

The President's Got No Clue! – Episode 3

(full version)

A short story by Patrick Mackeown

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Can you imagine America suffering its biggest natural disaster in living memory and the president of the United States doing absolutely nothing? You're supposed to say, no! I couldn't imagine that at all! That couldn't possibly ever happen, could it? But, given the fact that you've just witnessed George W Bush's non-reaction to Hurricane Katrina, I should imagine there's not much shock and surprise left!

Here's my deeply satirical view of what probably happened, explaining why the White House did nothing.

Tuesday Morning At The White House:

"Sir!" a prematurely balding, White House aide exclaims, running into the Oval Office. "A bad thing just happened. This big storm blew New Orleans to pieces, dispossessing and displacing lots of black Americans!"

George W Bush looks up from his Lazy-Boy recliner. "Have you seen my remote control?" he replies. "I want to see that Log Cabins Republicans' commercial. It's got Dick Cheney in it."

"No time for commercials now!" the press aide cries. "It's a natural disaster!"

"Ack, quit fussin'" Bush commands. "I've got it covered."

The White House aide's jaw drops. "Excuse me, sir," he gasps. "Hundreds of people are locked up in the football stadium. It's chaos. How can you possibly have it covered?"

"Sure, I've got it covered," Bush replies. "I took out natural damage insurance on the presidency."

"Natural damage insurance?" the aide asks. "Sir, I don't understand. What's that?"

"I gotta git me some intelligent helpers," George snaps. "How come I always gotta do everything around here? You know these fancy type emails which come across the Internet asking for money?"

"Yes, sir," the aide replies. "Sir, they're called SPAM."

The president looks astonished. "You mean like the Hormel Spam Museum, President Dad took us to see in Austin, Minnesota?" he gasps. "Gee, I didn't know that you could eat email!" "I only answer them," George W admits. "And one email said if I pay twenty dollars a week I'll be covered for life from fire, flood, hurricane damage and all natural disasters."

The aide looks horrified, and begins to tear some remaining lumps of his hair out.

"Hey!" says Bush. "You're moulting on the White House carpet!"

"Don't worry about me," the aide replies. "My hair grows back again during the half of the year you're in Crawford, taking it easy."

“Taking it easy, that reminds me!” Bush cries. “Can you teach me to play golf and think at the same time, the way you press guys do?”

The press aide laughs. “Hm, I don’t think so, sir,” he replies. “Look, let me get this straight. You’re sending twenty dollars a week to a spammer in order to protect the Republican Party and the Presidency of the United States from all possible acts of God?”

George Bush turns up the television. “That’s right,” he shouts. “Ain’t it great?”

“But, sir,” the official pleads. “New Orleans is deluged under three metres of seawater. What are we going to do?”

“Not my problem,” George W replies. “Say, you couldn’t lend me twenty dollars, could you? I’ve got to send that guy this weeks’ payment.”

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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.

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