Not surprisingly I was dozing off... when I felt the shadow waiting behind my left shoulder. I almost screamed—went for my gun and grabbed my bony butt—then I realized it was Pops' shadow, totally naked. Holding my razor bag with my gun and my ass pussy inside. Still alive, pussy wiggled. I never had guts to smash its brain on the appropriate rocks, would rather let it suffocate dehydrating... not having to look into its eye, while trashing precious IQ.

"Puss was still tightly enveloping the tennis ball and the gun, sucking on the mushroom marinated juicy bacon."

- Are you gonna cook yourself? ha ha ha.

The laughter resonated badey.
- People are right when they say you are... Do people say that? my bad mood spoke.
I was sitting there, dark figure... above. Could not think of anything more to say, started to scuffle in my pockets looking for "killa" change to gladly pay my parking fine.

- Who d fuck are you to tell me nothing? How are you?
- Never better already.

The shadow put the bag back to its proper position, on the floor next to my feet, walked few steps and sat sideways down on the bench in front of me, showing me its Platysian profile.

I was totally almost awake, the church acoustics and... the sound of vacuum cleaner came through the open door at the end of the isle. The leather Nun peered around the door frame and exclaimed...:

- Naked?; CSSIF wanted to know.
- Breakfast?
I take off my clothes and join the naked breakfast gang, gently placing the skin off my butt on the chair water-cushion. We eat, then wait for mushrooms to kick in ... to tell stories. Using Sisters hairdryer, I dry my gun. ...
On my way to a new Smaee Story. For I stop by my house in Storyfield; have a coldish shower, change of socks and underwear; I check on my students doing "nothing" have a quick shot of "nothlupness" my self; and in a segment of time not worth mentioning it is dark in Storyfield... and on the whole island of Banizbet.

I feel rested and in the great shape, never better already, so ready to construct.

Here we go.

... I have a dentist appointment in ucisity so better I hurry. I find my brand new un-used onto-pantogram X-ray picture I made a long time ago.

Proud of not being late, I sit down in the dentist waiting room, blethering through Dr. Beg's Book of the Week. No magazines to be seen, just one excellent book. Doctor has great book taste.
She had a small hole in the head.

was playing, not muzac, was tasty music, a mini symphony inspired by traditional U.S. poetry and rhythm. And moreover, Dr. Begs sound system was the best in town... by far.

A page of Gogol never hurts, and soon... hop hop hop... and there I'm in the dentist chair, then I read another page. And another. I knock on the door.
No answer. I try the doorhandle...
it is locked... the door. I
look under the doormat. No key.

... "uhau"

I try the butcher next door.
Dr. Beg is there.

- I was expecting you, he smiles.

- I was popular, but as popularity
is not the sign of a genius...

... all was going according to
the plan.

- "Pheasant tonite? Beg is selling.

..."

Beg descends from the long
storyline of UCI midget scouts,
I was told once.

After all the UCI warriors left
UCI and returned home,
original prapra... pr ... grand-

- Winther Beg... and his unicorn
stayed... both locally in love...

... happily in love... all their
subsequent offspring were
midgets... and unicorns...
never mind the DNA.

Chromonators, beg your pardon.

... Ken Gurr passed by, seemingly worried and in the bad bad mood.

... I had second thoughts on pheasant and Beg recommends freshly chopped unicorn zumbas.

- Any kangaroo?

- Next week Ken Gurr plans to chop up few young ones, spring cleaning. Do they fuck the bagpipes.

I settle for baby unicorn, a big midnight steak... and some minced for carbonara lunch.
All this while he works my number 2, night one down.
Dr Beg, who could never be a postman.

...I feel a rapid heart rate, increased body temperature, high blood pressure... and a flashback coming.

"I don't have much, but what I don't have I actually don't need."

...I am sitting on one of the bridges of Učila... the Second... with a local philosopher nicknamed Tokar... no...

...Filozoof.

We came first.

...Plumber just passed by, and shockingly, while passing, eavesdropped on us. Filozoof and I do not eavesdrop on him since forever a long ago.

-Do you have your gun on you?
asked Filozoff.
I did and I hand it over.
He checks the magazine, inhales deeply on the right of loaded gun,
unlocks the safety, crosses the bridge, keeping his breath,
walks few steps and shoots the plumber in the back,

- Eaves- fucking dropper!

Exhales deeply.

Plumber falls on his face,
onto the asphalt paved path,
his blood thickling towards
the river, nutrients eagerly awaited by the Bat fish. * * 

And Filozoff leans over plumber
and empties the rest of the magazine into the back of the plumber's head. >> bushy

- This was not an execution.
   It is called retirement.
I did contemplate a bit before
blunting moralistic fucking
cliche.
You can't just punch peoples lights out, then you are the same as they are.

I'm not the same, I am worse than the same. And I have
the gun.
I have the gun, you don't.
That's technicality.
What isn't then?
Aee is technicality. Justice never sleeps.

As the judges of normality are present everywhere. Policeman/Journalist and
Journalists/policemen were woken up and informed about the fortunate event and promptly arrived on their vehicle.

... After all the technicalities were dealt with, Filozof lit a cigarette... one of mine... (inhaled) kept the smoke in his lungs longer than needed for a simple nicotine kick), exhaled succession of perfect triangulated smoke signals and said: — you know, doesn't make any common sense to call a stupid
to the new chapter. I read aloud and we were
principles and of it ever being
from the traces of fingers
we back my gun. I screamed at
existence beside the hags
After another slight long

As tax inspector, Taxman.

Thorough was proportion of any
never does.
Learning is eternal, knowledgeable
He is dead.
I taught him a lesson, the thief.
Humors are reasoning creatures.
The feet smell, guess calculating.

are they...

you own me almost more than
on the ground of Bemiser.

Beggars are scarce those days

why not?

they see.

I know. But one count short.
In what follows that much is true...

We take a slow stroll along the river, to grab something to eat, and leisurely encounter the butcher/dentist and his offspring, the dentist/butcher. They are hungry too, so we all end up in the best pizzeria in town, owned by the vet. Retired plumber was his cook, but cooks are easy to replace. And vet dreamed to try himself as the plumber.

All the rabbits will be accounted for...

... until the calabrian tend to double professions, as you kindly noticed by now. They say:

We are living in too hard of an era to be able to afford our passions only...
Better solzoid than not, said Taxman occasionally.

And even 3 professions were not uncommon practice.
Typical solzoid: Brain surgeon/ Kangaroo timer/ Tobacco dealer.
Passionate motherfucker.
More human than human.

"Money is the thing you need if you hope you won't die tomorrow."

Have to go to Pinnaci. Wanna come? asked Filozoot/Taxman. - Some fucking official meeting.

No, I said.

Get your own gun, I thought.

...