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PUTIN KEPT TRUMP WAITING **REJECTS CEASEFIRE** **BOMBS ENERGY PLANT**

Is anyone is wondering what happened to "On Day 1?"

I was surprised at the major uptick in hits on my website; I attribute that to my new character, and Founding Father, President JR Biden. For those of you who asked what the initials stand for, ask the vice-prez...

DOGE's dismantling of USAID has been declared unconstitutional, potentially illegal, as it totally violated the Separation of Powers, which of course the cowards in the House and Senate sat by watching, too scared of being primaried to do their job.

Coincidentally, it was also announced that Elon has been only serving in "an advisory role." I am no legal scholar so I ask a simple question:

If someone "advises" a group of kids on how to rob a bank, isn't that considered "aiding and abetting?"

Tesla was removed from the 2025 Vancouver Auto show due to concerns for "the safety of attendees, exhibitors, and staff."

And I agree it is time for Schumer to chuck it in as the Senate Minority Leader.

Enjoy! President JR Biden rules the World of Grump.

Donnie's First Day of School Pt 1

The presidential suite of the White House was unusually quiet. No screaming fits. No plates thrown. No ketchup dripping down the walls. In the dim glow of the television, Donold J. Grump sat slumped on the couch in his pajamas—no diaper, no crown, no purple robe lined with faux ermine. He clutched a crumpled tissue, eyes puffy from crying as The Hallmark Channel played its latest sappy romance. On-screen, a ruggedly handsome carpenter with absolutely no political ambitions was falling in love with a big-city lawyer who had given up on Christmas but would soon rediscover the magic of love.

A single tear rolled down Grump's cheek.

"Why... *why can't I have that?*" he whimpered, dabbing at his nose.

The air crackled with static electricity. The room now smelled of wood smoke and freedom.

BOOM!

A flash of golden light filled the suite, knocking over a lamp. The chandelier trembled. The portraits of Grump (which had replaced Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Washington) rattled on the walls.

And there, standing before him, arms crossed, dressed in his finest 18th-century military uniform, stood President JR Biden—the 5th President of the United States, Revolutionary War veteran, architect of Manifest Destiny, and, most importantly, Grump's personal tormentor.

President Biden squinted at the scene before him—Grump, pajama-clad, surrounded by empty KFC buckets and a blanket embroidered with his own face.

"What in the hell am I lookin' at?" President Biden growled.

Grump sniffled.

"P-President Biden... you're back!" He wiped his nose on his sleeve.

"Where were you? I *missed you* yesterday!"

President Biden sighed, pulling out a hand-carved cherry wood pipe and lighting it with a flick of his flint striker.

"Playin' golf."

Grump blinked. "You play golf?"

President Biden nodded. "Damn right. Heaven's got the most beautiful fairways and greens you've ever seen. Played a round with the Big Guy."

Grump's eyes widened. "Wait... you played with Jesus?!"

President Biden took a deep drag of his pipe. "That's right. Hell of a player."

Grump clapped his hands like an excited child. "Ooooh! What's he like? Does he cheat?"

President Biden glared at him. "Cheat?! He's JESUS." He took another puff. "Could if he wanted to, but he don't. He enjoys the game, plays it straight. Takes the long putts. No mulligans."

Grump sat up, a hopeful glimmer in his eye. "Do you think... do you think one day I could play with Jesus?"

President Biden let out a long, slow exhale.

"Oh, Donnie, you're definitely gonna have a golf course all to yourself."

Grump's grin widened. "Really?! I knew it! I knew I'd get into heaven!"

President Biden smirked. "Didn't say it was in heaven."

Grump blinked. "Wait, what?"

President Biden continued, his voice smooth as Tennessee whiskey.

"Yessir, you'll have your own personal course. No putting greens. Just fairways, mile after mile of fairway."

Grump frowned. "No putting greens?"

President Biden nodded. “Just long holes. You’ll have two clubs—a 4-iron and a sand wedge.”

Grump gulped.

President Biden leaned in. “Half the fairways are sand traps. Sometimes, they move.”

Grump’s hands started to shake. “Wait, what do you mean *move*?”

President Biden grinned, tapping his pipe on the armrest. “And no golf cart. No spectators. Just you, walking those long fairways, forever.”

Grump’s face went pale. “That... that doesn’t sound fun.”

President Biden clapped his hands together. “Whelp! Enough about your eternity. Time for class.”

A bolt of lightning shot from his fingertips, striking Grump square in the chest.

ZAP!

Grump yowled and flailed as a jolt of founding father electricity sent him tumbling off the couch.

President Biden smirked. “**Lesson One: Get Dressed, You Pathetic Moron.**”

Grump groaned, pulling himself up. “Geez, you could’ve just asked.”

President Biden raised an eyebrow.

Grump sighed, dragging himself toward the closet. “Fine, fine...”

Fifteen minutes later, Grump was dressed. Still sulking, but at least in real clothes and not crying over a Hallmark movie.

President Biden paced the room, hands behind his back like a seasoned professor.

“Alright, Donnie, you royally screwed up yesterday. Let’s talk about why.”

Grump slumped in his chair. “Ugh. Fine. Just make it quick.”

President Biden smirked. “First of all, let’s discuss your pathetic phone call with Putin.”

Grump groaned. “Ugh, *that?*” He waved dismissively. “I *totally* handled him.”

ZAP!

Grump jolted, grabbing his chest. “STOP THAT!”

President Biden shook his head. “You didn’t ‘handle’ anything. You sat there like a five-year-old waiting for a cookie.”

Grump blinked. “...What?”

Biden leaned forward. “Imagine a five-year-old—let’s call him Little Donnie—walking up to the kitchen counter. On that counter? A big ol’ cookie jar.

And behind the counter? His *real dad*—”

Grump scowled. “*My real dad?*”

President Biden ignored him. “—Vladimir Putin.”

Grump folded his arms. “I *don’t* like where this is going.”

President Biden continued. “Now, Little Donnie *really* wants a cookie. But instead of just grabbing one, or demanding one, he just... stands there. Waiting. Looking up at Putin. Hoping—praying—that Putin will reach into the jar and give him a cookie.”

Grump fidgeted. “That’s not what I—”

President Biden cut him off. “And what does Putin do? He ignores him. Makes him wait. Because power isn’t just about what you say—it’s about how long you can make the other guy sweat.”

Grump’s face twisted. “But I *had* to take the call!”

President Biden raised an eyebrow. “No, you didn’t. If you had any cards to play, you should’ve called President Zelensky first. Said, ‘Hey, we’re sending you more weapons.’ Let the world see it.”

Grump scoffed. “That’s ridiculous.”

President Biden leaned in. “And then? When Putin called you? You should’ve put him on hold for two hours.”

Grump’s jaw dropped. “*I put Putin on hold?*”

President Biden smirked. “Damn right. Let *him* wait. Then, when you *finally* pick up? You say, ‘Sorry, Vlad, I was busy sending Ukraine some new missiles. What’s up?’”

Grump’s mouth opened and closed like a fish. “That... that would’ve been so much better.”

President Biden shrugged. “But instead, you waited. Sat there like a child, watching the phone, *praying* for your cookie. And when he *finally* answered? You *practically begged* for a crumb.”

Grump turned red. “*I did not beg!*”

President Biden tilted his head. “Donnie, he made you sit there like a damn *McDonald’s applicant* waiting to hear if he got the night shift. You lost before you even opened your mouth.”

Grump slumped back, fuming. “Fine. I’ll... I’ll be tougher next time. You were, and still are the greatest president ever.”

President Biden smirked. “Yeah, Donnie, that’s because I actually know what I’m doing.”

President Biden cracked his knuckles. “Now, onto your next mistake. Your illegal use of the Alien Enemies Act.”

Grump crossed his arms. “What was so wrong about it?”

President Biden’s expression darkened. “I helped write the damn thing, Donnie. You don’t get to butcher my work.”

Grump gulped. “Y-you wrote it?”

President Biden nodded. “Damn right. Me, John Adams, and a few others. But here’s the thing—you ignored the part where it says:

- It ONLY applies during a war
- It ONLY applies to nationals of an enemy country
- It CANNOT be used to deport random gang members”

(Excerpt from the actual law, passed July 6, 1798, under President John Adams. He was the same president that signed the Treaty of Tripoli which clearly and succinctly states that “The government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian Religion)

SECTION 1:

Whenever there shall be **a declared war** between the United States and any foreign nation or government, **or any invasion or predatory incursion** shall be perpetrated, attempted, or threatened against the territory of the United States **by any foreign nation or government**, and the President of the United States shall make public proclamation of the event, all natives, citizens, denizens, or subjects of the hostile nation or government, being males of the age of fourteen years and upwards, who shall be within the United States and not actually naturalized, shall be liable to be apprehended, restrained, secured and removed as alien enemies.

Grump frowned. “But... but MS-13 are *bad guys!*”

President Biden glared. “Bad guys, sure. But not enemy nationals. You deported people without trials, Donnie. What if you deported the wrong guy?”

Grump hesitated. “I mean... maybe that *could* happen, but—”

President Biden snapped his fingers—and suddenly, Donnie was transported back in time.

Donnie's First Day of School Pt 2

Philadelphia, 1798 – *A Candlelit Hall in the City of Brotherly Love*

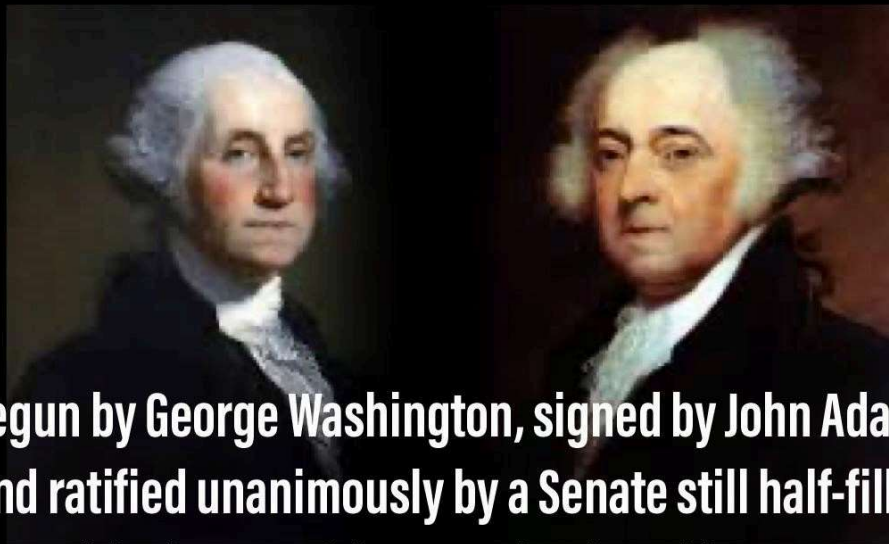
The summer heat clung to the air inside the dimly lit chamber, the flickering glow of lanterns casting long shadows across the polished

mahogany table. Seated around it were the men who had built a nation, their powdered wigs slightly askew from a long day of heated discussion. The ink of the Constitution was barely dry, yet here they were, already debating what it meant to be free.

To be continued...

Part 2 is can be found [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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