



## A Tale of the Border

So here was the wall. A big, beautiful wall, and he'd built it. Seated atop it for the photo opp, he felt magnificent.

Down below, General Jefferson King led the salute from a US Army cavalry unit. The crowd roared, and the cameras loved him.

And then, the unthinkable. Atop the wall, as he raised his arms to acknowledge the cheers, the wind caught his long, red tie. He slipped, unbalanced, and fell.

Hitting the ground, he shattered – bigly. The US Army did its best. But all General King's horses and all of King's men...

Couldn't.

Put Trumpty.

Together.

Again.

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