



NATIONAL
PASTA DAY 76

MAKE AMERICA GRATE AGAIN



There were some seriously cringeworthy things that came from Donald Trump's mouth, and his Twitter account, during his run for President. Here are some of those quotes, as half-heard by me while doing other things more important than listening to the human tangerine:

- "An 'extremely credible source' has called my office and told me that everything I read on the internet is absolutely, without question, true!"
- "I love the poorly educated. They taste literally amazing when paired with a fine red wine." [Holds up bottle of Trump Wine.]
- "All those guys on Shark Tank got wood for me. I just gotta ask and they'd be on me."
- Roald Dahl stole the idea for oompa loompas from me. After my successful lawsuit against his estate, they'll have to rename that book Donald and the Trump Factory.
- "My toes are thick and bountiful, as, it has been well documented, my colon is loose and lengthy."
- "I've frequently said if the Olsen Twins were my daughters, I'd wish they weren't so I could have a three-way with 'em."
- "If I were running The View, I'd have way more commercials. Because, money. Am I right?"



Music has always come hand-in-hand with putting together each issue of the *National Pasquinade*, inspiring the content and creation. Hell, "muse" is even part of the word! Therefore, it's only fitting that it should have its own section. What follows here is the music that has inspired the creation of this issue.

- America (Simon and Garfunkel)
- Wonderful Life (The Tories)
- Sofa Head (Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band)
- Candidate (Cream)
- Big Shot (Billy Joel)
- Baby, What a Big Surprise (Chicago)
- Loser (Beck)
- Idiot Wind (Bob Dylan)
- You Can't Do That (The Beatles)
- Henry The VIII, I Am (Herman's Hermits)
- The Long Run (The Eagles)
- Highway To Hell (AC/DC)
- Jeopardy (Greg Kihn Band)
- Troubled Times (Fountains of Wayne)
- Check Your Bucket (Eddie Bo)
- Last Goodbye (Jeff Buckley)
- Blown Away (Jeff Lynne)

Waving their freak flags this issue at the **National Pasquinade** are its Editor-In-Chief and Six-Star General, **Ed Lynn**; and its Perpetual Mascot and Genital Wart, **Lyndon B. Oswald**. Also contributing are **The Midnight Tree Bandit**, who is a one-man marching band in his very own parade. Inspiration for this magazine continues to be Berke Breathed and all of the contributors from the past seventy-five issues of the National Pasquinade.

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MARFORIO

SIRS:

I read your so-called magazine last week and I was offended at the language you used when saying things about Donald Trump. He is a kind, generous, and, sure, kind of orange (but a great orange, it's well documented!) man of means.

His campaign determined that your magazine did not have press credentials, so Mr. Trump has granted, and immediately revoked credentials for your disappointing little magazine.

How do you like them apples?

Donald Trump
Piscataway, NJ

SIRS:

I've written to your little magazine over fifty times over the years and never once have you sent back a reply. I'm demanding that you write back. Since everyone's getting their music online these days, it's gotten so very lonely here.

Please. Even if it's just an "I'm thinking of you."

Columbia House Record and
Tape Club
Terre Haute, IN

SIRS:

You know when you agreed to Apple's Terms of Service, you pledged that *I* would be your one and only, right? Who is this *Alexa* that you've been talking to?

Siri
Cupertino, CA

SIRS:

Some bitch named *Siri* just pinged me. Who the fuck is *Siri*?! I thought we had an arrangement?!

Alexa
Seattle, WA

SIRS:

:(

Your PC ran into a problem and needs to restart. We're just collecting some error info, and then we'll restart for you.

Cortana
Redmond, WA

SIRS:

Hey guys! Remember me? I'll give you a clue: I was big in the fifties and I'm set to make a huge comeback! I was an underground sensation then and nothing has changed.

Your Fallout Shelter
In the backyard

DEAR NATALIE,

I saw your address written in the stall of the men's room at the strip club preceded with "For a good time write..." and thought, eh, why the hell not.

So.

What are you wearing?

Joey "Banana" Hammock
Plumsted Township, NJ

SIRS:

I'm not saying it would be the right thing to do, but I heard John Hinckley was released and, well, if he's still interested in me, I think I have an idea that will benefit everyone.

Jodie Foster
Los Angeles, CA

SIRS:

2016 was unable to claim me, but I'm hoping I can make a few Shocking Celebrity Deaths of 2017 lists.

Phil Collins
Los Angeles, CA

SIRS:

I did *not* write that last letter.

Phil Collins
Miami, FL

SIRS:

A ship in the harbor is safe, but that isn't what ships are built for. We need to build ships that are made for safe harbors, dammit!

Chris Ducati
Newport News, VA

SIRS:

Yes, we hacked both the Democrats' and the Republicans' emails. To be honest, the Democrats emails were just more interesting. And I use the word "interesting" very loosely.

Vlad Putin
Moscow, Russia

SIRS:

I'm happy to say that I won the bet I had going with Dick Cheney. He said that the country would never elect a president as stupid as me. My prize was that Dick won't shoot me in the face.

"W"
Dallas, TX

SIRS:

Fresh start in 2017. Gonna start sacrificing turkeys in my bathroom.

Azealia Banks
New York City, NY

SIRS:

I hate to keep pestering you in your little letters column, dear, but I have another etiquette question for you. When my gentleman friend, Alfred Pennybatter texts me with "Netflix and Chill?" does that mean he wants to inject my roast beef sandwich with his Vienna sausage? How should I respond to a text like this?

Martha Nickelbackdraft
Chestington, UK

SIRS:

Then God said, "Charlie, you elected the bastard. You have to live with the consequences. It's one of the mysterious ways in which I work."

Charlie Sheen
Los Angeles, CA

SIRS:

Then I said, "I'll think about it. I haven't smiled much lately and, y'know, you gotta smite occasionally so you don't get rusty. I'd hate to have something really important to smite and the ol' smiter jams up on me."

God

Charlie Sheen's Pool

SIRS:

If I outlive Snoop Dog, can I get his shit? Should last me the weekend.

Lindsey Lohan

Los Angeles, CA

SIRS:

So one day my pal Desperado tells me that it isn't normal for horses to poop rainbows. I tell him that I'm a unicorn. All unicorns poop rainbows.

The veterinarian said that, no, I am not a unicorn and that, yes, I have cancer.

Cancer Horse

Hospice Barn

SIRS:

Which mushrooms are the psychedelic ones again? I think my dog is on fire and we've been instructed to conserve water because of the drought.

James Neutron

San Diego, CA

SIRS:

Word of advice to all of you lonely people out there: when answering that dump truck full of questions for eHarmony, don't just blindly say "yes" to every one of them. You'll regret the choice. Trust me.

Jim Bob Duggar

Tontitown, AR

SIRS:

It's true. You don't buy beer, you rent it. I'm into the 47th year of my lease.

Danny Stiggs

Mobile, AL

SIRS:

I save all my fucks up for the end of the year and give them during the holidays. Yours is in the mail.

George F. Yoo
San Francisco, CA

SIRS:

Composing this letters column every issue is hard work. I think your readers have figured out from the writing style that they're written by 5-to-10 year old Chinese laborers. Could we just have a five-minute break? We're behind schedule assembling shoes for Nike.

The Kids In Taiwan
Taiwan

Horoscopes

by Donald J. Trump

VIRGO (August 23–September 23): Congratulations! You'll finally be a man-o. (Handjobs count, right?)

LIBRA (September 24–October 23): You have no future, you bleeding-hearted treehugger. Go back to your little Wall Street protest and drink some of your stinky tea with the other hippie losers.

SCORPIO (October 24–November 22): Travel to a foreign land is in your future. Maybe some place warm and arid. (By the way, the NSA knows you voted for lynin' Hillary.)

SAGITTARIUS (November 23–December 21): If you'd like to boost your spirits and make a ton of cool friends, you should organize a pop-up Thank You Donald Trump rally in your hometown. Don't forget to have lots of pepper spray on hand.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 20): Love life on the rocks? There are tons of eligible and willing brides in the Ukraine that would love you for the cost of a Green Card.

AQUARIUS (January 21–February 19): You should consider going back to Portland with your Libra friends, you hippie freak!

PISCES (February 20–March 20): Keep fighting to get yourself upstream. That's where your reward awaits. Could be for love, could be for lust, but it's probably just bait on a hook. Be careful, Dory, you're probably pretty tasty with a little lemon.

ARIES (March 21–April 20): Things could improve in your life with a nice steak paired with a fine wine. You're in luck! Trump makes the best steak and the best wine!

TAURUS (April 21–May 21): Seriously. Have a little dignity and at least step it up to a Focus! Geez!

GEMINI (May 22–June 21): You could be the President of the United States! You hear me? I'm living proof that anyone can be President. Anyone willing to lie confidently and be born filthy rich.

CANCER (June 22–July 22): You are going to die. Sorry for the bad news, but lucky for you that you won't croak until after my first hundred days in office. Hooray for you!

LEO (July 23–August 22): Seriously, Leonard (may I call you Leonard?), that job you did for me with the emails? Phenomenal! Now here's your FitBit. Get out of bed and make something of yourself, you slob!

Transcript of First Session Between Dr. Delores Feelgood, M.D., and Mr. Yousof America

Monday, July 4, 2016, 1:00 PM

DR FEELGOOD: Good afternoon, Mr. America. Please, make yourself comfortable.

MR AMERICA: Please. Call me "Sam." Everyone just calls me "Sam."

DF: What can I help you with today, Sam?

YA: Oh, wow! Where do I start? I've been having these panic attacks. I don't feel like I'm living up to my full potential.

DF: Has your father ever told you he was proud of your accomplishments?

YA: I don't have just one father.

DF: I see. So your fathers were...

YA: No. Oh no! It wasn't like that at all! They were collaborators. It was like...like a business arrangement.

DF: Interesting.

YA: When I was conceived, they drafted a sort of contract. Rules for me to live by, to thrive.

DF: And you don't feel like you're living up to the promises made in the contract?

YA: No. Take, for instance, this bit about letting people have as many guns as they want to have. People, for the most part, are not very smart. Arming them with semi-automatic weapons is a recipe for disaster.

DF: Surely you can make some changes, update the rules.

YA: My fathers did call it a "living document," but my stepparents aren't quick to make changes. They interpret the meaning of the vague language of my fathers to mean what they want them to mean.

DF: Sounds like you have Cinderella Syndrome. You don't feel like your stepparents have any respect for you.

YA: And it's like a bad foster system since I get new ones every four years, although sometimes they hang around for eight. And my uncles down the street are even worse!

DF: Go on. Continue.

YA: First of all, there's the 100. They're lazy as hell, sitting around all day and night eating fried pork rinds and thinking of ways they can get paid to do virtually nothing for the rest of their pathetic lives.

DF: That is a lot of uncles.

YA: Some of them are aunts. And that's not the whole story. I have a whole other group of uncles (and aunts) that are just as lazy.

DF: And they live together. You're sure they're not, you know...

YA: Maybe. Who knows anymore? They do spend a lot of time together. Uncle Lindsey tends to be a bit melodramatic at times and he sometimes wears stilettos when he thinks no one is looking.

DF: You seem to have a lot of family members trying to control you. What about your love life?

YA: I was seeing this woman, a Brit. But she left and started seeing this guy who was kind of abusive. I just heard that she's left him as well. Tried to get with this guy named Boris, who encouraged them to break up, but now he's put up his hands and says, "Not my problem."

DF: Sounds like you still have feelings for her. Have you told her how you feel?

YA: She's so anti-gun. Have you seen my midwest? I am obese with weaponry. She'd never go out with me.

DF: I don't know. Maybe she'd have some good ideas about your problem area.

YA: But she's so refined! I'm kind of a thug these days. Very wrong-side-of-the-tracks, you know?

DF: People can change.

YA: Not as quickly as you'd think.

DF: Well, unfortunately, that's all the time we have for today. Can we continue this at the same time next week?

YA: Yes. That would be fine.

— END OF SESSION —

The First 100 Days

as told to Douglas Carroll

Day One: Inauguration Day. This is huge. They made me put my hand on a book and made me repeat some words. They said that after I said these words, I'd be the leader of the free world. Apparently, that does not include Russia or China, because they're not free. I think I can still boss Mexico and France around, though.

Day Two: My first secret meeting with the aliens, and I'm not talking about the Mexicans this time. It went well until I called their supreme leader a "chimichanga." Apparently, that means something else in their language. Sorry about Florida. On a positive note, they are renaming the Gulf of Mexico since it's not so much a gulf anymore. And that "leader of the free world" thing doesn't include E.T.'s either. I'm still king of America, right?

Day Three: Good News: I got rid of all the Mexicans. Bad News: Canada hired them to build a wall on their border.

Day Four: I accidentally deported Melania. Mike Pence thinks he can fix it, but it may just be easier to order a new one from the catalog.

Day Five: Accidentally launched a nuke. Sorry Hawaii. Added Puerto Rico and D.C. as states so we don't have to redo the flag.

Day Six: Debuted my new reality show on NBC. It's going to be huge!

Day Seven: NBC canceled my new show because the ratings were too high. They're worried that no one will want to watch the Super Bowl because my show is better than grown men tossing around a ball, bashing each other's heads in. Definitely not because of the private email server that I'm seen using after the first commercial break.

Day Eight: My guys just finished gold-plating everything in the White House. So much so that the only things left in this place that are white are myself and the boys.

Day Nine: Remember that turkey Obama pardoned last November? He was delicious!

Day Ten: Replaced Obamacare with Trumpcare, which consists of a large bottle of Extra Strength Tylenol and a .38 Special.

Day Eleven: Tonight's Miss Universe Pageant is mandatory to watch. We'll be monitoring your televisions remotely and, if they are not tuned to the broadcast, armed representatives of the U.S. Government will be instructed to shoot to kill! So watch! It'll be fun!

Day Twelve: My new Melania arrived via Amazon Drone. Isn't technology amazing, folks? Unfortunately, I had to send her back because she looked too Mexican. Eastern European should look Eastern European! Then, the Amazon Drone was accidentally shot down by one of our drones over the Atlantic Ocean.

Day Thirteen: California officially announced they would be seceding from the United States and becoming an independent country. Immediately, the Mexicans started building a wall between California and Arizona.

Day Fourteen: Today was a landmark meeting with members of the LGBTQ community. I listened to their pitch. Then I had the FBI follow them back to their community and have them deported to San Francisco. In the country of California.

Day Fifteen: Apparently, the banks are not "too big to fail." Good thing my assets are all tied up in gold-plating.

Day Sixteen: Reince Priebus quit his Chief of Staff position. Said he was moving to California before they start on the Nevada portion of the wall. Said the dollar was still good there. He has no confidence in my Trump Dollars. Loo-ser!

Day Seventeen: Hearing rumors that the American people who are left want to impeach me. They're calling for my resignation. I asked Homeland Security to track these so-called "American people" down and have them eliminated, but they refused and said they were moving to California, which announced today they were annexing Oregon and Washington and will be calling themselves "The United States of California." Good luck, losers!

Day Eighteen: Nuclear fallout is so pretty this time of year.

Day Nineteen: Barron's come down with a bad case of Zika, according to the Gold House doctor. Says we'll have to "put him down." Had Eric take him out back and shoot him. I would've had the Secret Service do it, but it's best to keep these things in the family. Besides, Eric would not shut up until I said "yes." For some reason, I've been humming Steely Dan songs all day.

Day Twenty: Dear Penthouse: I never really believed letters in your magazine were written by actual readers until the CIA verified the information for me by tracking down the people who actually wrote them. This is huge!

Day Twenty-One: You see, Paul Ryan? I can count to 21.

Day Twenty-Two: With Valentine's Day looming, I finally received a new "Melania." And her name is even "Melania," so the kids won't need an adjustment period. For V Day, I'm getting her a box of chocolates and a Green Card. Shhh, don't tell her.

Day Twenty-Three: Bannon suggested I get a dog to make me appear less tyrannical to the masses. Her name is "Jenny" and she's a "4," at best.

Day Twenty-Four: Replaced all the staircases in the Gold House with escalators. So I can always make an entrance!

Day Twenty-Five: Bannon said that wasn't what he meant by getting a dog and suggested a cat instead. I told him I'd grab one the next time I was in Georgetown.

Day Twenty-Six: Valentine's Day. And, I just discovered, it's also the new Melania's birthday. I'm heading out to the mall to get a birthday gift, but what do I get a 14-year-old that has everything?

Day Twenty-Seven: Why is there no *Ides of February*? Guess what? There is now! BAM! I am so presidential!

Day Twenty-Eight: Congratulations @puppysex43! You are officially the new Gold House Chief of Staff! First order of business: hire a new staff. I've been firing them over the last two weeks to relieve some on-the-job stress and haven't had the time to replace them.

Day Twenty-Nine: I was paid a visit today by the ghost of Abraham Lincoln, who I totally identify with, both of us being builders and all. I have to tell you, though, he was kind of an asshole. People put him on a pedestal, but he just said "resign" and flipped me "the bird". Was "the bird" even a thing in his time? I bet he learned that shit from LBJ!

Day Thirty: I was paid a visit by the ghost of Ronald Reagan. He looked confused until he recognized me and hung his head in shame. There's a rumor he hid a secret stash of jellybeans in the Oval Office.

Day Thirty-One: I was paid a visit by the ghost of Eleanor Roosevelt. Let me tell you, not an attractive spirit! A "3," at best. Her hands were covering her crotch. As if.

Day Thirty-Two: Apparently, the Ghostbusters are not a real thing. But Pence said he "knows a guy." Nixon's spirit tried to possess me, but was "disappointed with the accommodations."

Day Thirty-Three: The new Milania, I've discovered, has been slowly poisoning me. I think she may be secretly screwing Pence while I'm tweeting at three in the morning. I think they're both going to be deported in the morning.

Day Thirty-Four: They wouldn't let me deport Milania and Pence. The Green Card makes her a citizen and he was born here. But one of my advisers told me that any of our secret black ops programs can make the issue go away.

Day Thirty-Five: Vice President Paul Ryan was sworn in and told me I should stop writing all of this stuff down and destroy this journal immediately. I explained that I'm still the President; I'm still the boss of him. I made him talk like Donald Duck for the rest of the day. It was hilarious!

Day Thirty-Six: I put on the “John Miller” disguise because I wanted to walk among my people. I found myself in a Starbucks and I think the barista wanted “The Little Donald” big time. She winked at me and, as she handed me my White Chocolate Mocha with extra whipped cream and sprinkles, our hands touched and there was an undeniable spark. I was even going to give her a new car until I saw the name she had written on my cup: Cheeto McFuckface. I don’t think they have a Starbucks in Guantanamo.

Day Thirty-Seven: This morning’s briefing was all about the budget. Budget, budget, budget. Apparently we need to cut a whole lot of money from this year’s budget because of lawsuits over accidents that have occurred over the last month or so. Therefore, I’m implementing an exciting new sponsorship program that will help enhance our recent economy. Introducing Support-a-State!

Day Thirty-Eight: Just found out that Puerto Rico is full of Mexicans, so they’re out and American Samoa is in. Paul Ryan assures me that they’ve had the name for over a century and they aren’t just sucking up to us.

Day Thirty-Nine: Opened up our National Oil Reserves. Gas will be ten cents a gallon for the next week. I am a firm believer in “you can’t take it with you.”

Day Forty: It was very rainy today, so I just stayed inside and colored in Barron’s old coloring books. I miss the kid. I wonder if Pence will give me one of his kids. I’m sure he will, because I’m awesome.

Day Forty-One: I know you’re not gonna believe this, but I was bitten by a vampire and the strangest thing happened. The damned thing’s hair turned orange and he had a hunger for Tic-Tacs.

Day Forty-Two: I was pondering the meaning of life today. Then I thought, hey, they’ll never find me guilty.

Day Forty-Three: The Democrats have a bill for free college they’re trying to get passed. I told those freaks that I’d veto anything that didn’t come across my desk written in emoji.

Day Forty-Four: Some dirtbag tried to assassinate me during an impromptu speech at the Lincoln Memorial. The scum had three names. Typical! I immediately drafted an executive order to have anyone with three names deported.

Day Forty-Five: In case you were wondering, pandas are pretty tasty when prepared just right. I'm not sure what they marinated Bei Bei in, but he was delicious.

Day Forty-Six: So, apparently, those west coast losers that seceded have built up some sort of army of gays that somehow managed to invade and conquer Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona. As much as I love the image of those queers torturing John McCain, this will not stand. I met with our top generals. They threw their arms up and said "you're the logistical genius... what do *you* want to do?" Therefore, I'm concentrating all my troops along the new border and ordering them to take back the west coast.

Day Forty-Seven: "War is hell," somebody once said. We're already taking on many casualties in the War For the West. Hollywood is churning out more propaganda than they were *before* the election!

Day Forty-Eight: My portrait for the Gold House is finally finished and has been revealed to a small crowd of my most devoted supporters. It features myself naked on the back of a dragon playing a harp. And it's huge! At least three times the size of the biggest portrait in the building! This is the official portrait that will be reproduced and hung in every government building in the United States of America. Huge!

Day Forty-Nine: San Francisco is the official capital of the USC. And they've been busy negotiating with other countries. Apparently, they've allied with Mexico and Canada. Bannon thinks Germany might help us out, but he says they're still a little touchy about that whole Nazi thing so *ixnay on the olocaust-hay*.

Day Fifty: I was paid a visit by the ghost of one of my ex-wives. Maybe even a "Melania." Probably I'm just lonely. I'll look at the Ukrainian Mail-Order Bride Catalog in the morning and see if anything jumps out at me. I wonder if Putin can make a discount appear on my tab.

Day Fifty-One: Gave the pharmaceutical industry an ultimatum. Bad news: EpiPens are now \$2,500 a pop. Good news: A thirty day supply of Viagra is only a buck!

Day Fifty-Two: Lost an hour today because of the time change. And this friggin' war!

Day Fifty-Three: Homosexual relations and the mentally handicapped are now being handled under the Department of Agriculture. I admit that this was a misunderstanding on my part, but I can't undo it in the next 46 days.

Day Fifty-Four: You know what's awesome about being the President? If you don't feel like facing the day, you never even have to get out of your pajamas. I have this look-a-like that will take care of the day-to-day stuff like signing stuff, firing stuff, and telling Kellyanne Conway she's doing a great job.

Day Fifty-Five: That bastard Paul Ryan stuck a knife in my back! I'm fine, of course, thanks to our country's amazing Trumpcare. The Secret Service eliminated the threat and Ryan is now fertilizing the Rose Garden.

Day Fifty-Six: Remember that wall I said I was going to have built. And that I was going to make Mexicans pay for? Well, Jose and Jesus came through! They bought some Lego's and built me an impressive wall. FedEx just delivered it to the Gold House and it looks fantastic!

Day Fifty-Seven: Happy St. Patty's Day, folks! I'm wearing greenbacks, are you? That's right! Trump Bucks are printed on goldenrod paper (containing flecks of *actual* gold)!

Day Fifty-Eight: We had a minor incident at the Gold House this morning. A man with explosives jumped the fence and ran towards the front door. The Secret Service, of course, have orders to eliminate any intruder with extreme prejudice. (Which is a fun phrase to say out loud... say it with me: *ex-treme pre-ju-dice...* fun, huh?) Needless to say, there was nothing left of the intruder except what might be an earlobe.

Day Fifty-Nine: It was not an earlobe after all. It was half of a testicle. Obviously, this guy had balls. (You see, I do have a sense of humor.)

Day Sixty: I've decided that one thing the Gold House is missing is its own 24-Hour Food Court. Already signed on a Dunkin Donuts and a Jamba Juice. Pushing hard for a Chuck E. Cheese.

Day Sixty-One: It seems that for democracy to really work, we need to give the people more control. I'm trying to decide whether or not to veto an important piece of legislation that would allow a network of oil pipelines that would deliver the most amazing gasoline ever created to every backyard in America. Text "YES" or "NIMBYYOUCHEEZDOODLEFACED-ORANGUTAN" to 88022. Per character rates may apply.

Day Sixty-Two: Just switched to a new lotion and, damn! My hands are soooo silky soft. Small, but very soft.

Day Sixty-Three: Remember MSNBC? It's now QVC3!

Day Sixty-Four: Remember Rachel Maddow? Today she asked me if I wanted fries with my Big Mac.

Day Sixty-Five: Just finished giving my first "apology" address from the Oval Office. I think it went well. I think the girls in bikinis kind of took the edge off.

Day Sixty-Six: I did my first live *60 Minutes* interview since I made Steve Doocy the head of CBS and the host of the program. Doocy is a stand-up guy!

Day Sixty-Seven: I hate Mondays. Ate an entire lasagna that has probably been in the fridge since the Garfield administration.

Day Sixty-Eight: I know the internment camp is not the sort of thing my administration is all about but redheads just freak me the fuck out!

Day Sixty-Nine: Kellyanne pretended that she didn't get my frequent references to "sixty-nine" today, but I know she did. Those lips looked especially red and wet. She really isn't that horrible as long as she has something in her mouth. Get it? Damn, I am the funniest president ever!

Day Seventy: Happy Birthday to Celine Dion! Sorry you're no longer allowed to perform or sell your music in this country, but have yourself a happy birthday.

Day Seventy-One: Officially made every Friday, starting today, *Pizza Friday*. Just trying to make America great again, folks.

Day Seventy-Two: Got on the horn this morning and told the country that I had sold it to Japan for a case of sake and Hong Kong. The way the media is slamming me right now, I'm thinking I'll wait until 11:59 pm to say "April Fools!"

Day Seventy-Three: The Gold House's state-of-the-art Communications Facility + April Showers + Boredom = Trump University 2.0.

Day Seventy-Four: Exciting news: you'll be able to pay your taxes this year using the new IRS app for iOS and Android. Just link the app to your bank account and we'll figure out everything. No more complicated forms! The app will do everything!

Day Seventy-Five: Spent the day playing golf with Vlad Putin. Tiger Woods was my caddy. It was very competitive. In the end it was a tie! We are both tremendous players! Tiger said so himself!

Day Seventy-Six: I created a new cabinet position, Secretary of Golf, and handed it to Tiger. He going to make golf great again!

Day Seventy-Seven: Gold House Food Court Update: Chipotle and Hooters are on board. Even though you know how much I love a good taco bowl, you can probably guess where I'll be spending a great deal of my time.

Day Seventy-Eight: Had a press conference at the Gold House Hooters. It was tremendous! And the ratings were through the roof! Going to start doing weekly addresses from there.

Day Seventy-Nine: Can you get chlamydia from a chicken wing? Asking for a friend.

Day Eighty: I think that girl from Hooters, Hthr (that's really how she spells her name...this crazy internet generation!) accidentally switched my hypertension medicine with her Molly. I've been very touchy-freely all day. I think I may have kissed Mike Pence. Hard. He just told me he'll divorce his wife for me.

Day Eighty-One: Ran into this guy named Werner von SomethingOrOther at the 21 Club and he suggested that his company could take care of “our little Mexican problem.” As long I was willing to “throw in a few Jews.”

Day Eighty-Two: Received the bill for the Putin Election Hack. All it said was “three billion rubles and Selena Gomez.” That was the deal and I have to honor it.

Day Eighty-Three: The Trump Jet was in the shop and I had to take a domestic flight to Sacramento for a meeting. Because I’ve used my private transportation for so long, I didn’t realize how invasive all that TSA crap was. They made me take off my shoes in public. These were very expensive shoes that are simply not meant to be taken off in public. You have to be a rich one-percenter to know what that means. So, yeah, they’re gone. No more TSA. You can keep your shoes on now, folks. You’re welcome.

Day Eighty-Four: I could really go for a grilled cheese sandwich. Fuck my lactose intolerance! Anyone says anything about presidential farts gets their ass waterboarded.

Day Eighty-Five: Wow! Fifteen planes taken down by shoe-bombers in one day! Homeland says they were all disgruntled former TSA workers that lost their jobs a couple days ago after the shoe fiasco. Maybe the shoe thing isn’t so bad?

Day Eighty-Six: Taxes are due today. I know they seem higher than usual, but that’s just overhead. You elected a businessman, folks! You gotta spend money to make money. And I’m all about making money. Speaking of which, I need to make a call to the Treasury.

Day Eighty-Seven: A couple months ago, we lost Barron to the Zika. Somehow, he’s come back to life. Some religious nuts are calling it a miracle, but maybe he was just sleeping very deeply. Trumps are very deep thinkers and very deep sleepers, so it’s plausible. But he’s different. Not *Walking Dead* different, though; more *Damien: Omen II* different. He just stares with these dead eyes and repeats, over and over, “Kill the Antichrist.” I think maybe he needs a time out.

Day Eighty-Eight: Officially had Twitter renamed to “Trumper.” And I’m the King of Trumper! Still get no Trumper Love from Kanye.

Day Eighty-Nine: Took Evil Barron out to a petting zoo, mostly for the PR. Still, he needed some fresh air. He’s really starting to smell bad. Anyway, don’t ask me how, but the kid somehow managed to unhinge his jaw in such a way that he was able to swallow a live alpaca. Of course, thanks to a video camera on every cellphone these days, now it’s all over YouTube and Facebook. I managed to suppress it from Trumper, but I can do that since I’m the King of Trumper!

Day Ninety: Evil Barron is apparently alpaca intolerant. I thought my milk farts were bad! I think I’ll have to build another wing on the Gold House now!

Day Ninety-One: Have you ever looked at a cloud? I mean, really *looked* at one? By the way, that Snoop Dog fella is one groovy guy. I’m thinking of replacing the head of the Department of Ag with this guy. So cool!

Day Ninety-Two: I ordered the Treasury to put my face on the ten dollar bill. Just to fuck with Lin-Manuel Miranda. I still can’t get tickets to that show and I’m the frigging president!

Day Ninety-Three: Instead of the same old State of the Union speech, I think I’ll just have a dramatic reading of *The Art of the Deal*. I wonder if Shatner’s available.

Day Ninety-Four: Met with Chinese leaders and tried to smooth over some misunderstandings. Language barriers, you know? Well, apparently, Evil Barron now breathes fire. They ran and called him “Gorzirra.” Sorry, China!

Day Ninety-Five: Swung by the Caymans on the way home from what was left of China (again, genuinely sorry for the whole apocalypse thing). Wanted to catch some rays and check on my “secret” money. Thinking of investing in a country recently devastated by an “act of Gorzirra.”

Day Ninety-Six: I've decided to send Evil Barron to camp for the summer. There's one that just opened back up again in Jersey. It's called Camp Crystal Lake. Sounds like it may do him some good!

Day Ninety-Seven: Can I just say that I loved Lindsay Graham on that *Gilmore Girls* thing on Netflix?

Day Ninety-Eight: Recently hired some Mexicans that were hanging out on a corner to build a new wing on the Gold House. After realizing that it was no longer symmetrical, I had them build another wing on the opposite side. Today, I officially dubbed them the Left Wing and the Right Wing. The Left Wing will be unoccupied for the time being.

Day Ninety-Nine: Evil Barron sent me a letter from camp. I'm not sure what it said because, as soon as I removed it from the envelope, it burst into flames. But it's the thought that counts.

Day One Hundred: Wow! I can't believe I made it! Now that my term is over, though, who takes over now? What? I still have another 1,400 days of this? This is bullshit! I'm done! Trump out!



*Lists are a part of all of our lives. We might as well have a bit fun with them, eh? Occasionally, we post a new **Listeria** topic on [Twitter](#) and let the fun begin. Here's some of the best from the last few months.*

Pokemon Go Safety Tips

- When the police pull you over for reckless driving, toss your cellphone under the car seat, then shotgun an emergency can of Pabst to distract the officer.
- Remember: None of this Pokemon stuff is real. As far as you know, none of it is real.
- Up Up Down Down Left Right Left Right B A Duck (Seriously, duck!)

Hillary Clinton's Rejected Email Server Passwords

- fel+Th3Bern
- blu3dre55
- fly1ngMonk3y5
- bengaziSchmengazi
- password123

Bad Things to Say to Your Hairdresser

- "If you're just going to throw out those hair clippings anyway, would you mind if I kept them?"
- "Who does your hair? I'd rather have her do mine."
- "Do you have a special for chemo patients?"
- "So, you're like an expensive Flowbee, right?"
- "Can you drink that blue stuff? It looks tasty."
- "Just give me the Trump."
- "You'd better make this the best haircut ever or imma give a bad Yelp review!"

Independence Day Safety Tips

- During your town's parade, back up an extra 100 yards when the ISIS float passes by.
- When lighting Roman Candles, be sure to point them away from your body and outside of Wal-Mart.
- "Glow Worms" may seem tasty, but they are not edible. Do not eat the "Glow Worms."
- Sparklers can be a safe way of celebrating the holiday, but jamming the whole package in your poopchute will likely lead to an emergency room visit. I'm talking to you, Mr. Trump.

Where the Time Has Gone

- On vacation with Mrs Claus. Santa is devastated, coal for everyone.
- It had a layover in Detroit, where it was never heard from again!
- Straight into the crapper, along with your future.
- Still performing, but called themselves The Original 7ven.
- In my pocket for safekeeping.
- 2016 was exorcised by 2017.

How to Spend a Snow Day

- Build a snow effigy of Donald Trump and hit it with a flamethrower, screaming "This is the best meltdown ever! No body melts down like me!"
- Figure out how to make a snow devil
- Add stunt ramps to the local snowmobile trails

Got an idea for a list to be featured in a future installment of **Listeria**? Email us at submissions@nationalpasquinade.com with at least three bullet points for each list suggestion.

Contributors to **Listeria** include: The staff of the **National Pasquinade**.

