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## Hillary's Inferno, or What Happened?

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## Abstract

The date is November 7th, 2016. Everything is told from the perspective of pre-election Hillary Clinton, but is being written by post-election Hillary. Her guide is Queen Elizabeth I. At this point in our journey, we have reached the Circle of the Prejudice. The Encampment of the Misogynists is included. Sisyphus. Medusa. Reagan. Knox.

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Hillary awoke, slightly disoriented. She had a vivid memory of her conversation with Nixon, and of fainting, but nothing after that. She smiled. Donald Trump might win the election tomorrow, but he would be in his grave before long!

Elizabeth, noting Hillary's glee, frowned and said, "There is no place for that here. Come, we have much more to see."

She extended a hand, and Hillary took it, dusting off her pantsuit as she stood up. Hillary spun around slowly, taking in the sights of the Circle they had moved into. They seemed to be at the foot of a hill, maybe half a mile from the top. Hillary could see small figures running up the mound, and tumbling back down. The ones that were the farthest away looked like ants scurrying upwards, scrambling over fallen trees and branches that lay in their way.

"This is the circle of the Prejudice," Elizabeth announced. "Observing Hillary's confusion, she explained further, "On the other side of the hill, we will continue our descent. The souls here are not permitted to see past the top of the mound. Shall we?" She led the pair to a path and they began a winding ascent up the side of the mountain. Bodies kept falling past them, rolling comically down to the bottom. Large stones or boulders often accompanied the flailing arms and legs. Hillary looked inquisitively at Elizabeth. Without speaking, Elizabeth pointed at the top of the mount. Hillary, squinting, could make out a large man standing at the crest. As the small figures got close to his feet, he hurled boulders at them; the



reason for which they were being constantly sent back to the bottom. Hillary quickly ran through the various ancient myths she knew in her head (she had taken a Mythology and Politics class back during her undergrad years at Wellesley College, before she went on to attend Law School at Yale of course).

Her eyes lit up as she came across the most fitting character and she exclaimed, "Ah, Sisyphus!"

Elizabeth nodded, her eyes now scanning the hillside closest to the two women. Suddenly, she stopped, pulling Hillary off the beaten down path they were traveling and into the foray of falling bodies. They halted next to a boulder over which a stooped old shade was attempting to clamber. He slipped down the southern side of it, unsuccessfully, and, noticing the two women, he threw his arms up in bewilderment. Up close, Hillary could see the scratches and wounds made upon the shade's skin by the brambles and rocks strewn about the hillside.

"Is that you, Ronnie?!" Hillary exclaimed. "How did you end up *here*?"

"Well, surely you already know, but I shall tell it for you if I must." He cleared his throat nervously. "Well, I was faced with many difficult decisions during my presidency. It was a tumultuous time. Communism was at an end, thanks to my political skill, you know. An increase in the military function was simply necessary; you must see that, it was for the good of the Nation. The Capitalist state was being threatened! Well, I had to do whatever it took to save it, even if that meant bombing innocent people."

"And the Aids crisis? The innocent lives that were lost? Don't you know how far back its set us?"

"Well," he began, "there was no reason to save them; it wouldn't have won me votes, a waste of good money."

Hillary grimaced. "Surely the leader of the free world should care for all of his citizens, not about getting elected, or even re-elected!"

Reagan, finally making it over the top of the boulder, merely shook his head, and took off running. Elizabeth, wasting no time, was already moving back to their path, continuing the ascent.

A lone shade of a young aged man came careening past, crying with an unusual amount of Doppler effect: "I was friend-zoned!"

Before long, they came to an enclosed area, made entirely of glass. Elizabeth stopped in front of a doorway, guarded by a woman with snakes writhing out of her head. Her gaze was freezing; this could only be Medusa, Hillary realized.

Elizabeth spoke a few soft words, and then the woman stepped aside, allowing the pair to enter. Here, instead of being punished by Sisyphus, the shades were running up against a glass wall. They continuously rammed themselves against the panes, using their hands and heads brutally, to the point that they were bruised and bloody. Sometimes a group would pick up one shade and use him as a battering ram, until they were forced back by another group trying to get through. Hillary was reminded of rats swarming a wall, tearing each other down in an attempt to make it to the top.

Elizabeth explained, “This is the Encampment of the Misogynists,” frowning once again as Hillary let loose a laugh. As Elizabeth spoke, a man fell at their feet. He stood up, and a murmur of recognition spread across his face. Hillary stepped forward as if to ask a question but before she could, Elizabeth stuck an arm out, much like a mother might if she braked quickly while driving. “Let me speak, for I know him, and he will understand me better.”

She cleared her throat and in a straight, emotionless voice said, “Why John, how surprising to find you here”

“A sorrowful end to a hopeful political career. You should know, it was your fault,” he replied, glaring scathingly at Elizabeth.

“Oh, do tell us anyway.”

“If only to give my poor noggin a break.” He tugged at his long yellowed beard. “I was a firm Protestant, in a country that was still Catholic. And the women were leading the rallying cry, refusing to accept the true faith. And I, I had the political means to stop our kingdom from heading down a horrific path. I did not truly believe women were so monstrous, do believe me, I never spoke against you, Elizabeth, although you acted as if I had.” He sniffed arrogantly. “But I could not save the nation without dragging women through the mud. A pitiful yet necessary stepping stone, for the good of the Nation.”

“A nation that has since been under England’s control,” Hillary dropped in.

Knox stared at her, taking in her manly clothes and hair. He almost started to speak, and then thought better of it, running off to crash repetitively into the wall for all eternity.

Hillary turned to Elizabeth. “How hypocritical of him! It’s horrid to think that people would tell falsities and pander, just in order to affect who is ruling! To forget about the humanity of others, trying to change a nation at the expense of its own citizens!”

Elizabeth merely glanced over her companion appraisingly. “Come,” she said, “it’s time to move on.”