



## TROUSER PLAGUE

Just found out my pants have got the seven plagues. Terrible! Had it confirmed by my personal physician. Worst possible pants. Totally bad!

First time it happened was down at my small weekend retreat in Florida. Just me and Melania. Then frogs started bursting out my pants.

Melania thought that was gross. Called the Secret Service guys. They suspect Europeans. Called Farage. He agreed. So sad they gotta do that.

Next time was when I was taking a dump in the White House. Pants start spewing brimstone. Brave men of DCFD contained it. Makes me proud.

Not Europeans this time. My chief of security told me that Obama's guys left a virus in the White House Presidential chair. Pathetic!

Had the pants checked out. Clean. Then they start gushing water. All over the Finest Golf Course in the World. Flooded. Pants gotta go.

Total disaster! Pants catch fire on State visit to Moscow. Just telling Vlad how well we get on then bang! Flames! Worst ever State visit!

Got the CIA on to it. They rounded up some Mexicanos and ISIS guys. Beat confessions outa them. Obama put them up to it. Told you so.

Got my strategist on the case. Great guy. Told me about the Seven Plagues. Arab problem. Fish, hail and blood next. How the hell? Sick!

I am the only one who can fix this. Time for a change. And fast! I need to make the Presidential Pants Great Again. #PPGA. Or lose them.

I understand our problems better than any other president. I'm gonna take the toughest line. Obama was too scared. Too stupid. Incompetent!

I come from a proud race. My ancestors had no pants. Wore the kilt. So: Kick out the pants! I will be the best by far in fighting pants.

Terrible! Now the dishonest media's laughing at me. Donald Where's Your Troosers. Dumb! Disgusting and sick attacks on me. Pathetic racists!

