

## **Unretirement: Prologue**

### **By Luka Lawford**

A crisp dollar bill flapped through the cold morning air. The wind carried it past a statue, around a tall flagpole, and into the barely open window of the White House. It came to a rest on the floor after gliding along for a few feet. The dollar bill was stopped because a foot was in its way. The foot happened to be one of the two most powerful feet in the entire United States of America.

Derek Weathers, the president and the owner of the two feet, bent down and picked up the piece of paper from the floor. He realized it was worth a dollar of his country's currency and reached for his back pocket. Derek pulled out his wallet and placed the bill into the rarely used pocket designed for actual paper money. Derek mostly used his credit card. So did the majority of the country, which was the problem. *One down, about a hundred trillion to go*, thought Derek, adjusting his collar. He gulped down a glass of water, but his throat was still sticking to itself. He was glad he had narrowly been elected to the president's office five months previously, but he was not happy to have to tell the four hundred million citizens of his nation what they probably would find out soon enough without his help.

A knock on the door signaled the arrival of James Desmond, the vice-president. Derek signaled for him to stroll on in and take a seat, which Desmond refused.

"Bro, we gotta get moving. People are starting to realize there isn't enough free lemonade to go around," said James, making a gesture towards the door, ostensibly to remind Derek where he was able to exit. James sure loved his hand gestures and seemed to have one for every occasion, and a few left over.

"Okay man, I'm coming," replied Derek, standing up and getting his coat. As he was leaving the room, he had to dash back and grab his wallet.

"I'm afraid that won't, er, be enough to uh, pay off anything significant," nodded James, making a 'zero' signal with his hands. Derek knew that was right, and considered leaving his wallet in the room. However, he walked out without leaving anything behind.

After all, every dollar was going to be needed for the next long, long time.