

Politics And Used Cars

The nation had been a world leader but its new President, a used car salesperson, saw it as an outdated older model which needed more than a paint job. Living in a used car, like living in a democracy, can be comfy. It is familiar, radiates shared history, and the seats eventually mold to fit your butt. You smoke in it, eat fast food in it, toss garbage onto the back seat. Citizens treated their country as their personal used car and eventually elected as President a used car salesperson (with a record of fraud, but in his profession that was difficult to avoid.) Who better understood the nation?

The country was used to its politicians being self-serving liars. Voters felt they deserved a professional. And they wanted entertaining politics—like a used car, undependable, but it was a new kind of democracy: on automatic, full of gas, brake pads worn. And he was entertaining. He strove to rebuild the nation, start new production plants, restore jobs. True, his new policies eliminated green plans, further polluting the country. He introduced pollution controls: face masks. He also suggested it was better for the country if its citizens breathed a little less.

It worked because folks were used to problems with used cars. They only wished the country's mileage was better. Maintenance dropped, key parts became scarce and eventually the nation ended in a junkyard, where it was sold for parts.

The President was by then living in his new estate in the Bahamas, where he only used bicycles.