


# Substantial Disruption



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## Fifty Ways to Leave the White House

By Mike Tully

“The problem is all inside your head,” she told the Czar.  
“Hallucinating will not get you very far.  
Just pack your bags and we will take them to the car.  
There must be fifty ways to leave the White House.  
Fifty ways to leave the White House.”

*Just give up the con, Don.  
Try a new scam, Sam.  
You’ve pockets to pick, Dick.  
It’s time you must flee.  
Just walk on the lawn, Shawn.  
Hop on the bird, Ferd.  
Say “bye” to D.C., Lee.  
You just gotta flee.*

“These are the times that try men’s souls,” wrote Thomas Paine in the essay, “[The American Crisis](#).” That was in 1776, when American patriots tore up King George’s lease and launched a war of independence. Their souls were tried by a despot who threatened “to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER.” Ours are tried in The Year of Oh Lord 2020 by a Walter Mitty despot who wants to overstay his lease on The People’s House. He’s trying to BIND us into FOUR MORE YEARS OF A REALITY SHOW PRESIDENCY that is turning our country into “The Jerry Springer Show.” How many ways are there to get the Holdover-In-Chief (HIC) out of the White House?

She told the Czar, “Just think of it, it’s really clear.  
It’s Mar-A-Lago where you want to live next year.  
The White House is a place you find devoid of cheer.  
There must be fifty ways to leave the White House.  
Fifty ways to leave the White House.”

*Just hop Air Force One, Hon.  
Fly far away, Ray.  
There’re pussies to grab, Ab.  
It’s time you must flee.  
The rubes worship you, Lou.  
They give you their cash, Ash.  
There’s money to make, Jake.  
But first you must flee.*

The HIC never figured out how to be president, but that was not the point. Since he knew nothing about governance and fought the temptation to learn anything about it, he created an imaginary, reality-show presidency, a part he could play like the faux tycoon of *The Apprentice*. He played it well; his presidency was what you'd expect from a fraud. Ultimately, his show drew an audience that dwarfed anything *The Apprentice* produced. When the final votes are counted, he'll have a contingent of voters numbering upwards of 74 million. That's a heck of a flock to fleece, a grifter's paradise. Even if only half of them respond to his beggar emails, he could rake in enough cash to cover the loans and legal fees that will come due in 2021.

And, of course, he'll launch a media empire. Or at least a media enterprise that he will claim is an empire (it's a faux emperor thing). "(S)tarting some kind of media enterprise," writes Paul Waldman in the [Washington Post](#) "even if it's a subscription website — would be one logical way for Trump to tap into the thriving ecosystem of scammers and grifters who prey upon the millions of gullible and excitable Republicans just waiting to turn over their money to stop the libs from destroying our country." Waldman notes that the HIC is not waiting until he departs the White House to start plucking. He "is already tapping into it; he's soliciting contributions for a new PAC called 'Save America,' whose mission is to keep Democrats from stealing the election; in fact, it looks like much of the money will go to, you guessed it, Donald Trump."

She told the Czar, "I think the future is real bright.  
You'll be on media that runs both day and night."  
The Czar said, "Are you really sure  
That I'll have fifty ways?"  
She said, "Why don't you grab your phone and tweet into the night?  
You know they send you money when you get into a fight.  
But pay attention man, because you know that I am right.  
It's time for you to leave the White House.  
Time for you to leave the White House."

*Just shake down the flock, Jock.*  
*Send emails and tweet, Pete.*  
*Subscriptions galore, Thor.*  
*Its past time to flee.*  
*Say you'll run again, Ben.*  
*Just try once again, Ken.*  
*They'll give you the mon, son.*  
*If only you flee.*

Eventually, the HIC will figure out that his post-presidency will be more lucrative than serving in the Oval Office – and a hell of a lot less work. His advisers will conjure up various ways of making money, from speaking fees, a media outlet – likely digital, contributions for what will probably be a fake re-election campaign, a (ghost-written) book, real estate deals, and so on. Putin might even let him build his Moscow Tower. The sky is the limit, they will tell him. They will paint 50 ways to write his future, every path lined with gold, every fantasy indulged, all of it fueled with the giant sucking sound of 74 million pockets to pick. "It will be glorious," they will tell him. Meanwhile, Leticia James and Cyrus Vance are convening grand juries.

As for me, I echo these words of Thomas Paine: “I should suffer the misery of devils were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man.” Paine envisioned the kind of a man who tore babies from their mothers’ arms and killed thousands of his countrymen by surrendering to COVID-19: “I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.”

There must be fifty ways to leave the White House.  
Get the hell out.

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