

Exclusive from LITE Hq.

Et Tu like Pottu, Velu!

Last Sunday "The Island" Defence Correspondent exclusively reported that LITE's Intelligence Chief Pottu Amman was in a jam. Six days later the government controlled Daily News in its lead story says: 'Pottu Amman removed from his position.' Do we have to say anything more about leaders and followers?

Two weeks ago our Defence Correspondent who had had his reports macerated by the censor, infiltrated the LITE's Headquarters in Vadamarachi which is the home-sweet-home and office of the LITE Supremo Vellupillai Prabhakaran to report off the domestic scene since that subject was not under censorship. Instead he came up with a scoop which did not come under the censor's red pencil and we published it. (See montages)

To refresh the memory of our readers we summarise our last week's report.

LITE Intelligence Chief Pottu Amman — (at least the former Tiger spy chief) had been plagiarising "The Island's" crime reporters stories and submitting them as military intelligence to his big chief. The government's super spies had found this out and thus came the censorship of all news pertaining to military intelligence and they appointed super bureaucrat and information boss Edmond Jayasinghe to accomplish their objective. Once "The Island" reports failed to appear because of the strict vigilance kept on it by Mr. Jayasinghe and Co, poor Pottu had no reports to submit and he confessed it to the Supremo. The Supremo gave Pottu 48 hours to get the censorship lifted but Kumaratunga, Jayasinghe and others of the Info Dept. all made of sturdy stuff stood firm. No relaxation of the censorship, they said. And thus they brought the downfall of Pottu Amman regarded as one of the best spy masters this side of the Suez. Q. E. D. (Quod erat demonstrandum) — Quite easily done as we said when we solved the mysterious riders of Pythagoras, Aponius and others in our old school. Today we present another exclusive report this time by the Islander from the Den of the Big Bad Tiger.

Rajasthan silks... I can get my girls and boys to select them in Madras and get them down in a matter of hours.

Mrs. Velu: You think your crude kids have my tastes? May be they have got a taste for blood but not sarees. I want those cotons from Bangladesh with Attanangula Blue borders and Siri Koha Greens...

Serendipity by Islander

Velu: What's wrong with our colours... the red and black... the colours chosen by me...

Mrs. Velu: Chee, Chee, Enna goodly no? At this stage the Supremo loses his cool. Daring the Chattis and Muttis still near Mrs. Velu, he springs out, gets her by the konda (hair knot) and swings her round the enclosure.

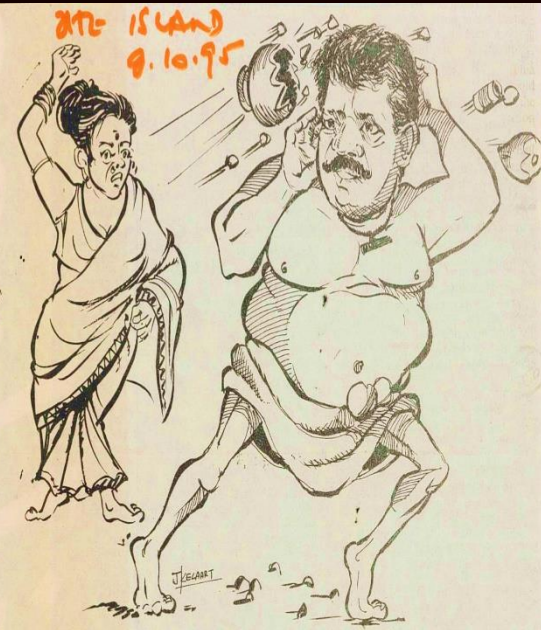
Mrs. Velu screams which nearly makes the boys on the Palmyrah tree tops fall down.

'Blood thirsty Tiger, coward, killer of kids... She screams and then Velu sees a jewelled hair pin drop from her konda.

Velu: Addai, Vaddai: Who gave you that you... and bowls out 'Kapil Amman, Kapil Amman' (his latest intelligence chief)...

Kapil arrives. Velu: find out who gave this to her within two hours...

Kapil: Looks at the jewelled hair pin closely and says: Lord and Master it is bugged. He brings a transistor radio to the room and begins moving the dial for receiving stations. Suddenly there is a continuous



squeak from the transistor and Kapil proudly says that the squeak proves that there is a bug in the hairpieces as he guessed.

Velu: Pulling out his magnum revolver moves threateningly towards Mrs. Velu.

Mrs. Velu: You bloody clown... it is the present you gave me for our 5th anniversary; no not anniversary, kidnapperversary... five years after you kidnapped me.

The Supremo Tiger is defanged and crest fallen and appears apologetic. Mrs. Velu like all women in victory is merciless.

Mrs. Velu: Call yourself a man, hitting a woman. I am going to join the Union for Battered Women in Colombo headed by...

Suddenly Velu goes into a fit. My god if that pin was bugged they would have been tapping all our conversations gone straight to Palaly and radioed to Colombo. They kept it a secret all the while but by now they would have recorded what has happened and will announce all what happened today on radio, TV and of course the press, pass me a cyanide, Kapil. My Macho image is all lost with this woman screaming at me.

Kapil: Our great leader and helmsman who has caused all this destruction and bloodshed... You don't need cyanide. Nothing will get out in the Media.

Velu: 'How come?'

Kapil: Supremo Master, this news goes through top channels in Colombo such as (censored) and they won't give it to the state media because the peace lobby is still at peace with us and it is they who decide.

Velu: But what if that racist 'Island' gets it. They will splash it across...

Kapil: Not to worry great master. They won't get past Messrs. Jayasinghe and Co. who decides on what's not to be published.

Velu is happy and relaxed. His problems are over. He thinks wonderfully of J & Co. but the happiness is short lived.

Mrs. Velu: But what about my 40 sarees from Bangladesh. Velu Pillai Prabhakaran, Terror Master of Asia and all that. I swear that if by the Ides of December before the North East monsoon begins to wane, if those sarees are not here, it will be Et tu like Pottu for Velu.

A Blood Red Alert has been called at the LITE Hq. somewhere in Vadamarachi where the bunkers are hidden under Palmyrah groves of a tobacco plantation. Eight to ten year-old-kids are atop Palmyrah-trees with AK-47s, grenades, etc. watching the perimeter anxiously. They do not know the reason for the Blood Red Alert.

Faint noises are heard and inside the main bunker of the Tiger Supremo, Terror Master of Asia, Supreme Leader and Sole Representative of the Tamils, noises of Chattis and Muttis crashing on the walls of the concrete bunker are heard.

Mrs. Vellupillai Prabhakaran is in a foul mood and is hurling the Chattis and Muttis at the Supremo who is covering his head and trying to find cover.

Mrs. Velu is screaming: Enna Da... supreme leader, terror master, ace smuggler but you can't get me 40 sarees from Bangladesh?

Velu (Now under a table): Why in the name of all our gods do you want 40 sarees when we can't get out of this bunker? Why can't you wear jeans like my sea Tiger girls?

Mrs. Velu: I am not worried about your sea or land Tigresses. I'll give it to them one day. But do you call yourself a man, a leader of the Tamil people if you can't get me 40 sarees from Bangladesh?

Velu: Look woman, have you gone Puthyam (Mad)? What's the reason for 40 sarees?

Mrs. Velu: You think you can keep me in the dark in this bunker? I read a report in a Colombo newspaper left behind by a journalist who interviewed you. The report says that a leader of the Sinhalese had brought down 40 sarees from Bangladesh and they were quite cheap too.

Velu: Who in his right mind will want sarees from Bangladesh when they can be had by the boatload from Madras... Manipuris, Kanjipurams, Kashmires,

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 Exclusive report from LITE Hq.
 Our Defence Corr. **'AMMAN IN A JAM'**
POTTU
 DAILY NEWS
Pottu Amman removed from his position