

“What we need is for our troops to stay overseas! It is imperative that we show the world what we're made of by continuing to flex our military muscle, and how truly stubborn we are by remaining in a place that no longer requires our services! Then, and only then my friends, will more pressing matters closer to home continue to be neglected, thereby showing the American people what our government is all about!”

The crowd, which consisted of hundreds of thousands of republicans, hollered and cheered in agreement with their hero as senator and presidential nominee Ron Rogaine announced his intentions to his supporters. At the ripe age of seventy-two years young, Ron was fed up with how the current president's administration was handling things and wanted to give back to his beloved country by becoming its next leader. A former convicted felon and juvenile delinquent during his youth, he had just recently become a “born-again Christian” upon reflection of those he harmed in his past and decided to enter politics as a way to help his fellow Americans. There wasn't anything Ron hadn't been arrested for when he was younger. From operating his own prostitution ring, which expanded across the entire New England area, to grand theft auto and minor misdemeanors, he had seen it all and done it all.

It wasn't until two years ago when he began the seventh decade of his life that he experienced a major wake-up call. Ron and his wife treated themselves to an evening out in downtown Boston and figured that at ages twenty-nine and thirty, the children were old enough to take care of themselves and didn't need a babysitter. Of course what he and his wife completely forgot about was that for the duration of their lives, Cindy and Tom Rogaine were ridiculously attracted to one another. Try as he might, Ron just couldn't seem to get his kids to understand that siblings acting on sexual impulses was legally and morally wrong. Cindy and her brother were far from being ignorant individuals and knew damn well that should anything happen between them, it could potentially result in an unwanted pregnancy. But as two full-time restaurant managers for the local fast-food chain, they rarely found time to go out and meet new people. Since they worked together and were around each other so often, feelings of lust overtook them as they found themselves unable to stop fantasizing about one another. The night their parents left them alone, one thing quickly led to another and a short time later, Cindy found out she was pregnant.

Ron always considered himself to be one of the most right-wing people any person would ever meet, which meant as far as he was concerned, abortions were absolutely out of the question. Thus, his daughter gave birth to her brother's baby, a six pound, eight ounce boy, nine months later. Luckily, the baby didn't appear to have any serious defects, but Ron made a solemn vow to himself that day that situations such as this would never happen again to anyone. It was then he knew that it was his destiny to one day become one of the great leaders of the free world and prevent all incest couples everywhere from embarrassing their families. When asked about the incident, Ron was ashamed to admit that neither he nor his wife had spoken to their children since the day Cindy was in the hospital with their grandson, but he figured it was for the best. The important thing to do now, he thought, was to put the whole ordeal behind him and make sure he was available to help those in need. Or at the very least, make sure things happened the way he wanted them to.

One of the issues that mattered the most to his potential voters was the war happening in London. Granted, it was hardly what surrounding countries would call an official war. It revolved around an issue that wasn't incredibly catastrophic, but it was a matter that the current president felt needed to be addressed nonetheless. According to advisers speaking on the president's behalf, the silly and preposterous accents that English people used in their conversations to each other was offensive to those who didn't possess such an accent and therefore, completely ludicrous. It was the president's belief that if our American troops were sent overseas to teach London's inhabitants to speak correctly, the accent would no longer exist and there would be world peace when it came to communication. Ron had to admit that he did indeed find English accents annoying, but he only agreed with this war on communication to a certain extent. Sure, if the English were going to speak our language they needed to sound like us, but at least they spoke our language. What about people living in other countries

where languages other than English were the primary ways of communicating? Why wouldn't the presence of American soldiers-turned-teachers be required in places like Mexico or Spain? Yes, the troops needed to remain overseas because the job at hand had yet to be completed, but they needed to be shipped to Spanish-speaking countries while the process of slowly beginning to pull them from London began.

That's why this speech was so crucial. Everything Ron had ever been through, all of his thoughts and previous experiences, had led up to this day. Here at Fenway Park, with a stadium full of supporters and campaign contributors, the long road to the White House had begun. He had just recently received his party's nomination for the role of president elect, and already he was burning up the campaign trail, with several stops scheduled in major cities all over the country. Ron knew this was his fate. He could feel it surging through his veins and running in and out of every pore on his body. There was nothing that was going to stop him from realizing his goal. At least, that's what he thought until someone from the devil-worshipping media asked him a question about something that hadn't even crossed his mind.

"Senator Rogaine, my name is Claire Carmichael with the Boston Globe." Ron put on a fake smile and pretended to care about what the reporter wanted to know. "If I may sir, you seem to be running on a pretty solid platform, but people keep wondering who you're going to choose as your running mate. Do you have any ideas as to who that might be?"

The smile on Ron's face quickly disappeared. A running mate? The concept simply wasn't part of his mindset, let alone his campaign. This is where the two years he spent as a prison improv comedian were going to come in handy. "There are several potential candidates that my campaign manager and I are looking at closely."

"Like who?" The reporter was starting to tread thin on Ron's nerves.

"I would hate to publicly announce names and get anyone's hopes up before something becomes official. The only information regarding a running mate that I'm willing to disclose at this time is that I will have one chosen very soon, and I promise to hold another press conference once the selection process is completed."

"Senator Rogaine! Over here!" Ron acknowledged the waving hand that appeared to belong to another reporter.

"Tony Trueheart, sir, also with the Boston Globe." Another one? Ron didn't understand why the media needed so many stooges from the same publication to cover the same event.

"I was wondering, sir, what your plans are for the economy. If you won, what would your first act be as president to create jobs for unemployed Americans?" A concern about the economy? Was this guy serious? If there's one thing he learned from his children, it's that fast-food is always hiring. The improv skills were going to have to be put to the test once again.

"That's an excellent question! I'm glad you asked me about that. My friends, I realize we are looking at tough financial times and many of you are quite possibly on the edge of bankruptcy, but I give you all my word that employment opportunities will be plentiful the closer we get to the end of this war."

"Is that right?" Someone in the crowd was clearly skeptical. "And how is that going to happen? Are we just going to start shitting 'Help Wanted' ads out of our asses?"

"Not exactly," Ron said as he pretended to laugh. "You see, as the world begins to adapt the same communication skills and we all get that much closer to speaking on a harmonious level, outsourcing will become redefined as a world full of English-speaking individuals will begin to help each other out on a financial level. Work will come to you, my friends, as opportunities come pouring in from all over the globe. Spain, Indonesia, Switzerland, Italy, and many more will join the United States as one in the fight against poverty and hunger once we all learn to speak together. Hold your heads high my friends, and remember, only when a new era of conformity is ready to begin will new-found wealth start coming in."

Ron's clever montage of bullshit couldn't have been said any better as everyone in the crowd appeared to be on his side once again. They all continued to cheer and chant his name as the politician made his way off stage to the limo that was waiting for him outside. As he got in and the vehicle took off, his wife, who also conveniently doubled as his campaign manager, sat opposite him looking less than pleased.

"My campaign manager and I are currently looking at potential running mate candidates," Trisha Rogaine attempted to do an impression of her husband as she mocked him. "That's the best you could come up with?"

"What the hell else did you want me to tell them?" Ron asked.

"You're a politician, aren't you? Do what they do best, lie!"

"I could have thrown out a name or two, but what good would that have done? If anyone I had mentioned happened to catch it on television later, they would have contacted me expecting to hear details which I don't have for them yet."

"Even if you piss someone off, at least your potential voters know you've got a game plan."

"Relax! They're already under the impression I have a game plan. Why can't you just trust me for once in your life?"

"Trust has to be earned, Ron. It's never a given."

"Exactly what have I done to not earn your trust?"

"YOU LET OUR KIDS FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER!" Both Ron and his wife became silent. This was the first time either of them had brought up their children since becoming grandparents two years ago.

"We both had an error in judgment that night," Ron said to his wife as he tried to defend himself. "We were both so eager to have time to ourselves for a change. Neither of us expected what happened to actually happen."

"Even so," Trisha said as she stared at her husband with tear-filled eyes, "Our daughter is somewhere in Alabama right now posing as her brother's wife, and I'm not sure if I'll ever be able to get over that."

Trisha was the type of woman that got easily emotional over just about anything. Once mistaken by a doctor as bipolarity, additional tests were run before it was determined that Trisha just enjoyed a good crying session every now and then. At forty-five years old, she was much younger than her husband and her personality was a mix of everything one could think of. Mrs. Rogaine wasn't the traditional gold digger that married older men for their money. She was interested in cash, sure, but for reasons she couldn't explain she found herself madly in love with the elderly gentleman that was sitting in front of her. Her mother had always conditioned her to believe that if she didn't end up with a rich husband, she would never amount to anything. Trisha was positive it was this kind of tough love that made finances her priority.

When she first met Ron at the National Republican Convention years ago, she couldn't help but feel this strange attraction to the senator from Massachusetts who gave a speech about the growing number of homeless people in the area and what residents could do to stop them. After Ron gave his speech, Trisha went up to him and introduced herself. She ranted on and on about how much she couldn't stand homeless people either and how hearing someone give such a passionate speech about getting rid of them turned her on like crazy. As the night progressed, the two of them got to know each other a bit more and Trisha wound up spending the night in Ron's hotel room. Within a week of meeting they had gotten married and were still together all these years later.

"I know thinking about Cindy and Tom upsets you," Ron tried to console his wife. "But we have to focus on this campaign. If I become president, we can have sex at least once in every room of the White House. How awesome would that be?"

"That would be one hell of an experience," Trisha admitted as she smiled.

"There, I knew that would cheer you up. Now let's talk business, okay? Who do you think my

running mate should be?"

"It should be a person that nobody would expect. Maybe even someone with little to no experience so that they can make you look good."

"So let me get this straight, dear," Ron thought his wife's idea was ridiculous. "I'm supposed to run for president with a person that's less than capable of handling the duties of vice-president just so that I look like I really know what I'm talking about?"

"You catch on quick."

"Trisha, that doesn't make any sense!"

"Of course it does! Think about it. You bring some underdog into the campaign from who knows where, so average in fact that everyone can relate to him, or better yet, her, and you have yourself the perfect voter's ballot."

"A woman you say?" Ron wasn't too keen on his wife's idea at first, but it immediately began to grow on him. "Now that's an interesting suggestion. But she'll have to be young."

"Absolutely! A nice cute female would make the perfect poster-child for your campaign. Everyone would find this woman so alluring that they would feel guilty not voting for her. There would be no way you could lose."

"Yeah, she would definitely have to be young." Ron wasn't listening to what his wife was saying, he was only glad she agreed with him on the age of his running mate. "She would have to look great in a bikini, and we would definitely have to try and score a photo opportunity on some sort of beach."

"Okay, Ron. I get it," Trisha tried to get her husband's attention again as she realized his mind was working overtime. "The point is, your running mate is going to have to appeal to voters of all ages, young and old. You have plenty of places to find this girl over the next couple of months. Make it happen."

"This is one time where you really can trust me, dear." Ron smiled to himself and began to relax in his seat. "When an old man like myself is told to go out and find a nice young lady, he will certainly deliver. You don't need to worry about that."