – by smiling children, as *New York New York* played.

“I am *not* posing in front of *that*, am I,” said Nancy. “My dad would be furious.”

“Are the childs not very happy?” said Filippé.

“Maybe *this* child will get a basket of candy?” said Volaré, giving a sweeping motion for the cam, as a brown-skinned woman pushed a wheelchair holding a young boy, toward the packed crowd slowly moving through the Main Lobby.

At the far right, the Fat Cats, Klams, hippy freaks, and Vladdie Vlad Vlad were gone.

A loud slam was followed by a declaration of victory, as Mr. Roosevelt was dislodged from the East Wing wall. The second *Riefenstahl Communications* worker slapped tape and swiftly mounted the huge flexible projection screen over the tape.

Snow flaked guests continued flowing through the vestibule, passing through scanners and crossing the Hollywood-style red carpet of Security, for videos showing edited arrivals.

The *Riefenstahl Communications* team carried Franklin Delano Roosevelt away.

“It’s the General!” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis, pointing toward two senior officers entered Security.

“Now we must go to the Red-White-and-Blue Rooms to obey Mister Presidentá,” said Filippé.

“You may be old,” said December, to Filippé, “but you’re obviously still burning hot.”

“He is my little Angel,” said Volaré.

“And you are the beautiful womans, yes, who share the beautiful love,” flirted Filippé.

“Duh,” said December. “Happy married people obviously share ‘beautiful love.’”

* * *

A *Riefenstahl Communications* cam moved in for a tight shot of the gorgeous man blushing.

As the General approached, the three women looked to the frivolity table, where several VIPs leered at a beautiful woman, in the red-white-&-blue cocktail dress.

The senior officers approaching where Mr. Roosevelt had been.

“C’mon, slut, ‘ring the bells’ like yer *supposed* to,” said two Klams at the segregated passageway.

“Oh my God,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis, as the Four Star General and a Major got patted down.

General Allen Goodwrench spun toward the VIPs Only counter and began a charge against the skinheads, but was thrown back by a cadre of Security staff.

Major Rusty Chops grabbed the General’s wrist, stopping a punch.

“You showed me your order!” yelled a uniformed Security guard, pulling a billyclub. “Follow it!”

The two senior officers pulled back, as the frivolity staffer broke into tears and ran off.

“Boom, Baby!” said Filippé, to the General, simulating the firing of a pistol. “Pow! Bang!”

Lieutenant Lori Lewis stood erect, as General Allen Goodwrench drew near, stared at the model, the cam teams, and a screen showing a clown doing athletics.

“What the fuck is going on?” said the General.

“Obviously, a clown is running the White House,” said the Major, pointing to a screen mounted to the wall, showing a clown – Billy Booz-!!-O – starting his first day as the White House Chief of Staff.

“It is ‘White *Again* House,’ yes it is,” declared the model, who waved his beautiful hand over his enormous ovular-shaped badge.

“White ‘*Again?*’” exclaimed the Major. “Why is *that* on your badge?”

“So many ask that question,” said Volaré, to a Bright-Fart cam.

Filippé held a finger under the word “Again” and recited important information, that since February is a *history month*, visitors are taught that ‘Old-Again-is-New-Again,’ with a temporarily-modified name of America’s most important building, and shown on badges seen by guests.

“That’s a joke, right?” asked December.

“What is happening?” asked Major Rusty Chops, as more Fat Cats, skinheads and Putinites followed quivering frivolity staffers dressed in scanty clothing up the segregated passageway at the far right.

“A house divided cannot stand,” recited the General, sorrowfully citing Mr. Lincoln.

“Hell’s freezing over,” said Nancy Bazooka.

* * *

“Will you *please* tell me why some ‘ideas man’ named Dante faxes a barely-readable handwritten order at five o’clock last night, demanding Central Command fly from Tampa for a 10 am meeting in the White House?” said General Allen Goodwrench.

“White ‘Again,’ House,” said Filippé, walking the group to a ramp that lead to the Garden Room, while waving away a cam team photographer staring at Lori Lewis and her wife.

“Who is the ‘ideas man’ named Dante?” growled General Goodwrench.

“Is Dante S. Inferno the Chief of Big Ideas, yes he is,” said Filippé, as he studied the four stars on the CentCom General’s uniform, “and does he run many Bright-Fart reality shows, yes he does.”

“You delight so many bee-*u*-tea-ful womans,” said Volaré, as a Bright-Fart cam team shot close-ups of several teachers swooned as the model passed schoolchildren.

* * *

“No!” gasped Lieutenant Lori Lewis, as she saw a Bird Colonel in a spotless uniform clear Security, while a female officer next to him got aggressively patted down. Lori turned to the General. “It’s that bastard who threw me into prison after Dick Bomber assaulted me!”

When both looked to Security, the two soldiers were gone.

“This may be Hell, but we’re not in Afghanistan, Lieutenant,” said General Allen Goodwrench, assessing who was near. “Dick Bomber may be President, but we cannot collapse in a battlefield.”

“Bomber repeatedly tried to rape me!” said Lori Lewis, “and that bastard Colonel was his lackie.”

“And I sprang you with a secret deal,” said the General, his lips in a scowl and eyes in partnership. “Rank matters, Lieutenant.” As a cam closed tightly, the General drew close and whispered to the Lieutenant. “I always outrank Colonels.”

A third *Riefenstahl Communications* team in the next room filmed the General and Lieutenant.

“Dick Bomber shows that a wild pig never doesn’t attack,” whispered Lori.

“And I was a whipping boy at a confirmation hearing, so maybe we’ve both been ordered to Hell,” said General Allen Goodwrench, “but you can’t fight the Devil by crumbling.”

“Must be go, yes we must,” said Filippé, returning to the group after more selfies with teachers.

“Again, who is Dante and why am I here?” demanded the General. “And why an O-1?”

“Actually, Mister Presidentá wants the Lieutenant, and are you not her commanders, yes you are,” said Filippé, to the General and Major.

“My little Angel,” slowly said Volaré, “what do you say about bee-*u*-tea-ful Nancy and December?”

“Did you not say... to not say... what I did say?” fumed Filippé, as a cam continued shooting.

“Maybe the bee-*u*-tea-ful Nancy or December can *say* something,” said Volaré, winking to a cam.

December looked to her husband.

“Ambush,” whispered Lori.

“You must be asking about my USO show at the Bagram Airbase,” injected Nancy Bazooka. “Ask Joe Biden... He was there.”

Filippé made a highly-visual “tell me more” face to a Bright-Fart cam team closing in on the group, before looked directly to December. “And did you not dance with the beautiful forever-famous Nancy, who is the meow of the cat... the cat of love?”

“My little Angel loves the bee-*u*-tea-ful love of so bee-*u*-tea-ful a soul as the bee-*u*-tea-ful Nancy,” added Volaré, in a flat tone to the cam team.

A *Riefenstahl Communications* worker shot a Bright-Fart cam close-up, of a cat not purring.

“Nancy Bazooka is loved by the whole world,” said Filippé, “and not just me.”

Lieutenant Lori Lewis drew close to General Goodwrench, and whispered. “A complete ambush.”

“Surviving an ambush starts by thinking, ‘This feels like an ambush,’” whispered the General, while graciously smiling to the beautiful blond men.

* * *

“Is Mister Presidentá’s White Again House crowded, yes it is,” said Filippé, moving past a group of schoolchildren and swooning teachers.

At the far right, a gaggle of gloating gluttonous Fat Cats prowled behind a beautiful frivolity staffer.

“Don’t keep calling it *that*,” said the General.

“El Señor Presidente orders Apparatchnik to be faithful,” recited Filippé, “so that we may celebrate for only one month the ‘New-Again-is-Old-Again’ history.”

The trio of fabulous furry freaks – reeking of marijuana – stepped up to Filippé.

“Ya’all know how to get to the New Reefer Room?” asked a freak with furious eyes and clenched teeth and who wore a cowboy hat elegantly embroidered with the words, “Make America Puff Again.”

“The *what* room?” said December.

“Someone snatched our Bell Ringer again,” nervously said a bearded freak whose entire face was encircled by dark hair, except for his eyes, lips, and a nose shaping like a huge joint.

“The White House became insane!” said Nancy Bazooka.

“This is an absurd novel,” correctly observed Major Rusty Chops.

The third freak – with yellow hair and unblinking wide-open eyes and several holes burned on his crumpled suit – looked to the dancer and singer. “Babble, Bobble, Bubble, Fame,” he chanted.

December and Nancy showed confusion.

“Freddie doesn’t say much,” said the freak with an embroidered cowboy hat.

Filippé pointed to an unsmiling frivolity staffer swatting away a Fat Cat’s paw.

“There’s the Shah!” said a freak.

“The *who*?” asked Major Rusty Chops.

A regal gentleman in royal attire, with lines of medals across his chest, and a jewel of a peacock, wearing a blue chest band signed in at the VIP counter.

The freaks boogied off, to join the entourage following a female staffer in a scanty cocktail dress up the passageway at the far right.

* * *

“Mister Presidentá plays ‘The Great Game’ in the Reefer Room, yes he does,” said Filippé, as the group maneuvered past kids and teachers, to enter the Garden Room.

All three *Riefenstahl Communications* teams dressed in dark uniform that showed no individual names closed in on Filippé’s group, as everyone moved past the windows that showed snow-covered grounds of the garden beloved by First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy.

“Isn’t ‘Apparatchnik’ what the Soviets called their lackies?” muttered Rusty Chops.

“To work for Mister Presidentá, the ‘Apparatchnik’ must be loyal and obey,” said Filippé, as a Bright-Fart cam closed in for a close up with the model.

“There is so much my little Angel does not speak,” said Volaré, toward the Bright-Fart cam.

* * *

“Is war still Hell?” asked Filippé, as the group worked their way through the packed Garden Room.

“Find a Chaplain,” said Major Rusty Chops.

“Asymmetrical warfare opens new layers of Hell,” said General Goodwrench.

“Never give up,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

“True love outranks ranks,” said December.

The Apparatchnik looked directly to a Bright-Fart cam, smiled, and gave two thumbs up.

“Mister Presidentá gets mad when people are late,” said Filippé, checking his enormous watch.

“Mister Presidentá yells much, yes, so we must move faster, dat is right.” Filippé slipped into a light jog.

None paid no attention to Jacqueline Kennedy’s beloved garden.

* * *

Two *Riefenstahl Communications* teams carrying Bright-Fart cams picked up their pace, while a third whispered to Filippé and pointed to Nancy Bazooka.

“Why work for someone who yells every day?” said December, as she held her chest and jogged.

“No Apparatchnik is unhappy,” said Filippé, waving away the cam team, and moving to Nancy.

“Can the Apparatchnik sue if one is yelled at, called names and told to get out, no one cannot.” Filippé waved to a frivolity worker in a red-white-and-blue cocktail dress, who rushed and showed a clipboard. Seconds later, the staffer held Nancy’s hand, pulling her gently.

“I don’t like it,” said Nancy, waving.

“No!” said December.

“Protect each other,” said Nancy Bazooka, who got pulled to the far right, and rushed up the segregated passageway.

* * *

Filippé avoided a crowd of kids, pivoting into the East Colonnade.

Volaré struggled to keep up with the group.

“*Who is Dante?*” again barked Allen Goodwrench, lifting an arm to navigate around a schoolchild in a wheelchair. Just beyond stood several professional West Wing staffers.

“Does Dante S. Inferno say so many ‘big ideas’ that Mister Presidentá becomes happy, yes he does,” said Filippé.

As the General lowering his hand while running, he slapped the face of Senator Ronald McCain, who was on his knee in front of the child in a wheelchair. “Oh shit!” muttered the General.

A boy in a wheelchair showed fear.

“I ain’t no Shine-o-la,” said the Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, as he touched his cheek with one hand and waved away an aide with the other. “Call me ‘Ron,’ General, but I’m not the Ronald that sells burgers.” The Senator who had just been slapped showed in the warmth of a smile that there is nothing to fear but fear itself.

Next to the Chairman of the Senate Armed Services committee was a stunning woman in her 30s, wearing a yellow power suit, and who moved to the Senator to offer her hand. As she jerked forward to help the Senator stand, the woman’s enormous breasts jiggle in clearly-visible lingerie that one would likely wear for a web cam or sex date.

“You’re the National Security Advisor,” said General Goodwrench, to the voluptuous staffer.

Dr. Catnip – dressed in the revealing suit, risqué lingerie, heavy makeup, and thick eye shadow – gave no smile, and said nothing.

“The Chairman and Dr. Catnip speak in the Old Map Room before joining the President for the announcement of the next nomination for Secretary of Defense,” said an aide standing beside the National Security Advisor, who again said nothing.

“Obviously, no one wastes words here,” said Ronald McCain, as he stood and smiled to the child. “Dick Bomber hates me, so why waste time appearing in a reality TV show?” The Senator of Arizona politely smiled to the woman in web cam lingerie. “No offense.”

The soldiers looked at the maverick who bravely secured 90 votes in the Senate for legislative that banned the use of torture against an enemy, lest American personnel fall deeper into the abyss of Hell.

“We *must* go,” said the aide to Dr. Anekee Catnip.

“You would be a fine Secretary of De. . .,” said General Allen Goodwrench.

“Gobbley-gook!” interrupted McCain, as he said goodbye to the child, who smiled and waved.

“See you both at the Navy Mess for lunch,” said the Arizona man, to the brown-skinned child’s mother. The Senator smiled to Filippé. “I love the soup.”

The National Security Advisory checked her watch.

The woman and child waved and left.

* * *

The National Security Advisor – the only staffer to meet alone with the President each day, to deliver a daily briefing in the Oval Office – tapped on Ron McCain’s shoulder.

“We really need to go,” said the staffer with Dr. Catnip.

“Must we too, yes we must,” said Filippé, pointing to Lori and December. “The Big Apple tree room is next to the Old Map Room.”

A Bright-Fart cam got angled to shot a close-up of the National Security Advisor’s lingerie.

Seeing the National Security Advisory not smile, not speak, and not move, Filippé used the tip of his huge woolen scarf to lightly brush Dr. Anekee Catnip’s wristwatch, with a playful warm smile.

December tapped on her husband’s shoulder and pointed to Filippé’s scarf.

“Outrageous!” exclaimed the NSA staffer, as Dr. Catnip again said nothing. “Be ready for the President’s fury for treating his most important personal Advisor in that way!”

The male soldiers froze.

“The sexist pig lies about our secret agreement and I can’t say he attacked me,” said Lori Lewis.

“But you just did say something,” quietly said Dr. Anekee Catnip, in a thick east European accent.

“Doctor, the President ordered you to *never* speak to anyone!” exclaimed the deputy.

The warmth of Filippé evaporated.

“The Chairman and Advisor need to visit Mr. Putin in the Blue Room before seeing the President,” said the outraged staffer.

The Arizona Senator glared at the National Security Advisor’s deputy, and then looked to the north grounds blanketed the snow of America’s *Winter of Discontent*. “Let Hell freeze over before anyone in *this* building pours vodka into Vladimir’s cup,” said Ron McCain.

“Doctor Catnip, let’s *move!*” repeated the deputy, in tone of a ghost leader.

“And you’re not just being quiet?” asked the Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to the stunning east European, before turning to the CentComm commander. “This Admiral’s son will carry anything your Lieutenant needs, General.”

The National Security Advisor gave a cold eye to the Lieutenant and attempted to politely usher the Senator to the far right, leaving the two gorgeous older blond men, December and the three Army soldiers in the dustbin of history.

* * *

A triangle of *Riefenstahl Communications* Bright-Fart cam encircled the group, with one team closing in on the Major and General, while another shot Lori and December, while the group scowled at a chuckling *Kluster of Kaboose Klams* following two young women down the passageway on the far right.

“Must we go... very fast... yes we must,” said Filippé, also watching the Klams.

The *Riefenstahl Communications* teams tightened the triangle.

Volaré struggled to keep pace.

“At least *real* clowns are really clowns,” said December, swatting a hovering Bright-Fart cam.

“Creepy, but honest.”

To the far right, another grinning gaggle of Fat Cats prowled behind a woman in a cocktail dress. One of the Fat Cats laughed and swung his paw across the frivolity staffer’s butt.

December’s mouth opened.

Lori’s eyes tightened.

“Outrageous!” said General Allen Goodwrench.

Filippé buckled.

“Can we charge and attack, General?” asked Major Chops.

“Please, Sir,” said Lieutenant Lewis.

“We can’t beat absolute offense with weak defense on open territory,” said Allen Goodwrench.

“Dick Bomber owns the battlefield.”

A *Riefenstahl Communications* team just a foot away from the General, who shoved away the Bright-Fart cam.

“Must we move more quickly across the White Again House, yes we must,” said Filippé.

“*Shut up* with that,” yelled the General, as another cam closed in.

“Is Mister Presidentá the only man who can yell at me, yes he is,” fired back Filippé, looking to his father, Volaré, struggling to keep pace. “Dat is right.”

* * *

Filippé picked up his pace, charging ahead, with the soldiers and December navigating behind him, through the East Colonnade, until they approached the marble-tiled Visitor Foyer that links the East Wing with the enormous and elegant Center Hall, with its vaulted-ceilings and red carpets and potted plants.

In the middle – outside the wide double doors of the Diplomatic Reception Room – danced a pair of what appeared to be actual dragons, with one breathing tiny flares of fire and the other sending ice flakes.

The *Riefenstahl Communications* teams stayed close with Bright-Fart cams in a tight triangle. One Bright-Fart cam shot the women, another the male officers, and the third captured Filippé.

Volaré trailed.

“Is today a special day... the first *Day of the Hog* of the first *February*... for Mister Presidentá?” asked Filippé, sweat trickling down his face. “Yes... it is.”

“Ambush,” chanted Lori Lewis, as children watched dragons dance. “Total ambush.”

“Tight together, Lieutenant,” said Major Rusty Chops.

“A hard victor may come through tears,” said the General, as everyone entered the Visitor Foyer.
“Ask Winston Churchill or Ron McCain.”

Chapter Two – Walking Through Hell Across the Center Hall

Filippé, the soldiers and December – encircled by a *Riefenstahl Communications* triangle running with Bright-Fart cams – arrived in the wide double doors of the Visitor Foyer.

“Hey’a, Eye-Candy,” said Dante, with scraggly salt-and-pepper hair and wearing an ill-fitting suit. As he shook hands with the Apparatchnik, Dante stared at December, in a conservative-but-clinging dress. “Took you for frickin’ ever.”

“Is it not Dante S. Inferno, the Chief of Big Ideas, who works with the Devil on the many details, yes it is,” said Filippé.

“I’ll take the uniforms to the Oval Office, so you get the little wifey, in the President’s round castle,” said Dante, his eyes gazing at December’s chest. “Keep Miss Stripper nice and happy.”

“How dare you insult my wife,” yelled Lieutenant Lewis, lunging toward Dante.

Major Rusty Chops caught Lori’s hand, and pulled the Lieutenant back.

“What a complete pig,” growled December.

One *Riefenstahl Communications* team shot a Bright-Fart cam on Lori being pulled back while another captured the offended December and the third shot the smirking Dante.

“This’ll be a fun one,” chuckled Dante, motioning towards the middle of the Center Hall, where what appeared to be actual dragons methodically paced like military guards on a long, narrow stage that resembled the bridge connecting the demilitarized zone between the two Koreas. “C’mon, Lieutenant, go ahead and kiss your girl.”

“Fuck you,” hurled Lori.

“Memories,” said Dante S. Inferno, who watched Lieutenant Lori Lewis clutch her wife’s hand, while both stood closely together. “You’ll get some big ones today.”

* * *

“Five pm last night for...?” demanded General Allen Goodwrench, who stopped dead, and saw to the near left, a formal flag pole holding the Stars and Bars and a marble pillar with a statue of Robert E. Lee, guarded on either side by a middle-aged man dressed in a gray uniform. “What the Hell’s going on!”

Riefenstahl Communications kept shooting.

December clutched Lori, and the Major went shoulder-to-shoulder with the Four Star General.

“My little Angel,” said Volaré, entering the Center Hall.

“So many beautiful rooms to show, but we are not allowed in the White Room,” said Filippé, his hand motioning to Confederates.

One Bright-Fart cam team stepped tight to the married couple for a close up of a frightened woman and a furious one. Another cam showed the two senior officers, outraged as a *Kluster of Kaboose Klams* swaggered out of what once had been called the Verneil Room.

“Sweet Jesus,” gasped Major Rusty Chops. “Violent open rebellion.”

“The Boss’ll get rich on this one,” crowed the Chief of Big Ideas.

* * *

Filippé waved to several “Ring the Bell” women in scanty red-white-&-blue cocktail dress, and smiled to the female frivolity staffers, condemned to lead snickering, snorting, leering, gluttonous Fat Cats, past the newly-labeled White Room, toward the next door, at the eastern edge of the dragons’ DMZ, where a mounted sign declared, “Really Red Room” above “VIPs Only.”

A cocktail waitress bearing steins served beer to extended Klam fists at the status of Robert E. Lee, and one felt up the worker, causing a slosh to splash across her red-white-and-blue dress.

Another waitress needed to lean forward to push a short cart of wine bottles, as a Klam with “Brain” tattooed on his neck rolled his hand over her rear.

Filippé and Volaré watched one woman yell and the other cry.

* * *

The ornately-vaulted Center Hall dominates the ground-floor level of the main Residence of the nation's most important building, President Dick Bomber's White Again House, where crowds of New Ks and Fat Cats leered at passing frivolity staffers doomed to "Ring the Bells" over the elegant red carpets running almost the length of a football field.

At the doorway of the next room, a chained dragon obeyed a yelling Klam, and blew ice from its lips, when the creature reached the end of the DMZ stage.

Two bloated Fat Cats stumbled out of a wide door, where a sign declared "Old China Room" above words of "Really Red Room." The frivolity worker bent forward to push the wine wagon delivered a glass to the Fat Cats, each carrying a platter heaped with food.

Riefenstahl Communications kept shooting.

"Fuck," said Major Rusty Chops.

Dante smiled to Filippé, pointing beyond the bloated Fat Cats, to the wide double doors where another chained dragon guarded the west end of the DMZ, where a sign read "Old Diplomatic Reception Room" above the words, "The Pleasure Palace."

"Oh my God," said the General.

One of the Bright-Fart cams captured Dante's order. "Take Miss Stripper into the Pleasure Palace," said the Chief of Big Ideas, pointing down the carpets. "Make her eat from the tree."

* * *

"No!" screamed December, as Filippé looked to his father, who showed panic.

"Do what'chur told, Eye-Candy!" demanded Dante S. Inferno, pointing westward, to the chained dragons patrolling the DMZ.

"Fuck you!" yelled Lori Lewis, throwing her leg and smacking away Filippé's enormous arm.

"Is this great, or what?" smiled the Chief of Big Ideas.

The General protected his Lieutenant's wife and the Major pulled Lori away from the gorgeous giant, as three Bright-Fart cams captured the reality of Dick Bomber's new home.

Fat men in clearly expensive outfits laughed and skinheads in cheap white suits snickered.

"Is it beautiful amber malt, yes it is," nervously declared Filippé, as a man with a swastika tattoo grabbed a stein from a terrified female staffer and chugged. The gorgeous man stammered. "I, uh, am not, uh, sure of what next I can do."

Dante stared at December's chest. "Get her in there, Eye-Candy, and wait til the Boss arrives."

"... Don't take my husband!" shrieked December.

"... Please, General!" yelled Lori Lewis.

"This is a war!" fired Major Rusty Chops.

* * *

"White Rooms still needs the right paint," said Dante, looking past a pair of New Ks outside the door of the old Vermeil Room, as he pulled a star on the General's shoulder. "Let's go, uniform."

"My little Angel must not be evil to the many bee-u-tea-ful womans," begged Volaré, as a *Riefenstahl Communications* team captured the scene.

The Chief of Big Ideas trading a fake smile with Filippé. "Be a good Apparatchnik," said Dante, motioning mid-way down the red carpets. Acting like a college professor, Dante aimed himself toward the Bright-Fart cam next to Filippé. "We're going to Big Dick #1 for fifteen minutes, in and out, so obey my frickin' orders, uniforms," spewed Dante. "Wife Lady, have some fun with Eye-Candy."

"Is not the sweet beautiful wife... faithful with true love... to her brave husband, yes she is," nervously declared Filippé, awaiting the faint smile that did not come from December, or any gracious nod from Lori. "Yes... it is so very right."

“You’re not the Chain-of-Command!” yelled the General, yanking Dante’s hand from his shoulder, “so fucking burn in Hell.”

“December!” hissed Nancy Bazooka, rushing out of the Pleasure Palace, with a pair of Bright-Fart cams encircling her.

“Nancy!” yelled December, rushing over to the daughter of Frank Bazooka, both clutching each other in terror.

“Get ’em in the Palace!” ordered Dante, to a skinhead crew of New Ks, who rushed across the Center Hall, and swarmed December and Nancy. “Treat ’em good! Don’t do any crap! Treat ’em good!” Dante turned to a *Riefenstahl Communications* team. “Cut most of this shit out.”

The General, Major and Lieutenant charged to the DMZ, to rescue December and Nancy.

“Fire and ice!” yelled Dante, and the Klam with the word “Brain” tattooed on his neck used a whip to furiously command the pair of enslaved Asian dragons. A flaring fire halted the soldiers and a burst of ice sent December and Nancy to the wide doors of the old Diplomatic Reception Room, which now featured a sign for the “Pleasure Palace” that showed a tree marked as the “Big Apple.”

“Isn’t this really great?” asked Dante S. Inferno, to a Bright-Fart cam team. “Be nice, Eye Candy, and protect those little girls from the big, bad New Ks.”

The Apparatchnik meekly crossed the demilitarized zone and placed his hand on December’s shoulder. Volare rushed to be with his son and the two women.

“Filippé... seems nice,” nervously said December.

“He’s... he’s... he’s a nice young man,” said Nancy.

“Walk ’em a little faster, Tattler!” ordered Dante, and six pair of Klams rushed out of the White Room, to seize the soldiers. The middle-aged men standing next to Robert E. Lee chuckled.

“Kill us now!” yelled Lieutenant Lori L Lewis, as a *Kluster of Kaboose Klams* swarmed the three officers, and violently seized each soldier by the arms.

The Tattler swung a whip across the back of a dragon, and flame blew onto the Palace doors.

Lieutenant Lewis watched her wife and Nancy drag themselves away from the smoldering door, with Filippé and Volaré guarding them, and the four entered the ovular-shaped room, and went to a huge yellow couch, next to a rotating fake Big Apple tree.

“Take some nice video,” said Dante, who instructed a Bright-Fart cam crew to take position across from the couch, and for the other two crews to walk behind the New Ks dragging the three officers toward the western edge of the Center Hall.

* * *

As soldiers continued a death march, all looked toward the old Map Room.

Dante limply waved to the National Security Advisor, who buttoned her blouse and absorbed screaming discontent from Senator Ronald McCain, being pulled out of the room where Franklin Roosevelt studied maps of the world at war.

“No!” yelled the graveled voice, as the NSA’s deputy and three Klams dragged the maverick out of the western-most door of the Center Hall, now labeled as the “Blue Vodka Room.” The Arizona Senator broke away and charged to the soldiers, but fire flared from a whipped dragon, forcing the former POW to halt at the edge of the DMZ.

“Doctor, you get fun time in the Oval Office before the announcement,” smiled Dante, as the cam teams filmed New Ks escorting the officers. “Time for uniforms to visit happy wives in the Palm Room.”

A slurring burly chested man beside the unsmiling Russian President repeatedly asked Dr. Catnip to marry him.

PART II – TEXT ORIGINALLY POSTED IN JANUARY 2017

Chapter Three – The Bells of Liberty and Union Aren’t Ringing in the Palm Room

“C’mon, uniforms, move,” said Dante S. Inferno, as three soldiers and a Bright-Fart CAM team rushed to the end-zone of the red carpets, toward the massive French doors that connect the CENTER HALL with the PALM ROOM.

Lieutenant Lori Lewis and Major Rusty Chops marched behind General Allen Goodwrench, slowing to a near-halt once. The Chief of Big Ideas pulled the French doors open and the soldiers entered. A clearly unhappy FRIVOLITY staffer in a red-white-&-blue cocktail dress didn’t smile to Dante.

Scores of elegantly-dressed women packed the PALM ROOM, standing so close to one another that they nearly blocking any possible view of tall potted plants and the lattice-lined walls. Four women holding canes sat on a beautiful, humble bench that celebrates earlier walks through sunshine on the ROSE GARDEN.

The CAM team panned scowling guests checking watches or phones, unhappily drinking wine, or pecking at a beautiful trough of magnificent foods, coffee, and desserts.

“Liberty and Union will walk us to the OVAL OFFICE,” said Dante, as the group slowly marched through the PALM ROOM, barely able to advance. “Gotta wait for Mengetlaid’s thumbs up.”

An ovular shaped painting of *Liberty* rose above a bench giving rest to women holding canes. The large artwork, resting on a summer-like wall of lattice, depicted a beautiful young woman, of waving dark blonde hair, shown with glory in a peasant’s white dress, and flowing red cape. *Liberty* holds a sword in the right hand and a spear in the left. A hand bears a crown of green leaves. The American Flag flutters behind her, above mountains and a forest.

“The Liberty chick makes the President happy, even though she’s feisty as Hell on her second day,” said Dante, as he waved down a stunning African-American woman, trapped in a red-white-&-blue cocktail dress. She hesitantly extended a tray offering giant goblets of shrimp. Dante’s hand clutched food, as his eyes slouched downward. “It’s great to be the King.”

The Bright-Fart CAM kept their aim at the three stiff-lipped soldiers, each displaying utter disgust.

Dante leered to Liberty, ditched the soldiers, to push through a crowds, to the trough.

The FRIVOLITY staffer, whose White Again House badge bore the name “Liberty,” repeatedly whispered, “Just quit.”

Lieutenant Lori Lewis looked beyond everyone, southward, to the windows, where a blizzard of sorrow continued to fall upon the ROSE GARDEN.

“We should get a Chaplain to burn incense,” said Rusty Chops, as Lori watched the unending silence of a nation’s winter of discontent.

* * *

Lieutenant Lori Lewis’s braided blonde hair glowed as a midsummer’s sunlight flooded across the PALM ROOM. The tunic of the soldier’s dress greens displayed a Presidential Unit Citation on her chest. She embraced crutches. Beside her stood a resplendent December Carrera, her eyes the embrace of love and devotion, skin deeply tanned, and long hair cascading in raven-black waves over her shoulders. A cowgirl stood in front of them, in a freshly-washed, strongly-starched white riding top and crisp jeans, shined-up boots, and holding a page of poetry over a Holy Book.

* * *

Inside the PALM ROOM stood another ovular-shaped portrait created in 1869 by Constantini Brumidi. *Union* showed another beautiful dark-blonde female, wearing a similar gown of white, her feet bare, and her body wrapped by a cape of red on one side and blue on the other. The arms of *Union* stretched upward, to hold an emblem of red and white stripes under a field of blue. An eagle stretches wings to protect her, clutching the arrows of war and peace resting in leaves of honor.

“Isn’t that my lawyer, Gillie Ross?” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

The General turned quickly to his junior officers. “The attorney who hammered out a secret deal with Firestone, after you almost killed Bomber?”

Lori pointed toward ovular-shaped artwork.

There stood the military-appointed JAG attorney who hammered out an agreement sparing Staff Sergeant Lori L Lewis from a military court and possible imprisoned forever, after she had defended herself against a Congressman during his violent attempted rape, and whom she had slammed into unconsciousness and near-death.

The attorney saw the General and two junior officers. Her face rose from simmering fury to absolute joy.

The General nodded to Lieutenant Lewis, who dived into an ocean of guests and swam toward *Union*.

* * *

Captain Gillie Ross entered the Bagram interrogation room and sat across from Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis.

“They told me you’re the one who got the shackles off me,” said Staff Sergeant Lori L Lewis, to the assigned JAG.

Both looked to dark bruises across the soldier’s wrists.

“You’re the victim, here,” said the Captain, opening an attaché case and pulling out a plastic bag, and a yellow legal pad and ballpoint pen. “I know you’ve been questioned for hours after Bomber demanded that you be imprisoned.” Gillie Ross pointed to the plastic bag. “I don’t have access to your statements yet.” The attorney looked at the blank pad, before looking at Lori. “This is awful, but I need you to walk through the attack last night.” Gillie Ross motioned to the plastic bag. “They let me bring some things... a top, panties, socks, sweats... you know.”

“I didn’t tell them anything,” said Lori, looking into the bag. “Thank you.”

“You don’t have to tell me anything right now, if you’re still unsure what to do,” said the Captain.

Lori looked at the officer and stayed silent for nearly a minute.

“We don’t have to talk,” said the Captain. She opened the attaché case, and put away pen and pad. “As long as I’m in here, they can’t put you back into the cell without my permission. I can give you space.”

“So,” said Lori, slowly, “what’s your name?”

“What?” asked the Captain.

“It’s not ‘Captain.’”

“Gillie,” said the JAG. “Gillie Ross.”

“Like, Jill?”

“With a ‘G’ and an ‘-i-e-’ at the end,” said the attorney. “Ask my folks. No idea why they chose it.”

“Gillie Ross,” said Lori. After nearly another minute, she added, “You’ll never guess mine.”

“You mean the L in the middle?” said Gillie Ross.

“No one knows why there isn’t a period,” said Lori L Lewis.

“I just got ordered here by CentCom,” said Captain Gillie Ross. “Maybe coverage from when you won medals at the Summer Games?”

“I’ve told the person I’m seeing and one friend from childhood,” said Lori.

“So what’s the L?”

Another minute of silence passed, as two soldiers kept eyes locked. “Lambchop.”

The attorney showed confused eyes.

“You know?” said Lori, slowly, poking socks that the attorney brought. “My mom told my dad that she wanted the little sheep that she loved to be my middle name.”

Gillie Ross's eyes slowly warmed.

"My dad just said, 'We can't send a kid to school who is named after a sock puppet.'" Lori clutched a new pair of socks. "Guess he won that one."

"Lori Lambchop Lewis," said Gillie Ross, gently.

"There's no period, so it's not a word, but my mom wanted the letter," said Lori. "Don't tell anyone. I'll know it's you."

"It's an honor to carry the secret."

* * *

General Allen Goodwrench nodded slightly to Lieutenant Lori L Lewis, who swam away, past a beautiful Asian woman in a cocktail dress who unhappily extended a tray of glasses holding white or red wine or blue vodka. In front of *Union*, Lori rose from a tide of unhappy souls to hug Captain Gillie Ross. They held one another in the spot where the previous President and First Lady watched Lori, on crutches, marry December.

* * *

"I owe you everything, Gillie," said Lori Lewis, as the two officers released their hug, each bumping their arms into a packed crowd of scowling-but-elegant women.

"It's nice that you got married her after Tampa, Lambchop," said Captain Ross, using a word that only she could unlock for a woman who fought the same battle.

The two officers in dress greens again hugged.

* * *

"Where's the blonde bimbo?" asked Dante, holding wine in one hand, and several tiny roast beef sandwiches wrapped in a fabric napkin held by the other.

"Don't say that about active-duty personnel," said Rusty Chops. "Or... anyone."

"That woman saved lives," added Allen Goodwrench. "Show some respect."

"Go get her," demanded the Chief of Big Ideas. "She'll be ringing her own bells in a minute, after Big Dick #1 gets a look at her."

* * *

"It's not just 'Ross' now," said the Captain standing before *Union*. "Got married after Bagram." She paused. "Sort'a feel stupid now about getting married."

"You never know until you know," said Lori. "You know?"

"You met and hated him," said Gillie Ross. "I didn't like him, either." The officers went silent. "Brag about his rebel family."

"The aide to the pig?" gasped Lori Lewis.

"Robert E. Lee wasn't a pig," said Gillie Ross. "He was as gracious..."

"You married Dick Bomber's guy?" said Lori. "That wild pig attacked me repeatedly."

"It took half-a-day to hammer out the agreement to get attempted murder charges dropped against you and no accusation against him," said the Army JAG lawyer. "Neither liked it, but we followed orders." Gillie Ross dabbed away a tear. "After a battle, there we were together."

Neither spoke inside the crowded PALM ROOM, as grumbling women bumped into each officer.

"Are you, like, *Southern*, too?" asked Lori.

"Ohio," said Gillie Ross, looking up to *Union*.

"Riley Beach was Blue, too," said Lori Lewis. "My grandmother's grandfather."

"Didn't think the rebel stuff would matter, but it digs into me," said the Army lawyer. "How come it rips me apart from someone I married?"

"The past matters, if it's alive inside," said Lori.

The two soldiers looked upward, to the artwork depicting *Union*.

“Riley got thrown into Andersonville, where most Union soldier died from starvation or cholera,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis. “He scribbled scraps of paper, that if he lived, he’d become a Methodist minister.” Each wiped away tears. “After the war, he took land in west Nebraska. He was the only one who could read and write, so he was the preacher and teacher and helped neighbors with letters as postmaster.”

“The rebel thing is tearing us apart, and my guy’s *gracious*,” said Gillie. “It’s like that novelist who wrote, ‘The past isn’t even the past.’”

“Yeh,” said Riley’s great-great-granddaughter. “That stuff matters.”

Major Rusty Chops maneuvered his body past unsmiling souls, to reach two Captains, and *Union*. “We’re rolling, Lieutenant,” said Chops, as he placed a hand on the wide shoulder of a soldier-and-athlete in dress greens. He pointed to *Liberty*, where General Goodwrench waited for the junior officers.

Gillie handed a business card that read, GILLIE ROSS-FIRESTONE, CAPTAIN, U.S. ARMY, JAG.” The two female soldiers hugged once again.

Major Rusty Chops exercised graciousness in a handshake to the lawyer, before he and Lori Lewis moved toward *Liberty*.

“She married the bird Colonel I freaked out about this morning,” said Lori.

“Ambush,” whispered Rusty Chops, as the pair migrated across the crowded PALM ROOM.

“Can’t be anything else,” said Lewis, as the two junior officers approached the Chief of Big Ideas and the CentCom General. The FRIVOLITY staffers – Liberty and Union, each in red-white-&-blue cocktail dresses – stood next to the General, unsmiling, lips clenched.

Dante S. Inferno impatiently checked his watch, as the soldiers approached. He motioned to the FRIVOLITY staffers to push their way through the crowd of unhappy souls.

* * *

The Bells of *Liberty* and *Union* – themselves wearing nothing to cloak their short cocktail dresses – led Dante, the soldiers, and Bright-Fart CAM team westward through French doors of the PALM ROOM, onto the WEST COLONNADE. Unending snowflakes gently delivered bitter cold across the ROSE GARDEN, draping its flowers and grounds in a blanket of sadness.

Union ran straight ahead, and banged on the enormous French doors that lead into a main lobby to the WEST WING.

Dante S. Inferno strolled casually and smiled as the bitter blizzard danced over the ROSE GARDEN. The soldiers and other FRIVOLITY staffer followed Dante’s sluggishly, as all shivered outside the WEST WING. Union waited outside the door that she could not open.

Lieutenant Lori Lewis looked to her left, over snow-frosted hedges, across a snow-covered lawn, far beyond, to the rising Washington Monument, which First Lady Dolly Madison had raised money to build.

“Stop disturbing powerful rich people, Barbie,” Dante snickered to Union, when the group finally reached the French doors. The Chief of Big Ideas aimed his lips toward the Bright-Fart CAM team. “You stay right here while the black bimbo rings her own bells.”

“You can’t do that,” said Major Rusty Chops. Lori’s eyes supported the Major, who himself turned to the General. “We can’t leave a WHITE HOUSE employee to freeze in a blizzard.”

“Don’t forget the new name, uniform,” said Dante, sneering as he leered over Liberty.

The stunning African-American woman spit on Dante’s shoe.

Dante looked at the spit on his foot, and showed the amusement of absolute power. “You’re funny.” The Chief of Big Ideas lifted his foot and used Rusty Chops pants to clear his shoe. The General and Lieutenant grabbed the Major, as he threw a fist. Dante laughed. “Big Dick #1 gets to play.”

General Allen Goodwrench and Lieutenant Lori Lewis held the Major, until all three let go of fury. Liberty and Union looked at each other. The soldiers again looked to Union, the woman who could trade Hollywood for a rodeo horse. The General silently motioned to her, that she follow him.

“What did I tell you, uniform?” barked Dante, pushing his hand past the General to shove Union. “Barbie only gets inside by shaking her bells.”

The officers stood frozen, unable to move, as Dante turned southward, toward the OVAL OFFICE. General Allen Goodwrench removed his own jacket, and extended his hand to Union.

The CAM team held aim.

“Take back that government issued suit,” yelled Dante, across the blizzard. “You don’t own that.”

“You’re not in the Chain of Command,” answered the General Staff officer.

Dante chuckled. “I’ll let that one pass.” Dante ripped the General’s coat away from Union’s hands, and threw it to the CentComm commander, and turned toward the OVAL OFFICE. “Do what I tell you.”

Union’s badge gently jingled, as her body shook in the sub-freezing temperature. Union looked at the Chief of Big Ideas.

“We arrived in Hell,” said Major Rusty Chops.

“Try working her,” said Liberty.

After looking inside the French doors, Union waved away the officers. Two women and two men turned away from her and followed Dante.

Three active-duty military personnel said nothing.

Women wearing short cocktail dress could say nothing.

Snow could not stop falling.

Chapter Four – Where’s President Dick Bomber’s Fucking Lighter

“Move, uniforms,” grunted Dante S. Inferno, to the three soldiers, and a tall African-American woman whose FRIVOLITY badge bore, *Liberty*, under White Again House. The four stood next to a patio table and chairs, one second away from the touchdown of entering the OVAL OFFICE.

The *Riefenstahl Communications* Bright-Fart CAM team shot the play.

Liberty shivered, as Dante casually looked at various keys on a huge ring.

The ROSE GARDEN lay under snow, absent the warmth of love’s grace.

Down the WEST COLONNADE stood a blonde, declared Union, a movie star, or rodeo champion, visibly shaking, pounding a door adjacent to the OPEN CABINET ROOM, cast into a blizzard’s embrace, left to freeze, as winter’s discontent engulfed the District of Columbia.

“Gimme your order!” ordered Dante, as he wagged keys against the OVAL OFFICE door. Lieutenant Lori Lewis handed a facsimile received the night before to the General, who handed over the printed order. A beep sounded. “You’s sez nuthin’, uniforms!” Dante swung open the door to the most important office in the world, muttering to a Muslim woman forced to wear a scanty cocktail dress. “Black chick moves, but uniforms stand like paintings!”

Liberty shivered openly and rushed through the open door of the OVAL OFFICE.

The Bright-Fart CAM team rushed in behind her.

The soldiers did not look into the OVAL OFFICE. Instead, they kept looking to Union, who continued pounding on a door not being opened. No quarterback threw a bomb down the WEST COLONNADE. The glimmering prismatic light of snowflakes embraced Union, who held no Oscar, or galloped on a horse.

“Obey your Commander-in-Chief!” yelled Dante.

The eyes of the soldiers stayed locked upon Union.

“We can’t leave her there,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis. “She’ll freeze to death.”

“Barbie should ring bells like Jihad Girl,” grunted Dante, who wagged fingers to the dark-skinned woman just inside the OVAL OFFICE. “Do your job, Liberty.”

The soldiers turned, and looked inside the world’s most important ovular-shaped room.

The OVAL OFFICE seemed to have been struck by a tornado, or earthquake, or violent robbery, or a drunken brawl, with couches covered under debris, chairs knocked over, with a table broken, and garments of men and women buried under food and drinks.

Amidst debris upon the world’s most important sofas laid three unconscious men, two nearly naked and one wearing a clown outfit.

On one couch lay President Dick Bomber, wearing briefs, with a blue bottle on his chest, and tiny sandwiches smashed onto his face.

On the other sofa lay a sleeping clown looking ready for summersaults, wearing a red-white-&-blue suit, a round red nose, bright green cones of hair, and an enormous embroidered hat.

Next to the clown lay a third hibernating flatulent beast, snorting, sprawled face-down, his head buried under a stained pillow, and wearing only pungent briefs and one sock. .

The OVAL OFFICE reeked of marijuana, likely due to an enormous bong that stood on the world’s most important coffee table, next to a platter of tiny roast beef sandwiches. Anarchy embraced wine bottles, beer jugs, and the debris of food spread across couches, other furniture, and the world’s most ornate golden ovular-shaped carpet. Next to the President lay a clearly-expensive lighter on the carpet, atop a burned hole.

A fourth man – petite and the only one awake – wore a highly-priced-but-obviously-old black suit, and sat on a chair close to the clown, and nervously smoked.

“Hey’a, Yosef,” grunted Dante.

The petite man looked without a smile to every person, and continued smoking, flicking ashes onto the world’s most important ovular shaped carpet.

“Oh my God,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

“This is... inconceivable,” said Major Rusty Chops, looking around.

“You’re *choosing* to slide down the mountain, into Hell, and you *know* it,” snarled Liberty, to the petite smoker sitting on a beautiful chair, next to the newly-appointed Chief of Staff Billy T. Booz-!!-O. “Wild pigs, an evil clown, and a smoking White Devil.”

Propaganda Chief Mengetlaid smiled weakly, and blew smoke.

“The Devil’s gotta work,” said Dante, as he eyed Liberty’s body, and then nodded to Mengetlaid. Dante slammed the OVAL OFFICE door shut.

“Only a personal opinion,” sputtered the Propaganda Chief, motioning to the clown next to him, “but is it wise to hire a clown?”

“Big Dick #1 wants people to laugh,” declared the Chief of Big Ideas, waving to Liberty and across chaos. “He wants funny... *funny*... so people don’t pay attention to ‘Other Shit.’” Dante did a full-body scan of Liberty.

“Too many people hate clowns,” said the Chief of Propaganda.

“If people ignore shit because they’re laughing, we win,” chuckled Dante.

The Chief of Propaganda blew smoke toward the sleeping beast laying face down. “Words that mean nothing, and then make people laugh.” Mengetlaid smoked, coughed, smiled, and blew smoke.

General Allen Goodwrench looked at three snoring men on the world’s most important sofas. He locked eyes with the smoker. “And you’re just a press deputy?”

The man inhaled deeply, and blew smoke towards the clown, causing the Chief of Staff to cough. “Someone’s got to own the media.” Yosef Mengetlaid smiled to the *Riefenstahl Communications* Bright-Fart team and flicked ashes onto the clown’s face.

Liberty displayed absolute fury at the anarchy within the OVAL OFFICE. “Pigs!”

“Shut yer mouth!” ordered Dante, inhaling Liberty body. “All’ah yews!”

No soldier moved, except to share Liberty’s rage.

“Where’s the attractive National Security Advisor?” asked Mengetlaid, flicking ash onto the carpet.

“With some Senator probably watching her get felt up by Vlad in the BLUE ROOM,” replied Dante.

The petite smoker stood up, eyed Lori Lewis up and down, sneered at the two male soldiers, and flicked his burning cigarette onto the face of the sleeping clown. “Make her dance the morning briefing on the patio, and bring that attractive man who makes the sun shine.” Yosef Mengetlaid lifted a tiny sandwich from the table, and then threw it onto the clown’s face, and swiftly walked out of the OVAL OFFICE.

The clown – smoke beginning to rise from a cheek – leapt up. A red-white-&-blue hat, and a green cone of hair, fell off his head. “Got a problem with professionals?” demanded WHITE HOUSE Chief of Staff Billy T. Booz-!!-O, who brushed away a cigarette and tiny sandwich from his face, and grabbed a huge hat that read, “MAKE AMERICA LAUGH AGAIN.” He popped a roast-beef sandwich, and did several summersaults out of the OVAL OFFICE.

The soldiers – eyes and mouths opened wide – stood speechless.

As Liberty went to work, the soldiers entered the OVAL OFFICE.

At the center of the world’s most important room, sprawled on the world’s most important couches, lay President Dick Bomber on one couch, and the remaining beast on the other, inches from a remaining cone of the Chief of Staff’s green hair.

Big Dick #1 – who cracked offensive jokes during a general election against an opponent reduced to babbling defense – belched, causing a piece of roast beef to fall off his lips.

A junior office in dress greens turned to a commanding officer. “We’ve got to save Union,” said Major Rusty Chops.

“Union will freeze,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

“Yes,” quietly declared General Allen Goodwrench. “That’s gotta be now.”

“It’ll get worse when the wild pigs wake up,” said Liberty, who pushed a cart so small that she had to bend provocatively.

“The President loves when the frisky black chick bends like that,” said Dante, as the most powerful beast in the world snored. The Chief of Big Ideas hissed to the soldiers. “Quiet, uniforms!”

Dick Bomber – the B-52 pilot, television star, and rich businessman pushing reefer – woke up.

“Freeze, uniforms!” ordered Dante, who smiled. “This’ll be fun.”

Lieutenant Lori Lewis saw snow falling on the ROSE GARDEN, on the first Friday of the first full month of Dick Bomber’s presidency, on Groundhog Day, just thirteen days after Big Dick #1’s “BOOM! BABY!” Inaugural.

The *Riefenstahl Communications* team shooting for Bright-Fart’s special Groundhog coverage rushed past the soldiers, to capture the President, aiming the CAM a foot from his face, for a warm close-up.

The eyes of Big Dick #1 opened. His stained tee-shirt smelled of beer and roast beef. As the President lifted an arm, a blue vodka bottle rolled off and splashed last ounces onto the golden carpet.

Liberty filled the small cart with remnants of a tornado.

Dante silently waved to the CAM team, who aimed the Bright-Fart CAM at a Muslim woman. “Make this Groundhog shit look great, Liberty!”

She scowled, but continued methodically gathering debris.

Stunned soldiers stood like paintings.

The world’s most powerful soul brushed away a small beautiful sandwich mashed onto his cheek. The President of the United States of America managed to sit up. With eyes barely open, Mr. PotUSA used his sandwich-smear hand to brush back his blonde toupee. President Dick Bomber reached for the bong.

“How ’bout no reefer right now,” gently chimed the Chief of Big Ideas, carefully lifting the massive bubbler from the coffee table. “Got funny shit and Groundhog gizmos to hit the money circles around the red-white-&-blue troughs.” Dante placed the bong on the President’s desk, the only empty surface in the OVAL OFFICE. “Mengetlaid emcees you and the clown firing people in front of Bright-Fart.”

The President sat upright, showing no awareness of *Riefenstahl Communications* workers several feet away, holding the Bright-Fart CAM for close-ups. The leader of the free world stared at a tall, scantily-clad black woman, forced to lean provocatively, and push a tiny cart. Dick Bomber grinned.

Dante waited for the President to complete an examination of the FRIVOLITY staffer’s body. “You wake-and-bake in the REFEER ROOM, brag about a new appointee on Secretary of Defense in OPEN CABINET, and do fake chugs in Red-White-&-Blue, before the big Groundhog shit.” Dante pointed to the beast across from the President. “You and the clown make people laugh big today, so you ought’a use OPEN CABINET to stop liking that loser.” The beast farted. “Sleeps here every fuckin’ night.”

The President looked around, and then spoke. “Where’s my fuckin’ lighter.” Dick Bomber squinted at a drunken Senator who’s chugged beer, wine and vodka in the OVAL OFFICE for two weeks. “People like funny shit.”

The soldiers stood unmoving.

“People like to laugh,” agreed Dante, pointing to the sleeping Dick Bomber, “but nobody’s laughing when the pig tries to rape FRIVOLITY bimbos in front of a Bright-Fart CAM every fuckin’ night!” The Chief of Big Ideas paused, giving the President both space and time to consider a complex decision. “You hired a real clown last night to make people laugh.” Dante motioned to the sleeping Dick Bomber. “Dump that piece’a shit.”

Liberty left an ashtray on the world’s most important coffee table and had to then bend further to pick up empty bottles from America’s most beautiful carpet.

The President of the United States of America locked his eyes on Liberty’s ass, lewdly snorting.

Three wide-eyed soldiers maintained positions as paintings.

President Dick Bomber blindly dragged his fingers across the coffee table, before bumping against an ashtray. POTUSA 45 grabbed a half-smoked cigarette from the ashtray. “Where’s the fucking lighter?” repeated the President of the United States of America.

The Bright-Fart CAM got inches away from the President.

The Chief of Big Ideas tapped on a *Riefenstahl Communications* worker’s shoulder. “What’s viral on the Inaugural.”

The *Riefenstahl Communications* photographer continued shooting the Bright-Fart CAM, as the notekeeper flipped through a binder.

“Speech,” said the notekeeper. “Twenty-two minutes...”

The President smiled. “See? People love that... ‘BOOM! BABY!’”

The *Riefenstahl Communications* photographer shot the pleased President.

“Take away ‘BOOM! BABY!’... about seven minutes,” said the notekeeper. “Bad viral.”

The President contemplated information provided by staff.

The soldiers looked to Liberty, each chained by invisible shackles.

The President watched Liberty bending and spread his legs while looking at the Muslim’s body.

“What about the ‘White Again House’ shit the New Ks wanted?” asked the Chief of Big Ideas.

“Unpopular online, but sells the 24/7 rooms,” replied the *Riefenstahl Communications* worker.

“Making huge red-white-&-blue money.”

Dick Bomber found a lighter, lit a smoke, and contemplated decision making.

Dick Bomber continued hibernation, snorting under the pillow that covered the beast’s head.

Liberty, moving the small cart past the sleeping beast, gently spit onto the Senator’s back.

“Get your favorite wild pig outta here,” Dante told Liberty.

“I’m not breaking my back to lift some drunken violent beast!” responded the FRIVOLITY staffer.

The pillow covering Dick Bomber’s head tumbled off the couch, as the sleeping beast brushed near a spit wad.

“Get him outta here!” repeated the Chief of Big Ideas, shaking fingers toward the sleeping Senator.

General Allen Goodwrench motioned to Major Rusty Chops and Lieutenant Lori Lewis, as he crept silently across the OVAL OFFICE, where he shoved his arms underneath a sleeping beast’s legs.

“C’mon, Lieutenant!” whispered Major Rusty Chops, as he inched toward the General.

“That’s who attacked me,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis, eyes locked on the Senator of North Carolina.

Liberty watched Lori Lewis.

“He kept trying to rape me in Afghanistan,” said the Lieutenant.

* * *

“Colonel Firestone!” barked Congressman Dick Bomber, as he swung open the passenger’s door of the Humvee carrying the politician across a base being toured in Afghanistan. “Would you kindly walk Major Chops to his quarters?” Bomber turned to Rusty Chops. “Major, I think this is where you get off.”

“Congressman, that was not...”

“I believe you’re in good hands with a U-nited States Army Colonel,” said the Congressman.

Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis eyed the two men in the rear-view mirror. “Major, isn’t the plan for...”

“You are not a part of this discussion, Sergeant,” snarled Bomber. “This is between two officers and a Congressman. Keep your trap shut.”

* * *

Lieutenant Lori Lewis saw the General and Major trying to lift the unconscious Dick Bomber, the former Congressman who had been elected to the Senator just weeks after returning from Afghanistan.

* * *

Congressman Dick Bomber sat with his legs apart and his arms spread across the rear seat of the Humvee, as Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis sat behind the steering wheel, looking into the vehicle's rear-view mirror. "So, Miss Lewis, do you intend to fight me tonight?"

* * *

"I can't touch him," said Lieutenant Lewis, as the two male soldiers motioned for her to help remove the unconscious politician from the OVAL OFFICE. "He wanted me in prison for defending myself." The President of the United States of America lit another cigarette.

* * *

Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis gripped the wheel. "If you mean do I intend to resist another attempted sexual assault, then, yes, Congressman, I intend to defend myself and hurt you if I have to."

"Such big words," snickered Bomber. "Why not simply enjoy this next part of the lovely evening. We can have a very good time here in Afghanistan."

"The President, the Vice President, the Secretary of Defense, and the Chain of Command. . ."

"Your own Chain of Command just walked away, Sergeant," grinned Bomber, reaching down and adjusting his crotch. "There's no one who'll hear you scream in a combat zone, Miss Olympic Winner. You're about to earn a gold medal. Welcome to Hell, Miss Lewis."

* * *

The President of the United States of America sucked his cigarette heavily. He looked to the Chief of Big Ideas, and waved his cigarette at two male soldiers. "Who the Hell are they?"

* * *

"Face reality, Sergeant," said Congressman Dick Bomber. "You are awfully far from home. . . we both are. . . and we could have ourselves a nice little time tonight."

"Congressman," said Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis, gripping the steering wheel and revving the engine, "the answer is no. You need to exit this vehicle and stop this sexual harassment."

Dick Bomber kicked open the right passenger hatch of the Humvee and quickly moved from the back seat, to the outside of the vehicle and, just as quickly, into the passenger's side of the front seat, directly across from Lori Lewis, who screamed and leapt out of the driver's side of the Humvee.

* * *

"We. . . got your order . . . to be here. . .," stammered the General, looking at the President, his arms lodged under Dick Bomber's thick legs.

The President turned to his principal advisor. "Who the fuck *are* they?" demanded Dick Bomber.

"You ordered the uniforms to fly up from Florida for today's big Groundhog shit," said Dante, pointed to the *Riefenstahl Communications* staffers, one who carried a binder, and another aiming the Bright-Fair CAM. "Propaganda wanted the uniforms, cuz the bimbo's got a hot big-titted wife." Dante pointed to Olympian and honored soldier Lori Lewis. "It'll sell big on media *we own*."

"Orders' shit?" exclaimed the President. "I don't *sign* no shit."

* * *

Dick Bomber swiftly crossed the front seat of the Humvee, and leapt out of the driver's seat, such that he and Lori Lewis stood several feet away from the open door.

"Why, isn't this quaint?" said the Congressman. "Here we are together, outside a humble little bedroom away from home. Time for some fun, Sergeant."

* * *

Major Rusty Chops nodded to the General, as the two male soldiers again attempted but failed to lift the enormous body of the unconscious Senator.

Liberty pushed a cart laden with debris toward a door along the oval-shaped wall. “Snow’s falling on Hell.”

“Like the black chick’s ass,” declared the President, who sucked in smoke. “Bends real good.”

* * *

“We can play cat and mouse, Sergeant,” said Dick Bomber, shifting on his feet, ready to run, as Lori Lewis likewise shifted on her feet, her boots crunching into sand and grit. “Or you can just let yourself have a good time tonight.”

“No’ means no, Congressman!” yelled Staff Sergeant Lori Lewis. “Leave me alone!”

“You can do better than that,” laughed Bomber, making a feint to his left, as Lori kept herself close to the vehicle. The Congressman bolted towards her and Lori grabbed the opened driver’s side door and swiftly swung it into Bomber’s path. “Boom, Baby!” She shoved the door hard, slamming it into the Congressman, who staggered backward, blood dripping from his face. “Good one, Sergeant,” said the lawmaker, wiping blood from his cheek. “Pow! Score one for you.”

* * *

The Major and General failed to lift the unconscious Senator, who belched.

“If I have to resign,” repeated Lieutenant Lori Lewis, frozen in the OVAL OFFICE.

The President of the United States of America saw a third Army office. “Who the Hell’s she?”

“What... about... Union?” huffed the Major, as he and the General again failed to lift the man who taught Dick Bomber that words without meaning – “BOOM! BABY!” – distract undecided voters.

The President spoke. “Did I sign some uniform shit?” He looked at active-duty military personnel. “I didn’t sign shit when I flew a fuckin’ B-52.” Dick Bomber looked confused. “Who are those fucks?”

“Central Command, Sir,” said Allen Goodwrench, his arms still underneath the legs of an elected official passed out in the OVAL OFFICE. “You faxed the order last night....”

“What the Hell’s he talking about?” snorted the President.

“Bright-Fart,” said Dante, pointing to the motionless Lieutenant, who stood like a PALM ROOM painting, of *Union*. Dante whispered to the leader of the free world. “Mengetlaid, the clown, firing people, remember? Dante motioned to the other couch. “You got REEFER ROOM, so just leave the bastard.”

No one spoke.

“Day thirteen, right?” said the President, citing a sum counted most notably by Mr. Kennedy, as he studied the OVAL OFFICE. “Love the combo bar-and-locker-room office.”

“Go ahead!” said the Muslim. “Fire me!”

Dick Bomber carefully examined the female staffer. “And give you unemployment?”

“Chief Inferno,” said General Allen Goodwrench, as he and Major Rusty Chops slid their arms from underneath the unconscious Senator. “We... understand completely... that, um... the President... uh... may need... *privacy*.”

“The President of the United States of America is about to tell you something,” demanded Dante, “so shut the fuck up and listen.”

“Is Catnip coming to shake her tits for my NSA thing?” said the President, who watched Liberty wheeling a cart.

The soldiers remained silent.

Dick Bomber blew smoke. “Like when her ass jiggles.”

General Allen Goodwrench looked at the Chief of Big Ideas, who was pointing to Lori Lewis.

“This is so wrong,” muttered Major Rusty Chops.

“Should I resign, General,” repeated Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

The President smiled. “Hot married bimbos, Liberty Lady, Miss NSA Big-Tits, wimpy soldiers,” chuckled Dick Bomber. “We’re gonna get rich... RICH!”

“Mengetlaid own RIEFENSTAHL as the step-son, so it’s the Not-Blind trust shit,” said Dante.

“Wimpy soldiers?” said the General.

“What about Union?” said the Major, aiming eyes toward the WEST COLONNADE.

“Union needs to ring her bells,” Dante told the President.

“I love firing people,” proclaimed the leader of the nation, smiling to the Bright-Fart CAM.

The Major, stunned, looked immediately to the General, who bristled, but said nothing.

“Get these wimp-ass uniforms out of my office!” crowed the President. “Fire ’em for wasting my time over some FRIVOLITY bimbo.”

“You’ll fire a soldier for saving someone cast unto a blizzard?” asked the General.

The President posed a question to the Chief of Big Ideas. “Didn’t I say get them outta here?” Dick Bomber examined Lori Lewis. “Hot.” The Commander-in-Chief reviewed his assessment. “Real hot.”

“Outrageous,” said Allen Goodwrench.

Dick Bomber pointed to the sleeping beast in the OVAL OFFICE. “Didn’t she try to kill that guy?”

Senator Dick Bomber snorted, grunted, and rolled onto his side.

“He kept trying to ‘do her’ in Afghanistan,” said Dante, pointing to the beast. “Party with the pig every night and you’ll beat Warren Harding or Herbert Hoover on the bottom.”

“Everything they say is outrageous,” said Major Chops, to the General.

Lieutenant Lori Lewis traded looks with Liberty and the other two soldiers. “General, please order me to save Union.”

One beast snorted, while another sucked smoke.

“Love the locker room stuff, but get these shit-heads outta here and bring the Catnip lady,” ordered the President, who threw his cigarette butt onto the world’s more beautiful ovular-shaped golden carpet.

“Make sure Eye-Candy brings sun and sandwiches when Miss Big-Tits dances and tells me words.”

“Vlad is probably feeling her up,” said the Chief of Big Ideas. “Payback for computer agitators.”

“He must love the Kiev blondes,” said the President.

“Jesus,” said Lieutenant Lori Lewis.

“Really, Mr. President,” said General Allen Goodwrench.

“Make these fuckin’ uniforms fuckin’ listen to their fuckin’ Commander-in-Chief,” said the fuckin’ President.

The three soldiers looked at one another.

“Want me to throw the uniforms into the snow to play with Barbie?” said Dante S. Inferno.

The President smoked with one hand and pointed to the Major with the other.

Major Rusty Chops turned his back on the President, and saluted his commanding officer. “It’s not an ambush,” said the Major. “It’s a full attack.” The soldier took down his arm and exited the OVAL OFFICE.

Lori Lewis looked to Allen Goodwrench. “Do I resign, General?”

The President smiled. “Do what I told you,” said Dick Bomber. “Make ’em fuckin’ salute me.”

“Salute your Commander-in-Chief, uniforms!” barked Dante.

“Sir?” said Lori Lewis, again looking to Allen Goodwrench.

“You heard the order,” yelled Dante S. Inferno. “Salute your God-damned Commander-in-Chief!”

The General did not lift a salute. The Lieutenant followed the General. “The Chief... is not... in the... Chain of Command,” said Allen Goodwrench. “He isn’t even the WHITE HOUSE Chief of Staff.”

“The clown runs the government,” chuckled the President. “This guy makes me rich.”

“You heard the President,” repeated the Chief of Big Ideas.

“Salute me, uniforms,” ordered the President, “and keep them up until I tell you different.”

Dante spoke to the President. “NSA girl jiggles in a few minutes.”

The President wiped his eyes.

“Then we do REEFER ROOM, OPEN CABINET, and then the RED-WHITE-&-BLUE troughs before the Groundhog shit, so you oughta get dressed.” Dante motioned toward the President’s STUDY and then grunted at the sleeping beast on the couch. “And Secret Service oughta keep that loser out of the open cabinet room for the Secretary of Defense thing.”

The President stumbled across the OVAL OFFICE, to find a hidden door on the WEST WALL. “Don’t let that asshole take my fancy clothes.” The President pulled open the hidden door.

“You heard the President,” yelled the Chief of Big Ideas. “Keep saluting until he says stop.”

The two officers stood helplessly, locked in a salute for a man no longer in the OVAL OFFICE.

Lieutenant Lori Lewis looked out of a window, over a patio table blanketed in snow, beyond, to the silent sorrow of a long winter of discontent falling onto the ROSE GARDEN.

END OF PART ONE