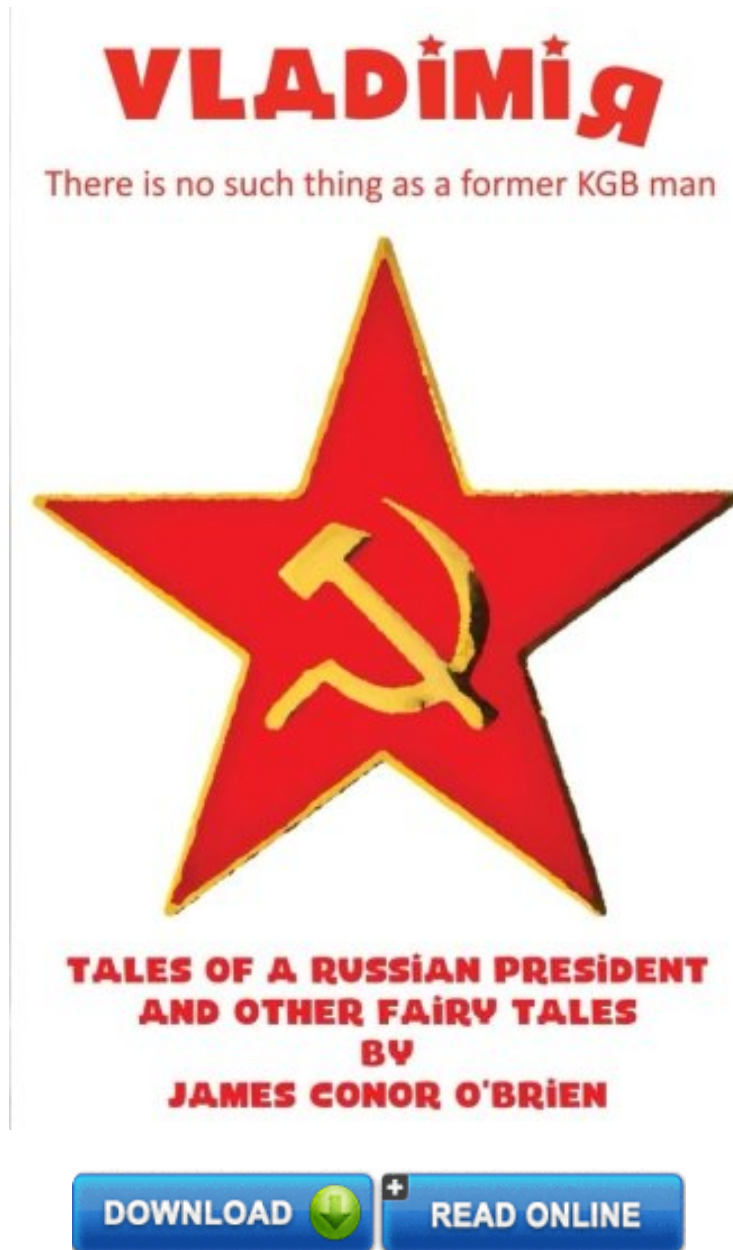


Vladimir: Tales of a Russian President and other Fairy Tales

James Conor O'Brien

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James Conor O'Brien : Vladimir: Tales of a Russian President and other Fairy Tales before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Vladimir: Tales of a Russian President and other Fairy Tales:

A relentless satire of Russian Presidents since the fall of the Soviet Union. See Vladimir discover air-rifles and the art

of accidentally killing everything from wolves, tigers, dolphins and prime ministers in a riotous comedy of corruption and mismanagement. Watch Boris waltz into history in a drunken fugue as he discovers new ways to reinvent détente. Meet the mysterious President Dmitry who is destined to be Russia's only permanent under prime minister. A ravishing satirical exposé of contemporary Russian politics from oligarchs, secretariats, diplomatic incidents and international disasters as Russian President and Prime Ministers stumble helplessly and hopelessly forward to a bright future of Novorossiya. Excerpt: --Vladimir had big plans for all of Europe and had filed away those big plans under the title the New Russia. It involved a complex series of political, financial and news media manoeuvres that would completely restructure the whole of Europe to the Russian model. This New Russia was to extend all the way from Odessa on the Black Sea to Finchley Station in North London. Vladimir couldn't explain why he had chosen Finchley Station as the western most border of Novorossiya other than London Bus route 82 terminated there. Scotland, Ireland and Spain would be permanent buffer countries to the Atlantic if the Canadians ever decided to invade. While all of the Nordic states, Germany, France and Italy would join the New Russia as these like the Ukraine were part of the ancient Russian homeland. No amount of arguments with his psychologist would persuade him otherwise. "So you are thinking Finchley Station is where Tsar Alexander began his conquest of Turkestan?" Vladimir's psychologist peered over his glasses at his client. "Most interesting, a little odd maybe, but most interesting." "It was all part of the Great Game between the British and the Russian empires for supremacy in Central Asia Britain," Vladimir lay back upon a Chaise longue and stared at the ceiling. "By placing the western most borders of Russia dead in the heart of London, Tsar Alexander was able to outwit Queen Victoria and steal a march on Colonial Indian Army." The psychologist blew a smoke ring and made a note. "You know, President Vladimir," he tried diplomatically, "it does seem a little implausible. I mean just because the Tsar said Finchley Station was part of the Russia doesn't really mean it was part of the Russian empire. It could have been a metaphor or even a joke at Queen Victoria's expense." Vladimir looked annoyingly at his physician. Vladimir had gimlets for eyes when he was annoyed, no one actually knows what gimlets for eyes means, but if anyone is going to have gimlets for eyes it is going to be Vladimir. "You must remember," the would-be-world-leader growled, "anywhere the Russian peoples have lived, then that land becomes part of the great Russian Motherland." "Including Finchley Station?" "Especially Finchley Station!"--