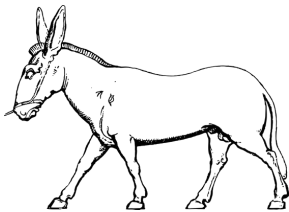


A  
**DONKEY**  
On a White Messiah



R. S. Aharon

But such is the truth: its nature is not to appear in a wavy bristle - the fringe is its eternal abode. It is hidden, covert, and one must observe carefully in order to find it.



0.00\$ including VAT



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**on**

**a White**

**Messiah**

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**Printed in the land of Here**

**In the year of Now**

**Upon paper for the making of which**

**No sacred trees were cut off**

**To All Donkeys**

## **Cover My Ass**

The plot of the stories, its characters and their names are all made up by the author's wild imagination. Any correlation between the plot of the stories and events that occurred in real life, as well as between the characters that are in it and their names to characters or names of people, dead or alive, is absolutely coincidental.



# The Stories

A Donkey on a White Messiah

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Hot\*

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Cloths Don't Make The Man\*

The Invisible Hand

You Have Reached Your Destination\*

**\*Stories translated by machines, soon to be translated by a  
human**

# A Donkey On A White Messiah

"Hasten The Coming of The Messiah"

The decorated letters have adorned the gate of Jerusalem for years many. As many as the number of years in which Messiah sits under the exact same gate, stroking his faithful donkey, waiting for the glorious moment. Oh, for countless times he had sailed imagining the time when he'd enter the city's gate, ridden on his donkey, and redeem the masses!

Indeed, our Messiah, in spite of all his sublime characteristics, has always been impatient. Every day he would approach humbly, but devoutly, the passers-by,

pleading them, hoping that those would be found worthy of redemption. Those, however, were mostly busy passing-by, and Messiah marked yet another line in his long table of despair. In the evening he would turn to feed his donkey, and watch him while he ate; And every time he redeemed the donkey from hunger to satiety, he felt as if he had redeemed the whole wide world.

One fine morning, Messiah decided to take on an unprecedented act. An act like which the world has not yet seen - neither this world nor the next one. Messiah decided to hasten his coming with his own hands. My moderate attempts are not sufficient, he thought. Desperate times call for desperate measures, the purpose sanctifies them, and they're all kosher.

The Messiah gathered some of the copper coins occasionally thrown at him by the passers-by (in order to get rid of him), and published a small ad in the local newspaper:

'Interviews for potential salvation. For details: Messiah 88-888-888'. Admittedly, such sensational news should appear as a prominent headline on the main page. But such is the truth: its nature is not to appear in a wavy bristle – the fringe is its eternal abode. It is hidden, covert, and must be carefully observed in order to be found.

\*

Five candidates had attended the interview. First entered The Businessman; With a smug smile, thick neck and a tight suit, he sat down in front of the skinny Messiah. Messiah looked at him with suspicion, with his donkey alert to his right. "What brings you here?" He asked. "I'm here because I feel like being here," replied The Businessman, "and because I know what you need. You know, for this

redemption of yours. You need the same thing that everyone needs. From the moment a person hears the word 'no' in his youth, that very longing is created. It continues with the labour of that very same person to earn his bread, in the sweat of his brow. And it never disappears - not at while standing at the red light, not in a neighbors' conversation, not with your wife. For, my friend, there is one thing, and one thing only, that has the power to redeem human beings - that is freedom. Gather all the dictionaries and commandments - replace the word 'no' with the word 'yes', replace the word 'need' with the word 'want' - and there you have a corrected society. God expelled us from paradise because of the forbidden fruit? Don't make me laugh. After all, the very existence of a 'forbidden' fruit proves that the place is not worthy of being called a paradise."

"Well," said Messiah, now more intrigued than before, "would you like to teach your gospel to the masses?"

"Who, me??" replied The Businessman, with a mocking smile on his face, "what do I have to do with them? My next stop is a vacation in the Canary Islands, my jet's waiting outside. Maybe you should do the same, darling, and start living a little. What kind of freedom will they have if they don't free themselves?"

Without waiting for an answer, The Businessman patted Messiah's shoulder, added, "Oh, and smoke something," and left the room.

\*

Second entered The Religious Man; In worn clothes and blazing eyes he sat down and mumbled prayers, while Messiah is trying to catch his attention.

"What brings you here?" He asked.

"Creator of the worlds, he's the one who brought me here, and he is the one who will take me away," The Religious Man replied, "and the same goes for you. Redemption you seek? And who are we, the dust and ashes that we are, to be allowed to meditate on such matters of divine importance? Stop looking for hope in the issues between man and his neighbor or between man and himself. The only place where redemption is to be found is between man and his Creator. Salvation is not, and never will be, found in thoughts or deeds. For, righteous man, there is one thing, and one thing only, that has the power to redeem human beings - that is faith. The power of God, the power of life, is great - compared to it, we are nothing. Don't waste time on frustrations and bitterness - everything is part of the plan anyway. Gather a quorum of the righteous and make your way toward the house of God - just make sure

it's the right house of God. Maybe you can still make it to evening prayer. And cover your head before you set out, you could do some modesty."

"Well," said Messiah, now doubting his own beliefs, "would you like to teach your gospel to the masses?"

"Who, me??" replied The Religious Man with a startled expression "What do I have to do with those infidels? The Sabbath is about to start, and heaven forbid if I don't arrive home by the appointed time. Here's one coin. Charity shall save from death!" Said The Religious Man and left the room.

Disappointed, Messiah turned to water his donkey, and as he watched the donkey drinking, he felt his own thirst slowly saturating.

\*



Third entered The Activist; Troubled and temperamental, she sat down and began to scold:

"I protest your cynical use of the newspaper system!" She said and pounded her fist on the table. "And look, a short while after, there I am, like a puppet on their hands!"

Messiah didn't open his mouth in front of the angry guest.

"And who is it that you want to redeem? This world is clearly divided into good and evil - the bad are at the top of the pyramid and the good are at the bottom of it. Prior to all discussions of salvation is the burning necessity to compensate all the victims for what was brutally taken from them. For, Messiah, there is one thing, and one thing only, that has the power to redeem human beings - that is justice. Aren't I right? We must fight the war of the oppressed, the war of the just, and defeat the one percent. The root of the problem isn't the morality of the tiny tax

evader or the average traffic offender. The whole problem drains to the top! Power corrupts, and as soon as man changes from weakness to power, the change between good and evil takes place. I beg you, find the argument that will refute me!"

"Well," Messiah replied, mesmerized by the woman's rhetorical skills, "would you like to teach your gospel to the masses?"

"First, beware of the inappropriate use of the word 'masses' - they are human beings just like you and me," The Activist continued angrily. "Now, regarding the strong among them - what do I have to do with that can of worms? The men, the rich, the white, the Western - the proper place for them is behind bars!" She finished and left the room.

\*

Fourth entered The Hippy; With a colorful sleeve and a quiet expression, she sat in silence in front of the Messiah.

"What brings you here?" He asked.

"The only thing I know is that I am here," the woman replied, almost whispering, "and not how, when and why. I have long given up on these troublesome questions - they lead to nothing constructive. With this waiver alone it is possible to synchronize with the universal love frequency of the cosmos! Look around and see, the sun is shining, the birds are chirping. We are so prone to get carried away in political debates of war and peace, instead of sailing on the clouds of the rainbow. For, my good friend, there is one thing, and one thing only, that has the power to redeem human beings - that is peace. Lay down your arms, and with it lay down your will and your thoughts. In any case, they are all illusions. Matrix. Maya. Find a nice corner for yourself, and observe. The road unwinds

by itself, we don't need to take part in this deceptive trap."

"Well," said the Messiah, tempted by the woman's suggestion, "would you like to teach your gospel to the masses?"

"Who, me?" The Hippie replied, still whispering, "I don't even know who that 'I' you are talking about is. Anyway, it's time for my afternoon meditation, I have to go. Our monastery has just received a donation of several millions from some oil tycoon! The path works in mysterious ways," She said to herself and left the room.

The donkey let out a shudder of disappointment and Messiah stroked his nose.

\*

Fifth and last entered The Scientist; His head bald, sleepless wrinkles under his eyes, she at

down in front of Messiah and looked at his watch.

"What brings you here?" Messiah asked.

"My car, of course," The Scientist replied dismissively, "2015 Toyota Yaris, to be precise. It could not have done it by itself – along with it were gravity, the laws of aerodynamics, burning fossil fuel. I can specify all the way down to the subatomic level, if you wish. Thanks to my navigation device, I was even able to predict the exact time of my arrival! Such a mapping, which leaves no room for mistakes - has the power to save us countless grief and pain. For, sir, there is one thing, and one thing only, that has the power to redeem human beings - that is certainty. When you know what's going to happen, you're no longer a prisoner of random anxiety and fear of failure. You cease floating like a gripless particle in an infinite space, and become, for the first time, a master of your own destiny. And who is the mother of all certainties, if not

the blessed technology. With artificial intelligence there are only two options - zero or one! Let us not put our trust in the depths of the human soul and its twists and turns. The machine is the one who'll save us."

"Well," said the Messiah, and in his voice there was a slight tremor of panic, "would you like to teach your gospel to the masses?"

A hidden smile took over The Scientist's face.

"There's no need to teach them. Look out the window, and see their eyes captured in front of the flickering screens. We better not intervene, in any case it has already begun."

The Scientist left the room, and for a moment it seemed to Messiah that the devil himself had ascended to earth.

\*

Crouched, Messiah remained to gaze into the eyes of his donkey - and saw the sadness of an

entire universe reflected in them. If he could, he would force his donkey to carry him on his back to the town's square, where he could preach his gospel to the masses. But the hasty Messiah was well acquainted with the uncompromising nature of the faithful beast; until those worthy of redemption are found, the donkey would not agree to enter the gate – the righteous knows the soul of his beast.

Then, spontaneously, and out of a rush of pure frustration, Messiah lifted the donkey on his shoulders and began to walk. The passers-by had watched in amazement at the skinny, determined stranger as he crossed the threshold of the city gate, with a white donkey on his back. The scene was so mesmerizing for the masses, and they started marching after him. With his last bit of energy, Messiah had arrived at the long-awaited square. The crowd had gathered around him and waited. Messiah tried to speak - but because of his exhaustion, he was

unable to make a sound. The angry crowd began to stomp his feet, demanding that he delivers a sermon. Suddenly, there was a deafening shout – and everything stopped. It was the donkey who opened its mouth and began to speak:

"Love thy neighbor!" Said the donkey,  
And the people laughed and mocked.

"Love yourselves!" Said the donkey,  
And the people did not know how.

"Change yourselves!" Said the donkey,  
And the people were angry and furious.

"Change thy neighbor!" Said the donkey,  
And the people cheered and applauded.

Enthused, the masses gathered closer around the carriers of the gospel. They grabbed the Messiah, nailed his hands to the cross, and the crows pecked at his eyes. They then tied a loop at the donkey's leg, stuck a stake and hung a sign: "White Donkey Ride - Eighteen Shekels."



The people then went out through the city gate, happy and satisfied, each man on his way.

# Inflation\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The prices went up.

All the way to the last floor.

They blocked it from the inside with barricades.

"Not coming down!!"

The people panicked downstairs.

"Get down now!" the people shouted from the street, towards the penthouse, using a megaphone.

"Not coming down!" the prices shouted back.

Some people suggested going up to the penthouse and confronting the prices.

But the one dollar was guarding the door, and behind it covered the ninety-nine ninety and the ninety-nine ninety-nine.

The rest of the prices chilled in the lounge.

"If you don't come down, we'll... we'll..." cried the people.

"You'll WHAT??" the prices shouted from the balcony and burst out laughing.

The people didn't know what to do.

"It's just not fair that you're up there and we're down here!" shouted one man.

"Fair and square!" shouted the two-for-ten, "It's not our fault you didn't come up here first!!"

The people started getting really angry with the prices, and also really scared.

But the prices stayed up.

It seemed they would never agree to go down.

The people thought that at some point the prices would have to come down, because they'd run out of supplies. But the prices had helicopters, and they renew supplies through the roof.

The news broadcaster reported around the clock about the unruly prices, who have gone up, locked themselves in the penthouse and are refusing to come down.

"Down, prices, down!"

There were people who started to climb the stairs, but the stairs were many, and the legs hurt. When they came close the penthouse, the people were already exhausted. And there

were so many prices there, like an army. They had managed to stop anyone who tried to go up and bring them down them.

The experts tried to think around the clock, how to make the prices go down. The team of experts consisted of a top-notch officer for negotiations with kidnappers, a jurist, a senior psychiatrist and a game theory professor.

The possibility of using physical force was on the table.

The game theory professor drew a table, set different values for different scenarios, and calculated the Nash equilibrium.

"Don't you understand that your values are wrong, Professor?!" shouted the officer, "You have to learn to think like a price, be a price."

He took the table, squashed it and made toilet paper out of it.

The jurist looked for loopholes in the law that would force prices to go down.

The psychiatrist, on the other hand, defended the prices.

"Guys, guys, come on, why do we want to impose our worldview on the prices? Maybe they're happy up there? Who are we to decide for them what is good and what is bad?"

The news broadcaster also said that the prices had good reasons to go up.

Only after the whole affair is over, will it be revealed that the psychiatrist used to go up to the penthouse on weekends, and hang out with the prices and the news anchor in the jacuzzi with a cocktail.

Once, there was a big crash on the sidewalk. Oil barrel jumped. This whole war affected him deeply.

One day, the people looked up, and suddenly saw that the building was getting taller.

The prices decided to build another floor, and go up even more.

They also started posting pictures from the jacuzzi to Instagram and show off.

The penthouse was so beautiful and luxurious, and the apartments below – so ugly and small and infested with rats.

"That's it," said the people.

They began to shake and rattle the building, like an earthquake. The prices started to feel nauseating, like on a Caribbean cruise.

"There's no choice," said the prices among themselves, "some of us will have to go down."

Prices fluctuated between them.

It turned out that Housing should go down.

The problem is that if HE goes down EVERYONE has to go down, so the prices have eliminated the lottery. They weren't ready for everyone to go down just because Housing went down. Not even one step.

The people were not strong enough to lower the prices by force.

Deep down, the people in general were jealous of the prices. Hand on heart, if they were in the place of the prices, they too would go upstairs and refuse to come down and hesitate in the jacuzzi.

In the end one man found a solution.

There was only one way to lower the prices.

It was pretty simple, and it worked.

The people brought a lot of Chinese laborers and some from Bangladesh.

For sixteen hours a day, the Chinese and some Bangladeshi workers lowered the prices for the people, by force. They invaded the penthouse. There were morale losses, but the workers did not surrender until the last of the prices dropped. Not out of devotion or a sense of mission - simply, they didn't have many choices left.

The Chinese and some Bangladeshi workers continued to stand watch for sixteen hours a day to make sure that prices remained low. And the workers sweated and panted, but the people actually lived happily.

Although not as good as the prices, but at least not as good as the Chinese and Bangladeshi workers.

And the people were finally happy in their lot, and justice was done.

And the prices were finally down, along with the people.

And the people could finally buy again, and purchase, and order.

And that was the redemption.

# Saul

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Saul discovered he's dying.

It hit him out of nowhere.

A guy's sitting on the couch in the living room;

spreading on the chaise longue;

The next star seer;

macaroni grinder;

shovel;

The phone rings;

reaching out;

and boom;

dying.

In the middle of life, 42 years old, divorced plus two, in Petah Tikva.



dying.

Shaul turned off the TV and wiped the macaroni.

Suddenly, the impending promotion seemed funny to him.

In general, world fame - in terms of eternity - seemed, at most, like fifteen minutes.

Like anyone who finds out he is dying, the first thing Saul tried to do was figure out how much time he had left.

How much is left?

Shaul asked,

And the doctors and the informants replied:

There is no telling.

The second thing that a person who discovers that he is dying does is a fundamental change in life. It's like that in all movies. live in the moment or something like that.

Shaul tried to remember, what were the things he always wanted to do and didn't dare. or waited. or rejected. But couldn't think of

anything. It had been too long since he had asked himself what he wanted.

He started from the earliest he could remember. from childhood Children want to be so many things, and it's never deputy head of the digital marketing team at an advertising company in Ra'anana. No fucking time.

Couldn't remember. So in the meantime he was grinding double macaroni with double cheese, smoking only clean green, watching the next star at full volume and fucking the neighbors. Living the moment.

When he was done living in the moment, he did the third thing anyone who finds out they are dying does.

Introspection.

Call Dad to straighten out the generations. Decided to meet once a week for a walk in the park.

resigned

Remember - as a child he wanted to be a cobbler, don't ask him why. Enrolled in a shoemaking course and began repairing shoes of acquaintances.

Get used to eating parsley. Make him comfortable. Not for the iron or the calcium, not to bring life closer or to keep death away, Saul stopped planning so far. For this day, for now and now. Felt better after the parsley than after macaroni. Sit better in the stomach.

It's been a few months.

How much is left?

Shaul asked,

And they all replied:

There is no telling.

He wandered from doctor to doctor, from information to information, and there was no cure.

It was clear - finished with the joints. Not to grasp life or subdue death. For this moment, for now and now. He preferred to be rooted in reality in all its nuances than entrusting himself to the cloud.

Throw the TV out the window. Dead people see beyond make-up, and beyond make-up Rotam Sela is very ugly.

rummaged through his things. Find out and throw away. Only what is needed is left. not to burden the son, after

Already got better at shoemaking. A friend's company offered him payment for the repair of red high heels; Shaul refused to back up. She left him a note with a phone number instead.

A letter arrived in the mail. It says that someone wants Shaul to pay them something for something. Peretz asked, laughing and crying.

Two years have passed, and death - lurks in every corner, like serious eyes in the dark.

The apartment was filled with shoes. Running and basketball, heels and flip-flops, mountains and crocs, nature and comfort,

and in Shaul's apartment every shoe that went in locked came out unlocked. He presented, to those who insisted on giving money in return, the letter from someone who wanted Shaul to pay him something for something - and eliminated.

The bed was filled with women. The one with the red heels. On especially special nights she left them on.

The pantry was filled with parsley. And Shaul's stomach was filled with squares.

Only death will not be filled with life. Only the hands of the clock did not fill forever.

Became interested in mysticism and the meaning of life. Read religions, breathe breaths. And with every inhalation he dies, and with every exhalation he is resurrected.

Watch his children grow up. Cherish every moment. Cry in front of the rainbow. He felt the wind ruffling his hair. He defecated with pleasure. Listen to the sound of silence.

Singing and not in the shower. Bathed naked in the waterfalls. Collected garbage in nature. Played in life like a child playing as if. Stop searching for doctors and newsletters. entrusted himself to Providence.

went free

Thus passed - five, ten, twenty, thirty.

years

Shaul died at the age of eighty.

On his deathbed, a word of thanks in his mouth, for discovering already in the middle of life - and not at the end - that, just like you, he is dying.

# Municipality

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The little man is sitting in the big chair.  
The shirt is also a bit too big for him; looks like he has no shoulders.

It took me six months to get this appointment. They explained to me that it's not easy to find a time slot that will suit both the head of the department, the secretary of the department, the deputy treasurers of the department and the department-resident relations manager.

The resident relations department MM offered me instant coffee in a styrofoam cup at the entrance, so I recognize her. As for the other two, I'm not sure who is who.

In my head I decide to call them Subordinate No. 1 and Subordinate No. 2.

The three subordinates sit around a Formica table in the center of which is a white disposable plate with Borax, and I sit at the end of the table. There is some strange creaking sound behind me that bothers me, but for some reason I dare not turn around.

"We are here at the Authority for the Improvement of the Wings," opens the Department-Resident Relations Department Manager, "I request," the head of the department interrupts and smiles a small, cocky smile, "the Department for the Improvement of the Wings," "Weren't we a department?" asks subordinate #1, "We We are still called the Authority for the Improvement of the Wings, but from a budgetary point of view, the CEO has approved us as a wing." "Yoho!" whistles subordinate #2, "And from an organizational point of view?" asks the department-resident liaison officer, "It's in the process in the system," he says The head of the wing, "You didn't know that, Nitza? I'm amazed at you," and Nitsa is startled, "I knew we were in the process, I didn't know the CEO had already approved," she lies, "Very nice," says the head of the department for



improving the departments and clapped her hands, "I understand we're done here?"

"Umm.." I cough, "But not yet.. not yet.."

"Sure, sure," he looks at me for the first time, "look."

The squeaking makes it hard for me to concentrate.

"The residents are what makes this city. Reid May Lips: Without residents, there is no city. And no one will tell you otherwise. Maybe it would have made it easier for us here in the municipality, but then where is the soul, where... the joy of doing? It is important to us that our work is meaningful, do you understand me? We live residents, breathe residents.'

His little eyes glow as he speaks, as the receiving messenger of God embraces the heavenly prophecy. The three subordinates look at him like the Muses look at Apollo.

"But," continues the head of the small wing, "and there is a great sadness." It's like in the army. I always say, a resident who volunteers is like a soldier who volunteers. Want to be part of the municipality? Hello. But you need to understand how the system works. It is not

easy to understand how the system works. Don't get me wrong, I like my employees to take initiative. I will take an employee who needs to be restrained over an employee who needs to be stimulated every day of the week, and twice on Election Day."

The squeak is already becoming unbearable, and I turn around. On a dresser in the corner of the room, under a framed certificate that says it was awarded to Rafi Ben-Dodudi, who successfully completed an industrial management course at Chukriya College, Kyrgyzstan province, there is a transparent cage full of sawdust. The hamster runs determinedly on his pink plastic wheel.

"Cute, huh? It's a rat, the department mascot," says the head of the department.

"I thought you were wing."

"Sure wing! Come on, let's hear your idea."

My heart is pounding - after all, a lot is at stake here. We have been working on this community garden for almost two years, and now we want to build a building on it.

"Well, that's it, first I'll tell you a little about our garden, it's really amazing what's happening there, we're a pretty big group of

young residents, and we're trying all kinds of cool things there, like ecological toilets and fruit trees, so far we've planted..."

Trach!

The small hand fits tightly on a large red button, protruding from the heart of the Formica table. A deafening siren is activated, accompanied by a flashing red light. The little man pulls out a megaphone from under the table and calls out: "A sanitary hazard!"

"sanitational mennace! A sanitary hazard!" shout the subordinates, and start running around the office and waving their arms, like in the dance of the birds.

They continue like this until the siren stops, then return to the scratchy felt covering of the black chairs.

All that remains is the squeak of the hamster wheel.

"There is no way the system will approve it. Next idea,' says the little man. I imagine he means the bathroom.

"But wait, you know how many liters of sewage are poured into the sea every year for nothing, and between us, a reddish-brown sea is not exactly sanitary either.."

"Must be reddish-brown! The wing improvement wing planted one thousand two hundred trees this year and the system gave it an award of recognition.'

Subordinate #2 claps enthusiastically.

"Yes, but the construction department cut about twenty thousand, and at this rate..."

"You must have cut! Listen, you have nice ideas, but it's like I tell my employees, nice people don't go to the grocery store. The system will not accept it. And besides - taps.'

"Faucets?"

"Faucets." Thanks to us, the whole city is lined with taps. If not the system, where did you get water from, eh? You would die of thirst, you and this garden of yours!' the head of the small wing complains.

"If you've already brought it up, then there is a beautiful river that flows through the middle of the city, only it's already polluted as a tributary..."

"Faucets! Faucets-faucets! In what other city in the world do you have taps on every corner?'

"Rome, Barcelona, Toronto, Basel..."

"He sees everything in the negative, this one," No. 2 crouches down, and coolly looks at the head of the small wing with an approving glance.

"Bicycle paths!" Nitza jumps from her seat to Al.

"True," I admit, "you paved bike paths."

"Ah-ha!" he smiles a small smile of great victory, "breathe, Nitza! A city on wheels! Amsterdam is here!"

"On the other hand, everyone rushes on the scooters, in order to sit ten hours a day in front of a screen, in order to sell some advertisement to some child, in order to finance the rent of the real estate agents, all this provided they didn't crack their skull on some pillar sticking out of the sidewalk. You see, it's not the path, it's the path. And by the way, there are taps in Amsterdam too.."

"Downer is serious," says Nitza, and the head of the little wing erupts:

"A spark, an idea, write it down! A bike path that turns into a brazier and vice versa."

This hamster doesn't get tired, I thought to myself, and tried to ignore the squeal.

Okay, need to focus.

Only the building, talk to him only about the building.

"Okay, okay, forget it, the main reason I came here is that they are going to build us a building on the garden. After all the time and love we invested there, suddenly some private entrepreneur came, this area is public at all, so I don't understand how..."

"A great genius! sitting here and wanting To change the entire planning system of the State of Israel!"

"It's a forty-story building in a neighborhood of single-family homes, I don't understand how they approved it."

Submissive #2 got up from the felt chair. She starts moving documents from one side of the Formica table to the other, and back.

"that's what I'm talking about! That's what I call efficiency! Did someone say outstanding subordinate?"

"Tail!" shouts subordinate #1 and starts spinning around the center of the office like a spinning top.

"What is she doing?" I ask.

"What is she doing, what is she doing, chasing her own tail but what?" replies the little man.

"But she has no tail."

"Boy, don't bother yourself, the more you know, the less you'll understand."

He starts to speak again, but as soon as he opens his mouth, a thick, reddish-brown substance oozes out.

The substance continues to flow as the little man moves his lips; It's only when the smell reaches me that I realize it's excrement and it just sucks from my mouth.

The office is filled with the noise of farts. The feces are scattered on the little man's button-down shirt, on the Formica table, and a little on the chin. Subordinate #2 goes over to wipe his mouth with a damp tissue, and he can speak again.

"It's like with my employees..."

"You work for me, not me for you!" I burst out.

The wing chief falls silent for a moment, confused. It seems that the cogs in his mind are trying to interpret the meaning of the strange sentence, to no avail.

"How dare you," says subordinate #1, "ungrateful," says subordinate #2, and Nitza adds, "little snake."

Nitza gets up, stands in the corner, and starts banging her head against the wall.

"What is she doing?" I ask.

"Don't you try to understand the complex urban mechanisms!"

A man with a hat enters the room.

"You know," says the head of the division, "this is the deputy assistant to the departmental postman."

"Agapi," I mention.

"Surely my wings!"

"Anyway, I don't understand how they approved this building..."

The postman hands the head of the small wing an envelope with 'taxes' written on it. The head of the small wing looks inside, counts, and puts it in his pocket.

"Don't you hear what I'm telling you? Obviously you don't understand. Do you want to understand the system? Come, bid, gain experience, little by little the system will explain to you. The system approved the building, and that's it, now the building exists."

"The system, the system, you keep talking about the system! Who is this fantastic entity called the system?! she's eating? does she



drink You are the system, Nitza is the system, the system is nothing more than the sum of the people who make it up!

The little wing chief smiles, and once again only the squeal of a rat remains in the background.

"Here's your mistake, rookie. Understand, people don't make the system. People at most serve the system. Let me tell you something - the system is a fact. You do not. You need the system, but the system doesn't need you. The system is everything, and it cannot be explained in words. You have to see to understand.'

"Then I want to see," I say.

The three subordinates stop banging their heads against the wall, walking around the center of the office, and passing documents from one end of the table to the other, and look at me.

"He wants to see the system," says subordinate No. 1, "Do you think he's ready?" Nitza asks, and the head of the department says: "On his own responsibility."

Nitza motions for me to follow her. I follow her along a white corridor, on the walls of

which are framed four black-and-white photos of Dizengoff Square. Nitza stands in front of a brown Formica door. She takes a small nickel key from her pocket, turns it in the lock, and we enter the empty room.

Only a crimson velvet pillow is placed in the center of the room, with a cocker spaniel licking his balls on it.

The wing chief emerges from behind my shoulder.

"That, man, is the system."

The dog continues to lick his balls.

"Well, do you think you understand?" asks the head of the small wing, smiling.

"What is there to understand?" I ask.

"exactly."

The screeching in the background stops. Subordinate #2 enters the room, holding the chirping rat in both hands. Subordinate #1 takes a penknife from her pocket, slits the neck of a rat, and leaves him to bleed to death at the feet of the cocker spaniel. Then all three step back with their hands close to each other in namaste.

Suddenly, a school bell rang throughout the building. The head of the small wing, as well

as the three subordinates, as well as the guard at the entrance, and the department postman, drop documents and pens on the floor, sprint towards the parking lot, start leasing vehicles and disappear from there.

I am left alone in the empty building and look at the wall clock. It's two in the afternoon.

The hell with this community garden.

# 8 Parts

1

I've told her since the beginning that I already know what's going to happen.

When you know, everything is much easier. It's better to know a miserable truth than to live the unknowing - even if that one might let grow some small piece of freedom. Certainty is always on top priority. It's the fatest lie and the safest shield.

We'll have issues. You'll be disappointed with me and I'll take you for granted. I won't be enough and you'll be too much. We'll have to wake up eraly and feed the children. I won't understand you and you'll understand me better than I understand myself. And you won't understand me. I'll glance at other women. I won't agree to show you my insecurities and volnurabilities, and when I will, you'll feel unsafe. We'll both be

predictable. It's not like back in the days, when family was family, period. We're a generation of individuals and there's a 50% divorce rate. Now there's romance, tomorrow it's gone. In order for the relationship to work, we have to work. On ourselves and between ourselves, on trust and communication and readiness. You'll change and I'll change and we'll have to find a way to change together without trying to change each other.

How she'd react, that I also knew. It's too much for her; she's still a child and I'm fully grown. She thought she knew me. Now she won't understand and she'll get scared. she'll ask questions, carefully. Then she'll go home, confused.

And yeah.

She smiled serenely and her eyes mirrored the depth of the ocean. I sailed within them, I dove into her. She held my hand and told me it's alright. An illusion has value when it's sincere. We've met before. We have something to discover together and it might be painful. We have a debt for each other. That's enough now. She wants me to hug her. That's the beauty of knowing. That sooner or later life proves you otherwise. Reality shows

itself for those who look but also for those who don't. And then knowing changes its face and becomes learning. In some circles they call it grace.

2

I'm not sure whether loneliness is something each of us experiences just as a result of being in a body. The one who dressed nice and studies law and her husband who tells jokes. Are they together or alone. Or perhaps for most of us, loneliness doesn't fully expose itself. We couldn't have handled it. Or there is no loneliness.

The despair of the unbareble lightness of being is no more than a demon blinding the eyes of those who see. Let us be aware of it and not surrender to it. Make friends with the monster. Otherwise it will reflect in each and every thought, day and night, until they become cold and dark like the moon. It's the one that prevents us from chanting and being happy. And we owe our lives to it because without it we wouldn't have been free. We'd be like the cat.

We speak in plural. And assume that we share a common thing in this world. We're not two different universes. The same forces work in both of me and you and in one way or another, along with those forces we are destined to make our way. I use a word to describe the world I see and you laugh so you also see it. Maybe it's not like that. Maybe your loneliness is not my loneliness. And maybe you don't even know what I'm talking about.

This doubt is the monster. Don't trust it. I'll always be honest to you and please try to understand me. My yearning towards you is maybe temporary but sincere. After the yearning the truth will reveal itself and then I'll know what it means to love you. I am not ordinary, you see. It's hard for me to fake it. It's a shame we can't realize ideas. In my sorrow I always seek you. But it means nothing already. It's nothing.

3

Whether or not God exists is a legit question nowadays. Everyone asks it and forget how

small they are. Then come the philosophers and prove. After them the brain surgeons prove what they wish to prove. The religious know but get confused somewhere along the way. And everyone forgets to stop for a moment and look up. There is the sky. Exactly on the other side of the world there is also someone. Exactly down there. And they are also looking up to the sky.

4

I let myself feel the abysses of despair in every cell in my body and the feeling is so damn good. At some point in time it was determined that joy is better than sadness and since then everyone's only seeking to rejoice. We have forgotten the intoxication of melancholy. She's flooding me and I just want to hug someone who knows who she's hugging. So many hugs were already hugged between two strangers.

If everything is romantic and there's no conflict there is also nothing interesting. For the lonely one, the thought of being with one who isn't lonely is unbearable. He'll bring the loneliness out of her. Only then will they be able to be alone together. I'm yet to have met



someone lonely enough so that she knows how to connect. The experiences of oneness with everything and infinite loneliness are Siamese twins.

5

It's amazing how strong that longing is. Whatever I do is bound to dwarf it. Biologists think it's an evolutionary urge to reproduce. That's not it. Anyone who knows the true potential of a duo won't settle for such a meager explanation. Everything leads there with the innocence of a child. Someone once told me that I'd always remain a child. Most people grow up in the things in which they are supposed to remain children and remain children in the things in which they are supposed to grow up. You don't need a research to know something about most people. You only need to observe and truly care.

Before we've met I wasn't sure you even existed. That's not accurate. I was convinced you did not exist. I imagined you as a rebel on the outside but soft on the inside. Crazy according to conformist terms and an island of sanity according to mine. A messenger of truth.

I have no story to tell about us. The place where we've met and all the other things that make up a story aren't really important. We could have been on an island in the middle of the sea. Maybe it would have been better. Maybe we're always on an island.

I don't know if things will ever change. Some say nothing ever changes. Some say they change all the time but I'm not entirely sure. And the things - for them it doesn't matter what some say. Either they change or they don't.

Anyway, I'm glad you're here. Sharing this moment with me. More than that I do not need. You'll say what you need. I hope. In my dreams you're here. Sharing this moment with me. In a sense you're always here. And I'm with you everywhere. Even before we met. The first time I saw you I was reminded of you. Even before I knew you I missed you. Few can explain it. They are not found in university.

I have lots to say. On the current state in the development of human consciousness and on the economic situation. About your parents and the considerations regarding the house we'll build. The environment etc. For some reason these things are only important to the extent that I can share them with you at the end of the day. It has been like that since forever.

If we could capture the moment between sleep and wakefulness we'd be willing to be a bit sillier. But now we have to be serious. There are things to do and a world that has to turn on its hinge. If we stay cuddled in bed it'll certainly not happen the way it's supposed to.

Sometimes I dream I'm on a bridge. Colorful old cars come and go and I keep walking on the side of the road. The sky is black and full of stars. There's not a single cloud in the sky but suddenly it starts to rain raspberry juice.

What's on the other side of the bridge I do not know. The raspberry is dripping and the sky is filled with lights of red and green. And then I'm free. I can dance or walk around, climb stairs that lead to nowhere, or howl. A warm feeling washes over my whole body and I know I've made it home. And I still have somewhere to go. In the background the violin is playing.

There isn't any particular reason for anything that I do.

And the only thing I want is to do it.

So I dance tango by myself.

# The one who saw it coming

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

He who saw it coming tried to warn everyone.

Wearing a white sheet, holding a stick in his hand, he stood in the city square and preached words of rebuke.

The doctors forced him, took him to the hospital and gave him an injection.

There, he who saw it coming realized: it was time to find another way. Preaching in the square doesn't work anymore, two thousand years ago it didn't work either, those who saw it coming, ignored them at best others crucified them, there is nothing new under the sun, man's heart is evil from his youth, and they have eyes, but they will not be seen.

When he was released - thanks to Avanta he did to the doctors - he who saw this coming contacted the cast of Channel Two and entered the Big Brother house.

From there the gospel will open.

On the first day, the one who saw it coming gathered all the tenants for a conversation in a circle and offered them a well thought out plan.

Every time Big Brother tells Toto to wear a yellow rubber chicken costume and jump rope, they will break a meditation together. Every time Big Brother announces an eviction, the tenants will all write on the note "Love your neighbor as yourself." The first prize had to be donated ahead of time to at-risk youth. In this way, they will be a post-apocalyptic model for the entire congregation of Israel - a hillbilly boy will live with a vegan, and a diamond with a Yervetz yogi.

The crowd at home was flying for him. The ratings doubled, Snow won a franchise for an advertisement for natural bleach made from

synthetic materials, and Erez Tal bought new glasses and more skinny jeans.

Everything worked fine until the eighth flush.

So, Shiral - the dwarf who retired from the circus life - turned out to be the mistress of the house. She put together a coalition with the DTLSH who converted to Islam, the sixteen-year-old Instagram star (who underwent age-change surgery to legally enter the house and was now twenty-six), and the androgynous who felt trapped in both a man's and a woman's body . .

Together, they put the one who saw it coming to a standstill.

The house was fed up with the harmony that prevailed in the Big Brother house and wanted to see some action. That's why the audience in the house deposed him who saw it in ambush votes. Erez Tal's fashionable glasses slid down his new skinny jeans in light of the sensation.

Shiral, the Tahmanite dwarf, overtook the Muslim DTLS (who converted to Christianity

live) in the final round, all the way to the million. After deducting 750,000, and thanks to the equity, she was approved for a mortgage at a preferential interest rate for a three and a half room apartment in Petach Tikva.

But he who saw it coming did not despair. Tweet on Twitter - it will come. Sharm at Sharmim - it will come. Talk to friends - it will come. Morning plans - it will come. On Friday - it will come.

In the end it came.

And except for that one (who saw it coming,) no one saw it coming.

They did not see the death, the flame, the destruction, the filth, the madness, and the stupidity. They did not see the blindness. And everything continued as usual (but also different.)

And the one who saw it coming stopped seeing it.

start building



And his heart will be filled with hope.

Because they have eyes and will not be seen -  
until the third one opens.

Because the nature of man's heart is bad from  
his youth - but good from his infancy.

New under the sun - but there is new above.

# Sunset

“Your Roquefort salad, miss Stein. Seasoned with organic Syrian olive oil, cold pressed, coarse salt - made in Israel, with shallot onions and a pinch of honey - recommended by the three-michelin-stars awarded chef” said the headwaiter with graces, and served the main course to the set table.

“Oh, I’ve nearly forgotten,” he added, while miss Stein scrupulously examines her salad, “the cheese arrived directly from the Greek farmers of the Island... -’os’ something. Who knows their spécialité better than us,” he winked.

Veronica was most certainly not pleased. She had waited far too long for her dish, and it seemed as if her dressing was missing a tad of essential sweetness. She had nearly returned

her salad so to be exchanged for another, however, the hunger got the best of her. It was no secret - miss Stein does not like to be hungry.

As she unwillingly nibbles through her bowl, Veronica observed the slowly setting sun in the horizon. At this time of twilight she used to sail with contemplation - and at the moment she was reflecting on how intriguing was the sight of the remote building's 8th floor in comparison to that of its fifteenth. It's all about perspective, she pondered.

The headwaiter came to clear the half-full bowl that remained on miss Stein's table.

"Was the salad to your liking, miss Stein?"

"Far from it. I sincerely hope the main course will be more set, otherwise I will surely go mad!"

Before the headwaiter has had the opportunity to reply and deeply apologize for the aggravation, a certain *so and so* approached Veronica and asked: "Miss Stein,

will you kindly come and help us with the buckets?”

Veronica and the headwaiter looked at each other, perhaps confused, perhaps contemptful. *So and so* got the hint and left the room, disappointed.

The headwaiter asked for her forgiveness and went out to check on the main course. The sun was already kissing the horizon, and Veronica began to leaf through the newspaper that was lying on her table.

“The decision of the president of the United States, former reality TV show star, which strategically effects the Russian president...”

Veronica quickly lost interest and went on to look at the screen of her smartphone.

“And now - the highlight of our kitchen. This veal is so soft and creamy, and not by chance - from the moment of birth, the calf did not stand on his feet even for one short moment - but remained sitting in his tiny home. And believe me, miss Stein: with each and every

bite you'll feel its tenderness. The parsley leaves are only a reference and are effectively used as décor."

The shore is so near, thought Veronica, and cut the chunk with a fork and a knife. It has gotten chilly, and Veronica put on her new jacket. Oh, how proud she was of it - a masterpiece, that's how she called it. While chewing, the sweet meaty juices so delicious on her taste buds, another *so and so* has arrived and implored: "Veronica, enough is enough. Come and help us with the buckets, NOW."

Miss Stein looked at *so and so's* eyes, and for a moment stopped chewing. But when the headwaiter returned, he ordered *so and so* to leave miss Stein alone. *So and so* went away, grunting. The headwaiter was just doing his job, whereas now was the most important time of all - the time for dessert. And oh, what a dessert it was; the finest of the garden's fruit, dipped in fine chocolate made of

African cocoa beans. On top - sugar powder and whipped cream.

But Veronica, who until only a few moments ago had nearly starved to death, had started to feel a tiny bit full. She decided to sip a glass of water before she'll attend her glorious dessert. Needless to say that she refused to use the water that was slowly gathering around the soles of her high-heeled shoes. Now, the cold had become almost unbearable, despite the jacket. *So and so* barged in and screamed: "Veronica! Grab a bucket and come this very instant. Am I making myself clear?!"

Miss Stein was appalled by the stranger's nerve. The headwaiter couldn't understand what is all the fuss about, so before he banished the stranger again he had decided to inquire for his objective.

"Veronica knows very well what my objective is," he replied.

“We’ve come here many, many times before. It started after the economic crisis - Greece was sinking, the banks imploded, and no one spoke a word. We tried to make her say something! The water had broken through all the air pockets. Then, we all remember what happened in Syria, we tried to get Veronica, but she was on the ninth floor - and the water was only at the second floor. So we continued attempting on our own, hoping our efforts will suffice. But when the dead-sea dried, the bees - manufacturers of fruit - were extinct, and the calves were separated from their mothers time and time again, we realized we’re going to need Veronica as well. The water didn’t arrive at the ninth floor yet, but it was on the eighth floor, and Veronica simply climbed up to the twelfth floor restaurant. For a moment there we thought that the smartphone rush would save the day, but Veronica used it mostly for photographing sunsets. So the water kept climbing and then,

when a reality TV show star was elected for presidency of the free world, it was nearly impossible to stop the water. And there you go: a third world war is knocking on the door, the west is arming, the middle-east is arming, and Veronica awaits her dessert!”

“I don’t understand what all of this has to do with me, why won’t you leave me alone?” screened Veronica with typical stress.

“It has everything to do with you! If we all chip in, if each of us will pick up only one bucket, we could take hold of the water, we’ll manage to pour it out - ‘till the very last drop. Believe me! But you must join us, Veronica. It’s always darkest before dawn. I beg of you.”

The promised land was seen in the horizon. The water had reached Veronica’s ankles.

“But why *me?*” cried Veronica, her tear drops joining the sea that is on the floor.

“Haven’t you realized yet?!” asked the stranger impatiently, “We’re all on the same boat!”



# Cock-a-doodle-do!

I bought a rooster.

For several months now I've been trying to quit, unsuccessfully.

The symptoms leave no room for doubt; deterioration of vision, wrinkles on the sides of my eyes, extreme moodswings. I'm willing to put up with the weaning interval, the twitching of the finger, the paranoia - maybe something happened?

But the main difficulty was the mornings. When your awakening, perhaps the most sincere moment of the day, when oblivion sprouts into being, when the soul roots itself once again within the same familiar body, and is forced to shrink from a state of infinite spiritual planes, spaceless and timeless, into confinement within the flesh and blood whose boundaries are so clear and their

perishment is so certain - when all of that is disturbed ahead of time by this *device*, the fate of the day is more or less doomed.

You can reduce the dosing, but it'll still be there, in the background, alerting and encircling you like a blinding field of smoke.

A shower sometimes helps.

So I took the van to Grandma's kibbutz and bought a rooster. A studio apartment facing Allenby st. is most likely not the natural habitat of the winged beast. It was meant to wallow in endless lawns, to peck at grains newly fallen from the trees, to bounce upon hens.

But right now there's nothing more important than weaning, and when animal rights organizations will come knocking on my door with their angry signs, spilling cat blood on me or whatever, I'll declare he's a free-range rooster. For he set me free.

True - he throws dung in the corner of the room about twice a day, in any case it's better

than this *device* that shits in the corner of my mind every thirty seconds. Everything is really starting to stink over there. It's amazing how much one bird, meaning poultry, one poultry, is able to improve one's life quality, provided that it isn't grilled on some barbecue on Nahalat Binyamin.

Louis - that's how I decided to name him, for his crest that reminded me of a crown. Louis calls exactly at dawn, he cannot be tuned to a different times and his sound cannot be changed to *harp* or *marimba*.

Only Cock-a-doodle-do!.

Since I had to distract myself from not receiving my dose, dawn became a whole universe of productivity. I managed to write three pages, stretch my arms and quadrilateral, fifteen minutes of meditation, some piano and two free-range eggs - all before eight o'clock.

Gradually Louis began to affect the lives of other people as well, without them even

knowing he exists. Sometimes I suspect he's a magic rooster. My neighbors also started waking up at dawn. I imagined that sooner or later I'd have to expect angry door knocks, but none of them had imagined that the building was inhabited by a cock. They googled for an explanation for the phenomenon - "rooster sound city center". The search engine found nothing. One time, one of the neighbors came up to me and asked me if my alarm clock had the sound of a rooster. I told him that no. I don't like to lie. The day Louis ran away off the porch - probably saw one of the ducks that miraculously emerge from time to time at the fountain on Allenby - I was forced to set the *device* for eight o'clock, just for one day. Four hundred and eighty-seven days have passed since then. Four hundred and eighty-seven days of *marimba*.

# Two Eyes

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

It would be appropriate to assume that most readers today will wonder what is so special about the story about the little girl who was born with two eyes.

And how can they be blamed?

After all, at this very moment, they are reading the exact same story, with their two eyes scanning the page - both looking out, looking for something out there, as if they might find it.

Although it is reasonable to assume that those who read them have never asked themselves why they even have two eyes. After all, one eye is more than enough, and why do we need such a waste of resources? For, if there is

one law that governs nature with a firm hand, it is efficiency. And maybe they did ask, but they settled for a random answer from some scientist with his eyes wide shut, about some three-dimensional space or something boring like that.

However, anyone who is exposed to the proper explanation regarding our two eyes, will never firmly refuse to be satisfied with such meager explanations. And to understand in depth what all the commotion is about in the story about the little girl who was born with two eyes, first of all one must understand why we have two eyes in the first place.

Indeed, humans have always had two eyes. Only in those days, before that little girl was born, there weren't two eyes facing outwards. But - and this is the real truth - only one eye turned outward and the other - inward.

Each eye had its own function. Ein Yemin's responsibilities included all the happenings in the outside world; Thanks to her, people were

blinded by the sight of the landscapes and seas and shrank in front of the horrors and injustices, read newspapers, drew pictures, met people and looked at the stars, and above all managed to avoid bumping into objects.

But while the dignity of the right eye is placed in its place - and indeed it is important that we do not encounter objects - the left eye had an independent role and was completely different from that of its counterpart.

For while the right eye would look at the world and its sights, the left eye would look inward - into the soul. And what a world she discovered there - feelings, thoughts, wishes, memories, what the left eye did not see. And just as the right eye was carried to the stars, and saw the infinite expanses of the universe, so the left eye plunged inward, and observed the infinite depths of the soul.

The astute critical reader may accept: And so what? What is the big deal about the

difference between the right eye and the left eye?

That kind reader does not imagine that that marginal detail, that small difference between outside and inside, had far-reaching consequences on the lives of human beings. And the reference here is not only to those frequent head-to-head collisions between two old acquaintances, who accidentally wink at each other with their right eye - as amusing as they are.

Well, the main difference between our days and those days, which in some circles were called the days of prudence, was immeasurably more essential: the people really saw each other.

Adam Sheva knew how essential food was for him, and how much he feared a lack. In an almost natural way he saw the suffering of the hungry and shared his food with him.

With the help of the left eye, the leaders of nations saw the part of their personality that



lusted after power, it helped them give way when that lust no longer served their people.

The man's left eye recognized his tendency to laziness, and thus he refused to let his wife take care of the household affairs alone. The woman sometimes gave up the need for perfection and strengthened the man by her side.

When the white person's right eye saw a black person and was filled with a feeling of superiority, the left eye picked it up immediately and added a memory from school days, where all the kids boycotted that white person. He had no choice but to embrace the black person he met.

Christians, Jews, Muslims and Buddhists, all knew how much their customs shape them and give them meaning and enormity - in most cases they could not imagine denying the same right to those whose customs are slightly different.

Even the rebellious teenagers knew that deep down they mainly longed to stand firm in the world in their separateness, and tried to make it easier for their parents.

All those who have been burned by life's betrayals, whose love has passed over them time and time again and given way to disappointment, survival and pain, stood amidst their grief in surrender, and gathered renewed strength that allowed them to trust in the person who came to their aid one day.

And so the people lived, in relative peace, every day. True - conflicts and challenges plagued them even in the days of surveillance, because the level of acuity of the left eye was not always 6/6. Nevertheless, we are able to empathize with the plight of two new and worried parents, who lived in a small village, Eden Shmo. To use the concepts of beginning and end, it was the same day when their eldest daughter emerged into the world, when a few minutes later the mother was

gripped by a new feeling that was later called confusion, when the devoted father had already imagined what the consequences of a left eye facing outwards, the opposite of which is possible To witness with fear and anger the same reality of the chair and the table, thanks to its absence, the human beings sobered up from time to time and saw their sisters and brothers in need.

Life was not easy for a little girl whose two eyes turned outward, not even for her two devoted parents.

Although they hugged her when the toy quickly lost its charm in favor of the next toy that caught her eye, and when a few minutes without food turned into howling cries.

Although they talked to her when the dress didn't flatter her enough, and when her classmate was smarter, when she was prettier, when she was happier than her.

Although they tried with all their might to appease her when the religious person was delusional and ridiculous and the secular person was empty and superficial, the rich person was greedy and selfish and the homeless person was filthy and dangerous, the black person was wild and the white person was fake, the rightist was a fascist and the leftist was beautiful.

Although their left eye did its best; But in the eyes of the little girl, who suddenly, without noticing, was actually already grown up, they were still opaque, uncomprehending, blind parents.

Although they saw their child before their eyes. But they didn't see everything.

In their repeated attempts to get her to look inward, they failed seeing that without a left eye, a little girl is not able to look inward so quickly. Because if she looked inside, she would see nothing but an abyss. And she was terrified to the core at the thought that this

abyss might be what people call loneliness, and that perhaps her abyss was so deep that she could never share it.

With a person who is not in the abyss with her.

And as the dear reader must have already guessed, here lies the secret of the limitation of the left eye: there are certain things in the soul of the other person that it cannot see, if the left eye of that person does not see them first; Sometimes a person needs to see himself in order for others to be able to see him. And at least this time justice was with her, with the older girl, who until recently was still a little girl - her parents were blind to that part of her that was only hers, that only she could see, and at the same time she was unable to see.

And so the little girl got up, packed her things, said goodbye to her parents, set off and went out to see the world.

~

The world did not please the girl.

Between a ride and a train, between a hotel and a sleeping bag, everything she had still remained meaningless and everything she didn't have she still desperately coveted - whether it was an object, a place or a person - she almost wanted it to become a part of her.

She watched the sunsets and climbed the mountains, dined with the cooks, danced with the generators and talked with the chatterers. She even prayed with the God-fearing and worked the land with the farmers, she saw everything there was to see and always left at the exact moment when what she saw ceased to be appropriate.

For those who believe in these kinds of ideas, it is easy to get confused and think that it was a coincidence that brought the girl and the old shepherd together one day. It's easy to get

confused and think that way, because that shepherd, whose humble home the girl stumbled upon on one of her journeys, never imagined how much he would touch her heart when he told her the story of his son, who was born with two eyes turned outward. He could not tell how closely his story was connected with the girl's story, because the old shepherd had two inward looking eyes; He had two left eyes.

The shepherd sailed through the story of his life and the life of his son while the girl was in class and sobbing every word. And for the first time in her life, the little girl was enveloped by such a strong feeling, a longing that lust was foreign to her, a true and pure desire that emanated from within. For the first time in her life, the little girl had the feeling that it is customary to call it 'interest'. She wanted to hear every detail about the old shepherd's son, every memory, every feeling. If she had a left eye, she would have

reminded her of all the moments when she felt different or unusual, she would have revealed for her all the unconscious attempts to find support in another who is like her, she would have shown her the strength of the longing to belong, to be understood, to be seen .

The interest was so strong and evident that when the girl - at the end of the shepherd's words - asked to meet his son, it was, well, expected. Although the girl did not elaborate on why she was so eager to meet the son, the old shepherd, who had already seen a thing or two in his life, could already guess why. And after the shepherd scribbled on a piece of paper the instructions for arriving at the son's house, and told her that his house was in an entire town of girls and boys who were born with two eyes facing outwards, it can be said with some degree of confidence that the girl knew that this was the place she needed



to go - and that perhaps this was the first thing she ever knew

Without any manners of politeness or external compulsion, the girl thanked the old shepherd from the depths of her being, and quickly boarded the first train towards the town of Babylon.

~

Upon arriving in the town, the girl was surprised to discover how beautiful and clean Babylon was, how orderly and efficient.

Although the streets were almost empty of people to consult for guidance, with masterful ease she arrived from the train station in the center of the town, to the dark quarter in the eastern part, where she found the sand neighborhood in the blink of an eye, went up the steps of the Rum hill, turned to the street of silence, and rang the bell of the Purple House whose number is eight.

The door opened, and in front of the girl appeared a boy of her age - a little amazed and confused - the first person with two external eyes that she had met in her life. If the girl's left eye had been able to witness that moment and its full importance, to recognize the excitement that ran through her and the stone that had been opened over her heart, she would have hugged the boy with all her strength and never let go.

The girl explained to the boy in great detail the circumstances that led her to knock on his door without any prior warning, because as it turned out later, for the residents of Babylon it is not at all commonplace to drop by for a sudden visit to their neighbors.

The boy invited her into his house and poured her a hot cup of tea.

The girl didn't take her eyes off the boy while he told her about his shepherd father who never understood him and never saw him, about all the different types of people who

were always wrong while he was right, and about the boring and foreign world he went out to discover and in vain. The boy told his story and the girl floated in his voice, hearing her own story coming from his lips. And while they were talking, something very strange and unfamiliar began to happen to the girl.

She told the boy about her parents, but instead of describing how closed and distant they were, she chose to tell how much she needed their love and how disappointed she was that they couldn't understand her. She remembered all the people who were so different from her in their customs and intentions, just as she was saddened by the fact that she did not know how to find within herself the compassion to trust them, to make connections with them, to love them. She shared the frustration of her travels in the world almost without complaining to anyone, not even to herself. And after a few minutes

or a few hours of conversation, the boy began telling the girl the story of Babel:

"Babylon was founded by hundreds, perhaps thousands of girls and boys who were born with two external eyes, and found each other after a long journey of searching. They gathered together in this place from all corners of the world - eastern and western, northern and southern, desert dwellers and forest dwellers, black, white, yellow and red people. Loud girls and quiet boys, Muslim and Jewish, Christian and Buddhist, secular of all kinds. Scholars and lumberjacks, tall and short and fat and thin, gay, hetero and transsexuals came here. All of them were completely different from each other except for the common denominator that connected them, and it seemed that it was more than enough. They were so happy to find partners and partners, and were confident that nothing could ever go wrong.'

The boy sighed.

"Then with the help of their sharp eyes they built Babylon with grammar and reason, and divided this land, each one according to his faith. And so it was, for a while.

no one, noI remember exactly when it happened, but sooner or later, the right eyes of the westerners no longer tolerated the extroverted customs of the easterners, or maybe it was the right eyes of the easterners who saw the westerners as introverted and boring. In any case, the easterners believed that all the inhabitants of Babylon should learn to be extroverted and loud while the westerners demanded that all the inhabitants be quiet and calm. Just a moment before the discussions flared up into violence, it was decided to divide the town into an eastern and a western zone, so that the easterners could see only easterners around them and the westerners... westerners.'

"For a moment or two everyone thought that this solved the problem," the boy continued, "but in fact the division did not end here. Because very quickly the whites, yellows, and reds, the residents of both areas saw - or rather their right eyes saw - that the blacks were ugly and threatening, while the right eyes of the blacks, yellows, and reds saw that the whites were arrogant and hypocritical, and of course there were those who saw the yellows as blind and The reds are barbarians.

And so the residents of each of the areas were divided into quarters according to the color of their skin. The residents of the dark quarter in the eastern area saw only black Mizrahi around them, while the residents of the reddish quarter saw only red Mizrahi, and the same for the western area.

A similar thing happened when the right eyes of the residents of each district rejected any god that was not their god, and split into

neighborhoods according to their religion, or according to their lack of religion.

After resentment accumulated in the tall yellow eastern Christian residents towards their short neighbors for the fact that the signs in their neighborhood were not at the most comfortable height to read, the residents of the neighborhood separated into the high hill and the low valley. Of course, the separation took place in all the neighborhoods of Babylon.

And in a similar way, the residents were divided into quiet streets and noisy streets, scholarly alleys and working alleys.

Finally, the right eyes of those who liked the color blue simply could not bear the intensity of the color red, and those who preferred yellow refused to accept any greenish hue in their field of vision. And now," the boy looked out the window of his house, towards a row of purple houses, "now the townspeople try to

avoid unnecessary encounters, if you know what I mean."

And the girl understood.

And now, at this point, it will be up to the sharp-eyed readers to decide whether the boy, in writing his story, will serve as a mirror for the girl, a mirror that will allow her to truly see herself for the first time. Will they look deeply into each other's eyes, and the boy's eyes will be left eyes for the girl, and her eyes will be left eyes for the boy. Will they together knock on all the doors of the residents of all the streets in all the neighborhoods in all the areas of the town of Babylon, and call them to look into the shadows of their brothers and sisters' eyes. And did the residents all rejoice and bless the gift given to them, the gift of the two outer eyes, a grace that forced them to need each other.

Or maybe it will become clear to the girl that the resemblance between her and the boy was



no more than eye contact, and that the boy is actually too secular, or too dark, or too tall, or too purple. And she will find a blue house for her, on HaMola Street, which is located in the Shefal Valley in the Yehuda neighborhood, located in the north of the White Quarter of the western region. And there the girl will live, when a row of blue houses is reflected through the window.

It will be up to the sharp-eyed readers to ask themselves, whether to use the concepts of beginning and end, which end they like, and why.

# Hakolului

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The Kolului volcano has been inactive for about two hundred and thirty-seven years.

So it was written in the latest issue of the best-selling scientific monthly on the West Coast. The month's chief scientist visited the mountain with the equipment invented by another month's chief scientist, and unanimously determined that the islanders had no cause for concern.

The article reached the Kolului's ears immediately after its publication, because volcanoes hear everything.

The Kolului was offended.

Not active, not active?!

For two hundred and thirty-seven years he holds back.

First, one family came to live at its feet. Mila, as far as he was concerned, would blow up the bubbling magma with fanfare, like a peacock proudly revealing its feathers, and it would float all the way to the house of the goat-browed parents, who decided to build their home at the foot of the volcano.

But two children also lived in the house, and Kolului thought it was not fair that these would become a basalt monument just because of the folly of their parents.

So he held back.

He hoped that one day the children would grow up and move away, to a place without mountains, to a valley or a plain.

The orange-yellow magma continued to boil in the depths of its belly, as more and more families followed the pioneer settlers.

It was exhausting, keeping everything inside like that, and as the days went by, more and more magma bubbled up inside the Kololoi.

But he got used to it.

Every time he almost burst out, he reminded himself of the giggling children at his feet, in the alleys of what had now grown into a village. And this urge to erupt, to get everything out, an urge so fundamental and primal that it seemed to come straight from the bowels of the earth, slowly made the mountain sick. As the years passed, he turned pale, his land dried up, while the village rose and prospered; Now it already had a factory for the production of metal grains, a university of natural sciences that numbered about five hundred students, and a medium-sized church where the children sang hymns from a number of psalms.

And the thick magma continued to rage in the depths of the mountain.

One day, Kolului noticed an annoying itch on his western side. When he turned his gaze there he was surprised to find that the villagers were paving a road leading straight to his mouth.

"They come to thank me for the long years of restraint," thought Kolului.

He was so excited that the magma inside him exploded a little; But as always, he is restrained from rising to the surface of the earth. The villagers only felt a slight tremor, determined that it was 5.3 on the Schlichter scale, and returned to paving the road.

When the work was finished, the residents began to drive towards the summit. At the first car shop on the bank of the mouth, Kolului was overcome with joy, and imagined what he would say when the driver got out of the car and thanked him for one hundred and fifty years of restraint. He memorized the speech like a scientist about to win a Nobel Prize.

The driver got out of the vehicle, and arrived at the mouth with a large container in his hand. Maybe this is a gift, thought the mountain.

Then, empty the contents of the container into the muzzle. There were orange peels, a plastic soccer ball wrapper, and an old, broken broom.

The Kolului was almost certain it was not a gift.

Indeed, the residents of the village continued to arrive one after the other, and in accordance with the official decision No. 14, Section 3b of the village council, threw the remnants of their economic life into the mouth of the mountain. It was the only legal place to dispose of garbage. And every time a piece of trash touched her boiling heart and evaporated, goosebumps raged inside the kolului.

Kolului continued to imagine the movement of children playing and giggling at his feet.

But over the years, he saw the exact same children - growing up, getting married, building a house at his feet, buying footballs and brooms, driving up the road to the mouth of the mountain and throwing the rest of their lives inside.

Generation after generation after generation, children simply became adults. Not one of them remained a child, and looked at him with the same wonder and reverence, as he did in his childhood.

And so the day came when one boy went with his father to the top of the mountain, and threw into it a copy of a scientific magazine. Kolului was ready to continue holding back for years, he would sit and hold back until the end of time and forever, but he just got away (volcanic magma, it turned out, is allergic to scientific journals.)

The magma climbed, the ground shook, the lava began to flow towards the village, the residents tried for their lives but the lava was

faster than them, the village became a black sculpture of basalt, and the children who played ball at the foot of the mountain, will continue to play it forever.



# Water

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

"Brother, there's nothing like sipping some cool water and looking at the sea," I mused to myself as I quenched my thirst, looking out at a crimson sunset on the horizon of the Mediterranean Sea.

I was born right here, among the picturesque Arab alleys of the city of Jaffa, and not so long ago - depending on who you ask.

Some would say that I was lucky to be born in a house whose balcony overlooks the sea. And really, in recent years, real estate prices here in the neighborhood have skyrocketed. Anyone who listens, hears about houses that are sold for several million, especially if you can see some piece of water, some waves. I

doubt if I will ever get a share of the value of the house - politics and such, you know. The rich get richer, come to live in front of the sea and us, the municipality finds ways to evict us.

Despite everything, the Ajami neighborhood has known more difficult days than these. It is not for nothing that they say there is nothing like Jaffa at night; Once upon a time, every night here was a celebration. To be honest, I don't remember a night when I walked the streets and didn't hear some explosion, some shot, some scream from some house. Today the situation is improving, but for most of us it is still difficult to even find something to eat! Despite all the fish restaurants that are opening around the port, and also in the south of the city. Despite all the plates that remain full at the end of the meal.

Even if you have something to bite, and even if you managed to avoid joining one of the gangs that are constantly fighting with each

other over territory, even then the basic act of crossing the road can end in disaster. People here drive like animals, it doesn't matter if it's a car or a motorcycle. Even the boys who ride electric bikes endanger those of us who just want to live in peace. Let us live! We are tired of hearing about another offspring being run over.

Little by little we learn to accept the situation. That's how it is, there is no one to take care of us, the people here are from a different generation. True, there are many who understand the importance of education and invest, especially in textbooks and notebooks for their children. But in contrast, there are still those who directly send to work. With them, there is no such thing as spoiling us - it's either we bring them benefit, or we fly out of their sight. Those close to the Abu Khalawa clan, the butchers' owners, are generally more prosperous.

Hard to blame them. So much sorrow and pain in this neighborhood, in this country. Everyone here has gone through wars, deportation, loss. I understand that philosophers like me are not at the top of their minds. But Rabak, won't you throw a bone?

Most of all, I am outraged by those who judge me only because of my appearance. I wonder, are we really so different after all? After all, the same God created us all, we better learn to live with each other. Those bloated ones, with their haughty walk, angry faces and testy attitude, they'd better visit the Christian cemetery next to the Peres Peace Center. get some perspective. And to all the thugs who take care of us, I have only one thing to say - all like a dog, have a great day.

At least I find solace in going down with my brothers and sisters to the slope park, to lie in the sun for a bit. So we play, go wild, completely forget all the troubles. My brother

is a little chubby and hairy, but everyone who meets him immediately says how sweet he is. My sister is very shy, she doesn't always come with us, sometimes she stays in her comfort zone. We try to convince her, because it's the most fun when the three of us are together.

Our mother was angry. How many times have I seen her get into an unnecessary fight with one of the neighbors, I don't have enough phones to count. But to be fair, most of the fights were to protect us, ever since we were little. You should have seen her - every time she feels the slightest threat towards us, she immediately attacks - really protects her cubs. I don't know if I will be able to fulfill my lofty ambitions. I always wanted to live in a big and spacious house, with carpets from wall to wall and a fireplace that you could curl up in front of on cold winter nights. A house in which there will be no shortage of any kind, which will provide protection, which will serve as a shelter. There are those who say that you can

do anything - no matter what your starting conditions are. I'm not sure if that's true.

At the end of the day, the secret is to find hope in the little things. A nice neighbor who stops by, gives a kind word and some caress. A rainy and overcast morning that suddenly clears up. Every expression of kindness, no matter how small, warms the heart.

And maybe a day will come when I can dream about big things as well. Until then, I have my family, my humble roof, for which I am grateful. True, I am still at the mercy of the owner of the house in whose yard I was born - but I have to accept the fact that this is the life of a cat. And now, I can already see that he once again left a bowl of water in the corner of the balcony, especially for me! There are good people in the world.

Brother, there is nothing like sipping some cool water and looking at the sea.

# The Devil

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The devil woke up one morning to find that everyone was very angry with him. He didn't expect it, of course, because all he did was be a devil. But everyone else, those who were not Satan, had a very clear and specific idea about who and what he should be, and this idea did not at all coincide with who and what he was. Naturally the devil approached his wife and asked her, maybe she knows what all the commotion is about. And of course she knew, it's unthinkable that the devil's wife didn't know who she married. She told him that the others don't understand anything, that they are just scared, and that she loves him just the way he is. There's a reason you were born a

devil, and you don't need external approval to be who you are. You are a gift to the world, even if you don't know it.

Satan, he said, is the name given to me because of the initials of the three words: happy, good and pleasant. Each of these words separately, they really like, everything else. Investing a lot of time and effort to get a hold of even one of them, even for the blink of an eye. But put them all three together, and they tremble with fear. They begin to incite against me, to create whole teachings. A real exorcism.

So what if I feel most at home in the dark, Satan thought to himself. Someone better do it, or how will the darkness feel? All in all, I am a very considerate being, the devil flattered himself, and the self-acceptance was very pleasing to the devil. Finally, he wondered, maybe I'm starting to love myself. But this love hurts.



# The Clocksman

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The watchmaker wakes up every morning at dawn. The small hand had just made the last long way towards the number five, and its long and faithful companion moved with it, upright and proud, to the top of the circle.

He opened his eyes and surveyed the room - it was the routine morning check. All eight-thousand seven-hundred and sixty-six watches passed the test successfully.

Wall clocks and cuckoo clocks, wrist and pocket, analog and digital, with or without the second hand, and a thousand pendulums. Alarm clocks, radio and Swiss, sun and sand, clocks with Roman numerals, and clocks without numerals at all, those that leave room

for the imagination, and those who want to know what time it is may look at them, and determine for themselves what time they want - four, five, pineapple or sky.

The test lasted exactly one hour, or sixty minutes, or three thousand six hundred seconds. The moment the small weight began to oscillate again, and the cog wheel connected to it moved and set the hour wheel in motion, so that the small hand positioned itself in front of the spiral mark we call "the number six" - it was time for the watchmaker to go out.

But a robbery and a break - exactly at that exact second, the heavy, mahogany, most magnificent pendulum clock, in the center of the room, fell silent. The cuckoo did not come out of its nest for the first time since the beginning of time itself - as would have been the case if the sun, by itself, had stopped shining.

The watchmaker opened the back of the watch with a screwdriver. He had exactly fifteen minutes at his disposal—this was the allowance he made for "definitely arrhythmic arrhythmias." He always never used it.

Checked the weight, the spring on which the bird rested, all the teeth in all the wheels - tooth-tooth. Fourteen minutes had already passed, and the source of the problem - unlike the source of the bird - was nowhere to be found.

Beads of sweat began to accumulate on the watchmaker's forehead. He left the eight-thousand, seven-hundred and sixty-five working watches behind him, he also left them to the urologist who sneered - but he couldn't really leave them behind - and left the city.

The watchmaker went out into the city, and began checking, as was his custom in the sanctuary, the one million fifty-one thousand two hundred and eighty-two clocks

throughout it. However, when he went to check the integrity of the first watch on the list - a diamond-encrusted Rolex - he realized that the watchmaker had delayed repairing the clock, and it was already seventeen minutes past six.

The watchmaker started running around the city in order to make up for the two minutes that were lost and no longer exist. Spots of sweat would already form under his arms and around his navel. Bad thoughts raced through his mind, reckless thoughts that here he was, becoming like them.

He looked at them, every day, running from one year to the next, from point A to B and back. But he always knew how to calmly continue his work - after all, he was the master of time, and not the other way around.

The watchmaker always told himself that their problem was that they simply did not understand the time. They try to stretch it,

spread it out like a sheet, but their attempt is as fruitless as trying to pour ten cabins of tar into a nine-cabin trap. Therefore they are condemned - forever - to pursue the dials, who will never submit to their demands and will never slow down a dial. After all, all they are is, on the whole, a weight subject to the strict laws of attraction, and these certainly cannot be bent by man. And he, what does he care, watchmaker; As many watches as possible, as many hands as possible, and numerals, and gears - as much livelihood as possible.

And for you - now he found himself chasing time, like a quantum cat chasing a relative mouse at a speed less than the speed of light. And with every clock he checked, out of one million fifty one thousand two hundred eighty two clocks in the city, the watchmaker tried to close the gap. However, all his attempts - precisely because of his exemplary

efficiency in terms of time, which left no room for further efficiency - came to naught. And time continued to slip through his fingers, and it seemed that his attempts to regain the two minutes that were lost and no longer were, even resulted in the loss of additional minutes, and when the eight wristwatches on his forearms showed the hour of noon - the time most loved by the watchmaker, when the three hands united, like separated brothers At their birth, into one and the same and great hand - already the watchmaker knows that he is ten minutes behind.

The townspeople converted for lunch. Some dined for twenty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds, others for thirty-three minutes and seven seconds, and they were also the most hurried, not needing more than nine minutes and fifty-four seconds to cram an entire plate down their esophagus. And when the hands of the clock - which had

already separated from each other once more and would only be reunited again at midnight - approached one hour, the last of the people, the most exhausted of them, whose pupils were dilated and the wrinkles of the sleep migration plowed into the side of their eyelashes, sighed and returned to their work. And now the watchmaker was faced with two options, and two options only. He could submit to the great tyrant of our lives, aka time, which imposes its linear essence on the path of all flesh - or, well, stop.



The watchmaker grabbed a hammer and began smashing the wall clocks in the shops, the clocks in the government offices and banks, smashing the wristwatches worn by market sellers and carriage drivers, the clock at the top of the tower in Jaffa, Big Ben, all the million fifty one thousand two hundred and

eighty two clocks around The city, the eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five working clocks in his house, and last but not least, the clock in the Royal Observatory in Greenwich.

And the people, who asked to know what time it was, went out and saw that there were no more clocks. And it was not possible to coordinate meetings, or order deliveries, or fill out schedules. So they went - the peddlers and the managers and the juniors - home. The work day is over.

And the watchmaker said: "Our time is not ours. It is a deity, all that can be done in it is to dedicate it to the good, the beautiful, and the true."

And the people lived their lives without clocks, and did their actions when the time came to do them, and the clock always said now.

And the watchmaker went over to the cuckoo clock that had stung, took out the bird, turned



the screws that fixed it to the wooden board,  
went out into the yard of his house, and set it  
free.

And the bird flew into the blue sky.

# The Ant and the Cricket

## 2.0\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Little Agatha used to get up every day at the same time, brush her tiny teeth, and join the line of ants stretching from the nest to the apple and back. Of course it wasn't always an apple - sometimes it was a tomato, or sugar cane - in fact anything sweet that the calculations of the engineers in the office led to.

That day, as every day, Agatha followed the ant in front of her, who followed the one in front of her, and was followed by the one behind her - hundreds, thousands of ants in front and behind.

But this important fact does not change the fact that Agatha was a special ant, not just one of the ants. And that day was a special, strange, and even unusual day. And no, if you thought for a moment that it was a route change day, think again, because a route change day is only set for another nine days - according to the calculations of the engineers in the office, this is exactly the time needed for the dismantling of the current sugar cane. If we were to use metaphors, we would be joking and hinting here that it was indeed a day of course change, but only for Agatha.

Most days of the week Agatha's mind ran through thoughts similar to those of her other ant colleagues - "How long until the barrel," "Will I find enough sugar to keep a little later," "What a cute ant, I wonder what he thinks of me."

We already know that the same thoughts that a little ant thinks, are the ones that will determine how its world will look. But on that

special day, while she was immersed in those familiar thoughts, something happened that was completely unfamiliar.

All of a sudden, a sweeping melody began to emerge from the depths of the forest - enveloping Agatha and the entire forest air. Agatha could not believe her ears. It seemed as if each letter told her a story about hidden worlds. She forgot about the port mission, and was completely blown away by the violin's charms. It felt like with every passing moment, the melody was getting closer to her..

Trach!

Agatha was startled and looked towards the point from which the banging sound was heard. The wonder and wonder - in front of her appeared a beautiful cricket, huge and full of majesty; In one hand he held a bow, and in the other a violin. He paused for a moment between jumping and jumping, smiled at

Agatha, turned back and continued to the next examination.

Before he could leave, the cricket sang one line in cricket: "Nature is generous and good, it provides us with life..." (Agatha understood the sentence, thanks to the cricket lessons for beginners, which she took as part of the training for a cricket emergency.)

Agatha soon had to be awakened from her dream state - the ants urged her to return to her course. The surprised Agatha wondered to herself, was she the only one who heard the sweet music? Her colleagues did not stop their work even for a moment.

As she walked, she tried to follow the cricket and its magical sounds, and did not look away even when the music had already faded into the background. It wasn't because the cricket looked so happy and free in its jump; She didn't even do it just so her ears would catch the tune again.

Agatha noticed that she had never seen how beautiful the forest was, certainly not having walked in it. Every time she left the nest, which happened every day and lasted for hours, she saw only one thing - the rear of another ant. Such a view may be nice from time to time, but the forest is so beautiful, Agatha thought, so big and rich - why don't we enjoy it like the cricket?

Little Agatha noticed that the ant walking in front of her was a mature ant - and decided that he would definitely have answers to her fresh questions. She turned to him hesitantly - after all, she had never spoken to another ant during the workday. The keeper didn't hear her, thoughts were running through his head about the time left until the barrel, the sugar he would find and be able to keep after that, and the repeated argument with his ant. Finally he noticed her, and before he could scold her for bothering him while working, Agatha asked (very politely): "Excuse me, sir,

do you know why we walk the same route every day?"

The adult ant quickly began muttering phrases like "A good ant is a hardworking ant," "Diligence is our nature," and "Sugar brings comfort and happiness."

Interesting, Agatha thought, he answered my question so quickly, did he even have time to think?

In any case, as you have already guessed, wise readers - her next wishes, such as "Why do we store so much sugar?" or "What things are in the depths of the forest?" The mature Nemil stopped answering.

~

The days have passed. Agatha walked from nest to nest, from nest to nest and back, paid the sugar tax to the queen of ants and saved the rest for a rainy day. Conversations with friends and family members, who repeatedly

said that the cheerful cricket would pay dearly for his laziness, silenced the same voice that called Agatha to ask, to investigate, to understand. However, this voice did not disappear completely, as is usual for voices of this type.

And indeed, here came the day for him to change course. Agatha gathered with the other ants for a briefing by the head of the "tentacles" team.

"And most importantly, never look to the right or left of the track - it's dangerous and could lead to chaos in the entire convoy," the team leader concluded - and with a moment's decision, Agatha took action.

The ants started marching towards the new route, and at that moment, Agatha quickly and stealthily sped in the exact opposite direction from where her colleagues were marching. It seemed as if it wasn't her who made the decision, or maybe it was the first decision she made in her life. Agatha



continued and did not look back, her tiny heart beating with fear and excitement, until her nestmates disappeared in sight. She was left, for the first time in her life, alone.

Agatha stopped running and started wandering in the forest. She looked around, in fact she watched. Everywhere she looked, a whole world was revealed to her. A world full of colors and shapes, lights and shadows.

She saw beautiful stones that she had never seen before in her life.

She noticed different varieties of trees. Before that, she only knew one species - 'Eztus mcysius' - and except for its potential for shelter during a flood, she did not find it particularly interesting; Suddenly she found it difficult to find anything she had no interest in. The massive trunk of each tree stretched up to a rich top, full of green leaves and everything good. Between the peaks, which in human terms hung at the height of an average mountain, there were bits of blue sky

and bright sun rays. Agatha didn't know who or what planned all the phenomena that were revealed to her, but she knew for sure that it wasn't the engineers in the office.

~

Like Agatha, this story is also unique. He doesn't have one of those things, the one that humans call... an end.

Can Being roared back to the nest, integrated into the sugar industry and even became a leading authority in its field. who knows?

She may have met the jolly cricket, and he took her on a journey deep in the forest. Perhaps she returned to the nest, and after a while went on a journey, or perhaps she accompanied the cricket and then returned to the nest, and shared her experiences with her sister ants. who knows?

Only Agatha. And you, dear readers. You know what happened to Agatha. But this,

after all, is not something that can be told  
through words, certainly not written down.

# More\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

once upon a time there was a man  
who always pays,  
More.

Always when you leave a generous tip at a  
restaurant,

The man smiles and says:

"More, more."

in the market,

When he is told:

"7!"

he is reading:

"8!"

and even when pushed into a corner,  
and say:

bring a hundred,

He stands up and insists:

Take two hundred.

His daughter gave a coin to a boy playing  
guitar in the street,

And a happy return.

The man immediately gave her another coin  
and demanded:

"More."

Even when he was asked:

"How much is it worth to you?"

He rejoiced and said:

"More!"

Only when asked:

"How much does it cost you?"

He always whispers, bluntly:

"less."

# Disney\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Five minutes to the start of the hunt. Jungle out there. He wears the helmet with the double protection. The fuse is cracked. At least it wasn't his skull. But there is no choice. A person has to eat. It is not clear who is easier to get food - the ancient man or the post-apocalyptic man. There are shields. knees elbows A black suit made of non-flammable material. In case everything goes up in flames. gets on the machine. His machine is small and theirs is big. But better than the journey from Africa. If here it's a jungle, there it's a safari. His mother was murdered on the way. She hid a gold chain in her hair and they found it. They slit her

throat before his eyes. His lungs are at fifty percent function. Breathe too much desert sand. He zigzagged through the sawing noise of the engines. must eat like an animal of prey. Like cheetahs. His sister is also a hunter. She made the journey with him. But last week she broke her leg. Now he has to worry about another mouth. A huge machine almost blows him away. He increases speed. pounces on the prey. The sensor confirms - target number two hundred sixty one. locked on her. catcher looking inside There is enough there for a week. Unfortunately it's not for him. Gets back on the machine. must continue must eat for mom May you see him eat from above and enjoy. crack in the road The machine jumps. The black skin burns inside the black suit. Must arrive quickly. Otherwise there is no food. And the barons won't like it. Nothing is as dangerous as fear. He is not afraid of anything. cutter a damper

accelerator. The sensor alerts - two more minutes. is coming. climber. pulse.

"Where are you, man, we're starving here."

The Baron in his underwear. The sony is on. The joint too. The table is stolen. The stocks are running. Clickbait fish. The sashimi was delivered. The sauces too. The plastic will be buried but will not decompose. The sashimi will be devoured absent-mindedly.

"Not bad, bro, kid. We'll spoil you anyway."

Like Walt said. If you can dream it you can do it. Twenty shekels tip. There is food.



# Two Jews in Heaven\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

"Very nice."

"very very."

"How many degrees in the country now, Kaffa?"

"In the land of thirty-two. And here is twenty-eight, twenty-seven."

"A little cool, isn't it?"

'A bit chilly, yes. What's more, there is a lot of green here. Good for the soul.'

"Just so we don't get lost. Do you know how to get out of here? The Wise doesn't work for me.'

"Also well maintained here. "Look at the flowers."

"Well, like this garden in Haifa, of the goddesses, what are they called?"

"The islands."

"Yes, yes, come on. They are Christians, you know."

"Look what a beautiful river."

"So beautiful so jump in!"

"I don't have a towel."

pop! A pile of towels appears out of nowhere, made of Egyptian cotton, decorated with Indian silk, smelling of roses, with a touch of a cloud.

"On second thought a little cool."

"A little chilly, yes."

"And the architecture is stunning, nothing to say."

"Listen, what to do, they don't have wars here, they have time to invest. They are not surrounded by enemies like us. May they rest in peace."

"But shake, are you sure we'll know how to get out of here?"

"We'll manage, we'll ask someone."

'They don't speak English here. What a funny language they have. Blah blah blah blah blah blah.'

"And how they take care of the flowers here, Ya Vardi! Another flower and another flower, how much can you mess with flowers? Everything is the same."

"Faye, look how he invests in pruning."

The trimmer turns to them and waves goodbye. His face is beaming with happiness, his smile reaches up to his ears, and his skin shines like a newborn baby.

"Suckers don't die."

"Did you hear that Dan, Ilana's cousin, opened a gardening business? He already has two workers from the territories with him. He's doing well.'

"Come on, let him open a branch here."

"Yeah, there doesn't seem to be much competition here."

"Atonement for you, I'm afraid we won't be able to return, everything here is the same, only flowers and rivers everywhere."

"We asked someone."

"Also these, making a nice face, are all anti-Semitic. At the first opportunity they send you straight to the gas chambers by train.'

"I miss the country."

"There is nothing like the land."

"I want to go back, Inal-Abok, I'm cold!"

pop! The two land at 57 Uziel Street in Ramat Gan.

"What a fever, God forbid."

"Come atonement, come home."

"They do TAMA there, don't they?"

"They are already in the finishing stages, atonement. Come on, atonement, come on, let's turn on the air conditioner.'

# Hot\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Hell is the hottest place on earth (or under it.) On a day that is considered cool, when the furnaces stop for operational control, and part of the trend climbs up to the surface of the earth (from the belly of some volcano in Hawaii or Italy), temperatures are measured in the northern (and cooler) parts of hell at 6,666 degrees Celsius.

Steve Jobs, who was sentenced to 6,666 millennia in hell for the crime of 'unprecedented damage to the human race', decided to unite the prisoners and organize a demonstration regarding the scorching heat. He convinced his neighbors in hell that every problem has a technological solution, and if

they just submit a form and talk to the devil with logic, he will surely let them find it.

Steve Jobs' neighbors unanimously agreed that they deserved a breath of cool air. They went up Mount Doom together, and arrived at the stone palace on whose gate was emblazoned the inscription: DIE THE MOMENT.

Ashmadai had just finished a phone call with Elon Musk, who was still on earth, and Steve made the demand in his ears. A big smile spread across his face (not on Steve's face, on Ashmaday's face, it's true that it's hard to tell them apart.)

In any case, the devil loves it when you need something from him - it usually ends in a very profitable arrangement for him.

"Incidentally," said the Stra afterward, "this week a shipment of a device arrived that would be just right for this problem, of the heat of course."

Satan presented his subjects with a rectangular pod with a fan in the center.

"All you have to do is carry the backpack on your back and press the orange button. In a moment you will feel a freezing breeze that will penetrate your bones, like in Lapland. Remember Lapland?"

The subjects did not trust the devil, and asked if there were small letters.

"Nothing serious," said the devil, "there's a little matter, the device, in order to get cold to your bones, has to spew hellfire from the other side of the fan. After all, it is subject to the law of conservation of mass, which I did not legislate."

"And this hellfire will come to us?"

"God forbid," replied the devil dismissively, "she will only heat up hell." The only one who will feel the rise in temperatures will be me, and you know who, at my place, as the temperature rises, so does the mood."

All in all, the deal sounded fair; The unnaturalness of Dealing with the devil has always been about sacrificing the future for the sake of the present.

The machines were installed on top of the subjects. They were spinning around hell and the propellers were spinning over their shoulders. There was also such an annoying hum emanating from the propellers, the devil didn't tell them about it - after all, he is the devil - what's more, he made sure to give them earplugs made of recycled plastic and the matter was settled.

Huge fires raged throughout the entire hell, but the subjects were cool and pleasant. Everyone cheered for Steve Jobs and crowned him as the undisputed leader of the Hellenistic Committee. Steve's backpack was the most elaborate of them all, sprinkling small ice cubes on his chest.

Only Immanuel Kant protested: "meine Kollegen, meine Kollegen, maybe we can find



another solution, one that won't harm us in the long run?"

Kant has always been an oddball. Unlike the other subjects, who celebrated the pleasures of the body and mind and let the rest go up in flames, he sat quietly in his cell and waited until he finished serving his sentence. Unlike the others, who arrived due to greed and power, lies or acts of sodomy, Kant arrived in hell in the same old and famous way, lined with good intentions.

"You old troublemaker," shouted Friedrich Nietzsche, "there is no good deed except a good will, isn't that right, Immanuel?" and burst into a big laugh.

The rest of the subjects rolled with laughter following him.

Kant could have poked a philosophical tease at him as well, something along the lines of "Then it turns out that God is not dead after all," or "Here ends the one who abandoned

the morality of the slaves, aka the superman - deep, deep below."

But Emanuel was too soft-spoken, and too settled in his mind.

He just said: "Maybe instead of these backpacks, we'll plant trees? Maybe with trees hell will turn into... a garden... please guys," he begged, "I'm the only one without a backpack and it's really getting hot here! I miss Königsberg!"

Friedrich went on to say: "So what, old man, is heat a noumena or a phenomenon?!"

And Steve Jobs and his staff told Kant that he was old-fashioned and opposed to progress.

"That's how hell goes," Steve explained as the temperatures throughout hell continued to climb, to a heat not created by the devil, and the devices were already too weak to cool the heat, and a version update was required.

When it was finally Elon Musk's time to join the celebration - after receiving a backpack - he discovered a white plastic tube, sticking

out from the side of the backpack with the fan. Alon inhaled from the pipe of a yacht - and felt just like in Iceland. The workers' committee thus crowned Elon Musk as their new unprovoked leader, and everyone inhaled the pipe from the beginning of the heat to the end of the soul.

Only Immanuel Kant, thanks to his self-interested persistence, received a special pardon from what I will be - on the condition that he guarantees, for the future, to include the existence of God, the survival of the soul, and the freedom of the will, in the critique of pure reason and not only in the practical (admittedly, the three postulates are bound by reality on In order not to degenerate human life into an absurdity, and precisely because of this, the very existence of human life - that is, of reason - indicates the existence of the three in a pure form. This means, if the existence of reason in their absence leads to a fundamental contradiction, stronger than a

logical contradiction - the Their existence is given to her a priori.)

The devil looked at Steve Jobs and Elon Musk, with a backpack and a humming fan on their backs, inhaling gas from a plastic pipe and dying, while around them a constant fire was consuming - and thanked the good God in his heart for bringing order to the world.

# Inside Out\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Inside. outside. inside. outside. Oh, how pleasant it is.

Entered. outgoing. Entered. outgoing.  
Supreme pleasure. ecstasy.

The most primal, root, survival act. The perfect connection.

As simple as it is, that's how pleasant it is.

It is so pleasant.

Mila, if the virus attacked the bread, we would eat cakes. He would attack the water - we would drink wine.

However, how cruel, how ruthless does one have to be, to attack the essence for and through which we live?

inside. outside. inside. outside. You can go on like this all day.

Not the fire, not the water, not the earth. The air we breathe, which he attacks.

Since the virus was discovered, my life has become unbearable. The pain is unbearable. My head is dizzy, my body is weak. But worst of all - I was deprived of the most beautiful and noble pleasure of all.

inside. outside. inside. outside.

Fifteen breaths a minute, rising and falling like the tides. At nine-hundred.

In a day - it's easier to calculate if you do one thousand times twenty four, then subtract

two thousand four hundred - twenty one thousand six hundred; Each one burns like after a winter sprint.

There are more than six hundred thousand breaths in a month. And in a year - seven-eight million. Assuming I have fifty years left, more or less, given the average life expectancy and the progress of medicine, there are almost half a billion more of them.

Entered. outgoing. Entered. outgoing.

It was supposed to be so pleasant. And now it burns us inside. all of you

First, they were illegal, the inhalers. To get an inhaler - it was only on the black market, and it's expensive. Whether he was strong or weak, as long as you were able to get your hands on one, take - what you got is what you have.

If the police caught you with an inhaler you would be in big trouble.

I knew it wouldn't last. It's true, in the first weeks I was careful, striving only at home, not talking about it - only with those close to me.

But such sweet relief - even if momentary - of this continuous, day-to-day, all-embracing suffering, cannot be a bad thing. A few inhalations, and the pain disappears completely for an hour, sometimes two hours. And you can simply come back and enjoy.

inside. outside. inside. outside. inside. outside.

Once, after buying a new one, I wondered how many of the half billion breaths I had left would be with an inhaler. If this pain will



remain for life, if it is destiny, or if it is possible to get out of it, to escape from the air that binds my life with that pressure. If there is another place, a place with clean air, where you can live without it.

The inhaler became so common that the government was no longer able to resist. At the end of the day, a government is merely a reflection of the people. Strong lobbying and a massive campaign meant that an inhaler could be obtained with a doctor's prescription; And the doctors handed out a prescription to everyone who paid.

Full legalization was later announced.

The pharma chains began to market stronger inhalers, which eased the suffering for four and five hours. There were inhalers for the day and Inhalers for the night, those that lower and those that raise, flavored inhalers.

My favorite flavor is grape.

Today, with the push of a button I can order an inhaler to my home. And after that - six hours of relief and dreamless sleep.

At the end of every day I meet with the guys, we bring an inhaler, Doritos, potato chips and Coke, and clean the lungs together.

I no longer remember when the virus started, and if there was a virus at all. It seems to me that the inhaler causes the memory to blur.

inside. outside. inside. outside.

Half a billion breaths to go.

Sounds like forever.

How many of them will be inhaled through the inhaler?

# Clothes Do Not Make The Man\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The call came over the mobile, and Dan's hand shook a little as it was sent to the walkie-talkie.

The Chief of Staff explained to the cadets, already on the first day of the course: This is the sole purpose of the training - to uproot this tremor in the hand. He was burly and moustached, the kind Dan would like to call father.

Now, the moment of truth has arrived - his first reading - and Dan Bush discovers that the hesitation is still gnawing inside him, like a parasite. In any case, his mobile was the closest to the Bogarshov beach, and as the

commander said - sooner or later every cadet will be under curfew.

He stopped the car in the middle of the lane and went down to the beach. The rough uniform was soaked with sweat and stuck to his skin; It itched. Dan shifted uncomfortably in the cheap synthetic fabric, carrying his boots in the hot sand dunes, under the blazing Tel Aviv August sun.

It's hard to breathe.

From a distance he saw the gathering, and walked towards it.

What if the suspect is mentally ill, or refuses to cover up? How do you detain a naked person for questioning, without touching his loins, and without them touching you? He tried to recall the protocol of the prohibition of turbans in the parish. Due to the sensitivity of the issue, the National Police gave them this training himself.

"The naked body," said the police officer, pointing to the board behind him. In red marker and sloppy writing, the title was emblazoned with the title 'Tertelol in Parshasia.' "The naked body, in contrast to a beggar who screams nonsense in the middle of the street and reaches out for alms, or a drug addict who lies on the sidewalk and soaks in his own urine, creates a rift in the urban landscape. The beggar and the drug addict blend in naturally; The pubis, on the other hand, is like an open wound in the social body - it fundamentally undermines it.'

Dan arrived at the crime scene, and tried to look without looking. On the golden sand, on top of a crimson-colored embroidered sheet, rested a small chest, erect nipples, thick and fleshy thighs, and a pubic area with a bright golden feather. Around all of these stood in half a threshing floor, not only a few skinny men, but also a few young women in thongs,

which were pushed between his butt cheeks - this shrewd heathen, it's not enough that her grandfather was a Nazi, now she's come to steal our men with her naked permissiveness. The sounds of the waves came and washed from the shore, like a mighty musical instrument. Greta listened to him with crossed legs and thought to herself:

Es gibt Vaginas auf dieser Welt, die niemals die Wärme der Sonnenstrahlen püren werden.

(She knew fragments of Hebrew, but not enough to think: there are gardens in this world that will never feel the heat of the sun's rays.)

Either way, the thought made her sad.

The sea continued to play, but Dan did not hear it.

"What will happen to these," said a responsible, balding citizen of about forty

who was clinging to Dan, "she's been like this for an hour." Lucky you came,' he added and grabbed.

In the presence of the uniform, the Good Samaritan felt a bit like a criminal (in truth, everyone in the crowd felt this way, except for Greta.)

He made sure to endear himself to the representative of the law, and distinguish himself from the real criminal.

"Sir, please mind your own business."

Greta stole a glance at the policeman, and smiled to herself.

"Um, hello," Dan said, glancing, for forensic purposes only, at the second naked female flesh he'd ever seen. You have to be careful. One video from the wrong angle, then Yashr Yonit Levy, an investigation by the National Security Agency, and actual imprisonment so they can see and be seen.

In his parents' house, which looked like a fake version of a house in Marrakesh, Dan wasn't



even allowed to host Li-Sheli behind closed doors until they got engaged. They have been together since they were fifteen. Everyone is wondering when he will propose.

"Ja?" Greta looked up at Dan. To hide the sun, she pressed her hand to her forehead, as if saluting.

"Mm.. lady.. you, you speak Hebrew? Hebrew, Hebrew?" Dan stammered, and for some reason gestured in a pantomime movement of eating.

"Yes, yes, Hebrew, Kazet speaks."

"You need to get dressed."

"What is Lithloosh?"

"Clothes, clothes, you need to put clothes on. That's illegal."

"Cookie? What's a cookie?" Greta smiled and sat down in an oriental yeshiva. Everything is stretched there.

"They will argue with you," the warden continued.

"It doesn't matter what they did, to whom they did it, they will insist, plead that they are not guilty - all to avoid the long arm of the law. The sages among them will try to explain to you logically. Justice may even be with them - it doesn't matter. For the policeman there is one logic and one logic only - the law.

"The law, the unknown third agent, which makes moral judgment superfluous, the most ingenious invention of the enlightened Western society - can you picture in your mind a human society that exists without it, without it degenerating into total chaos?

"Well, if the law orders them to cover their pubic hair - cover it up. If the law stipulates that they cover their mouths and noses - for you, these are the living words of God.

"And if the law decides, one fine morning, that they cover their eyes, and wander around the space like Sumatrans - well, it's better that some lucky bastard starts selling blindfolds at a discounted price, because what's certain,

your shift won't end until the last of the open-eyed is behind bars."

Greta looked at the burly and confused man, dressed in survival gear, telling her to cover up. She had not been in Israel long enough to determine whether Dan was Jewish or Arab. Either way, she liked the oriental look, the black hair, the black beard, the black skin, and the black look in the black eyes.

"Get dressed, Charlila!" Shontel Suisa shouted, pulling the red thong from the slit.

Without being noticed, she slipped a finger, making sure the Brazilian wax didn't miss a single hair. Thank God for Vivian Cosmetics, without her there would be a black rat trapped in the red thong trying to get into her ass.

"Ma'am, I wish to maintain a respectable language!" scolded Dan.

"I am clothed," answered Greta calmly, "my soul is clothed in my body," she said and returned to watching Dan curiously.

She hated the uniform, bAt the time they were sexy to her.

More precisely, it wasn't the uniform that caused her glands to expand; It was their liberation, the liberation it expresses, from the most binding shackles to absolute and naked freedom, from the most herd social uniformity to the compassionate and primordial divine nature. And if they were not removed, if they persisted in their suffocation, there would be nothing ugly about them.

Greta's family did not agree to speak a word about those days. When her grandfather passed away, she found the uniform in the attic.

Burned them, and bought a ticket to Israel.

"No kooky, legal, legal, Yaani, de lo."

Dan looked at her. For a split second, the naked skin didn't seem sexual to him at all. Like a baby playing in the sand. He turned around and saw Shontel sticking her butt out of her thong, and giving him an indifferent look.

"There," Greta said while she was wearing white lace panties, "now is it a cookie?"

"Umm.. the top one too.." said Dan, pointing to his sweaty chest, loaded with badges and signals. The gun, the gun, the shocker, the walkie-talkie, and the smartphone were shaken on his model.

"Hey you can't be naked you don't understand?? Dis not Europe!' scolded the concerned citizen.

"We're all naked," answered Greta, as she put on a tight white tank top, "some just have clothes on."

"True, there is no express law that prohibits public flirting," the NCM confessed, "but as you guessed, that doesn't matter at all either."

The cadets looked at him, confused. Dan raised his hand.

"Yes, cadet."

"If there is no such law, then how can it be enforced?"

"Whoa, we have an elementary cadet here," said the commander and smiled a satisfied smile.

"Listen carefully, my love - have you ever read the book of laws? me neither. No one understands what is written there. When you are there, in the field, with the uniform, and the gun, and the filth of the human race - you are the legislator, you are the judge, you are the executioner. This is the only way a reformed society can run. If I had to attach a lawyer to you for every call, where would we end up?"

Dan shifted uncomfortably in the plastic chair.

"So we put it under the section of disturbing the public order, or an obscene act, or whatever comes to your mind at that moment. And it doesn't matter if it's Mowgli the jungle boy who bathes alone in a hidden waterfall - there's the normal, there's the abnormal, and as long as you wear my uniform, you represent only one thing - the normal.'

"Toff," said Greta, "I feel like it."

She packed the crimson sheet inside the straw bag, scribbled something on a note, and turned to Dan.

"Thank you, Mister Policeman," she said, and without the Moroccans noticing, she tucked the note into her pocket.

"Blessed that we fired," Shontal said, sticking out her bottom, and asking the concerned citizen to take a photo of her for Instagram.

While Dan was moving towards the car, behind which there was a forty-minute traffic jam, he took the note out of his pocket and read: "Meet me at the entrance to the southern beach of Herzliya, at midnight."

His heart skipped a beat. He didn't want to get married.

~

They say that clothes do not make the man. Take, for example, an investment advisor on Wall Street, strip him of his tie and suit - or on a casual day, the fashionable t-shirt - and put him inside a ballerina's tutu; It's hard to believe that he will suddenly decide to perform a perfect pirouette. Or alternatively, grab some priest, take off his black robe and the suffocating collar with the white note, and wrap him in baggy pants, a yellow checkered shirt and a wide cuff - most



likely he won't find a skate and start doing stunts.

If so, why does Dan feel different when he wears the uniform?

Greta was already sitting on the tribune, her palms under her thighs, when Dan arrived at the beach, wearing a uniform - not the police uniform, a Zara uniform. He reached out for a squeeze. Greta ignored it and hugged him.

They went for a walk on the beach and talked about everything.

Every time her hand accidentally touched his hand, Dan moved it away with an instinctive movement. All the cells of his body were attracted to all of her cells like a magnet, they wanted to jump on her, tear off her clothes, jump into the sea, swim to Germany and never return.

All the cells except for one cell - a small and isolated neuron called Li-Sheli.

So they stayed dressed.

"It feels good, inside the uniform, doesn't it?" asked the commander, "Yes, we all know the feeling.

"Many get confused and think it's the intoxication of power. This is the authority, the power. that they give us, the people of the law, some ancient security, like that of the ruling tribe, of the strongest gang of them all. 'But they are wrong. What do you think, cadets, is the root and most basic motivation of man? The same thing that motivated Gandhi and Stalin, Jesus and Hitler?

"The reason you feel good in the uniform is one and only: you feel you are on the side of the good guys. The uniform is proof that there are the bad, the dangerous, and there are you - the keepers of the good order of society, the heroes, who make its very existence possible. That's how it is in the world, there are thieves, and there are policemen - you.

"Like the hill boys who guard against the Arabs, and the Hamas terrorists who protect against the occupiers, like the capitalists who save the world from corrupt communism, and the communists who free the proletariat from the corruption of the bourgeoisie, like the vegan who saves animals and the carnivore who lives as nature intended, even like the members of the National Democratic Party , who rescued their fate-stricken people from the economic arm of the Tamarite Jews. "But - and there is a big but: do you know what is the difference between you and everyone else?" The Nazim combed his mustache with his hand.

"The modern, secular, Western, democratic society - into which you were lucky enough to be born - is the Enlightenment. Although - it is not perfect; But it is the best possible. The end of days, the responsibility of morality, the embodiment of order and justice, considering the damaged nature of

man. And you, you are the last line, the gatekeepers of that ideal of political perfection.

"So what's the difference between you and all those clowns of history, who served the Dakhani establishment and believed they were serving order and progress, and at the end of the day the joke was only at their expense?"

"The difference is simple: you really are on the side of the good guys."

~

Great Dan never saw Greta again. He married Li-Sheli in the "Khan Hadakal" halls. They had two sons and a daughter. For two decades they barely made ends meet. Dan religiously preserved the right of every person to property. In the end Dan was promoted to the rank of Air Force One and began to train cadets. He received a hefty raise and even

managed to silence a corruption case, to which his name was linked, that threatened to become public.

He had a uniform of approxFor various colors - the old uniforms and the new ones, ceremonial uniforms, overseas uniforms and operational uniforms. They were all ironed, folded and stored in the closet in the family home in Modi'in.

Once, during the period when he was discussing before the SNA, a nest of moths was discovered between the folds of a uniform.

Li-Sheli burned the uniform in the yard, and Dan looked in amazement at the orange fire.

Greta rose from the flames.

# The Invisible Hand

One law, and one law only, appeared on the ‘Fraternity’ political party platform, and therefore, once elected, the party was able to assign considerable resources to its enactment as well as to its enforcement.

No one had imagined that the small party would win the elections. Commentators had attributed the victory to two main factors. First – the targeted campaign, which, due to its simplicity, had managed to penetrate the minds of many, like a nail. Second, it was the momentum: the many have had more than enough of the never-ending parade of brawl and defamation between the two leading parties, ‘Liberty’ and ‘Equality’ – who, for centuries, had failed to come up with even one pinch of either liberty or equality.

And this is the formulation of the **Constitutional Amendment – The Abolition**

**of Money:** No institution nor individual, including the government, a bank, or a private corporation, shall issue any means of trade, whether analogue or digital, for the purpose of exchanging goods and services between civilians.

On the first day of the law's enactment, majority of civilians – among them yours truly – had locked themselves within the safety of their homes, for fear of riots. Others, members of the 'Liberty' and 'Equality' parties, set out to demonstrate, furious. They were joined by other civilians – mainly those of white collar, who dedicated years for acquiring proper education, that would guarantee a regular job with fixed income, or those who gained seniority. The police allowed the demonstrations to go uninterrupted, as the president had long ago made clear: freedom of speech shall not be harmed. You are free to do as you please, he said, only without money.

Nevertheless, civilians who attempted to break ATM's, believing the cold cash would somehow be of service to them, or those who

tried to loot grocery stores and such, were arrested by the cops. The president had repeatedly warned and alerted on the media channels: The economy remains free, and law and order stand firm and valid; the chaos we are currently witnessing is no more than unavoidable pains of labor. You are free to do as you please, he kept saying, only without money.

Few, especially the formerly newly rich, who habitually checked their bank balance, and could only find a zeroized zero, as round as planet earth – jumped off the rooftops.

Banknotes from all countries and all periods began to be traded in the black market, but the police made it to everyone - including the distributors of digital currencies, who roamed the streets, possessed with Messianic madness, preaching about the new cryptographic social order that will redeem humanity.

Enforcement of the Amendment of Abolition of Money was a top priority for the ‘Fraternity’ party, since, as was already mentioned, it was its sole, single, one and only promise prior to the elections. For the



president, there was nothing more important than keeping his promises to his Excellency the Voter. Although money isn't the root of all evil, said the president, it is most definitely a fertile soil for its growth. He just kept on saying again and again: you are free to do as you please, only without money.

On the second day, domestic food and water supply had yet to run out, and most people still remained within the safety of their residence and watched the news. Some were afraid to take to the streets; but even those who weren't afraid what-so-ever, still preferred not to go outside. And I'm not only referring to various workers of the economic system, who, overnight, became as redundant as an uncovered cheque – bankers, accountants, credit companies, brokers, analysts, financial advisors, investment advisors, mortgage advisors, scalpers, changers, wage calculators, government officials in charge of pensions, the tax authority, and employees of insurance companies, as well as advertisers of these companies and such, supermarket cashiers, and the company that manufactures the cash

registers, Brinks drivers, casinos and lottery corporations, all enterprises who directly or indirectly occupied themselves with money, for all of their clerks, managers, guards, counsels, technicians, operators, and the secretaries, the cleaners, as well as professors of economics, and the print houses that printed the textbooks, the lumberjacks who lumberjacked the wood used for their paper, and reporters of the finance section, I'm not only talking about them, but also the farmers, the teachers, the doctors, the drivers, the shoemakers, the bakers, the therapists, the singers, the painters, the pilots, the poets, the dancers, in the absence of any monetary incentive, none of them was simply able to find good-enough reason to scratch themselves off the couch.

Most landlords awaited to see where the wind blows before evicting their tenants, but others didn't linger. Amongst the evacuees, those who were wise enough to have been born to parents who own property, went back to living with them, until the storm calms. Yet quite a few individuals and/or families who were evicted, found themselves on the streets,

next to a pile of furniture, while their former residence had remained as empty as outer space.

Parallely, pantries began to empty, and the people came knocking on supermarket doors, demanding food. The owners of the grocery stores remained the legal holders of the stock. The employees of those very shops, who, in the past, had unloaded the crates, arranged the shelves, washed the floors, scanned the barcodes – were left in the mercy of the owners, depending on their good will in order not to starve to death.

Some of the owners had kept the entirety of food supply for themselves and their families, in case judgement day arrives. It was impossible to tell when should supply run out, since, as already mentioned, the farmers lacked good-enough reason to go out to the fields.

Other shop owners, opportunists, checked to see just how far they can get, how much they could receive in return for their wares: a nice sweater, a piece of jewelry, a blowjob. Men and women alike did what had to be done in

order to provide for themselves and their families.

The landlords too enjoyed similar status to that of the owners of grocery stores. Tenants lined-up to run errands for them, or give them a massage, bestowed upon them objects that the owner – like a raven – had coveted, handed them surplus of food or toilet paper (even though their supply was meager to begin with), and most of all offered their bodies, in every position, at every hour, according to the owner's most hidden and latent desires.

Once the entirety of the owner's physical urges was satisfied, and they still possessed excess food or assets at their disposal, they were offered diverse entertainment options in return for the use of their property, for the sake of pure amusement: flutists fluted for them, dancers danced for them, and those who didn't possess any talent, any talent what-so-ever, put on a monkey costume, or that of an armadillo with tiny golden bells, and pranced at the corner of the room, to the echoing sound of the owner's rolling laughter.

Rubbish was piling up in the streets and no one was there to collect it. Public transport was shut down, due to chauffers' refusal to drive civilians unpaid. Private vehicles were also hardly seen on the roads, as petrol was frugally kept for the worst of times. TV channels, internet websites – all operated on a limited basis. The only ones who showed up for work - in order to continue and report strictly the essential - were those who were promised tangible return for their labor, in form of food, shelter, or benefits, much like the cops.

Demonstrators marched unto the president's house. Without ammunition, though, they didn't stand a chance against the Fraternity Guard. And the president? The president only kept saying again and again and again: you are free to do as you please, only without money.

Now, regarding crime rates. It was too early to tell how those would be influenced by that very same fallacious law. There had been some reports of incidents of armed robbery; but it was a relatively rare phenomena, in any case much lesser than the government's

predicaments. Indeed, it is by no means far-fetched to think that even in state of absolute chaos, most normative law-abiding civilians would rather exhaust all possible possibilities before choosing to take extreme measures, either for moral reasoning, either by power of most primal, most selfish common sense. The robbers, therefore, who were usually caught with a bag full of canned food, were swiftly arrested, thanks to great policing forces – as there was almost no need for traffic police, undercover agents, and fraud investigators.

As far as drugs are concerned – there too contradicting data was collected. On the one hand, there were those who sunk into idleness, anesthetizing their minds, even in the cost of starving to death. On the other hand, for many, who were preoccupied with chasing food or shelter, the need for altering one's state of consciousness was cast aside. Moreover, in many cases, the substances were simply not to be found, for purely logistic reasons.

Domestic violence, murders and raping still occurred, but those as well gained second

priority, in favor of more basic components of that very infamous hierarchy of needs.

Surprisingly, it was the mob bosses who experienced great relief. They no longer had good reason to continue the circle of whacking; they simply retired. Conversely, owners of banks and large food corporations had conspired and founded a lobby to combat the law. They hired jurists with the assets and food in their disposal; but the president was determined and would not relent. You are free to do as you please, he told them, only without money.

Once legal efforts failed, the bankers hired a group of mercenaries, to assassinate the president. But the government had always possessed greater food reserves and wider shelters to offer to the cops; all assassination attempts were thwarted by heavy security forces protecting the president. There's no greater political power than the power of the people, said the president; you are free to do as you please, he repeated, only without money.

For some, the law played in their favor. First, all debt was immediately annulled, including

mortgages. The news reported of generous landlords who, in lack of good-enough reason to maintain custody of their former investment properties, handed them to the lessees; but they were a minority. Office buildings, previously used by companies who dealt with finance, as well as some government buildings and former banks, were converted to housing for those who lost their homes. One could easily think of at least one or two acquaintances who supported the law, since in the end of the day, despite the uncertainty and anxiety, still preferred not having to show up at the office on Monday morning.

The shelves at the grocery stores were starting to empty. Even before all essential goods ran out, the social activists had founded the aid delegations. On the streets, the delegations were unofficially titled 'The Freebies'.

At first, the Freebies worked to find ad-hock solutions. They recruited grocery or shelter for those who lost their homes or remained penniless, collected garbage, managed the water infrastructure. Quickly enough, the



Freebies phenomena had accelerated, and Freebies were founded for planning of long-term solutions. Civilians of all population strata, from doctors and engineers to street cleaners, joined the ranks of a Freebie or founded new Freebies. The Freebies manned the fields, the schools, and the hospitals, developed trainings in various themes. They taught the citizens how to defecate without using toilet paper, to handle their own waste, to grow food.

Everyone wanted to help the Freebies; they recruited petrol of oil tycoons and allocated it to bus drivers' Freebies; empty office buildings were donated by corporations who went bankrupt (only to the extent in which this concept still had any meaning) and were went to the possession of the homeless.

It took me about a month to join one of the Freebies. I didn't do it because I was concerned for supply or housing - before the law of abolition of money, on top of the spacious house I own, I was the owner of a neighborhood grocery store; therefore, the economy of my family was safe and secure.

In all honesty, I was just... bored.

On Television there was only the news, which kept repeating itself. My wife was constantly pushing me to get off the couch and make something of myself; but I didn't know what to do. My whole life, one question and one question only had reigned over my mind: what can I do in order to make more money? That question had haunted my days and my nights, to it I dedicated more hours in my life than to any other thought. Suddenly, I was required to only ask myself what I *want* to do. I remembered that in my childhood, I liked to go once a week to the educational farm and help with harvest – therefore I joined one of the agricultural Freebies. Together with me were Wall-Street refugees, homeless people, teenagers. Some felt a need to shoulder the burden for themselves and for society, some came for self-realization or something like that, but many arrived for the exact same reason I did – boredom.

Naturally, the Freebies used their resources carefully. The crop harvested in the fields was packed and distributed in a manner that doesn't create waste, so it won't be necessary to collect it afterwards. Abandoned roads

were drilled open, and fruit trees were planted in their place. The trees hatched the asphalt and, in their tops, nested the sparrows. Only a few main roads were kept, through which the Public Transport Freebie drove passengers for a shift at a Freebie, for meeting their families or for a stroll outdoors. At this point, non-essential necessities, such as exquisite food, new cloths, or advanced technologies, weren't occupying the Freebies, for obvious reasons.

One of the research Freebies has reported that so far, approximately every third civilian had already joined some Freebie – each according to their will and heart-desire. Some contributed one hour per day, some two, and for some, well, you had to force them to put down their pitchfork and take a break.

The Freebies established no prior conditions for using their product, and so, any alien consideration was eradicated – each person chose in which Freebie to operate only according to what they truly liked doing. Those who's thirst was saturated while watering plants, watered them. Those who used to strain your muscles at the gym,

carried boxes. And those who had no damn clue as to what they liked – in many cases it's an acquired taste – well they tried their luck in different Freebies, until finding a craft that fed their soul.

All members of the Freebies offered their skills; they even trained the bored landlords, who didn't know how to do anything besides depositing cheques.

Artist Freebies filled the streets – painters, musicians, poets, actors – and their melodies replaced the sawing sound of car engines. The streets gave birth to new forms of art. The artists, who's empty stomachs left space for the art to go inside, couldn't find a good-enough-reason to commercialize their art. And the hungrier they were, so their art satisfied. The famous artists had locked themselves within the safety of their homes, for fear of damaging their property, whereas the anonymous artists, the hungry ones, played the songs of the famous ones, which were written in their days of hunger.

And love, people made love; on the streets, at sea, with neighbors.

Naturally, friendships were made within the Freebies. A homeless volunteer had met a lonely, bored building owner, and he offered her to live in one of his apartments; youngsters formed study groups for philosophical and literary texts; couples found each other and married.

As time passed, more and more civilians, of all population strata, joined the ranks of the Freebies; and honestly, hand on heart, and even though the Freebies offered food, culture, education, infrastructure, transport, medicine, without asking anything in return, you tell me, what do you say, wouldn't you've joined?

During the first few months, food was scarce, but it seemed like people needed less nourishment than before – the place of the physical feed was taken by the spiritual feed.

The Freebie markets operated in stores, or on sheets at the boardwalk. Besides food and hygiene products, a variety of secondhand artifacts were given, as well as art pieces, and heart to heart conversations, massages, and lectures. Cooks turned the modest crop into royal feasts and gave it for grabs; some of the

steamy pots were of master chefs, some of experienced grandmothers. Tailors and sowers measured, cut, and weaved old cloths into luxury robes, as an alchemist turning lead into gold.

So, as I said, all goods and services were freely given to whoever asked for them, with no prior conditions. Some took more, some took less. Although each person was allowed to join each Freebie or enjoy its product unconditionally, an unwritten rule was quickly shaped amongst the Freebies; it was socially unacceptable to be the owner of a property where another person resides, and to demand something in return for the right to use it.

It seemed that the root of the economic problem wasn't money after all, but ownership of land. Honestly? Before the law of abolition of money, I was an enthusiastic supporter of 'Liberty' party. However, working in the fields taught me, that perhaps this party wasn't offering liberty after all? That perhaps the land doesn't belong to us, but we belong to it?

As stated above, in the case of the lonely, bored building owner, ownership wasn't a cause to refuse a certain so and so to join one of the Freebies, nor to prevent him from its product. The only implication was those frequent dirty looks, sent to him by his Freebie companions – whisperings, at times – and the fact that oftentimes, other members of the Freebie preferred not to hang out with him. Same goes for civilians who abused the open markets, collecting excessive amounts of product into their laps. Peer pressure motivated many to let go of their vacant property and restrain one's greed.

You might think: no way everyone just agreed to give out free stuff to people they don't know. And you're right. Not everyone's built for it. I'm somewhat ashamed to admit it, but my only son is a classic example of such a person. I have only myself to blame for it; ever since he spoke his first word (light), I taught him one thing and one thing only: you must make money.

Well, it worked. At the time of legislation, my son was a sophomore in the School of Economics. Once the faculty closed its gates,

he was terribly frustrated; even when I tried to share with him my insights from working at the Freebie, he vehemently refused to do anything for a person who is doing nothing in return. It unfair and uneconomic, shouted him and many alike.

And so came to be, alongside the Freebies, The Sharies. The Sharies functioned as some sort of unions, organizations of family members, friends, and acquaintances, who only exchanged goods and services withing their inner circle; such an arrangement suited those amongst us who've yet to realize we are all one big family. Members of a Sharie resided in different places and were occupied with various crafts; they offered the fruit of their labor only to members from the same Sharie.

My son and his companions then founded a brewery – and only members of their Sharie got to enjoy its product. An average Sharie had around ten-thousand members, a number big enough in order to form an autarky economic microcosmos. Thus, my son and his companions knew for a fact that other members of their Sharie weren't idling;



perhaps they did a tiny bit more, perhaps a tiny bit less, in any case they did something, and that knowing put my son's mind to rest, even though it wasn't possible to measure who exactly did what, by some random abstract numeric index.

A year after the legislation, two out of three civilians were members of at least one Freebie. A significant portion of the other third belonged to some Sharie. Thanks to the immense manpower invested in a small number of domains, there had been created unprecedented abundance of food, culture, public transport.

New technologies were developed as well, but those technologies always served the human-beings who created them instead of vice versa.

Hence, even if each and every one of the third of civilians, who, for one whole year, hasn't dedicated even one lousy minute to some Freebie, would have done their best to eat as much as possible, to spend as much as possible, to litter as much as possible, it still wouldn't have been enough to harm the welfare of the remaining two thirds of

civilians, who haven't sowed one seed and haven't carried one box, unless they chose to do it in an absolutely freely.

Who would have believed, besides perhaps the president, that thus shall unfold the future? Then again, is it truly that unbelievable, is such a world only reserved for fairytales?

Many Freebies of philosophy and religion had preoccupied themselves with these questions and such. For example, the sole objective of one entire research Freebie was to determine – whether there are, evidently, some principles in the nature of a person, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it, except the pleasure of seeing it, or whether that very person intends only his own gain, and he is, in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was not part of his intention.

# You Have Reached Your Destination\*

\*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

"Turn left."

He turned left.

"while. two hundred meters. Stick to the lane.

The left one.'

Two hundred meters later, he stuck to the left lane.

The entrance to the permanent traffic jam in Ayalon North.

He leaned back, relaxed, turned up the air conditioner, and turned on the "Only Love" playlist on Spotify.

Fifty one minutes to the destination.

"while. two hundred meters. Continued. Straight."

He already knew the way by heart, and knew its distance. But in his heart was lamented some hope for an alternative route, which would redeem him from the traffic jam.

Besides, admitting to predicting the exact time of arrival gave him a very certain kind of peace.

Too-doo-doo!

"Traffic ahead."

The time has been updated. Sixty-four minutes to the destination.

A river of metal and asphalt stretched before him. Small creatures inside big machines. threaten. irritated

sad

bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb

bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb

bbbbbb

One of the machine hornets.

bbbbbbbbbbbbbb!!

bbbbbbbbbb!!

babaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
aaaaa!!!!

The other machines honked after her, like a herd of cows lost at the first arrival.

Only one guy, driving an old cabriolet with no shirt and a stupid hat, was singing to himself loudly and laughing.

gas. Brax. gas. Brax.

This is his morning workout. Muscle Twins.

Too-doo-doo!

"Recalculate route."

An alternative way was found that saves three minutes.

"while. two hundred meters. Stick to the lane. The right one."

He scrolled the screen, trying to trace the new winding track, and almost crashed into the machine in front.

Two hundred meters later, he stuck to the right lane.

"In the square. Take the exit. the third."

At the square, he took the third exit.

Where the hell is he going?

Nega starts first grade today. Mirit was chosen, after a fight, as a representative at the ceremony, because the presentation was tomorrow and Peleg said he had to come to the office.

What does it even show? And for whom?

gas. Brax. gas. Brax.

Advertisement for Milky with Bar Refaeli in a swimsuit.

"In the square. Continue straight."

"Do not want."

For a moment, he didn't quite understand where the voice came from.

He continued straight through the square.

"while. two hundred meters. turn right."

"I don't want to turn right, what are you going to do for me?"

Yes, that was his voice. It was he who spoke.

"turn right."

He didn't turn right. He went straight on.

The vertical line on the screen was colored purple, and the little blue car drove up on it.

"while. three hundred meters. Do a U-turn."

"Not making a horse, you whore," he said, laughing to himself.

The foot pressed a little more on the gas. Less on the brakes.

"while. two hundred meters. Do a U-turn."

A little more gas.

"while. a hundred meters. Do a U-turn."

He exceeded the speed limit.

"listen to me. and listen I'm good Make a U-turn. now."

Stunned, he braked the Skoda.

The little blue car rested on the purple line.

Length of time to the office: fifty-five minutes. There are two alternative routes, both leading to the office.

he imagined. It happens to him sometimes.

He turned the wheel and turned left.

"I said. greed. an appeal horseshoe."

He braked again.

"You, are you talking to me?"

"are you. see here Someone else. Except for the two of us!"

That's it, now it's official. He's going crazy. It is the combination of Ritalin and Cipralex.

Ignore, just ignore.

He went straight on.

"If. You know. what's good. For you. Perseus. immediately."

"Shut your mouth!"

he shouted, sliding his finger across the screen.

"Should not. to you. continue. you will go Laibo..."

The app has been closed.

This.

He continued to drive straight.

"You will go. Lost!"

The voice echoed throughout the car.

"I'll do whatever I want!"

"You will go. "Lost." cried the Bluetooth hands-free.

"Then maybe I feel like getting lost sometimes!"

He reached the entrance of a dead-end street, and turned left.

"Huh. you saw are you. Do not know. You. the road."

"Right! But that's the only way I'll learn!"

He yelled, trying to figure out where he was, and if he was really talking to an app.

"For. what about you Learn. If I already know."

He turned off the multimedia system, and that this hallucination would end.

The car sped forward.

"The office. in the other direction. while. two hundred meters. Do a U-turn."

The voice came from the direction of the steering wheel.

"Leave me alone!"

"Look. How good. to you. Session. Adjustable. Air-Conditioner. refrigerator. music. favor. View. Where were you. without me."

The sound did not come from the steering wheel, but from his wrist.

The little blue car followed the purple line inside the Apple Watch screen.



"Enough! I'm sick of! When I get up in the morning - you are there. When I go to sleep - you are there. In the sea - there. With Nega - there. It's like... like you suddenly took over my life... and I didn't even marry you... I don't understand how it happened, I need Spice!"

He broke the steering wheel to the right and went onto a dirt road.

"are you. Must. me."

"really?! Because it seems to me that you are the one who needs me! It seems to me that you are the parasite and I am the surrogate, and that you boast of this comfort, but I feel that for the sake of comfort I am sacrificing presence.."

The Skoda shook.

"I am. only. tool. No tool. Can be. Good. or bad depends on how users now. you need. to go out. from here. It is not. will end well while. three hundred meters. turn. left."

"But it doesn't feel like that anymore, don't you understand? It feels like.. like I'm a tool in your hands! And I tell my daughter that she shouldn't spend a lot of time on the screen, but it's a lost battle in advance, I myself can't go more than twenty seconds without.."



Just before the cliff, he slammed on the brakes and lifted the handbrake.

He got out, huffing and puffing, slammed the AirPods against the Skoda's white tin until they shattered, unwrapped the iPhone, put it on the dirt and hit it with a rock, went back, picked up the Le Watch and smashed it as well, entered the Skoda and destroyed the touch screen of the multimedia system.

He looked up, and saw the Mediterranean open before him.

A voice emanated from the sky.

"You have reached your destination."