

PENIC ILL IN

175

28th July 2025

THE MEAT MACHINE

VITAL
PRESS

DAVID PLAYFAIR

THE MEAT MACHINE

By David Playfair

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Chapter Twenty-Five—Journey East to War pt 2

‘What did you think of Strasser, Harry?’

‘He’s a crazy man.’

‘What about the dead Poles?’

‘They’re dead.’

What more could I add?

We rode back from Katyn in a very subdued mood. I didn’t say a word, nor did the other soldiers. I thought about the corpses we had seen. And smelt. Every one of them had once been a bouncing baby, his mother’s pride and joy. It’s never good to see people turned into rotten rubbish. So I told myself that a soldier has to be hardened to such sights. Indeed I had seen massacres just as horrible during the civil war, when aristocratic Polish officers slaughtered Communist workers. Now, twenty years later, the boot was on the other foot and Communists had slaughtered aristocratic Polish officers. Why should I care?

The deaths themselves had not disturbed me, I decided, so much as their arbitrariness and secrecy. My first police chief, Felix Dzierżyński, the best Communist I ever served with, began life as a Polish aristocrat. He had the decency to throw his lot in with the wretched of the earth.

Maybe some of these dead might have seen the light too? At very least they might have helped toward driving the Nazis out of Poland. Even if most of the officer class did refuse to accept a Communist Poland afterwards, shouldn’t it then be the Polish workers’ job to reckon with them? I couldn’t escape the conclusion that Stalin, my hero, had made a grave error. His heavy-handed fervor to eliminate the ruling classes had bypassed the mass revolutionary process. He would hand

the Polish people, on a plate, a ready-made revolution which would be all too easy for them to disown later.

I must have looked grim and pale when we got back to the Smolensk depot. My mind was paining, and so was my injured leg. I staggered for a moment as I stepped off the bus. An officer standing nearby, wearing an unfamiliar and highly decorated uniform, kindly steadied my arm and offered me a silver hip flask.

‘Plum brandy,’ he said, ‘from my own estate. You look as if you need it.’

He was right. I took a good swig then, feeling better, took a proper look at my new acquaintance. A distinguished looking man, he was most definitely not Nordic. His black hair, thick, long and anointed with perfumed brilliantine, set off a very pale complexion. He smiled, showing perfect pointed white teeth.

‘Allow me to introduce myself. Captain Tepes, of the Romanian army.’ He gave a languid salute, which I returned.

‘Honoured to meet you, Captain. I had supposed that all the Romanians were down south attacking Odessa.’

‘They are, most of them, but I have been detached to serve as their liaison to General von Bock’s staff. That is,’ he added with a touch of asperity, ‘if I can ever get to von Bock’s headquarters.’

‘I’ve got transport trouble too,’ I explained.

‘Perhaps,’ said Tepes, ‘if I’m not presuming on too brief an acquaintance, we might join forces for the continued journey East.’

‘Nothing would delight me more,’ I said. ‘If I hang around here they might order me out to Katyn a second time.’

‘Ah yes, I thought you might have come from the massacre site. Strasser invited me too, but I declined as gracefully as I could. You see, that sort of thing is old hat to us Romanians. We’ve been impaling Turks and Kazakhs for centuries, and the novelty has quite worn off.’

He noticed Harry, who had been patiently standing by with our kitbags. And Harry, normally bold as a lion, blenched and shrank under Tepes’s gaze. It was obvious that something about the Romanian captain made Harry acutely uncomfortable, but I wouldn’t let that stop me from hitching a ride.

‘Schütze Pfeilmann,’ I said formally to Harry, ‘please take the kit to officer’s quarters, then report back.’

Harry’s relief, as he left, was obvious.

Tepes had been driving to battle in his beautiful low-slung Hispano-Suiza sports car. Originally mauve, now painted in a camouflage pattern as a concession to military exigencies, it still sported a coat of arms.

‘Argent, on a Turk’s head coupé, gules, impaled beside a bat displayed, sable.’

Or so an antiquary, for whom I later drew the design, told me. Despite its noble blazon and its lucky silver swan mascot, this wonderful vehicle, the blend of Spanish bravura with Swiss engineering, was out of action. Tepes’s manservant, while adjusting the car’s brakes, had come down with acute appendicitis and been hospitalized. It didn’t take me long to realize that the Romanian captain had not the slightest clue about motor repairs. Indeed I don’t think it occurred to him that an officer and a gentleman should ever need to know such things. The German army mechanics had promised to finish the job, but he was bottom of their list of priority and had been stuck in the dreary depot for a week. He embraced me with joy when I told him that my servant Harry would do the job. Of course Harry did not have a clue either, and it would be me who actually did the work. I put it that way because I suspected that so refined an aristocrat might think the less of a brother-officer who admitted to proletarian skills.

‘Fetch your kit from the barracks, Captain,’ I said, ‘and the job will be done when you return.’

Fixing brakes is simple if you know how, but an injured leg in a plaster cast does slow the task. I was fortunate to have Harry’s strength to help me. He had never used a jack. When I asked him to raise the front of the car, he simply seized hold of the bumper and lifted it up. When we’d sorted that question out, I put his strength to more rational use. The nuts on the rear wheel hubs were rusted on solid, but a few wrenches from Harry’s big arms soon loosened them up. Once we’d got down to the brake drums, the work was easier. I found the asbestos shoes badly and unevenly worn, down to the rivets in some places. No wonder the Captain had felt the machine pulling to the middle of the road when he braked. We scrounged some new brake shoes from the garage mechanics — I think they were grateful not to have the job on their list any longer — and cut them to size. The servomechanism, a new invention in those days, puzzled me for a while but necessity impelled me to ingenuity. After another half hour the car was good as new and ready to go.

Captain Tepes returned looking immensely smart. His Romanian uniform had enough buttons, ribbons and insignia to supply two German ones. His long wavy hair, elegantly combed, gleamed beneath the tallest kind of peaked cap. Behind him a scrawny Polish labourer struggled with a hamper and two large and heavy suitcases.

Harry and the Pole loaded up the car, Tepes tipped them, generously, and we were away.

‘You have a distinctive name, Captain,’ I remarked.

‘Yes,’ he agreed. ‘It’s a source of great pride to my family that we’re direct descendants of King Vlad Tepes IV, Dracula the Impaler himself. Of course we’re not the only Romanians who can claim him for an ancestor — the old man put himself about quite a bit — but we’re legitimate bearers of the name.’

Harry, who had heard this exchange from the back seat, began twisting and craning his neck. I couldn’t understand what he was doing, but Tepes recognized his purpose.

‘You may reassure your manservant,’ he said, ‘that he will indeed see my reflection in the driving mirror. Over fifteen generations the vampire blood has thinned out.’

Bela Lugosi’s *Dracula* movie, which they had shown back at Handlpart, had made a strong impression upon Harry.

Captain Tepes would have made a brilliant racing driver. Traffic congestion challenged him to amazing feats of high speed steering. He operated on one simple principle — that since the gas pedal could be pushed to the floor it should be pushed to the floor. Evidently he considered any slackening of pace to be a shameful surrender. No wonder he had not noticed sooner that his brakes needed repair, for he rarely put them to use.

The breakneck pace did not perturb Harry — he did not know enough about driving to be scared — but it terrified me.

Tepes remained nonchalant throughout the journey. In the intervals of weaving around tanks and horses at a hundred kilometers per hour he engaged me in historico-philosophical conversation. He was the first Romanian soldier I had talked with, and I was glad of the distraction from the road.

‘Behold,’ said Tepes, waving one hand at a pair of Panzer IV tanks while his other hand casually steered between them, ‘the Fascist hand clutches at the Soviet throat. The armies of the three ‘vons’ — von Leeb, von Bock, and von Rundstedt — are thumb, forefinger and middle finger of the stranglehold. The Romanian army, which I have the honour to represent, is the ring finger. And the fifth finger, which is invisible, comprises those secret Nazi sympathizers who ambush and sabotage behind the Soviet lines.’

‘And how strong is the neck behind that Soviet throat?’ I asked.

‘Don’t know,’ answered Tepes. ‘And that makes me smarter than those clever staff-generals who think they do know. It’s not a sure thing. In fact, we Romanians didn’t really want this war.’

‘Why not?’ I asked.

‘This empire-building,’ he said, ‘is so boring and futile. We Romanians should know — weren’t we one of the last fragments of the Roman Empire? We’ve been there, we’ve done that. Once is enough.’

‘Why are you here, then?’

‘The Tepes line never turn away from a fight. Since the war is started, we want to be in on it. We want a share of the spoils.’

Without warning Tepes braked, for the first time that day. I was glad to note, as we shuddered to a halt, that our repair job was holding up. He had pulled over to a charming meadow, bright with buttercups and daisies.

‘Trouble?’ I asked.

‘To the contrary,’ said Tepes. ‘I rather thought this might be a nice spot for a picnic. If you’ll just get your man to fetch out the hamper.’

‘We feed the horses before the men . . .’ said Captain Tepes, as he poured water into the hot radiator of his car ‘. . .and there are two hundred and twenty thirsty horses under that hood.’

Harry, his fear of Tepes now eased, peered into the radiator grille.

‘Small horses,’ he said. Then, remembering my crash course on military etiquette, he added ‘Sir.’

‘Small indeed,’ said Tepes. ‘They can all fit inside twelve litre-size cylinders. But very strong.’

He opened his picnic hamper.

‘And we feed the men — or rather, I should say, the man — before the officers.’

He passed a coarse but clean canvas cloth to Harry, and on it placed a large loaf of black bread, a pork salami sausage and an onion. Harry, well pleased, set to slicing the meal with his bayonet.

Tepes next produced a finer tablecloth, of embroidered damask linen, and spread it on the grass ten meters away from Harry. The Romanian army was not, obviously, a democratic institution. Enlisted men, even when there is only one of them, must eat separately from commissioned officers.

Fortunately I had previously enlightened Harry into the mysteries of class distinctions, and he took this kind of thing in good part, as one more eccentricity of the civilized.

Tepes pulled another sausage from the hamper, and divided it between us with a silver-handled hunting knife.

The meat was seasoned with parsley and lots of garlic. We chewed in happy silence for a while. Tepes called merrily to Harry across the intervening grass.

‘You see, soldier, I may be one of Dracula’s line, but I can eat garlic. You need not fear for your jugular vein.’

‘This is excellent stuff,’ I remarked. ‘A privilege to eat.’

I was speaking as an expert. A year with Friedrich had made me a connoisseur. Tepes’s sausage had that rich mahogany-brown bloom that comes only after skilful smoking.

‘It is good, isn’t it?’ said Tepes. ‘One of the peasants on my estate makes them. I’m not there very often — prefer the city life, don’t you know — but I always pick up some sausage when I visit my steward... But I’m forgetting my full duties as host — we have red wine, and olives, and biscuit, and pickled vine-leaves stuffed with goat’s cheese...’

He pulled these good things out as he spoke, and we fell to again. Even Harry’s gigantic appetite was satisfied.

‘Now how about some target practice before driving on?’ said Tepes.

He drew a Beretta M34 pistol — like his knife, it was silver plated — and asked Harry to set two empty pickle jars at the far side of the meadow.

‘I see you’ve got a fine Colt revolver,’ he said to me. ‘It’s a long shot, now, but not impossible. Let’s say the first to smash his jar gets to drive.’

We both fired two rounds without success.

‘Not easy, is it, at fifty meters?’ said Tepes. ‘I don’t think it would be cheating if we used both hands.’

We grasped our pieces and sighted. Suddenly, before we had pulled our triggers, the left-hand jar shattered.

‘I got it with a blunted arrow,’ announced Harry.

Tepes fired, smashed the other jar, then turned to shake Harry by the hand.

‘I didn’t know the enlisted ranks were in the contest,’ he laughed, ‘but I’m a man of my word.’

He put the car keys in Harry’s hand, and Harry, who had never driven before in his life, took them in an entirely matter-of-fact way.

‘Er, Harry, I mean Schütze Pfeilmann,’ I said, ‘are you sure you’ll be all right? I mean, you haven’t had much practice.’ A massive understatement.

But Captain Tepes rallied to Harry’s defense.

‘Now then, Untersturmführer, don’t tell me that you’re jealous that your man outshot you? I’m sure that anyone with such good marksmanship as Schütze Pfeilmann will soon get the hang of a simple machine.’

I resigned myself to the inevitable.

‘Very good, Schütze. Just remember that two hundred and twenty horses are a lot.’

‘No problem, Untersturmführer. A hunter like me knows how to get along with animals.’

‘And I’m sure you can handle these ones, soldier,’ said Tepes. ‘We officers will sit in the back seat now, and let you get on with your driving.’

To my embarrassment, astonishment and great relief, Harry drove brilliantly, right from the start. He had no difficulty with the controls, and I realized he’d been observing Tepes’s every move. The beautiful car responded perfectly to Harry’s touch. I relaxed, and Tepes resumed our historical discussion.

‘Some people,’ he said, ‘call us Romanians decadent. Perhaps they’re right. Our empire has decayed, centuries ago, and we feel no great urge to rebuild it.’

‘What would you call the Germans?’ I asked.

‘Ignorant. No offence meant, dear fellow. I don’t mean ill-mannered, I mean uninformed. Uninformed as to how hard it is to build an empire and then to hold it together.’

‘It seems,’ I said, ‘that Germany and Romania are mismatched, no matter how well you and I get along as individuals. What exactly do you stand to gain from this alliance?’

‘We’re hoping,’ said Tepes, ‘to regain some big tracts of land. Bessarabia for instance. My ancestors used to rule estates there, of thousands of peasants. The Soviets took them over for collective farms. We’d like to get them back.’

‘And what do the Germans stand to gain from the alliance?’ I asked.

‘Reputation insurance,’ said Tepes. ‘If this invasion fails, we’ll be their excuse for defeat. Germans always fight on long after everyone else has given up and gone home. Too stubborn to quit. If they still lose, they’ll feel able to say that it was our fault for refusing to go down with them. Not that we worry much about what other people say about us...’

‘Which is worse, then, German ignorance or Romanian apathy?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Tepes, ‘and I don’t care.’

At which point Harry drew up into the vehicle park outside von Bock’s headquarters.

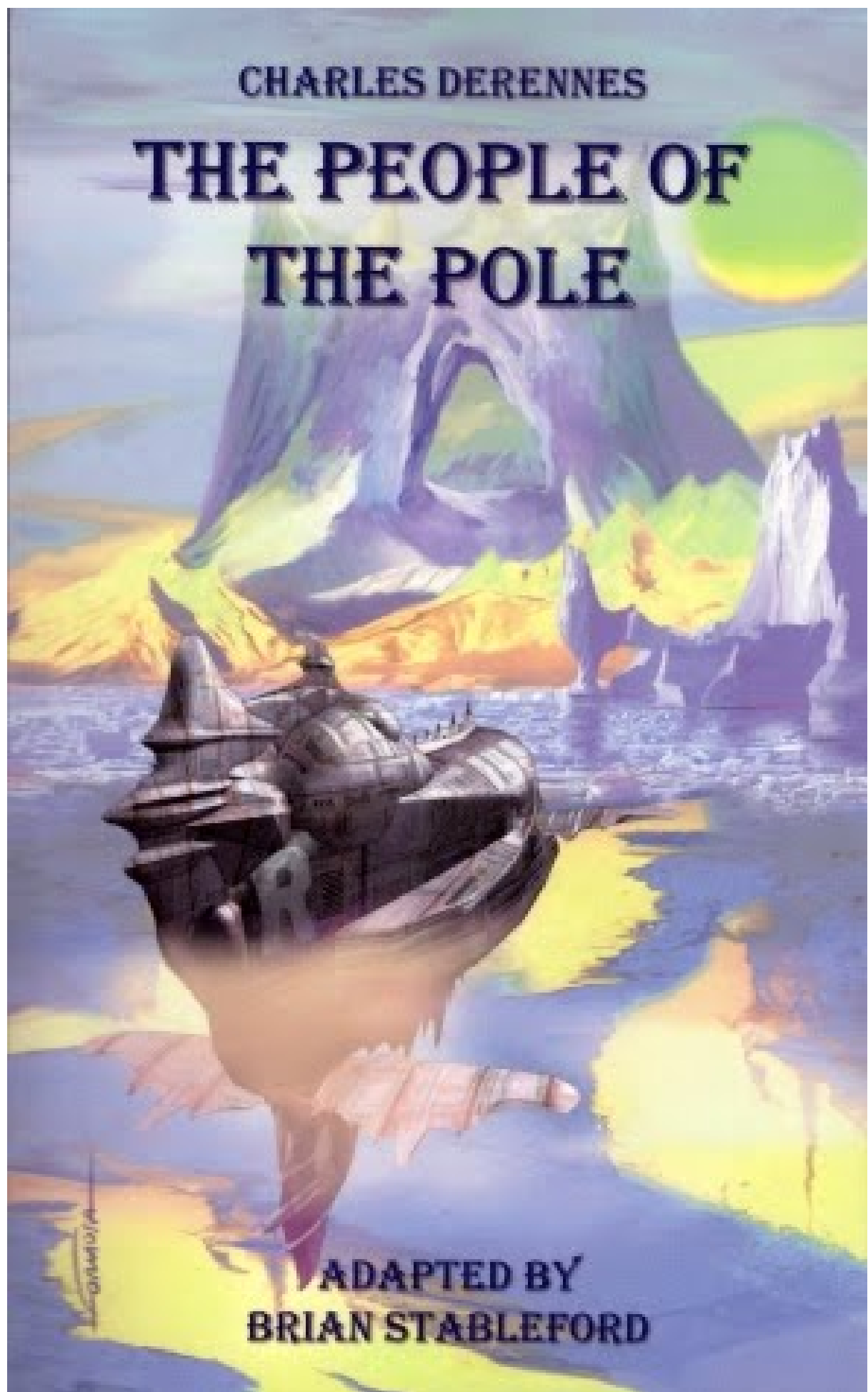
Our long journey to the war headquarters was over.

I never saw Tepes again. But I saw his Hispano-Suiza thirty years later! Lovingly repaired and maintained, it was a star feature in the antique car collection of Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet leader who succeeded Krushchëv, who succeeded Stalin.

NEXT WEEK—Chapter Twenty-Six—Baptism

CHARLES DERENNES

THE PEOPLE OF THE POLE



ADAPTED BY
BRIAN STABLEFORD

THE PEOPLE OF THE POLE

(1907)

By Charles Derennes



Reviewed by D4Doom

I'm continuing my exploration of French pulp fiction of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This time it's *The People of the Pole* (*Le peuple du Pôle*), a science fiction adventure tale by Charles Derennes. Published in 1907, this is a lost world tale, a genre I'm quite fond of. This one adds quite a few original twists though.

A bored and wealthy young man, Jean-Louis de Venasque, has been seeking an outlet for his yearnings to journey to hitherto unexplored places. By great good luck, or possibly ill luck, he meets a brilliant but penniless engineer named Jacques Ceintras. The engineer has designed a new kind of airship, an airship capable of undertaking immensely long aerial voyages. And de Venasque has a destination worthy of this formidable ancestor of the zeppelin - the North Pole!

They reach the polar regions, but there is a surprise in store for them. They find not a world of ice, but a strange world filled with animal and plant life. Life forms cut off from contact with the rest of the

world since the days when giant reptiles roamed the earth. So far the story sounds like a conventional enough lost world tale, but now Derennes introduces his first twist. These reptiles from an earlier geological age have not merely survived, they have continued to evolve. They have evolved to the point where they have developed not merely intelligence, but technology and civilisation.

This is a civilisation with very different values from human civilisation, a civilisation with a very different approach to the question of the sanctity of life and the importance of the individual, and Derennes uses this to offer some social commentary on our own beliefs about these subjects. Their technology is also rather different, and their polar world is illuminated by an eerie kind of artificial sunlight.

Relations between the two explorers have become increasingly tense, and this situation worsens when they make contact with the reptilian civilisation of the polar region. The inherent difficulty of communication with intelligent creatures radically different from ourselves makes it impossible to make real and meaningful contact with the reptile people, while Ceintras's increasingly erratic behaviour causes outright conflict. This first contact with a very foreign culture is not destined to end happily.

And now Derennes throws us another twist. The main narrative is ostensibly a diary kept by de Venasque, and Derennes now suggests that de Venasque may be a very unreliable narrator indeed. He hasn't finished playing games with the reader though. After casting doubts on de Venasque's account of the voyage he then suggests that maybe we should discount those doubts. He leaves us with a doubtful narrative but with the certainty that the voyage of the two aeronauts really did take place, and they really did reach the Pole. The remaining doubts concern what they actually found there, and what their own actions actually were.

For what seems on the surface to be a somewhat pulpy scientific romance *The People of the Pole* has a surprising degree of literary subtlety, and literary polish as well. It's also an entertaining and fascinating adventure tale. And it has zeppelins. What more could you ask for?

It's published by Black Coat Press, and easy enough to get hold of if a trifle expensive.

The poster is a vertical rectangle. The right half is dominated by a large, high-contrast, blue-tinted close-up of a woman's face in profile, looking downwards. Her hair is dark and styled. The left half has a yellow background. In the center-left of this yellow area is a smaller, sepia-toned image of a woman in a long, dark, leopard-print dress, holding a thin stick or cane high in her right hand. The title 'THE WILDCAT' is printed in blue serif font in the upper left, and 'A FILM BY ERNST LUBITSCH' is printed in white sans-serif font at the bottom.

THE WILDCAT

A FILM BY ERNST LUBITSCH



THE WILDCAT

(1921)

Reviewed by D4Doom

The Wildcat (*Die Bergkatze*) is a 1921 Ernst Lubitsch silent comedy/romance. If you only know Lubitsch from his later Hollywood movies, his early German movies will totally blow your mind. This is wild crazy stuff.

Lieutenant Alexis is an officer stationed in a large town located somewhere in a typical early Lubitsch fairy tale world. The lieutenant has been causing some disciplinary problems so as punishment he's been sent to a remote fortress commanded by a crazy general with the most impressive moustache in movie history. It was considered necessary to remove Lieutenant Alexis from the temptations of town life.



This is devastating news for the female population of the town. When he departs hundreds and hundreds of women turn out to bid him farewell. They all have good reason to have fond remembrances of Lieutenant Alexis. Dozens of children turn out to bid farewell to him as well, waving as they say goodbye to Daddy. We now have some idea why all those women have such fond memories of Lieutenant Alexis. They are expressing their gratitude for the many services the lieutenant has performed for them. Services that he has performed cheerfully and with a great deal of diligence. He has clearly gone above and beyond the call of duty.

On his arrival at the remote fortress Lieutenant Alexis makes a favourable impression on the commanding general, who decides that the lieutenant would be a suitable husband for his daughter. The daughter is pleasant enough but Alexis is not keen on marriage. The fortress is being menaced by a band of cut-throats and robbers. During his journey Lieutenant Alexis has already made the acquaintance of the daughter of the chief of the bandits.

The young lady in question is Rischka (Pola Negri). She's the wildcat referred to in the film's title and wildcat is an apt description. Rischka is wild but she is a woman and she is immediately rather smitten by the dashing woman-chasing lieutenant. She feels that he is the man she has been waiting for. So in addition to several hundred women back in the town Lieutenant Alexis now has two women who have set their sights on him. He seems to be not unaware of Rischka's wild charms. Of course there is the question of whether any man can tame this female wildcat, but there's another question. Can any woman tame the skirt-chasing lieutenant, and turn him into a one-woman man?

It's all played for fun and there's very much a farcical quality to the movie. It's most definitely played for laughs. The humour is occasionally a little risqué, there are moments that approach slapstick and it's always absurd and outrageous. There's a tendency to focus too much on Expressionism when discussing German movies of the silent era. The fact is that there was an extraordinary amount of visual inventiveness in these German movies and Expressionism in the strict sense was just one facet of this. Lubitsch's early movies cannot be described as Expressionist, but there's the same disdain for realism and the same amazing soaring feats of visual imagination.

Early Lubitsch (in movies such as *The Doll* as well as this one) have an uncompromising non-realist feel. They take part in a world that resembles a fairy tale world but it goes beyond this. Lubitsch's early films are like storybooks with moving pictures and the artificiality is emphasised at every opportunity. There's also the feel of having actually entered the artificial world of a storybook. The sets are stunning, witty and exaggerated to an extreme degree. They look fabulous. The costumes are outrageous. The performances are deliberately in a kind of pantomime style. These are not supposed to be real people. They're storybook characters. To describe Pola Negri's performance as lively and energetic just doesn't do her justice. She's like a firecracker. She's a delight. Paul Heidemann is terrific as the vain womanising Lieutenant Alexis. He manages to make the lieutenant a loveable rogue.



Lubitsch really goes overboard with the masking of frames. Every frame seems to be a different shape. It adds to the playfulness. There's a battle scene between the soldiers and the robbers but of course no-one gets hurt. The worst that anyone is likely to suffer in this combat is being hit by a snowball. This is a lighthearted candy-flavoured concoction which could easily have ended up being too sweet or too silly but its sheer exuberance carries it through. The Eureka DVD provides a pretty decent transfer. This movie is part of their *Lubitsch in Berlin* boxed set (there's now a Blu-Ray version as well). Most of the movies in this set are tinted but this one isn't. English translations are provided for the intertitles.

These movies from so early in Lubitsch's career have a totally unique feel. There have been plenty of fairy tale movies but none done with the same visual extravagance and style. *The Wildcat* is wild and crazy and very romantic. It's a reminder of just how much visual style and flamboyance and imagination movies lost with the advent of sound. *The Wildcat* is highly recommended.





“Help! My erections are getting too big!”
Marquis de X, 1924

FOOTPRINTS



By Nick August

We got real comfortable
in my old Chevelle
on your back in my backseat
feet pressed against the top
By the time I peeled you off the vinyl
(summer in the South)
your sundress was
around your waist, soaked,
and the moon was up
I rubbed the cramp out of your calf
to the experimental jazz
of a thousand tree frogs and crickets
while you lay back in fleeting agony,
your eyes sweeping the top lining,
looking for clues

GRUNDEL



By Bruce Chardon

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9

As he exited the privy, Turdcutter held awkwardly away from his body, Bruce found Herman's daughter Ellie waiting with a bucket of water and clean rags.

"Papa thought you might need these," she explained tactfully, her eyes carefully averted as she offered the cleaning supplies. "He said the potion can be... demanding."

Bruce accepted the bucket and rags with as much dignity as the situation allowed. "Your father's remedies," he said, carefully wiping Turdcutter's blade, "are remarkably effective. Perhaps too effective."

"There's a reason he doesn't prescribe this one often," Ellie replied with wisdom beyond her years. "But nothing else cleanses so thoroughly."

True to Herman's word, by the time Bruce finally lowered himself into the herbal bath that Ellie had prepared behind the cottage, the internal chaos had subsided. The hot water and medicinal herbs worked wonders on his battered body, soothing his muscles and washing away the physical evidence of his ordeal.

His ruined clothing and armor were beyond salvation. Herman provided simple peasant garments for Bruce to wear while Ellie scrubbed Turdcutter and Shart clean, restoring the weapons to their former glory if not quite their former odor.

Night had fallen by the time Bruce emerged from his extended bath, feeling if not entirely restored then at least recognizably human again. A simple meal awaited him—bread, cheese, and herb-infused broth that Herman insisted would complete his recovery.

"You have my eternal gratitude," Herman said as they sat before the cottage's small hearth. The braphog dozed in the corner, occasionally twitching in her sleep. "You've saved not only my life but my wife's humanity."

Bruce nodded, savoring the simple food. "A life debt repaid. Though I confess, the cost was higher than anticipated."

"The best stories always are," Herman replied with a knowing smile. "And this will make quite the tale, once certain details are... judiciously edited."

"Indeed," Bruce agreed. "Perhaps we might agree that I defeated the witch with conventional swordplay rather than... alternative methods."

Herman laughed, a sound made all the sweeter by the knowledge that he would live to laugh many more times. "As you wish, though I suspect the true tale would earn you free drinks in taverns across the land."

"Some prices are too high, even for free tea," Bruce said solemnly, though his eyes twinkled with amusement.

They sat in companionable silence for a time, watching the flames dance in the hearth. Eventually, Bruce spoke again, his tone more serious.

"The witch's tunnels extended far beyond what natural creatures would build. Her servants—gremlins, I believe—were expanding the network toward the nearby town."

Herman frowned. "Gremlins? That's troubling. They're known to continue their master's work even after the master is gone."

"I collapsed much of the tunnel system," Bruce said, "but I doubt I got them all. It might be wise to warn the townspeople, perhaps organize regular patrols to watch for signs of renewed tunneling."

"I'll speak to the village elder tomorrow," Herman promised. "Though I'm not sure they'll believe such a tale without proof."

"The proof will come soon enough," Bruce replied grimly. "Whether they're prepared or not."

Morning brought a clear sky and refreshing breeze, carrying away the last lingering scents of Bruce's adventure. His wounds had healed remarkably overnight, and even the memory of his explosive encounter with Hagitha had begun to fade—or at least, to transform from mortification to an adventure worth retelling, with appropriate embellishments and omissions.

Log awaited him, surprisingly unperturbed by his master's ordeal. The faithful horse had apparently enjoyed his stay at Herman's, finding the muddy yard and ample vegetation much to his liking.

"He's a good beast," Herman said as Bruce prepared to depart. "Didn't even flinch when you returned in your... muddied condition yesterday."

"We've been through worse together," Bruce replied, patting Log's broad neck affectionately. "Though not much worse."

Ellie had packed provisions for his journey—bread, cheese, dried fruits, and several small vials of herbal remedies. "For your remaining aches, Sir Bruce," she explained. "And one for prevention of... digestive distress."

Bruce accepted the provisions with appropriate gravity. "My thanks, young lady. Your assistance has been invaluable."

The braphog snuffled around Bruce's boots, seeming almost sad to see him go. Bruce reached down cautiously to pat her bristly head. "Farewell, good lady. I look forward to meeting you in your proper form someday."

As Bruce mounted Log, Herman grasped his hand in a firm shake. "Safe travels, my friend. May your future adventures be somewhat less... messy."

Bruce laughed, a rich sound that scattered nearby birds from their perches. "One can only hope. Though I fear Turdcutter's name has taken on new meaning after yesterday's events."

With final farewells exchanged, Sir Bruce Chardon guided Log away from the cottage, back toward the road that would lead him to his next adventure. The spring sun warmed his back, birds sang in the trees, and the world felt renewed after the darkness of the tunnels.

Yet as he crested a small rise and looked back, Bruce couldn't help but notice a slight movement in the earth near the collapsed crater of the old muckwater pond—a subtle shifting of soil, as if something were moving just beneath the surface. Likely nothing more than a mole or a returning frog.

But perhaps not.

With a thoughtful frown, Bruce turned Log toward the nearby town. A warning was indeed in order. Grundel might be gone, but the aftermath of Bruce's adventure had only just begun.

Fini

Thanks for reading! - B.W. Cumner

AN IOWA INFERNO

The Scream of the Cicadas An Erotic Story of Forbidden Lust

by Lucille Simmons

Chapter 10

As if in mourning itself the Iowa sun hung low over the town's cemetery, where most of the community gathered for Mr. Muffard's funeral. Father Lovebones stood at the graveside, his black robes fluttering, delivering a eulogy with the trembling voice of a secret lover. "We will all miss Steven Muffard, a dedicated teacher, a man of principle," he said, his eyes glistening. My love, gone forever, he thought, his heart breaking beneath his priestly facade. McCourtney, in a tight black dress that hugged her curves, stood among the mourners, her face a mask of false grief. Yeah, but you're the only one who'll miss his cock, she thought, smirking inwardly. Fucking hypocrite, preaching while you sucked him off. Her role in Muffard's death—blackmailing him into killing Jace, leading to his own demise—felt like a twisted victory. He's gone, Jace is gone, I'm untouchable, she thought, her core tingling with power.

As the crowd dispersed, McCourtney lingered, waiting until the cemetery was empty. She crept back to Muffard's grave, hiking up her dress and squatting over the fresh dirt. "Here's what I think of you, you cissy fuck," she muttered, pissing on the grave, the hot stream soaking the soil, a final mockery of his memory. Rest in piss, she thought, adjusting her panties and strutting away, the cicadas' scream a fitting chorus to her defiance.



Back home, the house felt hollow without Thad, who'd been sent on a school trip for a few days. Fucking boring without him to mess with, McCourtney thought, her usual thrills—getting screwed by Jace's cock, Muffard's fear of committing murder—now gone. Jace is dead, Muffard is dealt with, what's left? Her only spark of excitement was the upcoming Nixon speech on TV that night. Milhous, my king, she thought, her pussy already wet at the thought of the president. She'd ensured Earl would be out, slipping him cash for the VFW, Drink yourself stupid, Dad, and bought fresh batteries for her vibrator, its hum a promise of ecstasy.

McCourtney's room was a shrine to Richard Nixon—photos plastered on the walls, his jowly face staring from every angle, meeting Earl's bootstrap republican approval. At least she's not a liberal, he'd said. She picked up a framed picture, tracing Nixon's face, her tongue flicking out to lick it, slow and sexual, tasting the glass. Fuck, I want you, she thought. She wondered if he would ever consider posing nude in erotic magazines after leaving office, she liked imagining him naked in a magazine post-presidency, his cock thick and veiny, hers for the taking. He'd leave Pat for me, she fantasized, her fingers brushing her clit through her purple flowery panties, her arousal spiking.

The phone's shrill ring shattered her reverie. She grabbed it, annoyed. Who the fuck? It was Thad, his voice smug from a payphone. "Bet you're sexually frustrated, huh, McCourtney? Me gone, Jace dead—nobody to fuck you," he taunted. She's gotta be desperate, he thought, his cock stirring despite his distance.

McCourtney laughed, turning the tables. "You wouldn't get any pussy even if you were here, Thad," she shot back. Fucking loser, she thought. "And you? Stuck on that school trip, no girls, no jerking off in those barracks. Bet your balls are blue already." He's so easy to break, she thought, smirking.

Thad's voice grew heated, horny. "What color panties are you wearing?" he asked. Fuck, I need her, his cock hardening in his jeans. She teased, "Not telling," but relented, "Purple, with flowers, you little perv." Let's see how far he goes, she thought.

"Take 'em down," he growled. I can see her pussy in my mind. McCourtney demanded, "What'd you do if you were here, huh?" The

call turned pornographic, her voice low and filthy. “I’d rip those panties off, spread your thighs, and eat your wet pussy till you scream,” Thad said. Fuck, I’m hard, his hand itching to stroke himself. McCourtney stripped, tossing her dress, sliding her panties down, her fingers plunging into her slick folds, holding Nixon’s photo, projecting Thad’s words onto her fantasy of Nixon. “I’d fuck you raw, pound your tight cunt, make you beg,” Thad continued. She’s mine.

McCourtney moaned, rubbing her clit, Nixon’s fucking me, his cock so big. “Oh, Richard,” she cried as she came, her orgasm shuddering through her, juices soaking the bed. Thad froze, Richard? Who the fuck’s Richard? jealousy flaring. “You got a new guy?” he snarled. She’s cheating on me?

“Calm down, idiot,” McCourtney laughed, Fucking baby, catching her breath. “Now do the same, jerk off for me, Thad. Prove you love me.” Let’s humiliate him, she thought, grinning.

“I can’t, I’m on a payphone in the middle of town,” Thad protested. Fuck, she’s crazy, his cock throbbing. McCourtney’s voice turned cold. “Don’t care. Drop your trousers, stroke that cock, or you’re nothing to me, you’re shit.” Do it, you weak fuck, she thought.

Thad, desperate, She owns me, unzipped, his cock springing free, stroking it in the open street. This is insane, he thought, his face burning. An old woman, approaching the payphone, gasped, “You filthy boy!” shouting for the police, Pervert! Thad yanked his trousers up, bolting down an alley, heart pounding, Fuck, I’m screwed.

He collided with a young woman, her milkshake splashing over her plain brown dress, flyers scattering. “I’m so sorry,” Thad stammered, wiping the mess, his hands brushing her chest. She flinched, Don’t touch me, her glasses glinting, braces flashing as she frowned. Thad grabbed the flyers—religious tracts for a prayer meeting. Jesus stuff, he thought, his cock still half-hard from McCourtney’s call.

She caught him reading, her voice soft but backed up with firm religious conviction. “Do you have a friend in gentle Jesus?”

He looks lost, she thought. Thad scoffed, “I’m beyond saving,” McCourtney’s damned me, he thought, but her conservative look—long skirt, no makeup, the opposite of McCourtney’s slutty

vibe—stirred him. She’s pure, maybe my salvation, he thought, his cock twitching. “I’m Melody,” she said, He needs guidance, offering a shy smile. “Come to the prayer meeting. It’s not too late.” Thad, smitten, grinned, “It’s a date.” Melody’s face hardened, “Not a date with me, a date with gentle Jesus.” He’s trouble, but Jesus saves, she thought, as Thad nodded, She’s nothing like McCourtney, but I want to fuck her anyway, his mind torn between sin and redemption.

Back at the house, McCourtney lit a cigarette, Nixon’s photo still in hand, Thad’s jealous, and I’m still queen, she thought, the TV warming up for Nixon’s speech, her vibrator ready. The cicadas screamed, a hymn to the town’s unraveling, a promise of new sins and salvations.

Chapter 11

The Iowa evening was thick with the hum of crickets as Thad trudged toward the prayer meeting. The venue was a tiny, former storefront shop, its cracked windows papered with Bible verses, now doubling as a makeshift church. A hand written banner read “Salvation House”. Thad loitered outside, his stomach churning, I don’t belong here, he thought, his mind a tangle of guilt and McCourtney’s lingering hold—her purple panties, her pussy grinding on his face, her mocking voice on the phone. I’m damned, and these Jesus freaks’ll see right through me. His jeans still carried the faint, dry stains of his public humiliation, the memory of the old woman’s screams and his frantic escape still fresh. Melody spotted him from the doorway, her plain brown dress and long skirt a stark contrast to McCourtney’s whore allure, her glasses glinting with earnest, Christian warmth. “Thad, you came!” she called, her braces flashing as she smiled, He’s troubled, but the Lord brought him here, she thought. Thad’s resolve wavered, She’s so pure, I can’t say no, and he shuffled inside, his boots scuffing the worn linoleum.

The room was cramped, filled with a dozen mismatched chairs and a small altar draped in white cloth. A handful of congregants—former drunks, junkies, whores, ex-cons, and other lost souls—murmured prayers, their faces lit by candlelight. Melody guided Thad to a seat, her hand brushing his arm. He’s scared, but I’ll help him, she thought. “Thank you for coming,” she said softly, her voice like a balm. “I know it’s hard, but you’re welcome here.”

Thad squirmed, I'm unworthy of this place, of her, he thought, his eyes fixed on Melody—Miss Melody, as he called her, Miss Melody's conservative grace a lifeline he thought he'd never have. "I don't fit in, Miss Melody," he muttered. They're clean, I'm filthy. "I'm... not good enough for you or these folks."

Melody's eyes softened, He's carrying a heavy burden, she thought, sitting beside him. "All here were sinners once, Thad. We're all on our way to being saved, moving slowly up the almighty's staircase. You can be too." Her sincerity pierced him, She's nothing like McCourtney, he thought, his heart aching with a flicker of hope, of salvation.

"You're so kind, so lovely," Thad said, his voice breaking. "You've restored my faith in women, Miss Melody. I was starting to think all women were whores, but now I realize it's mostly just my sister." McCourtney's a demon, but she's not you, he thought, his cock twitching traitorously at the memory of her ass, her pussy, her cruel dominance.

Melody tilted her head, His sister's the key to his pain, she instinctively thought, her voice gentle but probing. "Tell me about your sister, Thad. I'm sure she's at the root of your troubles." The Lord's guiding me to help him, she thought, her Christian faith unwavering.

Thad's face flushed, shame and confession warring within him. Can I tell her? he thought, his hands trembling. "I... I've slept with her," he blurted, his voice a hoarse whisper. "Do you understand what I'm saying, Miss Melody? My penis has been inside my own sister's body. I've... even feasted upon her anus, and licked her pussy till she screamed. There's no hope for me." I'm a monster, he thought, tears pricking his eyes, expecting her to recoil.

Melody's breath caught, Such a grievous sin, she thought, but her face remained calm, her Christianity a steady anchor. "As long as there's faith, there's hope," she said, her voice firm. "Even for sins like incest, there's forgiveness if you're serious enough, Thad. The Lord's mercy is boundless." He's not beyond saving, she thought, her heart swelling with newfound purpose. "I'll help you. It hasn't escaped my attention

that you look upon me as a woman. As a Christian, I of course reject sex before marriage, but I can't reject the Lord's plans for us. There's a reason He brought us together. If that reason is that one day I am to be your wife, a homemaker and the bearer of your children, then so be it." Thad's breath hitched, She'd be mine? he thought, a vision of salvation—Melody in a white dress, pure and untouched, erasing McCourtney's sexual taint. He fell to his knees, overcome, his arms wrapping around her midsection, his face pressed against her skirt. "I pray that's true, Miss Melody," he choked out, tears streaming. "Gentle Jesus, enter my life, save me from her, from myself." Miss Melody is my redemption, he thought, his heart pounding with a mix of reverence and desire, her pure, God fearing conservatism a stark contrast to McCourtney's filthy seduction.

Melody rested a hand on his shoulder, The Lord's working through him, she thought, her own heart stirring with a quiet resolve, the lyrics to the hymn 'What a friend we have in Jesus' playing in her joyous heart.

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer

O what peace we often forfeit
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

"Rise, Thad," she said, He's on the path, but it's a long, hard one. The congregants, unaware of the profundity of Thad's spiritual awakening continued their own prayers, the room a fragile sanctuary against the temptation that Thad knew would be waiting back home.

The sun beat down mercilessly, baking the cracked sidewalks as McCourtney strutted home, her cut-off jeans riding low, exposing her hip bones, and her halter top barely containing her braless breasts, nipples poking through the thin fabric. This town's a fucking graveyard, she thought, her mind restless without Thad's pathetic obsession or Jace's cock to toy with. Muffard's death was a triumph,

but it left her craving chaos. Need something to stir this shithole up, she thought, her switchblade heavy in her pocket.

A sudden roar shattered the quiet—the guttural snarl of motorcycles. McCourtney’s pulse quickened, No fucking way, she thought, recognizing the biker gang that she had banged. The pack rolled up, leather vests gleaming, led by Harry, a cigarette dangling from his lips. “Hi, sweet cheeks, remember me?” he called, his grin predatory, That ass is still prime, he thought, eyeing her curves.

McCourtney smirked, sauntering over, hips swaying. “Sure do, Harry. You rode me good,” she purred. Fucked my ass raw, she thought, her pussy tingling at the memory. “Thought you boys were in the slammer.” Harry laughed, spitting into the dust. “Yeah, they picked us up for killing that tarbaby. Seemed like a good way to help the country—too many coloreds around anyhow. German shepherd sniffed the kid, then chomped his guts. Thought I’d never stop laughing.” Fucking hilarious, he thought, recalling the headline McCourtney had seen: “White Nuts Feed Baby to Hungry Dog, Just For Laughs.” She’d cackled at the same headline, Sick bastards, my kind of people.

“How’d you get out?” she asked, Bet it’s a story, leaning closer, her cleavage in his face. Harry grinned, “That teacher prick killing the hippy with a pickaxe fucked up their case. They thought he might have done the black kid too, so the sheriff cut us loose.” Dumbass cops, he thought.

McCourtney’s eyes lit up, Muffard’s fuck-up freed them? Perfect, she thought. “Cool. Wanna ball? My house ain’t far,” she said, Let’s fuck this town up, her core throbbing with anticipation.

“Nah, got business,” Harry said, his voice darkening. “That priest, Father Lovebones, thought he was a big man, said he’d testify against us. Now he’s gonna take a vow of silence.” Fucking snitch, he thought, cracking his knuckles.

McCourtney’s arousal spiked at the promise of violence, Blood and cock, my favorite, she thought. “Mind if I tag along? Lovebones is a fucking hypocrite. Caught him blowing Muffard, the schoolteacher, in the schoolhouse. Sucked him like a pro.” Fucking fags, hiding behind their Bible, she thought, her bigotry flaring.

Harry's face twisted with disgust, A queer priest? He's dead, he thought, his hatred surging. "Hop on, sweet cheeks," he said, This'll be fun. McCourtney climbed onto his bike, her hands sliding to his crotch, fondling his hardening cock through his jeans before wrapping her arms around his waist. Gonna be a wild ride, she thought, her pussy wet as the bike roared toward the church.

At St. Mary's, Father Lovebones was alone, locking up for the day, his black robes heavy with the weight of Muffard's death. My love, gone, how can life be so cruel, he thought, his heart raw. The door crashed open, the biker gang storming in—Harry, Robin, Big John, Shades, Jailer, and McCourtney—surrounding him like wolves. "What do you want?" Lovebones demanded, his voice flickering with fear. He spotted McCourtney, her halter top tight, jeans low, smirking wickedly. "Mccourtney, what are you doing here? Surely you don't associate with these outlaw motorcyclists." She's fallen so far, he thought, clutching his rosary.

Mccourtney laughed, stepping forward, "Well, if it ain't the Reverend Cocksucker. Tell me, did you ever blow Muffard in the confessional?" Fucking got him, she thought, relishing his shock.

Lovebones' face paled. "What do you know of Steven and I?" he whispered, Lord, protect us.

"Sure, Saw you sucking him off in the schoolhouse," McCourtney said, her voice dripping with mockery. "For what it's worth, your technique was great—lips tight, throat deep." Fucking queer, she thought, as the bikers roared with laughter. What a fag, Harry thought, spitting. Lovebones' eyes blazed, "I bet you set him up, didn't you?" She's the devil, he thought, his grief turning to rage. McCourtney grinned, "Talked him into killing Jace for me. Pity he got himself killed—my fault for sending a cissy to do a man's job." Weak fuck, she thought, her cruelty a thrill.

Lovebones snapped, lunging at her, his foot slamming into her crotch. You vile harlot! he thought, pain exploding through her pussy.

Mccourtney doubled over, gasping, Fucking bastard, as Robin grabbed Lovebones from behind, pinning his arms. Big John seized a statue of the Virgin Mary, smashing it over Lovebones' head, blood streaming down his face. Take that, fag, he thought.

McCourtney recovered, her switchblade flashing as she stabbed Lovebones repeatedly in the chest and stomach, blood spurting, soaking her halter top. Die, you prick, she thought, untying her top, rubbing the blood across her bare breasts, her nipples hard. “Killing gets me excited,” she purred to Harry, Fuck, I’m wet, her pussy throbbing despite the pain. “Bastard got me good—my cunt’s gonna bruise purple. Okay if you just fuck my ass instead?”

Harry grinned, his cock straining, Her ass is fucking gold, he thought. “No problem, sweet cheeks. I’m addicted to that tight hole. Your pussy’ll have to wait.” He yanked her cut-offs down, her panties with them, exposing her ass. Spitting on his cock, he thrust between her cheeks, sinking deep into her ass, So fucking tight, he thought, fucking her hard over the altar, one hand gripping her shoulder, the other pulling her hair, her moans raw and loud.

The other bikers trashed the church, spraying graffiti and pissing on pews, This place is ours, Shades thought. Robin wandered over, watching Harry pound McCourtney’s ass, her blood-smeared tits bouncing. Mimicking a limp-wristed homosexual, he lisped, “My, my, isn’t he big?”

McCourtney flipped him the bird, Fuck off, as he slapped Harry’s ass, “Save some for me, brother.”

Big John and Shades tore a giant crucifix from the wall, dragging the bleeding Lovebones to it, nailing his hands and feet with rusted spikes, Suffer, fag, they thought, hoisting him up before Harry and McCourtney, still fucking, her ass clenching around his cock, God, he really is huge, she thought, her orgasm building. She locked eyes with Lovebones, smirking, “Who’d have thought it Reverend? We both ended up getting nailed in church.”

Lovebones, blood pooling in his mouth, spat defiantly at her, his eyes burning with righteous fury, then slumped, dead, his body sagging against the cross. Lord, take me, he thought in his final breath. Harry came, hot and thick inside McCourtney’s ass, Fucking queen, he thought, as she shuddered, her own orgasm ripping through her, Blood and cock, my heaven, she thought, collapsing against him.

TO BE CONTINUED

EDEN



A Romance
by Ernst Graf

CHAPTER 138

GOLDEN ANGEL

I gain a lot by coming to work.

1. Six days of lots of walking and cardio
2. Six days to cleanse my body of alcohol
3. I earn another £1,080.
4. Get to watch and listen to all those YouTube videos I don't have time for at home.

God's Chosen Ones

Soul Whisper Tarot

Neville Goddard teachings

415am Tuesday morning. Thursday morning I can return to — and pubs for three days. *Eros, The Grand Tour*, PENICILLIN.

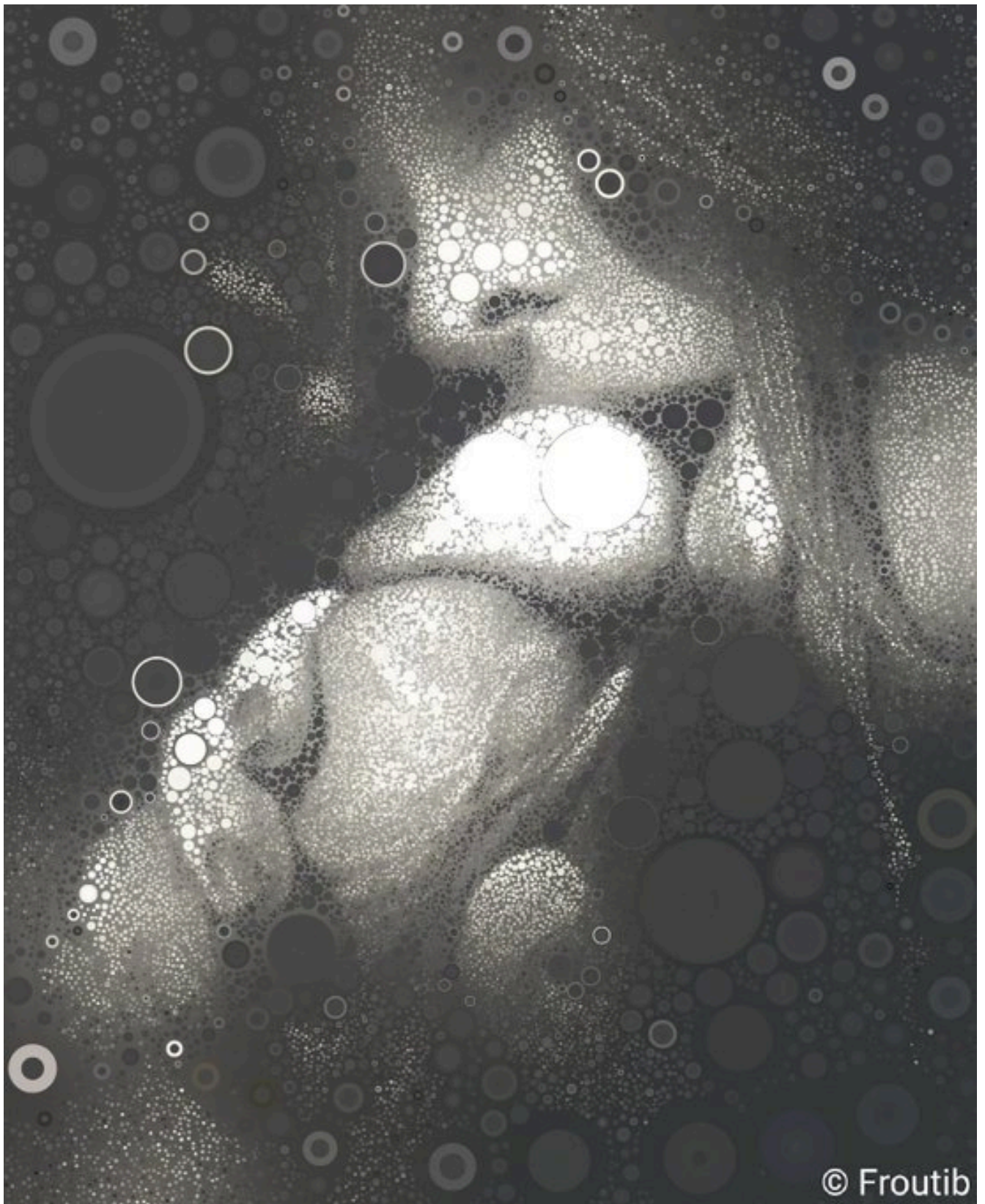
Schoolgirl came in with mother last night and had on a short dress, Christ her legs are amazing. Give her four years and let us see, if I am still there then.

Paris is going to be a cold 8-9°C all three days, no warmer than it was back in January so really no incentive to go there at all. Cannot wait to get to the Berlin pubs on all three days, and perhaps finally another Chinese massage.

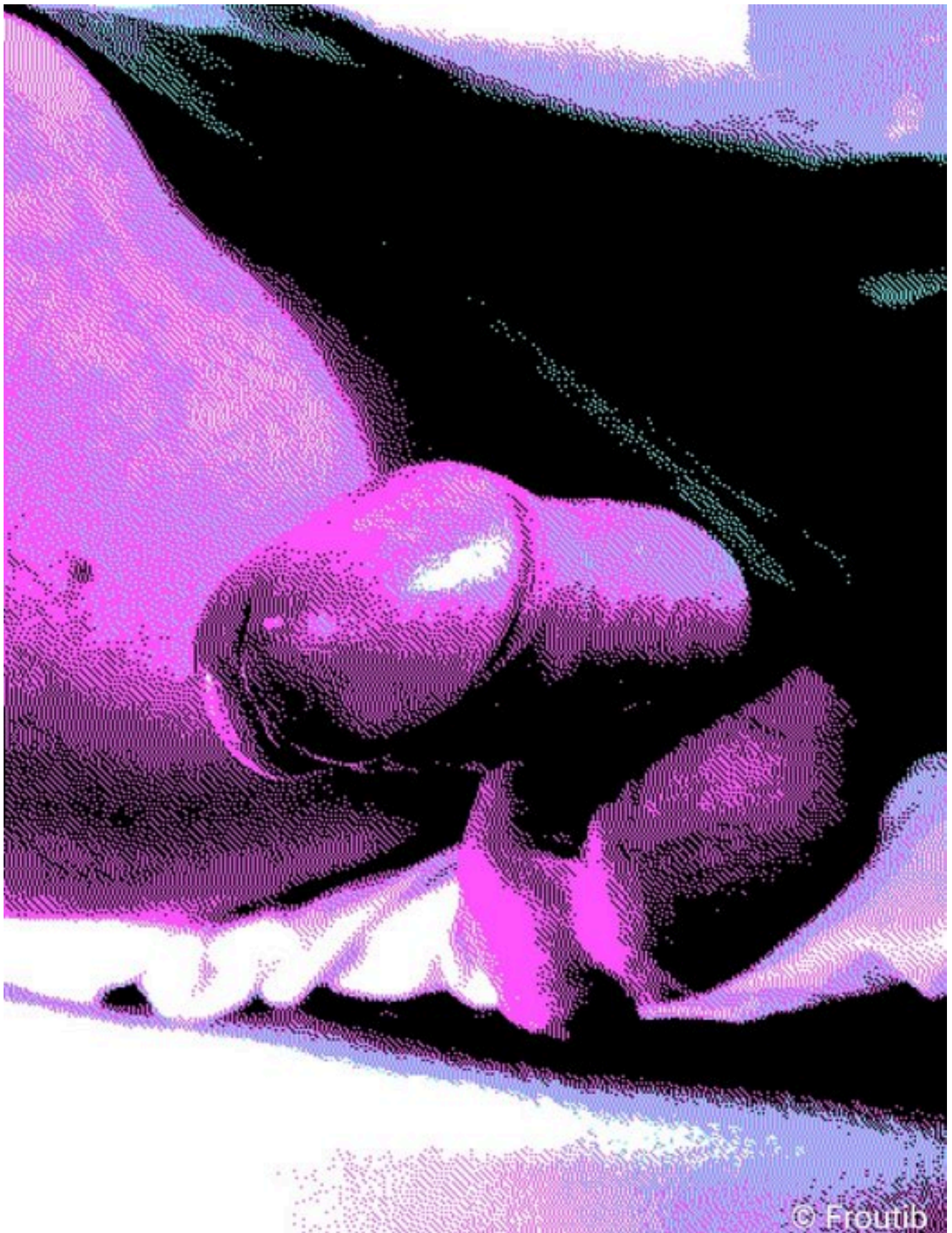
My annual appraisal from — was wonderful. Really couldn't have been any better, take enormous succour and inspiration from that, particularly considering what I have been through recently. He made a point, quite deliberately I think, of saying he never gets any replies from the client these days, but he knows — and — talk a lot. I think he was trying to tell me it was not his fault, and tipping me off so I know who to blame.

How I defeated and outplayed the whole society blob of haters, Snake and black spy.

I sat a lot of people down.



A la folie by FROUTIB



En pointant by Froutib

Goddess Energy—THE CONSEQUENCES OF DECEIVING THIS EARTH ANGEL ARE BRUTAL 🧙‍♀️🌌

▶ THEIR WITCHCRAFT BACKFIRED ON THEM & ALCHEM...

▶ YOU ARE CHOSEN FOR A **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** OPPORTU...

Incredible effect on three women in the past month.

Just one more night to get through.

▶ TO THE LONE WOLF THAT EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A...

Being around other people interrupts my energy. Other people act like a circuit breaker. Cuts my power. My power comes surging back when I'm alone.

Ok ICE to Paris tomorrow changed to Thursday 15th May (!) coming home Saturday for Saturday night in Berlin. Just £10 extra for ticket going.

I will leave the April 15th booking for now.

Paris stock really sunk so low?

Just Berlin has temporarily risen.

I should try to incorporate one night stands in Nuremberg into my three night Paris trips once Spring comes. For the glory of proper striptease. And finally Hamburg. Amsterdam I didn't like.

But I don't like anywhere new. I travel for familiarity.



🎉 The **RECOGNITION & FAVOUR** that **GOD** is about to **BESTOW UPON YOU** is going to **TURN THIS** 🤡 **INSIDE OUT** 😞

Wow! 💀 You've **ESCAPED** a **VINDICTIVE CULT** and now **GOD'S DIVINE FAVOUR** will **OVERFLOW** into **YOUR LIFE** 🎊

Like my redundancy was waiting to be unlocked, after 16 years I couldn't claim all that redundancy pot until someone finally made me redundant, so being made redundant was a massive win, so is good karma waiting to be unlocked for me after all I endured. We **NEED** bad things to happen to us, as the only way to unlock the good thing on the other side. Chess moves. Sometimes we must force that bad thing to happen, and our enemy's eyes light up,

thinking he has got us now, and that is when they realise they have walked into our trap.

Well, a bitterly cold morning with bitterly cold rain. Rubbish day for breakfast or early drinking. Friday was lovely sunny spring like day. This is bleak midwinter weather, and the next two days will be no better. A very damp and cold squib these three days will be now I expect. Anyway, we have to try, don't we?

Paris weather is exactly the same so I am not missing out on anything there.

I was thinking English Breakfast is a waste on my first day off as I am really mad for the beer on my first day off. Better to save the breakfast for the morning before I have to return to work, after all. Last pleasure before the six nights begin again. Yes, makes sense.

Friday 1230 I start in —. New blonde barmaid.

I might be here a while.

150 in Golden Angel. Finishing my first beer here thinking to move to — when perhaps the most beautiful girl of all time walks past the window, then oh my comes in. Bulge now.

223 on my third in Golden Angel. She still sitting facing me eating her food.

245 on my fourth in Golden Angel. She still opposite me.

*

912am Saturday. Sore head, even sorer back and kidneys. Fucked up night, thought at any moment I was going to have to vomit but survived it.

Friday? Two in — with new blonde Aussie barmaid, then to — but it was already packed, so decamped to The Golden Angel instead. Noticed how many sexy Chinese and Korean girls walk past these windows and thought “This place is not so bad after all, you know”, but then a stunning black-haired Chinese girl appeared in long black coat and appeared to be hesitating outside. “Oh please come in” I thought, and she did! She looked around but seeing no spare table seemed about to leave so I vacated the

one I was sitting at and just moved to a single stool in the corner and she took the table and sat at it facing me. Christ, she was exquisitely beautiful. It looked perhaps like Chinese crossed with perhaps South American genes, but the more I looked at her, I thought maybe it was pure South American. Long black hair, exquisite bone structure, smile (as she was talking the whole while on her phone). She ordered food so I knew she would be there a long time so I stayed, and had four pints in the end. My bulge was almost immediate and she could not of course fail to notice it. At the end even after having finished her food and her beer, she sat side on to me in profile, as if waiting for me to make my move. A man who so desires a girl he sits in a pub facing her with massive bulge is definitely going to approach her right? Of course I don't do that. So I just let her go, and she seemed suddenly deflated as she left. An extraordinary encounter, again.

One of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life.

Oh I forgot to say, as she sat down she took off her black coat and it looked like she was just wearing a black bra! No, it was a corset or lingerie of some kind but below bra level it was see through. Very very sexy outfit, under black cardigan, and black trousers. As she did so she had a little grin on her face, as she knew I was looking, and knew the effect it would have.

Elegant sexy woman.

So having four pints in the Golden Angel really put a finish to my day. I came back to — for one, then just went food shopping, over ate and out like a light.

Today is Paddy's Day so expect mayhem everywhere, not able to get in anywhere. Might be a short day. Which I need.

CHAPTER 139

LULU

Well, Saturday was even more awful than I feared. I was in no fit state to go out still, fucked by my drinking on Friday, in particular the four swift Morettis in Golden Angel hooked on the black hair

siren, South American or Eurasian or whatever she was, but went out I did. Not only Paddy's Day but football fans were everywhere ahead of some cup final today. — couldn't get in, — packed but I had a half, Golden Angel packed so turned around, — busy but I got a window seat at least, then back to — for one but then realised too late there were no high stools as they had all been removed because of the football supporters, so I could not even sit. Waste of a pint. Had just two & half pints and only paid for one and a half as — gave me that one for free, so food shopping then home. A very cheap Saturday at least.

Made some good progress on THE GRAND TOUR in the last couple of hours. Every little helps. Just got up to the Riccarda first meeting in March 2004.

Looking on the bright side, the fact I DID only have 2½ pints on Saturday and none at all this Sunday before work sets me up in good stead for the return to work. Last week I would have had 7½ the day before and four on the day of work itself, so a massive improvement in my head hopefully, and greatly reduced expenditure over the two days as well of course.

Six nights at work another £1,080 I am about to earn, when if not for snake quitting it would only have been £720.

What of my three days off, Thursday, Friday, Saturday?

Well, Saturday was a complete write off as I was feeling so fucked from Friday's drinking and Saturday was even worse than normal due to football supporters taking over Berlin. But, it saved me money. Just 2½ pints and only 1½ I had to pay for and then none at all Sunday before work.

Looks like this girl Ruby has ALREADY disappeared from the —?! And I cannot be bothered to make that awful long trek to — again just for Danni. Another reason to incorporate Nuremberg one nighters into my trips to Paris for the rest of the year.

Ache in my right side, not sure if muscle or kidney. Look forward for sure to six days dry now.

Little smile from schoolgirl as she came in with mother last night and I held door open for them. That is the shy grin of a girl who likes a man.

So no travelling at all in February and it is now going to be none at all in March as well. And the April three nighter has to be

rebooked anyway, which will probably mean nothing in April either. I want to give my bank a chance to SHOW it is profiting from the new 3-man team arrangement.

Again I have to say that meeting with black coat in the Golden Angel was one of the most extraordinary encounters of my life. Again I got a bulge in public and she knew it and I didn't care. Every set of days off I have one incredible encounter it seems. It is becoming quite incredible. Because I am wishing it into being and we create what we wish?

Oh my three sunny days coming Tuesday Wednesday Thursday 10 17 18°C. Can I resist?

I know I said never again but I must live wildly, and enjoy those — English Breakfasts and some early beers on sunny days. I saved three nights of Paris hotel money last week, and will probably cancel April as well, so can afford some £20 breakfasts to show my bulge off some more. I cannot stay inside my flat six days in a row every time.

So I did the sensible responsible normal thing on Monday. Home from work, straight to bed without eating or pornography, dozed for four hours with wee break, up for couple of hours on computer, and hour later lay down in the dark to rest, then to work. How boring and sensible. Do I really have to do this for six days in a row in my new post-snake routine? Surely unthinkable to condemn myself to such banality? Maybe better to go out for breakfast, few beers, out like a light 2pm till 630 to work. Same amount of sleep but I feel I've harvested something for myself during the day. Always a chance to “meet someone” doing that.

11am in — today. First beer started 1110. 1125 I wait for the English Breakfast. If I am not travelling anymore, not at all in February and will not be at all in March, and more than likely not April either, and my strip pub expenses are almost non-existent, then I can treat myself to these little luxuries.

*

Tuesday I went out for 11am English Breakfast, then one in —, one half in each of —, Golden Angel and —, before two more (one too many at least) back in —. After two sips of my beer in Golden Angel I already saw three separate cut glass Korean or Chinese


beauties. Then a few minutes later two more together. Golden Angel just joined my route. Then in the — two posh English uni girls came in with beardy friend and the one who looked like Beth kept looking in my direction with wide eyes then pretended to be observing photos on the wall behind me each time. She was hooked by me straightaway. The — only has stained glass windows though so I will not return there alas.

Anyway, I got it out of my system, no desire to go out this lunchtime despite gorgeous warm sunny weather arriving. Three nights to get through, then Saturday, Sunday, Monday off.

Going to work after daytime drinking is SO horrible. I really do not want to do it again. To bed without eating anything again today. Good. Well done.

Two new little video clips 20 minutes ago from Katharina at the carpark at work with great difficulty removing what looks like (I know nothing about cars) the electric battery from her car, with the words "and there are still people who say I'm cool". Good, she got her car then. I gave her a great start to her life back in Brazil. She part afforded the car by selling the motorbike that I bought for her. And I gave her a year of English lessons too.

She mentions "my boyfriend" in one of the videos. Good. Hope he is helping her with money now.

 Something BIG is coming CHOSEN ONE! You've fought HIG...
[THE UNIVERSE WANTS TO SPOIL YOU ON THIS SPIRITUALLY DRIPPED BILLIONAIRE TIMELINE! YOUR ON TRACK! 🧡](#)

That girl on the crowded — bus back to B— Straße was really watching me this morning, captivated, looked away with little smile when I looked back. And that girl with long black hair and big Alice band suddenly started furiously obsessively combing her hair through her hand as she stood by the door on the — bus to work a couple of nights ago when she became aware of me. I am having a MASSIVE effect on girls right now, and I am responding so much physically as well right now. Can't wait for Saturday, Sunday, Monday to come. Saturday and Sunday I will aim for the early sessions, but Monday try to go late.

Wow Li Li at — was February 5th, that is already 7 weeks ago! I think I can allow myself another massage after 7 weeks.



Tomorrow is 20th anniversary of Elena Prokina at the Wigmore Hall. "I still love....him." As she sang those words she turned and looked me directly in the eyes where I sat right at the side against the wall. One of the most breathtaking moments of my life.

Oh Christ, are you kidding me, is schoolgirl's name really Lulu???



NEXT WEEK—A BABYLONIAN PALACE



ENDNOTES

Your Editor Ernst Graf—A cultured man with a passion for opera & European pornography [Marquis de Yellow Pill / X](#) and [My Books DforDoom](#)—Cult movies, classic movies, horror, cult tv of the 60s & 70s, vintage genre fiction [Classic Movie Ramblings](#) [Cult Movie Reviews](#) & [Vintage Pop Fictions](#) & [D4doome / X](#)

David Playfair—Two broken mirrors were connected by a tunnel through space and time, and a different part of me was at each end. [Meat Machine / X](#) [The Meat Machine: Amazon.co.uk](#)

FROUTIB— Man, 51, erotic art lover. Art is sublimation of life. Life is Art. I ❤️ the beauty of curves & sensuality of forms, without perversity  [FROUTIB / X](#)

Nick August—[Nick August—El tecolote/X](#) Substack: [Nick August](#)

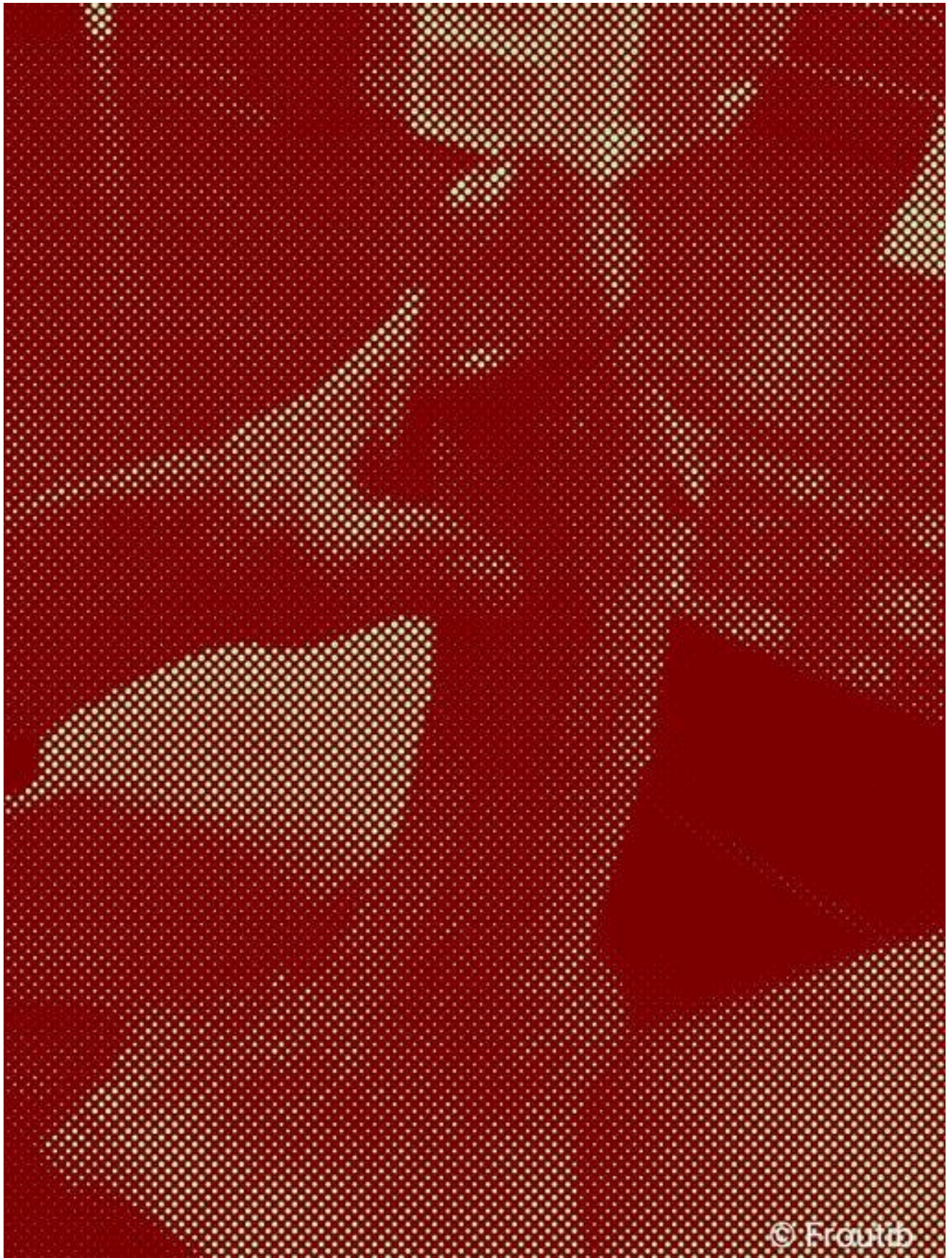
Bruce Chardon—Writer. Wordchad. Sigma male. Cum Zone Pioneer. Le Marquis de Toilette. [Bruce Chardon Blog](#) [Bruce Chardon \(@BruceChardon\) / X](#)

Miriana Loi—[X/Miriana Loi](#)



COVER PHOTO: Miriana Loi

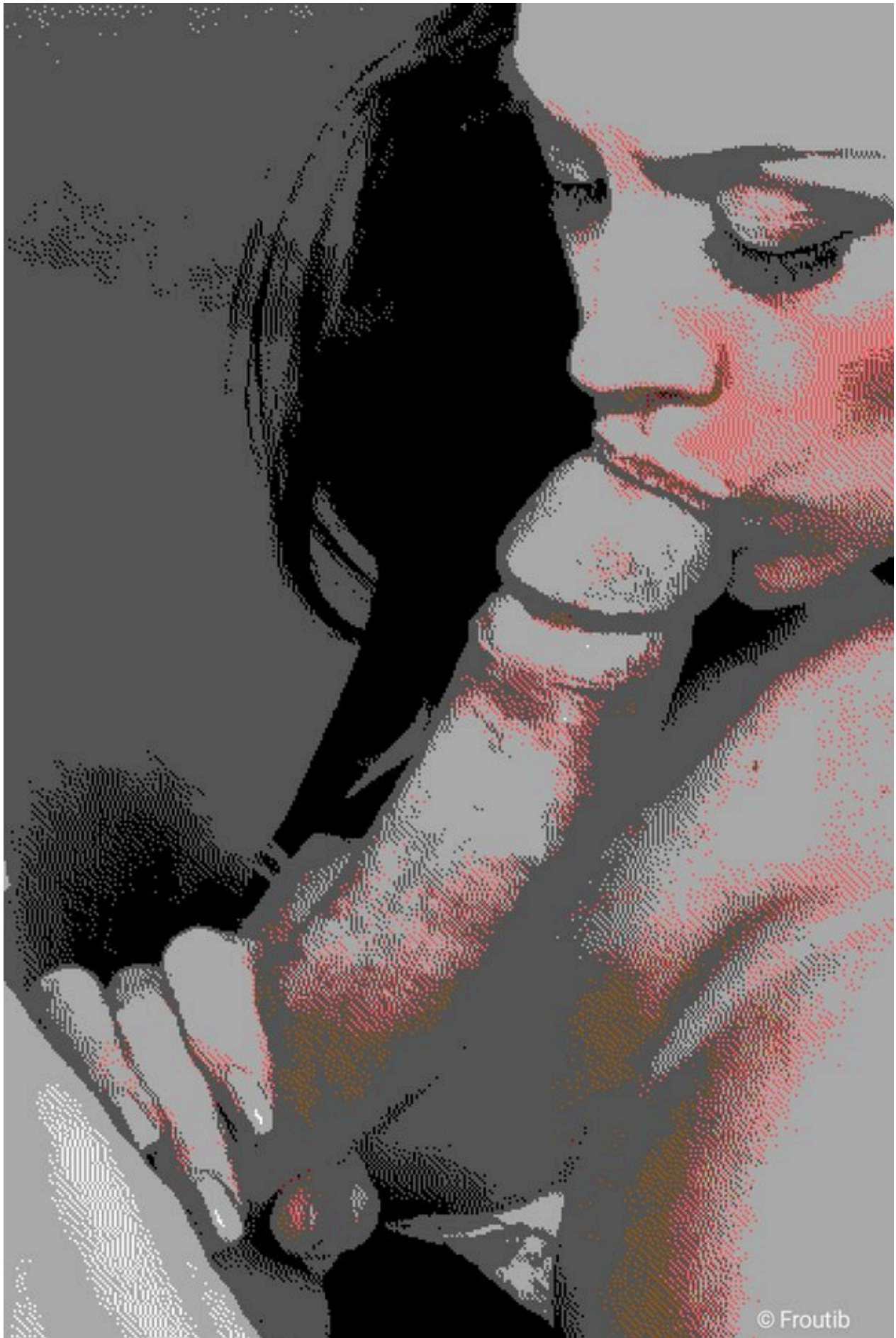
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