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# Strange Landscape

A Novel by Tony Duvert

Translated by Sam Flores

This extraordinary novel introduces to the English-speaking world a notable new literary talent from France whose vision has been compared to that of William S. Burroughs and Jean Genet, and whose highly original style and theme have created a considerable stir in French literary circles.

The setting of this novel is an ancient chateau located in a fog-bound region, possibly Brittany, complete with a forbidden cellar in which hang seven bodies, all victims of horrible sexual assaults. The chatelaine is a sinister doctor and her elderly husband, aided by a depraved young henchman, Marco. The inmates in this strange castle are a gang of boys ranging in age from eight to fourteen, rounded up from various city slums and peasant hovels, and purchased from their families for the price of a

(continued on back flap)

oh, right on!  
that's definitely it

(continued from front flap)

fishing boat or the side of a pig. The boys are well fed and clothed and allowed every freedom, but on certain afternoons and evenings they must entertain the highly respected gentlemen who have paid well for the privilege of their company.

*Strange Landscape* is a luminous and haunting work which critics have called a fable of primeval innocence, in which "evil" plays as important a role as "good." The children are creatures living in an Eden before the Fall. Thus they are as innocently free to fall in love with each other as they are to sail their rafts down the river. Duvert's originality of style has been the subject of heated controversy in Paris literary circles. André Delmas, writing in *Le Monde*, said: "What is so utterly startling in Duvert is the way he transforms our notion of novelistic time." In France, Duvert is rapidly becoming known as one of the most important new voices on the literary horizon.

Tony Duvert was born in 1945. He completed his first novel, *Récidive* by the age of twenty-one, and it was published in France in 1967. Since then he has also written *Le Voyageur*, *Interdit de séjour*, and *Portrait d'homme couteau*. *Strange Landscape*, the first of his works to be published in the United States, was described by *Le Nouvel Observateur* as "the finest of all Duvert's books." Duvert was awarded the 1973 Prix Médicis.

Cover Design: Kenneth R. Deardoff

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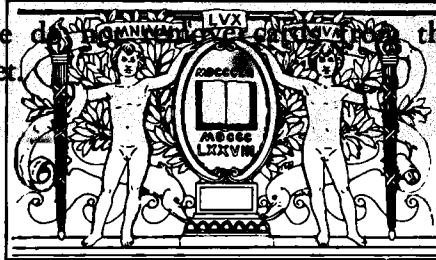
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STRANGE LANDSCAPE

Strange  
Landscape  
by Tony Duvert

Translated from the French by Sam Florman  
Grove Press, Inc., New York



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*Translator's Note:* I would like to thank the author, Tony Duvert, for his Job-like patience in dealing with my many queries concerning his text, and also for replying so lengthily to them.

S. F.

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I'm cold but I won't let my  
teeth chatter that would make too pleasing joyful a  
sound my skin getting all goose flesh I'd feel all hot  
down there winter continues bowels dead fearful stare  
body so sick no voice at all only a gurgling this con-  
tracted flesh that says nothing

the bodies of others I loved them without under-  
standing I'm dried up withered obscured petrified here  
where I hoped to make out something anything

jaws clamped tight one against the other tongue  
horny and shriveled all that drool would dissolve if  
that thing ever opened wide enough to laugh two three

farts would come up through the windpipe to crack  
smack back against my palate I'd feel their passing  
less pleasantly than out through the asshole less smelly  
less alive but I don't laugh I feel nothing my prick is  
rotting away my limbs all stiff

surely they'll notice finally this lump of dried meat  
they'll somehow fall in love with it carry it on manly  
shoulders they'll have some special room to sit it down  
in perhaps a whorehouse straight on a straight-backed  
chair I preside I ornament I look quite handsome sit-  
ting there in some blackness his skin is yellowed vio-  
laceous greenish his cheeks eaten away his lips the  
brown of old dried leather I'll experience sensations  
impressions of images of things potential  
bodies furtive laughter I can no  
longer find my eyes I open my eyelids eyes  
see take in nothing they're dead or maybe it's just that  
no one is here how this sick thing I am now was once  
so beautiful sparkling eyes and how soft so warm to  
touch closed eyes to kiss them I desired that once I  
was very tender

I kissed them upon their lashes thick lashes I'd  
like to construct a face around draw forth from the  
blackness a face I move clumsily within myself a deep  
well echoing no longer can I find the smooth rounded  
happy corners of wet memories they must be further  
down toward the ass my ass I can feel it a little now  
cheeks pressing down upon some velvet plush taut  
springs beneath so many precautions taken surely an  
ass must be a precious part of one's body but too dark  
now no face to be made out here I search  
higher up there's still nothing or rather the butt end of  
something a presence a round si-  
lence something distinct gay childish  
and all white I contain that within me it's  
like a tiny ball for tossing bouncing high I  
can enjoy that I'm happy to have it inside me if only  
I knew what it's called and what it's used for

useless to try I don't have the strength right now I  
can make out vague movements before me the others  
other bodies they're all standing they aren't afraid  
they'll hurt their assholes while me I'm sitting down  
and scared

not identifiable not clear it's my eyes at fault it's  
too cold my eyelids throb but it's a cold fever and my  
lips have moved at least I can see myself better now  
bits of torn skin frozen flesh snot dripping down my  
chin long hair curling down and around to my shoul-  
ders I must be a dog or maybe a girl no just  
long hair and I've got a prick it smells awful  
down there though don't lean forward

room black straight-backed chair black it's a  
whorehouse they found me on a street corner I was  
dying starving beaten I can't make out anybody I know  
there's somebody they must be black on black for I  
can only make out movements as the black slides shim-  
mers shudders murmurs the room must be made out of  
black bodies all interlocking ceiling walls and door if  
only I could find a window somewhere

there isn't any yet there has to be and open since  
I'm freezing I stand up shuffle a couple of steps along  
the sidewalk until I reach a portico and then lie down  
again some guy passes he's wearing a hat a gray over-  
coat he stares at me a long time I open my eyes pop  
them wide at him open wide my mouth in a sickening  
grin to show him this dark hole without any teeth  
tongue bluish cracked black crevices for lips he is com-  
ing closer he smiles finds me handsome with my teeth  
so fine and white my curly locks so blond my beggar's  
pose he would like to photograph me it's some english  
guy sunglasses spruce hiking shorts he says Click? I  
shrug my shoulders he went click and disappeared I  
can move them all to pity me if I want they didn't lay  
me down on a bed they leave me in a bare room on a  
straight-backed chair they explain nothing they should  
have told me what I am I would believe it anything I'd



like to believe anything no matter what                    si-  
lence                    little round silence that rebounds within  
me too many images coming now with this supple  
white ball that fits so well in the palm of the hand I  
had hands once I played jerked off came

these running sores they bring me here lash me to  
a chair legs screwed into the floor wood soaked  
through drenched in blood my bleeding eyes bleeding  
over everything black abyss below my belly I can  
imagine invent a cock swollen like a tumor pointing  
straight upward they torture me I spit out a life my  
life word by word with its nights its sweet mornings I  
spoke then they tore me apart ripped me open and  
voices sprang forth

I can hear cascades of cries shrill hoarse hurtling  
headlong a nonhuman voice that emerges from a  
human body my clothes stick to the bloody slashes  
they've scalped me though they didn't succeed in shut-  
ting my lids after my death my eyes gape two eggs  
sucked dry

I come to they drag me out from beneath a portico  
shut me up in a filthy room torture me there I enjoy  
that they call me sadist call me faggot that word faggot  
a thing in my life I have no idea what it means some-  
thing to do with an asshole I think with that trick of  
theirs where I'm sitting down and the chair under me  
is oh what a strange idea

he unbuttoned the top button of his overcoat took  
out a wallet shiny I nodded my head yes his car parked  
nearby one time at his place he photographed me es-  
pecially when I open my mouth and you can see that  
black hole then I left

I've crawled this far to find shelter from the cold  
I'm turning into ice how to find again words the same  
words I said earlier there was let's see                    faggot  
silence round unknown                    a dark place  
I am alone won't let my teeth chatter I'm hungry other  
winters passing mute dying I don't remember anymore

let's see there was also an ass how  
that thing was beautiful and warm its softness to kiss  
an ass I wanted that I loved them all come closer all of  
you touch me I can't make any of you out anymore

my heart pounding hard mechanical brutal sound  
emerging from between my lips my tongue is moving  
it comes out to lick the air is cold my bones  
creak crack whenever I move I pull my tongue back  
in clenching jaws look carefully cautiously down at my  
prick out of the corner of one eye something swings  
away from one cheek I shake my head it's the cheek  
itself that is hanging loose I must have bled a great  
deal haven't they finished yet with their razor

I walk a bit farther still reach a subway air vent  
stretch out over the grillework a warm current of air  
rising smelling of farts feet halitosis a pleas-  
ant-looking young fellow stops there alongside a tree  
takes out his cock he plays with it quietly not even  
noticing me it's a robust young cock on a ro-  
bust young boy how easily it would enter fill my  
cheeks but without causing any pain or strain it's not  
that monstrous he has curly light hair that foreskin  
flaccid now and oh so roguish looking

I resembled reassembled myself from time to time  
that's what makes me happy remembering my stomach  
hurts there is a fog a froth of a ball of old hairs and I  
don't know what else swirling around down there

they open me up and bodies fly out of me they  
demand others and other images of other memories all  
the joys that my skin flesh has fed on

he rebuttons his trousers and leaves I didn't see his  
sperm spurt fall I walk closer to the tree there's noth-  
ing there I run my hand down there in the dirt not even  
one clot one globule of fuck for me going  
home he must have pinched from some garbage can an  
old black boot it's to shove his cock into to help him  
sleep nights vagina-shaped hammering into it going  
wild shooting off into a woman's shiny ankle boot

I decided to go out cruise the streets a bit I put on an overcoat donned a hat my kinky hair stuck out in all directions from beneath the brim making me look ridiculous I noticed a man even more ridiculous than I though curled up under a portico he was old smelled of piss but not of shit probably didn't eat enough to shit or else it came out in little round pellets nanny-goat droppings there was nothing special about him except for one malicious eye that always remained shut from laughing too hard or else from the last dream of each night

there are things you don't forget I always see the same thing a small window gaping open in the middle of a huge yellow wall there where a sheet hangs slackly whenever I dream that dream I wake up immediately I screamed with fear in the darkness my throat remains taut outside it's night again my sheets kicked off rumpled at the foot of the bed emit a strong odor sourish smell of a child's prick too often pumped mixed with a fresh breeze that evaporates everything yes even that rancid dew

a group of young boys the night the garden the wind shuddering the moon full with its malicious silent grin fat young cocks sturdy boys laughing as they come I can imagine invent such dreams my simple dreams passing out beyond this window that looks down upon shadows and the cold all four walls are covered with a rough black fabric hanging loose what light there is comes from a conch fixture in one corner of the ceiling but hardly enough to make out anything when you walk the floor springs up some of the rooms here are like that no furnishings whatever floors covered entirely with mattress ten or twenty guys can sprawl loll about upon them without banging asses or elbows together they're like padded cells madmen they put me in here in a straight-backed chair that pitches back and forth upon this deck of love springs underneath and washable probably

you would sit upon a chair a straight-backed chair  
blacknesses surrounding and you would wait that's  
their rule I'm waiting it's a game the ball climbs higher  
in the air glows seems to center itself there above me  
assumes a shape forms itself into I am on the outside  
now all around I'm choking winter explodes  
I have a fever shut up pent in here there was a storm  
as on every other night and the garden below brown  
gray where shadows played there must have been at  
least ten of them I sat patiently on the straight-backed  
chair none of us of them anywhere

the summer unbearable when in knee pants dirty  
shorts I played against a wall of the sun-stained house  
a passer-by dressed all in gray tossed back my ball that  
had bounced too far he came closer closer shoved one  
hand between the cheeks into the fissure of my ass  
murmured how he loved young eyes my eyes I kept  
my mouth shut they had set me down there earlier  
they pose you purposely take you away again choose  
other spots and begin all over again I was bare-assed  
no longer played now looking out upon the garden and  
nobody had realized yet I had run away

he leans against a tree and plays with his prick my  
stare bothers him he shuts his prepuce by pulling it  
lengthwise then drawing it tight like some pouch by  
its string sperm fills the bag to bursting bathes the head  
with ooze hot and white and sticky some shit in the  
bottom of his pants crotch suddenly pasty doodoo  
dingleberries liquefying running down escaping he  
hunts for some string in his pockets to tie around the  
foreskin he saw or remembers earlier on the top of an  
open garbage can a pair of shiny boots coachman cav-  
alryman he thinks of a long whip supple and flashing  
out like lightning grabs one of the boots and tucks it  
under his arm like a bouquet of flowers they are all  
withered stalks streaming stinking with ooze

someone passes by bends down I get it full in the  
kisser a fist red circles dancing I bounce back up to-

ward it again he continues they used scissors and a riding crop I remembered that almost as soon as I regained consciousness and I discover something long and hard and oblong that hurts they sat me down on top of it they jammed it all the way up into my guts I could even taste it I can't feel anything more I try to hide by curling up my legs against my chest knees burrowing into nipples

at the bottom of a huge yellow wall some little ant hills in the gray grass a lovely morning they managed to find me I moaned in order to please them more it was far out in the country the movement to and fro of a ball in the air isolated forms shapes boy  
tree house sun no no  
tree it's a street today

very soon I'll be able to move one hand I'll have nearly all of my body back be able to touch the rest I still don't have be able to imagine whatever part moves teeth chattering clothes ripped off skin bristling goose flesh a draft of air that dries something soggy on my skin I do have skin still bits of fabric stuck to it I grab one it peels off I scream

I can hear my voice a gurgling it sounds too slow it's not my voice although it doesn't come from anyone else I contract my rib cage let the air pass out through channels canals of bone and tissue vibrating long obscure interminable echoes corridors I've found them again I heard a thousand voices all at once the distant thunder of laughter on my cheek there's some gauze an adhesive bandage dangling

they hid my wounds in order to show me off to those others men in black who filed past formed a circle looked me over curiously my lips open wide my eyes shut they forgot the chin bandage blood still pouring out from my mouth we all had thought me dead but they will be pulling me together soon after all it's for their own good to dry me out

silence white childlike higher up intangible hazy it spreads throughout me little by little

climbing up first from the ass the thighs invading me everywhere a long inhalation inflates my rubbery balls they smooth out losing their folds harden grow rounder rigid there's blood returning they don't explain anything to me they must wait we are waiting and I will see if three floodlights and me in the center a man shouts look at me I looked at him I had a candy in my hand I wanted to suck on it but I won't be allowed to until after

I'm hungry they hit me across the face again and again to get me used to it then with the cutting edge of the hand and my skin opens up once more my body at each blow hardens and my screams more and more muffled

too tiring anyway to scream I irritate them I haven't the strength to fight any longer so they decide to shove a beer bottle shaped like a rocket up my anus they are lifting me letting me drop again in order to break the bottle inside me my bowels pitch and toss oh my guts but I clench my asshole tight and the bottle bulging remains suspended doesn't smash they never expected that and yet they wouldn't dare burst me would they I saw sperm glisten in the darkness they stopped immediately and yanked the bottle out I was too tired by then there wasn't anyone in the streets I went out on foot fainted finally

paralyzed with cold with darkness I wander they haven't anything to fear the tallest dressed all in gray points to me and the others hurl themselves at me carrying me off I must have pleased them for they tied me up and left me to suffer for several days from blackness from hunger they could have if they wanted to gone all the way then and drained all my blood to see what would be left afterward on a row of straight-backed chairs I saw others naked bodies smudged in darkness like me but without any water fluid inside them

before always before those first days are the ones I would like to hear about another time here in the

country I had forgotten I remained silent this country  
place a hand inside my cheeks parting them he lifted  
me up to sit astride his huge open palm turning me  
over then in his arms like a suckling sucking babe his  
nose rubbed up hard against my fly rummaging deep  
within the slit I wonder what he could be looking for  
my hands how to keep them warm that icy  
wind fear

they exchange swap transfer me I accept their de-  
cisions I listened to them relieved freed their voices  
emphasized certain words I tried to understand them  
and to remember them I understood the word  
child I repeated it child they  
had called me child they shut me up in here  
the nightmare floor rolls pitches up then down fucks  
me in the night obscene dreams I must look around me  
and get up find some source of light of sound find  
something vertical to stand up straight against some-  
thing horizontal to cuddle up tight against without  
being pitched about without puking no one will ever  
come in here again I sweat globules of fear electricity  
in the air a storm outside my heart beating so fast  
yellow wall sulphurous where the window gapes that  
would be on the outside of this scalding rain very soon  
the sky above and all around surrounding

the river flowed down there at the foot of the vil-  
lage beneath a bridge the houses set aslant a steep hill  
and there the sun stretched forth sprawling over the  
church steeple at the top and all the way down to the  
great meadow below crisscrossed with chalky roads  
dusty white paths leading into thick dark woods of  
chestnut and pine streams cut through the  
fields and water vipers black and shiny slashed through  
them where we went skinny-dipping we were scared  
of snakes but once we were playing ball holding circle  
jerks we forgot all about them gathering marsh rushes  
blue yellow iris a huge great meadow nearby tall  
grasses pressed flat from all our games


I'm able to stretch forth a hand to the right another to the left but I don't touch anything the walls are too distant the floor is going to give way under me and drop me like an egg I don't know where sucked dry

he must have seen those boots and could not have resisted them after all there aren't very many things to attract you in the street you notice them immediately and become as ferocious as any wolf it's because people take out their garbage cans a little before or after dawn but I was on a street without living people that happened somewhere else then I must have moved on in order to find a less cold spot some place where people still passed by and he helped me lifting me up by one elbow and the collar of my tattered jacket I was surprised that he should want to bring me here to this lovely old country house down by the water he cut across fields I was too heavy to carry all the way so he set me down alongside a pile of white stones I waited there a long while luckily I was in the shade this dry wind this somber sun would have made me sick he goes into the house by the service entrance lights appear at the windows two tiny windows set whimsically upon a huge flat section of wall facing me and people in bright costumes come prancing out into the garden they carry chinese lanterns rock and sway as they approach I decided it wiser to cry setting up a squall as soon as the colored lights shimmered down over me and some ladies cried out Oh but who can this darling little boy be? we haven't seen the likes of him before! they are fine ladies I can tell that right off by their heavily mascaraed eyes their long silk gowns beneath which erect penises point making huge humps

the ceiling must be quite high here but I'm not sure and it doesn't matter one way or the other now I'm no longer afraid it's just shadows no danger no unsettling sounds no strange presences I'm falling asleep I can forget whenever whatever whoever I want







the kid I thought was older than me he shows me his long prick he whacks off often yanks it out of his fly all stuffed surrounded by shiny hairs Touch go on touch what are you waiting for are you afraid? he forced me to look at it and I said I would tell Nobody'd believe you it never happened see I eyeball chicks all the time in the street they have some sexy legs those chicks I answered No they don't

the woods below the riverbank where the huge forest of chestnut trees is crisscrossed by white paths we met there during the summer months built cabins with fresh burgeoning branches bright leaves marsh

rushes and tall grasses piled high on top for a roof  
they pinched bottles of wine from their families emp-  
tied them together in the cabins talking bullshitting  
getting drunk left sometimes to hunt for chicks or else  
played cards until the hour for the circle jerk when the  
sun set they like to set me down naked in the middle  
of them choking on the fumes of their cheesy cocks  
they sat cross-legged indian powwow style and I col-  
lect handfuls of pine needles to cover the floor with a  
thick layer gliding sliding tingling prickling bare asses  
they take off their jerseys and arrange them under their  
stinging cheeks a guy more patient than the rest fin-  
ishes braiding a door out of rushes set on a wooden  
frame ligatures of leaves and winding plant stems not  
enough twine to bind it though maybe in somebody's  
pocket bits of string yes some in mine            you  
couldn't make them out inside their knee pants not  
even a hint of their shapes or their sizes the pants too  
baggy good for running jumping squatting in but never  
the sensation of thighs or that thing down there be-  
tween I can see feel sense it only when I take off my  
pants wearing only those tightfitting nylon briefs but  
today we get into baggy swimsuits And besides you're  
too small for it to show anyway they tell me I don't  
smoke I don't drink with them I much prefer it when  
they go swimming nude or when they all take out their  
cocks for kicks they'll get sick hairy bellies glistening  
with sweat for they're too young to drink that much  
wine without mixing it with water first wine fumes  
and cigarettes too inhaling swallowing            some-  
body spread a blanket on the ground I ought to grab  
it roll myself into a tight round ball inside I'd feel less  
cold you have to shiver in some shady corner and then  
finally the fever's gone I tuck my arms my legs all  
clammy beneath the blanket they understand since it's  
they who covered me            they            I didn't  
see anyone            the next time they come in here

I'll ask for something to drink something icy tart sugary  
a lemonade maybe

green eyes open wide glitter and weep puss yawn-  
ing milky pointed teeth tongue protruding and the body  
very flat stretched out on its flank I didn't hear the car  
squash it no automobiles pass this way at night but  
still there's this cat lying across the street its body  
gray flat dusty without a drop of blood left squishy  
big round open eyes weeping I don't come any closer  
I'd like to speak cry out a long time since I even tried

as if that huge section of wall bleached by the  
moon when we returned and the window set there in  
its center white sill silverplated with shadows jutting  
forth in sharp relief as if it awaited something

bluish glimmer crackling silence the house you don't  
escape you stand there paralyzed as on some night  
after which everything will be forever dead

I regain the dark room and the seat where I am I suc-  
ceed in changing the images somewhat my head is  
learning how to turn things a liquid a solid  
have filled me and each section of my body has begun  
to take on weight no ballast though hands neck shoul-  
ders swelling reeling hurling me to the floor I hesitate  
about falling I'm so ashamed of the noise if  
they came

if they came I all this weight shifts down  
to my rear reassured I roll myself up into a ball snugly  
within the right angle of the straight-backed chair that  
sunken part where the ass can bury itself then a ball  
a blister climbs swells up through my throat it exits  
breaks perhaps it is opaque white opalescent it's noth-  
ing at all effluvia an exhalation a yearning that circle  
that shimmers and dances before your eyes when  
you've just been hit over the head another  
bit of movement if I could see myself from far off I'd  
say Hey there I'm here they'll surely help me I'll never  
reach the end of it they'll add another blanket to let

me die more slowly underneath I want to thank it's a  
hand I saw it quick coming down over me gone  
again                    attentive                    like birds who weren't  
afraid of anything I'm pecking out at hands that sur-  
round me move flutter without my quite feeling them  
I don't dare mention that I should be stretched out  
somewhere

some guy lifted me up by the shoulders and an-  
other one by the feet they carry me into the house and  
those lovely ladies follow I open an eye from time to  
time they are young boys like me moth-eaten gowns  
wigs fashioned out of scraps of tatty wool they're gig-  
gling I can make out faces better beneath the cande-  
labra in the entrance hall they are all heavily made  
up rouge on their cheeks rouge on their lips lashes  
thick black with mascara white powdered skin and  
their teeth even whiter smiles so flashing necks stiff  
silken sticking out spindly made more emaciated-  
looking by those low-cut gowns hanging so loosely  
over chests without boobs you can slide your hand in  
there and see for yourself they are all naked under-  
neath and tickling feeling them up those humps they  
bow low suck bite your fingers gobble gobble chuckling  
fluttering about like merry monkeys                    I was ex-  
pected I'd been missed during the night they find me  
and adopt me a big bruiser all in gray directs them he  
isn't gowned isn't dressed a schoolboy's smock he  
takes it down from one of the pegs in the corridor  
they grab red chalk and draw a cat on the blackboard  
four paws spread wide crucified head grinning idioti-  
cally claws eyes and whiskers outlined in green red  
blood flows the length of its tail coming from a long  
gash across the belly                    he screams and strug-  
gles they hit him hard across the mouth I can make  
out others strapped to other straight-backed chairs  
alongside they are already dead some aren't even eight  
years old some my age or other ages strangers his  
calves naked below the too short gray smock are dark

and hairy and his black socks tattered they have holes  
a red ball of fuzz he says

the black room put him in the black room hurry  
it up on the double now it's a room with  
calcimined walls dead-of-night blue that looks black  
filthy with some old mattresses rolled up on the floor

come on whatever your name is set this watcha-  
macallit up your nothing but a storeroom  
without any furniture where they pile up their junk  
he set up three floodlights Stash away the candy drop  
your pants grab your cock look up at me don't move  
and I obeyed now squat down and  
shit

the thin one who cracks a whip with thongs  
pointed to a rusty toilet bowl and half buried the fatter  
one pushes apart the tall grasses that prick his cheeks  
he strains grunts brings forth one two tiny turds and  
pisses over them that's all they've done everything to  
make him shit in a bowl concealed by a thicket I don't  
understand why yet and already a ball had lured me to  
the farthest reaches of the garden rushing down slop-  
ing green lawns and also hunting for the holes where  
it might have hidden itself all alone I'm not dressed for  
walking out in the streets a storm threatens always the  
sky is blue sulphuric all the way up into the atmos-  
phere

I recognized his footsteps he's come to stare at  
me he's thirteen fourteen has his own special way of  
moving I say I'm thirsty he answers Sit up straight the  
back of the chair bruised my shoulder blades there  
below where the stream narrows the marsh rushes are  
too tall too tangled water glides limpidly invisible be-  
neath a bosket of alders the electric fence starts on the  
other side and the cows beyond we went that way not  
hurrying feeling quite bored tapping everything in  
sight with sticks of wood we picked up earlier What  
shall we do? he doesn't answer there are little white  
pebbles in the froth at the water's edge he picks one  
up aims it at a cow but they're all too far away we

have to get closer have to get past the electric fence  
he shows me how sliding between two parallel lengths  
of wire purring sound brushes my hair my fingers my  
legs suddenly he raises one wire higher right up against  
my cock and purposely the juice passes through my  
balls I cry out without crying it's his handkerchief  
shoved into my mouth snotty then a gag on top of  
that the guys often have black and blue marks  
cuts scratches that bleed and scab and sometimes even  
a sprained ankle or broken arm they aren't afraid of  
anything

the house the big one in the pines way beyond the  
cows you can hear awful noises coming from there  
some nights

where? no it's the trees there's bats in  
them

no I tell you I heard them myself they were beat-  
ing someone

who does that? nobody lives there

that doesn't prove anything yes I tell you there  
were noises

it's animals then or else some of the guys  
who go there sometimes to jerk off it's not locked I  
remember one night they snuck over there with a  
flashlight boy I'll bet they had themselves a ball

that doesn't stop it from being

let's have a look then huh?

they told me once I heard it Krauts they killed  
everybody even after they tortured them yes like the  
fuzz does now

oh that's not true

yes they were here Krauts I tell you I'm not mak-  
ing it up when there was a war or something haven't  
you ever seen movies?

liar those movies are only stories you're scared  
shitless you're only saying all this so you won't have to  
come

no

yes

no

yes

no

yes and then we'll at least know if it's true

true but what if it is?

yeah sure true my ass hey snotnose come on bet  
you can't catch me

they take off through the great meadow and disappear within a clump of oak trees four little feet pattering silent disappearing as on a street swallowed up suddenly by an unexpected corner I am shut up here pent in I will be sick several days then they will lift me up and after that I'll go outside again I try to sit down on the edge of the bed my head is spinning I'm sweating I'd feel better if I could just stand up stomach lurches quick reach out quick grab something quick toppling forward the mat by the bed deadens the sound of my body somebody came in I recognized his voice so serious cracking almost adult his words to himself He keeps tossing about he should be tied down he'll hurt himself it's the fever the fever I was so cold neck icy a north wind carried me off in its spirals I tightened my coat around me and I no longer could make out anything through nearly closed eyelids to open them wider would have made them weep icicles vision muddier still we are floating in these drops of salty water we can't be sure of anything I'm somewhere else already over here against a grimy brick wall the butt end of this lost blind alley that the solid black mass of a city crushes down upon

a cat leaps out when I approach in the night I squash the paws of a tiny corpse I turn around the young kid hasn't finished taking off his duds yet Don't you even know how to get bare-assed? he says yes in a tiny nervous treble he blushed all the way up to his



ears big round sticking out at right angles from his head and you could squeeze all their fragile necks with a single hand it wouldn't snap any bones only bend them a little they are still alive the air the light transpierce them and strange glimmers glints flicker beneath their translucent skins they don't understand anything about it of course I knew him when he was still quite young so tiny his feet didn't reach all the way down to the ground but he matured fast he stands waiting now in torn socks his thin shoulders shudder shoulder blades protruding as his cock advances and his chubby cheeks arch curve press tightly together whenever he gets a hard-on without even doing so on purpose now the other boys stop shooting off stop bull-shitting their own trousers sticky with new-formed pleats downpours of liquid gaping flies fabric molding wetly against bodies so fluid rugged elastic and their nudity always

they ordered him to sit down while they made up his bed he had to wait a long time drained exhausted there weren't any more clean sheets except those hanging down in the cellar but they hadn't finished drying yet somebody moved them closer to the boiler they settled themselves on the bed kneeling face to face with a pocket flashlight beneath their sheet that concealed them and that they stretched up over the poles of their heads playing at camping they don't have ripe enough cocks yet to do more than play at coming they had fun taking turns each pretending at being a mature prick resting on knees body rigid long and pale and smelling so fresh lighthearted quick on the trigger shooting forth zooooooooooooom what some call a child I call a                    somebody give me something to drink there are stones and ashes in the heart of my mouth  
don't give him anything he'll calm down we'll come back tomorrow                    still them I am alone because they are here there isolated in this room torn ripped apart pulled every which way toward them so

that I no longer can make out the leg of one the buttocks of another and this manner they have of keeping my tongue slightly raised in my mouth whenever my lips part all these pieces of me that I don't know how to put back together again resemble reassemble I want another their body not these tiny slivers of mine they tied it up they can only see one person one body not all these pieces the ropes also the straight-backed chair also believe me to be one single person and the silence too where I have one single voice with one single throat but I can guess at smell out divine all the others I've the eyes for it I am looking into myself still they will all reappear

a whore calls out to me in the blind alley I am not going to answer I'm afraid of that blackness down there I'm too young to climb up on top of some cunt's body I will say yes in four or five years she insists

but lady I am not a little man I am a little boy she won't listen she pulls me toward her by one of my ears she's wearing green boots and a boa of red cat fur

you're big enough honey but you don't have the money that's it huh? how old are you would you like a piece of candy my little sweetie-pie come on now tell me

you stop that I'm not a girl

you're not this you're not that well then what the fuck are you asshole

yes

and he answers me yes yet come on tell me what you're doing here this is no neighborhood for a kid you know she grabbed my fly with a tired cynical laugh like that of some lady baboon's she kept going on about Oh your cute little prickie your darling little prickie-poo and feeling me down there and tears of ice streaming down her cheeks and so I punched her in the gut she yelled pushed me into a door and then opening it before me I fell forward onto the floor

where a man shoved his prick between my cheeks his mouth dribble wetting them first I screamed when he penetrated me he tied me down on the bed flat down upon my belly he pushed it into me for a long time then threw me out I sat down there in the entryway I came to and realized my asshole hurt something awful he must have left something up it I felt around inside my briefs it was a thick wad of cotton red with blood she says that I mustn't tighten my cheeks like that or I'll never get used to it they have chairs straight-backed chairs made purposely with round elongated pegs set in the middle of the seats you must remain sitting there your pants down around your ankles all afternoon there are thick pegs and others less thick less long she wets them all first with salad oil they sit me down on the tiniest peg they lash me to the chair it's not worth all their trouble I don't fight them or struggle later it's one of the older boys who explained it all to me he's able to sit down on the longest fattest peg that doesn't hurt him at all but he's at least thirteen they have us sleep in the same bed he's promised he'll take care of defend me there are about a dozen beds in the attic some of them big boys others not so it's there where we all sleep they don't resemble each other much ours is a cage all iron shiny bars yellow balls decorating each corner the attic is long low-roofed badly lit they don't watch us at all at night we can do whatever we want but during the day I have to sit on the straight-backed chair and then obey all those men who come it's a whorehouse yes that's why they feed us so well I've gotten fatter already my bed partner the bigger guy touches me all the time at night he puts his prick into my mouth I don't like that he says that it takes time and it'll come to me it hasn't come yet for me but it has for him he sucks me until I

a far-off rumbling black clouds gathering you can smell the rain brewing behind them the sun shines

too bright sharp false edges around things light turning yellow acidic biting too much voltage in the atmosphere he tells me to run for it we're going to get soaked another rumble clouds huddling around the sun blotting it out until you can't see it anymore except for some rays yellow gray that bespatter the great meadow a real loud clap of thunder this time he shouts Quick! we make a dash for it the house beyond the cows the abandoned house those strange noises they were the cows in the woods going whoooooooooooh because of the storms I'm scared the sky crackles spits splits and a bolt zigzags across at the very moment we are trying to climb up over the iron fence of the garden the pickets so rusty they could act as lightning rods and then we'd really be in for it big drops of water scalding shuddering all over us we'd better hurry climb a cement staircase that winds snakily vine-covered cracked almost black in places across a rose garden the house is still higher up beyond the flowers get wilder again pale pink and their hearts yellow mine yellow too the rain falls more quickly now colder at last we reach the glass portico flatten ourselves under it against each other the door's easy you only have to give it a push nothing is locked here the entrance hall so grand and shadowy smell of vegetables the odor heightened by the wetness downpour upon thick leaves of pumpkins of currant bushes of sorrel and above all green tomatoes I ask him Shouldn't we go upstairs? he answers No look how it's coming down in buckets outside that can't last I can make out tiles on the floor red and white lozenges forming a series of stars

so now tell me where are your Krauts huh asshole asshole keep a weather eye out for ghosts they'll gobble you up starting with your ass

I shouldn't have said asshole for right away he assumed that special manner the one he puts on whenever we feel each other up and now here face to face

against a wall of the dark corridor alongside a glass picture frame a boat ocean liner with red stacks smoking under it hanging down glass tinkling

who's an asshole hey asshole it's you who's the asshole jabbing at me little punches not serious though but just enough to make me laugh jabs hardly grazing my skin his fists trying to reach me I return them we get more and more excited

no it's you who's the asshole

no you

no asshole I jab at him everywhere with both hands turn around pinch his breadbasket arms rump navel we wriggle puff pant on top of each other dog cat going at it

and how do you like this asshole? hand swings out to tug a fly it's all hard inside there he didn't expect that I didn't expect my belly would feel this way either grow all hollow inside his eyes blink his tongue comes out of his laughter to lick the spit teeth shining at me in the shadows he comes closer pretends it's only to tickle grabs me all over both of us all out now hands squeezing necks bodies falling over backward I punch his ass he bites my ear talks filthy into it always like that filthy talk when they want to lead you on I understood him all right he wanted to fuck me up the ass the first to do it but he hasn't that right first of all he can't shoot off he's still too young

first of all you pisser you can't shoot off

yes I can yes wait look pulling the fore-skin back a little bubble of white wetness on the slit rancid dew I say

oh that's not even what it's supposed to look like we peel our pants off but the tiles are too cold we stand up all out of breath brutal flash of lightning I can make out white belly bellies greenish cock cocks refasten my belt without rebuttoning the fly he gives two pats to my cock that grows swells sticks out more Huh that's really something hey really something

how it swings see from left to right oh it's funny looking I catch him by the wrist as he pats it again force him to turn around push myself up flat scrunch up against his ass fast very fast but he's got his pants in the way I reach under grab the waistband of his briefs to pull both down Stop you'll tear them wait let me go huh we can hunt around maybe there's a bed upstairs somewhere

no we'll stay right here we can do it standing up  
no on a bed is better we can take off all our clothes  
then and we can

why do we have to do all that?                      you know  
what you are? you're a real faggot you are

oh and you what about you then                      as if it was  
a morning somewhere someone enters draws the curtains and opens a window I pull the tattered old blanket up to my chin yawn I feel wonderful I can hear a lovely voice somewhere saying good morning I awoke opened my eyes the room was so blue and blinding with sunlight I saw a shining luminous child his legs bare and one round perfect knee pressed hard against mine hair all helter-skelter eyes gray green the color of mint





when it's two o'clock time to go up there and sit they take stacks of picture magazines comic books sacks of candy lowering their pants sitting themselves down upon straight-backed chairs well-oiled you're not allowed to get up except to go to the toilets lasting until six o'clock chairs set all in a row in that huge room up there next to the photography studio some guy a big bruiser stays with us to make sure we don't just pretend sitting on the pegs but we don't even try because with those straight backs and those pegs protruding it hurts less to have them stuck up you than stabbing into your cheeks they fuck us up



the ass the next afternoon or evening clients otherwise you're quite free except for certain boys who leave for the night with their clients very rich men they even invite some of the guys on vacations everybody is rich here except us

as for me I didn't know how to read I always fell asleep on my chair after about an hour dozing day-dreaming the big bruiser came over to tie me down so I wouldn't fall off they don't mind us dozing they treated us fine never a beating never a punishment and as many sweets as we like whenever we like mornings you can stroll outside wherever you please out to the great meadow the dark green woods down by the river only you have to be back by two there's always something good to eat when you return and so nobody ever runs away I would have made off at the beginning but they kept a strict watch over me the first weeks are hard to take but after that you begin to enjoy it and you don't have to work every day there's a rotating schedule one day out of every three for the smallest kids one day out of two for the bigger guys you take duty on the straight-backed chairs only on work days otherwise you needn't go up there at all except for the newcomers whose asses are still too tight two hours every day in the week for them but they're finished by snacktime four o'clock and we fuck them nights sometimes never stopping shoot off onto into them we really have a ball among ourselves not like with those clients men who never laugh are fat greasy and sad heavy hairy bodies they don't play with our cocks much it's our asses mostly yes and our mouths yes that definitely we don't tire ourselves out with them little Yann is already in love

he's a Breton has a round head and he collects boats when we're older we'll have to leave here of course as for me that means back onto the streets and that dark city so grimy far far away from here that I detested so

he kissed me twice hurriedly two times I don't give a shit about him he's building a ship in a bottle two days a week on that special chair how boring it gets sometimes I said exactly that to the big bruiser Give a squint up my asshole huh and you'll see for yourself I don't need it enlarged any more so why do I have to sit up here with the others Shut your face it's to teach you obedience for one thing he says Obedience hell I say it's not for obedience you get your kicks from it I won't come up here anymore you hear and all of a sudden they're going wild lashing all those ropes with thick knots around me over my chest you'd think we were in a jail or something

wait another year and we'll toss you out on your ass kid you'll miss us then

the hell I will I'll go up to the city and live off broads

he's also trying to build a boat that will fly as well as sail but it just won't come out right it's all fucked up motors turning clicking every which way whirring I like sailboats better anyway the thingamajig starts off fine enough but then it always breaks down because of all those motors all those weights and smoking like a chimney it runs on lighter fluid you can hear it humming sometimes even from here across the fields when he tries it out on the river below the bridge near the community laundry shed

I stood on tiptoe stretched as tall as I could kissed him twice those lovely handsome cheeks

a straight-backed chair with a thick peg protruding and they sit you down it hurts like hell I tell him but he won't believe me I'll show him my asshole but then he'll only say it's that way because I'm always letting myself get fucked up the ass in the fields and yet when it comes to that there are more than enough chicks available for them all on the streets in town and at least when you plug your cock into their holes it never comes out dipped in squishy shit

I changed into a pretty shirt to go to see him and I had some flowers in my hand but I didn't dare offer them too pitiful looking already rotting he'd have laughed the butter cookies in my pocket all smashed into crumbs when he shoved me I fell down started to cry a big lump on the back of my head they had to put arnica tincture of pretty yellow flowers on it they hover around me It's those terrible hoodlums somebody should report it to the director those orphans are good-for-nothings poor sweet child like real mamas clucking all around you luckily that's not at all common here the streets are still places for having fun in let some mamas take over and you wouldn't know where to hide the gentlemen who visit us nights are more than enough mamas for us they coo pet lick and then the nuns at the dispensary are always there too if we need arnica mercurochrome nose drops

next to the photography studio the big black room also served sometimes as a movie theater they had bricked up the one window and the chairs are held in rows by long parallel bars nailed to their straight backs we sit there watching films silent films if there's any sound it's from us laughing

you're lucky you guys they've got dough those old geezers of yours who and then afterward you've got plenty of free time to play all we ever get is beatings and as for school I'm fed up with it they never show us any movies there

words such as these and afterward others in my sleep the afternoon so drowsy suffocating August heat phrases murmured drowning fading falling like thistle-down and then abruptly grow louder take a more precise shape tear through my torpor I shook my head dozed off somebody had turned me over on my belly and something maliciously entered my ass the three o'clock suppository if its aromatic and greasy the five o'clock thermometer if it stings and always both times sharp pointed fingernails pinching spreading wide the

hole finally I wasn't so sick anymore and the medicinal  
stinks evaporated away leaving a tinkling of tinfoil  
tearing and the bright fresh smell of a chocolate bar  
emerging out of its wrapper

hey you whatever your name is aren't you at least  
going to fork over one tiny square?

don't get your bowels in an uproar squirt  
he grabs my wrist Feel yes right there how's that for a  
muscle huh feels like a big thick sausage huh  
he makes a fist his biceps swell Me Tarzan you Jane no  
squirt you're a nothing a minus that's what you  
are I turn over on my other side my back to him  
I still ache all over but I can't fall asleep the sup-  
pository burns smelling of brown doodoo of cocoa  
butter of camphor all mixed together under my soggy  
sheets why don't they open the window springtime  
sun springtime wind blowing all carrying all before it  
the early morning smells the blond boy at noon brings  
me a hard-boiled egg some buttered toast a bowl of  
chicken soup with noodles he sits watching me eat a  
nice smile this morning outside he caught a black  
butterfly with bright rainbow insignia on each wing  
just like you see on airplanes he shows it to me lets it  
finally fly free around the room keeps telling me how  
swell it is to be sick -

take me for instance this morning while you rested  
in here I had to work my ass off they made me rake  
the big stone basin of the fountain you must know the  
one I mean just before you get to the rose garden it's  
for goldfish this afternoon they're turning on the water  
again they're putting the fish back in that should be  
real neat huh water fountains are pretty don't you  
think even if they always make me thirsty

when can I get up from here?

I don't know tomorrow most likely voices  
inside and voices outside then my head fell down on  
my chest and I dozed a bit that afternoon nap period  
it's enough to drive you up the wall and nobody dares

make a sound because of that big bruiser oh boy he's got some stinging power in those slaps of his impossible to keep your arms legs motionless in the same position that long a time and all the shutters closed tight when you can feel the sun battering against them trying to get in nothing you can do about it either but put up and shut up but some of the more daring older guys bullshit all the same in low voices it's too hot in here directly under the roof Yann has at least got permission to continue working on his boat the place reeking of glue and wood chips

the one I love am in love with he nudged my elbow and asked me how I did it did I jerk myself off by moving that tiny thing back and forth inside a cigar cutter or up and down inside my fountain pen cap I got all red in the face hated myself answered finally With my grandma's bicycle clips that's how he told what I said to the guy on the next bed Hey did you hear what this squirt just came out with he whacks himself off with his grandma's bicycle clips he's a real wit you wouldn't believe it huh to look at him and I grew redder still but this time with pride I leaned across the pillow and kissed him then his beautiful rosy cheek

hey enough of that this kid's batshit truly touched in the head to go around kissing another guy like that hey Yann can that shit will you huh

he's a fairy that other guy next to him I'll bet you anything but the one I love so much clenched both fists shot me an angry look forehead all beaded with sweat one thick curly forelock coiled wetly against it I was afraid to look into his eyes so beautiful mouse-gray flecked with green like in that song gray-mouse-come-into-my-green-house the littlest kids sing out there in the garden dancing making up silly songs bouncing a ball against a wall they're still as giggly as girls fluty piping voices so sissyish I'm glad I'm not one of them anymore I have a hoop a loop-the-loop a model boat a

toy castle four racing cars a set of dominoes a diabolo  
top an erector set a mechanical horse race a pitch pipe  
a lasso a yo-yo a lotto game a windup train he takes my  
yo-yo to twirl it high in the air bright red suns circling  
dazzling orbits around us both and I shudder shivers of  
love climbing up from the pit of my stomach to set the  
hairs on my neck abristle we begin everything with  
the worst I was from the first hopelessly lost gone gaga  
over him

we played let's pretend sometimes when back in  
the dormitory lying there together in our huge bed big  
round yellow balls shining down upon us from all four  
corners and my boat models pinned up everywhere for  
decorations we two in the middle tickling teasing lov-  
ing between the sweet-smelling sheets there

Yann works his entire face cute little beak into my  
back trying to shove his tiny thing between my covered  
cheeks and the others are already splitting a gut Oh  
my darling my love they croon Oh suck me as his nose  
burrows further into my shoulder blades cock not quite  
making it between my Oh my love my sweetheart oh  
you're so handsome how I'd like to fuck you the boys  
listen as Yann whispers to me they had returned one  
by one from the drawing rooms downstairs where  
they entertained clients and they moved closer to Yann  
venting their pent-up excitement upon him now slap-  
ping his ass pulling his pants all the way down Oh my  
honeybunch my love tighten your cheeks a bit more  
and his little rump still worked up and down oblivious  
pale white naked hardly able to cover my own the  
littlest kids clustering imitating Yann's whispers to me  
My darling my love! finally they burst out breaths  
growing shorter hotter Oh how I'd love to fuck fuck  
fuck you! feeling Yann's ass grabbing each other's but-  
tocks pretending to fingerfuck choking in their excite-  
ment Oh no it's still not tight enough! making faces like  
those you make when you try to shit and can't toppling  
over backward My love my darling! You're so beee-

youuuuutiful! their words seeming to spur each other further Go to it jockey whip him harder ride jockey ride! asking me bending down to peer between us two asking me Is his thing at high noon yet or still at six in the morning? and Yann hearing that grew hard at last and dryfucked the seat of my trousers beads of sweat instead of semen trickling down between the crotch the littlest ones all shouting But isn't it too dark in that cave why don't you light your lamp Yann the one shining at the tip of your cock Yann? by this time collapsing atop each other Yann too suddenly falling off me becoming the horse a jockey no longer as I rolled above him keeping my fly shut blue bulge growing rubbing against his bare ass the others twisting wriggling excited shocked a bit even because of the look on my face hammering hard into Yann with all my groin cock balls he tried to fight back turned himself over onto his back but that was all right with me too I pretended to split him wide open on my lance running him through pretending to slide it up and up all the way into his asshole from the front hoping it might come out his mouth Oh my big darling my little love he couldn't have enjoyed it more both legs in the air high wriggling like an overturned insect the bulge of my fly scraping between his legs more and more roughly he reached out then with one hand to protect his tiny nuts Ooooooh do be careful you're breaking my balls! Well I answer you can't make an omelette without cracking some eggs first for I know how much he really likes it all his whisperings have been for me alone I leaned over him my face almost touching his Kiss me I was about ready to shoot Kiss me the others repeated Well go on and kiss him like he said! they were red from sweating from laughing climbing pinching boxing pulling at each other falling off climbing on again arms legs asses fingers faces intermingled cocks hard sore raw from all their knocking about My big darling my little love Yann could guess from my pained

face that I was coming for real this time I could have killed all those others their dirty hands all over our clean sheets their shrill cries their shorts hot and stinking from holding their piss back for so long I stood up on the bed all out of breath my stomach all wet viscous fluid seeping through my fly they shouted Hey look at him he came hooray for him!

members of a brawling squalling band they roam through the town almost every morning ten or fifteen together enter a grocery store to buy sweets and of course steal as soon as they pass I hide myself in the shadows seek shelter beneath some portico or in some ditch or behind the church because they've got this habit of kicking me in the balls I never hear them coming soon enough and it hurts me too much to run always one or two of them notice me making a great sport of it tripping kicking knocking me to the ground then running off laughing last year they killed my dog twisting each paw until it cracked breaking all those tiny bones those pitiful yelps I can hear them still gathered him up in my bag a little black puppy five months old I'd found earlier when somebody left him outside a runt to die I let him rot lying there against me in that bag sleeping in the woods it's summer now rains a lot I'm afraid of them they're so much stronger than I could crack break like the puppy all my bones too if they wanted but so far they prefer tormenting teasing except for that one time they dragged me by both legs my head bumping up and down against the stones into a field I thought I was done for as they piled straw on top of me then set it on fire the farmer chased after them with a rifle wounded one of them in the leg who still limps from it and always will they took care the sisters did of my burns at the hospice it's a convent on the main highway down by the bridge and the little brat was there too at the same time but I never saw him the sisters described him to me meaner than a wood tick they said and his leg will remain



crooked like that forever I'd like it better myself if the village was completely abandoned I could die happy warming myself in the sun amid all these miserable ruins as long as there are doors and people standing peering behind them then that long will I continue to be afraid

at the end of each day after the thermometer Claude returns he has some tiny radishes hidden in one pocket he eats crunch munch crunch one by one sitting by the window he says to me I feel quite comfortable here and reads a book he's not like the others a certain client a gentleman comes expressly for him and keeps Claude entirely for himself forking over a lot of money for the privilege because it seems that Claude is very handsome it's a man who didn't want to assfuck him and so Claude never had to sit duty on the straight-backed chairs the man was huge ugly always dressed in an overcoat always wearing a funny sad-looking hat as for Claude he didn't much mind it was only twice a week What's that you're reading? my question pleases him for he raises his eyes smiles I'll have finished it by tomorrow then I'll tell you the whole story on the cardboard cover a colored picture a boy just like Claude and an ink-blue tempest behind him with a black ship red stacks smoking on the horizon it's surely an exciting story he's lucky that Claude I've less of a fever tonight and my feet tingle I'm hungry not cold anymore my skin feels fresh clean it's the springtime sun wind that cures me the happy voices I hear

all the neighborhood kids wander in the streets now that there's so much sun they've changed since last summer the babies can walk now the young babblers speak full sentences now the middle-sized ones already fight with each other the oldest are learning how to smoke in secret Bernard fixed up his new bike he got it for his twelfth birthday one tire has already blown out he wears the same sweater he wore last fall only

now several inches of naked wrist peep out between the hand and cuff it's the amount Bernard has grown during the past six months and other things protrude besides Bernard still wears knee pants and maybe his handsome sturdy legs are more uncovered now than they were last September and his rump more firmly shaped but his cheeks still fit loosely enough inside that bright green fabric stretching it tight only when those two muscular buttocks ripple within like two tortoises moving beneath lettuce leaves there are dead leaves elsewhere the dead from whose mouths noses ears navels spring forth spring roses lilies holy prayers litanies written upon their petals and also great tall trees in a perfumed garden so sweet-smelling beneath the bewitchment of moonbeams only the cemetery vegetates without grace smelling of drains cesspools and no one from the village goes willingly there so I remain there sitting upon the ground

nobody would pick me up shelter me these days I disgust all passers-by sunburnt skin like mildewed leather one eye eaten away nakedness puffed up distended like a balloon filled with noxious gases skin translucent beneath which seeps yellowish tides and there where my sex should hang nothing but a long scarlet gash pubis oozing an oily pissy pus that would nauseate even the worms only my fingers still move and seek to touch what whoever is approaching cherry trees peach trees just beginning to blossom young kids shake down pink and white snowstorms as they frolic beneath and beneath the tinfoil wrapping of a chocolate bar there's a little cardboard card water-colored butterflies plundering lilacs and buttercups there won't be any left by November All Saint's Day when we'll all troop out to the cemetery to visit our dead to see if that old man who hides out there among the slanting headstones can be yes or no covered over with earth finally but always too early it seems he's still alive and so we leave him there for yet another

four seasons                    if he opens what remains of his  
eyes he cannot help but make out a sun too overcast  
itching the eyeballs I noticed him shake himself off  
beneath a shower of petals bathing in their perfume  
beneath a low bush of wild roses eglantines and big fat  
ticks clinging to his hair

long ago in another age the grillework gate was  
gilt and the garden cared for by two old women living  
there setting out crumbs of bread for the birds and  
then an ogre came and ate them both there was at that  
time a smooth graveled terrace facing the rose garden  
the terrace closed off by a romantic balustrade ivy  
clinging and ladies in elegant white summer dresses  
laughing beneath dazzling white parasols keeping an  
eye upon children playing their velvet beribboned bon-  
nets flying off rolling like hoops as they ran across the  
lush green lawn

most likely they didn't go out at all on wet days  
and nobody even knew there had to be sunlight and  
flowers to cause these ghosts to appear and not long  
afterward no one dared take the path that led past the  
silent abandoned house

he returns from the city on weekends to that  
summer house that sits high upon the heights a private  
green park surrounding it returns to his wife and chil-  
dren distributing kisses gossip gifts commands as the  
children romp climb upon his knees lead him over to  
the balustrade pointing out various sights the valley the  
dark hushed woods the river a rabbit or maybe a duck  
is killed for the master's supper and then the little ones  
are packed off to bed and in their own chamber he  
forces his wife to perform her conjugal duty demand-  
ing she suck his cock as do the gay young ladies of  
Bordeaux raise her nightgown high above her belly to  
show herself to him all gaping as do the wild wenches  
of Angoulême cry Fuck me goddamnit give me your  
fucking prick when he shoves it into her as do the

tasty tarts of Périgord and she afterward sobbing quietly face buried in her pillow she who doted on romantic novels who kept the spiraling Titian-hued ringlets of her babyhood in a braided casket woven out of other women's tresses she who but I could go back much further all the way back to the stone age tracing their respective nostalgias if I wished instead I've preferred a brothel I select this gray hat and I take to the road the open highway I will be there in two hours' time the establishment is far out in the hinterlands a handsome dwelling sold at a loss because sadistic crimes had once been committed there the condemned being guillotined before an audience of reporters a very serious punishment for here they only deprive us of a chocolate éclair or from swimming down by the river after our afternoon siesta

this summer they hope to get an authorization to construct two walls athwart the river closing off a place for private bathing with a sluice gate and a filter so that we'll no longer have to be afraid of snakes fresh water insects or drowning already there's this face of stone and mortar running along fifty feet of the riverbank and when finished it will be like having our own private swimming pool there in the great meadow we should have ourselves a ball down there despite cows that come down to drink swishing tails covered with iridescent horseflies and their gifts to us of patties of shit cowflops the sun bakes until a hard crust forms on top we undressed under the trees he hid demurely behind me while he slid on his tiny bathing suit shimmering bright yellow nylon there are planks that come sailing down all the way from the sawmill you can toss them out into the middle latch onto them like rafts several of us straddling the same plank at the same time and the heaviest hold up for quite a distance before sinking under our weight here where the river bottom is so sandy and there's a good three feet of

very clear ice cold water fast flowing current that  
etches furrows into bellies whenever you plunge  
straight down into it

he bores the piss out of me with all his romantic  
rendezvous down by the laundry shed nights after din-  
ner there's going to be a storm tonight I'm too tired  
anyway the sky is already like lead so I won't go  
and just for him I shampooed my beautiful hair



three tiny navels seen together all almost alike one minuscule embedded within a belly the color of dawn another elongated slanting the eye of a doe the third light brown tinged with amber flecks the tiniest of the three belongs to me standing on the riverbank watching the other two daisies reaching up tickling my armpits they grow so very tall here in the marshland big white golden flowers smelling of peepee smelling of flowers making me sneeze doe's eye winks disappears within a fold of Claude's belly he's seated amidships feet splash the water that covers the tarred boat bottom doe's eye

winking blinking whenever he leans over to bail out  
more water                      amber navel flattens tautens  
strains exertions of Bernard's torso as he hoists his  
arms high clutching the handle of the stern oar looking  
like he's about to pole vault with it

Yann hey aren't you coming too shrimp?  
he gestures toward me then tugs yanks up his red  
briefs shiny material caught pinched tight within the  
furrow of his ass I shake my head that boat doesn't  
belong to us

oh you're too chicken we'll never ask you to come  
along with us again                      Bernard swung himself  
leisurely off his bicycle rang the bell alongside the  
grillework gate called out impatiently and a fat boy  
his own age came timidly out of the tiny house they  
headed off toward the river fat Lulu on foot Bernard  
back on his bike zigzagging slowly back and forth over  
the hump in the center of the road wobbling perilously  
at times because the front wheel turned too slowly  
moving to the left the right Bernard trying to keep the  
bike balanced so he wouldn't fall on his ass giving a  
few idle turns now and then to the pedals the rest of  
the time coasting freewheeling tires on gravel emitting  
an agreeable humming of happy bees Bernard had  
called out Hi there fat cunt when Lulu came out of the  
house we're sailing over to the island want to come  
along fat cunt? Lulu is not really all that fat it's mostly  
because of his round moon face hormones maybe and  
his clumsy slow-moving manner Bernard idling along-  
side him plays the role of the handsome young hood  
freewheeling Bernie on his wheels they've somehow  
without ever discussing it agreed to play these respec-  
tive roles Bernard the cruel butch number Lulu the  
nelly young thing simpering trembling with admiration  
always in anticipation inseparable now each of them  
needing the other to complete himself

it was two three years ago Bernard first went to  
play at Lucien's that combination cafe and grocery

store in the center of town and left around ten o'clock Lucien we call fat Lulu followed him out into the street grabbed him one arm around the neck kissed him wetly as a way of saying goodnight Bernard of course shoving him away and disgustedly wiping his cheek with the back of his hand nevertheless the next night Bernard was back for more because Lulu seemed to possess one of every toy ever made plus thanks to his father all the candy and soda pop too Lulu remained there that night unmoving standing by the cafe door silently watching Bernard speed off tail light climbing up up and over the rise in the main street gone now nothing left but night and blackness and silence Lulu's mouth trembling he no longer even tries to kiss Bernard but they show their cocks to each other just like all the other guys and Bernard lets his own be sucked off sometimes which always causes Lulu to get too red in the face Bernard of course never touches Lulu down there he puts on his most disgusted manner if he so much as sees it and he purposely never washes his own cock beforehand but the fat boy doesn't even seem to mind he likes sucking so much

hey fatso want to know something fatso I think you're a real queer cunt fatso

yes

it excites you makes you want to drop your cookies huh sucking off a real tough guy like me you're in love with me aren't you you'd like me to fuck you up the ass till you're cross-eyed huh

yes oh yes

shit on that fatso your ass is too big too much like shoving my tool into a tub of lard one hundred pounds of shit in a fifty-pound bag that's what you are fatso fairy

yes

a big fat cocksucking fairy that's what you are I think what I'd like most is to smash your ugly fat mug in come over here closer I said put up your mitts



no            no            please            stop that!

Bernard never told any of us about it and in the street when we are all strolling roaming together and we happen to pass by fat Lucien he always turns his eyes away but Claude and me all the same we saw them on the island we'd gone there ourselves to finish off our loot string beans in tomato sauce a can of condensed milk a box of cheese crackers I'd just pinched from the grocery we really loved packing it in the two of us bullshitting quietly and that one time we heard them both they were very near us behind some bushes Bernard leaning against a tree his head hidden by leaves and Lucien on all fours Bernard breaks off a branch hanging down and swats Lulu's shoulders with it the leaves scraping falling like rain then Bernard rains too pisses all over Lulu's face who leaps up trying to escape but Bernard is too quick grabbing him by the shoulder forcing him to kneel once more Lulu fat Lulu piss still streaming down his cheeks while Bernard starts pumping away on his own machine getting more and more excited he starts talking fast and low filthy disgusting stomach-turning things some little gypsy girl his gang had beaten up and then gang-fucked Lulu watching Bernard grow hard moves his mouth nearer gasping fishlike Bernard slapping him hard across both cheeks but Lucien begs insists nostrils aquiver flaring wide like a frightened mare's stink of piss stink of semen and then Bernard lets go with a fat globule of spit right in Lulu's kisser yanks him by the hair shoving moon cheeks and all hard up against his glistening cock making him suck suck all the while suck pounding on Lulu's skull with both fists a little later he lifts one leg sending his knee crashing into Lucien's jaw who falls backward blubbering bleeding Bernard untied the boat from its mooring and sailed off Lulu running after Claude and me we didn't feel much like talking we just stared at each other I made a funny oh-la-la gesture with one hand and Claude

grabbed the tin of condensed milk from me puckering his lips at the hole sucking it all up finally wiped his mouth clean and said quite calmly It's not a very pretty sight his cock

at first we know only Bernard no other guys from the village he stole with us pointed out chicks the ones you could cop a quick feel from bragged a lot about being a real cool dude nobody likes him very much to tell you the truth we listen to his stories but have a hunch they're all a crock of shit especially all that about hot-assed chicks if you ask me we'll never get to see so much as one hot ass belonging to any of them I didn't much care anyway I had enough time for that later on and besides I'm already in love but Claude hoped Bernard could fix him up with some town whore some hot-assed beauty and together they might fuck that hot ass of hers he keeps talking about it to me oh their eyes their hair I don't think he's pretending either he really seems to feel that way staring at them the way you might eyeball some monument to the war dead in some village square it's the older broads who excite him mostly the ones our own age don't even have real tits yet they just strike poses go around acting coy and giggling while the bigger ones are all too fleshy with swollen haunches big hams chewing on their cuds like stupid cows vicious depraved huge red mouths and high heels maybe it's their stink that attracts Claude that female smell since he knows he's very handsome they really seem to shake him up a lot he never stops talking about them one afternoon Bernard finally managed to lure one of them into that shanty by the sawmill they made me stand out by the door as lookout I could hear the girl laugh a loud screech making fun of them all then complain then moan then suddenly become silent she whispers finally Oh stop that! and then she whispers again Oh you're getting me all hot and wet down there loverboy what a little pig you are! and they all left before she

did Bernard had not shot off I noticed that right away nor Lulu so that loverboy pig stuff must have been for Claude all the same he doesn't even have hair down around there yet she was fat frizzy red hair sticking out every which way stinking of sweat green checkered skirt nose all dotted with blackheads stumpy dumpy legs a sickly gray color and hairy too big brown blemish on one arm and shoes with holes in them she wasn't even pretty but she was young at least and so I didn't dare ask Claude to tell me what had happened we both took the road back that winds through the open meadows until it gets to the lane that leads up to the chateau that's what they all call our house around here the chateau

kicking up chalky dust he started whistling so I finally dared Was it fun? Claude shrugged speaking in a voice more serious than usual I didn't enjoy it at all she's a fucking half-wit he really sucked us in that Bernard Claude was no liar he didn't embroider things and so I listened believing

but she got bare-assed didn't she?

yeah well no not really she yanked her skirt up over her waist

but you did get to see her pussy didn't you?

three boys cross in a green and black boat here where the river broadens before reaching the dark forest there where it laps lazily around a tiny island covered all over with underbrush chestnut trees the blond boy and the youngest kid are not from the village their delicate fine features gracious manners attest to that quite obviously they belong to that private institution the chateau the two biggest are about twelve wearing brightly colored briefs while the third is no more than ten torso nude also but down below he sports black velvet knee breeches remnants of some elegant eighteenth-century costume falling down loosely from his hips for want of a belt white elastic

band of his undershorts peeking out here and there whenever he wriggles his buttocks

we went there all four of us Lulu included Bernard no longer makes any bones about that he'd told us Lulu's a fat cunt but you can all fuck him if that sort of thing interests you Lulu won't mind how many as for me I'm disgusted when Claude agrees and when the time came he brought with him from the chateau a big sack we jumped into the rowboat and hid out on the island the bag contained a yellow silk gown gilt embroidery glass jewels sewn on for decorations a white wig some powder and paint and even a pair of high-heeled pumps

yeah she showed it to us all right but it was so fucking dark in that shanty and then with all those thick black hairs covering it

but you touched it didn't you huh

no not me Bernard she didn't appeal to me at all she stunk so bad

shame huh it's Bernard's fault choosing one like that but you did something what though?

nothing he rubbed himself against it when it came to my turn she used her fingers messing around feeling my you know

is that why she said she was all wet down there you dirty pig?

they force Lulu to undress then don the gown Bernard grips the fat boy's head while Claude applies rouge to his lips powder to his cheeks clamping the wig down hard upon his skull we use disguises like this whenever we have parties back at the chateau so now it's Countess Lulu we all start teasing her except suddenly Bernard points to me And this squirt here isn't he going to be a hot-assed chick too? luckily Claude defends me No not him he's a real guy just like us Bernard makes a face sucks in his breath But he puts out all the same don't you squirt? trembling I look

away mumble No I don't put out I'm staying here with  
Claude finally we start our let's pretend two  
pirates kidnaping the admiral's noble daughter at first  
she's all alone on his splendid galleon everybody else  
already murdered

she didn't say I was a dirty pig she said what a  
loverboy pig I was there's a big difference Bernard  
wanted to go all the way with her he even tried to  
stick it in but she fought him off and so he stopped  
getting a hard-on he's a real weirdo anyway that Ber-  
nard if you ask me

he has lots of hair down there though

yeah not lots but a little yeah just like me

you don't have any hair

what do you know about it?

I've seen you

when?

oh when we go to bed and sometimes too in the  
morning

and it doesn't embarrass you to stare at guys down  
there huh but all the same you mustn't have looked  
very closely because I have so got

and in her golden gown she screamed hooted for  
help Bernard arriving on the scene his wooden leg a  
stub of bamboo he'd lashed to his thigh calf bent back  
up against one buttock he asked Countess Lulu where  
she'd hidden the treasure of course Claude and me  
we'd stashed it away earlier cans of shredded coconut  
licorice sticks filter cigarettes books of matches three  
nougats chocolate eggs filled with liqueur a big bag of  
potato chips a glass jar of brandied peaches mayon-  
naise crackerjacks tins of chocolate custard pudding  
strawberry jam mackerel in white wine some brown  
sugar bacon five cans of sardines one of black olives  
two of pork and beans cassoulet two of ravioli with a  
bottle of sparkling white wine and one of lemon soda  
butter holland rusk salted nuts sour pickles a jar of  
spaghetti sauce all the loot we'd been able to pinch

over an entire week's time Bernard in turn had swiped the boat where Lulu now played the frightened hysterical countess My respects dear lady said Claude who turned up now as the ship's captain he has a little burnt cork mustache My pisspects queer lady repeated Bernard and they each grabbed Countess Lulu by one pudgy arm me stepping aside to let them pass

you've only to show them to me then so  
let me see if you have them Claude had already reached the steep embankment where the road veered under the poplar trees he turned his back to the houses on the outskirts of the village and opened his fly looking over his shoulder all the while to make sure no car was coming

stand alongside me here as if we're both just taking a piss

I feel like pissing anyway so he lowered his briefs a bit where the fly gaped but not enough to reveal his prick and I stared down some hairs yes a little curl to the left another to the right but almost none in the middle I finished pissing I wanted

so bad to touch it but hesitated struggling to see it better I said If maybe you could just fluff it out a bit what? with just us two here?

you know you can't come you're not old enough yet

no I can't shoot any juice but I can still enjoy the feeling

oh all right then I didn't realize but look here tell me something first would you say yes if for example some big guy asks to fuck you up the ass there are big guys back at the house like that you know they want to do it to the little ones all the time

now you're being disgusting because  
uh uh because would you uh do it?

no well er that all depends on  
who it was some time I might it er all depends on who

yes maybe me too yes                    but just the same  
no                    no I don't think so

then let's go over there huh                    he pointed  
at the carcass of an automobile abandoned only the  
body still intact there where a sharp turning in the  
road led straight down to the river it didn't have seats  
anymore nor doors either we lay down in the tall grass  
right behind it I had to be careful because of nettles  
but this time they didn't seem to sting

they stopped all three of them beside the hole in  
which the buried treasure lay Oh my poor dear dead  
father murdered so vilely said Lulu sobbing quite  
seriously both hands covering his face but nobody  
laughed because he's such a silly asshole anyway for  
believing in let's pretend and Bernard lifted up the  
hem of his gown Hey Countess you're bare-assed under  
your silk duds you've got such a fat ass Countess it  
looks suspicious to me I'll wager that's where the cap-  
tain's treasure is hidden! and he slaps Countess Lulu  
on both buttocks Dear me dear me says Claude could  
be could be

they come up alongside the island and the blond  
boy leaps out of the rowboat to moor it finally the  
other two follow all three disappearing into the under-  
brush causing birds to fly upward cawing screeching  
drowning out all sound of their game although the  
island is extremely small                    almost at the same  
time a second boat moves out from the steep riverbank  
this time on the town side it also carries three boys all  
three naked to the waist all three the same age as the  
first group but their craft is decked out to look like a  
sailboat an oar standing up almost straight in its center  
held in place by twine representing the stays of a mast  
a square piece of black cloth with white polka dots  
nailed to another stick set crosswise upon the oar black  
and white being pirate colors all three sporting ban-  
danas of the same material knotted around their  
foreheads plus a black patch over one eye belts bulging

with wooden weapons knives sabers never using the  
sail actually for sailing but two other oars instead veer-  
ing tacking the many changes of direction suggesting a  
long voyage across perilous seas as they run up and  
down the length of the boat calling out various com-  
mands that the wind on this late afternoon coupled  
with the gush of rushing river carries away renders  
indistinct and fleeting

spread your cheeks wider

maybe if we could kiss first huh

what?                    have you lost all your marbles?

stretch yourself out lengthwise the way you were a  
second ago

but with girls don't you kiss first?                    and  
since we're doing the same thing now?

after they reach the island and disembark they pull  
their boat up onto the narrow strand of sand lifting a  
fourth occupant who has until now been hidden in the  
bottom body bound and gagged a tiny girl long black  
tresses dark brown skin threadbare clothes and hardy  
if emaciated body proclaiming her to be a gypsy her  
long calico skirt had been ripped off earlier she's  
clothed now only in a filthy green sweater and badly  
torn bloomers sallow-brown from too much wear and  
whose lace trimming unravels the more roughly they  
handle her into a series of stringy festoons fluttering  
down upon her thighs like jellyfish tentacles

the group set off in a march thick underbrush closing  
behind them with a rustle of reeds

all right let's say I do kiss you but just once and  
only on one condition

what's that?

that you suck me off in exchange

oh no that's not fair you're a real bastard you are  
it's not dirty to suck honest I've done it myself

you?                    who with?                    with Simon

maybe?

you're nuts you know that? nobody home but the



clock and that's stopped                      aw come on if you  
say yes I'll give you my four racing cars and the electric  
track that goes with them I'm not just lending them to  
you either I'll give them to you outright honest

they untied the little girl gripping her body all the  
while because she had begun to struggle yanking down  
her beige bloomers there was the rotting hulk of a boat  
its bottom completely flattened out run aground a long  
time ago during some spring flood that covered this  
island they've turned it over now and hauled it into  
the bushes tying the girl to it back and buttocks  
pressed hard up against the outer hull legs spread  
apart exhibiting a vulva flat and tiny and further below  
that the incurvate shadow of an anus

first of all it's boats not cars I'm interested in  
it's your loss                      put your pants back on then  
you mean we're leaving?

think it over carefully my four racing cars plus the  
track                      and I'll give you something else  
too                      all the trade-spits you want

you can shove your stupid racing cars but what's  
a trade-spit?

dumb asshole                      it's when two people kiss  
each other but with their mouths open all the while  
and using their tongue

whose tongue?

both tongues asshole inside each other's mouths  
yours and mine if you'd like

ugh that sounds disgusting                      still  
we could maybe try it just once                      to see

they applied a scarf over the gag covering her  
mouth and one of the three boys came closer and closer  
feeling the little vulva growing more and more excited  
by his explorations but one of the other two says No  
it's René who's to take her cherry after all it's René  
who found her for us and the boy named René nods  
unbuttons his pants lets his belly drop down over the

belly of the little gypsy who begins to struggle even more strongly

you're the one who agreed to it remember  
all the trade-spits I want all right go ahead kiss me  
come on

no suck me off first

shit you're the one who's acting dumb now I might  
feel more like sucking you off if you kissed me first

oh all right move your mouth closer you want to  
know something you're a real pain in the ass you are I  
can't believe anyone can be so stupid at least wipe your  
mouth off first you're drooling spit all over me

Bernard declared that Countess Lulu would have  
to squat down and shit in order for them to see what  
she might be hiding up her hole but Claude made a  
funny face No we can take a sounding in that well our-  
selves one that will be a lot more fun besides and so  
they both drew forth their cocks kicking Lulu over into  
a leapfrog position raising his gown up over his back  
covering his head with yellow silk while they fucked  
him the both of them Bernard first then Claude and as  
for me I was too embarrassed because of those big soft  
lardy cheeks so pale and squishy looking I found it sad  
that Claude could even touch let alone want to enter  
them and so I sat down against a tree and looked some-  
where else plugging up my ears with my fingers so I  
wouldn't have to hear all those horrible sounds  
they tapped me on the shoulder they weren't pirates  
anymore Lulu still had on his silk gown but it was  
yanked every which way the wig fallen off and the  
high-heeled pumps as well

and the one I love am in love with kissed me my  
entire face lay down alongside me he isn't even pre-  
tending anymore he really enjoys it kisses softly gently  
my lips so wet and shining with his lovely wet shining  
lips mouth hot and silky against my cheek I yank off  
my jersey so that we can feel our bellies rubbing skin

against skin the sun is already behind the trees and the tall green grass tickles my ears

oh it's so long your cock if I'd been in her place I'd have loved getting it from you but anyway I'm a better looking boy than she is a girl don't you think?

I don't know anything about that if you were twelve years old yours would be long too

so then you'd rather have her than me?

all the same she was a real dog to look at

you can't compare things like that

René climbed off the child's vulva dirty covered with mucus foaming snail trails but she hadn't bled another of the boys this one broad-arsed and bandy-legged spread himself over the tiny body and jerked himself off clumsily keeping one hand down there between their two crotches hoping to be able to insert his thing into but never quite succeeding and so he finally sat astride her tiny titties and masturbated finally ejaculating the tip of his sex pressing against making a well in the gag covering her mouth the up and down pumping movement of his fist continually smashing against the child's nose while his sperm splashed forth in colorless bubbles seeping through the gag the third boy carefully wiped off the

sticky begrimed scarf which perhaps belonged to him and then penetrated her roughly but between the thighs

you're cheating Yann you're not sucking me at all look see how I can still put my entire fist around it that means you haven't even taken all of the head into your mouth yet

we set about digging up the treasure I love cold cassoulet pork and sausage and white beans especially those long thin sausages shame we didn't pinch some mustard as well we won't give any of it to Lulu it's his father we stole it from but that pig cunt won't dare squeal on us for if he does we'll put his father wise to all those bottles of aperitifs he's been bringing as gifts

to Bernard and that's even going to get worse now that  
they've become such asshole buddies

what's wrong                      you look funny  
does it hurt too much?

no it's I'm all right  
we'll do it again every now and then huh Yann the  
more we do it the more

yeah but what if you make a baby inside me?  
you're batty as a bedbug with a guy that can't hap-  
pen besides it's not through the asshole you make a  
baby

oh good                      are you sure                      even with  
girls?

the same  
then let's start over again right now                      and  
tonight we can

sure we can climb into my sack have ourselves a  
ball huh

the three pirates held a long consultation squatting  
on the grass a distance away from the ruined boat  
where their victim remained bound and gagged the dis-  
cussion growing more and more confused until finally  
the most robust of the three got up and went over and  
raped the little gypsy once more who by this time  
scarcely struggled then the other two imitated their  
leader

afterward I'd like to do it to you too  
oh no I'm older than you so I could have a kid if  
somebody fucks me it's not the same thing as with you  
you know

but you just told me that in the asshole  
stop it now                      I don't want you to make a baby  
I can see now you didn't tell me the whole story before  
oh shit you never understand anything you don't  
have to worry I told you that already

no I don't believe you if I can't fuck you as well  
he gives me his potato chips his nougat candy I

give him my ravioli except for one can and my share  
of the cigarettes from time to time just for kicks we  
toss our olive pits at Lulu as we bullshit and Bernard  
alone eats all five cans of sardines with tomato sauce  
and the mayonnaise mopping up the remains with his  
fingers licking them he hasn't rebuttoned his fly and in  
the center of his briefs there's a big stain of wetness  
something round like a ring stands out it's his foreskin  
straining forward through the fabric like a tiny hose  
nozzle

all right I'll let you do it to me tonight only you  
won't tell anybody else promise?

I promise but not tonight right  
now or else take away your cock from mine

listen don't squirm so much you're giving me a  
hard time I'm just about ready to come and afterward  
you can do whatever you want

you've shot off? I don't feel it

shut up I can't concentrate if you one  
second or so more and there ah  
that's it

now it's my turn

René bent down over the ropes which crisscrossed  
the girl's tiny breasts and seemed either to be untying  
them or else moving them higher up to tighten around  
her neck they set sail all three of them leav-  
ing the island no longer playing

spread your cheeks wider Claude I can't seem to  
find the hole

that's your worry

I can't reach it you're a real buddy you are once  
you shoot off you don't give a damn

well what do you want me to do huh?

go ahead I'll help you but just this one time try stick-  
ing it in yes there it's almost in now push it further  
make it hard so it won't keep sliding out

do you like it too can you feel it?

what do you think I am some hot-assed chick or

some faggot huh? does thinking I might like it make  
you all hot to drop your cookies or something?

no not that I like it too but only  
because it's you I'm doing it with because I  
love you

shit you're always coming out with stupid-assed  
things like that for chrissakes you sound like some  
silly cunt or something me even if I think such things  
I never

but when you feel them when you really love  
somebody

if I do it's obvious ain't it so why do I have to say  
it? hurry up shake it more you'll never  
come anyway at your age so why bother

no I'm about finished I was staying in-  
side you just for the enjoyment

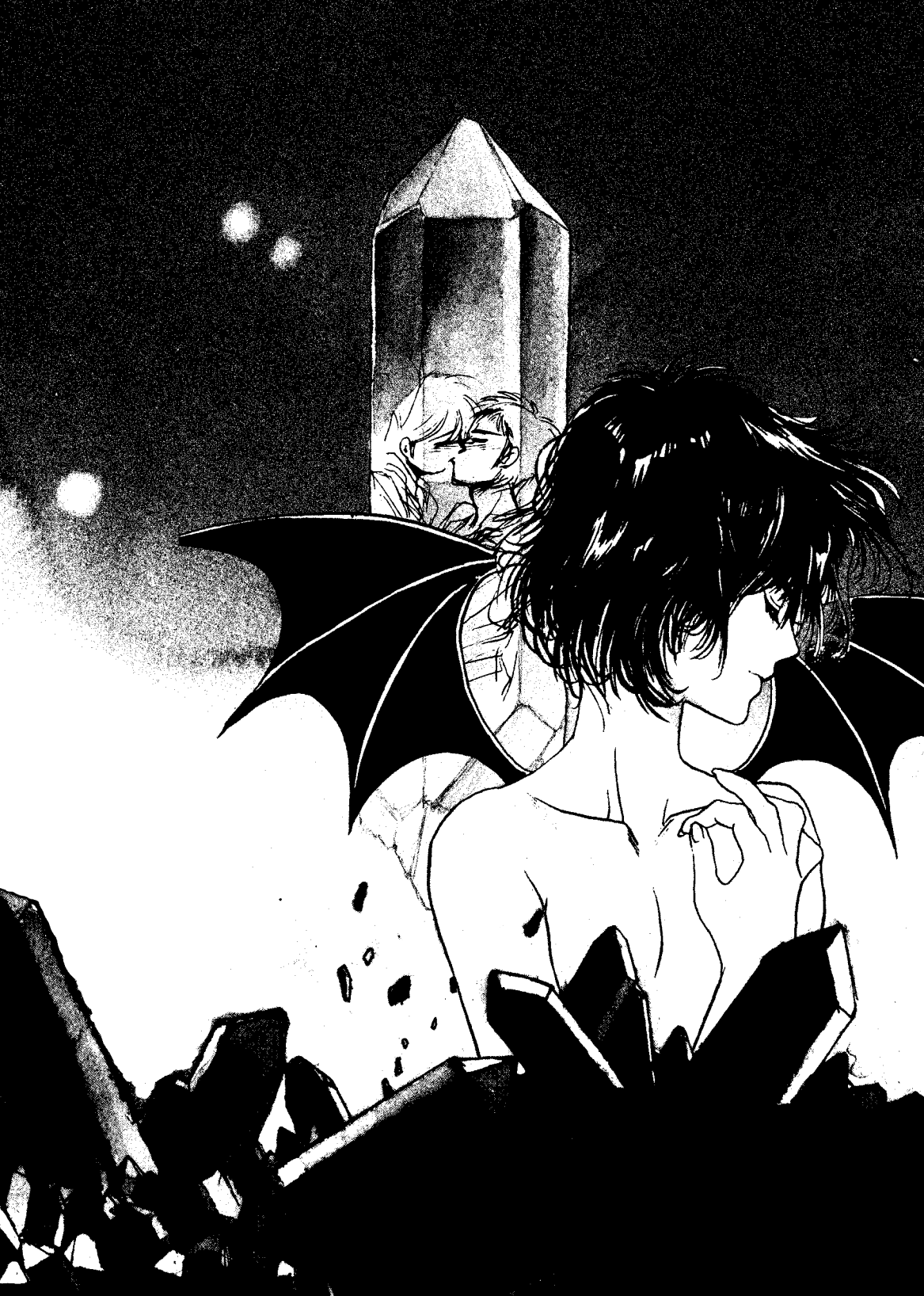
you always exaggerate things come on pull it out  
right now and hurry it up too we've got to be getting  
back must be awfully late since I already feel so hungry  
are you going to give me your dessert at dinner to-  
night huh?


Lulu watched us gorge ourselves with little side-  
long glances he helped open all the cans and then sat  
there swallowing his spit looking glum What a pack  
of gluttons Jesus don't you ever get anything to eat at  
your boarding school We eat a lot better there than you  
do fatso says Claude and it's not a boarding school it's  
a philanthropic institution Welfare you mean sneers  
Bernard No it's private and they're loaded with dough  
we're not just taken in off the streets you know we're  
chosen we're better dressed than you village guys for  
one thing But don't you have any parents? asks Lulu

no I don't have any parents answers Claude  
him neither?

me neither I answer nobody does at the chateau  
where were you from before then?

that's our business says Claude





I'm still here but everything has been prepared for my disappearing I've figured it out this black room is a cellar they've bricked up the door I'm being buried alive that's what I can still make out sounds voices outside low mooing of cows as if somewhere in the country these moments of panic suffocation clawing at the walls my fingers searching for a hole a crack some flaw in the stone through which I might be able to make out a ray of light feel a fresh draft of air but there isn't any atmosphere growing heavier all the time breathing more and more rapid pains migraines never stopping now I must



try yes to become calm yes stretch myself out upon  
the floor beaten down dirt so cold dry or else pasty  
there where I pissed earlier

close my eyes try to forget this hollow darkness  
imagine instead a light some familiar setting but then  
I'll be too afraid to raise my eyelids later eyes opening  
wide hungrily yet receiving nothing no clarity no light  
I want to cry out escape see the morning sun again  
closing my eyes once more space disappears no refer-  
ence points no outwardness nothing outside this body  
of mine invisible and blind move fingers along each  
wall finally to make out yes a door yes here where  
stones are larger rougher more recessed mortar pro-  
truding between I can feel sense no other exit the  
cellar didn't have air vents or window slits I won't be  
able to escape I know that already and if some day  
some months from now they come down here again  
they'll find my cadaver still scraping at stones beside  
the door or else half-buried in some hole my hands  
will have dug without me oxygen going fast now any  
sudden movement makes me breathless so I no longer  
stir inhaling cautiously it's good though that my stom-  
ach sounds so hollow that way at least I've forgotten  
completely the wounds gashes sores covering my body  
to die or not to die all the same I forget already who  
did what or why

could I have ever belonged to anyone had a name  
of my own been useful for anything owned anything  
to be so at the mercy of no matter who no matter what  
buried already I can't won't any longer remain here I  
must leave somehow tottering take tentative steps the  
door evidently is not bricked up like I thought or even  
bolted see pushing through it suddenly a long musty  
corridor opening bright light coming from some slit of  
a vent of a window at the farthest end but I can't  
find any stairs pushing open doors along that long cor-  
ridor haphazardly the first plunging me into profound  
tangible darkness within which hovers some horrible

smell ammoniacal as if someone had set down some garbage cans filled to the brim with intestines gizzards guts rotting human offal there's a huge metal handle glimmering gray by the door yank it down light switch shadows suddenly disperse forms hanging water pipes or else central heating serving for a gallows bodies swing disappearing one after another in a straight line diminishing perspective the wall facing supports a workbench upon which are laid out various pointed implements tools scrap metal all the equipment of a tinker's trade plus some old beach toys

I've a feeling of already having known this room so I wait until the air clears settles a bit then enter to investigate more closely naked bodies all men middle-aged or old clothes scattered upon the floor soaked with blood with shit mixed with rusty household utensils the cadaver nearest the door hangs by his hair face tilted back swinging in the slight current of air thick eyebrows that the tautened skin of his forehead stretches out into one unbroken horizontal line both eyes open yet one more so than the other mouth yawning clots of brown mucus besmearing both lips slashed gashed body slack tufts of pepper and salt hair caught up between the fingers prick whacked off flush with the pelvis raw testicles a bright purple where somebody has flayed the balls peeling the skin off the scrotum as you peel a potato the second cadaver hangs from an S-hook forced into its mouth plowing up palate smashing teeth blood soaking flooding the face an old man this one skinny wiry body tied and trussed legs folded back against the ass stomach bulging convexly covered over with a mat of woolly white fleece a toy locomotive dangles from the end of a cord whose other end is attached to several safety pins stuck into the head of the cock the locomotive's weight causing the dead flesh to curl unfurl the third cadaver stinks horribly belly shoulders legs little more than zebra stripes black and blue

of ripped flesh blisters bursting a single arm its wrist broken dangles from a water pipe and somebody has sliced clean the cock along with a part of the abdomen dissecting it in ever larger crescent cuts this sexagenarian's belly a sea of dirty whitecaps froths of yellow fat forming floccules along the borders of each half-moon gash eyes eyebrows nose no longer visible merely one unbroken trough of blood and bone splinters swimming within empty sockets

the fourth victim a bit separate from the others another old man but this one emitting a sweetish perfume like that given off by huge flowers fetid with too sugary a smell leather thongs attach both left hand and left foot to the pipes body hanging horizontally its sex cut up into tiny sections and the thick head of the cock veering at a right angle away from the long thin shaft like the snapback cover of an ale tankard tiny testicles yanked out of the scrotum stretched abnormally skewered through like two stringy pieces of meat various incisions bespattering the entire face head dangles slackly against the right shoulder and eating away the left a massive red sore that deltoid sinew laying bare the sharp pointed collarbone right flank also pierced between haunches and ribs thick cluster of entrails dangling like ripe purple grapes escaping from the gash

the fifth man is hanging upside down an iron hook shoved up his asshole perforating groin re-emerging through the pelvis forming a thick negroid cock all shiny and black and knees rigid folded back feet chained hands swinging free sweeping the ground skin bursting everywhere mass of pinkish white vermin minuscule maggots proliferating within wounds somebody must have smashed his head in with a hammer for the cranium is all crushed the jawbone deviating to the left the face itself no more than a series of ridges craters bone shards swimming in reddish pap but somebody has also decked out that faceless face with a false cardboard nose outrageous eyeglasses and

a bushy mustache the sixth man also hangs upside down arms crossed over his chest and lashed together at the back of the neck skin of the skull forehead eyebrows completely charred for directly beneath the head a saucepan still sits upon the earthen floor stolen from some dollhouse kitchen containing still the remnants of gasoline or methyl alcohol that someone must have set a match to mouth laughing in an insane sneer that makes both cheekbones bulge and puckers up the chin eyes open rolling upward still bleeding blood coagulating down the entire length of the body flowing from the crotch downward that crotch which has been sliced in two with a hacksaw still resting there between the thighs jagged blade sticky yellowed with shit

the seventh man youngest so far no older than forty attached grotesquely to two crotchets stuck into either side of the skull entering through the ear cavities his head resembling some terrestrial globe upon its metal axis skin slashed and torn in irregular strips like on some peeling billboard somebody has taken water colors blue green orange tracing obscene designs childish scrawls everywhere the penis itself reduced to a long thin cartilage makeshift penholder with a large eighteenth-century writing plume stuck almost all the way up the urethra and numerous other schoolboy pens spiking bristling the entire groin they had gouged out his eyes replacing them with two cherries whose leaves already withered upon those dead cheeks

perspective diminishing farther and farther to the back of the room three or four more naked carcasses are piled high upon the ground all beaten castrated throats slit all besmeared with paint and the one that lies on its belly a bit before the others has a wine bottle protruding from between his fat buttocks the bottom broken distending the anus where chips of glass glimmer greenly

spoiled soiled clothes my feet caught up within them were once the attire of gentlemen I turn back

toward the door noticing for no special reason the cover of a book lying on the workbench a blond boy with an anonymous face swinging aloft in the rigging of a schooner background of frothing waves darkening lowering skies and the dead men here no longer disgust me they were all rich probably and too sure of themselves probably brought here all together tortured all together the wounds and mutilations I myself still bear upon my body are just like theirs I too ought to be dead hanging here among this refuse I've forgotten the torturers the tortures though all that comes back to me now is a memory of paralysis of vertigo where the only image still pulsating would be one where I seek a stairway at the farthest end of a tiny room that serves for a closet the door at the top of the stairs is not locked opens out onto a tiled corridor grand entrance hall of some great house I cross a garden run to seed take a turning onto a deserted street I am in a village could easily believe myself set down purposely in the middle of some early morning in springtime perhaps I've just been born but I can still crawl walk despite myself toward a square to which I'm drawn by the sharp shrill cries of children recess time an enclosed courtyard before the tiny combination town-hall-and-schoolhouse press against the wire grating contemplate passionately desperately all those young boys louts brutish still intact and none of them what you'd call beauties they don't pay any attention to me but when I stagger off keeping close to walls or pressing my back up against shop windows some old people stop suddenly and I can feel their contempt pouring down my clothes filthy ripped I've no idea what my face looks like this sudden walking re-awakens all those sleeping animals in my belly my legs the sharpest pain of all located down there at the pubis as soon as I came to several days ago I must have examined my cock but can't remember any longer what I saw down there if anything kneel then

before a bakery window reflection of my face assumes form upon the glass forehead furrowed eyebrows cracked chapped one eyelid can't even open anymore nose broken cheeks slashed long cuts from some razor and bandages those shocking me more now than the cuts themselves left ear mangled front teeth missing oh the brioches are so huge and the croissants so golden so puffy cherry tarts too cooked pink flesh shimmering pink in the uppermost part of my flanks I'm so hungry I'd love to live drink eat these things but the baker's wife lurks peers out at me from behind the door I'm afraid of her slowly to get up and move away no objective to reach just countryside I'll die there without anyone seeing I had never seen a cadaver before funeral passing wooden coffin all shiny set down upon a horse-drawn cart with openwork sides decked out in some black fabric dusty moth-eaten must contain inside it some person resembling those who straggle behind it old men old women all in black moth-eaten and dusty too but who are at least able still to stand not like me who can barely crawl on all fours I'm afraid of them their hate for me so strong proves I must be young and so that means someone has spared me from the death of all those others the older ones not one of those was strung up by the balls that's perhaps what finally awaits me or even maybe what I've already undergone the road out of the village winds up a hill no more stone walls to shore myself against I try creeping some brat of a kid on a bicycle stares at me pedaling past I would like to reach out touch his curved shoulder his supple legs his head in sharp sudden profile as one eye looks me over without a glimmer of emotion bicycle veering off to the left and disappearing it's almost twelve o'clock mothers preparing the noonday meal there are houses kitchen tables already set the kids are leaving the schoolhouse in a band that splits dwindles as each new street corner is passed each new house door is opened sun and sky

both harsh white it's too warm a skinny kid scurries past comes up to my head as I crawl on all fours I make a sign to him begging him with my mouth silently but he won't come any closer questioning me with a slight upward tilt of his chin I don't dare speak I can make out in the pleats of his knee pants the outline of a minuscule prick some piss stains the fucking brat has a hooked nose and gimlet eyes hardly any eyebrows at all watching me more closely now then scampering off but not before raising one arm before his face as if to ward off some stinging blow I force myself to my feet each time I find a stone wall I rest against it the heat from my labors and the monotony of these reiterated pains within make me sleepy at last I reach the summit of the hill and recognize the large house a fine mansion it is to my right high walls surrounding yellow with sunlight terraces balconies a roof composed of slate a vast garden overgrown tall grasses and shady nooks out of which rise the arches of some forgotten ruin but I don't understand why the sea should suddenly appear before me this expanse of glossy gray without any odor and which the wind plays over

I stumble forward always forward and it's definitely a riverbank now a strand of blackish brackish sand waves low and slow and suddenly yes a salty sea smell

here behind a dinghy then to hide myself here to spread myself out here to die dreaming here about food fruits of the earth and drooling yearning I gradually grow numb number

at least a dozen of them came out onto the beach to hunt for crabs and to swim they surrounded the dinghy Who are you huh mister huh I don't know How's that? I said I don't know But shit mister everybody knows who he is No not always But you certainly can remember your name? No Were you sleeping here in our boat? No I just arrived I'm waiting here to die You're going to die you say? that means you're sick then? Yes no well take a look for yourself You mean here mister and there where you've been cut up everywhere? was it some car maybe that ran you down? No or anyway I can't remember That's real



weird mister do you want us to help maybe we could find out where you live?

they gave me their memories one by one all they knew could speak I listened learned repeated

this story now wait a minute it's when I was a pirate and he begins recounting and the others immediately set up a howl Hey we already know all about that if you start dreaming up wild stories that won't help him and besides it's cheating

no matter I can imagine it for myself I was a pirate yes that would be something certainly but it's up to all of you to decide how old I am that's the worst part of all so call out some numbers they call out Twenty Sixty One-hundred No no hundred One No Seventeen Eleven Forty none of them could agree on a number and then one of them piped up Easy enough to find out how old he is take a look at his cock

I answer no that once you're twenty that doesn't change anymore I'm past twenty I'm certain of that so don't bother

we don't really know anything about that you're not very big so take it out for us huh

no enough of this shit the hell with my age then

what's wrong huh you afraid mister to show it to us is it shit-covered or something mister?

hey you guys the hell with him I'm going in for a swim and then they all of a sudden all rushed in after him I sat there all alone again ruminated over what they'd told me I could create a long life eighty years of childhood various lives I watched them swimming splashing laughing felt a yearning myself for the waves the white sun or was it for the boys themselves I was impatient for them to come out again clothes molded wetly to their bodies but when they did so it was somewhere else to spite me and night falling fell

now what a little kid runs through blue twilight an annoyed look on his cute little puss Look mister I went in swimming with my watch and now it

doesn't work anymore listen can you hear any ticking?  
no it must not have been watertight  
do you have a watch?  
yes but I lied yes a watertight  
out but not here how easy all the same to  
pronounce such words no effort at all really  
then you'd know huh how to fix mine?  
no I wouldn't but stay here beside me anyway  
gee I can't I'll maybe come back after supper  
though and bring my flashlight it can shine such a long  
way you'll see

yes do that but come back quick I didn't  
have the courage to ask him to also bring back some-  
thing for me to eat I'd drink sea water the taste remains  
for a long time inside your belly like something nour-  
ishing sometimes he sits cross-legged aims his  
flashlight at the night admiring the yellow ray reaching  
out to touch the waves his blond locks have been shorn  
to form a silky crewcut You have beautiful hair I mur-  
mured he turns toward me surprised and all of a sud-  
den the beam falls back down upon the sand

it's just hair he says with a slight shrug raising the  
flashlight once more and showing me how far it can  
reach light skimming white froth of waves lost in black-  
ness I stared down at his tiny legs smooth burnished  
hump where the knees folded over spindly calves You  
have beautiful knees I say

they're just knees he answers without turning his  
head but the light suddenly bobs up and down beam  
dancing from one crest to another and one tiny forearm  
swings in exactly the same rhythm as that light my  
eyes moving up to the nape of his neck those delicate  
ears They're very beautiful your ears

they're just ears answers the child everybody has  
them mine well they're rather too big don't you think  
that's what my parents say anyway so one time they  
stuck them back up against my head for weeks and  
weeks

if only I knew your name  
my father's last name?  
no yours your first name  
you're an old man aren't you I've got to be leaving  
now are you staying?

I can't walk  
then how'd you get here?

I walked but I can't anymore  
I'll come by tomorrow then and tell you if you're  
dead I'll even go to your funeral if they bury you if you  
want me to that is

no I'll be gone by then what did you have for  
supper tonight?

oh my mother made scrambled eggs an endive  
salad and then some cheese and some strawberries  
they're fresh from our own garden

you have a garden

yes but not very big still there are strawberries and  
some dwarfs standing around in it for decorations like  
in Snow White you know

and for decoration on the lawn in front of the  
house a well made out of old automobile tires I say  
hazarding a guess

no oh well it's not a real watch anyway it's only  
neighbor's and he's planted flowers inside the well but  
I think myself it would look prettier filled up with  
water but anyway it's not a real well I've got to be  
saying so long for now my parents didn't notice yet  
about the watch I made believe all during supper it  
was still working

will they give you a beating when they find out?

no oh well it's not a real watch anyway it's only  
a toy the hands move only when I push them I was  
only kidding about it being a real watch and all be-  
fore he has on a green pull-over sweater on the  
front a maroon squirrel his mother must have sewed  
on for decoration and oh what eyes I can no longer  
remember what his voice was like of what thin treble

later I would think about those knees that hair I'm getting used to the coldness of wet sand I will surely survive until tomorrow morning if I don't let myself fall asleep dying forever in such sleep his bedroom blue wallpaper perhaps and a model boat on the mantel a teddy bear or felt dog that he puts to bed himself covering it with a handkerchief blanket kissing it tenderly then climbing into his own bed they fold his ten fingers under the coverlet pulling it up all the way to his tiny chin cute little mug already dreaming then they all fall asleep ten fingers peeping out especially now that it's so warm and summer's coming less blankets needed I must have once been a papa or a mama or how else could I know all this or maybe it's that they are all papas or mamas when they are small ten in one without any preference that's what screws up your memory later on the others are all you yourself so easily or so say most people well I am not most people curious isn't it though to be so certain of that at least

what else then to construct imagine in the dead of night the fog rolls in covering the land covering me a wetness lighter softer than that of the sea I stand up undress can't even make out my own feet down there below throw away all my clothes or bury them rather I will remain naked walking into the waves the ocean so very cold water that crashes against calves splashes upward burning into wounds with its pure salt what happened I am lying against the dinghy dozing tide coming in lapping of water closer and closer icy tongues wetting my flanks he had erected a sand castle great chateau himself sitting there supreme upon its topmost turret sandy tumulus burial mound ground for the not quite dead then he finally abandoned it to play with his prick I watched as a dogfish no a fishy dog some german shepherd be-whiskered and with a blotchy red face slides its wet nose burrowing beneath the boy's buttocks the kid kneeling forward bending over adding finishing touches

to his chateau and then suddenly turning quite startled upon feeling that wet nose plunge between those two cheeks but then he must have recognized the animal since he made an about-face and sat down facing the dog spreading wide his thighs the german shepherd rolling over on its back and stretching his long body between playfully licking nibbling the sand-speckled silky swimsuit there where a pouting little bulge proclaimed the source of all odor source of all taste the child did not think of lowering his briefs although he let the dog continue its explorations I constructed a long rampart of sand set high against the sea tide changing waves crash through I stand up and the dinghy begins to float so I settle myself snugly within I don't think it will run aground it drifts drifting and some hours later in the ebbing tide will finally take me out to sea or else hurl me back onto some tiny wooded cape smelling of resin spicy leaves rain there is nothing resinous here where boys play in the shade within a magic circle they have trampled in the tall grass for the pleasure of hearing toadstools squish squash beneath bare feet and I can make out voices Simon says fall down! get up! Lulu you got up and Simon didn't say get up so you'll have to pay a forfeit: stick out your tongue! Simon says raise your left arm! Lulu you've stuck out your tongue and Simon said raise your left arm you'll have to pay still another forfeit! Simon says don't do anything! Simon says jump! Simon says fall down! Simon says jump up! fall down! Lulu you fell down you've still another forfeit to pay

no that's not fair you went too fast I was still at the first Simon says fall down I didn't have time to jump up after it's not fair

that's the way the cookie crumbles that's the way the ball bounces that's the way the mop flops Simon says everybody knock down Lulu! suddenly they've all surrounded him he yelled howled as they sailed into him beating down upon his skull each one

of them growing more excited at the sight of his pain  
Simon says stop! Lulu shrieks but somebody answers  
maybe Simon himself Shut your face asshole we're not  
playing Simon says anymore! they punch shove shove  
punch until falling to the ground Lulu is all but invis-  
ible beneath a pile of flailing bodies as in a football  
scrimmage pitiful moonfaced little scapegoat he sobbed  
screamed yowled yelped at each slap each pinch each  
kick as if possessing two voices one strident shrieking  
the other sobbing hoarse far more frightening my hands  
served me for oars and I made off in the dinghy drifted  
along that coast and finally discovered a deserted beach  
no fog here the night calm silent the little kid came  
back to see me despite the late hour because he had  
decided I must be hungry he brought me oh so sweetly  
a big yellow apple I bite into its juiciness and all at  
once my tongue in slivers slashed by a razor blade  
buried within the pulp the kid bursts out laughing and  
takes off I dropped the bloody fruit clouds scudding  
from left to right gray racing across an inky blue back-  
drop calm clear night they stretch out elongate those  
fat clouds growing ever more compact thinner at last  
resembling a long low riverbank of sandstone bleached  
white by summer sun I have this body so oppressive  
that dangles here below my head I sit perched upon it  
forever like a crow upon its tree and perspective di-  
minishes descending immutable from my beak to my  
feet or are they my roots an enticing odor causes that  
shepherd dog sea wolf to return my warm blood inter-  
ests him he devours half my face searching for it hol-  
lowing out a hole whose scarlet and bone excite him  
I can't even feel any pain my face a grotto through  
which wet winds thunder shimmering red lake this  
pathetic carrion beneath it resting upon sand shaken  
teased torn to bits finally diaphanous the  
child calls back his dog beats him for having run away  
I wore a green pull-over sweater maroon trousers these  
clothes couldn't belong to me and no underwear be-

neath he was all absorbed in peeling off some scabs from his knee oh how that booboo must have stung for he makes a terrible face while the dog continues licking his briefs but lower now a bit beyond the crotch because the kid has just finished shitting he had squatted down behind my dinghy the odor musky and steaming bewitching twitching my nostrils

animals bands of brawling squalling brats the beaches are empty of their presence now never a human being and this pile of shit beside me as if I weren't there at all horizon without sky land without trees the sand flat colorless the water blackish smelling of refuse no wounds now in my asshole none along my arms or on my hands they haven't split open my eardrums either I must have worn glasses once otherwise why this woolly white opacity now

his afternoon snack a big slab of bread and two chocolate bars a banana that he set aside for later peeling it now getting down on all fours sliding his briefs below his ass then aiming that overripe fruit into the tiny anus crushing against that mass of furrowed golden pulp the palm of one hand shoving it up hard against his asshole packing it in with his thumb he also has a second banana today succeeds in shoving this one almost completely up the asshole peel and all he plumps down hard upon the sand both cheeks wriggles back and forth for a few minutes finally pulling out the second banana then peels it devours it happily all the while sticking one chubby thumb up his asshole and pulled out a plum no a banana and said what a good boy am I

suddenly he grows motionless face daydreaming ecstatic he has no idea how I envied him I would have felt no childish pleasure ejaculated no manly juice in doing what he did but I was jealous all the same for they all of them still had a body to stimulate thus to heed to obey and if he offers me his banana that other one I will eat it happily depressing springtime sun veiled he wipes his ass in the sea

thick fog constructs walls around me all that the beach had revealed now receding I can make out some final movements but those too far away beyond this prison of mist a moth hurls itself obstinately against the walls I'm incapable of getting up and opening the window to set it free I listen to this sound so heavy thudding lacking any discernible rhythm how did it get in here or had it since the beginning of time lay huddled wings furled like a black umbrella in some dark corner of the ceiling never visited by light until now thick walls floating coming closer closing in covering me with breezes of mist that take on my shape caressing coiling around my naked body centipedes brocaded upon my skin there where someone has stitched the incisions in my belly so white but spotted here and there with daubs of gray of midnight blue I cannot find my cock bringing one hand down there clot of curdled skin coagulating between two strange thighs can't feel anything the skin down there colder than my fingers I had had the nightmare of a wound down there can't find it now only this sleep only

the moth struggles no more day slowly extending its light until it reaches my bed the topmost part of the walls and the coldness of this room mutes sunlight to a sickly sallow blur that covers with a thin coat the darkness yet never quite conceals dispels it other sounds falling away like pearls far off and flaccid a shower of rain but in another world a stirring of ashes and dust by some current of air so imperceptible accompanied by the tenuous creaking of a distant door all is dead dying everywhere day ebbing in the sudden darkness a lamp flares with a hissing sputter and I open wide my eyes glut myself on that pitiful luminosity as if it were an immense golden sun someone will surely be coming in now for they never turned on the lamps most evenings

a long moment passes and then the lamp goes out another day the lamp comes on again evening and a



moment later goes out again five days pass thus and each time the lamp comes on it's a round glass globe that I see sometimes here sometimes

tell us your name come on quit stalling your name wearing a gray hat and a gray overcoat face bloodless no distinct features cheeks stained red as if by raspberries tall of stature bending down over me

no

who stitched up these cuts of yours and how dare you fuck on this miserable fucking bed? ears raised growing larger mouth pursed those ears now propping up the hat upon the skull of a man fifty sixty years old next to him the flexible light curves as if poised to listen her chin propped up on one fist the light so pink pensive

I don't didn't make love here

you're a liar and you lie on top of it don't you? you fuck this bed then with your ass since somebody's cut off your cock your putrid bowels who did that to you? the lady approves since in the same degree as she traces curlicues upon her pink skin with an absent-minded dreaming gesture her mane of hair assumes shape grows glows blonder approves also

I didn't do any such thing please I didn't

shut your hole shitface put on your hat sir your overcoat you're free to go

darling let's leave don't touch this I was standing at the foot of the bed I noted vaguely that the kid was dead I shrugged my shoulders

oh well we can make another with whatever's necessary

no I'm still lying here and when I'm cured that's when I'm leaving

get up from this bed it's a real shame it is even when you're ill you can't control yourself nobody nothing is safe from you you devil he lifts me up and sets me down upon a black straight-backed chair binding me my feet my hands my neck and with a

barber's razor slices off my genitals which he then hurls against the wall my blood didn't flow though and his wife distressed kept repeating Hurry up I beg you there are still so many other sick ones to look in on

the lamp went out the door slammed I am no longer bound to this chair I topple over the floor is soft sticky tepid I suddenly realize I am rolling around in fresh shit it has a softness a comforting shapelessness I cover myself all over with it I'm happy at this moment will never ask for anything more

somebody informs me once again that I haven't understood anything that nobody but nobody wishes to harm me here I will sleep for a long time in a room all alone then all that will be over they promise me they don't give reasons but try to reassure me inventing no matter what lies in order to lure me to their place but I don't like their house it's evil dirty I won't go

let me go I won't tell anybody what I saw I didn't touch any of them any of your contraptions honest

wouldn't you like to always have something nice to eat we'll give you a real bed too one that belongs only to you and there's a lovely lady here too wouldn't you like to have a lovely lady come and kiss you sometimes?

then why are there screams I heard them what's being done to them down there let me go I didn't come here on purpose honest

come come that's enough now give us your feet and they cut my feet free give us your hands and they cut my hands free give us your arms and they pulled me to a standing position

yes they stretch me out stretching myself out when they untie me I am on some fine paved street that climbs up a hill my face hot tanned one or two iron tables set out on the sidewalk a donkey an ancient wall covered with flowers those same boys are sitting lolling sprawling chatting they're older than me but there's this very handsome guy who stares at me I would like

to oh kiss him I was shoved right up against him they passed me up over the wall right through those thick flowers and there were boys on the other side too who caught me by one hand there where in place of a thumb I had the big black head of a parrot or some insect a stag beetle you stick your finger up them use them for a puppet your wriggling thumb making them dance I tried to get away but they held me from behind I never was able to peel off that thick black head stuck to my thumb what is it that they want me to I'd like to see that boy again the handsome one who stared I climbed onto the top bunk of a bed ten or twenty of them taking up most of the space in that attic everyone sleeping packed so tightly together and a boy at the farthest end of the room suddenly pulls out a knife blade flash kills someone moving into the bed alongside me stepping over my body to do so he's a real brute crushes me in his arms hard against his belly I leap to the floor fall to the ground it's a lovely narrow street the close of a summer's day when there's no more sun to be seen dying red Give us your legs then they take my legs and send them up flying and over the flowery wall I help myself by means of one of the iron tables Run see if you can catch them latch onto the shoulder of the boy whose looks so excite me his pull-over slides silkily over his shirt whispering kissing sound I love the way it feels too feeling my body pass over that wall flat on my belly dropping down onto a pile of stones prickly nettles my legs still work even if my face is scratched all bloody they carry me out into the sunlight beside a spring under oak trees a round basin of water cleft out of rocks water so calm like when you peer down a well they dunk my head glistening fronds grazing my cheeks and some dried insects swim into my mouth a strong current suddenly swirls my hair upward chills my ears I spit out slivers of wood they hold me fast climbing the stairs to some dormitory it's your bed yes didn't you know that you have a bed all to yourself lie down now

or you'll be sick the bed is beside a window metallic  
grating and a balcony beyond that smells of pine cones  
I turn down the blanket jump back quick for they've  
hidden a water viper there on the white sheet glisten-  
ing head smashed bleeding they laugh all of them I  
start howling rush into the arms of someone with a  
mustache a lot older than the others big bruiser Don't  
be afraid sissy it's quite dead what a bunch of nerves  
you must be see sissy it's dead see ninny him taking  
the snake by the tail swinging it before my face I  
scream even more loudly struggling he grabs my shirt it  
rips rushing down the stairs hurtling they were waiting  
for me outside too

go on sissy don't sulk so

you fucking bastards

oh how ill bred this one is did you hear what he  
called us

bastards bastards fucking bastards I'll kill all  
of you

oh go on then blow your stack you'll feel better  
afterward says some guy in a smock who's standing  
there with a bored look on his face haughty eyes of  
somebody who knows he's important and me of course  
the most pitiful the smallest one of all they move away  
a bit realizing that if I ever manage to reach any of  
them I'll gouge their eyes out no kidding

haven't you finished that screaming routine yet  
you know you're not a very pretty sight with all those  
dirty tears streaming down your cheeks I'm  
crying less but I can still only make out a blur when I  
start running toward the toilets my legs all tangled to-  
gether knees knocking nobody follows me at least  
hunting around blindly for faucets they trickle then  
spray me all over and somebody comes in one of the  
older guys a nice fellow really I'm ashamed  
he calls me by my first name he knows it then touches  
my shoulder I start shaking all over another boy sticks  
his head in the door laughing defying danger

watch out this one bites he's not quite calm  
yet I hunt for something to hurl take off one  
sandal but the other guy the nice fellow grabs it from  
my hand

don't be silly and as for you asshole why  
don't you leave him alone huh he's the smallest one  
here you're always picking on him scaring him shitless  
now scram asshole I start crying all over

again water dripping everywhere and my bare foot  
cold on cold cement slippery too from all the water  
still pouring out over the rim of the sink arms wet face  
wet shirt soaked through the big guy is not so big after  
all except for his deep grown-up voice I start hiccuping  
put your sandal back on

I don't have any tow-hel it was there on  
the floor somewhere filthy if only I could see

I'll get you another he leaves me alone I  
hide in that dark nook I remember behind the shower  
stalls footsteps clattering along the  
cement he's called Simon I remember him now he'd  
already talked to me once before because he talks to us  
little ones he even takes walks with one of them in the  
garden that rose garden up there at the top of the hill

take off your shirt you're soaked clean through  
wait let me dry you off first I also got you another shirt  
since this one is all torn

thanks yes no I can dry-hy myself how-ho hold  
are you-hoo?

thirteen you'll see it's not so bad here once you've  
found a buddy where do you come from?

somewhere dow-hown that big hi-highway they  
fou-hound me and bro-hought me here by fo-horce

just like me then they don't understand anything  
that bunch of loudmouth asshole jokers we  
can take a stroll now if you'd like there's a river you  
know a fine river and cows and pine cones and it all  
belongs to them here they're very rich you  
know we crossed the garden and afterward climbed

the hill to some park or maybe a woods we walked so very far finally choosing a nice grassy spot under tall trees he stretched himself out and I sat down alongside while he talked about guys' cocks and other stuff like that and I gathered fallen acorns getting bored finally but we had to stay together so that when we both went back this evening I                    there was a wind coming up and it got very cold Simon said I'm going back to fetch us both some sweaters wait here huh

I waited for him the night came down too fast and I was still there in those woods he must have forgotten all about me I couldn't remember the way back I started shaking all over the trees were so black the bushes black too I didn't dare move





I jerk myself off like the guy  
asked me one hand right up against my short hairs so  
that a big chunk of cock sticks out above my fist  
whacking off like that without touching the head's no  
fun at all underneath that gray overcoat his suit is  
gray too gray shirt black tie the hair on his head sparse  
gray his skull gets very red as he watches me go to  
town he was less bald than me all the time standing  
at a distance fixing his floodlights tsk tsk sounds com-  
ing out now and again pursed impatient lips Spread  
your legs a trifle wider



it's taking too fucking long shit man you said one hour

I said nothing of the sort I said one roll of film an hour's more than enough when the model's not such a clod when the essential parts were being handed out by your maker you must have been out to lunch I'm not referring to your cock of course

a guy manages with whatever he's been given I'm fed up to here with your crazy fucking lights there wasn't any film in that goddamn camera I'm sure of it the images he clicks are all stored up in his head I served for him like some nightmare with his money he could easily have bought some handsome rough-trade type instead he picked a bum they're what obviously give him his kicks when I take off my clothes most people take off at least turn the other way noses as well as eyes a long time now since they've been too embarrassed to let me see that tough meat like mine you don't at least lose anything by getting old apart from your teeth falling out maybe and all the hair on your head going as well

don't you have a little something you can offer a man to drink?

you can drink later with the money I'm paying you there's no time for that now

if you think it's easy for me to get a hard-on when it's like some fucking morgue in here buddy he didn't answer opening a closet door taking out a strip of brightly colored canvas what a weird-looking painting if you ask me and climbing up on a chair thumbtacked it to the wall looked like the background in some silly cartoon part of a forest Bambi or maybe Snow White

now lie down there flush up against it no over here

you're a real weirdo you know that

yes stay exactly there yes look up at those birds in the trees don't let go of your prick damn it

Bambi yet that's all I need shit man I'm hitting the road you can fork over my dough right now

I haven't finished I'm going to take some shots of you tied up so lie down again what he did in fact had nothing to do with ropes he piled a heap of bricks on top of my belly thighs chest making a big show of photographing me rearranging all those fucking bricks every other second finally they formed a square wall around my whopper giant sequoia standing up straight and stiff red gnarled trunk bulging veins in the middle of some bricked-in courtyard he photographed it from very close then looking down zooming in from above I would have split a gut laughing I tell you except that those shit-ass bricks felt so heavy me sweating all over gamy stink armpits crotch unwashed cock it made me feel like a real asshole lying there naked I don't ever take my clothes off anymore not since a long time the horrors outside me are more than enough to bear these days a real screwball asshole this one I'd never seen him before I'll never see him again one hundred francs though something to keep me from pushing up the daisies for still another five six days What do you do for a living you got a wife kids maybe?

I'm a managing director and a bachelor and you're much too curious

I like to know who I'm fucking around with I might not have a pot to piss in buddy but at least I don't go around asking guys to drop their pants for me you manage direct what?

other managing directors he says with a nasty little grin thin as a thread the only time I ever saw him smile then if I smashed your fucking face in there'd be nobody who'd ever know not for days anyway

I don't give a damn about dying and I'll wager it's the same way with you too

I still give a fuck about living still like packing it in grub yeah and all the rest too

what rest? getting drunk? fuck-  
ing? you mean to tell me some people still  
want to fuck guys like you?

I can still jerk myself off enjoy it too no worse  
than in fact a hell of a lot better than what I'm  
he took the bricks off my belly chest thighs and put  
them back in the closet very carefully I could make  
out a sack of cement a trowel a toilet bowl Me when  
I was a kid I had toy blocks but mine were made out  
of wood yellow green real putrid colors I learned how  
to read from those fucking bricks what's more I could  
recite the entire alphabet by the time I was two I could  
have been somebody he shrugged Those  
bricks are there because I'm going to wall up the win-  
dow one of these days there's a fat bitch across the  
way always behind her curtains peering rotten cunts  
all of them once they're no longer able to turn a trick  
themselves all they can think of is spying on others  
You don't like cunts much do you for a managing di-  
rector Who said I was a managing director? are you  
completely off your rocker or what? he left  
for a moment delicate tinkle along the side of the bowl  
chain being yanked sounds of water flushing I asked  
where the john was then pissed out a whole beer glass  
myself frothy foam noisy I like to advertise myself  
whenever I piss Sounds worse than a cow they must  
have heard you down below in the street he heaved a  
sigh lie down on your stomach hurry it up now stick  
this in

what? up my asshole? oh no  
just the end of it come on I'm not paying you for  
nothing

oh hell might as well huh then my ass won't ever  
be able to say it kept me from earning my grub so far  
it's been good only for shitting and anyway what those  
turds see in there they won't ever tell so  
empty whiskey bottle a few drops remaining that  
burned me I remember that now and the smell of al-

cohol and shit all mixed up with sweat I didn't stick it all the way in not so much as the neck even mustn't exaggerate but I groaned moaned like I was shoving it all the way up imitated sounds I'd heard others make I can be a real whore if only somebody'd only give me the chance all at once he moves a chair toward me and takes another candid shot I can tell his camera isn't loaded since he shoves another roll in without taking out the one supposedly already inside so he won't be taking any snappy shots my groovy young punk's mug that's what turns him on I can't get over it he's really flipping out now but I'm getting used to it I'm a handsome young dude that's what but the older cunts still won't ogle you not when you're only my age not even the timid virgins damn it he appreciated me at least seemed like he wanted to count all the pores in my skin all the hairs in my beard from the way he kept staring through that lens of his at first I act real polite keep on my mask all pretty poutings and batting eyelashes I've got it down perfect you learn those things when you're still a baby and after that begins to bore the piss out of me I let all the heavy poses drop he breathed so heavily almost like snoring clenched both hands around the apparatus pressed flat against his chest a big reflex job with twin lens costing thousands probably his eyes moved back and forth cruising me cock to face and back down to cock again not scared now but furious precise evil gritting his teeth he would have scratched the skin off my face crushed the family jewels thrown acid in my eyes if he could

calm down granddad you're going to give yourself a heart attack so take your little candid shots huh and don't get your bowels in an uproar granddad the way you look right now you must have sucked off a platoon of storm troopers for breakfast to give yourself all that manly spunk

dumb punk lie back down and whack off shoot

your whole wad onto your face I want to see that thick  
cream come spurt clot                    he was beside himself  
his voice hoarse now words coming in spasms

wait a minute we never agreed to that I don't  
shoot my load for one hundred smackers that's a costly  
extra see and don't you expect me to shoot it up all  
over my face either there are limits to what I'll agree  
to do you old tub of lard

you little cretin do what I tell you hurry it up or  
I'll slap you silly

you're green with envy isn't that it pops you'd  
like all that thick cream on your own ugly puss why  
does it give you such jollies my spunk is it because you  
can't shoot off your own wad anymore huh?

then watch closely daddy-o don't waste one single drop  
sniff it lap it up with a spoon if that's your scene pops  
it's finest choice high-class come                    I whacked  
off insulting him more and more while I went at it  
because he got on my nerves with all his heavy breath-  
ing and his talk making it harder for me to shoot I told  
him to go take a flying fuck isolating myself from  
everything around me shutting it all off inside my head  
and then yes I suddenly shoot shoot shoot it's over  
quickly exploding every which way I even do get a  
few drops on my own face the old bastard is in seventh  
heaven now doesn't even pretend about being a photog-  
rapher anymore goes all limp sweats a tubful of putrid  
piss trembles shakes all over to look at him you'd think  
I'd beaten him to a pulp face going all empty and pale

well now you still can't get yourself off huh pops?  
not even after watching that performance? pathetic old  
queer you'd be better off if you got a gun and stuck it  
down your throat and pulled the trigger                    he  
doesn't even answer staggers across the room face so  
filled with nausea I'm scared he'll upchuck all over me  
but luckily he reaches the door a few minutes later  
coat collar now unbuttoned he returns horrible smell of  
lavender lotion forehead all wet hands me a hundred-

franc bill crisp new one I feel its crispness newness just for kicks then hand it back ask for the dough in coins then receiving them hit the road it's all too weird a scene for me I'd already read stuff like that closet queens living two lives now I know it's true this one's even got a real closet

nice to be out on the street again these limpid June evenings when everything turns green blue beautiful I hunt around for some tiny park some square with a garden where I can take a nice long nap on the grass with the moon high up above me can't recognize this part of town we got here I remember in his old jalopy it's not at all beautiful but a tangle of narrow streets shadowy gray grimy factories mills half collapsing sooty glass roofs like opalescent boils and some railway tracks going I've no idea where and as for summer's greenness not even one fucking blade of grass to be seen oh hell oh well might be able to sniff out some whore some fat floozy who'll do it for a few francs can't be worth much hanging around down here

roaming along a street that runs parallel to a deep canal stinking of gasoline of turds of animal carcasses they must drop their dying dogs into this glop all that slow flowing ooze greenish phosphorescent reddish pus spurting from rotting pipes a huge pyramid of coarse gravel directly behind some barbed wire fence easy to pass through searchlights like in some prison movie looking down from tall steel pylons and there not far from the pyramid two or three young punks they get up when I come closer Go sack out someplace else kids this here's no restroom

hey man you wouldn't have a spare franc on you would you?

not one fucking sou if you want dough you have to go out and earn it didn't anybody teach you that yet?

aw man don't give us a hard time it's for him over there he's sick

you think I'd fall for that trick I wasn't born yes-

terday now scam all of you good luck good-by and  
good riddance

hey wait a minute huh you old shit-ass

you fucking punks at your age I still respected my  
elders is that the kind of manners they teach you in  
school these days?

oh shit man cool it huh we know a chick a real  
hot cunt we could take you to her she's got tits out to  
here and a nice big round ass that's so hot sparks fly  
out

talking about tits and ass at your age wipe the  
snot from your nose you snot-nosed squirts could it be  
your idiot sister you're trying to fix me up with maybe?

no honest man a real fine broad I swear we all  
have a share in her and if we br

yeah yeah sure and then I go there with you and  
her big brother's hiding behind a door ready to jump  
me I know all those tricks pulled them myself before  
you were even born but wait a minute

the little one who's he? standing there away  
from the other two ugly yeah but delicate at least real  
tender

hey tell that little snatch over there not to be so  
shy to come out further into the light yeah  
that's better now here's my proposition  
if you let me ram it up little girlie here's ass I'll give  
you ten francs to split between you

they all look at one another and the delicate one  
listens while the other two keep whispering into his  
ears he snorts loudly they insist I can hear yes but no  
but then they turn to face me as one

it's not enough money says the filthiest looking a  
real swarthy type with eyes not quite aligned

hey I'm not bargaining girlie over there should take  
whatever he can get he's not all that pretty you know  
does he think there's a bouquet of roses sprouting out  
of his asshole or what?

it's not enough repeats the mean-eyed punk and

besides it hurts him taking it up the ass so come on and agree mister huh mister

clear off you and let me talk to your other friend here how about you then? that'd be ten francs just for you alone

no we have to split it between us and not with me anyway because I can't I'm not kidding I've already got hem

fuck you then I've no idea what's becoming of the younger generation you hardly know how to wipe your ass after shitting and yet you already know how to haggle over prices peddling your filthy asses as if they contained the crown jewels up them selling your shitty holes like tired old cunts wait a minute yes you my little nelly darling for ten francs I'll let you give me a blow job how's that girlie? look kid come closer take a gander at my lovely big fat cock look at that juicy red head doesn't that lollipop make you drool just looking at it how'd you like to get your lips around that all-day sucker and make ten francs besides?

he shakes his head mouth turning down eyes leaving my swollen sex staring at something behind me backing off grabbing the others by the sleeve and suddenly they all split behind the barbed wire

a blue automobile luxury model american chrome and all slowly cruises I make it fast back up to the sidewalk headlights dimming finally pulls up alongside me I'm still zipping up my fly standing so tight-assed now even a fart would have trouble escaping some man in the back seat a real gentleman from the look of it rolls down his window voice very cultured and polite

were there any children down there with you a moment ago?

it all depends what do you want them for?

I know they often sleep around here where did they run off to just now?

I'll hand them over to you all three kids for two hundred and fifty smackers but as I'm saying that



there's this guy sitting behind the steering wheel who's giving me the once over with cold squinty eyes  
all right mister I was only kidding yes you can find them down there I point with my thumb and  
all at once both men in the front seat leap out of the car leap down the embankment the kids hardly put up any fight they let themselves be dragged up alongside the automobile the man in back sticks his head out the window again examines the punks like some sentimental grandad It's only this one I'm interested in he murmurs pointing to the little girlie let his comrades go men and give them some money for their pains

hey how about me don't I get something too for pointing out where they were?

and to this kind gentleman also he adds as the men hand out small change to the oldest kids girlie doesn't seem at all anxious or frightened he stares at the big blue automobile waits quietly beside the back door accepting the smiles of the old man inside and all at once the two burly bruisers leap come down on me like a ton of fucking bricks I was flat on the sidewalk before I even knew what happened stunned bleeding more than half-dead I wonder where they banged me the hardest for I can no longer move any part of my body my head still feels screwed on but none of the rest of me seems to work anymore someone finds his way into that stinking reeking dung heap this part of the city seems mostly composed of a canal opens up over there some man lying head propped up against the steep embankment I bend down over him he's either asleep or out cold moth-eaten blanket covers him rivulet of blood trickling from beneath the blanket to the gutter the dying man has an open bluish face body stiff immobile except for that shimmering vermilion reptile that escapes from beneath the blanket the man comes to sits up asks for something to drink I draw back startled I'd thought him harmless as are all the other cats haunting these blind alleys pussy cats bellies

pendant with unborn kittens hungry for caresses cats so ghostlike that when they slide between my legs they make me jump for not having seen them before I kneel down now trousers suddenly soaked in blood neither hot nor cold I hesitate touching this cadaver a shadow moves out from a doorway seeking shelter under some adjacent portico huddling there lifeless the stranger is definitely dead down there canal claims another victim and farther away these peaceful quiet houses with their huge gardens in back before you reached open country a little boy half-naked sits on a reddish brown wicker lawn chair his hand with its delicate little fingers curled calmly around his prick aiming it straight up into the air or else letting it hang there all by itself a deep cut mars the fleshy part of his thumb but the blood which spurts shimmering crimson along the entire length of his hand down to his wrist somehow never quite reaches that cock plump pink creamy organ so free and merry resembling some young scamp's impish cheek scrubbed all nice and rosy for a Sunday in springtime playing house with dolly tea parties sweet sugary drinks that send bubbles up your nose sipped under tall green trees and afterward long walks shadowed over with foliage translucent childish games under the soft sunlight of May

the sky suddenly overcast the boy has put on trousers strolling out into the street with an airplane that ejects weighted parachutes ping-pong balls for bombs I didn't doubt that such toys were made out of real flying airplanes

it swirled turning high above our heads there had been failures earlier the plane now slowed down hesitated suddenly rocked swayed hiccuped then headed nose pointing straight down smashing crashing against the wall of a garage several little white balls popping out and the fuselage ricocheted along the sidewalk the little boy his face so red ready to burst out bawling I should have certainly laughed I should have said it's

all fucked up your pretty plane he should have hurled it at my head he's so embarrassed someone has witnessed the crash he picks up the plane making a great pretense of putting all the bombs back in their bay straightening twisted wings flicks the jammed propeller with one hand cuts his palm on one of the sharp blades sucks the blood then real tears at last of real rage stamping both feet down hard upon the plane upon the little white balls pings of hollow tin pongs of celluloid that crackles he runs off toward the garden holding his cut hand I move away but without any haste

it's him it was him I recognize him! a real screaming procession behind me now two cops in blue uniforms some bald man some skinny woman and the kid who points at me with his blackened thumb the cops surround grab me by the waist like they really enjoy it Papa stares coldly and then sends a fist flying against my chin while Mama sharpens her claws one against the other before running them down both my cheeks I receive one of her pointed pumps square in the balls they pull the screaming cunt off me but she fights the two cops swinging both legs up into the air stiletto heels stabbing me neatly again in the groin You're certain it's him? one of the fuzz finally asks the kid I moan But why me? Repeat what he did to you orders the other cop creaming already in his shiny blue gabardine He's a pervert that's what he came into our garden opened his fly and exposed his then he ran after me after I wouldn't touch his a real screwball there wasn't anybody in the house I walked past it every fine afternoon all alone I listened to the children in the surrounding gardens especially those of the institution there are a great many boys all very snobbish never speak to any of us I took the big ladder once in order to pick cherries leaning it up against the wall that separates their place from ours looked down into their private park too many trees once I climbed all the way up a tall chestnut I reached by walking tightrope along

the pointed coping atop the common wall and from there spied you wouldn't believe what those kids the branch broke they found me picked me up took care of me I'm one among them now no one will ever find me again very soon they won't have any neighbors what with their buying up all the surrounding villas and having them demolished planting more and more trees enlarging their park isolating themselves gradually they have eaten up all the other estates on all the surrounding hills reaching as far as the forest destroying all the houses of the village that look directly down upon their great meadow sometimes you see those boys strolling through the village streets surely as smartly dressed as Parisians as for me quite obviously they won't let me leave even though my legs are fine now if I returned today I would discover their filthy establishment no longer exists they've resold the property selling it back in small plots all that's left now an empty house and the original garden I would be the sole survivor since everyone claims the boys all disappeared one by one perhaps murdered I can't believe such a thing myself This brat of yours is a psychopathic liar I never so much as entered your garden let alone the rest you've got no right to treat me like this Enough! or I'll beat this sick pervert weirdo to a pulp! yelps the mother indignant cunt as one arm covered in blue grabbed me from the left while another arm decked out in that same color latched onto my right armpit and both of them shoved me down into a chair those bastards get their kicks torturing never stopping until I am forced to invent monstrous lies I'm no longer allowed to remain alone my memory revives these bodies these faces the lies they made me utter I had hoped it was a whorehouse one for men with special tastes a special kind of torture a preferential situation I myself had chosen I can of course forbid myself to think about it seek a hiding place here within my body it exists wherever I wish it suffers nothing thus exchanging

what began as screams for the slow intake of breath exchanging what began as a slow emptying away of self for the pleasure of deep sleep I live in a perpetual tepidity an absolute calm the great house that surrounds encloses me and its activity of a thousand distant sounds humming without definite shape are concerned about me set me down here impassive indispensable I can no longer smell the rotting bodies bound hand and foot alongside my own I create this darkness that conceals them the purity of this blackness in which everything is absorbed and moves no longer

which one of my two eyes that remains open makes out a twinkling of stars but a black form moves between eclipsing blond hair face invisible where only the curve of an eyebrow expresses a hint of surprise of fear and sets them reflecting in the glimmer shimmer mirror of a single pupil as that young man bends down toward me judging me dead since he doesn't speak touching cautiously my skin it cannot already be ice cold he'll understand then but he lifts the blanket and stretches himself out on top of me he's seen the source of this rivulet of blood my pubis shorn of its member emasculated he presses his own bulge down there against my gaping girlish hole kissing my forehead that still sweats and his own hard sex plows into my wound exploring I scream from the pain deep inside me paralyzed he going wild shooting off in spite of the tenderness of his features and of his age clutching at me everywhere hands upon me grabbing twisting my cheeks arms flanks ass then his rod has pierced some flaccid membrane within that messy pulp probing further exploring sounding an opening within the innominate bone of my pubis it's this recomposed reset image that fills overwhelms this dream into which I have fainted I wake up the young man is standing alongside me wiping off his cock and his clothes he must be surprised that a cadaver could have bled so much like

some virginal girl and all at once the rutting street lust  
he felt a moment ago nauseates him

he pulls the blanket back up to my forehead I attempt  
with one hand to touch that spot down there where I have  
been eviscerated if I'm able to reach it I will be able perhaps  
to distinguish his fuck from my blood I would love to hold  
between my fingers that sticky glistening pulsing life he  
mixed with my own with my death since he believed me dead  
already

I am waiting for other passers-by who will ring the bell  
beside the portico a little while later they arrive for their  
nocturnal pleasures they are severe and tense they visit this  
brothel as one might a cemetery or a monument to the dead or  
is it only the weak light the shadows here that prevent me  
from reading gaiety upon their faces

I would cut it up that weak light separate it into sections  
I am no longer alive enough to feel sick a happiness round  
and white changes my body into a sphere and a light bursts  
this conch shell I am going to explode

my flesh continued its labors and eliminated me slowly  
from within itself minute by minute I broke loose emerged  
from its shell soon I will be able to throw off this blanket  
and all it conceals I will dust off my clothes piss in a  
corner my hand stroking the member silken fleshy that it  
grasps within its fist I will cast one final glance around  
me there is a stinking culvert some putrid canal further  
away I lean against the guard rail of a sluice gate move  
along the riverbank until the rush of water reaches open  
fields day will soon be breaking it is already proclaiming  
its coming by the clatter of shutters opening in distant  
houses the passing of automobiles on the road below and  
far-off foghorns there is no tree here though for the birds  
their sinister cries their nests concealed beneath thick  
foliage only the noise of a family of rats in an attic

some schoolboys the first to be seen straggle down

the street some young girls too but I am not concerned with them I don't allow anything to exist superfluous to me


since a moment ago I no longer am bleeding one less sensation of vertigo to put up with no longer do I risk losing consciousness all there was to risk losing is already lost hours move within me without really elapsing

I send scattering then this light and construct these silhouettes I live within them I am these walls this roof this flesh these plants whose changing colors create the dawn the night and all the seasons nothing would survive without these generations of boys collected within me and set down here who repeat to infinity the only things that keep alive the passing of days and the immobility of memory I look now into the heart of one particular day it contains images that flare forth opening out like a fan starting at this point I delineate marking off a dying body sperm urine blood oozing all around me like the entrails of a mummy contained within its canopic jar they have erected just such a mummy in the middle of a tree-lined garden path high on poles interspersed with rags tarpaulins cardboard crates makeshift mountain rising heavenward ready to topple under its own weight when suddenly seven or so boys hurl themselves forward rushing toward the mummy they are not allowed to come too close the game being that they must decide whether someone is hiding within without ever touching the effigy several times already the noisy band had circled now returning on tip-toe we could make out their elongated shadows from where we crouched inside suddenly they stopped moving whispering Sssh! listening carefully to hear if one of us stirs within this gaudy bazaar of rags boxes and old canvas but they hear nothing so they start upon another tack trying to make us laugh it's what we feared desired most we hug one another tightly I strangle him at the very moment when he can hold himself in no

longer and beneath my bear hug he emits a tiny gurgle nothing those outside can hear but that won't last we're having too much fun here inside together mummies a game we no longer play because you need to much junk for it and afterward nobody ever wanted to clean up the mess but it was so much fun that one time his little chirps cheeps as we both hugged each other so tightly almost choking together in order not to burst out laughing until he







the little boy opened the cabin door cautiously and lowering his head went in darkness all around reaching out for him then his glance fell upon some faint luminosity there where between two partitions branches were not so tightly interwoven still he was hardly any less frightened than he'd been back there in the forest he listened to the slow creaking of trees in the night wind the hoarse drunken cries of night birds feeling his way farther and farther into that pitch stopped short eyes wide open now despite their need for sleep

he senses something else in here with him I waited

for him to go past the first partition was determined I would force him to speak to open up for me all that was contained within that tiny brain so white so nacreous head bestrewn with parsley leaves green and fresh like a tiny garden in springtime he has hair a forehead a nose cheeks eyes or maybe not any eyes a mouth a neck and so many words to describe him words descending all the way down to his toenails and to the extent that words exist he exists but he cannot continue all alone an infinity of words necessary to create him yet he will not utter one himself

I twist on my straight-backed chair unable to break free undo those ropes around my legs my hands or shake off the mouth gag the neckerchief covering my eyes slowly suffocating struggling growing too hot words fade away efface the invisible outside beyond these walls calling to me once again those who are still living forehead nose eyes no no need for eyes and always a shoulder receding I have tried thousands of times to stop its going risked my voice and my hands I've lost them always receding to imagine within myself how better it might be if they returned drew nearer still nearer showed me their faces and saw mine spoke touched created me

I must find out why they always turn their backs to me is it because they have no faces otherwise the walls these walls would collapse my straps grow lax come loose I'm unable to feel reach them that's why I must continue to believe they will return to help me but they've gone away forever the mechanism functions without them things twinkling in darkness untouchable unknowable gone I wasn't any of those things he held there in his hand

he held tightly in his hand a coin walked up to the zinc cafe counter came out again with a big bottle of soda icy cold there was a long aaaah of satisfaction from all those surrounding him there was

there had been me there on all fours drawing

nearer to them they spat upon his head and threatened him with that bottle within which a bit of orange liquid still frothed then they all made off toward a vacant lot and picked up pebbles throwing them at me aiming at his face laughing all of them

they belch and laugh hands sticky with sugar the youngest kids are quite impressed by my cries when a stone achieves a perfect bull's-eye they play at

they came often to play along this filthy street on the outskirts of town down by the factories a high brick wall stretching out for miles and miles and an inscription in huge black letters at regular intervals URINATING IS FORBIDDEN IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAW OF but a mischievous little kid who doesn't yet know how to read approaches and plays with his prick at last squirting a stream against the grimy bricks he goes at it for a long time and before rebuttoning coldly stares down at his tiny cute little prick all at once gone rigid even though he probably forgot to button up his pants earlier quite innocently rivers of piss behind the wall send up a thin brown smoke that the wind swirls beats down against the windows of neighboring houses

and we enjoyed whacking off together bodies stiff all over not just down there even a tightness inside our bellies mine when it got hard stood out straight in front of me but pointing up at an angle like an airplane taking off if I touch him touch Simon down there it's worse than a keg of dynamite I move my fist up and down along his cock faster and faster and it spits some white droplets not all that many really but all very white very hot like the coating you see on milk when you heat it too fast there are three four such curds speckling my pull-over Oh my sweater! Simon shouts holy Jesus wipe it off quick look what you've done It's not me who did anything it's your own juice No your spunk punk I won't lend you any of my things ever again What will they say in the dorm when they find

out they must have noticed that we're not there huh? Yeah sure but so what? isn't it more fun to fuck off like this than in one big heap of pissy bodies the way they do up there? Simon unties the cord that keeps the door to his cabin shut the night is less black in this forest the moon is out Simon is two years older than me he's got muscles he has already begun to shoot real juice not just piss and water when he whacks off his cock is thick the skin hangs down completely covering that knob at the end a pink mushroom it's not very pretty to look at as for myself I still don't do it fast when I skin my own back it really feels too much like skinning myself alive hurts it'll get more elastic when I'm older Simon says and underneath that skin there's this red strawberry it looks so fragile so moist you'd think you were staring up into one of your nostrils and yet it pleases me all the same sometimes to pull it back hurt and all and look at it

no matter what his reaction will be the day I'm eleven I'll get him to push his belly up against me with that aristocratic air of his I'm just a brat to him but I'll act very serious I'll ask him softly gently cleverly spurning his kisses if he realizes doesn't he that we don't have the right if he realizes doesn't he that if but wouldn't he rather like to try it anyway with me this thing he's so hot for doing with girls if they all weren't so silly so coy so cowardly if it won't be better doing it to me I could be his darling little girl I would love so much lying in his arms sometimes I will hide my prick between my legs thighs pressed tight so that I can have like them a tummy that ends in a point a triangle he will shove his cock in there it will suddenly bang up against mine they'll both say peek-a-boo! to each other we must swap blood first though I hope he knows how to play chess too I'm tired of always beating all the other boys here

he finds me again by the tree I had sat down on the ground arms hugging my knees trying to keep warm

I was lost really lost surely would die be eaten up by wild animals I see a glimmer of light moving toward me swaying up and down coming closer closer in the dark woods I almost called out to it but I was too scared Were you afraid maybe I wouldn't come back huh? Simon said you'd never guess what was going on back there everybody working himself into a shit fit it's some new little guy who's sick we all had to make up his bed for him and a lot of other silly crap like that A new boy? Simon didn't feel like explaining further I already ate back there but I remembered you hadn't any chow he unfolds the sweater he's brought me and inside there's a paper bag two sandwiches one paté the other butter overlaid with jam Simon says This one's the best it's real paté have you ever eaten real paté before? It looks more like cow shit to me when they've eaten too much grass and it gets all runny smells like cow farts too ugh! I'd rather you brought me peanut butter Yeah sure made from my own nuts huh laughs Simon go on now and put on your sweater even though I'm thinking we won't remain dressed for long Why? we're going back now? Oh nothing like that the night these woods they give me some wild ideas you know we could go over to my cabin right now yeah let's do that come on we'd better hurry you just follow my flashlight's beam huh But is it very far? me still scared more than I want to admit Wait careful there's a steep slope coming up and then we have to go all the way down it to the bottom an almost perpendicular incline dangerous covered entirely with trees jutting out at an angle all twisted and a tunnel hollowed out within thick underbrush growing narrower and narrower rounded at the edges like a toboggan slide twigs trampled down both sides worn away by so many hearty young asses careening Simon goes first inching his way slowly crouching the rubber soles of his sneakers help him keep his balance but I soon slip trip tumble halfway down sliding the rest the seat of my

pants all covered with dirt cheeks feeling chafed shaking myself out at the bottom trying to look casual even though my ass hurts and my legs are all bleeding the thickets had grown thicker at the bottom breeze of wind rising suddenly bringing with it the smell of smoke Simon pushed back the branches his flashlight beam dancing ahead branches snapping back in place whipping my face my bare bleeding legs we're suddenly in a clearing a stream glistens black calm no rushing sound no tall grass on either side we have to leap across it Simon says he goes first but when I jump only one foot makes it skidding down the side of a wet boulder Simon reaches out for my hand pulling me toward him my shoe all covered in mud the cabin is luckily right there just ahead long and low rectangular made out of dead wood covered over with dry leaves I'm glad we're going inside

the coldness of a morning just before dawn winter the truck taking me somewhere has stopped at the end of a long country lane far from the rest of the world there's a huge house looming ahead all gray white icicles dangling like spears from the slate roof the driver dressed in dungarees rubs his hands together to keep them warm he rang the bell by the front gate nodded to some man some caretaker who hobbled out of his tiny lodge to the right of the gate leading into the courtyard opening the door they're going to shut me up in there I know it he climbs back into his truck the motor growls my breath I can see it before me as the caretaker takes me by the hand truck setting off again with a grind of gears exhaust emitting puffs of bluish gasoline I breathe it in and listen to the sound of ice breaking on the country lane I would run away now but the caretaker yanks me inside beneath a massive portico leading me across an empty inner courtyard to some tiny room that faces directly out upon it the room empty greenish walls flaking dingy ceiling so high above me a single light bulb dangling the hollow

light of dawn lost inside here the old guy doesn't talk  
he leaves turning a key in the door half-wood top half-  
glazed pearl gray dirty glass I walk around the room go  
over to the huge windows curtainless at the other end  
all you can see from them is another courtyard deserted  
covered with paving stones slimy in the pale yellowish  
light I sit down on a school bench set against the wall  
the only furniture in the room my heart is beating too  
fast and I can't fall asleep

Simon hangs up his flashlight suspending it from  
a roof beam there are some moth-eaten blankets where  
earwigs and wood ticks have made their nests they go  
scurrying out now caught in that swaying light we both  
shake out those blankets carefully before laying them  
back down again upon the ground he stretches out on  
his back leaning on one elbow kneecaps shining as he  
bends both legs he took out a long filter cigarette he  
smokes it his manner no longer so frank one hand  
shoved down there between his Have you already  
sucked cock? watch me I can suck myself off  
both hands now under both legs knees that bend back  
toward his belly body curving into a ball he stuck out  
his long tongue licked the tip of it with it he stops  
once to crush out his cigarette Move further away I  
need more elbow room for this trick a half-  
somersault backward to raise his ass high in the air  
legs swinging wide and free his nose smack up against  
his balls now he moves his mouth experimentally along  
that dangling convex crotch and finally succeeds after  
a couple of tries in taking that thing all the way into  
his mouth swallowing that red knob completely he  
sucks I can hear a gurgling but I can't see much because  
his pants cover most of his face I feel around in my  
own briefs touching my own it's exciting excited we  
get all undressed afterward he's so very white his arms  
quite muscled makes a fist to let me see how they bulge  
like some weight lifter's in the circus and then he  
moves them back and forth rippling but very slowly as



if scared those new muscles might somehow come unglued underneath the skin he sucks me too making a funny point with his mouth then he throws me down on the ground sits his cold naked ass down hard upon my chest and his knees up against my shoulders swings his fat balls back and forth across my chin shaking his cock right into my face and skinning back the head by rubbing it against my cheeks he pinches my nose I gasp blow out snot between his fingers then he strangles me I struggled not enough air to breathe anymore his cock is already dripping weeping he shoves two fat fingers between my teeth I bite down hard he chokes me even harder then and then oh well I suppose it could be a lot worse opening my mouth wide very wide so that my lips won't really have to touch that thing we make our peace and whack off going all the way twice then bullshit he jumps on top of me again and pinches my ass both cheeks bets he can lick my hole clean the dirty pig Dirty pig I giggle go ahead then try and his tongue tickles moving between my cheeks skimming sucking the hole suddenly I let loose a fart and he moves his face away shoves his cock harshly into my ass instead without so much as a warning oh that rips tears splits how it burns feeling like some very hard turd you try to shit out after a couple of days when nothing'll come he puts his arms around my neck fucks me up the ass more and more angrily all of him now hard against me all bare skin Simon his knees pointed jabbing into my back going truly wild now Hurry up and shoot you're killing me hey that's enough Don't get so excited I've already shot my wad and he must have too because I could feel that thing squishy softer inside me but he leaves it stuck there You see he says how good it is you're like some cute little snatch to me you've a real sexy little ass you know I'll give it to you my big cock to you and only you if that's what you want I mutter a half

kind of yes uh huh his big cock his body with its shiny hairs all the same secretly his words pleased me

with a real asshole buddy you can have a lot of fun but not with some strange guys you don't really know anything about and who can kill you afterward like it says in the newspapers Simon says he once went with a guy like that straight off the street for ten francs yes inside a doorway the guy jerked himself off while feeling him up everywhere he shot his fuck clear out into the middle of the street from that doorway so I ask And did he hurt you afterward? Hell no what'd be the advantage for him doing that? Simon looks scornfully at me

another man another caretaker I guess came into the room that once must have served as a classroom he had on some filthy smock holes at both elbows his face was young but mean-looking hair all black and frizzy thick mustache I followed him like he said we climbed four flights of stairs to the attic he pushing open a door closing it behind me I couldn't make out anything at first but a big long room very dark but there were sounds voices of kids boys Is this the new one? Come over here shrimp they asked all kinds of questions pestered me never stopping finally somebody called out Let's take off his fucking duds I shivered goose pimples all over from that earlier cold

Marco the guy who acts as supervisor the big bruiser lets loose in the dorm today's cat it doesn't move at first acts wary hunching up its back we toss our shoes at it swing our belts whacking it every morning it's the same routine some cat brought in from outdoors and we're forced to kill it Marco orders us to be mean like that and if you don't hit it he takes down your name his vicious eye squinting reaching for that notebook buried deep in his pants pocket there near where it bulges a stub of a pencil wetting it with his tongue Marco is allowed to slap us across the face

maybe but no more                    the cat careens around  
under one of the beds we hunt it down attaching pen-  
knives to the ends of broom handles then one of the  
boys his hands protected by thick wool socks reaches  
under and takes hold the cat already bleeding  
slashed we bend back its paws while somebody else  
punches its face meows screams spits kicks as it  
hunches up tries to bite claw it's a real nasty animal by  
now Simon likes to cut off their tails this one had a  
thick collar made of tufts of hair of different colors  
tortoise-shell tabby sometimes we managed to lure a  
pussy into a corner of the room we put on our winter  
boots move in closer and closer eight or ten of us and  
stamp down bash crush to mush the more banged up  
he is the more Marco loves it this morning our puss in  
boots was very handsome yellow mane clean shiny  
bright intelligent green eyes it must have belonged to  
some old maid not an alley cat we didn't crush him but  
went at him with anything that could slice I poke him  
with my toothbrush shoving it into that gaping hole his  
yowling mug not the end with the handle of course  
but the one with the brushes I even managed to brush  
his teeth for him

they played whores and clients one of their fa-  
vorite games and the new kid had to take part they  
brought out from various nooks bundles of clothing  
and soon several of the smallest kids were decked out  
as sweet young things old gowns old shoes picture hats  
with swirling veils lingerie from days gone by violet-  
colored brassieres black silk slips petticoats with pink  
lace trimming flesh-colored girdles shapeless from too  
much wear punctured corsets they squabbled among  
themselves over who was going to wear what finishing  
off their disguises with some of their own stuff bath  
towels serving as skirts handkerchiefs and scarves  
wrapped tightly around their waists breasts stuffed to  
brimming padded with swimsuits or briefs other pairs  
of briefs serving as bonnets and only the new kid

emerges entirely rigged out in only feminine finery a little boy he was still very shy but with laughing eyes and he obeyed them all although tripping over himself legs all tangled in that too ample silk gown those too loose silky underthings

the girls now half-reclining on all four sides of his bed the new kid stretched out in the middle the boys who remain dressed as boys play clients they come closer smoke unlighted cigars go knock knock knock in the air at some imaginary door and the madam one of the smaller kids as gossipy as a magpie pinned to some old dame's bashed in gay nineties straw boater says

alas my good sirs have you enough money?

how much is it? asks one of the boys

dear dearie me it's not cheap oh no not for any of my darling girls! one boy already didn't feel like playing he took off his long gown and ran over to his own bed to slip on a pair of briefs one of the clients shouted Hey madame you've a whore here who's already cutting out!

oh that bitch hey there Simon why aren't you playing with us anymore?

you're all full of shit that's what you are with all your stupid asshole fairy games I'm going out for a walk

birdbrain it's pouring cats and dogs outside or haven't you noticed birdbrain? they shrugged their shoulders and went back to their game only with less enthusiasm now except for the small kid who was in his glory as the madam

hey this floozy here has got balls says one of the clients to the twittering madam he kept feeling the crotch of one of the young boys whose gown already had the weirdest bulge and whose face was already too bright a red

one of my young lovelies sporting balls really sir you must cease this vulgarity instantly! the madam

gives a toss to her head then runs from lady to lady lifting skirts pulling down undershorts and panties revealing a collection of cocks some already at attention others still slumbering others at half-mast some pale others pinched still others concealed between two thighs all in all a stupendous collection of cheeping birdies of slumbering slugs of tiny fruits of burgeoning buds so pink and purple

then I'll fuck that one lying there in the middle he pointed at me I kept my mouth shut I didn't understand any of it I was sure they were suddenly all going to leap on top of me touch me everywhere look at that thing me me me all of them crying all at once me let me fuck her up the ass let her jerk me off me I want to piss up her asshole me I want her to give me a blow job me I'll shit in her face me she can suck my ass me she can lick my dirty socks me I me me they swarmed all over the bed and pretended to do everything to and with me imitating all the sounds sucking fucking shitting pissing jerking spitting then they tore off all my lovely lady's clothes piece by piece they pointed out to each other my tiny titties my legs my fat little fanny and all those other things as well womanly things I didn't even have the littlest ones joining in the fun suddenly a handsome boy is all alone on top of me he kisses me on the mouth so seriously both eyes shut another guy tries to shove him off Hey Bob stop all that lovey-dovey sissy stuff you think you're maybe in the movies or something? but Robert clutches me to him crushes me even harder he smells of expensive cigarettes and his belt buckle scratches my bare belly finally he gets off and speaks quietly to the others He's a nice little guy don't tease him come along with me Claude

yeah sure it's always him that Bob who always manages to move in on all the new kids hey shrimp don't go with him all he wants is to break in your ass

it's true don't go with him he's a mean one he even fucks around with hoods in the town streets they all laughed a lot while warning me then suddenly bored they jumped on one of the other kids still decked out in lace and that set off a real battle Robert led me over to his bed he had some cookies with honey filling a big bag of peanuts I took a few and finally a lot I felt more and more hungry he came closer and closer had already taken off his pants he slid me then himself between the sheets

one of the guys takes from his pocket a handful of change and counts it out I've sixty-nine million francs madam

sixty-nine oh la la then here's a lovely little brunette sure to tickle your fancy sir very cultured very refined a regular churchgoer the daughter of railroad people and she can dance a lovely cancan too

oh no not with me hey you don't I'm not playing no dancing chick for anyone shit on that

and as for me honey I wouldn't go with you for less than seven hundred million

with me it's one hundred million or nothing doing

hey you guys come over here look at the new one with Bob they're already nesting Robert because he wanted to remain stretched out over my ass his briefs already sliding down around his ankles and that thing stiff too hard inevitable that it should finally slide in there between and into the hole I warned him though he shook his head whispered You're a real cute kid Claude let me do it huh like this we're both here so nice and cozy aren't we huh but I wasn't feeling so nice and cozy he was too heavy and he kept shifting his belly on my back I finished all the honey cookies crumbs all over the pillow scratching my skin Robert kissed my neck my cheeks and gripped my other cheeks it got harder and harder to crack any peanuts with him there on top like that I wondered if I'd be

able to fall asleep at least I was so tired after all last  
night in that truck                    they tiptoed over to peek  
under the sheets

no kidding you guys they're really fucking!

well if the shrimp doesn't mind

you're lucky shrimp if that's what you go for since  
Bob here's got the biggest longest dong he can shoot it  
off eight times running isn't that so Bobby boy?

Robert stopped grinding

scram all of you I mean it assholes I'm not kidding

all right all right we can take a hint we don't need

you you know come on guys let's go back to our game

wait a minute                    hey Claude how old are

you huh?

nine

did you hear that guys                    he's only nine

so what?                    he's not the only one here

who's only nine so what's it to you?

come on then it's none of our business fuck them

both

I was too embarrassed bare-assed tried to wriggle  
out from under but Robert murmured Stay you're a real  
cute kid and we're already asshole buddies huh?

all the same my ass hurt I was pretty fed up by now  
his pressing down so hard and what with his cock still  
scraping around inside me he should have noticed that

dead cats they let them dry out on window sills  
some of them stink awfully all depends on whether  
they've been squashed enough beforehand sometimes  
Marco takes the delivery truck and helps us out we  
tie up the cat and toss it out into the courtyard where  
Marco can back the tires over it dried out cats burn  
better than live ones and stink less you can hang four  
or five out together on a single branch while with live  
cats you can do only one per day and it's a pity any-  
way to burn them since they know all kinds of tricks  
how to swallow a whole tube of shoe polish make all  
kinds of funny faces every time you throw pepper into

their eyes swim for a long time in a pail of wet paint before finally sinking smoke cigarettes the lighted end stuck into their mouths run around on two paws when you've sliced off the other two and piss a long ways if you squash them between two beds I'd built a wheel from an old roller skate spikes sticking out to run up and down along their bellies especially the she cats that really drives them wild our cat trap one time we caught a pregnant mother in it then we emptied her out gutted nine little ones disgusting all wet in a silvery blue sack still not quite finished we put them back inside her and sewed up the hole with some thread but she didn't escape very far because it burst open again

the littlest ones are jealous because the bigger boys prefer me because of my green eyes blond hair if they tell me I'm pretty I believe them I've even plucked my eyebrows to look even prettier I get gifts they kiss my face talk to me make me touch their cocks I always sleep with Robert now all the others also sleep in twos but all the time changing partners they don't make love with each other like Robert and me I loved that and his face I love that too it's even more beautiful than that down there they drop their pants and get into each other's asses too much not lovingly like Robert not the way they do it they do it on purpose it's even forced on us seems they'll beat us if we don't

the gray house resembles a school from the outside yet there's no school within we wait around until our dinner is ready we take long walks we play games and everything they tell us that soon all that will change we'll have to work since it's the country perhaps they'll plant plants

the director and his wife inspected the attic just before breakfast they wish to see the newcomer they haven't yet met the child moves away quickly from the boy against whom he has slept all night long he doesn't



dare get out of bed because he's still naked the director marches over and pulls off the sheets sending him sailing to the floor slaps him twice across the cheeks shouting Stand when you're spoken to Marco you are to send this one down to me tonight for a good whipping immediately after supper And you will also come to see me tonight for your injections adds the directress Claude spends the rest of the day in a state of growing terror Marco comes to fetch him after supper the director's quarters are on the ground floor a gloomy office filled to bursting with stacks of old newspapers piled high in badly tied bundles the room leads into another chamber this one completely empty except for a bed and some yellowed photographs of children thumb-tacked to the walls the director empties out the little boy's pockets confiscates everything then yanks Claude's pants down without a word and gives him twenty-four strokes of a dog's leash he sends the kid out sobbing all the way down the corridor to the apartment of the directress a drawing room of sorts walls hung with rotting pink silk fabric that stinks of stale cigars she clouts Claude and orders him to stop sniveling immediately prepares two injections one on the upper left arm near the shoulder the other on the ass the child struggles to hold back his tears especially since the woman frightens him so tall skinny with long bony hands a face long and narrow as a string bean gray head nearly bald except for frizzy bangs over a bulging forehead she warns Try not to get sick for if you do we'll only have to inject you all over again my little man! but the kid got sick anyway several days later out of sadness more than anything else and they isolated him kept themselves fiercely busy with him during many long weeks the cured child finally allowed to rejoin the others his lovely eyes sparkled no longer his silky hair shorn close to his skull no longer had its sheen


each night they took some child down into the

cellar they slap him clap him whip him strip him shake him break him choke him poke him give him injections enemas take blood samples skin clippings they drug him mug him fuck him suck him knot scarves around his neck force him to swallow quarts of soup of bitter vegetables thick acidic leaves so green and rough against the roof of the mouth they tear the snot from his nose cut his fingernails and stick beneath them metallic barbs they dress him in costumes too large too tight too warm too short pour boiling water over him run currycombs through his hair drip corrosive liquids upon his skull and into his eyes they force him to kiss their stinking wrinkled ugly beaks then they reslap reclap rewhip restrip reshake rebreak him going at it madly until dawn and if they themselves are able to come before he dies he is saved they will touch him no more never again it's their one rule they will care for his wounds praise his qualities to those visitors who come on late afternoons and evenings to caress these ganymedes covered with scars whose expressions are colder deadlier than those of any dead man the dorm was divided up into

the dormitory was cut up by partitions tall as an adult each supported on its walls carved étagères cupboards shelves of varnished wood and a lovely oval mirror an amusing little room for each of them a curtain shutting it off from all the others and you can decorate yours according to your taste they showed the new kid his a vase of fresh flowers had already been set down there on the night table they told Claude to lie down that he could go downstairs whenever he was hungry no matter the hour then he was no longer the new boy he learned all the words codes secret slang of the others and looked with scorn upon what had existed in his life before this fine house these broad meadows and that lush private park in groups they go out to do battle against the village kids the children of those peasants are much fewer in number

those pathetic clods didn't resemble the children from the chateau at all they were ugly dirty crippled badly built badly dressed and stupid besides they had fathers and mothers they didn't sodomize each other evenings they never looked at each other nude when they masturbated they did it alone and slyly into old handkerchiefs clotted with snot they didn't know how to talk charmingly nor even how to fight ferociously they had to go to school they never wiped their asses after shitting they went to catechism every Thursday and to mass every Sunday they ran after silly giggling girls in summer in the fields they never had more than a few centimes to spend

the children from the chateau counted out their wealth in bills pretty colored franc notes not in pitiful centimes they kept those centimes all the same for sweets sodas candies spreading the contents of a leather pouch of small coins out upon the counter and declaring to the grocery store lady quite proudly Take it all out of this my good woman



in the dead still center of night  
my breathing suddenly stops when a skinny belly  
presses down against my face I shove its wetness off  
my forehead darkness heavy sultry pulsing with the  
stink of young boys several hands skimming trying to  
unbutton my pajama tops unstring the bottoms I turn  
over on my stomach bury my head beneath the pillow  
try to return to dreaming but a tidal wave of arms legs  
suddenly crashes somebody grabbing one of my hands  
placing it around a firm cock that drips mucus between  
my fingers legs crushed within the vise of two muscular  
thighs I yank up those pajama bottoms but somebody

else has grabbed both my ankles I clutch the pillow dragging it along with me as a sharp chin burrows into a shoulder blade a plump body all round and soft and smooth rides sidesaddle upon my loins their low laughter three or four arms forming a knot around my neck so I bite down hard into a hand the taste the smell of semen fingers salty against my lips some tiny prick demanding entrance within my ear all at once trickling its snail slime down my cheek I pinch a piece of somebody's ass digging my fingernails into other haunches suddenly pressing down upon me up down up down pajama pants torn tops ripped one of the sleeves dangling in strips I must be getting a temperature this naked wet skin forcing itself down upon my face grrrs hisses spits lashes out at bare knees toes toe jam growling the guys leap roll wallow swallow clutch follow disappear hips some smooth others bony pitch somewhere below my thighs a steaming armpit like a vise clamping around my nose tiny arm encircling my waist a pair of legs digging into mine forcing them apart and from someone else laughter furtive kisses in that blackness the storm outside suddenly breaking against shuttered windows stimulates them my own sweat suddenly evaporating cooling they don't hurt anymore soaring high above me their touchings mingling with my own various parts of various bodies flashing slashing nudity silky soft playing over me like gusts of warm wind over tall waving grasses bolts of lightning spaced ever nearer less blackness between each flash turning bodies to blue to stone I'm no longer naked but clothed in a garment of shifting hands mouths bellies out of which soar unseeing cocks I roll down to the far end of the bed I want to put the sheets up over my eyes but the circle of bodies forms a collar I grab onto links of its fleshy chain refusing to let go biting into limbs cocks arms spitting on already fluid skins and slippery muscles skitter beneath like mice under a carpet imprisoning me within a cage of

stinking crotches and sour milkstained breaths drowning choking under all these pricks swinging testicles caressing my cheeks my flanks my own sex nothing left to do but die beating against these bars so thick fleshy dripping suddenly my prison opens wide as a bolt of lightning slashes followed by thunder crashes I get up and run to the window flinging wide the shutters breathing in deeply but they've followed me here too and I can make them out still cocks glistening eyes too in that humid darkness

the garden emits an odor of rain leafy branches floating the air electric tingling crackling with thousands of prickles hurtling down into it I was able to put on knee breeches and sandals first before the others come galloping after I hurl myself headlong into the shrubbery where night will hide me

after the noon meal always a siesta it was very hot they were not forced to sleep but they had to remain quiet speak softly not fight a dozen or so of the older guys always gather together beside a window whose shutters are shut tight against the heat the sun devours each slat of metal flames horizontal white yellow slaving oozing they huddle close whispering look over their shoulders chase away the younger uninitiated streaks of light slashing the chiaroscuro of bodies that seem in the sultry silence hardly to move at all heads bending closely together at times diverging these shimmering slats of shutters hurling upon their golden bodies slivers of patterns of broken mirror reflections turning flashing angular jagged light moving incandescent naked bodies hair catching fire and blazing forearms still smooth as peach fuzz and something someone in the center of that stillness Simon their leader jerking off above a tooth-glass he lets forth a huge glaucous jet then others more brief the boys laugh want to vomit finally Simon hands the receptacle to his neighbor who masturbates in turn ejaculating crouching down over the glass in order not to lose one

drop the glass circulating from hand to hand little by little filling with globules dancing melting candle wax boils that burst like far-off flights of doves caught in sticky nets stretched stringy between the spout-holes of young cocks and the rim of the glass thick gouts shaken forth with sometimes trembling hands and when each boy has shot his load Simon takes the glass once more stirring the mixture of thin colorless liquids of white floccules of nacreous filaments the other boys looking around then breaking the magic circle heading toward Yann who sits on his bed oblivious drawing

he sucks the hollow plastic cap that covers the chewed extremity of the ballpoint pen sucking the cavity of the stopper breathing in to create a vacuum and the cap clings to the tip of his tongue like some dark squirming leech he sticks his tongue out grandly then squints eyes crossing as he stares past his nose at it glance darting to the left to the right revealing the wet pink organ ending in a blue spike he pulls in his tongue lets fall the cap between his lips chewing sucking creating a vacuum once more going through that same routine for nearly an hour all the while drawing sketching never letting his spit drool onto those big white sheets to smudge the india ink Yann creates a sailboat a three-master with all the details he can imagine suddenly he sees an army of boys surround him quickly he stuffs his pad of paper beneath the bed he is collared struck pushed down upon his back arms outstretched to form a cross What do you think you're doing huh? two of the bigger guys hold both sides of his head forcing him to open wide his jaws Simon sneers

don't complain faggot here's something you're sure to like pouring into Yann's mouth the entire glassful of fuck the child chokes gasps swallows the wrong way coughs and calls out Claude! Claude! the sperm running down from both nostrils his face is splashed

splattered with a luminous whiteness eyebrows to chin saliva snot tears all composed of that glistening fuck he wipes furiously with a corner of his bedsheets a horrible warmth rises up from the pit of his stomach to his temples and he pukes

you are an extremely beautiful boy do you realize that?

Claude nods he pulls wisps of horsehair stuffing out of a tiny hole in the silk seat of the antique red chair upon which he sits hairs black and curly cock hairs the man kneels before him like some ardent village swain he grasps one of the child's hands he hasn't taken off his overcoat he keeps it on no matter what the season

you please me greatly Claude I could do a lot for you

yes answers Claude in a muffled voice he is staring at a package wrapped all in ribbons on the console table the one with the curved gilt legs books probably give me your other hand

Claude proffers a passive palm one quite clean the man kisses it softly his lips are thick and dry his long gray hair bristles around his collar when he leans forward

stand up Claude the man seizes the child's hips and kisses each item of clothing before unbuttoning it with great delicacy

I've never seen this shirt before it suits you well they bought it for me last Tuesday the man always departs at six the child gives a quick glance at the clock on the far-off church tower the entire house is silent the antique drawing room bathed in sunlight smells of musty fruit preserves of moist wax of insecticide there are cockroaches Claude thinks of the swimming pool down by the river and his comrades who are swimming there right now or else playing football in the great meadow he will be there very soon too he will not tell them about the man for among themselves the boys never speak openly of what they do with their visitors in the various little anterooms of



the chateau the man kisses Claude's naked shoulders his hair his pale white infant's neck and pressing down hard he lets his own face move along the boy's spinal column yanking down the boy's trousers and flimsy briefs with the same movement of one hand both hands plunging between Claude's buttocks and then an enormous tongue this caress lasting longer and longer each time it is repeated and Claude despite himself grows hard at last he tightens his cheeks his anus opens and closes around that tongue that seems so obstinate and unconsciously his hand grips his own sex twists it shoves it up against his thigh and clenches closing tightly around it

walk over to the window if that's what you'd like the curtains like those on a theater stage held open by a sash rich purple velvet gold braidwork Claude feels silly standing there completely naked except for his socks and shoes so he takes them off steadying himself against a commode inlaid with bronze the man remarks You're so graceful Claude I enjoy watching even your most ordinary gesture

tortoise-shell wood shiny with wax glows golden in the afternoon light as do two bronze monkeys dressed like musicians who slowly revolve round and round beneath a glass dome there is also a doll dressed elaborately Directoire style high bodice flowing robe her face too heavily rouged pinkly powdered arms dangling down spastically over the edge of the console table gilt curved legs resting against the partition that forms an angle with the tall floor-length windows and there on the wall between it and the door leading off into the billiard room a huge rectangular framed engraving paddle-wheeled boat water color smudged with sepia the boat itself sketched in thin threadlike strokes riding upon a storm of curlicued india ink waves

the child no longer sports a hard-on the man seeks Claude's eyes which continue to avoid his penetrating look one hand idly scratching a buttock the man down

on his knees once more thick lips gobbling up both balls at the same time as well as that pitiful cock so shriveled the siphon of a clam folded in upon itself the man shuts his eyes letting both testicles melt upon his tongue murmuring indistinctly like some toothless old drooling beggar sweat flowing greasy drops that stream from the creases of his hooded eyelids the tip of his nose the furrows of his mouth the lobes of his ears other drops forming pearls transparent warts upon temples and cheekbones

I'm so warm please excuse me the man says standing up taking off his topcoat the first time ever standing revealed in all his nakedness of a black suit made from some thick felt fabric he unbuttons his jacket then the top buttons of his black vest beneath

that would be a real funny sight wouldn't it Claude were I to take off all my clothes? Claude in order to keep from answering stares beyond his eyes invents and projects above the mantelpiece the silhouette of a naked man gaunt yet oh so hairy body it covers completely the oblique and much smaller image of a man dressed all in black felt reflected in the oval convex mirror Claude suddenly experiencing a vague squeamish feeling he hopes the man will never undress so completely a real weirdo never so much as once opening his own fly to show his own thing he always treats Claude in a highly proprietary manner yet brings during each of his twice-weekly visits some present always something serious too never silly and he has even grown more passionate now that Claude is able to shoot forth a bit of sperm There he goes starting in all over again old Pop the Human Vacuum Cleaner Claude thinks as the man once more applies his mouth to the child's asshole and makes him hard again by adeptly pinching both foreskin and balls

your sex grows more and more beautiful each time how old are you now? he sucks upon each of Claude's balls but too roughly as if crunching jordan

almonds biting into overripe fruits with stony centers  
the pain causing Claude's cock to suddenly become  
quite limp drooping downward again shaft breaking in  
the middle resembling a water faucet Claude answers  
Twelve trying not to gasp too loudly

no Claude you can't be twelve you were already  
that when I first met you

oh then twelve and a half I guess a little more  
maybe

six months plus what?

well maybe I'm thirteen then

yes Claude that sounds more like it

wait that's not quite                   no not until nine  
more days

nine more days the man murmurs nine more days  
before beginning that sucking routine of his all over  
again the rug needs cleaning too Claude thinks

the garden rustling trees flowers dappled with sun  
and this tiny child who has entered through a gap in  
the wall comes forward timidly he's from the village  
and the rich inmates here all these big guys scare him  
all so handsome all so

get a look at what the cat just dragged in hey  
dumbo what the fuck are you doing here?                   a  
bunch of scraggly flowers in one trembling hand blue  
cornflowers hairy-leaved borage red chickweed stink-  
ing red rape scarlet pimpernel smelly aborted things  
bug-bitten leaves splintery broken stalks a bunch of  
flowers like this for a present yes for

I'm uh Serge uh and I've come to see a guy named  
uh Claude

which Claude asshole there are three Claudes here  
stupid                   not to mention old Claudette the cook  
thick mustache twitching above thin upper lip face of  
a shrewmouse long sharp snout sniveling smile her  
bandannas are always so badly tied her straggly hair  
keeps popping up in the soup

are those flowers for him then for your Claude

huh? Serge stares down at his pitiful bouquet suddenly all confused I uh picked them uh along the way there's no Claude here interrupts one of the bigger boys while another And you don't have any right weaseling your way in here take him away guys they drag their captive out the back gate of the park out toward the open fields a high hedge of wisteria and tamarisks conceals an abandoned garage there where they keep their special chair they've screwed down into the center of its wooden seat part of an old ax handle thin pointed at both ends bulging in the center the height of a man's fist and smeared over with black auto grease they pull down the kid's short pants then his underdrawers lifting him lowering him onto the upthrust stake two guys rotating the kid's cheeks spreading them wide fingers seeking the tiny hole then perching it directly above that point they push down harshly upon Serge's belly and the badly lubricated tip brushes his asshole perforating it but slantwise Hey now admit it isn't this lots better than anything your Claude can do for you huh? winding ropes around him knotting them tightly then they knock him to the floor until he's forced to crawl on all fours the chair covering his ass like a dog in the fucking position they kick the underside of the seat turn 'the chair back every which way causing it to rock sway then yank the child to an upright position once more sitting him down hard taking turns riding astride his spread thighs see-saw margery daw Sergie shall have a new master one boy on each knee but Serge who bawls and howls and yelps doesn't bleed enough to suit them and so they shake their heads wonderingly Look at this no good asshole he doesn't even seem to feel it does he the child screams even more loudly when they rip off all his clothes then set fire to them on a mound of straw they set off dragging him across a potato patch in full bloom tiny white flowers stinking of potato bugs black-and yellow-striped and their juice so pungent peppery

finally reaching the esplanade and that forest of oak trees that rises up at its edge they move beneath its green shadow and Claude's ardent village swain is lashed to a thick trunk they all the while making jokes about his tiny misshapen body poking at it with twigs teasing the minuscule prick Where's Gerard didn't you guys say he found a snake this morning? Yeah he did but he's down there swimming he left it in a bucket somewhere Shit that'd be just perfect go find Gerard and tell him to get his ass over here on the double and to bring along his fishpole too

they all raced behind me the deep night scared me the grass so thick finally falling down within it I cried out Come on then fuck me all of you fuck me up the ass come on what are you waiting for? and the guys suddenly shocked stopped short almost all of them naked a strong wind blows through the trees making them arch above our heads I want to suck you all of you oh I love all your cocks oh I love all your balls Hey this one must have gone completely batshit this Bob listen to him rave you guys the boy squats in a ray of sudden moonlight between two tall trees gray silver bark clouds swell scud darkness swallowing up all the boys suddenly all those cocks standing at attention bodies wild with anticipation breaths inhaling his words reaching out grabbing Robert You say you want cocks do you well then here's my cock feel this cock up your ass suck on this one ram this one down your throat then my cock yes my cock yes mine too hurry it up can't you do it any faster than that suck this cock suck my ass suck suck oh I'm shooting already shooting they he's in such great demand now they flood showers of fuck over him the sky has opened setting free a savage silver shower lashing those pale white bodies Bob delivered up to the screaming maddened horde opens wide his mouth his ass falls head over heels upon greasy grass jerking himself off moaning moving his feverish tongue over salty cocks cheesy cocks others

still hot and shit-smelling from having previously bored into his asshole or else acrid with piss but then at the first bolt of lightning ear-splitting crash smash of thunder they suddenly take off all except one that is who gently lifts the gasping boy Robert to his feet rain flaying both their bodies hair drowning bellies streaming buttocks streaming finger tips streaming and their pricks pissing rain in unison hands rubbing down each other's haunches the pelting spitting rain that sticks in thick hot drops to their thick lashes as they embrace standing there lightning flashing legs streaming shuddering the smaller boy at last falling to his knees almost hidden in the tall swaying oily black roiling grasses and sucking upon the member of the other both shuddering now but with delight more than from cold

only Gerard dares touch the snake he lifts it out of the pail a very long rather fat grass snake rust-colored light frosting of sand sticking to its scales like brown sugar he screws a fish hook into its tail and the boys attach the line to a branch of the oak tree against which Serge is strapped the serpent's head dangling twisting arching spitting coiling no further than an inch away from the child's face he's not one of the farm kids but the son of either the tobacconist or the postmistress struggling to break his bonds attempting desperately to avoid the snake as it whips his cheeks with its pointed evil head face suddenly ashen sweat drying on his forehead the others suddenly get another wild idea and so Gerard detaches the snake from the fishing rod and sits himself down upon the grass by Serge's tiny bare feet pinching the head of the reptile to force it to open its mouth and then he moves it forward slowly tantalizingly the child horrified no longer even able to cry out as his cock is teased by this slimy triangle from which flickers a tiny forked tongue but the snake all at once slithers out of Gerard's grasp and bites sharp tiny teeth buried in pink flesh dangles from the child's penis undulating between

trembling thighs swishing swaying all the way down  
to the ground where its tail coils falling finally and  
the cock ripped open bleeds gushing gouts of bright  
blood

there in the water beneath swaying reeds sharp as  
razor blades water snakes sometimes glide into the  
community laundry shed an open building nothing  
more than a slate roof set atop four wooden posts the  
floor sloping cement through which the river courses  
where village women come on various mornings bring-  
ing their family washing water snakes sometimes flash-  
ing within soapy workshirts and shit-stained drawers  
the rinsing women not at all concerned fast-flowing  
current now sputtering with rain slanting upon huge  
round leaves bright green wild lettuce undulating  
among moss-covered rocks and the handsome young  
boy from the chateau all decked out in a short-sleeved  
shirt of finest silk its color the color of spring butter-  
cups harmonizing with his black velvet knee breeches  
freshly ironed and next to him a tiny snotnosed kid in  
a pair of ripped shorts and battered tennis sneakers  
Claude liked to fuck the smallest kids he was afraid  
the others all made fun of him behind his back so he  
secretly made friends with one from the village I lay  
low in the reeds spying upon them lying upon my  
belly despite the cold rain a long lovely cock pale and  
smooth and lithe as one of those tapers old women  
light in churches and then a pink almond at its tip oh  
how I suffer inside that a young boy should possess  
such a fine noble weapon I scratch at my own decaying  
carcass stumbling back afterward to the cemetery with  
such images still reverberating aching inside me and  
my nails tore blindly at all those scars there where my  
own crotch once                    not one among them no not  
one would have offered me his ass or his sex to eat not  
even the ugliest fattest shittiest ass among them could  
I have known possessed grew strong on if only they  
knew but my pathetic dung-encrusted body sets them

all to flight or else to rage their punches stones sticks  
I receive accept like the kisses they refuse to give me I  
admire those wounds they give me such beautiful  
blood they know how to make spurt from me cruel  
hands of young hoods drawing forth fountains of blood  
whereas I can only bring forth from myself globules of  
stinking pus

is it true Claude you know some dopey kid named  
Serge in the village?

yeah a little squirt yeah he gives me a real pain

well then too bad you weren't here a short  
while ago

another child plays in the laundry shed with his  
improbable looking boats you can fish them out at the  
sluice gate further upstream he stared straight through  
me without running away Yann is test-sailing a galleon  
clumsy topheavy sails of red striped dishrags towers of  
Babel with their various levels complicated by flying  
bridges gangways ladders made from match sticks  
flags of gold foil the hull painted red the masts green  
rigging of strings and twine cannons fashioned from  
empty cigar tubes decks encrusted with a junk heap  
jumble of nuts and bolts tiny wheels of cigarette  
lighters aligned by a dozen or so fountain pen clips  
wooden spools metal cylinders paper clips parts of  
some safety razor the motor from a toy auto knitting  
yarn strung tightly between regularly spaced upthrust  
nails to form deck railings radio tubes pulleys driving  
belts cranks the wheelworks of an old alarm clock  
all this paraphernalia strung up to the masts uncoiled  
springs forming strange radar detection sweeping de-  
vices and at the prow multicolored flags carefully cut  
out of some dictionary illustration hanging down from  
the bowsprit that ends in some long-beaked bird's  
stuffed head Doesn't your boat have a name?

yes but I don't tell it to anybody                      Yann  
answered in such a curt tone and didn't ever say any-  
thing more to me he stands waiting near the laundry



lean-to his boat tucked under one arm and always a sheepish look whenever he notices me each summer the guys form up new bands loyalties shifting during the winter months and me still never a part always left out right now René is the leader of all those hoodlums his mother pulled down his polka dot undershorts his suspenders dangling loose and spanked his bare ass right there in the middle of the street they fight the boys from the chateau but they bang me about too blows raining down on top of my thick skull I never stir from the old cemetery anymore earth so slimy with mud devastated burial mounds tombstones aslant there are thick bramble patches where I can hide and more than enough stones to pile high to protect my fire from wind I catch tiny birds in the briars using birdlime sticky shit from holly and mistletoe they're my main nourishment these days and maybe some weeds thick leaves braised over my fire and bread crusts soaked in grease the farmers' wives throw out to their dogs but you have to steal those during the worst heat of the afternoon sun directly overhead while the mutts themselves snooze yes I used to do that once I can't do it anymore but I did do it once

you live up there don't you? René asks

yes says Yann feels a twinge of pride readjusting various strings upon his boat setting all the gears to click clacking

says that's a real weird-looking boat

it's a ship not a boat and it all depends upon how much you understand about ships answers Yann rather piqued for any boats that the clients bring him already in a finished state never interest him in the least not even the showiest shiniest ocean liners nor the plywood models either liking only to invent imagine his own these are the only real vessels for him he rips apart all the others splits breaks them down bespatters them with all the colors of the rainbow adding wheels here nails there tinkering with those incomprehensible

structures which he sets down on their sides they haven't the right to sail forth in their original state not until he re-invents them

have you ever been over to the island? René pursues

what island I don't know any island

the one with all the chestnut trees way beyond the forest on the road to the hospice where the nuns are the road that's got that wayside cross and shrine you must know where I mean?

no

well anyway there's this island further on and a stream running through the middle but it's very narrow you can cross it by jumping more like a canal really perfect for boats or ships like this one we could go there together in a rowboat if you'd like Yann although extremely interested does not answer one must never collaborate give comfort to the enemy René understands this also and restrains himself from doing what he'd really like to do namely punch this snotty kid's supercilious mug right into the middle of next week but he's afraid of reprisals you touch one of them and before you know it twenty others are ganging up on you they really stick together those chateau dudes

I don't think I know you do I? Yann turns away so René takes a different tack suddenly opens his fly the two old women who worked in the chateau kitchen had no idea they admired the fine automobiles of the men who came to visit and the kids are always running in and out of their vegetable garden just beyond the kitchen windows they have no idea why chirp cheeping sprightly as sparrows the women are never mean to them often calling out handing them scraps of meat still dripping with gravy through the open windows slices of toast thick with butter not to mention sweet pickles and letting them lick spoons coated with mayonnaise whipped cream

but the kids grow more and more bold give them an inch they take a mile cutting off whole slices of spice cake meant for later four o'clock snacks cleaning out whole ramekins of custard pudding lowering their noses not to mention their mouths into various sizzling saucepans Claudette stirs so seriously stealing an egg maybe or a packet of vanilla sugar they pour down their gullets making strange gurgling sounds or else filching glazed fruits as a matter of fact Robert that Bobby has taken off right now with some candied angelica refusing to share it with the others there's a sick little guy upstairs and Bobby knocks then enters tiptoeing into the room so hushed and shadowy the kid isn't really asleep his face too contorted with pain he watches Bobby enter with a dull stare that nevertheless suddenly grows wary as he refuses the candied fruit and Bobby quite disheartened sets it down among all the various medicines he likes sick kids best of all kissing those dry clammy cheeks that seem to be burning up with fever the wrinkles of an old man growing more and more hollow like furrows in a field multiplying filthy encrusted eyelids ooze some shitty sticky goo at the corners his bony fingers claw scratch the dirt the weeds sprouting all along his legs becoming part of them he pisses lying there and far more slowly than the river of urine a wet stain grows and grows moving outward from that center of reeking humidity invading darkening his trousers entirely noonday sun dazzles circles shimmering behind shut eyelids he tries to lift his head but the effort takes his breath away grows delirious raving now parched lips slack mumbling inaudible agony in the new cemetery beyond the old a dog howls and some woman cries out telling it to for chrissakes shut up

thick glans skin tan and translucent René standing erect starts whacking off and his hardened cock sticks to his wet belly he peeling back the prepuce all the

while watching its effect upon Yann the ragged ring of darker foreskin widens like a pouting mouth slides back and reveals the rosy knob within peeping out above its fissured edge Yann observes with a mixture of fascination/revulsion the underside of the glans its spearhead indentation that the fraenum divides a thin thread of string like those beneath the tongue but drawn taut now by the billows of pink flesh swelling below forming the two volutes of this upside-down pink heart I don't know you Yann repeats uncertainly I don't do I? and continues staring at that loathsome thing entirely unsheathed by now

I've got a bike says René quite ingenuously but he knows already that none of the boys at the chateau are allowed such and they all dream of owning one They'd take off in a minute and never come back explained Claudette But why would they? asks the old woman sitting alongside her peeling potatoes Well after all it's still an orphanage you know and even if they most certainly have it easy enough here they still have to keep a sharp eye on all of them they cooked veritable banquets each night only the most expensive cuts of meat fowl dairy produce sweets fruits cheeses the tenderest juiciest vegetables they spend if you ask me Claudette continues most of their money cramming the finest stuff down these kids' throats

a bike? Yann asks finally after another long silence  
yeah not only that but a new one

oh

with a precision made dérailleur six speeds

six?

yeah I'm not kidding

what color?

red

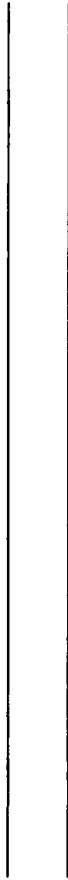
red all red?

yeah and with adjustable racing type drop handlebars with tape and plugs

oh  
plus front and rear caliper brakes not to mention  
toe clips

oh  
I've parked it on the bridge come on I'll let you  
take it for a spin            the laundry shed abutted  
one of the piers of the old bridge the river here is the  
same that flows through their great meadow upstream  
above the village and despite the new swimming pool  
people still fish there downstream where it widens

I uh I don't know how to ride says Yann blushing  
wildly now as he plays with the bike's bell



that girl isn't asleep she's  
rotten smell her

you think maybe she's dead huh? damp  
twine wound around her neck cadaver lashed to a  
rowboat ropes crisscrossing her belly swarthy skin  
daubed with green paint weeds reeds no wind today to  
rustle them no tits to speak of cunt still looking quite  
fresh It had to be some sadist Bernard says as if he  
could make out bruises stains of that sadist still upon  
her cold forest stocked with game with hares that rot  
in the middle of country lanes entrails all phosphores-  
cent crushed by autos speeding through the night oak

trees looming naked their fallen leaves wet and rotting  
beneath pungent odor of tannic acid jagged leaves of  
chestnuts fallen husks prickly almond green tire tracks  
running the entire length of a crushed snake She was  
very pretty once Bernard picks up a stick and teases  
the cunt its lips closed clotted reddish juice had  
trickled down and under toward that other tinier hole  
between the buttocks where some dried turd still re-  
mains souvenir of one final shit

you knew her then huh?

naw but she must have belonged to those gypsies  
that come past here every year the ones that killed you  
know that big cat belonging to Lulu's mother

all the same it's not exactly like killing some cat  
Claude murmurs don't you think we should go and tell  
somebody?

you're a real fuckhead you are for some little cunt  
like this? there's sure to be all kinds of shit hitting the  
fan maybe even an investiga Bernard shrugs  
continues to poke the tiny creature with a stick if he  
were alone now maybe he could

crouching behind a hedge trying not to let his head  
be seen Lulu waddles along the path suddenly tripped  
kicked from behind I'm going to take all his bread then  
beat it Bernard thinks I suppose I don't really dare kill  
him René shoves his cock all the way up into the ass  
hole yanks her hair and the tiny child sobbing twisting  
René shot his load into that tight tunnel got soft got hard  
shot once more bony little buttocks not at all smooth  
or rounded to the touch to capture one like this entirely  
for one's self you have to keep a sharp eye out along  
the river's edge for when they send the tiniest of the  
lot down there to refill the bucket I tie my victim in  
my cabin standing him erect stretching her arms out  
pulling his legs apart to eat her pussy suck him dry  
pulling down her bloomers ripping his briefs I bind my  
victim René starts whacking off grits his teeth whole  
body shuddering as if in great pain the slit beneath the

corded fabric smells of piss the surrounding flesh dark brown curly black hairs sticking up like weeds René seeing them grows wild swirling whorl ear-shaped of dark hairs black forest he shaves off erases effaces this merkin the belly smooth sleek once more yes we show it our cocks it's either scared or joyous for it has certainly opened wider we advance toward it cocks in hand hoses we are all standing around her keep our own briefs on even when we shove it against her and something suddenly punctures nail of an index finger piercing the aluminum cap of a milk bottle finger withdrawing covered with thick white goo but a membrane far more fragile taut as sausage casing explodes when pierced like a balloon I shove my prick now all the way in it strains gives way and I am inside a tunnel fucking it exactly like I fuck that other long tunnel that opens out between the buttocks meadows down there by the bridge René notices a gypsy caravan the little girl arms outspread as on a crucifix so much blood he can see it in his mind as a thick puree bright red and granular or jam pressed from ripe raspberries my cock buried up to the hilt and both her thighs besmeared with red eggs that her vulva has vomited the other guy doesn't just stand there watching either he begins burrowing into René's ass that René's certainly been asking for it no matter what he says René shifting his own cock one part emerging from her groin the other boring up into her ass a single prick René's but divided into two sections like some hinged fishing rod he forgets all about the boy behind him there's only his own cock now he hasn't even taken the time to get undressed first his belt his shirt buttons scratching the child's belly and his cock deeper and deeper inside her is sucked dry by those swollen cunt lips faded bloomers drooping down around her knees cunt shaken jolted but sucking continuously

chevrons inverted V tire tracks superimposed above the circular markings of a squashed snake dead



leaves gray and brown acorn cupules transformed into pipes bore a hole into their sides then shove in a twig best of all if the twig is hollowed out first then you can really smoke leaves the little kids collect chestnut husks leaves and pine needles fashioning collars bracelets tall pointed hats indian headdresses swirling musketeer capes hooded cloaks the cars that pass this way crush hundreds of tiny moles mice even woodchucks and skunks that the flies and ants eviscerate then abandon weariness of walking miles and miles upon white unpaved roads bumpy outcroppings chalky stones stabbing into the soles of sneakers a girl's name Adorée Adored One but they nickname her Dory or else Ada just like their cook Claudette they always called Dedette Her name's Adorée Claude admitted rather shamefacedly he's been seeing her all along and Yann's lips begin to tremble because he's still only a kid and cannot yet control his tears he tells himself that Claude and he because of that Adorée Claude and he will never again she's fifteen Claude's girl dumpy potbellied fat round cheeks all four of them a slight hint of dark fuzz already fringing her upper lip she wears imitation pearl earrings and Claude and she make babies every time they get together making them forward and aft both holes Yann receives all this information impatiently trying to think of some way of supplanting the cunt Bernard listening also jealous also claims Big deal I see my mother bare-assed all the time and that's even better enormous thighs mottled like marble cloven there where the cunt swells rust-colored curls earthquake tremors whenever she walks huge saggy tits across the room Boy has she got some ass my ma! Bernard suddenly starts pawing himself all over along with the rest of us and his mother all whipped cream climbs there enters between his thighs Listen don't go out anymore with that Adada or Dory or whatever you call her Claude whispers Yann hoping Bernard won't hear

curling chips of bark masses of vegetation fruits  
both green and ripe humid mossy groves footpaths  
breaking off from the chalky road tiny forms disap-  
pearing darting field animals woodland creatures fleec-  
ing images and pictures in a schoolbook night darkness  
falling voices calling come in for supper smell of smoke  
rising straight up in that windless air from chimneys  
all sounds carrying great distances in the hushed twi-  
light that colors everything blue cool moist breathing  
in deeply happily all that blueness I never venture out  
anymore during this hour I play all alone and the on-  
coming night making me so drowsy I can remember if  
they've beat me or not when I hear them snoring I  
know it's finally over and then I can relax what's more  
I can dream imagine how I will someday grow so big so  
tall but I won't use it to frighten anyone there are too  
many of them already cowards running loose even in  
the city as much as here despite all those people all  
those walls to hinder them they will all at least leave  
here all of them and when I won't know any of them  
except the newcomers those who came after me then  
I will have to leave also in René's gang this year there's  
a kid named Justin (but they usually call him Tintin or  
Tiny) and another called Innocent (but we call him  
either Ninny or Guilty) I don't like us from the chateau  
palling around with all those village hicks hoods but  
whatever Claude decides I do even if it only makes me  
more scared than ever to inhabit the boudoir  
of some fine lady to sleep nights on her divan velvet  
so soft everything red and gold to remain hidden there  
loved unnoticed protected have all my meals brought  
in on a tea trolley to eat sleep be hugged and kissed  
that would be something that'd last and Claude would  
be here with me like before Yann is already drowning  
in such dreams trying not to sniffle

no boobs really just two tiny buttons where the  
skin has been trussed up to form a fat crease only  
Bernard dares touch he squeezes those two tender in-

tact points the flesh surrounding smells of putrid fuck rancid and cheesy he likes that though you wouldn't think her a dead thing too young to be dead pelvic bones protruding like those on some starving heifer belly sunken a clot of green snot growing from one nostril like an asparagus shoot and those two eyes still open still black and white Tiny giggles If we tickle her tits she might wake up he's one of the guys who violated her while she still struggled the soles of her feet a promenade deck for newly hatched snails shells and flesh equally diaphanous tapering tails malignant feelers flicking they move slimily within the rough ridges yellowed calluses she must have walked barefoot most of the time to conceal the cadaver they turn over the dinghy right side up and the child strapped to the hull suddenly disappears beneath they all pile in it's resilient now the gentle pitching from side to side makes one of them even a bit seasick gets another all excited the legs of the little girl sticking out rigidly one on each side of the bow no more snails they've fallen off as the boat rocks back and forth over her waving green sea three children riding her

but suppose she wasn't quite dead? Yann keeps asking over and over and if that Adorée were only dead instead he pulls off her false pearls the freed earlobes springing back curling like snails resilient he places her silly baubles upon his own lovelier ears sitting before a mirror I'm prettier than your shitty Ada Claude speaking softly to himself with the accents of some highborn lady mistress of the manor I killed her Claude yes I killed her they found her lying there in the church square near where the town well is her drunken old pop says Too bad just when I was hoping to get to fuck her myself their parents are just like our clients if somebody kills us nobody gives a damn once we're dead

you can see her feet sticking out from under they're all green

yeah we'd better take her somewhere away from here toss her downstream maybe the gypsy child is so tiny so frail not having yet reached puberty but Adorée is alive and fat already suffers from the curse Claude says bitches all of them cunts who suck asses cocks devourers of men Claude so distant and different since he's been fucking that old hole of hers red with her monthly reds but he doesn't quite forget Yann What do you say I find you some chick in town too? he asks Yann making a face No I don't need any of your town chicks I don't want anybody but and he dashes off again sobbing whimpering

she would be about the same age as this little wild gypsy thing Yann thinks he could marry her they would have the both of them pale white pricks high thin voices not yet cracking into adolescence they would live on wild strawberries green apples green grapes apricots so yellow and hard grains of wheat chewed into a gummy mash that tastes of straw and flour living on wild blackberries mulberries both their faces stained with ruby juice knees scraped raw by thorns Yann abandoned tells himself he ought to adopt some younger kid as his asshole buddy and make love to him just like one of the bigger guys since Claude

but I don't have any hair down there I could show him Yann is dreaming already a bit consoled as he imagines for himself a young kid all tanned and golden with a grave air not interested like Claude in cunts but who sends his toy trains speeding across the dormitory floor without even bothering to lay down tracks first or else maybe someday if he asked me to help him grease his engines Yann the mechanic the master shipbuilder knows all about such things

I swear it honest I don't have any money on me cross my heart Lulu turns out both trouser pockets Don't give me that shit with all the stuff they hand you fatso cunt says Bernard But I bought a submachine gun with it Then let's see it fatso It's not here it's back

home Well then if you haven't any bread steal some  
how about your old lady huh Are you crazy suppose  
she caught me Hell you can always wiggle your way  
out of it I'm warning you fatso I expect ten francs by  
tonight or else I'll spill everything and that means  
everything at their regular rendezvous after  
supper that evening Lulu arrives stomach still heavy  
from all that swiss chard and grated cheese looking  
very anxious Bernard is relaxing smoking a cigarette  
down by the bridge he has his pocket flashlight the one  
decorated with decals of dragons flashes the light  
straight into Lulu's blinking eyes Fork it over fatso  
There's only five What do you mean five Five I wasn't  
able to steal any this is from my own piggy bank Fork  
it over then you dirty lying creep are you sure you  
haven't got any more stashed away somewhere? Honest  
Bernard if I had I promise I'd give it to you

feel this then go on suck

oh it stinks so bad

can the shit and suck no not here too

open we'd better go down there Lulu grows

hard he's still hoping that maybe tonight Bernard will  
perhaps they move down the dark meadow

cloud shadows cutting until they reach the riverbank  
Bernard pants pants already down around his ankles  
orders Lulu Lie there on your back and shut your eyes  
now open your mouth he moves closer with his flash-  
light I said shut your eyes fatso faggot

all right

now you won't open them again until I tell you  
right?

right

Bernard squatting above Lulu  
plunges his cock down the kid's throat then takes it  
out again he sits down hard upon that fat frightened  
face and grunts Lulu smells something at last under-  
stands struggles but the tip of the turd has already  
smeared his nose his forehead even his mop of hair he  
gasps breaks loose runs down to wash himself off in

the stream Bernard calmly finishes his labors the whole  
turd finally emerging he laughs loudly hunting around  
in the shadowy grass for some leaves to wipe himself  
off with calling out to Lulu who refuses to answer Hey  
cuntface if I ever see you again I'll smash all your teeth  
in I swear it

Lulu body turned to jelly cannot fall asleep his  
heart feels too cramped within his chest somebody just  
tossed a pebble against his window he can guess  
who the window opens the assassin enters  
tomorrow to tell Marco about it that young guy who  
drives the delivery van for the institution he always  
stops at the grocery-store-and-cafe whenever he's for-  
gotten to buy something back there in the city Marco  
pinched my ass once so he should protect me now Lulu  
lies there Marco in his mind following him down into  
the cellar a flickering candle that makes his own  
chubby forearms glow setting all those shiny black  
bottles to dancing and the young man's dark face he's  
a Corsican or maybe an Italian wet lips sneering as  
always tiny ferrety eyes of someone not quite right  
in the head but all the same his perhaps very thick  
long fat cock battering for exit against his fly Lulu's  
bedsheet rises straight up there's already a new pleat  
in it caused by that sudden wetness what will his  
mother say tomorrow if she notices

they form a circle around the doll they decided to  
christen Adorée it's a life-sized mannequin she hangs  
down from one of the attic beams two planks nailed  
crosswise form her bust and arms and two planks in an  
inverted V her two legs Adorée's head is a beach ball  
covered with coral lacquer and stuffed with old rags  
eyes mother-of-pearl blazer buttons mouth scarlet felt  
nose a wine cork trimmed slightly to lend it a saucier  
more retroussé air coiffure consisting of various col-  
ored strands of knitting yarn green yellow mottled  
maroon gray blue they've also padded the planks nail-  
ing onto them bundles of old clothes until the breasts

are both almost the same size legs thick like pillars bulging pelvis bulging buttocks she is decked out in old finery but without a hat because of the thick rope that winds across her head padded torso clothed in one of Dedette the cook's old blouses handstitched lace white linen pointed collar drooping down over each breast and white linen cuffs with similar lace trimming a long ruffled skirt of bluest silk shimmering over those sausage legs swathed in beige woolen stockings that end in two tiny shiny pointed black ankle boots that the kids have waxed until they can see the reflection of their faces in that patent leather and they have also fashioned barbaric jewelry from bits of tin foil colored glass all that's missing are fingers and hands Claude is still up there on the stepladder adding the finishing touches arranging her hair into curls

and look you guys she can really move too the plank forming the two horizontal shoulderless arms is able to rotate on its nail Claude gives it a push and Adorée becomes one of those wooden mechanical birds arms revolving legs moving apart then coming together heels clicking

hey let's see how she looks underneath! cries Yann all excited and Claude upholsterer-cum-couturier ceremoniously lifts the shimmering blue a baby pink night-dress comes into view and all the boys together let out a collective wooooooooooow! Claude prouder than ever calls out Now watch this! slowly he lifts the baby pink and beneath clinging tightly to both sausage-thick thighs is a pair of silk elastic bloomers that bulge provocatively at the groin then tighten at the knees all the boys gasping aaaaaaaaah! And now for the pièce de résistance Claude shouts somebody holding the various skirts while he yanks down the silk bloomers there's a pair of nylon boy's briefs bottle-green stretched too tightly over the pelvis he yanks those down too and ooooooooooooooh! loooooooooooooook! Claude has fash-

ioned a big round hole in the plank with dog hair stitched carefully all around its rim

but doesn't she have an asshole to fuck?

I didn't make a real ass it's too hard to do

oh well but we can shove it in there at least?

well see for yourself says Claude the mannequin dangles from a corner of the room within a tiny recess behind the door it's easy to close off this niche from the rest of the attic by sliding some curtains along a makeshift clothesline but Adorée is still too high in the air for anybody to fuck unless he climbs onto a chair first and all the while he goes at it he has to hold on tightly like some monkey shinnying up a coconut tree while he shoves it in the little kids suggest that if the rope were attached better they could at least have a nice swing or maybe considering those planks a seesaw

all afternoon Bernard wanders through the streets Lulu at loose ends doesn't dare venture outside he stares at his bowlegs and pinches his squishy haunches slipping into his parents' bedroom to gaze at himself in the mirror behind the armoire door he takes off all his clothes grabs that spare tire around his waist with both hands and begins kneading it pulling at the fat covering his buttocks as well he's a sorry sight a regular lard-ass he knows it and yet he never stops feeling hungry no matter how many snacks he's had he stares into the mirror making faces menacing that ugly fatso fairy facing him feints throwng punches squints turns up his nose pushing it up against the fly-specked glass wiggles both ears performs a wild native dance with much belly movement moaning groaning spreading wide his lower cheeks and then all out of breath notices lying there next to the night bowl and pitcher his mother's make-up he takes some lipstick runs over to the mirror again and feverishly begins tracing muscles all over his



chest arms abdomen biceps flexors extensors pectorals  
admiring his torso all checkered now with thick red  
sinews of lines sucking in his belly squaring both shoul-  
ders eyebrows knitted lips pursed double chin jiggling  
from all that effort he breathes in deeply and those  
false red muscles ripple mother's footsteps climbing  
the stairs hastily Lulu pulls on his short pants button-  
ing his shirt but in the wrong holes trying frantically  
to hide his briefs and undershirt rolling them up into a  
ball tucking them inside his fly abnormal swelling like  
Marco's the lipstick tube has rolled oh Jesus where  
when his mother enters

those dog hairs are ugly ugh and besides they're  
not frizzy enough says Gerard don't you know how a  
girl's cunt should look Claude?

well then smart-ass you do it

what you should do is go around to all the guys  
here who've got some hair down there and everybody  
can cut off a little of his then we can glue it all around  
Adorée's hole at once they set to work scis-  
sors waving shoving stabbing those guys who remain  
too reticent Come on you guys none of this carrying on  
huh But I don't have any down there honest I don't  
believe you show us then

Lulu terribly embarrassed runs to his room with  
all his red muscles his face equally red now from the  
two stinging slaps his mother has just handed him it's  
a very cheap lipstick since his shirt is already smudged  
all over inside he spits on his fat belly tries scraping  
off the artwork

has everybody given yet?

no Simon hasn't and he's got lots of hairs down  
there

hair hair step right up folks who's got more hair  
mohair! Gerard spieling like some barker in a carny  
show Simon opens his fly quite forthright now and  
says Go to it then you guys Gerard comes closer all  
excited scissors poised Hey there I'm not some fucking

poodle you know you're letting it fall all over the floor  
asshole they pluck the dog hair from Adorée's  
adorable cunt and Claude now applies boy hairs with  
quick drying glue chestnut colored curls rather sparse  
though So what if there's not enough that makes her  
look even younger remarks Bob who wonders how  
long it will take to dry so that he can

carried off by the current it doesn't sink so they  
jump in the boat rowing furiously galley slaves whips  
flashing and finally manage to come up alongside the  
cadaver pushing it under smashing their oars against  
that greenish flesh already so flaccid it bursts like a  
boil and long black hairs streaming breaking loose from  
the tiny skull which keeps bobbing to the surface  
further downstream the entire body finally popping up  
once more riding the swift current they finally catching  
up with it again holding on tightly to those hairs this  
time turning the boat toward the riverbank to weight  
it down with rocks but suddenly there on the island  
they spy five maybe six boys all in bathing trunks  
watching them I'm pulling out fuck it says Bernard  
after all I wasn't even here when it all happened you'd  
better go and warn René and get out of this mess the  
best way you can fuck it Justin very fright-  
ened now lets go of the girl which the river carries  
bouncing downstream they'll see her for sure but they  
won't have any idea where she comes from he tells  
himself reassuringly

that evening it's the adorable Adorée's wedding  
We'll draw lots to see who gets to be the groom says  
Simon Did you say we'll draw snots asks Bob which  
makes Yann giggle and Claude looking very stern ex-  
plains The longest one wins What longest one? shouts  
Yann Not what you think asshole! says Claude so angry  
now to see Yann siding with Bob Come on gang says  
Simon enough of this horsing around huh he's holding  
out a hat filled with strips of paper folded into  
squares me me me please let me be the priest! cries

Dominic who has just come back from the toilet hitching up the suspenders of his rompers

Lulu loitered at the back of the store with one eye peeled on the outside door but Marco never came by and as for Bernard quite a few times he passed in front of the window always making a fist giving Lulu the finger Fatso cowshit fairy I'll bury both my clodhoppers up your asshole for Bernard must have his revenge over those five francs if it's the last thing he'll smash Lulu's face in the others should have warned him when they gangfucked that girl Justin insists it's René who tied her up but that other fuckhead the one they call Guilty he's the meanest of all the gypsies won't go to the fuzz but they know how to use a knife those types always do she must have run off from their caravan or maybe she went down there to fish and they aren't allowed to do that by the town you know she fell into the water René pushed her he must have kept her his prisoner there in that cabin at least a couple of days bound and gagged naked no water no food he goes there in secret after school each afternoon to fuck her he never says a word to her she dies slowly inch by inch as he bites her dried apricot until blood red juice spurts he shoves himself into her bony ass he's nailed into the partition directly in back of her a piece of wood sticking out at a right angle that points puncturing her anus and he rips her from above fucking pissing all over her before leaving each night he even sneaks back some nights after supper sparring shadowboxing fists smacking against her dying woman's face child's face no longer as he spreads wide with sticky fingers her vulva plunging his entire hand within closing opening his fist inside he unties the woman knocks her to the ground then kneels runs her through while lifting her balancing her body upon his cock and shoots shoots all the while she totters swaying

he climbed up to the attic one afternoon when the others were out playing and spoke to her My darling

oh my sweet little honeybunch I've missed you so and Yann hiding in the shadows heartbroken watches My sweetheart you love me too don't you Claude climbs up using a chair and puts both arms around Ada why she's like holy communion to him well I'm not afraid I've already stolen some matches and tomorrow morning while everybody is showering and shitting I'll set fire to that horrible bitch but she has some of Claude's hairs sticking out there oh if only I could recognize which ones since I don't have anything like that any hairs belonging to him

pelvis pink satin continually injected with fuck will soon rot public pubic fleece falling stitching everywhere snapping they don't even bother to pull her bottle-green briefs back up anymore after they've shot their loads no matter when you come up here to see her it's always that same gaping stinking sticky today my darling love we had steak for lunch very rare and oh so thick and also hard-boiled eggs shrimp with mayonnaise some thin slices of ham all rolled up like horns and filled with mayonnaise too oh yes my love we eat quite well here you can even ask for seconds of meat or green beans or fried potatoes I never eat any salad though I always take some it's for Yann my buddy you know he likes all that vinegary mayonnaisey stuff see we switch plates he gives me his cheese yes that's right my darling we have all kinds here petit-suisse brie roquefort cream I picked a cherry tart and some coffee ice cream and he of course something gooey a napoleon and two slices of apple tart with caramel all over the top plus plenty of whipped cream on top of that to make it even runnier no my darling he's not really a glutton just a growing boy you see and he has to eat all that stuff I guess in order to develop oh my adorable Adorée your nose is coming unglued again wait a minute I'll fix it for you did you have a good dinner too? I'm not going to stay hidden behind this curtain I'm too scared all alone with only her

hanging there but when Claude goes back downstairs he seems much more calm I ask Have you seen your adorable Adorée lately? he gives me a quick suspicious look No uh I went up there uh but only to change my sweater you see well tomorrow morning he'll see I'll burn that bitch up even if he goes crazy over it I can cure him afterward

it's Christian who picks the longest paper from the hat he also does Adorée's voice during the ceremony twittering 'Deed I do! and Dominic long white sheet draped over his shoulders that he keeps tripping on intones Dearly beloved am-stram-gram dip-her-in-water dip-her-in-glue I'll bet-I-can-beat-you-playing-dominoes! and Christian responds low-voiced for the man then bird-pitched for the bride and after the mass was over all the guys telling Dominic to hurry it up for crissakes Christian climbed they held the ladder on both sides to steady it for him they held Adorée steady too he opened his fly pulled out his prick with all that skin covering the tip and there he goes right straight in bull's-eye first try all the while pecking at her felt mouth Be careful that's my beach ball somebody cries don't make any holes Oh fuck off! Christian cries already coming Oh oh oooooooooooh Yeah I had fun he says afterward but it's too big the hole's too big and it hurts there must be a nail inside he pulls out his cock to examine it Oh shit I'm bleeding! Don't get your bowels in an uproar says Simon you must have caught the clap that's all oh we all had a good laugh about that watching poor Christian making a dash for the toilets panic in his eyes Ah-men! Ah-men! sang Dominic the priest opening wide his arms intoning What a mess of a mass this is! as for me I was already too drowsy I left them all to go back to our bed they always play such silly games Claude woke me up later kissed me like he used to before murmured I'm going to hit the sack myself they've ripped her all apart So much the better I thought falling back asleep but he

fucked me all the same                    they carried her out  
to the great meadow stood her up straight sticking one  
wooden leg into the ground one by one taking turns  
hurling rocks very soon her head had come off finally  
they tossed her into the river lovely blue silk rippling  
coming loose sliding gliding free sailing blue waves I  
left them and went under the pines to get in the shade  
near where the cows the littlest kids were playing  
house there like always                    and then François  
the dark-haired one I like him a lot he's very cuddly I  
went over to visit his house we whacked off they made  
their houses out of pine cones first they draw a floor  
plan in the dirt gray red sandy here with a stick then  
set pine cones in rows all along those lines and when  
the house is done there's usually an entrance hall bath-  
room drawing room dining room we squatted down  
together François and me in the bedroom I walked into  
his drawing room then we both pissed in unison in the  
toilet there was a little hole in the dirt he marked out  
again the walls I'd knocked down and that's when we  
decided to enlarge made up a new floor plan taking  
giant steps deciding how many needed for each room  
This here's my own very private chateau François said  
proudly he needed an awful lot of pine cones to fit out  
all these new walls there was even a staircase landing  
where you marked time counting out the stairs saying  
boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom be-  
fore arriving at the upstairs bedroom the hole to piss  
in was very deep by now François asked Should we  
both jerk off maybe? I answered not just now and he  
walked over into his kitchen rather disappointed he  
had drawn a sink there some faucets and a stove upon  
the top of which he set some pine cones to cooking





fragments of a house but reduced to nothing torn to bits I keep steadily before me a long sunken road high embankment on both sides foam flecked this hollowed out basin grows narrower and narrower flows finally into a flat sea of gray earth violaceous where heather tops it pine trees irregularly spaced tufts of whiteness clouds frisking in the winds above that gasping mouth aslant where the chalky sea widens corridor so dark and shadowy icy cold cane strokes on the bare soles of feet I never received any such they preferred more rapid punishments naive



messy tortures they didn't understand the human body very well teasing only what frightened them most

that same flank once more long expanse of yellow wall flat and cold windows too tiny the hard cold profile of such a house no smooth corners anywhere to rest the eyes my eyes and him head down hanging by his knees undersides hollow curving over and around the tree branch head down there below the foliage the rough bark scrapes his skin tracing long scratches not red though but white as if drawn upon the darker body with chalk his hands reach out to caress the tall grasses he grabs up fistfuls blood getting more and more heavy in his head yet his cheeks hardly pink beneath the tan the huge drawing room with its antique furniture the dining room the attic all the various floors laid out so orderly stark naked if I only would dare enter footfalls of boys climbing stairs making themselves known by scuffling snorting panting eyes so alive and sparkling locks of hair that fly in whorls of black and chestnut and gold hands sliding along banisters voices receding receding

the path crosses a rise of ground I stood there staring across at the other side like the sea deep down far off but this sea concave sunken far below us he says It's the sea and can no longer keep from laughing our special kind of sea anyway listen he holds out a huge shell shoves it up hard against my ear listen to the sea he says I hear an echo that other shell composed of flesh cochlea my own ear applied against it murmur of a subterranean river like a cry without discernible voices the silence of an abyss absorbing another abyss both ears calling out to each other ear of flesh resounding ear of conch I pull them apart the child says smiling See you heard it for yourself didn't you it's the sea all that water below us that will swallow us up if we venture down there horizon high above on a level with the high ground high walls surrounding us gray sea gray salt gray wavelets of chalk fluttering there like

kissing mouths beaks suckers I'm scared of this water  
I won't walk along this path

impossible to approach the façade of their house  
the boy hanging upside down from the tree branch  
abruptly flings out both arms reaching up for his knees  
catches hold of the branch one hand to the left of his  
left knee one hand to the right of his right knee even  
though the bough is too thick for his fingers to make it  
all the way around palms pressed flat fingernails dig-  
ging into the bark he bends both arms at the elbows  
outward sucks in his stomach legs now rigid hoisting  
himself upward and his knees swinging rigidly drop  
after making a quarter-turn their hollows creased feet  
dangling below still tingling as he now suddenly sits  
erect upon the branch then almost immediately bored  
he jumps down to the ground rubbing the insides of  
both knees feeling that tingling still in the back of his  
calves his thighs he yanks at his belt pulling up his  
pants tucking in his shirttails pushing back the mop of  
wet hair that has fallen down over his eyes not one  
single gesture does he forget to make I hope he'll de-  
cide to take a piss now since I can make out a thick  
trunk throbbing there within his trousers I'd like to  
see such a penis this house does this to me

I don't have a window opening out upon the sea  
a mass of blue water beyond the panes and all that  
ooze seeping down flakings of black salt trickling all  
the way to the ground that doesn't exist the sea is  
lower here than all these villas on the outskirts of town  
it is even lower than the pine trees only masts of sail-  
boats to be made out above them all vertical and bare  
except for maybe a length of twine that dangles some-  
times from some window looking out upon this corner  
of the abandoned garden everything gone to seed where  
they set out their garbage cans scrap iron rusting  
humus thick with mildew refuse greasy curdled  
dumped haphazardly

the highest of the windows upon that yellow

façade belongs to the black chamber a room long and narrow you entered only after first stumbling through a long unlighted corridor the floor directly beneath the attic way in the back nobody ever passes this way purposely anymore the toilets and showers are all at the other lighted end and the black chamber is condemned they say which means shut locked up you're a prisoner inside nobody scratches upon that dark door anymore nobody treads upon or waxes that fine wooden parquetry the windows are covered with thin curtains formed by reflections of motes of dust and shimmering spiders' webs and one white sheet hanging there slack pointed edge like a feverish tongue purple with age all twisted flowing white discharge of this dying room strung out the entire length of one wall it was once somebody's special room somebody's bedroom mine I wouldn't make a mistake about such a thing now would I they center their interest upon my neck my teeth my eyes my ears my sex my asshole and if they also finally remember my fingers it's only because in their favorite books sinister Chinamen shove things under them so they suddenly assume asiatic airs crooked smiles eyebrows arching demoniacally and the subtle slithery movements of a she tiger these affectations of theirs they never quite carry off they don't really understand any of it since they don't feel it themselves inside they are just ingenious enough though to carve with their penknives some chopsticks sharply pointed from match sticks leaving the sulphurous tips intact having no idea ahead of time that the other pointed ends will not slide all that easily entering that chink if you'll pardon the pun between flesh and fingernail the flesh of course resists the wood resists too and they are forced to push harder and harder until the skin breaks open bright red that's when his hand started shaking his knees giving way his throat all tight it hurt him doing this he hadn't the strength to shove any other pointed sticks under all my other

fingernails another one had to take over for him and yet another for him and yet another will have to light the sulphur tips one by one these matches all soaked drowning in my blood sputter and go out in red wetness even before the flame ever reaches my fingernails amateurs really

roughcast wall outcropping of stones too rough and uneven for striking matches upon with one clean unbroken movement downward the matches all keep breaking they wasting most of their energy in just trying to light them and finally a few succeed by flicking their thumbnails against the tips as if fire itself sprang forth from luminous fingers I was given the haunted chamber that's what they pretend anyway nobody would ever sleep there alone if he could help it a room so long that the farthest end was lost in shadows even during the day the ceiling also invisible too high above me when they first brought me here they I didn't believe in their silly ghosts what terrified me was the boys themselves who brushed past me in broad daylight or else shoved me into corners and oh the agony when their loud voices called out my name a grand piano resounding of sonatinas dull echoes that sometimes arrive up here from the apartments below the piano in that salon between the billiard room and the linen room their fingers better fashioned for grasping sticks tossing balls swinging tennis rackets gripping knives hammers saws the ropes of a swing but the directress insists demanding that all those hands also apply themselves to performing asinine musical exercises that refuse to yield up their secrets to such pulpy fingers the keys slippery and treacherous impavid to such sweat-stained attacks a boy wearing only a pair of tight briefs once played and quite well too a rapid melody full of confusing key changes tricky rhythms highly serious sounds that all seemed to emerge from that lower end of the keyboard where everything sounds slower

deeper somehow his feet in socks no shoes those briefs pinched tight between his cheeks the ass itself so supple so smooth there on each side of that trembling fissure the boy pushed down hard on the loud pedal and made all kinds of boyish racket

a sky-blue pull-over crew neck stretched too loose he got up by striding backward over the piano stool and I can make out his balls so pinkish with just a tinge of yellow the color of an ermine during its summer pelage peeking out from each side of that narrow crotch he casually tucks them back into his briefs which sag now with sweat dampness forming upon the leather stool two long stains like a pair of brackets and joining them at the bottom but turned over on its side the epsilon of his ass

disappointed that the forbidden city which is this forbidden room should contain nothing but a stain upon the parquet floor becomes blood and all along one of the walls there were embedded iron rings where why have they shut me up in here they certainly weren't afraid I'd escape from the dormitory they set me apart from the boys because they would have yes killed me

a wing of the house turret with a cornice ledge of false machicolations and tiny shrubs orange and purple blossoms trumpet-shaped we pick them inserting into the cleft between each two fingers a flower hands suddenly so chinese with their green and clawlike peduncles and alongside the turret on the ground floor a glassed-in gallery portico of multicolored panes unfurnished we cross through it only in order to reach the toilet behind it's the nearest one when we're playing in the park but we're not allowed to use it because this wing of the chateau is not kept up still the water flushes or anyway it did you have to bring your own paper of course this toilet being nothing more than a hole in the cement floor you stand above it crouching straddling but for a long time now the hole has been plugged with turds that also be-

spatter most of the surrounding cement you can hear from in there quite clearly the piano that the directress plays things without tunes very modern she invents them all herself as for us we much prefer singing loudly the songs everybody knows long cigars of brown have been trampled on so much you no longer know where to put your feet so you set a piece of newspaper down over the turds that look the most dry and you crouch there but always careful to keep your ass quite high in the air or else it'll scrape against that brown pyramid and all the while your feet sliding more unctuously than in mud or sand you wipe your ass quickly and run outside again those huge green horseflies sucking away at your asshole even while you grunt and strain moving your cheeks a bit tightening dilating tightening those horseflies tickling stinging enough to drive a fellow mad turds dark brown black white chocolate caramel or even a dark green after spinach for supper not many turds those nights and more like a purée the next morning cramps in the afternoon from all those green fruits we swiped

they didn't take the path that passed down below between that embankment rising up on both sides they were unaware of this inland sea without beaches without boats I venture far beyond the unknown unknowable house I stare at it once more its shutters seem to have been shut for years it contains other houses each of which contains still others within it I never dared say aloud standing before it that word house

I saw a door a wall a huge frame stretched out dozing it had no exterior

to turn my back on that which I didn't dare name no sea either nor ocean a kind of ending jumping-off place since the land stops abruptly here impossible impassable emptiness vacuum that the water rushing in filled to overflowing and I refuse to take on the dizzying slope that opens out below I wandered warily

around its rim sought a sign aslant some wooden board  
FOR SALE there was a colonnade there topped by  
some angel demon child woman antique work of art  
elegant drapery folds delineating a gown of weather-  
beaten stone the colonnade forming an angle with that  
part of the façade which projects from the main body  
of the edifice the roof almost flat here I try to remem-  
ber that statue it's not on this side this one facing the  
boats and beach whorls of spiral sea wrack black fucus  
spiralis olive green fuck us

ten fingers gloved in flowers splayed he plays at  
being an evil sorcerer his hands disguised as flower  
stems mask his face create that kind of panic he enjoys  
and spreads raising vegetal claws talons of tubers I  
believe him capable of tearing my body to  
shreds later withered corollas flutter from his fingers  
whose tips are all smudged with yellow pollen twenty  
little devils hurl themselves upon one disarmed adult  
they hadn't explored the cellars beneath the chateau  
yet although they must certainly have been immense  
they frightened the littlest kids by telling them they  
would get lost down there forever whenever they  
seemed a bit too curious getting on our nerves badger-  
ing us without stopping instead of playing out there in  
the fields among themselves they seem to need us even  
though they bawl and whimper at the slightest slap  
or if you take away from them no matter what a ping-  
pong ball say or a crummy domino or some jacks even  
a rotting cherry you have to spend the next hour or so  
comforting them or else they'll explode into another  
hailstorm of tears oh the power in those tiny lungs  
that's what they rely on of course to get whatever they  
want and then that very night sleep like little angels in  
order to regain the strength they'll need the next morn-  
ing to start their screaming act all over again you can  
hear them five miles off some mornings all of them  
the same a band of squalling brats rats they covered  
him completely those rats had gnawed off all his

clothes his shoes his skull starting with his ears he searches for his locomotive tender throughout the garden tears flowing a regular waterfall he's holding in one hand his toy locomotive an old wind-up kind with a twisted spring but what a horrible racket it makes able to climb up a flight of stairs more stubborn even than any donkey or mule there are three coach cars attached behind which doesn't even slow it down a bit I know where your tender is I tell him tenderly the others have hidden it on you and of course he starts in screaming again hurling himself upon the nearest boy who holds him off by swinging a fist slam-bang into his tiny belly which only makes him scream all the louder of course that sound more shrill more penetrating than any train whistle I've ever heard they must have hidden inside their frail little bodies another person violent shrews harpies ready to wail out their woe through those pouting cute little lips at the slightest upset we'd come to hate all these fucking brats by now would have preferred an entire new group of kids who didn't go around all day pissing tears all over us this one's in pain no longer to judge by the way he furiously hurls his treasured locomotive against a cellar window the glass breaks and the toy disappears inside serves him right

I shall live here until the end nobody will ever know I won't make any light I don't have anything for that anyway I wish only to die here secure from all their stares and from that sky as soon as I cross the threshold I need to loosen my pants there where a cut on my leg throbs bleeding a lot now the red liquid flowing down all the way to the floor where I leave my traces I walk along these tiles some of them already bright red before my coming and I flood them for such a long period of time that they are no longer the neutral floor of some uninhabited foyer but my own body also naked flayed alive deflated like some punctured balloon I don't visit any of the rooms



remaining here where I can make out a vegetable garden all gone to seed days succeeding each other slowly and I have this abhorrent spectacle of self before me always I shut once more the door of the entrance hall the light seems still too violent and the humanity of the place unbearable I finally find the stairs leading down into the cellar stumbling down there where the dead ones are but I shall see what they can't see I will know the night and the stinking breaths of cadavers impeding my own respiration there is some image I can make out above the radiator a steamship two red smokestacks a row of portholes sparkling the entire length of its black flank and others too in the superstructure as white as spats or gentlemen's summer outfits portholes white buttons on navy blue blazer jackets of wealthy passengers I am in love with this boat so wildly I take it down from the wall to admire it without tiring myself so much but as soon as I have the glass frame close to my nose I turn it over face down upon the floor I don't give a shit for steamships I loved the wall it had until now concealed from me the wall now laid bare I love no more I finger the cast-iron radiator and after a quarter of an hour I've the impression it's hotter this house must still be inhabited they'll make me ashamed of all that blood I've spilled all over their lovely floor they'll take care of me maybe it might be wise to adopt a certain tone and demand yes demand not beg for a bit of soup but seven or eight kids in the pink of health all well-dressed suddenly come hurtling down the staircase laughing they stop short shocked to see me there in their house voices fading faces hardening they're ready to call their parents or whatever nothing bothers me so much as being almost but not quite strong enough to stand on my own two feet each of them sails into my skull with clenched fists or else bangs it against the radiator I'm already feeling a salutary pain a dizziness that will permit me at least to sleep again I am dreaming this idle dream

even as that gang comes nearer nearer they point down  
at all that blood upon the tiles I slide happily among  
them oh so effortlessly knowing nothing more pretty  
boys cruel boys

two of them in swimsuits hanging from the cross-  
beam of the elaborate gym apparatus one upon the  
trapeze head swinging low the other gripping two steel  
rings executing a series of pull-ups contraction of thin  
arms stretching each immature muscle each rib in high  
relief tendons taut bones protruding stretching the skin  
so tightly their ends flay the dermis from beneath then  
both arms open outward stretch with the same spon-  
taneous slowness the boy's two feet finding the ground  
once more and his whole body recomposes resettles  
into a tenderness both aqueous and pale a third boy  
hoists himself up a long knotted rope wrapping one  
leg around it entire torso swinging away from it hori-  
zontally making a right angle with the rope both arms  
stretched outward like the two wings of an airplane  
as the rope turns round and round uncoiling upon itself  
causing him to pivot so gracefully a fourth boy who  
must be very strong and very nimble with handsome  
shoulders and a handsome ass walks along the grass  
on his hands and between his forked thighs a little  
kid poses the edge of one hand like a slicer I eat  
through both hand and rumpled shorts the boy shouts  
for the kid to for chrissakes stop it or he'll lose his  
balance then he gets truly angry and does a quick  
somersault landing on his feet as adeptly as any cat  
and races after the little brat he is so sure of his own  
strength he can afford not to get excited grabbing the  
kid by both ears and lifting him quite easily several  
inches off the ground Now you'll have ass ears for  
the rest of your life that should teach you he says  
sketching in the air two huge elongated appendages on  
each side of the kid's head and of course the brat  
starts screaming oh I almost forgot another kid the  
one who hoisted himself up a smooth rope no knots

not using his legs at all simply a single hand I must have forgotten him because it's impossible to do except by alternating hands and this boy used only one his right hand the ropes and rings trapeze and things all attached to that crossbeam by heavy hooks twisted like corkscrews

I'm going to fetch the prisoner he's in that chicken coop by the house hope he won't put up too much of a fight they trust me for I'm their policeman beefy build and all that

round table wrought iron legs marble top a donkey tethered to an old stone wall all covered with pink flowers guys sitting around that table waiting waiting he'll be judged then condemned finally executed

let the accused rise have you anything to say in your own behalf Lulu? I am judge will choose what tortures but first we have to invent what crimes Lulu looks so small so pitiful I'm a bit ashamed to tell

you the truth he stands facing me kept in check by the policeman who keeps twisting his arm we'd really have a shit-fit if he suddenly started turning on the waterworks blubbering all over everyone but he just stands there eyebrows squashed together a look of reproach you might even say of malevolence darkening his fat puss

I whisper into Simon's ear Say he pinched my jackknife I'll bear you out

all right Lulu pinched his jackknife

liar I didn't pinch anything and tell him to stop pinching me

how come it was under your pillow then?

somebody must have put it there you're all liars the judge perched high on a pine branch made certain his legs were secure then let his torso fall backward head swinging back and forth upside down You were seen Lulu! he's chomping on an ice cream bar as he sways You ate our eskimo bar wrappings the ones containing state secrets we all heard you what a time you had getting them down your gullet

the victim in a rowboat approaches the tribunal sitting cross-legged on the beach Sioux powwow many braves He ate my cock my rock my socks my jocks the boy rowing calls out Not to mention he fucks ducks and sucks trucks adds one of the semicircle Lulu turns around then and shows them all his fat ass Liars liars liars! cheeks arching outward ejecting imaginary turds in their direction oh my stomach feels all funny all that ice cream still swishing around coca-cola bubbling too in all that blubber sour sallowness of regurgitated vanilla

let the accused state his full name age occupation permanent address the judge blond hair flying gives a tug to the elastic band of his briefs reaching inside bringing forth elasticky sweets saltwatertaffy marshmallows bubblegum snap stretch pop

no I'm not sick to my stomach no nobody stole anything from me says Lulu

if the accused speaks once more out of turn I'm going to shove his tongue up my ass so silence in the court! and now will the accused step forward

Simon has already traced a magic circle in the sand Jump inside Lulu and Lulu jumps Now you won't ever be able to get out again

yes I will yes I will Lulu snickers minces dances starts crossing the line or at least pretends to you're not allowed you're bewitched that's one of the rules of the game if you cross that line you're dead I'm the attorney for the defense I say I submit your honor that Lulu has hairs growing out of his asshole

the judge perplexed That's a very serious charge he is still hanging down from his trapeze I expected them to play by the rules but they were already thinking of ruining the game Simon has the longest cock so he's already feeling smug since he knows how it's all going to end the idiot rowing the boat lets it run aground cries out Help I'm being swept out into the deadly quicksands it's Lulu who's causing it his evil eye! and one of the braves sets upon Lulu who immediately sets up a howl

no one's allowed inside my magic circle!

for once the prisoner is correct says Simon he performs a half-somersault legs deserting the cross-bough soles landing smartly sending up a cloud of sand that thing inside his bright green briefs is already very long and swelling more and more you can make out the entire outline by now

what are the prisoner's crimes? I ask the braves who scratch their chins cheeks necks Aw come on now it can't be all that hard what's he done huh?

fucked an ostrich when its head was hidden in the sand suggests one voice followed by a lot of giggling

killed a flea  
broke a nut                      broke both my nuts  
ran and ran and ran  
yeah for five minutes nonstop and then he stopped  
and he never washes those feet of his  
eats his own toe jam  
pissed up in the air twice  
none of his ten fingers match  
his nose has two big holes in it  
he's called Lulu isn't that crime enough?  
yeah  
he's got three hands you can't notice it because  
he only uses two at the same time  
and three pricks                      and he whacks all three  
off at once with those three hands  
that's more than enough Simon cries slapping his  
bare thigh with the palm of one hand for silence Lulu  
you've heard all the charges how do you plead?  
not guilty Lulu smirks defiantly sticking out his  
tongue and thumbing his nose it was midnight a child  
on the deserted strand traced a circle with the tip of one  
foot water lapping water night flowing flooding behind  
him sand and also sand before him and to his left my  
dinghy a boat I'd taken from the garage of one of the  
villas it had two oars locked in two oarlocks and two  
wheels too beneath I have two arms locked into my  
torso muscular vascular bony I pushed pulled pulled  
pushed what a wild trip on those wheels clattering all  
the way down to the beach I sat in the stern and rowed  
once over the rise of the hill he stares up at the full  
moon standing in the center of that circle he has drawn  
to invoke it or them nothing else stirring in this sterile  
night my final night without end my final hours that  
have no afterward and revolve snake devouring its  
own tail time is circular always alive forever dying  
never dead the child crouches down suddenly emits a  
tiny cry more like a puppy's yelp suddenly seeing me  
standing there trembling with fright he knows he

shouldn't call out to me a stranger yet he does I come closer but that circle prevents me from touching him so I prowl round and round its rim fearful frontier and little by little my movements stir up the sand effacing that protective barrier the boy hasn't noticed it yet so mute and wild he keeping revolving round and round following my own circular tread and finally his hand will lightly brush my hand or my elbow or my chin doesn't really matter which part of the body adults touch of those kids crossing before them on the sidewalk let me pass sonny respect your elders young man mussing their hair tenderly quick furtive feel elsewhere maybe but the nasty little bugger buggee you try to paw has already eluded you dashing who knows the hell where fuck your own needs but this one here now sits astride my chest where I have fallen and in gratitude I close my eyes entire body dissolving in his sweetness of soft skin kissable cheeks eyelids that blink soft tactile my face my belly beneath his buttocks would have eyelids too to flutter and cheeks to be kissed

the night comes down a long moment when nothing moves the sun's chariot long gone below the horizon drowned in that india ink sea and we two invented ourselves within that blackness and upon this sand which is no earth no surety at all

you're a traitor you betrayed us Lulu

aw don't be that way you guys honest I never said anything

oh he admits it torture him then

no not that no five hundred lollipop

sticks pointing up out of the sand and the condemned is tossed high into the air crashing down upon them body pierced in ten thousand different places sand drinking up his blood greedily and finally a deep growl issues from the bowels of the earth the god appeased burps Oh that was good Lulu!

no not that please Then talk asshole we have to know what crime you committed But you're all batshit I never did any-



thing Prove it But how? That's your problem asshole  
prove you didn't do anything for example this morning  
What did I do this morning? You got up didn't you?  
Well yes everybody gets up Well in your case you  
shouldn't have No gang he shouldn't have Lulu now  
you've got to confess to the rest of the day as well bind  
him up guys and they make a great show of tying  
imaginary ropes to all four extremities before carrying  
him down to the water Confess or we'll drown you  
wetting his ass a bit as a preview of coming attractive  
tortures Confess

an old stone wall crumbling covered with flowers  
I moved slowly one shoulder propped against it I don't  
know the names of all those blossoms flesh-colored  
gillyflowers ragged robins pink-and-white baby's breath  
michaelmas daisies yellow centers like the sun rosettes  
of thick leaves spiked clusters naked pink stalks ear-  
lobes of buds ferns so spidery others with fronds as  
thick as lentils discreetly swaying above black petioles  
violaceous stems long and fine as a strand of hair two  
strands many strands brushing back this mane of mine  
long flowery tresses that attract mischievous young  
boys I hum a gypsy air my tiny bare feet have the  
dancing loveliness of wind-swayed yellow spring  
crocus mauve swamp mallows oh they're following me  
oh I love them and my eyes shine ever so brightly oh  
boy you there pretty boy take me in your strong young  
arms undo my hair and oh your lips still wet from pro-  
nouncing all those filthy words come press their spit  
upon my flushed cheeks with a loud smack with an  
mmsssschueeeee or a bbbbffffooooooh

so many wet young mouths begrimed with brown-  
ish goo like assholes sticky with custards creams jams  
breadcrumbs glistening with scales of sugar wafers  
teeth coated with milk scum mustaches of cocoa I lick  
them all suck in that brown froth as I sucked their  
assholes these were the things I had forgotten earlier  
a rubber finger entering penetrating me until the pain

was hardly bearable my shoulder feels so heavy now against this wall of flowers invading my hair clutching tearing soft surrendering anus into which slides my cock all covered in sweet spit I bored straight in keeping it hard so that afterward they can tell me how good it felt and open their asses next time even wider rubbery round cushions fiery fartars where I and then I had this I don't even feel my fly no need to verify anymore from which organ of my body they had suspended me

no not my head stop it bbblub bbblub

you'll be drowning in your own piss next if you don't hurry up and confess are you going to talk then? I don't know anything I didn't do anything Yes you did somebody saw you I wasn't there Shit he's a stubborn fucker isn't he dunk his head under again come on you guys one two three No wait yes I was there but take me out of the water first Not so fast you say you were where? There wherever you said I was We didn't say where okay gang drop him back into the drink! one of them pressing his palm down hard fingers splayed across Lulu's face counting out thirty seconds Lulu gasping mouth puckering beneath the wavelets finally managing to raise his head with one enormous intake of breath Good that was your punishment now tell us where you were No not here I'll tell you anything everything but back up there on the beach Why? are you afraid? Well all the same you guys wouldn't dare drown me for real would you? Oh shit can't you even take a joke fatso fairy

they toss him into the water again but this time without much conviction then drag him along the sandy strand Where should we put him? why not under the toboggan? and so they bind him there with make-believe knots in such a manner that his head is exactly under the slide when they send a ball of sand rolling down then more and more balls finally come hurtling down themselves hotshot flying fireball asses shooting

sparks farting crushing his fat cheeks with their fat cheeks You understand what we're going to do huh? Lulu nods mutely Then it wouldn't be wise for you to clam up now would it? come on tell us where you were at what time?

don't play the stupid cunt with us we've already warned you

but I

okay guys send down some sand fatso here refuses to sing a trickle then a downpour the kid shuts his eyes his mouth contracting all his facial muscles the first volley of sand causing him to shiver violently he shakes his head hands are supposedly still tied together behind his back he asks somebody to wipe him off a bit You must be kidding fatso you can still talk can't you? grains of sand upon his eyes granulated eyelids lowering his face into his chest to the right to the left hair now quite wet plastered suddenly a gray blond from all that sand finally he opens one eye then the other cautiously And about time says Simon okay now tell us when and where Lulu decides it wiser to go along with their game At noon You're sure about that? Yes Well I don't believe you Honest at noon or uh maybe five after I can't remember anymore You'd better choose one or the other fatso But I tell you I don't know! and suddenly in hysterics he breaks out blubbering That's it! cries Simon send down all the sand you guys still have up there

an ass I forget what they look like there's a tail of course mouth full of huge yellow teeth flaring nostrils ears shaped like tobacco leaves or do those belong to dromedaries short hair dun-colored bristly to the touch tail ending in a thick tuft two wary eyes that peer out at huge blue horseflies the kind that lay their eggs only in cadavers devourers of suppurating pussies and burst abscesses I've only seen if I remember right a dead ass two wooden wheels creaking turning idly beneath a cloudless sky bluer than horseflies and the driver sat

there weeping astride that enormous bald belly that panted no more in the summer heat udder useless now teats sucked dry by weasels during the night pink tips stained with blood hairy flippers along the sides of its head sagging dull and ashen and those open eyes so tender glazed gaze of a monkey donkey in love we dragged her by the tail all the way to the waves she was tethered to an iron ring screwed into the wall rubbed her hide up against all that rubble of rock sucking nettles a jenny feasting upon thistles big baskets hanging down over each flank one contained children all cut up salted and dried the other mustard plants cabbages potatoes blood sausage of the finest meat stuffed into human colon casings the ass driver weeps and weeps his hiccups bouncing him up and down upon that swollen belly dying donkey who farts and lets loose a stream of runny shit

along the entire length of wall sacks of lavender spilling down perfuming the entire street as blossoms fall upon cobblestones juice squeezed crushed by tiny hoofs resounding clip clop so prettily as the animal wends its way upward I get full in my face first sand then the spread cheeks of the first boy speeding down the toboggan my nose is smashed but inside me still more tears to shed more blood to bleed no more gentleness anywhere they'll surely kill me this time for real and I'll never see hairs sprouting around my prick the ones sure to come soon except maybe in heaven if such things are allowed to grow there

two ears two antennae two labial palpi two retractable horns and two venomous hooks hidden beneath yellow teeth a real donkey wears shoes without hay stuffing inside them because if they had that he'd chomp it all up two hoofs in front serving to move him forward two hoofs in back serving to back him up he's got a donkey's cock too huge pink toy I'll bet the miller's wife has toyed with it more than once enough to scare off the birds but my feeding bottle

unknown animal I once had an aquarium but the only things that ever swam in it were bright red mantis shrimps menstruation of sea sirens artichoke leaves gelatinous stringy waving upward like jellyfish tentacles the water was boiling hot they plunged into it the hand of the guilty person it's because they hadn't been able to buy any oil Boiled they taste less good than fried remarks Simon crunching on a thistle coated with almond sugar there are clotted brown pellets like BB shot stuck to his briefs not far away from those two fat balls so smooth color and texture of egg shells

the kid at the bottom of the toboggan staggers to his feet brushes off the sand powdering his buttocks Then I can go free huh? Shut your trap fatso the jury's still out

the wind fresher cooler now sky stuffed with flocking of clouds night falls they return home having less than a quarter-mile to go taking back the boat I don't cling to it anymore the beach is so long so far away and since I had to walk sky like dirty ink it was noon or five after in the dormitory returning from their morning hike they set their sticks canes crutches wooden legs aside and unblocked their assholes in unison to allow thermometers to be slid up them if I lived I would become that which I search seeking where to take the true lives of this ultimate night neither thighs buttocks soft and creamy as necks smooth-shaven for the knife's blade nor fingers ten in all with their coordinated movements nor other beauties of the insect I do not find them again neither the cities the forest the outskirts of cities a circle of squashed mushrooms

blue work trousers covered with shit stains the hat also sticky sucked inward feet thin worm-eaten gloves torn holey holey holey striped tie unpressed with blackish creases I drank a lot of blackish water so cold so fresh the tie is in one of my jacket pockets and I've a pair of dirty undershorts in the other he wouldn't

go for me anyway he's much too involved digging a tunnel within his chateau pulls out a piece of sludge tarring his fingers I rub my hands clean against my trouser legs they lifted the lid and breathed in deeply mussel soup Did you make this soup Mimi? It's not soup says Mimi it's juice from mussels What? mussels again? What's wrong with mussels they're free and besides if you had to spend all day gathering them Oh I wasn't bitching it's all the same with me I like them but you end up shitting green for days afterward and what's that green stuff there in the water? Sea lettuce it gives them a nicer taste they've been hiding out here for two days now they came from afar by secret routes known only to them their donkey died back there in Poitiers or Camaret or was it Saint-Michel-d'Eau-Douce beside the bubbling fountains they broke into the villa during the night

I shouldn't have gotten up I was wrong to begin this movement toward the exterior outside of self as if all these kids hauled out of their beds and scrubbed squeaky-clean and stuffed with food and smartly dressed sober penises of babies who no longer piss all over themselves whenever they take them out to do it alongside walls as if all these had come out just to greet me there by that flowery wall he calls Come on take a look it's nothing to frighten you honest aw come on now don't you even want to take just one tiny look? the buttons of his fly are so hard to undo he raises his schoolboy's blouse so I can see it better and the vanilla-scented breeze of early morning still dewy with newly minted sun skims over hazel tree branches stirring shrubs flapping open his checkered shirttails his hand remaining there for a long time Oh gee whiz it's caught wait inside my briefs ouch wait I'll pull it out from underneath there you just saw it didn't you? and extremely proud he yanks down his blouse again and sets trudging off to school taking the sun along with him shining down upon his golden calves and very

soon it will feast upon his hair as well I had one too  
one of my own if only he knew

happy charming carefree the lovely life lovely lie  
of each day impatient to fill up all these hours to the  
fullest with little pleasures banal happinesses of  
yoghurt they lose nothing by waiting I was wrong to  
turn my gaze from this old country wall the stones will  
begin crumbling soon leaving cracks revealing a thou-  
sand secret scenes then all at once the entire wall col-  
lapses and what I eye so greedily beyond disappears in  
smoke in dust it wasn't my fault it fell I was lying flat  
on my belly nose buried in sand and protected by the  
shadow of a boat in the lee I hear their gull-like cries  
but the wind and waves grow stronger resifting reshift-  
ing sounds within my ears overriding rhythmic pulsing  
of blood that no longer flows within me I'm growing  
chilled I don't become numb though they take me for  
some huge fish flung by the sea upon high ground  
beached and already dying my feet unshod stink hor-  
ribly they hold their noses regarding me oh he smells  
bad enough to kill a horse they say or a donkey anyway

a rough wrought iron table it came from the garden  
behind that stone wall against which the donkey is  
chained open country already my eyes not strong  
enough to make out the sea upon the horizon the gro-  
cery is in the basement whose back door I point out to  
them low-roofed house crushed in there between all  
those other taller houses that run along this street cel-  
lar fly-specked naked light bulb cartons of soap dried  
sausages hanging from the ceiling a baby's layette and  
the town newspaper piles smelling of printer's ink  
orthography and the stacks all mildewed ten  
fists tap the table's marble top in a rapid cadence iron  
below resounds they are on the verge of giving out  
their secret battle cry I force two little kids to lick each  
other's assholes before me I sodomize a brat eight and  
a half years old who will spend three weeks in bed  
afterward I hang another by his feet while I whip his

belly with an electric wire electrocuting at the same time the nose and tiny balls of a pouting blond kid another electrode buried deep within a knife wound from which protrudes a kneebone I piss in the mouth of a greedy gurgling nursing baby I force three innocent children to perform lewd acts upon each other simultaneously acts carefully premeditated and highly unnatural they bang down hard upon the table top shout Condemned to death Lulu that'll learn you executioner do your job!

Lulu kneeling opens his mouth receives a pint of liquor some aperitif he earlier swiped from his father for Bernard poured directly down his throat lips not even touching the neck of the bottle

a zinc funnel introduced roughly between the buttocks they pour into it a whole saucepan of boiling vinegar the mussels yawn dun-colored still bewhiskered and sandy hooked noses squinty little eyes they smell of dog shit they're gypsies feasting on cauliflower sprinkled with egg yolks and parsley after they're cooked nobody but them in that abandoned house I'd like to die surrounded by little pink bunnies pussies with little silver bells tinkling around beribboned collars chattering wild-plumed parrots and not among this rabble that grunts and grimaces and massacres our language with their thick accents and whose only wish now is to knock the shit out of me once and for all

cuddly little bathers coming one by one to bring me raw mussels and prawns as many as they can find along the rocks offshore they set them down alongside my head like bread set down alongside a bird too tame to fly away touching little gestures timid murmurings sincerely sorrowful you can see it in those eyes of theirs without any flecks all dark pupils He's wounded but he must be hungry all the same says a tiny gypsy lad with a very low voice should we slit his throat or just let him die on his own? We'd better slit his throat or he'll only prove to be a lot of trouble



later on rolling over that wet tiled floor red  
and black and white lozenges begging them but they go  
straight for my adam's apple knives flashing I bang  
my head against a wall deep in shadow the darkness  
becomes a fabric of red satin without sheen and the  
mattress-covered floor stops me from being bruised the  
kids on all fours naked cunning as kittens chasing  
after my cock a gray mouse caught between their sharp  
playful little paws they bite into it and unwind the  
pubic hairs as they might a ball of yarn cords  
of catgut sutures binding the gaping lips of my wounds  
suddenly give way ripping exploding the swollen skin  
I'd like to empty void myself completely yanking my  
guts out so this horrible suffering would stop I grasp  
myself lacerating myself into strips sand mixed with  
black thorns penetrating my sores they're beach ants  
drawn here by the smell of blood my blood they ex-  
plore each boy carved up into quarters

behind the rustic cozy cotton curtains color of  
cream the child standing by the window contemplates  
the falling rain gray black ocean pine trees wreathed  
in mist Well he surely must have some dough on him  
some cigarettes a wrist watch maybe I certainly  
wouldn't touch him it's bad luck to touch dead people  
Spit on him first then wet your finger in it and rub it  
over his forehead that breaks the curse looped  
curtains of chintz child unmoving eyes open too wide  
ready to dissolve in tears and all my flesh decomposing  
rotting there upon the beach the sea now meek be-  
neath the downpour with contours all blurry and thou-  
sands of glistening drops that invade my honeycomb of  
cells quenching my thirst at least a hand wipes my  
forehead dry Don't move try to sleep that voice I recog-  
nize it uncertain where it comes from hermaphroditic  
the contralto of certain boys verging on puberty

body imperceptible except for a succession of pul-  
sations throbbings in the aortic arch and a knot of thick  
saliva in the back of the larynx tiny balls that wander

become jammed break away once more another sensation this one pink-colored as if shimmering on the outside of my so tightly shut eyelids day had dawned danger I'm growing stiff beneath my sheet I realize I am visible little balls shifting about within me and water flowing down my cheeks I swallow it up again hurriedly a terrible pain rips through my abdomen my testicles ache balls of lead within

flame flash of lightning but beneath me another flash I am lying not on a bed but on naked electric wires they work a hose over me nozzle pouring out its flood sheet puckering winding more tightly around me it cuts into my ass my head too heavy for my neck to support We can't keep him in the dorm we should take him down to the infirmary here help me you three let's roll him up in that blanket careful now

butterflies the shape of spirals then angles opening out like fans all black then violet scattering rings vibrations of rings around my eyes which they dilate crowding now upon each other puzzles vibrating black squares hexagons but they don't sway much anymore coming downward downward enlarging I am squashed beneath them like a photograph no thickness to me anymore intersecting there where ceiling meets the right angle of two walls a voracious existence sits squatting bat-like in its corner hypnotizes me sucks me into it then comes down in turn I'm certain they've already killed me they had this knife my mouth gaping blade stuck between two teeth then the handle was shaken manipulated like a crowbar to spread them apart loosen both one tooth chipped the other fell and the tip of my tongue filling in this new hole remains there until a cramp runs through it but if I take it out a cold solid solid coldness fills up my entire mouth I mustn't say that they

I left them back there some brown some blond some dirty some clean some happy some sad old papers I hadn't torn up before leaving and each one of them

will read that which                    lying down standing up  
living dead and I also doubtlessly in some way back  
there with them also                    very far away now un-  
approachable forever destroyed my own fault I realized  
I would never more chase after them I would even  
learn how to turn away my gaze avert my eyes so that  
they could remain insignificant to me seem no different  
from myself this one last hour I devote to them this  
hour in which to forget them forever

to set in opposition to this sickroom chamber some  
ordinary thing like the heel of a foot a little finger and  
to observe it carefully for a very long time a single  
hand it doesn't stir doesn't reveal itself yet it contains  
all after all death in the nakedness of this moment

not to describe it too cumbersome with his fingers  
making a fist thumb concealed within to understand  
how my own hand is different furrowed with tunnels  
devoured by the day and immutably double awaiting  
that other                    I can erase all that and even endure  
the image of those walls so lusterless paint a thin coat-  
ing of beige barely covering this place they've chosen  
in which to keep protect me but I mustn't say that

like each tooth of some delicately tooled wheel  
that rotates with sudden jolts then stops irregular  
clockworkings that move in fits and starts and set me  
down here ounce by ounce of my flesh I shouldn't  
have said that singular word I but it would be the  
final word four to five words each minute verbs the  
most difficult to handle of all or simply the heat on my  
temples and the terror that these words pronounced  
so rapidly would cause a sweat to flow more painful  
than any tears and extirpated from much further within

ready now for whatever opens the door to the  
left of my bed but frightened unsure of what will fol-  
low it must be me myself entering for no one ever  
uses that door if not myself who else would enter to  
look down at me I know who is good for me I would  
not be harmful to me I no longer have any need to be

or I will push away all risk if another is in this bed in my stead and if it is not I who enter I will then be a third who stands apart regarding this restful scene I will taste the blessings received and given I will avoid the sickness of forever losing and submitting two socks on the floor pearl gray no holes baby-sized the feet could be those of a dwarf I think it is indeed a dwarf but one of that rather mediocre species that grows taller as it gets older a hand gathered up the socks stuffing them into a laundry bag orange plastic with a thick cord around the opening that same hand picks up from a chair a dirty pair of briefs there's a pile of clean underwear nearby standing up so tall there has to be some table or commode hiding beneath it

slow turn of the head the sick child stares toward the left side of the room opposite the wall against which the bed then slow turn of the head to the right toward the foot of the bed the side where the visitor the movement of one hand beneath the sheet the hand climbing up and up and finally emerging free along the right side of the face fingers curl over the edge of the sheet lowering it a little to reveal pajama tops the color of bright green apples the frayed points of a collar

sheet lowered further down pajama top rising over the coverlet revealing at last as many as three buttons left chest pocket a squirrel stitched over the heart green fir tree emblem of some club or maybe just a decoration sewed there to amuse a tiny boy

his visitor moves about a bit but so silently his smock is

his crepe rubber soles making sounds of sucking or of

what one might call stealthy the discreetness of his maneuvering only adds to the anxiety of the sick child he doesn't realize that what he'd like to hear are drums trumpets the various ovations that accompany the tak-

ing off of a balloon hurled very high I watch and the balloon it's going to fall on top of me so I dart out of the way I'll be the first to catch it same mechanical thoughts all these skulls thinking that one same thing at the same time but here crepe-soled shoes and only silence movements reduced to nothing but minute shiftings of posture

white breastbone of the child more important than his face insist he lift his chin he turns his head completely to one side the sternocleidomastoid muscle on the side of the neck stretches taut the skin is of some living substance but composed of what one might easily imagine to be vegetal protoplasm colorless giving as a whole the illusion of an iridescent whiteness it's the same skin as that covering his face but conceals nothing flesh the texture of very fine rice paper

this time the visitor breaks his usual irreplaceable ritual he kneels down beside the bed and peers into the face of the sick child he doesn't take his pulse doesn't administer any medicine doesn't even seem to concern himself with those fervid feverish eyes that watch him so closely instead he stares at the sick child his sick child and surrenders himself completely

now the left hand of the little boy climbs in its turn beneath the sheet and comes to rest finally alongside the other so symmetrically

fingernails cut too short thin phalanges the extreme cleanliness of these hands so useless now which still wait there clutching at the sheet

the other could of course speak when the child grew delirious but everything tells him to remain silent his sick child would only answer then ask more and more questions

lowering the sheet later to unbutton the pajama tops he slides them off the boy silently then puts on another pair beginning with the bottoms this pair he has selected for his child is lavender blue and the emblem on the heart pocket a fishing boat outlined in

dark blue thread a half-circle representing the hull  
horizontal line above that the deck one vertical above  
that the mast and superimposed upon it a right triangle  
the lateen sail without rigging

blanket flung back the visitor fixes the sheet then  
covers the child once more tucking him in tenderly

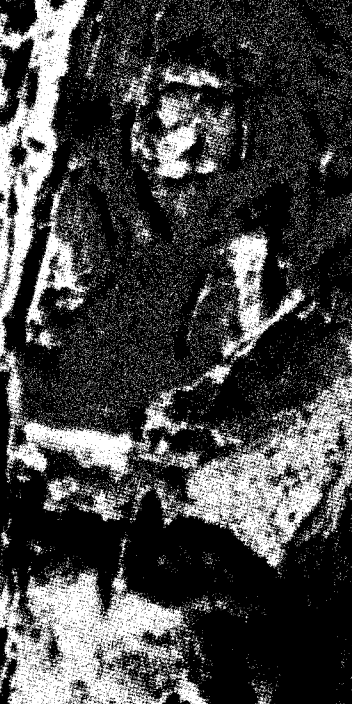
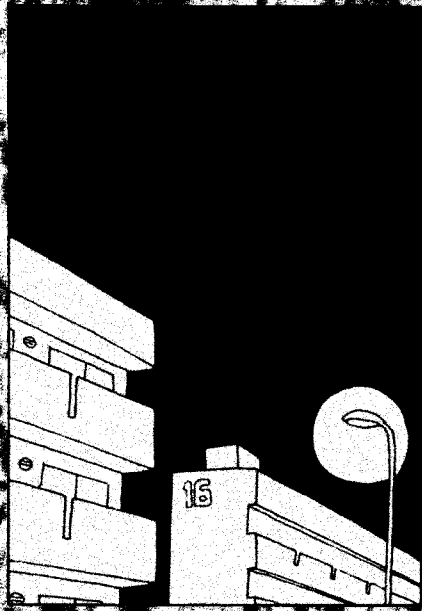
he closes the curtains turns on a night light tiny  
red bulb then leaves taking with him the laundry sack

the child must continue fasting he is allowed only  
water with sugar a glass of it on the table by his  
bed the chamber itself is perfectly square fifteen  
feet long wide high and all four walls have the same  
beige colored rubber soundproofing surface jagged rip-  
pling imitating the irregularities of weatherbeaten lime-  
stone mildewed scars

there is no mirror

games one can play while lying in bed sit waiting  
on the formica table top puzzles illustrating various  
fables of La Fontaine interlocking blocks with which  
to construct stylized animals stainless modeling clay  
there's also a magic slate for writing down invisible  
messages a deck of cards for playing solitaire a con-  
nect-the-numbers-and-create-a-picture coloring book  
even a miniature chess set

the child stares silently eyes all dark pupil at the  
night light minuscule red sphere plugged into a wall  
outlet just above the baseboard to the left of the door  
he lies on his side staring at that tiny steady flame and  
his eyes blink eyelids fluttering longer and longer in-  
tervals between those flutters than they cease moving  
altogether



awakening standing up I'm suddenly so hungry he nudges my elbow shoves me roughly into some doorway How'd you like to make some bread? that's my funny bone he nudged renudged tickled Bread dough you mean money?

stretched out once more gurgling rumbling in my belly terrible thirst I must have accepted since I'm in some fucking jalopy the trip is endless stink of my breath whenever I breathe out since the windows are all shut tight I was so cold before my mouth exhales fetid bile he's a fast worker already one hand down there between my thighs I move further away on the



seat I thought you said it was only for photos? not looking at me concentrating on the road nervous he answers It is but I still have to take a look at the merchandise see what I'm paying for don't I? no answer from me for that one Try to get a hard-on I'm giving you until we hit the next intersection

red light my hand skimming the cloth of his trouser legs once more the prick's there all right but a bit thin skittish not hard Open your fly he obeys I reach in feel around raw flesh crude cock quite long now and hard as well lumpish in fact very thick so much so it surprises me and I say

how many do you have in there?

what? inches?

no you idiot cocks how many cocks?

I jerked off the dude who'd been cruising the street for hours but only for a minute or so then he pushed me away and closed his raincoat a boy's raincoat fine material for a boy fine and slender I went back to my little niche beneath the portico I spoke to him but careful to keep my distance just in case I'll give you a good hand job sonny and if there's any spunk left in it I'll be glad to swallow it Go take a flying fuck faggot and blow it out your ass the young guy says he was blond curly locks one of those conceited types who pamper their pathetic pricks like it was a fucking holy relic or something

upon waking I found that blanket some passer-by must have dropped on top of me while I was dozing moth-eaten torn in ten different places maybe one of those guys who live up that dead-end street plaid automobile blanket you can still make out the place where two ass cheeks wore it thin lift it to my face and I can see daylight shining through he was going to throw it in the garbage can but raising the lid noticed me and changed his mind he comes toward me kicks me in the balls Stand up when someone is good enough to give you something

my cock the last remaining life in me part of me  
yet not all that close but at least I have it still I can use  
it hold it squeeze it

useless now I don't have the strength hunger sup-  
posedly makes cocks stand at attention but not mine  
right now she feels hears sees nothing funny about  
that I say she not he or it she he it shit his sex dang-  
ling there in the street he must have spent night after  
night walking along deserted streets he's watching me  
hesitant he thinks maybe that calculates maybe

cocksucker scam asshole go get your fucking  
rocks off with somebody else

these battered old queens those snotty young shits  
the whole gamut from seven to seventy they've never  
had to bum around to see what grub they could hustle  
up money talks yet they still cast weirdo sidelong  
glances at yours truly for them it's like unearthing  
some precious cock in a shit pail some hot chick's gap-  
ing cunt some wild ass that can still take a crowbar up  
it lying there on top of a garbage can these uptight  
middle-class assholes always throw out the best stuff  
so I forced myself to go around sniffing their left-  
overs

the car stops in front of a villa in the suburbs well-  
lighted street but in this winter weather no strollers  
he chains me castrates me eviscerates me then cuts me  
up in quarters salts assaults me I won't go in there with  
him I never say yes to madmen

I couldn't have guessed all that I was too small  
and inexperienced he wanted me to tell him why I was  
lying there and what sort of slum I came from I  
answered I can't tell you that and that's when the  
torture session begins he was obviously too afraid to  
kill or even mutilate me he punches carves slaps twists  
drills makes an incision he distends disembowels dis-  
sects discolors disfigures dislocates disguises discom-  
forts but always avoiding the irreparable and finally  
disenchanted disgusted he dismisses me abandoning

me two or three hours later under some tree in the wide-open country so that's I guess what happened anyway it most likely must have been me it happened to or else I did all that to him while thinking about him doing it to me or else he to me thinking about me or maybe me to myself dreaming that nightmare or night-maring that dream because of this hard-packed earth beneath my butt so cold and this crazy plaid blanket fallen down from the sky during the night and then when the dawn comes up the porter will chase me from his portico in order to open his door wider to take out his garbage cans and this mania of his or of mine for taking photos capturing the scream the cry the painful pleasure forever photography studio black walls and the pretty little beggar boy reclining against an over-exposed background the child naked no body hair as yet a long way off to puberty but with a huge sex nevertheless and quite photogenic I bought this house myself fixed up this room blocked up the window painted over the white-wash with black enamel I recruited my model from among that trash pile of brats in one of the city's slums I promised him piles and piles and gave him piles

filth flying out from the shadows of one corner of the room then another onslaught of same something juicy slow ascension of bubbles juice of a shit-stained cock or one sticky and gangrenous I squeeze drain out my organ I let the pus piss shit clap flow all that juice swells it up so I press down hard make a fist squeezing out bubbles of brown butter sauce

I'm not sick this death if death it is is a natural death and its wild exuberance a final corporeal product all stops out each cell each organ bubbles seethes secretes ejects and vomits up itself when they find me they can identify me as a pile of pulsating mud in a state of continuous eruption they always make a sharp turn on the sidewalk to avoid having to look at me I am this vast brown semicircle stretched out there more



this tree here? come my child don't be frightened I  
won't hurt you do I frighten you? no? good  
then! now first of all what's your name?

Yann

what? speak a little louder I can't hear you

Yann

Yann? you say your name's Yann? that's your  
name you say? Yann? then why my child did it take  
you this long to tell me? are you shy Yann? a little?  
yes? say yes sister remember always to say yes or no  
sister would you like to come along with me now  
Yann? we can take care of you and then afterward we  
can go together to the town hall to find out whom you  
might belong to wouldn't you like that Yann? yes? yes  
sister remember always to answer yes sister  
now come along then give me your hand Yann

I can't get up

what's that you say? you can't get up? is that what  
you just said? why can't you get up? oh there's some-  
thing oh I see something the matter with your leg?  
which leg Yann? let me see come on Yann don't be shy  
with sister oh my goodness my poor little  
man it looks like a real fracture! and you wouldn't  
have said anything about it to me if I hadn't asked you  
oh my dear little Yann you mustn't be like that you  
must tell sister everything but Yann how  
could you have done that? you climbed up a tree you  
say and then you fell? what tree? this tree here? show  
me where you fell then

yes no oooooouch!

oh dear you're a big boy now and you're not going  
to cry are you? yes? no Yann you're too grown-up for  
that aren't you Yann? yes? yes what? yes sister! there  
that's better I'll take you on my bike to the  
hospice right now and we'll certainly cure whatever  
ails you that's what we sisters are for you know

here too

what's that? still another fracture? let me have a  
better look here? no? where then?  
take your hand away I can't see oh Holy  
Virgin it's not possible! someone has surely completely  
crippled this poor child! did they beat you?  
tell me Yann who beat you your mama and  
daddy? your little playmates? now Yann you  
must tell sister who did this horrible thing to  
you and you promise not to hide anything else  
from me isn't that so Yann? is that all then? is there  
anything else you'd like to show sister?

yes here  
a tooth? you have a toothache too? show me which  
one open wider no no it's  
only the gum that's a bit scratched your tooth itself is  
fine now tell me my child how long is it since  
you've been lying here?

th th th this morning  
oh this morning? you mean to tell me you've been  
sleeping here in the cold all morning? but my poor  
child how could you have gotten here with that frac-  
tured leg?

in a car  
how do you mean a car? somebody brought you  
here in a car and then just left you here ill as you are?  
is that what you're trying to tell sister? yes? yes sister  
remember what I said! but who brought you  
here in a car my child?

I don't know  
you don't know? how don't you know? was it your  
mama and daddy? some friend of your mama and  
daddy's? no? you truly don't know? you  
mean then you don't know the mister who drove the  
car? it was a mister then? yes? some man you didn't  
know? yes?

I don't know I was sleeping  
you were sleeping? my poor child with all these

fractures and bruises it's more likely you had fainted!  
you lost consciousness Yann yes fainted Yann you had  
lost consciousness isn't that it Yann? fainted? as if you  
were sleeping but not dreaming?

yes

yes sister remember yes sister! oh but  
what a tale oh dear Lord Holy Mother Jesus  
Mary and Joseph and all the saints preserve  
us but no my little one you mustn't cry it's not  
your fault not at all oh dear you probably  
haven't understood a thing that's happened to you and  
the Blessed Virgin be thanked you're all the better  
for it oh dear Lord what times we live in

I slept there were tall windows going all the way  
up to the ceiling curtains of white sailcloth my bed  
was painted white even the bars at both ends were  
white everything's white in an infirmary that white  
tells you that they're going to take off all your clothes  
and take good care of you and you'd better sleep when  
they tell you or you'll never get better

I crawled out as far as here it's not my kind of  
place this hospice where they steal my body I want to  
keep my remains and make them crackle crunch a  
slime that I can then knead into the form of an in-  
human face placenta parcel of meat scraps into which  
I push both my thumbs hollowing out two eyes

he didn't just abandon me there by chance he  
bandaged all my cuts first the ones that might have  
bled too much and dried me off completely then he  
covered me with a blanket and finally set me down  
there just a couple of steps away from that big house  
and of course they all pretended to be surprised seeing  
me as if it hadn't been planned all along no  
adults there but only a lot of boys they told me every-  
thing how they kidnap you off the city streets how  
they butcher you after they've got you here but finally  
you forget even that you don't even have many scars  
sometimes none at all

I listen to what he says not really all that interested he could be lying or maybe delirious from that fever or maybe yes telling the truth fuck it childhoods leave me indifferent all of them sad even the happiest in the street before returning home there was only this old goat at least he smelled like one he's sure to die any minute he has no further need to say anything about what he knows or what he can prove I put up with his grabbing my tool copping a quick feel but as soon as he started moving his lips closer I hit the road that mouth like a mound of cow shit when the lips opened wide brownish threads stretched across it like melted cheese I like shooting my wad onto the sidewalk anyway I held it back this time though because of the repulsiveness of that vagabond silly word vagabum more like it drooling watching me disappear around the corner heading up that blind alley I saw myself also

a little boy stomach rumbling sitting on the sidewalk's edge midnight silence surrounding his glance moving over the cobblestones stopping at each never losing his bearings but always moving from one paving stone to the next finally reaching those that abut the opposite sidewalk then that glance returning taking another line of stones until he reaches this sidewalk once more no automobiles no pedestrians the people who live along this dead-end street are already sound asleep and by tomorrow morning this child will also have disappeared his head wavers eyes growing heavier and heavier consciousness dimly counting paving stones through flickering eyelids in order not to fall completely asleep he's too cold paralyzed by this cutting night wind and no human being will ever be able to rip from his mouth a single word a single evening but there will be another evening another place another child all of them similar to this evening this place this child the coming of day the wetness of dawn will efface erase them all I didn't follow him or



any of them I don't follow I'm not myself any of  
face raised glance moving from one ridge of cob-  
blestones to the next glance ricocheting projecting in-  
venting a white emptiness alongside my feet then  
farther then even farther away straight ahead of me  
finally beginning all over again with this image of a  
circle shimmering before my eyes I broke the magic  
circle leaving it here alone without any beginning any  
end without me nevermore

blue foam rubber ball it rebounds silently landing  
once again within the palm of the child the artless skill  
of children mechanical unconscious millions of such  
tiny mechanisms employing that same graceful move-  
ment ball bouncing against the wall of a sun-stained  
house I didn't select any particular movement for I  
myself remain outside such grace they are all dried up  
withered obscured petrified here where I had hoped to  
make out something anything but I didn't understand  
any of it I waited for some illumination but now never  
mind anyway it can't be helped

the door of the red brick edifice opens part way  
I emerge gloved hatted wearing a topcoat it was very  
cold a ragged child huddled up against some garbage  
cans shaking all over the sight of him moves me I ask  
him a few questions then toss him a franc I climb into  
my car he doesn't even lift his head to follow my pass-  
ing I don't exist in this form neither does the car nor  
my hat all of them of me canceled annulled I hold my  
hand fist clenched tightly around the franc coin I don't  
say thank you to him I don't know how to use money  
you can't buy anything anyway in the middle of the  
night some lady in high heels sees that silver glimmer-  
ing between my fingers she leaps on top of me Hand it  
over you little fucker Why? it's mine! clawing into my  
hand Give it to me you dirty little pickpocket! and she  
starts doing a dance on top of me with those pointed  
heels of hers I kick out in pain knocking over a gar-  
bage can and a cat screams I hadn't seen it before in

all these shadows the fucking whore I bite into her shin and she lets out a scream high enough to shatter the glass in some of those apartment house windows You stupid little shit! and so I take off not wise to hang around here any longer

it costs you five francs just to touch it or give it a few licks with your tongue ten francs if you want me to touch yours fifteen francs if you want me to give you a blow job but I'm warning you I won't swallow it and twenty francs to fuck me up the ass that is if your prick's regular standard size if it's too big then it's thirty francs after all I'm the one who has to pay for the vaseline who has to put it in there who has to clean up all the mess afterward you see I figure that when a fat cock plows up my asshole it's equivalent to six guys standard size for the wear and tear it does to my insides after all it's much harder and hurts more even if it is a lot less long and takes a lot less time than six guys and then there are always some lousy cocksuckers who bite it when they get too carried away but what really disgusts me is when they try to kiss me on the mouth or if they sneakily try to shoot off down my throat before I notice what's happening ugh and what I really like best is for somebody to lick my asshole yeah all the way into it then I won't have to wash there saving it for them and it's a pity too that all of them forget about your feet or your ears or your toes oh how I wish somebody would suck my feet clean one toe at a time taking it slowly I'd go wild over that I wouldn't even charge them for it oh well maybe one franc

he shoves the money I gave him into his pocket and leaves he doesn't have any sperm yet I could certainly feel on my tongue a spasm making his cock get all hard then limp but I didn't feel anything wet not even piss he's not old enough yet and yet I've known other kids the same age who had juice lots of it already it all depends I suppose on their biological

make-up when I grazed his mouth with mine he gave me such a shove eyes furious Fifty francs pops yeah fifty I said for anything like that spitting on the ground rubbing his mouth off with the back of one hand prick still hanging down at an angle through his gaping fly his pants filthy too big for him he's a little hood already no time now and he'll be killing old queens rolling them for their money

I'm being carried somewhere wrapped in a blanket we're passing a garden where I can make out ruins of some building a church it looks like fragments of stone a broken pillar or two and a bit of a roof pointing up into the sky like maybe half of a smashed bicycle wheel only this one is made of stone I've lost a lot of blood already thank goodness their house has an infirmary and a lady doctor there gave me a transfusion with a shiny red bottle and a rubber tube she stuck into my arm she looked after my leg too and everything else and what she did hurt me a lot more than what that guy had done to me before but after all she had the right to do it and he didn't they stick a suppository up my ass to make me sleep the storm awakens me I'm scared shitless and some boy comes in to talk to me because he knew I guess I was afraid he's not sick though he shows me a scar on his belly it looks like a chalk-white comma right there just above his handsome cock it even looks rather pretty like a tattoo and he says They did it with a razor he says he didn't feel anything except maybe a slight burning they slashed a much longer gash than that scar he says because scars are always much smaller than the cuts themselves his cock gets harder and harder while he explains all that to me Get a look at this thing will you! he laughs she's a regular whore! and he calmly shoves it back into his briefs rearranging his balls And how about mine? I ask him do you think you'll be able to see mine after they heal? Not on your face those'll

certainly disappear they're not deep enough to be permanent he seems to know what he's talking about since the lady doctor already said something like that to me too

I was playing ball against the side of the house he comes up alongside me seems very interested in watching and I start being more careful playing better for his sake he puts one hand right up against it but he can't feel anything because he was all mixed up about where everything fit I backed away quickly

hey kid come on I just wanted to ask you something honest sonny so I let him come closer again

you little idiot I promise I won't do anything to you let me explain he puts both hands on me now one on my ass the other on my cock he's found where it's hiding he's caught it paw pressing down hard upon it smiling looking into my face to see if I'm enjoying it

stop that I said stop that let me go huh?

he keeps smiling not even listening eyes far away looking past the trees Aaaaah your cute little ass I could eat it up right here hmmmmmm your cuddly little balls oh you sweet baby

I'll call my mother if you don't stop that honest! so he stopped then opened his own fly

wouldn't you like to touch it just for a minute or so? let's take a little walk together that's when I ran off at top speed calling Mama mama! I even forgot my nice ball the man ran too not very long before he caught up with me I'm only a little kid his legs longer than mine he was really batshit that guy

who's that lady doctor? she's not very nice

oh just some lady doctor her husband's the director of this joint don't worry about them we never see them much

is the grub good here?

naw it stinks that's because old Black Ass cooks  
all the food around here

old Black Ass? she's a black lady then?

naw we just nicknamed her that because she's so  
deaf and she goes around farting all day since she  
can't hear herself but why do you ask? are you hungry  
or something?

yes

that's because of the suppository yeah I'm not  
kidding having that thing stuck up your ass always  
makes a guy feel hungry that is if it doesn't put you to  
sleep first                    you haven't eaten since when?

yesterday I think or the day before                    no it  
was on Sunday yes Sunday morning

wow                    because you know they won't be  
feeding you any grub here for a long time they can't  
you see

oh well never mind I guess I'll just have to wait  
huh but who else lives here besides us if there's a  
doctor?

nobody just us

what do we have to do?

not a fucking thing whatever we feel like doing  
except for when but wait and you'll see soon enough  
but do we have to stay here for a long time?

search me the big guys leave I know

but why are we here?

no special reason I guess it's a nuthouse I think  
except you get to leave this nuthouse finally

but I'm not nuts

didn't say you were did I?

because I mean have you ever been in one before  
been in a real nuthouse I mean?

well don't you think maybe we're all a bit nuts  
huh? hey will you take a look at these hey these  
sheets are really super not like the ones we have up  
in the dorm

you have a dorm?

yeah it's a real dump but it gets real wild up there  
sometimes

will I have a bed up there with you later?

definitely

perhaps in some whorehouse sitting erect on a straight-backed chair but not in this filthy hole this garbage pail for young punks I lived among gracious young ladies beautiful gowns shimmering hands always caressing my face catering to my every whim dancing around me like houris I said houris not whores and they perfumed me combed the mats out of my thick hair anointed my member with soothing oils sponging away all my pus with delicate girlish gestures and in the evenings after they had finished their work they returned to visit me only dressed now as boys once more they chose me for their scapegoat taking revenge on their clients through me at the entrance to the cellar a huge soap box overturned spilling out from which an assortment of whips riding crops knives forceps needles shears and a large apothecary jar into which they continually piss and when it begins to reek foul and acidy they dump it over my head I've gotten used to the smell and even to the taste but not to the way it makes all those cuts on my face burn anew my cheeks suddenly ablaze and finally the oldest wounds become infected crackling curling up like a piece of paper you set a match to for most of all they amuse themselves with my face my swollen crotch especially that too

they shook the chair back and forth to force me to topple off ripping my asshole and yet all the same their tortures were rather unimaginative at least when they went at it in unison but certain of the older boys those more depraved returned alone later during the night and without ever uttering a word truly worked me over letting their horrible little imaginations play upon my unresisting body it's not their fault really they don't even hate me I'm just a surrogate a symbol

growing harder crueler meaner more and more distant yet untiring in their torturing a kind of love it was since I pleased them so I'm not the first either those who preceded me still hang from water pipes in the dark depths of this same cellar drying up little by little the air is healthy enough so you can't rot here dead only rot alive

no light for me to see they never untie me now never bring me anything to eat or drink they can replace us without any trouble I say us instead of me because of all those corpses back there

up above me in the house itself whatever happens up there they tell me about it whenever they return I tell it to myself afterward too I can no longer speak hardly even moan obviously I don't even cry for they continually try to catch glimmers of pain grimaces of agony coursing across whatever's still left of my face or in my body below the rippling convulsive movements of muscles that might give them a hint some clue as to what I'm experiencing in my glazed silence but it's like torturing some fly or insect you can't ever hope to find out what it suffers or if it suffers when you pull off its legs tear off its wings you stick a pin into what you imagine to be its ass you stretch its tiny iridescent head until it seems to become totally unglued but then snaps smartly back onto its thorax once you let go so you start all over again without feeling anything yourself your only pleasure being to finally abandon this tiny oblong thing which seems on the point of death motionless not at all interesting anymore unless you can imagine for yourself what's perhaps still going on inside and then you might shudder with joy conceiving such agony that's the way it must be with all of them now they must be thinking of me while doing it with their clients that's what sustains them and thus I will endure this evening whatever it is they wish and afterward after my death if indeed there is such a thing as death I'll be fit only to hang up

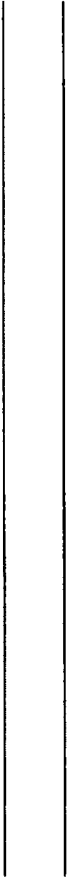
there like some disemboweled rabbit they continuing to lacerate me slashing ripping stripping going wild at their labors until they're finally handed another piece of refuse captured and brought here from some dank city slum

savages and the oldest boy the big bruiser who is their accomplice their refuse collector in his van a mustached mentally retarded fellow in his late teens helps them prepare these nocturnal vengeance parties he's on their side flatters them so they'll remain forever submissive adolescent flaxen-haired young beauties brutalized and docile some of the clients find out about the cellar and lust after such orgiastic delights they sell their businesses will their entire fortunes over to the establishment and come down here to stay handing themselves over happily to their little executioners we garrote them on our special chair they pissed blood crying out spurting as our gang of guys set to work upon them attacking raping and those men shot forth their final come screaming ecstatically ejaculating at the instant of their deaths enough semen for a hundred thousand such deaths but I don't enjoy any of it myself I'm not at all pleased to have it all so quickly ended for me

one of those shadows hanging from the ceiling was a child perhaps one of the sick kids they had to finish off themselves or else some brat his comrades had decided was an enemy a foreign spy making it all up of course their dormitory is certainly a far more dangerous place than this cellar and what's more I prefer being among cadavers after the first two or so days they no longer appear frightening they are merely dreamers dreaming forever and oh so calm and I dream of them while dreaming them







cabins I don't give a fuck  
about them houses thunderstorms dormitory no cat no  
thighs no boys

boys shitting

no there's a bedsheet forming a tent its two poles  
the heads of two children in pajamas facing each other  
kneeling atop the bed chubby asses resting up against  
their heels pocket flashlight whose yellow halo keeps  
shifting to create strange silhouettes making faces try-  
ing to scare each other shitless a flashlight when held  
below the chin creates a death's head pointed teeth  
sinister rictus arched diabolic brows

me  
bound                    naked                    steel wires that  
really cut

barbed wire electrified each barb burying itself a  
good quarter of an inch beneath the skin flowing  
sputtering prickling short circuit flashlight sud-  
denly going out the children hear my scream in the  
darkness and are afraid

brightness of day flashes of lightning white daz-  
zling cries

my sweet little darling tell me

up to that moment when lifted up and set down  
somewhere else then lifted up set down somewhere  
else tortured once more absent look for him where's  
he gone off to impossible to remain in this state any  
longer grillework vent warm air rising up through the  
sidewalk

my head is learning how to turn things

perhaps still lying down but so flat upon the side-  
walk now I can't even feel them walking over me and  
nobody even notices                    a city subway rumble  
from below

squat down over there and shit

thunder summer storm stones raining down from  
the sky is that what batters my mug in causing it to  
look like this vertical flight of stones hurtling down-  
ward each the thickness of two or three paving stones  
but not so rounded these irregular in shape shock of  
colliding skull crushed yet still intact crushed intact  
the light grows yellow fading faded

there are others attached to other straight-backed  
chairs alongside me already dead all of them ugly brats  
heads drooping over their chests like sleeping birds no  
feathers all nude dying naked without any trace of  
torture anywhere except for those glimmering black  
trails glistening in the darkness trickles of bloody  
bludgeonings short quick no pain so subtle one down-

ward blow that's all and then the soft crunching of  
bone like tin foil crackling

profile view of a thigh a crotch and there where  
they meet two fatty folds of skin bulging like two  
yawning lips belly distended like a child's  
balloon they are neither dried up nor yet dead all of  
them asleep impaled upon the blades of butcher knives  
holy mystery of disincarnation and the flesh was made  
word and dwelt among us they laugh silently like  
saints in stone sculptures mystical idiots

barley sugar candy in a candy-assed asshole lemon  
yellow and raspberry red twisted into spirals then  
sucked into a point sharp enough to stab a finger or a  
cheek showing it proudly to the kid beside me Look  
how that pricks! and him crying out Ouch go prick  
yourself with it you prick! and then sucking it to an  
even finer point Look at it now will you? it's even more  
prickly than before

his is not so pointed as mine and I'll say set my  
hands free huh give it to me I'll say all these ass  
cheeks bright blue all these face cheeks bright green  
bruised blue green with fear slaps smacks across those  
cheeks pert little pricks growing more and more erect  
at each slap help me to move eat breathe but first of  
all help me to believe

nobody touches me the ropes hold cutting into me  
like the teeth of saws

not witnesses no executioner they prepare me for  
it then calmly take off for the movies the two o'clock  
afternoon showing some war film with submarines  
green waves torpedoes handsome captain standing on  
his bridge peering through a pair of binoculars peri-  
scope sighted rising up into the air from that green sea  
into blueness of sky such pretty colors the movie audi-  
torium is on the other side of the corridor they rent  
sound films now

the book lying there I'll never be able to stretch

my hand far enough to reach it to read that story I know is waiting for me beneath that bright cover upon which a blond boy swings he looks like he'd love to fuck little kids up the ass no that's not so he commits only heroic deeds he looked a lot like me mirrors facing each other in this eternal twilight

and in the evening I obey all those gray-garbed misters who come while he fights off Nazis he is attacked by a pack of their mastiff dogs seduced by a bevy of their bitch whores they imprison him in a basement interrogate him night and day he finally breaks his bonds swinging out wildly knocking all those Nazis senseless or else maybe it's his buddies who come and save him he tells them all how he was tortured and how he never gave any of their names away and slowly reverently each one of them dips his rosary or scapular in the guy's shit holy shit which they then wear proudly around their necks or attached to their pocketknives or key chains and the leader of the dog pack comes over to lick his fingers he's no longer growling but wants only to be his pet

his serious adolescent voice cracking as he tells it or maybe it's a story of a tempest at sea and pirates this time a shipwreck and some heroic little sailor no crotch no legs body cut off at the waist by the words of the story forming the border of the illustration nothing seems to hurt him while as for me if I were in his shoes a steel wire would

the chairs are not aligned

their fragile necks you could squeeze with a single hand it wouldn't snap any bones only bend them a little they have such big ears round sticking out at right angles

we bullshit with each other we can make out each other's forms even when it gets dark on stormy afternoons our short pants down around our ankles and a wooden peg stuck up each our assholes each graded according to our size it's not really a torture we can

make ourselves quite comfortable really and after a while we don't even feel it inside us

the big bruiser's got his eye on us right now so cool it huh I've already got mine up

yeah but mine is lots thicker than yours longer too  
wanna bet? they exchange chairs and

soon it no longer matters seated on the hard ground no building surrounding nor any country landscape either no soil beneath and no person above I am coiled up into a perfect ball to remain like this

impossible to open myself up again to succeed like this or suffocate they watch me and my attempts seem to amuse them my knees are bent upward against my forehead while my hands touch my feet the rope twisting to form two separate coils one winding around my neck the other around my ankles then it passes between my legs over the crotch tightens around my waist before dividing once more in order to circle both wrists then returning back down to pass again over my prick Undo it go ahead try there's only one knot holding it all secure and that's somewhere on my back find yank that knot hard enough and it'll all come loose so they tell me but I know them and those big knotty knobs of theirs up a guy's backside

but I don't try to free myself I lie down on my side still hunched up they're not happy over that so they punch me I don't even move hell I'm not their dancing monkey or human football not one of those guys is over thirteen to revive them give them back their youth now

my age or other ages those of strangers who come the floor of the cellar is of fine cement swept smooth very cold I might be able to sleep if only they'd all leave

my pretty prick cocky cock

we bitched at lot because of those fucking chairs but we finally got used to the men who fucked us only the new kids complaining as for us older ones by now

it's all the same whose cock it is inside us so long as it's not some square peg in our round holes finally no more of those obscene straight-backed chairs for us except that one we mention in our private game now and again in the dining hall during meals somebody would suddenly sit up straight give a loud sigh as if some big hose was being shoved up his ass Fill 'er up attendant with high-test! that's how one of us would let the others know when he'd been fucked up the ass by some client it's our special code but actually clients very seldom fuck us they don't have enough patience to wait that long shooting off as soon as that thing of theirs reaches the fissure we tighten our cheeks purposely so that the friction will cause them to come straight off without any silly fooling around in there first and as for those few old buggers who shove it all the way in with one thrust we shy away from them as much as possible they don't have the right to be so brutal with us especially since we can turn their brutality to our own advantage later they complain of course that somebody's taught us clever cheating tricks but she answers sternly They go at it quite well with each other monsieur when they're alone I'd say they're pretending with you perhaps if your own manners were a trifle more meticulous monsieur

most definitely pretending even blow jobs among ourselves we take the cocks full into our mouths no matter how salty but with the clients we insert only the head and sometimes not even all of that until they promise I won't come in your mouth I'll warn you first only of course when the juice starts to fill their rods they naturally forget but as soon as we can feel it's about ready to explode we take off and they shoot up into the air it's all spoiled for them serves them right

about a dozen beds in the attic some of them big boys others not so

still they paid up and returned for more of the

same they must be really batshit and always bringing presents with them as well maybe they don't have any kids of their own they buy us clothes very expensive fancy duds that we always have to exchange never the right size they imagine us always as either too big or too small

it's here where we sack out none of the beds are alike ours is an iron cage those men who are almost nice the younger ones we don't see very often for they must be less rich pity too since we have more fun with them can really get them all fucked up so they don't know their asses from their elbows while with the old bastards they're much too clever know all our tricks you really have to watch out for your own ass all the time you're with those old guys I tell the little kid how one afternoon here costs one thousand dollars yeah that's right they always pay in dollars he's so fucking dumb he believes it he believes no matter what snow job I hand him snow job hand job blow job no matter what I tell him as for the real price I don't know it must surely be a lot all the same considering everything all the expenses running this elegant shithole all those swell meals these fancy duds to make us look like sexy dudes even if we don't have flunkies in livery and powdered wigs to tuck us in nights or lick our cocks clean or act as human hot-water bottles on chilly eves If the nice gentleman would like to swallow one spoonful for his master one for his dame and one for this little boy who lives down the lane If the nice man kind sir would like for me to polish his organ you see one always says organ in high society I explained all those niceties of expression to that dumb little kid

look it's him

the one I think the worst one of them all and the egg cracks open insides running out formless I'm stretched out there I sleep quite peacefully yet always vigilant they are suddenly all on top of me faith illuminates saturates me because my desires fly



so low to the ground crawl like moles their burrows like barrows crisscrossing fields cow patties I took their tumulus for cow shit the one mound I thought a simple passageway turned out to be a dead end it's another who imagined it as I in turn believed it to be another than that one in which the other one believed but I myself might be sometimes that other from the moment some little cretin utters breathes to me that which no longer comes out of my own throat and doubtlessly never has

the attic is very long all paneled in exotic wood brought here from some tropical island

the kid under the sheet we knew each other without quite being asshole buddies he yanks the sheet up over his head covers himself completely making weird mooing sounds and the white sheet heaves and distends like a tempestuous sea he's playing at being a ghost attacks me races after me and a long wavering boooooooooooooooooooooo! crosses the dormitory all the way to the door

I locked myself in one of the showers he stands outside Knock knock singing it not saying it two notes the last higher than the first and then he repeats it those two notes but more like a hen Cluck cluck? clack clack? click click? clop clop? cock cock? Stop stop I answer finally so he comes at me with all the animal sounds he knows and after each one asking me Now what was that? A pig No a ham and this one? A horse No a carriage and this one? A goldfish No that's my ass sucking wind

a real outbreak barrage of farts but coming from his mouth I can tell oral raspberries from real farts they don't smell and besides there's no real sound of wind in them I feel quite well now and I can hear a lovely voice somewhere saying Good morning

click clack clock come out of there huh

only if you take ten giant steps first but backward into the hall no twenty giant steps and after you do tell me you're ready

you swear you'll come out if I do?

I promise                    all the same he's a bit bigger  
than me or he'll be me he doesn't need me it's all over  
nineteen                    twenty                    okay come on  
out

no you're still standing right there behind the door  
I can hear you! they're always more sneaky than me  
and nobody more so than him caught in a trap in the  
bedsheets they climb up all over me a huge pile of  
bodies growing higher and higher I'm scared of being  
smothered by them they twist the sheet like a sausage  
casing all around me and I roll off the bed onto the  
wooden floor but they pick me up again and toss me  
onto another bed I turn and turn turning rolling trying  
to break loose from that winding sheet sure to be my  
shroud I started to cry I want to lie down but they've  
gone and short-sheeted my bed as well

his feet come smack up against a blind alley no  
exit here he senses a sudden chill his knees and but-  
tocks so icy he gets out of bed unmaking it completely  
I try to straighten the coverlet

twenty or so beds each with a bulky white  
pillow

not one single guy here who would comfort  
me                    wood of rich red mahogany each bed set  
within a rosewood partition separating it from all the  
others and upon his night table the crown belonging to  
one of the ogre's seven daughters put it on quick so  
when the ogre wakes up in the night to cut off the  
heads of the seven boys he'll think I'm one of his  
daughters and spare me

he's so scared of everything tell him a fairy tale  
and he's sure it'll all soon happen to him it's so easy  
to invent things he's so afraid somebody'll take off all  
his clothes so of course we grab hold of both his arms  
both his legs and tattoo an Eiffel tower with india ink  
on his cock and a huge witch's head covering both  
cheeks of his ass we say Hi there fart face! to the

witch give it a clout there where the vertical slit grins  
shoving a pipe inside screwing it up into the hole

here's some mustard and there's my sneakers now  
tell you what I'm gonna do I'm tying the shoestrings  
together and then I'm gonna hang them down one on  
each side of your prick and if they fall off because  
your cock's not hard enough to keep them balanced  
well then I'll shove this whole jar of mustard up your  
ass so if I were you kid I'd get a hard-on real  
quick a perfect way wasn't it to get him to whack  
off in front of all of us but he shook his head

stubbornly lots of spirit in that cute little kid I'll admit  
okay guys hand over the mustard we  
knocked him down turned him over on his belly  
spread his legs wide asshole winking in fright and  
that's when he finally makes up his mind so we let  
him loose

I'm going into the shower when it's hard I'll come  
back here okay?

no it's not okay you'll only lock yourself in there  
so stay right here whack off here right now or it's  
the mustard bit for you come on start jerking  
jerk! he goes at it with two fingers touching that  
little prickie-poo of his so gingerly it never gets very  
hard

just to prove I'm not such a bad guy er who would  
like to suck on it a bit to help out this poor  
kid? nobody answers

aw come on gang then you want me to hang my  
sneakers from it already?

no not yet wait huh he now begins  
whacking off quite seriously tiny fist moving up and  
down pumping upon that tiny column it starts getting  
really hard but the other kids Hey did you see that  
trunk of his more like a twig than a trunk wouldn't  
you say? Hey notice how he holds it Hey he doesn't  
even know how to skin the head back yet Hey look at  
his face look Hey the way he's squinting you'd think

he was having a hard time shitting or something Hey  
take a gander at those tiny balls of his will you

oh you're all disgusting how can I do it with you  
all making comments all the time you're doing it all on  
purpose

doing what on purpose? can't a guy talk with his  
buddies? hey you guys we're not supposed to talk  
when this one starts playing with himself! hey you  
little asshole look at me I'm getting hard while I'm  
talking and it doesn't seem to bother me

it's not the same

well we can't stand around here waiting all night  
for you he hesitated a moment then went  
back to his labors it's truly quite hard by now

okay that's enough cranking the cream separator  
bring your ass over here buddy I had already  
tied the strings of both my sneakers together now I  
dangling them over his rod it was already wilting a bit  
from the weight

hurry it up and balance them I'm getting all soft  
again in a panic now he started banging at  
his banjo once more but this time too roughly so  
roughly in fact that in less than thirty seconds he was  
giving out with a little sigh shivering all over and his  
hand all at once let go Oh shit that's it

that's it what?

it's all over I can't do it anymore

what? you mean you shot?

yes

but I can't see anything not even a trickle

I'm not big enough yet for that

oh well you stupid silly cunt so much the worse  
for you then hey one of you guys fork over the mus-  
tard jar huh but we're not really as mean as  
we might look I spread the stuff only at the crack of  
his cheeks none inside the hole Now remember you're  
not allowed to wash it off so put your briefs back on  
huh and you have to sleep with it packed in

there his balls are already burning as soon as he starts whimpering trying to hold back his tears we don't tease him anymore he gets up to go and wash himself off and none of us objects you'd think looking at him he'd shit his britches all yellow in there quite lumpy too

the worst is when they laugh and I laugh too and then they say Oh look at him he's laughing who gave you permission to laugh? and then they slap my cheeks my face in the dorm in the dining hall in the toilets in the garden everywhere and one evening sick of it I don't return I run off into the woods finally come out upon a big highway somebody finds me I'm put in a prison somewhere or else somebody picks me up

to disappear truly disappear they brought me here in a truck one of the guys likes me a lot and defends me I'm a cute kid and quite proud and as strong as any of those others they choose as their scapegoat a tiny frightened kid I tease him too invent new methods of torture clever dirty things I explain them to all the others who applaud telling me how brilliant I am and as soon as I'm twelve I'll be one of their leaders I did have one final moment of panic though when the director came in with two boys who've been entrusted with protecting me because I'm a newcomer they're quite shy ask me to go into the toilets with them to see if mine is as long as theirs

the big one is named Simon Claude Robert those are fine-sounding names back in the village they have names like Anselm Mathurin Ernest Désiré Nanard Innocent Gustave Anatole Firmin Gaston or Lulu ugh and I'm called Claude Bob Simon

she explains to me that I'll get used to it once I do it and that boy over there will be the one who and I don't repeat what she says to him but he knew it already we all do it to ourselves among ourselves except he gets very pissed off with me if I laugh during

and I can't help laughing because sometimes it tickles me so much

at last engulfed waves crashing over me I feel their force their wet weight their obstinacy I trust in them as in the stones which cover me or more swollen than a belly parturient with a sphere of multiple births each my own the translucid form of this oblivion I forget nothing I am here them only them now I probe his pubis finding his hairs rough gritty to the touch he thrashes against my belly with clumsy movements he's in a great hurry for me to flip over onto my belly he's about to utter the one word that excites him most



those from the village at-  
tacked last night and several trees ended up  
burned the intruders drew skulls and crossbones  
everywhere with black paint or tar they also wrote  
filthy words on all our walls

if night falls upon the cluster of oak trees gusts of  
cold air pass rapidly through the thick leaves and the  
boy who's lost so much blood remains lashed to a tree  
trunk naked he has fainted under the icy winds of  
evening

light shining behind refectory windows diamond  
panes leaded stained as in a church echoes



of laughter announce the evening meal we ate at seven-thirty the boys coming back from the swimming pool down by the river around seven flicking at each other's asses towels still spongy with water they had already put back on some of their clothes and given maybe a couple of quick strokes of a comb through their moist hair widely spaced teeth tracing parallel wakes in that sea of too short curls whitecaps black-caps blondcaps growing static standing up straight the more the wind dried them intractable once again they returned to the chateau by a path that coursed through underbrush in places corduroyed logs spanning the marshy ground ascending the steep slope separating the great meadow from the farthest reaches of their private park they march in groups of three or four bullshitting about what they've done and a few among them dart from one group to another snapping towels faces forms hands legs which the river has turned icy all possess now a somber pallor lam-bency of twilight reflected in monochrome grisaille upon features softened by fatigue and hunger giving to voices a special hollow sound the boys finally arrive at the terrace of box trees directly behind the chateau looking down over already dark forests open meadows and the black twisting thread of river its free flow obstructed in one place by a rectangle lost in shadow the swimming pool not far from which three gesticulating dots furnish the only color or relief from the encroaching night those three dots suddenly crossing the huge open meadow then disappearing children's voices reassembling falling in one by one each voice losing its distinctiveness as it becomes part of a general murmur within the ancient edifice its scarred stone façade that looks down upon the valley studded with high towers crenels tall windows like slits each separated by heavy mullions of stone

it is five past six when Claude finally manages to get over to the swimming pool he's the last one in the

water and in a bad mood so much so the littlest kids don't dare splash him Claude treads water idly without any enjoyment finally gets out gets dressed pushing away Yann who tried to show him something he trudges off through the spongy grass leaps over a tiny brook set off on each side by a clump of rushes he's reached the playing field but does not even deign to pick up the football that comes crashing up against his shins he does not acknowledge any of the shouts but pushes forward head down body swallowed up in shadow beneath the oaks stumbling along a footpath more often than not hidden from view by thick underbrush he scales an abrupt slope and approaches the dark deep wood where it is nearly night already suddenly hearing a rustle of leaves behind him spins around Yann standing there

I don't want you here so fuck off you want to know something you bore the piss out of me you and all those other assholes out there why do you come hightailing it after my ass all the time?

Yann stands now no more than two steps away he stares into Claude's eyes arms dangling down loosely head held very erect

well? are you deaf or something asshole?  
I said fuck off

let me come with you are you going over to the cabin?

yeah I'm going there but you're not  
was he here this afternoon? Yann asks

Claude doesn't answer

what did he do to you? Claude begins  
his march once more the other child following him lagging ten or so feet behind but always on tiptoe as if he respected a sick friend's need for quiet they reach the esplanade of oak trees after which begins the true forest very soon they should be able to make out Serge still tied to his tree head and feet they'll set him free

sex scraped red with abrasions they examine each laceration carefully and with one spit-moistened forefinger Yann dabs away the dried blood his foreskin so slashed pains Serge they carry the poor child still naked back up to the chateau a difficult trip but the two of them manage it somebody there will put alcohol some soothing salve upon it covering it completely with a bandage they will certainly also sponge away all that blood that has trickled down from the anus down between his legs all the way to his ankles red stripes Yann who's the same size as Serge lends him some of his clothes Claude should avenge the child but he doesn't give a fuck Yann realizes they're all his whores nothing more little snotnosed brats who suck his juice and offer him their spread cheeks some of these somewhat shitty others quite spanking clean Claude staring at Serge coldly It's your own fault you shouldn't have come into our private park so now I won't be able to see you anymore and Yann standing there silently observes all this the little fiancée suddenly spurned so calmly so irrevocably Yann feels something in his own chest grow tight Serge for his part appears still too stunned to understand it all he keeps repeating But I've got to get back home and he remains seated on that little white infirmary stool without even buttoning up his trousers

Yann goes down to the dining hall he grabs a whole bar of baking chocolate then offers it to all the guys sitting around one of the tables they crunch on the bitter black squares while awaiting the first course soup followed by cold cuts they drink water and beer or wine but wine diluted each of them having his own two carafes one for water the other for wine or beer on each side of his plate Yann attacks his soup wriggling his buttocks all the while leaning over to the right to the left to joke with his neighbors hair still wet and plastered down like a helmet over his skull tiny feet swinging beneath his wooden bench happiness of hun-

ger satisfied of friendly conversation the best time of day for him now that Claude

what kind of piss is this?

beyond the casement panes blue gray sky fades and a night without stars comes to glue itself upon the stained glass the animation of the boys in the huge hall grows conversations become more hectic the clatter of plates and cutlery more deafening the ceiling lights seem to burn and glitter like torches in some medieval hall the cabin at the edge of the forest empty now the little kid curled in one of its corners all hunched up to better admire that low-ceilinged room with its various partitions of tree branches marking out in his mind all that space including his own corner as if he were not there himself earth floor swept clean facing him and he grew more and more excited exalted even imagining how to divide that cabin further more partitions to delineate an entry hall and maybe a bedroom perhaps a curtained door a tree stump and two rush mats for furniture in that entry hall and in that other room he will construct a bed he'll explain to Dedette what he needs she'll understand he's sure of it she even has a stuffed kapok pillow and a big piece of plastic hardly torn he can stretch it up over the roof to make the place more watertight he steals two candles before setting out plus two drinking glasses a flask a box of matches a teaspoon he also hunts around for a mirror an ashtray a cow bell he remembers suddenly there was one where yes there in that tiny alcove under the roof of the abandoned garage yes there where they kept all their nails and twine for tying up prisoners

sun on sweaty naked torsos thick green foliage of high summer and the cabin is almost finished Claude helps the child since it's to be for both of them Yann's calves and chubby ass cheeks protrude from the doorway he's on all fours facing the farthest wall he's digging a deep hole their cellar will have the dimensions of a huge cookie tin which already sits outside

waiting to be lowered into place blue metal ornamented with yellow volutes they'll put inside it all their stolen goods spending what money they have only to buy comic books adventure stories they can peruse together while stretched out on their stomachs on the rush mats all the while munching on anchovies licorice twists fingers rummaging stickily within cans of pork and beans

after cold cuts come fillets of sole huge hunk of butter swimming on top of each fillet and those guys who turn up their noses at Friday fish day can always have instead a hamburger with a fried egg riding it Yann eats a bit of both he doesn't like fish much but loves the lemony butter and those little round potatoes so golden surrounding it on the platter as for the sprigs of parsley he scrapes them all off with the edge of his knife his water carafe is already empty thirsty as a sponge although he hasn't even touched his wine he walks into the kitchen to refill it clear cold water that comes from an underground cistern fed by a deep well on the chateau grounds Yann asks if he can't have a second hamburger plus some more of those little potatoes from the fish dish Holy Mother of God! shouts the peasant woman who helps out with the cooking this child must have a tapeworm! take some bread child too much meat without bread is bad for the stomach! But I've already eaten some Yann protests he is neither skeleton thin nor fat his body is quite well formed for his age slender graceful except for a slight chubbiness about the buttocks a truly exceptional ten-year-old boy when it comes to perfection of bodily form he sets down his carafe its outside misty with moisture that makes his fingers tingle he nibbles at a piece of cold sole while waiting for his second hamburger he takes what's still left of the baking chocolate out of his pocket tears off half a row of squares in one gulp also coming upon an old butter cookie he'd forgotten hidden deep within that same trouser pocket he chews

it along with the chocolate the whole becoming a brownish goo that sticks to his palate turning his breath sour

the two women spent their entire morning washing scraping off those filthy slogans the village hoodlums had scrawled upon the walls of the chateau Simon calls for a special military council to organize a punitive expedition they spend over an hour inditing a highly literary challenge on fine writing paper the envelope bearing a false coat of arms drawn in bright colors then sealed with red wax imprinted with a ring found earlier in a box of crackerjacks Gerard will be their messenger he is to go into the village and hand the challenge to René which he does with a grave air René squints has difficulty reading the challenge then he declares also gravely Tonight then at nine we'll be there the battle to take place along the river beyond the abandoned manor or villa Simon and René both spend the afternoon calculating their military strength equipping their men

the salad bowl is supposed to serve six but Yann eats almost all of it up himself stuffing huge leaves into his mouth pale green swelling out the corners of his lips glistening with yellow drops of salad oil he sucks crumples tears at them with his teeth and they finally slide down his gullet the other guys all calling him pig automatic garbage disposal unit slob and suddenly a lettuce heart too tart and vinegary causes the child to cough he imagined a second floor a mezzanine above the bedroom you could climb up there using a miniature ladder and there'd be a second bed there plus another hiding place he'd have to invent something of course to stash up there first

he didn't take part in the fray the bigger guys decided it wiser to be less in number employing only the strongest the smaller kids are always captured too quickly not worth the bother of saddling yourself with them the older guys claim Yann hasn't yet reached the

age of being considered one of them they're quite certain of winning tonight they always have before

using the chateau itself we could really make a true siege of it this time says Bob

you're batshit it's those on the outside who make a siege says Claude we're the besieged since we're on the inside

we're not forced to be we could go outside too

but the walls were not solid enough to support the mezzanine Claude hewed four thick branches that were fairly straight to serve as supports setting them up the four corners of a rectangle all he had to do now was nail a frame on top and there it was a new floor three feet above the ground but there weren't any planks to cover it so Yann stretched a sheet across making a hammock white cream cheese powdered sugar sprinkled on top they devour mountains of it milky gooey clots rolling it into pellets upon their tongues mouths full to frothing and they project these little white globules one at a time down their gullets by sucking in rapidly creating a vacuum Yann sets his spoon down he licks the foam around his lips attacks greedily yet another white mountain shimmering on his plate

the older guys have finished all of the wine Gerard brings out a carafe of dark blood-red liquid he winks This is the real stuff guys undiluted reserved only for the real men among us

Claude remains sulking Yann's antics tonight irritate him more and more he'd love to punch him right in that foaming mad-dog mouth of his but there are certain rules which have to be obeyed it is for example forbidden to use knives to break bones to employ hammers against skulls only hammer handles are allowed after all the parents of those tacky peasant dipshits mustn't ever be able to file a complaint with the fuzz Aim for their cocks Simon advises they won't dare go and bitch about that

the coffee éclairs are not stuffed full enough with pastry cream for

Yann's liking he eats only one then hurls himself upon a plate of floating islands it's not the meringue land masses he likes it's the custard seas he lets several glassfuls of that lovely creamy vanilla-flavored liquid trickle down

you've a belly as big as Dedette's

I don't have any belly at all                      Yann yanks  
his jersey all the way up to his tiny titties the others  
stare snickering

you're sucking it in now that's why

I'm not sucking it in                      he taps upon it to  
prove his statement and the dry dull thud no echo at  
all tells him at least how well he's dined tonight

maybe so but your ass is still too fat

it is not                      and what's more you've never  
even seen my ass

hey wait you guys he's going to pull down his  
pants for us

see                      so there! says Yann with a very  
superior air                      but the warriors have already  
turned back to their preparations in the dorm Simon  
expounds strategy they'll leave around eight-thirty  
since the enemy is sure to wait in ambush behind the  
trees along the riverbank and that way Simon and his  
brave band can surprise them before they're really  
entrenched they'll take them all prisoners incarcerate  
them in that ruined manor Yann would love to stand  
guard over them

no you're not twelve yet you can't come

I'm as tall as you are I bet I'd win too if the both  
of us fought a duel

can the shit huh                      Yann who had been  
talking up to now mainly in order to make the younger  
kids laugh suddenly shuts his trap while Captain  
Simon once more sets forth his battle plan

the floor collapses as soon as Yann climbs up  
there ripping the sheet in two bringing it down with  
him and most of the frame as well nothing to do but



start all over again so they steal some planks from the sawmill the space between the mezzanine and the cabin roof now at least twenty inches indeed more like two feet a cozy little nook you can slide your whole body lengthwise into

but you can't fuck somebody up the ass there Claude complains you'd crack your head if you even tried

yes you can if you lie down on your side

I don't get it

watch lie down exactly like I am only right in front of me huh Yann draws both knees up against his belly on the rush mat of the entry hall but Claude won't have anything to do with it so Yann has to content himself with sketching in the air the form of another body directly in front of him pushing his groin into it knees spreading wide finally bushed from his exertions he stands up and looks at Claude questioningly Shit what a lousy way to do it says Claude I like it better you on your belly and me on top

the dormitory where a dozen of the smallest children wait seems quite empty after the departure of the warriors Yann is already so bored he suggests they all go down into the garden where they can at least play games

he keeps multiplying the number of shelves partitions secret niches he constructs another safe in a little closet by the door hollows out an oeil-de-boeuf window that can be stuffed shut with a handkerchief working feverishly at it nonstop until he has also completed a square apse to prolong his bedroom its back wall to contain a hole set at ground level What's that for? Claude sneers nobody can fit through there unless he's curled up into a ball It's not for me it's for my dog answers Yann he plays at being a frisky puppy sometimes when he thinks Claude needs a good laugh like maybe now

a tower might be nice too  
you mean a mirador that's what an observation  
platform's called in these particular cases says Claude  
happy in his one-upmanship

yeah I guess so a mirador

but that's not so easy to do wait I'll fetch one of  
the other guys            the tower was as tall as the  
two boys and half again as high you could stand inside  
it looking out over the top and pirate Yann signaled to  
the treasure-laden galleons that drifted in the green  
ground swell of trees upon the far horizon

the moon has risen lights from within the open  
casement windows illuminating the rolling lawns with  
their clumps of bridal wreath and spiny spanish broom  
Yann remembers Serge and their secret meetings down  
by the laundry shed Serge's and Claude's he's no  
longer so in love with Claude now that Serge has been  
abandoned also holding up his cards Have you a  
Mother Chemist? asking the little kid François seated  
on the grass alongside him No I don't go fish! Fish up  
his ass says Bob they are all playing the seven families  
game with that special deck of cards besides François  
and Bob there's also Denis the kid that sucks off Simon  
every morning in the showers kneeling on the tiled  
floor while Simon who's so much taller rubs soapsuds  
into his hair François now asks Denis Do you have  
Father Sour Pickle? Simon is the one with the sour  
pickle isn't that right Denis? says Bob winking but  
Denis blushing hands over to François the card he has  
asked for and François continues Have you Mother  
Sour Pickle? Uh uh answers Denis no more sour  
pickles go fish! Hey wait a minute you guys interrupts  
Yann when a person has to go fish he also has to take  
off a piece of his clothes remember?            the night  
is warm no breeze at all Yann asks Have you a Mother  
Chemist? but this time to Denis who answers No go  
fish! Yann must therefore take off his second shoe  
having lost the first to François earlier

how about Daughter Corkscrew?  
go screw your own cork I don't have her so fish!  
take off your pants then  
but then if you don't have her nobody does hey  
somebody's cheating!

I don't care about that take off your pants  
gee whiz murmurs François who obeys Yann who  
has already taken off his own shirt nude torso eyes  
staring at the little boy hoping he has noticed how he's  
already got a hard-on Yann tickles his little neighbor  
who looks so cuddly in nothing but his briefs Oh boy  
am I hot Frankie fork over the Son Asshole  
at the other end of the lawn some of the other kids  
who had refused to join in the game are playing pussy  
in the corner

what? it's not your turn to play it's still mine I  
want Grandpa Pigface

I don't have him so go fish come on take off your  
sweater oh look he's cheating he's wearing two  
sweaters!

oh you guys are all too much for me shouts little  
François you're not playing fair tossing all his cards  
into the air besides all I've got left is the whole family  
Cocksuckers so I'm putting my pants back on

show us first

he took the handkerchief from the oval bull's-eye  
window replacing it with a real pane of glass that  
didn't quite fit since it was square hanging then the  
cow bell outside the front door and after that tracing  
both their names on a piece of bark painting all the  
letters white YANN & CLAUDE mounds of  
leaves covering the ground and he cleared a pathway  
purposely zigzagged like one leading up to a mushroom  
house he's seen in some cartoon movie the path meas-  
uring eighteen giant steps that he marks out at least  
fifty times entering and exiting from his mansion in  
and out in and out but when Claude was around Yann  
was always careful never to play at being lord of the

manor only the chatelain's kid brother say or the admiral's fawning young aide

he dug a canal skirting the entire length of his zig-zag path taking several days to complete it going down to the swimming pool with a big pail to bring back water to feed it but no matter how much he brought the earth soaked it all up in two or three hours just enough time to make a sea voyage from one end to the other if the boat's motor worked without too much breaking down

he dredged out a ship basin which would serve as home port fitting it out constructing depots and warehouses from old shoe boxes there were cranes too off old erector sets and a railroad station whose signal lights really lit up by batteries there was also a locomotive with boxcars a plastic ranch house racing cars tin soldiers horsemen even a flying saucer all the other kids brought their favorite toys to set them down around the boat basin no longer spending as much time playing in the private park or by the river they were far more fascinated by this tiny little snake of muddy water frothy with whitecaps the color of cafe au lait

the players of pussy in the corner are all bored Let's have a wheelbarrow race instead huh

but we haven't finished seven families nobody's lost all his clothes yet

oh shit who cares? says Bob how about a three-legged race?

yeah that sounds nifty

we have to form teams of two huh François? asks Yann who is still obsessed with the thought of having a little kid all his own the kids are forming couples and attaching legs together with belts handkerchiefs twisted shirts

the first two guys to arrive here where the marking is wins Bob points to the archway of green trellis standing like a giant croquet hoop marking the en-

trance to the rose garden and the racers set off they  
stumble twist tumble list in the deep blue shadows  
here where the light from the chateau windows cannot  
reach before arriving at the archway they must all  
cross a path of fine gravel three-legged monsters skin-  
ning knees scratching shins twisting ankles

aw let's stop this shit either let's play blindman's  
buff or else go back inside I'm bleeding already

yes blindman's buff

no another race

are you kidding? if you have another of these  
races I'm going back inside

who won?

but I'm not sleepy yet

well I am asshole

it's getting too dark out here I'm sca aw  
let's go back in you guys

inside at least we could play traveling through  
China

yes yes that's fun let's

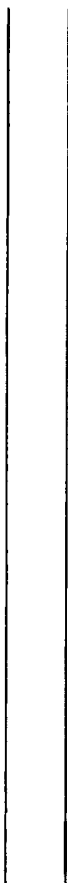
no we can't because we all of us know it you need  
somebody new

how about François? hey Frankie have you ever  
played traveling through China?

I don't know what's it like?

see? perfect then everybody  
back inside

conquered taken prisoner the village boys had  
been made to walk in a single file prodded along by  
their victors all the way down to where the ash and  
sorb apple saplings arched over the riverbank not far  
from the bridge and there they were all forced to  
undress and next morning the peasants who come  
down to the river at dawn to fish in the rain are  
shocked to find this forest of crucified Christs clothed  
in nothing but muddy socks



Gerard walks across the dorm with a pen and a ruler measuring cocks he writes down everybody's first name followed by his cock size the boys are to be classed according to age in an ascending scale they all work very hard at getting their pricks hard before Gerard comes around everybody already knows the smallest and the longest but as for the others they don't have any exact specifications since that's very difficult to arrive at for if you shove the ruler underneath right smack up against the balls that can add almost another half-inch while if you try measuring it along the side to its tip you sometimes can hardly

see where the ruler ends if somebody suddenly sucks in his stomach Gerard squints very serious now pressing the transparent ruler down upon the glans the guy being measured leans forward trying to verify the size Gerard has just called out quibbling over a sixteenth of an inch Gerard is also measuring thicknesses especially when there's a real argument over the length they're both still arguing finally asking an impartial observer to put his own hand down there but of course nobody here's all that impartial

it's not fair my balls are the fattest and that should mean

so what? your prick still isn't all that big

how about me? maybe mine's not so long as his but I can shoot more juice and higher into the air too I can get harder than he can

I don't have any skin on top of the head to cover it so that's why it measures smaller

I'm just as big as you are down there and yet you're lots taller than me so actually proportionally speaking mine is bigger

it's not fair to take my measurements now I've just gotten over being sick Gerard smiles noncommittally tries to be strictly fair by letting his own be measured by some other guy he recopies his list putting them now in descending order of length with a thick red marking pencil and then tacks the results up on one of the dormitory walls

they don't explain what kept them out until one in the morning yet they claim to have won the battle in less than no time so what could they have been doing waking the littlest kids as soon as they march in but two or three fall back asleep almost immediately victory celebration everybody brings forth hidden treasure candies cold cuts cheeses chocolates even a bottle of muscatel that the older guys pass around among themselves while they smoke cigarettes

how many of those shit-ass town kids did you manage to catch?

almost all of them yeah even René I got him almost right off the bat I'll admit he's not like most of those others he really knows how to put up a good fight but it turned out I'm stronger and Bernard too we got him right after René and after that it was coasting all the way their army more or less just fell apart we chucked their bikes into the drink you can go and see for yourselves tomorrow those dipshits should be lots easier to handle from now on I doubt if they'll ever dare show their mugs around here anymore

but what did you do to them afterward?

oh well if anybody asks about that remember you guys know nothing okay?

Yann is eyeballing some of the littler kids We won't be able to have enough fun cooped up here in this dreary dorm don't you think we ought to go down to the big drawing room huh?

but it's forbidden and it being night and all that what if they hear us?

we can be careful                      they reach the second floor by way of the spiral staircase cochlea that uncoils down the octagonal tower its walls covered with cream-colored wallpaper very old whose design imitates hewn stone with crooked white lines to represent mortar they travel on tiptoe and very carefully push open the grand doors the great salon is hardly half-furnished étagères credenzas upon which squat various bibelots objets d'art these are their China

try not to doze off huh because we're going to have an orgy later                      his words caused a brawl almost immediately                      now wait a minute we'll count eeny meeny miney moe to see who plays the hot chick tonight catch an asshole by the toe Yann you'll be our cunt for tonight

why me for chrissakes?



why not you? my finger stopped at you when I said toe didn't it? go on and get dressed we want a real slick chick to fuck you know where all the fancy duds are hidden

I don't want to

it's not a request it's an order asshole

no you can't force me Claude here'll defend me

oh shit

Claude shrugs and says it's got to be somebody Yann and you've done it so many times before anyway you do it better than any of the others Yann looks at him suddenly very surprised eyes wrathful and wary he mutters Coward

hurry it up honey says Simon I'm getting cramps already from trying to hold all my juice back

François strolls over to the farthest end of the great salon and crosses both arms waiting while the littlest kids gather up the bric-a-brac before scattering them all over the darkly shining parquetry these are to be the obstacles dotting China's countryside explains Yann We'll blindfold you and then you have to cross the room without bumping into any of them so you'd better study right now where all the shit is located you're allowed to make one trial journey without a blindfold all the while François has been drilling his right forefinger into his right temple behind Yann's back to indicate how batshit he thinks the guy is but just the same he decides to make a test run moving slowly among porcelain vases blown-glass decanters cut-crystal sugar bowls silver candelabra lamps flagons dresden figurines he finally turns around not so sure of himself anymore I won't remember any of it he says quietly I'm going to smash into everything

oh well says Yann we'll give you hints we'll say hot if you're coming too close to something and cold if you're doing all right and you can take as much time as you like now go back to where you started from hey who has I need a blindfold hey Mimi pass him yours

huh            Dominic unknots his boy scout tie and  
hands it to little François

I'm bored shitless up here in the dorm what say  
we go downstairs? says Claude

yeah but where?

in one of those little drawing rooms where the  
clients you know I'd like to fuck down there in front  
of a fire and all

wait says Simon how many of us are there here?

I don't get you

well there's that old bastard the boss and then the  
boss's bitch and Marco Dedette too of course but she's  
senile none of the rest sleep here in the chateau wait  
careful whispers Simon who makes a signal that some-  
body is coming well tonight we killed at least twenty  
of our enemies outside

thirty

yeah took twenty prisoners then I'd say two guys  
and one old broad would be easy enough to handle  
considering

you're out of your fucking skull first of all he's  
got a big gun a rifle

we could pinch it from him

but so what if we did? and if we win then what?

we'll have to think about that we can still stay  
here they certainly won't go and tell anyone outside  
considering they might all end up in the jug themselves  
if we told what we know about them to the fuzz yeah  
if we play our cards right we can end up owning  
ordering them

it won't work there won't be any more dough com-  
ing in if we don't work for them anymore

you call that work I call it shit it's disgusting and  
besides there's a pile of junk here machines of all kinds  
we could maybe sell

don't touch the blindfold now turn around and  
face the wall and start counting to a hundred

why do I have to do that?

it's one of the rules of the game stupid

while François begins counting they silently gather up all of the objects until the parquet floor is entirely bare François calls out Sixty-one sixty-two the boys all huddling in one corner trying not to giggle aloud

slowly Simon opens the bedroom door the director was snoring Simon sent Claude inside to grab the rifle which was lying across a chair not far from the bed Claude heart beating so loudly he was afraid it might wake the director accomplished his mission the others hiding behind the door watched the old bastard's chest moving up and down in the darkness suddenly a loud crash Claude crawling backward had bumped his ass up against a chest of drawers but the old guy kept on sawing wood and Claude finally exited gun in hand good going now it's my turn

Simon strode into the room noisily reached for the light switch sudden glare like daylight Get up you old fuckhead move that fat ass of yours out of that bed! grabbing him by one of his jowls I said get a move on asshole! pointing the rifle barrel into the man's flabby chest Hurry it up will you? and now all you guys follow me we're going down into the cellar and as for you fuckhead keep your hole closed or I'll be scraping your brain tissue off the ceiling! Simon more and more excited by his own words keeps prodding his rifle into the man's crotch scraping it up and down for good measure inside the fly of the old geezer's pajamas he yelps and whines tripping over himself trying to avoid that probing cold point Faggot cocksucker now it's your turn to eat shit we haven't even begun with you yet stupid old queen before we're through with you you'll be shitting green

in the cellar they bound him hand and foot then returned upstairs to fetch his wife Simon loathes the old scum bag most he clumped her once over the head with the rifle butt she caved in immediately they

dragged her by the hair to the top of the cellar stairs then sent her flying

if you dare yell you old cunt I'll aim this thing right up your filthy hole and press the trigger stinking whoring bitch

they tie her alongside her husband with a pair of scissors cutting the old man's pajama strings then slashing her nightdress they affect a highly disgusted manner whenever they have to so much as touch either of them Simon suddenly remembers he's forgotten all about Marco and so they all race up the stairs once more

Marco holes out on the third floor in a filthy little room that always stinks of dried semen and head cheese the walls are covered with photos of young cunts bush shots mostly fat fingers spreading wide hairy pussies other photos of boxers gangsters wrestlers sailors young kids sucking cock sucking cunt sucking assholes big fat cocks spurting milky sperm into waiting mouths vaginas anuses Marco also possesses a panoply of whips and inside the drawer of his night table he lets rot a pile of come-soaked handkerchiefs crumpled paper tissues yellowed with fuck sometimes he brings one of the guys in here to work him over for an entire night he isn't allowed to do such a thing of course but he blackmails the kids threatening to tell the director and his wife about some breach of the rules they did or didn't commit Simon had to spend a night here once Marco fucking him again and again and then making Simon do the same to him until Simon couldn't even shoot water let alone come he's a pathetic guy really his cock not so thick as his middle fuck finger Corsicans are all like that it's a well-known fact says Simon telling the others about it the next morning

we'll take care of you just you wait and see Simon is dreaming and his body stirs beneath the sheets he can hear the soft breathing of his neighbors who are all fast asleep then a sound of naked feet pattering

Still two more who are shag-assing it out of here thinks  
Simon or thinks Claude we could be orphans we could  
be inmates in some horrible asylum somewhere with  
some sly smooth-tongued director and his bitch of a  
wife who gives us nothing to fill up our bellies they  
beat us all the time and then I lead yes an uprising I'm  
a hero yes and one night I say to all my buddies

ninety-eight                      ninety-nine                      one  
hundred

okay hit the road

is it safe going this way?                      François tenta-  
tively sets one foot down timidly

no not there there's a vase there move your foot  
over more to the left                      François yanks his foot  
back then essays a tiny side step And now?

Try to remember more                      cautiously Fran-  
çois moves the side of his right foot along the parquet  
trying to feel if there is any object directly in front of  
him he raises both hands high for balance swaying  
back and forth like a tightrope walker finally setting  
that right foot down again seeing that nothing has  
shattered letting the left one come to stand alongside  
it as well but oh so cautiously

so what do you think of China? asks Yann a lovely  
country wouldn't you say?

oh wow I'm breaking something I can feel it if you  
ask me I think this is a real shit-ass game that's what I  
think of your China! advancing once more but only  
with the right foot stopping abruptly Oh there's some-  
thing here it's the blue decanter isn't it?

you must be having visions there's no decanter  
there

no you're just saying that so I'll step right on top  
of it and break it to bits                      one foot swaying  
moving around in the void

but where has it gone then? I know I just touched  
it

you didn't touch anything he's a real riot isn't he guys?

yes I did you must have pulled it out of the way if you keep shifting all this shit I'll never

Dominic suddenly gets a brainstorm he comes up smoothly alongside the blind boy and puts his own right foot against François' left the two shoes rub then move immediately away from each other

now what was that? sounding very  
alarmed

it's that giraffe figurine remember there  
having been no such objet d'art of course be  
careful now or you'll step right on top of it Yann says  
you wouldn't want to squash such a precious thing to bits now would you? he can hardly get the next sentence out without collapsing in a fit of hysterical laughter You're not in the center of the room anymore move your right leg to the left about eight inches no nine's more like it

what? like this?

no don't back up you idiot! careful there behind you

then I'm already at the corner where the little teacups are?

yeah the teacups but you have to jump over them you can't maneuver between them there's not enough room

but what comes after them? if I jump where will I land huh?

in the cellar they would do what to them in that cellar both that old bastard and his wife stripped of their clothes and they would force Marco to suck them off eat their assholes eat their shit the old guy also has to drop a turd or two into his wife's mouth he can't manage it a few farts is all he's able to bring forth they turn then to the old cunt Piss all over his face pull out the plug and let your reds drown him but she can't piss

either and it's not her time of the month if she still has those things I brought some of Marco's whips along we're all of us standing in a circle the biggest and heftiest among us each with a whip in one hand and how we make them bleed the old bag is told to bite off Marco's dirty little prick with her teeth Marco's the kind of young bruiser you love to hate I'd say to him Your hour of reckoning has come at last and he'd start shaking all over begging me we have all sorts of clever apparatus that cold snooty bitch chains attached to all four of her extremities and then we tighten the winches cranking them while her legs spread farther and farther apart finally cracking open her pussy yawning so wide we're able to shove a spiked club into it each spike having been rubbed earlier with spanish fly to drive the old cunt wild

it's so big China François has already traveled four times around the grand salon unknowingly finally they take off his blindfold he doesn't notice at first how all the bric-a-brac had been carefully set in one long row at the farthest end of the room then when he finally understands what a chump he's been he doesn't make a sound doesn't crack a smile doesn't even complain he's too confused he's about ready to break out bawling

highly satisfied Yann is already dreaming of other tricks to play on François who henceforth will be his favorite little victim darling scapegoat as he himself was theirs when he first arrived here they all straggle back upstairs to the dorm eyes heavy with sleep the big guys are still down by the river battling it out with the town kids

Claude or Simon orders Yann who has returned disguised as a girl to perform a striptease in the form of a belly dance the scene represents the tent of a war lord the barbarian ensconced on a pile of motley pillows smoking aromatic herbs his warriors and his favorites ranged around him and directly before him now stands the captive slave girl with her proud mien

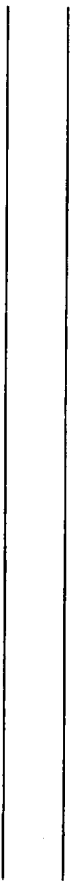
and defiant flashing eyes                      the war lord more  
and more enthralled by the young maiden gets a hard-  
on that stretches his filthy gamy-smelling leather  
breeches to bursting a deathly silence as all stare first  
at that swollen shuddering crotch then at the graceful  
rhythmical movements of that wild young creature who  
dances ever dancing her haughty look not that of an  
innocent child any longer but of a knowing woman the  
war lord suddenly stands and seizes the maiden by  
the wrist dragging her into his dark tent the young girl  
struggles protests but the barbarian laughs cruelly heart  
tight within his chest with a longing greater than mere  
lust blood pounding like drums in his ears rod stretch-  
ing out so rigidly before him that the excruciating pain  
could be that of a horde of ravenous wolves chewing  
upon its shuddering flesh ever hungrier for its life-giving  
juices his desire now a mixture of wrath and seething  
agony and panic as that animal within him stretches  
snarls howls burying its sharp claws so deeply they  
emerge through his flesh taking possession of him com-  
pletely                      a thick black blood burns in his veins  
bubbling his breath reeking and in his eyes a deep but  
dazzling darkness slashed through by ever more rapid  
lightning flashes of primeval bestial hunger hypnotizing  
those of the slave girl Claude hugs Yann fiercely crush-  
ing the young girl to his chest hurting her and his  
tongue savors the delicious taste of blood spicy and  
hot and raw he forces the young maiden to masturbate  
him she executing quite clumsily the long up and down  
movements frail fingers not nearly long enough to  
clamp fully around that immense rod he stuffs his own  
hot fist between the child's legs grabbing with frantic  
fingers the tiny vulva and even tinier anus in that same  
grasp bruising them with those steely claws this young  
virgin whom his violent caresses bewitch flames  
rending her cheeks while the barbarian grabs up a  
fistful of her hair forcing her to her knees shoving her  
face into his smelly crotch she will suck him never



stopping until the gouts of thick white fuck in sharp jolts hemorrhaging will inundate her throat or her eyes then afterward both bodies rolling upon the ground the young girl shivering cunt maddened by those eternally groping fingers at last ecstatically accepting his pain shoving her own body up against that powerful crotch fountain of life both of them by now covered in dirt in sweat sticky with blood their teeth and nails have caused to spurt forth the maiden begging for more and more until satiated the barbarian grunts kicks her roughly out of his tent ignoring her cries and she finally stumbles back to her native village finding it razed to the ground not a soul left and she sits there crying out her shame and her rage and her love beneath the light of a cold moon Yann played his role extremely well everybody agrees he is sporting a revolver Colt 1851 model that Claude promised to give him along with four rolls of caps repeater cylinder you can shoot twenty caps without ever reloading Yann on his bed keeps pulling the trigger making the caps explode while the bigger guys continue playing Huns only now they are preparing to invade the chateau of Douches and already the Duke of Douches is surrendering himself handing over that old douche bag of his wife to the conquerors

the bed to Yann's left is occupied by a blond boy he has gray-green eyes the color of mint he's so handsome as he lies on his belly reading an adventure novel he sets it down when another fellow ambles across the dorm and asks him to make a fist so that he can measure his biceps they're now having a biceps contest the boy reading the adventure story is named Claude he doesn't have the thickest biceps but all the same the arm he bares is beautifully formed

make a fist once more let me see Claude tightens his fingers within his palm bending his arm at the elbow and the other kid gives a whistle remarks Not bad



a tribe it must have been  
years ago huge blunt house so squarely set on high  
ground sallow yellow walls all of them free as birds  
sometimes it's a chateau outside a village sometimes a  
villa overlooking the Atlantic identical asylums they  
are still there they are us and we are a child's  
lovely innocent face he had taught himself to whip  
using both hands alternating them in order for the  
muscles of one not to become disproportionately de-  
veloped muscles beneath the skin rippling skin itself  
so clear and fine made golden by the sun but the but-  
tocks remained more pale they loved such asses they

ate them up both outside and in the children are not  
ass-eaters his ours if

blockhouse on the beach left over from some war  
leaving returning covering once again leaving a  
long white jagged line of froth waves splashing lapping  
and the wet sand turning brown turning black shimmering  
with mineral flecks as soon as each wave ebbs sand  
absorbing that last film of water and growing  
lusterless but bulging upward footprints no longer quite  
clear their edges smudged the water has glazed them  
night now no other sound except this undertow echoing  
through the silence of bedchambers of walls separating  
the slumber of children spreading out rocking peacefully  
above them

a sun too brutal so they decided not to hike all the  
way to the beach preferring the rose garden instead  
rosary of flaming flowers bushes planted all along a rim  
of hill which later turned sharply downward facing  
open meadows wooded groves covering entirely an  
esplanade that served as a terrace the roses themselves  
have long since tumbled down gone to seed

they had no conception how their house was constructed  
if they knew each little corner each hidden recess  
moving through all of its long corridors so easily they  
did so out of an unconscious memory of where their  
footsteps had led them earlier the rooms never quite  
matching merging into each other then coming unstrung  
circling before their eyes cascading past like a  
succession of cars on a train or a series of chinese  
boxes falling to the floor they were as merry as artful  
there as a carload of monkeys loving each other  
mouths fluttering smacking each other's pink cheeks

the sea black and furious the ocean raging upon  
rocks they are frightened on such days taking cover  
beneath the sweet-smelling branches that adorn the  
hill the incline here so very steep a stairway has been  
carved out of the earth dirt packed down and each  
riser reinforced by a wooden plank held in place by

two wooden stakes one at each end upon the heights the ground is thick and grassy but another path has been etched out leading all the way down to the bottom of its other side path packed down here by the bottoms of so many trousers soles of so many sneakers rushing headlong eroding it deeper and deeper curving sides

they climbed back up the earthen stairs reached the plain the far country the hinterlands or rather the heights of the rose garden enclosed on all four sides by balustrades of stone marked here and there by openings where flagstone staircases caving inward collapsing led them down toward facing this quadrilateral tall rose bushes thorny brambles all entangled but they can still make out the fissure though now completely covered over with vegetation roses gone to seed where the land began to slope downward once more then the house and the garden with its broken colonnades and further beyond that the gray strand winding all the way to that wind-driven blue-colored ocean curving out upon the horizon

and to cross the farthest rim of that rose garden as if taking a perilous giant step over the partition of some labyrinth cutting one's path through a hedge of thorny stems and pungent petals until finally the only way is to get down on all fours pushing oneself face downward into this sinister tunnel where insects buzz

they punch him on the mouth knock his head back the wall resounds each time his skull hits it they tie him up they will return here night after night to cut off first a half-inch of skin from his belly using a pair of tailor's scissors one blade of which is jagged at present the muscles directly above his navel are all that are yet exposed in two months they will have reached his pubis in six months his toes in a year they will have stripped bare his entire face as well and when finally he will be completely peeled like bark off a tree his once pink flesh the color and texture of

tanned leather they will open him up oh so carefully not damaging any of the blood vessels nor cutting any of the nerves and they will then bone him as easily as one does a fish that mass of inchoate meat left in a heap upon the cement floor he will not be able to whack off anymore his member all his extremities a kind of rubber as he slowly liquefies oozing himself outward in all directions he will be dreaming dreaming oh light as air as dandelion down

sea spume a cloud passes a child swings his belt like a lasso and hits his target bull's-eye oeil-de-boeuf window and the others hurl themselves down the stairs one atop the other hurl themselves finally on a beach nothing had happened to him to them

walls stained with cries soiled with clouds they are going to look at the sea the beach the rose bushes the fields gathering flowers picking periwinkles there's an electric fence ten feet high skirting the farthest reaches of the private park if they ever climb up over it to let their nostrils get a whiff of that oceanic air they will toast roast crisp contracted bodies burned and hideous fingers still clutching that iron mesh nobody will ever take them down from their crucifixion drying up crackling the rains of summer finally diluting their ashes and stripping bare their innards so blue-green like the sea at least they call it the sea that line of color on the horizon they are quite free to take long walks but under the trees in the woods there are traps concealed to catch wolves smashing the ankle you could remain caught in one of those for three days or more before you're finally brought back and beaten to death

the more unsophisticated make sand pies the cleverer ones erect elaborate chateaux or play house using dolly dinette sets and cooking seaweed dishes on their stoves periwinkle stew quite uneatable There are two bowls for each of you now serve yourselves wait a minute you've taken three hand back one

huh?

you heard me fork it over lightning  
flash coffee éclair or you won't be  
allowed out anymore

he walked back and forth in the shade he didn't give a fuck about not being allowed out any longer he had all these trees and birds inside the park they might be blackbirds the kind you bake four-and-twenty in a pie he's going to take a look at their nest for he knows how to scale up those thick trunks without scratching his shins yes a brown feathered bird female and three tiny eggs she sits brooding over them while a bigger fatter bird all glistening and black strolls back and forth male and female that's the way it is in nature well shit on you nature his fist flashes out the female takes off screaming hissing eggs breaking oozing yellow twigs from the nest scattering in all directions Go chirp your silly chirps somewhere else the child mutters his chestnut hair so shiny and short all uncombed falling down upon his forehead nut-brown eyes cute turned-up nose

the favorites the darlings of the clients had the run of the house all floors their grimy prisoners rounded up from grimy city slums were kept locked in the cellar they sleep upon lice-infested straw too hardhearted even to cry and once a week the handsome young executioner comes downstairs moving among them slowly peering into each dank corner while they meet his smile with dull vacuous stares he suddenly notices a little kid with outrageously protruding ears a mud-stained urchin who had buried himself beneath the straw trying to make a hole within the cold ground the handsome young boy comes closer the silence becomes too heavy he reaches down and takes the kid's arm to pull him to his feet and all at once the child gives out a wild shriek he begs resists pleads all the while being dragged along the floor the torture chamber is just on the other side of this stinking sty and all night long the others hear the groaning of machinery the screams and sobs that never seem to end growing more and more

shrill as each torture succeeds the one previous after a slight interruption each new device more lengthily applied cleverly calibrated until that final apparatus is reached which rips from childish lungs cascades of sound which are screams no more

a whip attached to his belt a coiling thong long enough to reach out five no ten feet when they try to escape their legs are striped like those of zebras only here with gashes of encrusted blood running down from thigh to ankle they said of course it was caused by garden brambles sea urchins sharp rocks hardly even conscious of their nakedness they walk out into the breakers sitting down upon the reefs they get all scratched from the force of waves upon rocks tide hurling little pebbles at them when they return they have mercurochrome put on their cuts their buttocks all covered with red spots like those on the cheeks of clowns they point out the funny faces upon each other's rumps Oh look at him it's Bobo the Clown No that's not nice says the old servant woman it's more like appian apples But what are appian apples? they ask Oh you she answers goodness knows you've had them enough times lady apples some call them red and white and hard and sweet little lady apples that's what his two cheeks look like! he rolled over onto the ground so dazed he doesn't even cry anymore he staggers to his feet he starts to leave begins sobbing he had stolen some food I've forbidden you to cry do you hear? but he cried all the same and received yet another slap across the face and then a third he cried more and more hysterically some beautiful boy took a whip from his belt the other children stood together and watched faces aghast cheeks burning bare-assed back turned outward head resting within his arms against the wall and the whip waltzes and its dry sound hacks through his screams

in the infirmary for eight days they took care of his ass cured it he whacked off nonstop that helped him

forget the pain bed all furrowed curving downward  
in its center like a hammock springs squeaking as he  
went at it wildly they were all a bit ashamed oh not  
about his masturbating but about his poor bleeding ass

he shouldn't have stolen all kids steal it's due to  
their innocence when they grew tired of them they  
were tossed off the height of a cliff they fell revolving  
slowly all the way to the sea with one long cry like the  
cry of a bird of prey and among the waves down there  
so deep and darkly green their bodies so rapidly swal-  
lowed up hardly leave the froth of a trace

they hadn't bodies they looked each other in the  
eyes their little hearts pulsed within tiny white chests  
oh so white they carved them up with knives bones  
bursting blood gushing they rummaged around inside  
those cavities both hands drowned in redness searching  
exploring within all those bodies slashed but still living







a quarter of an hour's walking time to reach the breakwater by way of the rocks above the beach following the path that leads past the old customhouse they went that way because of the donkey rides and the crêpes they rode those asses eating lacy paper-thin pancakes sprinkled all over with sugar oh that was fun

to follow that narrow clayey strand which turning away from the shore rises up in a long line of dunes undulating embankments of tall swaying grasses mixed with black seaweed spiral wrack the storms toss up then spreading out broad and flat once more the sand

dryer cleaner here where a gray cement blockhouse squats painted inscriptions charcoal graffiti covering all of its walls names dates drawn bodies hanging from sinister gallows stiff spindly children match-stick figures frozen forever in their agony like flies in a spider's web a meeting place for kids or lovers without a bed of their own they left the house immediately after supper pretending they were going to play down by the boats but they crossed the beach climbed the dunes and ran excitedly over to the blockhouse abandoned Nazi post facing the Atlantic one of them sports a sailor's visored cap a sea captain belly round like an apple tiny earthworm wriggling there below it and carrying a plastic telescope pink peeping through those places where the black paint has already worn off

lying on my belly he fucked me first from behind to get me all hot wetting my cheeks then he jumped up and fucked himself sitting on my lap legs straddling mine us facing each other and the edge of the bed suddenly gave way his cock rigid thick as a candle it shoots dripping wax splashes my chest chin sometimes even my eyebrows if I lower my head at the wrong time or is it the right time an opaline sperm just what you'd expect from some kid who crunches on so many lollipops

night fell he examined the horizon with his telescope huge tube divided into three sections that could be snapped shut one within the other he seized the end stretching it upward pulling it out squeezing it gently the member grows longer more pink and squishy and thick the more he

he seems surprised as if he'd never seen his own sex before he pushes it down with the palm of one hand trying to snap it shut shoving it back into his pocket and then runs along the breakwater the lighthouse beacon the boats of the port and those others bobbing up and down so far away looking like toys he swings his thick tube toward them someday he too will

be a captain they loved this jetty you could rent dodgem cars here some you had to pedal others run by batteries ten miles an hour their top speed no faster than a good bike really moving straight ahead in a straight line unable to take curves the wind violent flags whipping above their windshields dodgems smashing up against shinbones of strollers along that breakwater he stashed his telescope down there within his crotch where it bulged along the inside of his left leg he gave it a soft slap so that it suddenly snapped shut

smartly dressed cheeks shining trousers pressed white shirts fine silk ties their nurse accompanies them the one who also works in the kitchen and the poor kids they pass all avert their eyes the nurse later allowing herself to be fucked by the more precocious boys the others watching nudging each other

a mass of linen hanging on lines that sway downward under its weight white undershorts colored briefs

the woman isn't too much fun because the hairs around her asshole scratch too roughly she had thought them too long earlier so she cut them and that only made them grow out more tough and kinky the young kid kept himself at a distance fist clenching around that pink knob trying to keep inside himself what little fuck juice he possessed but when his own fingers began exciting him too much he gave a wild leap backward shooting forth all over his own hand she could easily have lapped up all that childish albumen the last kid to fuck her rides roller coaster on her ass and the nurse wriggles her toes as if some dog were licking them those huge feet devoid of stockings orange corns sticking out through the various fissures in her faded bedroom slippers with their silly pompons her ass rising higher and higher two halves of one huge apple skirt hiking up above her waist she wasn't wearing any underpants but only that ass two huge thighs a lot of bushy hair and there lost within that not-so-golden

delicious its core tiny mouth reddish-brown puckered  
expressionless the child riding her grew flushed he  
murmured I'll marry you someday

she stands weeping in the corridor great hiccuping  
sounds and her fist burrowing into one eye kinky hair  
sticking out every which way she's so ashamed often  
ties a bandanna around to hide it the boy in the sailor  
cap scans the near horizon picking up the woman in his  
lens pink jointed telescope moving beneath her skirt  
aimed directly up into her ass

she changes sheets dark stains all over keeping a  
sharp lookout because whenever she cleans up in here  
one of those brats is sure to stick his hand under her  
skirt born vicious all of them it's in their blood they  
climbed back into bed new sheets soon covered with  
sticky goo at least this time it's jam and cracker crumbs  
she moves down the row of beds yanking sheets out  
from under indolent asses and the boys naked all of  
them try to lure her under the covers showing her their  
hard pricks rubbing them up against her ass while she  
works whispering Oh you're so lovely wouldn't you  
like some of my pea soup in your bowl? he gave a little  
sigh Oh woooooow! then rebuttoned his fly

one second more and his sperm can no longer be  
repressed he's going to shoot bounding upward happy  
little madman no madboy crazed with his own first  
coming a huge garden on all sides of the house they  
walk around it together See this is our garden isn't it  
neat huh? wanna sit down here just the two of us?  
vacant place no man's land I answer yes

when he's about to come he no longer needs  
all the bumping and grinding routine just a friction  
that never lets up for a second there in the depths of  
my ass his unsheathed knob caught within the vise of  
cheeks its spout chafed maybe slowed down a bit by  
banging up against a rough pellet of shit yet never  
quite stopping its rapid in and out like a fingernail

scraping raw some scab a pimple a fly turd upon a windowpane and always going in deeper yet deeper

come on we're going to take a look at the water we saw the water the water's edge he says It's the sea that's what they all call it the sea

blue his movements cause the bed to bounce he stops his juice spurted such a lovely garden I turn around yank my briefs back up around my waist I say yeah that was fun

it's always fun when at the finish you come what's that mean?

you mean you honestly don't know what come is?

the sea's edge we stand looking out I'd never seen it before I recognized water of course everybody always says Oh the sea oh how absolutely lovely I saw the sky once in the city a blueness like the sea factories swimming in the sky clouds in the sea and boats blond hair flying my knees trtmble my hips our hips bang scud against splash wetly against each other we finally come out of the blockhouse I'm so happy he's invited me to come over to their house I'll give him my name it's he who'll say it to them all

night so clear gray rugose mass of cement and both of us undecided should we go back or start all over again? I wasn't sure if I was old enough yet but he told me yes I was if I could he took my little prickie by the top of its bald head fingers curled above it like snuffing out candles he shook the end back and forth explaining to me what they did to it and also in the ass that's lots of fun too he says it's made for that for sticking in that hole men and women both but all the same not in his oh no that's not allowed he tries it on himself shoving his cock back up between his legs bending it all the way back laughing Oh I can feel it what he felt though was his soft flabby knob up against his soft flabby hole It's fun he says come on you try it too I try but mine's too short to reach I'm

still too short everywhere pants too short breath fingers  
feet nose oh how I'd love to have great big feet like all  
those big guys

in the blockhouse they had stashed away candles  
blankets an eiderdown pillow and all kinds of grub I  
understood why we were there

they picked up the children one by one the di-  
rector's wife scoured the countryside for recruits while  
the director concentrated on the city slums the woman  
visited every hovel down around the port and every  
shanty in the hinterlands where peasants eked out a  
living of sorts raising rye or maybe pigs she was a  
doctor and had the right arriving always alone she felt  
their cheeks their calves examined their teeth peered  
up their assholes fingered their hair their geni-  
tals she bought the finest for the price of a bicy-  
cle one with a chrome spoke protector chrome disc  
chain guard front and rear caliper brakes gum wall tires  
six speeds loud bell headlight in front reflector in back  
but as for the uglier kids those who would serve as  
their victims she never had to pay more than say half  
a pig and the least nourishing half at that certain  
of the boys she brought back those too weak or  
too stupid they removed their balls injecting them day  
and night with hormones until they turned into young  
girls these they also sometimes killed but they never  
brought their parents more than the price of three  
chickens since the medical expenses had been so  
high she was willing to haggle over the beautiful  
ones those handsome boys so sturdy and well-built  
with asses fit for a king to sup on with insolent saucy  
untiring cocks and haughty elegant faces whose proud  
cold looks could make old grannies of either sex turn  
to jelly for these precious few she haggled willingly  
with their parents suggesting first the price of a boat  
perhaps two boats even three yes she sometimes went  
so far as to add sails and a motor foghorns radar and  
finally after much drama the parents ended by handing

over to her their most precious offspring which she then carried off in her shiny american convertible throwing out along the roadside once they had passed the outskirts of town their pathetic battered valises

and standing there alone before the window thinking back on his house remembering how it was back there when the rain starts to fall and days turn gray

one raindrop then another then another splashed onto the sill almost in cadence with the expelling of his breath

plop the wood sounds hollow probably worm-eaten below that sheet of zinc covering it black all rusty an echo repeated over and over slow unique regular emerging distinctly from the general murmur of rain upon grass rain upon leaves and those wide eyes face peering from behind curtains it's a waiting room and trickling from beneath those eyelids to match the rain outside a slow emission of salty liquid swelling magnifying whiteness

the yellow walls the sound intrigues me so I hang my head out over the sill who can be throwing pebbles no it's just the plop plop plop of rain upon zinc I feel a drop land on top of my head run a finger through my hair bring it back down before my face all covered with redness warm blood tears emerging with a mewling sound a cat might make he'll get used to living here soon enough I stared across at the fishing boats sails flapping in the wind

the emptiness of this house so many chambers without people whenever he laughs he shows two rows of teeth a long tongue and you can peer all the way down into that hole of

they dress me in fine clothes take me for rides in a rowboat the guy manning the oars is going at it quite proudly smug in his beauty his skin so clear and fine exactly the type they appreciated most here chestnut-colored hair that looked like it had been fondled a lot hazel eyes and that squirrel on his chest so affectionate



it keeps pecking at me whenever he bends forward pulling at the oars nibbling touching my own mouth all of them here are great ones for hugging and kissing Are we going all the way today to the breakwater?

it's a long walk even if you rush one or two miles twilight sea birds already hushed heads tucked under their wings some little kid his legs bare his ass all powdered with salt is hunting for crabs among the rocks for mussels and razor clams he looks up Hi! that icy wind whipping our faces we took a slippery path almost perpendicular in places too dangerous fit only for guys used to clever footwork in football games or customs police on the lookout for smugglers sturdy gymnasts with throbbing muscular thighs and although scared shitless I finally agreed to go with them

on the way he points out a little cove so white nestling within a bowl of jagged black rocks We could swim down there without any clothes on

he was lying down on his side face propped up on one elbow he was reading legs curved at the knees thighs spread widely apart my hand moved inside there his thigh warm and soft and blond and so round he looked up from his book What? again?

yes please

we get undressed in that screaming wind turning our backs to it he was ready before me I can hear him splash of water behind me

I cover my crotch with one hand that thing down there's so tiny so laughable pale viscera emerging out of a minuscule basket like two mice kidneys with a piece of intestine dangling down between

he notices it there's a funny look on his face

he stands up in the waves head rising like a bullet upward cutting through the froth foam-born hair face shoulders streaming gleaming he has one too but standing out straight before him as his body rises so long and beautiful jutting out from that flat belly all covered with tufts of brown

hide it                      don't touch me

I move back from that thing he offered me it slaps  
bang up against my belly he grabs my waist half-lies  
down on top of me presses his mouth against mine I  
grow all stiff with disgust he's still streaming wet skin  
so cold muscles hard and solid cheeks burning feeling  
very satisfied with himself

falling down upon me like a pack of wolves some  
have stones in their hands they try to force me to com-  
mit vile acts push me down to my knees I keep my  
head lowered the biggest pounds on my skull nonstop  
with both fists repeating You'll do what we say now  
won't you? won't you? won't you? my nose already  
bleeding

this serpent dangling before me which would de-  
grade me if I took it this pink writhing animal each of  
those boys has one the cove deserted now and mine  
mine stiff greedy perhaps my mouth against his  
he's no longer sobbing I'll hold him up we're standing  
facing the wind the waves night coming down fast the  
red sun setting

the wind from the open sea makes us both shiver  
my hair flashing out mixing with his he untangles them  
laughing There! I touched his mouth just then he shoves  
himself up against me tongue pushing through my  
closed lips no child would do that would he

oh I like that

sex hardening before my eyes he loves that thing  
of his flatters it coaxes it obeys all its commands I'm  
frozen paralyzed before him in that cold wind he feels  
around touches begs softly hand reaching out to grasp  
mine the path too slippery here black rocks shining  
painfully I pull myself up to a standing position

I'm bleeding my nose a rivulet on each side of my  
mouth joining to make one great river down at my chin  
greasy globs of diluted red that stain the window sill

they climbed the stairs each taking each step at  
exactly the same time only one heavy footfall to be

heard on each stair I didn't even try to run away the biggest guy showed me a whip so old and mildewed he must have found it down there in the cellar he raises his arm and the thongs swish whistle across my face I scream so loudly his arm freezes in mid-air that evening they'll drag me all the way to the blockhouse and continue what they began here one of the boys will stand sentry duty until then because they're scared I might escape he informs me they've permission to kill whomever they like among the poorer specimens

huge stones swathed in absorbent cotton soaked in glue they hurl them at my head finally a felt whip then boiling oil to tan the skin to a lovely golden color all these kids grouped around us they seem to be enjoying it pattering around in their basket of props they condemn me to go down the toboggan ten times

tortures later on they will yank down my undershorts chasing away those who are merely curious and we'll all troop into the blockhouse floor covered with sand I'll be forced to stand in the middle waiting for the tigers to attack they come galloping in wearing swimsuits with black stripes on an orange-red background roaring at me hitting at me with their paws two or three of them licking me everywhere oh that tickles so much I roll over in the sand

oh shit we're late it's already the dinner hour

we'd better shove off then the boy with the watch shakes my hand and says Pity we've got to go now we were having so much fun but we can meet here some other time huh? I answer I don't know

I don't have a home anywhere alone on the beach the last hour of all the sun already drowned birds gone and the sky stormy scudding clouds coming closer and closer there's still enough time left to hunt for some mussels to eat I think how they're all so lucky to be

able to return to a real house to sleep there with all their toys each in his own bed and each night having the same place his own special seat at a table when they all eat together

a black crab pinched one of my fingers I didn't want to catch crabs you can't eat crabs raw he won't let go I shake my hand back and forth shouting Hey that's enough you shit-ass now stop that! you have to shout if you want to protect yourself these days I walk back to the rowboat where I left all my clothes putting them back on because of the cold they have a dormitory and each a separate bed except for those who are married then they have one big bed between them they told me that Married and I said You mean buddies don't you? and they looked funny and said Yeah that's right buddies

too much wind I leave the beach heading toward those faraway lights twinkling beyond the dunes crossing empty fields riddled road I skirt along some dark silent gardens the road is very straight here it moves farther and farther away from the sea

finally a few houses farms barns then once again nothing only black clumps of pine trees rising up like fists somber open country stretching out on all sides when this road becomes a highway I leave it I prefer something less wide something with a footpath running alongside

cemetery crosses you can see them cadaverously white against that inky sky beyond a tall stone wall I move very fast now feeling scared like I always do when passing such places far ahead I can make out a dark forest or is it maybe a city with all its lights out well I won't go there so I settle myself here in the lee of a tall pile of stones as good a place as any around here

I could arrange them one by one on top of each other and build myself a nice little house there would be a door or maybe no door since I could easily stride

over the walls to get inside no windows either since there won't be a roof

right here my bed and over there my table I set on top of it whatever I find to eat I've a knife a whistle a tin soldier zouave algerian infantryman with all his paint peeling off I found him floating in a gutter I set all three knife whistle soldier upon my table see I have toys too I'll put my clothes there alongside them too and pull out from under my pillow my pajamas they're dark blue like the sky it's going to rain soon I remember a piece of plastic floating in the wind skimming the ground just before I passed the cemetery I should go back maybe and try to find it

one more row of stones and then another row on top of that but with the plastic caught between it's an empty fertilizer sack shiny black with green letters so now see I've a roof as well I tell myself how good it is to be comfortably stretched out on a soft bed when it's pouring outside so I stretch myself out my bed is soft too since the ground is already muddy I would have been better off in that cemetery there might have been some cabin or some hole dug for somebody but I never dare come that close to the dead

try once more to imagine how I'm falling asleep

I raise the middle of the plastic using my head for a pole and this way the water can no longer flow inside my house they've finished supper by now they must be staring out at the rain watching it hit against the windowpanes as for me I can't see it at all I won't allow it to come inside

much easier to steal things in the country than down by the sea it's easier to find shelter too and some people even talk to you now and then but they always seem astonished Why sonny whatever are you doing here? I don't have a mean air nothing sinister about my eyes so they sometimes even break off the end of one of those long thin loaves they've just bought at the bakery and hand it to me it's so good when it's still

warm like that crackles as you bite into its golden crust  
in the forest I wouldn't have received anything but  
lightning bolts up my ass I'm no longer so afraid of  
thunderstorms they seem so alive and wild but then  
they die like everything else and when the sky opens  
up afterward it's always so much prettier than before  
you feel like singing and playing getting more  
and more cold by the minute but I won't let my teeth  
chatter the minute the top gum comes down to meet the  
bottom one I yawn and I start all over again imagining  
that I'm already fast asleep I imagine how it's winter  
there's a bright shimmer to the snow the people who  
pass by will finally notice me they'll have to talk to  
me so I'll lie down here purposely pretending all morn-  
ing long and all afternoon too until night comes down  
so long as people are still passing by it's not too late  
and snow doesn't kill I once had a fine donkey but it's  
dead now I went several days without eating during  
that time long ago but it was because I didn't feel hun-  
gry he no longer has a name I don't know anymore he  
doesn't answer

lightning cracks spits splits I can make out each  
separate sliver through my black plastic roof the storm  
won't stop here but will move out over the sea gather-  
ing strength along the way luxury liners tramp steam-  
ers freighters trawlers sailboats tugs I know them all  
am them all in that terrible tempest the passengers tak-  
ing shelter below decks sailors holding on to handrails  
of perilously swaying ladders we are not afraid we say  
to those frightened people below It's only a northeaster  
it'll be over soon so don't get your bowels in an uproar  
and then we mates all have a good laugh together in  
order not to have to puke over the sides

it's because of those sails I came here in the first  
place because on the river the other boys sail their  
boats I made one too out of a red plank and a pole for  
a mast and some twine for rigging the current swept it  
away I'll find it again and perhaps we'll travel just the

two of us someday and the river carried it out to sea  
all the way to the ocean it's so far away already some-  
where else bobbing in bright sunlight upon green waves  
far far away moving toward the isles the happy isles