

Vladdy and The Donald: First Encounter

Based on a true story (contact Robert Mueller for details)

Darkness hung heavy in the bedroom; the lights had been meticulously dimmed and almost seemed to be completely off. The Donald was hard as a rock. He didn't care what happened next – he just wanted to see that man again. That brusque yet kind-eyed martial artist once known to some as Pale Moth, but now known to the world as Putin. But to The Donald he was Vladdy, and always had been. They first met – by sheer chance, or perhaps, by divine intervention – at a Taco Bell®.

It was Thanksgiving Day, 1987. The strapping, 41-year-old real-estate mogul had recently given his Rotary Club address at Yoken's. His brand was thriving: Ivana was on her way to becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States, his ties were of a normal length, and his hair was only marginally ridiculous. Sitting at a table near the back, he was holding an animated conversation on his Nokia Mobira Cityman 900™ with a Chinese urban developer, while several of his assistants waited on line to order his traditional post-golf Thanksgiving meal of three Taco BellGrandes, with the meat cooked well done, and the tacos absolutely smothered in ketchup (The Donald was still quite sore over the discontinuation of his beloved Bell Beefer). It was then that Vladdy entered the restaurant. At 35, and nearing the end of his KGB service, he had seen some real shit. He needed time away from his homeland - from scenes of men with their faces torn completely off and their testicles destroyed by acid. Rubbing the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger, Vladdy barked in his mother tongue to a low-level officer accompanying him on his vacation to the U.S. of A.

“What worthless dogshit American food vendor have you taken me to? I will see to it that today shall be your last day on earth, pigslime.”

The Donald's ears perked up.

“I'm gonna move on him like a bitch...”, he whispered while covering his phone's receiver.

Though he spoke not a word of Russian, the language of authority was universal, and the unmistakable tones of fascism warmed the cockles of his cholesterol-laden heart.

“Listen, CHEEH-YONG WONG DING DONG, or whatever your name is, I will call you back after I study this dumb deal, okay? Okay, talk to you later, buh-bye now.”

Hastily, The Donald licked his palm and ran his hand through his hair in a futile attempt to tame his several cowlicks. He stood up, adjusted his suit, and inhaled very, very deeply. He then spoke aloud, to himself.

“Okay Donny, come on. Just stay calm, act natural, and make sure to mention your great brain and amazing wealth, and don't forget to let him know that there's no problem 'down there'. You can do this.”

With uncharacteristic nervousness, The Donald strode towards this funny-speaking Adonis, this complete stranger, mouthing his tried-and-true opening line in a series of impromptu, botched rehearsals.

Hi, I'm Donald, but you can call me The Trump. Hi, I'm Donald Trump, but you can call me Donny. Hi, I'm Donald Trump...millionaire. Billionaire? Hi, I'm millionaire Trump – The Donald.

At first, Vladdy hardly paid any notice to the buffoon marching his way, but as the mysterious, besuited 6'2" frame drew near, he couldn't help but feel an unusual sensation in the pit of his stomach. He noticed his hands had suddenly become quite sweaty, and he found himself having a difficult time focusing on the logistics of his next assassination mission. Could this be...an...emotion? He shook his head in short, jerking motions, like a dog drying off after a bath.

"I must not have such silly thoughts..." he muttered.

But before he knew it, the businessman towered over him, and Vladdy was, in spite of himself, having many, many silly thoughts.

"Hello, I am VI-"

"Hi, I'm Don-"

"Sorry, I'll go first", they both chuckled in unison.

"Okay, I can see you're an excited guy – that's beautiful. Just wonderful. I like your spirit. I'm a dealmaker, you see. I make deals. And lemme tell you, a lotta people don't know how important a strong spirit is when it comes to making deals. Anyway, as I was saying, I'm Donald. But you can call me...The Donald."

The Russian's face took on a quizzical expression as he pondered.

My English must be worse than I thought...a baptismal name with the mere addition of an article thus becomes a pet name?

"The Don-ald", the Wharton alumnus reiterated, enunciating each consonant distinctly.

Catching himself, the agent of the notorious Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti beamed a boyish smile. It didn't make sense. It didn't have to. This was true love.

"Erm, good evening...The Donald. I am called Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin."

"Nice to meet you, Vladdy", The Donald replied with a salacious wink and a thrust of his open hand towards his handsome new friend.

As Vladdy locked eyes with The Donald - his piercing, icy-blue irises perfectly counterbalancing the fiery, hazel ones into which he gazed - he eagerly grasped the dealmaker's hand, not minding that it was less than half the size of his own. Years of brutal Sambo training had granted his grip a superhuman, nearly lethal force, but in the presence of this charming shyster, the grappler's gorilla-like forearms and wrists felt as floppy as a deflated balloon. As the ceaseless shake dragged on, the two future presidents' hands melted together and their souls became whole for the first time.

"I come visiting from my workings in Dresden. You know of this place?", offered Vladdy, doing his very best at making conversation.

“No, but it sounds horrible, to be quite honest. I’m from Queens. Great place. Stupendous people. Beautiful. Your English is very good for a Dutchman, if you don’t mind me saying so.”

The Leningrad native wished he could laugh.

“Hah....hah....I come from Russia originally, but you were being very close with your thesis. Your phone – it is very famous in Russia. Do you like Russian technology?”

“You’re from Russia? That’s wonderful, that’s really wonderful. Amazing people. Fantastic, really, is Russia. Love the place. Love it. And the people....so smart. So smart! Great city. Not like CHAI-NUH. Awful. Losers. Sad!”

“Yes, I particular enjoy torture-killing Chinese agents. This country is not a friend country.”

“I can tell we have much to talk about. Here, why don’t we step into my private limo. Do you drink?”

“Hah...hah...are you sure you have heard of Russia? Oh, you have told a joking! Yes, let us leave this taco house as quickly as would be possible, da?”

And with that, the two soon-to-be lovers made their exit while stunned aides looked on, jaws wide open.

“Hoo-boy...”