

# THE PRAGUE DIARIES



*THE TWELVE DAYS OF DEATH*

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GREG MARCY DA GAMA

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK

MMXXI

神道 OM

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## ODYSSEY STUDIO da GAMA

"Tell me, Muse, of the man of many ways,  
who was driven far journeys, after he had  
sacked Troy's sacred citadel.

Many were they whose cities he saw, whose  
minds he learned of, many the pains he  
suffered in his spirit on the wide sea, struggling  
for his own life and the homecoming of his  
companions.

Even so he could not save his companions,  
hard though he strove to; they were destroyed  
by their own wild recklessness, fools, who  
devoured the oxen of Helios, the Sun God,  
and he took away the day of their  
homecoming "

~ Homer, The Odyssey ~

~ Ω ~

PART ONE

*DEATH BE NOT PROUD*





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### Hospital Na Františku Prague

**M**y name is da Gama. Leonardo Alexander da Gama. I'm a European-American by birth, by choice a free man, and by some strange accident, I think I'm here in a hospital bed in Prague, although I don't know that, and I'm in a semi-comatose state, although I don't know that either, yet, the eidetic memory which I have possessed since a child deep within the limbic avenues of my once fine brain, somehow is still recording all the epigenetic memories taking place right here and now. I will forget nothing. *Ever.*

I'm not sure how I got here to Prague. Yes, I was here before on assignment for SVB, the rich bastard in California who unceremoniously always seems to interfere in my solitary life. Solitary in that I choose it that way, not because I don't have friends. I do, and I like them. No, solitary in the sense that work as artist and social philosopher solemnly requires extended periods of thought and reflection, with ample time for reading, thinking and writing. To do this and stay fresh in a stultifyingly complex world, travel is often a sound, smart palliative; thus, when SVB's falsetto streams into my conscious requesting my services, even though I don't much like him, I respect him for he helps me with SHANGRI-LA NATION, a school I run in Dallas; so when SVB texts or calls, I usually listen, even if I'm sure he's full of shit, just using me, monkey on an organ grinder's leash. I comply, almost always, as the money is good, the sights universal, the food typically outstanding, and, invariably, there's always something interesting or compelling to write about. Such as on my recent trip to Prague.

I'll get to that in a moment. First, while I feel I can, I want to try to recall what the hell happened between Prague the first trip and right now, Prague the second – for in between, somehow I'm not sure, I found myself in Lagos, Nigeria, wondering if I was a prisoner or the boss man. Well, I couldn't have been the boss man as there were two others there, one of my mentors, 'Big Bill', he of whom I've never much written about to anyone besides myself and the occasional letter to my mother, now dearly departed; no, Big Bill, the dark side of my mentoring, he was a life force unto himself greater than either of the other two fine men who taught me, Dr. Pharo and Dr. Evans, both medical doctors, pediatrician and psychiatrist, respectively. Big Bill was none of those. Big Bill Robinson was an errant Minotaur sledgehammer intent on bulldozing his way deep into the heart of darkness, fucking every Beauty he could find, subjugating the locals and their magistrates to his will, pocketing the deeds and titles to whatever property he could locate, then with a great bovine laugh, stride out of town on his haunches, belly full, ring on every finger, patting me his protégé on the back, exclaiming, *'Leo, it was either us or them and I'm goddamn glad it was them!'* In this way he made his living many decades and in also did he instruct me of same. Learn, I did.

The other person in Lagos, if my memory serves me faithfully, and I think it does, was the father of Gamacho Gamachov, The Younger. We'll just call him Gamachov, The Senior. I will not share any pictures of him for if he's still alive that would be unwise, even if I'm not sure of that, given that I'm under the impression Senior was seething with rage claiming that I'd executed Gamacho, his one and only child. Malevolence does not suffer to reason. You see, when men like Priam accuse Achilles of slaughtering Hector, they are not interested in whether Hector was foolish and Priam was cowardly for allowing Hector's facing off with Achilles who was by far the superior warrior. No, all that such men think after an observed death of a loved one is revenge. It is the way of the world since Abraham and Isaac on Moriah, since Cain and Abel in Eden.



"And Cain said to Abel his brother,

*"Let us go out to the field,"*

and when they were in the field Cain rose against Abel his brother and killed him. And the Lord said to Cain,

*"Where is Abel your brother?"*

And he said,

*"I do not know: am I my brother's keeper?"*

And He said,

*"What have you done? Listen! your brother's blood cries out to me from the soil. And so, cursed shall you be by the soil that gaped with its mouth to take your brother's blood from your hand. If you till the soil, it will no longer give you strength. A restless wanderer shall you be on the earth."*

And Cain said to the Lord,

*"My punishment is too great to bear. Now that You have driven me this day from the soil I must hide from Your presence, I shall be a restless wanderer on the earth and whoever finds me will kill me."*

And the Lord said to him,

*"Therefore whoever kills Cain shall suffer sevenfold vengeance."*

And the Lord set a mark upon Cain so that whoever found him would not slay him."

People need to remember. The rich and poor are brothers. The rich brother's name is Cain.



That is why I say, none of this crap started with me so don't be blaming me for that which you think I may or may not have done. None of this was any of my idea. I was simply trying to uphold as best I could the lessons of being a humanist killer passed down since Homer, and interfered or inculcated a bit by three great male mentors and my four great female mentors. Let's call them *The Magnificent Seven* for that is what they were and they are, collectively, the main, in fact, the only reason I'm still alive today. I think I'm alive, and still able to softly compose these thoughts in this semi-comatose state.

What I think I know, at least that which I'm prepared to commit to here, is that in Lagos, somehow in closing on an oil deal worth tens of millions in reserve rights, Big Bill got caught up in the webbing of the *Agberos*, 'The Area Boys', a mafia-type crime organization made up of ruthless young men who extort seemingly innocent passerby's by surrounding drivers in their vehicles stuck in traffic and forcing them to pay for some actual or fictitious service before letting them go. To aid in collecting money, the clever *Agberos* place nails in the road and dig up the streets.

What Big Bill could not have known was that Gamachov, The Senior had a fascination with tall, Iman-like Nigerian women, and when he wasn't fucking Honey Kahn, the young girlfriend of his son, Gamacho the Senior kept Abidemi Musa, a regal Nigerian beauty, always parked nearby him. Abidemi was the younger sister of Abaeze Musa, loosely 'King' of the 250 Nigerian *Agberos* 'families'. You see, life is very complex and we hardly ever see what is coming. Hardly ever. Am I going to die? Yes. Sadly, we are all going to die.

I'm going to rest as best I can. It's strangely quiet here in the hospital. I'm very tired. I feel both beat up and drugged, perhaps I've bones broken, I'm no longer really sure. I do know that life is long and worth living, until it's not, and if the god's are willing I have every intention of getting past all this and returning to my life as artist and social philosopher. I'm so tired, I've hardly slept a wink. Pity is for fools, so I will not complain. I'll leave you with this, something from my diaries in Sofia, before this recent, what should I call it, "*Incident*"?

"I'm always getting mixed up in things not of my nature nor at my request and I am damn tired of it. God? I just want to write. I just want to be a success. I just want to sleep with Beauty. I don't want to be a fucking tourist all over the world. I want to be who I am, where I am, when I want to be. I want a wife. A home that pleases her. Children that please us both.

A small dog that they love. A cat that she loves and bothers me. I want to worry deep in the night over skinned knees and problems greater or smaller. I want many things, most of the heart, and, God? If you could, please shove a big fuckin' stack of C-notes onto my desk? I would begin believing in you, again. I promise. All my love, Senor.”





CHAPTER II



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The Prague Royal Way Across The Charles Bridge 1357



It is a cold and rainy day, winter still yet to turn to Spring, but it's trying to, and so am I. That is, if I make it back to Paris. A sad place *The City of Lights* has indeed become for me. Yet, in this brave new world, this 'Global Fucking Village' we find ourselves inextricably trapped in, I, Senhor da Gama, a lonely, loveless chap, a teacher of ideas, a bent and broken man in many ways, still, raised by good women, and a few good men, I rise.

By nature, I am a moralist. A humanist. I believe that life is sacred. That no one should ever kill another human being. That the State has no right to do that which no man can. I do not believe in God. I do believe 'in the gods', all those since the cave days up through Zeus, especially those gods in my ancestral home of ancient Crete, the gods who move the planets, part the waves, field the crops, swell the women's belly, drive out our enemies, provide us wine for drink and escape from the misery that is the 'human condition'.

Without gods, we mortals would be nothing. I am a man. All men are bad, at times. Some men will try to kill you. The thing is, the trick with the knife, that which I am learning to do better with each passing day, is to kill them before they kill you. "Now you're talking, son." This is something my imaginary father never said to me, pero, if he had, I would have appreciated it. It's not easy being raised as a fatherless son. And it don't get easy, ever.

My assignment, if you can call it that, is to find and somehow 'take out' – what a fucking expression – is this a fast food joint or something? – anyways, my undertaking, is to take out some vermin, some raunchy MF's, and since I have taken the money, a man, a good fucking humanist of a man, so too now I must undertake the task. That task is to find and bring home the kidnapped daughter of my benefactor. Benefactor. If that is not a fucking joke, I don't know how to laugh. Truth? Laughter hasn't much split my lips of late. Look around. See much to laugh at? I don't. His daughter, Amanda, is one of my students. You see, I'm a teacher of the way.

Anyways, I am on a plane, once again, having just left Paris, packing up certain 'essentials' of my humanist trade, those of which I cannot and do not speak of, for they are what we call, 'black box secrets', and while I would not kill you if you came across them, if you were in the way of my undertaking and I came across you, then, without question, I'd kill you. Sorry, dear.

*Killing.* Nice term, hunh? I've been a killer since a small child. Really. Truly. So have you. So have we all. We are all born to die and our first impulse whether bug or fly, bee or bird, since a boy I've taken it upon myself to kill when I must, and, to avoid being killed at all costs. It's not a difficult equation unless one makes it so. Learned in the killing arts from my natural impulses, and yours, too, my grandfather, Loudric, he taught me all a fellow needs to know about killing. Killing with pride, honor, and dignity. Death without dignity is no kind of life at all. Not for me. Not for you. When death comes calling, smile, motherfucker. It is the way of the world and of which I am soon to teach this lesson to those of the darker trades.

As I was saying, the tools I carry are a means to an end. I was a chef when I was a young man. A fancy fucking French chef, at that. Trust me. I know how to use a knife. That I do. Having seventy-five stitches in my lower abdomen, I'm quite aware of what a sharp knife is capable of piercing. Ahahahahaha!! Is it wrong to laugh when you kill a man? We'll soon find out. *French chef.* Of course you're jealous, you bastard. I can cook. Cook my ass off. I know my way around the liqueurs and spirits, the aperitifs, and the champagnes, and because I had lovely role models, from my dear departed elegant artist mother, Muriela, to all the women I was lucky enough while still young enough to have been graced by their lovemaking and charms, now, because of them, they who so often kept me out of jail, which is natural since I'm an innocent boy at heart, why of course, still to this day I am one charming MF.

Except about the killing part. That always seems to raise a few eyebrows. So be it. Killing. It is the way of the world and it cannot be helped. Don't believe me? Ask the dead men walking.

Here's the deal. Those dumb fucks that kidnapped Amanda, I don't care about them. They are as common as the Yakuza, the Cosa Nostra, La eMe, et al. These are just 'normal' men in unusual circumstances. Yes, their mother's milk probably soured on them. Sad, no? That is not my fault. We each choose what it is we are and who we want to be. At least that is what I tell my students back in the States. Those pitiful, poor, wonderful young people striving to know what is life and what is our purpose here on this mortal coil. If only I knew. Truly, I don't.

*"Hello, Prague. Nice to make your fucking acquaintance."*



There's something I should share with you before we go further. I had only last year been in Sofia, Bulgaria, a place of haunted battlegrounds and ancient kingdoms, a place where I had gone to while on the run from mad fucking Islamic jihadists in Istanbul, anti-artists, poseurs, dedicators of protecting *Allah*, they thinking that my art and freedom of expression should lie fallow or subordinate to theirs – I would have none of it – yet, still, they succeeded in chasing me out of Istanbul back to Bucharest where denied entry I soldiered on to Sofia. Sofia, Bulgaria, there where I met a certain Madame Christo, a cockeyed, lovely woman. In a fated love of indeterminate purpose or conclusion, I settled business there on my behalf, and that of SVB, my benefactor, and from Sofia did make my way to Paris, there where Beauty was waiting for me. The problem is, Beauty is dead. I have lost my beloved Beauty. And, I'm not a happy man. Not at all. In fact, I'm a very angry man, angry at the world, the gods, and life itself.

*Forgive me father, for soon I will not know that which I do.*

*Amen.*



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wQIqY6eyVN4&t=3150s>

BALTHAZAR – 15 FLOORS

PART TWO

*DEATH BECOMES HER*







*People need two things. Something to believe in. Someone to believe in.*





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Leonardo Alexander da Gama

## CHAPTER III

Rayna and me were walking home along the Champs-Élysées, we, she had finished an all day photo shoot at the Eiffel Tower. Why Vogue Paris uses that beauty so many times is beyond me but those are not matters in my sphere. What mattered is that we had been in Paris for some six weeks, the memories of Sofia still very much in both of us. I suppose I should say something about them and how that all turned out. I am a tired and bitter man just about now so none of this will be easy. Yet, it is important. The writer who cannot write and tell the truth is not a writer at all, but a piker. A piker I am not.

Things were about as good as they could get in Paris. I had gotten out of Bulgaria safely; SVB had gotten the documents he was so interested in. I should say that I know he's Jewish and that he was hot to find out if Borislav Belisarius was living large off dark money while at the same time having protected a father who might have been a Holocaust enabler. None of us ever know why this stuff is so important. I rarely ever question those who pay for my services; that is for them to enquire, and if I'm interested, for me to desire to find out for them. I keep my nose out of their personal business and they like it that way.

The money, the ten million, yes that was the easy part. Get rid of it. I had the codes and authorization to UbiSwiss. I did it exactly as instructed. Oh, I got a little cute with it; no big deal. I didn't take any for myself, other than a hundred thousand. I figured that was fair for my time; what SVB covered was expenses, not pay. He pays for the school in Dallas; that's different. That's so I can always be on call for him. I'm not going to do this shit much longer. I'm starting to lose my fucking mind to tell you the truth. I'm getting too old for this shit. I need to settle down. Have a wife. Baby up a belly with a child. Full breast milk and small fingers clutching mine. I can't go on like this much longer. I won't make it and I know it. That's part of why I took the hundred thousand. That and because B. D. would've wanted it.

So there we were, a simple early December walk in the late afternoon, sun setting, down Avenue George V and Quai Branly, across the Pont de l'Alma bridge, the Modern Art museum to the left one of our favorites, it was starting to light snow and the streets beginning to freeze a bit, so even though the walk was less than half an hour, we had plans to dine at *Le Relais de L'Entrecôte* one of Paris' better steakhouses and a nice place to go on someone else's money. Well, I thought I earned that hundred thousand so maybe it was my money too.



The thing about me and Rayna is – check that – was, is that we never had to talk too much with each other. We were just always glad to each be in the other's company, if you know what I mean. Rayna was taller than me in every sense of the word, although in my boots we were almost even. Did not matter. We were stone cold equals. She liked having a quiet, thinking tough for a man; I'm not one to blab around Beauty – why – I mean, just take it all in, enjoy it, her, appreciate it and the moment, watch her, be impressed with her movements, thoughts, and elegance. That is such a turn on to me. So I mostly kept quiet, always thinking, often with my Ecollo Italian notebook, jotting thoughts and ideas. No, Rayna spoke with me in pretty English, always happy, not intellectual subjects, meaning abstractions very much, for Rayna, as I have said before, even in Sofia she was calm in her own skin; maybe it was because she didn't drink anymore, spent an hour every evening meditating and quiet time, myself always having the days free in my studio to read, think, and write at will. Those were nice days. Were. Fuckers. And of course, Chef Leo, I cooked for us so that was a happy plus.

Rayna was 38 when death took her. 38 fucking years old. Live perfect. Die young. Leave a beautiful corpse. I am going to fucking kill somebody. That I am for sure. I will have my vengeance on the gods and life if it is the last thing I do. And it may just fucking well be. We shall see, MF's. I wouldn't bet against me. I'm starting to get the hang of this killing thing and it's like the other 'madmen' also have noted and remarked upon, *'The trick is to not mind the burn. Soon, you'll come to like it.'* I don't give a fuck. So there's that to consider. Oh, I'm still a good man. I behave myself. Kind to all. Help children when I can. Always help old people – always. And I feed the drunks with both food and liquor as the spirit and budget moves me. I am not perfect. Yet, I am perfectly pissed.

Rayna and I left the restaurant about 1930 for the final ten minutes of our walk home, the air becoming cold and the streets with the wind off the Seine slippery. The taxi driver who swerved to avoid hitting the pedestrian and the motorcyclist could not have known his diverting energy would lock his wheels and would slide up onto the sidewalk, there where Rayna and me had paused to look into a Christmas lit store window, my arm around her waist, the taxi headlight flashed bright on her Black Hermes winter coat, the locked tire pushing against her calf, buckling her leg, rolling Rayna forward, taking me down with her, falling onto the contours of the hard, shiny brass water hydrant, it's bolt striking her head.



Rayna and me were best friends in that never awkward always interesting sort of way two people highly unlikely to meet somehow do, then, even without much said just sort of like enjoy the moment and push ourselves closer together, no questions asked, just eyes happy to rest upon the other. You know, I kinda knew something special was up that first night in Sofia in the restaurant when Rayna was holding court – and that’s what she was doing, Davy Crockett sitting at the feet of a gracious Marie Antoinette, her throne a likely lonely place with a thousand admirers, many frauds and eunuchs, from the Louisville backwoods a semi-learned river man, one brought up in the Deep South of the United States, a member of Twain’s era and the old antebellum, failed ways, he so full and sure of himself, happy to be alive, as she spoke, I was mesmerized at her graciousness and calm joi de vivre. Tha’ss fancy French talk for I like life. She reached over the shared table and with her pinky finger ran across the top of the large vein protruding upwards on my right hand. I have worked with my hands my whole life, mostly in smart work, but plenty in the dirt and soil, the kind of man always willing to throw his body into the lurch and fight the beasts. Rayna knew all that even then I suppose and because so many wanted her I think she knew, ‘All will be cool with Senor. This MF is never going to let anything or anyone hurt me.’ Of course, Rayna never spoke like that, she just softly rubbed the top of a vein taking it all in letting me look into her eyes wide open, virtue signaling you are good man and I give myself unto you for it and thy protections. That is and was the unspoken love of myself and Rayna. I was happy as her man.



When the taxi skidded up onto the sidewalk where we were window gazing I really thought nothing much of it as it happened. I have been in so many dangerous, near death experiences in my life and what I have found is that as they are happening everything turns into an oddly exquisite slow-motion, whether you like it or not, and tis always best to let things play out as the Fates will dictate, and they always do, so what I sensed, immediately, was something like, the taxi is upon us, it’s pushing forward, it’s in a slowing trajectory, it’s not going to crash, it’s taking its wheel and inching Rayna’s leg out from under her, no panic here, left arm around her, she is going down and forward, I am losing my straightness heading down with her but I am holding on to her, catching her fall, this is unexpected and dangerous but I feel we are going to be alright, after all, we are only on a walk home from dinner in Paris and she

is a beautiful woman and I am tough, tired old MF who will take her in my arms and keep her safe. After all, am I not tonight going to write a poem? Sit at my table with a Cote du Rhone and dream of magnificent things? These are things thought of in the instant. That is when the force of the taxi's wheel caused her to lean forward, left arm and hand in the pocket of her winter coat, Rayna could not catch her fall thus, looking up at me head turning, her left temple caught and struck the shiny brass water hydrant and did so fairly flush.



I wish I could write that I stayed calm and was able to place my hand under Rayna's head as she collapsed. I cannot. I wish I could say a lot of things. I cannot. I can only tell the truth of what happened.

Rayna was knocked a bit wobbly from her head striking the hardness of the hydrant, I was all over on top of her, two winter-coated bodies lying on icy wet sidewalk, commotion and excitement in the air, each of us trying to gain some semblance of order and understanding, calm as it were. Because I drink, often 3-4 stiff deinks of dark wine or brandy in a row, I stay warm in winter as was the case on our walking home, my long vicuna trench coat open all the way so fresh cold air kept me cool. In our fall, on the sidewalk it and the Scottish wool scarf fluttered wide over both Rayna and me huddled together like little shaking bunnies, eyes away from the eyes of the wolf. Fate wolf. I whispered to her,

“It's okay. You okay?”

“I'm okay, Leo. What happened?”

A French Moroccan, a small man wearing a badge is rushing towards us, his Arabic French accent yelling loudly, “I'm sorry!! I'm so, so sorry!! Monsieur, Madame, it was the ice and there were two people in the street who did not belong there. I had to swerve to not strike them! The ice, Monsieur!! The wheels locked up!! I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!!”

I'm thinking of standing up and gutting this runty little MF just on general principles. He's not French, for one. Two, he's Arabic. Fuck the Arabs. Three, he's just struck my girl, my

woman, she who will even though she's 38 will from her womb and my manly seed, the gods willing, will give us two beautiful children, of this I know, for even though I still have over 90K in the bank, I intend and will get a book deal for the *Sofia Diaries* in order to set the world on its ear and pay for a nanny and firewood and private schools for our baguette eating little children. I have the Kommer Bow Tine on my hip, its memory still fresh of sticking into Kristian and ripping the very life right out of him – Fuck that little Russian gambling MF! – now this hopping rabbit Arab cabdriver is pleading for understanding from a much bigger man than him, a not very good looking one, in fact a rather rough looking SOB who is lying over and protecting a tall, strikingly beautiful woman of champagne hair and worried face. It is not a good day to be a Moroccan cab driver in Paris. I stand.

“Shut-up.”

From inside the store a security officer rushes out assessing the situation in an instant. Who is down? Who is hurt? Who is not? Who is at fault? What is our liability if any? The pedestrians and the motorcycle driver, all of them, none of them hurt, none of them struck, all moving about like excited electrons sparking and pulsing with energy, waving about, I could puke sometimes when I see such disgusting examples of nervousness when things and people should be calm. But I am a defective man in the sense that I do not lose my cool under pressure. I am standing now completely straight looking right to left, over the hood of the taxi, my right hand lowered to Rayna who takes it in her own right hand and squeezes it. I stay looking at all and everyone.

I don't know the French expression for ‘Settle down.’ But I speak a little Spanish and it is a Latin romance language as is French, so I lift my left hand high in the air and announce, “*Calme' Calme'. Calme'.*” which you don't have to be Toulouse Latrec to know its meaning.



A gendarme on foot approaches and in the way that only police officers and men with weapons and guns know how to act he instructs the Arab to move his car off the sidewalk and pull it over it in front of a news kiosk; he motions for the store security to come to his side, he directs the involved pedestrians and motorcyclist to stand together until he comes to them. He looks at me hard in the eye, sees that I am a man of business and have the situation in hand,

his eyes move downward to Rayna, she now on a knee, hands holding on to the black sill of the window where only a moment ago ornaments and Noelle's caught our eye, and he susses out instantly perhaps this grand scene will be in total less than the sum of its parts, which, for him is a good thing as it is 2000 in the evening, early December, he has a wife and two children at home, and he has told her his shift will end at 2100 and they will watch The Little Mermaid with their daughters on his arrival.

He nods his head at me, as if in a small thank-you. I could make things worse with temper and flare and he knows it, but I do not. He has a gun. I have a knife. He has a wife. I have a girl. Check that woman. Now Rayna is on her feet, shoulder to shoulder with me, her gorgeous blonde hair flowing over black winter coat, she rests her two hands on my shoulders standing behind me, herself a sandwich with the store window and me. Good. I love this woman. The gendarme asks if medical attention is required. Rayna, with her perfect French tells him it is not. Even I understand it. He takes out his report book and begins writing. A half hour passes and all the typical bureaucratic bullshit of life in the modern age with paper and tech gear insurance and fear, hate enough to sink a planet, all that stuff goes in. Rayna and me have full bellies, love for the other, and strong constitutions. We cooperate. All is well in the world, so I think.

In an hour we are at home and by our small fire. A luxury I pay for to have wood hauled up four flights to our rooftop atelier. We sit in the quiet with window open. I am about to cry for my girl might have been hurt. And there was not a goddamn thing I could do to help her. I am almost drunk but not there and Rayna who does not drink sits close, soothing presence, knowing of my own son in his youth cut down by an errant truck and my not being able to save him. It's always the others, never me and this is where from does come the guilt and the anger and the all of it. Rayna says nothing, only running a finger over my hand, touching the vein. I am a very lucky man and I know it. She whispers, "I am okay, Leo. I am okay."





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There is so much in life we don't know, that I don't know, stuff we never see coming. I don't know that Rayna will be dead in a few weeks from a tiny brain aneurysm that is swelling in her cerebellum's frontal cortex, blocking oxygen from traveling up her beautiful neck into her fine, quiet calm mind. I don't know that I am never going to be able to know the sounds of baby's noises in 2 a.m. feedings. That in Paris only a few kilometers from us is a young woman named Amanda who has spent the day at the Louvre and will then head up to Amsterdam for a week, and then on to Prague, she an art student from a monied family, daughter of my frenemy, SVB, that some idiot MF's in need of a hostage will take her into the bowels of the dirty Prague sewer system hiding her there until a ransom is paid. I don't know that an insane Eurasian crime boss is fucking his son's girlfriend while his empire begins to crumble. I don't know this or anything. None of us do. The last thing I don't know? That I'll be remembering all this while lying comatose in hospital bed in Prague. We never see it coming. Ever.

*I miss my darling Rayna and I will make these MF's pay with their lives.*

