

Works. Construction was finished and electricity was connected, then the house sat here for years without paved roads or drainage. Then Public Works started building the roads on levels that don't correspond to the levels licensed by the municipality. As a result, the house hangs in the air, with the basement becoming the ground floor, and the ground becoming the first. We can only enter the house through these stairs you don't like and describe as 'trespassing.' So let's just be quiet about it . . ." My old host said those words with grief and pain, because this staircase makes him suffer every day with his back and knee pain. I wonder, if the municipality came to apply the law and removed the stairs, how will he even enter his house? Who will compensate this poor citizen?!

Lastly, I say to the owner of the Dream House: Your chance at building the house exactly as you desire must be done with a single shot from your pistol into the face of the monster. Either you hit it with the first shot and survive, or you lose and get eaten. There is no turning back here, and be warned that this beast has three heads: Borrowing money for the construction, the demands of your wife, and the contractor who knows no fear of God. It is a terrible monster which often cuts into the meat of the citizen. The owner will live the rest of his life in his "dream house," confined within the walls of a dark square: the suffering of debt, the errors in design, the cheating contractor, and the nagging of his wife.