

Kate Travis
Third Period
Mr. Bye

Paris Hilton for, like, President

“The energy of the crowd here at the Metropolitan Convention Center here in Las Vegas is reaching a peak as the new president-elect is preparing to take the stage. The room is decorated in the official campaign color: hot pink. It is a night like no other. People are walking in dressed in high fashion. It is wonderful to see people from all the fashion houses mingling peacefully together. I see Dolce and Gabbana mixed with Versace. True peace is being shown here tonight. Uh, oh, I see a Steve Madden and a Manolo Blahnik not getting along. Hopefully, our new president will be able to sort out this long-standing tension. This is Barbara Walters reporting live on this historic occasion. Now I'll turn you over to live coverage up on the stage.”

The music in the background is deafening as “Euro Dancer” plays over and over leading up to the appearance of our new president. Suddenly, the music quiets down as Nikki Hilton takes the stage, dressed in a silver strapless goddess gown with strappy stiletto heels.

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“Hi, everyone. Thanks for coming. How do you like the party?”

The crowd responds with a resounding, “Yeah!”

“Do you want four more years of partying?”

“Yeah!”

“Do you want four more years of being hot?”

“Yeah!”

“Do you want four more years of insane prosperity?”

“Yeah!”

“Then, I give you the next President of the United States...Paris Hilton!”

The well-dressed crowd stood up on their unsteady heels and gave a standing ovation to their hero, Paris Hilton. Paris took the stage wearing a Stella McCartney one shoulder short dress that showed off her major campaign strength: her legs.

“Hey, you guys! You guys are hot! I am, like, totally ready to lead.”

It is the shortest acceptance speech in history, but she makes her point. Her presidential style is evident even on this first night. As President-elect Hilton once said, “I don’t really think, I just walk.” And she is showing that she means

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what she says. This is the one of her many good qualities, she will keep her

campaign promises. There is no hidden agenda. Paris will always be honest.

Now it is three weeks after the gala inauguration. Paris is settling into her job with her usual flair. There have been some minor changes made to the White House. She has turned the Lincoln suite into her own personal tanning booth. The Oval Office has been redecorated. She replaced the Kennedy desk with a leopard print chaise lounge.

Paris has decided to throw herself into her work, making major decisions that back up her campaign promises. First off, she plans to go to Alaska to save the polar bears and reclaim Sara Palin's \$150,000 wardrobe. Take care of the budget. Solve the housing crisis. And find a hot first man.

"Okay, that's done," said our President Hilton with such confidence.

And now, Barbara Walters reports from the White House at a press conference after these bills have been signed.

"Paris's confidence is overpowering. I predict that she will be a new hero for our country. Our youth look up to her for leadership. Just yesterday, she said, and I quote, 'I think it's important for girls to be confident. Believe in

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yourself and everybody's hot.'" That's right, she said, 'everybody's hot.' This is a new age of equality in America. Everyone will have the opportunity to be beautiful. Every school child will have gorgeous hair. Everyone one from all walks of life will have a club within reach. Because that's America."

President Hilton started her presidential term with the traditional good will trip around the world. First, she went to England to have tea with the Queen. Paris walked into Buckingham Palace wearing a pink cocktail dress, wedges, and large black sunglasses. She greeted the Queen warmly, saying, "Hi Liz, I love your handbag." And that was the start of an in depth conversation about whether the London Bridges are actually falling down.

After that it was on to Paris for Paris. She spent a night in Paris. She wanted to meet the most important people in Paris: Givenchy, LaCroix, and Chanel. The French loved her. They loved her politics, her devotion, and her CD. They treated her like royalty.

Next on the agenda was Iraq. Paris was a little nervous about this stop because she didn't want to be sunburned. When she got there, she asked, "Hey, what do you guys do for fun around here? It seems a little tense." She did some

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deep thinking about what she, Paris Hilton, could do to improve the lives of these poor people. As she greeted them, she noticed their hands were dry and rough as the desert sand. Many of the women were dressed in dull black.

“I must do something to help them, because I am just that generous. I know, I’ll give them all lotions and free facials. That should do it. And what about their colors? Not hot! They should lighten up around here. I’ll put on a fashion show to demonstrate the new spring colors.”

Paris she had done her duty and she was ready to return to Washington. On her first day back, a reporter was inquiring about the state of the war.

“Miss President, are we any closer to ending the war in Iraq?”

“There’s a war?” she said.

Then Paris threw herself into her true passion: prison reform. As an ex-con, she could sympathize with the prisoners. She herself had almost died in solitary confinement. She had met many people while she stayed there. She heard about how they got into prison, how they miss their children, and how they had to give up their hair extensions. That is just cruel, she thought. Why can’t they get extensions like everyone else? If Michael Jackson goes to prison, how

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will he survive with his natural hair?" The thought tormented her until she had a plan.

"I know I'll go to Congress and ask the old guys to fund hair extension programs in prisons. The prisoners could make hair extensions instead of license plates. We're going to rehabilitate the prisoners to make them fit for society, one extension at a time. It'll work. I'm a marketing genius!"

Congress was persuaded by her passion and intellect. She was really thinking outside the box on this one, they thought. The program was a complete success. Formerly average looking prisoners now could face the world with luxurious hair.

That was Paris' crowning achievement. After that, looking at herself in the mirror she thought, "Paris, you look tired. Is this really what you want out of life? Four years in this place when you could be out there being hot? People in this world look up to you, but can they really appreciate all your hard work? It's not that easy to look this good. It's a sacrifice that I'm not willing to make anymore."

Doubts like these filled her head. Eventually, she knew she would have to resign. Right before Lindsay Lohan's twenty-first birthday party, Paris called it

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quits. At the press conference on the day before her departure from the White

House, she said, "It's sexier when a girl is flirty, and doesn't do anything." And

for the last time, she strolled onto Airforce One, thinking, "This was way harder

than I thought."