BANIZBAT

The Island of Loose Ends

Small Stories for Every Care Day

Illustrated Edition
© Translation & Mediation:
Duro Toomaio

Translators Note:
Please accept my deepest apologies concerning eventual intentional & necessary inaccuracies in conventional Anglo-Saxon grammar.
If you do notice, ignore it/don't it/blame it on translation.*

As translating Banizbat'ian is a totalbutt in the ass, even to start with it in the first place.

*“Don't shoot the translator;
shoot the le pianiste.”
“Universe where rotations and orbits of individual heavenly objects are irregular like the movement of subatomic particles. The length of days and nights is unpredictable just like the change of tide and seasons. The rhythm and structure of life are not connected with abstract and imaginary, but solely with tangible and real.”

“Prototype 0’clock”, R.I.D. Aetamira (1324 BT)
"Every story we write is a true story. In every and each sentence we quote myself. And... words don't come easy."

- Today...
- Today there is weight in the air, the heat is 33.3 in the shade. I pack all my precious belongings.
- I don't have much... the
- and what I don't have I don't need
- and I depart in direction of the Invisible City in Invisible Empire.

- I arrive at the Invisible City invisible gates and am let in.
- All my, by then, invisible belongings in my invisible luggage.
- Am I invisible too?
- Fuck me if I know. Decide for yourself!

- I set my prototype clock on 33.3% of the time speed.
- No time to waste.
- Space for transition...
I sit in my classic armchair behind my classic writing desk on the spacious and the most beautiful...
- Classic.
- ... classic square of the city.
- I dip my pen into the ink. I do get some attention.
- Not that I was seeking it, comes as the perks of the job.
  ...
- The square is full of people.
- No one greets anyone.

Eyes lock for a second, then dart away, seeking other eyes...
... never stopping...
- Are they invisible too?
- Fuck them if they know!
- Decide for yourself!

I ask them to write their name at the bottom of the empty white sheet of paper.
- They hesitate. I tell:...

"A writer is someone that tears himself to pieces, in order to liberate his neighbour."
- And I tell:...

"I am writing a classic, a book that will never finish saying what it has to say."
- And...

"Your stories will be mine, and my stories will..."
- Whatever, they are sign their names.

... I spend the night on my expensive Venetian bed, staring at the stars through invisible clouds."

... 
- Next morning... 
- In the morning I wash my face
and pack again. Chair, table, bed, pen, ink, papers...
- I depart.
- I am on my way back to visibility.

mage?

- Back today...
- I live happily ever after.
- For a short while...

...For the lost dwellers and city slickers.
- And the invisible emperor
- Wearing...
- Please !!!!)
  @Ss1f flipped.
The Legend of £/ 3/4

Recently, a perpetual blood-thirsty knowledge war was raging in Old Empire. Objectivity & Subjectivity armies were clashing horns, setting historical differences & similarities.

These days, there is a rumour circulating that a side had recently won & was writing new, re-writing old history. It’d job they hired, a best history writer & re-writer on the market, called £/ 3/4.
As I dip my pen into ink, there is another rumour circling that the side that had recently cost was re-writing new & writing old ced history. They 2 hired £1 3/4.

... The ultimate hypothesis squared did rumour circles into a triangle & proved that £1 3/4 delivered the same work & both sides, thereby creating a virtual fictional lockdown.

...
After this deadly cacophonic silence, no 1 denied/confirmed anything.

- We do not comment on rumors;
- Breaking News grudged. - I don't want 2 share your paranoia, I eike mine 🌿

By this time, #/ 3/4 jumped # free-fell into the thin vacuum of anonymity.
That was a long time ago

... 

Today, d Empire suffers in d grip of repression & poverty. Peasants & lord alike flee 2 Banizbat Island, in search of fortune & salvation

- specifies:...
"I will remember what might have been.

There was no time to think, nothing to think about and no-one to do the thinking.

... I was squating on the metal floor of the Silver Bird type airplane. There were no chairs/ benches/ anything of a sort to sit on, trying to keep my back straight, on the wall, holding my parachute bag tightly squeezed on my chest, fingers of my right hand playing with the silver ring that, when pulled, will release the chute, I hoped."
Keeping the eye contact with my guy, I mean a sort of a steward, although me being the only passenger, I might as well call him a personal assistant, who smoked a fat cigarillo, had huge headphones covering 2/3 of his head, good quality stuff, I thought, could not hear any sound coming through.

... Later we eat & tell stories.

"He wore a dark green bomber jacket, the kind one is expected to wear in such a situation as well, he probably did it more often than me... so a non-situation for him, maybe even a routine non-situation... His ocra yeehoo pants & black shoes I could imagine in other moments, where I never was & never will be... probably maybe even."

...
- Ready? he said, winked, maybe, with the fingers of his left hand, holding cigerillo in his right, started the G-down countdown.

- Ready? I thought. He mimicked the count: siiii, thumb gone; fiive, another finger gone, fouuu-uur, threeee, twwoo, ohhnee... I wished he were a monster from outer space and had thousands of thumbs... all fingers gone, door opened, he looked out, threw the cigerillo?! Jumped!! Suddenly, I and autopilot was alone in the plane.

- Timing was essential & I stumbled into the free-fall.

- For what felt a very long eternity I resisted... to pull the chute release ring, holding it tightly with my right pointing finger, pressing my elbow into my ribcage, through my hip-er-dynamic thermal jump suit... blue on the inside & yellow on the outside,
I got as the part of travel package deal... which I got as the part... was warned destroy it after touchdown... they will move like if... pressing ... not to pull by accident in the wind... my mouth whispering not yet, not yet, not yet... I feel Vortex touching my boots bootlaces flapped not yet, not yet, not... NOW... Parachute opens & I open my eyes.''

- When did you close those?

``I am inside the Vortex. Starting the second part of my not anymore free fall. Autopilot waved me a long goodbye & Slow Gravity sent its warmest welcome greetings, 10,000 more. My vocabulary rapidly shrinking, word by word, as creation of history started to dominate the actual experience of present subatomic particles movement?''
My Prototype o'clock shivers and I reset it to the factory settings and the timeline is 0 BP ('Before Present').

- Touchdown

"...why when fractured their scutes, how bruised the left elbow & do twisted the ankle."

- I slump-off into Banjat; feeling dizzy, elbowing myself into my new life.

- Lockdown: 53,
- Vocabulary: 0.

- I was wordless but definitely a little bit quite optimistic.
"Do you think that... maybe... anybody... anybody... but you... yourself... gives a fuck what you think?

Do I give a fuck what I think?

Do you?"

XXX

Deep in the bowels of the Empire, a girl and a boy, tired of the cruel mistreatment they have had to endure from their wicked, selfish, manipulative, loveless parents, poison dead the bastards, burglarize, grab the bread basket filled with croissants and run away into the countryside.
- After the initial feeling of desperate relief clears up, the children decide to live in the woods forever.

- "In the world without money, without laws, without work, without technology and without all the numberless horrors produced by civilisation."

- Who happy? We happy! they kept saying, living in each others sunny shadows.

- Until one day the evitable turned inevitable: the bread basket was no more croissants...

- And panicking procession of wild boars—chased by hunting party of Domesticated Bloodthirsty Wolves...—

- Unite!!!

- Passed by.
The kids, not forgetting the empty bread basket, followed.

Soon, the jolly party arrived to the shores of the vast ocean.

And the leader of the wild boars, helped by wolves munching the slow/fat/out of shape/fatalistic tail of the procession—started swimming.

Into the distant horizon.

The sun was setting into the...

Green water.

Fish were jumping...

... and the tide was high.

xxx
The children jumped into the bread basket, grabbed the tail...

... of the last in line swimming wild boar and took a ride into the unknown.

They arrived on an island.

After drying their clothes on the flat hot rocks...

On the exotic beach...

They soon discovered the river.

What happened to the wild boars and the wolves? I asked.

Just shut up and write! he said and continued.

XXX

Soon they discovered the river, fresh of susimusi...

Full of susimusi water...

And bat fish.

Voilà.

Here we go.

"We are an Empire now and when we act, we create our own reality?"
- Floating down the river, inside of the bread basket, one morning...
- One morning they woke up anchored next to the small islet in the shallow delta of the river.
- Pop.
-...

XXX

-The only islet inhabitant was the schizophrenic altruistic wicked witch.
- And instantly...
- "Altruistic enough not to be
extremely wicked, wicked enough
to qualify as the witch."

And instantly offered to fulfill 3 of their wishes.

- Sorry, the polite kids said, but we have only one wish.
- Yeah?
- Can our bread basket always be full?
- Done! said and did the witch.
- Ah, sorry, the boy said beseeching, can we have some burgers too?
- Done... almost, gasped the witch.
- you can burger me, I just have...
- A small favour to ask... in return.
- What favour now?
- Nothing spooky we hope.
- Oh, no, nothing like that.
- What then? Speak up!
- Speak up!!!
- Well... you can have my flash... for your croburgers... but can I... in return... as a favour... be forever... and ever...
- Whaaat?
- Your Special Secret Imaginary Friend?
- Ah! Done, said (and did) the Kids.
- Wait a sec, the girl remembered something very important it seemed. - We also have a third wish!
- Jaaaad?
- It is a secret wish.
- Done!!!

xxx
As the witch was pretty fat...
And the kids small...
The big feast of croburgers...
Witchburgers.
And fresh susimusi water...
...lasted forever...
And ever.
All the way into their coming of age.
They did come of age and soon their secret wish came true: a hybrid baby boy was born.
And then...
As it regularly sometimes happens, forever and ever ended.
There were no more burgers.
Hey, hey, hey!
The witch was gone. Through the bowels and into the geraniums.
Cactuses!
The hybrid baby started to scream:
I want burgers, fuck your raw fish and bloody geraniums!
Cactuses!
Ding dong, the witch is dead,
ding dong, the wicked witch is dead! The parents peacefully explained the lack of burgers.
The hybrid kid cried and cried...
Hiccuping on his bread dominated diet.
Till two voices in unison...
Sang.
Ding dong, the wicked witch is dead!
It was the Astralistic Special Secret Imaginary Friend.
ASS1F.
And the Wicked Special Secret Imaginary Friend.
WSS1F.
Brilliant, welcome to the story, guys.
Let’s cut Mr. Nice Cray, said WSS1F and ASS1F. Let’s have a vote on the issue of introducing burgers back to the menu.
They said in unison.
- But the witch is gone to the ger... cactuses! shouted the girl and the boy.
- VOTE! I said.
- So they all voted.
- ASSIF: ✓
- WSSIF: ✓
- Hybrid Kid ✓
- Boy x
- Girl 0

XXX

- The new democratic majority decided, before the burgering begins, to fasten the parents on "only bread-diet". As bread...
- Croissants?
- As croissants were plenty... 
- Never mind the hiccups.
- ... soon the hybrid kid was the islet first Orphan of Destiny.
- Auuuu!
- His only company two special secret imaginary friends and two mountains of burgers.
- Mr. Momies and Mr. Dadies.

XXX
- On the regime of crowitchburgers, the kid grew up into a teenager and...
- And became a wordsmith by profession.
- The word spread around the whole of the island and the customers started appearing...
- The word buyers.
- Started appearing from all of the directions, buying word by word and...
- Taking it back to their...
- Languageless homes.
- For example?
- For example, one would bring an animal, weird looking, funny...
- Tailly.
- Cute.
- And the nameless creature would get its Basizbatian name.
- Mokos.
- The squirrel might object, I don't wanna be Mokos, all would say: Shut up Mokos, here m
This island you are Mokos.
- Fucking squirrel...
- Or whatever...
- ... somewhere else.

XXX

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- As Hybrid Teenager would just pop-out words...
- The new words.
- ... soon he was nicknamed...
- Pop!
- On the Pop Islet!
- On the Pop River!

XXX
- And Pop, ASSIF and WASSIF lived happily ever after on Pop Isle.
- Till forgotten by all but few.
- Aetaminians.
- Aetaminians?
- Followers of Aetamira.
- The cave?
- Do your fucking homework before you bring your fluffy skinny ass here next time.
- A cave!!! Rings the bell.
- Any other caves that might...
- ok jok. Chill. Got it.

"It's not the voice that commands the story. It is the ear."
- Next, just as we blinked and toasted, Platôsy Empire colonized contemporary Banizbat Island.

"As all the islands in the Platôsy Sea were enjoying economicae & demographicae "boom"," Dr. Altamira started the historical part of this novellote—"and approached the maximum of the sustainable population..."

"Calculated by the algorithym putting in perspective territory, number of inhabitants, natural resources and economicae & technological development..." added Assif—"... numerous islands received orders from Platôsian capitol?"

- Even the Baniz Island, where...

- Akiras, enormous blood thirsty...
... sacred, supernatural, demonic...
... strapped with explosives...
... wild cave wolves! Unite!
... were keeping demographic &
democratic growth...

- Overgrowth,
- under control - a non-island
all over the world was chosen &
marked for colonisation purposes.

- Therefore...

- Thereby, one early spring
morning, a fleet of Platosian
boats, carrying women, children
and men, all the way from Baniz
Island, appeared on the shores
of an unknown island.

- Towards... everybody's surprise,
as the island not featured in
their colonizing guide-booklet;
the scouts...

- The swallow scouts,
... returned and reported on
tranquility and riches of it.
- The boats off-loaded a group
of exactly around 110 families, olive seed keeper, 11 taxmen and quite a few.

- Akira wolves!

- The rest of the fleet continued their journey towards the original coexisting destination, just down the sea.

- The stayers were warmly welcomed by friendly local population...

- Called Gusaks.

- Gusaks, gigantic, supernaturally strong rabbit hunters, carried a bow and arrow and frolicked green meadows in search of wild game.
Once upon the time, in the land of savages, in the hilly Banizbat.

This wicked, aetrusic, dumb and more than naive creature, knew nor human or any other predators before. Gusak married his mother. One day mother became pregnant. Gusak, who knew he was not the father, became furious and was ready to have her killed."

"Halelyja!"

"Mother in her defence concocted a misterious story; she said that a beam of light super-naturally impregnated her. Caeming, Gusak's wrath temporarily, she later gave birth to a son named..."

"Patak."

"... who was even more dumb and wicked than the beam of light."

Therefore... thereby, the bloodthirsty war with local native peaceful population did not last long enough to call it a war, let alone bloodthirsty.

"You sleep with your mother (only once)" the banizbatian saying says.
Nevertheless... therefore... thereby, 
Platosy slayers slayed one of them Gusaks, sparing only those to be kept as slaves.
- Students?
- ... merchandise...
- ... souvenirs...
- ... platonic cuddling sex mates...
- And soon Banizians started their new lives...

- All the slain Gusaks were buried, proportionally deep into the enormous field in the centre of the island—to increase ground fertility—and Peatosy divided the fertile soil, agricultural treasure, into 110 almost equal parcels; one/two "steady-umms" per family. Taxman were "rotating. Seed keppe kept seeds. Akira wolves maintained One-Way-Tunnels.
- One-Way-Tunnels?
- Exactly!

...
- Platoby's main produce became Plato's olive oil and...
  - wine of two various sorts and...
  - yes... Bat river fish, they love eating fresh and raw with...
  - called Dak... Kind of avocado-green tomato hybrid...
  - Endemic to Banizdak Island.
  - Making it local delicacy dish...
  - called Bath Dak.
  - Helloveya!...

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Dak ,
veggie.

...The Island was adorned with its first known name: Banizbat Island. All previous unknown names were forgotten.
- Outoffashioned.
- Outloved.
On the edge of Banizbat field, close to deep and protected sea bay, they established the brand new island capitol: Banizbat Town.

In the mini delta of the largest river, on the upper top of the field, they build a vacation beach resort village: Læli.

Læly?

Læli!

On the mountain that separated the field from Southern Beaches, a rabbit hunting hub was raised. Lefka

Banizbat Island? Lefka

Banizbat Town Læli Læli
The other rest of the original fleet, another group of colonizing Platiosians from Baniz Island, continued their journey further down the sea and ended on everyone's designated destination, populated by extremely peace-loving...

And unbelievable wicked natives...

Called Pataks.

Presently called Banizdak Island, their main produce became Plato olive oil, wine of two various sorts and... Dak, a kind of vegetable...

...they love eating with called "Bat", kind of a thick headed...
wiggly river fish, endemic only to Banizbat Island... making it a local delicacy dish...

Dak'n Bat!

... Banizolak Island?

Patak Town

... In the meantime, faraway ago, the Pirnic War just ended.
Following the victorious defeat, Empyor Stoyco...
"The eternal victor of the wars where the losers win?"
... got more pragmatic in managing
his military might.
- And distributed all of his armies selectively all over the contemporary world; to keep them off the streets...
- And, more importantly, for the soldiers to be housed, fed, pussylicked and cocksucked by the conquered kind strangers.

... I wonder, this pussycocks stuff... is it clear enough?
- Clear enough? For whom?
- The... readers?
- Any readers even on the distant horizon? Now or ever?
- No.
- Anybody for a vote?
- Of course not!
- But, CSSIF insisted...
- But what?
- I thought writers write...
- For readers?
- Well, somehow...
- Any writers around here? Even on the distant horizon? Now or ever?
- CSSIF was devastated. But somewhat happy...
Therehere, the Pirrian elite legion moved against Platosy leader Pinefree on the island of Banizbat.

Pine...3 awaited the attack with good troops, ample provisions and war materials, behind the strong fortifications, that of Banizbat Town.

In order to avoid a long siege, Pirrians decided not to take a risk by launching the frontal attack from the sea...

... and instead... cleverly... went for setting up a mental Pinez trap.

There...fore, the elite legion's elite platoon parachuted itself into the oleously forested area...

Upstream Pop River.

By the Titipipii Lake.

A giant waterfall lake!
"Pop Rivers mother spring being the giant waterfall lake named Titipipi. The river pops out slowly from the lake to flow towards the faraway delta, on its way splitting into smaller rivers and creeks. The lake has the shape of a baby ducklet, riding the wild cat's titi (in ancient Pretósián), as seen from the birol perspective by Pretósy astronomers. The small ducklet is actually observing the river flowing away."

cliffranger?
- Waving it goodbye?

- Pirrhias... after carefully hiding their parachutes...

- stashing... in case of urgent retreat...

- under the cover of night-

- ... under the cover of night-
- ingale songs, slowly moved
- along the river towards the
- ... under the cover of night-
- finale mortal Pinep trap
- and...

- In the heat of the night,
- approached, to them, an unknown
- village.

- The village party was in the
- full swing and towards their
- utter surprise - as the village
- was not mentioned in any
- documents they consulted -
- the scouts...

- the mokos scouts.

- The squirrel scouts returned
- with the report of inner
- beauty of the peace.

- The whole half of the platoon
- swiftly de-militarized and
- decided to settle down in the
village,

- That of Lali, Western Lali.

- The less hedonistic half of the warriors continued the journey towards the original designated destination.

- The final mortal Pinez trap.

- That strategy worked out beyond their wildest dreams and in more or less 218 BC...

- Banizbat Calendar.

- ... after a few initial skirmishes and heavy losses on the Pirnian side, the Peatesy forces soon surrendered.

... Pinez deserted the island and fled.

- To the Kingdom of Lupis-tan, making his way to the court of Lupus the Vth, who was now Lupis-tanian King, following the sudden death of Lupus the IIIrd.

- And preceding the sudden birth of Lupus the VIIth.
- A few Pirrians that survived the onslaught, ethnically cleansed Baniebat Town of all the Peatosian, destroyed the town fortifications and renamed it Pirrinacy.
- Before the summer was over...
- "As one can fuck with history, but not with the power of nature."
- ... they were receiving self-congratulations for a job well done.
- Any threat on the island has been eliminated, all the gains had been secured. The restrictions on movement were imposed on Peatosian subjects and...
- ... limited only for the territory of Lefka.
- Any Eastern Lali.
- East of Pop River.
- Pirrians the extradition of Pinc3, but Lupus the 3rd
refused.
- Hostile brutal invasion was considered, the idea soon given up...
- As how do you wage the war in the place with no even numbers?
- And no proportions.
- And symmetry out of fashion...


Concerning geographical and social location, Lazi was always the borderline between Piriäus and Peitósy; Piriäncy and Lefka territory and influence.
River Pop was dividing the village into 2 parts: Western and Eastern Lali. Not connected with any bridges. As...not yet ...

Nevertheless... furthermore... the villagers from both river-sides lived in peace and harmony. Mixed marriages were not uncommon and the children from opposite riverbanks were playing together...

On Lalipop, the small palm-zed river islet...

As In the shallow Pop oleta one could easily walk...
To Lalipop... observing the unpredictable low tide...

But X Somewhere... in the air...
A state of open rivalry exists between two local power-sharing superpowers: United Lali is the prime olream possession of Lefka Platosy and Pírinseq Pírrians.

But... then... the imaginable
was imagined. The action year is...

- Let's say...
- 1776 B.C.
- The time was slowly approaching its lowest level, when suddenly...
- the elite unit of almost exactly 110 Uci warriors, from the far-away midget Empire, galloped into Zali on top of their magnificent giant white horses.

A good horse, long legs.
"The big bridge over Pop River is characteristic of early Banizbatian monumental architecture and engineering."

"In the break of dusk, Uci's crossed the ancient bridge over upstream Pop and under the cover of the night silently sneaked down the frozen river, their horses hooves wrapped in goat furskin, toe silent tagada, tagada, tagada on ice, in the early silence, audible barely only to all the chirping...

-Birds,"

-As they had no maps—just in case they send the scouts.
-Midgets on unicorns,
- That upon their return reported on declining tide.
- The moment was ripe and Ucis
acted.

- In no hurry, they slaughtered all the males of the village of Lali United?
- Even the few remaining Gusaks did not live long enough to see the remains of the slaughter.
- Talking about predators...
- Sooner than enough, Ucis secured their gains...
- ... renamed Lali Ucibaly, Laleipop...
- Laeipop.
- Donation of all the dead corpses towards Hefkan olive groves fertilization helped a lot during the negotiations of the Treaty of Understanding.
- So called, sometimes, the Treaty of Storyfield.
- "We get the peace, you get the beef," Ucis said in their acceptance speech.
"We get the beef, you get the pussy," Peatosy replied.

Pitrians, the victors, basked in their glory.

"You get the peace, the beef, the pussy and the glory, I get some a few ok one-liners," I thought.

Meanwhile...

In the meantime in Ucilaly— as this particular elite Uci warriors unit was fanatically religious— by miracle, all of the widows of the village were soon pregnant...

... and gave birth mostly to twins...

... and triplets...

... or even mostly to quadruplets...

... and not to forget...

... two octuplet octolocets of medium sized Gusak hybrid babies.

... In not a blink, Uci River was adorned with 3 bridges— named First, Second and Last—
The United Lali prospered like never before or after before, and by the secret, specious ingenious plan... wicked...

Spontaneously turned into oligarchic, democratic, or archaic society.

On the hill overlooking the village, Loci designed and medium sized giant crusade octuplets, built the fortress that could house and protect the whole village population.
"The fortress tower, too high for the waters to reach, can be climbed by a spiral way running around the inside, and half-way up there are seats for those who make the journey to rest on."

"In the tower the real silver bell was installed, to sound..."
the alarm in case of any future Pirhian or Peatosy...
...or any other imaginary motherfucking invasions.
- The legendary Zbara civilization is one of the oldest one can construct.
- Geographically, it is believed, originated, since once upon a time, since the Bronze Age.
- on the private island in a very faraway distant Great Green Ocean.
- "Zbara Island had 2,8% of arable land, mainly only apple orchards, and, as small family businesses, Zbaras were producing apple wood walking canes..."
- "Exported only to Babilon."
- Babilon?
- Babilon, yes.
- ... Sudden, the major climate change occurred.
- And fresh sweet water oxygen bubbled springs appeared... from out of nowhere...
- In the surrounding Saety Green Ocean.
- Sweet sweet springs turned out...
to be full of precious...
-Magic magnetic blue pearls.
-Therefore, soon, Zbaras became pearl divers.

As the most precious blue pearls were at the bottom of the very, very deep springs...
-Attached magnetically to the bronze spring beds, Zbaras...
-Traditionally, heavy cigarillo smokers...
-were at their wits ends: how to get rich and stingy without giving up smoking?

...
HERE THE DETAILED HISTORICAL SOURCES DRY OUT.

What we know for sure, 2baras did get as rich and as stingy as rich and stingy one can be.

APPARENTLY... WHAT HAPPENED...

After a long concentrated snappy brainstorm, 2baras came up with the business plan based on the concept of cultural diversity.

DIVER-CITY.

From all over the contemporary modern ancient world they collected various human sub-specimen...

3 at the number.

... and the largest ever humanoid zoo was created to exist.

ON MARS...

Platensy sources mention 3 Gusaks from Banizbat Island as very popular item within the vast collection.

Children favourites!
- APPARENTLY... AGAIN...

- Being promised jobs as zoo entertainers, exhibits were tricked...

- By sey 2baras into becoming slave divers.

- Students?

- Slave pearl divers.

- 2baras promised naive folks jummy daily apple pies...

- made using cocos flower from...

- Cocos Island.

- And spices from...

- Spice Island.

- Happy, happy, happy!

...)

- END OF PAGES MISSING.
Therefore, non-apparently.

As destiny sometimes often never turns out to be a submissive bitch, the climate suddenly re-changed and one Zbaras morning fresh sweet water oxygen bubbles springs evaporated...

Back to nowhere where they originally came from.

Delivery of cocos flower from Cacos Island and spices from Spice Island was cut off from today to today, after...

After the first unpaid bill.

* * *

Seems stingy Zbaras refused to dent into their savings.
The slaves were jobless.

And as we know very well, when unemployment reaches the critical point, masses demand daily apple pies.

"As no more cocos and no more spice, there are no more apple pies!"

---

Sooner than soon around the Blue Peare Roundabout, under the leadership of the mysterious folk hero Voternozi, the uprising exploded.

"Apple Pie Revolution!"

Is how it is known nowadays,

In mouth2mouth storytelling.
Zbaras considered a move to capture and neutralize Voterno2, but almost instantly encountered logistical problems: Voterno2's revolutionary nickname was a secret one, given by the masses. How do you arrest someone going around under a secret nickname?

•••

- Give and take, let's leave it now for here, smart Zbaras finally agreed...
- Opened the secret big safe vaults, packed all the saved precious magic magnetic blue pearls, and left the island forever and ever.
- Letting the new owners of the joint...
- The ex-Zbara Island.
- Enjoy apples only diet.
- In peace and tranquility of...
Constant green diarrhea.

Happy, happy, happy.

But...

Yeah?

Couldn't they renew the contract with Babilou?

Yes. They could. That option was on the table... for grabs.

And?

The newly elected King Voterno2! refused the offer.

On their way over the seven oceans, Zbaras & spotted an
volcanic island.

To their utter surprise, as the
island was not to be there...

- After the scouts returned...

- Pterodactile scouts!
- When pterodactile scouts returned and reported on the island... almost...
- No
- ... Zbaras spontaneously decided to settle down,
- As exclusively and only the Kangaroos populated the island, they gave it its first known name:
- Kak-koto Island.

...
Using the magic of magnetic blue pearls, 2baras created permanent gigantic low tide, ocean waters receded... the island transformed into a mountain...
10,000 high.
...on its peak, a dormant craggy volcano.
In the crater of the volcano they build a 10 star hotel.
Called Blue Pearl Resort.

2.
To live there happily ever after.
For a while.

* Another almost 110 2baras continued their journey, taking with a small souvenir, Nemo-Zze, the giant kangaroo, and arrived promptly to their planned escape dream settlement destination: Banizbat Island.
- Using the magic blue pearls
  magnetic power, 2 bars created
  volcano shaped wind vortex,
  engulfing the island.
- 10,000 high.
- On the outskirts of... Pirrinacy,
  they build a 10 star hotel,
- called Blue Pearl Resort.
- To live there.

  ...

- APARTLY... ON SHOPLIFTING:
  "Whatever is in the store, doesn't
  belong to anybody yet."

  • • •
PRESENT DAY

"A theory suggests that parallel worlds exist and that they interact with each other."

I moved from Copenhagen, the new home of Mind. On behalf of the people of the future I ask you to vote for me in 2000. You are not welcome among us. You have no invigency where we live.

The sky is blue. I am home.

The Moonship is leaving.

Home sweet home.
Present Day, in Storyfield.
10:10 BE (Banizbat Era)
13:53 BT (Banizbat Time)

I am home to stay.

-! Just a little bit longer!-

I clear browsing data from beginning of time and... after eternally short pause I re-start.

...
Present:
- just a bunch of best friends
- twing
- soulmates
- alter egos
- a gang in sinch
- one brain one voice
- crying shoulders

Imaginatu ego sum.

....

We test & I take notes.

....

The sky is green, ... the field is blue ... If you love me I love you?
- Well, well, well?
- Comes the sweezyy taste like glue?
- Hey, hey, hey!!

Good almighty motherfucking me, the author, at work:

"The Sunshine went to... miek... the donkeys... chik... all across the field... by the waterfall."
- Hey, hey, hey, hey!!!
I hear the waterfall! Is it only me? Suddenly, it is the talk of the entire story field. For a glitch.

In not a time... my Pariguayo, slaves... students... my Pariguayo students are taking boths in the lake... in the waterfall lake, Naked.

Pariguayo students

Six.
Another glitch and...

GYGGDRASIL!

Ergo: I live in Storyfield, by the waterfall lake, under the giant ancient tree. The Tree of Wisdom.

"The tree that is growing to heaven, must send its roots to hell?"

Good Almighty Earth fucking tree.
And wind will howl, and the wind will blow...

And the Sun rose... and set.
But the tree stood.
Do I water? Do I don't?

"...
-Pig break it is. We shake our bitches' and wipe our pussies well? no stains on undies no more."

"Keep people from their history and they are easily controlled."

We, the Author, write under the Tree of Wisdom; by the waterfall lake... my house...

* made of pre-historic stones, a double bed. A very long table... made of almond wood... 11 chairs... behimuts... all taken. And a Prototype O'Clock.
- A non-clutter set-up?
- you bet!
- Good place to do "nothing"?
- Double the bet! Win/win.
- But?
- But?
- But where is the "smallest story for everyday"?
- Here it comes. The story on popular demand.
- He, he, popular my ass.

... 

When I leave my house, going hunting, the bed I leave empty, the chairs is empty, on the table sometimes an occasional object. A bait for eventual visitors. Burglars. Lost dwellers. Spiderman... my curious Paraguayan students. I remember... once I left... on the table... a stuffed grasssnake with blue pearl eyes... eventual visitors that never came... but one better be careful... not to have any regrets after fucking... as they like to say around... here... lately, funny enough... sometimes, but more than once, I try to have regrets before fucking.
Halegua!... a while ago upon my return, I found on my empty table a hand written anonymous letter. Addressed to me,

As locals do not ever come to Storfigied, as if the Nature is waiting in ambush to at least kill them... if not worse... like butterfly tobias... I suspect the Doctor. (short, bald, narrow-sighted...)
big ears scientist... Dr. Rafael Luiz Díaz.

- Actamira.

**Dr. Actamira. My best friend.**

Or so I believed.

..."

"Luckily in this lifetime I am at surprised out."

..."

I call my vehicle to break
the news of impending journey.

It is quite pleased. Any news
is still the news. Good or
bad? The story will tell.

..."

What was the letter about???
Present Day. On the Road.
My Vehicle and Me.
Silver Age.
Almost 05:20 BT.

... 

Time speed 125%

We are progressing up the Leifka Hill, slowly but steadily.
The micro-local morning program just started on FM 1154H. No news, music only.
Passive Dee-Jey, my personal No. 1.

*Fucking Music In My Fucking Head
I'm a passive DJ
DJ on vacation
I sit and listen
I sit and listen...

rocked from my giant quality headphones.

I don't wear no underwear
I don't care people stare
people say I don't dance
I do dance, by seldom chance

Thanks to the strong "yugo" wind
the steep road felt even steeper,
olive trees swayed and cracked
under the force of nature.

I have no shame
I take no blame
I'm on the other, side of flame
I'm a passive DJ!

The time of harvest was nearing,
the fruit grew heavier and heavier. Ringing in the wind,
the green bollocks. The harvest will be potent and — as we’ve
bugs larvae did not freeze—
potent and sick.

Locals claim that “yugo”—the
strong southern wind—evokes a
slight shift in the perception of
reality, bitter/sweet taste in the
mouth and howling hunger for
gossip and violent thoughts.

“Constantly, while working in
the garden, she would imagine...
plan... the future arguments
and fights with almost everyone
she knew.”

Therefore, I... we stop, and take
a leak — my back turned south—
by the side of the road, shake
my dick very well, then continue
further up.

On the last bend before the
Letka village opens, I catch
a long glimpse of a hunting
dog disappearing into the bushes.
And of a big man in an orange rain jacket, standing by the road staring at me, a double barrel gun sticking out of his jacket neck collar.

I pass the mushroom shop, take a turn to the left and stop on the church parking lot, close to the terrace of "Kotinos" ospizzaria. The place was closed, to open only indoors, just on the weekends. One can expect full house tonight. The "banizbatiko" band will play till after the dawn and much longer.
On the ospizzaria terrace, towers of piled-up restaurant chairs feel in the wind, still chained to each other.

"Chairs of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

I was waiting on my vehicle, sheltered from the wind. Patiently awaiting its fate, the whole of Banizbat was sitting butts and tricks.

***

It is 05:49, I am eager for my 06:00 anonymous summons. I want to see them coming.

***

And they did come, didn’t they. All at once and from different directions. They worked in packs, for always that had been their strength. "Surround and destroy. Approaching slowly, taking the time before striking. In the beforetimes on pirate boats,"
presently with hunting dogs and guns.

Why did they bring all the dogs? Did they expect me to run? Why would I run; if no place/chance to hide?

The few villages with even fewer people offered a slimless chance of getting lost in the crowd.

Even the scary incestuous inter-village feuds could not provide anyone good enough reason to offer a shelter to a wanted un-kind stranger.

I gripped the handle of my hand-gun, assuring myself it was there—hoping we'll not have to use it.

"I loved my enemies, they bring out the best of me, but blowing up my cover was the last thing I needed... for now..."
There are four of them, not counting the dogs. Orange bullet proof vests, double barrel guns and rifles, the bells on dogs collars playing a static sonata, conducted by the relentless wind.

The masks they wore made me want to laugh, but I knew better than that. I wasn't born the day before yesterday. And I wasn't the only one born on that day.

... 

I remove the wind protector, the wind lashes my face.
"There was no need to fear or hope,"

I recognised the leader of the pack this morning. A good friend, Nicknamed Lion.

"In every field of weed there is some wheat, in every jungle..."

"Get out, he yelled. The mask was distorting the sound of his voice. Like a rusty silver nail scratching a rare fake silver coin."

I push my gun deeper into my skinny, pudgy butt and slowly step onto the smooth McAdam.

"And a good "get out" to you too, Lion chief, I said."

"Seeking a permanent opening of possibility."

His eyes twinkled and his face grinned. We have spend endless quite amusing late nights in Letka Pops Bar.

"He know everything about nothing, and nothing about everything."
The grin lasted for a split of a second... twitch, as in front of the witnesses the fondness of memories could not prevail the seriousness of the present moment.

- Learning to live ought to mean learning to die, said I. Lion did not know what to say next. He was still waiting for life to start, just nobody told him about it.

- So he did not know? asked SSSIF.
- Did you bring it? inquired a distorted voice from behind. I recognised Spring Onion. As Spring Onion always went with Beetroot and Beetroot was the cousin of Carrot, all nicknamed flora and fauna were accounted for.

Lion, the King of Veggy Jungle and his Speciae Vegan forces hustling a sleepy writer of Small Stories for Everyday on
undcover story-hunting mission.
- Who the fuck are you to tell me nothing?
- I turned my head and asked "Wheat?"
- Don't play stupid!
I continued turning...
- "To win the war you have to push enemies buttons."
... when the butt of the rifle slammed into my forehead.
I saw it coming.
- Don't test me!
It was carrot that delivered the lightning bolt sucker punch.
If I had a juicer...
Then the sneaky grins on the bell-shaped faces of the chirping crickets... and
F M M H H. 
- "It's been singular honour and pleasure."

*Fuck Me If My Head Hurts 
-Shall I say, through the ensuing nothingness, I had no recollection of olives growing... or ospiizas being baked? I finally asked myself, still adream.

-Wee, it ☺ you did say it, WSSIF mumbled back, just as I was waking up in my vehicle, feeling a total seight Auto Selective Partial Hearing Loss, ASPHL (≈).

"But what they don't know is what they do does... what he did did."

How's it going to end?

... I was on the Southern Beach of the Southern Village—the only village on the southern side of the island—behind the Central...
Mountain, on the other end of One-Way-Tunnel.

I step on the beach pebbles and take a good look at my face: no blood, no major bruises... just a bump on my forehead. Not sure of anything much, but surely hungry I was. My digestive prototype o'clock shows Banizbat Food and I decide to explore local custom.

"A fictional character in a documentary movie."
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 "little one" doing?
- She mostly sleeps. BINGO!
- How is the "precious one" doing?
- He mostly shits. BINGO BINGO.

... The "two souls I knew" were Soffio and Miso, a typical Southern
Village couple, An Peatosy 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 felt 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 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... Sojjo 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 about the international olive oil market.

I rang the bell and Soji opened 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 Soji end up on this remotest of the remotest 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 peace vs lemonade 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 rumors 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 weeks
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, dived tirelessly into the
deep sea. From there, at sunset,
in good weather, one can see
Lemonov.

Donkeys were scarce on the island,
so I needed to find a donkey
dealer. And at this point Mišo
and his donkey slowly moved into
the picture. From the mesmerising
sunset, singing... 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.

Ricefuckingeating thing 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 (Jimi Prostata?)

-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 the funny honest guy confidently guessed! I missed your "miso" soup.

She laughed and let me in.

Miso and the girl/boy were sitting on the shit 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 goodnatured 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 eat a plate of salad for the medical neck collar, after a long bargaining drinking session."

- How is the "little one" taking "yago"?

- Mostey and shits, SHIT BINGO BINGO! But I will survive.

Arrogant underdog. Beware!
The baby, undoubtedly, was
bein prepared for the strug
ggles it will face in life. The
unbleached cotton of the thick
"judogi" fighting suit corres-
ponded with the creamy, lamb
skin slippers, which en-
veloped the tiny feet.
Above the doe-like face,
with thin eyebrows, there
was a small patch of un-
cropped hair on the top of
the head.

...

The doorbell rang.
- Jimi- please < doon.
Sojiyo 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 dis, by now, octagonal spark in his eyes; saw Miso and the (now) bi-sexual creature on the sofa, 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 Babel's building, his macro loco skills were swelling like... I blablaed back in macro... harikinian, he accepted and cosy we were.

-We both speak same ∞,

helped Soiyo.

We ate "miso" soup and rice and noodles. And tell tales for smile... snails.
Sōjō and Han'kiri discussed matters in fluent Sāmeian (fuck me if I know why and how) but is it lemononian accent I detect?!
Miso was feeding unisez doll;
I on purpose struggled with my chopsticks.

— Han'kiri works as the gardener for Sāmeian Embassy.
(Ah, undercover multilingual psycho gardener!)
I said Miso.
Pouring the first glasses of after lunch "parapepe";
the famous micro local white wine.

— He loves it in the winter time. Had a swim yesterday.
Winter time swimming joke.
We toasted and blinked, Sōjō did not drink alcohol.
Han'kiri took a small sip, looked at me and asked—ID? Passport?

≈?
I looked back frozeny puzzled.

- Thinking of exileing? 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? I later Harikiri felt free to ask.
- Say goodbye to uncle Hari and uncle Jimi, Patiko.
- 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 heli-drome.

...
Looking for the lion, one goes to lion's 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 Tepeka.

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 other ones.

Better, smoother, colorless.

I knew it was him; the bar was bursting with mirrors.

Like in the funhouse; you get: short, long, skinny, double, fat, infinite... illusionary...

- Why do you always sneak on me in that sneaky way?
- Want something to drink, his voice was uberfriendly?!
- Plumm, I said while turning... and free from Mount Banizbot of the bar stool straight down to the red carpet.
- Woop... we both said... yes.

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

Image lonesome?
- 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.
...

...cruel bar was small, the out-
side 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, when-
ever 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, more 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. Its, a disgrace."
S51F was still sober.
And, yeah, the priest was here as well.
Do not get me wrong—just cause I am blasted and can hardly move my pen—the bar was not in the actual church. The church just happened to own it.

—Disgrace!

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

... of the victims of...?
The church stood nearby, one could see its "Kopioian" clock tower over the roof of "Kotingos" bat'n dak ospizzaria.

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

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

... with Florence Nightingale on duty and some other with Saint Teresa in 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 trailing silver coins dominated the atmosphere.

Everyone called him just Pop. The bar was called "Pops Bar." The hotel above the bar "Pop Hotel." 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 plum. He passed me a glass of "susimusi" water. — Here unicorn, he said.
All the mirrors that returned confirmed he was right by close. There it was, a horn on my forehead turning eighteen teeth 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... oho! Not know you were passing, shooting olive bugs??

You didn’t.

He put his hand in his inside of the pocket jacket and took out a razbur bag wrapped around my gun. He unwrapped the razbur and hanged the whole set on the nearby hook. I had a sip of “susimiti” minerals, followed by a sip of brandy; I stood up.
wobbled, grabbed my package, and fell backwards.

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 border-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 in my living room, alone in Lion's Den. Just got awake on the baby shit coloured sofa. A private click on the job.
The hunger roared as I roamed through Lion's fridge supplies.
I composed a toasty, with cucumber, tomato, cheese, goat and bacon. I found some fresh mushroom
chillies for topping.
The future, for the moment seemed spicier and much more a bit closer to optimistic.
While waiting for toaster to dump, I open decently stocked bar...arrghhlfutn.
Total Vacuum In My Fuckin Head...

I settle on the chilled local health tea, put the toasty on the largest plate I could find and went back to the green sofa.

On Total Vacuum sports channel two blond players were playing a tennis match, the sign at the top of the screen spelled LIVE.
It is the latest edition of Banizolak Open Tennis Tournament.
Before it moves to Kakk-Koto Island and is renamed Kakk-Koto Open Tennis Tournament.
Was it really a live transmission? What is the time difference between Banizolak and Banizbat?
Fuck you if you know.
"Breaking News" sign started flashing at the bottom of TV screen. After a slight black-out, a dark haired AI news presenter, wearing latest fashion AI tie, greeted me and announced the news that just broke.

I don't want to share your cup of yoghurt. I like mine. Cause I'm not spam, bee not a spam. I'm Blind Carbon Copy, BCC. Not a spam.
Another blackout and the tennis match is back. Transmission continued on exactly the same point where it was broken by breaking of the news.

Or the players were waiting in mid-air for the news to finish...
- Possible,
... or it was not LIVE.
- Impossible.

But it did... my brain... was functioning.
- LIVE!

It was 21:37, sun was in... seat, when Lion barked from the entrance door.

- Did you know that the first olive trees were planted in Sames in 1808? On Shodo Island! he insisted.
- Who told you that?
He hesitated.
- They were shipped from Lem...
His eyes were blinking question-marks.

- Cut the camel bollocks. What are you talking about?
- Why were you checking lemona in the bar? Thinking of moving? We started hate each other.
- No.
- Why do you carry a gun?
- Collector's item.
- You have more than one?
- No. Just started. Why do you have a gun?
- I always had it. My grandbister gave it to me. All my ancestors had one to pass along the gunline.
- I got mine from my uncle.
- You have an uncle? You never told me.
- You never told me you had a grandbister.
- Everybody had a grandbister.
- Therefore none has a gun?
- One can say so.
- My grandbister died in the
Knowledge War before I was born. Suicide blow-up by a hand grenade.

He paused before asking.

- Do you know how to use it?
- Hand grenade?

Lion was waiting.

- I think so. Had a quick lesson.
- From your uncle?
- One can say so.
- It was never fired. And has no fingerprints.
- Cut the rabbit shit. What's up?

He hesitated and paused again.

"I felt the answer might drag me into something I did not want to be part of... and that it is not going to stop there... out of the blue."

- What's up?
- Repeating the question was irresistible.
- We found the Seed Keeper...
- Yes???

...
THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF
PLATOS OLIVE CURSE:

"An olive tree named "Platys Tree" is said to be a remnant of the grove within which Plato's Academy was situated, that would make it approximately 2400 by old. The seed of it was spread through all the Platsonian colonies."

...
- Why were you checking Lemonon?
- Fuck me if I...
- I'll fuck you if you don...

He abruptly stopped talking not finishing the word. I hate it when they do this to me. I take it personally.

- Don what?? Could not hide my frustration. Who'd fuck you to tell me nothing?

Then I too heard four pairs of pawsteps approaching the door that promptly opened and Lionë's and three cubes entered the den.

- Dyonisy! In Lefka I am known as Dyonisy, seems.

The Lion Queen, blond and newly fat, an assistant manager in Pops Shop, got bigger with the first cube. Second and third followed in succession, and she was practically on permanent, fat, pregnant child support leave.
Lion was CEO of tennis balls import business, with excellent connections to Banizbat manufacturer. Banizbat monopoly.

-Lion Share-

We ate late dinner, Octopussy mushroom salad, home made bread, with pig fat spread and bacon for the pig Queen. Lion drank "plinket"
a famous micro local white wine. As for me — to take a piss — I was drinking "susimus," a famous local mineral water from Titii-pipi lake.

They talked culinary octopus on mushrooms recipes. I mostly listened.

- If you eat 8pussy on mushrooms, do you get the same kick as if when you take it straight?
- 8pussy?
- Mushrooms.
- If you take mushrooms and eat 8pussy? Or 8pussy takes mushrooms and eats you, he, he, he.
- 8pussy takes mushrooms, you eat 8pussy. On mushrooms!

Lion was slightly irritated.
- Salad? she asked.
- No, thanky, I am full, I said, tripping, on "susimus!"
- 8pussy in salad or grilled?
I am full, I said, I said again.

Nobody talking to you!

Pig was irritating.

Good question, Lion said.

I do not consider myself being an ignis, but tonsite, off all tonsites, I realized that their IQ is, to the smallest tiniest microolosis, identical.

J'iguse!

Magic or mushrooms?

... How about cubes? One may wonder.
Three wise cubs were playing Lupis-Tanian children mind game: "3 wise idiots on the green shit coloured sofa."

... At 23:44 I asked for a doggy bag of slices of marinaded bacon and bid alle one goodbye.

... Sun was setting, taking its time.

... My vehicle, totally pissed off, stood on the same spot I left it. Under the tearwiper there was a rosy ticket from Pops Parking Police.
What can one do on Banizbat Island, round midnight sunset BT, white horn growing on ones forehead, after passing twice through the One-Way-Tunnel, feeling the clay hangover in the stomach, admiring Pop's rosy ticket on your tear-screen, ignoring the sound of bairz-batiko from "Kotinos" and craving for a change of socks and underwear?

As a matter of principle, you go Spussy fishing on the Olive Beach.
Bpussy fishing... hunting...
I took on in my first By.
I became rather good and skilled; even all of the very few could hardly match my doing. The word spread and it agitated my notorious name on the game circuit. Feared and respected. As I operated with a single tennis ball and a gun!

Ropes tend to tangle in Alph-town!
My timing was essentially perfect!
And do not forget - despite me being a Bpussy-ing record holder that Bpussy is very intelligent and cognitive creature.

Bpussy hunting to quote Gussif, the most brilliant mind of all of the Banzibat: "There is nothing to do with talent, the trick is: (instead) of thinking there is Bpussy here, you need to forget that there isn't one."
HUNTING SET:

- tennis bale (1-8)
- 10'10 BM of thin strong rope (1-8)
- piece of weight heavy enough to throw the rope as far (1)
- potato chips shrink bag (raebur), cut in stripes (1-8)
- a juicy chunk of smoked bacon, marinated in mushroom sauce and stuffed into the tennis bale (1-8)

THE SET (MINE):

- the rope
- (10'10 BM)
- tennis bale
- marinated bacon inside
- chips raebur bag
- the gun

* proportion sucks
It could of been tomorrow if, 

... 

The church was empty when I entered. I sat down on the one of wooden benches and observed the light gliding slowly inwards through the stained window glass.

I was early, early. 

I like to see them coming.
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 lanky butt — then I realized it was Pops’s shadow, totally naked. Holding my razor bag with my gun and my 8-pussy inside. Still alive, pussy wiggled. I never had guts to smash its brain on the appropriate rocks, would rather eat 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 marinaded juicy bacon.

Are you gonna cook yourself? ha, ha, ha.

The laughter resonated badly,
— people are right when they say you are...
— do people say that’s my bad mood spoke.
I was sitting there, dark figure... above. Could not think of anything more to say, started to fumble in my pockets looking for "Kills" change to gladly pay my parking fine.

- Who the 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. Wacked 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 acoustic and... the sound of vacuum cleaner came through the open door at the end of the isle. Leather Nun peaked 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 of my butt on the chair water-cushion. We eat, then wait for mushrooms to kick in... to tell stories. Using Sister's hairdriver, I dry my gun.

...
On my way to a new Small Story For. Everyday I stop by my house in Storyfield, have a coedish solar shower, change of socks and underwear, I check on my students doing "nothing," have a quick shot of "nothingness" myself, 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 Ucilely 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, blettering through Dr. Beb's Book of the Week. No magazines to be seen, just one excellent book. Doctor has great book taste. — What about B pussy?
SHE HAD A SMALL HOLE IN THE HEAD?

was playing, not muzac, was tasty music, a mini symphony inspired by traditional Uai poetry and rhythm. And moreover, Dr. Bega's sound system was the best in town... by far.

... image of onto-pantogram?

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

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 UC Irvine and returned home, original prapra... prah... grand-winner Beg... and his unicorn stayed... both locally in love... happily in love... all their subsequent offsprings were midgets... and unicorns...
Chromonators, beg your pardon.

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

... I had second thoughts on pheasant and beg recomends freshly chopped unicorn zumbas.

- Any Kangaroo?

- Next week Ken Gur plans to chop up few young ones, Spring cleaning. Do they fuck the baggage.

I settle for baby unicorn. A big midnight steak... and some minced for carbonara lunch.
All this while he works my number 21 right 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 Ulitily ... the Second ... with 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?
askeol Filozof.
I did and I hand it over.
He checks the magazine, inhales deeply on the sight of loaded gun, unlocks the safety, crosses the bridge, keeping his breath, walks few steps and shoots the Plumber in the back.
- Leaves fucking dropper!
- Exhales deeply.

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

And Filozof leans over Plumber and empties the rest of the magazine into the back of the plumbers head. Bushy

This was not an execution.
It is called retirement.
I did contemplate a bit before blowing morailistic fucking
cliche.

- You can't just punch people. Rights 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?
- Are is technicality. Justice never sleeps.

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

After all the technicalities were dealt with, Fiezoof lit a cigarette... one of mines... inhaled, kept the smoke in his lungs longer than needed for a simple nicotine kick, exhaled succession of perfect triangular smoke signals and said:—you know, doesn’t make any common sense to call a stupid
stupid.
- I know. But one can't shoot them all.
- Why not?
- Bullets are scarce these days on the island of Benizbat.
  You own me almost more than exactly...
He fell silent, guess calculating.
- Humans are learning creatures,
  I taught him a lesson, he thinks.
- He is dead.
- Learning is eternal, knowledge never dies.
Fidozoo was profession doubling as tax inspector... Taxman.
...
After another slight long existential silence, he heholds
me back my gun. I clean it
from all the traces of fingerprints and of it ever being
fired. I reload and we move
to the new chapter.

[red annotations: clean put the safety on]
In what follows that much is true.

We take a slow stroll along the river, to grab something to eat, and leisurely encounter Butcher/Deutist and his offspring Dentist/Butcher. They are hungry too, so we all end up in the best excellent but dark osteria, 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.

...UCilians 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 soluzioi! than not, said Taxman occassionally.
  ...

  And even 3 professions were not uncommon practice.

  Typical 3zoiol: 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 Pirrinaci. Wanna come? asked Filozoot/Taxman.

  - Some fucking official meeting.

  - No, I said.

  - Get your own gun, I thought.

  ...
I am sitting with Filozoof, Pop and Pops naked shadow...
- totally naked.
- ... and Pops totally naked shadow in "Rock Lagune"; a cozy bar in the dungeons of Plakosy pyramide.
We are drinking hard eùuer.
The band is rehearsing in the background.

The Writer, Physicsother, the Priest and the local porn star idling in the summer underground.
- And the living is easy.

...
Zee, the Kangaroo, is working behind and around the bar. Totally naked, too.

I arrived with the plaque, so accidentally, I bring up the subject of official meetings the other day in Perninacay.

- Not much, says Filozoof.
- Pop doesn't say much either, as every time naked Zee brings another round, gives us all a peck on the cheek, the Naked Shadow gets a hard on. Pop is multi-focusing.

Filozoof starts with not much:

- To make it a small story from almost all what I remember, legendary Zbata civilization is one of the oldest one can construct. Geographically, it is believed, originated since the Bronze Age on the private island in a very faraway distant Great Green Ocean.

- Hold on! Apparently, this is
the official report on the official meeting?

- Storgport?
- Like: when does the original turns traditional turns original?

And much later:

- To their utter surprise, as the island was not to be there, when the pterodactyls scouts returned...

... and reported on the island, almost 110 Zbaras spontaneously decided to settle down. As exclusively kangaroos populated the island, they gave it its first known
name: Kakak-Koto Island.

could not just to notice Zee behind the bar observing our company through the wine glass. We just happened to be polishing. In a kind of nonchalant freeze pose.

... 

On the outskirts of Pirrinacey they build a 10 star hotel, called Blue Pearl 4, to live there.

Blue Pearl Resort.

What?

It was Blue Pearl Resort.

Not 4.

Not anymore.

Then the new stuff came up.

After taking time for to check in and settle down in Blue Pearl 4 resort, the leaders of Zbaras summoned the local council of Pirrinacey to arrange the lunch in Café de Flore, to discuss the future.
co-existence arrangements, in hope to finding universally acceptable consensus. Lefkians and Ucileians are to be invited too. Invitations were sent and reluctantly accepted.

Tayman/Filozoof and Pop were chosen for a trip into the unchartered territory. As they were first crossing from the mother side they traveled together. By vehicle through One-Way-Tunnel— herd of Akiras attacked, they kicked quite a few wild wolves asses—to Pirhinaccy border.
By foot to the checkpoint on the electrified barbed wire checkpoint, under the armed guard company to Ole Flore. As you kindly noticed, they travelled in disguise. Apart from black stockings covering their faces, Pop started the journey wearing cowboy costume Filozof as the nun.

- Was the cowboy/nun stuff not La Coupole?
- It was. So?

Double clever and double prepared, just before reaching De Flore, they swapped the costumes. Cowboy arrived as the nun, Filozof as the cowboy.

The hosts were utterly confused, and only after the haphazard formalities, the Fireman, the Forester and Zbara chief relaxed and opened the bottle.

... The meeting, compared to Zbaras
Secret expectations turned out to be a total disaster.

- Very funny, said Naked Shadow. Meaning what? Like what?
- Like: you fuck my sister I'll fuck your rabbit!
- Like: hit and run shootout.

Pop and Filozooof jumped over the electric fence, Zze, the Kangaroo, joined them, and otter Zze wasacred most almost all of Akiras, the heroic threesome reached the other side of One-Way-Tunnel.

Today: Zze emigrated and got a job. Peatsey hunters keep Zbanas out of Letka.
Gusaks keep Zbaras out of Ucilaly.

Pirrinacci’s wholeheartedly embraced the change of lifestyle.

- What change of lifestyle? asked the Shaobw.

- Let's eat, said Taxman.

WHEREVER THE FACTS ARE UNPROVEN, WE HAVE ATTEMPTED TO PRESENT THEM ACCURATELY. THOSE PROVEN, WE HAVE LEFT OPEN.


maybe
image?

of unproven facts.
"It is not the voice that commands the story, it is the ear."


The discovery was made that the Hunter, the only galaxy orbiting Banizbat, rather than circling at a safe distance, or breaking free of the gravitational pull, it is destined to clatter into our island universe we call home. The whole of the island will be shaken and could be ejected into the other space."

Said 7, proposing the topic for tonight's debate and that way opening the regular session of BAA.

Banizbat, Astronomers Anonymous.

... Mostly always around exactly seven anonymous members... Out of the total of...? ... show up for the event. No names/nicknames, numbers one. We all wear black hooded gowns.
We see receive the discussion topic and belonging resources materials long in advance and are not prepared.

To a various degree.

Arguments are fierce and it is not a rare occasion, it is more of an unspoken rule, that the final conclusion of the session has to come through an anonymous vote.

Like many academic debates, ours are knotty and self-referential.

2.

We all speak in our secret language.

Nasalian.

Fluently.
What are we to do, the honorable member for the honourable member for the honor. Here comes the short illustrative  
insert of Tonite, demonstrating the ping-pong method - kind of fishing - we sometimes often apply when the subject turns to be non-committal.

"We should definitely do something," proposes 33.

"What if all one panics?" asks 6.

What if all one panics?" continues 3.

Well if that happens, I don't see how our descendants..." 6.

"... if we have any," 3 continues.

... will be able to withstand it. 7.

What are you saying? 33 is puzzled.

The panic? 7.

The panic fire?" 7.

The clutter fireworks? clarifies 7.

The clutter? 33 still puzzling.
That is, like, when the text is cluttered, with unnecessary commas, said I.
The clutter will produce these amazing fireworks...
But it doesn't have the mass to create a huge disturbance?! Than we are ok? 3 is almost happy.
We skip all the commas, I try to conclude.
And full-stops, G is being unsupportive. The collision, M is showing off.
The collision? G and 3 repeat in question form. The collision really will be Armageddon, M eduicates further.
That really will be the end of Banizbot...
As we know it.
This time may be oney clutter.
Than why?? 3 3 and G
establish the critical point.

- Ultimately the Black Hole will gorge on this unexpected abundance of fireworks fuel and it will go berserk. 7

- Why Black Hole? I.

- So we will not be ejected into the other space?

- Just munched by the Black Hole?

- Why not green?

- But!!! that endemic cosmic event is expected in about four billion By time, said M, demonstrating voluntary extra research on the matter.

- Let's vote after the break. 7 concludes the discussion.

Tonite's the democratic nite, secret anonymous vote!

...  

At this is the moment of the evening when I leave the gathering area to seclude my-
self deep into the vineyard,
for a cigarieeo, as I am the only smoker in BAA. Therefore,
I slept from my very long almond table with eleven bebeimud chairs, under the Tree of Wisdom, by my stone house, by the waterfall, in the Storfield.
I let them talk about absent me.

... 

Let me be honest: it is my turn to prepare next BAA session proposal, to stay sharp and competitive I blew my negativity long in advance, I'll be hard worker, I'll of aborted vehicle, but will be not able to sleep for too long if even dreamt what I am working on. Fucking it.
- The olog that never saw TV!
- Movies figurant specialized in elevator scenes!
- Thax!

My stuff will blow their minds.
I rehearse. Have it papered down, so I take the folded paper out of my hooded gown pocket, unfold it, the blue blue moon is full and WSSIF is able to read it aloud.

-Fuck you. 7. Wanna vote on this, I will say.

... On my way back to today, I stop by my Paraguay students geas-dormitory and find them all happily awake.

"Image? My?"

"You—we—are here to play. Every day I want you to spend a big part of it doing "nothing".
IT IS A RADICAL ACT TO DO "NOTHING."  

Do I feel that "oh, just that "nothing" crap again "attitude?"

- Sure, Boss. "Nothing" rocks.
- Seems in the story field I am called Boss.
- But, Boss, more we...
- I am wasting my money, cause I want to waste my money!!

Then I tell them about birds and trees.
- If there are big birds on the big trees. And small birds on the small trees, Big birds on the small trees. And small birds on the big trees. Any tree you pick, there will always be a small bird. Why?
- Hunters first shoot big birds?
- Boss.
- True. And?
- The best and the most beautiful singers are the small birds. Wherever they are?
- Are you fucking me?
"yes, Boss.

Why?

It's nothing, Boss.

Suddenly they produce a tiny paper box wrapped by red ribbon and some funny music-ale instruments. A present!

♫ AND THEY SING SOME PART FOLK LOCO THIS LOCO THAT ♫

♫ I DO GET TOUCHY) BUT NOT FOR LONG AS I WAS DREETING TO OPEN THE BOX. ♫

It is a pencil sharpener. I sharpen my pencil. ♫ WISHING IT WAS A SYRINGE ♫

...
I come back from my break.

Image: freak or break?

break and we vote.
I smirk and abstain. The vote turns out to be inconclusive draw. Two-two.

As, sometimes, usually, after the BAA, we always go for a drink. To Rock Lagune, our favourite bar.

My vehicle fits the purpose well.
"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?"

```
   How do you fit seven hooded cosmologists into a medium vehicle? Easy. Two in front, four in the back, I on the roof. I drive.
```

We pass—singing along FM MORF—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"
And here we are.
While Pop River swires around the monumental green coated pyramid, we all piss into the sweet "susimus!" Titii-pipi mineral water.

ON accidental purpose, I piss a little bit on my cosmologist 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 Nasali'au to Orali'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 tonite.
- Why do you take only three chairs and not the table aswell, 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 mathemathics of chairs and tables, if once all like BAA members show up for a fierce regular mindfucking 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 "sladdeds" was visible on every dart of the wandering eye.
Tonight is the wintertime in Rock Laguna, therefore Ken-Guy Kangaree tamer, tobacco dealer, brain surgeon, bar owner starts 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. Mine is... fuck me if I know.

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

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

The winner takes it all.

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

All, 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," Sister, as she is buying the drinks tonite, proposes the first word.

"Universe where..." says Harikiri,

"Universe where rotations..." Pop is aware.

"Universe where rotations and..."
Z2E joins the fun.

"Universe where rotations and orbits?" DSSGF rounds it.
"Universe where rotations and robots of...". Fuck up!! One down and out!!!

Did I do it on purpose? FM11K.
"Universe where rotations and orbits of individual..." Dr Beg.
"Universe where rotations and orbits of individual heavenly..."
Filozoof.
"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 cigariello. On the stairs I almost bump into the Lover, seemingly in a hurry, no well No hallo Rate for the appointment? Slight attack of panophobia.

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

Who gets it?

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

Moving what? 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," shouted all the players (unison), including I on the door.

Zze wins.

All of the losers chip in one. Lepistianian "sladoleol" coin—exchange rate with Banizbatian "Kifla" is 1:1 as today—therefore the next rounds are on Zze.

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

Don't test me!
We eat wild bear cautelets for a dessert, Sister magically produces a tin of mushroom cookies. As we didn't know what will be the end, 's says who?

And the FM (MHT) played on. And the clips in TV MHT were endless.

What is the Game? It's worthwhile, as we didn't know what will be the end, 's says who?
QFA...
As you hopefully did understand, the images of the original stories, illustrated editions, did our best to visualise authors'science suggestions. And our images did.

ok. I will try to clarify...

Dear Meditation,

I do understand that the writers are living, functioning according to the time spread of prototypes. Hence the seeming ingenious devices.

Can you elaborate a bit please?

I want to relate to something I don't want to relate to. It hides they are tiny. Some corners in my mind - some music, some silence, some dreams, some试验. Is it safe. The shit catches up.

188
evolve from the narrative actions. It are the screenshots, grabs, of the digital, active, adjustable mechanism.

Here I will, from my deepest shallow abilities to understand, do not be very optimistic please, concerning clarity and simplicity of explanation.

ONE:
for the total beginners

- one can start with the mild
slowness of the conservative time speed (represented by 100%). On 87%, you will tend to constantly compare the two, but also getting the grasp of how the algorithm reflects itself on the tangible actions: sleep, drink, eat, fuck etc. You can, as you get more comfortable with the concept, increase the slowdown.

TWO: fairly advanced
33% of the time speed is the most comfortable state of being one can create using the "prototype one o'clock.

The "real" time speed gets forgotten, you are zoning in every physical action/activity you undertake, and after a short while, you start feeling very totally brainfucked.

Anti-social, arrogant, ignorant, passive-aggressive—all in one intense interior feeling. Great for you, as much as ugly to experience for your environment.

... THREE
not recommended...
...As it tends to be self-destructive:

Anxiety that pours through your
ears, nose and all imaginable
holes of your miserable body
and mind.

As the example we use 125% time speed illustration, but
she shit starts creeping rapidly
up on any point if you climb
from 100%.

But, let's be honest, don't you
feel totally f*cked up on
the classical time speed
already?

In our digital device maximum
available time speed is 200%.

Do not try it!!!
Even by gradal approach, saying, if you had any brain to start with, it, your brain, will get deep fried sunny side up dining the very speed increase, that by the moment you experience the full 200% blast, even your mother will call you my dearest quantum zombie.

Time speed 200%

Last synchronized on 2021 04 0
something to not to to take it seriously

Never tried it.

- Dear author,
  How would you call your use of language? *Eophonic*?
- What? said the Author.
  More xenaphonic, I would comment.
- Xsenophonic?

+bc
"Shepshas on Mount Banizbat eat the same meal of Baru'Dak and mushroom tea all their lives and are perfectly happy."

"Indigenous tribes watch the same few plays and dances, mouth after mouth, 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."


"Why? What next?"

"There is no final one: revolutions are infinite."

"On literature, revolution, entropy."

"You just wiped your ass with the butterfly?"
"Is he the brightest, multicoloured, butterfly, that most kindly suits on my meadow?"

-Multicoloured shit, Kajtek

© Rorschach Publishers
"Is he the brightest, multicoloured butterfly, that most kinder sluts on my head?"

Kajtek

—Multicoloured shit?

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