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Comrade Vladimir and Comrade Donald

By John V. Walsh
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It is a dark night in New York, a city that knows how to keep its secrets. But on the top floor of Trump Tower, one man sits in solitude, tweeting out life's painful truths. Donald Trump, billionaire.

Far below, a black limousine pulls up at the rear entrance in an unlighted, narrow alley. A lone figure in dark glasses, a black trench coat and an even blacker fedora alights with the agility of a seasoned athlete. He is quickly admitted.

Dashing up the many flights, he is ushered into the billionaire's presence. He takes off his hat but not his glasses. The billionaire gives him a big hug:

The Donald. Comrade Vlad, glad to see you made it! Terrific! A real honor for me. Huge honor. Terrific!! You came all the way here just to chat! How did you get here?

Vlad. Comrade Donald, how are you? No problem getting here. I parachuted into Central Park from one of our biggest bombers. Great fun! Of course American radar was unable to see us. It is the same junk used for the "anti-missile" systems. And I will take a commercial airliner home. I only have to get past the TSA. And they don't even look at you unless you are a disabled grandmother.

The Donald. I knew that antimissile stuff was junk. We are being totally ripped off by the Military Industrial Complex. That pisses me off. That is going to end soon – very soon. Very, very soon.

Vlad. Cheez, Comrade Donald, I appreciate that you are a man of peace, but with you the bottom line is always such a big deal.

The Donald. A penny saved is a penny earned, Vlad.

Do you know who hacked into the DNC and gave those emails to Assange?

Vlad. We do not know. We do not do that, as you know. No interference in the elections of other countries; we dot like it when the US does it to us, and we have no intention of doing it to others. But we have a hunch who did the hacking – though we cannot be sure. It is the DNC itself! They hacked themselves, then accused me of doing it. The idea was to make it look like I was interfering to help you. We do not do that, as I said.

It is really dirty business that DNC gang has been up to. Never saw anything like it – not even from Nuland and her poodle Poroshenko.

Likewise Hillary’s gang did everything they could to destroy Bernie. Too bad he turned out to be so weak. I can understand his supporters’ fury at his betrayal of them.

The Donald. Too bad. Bernie had some good things to say. But the system is rigged. He never had a chance, because he was not tough – except with his supporters.

Do you have any more information on ISIS?

Vlad. It remains the same. Hillary’s faction in your government continues to support ISIS through your allies. And your government is spending a bundle on that project.

The Donald. I should have known that. Killing innocents over there, including Americans – and she has us paying for it. A waste of life – and a colossal waste of money.

Vlad. Cheez, Donald, you always keep your eye on the money. Sometimes I have nightmares about the first trade deal I will negotiate with you next year. I am afraid you will negotiate the shirt off my back.

The Donald. Better an exchange of money than an exchange of nukes, Vlad. We agree on that.

But I would like to get through the general election spending as little on TV as I did in the primaries. Almost nothing! I wish I could pull off such a low cost operation with the golf courses.

Vlad. Comrade Donald, I am afraid that the *New York Times* knows that we are discussing a future structure of peace between our countries, our new detente. They are going all out to stop it.

The Donald. Don't worry about it. They have less and less influence – only among the crowd that blindly follows the New Yorker and NPR. Very few people actually, and their number is plummeting. The media's crazed attacks on me -and you- have undercut their credibility even further.

The public editor of the Times wrote a piece just the other day complaining that the paper is out of touch with all but a small segment of the American public. This is news to the writers at the Times, believe it or not.

The fall of the *NYT* began with their front-page lies about WMD to get us into the Iraq invasion, and it has ended with their relentless, wild attacks on me. Those attacks may prove their Waterloo. Their very business might be threatened. In fact news came today that the profits of the Times are falling sharply. Of course my son in law may be able to pick up the pieces and become owner of the paper – at bargain rates, I might add.

Vlad. One more thing. We have word of an assassination plot against you. You better wear that red hat we gave you all the time. The hat looks ridiculous, but you can only do so much with a steel lining.

The neocons are ready with the snipers that they used in The Maidan. Vicious guys.

The Donald. Well you know what they say, Vlad. You cannot walk in fear if you want to accomplish things.

And I have one more favor to ask of you. Do you know who has the 30,000 missing emails of Hillary's?

Vlad. We do not know. But our best information is that Mossad has them. Perhaps you should offer a reward for them.

The Donald. Not on your life. I do not want to spend the money.

Good night Comrade Vlad.

Vlad. Good night. Comrade Donald.

(He mutters under his breath as he leaves for the darkness of the night.)

He is certainly a great man of peace – but cheez, what a cheapskate.