

Majestic Designs: The Triple Crown of Rome and Hibernia

(May 2025)

A Brief Reign in the Age of Fantasy

being a True and Faithful Chronicle of His Presidency's Royal Campaigns
in the Frozen North and the Pontifical Lands of the Holy See.

Compiled by the Court Jester-General of the Fifty-Two Kingdoms

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1. Prologue: The Crown Winks from Afar

There are places on the map that whisper to high minded spirits. Not with the language of strategy or justice, but with the sacred seduction of Conquest.

His Presidency saw Canada and Greenland not as sovereign nations, but as unbranded extensions of self, Re(g)al Estate without signage, waiting to be absorbed.

This is the story of two Unconsummated Conquests and one Spiritual Ascension, all hatched from one gilded perch.

2. His Majestic Dream: King of Canada

One winter morning, stirred by a Dream and three Egg McMuffins, His Presidency declared Canada must be conquered, albeit not for oil, defense, or maple syrup, but for Expanding the Regal Brand.

When told it was a Monarchy, He grinned:

"So I'll be King too. Makes Perfect Sense!"

He designed His coronation outfit, a Great Robe inspired by Julius Caesar, although with sequins Made in America Again, and a gold-handled Scepter repurposed from a Golf Club. Advisors cautioned against annexing a Monarchical Nation. He replied:

"You're fired!"

However, the Prime Minister of the Northern Monarchy, ever civil, announced that His Majesty King Charles III, King of Canada, would grace Ottawa with His presence, and would inaugurate the new Government. His Presidency, caught off guard, backpedaled, tweeting:

"Was Just Kidding. Love the Canadians. Great Syrup!"

3. A Bid Too Bold and a Bit Too Cold: The Ice Cube Kingdom

His Presidency's ambitions moved East. Greenland, that great slab of white mystery, beckoned.

"Let's Buy It!"

said He. An embossed letter was dispatched to His Majesty, King Frederik X of Denmark and Greenland, Count of Monpezat:

"Tremendous Land. Needs Branding. Let's Make a Deal!"

And He thought, *en aparté*:

"Cool title. Might use it"

The Viking Monarch, unimpressed, telegraphed back:

"Greenland not for sale"

His Presidency insisted and dispatched His Vice, who remarked to the public upon landing that the place was "*cold as the colloquial for faeces or stool.*"

In Nuuk, locals inaugurated a plaque:

"This island is neither for sale, lease, or branding.

Already owned by people. No purchasers.

Yankees Go Home"

4. Papacy for the People

With both Temporal Crowns fading away, His Presidency soared higher, towards the Spiritual:

"We'll go for the Papal Tiara!"

He posted an image of Himself as Pope Donaldus Iohannes Primus . Not metaphorically, but literally, complete with Papal Mitre et Pallium, Alabaster Robes, and two Cardinals by His side.

He explained:

"Spiritual power's even better. No taxes. Plus, the waving is incredible.

And the titles!:

Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the Vatican City State, Servant of the servants of God."

The Vatican declined to respond.

5. Epilogue: The Jester's Farewell

Power once required wisdom only. Now, it requires also virality. What was once governance is now high stakes improvisational theatre.

But the Court Jester saw it all.

He did not scream, he did not fight.

For not crying, he tried to laugh a little, and wrote it down.

He jingled, he warned, and then he hid.

In this New Age, who wants dignity?