

If You Believe ... You Might Be A TrumpNeck

If You Believe **Donald J Trump** Is The Greatest Pfucking President In American Pfucking History ... You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You Traded-In Your Dilapidated POS Double-Wide For A Broken Down POS Live-In Van To Travel The **Trump** Rally Circuit, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If All Yer Credit Cards Be Maxed Out, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If The Monthly Interest On Yer Revolving Credit Balances Exceed Yer Monthly Take-Home Pey, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You've Had Phone Sex With One Or More Of Yer Bill Collectors, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You've Had *Actual Sex* With One Or More Of Yer Bill Collectors, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You Have Family, Friends, Or *Illegitimate* Children Down In The Hollers Of Eastern Kentucky, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You Described Your Maternal Grandmother In A Memoir As A "Crazy Hillbilly Bitch," You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Yer Momma Set The Guinness World Record For Most Husbands/Boyfriends In A Ten-Year Period, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Yer Dirty, Raggedy, Obnoxious, Snot-Encrusted *Little Darlings* Call A Bail Bondsman "Uncle Louie," You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Yer Local PD Has A *Dedicated* Patrol Car To Haul Yer Skanky-Ass Momma Off To Jail, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Yer Local PD Has A Plaque On A Jail Cell Bearing Yer Momma's Name, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Yer Local Chief Of Police Asks Yer Momma *How She Wants It This Time*, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You And Yer Sibs H-A-T-E Yer Momma's Assigned Social Worker, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If Someone Promises You An Over-The-Moon, Life-Changing Return On A \$100 *Investment*, Provided You Mail-In A One Hundred Dollar Bill Wrapped In *Aluminum Foil* To Protect It From The Guvmint's Prying Eyes, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck** — AND A CERTIFIABLE PFUCKING M-O-R-O-N. [Ed. Note: Ask any Mattoonian You Happen To Know. Or, Read Chapter 9 — The Wizzard Of Mattoon — In WaPo Reporter Will Sommer's **UN-PFUCKING-BELIEVABLE 2023 book**, *Trust The Plan: The Rise Of QAnon And The Conspiracy That Unhinged America* — HarperCollinsPublishers.]

If You're The Proud Owner Of At Least Three Of The Following, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**: Trump Gold Sneakers, Trump Bible, Trump Vibrator (And QAnon Secret Decoder Ring), Trump Golf Balls, Trump Door Mat, Trump Wine. MAGA Bonus Points If You're A Trump University Graduate.

If You Think **McPresident Donald J Trump** — aka, The Self-Proclaimed "Very Stable Genius," Knows *Anything* About Crypto Investing Or The Future Of Crypto Itself, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck**.

If You Think An *Investment* In **Trump** Media & Technology Group (TMTG — Nasdaq: DJT) Will Be A *Stable Moderate-Risk* Bet With Enormous Growth Potential, You Might Be A **TrumpNeck** — And, Of Course, A Pfucking Eejit.