

Hændelser

En novellesamling af
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Indholdsfortegnelse

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I

1. I

To whom it may concern, for those willing to listen and the few, who has nothing better to do, I'd like to tell a story. The whole ordeal started an early morning, just about 7 a.m. Nothing seemed strange, as I got out of bed. A small dark bedroom, with just enough space for me to work throughout the day. After booting up my old dusty, trusty computer, brightening the room with eyesoring ember pixels, I drag myself, blinded by my eyelids and the embers ash, to the kitchen. A small kitchen. Just enough room for one and a half man. Fine it was, since cooking hours was my sanctuary doing the 24. Start my morning making the same discount instant coffee. Rituals. Traditions. It makes the early day easier. The next two for the forenoon. Et cetera.

With the coffe in my hand, the journy continued to the bathroom. Coffee, again, makes this easier. Flush out the body, the events of the preivous day and the nightmares of the unconscious dusk to dawn. For my next ritual, I wander to the livingroom, trying to collecet the last pieces of myself, as the last sip of cold coffee fills my mouth and mind, so the day can finally begin. I end up sitting in the same chair. Recurrence. Reiteration. A comfy chair no one ever really uses, since it isn't that comfortable. But I'm used to it. It was my first piece of furniture witch made it have a nostalgic aroma. Picked up on the curb. I slowly wake up. Caffeine through the blod and springs in the arse. It's going better than normal, better than expected. Yesterday was a late night. Just like so many others. Habits. Patterns.

2. She and I

She didn't even notice me, as I arrived home. She's used to it. I, however, unfortunately, always notice the clinking sound. A noise from the bedroom. The commotion she likes to wake up to. I'm mildly annoyed. She was a black magic woman, with bleached hair. She has big lips, lovely for a kiss. Cheeks was round, just like a red apple. Shapes like a natural woman, like a green pear. A bit extra kilos, but that never really bothered me. Eyes were brown... I think. They never really captured my attention. I never got lost in stool brown labyrinths.

As I sit, as she occupies my thoughts, my mind starts to wander. The noisy clinking becomes a meditative inspiration, instead of an annoyance. My eyes wander through the room, as I notice things I've never noticed before. A black spot on the ceiling, right by the corner. A red light from the sun, bouncing of an grotesque painting of a whale down-under. My father gave it to me. A dying plant, beyond saving. My mother gave it to me. A few cobwebs, dangling around. The dust became noticeable, through the beams of light. A letter on the table. A table I inherited from my grandfather. He cut it himself. Chip-pings. I start to become a part of the room, as the clicking goes on. My sense of being disappears.

The clicking stops. Abruptly. I start existing again. Unexpectedly. I move towards the table. I look at the letter. She wrote it. I look in the letter. She ment it. It's over. A notice of the end. Soundless I whisper "It can't be real, wake up you buffoon", as i'm softly wacking myself, with a banana, that was lying in the fruit ball she made. It was the only thing she had in the apartment. She could take ownership of it all, it wouldn't matter. All I wanted was the love of my life to come back, so I could lay eyes upon my lover, one last time. So I could say goodbye. So we could part ways in a proper manner. Underneath the letter there is a carving. It says "I loved you. Never forget that". A tear presses it's way through my tear ducts.

3. Her, She and I

Days passed, and I couldn't seem to get myself out of my head. I can't take it anymore. Destination, "The Flirtatious Succubus". Tempted to do the one thing, I promised myself not to do: Buy a pint. One pint, that leads to another. It makes the evening easier. The next two for redemption. Et cetera. Russian cocaine burning. I've been to the pub plenty of times, but never alone. Never alone at this pub. Never alone in this era. Alone at a pub. How pathetic. It's a dangerous game. Russian roulette gambling. One after the other. Lime burning through my teeth. I. Alcohol. Twilight thought trainwreck. Loneliness getting stronger and heavier for each sip. A darker twilight. Only acknowledged by a cat, who has claimed ownership of the pub.

A woman with a stripe down her face, starts singing, as she slowly dances, without my knowledge, closer and closer. Seducing every man. Jealous making all women. I light a cigarette, even though I already have one. It's almost done, I say to myself. My glance becomes split, as I for a short moment see 4 cigarettes lying next to each other. Two a newly born embers and the others on brink of death. The complete circle of life. Maybe I should start over. Again.

The woman is coming closer, and I start to notice her outcry of attention. It suits me. I slowly move in a 180 degree movement, and smell a fragrance so delightful, it cancels out all other senses, for just a short moment. I see her. My senses are canceled out, by the sight of her. She's standing. Dancing. A completely pale body, that seemingly hasn't seen sunlight in ages. Black hair, that captures the light, and gives of a special glow. Her essence is sexy, but yet so classy. Her eyes. Oh her eyes. Soft, smiling, but yet direct and cold. Like a blue ocean, where a sailor gets lost, with the knowledge that somewhere, out there, something is worth dying for. Her mouth was smiling, like there where a secret on her lips. A soft smile. But a trained one, that could be given, even at a funeral. Her face collects all of her facial expressions, which is fed into a whole.

I don't remember her body at all, maybe because of the alcohol or maybe because of her captivating face. This woman has already fulfilled my needs, with just a song, a dance and a mesmerizing striped face. What a woman.

4. Them, Her, She and I

As I sit at the bar talking, while she's sitting at the bar listening, my mind slowly forgets about my loved one, as the monolog becomes more and more about my passion than my sorrow, as im slurping my way through pints upon pints and a white russian. It was like the only sense that made sense, was the ability to speak. I had a connection with this human being, that I'd never experienced before. After awhile, she surgests a change of surroundings. I agree instantly. whatever stage she wishes to act upon.

We walk through town. The town is like many others. Shops, pubs and street-lights. As we walk in the cold winter wheather, with new snow slowly faling beautifully from the sky, laying atop of the roads as a blanket, she starts to sing. A spellbinding song. A song of a siren. I can't smell or see or talk or touch or taste or think or feel. I can only listen. My body goes to autopilot. I just walk, as she leads me with her voice.

The singing stops. We stop. I start existing again. I feel a cold breeze. It's a hosue. The house is painted with graffiti. Waves, splassing togehter and boats cracking, sinking into the deapths of the unknown water. There is a piece of wood, from what appears to be from an old boat. The piece of wood tells me, that the house is named Odysseen. She takes me inside. The song that she was singing, arises again and becomes plural. The voices brings me to a livingroom, where there are anchors, rudders and ropes on the walls. A small fireplace crackles a rythem, as a clicking noise. A short dangerous thought of my earlier loved one.

There are 13 women, all singing and slowly dancing. They all have the same captivating glance in there eyes, as the woman who lead me here. They all have the same pale color of skin, some with black frizzies and others with long blond hair. All with a stripe down their face. They all look so alike, and yet, so different. They placed me in a chair. So comfortable. I have never experienced something like it. They gathered around me, still singing and dancing. Slowly they start touching me. Caressing and massaging. I close my eyes, and my sense of touch slowly returns. It feels like i've absorbed pills. This must be heaven.

5. You, Them, Her, She and I

Some believe that before transcending to the metaphysical, you need first to experience the one, before the final, so you know the difference. The outcome of your physical lifestyle. I sit there, slowly drifting to a meditatively dream state, becoming one with the room. They stop singing. Abruptly. The song must have ended. Unexpectedly. Im back. They aggressively drag me out of the chair, as if I couldn't do it myself. I realize, I couldn't do it myself.

I hold my head clear. I don't know what's going on anymore. Or where I am. They start singing again. I try to fight it, but the trance slowly starts to come back. I start thinking of her. I start to miss her. Sorrow fills my eyes. A tear presses it's way through my tear duct, as I get lost in the memory of her big, cocoa brown eyes. The 13 women look at the woman who lead me here, judgmentally and disappointing.

I'm once again one with the room. I'm an object. I can't move. They move me around. They feed me. The best tasting food I've ever sensed. My tastebuds overtakes my body. I only sense the morsels dancing on my tongue. They take me to a bedroom. Even though I haven't finished. They strip me down, from toe to top. I let them. As a sexual journey is about to begin, they stop singing. A soundless sexual experience. With closed eyes, it becomes intense. They stop. Even though I haven't finished. For a short while, im back, wondering about the near future. They start singing again.

I am in their possession. I am their puppet. They move me through the streets. There isn't a soul in our path. There are no lights in any of the houses. The lights from the sky is pleasant, like the sun is shining in the twilight. It has stopped snowing. Every footstep I take, should have ruin the beautiful snow blanket. Nothing happens. The snow stays intact. We get closer to the town's river. On the river there is a ark floating at berth 13. Nothing but the ark. Usually there are full of other boats. We board the ark. The water was frozen. The ark was stuck. The singing intensified. It seems as if I'm now free. Finally free. But I don't want to. I stay on the ark. I'm keeping myself in their basement in Stockholm.

As I stand on the very edge, looking at the ice, it slowly starts to melt. It seems, as if the song is evaporating the icy river. Slowly a pitch black pit is forming. They finish what they started. Again soundless. As I climax, a knife runs down my face. There is no blood. Stripped naked, I suddenly start walking. Slowly towards the hole in the ice. Without resisting, just moving slowly, and slower and slower, til stopping is near. I jump in. It's warm, comforting yet terrifying. The singing stops, as I slowly start sinking, like the boats on Odysseus. I see the women leaving. I try to swim, but my movement still feels out of my control. Im drowning. Suddenly a hand appears. It grabs me. It pulls me. Out of the water. Can it truly be? Is it? It was you.

A Cup Of Water



1. A Red Light Bar In An Obscurely Lighted Distrect

"Could I get a cup of water?" I said softly to the young woman, behind the bar? "What?" she yealled. "A cup of water. With ice cubes please" I softly said, yet louder than before, and recived my cup of water. Only one triangular ice cube.

I was sitting at my old regular. Red light everywhere, ugly cliché paintings and different types of, supposedly funny, beer signs hanging on the walls. The tables in one room where these outdoor bench/table fusions. The room floor was made out of bricks. As some kinds of outdoor terrace. Maybe the smokey aroma once were let out freely. The one I was sitting in, were filled with these old red leather diner sofas. One could only imagine what riches and fortune would hide between the cusions. This area would have been the indoor part of the bar, according to my theori. A wall separated the 2 rooms. Even though It didn't servere much of a purpose. The windows were widowless and the door was missing. Just like the old days

The music was loud, so the yelling where even louder. With a twist of the neck, one would be able to listen to multiple conversations. Quite interesting, as others life's often seem more eventful, than what ones life seem. A loud banging were coming from the outdoor part of the room, as a foosball table where being enjoyed. The ratio of gender where quite equal, even though the male representation where a bit stronger. The sexual vibes where vibrating in the room, through the air, and the thick fog of ciggeret smoke. It was mostly the men that would make the particles of the air move sensually. Some would get a big of sensuality sent back, while others where lost in the empty foggy air.

Everywhere, every table was filled, most even hosted more individuals, than the intended capacity. Everything where unclear for the eyes and ears, since the ciggeret fog and loud music where isolating one as an individual. Everyone, everywhere where smoking and drinking, talking and laughing. Except my table. A four man table, where you could easily fit in a fifth person. But there where only me. I was quiet. I wasn't smoking. I was observing. Drinking my cup of water. With one, now circular, ice cube.

2. A Red Glance In My Water As The Ice Cubes Are Fuming In The Smoky Air

One might wonder, why a old man like me, would go out, a saturday night, to drink cups of water, at a place, where it's frownt upon. One shall have an awnser. I was there to observe the setting, of a man, who recently died under suspicious conditions. You see, i'm a private investigator. Well, a retired private investigator. Most of my days go by, as I sit at home, trying to find a hobby. One I could do for the rest of my days. Golf. Croquet. Crolf. Petanque. Old people curling. The wife goes to community events, such as garden competitions, amatuer art expeditions and local fairs. So far, the only hobbies of mine, that really has stuck, is stopping my drinking and smokeing.

It was a grusome death. Jack, the man, was seen walking next to all these women, leading him down to the docks, while smoothly singing. From what I've heard, it looked as if he where spellbounded by their singing. He boarded the ark at berth 13. No one saw what happend up there. About half an hour later, the women were seen leaving the ark, and a young woman was seen board- ing. The next morning, the police found a frozen body. Jack's body. With a knife stabbed through his heart. He was laying next to a note saying Jill. The old partners in crime. Jack and Jill. My old associates. I could almost call them old friends.

I was now trying to backtrack what had happend to him. Since Jack was found spellbound to the women with voices, I figured I'd better work out, how they bewitched him. Last I heard of him, he wasn't able to do a job, cause his woman had walked out on him. He properly had turrend to what a broken man normally turns to. A bar. A drink. A ciggeret. Another one. So on, till the last one. And then one more. This is my reasoning for being at a bar, saturday night, drinking a cup of water. Now, with refilled, melting ice cubes.

3. Red Lights Leads To New Ways

As my ice cubes in my cup of water had almost dissapered, like the icecap up north, I came to a conclusion. Unfortunatly for me, the bar didn't get me a clue of, what had happend to poor old Jack. So I had to try and see, why Jack had left the note, saying Jill. As I'm about to leave, a woman comes in to the bar. "Well, i'll be damned" I say to myself, as it's Jill standing right there, in the middel of all the smoke and sexual vibrations, with a one liter beer in her hand. A wave and a soft yell was all I had to do. My table now consists of 2 people. I let her get comfortable, as i go for a fresh cup of water. With fresh ice cubes.

4. With A Red Ember Dangling, Exchanging Knowlagde With A Dripping Drink

"What the hell, are you drinking a cup of water for? At a bar? At this bar?" She started the conversation, with a rather aggressive tone in her voice.

I didn't blame her, this were our old regular joint. We had been doing buisness for many years, and always had our "after work beer" at this bar. It had been a couple of years since I'd seen her, since my ways of working had changed, in my later years. It had been ages since I had been to a bar. So I awsered:

"Jill. Dear Jill. It's been so long. Too long. The last couple of years, I've changed my ways. Now, I fokus on a healthy life style. Age changes you perspective of life, you know" I said, as I sat down in my seat.

Flick *Flick*, it said, as she tried to ignite a ciggeret. "So you left behind all the things you loved? Perfetic. But if you are all mister goody two shoes now, what are you doing at "The Sirens Collection"?" she asked, with tears in hear eyes, as the fist bit of smoke went straight for her eyes.

As I sip from my plastic cup, I get some of the water stuck in my throat, and as I'm coffing, I say "Well, ahm, you properbly heard, ahm, arhmaham, about Jack, haven't you?" as my coughing continues.

inhalation *exhalation* "Well, yes. I read it in the newspaper. But I just figured he had been drinking, and fell in some water. Hell, at this time of year, it can't take a long time, before you would freeze to death. But you just awsered my question, with a question. You got an awnser, and im standing empty handed. Cough up the goods old man." *Cough* *Cough*

As I had finished coughing, I explained the details I've gotten from the police, and the witnesses I'd talked to. We discussed how weird the whole ordeal sounded. Super natural. Something you see in a hollywood movie.

"This is the reason why i'm here. I figured, when his girl left, he would come here, to drown his sorrows. And then at some point, he'd be picked up by someone or something. But I've been sitting here for hours, and nothing has happend." I said with a wonderingly tone.

As we sat there, thinking, we slowly forgot about Jack, and started talking and reminiscing about old days. How fun it was to interigate people. Even though Jack from time to time, took it just a bit too far. Suddenly in the fog, the sexual vibrations changed. In a split second. The male vibrations got canceled out by one wave. Clearly coming from one woman. A woman singing, oh so beutifully. Most didn't notice her, but the right clientele did. Mostly lonely men. I almost dropped my cup of water. With ice cubes and everything.

5. Red Eyes Swelling From Smoke, And Deja Vu Fills The Blanks

My cup of water seemed to be boiling, as I looked at her. She was mesmerising. Her face, with a stripe on it, her eyes, her aroma, her aura, her voice... All so mesmerising. Jill grabbed my tie, and slammed my face down the table, took my tie and strapped it around my eyes and put her fingers in my ears. Obviously I couldn't see or hear anything, but Jill gave me an idea of what had happened. A man is being approached by the beautiful woman. As soon as she's in contact with him, the rest of the bar forgets about her. I'm let free from Jill's protection. As my head is ringing, we can follow the conversation the woman and her victim had.

She is listening endlessly to his boring monolog, about how his wife that left him. The conversation slowly becomes more about his passions in life. He's slowly being seduced, cause someone giving him attention.

"She's a man eater. They pray on men, they pray on sending them to the depths of the waters" Jill said "In the time of yore, they roamed the sea, and tricked sailors to fall in love with them. They would then drag them to the deepest part of the know waters. Since boats are so big now a day, they can't achive this, and has therefore evolved to lure men from the land areas, in there power." she said, with the most serious voice I have ever heard in my life. So serious, it could only be true. What she is, is unknown. But frightful she was.

After a while, the woman suggested a change of surroundings. The man agreed quicker than Lucky Lukes shadow. As the two got dressed, she slowly started to sing again. As she sang, it seemed he was zombified. With only one thing in his mind. What that one thing would be, is hard for me to judge. I surgested to Jill, that we could follow the two. "Maybe this is what happend to Jack" I said. Jill awnsered: "Go ahed, old timer. I'm staying here". As I had gone tired of the loud, smokey, sexually vibrating bar, I left Jill, without much thought.

As I left the bar, stalking the man and woman from the bar, I realised that I had completely forgotten to question Jill about the note. It had to wait. The bar had given me exactly what I came for. As the woman was singing, it looks as if the man can do nothing, but follow her directions. They come to this old house, with paintings of happenings at sea. The house is called Odysseen.

I sat in the cold weather, waiting patiently, for how long, I don't even know. Suddenly, they come outside again. There are several women. His walking again. Still as if he was spellbound. The snow under their feet, seemed as concrete condition. They board the same ark, Jack had been murdered on. Berth 13. After about 30 minuts, the women left. I had to go up there, and see what they had done with the poor man. I wish I had a cup of water, to ease the nerves. With ice cubes.

6. Red Glow Beneath The Melting Ice, Retreat To The Fuming Embers

Water everywhere. Ice everywhere. If only I had a cup. Drowned. The poor man, was lying beneath the ice. A red glance seemed to glow from his eyes. It got stronger and stronger, as he started to sink down, to the depth of the water, he had died in. I couldn't do much, and I didn't want to be seen, so I quickly left.

My journey, from the bar to the end of a man, gave me a insight of how Jack died. It also seemed like, my secrets hadn't been spilled. The women seemed only, to be interested in the men, not their secrets. But I couldn't give up now. What I had Witnessed, nacked my curiosity to much. My old profession, had became my new hobby.

I went back to the bar, in hope of finding Jill there. My luck hadn't run dry. She sat at a table, dominating a group of lonely men. As she so often had done, back when we were associates. The sexual vibrations had become more goal oriented. Some still went for whom would accept it. Some still went back and forth, between new lovers. But most went to Jill. As she stood on the table, yelling and spilling beer, on the lost souls who sat around her.

The table I early sat by, was still free. For some odd reason, since the rest of the bar was overpopulated. I got myself a cup of water. With ice cubes.

"Could I get a cup of water?" I said softly to the young man, behind the counter?
"What about a beer?" Yelled the muscular man. "A cup of water would be just fine. With ice cubes please" I said, with a bit irritation in my voice. "Okay mate, you got it." He then said, with a smirk on his face. He came back with a cup of Coca Cola. That Bastard. I put the money for a cup of water, and left. At least I got my ice cubes.

The bar isn't a pleasant place, for an old man like me. Especially when one, has quit smoking and drinking. Sitting there, trying not to bum a fag from the table besides me. It had gone easily earlier today, but after seeing that poor man drown. Watching his red eyes disappear below the ice. Good god, I got to have a smoke. "Excuse me, could I buy a cigarette from you?" I asked a young lady, the next table over. "You can have one, you old geezer." she said, while her and her table were laughing. "Thanks young lady. Enjoy your evening" I said, with a smirky smile on my face.

Flick *Flick* Darn lighter. It always works when the old missus needs her candles lit, but now, well now it's as retired as I am. *Flick* *Flick* *Ignition* Thank god. I take my first drag. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. I completely forget about what I'm doing at the bar. I take a sip of my cola. There's rum in it. Like the temptations wouldn't stop. I went to the bar, and demand to get a nice, cold cup of water. With ice cubes.

7. The Red Dead Devil Dancing On A Table, As The Skinny Bitch Starts Dancing

Ah, I said to myself, as I place the cup of water on the table, and the first bit of the water, runs smoothly down my throat and Fills my stomach. Takes some of the heat from the room. I succumb. I buy a pack of ciggerets at the bar. I smoke one. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. I observe Jill, as she rules as an emperor, and her slaves are doing her bidding. She properly hasn't paid for a beer, since I left. It would seem, as if it was a privilege to buy her alcohol.

The ciggerets wants more. They want company. Beer. Vodka. Something that has a percentage. "No!" I tell myself, as I zombified walk to the bar. "I would like a beer." The words flew out my mouth. I can't control it. I buy a beer. I drink a bit of it. Then a bit of water. Sip, sip sip. One beer leads to another, as with the ciggerets. It has been so long, since my tastebuds has tasted the magnificent taste of the golden fluid.

Enough is enough. "No more beer!". I chuck the last bit, and do the same with my water. I go to the bar. I ask for a skinny bitch. Water with a percentage. I found a loophole.

I hadn't been drinking for a long time, so the alcohol had a great opportunity to kick in. And it did. Fast. Jill was still controlling her army of men. I had to talk to her, I just had to. But finding a hole, where one could talk to her, without a group of men staring and listening, would be a tuff operation. She hadn't even noticed me. No one seemed to have noticed me. A shadow on the ground. A fly on the wall.

I tried to follow Jill's table closely. The laughing, the talking, the dancing on tables. Everything seemed important to notice. I was a bit too far away, so half of the time, I couldn't hear what was said. I had to put the pieces together, from what I heard. But in the end, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

The bar was calling for last round. It was also getting late. I had to strike now. A young woman came up to me. It was the woman I bumed a ciggeret from. She said "Payback time, gezzzer, hand over a ciggeret." I threw one over the table without even looking. "So what's your name, eh" she asked. I didn't have time for this. And even if I had, I wouldn't. I'm a happily married man. Be gone wench. I told her I didn't have time. She nodded and left.

The alcohol made it easier. The plan. The plan was simple. Just walk up to her, and ask for a conversation. That can't be too hard, can it? I walked up to her table. She saw me. She went quiet. The table went quiet. It seemed like the whole bar went quiet. No one noticed me before. Now I am the only thing anyone could see. I lit a ciggeret. Took a sip of my skinny bitch. "Jill... we gotta talk."

8. The Red light Ember dissapers, As The last fag dies out

"Closing time" it came from the bar "everybody out!" I grabed my skinny bitch, and walked towards the door, with Jill in the back of my shoes. I asked Jill, if she knew any place, where we could talk. She knew this small pub. A seacret pub. With a password and everything. Apperently this rich bloke owned it. Gamling, poker, guns, you name it. That kind of place.

"There is a detail I haven't told you about Jack's death, Jill", I started out, after we had placed us self in the far corner of the bar. "Next to Jack's body, there was a note saying "Jill"." I continued, as I lit a ciggeret. Jill looked shocked, almost terrified. I wondered why. Why would she have such a reaction? "Are you okay Jill?" I asked with a comforting tone in my voice. "Yes, yes" she said "I'm just a bit suprised that I was the last person he thought of! I would have thought it would be his precious girlfriend, he was so maddly in love with." she said, still with a terrified facial expression.

She had a point. As we sat there, in a moment of silence, where the only motion, was the hands moving up and down, so the ciggeret could do it's purpose. I started to wonder, if maybe Jill had something to do, with Jack's death. Maybe the note was a clue. Maybe Jill is still as dangerous, as back in the day. She didn't hesitate to violence. One of the things, we had to keep seacret.

I started to think back to the bar. When the mesmerising woman entered, and Jill protected me, from falling into her possession. How did she know this womans agenda? Back in the bar, she even had a stronger sexual vibration, than the mesmerising woman. She controlled a whole table full of lonly men. Like she was in command of them. Like they where spellbond by her. She didn't even need any singing. She just needed her aroma. Her aura. She had done this, all the years i've known her, but I never thought about it before now.

She always used a ton of makeup on her face. I'd only seen her once without makeup. She had scars. So many scars. Stripes upon stripes down her face. She had always been excellent at singing. She started to sing.

I wouldn't listen. I rushed to the bathroom. I put toilet paper in my ears. It didn't work. She slowly came through the door, while the rest of the bar had gone silent. Everyone was spellbound by her. Men and women. She washed the makup of her face. I saw the stripes. I saw her in a new light. She went from an old friend, to a goddess.

I got to say my last words: "Why did you kill him?" "Cause he diserved to die, Cornelius." "What had he done?" "It's all in the past now. As are you" I dropped my skinny bitch. The glass shatered. It all went black. Lungs filled with freezing water.

You

1. Her

She had already opened her eyes. *Click* *Click* said the alarm. She let it click. It drove her mother crazy. "Oy, Jenny, stop the bloody ruckus". It gave her a deviant smile. The clicking became a clapping. The commotion stopped. She got up. Made her bed. Put on the outfit, she had so carefully laid out the day before. Looked in the mirror. "This is the perfect mask" she thought to herself. "Oy, Jenny, you better get your arse down here. Ah' can't wait all bloody day." Breakfast, the usual. Toast. Fried eggs. Fresh juice. A cup of coffee. Or tea. Her morning was just like a boring reincarnation.

TL;DR: Morning. Rituals. Traditions.

She left. Time for school. Same old, same old. The fat kid in class, that couldn't climb the rope. So much fat, so much weight. The muscle guy who couldn't do it either. So much muscle, so much weight. It was the same every Thursday. Sometimes new games. But new games became old. A short lifespan. Like a mayfly. Every other day, different stories, same conclusion.

TL;DR: School. recurrence. reiteration.

She was a loner. Not many could match her compatibility. However, social intelligence wasn't something she was lacking. Normally it wasn't worth using. But she needed help. Especially a false blame. She wanted to make a fool out of the principal. Just like so many others. He had taken her off the spelling bee team. Reckless behavior. And the fact, that she couldn't spell. Soon, he would stand naked, tied up, with red splattered tomato viscera flowing down his face. Crumpled, with center around the ocean blue groin. Once again, success.

TL;DR: Revenge. Habits. Patterns.

2. Him

He was a rascal. Black leather jacket and a bubble gum ciggy behind the ear. Black shiny oily hair. Tight blue jeans. A white t-shirt, with a empty pack of Lucky Strike pressed up the sleeve. Spitting, like he was chewing tobacco. Howling at the younger. Smoking oregano. Sunglasses, even on a foggy day. A newlyborn punk. He hanged with his crew. Oh yes, all the baddest of boys. Oooohh no, you wouldn't want to bring this tuff guy home. Not exactly mother in law compatible.

He came from a great home. A father, working with passion, at a dead end 9 to 5. A mother, working with a smile on her face, at their dead blank estate. Dinner was servered at 6:30, sharp. Home cooked everyday. With the exception of friday. Two number 9s, a number 9 large, a number 6 with extra dip, a number 7, two number 4s, one with cheese and large sodas. Flowing in fat and carbondioxide. Two sisters, one older and one younger. Both pretty. The older, an aspiring woman, the younger, an angel. He was attracted to her. Pleasure. It was wrong. He liked that.

He had gotten a fake ID. Beer and smokes. Down to the local shop, with his newly grown puberty beard. "A six-pack and a pack of Lucky Strike, please" he said, with a shakey teenage transitional voice. "Mate, you gotta get it ya'self. You think this is a fucking resutrante?" said the acne harassed cashier. Frightened, he walked down the aisles. He picked one. The one with mermaids. Pizza-face didn't scan the goods. Without even looking at the ID, Mr. Rosacea said "Okay, that'll be 11.67". He was shocked. His allowance didn't allow it. "Give me a minut" he said with a pale face. He went outside to cadge from the other tossers. Went back ind. And came back out. "Fuck me dead. We bloody got it lads" he proudly spad out, with saliva thrown down the chin. "Taking the piss?" they all yelled, ignoring the spit in their eyes. Mission successfull.

3.1. A unfamiliar Those

They had grown older. Him moreso than her. He had a outgrown puberty beard. Her, with her deviant smile on her lips.

A bloody mary on the bar counter. A half sheet celery dangling from her mouth. A seductive glance from her eyes. Scouting the room for fun experiences. Many men. Many bellys flowting over the belt. Smokey words and ember eyes. She wasn't like the others. With her long red glowing dress and hair done for hours. Exactly how she wanted it. The perfect mask.

He came through the door. Smacking it so hard, that the dart arrows fell from bulls eye, to the depths of an garbage bin. An unusually weird place for a garbage bin. His glance scouted the room. Right passed her. He went for the pool table. Startet hustling the poor common men. She was annoyed. She needed attention.

3.2. A alternating her

I watched him. He lost again and again. I was annoyed. He didn't even look. Properbly gay. I never converted a gay man. Oh, well, one time should be the first. So I watched him a bit more. Looked for his soft spot. But it seemed as if he didn't have any. No entry point. Hm. I went to the table. Pulled my dress up to the thigh, and straped it with a fat mans belt. "Okay bois, are you ready to loose to a girl?" I asked, like a stripper, pushing her breasts against her customors face. Jaws drouped, as I went down for the balls, and revealed my pink panties. Execpt for lether boy. Not even a glance. "I'll play ya" he said, not even looking at me.

TL;DR: Losing.

3.3. A old him

I watched her pride crackle off. Her ember eyes killing me in thousand ways. "Well love, you wanna go 2 outta 3?" I said with exultant tones. She left with anger floating out every hole. Straight to the pisser. I continued my hustle. Trippled the amount, and called it a day. I glanced at the shitter. I noticed she hadn't come out yet. Must be a long shite. I went to check on her, such a fragile woman, in the wrong part of town. "Oy, maam, u alright in'ere?" I yelled. She banged the door open, startet to stab me with a rather hard pencil. "Bloody'ell maam, wha' ya doing". She stopped, gasping for air. "you got a ciggy?" she asked, as the pencil hit the floor.

3.4. A unchanged them

This was the begining of two lovers journy trough the years. Money for unholy jobs. Always on the run. Drugs floating through the vains. Alcohol as

a replacement for blood. They did everything together, him with a ciggy in his mouth and her with a devient smil on her lips. The years went by, and as his beard grew longer, her rinkels stayed away. They had grown older. Him moreso than her. They needed to settle down.

They went to a small town, with lovely nature, exluded from the rest of society and a river floating down the middle. They met a man. They helped him, he helped them and soon they were of the radar. They had gotten a more or less normal life. Bloodcells comming back, slowly, and tar leaving the body. But don't think they left the wild side behind. Dependency of adiction were still very much part of their image.

3.5. A new you

One day, something odd happend with him. He trimmed his beard. She had never seen him, without just a bit of stubble. "What's wrong?" she asked, worried. "I just needed a bit of change, love." he said, with sinister tones. "Let's go to the pub". So they did. Had a pint. A bloody mary. Cash floaing over the barcounter. "Another, *hirk*, my good sir". The dawns ember became the dusks ash. "Let's get a bit extra" he said. She agreed. "What you got?" "LSD" "LSD it is". They started tripping.

They went home. "Let's have sex" he said unsexy. He started to tie her up to the chair, even before she could awnser. He taped her head, so she couldn't move. He got a knife. Blood floated down her face, as he draged it down, slowly, again and again, creating newborn scars. She didn't scream. If this what was he wanted, this was what he shoul get. He got up. And left. She sat there for days. He was gone. A new name. A new life. A new her.

4. Them

She was broken. She was beaten. She was bleeding. She was hungry. She was cold. She was lost.

Sitting in the chair, naked, screaming silently. The building caretaker came by. He had to check the radiator. He quickly untied her and went to call the police. She stopped him. She didn't want him to get in trouble. She was mentally locked in his basement in Stockholm. She was, however, angry. She slapped the caretaker, because he was a lonely man. Masterbating to loud porn, that had kept her awake several nights. She pulled him to bed. They had soundless sex. Just for a short moment. He died, as the semen sprayed her face pale, covering the bloody wounds. A weak lonely heart. What a delightful feeling. She liked the pale look. A perfect mask.

She wandered dumbfounded around. Through the streets. Red lights striking her face. Naked ladies dancing around poles, suitored by fat lonely men. She felt the sexual fog. The sexual vibrations through the air, aiming for the poor women. Non returned. A man offered her money. She just had to place her bare arse on his pate. So she did. She started to slowly press it down over his face. She could feel his cold breath on her cunt. She placed her legs on his arms. He couldn't move. Slowly he suffocated, sparkling with his legs. A delightful feeling, as his body went numb. Like all his senses faded away, one at a time. The wind on her pussy disappeared.

The owner came down. "Take this, and stay silent in the back, NOW!". He thought she worked there. She went in the back, as she vaguely heard the word "cunt" thrown in her back. They wondered who she was. She took some wet wipes, and peeled the pale mask of her skin, reviling the stripes running down her face. "I will make a pact with the dark ones. I will stop the horny male epidemic. I will go the way of the sirens. I will lure them to darkness, the depth of the waters. I will". Some of the girls, fled out the room. Some stayed. Soundless clapping. They should meet again. She left. She went home. The chair was gone.

She had found an abandoned ark. Cheap. She bought it. They arrived at berth 13. She stood on a queen sized bed. She had an old rusty knife. "If you want to change the world, you have to change yourself!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. "Join me, and we will rule the man kind. If you are ready, take this knife, and give yourself the symbol of a siren!". They took the knife, slicing clean cuts down their faces. She was spellbound by them. They were spellbound by her. She started singing. They started singing. She couldn't sing. They couldn't sing. She became accepted by the grey witches. They became accepted by her. She could sing. They could sing. She was given the name. They became nameless.

5. You

I saw you. Leaving apartment eleven. You looked happy. In your hand, a black woman. Funny. You used to be a racist. She was so barsk. Fat, bleached hair and lips the size of a baboons arse. You didn't have a beard. Not even stubbles. I followed them. Stayed my distance. They parted ways. She continued. He stopped. Waiting for the bus. Funny. You used to hate the bus. I got myself a cab. The bus stopped. He got out. Into a Ikea. Funny. You used to hate furniture. Except for that awfull chair. He came back out. With a Billy.

I stalked him for days. Learning his every move. Forgetting about my sworn duty. The others reminded me. I wanted him. They needed me. I realized, I was in his basement in Stokholm. I needed out. I had a plan. I told the others. How he started it. How he was my goal. My puppeteer. They understood. He had to go. Just like the others. I collected everything from our past life. We starlked her. She talked to her. She meet her. She showed her. I saw her broken shit brown eyes soaking. I laught. She ran. I smiled, as he came home late at night, to an empty bed. I waited all night. He came out. Walking like a zombie. It was done. A lonely broken hearted man.

Days went by. I watched him everyday. She got ready. With her long glowing red dress and hair done for hours. She sang the same song again and again. The song she had to sing. He came out. He went down the street. Destination, "The Flirtatious Succubus". Now was the time, if ever. We waited. She went in. They went home. I waited. Time went by. She came out. With him as her puppet. She took him home. Spellbound by her singing. I watch them. They went in. I waited. Time went by. They all came out. With him as their puppet. They took him to berth 13. Speelbound by their singing. They boarded the ark. I waited. Time went by. They came back down. I boarded. You were under the ice. I reached down. You grabed me. I looked at you. You screamed. I laughed last. The end of you and I.

An Anecdote

1. A Dead Man Calling

Ring Ring... *Ring Ring*... The phone screamed, like a madman, with an empty bottle of looney pills. *Ring Ring*... *Ring Ring*... In the middle of the night, like a newborn suffering from colic. A flash of PTSD went past my eyes, as I dozily answered and said "Who's visiting at this time?" with a bit of frustration and a pinch of confusing in my voice. "Yes, apologies Mam, uh, um, a situation h-has arisen. Eh, Another m-man has been, um, found down by the r-river." a insecure voice, possibly Jerrys, mumbled. "Another one has drowend, eh?" I said, as a yawn was approaching. "Well.. eh, not, um, exactly... It seems as i-if he WAS in the water, Mam, but his final resting place, is a-aboard the ark at berth 13." My curiosity woke me, faster than a tuned scooter on the highway. "Well... Are you gonna tell me how he'd die, or do I have to wait for the moning paper?" my curiosity spat out. "Well, eh, Mam... he was staped.. um, twe-twentyseven times. He was found next to a post-it note, saying Jill. He has cuts down his face, like the others, however, he has many more" a more confident voice said. "I'll be there in a jiffy." I said merrily, as I struggled with my socks and rushed for the door.

I approached the ark at berth 13. The whole squad had already arrived. Everybody stressing around. Coroners taking pictures from all angles. Journalists and policemen screaming at each other. One young man puking in a bush. "Have they never seen a bloody body before" I quietly said out loud to myself.

The ark was magnificent. I have always admired it. I've never seen the owner. He kept it in good condition, no mater the weather or time of year, it always looked as good as new. I always wanted to see what was inside. Now I got to see the inside, of the magnificent construction. Sadly, there wasn't much to see. What a pity. A pity indeed. Some awfully grotesque pictures on the walls, a beautifully made queen size bed and an old wooden desk. A bit of the wooden floor was missing. The pictures resembled different types of greek mythical creatures, such as Catoblepas, Minotauros, Centaurs, Sirens, Cyclops, Medusa, the list goes on. One pictures stood out. Not as hideous as the others. Medusa and Sirens merged together.

2. Life Like Figures On A Crime Scene

A blue sky slightly covered with clouds. The sun, lightly shining through. You can almost feel, how they spread the heat on the green field in the background. The moon exposed itself, behind the clouds, in the far corner. In the middle of the painting Medusa is standing. Posing dominantly. Her snakes billow in every direction. A nimbus surrounding her head. A knife in her hand, with red blood dripping. Her face has blue blood running down, from top to bottom. In the far background you can see a figure standing. If you look really close, you see him standing, laughing, also with a knife in his hand. Dripping blue. It is as if you can see a resemblance to the man lying dead. Peculiar.

The bed had a golden frame, gleaming rays of joy, from the sunny side, and shades of darkness from the moon's side. The mattress looks comfortable, one could wish that, if they could choose it would be a nice, final, resting place. The blanket. Looking like a cloud that had descended from the sky, and would slowly cover you, from toe to top. Two pillows, that has an likeness to a woman's bosom. Lying comfortably at mother's breast. Safe and sound. Sleeping like a baby. It looks as if a man was lying in the bed. But he had no face. Instead there was a mirror. I saw myself. As if I was lying in the bed.

Around the bed, women were lying, caressing, prying to the man in the bed. It looked as if they were all singing. Properly a lullaby to make one sleep. All the women were so beautiful. In their own distinct way. But yet, they all seemed so alike. On the side of the moon, where the dark light shined, the women had long, blond hair. It shined so bright. On the other side, the darkness ruled in the women's eyes. Dark hair and pale skin. Again, a contrast to the sun's bright rays of ember. A panoramic view, from dark to light. The sun and moon walked from left to right. The women from the right to the left. In the middle the sun and moon collided. Right where Medusa was standing. They all had their own distinct cut down their faces. with blood running from it.

3. Tales From Witness Investigations

He was lying on the floor. There was a blood trail, from the bed towards the desk. He had a cut. A stripe. He had a cut from toe to top. He was stabbed in the heart. twentyseven times. He had been able to fumble his way to a desk, getting a post-it note, and written a name. "Jill" it said. He was lying there half naked. The body was frozen. Totally stiff. Lying in a pool of purple blood. His eyes seemed peaceful. As if he had gotten a burden off his shoulder. As if, it had been a justified murder. As if, he owed something to the murderer. Owed his life. A lot of information can be obtained, by looking at the gleam, from a dead man's eyes. A story of death.

When it comes to murder, there is one thing, that you can always be most certain about. A private investigator will show his face. This time it was old Conner. Good old mister Finitis. "Hi Conner. What are you doing here. Aren't you supposed to be retired? Maybe go for a round of golf." I said with a resigned voice. "Ha, well old chump, I properly should. I properly should. But it's hard. Stop smoking. Stop drinking. And now, basically, stop thinking. I couldn't stay away from a good, juicy murder case and you of all people, should know this." he said in a avid tone. He seemed sincere, yet with a ulterior motive. I told him what I could tell him. He told me that he had known the feller, in another life. He had helped him with a case or two. Yet, he didn't have much to say about him. Except that his name was Jack. Jack Mojoso. He said he knew nothing of this "Jill".

He went with me, as I went from house to house, asking what people had seen. It was good with a bit of company, and the old geezer was in the end, A good detektiv... in his earlier years. Most had slept through the night. Hadn't seen or heard anything. But one old man, who slept during the daytime, and watched TV at night, had seen something. Matter of fact, he'd seen something several times. A group of women, singing the same song everytime, leading a man aboard the ark. After some time, the women would leave the ark again. In silence. He never noticed any male individuals leaving the ark.

Yesterday was different. First of all, one woman was missing. The one, who normally leads the group. The one with billow hair. There were another peculiar event that night. After the women had left, a woman was seen boarding the ark. Shortly after, she came down again and left in a hurry.

3. Scenes From Surveillance

These informations were worth my yearly pay. Finally we had a clue of what happend at night. Earlier we couldn't set up night control, since we didn't know where along the river the men would fall in. It is a pretty long river, you know! But now it seems, as if there were some sort of cult. And it all revolved around this ark. I parted ways with Conner, and went back to the staion. The first thing we did, was setting a surveillance squad in practise. The next thing, waiting. With a cop of tea, and some biscuits.

Wedensday, Day 1:

A drunk man slept on the ark

Thursday, Day 2:

A man peed from the ark. Also, a bit on the ark.

Friday, Day 3:

No events, revolving the ark. We, however, busted a drug dealer.

Saturday, Day 4:

First it seems as an normal evaning. Untill somethings happening. A group of women are, walking, singing and leading a man through the streets, next to the river. We do not see a woman with billow hair. If the old man speaks the truth, she must be missing again. behind them, someone is following. We zoom in on the individual. Dear god, it's that old geezer Conner. How did he... No matter, his knowlagde will soon be ours. The women walk onto the ark. It looks as if they are having sex. All surrounding the male individual. Like in the painting. After a while, they start singing. It seems as if the ice on the river starts to melt. The man jumps in. Slowly the ice returns. The women leave. Conner boards the ark. He just stands there, looking. Then leaves. As the man, presumably are drowning, a red light is shining from beneath the ice.

3. Missing Accused Witnesses

We had to find out what all this was about. The note, the cult, The dead man Jack, Conners involvement and this Jill. The next few days went by, as we looked up everyone called Jill in town, tried to match their profile and their wherabouts.

We also tried to get in contact with Conner, but after the night at the ark, it seemed as if he had disappeared. He wasn't at home, none of his friends or neighbors had seen him. Not even his wife had any clue. We checked travel companies, car rentals, train tickets, everything he could have used to get out of town, but nothing in his name.

Jack was alot easier. We had a full name and a face. We quickly found his apartment, his friends and his ex-girlfrind. The odd thing was really, that we could only get information about him that had happend the last five years. We couldn't find any family. All his friends met him at that time, or later. His girlfriend only knew him for about 3 years. He was hired at his job, as a computer programmer four and a half years ago. His apartment, at Streaker street 42, second on the right, was the oldset information we had about him. Not even his name gave any information, as if he had resurrected from another life.

It all seemed as a true mystery. An unknown woman who seem to possibly be a, well presumably, cult leader. A retired detektiv gone from the surface of earth. A man raised from the ground.

Next thing we had to, was to go and interview 27 Jill's, where one of them, hopefully, would be the right woman. In the days that had past, only 2 Jill's where dokumentet to departer from town. Hopefully, she wasn't one of them. We narrowed it down to be 4 Jill's, based on alibi's. Jill Brown, Jill Clinton, Jil satsuki and Jill Absalon. Now we had to interview them proper.

4. Stories From Indifferent Suspects

Jill Brown:

Description:

Height: 167 cm. Weight: 59 kg. Hair color: Red. Age: 17 years. Adresse: Even Sirena road 28. Occupation: Student.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?
I was at home. I watched a movie on Netflix, called 'The Little Mermaid', an old movie from disney. I love disney movies. After I watched the movie, I went straight to bed at 10 pm! My parents came home around 10:30 pm.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojason?

I don't. I do know a Jack Hanson, but no, not Mojason.

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?

I've been at Adam's Apple's, the organic vegetableshop, a few times.

Conclusion:

She was a long shot. Seemed as if she told the truth. A bit young aswell. I quickly ruled her out.

Jill Clinton:

Description:

Height: 159 cm. Weight: 51 kg. Hair color: Grey/white. Age: 87 years. Adresse: Feles Chat du Gáta 17. Occupation: Senior citizen.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?
I was watching a political debate. I care alot about politics. It was a debate between Saul Bricc and Juan Raza. I, of course, was chearing on Saul Bricc. His values are the most importa-
Excuse me mam' we need short, to the point awnsers.
How rude! But if that is the premises. I watch the debate, from 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. I didn't leave the house. After this, I walked around the park. It was a quiet evaning. I came home about 9-9:30, and went straight to bed.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojason?

I don't know alot of people. You see, I'd rather spend my time taking care of my cats. I have 7 of them. All female. One of the cat's however is named Jack. I was supposed to have one male cat. It turned out it was also female. No kittens for me. Yet. She's named after my son. He was a disgrace. Doing crime, drinkg too much. I loved him. Even though I only saw him rearly. When he disapered five years ag-

Mam', please, just simple short awnsers! Let's move on.

Huh, well then, let's do so. But I will file a complaint about your attitude!

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?

Only at Adam's Apple's.

Conclusion: She didn't seem as if, she could do it. A 'sweet' old woman as her. And then with a ton of other women? No, she couldn't be the one!

Jill Satsuki:

Description:

Height: 174 cm. Weight: 93 kg. Hair color: Black. Age: 51 years. Adresse: Asiana Coolie-Chink Street Occupation: . Origin: China.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?

What? I welly do nut speake english vewy good!

We need a translator!

Conclusion: From what the translator told us, we could rule out poor miss Satsuki. She didn't have the looks, she'd never even been to Streaker street. She only knew people from the chinese part of town. At the night she was even working at Eve Pupillam Copia Scriptor, at the other side of town, a store selling fruits. From what she told us, mostly apples. It's odd to sell fruits at such a late hour. A mid-night healty snack.

Jill Absalon:

Description:

Height: 163 cm. Weight: 68 kg. Age: 59 years. Adresse: Huesos Rotos Road Occupation: Secretary at the school for vulnerable children. Currently on leave of absence, cause of a broken arm.

Tell me again, where were you Tuesday the second, the night of the murder?

Morphine. Lying in my couch, high as can be. My arm had just been broken sevaral places, the day before. I had to be operated. Full anesthesia.

Do you know anybody called Jack Mojoson?

No. I don't even know a Jack.

Have you ever been at Streaker street, or in that area?

No. I live out on the country side. I only really come to town, for work. Our lifes, my husband and I, mostly takes place where we live. It's a small comunity, but that's how we like it.

Conclusion: All her information were correct. She had a broken arm, on the day of the murder. Dokuments show, that she actually were on morfin. I couldn't be her either!

4. Donuts And Tea At The End Of A Story

Nothing worked. We couldn't find the right Jill, or anything about Jack and Conner. So we went to the last resort. The police's secret weapon. Addressing the public. We announced it all to the public. Only 3 hours later, we got an anonymous letter with a detailed description of a woman. It was with an address, last name, detailed description of how she looked, really everything we could have wanted. At the end of the letter, there were 14 lipstick kissing marks.

We looked up the name, in our database. She had taken a plane to Denmark, from another city. She had bailed. We went to her house, to see if we could find some clues on how to find her. It was a basic house. Nothing out of the ordinary. But nothing that linked Jill to Denmark either. Then suddenly, one of my men, Mark, found a secret door in the basement. A secret room.

Red lights. scented candles smoke, paintings of mythical creatures. Like on the ark. A bed. Hanging above the bed, was the same painting of Medusa and the sirens. In the bed, the old geezer Conner was lying. Tied up. She had cut off his balls, choked him in fluids and left him for death. With a stripe on his face. Across from the bed, there was an altar. Candles all around of a picture. A picture of a man. A wooden carving saying "Jack" was hanging. Beneath the picture was a box. Documents, photos, videos. All about Jack. Even his birth certificate. His real name, Jack Bosson. A former no life criminal. presumed dead. It said in our documents, that he had died in a fire at his apartment.

I later read in the newspaper, that a woman, matching the description we got of Jill, had drowned in a river in Denmark, Aarhus.

Aarhus Å

Jeg kom gående igennem en gyde, midt i Aarhus by. Der lugtede af pis. Klokken var efterhånden blevet mange og sommerens dunkle lys, havde stille lagt sig, i byens ellers så oplyste gader. Grafittien på væggene vekslede mellem en dårligt tegnet penis, til storslået kunstværker, nogle gange med en penis på. Min mor havde beordret mig at tage en ekstra trøje på. Selvom min alder ellers er oppe i tyverne. Set i retro perspektiv, er jeg glad for min mors insisteren. Den kolde kulde giver anledning til kuldegysninger og gåsehud.

Selvom mørket havde lagt sig, kulden gav kuldkær og gadelygternes lys sad lige i øjenene, var jeg glad for den udendørs vandring, jeg havde begivet mig ud på. Mine tanker racede afsted, med en vis hastighed. Det var begyndt at ske oftere. Tanker der gerne gør mig istand til at forstille at guds plan for mig, må være ligeså storartet som Einstein eller Jesus. Tankerne var og er stadig, ikke altid direkte og rationelle. Manisk.

Jeg havde været hjemme hos en af mine bekendte. Kløgtige Mads, som vi plejede at kalde ham. Lidt ironisk, da Mads' kløgtighed ikke kunne måles med resten af slængen. Dette er jeg ikke sikker på at han ved. Det er sikkert også for det bedste.

Hans lejlighed var noget sølle, med et badeværelse ved siden af køkkenet. Begge rum med dårlig udsugning. Den hærlige lugt af kaffeboller i ovnen, blandet med den hæsle lugt fra de udskylde oppustede kaffeboller. Han bruger sit værelse, på ca. ni kvadratmeter (otte, men i den høje ende, hvis man overvejer kommatallende). Der er lige plads til hans skærmfetish, tre på skrivebordet, og et TV på en lille reol, en reol til, en seng, enmands da han er single, en kommode og en sofa en ret god sofa. Hvordan kløgtige Mads har skabt plads til alt dette, må kun guderne vide. Eller måske er det muligt, at alt den tetris han valgte at spille i folkeskolen, endelig har givet ham en fordel i livet.

Byvandringen har ledt mig ned til Aarhus' Å. Dette er punktet, hvori forståelsen for, hvorfor denne nat sidder indprintet i mit hoved. En af de få gange, hvor man kan være sikker på at printeren altid virker. Der lå en i åen. Spørgsmålet var, og er på sin vis stadig i dag, hvad jeg kunne gøre ved netop dette. Mens jeg ringer et-et-to, overvejer jeg hvor smart det ville være, både æstetisk og praktisk, hvis man kunne have en paraply og en fiskestang i én. Så kunne jeg blot fiske vedkommende op. Hvis jeg da ellers havde en paraply. Hvis jeg da havde et mod til døds fiskeri.

Der kom en kranbil. En forvokset fiskesang, hvis du spørger mig. Der dog også kan bruges, i terræn der ikke er vand. Dog manglende en paraply. De hiver vedkommende op af vandet, mens en rar mand kaldet Niels, står og udspørger mig om diverse ting. Det er rart. Det er ikke så ofte folk spørger ind til min dag. Så udluftningen af dagens forløb, bliver lidt mere detalieret. Men det virker som

om Niels er glad for det. Sikke en hærlic mand.

Det er en kvinde. Et kønt stykke kvinde køn. Hvis man ser bort fra vandets hærkning og dets ellers så renlige affald. Hendes hud var smuk og blej. Formentlig grundet den grundige fermatering vandet havde udøvet. Sort hår. Knald sort. En fantastisk kontrast til hendes smukke hud. Det var svært at se ansigtet, men det lignede at hun havde striper, en form for ar, ned over ansigtet over det hele. Et meget gustent syn. Tøjet sagde mig ikke meget, men jeg er jo hellere ikke modeansvarlig. Det er trist man ikke kan se hendes øjne.

Det er nu, efter den grundige analyse af liget, at hammeren falder. Chocket slår til. Jeg besvimer. Og vågner. På et hospital. Sikker noget. Sikke en aften. En oplevelse for livet, bør porienteres.