

Map-Guided Run

Written by Janko Petrek

Tuesday, 17 November 2009 16:01 - Last Updated Wednesday, 18 November 2009 13:21



>From: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>To: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Bottom elephant's trunk

>Date: 17 December, 2001 06:33 AM

Hi Rastislav the Trunk!

I have read the Treatise on The Magni-Fruited Veripede in peace to a pleasant music, and I've found out you also have creepy dreams that we have to redo the final exams. You've finally passed yours because your trunk got hard.

But I must repeat that I've got nothing against that. The only thing that matters is to let you know about this situation in case you aren't aware of it already.

Take care,

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Johnny

>From: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

>To: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: For Jerry

>Date: 19 December, 2001 01:35 AM

Dear Jerry:

that's a real miracle that you finally got into the memonicles of mine. maybe it won't be any supernatural surprise to you if I don't mention to you for now where all this book effort of mine is leading up to. but the dearest thing about this little fact is that I already know where it's headed and you're probably pushed to have a hunch about it. this evening I've finally made up my mind about a thought what our tiny little book will look like, which had been rolling back and forth in my tiny little head from one side to the other for quite some time now. you know, my dearest friend, that the literary form was-is-and-will be most decisive. the way a marble cake is formed is more attractive than the cake itself.

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interruption: I've had my iron turned on all day. great, you're doing just great poor Rastislav. luckily nothing got burnt.

continuation: the form to which you can devote yourself like to a divine sin, the form that will munch you up like the first among the foremost over-indulged adulterers in heaven.

interruption: something got burnt after all; my beanstalk story got burnt.

continuation: it will be a book about unwanted situations in life like about unexplained fatal substances. I hope this is clearer to you than your wanton butt sinking in the dim post-autumn smoke-covered glitters of the Atlantic.

a short report about unimportant news of this day: today I liked one broad on the bus. she looked like a native Atlantisian. a woman like that you can only dream about in the US, and she was looking and looking at me until I got off the bus. but I couldn't hang around on the bus longer since I wanted to invite you to the birth of this book that will not change the world forever.

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maybe I already got over my break-up with Ivana. I miss her, but I'll make it. I'm missing you and not your b.s. although your tits are at least one size smaller than hers. so don't screw around over there too much and drop in Slovakia for a beer.

ps. did you find the skeleton of Astapoff's dog too? Aoooooooo!

>From: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Map-guided run

>Date: 20 December, 2001 05:33 PM>

Super, super, master John! I've just got back to the Palm Beach Shores from a beach on the Singer Island and stopped at a library to check my emails, and I was pleasantly surprised to come across your little story. So keep at it!

Jerry the Burnt Face

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>Attachment

MAP-GUIDED RUN

by Jan (Johnny) Petrek

An map-guided run was arranged in the woods near a town. Many contestants were present there. But only two of them were the most potential winners. They were a special sort of contestants and very efficient. The first one was distinguished by believing only what he saw. Conversely, the other one only saw what he believed. The race began. Both got in the leading positions from the very start. The one who believed only what he saw looked at the map, which he trusted because he saw it, aligned the direction with a compass, matched it with the countryside and ran. The second one ran with certainty too, although he only saw what he believed. He did not trust maps or compasses, and that is why he did not see them. Nevertheless, he trusted his own sense of direction that unmistakably led him to the finish line. As expected, both runners got to the finish line almost at the same time. What a surprise it was to them when they found out at the finish line that someone else had already beaten them. Nobody knew the runner who had dealt such an overwhelming blow to the two potential winners.

“Who are you,” everyone was asking him while the runners were standing on the winners’ steps, the unknown winner on the highest one and the others on the second and third step.

“I’m the one who doesn’t believe what he sees and doesn’t see what he believes,” he replied to

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them.

“How come we didn’t see you on the track and how did you manage to pass us up although we were definitely running the shortest way?”

“But I didn’t even pass you up”, he told them. “You were running as if for your lives. Take a look at yourselves. Your faces and hands have been scratched by bushes, all your attire is sprinkled with mud, you’re all sweated up and you can hardly stand on your feet.”

“That’s true, you don’t look worn out at all. You must be in a tremendous shape,” they said.

“That’s not a right statement that I don’t look worn out. I’m not worn out, and my shape is zero,” he corrected them.

“So how did you manage to get to the finish line first?” they asked.

“Me? I didn’t have to run anywhere. First you looked for the finish line and then, when you found it, you were running after it as if your lives were at stake. Me, I didn’t look for the finish line. What for? Even if I’d found it, I wouldn’t have believed it, and even if I’d believed it, I wouldn’t have seen it anyway. The fact is I didn’t even know that I was at some finish line,” he replied to them and once again waved to the cheering crowd.

Then he got down from the winners’ steps, took off a laurel wreath from his neck, thanked the organizers and left for the unknown to keep on winning in other races.

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