LOST IN
ZOMBIELAND
The Rise of President Zero
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A Political Satire

J.T. Hatter
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The great wonder of contemporary American politics is how Barack Hussein Obama got elected to the Office of President in the first place. It is a curiosity, to say the least. After three and a half years of getting to know the mysterious stranger in the White House, Americans are wondering why they voted for Obama. Voter remorse has never been higher and we are still troubled by serious questions that refuse to go away:

- Is Barack Obama a natural born citizen? Is he even eligible to be president?
- Why can't we see his college transcripts or get to the bottom of his multiple social security numbers? Why is he so secretive about his past?
- Is Obama trying to transform America into a socialist state?
- Why are his programs and policies so destructive?
- What is Obama really up to?

Nobody outside of Obama's inner circle knows the answer to these questions.

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Obama's life experiences and beliefs are strange and unfamiliar to ordinary Americans. Any inquiry into his past becomes a journey into a land of unicorns and Alinsky, leftist indoctrination and black liberation theology, radicalism and the politics of race. Obama's mysterious origins and history might be amusing if their implications were not so serious.

But we Americans do not dwell exclusively on the serious. We have in our national DNA an eagerness to look on the humorous side of things, and to laugh out loud at ourselves—and especially at our politicians. Like no other nation on earth, we mercilessly lampoon, spoof, tease, expose, lambaste, roast and ridicule our political leaders. Most of them richly deserve what they get.

We've had great fun with Nixon, Carter, Reagan, Clinton and Bushes I and II. And now it's Obama's rightful turn. American society is infinitely improved when we carefully scrutinize our elected officials and measure them against our standards for justice and reason. And especially when we examine them through the bold lens of satire.

No president before Barack Hussein Obama has created such a satire-rich political environment for himself. In addition to his blundering policies, he has populated his administration with a rogue's gallery of radical characters and clowns. Under Obama, American government has become a circus—a surreal Kafkaesque wonderland of farce and fable. We are the bewildered guests at the Mad Hatter's tea party. Up is down and down is up. No one takes our government seriously any more.

It is true that Obama inherited a terrible mess from his predecessors. But Obama was voted in to fix these problems and restore the ship of state instead of running it headlong into the iceberg of reality. The administration's inexperience, bungling, cover-ups, corruption, incompetence, blind ideology, destructiveness and unintended comic relief are of truly historic dimension.

The Obama administration is a target-rich environment for critical commentary, but it is also a minefield for those who dare to tread within striking distance. Critics of the regime are automatically slandered as racist and savaged in the digital courtrooms of the mainstream media. Freedom of speech carries a steep price in today's politically correct America. But even these grave offenses can be made to boomerang under the magnifying lens of satire.

I would like to thank Obama's Marxist mentor, Saul Alinsky, for providing the political framework for this book, and especially for *Rules for Radicals* Tactics Rule No. 5:

“Ridicule is man's most potent weapon. It is almost impossible to counterattack ridicule. Also, it infuriates the opposition, who then react to your advantage.”

The most biting satire wields the sting of truth at its core. George Orwell, author of the famed dystopia, Nineteen Eighty-Four, with its culture of doublespeak and Big Brother, said, "During times of universal deceit, telling the truth becomes a revolutionary act."

This book is a revolutionary act. We live in a time when those who love the United States of America must fight to preserve her sacred truths and founding principles. The Tree of Liberty requires refreshment once again.

The Patriots of *Lost in Zombieland* have heard the call, and we charge into the breech, armed with cynicism and satire, to battle the dark forces of progressive politics. Our powder is dry, our flasks are full, and our humor is primed and ready.

—John Thompson Hatter
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Life is hard. It’s even harder when you’re stupid.

— John Wayne
“What do you mean the Iranians have a nuclear bomb?” President Omeba demanded.

The aides and military personnel in the Situation Room looked at him in surprise, then quickly turned back to their duties at a glare from Rahm. They’d informed the President two days ago that the Iranians had manufactured three, twenty-kiloton nuclear bombs, and were secretly moving the warheads to their targets: presumably in Israel, Europe and the United States.

“They made three of them,” Leon Panera reminded the President. “We’re trying to find them. That’s the crisis.”

The Secretary of Defense turned and looked around the Situation Room. It was crowded with high-ranking military officers, intelligence technicians and members of the President’s Inner Circle.

“Where’s General Dimpey? We need him in here to brief the President,” Panera said.
An aide scuttled off to find the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

“What does the United Nations say about this?” President Omeba asked.

“They've confirmed it,” Panera said. He didn't look happy about it. “The Iranians do have nuclear weapons. The economic sanctions didn't work. They never do.”

“I thought the UN denied the Iranians were even working on a bomb,” Omeba said. “They told us the Iranians were developing a peaceful nuclear program.”

“Some people even believed that,” Panera observed. “But it turned out that the IAEA Inspector General, Mohammed El Hussein, was working for the Muslims.”

“No kidding? Who'd have expected that?”

“Well, sir,” Panera confided, “The intelligence community has known about it for some time. We had to get past the racial profiling thing. But once we did that, we could see that Mohammed was helping the Islamic world acquire nuclear weapons: first the Iraqis under Saddam, and then the Iranians. He worked for the highest bidder. We knew the Iranians were building nuclear weapons, and we knew the UN was in cahoots with them. But the CIA couldn’t get anybody in Congress or the White House to do anything about it. We just sat there and watched them start their nuclear program, build their centrifuges, refine the uranium and assemble their bombs. It's all George Boosh’s fault, of course. He didn’t do anything about it either.”

“President Boosh’s fault. Goes without saying,” Omeba said. “On second thought, we better get out a press release, Leon. Tell the media to push the Boosh button on this Iranian bomb thing. They'll know what you mean.”

“Yessir. Will do. Here's General Dimpey. He'll have an update on military intelligence.”

General Dimpey arrived in the Situation Room with a bevy of intelligence officers and technicians in his wake. The four-star army General spotted Panera's beckoning finger, and joined the President and his Inner Circle. He waved his staff to their Situation Room workstations.

“Evening, General Dimpey,” President Omeba said. “What's up with the Iranians?”

General Dimpey gave the President and Secretary Panera a deep frown, then nodded to Chief of Staff Rahm Adramelech and Senior Advisor Valerie Garrotte as they took their seats together at the conference table.

“Here it is in a nutshell, Mr. President,” General Dimpey began. “The Iranians have built three nuclear bombs. Each has a yield of about twenty kilotons. We're finding out that the Iranians had a lot of technical help building the weapons, and they're getting logistical help moving them to the launch or target areas.”

“Help?” Leon Panera asked. “Who’s helping them?”

“Well, the Pakistani and North Korean governments have been supplying technicians, tools and materials to build the centrifuges and isotope processing systems. The Chinese are providing the isotope refining technology, and the Russians assisted in assembling the warheads. They're getting logistical help from the Egyptians and Syrians. Probably others. What we have here is a Communist/Muslim axis.”


“It's not a laughing matter, Mr. President,” the General replied. “Our intelligence sources think the Iranians are targeting Israel and
loaded onto an Iranian Navy engineering barge, and transported
to the Kargh Island petroleum terminal. From there it was loaded
into the forward petroleum compartment of an Iranian Tanker
Company VLCC oil tanker. The bomb travelled with a decoy
tanker into the Suez Canal. That is where Colonel Plummer and
Seal Team Six found them. Intelligence sources indicated that this
bomb was targeted for New York City.

The third Iranian nuke was still missing. No trace of it could
be found until twelve days after Operation Persian Bomb had
begun. This bomb was also placed on a commercial truck and
carried in a direction no one was expecting.

The device had taken the long surface roads north, and then
west, from Iran and through Turkey. Its current location was
uncertain, but the best intelligence guess was that the missing
Persian Bomb, the Prince of Persia, was en route to the ancient city
of Tarsus. Israeli intelligence speculated that the device was going
to be transported across the Mediterranean Sea to a European city,
but there was no evidence to support the speculation. The current
location and ultimate destination of the Prince of Persia remained
unknown.

A massive crowd of protesters swarmed the streets, sidewalks
and grounds outside the White House. A constant stream
of them paraded up and down both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue
with their banners and picket signs. Some were dressed in
Revolutionary War period costumes, some were in business suits,
and many wore jeans and tee shirts. There was a Betsy Ross who
waved a flag that had a circle of thirteen stars over a blue background
with thirteen stripes. George Washington and Abe Lincoln walked
together in deep conversation. Ben Franklin gabbed with a group
of tittering young women in Civil War hoop skirts. Paul Revere
cantered along on his horse shouting, “The Zombies are coming!
The Zombies are coming!”

The vast majority of the protesters identified themselves as
Patriots. While they shared many of the ideals and goals of the Tea
Party, they weren’t inclined to join an organized political movement.
They were ordinary Americans who woke up one day to find that their country had been taken over by the socialist elite. The Patriots had no political organization, nor had any aspirations for one. They just wanted their country back. And they were willing to fight for it. They came from everywhere.

The Tea Party had thousands of people in the streets that day, carrying signs and operating information booths. They provided most of the written material for distribution, and had a visible political organization, with leaders giving speeches and haranguing the crowds. Many of the marchers paraded with Gladsten flags: a coiled rattlesnake on a yellow background, with ‘Don’t Tread on Me’ emblazoned beneath the poisonous serpent. Many protesters wore the tricorn, three-cornered hats. Mothers with children were everywhere. The people marched, sang patriotic songs and waved their signs and banners, while their children ran excitedly through the throng. The crowd was polite and calm, happy to be with other patriots. But they were obviously unhappy with the government in power, the object of their protest.

President Omeba watched them with growing wonder and contempt. The Inner Circle was with him: Joe Bidet, Rahm Adramelech, Valerie Garrotte, Eric Holdup, Janet Napoliburo, Tim Geitmare and Gay Carney. Dr. Soros had also joined them. All watched the crowd on the Situation Room monitors.

The protesters had been growing in numbers every day. Pennsylvania Avenue had become a barometer of the nation’s mood. The more it filled up with protesters, the higher the tension in the newsrooms and government offices. The President’s staff experienced a sense of dread that grew in direct proportion to the number of protesters parading outside the White House. At any given time, there were half a million of them, night and day. The President had become obsessed with the protestors. They represented a direct threat to his administration — to his ego.

“I don’t see what they’re getting all weee’d up about,” Omeba said. “Is it the taxes? It’s not like they’ve got anything better to do with their money. Accusing me of using a socialist mop!”

He slammed his palm down hard on the conference table.

“I don’t get this tax thing,” Omeba complained. “These Tea Bagger, or whatever they are, think they’re so cute playing Boston Tea Party. They’re pissing me off. They think they’re taxed enough already? They haven’t seen anything yet. I’m just getting started spreading the wealth around.”

Valerie was beginning to worry about him. He was working himself up to one of his raving fits.

“Just look at those people out there!” he demanded of his Inner Circle.

Some of them strained their necks for a better look at the closed circuit monitors.

“What kind of signs are they carrying anyway? Look at that fool,” Omeba said, pointing to a tall thin fellow with a black stove-pipe hat, and a sign he was carrying.

“Down with Tranny?” Look at that sign that fool is carrying. This is outrageous! Those bigots actually want to outlaw being a tranny? When being a transvestite becomes outlawed, I’m for overthrowing that government and establishing a society where same sex relationships are not frowned upon. And men can wear dresses when they want to!”

“What on earth are you talking about?” Rahm asked.

“Hate crimes and discrimination against transsexuals.”

“No. It must be about something else.” Rahm squinted to get a better look at the signs and protesters in the monitor.

“This isn’t about sexual orientation?” Omeba replied.
"No. It's about tyranny. These people are saying you're a tyrant!"

"Well that's ridiculous. I've never worn a dress in public. Look at the signs they're carrying outside! 'Down with Trannys!' What kind of sick people are they anyway?"

"It's 'Down with Tyrants', sir," Rahm said.

"Oh."

The President was agitated. The protesters were having a very negative affect on his poll ratings, and he was plenty worried about it. It was evident to everyone that the protesters must be done away with. Rahm and Valerie turned to Dr. Soros. They brought him back into the picture to help get rid of the growing dissent, and he had been busy at work generating the subliminal messaging intended to modify the behavior of the American people. But all it seemed to be doing was stirring up the Patriots and Tea Partiers.

"Well, Dr. Soros," Rahm said, leaning forward. "As you can see...matters have not improved."

Soros replied in a precise, calculated tone.

"I have studied the situation, compiled data, and conducted an exhaustive analysis of the alternatives. We have conducted some brainstreaming trials to see if we could get the protestors to go home, or at least calm them down a bit. Unfortunately, these people are resistant to television indoctrination."

"Well..." Valerie said. She was clearly not happy with his response. "How about the re-election programming then. Are we making any progress?"

"Alas, no," Winfrey Soros said. "The prospects for re-election are not good either. It could be too late to do anything."

"What are you talking about?" Valerie countered. "We have an approval rating of forty percent. We can build on that. We only need to gain another fifteen or twenty percent to capture the two hundred and seventy electoral votes we need. We can do that on negative campaigning alone. We haven't got that far to go to catch up. I have to disagree with you, Dr. Soros."

"You have much farther to go than you think," Soros replied. "The problem is that people are waking up. It's like the old joke about the puppies."

Valerie rounded on Soros. "Puppy joke? I haven't heard that one."

"For the purpose of making my point, I will tell the joke," Dr. Soros said. "This boy is selling puppies outside the White House. He has a sign that says 'Democrat Puppies For Sale.' President Bill Clitman walks by and the boy yells out to him 'Hey Mister, you want to buy a Democrat puppy?' The President looks into the boy's box at the cute puppies but declines and walks away. That night he tells Hillary the amusing story about the boy selling cute Democrat puppies, and she says that they should buy one for the White House. So the next morning Bill and Hillary walk out to the sidewalk and are very pleased to see the boy still there selling puppies. But his sign now reads 'Republican Puppies for Sale.' Bill Clitman says, 'Now, young man. I was here yesterday and you were advertising Democrat puppies for sale. These are the same puppies. What's the deal?' The boy replies, 'Yes sir. They're the same puppies. But that was yesterday. Today they have their eyes open.'"

Joe Bidet broke into loud guffawing laughter and pounded the table. He thought the joke was hysterically funny. No one else did. Not in the least. They fully understood the point Dr. Soros just made. It was quite an insult. They looked at Dr. Soros with irritation and suspicion; a few of them were beginning to wonder which side of the fence he was working.

"I hope you can understand and appreciate what I'm telling you. I know it is difficult to hear," Dr. Soros said. "I told you the same thing the last time we met. The American people have opened their
Thank you for reading Lost in Zombieland. I hope you enjoyed it. But more importantly, I hope you took something away from the book that you will do something with.

I had to think long and hard about writing this book. I knew it would be controversial. I knew there were certain dangers attendant to writing a book that lampooned and ridiculed the liberal establishment. But in the end I knew I had to do it.

I talked it over with my wife and she agreed. I thought about my children and their future as Americans. I had to do something. The United States of America is in serious trouble. It is time for every one of America’s true sons and daughters to come to her defense.

So I wrote *Lost in Zombieland* as a first step.

If you invested the time to read this book, it is likely that you are not to be numbered among the passive. It is likely that you love freedom and liberty and are willing to defend and recover what is rapidly slipping away.

Ronald Reagan once said, “Above all, we must realize that no arsenal, or no weapon in the arsenals of the world, is so formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women. It is a weapon our adversaries in today’s world do not have.”

This statement has been proven true from the moment of ‘the shot heard ‘round the world’ to the present. I ask you to join with me, and countless other Americans, and take a stand for freedom and liberty. America needs you.

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