

DOWNHILL TROMP

by Padrollian Bassoonius

Though a journalouse and a wordsmutter myself, I, [Padrollian Bassoonius](#), have read and listed to too many analusters about the Downhill Tromp insistering they know what the man is triumphing to say. Taking himcondon at his warps to be the chump of the working mad, I deciphered to cut to the cheese and call up the Tromp on the phone on the off chants I could get him to chloriform some of his points. The grate man answered my call:

Tromp: P. B., he who lacks laughs lacks lust. I told them all I was distant to be the Precient of the You Us of Abe and now I am. They thought that my chants to be the Precient would be undumbed by what I said about gropes of woemams and what they said about me invading their space. Little do they know how much space I *can* invade. I've more tricks up my sleaze than a Repacallyptic pollcat. I can pureform thinks most people don't dream poseable. I can thank myself faster than a speaking bully, become more powerfall than a loco-motive and job buildings with a single bond, and that's just the short hairs of my enormous eeballities. The balancing of the botchit, the immergrunt problem, the Muddled East? Oil as nothing to me. In the Tromp world to come we're repelling the Abummercure and yes, we wall a wall. As to locking up the croquehead wicket wench of the West because she's laterally been getting away with murder?—it's a god thing I'm not an evangelust as would do unspeaked things like a Mafiavellie pay back. It was all nonsince and Hilarity's falsies anyway.

P. B.: Then you didn't mean what you said about putting Hilarity Cretin in jail; it was just somethink you made up to get your soreself erected?

Tromp: Don't get me wrong, P. B.; they is still massunderstanding me. Now when the media typos said I said the elecksham was a fargod conclusion they think I meant it was rigged before it happened, witch it was, by the aforcehead queen of the crackheads. But there is somethink I knew that they didn't know, that they still don't know, which is that lauds don't apply to me, not the lauds of fizzies nor the lauds of the land. I am not subject to space and time, as in I'm outsize the page. Yes, P. B., behind the poor receptions that morble man can think I can do the unemarginable. I live beyond the dementias where the visible ceases to be. Have you heard of Mandick the madjoshem, McNeaty of the X-Men? Morons. You might think I'm speeching some nonsince, that I couldn't pausibly mean what I pronouns I am or what futured past I can make happen. But I am the I am, as in my own Iconaclass. I can build a wall with my will; I can altar the pastor and chains the future by my saying so.

P. B.: But Dumphole, half the contrary is saying the You Us Of A we thought it was is not the You Us of A anymore, as in the contrary opposite of its values. They are afraid of what this contrary is becoming in the future, like in the movie Bad to the Future 2 or the Determinator where the actors was all livid in the wrong feature. People are lining up in Canada to leave the land, like livid as strayjeers in their own contrary.

Tromp: Well, we is all bitter off without them. We don't need foraknowers unless they apply for Visa's or Massahcards. You have to realasize P. B., that this is just the beginning of somethink big. In a couple of months of Earth time, after the presidential adoration, I'm going to have cornynation and have myself reckonsized as the King and the Ampupper of the Invisionable Humiverse, the impausible realm of the implaudables. My cornynation will inspire new closing lines and new reality forums. Queens in Queens and kings in their condos will wonder to attend but they won't know if I've invited them. Elderfonts will triumphant, the margin bands will margin, midgets will midget, and there will be more invested versions than oil the Muslin Ism terriors can wet dream of. No fattened uglies will attend. Wide would I want them? My ascension will be the likes of wits the world has never scened, the spectrerole of spectreroles. On that day even the Muzzlits in Mecca will gravel to the nude day sun that mosque people take for granite, except it will be me, the orbitraitor of the humiverse, the omp of the umpire, they'll be graveling to.

P.B.: But Mr. Tromp, sooner or later there must be some kind of calm down as from down off the high whore. What will actionately happen while beaning the Prescient, as in presidential?

Tromp: I've been thanking myself a lot about that, P. B. I'm entertainting the ideal of converging the Wide House into a Ditsyland theme park as a kind of flogship for making money off the Japs, the Chineasies and all the utter forerunners who belief we are, as a naysham, certainlyfiably insame. Instead of us the joke will be them. Wars come to wars, in twenty-twenty as is hindsight to me, I will have a second cumming just like Jesus inspars us to do every year at Crassmus.

Before we hung up the phony Mr. Tromp got me to premise I would be fateful of his warps. I have. As to what becomics of them, anodder man can say. As for me, being some lackie of the homagination, I'm thinking of moping to Iceland.