

A Political Story To Die For

(full version)

A satire by Patrick Mackeown

Copyright © Patrick Mackeown 2006

The right of Patrick Mackeown to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs, and Patents Acts 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of Patrick Mackeown. Any person who does any unauthorised act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

www.bookscape.co.uk

A Political Story To Die For

Can you imagine what would happen if one of Washington's political commentators let loose a rumor that, "Informed sources Inside the Beltway report that First Lady Laura Bush has established temporary residence in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, DC as a result of a tiff with President Bush over an extramarital relationship involving her husband. Mr. Bush's tryst is said to involve Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice"?

Well, last June one did! And, since then journalists and gossip columnists the world over have been wondering exactly what George has been doing with his position above Condoleezza, for all these years.

A White House spokesman said repeatedly, "There's so substance whatsoever behind these rumors."

As quick as a flash, I played with that throwaway remark. The whole world has read Kitty Kelley's book. We know about her revelations!

"So, the cocaine rumors in Kitty's book are true; George did use cocaine!" I shouted.

My heckling had nothing whatsoever to do with the matter in hand. But, I'm an experienced journalist. And, I know perfectly well how to wrong-foot even the most expertly-briefed of White House press assistants: Hit him where it hurts. That's my motto; whack him in the Bush!

At that time two burly security guards began to force me out of the room. They stopped when one of the Arlington International Enquirer's journalists popped his head up to ask, "Why would anyone want to screw either one of them?"

The White House spokesman looked bemused.

"You're not expecting me to reply to that question, are you?" he said.

"Did George use cocaine at Camp David, while his father was president, or didn't he?" I insisted.

"This isn't about cocaine," the spokesman replied sternly. "This is about the unsubstantiated sex rumors. They're not true."

"Did George Bush have sex and cocaine, or just sex?" I harried.

By this time the White House spokesman was looking deathly pale. He wiped his forehead several times.

"We'll be terminating this briefing early," he squeaked. "I've just been informed that my services are required elsewhere."

The whole room could see by this time that we had the spokesman on the run. And, let's face it, fourteen security guards, no matter how muscular they might be, are not sufficient to restrain a press-pack of seventy journalists, in full fervor, when the blood of their quarry is in the air.

"Tell us about the cocaine at Camp David," one shouted.

"How long has the affair been going on for?" said another.

The two burly guards who had been manhandling us were in a state of disarray. A number of cameramen had broken through the cordon which separated the press-pack from the spokesman. And they were popping flashbulbs in his face. The guards conferred. Obviously they couldn't restrain us and the photographers simultaneously. They had to choose which of us was causing their protective charge most distress. And, to be honest, all of us were. The guards were stymied.

"So, how long does Laura Bush plan to remain at the Mayflower Hotel, then?" someone cried.

"I don't know," the beleaguered press secretary replied.

He must have known that treating that particularly blatant piece of rumormongering with a dignified response was foolish. But, too late! The official reply was noted. I left the room in such a hurry that I tore my jacket at the exit. Twenty other newshacks pushed past me in a mad scramble to reach a taxi. I had my cell phone pressed against one ear as I shouted instructions at my driver.

"White House spokesman confirms that George Bush is having an affair with Condoleezza Rice!" I screamed to my editor.

The taxi driver wrenched his neck right round to stare at me in the back.

“What was that?” he gasped.

“Look out!” I said, waiving frantically at the freeway.

Of course it was far too late. Even as the words were coming out of my mouth, the hood of our car was crumpling into the rear bumper of an SUV.

Thrillers by Patrick Mackeown - available from www.bookscape.co.uk

Mutilation Murders

The torso of a black child has been discovered in London's Kensington Gardens. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne and his men quickly discover that the boy was a victim of a ritualistic killing. At Heathrow airport a second child, Jubulani, and his mother disembark from their plane. On his arrival in London Jubulani is kidnapped. A Ju Ju witchdoctor in South London is preparing the new child, Jubulani, to be sacrificed. Hawthorne is racing against time to save the boy.

Midwinter's Children

Georg, a nine-year-old street child, has been captured by human traffickers from Moscow and is about to be sold to a child pornography ring in Amsterdam. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne, from Suffolk CID, is on the case...

The Black Daimler

Nexus, a London-based Chinese dissident, learns that his friend was found with an axe embedded in his head. As more of his politically active associates die, he becomes involved in a frantic struggle to understand and defeat the threat to himself and his organisation.

The Expendability Doctrine

Oil tycoon Keith Connors is found dead in the garden of his villa; undoubtedly the work of a pro. His ex-wife flees to Libya, where she is linked to the brutal murder of the White House Trade Representative. In his investigations, Inspector Hawthorne discovers a sinister web of treachery and greed in the international oil business.

The Devil's Brothers

Catherine Bronston, a fifteen-year-old girl, is snatched outside her local swimming pool. The kidnapers, ruthless Albanian mafiosi, issue a ransom demand containing dismembered body parts. Catherine's father fears that the ongoing police investigation could reduce the possibility of her being found alive.

Sign up to the Bookscape Newsletter at www.bookscape.co.uk to be the first to learn about Patrick Mackeown's latest work, including thrillers in the style of Dan Brown.

