

Party Animal

By Dhon Keyothi

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Despite news that his UK ambassador has gorged himself on Dhon Keyothi's underpants and crashed into the Indian Ocean aboard the new multi-million dollar presidential jet, the Beloved One decides the capital's street party must go on, and invites the lord of Fanditha to accompany him.



Dredging considerable aristocratic aplomb from the extensive depths of their corrupt souls, our hero and the Beloved One amble through the blood-stained palace gates and climb into an armored tank. The duo settles uncomfortably into gold-plated seats and BO turns to Keyothi for a little praise.

'Don't you notice anything different about me? Tell me I'm beautiful, Dhonnybe.' cooes his master, flashing a pudgy profile and running an immaculately guilty hand along Keyothi's thigh.

BO's other hand jerks a lever and a small missile slides into the tank's muzzle.

Ohoh! thinks our lord. *Maybe jangiyaa's on the menu again. My last pair went down with CJ. There'll be nothing for my leader to eat!*

'Anything different about you?' responds the Dhon desperately. 'No, you're as ugly as ever, and all that botox is draining to your bum. Forgive me if I raise the conversation above our waistlines for a moment, but I have a humble question. Why are we going to a street party in a tank with a charge up the spout?'



‘Unruly elements, my dear K,’ replies BO, buttocks twitching as he drops the tank into gear and roars off towards Blood Island square. ‘Some people around here want to stop me having fun! They say I’m a demented torturer and a thief! It simply isn’t true. I’ll teach those traitors the price of reason!’ BO’s eyes swirl, glazed and bloodshot, as he pats the neatly stacked pile of missiles at his feet. ‘These little beauties clear our tranquil streets of errant out-bred ruffians, and give my historic heroes an opportunity for quality family time!’

Sharing his leader’s excitement with flattering detachment, our ennobled interlocutor interjects again. ‘Which reminds me, Beloved. Where are those naughty historic hero boys - the specious spawn of security conscious clans?’

‘Straight ahead, they’re warming up the crowd.’

It saddens Dhon to see the heroes reduced to a support act, and there is something very depressing about their costumes.

‘Those Darth Vader outfits are so 1980s, BO!’

‘They might look like dorks, K my man, but they lay down a solid beat with their laser sticks.’

‘The extent of their drumming repertoire is undeniable, and the heroes’ talented improvisations have left an indelible mark on many Dhivehin,’ agrees the Dhon, raising his voice above the blasts as BO unleashes a barrage of rockets into the crowd.

‘Shit!’ mutters the Leader of Everything. ‘I just killed a couple of my historic guys as well.... It simply can’t be true.’

‘Of course it isn’t,’ says our Fanditha lord, calmly pleased at this profitable opportunity to display the professional skills and ethical standards that give H&K its unique and unenvied reputation. ‘Hold two state funerals, full media coverage, speeches from the big farts, lots of weeping widows and mothers, maybe a few kids, a sea of national flags, and promise to bring the culprits to justice. Might be some complaints from the infidel bankers and aid donors about the expense, but hey!... couple of free weeks in a resort and nice references for their CVs - no worries.’

Dhon turns to the little man beside him, confidently expecting a sizeable bonus on top of his usual fee, and is shocked to realize that BO has not heard a single expensive word! The ruler of sand and corals, and the slaves therein, is hunched and shaking in the corner of his glittering seat.

‘This is no time for an attack of multi-infarct dementia!’ warns Keyothi. ‘Remember your duty to loyal hypocrites and charlatans, and H&K’s outstanding bills!’

‘Sshh!’ BO hisses, and the Dhon notices a tiny mobile phone wedged between the seat and his leader’s head. ‘It’s my UK ambassador, Cotton Jangiyya. He’s alive! Swam ashore at the Gaboulhi resort and they revived him with a case of Dom Perignon!’

‘Hope he still has my underpants.’

Suddenly, BO sits perfectly upright, his face set in a manic grin. ‘All this blood and carnage is getting boring, Keyothi. Time for a new party at the Gaboulhi... rosewater cocktails with the resort crew!’

Driving carefully over stacks of fresh corpses, BO slowly turns the tank towards the *arumaaazu* jetty - its eternal lights stretching out into the thick blue lagoon where the Gaboulhi resort perches on the horizon, sparkling and throbbing with a pulsating glow undiminished by the dulling dusts of taxation and regulation.

‘The crowds can’t have all the hits,’ BO smiles as he presses a golden button. ‘Time for us as well, Mr K?’ A *good-goodah* slides smoothly into position between them, and the father of the nation takes a lump of hash from a yellow plastic bag, passes the mouthpiece to the man of magic, and lights the bowl.

Yeah, thinks the Dhon, stretching back in his seat while blood from mangled bodies squirts harmlessly against the windscreen.

‘Look at this mess on my nice clean tank!’ BO cries.

Yeah, the resort guys will love us.

