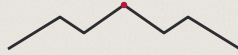


MOUNT MUSK

by Neil Adair Zitting

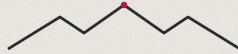
March 18, 2025



Mr. Elon Musk,

Recently, I was doing my UPS daily route when I was seized upon by an idea.

The most effective way I could think of to present it to you is for us to peer into the misty future and imagine:



You find yourself sitting on your IntelliJet, flying in to take a final look at your personal artistic undertaking and to give the go-ahead of its opening to the public.

You just swallowed the last bite of your morning donut, picking up a coffee to take a sip when your IntelliJet comes over the speaker saying, “Mr. Musk, we are five minutes to landing at the Rapid City Regional Airport.” You glance out the window and notice the Badlands of South Dakota. You study the sharply eroded buttes, pinnacles and spires blended with prairie grass and contemplate the astounding journey of nature.

As you descend into a smooth landing and the door to your IntelliJet automatically opens, you see a Tesla Triple X model slowly driving towards you. I get out of the Triple X, greeting you with our usual greeting. Settling into the Tesla, which is not remotely in comparison to a 2025 Tesla — no

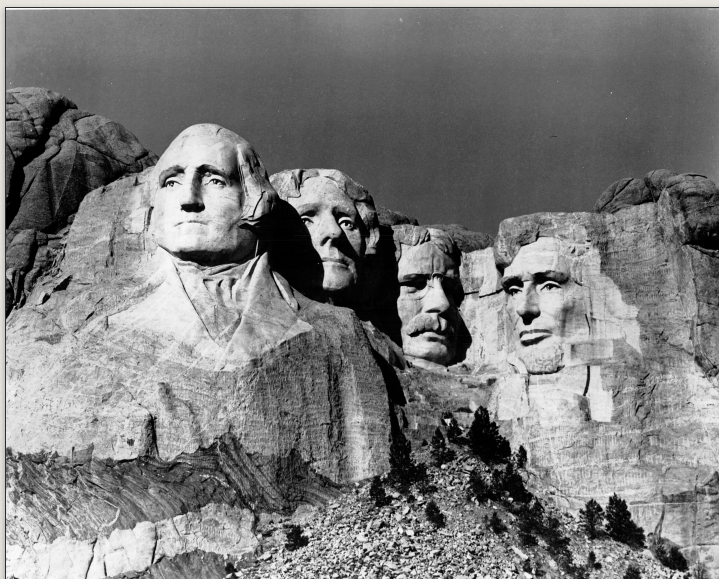
driver, no steering wheel; it appears as a cozy sitting room. We take the front seats and adjust them to slightly facing each other and slightly facing the sizable front glass. I have already set the destination, and the Triple X heads out on Airport Road, turning west onto Hwy 44 into the ‘City of the Presidents.’

We are in deep conversation as we travel along. I ask you how all your adventures, projects and efforts are going. You inform me that you just got back last night from Mars, landing at the only Starport in the United States and the largest in the world, near Austin, Texas. I inquire how your endeavors are going on Mars. You tell me that you will be returning in about a month, as the medical facility is up and running, and you plan to be there for the first human birth on Mars — your girl child that will be named MARsia Musk. You are beyond elated about this unearthly achieved dream of yours, and I’m over the moon excited for you.

Triple X interrupts our conversation saying, “We are turning onto State Highway 16 heading south into the Black Hills.” One thing noticeably different this day from that of the first time we met in 2025 is that when traveling along roads on Earth, there are no signs, reflector posts or road markings; neither do we see utility poles and wires. For they have all been removed, due to the fast-paced technology which accelerated after 2025. Cars speak to you instead of having billboards or traffic signs, enhancing the beauty of Earth from the removal of man-made driving props that restricted and distorted the natural view.

Approximately twenty minutes after we left Rapid City, our Tesla says, “To your left is Mount Rushmore, a National Memorial.”

Just as said, we look left, and there, in plain sight, are the majestic granite faces of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln.



Mount Rushmore. Photo: National Park Service (public domain).

You say, “Triple X, please give us more detail.”

Triple X begins: “The four faces carved into the mountain were chosen to represent the birth, growth, development and preservation of the United States. The construction took 14 years, from 1927 to 1941. Mount Rushmore was named after Charles E. Rushmore, a New York attorney who was in the Black Hills in 1885. While Charles gave the mountain its name, he was not involved in the original idea for the monument; Rushmore did donate money towards the Mount Rushmore project ...”

You speak up and say, “Enough, Triple X,” and the overhead voice replies, “Okay, you’re ten minutes to your destination.”

As we travel along, we again converse a bit, occasionally sipping bottled water you brought back from deep beneath the Martian surface.

I begin to tell you my thoughts of you and President Trump:

“Elon, what Donald Trump accomplished as President, and you and your efforts with DOGE, along with those working on your teams — we have not had the likes since our Founding Fathers in establishing the United States. Like you and Trump, many of the Founding Fathers were wealthy landowners or merchants, and they risked losing everything they owned. With the same risk, Trump headed the charge, with you and his team at his side, right into the swamp, swinging, cutting and fighting in the dark, stagnated waters of the old alligators, snakes and salamanders. Nothing in history, no one since the days of the Founding Fathers has accomplished what you two and the team have. I would call you the ‘Founders of the Future,’ in that you saved our Constitution from total annihilation by the Libtards, assuring the continuation of the United States and our freedoms into the future.”

Just then our Tesla said, “You have arrived at your destination — Mount Musk.”

As we exit our comfortable and relaxing mode of conveyance, looking up, we stare in awe, beholding the carved faces of Presidents John F. Kennedy, Ronald Reagan and Donald Trump.

We stand in silence for many moments; then you turn to me and say, “It’s like Trump said, ‘The good ones get shot at.’”

After more moments of enchanted silence, you continue, “You know, this was your idea.”

I reply:

“Well ... I’d say it like this: ‘I was the minister who married you to the idea, and now it’s your baby!’”



MOUNT MUSK

Kennedy, Reagan and Trump. Sketch by Neil Adair Zitting.

© 2025–2026 sNAZy Publishing. All rights reserved. Free to read and print for personal use · sNAZyPublishing.com

sNAZy
PUBLISHING

Plain truth, good humor, and a better tomorrow.



WRITTEN BY

Neil Adair Zitting

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Neil A. Zitting". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending from the end.

Written by a human, for humans.

sNAZyPublishing.com

contact@snazypublishing.com

© sNAZy Publishing LLC · All rights reserved · Written by hand, not by AI