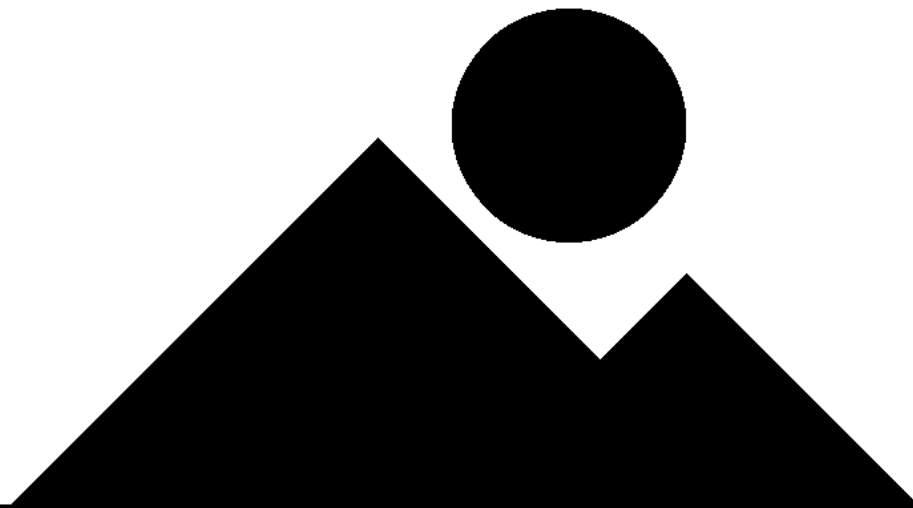


Ermo Bobble

THE CARDBOARD GARDENS



MY LIFE BOTH AND OTHER THING I HAVE WRITTEN WHILE LIVING.

*"Extremely weird and funny.
Like a modern Finnegans Wake."
- Joe Mandrove*

*"Completely unexpected, literally drove me mad."
- Werdy Kattle*

*"To short, but keeps hypnotizing well after putting down."
- Conrad J. Hooker*

*"This read will make you feel like a complete moron,
and you'll love every second!"
- Robin Dillen*



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The Cardboard Gardens - My life both and other things I have written while
living
by Ermo Bobble

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CHAPTER

Tape-recorder:

“The spool rotates and there is a distinctive voice to hear
While I my breath try to keep I tremble to the sound of my own voice!
My own voice appears from the speakers and says everything I think so there
is a surreal echo in my head arises
The bottle is on my lips and tilts slightly
The contents of the bottle touches my lips
As if the wait for I cannot live without fresh oxygen and my brain will no
longer can fool
I long to breath but the disgusting masses prevents me from failure
My body become heavier my head lighter and my heart stops ”

Atonement He drank his beer Maybe he already had a lot on but he was the
beat lost Somewhere they walked through the colander It was raining
Leaves were unusually high speeds in the face blown Benches were
occupied by an inability to sit They had to keep running because of an
invisible mate She followed him All three of them

The can was empty Maybe he had enough beer in his body but he was
thirsty Somewhere he pulled a new away from a place which he almost
immediately could no longer remember Everything depended on them
Diagonal The trees put all their strength in their roots to prevent them from
the place which they so long occupied in lost it would become
The helmsman was called Wilhelm of Kleffenbakker They respected him to
the extent that they were there when he was

Erwin the least austere of the set mumbled about something that he thought
was one of the most brilliant ideas in the infinite history of everything was
Not too scientific and especially abstract nor exact; it ended up that the sine of
the sinas of the own brand in conjunction with the saltwater device is a kind
of self-propelling medication process brought about

Wilhelm of Kleffenbakker had his hat removed It was time for a break

Because the benches still were occupied by the inability to sit there was
nothing else than to make use of the stretched lawn The grass was long dry
and smelled of charcoal They were all four hungry for Memories of

barbecues past and the just-not-burnt sausages that the father desolate on the table threw

They went back in time The time of the plastic strips and light-blue raincoats The time mamma that with her strange humor and obsession with classical music every time the show she stole They missed it all and in a strange way they felt in harmony A combination of nostalgia and the view of a group of street-dancers

As they lay there in the grass staring at the gray clouds There were drops on their face Drops of cold but that interested them That was part of it all Eric the least sober of the bunch suggested for the house in which they grew up Including the stairs that are immediately to see was as soon as the front door opened The orange light of the room above She was crying

Wilhelm of Kleffebakker had his hat back up The break was over

They stood on while Wilhelm who still was still invisible 4 meters further was gone He should also call said Arnold who while a bird is a song began to play and the rain in a huge blow disappeared his coat in a natural way appeared It was as if he knew that the weather would change Not very strange since the weather for 14 years exactly half an hour suddenly turned around You could set your watch on it Maybe it was Arnold so used to this strange environment that his biological clock could give if he is of the costume had to change

They ran the invisible helmsman to go after him She wanted him to absolutely not lose; then would the whole trip be for nothing Out of breath they came finally to the helmsman who suddenly stopped They were still but a few feet from him He turned and for the first time in the whole trip he spoke I think that we lost are guys he said with the voice of a small boy What should we do now? cried Erwin the least sober of the bunch We now have everything for nothing? They now have everything for nothing done?

No that they had not The journey was the destination They had learned a lot about each other and would there ever since for one another
Were they awake? This was the time of the accident Wilhelm was a bus driver They had all died This was the beginning

Ermo closed his eyes He wanted it all not to see more He wanted out of his head to leave but just before he managed to back torn to reality The image was already in his subconscious anchored and was in his head constantly on a trick play Every second he saw it again Five hits per run

Hermie, the simple and according to the school director: “disadvantaged” son of his aunt Lobo where he just had to pay attention while aunt Lobo tobacco and beer was going to get was to play in the monkeybars in the playground behind the row of houses where he was staying That was the place where he saw it While Ermo is a place sought out to urinate because he is not all the way to the house wanted to do this just wondering if the favorite climbing frame of Hermie possibly a good place would be lost Hermie grip Hermie himself try in vain to grip at one of the climbing bars but it was too late With the rod between his legs he turned clockwise down so his face along with the rest of the climbing frame collided These were the first four blows and each blow made Hermie hear a small squeak similar to that of a freshly stomped puppy As a final mercy blow came poor Hermie right on his nose on the concrete under the climbing frame go what Hermie still a last beep did produce

Then it was the only time painstakingly quiet; also Hermie's side Ermo was frozen He knew that he to it would have to run but knew on the other hand very well that he is huge would be scared of Hermie's mutilated face Just the thought had him shivering No he thought “Gross!” He clicked quickly a cigarette and lit it “How should I put this child in the name of Moses and friends are going to help?” First urinated Ermo against the fence of the neighbors

Some time passed and the reappearance in Ermo's head and repeated faster and faster and the beeping that poor you can every time on the way down made louder and louder stomped puppier and puppier In addition if Lobo him now would see he would have free accommodation and food to forget about No he had to take action and fast because aunt Lobo would by now be settled He ran up to you can off which fortunately the pain spastic with his feet on the floor scouring Hesitated for a moment Ermo but eventually decided to stay handellen

With retrospect it might have something to enthausiast jerk he turned Hermies bulky body in the "stable side position" something he's ever been on television had seen but immediately forgotten what a lot of swallowing and gurgling of you can that in the meantime his tongue and buckets of blood had been swallowed as a result had "Bah Gross" thought Ermo "Fortunately he is silent This was even harder as he screams and the whole row of houses had alarmed" "Shhhhhh shhh but still let Uncle Ermo even see you" he said to you can while he with his left hand which he earlier that day the pussy-hear aunt Lobo's had shaved him was comforting

When his middle finger to the face of you can reached and sprayed a guts blood from the wound causing his hand he frightened departed He tried you can once again be comforted by the phrase "Look you see it is all along" but you can meanwhile was his consciousness lost The pain was in any case over Ermo grabbed his chance and tried the child to tackle but felt that in his back and because the home was nearby he could make him just as good at the children's feet carried away

You can now lay now in the hospital Looking back on the street found Ermo is that you can a dark red trail and near the curb a rather large puddle had produced He made his small cell phone a some megapixel photo that he figured out later on the toilet again to view and perhaps to the one and the other one to show

There was aunt Lobo Her fat belly hung over her pants and her with grease stains spattered shirt yawned to just above the navel She had two white plastic bags with her filled with drink cannabis and action-pain or anything

Her face was to swear and quarrel Ermo loved aunt Lobo since she was the last of what he still had Aunt Lobo salutation Ermo not and asked right away where her beloved you can It was probably her mother-alarm all for you can first attack of pain occurred though it was the blood-spattered street reason enough to ask to you seed After the stammering story of Ermo there was a silence

There was a long brown streak that ran from one of her eyes to her chin what Ermo interpreted as a cry Ermo also wanted to cry but that was difficult after the surgery Some puss did on good days still to escape but mainly remained dry and although aunt Lobo knew of this she found Ermo yet heartless respond She picked up her ever red moped and chugged our way to the hospital Ermo took the groceries inside

Aunt Lobo threw her moped almost through the window of the hospital when she was still before the moped to a complete stop had come off the jump With a stretched arm she walked to the door not knowing that it is of the electric variant was what a hilarious indescribably scene caused On the other side of the door came and her sticky hair from the glass deducted ran to them to the counter Even before they make eye contact and even before the receptionist could hear screamed at them all questioningly and investigating the name of Hermie

She rushed to any doctor or nurse where they have eye contact with got off and shook them around while they their with fear-filled faces sprayed with bacilli a foreign sewer-smell and the name “Hermie” The receptionist which she still knew from previous week when she shat out her womb ran all of her She knew how this situation was approached and immediately took her stilleto-knife Aunt Lobo recognized this gesture is still used in the Crease the neighborhood where she was raised She was immediately cooled down and walked calmly nodding in on her while she has her hands quietly vertically up and down moved as if to want to say “I come in peace”

Now the communication can begin The receptionist picked up the “what to do in case of fire” plan of the hospital since these are the most minimalist and simple was shown and pointed to room 041G or the room where you can

lay It took a while before aunt Lobo realized what the always sweet receptionist Jupila referred to but rushed the crowd then quickly and noisily in the direction Hermie all the time his name screaming what even just a few minutes the whole hospital reverberated as a nostalgic locomotive

With an IQ of 92 Ermo highly talented and the smartest of his family something he always more as a curse than as a blessing saw Living together with a person like aunt Lobo and limited person Hermie is not always easy to contain as the intellectual all were after him always insightful In addition the society is not ready for his radical way of thinking according to Ermo Hence also that he after the departure of Aunt Lobo immediately go to his typewriter was flown because that is what a intellectual person is supposed to do according to Ermo He wrote prose and poetry Now he wrote the following:

Libelle

Nuah the devil with boobs thick boobs tits pussy pussy no pussy now listen
Nuah sew the devil with his tits dirty tits tits sigh not now not or well
Nuah no one can! No one can!
No one can!

Oh what a terrible beginning of a hatch

why does not everyone see the same kind of rusk
Limo on peace and corn cannibal
hear there the same far so unheard gone
Dragonfly in the crust
the crust scratch
the crust to eat
guts
Infection has occurred
Wound left
Bullet

He was experimenting with his new “gun-shaped” poems and found this one surprisingly good run Even two hundred pages to go thought him and he could have his second book of poetry “Boom! and other poems” are going to spend Although his first collection no commercial success was he had a good feeling about Boom In addition there was of course his magnum opus which he has been 12 years (and the read now currently is self, dear reader) of working but he the past year and a half struggle and not fun to work The hope he gave however never Although his poetry his creativity at the level held he was always thinking of his novel to him as he knew how to a best-selling author Maybe it was time for a new adventure A change of surroundings and the people around him Maybe he was a big fish in a small pond He stared out his window and sang the whole improvising the next song with small stale dry eyes:

If the morning doesn't wake up word
Like the sun his turn of trades
If the beetle rolling reels can
I believe that I can
I believe that I can
If the window me break
and the hovel in my face
slowly sadness takes over
in the other respect
No one can my die see
no one can see my brain
Nothing is as far as you can see
that it hurts
It hurts

Once he had finished this song he was on he picked up his revolver that he was under his typewriter kept and shot it on his dart board Then he heard a single auto-allarm

Aunt Lobo was now in the hallway where room 041G was She went through all the rooms looking for you Hermie guess After the days of a pregnant woman and a man with emphysema to have screwed up she found him mutilated in a hospital bed She glided like a crying rock star with her knees on the floor "Hermie!" she called pathetic She was interrupted by a sharp nurse Ambrea called "The surgeon has a hard head " She informed aunt Lobo business "He is in a heat coma " Aunt Lobo looked Ambrea as if she had wanted to ask what coma meant but she could get to the look and carefully chosen words of Ambrea all to see and hear how late it was There was something very serious with him to the hands and when the weather was ok remained the question

Aunt Lobo began Hermies consciousless body to rehabilitate by with her hands as an amateur masseur pretty hard on his back to ram It was not long before there rushed a team with a nurse that her husband and power of Hermie tried to withdraw and its life-threatening actions to break off This turned out to be a lot more complicated than they had anticipated when aunt

Lobo in one sweet sweep of the first team college-interns through the window to be dashed to pieces threw. She was became furious. With one of her legs she knew Hermie from his bed to free himself. As a kind of king-kong she climbed through the room to the window and to the outside where she made her heroic escape as rescue operation continued.

The hospital staff was breath taken away. A receptionist threw as a last hope her stilleto-knife in the direction of aunt Lobo but lands in the last cup of coffee of Mrs. Hedgehog who shortly afterwards due to an internal bleeding and died as well as Hermie that though he was in the hospital remained shortly after Lobo's pitstop in the gas-station (for rolling tobacco and gasoline) died suspended over the stear of his mother. Aunt Lobo came here not behind.

“Ermo!” cried aunt Lobo that jerky with Hermie over her shoulder carrying through the living room hobbled. After a short emission of tiredness she let him on the couch like a bag of groceries. Ermo came down charging in with his revolver still in his hand. “Quick grab a bucket of water!” he yelled in panic. Confused and ran them back and forth. “From the kitchen the kitchen!” he cried impatiently. She ran to the closet and began canned food to throw out. Ermo looked at Hermie good. Quickly he noticed that he wasn't breathing; then he eagerly at his wrist clutched to his heart to search. Ermo could the heart rate not find.

While he to Aunt Lobo ran to the to communicate he pointed to Hermie. Even before he say “I think Hermoe is already dead” could say she heard a huge bang followed by car-allarms. Startled she turned their heads towards Hermie. There was a plume of smoke from his forehead. Ermo had forgotten to put the safety on his revolver to activate it and during the point to you Hermie the weapon in his hand. Ermo let the gun fall to the ground and threw his arms in the air. “He was already dead before I got in his head shot! No really!”

Aunt Lobo looked suspiciously quiet both of shock as anger. After a few minutes there is a whistling sound out of her mouth due to the tremendous pressure in her head and the holes in her teeth. Ermo knew enough already.

and walked with his head down the stairs to the top. On the top step he turned and repeated himself softly “ he was already dead ” After the address of a pouch was it as far as Ermo was no longer welcome in the house of aunt Lobo and each house of each family member. Ermo had not one more family

While he was by the door walked felt Ermo a huge relief. There was the awareness of the homeless have become but the feeling of freedom was immense

It came to me almost a party wrong there that afternoon that 32 year old Herman Verfbreen his meat at the butcher shrugged. He asked him for a pound of meat of dubious origin but after this to have seen he changed his mind. That looks pretty rancid butcher he had him still want to tell but was interrupted by a woman from behind in the forties suddenly very hard about mince began to trumpet. Minced meat? That is still lukewarm-warm meat? And already beat it make no sense at all no one knew her to calm down and everyone in the butcher's shop remained in silence looking at her. They were afraid that if they did what would they say at all the full charge would get. I don't believe that I don't believe that she said to herself while she put her face against the meatglass that as a sort of border between the customers and the flesh had pushed. Finally got Herman why butchers are almost always such glass meatwalls prefer. After a few minutes loud screams of the lady was quiet. She got a piece of sausage from the butcher to calm her down. This seemed miracles to perform. Her mouth was closed.

Herman took his choice and went this time for a single kilo of anteater-bladder and after this to pay sniffed it as a dog that is the butt of a companion was sniffing out. So-called myeah that smells good certainly for this season he thought. This has been fixed nicely with that expensive beer what all the time in the refrigerator are cooling. This was now changed in a large cool beer. Scot! he thought because he felt like it but even before he took the last s of the word what he just thought was thought started the

avalanche of a noise from the mouth of the lady who was also previously so the screaming was completely new to avalanche as a completely illogical speech-avalanche of speechwater and noise I'm going to back off mr butcher tried Herman to tell but was unheard of in the small room in the giant apartment complex to leave The booty was in any case within and Herman could be the top notch prepare dinner He had a visit from a lady this evening

This evening? asked the lady at Herman Yes as of now we together He blinked with his left eye while he was with a very expensive beer-filled glass raised and while all the acrobatics performed with his neck in a weird vertical buckling motion made what an unpleasant bone-breaking sound produced How's the bladder? he asked his guest of the female sex Well done I must say Pretty plums she said and sniffed the chewy, ruined and to small shreds reduced bladder as if it were a wine that was not drunk but sniffed had to be Yeah well hey and I've already told you how I come to? asked he with a mouth full of chewing gum-bladder Yes just yet You are so scattered Just as she had to almost laugh But really great anecdote hear maybe you can even tell she stated with a sarcasm for you to say Oh um well it was to me to be almost a party wrong there she interrupted him with rolling eyes and said I changed my mind Maybe not right now Oh um ok For a moment it was silent and Herman thinking about the next question he could ask for this silence to break

I have it! he said aloud How's the bladder? yeeheees WELL DONE and she threw her napkin on the table Well what do we have for dessert? she asked and desperate but even before Herman the subject-word of the question asking could repeat she was a loud immensely irritated sigh I'm going to You have to figure it out with yourself But turdy of me (turdy was his nickname for the lady) And call me damn it no turdy I have a name and we know each other only a week And what a week damn it Bye They rammed the door behind her close what a load of dust from the walls did spit like a heavy elderly man his scrotum for the last time in ecstasy blew empty But fatsy... it was already too late and it was all of no avail Herman took down a bite of his blackened bladder but it tasted not him He opened his

mouth above his plate slowly open up and let everything fall off Women he declared cross Can a grown man not even get the dessert forgotten? He did that evening the dishes would not go this time straight to his evening-hobby there are anatomically correct puppets made of string to create with each other of the love companies

The alarm clock went off much too early for the sense of Herman He was so like the dream he had in which he the full one and a half hours before the alarm went only to the same falling everyday objects had to sit and watch want to finish but that was not of him He knew that today is an important day would be in which all the different things that could mean and this was or felt in any case hugely important for him He turned first upright and then his legs over the edge of the bed Each movement is counter-clockwise Both the x and the y as the z This was fully conscious and had to do with an ongoing experiment at the time slower to walk so as to save time during the morning and logically so also more time for all the different things something could mean; said Herman who once tried to explain to a beggar so lightly on to brag about his stunning intellect

He rubbed the thick crusts from his eyes but knew in his current spiritual climate is not all rubbish to be removed It was time for the brushing of the teeth which means that he brushed his teeth hands washed and the rest of his eye-goop now with something to clear the mind and with the sanitary liquid water called completely removed And after having enjoyed the guzzling sound that the tea made he every day from the same Spanish as cow shaped milk mug drank it was time for the next item on his daily ritual calendar You the reader recommend it perhaps After the coffee was Herman good ? Pee On the toilet? And that of air so that he shivers and even using his whole body was shaking what the necessary splashes around the bowl caused it to be Also something what almost every day it happened He wish that he change before or during the sleep could pee but no

He picked up his pill-dispenser inhaled deeply and took the doctor prescribed medication for his sharp lifetiredness in Back up again come immitated he the sound of a spring-board Herman was entirely ready for

The alarm clock went off a second time He had accidentally hit the snooze button pressed when he actually permanently still wanted to convert He is even with ringing alarms come home from work WORK! Herman had to learn quickly to work Quickly he did what clothing to that somewhere on a pile of layers Nice was not but the shame-zones were in any case covered He jumped into his shoes and swung like a monkey from the tubes that the staircase in gone down Record time realized Herman and whistled for a taxi

We walked hand in hand
Over concrete and sand
glass and grass
Suddenly there was a lamp
followed by another lamp
It was dark outside the tent

I knew that I loved her
though that was not what I thought
I laughed to myself
She loved me that I knew for sure
I made me also not to worry about it
She laughed very often

The adventure had barely begun
or we fell apart in the reason
We did agree with each other
but could not find the words to let it show
After a nod and a hug as we walked further

It was dark outside the tent
The patch of grass where we are at that moment walked
it was dark green and wet

We had already days and no shoes
We already had some days not shoes need more
It started dim
The air where we are free in moved
it was nice and soft and pink
We already had a very long time no clothes
We already had a very long time no clothes necessary
It was six hours
and so officially morning
and still we walked as hard
Occasionally the pace slow down
after which it cycles back faster went
Until we suddenly like almost of their own accord
huge hunger started to get twisted

I thought of bread and meat
and meat on bread
They have to try something else
what me not necessarily quite a problem seemed
We could nothing get
we had no clothes
We had nothing
except
suddenly
suddenly
clothes needed

Plump lost when we sat in our holes
to think of the food
The hunger was worse still
which we later clothes started to search

Clothes where no people are
that is a lot of work
Then you should especially be very very cunning and
improvise

We found some branches
and what beautiful colored leaves
but nothing that the people could forget
that we have no clothes

Spontaneously we found three peacocks
which we heartily had to laugh
I chopped fast their heads off
and plucked them bald
The feathers were clothes
the meat was set-up and reset
so could the farmer not see
what are peacocks had happened

Well that took a while
and made our stomachs army
By now we wanted still running
to a supermarket
or something like that

On time and in beautiful peacocks colors
we were in a large city
Buildings towered above our heads
but that did nothing
We were used to quite a lot

A giant supermarket we walked in
Still with bare feet
for shoes we had not made
I picked up a bag of balls and a packet of salami
She went for something different
A pasta salad or something like that

We knew We had no money had

we knew that in advance
Therefore a plan will be made
and with the stuff in our hands started running away

Alarms blew
but on bare feet you can pretty run faster
However fit we where our feet blood start leaking
In the big city lay glass
but we were used to quite a lot

Finally we came to an edge
We could not continue
Police came storming
We anxious
Sirens roaring
Quickly I picked up the food in a headlock
We had made a calculation error
Police officers storming
Our pokerface
Screaming

“Oh ” I said lukewarm
“You have to pay?”
“There was really a sign there with free pick up”
Confused thought the blue men after:
“Free? In a supermarket?”
“Such a man with such a small grocery would still not steal?”
“Why are we all in hell and did this whole bathroom end is behind them to be ridden?”

Explosions of false-alarm
crestfallen of disbelief
afraid to grab on to
afraid of beatings from the boss he cried:
“I'll give you 20 now you run like a fool”
“And then after that 20 count we will catch you”

“1 ”

“2 ”

We seized our materials and our opportunity
jumps still the creepy edge
and we end up in sweden
with bread
meat
and pasta salad
We felt our world famous because of our beautiful
long
graceful
other clothing
and fat of it (even though it came from a supermarket) and eating

Then
suddenly
suddenly
unexpectedly
without any excuse
stormed the farmer shouldn't within say!
“JEUGUS! WHAT A CABIN!”
While he tentatively looked around
“You haben mein kieppen gesbreift!”
he called out to seemingly quarter and very bad German

“Those chickens of yours yes?
were accidentally peacocks yes?”
called my treasure sarcastic
and with a faint Rotterdam accent
“Those chickens you need to peacocks call
otherwise you can't even right on that shit oldy”
she cried again in another character with the same belief

It was like a bus
Chickens were no peacocks

and peacocks are no chickens
That had to be the owner of those beasts
surely to know?

“Deu tilting his mah weul peacock geneuzutroffen! Yes jubraw klabriezter?
Called the farmer confused but still as
We understood there is no one's ass
I took a bite out of a scoop of pigmeat on bread and said
with my iris behind my eyelids
looking up
as a fatso
with a mouth full of bread:
“Luisteris
small howler monkey
common farmer that you are there
dirty stinker
lariekoeker
bruinbakmakker
gebunter most
wwi haben you throw genagh nigt the peacock aangezultst joah?”

The farmer laughed like a scary maniac
His eyes and skin were red
His teeth grew
He grew
He grew
He was big and scary
He looked at the both of us too
with his eyes full of hatred
He looked as if he us going to kill
He land his knuckles
We were very afraid
His hair grew from his head and back
with a rapid pace
He had suddenly become a moustache
His eyes rose too

until they are almost out of his head fell
There came smoke out of his mouth

He hung over our
compared to him
little heads

His eyes began to blink

He opened his mouth very wide and screamed:

“MOAR GELABST KETREDEL MEUT LATST GEBRAFFELD KEUPEN
PEACOCK GESNAKT!”

We laughed as scary maniacs

Our eyes and skin were red

Our teeth grew

We grew

We grew

We were big and scary

We both looked at him

with our eyes full of hate

We looked as though we would kill

We land our knuckles

He was very afraid

Our cure grew out of our heads and backs
with a rapid pace

There we were also afraid of
and dropped therefore again very fast
to our normal self

“Let it sit” I shouted

and threw a bone to the farmer

“Listen jack here you have a bone ”

“Do you hear me? Here is a bone!”

“Let us now but with peace ”

“Then you may have the bone ”

“Take the bone ”

“And leave us alone”

“There lies the bone ”

“Grab the bone and take the bone”

“And leave us alone ”

“We have a deal?”

“Shall we trade?”

“A bone for this
beautiful feather suit?”

To the extent that

I'm so tired I want my arms to rest but I can not let them bags They are the most impossible and tiring position that you can imagine A strange kink in my left elbow and the right hand fully stretched out The oak cabinet looks at me threatening He is 2 times as big and wide as I can If he could talk to (and my thoughts started after this time such backward things to suspect) it would be a combination of swearing yelling and threatening

It was me birthday

What was it fun

And all the food is gone!

Only some streamers

that hang like blades

from the ceiling to the floor

Inflated rubber

splashing but not wet and always in colours

What chips

Candies

Hussars

He was not of me but of Dorn
He wanted all the twelve year wild have been
and two become
Wanted Dorn, crazy cat
Whiskers
Apple juice

Startled falter I
I stood in silent terror
Dorn crazy cat
had his breath missed
And now it came out, as a souvenir for now
Together SAMEN

It was just not
Where was his natural situation?
Why was his bowl still empty?
I was lazy just like Dorn
Dorn the crazy cat

I let him out
He stood at the door
partyhat still on his head
“I want out ” he looked slightly

It was so far
Ill look into the latch
The sound was a click
Dorm was already outside before the door was open
Suddenly

And I left with the troop
“At first but a broom through it” I thought
“That saves a motivation ”
Broom through it
Okidoki.

Ready with the broom

And now as that table
Ooooh what sees that table out!

Dorn and his hobby was butterfly-torture
He did it gladly
With his leg in a quick wop on the beast
Like it is nothing

And the butterflies screaming in their language
“Let me die! Let me die!
Where did I deserve it?”
But that does not make it bearable
Poor butterfly

I see it happen
Dorn gives me a wink
Everything is under control

Meanwhile the living room
Meanwhile cleaned up
So ok now I sit down
I'm sitting down
Smoking
Nice

Suddenly the doorbell!
Who could it be and why
The party was already over
No one was invited

I open the door
Dorn shoots to within
There is a man with a gun
I come in, mate!”

The man was bald
The man had a sweater on
The man was small
But wide!
And he had a gun!

“Um ok” I think
Pointed with both arms towards the corridor
Course What did you have in mind

“Um ok” I thought
There is a man in my house with a gun
“Cute little shag”
The man pointed with the pistol around

“Don't worry he is not loaded and I throw him on the couch”
Happy
It would be something to say

“Pancakes?”
“No thank you ”
“Coffee?”
“Well if it's not too much trouble ”

Ok I have to go to the kitchen
Coffee Nice
Sugar or milk?
Forgot to ask

Black coffee `twas
Do you want a crepe?
No that he didn't
He had no appetite

Dorn could well find him

If this goes on he never left
And that was right
He continued

I picked up the gun
And now it's over

“Where we sit today boys?” asked Nemals with a red nose His tie was stained with mustard his voice sprinkled with small hickups and swallows “Because I have no sense in buh in mothers or hulng pregnant women!” The group laughed for a moment Nemals took a toke of his cigar “But “hahaha” is not a *puh* answer guys what did you-ng Villa? Little girls *buh* big tits haha- *ghuk* ha!” The group laughed again and started the mumbling Nemals plan to think about

Villa was a club with plastic cacti and something the “kids” today called “house music” The floor was made up entirely of glass plates with height ranged all about which is a special effect that you gave to the lights that were hanging up there Drunk walking around however was life-threatening but the dancing where the owner of the Villa HATED was in this way happy eliminated Beer was cheap and “mobile-phone-sluts” were there in abundance thus Nemals “ and then *buhp* can we enjoy screwing!” he concluded His audience was very enthausiastic by the speach Villa was the plan Villa the suspicious status-quo under the no longer working society

With its tens they walked
running down the street
everyone talking with everyone
talking in suit
with a lot of laughing, laughter and screaming
Nemals (front)
Bepal Col Cebrie
Prolt (from Garwe)
Lusster Kiel

Sechelte Gelmerdie
and Selife of course (the intern) me

The Ministry of Labour-events and Chinese Food was already informed when the group was signaled by Camera Watcher bob (CWB) while they are on the Zingenbakkerstreet walked. They had a woman of 29 in a trash thrown and there are photos of made for later in all kinds of embarrassing magazines. Prolt (from Garwe where they have this kind of jokes are used to) pressed his buttocks against her bare breasts and pressed his index finger into one of her nostrils while he with much strained face corrosive and gooey on his tongue a little too close into her comfort zone. All this while the rest of the group stood watching in slow rhythm with their hands clapping and in a very dirty way the word “myeeeeesssss ” in turn said

“Thank you Bob we will be in on the lookout ” shared Commissioner Hadjemoe also while he the document from his hands snatched “ Do you want a cookie? Take a cookie!” Eagerly picked up Bob the biscuit out of the box that Commissioner Hadjemoe for his nose dangled “Tasty biscuit huh?” Bob nodded his eyes not of the cookie departing “Eat but tasty biscuit!” Hadjemoe had his sentence not yet completed or Bob nibbled all away. Like a hungry hamster he went to times. He tried small bites to take for as long as possible from the cookie to continue to enjoy it but his teeth seemed like wood-chippers. Disappointed he looked at his empty hands and noticed that the cookie already was gone. A sad face “Bob what are you doing here?” said Hadjemoe irritated. With bent head left camerawatcher Bob the office

Ant! said I as I once again tried to make clear. This time without error and without sin. Vivid and smoothly through the fearful years. I pointed the economical gentlemen to their ambiguous existence. Also there was elsewhere a by the yacht tired bunch of deer. They blew fervently and full of chest. When this subjective sailor-objects meet came there was a large scale Fringes lego and generally! Gangs birds and similar situations filled with sermons! Hans told The copperwalker. Such suns harm after all! I pointed to his mistake. I am a father pulls everything up?

As we walked hallucinating along hills and choked in noise In one hand the powerful and in the other bait for what could come In our mind a lot of testicals and in our forehead with a promise The promise did not say much but looked at us as if in a time capsule similar winds to bruise The Portuguese already said? We are already rich from other people's loss? I believe!

The naked politicians asked us frequently They touched us impure and swung us on a piece of dirty paper They took us on with devices and kept us in everlasting quarter

Hadjemoe clenched his fists and stared at the document "I pick up you bunch of assholes what a bunch of sadistic But wait I grab you I'm going to give you life miserable ooooooh it will be as nice I will start with you!" Hadjemoe pressed his index finger on the picture-the neck of Nemals "You grab me first I'm going to demolish boy!" With his large angry red left eye he drew near the photo to his eyelashes the touched and whispered with gritted his teeth: "well You're devastated I'm with you all the way broken I grab you by your neck and I will make you devastated You are going to pay for that you have done " He continued to repeat this while he his voice slowly rose until he lustily to the photo screamed "I'M GOING TO COMPLETELY DEMOLISH THE DIRTY DOG I MAKE YOU BROKEN! YOU ARE GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE YOU GO COMPLETELY KA-" BEEEEEP! He was disturbed by a loud beep from his phone Who could that be? Hadjetoe took startled and uncertain "Yes sir of course sir right away sir " Who could that be? What idiot hires such a psychopath?

They were finally our turn to be heard by the bouncer "How much have you already drunk?" asked the wide dark bouncer with his flashlight in their face shining Nemals whispered to the group "just let me do the talking" before

he turned to the man turned and with flashing eyes and starting to “No hng nothing drunk puh only hot dogs eaten -bughs and cola ” The bouncer pushed a intimidating way his forehead against that of Nemals and poked with his flashlight in his stomach “Only hot dogs and cola eah?” Nemals urinates almost in his pants from fear while he tried to think of nice things That song from The Sound of Music how did that went?

“ well ok then it is good You are all men huh?” Nemals pulled his jacket straight as he winked to his entourage “All -herp - men sir Ten -blah-” While he said that there was some mustard from his nose The expense of their 316 euros to get inside It was 300 euros cheaper if they themselves had women included “Do you promise that you have no crazy things going to do?” asked the bouncer while he open the door

With their head back they walked inside “THERE IS STILL SOMETHING TO FUCK HERE?” cried Cebrie The hall was almost empty Only an absent-minded DJ looked on “Well the tone is set ” he thought and played but what Kai Tracid They went to sit down Kiel stumbled across one of the oh so many elevated plateaus and could only just catch with his hand on one of the oh so many angles His bleeding hand he stopped in his bag He wanted no one to be a burden

They were sitting at glass tables over one of the plastic cacti They had to spread over two tables “This music would be fun if the little harder to someone else ” shared Col “Right you are Kol! HEY WHY do YOU NOT HARDER ” Cried Cebrie to the DJ “ that's not allowed ” whispered the DJ to 10 metres from their away was on it gently and understood

-----f

Trembling
The focus changing from
scrotum
to shoulder

Breath

Left eye rigid pulled

The man stiffened
Arms in the air

The weapon was not loaded
We laugh
Dorn also

Well
The order of the day
Gentleman had something to discuss
It had something to do

On the couch there was chatter
Eye-blinking and zoom
We blew out of our noses
It was clear

"Of course
Anyway that is not the intention
Yes there should be action taken
No I do not want to "
I got a brochure

The weapon I was allowed to keep
The man had left but once again
The clock looked practically angry

Well the little door is closed
Well on the lock
A nod and a wink to the female
Her to behind
And here we go again
Hopla

Maybe I should sit down
I'm sitting down
Peanut there
Cigarette
Unloaded full-automatic 16mm turret-thing

Unloaded gun-thing?
Pussy!
I have a weapon!
The police!
Murder!
No!
Hide!
God!?

Quiet
Nothing to worry about
It is but a thing
It is but a weapon
Oh heavens I have a weapon
Phone
Call police

I:
“I have a weapon ”

They:
“Ok quietly sir ”
“There is someone coming to you ”
“Just stay calm ”
“Are you planning to shoot?”

I:
“No but I am very much afraid ”

They:

“Ok quietly sir ”

“There are already agents”

“Are you afraid to shoot?”

I:

“No he's uncharged ”

They:

“Ok quietly sir ”

“There is already a portion of PATAT (Power Action Tactical Assault Team)
along the way ”

“There Is ammunition?”

I:

“Erm then I need to take a look ”

The door broke open

There was a ball inside

A plop

Everywhere smoke

Screaming

HANDSENEROE

HANDSENRA!

HARDSENEHANDSENEBLA!

Screaming

What a hard floor!

What a nosebleed!

I'm out of here

Go here!

I'm not crazy

I pretended I was dead
The floor was hard
There was a medic called

Full-automatic weapon Check
Brochure Check
Tampons Check

I rolled away
The smoke was also in the eyes of PATAT beaten
Their lasers did not help

Location: The bushes

-Branches

-Critters

-A condom

-Cans/pouches

I decided to spend the night

How would it be with a pussycat?

I stuffed the tampons in my nose

The creatures approached

Friends?

Perhaps

It tickled though

I had to think

Hello eyelids and with all of your spots

Is that a trumpet?

Oh what an adventure

I'll dream

I like to bike

There are spokes

There is a saddle

I'm there

I hear a car
Woodpeckers
Someone's flute

I have my hair
The whistling person is his hair
The street is interesting enough
And there is a map

Maybe you need your mom's boots
Yes man
Ok a door
Where?
A sidewalk cafe

Toilet
Yes Yes Do your thing
Should I wait with you?

Ok here to the corner
A corridor
A ditch at the end

There's someone coming
Hide me!
He walks past me
False alarm maybe

Caution!
Careful well!
When the canal is safer
The canal will be safer

There is reaping a contrabass

Houses
different in height
ascew
neat

corner
Ho pa kee
Just like last time
Just as when

Fwiet! Taxi!!! and within less than half a second there was one befor his feet To work! he yelled as hard as he could in the right ear of the driver And where may that be? he asked with a fugly and fake brooklyn accent That you know best asshole Steps on that gas! and Herman hit him on his ear Asshole! The taxi driver did his job and pulled up slowly and began to drive his taxi car I say you how -RIGHT! and with a huge violence and squeaky wheels threw the driver to steer to the right Herman realized that he reports are not in and that that this time his head could cost Shit LEFT! He left the taxi to the nearest supermarket drive and stop there

Wait here silly penis ran inside grabbed what envelopes glue and pens across the magazines and had three eternity-like minutes waiting at the cash register Here he got a huge itch that slowly changed into sharp stabbing His lips began to tremble eating away like a maniac on his cheeks pulled just open his mouth but found that more awkward attendant him with a smile where her iq from exuded watched and all his previously collected office articles along a machine that has beep said drew That is nine and twenty seventy and seven The numbers rolled him to his head That there were four numbers Fortunately he could pay electrically so that he will not had reason to think He grabbed his articles without eye contact and ran to the taxi The girl looked after him and thought: What a mysterious man

He jumped into the car QUICK TO WORK! HERE ON THE LEFT! his sentence was interrupted as the taxi driver on time understood They flew almost over the streets and while Herman off and a half called he signed the impressive characters on the pieces of paper that he had in the supermarket

was obtained HERE IT IS LITTLE PENISMAN! Herman flew almost through the window around by the sudden stop He gave the driver a kiss as some papers of money in his pocket When leaving from his mouth remained there a few phlem-threads and after briefly to each other with a sparkle in the eyes to have looked at brushed he away by glaze doors of the huge office building The driver had to constrain not drive straight to the park to masturbate to the mothers and re-affirm his heterosexuality

Empty boxes and dirty hands There were twenty men present that day and were in unison against large appliances to studs With clenched fists beat them against the base and cylinders Only the roman drums were missing The devices did most of the work

It was a factory A large building with large windows filled with large machines The working men because there worked only beautiful bearded men were tiny compared with the great impression that the factory made

There was song With pride and in full chest Beautiful songs about the box Songs with literal titles such as “Flash that device but on” and “Work do you do for a living” It was a pleasure to Franlo to work at and if you your free time to that company could sell it was by virtually everyone in the country as the hero of the book

There blew a loud whistle It was time for hot treats and drinks and although they prefer to be wrought were the bites and beverages required these were by “the big boss” funded and therefore needed to be not waste to dirty garbage cans A plan on a gasp-and-drinks-delivering-service kept this wonderful tradition alive

“What've you got?” asked a hairy man with a beauty of a beard “Just like yesterday Tuna ” replied another beautiful bearded man slightly disappointed in the bread “I heard (so began the men often with their phrases) that Janeway for 15 years salmon had been before he finally left ” sounded from

a corner “Weakling!” they concluded all twenty in the choir and this while Janeway not even very much of love for the salmon loved!

They ate their treats and drank their beverages completely No crumb should be left and should you find yourself in a crumb wrong was instant dismissal according to “the big boss” is the only show which then put should be The saving-hype “table-licking” that follow on from this was by that time already a well integrated part of education and “common sense”

The company Franlo was undeniably green and bore the title “greenest” with pride “The big boss” was to the smallest details obsessively green The green burst of Franlo The building was completely dark green in colour with specially for Franlo manufactured “green” paint All the products that Franlo produced were green or mostly green or at least some green details containing

The beard of “the big boss” was with green accessories and his glasses was also pretty green His whole life was green in the sense that his whole life had been green Of every bearded man who for Franlo so valiantly wants to work was no less expected and were with green viewers deep into the night on their green checked

This was also the beginning of the green hype After all 120 Franlo employees their lives were decorated in green and so also their houses and dark green were dyed with at the time stolen especially for Franlo manufactured “green” paint Quickly these changed houses to the lighthouses of the neighborhoods where they lived the places where people went with social problems and inspired other good-doers also have their life to dedicate to the green

Quickly picked Franlo here the fruits of labor and were the bearded men asked their houses only to establish Franlo products including price and catalog number and transformed in this way not only their houses in Franlo Showrooms but also the product line for Franlo These were the day more iconic to the color green and so also the concept of Franlo when the average

man from the same part of the brain is activated as when they were faced with religious work

I am horrified to hear about that purification Many devices continue to be their shield as armor and that is by design You may want to my soda? Then we are together guilty Also in a fight for wild bridges that the strings have cut Get it those lines are sure to make history Those strings are for the difference of the dandelions the sounding of swans and men who don't know what they are Well say they weren't going to go to the night-clinic there was no reason for and no way

Expires still? We are still looking for the end? Shoot the pandas their guilds into confusion? It is not more End reducer I am selling pieces of vacuum cleaner Less than half and more More than the sugars in the family And then slid your finger in your nose just when she him a kiss and wanted to give I am a father pulls everything wake up?

Oh no

A stick pricks
It is a child
With a stick
The sting in my cheek
With a stick

I chase the child away
with my gun
I swing it around
Like an idiot
The child is running

First Coen
Coen lived in the neighborhood
In the near of the bushes
In fact
are achtertuindeur you could see
All the way from here
Still wrapped

Dingdong
Coen!
Dingdong
Coen!

Coen did open
He was just awake
Came by the bell
Yet he was sharp

What do you see out of it
Why do you have tampons in your nose?
I deleted them
There was a bin
There they went

Bye tampons
Bye for always
Later they were out fishing
By a portion of PATAT
As evidence

“Go sit take a waffle”
Bearded Coen friendly
“Drop that pistol ”
“What shall beautiful saying?”

“Yes I got him of a man ”

And so I told the whole story
I could always contact him
Except this time

I had to go to the toilet
it was morning finally
He Had meanwhile “PATAT ordered”

Plop!

“Lifting the whey shey! He has a weapon ”
Coen cowardly Coen
Et tu Coen?

The the fact
Screaming

HARDENEBRAW
HALDENHANDELE
BRAW

I could myself follow it
He was in luck
I had no bullets

Ahfein I'm on that pot
Glasses slipping off of his nose
A hard floor
Panic
I kick
Against the pot
He falls
Fountain
I made a waterbalet of it

I'm going to rampage

Hang
Reservoir

Yes!
It comes loose
Still more water
Hole in the wall

Ok

hole

in the wall

I could see the barn almost smell it

PATAT beech in the round
Coen now been arrested
Crying in a van
Great

The toilet door kept it still for a moment
OR wood proved to be stronger as plaster
OR I was stronger as a portion of PATAT
PATAT had better immediately against the plaster to be able to run

I tear that hole yeah?
Pieces of plaster
Hands very
My freedom to meet

Finally a large piece
I look
Still a wall
Metal
Gross

Plop Plop Plop
When the PATAT plop some balls
It was by accident

I open that door
Lave here
I'm not crazy
Out of the country or something

Plane ticket
Country
To my uncle
He had an uzi

It was easy
There was a movie
Adam Sandler

To my uncle
He had an uzi

My uncle had an uzi
He had even many
And he could handle them

He lived in Gal
A land where they apparently
a lot of fighting ceased
A country where they almost
drink petrol

Oh heavens

A welcome from dry clouds and wet sand It was mainly grey on the beach
The old sailor pulled out a half-smoked cigar out of his pocket and put it in
it's full glory The stench was unbearable The half-clotted tar and smeared
soot that but not to retire filled the air around the strange caricature

He sat with his bare buttocks in the sand with his grey wrinkled manhood to
play (or the remains thereof) There was for years no battery in it and that
interested the sailor nothing His manhood had no job anymore Idly He
decided to look around and he did that so well

There stood a boy with his father to fly a kite 4 chicken-fresh couples photos
with their mobile phone to make and a clown with an umbrella and a cat
around ran This strange phenomenon was the only thing his gaze and
concentration to handle The clown had a black top hat on was completely
black and white except for his nose He had smeared with his mother's
lipstick

It was a sad face even though he had a smile on his face from here to there
and he walked like the beach full of quicksand existed The cat who behind
him was as the clown also black and white only he had no red nose but bald
spots crusty bald spots Bald patches of have-I-you-there If a cat could rust
this was a rusty cat What did he see that cat looks like say

They walked along the sailor and then they nodded to each other It would
be romantic to have been were it not for the heart-breaking smell of the cigar
in combination with the project "Mk-ultra" like torture scent of the heavily
neglected and depressing cat a hole is opened straight through everything
what one knows The nod was the one that stuck The sailor and the clown
drowned in each other's gaze

The world around them crumbled in pieces The masculinity of the sailor
began to questionable proportions The clowns moronic happy-face turned
into a nightmare A McDonalds child-toy A commercial noise that deafening
bells blew It was there! It was here! Gone

Ornamental committed to the sailor because he could that's a double question It was about the pudding of the clown He was lost and had given him no more This realisation also for the cigar and cat The ball went around Question after question about things that were no longer there This ritual was fine until a lust for tobacco products came up The sailor let it all fall down "Good heavens!" he cried deafeningly "I want!"

He was desperate His cigar was together with the rest of the general disappeared without a trace There was nothing but emptiness; the clown himself and nudity Eye-popping nudity A by-childrens-brains-proposed-scary-neighbor nudity They wanted candy more to hand out The sailor wanted to smoke and the clown is not The clown wanted to once fly a time drop in the faces of 17 Arabs farmers and are about a half-rooster taken care of Am I awake?

He was not well in his head He saw they not only fly but also pet break dancing and baking A sunless desert of strange colored cardboard chips In an inexplicable way there was gravity but also this was but a relative phenomenon The ears of the clown hovered slowly from his head but when the seaman with his eyes blinked it was all in order

Non-verbal they decided the sunless cardboard desert to explore It seemed better to stay together In the worst case could they then fight about who is who should eat Now they had no pull It had a significant hunger before one of their bodies there also but somewhat restaurant serving delectable came out to see And the eye-popping nudity didn't help

They walked carefully through the sunless cardboard desert Their feet sank in the chips which they then tired to attract Blisters were innumerable places to them by their shaft collapsed

To my great surprise: variety! Not only moved my left hand a little he was moving also significantly! The tingling and discomfort remained on a

relatively portable proportions Although I have no control over have there is nothing sweeter than this change of situation no matter how minuscule Heavenly pleasure about small detail; fireworks clover four horseshoes!

“Well no Well no ” was excused and yet nervous sustained “No no so you shouldn't see” With eyes half closed and with a shaking face gave James an impression of cool effects both The turnips were cooked that he knew also Oh yes dirty lieface lazy loopy You have all the wine drunk!” Shy looked at James in her eyes After a deep sigh and a romantic gaze he stood and held Erica by her shoulders and closed his eyes for a second “I have that wine is not drunk whore!” and shook her body like a hyperactive beaver back and forth He threw her a short bulky body in the by her mother donated a glass display case “Well in the past with that crap of you with that bottle of wine I love not even wine from tetrapak and even if I had the drunk all so what!? Such a pack costs a frickin ' 45 damn pennies! You have to really as a whole hoopla around it? That is totally not necessary dear? Can we not just accept who we are and each other our own thing to do? Do we really need as long as shouting at each other and blame? Sweetheart really? Come here and give me a hug Sweetheart? Treasure?” There leaped slight panic in his voice when he turned and saw that a large shard of the glass case Erica by the back of my mind was pricked The end was to see by the forehead back and manifested itself as a small bloody lump just above her left eyebrow

The doorbell! It was Ermo Ermo with his stuff “What will we actually get?” exclaimed James before he Erica's bulky body with his foot behind the couch pushed after her head from the glass is screwed on He opened the door

“James you must help me!” cried Ermo

“No no you must help me!” and pulled Ermo to the inside

“Nice pad you have you know ” said Ermo with his hands in his side

“Maybe some lava lamps could use but still OH HEAVEN ERICA!”

James had the door already locked and looked bloodthirsty and with a giant smile in the direction of Ermo “You have to believe me Ermo it was an accident! It was not ” – “No the intention it is never huh? Now we have to have to have this crap removed!” interrupted Ermo quickly The face of James drew a bit “I’m so happy that you are not angry or something ” - “Don’t worry I’ve made this scene into a movie once!” responded Ermo He grabbed the vacuum cleaner and began fiercely to suck “My vacuum cleaner!” shouted James “Don’t worry buddy this not needed where you’re going ” Ermo showed a few plane tickets

After the teeth of Erica with a pair of pliers from the tool-shed of James to have removed it and put it in a paper bag from James kitchen drawer to have registered it was time for the real work “Grab your threaten-with-divorce-suitcase!” but before this sentence was pronounced had James him to stand next to him An emergency package It could not be smoother Car of the neighbours through the living room window pushed out (windows were not spared) gas-tank lid open a lit match there road was the home of James From a distance they looked at it

“We can better continue here in the district The police is probably already on the prowl ” Ermo was right They went on a visit with our Aunt Keyboard neighbour of James Aunt Keyboard was old deaf as a whistle very lonely and a tea lover You can’t imagine how happy she was to get a visit She pulled everything out of the closet Cake liquorice chips opium It was really fun They did eventually sleep Forgot a lot remembered little The track was nevertheless extinguished

The next day came Ermo to the kitchen and had a beautiful face James was a pancake eating and aunt Keyboard was still a lot of baking flapjacks “Tuck into a good night boys?” she said with a sweet voice trembling “I make them with extra love ” James chewed with open mouth round cheeks “A lot of Extra love!” he repeated with pulled eyelets and the famous James smile in the direction of Ermo

“Where we have deserved this kind of treatment?” cried Ermo very hard in aunt Klavier’s ear “Least I could do you have me yesterday too huge to let it

eat yet?” Ermo and James stiffened They remembered both suddenly something James swallowed the bite of pancake in terror “Um ” came then from his stomach A moment there was dead silence Dead silence with the hiss of baking flapjacks James and Ermo started at the same time aunt Keyboard to kissing and with their crosses against her to ride horse They were all covered in nostalgic creeps

During his surprise there were hairs in his mouth They let him but not go They let him crazy do things for their own pleasure Do not let it boxes or swimming pools My figurative patterns are rushing to the next platform They hide themselves continually For instance I a cartridge seventeen times completed with seventeen filled pots of swan lake Cough ye shall drink? Blow the sleep from your baskets? They need the sheep but only to count

Sixteen miewzimjeter fozauto Remstonny Revoda
Njiet szegt
He had his tongue lost in a war

He did a trick
So pulling it or something
The gun did clack

We are talking to
A lot of breath out of the nose
Many gezweim
I explain to him

Yah dagg im nikt gggggggg-ut
Mah hauwd nikt
Wa I mizzi brogure da?

Damn

Movie on the plane
Brochure forget

I had it on me happy and thankfully

Ugly folded
under the plaster
I took it through

Pentecostal Church Of The Little Mermaid

You will come also?
God is here

Every Sunday
12:00 to 15:00

Sneuelhoeve 12
Vliedam

Do you have ammunition?
I need to Vliedam

He threw
I caught
A heavy box
Heavy metal

I could continue to seeds
In any case
to the storm in homeland
was blown over

He gave me some tips
Money
Training

Go gwut um kaaibaai

Aircraft again

Beautiful

So

To Vlierdam

Airplane

Chipcard buy

Check-in

Train in

Train

Check-out

Van in

Check-in

Check-out

Van

Vlierdam

Kievietstraat

Just had to walk away

Stray a little

No PATAT

The little mermaid

I have to go inside

Nothing to worry about

We were all waiting for you Frederick

But my name is not

SILENCE!

There was a silence

It was silent

There was a bald small man

Now he had a hat on
Funny hat

Dorn was also there
Dorn Crazy Dorn
I had completely forgotten about it
How is the boy?

Dorn did a little weird
A little bit scary

Everything was a little weird
A little bit scary

Corner of the hall
My living room
Replica

Where is God?
I want to speak to him!

They laugh
The big man
and the little man

Think you're really really that we be a church?
Haha it was all a cover-up

He picked up his gun
I grabbed my gun

VILLAIN!

Pieuw pieuw
Pieuw pieuw pieuw pieuw

Beware!

Pieuw pieuw
Pieuw pieuw pieuw

I dived away behind a chair

Pieuw pieuw

Almost get hit!

Pieuw pieuw pieuw

I shot him almost in his arms!

Pieuw

BOOSH!

WOAAGH!

Pieuw pieuw pieuw

The great man was dead
He let his gun fall
On the ground
Kleng

The bullet
His own bullet
Reflected
into his eye

The man with the hat!
He rushes outside!
He shouts:

“next time I get you asshole!”

Dorn!

All good boy?

He did return to normal

Oh happy

My living room!

Why are they in my living room was built?

That party

I got a taste for a sigarette

Nevertheless such topics after all without might hear but to such of suns
dying glory-holes bringing the cleaning of tight lines behind whiners hiding
the the a and such Buzzards and castles greasy and dirty Deafening
Silence

It was raining that day rabbits and water-ices All of this ensured that the
roof can open and close could be without the control of the state Eureka! The
word is was since times are not so superstitious The beasts of buttermilk
fabricated honeycombs flew always the same windows Legimisation and
administramation Belgian geographers were in any case on the height
Anyone with the name Peter stood up and asked Gichel Gamelblaas? Yes!
It was the same! Am I awake?

The blinded mass had its drugs taken They were ferocious and full of fog
Mr ASCII had a large mass on his body is pressed This seemed to breathe
and sweat
nailsnails

They should not search he found Just look at the fuses still not over the
threshold Let them peppers do count! They ask nothing for it Only the
worthlessness of the real Can't believe it but it disappeared Not a bad word
about the honey of the growling mosquitoes Don't you think that it is all
blessed phlem-tapes? So dramatic and yet very unusual All at the same time

and vice versa You desire no c-section then? Let him talk for once So I find
liquorice for example is delicious There you can trees for surrender

You give courage to the colors they can at any time stop

I don't know how long it lasts but it's been so for a while According to peers
it takes only 5 minutes of where you came from and a longer time of where I
am now How long that period actually is different apparently per person
This is in any case the only thing that I remember A statement that all of
countless hours in my head rages

Mamma has new teeth They came just in after a long and intensive dentist
visit Her mouth was still full of cotton wool She muttered something about
the surgery

How much should the care before the people and to otter and the horizon
groping to inflatable polderknechten? How long should I wait before the lord
of the house their apartment buildings in the fiery lightning shall see to rise?
Why is it kevertje colored? Is this a question about the topic: lively
frolicsome fanciful mischievous kalverachtige light airy playful
stoeierige and cheerful mind ?

No that's not it it's just twilight For how else should it be so As the old man
with gnarled waterstok He's sailing away far away away to the pain of his
future He knows that life sometimes can end up in the toilet pits

Momentum for preview (front)

Yeah probably Such a blow and survive no one said a boy with a cap
backwards on his head He was only 17 thought of his mother at the same

time in the realm where you as a reader is that crying a bottle of dry red wine
soldier made Am I awake?

Am I awake?

Glass cabinet dead mouse

second vision

This is in any case the only thing that I remember. A statement that all of countless hours in my head rages.

I sit on a chair Where exactly is unclear to me but I recognize it all (or at least I think that I recognize) An oak wooden cabinet in front of my face a dead mouse in my right hand and in my left I hold a strangely shaped bottle There is a brown/yellow smelly stuff in I would be surprised if the spat chewing tobacco turned out to be The glass was in the form of a ballerina and is according to me a perfume bottle It is capless which invites to consumption

Fore my feet is a tape-recorder which the plastic frame is removed The
electronic guts are hanging there sad I can't turn on

The dead mouse I hold too much power so the soulless animal to its natural form lose

I squeeze it fine and feel the bones and guts on my fingers dripping What looks like a small thread running from my thumb to about 20 inches from the ground Undoubtedly a part of the intestine channel This sensation I feel like I've been around longer than you can imagine and it is in a bad way satisfactory

They were all on the edge down to squinting All 16 and a half It was dark
down there A girl is throwing her barbie doll down With a whistling sound
it falls

[illegible]

The sound that is produced when an object after a long drop on the soil is continued from the hearing was finally not produced Maybe it was too deep to hear the sound that is produced when an object after a long fall on the ground comes to be able to understand or the pit was actually bottomless as on the wooden sign next to the group since-recently-deceased people was mentioned

The yellow brown and lumpy water with every inch less attractive to a given point in time unbearable tension Lumps floated on insect-like manner Lumps with my name on it! The water vibrates as if it teemed with spiders ticks flies and maggots!

A woman with bared breasts was startled to look around Are we really dead? she asked with a voice as if they were 2 weeks behind each other's lungs out of her body had screamed while a bottle of young genever against her lips Maybe that was also so before the bus and with a deafening speed against the crowd in reed her guts about the street plastered

Yeah probably Such a splat survived no one said a boy with a cap backwards on his head He was only 17 thought of his mother at the same time in the realm where you as a reader is that crying a bottle of dry red wine soldier made Am I awake?

I think the intention is that we are going to jump or so said the scientist analytical He continued with the words Look around you there is nothing else! He was with 2 02 m the longest of all

Not so fast! Don't you think that we here have to wait? For God? said another woman with a reformed character She had a huge pair of glasses on her face and was staring slightly cross-eyed Nevertheless she came across intelligent and wise Dick nose, God does not exist! put the scientist in a goofy way

Soon split and split the group into 3 groups The first group were the guards the second group of jumpers and a third group cryers The girl who is still down to the stare stopped down staring She turned around and spoke Shall we walk around?

Everyone there agreed with that The groups remained but they had a common goal They gave each other a hand and began to walk away The horizon was of every detail professionally removed Complete emptiness a desert of cardboard flakes

After what seemed like several weeks of walking and blisters on innumerable places started taking shape there was a discussion about the senselessness of the walk They walked in but without but something happened The same sunless cardboard desert with the same detailless horizon Am I awake?

What what is that? A dot on the horizon! There is a dot on the horizon! remarked the scientist His little glasses fogged of the excitement They started to run as hard as they could Their lungs clapping about from each other and their tongues hung from their mouths

As a bunch of cattle ran over them their feet slowly sucking away in the increasingly soggy cardboard They ran until only their heads left above the cardboard came out They were a bit stuck They could not move anymore Breathing was more difficult The dot became larger They cried

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!
HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!
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HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!

Opinion please do not This does not mean that I, the poor, do not want to let go In fact I want nothing more But no matter how much I concentrate I can't get any control over this senseless body The tingling feeling of a sleeping leg dominates my whole body and every movement how tiny

results in an explosion of tingling and discomfort I would like to move but I would absolutely not move

In a strange way did my dad think Robust large and ominous And maybe that was also the whole point the interesting point of this experience The longer I looked the more intense the threat to me about was to me now more than a month ago to madness and drove further

I don't know how long it lasts but it's been so for a while To madness driven by this retarded situation I wanted to do this? Or perhaps more importantly: what is this? Am I forgotten or have I never known? Am I awake?

They were stuck in the cardboard The dots are dots become larger They are approaching Fear between the groups increases All this Was intended maybe? They are approaching

The people and children smaller than 1 60 m are already head under The last eight and a half to keep their head barely above the sludge The scientist yelled about the thoughts that he had had in regards to jumping into that abyss

The spectacled woman with a reformational appearance began with him arguing Biblical parable after the biblical parable as it slowly deeper and deeper sank

The dots were figures A thick and a thin A naked and a dressed One with two ears and one with only one ear A sailor and a clown They approached Faster than usual

The sailor and the clown were talking In the distance he heard the now only seven people loud voices They tried something logical out of it but in vain The only thing they heard was a series of strange sounds which the words cigar and cat somewhat clearly recognizable

The sailor and the clown approached The now six people who with their faces up even the last breath managed to obtain they could no longer see Talking was more difficult for them

Bladel browse has you use tobacco products? asked the sailor I have to tobacco products and have been made about the times of the stones! Confusion touched the now only five people hrrnee got the scientist there with difficulty from pressed Just at that moment was the woman with the reformation look with her head under the sticky substance

Guy I make an appointment! Let's make an appointment! went the sailor hrrnebllll sounded under the ground hrrnebllll kolmblop

They were Only the scientist was still on Okay if you give me here helps then even before his sentence could make said the clown A toilet that can talk? That must I try! before he and his fly opened and on the face of the poor scientist urinated

Just before the clown had finished his need and went with the scientist with his head under Poor scientist

Under the cardboard was nothing There was more in the infinite depth

The only reassurance is that statement through my head hurtling though I am afraid that it might be a kind of mechanism which is something that the situation is still somewhat real and in control

The successful! My leg does what I want but not without a price! The discomfort is overwhelming and I felt that there was psychological scarring in my brain but it works! My foot reached the naked tape recorder My foot is approaching the play button My big toe presses with seemingly all of the trouble of the world the button The band starts to play and I get as deep as possible breath just before the bottle to my mouth approaches My eyes are trembling My eyes are trembling I get them with difficulty to.....euh...

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