# From “The Day of the Donald: Trump Trumps America!” by Andrew Shaffer

The skies were overcast on a bitterly cold January day, but that didn’t stop the massive crowd from gathering at the US Capitol Building. The crowd was bundled up, pumped up, and in more than a few cases, liquored up. This was a day that would set the Guinness World Record for the most fistfights at one location in a single day.

But far away from the protests, up on the Capitol steps, a thin ray of sunshine broke through the clouds to illuminate what, from a distance, looked like a thick wisp of rust‑flavored cotton candy. The strings blew about in the wind, eventually settling back down on top of the head of the man about to become the forty‑fifth president of the United States ‑ Donald J. Trump.

The billionaire businessman and WWE Hall of Famer stood tall and proud on the platform, joined by his five children. No first lady. The “October Surprise” of this election cycle had been his split from Melania ‑ which did nothing to slow his momentum. If anything, polls indicated it may have helped.

As five Cessnas flew overhead in tight formation, Donald Trump stepped forward. He placed his hand on the Bible being held by Donald Trump Jr., which was in turn resting atop a copy of *Trump: The Art of the Deal*. He raised his right hand as Chief Justice Roberts administered the oath of office.

After being sworn in, Trump stepped to the microphone.

“My fellow Americans, we are about to do some really, really fantastic things! It’s gonna be terrific! It’s a new day. Last November, the American people made their voices heard loud and clear in nearly every state…

“And now we’re going to Make! America! Great! Again! That’s right. If you don’t have a hat, by the way, they’re selling them at the merch booths near the exits. Twenty‑five dollars for some really good workmanship. It’s quality, a great value.

…“So, America, here’s what I’m gonna do. I’m going to be a first‑rate, grade‑A, big‑league commander in chief. I’m going to deliver the goods. That’s what you gotta do, right? Deliver the goods. I’m great at delivering the goods. There’s nobody better. We’re going to turn a profit in every sense of the word. And we’re going to tell America’s enemies… you’re fired!”

There was a two‑minute‑long wait for the applause to subside. Half a mile away, a car was flipped over, set on fire, and then flipped over while on fire ‑ all for still having a Bernie bumper sticker.

In Madison, Wisconsin, a frat boy passed out. He’d been playing a drinking game where he took a shot every time Trump said the word “great.” He would survive. The new president would even cover the cost to pump his stomach.

And in Manhattan, six late‑night talk show hosts joined hands in a prayer circle and gave thanks for the bounty that they were about to receive.

….Trump paused for dramatic effect. He brushed away a tear, or maybe his eye just itched.

“We’re going to do more than make America great. America is going to be really, truly amazing. This is the finest, richest, most upscale nation in the world. I’m proud to have my name on it, I really am.

“God bless America, and let’s make some money.”

He waved to the cheering masses and headed inside, out of the cold.

The Trump era had begun.