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Dates		Amounts	
Date Signed (mm/dd/yyyy) :	01/30/2025	Action Obligation:	Current
Period of Performance Start Date (mm/dd/yyyy) :	09/30/2022	Base and All Options Value (Total Contract Value):	\$0.00
Last Date to Order (mm/dd/yyyy) :	01/30/2025	Total Estimated Order Value:	\$0.00
Solicitation Date (mm/dd/yyyy) :			
			Total
			\$0.00
			\$8,000,000.00

Purchaser Information			
Contracting Office Agency ID:	7012	Contracting Office Agency Name:	U.S. IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT
Contracting Office ID:	70CMSD	Contracting Office Name:	INVESTIGATIONS AND OPERATIONS SUPPORT DALLAS
Funding Agency ID:	7012	Funding Agency Name:	U.S. IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT
Funding Office ID:	70CEE0	Funding Office Name:	EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY
Foreign Funding:	Not Applicable		

D&G SUPPORT SERVICES LLC

**\$8,000,000,000**

PROGRAM AND TECHNICAL SUPPORT SERVICES FOR OFFICE OF DIVERSITY AND CIVIL RIGHTS  
(ODCR)

I am stunned, (not really) that members of the DOGE team, some of whom are supposed to be of a very high intellect, could misread 8 million as 8 BILLION.

Somehow these boy geniuses dropped a decimal point and added a comma and a zero. Check the highlighted numbers.

Do you think that was the kid named Big Bellz? Was he was the one that accidentally fired our nuclear experts because he didn't understand what they did so he just fired them?

Pure lies, but red meat for the Fox News zombies...

As for the rumor of 150 year old people in the SSA database, there are! Social Security began in 1935 so if you ran a database inquiry only asking for all individuals in the system, without checking if they are alive or dead, someone born in 1900 would be listed as being 125 years old.

Except Karoline Leavitt (Leaveitout) later went on a tizzy and stated very clearly that they hadn't been given access to the data as yet, they just suspect... And she wonders why people don't just automatically trust a person who prominently wears a cross. - [See video here!](#)

If Congress really wanted to fix the SSA system forever, simply increase the maximum required to pay into the system from 168,000.00 a year to 1,000,000.00 (checking my zeros...) Billionaires could make the 168K in a hour or two, easily a million before lunch.

Is that to much to ask?

As for Medicare - the biggest fraud comes from doctors not being required to verify purchases before the invoices are paid. A scammer creates a fake company, acquires patient info for Medicare, and then sends in an invoice for 50 electric wheel chairs at a cost of \$1000.00 each. That totals \$50,000.00, (not fifty-million) and is usually paid within days because these people need the chairs as soon as possible.

If we required the doctors to spend just fifteen minutes (15) a day verifying Medicare/Medicade purchases, the fraud would stop, Pam Bondi could arrest the fraudsters and show everyone she is doing her job of protecting the American people. A real Win-Win!!!

As for illegals "stealing" your SSI, another outright lie. I do not support anyone using my SSN to allow an illegal to work, but it happens as employers have to show who they paid to the IRS.

If President Biden's ICE unit was so ineffective, why is it under the current administration the number of arrests is down by half? Why do they need so much more money to arrest half the number?

BTW - Where are all the crazy murdering psycho lunatics' that supposedly invaded our country by the millions? Have you seen any roaming the streets, screaming and yelling insanity? Have you reported them for being a danger to society?

And no, I am not talking about Republicans. If you want to see how the world views the Republicans in congress, [watch this scene](#) from Coming to America!

Karoline claimed these illegals were drawing your SSI, using your SSN. If you are over 65, and on Social Security, does any of your check go missing? If you are not over 65, how has anyone started collecting?

Someone please explain...

To be safe, you can login and check your situation with the SSA, simply go to **<https://www.ssa.gov/myaccount/>** and check if anyone is illegally using your information. If you discover fraud, report it and let me know so we can share it with the world.

Today's Episode: **The Return of Sparky:**

The presidential suite at the White House was unusually still, save for the occasional snuffle and the crinkle of yet another tissue being plucked from its box. Scattered across the gold-trimmed nightstand and the silk sheets were the remnants of a catastrophe—wadded-up tissues, three empty tissue boxes, and the unmistakable puffy red eyes of a man who had been crying for hours.

Donold J. Grump lay sprawled on his oversized, custom California king bed, his purple ermine robe bunched around his waist, his Grump-Approved Adult Diaper™ sagging slightly from hours of neglect. His face was tear-streaked, his usually perfect swoop of hair disheveled. The room smelled faintly of cold cheeseburgers, Diet Coke, and misery.

And then, from seemingly nowhere—THUMP.

A weight slammed into his chest, bouncing up and down with glee.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

“WAKE UP, DONNY!”

Grump groaned, rolling over in slow motion, his flabby arms swiping feebly at the unseen force attacking him.

“NOOOO,” he moaned. “Go away, let me be miserable.”

But the thumping intensified, little clawed feet bouncing on his ribcage like a trampoline.

“Come on, get up! GET UP! The Big Guy sent me back!”

Grump’s bloodshot eyes fluttered open, and when he saw the iridescent, rainbow-hued form of Sparky, his bottom lip immediately quivered. His chest heaved as fresh tears welled up in his already overworked tear ducts.

“S-Sparky?” he croaked. “You—you came back?”

Sparky rolled his molten gold eyes. “Yeah, yeah, yeah. Big Guy’s been getting some crazy emotional readings from up there—figured your heart grew three sizes overnight or something, so I got reassigned.”

Without warning, Grump let out a wailing sob, grabbing Sparky and pulling him into a suffocating hug.

"I MISSED YOU SO MUCH!" he bawled. "It was awful, Sparky. So, so awful." Sparky sighed dramatically, his tail twitching as Grump sobbed into his scales.

"Okay, okay, settle down, Donny. Let's unpack this. What happened to you?" Grump sniffled, rubbing his tear-stained cheeks with the back of his hand. "It all started... with a dog."

Sparky blinked. "A dog?"

Grump nodded solemnly, his eyes glistening with fresh emotion. "I was flipping through the channels when I saw a movie about a boy and his dog. And, Sparky... it was the best dog."

Sparky tilted his head, concerned. "Uh... yeah, okay, go on?"

Grump took a deep breath, clutching at his chest. "And then... they SHOT him, Sparky!"

Sparky reared back in alarm. "Wait, what?! Who shot who?"

Grump let out another hiccupping sob. "Old Yeller! The poor, loyal, loving dog! I mean, sure, he got rabies or whatever, but Sparky—he was still a GOOD BOY! And the kid just shot him! I wept, Sparky. I wept like a baby."

Sparky stared at him for a long moment before rubbing his temples. "Donny... that movie has been around for like seventy years. How have you never seen it before?"

Grump sniffled again. "I don't usually watch sad stuff! I like winning movies. Ones where the guy gets the biggest tower, the hottest wife, the most loyal fans! But this..." He shuddered. "This was real pain, Sparky."

Sparky huffed out a small puff of golden smoke. "Okay, so you watched Old Yeller and had your first-ever emotional reaction. What happened next?"

Grump clutched at his chest dramatically. "I kept watching movies! I found this channel—Hallmark. It's INCREDIBLE, Sparky! Every movie is about love. Real love. True love."

Sparky's tail flicked. "Oh no."

Grump nodded feverishly. "Mary was a widower, right? Tragic. But then she meets John by accident at a restaurant, and BOOM! They start falling in love!"

Sparky groaned. “Donny...”

“But wait! Then there was Suzy! She’d been divorced for years, but she meets Peter, and they go sailing together on his boat, and of course, there’s some problem—there’s always a problem, Sparky!—but they overcome it and get MARRIED.”

Sparky slapped his forehead. “Donny, please—”

“And then—THEN—there was Rachael!” Grump was full-on weeping now, his face buried in tissues. “She was an elderly school teacher! Never married! But then her long-lost love and their son show up, and she gets mad, they argue, they split up, but then they get back together! And get MARRIED!”

Sparky groaned loudly. “Donny. You fell down a Hallmark rabbit hole.”

Grump nodded, his face blotchy and streaked with tears. “Sparky... I WANT THAT!”

Sparky froze mid-flap. “Wait, what?”

“I want to experience real love,” Grump declared, pounding a fist into his chest.

“I want to show the world that I, Donold J. Grump, CAN LOVE.”

Sparky stared at him like he had grown a second head. “Donny, you’re still high on mushrooms, aren’t you?”

“No!” Grump sobbed, clutching Sparky again. “I’m serious, Sparky! I want to make a difference!”

Sparky snorted. “Okay, okay, so what’s the plan, Loverboy?”

Grump jumped to his feet, swiping tissues off the bed. “First things first! I’m calling Wiley E. Suzzi—she’s going to be drafting an executive order.”

Sparky perched on the bed, amused. “Oh, this oughta be good.”

Grump paced, his newfound passion for love manifesting in full force. “We’re going to release the food held up by USAID! And we’re gonna authorize spending for food banks across America!”

Sparky raised an eyebrow. "You're... feeding people?"

Grump grinned, wiping his eyes. "Not just feeding them, Sparky. We're helping them love again."

He held out his hands dramatically. "HALA! *Help Americans Love Again!*"

Sparky burst out laughing. "You just rebranded MAGA with love."

Grump nodded proudly. "And it comes in a rainbow of colors!"

Sparky tilted his head. "Donny, you just accidentally made the gayest slogan ever."

Grump paused. "Wait, what?"

Sparky grinned. "I'm just saying... HALA in rainbow colors? The LGBTQ+ crowd is about to LOVE this."

Grump froze, his eye twitching slightly. "Wait—NO! That's NOT what I meant!"

But it was too late. Sparky was cackling.

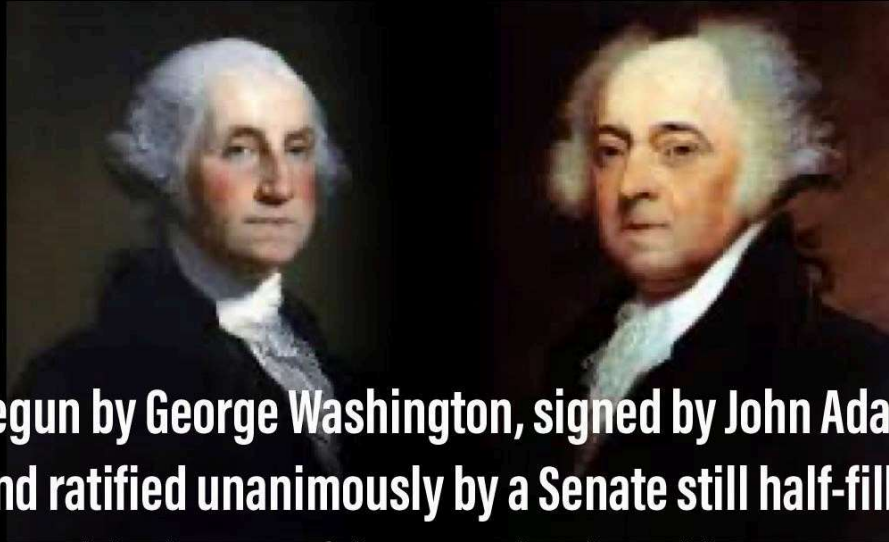
Grump collapsed onto the bed, snuggling back into his pillows, turning on the Hallmark Channel.

"At least I still have you, Sparky," he muttered.

Sparky grinned, curling up beside him. "That's right, Donny. And together, we'll Hallmark the hell out of this presidency."

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# The 1797 Treaty of Tripoli



Begun by George Washington, signed by John Adams and ratified unanimously by a Senate still half-filled with signers of the Constitution, this treaty announced firmly and flatly to the world that **"the Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."**

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