Present Day. On the Road
My vehicle and me.
Silver Age.
Almost 05:20 BT.

We are progressing up the
Leffka hill, slowly but steadily.
The micro-local morning program
just started on FM 1944. 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
good 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 you 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 other 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 we've known 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 last 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" ospizzaria. The place was closed, to open only indoors, just on the weekends. One can expect full house tonight. The "banizbatiko" band will play till after the dawn and much longer.
On the ospizzaria terrace, towers of piled-up restaurant chairs rattle 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 Banizboat was sitting butts and chucks.

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 beforetimes 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 a 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 we’ll 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 grinned. 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 glint... 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 nobody told him about it.

"So he did not know?" asked SS1F.

"Did you bring it?" inquired a now distorted voice from behind.

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

And the King of Veggy Jungle and his species vegan forces hustling a sleepy writer of Small Stories For Everyday ou
undercover story-hunting mission.

- Who the fuck are you to tell me nothing?

I turned my head and asked, "Wheat?"

- Don't play stupid!

I continued turning...

"To win the war you have to push enemy buttons."

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

I saw it coming.

- Don't test me!

It was CROAT that delivered the lightning bolt sucker punch.

It had a juicer...

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

FIMIMHH.*

- "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 ospizas being baked? I finally asked myself, still adream.

- Wee, it (you did say it), WSS1F mumbled back, just as I was waking up in my vehicle, feeling a total slight Auto Selective Partial Hearing Loss, ASPHL (~).

"But what they don't know is 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
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 Fooool and I decide to explore local custom.

"A fictional character in a documentary movie?"