

# A Bastille Day Toast

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## 1 Diss-Disclaimer

I hereby attest that the following is Fake News (TM). Or in other words, it is a work of fiction: in particular, of satire.

President Trump accepted an invitation from the president of France to visit Paris for a celebration of Bastille Day (July 14, 2017). In the following, I imagine what Trump might have said, if he had been called upon to offer a toast, at a dinner party during that visit.

A close reading of these imaginary remarks might lead you, dear reader, to infer that I have a low opinion of—among other things—Donald Trump’s knowledge of history. In this you would be correct.

## 2 The Toast

Thank you, President Macro. And thank *you*, Brigitte.

When the POTUS (that’s me) makes his first visit to France, it is customary to repeat our country’s thanks for your country’s help during our Revolutionary War.

You know, there was a time when it looked like we were going to lose that war. Not many people know this. But what can I say? I wasn’t there to take charge of things.

So the French sent one of their greatest military officers to help. He was a great, great officer. General Washington took one look at him drilling the troops and said, “This officer will be my chief strategist.”

Washington was a great judge of talent, you know. One of the best. It’s one of the ways that he and I are alike. Right up there with the whole “I cannot tell a lie” thing.

Of course there are also differences between Washington and me. Like, I don’t need anybody but myself to be my chief strategist.

But Washington did, and he knew it. It was only a few months later that he found out for sure that he had picked the right guy.

There was this really big battle coming up. People were saying that the Americans would probably lose that battle. And they said that if we did,

it would be our Waterloo. We colonists would have to go back to pledging allegiance to the Queen.

And let me be honest with you: we probably would have lost, without the help of our French friends. What did they do? They hacked into the British computers, and fixed things so that it all came out all right.

So, *mes enfants*, please join me in raising your glasses in a toast to that great hero, the Marquis de la Bastille!