

America kiss my ass!

I'm your President now.

Carl "V for Victory" Rumble.

Now and forever, hahaha.

Bend over.

Very disappointed with the WH bowling alley. Only one lane. I once rolled 300. On my yacht. Bastards wouldn't certify because they said the waves knocked the pins down.

BJ in the Oval Office. Lasted 4 minutes! Not bad for an old man. And no Viagra. Next time I want Cookie to wear a purple dress like Monica. Or was it blue?

Blue dress. I told my wife, Cookie, have your dress framed. It will hang in the Smithsonian. #NoPansy #NotAshamedToBeVirile #AmericaWasBuiltFromSperm

WTF? TWITTER IS PUBLIC? Fuck! Why didn't anyone tell me? Heads will roll!

I thought I was writing a diary! Private diary. Why didn't you guys tell me Twitter was public? Time for a new Chief of Staff.

Thanks for all the support. I'm moved. I'm really touched. You voted for me in droves. I should have had more faith in the American psyche. #WorriedForNothing

As for you critics, you're all old fogies. Nothing wrong with sex. Jesus had sex. Popes had concubines. Look it up.

I ran on transparency, so I've decided to keep tweeting. I'm not Nixon or Clinton. I have nothing to hide. Anyone want a dick pic pm me. Just kidding!

I'd like to thank all my supporters for their support. Especially my succulent wife, Cookie.

I know you've added a few pounds during the campaign, but people tell me

the White House is like a 24/7 hurricane, so I need something solid to hold onto!

Besides, if I wanted a porn star I would have married a porn star. Not that I can't have one any time I want.

Bring 'em through the back door, like with Kennedy. Who wouldn't want a special selfie in the WH with the greatest president of all time?

I'd like to thank my three beautiful daughters, Magpie, Lolita and Cindy. Also their dopey spouses.

Even the hermaphrodite that Cindy thinks she "married" in San Francisco. Sorry hon I was playing golf that day.
#MarriageIsBetweenAnAlphaMaleAndBetaFemale

At least Terry the crossover/he/she/it/whatever isn't a dope like Curly and Moe. My pet names for my other two sons-in-law.

Terry may be the sharpest one here, after me of course. I may let he/she/it/whatever bring peace to the Middle East.

I'm gonna move Mount Rushmore. My first act in office. I said on the campaign I'd move mountains. You thought I was being figurative?

Only 523 people visited Mount Rushmore last year. Who goes to fucking South Dakota? Or is it North? I'm bringing it to New Jersey. Huge project, thousands of jobs. America you're welcome.

I'm taking off Lincoln. Warmonger. Should have let the South go. Healthy competition. #WhatIfTheCivilWarNeverHappened?

The fact is more blacks died in the North. Even today, look at the inner cities. Worse than plantations. Don't want to bring back slavery. But fact is blacks were safer in the South.

Shipping them by barge to Jersey. Under my bridges. What a sight!

In Jersey we will reassemble them. And then re-carve Lincoln into Reagan. Peacemaker for warmonger.

So that's the first mountain I move. The second is getting Cookie's fat ass off my lap. Just kidding honey.

Give a shout out for my new Chief of Staff, Dirk Wood. Sounds like a porn name. You ever do X films Dirk?

Let's see it. Yes, now. Pull it out. That's a Presidential order. Cover your eyes Lolita.

People think I'm obsessed with sex. It's biology OK? Healthy subject. Not like those pinko subjects elitist intellectuals study. Statistics and that crap.

Don't know why the media think I'm stupid. I went to Bryn Mawr College. Pansy football team but the hazing – Jesus Christ. You try gulping raspberry daiquiris bent upside down on a sewing table!

Most people don't even know how to say Bryn Mawr, that's how tough a school it is!

I will produce my degree. Of course it was a Masters. BA in Engineering and MA in Business. I build bridges for Christ's sake. You think stupid people build bridges?

How long does it take to build a bowling alley?

I ordered the existing one in the basement scrapped and two lanes built to U.S. Bowling Congress standards on the ground floor, where they were originally built for President Truman.

Damn the union laborers with their contracts. Get Mexicans to build it. I want it done yesterday. #SometimesYouNeedMexicans

Told the Secret Service to turn the paintings around. All these fucking portraits. Dead Presidents everywhere. Creepy.

Their eyes follow me. I hate painted eyes!

Dirk - ask the Louvre to send some war paintings. Those huge paintings from Napoleon's battles. I'm sure they have some in their vaults they can spare.

And one of Napoleon too. The one where he crowns himself emperor. Put that in the press room. #JustAFriendlyReminder

I'm gonna have a State Dinner every month. Last day of the month. Don't know why Presidents don't have more State Dinners. Watch the Crown. Time to be the lords in Downton Abbey, not the servants.

Dear Queen: Please accept my invitation to my first State Dinner. I promise to use Waterford crystal, not the Chinese stuff. Bring your family. Dogs welcome too.

Happy Three Day Anniversary to me!

That went by so fast. Four years will be a flash. Need 12. Not kidding.
#RooseveltDidItAndHeWasADemocrat

No Pres has accomplished more in his first three days. Mt Rushmore being dismantled as we speak. State Dinners. Bowling alley coming. Louvre being looted, hahaha.

Damn these portraits!

What do you mean Secret Service that's not your job? I'm going to start calling you SS. New uniforms, ha!

I can watch my own back. I'm incredibly well liked. And my enemies don't believe in guns. How can they kill me? With editorials?

You critics who call me stupid - this is what a genius I am. I pick pacifists for my enemies. Maybe I'll go for a stroll on the Mall. Alone. Right. Now. See, I survived. America, your President isn't afraid to walk in his beautiful, very safe country, surrounded by fans.

OK, a few suits followed me, and some cars. But lighten up, nobody even goes to the Mall. Just a few Koreans with cameras. Americans only like shopping malls.

I did not mean to disrespect Vietnam Vets. Of course there are crowds at the Vietnam Memorial. But only there. No one at Lincoln Memorial. Handfuls at Washington Monument, and that's only for the view.

Maybe I'll take the wrecking ball to George Washington too. Replace with the other President George. GW Bush. #MostUnderratedPresident

A rally at the Vietnam Memorial. Tuesday. Great idea! See, I listen to my fans. My names should be on that Wall too. I served in the extreme intelligence. Grads from Bryn Mawr don't go into the rank and file.

Speaking of file, my file was classified, of course. Then destroyed. Because it was too classified just to be classified. #EverythingLeaksSomeDay

Of course I know only the fallen have their names on the Wall. Lighten up.

I know what a metaphor is. And figurative speech. I wanted to be an English professor but took Engineering and Business because I didn't want to be a burden to society.

Kudos to my new Secret Service. Was that so hard? The walls look peaceful now. I can sleep at night. And no one poisoned my soup while you guys were turning the paintings around.

Swiped out Truman's plaque, The Buck Stops Here, with my campaign slogan, Rumble with Rumble. Looks nice on the Oval Office desk. World you're on notice.

No more foreign entanglements. Peace will prevail. "Why can't everybody just get along?" My fav quote from Martin Luther King, my fav black person.
#NotAMuslim

Withdraw troops from foreign soil. Put troops on our borders. Troops in schools. Troops protecting gated communities, where they're needed.

More energy, more guns, more flags, more physical education in school. Forget math. The only math we need is how to read a scale. You're fat, America! More track and field.

More drugs—I mean good drugs, not the bad drugs, not the drugs everyone likes. More cancer drugs. The awful drugs. The drugs that make your hair come out. I had cancer once. Pre-cancer. #NothingToBeAshamedOf
#GoodDrugsForGoodAmericans

More beer. American beer. No more foreign beers. The Germans didn't invent beer, we did. True.

My enemies drink wine. Pansy elitists. I don't drink wine because maybe they poisoned it. Beer I trust. Beer is as American as apple pie. Actually I prefer key lime pie. I hate apples. The seeds contain cyanide. Did you know that?

More jobs. More roads and bridges. Especially bridges. This country was built with bridges. Railroad bridges. I build railroad bridges. Did you know that? Rumble Bridges builds every kind of bridge imaginable. Except dental bridges, hahaha.

More prisons. More churches. More libraries. Yes I love libraries.

You hear that eggheads? I'll build all the libraries you want. Job security for spinsters and homosexuals. Keep them sorting books all day where they can't pollute society.

Although I have to confess—in keeping with my policy of transparency—that I got my first erection in sixth grade when I saw our librarian, Miss Jones, climb to the top of the ladder to reach a book I requested.

I thought the bulge in my pants was my library card, hahaha!

I've loved libraries ever since. I never would have read the Fountainhead if I had to pay for it. Get it for free and send it back when you're done. Wish I could do that with women! #PerfectBusinessModel

Why ever buy books? Puts money in the pockets of liberal publishers.

Libraries are what made America great. Libraries and guns. And all the books on guns in libraries. You can learn how to kill anything in a library.

More taxes on the poor. They get so many damn services. Time for them to pay up. And don't tell me the poor are too poor to pay taxes. Did you ever see a poor person who didn't have a cigarette in one hand and a lottery ticket in the other?

Rich people don't have time to play the lottery. Too busy watching the stock market to stand in line at the Kwiky Mart. No slushies for the rich either. Did you ever see a rich person drink a slushie?

More opportunities for the rich. You think the rich have it made? Being rich is like being an oil company trying to extract that last ounce of crude from under the sea.

Success is for the successful. Read Ayn Rand. That's a feminist! Not like these whiners. I YouTubed her interview on the Phil Donahue Show. "No more welfare," she said. The liberal audience peed in their pants.

Give money to failures and they'll just become bigger failures.

But give money to the successful and they'll become MORE successful. Why don't my fellow intellectuals on the Left understand that?

So Congress get busy. I only have 12 years.
#NotKidding.

I won't be attending today's Cabinet meeting. But I might be listening guys. I have nanny cams everywhere. #You'veBeenWarned

My condolences to the families of the train crash victims. But seriously, why did you let them take Amtrak? What do you expect? Next time fork over for economy airfare. #HardLessonsLearned

I do want to point out that the doomed train safely crossed a Rumble bridge

before plummeting down a ravine.

If only Rumble Bridges built trains. Maybe I should?

I will say it for the 1000th time—I am not using the Presidency to increase my wealth. Can I help it if Wall Street loves Rumble Bridges?
#SuccessIsForTheSuccessful

I have put all my holdings into a deaf dumb and blind trust. That's the last I will say on the matter.

For all inquiries I refer you vultures in the media to my learned attorney, Sy Leftwich.

BTW Sy, if you don't get a Twitter account by next week you're fired. There are scores of your compatriots sending me CVs every day.

I'm sure your thousand page memos are paragons of legal erudition. But if you can't say it in 240 characters don't say it at all.

Why do I need money anyway? Answer me that critics? Even if hundred dollars bills rained from the sky.

Even if foreign dignitaries gave me briefcases filled with Euros and Yen and Wembi, what could I do with it?

I have free digs. I have a free ride. I don't need to pay for sex anymore.
#TheMostIncorruptibleManInTheWorld

My condolences to the parents of the 3 fallen soldiers. #PrayingForPeace
The funeral was very hard for me. But those were great coffins. Real solid. Not like the flimsy crap they sell to the masses. Must have cost thousands.
#OnlyTheBestForOurTroops

I need to announce that I won't be attending any more funerals. I will make phone calls to mothers and robosign letters of condolence. But funerals are too hard for me.

Who says a President's job needs to be ceremonial? Did Nixon go to funerals? I don't think so. From now on my manservant Brance will go to all the bleak ceremonial events.

Joking only Brance! As VP he has a lot of time on his hands. He's my real secret service.

With Brance next in line not even the Taliban would be stupid enough to kill me. Governor of Utah. How hard could that be? Any less ambition and he'd be cleaning toilets in a Greyhound Bus station.

The only thing the governor of Utah has to worry about is keeping the Mormons supplied with nubile virgins, hahaha.

Pleased to announce the Prime Minister of Burkino Faso will be attending my first State Dinner. We'll be serving wildebeest in his honor. Just kidding. I hope the Queen can come next month.

Proud to announce my eldest daughter, Magpie, will be the new head of NASA. Mag took trigonometry in high school. Nothing lower than a C-.

Didn't expect pushback on my peace plan. And from my own staff! Didn't you guys listen to my campaign speeches? Even the Dems think I'm going too far. #Can'tPleaseNobody

I'm gonna do it. Bring home all the troops. We are not the world's sheriff. Besides, we have nerds in Silicon Valley building robot warriors the size of mosquitoes. Can I say that?

These micro robo mosquito warriors will hover in swarms in the upper atmosphere at thousands of strategic positions around the globe, able to strike at a moment's notice if our interests are ever threatened.

Well it's not classified now!