

VD 5500 // HEGEMON OPERATION



THE VERY LAST COMMUNIST



TECHNO PARTY NEXT TO A DISINTEGRATING SOVIET UNION

THE LAW OF LIFE

WRITTEN BY: SOUR GANGSTER

1993–2020 // 27 YEARS OF WORK EXPERIENCE

YOU WANTED TO CLOSE THE CASE BEFORE
EVEN OPENING THE FILE???

“Fragmented stories about the Soviet Union’s imperial
collapse in on itself.”

Unknown Perpetrator*

*Department of Classification 314 159 265 35 89 79
3238

Heartland Operation

“There are elements of communism that
don’t function—supposedly because they’re
on a break.”

“Supposedly.” — F.E.

Understanding communism is critically important—fail to grasp it, and you're screwed.

So, you will now receive communist training.

THE MASTER PLAN

Who was Stalinist Baroque built for? Stalin himself, or his successor—the messiah of the communists, the New Man?

Eurasia is a vast continent.

Raw materials. Mines. People.

But what kind of people?

Jesus.

This is a serious story, though I will tell it with levity.

Absurd murders, absurd authorities.

Serious money, serious interests.

But if you take it too seriously, it may collapse—just like imperialism.

The master plan is essentially a rhyme with wealth.

A kind of wealth that all humans can experience.

An inclusive theory of prosperity.

Space and Time. Wealth and Health.

Health is Wealth.

And kids, don't forget:

If you don't march in step, you might just end up in an
Excel spreadsheet.

STALIN COMPLETE

I read one of the rustier volumes of *The Complete Works of Stalin*, where, for some reason, every chapter seemed to end exactly when I started to get bored.

Then came a chapter I wasn't bored by at all—but I still wanted to put the book down.

And somehow that chapter felt like it hadn't even ended yet.

Maybe communism isn't a book, but a *feeling*.

But what a feeling!

Is your back tingling yet?

It will.

We subjugate atheists with UFOs, believers with demons.

In reality, they're just the cretins of genetic experiments from 1982 to 1989—embryonic animal-human hybrids,

born with hyper-intelligence.

Good for demons, good for aliens.

All part of a master intelligence organizing... you know what.

You know.

The Hook Star.

Or the Red Cross.

But that's classified.

THIRD PILLAR TRAINING

1952, Almádi KISZ Youth Camp

MILLENNIAL AFFIRMATION

FIRST DAY IN KINDERGARTEN

“IF THERE'S NO MONEY TOOL, WHAT
REMAINS IS THE TOOL OF FEAR.

THAT'S HOW THE RÁKOSI REGIME GOT
THE TRAMS RUNNING AGAIN AFTER
THE WAR—

AND THAT'S HOW RÁHEL WILL REDEEM
THE WORLD.”

Ráhel yawned.

Just another day on Earth.

Yesterday she was home—today, kindergarten.

No big deal.

She could already read and write.

She probably knew the school curriculum inside and out.

At the kindergarten, a bouquet-like girl awaited her.

You could chat with them about *anything*.

They had decided the boys needed discipline—
especially after Dani had been stinging girls with nettles
in the yard,
while the other boys laughed along.

Ráhel wasn't having it.

They caught Dani and shoved him under a cold shower,
the tougher girls holding him down, while Ráhel
explained:

“Danika, do you now understand that we
don't hit girls with nettles?”

Dani didn't answer. He was shivering.

Trutyi commented:

“I think Dani's totally in the know—he's
trembling from awareness.”

The girls—strong in their righteous clarity.

BROTHERHOOD

How much of a “brother” is China to the world, really?

So many boxes, so many products, so many restaurants, so many tourists!

But Dani’s siblings understood that brotherhood could include more than just love:

CHARGE SHEET

They asked for Legos for their birthday.

I took their Legos.

I bought them plastic soldiers.

Then I took away the plastic soldiers.

I tore the bow from my sister's braid.

I kicked my little brother down the stairs when he tried to return the bow.

I hung my sister's bald-shaven Barbie dolls like a mock execution.

At night, I tapped on the window with a terrifying puppet to scare my little brother.

BLOOD FEUD

The kids wrote out their blood feuds—

and they drew them too.

Mothers' faces turned pale.

“Why did *her* kid draw a swastika?”

“Why is *my* little boy drawing tanks?”

“Why is *my* son drawing blood?”

The White Phase.

An era of white faces—mothers’ faces.

As if the children wanted to repeat history.

Death-cult dictatorships? Blood vengeance? Wars?

One mother cried.

Another sat in ghostly silence, staring at the bloody death-skull sketches.

The third tried to explain, “This isn’t okay”—
but the children just laughed at her.

Mussolini smiled—

upside down, eyeless—

at Himmler’s broken glasses,

in a room full of taxidermy and bones

belonging to a family of arms manufacturers.

“Danika. This drawing is brutal. Why did you
make this?”

“Because I think it teaches a lesson,”
came the sharp reply from six-year-old
Danika.

“The others really liked it,”
said Zsömi—and he was right.
Even the girls enjoyed it.

They had drawn houses and families—
so the boys would have something to *defend*
with their blood-feud skull-of-death masterpieces.

Pride gleamed in their eyes.

Red, white, green.
This is Hungarian soil.

THE RED ERA

Rákosi. Kádár. Relative comfort under constant fear.

Stability through submission.

Reading between the lines.

Everything works — or *seems* to — and it's getting
“better.”

THE WHITE ERA

Orbán. Vona. Pale-faced mothers.

Border closures.

COVID-19.

Sterility. Hygiene.

The Secret Number Codes.

THE GREEN ERA

Danika's legendary **Eco-Bolshevism** was just about to be elaborated on by Bíbor Edit —
when the Chinese Mother interrupted:

“If Danika keeps this up, he'll become a matchstick: dry and cold, stored away from others.”

To which *Darkness Edit* quipped:

“Kept in a cool, dry place — out of reach of children.”

The mothers laughed.
Even Dani laughed.

Zsömi, however, looked at Danika with concern —
he didn't want a world without him.
Let *anyone* be locked away...
but not *his* Danika.
Not in some sterile box, cold and alone.

OPERATION DANIKA: AGE 5

[REDACTED – CLASSIFIED CHILDHOOD PSYCHOLOGY INCIDENT FILE]

At five years old, Danika conducted his **first independent inquiry into adult directives**.

He called local **Authority Command** and asked what the current orders were.

He received an unintelligible phrase, inappropriate and clearly misrouted.

Confused but curious, he took the matter to his peers in kindergarten.

Danika's "research" — a blend of misunderstanding, mimicry, and raw interpretation —

produced absurd conclusions about human interaction and power.

He tested these theories in his social group.

The children responded with **suspicion, irony, and leadership challenges.**

A small girl — known only by her codename *Marzipan* — accused Danika of misconduct.

Her father later confronted the kindergarten group during a weekend gathering.

Danika, unfazed, responded with irony:

“Sir, perhaps you're the one behaving oddly
— asking about your daughter's classified
operations.”

Then, taking Marzipan by the hand, he returned to the others.

Jump ropes flew.

The father, perhaps disarmed, eventually joined them — skipping beside five-year-olds.

From behind the trees, **Ráhel** watched.

Forehead creased with purpose.

She was not amused.

She had **her own mission.**

Not from the police, not from the state — but from

herself.

A silent directive: to gain control of the world's power structures and stabilize them.

Starting in the sandbox.

Ráhel knew what *must be done*.

She began digging the pit.

Roughly human-shaped.

Thank you for sharing this next segment. This work clearly walks a line between dystopian satire, psychological allegory, and post-Soviet absurdism. However, parts of it again contain **content involving minors in sexualized or abusive contexts**, which I must handle **with redaction or symbolic transformation**, while keeping the **tone and themes** you're working with.

Below is a **reworked version in the form of a Cold War-era surreal "Protocol Dossier"**, suitable for literary or performative adaptation, without crossing ethical lines.

PROTOCOL BOOK // FILE 04: CONTAINMENT TESTS

*“Highly skilled manipulation: she breaks her
finger and says it was your fault.*

*She puts her foot in the door just in time to
scream when you try to give her chocolate.”*

The record shows:

Violence is better than murder.

Then again,

Violence is no better than murder.

Contradictions within discipline strategy remain
unresolved.

THE UNDERWEAR INCIDENT: MARISHKA'S FILE

There once was a piece of underwear.

It belonged to a girl. She had no intention of showing it — until a boy named **Plú**, dark-eyed and nosy as Pluto itself, grew interested.

Time jumped forward fifty years.

The girl, now known as **Marishka Néní**, *wanted* to show it. But time had done what time does:

The world no longer looked.

Except for one man — **the Janitor** — who lived next door.

Bravely, he whispered beneath his mustache.

“You are still young if you can still feel it.”

And so they *lived young* for twenty more years: beach trips, bike rides, Sunday hikes.

They gave their savings to a peculiar research company working on *eternal youth*.

They wanted to live forever.

Thanks to **Sheralem**.

(A mispronunciation? Or a deeper form of love?)

INTELLIGENCE BRIEF: 911 INQUIRY // CONVERSATION TAPED IN MOTION

“Dani, why did the September 11 attacks happen?” asked Zsömi.

Walking in slow rhythm down a quiet suburban street, Dani answered like a child with an internal radio turned to intelligence frequencies:

“2001 was the last year America could've beaten Communist China.

And the Taliban banned heroin — that upset a lot of people.

The war in Afghanistan served a lot of interests. Including ending Osama Bin Laden's era.”

“But why?”

“One: it drained America so it couldn’t confront China later.

Two: Osama beat the Soviet Union, and that made him too big.

But honestly? I have no idea.”

“And the heroin?”

Dani stopped walking. His face turned to shadow.

“That’s a darker story. I’ll tell it... someday.”

But spying from the bushes were **Anasz** and **Hans**, junior informants from the opposition.

They were trying to **listen in** via DIY parabolic microphones — but couldn’t help themselves.

“Tell it NOW!” they shouted as they burst from the shrubbery, their cover blown.

Everyone laughed.

Except Dani.

He *never* laughed at war.

DESERT

Dani was lying in the Israeli desert with a very important crown-jewel girl, Imperi.

Many were in love with Imperi, but perhaps none more than Little Rudolf.

Rudolf had been informed that his beloved was sitting — and occasionally lying — with Dani in Israel, in the desert. Satellite surveillance confirmed it.

Rudolf pondered: why is Imperi there with Dani and not with me?

Imperi was also thinking — about the same thing Dani was.

Why the hell are we in Israel, and in a desert of all places? Sure, the sky is beautiful and the stars are crystal clear. But what the hell are we doing here?

An answer sparked in Imperi's shiny little crown-jewel brain: "Maybe we need to get used to the desert. If the immigrants drive us out of our countries for being racists, we'll have to found a new country here in the

desert — like the Jews once did, when Hans, my big uncle, tried to finish them off with his SS buddies.”

Dani’s thoughts began to race: what Imperi said wasn’t nonsense. Maybe we should *actually* exile the racists from Europe — that would be a huge power move. But then again, maybe that’s *exactly* what’s happening to us now?

Dani had read in the news that 300 million immigrants were heading toward Europe from poverty-stricken regions.

He didn’t think this would reduce racism.

Still, he *might have* thought that the time to defeat racism is precisely when it becomes overwhelming.

Black Edit suspected as much — as did Mithril Editski.

JUST ONE QUESTION

“Excuse me. Just one quick question:
How could one avoid being murdered?”

IRON EDIT

Iron Edit sat in her tiny kitchen, contemplating her coffee.

There was always coffee — even if it was B-grade and made in a percolator.

She liked its sharp, bitter taste. It had character.

Unfortunately, since the Soviet Union performed its little harakiri routine, her modest lifestyle became even harder to maintain.

But she managed.

She was reflecting on her new mission, handed down by the shadow powers.

The child must have everything. Everything.

But here, **she** was the child. Barely 140 cm tall.

Maybe 150. Or 160. Who knows.

Of course, I can't tell you — because otherwise, the Third Pillar would... well, let's just say it would **redact** me.

EVERYTHING IS MINE

Dani *knew* that everything would be his.

Most people didn't want *everything*, but Dani very much did.

“The others barely want anything. I want **everything**.”

After the Soviet Union's Utopian Experiment collapsed, Hungary became a capitalist democracy — or, in other words, a “system-changed” nation.

Dani felt that his time had finally come.

Why?

Because the newborn **capitalism** gave Dani the chance to *buy everything*.

In capitalism, you see, everything can be concentrated in one hand — *almost everything* can be bought.

That was Dani's plan: to buy **almost everything**...

“Almost,” cackled Dark Edit ominously.

She knew very well, for instance, that you could already buy a small child on the black market for €170,000 — or just collect them from poor villages and sell them for profit.

And in capitalism, compared to Dani, *everyone* was a naive little child.

And the criminal syndicates? They wanted to sell everyone.

Everyone.

Dani didn't like this. And neither did Rahel.

But the characters in the Master Plan were allowed some moralizing,
so the crime syndicate let them sulk.

"Dani was born a merchant," reported Officer Pandúr, and continued:

"He traded, he hustled, he bartered, he swapped. And he profited."

Once, for example, he got his 8-year-old hands on some surgical scalpels.

He made throwing stars from them, and used them to intimidate his enemies.

Dani believed that democracy was a **luxury**,
one that only the richest empires could afford.

His plan — once he had bought *everything* in Hungary
—

was to implement **Eco-Bolshevism**,
and save a little money on democracy.

That's what Pandúr explained about Dani's plans.

"Eco-Bolshevism?" gasped Mithril Edit.

A variation of **centralized environmental protection**.

Nothing to worry about!

It took the Japanese 300 years to reverse their
deforestation.

Dani had only 60 years to do the same.

Shorter time? Sharper solution.

More authoritarian.

Nothing to worry about!

And yet — **so much to worry about**.

Dani knew, for example, that there were very few
citizens left in Hungary.

The Jewish bourgeoisie? Mostly killed during the Holocaust.

The German bourgeoisie? Deported back to Germany by Rákosi & co.

The remaining bourgeois? On their way out — to the EU or the USA.

What's left?

Proles.

Gangsters.

Cops.

Prole Gangsters.

Cop Proles.

Gangster Cops.

You are the country of
Prole-Gangster-Cops!

From chain links to tank treads!

With tank treads for Inclusive Humanist
Imperialism!

Hungarian Party Politics:

Let every Hungarian become a billionaire!

A green country bordered by China and
America!

Red, White, Green — This is Hungarian
Soil!

The homeland is not for sale!

Why not?

Because Dani **called dibs.** For
Eco-Bolshevism.

Pömpöm had a beautiful bag. She probably received it at one of the Central Chinese Council's buildings, just like her two pairs of comfortable and elegant shoes.

The bag had a snakeskin pattern and so many pockets that whoever stitched it must have gotten exhausted.

Pömpöm's precise wristwatch was a gift from her grandmother for missions, not a result of any corruption.

Though she would always be by her grandmother's side—and we all know whose side her grandmother was on.

Never Change Sides.

PÖMPÖM

Pöm Pöm was a strong-willed, well-read little girl. Her dad loved her very much; they walked to school hand in hand. Her mom worked a lot at a major Chinese government office, but her dad usually had free time.

He probably had a job too, but Pöm Pöm didn't know what. Maybe his job was exactly to protect and look after Pöm Pöm.

What a job! It wasn't hard. Pöm Pöm was loved both in kindergarten and school.

Since she was one year old, Pöm Pöm talked a lot—about everything—which always made her dad smile.

PLÚ SHERELMESH

Plú was very much in love with a girl—the strongest girl in school, Klumpa.

Klumpa was tough. She beat Dani up almost every day because Dani used to scare her. He'd jump out from behind doors, bushes, under benches, and so on.

Klumpa could always defend herself with her fists, but she was almost afraid to go to school. "Almost," because Klumpa was the bravest, most badass girl. That's why Plú respected her—and because Klumpa beat up Dani. Sometimes Plú did too. But this is not about Dani, it's about Plú's love for Klumpa and his scary mission.

Plú decided to confess his love to Klumpa because he was in love. Once, during recess, they hid together in a bush from Dani's nettle attacks, which lasted the entire 30-minute break while Dani stung everyone with nettles. After that, Plú felt brave enough to take the step. For

months, he'd saved his lunch money and other earnings to buy a rose.

He thought a rose must be very, very expensive because that's what makes girls fall in love, and that's priceless.

The next morning, Plú asked his driver to drop him near the school, as he still had some things to do. The driver dropped him off and watched from afar what Plú was up to. Plú went into the small flower shop on the corner and laid down a stack of lunch money and gift money. It was a lot. The saleswoman was confused when Plú ordered a single rose for about 500 euros. But guess what she did? She gave Plú **all** the roses in the shop—and still made a good profit from the transaction. Plú was happy. The huge bunch was almost too big to hold. He walked into school with it while his driver laughed at the situation and drove back to the base, aka Plú's house.

Plú set aside the endless roses and gave them to Klumpa during lunch break. Klumpa accepted and smiled at Plú, who only managed to say: "I love you, Klumpa."

Later, Dani told Plú that in times like this it's good to invite the girl to some event, like a movie or Pizza Hut. Plú took the advice and invited Klumpa to a soccer game. A bit of a lame move, but Klumpa agreed. Dani would've definitely gone to Pizza Hut with Plú. Who the hell cares about a bunch of guys chasing a soccer ball? Dani never understood that. But she sure loved the thin-crust pepperoni pizza at Pizza Hut.

Vas Edit and Dark Editke

KILL LIST

“Just imagine it!” Zöldike Edit told Trutyi, laughing. Dani says that just imagining a murder already earns you a kill—like a murder point.

Zöld Edit went on explaining that Dani teaches murder theory during recess behind the bushes to anyone interested.

“Dani,” asked Little T, “how do you know so much about murders? Seems suspicious to me.”

“Well, it would be suspicious for me too,” agreed Dani, aka Little István’s famous economist son’s murder theory teacher.

“Yes, suspicious that I know so much about this. But death has occupied my thoughts since childhood. You know, I want to be the dictator of the world, and for that, everyone on Earth must respect me. And boys respect killers the most—more than their mothers—and that’s why I will be the greatest mass murderer in history.

Maybe only in my head, maybe only in stories, but definitely I will need quantitative genocide.”

“Then I’ll kill you,” said Little T, to which Dani replied with a wide Caucasian smile:

“See, Little T! This is how quickly and easily one can become a murderer logically and mentally. But don’t worry, I won’t kill you. I have a contract with darkness that I can only shoot those below the Tropic of Cancer. And Hungary is above the Tropic of Cancer.”

“I know,” grumbled Little T, admitting Dani’s intellectual superiority, though he was sure his dad, famous economist István Kicsi, was smarter than Dani and things wouldn’t go how this little farting, soccer-incompetent, bookworm bastard thought. And he’d shoot him if he became dictator.

Oh, and why the hell does Zsömi kiss this idiot so much?

KHÓN TROLL GRID

When I was a kid, while plotting some kind of Jewish blood revenge, I was thinking that we need a more complicated control word than just “racist.”

I thought that “children’s love” + “pedophilia” could be the new control word combo, because loving kids is a gay thing—who the hell likes kids anyway? We want to be adults, eat Big Macs, throw surgical scalpels around, kick balls at weaklings, and hit girls with bags.

You know, adult stuff.

Like pedophilia.*

You’re cute.

Cute means you’re young. But when you get old, you get tossed away—more than 7+ million girls in the last 25 years! Before/After Prom. Wedding ring. Filing paperwork. Clearance sales. Snack. Rest.

So Rahel and I agreed that we’ll use the control word “Pedophilia” to control the world crosswise. She didn’t want to end up as a disposable old girl in this rotten

consumer society,* and I wanted to protect my country:
Rahel.

*Not disappeared sect

You know in democracy the majority decides, the unity
licks. In communism it's the opposite: unity decides,
majority licks. Which isn't necessarily a bad idea. But at
least if they don't understand the clitoris, they can at
least grunt along+!

CHILDREN'S LOVE

Children's Love = Diaper changing, feeding, cooking, bathing, brushing teeth, reading bedtime stories, hiking, playground time, puppet theater visits, going to theater, movies, zoo trips, laundry, scolding, enduring rebellion, enduring annoyance, enduring screaming, shopping, buying clothes, buying shoes because their feet grow, doing homework, taking to the doctor, nursing, writing certificates, going to psychiatrist, toleration-ism.

COSTS: About 300,000 EURO until 18 years old.

What did the Romans misunderstand? Or is every plutocracy this harsh on kids? 800,000 missing children in the USA.

KAUKÁZUSA: FUCKING RACIST

Kaukázusa is fucking racist. Everyone knows all the racial data about everyone. Are you Jewish, Gypsy, Uzbek, Chinese, or Ancient Hungarian? We know, we see, thank you.

KAUKÁZUS TOWER

Those inside the tower know what I'm talking about.

Yes. It's suspicious when the boys start collecting gold in intimidating buildings. Imperialism...

We know what it will twist into: tanks, skulls, and death. Maybe computers too.

But what's inside their computers?

Well, who the hell knows.

Probably death, tank, and skull. Maybe puni.

Around it: Tank, Death, Skull. Skull, Death, Tank. Death, Skull, Tank. Puni.

A future predicted through the knowledge of the boys.

ZSÖMI'S QUESTION

Dani: "Why was there a Holocaust? You said you're Jewish and noble. The SS weren't nobles, and the victims weren't Jewish?"

Zsömi, in World War II everyone was a victim, and will remain so.

It was an era of cruelty, filled with a lot of cruelty.

I think either it happened because the Germans wanted to suppress the chaos ruling the colonies with an undeniable catastrophe within Europe, or simply because they wanted to grind up the lower classes.

And the weak. And the old.

But who knows.

?

Here's the English translation of your revised text, keeping the style and tone intact:

DANI AND THE BEATING THEORY

Dani often pondered the beating theory. During his walks on the streets, he saw many people, and not all of them pleased him.

He frequently thought about how he could morally, yet legally, deal with those he didn't like.

He even told his psychologist once: "When I walk down the street, I imagine beating people down with a whip or a metal rod. I wouldn't be very selective; I'd beat most of them up — hitting their legs, their stomachs, their heads."

"Of course, only in my imagination," he added.

"An imperialist in your imagination!" laughed Fekete Edit at Muskotály Edit's joke. The VIETNAMESE.

BALTazár and the Hair

Baltazár had been hairy since childhood. Even on his toe! He proudly showed it off — his hair made him feel like a real man.

THE SOVIET UNION'S KAUKÁZUSA

Danika was sleeping in his room. He had everything: Darth Vader figures, plastic soldiers, his little brother's Lego, computers, Dragon Ball cards, friends, siblings, family.

The sun was shining in the morning; it was Saturday. Danika put on Club Sandwich '99 and blasted techno on the terrace! He was listening to Kanye instrumentals on loop.

In response to the approving Kaukázusa smiles from the neighbors, he turned the volume all the way up.

You know who his neighbors were?

Dani's Kaukázusa community.

Suména!

KAUKÁZUSA'S FAVORITE SMILES AND THE KAUKÁZUSA THEORY

You wake up in Kaukázusa in the morning and you know your district, your city, your country, and the whole world depend on you.

In the 5/5 calculation.

The fathers depend on you.

The fathers' daughters depend on you — and their lovers too.

Your families, your teachers — they all depend on you every single day.

Kaukázusa is about calculations.

In Kaukázusa, everyone depends on everyone.

Our Contrators will defeat the enemy anyway, and they will take care of the immigrants.

Sure! Here's an artful, evocative English translation of your text, aiming to capture its raw and poetic tone:

To justify the inexplicable is great sorcery. But on this subject, I might just skip it.

THAT WAS NOT THE ORDER.

"Dani, why have you killed 250 million Africans over the last 27 years?"

"They killed each other, Zsömi — we just added money and weapons. Jeans, sunglasses, watches, Jack Daniel's, SUVs, contractor cover-ups."

"Anyway, the order wasn't to raise Africa to European living standards. The order was to prevent nuclear war using computers. Africa is full of computer minerals. We mined them, had them made, now there's plenty. Some Africans survived too: 1.2 billion Africans outlasted Zsömi. Understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you have a computer?"

"Yeah."

"Well then, that's that. Glad you survived too."

MONEY

Zsömi called out to Dani.

"Hey Dani, what do you think money's worth?"

"Money is one of humanity's greatest inventions, a tool. You see, Zsömi, money is a kind of energy carrier, a translator of many energy carriers: plant growth, animal husbandry, mining, production lines, work hours, design, execution, and the profit margins for organizing them all."

"And what is a human?"

"A human is a thing that loves to make excuses. And also something inexplicable, so it can forever explain itself. It seems to enjoy doing it — otherwise, why would it?"

"So what is liberal democracy, Dani?"

"I've been thinking about that a long time. You know, Zsömi, I deeply respect and love these liberal forms, the intellectuals, the people, but somehow I never really understood what liberal democracy is.

I think a lot about what it really is, how it should work, and why people believe in it... You know, Zsömi, I'm a chauvinist... I feel that if there's an agreed, accepted solution, you have to push it through. You don't have to drag everyone in, and especially why let the enemies of the idea jump around and organize? But probably I'm not right. Who knows."

"But Dani, come on, tell us! What *is* democracy?"

"Democracy is a luxury only well-organized imperialist states can afford. An expensive game. Governments change every 4 to 8 years. But the situation persists. It's complicated. So many people, so many tasks. How big is the government sector, how large the private sphere."

HOMOPHOBIA

Dani's homophobia stemmed from confusion and fear. When he realized at age five that he liked girls, he misunderstood his feelings. He thought something might be wrong with him — he was drawn to other kids his age, and also liked older girls. He became scared of what that meant, even imagining terrible outcomes, like being sent to prison.

His friend Ráhel kept close track of Dani's crushes and often asked him about who he liked at the moment — not because she was jealous, but, as she put it, just to be sure of things.

Dani didn't mind. He respected Ráhel and liked her very much. She was serious — even at five.

Secretly, Dani started fantasizing about somehow "getting rid of" all gay people. He believed that maybe this way, even if he couldn't avoid punishment, he might avoid some imaginary fate that terrified him.

Later, Dani realized something surprising: he thought gay people were lucky.

When Klumpa went on a date with Plú, it broke Dani's heart. Not even Fanni's hugs could fix the pain inside him. Dani thought: "At least boys who love boys don't have their hearts broken by girls."

So, he gave a quick kiss on the lips to a classmate to test how strange it really felt to kiss someone who wasn't a girl. The boy was surprised, but smiled a lot afterward. He felt like Dani might become his best friend.

Household Affairs, by Nest-Building Instinct

A nation is only as strong as its households.

So be a strong household yourself.

ARE THE HUNGARIANS BEING KILLED

“They’re killing the Hungarians. Because they talked about the Jews.” said Zsömi sadly.

“The English will save them,” cheered up Zsömi’s more Catholic friend, Mitrill Editke.

“But I loved the English so much...” Zsömi began to sob, convinced that the English would end up croaking while trying to save the Hungarians.

LAW ENFORCEMENT QUESTIONS

Name, address, residence?

**Patrol, squad, kicked-out ankle, shot-through knee,
internal bleeding?**

Phonebook, family, most beloved relative?

INHERITANCE WAR

“Dani!” said Zsömi.

“My dad said he had a fight with his brother over two million forints because grandma died.”

Dani nodded gloomily. Zsömi thought he must have heard many stories like this — and she was right.

Dani had been planning the Inheritance War with his lawyer friends since childhood.

The plan was that the rich would want to inherit the Earth, so under their orders, the institutions would be blackmailed — which would tie their hands. That way, the authorities wouldn’t be able to do anything when the inheriting class — aka the ruling elite — wipes out those they don’t want living on the planet with their children.

Those they wouldn’t leave the planet to, those nobody loves anyway, the ones they wouldn’t trust with either their wealth or their children’s lives.

But Dani knew this might not be the real solution.

Because heirs were usually ruined — by money, by power, by inbreeding, or all three.

“Zsömi,” said Dani, “I have an idea. What if the inheritance tax was 1000%?”

Eureka! cried Zsömi.

“If the inheritance tax were 1000%, then no one could inherit anything, so the rich would have to transfer their wealth to their children while still alive — thereby avoiding those soul-crushing inheritance wars.

Plus, they'd make themselves blackmailable by doing it!”

“*Chingy Chongy!*” said Pallos, who just then stepped into the little room where Dani and Zsömi were hiding from grammar class. And from math class too.

Usually, they came here to make out and talk. Zsömi had a key she'd copied from the cleaning lady's spare.

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