Late Night Blitzkrieg

The President was angry when comedians on TV made jokes about him. He did not mind private criticism–he just fired the disloyal subordinate (criticism was disloyal.) He was used to being criticized publicly and, technically, he believed any publicity is good publicity. While it always got under his skin befored, he could do little about it. Now he was President.

Ridicule meant weakness. He could never appear weak. Tanned, yes, but never weak.

He met with his officials and gave them a chart showing different criticisms ranked one to twenty, one being tolerated and twenty totally condemned. Jokes one through five required administration officials to condemn the comedian with snippy remarks. Six through ten required sarcasm and threats of an investigation. Higher than ten required the COCK.

The Central Order of Comedian Korps (COCK—the President had a very large COCK, he bragged about it) was authorized to act on jokes eleven through nineteen. Jokes eleven through fifteen required legal action if the jokes were not modified. The networks bowed to the pressure. Jokes sixteen through nineteen required legal action to take the shows off the air. Again, the networks caved. Jokes in the twenty category—about the size of the President's penis—required COCK to either put the comedian in jail or be disappeared.

The President's approach indeed shrank political humour to the most harmless, inoffensive jests, which still frightened them. However, his supporters were happy. Eventually, the President's critics shrank, eventually becoming only a foot tall and needing highchairs in restaurants.

The President was happy he had everyone's support and next went to work on tragedies, demanding better killings.

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