

'A WEE SCOTS DOG' PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...

Fear and Fury

Aka The Fool ... err... Report

By Dennis Davidson

A Story of Heroism, Patriotism and 'Murican Exceptionalism: -

'Even more well-constructed than 'Wall, The President's? Mend?' – Bob Wuffward writing in The Wuffington Post

'More eagerly anticipated than 'Knoll? The President? Send?' – Bernie Carlstein writing in Hannity's Fair

'An echo from the future' – The New York Times

'An ominous triumph' – A Mom in US

Foreword

In the year 2020, deep underground, somewhere in Twitzerland, deep state scientists had just turned on their latest experiment 'The Large Bad Don - Who Lied There'. The scientists' experiment was designed to accelerate facts and anti-facts, through the Twittersphere, to velocities close to the speed of lies, smashing them together at energies that warped the very fabric of FaceTime. These facts and anti-facts (or 'alternative facts' to use the layman's term) annihilated each other in a flash of equivocation but, as they collided, a cloud of nitty-gritty facts were expelled. These remnant facts could not be destroyed, and yet no trace was left of the anti-facts.

The scientists were perplexed. According to the laws of conservation, anti-facts have the same mass as facts, but with the opposite 'spin'. Collisions between facts and anti-facts were predicted to produce a lot of energy (mostly in the form of heat rather than light) as they cancelled each other out. However, no matter how many times the scientists repeated their experiments, while there were always some 'nitty-gritty' facts left over, no countervailing anti-fact remnants could be detected. Facts, it seemed, could not be completely destroyed, although they were massively distorted (almost beyond recognition). However, the anti-facts, by contrast, were always completely obliterated.

Then, one day, the scientists fired the most intense beams of facts and anti-facts together that had ever been produced. This time something very strange occurred. When the cloud of nitty-gritty facts cleared there, sitting in the middle of one of the many lie detectors, was a box.

Where had it come from? The scientists were eager to open it to find out, but they were hesitant. What if they opened the box only to find the body of a dead cat? Why they would worry about such a thing is unclear, but after ten minutes or so debating the matter, one of the older scientists, muttering something about 'waiting all his life for something like this to happen', took matters into his own hands and opened the box himself. There inside was just one thing, a book.

The old scientist looked at it curiously, it was dusty and he couldn't quite read the title, but before he could blow the dust off it, the book fell open at the page displaying the date of publication. The old scientist could barely believe what he saw. It read 'first published 2027' and this copy was in fact a much later revision published in 2067.

Now it was clear where the book had come from, it was the future. Forty Eight years into the future for, as students of science will know, the 'The Large Bad Don - Who Lied There' was turned on early in 2017, although it wasn't until the scientists installed additional lie detectors in 2019 that, finally, they were able to reach energies high enough to discover what became of the anti-fact remnants.

It was the greatest scientific discovery of the century. Finally, there was an answer to the question 'what force in nature could balance the nitty-gritty facts'. The answer lay in the book that they had

found in the box that they had miraculously materialized from the future. The countervailing forces to the nitty-gritty facts were ... 'fictions'! The reason why the scientists hadn't been able to observe them previously was that, when fictions are produced, they are projected into the future at the speed of lies. But this time, the energy of the collision between fact and anti-fact was so high, that the resultant fictions had saturated the future causing some of them to rebound. So, now the scientists were able to observe their 'echo' (in an echo-chamber mounted on one of the many lie-detectors) which manifested as the book that lay in the box.

The story, of how the scientists achieved this amazing feat, is one of the most astonishing stories ever told. But this is not that story. Rather, this is the story told by the book itself. A rather dry little historical political polemic, it describes the beginnings of a new administration that had just taken office in a place, far, far away from Twitzerland, called 'Murica.

This is the tale of that bold fledgling administration, and in particular of its visionary leader, Donald Jay Trump, who had made it his mission to restore the prowess of a once great nation. They were going to 'Make A State, Tremendous, Unbelievable, Respected, Beautiful And Totally Exceptional'. These proponents of 'Murican Exceptionalism had an acronym to succinctly capture their philosophy ... MAGA, which stood for 'Murica Armed - Gunning Again (because the original slogan was slightly too long to be turned into a snappy buzzword from its acronym). Here then, is that epic political tome...

Fear and Fury (Aka The Full ... err... Report) by Dennis Davidson

... with contributions from A Wee Scots Dog, Double Don Tinder (of Double Don Tinder's Double Entendres) and Ed.

About the Author(s)

Dennis Davidson is a political historian, famous for his works charting the alternative rise of the American right (or Right US) in the early twenty first Century.

His blockbuster work 'Heat Death' in 2053, laid the foundation for his seminal follow up 'The Case against a Liberal Climate', a revisionist treatise against the dangers of listening to the Liberals and Scientists, who literally brought about the Climate Disasters of the late 2040s, through the sheer force of their pessimistic liberal bleating about carbon emissions. Their lack of belief in the power of religiosity, led to the chronic prayer deficit that undermined the efforts of Judeo Christian Conservatism to bring about the restitution of traditional conservative weather patterns.

Dennis, in his private life, is keen on restoration and is currently helping to restore an ancient steel slatted 'wall'. He is particularly drawn to European artefacts and iconography from the mid-twentieth century. He is also a keen sportsman and is particularly keen on shooting. In fact, he is one of the leading lights in the campaign to promote the traditional second amendment rights of men, women and children to 'open carry' repeat action laser cannons.

This work 'Fear and Fury' has been newly revised, forty years after it was first published in 2027, to celebrate Mr. Davidson's return to form. He feels now, at long last, that he is able to fill in some of the blanks, in a definitive act of defiance, that he is confident will finally silence his many critics.

It has been a long while in the making (due to Davidson's recent health problems). Great men often have such difficulties. Winston Churchill, famously, had his 'black dog'. Dennis, similarly, has a dog problem, specifically 'A Wee Scots Dog'. The Dog, Dennis's alter-ego, has developed a tendency, of late, to write peculiar limericks, poems and song lyrics in the middle of Dennis's manuscripts.

Thankfully, Dennis has returned to almost full health of late, having mastered his inner demons ... mostly. So, the meddlesome and tiresome interruptions of the Dog, in this latest edition, have been kept to a minimum. However, unfortunately, the Dog has recently developed an alter-ego of its own known as Double Don Tinder (of Double Don Tinder's Double Entendres), an artisanal purveyor of lewd lines of verse, who has become the Dog's partner in rhyme. Hence, the Dog's doggerel now has an added layer of (often obscure) vulgarity.

A note from the publisher:

Mr. Dennis Davidson was under severe stress when he produced this latest revision (which was thought to have been exacerbated by heat stroke, brought on by the 2067 ‘Bake Off’, when temperatures exceeded 105 degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade, at Davidson’s Alaskan holiday retreat).

Unfortunately, Mr. Davidson, when negotiating with us, was in such high demand at the time, that we inadvertently agreed to certain terms that we now regret. During these negotiations, we agreed to publish Davidson’s works verbatim, not realizing that the ‘Dog’ side of Mr. Davidson’s personality was representing him at the time.

We are, therefore, contractually obliged to include the Dog’s low-brow verse alongside Mr. Davidson’s fine work. The publishers would, therefore, be grateful if you ignore the verse that intersperses the text in this edition, in order to enjoy the work as it was truly intended.

Please also be aware, that Mr. Davidson also developed yet another alter-ego ‘Ed’ while he was re-working his masterpiece. Ed, Mr. Davidson’s ‘inner editor’, is a fierce critic, whose intrusive thoughts can disrupt Mr. Davidson’s flow without his being aware. Mr. Davidson’s therapists have, as yet, been unable to get him to properly acknowledge the existence of Ed, despite his sporadic appearances in Mr. Davidson’s manuscripts. Hence, we would be grateful if you also ignore these interjections, and try also to ‘read between the lines’ (in case Ed has interfered with any of them). It is usually quite easy to spot Ed’s interference. Mr. Davidson is usually keen to praise the achievements of MAGA, whereas Ed (his unacknowledged alter-ego) tends to alter the text, on occasion, to sneak in his own Progressive Liberal agenda, which usually takes the form of some ironic or satirical so-called ‘joke’. Please ignore these, they aren’t funny.

Thank you

The Publishing Team (or is it? ... Ed)

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1. Start as You Mean to Go On

The Biggest and Best

It is important to make a good start, to make a good first impression, to put your best foot forward - that sort of thing.

Trump had already shown what he was capable of by winning the biggest landslide in the history of US presidential elections. At least, that is, when the votes of eight million 'illegals' and 'dead' were discounted ...many of whom had voted twice ... illegally! Sean Hannity, a world famous investigative journalist, who had risen to prominence when he broke the story of Kenyan interference in the 2012 presidential election, interviewed one of the 'dead', on his news show 'Fox and Fiends', during which he extracted a stunning confession.

Initially, the corpse had resisted Hannity's probing but Hannity, determined to prove that the corpse hadn't been alive at the time of the election, wasn't about to allow a 'dead' to get the better of him on a sympathy vote. Hannity's intuition was proven right when the corpse failed a lie detector test. The polygraph was flatter than the atmosphere at the end of one of Hannity's dinner parties. Not because Hannity's parties were dull of course, he was an exceptional host, but because he moved in exulted circles, full of tremendously important people, and his guests often had to leave early to attend to vital business the following day (some had to be up as early as four o'clock in the morning in order to advertise their 'brand' with tweets aimed those interested their 'message').

Yes, Trump had won a massive victory, and this was further evidenced by the turn out at his inauguration. At least, that was how unbiased observers (Fox, Breitbart and Info Wars) reported the event. One particularly well respected Fox News commentator, known for his neutrality and bi-partisanship, had called it 'the biggest crowd ever'. It was even said that the crowd was so massive that it could be seen from outer space (or the 'outer spaces' as fringe publications, like the Washington Post, had described the further reaches of the mall). Yes, this was 'a truly a 'uge crowd'.

But then disaster struck. The Mainstream Media, Globalists and the Deep State met in a secret basement of a Pizza parlour in order to collude. There they planned one of the most mendacious deceptions ever concocted. Through the night, between indulging in unspeakable satanic acts, they worked on a plan to convince the loyal, Trump supporting, American public, that the audience for the inauguration was not the biggest crowd ever seen.

Trump immediately sent for his press secretary Sean Spicer to set the record straight in an emergency press briefing. However, despite Spicer's obvious integrity and sincerity, stories started to appear in the so-called 'mainstream media' (CNN, MSNBC, CBS, and even on Fox News - where weak minded losers Chris Wallace and Shep Smith had been taken in by the fake news propaganda of Obama,

Clinton, Podesta and their communist media backers). Even when Spicer provided irrefutable proof that this had been ‘the biggest crowd ever ...period’ (by emphasizing the word ‘period’ very strongly and powerfully) the press persisted with their evil fake news.

Trump needed an answer fast. Fortunately, he had one, his loyal aide, Counselor to the President - Kellyanne Conway! She would know what to do ...

Alternative Fax

Send a message to CNN
You can send it in a fax
And tell them I have news for them
Let's see how mass media reacts

Tell them please stop lying
About inauguration crowd size
Trump's is not smaller than Obama's
That's just a press pack full of lies

And if they show you pictures
Of a half empty mall
Tell them that's just ‘cut and paste’
It was never quite that small

And if they become quite angry
Ask them ‘Why can't you relax?’
Who needs fake news reality?
When there are alternate facts!

After Kellyanne had successfully faced down the press, through the genius of her ‘alternative facts’, the crowd size row subsided. The matter had been settled decisively in Trump’s favour. Whatever the size of the crowd, there was now no doubting which side had the biggest liars.

Making it Look Effortless

Being a new President is an exhausting business, there are official engagements to attend, cabinet appointments to make and administrative staff to capriciously relieve of their duties.

Forming a new administration is a hard work, even for a President with the constitution of Donald Trump. This was exacerbated by the fact that he had just fought one of toughest Presidential campaigns in history against one of the toughest opponents ever...

Campaign Flashback

Hillary was an unconventional Presidential candidate. There was something different about her that set her apart from all previous candidates, but Trump couldn’t quite work out what it was. She had a strange kind of charisma that attracted voters to her. Yet on closer examination there was little substance behind her policies. It was all just rhetoric and bluster.

Trump, a quiet, reflective man was the polar opposite. While Hillary had used every dirty trick in the book, he had tried to keep tensions low. He always preferred the low road, but Hillary and her backers kept saying that they wanted to ‘go high’. Always, they chose to raise the stakes and up the ante, while, ironically, dragging American politics down into the gutter at the same time.

What had happened to American politics? It had coarsened in its tone and soured in its taste. Despite Trump’s best efforts to concentrate on important matters of policy, Hillary kept making personal attacks on Trump and throwing out wild, populist policy ideas, that she appeared to have conjured on the spur of the moment.

Trump had grown weary and despondent; especially when poll after poll during the campaign had all told him that he was going to lose. ‘What polls?’ his ever faithful attorney Michael Cohen, had once humbly enquired, ‘All the polls’ had come the reply.

At that time, before Trump’s biggest backer (a Mr. Vladimir Assange) stepped in to help, his campaign did indeed seem to be on the ropes. However, he and attorney Cohen knew that he was still in with a great chance. Perhaps it was not yet enough to merit planning a future presidency, but it was still a great chance.

For now planning for office would have to wait; there were other priorities. For example, the finishing touches still had to be added to a brand new exciting venture aimed at reducing media bias... Trump Television! Some lying Democrats had suggested that Trump’s Presidential campaign was really just an advertising campaign for his planned television franchise. This, of course, was just a Liberal lie. The truth was much ‘smarter’ (to quote Trump himself). In fact, Trump was playing a game of multi-dimensional chess!

The plan was this: Trump, himself, would front Trump Television’s flagship reality program ‘The President Show’. That way, even if had the unthinkable occurred (Trump losing the election) Trump could play himself as the President on Trump TV. His base would never have noticed the difference. ‘Pure genius’ he had thought to himself! ...

...at least that is what the lying Washington swamp elite would have you believe...

No, although it was true that Trump did intend to play himself as the President on The President Show (with Steve Bannon as script editor to ensure balance), Trump fully expected to be the real President too. And it would all be very easy! But he just didn’t have any time to prepare for it right then, because daughter Ivanka wanted him to help promote her latest business venture; a range of clothing and accessories called ‘Daddy’s Girl!’

Well, Trump's motto, being the best father in the world, was 'Family Comes First' and he, as the head of the Trump family, was always the very first to come. So naturally, when he received Ivanka's call, he came immediately.

This was the real reason why preparations for government were not quite as advanced as Trump would have liked; wholesome family reasons. Mike Pence approved, he too was a highly moral man with high principles (as was his mother). Family is family, and if Trump was not a family man (first and foremost) then what was he?

Do not answer that question lying Liberals!

In the end, Trump won the campaign incredibly easily and felt thoroughly refreshed as he entered Government for the first time in his life – as President!

Making it Look Effortless (continued)

The arduous campaign had taken its toll but, immediately after his inauguration, Trump wanted to get on with the job. He wanted to hit the ground running. However, it was Friday and even God rests at the weekend. Trump knew this because Mike Pence, his closest friend and spiritual adviser of many years, had told him so. Pence, had said something about resting on Sundays, but Trump knew what he really meant – Saturdays and Sundays ... and maybe Friday afternoon and a bit of Monday morning too ... just to be extra rested and holy.

Yes, there was a lot of work to do, but in order to be effective, body and mind both needed to be fully rested and relaxed. 'They are the temples of a soul' Trump told himself. So Trump decided to rest his weary soul so he was as rested 'a soul' as possible. However, at the same time, there was still important work to be done that required his urgent attention. He had to consider those cabinet appointments. Who would get the big jobs? How would he reward those who had been loyal?

Also, there were those, whose kindness and generosity during the campaign, Trump wanted to return with well earned (and totally legal) interest. But how could Trump reconcile his need for rest with the enormous workload he had undertaken?

Of course, off to Mar-a-Lago for a working holiday! There he could recuperate from a hard first week of hard work while diligently hardly working to attend to the affairs of state...

Working Holiday - Trump's Holiday Lament (or Lamentable Holiday)

Being responsible for a whole nation
It is hard to have real relaxation
For though he's putting in putts
He is still Putin's putz
Day and night - even when on vacation

Executive Rhyme

Golfing, Tweeting, watching TV
Are tiring things, you will agree

But still I've time to shout and cuss
'Cos I'm a 'stable genius'

There's all those yes men to impress
And then 'what button should I press?'

Well now I think that is a wrap
I'm really overdue my nap

A well-earned rest – is so sublime
My own executive 'me time'

Keeping the work out of politics (Another Hard Day at the Winter Whitehouse)

'Keep politics out of your work'
A good motto - but also a quirk
If you lead the free world
It appears quite absurd
And you'll seem like a fool (or a jerk)

Even Trump's opponents had to agree that his work-life balance strategy was an excellent one. It was a great way to start to his presidency and it gave rise to great celebration and rejoicing throughout the nation ...

The Ballad of Mar-a-Lago

Where does he go?
When the sun it is low
To keep the winter at bay
Why, Mar-a-Lago
Is a fine place to go
To sunbathe, to golf and to play

And when the President's
In his residence
He is out of his office all day

So, less 'work' will get done
While he's there having fun
Perhaps, with some luck, he will stay

But Trump did not stay at Mar-a-Lago (at least not any longer than Tuesday) although he did return on many occasions. The importance of the weekend break, sometimes a long weekend, for a well-earned rest cannot be over-stated... especially on the busiest of weeks, when Trump also found it vital to fit a mid-week break into his schedule, so that he could fully re-charge his batteries, allowing even the hardest of hard work to be worked at ... hardly ... and powerfully.

Ready, Set, Go! Beating the Terrorists and Criminals at their Own Game!

With batteries re-charged there was important work to attend to back at the White House, because stopping international terrorism in the first month of an administration doesn't happen all by itself.

For a start, there are travel bans that have to be organized, and travel ban policies that have to be thoroughly thought through ... in the minutest of detail.

Then there are speeches to make about stopping crimes like rape and ... crime ... by encouraging Mexicans (many of whom were assumed to be good people), to build walls to prevent mass migration to the immigrant free utopia that Trump (and his team of the best people) were busy creating.

Trump, would persuade the Mexicans to build walls through diplomacy and state-craft. For Trump, the ultimate businessman and deal maker, it would be very easy because he understood deals ... and walls ... like no other.

Initiation Rites – Trials, Tribulations and Tremendous Winning!

But the forces of darkness were gathering. There would be two more major tests of Trump's magnificent fledgling Presidency before the end of January.

First, on the 22nd of January 2017, the Fake News Washington Post broke the story that Michael Flynn was under investigation by the Deep State. How should President Trump respond? Being a man of action, Trump immediately warmed up his thumbs and began to Tweet about how good (and loyal) Flynn was. His deft little digits nimbly worked their spell with fleeting movements across the surface of his golden iPhone. Soon the world would know what Trump knew: that Flynn was a good and honourable man, of impeccable character, who was being wickedly persecuted by the hypocritical intelligence services ...

Michael Flynn – Sinner – Or More Sinned Against?

Was General Michael Flynn
Committing a terrible sin?
To think it was funny
To take all that money?
Or was he a fool to rush in?

It seems that he may have been caught
By Russians and Turks being bought
But who hasn't a price?
And who can't be enticed
By the thought of a luxury yacht?

With the Flynn matter decisively settled by Twitter, Trump was ready to unleash his next master stroke - a travel ban to prevent Terrorist Muslims from entering the United States. Proudly, with loyal Mike Pence by his side (and with his humble and loyal staff all around him), Trump signed Executive Order 13769 into effect. It had been planned, crafted, and thoroughly thought through (in the minutest of detail).

Then the second major test of Trump's already fantastic Presidency arrived. In the court of public opinion, an angry response to the travel ban was growing. The 'mains dream media' with the help of

George Soros, the Illuminati, and a shady figure on a Grassy Knoll, had managed to convince a few hundred thousand Americans, mostly illegals (and many of them dead) to march to the airports in protest.

The big guns were immediately dispatched to argue the merits of the 'ban'. Ironically, it wasn't really a ban anyway. This was just more 'fake news' that was being pushed by mainstream liberal journalists, who had nothing better to do than maliciously cut and paste the President's Tweets into their 'failing, low ratings', publications. But Trump knew what to do; fight them with simple honesty and truth. Kellyanne Conway, Counselor to the President of the United States, was sent forth to talk truth to power (at CNN and MSNBC). And, for the White House press briefings, Trump had the very the best man for the job ...

Nicey Reichy Spicey

White House press secretary Spicer
Said 'look here I could not be nicer
And this isn't a ban'...
But that's how he began
To look like an old fashioned Third Reicher

But then, to Trump's dismay, a circuit nine and three quarters court decided to block his Terrorist Muslim ban. It was his first major policy initiative and they had destroyed it - for silly legal reasons! 'Damn those Deep State Liberals' Trump thundered when he heard the news. He was right, his ban was the most progressive, compassionate and Presidential action since the 'lily-white southern strategy' that had helped sweep Herbert Hoover to power in 1928 by broadening the appeal of the GOP to a group of southern voters that, hitherto, had felt ethnically excluded by the GOP.

Worse was to follow. Then Acting United States Attorney General Sally Yates, a woman up to her neck in swamp, had wilfully exceeded her authority, by instructing the Justice Department not to defend the ban on Terrorist Muslims after the courts had ruled it unlawful.

Trump had to act, but how? He needed the gentle counsel of someone who was wise, loyal and full of integrity, but who? Kellyanne Conway - Counselor to the President of the United States of course! She was someone he could always confide in.

Kellyanne Conway had built a career based on her uncanny ability to listen to other people. She rarely spoke, but when she did she was always soothing in her tones. Her key asset was her ability to simply absorb what another person was saying without interrupting. But although Kellyanne was a gentle, considerate, genuine woman (who always had time for opinions of others), there was another side to her. She had a steely, resolute determination, a keen mind for spotting untruths and quiet way of letting people know what she was thinking.

This made her the ideal confidante for Trump. She could always be relied on to listen carefully and she could always be relied on to speak her mind (when in private of course). That was why Trump got on with her so well. It was almost as if they shared the same mind. She was always the best person to talk to and whenever Trump had any niggling concerns, she was there to counsel Trump, and she always gave him a good counselling...

In a Flap in a Cap (aka Doctored Excuses with Kellyanne)

I am Donald
I am Scam,
Scam I am,
I do not like it Kellyanne,
Why don't they let me have a ban?

I want a wall, that's 10 feet tall,
That'll surely make 'em stall,
I do not like those Mexicans,
I do not like them Kellyanne,
I would not like them if I could,
I would prefer just to be rude,

I would not, could not, just be kind,
It really would just hurt my mind,

Would you like sharing in the dark,
Secrets with Russian Oligarchs?
Yes I will share things when it's dark,
In envelopes in Central Park,

I am Trump,
Trump am I,
And all I say is just a lie.

After pouring his heart out to Kellyanne, Trump immediately knew what to do. Yates had to go. Quickly, he wrote out a note, it read simply 'Sally Yates – you are fired (also you are only a 6 at best), ~~David Den~~ Donald J Trump (really smart President)'.

Trump didn't like firing people. Indeed, during his entire career as a businessman and celebrity businessman, he had done his utmost to avoid situations that would require him to fire people. But this wasn't business ... or being a celebrity. He couldn't follow his naturally compassionate instincts, no matter how much every moral fibre of his being screamed at him not to fire Sally. But he knew that he had to do it. He had to be 'Presidential'.

However, even in firing Sally, Trump had managed the situation with such poise and dignity that human resources text books and manuals would have been completely torn up and re-written. By sending Sally a note (rather than delivering the message personally) Trump had prevented an awkward and embarrassing situation from arising. But the real genius of Trump's compassion is revealed by the gentle tenderness of his note. For Trump knew that Sally Yates, a woman aged fifty-six, who hadn't had any 'work done', could never hope to be a 6.

With the Yates matter concluded, the month of January came to a close. Trump could relax back at the Winter Whitehouse, contemplate the smoothness of his transition from candidate Trump to President Trump, and plan his next move in the multi-dimensional game of chess that was Donald Trump's Presidency of the United States.

He had played the opening moves of The Trump Gambit. He had started as he meant to go on!