

God Emperor Trump and the Cure for Death

While people listened in earnest to NPR, BBC, NYT, WSJ – anywhere they could for the verisimilitude of a sliver of truth in a windstorm of McCarthyism – a very different sort of question was dogging the floundering Trump administration. Had this been the cure that was hoped for? The Cure for Death?

People had been labelled (and deported) for “slandering” and “libeling” the Trump administration with burgeoning questions of ties to the Russian government. Reporters knew the players’ names, Putin, Trump, Kislyak, Kushner, Melania, Junior, – but they didn’t know the game that was being played.

The administration’s adoption of disappearing and gassing critics in the run up to what reporters firmly held to be a capital treason indictment in the 2020 primary season drove the military budget to levels unseen, even in the absurd realm of comparison the United States’ *before* Trump. The surge in funding that this increase stimulated overseas in Putin’s own government, compounded by removal of sanctions, reduced pressure via NATO, etc. – all red-lined the Kremlin’s pharmatechnology laboratories into overdrive.

At last, scientists found it. The Mortality Cure.

Putin, the younger of the two men, had always had an especially *keen* sense of mortality.

Always it haunted him.

He hypothesized to himself “This great weight on my heart, this despair behind my eyes, burning the flesh off my back from the inside out with its icy caress – everyone must feel it. So they’ve told me since I was barely older than a boy. A sense before then tormented me, and I lacked faculties the understand it and, what’s more, the faculties to communicate it. It was the more devastating for I’d felt no other feelings up until that point to compare it with. Like a fish in the sea knows not what ‘water’ is, so too does not a second pass by that despair does not grip my heart.

For fear of a sense of catastrophe, I couldn’t ask my parents. The first I asked were my playmates, but I couldn’t articulate my thoughts in a way they could grasp. Later, as an older child, I finally came to understand: everyone else felt mortality fleetingly. For me, it was ‘locked on.’

For years, no one knew what I was talking about when I’d explain. I stopped when I was about eight or so, and none of my peers up until that point understood death as more than an abstraction. After hundreds of conversations by this age, making a fool of myself, I resolved not to discuss it any longer.

Some years passed and, in adolescence, I’d overhear the budding self-awareness that marked the transition to adulthood. *At last! Others know this feeling as well!* I thought, my palms shaking. Some would put my thoughts into words poignantly, and evermore their words would be carved to the inside of my heart. This offered me no comfort, and only increased my desperation to live forever.

Years later, in late 1983 AD, I met Donald for the first time. He struck me at first as deeply intelligent, at times wearing a buffoonish exterior to amuse and win the approval of others. To be honest, I felt it quite charming. It ringed of vulnerability, creating a disarming effect when you spoke to him. He told me he had a plan to walk away with the American presidency.

It was not until 2013 that he described the plan to me in any detail.

He said that now he had an additional asset from his years on The Apprentice and his practice flirtations in presidential campaigning. “Beta trials,” he called them. Teasers. He’d keep the media transfixed on

him to the tune of \$1.5B per year in earned media. He could suck all of the oxygen out of the room so that no media companies could breathe without him. It would be political and economic suicide not to cover his dog-and-pony show. He said he could walk away with the US presidency outright, and it would be a guarantee with Kremlin assistance. After talking to him about his plans for all of ten minutes, I believed him.

I proposed an alliance. Already, the Kremlin had files on both the Democrats and Republicans, with some progress made on the smaller, more cyber-secure political parties as well. He suggested the uncritical attitude of “properly-energized” Republicans would propel him into the Oval Office, and our assessments agreed, so he ran on their ticket.

18 months later, chasing vodka with champagne to christen our resolve in beginning our project, Donald said something to me. ‘We are old men now, Vlad. Do you wonder what comes next?’

‘Niet. We both know what comes next,’ I said, my tongue moving faster than my mind.

I caught myself aback.

Why had I said that?

My eyes grimaced against my will.

Donald caught it. I caught him catch it. It was like looking into a mirror, just then, for in his eyes set the exact same look. I understood then. As did he. We were both the same.

The campaigning itself was great fun for Vlad, as he had the chance to thwart the ambitions of a political rival of his. Poised to win the immortality of historical canonization in the West, Clinton was a sympathetic figure to Putin. Vlad had already attained historical canonization, and in greater measure than Clinton, through his own role in both global and particularly Russian history, yet it had afforded him no peace of mind. He sensed, through his numerous talks with Clinton, that she viewed her legacy as a *literal* immortality, not the odious platitude he and Donald viewed it as. To be relegated to the history books was, in fact, hell, Vlad thought to himself. Although he was giddy with schadenfreude watching the electoral college count on the evening of November 8th, 2016, he forgave himself by reasoning that he had saved her from hell, and would raise her to heaven.

Trump enjoyed himself as well. Having a great deal of narcissism along with a loose-talking gung-ho demeanor, he felt himself truly beginning to thrive. Indeed, a man now of 70 years old, mind already slipping, he felt for the first time that he was living up to his calling and destiny. Unsure to some degree of his greatness until that November 8th watch party, he felt a sense of validation that pervaded his core.

The persona he had adopted for the campaigning – carefully calculated to win votes and free media coverage, a blown-up version of himself – eked out for itself in his mind a larger share of his actual self that night, just as the events in Atlantic City had. He became the Trump the world recognized him as, by and large, on the night of his election.

“Can you smell it, Vlad?” he asked. Demeanor calmed by champagne indulgence, he spoke deliberately.

“Smell what, Mr. President?” Putin asked him, smiling.

“Immortality.”

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The early days of the administration were touch and go, but Trump had a swift lawlessness about him, and the wheels of justice turn agonizingly slowly. Whenever impeachment seemed imminent, he'd escalate with a new scandal. His pursuers, seeing the opportunity to strengthen their case, would let off the gas of impeachment slightly, hopeful to expedite the process in the long run with new evidence. When that began to fail, he'd start a new trade war. Soon, a new actual war. It wasn't long before he was imprisoning and killing his political opponents.

There was talk of a *coup*, but Mathis helped to suppress it. Newspapers were simply stuck along for the ride, barely able to keep up with the slew of information (and Russian *dezinformatsiya*.) By 2018, the ever-earlier primary season was beginning, and with it came the buzzing of the bell for Trump to climb back into his arena. It was too late.

By then, Trump and Putin had created their mortality cure. They titillated the media through slow leaks of information, and by the start of the general election race, had confirmed their discovery in the press and demonstrated its effectiveness.

Of course, the prospect of immortality on the one hand, weighed against honor, law, and democracy proved an easy choice for the American electorate; Trump's approval rating jumped from 25% to 47% the morning of his announcement; the subsequent televised demonstration of immortality in humans was met with another 37% jump to overall 93% favorable ratings among American voters in 2018.

Democrats and independents alike flocked to the Republican party to cast their votes for Trump. Some staunch Christian Republicans actually fled the party and worked tirelessly to defeat Trump, whom they saw as a sort of anti-Christ. But by and large, Christians from broad swaths of the American electorate cast their ballots for Trump in the primary. "Make America Heaven Again."

Toward the end of the 2020 presidential election, Trump was projected to lead in a landslide.

After his second term, it was clear that Trump would need to ascend in order to hold on to power. The constitution restricted him, after all, and Americans love their constitution. Until this point, the Cure for Death had been confined to those around the White House and the Kremlin that Trump and Putin deemed to be crucial. This included those for whom both impending death due to old age and the opportunity to serve the leaders' agenda coincided; these lucky few were rescued from oblivion to serve the turn of their masters. Owing to having their aging process frozen *just* before natural death, they led sickly but indefinite lives. Americans on this list, hand-selected by Trump and Putin, included Bernard Sanders, Henry Kissinger, John McCain, and at Putin's insistence, Hillary Clinton herself. The corresponding list of Russian designees remained classified, but was gradually inferred to be oligarchs by their suspicious longevity.

The two leaders conspired a plan. They proposed before the United Nations a radical restructuring of the organization to increase its power, effectively making it a true World Government. The proposal would be doomed to fail if not for the Cure, and for the fact that the two most militant nations on the Security Council proposed it. World leaders were offered treatment with The Cure. It would be injected gradually so as to not rouse the suspicion of dirty dealing by their nations' populaces. These leaders would continue to age for the next 36 months, but more slowly, until finally ceasing to age at their final injection. They would practice appeasement with Trump and Putin's plans, given that their alliance alone implied the threat of nuclear annihilation. The carrot of life and the stick of oblivion ensured cooperation, at first gradually as only the eldest leaders acquiesced, but with greater and greater momentum as international players observed the rules being played and prizes at stake.

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Next, Trump and Putin proposed to every nation that they hold a referendum on the matter – a simple non-binding, majority vote on whether to cede autonomy to the new government. A bribe was offered: any citizen who voted “yes” would be bindingly guaranteed the right to take the Mortality Cure if they chose to.

Every nation on Earth except for the Vatican assented by overwhelming margins.

Of course, even the Mortality Cure could not prevent a simple decapitation from removing consciousness from existence. The Mortality Cure was no miracle, after all, nor purported to be one. For that reason, those who voted “no” were generally murdered by lynch mobs after their information was published on the United Nations website.

The Immortalized still recognized the fragility of their mortality. Therefore, many harbored a suspicion that any who had once posed a threat to their immortality in voting “no” in the election might just as well pose a threat to it at some point in the future. 500 million were massacred. The administrations allowed the First Purge to occur without the slightest intervention.

The first Major Project idea was Putin’s, which he undertook immediately upon ascension to mantle of God Emperor. He reasoned that he’d be stuck on Earth for the foreseeable future. Therefore, he ought to make the preservation of the planet a top priority to ensure sustainability and inhabitability.

Initiation of this project on Putin’s part constituted a vast bureaucratic undertaking – regulatory bodies would need to be created; research and development required exponentiated scientific staffing; this in turn required a more educated citizenry – the challenges were endless. Getting the project off the ground required the collaboration of top politicians throughout the globe. The existing political order, a crystallized moment in time, permitted this operation.

Top advisors recommend a combination of taxes, rebates, bonds, incentives, dietary changes, and other regulations that would meet recommended guidelines for planetary sustainability. By 2022, it was projected that changes in human living patterns would allow for a sustainable environment until 2645 or later with no major climactic disruption. Growing problems like hurricane strength would begin to abate, and then decrease. Simultaneously, rainforests would be replenished with native flora. By 2030, further adjustments would ensure carbon-negative production of all industrial goods, effectively solving climate change.

Meanwhile, in 2025, Trump saw an opportunity to benefit himself (and mankind). Shortly into beginning his immortal-life-long reign, he indicated to Putin his desire to see war eradicated. With the US-Israel axis and Russia-North-Korea axis poised in balanced cooperation, this seem an achievable reality. They were all on the same team. Thus, Trump set out to achieve world peace. Since the entire planet was technically his “country” (as well as Putin’s) he ran it by his co-owner. There was no need to ask permission, as they saw eye-to-eye on the issue.

Henceforth, the nations of the world will have no borders. Ok, folks? No borders. No more China and North Korea, no more Palestine and Israel any more folks. ‘But God Emperor Trump,’ I can already hear Xi Jinping saying ‘We have the best wall.’ Well, no ya don’t Ping Pong! Our border wall’s the best in the world, okay folks? And we’re. Taking. It. Down. No borders! Can you believe [unintelligible].

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-Donald J. Trump (Chris Baker, NPR News 2036); *The God Emperor's Address 2036 AD*

The era of history was termed the *Pax Terra*. Now that he had actually tried it, God Emperor Trump realized that he quite enjoyed helping others. He realized that when he eased the problems of others, the burdens of the whole of the planet (*his* planet) were eased. And thus went about solving the remaining problems of the human race, aided by the steady hand of the transition team he rescued from oblivion.

In 2050 the sole holdout, the Vatican, assented to global government. Putin and Trump ruled the world.

A new calendar system was wrought to commemorate the occasion: *anno immortalis (AI)*. So as to avoid confusing Trump, the next year was arbitrarily set at 2051 *AI*, followed by 2052 *AI*, and so on. Putin insisted the calendar begin at 0 to commemorate a monumental shift in history, but found that Trump, immortal but slightly senile, was unable to effectively adapt to the change. He decided it best to accommodate the president.

Religion was permitted to exist in any form that did not infringe on the whims of the God Emperors, or the rights of any other citizen.

Some time around 2030 Trump had another realization. As 99.99% of people were no longer dying, quite soon the planet's resources would not be able to accommodate them due to a growing population. Even with more thermodynamically efficient food production and agricultural innovation, Earth would be unlikely to be able to support more than 500 billion people. He realized a cap was in order, and instituted an Imperial Order decreeing that the population would be capped at the approaching target of 10 billion people for the indefinite future. It was decreed that anyone caught procreating would be executed, and the resulting child would not be given the Mortality Cure.

Immediately, people worldwide reported for sterilization. Those who did not planned around the order's 5 year implementation plan. Most had another child or two, often with a random partner as desperate as they were to seize the impulse. Some had as many as ten in the 5 years before implementation of mandatory sterilization. By 2035 human reproduction was declared to be effectively eradicated, though reversible under certain conditions. Except for Trump, Putin, and those in their entourage they hand-selected, humanity had surrendered their reproductive rights.

By 100,018 *AI* things were looking desperate for the Trump Administration, despite his rapidly-expanding family tree. Politicians were hard to come by, and they were crucially needed. Trump looked on at Putin's thriving hemisphere with vehement jealousy. Nearly all of his own cabinet members had resigned: they "resigned" themselves to euthanasia in order to escape working under Trump's dysfunctional Earth

Initially, these cabinet members met with resistance from Trump, who needed them more than they needed life. He refused to allow them to die, depriving them of all of the means of committing painless suicide and constantly monitoring them. Eventually, they organized in a labor union and negotiated at the UN for a Right to Die amendment to the government's charter; any cabinet member (or other

person) would be permitted to choose euthanasia after one *ante immortalis* lifespan in further service of their post.

Still, Trump clutched onto some, like his former rival Hillary Clinton.

With reservations, she had joined the Trump Administration early in its UN efforts at achieving world government. Trump had to give credit where credit was due: she was the only one who really understood how the world worked. He sure as hell didn't.

One hundred thousand years later, she had some misgivings about her career. She felt remorseful for unleashing Trump's reign over the universe until entropy death in billions of years. She wondered painfully if Trump would find a way to break *that* ceiling too – the death and rebirth cycle of the Universe, as scientists had explained it to her.

She wept bitterly for the planet, for she knew this was entirely her fault. She knew that, had her colleague Bernie won the primary fair-and-square, The Donald would not be unleashed on the human race. She even wistfully wept for any uncontacted alien races likely to be annihilated by Trump's bungling ways. She and Bill applied at the DMV for euthanasia one crisp November morning.

Their applications were denied.

Trump needed another ally. He found this in Clinton. What's more, she was the only one who really knew Putin. From her time in the old "New" millennium: the 2000s AD. She knew how Putin operated under the fear of mortality. She easily extrapolated how he'd operate once freed from it. Hillary set about her work with disgust, helping Trump win the "Warm War for Genetic and Geopolitical Dominance," as he revoltingly called it.

She had to. She felt herself to be a failure after the 2016 election – she had lost to the worst presidential candidate in the history of America. She was nobody. Just a cuckquean peddling a book about how she lost. "A loser to a loser," in Trump's words – "about to expire and become a footnote of the past." She thought about those words for many weeks thereafter, finally deciding to join his transition team.

In horror, she watched as President Trump subsequently ascended to the role of God Emperor using the resources of the America and planet that she knew and loved. To her embarrassment, her long-time adversary soared on the coat-tails of her opponent, a foppish moron with the early stages of Alzheimer's, to become co-God.

It wasn't fair. She wanted to be a god. So she joined the Commission on *Pax Terra* Initiation, and set about her work. Deftly she leveraged alliances, negotiated amongst and against existing ones, forming coalitions, until finally she had a consensus. Without her work, the nations of the world would not have ceded to Putin and Trump's plans, let alone put their differences aside and chose peace.

To continue her work, which would have run long past her natural born life, she had been given periodic doses of the Mortality Cure. Upon the Vatican's ultimate cooperation, her last dose was administered, and she was permitted to take her final injection. She and Bill became immortal.

Two hundred thousand years later, Mrs. Clinton was Secretary of States. The title now carried a *de facto* role as "president" of the landmass that used to be the United States, so in some measure she was

satisfied. But in equal parts, she saw Donald's greater authority over the planet and grew jealous -- of him, and her *ante anno immortalis* rival, Putin.

Her ambitions settled on Earth, for she inferred that her rivals' were larger. She knew the only way for her to rule the world would be for them to rule the Solar System. Subtly, she implanted the idea in Donald's mind.

"Well, Donald, you and me have been at this a long time. Long ago the nations of the world settled their disagreements, and we have lived in sustainable harmony for untold eras now."

"I know. It's been great, believe me. The second best, if not the very best, era in history. Wonderful. Absolutely terrific."

"Look, see that mountain in the distance? I've been watching it for the last hundred thousand years. Back then, it was just a hill. Now, in the winter time, snow is beginning to form around its summit for the first time. Truly remarkable."

"I know, believe me I know. That's been my favorite mountain since I started watching it one-hundred-and-one thousand years ago. Just the best mountain. Truly amazing. Me and Bill should go some time. Compare notes. Spearmint stains the mountains tops."

"That sounds absolutely delightful! Say, do you ever wonder what's next?" she asked, trembling with excitement. "You're going to run out of pleasures to experience on Earth."

"Well, I've always said Earth is the best planet in the solar system. Maybe the second best, after Mars. You know I love the Greeks and their mythology. Big fan."

"Why, God Emperor Trump that's a great idea!" Clinton replied in the "mom-voice" she had raised her children with. "You should colonize Mars! And why stop there? Our Technological Exponentiation Commission actually projects that you could colonize the remaining rocky planets in only about 500,000 years!"

Trump immediately called Putin to discuss his plan.

Bill and Clinton went back to the DMV to file, once again, for an application to die. "Whatever happens, Darlin', you'll always be my Sugar Corn," Bill told her, staring into the cleavage of the DMV worker smiling at him.

"I know, Bill," she said, smiling vindictively.

Only Bill's application was approved.

Clinton, now single for the first time in more than two-hundred thousand years, sought to create new partnerships. These she found in the few remaining Progressives in the Trump administration, and throughout the various other provincial associations formerly known as "countries." Like her, they longed to see common-sense measures to protect and perfect the human experience. Pleased by the progress in the 2100s, they yearned back to that time of rapid, sustainable growth of prosperity. Arguments over property had ceased due its defacto elimination. Since everything belonged to Putin, even an uncontacted tribe's loincloth or knife was subject to seizure. Only covetable goods were, however, so most chose to live simply.

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Scientific literacy grew as commonplace as phonemic literacy, though strictly speaking no 'literacy' was involved in either anymore -- people simply downloaded the compendium of human knowledge over the course of decades and synced nightly over the internet thereafter. This eliminated racial divisions for lack of evidence, further coalescing the attitudes of the working class.

She parlayed with the Progressives' leader, Bernard. Having grown as tired of immortal life as she, he agreed to her plan. What truly surprised her, however, was Putin did as well.

As Trump was planning his first journey outside of the solar system in 250,018 *AI*, the dreams of a unified galaxy loomed on the horizon. Already the rocky planets and moons in his solar system were nearly finished with the process of terraforming. In only a few millennia, they would be inhabited by millions of pioneers, most of whom descended directly from his gametes.

He had won. His genes, he thought to himself, would likely begin the process of colonizing the universe. More and more carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen would assemble itself into his progeny. Moreover, he needn't do a thing in this vast accumulation of biological dominance. It was automatic, self-sustaining. He thought of himself whimsically as a cancer spreading throughout the universe. Then what?

He began to grow anxious.

"Siri! Turn on Fox News!" and instantly he felt his eyes transported to the camera lens filming Tucker Carlson in the studio, thousands of miles away. He watched with sharp alacrity, one of the few programs capable of capturing his attention and vast intellect.

"Yes. Perfect. Go get 'em, Tuck! Can't cuck the Tuck! Heh. Good one! Right, Alexa?"

"Good one, God Emperor Trump," replied the sterile, female voice.

"OK Google! Enter cryostasis mode!"

"Cryostasis mode initiated, God Emperor Trump. How long do you wish to wait?"

"Ten thousand years, or until woken with news of the colonization of Mars!"

He would never awaken, but never truly die either.

As soon as Trump's cryostasis was detected by Putin's intelligence, Hillary's plan swept into action. Under Putin's direction, the entire globe's population was ushered into math and scientific training, redoubling the efforts of the previous millenniums. Archonostic terms like "Ph. D" could never describe the sophistication of the education that people worldwide received, assisted by their Digital Learning Chips. Scientific advancement became more like an evolutionary process than a discovery process, and individual humans' functioned more analogously to a blockchain ledger processor than a researcher.

Ahead of schedule, they achieved what many thought to be physically impossible: time travel.

Putin and Hillary knew one of them would have to remain. She also knew that, compared with herself, he was relatively content in this timeline. Sure, he had to deal with Trump and his tantrums (or *tantrumps*, as he called them) occasionally, but at the end of the day, he was an immortal god, and he could live with that.

She volunteered. The machine was programmed to June 7, 2016.

A bright flash. A deafening ringing in the ears. Just as Processors had told her to expect.

Had it worked?

Clinton looked around her, dazed. Balloons were falling all around her. She gasped with untold surprise. She imagined her face looked absolutely stupefied, but she didn't care. She was on the stage, back in the years 2016 AD. Her husband Bill was hugging her. She realized, in some measure, the two were still in love. She realized she had missed him.

She walked up to the microphone, unintimidated by the sea of faces before her.

"Thank you! What an honor it is to be your nominee!" she shouted, then waited some time for the applause to calm. "Unfortunately, I can't accept it," She said bluntly. Quickly, the room became silent. Murmurs began throughout the crowd.

"No, Friends, I cannot accept your nomination to lead the Democratic Party to the White House." Confusion escalated. The mood was becoming tense. "To be frank I can't because: I cheated." The room fell deathly silent at the open acknowledgement of what had gone unstated up to that point.

"I cheated by allowing the corrupt super-delegate system to go unchallenged when it was convenient for me. I cheated by colluding with Debbie Wasserman Schultz to drastically decrease the number of presidential debates, in order to capitalize on my name recognition. I cheated by accepting debate questions ahead of time. I cheated by allowing my campaign to control DNC business through the Hillary Victory Fund."

Silence persisted.

"But do not allow my bad acts to reflect badly on the Democratic Party that I know and love. To be sure, the Democratic Party has some soul-searching to do.

It's clear money in politics is a disgusting premise. It's clear super-delegates are inherently undemocratic. It's clear the people of this party, and the people of America, really want Bernie Sanders. It's clear that he's the best person to defeat Trump. So I am going to put my own ego aside and urge everyone in this room, and this country, and indeed throughout the entire planet, to support Bernie Sanders for president of the United. States. Of America!"

She choked back tears, and held her hand to steady herself. She prayed the mantra she had one billion times before, throughout her life on Trump's Earth.

Bernie would have won.