DOGE’s Digital Trojan

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

Tyler Monroe stood in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie for the third time. It was a pointless task—his clothes fit perfectly, just like everything in his life did on the surface. From the outside, he was the golden boy of technology: a 22-year-old coding genius handpicked to work at the Department of Government Efficiency (DOGE), where the brightest minds were revolutionizing federal systems.

He could almost hear the President’s booming voice from the press conference three months earlier: “DOGE is gonna be the greatest thing—truly incredible. We’re getting rid of waste, folks, all the waste—waste like you wouldn’t believe. Bureaucratic nonsense. Gone. We’re bringing in innovation, real innovation. No more inefficiency, no more bloated budgets—terrible budgets, by the way, just a disaster. We’re gonna rebuild everything. Smarter, faster, leaner. People are already saying it’s the smartest program ever. Trust me, our future—our amazing future—it starts right here.”

The applause had been thunderous, every word designed to inspire and rally his base. For Tyler, it had been a proud moment—standing behind the President, his face beaming on every news channel. The golden boy of American tech. The symbol of progress.

Reading sample — continued

The irony stung like a knife. If only they knew.

He tightened his tie again, willing himself to breathe. Outside the restroom door, the hum of DOGE's operations awaited him—keyboards clacking, screens glowing with lines of code, and young prodigies making history.

In less than two hours, history would indeed be made. The Collapse Protocol had already been planted in every government network. One final command from Zack, and it would all come crashing down. Power grids, financial systems, military operations—dark in an instant.

The thought tightened the knot in his chest. Zack wouldn't hesitate. He never did.

"Focus," Tyler told himself. He had a role to play. He always had.

Chapter 2: Silent Heroes

The Department felt deceptively calm as Tyler walked back into the open workspace. Six workstations glowed softly in the dim light, the coders hunched over their screens in quiet concentration. They were DOGE's elite—handpicked, brilliant, and young, each one convinced they were part of a groundbreaking team, revolutionizing the government's future.

They believed they were building something bigger than themselves, a seamless and efficient government framework. They believed they were heroes.