



A meeting with the President

Because Donald Trump is in quarantine in the White House with Covid-19 I was able to arrange to meet with him on Zoom.

The famous orange hair was now grey and suited him much better. His face was thinner and he looked more normal, if that is a word that could ever be applied to him.

I noticed that his fingernails were bitten right down to the quick and that there was a food stain on his normally immaculate shirt front.

He sounded a lot less cocky than usual.

"Good to meet you Agatha. Where are you from?"

Watford? What State is that in?"

I didn't correct him on my name or his geography as I wanted to be able to continue our conversation.

"My aid tells me you like poetry," he continued. "I do too. Bigly. I know more poems than anyone else. You know this one? The boy stood on the burning deck, eating a threepenny Walls, a little bit fell down his neck and paralysed his My English nanny taught me that one."

Don't believe all that that stuff you read about me. It's all fake news. Like that stuff about Melania not living at the White House.

She wanted to paint the house pink but the aids said it couldn't happen. You can't call it the Pink House, they said. So she had a bit of a strop. And that's why she went away for all those months. But we're very close. If we weren't close how is it that she also got this Chinese flu? Tell me that!

"What do you think of Boris?" I asked him.

"Boris who? Your guy in the UK? I like him. He's just like me don't you think? Same hair and everything. I preferred Theresa May though. Did you see how I got her to hold my hand by pretending I needed support going down those stairs?" He sniggered. "I don't suppose she'd want to hold my hand now!"

"So what about you Agatha? Tell me about yourself. Do you see my tweets? I bet you're thinking how does he get to tweet when he's so ill? I have a team of course. Or as I call them my tweem. Just like all those programmes you watch on TV – they all have teams of writers so of course I have a team. That's not to say I don't write the odd tweet when I'm taking a dump in the middle of the night.

Did you watch the debate? I really kicked Biden's ass. Did you see how he kept interrupting me all the time? I couldn't get a word in. Stupid man with his stupid mask but not as bad as that ghastly Clinton woman.

Hey Agatha I gotta go. They want to take me to some hospital to make it look like this is a lot more serious than it is. Reckon it's going to win me a lot of sympathy votes.

It was good listening to all you had to say. And don't forget to vote for me on 3 November. Bye now."

Andrea Neidle

