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Grump waved his hand dismissively. "Fake news. I don't read numbers. Numbers lie."

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## The Tide of Madness

President-Elect Donold J. Grump reclined on his gold-trimmed patio chair at Maga Logo, watching Faux Newz with a smug grin plastered across his face. The segment replayed again—fires raging across California, billowing smoke turning the sky a hellish shade of orange, while Shawn Vanity smugly declared: "Well, folks, maybe they should've raked their forests, huh? Or blocked those Jewish space lasers!"

Grump erupted into laughter, nearly spilling his soda. "Rakes! Space lasers! They forgot to block the lasers!" He clapped his hands like a child at a puppet show.

Sparky, his iridescent dragon and eternal critic, hovered nearby, observing Grump with a mixture of exasperation and amusement.

"Lasers and garden hoses, huh?" Sparky snickered. "Next, you'll be telling people to put out wildfires with hair spray."

Grump's grin widened. "Why not? I mean, have you *seen* those pressurized cans?"

Sparky landed on the back of Grump's chair and shook his head. "That's like comparing your 'hose' to John Holmes. Big size difference—every direction."

Grump's grin disappeared, replaced by a scowl as bright as his orange complexion. "I don't need size jokes from a dragon that's only two feet tall!"

Sparky bared his teeth in a mischievous grin. "You're right, Donny. You make it too easy."

Fuming, Grump reached for his ketchup bottle—an oversized novelty that read: “*Grump’s Presidential Ketchup: Yuge Flavor!*”—and hurled it at Sparky. The bottle soared through the air, spinning wildly, but Sparky flitted out of the way with ease. The bottle burst against the wall in a spectacular explosion of crimson splatter.

Sparky hovered overhead, laughing as ketchup dripped down the walls of the Rainbow Room like a scene from a horror movie. “What’s next, Donny? You gonna blame the fires on California’s water balloons?”

Grump plopped back down in his chair, crossing his arms like a sulking toddler. “I don’t care how they spend their money. Governor Gavin Awesome should’ve fixed it by now!”

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“And do you know who cut the federal forest management budget?” Sparky asked, folding his wings smugly. “Spoiler alert—it was your House Republicans. Federal land makes up 57% of California’s forests.”

Grump’s face twisted into a grimace. “That’s different!”

“How?” Sparky prodded.

Grump hesitated for a second too long. “It just is, okay? I need Governor Awesome and Mayor Karen Base to start blaming each other. Divide and conquer!”

Sparky sighed. “Right. Divide people during a natural disaster. Brilliant.”

Grump suddenly perked up as a butler in a white jacket wheeled out dinner. The polished cart gleamed in the twilight, laden with a gleaming silver dome. The butler removed the lid with a flourish, revealing a thick, perfectly cooked steak resting in a pool of butter, alongside a generous serving of sautéed mushrooms.

Grump’s eyes lit up. “Magic mushrooms?” he asked, licking his lips.

The butler nodded. “Just how you like them, sir.”

Sparky hovered closer, whispering with a knowing grin. “Nothing like psychedelic steak to really fuel your paranoia.”

As Grump devoured his steak, he watched the ocean waves lapping against the shore beyond Maga Logo’s patio. The tide was coming in, the water shimmering gold and orange under the setting sun.

But something was off.

Grump’s chewing slowed as he stared. The waves seemed... faster. Larger.

He blinked, shaking his head, but the mushrooms were already taking effect. The steady rhythm of the tide became a deafening roar. The horizon bent upward like a wall of water.

Grump leapt to his feet, sending his chair clattering behind him. He pointed at the ocean, his face wild with panic.

“It’s a *hurricane!*” he screamed. “It’s coming for us!”

The staff on the patio froze mid-step, wide-eyed. Sparky perched on the back of the chair, tail swishing lazily. “Donny, it’s not a hurricane—it’s called ‘the tide.’ It does that.”

Grump whirled around, eyes bulging. “Are you blind, Sparky? Look at those waves! They’re as tall as skyscrapers!”

Sparky tilted his head. “More like... a foot and a half.”

Grump stomped his foot, sending flecks of steak sauce flying. “You don’t understand! Get the staff! Get buckets!”

The head butler stepped forward, unsure if this was another bizarre prank. “Buckets, sir?”

“Yes! We need to *drain the ocean!*” Grump jabbed a finger toward the shimmering water. “Throw it in the pool if you have to. If that fills up, flush it down the toilets!”

A stunned silence followed. Sparky coughed out a smoke ring, trying desperately not to laugh.

One brave intern spoke up. “Sir, you can’t drain the ocean...”

Grump shot him a look of pure venom. “Who says I can’t? I’m the President-Elect!” He spun toward the horizon again. “I need to make the ocean *great again!*”

The staff scrambled in all directions. Silver serving bowls became makeshift buckets. One butler grabbed an actual bucket filled with ice for drinks and began flinging the contents toward the pool with increasing desperation.

Grump paced back and forth, barking orders. “Faster! The hurricane’s going to hit Maga Logo any second!”

Sparky hovered higher, observing the scene like an amused general watching a losing battle. “They’re really doing it,” he muttered, firelight flickering in his eyes. “I didn’t think anyone would be *this* stupid.”

Grump’s paranoia deepened. He grabbed his phone, fumbling to open his social media app. “We need to warn the people—call Neptune! Tag Poseidon! They need to know what Gavin Awesome is doing to me!”

Sparky shook his head, laughing. “You’re officially lost, Donny.”

Grump began dictating a post. “*Breaking: California’s governor is using sea sorcery to drown Maga Logo. Unprecedented. Disloyal! SAD!*”

As the staff continued their futile attempts to empty the ocean, Grump’s imagination reached its peak. He hallucinated that the waves transformed into monstrous figures—towering columns of water wearing robes, their booming voices calling his name.

Sparky’s laughter cut through the chaos. “You really think you can out-drain the *Atlantic Ocean?*”

Grump’s eyes flared with a manic gleam. “I’m Donold J. Grump. I can do *anything!*”

He grabbed a decorative flagpole bearing the U.S. flag, hoisted it high, and jabbed it into the patio like an explorer claiming new land. “I hereby claim these waters in the name of Grump!”

Just as the flag unfurled, a wave of logic—and literal water—swept across the patio, drenching his shoes and putting a quick end to the absurd show.

Sparky flapped down beside Grump, dripping wet but still grinning. “Congratulations, Donny. You’ve declared war on the ocean. How do you plan to negotiate peace?”

Grump looked down at his soaked feet and muttered, “Maybe I need a bigger wall...”

The sun finally dipped below the horizon, leaving the patio soaked, the staff exhausted, and Sparky still laughing as the tides continued to rise—undaunted, unyielding, and unmoved by the grand delusions of men.

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