



TRUMP - Hitting The Wall

Chapter One

Exculpation

“Ex-culp-ation”. Donald J Trump, the 45th President of the United States of America, and in his estimation the nation’s most popular, successful and effective leader, rolled the word around his mouth before enunciating it slowly through his porcine sphincter shaped lips. Man, it sounded good but that was to be expected because he had all the best words. Small matter that until three minutes ago he’d never heard of it and still, he had no inkling of its meaning.

Uriah Crony, one of his overpaid Ivy League smartass goffers, had used the archaic term during a quick briefing session. On first hearing, Trump thought it might refer to them godless ‘Injuns’ in John Wayne westerns who took trophies of white folk’s hair or perhaps it was a brand name for some new anti-dandruff shampoo. Neither possibility seemed to make sense in the context of Crony’s message but Trump knew better than to ask the juvenile, acne-spattered lickspittle to explain himself to the Supreme Commander-in-Chief. Being technologically illiterate precluded the possibility of simply Googling the word on one of the many terminals at his disposal. Instead, he picked up the phone and summoned his advisor Kellyanne Bowling-Green to his presence.

It was a shame about Kellyanne, he mused while awaiting her arrival, she was as loyal as a puppy dog but unfortunately, the resemblance didn’t end there. Despite her manifest efforts at ‘Barbiefication’ her face carried more deeply etched contour lines than a topographic map of the Rockies and her body form suggested erosion had taken its toll in vital areas. Even the notorious womaniser Trump resisted his innate urge to ‘grab her by the pussy’ for fear of discovering that her plastic surgeon had inadvertently sealed it up during one of her many cosmetic treatments. Maybe, the mummification of her face had inspired Trump to appoint her as his Special Advisor on the Opioid Crisis as her appearance suggested first-hand experience of the problem.

Kellyanne bounded into the office, her patriotically coloured couture suggesting that she’d dressed herself in Old Glory, which Trump thought an appropriate fashion brand for her to develop, perhaps in partnership with his entrepreneurial daughter Iwanka?

“Wassup Boss? Your wish is my command” gushed the ever-enthusiastic Kellyanne.

“If I were to offer you an exculpation, what would you think?” questioned the president while intently studying her face for clues as to her thinking. Unfortunately, the lines of

bewilderment on her brow merely integrated with the existing fissures to produce an image uncannily similar to a map of the New York City subway system.

“Gee, Mister President I dunno. Do I have to take my clothes off to get it? Tell you what, I’ll look it up and tell you just as soon as I see what it is.” So saying, Kellyanne’s red, white and blue fingernails skimmed across her ever-present iPad before her puzzled facial expression suggested that the subway had been extended way upstate. “I don’t understand Boss. It says that ‘exculpate’ means to be found not guilty, to be blameless. But, seriously, Mister President I haven’t done anything wrong. Well apart from marrying that dipswitch George. What is it that you’re saying I’m not guilty of?” she pled as though she feared punishment.

“Naah, forget it KB-G, y’ain’t done nuttin’ wrong I just wanted your input on an issue. Now, go fetch my mobile. I haven’t been able to tweet to my base for over forty-eight hours since you confiscated the damn thing on Friday” Trump attempted an air of reassurance while dismissing her with a wave of his tiny hand.

Kellyanne coaxed a thin smile from her Botox-encumbered facial muscles before skipping out of the office and promptly returning with the iPhone that provided the conduit to the President’s 86.3 million Twitter followers

‘Not guilty, blameless, to have done nothing wrong’ thought Trump. So that’s what Crony had been trying to tell him in his highfalutin Harvard-speak. Apparently, it meant that the long-awaited, highly-castigated Mewler Report into allegations of collusion between his 2016 election campaign and the Russians had been received by the Justice Department and that according to William DeBar, his newly-appointed Attorney General, he [Trump] hadn’t done it. Nuttin’, zilch, nichts, nada. Unlike his worthless predecessor Jefferson Beauregard Courting-Session III, William was a good guy. He knew that his job was to throw himself on the many unexploded IED’s that Trump left strewn in his unpredictable wake and certainly not to recuse himself when the going got tough and dirty. In its usual impartial style Foxy News was already trumpeting the headline that the president had been exonerated of acting as a Russian agent from one of the plane’s many wall-mounted TVs. The FAKE NEWS corrupt Mainstream Media had much to learn from his favourite channel about presidential respect. Grasping his phone Trump wasted no time in crowing about his vindication on Twitter. ‘NO COLLUSION’; ‘Have a great day’ and his trademark ‘MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN’ were among a torrent of messages that rushed across cyberspace. Contentment oozed through every sinew of his six-foot three inch, two-hundred and thirty-nine-pound frame, at least those were the statistics he’d dictated to the White House physician.

Feeling euphoric, he decided to summon Iwanka, the self-proclaimed Daughter of the United States (DOTUS) to read him the joyful news. Iwanka was simultaneously the apple of his eye and forbidden fruit. Who could be better qualified to act as the US Special Representative to the United Nations or Head of the World Bank as he had suggested? After all, her eponymously branded designer fashion and accessories business was a global enterprise. All her manufactured goods were produced in China,

Bangladesh or the Philippines as her vital contribution to creating American jobs. Her proud father admired her so much that he'd appointed her as a key advisor and suggested that he'd like to date her. It was a shame she'd declined his idea to run as his Vice President, leaving him to select the dutiful but dull as dishwater Mike Cent to be his running mate.

DOTUS arrived clutching four sheets of paper. "Geez," said the president, "I always suspected that Mewler was a slacker. Four pages of a report that took him over two years to write. If I'd really put my mind to it and used my special big signing pen, I could have written more than him."

Ivanka corrected him: "No Pop, this isn't Mewler's report, we don't get to see that this is William DeBar's summary. In his cover note, William says that the original document is over seven-hundred pages long and he hasn't had time to read it all yet but knew that you'd be eager to hear his interpretation of the key findings."

Trump encouraged his daughter to read DeBar's words, technology not being his sole form of illiteracy.

"Well," said Ivanka wisely skimming the document to pick out the headline news knowing that her father had an attention span shorter than Tyrion Lannister. "On the big issue, Mewler found two forms of Russian interference in the 2016 US presidential race but no evidence of collusion between the Trump campaign and the Russian authorities. Of course, that excludes all your appointees, associates and employees who have already been charged or convicted. Secondly, he investigated several issues raised against Individual 1, that's you Pop, for obstructing the course of justice. Mewler declined to make a judgement so the Attorney General and his Deputy wisely decided not to pursue any criminal prosecutions. That's all it really says, daddy."

"Geez, how much did we pay this guy Mewler? It must have been gazillions. I hope it didn't come out of my pornstar slush fund. I'll need that money in the future we'd better use the Trump Foundation Charity account to pay the man. No, don't tell me, I don't need to know that" replied the president briefly coming to his senses.

"Daddy, the Charity funds have been impounded for fraud. Anyway, we didn't pay him a solitary red cent, for once. These are his impartial conclusions."

Trump was gobsmacked but he was also flying high. Figuratively, because he no longer had to fear incarceration or impeachment. Also, the Commie Dems would be totally disarmed by this development. Ever since Mewler had been appointed as the investigating Special Prosecutor after his dismissal of Lying James Comely two years ago they had been convinced of the president's guilt and had been baying for his blood. Now, after two years the 'witch hunt' was finally over and now he was free to exact his revenge. Literally, he was flying high because he was aboard Airforce One about half an hour out of Palm Beach FL bound for Andrews Airforce Base MD and then to the White House. He was simultaneously on cloud nine and at approximately forty-thousand feet.

Approximately, because for security measures the flight crew of the presidential plane varied their altitude frequently and randomly. Either way, the president was flying and for once without the aid of Adderall.

His journey had been necessitated by green concerns. Not sustainability, recycling or renewable energy but his obsession with golf. He had spent the weekend at his Mar-a-Lago resort, it was the eighty-fourth day of his presidency that he had resided at his property which he glibly referred to as the Southern or Winter White House. On this occasion, his justification for a long weekend was that he'd hosted a discussion and dinner for the Prime Ministers of five Caribbean nations on the previous Friday and it was more convenient for them to fly to Florida than Washington DC. The fact that the coffers of the Trump family business had been significantly enhanced for hosting the president, his distinguished guests and their accumulated entourages was immaterial. As soon as his guests had been politely shown the door the president was out on the greens pursuing one of his passions involving holes.

His enjoyable and profitable weekend had been endangered by the news that Robert Mueller III was set to deliver his report to the Attorney General the very afternoon of his departure from Washington. Instead of basking in the Florida sunshine under clear blue skies, it appeared as though they would have to endure the political equivalent of a hurricane. Fearful that Trump's notoriously short-fuse would unleash a tirade of vitriol against the Deep State conspirators that he believed were trying to undermine his presidency, the mainstream media and his entire litany of cyber-targets, Kellyanne had been instructed to confiscate the president's mobile phone to prevent his access to Twitter. The ominous news accompanied by the conspicuous concern of his aides had given Trump the yips. His score was well into double figures before he missed five consecutive short putts on the first green. He kicked the ball into the hole in frustration muttering "we'll call that a par." It had taxed the club professional's ingenuity to contrive a means of losing to his employer and president. It had taken the pair over five hours to complete the eighteen holes by which time Trump was physically exhausted and retired to his suite for an Executive nap.

In contrast, he now felt invigorated and triumphant. Vindication meant victory and victory meant that he now felt the need for vengeance against those he perceived had victimised him. The list of culprits was long and not limited to Democrats. Naturally, his enemies included Barrack Obama, Bill and Hillary Clinton, Chuck Schumer, Nancy Pelosi and the leaking, lying loathsome Adam Schiff but also featured the lily-livered Jeff Sessions and James Comey. His wrath needed to be appeased.

Additionally, he sensed the opportunity to reclaim his campaign promises. He would build the much-needed wall, manfully overcome the phantom National Emergency on the nation's southern border, stem illegal immigration, staunch the unimpeded flow of Mexican drugs, rapists and murderers, drain the swamp, appoint inappropriate and

unqualified officials, impose draconian trade tariffs, lionise foreign tyrants and dictators, ostracise traditional allies, Make America Great Again and most importantly of all enrich his families personal wealth. He couldn't wait to get back to Washington and get busy on all fronts.

In the meanwhile, he decided to enjoy an in-flight snack and ordered three Big Macs, Supersized Fries, lashings of ketchup followed by a celebratory double serving of chocolate ice cream. That would hit the spot.

While he waited for his food, he mused whether or not he should praise Mewler for his objectivity and honesty or stick to his guns and continue to rail against his witch hunt. Much as he loathed to take advice, he should probably consult with William DeBar and his lawyers before coming to a decision. One thing was clear though, it was an immense slice of luck that Mewler's brief had been limited to investigating collusion with Russia and hadn't extended to include China, North Korea and Israel. Now that the pressure was off, he no longer needed to win the 2020 election to ensure that the statute of limitations expired on charges that might have arisen because of Mewler's investigations. He was home free and had little doubt in his ability to win by a landslide and enjoy an even larger inauguration celebration than the record-beater in 2017.

As Trump digested and deliberated, somewhere deep in the heart of Dixie a skateboard trundled ominously along a sidewalk en route to a political rally where the rider, a young tyke nicknamed Beto, was due to be the keynote speaker. In Washington DC Adam 'Shifty' Schitt and 'Cryin' Chuck Schemer dusted off their tomes on Presidential Impeachment. On the West Coast, 'Nervous' Nancy Pilowsee perfected her technique for shredding speeches. On the East Coast 'Mini Mike' Broomberg checked his numerous bank statements to confirm that he could afford to run for office. 'Crazy' Bernie Colonel Saunders checked his campaign donations to ensure that he could too. 'Pocahontas' took a DNA test and 'Sleepy' Joe Bidden took a little nap. Trump's political rivals, the 'Do nothing, far-left anarchist and socialist Democrats' were licking their wounds and mustering for the many battles to come.