

Donald Trump's Demonic Conspiracy to Take Over North America

by Les Firestein

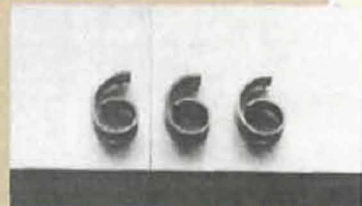


AP / Wide World

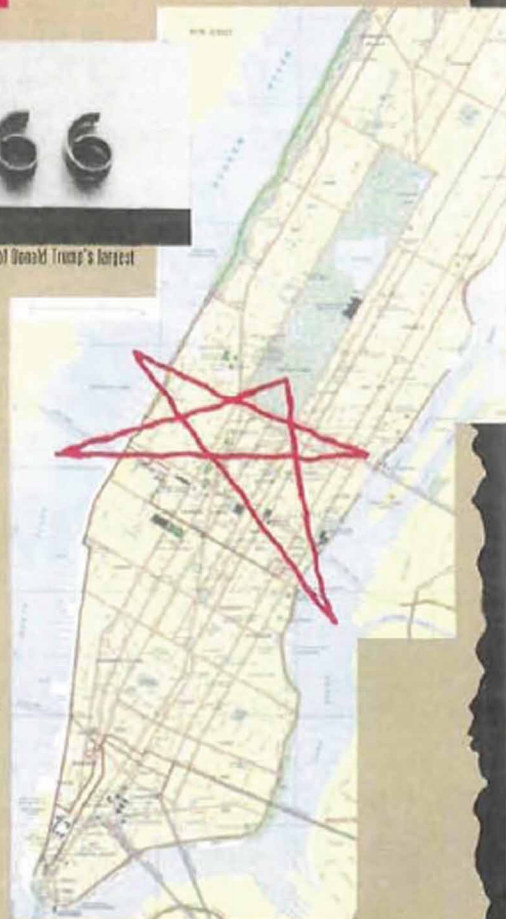
Donald Trump (above) and Camion Thorn (below): two "men" with a lot more in common than a DT monogram and a strong urge to possess.



Movie Star News



The pentagrammatic epicenter of Donald Trump's largest above-ground empire of evil.



Trump's pentagram of property stretches from the West Side heliport to the Trump City site to Wellman Rink to the East Side heliport to Trump Plaza. The center of the pentagram contains not only the Plaza Hotel, but also the aptly named 860 Building!!!

DONALD TRUMP HAS THE BLOOD OF A JACKAL COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS.

How else do you explain why the Billionaire Beelzebub categorically refuses to even acknowledge my polite requests for a blood sample?

In fact, this expert contends that not only is Donald Trump the Son of Satan, but, perhaps more significantly, the highly successful *Omen* movies of the 1970s are actually documentaries that chronicle the biblically prophesied ascendance of Donald Trump to power—as foretold by the New Testament's Book of Revelations!!!

Consider the following: the story of *The Omen* concerns the modern-day rise to power of the devil's son—a fellow named Damien Thorn. Get it? *D! T!* Donald Trump... Damien Thorn... it's even the same number of letters.

Thorn takes over his father's multinational construction and engineering firm... with the ultimate goal of buying up giant parcels of land... and subsequently profiting from world famine via blackmail. Sound familiar?

One of Thorn's special trademarks is that all someone has to do is look at him the wrong way, or even question his motives momentarily, and off rolls the person's head (courtesy of a flying pane of glass). Or a body gets split in two thanks to a mysteriously malfunctioning elevator cable.

True, Trump has yet to be brought up on substantiated charges of decapitation, but his enemies seem to mysteriously disappear nevertheless. Remember New York City mayor Ed Koch? Gone. Merv Griffin's bid to control the Resorts International casino? The stock plummeted. Leona Helmsley? Convicted. Leonard Stern's critical documentary on DJT? Passed on by all the major networks. Need more?

How about the folks who were sued for copyright infringement for using the generic "Ivana" and "Trump" names—and lost, even though the Trumps had no case? Remember when Trump castigated *Time* for writing a Trump cover story that was flattering but not flattering enough? Was it only two months before Time Inc. was battling a nasty takeover bid by Paramount? And remember when Gorby was visiting the United States and innocently opted not to have an audience with Trump? Has anyone checked on how Soviet Communism is doing these days? Could the writing on the wall be any clearer?

The Omen's Damien Thorn attended military academy, and so did Donald Trump. And Trump consummated his first major business deal in 1976—the same year *The Omen* was released! Damien Thorn is pale, hairless, and sports an awful, thinning haircut... Need I say more?

I fear I must. If Donald Trump is not the devil, then how come his New York City

properties form a pentagram around the famous Manhattan skyscraper known as 666 Fifth Avenue? And why did he purchase a huge parcel of railyards in such close proximity to New York's Penta Hotel?

Even more important, if Mr. Trump is not the Lucifer of Luxury, then why does his office continually disconnect me whenever I request a thorough examination of Donald's scalp? Furthermore, why won't *The Omen's* producers return my calls? Could they have something to hide? Could they have been coerced into recategorizing their very real and well-researched documentary, the last of the Damien series, as a harmless splatter flick entitled *The Final Conflict*? And did the devil make them do it?

Better still, why has this article been turned down by, among others, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Wall Street Journal*? Is no institution off-limits to the devil/developer? Indeed, why am I getting writer's cramp even as I attempt to merely complete this very sentence? And how come when I woke up this morning, I couldn't find my keys? Just ask America's landlord... Diabolical Donald.

As I see it, Trump's master plan is a surprise attack on the United States. Since he's already here, we can't call this an invasion per se. Let's call it a pervasion instead.

Even Trump's own press kit supports the pervasion hypothesis: "With his recent purchase of the Eastern Shuttle, Donald Trump controls a virtual air force on the Eastern seaboard of the United States," the kit boasts. Is this innocuous bravado? Perhaps.

But take a look at the bigger picture: for example, Trump's military training. He's a master of the hostile takeover... Given the choice of any noun, Trump chose to name his USFL team the *Generals*... Then there's *Trump Castle*. I could go on and on, but I hardly need to.

Yes, a closer look at Mr. Trump's myriad holdings elucidates the need for weapons and troop verification (or at least mutual reassurance) from Donald, the Degas of Deals. Indeed a careful study of Trump's declared assets alone indicates that the King from Queens is already remarkably

A Partial List of Newspapers and Periodicals That Refused to Publish This Important Article:

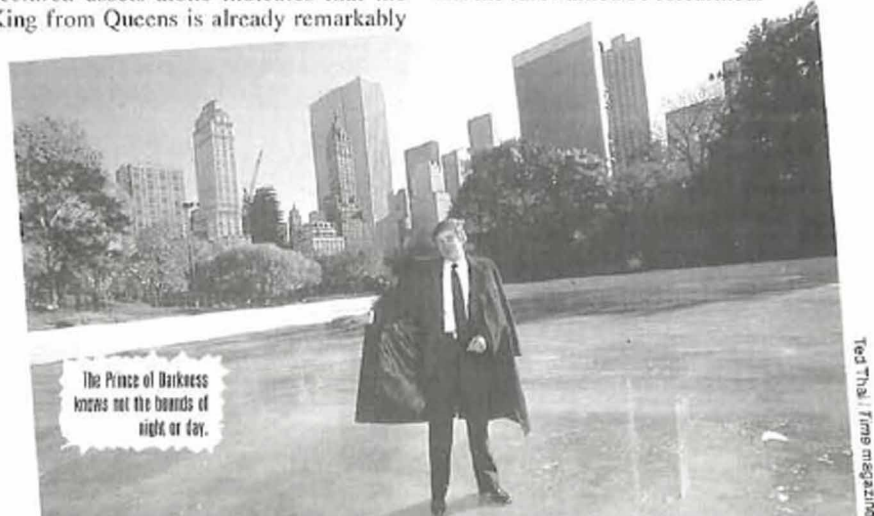
The New York Times	Glamour
The Wall Street Journal	Vogue
Elmer Star	Cosmopolitan
The Washington Post	Public Interest
The Christian Science Monitor	Net Post
SO	Tess (Soviet press agency)
Esquire	The Jerusalem Post
Playboy	New York Post
Playhouse	TV Guide
Reader	Sports Illustrated
The Village Voice	Light Boat
New York	Hit Parade
Time	Girl
Newsweek	Redbook
Save! (Life)	Ladies' Home Journal
HG (House & Garden)	The Washington Monthly
Stromo Review	USA Today
Popular Mechanics	National Law Journal
Us Weekly	American Computergrapher
U.S. News & World Report	Fishes
Dissent	Fortune
The Nation	Reader's Digest
The New Yorker	Parade
National Geographic	Rolling Stone
Sassa	Men's Trend

well positioned for the above-mentioned U.S. pervasion:

In addition to his air force, Trump oversees his own navy (the *Trump Princess*), his own tactical air strike and airlift (the Trump Air helicopter fleet), his own army (of thousands of employees potentially mobilized from hundreds of buildings), as well as numerous super-strategic military installations such as the proposed Trump City site on the bank of the Hudson River, to name just one. Yup, it's Armageddon—and Don's got all the fixin's.

I think I neglected to point out Trump's formidable department of propaganda: the Trump-funded "Trump Pages" of our advertising-starved American news dailies, also known as the "Why I Bought the (fill-in-the-blank) Page."

And I should also mention that Trump has easy access to Chrysler-built tanks and half-track troop transporters—thanks to his good friend, sometime business partner, and fellow soul-seller Lee Iacocca. Without further ado, then, I present for your consideration the Boy Billionaire's brilliant three-pronged attack plan, which I have nicknamed the "Trump Trident." Let the forewarned be forearmed.



The Prince of Darkness knows not the bounds of night or day.

Top Photo: Frank Margano

PHASE 1: I'll Take Manhattan.

With respect to the domino theory, any plan that calls for the conquest of the United States must begin with a siege of New York. Toppie the biggest domino, and soon thereafter all others will follow suit.

My best guess is that Trump's air strike will blitz the East and West Side heliports, while the *Trump Princess* and her escort ships seal off the East and Hudson rivers from Navy and/or Coast Guard intervention.

Then, while Trump's troops surge inland from the heliports (probably in the "T" formation), support cavalry will be sent out to meet these troops from Trump Tower, Trump Plaza, Trump Park, and the Plaza Hotel.

Trump's Television City site will keep a watchful eye on any kind of counterattack brewing in New Jersey, and Wollman Rink—located at the epicenter of Manhattan—will most likely be the headquarters for the entire military theater.

From his bases in Greenwich, Connecticut, and also from airfields in the Hamptons, Trump would easily secure and patrol the Long Island Sound. Similarly, Trump's air and naval bases in Atlantic City (including the new twenty-eight-million-dollar marina he's building) would rapidly crush any opposition coming up from the south as well as possible interference originating in Europe.



PHASE 2: White House Goes Condo, Gets Onyx Bathroom Fixtures.

Once Gotham and Atlantic City are secured, Washington, D.C.—already in its natural state of chaos—will be ripe for the plucking. Probably on the night of a big Trump-sponsored Tyson fight (so that folks are suitably distracted), Trump troops move

in via land, sea, and air, while the New York base guards against intervention from the north and the southern flanks are protected by Trump's considerable installations in Palm Beach, Florida—most likely under the guidance of Field Marshal Iacocca.

PHASE 3: War-a-Lago.

Now that Trump controls the entire Atlantic Coast, one has to stop and consider reprisals from the west. Good money says that Texas would use the above commotion to once again pursue its long-lost dreams of independence. But if, say, the Lone Star's equally competitive Hunt and Bass brothers were so foolhardy as to challenge Trump's troops, I see a nuclear-armed *Trump Princess* (or a larger ship, perhaps the *Prince Trump*) penetrating the west coast of Florida via the Caloosahatchee River... and taking quick control of the entire Gulf of Mexico.

From the Gulf (and after capturing Houston, if it even puts up a fight), if Trump retraces Admiral Farragut's conquest of the Mississippi River and its bordering states, he will effectively divide our nation along that waterway, creating a parallelogram of power from Chicago to Houston to Palm Beach to New York and points north—an area that will be known as "Ivania."

This would in turn give Trump control of at least twenty-six contiguous states, which translates into fifty-two senators—a controlling interest in the U.S. At this point, the West Coast would also now be cut off not only from the all-important industrial states, but also from all possible trading partners, with the exception of Japan.

What happens then? To be honest, the Book of Revelations isn't exactly clear. But one thing's for sure: when Donald Trump sold his soul to the devil, he got one hell of a deal.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Les Firestein used to work for the Warren Commission. Presently he is a staff writer for the *National Enquirer*.

