

The Mission of Dimitri Kastratitov

by Larry Strattner

A nuclear-plant fuel rod engineer, Dimitri Kastrotov, had an axe to grind, so invented an atomic deterrent, to counterbalance mankind. He targeted the filthy rich, greedy sons of a bitch, breeding war, weapons and nukes at a reckless fever pitch. After Chernobyl and a brief *paso doble*, all Dimitri's equipment fell off. He staunchly resolved, to summarily dissolve, the rich, their weapons and anyone involved. So he formed a plan hatched in Kazakhstan, the free world's ninth smartest country.

Dimitri's subatomic particle bomb has little residual shock. It vaporizes from floor number 10, up to the very top, every last luxury condominium, built in the last millennium, for prices that never stop.

The explosion sends the richest floors, far, far away, while more responsible people make housewives of Africa, a fuel-efficient cooking stove; dinner for ten cents per day.

Our world has too many luxury floors, far too much glass, with rich people swimming, brazenly bare-assed, in full view of their living rooms, and adjacent buildings of seventy stories, which these days, are quite a few.

You need lots of money, to live so much higher; above the thirtieth floor, with double-locked Kevlar doors, a laser to track peeper's lenses and zap the eyes of intrusive offenders. So things roll onward, in the care of no-jewels, our fond sobriquet for Dimitri. His bombs will come soon with nary a "Boom," just scattered, eco-friendly debris, relocating the clowns, made only of money, to a raincloud over Djibouti.

