

I wake up and go in the living room. I see my girlfriend dancing on her favorite song. I get closer to her but she didn't see me yet. I notice a flowery smell. Does she have a new perfume. It smells like spring. It sure suits her. She finally notices me. Her smile disappears, telling me a very sour "mornin'". She's probably still mad at me from last night. As she speaks I notice she smells like alcohol. "Were you drinking?" I asked.

"No? You know I'm not drinking during the week. Jeez... What's your problem anyway?" Something smells ~~is~~ very weird in here but I cannot figure out what. "Did you shower today?". My girlfriend looks pissed. "Um excuse me? That's the first thing you tell me after - after all that has happened last night?" I knew exactly what she meant, I wasn't being fair, but I didn't want to admit so it either.

Ketamine was the only thing that ~~could had any effect~~ didn't make me feel alone after the first smell started a couple of weeks ago, no one noticed my weird outburst about what I smelled when I was high. And <sup>me neither</sup> my girlfriend, I should've told her sooner. But I'm scared of what you might think of me when I tell you.

<< THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME, BUT I'M SCARED ABOUT YOUR REACTION.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU'RE THE ~~ONE~~ ONLY PRECIOUS THING THAT I FOUND IN MY LIFE >>

I figured this was the time that I should, no, have to, tell her about this smell that has been chasing me. "This stink", I suddenly, probably too abruptly shout, "this stink keeps chasing me everywhere I go, this goddam rotten-eggs - vomit - old ~~ya~~ yoghurt - sour-cream - dark - hopeless - pit-of-self-pity stink!"

"Sure sounds like you", she mumbles feebly, eyes distraught.

"Of course" I respond, my lip quivers "What did you expect? This is how it goes, I pass and you remain."



A 9 p.m. phone call. They are making unreasonable requests.

"I need 50 gallon's of ~~████████~~ blood." Say's the disturbingly calm voice on the other side of the line. ~~████████~~ At first I don't respond. Mom & Dad always told me to never pick up anonymous phone calls, but I couldn't help it. I was curious.

"B... Blood?!" A pregnant ~~sister~~<sup>Pause</sup> follows. Fine. Two can play at this game. "Sir. I think you dialed the wrong number. ~~Emergency Services~~ We don't deliver blood. This is Linda's Escort Service. Do you prefer male or female blood?"

Now the receiver falls silent.'Ha!', I think.'Let the games begin!'

"You've been informed sufficiently prior, don't play games with me. You know exactly which kind of blood I need," he ~~said~~ hisses this through his teeth.

"In this case come and get it yourself."

"Oh, believe me, I will and when I do come,  
be prepared. I'm sure you know what  
I mean."

Suddenly a thought spurs into my mind - as panic thoughts sometimes do - the ~~two~~ human bodies only

contains five liters of blood. But not mine.

Actually, I have no blood, or at least not the blood that you're used to. So are you sure, this is what you are seeking to have?

I ~~soon~~ started to research, I remember about a criminal of the 80s that was into the stealing blood activity. What ~~he's~~ <sup>is</sup> supposed to be used this amount of blood?

"I can hear you thinking through the phone". the voice on the phone suddenly continues. "And there's only one kind of blood I'm interested in, and I'm thankful you've been safeguarding it for me such a long time, how very kind of you." the voice says, and ~~it knows~~ "you will be released from your duties now."

One morning you leave the house to get milk for your coffee. You don't like coffee without milk or as your wife puts it "milk without coffee." When you come back you discover the front door cracked open, the ~~wind~~ cold wind whistling through the opening blowing the mail that was laying on the mat into the hallway. You feel a slight panic setting in the pit of your stomach. You call your wife's name. You call again. The whistling wind as your wife answers "Fuck" you mumble to yourself as you open the door further and step into your house. You smell something faint, a soft smell of a thought strong enough to exist on its own for awhile even after the thinker has left. ~~It's a smell of rosemary~~  
These kinds of thoughts ~~are like~~ you like to compare with a strong virus where even the smallest bits spread over big distances, can infect. And so it does, the smell creeps into your nose and tells the tale of a burglar. A burglar looking for its home. A burglar that wears jackets from the lost and found, that buys beers from pennies he picks upon the street. You follow the smell where it gets stronger, up up up the stairs. In to your bedroom. As you enter the room a wall of screaming smell hits your face. The bed contrary to the rooms thoughts is ~~highly~~ made with the edges of the sheet tucked tightly under the matras and the pillows - even the decorative ones - fast full y stacked.

~~slept~~ next to each other. You stand there for a second, wondering. You know that the trail of smell ended here. You know that the burglar had dreamed in this bed. ~~He'll never wake up~~ But where did the burglar go? There is just one place you could think of.

You stepped into the little tunnel that only ~~you~~ knew was there, ~~next to~~ hidden behind a poster next to your bed and when you made it to the end, there he was. At first glance, you only saw a dark shadow. At second, you turned on your light camera, and you weren't ready for what you saw...

All the bedsheets you ever owned, all your old <sup>smelly</sup> stuffed animals that you thought were thrown away, and all your old towels and pillows ~~that~~ were constructed into a huge installation. The burglar, you could now see his grim face, ~~but~~ the thoughtful wrinkles on his forehead clearly, stared deep into your eyes and whispered "Is it art?", while releasing a faint smell of lemongrass.

Next to the pile lay a neat little card with a strange signature on it. The card was hard to read, but you could make out "Change your sheets!"

I'm in my safe, beautiful forest.

I'm in my forest, the wziest and most magical forest to ever exist.

I know it's not a real forest but the last time I fell asleep I came here, and I've never been able to come back.

However I am very aware of the fact that in dreams, time follows its own crazy rules.

Talking about time, what time is it? It's 3am,.. actually no, it's 6 in the afternoon...

It was 9 p.m. when I heard my phone ringing.

BRIM! DRANG!! WOAAA!

what a fancy phone.

I love this crazy squirrel phone (it's alive) that I feel like I've owned it from the day I was born but that I've actually never seen before... ah... my beloved squirrel phone.

• Yes? ~~Who~~ who is it?

- HelloHello! I'm a stranger!

• Wow crazy, a stranger, Do I know you?

- Maybe!

• Well, stranger, I learned to not talk to strangers so I have to hang up!

- OH PLEASE, I'VE GOT SOMETHIN GVERY IMPORTANT TO SAY ABOUT YOU, I KNOW YOU ARE SEARCHIN G FOR YOUR REAL MOTHER ...

I deliberately took the longest imaginable pause before responding to the stranger:

- You remember that particularly windy day in autumn, when you accidentally put salt in your cake instead of sugar?

- o How could I ever forget, you spat it all out.
- I never tasted cake the same way after that, even one's that are supposed to be salty.

- Well, I gave that cake to your mother and poisoned her with it. ~~I~~, I need honey, the nose of a butterfly, 6 little monkey's and a lot - AND I mean A LOT, of Nutella to save her. You think you can handle this soldier?!

o NUTELLA sucks. They started adding whale semen to it, in order to save the precious palm oil.

~~And this is a dream after all~~

I am very confused, but after all, this is just ~~a dream~~ a very long weird dream.

I never expected you to call me at this time.

It was 11 pm and I was just thinking about you. You got a message from your friend saying I was spreading your secrets to the public (on the radio, to be more specific) I figured you must be drunk again. No wonder you were calling me at that time. I did request a song through a call at my favourite radio station recently, but other than that, I don't know what ~~you were~~ talking about. I hung up the phone, but now I'm left wondering what should I do with you. Am I supposed to say sorry for this? But then you call me again "you sold my secrets to the radio!" you shouted through the phone. "How much did they pay you for this, huh?"

Your voice ~~now not~~ its distorted speech, used to bring me comfort. I remember that tone from both of us when we thought it was funny to upset each other. But now things got down to business. Now everyone knew about my secret recipe of nailpolish

I can imagine how things would go: the big corporations will steal the nail polish recipe to make profit out of it and my little downtown shop will loose all its clients and then I will never have enough money to build my dream tree house. You were the one who sold me out, so, naturally, I had to make you pay, but I never expected you do break the radio company. I wonder - who told you? I wanted revenge.

So much And revenge I got. You must know, your secrets were never safe with me. The next secret is already delivered to the next radio station.

|||||

I WAS SITTING ON A ROCK, I WAS NEVER FEEL SO ALONE UNTIL THIS MOMENT. WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHEN I'LL FEEL AT HOME? WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY OWN PERSON? THIS THOUGHTS KEPT ME IN A DARK AND DEEP MOOD, SO I DIDN'T REALIZED THAT I WASN'T ALONE ANYMORE. THE MOUNTAINS WERE SILENTS, I FELT THE COLD ON MY BONES AND A BAD FEELING CAME OVER ME. I FELT OBSERVED, BUT NO ONE WAS THERE.

<< PSST !!! >> I TURNED MY HEAD TOWARDS THE BUSH, FROM WHICH THE SOUND WAS COMING.

<< PSST !!! >> AGAIN. << CAN I HAVE A CIGARETTE PLEASE? >> ~~HERE~~ I HEARD A VOICE, BUT NO ONE WAS THERE.

IS IT MY IMAGINATION THAT MAKES BAD JOKES?  
Is it the cold in my bones that makes me hear things  
that aren't there? But then, I hear it again, louder this  
time << Pleaseeee i'm craving nicotine, how can you  
deny it a lonely something like me? >>

The thing's voice didn't match its mouth. Nothing did.  
Where would the cigarette go? Then I realized ~~that~~  
that it was up its ass. Awesome.

As the helpfull stranger I am, I pulled the sigaret out of his ass and handed it over. "Here you go, my good fella. Let's smoke & get to know eachother better.

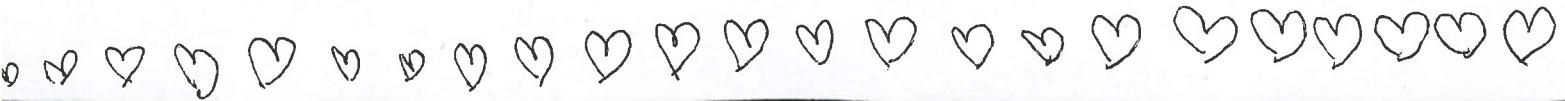
"Do you have a lighter, mate?". Mate had some matches, extracted from metaphysical pouch, masterly hidden under his double chin. They all were humid though.

He lighted & lit his cigarette with greasy hands  
and I smelt mine. This smell wasn't normal or  
good or bad or whatever. "Mate, what kind of  
weed did you put in here. I think they tried  
to steal from you. Probably they managed too!"

In that moment, I realised how lonely  
I was, how miserable. I turned the cigarette  
off, put it in my pocket and jumped.

A new sensational event happened in the County of the Rings. One of the most famous criminals in the history of the County made again one of their amazing appearances. The Detective Collier has tried for years to put the well-known criminal into jail, but apparently, they've just been easily tricked (for now too many times). Is the chief of the department going to (finally) get rid of this totally useless Detective?

But, going back to our beloved criminal, last night they made one of their funny experiments which the entire community is currently following from their warm and cozy couches of their living rooms. The TVs have never been ~~switched~~ switched off since the news spread out. Last night, around 4 pm, Jawarka Kronskij ~~in~~ broke inside the Lord's bedroom and made their bed. The investigations didn't show off any detail that could uncover this mysterious event. Jawarka got inside the bedroom, walked through the long and high ceilings corridors of the enormous building, passed in front of the 157 ~~security~~ security cameras, maybe they even talked with the cleaning staff, the police has still no explanation on ~~this~~, how the criminal made it, but especially, they don't know why.



Later in the day, after hours of non-stop weather forecast, ~~then~~ finally there were news about the mystery crime. Everyone was still waiting ~~patiently~~ with patience, but I got the news first.

FOR A MYSTERIOUS REASON, OUR BELOVED CRIMINAL, WAS SO DIFFICULT TO CATCH. SOME AMERAS CATCHED HIM, BUT HE SEEMS LIKE EXPORTED ~~REMOVED~~.

BUT IN fact, I heard, he didn't. The criminal is as we speak hidden in the house, waiting for the night to arrive so that he can pretend to live in the house himself. They swipe the floors, wash the dishes, sing the children to sleep, feed the cat, clean the windows, dust the drawers, and then roll ~~gossed~~ themselves into a ball to hide in the cupboard.

What ~~the~~ nobody knew, was that they weren't the only one. They were several, after all no one criminal would assume to make the lord's bed, sing the children to sleep, swipe the floors, wash the dishes, feed the cat, clean the windows, dust the drawers, and then roll + themselves into a ball to hide in the cupboard, could they?

This confirmed it. Cinderella's little mouses ~~were~~ really had ran away and where hiding in this house! Now there were, only two options. Call Tom the Cat, and ask him to exterminate the mouses, as is his duty. Or broker peace with the mouses and find common ground to stand on. Let's replace Tom the Cat with the masonic handsome Tom Cruise. His shining smile will keep all ~~the~~ troubles away.

One morning I woke up. It was the 31<sup>st</sup> of October, Halloween. I walked down the staircase and my mother was still asleep. My sister was preparing breakfast in the kitchen. "Wendy!" she called. I could not understand what she said although I could hear her words. She turned to look at me while holding a plate. Suddenly her jaw dropped and she broke the plate on the kitchen floor. "Monster" she said. Although her voice didn't seem to come from her mouth. Was it from her head? I could hear her thoughts. I opened my mouth and began to speak. "Is there something wrong?" I asked her. She shrieked and ran out the front door to the street. My mom awoke by the scream went down to the kitchen to check on her. Then she looked at me and fell backwards unconscious. I went over to the mirror to see my image. I was horrified by the...fluffiness of my eye brows and unconsciousness of my precious silky beard. My parents warned me about what would happen when puberty would start. But no one could have foreseen this. I was hot! Smoking hot! My eyebrows were literally on fire!

As the minutes raced, it was becoming hard, to see, but I heard voices of my sister and mother, curious, disgusted, concerned. I was handsome before, I've always known it and I am even more so now, did my beauty shock them so much?

My mom showed up with a fire extinguisher and covered my face in that white foam that tasted like marshmallows for some reason. While falling on the floor crying, I heard something really close to me. "Why is this still alive?" I was confused, ~~where~~ and I couldn't ~~see~~ where the voice came from since the foam was still on my face. I clumsily made my way to the bathroom to get this marshmallow crap off my face.

IS THE WORLD GOING TO ENJOY THIS ISHUE? I have  
been asked "I know print media start 2" issue at now  
has got off road that set the world talking etc  
start off of web now media set up shows mom 'M'  
printed on book on the school etc isn't new no books at  
all you see on screen etc do you know I understand  
... set up begining 2010 I

All over a glass of milk.

You know, I don't get a lot of things, but one is this adhesion you have to being presentable, that the juvenile honesty of a mess bothers you enough to prod and nag ~~about~~ about misplaced things and disorganization. I shouldn't blame you though. There's an interesting contradiction that our predecessors (?) pulled on us. You weren't allowed to look into the copper pot, but I was.

You had to grow up as a prop to your parents, and I had the room to speak until I crossed that narrow border. I sense from it, from you rage that I see in him, that I sense myself assaulting my choices. I guess I'll throw off the trash anyway. Then I went out the door, and saw a tall gaunt man with a grey blazer and red neck-tie. This mysterious figure reminded me of my lovely father, who used to beat all the shit out of me ~~during~~ during the Spring break.

So, naturally, I did what any sensible person in this situation would do. I took out the trash,... and clumped it all on his head. Revenge probably never tasted this disgusting.

He stood there motionless, until he started to deflate like a dollar-store balloon. And then it exploded like a piñata and candy in goat skull shape popped out. And then... you know, he just ran after me, I just had to make sure to run faster. It was now 50 minutes I was running when I also exploded... but if I exploded, how could I see myself exploding? Did my soul leave my body for a second?

I think it's possible, but in the meanwhile i didn't realized that I was looking at the emptiness for a long time.

It is very late, I have to go, my bus is not waiting for me!!

Prompt: Your house was broken into.

Nothing was stolen but the bed  
was made

I called the police, 10pm on a Thursday. Panic-stricken, in so many words as I could muster, I told them of how I was certain I am being stalked. I told them of the person that by-passes my shitty alarm system, comes into my home and leaves no trace beyond the kindness of making my bed, watering my plants, feeding my cat. ~~We do not~~ Terrorized by kindness huh? The police officer mocks me and asks for my name and address.

This event repeats annually, with different kindness being offered to me. A vegan cake. A book from my wishlist. The mail I haven't bothered to open in weeks. Taking out my trash. The police blacklisted my phone number, I'm sure of it. The last message I got across to them is that this 'kind' Samaratm ~~has found~~ is living in my home. "Well that's not breaking and entering then is it?"

I sleep in the toilet ~~room~~, the only ~~place~~ with a usable lock. Dust no longer exists. I decide to put video cameras hidden in the house so I can see

who is entering my house. The first few days? Radio silence - they must have seen me install them, otherwise I don't know how to explain their sick job anymore.

But then on a cold wednesday afternoon I get home and as I get ready for another night of sleep in the toilet, I notice a new airfreshener standing next to the toilet brush.

I had a new plan in mind: stealing from my own house.

from that moment I started putting everything that was given by this stalker in the bathtub and the results were ~~so~~ incredible. It must be a collection of clues, it has to be! I have to do something with this big problem, I need to have my freedom in my house. I have a plan:

When the next morning would arise, I would take all of my own stuff out of my house and bury it, so ~~there was no way~~ all there would be left where the items of this stranger. Then I would become the stronger, become a stronger in my own house, and my stalker could be me.

Your home was broken into. Nothing was stolen but the bed was made. Your mother came to visit. You could hear her heels clicking frantically on the kitchen tiles. It matched the clock's ticking. The nervous rhythm disrupted only by the slamming of the cupboards. You don't separate your mugs from your glasses. She's noticed. You've changed the front door's lock twice already. She always finds a way. Always, you asked her four times to stop, but she's managed to change that stop to less. But she didn't listen to me. Her sociopath habits irritated me, but my behaviour was even more cruel at some times, especially when Uncle Bob was forcing me to make my bed each morning.

"How DARE you ~~not~~ come to my place & make my bed?" I cried. Hot tears streamed down my face.

I couldn't stand anymore. I had to sit down. "What's next mom?" I whispered. "Are you going to wash my clothes too?"

Although, secretly I craved to replace her care with an attention of my new sugar daddy. Maybe I can run from home; my

own home. Maybe I can just call Randy - my sugar daddy - to welcome me into the warmth of his own house and I can tell mine. Maybe, to get Randy's attention, I could go to his place and make his bed..

And so I did, and as soon as I did it I realized that in the end, I'm just like my mum.

apple she夫夫

.94 Ⓛ 18th

rainy woods

"I'm in a good mood"

wet dog

"what the fuck"

freshly baked bread

"that's what I just said!"

pies, perfume and potato fries

"what I just said is all a lie"

sweaty socks and soft cheese

"Is it so hard for you to say <sup>blue</sup>please?"

a dirty rag soaked in your grandmother's perfume

"How can you laugh despite the gloom?"

ringing tones.

I heard a ~~ringing tone~~ voice from the phone.

It yelled: "Go get ~~the~~ that clone!"

burning plastic stays afloat

despite its will to lick my throat

I don't sense the time passing anymore

I feel like I'm drowning in my own blood,  
"Is it just because of all that emotion you lack?"

I feel like I'm falling into the mud,  
is that my heart or it's just a crack?

...and it won't stop until it's over.

A strange, hissing sound comes out of the speaker.  
Then silence. 'Hello?' you <sup>yourself</sup> ask tentatively. A cough, then the high pitch voice on the other side of the telephone says "Finally! You cannot imagine for how long I've been trying to reach you. I'm so glad to have you on the phone!" The voice sounds impatient, driven. "I'm sorry, but who is this?" you ask. "As if that had any meaning" says the voice, ~~thereby~~ as you cross the street, finding your way through the cars waiting in front of the red light. "Don't suddenly pretend that you care! As if it ever mattered to you who I am!" The voice laughs nervously, ~~"Listen," you try to explain, "I'm on my way home right now."~~ then continues "Of course I am not calling you for now reason, ~~mean,~~ I assume you must be on your way home from work now. And, you know, I thought while you're on the way, you could as well just drop by the Action and ~~steal~~ parking lot behind the church.

As if on cue, you hear ~~the~~ the deep, repetitive ringing. And as if on cue, the car, you, your head, moves, unfeeling, not driving, then, the dim balmy rattling hissing dusty parking lot. I could see a man pushing the car from the back. His pretty maniac buttocks gaze meanwhile was focused on my

I ignored his piercing stare. Sat back down in my car & drove backwards, crushing him underneath my tires, effortlessly. The melody of crashed bones was like a nectar to my withering ears. Never felt so good to be a criminal.