How do you fit five elephants into a small vehicle?
- I don't know.
- Two in front and three in the back.
- Hahahaha.
- Which one is driving? ??

We pass--singing along FM 1MFH--through the One-Way-Tunnel.

I would never be in this place if I wasn't here.
I would never be on this boat if there was no water.
I'm a cin cin man on a cin cin train in a cin cin land. ?? 99
And here we are.
While Pop River swirls around the monumental green coated pyramid, we all piss into the sweet "susimus!" Titii-pipii mineral water.

ON accidental purpose, I piss a little bit on my cosmo-logist gown. A solid little bit.

We enter down the stairs into the belly of the pyramid, and Rock Lagune is mostly empty when we arrive. We switch from Nasal'au to Oral'au. Fluent for some, mystery for all but few.
We instantly encounter a re-occurring non-problem.

- How do you fit seven hooded cosmologists around the table for four?
- You get three extra chairs from the nearest free table.
- What do you do, then, with the table with only one chair left?
- You keep hoping that the local loner will show up for the concert tonight.
- Why do you take only three chairs and not the table as well, leaving the loner with only one miserable chair?
- Fuck me if I ever thought about that.

But I did, inconclusively think, once, few times in a row, what would happen to the mathematics of chairs and tables, if once all the BAA members show up for a fierce regular mind-fucking debate?
The bar, freshly taken over by our friend Ken-Gur, in no time,

from jeezy cave, turned into a classy jazzy joint.

And investing quite a bit of "Killas" and "shaddocks" was visible on every dart of the wandering eye.
Tonight is the wintertime in Rock Hague. Therefore Ken-Guy, Kangaroo tamer, tobacco dealer, brain surgeon, bar owner, I start getting the stone fireplace ready to simmer.

Ze is helping, chopping the wood into the smaller chunks and feeding the virgin fire. After a short while, it gets hot in the wintertime, we all take our hooded gowns off and exchange them randomly, to increase the anonymity of the next BAA session. We transit into our civilian life nicknames.

Mike is... fuck me if I know... er.

Ex-7 gets the gown I pissed on. Randomly...

Something tells me you were thinking all along our magnificent "seven" company is males only. Well... were you?
Well... is it? Well... am I?
Well, well, well.

By our secret society secret rules, today ex-7 is buying, therefore she orders the round of drinks, including one for Ken-
Gur and one for Zze too. And a drink for the Loner that
might show up. A bier. Zze, the bartender, puts the bier
on the empty table, the one in
the company of a lonely chair.
Empty and Lonely, takes two
to tangle.

For him, itself, Zze takes
double plum.
OK!! Tonight is the night.
Booze and Games.

Deep into the drinking, we
play popular Lupis-itanian
word gambling game.
Universe / Fullestop.

First, basic and the only rule, almost exactly is: you start with the word Universe and you end the game with Fullestop, Unisono.

Ah, yes, the second, basic and the only rule is also almost: each and every player has to be made drunk and behave like they are the only sober person on the totally drunk party.

Apparently goes like this:
- "Universe", Leather Nun/Sister, as she is buying the drinks tonite, proposes the first word.
- "Universe where..." ols Hanikiri.
- "Universe where rotations..." Pop is aware.
- "Universe where rotations and..."
Zee joins the fun.

"Universe where rotations and orbits..." DSSIF rounds it.
"Universe where rotations and robots of...". Fuck up!!! One down and out!!!
Did I do it on purpose? EMMK.
"Universe where rotations and orbits of individual..." Dr. Beg.
"Universe where rotations and orbits of individual heavenly..."
Fiozoof.
"Universe..." Sister is back, the band starts playing, the space fills with notes. I am free so I do listen.

\[ I'M \ NOT \ A \ SOFT \ THINKER \]
\[ AND \ I'M \ NOT \ A \ DEEP \ TALKER \]
\[ I'M \ NOT \ A \ SMOOTH \ WALKER \]
\[ AND \ I'M \ NOT \ A \ CHAIN \ SMOKER \]

\[ AND \ THIS \ IS \ NOT \]
\[ A \ LONELY \ PLANET, \ THIS \ IS \]
\[ NOT \ A \ BEAUTY \ FARM, \ THIS \]
\[ IS MY PRIVATE HEAVEN. \]
\[ YOU \ ARE MY PRIVATE ANGEL, \]
\[ BABE. \]
Here and now, I invisibly sneak out of the dungeon for a cigarello. On the stairs I almost bump into the Loner, seemingly in a hurry; no wool no halo, late for the appointment? Slight attack of panophobia?

The inside music climbs the stairway to heaven, a panophobic one?

When I finally after a while descend back down, I find ZZE rhythmically moving on the top of the bar; ... particles.

who gets it?

moving, what? no fat Kangaroo ass?

naked?
The length of days and nights is unpredictable, just like change of tide and seasons. The rhythm and structure of life are not connected with abstract and imaginary but solely with tangible and real.

"Full stop," shout all the players (unison), including I on the door.

Zze wins.

All of the losers chip in one Lepistanian "sladeed" coin—exchange rate with Banizbation "Kiel." is 1:1 as today—therefore the next rounds are on Zze.

Zze insists everyone takes "double plums" and takes no no, or c'mon Zze or... for the answer.

- Don't test me!
We eat wild boar cauetelets, for a desert sister magically produces a tin of mushroom cookies.

"The game is worthwhile insofar as we didn't know what will be the end." - says who?

... 

And the FM (MFH) played on, and the clips in TV (MFH) were endless.

The End? Of what? Knowledge never dies?
About the Author

Waking Up Was the Worst Idea.

How about Q&A?

with the Author?
or translator & mediator?
with various characters?
Reader: Aren't you writing a classic, a book that we'll never finish saying what it has to say?

Dear reader,

This is your Translator speaking. Wanna play QA?

Reader: The game is worthwhile insofar...