

Tales of the Orange Piñata

Written by Alex Baer

Wednesday, 31 August 2016 20:21 - Last Updated Wednesday, 31 August 2016 20:34

Another day, another passel of brain cells slaughtered by Reality.

Take Trump, for example -- *please*. And never give him back, so that we might yet sleep safely again at night, after we decontaminate our politics, our minds, our children, our clothing...

Today, as you know, Mr. Wonderful is in Mexico, at a splendid invitation from its president -- to the stunned disbelief of its multiply-insulted citizenry.

Mexican President Enrique Pena Nieto gets world-class points in patience and, in, well, *class*, in having The Orange Buffoon visit.

Nieto is an adult, so he has Trump at a huge disadvantage right off the bat. Nieto is also leading by example, demonstrating the sort of calm decorum and wise, open leadership we will *never* come to expect, or experience, from any Republican in this country.

Nieto is additionally behaving in a manner befitting a head of state, and is keeping open lines of communication. If he has a hidden agenda here, it may be in trying to train Trump in occupying a world stage, in stage craft, and in statesmanship, unaware The Donald is already perfection personified, and more.

Either that, or else, Nieto simply wants get a short exposure to the Grim-Reaper-Nominee up close, just as one gets shots in order to hurry the making of antibodies, in order to ward off catastrophic diseases.

Nieto could also want to simply preemptively meet the train-wreck that is Trump, on the relatively safety of his own home turf, where the Mexican president knows he can go and lie down a while after contact, receive psychological first-aid, obtain migraine remedies, declare a national emergency, order his population to safety, then call in air strikes to contain the lethal contaminant, and so on.

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On the other hand, Nieto could simply be doing the neighborly, high-road thing, albeit with the village idiot in the ramshackle shack next door, which is trying to be charitable, nice, pleasant, and try not to show what the stench is doing to your nasal passages and damp overall membranes.

Trump, of course, is already in the southwestern U.S. on his Immigration Policy Clarification Tour, which is to say, he is further muddying the waters with his manic dog-paddling -- bringing up so much silt, sediment, clay, and extraneous matter, that the topic instantly congeals under its own chemical mandate, setting like Jell-O, or napalm.

At least it's an equitable arrangement: the meeting is a convenient travel pit-stop for Trump, desperate to gain World Stage Cred, and Nieto is undoubtedly intrigued at the prospect of having a dolt with ADHD living right next door, with a cellar and attic stuffed to the gills with hot nukes.

Ah, to be a fly on the hacienda wall.

Being a false-front architect, a builder of self-aggrandizing puffery and grandstanding, there is no such thing as bad publicity to Trump -- only a bumper crop of headlines.

Narcissists seek spotlights like the rest of us hunger for air. In fact, humans will take any air we can get, if we're running low, or want to get at some new supplies, once the current supply has been poisoned. Trump simply requires attention. Any kind will do.

If Trump is any kind of human at all -- *hold your bets, please* -- he will enjoy Nieto's company and hospitality, let down his hair, all seven feet of it, and let his host know that he's only keeping the pinheads back home entertained and on the political hook.

Here's hoping Nieto has some experience with fishing analogies, and with strange little boys who stage Bug Fights in Big Jars for summer kids in the neighborhood, after promoting the hell

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out of the battles -- then charging five bucks a head for tickets.

Trump, of course, gets to resume his Immigration Lunacy Flip-Flop, Claw-Back, Rehashed-and-Reheated, Confuse-O-Rama Vagueness Swirly-Bowl Tour afterwards, pretending to have read Nieto the riot act and having secured a promise at paying for, and building, a rock-solid wall -- except for a Donald-sized hole somewhere on the far, far, far right.

* * *

Please, Mr. President -- *Enrique, if we may* -- we implore you: *Please* round up some of your house and office staff, telling Trump they are suspected rapists and murderers, then give them whisk brooms, hogtie Trump and suspend him like a cheap chandelier, and let your staff and guests provide him forty whacks, piñata-style.

(Mr. Trump will understand, as he's all for torture -- although such laughably timid levels of *instruction* as your staff will be providing hardly qualifies as such. Still, learning might yet occur, even in *The Great Duncified One* .)

If you can't keep him in storage for us after all, like we talked about, well, you can always ship him back after all, we guess.

We'll figure out something over here.

Sooner or later.

(We hope.)

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Sincerely,

- *The American People*

(P.S. Please keep the 52 million annually in foreign aid -- it was worth it to us, just to be able to finally talk openly with someone about being rid of him for a little while. While it'll be no picnic for you, of course, we like to think of it as sending a really pesky kid off to camp for a bit, so we can catch our breath for a second. Thanks. We *really* owe you, *big time* -- especially if he asks you to reimburse him for his trip, for the honor of your meeting him.)

Today's Bonuses:

Lonely already? □ Here's how to make your own replacement Trump!

The Recipe: http://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/make-your-own-trump-at-home_us_57321278e4b0bc9cb048327c

The How-to Vid: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dXnF5FDpDIk>