

Heroes

The new President wanted to be a hero—to be respected, loved, honoured. He thought of himself as heroic, fighting enemies. He had his face put on coins, plastered on billboards—but it was not nearly enough. He wanted to be honoured for his many acts of heroism as President.

His first acts as a Presidential hero were against immigrants (they were not citizens and could not vote.) He began a campaign to demonize and deport them. And most voters were against drug smugglers, so he ordered his Navy to target speedboats ferrying dope into the country and blow them up from a distance (without risking Navy lives.) Then he targeted his enemies, which any hero would do, launching criminal court cases against them (the cases failed but were successful at intimidation.) And since no one liked crime, he sent troops into the streets to find criminals.

He was in the media constantly, portraying himself as a political hero. He ignored the Legislature and worked around the courts. He issued his own money (bitcoins,) then used the profits to build statues of himself across the nation, then he had churches built around the statues. The churches were the last straw. God appeared before the President as a burning bush as he sat on a gold toilet. The new President, frightened, flushed.

“You have broken each of my Ten Commandments,” God told the new President.

“People need a hero.”

God stared at the new President. “To be a true hero, you must run into a building and save someone. If you do, I will make you a hero.”

The new President immediately went to the Legislature, set it on fire and ran in. The building burned around him as he searched for someone to save when he saw a glorious painting of himself starting to burn. He grabbed it off the wall and ran. Unfortunately, the building collapsed around him, he died and God sent him straight to hell.

In Hell, the new President was declared a hero.