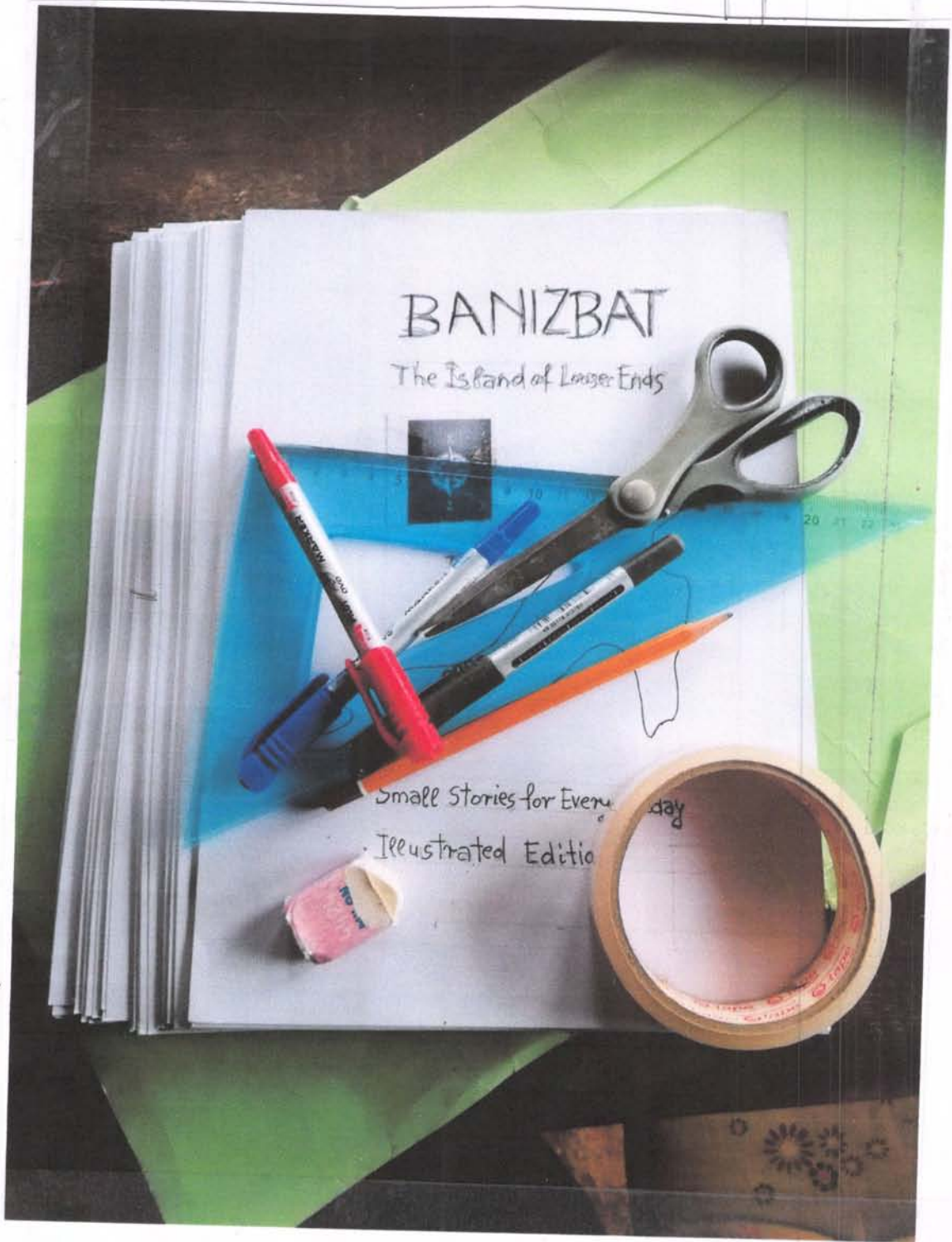


front cover

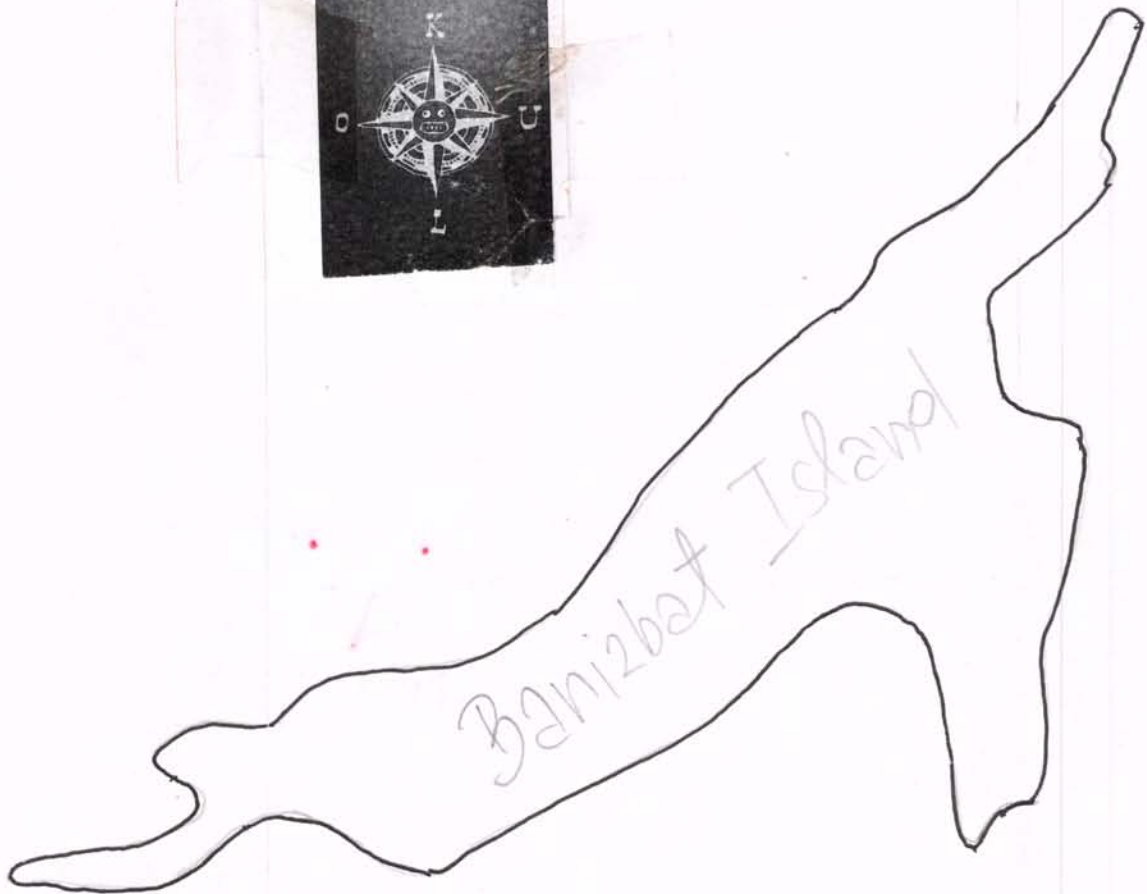


SC

—

BANIZBAT

The Island of Loose Ends



Small Stories for Every day

Illustrated Edition

2

© Translation & Mediation:
Duro Toomato

Translators Note:

Please accept my deepest apologies concerning eventual intentional & necessary inaccuracies in conventional Anglo-Saxon grammar.

If you do notice, ignore it / don't it / blame it on translation.*

As translating Banizbatian is a total butt in the ass, ~~even to start with it in the first place.~~

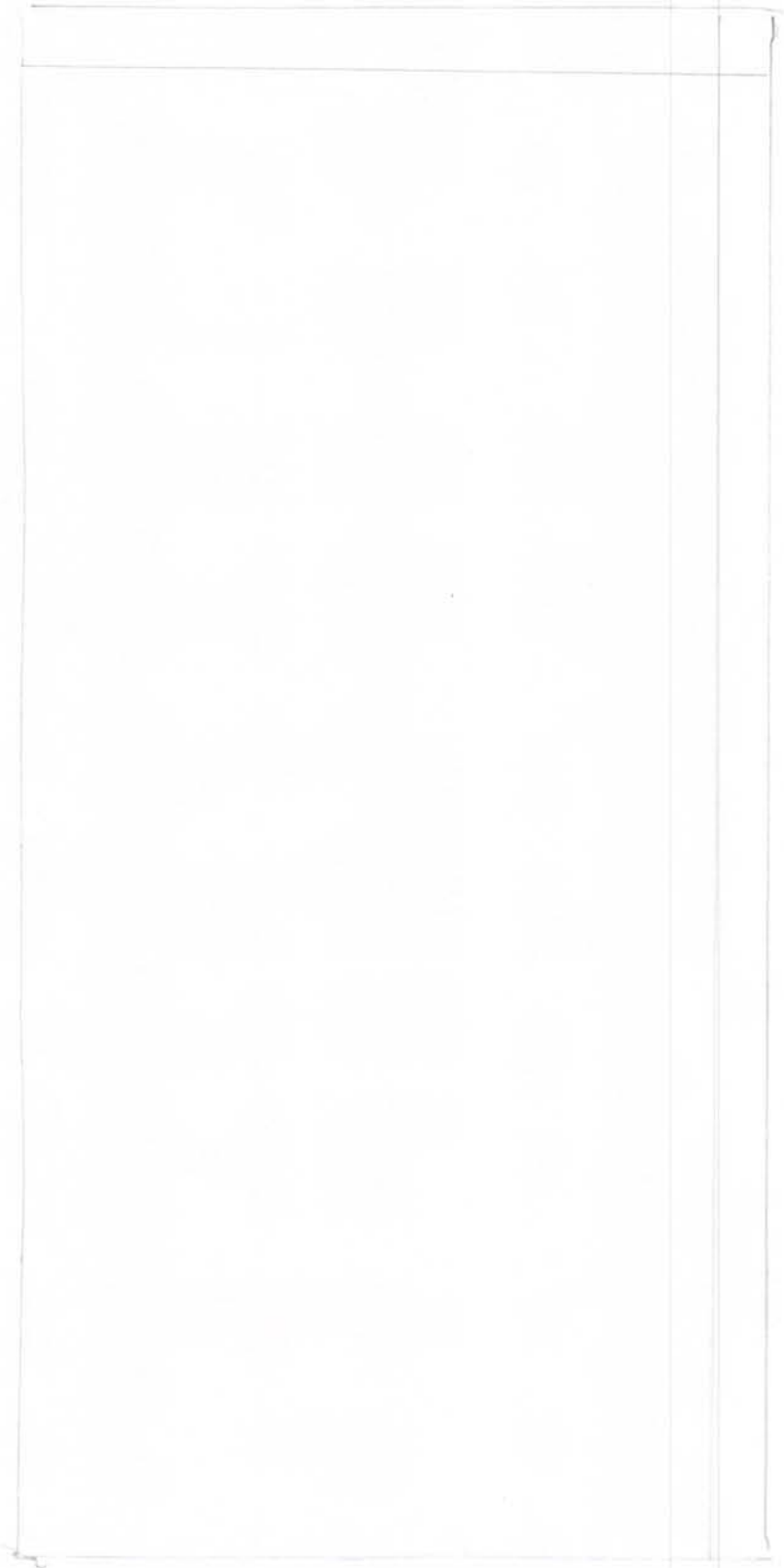
↓
not necessary?

* ⁶⁶ "Don't shoot the translator,
shoot the le pianiste."

3



4



5

“ Universe where rotations and orbits of individual heavenly objects are irregular like the movement of subatomic particles. The length of days and nights is unpredictable just like the change of tide and seasons.

The rhythm and structure of life are not connected with abstract and imaginary, but solely with tangible and real. ”

“ Prototype o'clock ”, R.L.D. Altamira (1327 BT)



Time speed 33%



6

“Every story we write is a true story. In every and each sentence we quote myself. And... words don't come easy.”

...

- ~~Today..~~
- Today there is weight in the air, the heat is 33,3 in the shade. I pack all my precious belongings.
- I don't have much... ~~the~~
- and what I don't have I don't need
- and I depart in direction of ~~the~~ Invisible City in Invisible Empire.

...

- I arrive at the Invisible City invisible gates and am let in.
- All my, by then, invisible belongings in my invisible luggage.
- Am I invisible too?
- Fuck me if I know. Decide for yourself!

...

- I set my prototype o'clock on 33,3 % of the time speed.
- No time to waste.
- ~~Space for transition!~~

...

7

I sit in my classic armchair behind my classic writing desk on the spacious and the most beautiful...

- classic.
- ... classic square of the city.
- I dip my pen into the ink. I do get some attention.
- ~~Not that I was seeking it, comes as the perks of the job.~~

...

- The square is full of people.
- No one greets anyone.

image?

- "Eyes lock for a second, then dart away, seeking other eyes..."

... never stopping.??

- Are they invisible too?
- ~~Fuck them if they know!~~
- Decide for yourself!

...

- I ask them to write their name at the bottom of the empty white sheet of paper.
- They hesitate. I tell:...
- "Writer is someone that tears himself to pieces, in order to liberate his neighbour.?"
- And I tell:...
- "I am writing a classic, a book that will never finish saying what it has to say.?"
- And...
- "your stories will be mine, and my stories will...?"
- Whatever, they all sign their names...

...

- "I spend the night on my expensive Venetian bed, staring at the stars through invisible clouds.?"

...

- Next morning...
- In the morning I wash my face

9

and pack again. Chair, table, bed,
pen, ink, papers...

- I depart.

- "I am on my way back to visibility,"

image ?

- Back today...

- I live happily ever after.

- For a short while.

...

~~- FOR THE LOST DWELLERS AND CITY
SLICKERS.~~

~~- AND THE INVISIBLE EMPEROR
WEARING...~~

~~- "Please!!", QSSIF flipped.~~

?

10



- The Legend of $\$1\ 3/4$

Recently, a perpetual blood-thirsty Knowledge War was raging in the Empire. Objectivity & Subjectivity armies were clenching horns, settling historical differences & similarities.

...

These days, there is a rumour circling that one side had recently won & was writing new & re-writing old history. For a job they hired the best history writer & re-writer on the market, called $\$1\ 3/4$.

...



12

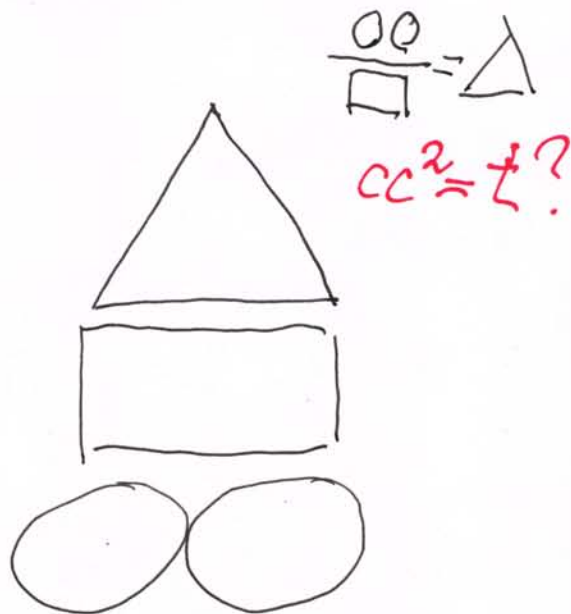
image

As I dip my pen into ink,
 there is another rumour circling
 that ~~the~~ side that had recently
 lost was re-writing new & writing
 d old history. They 2 hired & 1
 3/4.

...

D ultimate hypothesis squared
 d rumour circles into a triangle
 & proved that & 1 3/4 delivered
 d same work 2 both sides,
 thereby creating a virtual
 fictional lockdown.

...



? 14

After this deadly cacophonous silence, no1 denied/confirmed anything.

- We do not comment on rumours, Breaking News grudged. - I don't want 2 share your paranoia, I like mine.

...



By this time, 3/4 jumped & free-fell into the thin vacuum of anonymity.

15

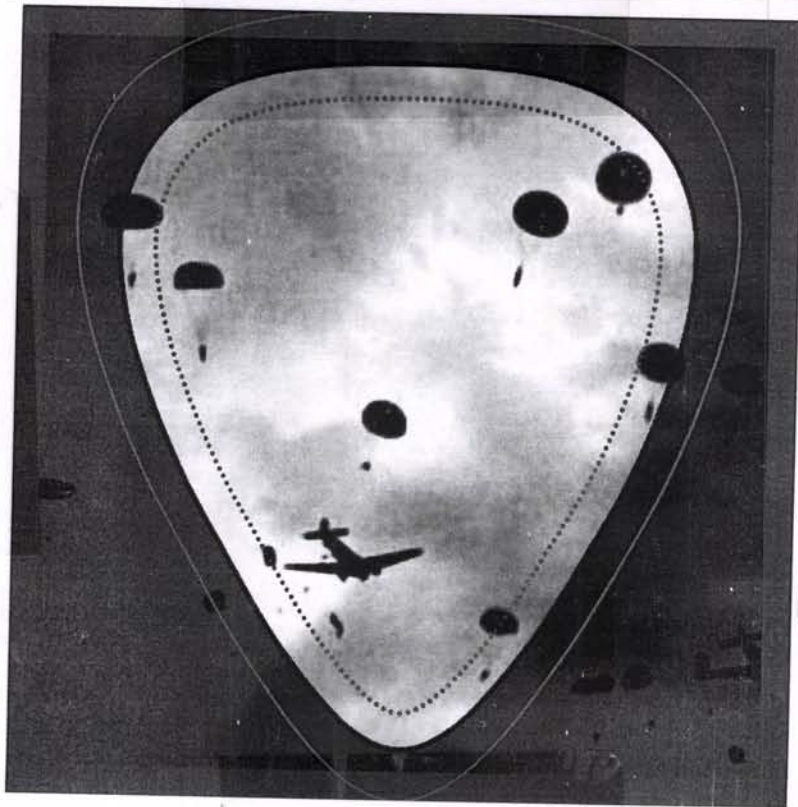
That was a long time ago

...

Today, d Empire suffers in
d grip of repression & poverty.

Peasants & lord alike flee 2
Banizbat Island, in search
of fortune & salvation

...



- &/ says: ...

66
- I will remember what might have been.



- There was no time to think, nothing to think about and no-one to do the thinking.

...

~~8/13/4?~~ →

- I was squatting on the metal floor of the Siever Bird type airplane. There were no chairs/benches/anything of a sort to sit on, trying to keep my back straight, on the wall, holding my parachute bag tightly squeezed on my chest, fingers of my right hand playing with the silver ring that, when pulled, will release the chute, I hoped,

Keeping the eye contact with my guy, I mean a sort of a steward, although me being the only passenger, I might as well call him a personal assistant, who smoked a fat cigarillo, had huge headphones covering 2/3 of his head, good quality stuff, I thought, could not hear any sound coming through."

...

- Later we eat & tell stories.

...

“ He wore a dark green bomber jacket, the kind one is expected to wear in such a situation as well, he probably did it more often than me... so a non-situation for him, maybe even a routine non-situation... his extra yellow pants & black shoes I could imagine in other moments, where I never was & never will be... probably maybe even.

...

- Ready? he said, winked, maybe, & with the fingers of his left hand, holding cigarillo in his right, started the G-down countdown.

- Ready? I thought. He mimicked the count: siiiix, thumb gone, fiive, another finger gone, fouuuur, threeee, twwoo, onhne... I wished he were a monster from outer space and had thousands of thumbs... all fingers gone, door opened, he looked out, threw the cigarillo &?! jumped!! Suddenly, I and autopilot was alone in the plane.

...

- Timing was essential & I stumbled into the free fall.

...

- For what felt a very long eternity I resisted... to pull the chute release ring, holding it tightly with my right pointing finger, presing my elbow into my ribcage, through my hiper-dynamic thermal jump suit... blue on the inside & yellow on the outside,

I got as the part of travel package deal... which I got as the part... was warned destroy it after touchdown... they will note like if... pressing ... not to pull by accident in the wind... my mouth whispering not yet, not yet, not yet... I feel Vortex touching my boots bootlaces flapped not yet, not yet, not... ~~NOOOO~~ W. Parachute opens & I open my eyes."

- When did you close those?
- "I am inside the Vortex. Starting the second part of my not anymore free fall. Autopilot waved me a long goodbye & slow Gravity sent ~~it~~ its warmest welcome greetings, 10000 more. My vocabulary rapidly shrinking, word by word, as creation of history started to dominate the actual experience of present subatomic particles movement?"

...

- My Prototype o'clock shivers and I reset it to the factory settings and the timeline is 0 BP (Before Present).



- Touchdown

- "Why & When fractured their scutes, how bruised the left elbow & Do twisted the ankle."

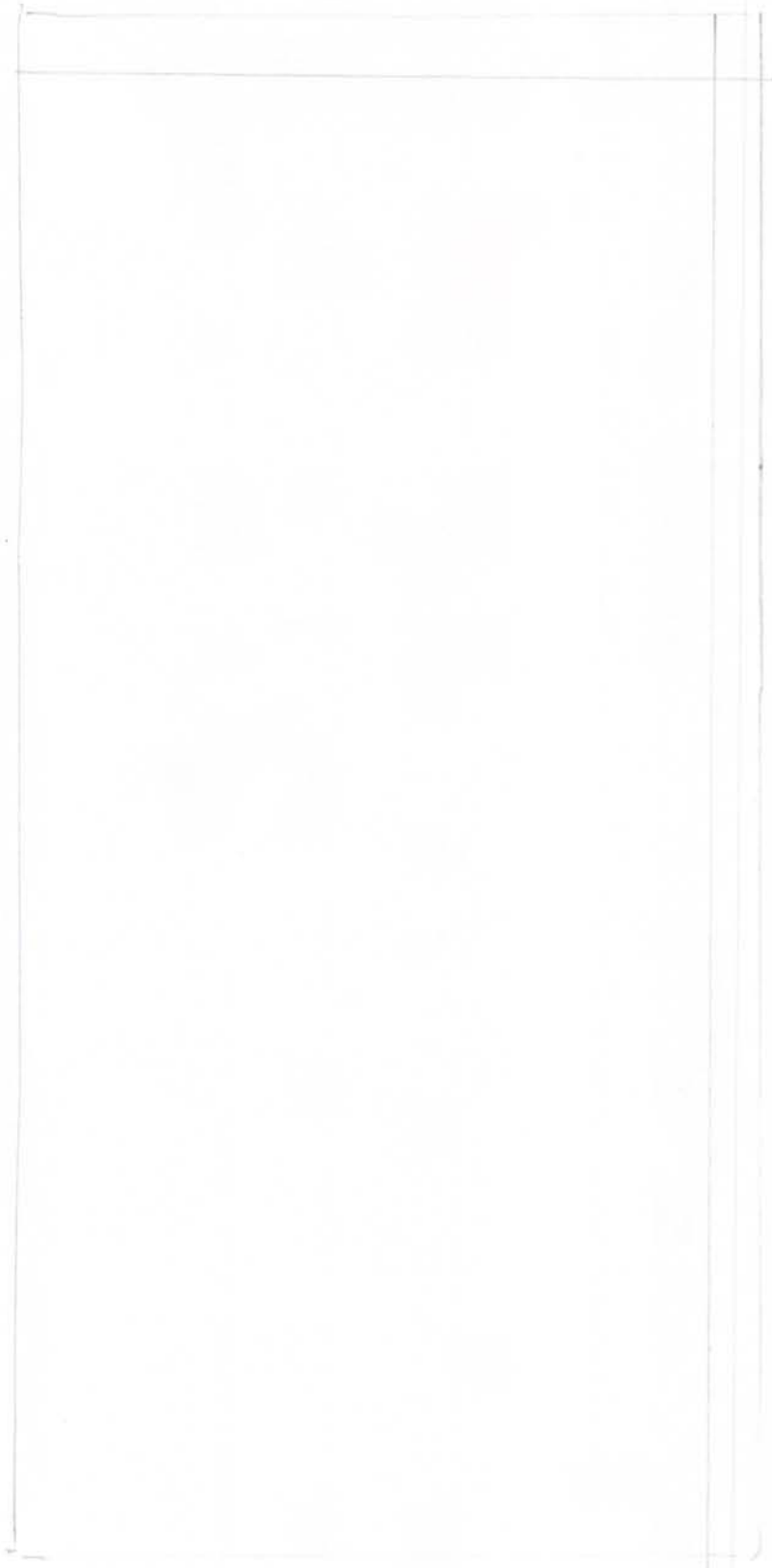
- I limp-off into Baniabat, feeling dizzy, elbowing myself into my new life.

- Lockdown: 53!

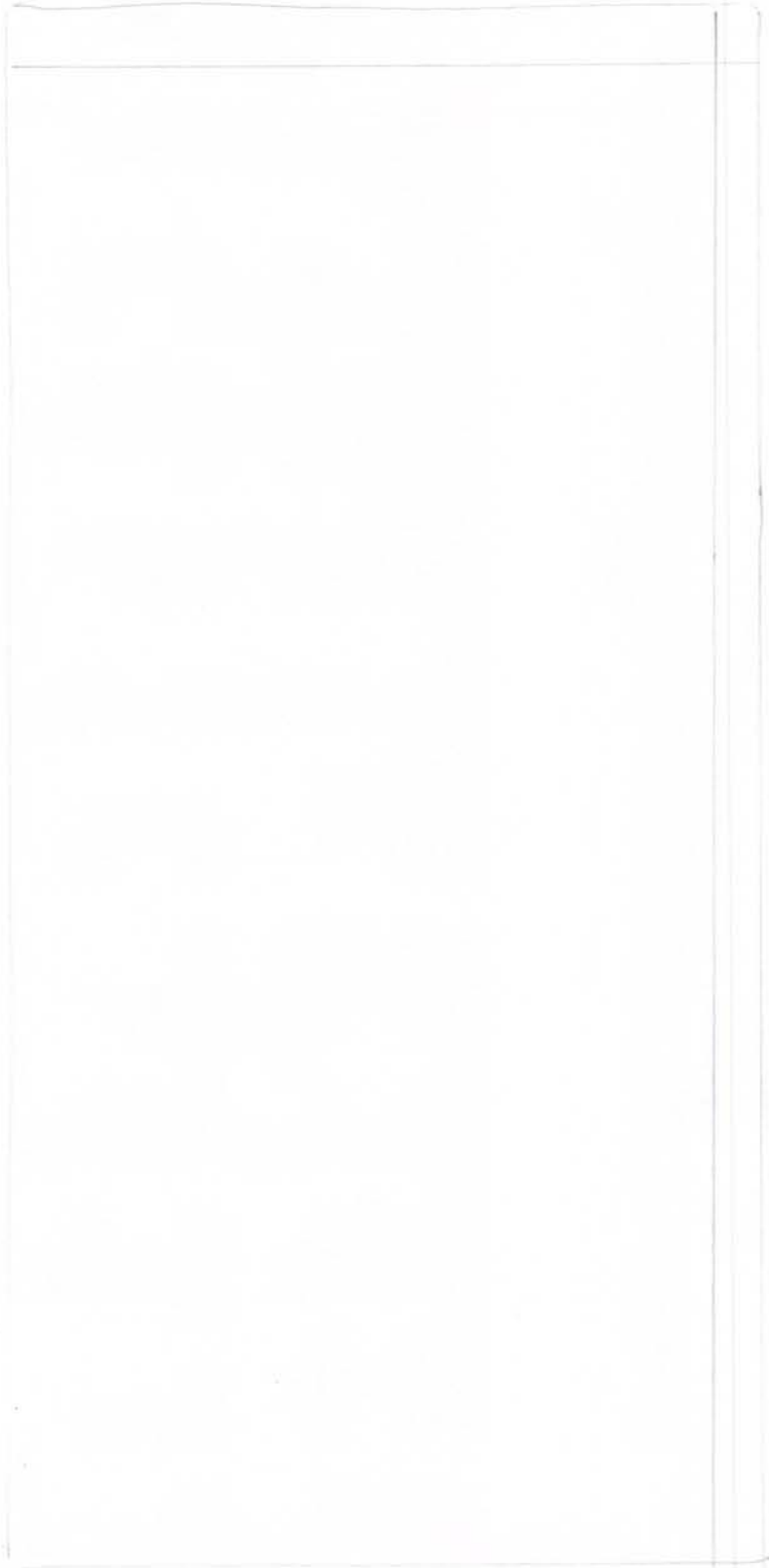
- Vocabulary: 0.

- I was wordless but definitely a little bit quite optimistic.

21



22



“ Do you think that... maybe... anybody... anybody... but you... yourself... gives a fuck what you think?

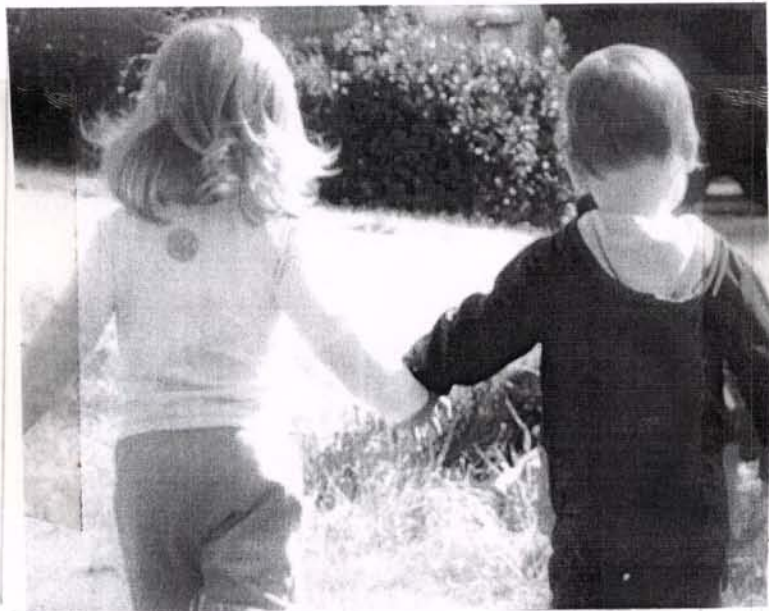
Quote of the day?

- Do I give a fuck what I think?

- Do you? ”

XXX

- Deep in the bowels of the Empire, a girl and a boy, tired of the cruel mistreatment they have had to endure from their wicked, selfish, manipulative, loveless parents, poisondead the bastards burgers, grab the bread basket filled with croissants and run away into the countryside.



- After the initial feeling of desperate relief clears up, the children decide to live in the woods forever.
- "In the world without money, without laws, without work, without technology and without all the numberless horrors produced by civilisation."
- Who happy? We happy! they kept saying, living in each others sunny shadows.
- Until one day the evitable turned inevitable: the bread basket was no more croissants...
- And panicking procession of wild boars - chased by hunting party of Domesticated Bloodthirsty Wolves - ...
- Unite!!!
- ~~It~~ passed by.



25

- The kids, not forgetting the empty bread basket, followed.
- Soon, the jolly party arrived to the shores of the vast ocean.
- And the leader of the wild boars, helped by wolves munching the slow / fat / out of shape / fatalistic tail of the procession - started swimming.
- Into the distant horizon.
- The sun was setting into the...
- Green water.
- Fish were jumping...
- ... and the tide was high.

xxx



26

- The children jumped into the bread basket, grabbed the tail...
 - The pig tail!
 - ... of the last in line swimming wild boar and took a ride into the unknown.
 - They arrived on an island,
 - After drying their clothes on the flat hot rocks...
 - On the exotic beach...
 - They soon discovered the river.
 - What happened to the wild boars and the wolves? I asked
 - Just shut up and write! he said and continued.
- xxx
- Soon they discovered the river, fresh of susimusi...
 - Full of susimusi water...
 - And bat fish.
 - Voila.
 - Here we go.
 - "We are an Empire now and when we act, we create our own reality."
- xxx

27

- Floating down the river, inside of the bread basket, one morning...
 - One morning they woke up anchored next to the small islet in the shallow delta of the river.
 - Pop.
 - ...
- xxx



- The only islet inhabitant was the schizophrenic altruistic wicked witch.
- And instantly...
- "Altruistic enough not to be

exclusively wicked, wicked enough
to qualify as the witch."

- And instantly offered to fulfill
3 of their wishes.



- Sorry, the polite kids said, but
we have only one wish.
- yeah?
- Can ~~it~~ our bread basket
always be full?
- Done! said and did the witch.
- Ah, sorry, the boy said blushing,
can we have some burgers too?
- Done... almost, gasped the witch.

- You can burger me, I just have...
- A small favour to ask... in return.
- What favour now?
- Nothing spooky we hope!
- Oh, no, nothing like that.
- What then? Speak up!
- Speak up!!!
- Well... you can have my flash... for your croburgers... but ~~can~~ ^{may} I... in return... as a favour... be forever... and ever...
- Whaaat?
- Your Special Secret Imaginary Friend?
- Ah! Done, said (and did) the Kids.
- Wait a sec, the girl remembered something very important it seemed. - We do have a third wish!
- Jaaaa?
- It is a secret wish.
- Done!!!

xxx

- As the witch was pretty fat...
- And the kids small...
- ...the big feast of croburgers...
- Witchburgers.
- And fresh susimusi water...
- ...lasted forever...
- ...And ever.
- All the way into their coming of age.
- They did come of age and soon their secret wish came true: a hybrid baby boy was born.
- And then...
- ...As it regularly sometimes happens, forever and ever ended.
- There were no more burgers!
- Hey, hey, hey!
- The witch was gone. Through the bowels and into the geraniums.
- Cactuses!
- The hybrid baby started to scream:
I want burgers, fuck your raw fish and bloody geraniums!
- Cactuses!

- Ding dong, the witch is dead,
ding dong, the wicked witch is
dead, the parents playfully
explained the lack of burgers!
- The hybrid kid cried and cried...
- Hiccups on his bread dominated
diet.
- Till two voices in unisono...
- Sang,
- Ding dong, the wicked witch
was dead!
- It was the Altruistic Special
Secret Imaginary Friend,
- ASSIF.
- And the Wicked Special Secret
Imaginary Friend.
- WSSIF.
- Brilliant, Welcome to the story,
guys.
- Lets cut Mr. Nice crap, said
WSSIF and ASSIF. - Lets have a
vote on the issue of introducing
burgers back to the menu.
- They said in unisono.

- But the witch is gone to the ger... cactuses! shouted the girl and the boy.
- we? - VOTE! I said.
- So they are voted.
- ASSIF: ✓
- WSSIF: ✓
- Hybrid Kid ✓
- Boy X
- Girl 0

xxx

- The new democratic majority decided, before the burgering begins, to fatten the parents on "only bread-diet". As bread...
- Croissants?
- As croissants were plenty...
- Never mind the hiccups.
- ... soon the hybrid kid was the islet first Orphan of Destiny.
- Auuuu!
- His only company two special secret imaginary friends and two mountains of burgers.
- Mc. Momies and Mc. Dadies.

xxx

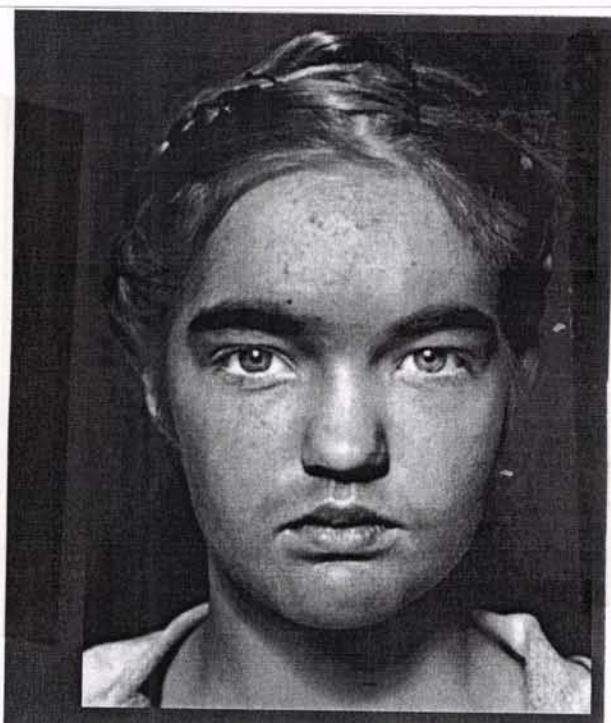
- On the regime of crowitch-burgers, the kid grew up into a teenager and...
- And became a wordsmith by profession.
- The word spread around the whole of the island and the customers started appearing...
- The word buyers.
- started appearing from all of the directions, buying word by word and...
- Taking it back to their...
- Languageless homes.
- For example?
- For example, one would bring an animal, weird looking, furry...
- Taily.
- Cute.
- And the nameless creature would get its Banizbatian name.
- Mokos.
- the squirrel might object, I don't wanna be Mokos, all would say: Shut up Mokos, here on

accidental
prodigy

34

- this island you are Mokos.
- Fucking squirell..
 - Or wateva..
 - ... somewhere else.

x x x



- As Hybrid Teenager would just pop-out words...
- The new words.
- ... soon he was nicknamed...
- Pop!
- On the Pop Islet!
- On the Pop River!

x x x

35

- And Pop, ASSIF and WSSIF lived happily ever after on ~~the~~ Pop Islet.
- Till forgotten by all but few.
- Aetamirians!
- Aetamirians?
- Followers of Altamira.
- The cave?
- Do your fucking homework before you bring your flabby skinny ass here... next time!
- A cave!!! Rings the bell? Any other caves that might...
- ok, ok. Chill. Got it.

inventor
of
prototype
o'clock?

...

“Sit. Here. And. Look. Into. My. Eyes.”

image?

36

- 65 It is not the voice
that commands the story.
It is the **I** ear??

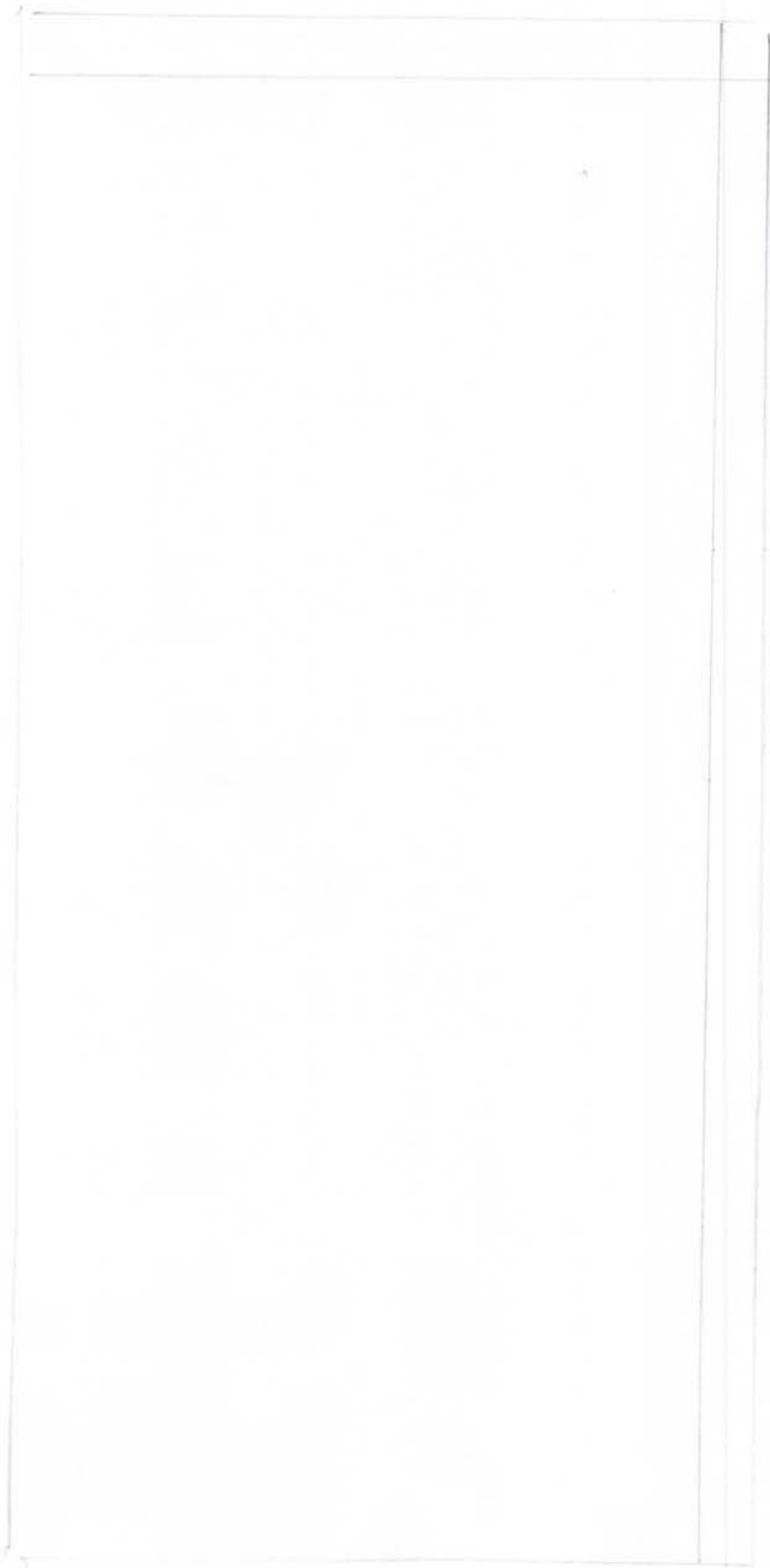


Time speed 125%



''

37



38



- Next, just as we blinked and toasted, Platósy Empire colonized contemporary Banizbat Island.
- "As all the islands in the Platósy Sea were enjoying economic & demographical boom", Dr. Altamira started the historical part of this novelle etc - "and approached the maximum of the sustainable population..."
- "Calculated by the algorithm putting in perspective territory, number of inhabitants, natural resources and economic & technological development..." added ASSIF - "... numerous islands received orders from Platósian capital?"
- for ...
- Even the Baniz Island, where...



- Akiras, enormous blood thirsty...

- ... sacred, supernatural, demonic...
 - ... strapped with explosives...
 - ... wild cave wolves! Unite!
 - ... Were keeping demographic & democratic growth...
 - Overgrowth.
 - ... under control - a non-island all over the world was chosen & marked for colonisation purposes.
- ...

- ~~Therefore~~...
- Thereby, one early spring morning, a fleet of Platonian boats, carrying woman, children and man, all the way from Bariz Island, appeared on the shores of an unknown island. ^{was}
- Towards... everybody's surprise, as the island not featured in their colonizing guide-booklet, the scouts...
- The swallow scouts,
- ... returned and reported on tranquility and riches of it.
- The boats off-loaded a group

41

of exactly around 110 families,
olive seed keeper, 11 taxman
and quite a few...

- Akira wolves!
- The rest of the fleet continued
their journey towards the
original colonizing destination,
just down the sea.

...

- The stayers were warmly well-
comed by friendly local population...
- Called Gusaks.

...



- ⁶⁶- Gusaks, gigantic, supernaturally
strong rabbit hunters, carried
a bow and arrow and frolicked
green meadows in search of
wild game.

This wicked, altruistic, dumb and more than naive creature, knew no human or any other predators before. Gusak married his mother. One day mother became pregnant. Gusak, who knew he was not the father, became furious and was ready to have her killed."

Once upon the time, in the land of savages, on the hilly Banizbat.

- Halelija!

"Mother in her defence concocted a mysterious story; she said that a beam of light super-naturally impregnated her. Calming Gusak's wrath temporarily, she later gave birth to a son named..."

- Patak.

"... who was even more dumb and wicked than the beam of light."

...

- Therefore... thereby, the bloodthirsty war with local native peacefully population did not last long enough to call it a war, let alone bloodthirsty.

- "You sleep with your mother only once", the banizbatian saying says.

- Nevertheless... therefore... thereby, Platōsy slayers slayered all of them Gusaks, sparing only those to be kept as slaves...
- students?
- ... merchandise...
- ... souvenirs...
- ... platonic clenching sex mates...
- And soon Banizians started their new lives.

...

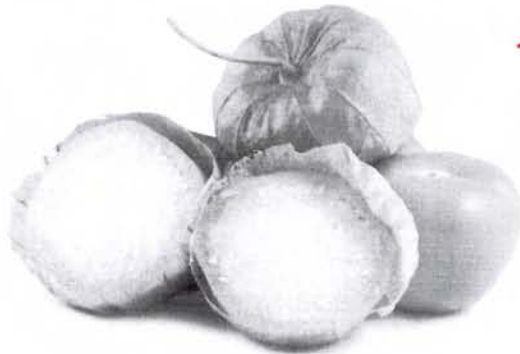
- All the slayered Gusaks were burried proportionally deep into the enormous field in the centre of the island - to increase ground fertility - and Platōsy divided the fertile soil, agricultural treasure, into 110 almost equal parcels; one/two "steady-umms" per family. Taxman were rotating. Seed keeper kept seeds. Akira wolves maintained

One-Way-Tunnels.

- One-Way-Tunnels?
- Exactly!

...

- Plato's main produce became Plato Olive Oil and...
- ... wine of two various sorts and...
- yes... Bat river fish, they love eating fresh and raw with...
- called Dak... Kind of avocado-green tomato hybrid...
- Endemic to Banizdak Island.
- Making it local delicacy dish...
- ... called Bat'n Dak.
- Hellohey!



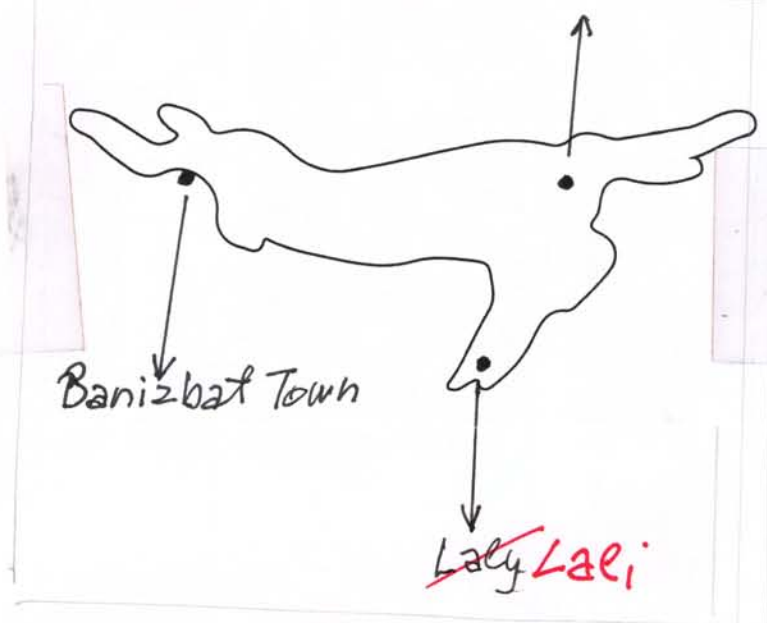
Dak?
veggie!

- ...
- The Island was adorned with its first known name: Banizbat Island. All previous unknown names were forgotten.
- Outofashioned.
- Outloved.

...

- On the edge of Banizbat Field, close to deep and protected sea bay, they established the brand new island capitol: Banizbat Town.
- In the mini delta of the largest river, on the upper top of the field, they build a vacation beach resort village: Laei.
- Laey?
- Laei!
- On the mountain that separated the field from Southern Beaches, a rabbit hunting hub was raised: Lefka

BANIZBAT ISLAND? Lefka



...

- The other rest of the original fleet, another group of colonizing Platôsians from Baniz Island, continued their journey further down the sea and ended on everyone's designated destination, populated by extremely peace-loving...
- And unbelievable wicked natives...
- Called Pataks!
- Presently called Banizdak Island, their main produce became Plato olive oil, wine of two various sorts and...^{yes...} Dak, a kind of vegetable...



Bat fish?

- they love eating with canned ^u Bat, kind of a thick headed

47

- wiggly river fish, endemic only to Banizbat Island...
- ...making it a local delicacy dish...
- Dak'n Bat!

...



...

- In the meantime, faraway ago, the Pirric War just ended.
- Following the victorious defeat, Emperor Stoyco...
- "The eternal victor of the wars where the losers win?"
- ... got more pragmatic in managing

his military might.

- And distributed all of his armies selectively all over the contemporary world, to keep them off the streets...
- And, more importantly, for the soldiers to be housed, fed, pussy-licked and cocksucked by the conquered kind strangers.

...

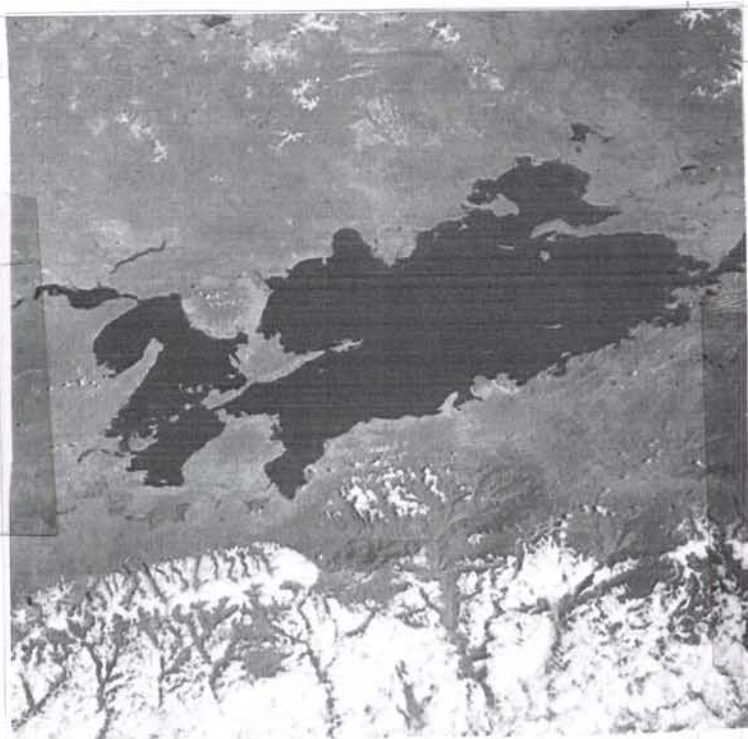
- I wonder, this pussycocks stuff... is it clear enough?
- Clear enough? For whom?
- The... readers?
- Any readers even on the distant horizon? Now or ever?
- No.
- Anybody for a vote?
- Of course not!
- But, CSSIF insisted...
- But what?
- I thought writers write...
- For readers?
- Well, somehow...
- Any writers around here? Even on the distant horizon? Now or ever?
- CSSIF was devastated. But somewhat happy.

...

~~What's the point?~~

~~DCM~~

- Therehere, the Pirrian elite legion moved against Platōsy leader Pinetree on the island of Banizbat.
- Pine...3 awaited the attack with good troops, ample provisions and war materials, behind the strong fortifications, that of Banizbat Town.
- In order to avoid a long siege, Pirrians decided not to take a risk by launching the frontal attack from the sea...
- ... and instead ... cleverly... went for setting up a mortal Pine3 trap.
- There...fore, the elite legions elite platoon parachuted itself into the densely forested area...
- Upstream Pop River.
- By the Titipipii Lake.
- A giant waterfall lake!



river
Pop?
flowing
away?

- "Pop Rivers mother spring being the giant waterfall lake named Titipipii. The river pops-out slowly from the lake, to flow towards the faraway delta, on its way splitting into smaller rivers and creeks. The lake has the shape of a baby ducklet riding the wild cat, Titii (in ancient Peatósian), as seen from the bird perspective by Peatósy astronomers. The small ducklet is actually observing the river flowing away."

• • •

cliffhanger?

- Waving it goodbye?

...

- Pirrians... after carefully
hiding their parachutes...

- stashing... in case of urgent
retreat...

- ... under the cover of night-
ingale songs, slowly moved
along the river towards the
single mortal Pinez trap **and...**

- In the heat of the night,
approached, to them, an unknown
village.

- The village party was in the
full swing and towards their
utter surprise - as the village
was not mentioned in any
documents they consulted -
the scouts...

- The mokos scouts.

- The squirrel scouts returned
with the report of inner
beauty of the place.

- The whole half of the platoon
swiftly de-militarized and
decided to settle down in the

West of Pop?
River?

village.

- That of Lali. Western Lali.
- The less hedonistic half of the warriors continued the journey towards the original designated destination.
- The final mortal Pinez trap.
- That strategy worked out beyond their wildest dreams and in more or less 218 BC...
- Bahizbat Calendar.
- ... after a few of initial skirmishes and heavy losses on the Pirrian side, the Peatōsy forces soon surrendered.

...

- Pinez deserted the island and fled.
- To the Kingdom of Lupis-tan, making his way to the court of Lupus the Vth, who was now Lupis-tanian King, following the sudden death of Lupus the IIIrd.
- And preceding the sudden birth of Lupus the VIIth.

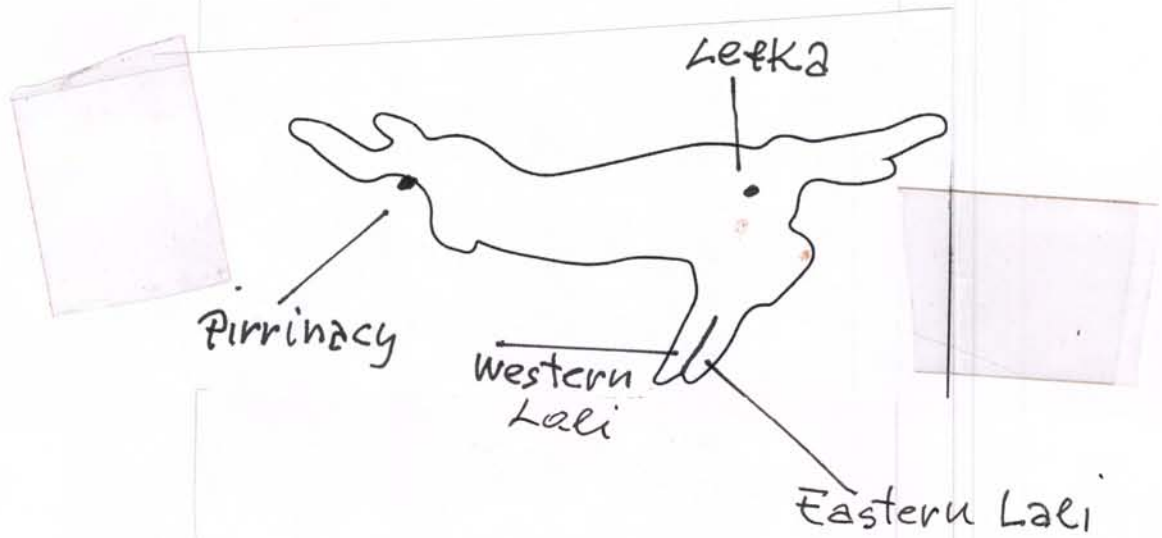
...

- A few Pirrians that survived the onslaught, ~~et~~^r quickly cleansed Banizbat Town of all the Platōsians, destroyed the town fortifications and re-named it Pirrinacy.
- Before the summer was over...
- ~~As~~^{As} "one can fuck with history, but not with the power of nature..."
- ... they were receiving self-congratulations for a job well done.
- Any threat on the island has been eliminated, all the gains had been secured. The restrictions of movement were imposed on Platōsian subjects and...
- ... limited only ~~for~~^{to} the territory of Letka.
- And Eastern Lali.
- East of Pop River.
~~of demanded!~~
- Pirrians ~~the~~^{the} extradition of Pinež, but Lupus the V+h

54

refused.

- Hostile brutal invasion was considered, the idea soon given up...
- As how do you wage the war in the place with no even numbers?
- And no proportions?
- And symmetry ~~is~~ out of fashion?
- ...



- Concerning geographical and social location, Lali was always the borderline between Pirris and Platósy; Pirrinacy and Lelka territory and influence,

55

- River Pop was dividing the village into 2 parts: Western and Eastern Lali.
- Not connected with any bridges.
- As... not yet.

...

- Nevertheless... furthermore... the villagers from both river-sides lived in peace and harmony. Mixed marriages were not uncommon and the children from opposite riverbanks were playing together...

- On Lalipop, the small palm-ed river islet.

- ~~As~~ **I** In the shallow Pop delta one could easily walk...

- To Lalipop... during the unpredictable low tide.

...

- ~~But~~ **X** Somewhere... in the air...

- ...a state of open rivalry exists between two local power-sharing superpowers: United Lali is the prime olream possession of Letka Platósy and Pirrinacy Pirriáns.

- ~~But~~... then... the imaginable

was imagined. The action year is...

- Let's say.
- 1776 BC. ^{is}
- The tide ~~was~~ slowly approaching its lowest level, when... suddenly... the elite unit of almost exactly 10 Uci warriors, from the far-away midget Empire, galloped into Lali on top of their magnificent giant white horses.



A good horse, long legs,

...



- "The big bridge over Pop River is characteristic of early Baniz-batian monumental architecture and engineering."

...

- "In the break of dusk, Uci's crossed the ancient bridge over upstream Pop and under the cover of the night silently sneaked down the frozen river, their horses hooves wrapped in goat fur skin, for silent tagada, tagada, tagada on ice, in the early silence, audible barely only to all the chirping... Birds."

- As they had no maps - just in case they send the scouts.
- Midgets on unicorns,

58



- That upon their return reported on declining tide.
- The moment was ripe and Uci's

acted.

- In ~~the~~ ^{no} hurry, they slaughtered all the males of the village of Lali.
- United?
- Even the few remaining Gusaks did not live long enough to see the remains of the slaughter-day.
- Talking about predators,
...
- Sooner than enough, Ucis secured their gains...
- ... renamed Lali Ucilaly,
Lalipop...
- Lalypop.
- Donation of all the dead corpses towards Lekkian olive groves fertilization helped a lot during the negotiations of the Treaty of Understanding.
- So called, sometimes, the Treaty of Storyfield.
- "We get the peace, you get the beef," Ucis said in their acceptance speech.

- "We get the beef, you get the pussy," Peatosy replied.
- Pitrians, the victors, basked in their glory.
- "You get the peace, the beef, the pussy and the glory, I get some a few OK oneliners," I thought.

...

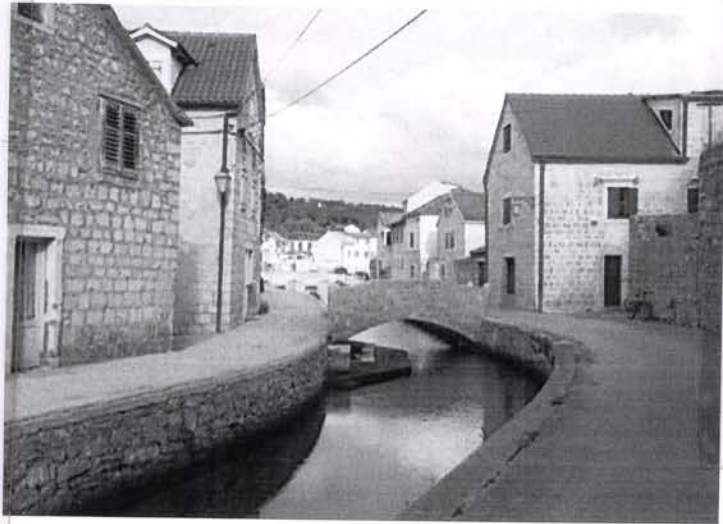
- Meanwhile...

- In the meantime in Ucilaly - as this particular elite Uci warriors unit was fanatically religious - by miracle, all of the widows of the village were soon pregnant...
- ... and gave birth mostly to twins...
- ... and triplets...
- ... or even mostly to quadruplets...
- ... and not to forget...
- ... two octuplet octosets of medium sized Gusak hybrid babies.

...

- In not a blink, Uci River was adorned with 3 bridges - named First, Second and Last -

61
to bridge... ? what

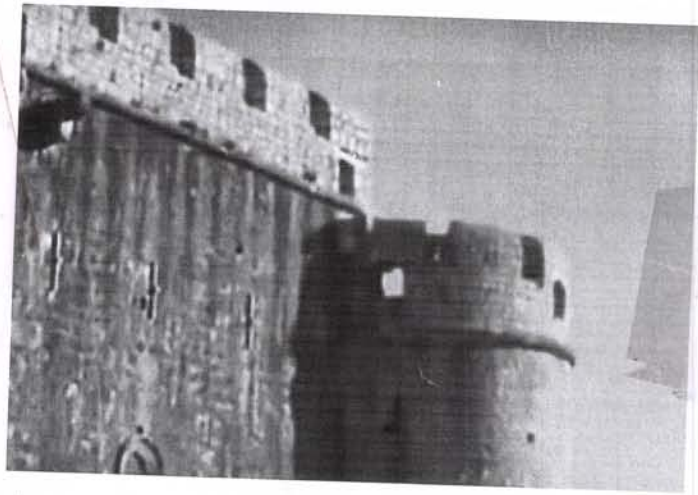


- The United Lali prospered like never before or after before, and by the secret specize ingenious plan... ~~wicked~~...

~~Spontaneously turned into dictatorial democratic matrix Archal society.~~

...

- On the hill overlooking the village, Ucis designed and medium sized giant Gusak octuplets, build the fortress, that could house and protect the whole village population.



“The fortress tower, too high for the waters to reach, can be climbed by a spiral way running around the inside, and halfway up there are seats for those who make the journey to rest on.”

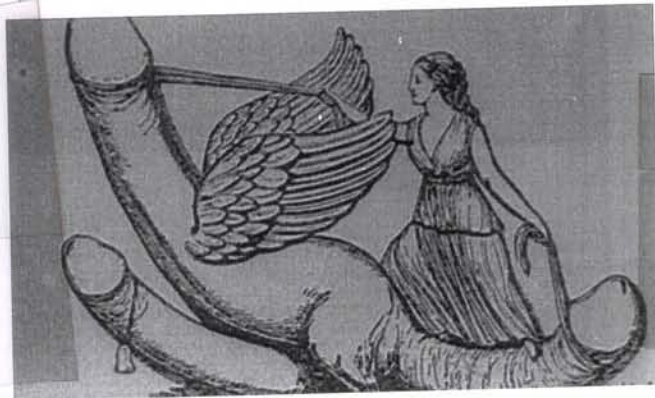
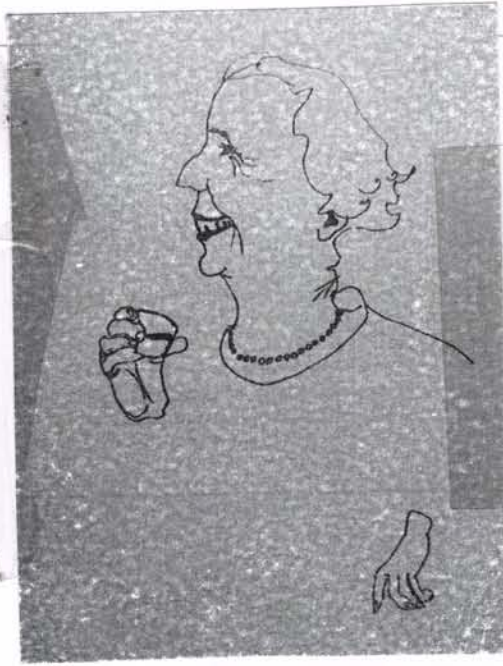
“In the tower the real silver bell was installed, to sound



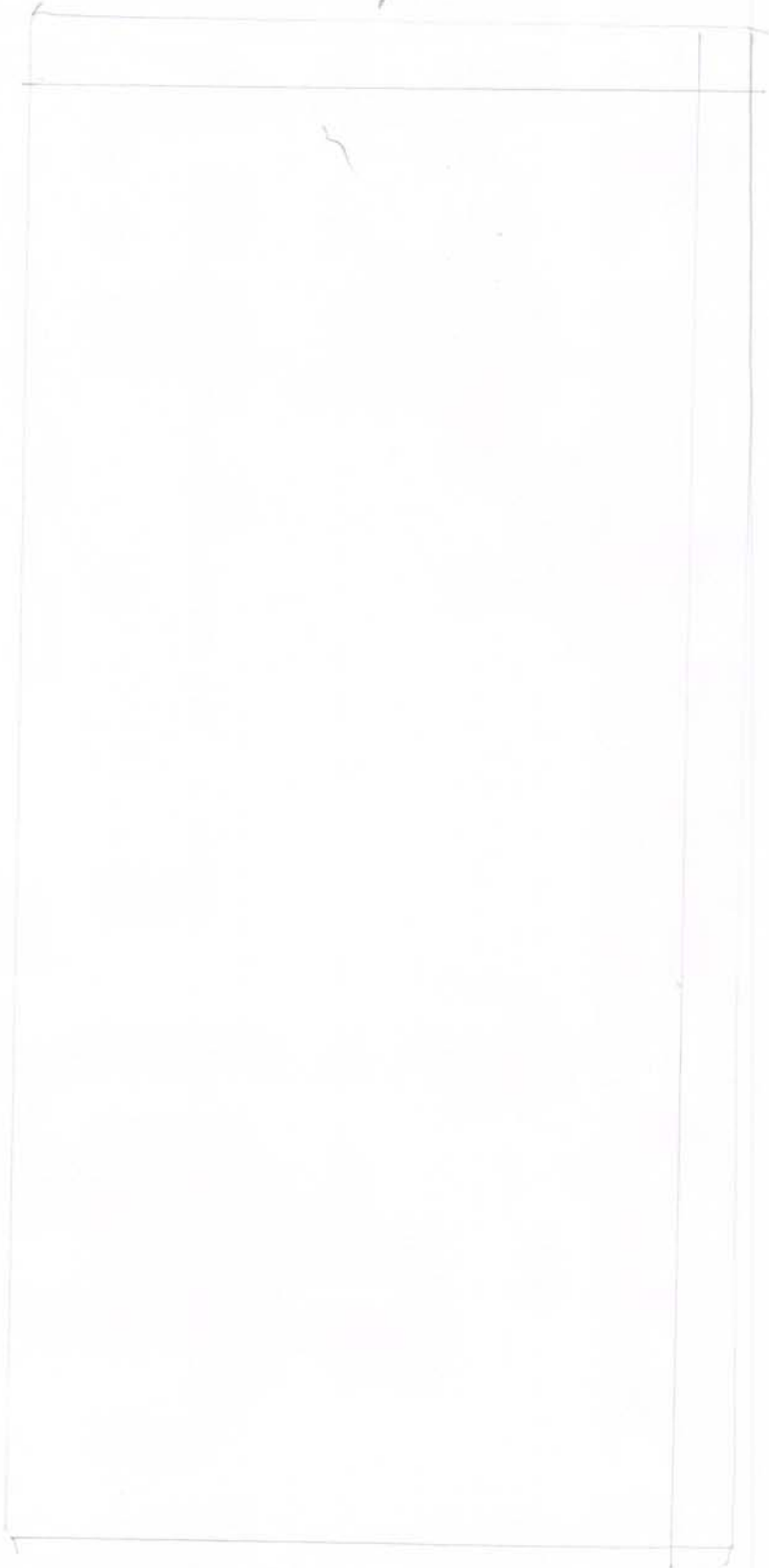
63

the alarm in case of any
future Pirriau, or Platósy...
-... or any other imaginable
motherfucking invasions!

...



64



- The legendary Zbara civilization is one of the oldest one can construct.
- Geographically, it is believed, originated, since once upon a time,
- Since the Bronze Age.
- on the private island in a very faraway distant Great Green Ocean.
- "Zbara Island had 2,8% of arable land, mainly only apple orchards, and, as small family bussiness, Zbaras were producing apple wood walking canes..."
- "Exported only to Babilon?"
- Babilon?
- Babilon, yes.
- ...
- Suddenly, the mayor climate change occurred.
- And fresh sweet water oxygene bubbled springs appeared... from out of nowhere...
- In the surrounding saety Green Ocean.
- Sweet sweet springs turned out

66

to be full of precious...

- Magic magnetic blue pearls.
- Therefore, soon, Zbaras became pearl divers.

...



- As the most precious blue pearls were at the bottom of the very, very deep springs...
- Attached magnetically to the bronze spring beds, Zbaras...
- Traditionally heavy ~~cigarillo~~ smokers...
- Were at their wits ends: how to get rich and stingy without giving up smoking?

...

67

- HERE THE DETAILED HISTORICAL SOURCES DRY OUT.

- What we know for sure, Zbaras did get as rich and as stingy as rich and stingy one can be.

- APPARENTLY... WHAT HAPPENED...

- After a long concentrated snappy brainstorm, Zbaras came up with the business plan based on the concept of cultural diversity.

- Diver-city.

- From all over the contemporary modern ancient world they collected various human sub-specimen...

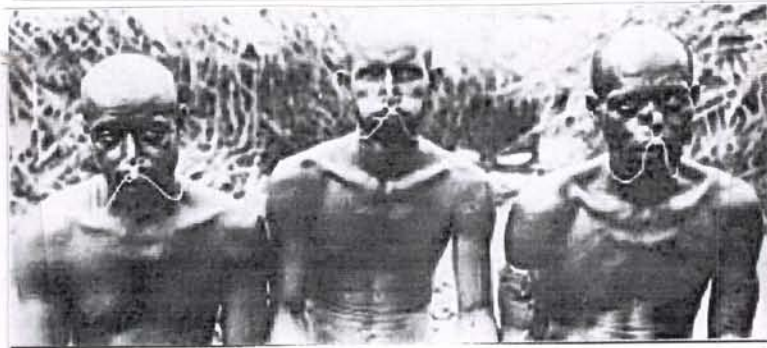
- 3 ~~at~~ the number.

- ... and the largest ever humanoid zoo was created to exist.

?
- On Mars?

...
- Platonic sources mention 3 Gusaks from Banizbat Island as very popular item within the vast collection.

- Children favourites!



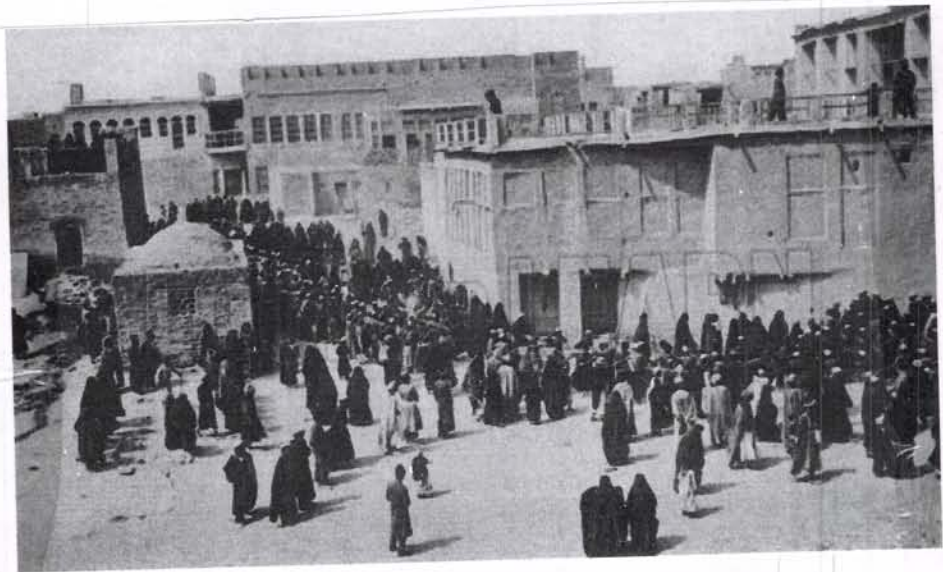
- APPARANTLY... AGAIN...
- Being promised jobs as zoo entertainers, exhibits were tricked...
- By sey Zbaras, into becoming slave divers.
- Students?
- Slave pearl divers.
- Zbaras promised naive folks jummy daily apple pies...
- made ^{by} using cocos flower from...
- Cacos Island.
- And spices from...
- Spice Island.
- Happy, happy, happy!
- ...
- END OF PAGES MISSING!

- Therefore, non-apparently!
- As destiny sometimes often never turns out to be a submissive bitch, the climate suddenly re-changed and one Zbara morning fresh sweet water oxygen bubbled springs evaporated...
- Back to nowhere where they originally came from.
- Delivery of cocos flower from Cocos Island and spices from Spice Island was cut off from today to today, after...
- After the first unpaid bill.
...
- Seems stingy Zbaras refused to dent into their savings.



...

- The slaves were jobless.
 - And as we know very well, when un-employment reaches the critical point, masses demand daily apple pies.
 - AS no more cocos and no more spice, there are no more applepies.
- • •



- Sooner than soon, around the Blue Pearle Roundabout, under the leadership of the mysterious folk hero Voternoz!, the uprising exploded.
 - "Apple Pie Revolution?"
 - is how it is known nowadays.
 - In mouth2mouth storytelling.
- • •



Zbaras considered a move to capture and neutralize Voternoz!, but almost instantly encountered logistical problems: Voternoz!'s revolutionary nickname was a secret one, given by the masses.

- How do you arrest someone going around under a secret nickname?

...

- Give and take, lets leave it now for here, smart Zbaras finally agreed...
- opened the secret big safe vaults, packed all the saved precious magic magnetic blue pearls, and left the island forever and ever.
- Letting the new owners of the joint...
- The ex-Zbara Island.
- Enjoy apples only diet.
- In peace and tranquility of...

72

- constant green diarrhea.
- Happy, happy, happy.
- But...
- Yeah?
- Couldn't they renew the contract with Babilou?
- Yes. They could. That option was on the table... for grabs.
- And?
- The newly elected King Voterno^z! refused the offer.

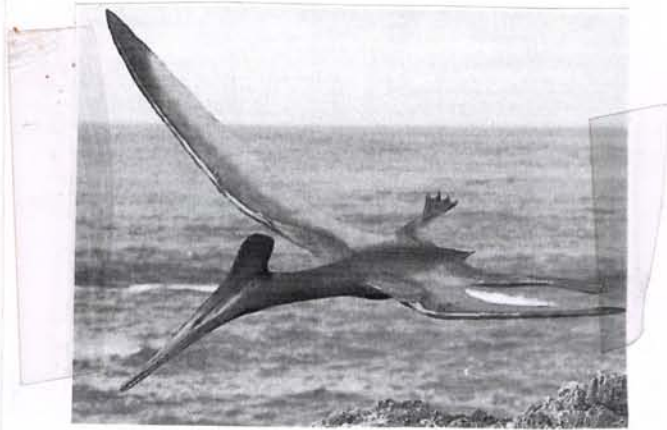
...



- On their way over the seven oceans, Zbaras & spotted a volcanic island.
- To their utter surprise, as the

73

- island was not to be there...
- After the scouts returned...



- Pterodactile scouts!
- When pterodactile scouts returned and reported on the island... almost...
- 110
- ... Zbaras spontaneously decided to settle down,
- As exclusively and only the... Kangaroos populated the island, they gave it its first known name:
- Kakk-koto Island.

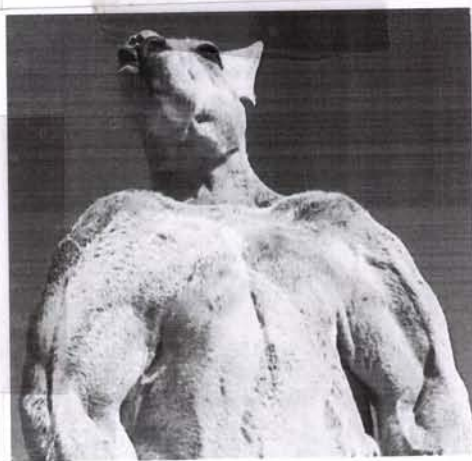
...

66

79

- Using the magic of magnetic blue pearls, Zbaras created permanent gigantic low tide, ocean waters receded, the island transformed into a mountain...
- 10000 high.
- ...on its peak, a dormant deadly volcano.
- In the crater of the volcano they build a 10 star hotel.
- Called Blue Pearl Resort.
- 2.
- To live there happily ever after.
- For a while.

...



↳ Another almost 10 Zbaras continued their journey, taking with a small souvenir, Nemo-Zze, the giant kangaroo, and arrived promptly to their planned escape dream settlement destination: Banizbat Island.

75

- Using the magic blue pearls magnetic power, Zbaras created volcano shaped wind vortex, engulfing the island.
- 10 000 high.
- On the outskirts of... Pinnacly,
- they build a 10 star hotel,
- called Blue Pearl Resort.
- To live there.

...

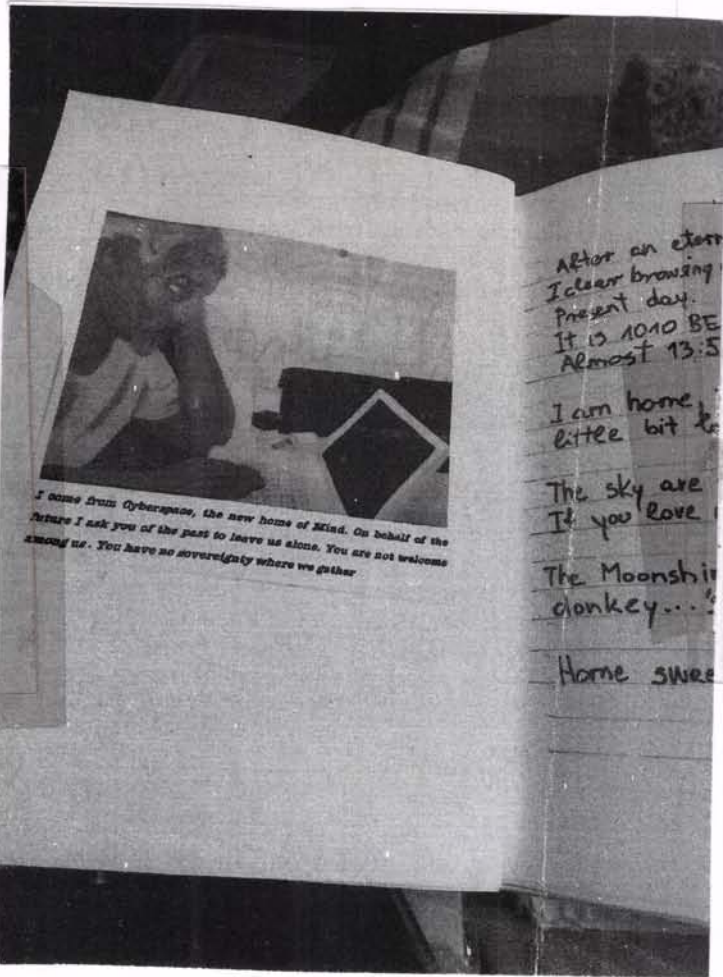
- APPARENTLY... ON SHOPLIFTING:
"Whatever is in the store, doesn't belong to anybody yet."

...

76

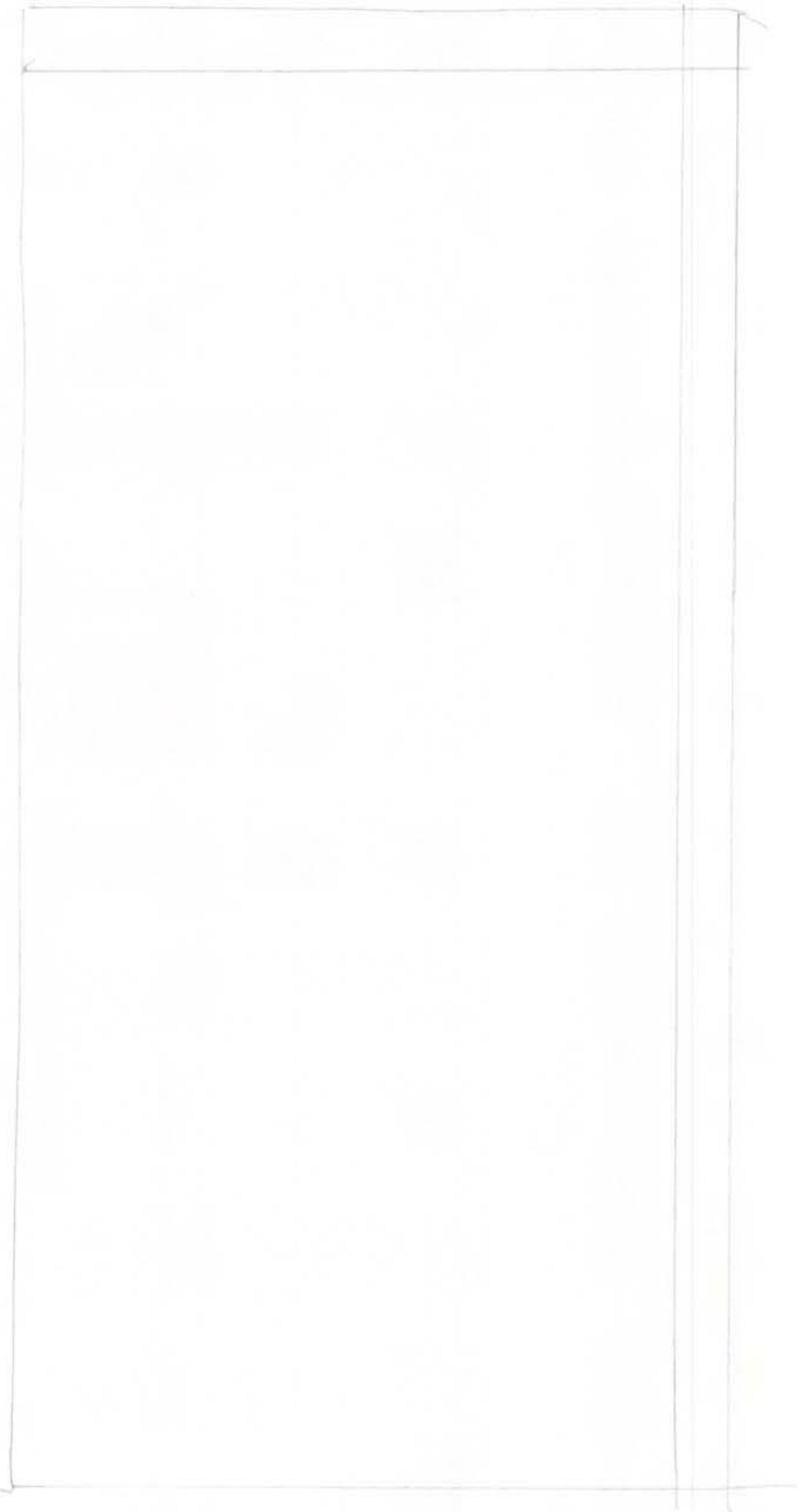
PRESENT DAY

- "A theory suggests that parallel worlds exist and that they interact with each other." "

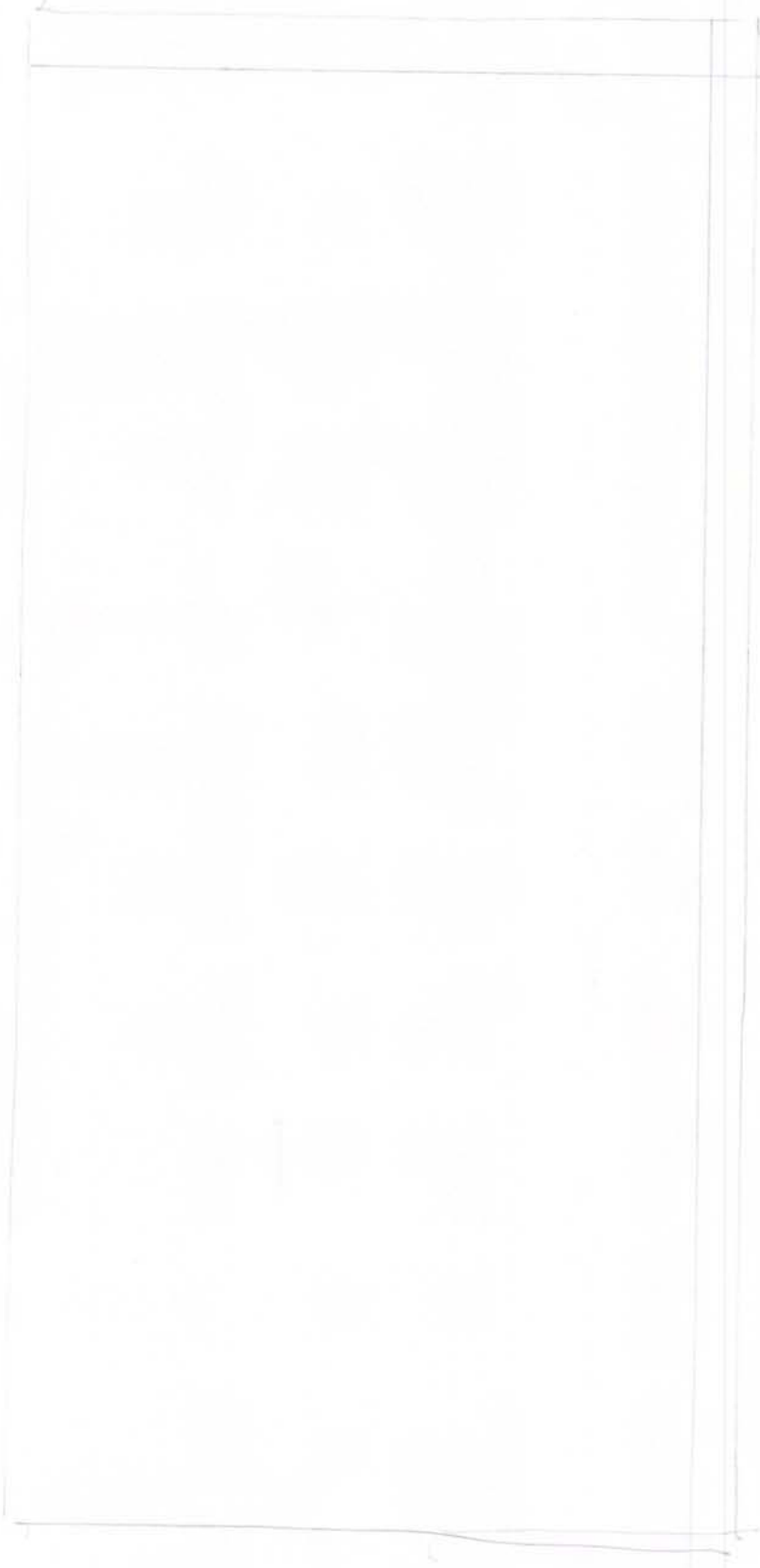


• • •

77



78



79

Present Day. In Storyfield.
1010 BE (Banizbat Era)
13:53 BT (Banizbat Time)



I am home to stay.
-♪♪ Just a little bit longer! ♪♪
I clear browsing data from
beginning of time and... after
eternaly short pause I re-start.
...
• • •

Present:

- just a bunch of best friends
- twins
- soulmates
- alter egos
- a gang in sinch
- one brain one voice
- crying shoulders

Imaginatu ergo sum.

...

We test & I take notes.

...

The sky is green, ... the Field
is blue ... if you love me
I love you?

- Well, well, well?

Comes the swallow, taste like
glue?

- Hey, hey, hey!!

Good almighty motherfucking
me, the author. ~~At work:~~

“The starshine went to ... mick ...
the donkeys ... dick ... ~~all across~~
the ~~Micky~~ ... by the waterfall.”

- Hey, hey, hey, hey!!!

...

31

I hear the waterfall! Is it only me? Suddenly, it is the talk of the entire storyfield. For a glitch.

In not a time... my Pariguayo ~~slaves~~... students... my Pariguayo students are taking baths ~~in the lake~~... in the waterfall lake. Naked.

...

Pariguayo
students
↓
Six!



82

Another glitch and...

YGGDRASIL!

Ergo: I live in Storyfield,
by the waterfall lake, under
the giant ancient tree. The
Tree of Wisdom.



“The tree that is growing
to heaven, must send its
roots to hell.”

Good almighty earth fucking
tree.

→ And wind will howl, and the
wind will blow... →

And the sun rose... and set.

But the tree stood.

Do I water / Do I don't?

...

~~- Piss break it is. We shake
our dicks and wipe our
pussies well, no stains on
undies no more.??~~

- "Keep people from their history
and they are easily controlled."?

...

?
We, the Author, write under
the Tree of Wisdom, by the
waterfall lake... my house...
~~X~~ made of pre-historic stones.
A double bed. A very long
table... made of almond wood...
11 chairs... bebimuts... all taken.
And a Prototype O'clock.

- A non-chatter set-up?

- you bet!

- Good place to do "nothing"?

- Double the bet! Win/win.

- But?

- But?
- But where is the "small story for everyday"?
- Here it comes. The story on popular demand.
- He, he, popular my ass.

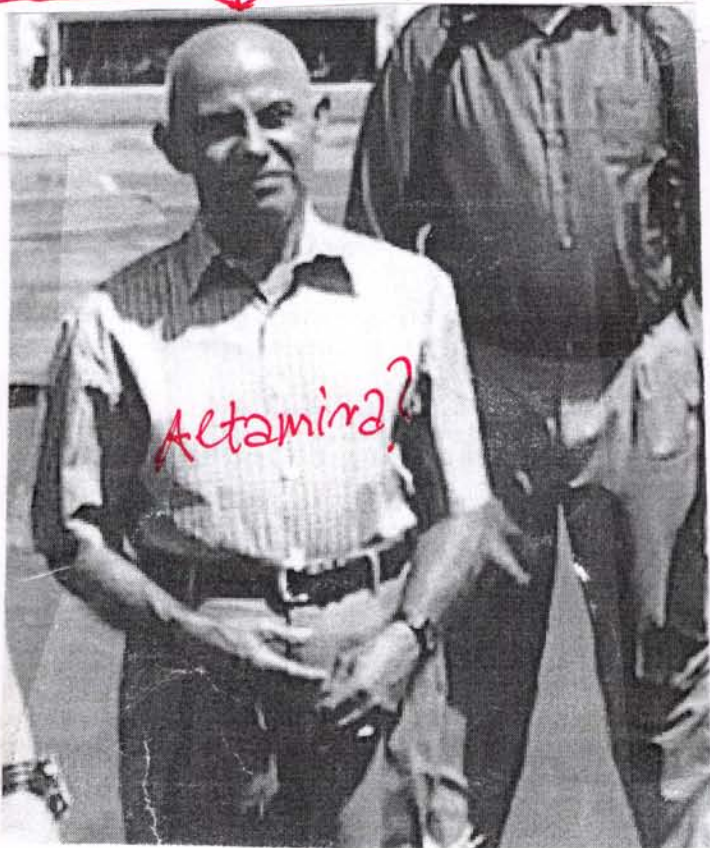
...

When I leave my house, going hunting, the bed I leave empty, the chairs is empty, on the table sometimes often occasional object. A bait for eventual visitors. Burglars. Lost dwellers, Spiderman... my serious Paraguayan student's. I remember... once I left... on the table... a stuffed grass-snake with blue pearl eyes... eventual visitors that never came... but one better be careful... not to have any regrets after fucking... as they like to say around... here... lately, funny enough... sometimes, but more than once, I try to have regrets before fucking.

85

~~Halekuya!~~... a while ago, upon my return, I found on my empty table a hand written anonymous letter. Addressed to me.

As locals do not ever come to Storyfield, ~~as~~ if the Nature is waiting in ambush to at least kill them... if not worse... like butterfly fobias... I suspect the Doctor. (Short, bald, narrow-sighted...)



76
86

big ~~was~~ bears scientist... Dr.
Rafael Luiz Diaz ~~x~~.

- Aetamira.

~~was~~ Dr. Aetamira. My best friend.
Or so I believed.

...

- "Luckily in this lifetime I
am all surprised out."?

...



I call my vehicle to break ~~out~~
the news of impending journey.
It is quite pleased. Any news
is ~~still~~ the news. Good or
bad? The story will tell.

...

What was the letter about...???

87

Present Day. On the Road.
My Vehicle and Me.
Silver Age.
Almost 05:20 BT.

...



Time speed 125%



05:19:47?
x
125

or?

We are progressing up the
Leffka hill, slowly but steadily.
The micro-local morning program
just started on FM IMFH*. No
news, music only.

Passive Dee-Jey, my personal
No 1.

*Fucking Music In My Fucking Head

↗ I'M A PASSIVE DJ

DJ ON VACATION

I SIT AND LISTEN

I SIT AND LISTEN... ↗

...rocked from my giant
quality headphones.

↗ I DON'T WEAR NO UNDERWEAR

I DON'T CARE PEOPLE STARE

PEOPLE SAY I DON'T DANCE

I DO DANCE, BY SELDOM

CHANCE ↗

Thank to the strong "yugo" wind
the steep road felt even steeper;
olive trees swayed and cracked
under the force of nature.

↗ I HAVE NO SHAME

I TAKE NO BLAME

I'M ON THE OTHEEER,

SIDE OF FLAME

I'M A PASSIVE DJ ↗

The time of harvest was nearing,
the fruit grew heavier and
heavier. Ringing in the wind,

the green bollocks. The harvest will be potent and - as olive bugs larvae did not freeze - potent and sick.

•••

Locals claim that "yugo" - the strong southern wind - evokes a slight shift in the perception of reality, bitter/sweet taste in the mouth and howling hunger for gossip and violent thoughts.

"Constantly, while working in the garden, she would imagine... plan... the future arguments and fights with almost everyone she knew."

therefore, I... we stop, and take a leak - my back turned south - by the side of the road, shake my dick very well, then continue further up.

•••

On the east bend before the Letka village opens, I catch a long glimpse of a hunting dog disappearing into the bushes.

And of a big man in an orange rain jacket, standing by the road staring at me, a double barrel gun sticking out of his jacket neck collar.

I pass the mushroom shop, take a turn to the left and stop on the church parking lot, close to the terrace of "Kotinos" ospizzeria.

The place was closed, to open only indoors, just on the weekends. One can expect full house tonite.

The "banizbatiko" band will play till after the dawn and much longer.



On the ospizzaria terrace,
towers of piled-up restaurant
chairs fell in the wind, still
chained to each other.

- "Chairs of the world unite!
You have nothing to lose but
your chains!"

I was waiting on my vehicle,
sheltered from the wind.
Patiently awaiting its fate the
whole of Banizbat was sitting
butts and ducks.

...

It is 05:49, I am early for
my 06:00 anonymous summons.
I want to see them coming.

...

And they did come, didn't they?
All at once and from different
directions. They worked in packs,
for always that had been their
strength. Surround and destroy.
Approaching slowly, taking the
time before striking. In the
betweentimes on pirate boats,

presently with hunting dogs and guns.

Why did they bring all the dogs? Did they expect me to run? Why would I run, if no place/chance to hide?

The few villages with even fewer people offered a slimless chance of getting lost in the crowd. Even the scary incestuous inter-village feuds could not provide anyone ^{with} good enough reason to offer a shelter to a wanted un-kind stranger.

...

I gripped the handle of my hand-gun, assuring myself it was there - hoping will not have to use it.

I loved my enemies, they bring out the best of me, but blowing up my cover was the last thing I needed... for now.

...

There are four of them, not counting the dogs. Orange bullet proof vests, double barrel guns and rifles, the bells on dogs collars playing a static sonata, conducted by the relentless wind.

The masks they wore made me want to laugh, but I knew better than that. I wasn't born the day before yesterday. And I wasn't the only one born on that day.

...



I remove the wind protector,
the wind lashes my face.

- "There was no need to fear or hope."

I recognised the leader of the pack this morning. A good friend. Nicknamed Lion.

- "In every field of weed there is some wheat, in every jungle..."

- Get out, he yelled. The mask was distorting the sound of his voice. Like a rusty silver nail scratching a rare fake silver coin.

I push my gun deeper into my skinny, puffy butt and slowly step onto the smooth McAdam.

- And a good "get out" to you too, Lion chief, I said.

- "Seeking a permanent opening of possibility."

His eyes twinkled and his face gr~~x~~inned. We have spend endless quite amusing late nights in Letka Pops Bar.

- "He knew everything about nothing, and nothing about everything."

The grin lasted for a split of a ~~glitch~~... twitch, as in front of the witnesses the fondness of memories could not prevail the seriousness of the present moment.

- Learning to live ought to mean learning to die, said I. Lion did not know what to say next. He was still waiting for life to start, just no-body told him about it.

- So he did not know? asked SSSIF.

- Did you bring it? inquired a ^{new} distorted voice from behind.

I recognised Spring Onion. As Spring Onion always went with Beetroot and Beetroot was the cousin of Carrot, all nicknamed flora and fauna were accounted for.

...

Lion, the King of Veggy Jungle and his special vegan forces hustling a sleepy writer of Small Stories for Everyday on

undercover story-hunting mission.

- Who d fuck are you to tell me nothing?

~~At~~ I turned my head and asked "Wheat?"

- Don't play stupid!

I continued turning...

- "To win the war you have to push enemies buttons."

... when the butt of the rifle slammed into my forehead.

I saw it coming!

- Don't test me!

It was carrot that delivered the lightning bolt sucker punch. I had a juicer...

Then the sneaky grins on the bell-shaped faces of the chirping crickets... and

FMMHH.

- "It's been singular honour and pleasure."

*Fuck Me If My Head Hurts

...

- Shall I say, through the ensuing nothingness, I had no recollection of olives growing... or ospizzas being baked? I finally asked myself, still adream.
- Well, it \approx you did say it, WSSIF mumbled back, just as I was waking up in my vehicle, feeling a total slight Auto Selective Partial Hearing Loss. ASTPHL (\approx).
- ...

“But what they don't know is what what they do does... what he did did.”
How's it going to end?

...

I was on the Southern Beach of the Southern Village - the only village on the southern side of the island - behind the Central

98

Mountain, on the other end
of One-Way-Tunnel.



...

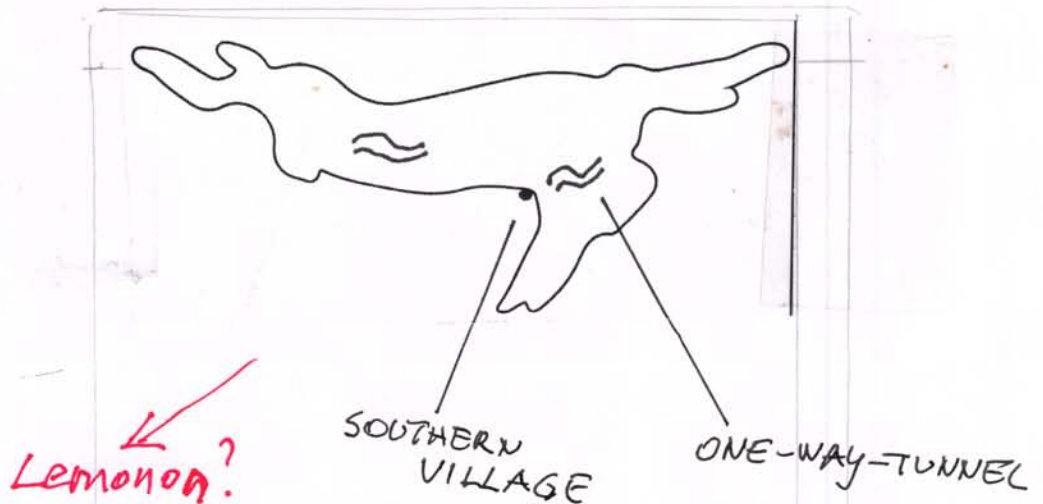
I step on the beach pebbles
and take a good look at my
face: no blood, no major
bruises... just a bump on my
forehead.

Not sure of anything much,
but surely hungry I was.

My digestive prototype o'clock
shows Banizbat Food and
I decide to explore local
custom.

...

- "A fictional character in
a documentary movie."



Southern Village, the Village of Exiles, counted 20 souls... twenty exiled souls. Out of 20, two I knew. Three, if I counted their kid. Could not remember if a girl or a boy, I did hope to cover my total ignorance of the subject with few initial "fishing" questions.

Pretending to pretend.

- How is the "little one" doing?
- She mostly sleeps. BINGO!
- How is the "precious one" doing?
- He mostly shits. BINGO BINGO!

...

The "two souls I knew" were Sojjo and Miso, a typical Southern

Village couple. An Platasy olive oil maker and his Sameian bride... wife.

- "One could say, the island incest isolation determined - to some extent - the choice of modern mating partner. The benefits of the choice were double: improved genetics and imposed exiled life in an isolated village."

I left my vehicle by the stoney pebbled beach, made sure to leave enough water and other goodies any loved vehicle would need and like, while waiting in vain.

I walked the hill upwards the village. "Yugo" carried me along, manifesting the strenght of an orka-n.

I couldn't remember the exact location of the house housing my lunch... Sojjo and Miso official names I couldn't recall either. I did remember the

octagonal shape of the garden terrace. We often sat there, sipping wine, while chitchating the international olive oil market.

...

I ring the bell and Sojjo opens the door, looking slightly embarrassed at the sight of unexpected visitor...

- "Someone who comes whose arrival is totally unexpected and everybody was completely unable to foresee their arrival."

... and smiles. *It's winter time.*

...

How on Earth did Sojjo end up on this remotest of ~~the~~ all the remote islands available to end up on?

- "I came here to find a donkey, but I found a man," she starts her story. "We both spoke same language."

I love the way she tells the story, so each and every visit I ask for it again... and again.

...

102



-⁶⁶ I had a summer job as undercover spy nurse during recent samea vs Lemonon war, on the outskirts of the Empire. Fluent in both languages... more accentless than fluent... and educated as the nurse for psychological warfare, my mission was to use information and misinformation to shape the emotions, decision making and actions of adversaries... mostly of suicide pilots... through re-doctoring of their family history. Then the rumours appeared that the war was paused and postponed.
So, to clear my mind, I ended up

93
103

on a parachuting holiday, on
Banizbat Island.
After the touchdown, I took
a good look at the peace I
just landed, .. for ages I walked
over the mountains, following
the ancient donkey trails, and
at the end of the endless walks
decided to settle down and
start Donkey Express: taking
passengers over the mountains,
from the vast vineyards of
the central plain to the
vineyards of southern beaches,
Southern vineyards crouched on
the steep sunny slopes of the
hills, dived tirelessly into the
deep sea. From there, at sunset,
in good weather, one can see
Lemonou.

Donkeys were scarce on the island,
so I needed to find a donkey
dealer. And at this point Miso
and his donkey slowly moved into
the picture. From the mesmerising
sunset, singing! Sameish folk

tune. ↗

Very soon I dropped donkey business and started Miso project.

Lockdown: 30.

In no time I was married...

Why? ↗
 and exiled. The donkey came as the bonus, as exiles do get some perks. he, he, he.

I kept my undercover and was accepted into the Antology of Banization Fictional Mythology as Sameian Bride.

Ricefuckingathing one, he, he, he.?"

Love it, aint she something? says who?
 But, back to the door.

...

She smiles, It's winter time.

- Jimi-~.

In Southern Village, seems, I am called Jimi-~ (Jimi Prostata?)

-Darling... I said. -I was in the neighbourhood. Hope it is not a

difficult, wrong, terribly awkward inconvenient moment?
 In due? ← - Oh, no. Of course! We are just getting ready for it. Would you care to join us?

- #Lunch is the only reason I am here, I the funny honest guy confidently guessed. - I missed your "miso" soup. She laughed and let me in.

...

Miso and the girl/boy were sitting on the shit coloured sofa in the spacious living room, sticking stickers on the miniature olive shaped olive oil bottles.



Not getting up, he stretched his left arm and we shook hands. His handshake was that of snail on speed. Mine turned out to be also quite interesting.

- Long ago, Jimi- \approx , was his fake goodnatured greeting line.

- Since the last best "miso" soup, I faked it back.

The broken record idiotic joke did not make him even thinking of smiling. "He would look straight into your eyes while fucking you in the ass and later pay gleefully for the medical neck collar, after a long bargaining drinking session."

- How is the "little one" taking "yugo"?

- Mostly \approx and shits. SHIT BINGO BINGO! But I will survive.

Arrogant underdog. Beware!

rusty
sieve nail?



The baby, undoubtedly, was being prepared for the struggles it will face in life. The unbleached cotton of the thick "judogi" fighting suit corresponded with the creamy, lamb skin slippers, which enveloped the tiny feet. Above the doll-like face, with thin eyebrows, there was a small patch of un-cropped hair on the top of the head.

...

The doorbell rang.

- Jimi-~, please ~ door.

Sojjo shouted from the kitchen: - I ~ hands.

Why shouldn't I.

- Sure.

I opened the door and there was a short darkish man standing.

He looked at me slightly surprised.
Why shouldn't he?

-Hi, I said. - Just on time. How
can I assist you?

Confused, he looked through my
right armpit with ~~his~~, by now,
octagonal spark in his eyes,
saw Miso and the (non) bi-
sexual creature on the sofa,
smiled and stepped in.

-Jimi- \approx , I extended my arm.
He chuckled.

-Hari- \approx , and he softly shook
my hand.

A snail with hangover. And I
did well enough again. He said
something in Beblazbatian, his
macro local skills were swelling
like... I blablaed back in
macro... harikiran, he accepted
and cosy we were,

-We both speak Same \approx ,
helped Sojjo.

We ate "miso" soup and rice
and noodles. And tell tales for

~~snails~~
snails.

Sojjo and Harikiri discussed matters in fluent Sameian (fuck me if I know why and how, but is it Lemononian accent I detect?), Miso was feeding unisex doll, I on purpose struggled with my chopsticks.



- Havi works as the gardener for Sameian Embassy. (Ah, undercover multilingual psycho gardener!) I said Miso.

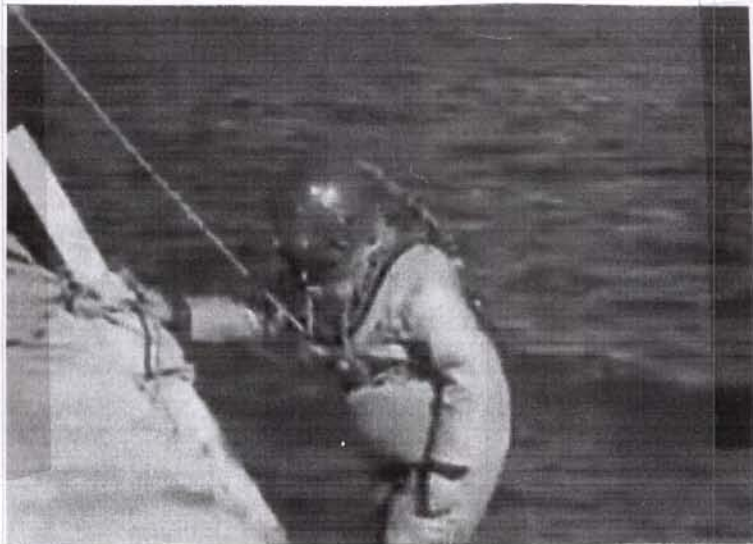
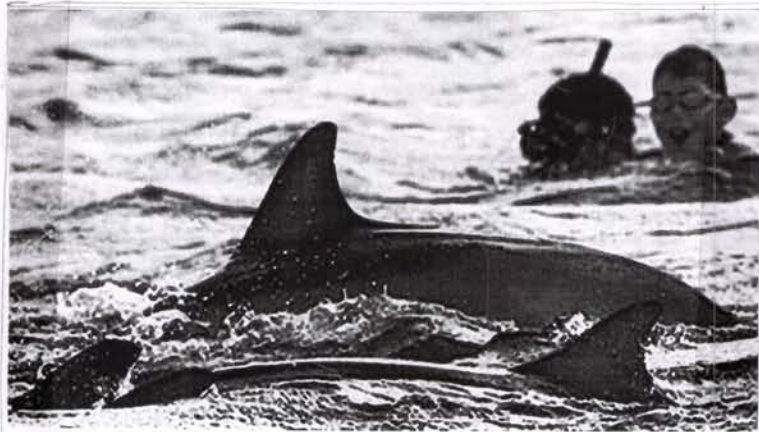
Pouring the first glasses of after lunch "parapepa", the famous micro local white wine.

- He loves it ≈ in the winter time. Had a swim yesterday, Winter time swimming joke. We toasted and blinked, Sojjo did not drink alcohol.

Harikiri took a small sip, looked at me and asked: - ID? Passport?
≈?

110

winter?
Haonkiri swim.



locals?
winter swim.

← glitch?

I looked back frozenly puzzled.
- Thinking of exiling?, I hastily
guessed.

He pointed at my left hand. I
followed his look. The tip of
my index finger was stained
blue.

- Do not point your chopsticks if

you don't intend to use them!

- Are you going back through the One-Way-tunnel? later Harikiri felt free to ask.
- Say goodbye to uncle Hari and uncle Jimi, Patiko.
- Goodbye, goodbye, chirped the drag queen.

gone?



BINGO ?!

After making it up with my pissed off lonely vehicle, I drop off uncle Harikiri at the local helicopter helium drom.

...



ambulance emergency heli?

no morphium but helium?

Giggles all the way to operation theatre? And beyond.

112

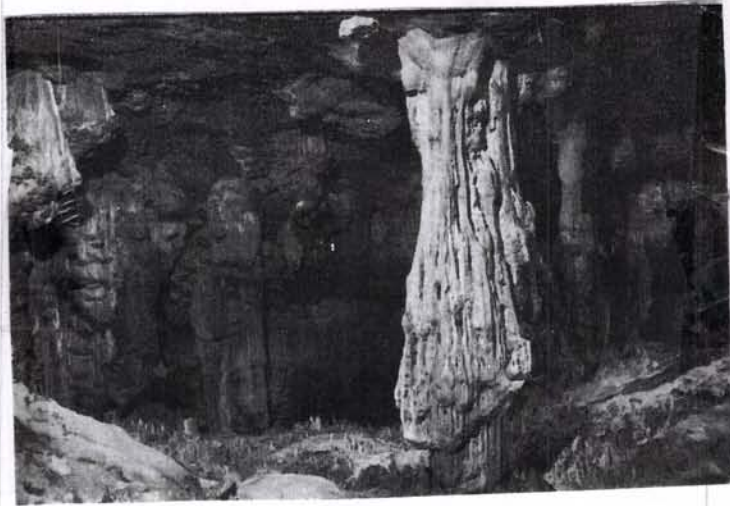
Notes?

--	--

113

Looking for the lion, one goes to lions den. Looking for the snake, one goes to the bar. As simple as.

...



Therefore, around exactly 15:00, I arrive to the church bar in Lefkd.

I order a shot of ~~the~~ domestic plum brandy... and I drink it bottom up. Another one. Bottom up. An hour later I am drunk. I have a need to change the pen I'm writing with... I fumble through my pockets and... brand new pen it is.

...

When the snake walks in,
 he finds me on the top of
 the bar chair. A high one.
 I am checking something. He
 approached from behind and
 put his hand on my right
 shoulder.

- Researching nothingness?
- Always, I said not turning
 back, but something was
 unusually wrong.

It is not the right color!
 so I try the one of the
 another ones.

Better, smother, colorless!!
 I knew it was him, the bar
 was bursting with mirrors.
 Like in the funhouse; you
 get: short, long, skinny, double,
 fat, infinite... illusionary...
 to know how to be nobody.

- Why do you always shake on
 me in that sneaky way?
- Want something to drink,
 his voice was uberfriendly?!
 — pen?

115

- Plamm, I said while turning... and fell from Mount Banizbat of the bar ~~back~~ straight down to the red carpet. — **stool**
- Woooop... we both said... pss.

♪ somebody said:
What a perfect silence.
I could be forever
not saying a word,
and the singer sang:
My feeling's too strong
to make a song about.
I'd better go home and
sing a lonesome blues.



image / lonesome?
the blues singer?

Where have all the mirrors gone?
 The Snake lion helped me up
 and we moved slowly along
 the red carpet to the table
 in the closest corner of the room.

...

chuck bar was small, the out-
 side terrace was still open for
 the occasional late winter
 sunny days, but all the action
 was happening indoors.

We were the only guests, not
 counting the Regular, glued to
 his seat on the bar.

“The Regular at the bar, when-
 ever I saw him, was dressed
 in the same black suit he
 wanted to be buried in. Not
 surprisingly “after-life” was his
 favourite topic. On any other
~~the~~ subject, related, more or
 less, to the current events, he
 had one comment: -It’s a
 disgrace. They don’t have an
 idea of the costs. They don’t
 understand. It’s a disgrace.”

117

GSSIF was still sober.

And, yeah, the priest was here as well.

Do not get me wrong - just cause I am blasted and can hardly move my pen - the bar was not in the actual church. The church just happened to own it.

- Disgrace!

It was placed on the main square of the village, a very small and tiny square, called the Square.

- ... of the Victims of...?



118

The church stood nearby, one could see its "Kopelians" clock tower over the roof of "Kotinos" bat'n dak ospizzaria.

The Leather Nun was working behind the bar... and all around.

The nun, a gentle soul, called Sister, shared some features...
- ... with Florence Nightingale on duty and some other with Saint Teresa on ecstasy.

The patrons, already satisfied by her soothing presence were a bit jealous of the priest, who was entitled to grasp the whole picture.

Sister brought us two double plums brandy, gave us both a peck on the cheek and went back to the conversation with the Regular.

The priest was playing the only gambling machine. Dressed to suit the occasion - black and white trainers, sport shoes and

a baseball cap. A fat cigarette lay in the ashtray, producing a thick stream of smoke. Sound of traveling silver coins *sub* dominated the atmosphere.

Everyone called him just Pop. The bar was called "Pops Bar". The hotel above the bar "Pop Hotel". Mushroom shop "Pop-shop".
- The elementary school...?

Once a year he organised a big tractor concert on the church parking lot.



Called Tractor Concert.

• • •
Lion was drinking slowly. I just stared at my double plum. He passed me a glass of "susimusi" water. - Here unihorn, he said.

All the mirrors that returned confirmed he was rightly close. There it was, a horn on my forehead turning lighter than the rest of my face.

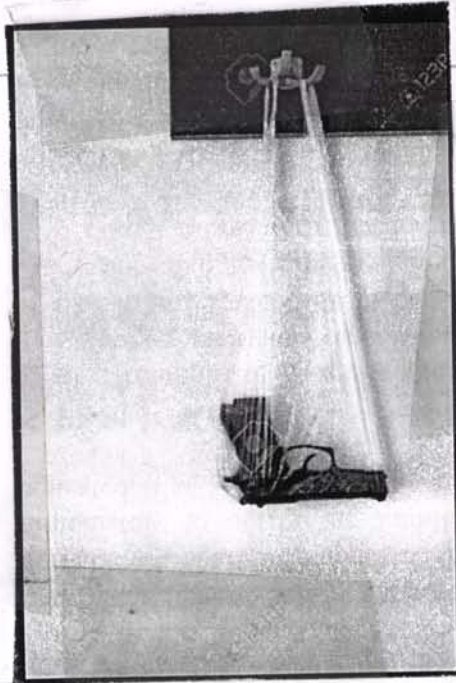
↳ This is when
my buzzer goes

- That wasn't funny! And at 6 BT! Did you get what you were looking for? I did.
- No, but you are in the clear. You've got no fucking idea what's going on. Just... ol' ol' not know you were packing, shooting olive bugs?
- You didn't.

He put his hand in his inside of the pocket jacket and took out a razbur bag wrapped around my gun. He unwrapped the razbur and hanged the whole set on the nearby hook. I had a sip of "susimisi" minerals, followed by a sip of brandy, I stood up,

121

wobbled, grabbed my package,
and fell backwards.



IS FOREHEAD OFFICIALLY THE PART
OF THE FACE? UPGRADE?

The rattle of silver and Pops
happy swearing announced
the winner of the daily Poppot.
What a way to make the ends
meet!

OR IS IT THE PART OF THE HEAD?
ARE THE EYEBROWS THE BORDER-
LINE?

• • •

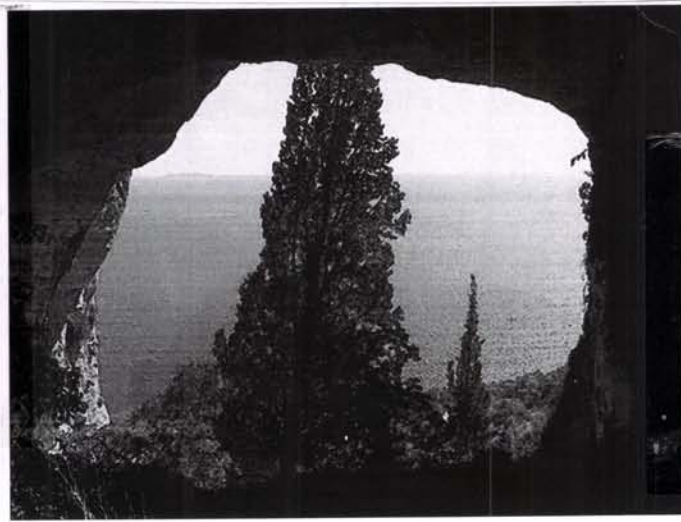
122

I set my prototype o'clock on
Sunset.

It's 21:00.

- Today, I say.

- It's on the other side of the
island, they say.



• • •

Here I am, zapping TV IMFH
in Lions living room, all alone
in Lion's Den. Just got awake
on the baby shit coloured sofa.
A private dick on the job.

The hunger roared as I roamed
through Lions fridge supplies.

I compose a toasty, with cucumber,
tomato, cheese goat and bacon,
found some fresh mushroom

123

chillies for topping.

The future, for the moment
seemed spicier and much more
a bit closer to optimistic.

While waiting for toaster to
jump, I open decently stocked
bar... arrghurfm.

Total Vacuum In My Fucked
Head.

...

I settle on the chilled local
health tea, put the toast on
the largest plate I could find
and went back to the green
sofa.

On **T**otal Vacuum sports channel
two blond players were playing
a tennis match. The sign at the
top of the screen spelled LIVE.
It is the latest edition of
Banizolak Open Tennis Tournament.

Before it moves to Kakk-koto
Island and is renamed Kakkkoto
Open Tennis Tournament.

Was it really a live transmission?

~~What~~ What is the time difference,
between Banizolak and Banizbat?

Fuck you if you know.

124

"Breaking News" sign started flashing at the bottom of TV screen. After a slight black-out, a dark haired AI news presenter, wearing latest fashion AI tie, greeted me and announced the news that just broke.



-♪ I don't want to share
your cup of yoghurt.
I like mine.
Cause I'm not ^aspam, bbe
not a spam.
I'm ^aBeind Carbon copy, bbe,
BCC.
Not a spam. ♪
...

114
125

Another black-out and the tennis match is back.

Transmission continued on exactly the same point where it was broken by breaking of the news.

Or the players were waiting in mid-air for the news to finish...

- Possible,

... or it was not LIVE,

- Impossible.

But it did... my brain... was functioning.

- LIVE!

...

It was 21:37, sun was in ~~set~~ sett, when lion barked from the entrance door.

- Did you know that the first olive trees were planted in Samez in 1308? On Shodo Island! he insisted.

- Who told you that?

He hesitated.

- They were shipped from Lem-onou...

His eyes were blinking question-marks.

- Cut the camel bollocks, what are you talking about?
- Why were you checking Lemonou in the bar? Thinking of moving? We started hating each other?
- No.
- Why do you carry a gun?
- Collector's item.
- You have more than one?
- No. Just started. Why do you have a gun?
- I always had it. My grandbither gave it to me. All my incestors had one to pass along the gunline.
- I got mine from my uncle.
- You have an uncle? You never told me.
- You never told me you had a grandbither.
- Allbody had a grandbither!
- Therefore allone has a gun?
- One can say so.
- My grandbither died in the

Knowledge War before I was born. Suicide blow-up by a handgranate.

He paused, before asking,

- Do you know how to use it?
- Handgranate?

Lion was waiting.

- I think so. Had a quick lesson.
- From your uncle?
- One can say so.
- It was never fired. And has no fingerprints.
- cut the rabbit shit! What's up?

He hesitated and paused again.

- "I felt the answer might drag me into something I did not want to be part of... and that it is not going to stop there... out of the blue."

- What's up? repeating the question was irresistible.

- We found the **Seed Keeper**...

- Yes???

...

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF
PLATO'S OLIVE CURSE:



- "An olive tree named "Platos Tree" is said to be a remnant of the grove within which Plato's Academy was situated, that would make it approximately 2400 B.Y. old. The seed of it was spread through all the Platonian colonies."

! ~~the~~ ...

113

129

- Why were you checking Lemonon?
- Fuck me if I...
- I'll fuck you if you do...

He abruptly stopped talking not finishing the word. I hate it when they do this to me. I take it personally.

- Don what?? Could not hide my frustration. Who d fuck, are you to tell me nothing.

Then I too heard four pairs of pawsteps approaching the door, that promptly opened and Lions and three cubes entered the den.

- Dionisy! In Lekka I am known as Dionisy, seems.

• • •

The Lion Queen, blond and newly fat, an assistant manager in Pops Shop, got bigger with the first cube. Second and third followed in succession, and she was practically on permanent, fat, pregnant child support leave.

130

Lion was CEO of tennis balls
import business, with excellent
connections to Banizdak manu-
facturer. Banizbat monopoly.
-Lion Share!



• • •

We ate. Late dinner.
Octopussy mushroom salad,
home made bread, with pig fat
spread and bacon for the Pig
Queen. Lion drank "pinket";

131

a famous micro local white wine. As for me - to take a piss - I was drinking "susimus", a famous local mineral water from Titii-piipi lake.

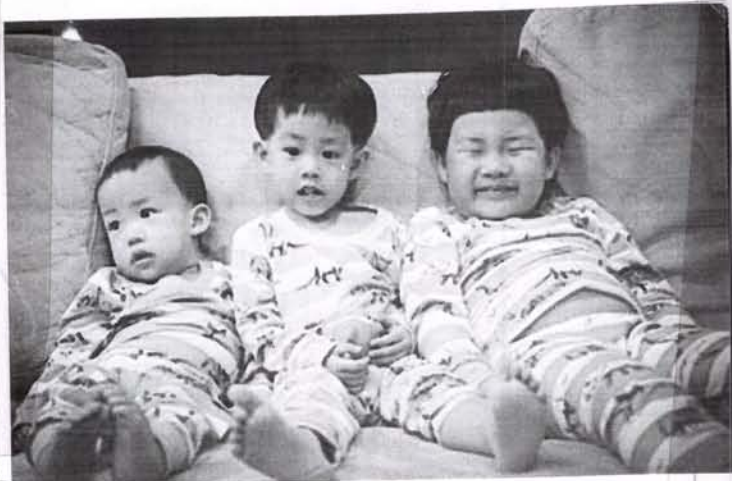
They talked culinary octopussy on mushrooms receipies. I mostly listened.

- If you eat 8pussy on mushrooms, do you get the same kick as if when you take it straight?
- 8pussy?
- Mushrooms.
- If you take mushrooms and eat 8pussy? Or 8pussy takes mushrooms and eats you, he, he he, he.
- 8pussy takes mushrooms, you eat 8pussy, On mushrooms. Lion was slightly irritated.
- Salad? she asked
- No, thank, I am full, I said, tripping on "susimus".
- 8pussy in salad or grilled?

- I am full, I said, I said again.
- Nobody talking to you!
Pig was irritating.
- Good question, Lion said.
I do not consider myself being an iquist, but tonite, off all tonites, I realized that their IQ is, to the smallest tiniest microolosis, identical.
- J'iguse!
- Magic or mushrooms?

...

How about cubes? one may wonder.



Chambo + Chambo + Chambe

122

133

~~Chambo, Chambe and Ghamba.~~

Three wise cubes were playing
Lupis-tanian children mind
game: "3 wise idiots on the
green shit coloured sofa."

...

At 23:44 I asked for a
doggy bag of slices of marin-
ated bacon and bid adieu
goodby.

...

Sun was setting, taking its
time.

...

My vehicle, totally pissed off,
stood on the same spot I
left it. Under the tearwiper
there was a rosy ticket from
Pops Parking Police.

...

What can one ~~do~~ do on
 Banizbat Island, round
 midnight sunset BT, white
 horn growing on ones fore-
 head, after passing ~~twice~~
 through the One-Way-Tunnel,
 feeling the day hangover in
 the stomach, admiring Pop,
 rosy ticket on your tearscreen,
 ignoring the sound of Baniz-
 batiko from "Kotinos" and
 craving for a change of socks
 and underwear?

As a matter of principle,
 you go Spussy fishing on
 the Olive Beach.



at
 midnight
 sunset?

135

Spussy fishing... hunting...
I took on in my first By.
I became rather good and skilled, even all of the very few could hardly match my doing. The word spread and I acquired my notorious name on the game circuit. Feared and respected. As I operated with a SINGLE tennis ball and a GUN!

Ropes tend to tangle in Alex-town!

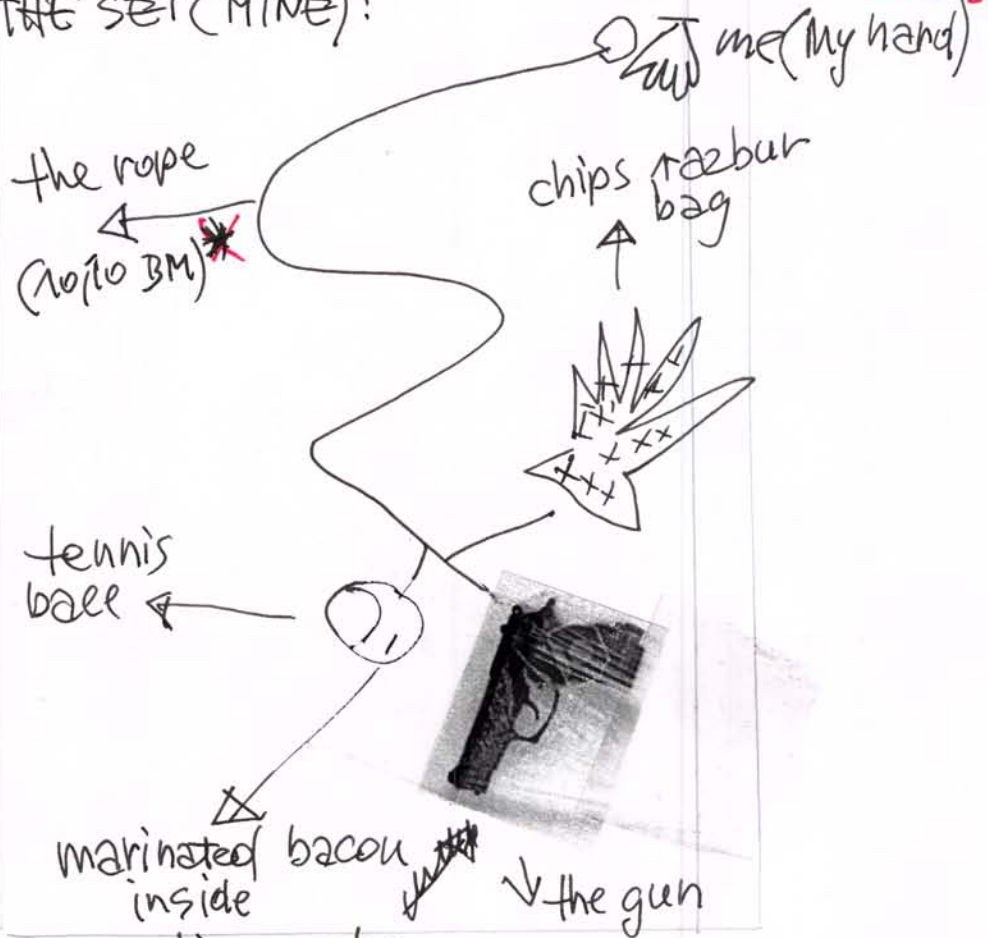
My timing was essentially perfect!
And do not forget - despite me being Spussy-ing record holder - that Spussy is very intelligent and cognitive creature.

Spussy hunting, to quote GSSIF, the most brilliant mind of all of the Bahizbat: ~~THERE IS NOTHING TO DO WITH TALENT!~~
THE TRICK IS: INSTEAD OF THINKING THERE IS SPUSSY HERE, YOU NEED TO FORGET THAT THERE ISN'T ONE.

HUNTING SET:

- tennis ball (1-8)
- 10/10 BM of thin strong rope (1-8)
- piece of weight, heavy enough to throw the rope as far (1)
- potato chips shiny bag (razbur) cut in stripes (1-8) → stripes or bags? → coloured?
- a juicy chunk of smoked bacon, marinated in mushroom sauce and stuffed into the tennis ball (1-8) balls and bacons?

THE SET (MIME):



~~*proportion sucks~~

...

~

137

~~What one can see~~

It could of been tomorrow if,
...

The church was empty when I entered. I sat down on the one of wooden benches and observed the light gliding slowly inwards, through the stained window glass.



I was ~~early~~ early. → eerily
I like to see them coming.

...

~~early~~

Not surprisingly I was dozing off... when I felt the shadow waiting behind my left shoulder. I almost screamed - went for my gun and grabbed my bony butt - then I realized it was Pops shadow, totally naked. Holding razor bag with my gun and my pussy inside. Still alive, pussy wiggled. I never had guts to smash its brain on the appropriate rocks, would rather let it suffocate dehydrating... not having to look into its eye, while trashing precious IQ.

Puss was still tightly enveloping the tennis ball and the gun, while sucking on the mushroom marinated juicy bacon.

- Are you gonna cook yourself?
hahaha.

The laughter resonated badly.

- People are right when they say you are...

- Do people say that? my bad mood spoke.

I was sitting there, dark figure ... above. Could not think of anything more to say, started to fumble in my pockets looking for "Killa" change to gladly pay my parking fine.

- Who d fuck are you to tell me nothing? How are you?

- Never better already.

The shadow put the bag back to its proper position, on the floor next to my feet, walked few steps and sat sideways down on the bench in front of me, showing me its Platōsian profile.

I was totally almost awake, the church acoustic and ... the sound of va^ucuum cleaner came through the open door at the end of the isle. Leather Nun peaked around the door frame and exclaimed: ...

- Naked?, CSSIF wanted to know.

- ... Breakfast?

...

123
140

I take off my clothes and join the naked breakfast gang, gently placing the skin of my butt on the chair water-cushion.

We eat, then wait for mushrooms to kick in ... to tell stories.

Using Sister's hairdriver, I dry my gun.

...

image

↓
of what?
hairdriving?

On my way to a new Small Story For. Everyday I stop by my house in Storyfield, have a coldish solar shower, change of socks and underwear, I check on my students doing "nothing", have a quick shot of "nothingness" myself, and in a segment of time not worth mentioning it is dark in Storyfield... and on the whole island of Banizbet.

I feel rested and in the great shape, never better already, so ready to construct.
Here we go.

• • •

I have a dentist appointment in Ucilaly so better I hurry. I find my brand new un-used onto-pantogram X-ray picture I made a long time ago.

Proud of not being late, I sit down in the dentist waiting room, bleathering through Dr. Begs Book of the Week. No magazines to be seen, just one excellent book. Doctor has great book taste.

- What about
Bussy?

142

♪ SHE HAD A SMALL HOLE IN
THE HEAD ♪

was playing, not muzac. Was
tasty music, a mini symphony
inspired by traditional Uci
poetry and rhythm. And moreover,
Dr. Begs sound system was the
best in town... by far.
...

image
of
onto-pantogram?

A page of Gogol never hurts,
and soon... hup hup hup... and
there I'm in the dentist chair,
then I read another page. And
another. I knock on the door.

143

No answer. I try the doorhandle
... it is locked ... the door. I
look under the doormat. No key.

...

I try the butcher ^{shop} next door.
Dr. Beg is there.

- I was expecting you, he smiles.

I was popular, but as popularity
is not the sign of a genius...
all was going according to
the plan.

- Pheasant tonite? Beg is selling.

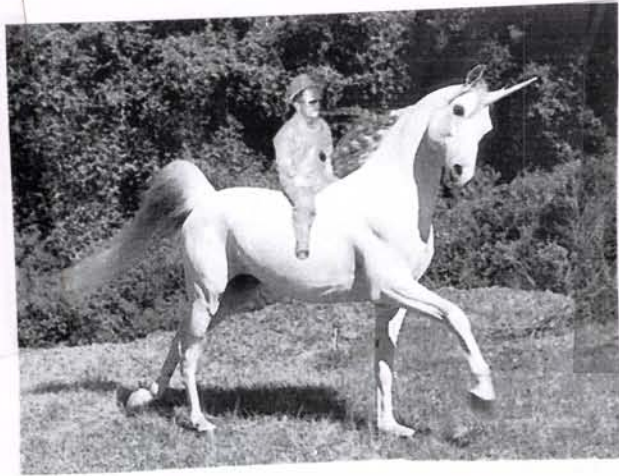
...

Beg descends from the long
storyline of Uci midget scouts,
I was told once.

After all the Uci warriors left
Ucilaly and returned home,
original prapra... pra... Grand-
binther Beg... and his unicorn
stayed... both locally in love...
happily in love... all their
subsequent offsprings were
midgets... and unicorns...

144

never mind the DNA. ~~mtDNA~~.



Chromonators, beg your pardon.

...

Ken Gur passed by, seemingly worried and in the bad bad mood.

...

I had second thoughts on pheasant and Beg recommends freshly chopped unicorn zumbas.

- Any kangaroo?

- Next week Ken Gur plans to chop up few young ones. Spring cleaning. Do they fuck the baggies.

I settle for baby unicorn. A big midnight steak... and some minced for carbonara lunch.

...

All this while he works my number 2, right one down.

Dr Beg, who could never be a postman.

...

I feel a rapid heart rate, increased body temperature, high blood pressure ... and a flashback coming.

- "I don't have much, but what I don't have I actually don't need."

...

I am sitting on one of the bridges of Ucišly ... the Second ... with local philosopher nicknamed Tokar ... no ...

- ... Filozof.

We came first.

...

Plumber just passed by, and shockingly, while passing, eavesdropped on us. Filozof and I do not eavesdrop on him since forever a long ago.

- Do you have your gun on you?

asked Filozof.

I did and I hand it over.

He checks the magazine, inhales deeply on the sight of loaded gun, unlocks the safety, crosses the bridge, keeping his breath, walks few steps and shoots the Plumber in the back,

- Leaves ~~fucking~~ dropper!

~~At~~ Exhales deeply.

Plumber falls on his face, onto the asphalt paved path, his blood trickling towards the river, nutritious eagerly awaited by the Bat fish. ~~x~~

~~and~~ Filozof leans over Plumber and empties the rest of the magazine into the back of the plumber's ~~head.~~ ~~→ bushy~~

- This was not an execution. It is called retirement.

I did contemplate a bit before blurted moralistic fucking

cliche.

- You can't just punch peoples rights out, then you are the same as they are.



funky
dead
plumber

- I'm not the same, I am worse than the same. And I have the gun.
- I have the gun, you don't.
- That's technicality.
- What isn't then?
- All is technicality. Justice never sleeps.

...

As the judges of normality
are present everywhere,
Policeman/Journalist and

148

Journalist/Policeman were woken up, ~~and~~ informed about fortunate event and promptly arrived on their vehicle.



...

After all the technicalities were dealt with, Filozof lit a cigarette... one of mines... inhaled, kept the smoke in his lungs longer than needed for a simple nicotine kick, exhaled succession of perfect triangled smoke signals and said: - you know, doesn't make *any* common sense to call a stupid

stupid.

- I know. But one can't shoot them all.
- Why not?
- Bullets are scarce these days on the island of Benizbat. You owe me almost more than exactly...

He fell silent, guess calculating.

- Humans are learning creatures. I taught him a lesson, *he tries.*
- He is dead.
- Learning is eternal, knowledge never dies.

Filozof was profession doubling as tax inspector... Taxman.

...

After another slight long existential silence, he hands me back my gun. I ~~clean~~ it from all the traces of fingerprints and of it ever being fired. I reload, and we move to the new chapter.

clean
→ *put the safety on*

In what follows that much is true. ...

We take a slow stroll along Uci River, to grab something to eat, and leisurely encounter Butcher/Dentist and his offspring Dentist/Butcher. They are hungry too, so we all end up in the best excellent Bat'n Dak ospizzeria, owned by the Vet. Retired Plumber was his Cook, but Cooks are easy to replace. And Vet dreamed to try himself as the Plumber.

All the rabbits will be accounted for.

...

Ucibolians tend to double professions, as you kindly noticed by now. They say:
- We are living in toward of an era to be able to afford our passions only.

...

157

- Better schizoid than not,
said Taxman occasionally.

...

And even 3 professions were
not uncommon practice.

Typical 3zoid: Brain surgeon/
Kangaroo timer/Tobacco dealer.

Passionate motherfucker.

More human than human.

...

“Money is the thing you need if
you hope you won't die tomorrow.”

...

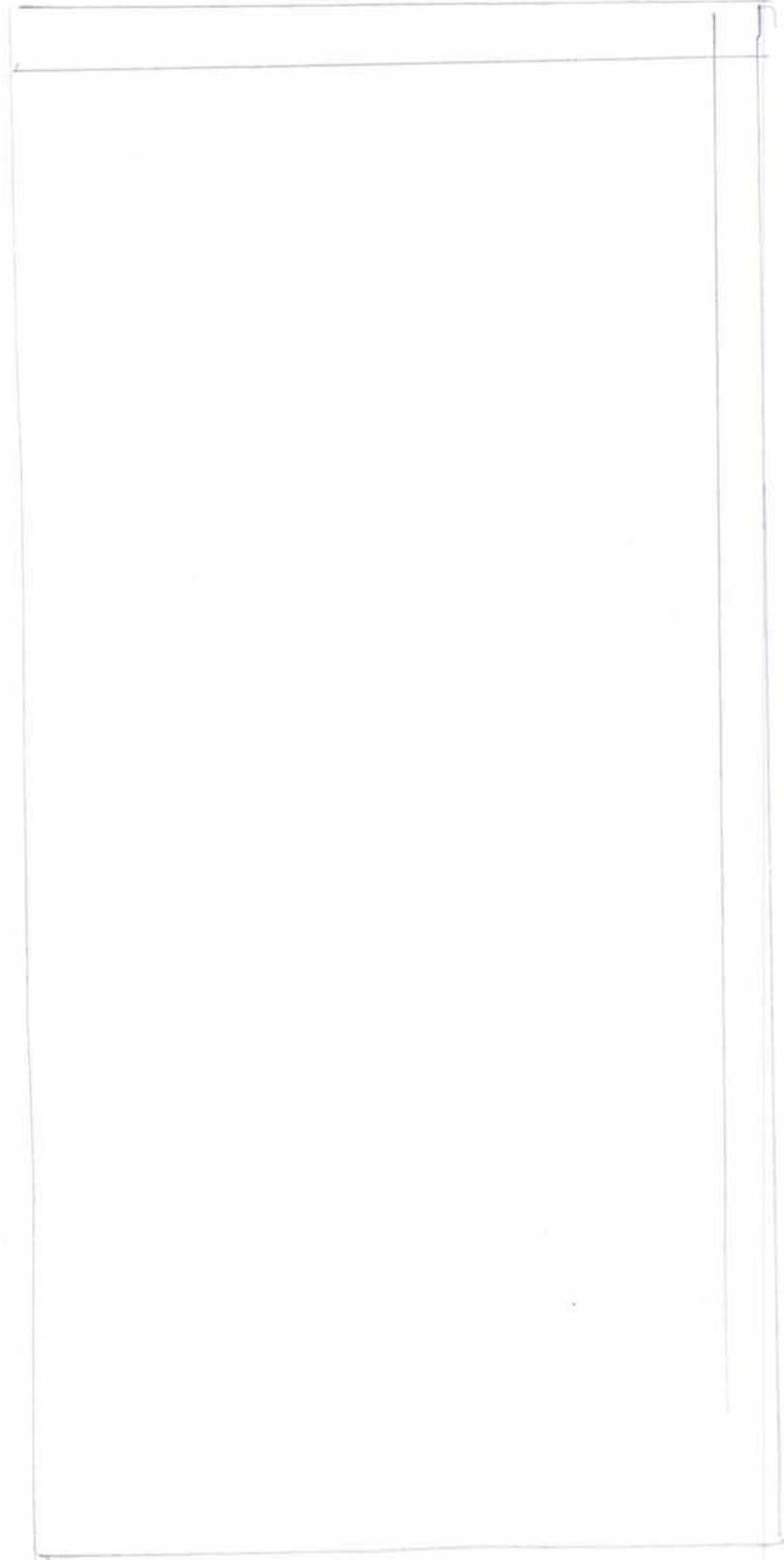
- Have to go to Pirrinaci.
Wanna come? asked Filozof/
Taxman. - Some fucking
official meeting.

- No, I said.

- Get your own gun, I
thought.

...

152



153



154

I am sitting with Filozof, Pop
and Pops naked shadow...

- Totally naked.

- ... and Pops totally naked
shadow in "Rock Lagune", a
cosy bar in the dungeons of
Platosy pyramide.

We are drinking hard ~~liquor~~ ^{liquor}.
The band is rehearsing in the
background.



The Writer, Philosopher, the
Priest and the local porn
star idling in the summer
underground.

- And the living is easy.

•••

Zze, the Kangaroo, is working behind and around the bar.

Totally naked ~~too~~.

I arrived with the plan, so, accidentally, I bring up the subject of official meeting the other day in Parrinacey.

- Not much, says Filozoo.

Pop doesn't say much either, as every time naked Zze brings another round ~~and~~ gives us all a peck on the cheek, the Naked Shadow gets a hard on. Pop is multi-focusing.

Filozoo starts with not much:

- To make it a small story from almost all what I remember, legendary Zbara civilization is one of the oldest one can construct. Geographically, it is believed, originated since the Bronze Age on the private island in a very faraway distant Great Green Ocean.

- Hold on! Apparently, this is

156

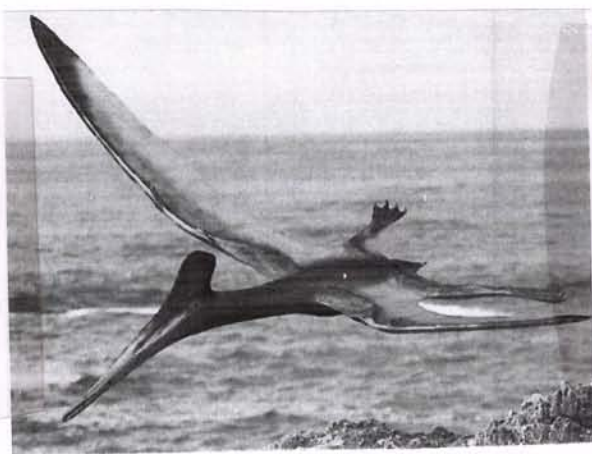
the official report on the official meeting?

- Storgport?

- Like: when does the original turns traditional turns, original?

And much later:

- To their utter surprise, as the island was not to be there, when the pterodactile scouts returned...



... and reported on the island, almost 110 Zbaras spontaneously decided to settle down.

As exclusively kangaroos populated the island, they gave it its first known

name: Kakk-koto Island.

Could not wait to notice Zze, behind the bar, observing our company through the wine glass he just happened to be polishing. In a kind of nonchalant freeze pose.

...

- On the outskirts of Pittinacy they build a 10 star hotel, called Blue Pearl 4, to live there.

- Blue Pearl Resort.

- Wait?

- It was Blue Pearl Resort, not 4.

- Not anymore.

Then the new stuff came up.

After taking time for to check in and settle down in Blue Pearl 4 resort, the leaders of Zbaras summoned the local council of Pittinacy, to arrange the lunch in Cafe de Flore, to discuss the future

co-existence arrangements,
in hope to finding universally
acceptable consensus.

Lefkians and Ucalians are
to be invited too.

Invitations were sent and
reluctantly accepted.

...

Taxman/Filozof and Pop
were chosen for a trip into the
unchartered territory.

As they were first cousins
from the mother side they
traveled together. By vehicle.

Through one-way-tunnel —
herd of Akiras attacked, they
kicked quite a few wild wolves
asses — to Pirrhinacy border.



By foot to the checkpoint on the electrified barbed wire ~~checkpoint~~, under the armed guard company to de Flare.

As you kindly noticed, they travelled in disguise. Apart from black stockings covering their faces, Pop started the journey wearing cowboy costume, Filozof as the nun.

- Was the cowboy/nun stuff not La Coupole?

- It was. So?

Double clever and double prep-
ared, just before reaching De Flare, they swapped the costumes. Cowboy arrived as the nun, Filozof as the cowboy,

The hosts were utterly confused, and only after the handshake formalities, the Fireman, the Forester and Zbara chief ~~F~~ relaxed and opened the bottle.

• • •

The meeting, compared to Zbaras

Secret

expectations turned out to be a total disaster.



- Very funny, said Naked Shadow. Meaning what? Like what?
- Like: you fuck my sister I'll fuck your rabbit!
- Like: hit and run shootout. Pop and Filozof jumped over the electric fence, Zze, the Kangaroo, joined them, and, after Zze massacred most ~~almost~~ all of Akiras, the heroic threesome reached the other side of One-Way-Tunnel. Today: Zze emigrated and got a job. Peatósy hunters keep Zbaras out of Letka.

Gusaks keep Zbaras out of Ucilaly.

Pirrinaccians wholeheartedly embraced the change of lifestyle.

- What change of lifestyle? asked the Shaobu.
- Lets eat, said Taxman.

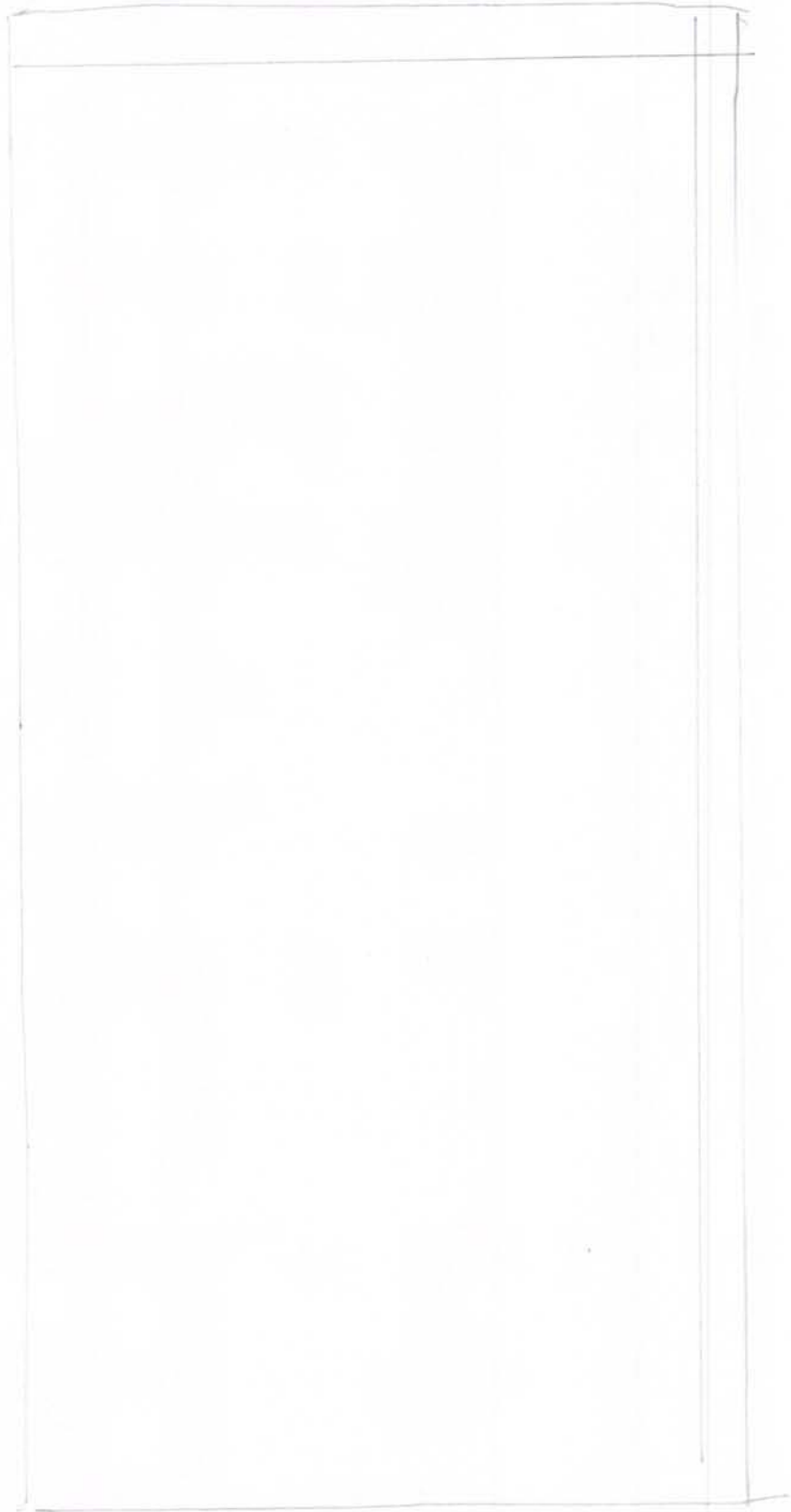
...

WHEREVER THE FACTS ARE UN-PROVEN, WE HAVE ATTEMPTED TO PRESENT THEM ACCURATELY. THOSE PROVEN, WE HAVE LEFT OPEN.

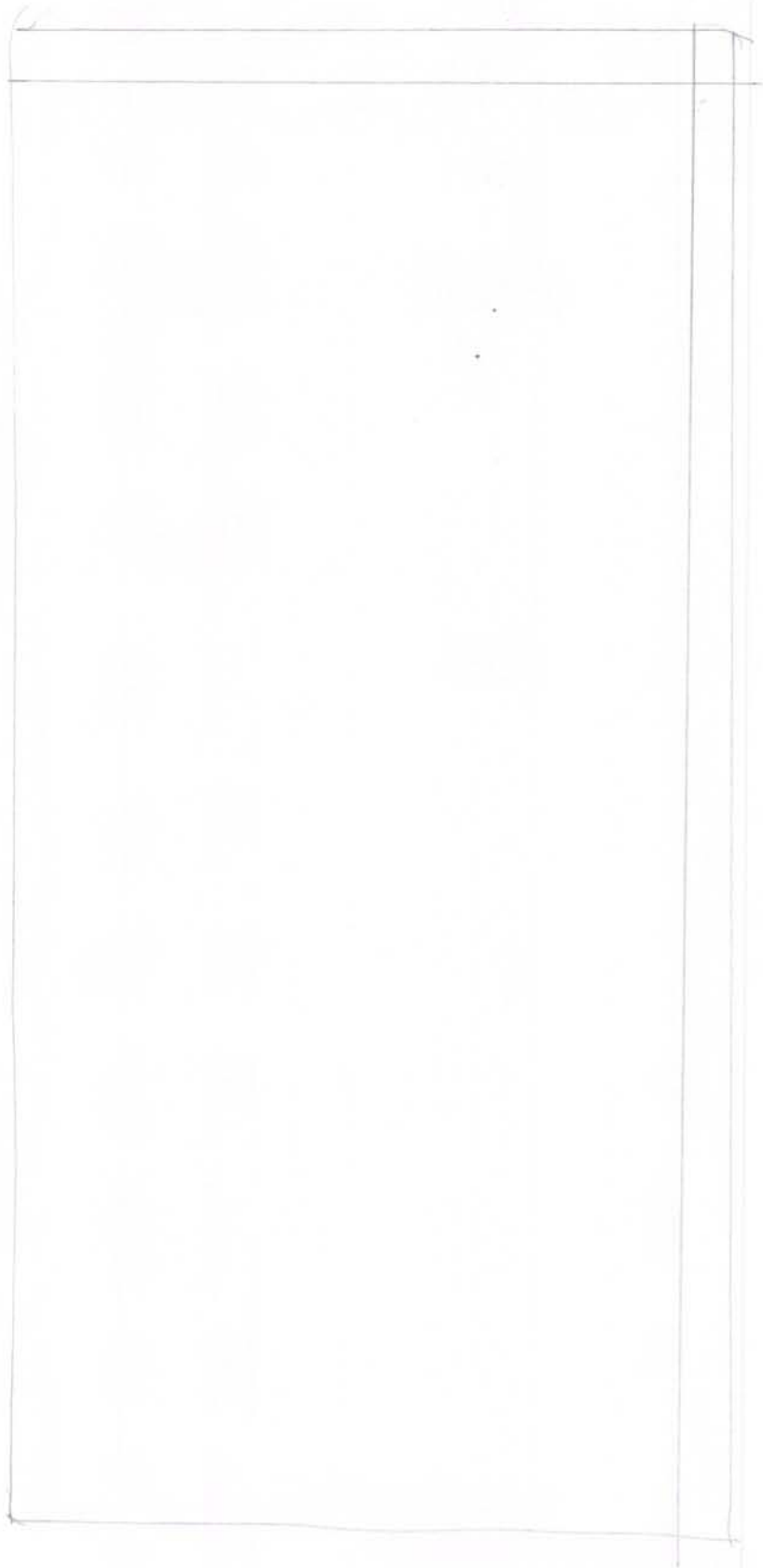
...

maybe
image?
of unproven facts?

162



163



“IT IS NOT THE VOICE THAT COMMANDS THE STORY, IT IS THE EAR.”

...

“The discovery was made that the Hunter, the only galaxy orbiting Banizbat, rather than circling at a safe distance, or breaking free of the gravitational pull, it is destined to clatter into our island universe we call home. The whole of the island will be shaken and could be ejected into the other space.”

- said 7, proposing the topic for tonight's debate and that way opening the regular session of BAA.

- Banizbat Astronomer Anonymous.

...

- Mostly always around exactly seven anonymous members... 11?

- Out of the total of...?

- ... show up for the event.

No names/nicknames, numbers only.

We all wear black hooded gowns.

Sah?

Hayk?

Achunter

Saiph?

Mriga?

cosmologist?
Astrologist?



We all receive the discussion topic and belonging research material long in advance and all are comes prepared.

- To ^avarious degree.
- Arguments are fierce and it is not a rare occasion, it is more of an unspoken rule, that the final conclusion of the session has to come through anonymous vote.
- Like many academic debates, ours are knotty and self-referential.
- 2.
- We all speak in our secret language,
- Nasalian.
- Fluently.

...

- What are we to do?, the honorable member 11 opens the hornblinking debate.
- HERE COMES THE SHORT ILLUSTRATIVE (INSERT OF TONITE, DEMONSTRATING THE PING-PONG METHOD) - KIND OF FISHING - WE SOMETIMES OFTEN APPLY WHEN THE SUBJECT TURNS TO BE NON-COMMITAL:
- "We should definitely do something, proposes 33."
- Warn everybody?, ads 6.
- What if someone panics?, continues 3.
- Well if that happens, I don't see how our descendants..., 6.
- ... if we have any, 3 continues.
- ... will be able to withstand it. concedes 7.
- What are you saying? 33 is puzzled.
- The panic? *who?*
- The clutter fireworks! clarifies 7.
- The clutter? 33 still puzzling.

167

- That is, like, when, the text, is cluttered, with un-necessary, commas, said I,
- The clutter will produce these amazing fireworks...
- But it doesn't have the mass?!
- to create a huge disturbance?!
- Than we are ok? 3 is almost happy.
- We skip all the commas, I try to conclude.
- And full-stops, 6 is being mesupportive.
- The collision!, 11 is shoving off.
- The collision? 6 and 3 repeat in question form.
- The collision really will be armageddon, 11 elaborates further.
- That really will be the end of Banizbot...
- As we know it.
- This time may be only clutter.
- Than why?? 33 and 6

- establish the critical point.
- ultimately the Black Hole will gorge on this unexpected abundance of fireworks fuel and it will go berserk. 7
 - Why Black Hole? I.
 - So ~~we~~ we will not be ejected into the other space?
 - Just munched by the Black Hole?
 - Why not **Green**?
 - But!!! That endemic cosmic event is expected in about four billion By time. said 11, demonstrating voluntary extra research on the matter.
 - Lets vote after the break.
- 7 concludes the discussion.
- Tonite's the democratic nite,
Secret anonymous vote!

• • •

At this is the moment of the evening when I leave the gathering area to seclude my-

self deep into the vineyard,
 For a cigarette, as I am the
 only smoker in BAA. Therefore,
 I depart from my very long
 almond table with eleven
 bebi-mut chairs, under the Tree
 of Wisdom, by my stone house,
 by the waterfall, in the story-
 field.

I let them talk about absent
 me.

...

Let me be honest: it is my turn
 to prepare next BAA session
 proposal, to stay sharp and
 competitive I buried my negat-
 ivity long in advance. 7 is
 hard worker, IQ of aborted
 vehicle, but ~~will~~ would be not
 able to sleep for too long if
 even dreamt what I am working
 on. Fucking 7.

- The dog that never saw TV!
- Movies figurant specialized in
 elevator scenes!
- THANK!

My stuff will blow their minds.

I rehearse. Have it papered down, so I take the folded paper out of my hooded gown pocket, untold it. The blue blue moon is full and WSSIF is able to read it aloud.
 - Fuck you. 7. Wanna vote on this, I will say'

...

On my way back to today, I stop by my Paraguayan students' glass-dormitory and find them all happily awake.

Image?
 My?

"You - WE - ARE HERE TO PLAY.
 EVERY DAY I WANT YOU TO SPEND
 A BIG PART OF IT DOING "NOTHING".

IT IS A RADICAL ACT TO DO "NOTHING."??

Do I feel that "oh, not that
"nothing" crap again" attitude?

- Sure, Boss, "Nothing" rocks.

Seems in the Storyfield I am
called Boss.

- But, Boss, more we...

- I am wasting my money, cause
I want to waste my money!!!

Then I tell them about birds
and trees.

- There are big birds on the big
trees. And small birds on the
big trees. Big birds on the small
trees. And small birds on the
small trees. Any tree you pick,
there will always be a small
bird. Why??

- Hunters first shoot big birds?
Boss.

- True. And?

- The best and the most beautiful
singers are the small birds?
Wherever they are?

- Are you fucking me?

- Yes, Boss.
- Why?
- It's nothing, Boss.

Suddenly they produce a tiny paper box wrapped by red ribbon and some funny musical instruments. A present!

♪ AND THEY SING
SOME PARL FOLK
LOCO THIS
LOCO THAT ♪

♪ I DO GET TOUCHY)
BUT NOT FOR LONG
AS I WAS DIEEEING
TO OPEN THE BOX. ♪

It is a pencil sharpener.
I sharpen my pencil.

♪ WISHING IT WAS
A SYRINGE ♪

• • •

173

I come back from my break

Image
break on
break?

break and we vote.

I smirk and abstain. The
vote turns out to be inconclusive
draw. Two-two.

...

As, sometimes, usually, after
the BAA, we always go for
a drink. To Rock Lagune,
our favourite bar.

...

My vehicle fits the purpose
well.

TBC?

cliffhanger?
end of part 1?

“

- How do you fit five elephants into a small vehicle?

- I don't know.

- Two in front and three in the back.

- Hahaha.

- Which one is driving? ”

- One with the driving licence?
- hahaha

...

“

How do you fit seven hooded cosmologists into a medium vehicle? Easy. Two in front, four in the back, 7 on the roof. I drive. ”

We pass - singing along FM IMFH - through ^{the} One-Way-Tunnel.

“

I WOULD NEVER BE
IN THIS PLACE
IF I WASN' HERE
I WOULD NEVER BE
ON THIS BOAT
IF THERE WAS NO WATER
I'M A CINCIN MAN
ON A CINCIN TRAIN
IN A CINCIN LAND) ”

is there a melody to this?

175

And here we are.

While Pop River swirls around the monumental green coated pyramid, we all piss into the sweet "susimusu" ~~Titii-piipi~~ mineral water.

Titii-piipi



ON accidental purpose, I piss a little bit on my cosmologist gown. A solid little bit.

• • •

We enter down the stairs into the belly of the pyramid, and, Rock Lagoon is mostly empty when we arrive. We switch from Nasali'au to Orali'au. Fluent for some, mystery for all but few.

completely

• • •

- We instantly encounter a re-occurring non-problem.
- How do you fit seven hooded cosmologists around the table for four?
 - You get three extra chairs from the nearest free table.
 - What do you do, then, with the table with only one chair left?
 - You keep hoping that the local Loner will show up for the concert tonite.
 - Why do you take only three chairs and not the table as well, leaving the Loner with only one miserable chair?
 - Fuck me if I ever thought about that.

But I did inconclusively think, once, few times in a row, what would happen to the mathematics of chairs and tables, if once all ~~the~~ BAA members show up for a fierce regular mindfucking debate?

177

The bar, freshly taken over by
our friend Ken-Gur, in no time,



from jeezy cave, turned
into a classy jazzy joint.



And investing quite a bit
of "kittas" and "sladdeds"
was visible on every dart
of the wandering eye.

''
seeking

178

Tonight is the wintertime in Rock Lagoon, therefore Ken-Gur, Kangaroo tamer, tobacco dealer, brain surgeon, bar owner, starts getting the stone fireplace ready to simmer.

Zze is helping, chopping the wood into the smaller chunks and feeding the virgin fire.

After a ^{very} short while, it gets hot in the wintertime, we all take our hooded gowns off and exchange them randomly, to increase the anonymity of the next BAA session. We transit into our civilian life nicknames.

Mine is... fuck me if I ~~know~~ care.

FMII ~~ic~~

Ex-7 gets the gown I pissed on. Randomly. . . .

Something tells me you were thinking all along ^{that} our magnificent "seven" company is males only. Well... were you?

179

Well... is it? Well... am I?
Well, well, well.

...

By our secret society secret rules, today ex-7 is buying, therefore she orders the round of drinks, including one for Ken-Gur and one for Zze too And a drink for the Loner that might show up. A bier. Zze, the bartender, puts the bier on the empty table, the one in the company of a lonely chair. Empty and Lonely, takes two to tangle.

For ~~him~~ itself, Zze takes double plum.

OK!! Tonight is the night!
Booze and Games.

...

Deep into the drinking, we play popular Lupis-tanian word gambling game.

slash

Universe / Fullstop.

- \rightarrow The winner takes it all \rightarrow

First, basic and the only rule, almost exactly is: you start with the ~~word~~ word Universe and you end the game with Fullstop. Unisono.

Ah, yes, the second, basic and the only rule is also almost: each and every player has to be made drunk and behave like they are the only sober person on the totally drunk party.

Apparently goes like this:

- "Universe", Leather Nun / Sister, as she is buying the drinks tonight, proposes the first word.

- "Universe where..." asks Harikiri.

- "Universe where rotatious..." Pop is aware.

- "Universe where rotatious and...?"

Zze joins the fun.


- "Universe where rotations and orbits?" DSSIF rounds it.
- "Universe where rotations and robots of..." Fuck up!!! One down and out!!!


Did I do it on purpose? FMLIK.

- "Universe where rotations and orbits of individual..." Dr Beg.
- "Universe where rotations and orbits of individual heavenly..."

Filozooof.

- "Universe..." Sister is back, the band starts playing, the space fills with notes. I am free so I do listen.

 I'M NOT A SOFT THINKER
 AND I'M NOT A DEEP TALKER
 I'M NOT A SMOOTH WALKER
 AND I'M NOT A CHAIN SMOKER


~~AND~~ AND THIS IS NOT
 A LONELY PLANET, THIS IS
 NOT A BEAUTY FARM, THIS
 IS MY PRIVATE HEAVEN,
 YOU ARE MY PRIVATE ANGEL,
 BABE.





Here and now, I invisibly
sneak out of the dungeon for
a cigarillo. On the stairs I
almost bump into the Loner,
seemingly in a hurry, no wool
wo hallo, late for the appoint-
ment? Slight attack of panophobia?

→ who
gets
it?

The inside music climbs the stairway
to heaven → panophobic one?

When I finally, after a while,
descend back down, I find
ZZZ rhythmically moving on
the top of the bar: ... particles.

→ moving
what?
fat
Kengahoe
ass?

←
naked?

The length of of days and nights is unpredictable, just like change of tide and seasons. The rhythm and structure of life are not connected with abstract and imaginary but solely with tangible and real

- "Full stop" shout all the players unison, including I on the door,

Zze wins.

All of the losers chip in one Lupistanian "sladoleol" coin - exchange rate wit Banizbatian "Killa" is 1:1 as today - therefore the next rounds are on Zze.

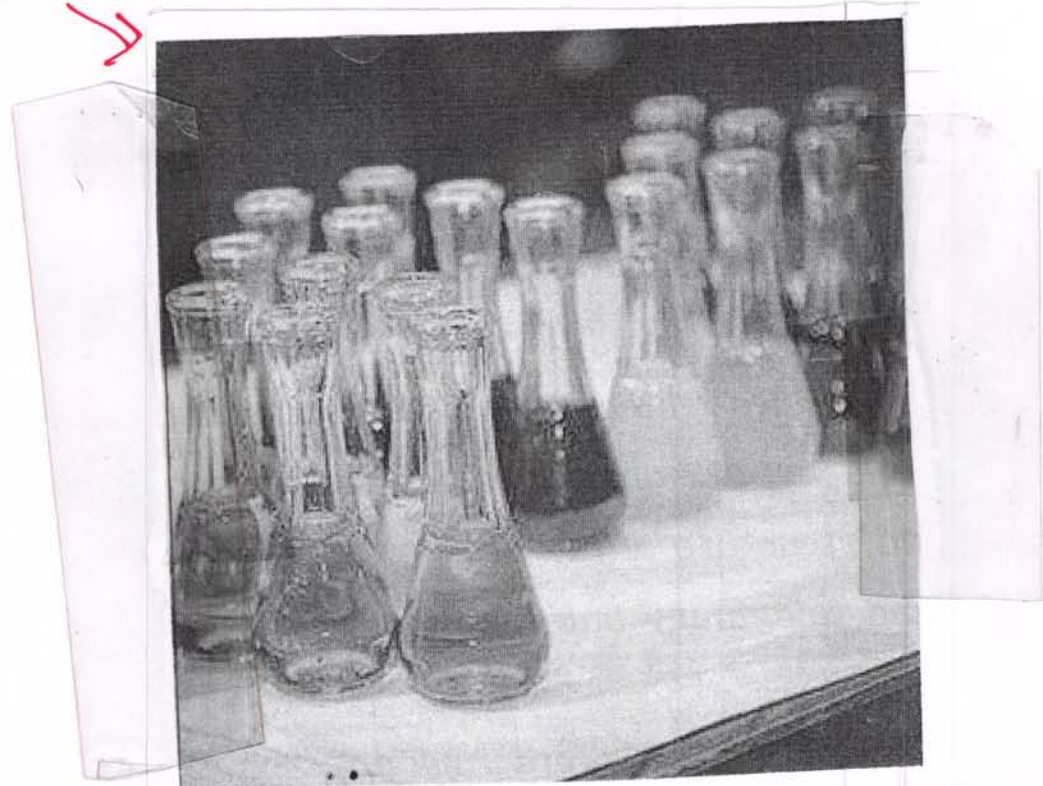
Zze insists everyone takes ~~plum~~ double plums and takes no, no, or c'mon Zze or... for the answer,

- Don't test me!

...



co-con-ic?



What time is by then?

We eat wild bear cantelets, for a desert Sister magically produces a tin of mushroom cookies.

oh, wild boars are back in the story?

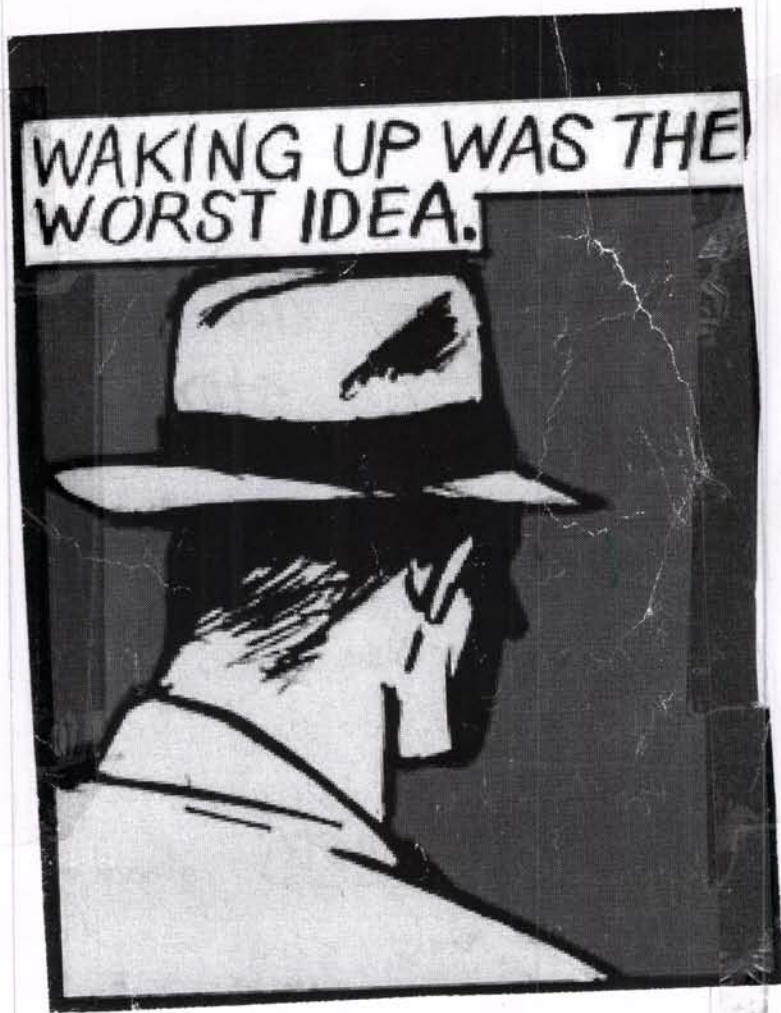
- THE GAME IS WORTHWHILE INsofar AS WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WILL BE THE END. - says who?

...

And the FM (MFT) played on, And the clips in TV (MFT) were endless.

the End? of what?
as Knowledge never dies?

About the Author



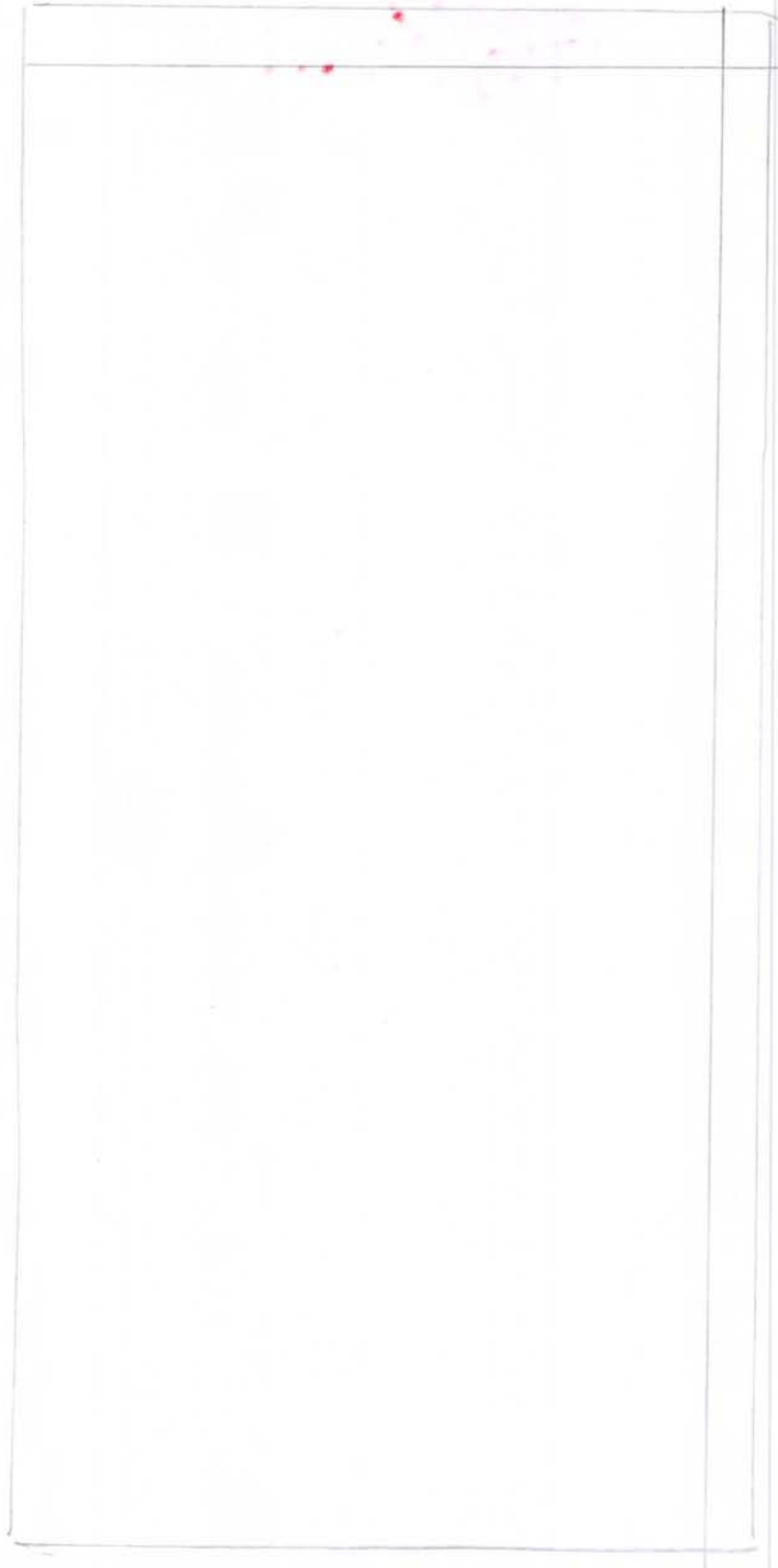
How about ~~QA~~^{Q&A}?

with the Author?
or translator & mediator?
with various characters?

186

Q&A...

187



“To relate to something I don't want to relate to, the places I hide they are tiny. Some corners in my mind, a sit under a special tree, some music, some drunken moments of insight. But none of those places are safe. The shit catches up.”

...

-Dear Mediator.

I do understand that the Writer are living / functioning according to the time speed of "prototype o'clock". Nevertheless, I do not grasp all the technical aspects of the, seemingly, ingenious device. Can you elaborate a bit, please?

-OK. I will try to clarify. ~~My~~
~~best.~~

As you, hopefully, did understand that the images of the ~~o'clock~~ "o'clock" do not feature in the original stories. We, the makers of this illustrated edition, did our best to visualise author's scarce suggestions. And our images did

189

evolve from the narrative actions.
It are the screenshots, grabs,
of the digital, active, adjustable
mechanism.

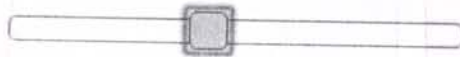
Here I will, from my deepest
shallow abilities to understand,
do not be very optimistic, please,
concerning clarity and simplicity
of explanation. explain.

ONE:

for the total beginners



Time speed 87%



Last synchronized on 2021 04 0

- one can start with the midol

slowdown of the conservative time speed (represented by 100%). On 87%, you will tend to constantly compare the two, but also getting the grasp of how the algorithm reflects itself on the tangible actions: sleep, drink, eat, fuck etc. You can, as you get more comfortable with the concept, increase the slowdown.

...

TWO:
fairly advanced



Time speed 33%



Last synchronized on 2021 04 0

33% of the time speed is the most - from our personal experience - comfortable state of being one can create using the "prototype o'clock".

The "real" time speed gets forgotten, you are zoning in every physical action/activity you undertake, and, after a short while, you start feeling very totally brainfucked.

Antisocial, arrogant, ignorant, passive-aggressive - all in all intense interior feeling. Great for you, as much as ugly to experience for your environment.

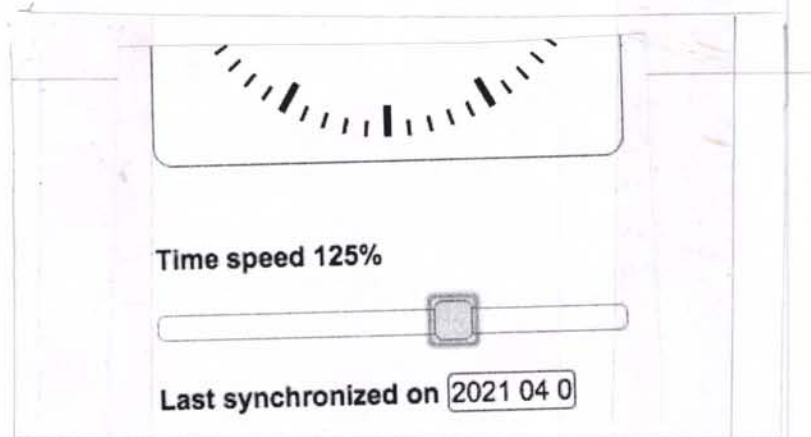
...

THREE
not recommended...



Does it vary from person to person? Must. Not everyone is potential asshole?

192



... As it tends to be selfdestructive: anxiety that pours through your ears, nose and all imaginable holes of your miserable body and mind.

As the example we use 125% time speed illustration, but the shit starts creeping rapidly up on any point if you climb from 100%.

But, lets be honest, don't you feel totally fucked up on the classical time speed already?

In our digital device maximum available time speed is 200%.

Do not try it!!!

193

Even by gradual approach,
saying, if you had any brain
to start with, it, your brain,
will get deep fried sunny side
up during the very speed increase,
that by the moment you experience
the full 200% blast, even
your mother will call you my
dearest quantum zombie.

~~193~~



Time speed 200%



Last synchronized on 2021 04 0

...

FOUR:

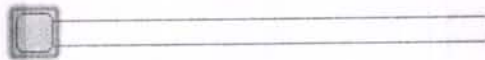
199

something to not to to
take it seriously

you
serious?
he he



Time speed 0%



Last synchronized on 2021 04 0

Never tried it.



- Dear author.

How would you call your use
of language? Exophonic?

- What? said the Author.
More xenophonic, I would
comment.

- Xsenophonic?

tbc

~~the~~?

My?
auditor?

"Sherpas on Mount Banizbat eat the same meal of Batu'Dak and mushroom tea see their lives and are perfectly happy"

every day?

...

"Indigenous tribes watch the same few plays and dances, month after month, year after year and are perfectly more than satisfied."

- "Is a man like a novel: until the very last page you don't know how it will end?"

- "Otherwise it wouldn't even be worth reading?"

- "Love, bread and envy. Are you afraid?"

- "Am I afraid? Crushing dogmas?"

- "Madman. Hermit. Heretic. Dreamer. Rebel. Skeptic?"

- "Why? What next?"

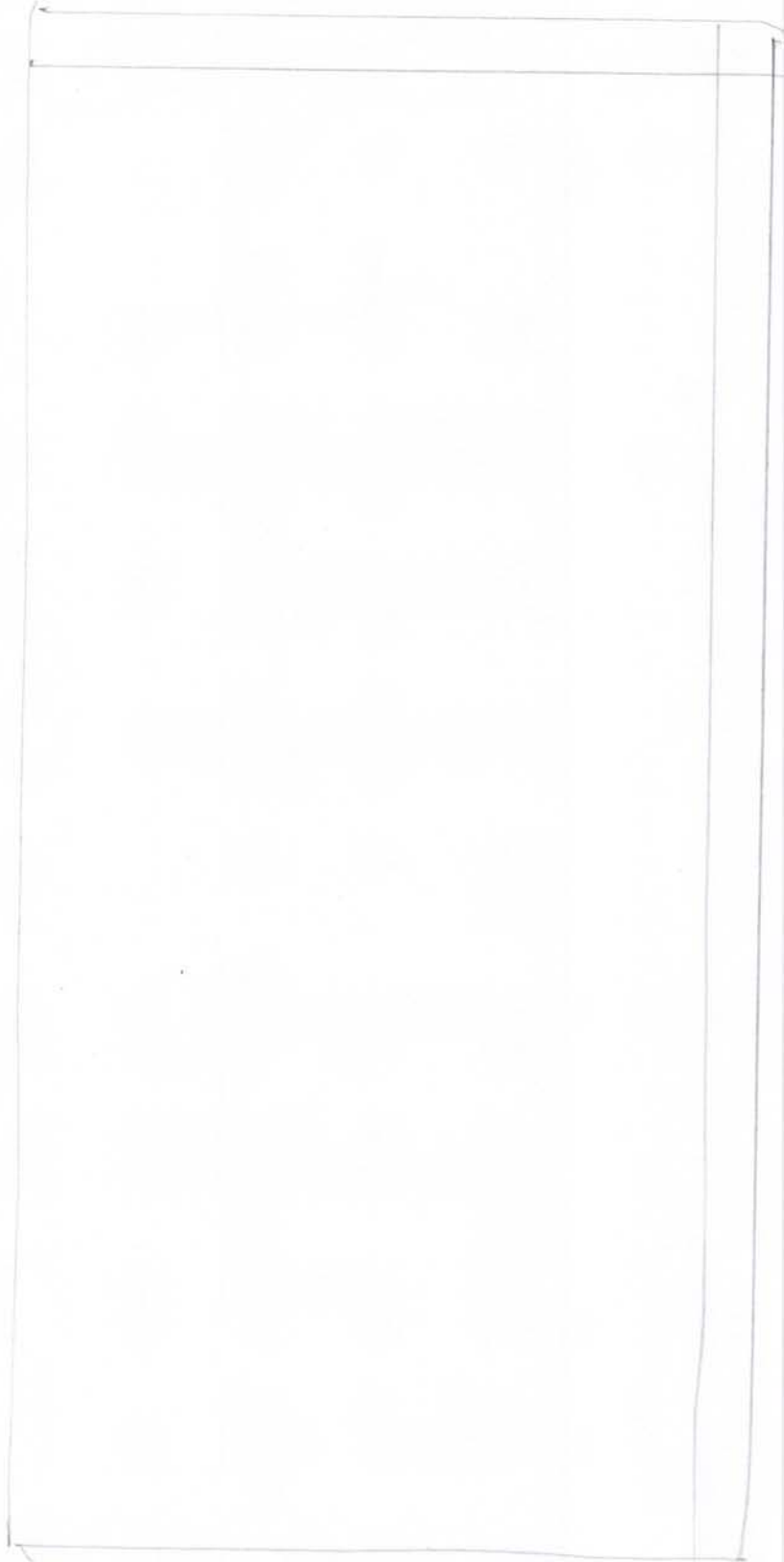
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"There is no final one: revolutions are infinite."

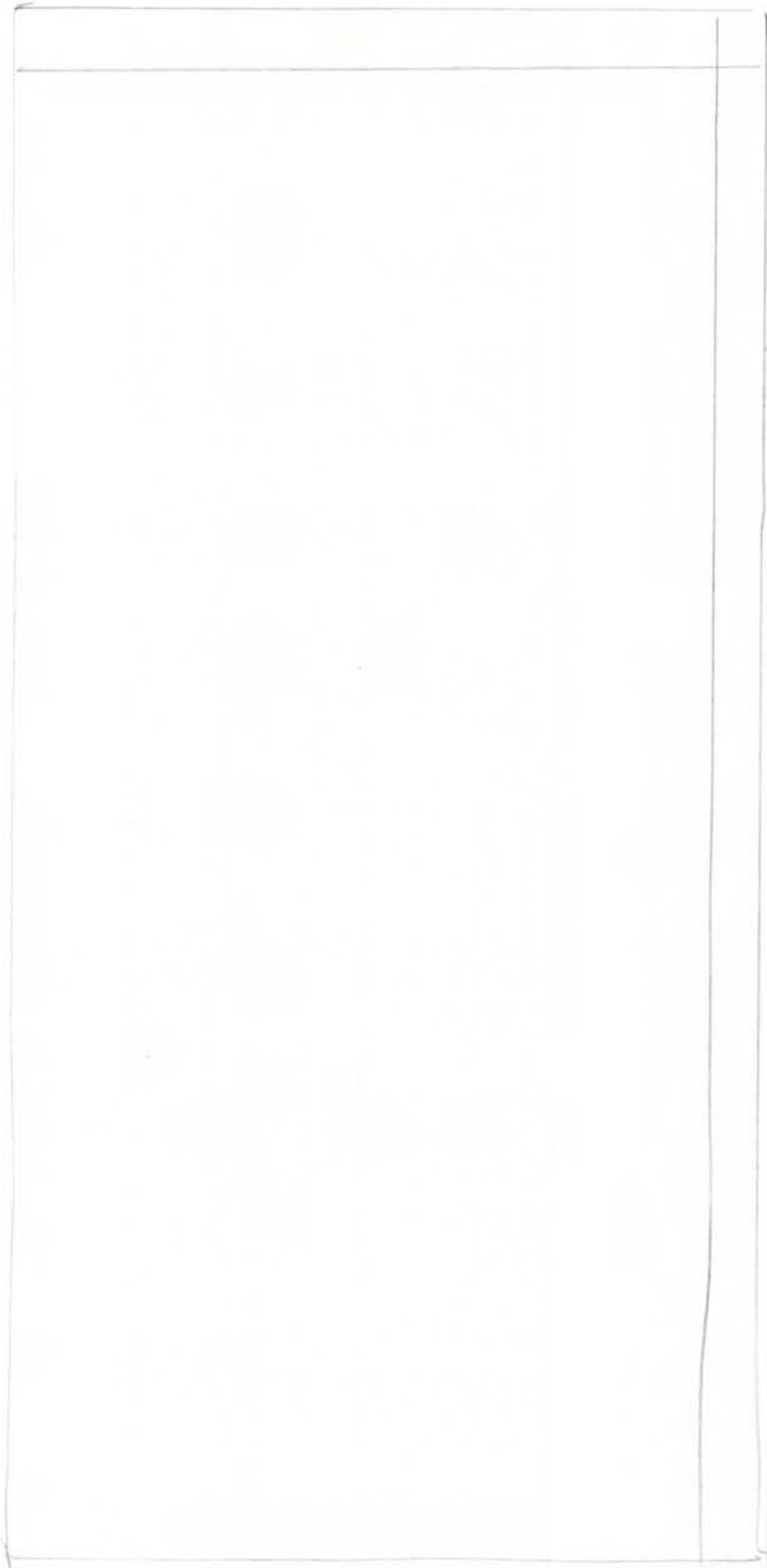
- "On literature, revolution, entropy?"

- "You just wiped your ass with the butterfly?"

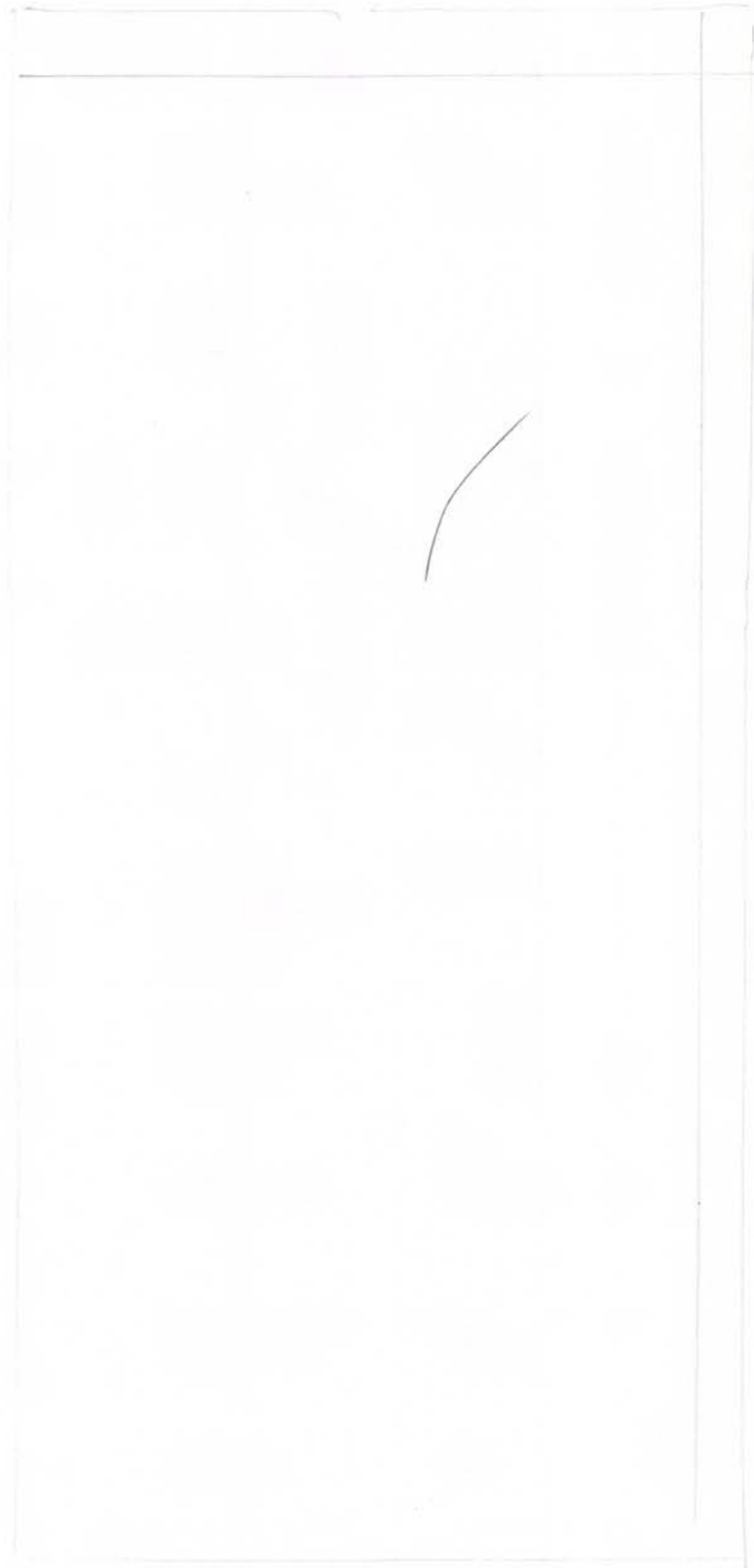
196



197



198



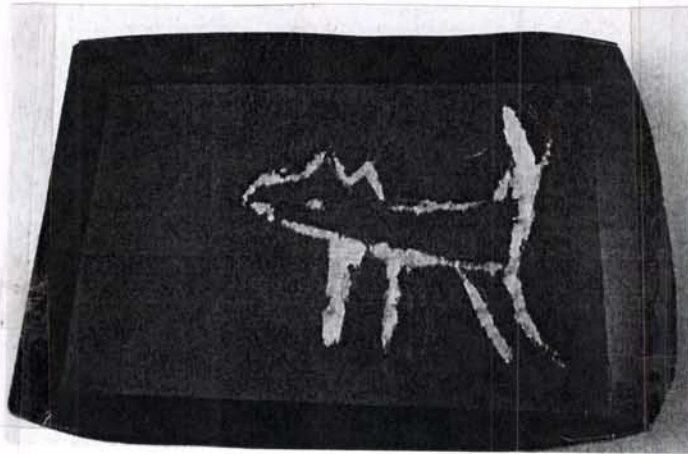
[Handwritten signature]

199



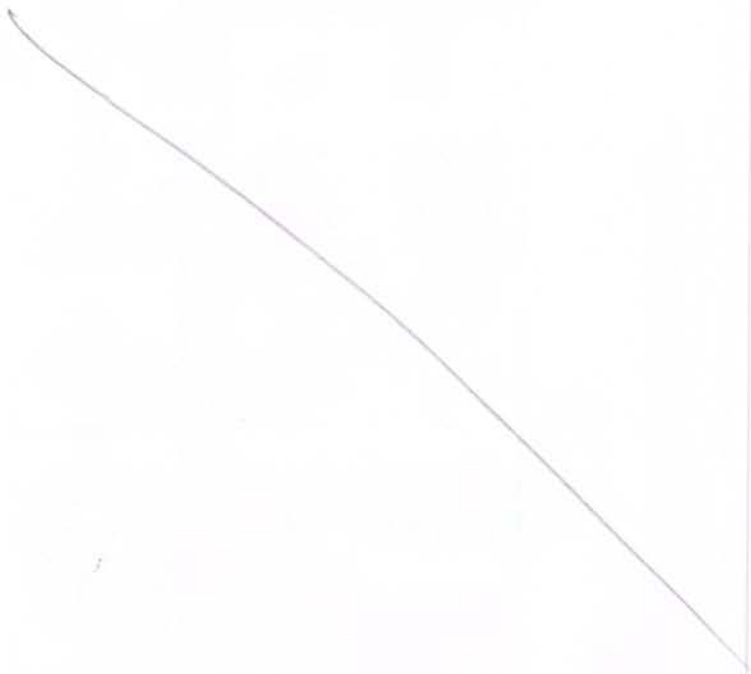
„Is he the brightest,
multicoloured, butter-
fly, that most
kindly sits on my
meadow? ”

- Multicoloured shit? Kajtek

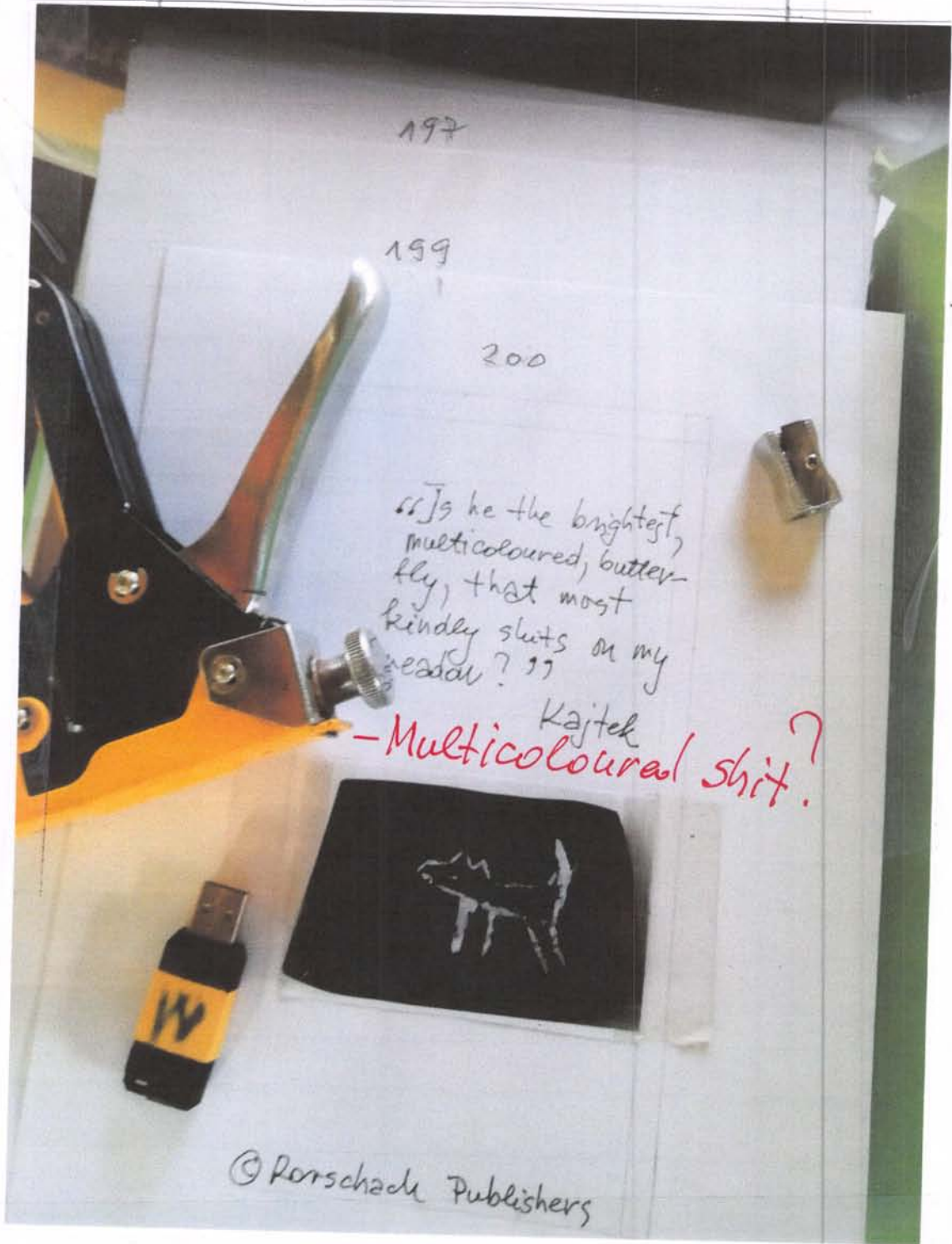


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SC
201



back cover



197

199

200

"Is he the brightest, multicoloured, butterfly, that most kindly slits on my head?"

Kajtek

- Multicoloured shit?

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202