

# Hillary Clinton Hanged at GITMO

By

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Scrambled eggs with jalapeno peppers, and a strawberry milkshake. The last meal of the condemned.

Hillary Rodham Clinton was hanged at Guantanamo Bay Monday night, her death the culmination of an operation that began on March 2 when U.S. Navy SEALs on Donald J. Trump's authority arrested the disgraced politician at her Chappaqua, NY mansion. After a five-day tribunal at the world's most infamous detention center, a three-officer panel found Clinton guilty of murder, accessory to murder, treason, child trafficking, and other high crimes. Clinton, who had refused counsel, had uttered nary a word throughout the proceedings, and had taken Vice Adm. John G. Hannink's sentence of death with an unflinching gaze.

The hanging took place at 9:05 p.m., at once after Taps, which marks the start of quiet hours on U.S. military bases across the globe.

"The world is about to sleep quieter tonight," Vice Adm. John G. Hannink said to a small assembly that included 3 Joint Chiefs of Staff and, notably, Donald J. Trump, who, garbed in his typical dark suit and crimson tie, had arrived at GITMO earlier in the day. Michael Pompeo and former NYC Mayor Rudy Giuliani flanked him, both men having played an integral role in amassing evidence against Clinton.

Under military guard, a shackled Hillary Clinton was escorted from Camp Delta detention block to gallows made of steel latticework, with a downward swinging door beneath her feet, that the Army Corps of Engineers had erected in a clearing near Windward Point Lighthouse, on GITMO's southern edge. Affixed to a steel beam was a rectangular box with five circular, red buttons protruding from the case. In front of each button stood a uniformed soldier. Atop the platform, another soldier slipped a braided noose around Clinton's neck.

Vice Adm. Hannink addressed the execution detail: "When I say ready, and not one moment before, you will poise your left index finger in front of the button. You will keep it hovered there until I say execute, and then you five must simultaneously press your button. Only one of the five buttons will trigger the door, and none of you will ever know which button that was. Do you understand these instructions?"

"Yes, sir," the five bellowed in unison.

A chaplain and a physician climbed the 13 steps leading to the top of the platform and stood beside a soldier who was checking to ensure the noose was secure around Clinton's neck. Below them, Vice Adm. Hannink asked if Clinton wanted last rites or had any final words.

Clinton broke silence. "I'm Hillary Clinton, you can't do this to me," she said, her voice a witch's cackle.

"It's already done," Donald J. Trump shouted up at her.

"Ready." Vice Adm. Hannink nodded at the execution detail.

After a moment's pause, he gave the "execute" order, the soldiers pressed their buttons, and the grate beneath Clinton's feet swung open. Her legs and feet, still shackled at the ankles, twitched a moment or two, then stopped.

The rope was cut, and Clinton's lifeless body lie sprawled in a damp patch of grass. The physician present checked her vitals and declared her dead.

A confidential source involved in Trump's mission to obliterate the Deep State said the overall mood was somber and melancholy; there was no celebration, no jubilation, just an atmosphere of contentedness, an acknowledgement that what had to be done, was done. The nature of her crimes overshadowed celebratory thought. But a four-decade reign of terror had come to an end.

"As much as Trump hated her, this was purely business. He cares about the children who suffered at her hands more than he cares about what she did to him. Yes, her demise sends a signal to the Deep State. But Trump knows there are many more to go, and he won't celebrate till the job is done," our source said.