

"Dominable Land...ish--The Alternative Facts" by Nate Lindell

Well.... who would've thought that Trump would bring about "the end of the world as we [knew] it?" (And I feel terrible!)

Okay smartass, a lot of people knew.

But I doubt they thought it would end like this.

For whoever might someday read this, here's the story.

Trump (i.e. the joker to the right) and the other Repukelicans made sure everyone had guns, literally. They passed a law mandating everyone over the age of eight carry a gun at all times.

What about the crazy people and ex-convicts, you ask? Crazy people on the street were put in prisons, where many crazy people were already being held. There was plenty of room for them in prison because all ex- and current convicts were rounded up, implanted with a beacon chip, shipped to the southern border's gun free zone and forced to work on the Great Wall of Trump. "They'll make it bigger and taller than any wall ever," Trump assured the public. Or they were armed with bats, knives, and spears to pursue any sons of bitches that tried to sneak into America, which wasn't many after life in "great" America became known to the world. Free citizens were authorized to shoot any of those border slaves who tried to escape the gun free zone.

Everyone in the rest of America had guns, usually multiple guns, which legally could be shot in public areas and buildings so long as bullets only hit a person you could prove had stolen or threatened you.

People wore guns like they once wore watches: took them in the shower with them, wore them while dumping and humping. YouTube was flooded with videos of people doing all sorts of weird shit with guns, ingenious uses for guns, like using them to trim your nose hairs.

It was weird, at least to me. Made me wonder if the Kimster (i.e. the clown to the left) used one of his magic potions to cause that too. I had to wear two guns just so I wasn't labeled anti-gun and put under surveillance by Trump's Cossack secret police!

Then, the zombie-ish apocalypse came.

I knew it was coming because--hell Trump is a zombie himself. He's all "sound and fury, signifying nothing" but raw emotions...a zombie, no higher thought on display.

Anyway, Trump and the zombie running North Korea decided World War III would be a great idea. (It'll be huuuuge!) Trump dumped some nukes, took out half of North Korea along with Lil' Kim Jong Ding-Dong. But before Kimminy Cricket croaked, he unleashed some sneaky spies who unleashed chemical weapons throughout America.

Voila, zombies.

Didn't quite see it coming like that...

The chemicals rubbed out most men, most boys, and a lot of girls too. I survived, though one of my nuts swelled up and fell off.

The bitches went wild though! They couldn't stand their face being seen. They became hyper aggressive and dominant harsh nymphos who searched for and captured what men remained--fought each other in groups, basically what men used to do in the cave days.

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I call them dominables--dominatrix + zombies.

If Trump is still alive, he is getting grabbed by his pussy now. (I wonder if any of his nuts fell off too.)

Anyway, being treated like a piece of meat is something new to me. What are my thoughts on it? Meh, not as fun as I thought it would be.

These bitches ain't very social either. They don't say much, other than, "eat," "go clean yourself up," and "you can do better than that!"

You can probably tell that I'm a jabberjaws, but I got no one to jabber with.

I hope they steal another dude soon. I gettin' cramps in my tongue anyway, and I only got one ball's worth of fuel for these bitches, and they keep me burnt up!

At least they feed me good, stopped chainin' me up

[loud click of lock opening. sound of multiple footsteps descending stairs.]

Oh, shit! They're back.

Maybe I'll finish this later.

Anyway, the world done ended ... ish.

Note: This was my essay for Prisonerexpress.org's May 2017 photo theme, which you can see above.

P.E. forgot to include my ending, so I wrote it out.

Weird-ass photos get weird-ass themes & don't test me!