

*"It's hilarious and disgusting and I can hear the character's voice in my head, haha. Kudos well done, you weird and wacky writer! You crack me up. Much love and lots of puke."*

- The Author's Own Nepotistic Super PAC  
(Beloved Eldest Sister)

# Trump Chicken



A GROTESQUE TALE

bobbygw

## Disclaimer

*All characters and events in this short story of satire—even those based on real people—are entirely fictional. None of this is true. The following short story contains grotesque, monstrous imaginings and, due to its content, it should not read by anyone.*

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**Dedication:** For my eldest sister, who loves psycho stuff.

Trump Chicken:  
*A Grotesque Tale*

By bobbygw

*Excerpt Only for bobbygw's Blogreaders*

## Trump Chicken: A Grotesque Tale [excerpt only]

I've got very high standards—very, very high—just ask my friends, and not just the ones in prison—the media love me, my fans—so many—many, many—incredible, I love them—so they'll tell ya, I set the bar *so* high, ya know? Seriously, yawuddanbelieve.

So I'm choosy about the rich people I eat. I select, like I'm some fancy restrant critic—I pick, I choose. That way, it's not just the rich, see, who are all a bunch of shits I'm sure ya know—are ya rich? I'm just kiddin ya. Course ya not. Ya journalist types are just two steps away from bein a blue collar workin shlub like the rest of us poor bastards. So yagree, right? Don't answer, sure. I unnerstand. Everythin's recorded. I bet the warden's gonna release a book of my interviews. Screw with my civil liberties like the Cock brothers. God I wish I got to them. No way, Jose. They know *everybody's* out to get them. Only yours truly to eat them though. Haha. One day. Yeah, I should be so lucky.

Anyways, I'm just like Robin Hood, ya know? Kill the rich to feed the poor, like me. Ok, only me. Haha. But ya godda have standards, see? Ya don't just leave your taste buds on the side dish, like I did with Trump's—ha! But ya don't wannem to taste like shit, right? Course ya don't. Ya wannem nice. Tasty. Mouthwaterin. And it takes some months to get through 300 pounds of meat, so it beddeh taste good!

So I don't just eat anybody—christno. No, no—I love my fine dinin. And it takes time, ya know, effort, creativity, blood-sweat-and-tears—well, all his—haha—to prepare all the different meats involved, to know what to do with the skin, the giblets, the oysters. I'm very fancy—cervelle, sweetbreads—both kinds, ya know? Amazin stuff, I even use the offal. Nothin—I'm tellin ya—*nothin* goes to waste. I'm careful like that, see? Classy. Standards like ya wouldn't believe. Ask anyone who knows me.

So imagine my disappointment when after much, much plannin and meticulous—I mean super, super careful, thorough—amazin, seriously, just—well, *so* good—but I was gutted—worse than the bozo I did in. Ha! No but seriously, it was the worst, the *worst* disappointment out of all the rich bastards I ate. Ya see, I try to go for the ones that keep a healthy diet, that have their personal trainers. Swimmin, joggin, workin out in the gym. I keep an eye on them. Watch how they eat. See where the paparazzi have photographed them eatin. Cos if they've got taste, they'll *have* taste, you knowwuddamean? Haha.

But this bastard. Chrisalmighty. He just let himself go, the slob. I'd been tailin him since he was a nice-lookin slim guy. Carried himself well. Ok, a swagger, but all the rich do that—well, swagger or mince like they got frickin diamonds jammed into their goddam toes while they're walkin. Probably do. The bastards.

It took a lot of plannin, see. Years. They go by. Sure I'd eaten a lot—lodda rich before him, but they were easy. Yawuddanbelieve how many rich bastards go missin. A lot thanks to me—haha.

Yeah, but no. so—yeah—so let me say it for the record. Trump tastes like rancid chicken. Sorry, tasted yeah! No more Trump. Boohoo! Waah! I get mail from all over—what can I say? I'm a popular guy. But ya know, they're all *thankin* me. I'm a celebrity, get me outta here! Marvelous. Who knew, right? Well, I did him a favor. I got him before the Mexican Cartel did. And the women, and the blacks and all the rest of us poor shlubs and ordinary Joes and Janes, right?

So a nasty taste. I mean—shockin. Makes me ill just thinkin aboutit. Seriously. I had to make some barbecued spare ribs oudda him, just to make a nice change from all the bad meat, ya know? Thank god for sauce, ya know? But the rest, no madda what I did, it tasted so bad. I mean. *Frickin*. Bad. I could say worse, swear, ya know? But I told ya, I got standards. I can speak so nice—I'm tellin ya—ask anybody—so good—yawuddanbelieve it, ya'd get bored, believe me. Anyway, ma would kick my ass if I did, she'd be so embarrassed. Godda respect the language, ya know?