

Golden Donald

From his earliest days, Donald saw himself as golden. Destined for greatness, he was. His dad raised him into wealth and privilege. He dyed his hair blonde, used tanning spray to turn his skin gold. His dinner plates were decorated with gold leaf, most everything around him was gold, including his toilets. When Donald flushed, his precious fluids were stored in a large vat, became fertilizer for hay which his cows ate and then he ate the cows, on a bun with cheese.

Donald strode the land, in his limousine. He flew over it, in his private jet. He bragged he could shoot anyone on the street and get away with it. Not everything he touched was gold. Many of his businesses failed and his reputation was closer to lead, but sycophants told him he was still gold.

His reputation improved when he starred in a reality show where he was a golden prince of commerce. He entered politics and remained golden, no matter what scandal in his personal life, no matter how bullying his actions. He went from zero to elected leader of the nation. Donald then launched himself into space. Orbiting the Earth, Donald left the space craft to be among the stars, surrounded by drones displaying his face for everyone on Earth to worship.

He felt fulfilled, at least until the gold seals on his gold foil spacesuit disintegrated.

The blip of Donald's implosion was visible on earth as a brief blip of gold, twinkling in his face's eye.