

Don Rumsfeld
& Dick Cheney
In Hell

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Chapter 1

Don Arrives Down There

He felt an itching in his eyes and rubbed gently with the back of his hand hoping to clear the mist, which blocked him from seeing. After a few rubs, his eyes saw a silver table around which were placed six steel chairs. He felt a glare as the light above hit the metallic chairs sending rays that made him blink in confusion. Where am I, he wondered? I remember, yes, I was sitting in my study watching Fox News. Thank God, America has at least one TV station reporting the truth, not like those damn liberals with their lies. Yes, someone was saying something about a bombing in Paris, yes, that's it, those damn Frenchies finally got a good taste of al-Qaeda. But, where am I?

I remember. I just had slammed my right fist into the palm of my left hand and shouted with glee, "God bless you al-Qaeda, God bless you, give the Frogs a taste of what we've been through." Then, there was a light, a red one, and now here I am in this room. He rose and felt weakness in his feet, but placed one foot firmly on the floor and forced his body to

move. He reached the table and ran his hand over its smooth surface. He felt a strange warmth coming from the table and his hand drew back in surprise. He ran his tongue over his right palm, which still felt heat from the touch, wondering how what appeared to be cold metal could send off such hotness.

He smiled thinking he sure wasn't in Kansas with Judy Garland. Don, he thought, get organized. Think logically. Somehow, some way, somebody has kidnapped me from my own home. But, how did they do it? There was a Secret Service detachment outside the house. I bet that agent Thomas fucked up, yeah, it was him. That bastard had the nerve to push me away from the President two years ago. The little arrogant bastard, putting his hands on me and pushing me out of the way when George was entering the room. I'll never forget that one, no one pushes me around, and I mean, no one.

OK, let's solve this problem. I've been kidnapped somehow by someone. First step, let's find a way out. He walked over to blinds that appeared to hide a window and opened them, only to discover they were merely covering a part of the wall. He tried all the blinds and in each case came in contact with wall space. Why the hell would these idiots put blinds on the walls? Are they trying to trick me? That's it, they want to disorient my way of thinking. Well, they picked on the wrong guy. They'll soon learn they have come in contact with one tough cookie.

I must analyze this entire room if I'm to find a way out. OK, no paintings on the wall. Everything is painted red, a very dark red. I wonder if there is something in the Moslem religion about the color red. Hell, I never paid much attention to finding out about that gutter religion, so maybe, they got some

fetish about the color red. When I get back I'll have to check further into this color red business.

He walked over to the table and placed a hand on the metallic top. He drew back his palm feeling it turn red with heat as though it had just touched a hot stove. Wow, he thought, what the heck. How can a cold tabletop give off so much heat? There is something weird going on around here. His lip slowly licked the hot palm soothing the heated hand.

OK, now let's get analytic he thought. Don, use your brain. Let's see, there are six chairs around this table. Wait, there are six blinds on the wall. His head swung around examining each part of the room. There are six lamps and there are six couches! What the heck. Do those damn Moslems have something in their religion about the number six? God, I wished I had paid more attention at those briefings about that damn weird religion. So, the number six is somehow important. But, why the number six? Any intelligent person knows the number seven is lucky. Hell, these damn Moslems always have everything backwards.

He sat down on a couch and thought about the color red and the number six. It's a puzzle, he thought, and I have to figure it out. He heard a noise behind him and slowly turned his head around. It was a man dressed in a business suit wearing a bright red tie that dominated his entire chest area. He had somehow entered the room without making a sound.

The man was smiling and his hand was extended in greeting and Don could see a twinkle in the man's eyes. Oh, my God, he thought, it can't be! Yes, it is!

Don rose from the couch and said loudly, "Ken Lay, it can't be. You're dead. I watched your funeral on TV and saw them lower a casket with your body into the ground and now,

here you are alive as anyone.... What the heck is going on?"

Ken extended an arm to Don and when their hands met, Don's jerked back in pain as though his hand had just felt the heat of a hot stove. He waved his hand in the air trying to get rid of the pain.

"I'm sorry, old man, I just keep on forgetting. After all, I've only been here a few months and I'm simply not used to certain things. Are you alright?"

"Yeah, Yeah, I'm OK. But, what the hell is going on around here? Where the hell am I and how the hell am I going to get out of this damn place? I want some answers. And, first you might explain who the hell was lowered into the grave if it wasn't you? Ken, what's going on?"

Ken burst out in laughter until tears rolled down from his eyes. He sat on the couch laughing and holding his stomach to control outbursts of laughter that filled the room. "Don, in a moment, in a moment, but first, my friend, how about something to drink or eat before all is revealed as is so often said in mystery stories. Would you like a cold drink, a sandwich, coffee, what is your pleasure?"

Don stared at the other man feeling anger growing within his body. "Fine, get me a coke, but I want explanations or else. Just remember, George doesn't cotton to having his people kidnapped. I sure hope you don't want a force of men bursting through the doors and wrecking this place."

Ken rose walked to the wall, placed his hand in a spot and within seconds there was an opening in the wall and out came a tray containing a coke with a glass. He walked back toward Don saying with a smile, "Ah, Dubya, still the brave young man challenging the world from the safety of his ranch in our beloved Texas. Here, dear friend, sip this coke and I

promise a full explanation of the mystery as to why you are in this room."

"I don't cotton much to you insulting the President. After all, he did a lot for you?"

"He did? As I recall, I was in a courtroom awaiting sentence to jail, and had just about lost most of my money, and dear George was telling the world he never even heard of me. Somehow, I recall dinners in my house, money from my enterprises funding his campaigns, but.... ah, yes, he never heard of Ken Lay. I remember him telling reporters he didn't know much about Enron or me or money being stolen or stockholders losing everything. A stout fellow and true friend is dear George."

"Ken, you have to be realistic. George was in a tough spot with you being indicted for stealing all that money and cheating those people. Look, I don't give a damn about your troubles, I just want to know how the hell you got me here and how the hell I'm getting out! And, I want answers right now, got it?"

Ken burst out in laughter again. "Oh, Don, your remarks are truly priceless. How the hell you got here and how the hell you are getting out! Priceless, a gem. I'll have to tell the Old Man about what you said. He'll love it, I bet he'll die laughing. Now, that's one, the Old Man dying of laughter."

"Ken, I'm not kidding. The President is going to be furious with your antics. This is no longer funny. And, who the hell is this Old Man you just referred to? Are you tied into some gang? Ken! Are you involved with terrorists?"

"Don, you are so darn clever and you still haven't figured it all out. Think about it Don. You are in a room painted red. There is six of everything. And, all you keep saying is how

the hell you will get out. Don't you get the irony? The humor of your remarks?"

Don stood looking at Ken. His right fist hammered continually into the palm of his left hand. His eyes were glowing with red fury. "Ken, I've always liked you. I've always enjoyed your wonderful dinners and I can't complain about your generosity in funding our campaigns. But, enough is enough. Tell me what's going on, or else?"

Ken shook his head, turned with a broad grin and quietly responded, "Don Rumsfeld, the tough minded leader now stands before me with a baffled look upon his face. You have no one to boss around at this moment, do you? There are no aides jumping at the sound of your voice, there are no Germans or French drawing back from the fury of your words. You are all alone with me in a red painted room, containing items of which there are six of each. Still don't get anything?"

Don took a step toward Ken but as his foot reached to take another step, something held it back. His right foot was suspended in air and he could not move his body. "What the hell are you doing, you damn fool!" shouted Don. "Did you dope me so my body wouldn't move? I get it, you're in cahoots with drug dealers! That's it! Drug dealers helped you get your money, you bastard, drug dealers!"

Ken waved his hand and Don's foot descended to the floor. Ken motioned for Don to sit on the couch. Don felt his body being moved backward until he was sitting on one of the couches.

"Sip your drink and listen, dear friend. No, there are no drug dealers involved in getting you here although there are many drug dealers outside of this room working diligently in our establishment. And, by the way, you would be amazed

how many of your business associates are presently on these grounds where they now work for another master, the Old Man, as we call him. Don, do you know where you are?"

"Frankly, I don't know and I don't give a damn. I simply want to know when the hell I'm getting out of here. You can play your games with someone else. I'm needed by my Old Man, George Bush, President of the United States. Yes, he needs me to defeat the terrorists and if you still had any love for America, you get me out of here real quick."

Ken was quiet for a moment. He moved his tongue to wet his lips. He sighed. "Don, I must admit disappointment. In my few months here doing these interviews you are among the slowest people in figuring out where you are and why you are here."

"Fine, I'm a dullard. Let's get down to brass tacks. What exactly do you want from me or from the government of the United States of America? I assume it is money knowing your background and the way you cheat and lie to people."

"Cheat! Lie! Really, Don, would you like to review your statements to the American people about those wonderful, invisible, still to find Weapons of Mass Destruction! But, let's return to the agenda. There is an agenda even if you still have not figured it out."

"OK, get on with your agenda. But, it would help if I knew where I was and what is the purpose of having me here."

Ken was quiet for a moment. He spoke in a low quiet voice saying, "Don, you are in Hell and I am a representative of the Devil. You have been brought here for an interview. We have to determine at which level of Hell you will spend eternity. We will be bringing people here to Hell to be interviewed

in order to determine your proper placement in Hell at the time of your death. Don, congratulations, you have successfully passed the first stage in the entry process to Hell."

Don had a bewildered look on his face. His eyes wandered around the room as his mind attempted to internalize the meaning of what Ken had just said. "Ken, what the hell are you talking about? Hell? Knock it off, where am I?"

"The reaction of many candidates to being told about where they will spend eternity is denial. It is a normal reaction, my friend. Oh, I forgot to mention that two of your colleagues from the Bush administration will shortly be arriving for their interviews. I don't know if you realize, but the Bush administration now holds the record of having the most candidates simultaneously being interviewed for Hell of any organization in human history. Not even al-Qaeda can match Bush's achievement."

Don slowly sat down on the couch. His eyes moved toward Ken and he said in a quiet voice, "Ken, I'm really tired. OK, you had your fun at my expense. You had a good laugh. Ken, let me out of here and you have my word of honor no one will ever know you are still alive. Is that a deal?"

"Don, the Old Man doesn't make deals unless they are on his terms. But, you still don't grasp the significance of the situation. We are discussing your fate, not mine. My fate was already decided a long time ago when I chose riches and power in return for my soul. Yes, Don, I did make a deal with the Old Man. But, Don, haven't you been making a similar deal even though it has never been discussed or concluded with a signed document? You really don't give a damn about the American people, the only thing Don Rumsfeld has ever been concerned about is acquisition of power."

"Hogwash! I care about the American people and I have dedicated my life ensuring they remain free and powerful. Yes, I want America to be the most powerful nation in the world. Yes, I want the world trembling at our feet because they fear our power. Now, that we are clear on that point, let's end this charade and get me out of here."

"Don," said Ken in a low voice, "you are in Hell. You will be here for several days during the interview process, which concludes with a personal interview with the Devil himself. The Old Man decides at which level of Hell you spend eternity. Don, there are people who spend eternity digging coal for the fires of Hell, and there are others such as myself who have won the good graces of the Devil and have been entrusted with more mundane tasks such as conducting the process of how future candidates fit into the structure of Hell. I assure you Don, it is a lot better sitting here in this room sipping cokes than digging coal out there."

"You're serious, aren't you? Ken, all bullshit aside, am I really in Hell?"

"Yes, dear friend, this is your final destination. The only remaining questions are where you fit into our organization and when you will arrive to assume those responsibilities."

"What about my wife, Joyce, she isn't coming here is she?"

"Oh, no, unlike Bush followers, we don't blame people because of what relatives or loved ones did. Remember how you Bushites arrested thousands of people who happened to be Moslem because some Moslems blew up the World Trade Center? We judge Joyce by her conduct in life and the fact she is married to someone who will spend eternity in Hell has no

bearing on her future. I assume she is headed up on high.”

“Thank God for that.”

“Don, watch your language. Don’t ever use that name in the presence of the Old Man.”

“But, I’m a religious man and I believe in our Lord, Jesus Christ.”

The color of the room suddenly turned black and a fiery blast of heat made Don choke with fear. He felt his bones turn hot even though a cold chill ran down his back.

“Don! I warned you to watch your language. Don’t ever use those words down here. Keep on speaking that way and it is 100% certain you will spend eternity hacking away at coal.”

Don was silent for a few moments. The realization he was somehow down in Hell slowly sank into his consciousness. He sighed. His eyes rose and he quietly asked the other man, “Ken, is there any way I can get out of going to Hell? You mention an interview process to determine my place in Hell. Can the interview process result in me escaping? I mean, do I get a voice in who is interviewed? G...I mean gee, I wish I could spend eternity with Joyce.”

“You definitely enjoy the right to identify people to speak in your behalf. We will bring those we deem have important information concerning your behavior on Earth and the horrors you have inflicted upon humanity. As to going up there.... Hmmn....an interesting question. I’ll check with the Old Man.”

“When do the interviews begin and how long will I be here?”

“People to be interviewed are arriving at this very moment. Let me make one point clear. After the interview process

is concluded you will be returned to Earth, but will not have any consciousness of ever having been here. Upon death, you simply will wind up in this room headed toward your final placement which will be determined by the Old Man as a result of what we learn from the interviews."

"I'm still confused. You are interviewing people to find out where I fit in Hell? Are you only interviewing people who hate me?"

"Of course not. We will interview a wide spectrum of people ranging from al-Qaeda to fervent Republicans."

"Do I sit in on the interviews?"

"You will be present at some interviews and not present at others. The Old Man determines who is present. In fact, he let me know due to your fame he intends to personally sit in on several interviews. Don, do you realize how famous you are in Hell?"

"Ken, sometimes you come across like those terrorists who hate America. Everything I have ever done in my life has but one purpose – to keep America free and strong. Why would those actions lead people here in Hell to consider me a hero? I am confused."

"Several important figures have already nominated you for a place in the Hell Hall of Fame. You've made a name for yourself. Don, you should be proud of what you have accomplished in one short lifetime."

"I guess my job is clearing my name of that reputation. Will I be able to offer a defense for my actions?"

"Absolutely. You can call anyone you desire, even George himself. Remember, anyone called here will have their minds wiped clean of what transpired upon their return to Earth."

“Well, enough talk, let’s get on with my defense.”

“Remember Don, your defense may be another person’s offense. Now, let me get you something to eat so you are well fed as you undertake this interview process.”