

By David Allinder

Chapter 1

January 16th, 2017

“Come on! Lets get on the road. I want to get to New York early enough to see Trump tower and a few sights before we head to DC for the inauguration. We can take turns driving and sleeping.” Said Shane Bouvet as he and his Uncle Don and two high school friends packed the car for the long trip through the night from Stonington Illinois. “Did you remember to pack your new suit?” Said Uncle Don. “Yes, it’s in the back.” How about the shoes? Did you remember the shoes?” Asked Uncle Don. “Yes. They are in my bag.” said Shane. Uncle Don replied, “You know those are the same brand worn by Regan, Clinton and Bush for their inauguration don’t you? Allen something? Park Road ?” “Yes Uncle Don. Allen Edmonds, Park Avenue.” Shane replied. Now, I hope you put the suit on top of the bags so it doesn’t get wrinkled. “Yes, Its all safe. I’ve never had anything like it so I’m going to take very good care of it. Its in the suit bag it came in to keep it clean.” Said Shane. With that, Shane programmed the GPS for Trump Tower in NYC and he started the motor and they were off.

Uncle Don is not Shane’s biological uncle, nor was he a long-term family friend warranting the name “Uncle,” prior to a few days before this trip. Shane had very little experience traveling and his high school friends knew it, so they introduced him to a friend they called Uncle Don, who had been a long time mentor to Shane’s young friends. Uncle Don is in his early fifties and has his own contracting business involving travel, so he’s a bit of an entrepreneur and a hands-on working guy. When Shane met Don, they immediately connected and Shane agreed to have him come along on the trip to the inauguration. Uncle Don was committed to making sure they all got to where they were supposed to be without any hitches.

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“Aren’t you glad we rented this big black SUV? We need to look the part! They will think we are Secret Service or maybe Congressmen!” Said uncle Don as they got on the highway. “I just hope its OK and doesn’t cause us any trouble.” said Shane. “Lighten up boy! Lets have some fun with this!” Replied Uncle Don. A few hours later, around 12:00 AM Shane noticed his phone ringing with a number he didn’t recognize. The phone woke up Uncle Don and he said “Robo calls at midnight! This is getting ridiculous!” A few minutes later the phone rang again with a different number, then another, and then Shane lost count. Uncle Don said, “You better check your voice mail and see what’s going on. That’s a bit crazy. Something might be wrong.” Shane started listening to the voice mails. “Shane, is everything OK? Is it your dad? Is he in the hospital or something? You look a little pale!” Shane put the phone down with probably ten more voicemails still in queue to be heard. “Well, apparently the article that the writer from the Washington post wrote on me the other day, that he didn’t even think would make it in the paper is on the front page” said Shane. “People I don’t know, from places I don’t know, are leaving messages thanking me for my volunteer work on the Trump campaign, and they are all excited about the article, and that we are all going to the inauguration. Some of the messages are from news people wanting to interview me. This is totally crazy. I don’t know if I should call them back or what to do.” Said Shane with great concern. “The Washington Post! That’s some kind of national political paper. Shane,

you are a celebrity!! Aren't you glad we got this big black SUV? New suit, fancy shoes! National news! That's my new nephew!! Wait until I tell the guys back at the coffee shop in Bloomington about all this! From when I met you the other day, I knew you would do something great and this is definitely already top notch!!" said Uncle Don. Shane replied, "I guess the first thing is to call back all these people. I'll work on that tomorrow morning at a reasonable hour and on the drive to DC. Lets just focus on driving and getting to New York. I'll answer as many as I can while we are driving. But I really don't know what to say to these people." "Well, just listen to what they have to say and ask them to keep supporting our President. That's about all you can do right now." Said Uncle Don.

They got in to New York at three AM and drove directly to Trump Tower. It was closed so they decided to drive around the city and see the sites from the car. The energy was so big that they had no interest in sleeping. They opened all the windows on the SUV and played music to celebrate the moment. Shane had the song "All the way up" by Fat Joe and Remy Ma on repeat. They fist pumped out the windows as they drove through Time Square at four in the morning. "Uncle Don, this is a lot of fun, but I'm getting hungry. Is anyone else hungry? I could use a coffee and some breakfast." Said Shane. "Yeah, lets get some food. I saw a convenience store with breakfast not too far from Trump Tower. Lets head back there and eat, and by the time we are done, Trump Tower should be open." said uncle Don. Shane replied, "That sounds like a good plan. I'm not leaving until I see THE escalator in Trump Tower. It means a lot to me." "Don't worry Shane, I'll get you there, I'll get you to DC and I'll get you to every event we are scheduled to attend." assured Uncle Don.

Shane and the others headed in to the convenience store to get coffee and breakfast around six AM. They went up stairs to the eating area and found it full of just-off-shift police officers and fire fighters. They struck up a conversation with several of them and enjoyed the food, coffee and conversation. Shane particularly liked one of the police officers and asked to get his picture with him in his New York City Officer's uniform. The picture was taken and Shane let the officer know he was on the cover of the day's Washington Post. The officer didn't believe him but went along with the photos and friendly conversation. Later in the day, Shane got a Facebook friend request from the officer who had read the Post article and asked Shane to send him the picture of the two of them so he could post it on his Facebook page. Shane happily sent the photo to the officer.

Shane and his friends had been driving on the highway a short time when the phone rang again. "Aren't you going to answer that?" asked Uncle Don. Shane replied, "No, I'll get it later. I've had it with these calls." Uncle Don replied. "Oh just answer it. You aren't doing anything and you never know who it could be." Shane answered the phone, "Hello, this is Shane Bouvet." The caller responded, "Yes, this is Hope Hicks, assistant to Donald Trump. I hope you are having a good day and Mr. Trump would like you to know he saw the article in the Washington post and is very thankful for all your work. He would like to get you VIP tickets to the Inaugural events." Shane replied, "Yeah and who really is this? I'm not interested in crank calls." The caller quickly responded, "This is really Mr. Trumps assistant, I can assure you. He'd like to get on the phone with you but is in a meeting." Right then, Shane heard the distinctive voice of Donald Trump in the background saying "Hope, do something nice for this man and let him know I really appreciate what he did for the campaign." Shane said, "I'm so sorry! It's just that I've been getting so many calls and I

didn't expect any of this. Hope said, "No problem. We are going to get you set up with special VIP tickets to the Inaugural Concert, Inaugural Ball and the Inaugural Ceremony, as a thank you. How soon can you be in DC?" Shane replied, "We are on our way there now from New York and will be there in less than 3 hours." Hope Replied, "That's Perfect. Call Gavin James when you get to the Lincoln Memorial where the Inaugural Concert will be held. I'll text you his number. He will get you to your seat." Shane asked, "I have three friends with me. Is it OK if they come too?" Hope replied, "Sure Shane. Text me their names so I can get them on the list as well." Shane said, "Thanks so much Hope, this is a dream come true for me. No! It's actually more than I could have dreamt." Hope replied, "The President Elect said its people like you who will make America great again." Shane replied, "Thanks Hope. Please tell Mr. Trump I said thanks so much, and I will keep up my social media support."

"Well, again you were correct Uncle Don. I'm glad I answered that. As you heard, that was Donald Trump's assistant. She is getting us set for special VIP seats. I'm not sure what that means, but I'm guessing its really good." said Shane. Uncle Don replied, "Just when you think this cant get any better than it already is, it jumps up even higher. I bet you will get to meet the President." Shane said, "She didn't mention anything about meeting him that I recall, so we will see how it goes. I'm just totally blown away because I actually heard him tell the assistant to do something nice for us. So Donald Trump was only one person away from we and I absolutely cant believe it! "

Shane and his friends arrived in central DC mid day to find a police blockade on the road entering the area where the inaugural events were occurring. Uncle Don was driving and said. "Oh no! I'll roll down the window and see if that person walking over there knows what is going on. "Hey! What's with the blockade and all the cars turning around to leave?" The person responded, "All the streets into the Central Capitol are closed, you cant get in. They will tell you that when you get right up to the blockade." Uncle Don replied, " Thanks buddy." Shane panicked, "So what do we do now? We drove all this way for nothing. We can't get in! I knew I should have stayed home and said no to all of this." Uncle Don nervously responded, "Its not over yet Shane. Let me see if I can handle this." When they got to the gate and the police guard, Uncle Don said, "I know the streets are blocked, but this is Shane Bouvet in the car. He was on the cover of the Washington Post and he's a special guest of the President. Is there anyway we can get in?" The officer said hold on a minute and got on some type of communication device. Within a few minutes, the officer had confirmed that Shane and his guests had permission to enter and after showing I.D. were allowed in. Uncle Don said, "Now aren't you glad we rented this big black SUV? I'm sure it had something to do with us getting in!" Shane replied, "Yes Uncle Don. I'm sure it helped.

They continued toward the Lincoln Memorial and the designated parking area but found themselves behind a long line of other big black SUV's. Shane said, "Uncle Don, I think you are driving in the Presidential motorcade!" Uncle Don replied, "You know I think we are! Maybe they think we are Secret Service." "I don't like this. I think we should drop back. We aren't supposed to be here." Uncle Don Replied, "They will tell us if so. Just relax boy! You are a celebrity!" They followed the Presidential motorcade to the Lincoln memorial and parked in the special parking area.

“Uncle Don! There it is. They said the concert would be in front of the Lincoln Memorial and this looks correct. I’m supposed to call Gavin James and he will get us to our seats. They are supposed to be very good seats, so we will see.” Said Shane, as he, his uncle and two high school friends approached the outdoor seating area of the inaugural concert for President Donald J. Trump. “Well hurry up and call that Gavin guy because it might take him a while to get to us. There’s quite a crowd already here.” Said Uncle Don. “OK, I have his number here.” Shane says as he dials the phone. “Gavin, Its Shane Bouvet. We are here. I was wondering if you could help us find our seats. Ah huh, OK, Ill wait here at the gate for you.” “So what did he say? Do we have good seats?” Asked Uncle Don. “Well I’m not sure if this is right, but he said we are seated in the very special VIP area reserved for the President’s family and closest friends.” Said Shane. “That’s damn good Shane! Maybe we will get to meet the President! I hope so!” Said Uncle Don. “Well I’d love that but there was no mention of actually meeting the President. I’m not sure if an article about a Fed Ex truck driver from Stonington Illinois, on the cover of the Washington Post is worth the President’s time, but we will see. I’m still not sure all this is correct and that we are really supposed to be here. It just seems like a lot of fuss over some simple volunteer work.” Said Shane.

After a short wait, a man in a suit with dark glasses and an ear piece arrived at the gate and introduced himself as Gavin James. He began walking Shane and his guests to their seats. They kept getting closer and closer to the stage and Shane became more nervous and overwhelmed by the minute since he noticed more and more people staring at him. As he got closer to the seats, he noticed celebrities and high profile politicians were everywhere. He recognized Paul Ryan, Jim Jordan, and Matt Gates, all in suits and he suddenly realized he might be a bit under dressed. “Uncle Don! This has got to be a mistake. We don’t belong here, and I’m definitely not dressed right” said Shane. “It’s not the wrapping, its what’s inside Shane, and you have done a lot for the President with your computer stuff.” said Uncle Don. “Well I was thinking concert, so I thought this American Flag tassel hat and jeans would be OK, and besides, I only have the one suit and I need to save it for the inaugural ball but we look like a bunch of hillbillies.” Said Shane. Finally they were escorted in to a small roped off section right at the edge of the stage. The President’s children were there and just a few others Shane didn’t recognize. Shane did note that as the rope was opened and he was led in, it seemed like every eye in the audience focused on him, and then it started.

A man Shane recalls was a State Representative approached with the Washington Post in his hand and said “You are that guy right here on the cover of the paper! This is an amazing story, will you sign my copy for me?” Said the Representative. Shane said, “I’m a Truck driver from a small town, are you sure you want that?” The Representative said, “No. You are a celebrity! Everyone is talking about this! I definitely want your autograph on the article.” Shane signed the paper and by the time he looked up there were another ten people moving toward him. At the same time, two men built like tanks with ear pieces approached him and stood at either side of Shane. Shane asked nervously, “Who are you guys? Did I do something wrong?” One of them responded, “You are a special guest and we are to keep tabs on you.” Shane wasn’t completely comforted by the response, but the crowd around him was now well over 30 people. They asked for photos and signatures and praised him for his service to the campaign. So many people introduced themselves to Shane that he couldn’t begin to remember all of them. Some asked how he got seated in such an exclusive section. Shane responded, “I have no idea.” The frenzy grew and Shane

felt like a rock star with celebrities and the elite all wanting to get an introduction and just a few minutes with Shane. After countless photos and hand shaking introductions, Shane leaned close to Uncle Don and said quietly, "This is ridiculous. If I was back in Stonington, not one of these people would even give me the time of day." Uncle Don said, "You are a celebrity now!" Shane said, "Yeah lets see how many of them remember me in a few weeks. It just all feels fake. At least I can get some good selfies and I'm starting a FaceBook Live for all my Trump Campaign followers so they can see all this excitement." Shane started his video feed from his phone to share the excitement of the moment and the people gathered around him were all too happy to be seen in the feed. It was the high point of his life so far, all be it a bit uncomfortable and stressful, the attention was like a drug and he began to just go with it. That's just about when the floor dropped out from under him and his worst nightmare became real life.

"Mr. Bouvet, you need to come with us." Said one of the guys at his side with the ear piece. "Did I do something wrong? I can shut the feed off and delete it along with the selfie! I had no idea I wasn't supposed to take pictures! I'm so sorry! I didn't know the rules, I promise, I'll leave right now and not cause you any more trouble." Said Shane and tears of terror began to run down his face. The men said nothing and Shane immediately concluded it was all over. He was being detained by Secret Service and it would cost his family their house and everything they have to get him out of this mess. As they were taking Shane behind the Lincoln Memorial he passed a line of men with automatic weapons and he thought, "Now I've done it! My dad will lose his house and we won't be able to afford the deductibles for his cancer treatments and he will die and it's all my fault." The men took him into the largest tent Shane had ever seen. They entered a hallway in the tent and finally one of the men said go through the door to the left. Shane walked by himself down the hall and shaking, and crying turned into the first door. He saw President Trump seated at a round table and said, "I'm so sorry sir I'm in the wrong room." The President responded, "Come over here! There's my celebrity, Shane Bouvet!" Within a split second, the room's energy removed all his terror and Shane said, "Hey Donald Trump!" and he gave the President a big bear hug.