The Presidential Cabinet’s Makeover

The Presidents’ Cabinet members were deeply concerned. The President had abruptly fired one a month ago, a few days ago he abruptly fired a second. Heads were on the line.

They had slavishly followed his orders, desperately tried to meet his needs. As the President increasingly absorbed power, the Constitution was irrelevant. He expected his Cabinet to be ruthless and obedient and good-looking. The remaining Cabinet members scrambled, like eggs in a searing fry pan. When they would be eaten? Who was next?

They met around a large table, without the President, secretly, to plan, to preserve their careers. Their careers were why they were Cabinet members. They had sacrificed much (that did not matter to them)—integrity was high on the list. “We can’t pucker up more than we already have,” one complained. “My lips are sore.”

“My knees are sore,” complained another. “Why kneel if tomorrow he’ll cut me off at the knees?”

“Because that is only tomorrow,” Maurice told them. “Being a sycophant these days is sliding down a slippery slope which has been greased. Get a grip. We have to convince him we are both loyal and effective.”

“But following his orders, we are not effective,” another told the group.

“I have an idea,” Maurice told them. “It will require surgery.”

They all underwent plastic surgery and, two days later, appeared at the next Cabinet meeting as Mini Presidents. They all now looked like him, including the women. When he spoke to them, he looked back. They sounded like him, supported him, and now, when the Mini Presidents fired staff, it would be as if the President himself was the terminator. They smiled at him, hoping this was the solution, given the President’s self-absorption.

The President was pleased and only fired one of them—Maurice, who looked a bit too much like him.

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