

Not Quite Right News from Mark Golden™

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President Trump Flies High

Banded around Washington, D.C., are wild rumors after President Trump's impeachment acquittal. True, he's emboldened with a fresh wave of authoritative power and finality. The president has fired those who voiced opposition and launched searing personal attacks on senators who voted to convict him.

Now, he's turning his sights to implementing the newly formed "Space Force" mentioned in his recent Congressional SOTU speech.

In notes purposely leaked from a meeting yesterday, Trump stated goals which should raise many an eyebrow on both sides of the political aisle.

"I'm turning my attention to bigger projects, perhaps bigger than any before me. But I believe it's time. I intend to take on re-creating Creation. What I mean is this. Our planet is a trouble zone; everything that can go wrong goes wrong – hurricanes, tornadoes, migrants, and tsunamis." He looked quizzical. "What is it? The earth is billions of years old and still has fresh volcanoes erupting! Is God still using this as a test laboratory – is he done or not? After all of this time you'd think he'd know how to make solid ground and seas of glass. I have engineers who can do better and at half the cost.

"I ask you, take a look at the moon – what a shabby affair that is. Whatever could go wrong went wrong there, too. It's got no oxygen, not a drop of water, and can't even spin – a total disaster – the worst real estate imaginable. I plan on changing all of that. Trump-a-Luna will make a paradise out of that pockmarked rubble; a frontier with no need for walls. There's enough room for everyone, I'll see to it that – no matter what color, race, or religion – everyone with resources gets a room with a truly spectacular view." Trump raised his hands with fingers spread. "Wealth, wonderful wealth, will take select Earthlings into tomorrow. Today, the moon is only an example of unintended, accidental use of solar energy. In the evening, the way our moon reflects sunlight causes shimmers in Melania's amazing hair. Anyone who sees her knows she's happy to be by my side.

“God, if you believe the tale, multi-tasked himself into a corner during a workaholic six-day 24/7 schedule. But I do not hesitate to call him a slacker. He takes a day off to ‘rest’ and never comes back to work on Monday. He called all that he did ‘good’ and certainly, plenty of it is good, but who here doesn’t have complaints – anyone?” Trump raised a hand. In the room others awkwardly raised their hands. “After six days to create and knock this thing out, it’s no surprise we’re still struggling with sunblock lotions, gnats, plastic ware, and routinely trimming fingernails.

“Somehow this brings up the *Art of the Deal*. Think about God’s dilemma at the time of Noah and the Flood. Out of earth’s population, he could only persuade Noah and his family, eight people, to get onboard. A total embarrassment! The cruise ship’s passenger manifest was a total zoo – which Noah didn’t receive one dime for.

“What of Abraham dickering with God over who to save out of Sodom and Gomorrah? God got talked out of a deal from fifty down to ten. Need I say more?

“Moving past earthly woes; my plans for Mars are vast, so vast they’re too vast to talk about. I’ll just say the world, our world, will be startled. It will be more, much more than the name of a popular candy bar. And you can take that to the bank.

“Again I say, Creation must be rebooted. America has all the resources right here, right now. Other presidents have sat on this project, but no more. We must stop thinking of this as a toy planet, one to muck around in – poke holes in the ground and see what comes up. In the Creation I envision, such things as ear wax will be something we tell our grandchildren about as they sit in rapt wonder.

“The United States Space Force, the USSF, will lead humanity beyond cosmetics and into eternal bliss where every child can sing himself to sleep.”

The variety of officials listening to this secret briefing remained silent. When President Trump closed his comments he stared at the ceiling, confident and obviously lost in other celestial ponderings. People eyed each other. Some coughed. Others looked at their shoes. Many discreetly checked their phones for messages or just to see what the temperature was outside.

In a far-off voice, eyes unfocused, the President spoke again.

“The first assignment of the USSF will not be one small step for a man or one giant leap for mankind. No. Shaming the International Space Station will be a life-size, room for room, white on white, replica of this – White House – orbiting in space.” Smiling, he spread his arms wide. “No longer confined to

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, The Space House will one day govern the entire planet from the heavens. The whole population of Earth will hear my speeches as the blue ball spins below me, ahh...us." Trump looked at the faces in the room. As an afterthought he said, "The front door will always be open, figuratively, for God to visit, of course. You wonder, no doubt, whether I can teach him a thing or two? Yes, its crossed my mind as well."

The President stood. With arms spread wide and his big signature grin, he said,

"I will return to Earth to play golf – that goes without saying. Good day, ladies and gentlemen, and may the Force be with you!"

Indeed, a new set of wild rumors left the launch pad and officially took off.

Another story from REAL LIFE (that I made up!) This parody news story is for amusement. Any similarity to real people, places or things is fictitious and not to be taken as fact.