



>From: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com >

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

>Subject: RE:

>Date: 10 March, 2002 10:47 AM>

Jerry:

in a couple of days I will present you a little bitty idea that jumped at me unexpectedly like a hungry goat as-if the idea fell from the email heaven itself while reading Johnny's lovely story; the little bitty idea what our book will look like and that it will be made of just short emails. I just need to get it all ready and I don't have enough of time because all it is eaten up by work and

## The Ylimaf Family

Written by Rastislav Doboš

Sunday, 22 November 2009 19:32 - Last Updated Tuesday, 20 August 2013 17:14

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non-fruitless fight with the bureaucracy in Slovakia.

in fact, I'm thinking of taking justice into my own hands and carry it out just like other poor wretches. all the time you can see some poor wretch on TV, who has his child pressed to his heart and is running towards the waters of the Atlantic, jumping from a skyscraper or shooting and the world thinks: "look at that asshole harming the child." the TV shot has no room for more information about the guy. and the attraction is over. but nobody investigates why tears are running down the guy's cheeks, why he's acting like a fool in a cage and helplessly clenching his fists for years because he used to hope that the system should perhaps be directed a little by morals too, shouldn't it?

everyone just sees a few-seconds-long flash of lunacy, but no one does anything about the system that presses you down to the bottom.

and state officials will rather hunt a human being like an animal anytime just because they can.

R.

>From: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>To: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

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

>Subject: Fish in the eye

>Date: 14 March, 2002 06:33 AM>

Dear Rastislav:

I like your stories because they lack any respect for clichés of life which people have concocted. You are pulverizing the basic human values and totally demolishing the well established system of morals. When I look at the scenes where a newly born child is shown to the family and all around are whooping with amazement, it is then that I realize most the power of such a moment, when common aesthetic attributes are changing, and the wrinkled, ear-piercing and smelly little red monster becomes an element of divine beauty and admiration. Finally, in terms of rigorous aesthetic criteria, even the man's reproductive organs are an uncommonly repulsive ball of a messy heterogeneous stinking organic material, which is reminiscent of sci-fi films about invaders from outer space. And it takes only one petty hormone, a molecular structure floating in the woman's body, to make this hair-raising formation go through metamorphosis and change it into something that brings unutterable feeling of euphoria.

It would seem that finally everything is determined by chemistry. I often ask myself: How fewer unhappy people would there be in the world if the attributes of beauty could be chemically engineered? How many fatsos would stop suffering from being fat and how many ugly women from not being attractive? All that deceptive advertising circus about the need to be slim and business of cosmetics would definitely end.

Rupert Sheldrake, a biologist, would probably not agree with me though. His theory of morphic fields, a pity for fatsos, explains that the aesthetic criteria are formed by networked threads of individual human consciousness. As long as models, thin like skeletons, walk on fashion shows all over the world, the fat body will never have a chance in its struggle for attention. And the other way around, even such disgusting and repulsive things as a fresh newborn child, man's balls or man's foot will appear beautiful.

Yesterday I noticed a fish floating in my left eye. First I thought that it was a fly. Similarly, Appleby, as I think he was called or something like that, had flies in his eyes in the book

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Catch-22. But it cannot be a fly because I would notice it in the mirror and it would itch me. It must be something inside the eyeball. As far as I know, there is a liquid inside the eyeball, so I suppose that if something is living there, it probably is a fish. I've already noticed it some time ago. The situation started manifesting itself as a fly passing around my eye. It looked so real that from time to time I even waved my hand to chase it away. Only weeks later, it proved to be only a figment of my imagination. What is projected on my retina is something that is inside my eyeball and swims there.

I know that all I have left to do is accept this condition of life. I must reconcile myself with having the fish in my eye and hope it won't grow; that it'll always remain as small as it is now.

Take care.

Johnny

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

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Fish in the eye

>Date: 14 March, 2002 02:03 PM>

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Written by Rastislav Doboš

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Johnny:

It's necessary to help one another. The most faithful companion of the man is death. But I swear on the life of the goat that death's help is not always necessary.

Jerry

>From: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: RE: Fish in the eye

>Date: 15 March, 2002 08:08 PM>

Johnny:

I wish your fish the best of luck, and when you have some baby fish, I'll drop by to get one. I'd welcome something intimate like that too, a domestic animal that would not suffer from constantly being closed in and left alone in the apartment because I am at home sometimes

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only sometime. how often do you feed it? how often do you clean the aquarium? does the fish need a lot of attention?

R.

P.S. put an air pump into your head which blows bubbles. that will make your life remarkably more pleasant and this will put you at peace. allegedly there are also smaller models. throw one in your rucksack so you look inconspicuous and can covertly puff the bubbles.

>Attachment

## **THE YLIMAF FAMILY**

**by Rastislav Dobos**

That birdie was a miracle – silver, platinum and diamonds set in gold metal. Carlo used it to transmit male signals throughout the neighborhood, and pussycats were drawing near from all around like stupefied kittens. Martin, an apartment owner, head of a family and man of a kind heart, who put up Carlo with his buddies for the night while seeing in them more than just

traveling have-nots, was choking with laughter and slapping his fat bald spot so hard that it looked like a shining bowl of red meat against the white wall.

"Carlo, send another signal!" joyfully exclaimed Martin, and immediately another wave of chattering pussycats rushed in. Martin would at best rather carry Carlo in his arms out of gratitude in return for all those magnificent pink boxettes, pussiettes, tittiettes, spikettes, dressettes, brasettes, ballettes and handkerchiefettes. He was piling all the pussycats up around himself while ouching and youching as he was kneading his bald spot, which looked more and more meatlike, with the rest of attractive overshined girly mass, and he was gobbling up the sweet soft harmony with his giant full hands.

"Shake up, birdie, and make my wish cum true," he whispered.

"If you don't get used to having sex with one woman before you turn forty, after forty it's useless to try," laughed Carlo.

"And they say life doesn't throb in Nova Dubnica! It does throb like a pink-cheeked piggy," said Marika as she was fixing her cute mini skirt, then panties too. They were hungrily cutting into her velvety skin. By now, everybody in the room has been in a boisterous mood. 'Beautiful, she's just too beautiful,' thought Brshleek half-disappointed and slid over to sit at her side. Luckily, Carlo had introduced him as a successful writer: "He's a boy like a cherry tree - money and fame from the start, and he would be immensely glad if the life story he had written would become part of great literature too." His first fruit was passing from one pussycat's lovely hand to another. 'I'd rather if they were passing something else, me,' he daydreamed.

"Wait till after midnight, and then we'll wind it up for you," said charmingly boobied Marika and immediately pulled his hand down from her pussycat thigh. He withdrew into the bathroom and slapped some water on his face. Then there was a reflection in the mirror. He backed up. For the first time he saw a man who has barely got out of the bathtub for several years. Brshleek hazily remembered how the landlord was warning him about a man with AIDS living there: "At one time the man used to make living by using mobile phones as war weapons. Otherwise he's OK. Occasionally he sneaks out to his club for a couple of hours, but he spends most of his time lying in the bathroom while chattering with God. They talk like little mice, not disturbing anyone."

The man was really like a bathtub, exactly the same shape. He filled it completely. He has just stuffed himself into a bathtub. "What do you think that I'll stop living just because I've got a few more viruses than you do?" Drops of turquoise water with bulging eyes, like green owls on scurfy nipples, were still idling on his body. "Luckily, God redirected me from that gruesome way of mobiles. Personal control of mankind was approaching faster than anyone could imagine. Everybody was already marked like birds with leg rings. A mobile rings and it's all over - aimed with precision at a continent, city or human, the computer will take care of it." Putting a gold framed membership card into his pocket he grinned showing his turquoise teeth in the mirror. "God thought that if he had infected me with AIDS, the mobile research would have stopped, but he only put aside a pawn. My father, too, was a great inventor at one time. He worked on credit cards for a certain secret state agency and choked on his own saliva, a minor carelessness during swallowing. You can't be careful all your life." The man slammed the door and left. "Sometimes I think about all this. It was a dirty business for live cadavers. Normal living live people wouldn't do it."

Brshleek was walking around the bathtub in recoil. 'Well, this isn't the place where I'd want to end up with some kitty!'

It got dark. Carlo pressed Marika to himself. They were dancing. "I'll bang you so hard that your own titties won't recognize you!" He was after her like a cartoon dog after a savory salami. The music was playing softly and Brshleek could not pretend that he did not hear what had been said. He snuck up to Martin's wife. She had just put the babies to bed; cute little babies that had been crawling around their legs and moralizing the fun. Marika was yelling and Carlo screaming: "No, women are not really as stupid as people say about them," and he sent out another signal from the birdie antenna. Now he was making such an impression on them that they were fainting and lying down next to each other on a sofa like lovable little logs: darling Annie, luscious Marika, lovely Darinka, charming Jenny, sweet Erika, dear Sylvia ... gorgeous "bellyups". "Ain't that dynamite?" said Carlo and winked at Brshleek.

Brshleek took the most lovable log and locked himself up with her in the bathroom. Right afterwards, the little log showed him her breasts. They were polished by nature like chestnuts. He suddenly becomes disarmed by her wooden heartbeat.



"We can't stay here too long. There's a fancy-shmancy party going on outside," gasped Marika. She runs to the door and listens to the commotion behind it. Brshleek pulls down her cut-in panties. "Oh, quickly," continues Marika, "there are all kinds of things going on already. I gotta be there." The window blinds are pulled shut and only one window is ajar. It's raining. The white rain is condensing on her body and silky quivers forming like tiny monkeys from the breeze. It's pleasant to be here. She is compelling him to caress her furry kitty and its snub nose. He lies down in the owl tub and he is not far off from filling its entire ragged surface just as the fat guy did a little while ago. He leans on his elbow to feel more comfortable, although it is not so easy to do, and his other arm stiffens. He must change his arms. She hisses: "Higher." He moves his finger a little. "Sooo, soo!" grinned the kitty.

'Now it is about to come..., ' he thinks. He is glad it is over. Her body bends over. She is squealing. Afterwards she lies in the tub and then on top of him. In the end a sense of peace embraces them. Green owls are running down on them from the taps.

"My God, it took you so long," she comments while nervously playing with his joint. She is kneading his balls against each other. 'Now what?' thought Brshleek. 'Am I supposed to work my tail off on it by myself?' "Don't be angry, it's not coming to you yet. My snatch is still avoiding you." She is laying peacefully, her eyelids slightly closed as a virgin angel. She seems to be asleep. First wrinkles repose on her face. He strokes her breasts. His head is as if bitten off and nested in the lap of a vampire. He is deeply inhaling the entire aroma, too strong, too green and too owlsh. 'It has a smell of everything I like.' It is raining harder. It is blustering. She turns over, her catlike nails sliding along the edge of the bathtub. "We've got to back now. What are they gonna think of us?" He snuggles up to her love valley. He does not want her to leave and even though his elbows and joints hurt, he is licking her snub nose like a blaze. Something fell down, an owl. Marika jumps up and tries to fix it. "I almost broke it."

"Did something spill?"

"No."

"How much was there?"

"Not much."

"Well, how much?"

"Very little."

They get down to it again. He is kissing her back. She is sighing and about to cum again. 'Already she has had it twice in a row and I haven't even once,' he winds onto her. "My precious darling, I love you."

Her howling is fading. "Don't mix love into it! The point is whether you are reconciled with the fact that life is completely somewhere else. I must go. I've already missed out on a whole bunch of things that are going on." She washes her little slit. He prefers to ogle through the window. "What are you ogling at?" She is lathering herself. There is a fragrance of perfume. A half empty cup is lying on a toilet tank. He takes a drink from it. A feeling of apathy overcomes him. He slams the cup against the wall. "Gosh, you're so angry! Are you crazy?!" Marika laughs. "Brshleek's gone nuts." 'She's washing it just like dishes,' he thought. He could not take his eyes off of the foam in her crotch. "This is not a dish. God, you're weird! Wash your penis and let's go right now! Life is in the next room. Get your butt into the tub!"

"I don't want to." Again he looks into the street. He opens the balcony door. There is nothing but a dreary rain. "I'll take a shower later." He slipped into the children's room. There were children purring quietly like little poo bears. He turned on the television. There was a monoscope. 'A great program,' he thought. His head was buzzing. Martin sat down next to him. Beads were trickling from Martin's eyes. Brshleek rather quietly walked out. The living room was wide open. Carlo was loading Martin's wife, her legs like a duck's across the whole room, suddenly split apart. He was still pressing the spectacles against his forehead. It was slowing him down. They were covered with plastic dildos as if with lovely little artificial roses. Marika with some hot mami were jumping on Carlo's butt and roaring: "Wear her out good so the girl knows what the good life is!" The monster birds got into a formation and flew over the cute blossoming clits like merry rockets. It was like a common Christmas, a family comfort, a cageful of bird bevy. The semen was cumming out of Carlo's mouth and he was rubbing it with his tongue into the pussycats' lips.

"Actually, who is my husband with now?"

"Sometimes I don't know who I'm screwing with! How should I know who's your husband with?!" replied Carlo's pussycat upset.

The bathtub man jingled his keys as he was opening the door and spiffed up he rammed into the apartment while cautiously singing. Martin's wife was waving at him, and turning and twisting from delight. "Ah, you came back. It seems to me that the folks with AIDS are not the only ones who make their last moments in this world happy. Pity that you can't have fun with us," and she was caressing his potbelly.

"Maybe I am one of those AIDS folks, but I still don't throw up in the living room, and if so, I close the door at least." Offended he crept into the bath.

"What did he say?!" Marika wiped her whitened mouth. "That envier! He would love to pull God by the sleeve all days long and yet he's such a dope!"

"Don't pay any attention to him," brayed Martin's wife. "Everyone has the right to say what he wants."

"Now I'm balling you," cautioned them irritated Carlo and he rammed the spectacles against his forehead.

"Unfortunately, to a general disappointment I must warn you all that neither the number of bared breasts per square inch, nor politics, nor place, nor time is important for you and definitely not to me," echoed from the bath. "We are only one part of the sequence that should be carried out." It was difficult to attribute this any importance, since it was not easy to hear. The shower was roaring through the whole block of flats.

In the kitchen Brshleek found two cutie-pies doing each other; in an amateur and artificial way, without passion as if in front of a bored film director - as if they had known life from movies only.

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"No, I don't need a woman. I can do just the same to myself alone, maybe even better. I need a man! The kind that will give it to me in a lion's position and goes roaring around the table."

Brshleek arrived on time. He joined them, even though he was in love with Marika. He wanted to talk a little bit about his love. "I think I'm done," he said.

"Keep your trap shut and keep on pumping!" the broads rebuked him.

He was looking over a disheveled gush on the girls' backs but his feeling of love was not passing away even though he had been expecting the opposite. His balls were blown out like painted Easter egg shells.

"The best foreplay is a well done several hour-long hard sex," tweeted the girls. He wanted to go wash up in the bathroom. "He is taking our ding-dong away," the kitties got nervous.

"You see just a hardheaded piece of meat in me," he turned numb. "Just a plain clumsy penis! How can you say this to me?"

"When it goes up, at least you are a pecker with balls, but when it hangs down, you're nothing!"

He sneaked out, a pitiful pecker with marbles for mourning. In the hallway without dawn all sorts of monsters and murderers have been gradually emerging from his days of childhood. Once again he settled in his dream and luxuriated in it. He was already almost at the end of the chilling darkness. A few more steps and a deep silence prevailed without a sound of breath. It inadvertently reminded him of his mismanaged childhood and unattained maturity. Dracula went after his neck. 'Just go ahead and take a bite, you son of a bitch!' and he ran into Martin. The living room was closed and Martin stood by the door's keyhole behind which his wife was getting stuffed. Tears and spermia were lazily leaking from him.

The bathtub guy put the gold card in a place of honor on a shelf and happily blew at the green

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water with relief. Light green bubbles sparkled in the air. "Way back when I didn't have AIDS yet, I had a family. Even in those days it was easier to jump over than go around me. Since that fateful night, though, I've been withering away day by day," he started conversing with Brshleek. "Now the club is my family and the purpose of my life is to live."

Martin's wife peeked inside. She pressed a ladle hard against his throat. "Your disgusting remarks sidetrack us from having fun. Can't you go by quietly next time?"

"In my life I had bigger rivals than you are. You can break my bones but God has defiled my life by not giving me the right warning at the right time. And in this case I prefer, with all due respect, using a much more graceful choice of words."

"My darling hippo!" and she tied a knot on his birdie. "This is so you don't forget that you have to be good!"

"I'm good enough," he was bubbling, green bubbles filling the bathroom and scattering a greenish rainbow everywhere. "I don't care for stupid advices. I iron my clothes. I cook my meals and I do my laundry. I don't need anybody. All I need is faith that everything doesn't end this instant, faith that if I die in a moment, I will not be dead."

She affectionately bit his overly wise head. "But you won't shut your own eyes."

The air got heavy with a black rainbow. As she was going out of the bathroom, he glowered at her drooping butt. "Ugh, that's disgusting. Sometimes I can't tell her apart from her balding husband. I could never stick it into something like that, even if she tweeted the whole Eugene Onegin on my birdie."

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Next morning. Martin was holding his five children in the arms. Head to head, like baby sunflowers. "It'll be better if you all leave. I don't think I can take this anymore. It's ruining my family." He shut himself with his wife in the bedroom and gave her a good smack.

"It's just because you don't give it a shit about me!" she snapped.

"I don't really understand what your problem is!" he did not want to shout, yet he did. "Indeed, I've explicitly told you to sit by me, but you didn't give it a damn. Instead, you were stashing yourself in places God knows where. If only you had closed the door at least! No decent woman would ever behave like that!"

"Oh, sure," she squibbed.

"But I told myself that I wouldn't be a dickhead and that I would somehow get over it. And then that screaming! Such childish slander that I'm impotent! Nothing but petty guff. After all, I give it to you twice a week!"

"For God's sake, that's just a performance! A performance worthy an impotent and your subgenitalia! At night you emptied your little tickler and then nothing for next two days. I can bet that you don't even remember what color my box is! Pink like your cheek, you freak! All women from the neighborhood who gathered here just wanted to get off, because at home they have exactly the same sagging and trembling goofballs like you!" She shoved her richly decorated boobies in his face. "We make love with you guys even though you don't get it up. It's not worth anything, and when it gets up, it's the same thing; in fact, it's just a little worse. It wouldn't help you all even if you gobbled Viagra by ladles. Should I have been just a watcher? I also have a pussy that itches!"

He gave her another smack. "You really need dumb sucker who will jump about your cherry round the clock. You're completely helpless and then making aggressive and hasty decisions. That hasn't occurred to me even in my wildest imagination that you would slander me in front of our friends that I am a poor man and you're sick and tired of everything."

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"This is not just a simple party. It's a party with different rules. Tonight everything has changed! Do I really have to draw on the board for you what I'm saying, you cleverish little eunuch?" She kissed him on the lips and breathed into him all her inner strength. He slowly started turning pale. "Because I don't want to use vulgar words, I'll just say this: You're up the shit creek! You've swapped your life for a slobbery television, dead money good for nothing and children crying. Now get used to my new life style, my darling little husband." She gently stroked his rosy cheek. "We women don't like misfits. We tread on both of their heads!" Enter children, sad eyes, everywhere, on the floor...

"This is the last time I got hooked on any broad because it's quite clear to me now how stupid I am." He walked out of the door. Meanwhile she sat down with other pussycats on Carlo's knees. Indifferently, but consistently, she was rubbing a chocolate layer on his male part in an equal form. It was a work for a goddess. At the same time she was imbibing pure gin, the tonic ran out. "Finally, I'll just say this: if you were a man, I would ask you just one question, are you going bananas?"

Carlo's annoyed chocolate covered bird shivered. Its true face came out. "This married baldheaded goofball of yours suddenly pretends to have a good reason to die."

"It will be better if you all leave." All unhappy, he was lubricating his bicycle chain with special aromatic oil. The corridor was dimly lit from the dark kitchen. "It's destroying my family."

"Piss on him," said the wife. "He wants to misguide us from our way of life, a victorious way of life."

"Sure," said Carlo gaily. "We'll leave. All is already falling apart here anyway. It always ends up like this. The pussy is followed by a fall. In the end all those women and all those men blame me for the savory and who-knows-what kind of orgies, the ones about which they had ferociously panted night after night in vain. Balling is over!" Everything got gray, the pussies and the sun.

"We'll have some champagne to toast to a farewell." Martin said relieved and ran off to a shop to pick up a few bottles.

"And to the bottom!" By evening they were all tangled up with each other again. Carlo starred once more. He could plough a bit in all rooms at the same time. "I use Martin's original virgin anal oil!" He stole it from Martin's bicycle. "Next lass, please!" The lasses' little asses were throwing sexy reflections in the neon light.

The female shopkeeper was silent in admiration. A while ago she struggled into the apartment with a carton of champagne and several pretty female shop assistants. "I just came to see what you're doing here so many days. You're living here like a nice little family." She unbuttoned her blouse. Beautiful Manon! Brshleek choked. He started opening one bottle after another and spraying the pussies like crazy. They were floating on the oily bubbles of champagne like busty translucent airships. She was quietly sitting there and watching the theater, like a queen. But she looked so magnificently surreal that he was afraid to touch her beauty so its enchanting substance would not tear like a bag of popcorn. 'Pretty, too pretty,' Brshleek thought unhappily and laid Marika. He was crazily in love with her. Manon snuggled next to them. "I hope you don't mind that I'm not wearing my panties," she said. While Brshleek was thrusting it into Marika, Manon was holding him by the hand. 'It was great,' he thought when it was over.

"It was great," said Marika. "You rascal, you thought that I wouldn't notice how you're fricking me. You've moved me from inside. Come and join us so we don't miss anything," and she ran into the living room.

Manon finally let go of his hand. It was completely blue, worn out, decrepit and crumpled. "I think it was great," said Manon and put on the panties. "They're not mine, but they're pretty."

They went out for a walk. He was exhausted but he still tried to pull her into the entrance where they were kissing like tired lunatics.

"No," she broke away. "I can't do this. I only had a few guys. I'm a decent girl," and she ran to the store.



Marika dashed out into the yard. Her eyes were glistening with love and pressing Brshleek to herself. "My love nest is coming over. Look how it's cuddling up to you." He had a lot to do to niftily avoid her. And he ran after Manon. "You villain, pig, bastard!!!" She threw a stone into the shopping window. Marika staggered back into the apartment. "I'm going there, where I won't miss out on anything!" She was pretty well boozed up. "Absolutely nothing!"

He was laying on top of Manon on the floor in the store. She was still wearing panties. "No, no, I can't."

"Why not, I understand you. And I'm a decent boy. I also had only a few guys."

The husband walks in. "Don't feel bothered, I just want to know when you're coming back to the children because I've got to go to the town. I need to have some fun." Manon did not answer. She was holding Brshleek's hand and pressing it against her breasts. "It's probably just a test if I'm humble enough." The husband shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps we shouldn't talk about any dignity here," he grinned as if into the face of a fat bug. "Do you agree?"

"Yes, I do."

"Jesus Christ, can't you ever give way?!" He turned towards Brshleek like a fly against to fly. "I was like that when I was young! Tried it all. Only the bodies change. So, that's all and I'm leaving! I'm gonna buy a pint of my 'family'."

Brshleek pushed his hand down to her crotch. She gently pushed him away. Suddenly she disappeared like morning phantom. It was dawn and he returned to the apartment. Once again Marika was jumping on Carlo's butt. Barefoot Martin was weeping in the hallway and sitting around on the floor like a huge lonely pecker. Brshleek wanted to go to the bathroom to have a word with the fat guy, but he was not there. "And yet he said that he's spent all his life in the tub! Now he is partying somewhere!"

"Nor do I get a chance to enjoy his company lately," God complained to Brshleek. "Still thanks to him, initially I thought that it was the right time for a renewal of faith. Do you know what he

told me? He said I shouldn't exalt myself like I could smoke out the whole world with a single breath. And that even then I don't know what is good for something!" He was choking with laughter. His halo rolled down under the tub. "He is absolutely right about me. Indeed, I can't allow myself to lose!"

Manon rang the doorbell from downstairs. "Come out, we're going to water my friend's flowers."

"I'd give up everything for you, even my life." Brshleek was not lying.

"You're not shallow like others at all."

"I'm just more concave and women are more convex." He could not even close his mouth anymore. He felt lifeless from exhaustion as if he had gratified an entire women's club in one night. He dozed off behind the steering wheel. In their Lada they flew into a swimming pool. "I no longer know what happened yesterday and I don't remember what will happen tomorrow." They barely climbed out through the little window. They found themselves in front of a beautiful house. He remembered it from his childhood, a great villa at the top of a hill overlooking the town, simply a mansion! One could play football in the entrance hall. They went upstairs. Sex of sexes! He boiled like milk. He was getting it on and on. And again. He could never have enough of that cute little pinkish pie. Everything he touched on her was amazing - a miracle laying with its legs spread apart. His brain was turning soft and not only that.

"My God, how handsome you are!" Indeed, he was doing it to her like God, and he even put many divine moments into it along with divine creativity. He was reading to her from his book as if from the Bible. "I love it when you say something holding the book and your darling tentacle is standing soft. You are like an unromantic statue. My little Cupid, at a moment like this I adore life!" He had enough by then, but she did not. 'Well, nobody can stand this for the rest of the life,' thought Brshleek. "You can live like this forever." Manon smiled. "First of all, love takes a hard discipline, in the morning, at noon, in the evening – and constantly in between. I know what I'm saying. Mind you this is not a pussy. This is a gluttonous lion and you don't have to keep sticking it into my little butt all the time! I can get along without it." The parquet floor around them started creaking as if elves were making love there. All nick-nacks of their lives were jumping off the shelves and dancing: tiny flowers, thumbtacks, nails, casserolettes, pieces of paper, small seashells, booklets and itsy-bitsy chests - a blissful space polka. Manon was smiling more and more. "Now you're mine forever." She was like a lovely angel, a Madonna with tits like globes and a most lovable pussylette in the world.

## The Ylimaf Family

Written by Rastislav Doboš

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Brshleek was coming down the stairway hand in hand with Manon. The hall was full of masked half-exposed people. He was suddenly overcome by a feeling as if he had known everything important about them and life itself too, except for some of those inaccuracies of knowledge. Everybody was laughing and drinking. There was a relaxed atmosphere. He felt as if he had been stoned by mistake. Again in the childhood dream. His hand was still in Manon's panties, but nobody minded. Besides, it seemed to him he saw those bulging green owls and the bathtux flying about somewhere in the distance. And with a bathtub too. A waiter with a face from stone carrying a silver tray walked up to him. All stood up waving their masks and applauding him. 'Oh God, how many famous people!' he thought. 'Actually, there is a father with his daughter.' A membership card was shining on the tray. He remembered the gold framing very well.

"Welcome to the club, sir!"