Twitter Thread by Ian Dunt

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Trump has left the White House.

God what a lovely sentence to type. I might do it again.

Trump has left the White House.

Lovely. I didn't know fingers on keys could feel that good.

Is there a more beautiful sentence? I suspect not.

'Free comics'. Maybe.

Americans really love their helicopters don't they.

Remember at the start when people acted like Melania was some kind of kidnap victim. My arse. Anyone prepared to marry him would clear be a completely broken human being. And that was what she was.

Space Force, fucking Space Force. Incredible. Right at the top of his list of accomplishments. Star Trek cosplay.

I mean what's there to say? The same gibberish of meaninglessness, like a monkey grasping to speak, right to the end.

Oop. "China Virus"... "we all know where it came from". Just a tiny little extra smatering of racism as a parting gift.

And there it is: "We will be back in some form."

He ends with these words: "Have a good life, we will see you soon."

That sentence makes no sense. If you were going to see them soon, you wouldn't need to hope they have a good life. Even his final words were the product of genuine rock-bottom idiocy.

The music sweet jesus.

Off you fuck mate.



This is a beautiful thing to see. Harris and her husband are a sight to behold.

Pence looks like some terrible smell lingering in the corner of the room.

Remember where we were a year ago today. Watching a fascist stand, surrounded by the grandeur of the state, screaming about American carnage, like the first act of something truly terrible.

And all the people back then, respectable commentators in TV studios, who would tell you that this was the way of things now - that liberalism, decency and openness were a fading into the past.

Well it has been terrible. But they were wrong. The nationalist wave can be turned back. These people can be defeated. You can have a better country if you fight for it.

What a speech. Extraordinary thing to witness, really: a country confirming its commitment to democracy, not as ritual, but as something to be fought for.