

I LOVE YOU, BILL CLINTON. NOW I MUST DIE

I.

“Hello—”

“Todd, don’t hang up—”

“Uncle Jack, I told you. I’m not speaking to you.”

“Todd, I’m sorry.”

“For trying to have me killed!”

“You would have done the same.”

“Maybe.”

“Where are you, Todd?”

“I’m in Houston, house sitting for The Boutros while he’s in Bolivia. And there’s an armed security detail here, so attack at your own risk.”

“Todd, I don’t want to hurt you....anymore.”

“What the fuck do you want, Jack?”

“There’s a NASCAR event up in Dallas. The Crate & Barrel team is racing in it.”

“That all sounds really fucking gay.”

“It’s important that someone with the Barrel name be present at the race. All the Texas oil barons are going to be there with their cars and it would look bad if the Barrel family wasn’t represented.”

“I could care less. Why aren’t you going?”

“I’m giraffe hunting in Kenya with Ken Lay.”

“I just saw Lay on the TV. He’s on trial here in Houston.”

“It’s a body double, Todd. Plastic surgery—“

“That’s cute. I’m hanging up now, Jack.”

“I’ll pay you.”

“How much?”

“Ten thousand dollars.”

“Fuck you.”

“A hundred thousand.”

“Well, I do have those legal fees from the public urination trial.”

“A hundred thousand, the presidential suite at Turtle Creek and a helicopter to and from the race. Todd, Bill Clinton will be presenting the trophy. I know he’s a hero of yours.”

“How am I going to get up to Dallas?”

“And you can take my Gulfie.”

“Fine. I’ll do it—asshole.”

Jack knew my weakness for helicopters and admiration for Bill Clinton. Our paths had crossed many

times like illicit riverboats passing in the night but I’d never met the man. I always wanted to pick Bill’s brain and possibly gather a few tips on bedding skanks. That still didn’t wash off the whorish stench I felt. Being paid to go to Jack’s little race made me feel dirty, but fuck it, I needed the cash.

The jet ride up to Dallas was nice enough but I was still in a sour mood. After I choppered in to the Speedway, I made my way up to the owners box for a stiff cocktail. It was going to take a heavy buzz to see me through all the shop talk and flesh pressing with boring Texas billionaires. The owners box was a huge room with multiple bar stations and an opulent buffet. Rich old men and little blond things played about, complimenting each other on oil deals, tit jobs and new spouses. I lit up a smoke and grimaced. I felt a hand on my ass and turned around to see Charlotte Exxon.

“Nice, firm ass!”

“Hey, Charlotte.”

“I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not exactly pleased as punch. I’m doing a huge favor for Uncle Jack. What are you doing here?”

“Daddy’s car is racing. We flew up yesterday and I thought I’d hang out and go to Neiman’s.”

“Sounds delightful.”

“Todd, I know you’ve been in Houston for the past month. Why haven’t you called?”

“Been busy looking after Boutros’ place.”

“Yeah, you’ve been busy snorting Boutros’ stash and throwing late-night pool parties.”

“Hey, now.”

“I’ve heard the stories. The River Oaks pharmacy is practically out of the morning after pill.”

“It’s not your scene.”

“I just want to see you.”

“Tell you what, I’ll take you for a nice dinner and a boxing match next week.”

“That would please me—a proper date.”

Charlotte gave me a peck on the cheek and danced her tight ass over to the buffet. She was the perfect girl but I was genetically predisposed to ramble. It would never work. As if getting shit from one Exxon was not enough, Charlotte’s father, T-Bone Exxon, lasered in on me and made his way over.

“Todd.”

“T-Bone.”

“How’s life these days, Barrel?”

“It’s been pretty quiet. Just hanging. How’s business?”

“Business is booming. 60 dollars a barrel. Making a mint.”

“That’s great, T-Bone.”

“I saw you talking to Charlotte.”

“You have eyes in the front of your eyes.”

“Todd, when are you going to settle down and marry my daughter?”

“T-Bone, how many times do I—”

“Todd, if it’s money, Charlotte’s trust fund could finance a sickeningly lavish lifestyle for generations of Barrels—”

“T-Bone, it’s a matter of principal—”

“I just want my daughter to be happy. She loves you, Barrel. Why? I have no idea.”

“I know, T-Bone. Stop busting my balls.”

“Think about it, Barrel.”

T-Bone walked off to watch his #1 Exxon car lead the pack. The whole trip up here was getting worse. I slowly anesthetized myself with a continuous stream of Bourbon and Xanax. Towards the end of the race, people started murmuring and looking at me. At first I thought it was my staggering to and from the bar but then I heard it over the speaker—the Crate & Barrel car was in first place.

When my uncle’s car crossed the finish line, I couldn’t believe it. His team was more tax shelter than professional race outfit. But they had won against all odds and as representative of the owner, I made my way to victory lane. All the oil boys patted me on the back as I passed through the gauntlet of hand shaking. The wives whispered words like “derelict,” “absentee father,” “Pilipino pimp” and “coked-up assassin.” What can I say—I am who I am.

A veteran of champagne showers, I have to say the one in victory lane was the best. The pit lizards rubbed their luscious teats upon my chest. The driver and crew were ecstatic. I looked around for Clinton.

A Burger King float came around the track slowly. Bill Clinton stood on top, waving to the crowd and throwing cheeseburgers into the stands. He was surrounded by Burger King girls in g-strings and super-sized, D-Cup burger bikinis. That Clinton still has the magic, and the class. He stepped off the float and onto the raised platform for the trophy ceremony. The team and I followed.

Bill grabbed the mic, flashed his pearly whites and started his speech.

“Helloooo, Dallasssss! [cheer] I’m Bill Clinton! [cheer] It’s great to be out at the motor speedway here in good old TEXAS! [cheer] And thankfully I’m not President anymore, otherwise I might be afraid someone might blow my brains out the back of a Cadillac. [silence] But enough about me. Yesterday, Hillary was making me a fried banana sandwich and Socks did the funniest thing—he took a huge dump in my golf bag.”

A handler came up and whispered something in his ear. Bill continued.

“Yes, back to TEXAS! [cheer] TEXAS! [cheer] COWBOYS! [cheer] I’d like to present this checkered flag to Chris Russell and his whole Crate & Barrel team!”

We sallied up to the stage but by the time we arrived, Bill had already lost interest and was getting the number of a Hooters girl. I headed over and shook his hand.

“Todd Barrel, Mr. Clinton. Does she have a sister?”

“Nope. Just a raging case of gonorrhea.”

We had a good laugh. Game recognizes game.

“I’m Bill Clinton, Todd. Pleasure to meet you.”

Just as he was about to hand over the flag, shots rang out and two Secret Service men went down with holes in their chests. Sharpshooters. Not some Neo Nazi with a mommy complex.

Chaos erupted and a dogpile of agents covered Clinton and myself. Bullets kept coming in and hitting agents. I yelled into Clinton’s ear.

“Bill, we’ve gotta get you out of here! Your agents aren’t worth shit.”

“Is the cheeseburger truck alright?”

“Fuck those patties, Bill. I’m getting some wheels.”

I rolled out from underneath the dogpile and scouted the #28 Krups/Hustler fuckmobile idling in the pit. Who would have thought that a German coffee maker and American smut peddler would put together a world class racing team? Kraut scientists were protecting the Hustler pit slits with every inch on their bodies, smothering the weathered wenches with their lab coats and erect midsections. The last thing on their mind was a three-million-dollar racecar.

The car was easily nicked and I drove up to the side of the platform.

“Clinton! Get your ass over here!”

Dead bodies were crushing Bill but he managed to claw his way through, drop down and hop in the Krups car. We tore out on the track that had become a melee of people trying to escape the horror. I momentarily stopped to let a lady with two strollers pass by. Clinton used this opportunity to lean out the window to flirt with 16-year-old autograph seekers.

The sharpshooters’ bullets closed in on us and I hit the gas. We swerved in and out of incoming rednecks. Clinton clutched the dashboard as I drove over to the side of the track and through the exit. Within seconds we were in the parking lot.

Applebee’s had a hot air balloon next to the free sample table of honey-glazed chicken fingers and Shasta.

“Bill, are you afraid of heights?”

“The only things that scare me are grand juries and overweight interns.”

“Let’s go ballooning, hoss.”

I stopped next to the balloon and hopped out. Bill moved a bit slower as he collected the Hustler magazines strewn across the backseat. Prescient. I announced to the teenagers working the Applebee’s table that we would be commandeering the balloon and was met with some lip.

“I’m gonna lose my job, man, if you steal this balloon.”

“Applebee’s is for pussies. Go over to Cracker Barrel. Tell’em Todd sent you.”

The kid persisted, so I smashed his face with a can of Shasta. Clinton and I climbed into the balloon and floated off far away from the race track.

II.

We drifted for hours, passing the time by spitting lugies off the side of the balloon and perusing the stack of Hustlers Clinton had so wisely lifted. I still was utterly perplexed by the outbreak of violence in Dallas.

“Bill, who the fuck was shooting back there?”

“Todd, I don’t know. Bosnian rebels. Laotian bookies. Jilted lovers.”

“Think, man. Think!”

“I’m so hungry, Todd.”

“Don’t you fret, big man.”

The balloon set down on top of a chicken coop outside Killeen. No postal workers in sight. Bill got a crazy look in his eye and his stomach roared like a banshee. It was all I could do to convince him that it was very unsanitary to snap a live chicken’s neck and eat it raw.

“Fire, Bill. Fire.”

We disrobed a scarecrow and switched out Bill’s clothing for a disguise. He looked positively pastoral in the overalls, checked shirt, corncob pipe and KKK hat. The interstate was close, so we hitched a ride on the back of donkey transport on down to Galveston. I had an old contact there who could help us flee on the down low. Bill kept asking questions.

“Where are we going, Todd?”

“We’re going to slip the country, man. It’s too dangerous to surface.”

“I could just call up Vernon Jordan and he’ll send down a party jet.”

“Oh, we’ll party, Bill. Like you’ve never partied before.”

“Who’s your contact?”

“An old Cajun named Charlemagne Dix Nutz. I call him Gator.”

Charlemagne Dix Nutz, a.k.a. Gator, is one pirating son of bitch. He grew up in Pointe La Tangaloo, Louisiana but didn’t last long as he was banished for sexual indecencies against a certain reptile class. These days he lives on a Chinese junk ship and sails throughout the Gulf and Caribbean, boarding yachts in the night, robbing them blind and fornicating with the trophy wives and mistresses of the well-heeled. By morning he’s disappeared with bounty and booty—trophy wife booty. Though he’s a salty rogue, his carnal powers over women are legendary and his nautical conquests follow him to the edges of the earth. Always the entrepreneur, Gator posts his ill-gotten trim in various brothels in foreign ports of call. Once a month, he collects his cut and services the ladies—just enough to satiate their thirst, but always leaving them wanting more. He also has them hopped up on high-grade tweak.

We arrived at a trashy bar on the wharf called Chumley’s and found Gator, methed-out and berating a group of seaman. I yelled to the scally wag.

“Gaaaaa-tor!”

“Well, if it isn’t Todd Barrel, you old gash-sucking son of a whore.”

“Still the Bard of the Gulf.”

“How long’s it been, Todd? Two years?”

“Three years, since I caught you on all fours with my girlfriend, Charlemagne.”

“You’re the only yacht owner whose neck I didn’t want to slit.”

“Gator, you’re the only pirate with venereal diseases from all seven continents.”

“Sea lions are a filthy lot!”

We had a long, hard laugh and ordered up some rum. Gator caught sight of incognito Clinton stealing fries from a child’s plate.

“Who’s the square, Todd?”

“He’s a friend of mine, Gator. We seek to book passage on the S.S. VD.”

“She’s a seaworthy ship, the VD. But is your friend as seaworthy as she?”

“Don’t let the Jethro getup fool you. He’s a powerful, important man with the sexual appetite of Wilt Chamberlain.”

“Those are words me likes to hear.”

“Tally Ho!”

“Tally Ho, Todd! Oh, and what shall be the ship’s course?”

“Monaco.”

“Monica?”

“Don’t ever, ever say that word around my friend.”

“Will there be booty?”

“Oh, there’ll be booty alright. Kegs of tits and bullion galore.”

“Arrghh!”

III.

That evening we pushed off and set course. Navigating by constellation and following the migratory patterns of chum, we sailed around Cuba, up through Jamaica, onto Haiti and past the Bahamas. When we neared Bermuda, Gator and Clinton began having the punani DT’s. Clinton was eyeing the livestock and Gator was slurring his words.

“Toddarrggh.”

“Gator, you look awful. Sunken eyes. Perma wood.”

“Must fornicaaationarghh.”

“Alright, Gator. Next cruise ship we see we’ll strike.”

“Boooootyarrgh!”

“Cruise ship booty.”

Night fell and we silently nestled up next to a mid-sized Disney Fun Ship. We shot grappling hooks up the side and ascended. I fingered my ivory Uzis, Clinton warmed up his buzzsaw and Gator clasped a dagger in his salivating mouth. The whole ship was disconcertingly quiet. I whispered to Gator.

“This Fun Ship doesn’t feel right.”

We then heard screams and out from the shadows ran dark bodies wielding machetes and wrenches.

“Somali pirates!”

Everyone sprang into action. The fire from my Uzis lit up the Atlantic sky. Gator swashbuckled the deck, dusting off pirates with his swift dagger. Much to my surprise, Clinton was no slouch with the buzzsaw. His gut jiggled to and fro as he cut down attacking Somalis.

A group of pirates cornered me on the Lido deck, pushing me back into the shuffleboard court. I grabbed a shuffleboard stick and caught an oncoming pirate by the neck, lifting him up and overboard. This same move was repeated until they wised up and withdrew. I heard more screams and spied the Disney captain being forced to walk the plank. He was in a Daffy Duck sailor costume and looked frightened by his impending, watery death.

Gator swung down from a rope and rescued Captain Daffy. The pirates clamored. Clinton played a terrifying Leatherface, running through the decks screaming with clouds of gasoline smoke coming off the chainsaw. The Somalis ran with tails between their legs and hopped back on their ship, bounty and bootyless. Never content with a draw, Gator fired the Snow White cannons and hit the pirate ship dead on. It exploded with a thunderous mix of fire and bodies. Nobody fucks with Gator’s booty and lives to talk about it.

The Captain was relieved and thanked us repeatedly. The cruise ship turned out to be carrying precious cargo—the Hawaiian Tropic Bikini Team and ten million dollars in Dutch Barabonds. I informed him of the truth of the matter.

“We’ll be leaving with the girls and the bonds.”

“You can’t do that! That’s highway robbery.”

“Life ain’t fair on the receiving end of the Barrel.”

I shouted to Gator.

“Round’em up! This Mickey Ship is ripe for the taking!”

By the time we boarded the VD with pilfered jewels and banknotes, Clinton had the bikini team in stitches and they willingly joined us for the trans-Atlantic party cruise. Crates of fresh seafood and booze were lowered down. The Magic Kingdom cast of characters waved us goodbye.

IV.

Give me a private sailboat and a nice piece of ass and you’ll find one happy camper. The week that followed had me licking my paws and enjoying our trans-Atlantic shenanigans. After champagne-fueled dinners of lobster and cheese steaks, Clinton regaled everyone with Presidential stories about playing strip poker with Milosevic and humping the female Russian chess team. He’d seen it all. The Hawaiian Tropic girls were hot, taut and ready to trot. During the day they’d sunbathe naked and come sundown they swabbed every cock on deck. Gator stroked banjo and we’d dance until dawn.

When we hit port in Monaco, the girls gave a teary goodbye and Gator went in search of sketchy banks for his duty-free spoils. Clinton asked about the next step.

“Todd, what’s the plan? Amsterdam? Berlin? I know a terrific whorehouse in Minsk.”

“No time for grab ass and funbags, Bill. We’ve got to put this puppy to bed.”

“I could call Chirac, but he’s been a little cold since I delivered my famous Eurofags speech to the G7 back in ’98.”

“Let’s leave government out of this. We need information. And cash.”

“And a cheeseburger and weaponry.”

“Bill, I think it’s time to make a visit to Marc Rich.”

We took a speed train up to Geneva and decamped at Marc Rich’s mountain castle. If you’re not familiar with Marc Rich, let me fill you in; he dabbles in arms, petroleum, foreign debt and doesn’t give a goddamn about embargos against rogue nations. He’s a free market superhero with balls of steel. Clinton pardoned him on the way out of the White House and caught heat from a bunch of Capitol Hill pussies. Through it all, they remained pals.

He greeted us with a bevy of geishas carrying plates of sushi. He and Clinton went into their old stick and jive.

“Billy Boy.”

“Marc.”

“How’s life after blowing your two-term load?”

“Speaking engagements, modeling contracts, doing that tsunami shit with Bush Sr., life is good. Plus, I finally paid off the lawyers and cured my clap. What about you?”

“Splitting my time between Geneva and my submarine. That Putin has been riding my ass for months after fucking him on the Smirnoff deal. So, I have to lay low when KGB assassins show up at the front door with a box of roses and an RPG.”

“Shit, you’re telling me. A few days ago, snipers went all fucking Oswald on me in Dallas. Todd Barrel saved my ass.”

“I read about it in the papers.”

“Who’s after me, Marc?”

“You’re not gonna like it, Bill.”

“Just say it, quick and easy.”

“It’s Hillary.”

“Hillary! I thought I destroyed the Ciccolina sex tape.”

“It’s not about your philandering, Bill.”

“No?”

“Of course not. What woman in her right mind would ever go through that kind of shit with you?”

“A very special one?”

“A very special Russian double agent.”

“Since when?”

“Since birth. Parents are agents, too.”

“And Chelsea?”

“She’s a Russian engineered robot.”

“It’s not true, Marc.”

“It’s true as tits, Bill. Berezovsky confirmed it for me.”

“Damn.”

“Damn is right.”

“Why kill me now?”

“I’m sorry to break this to you, buddy, but you don’t serve a purpose anymore.”

Over the next two days, Bill sulked, holing himself up, watching reruns of Small Wonder and gorging himself on cheeseburgers and Pringles. It was heartbreaking to watch.

On the third day, Bill exited his room, showered, shaved and looked pretty sporting in a custom blue suit. Marc Rich and I were playing air hockey and canoodling with the Japanese housekeepers when Bill walked in and addressed us in his Presidential patois.

“Seven days ago, when my wife tried to assassinate me, is a day that will live in infamy. Bill Clinton was at peace with Hillary after two Presidential terms and countless extramarital affairs. It will be recorded that Bill Clinton, né William Jefferson Clinton, has had it up to here with that woman! I ask that you, my compatriots, Todd Barrel and Marc Rich, declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack, a state of war has existed between Bill Clinton and Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton. And because reliable intelligence has been received indicating that Senator Rodham is a Russian spy, I say we teach this bitch a lesson about American justice!”

The whole room erupted with applause. Marc started chanting, “Clinton, Clinton, Clinton!” I ran around, tearing my clothes off and pouring champagne on my head. The Japanese housekeepers go-go danced on the air hockey table and karate chopped imaginary Hillarys. It was on.

V.

Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton was scheduled to take her husband’s place in Davos at the World Economic Forum. Since Bill’s disappearance, she had been all over the news, crying and pleading for his safe return. Condoms were printed up with his picture and the words HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN? Manhunts were sweeping Texas. The world was a mess without Bill Clinton. The number one suspect was yours truly and my mug shot was stapled up in every post office and Interpol break room from Boston to Bangkok. It was par for the course for old Barrel, so I wasn’t too stressed about my outlaw status.

A. Q. Chiachfeld, Viscount of Danderlion and world class rummy, returned home to his garage apartment/laboratory at Marc Rich’s estate. I was glad to see him and got him up to speed on the situation.

“So you’re going to expose and depose Hillary at Davos?”

“That’s the plan, Chiachfeld.”

“It’s brilliant, old chap. I might have a few things to help the cause.”

“Show me the goods, A.Q.”

“First of all, here is a bulletproof Burburby mackintosh.”

“Raincoat.”

“Right. Two inside holsters for your Uzis. Emergency flask pouch for cocktailing mountaintop. Dual taser guns built into the cuffs. Grip your balls with your left hand and the right fires. Grip with the right, and the left fires. The inside is lined with fire retardant Alpaca wool in the traditional McConaughey tartan.”

“Matthew McConaughey?”

“Victor McConaughy. And to cap it off, the mackintosh is backed by a two-year guarantee or your money back.”

“Nice fucking work, Chiachfeld.”

“Science is cool.”

“What else do you have for me?”

“Remember last time when I was experimenting with Horny Goat Weed?”

“Of course.”

“Well, I have successfully extracted the ‘horny’ from the ‘goat weed’ and synthesized it into a powder. A few granules of this in a woman’s drink will have her riding your face like a poodle in heat.”

“Sweet.”

“Use it appropriately, Barrel.”

“Thanks, Chiachfeld. Stay golden.”

Bill Clinton, Marc Rich and I piled into a black, stretch Range Rover and traversed the mighty Swiss Alps on our way to Davos. Of course, Marc is a workaholic and couldn’t tear himself away from the satellite phone and fucking fax machine. The television was constantly tuned to CNBC, not because he had to monitor the markets but for his overriding obsession with Maria Bartiromo, the bombshell anchor who kept every cock on Wall Street rock hard. I became nauseated with Marc’s jabbering about Russian pipeline this and how many pregnant cows Cuba was willing to trade for Venezuelan crude that. It sounds glamorous and powerful, but after a while, commerce is so bourgeois.

The Aga Khan wasn’t going to make it this year in Davos, so Marc arranged for us to stay in his villa. (Last year the Khan got some serious alcohol poisoning, so that lightweight was wisely staying away.) The World Economic Forum at Davos is touted as a meeting of global corporate titans and leaders of state to discuss trade, the eradication of poverty, Saville Row tailoring and other highfalutin ideas. This couldn’t be further from the truth.

Every profession has a convention where the men descend on Las Vegas to drink, drug, whore, gamble and do just about everything else except work. Being a world leader is no different, only that their Las Vegas is called Davos and the level of debauchery is as hardcore as it comes. And trust me, it comes. More flotsam trim washes up on the slopes of Davos in three days than Ibiza sees in a month. Parties are constantly in motion and the flow of booze and nose candy is epic. The main event is on the last night and the money spent on booze alone equals the GDP of Burma. The man who hosts this barn burner is none other than Dublin’s favorite son, Bono.

The plan was to arrive in Davos, set up operations at the Kahn’s villa, do some reconnaissance for a day and hit Hill at Bono’s bash. Bill continued to be livid when Marc mentioned Hillary.

“I am going to strangle that bitch. And then I’m going to cement her body into the entrance of my presidential library so that every time I enter, I will be walking on that two-faced commie snatch.”

“Easy does it, Bill. We need to get proof. We need Hillary on tape confessing the hit and her double agent status.”

“I am going to tear out her heart, dip it in special sauce and eat it with a side of fries and a Pepsi.”

“You drink Pepsi?”

“I’m the first black president, Marc.”

“Bill, tomorrow Todd will put on a disguise and do some recon.”

“That Barrel’s got talent.”

“He’s the fucking best.”

VI.

The next morning I put on a fake moustache, prosthetic ears, Alpine hat, Chiachfeld raincoat and hit the streets of Davos. When you want real action, you’ve got to take it to the streets. Davos was littered with dignitaries and bodyguards, roaming around half-drunk and espousing economic policy. The corporate sponsorship had gotten completely out of control, so the village was teeming with kiosks like the Halliburton Cocktail Lounge, Boeing Gift Bag Tent and Maersk Shipping Massage Parlor. Busty Swedes gave rub ’n tugs to Parliament heads and CEOs in private blue shipping containers.

I was about to explore the massage parlor when someone shouted my name. My cover was blown. I turned around to see Charlotte Exxon running towards me.

“Todd!”

“Shhh!”

“Todd, you look like a cross between Columbo and Hitler.”

“I’m in disguise. Keep your voice down.”

“OK. What’s going on? Did you kidnap Bill Clinton?”

“Charlotte, no. I rescued him. Someone else is trying to kill him.”

“Ooooh, gossip. Tell me who it is.”

“Promise not to tell?”

“Cross my heart.”

“Hillary Clinton is trying to kill Bill.”

“That bitch!”

“Charlotte. Shhh. Keep it down.”

“I’m sorry, Todd. I simply adore Bill Clinton.”

“We all do, Char.”

“She’s here.”

“Yes, I know. I’m trying to find her.”

“She’s hosting a lesbian poetry slam with Rosie O’Donnell and Condi Rice this evening.”

“Can you get me in?”

“As my date?”

“Yes, but incognito.”

“Ahh, like a spy. Todd Barrel spy games.”

“Yes, use my alias.”

“BJ?”

“Billeam J. Steubine, CEO, Steubine+Media.”

“Consider it done.”

“How’s your Davos been so far, Charlotte?”

“Last night I was out till 5, table dancing with Paris Hilton and Evo Morales.”

“That’s hot. And leftist.”

“Say, what are you doing for the rest of the afternoon?”

“Now that I’ve got all that Hillary stuff out of the way, maybe I’ll cruise over to the Viacom Peep Show and thrown down a roll of quarters.”

“How about you come back to my hotel suite? I’ve got four hits of ecstasy—”

“Let’s go.”

The next four hours saw Charlotte and me playing Todd Barrel spy games. She was the spy who loved me and I was Dr. Strangelove. And strange it was. I was cuffed to the bed and forced to divulge state secrets. When force didn’t work, she resorted to pleasure, and more pleasure and more pleasure.

By the time I returned home to the Khan’s villa, the ecstasy still hadn’t worn off. I greeted Marc and Bill, who were playing Jenga and sipping bourbon.

“Your jacket is so soft, Marc.”

“It should be, Todd. It’s sable.”

“Mmmm, sable.”

“Are you tripping on E?”

“Maybe.”

“Goddamnit, Todd. You were supposed to get information.”

“Relax, Marc. I’m relaxed. Are you relaxed, Bill?”

“No, I’m not fucking relaxed!”

“Todd, what’s the deal?”

“Tonight I’m going to Hillary’s lesbian poetry slam. Charlotte Exxon is getting me in and then I’ll corner Hill backstage.”

“You have to make her confess.”

“Don’t worry about it, guys.”

“I get paid to worry.”

“Pussy talks to Todd. And Todd listens.”

That evening I picked up Charlotte and drove over to the Logo Network Lesbian Poetry Slam. She was dressed in an elegant, sequined evening gown. I wore a black turtleneck with wraparound sunglasses and a shaggy black wig that complemented my Chiachfeld raincoat. The poetry slam was held in an underground beer garden with vast brick arches and giant wooden kegs. The crowd was decidedly female, and angry.

Rosie O’Donnell took the stage and opened with a short speech.

“Welcome queer Davos! Since my show was canceled, I’ve realized that there’s an international conspiracy of wiener-worshipping chauvinists running this world. Well, the penis party of the powerfully rich is about to end. Hey, did I just make a rhyme? I think I did! I’m going to kick things off by introducing the United States Secretary of State and my number one rug munch, Condi Rice.”

Condoleeza Rice ascended the stage and gave Rosie a deep-throated tongue kiss. I threw up in my mouth. Rosie started manhandling Condi like a two-bit choir boy. Hillary then came up to the two and they all group hugged. Girl on girl on girl love-in. To make matters worse, Boy George strutted past and stopped to grab Hillary’s ass. He then made gyrations with his hips and pretended to hump the Senator. Gay men can practically rape their female friends because “they don’t like pussy.” What a fucking sham.

I looked over at Charlotte who was obviously enjoying this Sapphic interlude. Even straight chicks dig a power-to-the-punani speech now and then. I rolled my eyes and shot over to the bar. Six scotches later, the poetry slam was still going strong and my resolve was growing weak. Over in the corner, Hillary was chatting up a petit, bespectacled Smith undergrad and wrapping the girl’s tendrils of hair around her thick finger. I cruised over to chach-block Hill.

“Senator Clinton.”

“What do you want, male oppressor?”

“I’m a woman. Well, actually a man. Well, trying to be a man. Halfway to being a man. But really a woman at heart. Let’s put it this way, from the waist up I’m all bastard, and from the waist down I’m 100% bitch.”

“Meow!”

“I really admire you, Hillary. Can I call you Hillary?”

“What can I call you?”

“You can call me yours tonight and gone in the morning.”

This talk was getting Hill hot in the crotch. I went over to score two Bud Lights while Hillary told the experimenting co-ed to get lost. While at the bar, I dosed Hillary’s beer with Chiachfeld’s horny powder. Though I’ve straightened out many a lesbo without the aid of chemicals, Hillary merited some pharmaceutical finesse. I returned to resume the dirty talk.

“You still haven’t told me your name.”

“Call me Yours.”

“Well, Yours. What brings you to Davos?”

“Wet pussy and raw power.”

“I’ve got both in spades.”

“And junk in your trunk, girl.”

“Oh, God, Yours. You’ve got me so hot. So hot. So hot.”

“I want to take you to your room and show you how a shemale gets freaky.”

“Oh, Yours, I’ve got a limo waiting outside.”

Chiachfeld’s poke powder worked quicker than I imagined. Hillary was all over me in the back of the limo and I obliged to make out with her because, shit, you can’t pass up swapping spit with an ex-first lady of the U.S.A.

As we walked through the hotel, Hillary tore her clothing away piece by piece and proceeded to suck my fingers and lick the walls. Entering the suite she ran stark naked to the bed and humped the bedposts, begging me to take her there. I took the hand cuffs from earlier that day and shackled her to the bed. It only made her hotter.

“Take me, take me, Yours!”

“I’m gonna rug munch and donkey punch.”

“Do it! Do it now!”

I pulled out a video camera and started taping.

“Oh, that’s freaky, Yours. Film me. Oh, God, film me.”

“Hillary Clinton Sex Tape take one aaaaaaaand...action!”
“I’ve gotta have it now, I’m about to explode. Please!!!! Get in here!”
“You’re gonna be a good girl and answer some questions.”
“Anything, anything you say.”
“Who tried to assassinate Bill Clinton?”
“What? Ohh! Who are you? Ahhh.”
“Doesn’t matter who I am, just answer the question.”

I took a feather boa and tickled her nether region.

“Oh God, I can’t stand it.”
“Who, Hillary?”
“I did, I tried to kill Bill Clinton. Ohhh, Yours. Eat me up.”
“One more question.”
“Please. Anything. Make it quick.”
“Who do you work for?”
“Mmmmm. The U.S. Congress. Now, come make congress with me.”
“Who do you really work for? Where are your loyalties?”
“Ohhh! Why are you making me do this? God, OK. So hot.”
“Who?”
“Mother Russia. I’m a Russian spy. There, now get down here and get to work.”

That was enough evidence for me. All this talk had actually gotten me pretty hot. When there’s a handcuffed, nude, writhing woman on a bed, she could be Eleanor Roosevelt, and you’d still hit that shit. I unbuttoned my shirt and proudly displayed my Teen Wolf.

“Oh Yours, yes! That hairy chest of yours is a jungle of delight. Drop your pants. Let me see your hirsute womanhead!”

I let my drawers drop and Hill let out a scream at the sight of my member. The whole situation was a reverse Lola and the Senator was not taking it well. More screams echoed through the hotel. Noise from the hallway filtered in and a small figure smashed through the door, sending splinters into the air and raising fisticuffs through the smoke. It was Chelsea Clinton, dressed in an unflattering floral print dress and flexing her steel muscles.

I pulled up my pants as Chelsea grabbed me by the neck and forced me against the wall. She sounded like KIT from Knight Rider.

“Who are you, hu-man?”
“Unhand me, commie robot!”
“You have threatened the life of Com-rade Clin-tooon.”
“A little Horny Goat Weed goes a long way.”
“What is your pur-pose?”
“To bring you down, Natasha.”

Chelsea strengthened her grip and looked deep into my eyes. She locked in on me with her rotating pupils that began hypnotizing me. I felt woozy. Images of the past week kept passing through my

mind. Chelsea was reading my memories. An image of Bill Clinton fornicating on the balcony of the Khan’s villa was freeze-framed and zoomed out. The address was revealed. An antennae slowly came out of Chelsea’s head and began transmitting. Bill and Marc were in danger.

I thrust my thumb into Chelsea’s eye but to no avail. That bitch was hard metal to the core. It gave me an idea. I stuck my finger up her nose, aiming the cuff of my raincoat squarely down that robot’s mouth and grabbed my nuts with the other hand. A taser shot out and made its way down her steel esophagus. Sparks flew. Chelsea convulsed. Circuits were fried. A smoking Chelsea lay on the floor. I grabbed the tape and ran. It took me half an hour to get back to the villa.

I could see flames engulfing the house as I approached. It was too late. Marc sat bloodied, rocking back and forth, holding his knees to his chest.

“I couldn’t do anything, Todd. Too many of them. Russians. Everywhere. Vodka. Guns. Herring. Closed markets, Todd! They nationalized the utilities!! It was a nightmare.”

“It’s not your fault, Marc.”

“They’ve got Bill.”

VII.

It was no use hiding anymore. We had something they wanted. They had something we wanted. Marc and I checked into the Hotel Flugtag in the heart of Davos and repaired to the bar to hatch some plans. With Bill in danger, I almost couldn’t enjoy the Jägermeister body shots off the ski bunnies. Kofi Annan came over, totally wasted with two UN interns on his arm and slurring his words.

“Todd, dude. I’m so sorry about that shit in Africa.”

“Kofi, you are fucking toasted.”

“Davos! Whooo!”

“Don’t worry about the Africa shit, man. Mottola’s made Road Helmet the darling of NASDAQ.”

“Are you coming to Bono’s party tomorrow night? I’m going to shoot off all these fireworks I bought in Mexico. Mehiiiiicooo! Bang, bang!”

“Wouldn’t miss it, Kof. Who are these lovely ladies with you?”

“This is Tina, from Ecuador. And Veselka, from Poland.”

“Todd Barrel, pleasure to meet you ladies.”

The girls weren’t drunk but were definitely on something. They climbed up on the banquette and threw their asses in my face. Goldschlager and talc—two scents that said “Kofi Was Here.” Marc and Kofi started to have some rambling conversation about ivory regulation while I made out with the two girls. For what those girls lacked in age, they made up for in experience. Kofi’s intern hiring process was like a Hollywood casting couch.

There was a noticeable silence that prompted me to open my eyes, mid-tongue in ear. Standing over six feet tall, clad in a pinstripe suit was none other than the President of Russia, Vladimir Putin, world-class asshole and closet asthmatic. (Known in international circles as Vlad the Inhaler.) He and Marc were engaged in a staring contest. Putin broke first.

“Marc Rich.”

“Inhaler.”

Putin pulled a switchblade and held it to Marc’s throat.

“I could cut you right now and nobody would care.”

“But you won’t, Vlad. We’ve got the tape.”

“And I have Clinton.”

“I think that’s a fair trade.”

“I think your capitalist ways disgust me.”

“This is barter, Vlad. Didn’t your people invent that shit?”

“Let’s cut to the chase. Tomorrow night. Bono’s party. The tape for Clinton’s life.”

“Clinton better be happy and healthy.”

“What about the tape? How do I know you haven’t made copies?”

“I give you my word, Vlad. You won’t find finer currency anywhere in the world.”

“Tomorrow night. Bono’s party.”

“Until then.”

VIII.

Bono’s party was held in a massive, specially built 10-story ice castle on top of Davos Mountain. We took the ski lift up and loaded our weapons. The mountain top was packed with all the heads of state, strippers, Saudi princes, titans of industry, fire breathers, circus carneys, gamblers, and rock royalty. If anyone bombed that mountain, nations would fall into chaos. Eighty-foot video screens left over from the ZOOTOV tour played clips from 1960’s zombie movies and Russ Meyer exploitation flicks. I drank some courage from the vodka fountain. Tonight would separate the men from the boys.

Hillary and Putin approached Marc and myself. They were wearing matching red sable coats and jet black Cossack hats. Hillary’s audacity surprised me. Putin, on the other hand, is such a predictable poseur, I expected his hyperbolic, evil villain costume. That guy has watched way too much James Bond.

“The tape.”

“The Clinton.”

“He’s safe with Fyodor.”

“I don’t care if he’s in a feather bed jumpsuit, I want to see him.”

“Huh?”

“Stop stalling, Puto.”

“Look up.”

Ten stories up on the roof of the ice castle was Bill Clinton, leaning over with an AK-47 to his head.

“Ok, Putin. Here’s the tape. Don’t spend it all in one place. Now, let Clinton go.”

“I will certainly let him go...to his death. Fyodor!”

I believe Sun Tzu wrote something about if your enemy is a douche bag, then you can anticipate his

totally lame moves. We were counting on Putin to pull this stupid stunt. Fyodor had some trouble at first, but eventually forced Clinton’s girth over the wall of the castle. I yelled out to the carneys to pull the circus net. Chubby hubby made a soft landing.

“You’re a fucking idiot, Putin.”

Marc pulled out a remote control and pressed the play button. Hillary’s wet confessional rolled on the big screens. Everybody gasped and some people vomited. All eyes turned to Hillary in her Ruskie get up and the crowd turned riotous. She made claims to her innocence that were met with boos and hisses.

“He made me say it. Todd Barrel is a liar! I’m innocent.”

“You’re over, bitch.”

Hillary pulled out a dog whistle and blew. From the shadows walked a little Chelsea killer robot. Tits! I thought that I had put her out of commission. Another Chelsea robot followed, then more and more. The mountain top was soon filled with a hundred Chelsea death machines. Hillary paused confidently and addressed the now frightened crowd.

“You will all die tonight and Mother Russia will be there to take power. The world is ours!”

Hillary and Putin unsheathed Cossack cavalry swords and attacked. The Chelseas did the same. Bedlam broke out with security details from around the globe battling robots and Russian mercenaries. Masai warriors threw spears at Chelsea heads. Aborigine bodyguards chucked boomerangs high into the sky. The Mexican Secret Service stopped waxing their moustaches and pulled their pistols and bullwhips, screaming like lunatics. Spanish matadors danced about, artfully striking the Chelseas with picadores.

My ivory Uzis became an extension of my body as I went into a Tai Chi shooting frenzy, picking off Reds in a way that can only be described as perfection. Charles Taylor, ex-Liberian President/Warlord and the man from whom I received the Uzis, had a Chelsea in headlock and looked over. We both nodded. I’m the shit.

The battle was slowly winding down with the great nations of the world, 75, Russia, 0. Pussies. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Bill Clinton being prodded by a bayonet-wielding Putin and forced into the ice castle. I followed.

Putin cornered him next to a 12-foot ice sculpture of Bono hatching from the head of Zeus. I crouched behind a smaller sculpture of Bono walking with Moses on a pool of vodka. Putin laid into him.

“Fascist American Hamburger Pig!”

“Vladimir, let’s work this situation out. I’ll call Jesse Jackson, we’ll order in some Dominos and find a solution.”

“The only solution is the final solution.”

“How do you define is?”

“Your rhetoric is useless on me, Bill Clinton.”

“Blast.”

“Prepare to meet your maker.”

Everything went into slow motion. Vlad shouldered his rifle. I leapt out from the sculpture. A gunshot was fired. From nowhere Hillary came flying sideways in front of Bill, catching the bullet in her breast. I shot Putin’s knees and hogtied the bastard in record time. Hillary lay bleeding in Bill’s arms. She spoke her dying words.

“Bill, I’m sorry.”

“Hillary, I’m sorry. For putting you through all my indiscretions.”

“Bill, I’m a lesbian.”

“Why, Hillary?”

“I don’t know if it’s genetic or a byproduct of my environment. Probably a mix of both.”

“No. Why have me killed?”

“Moscow’s orders—latest Nielsen poll says that widows have a better chance winning the White House than commie lesbians.”

“You ambitious, plotting bitch.”

“I learned it from you, Bill. I learned it from watching you.”

“I know. That’s why I love you.”

“I love you, Bill Clinton. Now I must die.”

Crocodile tears fell from Bubba’s eyes. The room was by now filled with world leaders who watched and cried. There wasn’t a dry eye in the house. This kind of shit is moving. The Swiss ski patrol arrived on the scene and were dumbstruck. I gave them instructions to give Putin a one-way ticket to Guantanamo Bay. I put my arm around Clinton.

“It’s over, Bill. Let’s go home.”

“Todd, I’m hungry.”

“I know you are, man. I know you are.”

IX.

Bill recovered quickly after five weeks in emotional traction at Arby’s. He and Kofi founded a for-profit organization aimed at preparing interns for servicing “heads of state.” Frequently criticized as a high-dollar prostitution ring, the organization’s international status protected it from prosecution. Vladimir Putin was locked away at GitMo and subjected to repeated rodgering by broomstick. Reports of Marines flushing copies of Das Kapital down the toilet and attaching electrodes to Putin’s nut sack have filtered out, but nobody seems to care. As for me, I was cleared of all kidnapping charges and given a ticker tape parade in Little Rock. The Economist named me their Man of the Year, yet the lucrative speaking engagements never followed. To cap it off, Gator sent me a \$25,000 bill for the poon cruise. Fucking tits.