

~~the?~~
My?

“Sherpas on Mount Banizbat eat the same meal of Batu'Dak and mushroom tea all their lives and are perfectly happy”

every day?

...

“Indigenous tribes watch the same few plays and dances, month after month, year after year and are perfectly more than satisfied.”

“Is a man like a novel: until the very last page you don't know how it will end?”

“Otherwise it wouldn't even be worth reading?”

“Love, bread and envy. Are you afraid?”

“Am I afraid? Crushing dogmas?”

“Madman. Hermit. Heretic. Dreamer. Rebel. Skeptic?”

“Why? What next?”

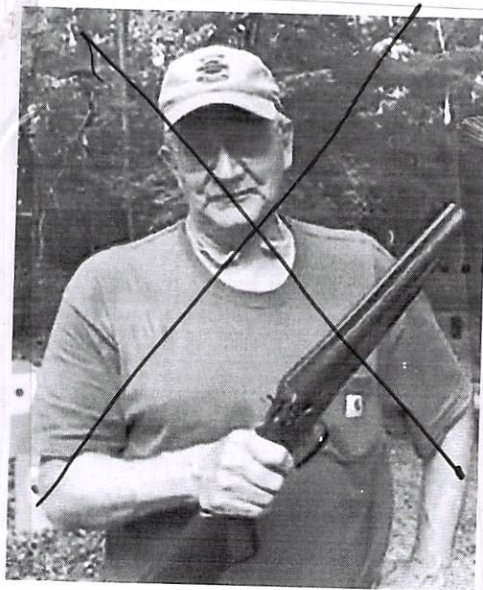
...

“There is no final one: revolutions are infinite.”

“On literature, revolution, entropy?”

...

- Dear Author. On page 74 you do mention Spiderman, as a potential secret visitor of your empty house? Who is actually Spiderman?



- Well spotted, Sergeant Eagle. Spiderman was a hero of a small story for Everyday with ~~the~~ a title "Widow Killer." ~~But~~ No more! the story and the Spiderman character are for always and forever cut out of the narrative.
He poisoned and killed

my dog!!!

He is still my first neighbour here by the story field, I do see him here and there in the short distance, he wo talk to me... or wave... and if my eyes could kill...

→ good
your
pen can!

...

- Again: xenophonic? ProtoLogism?

- Dear reader. ~~As~~ you, surely, are familiar with the fact that good writers write solely and exclusively only for themselves. The readers... you... are just necessary evil.

Makes more sense now: xenophonic language? xenophonic literature?

...

TBC

- Is he the brightest, multicoloured, tropical butterfly that most kindly shits on my meadow?
- Multicoloured shit!!

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