

# The Plan Works In West Vhtnng



## Arthur Hoppe

IT WAS in the 43rd year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet Narian guerrillas out of West Vhtnng. "Everything," the President kept saying, "is going according to plan."

The President's plan, of course, was to give the war back to the West Vhtnngians — who had been losing it in the first place.

This caused the Premier of West Vhtnng, General Hoo Dat Don Dar, to call an emergency Cabinet meeting. "Cousins, nephews and in-laws," he said gloomily, "Our loyal American allies are determined to fight to the last West Vhtnngian. Now what do we do?"

"In this hour of crisis, let us screw up our courage," suggested General Pak Opp Ngo "and surrender."

"What! Surrender to a raggedy-tailed bunch of guerrillas we outnumber five to one?" cried General Hoo. "Why, we'd lose the respect, good will and PX goods of our American friends — not to mention their \$20 billion a year."

"Wait," said that clever strategist, General Wats Opp, "I have a plan!"

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SO IT WAS that General Hoo ordered his troops, "Charge!" And the Loyal Royal Army charged right past the guerrillas, across several borders and into the Republic of Forbodia and the Kingdom of Foom.

"Golly, that's great," the President told General Hoo by telephone. "It shows how right I was to give you back your war. You've already made it bigger. At this rate, you should be able to keep it going for years and years and years."

"Heck," said General Hoo, "we may even invade East Vhtnng."

"Let's not be hasty," said the President nervously.

But after a week or so, the Loyal Royal Army kind of turned around and headed the other way. "Everything is going ac-

ording to plan," said General Hoo. "We are razzle-dazzling the enemy with our mobile maneuvers."

Military experts conceded they had never seen such mobile maneuvers, nor such rapid ones either. In a week, the Loyal Royal Army was right back inside West Vhtnng. Only now it was hotly pursued by the angry armies of Forbodia, Foom and East Vhtnng — not to mention the dread Viet Narian guerrillas.

"Everything is going according to plan," said General Hoo.

"It is?" said the President. "I mean, it is!"

As the Loyal Royal Army kept maneuvering mobilely, the war grew smaller. And smaller. And smaller. Until finally, all the soldiers who hadn't gone back to tilling their rice paddies and composing love songs, which they liked better than fighting, were holed up in the capital of Sag On — surrounded now by vastly superior forces.

"Gosh," said the President, "we can't abandon these gallant men who struggled so gloriously to carry on the war we didn't want." So he air-lifted them all to the United States.

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THUS THE war disappeared. Oddly enough, everybody was happy.

"I promised to end this war," said the President, "and I did." So he was happy.

Once in America, the Loyal Royal soldiers applied the chief skill they had learned in the war and opened a prosperous chain of Army surplus stores. So they were happy.

As for General Hoo, his cousins, nephews and in-laws, they were happy, too, in their villas on the French Riviera, receiving monthly checks from a grateful America.

"Everything," as General Hoo smilingly put it between sips of Mouton Rothschild '57, "went according to plan."