What can one do on Banizbat Island, round midnight sunset B.T., white horn growing on ones forehead, after passing twice through the One-Way-Tunnel, feeling the clay hangover in the stomach, admiring Pop's moon ticket on your teescreen, 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.
8pussy 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 it squirmed 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 8pussy-ing record holder—that 8pussy is a very intelligent and cognitive creature.

8pussy hunting, to quote GSWF:
the most brilliant mind of all
of the 20th century: THERE IS NOTHING TO DO WITH TALENT!
THE TRICK IS: (INSTEAD) OF THINKING THERE IS 8PUSSY HERE, YOU NEED TO FORGET THAT THERE ISN'T ONE,
HUNTING SET:

- tennis bale (1-8)
- 10x10 BM of thin strong rope (1-8)
- piece of weight heavy enough to throw the rope as far (1)
- potato chips shinky bag (razbur)
  cut in stripes (1-8) → stripes or bags?
- a juicy chunk of smoked bacon, marinated in mushroom sauce
  and stuffed into the tennis bale (1-8)

THE SET (MINE):

- the rope
  (10x10 BM)
- tenis bale
- marinated bacon
- chips razbur
- bag
- the gun

*proportion sucks*
What one can... It could of been tomorrow it... 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. I like to see them coming...