

Executive Powers: Revolutionary War



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Disclaimer

This is a work in progress. Most of the text still needs to be written, and what's currently written needs some more editing. Please let me know if you have any comments on the current draft, especially with regards to critiques/places where the writing is not as smooth.

If I sent you this, I'll emphasize that you are under **no obligation to read any of this**. For those that do choose to read, I hope you enjoy!

Preamble

Dropping the Bomb

Huntress Thompson stared outside her office window with a sense of fear and loathing. The editors had once again rejected her newest piece, saying it was too raw, too edgy, too 'self-centered'. Well, of course it was! The people were sick and tired of the same drab stories day after day. They wanted something new. Something spicy. Something to keep them at the edge of their seats.

She clenched her fists. One of these days, she'd find a story so powerful that even her eggheaded editors would be blown away. And when she did, she wasn't going to be some passive bystander watching from afar. No, she was going to be right there, smack dab in the middle of the action.

Just then, her phone rang, breaking her concentration. Thompson snarled and picked up her device.

"The hell do you want?"

"Someone's in a foul moon." Curtis Vonnegut spoke snidely. "Get another rejection?"

"I'm hanging up." Thompson snapped back.

"Wait, wait, wait," Vonnegut pleaded. "I have a question for you." He cleared his throat. "...do you believe in parallel universes?"

Thompson raised an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

"You see," Vonnegut continued, "I want to write a novel that takes place in a world that's similar to, but ultimately distinct from ours. For example, it would feature characters inspired by historical figures from our world, but with new backstories, motivations, and even genders."

Thompson snorted. "If I wanted to read about historical figures, I'd pick up a damn history book."

"But that's not all," Vonnegut continued. "Unlike our world, no one in this parallel universe would have any Powers, nor Executive Powers. It would just be about ordinary folks living ordinary lives..." Vonnegut grinned to himself, "...modulo the occasional breaking of the fourth wall..."

Thompson scratched her chin. "A world without Powers...without Executive Powers..." she looked out into the horizon. "...I think...I think, that a world like that..."

Thompson slowly stopped herself as she noticed a strange, mushroom shaped cloud in the horizon. Before she could react, a massive shockwave slammed into her building, shattering windows and throwing her to the ground.

"Thompson?" Vonnegut asked from the other end of the line. "Are you there? What happened?"

Thompson rubbed her head and continued to stare at the remnants of the mushroom shaped cloud. She mechanically picked up her phone. "...I think..." she spoke as she wiped a streak of blood from her forehead, then put on a massive grin. "I think a world without Powers wouldn't be half as fun to live in as ours!"

Thompson hung up her phone without waiting for a reply, then ran out of her office. While everyone else rushed for the exit, Thompson sprinted to the helipad with a skip in her step and shouted at the top of her lungs. "Power: Gonzo Journalism!" Instantly, a tall, lanky figure with a camera for a head materialized by her side.

"What's up boss?" The cameraman asked as it ran next to her.

"I don't know Gonzo...but whatever it is..." she grabbed a cigarette without breaking her stride, "...it's definitely a scoop!"

The duo made it to the roof, and Gonzo quickly took control of the helicopter, flying off in the direction of the cloud Thompson had spotted. In the air, Thompson activated her Power again, summoning a second Gonzo. She tilted her bucket hat, adjusted her yellow-tinted sunglasses, then nodded to the new Gonzo. He raised three fingers...two...one...

"Hello Baltimore!" Thompson shouted into her mic. "This is Huntress Thompson, reporting live from the air. Moments ago, our city was hit by a titanic shockwave. Was this a natural disaster? A new weapon? Or perhaps the aftermath of an epic battle between two Parties? Well, we're about to find out." Thompson shifted to the side, giving Gonzo's lens a full view of the massive crater behind her.

"Below us," Thompson continued, "you can see where the shockwave likely originated. Preliminary calculations suggest that the crater is about 300 feet deep with a radius of 1200 feet. Moreover—"

"Woah, woah," Gonzo pointed his head to the edge of the crater, "there's something down there."

Thompson turned and spotted the bright light shining at the edge of the crater. She grinned. "...take us down Gonzo."

"I'd rather not," Gonzo bemoaned, "I think I'm getting the fear..."

"Nonsense!" she shouted back. "We came out here to figure out what the hell happened, and that right there," she pointed to the light, "is the main nerve!"

Gonzo nodded. "...that's what gives me the fear..." Reluctantly, Gonzo lowered the copter. Before he could finish landing, Thompson was on the ground, dashing straight for the light. The glow faded as she approached, and from within the light, a large man with short gray hair and circular glasses stepped forward.

"Greetings!" the man spoke in a cheery tone, "Are you local or national news?"

Thompson blinked, looked over to Gonzo, then back to the man. "L-local..."

The man maintained his smile, but he was clearly disappointed. "Well...it will get there soon enough. Are you rolling now?"

Thompson slowly nodded her head.

"Excellent." The man cleared his throat. "My fellow Americans..." he raised his right hand, and Thompson instinctively stepped back. His hand bore the all too familiar symbol of a bald eagle inscribed within a circle of stars. A Presidential Seal. "...my name is Henry S. Truman," he continued "I am a President, and the destruction behind me..." he turned to the massive crater, "...is the result of my Executive Power: The Manhattan Project."

Thompson paused for a moment, taking in the full weight of his statements. "...and what do you want?"

Truman drew a slight grin. "You're quick on the uptake." He regained his neutral expression. "As I speak, our nation is being torn apart by a constant stream of violent clashes between Presidents and their Parties...I'd go so far as to say we're on the brink of a second Civil War." He bit his lip. "As a President, I know this is bad, and I've come here today with the hope of putting an end to evils like this. But of course..." he looked out to the distance, "it is not enough to yearn for peace. We must work, and if necessary..." Truman grinned, "...fight for it."

"Fight?" Thompson asked.

"Exactly!" Truman threw out his arms, his grin morphed into a viscous smile. "In order to form a more perfect union, insure domestic tranquility, and to secure the blessings of liberty, I am declaring the establishment of a grand tournament that will decide once and for all: which President stands as the greatest of all time?"

Truman stared expectingly at Thompson. "Please...tell us more?" she spoke hesitantly.

He raised three fingers. "This experiment will be organized by a trinity of Presidents: myself, Bill Taft, and Ruth Hayes..." he raised another finger, "it will take place at this very spot four months from today, on Tuesday, November 4th. Each fighter and organizer shall pledge allegiance to the ultimate winner of the tournament." Truman intensified his smile. "I'm also very excited to announce that four Presidents have already agreed to take part ..." he slowly lowered his fingers one at a time, his voice lingering on each syllable as he spoke, "Theo Roosevelt...Gabe Lincoln...Tanya Jefferson...and Jordan Washington..."

Thompson's eyes widened. "The entirety of Rushmore..."

"Exactly..." Truman turned to Gonzo's camera. "So, to all my fellow Presidents, I sincerely hope you'll join me for what is sure to be...a Revolutionary War!"

He stared unmoving at the camera for half a minute. "C-cut," Thompson stammered. Gonzo's red light flicked off, and Truman let out a deep sigh.

"Well, the die is cast," he said with a significantly thicker Missouri accent. "Say," he turned to Thompson. "We're looking to hire an MC for the tournament, and you seem like you've got some real gumption. Do you want the job?"

Thompson blinked. "...sure?"

"Fantastic!" he gave her a light pat on the back, then looked over to her helicopter. "Say...what kind of model do you have there?" he jaunted to the vehicle while Thompson and Gonzo stayed behind, their bodies frozen in place.

"...Gonzo..."

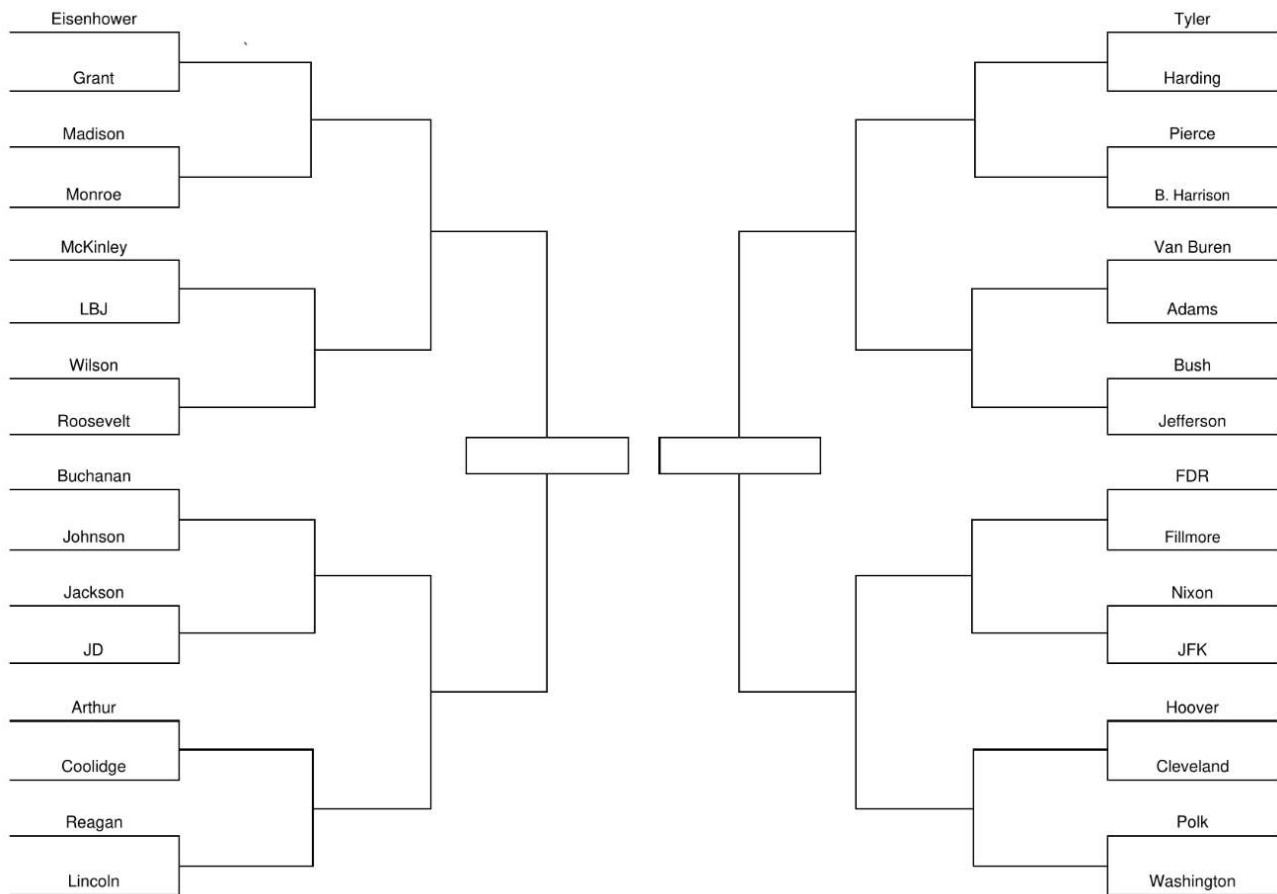
"...Yeah boss?"

"I have a lot of questions..." she looked to the large man geeking out over their news helicopter. "...in particular...who the hell is Henry Truman?"

* * * * *

Over the next three months, dozens of Presidents reached out to Truman about his Revolutionary War. Then, on the eve of November 3rd, the fateful bracket was released out into the world...

The Bracket



Block R:

[The Supreme Commander] Deedee Eisenhower vs [The Hero of Appomattox] Odysseus Grant.
[The Sage of Montpelier] Jamie Madison vs [The Heir of Good Feelings] Jane Monroe.
[The Napoleon of Protection] Will McKinley vs [Landslide Landon] LBJ.
[The Professor] Whitney Wilson vs [The Man in the Arena] Theo Roosevelt.

Block L:

[10-Cent Jimmy] Jim Buchanan vs [The Tennessee Tailor] Andre Johnson
[Old Hickory] Andrea Jackson vs [The Masked Fighter] JD
[The Gentleman Boss] Charles Arthur vs [Silent Cal] Callie Coolidge
[The Star] Ronda Reagan vs [The Rail Splitter] Gabe Lincoln

Block J:

[The Presidential Killer] Johnny Tyler vs [The Harmonizer] Wanda Harding
[Handsome Hank] Hank Pierce vs [The Human Iceberg] Benny Harrison
[The Little Magician] Martina Van Buren vs [The Colossus of Independence] Johan Adams
[The Timberwolf] Jorge Bush vs [The Apostle of Democracy] Tanya Jefferson

Block W:

[The Sphinx] FDR vs [The Last of the Whigs] Milly Fillmore

[The King of Camelot] JFK vs [Tricky Dick] Dixie Nixon

[The Great Humanitarian] Hera Hoover vs [The Beast of Buffalo] Gregory Cleveland

[Young Hickory] Jade Polk vs [The King of Presidents] Jordan Washington

Day 1: The First Branch

Two Star Generals

Huntress Thompson weaved her motorcycle through the cars stuck in traffic. She couldn't believe that, just four months ago, this whole place had been nothing but dirt. But now? Families ate burgers in front of thugs with cigars, saxophonists jammed over the sound of workers building walls, and arms dealers peddled their wares next to fanatics screaming something about religion. It was pure chaos, and Thompson loved every second of it.

She skidded to a halt and gazed at the giant marble coliseum in front of her. Waves of spectators surrounded the entrances, trying to push and shove their way in before the first match started. As she marveled at the sights, two agents dressed in black approached her. She held out her badge. "Huntress Thompson, VIP."

The Secret Service agents examined her ID. "You're fifteen minutes late."

"Sue me."

The agent rolled his eyes and grabbed his walkie-talkie. "Huntress Thompson is at the gate. Requesting teleportation."

Thompson raised an eyebrow. "Requesting wha—" she shook, then found herself in a large room, with a massive glass panel overlooking the inside of the stadium. She gazed out into the stands, then turned to the pianist seated in the back of the room. She smirked, then gave a thumbs up.

The pianist nodded, then quietly tapped away at his keys. His music rang across the speakers throughout the stadium, drawing the attention of the rambunctious crowd. They gradually quieted down as the cameras stationed throughout the arena turned and zoomed into the commentators box, their lenses focused in on Huntress Thompson.

"Welcome," Thompson shouted into her mic, "to the Revolutionary War!" The crowd greeted her with screams and applause. "For those that don't know, I'm Huntress Thompson, your master of ceremonies." She threw out her arm. "And helping me with the technical analysis for our fights, we have the legendary man who made all of this possible..." The piano music suddenly intensified, and the pianist slammed his hands on the keys before standing up to a roar of cheers.

"Hello everyone!" Truman spoke up, "Today, the entire world..."

"Just a minute, Henry," Thompson held the mic away from her, "let me introduce you." Despite the distance, Thompson's mic broadcasted her message across the stadium, inciting a wave of laughter. She coughed. "Anyways, joining me is [The Man from Independence], Henry Shipp Truman!" The crowd erupted.

"Henry S. Truman," he corrected. He turned back to the crowd. "Today, the entire world is looking to America for enlightened leadership to peace and progress. Such leadership requires vision, courage, and unyielding strength. Finding this leadership is my duty, and I shall not shirk from it." The crowd erupted in applause.

"Beautiful stuff, Truman," Thompson spoke up, "now let's get down to brass tacks." The stadium screens changed to a timeline for the rest of the week. "There will be eight fights per day for the first three days," Thompson continued, "followed by four quarterfinal fights on Friday, with the semifinals

and finals on Saturday. The refereeing for all of our fights will be done by the only man in the country who would rather be judge than President. Give it up for [The Big Chief], Bill Taft!"

The giant Taft walked into the arena, carrying his massive war hammer gavel.

"And to make sure nothing goes awry," Thompson continued, "we have Secret Service agents scattered throughout the arena. Leading this group is a true veteran when it comes to quelling riots and getting rid of uninvited guests. Let's hear it for [Scarface], Ruth Hayes!"

From the stands, Hayes waved with her right arm and what little remained of her left, the scars covering her body on full display.

"Now, we must emphasize," Truman continued, "while we have taken every reasonable precaution to protect our spectators, we cannot guarantee your complete safety. Those who don't wish to take the risk can safely watch live footage of the matches from their hotel. As for those who choose to stay..." he grinned, "...get ready for the ride of your lives."

"Enough with the foreplay," Thompson shouted, "let's get to the action!" The crowd roared. "We're starting things with a bang," she continued. "It's a match between two of the greatest commanders the world has ever seen. We may never know who's the better general, but we're about to find out who's the better fighter! Coming from the Western entrance, she's a warrior who's fought around the world. She's trained legions of soldiers during her military career, and generations of students as the head of Columbia University. Let's hear it for [The Supreme Commander], Deedee Eisenhower!"

A tank rolled into the arena. Eisenhower popped her head out of the commander's hatch, wearing her signature wool field jacket and peaked visor cap. She waved to the crowd, then pulled herself out of the tank and grabbed the barrel of its gun. With some effort, she lifted upward, tearing the head of the tank clean off its body. The tank rolled back and Eisenhower walked forward, carrying the barrel of the tank with her to the center of the arena.

"Jesus Christ!" Thompson shouted, "Eisenhower is using the head of the tank as her freaking weapon! We haven't even started and I'm getting goosebumps."

"Eisenhower has an impressive arsenal..." Truman spoke with a sly smile, "...but she might end up being outgunned this time..."

"Let's find out!" Thompson exclaimed. "Coming from the Eastern entrance, we have the second in command of the National Union Party. Despite his reputation as a butcher, he's a gentle soul who can't stand the slight of blood. But don't think he's a pushover! He won't stop fighting until he achieves unconditional surrender. He's [The Hero of Appomattox], Odysseus S. Grant!"

"It's just Odysseus Grant..." he mumbled as he walked into the arena, dragging a giant, lumpy bag behind him. He reached the center of the arena and opened the bag, releasing a stockpile of guns and swords onto the ground. He adjusted his silk hat before crouching down and carefully picking up a weapon.

"This was Calvin's pistol," he spoke softly. "He died in the final fight against Davis without getting the chance to fire a single shot..." Grant placed the pistol down and grabbed a sword, "This one was Benjamin's," he continued. "He was a valiant soldier, slain on that terrible night of Johnson's betrayal."

Grant sighed and placed the weapon back on the ground. "So many young soldiers lost on my watch..." He looked up to Eisenhower. "...and I will not let a single one of their deaths be in vain." He thrust his arms to the side.

The weapons surrounding Grant shook violently and shot into the air. Suddenly, a gun slammed into Grant's arm, followed by another, and another. Before long, both of Grant's arms were completely covered by a mass of weapons, each in the form of a giant, metallic, weaponized arm.

"Executive Power," Grant spoke quietly but decisively, "Union Army; To Arms."

Taft looked to Eisenhower, who's smile only deepened. Taft raised his gavel. "Let the first match..." he slammed it down, "begin!"

???Insert Fights 1-4

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The Worst of the Worst

Thompson looked to Truman. “Nothing?” Truman shook his head. Thompson growled and grabbed her mic. “Hello everyone,” she spoke through gritted teeth, “our technical difficulties should be resolved any minute now. Please bear with us until then.” She turned off her mic and bit angrily into her cigarette.

“Oh, wait,” Truman grabbed his earpiece with excitement, “it looks like they found Johnson...” his smile faded, “...but his fighting condition seems...questionable...”

“I don’t care if I have to drag him onto the field myself,” Thompson snapped back, “tell him he’s going on in five minutes. And while you’re at it,” she slammed her fist, “tell Buchanan that I’m going to do him a favor and introduce Johnson first; but if he still hasn’t gotten me that bio before Johnson’s on the field, then I’m just going to make something up for him.”

Truman nodded and relayed the messages. The two sat in silence as Truman carefully watched the seconds tick on his watch. After what felt like ages, he nodded to Thompson and she grabbed her mic.

“Alrighty,” Thompson shouted, “we’re finally ready to begin the first match of Block L!” The crowd gave a wave of disgruntled cheers. “This fight features two of the most hated Presidents of all time! Our first fighter, coming from the *Eastern* entrance,” she spoke with just a hint of disdain, “was once the second in command for the National Union Party. However, he betrayed his Party and fled north to escape Lincoln’s wrath. Rumor has it he’s been hiding in the Alaskan wilderness ever since, waiting to strike back at his enemies. Let’s hear it for [The Tennessee Tailor], Andre Jackson!”

The crowd booed as Johnson staggered into the arena. His large body was covered with stitches, and his right hand carried a rapier-sized sewing needle. However, everyone’s focus centered on the bottle of whiskey in his left hand as he stumbled towards the center of the arena.

“Oh god...” Thompson mumbled, “I didn’t realize he was *that* drunk...”

Johnson motioned Taft to him, and reluctantly, Taft made his way over. As he approached, Johnson violently snatched his microphone. “I AM NOT FIT TO BE HERE!” he shouted into the mic, startling the audience. “I ought not to have left my home,” he continued, “as...as I was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever...” He pointed his finger at no one in particular. “But Mr. Truman phoned me...as did other friends!” he spoke emphatically, “saying I must be here! And so, I came!”

Johnson burst into laughter, and Taft angrily took back his microphone. Johnson smiled back and grabbed his bottle.

“Now, if you don’t mind,” Johnson raised the glass to his lips, “I will take some more whiskey, as I need all the strength for the occasion that I can have.” He gulped the last of his drink and threw his empty bottle across the arena, shattering it on the ground.

“Well...uh...” Thompson spoke hesitantly, “that was something...” she turned to see a Secret Service agent holding a notecard behind her. “Finally...” Thompson muttered as she grabbed the card. She cleared her throat. “Johnson’s opponent is a last-minute entry to our tournament...” She looked down and squinted to read the scribbles on the card. “He is very strong...and very smart...and to all the ladies out there...he’s a very, very eligible bachelor...” she blinked, then turned the card over, looking for

any extra information. But no, that was it. He had wasted all of their time, on *that*. She crumpled the card and tossed it to the ground. “Anyways,” she continued, “he’s [10-cent Jimmy], Jim Buchanan.”

A frail man with a dough face shuffled onto the stage. Heavy bags hung under his eyes which darted all over the arena. He bit the nails of his right hand, while his left held onto a metal slingshot.

“Well folks,” Thompson continued, “I don’t think anyone is going to be happy with the winner of the match. But on the bright side, we can all enjoy watching as the loser gets the crap beaten out of them.” She flipped off her mic. “And I for one, hope it’s Buchanan...”

Taft slammed his gavel. “Begin!”

Johnson let loose a monstrous howl, then charged in at Buchanan, stumbling over himself as he ran.

“W-wait a minute,” Buchanan stepped back. “I’m-I’m-I’m not ready!” He let out a shrill shriek as Johnson closed in. “E-Executive Power!” Buchanan stammered, “Dred Scott!”

A metal chain shot from the ground and wrapped itself tightly around Johnson’s right wrist. “What the...” Johnson pulled at the chain with his free hand, but the shackles refused to unravel.

Buchanan let out a deep breath. “Okay...” he paced to the left. “Okay, okay, okay.” He bit his thumbnail. “So now...should I attack?” Buchanan pivoted and paced to the right. “But what if he can still counterattack?” He turned back around. “So...should I restrain him further?” He turned around. “But what if that tires me out?”

The crowd booed as neither fighter did anything. Johnson grabbed his giant sewing needle and sloppily jabbed at the chain to no avail. He continued jabbing at the chains with increasing ferocity. Then, his hand suddenly slipped, causing his needle to pierce straight through his forearm.

The crowd gasped in horror, but Johnson remained non-plussed. “You know, I’d rather...” he burped “...I’d rather sever my right arm...” he spoke as he slowly pried his hand off his body with his needle, “...than be tied down by a lawyer!”

He tore his hand off his body, freeing both his arm and his severed hand from the chains. Before his hand hit the floor, Johnson grabbed it with his left, then hurled it at Buchanan.

“W-What?” Before Buchanan could dodge, the severed hand stuck his chest, knocking him down. As he fell, the hand swiftly crawled up his body, then wrapped its cold fingers around his neck. Buchanan dropped his slingshot and grabbed at the hand as it tightened its grip.

Johnson calmly jaunted over to Buchanan, then pressed his wrist against his severed hand. “Executive Power: Reconstruction.” Stitches appeared across Johnson’s wrist, reconnecting his hand to his forearm. “Now then...” Johnson cracked his wrist as his hand wrapped itself tighter around Buchanan’s neck. “Let’s have some fun!”

Reconstruction

“Oh Jimmy...” Johnson waved his needle in front of the helpless Buchanan. “Neither of us seem to be very popular these days.” He burped. “I guess we both need to work...on our branding!” Buchanan wailed as Johnson jabbed his needle into his chest and carved his name into Buchanan’s skin.

Buchanan started to speak. “I surren—” Johnson tightened his grip, cutting him off.

“You damn aristocrats!” Johnson spat at him. “Stopping whenever you feel like it.” He pierced deeper as his voice rose. “You see, us plebians can’t just quit whenever we want. No sirree. We gotta work...alllll the time,” he spoke while driving his needle slowly across Buchanan’s body. “Am I right people!”

Johnson turned to the audience, but they met him with utter silence. Every eye was fixated on Buchanan, watching his tears run down his face as he helplessly struggled against Johnson’s hold.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” Thompson commented, “but I think Johnson’s being too harsh on Buchanan. Hell, this might be the first death of the tournament!”

Truman shook his head. “Johnson might be a degenerate, but even he wouldn’t break the Law of the Land when it comes to killing fellow Executives.” He watched on as Johnson continued to carve into Buchanan. “Still...one has to wonder; where did all that hatred come from...?”

* * * * *

Many years ago, a young Andre Johnson looked at his father. “Daddy, can we skip stones?”

“Sorry kiddo...” his dad looked at his dented pocket watch, “I have to go to work in a bit...” he looked down at his son’s innocent expression. He grinned, then ruffled Johnson’s hair. “So we’ll have to be quick about it!”

The two ran out of the house with screams of joy as they frantically grabbed piles of stones from the nearby river. They laughed themselves silly as they both failed to bounce even a single rock against the raging current.

“I guess the water’s too rough today for skipping,” Johnson’s dad remarked. He looked back at his pocket watch. “Anyways, I need to...”

“Daddy!”

Johnson’s dad looked out in horror. A kayak surged down the river, a trio of riders dangling onto its side. Without a moment’s hesitation, he jumped into the river, swam at them with full speed, then dragged them against the current back to shore.

The first survivor coughed, then looked down at his clothes. “Shit!” he wringed out his shirt, “these were all designer brands!”

“You’re telling me,” the second padded his body “I lost my favorite ring out there.”

"Didn't you have it a second ago?" The third survivor looked around the ground, then up at Johnson and his father, taking a good look at their second-hand clothing and dirty faces. "Oh...now I get it," he said with a disgusted tone. "That's why you were so eager to 'save' us..." he spat on the ground. "You damn plebians...just a bunch of cowards and thieves."

"Nuh uh!" Johnson shouted, jumping between the survivors and his dad "my Daddy's not a thief!"

The survivor stared at Johnson's dad with a mixture of fury and disgust. "...whatever," a boy pulled out his golden pocket watch and nodded to the others. "We've wasted enough time in this hick town...let's get out of here..." The boys got up and marched onwards, without giving the Johnson's a second glance.

"Daddy," Johnson looked up, "what's a plebian?"

"...its nothing to be ashamed off," he muttered as he watched the rich boys stroll away, "...especially when compared to the alternative..." He let out a violent cough, then looked down at his pocket watch. "Shoot, I'm late!" He ran off, his soggy clothes slowing him down. "Head back home, Andre," he shouted, "we can play after I get back!"

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

Johnson smiled and trekked back home. He spent the rest of the day planning out all of the fun activities he'd get to do when his dad got back home. But, he never did.

After he showed up late to work, the boss gave Johnson's dad the grueling assignment of ringing the massive town bell on his own. This, combined with the running and the swimming, was too much for his worn-out body to bear. He collapsed just moments after clocking out for the day.

The Johnson's couldn't afford a funeral. Hell, they could barely afford to eat. Johnson's mom tried her best to support the rest of the family, but the burden was too much. With tears in her eyes, she sent Johnson and his older brother to work at a tailor shop.

In theory, the two of them were supposed to work as apprentices. In practice, they were slaves, working 12 hour shifts every day under harsh conditions. The job would have been completely unbearable, if it weren't for the kindness of a single customer.

"Hello Andre," Willie Hill said as walked into the store. "How are you?"

"Fine," Johnson replied curtly. "Did you bring it?"

Hill gave a wink. "Of course." He pulled out a book of oratory from his satchel.

As usual, Hill read out speeches from the book while Johnson tended to his clothing. Hill was perfectly aware that Johnson slowed down his sewing in order to prolong his visit, but the old man was more than happy to play along.

These meetings continued onward until Hill's death four years later. As his family mourned his death, they couldn't help but be perplexed by the last item of his will: that his old book of oratory be given be given to the young apprentice in the tailor shop.

The night of Hill's funeral, Johnson stared aimlessly at the ceiling over his bed. "...we should run away," he spoke softly.

"What...?" his brother asked through a yawn.

"Think about it!" Johnson went over to his bed with excitement in his eyes. "We've learned everything we can here. We should start over in a new town where we actually get paid for our work."

"We're bound to this shop," his brother spoke sadly, "we still have another 7 years in our contracts."

"Who cares!" Johnson shouted, then quickly lowered his voice. "I'm sick and tired of these snobby aristocrats profiting off our skilled labor. We can do better. We deserve better."

His brother bit his lip. "They're gonna come after us..."

Johnson grinned. "Let 'em try."

* * * * *

Buchanan tried to talk, but only spats of air came from his throat as Johnson continued squeezing his neck.

"What's that?" Johnson asked, drawing his ear closer to Buchanan's mouth, "You want me to cut deeper? Well, since you're the fancy lawyer, I guess you know better than a plebian like myself!" Johnson drew his needle back, but something suddenly wrapped around his ankles. Before he knew it, a sharp pull flung his body back, forcing him to drop Buchanan and his needle.

Johnson looked down to see his ankle trapped in a pair of steel shackles attached to a metal chain. The chain reeled backwards with tremendous speed, putting Johnson on a collision course with the wall of the arena.

Johnson gritted his teeth and thrust his hands into his legs. "Executive Power: Reconstruction!" He tore his feet off, freeing himself from the receding shackles. He briefly caught his breath, then crawled towards his severed feet. Before he could reach them, an iron wall appeared in front of him. He changed course, but two more walls rose beside him, followed by another behind him. He looked up as an iron ceiling extended across the walls, sealing him inside a pitch-black prison cell.

"I said..." Buchanan coughed and rubbed his neck. "I said," he spoke in a raspy voice, "Executive Power: Dred Scott."

Dred Scott

"Wow oh wow!" Thompson shouted, "Buchanan has completely turned the tables by capturing Johnson inside an iron prison!"

Taft carefully examined the solid prison walls, then raised his arm. "Johnson has three minutes to escape this prison," he spoke into his mic. "If he is unable to do so, he will be deemed unable to fight, and Buchanan will be declared the winner."

"Dammit!" Johnson slammed into the walls, but they would not budge. He angrily dug his fingers into his shoulder. "This isn't over..."

"Well..." Polk spoke from the stands, "it looks like this is over."

Jackson nodded. "Johnson's tough, but he isn't strong enough to break those walls."

Pierce smirked. "And it doesn't look like his EP can help him escape either."

"Such a shame," Van Buren clicked her tongue, "this could have been the first win for the Jacksonians." She turned to the rest of them. "If only you all hadn't kicked Buchanan out of our Party when he tried to join." She smiled. "I bet you're all really regretting that decision right about now, aren't you?"

Polk, Pierce, and Jackson reflected on Van Buren's words as they thought back to their interactions with Buchanan.

* * * * *

"Buchanan?" Polk got up as a nervous man with a Presidential Seal walked into her office, "it's a pleasure to meet you."

"Y-you too..." Buchanan stammered.

"I'm sure Jackson already told you," Polk continued, "but I'll be overseeing your duties as you adjust to the Party." She examined her clipboard. "Since you used to be a lawyer, I thought we should start you off with a diplomatic mission." She walked to a map and pointed at Oregon. "We're finishing up territorial negotiations with some Canadians, and I want you to represent us."

"Oh, I, uh," he spoke weakly, "I don't know if I should..."

"I know its scary," Polk placed her hand on his back, "but I believe in you."

The next week, Polk flew out to check on Buchanan's progress, only to find that the situation hadn't changed in the slightest.

"Well," Buchanan spoke meekly, "I came out here...at least that deed is done..."

"Sure..." Polk maintained her smile. "Well, how about this," she handed Buchanan a sealed envelope. "Just tell the Canadians that this is our new stance, take it or leave it. We'll go from there."

Buchanan nodded and headed to the next round of negotiations.

Polk waited patiently for Buchanan's return with a smile on her face, but her smile dropped when she saw him coming back with her unopened letter still in his hands. "...why do you still have that?"

"Oh, well," he stammered, "I didn't want to abandon all of the ground I've gained, so I decided to just leave the letter be."

"What...?" she mumbled under her breath. She shook her head and regained her smile. "Okay, I think that's enough diplomatic experience ...let's try combat next."

"C-combat?" he spoke meekly.

She nodded. "Some skirmishes have popped up near Mexico. I want you to lead a battalion down there and conquer as much land as you can."

The next week, Polk once again flew to Buchanan's side, only to find that no progress had been made. "What are you still doing at the Rio Grande?" She asked angrily, "you should have made it past here days ago!"

"Oh, well," he spoke up, "I just didn't think it would be a good idea to press so deeply into enemy territory."

Polk tightened her fists, then calmly released them. "Okay...how about this..." a sword materialized in her hand. "I'll lead the troops; you watch how things are done."

Polk marched her troops south, fighting valiantly against the masses of Mexican soldiers in their way. Before long, Polk managed to force the other side to cough up a peace agreement with highly favorable terms for the Jacksonians.

"Good," Polk wiped a band of sweat from her face, "now we can stop fighting."

"Well, um," Buchanan spoke up, "what if...what if instead of signing the treaty...we just...conquered all of Mexico...?"

Polk stared at him, her mouth agape. "Were you not the one who said to not press into enemy territory?!" She grabbed her brow and breathed deeply. "Sorry...I shouldn't have shouted. Let's...let's just head back."

A few days later, Greg Woodward walked into Polk's office. "Sorry to bother you, ma'am," he spoke quietly, "but it's about my promotion..."

"Ah yes," she looked up, "how are you enjoying the new position?"

"About that," he shuffled his feet, "it seems Buchanan retracted my offer."

"He...what?" she said, her voice seething with rage. She stormed out of her office. "Buchanan!" she shouted as she spotted him across the hallway. "What's the meaning of this business with Woodward?"

"Oh, well," he stuttered, "I just thought Read would make a better fit, so I..."

"Listen!" The normally reserved Polk grabbed him by the collar. "I am responsible for my appointments, and I will not surrender that power to anyone else!" She dropped him to the ground and walked away.

Polk sat alone in the bar, staring into space.

"Having a rough time?" Pierce took the seat next to her. "I heard about your little spat with Buchanan..." he coughed, "...everyone has."

"I just want him gone..." she stared into her drink. "I even tried offering him that desk job he wanted so badly, but you know what he told me?" She glared at Pierce. "That he'd think about it. Seriously, I just don't get it!" She downed her drink. "Buchanan's an able man, but he is completely without judgement!"

"Calm down," he patted her back, "I can see this is getting to you. Why don't you let me take care of him for a bit?"

"...are you sure?"

Pierce gave a handsome grin. "I know how much pressure comes with joining a Party as renowned as the Jacksonians... I'm sure a lot of Buchanan's mistakes are just a result of nerves and excitement." He walked out of the bar. "Don't worry, I'll have him calmed down by the end of the week."

The next week, Polk spotted Pierce sitting in the common room. "How's Buchanan?" she asked cautiously.

"It was wrong for you to try sending him to a desk job..." he turned to her with dark bags under his eyes. "We need to send him much farther than that."

"...what are you saying?" Polk asked nervously.

"We should send him to Britain," he spoke with dead seriousness.

"Now, now..." the two of them turned to see Jackson walking into the room. "I thought you all were better than this." She grabbed them by the shoulders. "Buchanan might be a handful, but he's strong ..." she spun a nearby globe, "with him, we'll have five Presidents under our Party...we'll be unstoppable..." She turned to Polk and Pierce. "But more important than that...Buchanan is a part of our family now. And the Jacksonians never abandon family. Am I understood?"

"Yes ma'am..." the two spoke quietly.

Jackson gave them pats on their backs, nearly toppling them over. "Let me show you two how it's done." Jackson cracked her wrists. "I'll have Buchanan in top shape before you know it."

The next day, Polk and Pierce ran into Jackson. "So...about Buchanan..." Polk asked nervously.

Jackson shook her head. "Britain's too close..." she let out a heavy sigh. "...let's send him to Russia..."

* * * * *

Polk, Pierce, and Jackson vigorously shook their heads. "We made the right decision," they spoke emphatically in unison.

Taft looked at his watch. Only thirty seconds remained, and there was no sign of Johnson making any moves. He raised his gavel, but stopped as he heard a faint ring of metal from within prison. Another ring echoed across the stadium, then another. With each ring, the iron wall bent outward. At first the

change was gradual, but by the fifth ring, the wall looked ready to fall over. With a final ring, the wall burst off its hinges, crashing to the ground.

The crowd stared silently as a figure emerged from the prison. Its head was undoubtedly Johnson's, but that was about all they could recognize. Besides his head, the rest of the figure's 'body' consisted of a single, beefy arm attached to Johnson's neck. "Executive Power," the creature spoke, "Reconstruction; One Armed Bandit."

"W-w-what the hell!" Thompson shouted. "Did Buchanan's prison transform Johnson into some sort of monster?"

"No, it's the opposite," Truman spoke with as much calmness as he could muster. "Johnson turned himself into a monster."

"What?"

"Well," Truman continued, "I can only conjecture...but I think while he was imprisoned, Johnson severed his own body and stuffed it into one of his arms...allowing him to quite literally put all of his weight into his punches."

"You're spot on..." Grant mumbled from the stands. "The true terror of Johnson's Executive Power: Reconstruction, is in Johnson's ability to put his body back together in terrible, twisted ways."

On the ground, Johnson cracked his neck, or at least, what remained of it, and then bent his massive elbow. "Get ready twerp," he said, "I'm armed to the teeth!" He pushed off the ground with his hand, launching his body forward.

Buchanan grabbed his hair and frantically looked around as Johnson hopped towards him. Should he surrender? Or try talking things out? Maybe run away? After all, running away was his specialty. Every indecision, every second guess he made, was just his way of running from the consequences of his actions. After all, as long as he didn't make a decision, he couldn't be the one at fault; he couldn't be the one to take the blame.

Buchanan bit his lip. But wasn't he sick and tired of telling himself these excuses over and over again? After all, hadn't he finally decided to enter this tournament in order to change himself? He could change. He would change. He had to change. He would not run away, not this time. Buchanan looked up with a fire in his eyes that he had never known before. He saw Johnson rapidly approaching, his hideous figure become more horrifying with each leap towards him.

Buchanan instantly lost all of his resolve and ran as fast as he could away from Johnson's terrible form. As he ran, a shadow appeared over him. Before he could look, Johnson's palm slammed onto Buchanan, smashing him to the ground.

"I surrender," Buchanan shouted frantically, "I surrender, I surrender, I surrender!"

Johnson clicked his tongue. "Darn...just when we were about to get interesting."

"Taft is calling it folks," Thompson shouted as Taft slammed his gavel, "the winner of the first fight of Block L is the monstrous [Tennessee Tailor], Andre Johnson!"