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Eva hurled her cellphone in outrage across the hotel room. It struck the wall by the television broadcasting the election results.

“That wasn’t real smart,” said Sharon.

“You’ve always had a short fuse,” said Jaco.

“Fuck you,” Eva blurted. “I can’t believe you still support that asshole. And voted for him.”

“He could actually win a second term,” said Daryl.

Sharon got up from her chair, picked up the remote and switched off the television.

“Hey!” said Jaco, “Why’d you do that?”

“We’re on vacation,” said Sharon. “Let’s keep it fun. This is not helping us any.” She picked up Eva’s phone off the floor. “You cracked the glass. Looks like it still works. Not totally dead.”

“Like our dysfunctional government, you mean?” said Eva. “Welcome to the Stupid States of America.”

“Chill out, Eva,” joked Jaco. “It’s not the end of the world. What’s the big deal if the president gets re-elected?”

“Seriously?” said Eva. “Sure, let’s deport more Mexicans. Put kids in cages. Appoint political donors who have no experience. Stack the courts with sycophants. Have armed militias roaming the streets. Replace democracy with autocracy. And arrest anyone who disagrees with your sick lies. Sure, why not?”

Sharon held up her wine glass as if it was a microphone and sang into it, mimicking the British accent of Mary Poppins:

“Delusionary-narcissistic-psychopathic-notions.

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.

So sing it with me now: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!”

Eva gave a laugh. “Exactly. What could possibly go wrong?” She slid off the bed. “I can’t watch anymore news.”