



AN

# EVIL TRADE

PALADINE POLITICAL THRILLER SERIES

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details about Donald Trump named David Treadway in this novel... and Pence is called Muntz...

Read it. If you are a Trumpist... don't bother. It won't change your mind, you are too stupid for that.

The novel's main character is Robert, a professional assassin, who, to save his life, is forced to assassinate Trump. This just so get a little context.

(ROBERT CAUGHT) the sickeningly fake smile of Mr. Fake News himself, President David Treadway and his yes-man, Vice President Muntz, whose portraits hung on the wall above the exit. He handed his papers to the last customs officer who was standing at a podium just in front of the exit and stepped out into the free air.

The first stage of any assignment was to study the subject—what are his physical attributes, apparent habits? Does he have hobbies, what's his daily schedule? Once he'd collected all this data, he could begin searching for weaknesses and likely points of attack. Robert had already reluctantly studied this subject for the past four years – ever since he won the nomination of his party, much to their collective disgust. Because of his position, the subject was on television every day. He never had anything intelligent to say, but because of his hair-trigger, impulsive wielding of enormous power, and his ill-mannered behavior, he had become a media king.

This was a non-sequitur because David Treadway's sworn enemy was the mainstream media. Truth be told, he actually loved them. The reactionary media basked in his sexist, racist, and xenophobic rantings, and he boosted their success. The left wing media expressed their disapproval and disgust for him, but they loved him too. He was the best thing that had ever happened to them. His disdain for them and branding them "enemies of the people" gave them a kind of badge of courage which allowed them to tout their "honesty and impartiality" while stuffing their pockets with cash. Old, failing print institutions like *The New York Times* had re-established their vitality under his highlighting criticism.

He was the only president in history who read at a grade school level and got all his information exclusively from watching too much television. He'd never read a book in his life, although he claimed to have authored two of them. He had the attention span of a gnat, limited to the time it took to sound out a forty-character Tweet, which, even with his limited vocabulary, he often misspelled. He had the best security force in the world, but it was a nightmare for them to protect him, as he preferred his private clubs and resorts over conventional presidential residences and camps. He spent hours and hours driving around on his championship golf courses all over the States and all over the world, stopping at every tee to waddle out and contort his oversized frame into a golf swing. The flabby, frail arms and rounded body he possessed made him look like Humpty Dumpty who'd spent a day on the golf course before his big fall.

Robert disliked the man and was never personally motivated by politics, which was something he cared nothing about. He'd seen enough to know that everyone should have realized by now that the government was run by competing bands of criminals who

answered not to the voters, but the powerful oligarchies that controlled them to keep their campaign funds and pockets full.

Before the election, Treadway was an outsider to whom no one paid serious attention. He was quick, however, to jump into any controversy or conspiracy theory and give a bizarre, adopted Rush Limbaugh spin on the subject, which made him extremely popular with the media, who saw him as little more than a rich, entertaining nutcase.

But there was a silent majority of reality TV show fans who had gotten to know a different David Treadway in the comfort of their own living rooms. This Treadway was a Hollywood polished executive, with a solution to every problem, and the scapegoat to blame it on. Treadway was touted on the show as an all-knowing, efficient CEO who could solve any problem. Unbeknownst to the mainstream, elite politicians, who were quietly building their super PAC war chests, this phenomenon was about to transform elections from the Nixon era “whoever spends the most money wins the election” to a populist based rural politics, based on fame. Television made Treadway a household name – he was the Kim Kardashian of the business world.

He was seen as a tough, no-nonsense leader, who could accomplish any task he set out to conquer. In reality, David inherited a large storm of money from his father, who’d built a real estate empire exploiting public housing. David then did his best to put all that money to work for himself, but every business idea he tried over the years failed.

The candidate, David Treadway, was the same character he played on his reality TV show. He professed the ability to solve any problem of the common man that he’d ever heard about on television – the loss of manufacturing jobs, the decline in oil and coal production, and those pesky environmental rules that always seemed to get in the way of business. He had the unexpressed solution to all blue-collar workers’ problems, and only he was the one who could solve them. In reality, he did this just for the publicity, to build the Treadway brand. But when he won the nomination on a shoestring campaign budget (because the publicity was free), he was shocked. That shock turned to awe when he actually won the election.

He brought his case to the people, like an evangelical preacher, holding massive rallies in all the major cities coast-to-coast, concentrating on the poor rural areas. People flocked to them wearing his campaign hats, T-shirts, and waving American flags and signs bearing his name. His message was simple – America was broken, only he could fix it, and return the U.S. to the fairytale days of the postwar 50s, when everyone had a job, a car, a house, two kids, and everything they wanted was within their reach. Life would be good again.

Treadway ran the White House like a Mafia boss, the same way he ran his own companies into the ground. He hired good advisors but did not heed their advice, opting instead to listen to his ill experienced, blonde daughter, whom he professed in public the desire to screw as if there were no familial relations between them, and her husband, a young rich snob son of another mogul, who’d experienced his own massive failures in real

estate. All of Treadway's efforts were concentrated on enhancing the value of his brand and enriching himself and his family.

The train bounced and clicked along the route as Robert engraved mental notes on his subject. He passed the time skimming the two books ghostwriters had written about Treadway by listening to the blowhard brag about himself. Robert set down the books and rubbed his eyes. He had fought in Afghanistan and two wars in Iraq, taken out active ISIS generals in Syria, and survived the siege of Aleppo, but this would be the most difficult assignment of his life. To obliterate the most watched man on earth required a kill plan that could be executed in plain sight, without anyone seeing.

It was hardly a terrorist matter – or was it? David Treadway pulled the U.S. out of the Paris Climate Accord, rolled back environmental regulations, and allowed offshore drilling, as well as drilling on public lands. Chemical companies were dumping their waste into rivers and polluting the groundwater again. Billions of gallons of pesticides that had rushed through the EPA without approval were soaking the farmlands. Auto emission standards were rolled back to the time when the automobile was invented, and wildlife protections were discarded. Treadway was perhaps the most notorious environmental terrorist in the world; his measures had laid down the foundation for the deaths of countless animals, people, and the destruction of more private property than had ever been witnessed by man. Worse yet, although his short term environmental assaults could be cleaned up, they still turned the thermostat up on climate change, and that could never be backed down.

Of course, all but a handful of the most experienced advisors were already fired for disloyalty, so Treadway's "right hands" were reduced to yes-men. This gave Robert a distinct advantage.

He memorized the schedule for the next week for his surveillance mission. Usually, surveillance was about finding patterns. Patterns created repetitive opportunities. Most presidents didn't have repetitive habits. This particular one had habits that had created a security nightmare, and that, in turn, gave birth to a multitude of opportunities.

In this case, a shot may not be the most efficacious way of dispatching the orange toad, so he had to explore alternatives. For example, given Treadway's dietary habits, Robert could simply wait for his arteries to completely harden and save himself the trouble of firing a shot. Or he could give his Big Mac some "special sauce."

Robert first staked out all the McDonald's in the nearby area until the patterns began to emerge. The Secret Service was the best at what they do, but camouflage was not their strong suit. Their cheap, G-man costumes and GQ haircuts gave them away. But, above all, it was their government-issued plain-wrap sedans that screamed "cop." They might as well be painted with the Secret Service insignia and adorned with rooftop lights. It didn't take Robert long to notice that they went to a different McDonald's every day, and the choice was random. Therefore, poisoning the president's Big Mac, although an attractive option, could be ruled out.

Treadway was a pompous, narcissistic, womanizing asshole. He was rich enough to never have to face the prospect of real work, and he'd never experienced real bone-crushing life-changing failure. This meant that, after 72 years of life, he hadn't learned

anything. After his father died and left him a fortune, impetuous Davey began experimenting with different businesses, trying to build a brand with his own name.

He didn't come from old money. He could buy his way into any one of the exclusive New York clubs and get into any of the parties, but he was always considered an outsider by the in-crowd. He was like the kid who was let into the basketball game just to have enough players to make a team, but chosen last because no one wanted him on their team.

He liked things fast and crazy. Fast food, fast women. No taste for quality. To him, price equated to quality. To him, planting his obese, cellulite ridden bottom on a gold-plated toilet seat was the epitome of class. He grabbed whatever pussy he wanted, with or without consent. On the rare occasion that his lordship couldn't score, there was always a "Tiffany" or a "Dawn" to satisfy his needs, whether or not cash actually exchanged hands along with the bodily fluids. It made little difference to him. The first lady herself was a former Playboy model, something the evangelical leaders who supported him didn't seem to mind. They must've turned the other cheek when she walked into the room.

As lewd, as obnoxious, and as disgusting as Treadway was, he was skilled at creating something out of nothing. More than that, though, he was a consummate liar who could change the facts by repeating an alternative set of facts that eventually became the established truth. His predecessors had flirted with this practice. George Bush started a war on the false premise that Iraq was hiding weapons of mass destruction, that he'd carefully molded into a different reason over months and months of carefully placed propaganda. But David was a master of the game and could change the situation from imaginary to real in real time.

Although he failed at every deal he tried, he projected the image of a consummate negotiator. His love of the spotlight made him the New York cameo King of Hollywood. Even if a TV or movie producer offered to pay for rooms at his swank hotels and give him a cameo on their shows for nothing, he comped entire movie crews in exchange for a walk-on. Some master of the deal. A pathological liar, his alternative reality was lie detector proof, and, like Jim Jones, he amassed an enormous base of followers who believed every lie coming out of his mouth. Outside his presence, his closest advisors referred to him as a "moron" or an "idiot," and he certainly fit the bill. But with his supporters, his lies suited them just fine. "We're going to reopen all the coal mines," was one of his first doozies, and, two years later, even though no coal mines were reopened, they still believed it. He was a racist, a xenophobe, and although he would deny it, he didn't attempt to hide it. When he found himself drowning in a situation he couldn't lie out of when he backed into a corner, he fought back. Win at all costs, destroy the enemy. No mercy. Blame indiscretions on others, even those allies closest to you. All of his closest campaign advisors were in prison, and he remained unscathed. The Don must survive.

He had no political experience, was fond of spouting baseless conspiracy theories, and the only endeavor in which he'd gained height and not gone bankrupt wasn't even his own – a reality TV show. He played himself as the strong, no-nonsense CEO of his own company. When he ran for president, he professed that he'd spend his own money on his campaign

which he bragged exceeded the \$1 billion mark when, in reality, it was less than half that because he'd squandered his inheritance on failed deals. If he'd only put daddy's money into a basic savings account, he would've been a real billionaire a long time ago. The presidency changed all that. It made his brand so valuable that his billionaire status was soon within reach.

This was the best deal he'd made so far, and the cost proved much less than he'd anticipated. The very best part was that he could appear on TV every day, not just once a week. Foreign governments booked rooms for their diplomats in his hotels, and he and his entourage spent most of their time at his Treadway Palm Paradise Resort in Palm Beach, Florida, where he held government functions, and the attending dignitaries chucked out their money to his company for accommodations.

Just a short distance from the Breakers, on South Ocean Boulevard, was the Treadway Palm Paradise Resort. Robert passed its pompous entrance gate, littered with Treadway brand "T" logos and palm trees, and drove its length, turning at the nearest cross street to assess its breadth.

The pro shop looked like any other on a private course, designed to empty the pockets of golf enthusiasts, but this one had a bit of a carnival atmosphere as well. Presidential souvenirs like plaster and bronze casts of the Statute of Liberty and the White House; T-shirts with Treadway's insincere, smiling face; campaign hats among the brand name ones of Titelist, Callaway, and Pong; and flags, flags, flags. He picked up a White House, turned it over. The price tag, right next to the one that said "Made in China" was \$39.99. So much for "Buy American," Treadway's call to the people.

"May I help you, sir?"

A young man at the counter, white, about 25, clean-cut, a good Aryan boy.

"I have a 7:12 tee time."

"Very good sir, what is your name?"

"Singer."

The boy's fingers flew across the keyboard behind the counter."

"Welcome, Mr. Singer. That will be \$469 including the cart rental."

Not many things surprised Robert, but this was enough to raise his eyebrows. *That should include a blowjob.* He slid Singer's card to the young man.

Robert thought of the Kennedy assassination conspiracy theories. When Jack Ruby killed Lee Harvey Oswald, it fell too conveniently into a scenario in which the assassin was silenced by his handlers, rather than one crazy fanatic taking out a lone killer with no apparent political motives.

It was Friday which meant the machine that went everywhere David Treadway went was preparing for another multi-million-dollar excursion to his Florida resort, courtesy of U.S. taxpayers. Treadway considered the U.S. Treasury his private piggy bank, and, even though he'd donated his salary back to the government, every trip to his golf resort cost millions of dollars. He also indirectly profited from these trips because the salary he'd relinquished was nothing compared to the profits his resort made. Room and board for planeloads of U.S. government employees and entourages of foreign dignitaries attending meetings there was extremely lucrative. He'd even dubbed it the "Southern White House."

*"It's going to be fantastic! Everyone is doing a great job, really a great job. Jim is an amazing individual; he has wonderful accomplishments; and I'm very happy to have him on board,"* the president said. Then he turned to walk, hunchbacked, to the helicopter, leaving behind dozens of questions hanging in the choppy air. The news was broken on television by a reporter in the studio. He summarized the president's itinerary, and reported on the statistics of the number of days he'd actually spent in the office and how many of those days were on the golf course. The reporter further related what it had cost the taxpayers, accompanied by an explanation of the numbers and a picture of Treadway's bulky frame bent over a golf putter. There was an identical report like it almost every weekend, always the same, except with different numbers.

The air was clear that morning, an ideal Floridian sky unburdened by storm clouds. A perfect day for golf. President Treadway had invited the Republican Senator from the great state of Florida to join him for a "working" round of golf. That meant they'd be talking politics, accompanied by Kanye West, one of his few celebrity supporters. His entourage moved slowly like a swarm of bees hovering near the hive as the airwaves came to life with every movement of POTUS, whose assigned code name was, "Mogul."



As Robert stormed toward Washington D.C., the city was already brimming with activity. Underneath was the façade of the nation mourning. Its temporary new leader, Vice President Muntz, was already meeting with pocketed senators and congressmen from different oligarchical camps. The reins to the most powerful country in the world was handed over to Muntz, and he had no intention of following his fallen chief after his death. On the outside, he led the nation in silent prayer. On the inside, the powers that had weakened the regime were vying for their rightful place and their portion of the spoils that they thought they'd earned. After all, there was every indication they would now win the next election, so compromises had to be made and made immediately.

The shakeup of the last administration had created great voids in the deep state mechanisms. Among the usual casualties, consisting of the heads of the CIA, FBI, and other major spy agencies occurring with the change of the presidential guard every four or eight years, when Treadway came to power, there were also eliminations of the so-called non-political appointees, the elites of the civil service who'd cultivated seats of power, as the deputies of the political appointees. These were the operatives who really kept the gears of those agencies turning. Among them was the head of a covert division within the government, which not only refrained from taking credit for its accomplishments, but also did whatever was necessary to remain anonymous. Whenever the head of a nation or an army was assassinated, it was the Directorate for Operations, an agency so cloaked in secrecy that even the identity of its director was top-secret, that was often to blame.

A new election later, the grey-haired, respectable, long-term senator vowed to return the nation to normal, as half of its populace grieved the murdered president, and the other half breathed a huge, collective sigh of relief. Time would heal the damage, but the scars were sure to hide the real reasons behind such a man's rise to power and demise. A nation which professed to be the champion of and was built by immigrants, had rejected them. A country which was an example to others of equal opportunity in the past could no longer hide its ugly face of racism.

## AFTERWORD

This story was originally written as a mission of Robert Garcia to attack the ISIS organ trafficking industry which, among other reprehensible and evil practices, helped fund its existence. Since I started working on the novel, however, a racial, ideological and economic divide among people in the United States has come out into the open, partly because of the rise to power of an unlikely candidate, Donald Trump, who professes himself as the working man's answer to the reestablishment of the middle class.

To blame all the country's problems on one man, however unpleasant his personality and leadership style may be, is not reasonable. As noted by President Jimmy Carter, the country long ago converted into an oligarchy and can no longer be considered a democracy by any means. Both of the dominating parties are controlled by billionaire-owned private industry, consisting mainly of the petrochemical, chemical, pharmaceutical, and aerospace industries. After it became clear to at least half of the voters that the new unlikely choice for president had aligned himself with the Republican oligarchy, corruption was no longer denied. The white hats and cloaks came off, and the country's ugly tradition of racism exposed itself as a legitimate ideology. A country that was built on the sweat off the backs of immigrants adopted anti-immigration sentiment as official policy. Conspiracy theories of voter fraud were propounded to hide the ideological divide of the people living in rural and urban areas.

But it was the hypocrisy of the pandemic relief efforts which inspired me to change the tone of this book. Trillions of digital dollars were "printed" to prop up the stock market, the depository of the oligarchy's fortune, and banks were given access to virtually free money by the Federal Reserve, so they could be loaned to already rich opportunists who would, more than likely, snatch up whatever opportunities were created by the closure of virtually every business in America that didn't sell food or essential supplies. The rest of us were given a check for \$1,200 that was supposed to get us through four months of quarantine. Compared to 2008, this was a fire sale for billionaires, who saw their fortunes increase as the rest of the citizenry fell into poverty. Any hope of reviving the so-called "American Dream" was crushed by this "recovery effort."

I've speculated about how much effort one group of oligarchs would make to put the other group out of power by using the good ole-fashioned tradition of assassination. And, since this series is about an assassin, who better to accept the challenge? Especially if it were forced on him by the powers who are legally able to make these types of life and death decisions.