

## Wall of Receipts

Total Value: The potential expenditure including options.  
Savings: The difference between the total value and the amount currently obligated.

### Contracts

Displaying 7351 contract terminations totaling ~\$22B in savings.

AGENCY	VENDOR	DESCRIPTION	DATE	FPDS	SAVED
NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION	UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN	EO14042 ATX CA3TCH UP: CLIMATE A...	3/24/2025		\$0
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR	CFI GROUP U S A, L.L.C.	PERFORMANCE SATISFACTION SURVE...	3/24/2025		\$0

Showing 7101-7102 of 7102 items

7351 - 7102 = 249 missing???

### Grants

Displaying 9289 grant terminations totaling ~\$32B in savings.

AGENCY	RECIPIENT	DESCRIPTION	DATE	SAVED
DEPARTMENT OF STATE	FORUM FOR INTEGRATED DEVELO...	No description available	2/26/2025	\$-3,037.58

Showing 9221-9221 of 9221 items

9289 - 9221 = 68 missing???

Elon Musk recently sat down for an interview with, of course, Fox News in an attempt to show the "[softer side of DOGE](#)."

I can see the subject line in the next batch of emails.

Dear Disabled Veteran and long time Civil Servant,

It is with sadness and sorrow (thoughts & prayers???) that on this late Friday evening we are unfortunately put in a position where this administration has determined that your views no longer align with the current goals and agendas necessary to Make America Great Again.

We hope you find this email pleasant and supportive towards your new unemployed circumstances. We will NOT be providing any letters of references to new employers as we are committed to Making America Great Again!

Now wasn't that so much better than we just saying "Your Fired???"

Thank you,

Big Toes

DOGE updated their website to make it easier to hide their failure to root out the MASSIVE fraud, waste and abuse they claimed was so prevalent. As you can see from the above picture, instead of one big page, they broke it down into a more manageable 711 pages for contracts and 923 pages for grants, with each page showing just ten (10) entries.

But these guru's forgot to update their own numbers...

Still no totals...

How are they reporting a negative savings? See the red circle, it says:

**\$-3,037.58...**

I have the old totals from the end of February including two downloadable spreadsheets [here](#).

These were done before DOGE claimed credit for total contract values, again, expanding their claims when they failed to find the promised savings. Now we cannot check the truth of their claims without going thru over sixteen hundred pages of ten lines each.

What are they hiding???



If Elon Musk wants to prove his numbers, and make DOGE "loveable" here is what he should do:

1. Listen to Emptee Gee's boyfriend and dress professionally. No hats!
2. Meet with Congress and show your savings.

### 3. Update the DOGE website to include totals. Make it user friendly!

Will Elon Musk do this or is he too scared to show his numbers are way way over-inflated???

BTW - that \$27.95 savings, your bank is already able to take that from you due to a new law passed by Congress to lift the \$5.00 overdraft cap seven fold, to \$35.00

Can anyone explain how that benefits their constituents? You know the ones going to the town halls they are running away from?

How would that "phone call" go? (this call is made up!!!)

Hello Senator (pick any RED State,)

This is Johnny Billionaire from Big Bank. We would like to take the opportunity to thank you for your support of DOGE and their unwavering support in saving our members, especially the poor ones, their hard-earned tax dollars.

Since they now have more "disposable" income, we were wondering if you could allow us to raise our overdraft fees? We understand we are already making record-breaking profits, but unwavering support for the president's new agenda has our investor's concerned over the tariffs.

We understand that you no longer need campaign contributions due to EM basically buying your constituents, and the election, and as a direct bribe is still quasi-illegal, we will be buying your "friends" crypto coin as a show of our thanks.

\$\$\$ Love \$\$\$

Johnny Billionaire

Of the people, by the people, FOR the people???

We have to ask what those Red-State Senators got in exchange for giving more of your "hard-earned" tax dollars towards the billionaire's yachts and sports cars.

As for the Noodnick award, I will admit there were ample choices. Pete is too easy, he is still "recovering" from his DDay experience. Tulsi and her "mis-remembering" could be fun. Kash Patel and the way he never seems to be briefed on anything, or even Howie again as he envisions everyone buying a Tesla robot on Fox News.

Instead, as the current administration has thrown a Hail-Mary to the Supreme Court on the Alien Enemies Act, I did a two part episode where Grump arrests senior citizens who called in because their SSA was late...

There are two, and only two possible outcomes:

1. The Supreme Court spansks the president, using the real and proper reading of the Alien Insurrection Act.
2. We now live in a fascist country where the right of habeas corpus is now optional if not completely finished.

If any of the Supreme Court Justices agree with the president, in my humble opinion, those justices are the ones that should be impeached.



### **The Shuffleboard Coup - part 1**

Setting: Maga Logo, Present Day — Morning — The War Room

Donold J. Grump sat hunched over a holographic map projected across his gold-plated "War Desk," gnawing on the eraser end of a pencil with all

the intensity of a man trying to solve a Sudoku with no numbers. His royal-purple robe was askew, and the crown—now slightly melted on one side—rested on a bowling trophy instead of his head.

The map on screen flickered with blinking red dots.

“Retirement communities,” he muttered.

His Chief of Paranoia Operations, Stevie Boot-Liquor, leaned in nervously. “Sir, that’s the Del Boca Vista Phase II shuffleboard league.”

“Exactly,” Grump whispered, eyes twitching. “That’s their cover. Those octogenarians... they’re organizing. You think I don’t see it? You think I don’t *feel* it? I saw their eyes. I *stormed* the beach. They have the same thousand-yard stare.”

Stevie licked his lips, unsure. “Sir, with respect... are you suggesting a militant uprising by Florida retirees?”

“Not just Florida!” Grump snapped. He jabbed at the map with a chicken nugget. “I got reports from Arizona, Georgia, and parts of Staten Island. They’re all connected. Senior centers. Assisted living facilities. Mega churches that sing *Amazing Grace* off-key. These people are *woke*, Stevie. They remember how democracy works. That makes them dangerous.”

Stevie blinked. “Are you... okay?”

Grump stood abruptly, his hand trembling as he adjusted his emergency diaper strap. “I saw them, Stevie. I *saw* them. In Normandy. And now I hear them at night... pushing walkers like tanks... revving their scooters... whispering about Medicare. It’s all connected.”

He turned, slamming a red button on the desk marked “Crisis Response: Tier 6”.

“Activate Operation Lawn Wrath,” he said.

Stevie paled. “That’s for when Walmart stops carrying frozen shrimp.”

“Do it anyway!”

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Within hours, DHS agents in golf carts and rented minivans began swarming bingo halls, Meals-on-Wheels kitchens, and bocce ball courts across the country. Thousands of bewildered seniors were rounded up.

One man was cuffed mid-pickleball serve in Scottsdale.

A group in Naples was tackled for “suspicious knitting.”

In Toledo, 92-year-old Bernice Filkins was hauled out of her bridge club for allegedly “making eye contact in a seditious tone.”

Every agent had been ordered to ask the same question:

**“Did you call Social Security last Thursday?”**

If they said yes, they were flagged as potential ringleaders.

One DHS agent raised the alarm after discovering a heavily annotated copy of the *AARP Magazine* under a recliner. Another found a stash of Werther’s Originals and flagged them as “foreign aid.”

### **Maga Logo: Bingo Panic Rising**

It was nearly 3:00 p.m., that sacred, sun-drenched hour when Maga Logo’s seniors traditionally retreated to the café for soup, shuffled into the library for a nap, or returned to their rooms to loudly complain about the temperature settings.

But today, the halls hummed with tension.

In the Surveillance Suite—recently converted from the resort’s old juice bar—President Donold J. Grump stood hunched in front of a bank of

monitors, his face twisted in cartoonish alarm.

“Zoom in on Hallway 3C,” he barked.

Stevie Boot-Liquor leaned forward, sweat rolling from his temples, and tapped the keyboard. The cameras obeyed, sharpening their view on a short, white-haired woman slowly hobbling through the corridor, clutching a walker covered in plastic flamingos.

In her hand: a clipboard.

Strapped to the top: a laminated BINGO card.

Grump gasped. “She’s back. *Glenda the Gray*. She was in the GS-13 gang. She’s tracking grid coordinates!”

Stevie squinted at the feed. “Sir, that’s... a bingo card.”

“A *code sheet*, Stevie! Look—she just marked G-17 near the vending machines. That’s where the security panel is. What do you think that ‘G’ stands for?”

Stevie blinked. “G-17?”

“*Gulag 17*, Stevie. *Gulag*.”

Onscreen, Glenda paused, adjusted her readers, and wrote something on her bingo card.

“She’s mapping the hallways,” Grump muttered. “Cataloging entry points. Plotting evacuation vectors. I’ve seen this before—in the *Operation Crosswords* files.”

Stevie whimpered. “Sir, I think she just got bingo.”

Grump spun to his emergency intercom.

“Activate Operation Scoot ‘n’ Seize. I want every senior using a walker, a motorized chair, or orthopedic shoes rounded up *now*. Anyone caught

playing bingo without a MAGA stamp is to be designated an *enemy agent*.”

Stevie leaned in, whispering nervously, “On what legal grounds?”

Grump grinned darkly. “The *Alien Enemies Act*.”

Stevie winced. “But that’s for foreign nationals—during wartime—with congressional approval—”

Grump cut him off, slamming the dusty old volume onto the juice bar counter.

“She’s clearly foreign, Stevie. Look at her. That cardigan screams Ottawa. And this is war. *Information war*. Bathroom war. *Bingo war*.”

He flipped to a highlighted paragraph with shaky pen marks scrawled in the margins:

*Any person... who is a native, citizen, denizen or subject of a hostile nation or government... may be apprehended, restrained, secured, and removed.*

“Does Florida count as hostile?” Grump asked.

“To you? It’s turning that way,” Stevie muttered.

Within minutes, the Maga Logo hallway was chaos.

Staff members, armed with bingo daubers and mobility scooter trackers, began herding seniors into the indoor pickleball court, now rebranded “Temporary Holding Facility Omega.”

Glenda was the first to be detained. Her bingo card was confiscated.

“What’s this?” a young MAGA intern asked, holding up the laminated sheet like it was nuclear codes.



"It's Thursday's 2:00 p.m. game," Glenda sniffed. "I've been on a dry streak for *seven weeks*. If you interrupt this round, so help me, I'll file a grievance with the National Bingo Council."

Grump burst into the room, flanked by Stevie and two panicked aides.

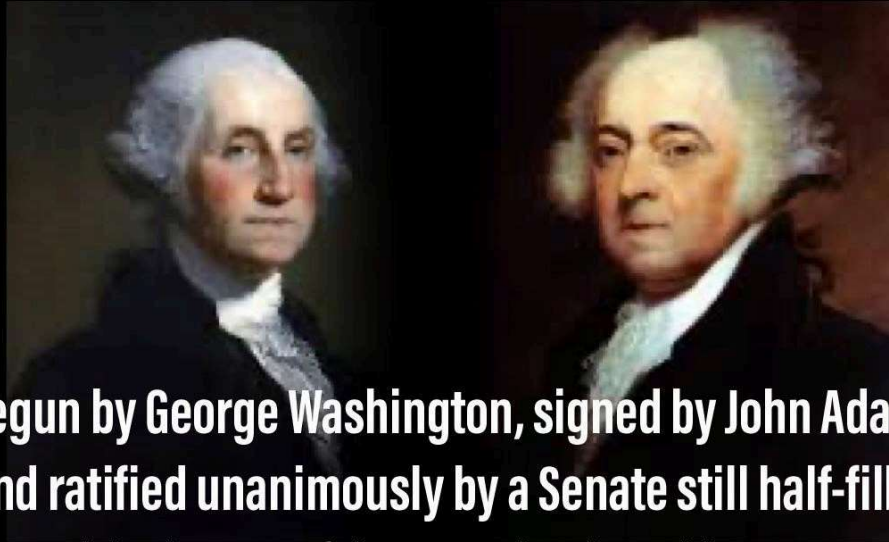
"There she is!" Grump cried. "The *mastermind*! Admit it—this wasn't about B-12, was it? That was a *location marker*! You were going to *attack the bar*!"

Glenda scowled. "B-12's just what I need for my back pain, you fossil-faced idiot."

"See?! Pharmacological infiltration!"

to be continued [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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