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The Ruler of St. Muhehe

On the island of Saint Muhehe there lived an insignificant little Ass-mole.

I suppose you don't have a clue what an Ass-mole is because there is no other place where these small cute creatures live, except St. Muhehe's isle. Ass-moles are very similar to ordinary moles except they aren't black, they don't live underground, they don't eat insects, they don't have tails, and instead of snouts, they've got something which closely resembles a scrapped Volkswagen. They have the same shovel-like paws though.

Ass-moles are usually shy and non-violent creatures, with a solid hierarchical society structure and an everyday routine which consists mostly of collecting anything worth attention and digging out their luxury settlements.

But this particular little Ass-mole was very different. After spending a few years sniffing the little ass-holes of his superior little Ass-moles without any progress in climbing the social pyramid he simply bit off the little heads of all the little Ass-moles.

After he'd got rid of the competition he occupied all the chairs in the settlement council and named himself a great little Ass-mole. Then, he started to cast jealous eyes on the parts of the island which were run by other little animals. In particular, the Proletaries birdies made him curse with their optimistic chattering and egalitarian croaking.

What our little Ass-mole didn't know though was that the Island of St. Muhehe was soon to become the centre of great events.

The Island of Saint Muhehe lay near the shores of Western Africa. Since it was no bigger than an ordinary football field it had never been noted by any cartographic society. It was discovered accidentally by a survivor from a sunken Moroccan merchant ship which carried 1 ton of fish, 2 tons of wood, half a ton of refugees and 32 tons of marihuana. Part of the cargo reached the island's shores together with the only survivor, which may explain how the island got its name. However, it does not explain how the only survivor found a family there. A possible solution of this mystery can be found in the very adaptable DNA of the little Ass-moles. Anyway, a flourishing line of the survivor's descendants had lived there ever since.

In the times of our little Ass-mole, the descendants of the survivor, coincidentally three brothers, started to wonder what lay over that big blue shit. They probably started getting curious because the weed had run out. Or the sisters. Anyway, the oldest brother, motivated either by withdrawal symptoms or by his libido, managed to swim to Europe and disappear in the dung-yard of European cities.

When he returned to the island few years later he was a successful drop-out from a course in international relations, he had gained valuable work experience in a multi-national company, and he had type C hepatitis.

He even had a citizen name which he claimed at his visit to a police station in a street of police stations in Paris. He named himself Marian Bitcher and was expelled from France immediately after that. As an immediate response, he declared the Independent Republic of Saint Muhehe and expelled all French diplomats. Since no French diplomat was left in IRSM (though no diplomat had ever been there anyway) the angry French president introduced a visa requirement for the Independent Republic of Saint Muhehe by which he in fact recognised IRSM as a sovereign state. Since the island hadn't been known before and no state had claimed it as its property, most of the world just went with the flow. Marian Bitcher became the president and he got a seat at the United Nations. He never attended any conferences but he took advantage of his position to send abusive letters to randomly chosen world leaders and obscene notes to a shopkeeper in the local canteen. Since that is common behaviour within the UN Marian Bitcher soon became a respected member.

His reputation was damaged a little by an incident in which he proposed, voted through, and adopted very innovative racist laws. He executed both his brothers in accordance with these laws. By this act, he not only became the single ruler of IRSM but also its only human inhabitant. This act would be recorded in subsequent school books as the only 100% successful genocide in history.

The UN sent an objection note and threatened Marian Bitcher with the loss of his seat at the assembly of delegates. Bitcher sent back a few abusive letters and the case was closed.

The island became a sought after tourist destination, especially by Chinese money-bags - members of the Chinese communist party which claimed support for the local democratic regime. All tourists were rather disappointed when they found out they had spent thousands of Yuan to visit an island which they could cross in a few minutes of slow walking. The only thing they really enjoyed was massacring the Proletaries which, for some reason, made them angry because of their optimistic comradely chattering even more than it fucked up our little Ass-mole.

Don't worry, I haven't forgotten the grand little Ass-mole. He still sat in the settlement council and thought up plans to massacre all the other little animals living on the Island. The extermination of the Proletaries made him laugh merrily but it wasn't enough. There were still Dungenies breeding in a mud puddle behind Bitcher's hut, the two high palm trees were occupied by Coconutters, and the beach was still dominated by Craps which the little Ass-mole hated most of all but which he was also afraid of. So he dug and burrowed. And waited.

Marian Bitcher didn't waste time and made the ultimate diplomatic error. It was, in fact, a very insignificant Chinese thief who got the ball rolling. He sucked petrol from Chinese catalytic converters in the centre of Beijing, passed out because of the fumes and woke up on the island of Saint Muhehe, absolutely unaware of how he had got there. It seems a car owner first wanted to burn him, which would explain why his clothes were soaked in gas, but then changed his mind, decided on a much more horrific fate, and sent the poor thief into the Bitcher's devious hands.

When Bitcher found out that the poor thief was a stowaway and that travel agencies didn't show much interest in helping him get back home he decided to take advantage of the high concentration of gas in his clothes and used him to poison the Dungenies which were enjoying themselves in the excrement behind his hut.

Don't be mistaken, no one at the UN cared about a lost life. And if you think they were concerned about the environment... well... just forget it. Sacrificing lives and environment for a questionable goal is generally believed to be a good sign of a quickly developing country. The problem was he didn't tell anyone, and an American spy satellite which happened to fly over the island send the Pentagon a spectral analysis which clearly showed oil residue in the Bitcher's shit pit.

Immediately, Bitcher's atrocities and abusive letters became a big topic at the UN. Someone also noticed a massive decrease in the Ass-mole population. Ass-moles' mucosae incidentally contain small doses of a poisonous cyclourinoethylen which, if extracted by a very expensive and inconvenient method of a re-urination of an Ass-mole, can be used for developing a biological weapon of immense destructive strength. For some reason, the Pentagon's memo didn't state clearly if it was immeasurably huge or immeasurably small. Anyway, despite protests from China and Russia, a coalition prepared to strike against Bitcher's republic was formed.

Most of the European Union joined the operation "Partial freedom" without hesitation and claimed to support the democratic process on the Island of Saint Muhehe. The only government which didn't express a clear statement was that of the Czech Republic. It didn't want to refuse a request from its great ally, the USA, but also didn't want to anger its strategic partners, Russia and China. That's why the Czech Republic sent only "supportive" military units to the area, more precisely, a field hospital, an anti-chemical unit and supportive artillery.

But when the alliance army of some two hundred thousand reached the island which it was determined to release from the rule of an evil tyrant a significant flaw in the plan was revealed. The island was simply too small to garrison enough soldiers to take it. That's why only a British fighter, two American officers, one Canadian lieutenant, the European president and a Czech cannon were unshipped.

The next day, CNN had the following headline: "The battle of the Island of Saint Muhehe is still raging. The allies have entered the island from the south and have taken the shore, the western and the middle parts of the island. The eastern part is still in Bitcher's hands though. The path to the east is blocked by massive artillery entrenchments and the air force. President Bitcher is hiding on the far eastern side, in an inaccessible area covered by dense vegetation."

There were a few things which CNN didn't mention, either because they were not aware of them or because they knew well enough they should not know them. They were not entirely wrong though. The massive air force was in fact a badly parked British fighter, positioned across the island from west to east, unable to turn around and certainly not able to fly away. The Czech cannon, equipped with a reliable soviet engine, was unshipped next to the fighter, precisely on the roof of Bitcher's old hut. The cannon may had been able to turn around but the operating personnel soon found out the machine either wasn't prepared for the tropical environment or it simply didn't work

at all. It was true then; these two machines had prevented the allies from accessing the eastern part of the island where President Bitcher was hiding in an inaccessible area of vegetation. He was in a bush which he'd used as a septic tank before.

The European president, as the most expendable person of the lot, was prompted to cross the demarcation line which divided the island into two parts - the liberated one and the one still run by a rebel dictator. Since he wasn't prepared to sacrifice his life for his own multination the fight ceased temporarily and the process of post-war reconstruction could start.

The first step towards democracy was the first democratic poll in the island's history. On that significant day, a very confused CNN reporter announced, "The first democratic poll on the island of Saint Muhehe has ended in a total and distinct draw. Nobody has been elected, since everybody has received 0 votes. The experts believe this to be a symptom of a certain immaturity of the island's society which has suffered under Bitcher's rule for so long. Also, an incident happened during the polls. A Canadian soldier was robbed of his circle-squared wristwatch. As an immediate response, the alliance army decided to leave a few hundred soldiers on the island to guard the population and to teach it democracy."

A related video showed the European president explaining the bill of rights to three or four scared Proletaries birdies.

The next step was to reconstruct the local industry. The Czech Republic, 60% of whose shares were held by the electricity consortium CEZ, had negotiated the building of a new nuclear plant. For this noble reason, it was meant to receive 3% of the island's land mass and what is more important, the project was meant to be paid for by the whole alliance.

This lucrative offer carved a few new scars on the neo-liberal forehead of the Czech president, Valeclaw Raus. This was not because he was troubled that building a nuclear plant on an isle with a population composed of one renegade and few little animals was complete idiocy. His problem was based on the fact that the extent of the land he'd negotiated before the invasion was in fact little more than one square metre, and that didn't seem to be enough space for a fully-functional nuclear plant. But Raus couldn't afford to disappoint his main investor which had already prepared tons of radioactive material to be transferred to the Island.

Thanks to a Japanese development company the problem was solved by using miniaturization. Building a fully functional nuclear plant and a facility for uranium enrichment on a one square metre area was so expensive it would require the same amount of money as building it in a normal, non-miniaturized way. What was more, its operation would be so inefficient it would burn nearly the same amount of fuel. Thus way, the investor's requests would be fulfilled because the building would be unnecessarily expensive and would ensure regular fuel consumption. It would also cool down environmental activists because it would still consume a little less than a normal nuclear plant. The fact that the plant would produce no electricity at all was irrelevant since there would not be anyone to use it anyway.

Thus, while Bitcher was slowly dying of hunger in his bush, a super-modern miniaturized nuclear plant was built on the island. Incidentally, this took place in the former Ass-moles' settlement.

The little Ass-mole tried to protest against the building at first. When no one had showed interest in his little banners in little Ass-molish and his whistling of little activist slogans he tied himself to the little bulldozers and to the little fences of the little plant. Aside from getting a few little bruises he didn't accomplish anything.

He stopped protesting when unrefined fuel started to flow into the enrichment centrifuge. The little Ass-mole realized this was his one chance to destroy all the little animals on the island.

The nuclear plant was, of course, heavily guarded. About 50 alliance soldiers protected it from being attacked, robbed or squelched. But a small little Ass-mole remained unnoticed, thanks to the crowd standing around. So, the little Ass-mole started to steal the enriched uranium from the little centrifuge and to develop his own little atomic bomb.

The Proletaries birdies noticed his suspicious behaviour but since the generation change had caused struggles inside their party they weren't organized enough to do anything about it. Therefore, the little Ass-mole finished his little bomb, launched it from his little shelter under the little solar plant, and annihilated all the little animals on the island.

The UN noticed the nuclear attack although it didn't cause the guarding soldiers more trouble than burning their socks... Well, yes... a few years later, they all died from the strange syndrome of Saint Muhehe. NATO blamed Bitcher for this terrorist attack and decided the division of the island was not a permanent solution and new steps for making the region stable must be taken.

The first step was a leaflet campaign aimed at persuading the population to extradite Bitcher. Since nobody answered the call the politicians concluded the population backed the renegade and they decided to impose sanctions on the island. Stopping the island's nuclear program was one of these measures. They also threatened the population by saying that if they did not extradite their president, NATO would be forced to bomb the strategic points of the island's infrastructure.

Again, there was no reaction. Therefore, the alliance started to bomb the strategically significant points, namely Bitcher's old hut and the nuclear plant. One of the bombs really hit its target, which meant the rusting Czech cannon was destroyed and so a gap in the barrier was opened. The over-zealous alliance soldiers burst into the target zone, chopped down both trees in their frenzy, and found Bitcher's dead body in his septic tank. Arguments among the heroic soldiers about who had actually killed him were silenced by the conclusion of the autopsy which proved that Marian Bitcher had died of hunger a long time ago.

A few months later, protest voices grew in the alliance countries and became so significant the American president decided to pull the remaining forces back and leave the intransigent island population to its own fate.

That day, the little Ass-mole crept out from his little shelter and looked over the scorched lifeless county. The sight warmed the cockles of his heart. He had become the single ruler of the island of Saint Muhehe at last.