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Trump Ships Out—Without Seeing the Ship

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Marleen S. Barr

The White House asked the Navy to hide a destroyer named after Senator John McCain in order to avoid having the ship appear in photographs taken while President Trump was visiting Japan. . . . White House aides . . . confirmed the request was made but said that Mr. Trump did not know about it.—Maggie Haberman and Helene Cooper, “Navy Destroyer John McCain Hidden During Trump’s Japan Visit,” *New York Times*, May 29, 2019.

A staffer stubbed her toe on a small saucer-like object while she was walking on the White House lawn. The object said “HILLARY.” Believing that her boss’s nemesis should be locked up, she kicked the object to express her political views. Something resembling a gangplank began to lower. A blonde pantsuit-wearing female who was approximately the size of a sparrow emerged. Frightened by the mini Hillary who was obviously not an Earth denizen, the staffer drew a gun from her purse. When rays emanated from the alien’s eyes, the gun disappeared.

“Who are you?” the staffer asked.

“I am an emissary from the feminist separatist planet Hillary. Hillaryians are energy sources who lack flesh and blood bodies. I took the form of one your country’s most accomplished women.”

“But you’re so small.”

“Size doesn’t matter. I can blast Earth to smithereens. Take your leader to me.”

The staffer decided that she could not allow Trump to see a ship emblazoned with “HILLARY.” Even though the fate of Earth was at stake, she feared angering her boss. She decided to stall. “Could I have a few minutes to give the president fair warning?” she asked.

“Yes. Permission granted. I will return to my spaceship until your leader comes to meet me.”

To prevent Trump from seeing the ship, the staffer covered it with her scarf. Making sure to hide “HILLARY,” she gave the scarf an extra tug and entered the White House. Because she was so accustomed to carrying her now dematerialized gun, she did not notice that her purse was heavier than it should have been. She approached Trump who was tweeting, watching Fox News, and eating a cheeseburger.

“Sir, there’s a spaceship on the White House lawn. Don’t worry, it’s a small ship,” she said. She expected that Trump would be less enraged by the ship in general than by the name of the ship in particular. Her handbag opened. The Hillaryian stepped out. “You said that you were going to stay in your ship. You lied,” the staffer continued.

“Yes. I lied. Your leader and his minions lie incessantly. I am modeling their behavior.”

“What’s with the shrunken Hillary? Can we also shrink John McCain? Even though he’s dead, I hate him too.” Trump said. “This is great. Shrunken Hillary makes me look huger. Does anyone know she’s here?”

“No.”

“Get me a fly swatter,” said Trump as he disappeared as suddenly as the gun.

“Where’s the president?” the staffer nervously asked.

“I locked him up in a Hillaryian jail. My mission was to hold Trump accountable for his crimes against female humanity. Prison guards who he perceives to be mini versions of Hillary Clinton are at this moment placing him in solitary confinement.”

The Hillaryian exited the White House, walked across the lawn, removed the staffer’s scarf from atop her spaceship, and blasted off for home. The staffer was relieved that Trump never saw “HILLARY” written on the ship.
