

My first day of term.  
Or,  
Everybody's first day at Shame Lodge.

April 1<sup>st</sup> 2017

My head is still sore from all those damn flashing bulbs.  
Eggs for breakfast.  
Nothing new there.  
I should hire a chef.  
A French guy with a big hat.  
Even the coffee tastes the same.  
They showed me to the office and left a stack of papers on the desk.  
I told them to sign 'em themselves.  
Damned if I'll hold a pen.  
The desk is enormous.  
Probably oak or something, maybe pine.  
It smells like success.  
I asked them where they keep the red button, they thought it was funny.  
I looked all over, but it's just a desk.  
I had them bring in a big hammer.  
And Nixon of course.  
He wasn't happy about being left outside for so long.  
He likes the desk.  
He didn't know where the button was either.  
Meeting with the commies this afternoon.

CLASSIFIED.

They want to play golf.  
At least it's an excuse to see that sexy Scottish strumpet at the grounds.  
Caitriona? Can't believe they let her drive.  
Can you believe that?  
But my god she's got legs from here and an ass that could -

STRICKEN FROM THE RECORD

I mean damn! Man's gotta have dreams, right Nixon?  
(Woof!)

+A bodyguard enters.+  
*"Sir, is everything all right in here?"*

Everything's great, thanks Max.  
Did you guys find the button yet?

*"We're working on it, sir."*

Good. Great.

April 3<sup>rd</sup>,

Damn Russians are so rude.

Didn't even touch the vodka, or the caviar!

Pigs.

But damn if that big stick wasn't some solid advice, wish I'd taken a picture of their faces.

Pure terror. Or maybe envy. Kind of hard to tell with those guys.

Always look like they're about to start shivering.

Tense. Cold.

Fuck em, they know who the boss is now.

Nixon says he could smell their fear.

But then he says everyone smells afraid.

He's kind of a hard ass.

That brooaha about not bowing down to a rival power and establishing a position of dominance.

Trust a dog to want to mount shit though.

Well whatever, it all worked out, I think I made a good impression.

Photo-op tomorrow at some university.

Cut some ribbons, cheeky wink for the papers, back home by dinner.

This jobs a piece of cake.

April 4<sup>th</sup>,

If those kids are the future of this country I don't think I wanna be here in four years time.

April 5<sup>th</sup>,

Took the jet out this morning.

Huevos Rancheros!

April 9<sup>th</sup>,

The chief of security makes me anxious.

Always checking over his shoulder,

You'd swear he expected an attack every second of the day.

Guy needs a vacation.

Nixon doesn't like him.

Chewed his pants up real good.

What's with all the black suits anyway?

We need some colour in here!

Note to self, see house tailor about implementing colour into the uniforms.

Note to self, hire house tailor.

April 14<sup>th</sup>,

My secretary quit.

Since when is sugarcakes derogatory?

Everyone loves sugarcakes.

Nixon says she was a whore anyway.

A cute whore nonetheless.

This place is turning into a sausage party.

Something needs to change.

I bet Putin has a sexy secretary. Bet he can call her whatever he likes. Stupid Putin.