



So, the faithful wise man went into the operations room where Shoigu and Gerasimov were working with all their might at their empty war map. “What can be the meaning of this?” thought Medvedev, squinting through his bloodshot eyes. “I cannot see anything at all on this map. Whom can I threaten with nuclear Armageddon?” However, he did not say his thoughts aloud and had another drink or three.

*The vodka drinker.*



“What!” thought he again. “Is it possible that I am a drunk? I have never thought so myself. No one must know it now if I am so. Can it be, that I am unfit for my job?” “No, the Tsar must not know that either. I will never tell that I could not see the stuff.”