



So, that very day, before all the people of the Empire were involuntarily volunteered to turn out and vote, on every television set appeared The Arch-Wizard. The slack-jawed people watched in sincere belief as out of the foul mists of The Forest of Gloom, The Great Wizard summoned up the ghost of Saint Stalin, everyone's favourite jolly uncle.



*The great wizard summoning the spirit of Uncle Joe.*

“The Special Military Operation has gone entirely according to The Plan. The Magical Country is now cleansed of Nazis!” pronounced the ghost, who sounded suspiciously like the Tsar, but the people chose to ignore that. “See!” they said to each other, “The Tsar knows what he is doing. All is going according to The Plan.”

“And not to mention Satanists, Werewolves, Vampires, Death Eaters, Martians, Reptiloids, Jedi, Ewoks, Yeti, Cybermen and Daleks.” continued the ghost. “And, and all those other vile allies of the Nazis who/