

*Down and Out*

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He peered out meekly from 20,000 feet, and the sight greeting his gaze from far, far below about made his abdominal contents leap through his gills and go *splash splash* onto the window, masking dread reality with more human filth. For what he saw below was dread indeed. *The worst possible dread.* What he saw below him, as he zipped through bad air in Air Force One like a lone locust over scorched corn, was *waste. UTTER-FUCKING WASTE (UFW).*

*Ashed, scorched and radiation torched tundra of doom and wormy gloom and death, with scant brittle remains of what was once a New Republic.*

This man...(ol' Bonzo gone gonzo)...this sole tragic bitter expatriated World Leader was now quite alone in thought, safely upstairs doin' Mach 1 – goin' nowhere fast. What washed below him was not his fault, he figured. It was *his*. "He started it. I fired in defense!" he assured himself internally.

True, both men fired. Both gave the command to release and let forth into the sky screaming missiles upon missiles of major wallop- BLAM! they went – BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! – and everything was gone...as though someone had closed a door and hid everything...*everything*...from sight. BLAM!...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

"Oh my dear God," the thought. "How could...?"

"How could what?" a voice inside him asked, with greater ease than the initial thought.

"How could this happen...? This...?" again went his thought.

"Because you blew it, chump!" came that voice in answer, followed by a silly giggle. "You wanted to be President of the United States – the Greatest Global Power – so you could lead the world to a rosy sunset, but instead...you *blew* the mutha' fucka' up!"

For days now – or has it been weeks? – he's been just sitting in this chair, this soft stuffy leather lounge chair poised at the window, gazing out over the waste. "Mr. President," a voice interrupts, "Sir, the pilot has asked me to inform you that our final fuel transfer will be taking place in–"

"Look!" erupts Reagan, pointing wild toward the window. "That's him! He's closing on us! Quick! Take evasive action!" and with that the President drew a pearl –handled, gold-plated Smith & Wesson .38 given him as a gift by the NRA when he was just campaigning. Thinking what he saw was his arch-enemy, the Soviet Premier, Ron meant to settle this matter once and for all.

But...he was mistaken. Duped by delusion. Desperately, the aid struggled with the President, trying to wrest the pistol from the paw of his boss.

"Sir," he said unsteadily, "Don't shoot, sir. Don't shoot that plane. It's not him. We haven't been able to locate him. That's a fuel tanker, sir. Our last one."

"Sir," said the aid as he clutched for the pistol, hoping to secure it before it could go off, piercing the cabin panel and letting all this valuable atmosphere out...*out there*. "Sir, the captain has asked me to inform you that *that* is our last tanker out there and it will be fueling us in about--"

"Our last tanker!" exclaimed the President. "It can't be! Where are the others?"

"The others...? They're ..."

"They're where? Tell me you fool!"

"They're...down, sir"

"Down! Down where? *There's nothing down there!*"

"That's where they are, sir. We'll be there in less than 18 hours, when this last fuel supply expires."

"No! We're not going down! We haven't found him yet, that...! Faster! Faster!"

"Sir, chances are he never left the ground. Ours was a pre-emptive strike. They wouldn't have had time to scramble their executive aircraft. They should be dead, sir. All of them."

"Why did I have to leave, then?"

"They also released their total arsenal. Must have been a coincidental pre-emptive strike launched at the exact time ours was. Anyway, we got you out just in time. America is gone. Everything is gone, sir."

"Where's Nancy?"

"I've told you this, sir: She's gone. She took some pills, and now she's...gone."

"She's...*what*?"

"That's right, sir. She's gone. She didn't really love you...*but I do, sir!*"

"What?"

"That's right, sir. Kiss me!" and thusly the aid grabbed his boss and thrust his tongue deeply into the mouth of the startled President.

"Get away from me, faggot!" blurted Ron as he leveled the pistol and fired, killing the aid and causing Air Force One to go down, leaving the fuel tanker pilot very confused...*and totally alone.*

