

The Billionaire's Dream

By Bracken Martyn

Splashing about in a gold bath he glanced up to view himself in the ornate ceiling mirror, 'I might not be so young, but I'm a billionaire and I can do anything.' His diatribe continued like a demented drill sergeant, 'I must win, I can change this broken country and make it great again.' His raptorek neck pulsed and the soundbite reverberated around the marble chamber.

He walked through the open door and took his seat at the head of a grand table and down each side sat a row of identikit men in dark suits and at the far end, a synthetic looking woman in a little black number. 'Are those boobs real?' 'Well, you paid for them honey, you tell me' she retorted with a twisted smile of compliance.

Looking at the nearest suit. 'The numbers are great sir; your tweets are going viral, they love the wall idea and can't get enough of that America first stuff'. 'Focus on that crooked woman and her emails' he barked at the man. 'Yes sir, I'm on it'.

Moving down the line to the next of the automatons, 'Who are you?' 'I'm your hair surgeon.' 'Do I need one?' 'Well... we had an appointment to look at some swatches for your latest hair extensions. You'd expressed an interest in the new Tudor brick tints range.'

'And who are you?' 'I'm Doctor Phacelift, you're due to have your next procedure later today.' 'Are you going to sort my neck?' 'No, that's next week, today we're focusing on the surplus skin under the eyes.' 'Oh, will it make me look young.' 'Of course it will, the new techniques are awesome, have you seen what they've done for Hilary?'

He woke in a panic, God, it was just a dream. He was late for work, so flung his clothes on, splashed water on his face and then caught a glimpse in the mirror of young features and a dishevelled mop of thick black hair. Armed with the broadest of smiles he sprang out of the corrugated shack he called home and into the heat and cacophony of Mexico City.