Trump’s 1988 Presidential Run
Mr. Trump, your denials notwithstanding, don't the ads you took out suggest a testing of the political waters?

As I have said before, I was simply acting as a concerned citizen!
AT THIS TIME, I HAVE NO, REPEAT NO, POLITICAL AMBITIONS WHATSOEVER!

OKAY, BUT IF YOU DID RUN FOR CONGRESS... PRESIDENT. THINK PRESIDENT.
Okay, let's just say for the sake of argument that a Trump candidacy was in the cards...

What sort of agenda would Donald Trump set? Good question!
COULD I HAVE THE FIRST GRAPHIC, PLEASE?

"JOB ONE: A WHITE HOUSE WE CAN BE PROUD OF."
MR. TRUMP, AS A DEVELOPER OF LUXURY CONDOS AND CASINOS...

DO YOU THINK YOU'D HAVE ANY RAPPORT AT ALL WITH VOTERS OF MODEST MEANS?
Are you kidding? I've spent my whole life working with people of modest means!

Uh... in what capacity, sir?

Evicting them! I've seen how these people live!
Donald Insults
April 17, 2016
OH, YEAH?
WELL, YOU'RE A... A...

WHAT?

HEY, KIDS! TIRED OF GETTING KILLED ON INSULTS IN THE CAFETERIA?
THEN START FIGHTING BACK WITH MY QUALITY TRUMP® BRAND INSULTS!

CHOOSE FROM OVER 500 TREMENDOUS INSULTS I’VE TWEETED OUT SINCE LAST JUNE, INCLUDING...
“LIGHTWEIGHT!”
“EMBARRASSMENT!”
“CHOKER!”
“DISASTER!”
“PHONY!”
“HYPOCRITE!”
“DOPE!”
“FRAUD!”
“ARROGANT!”
“LOSER!”
“GRUBBY!”
“WACKO!”
“THIRD-RATE!”
“CLOWN!”
“DUMB!”
“CLUELESS!”
“NASTY!”
“FAILED!”
“TERRIBLE!”
“RIDICULOUS!”
“DECEPTIVE!”
“WEAK!”
“SAD!”
“CRAZY!”
"TOTALLY CORRUPT!"
"DUMB AS A ROCK!"
"RECKLESS!"
"TOTALLY FLAWED!"
"NOT NICE!"
"NERVOUS WRECK!"
"ZERO TALENT!"
"SLOPPY!"
"A REAL NUT JOB!"
"BLOWHARD!"
"OVERRATED!"
"TRULY WEIRD!"
"A JOKE!"
"UNATTRACTIVE!"
"DISGUSTING!"
"IRRELEVANT!"
"SPOILED BRAT!"
SO STOP BEING A HUGE LOSER - USE TRUMP® BRAND INSULTS AND START WINNING TODAY!

PHONY! CLOWN! LIAR! GRUBBY! WACKO! DUMMY!
LISTEN, YOU GUYS! THAT HALFBACK RALPH SLATSKY IS SCORING TOO MUCH. I WANT YOU TO GET OUT THERE AND KILL HIM!!

NO, B.D., NO! OL' RALPH'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE--WE GREW UP TOGETHER! PLEASE, B.D., DON'T ASK US TO KILL RALPH!
O.K., JOHN, NO SWEAT. "KILL" IS JUST A FOOTBALL TERM, JOHN. WE WON'T REALLY KILL HIM, I PROMISE.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE GOT TO GO.
Hey, you! You with the weird helmet! Where’d you come from?

How do, Cap’n America! My name’s Zonker! Coach says that I’m playing uptight end for you!
OL’ ZONKER’S GOT THE MOST-CRAZY FAR OUT HANDS IN THE COUNTY. THEY’RE JUST HEEEWACK TOO FAR, FAR OUT!

COACH!

71,30

71,30
ZONKER! ARE YOU SMOKING THE DREADED KILLER MARIJUANA IN MY HUDDLE!? 

SURE, CAP'N. WANT SOME?
Are you crazy?! Do you know what that evil weed leads to? Do you?

Communism!

Oh, dear.
B.D. In ROTC

Sergeant, most of your men are coming along fine.

Most are exactly as we expected; uninspired, but willing to do that which they are ordered.
BUT SERGEANT...

...THIS MAN WORRIES ME.

AIEE! KILL! AIEE!

TWAP!

STOMP!
WELL, HERE I SIT AT COLLEGE, AWAITING MY NEW ROOMMATE. I KNOW HE'LL BE COOL, SINCE HE'S COMPUTER SELECTED!!

YOU JUST FILL IN A FORM, SEND IT IN, AND PRESTO! IDEAL ROOMMATES!
Hi there! My name's Mike Doonesbury. I hail from Tulsa, Oklahoma and women adore me! Glad to meet you, roomie!

Of course, there are still a few bugs in the system.
I can't believe it! I'm lost!

My first week in Vietnam, and I'm already missing in action! I'll probably starve or get eaten, even!
HOWEVER!!...EVEN IF I'M DESTINED TO DIE IN THIS CURSED JUNGLE, I STILL BELIEVE THIS WAR IS RIGHT, HONORABLE, AND A CREDIT TO AMERICA!

VELY NICE. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE P.O.W. ISSUE?
B.D. Meets Phred

Whaddya ya lowering your gun for, Charlie? Scared of me?

No. We're lost.

Lost? You're joking.

No, I'm not—We're lost. Lend me your jungle map and I'll see if I can figure out where we are.
AHA!

WHAT?

YOU SAID THAT.

WE'RE LOST.
B.D., I know how hard it must be for you to accept me, what with our different backgrounds and all. I realize how you feel.

You know, I even know what you'd like to call me. But you haven't said it, on account of our joint struggle for survival. But I wouldn't mind really. Go ahead and say it... O.K.
YOU LOUSY COMMIE GOOK!

THERE NOW, DON'T YOU FEEL BETTER?

YES, I NEEDED THAT.
B.D., Phred and Cole Porter

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE TONIGHT FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE, THE INCOMPARABLE PHRED!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU. YOU'RE TOO KIND. 
AH, ONE.. TWO. AH, ONE, TWO, THREE...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
"I love Paris in the springtime! I love Paris in the fall!"

"Night and day, you are the one. Only you beneath the moon and under the s-u-u-n!"

"Let's do it! Let's fall in love!"

"Actually, relatively few Viet Cong know the work of Cole Porter."

"You're too kind!"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
B.D. Loses Leg In Afghanistan
April 21, 2004
B.D. Meets Elias at Vet Center
2006
REGARDEZ, MICHAEL! A COMELY HITCH-HIKERESS!

'MORNING, FRIEND! YOU NEED A LIFT INTO WASHINGTON?

SURE! BUT YOU LOOK FULL UP!
Nonsense! We've got plenty of room!
Mike D Meets Joanie Caucus

Honey...

FORGET IT, CLINTON, I JUST DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE IF MY WHITES ARE BRIGHTER OR MY HANDS ARE SOFTER! I WANT TO HAVE A LIFE OF MY OWN, CLINTON, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND!

HONEY...

HEY, YOU! PASSING STRANGERS!

MA'AM?

Rrrrr

Screech!

PLEASE, BOYS, TAKE ME WITH YOU! TAKE ME FROM THIS PLACE! PLEASE!

WELL.. SURE, O.K., IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

BOYS, I'M OFF TO START A NEW LIFE! YES, A LIFE IN WHICH I CAN BE MY OWN WOMAN! AND I'M WILLING TO RIDE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO FIND IT!
Actually, we have to be back at school next week.
Joanie and Gender Roles

Hey, people, I've got an idea! Let's find out what you all want to be when you grow up! First, the boys!

That's great, boys. Now what do you girls want to be?

A football player!

A doctor!

A drummer!
WE WANT TO BE Mommies!

Boys, if you'll excuse us, the girls and I have to have a little chat.
Well, I guess they disapprove of some of the things I've been discussing with you about women... now go on, scoot!

Withdrawing me? How come, Ms. Caucus?

Hang in there, sister!

I will, dear.
Joanie and J.J.

THE COMPLEAT MOTHER GOOSE

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater...

...had a wife but couldn't keep her.

So he put her in a shell...
And there he kept her very well.
YOU UNDERSTAND THAT PETER IS A SEXIST PORKER, DON'T YOU, HONEY?

YES, MOMMY.
Joanie and Elizabeth Warren

“Is anyone still listening to the big orange cowbell?”
HELLO, JOANIE?

ELIZABETH! HOW ARE YOU? HAVING FUN OUT THERE?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, JOANIE! IT'S A BLAST GOING AFTER THIS JERK! YOU WANT TO UNRETIRE, JOIN THE TWITTER WARS?
HA! THAT'S A TEMPTING OFFER. SERIOUSLY. BUT I'M DONE. I DON'T HAVE THE STAMINA FOR ANOTHER CAMPAIGN...

LOSER!
CRASH!

DUMMY!

UM... HOLD ON A SEC. ALEX'S KIDS ARE VISITING...
PHONY!
CHOKER!
BIMBO!
LIAR!
HATER!
BOYS! STOP IT! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
WE'RE JUST PLAYING TRUMP, GRAMMY.

GRAMMY, WILL YOU COVER MY LEGAL BILLS?

ELIZABETH? I'M IN.
Mark Slackmeyer

GET READY, MR. PRESIDENT, "MEGAPHONE" MARK SLACKMEYER HAS ARRIVED AT YOUR FRONT DOOR!!

LISTEN UP, IN THERE!
STOP THE WAR! NO MORE R.O.T.C! ALL POWER TO THE PUPIL!! / ETC.!
WHY, HELLO, MARK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME IN AND RAP?

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS...
GOOD NEWS, KIDDIES! TIME FOR ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE WBBY "WATERGATE PROFILE"! TODAY'S OBITUARY—JOHN MITCHELL!

JOHN MITCHELL, THE FORMER U.S. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, HAS IN RECENT WEEKS BEEN REPEATEDLY LINKED WITH BOTH THE WATERGATE CAPER AND ITS COVER-UP.
IT WOULD BE A DISSERVICE TO MR. MITCHELL AND HIS CHARACTER TO PREJUDICE THE MAN, BUT EVERYTHING KNOWN TO DATE COULD LEAD ONE TO CONCLUDE HE'S GUILTY!

THAT'S GUILTY!
GUILTY, GUILTY, GUILTY!!
Slackmeyer and Protest

Let your congressman know how you feel! Sign a petition calling for impeachment!

Don't push, one at a time.

Impeach presidency Nixon!

Now, that's not something you see every day...

Yeah, they're sort of an endangered species, aren't they?

Look, honey, a student activist!
Uh-huh. Poor guy—he’s really one of a kind.

Imagine! A living reminder of our past, right here in front of us.

They oughta put him in the Smithsonian or somethin’...

Yeah.