

# OMNIVISUM

literary magazine



who we are

## Baron Frump

Written by Sydney Vincent

**Baron Frump (A Candide Adaptation/Political Satire) by Sydney Vincent**

It was in the city of New York that there lived a rich family named the Frumps, who lived atop of their large apartment building in the most grandiose suites known to man, overlooking the lights and streets below. The father, Donald Frump, was a successful entrepreneur with the most luscious golden locks and smooth tan complexion. The mother, Melanie, was a former Slovenian model who, after marrying Donald, became an American citizen, but then realized that her husband could not stand immigrants. By then, it was too late, for Donald had become the United States' president and her country needed a strong, independent, American woman to stand next to him in office. Their daughter, Ivanna, was the fairest girl in the city, her face plastered on billboards and across magazines. Her natural blonde locks, much like her father's, swooped down onto her shoulders. Her intelligence matched her beauty.

In the apartment, a young man by the name of Baron Frump had lived with the family since birth, his own mother abandoning him in a Burger King(1). Melanie, who refused to have a child with Donald, took the child and raised him as a Frump. This knowledge remained a secret in the family, Baron never knowing of his lack of relation.

In these younger years, the Donald hired a professor and priest to teach the children. His name was Father Barry O. Bama(2), a man of infinite knowledge and wisdom. He preached of God and how the world they lived was the best of all possible worlds(3), no matter the circumstances. His face was kind, a small pair of spectacles resting on his brown nose, constantly being pushed

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up. After a few years, Father Bama and Mr. Frump ran into differences about Mr. Frump's tax returns that remained a secret amongst everyone.

"You're fired," were the last words Mr. Frump ever spoke to Father Bama. So, Father Bama left, never to be seen again.

One night, during Baron's 13th birthday party at the sacred apartment, Ivanna pulled him aside and finally told him of his adoption, thinking it was right for him to know. Baron, enraged and saddened by this news, stormed away from the party, Mr. Frump too interested in a woman with blonde hair and a thunderous pornstar name(4) to care about his son. Baron fled to the streets, never wanting to return to that tower of black and gold. As he walked, he passed numerous people crying, people in alleys smoking unknown substances, homeless men and women sitting on the side of the road sleeping away their troubles. These sights troubled Baron and made him question the wonderful beliefs Father Bama had taught him all those years before that he cherished so deeply.

He should've known the truth all along, he thought. He didn't have the luscious blonde hair. That should've been a sign.

As Baron trudged along, a young woman began to follow him, eventually pushing him into a dark alleyway, where he was beaten to a pulp with protest signs that said, "Love Trumps Hate." After he regained some strength, Baron continued to walk along the lonely streets, putting the red baseball cap Mr. Frump had gifted him on to hide the cuts and scrapes on his face. As he entered Times Square, hoping for help, a few only took out their phones to get a picture with the son of President Donald Frump. Baron did so reluctantly. A little bit away, Baron could hear a man preaching the word of God. As he got closer, he noticed a black man standing on a cardboard box, his straggly beard rustling with every enthusiastic word he preached.

"Father Bama?" Baron approached the man on the box.

"Baron? Why are... you bloodied up? Why're... you here?" the two embraced as Father Bama questioned him in his slow drawl and broken up sentences that Baron fondly remembered him for.

"I left the apartment after I was told that I was adopted! But none of that matters now, for I have found you! I thought I would never see you again! You have given me the hope of a lifetime that we truly live in the best of all worlds."

"Yes, uh, yes, we do! Although... I have not been employed since Mr. Frump, uh, dismissed me and, uh, all of the Catholic churches I know are closing and, uh, all of the schools I have called to teach at have given me no response, especially the elementary schools (5), I am left to preach the word to strangers on this here Square. But just think... it could be worse! Hallelujah and, uh, amen!"

"Excuse me, sir? I'm going to need you to step down from there and come with me down to the station. This was your last warning. You can't be causing a public disturbance like this," a police officer said, his stature proud and tall, the dark blue of his uniform contrasting to the paleness of his skin, his nametag engraved with the surname "Pence."

"But, sir, uh, you cannot... silence the word of God!"

"Sir, please come down from there."

"No, I will... not come down. For the higher we stand... the closer to God we are and the higher we are in the best world possible!"

The police officer grabbed Father Bama's arm and he fought back to stay on his box. The two began to wrestle and Baron attempted to interfere but failed, afraid his cap would be ruined. No one else moved except to record the fight on their cameras. Eventually, Officer Pence pulled out his baton and beat Father Bama with it until Father Bama lay still, the officer dragging his limp body into the car and driving away<sup>6</sup>. Everyone stopped filming and went about their day<sup>7</sup>.

Baron picked up the rosary and the money Father Bama had earned. As he began to walk again, the news ribbon outside of Good Morning America read:

**Frump Family Brutally Murdered in Home after Party, Daughter Kidnapped, Son Missing**

“Unfortunate, isn’t it? Good people dying everywhere,” a man in an old military jacket holding a black garbage bag in his dirty hands.

“They were my family,” Baron stated, “I’m Baron Frump, I found out they adopted me and then I ran away.”

“Hm,” the man grunted, “I’m Private Blinton(8). Wish someone would adopt me. I haven’t had a home in thirty years, since the war(9). All of my friends died and I’m all alone. And my wife’s out doing God knows what.”

“This is horrible,” Baron perked up suddenly, “But, this isn’t the end of the world. Maybe we can find Ivanna! We may truly live in the best of all possible worlds after all.”

“You’re a dumb kid, aren’t ya? She was kidnapped by killers. Can’t you read?”

“A slight chance is enough for me! She is still my sister. Will you come Private Blinton?”

”“Can we sleep somewhere warm first and get something to eat, too?”

“Sure thing, my new friend!”

The next morning after staying in a lovely Motel 6, the two walked to the closest McDonalds to order as much food as they could while saving a few bucks for their travels. When they arrived at the cash register, an older man, freshly shaven, with falling spectacles on his nose asked what they would like.

“Father Bama? What’re you doing here? I thought you were dead!”

“Oh, no, Baron! The power of God, uh, brought me back to life(10)! For when they were about to... cut me open on the table last night, I... awoke, scaring the coroner, and he let me go! I needed some food and money, so I... came here. It’s a wonderful time. First job I’ve had in years! I could... really make a career out of this! What did I, uh, tell you? We live in the best of possible worlds!”

“You work at a McDonalds...” Private Blinton snipped back.

After they ate, Baron invited Father Bama to find Ivanna Frump. They left the establishment with high hopes, except for Private Blinton who had something stuck in his teeth. As Private Blinton asked his fellow homeless veterans about the whereabouts Ivanna Frump, the news revealed that the plot against her family was done by an uprising of poor people from the slums, who all had those “Love Trumps Hate” posters in their front yards. After days of interrogation and Private Blinton and Father Bama discussing faith and God, the trio gathered enough information to find Ivanna from bribing the poor with food stamps and some drugs Private Blinton had in his pockets from his own days of dealing.

“I promise you; I did not have illegal relations with these drugs(11).” Private Blinton clearly gave away the last of his drugs and pocketed a little money.

With that information, they traveled down to the slums of the city, abandoned warehouses lining the cobbled streets. They took a taxi that was driven by an older woman named Ruth(12), her gaze hardened by a long life that had passed her. They arrived along the side of a warehouse that Private Blinton’s fellow soldiers had told him about, and they entered cautiously. Private Blinton gave Baron a knife to wield in case of danger. They proceeded carefully and found a back room with a few people in it.

“Police! Hands up!” Private Blinton entered the room with his hand propped in his pocket. The men backed up in confusion and fright, taking the girls they had in their arms and putting knives to their throats.

“Ivanna?” Baron emerged from behind Private Blinton.

“Baron?” Ivanna said as she stood in her captor’s arms.

“Listen here, I’m no policeman, but here’s a fair trade. Here’s a few ounces of coke, it’s the good stuff. Let us take the girl and we won’t tell anyone of anything here(13).”

The men discussed quietly and took the coke, pushing Ivanna into Baron’s arms.

“Baron, Bama,” Private Blinton said as he gathered some of the captors’ drugs into his pockets, “this never happened. I deny it all. No matter what.”

“Oh, I am so happy to hold you, Ivanna! I was so scared that I lost you! I am so sorry for running away.”

“We should leave... go somewhere safer,” Father Bama proposed. The trio and Ivanna managed get out of the warehouse and into the taxi where Ruth was doing a sudoku while listening to classical music on the radio.

**“Who’s this lovely lady?” Ruth asked.**

**“This is Ivanna, my sister,” Baron replied triumphantly.**

**“I have an idea where we can go. I haven’t been there in years; it was where our father would spend his business trips. He only took me once when he was babysitting me, but I am sure that I can figure it out. It will be safe. Very nice workers there.” Ivanna offered.**

**The trio, Ruth, and Ivanna drove on as Ivanna recounted her horrible plight with the drug lords.**

**“Oh, Baron,” Ivanna dug her crying face into his shoulder.**

**“What is wrong, my dear sister?”**

**“They did horrid things to us girls. After the rebels stormed into our apartment and killed mother and father, they beat me and took me to that warehouse, where the leaders, the ones with the drugs, forced me to work alongside the other girls packaging the drugs. I tried to escape, and they caught me and injected me with a drug that had no effect, but they said it ‘would soon.’ I am so scared, Baron. They beat us and did things with us and I am just so sad!”**

**“But you are safe now!” Baron held his sister closer.**

**“Yes, uh, you are!” Father Bama took off his McDonalds apron and wrapped Ivanna in it, “For you are... in the best of all possible worlds that God could have created!”**

**“Enough with that ‘best of all worlds’ crap, Mr. Reverend. Did you see what happened back there? I bought this girl for a few ounces of coke. That’s all it takes now, doesn’t it? She’s only worth a few ounces. And what about the rest of the girls? Sure, God saved this one, but the devil’s only going to kill the others now (14),” Private Blinton said and then whispered to Ivanna, “Do you think you could hook me up with one of those girls? The youngest one there? I think I heard that her name was Monica (15), am I right?”**

**“God will... save the rest, don’t you, uh, worry.” Father Bama interjected and began to pray.**

**“Sure, He will...” Private Blinton scooped over to the window and gazed out, lost in his thoughts about Monica**

**.Ivanna continued to tell of her plights, feeling woeful and sad, Baron comforting his sister.**

**“My darling, quit your crying. You have no idea what this world’s like. You’ve only had a taste of a few days. I was given up for foster care at birth, sent to live with a lowlife drug addict mom and an alcoholic dad, had to walk to school uphill in the snow both ways(16), never went to college, was a prostitute for a while, was shot three times and lived, gave birth to my only son, married an abusive man and divorced him, haven’t seen my son in eighteen years, and, now, drive a taxi for a living and live in a motel room. Try me, honey(17).**

**”Baron, Ivanna, and Father Bama sat dumbfounded and silent for the next hours as the radio played cheerful eighties music.**

**They arrived at a Playboy Mansion where Mr. Frump had spent his business trips at. Ruth, Ivanna, and Baron complained about it but Private Blinton and Father Bama gave the workers plenty of things to do. The mansion was nestled on the California coast and the owner of the mansion, named Hugh(18), agreed that they would gladly take in any Frumps because of the business that Mr. Frump always brought. The next days consisted of wondering what their lives would be like in the coming years. Father Bama wandered into the nearby town and found a church that was in need of a priest and gladly took the position. Martin found a job in a local grocery store bagging at the cash register and Ruth continued to drive her taxi around. Baron and Ivanna stayed at the mansion and took care of the land the mansion sat on. Not many of the workers worked outside much, only in the bedrooms.**

**However, Ivanna grew increasingly irritable. Her mood became hostile towards Baron as they spent their days in the mansion. One morning, Baron awoke to Ivanna sleeping next to him on the bed. As he attempted to wake her up, hoping she would not be as cruel, she turned under the covers, and Baron shrieked in disgust. Ivanna’s beautiful face had become distorted. She was no longer the fairest girl in the city but the foulest creature of them all. Her arms were sagging with fat, her neck painted with scratch marks, and her face sprayed with scabs and zits. Her eyes were an odd shade of yellow and her mouth oozed foam. It was the drug they gave her, Baron concluded.**

**“What’s wrong?” Ivanna asked in a growling voice.**

**“Oh,” Baron could not hide his revolt, “Nothing, my dear sister. Go back to sleep.”**

**“Dear God, she looks like my wife(19), Baron,” Private Blinton mumbled to Baron in between his appointments with the workers in the mansion.**

**The next days were filled with Ivanna’s hideous face and personality. Baron felt regret and anguish but had no choice but to stay with her. He eventually grew used to the hideous beast of a sister.**

**As the spring turned into summer, the land became overgrown with weeds, but revealed a beautiful garden, once kept by one of Hugh’s ex-wives. In this garden, Baron and the rest tended it, weeding and planting to keep themselves busy during their free time in this relaxed state of California. Seemingly, all of the people of the**

household were content with their lives.

One day, Father Bama, the wisest man of all men, stated, “You see, my brothers and sisters... if Baron had not run out of the apartment, if, uh, Ivanna had not been tortured and drugged, if, uh, Blinton had not been homeless after the war, if, uh, I had not been arrested and beaten, if, uh, Ruth had not been given the life she has been given... we would not have ended up here in this beautiful garden of Eden with... each other, tending to these plants. We have truly been blessed by the, uh, the Good Lord. Don't you think so, Baron?”

“Excellently observed,” answered Baron, “but let us cultivate our garden(20).”



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1 On September 15, 1986, Katheryn Deprill was left and abandoned at a Burger King in Allentown, PA by her struggling mother, only later to be reunited with her mother twenty-seven years later (Payne)

2 Barack Obama, the 44th president of the United States, who was a democrat

3 Leibniz's theory was a key role in the original version of *Candide*, often seen as Pangloss' defining belief

4 Stormi Daniels

5 "An August 2018 grand jury report on clerical sex abuse in six Pennsylvania dioceses gave a detailed, often graphic account of decades of criminal offenses against minors by Catholic priests" (De Boer)

6 "Street Preacher Wrongfully Arrested for Islamophobia Receives Payout from London Police" (Maule)

7 "'The Impact of Computer Self-Efficacy and Technology Dependence on Computer-Related Technostress: A Social Cognitive Theory Perspective" (Shu).

8 Bill Clinton

9 "Although most U.S. veterans' transition to civilian life successfully, securing employment and reintegrating into civilian communities, some veterans face transition challenges that can lead to or exacerbate mental and physical health problems" (Keeling, Mary, et al.).

10 Luke 24: 36-49, Jesus' Resurrection

11 During the Clinton administration and the Lewinsky scandal, Clinton's famous quote was "I did not have sexual relations with that woman."

12 Ruth Bader Ginsburg

13 "Although alliances exist across DTOs, many of them are rivals competing for revenues. It has been estimated that earnings in the drug industry are somewhere between 14 and 48 billion US dollars annually (U.S. State Department, 2009)" (González)

14 "'Yes,'" said Martin, "'but did the passengers aboard his ship have to perish too? God punished the scoundrel, the devils drowned the others'" (Voltaire 44).

15 Monica Lewinsky

16 A common baby boomer saying

17 The Old Woman's Story in *Candide*

18 Hugh Hefner

19 Hilary Clinton

20 The last line of Voltaire's *Candide*