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# Duck, Donald: A Trump Exorcism

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### **Duck, Donald: A Trump Exorcism**

When Trump, near the end of his second term, sat on his golden Trump Tower toilet, he was in for a big surprise. After eliminating—and still ignoring the fact that the majority of American citizens wished to eliminate him from office—he looked into the bowl. The toilet was filled with bright red liquid.

Feeling alarmed, Trump phoned Dr. Ben Carson to ask for a diagnosis. “Donald, I am a brain surgeon. I don’t do rectums,” Carson said. “And furthermore, I haven’t practiced medicine in years. Since I am spending all of my time using my experience as someone who has lived in houses to serve as Housing and Urban Development head, my medical acumen has become a little rusty. Although you are not concerned with professional qualifications—everyone remembers how you hired a pollution lover to run the Environmental Protection Agency—I must say that I am not able to help you.”

“What should I do?”

“Get a colonoscopy.”

“Are there any qualified, what the hell are they called, gastroenterologists still practicing? I now regret that most of the ousted Obama administration H.U.D. employees got jobs as doctors. It was logical for them to pull this switcheroo. They figured that if a doctor with no government agency experience could run H.U.D., then they could be employed as doctors. Maybe they didn’t run to become gastroenterologists. Would you like to spend all day looking up assholes? Pussy groping is a lot more fun.”

After Trump’s symptoms continued and he was certain that he had colon cancer, he again sought Dr. Carson’s advice. “You need to have surgery,” Carson said.

“Are there any colon cancer surgeons left?”

“I am not sure. As you are aware, after you rescinded Obama Care, most people could not afford to see doctors. The whole medical system collapsed. Real doctors gave up their practices and were replaced by alternative doctors—such as the former H.U.D. folks. I will refer you to America’s last qualified colon cancer surgeon.

Trump was wheeled into the operating room. The last of the Mohicans in relation to colon cancer surgery, Dr. Cochise Sitting Bull, slit open Trump’s abdomen and peered inside. He saw a bright red devil waving a trident. Afraid to remove the devil from inside Trump, he left the devil where it was, extracted the cancer, and sewed Trump up. Shocked by finding a devil within someone he considered to be a horror, Dr. Sitting Bull had a heart attack. Since cardiologists no longer existed, Dr. Sitting Bull died.

Trump did not enjoy life with an ostomy bag. Melania divorced him.

“I took all of your shit in order to have money beyond my wildest dreams. But that was alternative fact shit. I didn’t sign up to deal with real shit,” said Melania as she descended down the Trump Tower escalator for the last time.

Trump could not cope with the ostomy bag hanging from his now flawed body. Alec Baldwin, using Trump’s condition to comic effect—against a background tape of Trump mimicking the handicapped *New York Times* reporter—did a *Saturday Night Live* skit involving a plastic bag filled with chocolate ice cream. Unable to endure further public humiliation, Trump choose to have reconstruction surgery. After again facing the qualified surgeon lack and reasoning that a rusty brain surgeon was better than a former H.U.D. employee, Trump convinced Dr. Carson to perform the surgery. Sitting Bull never told Carson about the devil. The latter doctor had a great surprise in the operating room. “Enough already,” said the devil as he jumped out of Trump and landed feet first on the

operating room floor. “I wasn’t alone in there,” he continued as a plethora of gremlins, trolls, witches, and fire breathing dragons followed in his wake. Carson looked as if he had seen a ghost. “Don’t be so surprised. Trump is not thin. He has a big abdomen. There was a lot of room for all of us in there,” said the devil.

Flying feces joined the alternative personages parade. “Duck. Donald’s shit is hitting the fan—again. Everyone take cover,” Carson said to the operating room staff. After Carson supervised the sew up and the cleanup, Trump opened his eyes in the recovery room. He saw a young attractive black nurse. (Unlike doctors, qualified nurses still existed.) “Since you’re helping me, I can respond to you as a person,” said Trump. “So even though you rate as a nine point two, I won’t grope your pussy. Such a shame that you live in a crime ridden drug infested murder sodden ghetto.”

Trump never had colon cancer. The red liquid in the toilet bowl was merely devil urine. Even Putin could not have contrived this alternative fact. The surgery, which exorcised the evil living inside Trump, had not been a waste. No longer a loud mouthed narcissistic barbarian, Trump reinstated Obama Care and stopped substituting alternative facts for facts. When Elizabeth Warren followed him as President, Trump made sure that a smooth power transition ensued. In memory of Dr. Sitting Bull, Trump never again called Warren Pocahontas.

During Warren’s inauguration ceremony, Trump stood beaming next to the new Mrs. Trump. Mrs. Trump the fourth was seventy-five years old and she was not thin. Trump never found out that she was also not human. She was a feminist separatist planet denizen sent to Earth to keep Trump in line—just in case he might have a relapse. To make Trump feel comfortable and to compensate for her lack of American popular culture knowledge, extraterrestrial Mrs. Trump presented herself in an eastern European guise. Donald and Zsa Zsa Trump lived happily ever after. Donald never made his alien wife register as an illegal immigrant.

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## About the Author

**Marleen S. Barr** is known for her pioneering work in feminist science fiction and teaches English at the City University of New York. She has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction criticism. Barr is the author of *Alien to Femininity: Speculative Fiction and Feminist Theory*, *Lost in Space: Probing Feminist Science Fiction and Beyond*, *Feminist Fabulation: Space/Postmodern Fiction*, and *Genre Fission: A New Discourse Practice for Cultural Studies*. Barr has edited many anthologies and co-edited the science fiction issue of PMLA. She is the author of the novels *Oy Pioneer!* and *Oy Feminist Planets: A Fake Memoir*.

