

## The Legend of Caldonashitora - Ivan Kakovitch

Once upon a time, there was a grand city with a large population and a great deal of riches. As worshippers of the God Astor, led by a prominent patriarchal family, the city became to be known as Astoria and its inhabitants as Astorians.

But then, another family, by the name of Caldonish, amassed a great fortune, and decided to take over the reign from the old patriarchal family. So there occurred an insurrection, and the followers of the Caldonish lost out, and were expelled from the walled city of Astor.

They just moved further south, and build themselves another grand city, thanks to the riches they had accumulated in Astoria. They called their new city Buldonia. No one really knows why, they just didn't call it Caldonia. It seems they did everything upside down. They did not name their new city Caldonia, but Buldonia, and renamed themselves as Buldonians, by dropping the name Caldonians altogether.

A few centuries later, both cities grew to become city-states, and as usual, this invited the appetite for becoming empires. So Buldonia and Astoria went to wars for many centuries, and after weakening their fortifications and their resources, they practically invited the barbarians to march in and to take over both city-states.

As a result, both Astorians and Buldonians remained without a land of their own, and roamed the deserts and the valleys, incapable of building their domain, because they still couldn't agree on their God.

In the meantime, while Buldonians settled down with their new name, and their new God in the form of a Bull, the Astorians developed an obsession and a great appetite for acquiring a multitude of Gods for themselves. The more, the merrier. This search for Gods became a franchised event, and teams were formed to find new Gods. The ones that came back with more Gods in a year's time, were given tickertape parades, and were considered champions of the year.

So the Astorians collected funds, formed committees, and paid for the expenses to expand their search for new Gods. Missionaries were hired and were sent to all the three corners [continents] of the world. They didn't have enough funds allocated to search for new continents.

Astorian missionaries went as far East as China and Mongolia. Some even went way up North, into Uygur regions of Siberia, but they were found frozen to death. Others went way down into the jungles of Africa, where they had become the delicacies for the natives. The ones that went to Rome, Constantinople, Greece and Thrace, were the luckiest. They came back with a bunch of Gods: Mesropius, Onassissus and Frerejaqus.

The Astorian missionaries that went West, were themselves adopted by a God called Metropolis, so upon their return, they just convinced a great portion of their Astorian brethren, and to join them on the Mediterranean shores with their newly found God.

The ones that went to Russia in search for new Gods were fed to the bears for trying to steal

the newly acquired Russian God. As one Russian historian puts it, "It took us 900 years to find a God, and these Astorians wanted to steal it from us."

But the fatal blow came from the Astorian missionaries that had gone to Mongolia. With a hefty payback from China, they had decided to offer the Mongolians a God, rather than to steal one from them. So, being of Crustofenian faith, they converted a great deal of Mongolians into Crustofenism. This conversion really upset Hulako Khan, the Emperor of China and Mongolia.

Being of Mongolomedian faith, the Emperor was free to have thousands of wives, and so were his soldiers, a greatest mathematical affinity for overpopulation. And, being constantly on the warpath against the world, the Emperor developed such a disdain for Crustofenism because of its harsh rules on monogamy that his ire was not satisfied with just beheading of all of Astorian missionaries. He consequently marched against the center of Astorians in Mesopotamia. Once in Baghdad, he destroyed the whole city and its environments, and killed and burned every living thing in it, including cats and dogs, sheep and cattle, horses and camels. There is no record of any crocodiles being burned in Mesopotamia.

Then, just a few years ago, the conquerors of Astoria and Buldonia, ran into their own trouble and there was a chance for the conquered nation of Astoria -- to take advantage of the opportunity and to establish itself a city-state on a modern scale, on its own indigenous land.

Actually, the present-day Buldonians were really Astorians, converted by the Pommegrenade Jasemists in mid 16th century to a religion called Caldonians, a name borrowed from the ancient inhabitants of Buldonia.

Some very wise men and women among Astorians, felt obliged to the idea of empowering their nation with a backing of the Buldonians. So, they decided to drop the name Astorian in favor of a combined name of Caldonashitorians.

A great deal of debate and disengagements occurred, and after name callings, challenges, and creating disdain and disunity of highest proportions, the proponents and advocates of the new nomenclature, noticed they had it. They were duped, as never before.

The Caldonians have had it with being called ecclesiastic by all the people surrounding them. They just needed an uplifting. Having had no history of nationalism, nor its struggles and nationalistic embellishments, they jumped onto 'rent a nation' bandwagon. No nation on earth had recognized them before that venture of combined name theory, because they were simply known as Buldonians, and since Buldonia had laid in ruins for over 2,500 years, no one believed they were its indigenous descendents, since they resided in areas some 300 miles away from Buldonia, for over 2,500 years.

Suddenly, after two years of hiatus and harangues, the Supreme Council of Caldonians decided to part from the pre-emptive, ludicrous, and never materialized union with their brethren Astorians.

As per advise of wise men, Caldonia saw the need to harbor Astorian population, so as to

increase its chances of becoming not only a city-state, but an empire, and thanks again, to their riches, they opened a Consulate General of Caldonia, in many cities in the United States, and in Europe, and have issued a following proclamation:

Anyone that feels being of Caldonian heritage shall be issued a citizenship and a passport of Caldonia. (As usual, there shall be normal fees for transaction of the applications, and for regular applications, a fee of \$2,995, plus \$995 investigative fees, for those that do not have their birth certificates available at the time of registration.)

This sounded rather absurd, in view of the fact that people are usually paid to become converts, but the Caldonians are doing it the other way around, and will end up with practically no new recruits for their new country.

Pretending to be a willing turncoat, this writer consulted with the Council General, in San Francisco. When asked the reason of levying such harsh fees for citizenship, he stated the following:

"How can one trust someone who drops the name of his inherent nationality in favor of another?

"Once a turncoat, always a turncoat." Then, he sarcastically added:

"We know that fact very well. We practiced it many times."

"One is more cautious with a bottle of Champagne than with a bottle of Pepsi Cola."