

## KUCHITA HABIKORU

Written by Aki Yamanouchi Translated by Kyle Yamada

### \*NOTE

One of the most notable aspects of this script is the excessive use of onomatopoeia, and the unusual sentence structure, that resembles more the process of thought, rather than clear “speech” that is easily understood verbatim. The translation aims to follow as much as possible in these aspects, so sentences will be structured oddly. In most cases, they should make some sense when read aloud. The reader will find unusual, or completely onomatopoeia. These are translations of onomatopoeia, that even to the Japanese language that specializes in expressing “sounds” are unusual and unique. Also, these sounds will often appear in orders such as “Ribbit ribbit, said the frog”, in such sense that the sound is adding explanation to the action. The translator hopes to continue in finding more suitable onomatopoeia in following drafts.

The *italic* in “5” is imagined to be pronounced in an elaborate, European sort of way. In the Japanese text, each consonant of the words are emphasized. The translator’s imagery is actor Tommy Wiseau, as an accent that is somehow pan-European, impossible to pin point to a certain region.

### Characters

1. King (A powerful figure creates a grave/palace in the desert, and dies)
2. Plasterer (Festivities have begun in the grave palace)
3. The King's Descendent (The King's descendent lives in the grave palace)
4. Citizens (The royal family no longer lives in the grave palace, and is now a republic)
5. The Pagan (From a European foreigner's perspective, the grave palace in its prime)
6. Historian's wife (the grave palace's decay)
7. Former local grave robber ( After a certain incident, the grave palace becomes obsolete)
8. Japanese tourist (A Japanese tourist visits the remains of the grave palace)
9. Ghost of the Grave (voices gather and bicker about)

9

Person : Ghost of the Grave

Speaking to :

Ghost:

You. You. You. You. Welcome.

I am voices gathering. A herd that reaches no one.

I'm not sure if I want to stay here or melt away

Been here always. Came here after. Joined midway . Recently. Suddenly!

Voice, stuck to this building and cannot vacate. Bothered?

Front, above and under, if voices were stacked on top each other, would it be so loud?

Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey..... Ah.

Voices don't reach anybody?

This dying building just covers and raps us that run around

Building. Rubble. Deterioration. Meaning stacked up and dying?

A building, from the moment of conception heading towards destruction, sitting there watching the process of selection,

accumulating the emotions of those passing by. Well? .....Ah.

Just like how churches do not play the organ, how mosques do not recite Adhan, how temples do not chant sutras, matter does not have will?

You, cannot completely recognize what is too large?

What is born, dies. Someday.

Ah.

You. At least console me! You aren't the one to be blamed.

hey

Are you

8

Person: Japanese tourist

Speaking to:

Tourist:

Hiya. It's me.

Far away.... was here, for me.

Here. I guess it was these rustic ruins.

Just now, I was, trit-trat, trotting with no purpose, as drip-drop, I sweated along a structure that could be said majestic or huge or mystical, something that would neither blend into or stand out from the surrounding scenery, came into my eyes. And, I, subconsciously moved my hands, I strongly felt I'd like to touch it. What kind of factors does that structure consist of? Curiosity became gasoline. I made my way through the more than dense bushes.

It was just awesome.

My feet were caught in the mud, my hands were sticky with the sap from branches I snapped, bugs buzzing all around my nose and hands and ears, and bugs that I can't tell if they're newbies or old-timers raised alarm to me that this is not Japan!

Right, this, is not Japan.

I was really feeling that I'm in another country now.

Wow, I finally feel like the tides have turned in my favor.

You know, I had kind of a tingling feeling that my friend and I have different views on traveling even before we had that major fight that led to us parting ways, but when the tingling starts boiling, you can't hold back anymore, they understand that other countries aren't Japan only in their heads. You think trying to beat down a deal is embarrassing? You don't want to be mistaken as a Korean? You think it's bad to give to beggars? I was like oh, shut up!

What? Aren't those values so domestic? Don't you find organized travels within the boundaries of Japanese filters vain?

I! have paid a fortune to come here because I want to surrender my senses to the continent!

First of all! you're the one who asked to tag along, so I had to ask for additional options and everything,

and you act like you're the victim here? Chitter chatter, this and thatter.

It's hot, isn't it. I'm going to take out this ridiculously huge plastic bottle I bought at the market and gobble it down.

Oh

Ah, the cheap foreign plastic bottles are so flappy like their the child of IROHAS bottles and plastic rap, and

one tends to spill all over the ground.

Ai yai yai

..... huh?

I've realized that the ground is now a floor, and on the floor is a huge magic circle. I am standing dead center of a magic circle..... This is a very bad sign, in a screenwriting sense.

I'm going to take a large leap now, g g g g Geronimo!

Oh, good. Nothing happens. Very relieving.

Then, bridge. I'll walk. I'll cross.

Crossing a bridge is a very interesting process, the ruins in my sight become larger and larger. Actually. Isn't this ridiculously huge? It's huge. The scale and distance is all messed up, and my head is whibbly whobbly like Final Fantasy like Dragon Quest like Assassin's Creed so much that I feel like I'll never make it to the other side.

This fantasy world and huge ruins is making me confused as to whether I am walking in modern day or towards an ancient past, in a my iPhone in my hand the only thing binding me to this era-ish kind of way.

When in doubt that you're not getting it, refer to the guide book. Lower right corner of page 216.

The same building as in the photograph is seen right before me.

"A mausoleum architecture , its name meaning "Your grave" in the local language. It was decided that the building has no historical substance, and there are no plans of restorations. "

Ah-ha, my thirst for knowledge is fulfilled. I feel like it's okay that I stay here.

Or so I thought!

Yabbidy Habbidy Yabbidy Waaah!

Oh, my heart was about to drop dead. That's the sound of birds in front of the gate chirping and flying away all at once.

I felt guilt. Oh, scary.

Oh scarily scarily. On foot, I shall proceed.

Oh, wow, it's an Islamic kind of architecture, but isn't symmetric. It's a mixture of completely different contexts of architecture, the centrally standing dome being their border.

On foot proceeding. Possibly either side was added on later. On foot proceeding

I've amazingly come like half way. My feet, David Yates. Huh? Aren't the elements of the building, including furnishings, exceptionally large?

Were there giants living here? I am under such illusion.

The width of the door like so? Handlebars like so? The outlines. I touch.

Steps on the stairs like so? It's the opposite of Gulliver! Sylvania Scales are messed up! Corridor! The decorations applied. ... Though it's said that people in the olden days used to repeat geometrical patterns as if they were infinite, in order to symbolize the vastness of the universe. These are letters, right? What does it say? First of all what is the religion of this area?

Oh.

Scary. Whoooo! There is an old man, skin and bones, sitting on the floor.

..... Hello?

Flap, flap, old man offers me some drugs but I decline. But I will sit beside him. If we fought I could fuck him up in no time!

.....Hmm, this old man is strangely good at English.

**Missussus. Hre. Whawhawhat you can see from Hehehere. Isn't it exceptionanannanananal**

Yes, it's wonderful. Especially that. Big river. Rivierra? The reflections are so beautiful, I'd like to put hearts on it!

**That "lake" is calleled, the, the tears of the king**

Oh, how romantic.

Or whatnot? We speak, but, hey, ol man. Aren't you completely loaded with some kind of downer drug?

You're shivering. Terrifying?

Ever since that incident this place is not what is used to be. I don't know what incident that is.

**Such a shame a shame a shame, people who know nothing come hehehehehehere and look around with their filthy eyes eyes eyes.**

he says, as he does a brush-brush-washing-his-face kind of movement. Crackity-crack, his skin falls.

No, old man, it's beautiful to me, we each have our own set of eyes to see, I say, knowing how cheesy that is.

Wrink, the old man smiles with all of his wrinkly dark face.

**Shame you**

Old man, where are you going? Leaving me with profound-sounding words. Why?

.....

The intruder is gone! Birds are chirping and buggs are flying around. Ray of sunshine from between the leaves, is both far and near.

VR that you can touch. Calming. A nice sense of solitude.

Trit-trot, I walked around a little bit, and I've reached the center of the building, what seems like but what is not a mosque.

I look around.

A crack in the ceiling. That opening lets in a beam of sunlight, so I lie down in the ring of sun.  
Ring of light.

Leak, like my body is liquid.

Touch with finger. This that I'm touching with my fingers, stone.

My long hair, a carpet. This place undoubtedly belongs to me now.

It's lonely, and relieving.

I, me, am I, allowed to be here? My parents didn't love me. I want to be pitied. Forgiven.

I'm probably the only one who lies in the sun thinking of "loneliness". Though that's impossible! I really felt so.

Right, I didn't want to realize that I'm all alone in the world, and have repeatedly withdrawn into peculiar imaginations.

Let me look around. At this place.

The wall and floor are slippery. I look up, and above.

Way over my head, there is an extravagant tapestry of soft colors.

A bunch of ancient letters create a kind of cute pattern on the wall.

I look around.

A holy place the gods are. Silence.

..... I feel like I'm going to melt away into sleep. It's warm.

Silence. Imagination. Angels dancing.

Such mediocre imagination.

Vain. I've brought along with me this boring loneliness that I've carried since childhood, over the skies and to this unknown place.

Will this solitude find its roots here?

I don't fit in here either. Don't even feel like taking a photo, this was probably a place where happiness was usual.

and people sang valuable hymns, blessings, and songs of joy. That fact makes me shiver.

Oh! The light from the ceiling is creating countless orbs!

There's no way I could know how much time passed, until this place became this way, and I cried.

When these tears dry, will they pour into the rain and melt into that beautiful lake?

The sound of the stream? The lake is so translucent till afar? Shimmers from the surface of the water is dancing in the waves?

Is this place now soiled? Something that can't be undone?

I'm sorry.

7

Person: Thief who is a former local

Speaking to:

Thief:

Take my hand and take me somewhere before the world arounds me stabs me into bits. Somebody.

I mean. what? I think and I cannot breathe. Covered. What? What? I think, and oh, water. Water.

Water, and can't breathe. I think. I struggle upwards before water kills me. Struggle, and splash. I jump up.

Inhale. Life. Must be inhaled, I realize. Still wanted to live. Why, because you don't ask such thing idiot do you want to die.

Wet body. I crawl out from the edge of the bridge, and lie down on that relief that's shaped like a magic square. Coincidence.

Yeah, coincidentally, by chance, I killed a person earlier. Woah! I thought. I walked here. City I grew up. Is now extinct of humans, so every time I come it's more rustic, and lonley. That dead, weirdly well-dressed old woman. Who? "What are you going to do with that ring?" I'm talked to from behind, and suddenly grabs me, thief, scary eyes, bad guy, so I kicked really hard, and, dead. "What are you going to do with that red ring?" What are you dying for? Can't kill. Why end up like this.

Wait, what? The red ring that was in my hand?

What was I doing here?

I don't like this, all sticky. Want to wash my hands.

Oh, wanted to wash my hands, so I entered the water. Can't be undone.

No light, so can't see my hands yet. Dark. Wonder when dawn comes.

Can't wait for the dawn of beginning, because now the night is still dark and that Shhhhhhhhhhh sound is all my ears hear.

No light on the lake. Shin-shimme-shimmer-shimmering, veins going to explode. In the moment, I am, right, Right-wards, that way in a circle. I've decided to move!

Footsteps. Crinch-crunch, they're loud. Bugs gather, irritating. New life is born everyday, I feel deeply moved and look into the lake. Most the city is now underwater, so even what used to be land, I try to touch and my hands are wet.

Occupation. Stronger creatures from outside the environment, eats the weak native creatures, and takes control. Western ideas rush in, and like splattering bleach, everything is tidied up.

It's nice to be clean, and in an unjust world, children have much less motivation to live. We need to be kind and help each other. It's so much better to be the victim than the perpetrator, what used to be common sense is not today.

oh. Why did I come walking this way?

But I can't stop when I stop daddy's words rush through my brain, the needle of a gramophone moving in zig-zag, oh dear.

The good old days, what you despised, what you disliked moved your mind, justice, karma, I don't give a shit.

... It's okay. I can still do this. As long as I get my pride back, I can make a comeback.

Daddy's anger. I can't swallow it, but ink on my brains, the words left a stain. Values, follow me like artificial satellites.

Ah. The back door of the palace. But I'm yet to reach my destination.

I duck through. I don't want to duck through. What? Chill. Oh, my wet body begins to cool. Oh, I take off my clothes. Oh, will they dry out if I swing them around. Oh, I'll wander around naked. Nice. I haven't done something like this since that day.

The landscape of a festivity that will no longer be held, in a place that was barely a city. It was fun. At least my heart was. Heart. Festivity.

Festival! Make it grand, all around, carry the large papier mache goddess statue and slowly slowly walk through the corridors. Finally, in the dome in the center, we'll lay down the papier mache goddess, and destroy by hand in the following tens of hours. We'll dance through the night where obscene, dark emotions are tolerated.

We will each play our own music of choosing, sing, dance, and while the music overlaps, we will do what we want to. Jump around, love or compassion do not bind you. You can either stay, or don't stay here. Within the chaos, I undoubtedly exist, and it's okay to be dry. Oh, it's gone, where am I headed?

Oh, I got it wrong! I'm not supposed to come here.

I've arrived at the final venue of the festival. Shit. My destination. The red ring, and the corpse is still there. Here, events and events and events and events are entangled with each other, and there's no traffic lights, and too many factors. They're rapidly spinning and crossing all over. That's right, that festival died out because somebody died. Old people past their prime trying to create an illusion of glamour went nuts and the old people trying so hard was only pathetic so the young people just watched from afar then they were pushing each other in the center dome before an idiot group of old men were along the walls, climbing, spilling liquor and throwing money and crickety-crickety, they laugh with that smile stuck to their face, those toothless old men. Were grabbing onto a picture on the wall. Which fell. Everyone laughed, and shouted this is awesoome and just went woosh. and died.



People who fall from the high ceiling won't make it. The person I kicked and killed is all cold and the soul is obviously not here anymore. A person who's fallen to their death. The only thing everybody can do is watch the picture of them falling. The gruesome future was the shape of a human, and on the ground, squish. Became a corpse. Became a chunk of meat. It was all so fast. I still remember that parabola.

Thud. Corpse of an old woman. Who's this.

This life that I just killed, and the life that died that day, are they still of equal value?

Did she have an unhealthy diet? Her blood is slimy, it's thick, and slippery. red. red. red. Red ring, back in my hand again, all sticky. Oh, this. This. I have to take this back with me. Ring. Daddy told me so. That I should hold on to this ring as memorabilia, and I should always cherish it. Told me so. That's the whole point, but. A finished city has to be discarded. This place is completely done falling, and there's no coming back from it. Even the same person will have different opinions over time, and yet preventing something from becoming crooked, carrying that weight, what's the point? This city is not needed so it has fallen there were too many people who wanted to punish what they did not like the times have changed goodwill makes the world go around I do not understand a single bit what was bad.

Oh? Are these my words?

What? A person died, what's all this talk?

It's not my fault. But absurd factors are flying around to make me suffer. The past and future and current and sin are about to be condemned, hope, disappointment, despair, slimy red blood sticks like mud and is all entangled plastered and felt like it will get stuck so I went and cleaned it off in the lake but here I am again sliming my hands red so I feel like I will repeat this sequence and that is a horrible reincarnation. This is reincarnation. I'm captured by reincarnation and cannot exit anywhere.

I won't make it.

But that's okay, I thought, so I went outside, crossed the bridge, and into the lake I threw the ring. The ring shined and made a clank! sound somewhere, then into the water, to a place I cannot see it went, and now to me might as well not exist.

O?

I, just now, what, did I just do?

What weight do I have to carry next?

6

Person: Historian's wife

Speaking to:

hehe.

When my husband was dying slowly, oh finally I can leave this city, I heard a whisper inside my head.

I wanted to get this over with. But, because my husband asked for a unique funeral, I ended up having to wait, and I ended up living with a corpse.

My husband who became a corpse, used to be a historian. Born here, left, and landed back here. This land's history, not that anyone asked, was what he meant to unravel. I came along with him, went through a lot of trouble learning the language and everything. It was rough.

The thing is, we met far away, in a larger, more convenient city. My husband was part of a team of those who studied history in that city. But maybe he was a bitch or something, people always hated him, and were hard on him, and I noticed he was always rambling complaints every day, until, suddenly my birthplace's mausoleum architecture, basically a grave, I'm unraveling the mystery of the grave, so come with me. he says.

But my husband died, and there's no sense in staying here, so I need to relocate. House full of paper. Letters that look like crawling worms. Everything in this house I do not need, so no sorting is needed. flip.

Fools learn from experience, and the wise learn from history.

Hence, here I must write history. The state of this city, covered in lies in ruins, is depressing. Like that food sold in that store. Rice steamed in Banana leaves are not a tradition of this city. There is no custom of young girls bathing in the lake, I think to myself, and it turns out to be prostitutes luring in clientele.

haha. Silly. All lies. You loved those whores.

Oh, honey. After you died, some people came by. Interviews? They pretended to be doing those. Old woman, old man, old woman, old man, old woman old woman. Every single one of them sneered and left without saying a word. Sickening. Filthy too. Waiting for them to leave, I heard one of them laugh "sorry to lie to ya". Bullshit. That's all it was.

I was uneasy. I was crouched and it was night. And I stare at the blank space beside me.

The nights were so boring. I mean, I'm living with a corpse. Where's the undertaker. Without having to take care of an ill person who is constantly crying and puking and telling you resentful things that will likely scar you for life, the night feels stretched out like a piece of cloth, and I have nothing to do but wander about. And all that paper scattered, and all I see is

my husband's handwriting. The wind makes the letters go flip-flop.

This unnamed structure was a multi-functional architecture, built by the king of the ethnic group known by the name of "The Lake People" as a grave, temple, and palace for his ill queen. The style of architecture is like non other in the world, but the civilization's non-use of letters and lack of documentary records inevitably reduces all theories to hypotheses. My whole body of work is in danger of being buried and forgotten. Something must be done.

Flipping through the pages as I eat, I spilled food on the paper, and something just broke, and I longer felt any hesitation to use my husband's academic work as tissue paper. My home turned from covered with paper to covered with tissue paper.

Some stew, I spilled it, I sweated, there was rain, I wiped to clean.

Letters, without those who can read them, are nothing but patterns, and is only worth the material they're written on.

Hmm. Isn't the undertaker coming yet? Spending all my time with a corpse doesn't seem productive, so I figured I'd take a stroll. Grabbed some tissue with my bare hands, and here I go. I hate to admit it, but I'm beginning to enjoy reading.

I sit on the edge of the noisy lakeside, watching the naked women bathe, I flip through the tissues and throw them into the water as I finish reading them.

The queen's mutiny left the king trapped in his coffin alive, which was placed in an underground tomb. Ever since, tears have fallen endlessly from the eyes of the king, which became a puddle, then a swamp, then a pond, then a lake. Until the final prince was assassinated, the lake people created their unique kingdom around this lakeside area.

Not bad, I go through my husband's documents which are now just history novels, and throw them away. They're made from an old man's lies, so this is a novel. I thought. But the funeral is suddenly tomorrow. Came running. Some guy came and said "The shaman finally has an opening in his schedule, he'll be here tomorrow". Is the farewell ready.

When tomorrow's funeral is done, I am leaving this town. I've decided so long ago, and had a large bag prepared, which I placed by the door. I figured I can just leave the house. Everybody does so.

The draft is fluttering the papers. flipflapflipflap.

flipflapflipflapflip.flipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflip

Yes.

To be honest, I wasn't reading my husband's papers just to kill time. I searched and searched, and searched and searched and searched and searched and searched, but none of the papers my husband wrote are about me.

Shouldn't there be like at least one!? I went through all of it like a crazy person, but there really isn't.

To the very end, that's so. like him.

At least..... dammit.

Yes, he was a man of this city all right. Till the very end, loudly advocating for himself, so much like all the old men and women and women of this city. Flip. Filthy words enter my sight. The best virtue of this city is its diversity. Man must just be what he is, the whole city shows you. Fools learn from experience, and the wise learn from history. Fools haunted by harmony, learn from this city better ways for each man to live.

dr

op dead!..... oh, you. already have. I took that one sheet of paper, burnt the rest, and moved onto the next day.

5

Person: European Pagan

Speaking to:

European Pagan:

Pagan:

Rather than rush, you want to take it sloooooow. You know that kind of urge? That's me right now.

I like the feeling of the sheets. I enjoy the *texture* on my middle finger with a mееееelting slow motion. *Loving*. As I am doing so, I am rooooooled out of bed. hey hey Yvanna, what are you doing!

I ask my merry partner, and, ohh, "oh honeeey, it is noon, you see? Wake up? I cannot do bedmaking!" she says, so okay I see I say and though it is day off, I have to go on walking.

And then, oooohh. Outside is spring blooming! with apple flowers, and feels more than very good. Nice day. Good day. Going good. I walk and walk because it is such a wonderful day! And then I walk and walk, walk and walk, waaaaaalk so far away from home. *This is, non-returnable*.

Then my head is *fuzzy*. blurry. Long distance. Not a straight though as I transcend many landscapes and cultures is so fun, where I am? I do not know!

Now? Uummm, let's see. I cover up with dirty cloth and drink strange flavor soup. The spice is addicting, spicyy.

This village is a little bit poor but unlike Muslim cities, you can eat as much beef and pork you like so it's so rad!

Now? I lie down under bridge. It looks like trash can upside down.

I feel like I am trash as well. I don't know why, it is *relaxing*.

Oh! Not good, my feet stink, yes? I want to wash. I want to look into lake too. This is interesting. An old city sunk beneath the water. History! But I am in trouble. A European living in this rustic tourist site was apparently quite sensational, and children gather around me! They pinch all over my body and it is hurting me. hey, monkey-faced children. stop it. stop it. They don't stop it. They run awaaaay.

By the way in this city my country's language makes no sense. What are they saying? No idea. Today, the next today, the next next today, *all I hear* is Nyola Nyola and what should I do. Day before yesterday? I think, my memory is starting to go blurry, but then I feel like I remember clearly. Like right now, waving, all memories except important memories, like now, I *grasp* for

a *draeam-like* now. Signage burnt in the sun, the town and crowd looking like trashcans spilt over, people making love on the ground, jumping in from above the bridge. Women throwing something in right next to that. Smell. Like the product of some magical force, the lake is still transparent. Soooooome kind of strange energy, is *circling*. Humans, are animals. *Suspicious* smoke, burning meat? Burning rubbish? That makes me soooooo calm. I close my eyes. I see many wavy dreams, which is reality becomes vaaaaage, time is abandoned like excrement, and within the *slumber*, my memories from long ago return vividly.

Sound of a bell? Noooisy. Tight shirt, don't like. Sour soup, I am spitting, am I still hiding? "God is watching you" but why? "Know thy sins" but why? Why? *Reasoning. Questions melt* away, become bits and became a swirl. If it were hair, flash ----- it would grow right like that. Oh! I have to wake up or I will go mad! I suddenly come to. Hey old man! Why are you holding my hand. Where are you taking me. Walking above the bridge, *across*, it is my first time going past the gate, and entering this palace thingy. Swirly swirly, swiiiiirrrl, the roads and into this *cathedral* kind of place.

A very large..... icon? A dark skinned older man, grins, and splatters a blob of paint onto the statue? Should I do this as well? Just like him, shall I smither the blob of paint, and draw tiny patterns? Theeere. Several dark skinned older guys, click click click click, they click their tongue. People around here click their tongues instead of clapping hands, and I am still not used to it.

Ohhh I get it just this moment, I have been appointed the role of painting this huuuuuge strange statue. Every day until sunset I paint. I paint. I paint. Iapaint. I apaint. I paint.

Can I go on like this?

Oh. Blonk, the huge statue that appears in front of me, fill the blanks? My thoughts, as they come and go, layer them in as tiny patterns? Doing so it feels like I am descending my mind, or my heart, into basement 1<sup>st</sup>, basement 2<sup>nd</sup>, basement 3<sup>rd</sup>, basement 4<sup>th</sup>, floor. It feels that way.

*Steadily*, I am descending. And yet, again. I am binded from above with a thread. I am being watched. I feel it in my body, stronger than the sense of left over pee. That sense, I hope it does not last long today.

Again, God, are you watching? If I am being good. When I do something bad, I must compensate for my sins, I must confess.

God, what I am doing right now, how bad do you think it is?

Here, I never once remembered Yvanna. Because I never forgot her.

While I am far far away from home, aaaaaall this time, a thread from my bed is stretched out tensely, pulling to bring me home. No matter how much I try to live like an animal, threads being pulled from the sky, from home, I will tear apart! Have they planted a stone into my

head? Even so, I cannot go home.

The thread does not cut. It cannot be shaken off. I have extended such long distance from home to go back when I feel like it. Being decent is not ordinary, once you are used to becoming an outlaw.

No!

Oh good, I was able to return to now. It is getting dark so I will stop working. Both outside and inside, a shade is casted. I rub my heavy head a little bit, and walk outside, into twilight. Dirt walls where the piss stains smells bad. A shit that is just kind of lying there in this place where I do not understand the words and has low moral. So filthy! Maybe I will lie down next to it. This kind of bad thing makes me soooooo excited.

Whooooosh, the sound of water. Water, every day, rises higher. Water so clear actually feels toxic.

Oh!

I'm surrounded by children again.

Oh! My eyes met with one of them for the first time.

Ohh!

I finally understand why I'm surrounded. You were afraid, and you wanted me gone. You just cannot stand that this creature with blond hair whose words you do not understand is living in your territory. I understand. *Understand.*

I'm beaten and beaten and beaten and kicked and pinched, oh you love pinching don't you! I begin to laugh, the pain it huts, painful uncertain I abandon my body.

Without knowing how they will use that large statue that is the assemblage of my thoughts, I fell asleep, almost as if to faint.

I hope God has not found me yet, don't follow me.

4, A

Person: Pimp

Speaking to:

Welcome! Welcome welcome welcome get over here you idiot!

Hey! It's surprisingly expensive and unexpectedly cheap! Row row row your boat! Boat boat boat boat!

Everyone loves it! Ladies and gentlemen of this rustic village where one and all the wet and dirty filth is spread out! How do you how do you how do you do!? Come and see the treasure ship, full of ton of tits and wood!

The old, the young, the gents, but above all the ladiieees! By my side, I have arrived to make your bones and your wetties go woosh-woosh! Hey! Don't ignore me!

Recession, depression, production, corruption, despair, disappointment, bullies that do not see into the future! Come on now, we have our studs and bitches all up and about today, today!

There's spillage, erections, come around! Come all you want, and come and go!

You'll rub and be rubbed and you'll suck and be sucked like a vacuum, the scent of joy, that perfume, search for it!

Hey! You with the bloodshot eyes! We've got extentions as loooooong as you want! Come on! Go for it, come on it, rub it all up, open and close it! Go for it, let me see you squirrel around, fly about, get high, get high, get high!

There there there! Let's take you to port number one, and you, Najanga my darling, go to port two! Hello, smelly sir! You go on to port number eight where you can row row row with handsome little Tuckun.

Come on, shake that ass, show me some passion! Go on, now! It's gonna splaaaaash!

Number six, we have a girl comin' right up!

Number nine, we've got a boy comin' your waaaaay! Anchors aweigh!

Welcome, sir! Welcome, thank you!

Come in! Come in! Come in! Come in!

First time here? Then we've gotta have fun

Let's get high

But but but, one thing about our place

We don't take no complaints, being bit by a stray dog!

Come, come, come with me now!

Weeell, one's gotta dance before you die!



Crack your skull and get drunk on rotting booze and drink and get drunk and rip off some silk  
and it's okay to get drunk!

Tonight! Seaweeds splashing into your face!

Come on, go on now!

Today is about to end!

Live a little!

Daytime is fuel to burn the night!

Leaving so soon? Get lost! Clean yourself off right over there, and head on over to tomorrow!

4-B,

Person: Beggar

Speaking to:

Please.....

Spare..... me..... spare me some porridge

Help me.... help....

.... idiot..... Inhumane! Fuck you!

Are you even human?

you human?

human?

humans. humans. humans. man. oh, human. human herd? many?

Not just here. Anywhere. In each of those, humans have a head...?

Head and..... have..... thought? Thought.... universe? Each carrying our own universe....?

Itchy itchy itchy! Bed bugs!

Your universe.... my universe.... Though no way it's the same?

Bed bugs! woa woa.

Neighbor's hatred.... my hatred..... doesn't connect.... The world does not sleep just because you do..... Where am I? There could be curry right next to shit and wouldn't you notice?

Idealists and philanthropists and priests may not watch.

hey... please! I beg you.... spare me some porridge.....

.....hey, whore!

4-C,

Person: Citizen

Speaking to:

What?

oh, it's your first time here? hmm, but your accent sounds like you're from around here.

But, what?

Why? what? What do you mean what am I doing?

what?

uh.... exactly what it looks like. Rubbing my head on it. This?.... The relief. yeah yeah, the relief. Why? Well, I guess, tradition?

Oh! Wait, you go ahead. what? Because, I maen, doing this is what we've always done. tradition. there you go.

Go on!

yes, ues.

oh, uh. Then again....

It might become an old tradition.

What? well, just come over her. come on. with me.

What?

Oh, that?..... mmm. Times. might be changing. soon.

What?

Why? well. becauuuse. She died.

Huh? oh, the great descendant. The great descendant? was, kind of our... some kind... descendant. What was she a descendant of?

But it's so awful. what do you call it. You know! What was it? You know, the great descendant. Died. Oh, mutiny? Huh? Sex?..... Murdered! I mean, I wouldn't like that. Your neck, boom! One stick with a knife. blood all over. I'll cry all Aaaaaaah and Blaaaaaaaah. Even I could hear. From hear! Oh, I have really bad hearing. And, she just dropped dead, and the end. People are scary.

mm.... No kingdom can be without a king, right?

So, I guess some stuff will have to be renewed, but we're not sure what we're going to keep.

Huh? This place? Yeah, we're not even sure if this was a country. What makes a country a country? well well well, drink, have a drink.

Heey, over here! Give this one a drink!

what?

No, not get him a drink! Not drunk! hahahaha.

Ohhhh dear, the descendant, yeah, what? Why do you ask so much? Ah....

oh. I don't really know, but, I get it.

mmm... I'm really sad she died. noahjust kidding.

Well I mean, she's always hitting kicking picking and looking down on the workers in the palace, and like you stink and take a bath and you're filthy, and all that. I don't get it. People get dirty, we stink, we get grubby, right? Because we're alive! Always smelling like flowers seems much weirder to me.

huh?

Oh, this one? The newbie. Aren't you?

I'm not trying to get laid! Oh, but you know what. House, the one next to mine. It's vacant so I thought that could be the home of the newbiiieeeee.

..... hey, you're fine with that, right?

Weeell, that lady, was, I don't know, weird. I'd Never met her! Even when the castle broke down, oh, yeah, it broke down. Oh, yeah, that's a castle. Not that you could tell. When it broke down? Something about contingency, and just left it like that. Hey, let me have some of those snacks. Auntie, you hated her too, right?

What was that? Uh.... symmetrical? you know, like, this, and this, feels good when it's the same kind of shape, that sort of thing. So uninviting and boring. Rules.

Well, like they say! What people say about lacking respect to new things will bring upon your doom has again been reinforced!

So, it was a meaningful death, a lesson for all of us. You can take your drinks. Take a drink. hahahaha

..... oh, today? Yeah, a celebration. Celebrate, celebrate. Festivity. Thing is, everyone got here just two days ago. This lot. Former refugees. Yeah, I'm talking about us. Uh-huh, under the bridge. That valley. We lived there. But there's more and more water coming out of the bridge, and it's so humid and unpleasant. The mold makes your face all blue, and houses are sinking, so we went up and up. Uhh, relocated.

That puddle..... Or, lake, at this point.

You know what I think. That lake. Put a boat on it, and you have a pretty business.

..... We don't have enough manpower..... Men. Right?

Aw man! Soon, there'll probably be idiots that are like "This place always used to be a lake". customs and traditions are, like our ancestors did, something you just make. It doesn't have to be profound.

Whether its worth appreciating is up to each generation too.

So, you know,

What?

It's gonna be fine! This is a huge opportunity, no way to lose. You are lucky to meet me. You're concerned? Ugh. We're creating a new era. We're not gonna get the good stuff in the end if we don't overcome a little bit of anxiety. what? Anxiety is kicking in? nonono, we can make our own rules from scrap, isn't that exciting? Isn't it? Is, it should!

All right. From this day onward, you will be known as "Prince of Darkness".

Drink up! "Prince of Darkness!" Put 'er up! You know, tonight.... righ?

Hyaaaaaaahh!!

Hope is opening up. At least for me.

The sky has no limits. Whoooooooooooo...sh, I'm free.

3

Person: King's descendant

Speaking to:

See.

I had my cheek on the coffin, and was looking at nowhere.

In the palace slash grave building that I live in, a staircase is hidden under the throne, and I'm the only one allowed to enter. You go down the staircase for a while, walk through a pitch-black stone corridor, enter the basement. You find yourself in a basement made of countless stone sculptures. People who died a long time ago. Inside a box. I lean onto one of such boxes, and doze off.

I come here when I'm tired of people, but I'm embarrassed of myself unable to find a place where nobody comes, and can only relax in such an indiscrete place.

The smell of stone, I smell, wishing I could have a conversation with somebody. Don't hurt me with all of the emotion, I hope, but at the same time, touch me on the soft spots. Dreaming of an ideal landscape, so far far away. you know. dozing. I was. There was a time like this.

Claboom, the gray floor opens, and a human shaped bush of tangled hair suddenly emerges.

I can't tell whether it's a man or woman, this is a first to me. What do you think I should do? ....., speaking of which, who are you, it grumbles. woah woah I think that's my question to you.

Whaaaaaaa! I shout, and tried to run away upstairs and grabbed the Jonvorathilas style door, and it pulled me back with this crazy strength, and smacked me boom, right on the stone floor.

Do you want to die?

A cold voice. How are your eyes so calm in a moment like this? What? Maybe I do want to die, I thought, but I instantly pull on the lever on the wall with my left hand.

Schklank, the lever makes a brick fall from above, and it hit tangly right in the head.

So again I shouted whaaaaaa! and grabbed the door and ran up the stairs to escape to above.

The tangly hair thing is following me! God no don't catch up! Tickity-tock, I run, and just before I reach to the door on the ceiling, I look back and a tangled bush of slug-person is slithering up the staircase. What? You're a cripple? I thought.

Um, are you okay? I couldn't help engaging. Apparently, it wasn't all right, and very awkwardly and bluntly, it said, give me your hand. So, I took its hand, and

Rrrriiiiiip! It pulled strong enough to cut a tendon, and I flipped over and fell. Excuse me who pulls down on somebody that is above you on the staircase do you have no common sense? I was enraged, so I straight up yelled who pulls down on somebody that is above you on the

staircase do you have no common sense.

Sorry.

It apologized. In its chilling voice. I didn't mean to pull, I thought you could pull me up, It continued. I haven't had a real conversation in such a long time. It made me feel like. Things that usually do not fit together were making sense. It feels like. There, after, my memory is blurry, but I can't remember why? I carried the tangled bush of hair up, and tenderly, took it home. I returned above ground, into the court of throne, Shout and scare away the monkeys that have gathered during prayer, and as I go through the corridor one of the ministers bark oh is the descendant having her fun? So I head-butt him and tell him to go to hell, slide through the women singing Luyiiiiilaaa, dripping the red juice from fruit onto the floor, slide the floor, and into my own bedroom, thud, I place tangled bush of hair.

What do you think? I gazed teasingly at it, but the tangled bush of hair just awkwardly rustled on the ground.

Silent tangled hair of bush. Not a single word.

The night was dark. I carry tangled bush of hair into under the sheets with me. I had it bathe so though it's still a tangled bush or hair, it smells like flowers. I glance outside. Flowers that I had planted few days ago. were not taken care by anybody, and is drying out, urging me to kill it now..... The flower lived in a place it would not flourish.

hey, hey, hey, tangled bush of hair.

It's silent.

Say, something? .... You gotta have something, anger, complaints. right. Say it.

I don't have any complaints.

It answers. Is that the case. Is tha tso.

Hey.

hm?

This place has a fluffy bed, a large window with a view, a large and warm room. You have all this, what are you sad about?

Sad? Sad. That's not a nice thing to say. Do I look like I have a lot of things?

..... I mean, they're not mine. These are just borrowed from my ancestors. I am just kept alive in order to pass this down again.

I am part of a structure of genealogy. I have to pay for the sins of my ancestors.

You are made from the actions of your roots. My sins?

I'm not sure.

I thought I picked up a wet blanket, but that feeling like it used to be the skin of a dead person lurks around inside me all the time, even though I know there's no sense in telling anybody. I carelessly enter times I cannot go back from.

Midnight makes the idiot speak.

Tangled bush of hair, are you asleep? Midnight dew. Smells nice!

..... The wonders of the world around. If I could feel that. It would have been so nice. But to me it's not.

Common sense is like taking a vote. For me something that makes no sense and is very unpleasant, isn't so to them. Difference of culture? I'd rather finish a meal with a healthy satisfaction rather than stuff myself until I puke. Business should be clean and translucent. Clean places feel nicer. I want to meet someone I can exchange tender hearts with rather than make numbers. This kind of thinking is unique around here. But I feel like somewhere, there is a world where my weakness is common sense. Somewhere other than here. I can walk anywhere with my own two feet. I'm able to think that in my head, but those are the moments where my feet are caught in history, and grow heavy like lead and I become awkward.

..... here. Can I touch?

You're such a tangled bush of hair.

..... dogs. I couldn't get one.

Are you, the form of, the dog that I never had?

even though, tangled bush of hair said nothing, suddenly

No way I'm a dog

it says. And pinches me. Well, then what are you, we laughed, and slept together. A soft ray of light enters. whoosh. Warmth of the human. touch. From head. to dream. I fall. what. In my dream, again, I had my cheek on a coffin, looking at someplace that is no place?

A queen that died long ago. Inside a box. I leaned on that box, and was dozing off.

I always came here when I was tired of people, but the people I don't get along with were originally refugees that the queen brought from somewhere, and it's said that she enjoyed watching them do whatever they want to the culture and the building.

This palace. falls apart from the parts that the refugees built. It's such a pain. Fix it! I say, but nobody knows how to fix it. So it's left that way. That's not my fault.

If I stay here I'm not talking with anybody. It hurts, fundamentally different people will challenge you. Show them your weakness and they laugh at you. All I want is to look at green leaves and say to each other how green they are. Pet horses, discuss what clouds in the sky are shaped like, and we hit it off, and it makes you dizzy. Somewhere. You know. Dozing off.

Claboom. The gray floor opens, and again a human that is a tangled bush of hair. I do not move and tangled bush of hair grabs my feet. This time I did not fight back. I knew it meant no harm.

right?

Then tangled bush of hair pulled me into the gray floor in no time.



Schlapp, we made a sound and fell to the ground.

..... I know this place. I thought.

Under the floor, was a world of green.

Where I'm lying, the ceiling is low, but the moss-covered ground extends in a loose angle that you could walk down and down. And it looked like there was something ahead. I could see a light, and hear this boboboom sound. A moment. I doze. Away. But. I come to, and. Tangled bush of hair slithers and slithers and go goes down below, turning back every now and then giving off a follow me kind of attitude.

Where are you going? I call out, and it replies just follow me, so. Wait a minute, when did I fall asleep, this is an oddly weird dream. I followed.

And then I lived there until I died.

Thank you! For finding me.

2

Person: Dying plasterer who has become senile

Speaking to:

..... huh?

There you are. Dear, dear, this old bird can't see a thing, and you make me wait.... hey, how many of you are there? A whole bunch?

Oh, well.

Let's start with the usual enchantment. chant. Rub your head against the relief on the bridge, and the water will never dry out, so it's said.....haa.

Ooooooooooooo

kay.

Back in the days when I couldn't think of this place as my home. Refugees from all lands are welcome, the pay is good, build your own home, free booze free food, rumor of such a place spread before you know it, and we were known as a land of dreams where anybody can succeed. Land of dreams my ass. The old days, when I was a slave, I had much more time on my hands and things were so easy. So much regret.

A slave didn't have much say in anything, but if you met a good master, the living was not bad. Sometimes you'd even get an allowance.

The quality of daily life meant more than dignity.

Ugh!.... You can build all the houses you want, they used to say. The only water was a little squishy puddle in the bottom of the valley. That's where everybody made their homes. People gather where there is water. But going up and down the stairs everyday was so exhausting. Stacking stones for the grave palace was a pain in the ass. Fooling around with girls were not an option because they're all exhausted and fall asleep halfway. Everyone was bitching about. crowded crowded crowded crowded, so much noise. People from all over different cultures gather just for money.

Everyday was a storm of "Could you stop that right now?" "What is your intention of doing that?" and "Wait, am I the one that's weird here?" You can't follow rules when there are no rules to follow. Somebody was angry with somebody every day. "Don't eat potatoes with rice" "I will not meddle with you, swine-eater" "Your neck is more than freakishly long" ..... What else... but everybody was like "No way!" all the time. I still remember the blind kid next door shouting "Waaaah!" What the hell is waaaah. I mean.

You don't ever meet anyone so that's boring. The queen that just recently died used to hold parties for non-exhausted men and women, but, she died. Will we no longer have parties for

men and women? Man, I hate it here. But I've no place to go back to either. You know. So I lived with all this frustration, and this weirdly noble-ish woman visited my home.

Knockity-knock-knock. Oh mister platerer. Mister plasterer. Mister plasterer. There is something I wish you to build for me.

Okay, uh... the noble-ish woman was a messenger from the palace, she told me to make a huge papier mache statue that looked like the queen. The pay is good, and she offered coupons for a sketchy kind of shop that's right around the corner, and I said, oh I'd rather you visit me every day, and she chuckled. So cute.

Immediately, I abandon my daily work and decide to go to the palace, and make this statue. The queen. I don't remember what she looked like, but I remember she had these ice-cold eyes. So I just improvised and then all these women came around and whined and cried "Her eyes were more menacing" "Her gut was bigger!" "Her boobs were smaller!" "Give her pointy cheekbones!" with joy and took my tools and made her ugly. Women hated her. Women hated by women, are, nice. They are... Sexy.

So in two weeks, I had this huge statue that was much taller than me. I ran over to the noble-ish woman and said "It's done!" Then the women again gathered to the statue and were all hyped up going "Achoolaaa!" Not that there is no way of knowing what Achoolaaa is anymore. The daughter of the queen arrived. The princess stared at the statue, and

Bring me a ladder!

you know, and she climbed the ladder,

.....huh? ..... oh, see you tomorrow.

..... what? already?

oh, so before, where was I.... Ah!

yes, yes. She took a file and started grinding the nose!

She comes down from the ladder, and

Mother's nose were not of such perfection

you know, said that and just left. She was hated so much.

And, that day. I get back home, and the bottom of the valley is all Kaboomashang! and all party, and I ask what's all this and,

Party at the palace tomorrow! food and booze!

the kid next door was held up by these two pretty ladies, and was all excited. That's all so sudden, what's the occasion? I asked,

No idea! They said don't bother to bring anything! Food and booze!

he says! Food and booze was the only information that entered my head. I'm suddenly curious why he's so popular with the ladies, so I say, you're quite the ladies man, aren't you. Being blind and all that considered. And then,

My eyesight has nothing to do with that!

you know, he's hella angry. i'm all, oh I'm terribly sorry, but, why, you know.

Men are so simple, food and booze making you so happy. Tomorrow is going to be awesoouooooome.

Tomorrow is now today. All the guys went flip-flop with a sneer sneer on their face. And then! The statue I built! Is painted in these gnarly colors, and it's placed in the center court, so, Hugh? I'm baffled.

The princess arrives. What's going on, I watch. Some sort of ceremony? She makes some sort of noble speech. In short,

- Beginning today, we will hold a festival every year
- There is alcohol and food
- I have prepared a statue of my mother, please destroy it for me
- Please write insults about my mother on the walls
- Sexual intercourse with the women is permitted as well, but the women have been given a deadly poison
- Any sexual action without consent will end in your death

was all she explained. Then the princess acting all cool, is like,

Hear now. This is a melting pot of races. We believe in different things, hence rules do not mean anything. Yet, more the reason, I believe firmly. That if you cannot be nice to those you are unable to understand, you're better off dead.

she says! Sophistry! Living room sophistry. She looks so satisfied.

Then..... How did it go....

Once the daughter finished speaking, a gong went off bwaaaang. The festivity begins. The festival was only in its first year. Everybody seemed a little awkward. Then we found out that there's alcohol inside the statue. That moment... hahaha. Men and women all began smashing and kicking and destroying the statue. I made it a bit too strong. My hand hurts! Somebody shouts. I hide.

For a while, Baam Boom Whaam Hoowww! and all that, men and women running around like an explosion, and at least 5 people died I think. Poison is no joke. The queen's ugly statue was being reduced to rubble.

The daughter. Stood somewhere high and laughed as the statue was destroyed. And eventually began to cry.

That's also a sort of love. I thought, with my ordinary mind. People have their own storage of love and compassion. Sometimes you're not sure whether you loved or hated someone. I don't understand this right now, but that can't be my excuse for an evil doing. I bite on a fruit.

The night.... was late. Women did not like me.... Poison's scary too..... Booze.... I drink an

eat..... play around a little bit..... and go home. You can still hear voices from above the cliff, flames burning, ash falling, I loved that smell. All my boring friends.... gathered around. Pitiful bunch! I drank again. We slept in a festive mood.... Tomorrow, I go back to plastering. Such a pain.

you know.

I'm in trouble.

Soooo long. The festival lasted for a long long time and I'm an old man without teeth but I still have to make that huge queen every year.

I never thought they'd slave me so badly. And on top of that,

The quality is failing every year! My mother was far more beautiful!

she says. The daughter. Women change. I should've paid more attention to the queen while she's alive. you know.

.....If I'd paid attention.

hey.

That festival. It's no excuse for making a riot.

Which one of you lot is going to make the statue this year, I do not know.

But do it with love.

That will lay the tracks, and your children will follow in those paths.

Well then, uh, dismissed.

1

Person: King

Speaking to:

Can you hear me?

Can you

Er me? An ou ar e? uh e?

Can you

Hear me. Ca

N you hear me.

Hear me?

Hear me

Hear me, I know you do

Hear me!

Hear me long awaited

Me. My.

Voice. Residue of my resentment, my hatred, the voice as mixture of all sorts.

For this place I am melted and shiny, and all this time rusted and stuck here.

My voice, do you hear it.

Does it reach you?

If it does, carry it to my ears, that have endured such long, long hours

Pass the word, dice, boil, cry, accompany, remember,

repeat inheritance.

My name, is I.

Nobody defeats I in a fight. King of fights, Champion of skirmish, incarnation of territorial conflicts, battle over power to rule, war, battle, ruler.

My nickname, is war commander. I.

Power broadens your perspective. My colleagues were so caught up in their game of conquer and prosperity and expansion, but I was of a different level,

eating fruits of all colors, napping in the afternoon, a herd of goat stinks.

I enjoyed my days of sufficiency. I long for something I cannot have!

That, is I.

Before I know it, I am jumping into that moment. Fate is so easily crooked.

Which night is that? A village of tents in the wasteland, torches burning in the dark, flickering. The shackling sound of somebody's dance tickles the ear.

In the swarm of humans, my eyes were drawn to one woman. In her not-looking-at-anything eyes, brightly lit with the contrast of darkness and fire, there was a fire. In the heat of the moment, before I knew I pulled up that woman, and took her as my bride.

But. Looking back now, I question my judgement of wanting to do such a thing?

**Why did you settle for me?**

or something. The woman has an accent. I, down here, when I want to, and that person is whispering their voice sounds 3 times louder am unable to hear. So, I... What? You're not making sense to me. She's not making sense, is she?

I, stopped. And the woman.

**I, am not beautiful, and my rank, and upbringing, is crooked. I know I am lesser than others.**

**Why me?**

or something.

Okay.

She's a handfull. The back of my ears instantly shrink up. But, now now, consoling this sort of sense of inferiority is the duty of those more fortunate, I smile, and I,

Nonono, we're all unique and that's what matters! I see the beauty in you.

I silenced her. hehehe.

But then. For some reason, her ice-cold eyes grow even colder. Picking up all the clothes she has taken off, and the woman,

**Kill me. I'd rather die than you fuck me under such stupid logic.**

or something like that.

I. Lose it.

What!?! What the fuck!?! I mean! Don't get dressed! If you're not gonna let me do anything, this is a waste of time! Hey! Hey! That red ring I just gave you, don't take it off, keep it!

I was enraged, as I should be.

I didn't have time to think, I was pulling out handfuls of hair from her head. I.

I'd rather die. Very well. You know what, I will build you a huge grave somewhere, and the moment it's complete, I will slam you into it, just like you asked. That way you can say goodbye to your crooked self.

said I. For some reason, I, had gotten myself into something weird I. And, I.

Ignoring all my friends that advise against it, in the most remote place one could imagine, the desert of all ends, for the sole purpose of ruining this women, was now building a humongous grave which I immediately regretted,

but men of power do not take back their words.

It sickens me that these days, so many people just make excuses and don't take any actual action.

By the way I have never formally studied.

I. Have friends. Who told me back then,

**You half-wit, graves are the final statement of the end of the end of one's way of life, it is not something a fool like you are meant to meddle with.**

**Building a grave with such shallow cause, it will last, and your name will go down in history, in an unpleasant way.**

Oh sure I have never studied. I lack common sense. I have no boundaries to break free from in the first place. But what does any of that matter?

What does that matter!

Woman.

**Along with me now.**

I.

What!?! What are you doing.

**In new lands, always pray. So that we will be rooted. I prayed. Its precise meaning I do not know, but I have always done so. My family values these old traditions, and others have loathed**

oh can you just shut up. Why can't women just shut up.

Even in the desert of all ends women can't shut up.

Woman, even when facing this empty land, to this visualization of restlessness, saying a prayer that doesn't have any real meaning?

Enough shallow emptiness to build a house out of it. Or rather, a grave.

Grave. Grave. Grave. Building a grave. The grave. Will first be based on the Jonbilanis style, my school of practice in religion, but will also have elements from the Fochtrattle style which is trending recently, creating such an effect that people will be like, is this where the giants live? The decour will be Papadeleya style, which ultimately aims to create a Gedhum-like and yet naturalistic lighting, and a comfortable atmosphere.

The ruler of ideals, I. Yes, roughly, this was decided for style.

First of all, I must start with my favorite, the bridge. In order to diminish that woman's senseless prayer, here I will have inscribed my symbol, a relief of my face that I so deeply love, woven in sort of a pattern, and in order to fermentate a sense of respect towards me, I decided to force upon anybody that unless you touch the relief with your head, it's bad luck.

The bridge. The bridge was to be built over a pretty deep valley, and all the muscle were like why are we building this here, awkward, but if you're asking if a fall will end in your death, it only takes 20 seconds for you to hear the pebble drop to the bottom of the valley, so nothing



to worry about.

And we reach the entrance of the grave, and what do you know, the floor is a very modern Tugrimshugri finish, and the entire walls of the Ankshacelous arch are decorated with the guardian spirits of Hunyapuraju, and out the arch you come in KABOOM the corridor is in front of you, making you wonder whether to go right or left or straight across. Just go. Amidst the corridor you will find a garden that's designed for larks and peacock and pelicans and peacock to fight with each other, and there is no doubt to baffle anyone who visits.

Through the corridor, before you is the central huge cylinder shaped execution hall. To make sure that the woman dying has zero healthy rays of sunshine and is as glooomy as possible, I've strictly ordered the walls to be built in Gatamechilla style.

Once the woman is safely dead, I'll have her body in the underground ultimate death-bed, the grave room, and slam the storage hatch, seal it with my chair and I will be seated there, so I have to make a humungous chair.

By the waaaay, all these professional sounding words are all nothing more than bullshite that I've conured up. Haha. History only has value to those who know it, and those who don't know it will just go "Ah!" and pretend like they knew, so if I just act like this has always been around, it's just "Ah!" in no time. When you understand how the world works like I do, things you can't see like customs have no meaning at all, let's value what's in front of us.

Woman.

**You should make the refugees from the west do more work. I feel like you and they will hit it off.**

I.

.....what? Well. I don't know. Those rule-breaking, teeth-whistling, rice-with-hands-eaters? ..... Ahh! Fine. Yes? Yes!

But there are all sorts of people and the world, and some of them, you just can't understand. I think it's okay that they're around, but you know.

Woman.

**Those people exist without your approval. Such arrogance.**

Damn you're so frustrating! So condesending! What is your problem!

2 years pass by faster than parrots fly. Why is that woman still alive?

Because the construction of her grave is late!

No matter how simple the construction is supposed to be, who lives in a tent in the desert for 3, 4 years! So, a siiiimple palace was built on the right side of the corridor, but though my instructions were to keep it siiiimple, one of the workers were a perfectionist, and fuck! What are you doing taking your time to make a wonderful palace! Woman, do not create currency! Do not... spin the economy in developing cycles..... Wait a moment, is this starting to feel like

a country? It exhausts me.... This is the creation of a place of death, why are you so energetic!  
It was like, fools, do not call me your king.

.... Was.

It was. I was, loved.

And yet. It was evening.

I, caught in a depression that makes you feel two or three times lighter, lay down a carpet of orange flowers. On the carpet, the sun in the west, lying aside the woman for a change, gazing upon a landscape resembling shimmering blood dripped onto a sense of irritation. I had them bring the pomegranates you like, but you don't even laugh. The cat meows tenderly. What is this.

And then, the sand itches. I say my eyes hurt, and the woman stares into my eyes.

**It doesn't look like anything got into it.**

Oh, really? Shit. Why does it hurt then?

**I don't know.**

Two days since. Now. I am dying of poison. You don't know. I don't want to die. I don't want to die!

I mean this, I mean, I mean. my leftover feelings, now, is everlasting?

I could never outsmart your sophisms, and. Now. It goes on?

What? You said it. Unless I answer your stupid sophism, you will not love me. That's why all this time. always. always. always. always. I have gave it so much more thought than you have. Hey, no matter how many times I think it through, I cannot leave myself, and something I have never seen, a scar that I might create, I can't think of that yet! To accept others, is to crack blood and bone, one by one, just before you accept, the body refuses, it learns the pain, it hurts.

hey. Can't you hear me?

you! Miserable you. Don't you see? Such a pain. All the senseless things you say, I've been caught up in all the senseless thing you say and now, I'm going to die in a place so far away from home, what have you done!

Don't poison me! I noticed you were poisoning me, you know. Did you love me even a little bit? Or did you have no intention to love, and just used me, and now has this gigantic building in a new land?

Isn't that so mean? That woman's so mean. Stepped all over me. Such a not nice woman! A lowly soul! No virtue. Lacking compassion, pitiful towards me, and made me sad. But those were your best aspects.

So,

Don't put me in that grave! I made that for you. It's dark and I don't like it. Not for me.

I know! Under that bridge. Under my decoration. Below where you kneeled. Bury me there. I want to die alongside my honor.

This is amusing. In your face!

I'm the one who will laugh in the future. Because this land will not be what you want it to. It is going to be rich with water, flourish with plants, it will preserve, spill over, and become a place where all sorts of things beyond understanding will gather. It will become a place where all things, of massive savage to boredom infests, a land of chaos where dawn and dusk and dark will only seem peculiar.

Within that chaos, you will see that your stupid ideals were nothing more than ideas.

What festers within this grave, is disgust. Do you think that only your preferred items will grow? Things you hate will squirm in herds. Give kindness to all the maggots, suffer one by one, and die unable to bear the pain in the end. That is my in your face.

I, will always be here. Always exist here. Always watching. Watching over.

Hey! And yet. Why don't you love me?

Don't even cry over me?

Just simply move on?

Love a man that I do not know? Who is that?

Why not me?

.....eh,

Everyone all over the universe, console me!

My tears do not dry out, so they will pour without becoming rain, and will wet these dry lands. Because I'm the most powerful! Everyone else is flat.

..... Hey!

If you are me, would this be any less sad?

Hey, you. You there? Anybody there? No sound?

I'm gonna cry!

..... Oh, the reserve of the past approach as I pull in the line. Flooding, melting out, all over the dry wasteland. Translucent resentment.

The reflection too bright? All the rubbish in front, concentrated and flooded with light? The new beginning stepped right on my head.

Hey! I'm here. All this time, talking to you. Sickening you. I love, loved, you. Can you hear me?

Can you hear me!

Can you hear me!

you hear me

when?

hear

me

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