Lemonon?

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 "ittle 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 Platosey 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 exile 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 to the village. "Yugo" carried me along,
manifesting the strength of an onka-n.

I couldn't remember the exact location of the house housing
my lunch... Sojo 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 chitchatting the international olive oil market.

I ring the bell and Sojjo opens the door, looking slightly embarrassed at the sight of an 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 remoteest of 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 the same language."

I love the way she tells the story, so each and every visit I ask for it again... and again."
"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 accent less 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 clean my mind, I ended up
on a parachuting holiday, on Banizbat Island.

After the touchdown, I took a good look at the place 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, diverging seamlessly 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 Misso and his donkey slowly moved into the picture. From the mesmerising sunset, singing diva Sameian folk
Very soon I dropped donkey business and started Miso project.
Lockdown: 30.
In no time I was married... 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 Anthology of Banizbatian Fictional Mythology as Sameian Bride.
Ricefuckingathing one, he, he, he?"

Love it, ain't she something? But back to the door...

She smiles, "It's winter time."
- Jimi-≈.

In Southern Village, seems, I am called Jimi-≈.
-Darling... I said. I was in the neighbourhood. Hope it is not a...
difficult, wrong, terribly awkward, inconvenient moment?

- oh no. * Course! We are just getting ready for * . Would you care to join us?

- * Lunch is the only reason I am here. I think honest guy confidently guessed. * I missed your "Miso" soup.

She laughed and let me in.

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Miso and the girl/boy were sitting on the slut 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— was his fake good-natured 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 gladly for the medical neck collar, after a long bargaining drinking session?"

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

—Mostly — and shits. SHIT BINGO BINGO! But I will survive. Arrogant underdog. Beware!
The baby, undoubtedly, was
been prepared for the strug-
gles it will face in life. The
unbleached cotton of the thick
"judogi" fighting suit cor-
responded with the creamy lam
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.

-Jim! — please — done.
Sojo 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 arm pit with Doctor, by now, octagonal spark in his eyes. I saw Miso and the (now) bi- sexual creature on the sofa. He smiled and stepped in.

-Jimi, I extended my arm. He chuckled.

-Hari, and he softly shook my hand. A snare with hangover. And I did well enough again. He said something in Bebeblebsteinian. His macro base skills were swelling like... I bebeled back in macro... harikinian, he accepted and cosy we were.

-We both speak same, helped Sojjo. We ate "miso" soup and rice and noodles. And tell tales for *smiles*.Snails.
Sojio and Hanikiri discussed matters in fluent Sameian (fuck me if I knew why and how) but is it Kemononian accent I detect? Miso was feeding unisex doll, I on purpose struggled with my chopsticks.

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

Pouring the first glasses of after lunch "parapeupa", the famous micro locale white wine.

- He loves it in the winter time. Had a swim yesterday, winter time swimming joke. We toasted and blinked, Sojio did not shrink alcohol.

Hanikiri took a small sip, looked at me and asked: —ID? Passport?
I looked back frozen, 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, Pati'ko.
- Goodbye, goodbye, chirped
  the drag queen.

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

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