

Satirical Novel

A Dictator Returned Again

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There was a great country called the Gremlins Federation, which was next to the beautiful country of Helianthus boasting long-lasting history and traditional culture. The President Pudding of the Gremlins Federation eagerly wanted the lands of neighboring Helianthus for expanding their territory westward and trading. Therefore, he called Helianthus a dictatorship, fabricated a plausible cause to save the oppressed dwelling in Helianthus, and dispatched an army. The people of Helianthus fought in unison with President Alex. However, the land of Helianthus was devastated, and many people and soldiers died.

A farmer dressed in dingy clothes was taken by two Gremlins soldiers along the lane of a rural town east of Helianthus that had been devastated by fierce fighting. A general in a luxury passenger car of the Gremlins army passed by. The general immediately got out of the car, came to the farmer and gave him the highest salute.

"I am Colonel Artur, Commander of the Eastern Army of Gremlin known that His Excellency the President would sneak up to encourage the Eastern Army, but I never imagined that I would see you the form of a farmer like this. From now on, the Eastern Army will protect you with all its might, so please rest assured." He spoke to the shabby farmer. He respectfully ordered the soldiers who were politely guiding him to the barracks.

The farmer, unaware of what was going on, was led to the magnificent barracks of the Eastern Gremlins Army and given a beautiful uniform and many medals. This farmer is called Jonas. Eventually, the previous general appeared in the barracks with several fine superiors, led him to a military car, and asked him to review the army to raise the fighting spirit of the Eastern Army. Jonas did as he was told, standing in his seat and smiling and waving to the soldiers. Every time Jonas passed, the soldiers cheered, "Ullah, Ullah."

Meanwhile, the President of the Gremlins Federation, Pudding, crossed the Gremlins border with a small number of guards, but was attacked by Helianthus forces and the guards fell, and President Pudding was saved his life luckily in guard with heavily armoured car, but he did his best to escape from the car. Pudding was dressed in burnt clothes and wandering along a strange path. There came the units of the Gremlins Army. The unit commander had heard from

the Eastern Commander that President Pudding had already arrived, so he did not recognize the man who was wandering down the street as President Pudding. The man looked like nothing more than an evacuee with a muddy face and torn clothes. However, the man had an arrogant attitude and insisted repetitively that he was President Pudding of Gremlins, so at first the commander listened at him with sneering, but the man said repeatedly and so rudely that the commander finally got angry. "You are willing to deceive the Gremlins army by virtue of your resemblance to the President, so I will arrest and imprison you." The commander had the soldiers arrest him.

The farmer Jonas was brought to the presidential palace in the Capital of Gremlins. During this time, Jonas was scared that he was a fake president, but no one noticed, and Jonas calmed down a bit. So he made a plan and decided to pretend to be the president. A few days passed, and Jonas gathered the main ministers of the presidential office to speak. "The military invasion of Helianthus has been going on for more than a year, and the Gremlins and soldiers are getting tired. So I'm going to call off this military invasion and lower the army to the Gremlins border, but what do you guys think?" he asked. Ministers doubted their ears. It was inconceivable that the president who had been so bullish until now would pull the military. So many ministers asked him why. "As we all know, the Gremlins have suffered great economic losses, are criticized and isolated by the world, and many of our young people have died on the battlefield. Is there any point in continuing the military invasion in exchange for the Gremlins Federation?"

Many ministers were convinced and relieved by the President's sincere attitude. Some ministers seemed dissatisfied, but the majority agreed, and in the end, the opposition ministers kept their mouths shut. The ministerial meeting, which always had a dark and heavy atmosphere, was transformed into a clear and bright atmosphere like a foggy clearing. The President went on to say: "In ending the proceedings, nobody will permit that there will be no-one to take responsibility after war, so I want to hold myself accountable as president in court and be brought to justice. And I'm going to get a sentence no matter how heavy it is." Again, the ministers were surprised. "Is the president alone responsible for this military

invasion?" asked several cabinet ministers. The President replied, "Yes."

The meeting ended, and the president ordered his aides to remove the troops and prepare for the president's trial. He called the secretary chief who was most trusted by the president among his aides and ordered: "By the way, you know that there's a man in the Gremlins prison who looks exactly like me and says he's president, and I'm going to bring him to justice instead of me. This trial will be open to everyone in the world, and the president's crimes will be deliberated and judged around the world. Understood?" The Secretary quietly agreed and left the room.

Pudding was heavily punished at the president's trial. During the trial, he said, "I'm not the president. However, fingerprints and DNA tests proved him to be real Pudding without question, and his claims did not pass and he was ridiculed for being unsightly. Jonas secretly returned to his homeland and told the whole story to the president of Helianthus. The President of Helianthus pledged to work together with the new President of the Gremlins to rebuild the two countries.

This is a fiction. But the desire for peace is not a myth. If the desire for peace arises in people all over the world, this fiction will become a true story. The magic of making dreams come true is in our hands.