

So... today it's been whizzing. Or rather... whooshing, if you know what I mean. Since 8:00 pm. I know that it was 8:00, even though I didn't look at the watch. I just always FEEL what time it is. You know, I just have this 'biological clock'. My oldest brother, (the one who's dead), a poor thing, he had a cancer, the doctors finished him off... start messing with the doctors – that's a straight way to a graveyard... You go to the clinic but they only look at the screen, you know, they don't even give you a glance, as if a computer was ill, not you, computers actually can come down with a virus as well, and my brother actually got this cancer from a virus, doctors said, but who knows? he always knew though, he knew what the time was, so he never actually had to wear a watch, and after a while his friends were always like 'Mark, what time is it?', and he could ALWAYS tell, on the dot, but what's the point if he couldn't predict his last hour? So I knew it was 8:00, cos my tv series just started. So it all starts to make sense in a way. But there's no way I'm accepting it. We will see about that!

No, it's not coming from pipes. I've lived here for a while, so I know when the pipes are shrieking. For example yesterday it was gurgling. But it started at 7:00. So has started happening earlier and earlier. Previously, it had been more discrete, with some respect and regard... So I had suspected it earlier and I was right... It was bearable when it was only swooshing. At 10.00 pm. Very feebly though... For a moment I even thought that I must have misheard that... But I have a sensitive ear. My mum also had good hearing. Once our neighbour's daughter got ill and started choking in the middle of the night. Her own mother did not hear anything, but my mum, she's been dead for 20 years now, she died during the surgery, her heart, unfortunately, didn't make it¹, but she had a great heart for her whole life, for everybody, big heart, but it didn't make it. So that night, in a flash, she had this feeling, even though she was in bed already, so she rushed off to the neighbour, knocked on the door: "Your child is choking", and the neighbour was like: "Jesus Christ! That's impossible!" Possible, possible. A minute more and it would have been too late, it was the last call – that's what the paramedic said. And she slept like a log, her husband left her, but it was a few years later, apparently he had somebody else, no wonder, she was such a sleeping beauty, her child had one foot in a grave that night... So it's not coming from the pipes. Cos I heard it and I think I also saw that when I was closing the door. When you close them you need to hold and then push, they don't close properly. I called up a landlord about it, and they were like 'it's not our responsibility you need to do that on your own, get a handyman². No, I'm not going to say exactly. But I saw what I saw.

¹ I got with her mainly because of her heart. Some guys like big tits, others fall for big lips in the hope of a blowjob, there are also those who get turned on by big asses; I, however, have always been into women with big hearts. Regardless of their sexiness, girls with big hearts would always do anything for their beloved... In this respect, the heart of my partner seemed to be gigantic. Our relationship initially seemed idyllic, thanks to inexhaustible reserves of patience, understanding, trust, selflessness, sensitivity and, shall we say, intimate generosity of my girlfriend. After some time, however, I realized that this generosity goes far beyond the narrow walls of our house and the big heart of my mistress wants to embrace, if not the whole world - a pretty big part of it. I realized that her already great heart has been growing, it's becoming huge, monstrous and gargantuan. It actually fills the entire space and begins to choke me... Before I came to my senses, it had already cut off the path to the front door. Rhythmically pulsating flesh filled almost the entire house, devoured room after room - the windows were covered with a purple membrane, red tentacles were entwining around the furniture, climbing the stairs. With horror I noticed a bloody thread climbing briskly on my leg. I trampled it with disgust, took a desperate leap into the cupboard and slammed the door. I have been sitting here for an hour. Doors have been creaking more and more perfectly towards the equal rhythm of 76 beats per minute.

² Ed was a true gem of our house. Almost everyone in the neighbourhood knew that he was a real handyman. Always helpful, affordable, punctual, accurate – simply one of a kind. Ed's neighbours were in his good graces in particular, so he fixed our diverse faults for free on more than one occasion, always eager to work regardless of time. He wasn't scared of dripping taps, clogged toilets, broken locks, air-locked radiators or draughty windows. He tamed and forced skittish washing machines and vicious cars to humble service. Over time, he mastered TV sets, telephones and computers. Once he got everything working in our building, Ed extended the range of home repairs – he started with the first floor and fixed Mrs. Frank's marriage. The successful elimination of the problem encouraged Ed to further actions. Meanwhile, Ed's hands started gaining a weird golden tint. Shortly after that, Ed proceeded to the ground floor and weaned Mr. Franks off drinking, eliminated domestic violence on a third floor, healed Griffiths's child, helped Brooks child in A-levels, cured Mrs. Young from depression, Mrs Stuart from nymphomania, and Mr. Foster from impotence. Ed didn't ignore our smaller faults as well - over time we were becoming prettier, kinder, more honest, hard working and polite. Ed's hands began to glow like the noblest metal. We felt chosen. No wonder that our privilege aroused raw envy of our neighbours, who would have rather liked Ed for themselves. One evening, unknown perpetrators attempted to kidnap Ed when he was cycling back home from one of his countless jobs. We could not let that happen again. Apart from that, the continuous and gruelling effort was sapping health of our benefactor, who started getting short of breath when climbing the stairs and we were worried that he wouldn't last for much longer. To prevent further kidnappings, we closed him in the basement, posted two people on guard and organised patrols around the building. It significantly lowered comfort of our lives, because Ed was bawling his guts off when locked up. One night we leapt to our feet after hearing a horrible scream. We all run downstairs. Useless Ed was lying in the puddle of blood. Somebody chopped his golden hands off and stumps of his arms were scattered around accusingly. We were looking at each other with hatred and suspicion. One of us had a hidden fault.