

Just to demonstrate how seriously ill he was not, the brave Tiktokerov jogged alongside the Tsar to fend off any dangerous terrorists armed with lethal sheets of blank paper, as well as any citizens daring to reach out in an attempt to touch the Tsar with hands teeming with Covid-19.



*The Tsar riding his tired old horse Lavrov.*

The few sullen people standing by, and those half-heartedly waving their grandparents' old Soviet flags out of their windows, did not really care. They just wanted to go home to sit on their new toilets and try on their slightly blood soiled sneakers. So, all cried out, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! How great our victory, and how trifling the casualties! All has gone according to The Plan."



No-one would admit anything else, because in doing so, he would have been saying he was either a simpleton or unfit for his job, or a shoo-in for the FSB. And, after all, who would not be delighted to lay down his life for a Lada or a sack of  
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