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Little Trumpie Runs Amok At Mar-a-Lago

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Brian Alexander, who earned the Eagle [Scout] rank as a teenager . . . said he was also outraged after seeing clips of Mr. Trump's speech [at the Boy Scout Jamboree]. . . . 'Based on my experience with Scouting, the point is you're supposed to grow up to be someone not like Donald Trump,' Mr. Alexander, 32, said. . . . 'You're supposed to grow up to be someone like John McCain or Barack Obama.'—Alan Bender and Mitch Smith, "After Trump Injects Politics into Speech, Boy Scouts Face Blowback," New York Times, July 26, 2017, A13

Even though he was speaking to children, Trump did not deviate from political bombast when he addressed the Boy Scout Jamboree. He regaled the boys with their favorite subjects: crowd size, Hillary Clinton, and fake news. For good measure, he treated the Scouts to a curse word.

Upon arrival back at Mar-a-Lago, even though his dog Ridgewood (who was named after the imposing landmark Ridgewood Savings Bank building on Queens Boulevard) still recognized him, Trump noticed a change as soon as he opened the barrel vaulted front door and walked into the entrance hall. The word "little," which aptly described Trump's hands and his whatever, was now applicable to the entire formerly tall, fat, and incredibly hulky bulk. Trump had suddenly become a child. The metamorphosis could be attributed to his social intercourse with the huge Boy Scout Jamboree crowd. Perhaps exposing so many children to a politicized falsehood and egocentrism barrage altered the temporal plane. No matter. The fact—a real fact, not an alternative fact—was that Trump had become a kid again.

Trumpie sat on the floor of the Mar-a-Lago Dutch Room playing with his fourteen karat gold jacks and throwing a ball for Ridgewood to fetch. Amalija, the new Slovenian maid, brought him chocolate milk served in a crystal glass and Reese's Pieces presented on a silver tray. Trumpie immediately noticed that her accompanying daughter was super hot.

"What's your name?" Trumpie asked the girl as Amalija left the room.

"Melania."

"Wanna play jacks?"

“Sure.”

Melania sat down on the floor next to Trumpie. Ridgewood loped over and licked her hand. The gold jacks mesmerized her. Ditto for the carved gold living room ceiling. She could not help noticing that Marjorie Merriweather Post’s one hundred fourteen room multimillion dollar palatial estate outshone the motel room she shared with her mother. When Trumpie held out the silver tray, Melania helped herself to some Reese’s Pieces.

“I betcha that when you grow up you’ll have really big tits,” said Trumpie as he ran his hand over Melania’s currently flat chest. “Do ya wanna be my girlfriend? You can make me the envy of all the boys in my class back in Forest Hills, Queens at the Kew-Forest Elementary School. They will plotz with envy when they see me walkin’ arm and arm with you at the in crowd hangouts like the Pizza Den on 108th Street and Jahn’s ice cream parlor and restaurant on Queens Boulevard. You can be the token female who draws them—as well as the boys in my current gang—into the He-Man Woman-Haters Club I want to start. Whenever I do something misogynist—I know a lot of good words—you can stick up for me. I mean, woman-hating he-men always have a woman standing next to them. Think of my fellow New Yorkers Eliot Spitzer and Silda Wall Spitzer with the prostitute thing. And Huma Abedin supported Anthony Weiner, who by the way represented my home turf in Queens, when he apologized for posting his penis. Mar-a-Lago would make a great He-Man Woman-Haters Club clubhouse. You can defend me to help me cover my woman-hating ass. Your mom can be a live-in maid. You can live here with me.”

Melania was certain that she at once loathed Trumpie and loved the prospect of inhabiting an over the top opulent seaside estate, playing with gold jacks, and eating Reese’s Pieces served on a silver tray. Using her prepubescent thin hot body as collateral, she said yes as directly as John McCain said no to the “Skinny Repeal” of Obama Care. Melania and Amalija moved into Mar-a-Lago the next day.

Trumpie ensconced his new token female He-Man Woman-Haters Club compatriot in the Round Room, also called the Sleeping Beauty Suite, which was used by Marjorie Merriweather Post’s daughter, the actress Dina Merrill. Melania thought that the room’s carved pink plaster roses, large fire place, and handmade child-sized furniture were awesome. She trod across the thick Oriental rug and sat on the high four poster curtained bed. Trumpie entered the Round Room. “I’m here to feel you up,” he announced as he jumped on the bed. “That’s part of the deal you made in order to live at Mar-a-Lago.” Melania remained silent as Trumpie ran his hands over her body and Ridgewood looked on. She endured the sexual violation with the thought that she had indeed made a good deal.

When she awoke to the sound of squawking sea gulls and crashing waves, Trumpie was already dressed in his too tight white tennis shorts which showed the brief line stretched over his fat ass.

“I want to pull off my first He-Man Woman-Haters Club caper with you as a trial run before my guy gang gets here,” he said to Melania. “Crooked Hillary is coming tonight. Let’s do something really obnoxious. I mean we’re tawkin’ here about me at my irksomeist.”

“Like what?”

“Let’s lock her up.”

“How?”

“We can sneak into her bedroom, throw her in a huge laundry bag, tie the top tight, and lock her up in a closet.”

“Cool. And let’s short sheet her bed.”

Hillary, who had been doing a lot of **walking in the Chappaqua woods**, was tired when she arrived at Mar-a-Lago. She hung her white pantsuit in a large closet, got into bed, and noticed that the sheets were impeding her legs. Trumpie and Melania were amused as they watched her kick frantically. Melania put her hand over Hillary’s mouth while Trumpie pulled a laundry bag over her torso, tucked in her feet, tied the top, dragged the Hillary-filled bag into the closet, and locked the door.

“We locked her up. We locked her up,” the children gleefully chanted.

Ridgewood pawed the door and howled. Amalija, in response to the noise, set Hillary free.

“Caper mission number one accomplished. I got away with it. And I didn’t even need you to defend me,” said Trumpie to his partner in misogyny. Let’s pull off something else. Guess who’s coming to dinner?”

“Who?”

“Chinese President Xi Jinping and his wife Peng Liyuan, a folk singer in her fifties. Some press people have already arrived. Look at that retard spastic reporter,” said Trumpie as he contorted his face, jerked his arms and legs, and laughed uproariously at the expense of the handicapped journalist. As the dinner guests assembled, he grabbed a skateboard and rode into the chandelier sodden obscenely baroque banquet room. Melania followed on roller skates. Trumpie rode his skateboard over Xi Jinping’s feet and began to describe the dinner menu. “We’re gonna have chocolate sheet cake, the greatest chocolate cake in the world topped with vanilla ice cream. Even though you’re a world leader, and I’m a kid, you get one scoop and I get two scoops. Why? Cause I said so. I own this estate. You don’t own this estate.”

When Peng Liyuan gave Melania a Chinese doll as a present, Trumpie showed no appreciation. He instead used his little hand to grab Peng Liyuan’s pussy. Xi Jinping fainted. When Peng Liyuan protested, Melania took a piece of that most wonderful

chocolate cake in the world and smushed it all over her head. Ridgewood happily ate the crumbs off the floor and revived Xi Jinping by licking his face.

This escapade proved to be too much for Amalija. Upset that Trumpie was having a bad influence on her daughter, she told Melania to improve her behavior. “No more locking up the most famous woman in the world. No more assaulting the First Lady of China with sheet cake. And, last but not least, no more roller skating in the dining room,” she said. Trumpie, angry that his playmate was being reined in, admonished the maid. “I don’t haveta listen to you. You’re not that attractive and you’re over thirty-five. Only young women who rate a ten have value. And besides you’re just a maid. Since you’re a woman, there’s a chance that at this moment there’s blood coming out of your whatever and you’re suffering from PMS.”

“I just saw a woman who is bleeding in one of this place’s one hundred and fourteen rooms. Come see,” said Melania.

Trumpie entered the Spanish Room and came face to face with Mika Brzezinski sitting on a 1920s period piece chair. Blood oozed from her bandaged face. “Your face is bleeding. You’re hiding out at Mar-a-Lago so no one will know about your face lift. I’m going to tell on you. I’m going to tell on you. Ha. Ha,” said Trumpie as he tweeted about Brzezinski’s facelift.

“Whee,” he said to Melania. “Look at me. I did terrible things to three women in a short space of time. I now have a larger project in mind. I don’t like all the immigrants who work at Mar-a-Lago, especially the Mexicans. The Mexicans are all rapists. I want to separate myself from them.”

“How?”

“I’m going to build a great big beautiful wall and make the Mexicans pay for it.” Trumpie skate boarded into the room which contained his huge platinum toy chest. He reached inside and took out Legos. “Look at all these nifty colors, Melania. What color should my wall be?”

“Purple. I like purple.” Trumpie picked out all the purple Legos and started to put them together with Melania’s help. They were interrupted when the doorbell rang. Trumpie opened the door and was greeted by four boys wearing shorts, tee shirts, and sneakers. “Melania, meet my gang members Jeff Sessions, Steven Mnuchin, Jared Kushner, and Mike Pompeo. Mnuchin is my momentary favorite ‘cause he’s a New York douche bag just like me. Everybody come in. You arrived just in time to join my He-Man Woman-Haters Club. Melania and I have been trying out Club stuff. I’ve gotten away with everything and Melania has not had to cover for me.”

“Hey,” grunted Mnuchin. “I don’t think that all of us will end up in the Club. Everybody go chase yourself in one of this joint’s other one hundred and thirteen rooms. I want to be alone with Trumpie.”

"I like Kushner. Kushner's in—for now," Trumpie proclaimed. "We can throw out Pompeo 'cause he's not as New Yawk douche as us. Sessions has gotta go too 'cause he can't speak for me with all his god damned southern y'all and magnolia tree tawk. No way an Alabama kid can echo a Queens kid like me."

"Agreed. So how do we get rid of Pompeo and Sessions?"

"Leave it to me." Trumpie turned away from Mnuchin and shouted so that all the kids scattered in different rooms could hear him. "Everybody come back in. Kushner, I've admitted you into the Club. But Pompeo and Sessions you're gonna have to participate in an initiation ritual. First, eat some ritual lunch. The two boys picked up the cover of a silver chafing dish and saw pieces of white round rolls. "Ha. Ha. Enjoy your nothing burgers," smirked Trumpie. "Don't look so disappointed. It's not like it's your last meal or something," Trumpie added as he crossed his fingers. "You guys follow me out to the beach."

The whole gang stood in the sand. "Pompeo and Sessions, according to the Club's initiation ritual, I'm gonna tie ya up. Then I'm gonna put ya in this rubber raft filled with bloody fish attracting chum and push it out into the ocean. If you make it back to shore, you can be in the Club." The two boys followed Trumpie's directions. Melania, Mnuchin, and Kushner remained behind with him on the beach. "Kushner, there's a dart gun in the pool house. Go and get it." Trumpie took aim at the raft and fired. It began to sink. The tied boys sunk too. Sharks, attracted by the bloody chum, circled. Pompeo and Sessions were never heard from again. "Welcome to my Club" said Trumpie to Mnuchin and Kushner.

"Cool initiation ritual," said Kushner. "But time to move on. I brought a football. Let me run back into the palatial house and get it so we can play with it."

Kushner returned and held a metallic footballish looking object.

"We don't have football in Slovenia so what do I know but that does not look like a real football. Is it an alternative metallic football? Can I play too even if I'm a girl and only a token member of the He-Man Woman-Haters Club?" asked Melania.

"You can play," answered Kushner.

"But what kind of football is it?" asked Mnuchin.

"The one with the nuclear codes," Kushner said as he threw the football in the air. "We can destroy the world. What fun. Let's go for it." When the football landed in the sand, Ridgewood ran out of the house, put it in his mouth, doggie paddled out into the ocean, and dropped it. He came back to the beach and shook himself.

"So much for that game," said Kushner. "What should we do now?"

“Let’s go back inside and think about it,” said Trumpie. As the gang entered the Dutch Room and stared at the beautiful Delft tiles, Trumpie announced that he had a great idea. “I want to run for President.”

“President of what?” asked Melania.

“I’m too young to be President of the United States. I guess that that is one rule that even I can’t get around. But I can be President of my Kew-Forest Elementary School class. I can get all the kids to vote for me if I give them red baseball hats which say “Make Kew-Forest Great Again.” When I announce, Melania can stand next to me to impress everyone with her hotness. We can walk down the Union Turnpike subway stop stairs together. I’ll demonize people who can’t afford private school, ya know like the students who go to P. S. 196. I’ll insult my opponents—especially any girl who is less than a ten. I’ll promise to bring coal back to Forest Hills.”

“Forest Hills never had coal,” said Mnuchin. “I know that ‘cause I’m from New York City. No coal anywhere in the city.”

“Don’t sweat the details,” insisted Trumpie. “This is all bullshit alternative truth. No coal in Forest Hills? No problem. I’ll just say that it will be economically good to mine the yellow stone on Yellowstone Boulevard.”

An austere impeccably dressed pearl-wearing woman of a certain age suddenly appeared floating beneath the living room’s gold ceiling.

“Who are you? Only one chick can come to my Club meetings and that’s Melania, not you,” said Trumpie.

“I am the ghost of Marjorie Merriweather Post. My daughter Dina Merrill died on May 22, 2017. When she went through the Pearly Gates she informed me that you are besmirching the good name of Mar-a-Lago. I built Mar-a-Lago. Mar-a-Lago is my house. Mar-a-Lago is not a stage set for kids behaving badly. I will not pardon your behavior.”

“I don’t care. I don’t have to listen to a ghost. I’ll hire ghost busters. I will pardon myself.”

Since no one had ever spoken that way to Mrs. Post, she responded by disappearing in a smoke puff huff. She and Dina complained to each other about what Trumpie did to Mar-a-Lago for all eternity.

“Cool ghost story,” said Mnuchin as the doorbell rang again. When Trumpie opened it he saw a girl sitting on the steps. This was no ordinary girl, though. She had long straight blonde hair, long legs, and a cherubic face. Trumpie gazed awe struck at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was off the rating chart way beyond a ten.

“Come in and tell me your name,” he said.

“I don’t know my name.”

“Where are you from?”

“I don’t know that either. I can’t remember anything. I think that I do recall that I’m Jewish, though.”

“Jewish? That’s impossible. I know from Jews ‘cause I grew up with ‘em in Jamaica Estates and Forest Hills. I can tell ya straight out honey that you’re an uber shiksa. Come meet my gang,” said Trumpie as he escorted the girl into the Spanish Room.

“This girl can’t remember anything. She has amnesia. That’s another good word that I know.”

“Seems to me that you should just give her a name, said Mnuchin. We call broads what we want to call ‘em anyway.”

“I’ll call her Ivanka. I like that name,” stated Trumpie as he turned to the girl. “You will hence forth be known to the He-Man Woman-Haters Club as Ivanka.”

“This sounds like a club which would not welcome me,” said Ivanka.

“Not so. I allow one woman in so that she can make me look good. I like you better than I like Melania. You’re so much hotter. You, not Melania, are the girl of my dreams. And somehow, even though I don’t know how, you look like me. It’s good that we’re not related ‘cause the moment that we’re old enough to have sex we are gonna do it. Melania, you’re out. Ivanka’s in.”

“What will happen to me?” asked Melania. “Are you going to put me on a raft, shoot it, and feed me to the sharks?”

“No. You’re a girl. I don’t feed girls to sharks. Not so for Mnuchin. I’m thinking of allowing him to stay in the gang for a few more days. When I want to do him in, I will invite him to make believe that we’re pirates. And then I will make him walk the plank. The sharks who ate Pompeo and Sessions must be hungry again by now. Bye bye Mnuchin. As for you, no sharks. Lemme show ya what I’m gonna do.” Trumpie walked into one of the numerous bathrooms and came out holding a fourteen karat gold toilet brush.

“Here, take this,” Trumpie said while extending the brush toward Melania. “You can stay at Mar-a-Lago by working as a maid with your mother. You can clean the Mar-a-Lago toilets. There are a lot of bathrooms in here.” Trumpie then placed his tongue in Ivanka’s mouth. “Guys lookit what I just did with this golden girl. How cool is that?”

“Good smooching,” said the about-to-become-shark-food Mnuchin .

The doorbell rang again. Trumpie opened it and saw an ordinary looking girl dressed in a Girl Scout uniform.

“My name is Brianna Alexander. Do you want to buy some chocolate mint Girl Scout cookies?” she asked.

“Yup,” said Trumpie as he took out a fifty dollar bill to pay for one cookie box. He opened the box and bit into a cookie. As he savored the chocolate mint flavor, he noticed that his already too tight white tennis shorts were getting even tighter. He wondered why his ass was becoming bigger at astounding speed. As a guy, he didn’t count calories. But one cookie could not possibly have the requisite calories to make his ass grow so fat so fast.

The real fact was that the Girl Scout cookie was causing Trumpie to change back into Trump. He had become an adult again. The metamorphosis, however, did not change his behavior. Marjorie and Dina looked down from heaven and shuddered because Trump had turned Mar-a-Lago into a political hell hole. They wished that Trump had grown up to be someone like Barack Obama.

Resolving to take advantage of the fact that female ghosts had powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men, Marjorie and Dina decided to take action. They altered the temporal plane to cause Trump never to buy Mar-a-Lago. Instead of becoming the winter White House, the estate was used for women-centered activity. It often served as the nexus of #MeToo strategizing as well as a Girl Scouts clubhouse.

Scout’s honor.



Marleen Barr