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 1MFH in Lion's living room, are alone in Lion's Den. Just got awake on the baby shit coloured sofa. A private click on the job.
The hunger roared as I roamed through Lion's fridge supplies.
I compose a toasty, with cucumber, tomato, cheese goat and bacon)
found some fresh mushroom
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...arrgh urfm.

Total Vacuum In My Fu**e u Head.

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

On Total 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 Kakak-Kato Island and is renamed Kakak-Kato Open Tennis Tournament.

Was it really a live transmission?

What is the time difference between Banizolak and Banizbat?

Fuck you If you know.
"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 spam, bbe not a spam. I'm Blind Carbon copy, bbe, Bcc. Not a spam. 😊
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, when Bion barked from the entrance door.
- Did you know that the first olives trees were planted in Samaa in 1908? On Shodo Island, Ihe insisted.
- Who told you that?
- He hesitated.
- They were shipped from lemon...
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 ratemeadother.
- No.
- Why do you carry a gun?
- Collectors item.
- You have more than one?
- No. Just started. Why do you have a gun?
- I always had it. My grandbinder gave it to me. Are my ancestors 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 grandbinder.
- Allbody had a grandbinder! Therefore aleone has a gun?
- One can say so.
- My grandbinder ol'ed in the
Knowledge War before I was born, suicidal blow-up by a hand grenade.

He paused before asking, "Do you know how to use it?"
- Hand grenade?

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
PLATOS OLIVE CURSE:

"An olive tree named "Platios
Tree" is said to be a remnant of
the grove within which Platos
Academy was situated, that
would make it approximately
2400 by old.
The seed of it was spread through
all the Platsonian colonies."
- Why were you checking Lemonon?
- Fuck me if I...
- I'll fuck you if you don...

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 aware you to tell me nothing?

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

- Dyonisy! In falka I am known as Dyonisy, seems.

Dyonisy! 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.
Lion was CEO of tennis balls import business, with excellent connections to Banizbat manufacturer. 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 "plinket"
A famous micro local white wine. As for me – to take a piss – I was drinking "susimus," a famous local mineral water from Titi-pipi lake.

They talked culinary octopussy on mushrooms recepies. I mostly listented.

- 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, thanky, I am full, I said, tripping on "susimus!"
  - 8pussy in salad or grilled?
- I am fully I said, I said again.
- Nobody talking to you!
- Pig was irritating.
- Good question; Lion said.
I do not consider myself being an ignis, but tonite, off all tonites, I realized that their IQ is to the smallest tiniest microdosis, identical.
- I guise!
- Magic or mushrooms?

... 

How about cubes? one may wonder.
Chambo, Chombe and Chamba. Three wise cubs 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 marinaded bacon and bid all one goodbye.

... 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.