



Uh Oh: The North Koreans are Mad and Won't Take it Any More!

By Doug Bandow

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It's hard being dictator of North Korea. You're a god, or the nearest human thing to it, but you aren't allowed any time to yourself. The rest of the world privately admires you and publicly envies you.

Some of them even mock you.

In 2002 Pierce Brosnan played a hero in fighting against the Korean people in the James Bond movie *Die Another Day*. Only those blinded by imperialism failed to recognize that the film was "dirty and cursed," as the government of "Dear Leader" Kim Jong-il explained.

Worse, two years later the great and wonderful Dear Leader was mercilessly insulted by the movie Team America: World Police. Unable to stop him from impoverishing his desperate people to build nuclear weapons, the U.S. government sought revenge. It turned loose the most fearsome of weapons against the movie-loving Kim: Hollywood.

Of course, the Dear Leader was a convenient target, with his bouffant hairdo and platform shoes. The great and wonderful man-god was too busy traveling the country giving guidance to farmers and workers whose farms and workplaces were no longer operating to take time off to retool his appearance to satisfy international critics. But he persevered, drowning his many sorrows in Hennessy cognac while comforting the beautiful young virgin girls who flocked to his side.

Now "Great Successor" Kim Jong-un has taken over the sacred mission of his grandfather and father: to reinvigorate monarchy in Asia. He has shown the way to the next century by dancing with Mickey Mouse and partying with Dennis Rodman.

Naturally, Washington has rejected Kim's friendly demands for tribute to remedy the economic injustices created by the unfair success of market economics compared to Stalinesque central planning. Now the common criminals who run Washington—at least there is one thing Americans and North Koreans can agree upon—have turned again to their secret agents in the movie industry.

The film "The Interview" posits an attempt—one shudders at the thought in a civilized society—to assassinate Kim Jong-un, once declared the world's "Sexiest Man Alive" by the Onion and

widely referred to as “Cute Leader” by his followers. The movie originally featured Kim Jong-il. But after his shocking departure to wherever atheistic dictators go in the great beyond, the American hate-mongers simply changed the target of their secret CIA-inspired plot.

Kim Myong-chol, executive director of the Tokyo-based Center for Korean-American Peace, expressed the sentiments of people worldwide: “it shows the desperation of the U.S. government and American society.” He warned the U.S. to look inward: “let us not forget who killed Kennedy—Americans.”

The starving masses of the DPRK, despite lacking food, homes, and transportation, have risen up and demanded action. Said officials in Pyongyang, the movie had inspired “a gust of hatred and rage” across the land. If only the North had electricity, the people could be seen at night shaking their fists at the American oppressors.

Acting on the people’s behalf, after shipping off to labor camps anyone so clueless not to express outrage over a film they had not seen, the government called the movie a “reckless U.S. provocative insanity” from a “gangster filmmaker,” which was “the most blatant act of terrorism and an act of war that we will never tolerate.” These patriotic Koreans held the illegitimate Obama regime accountable: “If the United States administration tacitly approves or supports the release of this film, we will take a decisive and merciless countermeasure.”

Even after hearing the serious concerns that animate the Cute Leader’s followers around the globe, the U.S. perpetrators had no response other than to make fun of themselves. Said actor Seth Rogen, one of the murderer-wannabes: “People don’t usually wanna kill me for one of my movies until after they’ve paid 12 bucks for it.” The North’s patriotic masses want to do it first this time.

Naturally, the leader of all the Korean people indicated that he would put personal preference and comfort aside to monitor the nefarious plots the U.S. gangster regime. Kim Myong-chol predicted that Kim Jong-il would watch the movie.

To be both a boy-god and the sexiest man alive would be an incredible burden for anyone. But especially for someone so committed to his people’s welfare that he feels the need to eat all the time, lest any of his starving subjects be insulted by him rejecting their offer of hospitality.

While world peace hangs in the balance, the Hollywood parasites are leading the attack on the true tribune of all the peoples of the world. The mocking must stop, as the boy-god prepares to lead the human race to an even greater future.

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