

The name's Bond Donny boy.

Never more appropriate than now.

Horsfall, R. September 18th 2026.

Who owns the US?



A stranger wearing a black tuxedo, walked into Trump's playground yesterday and told him to wind his neck in.

'You are a prat Trump' he said. 'You think you own the playground and the school, you think you can push your way around, make a lot of noise, threaten retribution and we will all simply bow before you. Unfortunately for you, there are a lot of big boys in the world, bigger and smarter than you, tougher than you and more than anything braver than you. I'm here to tell you that you cannot impose arbitrary tariffs on anyone you please. I'm here to tell you that you might think you own the playground, but other people own the school, the town the city and your country.'

'Who?' said Trump, 'Who owns my country? I am President of the richest most powerful nation the world has ever seen. Presidents and Prime Ministers kiss my ass to get a deal. I can do anything I want and take anything I want, and no one can stop me, especially you, whoever you are.'

Listen Donny! Canada, Mexico, Greenland, Europe and especially China have joined the FQ Trump gang and are standing up to you. Your stock market is plunging, your supporters are growing poorer by the day. They haven't bent the knee to you.'

'They will,' said Trump. I can outspend them. I can outlast them. They will come begging sooner or later. Anyway,' he added petulantly, 'I can always do a little insider dealing by bouncing the market up and down and make my friends richer.'

'Poor Donny. You don't have any friends. You don't own your country, I do. I hold the mortgage on the USA, I can crush you in a day if I call in all the power at my disposal. I can shut you down right now, should I so desire.'

‘Bullshit!’ said Trump ‘No one can do that.’

‘I can. Listen Donny, by tomorrow you will ‘postpone’ tariffs on all your former allies and stop your stupid wars. If you don’t you will pay the price. I own you Donny, you will do as I say.’

‘Okay big guy, I’ve heard enough of your crap. You turn up here in my playground and tell me I don’t own my country. Who the hell are you?’

The stranger loosened his tie and pulled up a chair, then fixed his eyes on Trump’s..



‘The name’s Bond, Donny boy. National Treasury Bond.’