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Eastern European Cartoons

The Blue Pill Of Atlantis

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The Blue Pill Of Atlantis0:00/413.6679921×*Let's say thanks to Vladibear for his amazing work on the recording.*

". . . and your generation has squandered everything: the special spirit of our culture, our legacy and history, what it means to be a part of it, what it means to be a patriot of your country, of the empire – these are the pillars Atlantis stands on, and it has always been this way and it always will, from our first great kings, through the era of conquest, to those damn wars with Athenians, damn Athenians, but you know nothing, not a crumb of it," the crooked merman murmured blowing bubbles into the deep indigo water. He was old, old enough to remember what he thought he remembered. His long alabaster hair and beard fluttered as seaweed wriggles underwater. His eyes, glassy and turbid, supposedly wise, blinked seldom as if he was in a nostalgic trance, blankly staring into oblivious nothingness, oscillating within a kaleidoscope of memories, a mnemeidoscope of emotions, to and fro, his face furrowing and grimacing. "Damn you, youths! When I was a wee chap like you, I knew every king, every queen, their dates of birth, their years of reign, their horses' names, what made them great, all bloody battles won, all

week-long feasts, all vanquished lands from Pillars of Hercules to the East, but you...” the old merman exhaled, blowing more bubbles. “If I ask you who Atlas was, the only thing you can do is to shrug. Dumber and dumber every year, every day, every minute. You’ve lost and wasted all: the education, the culture, the language. How do you talk now? Half of the words you use are Greek. You speak their language now; no soul, no truth to it. It’s an empty, shallow swamp, it even sounds like a fizzing and sulphuric fart, and you say it to each other every day. Imagine that! Flatulence talks! When I was a wee chap like you, if one were to say a word in Greek, they would get beaten, yes. I bet you don’t even know how to fight back, how to stand up for yourself. When I was a wee chap like you, we had fights every day in school, the strongest were the leaders, but look at you! What happened to your hair? Algae no less. Your tail, where are your muscles, my boy? Who is going to protect your family, your country? Your mother, huh? Damn you, youths! When I was a wee chap, we, Atlanteans, remembered wholeheartedly what is strength and honour and dignity, we knew who we are and what our path and purpose in this world are, we knew why the oecumene should kneel before us, we demanded that, and we did not mingle and mate with Athenians as if it’s something normal.” The old merman’s tirade continued, he spat savouringly, and a tiny swarm of fish lurking around him attacked his murky saliva and help it to dissolve in the ocean. “Damn Athenians, oh, my boy, those damn Athenians, those damn Athenians want to destroy us, you know? They hate us, they kill our kids, I know what I’m telling you, they use nets, big nets they make just to catch us. Today you talk to an Athenian, tomorrow

you're in a fish soup, or get grilled on a long and dirty Athenian skewer, or worse. They know how strong the public spirit of Atlantis is, how marvellous our power is, that's why they want to separate us, my boy, and divided we die, yes. Think about it. This way they want to wash Atlantis off the maps. Their culture is a mud shoal you can't swim in, it's corrupting you, youths, perverting and molesting you with their degenerate plays, poems, and myths that you watch and listen to these days, bewitched and beguiled as you are. So weak, so naive, so helpless, so immature. Where's the past glory of the Atlantis, my boy? I know where. Our legendary and epic Atlantis was given to you, right into your hands. . ."

The wee merchap, lean and glossy, a beloved grandson of his beloved senile grandfather, a patient listener, took the old merman's wrinkled hand and asked, "What is Atlantis, Grandpa? Have you again forgotten to take your pills?"

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