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,

Written by Janko Petrek

Johnny >From: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com > >To: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com > >Subject: For Jerry >Date: 19 December, 2001 01:35 AM Dear Jerry:

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

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? Aoooooo!

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

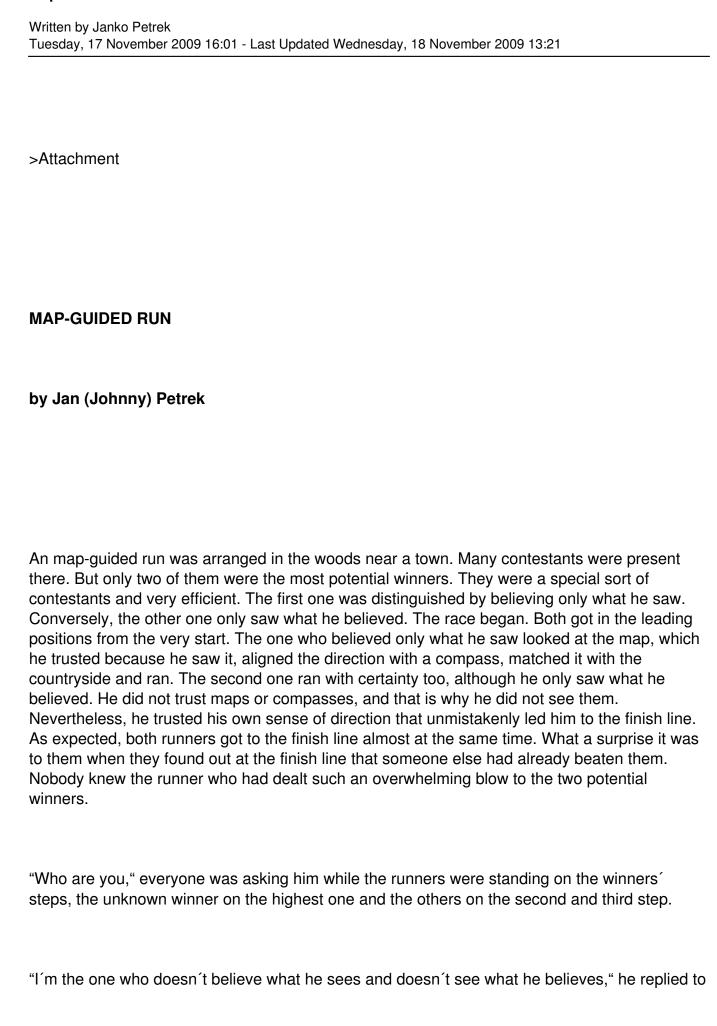
>To: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >

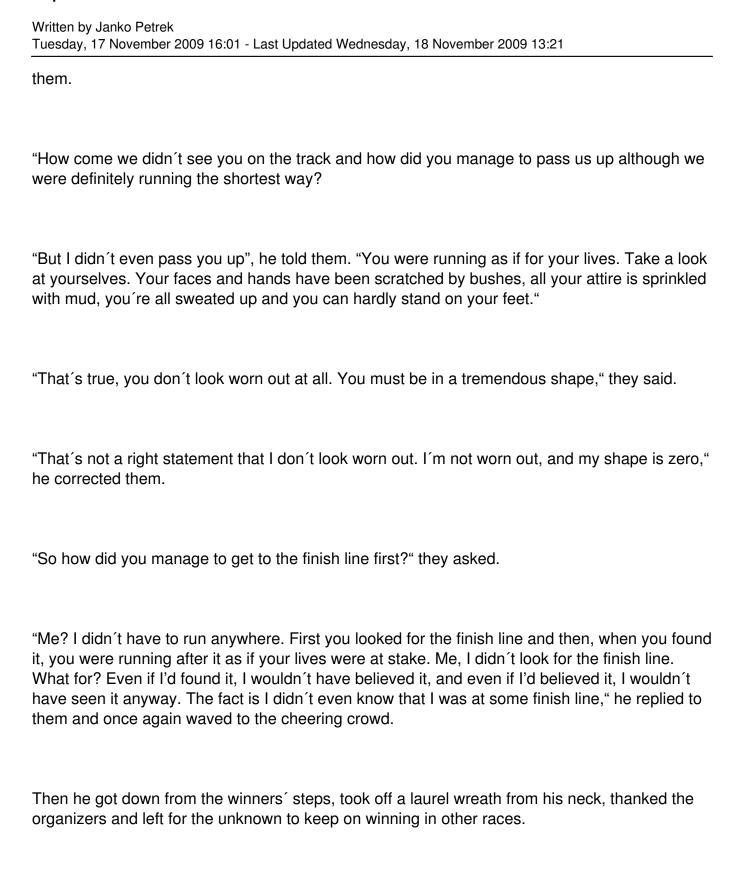
>Subject: Map-guided run

>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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