

The Madness of the Dictator of Luxembourg

Stephen

Will had been struggling with the bag of cheap airline peanuts for three and a half hours before he realized he was on the wrong plane.

When he heard the announcement that he was fifteen minutes away from Luxembourg, he twitched so violently that the bag of peanuts ripped in half and a peanut shot out and hit a retreating stewardess. The rest of the peanuts spilled out onto the floor.

Oh, bother and thunderation! thought Will. This has surely blown my plans completely out of order! Ignoring the stewardess (who was still searching for the source of the flying peanut), Will immediately got out a pencil and some paper and began revising his plans for world domination.

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A month later, Will stood, confidently watching the president of Luxembourg (who was also the president of Poland) giving a speech to the common people. Having quickly (but carefully, of course) repositioned his agents from Holland, all he had to do was wait for the signal that would irreversibly change the map of Europe forever.

“And if you all support me in my running for another nine years of office, I promise you, upon my word as president (“and upon my word as a former lawyer, also,” he muttered under his breath), I promise you, I will lower taxes!”

The assembled people, used to listening for quiet disclaimers (and having heard it all before), began murmuring among themselves. Will saw two of his men move into action. He silently moved towards the front of the crowd. A voice broke the silence.

“And when will those tax cuts happen? When you finally leave office?”

President Yurchatov cleared his throat noisily, fumbled with his famous, nationally hated red-and-yellow tie, and hoisted a falsely happy smile onto his face before he started.

“Well, I promise you—” President Yurchatov was cut off as a half-dozen snipers sent

bullets whizzing angrily over his shoulder, dropping four of the bodyguards standing behind him. A pair of agents quickly knifed the remaining three bodyguards as they brought their guns to firing position. The crowd panicked.

The noise level rose from a murmur to panic in the space of a heartbeat. As the people turned to flee, two pairs of hands picked up Will and boosted him to the raised stage. A gas mask was thrust into his hands. He saw one of his men knock out Yurchatov as his soldiers launched gas canisters on the fleeing spectators.

Within minutes, all the people were down, and there were no witnesses. The coup had succeeded so far.

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A handful of hours later, the government of Luxembourg had assembled to deal with Yurchatov's ransom. Will watched the Assembly Building through a pair of binoculars.

Setting them down on his knees, Will put out a hand and one of his men set a radio headset in it. Will put it on and pushed a button on it before saying,

"Acquisition Force 3, move to Phase 2. Proceed to designated target. Rebellious Monkey. Repeat: Rebellious Monkey. Fly quickly, my little friends."

Will gave the headset back to his henchman and sat back in his chair, waiting expectantly. After a few moments, a trio of heavy bombers appeared and unloaded their thousand-pound bombs on the Assembly Building. A fighter escort circled overhead, checking their weapons, waiting to mop up survivors.

Never really wanted five billion dollars anyway, reflected Will.

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Five years later, Will quietly surveyed his country from the window in the lobby of his office. It had been a somewhat rough five years securing office, training the troops, and taxing the people, but now he was Absolute Supreme Ruler of the small nation of Luxembourg, had a well-trained and ready (if somewhat small) army at his disposal, and had enough money to buy 374,529.82 La-Z-Boy Super Deluxe recliners. Life was good. But it would get better.

Hopefully.

Turning from the window, Will decided to set the next part of his plan into action. He pushed a button on his desk and sat down. “Send me Karl and Boris immediately.”

Will had only a moment to reflect on the fact that he could push a button to summon his senior henchmen to tell his junior henchmen to tell the troops to move before the doors opened and two men ran in, snapping quickly to a stiff and uncomfortable-looking attention. Will smiled.

He slowly and deliberately got up and circled the two henchmen he called Karl and Boris. Presently, he spoke.

“Karl.”

“Yes, sir!” Karl responded instantly.

“Has your mother recovered yet from her cold?”

“Yes, sir! She’s very well, sir!”

“Good. Inform Battle Group 1 to proceed to Phase 1 at once. Authorization Angry Monkey.”

“Yes, sir!” Karl turned and dashed out of the room. He tripped over the threshold and fell on his face. He got up and ran away.

“Boris.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Oh, enough of the ‘yes, sirs’ for now. Go and inform Intelligence of the beginning of Phase 1. Authorization Green Monkey.”

Boris dashed off, and Will was left alone with an evil grin spreading slowly across his face.

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Within hours, the armies of Luxembourg had slipped across the French border and seized control of the primary French nuclear weapons complex. France surrendered. An angry hail of nuclear missiles rained down on the cities of Great Britain. Germany asked for terms of peace. Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium remained stubbornly neutral. Spain made no public

response.

But, as usual, the military leaders had somehow forgotten, underestimated, or plainly ignored a single tiny detail:

The United States.

The United States responded with lightning speed. Army, navy, and air forces were mobilized. The remaining nations of the U.N. were assembled. Armies bore down on Luxembourg from all directions. A hundred nuclear missile launchers were aimed at Luxembourg and an immediate and unconditional surrender was demanded.

Receiving all this news, Will angrily ordered the nukes deployed, grabbed a case of beer, and retreated to his underground nuclear fallout bunker. As he drank himself silly, his master plan failed spectacularly.

The entire country of Luxembourg was atomized. Dozens of nuclear missiles detonated, raising mushroom clouds and clouds of radiation the size of Australia. Everyone was killed instantly.

Sitting in his underground bunker, Will took his daily medicine mixture for his bipolar disorder, schizophrenia, paranoia, and various other crippling and extremely embarrassing disorders. Unfortunately, the bunker cleaning lady had “accidentally” switched Will’s medicine with anthrax for 50¢, a haircut from Cost Cutters, and a McDonald’s Triple-Thick Milkshake, although she never got any of those because the instant she left the bunker, she absorbed enough radiation to kill every inhabitant of Vatican City twelve times over (she died).

Anyway, Will accidentally snorted a massive quantity of anthrax. He died instantly, and, in a final bout of irony, he realized the nanosecond before he died that he had forgotten to plug in the machine that would have cloned him.

In the end, most of Europe (approximately 20% of Norway and Sweden escaped, and about half of Iceland was OK) was completely irradiated, lots of people died, and the babies were messed up for generations. France annexed the barren wasteland that had formerly been Luxembourg.

THE END

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