



## Obama on the Ramparts

by RW Spisak

She arrives very early, the streets still dark. Security waves her through, surprised at her early arrival. Madame Secretary isn't accustomed to these early hours, Bill had pointed out that she'd forgotten to apply her lipstick. Her staff had scrambled so she was "assembled and delivered" in time for the 5am meeting, an hour she hadn't seen in many years.

She arrived at the ante room, and found Secretary Chu and General Holder waiting. Hilary asked the president's secretary what time the President had come down this morning. "He's been staffed all night, Madame Secretary," was the response. "Mrs. Obama, and some of their friends from Chicago have been in and out all night."

"No! Now!" The President's voice rang out from behind the door to the Oval office. Seconds later the door opened and a chastened Rahm Emmanuel, stepped out, looking pale. He looked up briefly to identify those assembled, but left without a word.

The President appeared, at the oval office door and with a jerk of his hand beckoned the three administrators enter. He was behind the desk in three strides, his body language betrayed his intensity. He didn't take a seat, but leaned over the desk, hands resting on the papers strewn across his desk. He looked even thinner in the early grey of dawn. His eyes raked the three faces with an intensity they hadn't seen since the early campaign days. "Clinton", he said, he seldom called her Hilary, "tell Bill the deals off." He looked from Hilary to Chu, "We will not be bisecting the country with that damn pipeline, I don't care what they'll pay." Secretary of Energy Chu, whose background in high energy physics had prepared him, for the unexpected only nodded and said "Yes, Mr. President." "Make the calls, now." "But Mr. President, there'll be no one at the offices at this hour."

Genuinely angry, the president pointed to a phone across the room, "You call them from that phone, they will take a White House call. CALL THEM NOW!" Hilary, stunned hadn't moved, that pipeline deal would have set them up for life, but she knew, it was over. Now she'd have to break the news to Bill. He wouldn't like it.

"Chu!" the President called out to Secretary of Energy while he waited to be connected to the Petroleum Giants, "Yes Mr. President?" "I'm issuing an executive order right now." His hand finished his signature with a flourish. "I want solar panels, and wind turbines on every federal building from Honolulu to Kennebunkport, make it so." "Yes, Mr. President right away, Mr. President," he turned back to the phone but now he was smiling.

Attorney General stood opposite the big desk, waiting his turn. "Eric, I'm tired of this crap, I want indictments filed today." "Mr. President, we've think we've cracked the encryption on the hard drives. today or tomorrow we'll know who was behind the short sale of all that airline stock the week before nine-eleven." "Indictments, Eric, I want indictments today. This is national security." His arm waved above the cluttered desk. "We know where the money went, by the time we're ready for the trials we'll have everything we need." "Will we need military trials, Mr. President?" The president considered the question for a second, "We'll cross that bridge soon enough. Now call Mueller have him meet us."

Holder knew that look, he'd seen it a lot lately. He saw it when the President signed the arrest warrant for George Walker Bush, and the former Vice President. Those short sales are over, as of this morning. The president scribbled furiously, and looked up only long enough to say, "I want Marine One made ready. We're going to New York, this morning. General. I want draft legislation on my desk today, to nationalize the Stock Exchange. Tell Mueller to meet us on the steps of the Exchange."

Two hours later, Marine One landed on a secured Wall Street, directly in front of the New York Stock Exchange. New York National Guard troops recently returned from the mountains of Kurdistan, home long enough to get an eyeful of foreclosed neighborhoods, and shuttered factories had been puzzled when they boarded buses headed for Manhattan. A phalanx of FBI technicals was waiting on the steps as the President, and Attorney General Holder raced up the steps. Director Mueller signaled his FBI team follow. The president of the NYSE stood in stunned silence arriving on the floor in time to hear President Obama order the computer team from the FBI to shutdown trading. He attempted to sputter an incoherent objection. Attorney General Holder, put a hand on his shoulder and explained that the exchange was closed and sealed, as a crime scene. He looked from the General to President Obama to object.

President Obama raised his palm to the sputtering billionaire, and explained simply, "You've been nationalized as a National Security Asset. You're done." "But Mr. President," he whined. FBI director Mueller waved two agents over, and they placed him under arrest.

Seconds later row by row the terminals began to blink off, only then had the traders, noticed President Obama standing at the edge of the trading floor. An ugly sound, emanated from the crowd on the floor, as traders and runners, began to realize that the tide had run out. Two lines of National Guardsmen had entered the Exchange and took up positions surrounding the trading floor and secured the exits. The monitors were dark and the floor was eerily silent as the traders, surged toward the president, and his retinue. The Attorney General was handed a microphone. His voice booming in the now nearly silent hall, he explained to the members of the exchange and the traders, that they would each be interviewed by the Justice department before leaving. The President and the FBI director turned to leave as the Justice Department staff prepared to conduct initial interviews.

Quietly and peaceably the president tossed the thieves from the temple of the nation's exchanges. Shutting down the thieving short sellers, knocking over corrupt traders and yanking down the schemes that had bankrupted Americans. Stunned faces greeted the President as he and his flying wedge of Secret Service raced back down the front stairs of the exchange. He climbed into one of the Black FBI SUV in-front of the now Federalized New York Stock Exchange. They drove away blue lights flashing.

CSPAN broke away from yet another CONSERVATIVE GAB-FEST leaving Grover Norquist and Dick Armeey gasping for Media attention, to announce the President's closing of the NYSE.



President Obama trailing a team of FBI men with kevlar armor, helmets and automatic weapons pushed through the tall double doors into Jamie Dimon's platinum plated private office, at JP Morgan Chase. Obama walked up to Dimon's desk, put a finger in Dimon's chest and informed him, that he's under arrest for Treason. "Read him his rights," were Obama's only other words before he left the room. Two federal agents spun Dimon around, patted him down, then cuffed and hooded him. They grabbed his arms, and half-carry, half-drag him down a flight of stairs to a waiting waiting PADDY WAGON driven by a newly deputized Michael Moore. When they opened the rear door to toss in Dimon, it revealed a cuffed and hooded Lloyd Blankfein and a weeping Glen Beck. Moore gave the President a THUMBS UP and the President said, "Take em away." Moore drove off to the nearest Xe holding facility for questioning.

Xe has arranged for some expat-Egyptian subcontractors to do the questioning. After their first "interview" Dimon, Blankfein and Beck were placed in a cell already occupied by Donnie Rumsfeld, and his buds the Shrub and Cheney. They were "on ice" awaiting their next round of "interviews" reclining in what Al Gonzales's Justice Department used to glibly refer to as, "stress" positions.

to be continued...

