



## Missile Strikes and Group Chats: A Masterclass in National Insecurity

### Description

Of all the ways to set your national security credibility on fire, few top the achievement of accidentally inviting a journalist you *loathe* to your war planning group chat. But here we are, in the grand circus of 2025, where the Trump administration decided Signal was the place to talk missile strikes—and, in a twist so absurd it could only be real, included Jeffrey Goldberg of *The Atlantic*. To say Mr. Goldberg is not well liked by the administration would be an understatement.

Now, let's be clear: this isn't some clever cyber-espionage tale. No, this is sheer, unfiltered incompetence with a heavy dose of narcissistic impunity. A group of men more interested in the cycle of performative politics produced and directed by Donald Trump, most of whom wouldn't know a classified protocol if it smacked them in the face, typed out details of military action like they were ordering lunch. Missiles. Targets. The whole theatrical menu of warfare—all casually served up in a chat thread that Goldberg could read like a beach novel.

And what did he do? He waited. He didn't publish. Didn't leak. Didn't even fire off a cheeky tweet. He exercised more discipline than the very people who are meant to *embody* it. Meanwhile, Defense Secretary Pete Hegseth—a man whose resume is heavier on Fox News hits than battlefield command—goes full tilt into projection mode. Calls Goldberg “deceitful,” as if the real scandal was the presence of a journalist and not the fact that classified discussions were being passed around like holiday memes. It's the kind of deflection that feels less like damage control and more like hurling your steering wheel out the window while insisting the car is driving just fine.

What makes this worse isn't just the breach. It's the gall. The absurdity. The breathtaking projection. Like a fox caught in the henhouse shouting that the rooster set him up. Denial, deflection, and a tired invocation of Trump-as-martyr, the press-as-enemy—served up with the sort of gaslighting that would make a Bond villain blush.

But somewhere between the jokes and the chaos, a hard truth surfaces.

It shouldn't take a journalist to exercise military-grade caution. It shouldn't be Goldberg playing the adult in the room. The fact that it was says something damning about the state of the state.

This isn't just a failure of protocol—it's a collapse of character. The same crowd that demanded Hillary Clinton's imprisonment over a private email server just accidentally invited the media to a military planning session and still somehow managed to blame the press. If irony were a fuel source, we'd be running national security on it by now.

And here's where the absurdity goes full Shakespearean farce: the journalist—the supposed enemy of the state—showed more discipline, more integrity, and more concern for national security than the people running it. It's as if the fire marshal wandered into the kitchen, found the chefs throwing gasoline on the stove, and was then accused of arson.

Meanwhile, the administration officials treat sensitive intel like office gossip, shield themselves with old grudges, and play the persecution card so hard it's practically bent. You'd think they were auditioning for a reality show called *Victims of Accountability*.

And why do Trump disciples keep hammering the same tired tropes about the media whenever they're cornered? Because the ratings are better, and the donations flow faster.

You don't have to love the press to expect competence from the people with the launch codes. That's not partisanship. That's just basic civic hygiene.

So yes, real journalism has more spine than the state.

And if that doesn't keep you up at night, you're not paying attention.

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