The Birth of DOGE

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The hum of a private jet filled the cabin as Richard Prescott swirled the amber liquid in his glass of scotch. He gazed out the window at the lights of Washington, D.C., sprawling below him—a city steeped in weakness, compromise, and bloated incompetence.

It had always been this way: a town full of small men with big egos, desperate to cling to their scraps of power. Prescott found it pathetic. They preached democracy and governance while eagerly dropping to their knees for the right donation. With enough cash, anyone in this town would dance.

His lips curled into a smirk. Washington had always been easy to manipulate, and tonight, he would prove it again. The wheels were already in motion, and by this time next year, the city would belong to him.

Prescott glanced at the tablet resting on the armrest. The latest poll numbers for the “pigeon,” as he called him, flashed across the screen—the soon-to-be President, a reality TV showman with a knack for saying the most absurd things and somehow making people love him for it. With Prescott’s help, he would buy the presidency for the pigeon—but more importantly, for himself.

Reading sample — continued

A buffoon, Prescott thought, barely concealing his disdain. An entertainer, not a leader. The man was a carnival barker with no desire to govern—only to be adored. He had no real convictions, no plans beyond the next rally or headline.

And that suited Prescott perfectly.

The less a man cares to lead, the easier he is to control.

Prescott drained his glass, savoring the burn. He could tolerate the fool's antics for now. The man didn't want the burden of decision-making—he just wanted the spotlight. Prescott would handle the real work behind the scenes, molding the country to fit his vision.

"Sir," his assistant said, leaning into the cabin. "The candidate's team is ready for you."

Prescott nodded, adjusting his cufflinks with precision. Everything about him was meticulously calculated, from the subtle smirk he wore to the effortless authority he projected.

This wasn't his first time buying influence, but tonight was different. Tonight, he wasn't just making a deal—he was starting a revolution.

They'll think it's about efficiency, about saving their precious government.

He smirked.

It's about control. My control.