

The Mouseans and the Fredo National Convention (FNC)

Surrounded by family and friends, the president, or was it someone else, wandered aimlessly about on the Fredo National Convention's overly decorated stage. He was greeted with the thunderous applause, or was it booing, of the attendees. He eventually found a lectern which had been lovingly carved out of Limburger cheese.

The convention's organizers, knowing of the president's predilections for sniffing cheese, had contracted with the Mouseans to obtain large blocks of Limburger which they then carved into the shape of a lectern. The president could sniff to his heart's content and other speakers would just have to stomach the situation or bring their own lectern. The odor, of course, permeated the entirety of the convention. Dry cleaning establishments in the area were hard pressed by the overwhelming amount of clothing to be cleaned and deodorized. (Notably, the vice president was generally missing because of her allergies to dairy products and because she had been appointed by the Party's power brokers to be the replacement for the now retiring and utterly unpopular president.)

The motto of the Fredo National Convention was "We're smart. We do things. We deserve respect.". The problem is the things that they had done, and promised to do, were disastrous and downright destructive for the country. (Of interest, the FNC was organized by ideology rather than states. On the very far left was the communists delegation. On the left were the socialists. In the middle, the anarchists. On the very far right were the sequestered islamists. On the right were the fascists. In the back of the convention hall, which was standing room only, were some colorful crazies and the old line Fredos who appeared utterly shell shocked.)

The convention started on a "weird and rather odd" note, but the attendees were quickly buoyed by the realization that "they had fooled them once and could very well fool them again" regardless of who the nominee was. (Importantly, The national news and broadcasting networks were in on the disinformation and misinformation "fool'em" campaign. The various search engines were hiding any negative information. Queries about opponents quickly switched readers to commentary praising the president's "accomplishments" and touting his replacement. The major social media sites were banning or distorting negative information.)

After the initial confrontations, confusion, chaos, and bloodshed the convention bumbled along trying to figure out what to do to take advantage of this once in a lifetime dethroning kerfuffle. Then it happened. One of the DC Diatribe's news reporters made a remark that upset the apple cart. He or she or it made the mistake of insulting the Mouseans - of all things, calling them "dumb bunnies". (Cats may be their enemies but it takes brains and cleverness to outsmart them. The phrase "Dumb Bunnies" was demeaning and upsetting in the extreme - and insulted Mousean intelligence.)

Having been hidden backstage and completely ignored, and now seething with anger at the slight, the Mouseans responded in outrage. Per their usual response to previous White House affronts, the Mouseans attacked the FNC computer keyboards and this time scrambled the letters. O, U, K and D became S, C, A and M. All communications within the convention were scrambled but most attendees just thought this was the president speaking off the cuff. Broadcast networks cut off transmission claiming that a cyber attack was happening.

In the midst of utter chaos, the president was unconcerned. Thoughts of a blissful retirement and the smell of the Limburger had mesmerized him. He was in 7th heaven and stayed that way well after the convention closing.

Note: The Fredo National Convention went down in history as one of the most bizarre events in the history of presidential politics. It was not only nationally analyzed in great detail but internationally scrutinized by allies and foes alike. The entire affair scared the absolute bejeebers out of everyone. (Interestingly, the DC Diatribe reporter whose comments led to the ruckus disappeared during a boating trip in Arkansas. The coincidence could not be missed.)