



Declaring My Intent

by Andrew Dombrowski

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My Fellow Americans,

It is with great honor and great hope that I hereby declare my intention to run for president in the year 2020. Working together, we can build a better tomorrow. Today, America's the greatest country in the world, and if it's still the greatest country in 2020, I pledge to you that I intend on keeping it that way.

If we've slipped by then to, say, number eleven or twelve, wedged between Finland and Mongolia, I intend to work hard to get us up a couple of spots, maybe back into the top ten. Now the coaches' poll will probably still rank us lower, but the AP Poll will have us back in the top ten. As for ESPN/USA Today—what the hell do they know about running a successful country? They just don't like that we have our own television contract with NBC.

Some of you might be wondering why I've decided to throw my hat in the ring at this critical moment in our nation's history. Well, technically I could run for office in 2016, as by then I would be the minimum age of thirty-five. However, by my calculations I still wouldn't have enough money in the old war chest to wage a successful presidential campaign. Buying prime airtime on the major networks of YouTube and MySpace is not cheap.

By 2020, though, I figure that I'll have amassed enough funds to wage a winning presidential bid.* Also, by that time my future children will be at the right age for photo ops. You know the age; not the scary-alien-looking white-baby stage and not the awkward teenager phase where you really don't like your dad trotting you out at campaign events, but somewhere in between. Yes, my future kids should be right around four and seven by 2020

I know the campaign ahead of us will be long and hard, but I know that in, what... uh thirteen years I will be either the 47th or 46th president of the United States, depending on whether one of the next presidents is re-elected.

It would be very unlikely that I could be the 45th president in the year 2020, since there are three presidential terms, not including the present one, between now and then. A constitutional amendment would have to be passed in order for the next president, number 44, to serve three terms, which would then allow me to be the 45th president. That scenario seems unlikely to me.

However, there is a chance that I could be the 48th or 49th president of the United States if a couple of the next presidents pass away in office. While I don't hope for such tragic events, it would be cool to be the 50th president of the United States in the year 2020. I like those two numbers. That should get me on some sort of coinage or at least a postage stamp.

Currently, however, it would be impossible for me to be the 44th president of the United States in the year 2020. However, if an amendment is passed to the Constitution that allows a president to serve more than two terms and if medical science advances so that I can be grafted onto the next president, then it is a possibility that I could become the 44th president of the United States in 2020.

That's what's great about America: nothing is impossible. Sure, some things might be impossible today, but in thirteen years, who knows? I promise that if I'm physically fused with the next president or my brain is implanted into his/her body that as the 44th president my first action in office will be to get us out of Iraq or wherever we might be at the time. But I'm guessing it will be Iraq.

Impossible? I don't know the meaning of the word. (Cue Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" my official campaign song)

Andrew Dombrowski, 2020 Presidential Candidate

*If you'd like to contribute to my campaign, Republican or Democrat, I don't care, please send your money to FLYMF.com.

Also, note that this message is best heard with the voice of Mayor Quimby from the Simpsons in your head.