It was the early morning when the sun filtered into the nicotine stained walled room. The exhale from Pete was pure smoke. It was carcinogenic. With all men, Pete made sure that he dick was still attached before going for another filterless cigarette.

The crackles of the tobacco filled room before it was coughing from the 20 plus years of smoke and whiskey. The body started to move. It was instinct to reach for his phone to see the morning news.

The smoke started to clear his eyes before he saw the headline, “Perry the President.” The coughing started to increase, it became so violent he swallowed his cigarette. After calming down, and re-reading his phone. “Perry the President.”

His head was filled one word, over and over and over again.

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He finally reached over to his drawer. His hand weighed inside. He was contemplating the future of the world being influenced by Perry the President. He closed his eyes, reached for his grandfather’s side arm from World War II. The years of desperation and valor fighting for what would eventually become the world as we know it. He asked the gun for forgiveness as he placed barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger.