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As we all expected the president is causing chaos, spreading fear. He attacks our seniors and children, scaring them.

He closes the VA Suicide Prevention Hotline because it addresses LGBTQ+ issues.

All in the name of "making America great again."

Rich McCormick, a Republican congressman from Georgia, and an Emergency Room doctor, was laughing and smiling when asked about 5 year old kids losing their lunch program. He said they should get a job.

Florida and California will be needing replacements for the migrants so...

For those of you who need an uplifting video: <https://youtu.be/Uss4Nye94Yo>

The latest, but not last, press secretary Caroline keeps repeating he has a massive mandate from the American people to make these changes. I guess she is living on Fantasy Island because here are the real numbers, not his fantasy.

Trump = 49.8%

Harris = 48.3%

How can you have a massive mandate when you didn't even get 50% of the vote? Just lie over and over?
Yup!

When she was asked why just a very few of the immigrants arrested and deported so far had any criminal record, she replied that all of them have a criminal record by just being here illegally.

Talk about doublespeak...

Where are the rapist and murderers?

Why haven't the people from the insane asylums been seen anywhere?

Here is my first chapter on Karoline Leaveitout. The attachment is on our next(?) Misdirector of National Intelligence.

<https://themushroomheadedmartian.com/karoline-leaveitout-1>

Pressing Matters:

The office of Karoline Leaveitout, the newest White House Press Secretary, was a whirlwind of chaos, charm, and misplaced priorities. The small space smelled faintly of vanilla-scented candles (which she lit to “boost positivity”) and was cluttered with a haphazard mix of coffee mugs, glossy photos of her flashing her dazzling smile at MAGA rallies, and a truly inexplicable ironing board.

The ironing board stood proudly in the corner, draped with an American flag and positioned as if it were the room’s centerpiece. On top sat a shiny chrome iron, polished so meticulously it could blind someone if caught in the sunlight.

Karoline, her blonde hair perfectly curled and a grin plastered across her face, sat at her desk, staring at the ironing board with furrowed brows.

“You know,” she muttered to herself, tapping a pink gel pen against her chin, “I should’ve gotten one of those fancy steamers instead. This thing takes forever to heat up.”

When Karoline was first offered the role of White House Press Secretary, she had been *completely confused*. The call came directly from President Grump himself, which she found thrilling—she adored him, after all—but the job title had thrown her for a loop.

“Press Secretary,” she’d said aloud, squinting at her phone. “So... I’ll be pressing things? Like... clothes?”

In a panic, she’d gone out and bought the ironing board and iron, just in case she was called upon to rescue one of Grump’s famously rumpled suits. She

even practiced with her boyfriend's shirts, though she burned several of them in the process.

When she arrived at the White House and discovered the role had nothing to do with clothes, she decided to keep the ironing board anyway. It had become her comfort object—a reminder that even in her new high-pressure role, she was *prepared*.

Karoline's desk was a mess of documents she barely understood. Memos, briefing papers, and press clippings were piled so high she couldn't see over them, but one item caught her attention: an envelope stamped with the **Presidential Seal** and marked **URGENT**.

Her heart fluttered as she ripped it open. The letter inside was written in President Grump's signature scrawl, full of misspellings and underlined words. Karoline read it aloud with reverence, as if it were scripture:

Karoline,

- Sparky isn't real—DUH. Say that in the next press conference. Just tell the fake news Sparky is how I talk to my own genius mind, which is BIGGER than everyone else's.
- And about the mushrooms: Don't let them spin it! Mushrooms help me FOCUS on reality. They're like vitamins. But better.
- As for the CHURCH thing, DON'T answer. You didn't see the videos, so they don't exist. Tell them I'm too busy SAVING AMERICA to bother with left-wing propagandist lies about fountains or diapers or whatever.
- P.S. Remind them I'm a WINNER. And get Stevie Boot-Liquor to sniff out any disloyal reporters in the next briefing.
- Also, I need a new slogan: MAGA but better. Work on it.

—Your boss, the BEST President, Grump

Karoline held the letter to her chest, her eyes brimming with admiration. "Oh my gosh, he trusts me so much! This is such a huge responsibility. I can't let him down."

She grabbed her favorite sparkly pink notebook and jotted down key phrases:

- Sparky = Genius Mind Thing
- Mushrooms = Vitamins (Not Drugs!!)
- Church = Left-Wing Lies

Then, with a burst of determination, she practiced her new lines.

Karoline stood in front of her desk mirror, smoothing her blazer and adjusting her hair. She'd pinned a tiny MAGA flag to her lapel for extra flair, and her megawatt smile was locked and loaded.

She opened the **"How to Answer Any Question"** memo from Kash Kartel's office, flipping to her favorite phrases. These, she thought, would make her unstoppable.

Clearing her throat, she recited the first line aloud: **"President Grump doesn't lie; he strategically reshapes the truth."**

She tilted her head and nodded at her reflection. "Oh, that's good. So good. It makes him sound like... like, I don't know, a truth artist or something."

She moved to the next line. **"It's not corruption—it's creative governance!"**

Karoline let out a delighted giggle. "That's genius! He's like... an innovator! A pioneer! Who cares about rules when you're building greatness?"

She turned the page. **"Who needs facts when you have faith in Grump?"**

Her eyes widened. "Wow. That one's deep. Like, really deep. Facts are so overrated anyway."

Finally, she read the last one, delivering it with dramatic flair: **"These reports about the president's actions are fake news. Besides, who cares about 'legal' when you're making America great?"**

Karoline clapped her hands together. "This is it! My secret weapon!"

The next day, Karoline entered the White House Press Briefing Room like a model walking the runway. Reporters were already whispering to each other, eager to pounce on the latest Grump scandals. But Karoline was ready.

"Good afternoon, everyone!" she chirped, her smile so radiant it almost distracted from the giant stack of notes in her hands. "I'm here to clear up some of the totally false stories going around about President Grump."

A hand shot up immediately. "Karoline, can you comment on the president's supposed imaginary dragon, Sparky?"

Karoline's smile didn't waver. "Oh, Sparky! That's just a fun way for the president to... talk to himself. You see, President Grump's brain is so brilliant, it's like he

needs *two brains* to process all his genius ideas. Sparky's just a reflection of that brilliance."

The room erupted into murmurs, but Karoline pressed on.

Another reporter asked, "So, you're confirming the president hallucinates due to the mushrooms?"

Karoline chuckled lightly. "The mushrooms don't cause hallucinations. That's just fake news. They actually help the president *focus on reality*. And reality, as you all know, *loves him*."

The murmurs turned into outright confusion. One brave soul stood up. "What about the church incident, where he was chased out by angels and jumped into a fountain wearing only a diaper?"

Karoline blinked innocently. "I haven't seen the videos, so I can't comment. Besides, President Grump is too busy saving America to worry about left-wing propaganda lies."

Back in her office, Karoline collapsed into her chair, exhausted but triumphant. She glanced at the ironing board in the corner and smiled.

"Maybe I should iron my blazer before the next briefing," she mused, "to show the reporters I'm not just a press secretary—I'm also a *fashion icon*."

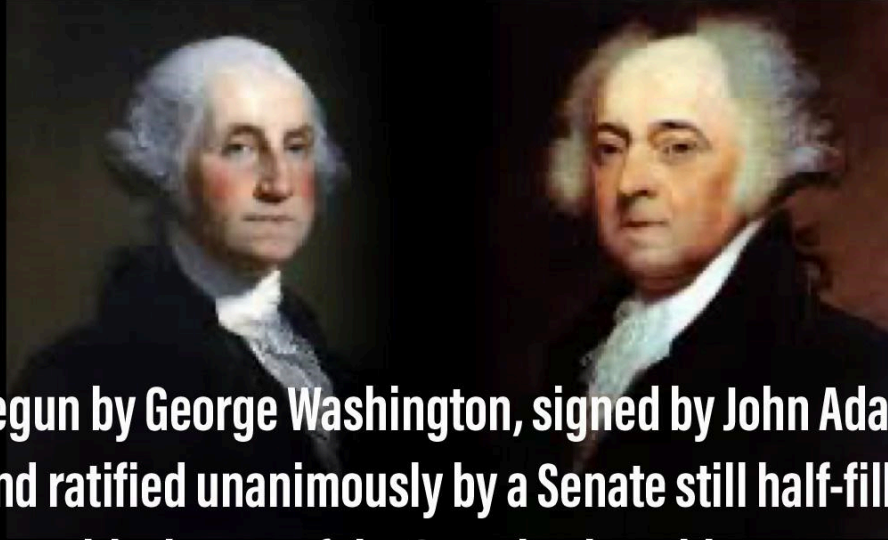
And with that, Karoline Leaveitout picked up her iron, blissfully unaware that her press conference was already being turned into memes with captions like:

- "Sparky = Grump's 2nd Brain?!"
- "Mushrooms: Not Drugs, Just Vitamins!"
- "Legal? Never Heard of It."

Karoline didn't care. In her mind, she had done exactly what President Grump wanted: she had *pressed* his greatness onto the hearts and minds of America.

[Download Attachment](#)

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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