The President’s Thin Skin

The President’s political advisors worried that he was too thin skinned, reacting excessively to criticisms of him and his actions. He thought he was fine and you never told this President he was wrong. Therapy was not possible with this President, nor could they find effective drugs. He had everyone terrified of saying or doing what the President considered wrong. How could they make him have a thicker skin? His physical skin was already tough, hardened by years of tanning. His wife thought he was just fine, provided he stay away. It was up to the advisors.

Because the President stated everything he did was transparent, they had his doctors turn his skin invisible. However, the President never left the lab, it was too gross. They restored his skin and concluded their only practical solution was to influence his thinking.

One afternoon, as the President lay on his tanning bed listening on headphones to his music, they played subliminal messages he did not consciously hear under ***Inna Gadda Davida***. Following was ***The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down***, because it was about how sad it was the Confederates lost the war. Then Pink Floyd’s ***We Don’t Need No Education***. All the while, the subliminal messages played. The President came out of his tanning sessions feeling full of heavy metal, angry about losing a war and upset about public schools. He increased military funding, put troops in the streets and eliminated the Department of Education.

Then it really fell apart when he started listening to Tom Lehrer and began poisoning pigeons in the park, then poisoning the food at state dinners and school lunches, then marketed his own brand of the poison as a soda, with a gold label. Soon half the country was dead but it was half dead already anyway and the rest of the world did not miss it.

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