

The Exalted

By Eric Funk

I finally understood, at the breaking point of society, why the president's supporters were unwavering:

He didn't make them feel bad about themselves

No behavior was objectionable, no belief criticized, no attitude checked. He was so unscrupulous, selfish, vile, that people who had been falling behind the moral curve or just not interested in the impending nature of ethics in the first place, felt free, truly free to be themselves. No personal flaw was unforgivable by his standard. Sexism, racism, bullying, homophobia, xenophobia, cheating on your taxes were not shamed, but celebrated, elevated, made holy in the eyes of the worst con man who ever lived.

His failures, even as thousands died, served to take even more pressure off of his followers and he modeled the deflection of responsibility that was their only escape from their personal deep seated sense of humiliation. The Archie Bunkers of the world magically felt the lazyboy under their ass turn into a throne. They were exalted. This was the promised land for them and he had delivered the Armageddon that signaled that they had backed the right horse to the very end.



Eric has been writing since childhood, but kinda peaked there.

