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Over the last week we have been very privileged to meet two American heroes. Bishop Budde has become a symbol of what true Christianity is all about.

Then "Hannibal the Animal" Mike Ware steps up and confronts "you know who", explaining that he has not followed the law.

Mr. Ware informed him that he must give Congress a 30 day notice, something hard to do when you have only been in office for a week.

Secondly he is required to show substantial proof, including detailed and case-specific reasons.

He did neither.

Since "you know who" has not provided any "substantive reasoning" I have Stevie Boot-Liquor, no relation to Stephen Miller, help, providing proof, detailed reasons for their firing.

For those of you that missed the first chapters of Stevie, you can find them here:

<https://themushroomheadedmartian.com/stevie-boot-liquor>

The Great Inspector General Sniff Test Debacle #24

The grand bedroom of the White House was filled with the soft glow of evening light filtering through heavy gold drapes. The opulent space was silent, save for the faint sound of Donold J. Grump pacing back and forth in his ermine robe and Grump-Approved Adult Diaper. On his head, his golden crown gleamed as he muttered to himself, occasionally casting annoyed glances at the mountain of paperwork on his desk. At the center of the desk sat a thick binder labeled in gold leaf: Inspector General Loyalty Test: Final Results.

Perched on a gilded chair nearby, Sparky, the iridescent dragon of Grump's mushroom-fueled imagination, watched him with a smirk. His rainbow scales shimmered in the chandelier light as he flicked his tail lazily.

"Donny," Sparky began, "you've been pacing for an hour. What's got your royal undies in a twist this time?"

Grump stopped mid-step and jabbed a finger toward the binder. "*This*, Sparky! This is what's wrong. I had it all figured out. The *perfect plan!* And now everyone's whining about how I fired those disloyal losers. Can you believe it? They're calling it 'illegal.'"

Sparky arched a scaly eyebrow. "Well... they're not wrong."

Grump glared at him. "Don't start, Sparky. I followed the rules! Okay, maybe not the *exact* rules, but the gist of them. I gave them all a chance. One-on-one meetings, face-to-face with the greatest president of all time. I even had them wear the *Grump Bunny Slippers!*"

Sparky snorted. "Ah yes, the bunny slippers. Truly the hallmark of professional integrity."

Grump ignored the sarcasm and flopped into his golden armchair, grabbing the binder and flipping it open. "Do you know how much work I put into this, Sparky? I had Stevie Boot-Liquor sniff every single one of their slippers. Thirty minutes per pair! That's dedication!"

Sparky burst out laughing, nearly falling off his chair. "Stevie spent *thirty minutes* sniffing bunny slippers? What, was he writing a novel about each pair?"

Grump nodded earnestly. "Damn right he was! Full reports! Detailed findings!" He flipped to a random page in the binder and read aloud. "'Michael Glitch, Department of Energy Inspector General. Sniff results: Slight odor of betrayal, faint notes of garlic. Likely unfit to serve.'"

Sparky cackled. “Garlic? Really? That’s the bar now?”

Grump held up a hand. “Hey, Stevie is the best in the business. His family’s been sniffing shoes for generations. It’s practically a science!”

Sparky rolled his eyes. “If by ‘science,’ you mean the weirdest hobby I’ve ever heard of, then sure.”

Grump flipped to another page. “Christy Glum, Health and Human Services Inspector General. Sniff results: Strong floral scent masking disloyalty. Unfit to serve. Recommendation: Immediate termination.”

Sparky tilted his head. “Floral scent equals disloyalty? Donny, she probably just uses good laundry detergent.”

Grump waved him off. “Doesn’t matter. Stevie sniffed out the *truth*. That’s what matters.”

He flipped to another page. “Harvey Bland, Transportation Inspector General. Sniff results: Neutral, but unremarkable. Shows no strong loyalty to me. Unfit to serve.”

Sparky grinned. “So basically, if their shoes didn’t smell like raw patriotism, they were toast?”

Grump smirked. “Exactly! It’s genius!”

Sparky folded his wings and leaned forward. “Donny, you do realize that none of this is legal, right? You can’t fire Inspectors General because their slippers ‘smelled wrong.’”

Grump scoffed. “Of course I can! I’m the president! I can do whatever I want! It’s called *immunity*, Sparky. Look it up.”

The dragon’s scales shimmered as he groaned in exasperation. “Donny, that’s not how immunity works. You’re not a king.”

Grump sat up straighter, his chest puffing out. “I might as well be! Look around, Sparky. Golden furniture, a crown, a robe. I’m living the dream! And besides, it’s not like Congress can touch me. They’re all terrified of my voters.”

Sparky narrowed his eyes. “That might be true for now, but blatantly ignoring the law isn’t exactly a long-term strategy. Even your most loyal fans might start to question you when you’re firing watchdogs for... bunny slipper reasons.”

Grump waved a dismissive hand. “Nah. My fans love me. They’ll say, ‘Thank you, Mr. President, for cleaning up the swamp.’ And they’ll be right!”

Sparky tilted his head. “The only thing you cleaned up was Stevie’s nose after 30 minutes in those slippers.”

Grump grinned. “Good one, Sparky. But seriously, these IGs were a problem. They were *spying* on me. Watching my every move, questioning my brilliance. Do you know what Michael Glitch said to me in his meeting? He said, ‘Mr. President, you should consider transparency.’”

Sparky gasped dramatically. “The audacity!”

Grump nodded furiously. “Right? Transparency? What am I, a window? I’m a *leader*, Sparky. People don’t need to see everything I do. It’s too... complicated for them.”

Sparky tapped his claws on the armrest of his chair. “Donny, I hate to break it to you, but firing IGs because they ‘spied’ on you is exactly why the law protects them. They’re *supposed* to keep you in check.”

Grump scowled. “Yeah, well, I don’t like being checked. I’m the president! Nobody checks me!”

Sparky sighed, shaking his head. “Donny, do you even realize how bad this looks? Congress is furious. Even some of your allies are calling this a bridge too far.”

Grump scoffed. “Oh, please. Congress is always mad about something. What are they gonna do, impeach me again? Been there, done that.”

Sparky folded his wings. “Donny, even your fans are starting to wonder if you’ve gone off the deep end. You’re firing people left and right, breaking rules, eating mushroom burritos like they’re going out of style. And let’s not forget...”

He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a dramatic whisper. “Jesus chased you out of the church last week.”

Grump stiffened, his face flushing. “That was *different!* Jesus was being unfair!”

Sparky smirked. “He told you to love others as much as you love yourself, and you called him ‘woke.’ Then his angels chased you out with flaming swords, and you jumped into a fountain in nothing but your diaper. Don’t act like you’re winning here, Donny.”

Grump folded his arms, pouting like a child. “That was an ambush. Totally rigged. And besides, I’m still president, aren’t I?”

Sparky sighed. “For now.”

Grump grinned smugly. “Exactly. Now, let’s focus on the positive. My plan was brilliant, Sparky. I gave those IGs a chance. They failed the sniff test. End of story.”

Sparky tilted his head. “And what happens when Congress decides to actually enforce the law?”

Grump waved him off. “They won’t. They’re too busy arguing about other stuff. And even if they try, I’ll just tweet something about Hunter Biden and distract everyone. Works every time.”

Sparky shook his head, muttering under his breath. “This is why you have no friends, Donny.”

Grump leaned back in his chair, a satisfied smile spreading across his face. “Who needs friends when you have *power*?”

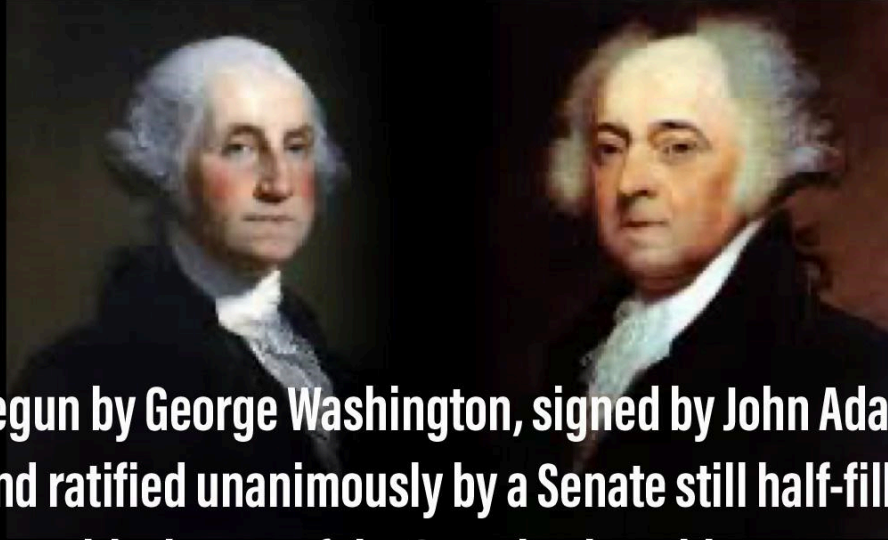
The room fell silent for a moment, the only sound the faint hum of the air conditioning. Sparky perched on the edge of the desk, watching Grump with a mix of amusement and pity.

“Goodnight, Donny,” Sparky said softly.

Grump didn’t respond. He was already flipping through the binder again, chuckling to himself as he read Stevie’s detailed notes on disloyalty and floral scents.

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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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