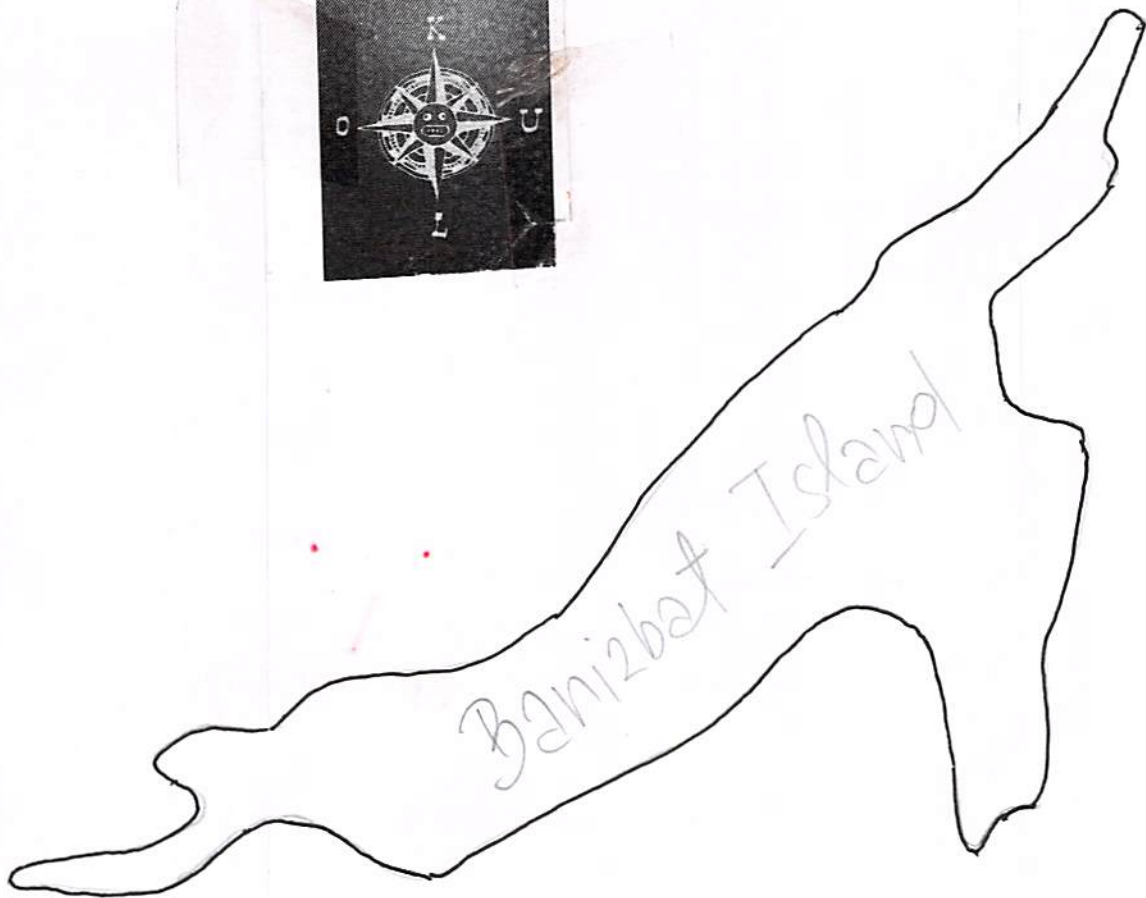


BANIZBAT

The Island of Loose Ends



Small Stories for Every day

Illustrated Edition

© 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 / doubt it / blame it on translation.*

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

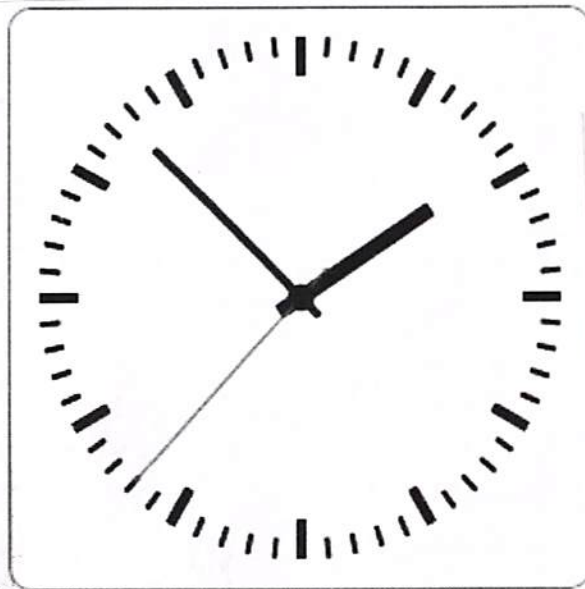
↓
not necessary?

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

“ 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%



“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.~~

...

5

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?

ss 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

7

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

- I depart.

- ⁶⁶I am on my way back to visibility. 99

Image ?

- Back today...

- I live happily ever after.

- For a short while.

...

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

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

~~- ⁶⁶Please !! 99, QSSIF flipped.~~

?