

**“A bald person as a suppository?” Jean Jacques asked himself, “not very practical but ingenious when there’s no pharmacy around. Well, you’d still need to find the lube though.”** He licked his shoulder while thinking about the matter. His bitter skin had no opinion, because a good quality shoulder is way too busy making ends meet.

**“That’s funny, this woman over there reminds me of something. Her face has this kind of satisfied little smirk that makes me want to change her mind. However I won’t. Too bad for her, I’ll leave her in her utter idiocy.**

*-So tell me, you ignore everything about unhappiness huh?*

*- I don’t see where you want to go with this...*

*- There’s a good amount of warm honey oozing from your face, you realize, don’t you?*

*- If you say so sir.*

*- An answer soaked with oblivion! You are perfect!*

*- Perfect for?*

*- Follow me.*

*- But, I was waiting for the ice cream man...*

*- I have something better for you.*

**The fearless woman was following him, she noticed a blue stain on his big toe.**

- What a scar sir!
- What is she saying?
- Your toe, there, you must have bashed it really bad, haven't you?
- This? A bruise? Of course not, what an imbecile! A drop of a very toxic sanitizer once fell on me while my mother was cleaning the bathroom. She always said it was a minor incident, but I strongly doubt it. Since then, I've only had disastrous encounters.
- Just like anyone else. Don't use this common household cleaner stain as an excuse for your misadventures!
- Oh fuck, it's all happening again.
- What's he saying?
- Oh shit, you too! I thought I finally found a terrific specimen. Well I guess that even the embodiment of ignorance itself will be stained by my monumental disgust. You can clear off now, there's nothing left to do.

**He turned around to push her away but he realized she was already gone. Oh well, he was used to it. *"I should have kissed her, maybe she would have shared some of her freedom with me, for just a second at least."* He laid on the ground and dislodged the sand that was buried in his eyelids.**

- Let me time travel to get out of here. Once it was a dream but now it's so clear, for my sanity's sake, let me disappear! Let me eat all the ants on this island of sand, I'm trying to escape from insanity. Please tell M. Boredom to stop following me. Don't mean to be

violent, but if he goes on I'll impale him with a tree. LA  
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**He fell asleep while singing, what an immature man.**

A liquid full of solid bits was dripping over his face and woke him up. ***The man that was vomiting on him smiled.*** Jean Jacques motionless, stared at his saggy eyes and gave him his smile back. He immediately stopped when he felt the puke entering his mouth.

- So you're sharing? That's very sweet but I have an allergy for tomatoes, even the digested ones.

***The man didn't reply as he was still busy throwing up his last meal on the yet still vomitless surface of Jean Jacques' face.***

- This is going to make my skin so shiny! A luminous complexion! Thank you friend, it's been a long time I was waiting for a session of facial care.

***The man seemed happy, mostly because he felt lighter.***

- See you next time buddy!

**“What a delicious mask, I’d better let it dry out for a while.”**  
**Jean Jacques was getting used to the uncanny warmth of the floor. The blisters on his burnt feet were almost all gone. He felt lucky for once.**