Looking for the lion, one goes to lions' den. Looking for the snake, one goes to the bar. As simple as.

Therefore, around exactly 15:00, I arrive to the church bar in Lefka.

I order a shot of domestic plum brandy... and I drink it bottom up. Another one. Bottom up. An hour later I am drunk.

I have a need to change the pen I'm writing with... I fumble through my pockets and... brand new pen it is.
When the snake walks in,
he finds me on the top of
the bar chair. A high one.
I am checking something. He
approached from behind and
put his hand on my right
shoulder.
- Researching nothingness.
- Always, I said not turning
  back, but something was
  unusually wrong.
It is not the right color!
so I try the one of the
another ones.

Better, smoother, colorless.
I knew it was him, the bar
was bursting with mirrors.
Like in the funhouse; you
got: short, long, skinny, double,
fat, infinite... illusionary...
to know how to be nobody.

- Why do you always snake on
  me in that sneaky way?
- Want something to drink,
his voice was uberfriendly.?!
—Pramm, I said while turning...
and fell from Mount Banizbott
of the bar stook straight down
to the red carpet.

—Wooop... We both said... Psss.

If somebody said:
What a perfect silence.
I could be forever
not saying a word.
and the singer sang:
My feeling's to strong
to make a song about.
I'd better go home and
sing a lonesome blues.

Lonesome? Image
the blues singer?
Where have all the mirrors gone?
The Snakelion helped me up and we moved slowly along the red carpet to the table in the closest corner of the room.

•

The corner bar was small. The outside terrace was still open for the occasional late winter sunny days, but all the action was happening indoors.

We were the only guests, not counting the Regular, glued to his seat on the bar.

"The Regular at the bar, whenever I saw him, was dressed in the same black suit he wanted to be buried in. Not surprisingly "after-life" was his favourite topic. On any other subject, related, move or less, to the current events, he had one comment: -It's a disgrace. They don't have an idea of the costs. They don't understand. It's a disgrace."
I asked the victims of the Square.

It was placed on the main square and tiny square, called square of the village, a very disgrace.

I'm not sure what happened to our life.

I am busy, and can hardly move my pen - the bar was not 25 years. Yeah, the priest was here. I guess it was still sober.
The church stood nearby, one could see its "Kopoeian" clock tower over the roof of "Kotings" bat'n dak ospizzaria.

The Leather Nun was working behind the bar... and ate around.

The nun, a gentle soul, called Sister, shared some features...

... with Florence Nightingale on duty and some other with Saint Teresa on ecstasy.

The patrons, already satisfied by her soothing presence were a bit jealous of the priest, who was entitled to grasp the whole picture.

Sister brought us two double plums brandy, gave us both a peck on the cheek and went back to the conversation with the Regular.

The priest was playing the only gambling machine. Dressed to suit the occasion—black and white trainers, sport shoes and
a baseball cap. A fat cigarillo
lay in the ashtray, producing
a thick stream of smoke.
Sound of traveing silver coins
dominated the atmosphere.
Everyone called him just Pop.
The bar was called "Pops Bar".
The hotel above the bar "Pop Hotel".
The mushroom shop "Pop-shop".
- The elementary school...

Once a year he organised a
big tractor concert on the
church parking lot.

Called Tractor Concert.

Lion was drinking slowly. I just
stared at my double prism. He
passed me a glass of "susimusi"
water. - Here unihorn, he said.
All the mirrors that returned confirmed he was rightly close.
There it was, a horn on my forehead turning eigher then the rest of my face.

This is when
my buzzer goes

That wasn't funny! And at 6 BT! Did you get what you were looking for? I did.

No, but you are in the clear. You've got no fucking idea what's going on. Just... o'id not know you were packing, shooting olive bugs?

You didn't.

He put his hand in his inside of the pocket jacket and took out a razer bur bag wrapped around my gun. He unwrapped the razer bur and hanged the whole set on the nearby hook. I had a sip of "susimi" minerals, followed by a sip of brandy. I stood up,
is FOREHEAD OFFICIALLY THE PART OF THE FACE? UPFACE?

The rattle of silver and Pops happy swearing announced the winner of the daily Poppot. What a way to make the ends meet?

OR IS IT THE PART OF THE HEAD? ARE THE EYEBROWS THE BORDE-
LINE?
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 IMFH in Lions living room, all alone in Lions den. Just got awake on the green baby shit coloured sofa.

- A private dick on the job.

The hunger roared as I roamed through Lions fridge supplies.

- I compose a toast with grumbr, tomato, cheese goat and bacon, found some fresh mushroom chillies for topping.

The future, for a moment, seemed spicier and much more a bit closer to optimistic.

While waiting for the toaster to jump, I open olecently stocked bar. My stomach spoke... Arrghhhrrrrm.

* Total Vacuum In My Fucken Head

clithanger!

t.b.c.