

Gladys Visits the White House

by Dennis Payton Knight

She ambled in one morning from the Rose Garden, across the presidential carpet, under the furniture, up a golden curtain, found a spot to anchor her web, eighteen feet high and directly over the ornate desk, and went to work. There were two humans in the room, and the one with the frightening hair was pointing straight at her. "What is that YUGE animal hanging there? Has shifty Schiff got this place bugged?!"

As Gladys dangled from the end of her first silken strand, the orangey-silvery head below darted about, looking for a corner to take shelter. But the Oval Office is devoid of corners, so he stood next to the portrait of his hairy idol, Andrew Johnson, and pointed anxiously again. "That thing's come to get me, Mulvaney. Do something! Get me Barr!"

"Good suggestion, Mr. President," the Chief of Staff opined, "Barr is your Attorney General. Just the man you need. He can get you a restraining order. Maybe even lock her up."

"I say that thing is YUGE, and it's on a witch hunt! Forget Barr. Homeland Security! No, get me Mattis! Not Mattis! Who's my Secretary of Defense this week? Esper? Yeah, Esper! Get him! Tell him we need YUGE weapons. Bring the Army! No! Make it the Air Force, that monster is attacking from the sky! Tell him we need some kind of missile! Something nuclear!"

Mulvaney hopped for the red telephone on the presidential desk, and the boss stopped him. "Don't use the red one, feather brain! That one's for Putin! He'll think I'm a wimp. Use your cell phone."

"If Esper at Defense isn't in, try Bernhardt at Interior. That SOB up there is wildlife, and wildlife is Interior. Bernhardt's a good man. A very good man. He'll know what to do. Believe me."

As Mulvaney searched through his contacts, the President ranted, "That thing's a danged spider, and it's up to no good. It's the Dems I tell you. Nobody knows more about Dems than I do. I have a big brain. A big, beautiful brain, and the planet is very lucky I am in charge or there would be Dems and spiders all over the world. Millions and billions, millions and billions. Yuck!"

He turned to Mulvaney, still scrolling, "Look under Interior, Mick. That's E-N-T-E-R-Y-E-R."

The agitated President, sweating profusely through his hair follicles, stood pointing up and across the room at the dangling Gladys, and muttered to himself. "Obama left it here... bigly, very bigly... and ugly... crooked Hillary... where's Ivanka when I need her?"

Just as the Chief of Staff finally got an answer, there was a tap at the door from the Rose Garden, a man in a uniform of the Smithsonian Zoo, bearing a long pole with a net, and a small, ventilated box. Mulvaney let him in.

"Gladys! There you are!" And we all lived happily ever after. Or was this just another Washington fake news story?