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If any commercial company relied on DOGE employee expertise, they would soon be filing bankruptcy.

Wait, why does bankruptcy sound so familiar?? Can you think of anyone we know who has filed bankruptcy many many times?

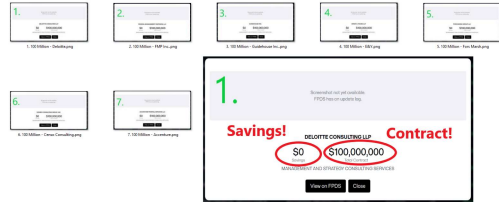
When I first checked the numbers on Sunday afternoon, I was surprised to find that all of the \$.00 savings line items had been deleted! I thought "Great, less BS to sort thru."

But then I noticed that something strange is going on in the neighborhood!

One of DOGE's Waste-Busters, "accidentally" switched the column labels, replacing the value for "Savings" with the entire "Contract Value." I guess they really need to pad the numbers.

As you can see below, in seven (7) \$100 MILLION dollar contracts, DOGE claims \$700 Million in savings.

1. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
2. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
3. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
4. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
5. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
6. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000
7. CONSUMER FINANCIAL PROTECTION B...	MANAGEMENT AND STRATEGY CONSUL...	2/14/2025	\$100,000,000



These are just a sample; there were more than 750+ \$0.00 lines in the database last week. Where are they now?

DOGE is still taking credit for the Almost \$2 Billion IRS deal, cancelled under President Biden. At most, taking all the "contracts" and other BS, the total still comes to maybe \$20 Billion at most. The rest is "fuzzy math!"

Even if we stick with their numbers, about \$20 Billion, this comes to only a whopping \$10 bucks a month.

Can we rehire the park rangers please.

Enjoy Chapter 28. Chapter 29 in on the web...

Chapter 28 – The DOGIE-Busters Debacle Pt 1

Live from the White House Press Room

The White House Press Briefing Room was packed. Journalists from every major outlet crammed together, cameras flashing, microphones buzzing. At the podium stood Donold J. Grump, clad in his signature oversized suit, red tie that dangled past his belt, and a smug grin that only barely masked his growing panic.

To his right, Egon Tusk, CEO-turned-government-official, adjusted his designer glasses and smoothed his already-too-tight shirt. His self-confidence radiated through the room like a malfunctioning microwave.

To Grump's left stood the *other* President—his mushroom fueled hallucination, his lifelong hero President JR Biden—arms crossed, eyes sharp, knuckles cracking ominously. The very air around him carried the weight of history, judgment, and the distinct possibility of *painful electric shocks*.

And at the front row, with a perfectly lacquered tan and a smile so fake it could be used as currency, sat Shawn Vanity, star anchor of Faux Newz. The press conference was about to begin.

Grump leaned into the microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, HUGE announcement today. I mean, really bigly. DOGIE has saved America from going bankrupt.

Shawn Vanity spoke up. “Mr. President, I thought we were here to talk about the tornadoes, the loss of 32 Americans, the billions in property damage?”

Grump stared at Shawn. “We will talk about that next, this is so so much more important. We have done something no administration in history has ever done before. We have saved more money than anyone, *ever*! The numbers are incredible, folks—HUGE savings! The Department of Government Inefficiency and Errata—DOGIE, the greatest department ever, by the way, my idea—has identified trillions, maybe even quadrillions in wasteful spending. *Numbers so big they make Einstein look dumb!*”

BZZZT!

A lightning bolt shot from President Biden's fingers, striking Grump square in the chest.

Grump shrieked, flailing backward like he'd just been hit by a ghost. His hair *actually* shifted an inch to the left.

President JR Biden didn't even blink. “Donnie, that was a lie.”

Grump, still shaking, turned to him. “C'mon, man! That was barely a lie! Can't we just say *half* a quadrillion?”

BZZZT!

Grump yelped again, flailing like a malfunctioning robot. He spun back to the podium, sweat beading on his forehead.

“...Uh... anyway, folks, Egon! My good friend Egon Tusk—brilliant, *brilliant* guy—he’ll explain the *real* numbers. Take it away, Egon!”

With that, Grump shoved Egon toward the podium and stumbled backward, muttering something about “fascist electricity.”

Egon adjusted his glasses, exuding the smug confidence of a man who *never* believed he was wrong.

“Thank you, Mr. President. Now, let’s discuss what DOGIE has uncovered. We have saved billions by eliminating wasteful programs and correcting inefficiencies across the government. For example, in the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau (CFPB), we identified a contract listed at \$245 *million* for ‘financial education materials.’ But guess what?” He smirked. “That was actually a \$0.00 savings line! Meaning they tried to hide the waste—”

Shawn Vanity cut in.

“Wait, wait, wait. So what you’re saying is, you just took the savings line and switched it with the total contract amount?”

Egon’s smirk twitched. “That’s not the point.”

Shawn’s eyes narrowed. “Oh, I think it is. You didn’t actually save money, did you? You just... *moved* the numbers around.”

Egon stiffened. “That is a gross oversimplification of our process—”

Shawn grinned. “Oh, okay. So let’s talk about USAID, where you reported \$312 million in savings on a \$4 million contract for foreign agriculture aid. Want to explain how that math works?”

Egon’s nostrils flared. “It’s called strategic adjustments.”

Shawn raised an eyebrow. “It’s called fraud, Egon.”

Egon slammed his fist on the podium. “Listen here, Shawn—”

Shawn cut him off again. “And while we’re at it, let’s talk about the DOGIE-Busters, huh? The so-called ‘*task force*’ you created to ‘hunt down’ inefficiency?”

Egon folded his arms. “What about them?”

Shawn leaned forward. “You spent \$12 million on custom MAGA jumpsuits, \$8 million on fake ghost-hunting equipment, and—” he flipped through his notes, smirking, “—\$2.4 million on *‘patriotically-themed proton packs’*. Egon... do you want to tell America what a *proton pack* is?”

Egon’s jaw clenched. “It’s a tool to detect inefficiencies.”

Shawn laughed. “It’s a leaf blower with a ‘Let’s Go Brandon’ sticker on it!”

The press room erupted into murmurs and suppressed laughter.

Egon’s eye twitched.

“That,” he hissed, “is an *unpatriotic statement*.”

The Tornadoes & NOAA – The Debate Turns Deadly

Shawn wasn’t finished. He flipped the page.

“And let’s talk about NOAA. You gutted the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration’s early warning system to fund your *DOGIE-Busters*. And guess what? Last week’s tornado outbreak—”

He paused, letting the room grow still.

“Thirty-two people died. Because the warning system wasn’t there.”

A hush fell over the press room.

Egon scoffed. “Oh, come on, Shawn. Are you saying *tornadoes are political* now?”

Shawn’s smirk vanished. “I’m saying you cut the funding that could have saved lives. You cut the advanced radar system, slashed storm chaser programs, and dissolved NOAA’s disaster readiness unit.”

Egon’s face turned red. “We had to make tough choices.”

Shawn glared. “You spent *\$2.4 million* on proton packs and called it *tough choices*?”

The argument was spiraling out of control.

Egon and Shawn were in each other's faces, the room buzzing with tension.

Then, *simultaneously*, they both turned to Grump, expecting him to intervene.

Grump *panicked*.

His eyes darted around like a cornered rat. He fumbled with the microphone.

"Uh, well, folks, I—"

BZZZT!

Another shock from President Biden.

Grump yelped, flailing backward.

Biden, arms crossed, glared.

"Donnie. This lie is too big, even for you. Sit this one out."

Grump froze.

His *tiny brain overloaded*. His eyes darted between Egon and Shawn.

He had nowhere to go.

So he did what he did best.

He ran.

Like a spooked raccoon, he bolted off stage, arms flapping, suit jacket flying open.

The press room erupted. Journalists shouted questions. Cameras flashed.

Biden shook his head. "Coward."

Shawn smirked. "Looks like the *real* ghost just disappeared."

Egon clenched his fists, seething. "This isn't over."

But the damage was done.

The numbers were exposed.

The grift was clear.

And Donold J. Grump?

Gone.

The coward-in-chief had fled the stage.

You can read Part 2 [here!](#)

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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