

I, for One, Welcome Our New Overlords

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The day was November 8, 2016: the last day of the Free World. We all thought Trump would be the end of us, but we were wrong. Trump, it turns out, had a dark secret: his undying love for toupee oil. The rosemary, he said before a live studio audience, was what had hooked him; that first whiff and he never went back. Harmless. Instead, what got us were the ants. Not normal ants—*italicized* ants. The ants caught the scent of rosemary (think spaghetti), ate Trump, then the whole Free World. Trump's dying words: Thanks, Obama.