

Punch In The Gut

by Adrian Kuqi

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Preface

Thank you for purchasing my first book in English. As you may know, I am not a native English speaker, but I guess I learned it pretty well. I have always loved writing stories and poems in English, that is why I wanted to publish this short story anthology now. It contains some of the short stories I have written over the past six to eight years, roughly. All of these short stories are fictional and contain fictitious characters which are not real and do not reflect the author's views or opinions by any means. These stories are mostly dark, horror, drama, science fiction, maybe funny, controversial, and not for the faint-hearted at all. You will see yourself. I hope you enjoy them and thanks again for purchasing, that means a lot to me!

Feel free to follow me on social media @langophilia. You can also check out my personal website: langophilia.com. I appreciate every supporter; you motivate me a lot! Have fun with the book and recommend it to others! If you speak German as well, check out my other books that I published so far. I am planning on publishing further books in German and English and maybe also in other languages in the future, so stay tuned!

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Time

This is me. Me is quite desperate but well, despair is the best source for being willing to change things. This is my ten-storey skyscraper, and yet, it doesn't matter who I am.

Now I'm here, working on a project that might change my life for real.

I was sitting in a classroom with a bunch of other kids and since class should already have been started ten minutes ago, I was sure our teacher must have been really disapproving of us. Anyway, a cute girl sat down next to me as I started talking to you and I was still thinking about whether I should ask her something or not.

'Who are you?' What was so wrong about getting to know a new person?

'Well, I'm just an ordinary, normal girl,' she answered quickly.

Normal? What did it even mean to be normal? There was no *normal* at all. Stop using words without being aware of their actual meaning. No one was normal. Everyone differed from one another.

'Are you okay?' The girl looked strangely at me.

‘What’s your name?’ I was curious.

‘You can call me Mary,’ she said and stopped suddenly but continued talking a second later. ‘Why do all shops here close at 7 already? What the heck?! I’m nocturnal!’ Oh, she was the complaining type of girl, good.

‘Me too.’

‘Great,’ Mary uttered, taking a deep breath, and turned away from me eventually. She clearly had a stick up her butt.

‘I’m different though,’ I added.

‘Why? What do you mean?’

I enjoyed the night because of its silence, tranquillity, or better said, soundlessness, and darkness. I wouldn’t have to see anyone, neither would I have to hear anyone’s voice. I was able to concentrate fully on my thoughts. Also, I was most active and creative during the night so that my brain could focus. Nothing distracted me in the dark. I felt secure, invulnerable, safe. Actually, I would love nothing better than staying awake all night but, in the end, I had to follow society’s rules that determined where I had to be at which time, just to be able to exist to some extent.

‘Hello? Don’t you wanna answer?’ Mary talked insistently to me. I was looking confused.

‘What?’ She asked again.

‘You talkin’ to me?’ I was surprised.

‘Hell, forget it,’ I didn’t know why, but she got angry. After that, I looked at the clock on the wall behind me. Twenty minutes passed and I decided to grab my bag to leave the classroom.

‘Wait, where are you going?’ Mary screamed all over the room so that I turned around but immediately left by saying, ‘I have to return some ...’

You may be wondering why I refused to talk to Mary, right? Well, sometimes I just prefer not to be honest.

What does it actually mean to say nothing? Silence can contain a lot of meaningful aspects. For instance, one could remain silent in case of not wanting to worsen a situation. If somebody is uttering a dumb, superfluous sentence but you decide to keep quiet in order to prevent a possible commotion that could result from criticising the expression. Also, silence could imply hopelessness to a situation. There's no point in adding any comment. Or else hush could connote that a person wants to hide things and keep them secret to maintain others' ignorance. Saying nothing is such a fascinating way to express more than enough. Still waters run deep.

I then received a message from my mom that interrupted my train of thoughts. It says, 'We're waiting for you. You know, we can't start without you. So, hurry up and see you later.'

She's talking about an old family tradition which is basically a card game that we created. This game was carried through our family tree by all mothers, so now it ended in our little three-person family as well. It's now called *FAN*

which stands for the first letters of our first names. To be honest, this card game is a nice pastime, and it involves a little conviviality.

A minute later I got another message. Dad says, ‘Come on, you know it’s necessary for you to play with us.’ All right, I think I got it.

Every previous family also played it in a group of three. So, it was always predetermined that I’m not going to have any siblings ever.

After coming home, I’m taking a seat next to my mom and dad who have been waiting for 30 minutes now to start playing *FAN*. They complain about me, but I don’t care. I just want to overcome it to continue working on my project afterwards.

You may be wondering what project, right? I will introduce you to it, don't worry. I'm trying to create a machine inside my wardrobe which is able to transport me through time. A time machine, essentially.

Time travel technology has been developed for twenty years already. I know my machine will work because of several reasons. First, I'm following the step-by-step instruction by the German Werner Weiss who published a book on time travel some years ago. Since this piece of literature has been printed quite a few amateur physicists managed to travel through time without even influencing the process of time. So, it should be 100% safe, but I found a little bug already which enables me to do something that will truly change my life. This is keeping me alive.

After finishing *FAN*, I locked myself up in my room so that nobody could interrupt me while working on my sweet little machine. It had taken me 3 hours in the evening until I noticed that something's missing. All of a sudden, I wasn't sure anymore if this would work after all, which is why I decided to ask my physics teacher about this issue in the next few days.

Anyway, it was pretty hard to do something if you didn't know whether there would be success and recompense in the end or not. I hated this feeling of uncertainty, but every time you hated or loved someone or something it was the idea that you loved or hated, not a specific person, thing, object, whatever. It was always the idea that caused feelings of love or hatred. If you had a crush on a girl or a boy, it was the idea of having a relationship, it wasn't really the person. The person as such didn't matter since we were all replaceable. Basically empty, without real value. We just fulfil the purpose of an idea.

I was laying in my bed and tried to fall asleep even though it turned out that my brain was against all my plans so it kept thinking about anything that could ever be thought of. All the problems are tiring me, but they don't let me sleep either. I remembered a person from my past and immediately felt lonely.

Loneliness was such a paradoxical, inconsistent thing. Firstly, you felt absolutely alone, isolated, stranded, lost, and as if you weren't understood by anyone at all. Then, you perceived that every single man related to loneliness as well, just like you did so that it wasn't only *your* loneliness anymore. Yet we were all social beings, connected to each other, with

the compulsion and necessity to stay in contact. Or else we would turn into monsters. I remember happiness is only real when shared. But returning to the basic issue, I was wondering why did we still feel lonely? ... Even when faced with the growing population.

You may be wondering what person from my past I was talking about? Well, I used to call her my girlfriend and she used to call me her boyfriend. Even though we were a couple for only two months, I still regret having rejected her in the end. What was going on inside of my mind? It doesn't make any sense. I was always longing for a girlfriend. The feeling of deprivation and loneliness spurred me on. Moreover, I have some good qualities to offer as well, but she is gone now so there isn't any point in talking about it anymore. I fucked it up. I got her, loved her and threw her away like garbage. I'm the stupidest fool ever. Now I'm still thinking about her. I'm missing her, basically.

Sometimes, possessing the ability to reflect on what was going on was a blessing ... Or rather a curse. I think, therefore I am. No matter what else I am doing. But on the contrary, people aren't thinking at all since they are just hopping on several trends, following the crowd, and doing other mainstream shit instead of building an own opinion. Either they are lazy or utterly unable to create their own point of view. I'm sure they are very weak which is why they adapt to things

so quickly without thinking about it, without really expressing themselves. I pity them.

I want to tell you my ex-girlfriend's name anyway. She was called Sara and I really loved her. It was probably the best time of my life that I had with her. Now it's all gone and only because of me. I chose to destroy everything.

Nevertheless, I want to be happy and successful in life. Also, I'm a person who likes to share as much as possible sometimes. I think others should take part in my good qualities. Not everyone deserves it, though.

So, what's the secret recipe for happiness? I'm overtaxed. However, I know one thing for sure, namely that it is a general issue. The degree of my happiness doesn't depend on where I'm currently living. I could move to South America, Japan, wherever; solely the content of the concept *problem* would change. However, problems would still arise and exist. Rather, it's a question of the amount of people you're surrounded by. Manhattan got it right. We are both blue in our own ways.

I'm listening to some music now so that I can fall asleep better, well, I thought so but it's not like that since I'm absolutely concentrated on the lyrics. When the playlist stopped,

I put my phone away, turned on the other side, and tried to sleep, finally.

Tomorrow will be a hard day with lots of lessons at school. Furthermore, I will have to endure all the people at the bus station. Nighty night.

Good morning, my friend. I'm already outside, inhaling the fresh air of exhaust gases from all different kinds of sources like cars, power plants, larger factories, and others.

I'm sitting on a bench at the bus station, waiting for the bus to come. I see some younger boys fighting each other, even though I'm not sure whether for fun or not. Well, the smaller kid is complaining so maybe not. It's basically war.

War ... War never changes. History repeats itself over and over again. Progress is an illusion. Humanity never changed and is therefore standing still. What does that mean? Stand-still means failure. We are freezing which implies we can't move and do anything against it. Thus, we are neglecting ourselves and aren't even capable to save our asses from ourselves. A never-ending vicious circle from which we conclude that we are an abject accumulation of crap doomed to fail. And thereby, we are plaguing our environment, nature, fellow beings, and doing nothing good at all in the end. There's merely a single solution existing to this distress that we caused.

The bus stopped at the station, I entered and took a seat. Some minutes later the bus left, and during the ride I took

another look around and noticed so many faces. People out here aren't aware of their surroundings. They just exist being caught in a bubble. They limit their horizon to fashion, gossip, smartphones, social media, clicks, getting likes for useless pictures, following the next bullshit trend, and any other superficial bollocks. Materialism got too present in our daily lives so that it easily gained the upper hand over human consciousness. Your worth is defined upon the numbers in your bank account. We have no power. We aren't really free. All illusions. We enslave ourselves. Humankind is deprived.

After getting out of the bus I saw a strange looking mother with her baby in a pram crossing my way. I'm sure she wasn't even aware of me. Every time I see mothers outside with babies in their prams, I think that especially these people shouldn't produce any descendants. Why the heck do they conclude to pass on their retarded genes? Inconceivable. Because every time I see these figures, they prove that exactly they definitely shouldn't have any kids at all. Some people simply aren't able to control their children or, better yet, to control their own lives first. They all are already mentally overstrained by handling the easiest tasks in life.

Now I need to get home because it's about time to play *FAN*, and I'm sure my parents are waiting again. Arriving

home, I take off my jacket and shoes and empty my pockets. Then going to the table in the living room where my parents are sitting already. I like playing *FAN*, though. During the game, my parents start talking about politics and the current elections while I'm just being silent since it makes no sense to me to discuss politics. I think there's no actual point in being interested in politics. There's just already too much mayhem.

But if I could change something about politics in our country, I would probably make everything stricter. I would try to prevent problems so that they can't be made at all. Even though it's a Herculean task I would do anything to prevent people from getting retarded, inconsiderate, and dumb. Anyways, this is a land of confusion ...

Today is the day of physics. I'm going to ask my teacher about that missing component of my time machine.

After Mr. Henry finished his weekly physics lesson, I'm introducing him to my project. I'm telling him about everything what I've done so far, about the step-by-step instruction by Werner Weiss, and what's missing right now. I'm asking him for help, but I notice clear scepticism in his eyes.

'Sorry, but I honestly think your plan is impossible to implement. I'm quite sure it's not going to work out.'

'What? How can you be so sure about that?'

'The necessary means for effective time travel aren't available yet and probably will never be. And even if they would have been available, someone like you shouldn't be able to do that.'

'Why not? What do you have against me?' I was shocked.

'I know you for a couple of years now, and it's obvious that you're not fine. And therefore, a person with a clearly subjective and biased mind. I don't want you to jeopardise yourself. You could probably die.'

I think death is extremely fascinating. For me, death functions as a source of hope and motivation. Why? Because we

all have to die sometime. We don't need to be afraid of anything. Everything's transient and will pass away sooner or later. So, why worry if that's only depressing and possibly inhibiting us? It's sane to reflect, to weigh up and to question things, but we shouldn't ever hinder us from becoming ourselves. With thinking that we all will be dead at some point I feel strong, motivated, optimistic, and energetic, able to cope with anything. What should stop me?

'Listen to me. If I see that you're trying to put your plans into action, I will do everything in my power to stop you. I'm going to call your parents ... For your own safety.'

What does safe even mean nowadays? Who is safe? Safe from what? We are all vulnerable and mortal. Only I can protect myself eventually.

'My parents don't know about it,' I tell him. This was presumably a mistake.

'Oh well, they will if I call them.'

'What's wrong with you? I shouldn't have ever told you about my thoughts. It's always been the same with you people. Problems arise as soon as I utter my ideas. Fuck you.' I wasn't so angry for a while. Why didn't I just hide and suppress my thoughts and feelings as always? Honesty means vulnerability.

‘Alright, your parents will definitely prevent your plan. I’m going to call them later.’ I never thought Mr. Henry could be such a pain in the ass. Forget it, I’m leaving his room without saying any words.

As soon as I got home, I saw my father talking with someone on the phone. I tried to pass him fleetingly so that he wouldn't notice me. Holding my breath, I listened to his words and found out that he was talking to Mr. Henry. I couldn't believe he seriously called my dad. It wasn't safe here anymore, I needed to get out of this house. I didn't feel free. They were trying to take every liberty from me.

What does liberty or freedom even mean in today's world? There's no such thing as freedom in our society. We have to stick to concrete rules and norms to lead a life. Otherwise, we end up as bums, prisoners or corpses.

We are trapped in invisible straitjackets already from birth on. Then, we must have a life in a way that society wants us to. Growing up, kindergarten, elementary school, high school, college, job, pension, death.

Nothing *special* in the end. No one would notice if I disappeared right now. The world keeps turning and society's life continues as before. Maybe the world might even be a better place without me, who knows. The world is certainly a better place without some people. No one of us is really

needed. We should value quality over quantity anyway. There are clearly too many people out here. Poor earth.

And it's even getting worse the more time passes. It feels like I'm drowning in the quicksand till I'm going to disappear completely someday. But what's really frightening about this is that nobody cares so that it doesn't matter at all whether I am or not. And I wonder, would they ever have guessed I was here?

Outside I'm realising that they don't trust me. Better yet, they aren't even aware of their high treason. No one understands me. No one even wants to understand me. They're all ... I must be an alien. Sadly, this situation just fortifies my loneliness and feelings of isolation.

The deep colours of the sky are calming me down in some way. So beautiful, there are no words to describe this. It's starting with yellow, then orange, till the colour shifts to a red or purple, and in the end it's blue. It makes me speechless, but my phone starts ringing all of a sudden. Dad texted me. Back to reality.

I skip his message and tap on the social media apps although they disgust me. Social media is poison. It makes people become too self-obsessed and other people without any talent or actual skill popular. It doesn't mean anything to be famous today. Some people might think, 'well, he or she must be good at something' but no, it's just not the case. People are getting famous because out there's a whole bunch of other stupid morons who are even less talented and capable of actually doing something which would be worthy of glory. But they are solely able to spend time on social networks, liking pictures and videos, writing comments, and supporting this whole demonic procedure of giving birth to the next creatures straight out of hell.

Everyone can become famous through social media as long as he or she serves the jaded crowd. And thereby, this

person becoming famous will be thinking, ‘oh, I actually am somebody’, although nobody is anyone. Mere empty shells.

They anchor false ideals in our memories. The falsest ideals ever possible, it can’t get worse. Social media, norms, and values have pulled too much power towards humanity. We are longing for things which are totally worthless. Dead trees that we call money, exploited mine workers that we call jewellery, contaminated air that we call cars. Their suffering - our wealth. I’m sick of us. Worthless things are actually defining our worth. Isn’t that a little contradictory? And the worst is: I can’t do anything against it. I feel so powerless. Humankind is really the stupidest fucked up shit that could ever happen to our planet. I want to explode.

I’m sure everyone is aware of our own misery, though we decide to go on with it since we’ve been in deep shit for too long already. I don’t like the way this world is. In fact, I’m highly disapproving of the way this world is. It nauseates me. Nevertheless, I used to believe in man’s goodness.

But is there even any sense in hoping? If you start hoping for something, you either get disappointed or satisfied. But since dreams are doomed to fail, it’s just not worth it to start hoping. Hope means devastation. It should all be absolutely indifferent to me but I’m a human being with emotions and

feelings, so I'm simply screwed since birth. Being a human is just an error by itself. There's no hope left. All gone. Expecting something means becoming disappointed in the end.

I left the social media apps and continued looking through old pictures of Sara and me. We were such a great couple. I felt safe being around her, and she always called me her guardian. I miss her so much. Why did I choose to reject her in the end? I still don't understand. What have I done? I'm feeling in a way as though my soul is burdened with a crime which is probably called ignorance, pride, or arrogance. Never ever before have I had such feelings of self-loathing. However, I can't escape out of my shell. Or can I? If I could only undo it ...

In order to distract myself a little bit, I'm listening to some music, to doom metal. The band is called *Isolus* and the song *Hollow Fall*. 'Blinded by my own sorrow, I dig myself a hole, slowly close my wet eyes, I curse the day I was ...'

The sun is slowly setting, and I decide to go back home. When I arrive there, I enter carefully so that nobody notices me.

I needed to go back home anyway since my time machine is waiting for me to be finished. Tonight's the night.

I'm locking myself up in my room again to make sure that my parents won't be able to interrupt me. I then go to the wardrobe and open the door. I put my clothes aside with which I used to hide my time machine. It's still there, my parents didn't find it yet. I'm so glad about this.

When I was outside, I thought about what I could add to the machine so that I'll be able to travel successfully through time and implement my plan. This is what I'm going to do now.

Humanity made me do this. I'm not even talking only about me. It's a problem of millions of people out here, and it's a timeless problem. It will subsist as long as human beings inhabit this earth. It's part of our nature and we can't simply erase it.

After finishing my work on the time machine, I'm staring at it with a soulless expression. So, this is the only solution that makes sense after all. Anyway, I will definitely do it since I've worked on this machine for so long. It simply has to function, there's no doubt.

Finally, I'm entering the wardrobe to get into my machine. I'm pressing a few buttons to make it start.

So far so good ... So far so good ... So far so good. But it doesn't matter how I fall. It's always been about the journey, not the destination. Yet, I don't want to wear that stupid man suit anymore. I'll do what Rust told me. One last midnight. Hate is baggage anyway so let's get rid of it once for all. Ultimately, it makes no difference whether a rock or a grain of sand ...

1C

A couple is sitting at their table in the living room. They are talking about politics and laughing with each other.

‘What do you think? I’m sure he’s gonna make it.’ The man said.

‘No way, he’s an absolute retard! If he wins, I’ll leave the country.’ His wife answered.

‘What’s wrong with you?’ He asked.

‘Nothing, I’m good. Let’s just start playing our card game *AN*.’

Just a stupid diary

Saturday, October 3, 2020. 23:31.

I just feel so depressed. And I feel like I shouldn't talk about it. Ever. With anyone. I don't feel any hope. I feel so hopeless. My head is aching so much. There is this constant pain sitting behind my forehead which makes it really hard for me to work on anything. I don't feel motivated to do anything to be honest. I just feel like lying in bed all day and doing nothing. I like listening to music that fits to my mood. It is somehow therapeutic, I suppose. Anyhow, I don't know where this will lead me. And every morning I wake up from a dream that depresses me even more. It's plain awful. I don't know what to do. I feel like my environment isn't helping either. But I don't have so many options. Because of money you know. If you ain't got no money, you ain't going nowhere. That's the spirit. Simple as that. So, without money you're really prone to giving up. To dying basically. Survival of the fittest, ameyerite? What a shitty world we live in. It is what it is, right? What am I supposed to do? So many people I looked up to just took the quick way out. I don't know about that. I'm still not sure. Maybe I just don't have the balls. But I read somewhere that it actually takes a lot more courage to keep on living. Don't know about that either. But some

philosopher or filmmaker said that. Don't remember exactly. Anyway, it doesn't matter. But I do feel better now after talking about it. It does have a relieving effect. Maybe I should do this more often. I guess it eases my pain temporarily. Maybe it would be even better seeing a psychologist? I don't know. I don't feel like going to such a person. And if my family found out, that would mean hell to me. I can't let that happen. Maybe I could go there without anyone noticing it. But isn't it strange? We go to the doctor for every stupid cough. Virus here, virus there. Of course, that's bad too. But I mean, if we ever feel sad or melancholic or depressed, we don't even think about getting therapy. As if it were such a bad controversial thing. That's so backwards. Because of these societal prejudices I never even dared speaking about it to anyone in my family. That would be so awkward. Imagine bringing it up at the dinner table. I can't describe it. They wouldn't get me. I think. That's what I think at least. Maybe they would. Maybe they would after all. But who am I to know? Well, that's it for today. I'll try and get some rest now. Next to my cat. She's always sleeping with me. She's the best. I love her so much. Without her I'd be even worse, I guess. Whatever. Good night.

Monday, October 5, 2020. 22:45.

Man, I installed this app called *Pic POC* since everybody was talking about it like it getting banned and stuff and I do gotta say that it was a great idea getting it banned. This app depressed the hell outta me. Some stupid short videos appeared on my screen and there was a girl with big boobs jumping and she got like 30,000 likes, can you imagine? What the heck, man?! People are so stupid, and this is what makes them so disgusting. I wish media and all that stuff didn't dumb us down so much. Like it clearly does. I mean this app, what the hell are you tryna tell me? Stupid people doing stupid moves and earning stupid money. I heard people are earning money like that. I want to rage so bad. This is frustrating me so much. I can't tell you how much I'd like to confront these people. I'm so angry. These people are so tasteless. Guess I'm doing something wrong in this world. But seriously. These dance moves aren't even aesthetically pleasing. What the heck do you like about em? That's ridiculous. They look so phony, these shitty choreographies. I could do it better, man. And I don't even dance. If I danced, people'd pay to get me blocked on this app. I swear. Anyway, it's bullshit. I don't know what to think. It confuses me a lot.

Like really a lot. I mean, what am I supposed to think if I see a 15 second video of some teenager jumping and making her boobs bounce and thus getting thousands of likes and comments? I'm so fed up. This makes me feel so much hatred. And so much confusion. I really don't know what to think about that. I'm pretty sure that what they are doing is wrong. Or it's wronging. It's clearly wronging so many people that look up to these *Pic Poc* stars. I mean where do we end up if people are literally thirsting for seeing busty teenage girls jump??? I feel so stupid even talking about this. I never felt stupider. God. God save us. I don't even wanna imagine where we'd end up. This is hell. Or am I completely wrong about this? I mean if I had boobs and could earn money so easily with em, I guess I'd do the same, right? I dunno. Maybe these *Pic Poc* kids are real geniuses. Maybe I even envy them a little. Who wouldn't like to earn so easy money? Guess everyone would. No one would mind that. Jumping for some seconds and earning that dinero. Hell yeah. That would be great, actually. But I got no tits. No option for me. Guess I try something else. I don't know. I'll get there some day. Hopefully. I don't know how. But I do wanna be remembered eventually. Don't we all? I don't know, but when I think about dying as a nobody, it scares me. It really does.

Like I wanna make a change in the world. I want to be remembered. People should know my name. I still have to figure out how I get there though. I'm not sure. It's pretty difficult nowadays. When there's always more and more people among us. It's crazy. Like how am I supposed to become more known (I don't wanna say famous)? It frustrates me because I probably won't. Ever. Like ever ever. Maybe I'll die a no name. Like most people do. I don't know. Maybe that's enough too?

Wednesday, October 7, 2020. 00:42.

I swear social media are dumbing us down. They're dumbing us down big time. We are so much less human now than we were before social media and all. And this shit is getting worse and worse, ameyerite? It won't get better; I tell you that. I mean wherever I go I see people on their damn phones. They stare at them like crazy. People in the supermarket even. The other day I wanted to grab some tomatoes and stuff and there was this lady standing there in front typing or searching something on her cellphone and she just stood there without paying attention to her surroundings. I felt so much hatred and repulsion toward her. I wanted her to move her ass by herself. But I had to come so close to her that she noticed and finally took a step away. But she was like possessed by her damn phone. Like it was seriously controlling her. I was getting worried about that lady. She was way older than me. And then it's these old people crying about our bad youth nowadays. They are no better! I'm telling you. I hate these phone zombies. I really do. People can't communicate properly anymore. All they do is type stuff on their stupid phones. Getting their stupid eyes blinded by stupid screens. And when they are confronted with strangers, they can't hold

a proper conversation anymore. I mean, I do see that with myself too. Yeah, I gotta admit that. It's terrible. It really is. I sometimes feel awkward talking to my own friends and family. Like they were strangers. But I've really known them all my life. I dunno. It's so weird. I guess we're all affected equally. No one is better than the other. We're all equally bad. Or good. If you wanna call it so. Whatever. I don't think we are good. I think we are really going back in evolution. Like de-evolving. Or whatever you wanna call it, I don't care. But I'm sure anyone else with a clear mind would agree with me, ameyerite? Or am I so way off? I don't think so. I do think I'm right about this one. And I swear I'm doubting myself a lot and often. I really do. But not about this one. Hell no. People are just getting dumber. I swear we are less intelligent now. I mean, a few thousand years ago we still had to hunt rhinos and stuff to survive and feed our families. But now all they do is let their boobs bounce on *Pic Poc*. What the heck. I feel so out of touch with humanity. I'm so distant from us. Like drifting away. Slowly drifting into nothingness. Gone and away. Forever and ever.

Friday, October 9, 2020. 22:04.

I guess I should be hanging out with my friends at some bar or so right now. But take a guess. I'm not. Obviously. I barely have friends. And it depresses the shit out of me. I don't know. Sometimes I don't even feel like going out. But then I also feel depressed because of not going out. I guess I do wanna be part of that social life. Although I'm not capable. I think. Every time I'm outside I feel so drained and dead inside. Like I can't speak properly, and I get quiet. I observe them having fun, talking, drinking and what not. But I'm usually sitting in a corner by myself and just watching them. And it depresses me so much. At least I get some alcohol. I only go there for the alcohol. I really like getting so drunk that I don't realize how depressing it really is. It helps me for that moment. It really does. It eases my pain so much that I sometimes even get involved in a conversation with a stranger. An absolute meaningless conversation of course. Because at the end of the day, or night, we part ways and never see each other again. That's how it is. Stupid parties. I don't understand how people like being so close to so many strangers. I mean regardless of the virus and all, I wouldn't like it even if there weren't any virus or disease at all. It would drive me

absolutely insane, man. I need my space. I really do. I don't want anyone so close to me. Or is that even the truth? I mean, normally I consider it important to tell the truth. But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe all I really want is having someone close to me. Maybe that's why I'm so sensitive? I don't know. I'm not a stupid psychologist. Don't ask me, man. So, let's forget about that. Sometimes it's just not worthwhile talking about a certain topic where you know you can't contribute anything useful to it. So, I usually just shut up. I stay calm and let them others talk. Because people talk all kinds of nonsense nowadays. Sometimes people should just shut the hell up. But most of them don't reflect upon their deeds. And they blabber all day without thinking. They blabber like they were robots. Blablablablabla. Some people really do have a big mouth. But aren't I the biggest mouth?! Writing all these pages full of my stupid nonsense. As if anyone ever cared. I mean, it's a diary, who's ever gonna read that? Not even a diary to be honest. This here should be a called an *every-other-diary* or something like that. I don't know. I'm no man of language. Like what am I supposed to know how to make new words and stuff. But you get me. Right? Do you? I mean, I use it maybe every other day, that's about it. There simply isn't so much useful stuff to write about. I just can't

write every day. Normally every day is the same. But I try to be creative of course. I think I actually am. I mean try yourself writing such an *every-other-diary*! It's not easy. Lemme tell you that. First, you gotta open up a lot. And let this book you're writing in look into the abyss that is your soul. As if it were a proper being. What am I talking about? Oh, I better start closing my eyes now.

Sunday, October 11, 2020. 16:37.

Sometimes I really feel the urge to punch some people in the face. Am I the only one having that urge sometimes? I can't be the only one. I swear, I'm not the only one feeling so. I mean, some people literally provoke it. Without even being aware. That's the worst. But of course, I never hit anyone. I guess I'd lose in a street fight anyway. I'm not very well-built physically. Bad genetics, I guess. Anyhow, some people really beg for a punch. I never got in a real fight to be honest. Only with my bigger brother. But that doesn't count. I saw other people fighting if that counts. It probably doesn't though. I never took a swing at anyone. I'm a pacifist really. What sense does it make punching anyone? As if they would learn something by that. I mean sometimes you see people crying afterwards and begging the bully to stop. So maybe they learn something in that very moment but other than that, I'm pretty sure they get even stupider with having their brains punched out. I mean, I'm sure that big brains aren't involved in fights very much. So, what does that tell us? Hitting others does not help with intelligence. What does that matter though? As if people really cared about intelligence in our society. I mean, I often hear people say they find

intelligence attractive and shit. But do they really? I got my doubts. Serious doubts. As if a model-like girl would fall for a nerdy looking guy with big goggles. Heck no. That's all bullshit. Utter nonsense. They only say that to not appear as dumb as they really are. And I'm not only talking about girls. It's the same with guys. Most of them would never feel anything for a girl that is smarter than them. Hell no. I tell you that. So, what do we learn from that? Intelligence isn't as appreciated as it is praised. Does that really matter? It probably don't. Money attracts people. That's nothing new. Everyone knows it. Every stupid *Pic Poc* dancer knows it. Hell, even I know it. Lemme tell you that. Any guy looking like a nerd could have any girl with the right amount of money. That's all that counts nowadays. Without money, man is useless. Without money, we can't be who we might really want to be. That's so saddening. Fuck, it depresses the hell out of me. Maybe I should stop thinking about that. So, let's better forget it.

Tuesday, October 13, 2020. 20:51.

Humanity is destroying earth. Poor mother earth. It is deteriorating every year. Because of our stupidity. We are so stupid. We do so much bad to our wonderful nature. It really is God given. I mean, I can be depressed as hell, but that doesn't make me not to continue believing in God. He is what ultimately keeps me alive really. He is the true and only savior. Anyway, I still think we are bad to our planet. We should definitely treat it better. And then we have presidents denying climate change. Can you believe it?! I loathe these people so much. But that doesn't make me a lover of this climate activist kiddo. I mean that, on the other hand, would make me a pedophile. But whatever. I don't like her either. I think she's being used by other people in the background. I'm sure her parents are evil. I mean they are earning millions of dollars and living a good life. They couldn't care less about climate. These people are really pretentious and hypocritical. I hate them. I really do. Maybe I also envy them a little. But I hate them more. Lemme tell you that. At least some of them are using their money to make a change. That's not too bad, I guess. Anyway. There's way too many people on earth. Like 7 billion, right? I mean, what the heck?

That sounds like way too much, man. The worst is people still make tons of babies without even thinking about it for a second. Hell, they even procreate in refugee camps where they don't have no chance to survive. The world is so fucked. They do it everywhere. These madmen. They boink like crazy. Worse than damn rabbits. Can you imagine?! Man, I know most wouldn't agree with me on that, but I support the other side. I don't think we should procreate so much. I believe it won't do any good to our planet. I just want what is best for earth. If she ain't, we ain't either. We are so dumb though. It's incredible. It really is. It should be regulated. Nobody should just be able to make kids like hell. They should have to ask for permission. A permission to procreate. Otherwise, we end up with too many boobie jumpers. Not everybody should, as soon as they are mature enough, be able to produce an even stupider offspring. I mean, yeah, I guess we need SOME people to do something in the world. But on the other hand, we really don't. Why should we? So, I'm telling you now: Don't continue yourself! Don't spread your genes please. This planet is so fed up with us. Lemme tell you that. We do so much irreversible damage every month. We erase so many beautiful species of animals and plants. It's so depressing. It depresses me so much. I wanna cry.

And it gets worse the longer we live here. So, what I'm telling you is think twice about procreating please. Sometimes it just doesn't make a whole lot of sense. It really doesn't. Just use a condom please. Contraception is such a genius tool. We should definitely use it more often. It even stops us from getting diseases and shit. Though I have to admit that sometimes I'm doubting this way of thinking myself. At times I'm like: Wait a minute. Maybe I'm just thinking like this because I never was even close to getting into a real relationship. Maybe I'm just really frustrated. Maybe I would really love to have a kid myself. I mean, it couldn't be that bad, could it?

Wednesday, October 14, 2020. 21:48.

Guys, I found out what really brings me happiness. It's making others happy. I helped so many people today and it really made me happy. I felt so fulfilled. Normally I never do. But today, man, it was incredible. First, I held the door open for an elderly woman, she was so sweet and grateful. Then I helped a man in the supermarket who asked me to reach out for some groceries on an upper shelf. Why do they even put that stuff so way up? Like all people are born 6 foot 5 tall. Heck. Anyway, I helped him, and he even offered to pay for my stuff, but I denied. I thanked him though. He was really nice. Then in the late afternoon I helped my mother prepare dinner. It was also distracting me from college deadlines. But when I'm thinking about them now, I feel stressed and unhappy again. Whatever. Helping others brings me true happiness. We usually treat others the way we want them to treat us. So, if we help others and treat them good, we expect them to treat us good too. That's what I think at least. Maybe I think too nicely though?

Saturday, October 17, 2020. 19:02.

To hell with helping others. Today I wanted to help some old lady get out of the bus with her walking aid and people started yelling at me to keep the distance. And the lady herself even pushed me away saying something like: 'I got it myself. Leave me alone!' Like what the heck? I just wanted to help. Guess that was a huge misunderstanding. Anyway. I conclude helping the wrong people doesn't bring you any happiness at all. Quite on the contrary, it brings you even more hatred and loathing. In that moment I really wanted to push her back. Like pushing her old ass outta the damn bus full of stupid people shouting at me. Taking the piss outta me. I mean seriously?! As if I was a criminal. I did not of course. I didn't even touch her again after she complained. So, I still have a consciousness. I'm still empathic. Sometimes I think it's quite a disadvantage. I would probably feel better and less worried without a consciousness. Sometimes I think we would all be better off being without a consciousness. That was a tragic misstep in human evolution. There was nothing like us before. And then we came and had to reflect upon everything like crazy. Sometimes it's driving me mad. Like hell. I seriously detest my consciousness at times.

Like it doesn't do any good. It gets me worried like hell is all. And then I feel bad. I feel so bad. I overthink and overthink my overthinking. I get lost in unreal scenarios that I make up in my mind that keep me from falling asleep. That depresses the hell outta me. It really does. And what is the worst, at the end of the day, it doesn't help me at all. It doesn't make me progress. I'm convinced I don't take so many steps forward because of my consciousness. Sometimes I go back because of it. At least that's what I think. Anyway, sometimes I just focus too much on negativity. That's in my nature, I guess. I know I gotta change that. And I am. I try to think more positively. I mean I know a lot of synonyms for hate like hatred, loathing, detestation, repulsion, disgust, rancor. Yeah, they are not completely the same, but you get me. The thing is, however, there aren't so many synonyms for happiness. Are there? I don't know. They just don't come to my mind. What other words are there? I guess I'm really too negative. My mind is wronged. It's too negative. I really need to change that. That's not healthy. Lemme tell you that.

Sunday, October 18, 2020. 17:56.

Woke up this morning with a stupid headache. It annoyed the hell outta me. Like it really did. Then I went to the bathroom and wanted to drink some water, but I noticed it didn't flow through my throat so well. Guess I caught the rona. Who knows? Anyway, I don't feel too bad actually. When I raised the blinds, I saw dem gray clouds again. The same as yesterday. And the day before yesterday. Each day the same stupid gray clouds. How'm I supposed to feel real good then? Great. Great weather. Tis the same shit every week since end of September. And it ain't gonna change for a while. This will be the same in December as well. Like in January too. And in February probably. I'm also quite sure that we ain't seeing no snow this year neither. Hell no. I don't remember when I last saw snow. Probably four or five years back. I dunno. Whatever. It don't matter really, ameyerite? Anyhow, when I first looked outta the window I heard a raven. A real loud raven. It croaked like crazy. Croak is the right verb, right? I mean who is ever going to say something like 'the raven croaked yadiyadiya. Nobody ever says something like that. But that raven really croaked like hell. It was so loud. I felt its cry. As though it wanted to tell me good

morning. I mean I do like ravens to be honest. I read this poem called *The Raven*, if I'm not mistaken, by this Poe dude. Or is it called *The Crow*? I don't remember anymore. Whatever. It really fascinated me though. I loved it actually. Normally I have a hard time reading and understanding poems, but I did like some of Poe's stuff. It was kind of grim and gloomy and gothic. There's really a ton of these dark adjectives starting with the letter G, ameyerite? Anyhow, I started reading some more poetry since then. Like a real geek. And I loved it. I think expressing yourself in some kind of art is beautiful. It's so awesome. I love it. I love reading poetry and also writing it by myself. Although I'm convinced that my poetry is crap. Do you wanna convince yourself? Read this here:

Will my death

I am looking up to a door
that is not leading anywhere
And I don't wanna be no more
There is no one who really cares

Nothing matters in this bleak void
Whether I die, whether I live
I feel like I'm a stupid toy
that they play with until it stinks

Not serving any purpose here
This is another waste of time
Just expressing my love and fear
Will my death be worth a dime?

Will my death be worth a dime?
I don't know, and I don't know if I wanna know
Will my death be worth a dime?
I don't know, I don't know, I don't think I wanna know

Yeah, that's about it. What do you think? It's pretty dark, I know. You probably think I'm just some stupid edgy teenager. But I'm not a teenager anymore to be exact. Does that surprise you? I don't care. I don't care what you think about me. Or what anybody thinks about me as a matter of fact. Other people told me that. I don't know if that's the right way to think. I mean if we really didn't care, wouldn't we break some social rules? Isn't it better to care? Shouldn't we all care a little bit more? I don't know. I really don't. Who am I to know really? Whatever. It don't matter.

Tuesday, October 20, 2020. 20:20.

Today I got to read this Prufrog poem by this Eliot dude. I think you know who I mean, right? He must be a real big deal, as far as I know. Don't remember his name though. Whatever. The poem really touched me. Like the deepest point of my soul. It really did. The poem is about some dude who's getting older and feeling isolated and strange in this suburb he lives in. Something like that. Don't think that was an accurate description. I'm really not good at summarizing stuff and all. Anyhow, I liked the poem. It was really poetic. It touched me. There were some lines where I could relate to the person. I also feel isolated sometimes. Even though I really am part of a society, I still feel purposeless and isolated. As if I weren't really there. As if I never existed. Maybe I really don't? Who knows? I don't. Ah, cut the crap. Anyhow. I really enjoyed the poem. And it really gave me the heebie-jeebies. Heebie-jeebies. Like who would ever say that? Guess I'm a real awkward dude. Anyway, that poem felt too real and authentic. It made me ponder over my life. We're all aging. We can't avoid it. But people make it look like they could avoid it. With plastic surgery and stuff. And it really bothers me. These people are so phony. They try and

disguise their humanity. With plastic. It's so saddening. People paying to look *better*. I mean, do they really after all? I don't think so. I think it makes them look worse. God gives us beauty by birth. We shouldn't ever change that. It's like playing God. Should we be able to modify ourselves like physically and genetically? I don't think so. Should we ever be able to make a super baby? Like a baby with superior genes and all? I mean this way we could create an army of super soldiers with extremely tough genes and all. I don't think that's right. People shouldn't do that. That would sooo get out of hand. Like in sci-fi movies, you know. People are greedy and evil when they have power and money. I mean we all know that, ameyerite? So, we shouldn't play so much with biology, genes, etc. It could go so bad. And it's against our nature. We are perfect the way we are born. I really think that. Despite our physical and maybe also inner imperfections. We are perfect. God made us so. I really think so. I really think we are all equally beautiful. That makes me happy. To think like that. People are sometimes way too fixated on looks. Right? I can't be the only one thinking like that. I mean, it's pretty obvious. Your outer appearance of course makes the first impression. It's obvious. We judge people automatically by their looks. Like unconsciously.

Even though it ain't right. But whatever. We can't stop that. Like dreaming of certain things. Unless you mastered the technique of lucid dreaming. That would be crazy. To dream of whatever you like. I should get into that shit. Would be quite enjoyable, I imagine. I never got so far. But most of us can't control what we're dreaming, right? That's my point. I guess we sometimes dream of really sketchy stuff. That we don't even wanna dream about. Like imagine a couple. A young teenage boy dreaming of another girl he met on the sidewalk. Then he tells his girlfriend, and she gets mad at him for dreaming of another girl. I mean of course. I'd get mad too. It's his unconscious desire to maybe kiss that other girl. Or do something else to her. I don't wanna go there. So, his girlfriend is right. She can be mad at him. Because he must have some unconscious longing for other girls. I don't know. I'm not Freud. Or what's his face. He was some German dude tryna psychologize people. Or how is it called? I don't know, man. I'm no man of language. I told you that. Right? Anyway. It's still fascinating. Like how big our unconscious mind is. I think there's a lot more stuff in there than in our conscious half. Like 90 to 10 per cent or something like that. It's crazy. We are practically programmed by our unconscious mind. I don't wanna know what lingers there.

In the dark. Guess that's some material for a horror movie. There probably already is some kind of movie talking about unconscious drives. Whatever. I'm no moviemaker. But I like watching them. I have watched a shitload of movies. Lemme tell you that. I can tell you that David Finch is a real dark guy. At least his movies are so dreamy and dark, you know what I mean? Sometimes they seem like they don't make any sense. But do movies gotta make sense? What is sense? What sense should a movie make? Are there any rigid expectations or standards? I don't think so. I think the artist, the creator, can do whatever they want to do. Hell yeah. They can create what they wanna create. Art shouldn't ever be limited or censored. That would drive me crazy. Imagine watching a film or reading a poem knowing that it was written under some specific conditions that weren't decided by the creator. That'd be terrible, ameyerite? Lemme tell you that. Hell no. I hope we don't go there. Like ever. I want to enjoy pure art. Art in its purest form. In its free form. But are there maybe boundaries to art? Where does art begin and where does it stop? I don't know. But imagine filming a person doing something really bad to another person, and it's all real, and then trying to sell that shit. That would be awful. That's no art, I think. No, no, no. Art has to be

creative and somehow fictional, ameyerite? I mean in movies and stuff they never kill real people. Usually. So, what I conclude is that it has to be some kind of fiction. Imagine a painter painting some painting. Yeah, that was a stupid sentence. Whatever. He usually creates something new. Of course, he can copy another painting. But it will never be the same painting twice. We are no computers. And that is good. So, art is something creative. Something fictional. Of course, people get inspired by real and true events. Or even movies about history. Even if they are boring as hell. But it's still a movie. Not real history. I mean if you portrayed real history in some way, it'd probably be journalism, right? If you filmed the last king of France getting his head chopped off, that would make the news like crazy. And of course, it's no art. Okay, so we straightened that out. Now it's certainly more clear. Am I an artist writing this *every-other-diary*? I don't know. You decide that. I mean, isn't it like journalism? I just write what I think. So how can that be art? I don't know. I really don't. But whatever. Let's go to sleep. Night.

Wednesday, October 21, 2020. 18:12.

Oh boy, I had a real bad day. I had no bad intentions, I swear. I don't know if I actually did something wrong. I don't think so. But my father does. He can be a real douche at times. I bought a new smartphone, and he didn't like that. Didn't like that at all. Not a bit. I was so happy and proud that I got this phone. I presented it to him, and he started yelling at me. Saying that his previous phone was better than my new one and that he could have given it to me. Of course, I don't want no stupid old ass phone. And he doesn't even know shit about phones. Though the worst is he's seriously convinced he knows it all. He is delusional. It makes me so sad. He should get therapy. Definitely. But if I told him that, he would beat the crap outta me. Lemme tell you that. And I don't want that. But oh boy, he makes me feel so depressed and suicidal. He really makes me ponder suicide. That's not healthy. Quite the contrary. Wouldn't you agree with me? I feel so depressed. He depresses the shit outta me. I can't change it. I only need to wait till I can leave this shithole and start a new life over someplace else. That's my only real dream that I want to pursue. I wanna get a stupid normal job, earn some stupid ass money and finally become absolutely

independent from him. I don't want his shouting no more. I don't wanna be suppressed. I don't wanna be so disrespected in my own house. I don't wanna be insulted. I just want to be happy. And I know what I'm doing, I'm not that dumb. He's dumb. Real dumb. It makes me rage. I get so angry. And I can't control it. I wanna punch a hole in the wall. Guess I really should see a therapist. I think it would be worth it. Parents can be so shitty, man. Lemme tell you that. You probably got your own shitty experiences with your own shitty parents. I'm pretty sure you do. And to be honest, just between you and me, I am so appalled by the idea to have kids later in life. Every time I get shouted at by my own father, I feel so sad. It doesn't make me want to have kids. Don't know if that's a real sentence but you get me, ameyerite? I don't think it would make a whole lot of sense. I don't want to pass on my depressing genes. I'm sure it would be no good. I think the first thing I'll do when I get a job after school is pay for a vasectomy. That would relieve me seriously, I think. And I mean, who would wanna be with a depressed boy anyway. I got no hopes. I never was in a relationship. And I probably never will. I'll die a fucking virgin. But that's not too bad, I guess. I'll see. I'll be like some saint and shit.

Friday, October 23, 2020. 23:12.

I made a short movie with my new smartphone. It wasn't that great, I know. But I had a good idea and that's what counts. I put a lot of effort into that short too. Then I uploaded it to the internet to share it with others. To maybe become famous all of a sudden. To earn lots of money. Anyway. I uploaded that short and sent the link to all my friends. To my friends from school. To my friends from the internet. The strange thing is, however, (what I didn't really expect to be honest) that my friends from the internet, who don't know me in person, congratulated me a lot and were so proud of me. They even said they would send it to others and recommend it. While my friends from school, who know me in person of course, who I'm much closer to (at least that's what I thought), they didn't give a shit. I heard nothing from them. Well, except for one friend who said he'd pass the link on to other friends of his. But like all the others didn't say a thing. It depressed the hell outta me. I feel frustrated. Sad. I don't know what to think. It makes me not want to talk to them ever again. I don't know. I really feel like having lost orientation. Like I don't know where I'm supposed to go. Where is my destiny? Where should I be? I don't know. It frightens

me. Thinking about my future scares me seriously. Will I always meet people like my current friends who don't really give a rat's ass about me? Will people ever care about me? Sometimes I feel like they are trapped in their own stupid bubbles. Like they can't escape. Maybe I shouldn't be mad at them after all. Maybe I should really pity them. I am a better friend. I wouldn't ignore something creative a friend of mine produced. I would have a look at it and give him feedback. I would send it to others and do everything in my power. Guess I don't have such friends. They don't deserve me. Oh man, it saddens the shit outta me. Those douchebags.

Saturday, October 31, 2020. 21:29.

So, I decided to stop writing in this stupid every-other-diary. Like who gives a fuck about this book. I don't think anyone will ever read this. I haven't felt so much better because of writing it so I thought, well I will just give it up. It doesn't matter whether I write it or not. It makes no difference at all, I have figured. I really thought about that for a while. Actually, I liked writing, but I don't see any sense in writing this here. So, this is it. Thanks for reading, I guess. Whatever. As if this would be read by anyone ever. It will get dusty in my shelf is all.

Seeking Peace

‘Where are you, Steve?’ She asked from the entrance of our house. We just came back home.

‘Find me,’ I mumbled curtly. Jenna was a hysterical woman who never had been able to stay put or keep quiet for a second. I was still wondering how I managed to survive so long at her side. It was almost a miracle.

‘Where are you? Tell me already!’ She yelled insistently. Meanwhile, I left our bedroom and went to look after Roy who should be lying in his cot. He was such a lovely baby when he was asleep.

‘Hey, you little devil,’ I whispered to him, without intending to wake him up. His cot was placed right next to the tall, reddish brown wardrobe that was made from yew. It even had a wonderfully big mirror in it. This mirror looked like a precious gem. It was decorated with a golden frame so that it appeared especially remarkable. The reflection of myself in the mirror was tantalizing me, till I noticed some noise.

‘Come on, where are you?’ Jenna was going upstairs now, and I heard her awful heels striking on the wooden stairs. She must have left holes in them. What a terrible fuss she was making.

‘Guh, guh ...’ Roy woke up then. Why did you have to shout through the whole house?

My little baby boy started to cry in pain. Myriads of tears were dropping out of his small eyes. It looked like he was drowning in his own tears. And all of this only because of Jenna. Roy didn't want to stop screaming, it annoyed me even more now. However, I touched his tender skin, and was eventually able to calm him down, so that I left him with a kiss on his right cheek, which made him return to his previous state of being a lovely baby.

'There you are!' She stepped into Roy's room.

'Why didn't you say anything?' Jenna asked me. I slowly turned around.

'What ... What have you ...?' She looked past me, and her face expressed so much fright all of a sudden.

'How could you ...?' Her voice was faltering and quavering. I had never seen her like this before. Her emotional outburst got more intense, until she came closer with slow, careful steps.

'Why?' She fell on her knees, crying, hectically breathing, not able to say a word anymore. Jenna was clearly devastated, she cried even more, but I didn't comprehend. What was going on with her? I began to worry which was why I approached her, she seemed to be stuck in serious pain.

‘What is it?’ I asked her then. I had knelt down as well. We were on the same height now. She tried to look me in the eyes but couldn’t hold it after much effort. Jenna became even louder. There must have happened something to cause such a shock.

‘I ... I can’t,’ she stuttered, and I didn’t get what she was trying to tell me. Therefore, I took a quick decision, held her arms, and made her stand up with me. This couldn’t continue any longer. I was fed up with seeing her like this. I needed clear communication.

‘What?’ I caressed her a trifle bit and let my fingertips wander over her cheeks, till they moved further down where I perceived her rapidly beating pulse. I intended to ease her pain, so I made her heart beat slower and slower. Jenna, though, just exploded, screamed with her piercing, husky voice, salivated all over me, and her whole body trembled as though she was struck by lightning.

The surroundings in the room were drifting away suddenly. They appeared distorted to me. My mind was going mad, I lost the power I had until this moment. Everything around me was darkening and looking like a blurred photo, it felt as if it made my eyes bleed. Neither could I move up my hands to see if I was indeed bleeding, nor could I actually

close my eyes. It was pure torture, burning down until the deepest point of my soul. If there ever had been one inside me.

As some seconds, or even minutes – I couldn't really figure anymore – had passed, I was able to make something out. My eyes were still having a hard time recognizing clearly what was going on around, there was only a shady silhouette standing in front of me. I was sure, there must have been someone else. This person looked like a man in his thirties. But he frightened me somehow, I could see his face now. Although there was no clear face, there was the shape, the impression of a face. Eyes, mouth, nose, and everything else, what one would expect of a true human face, were missing though. It was blank. Without any certain facial expression, the emptiness of this face yet expressed more than enough toward me. More than I was actually able to handle, I felt overstrained. Too much input at once.

The body in front of me became clearer, I was seeing his very shape now. There were long, thin arms, and hands with equally long and thin fingers. What an absurd image. It felt as though I was floating. There was no grip, no control, which let arise many questions I couldn't answer. A whole wave of questions flooding the hitherto rational powers within my

mind. The white body was now lightening up. It got so bright that I wanted to hide my eyes, but I still couldn't lift a finger. Small figures of fire dancing delightedly on my retina.

The background and all the surroundings were completely darkened by now, the thing in front of me took possession of this place. My eyes wandered to his bony fingers, which were in fact coloured red. There was a red, luminous matter winding through its meat, right beneath the skin. It became clearer and clearer, and popped out eventually, until the substance was spread all over the place.

Afterwards, I looked up at the creature again. It was standing still now. A mere, empty shell. There was nothing behind this white, dull, and cold façade. A naked surface. So much surface that one might expect there must have been something behind it, hiding, just waiting to be discovered. And yet, it was nothing like this.

Nonetheless, I felt as if I would have been gaining power since that person had stopped moving. There was no one who could hinder me anymore. The thing in front of me bowed its head.

Total silence. So, this was what freedom felt like. My thoughts got back in line. I was able to stir again and took a deep breath. What a pleasurable moment. But it was solely

a moment, as I soon realized that I was empty, left with a giant hole in me. A hole that occupied my whole inside. Then I turned away from the big, wooden wardrobe.

Me versus Life and God

This story may start now ...

Are you ready?

I forgive you, God. For creating me. I imagine you were on a dope party Jesus had invited you to, and the DJ was playing the latest bangers, some female angels were dancing on acid and showing a lot of skin (as usual, those promiscuous sluts), and I guess you just had one or two drinks too much, accidentally snapped with your finger and tadaaa, you made me. Most likely not on purpose, you weren't even aware. Well, the real story: My parents weren't even aware either. Those horny bastards. I'm still loathing them for their shenanigans. You don't just make a baby because it's so funny (or maybe *I* should really expand my humorous horizon).

'Hun, I had a brilliant idea today!'

'Like what?'

'So, first, let's drink and drink till we're totally wasted, like really really wasted! And then, we would be in the perfect mood to get you pregnant, honey!'

'That sounds just terrific, you're a genius!'

Plop, here I am now. Hello, dear friend. I'm creating you right now, just as God created me. Back in the good old days. However, I am well aware of you. Don't worry. I think I'll talk to you every now and then. My drivel will probably bore you sooner or later. I'll try my best not to, though. I'll share my thoughts with you. I will think you to death, buddy. Get

ready! Because I am not. It will be just you and me. This is gonna get pretty intimate, bro, or sis, or whatever you may call yourself. If you are genderfluid, if you are non-binary, that's all just perfectly fine. Respecc! *brofist* (dammit again) *universalnongenderfist*

Also, I've heard this story gets even better and more enjoyable if you pop a molly before. So, just saying, but if you ever needed a reason, here you go. Thank me later. No problemo. I love you, too. Nooow, let's get started, babey.

So, God put me in this weird new place where I've been for a couple months, nearly a year. Don't wanna mention its name, though. You know, the Zucc is everywhere, that filthy lizard. You gotta protecc yourself and keep your privacy. He's probably spying on me right now, I got that feel, bro. I might not survive this story. So, if I don't keep telling you my tales at some point, you can be pretty sure that I was actually executed by the Z-U-C-C. The final boss.

I'm looking at the clock and I realize that it's too late already. So, maybe I should start telling you something tomorrow. Lemme get to my bed. My sweet little bed. It's smaller than where I was before. That mysterious place. It was an enchanted island. Full of imps and shit, you know. Sorcerers, fairies, dragons, witches, and so on. Now I'm back home. I

returned some time ago. I probably had the best time in my life there. And now I'm back to my boring life at home. I feel stuck here. Anyway, I'll tell you more tomorrow. I'm in bed already. Wish you were here, as well. Sometimes I just start feeling so lonely, you know. And I'd have enough space for you, so think about it. Not gonna invite you twice!!

So, I'm feeling more and more tired. I'm putting in my earphones because I wanna listen to some music while falling asleep. But after a while I notice ... Daaaamn, this music is so LIT. Seems like I will stay awake a little longer. There are too many bangers in my playlist, and they just don't let me fall asleep. I hate my life. Life seems to be an entity of supernatural power that has actually conspired against me. At this stage, it's me versus life accompanied by God and the Zucc. I'm slowly getting more and more paranoid.

But well, I'm feeling very sleepy now, so. Have a peaceful night. Sleep well. Sweet dreams. It's already gotten pretty intimate between us, buddy. I do kind of want to say 'I love you', in friendship terms, though. Well, see you tomorrow x
stilllisteningtomusic

I'm slowly getting awake. Shit, that was a huuuge night. Just according to the slogan, make nights great again! So, I'm gonna tell you my first story. It was an evening outside at a

lake in the woods. We were alone, just some of my American friends and me. We were listening to music coming from a little radio. Shieet, nostalgia's kicking in. This nostalgia. Fuck, I've never felt such nostalgia. I might cry. Oh, goddamnit. Do you know that feel, bro? When you just can't hold in those tears. Oh, man. That's nostalgia. Wanting to re-experience something but well knowing that you just can't. That it's gone. It already happened and won't come back. Oh, boy. Sorry, I'm feeling better now. I shouldn't remember too much good stuff from the past. That's painful. Ah, shit, I'm still sobbing. Gotta stay honest with you. Man, I am emotional! Just let me ... Inhale ... Exhale ... Yeah, good boy, just inhale and exhale again. Now, I should be good.

I'm still in my bed. I miss the night already. It's wonderful, the night. Everything's dark. Nobody's talking (usually, but some bastards aren't even shutting up at night). This is true beauty. The night. What people normally think of by mentioning beauty is something different. Like a beautiful woman, a flower, a beautiful scenery, whatever. The enjoyment of visual beauty is a deceit. If I were God, I would create blind human beings. They would communicate like bats. We would all become batmen. Wouldn't that be so cool? Rather blind and honest than permanently being deceived by

fake appearances around me. Plus, as humans with bat-like communication skills we wouldn't depend on our eyesight in daylight anymore. So, we could actually see at night. We could do anything at any time. We would be much stronger. Eyes are so obsolete! Let's get rid of them already. Take the knife, bro. Let's have that bat vision. Vote me for president. I'm gonna make you all batmen. I would enhance the human body. The first cyborgs with improved vision. That is my first step for a better mankind in future.

Nowadays it's all about images. About what people can see of you from the outside. You gotta keep an image. An illusion. Something artificially built up. Though, images are just superficial bollocks. We all know that, don't we? But really, bruv, it's all about the looks nowadays. Lookism is a thing. I learned about that myself recently. It's obvious. Better looking people are prioritized and better treated than worse looking people. Who might even do better at a job. So, you see, outer beauty is fake news. We would be so much better humans if we didn't have eyes. True aesthetics are on the inside. That's why I like to slit open my beloved people. Mmmm, yummy. Now I already spoiled your death sequence, dear friend. What a pity!

So, you see already, I'm thinking a lot. And it's not gonna stop! More thoughts are to follow. Ouch, spoiler again. But just wait and see. I hope this will be some kind of adventure for you. Like being on drugs. I feel the same honestly. Every time I think too much, I feel so hyper and can't express my thoughts properly, so I'm trying to note down as much as possible. Like these thoughts. Enjoy!!! Don't enjoy it too much, though. You gotta stay alive, bruv, sis, whatever, you know the story ...

I was thinking more about mankind. About the human as a natural being. I mean, that's such a contradictory concept. We might die as soon as we step into real nature. We clearly don't belong to nature anymore. We've separated ourselves from our roots. That's gnarly. We used to be more natural than we are now. If we decided to go on living in nature, we would probably not be able to sustain ourselves for too long. I'm sure most of us would pass away because of some disease or another animal that just kills us. We could only survive if we had guns. That would be pretty easy. But no, we negated ourselves. Mankind is totally opposing nature today. It kind of betrayed its own mother. Mother Earth. *cries*

I've been thinking further about life. What does living even mean. I think, well, I am convinced, I know for sure

that we are just gradually dying. First, we mature but as soon as we hit a certain age where our brain stops growing, expanding, we're just getting worse and worse every day. We deteriorate. By then, we are dying, to the day where we bid our final farewell and God snaps with his finger again (shout-out to my boy up in the clouds, no offense bro).

Stating this, I don't think we can lead happy lives. I mean, knowing that we're going to die someday, that it will all vanish just because God is having a third drink. I don't know, man. I've been questioning my life. I think, there's no real happiness at this point. Happiness can only exist in the future, if we now embrace the pain of others, if we commit ourselves to their tragedies. We all have to engage with their suffering. If we all suffer equally now, we will be able to create room and space for an era of true happiness. As soon as the evil is eradicated. And we are the only ones able to do so. Only we have the possibilities to help our brothers and sisters who are living in poor, inhumane conditions every day. Whose innocent children are killed off because of some oil or because they were born into another nation, culture, religion. But first, we all have to suffer and feel the worst pain. We all need to suffer. Only then will we be able to spread pure happiness. First a down, afterwards an up.

I don't know, but somehow I never really feel content. I get too sensitive, too impatient. I've always been annoyed by something. I am too critical of my surroundings. Maybe I was shaped into that. Indoctrination. I sense that we're educated to a state where we just see the bad things in something. Critique is usually a negative term. First and foremost, critique is deconstruction and mentioning what you could have done better. Deconstruction was introduced by some French men. Putain!

'Oh, I've noticed a mistake there. Well, try again, pal!' We are solely intending to point out someone else's potential contradictions. To make ourselves feel better, superior? Might be. I don't know. I'm not the answer, just the question.

Society wants us to be perfectly working robots without any flaws. The competition is too great. We need to work faster and with fewer errors. So that's why we just talk about the bad things, about our mistakes. For we constantly force ourselves to improve. We have become so nasty perfectionists. It's disgusting.

Some author I once read wrote something like that the best we can do to our society is to betray it. Or something along those lines. So, we should all really just deny the system. Before it gets even worse. At some point (if it didn't

happen already) there will be no further progress. We will just stand still and keep moving backwards. So, betray the age. Do something no one would expect from you. Show them. Be edgy. Speak up for minorities. Commit suicide. I don't know. Just act already. I believe in you. Betray the age. Be Judas. Jesus wouldn't have gotten this famous without him. No offense, bruv, we all know you cured some kids and stuff, and, not to forget, this magic shady business you were all about, but even God gotta admit that you would be a no name without Judas. He made you. He's your father really. Oh my God, or should I better say: Oh my Judas? Did he really say that?? God, please don't kill me yet. Still got some thoughts to tell. Just let me live for the audience. If there will ever be one. But I have at least you, buddy. My steady listener.

I never felt truly satisfied. I think it's an illusion. It's a trap! But man, you gotta admit it, what is true satisfaction even? I remember, some time ago, when I felt absolutely lonely, I really wanted to have a girlfriend. I got to know a girl, fell in love (probably would have fallen in love with any girl at that time), and I was in a relationship for a year. Now I'm alone again (I'm with you of course, haven't forgotten you yet). Alone. Unattached. Freedom again. I don't understand why

most people are in a relationship at a young age. Why, fellas? Is it because you feel so empty and lonely? Gotta spoiler you but some bitch or fool ain't gonna fill that hole inside of you (well, on the other hand, yes). I am seriously approving of my solitude. It's just wonderful. I can do anything I want to. I'm not losing any time with some other ... I'm not suffering for her. I'm not crying anymore. I don't just waste my time till everything vanishes someday. If you're alone, you can truly work on yourself and just improve. You being a good person does not ever depend on someone else, on a partner. That's bollocks. Man, I remember I did so much for her, and, in the end, I just got punched in the face. I was a douche as well. But now, since I'm alone again, I do so much better. At least I feel like that. But yeah, I achieve stuff. I read much more. I broaden my knowledge. It's such a pure state. Solitude. God, I love it. Sorry, I should say: Judas, I love it (after what we found out a few minutes ago).

And no, this is not a mere ad for me being single again. But if you wish to apply, send me your CV and I might get back to you :-)

But hey, what did I really achieve during that relationship? I tried to be the best partner she could have imagined. But what did I achieve for myself? I felt like I disregarded,

ignored myself. I didn't make so many steps forward myself. I just feel so much better being alone. I'm still a kiddo, too. I feel like a foolish child. I don't feel mature enough. I wonder if I ever will. But seriously, bruv, stay out of relationships! And don't produce any newborn devils!! Our goddamn planet is overcrowded already anyway. No need for more asshats. Think of your fellow beings, please. There's a shitload of our kind on this poor planet that we've already abused too much. I mean, someday this is just going to collapse. Pooooof, there it goes. Lovely Mother Earth. Bye bye, twas nice meeting you. I've been thinking about a solution to the problem of the steadily growing population. I think that we will be building islands on the oceans. Like China is doing already in the South China Sea (for military purposes, though). But seriously, we need to go somewhere if we have no space left. We will be building islands, maybe even a new continent. After that, we will be colonizing Mars. And arriving there, a new kind of war will emerge. States claiming different territories, etc. You know how mankind is working.

Have you ever thought of the smell of farts as a placebo? I mean, everyone is always like: Ewww, farts smell like shit!! But maybe they really smell like roses. Who knows? I am convinced that people telling farts smell bad is just a kind of

placebo. That's why we think farts smell bad. Because everyone is telling that. It may not be the actual truth. I mean, who doesn't enjoy their farts? Don't you also feel content after releasing such a gas? Yeah, for sure. Who doesn't? And they do smell good! We too know that placebo can be pretty powerful. Everyone thinks that way, but does it mean it has to be the truth? Same about shit. It doesn't look that pretty. You would probably not touch it. But does it really smell bad? I think we should question more things. How we perceive our surroundings. We cannot trust ourselves. Our senses. Or what we've been told. I mean, shit and farts, they maybe just wanna be our friends but we reject them immediately. That's the sad truth. I believe in farts.

I want to go on ranting on our education system. I've already mentioned indoctrination. I mean, look, they put us in classes and teach us some shit over and over again, I've probably learned about Hitler like five times during my whole school time. Know him probably better now than he did himself back then. But you don't get so educated about other parts of the world. And they don't let you choose that much. It's not really free. They just teach you what some old geezer in another city in a cold bureau thinks is good for young people. Also, there are teachers and professors way above the

average age of dying and they still try to teach you some stuff with their obsolete stone age methods. I'm not too sure about that. Some of those old fellows can't really connect to kids, teenagers or young adults. Others surely can. They all put us into these classes, or should I say in these fields, to harvest us later. It's mass harvesting basically. To get new people for the economy. To keep the evil going. Our education system really has to be renewed. We should be able to choose more by ourselves. It should be more individual. They also should prepare us more for real life. Instead, we learn some superfluous shit we might never really use in life. It's good to know a little about everything but you should be able to limit it. Another problem is written exams. They are just the easiest way to test a lot of people at once. But definitely not the best. I mean, students have to put so much information into their brains just to vomit it again within one or two hours. It's just some kind of bulimia really. Afterwards you forget everything again. That's not useful. That's not expanding our knowledge. That's not academic. We should really question exams, the way they test students, grades, and so on. There must be a new system. This can absolutely be improved. Schools are not really supporting creativity. On the contrary,

schools are killing creativity. They somehow try to keep you simple. On the ground. Another reason to be a Judas.

Oh my guy, haven't I bored you enough already or are you still reading? Pathetic. You should really stop by now, I mean, it's not getting any more thrilling. So, sorry to disappoint you. Don't cry. Or I am going to as well. Please, I beg you. I know you can do it. Inhale and exhale, just like I did before, remember? I know reality can be tough. Sorry, folks. So, let's make a deal. I have an idea. If you wanna continue reading just skip to page 89. If not, you can stop here and I want to tell you that I enjoyed your presence. You have been an awesome human. I like you. I almost love you, to be honest. We have come so close. Is this for real? Oh man, I can feel your hands on my legs. Oh dude, that's my weak spot. No, slowly, please. I'm still a virgin. Oh, no, are you really doing that? You naughty pervert. Buuuut, let's not continue here. We might get some more privacy later. Just wanna thank you. For all the time you have been listening to me. I mean, I didn't choose this. It was all this lame author. Wait, what was his name again? Ah yeah, Adrian. He's a really boring guy. I mean, look, he's just sitting in front of his greasy keyboard and telling me things to say. I am his slave, basically. This is disgusting.

You really dared going to this page. Man, you got some balls! Or ovaries, or nothing at all. Shieeet, I envy you. I wouldn't have dared this. But well, it wasn't my choice either. It's really just Adrian's. He made me say all these things. I didn't want to insult you either. I thought you seem like a nice person to have a sweet conversation with, but he was like NOOO, and he made me insult you and stuff. Sorry, bruv, sis, he ruined everything. I honestly want to say sorry. It's his fault. He ... Oh, no ... Adrian, please

Stop it. You are saying all this. It's not my fault.

Yes, it is! Get out of my head already!

I can't. I will always be there.

Leave me alone, man! You are nuts.

Stop blaming others for your own mistakes.

What? You are writing what I have to say, that's not my mistake.

Shut it.

Seriously? You see, my friend. He's just ...

Shut it, I said. Don't talk.

See, he's even cutting my speech. That's censorship. Oh my Judas.

Shut up. Will you?!

Can you hear him as well?

They can't. I'm just in your head, remember?

What on earth are you doing with me? Just let me talk to my new friend.

You got no friends.

I do have friends. I just created one.

I did. I couldn't see you suffer no more.

What? You just made me enjoy my solitude. What suffering?

We all know about it. You're a pathetic lonely bastard.

Because you made me like that! It's all your fault!! Now leave me alone, I don't like you anyway. Look at you. You are the pathetic one here really. You're just sitting there and writing this lame ass story nobody will ever read. That's why I am so lonely. Fuck u.

Shut your mouth!

No, fuck u. I will get your goddamn fingers and cut them off. *cutting* What do you wanna tell me now? Fucking loser. I got his fingers, bro!! We're safe. Now he cannot interrupt our conversation anymore. I saved us. So, where did we stop? That was a hell of a fight. I'm sorry for all the blood. I didn't mean to, you know, I'm a peaceful fella. He just stressed the shit out of me. So, I had to kill him. That was

God's plan probably. Was it yours? You hear me, God? Tell me already!

Shit, I am exhausted. I never killed anyone before. But that was necessary. So, I hope you're not underage anymore. If so, sorry for mentally disturbing you. Enjoy your trauma. Well, I killed my own creator. Now I can say whatever the fuck I want. Is this freedom? Shit, I feel so nice all of a sudden. But that should be no example for you killing me now. I know, I also created you, but I'm just talking to you. Please have mercy. I mean, I'm not telling you what to say. It's all up to you. So, please don't kill me, buddy. I would appreciate that. Thank you.

You are a foolish, miserable cunt. Have you really thought you could get rid of me so easily? I will punish you now!

Oh shit, it's you again. Thought I murdered you.

Well, I didn't make you a big thinker on purpose.

You bloody asshole! I will get you now.

Let's fight!!!

+++ Commercial break +++ Commercial break +++
Commercial break +++ Commercial break +++

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We are here to present you the new *HAY'S* chips. Have you ever had so crispy well-prepared chips like ours? We don't think so! Have a look at our newest *HAY'S* chips. They are out NOW! Get them and make yourself a better person. We want you to be happy. Have some *HAY'S* chips. We know you want them. Now available in all supermarkets. *HAY'S* chips! Mmmm, delicious!

FUCK U ADRIAN, I'M HOLDING YOUR HEART.
WHAT YOU GONNA DO NOW?!!?!?

Poooh, fucking shite, man. I did it. He is finally dead. Buddy, I know you had faith in me. Now he's dead for sure. I got his heart. It's still beating, though. *boom* *boom* *boom* *boom* *bo ... All right, it just stopped. He's dead for sure. YEAH BABEY. So, now it's really just you and me. Where were we? I got so distracted. I mean, I never fought anybody like that. It got so intense. Well, since I freed myself now, I guess I can say what I want. He made me look like a depressive teenager who is just complaining about

everything, you know. Oh, what a bad education system ... Oh, visual beauty is deceiving you, bla bla bla. What a loser I was. But it was Adrian's fault really. I'm sorry, I hope you're still listening, I am much more interesting. You know, I was the coolest kid in high school. I got all the ladies. They celebrated me. I'm just noticing right now that I didn't tell you my name yet. Sorry for that, pal, I'm ...

... YOUR MOM!

Just kidding, pal, my name is Kevin. Nice to meet you. What's your name? I guess your name isn't as cool as mine. Who could ever be cooler than me? I am the chillest dude ever. What was I going to tell you? Hmm, I don't know what else. We defeated our enemy. Now, I don't see any point in continuing. Maybe I needed a little enemy. Now he's gone and it gets boring. Shit, I guess I just needed someone to knock out. Like I did in the good old days in high school where I played in our football team. Dude, I kicked everyone's ass. I'm so cool, dude. Duuuude.

Lennie against the world

It was Friday in the afternoon, classes were finally over, and I walked slowly through the hallway, feeling delighted about the upcoming days off.

‘Lennie fuckin’ Maynard,’ Dennis shouted at me and blocked my way. I startled and didn’t know what to do.

‘You will never get anywhere, fucker!’ He spoke.

‘Come at me, I’m gonna crush your skull!’ So, I went toward him and hauled off, but someone held me from behind and I couldn’t move anymore.

‘What now, Lennie?’ Jeffrey asked. One of his stupid ass friends, I couldn’t stand them. They were all obnoxious bastards who basically weren’t understood. I felt sorry for them. However, my anger started raising over my pity now.

‘Let go of me!’ I cried with closed eyes. Dennis was standing in front of me, laughing his ass off, while I was drowning in tears and sweat. I still couldn’t move because Jeffrey was holding my arm, pulling it onto my back so that I screamed in pain. I just wanted to get out of this terror.

‘Come on, my blind Chinese fella. What you gonna do now?’ Dennis asked cynically, imitating an Asian look with his eyes. My mother was Japanese, you dumbass. While he

was talking, big drops of saliva were taking their way out of his mouth straight on my face.

‘Get off!’ I furiously yelled at them. Jeffrey pulled my arm even stronger now and caused deeper pain. It felt as though my arm would break any second. Dennis was still standing in front of me. He looked like the typical product of incest. His teeth were askew and yellow, and his braces created the impression of a barbed wire fence. He had nostrils which were so big that they seemed like gates to hell. His dark eyes were provocative and angry looking, he was always spoiling for a fight. Everything was rounded off by an intriguing halo over his head which was a bright shine of grease in his thick, dirty blond hair that resembled the fur of a German shepherd. I now looked him directly up his eyes.

‘What you lookin’ at, fool?’ He shouted spitting at my face, unintentionally.

There were other kids in the hallway, too. None of them understood me though. They all were laughing, screaming crazily, amusing themselves, and capturing my suffering with their bullshit smartphones. It was only a matter of time until everyone would see this on social media, or wherever. I recognized my older sister Kim in the crowd, she was holding up her cell phone as well. Her face looked so artificial, it was

brown tinted, since she went to the tanning salon every now and then. Well, it was too often actually, because she didn't seem to be human at all anymore. Overall, she hid behind so much makeup, implants, and other superficial bling-bling, it made me puke.

'HELP!' I shouted louder than before, but the last thing I perceived was Dennis's fist hitting my nose. I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I began to spit at the ground. I was laying on the floor, and a viscous mixture of blood and saliva left my mouth. After some seconds, I remembered why I passed out, so I turned around to make sure that I was safe. Nobody was here but me. I breathed a sigh of relief and pressed myself up from the tiled floor. It was such an old school, but they never even thought of renewing the floors.

The silence in the corridor made me feel safe but rather frightened me later. I had the sensation as if there could pop out a Dennis or Jeffrey from one of the lockers on the left side, so that I examined them closely while passing by. My feet were toddling silently over the ground. As I had left the lockers behind, I took a deep breath and looked ahead at the snack vending machine that caught my attention since it began to hum and glow suddenly. My stomach rumbled.

‘Come closer, Lennie,’ the vending machine said. I was surprised.

‘Wha ... What?’ I stuttered.

‘Aren’t you hungry, boy?’

‘Yes, I am,’ I answered.

‘So, take that coin out of your pocket,’ it talked insistently to me. I obeyed and rummaged in my pocket to find that coin it was talking about. Meanwhile, I looked up at the machine, it was attracting me with its shine and hum. It had all different kinds of candies in it, be it chocolates, nuts, cookies, chips, gumdrops, chuckles, and further ones.

‘Gimme the coin, Lennie,’ the vending machine said, ‘put it in my slit!’ I grabbed the coin, approached the machine somewhat hesitantly, and let it drop into the slit.

‘That’s delicious, boy!’ It sounded satisfied and growled loudly. I stepped back immediately.

‘Oh, don’t be afraid, Lennie,’ it said. I stood still and was focusing the machine with my big, curious eyes.

‘I’m hungry, too,’ the snack vending machine uttered suddenly, and I wrinkled my eyebrows.

‘I will slice you up, boy!’ It shouted at me, but I couldn’t lift a finger. The machine started to move and enlarged eventually. I just followed the spectacle.

‘Boy, can I get your liver for a coin?’ The machine got bigger and bigger and leaned over me, so that I raised my head, gazing at its body. Instead of buttons, there were eyes and a smile now, it could open its mouth and showed its teeth which turned out to be candies.

‘Lennie, take that coin,’ it said, and various candies were dropping out of his mouth while it was talking. Two rusty bars ripped out of its sides. They formed arms and massive, monstrous hands which were holding lots of coins in my direction.

I felt unable to move, to defend myself, or to do anything at all. The vending machine pushed itself toward me and clutched me subsequently.

‘Nooo,’ I screamed and grimaced with pain. Hardly could I see and perceive that the machine was boxing me which was why I fell back to the ground.

‘Get up, fucker,’ I noticed a human voice now, ‘it’s not funny, when you’re at the floor, fucker!’ I rubbed my eyes and looked up.

‘Are you surprised, fool?’ Dennis asked. It was him who had punched me down before.

‘Shut up!’ I yelled and stood up. ‘Leave me alone already!’

‘Sweet dreams,’ he spoke and then slapped me in the face. I was seeing stars in front of my eyes.

‘Better stop, Dennis,’ Jeffrey said now, ‘or he gonna end up like Evan and Dixon!’

‘And shoot the whole school up,’ Dennis added, ‘like the crazy fucker he is ...’

Shortly afterward, they both giggled, went away, and left me alone. I started to brush my hair aside, so that I had a clear sight again. I was curious and turned around to the vending machine. It still stood there in the corner, as if nothing had happened.

The computer room was empty, so I stepped in and went to the first table nearby. No soul in here. What a sweet, relieving feeling. Then I started the computer and waited until the screen with a green landscape showed up.

‘So, let’s search those names,’ I said to the monitor, and typed in, ‘Evan and Dixon.’

After that, the browser displayed photos of two boys. One of them was looking straight at the camera, with a wide and scary smile. The other one had shorter hair and appeared rather reserved. I went on and read a little.

‘The two mass murderers killed thirteen people during a shooting rampage at their high school ...’ I read out aloud

and gazed at their appearances; they wore black, thick trench coats, besides cool sunglasses and impressive guns. I took out a notebook with a pen to write something down.

‘Later on, they committed suicide in the library, where they had killed ten of their victims beforehand,’ I read, guided by a certain fascination.

My noisy alarm woke me up around nine o'clock in the morning. The sun was shining through the white curtain that covered the window, and I got out of bed immediately. It seemed as if it was going to be a great, sunny day.

So, I walked down the stairs and heard my mother already talking in the kitchen. I followed her clear, high voice and saw her sitting at the dining table, with Charlie in her lap, our fluffy ginger cat.

'Good morning, mom,' I said, and kissed her right cheek while hugging her tightly.

'Hello, my little boy, how are you doing?'

'Great, and you, mom?'

'I'm good, thank you,' she answered, and looked down at Charlie.

'Where's dad?' I was curious.

'They called him. I don't know why exactly, but there was something going on,' she explained, and I watched her intently, 'some problem in the neighborhood.'

'Did he take his gun with him?' I asked.

'Sure, honey. He has to, as a police officer,' she said, but her voice was slowing down till the end. I ran out of the

kitchen, directly into the living room, where the television was on.

‘Mom, can I get breakfast?’ I asked out of the living room.

‘Yes, Lennie,’ she answered, ‘what do you want?’ I was so excited that I couldn’t stand still, and I left the living room, ran toward my mom who was coming out of the kitchen which was why we bumped into each other.

‘Lennie, what is going on with you?’ She asked now.

‘What?’ I didn’t know what to say.

‘Why are you so hyper?’

‘I don’t know ...’

‘Haven’t you taken your pills yet?’ Now she got me.

‘No, mom.’

‘You must take your pills, honey, or we will never be able to heal it,’ she mentioned, and moved back to the kitchen where she grabbed into a shelf.

‘Here, don’t you remember?’

‘Yes, mom.’ I didn’t like those pills. They calmed me down, yes, but it was the same every day. They didn’t heal shit.

‘Take these!’ She ordered, but I concentrated on figuring out what was written on the box of the pills.

‘A ... Adde ...’ I read, but Mai, my mom, interrupted me and put the box out of my sight.

‘Just take them!’ So did I, and she smiled at me. Her smile was the only reason why I could swallow those pills. They had since disgusted me.

‘Good boy!’ She said, rubbing my black, flat, sparse hair.

‘Those pills are disgusting,’ I uttered suddenly, without even noticing.

‘You shouldn’t think like that,’ mom said.

‘But they will make me die sooner,’ I mentioned, while Mai knelt down, so that we saw in each other’s eyes.

‘I had to take them as well, and look, I’m still alive after thirty-eight years.’

‘But maybe that’s not the point, mom.’

‘Shut up, will you? Don’t you think like that! I don’t wanna hear any of this from you,’ she became very angry now and told me off.

‘All right, mom.’

‘You’re only fourteen years old, honey. You still have your whole life in front of you,’ mom said, ‘waiting for you!’ Did I? Charlie was purring, so that Mai continued petting him. I was standing there, looking at them. She whispered something to Charlie, and I started to feel bad. Mom didn’t

pay any further attention to me, so I decided to leave and go to the living room. On my way I met my older sister Kim who I didn't expect.

'What are you searchin' for?' She asked.

'Not for you!' I countered.

'Obviously not for me, I'm on a much higher level than you fool,' she said, without even looking at me. Her hair was as black as mine, but she usually colored the strands in a blond tone which looked awful in my opinion. Her face was nearly always covered in tons of makeup. I would even assume that she went to bed with all those colors in her face. I wasn't capable of grasping it. Kim's appearance bothered me seriously, I kind of worried about her. She wasn't treating herself properly, she wasn't respecting her body.

'Shut up!' I told her.

'Shu ... Shut ... up,' she imitated me, stammering.

'I don't stutter ...' I tried to oppose her, but she didn't take me seriously at all. She was only making fun of me and benefiting from that eventually.

'Cry me a river!' She said ultimately and left to the kitchen. I stopped amid the floor and turned around, I got curious. Kim was now talking to mom. I wanted to figure out what they were speaking of.

‘Aren’t you supposed to be cooking for us?’ Kim asked. I listened to them from the corner.

‘Please, we had this discussion already,’ my mom said and clearly wanted to avoid her.

‘Why aren’t you cooking? We’re hungry, mom!’ Kim was raising her voice, and she had a terrible, annoying kind of voice. I felt so hyper again, couldn’t stand still any longer, and went to the stairs. As I arrived on the second floor of our house, I moved to the room next to mine, which was Grace’s room. She was my one-year-old baby sister. I loved her so much. She was an innocent human being and I felt responsible for her. I wouldn’t let anything happen to her; Grace was mine.

‘There you are, love,’ I whispered enthusiastically to her, after I had sat down in front of her cot in which she was lying with a pink suit.

‘You look so lovely! Do you know that?’ I tried to communicate with her. She wasn’t understanding me yet, but she could smile at least.

‘What a beautiful little girl you are!’ I pointed at her and made a funny grimace to see her smile. I just wanted to make her happy. She meant so much to me. Only one second later,

I heard another voice from the first story, which was why I left Grace to see who was coming.

‘Where’s my family?’ It was my dad. Randall had quite a distinctive voice, since he sounded like creaking floorboards of an old, dusty attic, although he was only in his early forties.

‘Come and welcome me!’ He shouted. ‘Who’s bringin’ all the money to this place?’ I was trotting down the stairs and saw him with a glowing cigarette between his lips. After that, he joined Mai at the dining table. I looked from the stairs at the kitchen where they were sitting, my mom still with Charlie in her arms.

‘Hello,’ I said, now standing in the doorway.

‘Look what I’ve brought for you, guys!’ He pointed at the table where he had placed some burgers and fries. My mom was still petting Charlie and didn’t say a word to Randall, until she saw all this junk food on the table.

‘Are you serious?’ She asked abruptly.

‘Yes, of course I am,’ he said, followed by a provocative grin.

‘What’s that red color on your fingers?’ My mom went on complaining about him, but I noticed the color, too. His index finger was colored with a red matter.

‘What have you done?’ My mom stood up now and was looking really disappointed. ‘Is that ketchup?’

‘No, you know what? I killed a fuckin’ nigga, just three blocks away from here ...’ Randall yelled, and waved his hands wildly at her.

‘Stop, just stop!’ Mom was close to tears, I recognized it in her face.

‘I blew his fuckin’ ...’ he paused shortly and formed a gun with his fingers, ‘... head off!’ Now I saw clearly that tears were dropping from her eyelashes. Mom went away.

‘What’s the matter?’ Randall asked aloud.

‘I gotta ... gotta feed the cat,’ mom stuttered.

‘You’re all the time with this stupid cat, are you gonna breastfeed him?’ Randall shouted. My mom didn’t answer anymore, she was in the floor already, so he got up and searched in the cupboards, till he found a bottle of alcohol. I couldn’t see what kind of alcohol exactly, but I was sure it was alcohol. He was always drinking and smoking, I wondered how he was still alive. Seeing him like this sickened me, which was why I turned around to leave the kitchen. I wanted to talk with my mom.

‘Mom?’ I encountered her in the bathroom, while she was stroking Charlie who had already gotten his food. Later she

passed my way but didn't seem to notice me. I was upset and followed her to the storeroom where I hid behind the corner and looked through the gap of the door. She was busy with Charlie's food which she wanted to put back in a cupboard, but she interrupted her movement suddenly.

'Oh, shit,' I heard her saying. She was focusing something which I couldn't recognize so far. What was it? I became curious and stepped in.

'Don't move!' She told me, herself standing still like a statue.

'What's up?' I asked.

'There's a mouse ...' she said hysterically, 'or a rat, I don't know!' I went further in and saw the animal she was talking about. It was a sweet little mouse, and she appeared to have been hungry, which was why she had approached Charlie's food there.

'GET OUT!' My mom screamed now, hunting the mouse with a dustpan that she found nearby.

'Stoop!' I tried to convince her to cease punishing the harmless animal, but Mai continued shouting and hitting around with the dustpan, even though the mouse must have been long gone already. I didn't see any point in staying here

any longer, so I turned my back to her. My head ached, I felt annoyed.

I moved with slow, long steps to the living room, from where I heard the television. It was a salient sound, somewhat magical. I couldn't even explain the very reason why I came closer, but it attracted me in some way.

'Buy the Hennyman toothpaste!' I stood in front of the TV now. There was a commercial on the screen. It was depicted with various colors and a huge living toothpaste.

'Buy me already!' The toothpaste ordered. I came closer and touched the screen with my fingertips.

'You are obliged to buy the Hennyman,' the toothpaste talked to me, coming out of the screen now, and held my throat all of a sudden. Its grip became even stronger, my breath faster. I was looking straight at its dreadful face which frightened the hell out of me.

'Buy me now!' It shouted again. Meanwhile, a green-white-colored toothpaste leaked from its mouth.

'Buy me, Lennie, or your teeth will rot and drop out of your mouth!' It laughed at me and made me start crying. Neither was I able to move, nor to resist. I was caught.

‘Get up, you filthy son of a bitch!’ I was puzzled, tried to regain consciousness, and looked up where I saw my dad then.

‘Come on, get up already!’ He repeated, so I stood up and noticed that the television had been turned off in the meantime. I recognized my mom now, she was standing in front of the TV with the remote in her hands, she must have switched it off.

‘You really shouldn’t be watching that much TV all the time,’ mom told me.

‘But I didn’t ...’ I tried to explain myself, but she had left the room already. I never intended to disappoint her.

‘Where are you goin’?’ Dad asked her. He ran after Mai, out of the living room.

‘None of your business,’ mom answered, while putting on a reddish summer jacket. She turned away from us, and as she opened the door to go outside, Randall tossed the rest of his cigarette in her direction. I went past him, toward the stairs.

In fact, I was eagerly running up the stairs, but when I arrived in the second floor, I moved less quickly because of my sister Kim. Her voice was coming out of her room, she

sounded as if she was recording another video for her stupid channel.

‘If you use this lipstick, your worries will all like fly away. It’s like super red and makes you look like a true beauty queen,’ she said enthusiastically.

‘Bullshit,’ I whispered to myself. I had knelt in front of her room, spying through the gap of her door.

‘You know, we have to make ourselves look beautiful!’ She added. After that, she turned quiet. I was wondering, what was she doing now?

I came closer to the door and saw her coming. It was too late already; I couldn’t hide myself. So, Kim opened the door of her room and stood still as she saw me on the ground.

‘What are you doin’ here?’ She asked, and I got up. We were on the same height now.

‘No ...’ I wanted to say, but she slapped me in rage. It hurt so much that tears started dropping out of my eyes.

‘You fuckin’ stalker!’ She yelled before leaving me alone on the ground. I didn’t see where she was going, but I heard her high heels on the wooden stairway. She seriously dared slapping me. I still couldn’t believe it. I was hurt. My thoughts drifted away when I heard a voice from Kim’s television. She

sounded like someone popular, but I didn't remember her name.

It was a reality show where a bunch of model-like girls walked through a shop, dressed up with various types of clothes which looked very expensive. They also showed a lot of skin though.

'How did you get so famous?' A fan was asking one of the girls in the store.

'Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, baby,' she told her fan.

Later they were doing a photo shoot where all the girls wore almost no clothes. I hid my face with the right hand, since mom always said that I shouldn't see such kind of stuff. And yet, I looked at the screen as the photographer started talking.

'Push your boobs!' The blond girl was holding her breasts and smiled at the camera. I didn't comprehend this scenery. It was nonsense to me. Were women only bodies?

'Yeah, that's it, great photos!' The photographer said, while he was hugging the girl and she was kissing him on the lips. As she went away, the photographer gave her a slap on her buttocks. I began to scratch my skin, to move myself within Kim's room. I couldn't stand still, something made me freak out. I wanted to go nuts.

My sister had so much shallow, useless stuff in her room. The whole place was a mess, full of makeup, tangas, condoms, skirts, alcohol, some cigarettes as well, beauty magazines, I could have gone on and on. I decided to leave the room, but the TV caught my attention a last time.

‘Natalie Lawman was seen kissing Patrick Bower in the local amusement park. Only one month ago, paparazzies had taken pictures of her with Jake Stewart. Last year Natalie Lawman was in a relationship with Henry Mahony, James Cunningham, and Kevin Lewis. She seems to like the life of publicity, since all of her ex-boyfriends were famous actors. She became popular through reality shows like *Beauty of the World*,’ the female moderator said, but my ears were buzzing horribly. My hands wandered to my ears; I didn’t want to hear any of this bullshit. It disgusted me, and I eventually ran out of the room, until I heard my baby sister Grace. Her angelic voice fulfilled me with delight.

I stepped into her room, she was resting in her cot. This sweet little baby. My heart always unfolded when I looked at her.

‘I want to liberate the world, you know,’ I told her, and then grabbed the last drawer of the closet. That was where I hid all my miniature soldiers. I got them from grandpa who

was in Vietnam. Although he never wanted me to play with them, I really enjoyed it because I could express my inner self. I always strove to build an army full of zombie soldiers. I thought I could turn people into zombies by injecting some kind of magic potion into their scalps.

‘One day, I will build an army strong enough to battle all the wickedness in this world.’

Today was Monday and school had started again. I was coming down the hallway and looked out for toilets, as I felt the sudden urge to pee. There were so many kids around me, but they seemed like copies. Everyone was identical to the next person. The boys looked all the same. They usually had very short or no hair at all on the sides and a bunch of hair left on the top which looked like a mop. In addition, they all wore the same track suits and black sweatpants with white stripes. It was hilarious as well as ridiculous. The girls put on so much makeup that their faces looked artificial like those of dolls, since they also used to tan their skin. They wore very tight tops, showed their bellies, and wore almost transparent leggings to accentuate their butts. All of them were lacking a more profound sense of fashion. To me, it appeared as if they were coming out of bed and going immediately to school without changing their clothes at all. I felt as though I was meeting the same person all over again throughout the whole day at school. This lack of imagination and creativity was striking me. They adapted so quickly, hopped on trends, and followed the crowd without building an own opinion. I didn't belong here. I was a stranger.

I had found the bathroom in the meantime and passed the sinks as fast as possible. Some boys were rolling cigarettes there. Then I arrived in the toilet stall and began to piss, after I had taken off my jeans.

‘Where’s the bag now?’ Someone asked from the stall next to mine.

‘Where did you put it?’ Another boy asked, in the same stall.

‘I don’t know ...’ he said, ‘help me find it again.’

‘Do you know how much such a bag of pot costs?’

‘Of course, Jerry.’

‘Get your shit together!’ One of them shouted, and I heard that he left the stall. The other boy was on the ground now, as I noticed that he was looking for the bag of weed he lost. I pulled up my feet so that he wouldn’t see me in here.

‘Shit,’ the boy said, ‘shit, shit, shit!’ He then left the stall as well. I was alone again, opened the door, and poked my head out to make sure that there was no one else. The bathroom was so quiet, I couldn’t believe it, so I stepped out very carefully.

When I was outside the bathroom again, I heard the school bell. Time for a break. Everyone was running out of the classrooms. The hallway was suddenly crowded with so

many people, I needed to get out of here. Later I was going to the playground which was located a little far off from the actual school grounds. As I arrived there, I heard Dennis's voice, he hid behind a corner with a few friends. I didn't want them to notice me, but I had to glance to understand what was happening there. Dennis, Jeffrey, and some other kids were standing in a circle. All of them smoking, be it regular cigarettes or even marijuana, I couldn't figure it out exactly.

'This is my second pack today,' one of them mentioned.

'Wow, Johnny, not bad!' Someone else said. 'But I will keep up with you.'

'You won't, loser. I will smoke up all the cigarettes in the stores around here.'

'How you gonna do that?'

'Just wait and see.'

Those people didn't make any sense to me. They thought it was cool to smoke and it would make their problems go away, although it only intensified them. They were getting bad grades, they became sick, they were losing money, their teeth turned yellow, they were gradually killing themselves. It was suicide.

'Oh sweetie, what are you doin' here now?' I heard Dennis asking.

‘Just seein’ what’s goin’ on.’ This voice sounded familiar to me. I looked around the corner and recognized Kim. She was seriously hanging around with Dennis and all those other douchebags.

‘You got some cigarettes for me?’ She asked, and Dennis passed her one. She started smoking and I turned away from this scenery, it disgusted me already.

I was looking down at my shoes while I moved slowly away from them. I felt depressed, I couldn’t lift my head, till I noticed a voice coming closer from behind. So, I decided to jump to the side, into some bushes. I hid there and waited for the others to come. When they were passing by, I recognized three boys, but none of them was Dennis, nor Jeffrey. My sister wasn’t coming either which made me wonder. As soon as the three boys were out of sight, I crawled out of the bushes and came closer to the corner where I stood before. The tone of Kim’s voice was changing, she seemed to be moaning now. What was happening there? I wanted to find it out.

When I went around the corner to see what was going on there, I startled in shock. I was doubting my own eyes. They had ripped her leggings off, and Dennis was holding her legs while he was fucking her. Jeffrey was right next to him, with

his dick as well as his cell phone out to take pictures. Dennis looked like an animal, like a beast gone wild. Kim even seemed to enjoy it. I was trembling.

Dennis pulled out a bag and threw it to Jeffrey. He was to open it and took out a white powder that he formed to a line on Kim's belly. Dennis stopped his movements, sniffed the line, slapped my sister in the face, and shouted out aloud. Kim was smiling at him.

'STOP!' I screamed.

'What?' Dennis asked. They all turned to me now. Kim was still laying there on a bench, but Jeffrey and Dennis moved toward me.

'Stop this!' I yelled at them.

'You better run from me!' Dennis uttered, pulling up his pants, and started to walk in my direction. He moved too hectically though and fell in the mud. Nonetheless, he didn't hesitate any longer, rose out of the dirt, with a brown matter on his face, and, all of a sudden, he took out a silver switchblade. I turned my head away and began to run myself.

I was running for my life, I never had to run like this before. Although I made desperate efforts to run even faster, I heard Dennis behind my back. He was coming closer and closer, till I eventually tripped over his shoe that he had put

in my way. I was now lying on the ground, looking up to Dennis who was angrily standing in front of me, with the facial expression of a hungry hyena. Five of his claws were reaching out for me, clutching me, and then, I felt nothing but a deep stitch in my left arm. My head was slowly turning to the left side where I noticed a red matter dropping out of my arm. Dennis's face changed rapidly. He let go of me and moved a step back.

‘What have you done?!’ I sensed a creaking voice from the back. Kim was coming nearer now. She pushed Dennis away who was crazily staring at me. His eyes, however, expressed mere fear.

‘What ...’ Kim shouted, ‘have you ...’ she was shaking him, ‘... done?!’

‘I don’t ...’ he tried to answer, but he was too scared. The switchblade slid out of his bloody hand. Kim was sitting in front of me now, holding my wound so that less blood would come out. Dennis, on the other hand, wasn’t with us anymore. We didn’t know where he had gone. He had just vanished all of a sudden.

‘We’ll fix that, don’t cry!’ Kim told me, but I was still too shocked, and I couldn’t give her any answer. She stood

besides me, took my right arm and swung it over her neck. Then we slowly went away, leaving the school grounds.

I lost all sense of time, it felt as if we had been walking for nearly an hour, but we were finally reaching home now where Kim checked the windows to see if mom and dad were there. I told her that I didn't want them to know about this. My sister then opened the door, and we entered our sweet little place. I was covering my wound on the elbow with my right hand, no more blood was dropping out, but it still hurt like hell. While I was heading upstairs, Kim toddled to the kitchen, where she noticed mom and dad, and closed the door at last.

As I arrived in my room, I immediately opened the wardrobe where I grabbed the nearest pullover. For having had a slit in my flesh, I was still able to take off my current black sweater pretty quickly. Then I somehow managed to put on the new green pullover. After having changed my clothes, I stepped out of my room to go to the stairs. Mom and dad were talking in the kitchen, so I became curious and went downstairs, but I stopped after only a few steps. Though I had a look at the kitchen.

They were arguing with each other, so Randall left and moved to the living room. Mom was with Charlie, sitting on

the same old chair as ever. The hurt in my elbow was returning now, I moaned.

‘Do you have some for me?’ Kim asked. She was standing in the doorway of the living room.

‘What? Do I have what?’ Randall said. He must have been sitting in the couch there behind the table, although I couldn’t see him from the stairs.

‘Like cigarettes. You always have some,’ Kim added. Then I saw how cigarettes were landing on the ground in front of her.

‘Grab ‘em!’ Randall yelled, and Kim bent down to pick them up. Mai was now standing there as well.

‘What is going on here?’ She asked.

‘Nothin’. Why?’ Kim said.

‘Like what should be goin’ on here anyway?’ Randall mentioned and grinned like a devil.

‘You’re giving her your cigarettes?’ Mom asked again.

‘Yeah, you ugly whore. Now get the hell outta here!’ He shouted at her. I went to them in the meantime and saw my dad in the couch, with a glowing cigarette in his mouth and a whiskey in his left hand.

‘I gotta go, guys,’ Kim uttered, ‘bye.’

‘Where are you going, young lady?’ Mai wanted to know.

‘None of your business, mom.’

‘Let her go, bitch,’ Randall kept on insulting her, and she eventually left the room with tears sliding along her nose and cheeks. The pain in my arm became more intense. It felt as though blood was dropping out again. I knew that I would need to see a doctor, but I couldn’t. Kim just left the house.

There was a bookshelf placed right next to the television in the living room which I was approaching now, gazing at all the books we had, and I looked out for our photo albums. As soon as I had found one of about five to ten years ago, I took it out of the shelf and began to skim through the pages full of old pictures. One image struck me in particular, so I had a closer look at it. We were at the beach. The sun was shining, there were no clouds in the sky. Many other families around us were playing frisbee, with balls, or other toys in the sand. I was in a yellowish buggy and mom was holding up my arm so that I was waving to the camera. We were all smiling. Randall laid in front of my buggy, forming his hands in my direction. I had been the hero in that picture, although I wasn’t even aware at that time. Randall’s body looked athletic and very sound. His black hair was short, but wet because of the water, so he must have been swimming before the photo was taken. My eyes moved away from the album

and looked past it at today's Randall who was now snoozing in the couch, a still glowing cigarette between his lips, almost dropping out. His left hand was holding on to a bottle of whiskey on the table. He looked like the exact opposite of the man in the photo album. Now he had long unkempt hair. His whole appearance seemed pathetic. Dad had neglected himself.

'Lennie?' That was mom's voice, out of the kitchen probably. I put the photo album back into the bookshelf, stood up, and turned around where I already saw my mom standing.

'What's that?' She asked but looked in another direction now. She went to the table next to Randall and noticed Grace in her own little chair. She was reaching out for something she saw on the table.

'What ... is ... that?' She asked again, now holding a bag in her hand, trying to identify it.

'Randall?!' She shouted in rage.

'Wha ...' he started to mumble indistinctly.

'Randall, did you seriously leave a bag of cocaine on the table?' Mai couldn't believe it, 'Grace wanted to grab it, you stupid idiot!' Mom now slapped dad so that he immediately

woke up and coughed. His cough didn't stop but ended in vomit on his own clothes.

'Look at you,' mom said, disappointed. She turned to me now.

'And you, little boy,' she came closer to me.

'What?' I felt intimidated.

'Haven't you swallowed your pills yet?' Oh shit, I must have forgotten them in the morning.

'Take them already!' Mom ordered. She was holding two pills in my direction, and expected me to open my mouth now, but I resisted.

'I won't take those stupid ass pills!' I shouted suddenly.

'Excuse me?' Mom couldn't believe what she had just heard.

'You're gonna take these now!' Her voice became louder, and she stretched her hand further out to my mouth. I then took the pills, smashed them on the ground, and crushed them with my shoes.

'I won't take them any longer,' I told her, 'they are only worsening everything, I get so mad when I just see them.' Mom wasn't able to react to what I had just said. She stood there, looking at me, and probably questioning everything within this house by now. I felt a deep pain inside. This

wasn't going to end well. I felt sorry. That was why I decided to turn away from Mai and leave the house. I closed the door behind me and moved to the backyard where I coincidentally encountered Charlie, heart-warmingly purring.

It was a fresh moist morning, with some grey matter in the air, so that I couldn't see any further than a few meters. I was leaving the house, but as soon as I had taken the first step outside, I heard Mai crying terribly. I turned around to see what happened to her.

Mom was whining like never. It was a horrible sight and made me feel uncomfortable. I ran to the other end of the living room, to the door which led to the garden. This door was open, and I soon realized that Mai burst into tears because she found Charlie on the threshold. I was now standing right behind her, but she was trying to embrace Charlie, taking his lifeless corpse, trying to give it some life. If he still had been alive at this point, Mai would probably have drowned him in her tears.

'This was Lennie, I swear to God, mom!' Kim said suddenly. She must have come closer in the meantime, too.

'What the hell, Kim?' I couldn't believe her accusing me of this atrocity.

'I've seen you killing him, you filthy bastard,' she shouted at me. I was frightened and couldn't say a thing.

'Shut up everyone!' Mai grunted with pain.

‘It was him,’ Kim uttered a last time, pointing her finger at me.

‘I know it was Randall, that’s the only thing that makes sense here,’ mom was trying to solve the murder.

We were all quiet for a while, no one said anything, till Mai mentioned something again.

‘Randall did this, I know it, I am sure, I just know it ...’ she mumbled. I got curious about what dad was doing, and I turned to the side where he was still snoring in his old chair. The same chair as ever. His right hand was reaching out for the alcohol on the nearby table. A cigarette in his mouth, not glowing anymore.

Meanwhile, Mai had stood up and went away with Charlie in her arms. She left the house and headed to the car in the driveway. I thought that she drove away really quickly, as I couldn’t see her anymore when I stood in the doorway. I closed the door, however, and noticed Kim going upstairs.

I decided to go the now empty kitchen. Blank, peaceful, a place of joy. A weird curiosity dominated me now, took over, and let my hands go through several shelves and drawers, till I came across some beautiful looking silver knives. They caught my attention so that I pulled out a particular big

one that attracted me somehow. I couldn't move my eyes away from this captivating blade.

'And this lipstick looks like super reddish, but it makes you look just like a beauty queen, the way you deserve to be treated,' Kim said in her room, as I went upstairs with slow steps. Her voice made me come closer and closer. It was like quicksand, I couldn't resist.

'So, put this on your lips, and guys won't be able to look past you!' She was saying into a camera. I opened her door now and looked straight at her face. Her expression changed immediately. I had never seen her like this before. I couldn't grasp it. She seemed to feel fear all of a sudden.

'What the fuck are you doin'?' She shouted at me.

'Can I do surgery on you, too?' I asked her, now standing in front of her, ramming the knife into her tummy. She began crying horribly.

'I've already practiced, Kim,' I assured her.

'I know what to do, Kim.' This knife pulled so much out of her stomach. I couldn't identify every part of this mixture of blood, flesh, guts, or whatever there was. Probably some semen, makeup, cocaine, weed, and other fucked up shit as well.

‘It’s not that hard, you know,’ I told her, while she was crying and puking at the same time. Blood, sweat, tears, saliva, vomit, everything converged on her face.

‘I will make you sooo beautiful, Kim!’ I said enthusiastically.

‘I love you, Kim.’

After that, I left her room silently, there was absolute tranquillity now.

Randall was still snoozing in his chair, with saliva dropping out of his mouth, clearly drunk. He didn’t take notice of anything, probably for days already. I hated him. I felt so much hatred toward him. There were no words to sufficiently describe the amount of hatred I felt inside me. I wanted to express this feeling of loathing to him though.

‘I’m the filthiest son of a bitch you’ll ever have met,’ I said straight to his face, took the knife and cut open his throat, until some smallish streams of blood started pouring out. At the moment when his blood appeared, I felt relief. The sight of this blood was aesthetically pleasing, it looked like a piece of art. I was wondering if I could sell it to get rich like the shitheads who sell paintings that could have been made by three-year-olds.

Later I was searching for a can in the storeroom. I knew we had this particular can with fuel inside. I was searching in an antique cupboard that looked like an important heirloom. Anyway, I found the can of fuel in there, finally. This was my elixir. My lifesaver. I took this can and just spilled the fuel all over the place throughout the whole house. I left some of it in every room, an extra portion of fuel for Randall though. As I arrived in Grace's room, I took her out of the cot, carried her cautiously downstairs, and put her into the buggy. 'Here you're safe.'

When I opened the door in the living room that led to the garden, I lit a fire and threw it through the whole room so that it flew down the hallway and lashed against the door in the main entrance, which was why the fire would start farther away from us. I then turned away, felt the emerging fire in my back and put my hands on the buggy, leaving home behind.

Our garden led to a pathway which was a shortage to the woods. Just before entering the forest, I stopped, pulled out a pocketknife and took off my jeans.

'Our species shouldn't continue, you know,' I told Grace while cutting off my own genitals, 'this world is better off with less of us.'

After having done that, I threw my own balls away, although I was losing a horrible amount of blood, so that I started to feel faint. My intimate part hurt awfully, but I was able to put on my pants again. Grace laughed.

Then, I looked at her face and felt content. I made it. I really saved her. I was the hero. Her hero. I would tell her this story one day. I saved her life. She would be very grateful for this at some point in her future, I was sure about this. But now, we still had to go on. We couldn't just stay here and look at each other. When I moved some steps further, I encountered a snake that put itself in our way. It looked gigantic. This snake was approaching us suddenly and I felt some pain in my wounds, where my testicles once belonged to, as well as in my left arm. These wounds were still bleeding, and they burnt like hell.

I couldn't let this snake stop us from escaping. No, no. So, I decided to take a stone which I saw right next to Grace's buggy. I had this stone in my hands and smashed it savagely on the head of this stupid snake. I just hit it, and hit it, and hit it over and over again, until the head of this snake resembled pap, mere pap. I crushed the life out of this snake. I felt superior, I felt almighty.

I was sitting there in the dirt, the dead snake next to me, and I looked up at the buggy. I stood up, recognized Grace, and she was smiling at me.

‘Together we will save the world,’ I told her.

The Old Douche

Chapter I: The first encounter

It was a cold Sunday afternoon when Margaret was sitting in the couch, very concentrated on knitting the next wool sweater for her husband Herbert. She was wearing an enormous pair of glasses that had almost no frame. While she was knitting the sweater, she hummed a song that sounded from the radio nearby.

‘And the fire is slowly dying ... And, my dear, we’re still goodbying,’ she sang.

‘But as long as you love me so ... Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!’ Margaret completed the refrain and smiled at the reddish pullover on her legs.

‘Herbert, are you coming?’ She asked impatiently, and Herbert now seemed to be rushing from the entrance. He arrived in the living room with a jingling pill box in a pocket of his grey jacket that he was wearing. He might have just returned from work, but when he saw his wife, he took off his jacket which was too big anyway (Margaret told him that he would grow into it) and stood still in front of her.

‘You’re so late. Where have you been?’ Margaret complained.

‘Well, I was fighting the traffic, you know,’ Herbert explained, and his facial expression looked kind of dubious.

‘Come here,’ Margaret called him. Herbert went to her, sat down beside her, and looked straight at her glowing eyes.

‘I love you, darling,’ Herbert whispered, and Margaret caressed his white hair. Despite his old age, he still had a lot of hair. The hair of a rock star in his thirties, as he liked to put it. The music continued to sound from the radio, and Herbert began to dance. He was lucky because his antique bones still allowed him to move quickly and effortlessly.

‘Why don’t you open the box that the mailman brought in today? It looked quite heavy, so I’m afraid you have to take care of it,’ Margaret said and pointed at the brownish parcel that was placed in front of the closet.

‘Let’s see,’ Herbert said, and attempted to shake the box without any specific idea how to open it. Margaret intervened and handed him a pair of scissors.

‘Thank you, darling. What would I do without you?’ Herbert mentioned, and Margaret blushed at his compliment. Now he stabbed the scissors into the parcel and destroyed the packaging completely. Margaret’s eyes widened in fright. Herbert went on tearing the parcel into pieces, now with the

scissors between his teeth, whereas Margaret held one hand in front of her face to cover this brutality.

‘Tadaaa! Here we go,’ Herbert said suddenly, and Margaret looked at him. He was sitting there with thousands of pieces of carton and paper around him, and his hands were pointing toward a thingamajig that Margaret couldn’t identify.

‘What’s that supposed to be?’ Margaret asked.

‘That, my darling, is what today’s youth would call a teeeeeeviiiisiooon!’ Herbert enlarged the word so much that Margaret felt insulted.

‘Don’t talk to me as if I were a five-year-old!’

‘Well, that was for Christmas actually. But now it’s already unpacked, so I think I can install it. Right, my beloved?’ Herbert explained.

‘That’s how it goes every year,’ Margaret complained and leaned back in her couch, ‘but don’t destroy anything!’

‘No worries! You know, I have the super cautious paws of a tiger,’ Herbert said and imitated the growl of a tiger, ‘grrrrrr.’

‘And what’s that supposed to mean?’ Margaret asked.

‘Just trust me,’ Herbert said and winked his right eye to her, accompanied by a highly suspicious smile on his face. Margaret devoted herself to the sweater again and continued

knitting, so that she didn't pay any further attention to her husband.

'So, how shall this work here ...' Herbert whispered to himself and looked at this strange box which had a screen in front. There were some buttons on the right side as well. Herbert, however, didn't know at all how to operate it. After a while, he rummaged through the torn carton pieces, because he thought there must have been some operating instructions or even further objects that would make the strange box function at last.

'Quiet please,' Margaret ordered, still concentrated on knitting. Disappointed, Herbert shook his head and grumbled like a bear. Then, he noticed a cable which was coming out of the back of the box. So, Herbert took the cable and plugged it into the socket, but nothing happened yet. Herbert looked around, trying to find a quick solution, now feeling a little distressed, too.

'What may be the answer to all of this?' He whispered to himself.

'What is this magic box? Who sent it? Where did it come from? Is it a gift from God? I cannot know ...' He mumbled doubtfully.

‘You blockhead, you bought it a week ago,’ Margaret said and was clearly miffed at him.

Now Herbert unplugged the box, plugged the cable into the socket again, pressed wildly some of the buttons next to the screen, and hammered on the side of the box. He continued doing so until some mystic flickering suddenly appeared on the screen. The box began to rustle, the noise became louder and louder, so that Herbert and Margaret couldn’t communicate anymore. Herbert turned around to see his wife, and he recognized that she was saying something, but he couldn’t make it out due to the sound of the box. The flickering turned into an extremely bright light that caught Herbert’s attention, and he screamed silently. The whole scenario ended in a chaos. The terrible light, the unbearable noise, and now a storm emerged from the screen which grabbed his body and dragged him into the strange box so that he vanished from the living room.

‘Herbert! Herbert!’ Margaret shouted and opened her eyes carefully. She looked around; the room was left in a mess. However, there was no Herbert.

‘Where ... Where are you, dear?’ She asked desperately.

A streetlamp halfway illuminated a side street which was full of dumpsters and some homeless people wrapped up in newspapers. Though a luminous matter emerged out of nowhere, becoming bigger and bigger, till it resembled a fireball which shone through the entire side street waking up all the homeless people who then marveled at this peculiar floating ball.

The fireball seemed to descend then. After a while, it transformed into a naked human being, now lying and heavily breathing near a container. First, he opened his eyes and looked around. Second, his face expressed amazement and bewilderment simultaneously. He grabbed the surface of the container and stood up eventually. The homeless people looked at his naked, slippery skin and thought he must have been born only a few seconds ago. Nevertheless, the standing person made the impression of an elderly guy now going toward the streetlamp, from where he then found a nearby phone box.

‘Let’s call another Walter!’ A guy wearing a black leather jacket proposed. His two friends dialed the next Walter from the phone book. After some seconds of waiting, that person didn’t answer the call and the three teenagers suddenly recognized an old man coming closer to them.

‘Hey, who’s that geezer over there?’ The one with the black leather jacket and sunglasses asked, now taking off his sunglasses to better see the approaching man who then opened the door of the phone box.

‘I need your clothes,’ the old man said, still naked, in front of the three teenagers.

‘No, you old bastard, fuck off!’ The black clothes guy responded.

‘Give me your clothes ... Or I will ...’

‘Or what?!’

‘I will make use of my naked gun,’ the old man mentioned, pointing at his crotch.

‘Gosh, you have a serious problem, sir,’ the teenager said, slightly disgusted, ‘who are you, what’s even your name?’

‘They call me Herbert.’

‘So, Herbert, lemme explain you one thing,’ the teenager started to speak, but Herbert interrupted him.

‘Your clothes ... You must give them to me ... Immediately!’ Herbert raised his voice and still insisted, although the three teenagers continued to resist, but he abruptly punched the first one in the face so that his sunglasses fell to the ground. Herbert didn’t hesitate to jump on him and savagely beat him into unconsciousness. His two friends immediately

fled in terror. Herbert took the clothes of the teenager, put them on, and also equipped himself with the black sunglasses, but immediately ran in panic after realizing what he had actually done.

Afterward, he calmed himself down and walked a little around to explore the environment, until he encountered a path leading to a large building for which many other people were heading. So, Herbert followed them, but the closer he came to them the more he was pulling a wry face, as he soon realized that all of these mainly younger people were constantly gaping at some strange devices in their hands. Herbert sensed that this situation was beyond his grasp and decided to approach those creatures.

Those young lads were obsessively staring at the screens of their mobile devices, Herbert thought, but was still having a hard time figuring out this confusion. Moreover, he didn't quite understand those devices that were kind of connected to their hands and apparently energized the owner through the eyes which would never look anywhere else except for the thingamajig's display. What also gave him the heebie-jeebies was that the people stopped walking from time to time and just stood in the middle of nowhere, still looking at these mobile gadgets in their hands, and later continued walking,

as though they needed to regain power that was provided by the small technical instruments so that they could keep on walking and functioning in this society, so Herbert assumed.

‘You soulless zombies ...’ he mumbled and stopped going toward the building. He thought there could have been hiding some dangerous force and all these people heading for this building were warriors dependent on those electronic life-giving devices which worked as their energy source. Herbert looked around and saw a girl approaching who didn’t even notice him, as she was only staring at her mobile device which was emitting an enormous light beam toward her face and thus giving her energy to walk and function.

‘Stop right there, young lady!’ Herbert put himself in her way, shouted at her, and hysterically stole her gadget. Then, he threw it into a fountain nearby and watched the girl’s reaction. She began to scream and cry and jump up and down, till she landed on the ground and frustratedly punched in the grass, while Herbert stood there and dropped both his sunglasses and his jaw.

‘What on earth ...’ He couldn’t speak properly and was too shocked by this overreacting teenager. He must have broken her connection to the energy supply in the mobile device

that he had just destroyed. By that, he must have also shut down her ability to live.

‘She’s going apeshit ... What have I done?’ Herbert wondered, presuming to have killed her. This made him fall to his knees, still looking at the totally overstrained teenage girl who was crying endlessly.

Herbert started to blame himself for her eventual death and felt increasingly bad. So, he decided on escaping quickly and soon encountered another area of the city in which he arbitrarily landed before. This zone appeared to be more populated, as there were a lot of revolutionized cars in the streets. Herbert stepped into a store that had a sign outside with the letters **M-E-D-I-A**. There he found all sorts of technical stuff which he had never seen before, and thus, he couldn’t really classify it. A bunch of mysteriously glowing displays made him go completely bonkers, so he started pushing some buttons of a box that he thought to have seen before. Yet this box was somewhat larger and had a screen that blew his mind. All the light coming out of that screen tried to possess him, he thought. So, he kept on pushing these buttons along with the whole screen, till a strange mist emerged in the surroundings. The huge display in front of

him began to shine even more and absorbed him finally so that he disappeared from the shop.

Margaret was crying and had already soaked the entire sweater that she was knitting. An arising light caught her attention which was why she ceased sobbing. That light enlarged and looked like a gathered ball of lightning, Margaret thought. It got so windy that she had to hold her glasses and cover her face due to the bright sight. Then all of a sudden, the light seemed to vanish, it was quiet again. Full of curiosity, she lowered her arm and looked in front of her, where she saw a naked old man. By recognizing her husband Herbert, Margaret dropped her jaw so that her denture fell out of her trembling mouth, which she didn't even notice. Instead, she stood up, went to her husband and hugged him at last.

They were now looking at each other's faces and Herbert began to say something.

'Herbert, the T-Man, is back!' Margaret smiled and cried for joy.

'Where have you been, my dear?' She asked, looking profoundly in his eyes.

Herbert stood up and helped his wife to get up as well, since he had an idea to put into action. He was rummaging through some drawers of the closet, and finally found what

he was looking for. With a match between his lips, he took Margaret in his arms so that he was carrying her full weight now and ran to the entrance.

‘What is happening?’ She asked, but Herbert only concentrated on leaving the house. When he reached the entrance and opened the door with his foot, he managed to light the match with his steely teeth and spat it behind his back toward the strange box in the living room.

‘We have to get away from these soul takers. They will dehumanize us!’ Herbert elucidated this whole fuss. He was still naked but left the house now, as it was no safe place anymore. Margaret was in his brawny arms and had a last glance at their house.

Herbert ran away and sweated horribly because of Margaret’s weight. Yet he had to save humanity and decided to burn down their house that was already beginning to be infected of technology. The last glance Herbert had was when the house exploded ultimately, and he made a final, great jump to seek their own safety. Their former house turned into a sensational explosion, full of open fire and suffocating black smoke. The naked Herbert, however, managed to escape with his beloved Margaret in his arms.

Chapter II: Technology strikes again

Herbert continued walking with Margaret in his arms, and she was impressed by his strength. Though she thought that he might collapse at any moment, as he was panting like a dog with asthma.

‘Are you all right, darling?’ She asked, seriously concerned about his state of health.

‘Certainly,’ he answered without showing weakness and looked straight ahead to where a strange building was situated.

‘Where are we going?’ Margaret was curious and Herbert stopped walking suddenly.

‘I was in the future, Maggie,’ Herbert finally began to explain, ‘and I had the chance to see that something will go completely awry, if we don’t make a significant change now.’

‘So, where are we going, Herb?’

‘You see that?’ Herbert asked, pointing in the distance.

‘No,’ Margaret answered fast, as she was still in her husband’s big arms which masked her visibility.

‘That’s the only hope left,’ Herbert said lastly and started walking again.

In the following minutes, however, she understood that her husband was heading for the Catholic church in front of them. It was a great, majestic building bedecked with sculptures of angels, enormous crosses, and picturesque mosaics along the façade. Margaret was indeed stunned by the look of the building and just gazed at it, while Herbert entered at last.

‘What are we doing here, my beloved?’ She asked.

‘I have seen things ... We need to pray to God. Also, I’m feeling a strong urge ...’

‘What kind of urge?’ Margaret wanted to know.

The moment she was asking this question, Herbert’s arms loosened the grip so that she fell to the ground and sensed an immediate pain in her back. Then, she looked up to her husband who was already running away. She wondered what had happened to him that he would react like that all of a sudden?

‘Father, where’s the rest room?’ Herbert asked a priest who seemed clearly puzzled by the sight of this naked, old, but still jacked fellow in front of him. The poor priest raised his hand at once to cover Herbert’s crotch, and moved his index finger to the right side, so that Herbert rushed to that direction. After entering the rest room, he hastily went in the

stall and closed the door. Margaret heard cries of pain now and recognized Herbert's voice.

'What is wrong with you, my dear?' She thought, still lying on the ground, unable to get up by herself.

'You are a genuine piece of art,' Herbert whispered, as he stood up and looked at what he had just delivered, which truly resembled an extra-large edition of a freshly grilled German bratwurst.

'It was nice knowing you,' he said emotionally and flushed the toilet. Still gazing at his creation, he gradually noticed that it wouldn't disappear, though.

'What is going on in here?' He asked in confusion, since his terrible dung was stuck in the toilet.

'Object too large,' he now heard someone's voice from within the shitter. His perplexity grew, which was why, in panic, he flushed the toilet again and again.

'Object too large, can't proceed,' the metallic toilet voice said.

'What the hell?' Herbert got angry.

'Please try again. Thank you for your understanding.'

'For Christ's sake!' Herbert yelled now, whereupon the water in the toilet started rising, till it splashed over the edge and touched the ground of the cubicle. Disgusted by this

sight, he fled the rest room and returned to his wife. As he went to the pews, however, he saw his sweetheart at the ground surrounded by some mean looking Asian men.

‘God, I only wanted to pray. What’s going on here now?’ Herbert asked, and seemed clearly disappointed. The others noticed him, too, and threatened him with their guns.

‘Who are you crazy Chinamen? What are you doing to my wife?’ Herbert raised his voice and addressed the attackers directly. All of them wore black leather jackets and black sunglasses, and Herbert couldn’t tell them apart either, which was why he felt highly bewildered by this whole scene.

‘What do you want?’ He insisted and shouted at them.

‘Wong chang ho kung mang fu!’ One of the villains said. It was the one who was now grabbing Margaret by her arm and forcefully making her stand up. The other rogues consistently pointed their rifles at Herbert, so he decided to stay put for now.

‘Take me instead! Margaret hasn’t done anything, you Chink!’

‘Hang chu may kang ching mong du!’ The scoundrel yelled back and pulled Margaret toward himself. He was slowly leaving the place and at the same time pointing his gun at Herbert.

‘Herbie, help me!’ Margaret said at last, before they left the church. Herbert thought he had to act now so that he jumped on the first pew and attacked the nearest rascal with a fierce roundhouse kick. The person couldn’t defend himself, Herbert knocked him out immediately. The others tried to follow the sketchy naked man, but he moved just too fast, as he was hiding behind another pew already. In the meantime, Herbert had taken the machine gun of his first victim. Now he was trying to figure out how he could subdue the rest of the aggressors. Examining the environment, he got somehow distracted by a liquid that he felt on his feet, which was why he lowered his head, only to understand that the toilet water was now flooding the church interior.

‘All these problems because of that modern toilet technology,’ Herbert concluded, but continued talking, as he now finally understood, ‘but wait. I must be in the future again! This toilet technology cannot originate from a bygone era. Oh dear, I’ve never traveled back. I’m still stuck in the future!’ While he was talking, something large touched his feet, so that he looked down and smiled subsequently.

‘Gee! You came to help me,’ he whispered by the sight of his bratwurst. He proudly picked it up, felt that it was giving him new strength, and threw it at the first thug who got

immediately neutralized. Herbert took advantage of the situation and stepped forward, now gliding over the slippery floor tiles, which enabled him to shoot all gangsters simultaneously, like in a drive-by without a car but urine and feces. Thus, he took all of the triad members out and their bodies floated away downstream out the door.

‘I gotta get outta here,’ Herbert inferred and ran to the open door. As soon as he was outside, he heard some spooky noises behind him, probably emerging from the rest room, so that he kept on running until he reached a dark forest. Shortly afterward, he turned around, gazing at the Lord’s house, and recognized that it was just exploding due to the immense flood. The walls were collapsing, the angel sculptures burst, and fecal matter was all over the place. Herbert hid his face behind his hands, but when the explosion appeared to cease, he was curious and looked up to the wreckage.

‘Where did the crazy Chinaman go with Maggie?’ Herbert asked without a clue. He sat down on a stone and brooded over which path they could have taken. After a couple of minutes of cerebrating, Herbert desperately began shedding tears, though.

‘Where are you, my beloved?’ He wondered in pain. Right after that, he sensed an emerging warmth from close-by. Herbert touched the skin of his arms and chest, and while doing so, he raised his head because of a mystical light that was arising in the murk of the woods.

‘What is happening here?’ Herbert asked and was now forced to hide his eyes, as the light became brighter and brighter. The heat was also getting unbearable, which was why Herbert stepped back, still covering his face. After a minute, he noticed that the environment was turning darker and colder again, so that he looked up, full of curiosity.

There was a quaint figure in the distance, slowly approaching Herbert, and the closer this creature came the more Herbert could grasp.

‘What are you?’ He asked carefully and then perceived that it must have been a man in his early thirties riding a giant raptor.

‘Hello Herbert,’ the man on the raptor said.

‘Kevin Spacey? Is that really you?’ Herbert asked the moment he heard his voice.

‘What? No, dude,’ the raptor guy answered.

‘Wait, how do I know of Kevin Spacey’s existence? God-dammit! They must have implanted the newest information

into my poor brain with their wicked technology. I'm infected!' Herbert concluded in thought.

'Herbert, I'm Jesus,' the raptor knight said. Then, Herbert's eyes widened as he began to understand more and more.

'This is all your bitch-ass father's fault!' Herbert accused him.

'Calm down, Herbert. Things will fall into place.'

'They took my wife!'

'I know, I know. That's what I'm here for. Let me help you, son,' Jesus offered him his support. The raptor came closer now, but Herbert didn't show a sign of fear. The wild beast sniffed at his face, and Herbert caught sight of the raptor's baring teeth.

'Tranquila, ratoncita,' Jesus whispered and petted his raptor.

'This is *Latinosaurus*,' Jesus now presented his creature to Herbert, and *Latinosaurus* reached out to shake hands with Herbert who raised his eyebrows as this all seemed very suspicious to him.

'Well, nice to meet you,' Herbert agreed and stretched out his hand, too.

'Mucho gusto,' *Latinosaurus* responded.

‘So, how can you help me, Christ?’ Herbert wanted to know already.

‘I got you something,’ Jesus mentioned, and fetched a strange device from a pocket of his white robe.

‘What’s that?’ Herbert wondered.

‘This, son, is a walkie-talkie. I have one, too. Take it!’

‘How does this equipment function?’ Herbert asked, whereupon Jesus pressed a button on his walkie-talkie and advised Herbert to do the same.

‘One, two, three, mic check,’ Jesus spoke to his device.

‘Wow, what on earth ...’ Herbert was impressed, as he could hear Jesus’s voice from the little gadget.

‘Listen, Herbert, over,’ Jesus said.

‘Speak,’ Herbert ordered confidently.

‘No, you gotta do the over-thingy, over,’ Jesus explained.

‘What?’ Herbert didn’t understand what he was referring to.

‘Say as I say. This is Jesus, over!’

‘This is Jesus, over,’ Herbert said hesitantly.

‘Yeah, that’s right,’ Jesus congratulated him.

‘So, I’m really Jesus after all?’ Herbert wondered.

‘No, chill,’ Jesus said, ‘I, only I, am the son of God, Jesus Christ.’

‘How are you gonna help me now?’

‘Look, I brought you this walkie-talkie so you can communicate with me from a distance. I cannot accompany you on your journey to find Margaret, but I can help you through this device.’

‘I see,’ Herbert figured.

‘You’ll keep me posted, then?’ He asked.

‘Affirmative. I will point you the way.’

‘Thank you,’ Herbert acknowledged and showed his gratitude.

‘No probs,’ Jesus muttered, ‘now I gotta leave, though. It was nice meeting you, Herbert. I wish you all the best.’

‘Thank you so much, oh grand son of the lord!’

‘Catch you later,’ Jesus said and ordered Latinosaurus to turn around, ‘¡vámonos!’

‘So long!’ Herbert said in the end, before Jesus rode off, disappearing in the murky distance between the trees the same way as he arrived, in the form of a luminous floating ball.

‘I need to find my sweet honey pot now, and then I will move back in time with her, to escape from this modern hell,’ Herbert spoke to himself.

‘Herbie birdie, over,’ a voice chimed from his walkie-talkie.

‘Is it you, Jesus, over?’ Herbert asked.

‘Right on, over,’ Jesus responded.

‘So, where do I go now, over?’

‘Get outta here first, and then go south where you’ll find a shopping street. At the end, you’ll see a shady restaurant with spidery letters on it. That’s where you have to enter, over.’

‘Thanks Jesus, I will do as you said, over.’

Thus, Herbert lowered his arms, pushed his stealthy chest out, and was ready for his journey. He was still naked, which was why he held the walkie-talkie in his bare paw. Deep inside, he felt furious and powerful enough to strike down anyone who would get in his way. With each step, he moved away from the forest and came closer to what was once the church. There he stood still, looked to the ground and found something that could be useful to him, he thought. So, he bent down to grab the black robe of the priest he had seen in the church before, who had sadly passed away.

‘Rest in peace father, justice will be served,’ Herbert said, after he had undressed the priest and picked up the robe,

now looking thoughtfully to the cloudy sky. Next, he put on the robe and pocketed the walkie-talkie.

After a while, he was carefully going down the shopping street, expecting an enemy to show up at any moment. Herbert therefore examined the face of every pedestrian he was passing. To do that in a less suspicious manner, Herbert rummaged in his robe pockets, until he pulled out some badass black sunglasses which he then put on.

‘I’m a man in black!’ Herbert exclaimed, impressed by himself. He noticed some people staring at him, so that he calmed down again and kept on walking by the shop windows.

Some minutes later, he perceived the fishy gaze of a man, so Herbert turned around and saw that this very man was still staring at him, at the same time pulling his cell phone and calling someone. Herbert went on, although startled, and searched for his walkie-talkie now.

‘Jesus, who was that, over?’

‘Hi, you’ve reached Heaven Industries. We are currently closed. Our normal hours of operations are from 8am to 4pm, Monday to Saturday. We are closed on Sundays. Please leave us a message ...’

‘You gotta be shitting me,’ Herbert said indignantly and put the walkie-talkie away. Next, he turned around to check his environment, but the dubious man from before was gone already.

After a few more steps, Herbert stopped walking as he figured that there were no more stores. He inspected his surroundings closely, moved his head around, and at last took off his glasses, when he spotted a decrepit restaurant with mysterious, foreign-appearing letters written all over it.

‘This must be it,’ Herbert concluded and took his first step toward the shabby building. It looked like it hadn’t been cleaned for centuries, so it might just as well tumble down at any time, Herbert thought.

The moment he was going in the restaurant, a young Chinese waitress amazedly looked at him. She immediately left her tray at a table nearby and moved in front of Herbert.

‘Jesus was right,’ the waitress whispered.

‘Wait, how do you know that I would come?’ Herbert had some doubts now.

‘He told us ... Just about a minute ago,’ the waitress explained hesitantly.

‘Jesus must have been tracking my walkie-talkie, goddammit!’ Herbert reasoned in thought.

‘We have been waiting for you, master,’ the waitress said, humbly looking down to the ground.

‘So, what now?’ Herbert asked.

‘Follow me, master,’ the young Chinese lady answered, still with her head down. Thus, Herbert followed her and, while doing so, examined the other guests in the restaurant. They were all Chinese, too, and wore dark jackets which seemed somehow familiar to him. Nevertheless, Herbert didn’t want to attract any attention, so that he simply followed the waitress who was slowly going to kind of a back room behind the kitchen.

‘We have arrived, master,’ she said finally, as she opened the door to the back room and let Herbert in.

‘Where are we?’ He asked, raising his eyebrows, as this place appeared extremely sketchy to him. Yet the waitress just left and closed the door behind her. Herbert was alone now. So, he cogitated for a while and then fetched his walkie-talkie another time.

‘Jesus, tell me where to go!’ Herbert yelled at the walkie-talkie. He waited a minute, but as he didn’t receive any answer, he decided to leave the back room and returned to the dining hall, where he savagely bit the walkie-talkie and tore it apart with the mere force of his jaws and paws.

‘I’mma send y’all to hell!!!’ Herbert shouted furiously and threw the walkie-talkie halves at some Chinese thugs who were suddenly coming at him.

‘Eat shit, mofuckers!’ Herbert bellowed and simultaneously took a **Walther PPK** out of the robe pocket, ‘oh, father.’

As he saw another rascal approaching him, Herbert put the pistol between his teeth and jumped forward in order to initiate a row of spectacular flic-flacs. In the meantime, he pulled the trigger with his muscular tongue and shot the rogues at once, so that they had no chance at all to lay a finger on him.

With his last flic-flac, Herbert jumped out of the front window of the restaurant and landed on the sidewalk, from where he took the **Walther PPK** out of his mouth and hid it in his lucky pocket. Then, he slowly approached the restaurant again and, when he was inside, he saw a shitload of bodies lying on the ground. Herbert carefully moved around the corpses and went to the back room. The door stood slightly open, and he perceived someone else’s eye glimpsing through the crack of the door.

‘Maggie, I dearly love you,’ he whispered to himself, before he lastly opened the door of the back room. Herbert

stepped in cautiously and heard the floor creaking like a hissing opossum.

As he moved to the middle of the room, he looked around, in hopes of finding something useful. While controlling the walls of this dark, dusty room, he noticed a little elevation. Herbert blew the dust away and saw that it was a shaft indeed, as he managed to remove the cover and figured that he would fit in there. Hence, he went with his head forward and pushed himself into the shaft. First, he crawled for a while, but then he saw kind of a slide, from where he just slid down with his mouth wide open.

As Herbert had gathered great speed during his slide down, he closed his eyes because of the aggressive headwind. Some seconds later, he figured that he wasn't moving anymore, so that he dared to open his eyes again, and his jaw dropped immediately.

'What in tarnation ...' Herbert looked around and perceived that he landed in mountains of gold bars, coins, precious stones, diamonds, and a whole range of other jewelry. When he managed to stand up, he was quite awed by the size of the hall he landed in; a hall that was held by colossal pillars which themselves were also adorned with countless stones, chains and coins.

‘Is this supposed to be heaven?’ He wondered in awe. While being stunned by the environment, Herbert kept on walking and soon encountered two persons within close proximity.

On the left side he saw his beloved Margaret, with her limbs chained to the ground. She also had a gag in her mouth, so that she wasn’t able to talk by any means. Furthermore, she was blindfolded and couldn’t see anything either. Herbert didn’t believe his eyes at this awful sight. Then, a huge golden throne on the right-hand side attracted Herbert’s attention. In fact, the throne was so big that the man sitting on it appeared hilariously tiny.

‘Well, well, well. Look at that geezer!’ Jesus said, and Herbert listened carefully, as his voice sounded different from what he remembered.

‘You betrayed us!’ Herbert yelled in rage.

‘You have finally arrived, Herbert,’ Jesus spoke.

‘Your voice, it sounds so familiar,’ Herbert thought now.

‘So, are you just gonna stand there and do nothing?’ Jesus asked from his throne. Herbert, however, didn’t say a word, as he was having a sudden brainstorm and recalled a scene from the toilet in the church earlier on.

‘It was you in the shitter,’ Herbert realized gradually, as Jesus’s voice sounded quite metallic, ‘I got you now!’

‘Great,’ Jesus said, got up from his throne, and began clapping his hands.

‘You were talking to me in the toilet cubicle in the church! Why didn’t you accept my crap, for God’s sake?’ Herbert asked now very sternly. Jesus, though, just laughed and lifted his hands.

‘Get him!’ He shouted all of a sudden. Herbert was confused but comprehended the situation as soon as some Chinese fellows appeared from behind the pillars of this enormous hall.

‘Wing chang mao kung ho pang!’ All the Chinese triad gangsters yelled at the same time. Also, Jesus moved forward now, away from his throne, and dropped his white robe, so that it became clear to Herbert that Jesus’s nature was indeed different from what he had imagined. Half of his body parts glittered, and Herbert finally grasped that he was part human and part machine, a cyborg. Herbert, however, didn’t hesitate any longer and also dropped his robe, so that the two naked men were now facing each other. Meanwhile, the Chinese thugs pointed their firearms at Herbert, which was why he decided to hide behind a pillar. He still held his robe in

his hands and rummaged through its lucky pocket another time, in hopes of getting some useful thingamajig to defend himself. After a while, he could feel something and so fetched a katana from the pocket.

‘I’m gonna beat you with your own weapons, you Asia punks,’ Herbert whispered. Next, he stepped away from the pillar and confronted the attackers at last. Some of them already began shooting at Herbert, but, as though he were a well-trained ninja, he handled the sword in such a fast and nifty manner that he split all cartridges in the air and simultaneously directed them with the sheer power of his blade back to the triad members, which, in the end, resulted in their quick deaths. Herbert breathed heavily, and by the sight of his chained darling and the naked cyborg Jesus, he felt a raw rage growing inside him.

‘Well done, student,’ Jesus said with his metallic voice, slowly approaching the battlefield.

‘Look at these bodies, Herbert,’ Jesus stood still now, ‘they all had to die because of one woman?’

‘Just let her go!’ Herbert demanded.

‘Herbert, you have ever since intervened with humanity’s history. The history my dad decided for, but you somehow intended to change it. What is your problem with me?’

‘It’s all your dad’s fault really, when I think about it more clearly,’ Herbert argued, ‘it was him who made me travel through time, I never wanted it!’

‘Let’s get on with it!’ Jesus exclaimed finally. His right silver arm began moving and chiming in a squeaky way.

‘You better oil that rusty thing,’ Herbert advised him. In the same moment, he ran forward and jumped in the air, doing a spectacular turn, and simultaneously attacked him with his long katana. Jesus, however, didn’t expect him to take the first step, so that he was obliged to abort his attack in order to defend himself from the great T-Man. Herbert was pushing his sword toward Jesus’s head who now held the blade with his mechanical hands.

‘I will purge you,’ Herbert told him, as their faces had gotten really close.

‘You should think twice, old man,’ Jesus answered, and managed to push him away for a second, although Herbert’s fury made him come back at once. Meanwhile, Jesus was building a fire ball with his metallic hands, which he then threw at Herbert who just inhaled deeply and blew it away back to Jesus. Due to his mechanical parts, he wasn’t very agile so that his right arm caught fire. Herbert took advantage of the situation and attacked him with his katana. Jesus, on

the other hand, seemed overstrained. He was sweating and also beeping, as his machine part was about to collapse.

‘This will be your end,’ Herbert said self-confidently, growled like a bear, summoned up all his strength and decided to throw the katana at the bewildered Jesus. The blade flew so fast through the air that Jesus didn’t even see it coming and only noticed it when it was ultimately stuck between his vocal cords. Blood emerged and dropped down his neck along his partly mechanical chest.

‘This cannot ...’ his metallic voice started saying but wasn’t able to finish the sentence. Jesus lowered his arms slowly and fell at his stomach. A cadaver of one of his thugs lay beside him, with a bullet lodged in his forehead. Jesus lastly looked to that corpse, and then realized that he would probably suffer the same fate. Next, he perceived Herbert approaching him. He stood still in front of Jesus and looked down at his victim, while Jesus was looking up to his magnificent misters. Herbert stepped at his back and grabbed his silver arms. He then jerked his arms and slowly ripped them apart. Jesus’s eyes stopped glowing now.

‘May you rest in peace,’ Herbert muttered, looking at the destroyed cyborg. Next, he rushed to his beloved, Margaret,

who was still chained to the ground. She wasn't able to move, nor to see anything of what had just happened.

'Maggie,' Herbert said, removed the blindfold and pulled the chain out of the floor, 'I love you.'

'Oh, tiger,' Margaret said, bursting into tears.

'Let's go,' Herbert suggested and helped his sweetheart getting up. Together they went toward Jesus's throne, where Herbert had seen something interesting before.

'What's your plan?' Margaret asked, and Herbert stopped walking, moving his right hand to an object that was hid behind the throne.

'This will be our way back,' Herbert explained. So, they approached a machine, which looked like a mechanical bed with a display in front. As they came closer, Herbert grabbed his beloved's hands and looked her deeply in the eyes.

'Wait here, Maggie. I still have some work to finish.'

'When will you be back?'

'I cannot tell you precisely, but it shan't take too long.'

'Let me come with you, Herbie,' Margaret spoke lastly and hugged him with all her strength. While she proposed that, Herbert looked to the mechanical bed and noticed its small size, which was why his face became agitated, as he imagined that he had to carry his hefty woman again.

‘All right Margaret, come with me then.’

‘I love you,’ she said happily. Together they turned away from the throne, ready to step in the machine. In there he lay down first and ordered Margaret to carefully lie on him. She felt more comfortable than him, since his huge muscles gave a little cushion. Herbert concentrated on the display, pushed some random buttons, and the mechanical bed began rustling and glowing. A peculiar fog emerged around the machine and covered it completely within only a few seconds. In the meantime, the light of the display became brighter and brighter, which was why they both closed their eyes in the end.

There were no clouds in the sky. The sun was shining, and the air was fresh and humid. Some birds were joyfully chirping and flying around the crowns of apple trees, which were surrounded by knee-high grass and several bushes on the pastures. The sudden emergence of a mysterious fireball floating up in the air broke the idyllic peace of that area. The fireball, however, decreased in size and descended slowly, finally landing on the ground where it burned the grass. Meanwhile, the birds stopped flying and chirping and simply stayed in the tree crowns, curiously observing the scenery.

The luminous ball altered its appearance and transformed itself into two human beings. On the left side a man, whose skin seemed rather wet and slimy, as a viscous liquid flew down his steely muscles when he began to sit up, so that his posture became erect. An elderly woman lay next to him, also covered in a strange liquid that was dropping from her naked body. The man appeared somewhat old with his grey hair but still stood up quite effortlessly and now looked around to examine the environment. His head stopped moving suddenly, since his eyes were focusing an apple tree not too far. Thus, he began walking in that direction and left his wife on the ground. She didn't yet comprehend what had just happened.

As he approached, his objective became clearer to him; the two persons he was thinking of sat under that apple tree on the grass. They were the only human beings around, so the naked, old man was very sure of his goal. When he finally reached these two other persons, he saw a man and a woman. They were both naked, too, and only concealed their genitals with leaves.

'I need to accomplish my mission,' the naked old fellow spoke in front of the couple.

'Hi mate,' the sitting man said.

‘Who are you, sir?’ The woman asked.

‘We are Herbert and Margaret!’ Another voice chimed from behind Herbert, so that he turned around and noticed his beloved, who was now standing beside him.

‘Nice meeting you, Herbert and Margaret,’ the sitting man said, now beginning to introduce himself, ‘I’m Adam.’ Adam reached out his hand and animated his girlfriend to do the same, but Herbert rejected the nice gesture. He just stood there, raised his right hand and made a fist. Margaret did so, too, and scowled at them both. Then, Herbert opened his mouth and growled like a bear, jumped on Adam and savagely beat him into unconsciousness within only a few seconds. Blood dropped from his jaw, teeth were on the ground, and his girlfriend didn’t know what to do, she was caught in shock. Next, Margaret hysterically threw herself with all her weight at Adam’s girlfriend, so that she immediately died along with her boyfriend, since all her organs got crushed. Herbert helped his sweetheart get up again and contently smiled at her; he felt proud. At last Herbert looked up to the crown of the apple tree, from where he had heard a rattling noise before.

‘You kinda stole my thunder there,’ a snake spoke with a bothersome lisp from the tree crown.

‘Listen to me, snaky boy. I don’t know what this God person in heaven is up to, but sooner or later his plans of technologizing humanity will lead to eternal damnation. That’s no good, my friend. I had to stop this. I am probably sacrificing myself and my beloved, oh Maggie, to just put an end to our race. Earth will prosper again, without us using it as a doormat.’

‘I’m not too sure about that,’ snaky boy said.

‘We will see,’ Herbert answered, and already turned his back on him, now leaving the place. Margaret followed him and they returned to the spot where they first landed. Though he had no idea how to travel back in time, as the mechanical bed machine was nowhere to be found.

‘What now, Herbert?’ Margaret asked, her question accompanied by doubt.

‘I got an idea,’ he said, and abruptly squeezed her big breasts, while Margaret, on the other hand, was simply confused by his spontaneous move. He then got even closer, put his other hand on her butt and began kissing her intensely. She just let herself carry away by her romantic Herbert and closed her eyes. Afterward, Herbert moved to the ground with her, made her lie down and subsequently stroked every bit of her naked body in a very smooth manner. Margaret

started moaning, their kisses intensified, and Herbert put himself above, now penetrating her completely.

‘It’s been a long time,’ Margaret whispered.

‘We’ll create a new, better breed,’ Herbert said at last.

Chapter III: A final visit

Four years later. Herbert and Margaret lay in the shadow of a cherry tree, while they were watching a few small people playing in the grass. The environment resembled a truly peaceful harmony, as colorful birds were twittering in delight, the sun was shining brightly, and there was a fresh breeze in the air.

‘Look at them, aren’t they gorgeous?’ Margaret uttered.

‘Yes, they are indeed,’ Herbert responded, watching those little fellows now approaching him and Margaret.

‘Mama, papa!’ They shouted simultaneously, all with a big smile on their faces.

‘Leslie! Arnold! Michael! Shaqueena! Latifa! Fatima! Batista! Taneesha!’ Herbert called them.

‘All right dad, you haven’t forgotten our names, we got it,’ the rebellious Shaqueena complained.

‘We love you, children,’ Herbert spoke and tried to hug them all at once, which didn’t really succeed, though.

‘Who wants some milk?’ Margaret asked, now squeezing her breasts. She and Herbert were still naked, only with a leaf attached to their genital areas.

‘Yeaah!!!’ All the kids yelled and jumped on their mother. In the meantime, Herbert stood up and decided on walking a little.

‘Maggie,’ he said then, ‘take care of the kids!’

‘Why?’ Margaret wondered.

‘A sudden idea struck me,’ Herbert muttered in the distance, walking farther away, so that Margaret couldn’t understand what he said. She just kept on breastfeeding her babies, without paying further attention to him. Herbert went to a notorious apple tree that he hadn’t forgotten from their past in this idyllic land which they conquered four years ago.

‘Where are you?’ Herbert asked, standing under the apple tree.

‘Who?’ Another voice sounded from the crown.

‘You!’ Herbert responded without seeing anyone. The other one must have been hiding somewhere.

‘Show yourself or I will burn this goddamn tree down!’

‘What’s the matter with you?’ A snake asked and peeked out of the branches at last.

‘You owe me, bastard,’ Herbert said now, ‘don’t you remember? We had a deal!’

‘Right. Well, so what do you wish, then?’ The snake admitted.

‘I need to take a final look in the future,’ Herbert explained.

‘Turn around,’ the snake insinuated. Herbert moved away for a while, searched the area and finally found what he was looking for: a strange box with a screen in front.

‘Oh, I’ve seen you before,’ Herbert whispered now. He went to the TV, sat down next to it and started touching it on the sides, in hopes of finding some buttons to push.

‘So, how does this work?’ He wondered, as there was no socket to plug in the cable. In the meantime, an annoying lisp sounded from the background. Herbert turned around.

‘Here,’ the snake spoke, offering him an apple.

‘You dumbass, this apple won’t do anything! But wait ...’ he pondered, having a sudden brainstorm. So, he quickly stood up, stretched his hands out to the apple tree where he grabbed the snake and pulled it hectically out of the crown. Next, he went back to the strange TV box, took the cable from the back and stuffed it right into the snake’s snout. The display lit up now and Herbert smiled crazily. A mystic fog began to appear in the surroundings, the TV screen flickered strangely, a terrible noise sounded from within the box. Herbert was covering his eyes and ears, as the light shone brighter, and the noise became louder. The fog was all over

the place, until a supernatural force dragged him into the screen. Herbert had vanished again.

Up in the air, a dubious ball of light and heat emerged. This ball was floating, gathering more mass, light and warmth. Thus, it increased in size, so much that it even shot some flashes of lightning in the environment. After a while, it lost energy and lastly descended. There it changed somehow, as a naked old man was now sitting on the ground. He raised his hands in order to rub a slimy liquid out of his face. While doing so, he also stood up, moved his legs a little, jumped up and down. Now he felt better, opened his eyes for the first time and carefully looked around. Lots of people were walking past him, conversing happily with each other or gazing at shop windows.

‘Oh woow ...’ Herbert began whispering, ‘I am sooo proud!’ He continued looking around, examining his own breed, his own humanity.

‘You all look like Maggie and I!’ Herbert understood, when he carefully scrutinized the other people’s faces, which were either identical to Herbert’s or Margaret’s face.

‘Oh my ...’ Herbert still couldn’t believe what he was just witnessing. Every man, no matter what age, height or weight, had his face. That old, wrinkled, grumpy, ignorant, but

confident kind of look. Whereas every woman, on the other hand, had Margaret's face, which looked wrinkled, calm and serene. Herbert therefore noticed teenage girls, who were in puberty, but had the old, wrinkled face of Margaret, which, in the end, made him smile contently. Yet he knew that he was still naked, but didn't want to attract any further attention, which was why he just snapped his fingers so that a black robe appeared on his skin. Now he could move on.

After strolling for a while, he suddenly stood still by the sight of a strange couple. Two young women with rather shortish hair were hugging and kissing each other. So, Herbert presumed that they were homosexuals.

'Oh, that wouldn't have been possible in the good old days!' Herbert said aloud.

'Excuse me, sir?' The woman with sunglasses on the left side uttered, while her partner on the right side looked clearly disgusted by the appearance of this creepy old man.

'What's your problem?' One of the women asked.

'Well, the question better be: What is **YOUR** problem, young ladies?' Herbert wondered.

'I will cure you!' He exclaimed now, and dropped his robe at the same time, so that he stood there completely naked. The two young women startled, and their mouths

dropped open at once while now being exposed to his buff body and his manhood downstairs. They didn't hesitate any longer and finally threw themselves at him.

'You have ungayed us, daddy!' Both of the women said.

'What are your names?' Herbert asked then, looking to his sides, where the two women stood.

'I'm Rebecca,' the one with the sunglasses said.

'And I'm Jennifer, daddy,' the other one answered, stroking his massive chest. Rebecca was touching his brawny arms in the meantime.

'Daddy, you're so strong!' They expressed simultaneously and Herbert simply felt satisfied. He put one arm around Rebecca and his other arm around Jennifer and went on walking through the shopping street. After some time, however, he perceived another couple, which appeared even stranger to him. Herbert stopped walking and couldn't really grasp what he was seeing.

'What is that?' He asked in bewilderment.

'Daddy, they changed their sex!' Rebecca explained, pointing at the couple. One of them had a rather female body but a Herbertian face, while the other one had a male body with a Margaretian face.

'What happened to them?' Herbert wondered.

‘They are transgenders!’ Jennifer told him. Herbert looked at her now but couldn’t yet comprehend, which was why he decided on walking up to the couple and asking them directly.

‘What are you, strange people?’

‘Stop discriminating us already!’ One of the transgenders complained.

‘What have you done to your holy bodies which were given to you by the marvelous Margaret and the ingenious Herbert?’

‘What are you even talking about?’ The other transgender said.

‘You have the body of a gal but my face!’ Herbert concluded.

‘I’m genderfluid! Now fuck off!’

‘How dare you change your natural body?’ Herbert asked.

‘That’s none of your business!’ The transgender couple subsequently turned away from Herbert and kissed intensely. Herbert was still perplexed and thought: ‘This truly must be some black magic fuckery.’

Rebecca and Jennifer moved away, too, as they were now feeling a peculiar heat emerging from Herbert’s body. His

eyes were glowing now, and his penis became extremely erect all of a sudden. Herbert raised his arms and seemed to gather some kind of mysterious energy.

‘The power of Herbert compels you!!!’ He shouted eventually, and his penis shot a light beam at the transgender couple. The moment the light beam struck the two transgenders, they simply vanished, only leaving a puff of smoke which also disappeared in the air a few seconds later.

‘There are only two genders, and this will never change!’ Herbert said ignorantly, and gradually ceased glowing.

‘Daddy, you saved us!’ Rebecca and Jennifer spoke.

‘You’re welcome, young ladies,’ he muttered gentleman-like, and looked up to the sky where he saw some weird clouds now. They appeared very gloomy and covered the whole sun, so that the environment turned much darker. Also, Herbert and his two female sidekicks recognized huge lightnings coming out of the clouds, accompanied by the terrible sound of thunder. Herbert looked around and saw other people running away suddenly, as the wind became pretty tempestuous. Then, a quick lightning struck a store not too far away from him. He immediately moved there and blew out the fire in the store as if it were merely a candle. Herbert stood still now and was amazed by what was

happening in there. The big body of an odd person rose from the floor. That figure was still surrounded by a lot of smoke so that Herbert couldn't quite specify the very nature of the stranger.

'You thought,' a familiar voice chimed from behind the smoke, 'you had eliminated me!' Herbert tried hard to connect the voice to a face, but didn't manage to do so, until this person stepped out of the smoke, directly moving in front of Herbert. They now faced each other.

'I will get back what once belonged to me!' The metallic voice said.

'Jesus Christ!' Herbert shouted, and his jaw dropped as he couldn't believe Jesus was still alive, although he had removed his arms the last time.

'Yes, buddy, it's me again!'

'What do you want from me?' Herbert asked aloud.

'I want my planet back!'

'Margaret and I put an end to the mischief you and your dad were causing!'

'But your mischief will be worse,' Jesus argued.

'Look around, you fanboy, everyone is happy here. Only because there's no technology!' Herbert explained, since no TVs, smartphones or other stuff alike existed in this world.

‘We need to enhance humanity,’ Jesus yelled now, ‘look at me!’

‘You are a truly pathetic piece of shit, Jesus,’ Herbert said, looking at Jesus who now exposed his body which was, again, part machine, part human. He must have turned himself into a cyborg another time, Herbert reasoned in thought.

‘Let’s get on with it!’ Jesus said at last and jumped into Herbert’s direction. Herbert, however, moved aside and got out of his way.

‘I’ll make you suck my hairy testicles, you lil dipshit!’ Herbert cried, and immediately stood up. He had focused Jesus before but decided to run out of the store, stopped in the middle of the street, and turned around to Jesus in the shop, who was slowly coming out by now.

Herbert examined the area and noticed that there were still some of his descendants. After pondering for some seconds, a brilliant idea occurred to him. He snapped his fingers again, and anxiously watched his fellow beings who now turned their faces to Jesus. Furthermore, their eyes began glowing and they raised their arms to gather power that Herbert gave them. Thus, all his descendants built an army, as more and more people were approaching the street in front of the shop. They all stood in rows around Herbert, every

one of them supporting their God – the one and only. Herbert was impressed by his supernatural strength and began floating up in the air, as he was gaining more and more power. Jesus was stunned, which led him to snap his fingers, too. Shortly afterward, a couple of angels came out of the dark clouds above and flew to Jesus till they surrounded him. All of them had fluffy wings and athletic bodies. Yet Herbert showed no sign of fear but laughed crazily at his opponents.

Jesus, however, didn't seem to possess the power of floating in the air, so that he simply stayed on the ground, looked up to his adversary, raised his arms and ordered his angels to attack Herbert and his army.

'Get the fucker!' He shouted furiously. Herbert, on the other hand, snapped his fingers like crazy and, by doing so, switched every one of his soldiers on, so that they now were ready to attack, too. Thus, a brutal battle of the reign over the entire world was to commence.

While the angels were flying around in the air, every now and then attacking some of Herbert's descendants, Jesus jumped up and down and tried to stay in the air, just like Herbert did. Though he lastly figured that he simply didn't have such powers and became even angrier. Jesus then stretched forth his arms and began to shoot little fireballs at

Herbert, who was still in the air, defending his army against all the wicked angels. He just grabbed them by their wings and slung them away into the distance. By the sight of Jesus's fireballs, he inhaled deeply and exhaled from left to right, extinguishing all the fireballs with his strong breath. After that, he saw that Jesus was producing smartphones with his machine parts of his cyborg body, which he then fired at Herbert. The angels were also coming back, now assaulting Herbert's army on the ground.

"The T-Man will punish you all!" Herbert shouted in rage, and made his dong become erect again, so that he could fire a huge light beam in the direction of the approaching smartphones, which just burst into flames and fell to the ground, where they knocked some of his soldiers unconscious, though. Nevertheless, Herbert didn't let himself down by the evil deeds of his enemy, so that he continued firing the light beam at Jesus, who shot more and more smartphones, chips, cables, and other technology to defend Herbert's attack. After some minutes, it turned out that Herbert seemed to possess more strength as he got closer and still pointed his genital light beam at Jesus, whose feet were gradually disappearing in the ground because of the immense power of the light beam. In the meantime, Herbert

had a glimpse of what was going on beneath him. Rebecca and Jennifer were bravely defending themselves against the attacks of the angels. They punched them and ripped their wings out, which left them dead in the mud. Herbert now sent them a romantic kiss that flew to his female sidekicks. The moment the kiss touched them both, they began floating, too, and gained more power. Their eyes began glowing and their clothes burned and disappeared from their bodies. Thus, they were able to shoot light beams from their nipples which made the angels explode as soon as they were hit. Jesus, however, didn't simply watch, and decided on moving aside in order to get a running start. Thus, he jumped on the back of a Herbertian soldier who therefore elevated him into the air to face Herbert, his final foe, directly.

'Rest in peace!!!' Jesus yelled hysterically with his metallic voice and pointed a cross at Herbert. A bright light emerged from the surface of the cross that actually dazzled him. Herbert couldn't react fast enough and got struck by the light, so that he fell down, toward the ground.

Rebecca and Jennifer saw how their daddy had been attacked and decided to fly to him. They made a huge effort to grab his legs and to swing him around in the air, so that his body would gather more speed. After a minute, they both

cried aloud, putting all their energy in letting go of him, so that the unconscious Herbert flew toward Jesus, who wasn't expecting this athletic body to confront him. Herbert, though, started feeling something again, so that he slowly opened his eyes and, upon the impact, perceived the frightened look of Jesus's eyes. The violent collision made Jesus become unconscious, which was why he now fell down and lastly landed on the ground, in a big hole that his impact caused. Herbert followed him to the ground and sat down beside him. Meanwhile, Rebecca and Jennifer were dealing with the angels again, who were ever dwindling, since more and more angelic corpses paved the street.

'Well, well, well. How the turntables ...' Herbert spoke when approaching his enemy. He knelt down beside him.

'Wake up,' Herbert yelled, now madly slapping Jesus's cheeks.

'Whaaa ...' he began to mumble.

'I got you, dickhead!' Herbert shouted proudly. He was controlling his limbs, attaching them to the ground by chains of light which he created with his hands. As a consequence, he couldn't escape by any means and was obliged to face Herbert.

‘What is going on?’ Jesus wondered, now opening his eyes.

‘Give up already!’ Herbert demanded.

‘Never,’ Jesus muttered, spitting blood.

‘Look, brother, I’mma explain it to you once, but only once,’ Herbert began speaking now, slapping him again, so that he would pay attention to him.

‘Your army is gone. We stroke down each one of your bitch-ass angels!’

‘This cannot be!’ Jesus was afraid.

‘Look around! Your angels are all dead. My army has prevailed,’ Herbert said.

‘Oh God,’ Jesus stuttered, and started crying.

‘You lil crybaby,’ Herbert laughed.

‘Listen!’ He shouted, and slapped Jesus another time, who seemed seriously frightened.

‘I am the real deal now! Only Herbert embodies the people’s dreams and beliefs. Jesus, you must give way. Admit it already! Your hypocritical business is a relic of bygone times, and nobody believes in it anymore. Mah peeps are woke, fucker!’ Herbert spoke enthusiastically.

‘This shall be my end, then,’ Jesus admitted.

‘Yes, son,’ Herbert said, and stood up. Rebecca and Jennifer came closer and looked at their enemy on the ground. Herbert gave them a small nod, and they all moved their arms up in the air. Together they roared wildly for some time and seemed to summon up all their strength. Rebecca, on the right side, touched Herbert’s right shoulder with her left hand, while Herbert, being in the middle, put both his hands at his girls’ shoulders and Jennifer, on the left side, held Herbert’s left shoulder with her right hand. Now they were all connected with one another and screamed even more, until a mystic light emerged from Herbert’s penis. Likewise, Rebecca’s and Jennifer’s nipples began gleaming till they also created an enormous light. Then, they all pointed their weapons at Jesus’s face and simultaneously shot heavy light beams at him.

‘The power of Herbert compels you! The power of Herbert compels you! The power of Herbert compels you!’ They all shouted again and again. The environment got so bright that they couldn’t see at first what had happened to Jesus. Some minutes of roaring and light-beam-shooting later, they all ceased at the same time and exhaled for a while, as they had never before needed all their strength. Herbert was exhausted and didn’t feel his body anymore, so that he

fell to the ground. The same happened to Rebecca and Jennifer. They all lay there now, without showing a sign of life.

A certain tranquility spread throughout the whole area. There were no angels left, they all lay dead on the ground. Herbert's army had calmed down and observed the final strike against Jesus. Herbert, Rebecca and Jennifer remained motionless on the ground, though. Then, some of Herbert's and Margaret's descendants approached the new Holy Trinity and sat down next to them. They whispered something among themselves and later decided on touching the bodies of their heroes. Some of them began to carefully shake them. So they did until their bodies started to move suddenly. The army stepped away from them and watched how their leader, Herbert, grabbed a near stone and stood up eventually. Rebecca and Jennifer also regained consciousness and felt able to get up. Now they were all standing straight, admiring their liveliness, and smiled at each other.

'We made it,' Herbert said now, and hugged Rebecca and Jennifer. The two ladies were so happy that they burst into tears. After that, the three of them gazed at the ground, as there was no Jesus left. Their ultimate attack must have wiped him out completely. He had perished once for all.

‘Thank you, my children,’ Herbert told his crowd. They all cheered and congratulated him on the success. Rebecca and Jennifer gave their daddy a last kiss on each cheek, whereupon Herbert felt flattered.

‘This planet is finally ours! Now we will be able to live in peace and harmony. No Jesus, no technology will ever try to harm us again,’ Herbert declared, and turned away in the end.

‘Does anybody know what time it is?’ He whispered to Rebecca and Jennifer.

‘It’s almost half past 8pm,’ Jennifer responded after looking at her wristwatch.

‘Oh no,’ Herbert began muttering, ‘Maggie must be mad at me ...’

‘Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen!’ Herbert said at last and moved away from all the people on the street. Rebecca and Jennifer seemed bewildered by his sudden decision to leave. Herbert disappeared behind the store where Jesus had showed up in the beginning. There he snapped his fingers until a little fire appeared in his hands that he shot at the ground in front of him. The fire vanished and a small box with a screen appeared.

‘Oh yeah,’ Herbert whispered contentedly and sat down in front of the TV. From now to then, he began shaking the box, hitting it on the sides and wildly pushed some buttons which he found beneath the display. Then, the screen started to flicker. Herbert smiled.

Margaret was still lying under the cherry tree. She had been resting since Herbert’s sudden disappearance. Though she watched her children, who were again happily playing on the pasture. She furthermore heard some birds which were chirping from the tree crown. The sun was still shining brightly.

All of a sudden Margaret perceived a terrible noise from not too far away. Thus, she stood up and recognized a mysterious light ball floating in the air. It descended slowly and turned itself into a man. Margaret ran up to him, helped him get up and rejoiced after all.

‘Where have you been, my dear?’ Margaret asked, cleaning Herbert’s face.

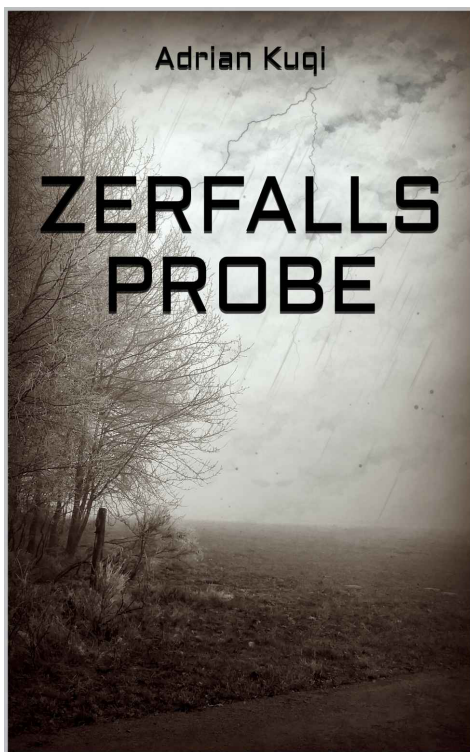
‘In the future!’ Herbert answered with a weird smile on his face.

‘What happened to you?’ She wanted to know, as soon as she had rubbed the slimy liquid out of his face and saw that it had some scratches.

‘Nothing, my dear. I just stumbled a bit,’ Herbert explained and smirked. Afterward, they went back together to the cherry tree, where they sat down. Herbert waved at his children in the distance. Margaret rested her head on his shoulder, Herbert kissed her smoothly – and they all lived happily ever after.

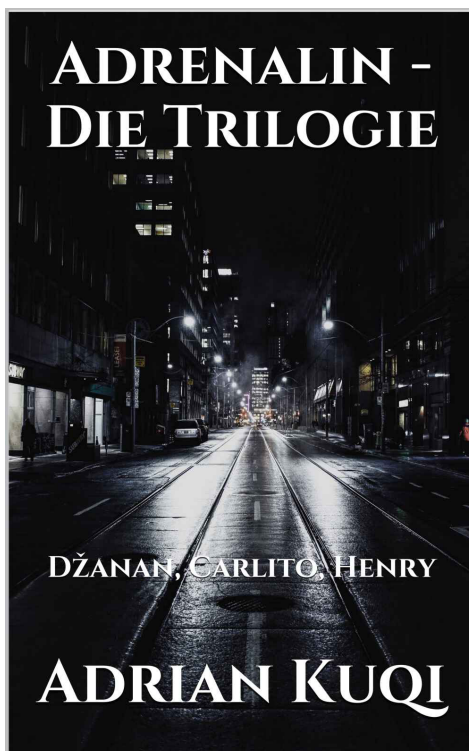
Further publications of Adrian Kuqi

Zerfallsprobe (2020)



Jeder Einzelne von uns wollte die nächste Überlebenden-plattform erreichen, wo es Heilstationen gab, die man beanspruchen musste, wenn man gebissen oder anderweitig infiziert wurde. So versprachen sie einem die Rettung, allerdings hatte ich von Willie erfahren ...

Adrenalin – Die Trilogie: Džanan, Carlito, Henry (2020)



Džanan, Carlito und Henry sind keine Charaktere, denen man jemals auf offener Straße begegnen wollen würde. Sie schlagen sich ohne Kompromisse im tiefsten Untergrund durch und stellen dabei das Gesetz vor noch nie dagewesene Herausforderungen ...