



Harald Olausen

O'GAY

- III queernovellikokoelma

Kulttuuriklubi

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III Queern Short
Story Collection

Harald Olausen

Foreword by critic Eero K.V. Suorsa

Translated by Misha from S.T.Petersburg.

Kulttuuriklubi
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This book is dedicated to an “unknown stumbling block,” a boy — I just don’t know who or what name, or should I say to a man, at least a boyish man I don’t know and so I can’t even know what age or name he is. All I know is that he’s handsome and makes my cock hard. I just miss him and the moment we met. I met this charming, maybe 35-40 year old boy in a gay restaurant named Mann`s Street 2019. The boy / man was in his last days in Finland as he had got an IT job from Denmark where he was leaving at the time (maybe not anymore?) with her boyfriend in a few days. The eternal and exciting charm and danger of gay life in one package. This is exactly what I am trying to tell you in this book.

O`Gay
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Harald Olausen
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“That’s what Harald’s comprehensive presentation on the subject is so honest and insightful that it probably wasn’t just written in Finnish. Krister Kilhman wrote brilliantly on the subject in her books and memoirs. Tom of Finland drew his thoughts on paper, but Harald says it all, also in many of his works of fiction. What is interesting is that sexual attraction between young people and children, which Harald calls free and playful, that is, innocent. The child is, as it were, a sexual being, but not authentically and independently, but potentially, that is, possibly when conditions evoke a dormant time. Harald makes it quite clear that he was and was horny, but hardly lusted like an adult. When he talks about lust, the picture comes of adult men, pedophiles who were more or less predators regardless of their social status. The rich can afford to pay, the poorer strike using other temptations. They covet, the innocent does not covet, even if spent is hard and the action quite wild. Harald’s account could also be compared to Willian Golding’s book *The Lord of the Flies* (1954), in which pre-pubertal boys try to live together on a deserted South Sea island. It doesn’t work but violence rises to the surface and disaster threatens before the adult angels save them. The community described by Harald, on the other hand, stays together on its own special dynamics. ”

-Professor Timo Airaksinen in the future “Joy of Joy - Thoughts on Sex and Sexuality” (Bazar 2021). ”In his book.

The motto of the book is 1914 in E.M.Foster's posthumously published Maurice novel: Maurice described the English upper class kind of version of Socrates and the partners openly son's pursuit of love.

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Travel ticket to the world of Harald Olausen

“Harald creates something new, literature from one way of living and writing. Maybe literature should be just that, so

why talk about anti-literature? The answer is obvious: literature as it should be is anti-literature, which in turn means that literature as it is is ruined literature. Now is Harald and his new method as a document of the decay of our own time and the eternal struggle of the creative culture against the world. ”

-Professor Timo Airaksinen Harald Olausen's *Finished Stories* in the preface to the *II-Queern Short Story Collection* ”(Cultural Club 2019).

The best reader in the following will get you to read the praise and incense, which in this case is very, very legitimate. Let me start by telling you how I ended up with the book now in hand. Queer writer and gonzo journalist Harald Olausen leaves no one cold. This is how I dare to say, even though I say at the outset that I am never an impartial critic and a proponent of neutral value judgments when I write criticisms, and especially not in this case.

This is usually stated when there is relentless criticism of the work in question. But this time, best reader, the situation is quite the opposite: the undersigned has always liked Olausen's books, ever since I set out to get to know his miraculous literary macro verses after reading his book *The Prince of Egypt and Other Gay Short Stories* (2012) for the first time.

I remember how I found this masterpiece in a bookstore in Turku that has now closed years ago, and after reading the back cover I thought, “This promises good”. I browsed through the first few more pages, and made the purchase decision quite quickly. There was no need for further consideration, because my persuade said that he had something completely unique in his hands, one that you would not find in a Finnish bookstore or that you would not come across in any provincial newspaper.

The work also did where few succeed: the soft-covered brick had, moreover, succeeded in being a brilliantly punctu-

al intellectual-aesthetic critique of homoculture without this critique giving rise to the impression glued on. By way of comparison, both William Faulkner has tried the same form of social criticism in his descriptions of “the Deep South” as Mario Vargas Llosa in describing social inequality in Latin America. I also write open the hidden clue in the previous sentence: Olausen manages to be included in his critique of society, whereas Faulkner and Vargas Llosa did not succeed despite good attempts.

After reading the Prince of Egypt, a number of questions swirled in my mind: Why had I not heard of Olausen before? Where does this man come from with stories full of such fine sophisticated details (in the case of Olausen’s works you cannot avoid references to the characters in the history of philosophy and their teachings) as well as brute vitality (nor can you avoid the well-described and ragged sex in Olausen’s works).

From that keeping the I followed Olausen writings of great interest. As a professional journalist, Olausen knows many different types of text after a long and extensive career as a journalist and in texting. He is a hugely prolific and high-quality author: this year, in addition to this book, he has already written “a Norwegian book”, a report on the Querelle scandal with a Jokes (Journalist Cultural Fund) grant, and together with me and Professor Timo Airaksinen, Digivallila.com - a hundred first story book. In addition, he photographs and has made black and white photo books about Turku and Mikkeli this year.

Olausen writes such extensive and high-quality, often very original and intellectually challenging critiques (is a member of the Finnish Critics’ Association - SARV), news and articles. Although his repertoire is very extensive, there is a certain “presumptuousness” in each of his texts, and when he learns to recognize this unique touch, nothing written by Olausen is left to the reader.

Over the years, I have sometimes forgotten Olausen texts, however, decided to use their back for more again and again. Every time I've come to Olausen texts is mind-nut power feeling warm, as the encounter after his old friend over the years: now, while I have that Finnish literature, as well as a noble intellectual dissident on the shore.

Looking back years now, it seems that although time has passed, I still see my entry into the world of Olausen extremely bright, as if all the time between this moment and the Prince of Egypt had fallen from my path to the past like maple leaves in autumn.

Now, the best reader, in the book in your hands, O'Gay: III in the collection of short stories, you are at the same moment as I was years ago: you are about to enter the wonderful world of Olausen, full of contradictions: nothing is impossible in Olausen's stories, but at the same time to the limitations of their own lives.

This work consists of texts in which Olausen writes about the everyday phenomena, anger, love and sadness of the homosexual world, which he is well acquainted with, but in a way that transcends everyday life. Not all writers really know this rare skill in the subtype of epic, that is, telling extremely mundane things like spending Midsummer in the countryside or waiting to meet a lover so that you feel like you are reading something extremely epic. In other words, Olausen knows how to lift everyday life above itself.

The short stories highlight the gloomy tones of gay everyday life; we face such acts of violence, humiliation, and humiliation, not forgetting the descriptions of love, infatuation, and jealousy. In Olausen's reading, these do not exclude each other, but look like a wedge of light into human life, revealing it as it is.

For example, Miss Putina beautifully depicts the love story of two young men, Misha and Pyotr, their common challeng-

es and overcoming difficulties. As I read Miss Putin, I almost hear in my head Elton John's song Your Song, such a beautiful romantic text Olausen writes. We also find beautiful love in the short story Apostolic Love, in which, after reading his grandfather's letters to the apostle Paul, the protagonist makes peace with himself and is thus ready for love.

In his main story, The Upcoming Weekend Olausen masterfully describes longing and nostalgia, not forgetting his sharply spiky analysis of gay culture. In filming sex scenes, Olausen has his own, unfailing style. The reader, who is already familiar with Olausen's style, smiles as he reads these short stories, and the first time Olausen enters the world stops by these insightful and captivating short stories.

The characters also emerge in this short story with a very good description. Pera and Simo are in their own stubborn ways, in their old-fashioned attitudes, like massive statues just waiting to collapse. Olausen describes their hybrid so vividly that he reads and snatches to follow this hybrid so strongly that he forgets to analyze the story, and does not notice how this hybrid is approaching its fierce, inevitable end.

This short story is a story about the cruelty, happiness and madness of living as a gay man. Although Olausen does not preach, the story has its own moral teaching: learning that you don't always get everything you want in life, ever, is terribly important, and if you don't learn this, then this teaching is always in one way or another and usually tastes bitter.

In Novell, Homecoming Olausen deals with murder, and how that murder defines Novell's narrator along and across his life. Olausen describes the contradiction brilliantly: the protagonist is at the same time a devil who is pathetic and terrified by bystanders, but at the same time also a very sharp and intelligent creature who is aware of how that murder has left his mark on him. The narrator navigates a world where that event has shaped his life and being, but still does not

allow this to limit himself.

Olausen has yet to find the general public, although he has written acclaimed socially critical essays *Orthodox Essays*, which I reviewed last year in the *Free Thinkers* magazine, of which I am, among other things, the editorial secretary. The book was great. After reading the book, I was feeling exhausted in a good way. It may be difficult for the reader to keep up with Olausen, but even that could not be unreaded from Olausen's book in one sitting. The preface to the Essay-collection has been prepared by the same professor emeritus of practical philosophy at the University of Helsinki, Timo Airaksinen.

In addition to rich details, Olausen also cultivates lewdness and shamelessness in his books, which is quite a risky means with its own pitfalls. However, Olausen does not fall into these pitfalls, but cultivates lewdness and shamelessness in a stylish and proportionate way. The details of the cult rallies and the rattlesnake complement each other brilliantly, which is not new in the field of art: among visual artists, so many artists

the paintings accommodated both angels and devils.

Best reader, my preface is coming to an end. If, after reading this, you are still wondering if you want to enter the world of Olausen, then I urge you to be brave. You don't need much, you don't even have a cup of Lapsang souchong tea. Just a small amount of courage, and your inner voice to ask: Do you dare to step into the world of Olausen, and get on the journey of Pyotr, Misha, Simon, Peran, and other interesting guys? Do you dare to watch? I answer, suggesting the following: when you feel you have to look away, on the contrary, the best reader, then only you have to look.

Eero K.V. Suorsa

Doctoral student, deputy editor-in-chief of digivallila.com and editorial secretary of *Freedom Thinkers* magazine

I never look back

I had only seen him a couple of times in passing. For the first time last summer at an amusement park, when we happened to accidentally sit on a roller coaster in the same carriage, shouting and fearing as much. For the second time, almost immediately after, at the swimming stadium, the men in the sauna rolled next to me for almost an hour without saying a word, before he ran his face red in the shower to cool off. The third time I met him, when the rains were already taking over the gray in the station hall of a mall, and I hadn't paid him any more attention than the leaves that had fallen from the trees flying in the early fall, which I had to be careful not to slip into.

Maybe we lived, if at all, in a very different decade in very different genders and bodies than in this dream. So! I thought this was a dream before I woke up from it and realized that it was not a hint of something unreal about what is not there or the escape of reality caused by it.

And while the saying goes for the third time, it is only the fourth time that we got to know each other and we became

good friends, as might have been the case. For that I am now confident, because we did not need any more unnecessary words to decorate the world. We became its embellishments, flickering and looking.

However, he thought the third time was the most decisive. Rarely, when we spoke quietly, he said he had only just begun to think about me and the fact that all these surprising two-way meetings could not be any passing coincidences. For the fourth time, I couldn't escape him anymore.

I had dreams about him and I started awake during the day to chat with him at the breakfast table until I realized I was talking to a fragile memory of him. I imagined what he would think at the same time about me. Where would he be and what would he be doing.

He was very special and could not be seen at a glance. How would he describe it now? He was a wonderful sight. But not ugly or disgusting but pleasant and eye-catching.

As if seeing him, there was a place left in his mouth for dessert, which he began to expect afterwards, for he was in a class of his own; he was simply quite something other than any person I had met so far, the charm of his skinny, happy, and soft face attracting me.

I nodded at him shyly in my head and tried to avoid just looking too eager even though my heart took a few extra and fierce beats in the center of his attention as I shook so that my hands weren't getting the tray lifted off the counter.

I was dizzy from my head and the world spun so that I felt shaky on its edge ready to drop down the cliff from his next gaze. I ordered my usual dose; two green brewed cactus teas with honey, a cheese bun, and green moths and I tried to sneak in complete silence into the back corner of the cafe.

In vain. He had decided otherwise and signaled me to come to his table with such certainty and determination that I was left with no choice but to swallow once the excitement

and accept his commanding but kind and benevolent curious smiling invitation to sit across from him at the table.

I don't remember what he said to me then or did he say anything at all. Were we talking about something? I do not think. I think we sat for a long time looking at each other. At least I stared, almost dumbfounded at his peculiar nature, which was not annoyingly disturbing or deliberately distracting, but a typical and mundane combination for him other than poems in time and place that existed except in himself as in front of this short unique moment.

And when I looked at him as a reflection or a moment of a powerfully flickering Christmas tree decoration disappearing and appearing in my eyes at the same moment he so wanted as a spell or magic that opened my blind eyes to see a hidden peacock inside him opening and closing his enchanting tail just for me the few miraculous seconds he needed to charm me and wrap me like a toddler as easily around his magical little one.

I remember that moment at the end of my life. I sat quietly almost motionless in my seats. I was wearing a hooded suit. But what did he have? I don't remember that. I just remember the jet of color spinning in front of my eyes.

He had a name, too. And when he uttered it, it sounded like he had owned half the world, even though I realized the impression was intentionally comical, similar to if a waitress had asked in French if we take frog legs or windbreaks from the list and dessert as a drink of dishwater. He asked if I would like to go somewhere.

I was amazed. "Where?" That's not what he said. He just spun his little head supposedly amused, smiling. "Well there?" He tried to make me realize that his home though didn't say his tact otherwise.

I replied that I did not really know. "Why?" He asked. Because I had a laundry and cleaning day today and it was diffi-

cult to get laundry shifts from the condominium. I think that was a good argument. At least it should go full but not him.

“You might as well take your laundry with me and wash it with it.” After all? I knew what he meant and I didn’t really warm up to the thought. His magic began to lose its power and I began to hesitate. He noticed it as he seemed to see closely through me and replied that he had time to wait, even tomorrow. And the day after tomorrow, if that were the case.

I looked at him now with different eyes and he at me. He seemed to think that wouldn’t happen but I would start to feel guilty for not grasping the offer of my life. The guy was everything I had dreamed of all my life and had seen a wet nap. Maybe even just him? He seemed to know it as if he had read my thoughts.

My phone beeped. I’ve set it up to alert an hour before washing shifts. The distance to my apartment was a few miles. What should I do? The next laundry shift would be possible in two weeks at the earliest.

He looked at me while drumming the table with his fingers as a sign of the passage of time. “I live right next door on the top floor. You can come and visit again sometime. I’ll give you the address and door code for the front door. Tap the door three times and I will open for you. Will you come with me now or later?” He asked but began to get bored. I rubbed my eyes as if free from the magic or spell he had certainly put on me a moment earlier.

“What type,” I said to myself, and there was no word in my mind that flattered him this time. Eventually I started to get enough of him, for he was just re-sharing this one and the same boring thing: was I willing to leave for his apartment or not? It finally became clear to him when I got off the table and didn’t look behind me. I never look back. And that is what has saved me from the many harms that such sudden whims bring.

Miss Putina

According to some ideals, a person should be at least outwardly stable; his mood should remain steadily calm and content regardless of the circumstances. However, it cannot be the desired norm for everyone. Such good self-esteem may be a sign of a lack of emotional sensitivity and inflexibility. There is then something hard and ossified in man.

Pyotri thought it was nice to travel by taxi, especially to the peaks of others. Kills time, has fun like a slightly poor man, and looks carefree gentlemanly (supposedly) to his poorer from the back seat, arrogantly nibbling his nose and showing his middle finger. Especially if he saw some despicable group of skins walking with beer bags in their hands somewhere in

the dark alleys.

Then he could open the window and shout something outrageous and shameless about the satiety of his soul in St. Petersburg-torn Russia, and finally spit out the decent chills of decent disgust in his spine-hours before closing the window contented with even this slight “revenge is sweet” expression. was entitled in a free Finland far from the shackles of Russia, his former homeland, where he was not allowed to be what he was and wanted to be and did not love freely what he loved because it was not in the minds of those in power or the “holy people” manipulated by the extremist Orthodox Church.

Paul, who was a theologian as opposed to Jesus Christ, who was a moralist, found “disgusting homosexual customs” common among nations that had “exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and honored and worshiped the objects of nature more than God”. To Tertullian, gays had been expelled, “not only from the threshold of the church, but from all its protection, for homosexuality was not sin but unnaturalness”. In the Eastern Church, sexual asceticism flourished in its place of birth. The East retained the traditions of earlier times as set forth in the apostolic rules and canons. Marriage was proved to prevent man from serving God perfectly because it made him craft too much of worldly affairs. There was no compulsory celibacy in the East, but Eusebius suggested that those who had surrendered as servants of God should refrain from wife in order to be free from family worries and difficulties.

In Russia, what Pyotry thought was sacred and negative was what the most saint ordered to be worn in the holy robe, even though it was not. The starting point was the prohibition not to touch the most holy, for it kept everything unchanged. Otherwise, the world and man would be lost in the midst of evil and sin. In this way they led the common man to believe that both time and being were not external forces dependent on him but on something higher, which would ultimately

defeat man if he disobeyed this monopolized “chosen word” of holiness that good can only be done to another when it is his own. in his opinion, evil, has been removed from the crowd so that good will remain and that good will be himself who does so good to himself, allowing his conscience to do evil to remove good, so that good may be done by him, good, to another good, to himself.

However, even in Russia, at the end of the Putin regime, time was intuitively transformed into a Bergsonian stream and a Heideggerian awareness of existence that opened up at the moment of consciousness, rather than the death of some great unknown and sacred thought ever present in Augustine’s narrow eternity. Therefore, in return, the abusers had their moments and the opportunity to swim upstream and still live a full life on their own terms, despite all the evil and contentious things perceived in the eyes interfering with their lives.

Pyotr had noticed how the self-esteem of the ordinary Russian and the Finns were far apart. The Finn trusted in his own abilities, because he was free to choose his own grief. The Russian knew it wasn’t worth it. It was always the same and common to them. The good self-esteem of Finns could be a sign of a lack of emotional sensitivity and inflexibility. According to Pyotr, there was something hard and ossified in the man at that time. The collective humiliation of the Russians, on the other hand, made them soft and friendly. But it was different. He knew from experience how very few Russians overcome their character weaknesses, but almost all knew how to hide them if forced. And Russia was always forced. The compulsion concerned everything but life itself and was evident in the way they treated their inferior and bullied the weaker; the saddest moment of Russianness, in Pyotr’s opinion, was not the abyss of gloom that was easily visible on the surface but what, like an iceberg, hid beneath the surface in the invisible like a submarine in a pit lurking in a pit, or an alligator of

thirst arriving at a drinking spot and therefore reckless gnuj.

In this satirical utopia, man was supposed to be a self-centered, pleasurable being who was made to do by command, threat, and coercion what the rulers themselves wanted. At the bottom of it all, he felt, was his inability to name and want good. But something good about the constant struggle for survival, Pyotr thinks, might be possible; he himself remembered how, as a child, he gained strength from the anger he had experienced, and when badly humbled, he did not become discouraged, but got upset and wanted to show himself to his bullies. However, turning perceived suffering into victory required, in order to succeed, not to give up one's own wishes and desires. And that there is someone who does everything.

Pyotr did everything for Misha and vice versa. They would have been like two inseparable friends anywhere in the world if they had been allowed to live freely as they wished. Now Misha was in St. Petersburg and Pyotr in Finland, where he drove a taxi and wondered how even harder it was to take a taxi a few times a week in the morning safely home from a noisy place full of drunken people and without the sense of Misha's father's taxi. Pyotr had moved to Finland with his mother's new man a few years ago, and got a taste of the small luxury pleasures that sweetened life, even though he had to pay a heavy price for it, losing his best friend Misha in the middle of everyday life, who could not even follow him to Helsinki for the weekend because of their citizenship.

Misha was a notorious Chechen by nationality, hated in Russia and branded the scapegoat for all problems. Although it was not so in reality, Pyotr knew. Both Misha and his family were kind and simple, a little content and peace-loving peasants with a high moral sense of themselves and others, and always an equal desire to help other people, whether they were Russian or persecutors. Misha was a tagged man because

he wrote on his own website before the police arrested him, the following kind of memoir about young Chechen gays who were executed one cold morning for no reason in the courtyard of a police prison.

”The morning they came, it was raining out of the sky and I had a sweat and suddenly I remembered how much I loved everything I didn’t remember, even though I was dizzy and uncomfortable anyway. We shouldn’t have been in this hole anymore. It was only a matter of days and we would have flown to freedom like Moscow through London to London. That morning, when they came, they had followed me in my dreams at night and chased me to my teeth with only one purpose in mind: love was a terrible thing to hate.” - The Chechen police tortured and killed me and 56 other gay men shortly after I turned 22 on the night of January 25-26, 2017. The youngest of us was less than 20 years old and the oldest was only 33 years old.”

He recalls what happened to Chechen gays. Why is the struggle of gays in Chechnya for their lives not limited to the victims portrayed in the film? Because every incision in the body of someone’s victim is an incision in our own as well. It is told by the transmisses leading the rescue operation, who recalls at the end of the film that if nothing is done similar terror and murder will first spread to the environment and then know where. And it has already spread. Unfortunately. Pyotr had visited the Love & Anarchy film festival in Helsinki and seen the film *Welcome to Chechnya*. One film was at the festivals above the others and deserves both five stars and a special mention: *Welcome to Chechnya*, as this film may have a broader meaning in the LGBTQ world than just that it is a good documentary on a difficult issue. *Welcome to Chechnya* was definitely one of the most touching films at this year’s Love & Anarchy Film Festival, which I would love to watch as many LGBTQ citizens as possible already because

lesbians, gays and transgender people care about each other in a fused harmony - no exceptional collaboration no longer in the west successful for years. The film could almost serve as the last cry of distress in the Russian gay world struggling for death in its own survival for understanding the common interest. the old cliché that only together are we strong is a fact that many still do not understand for their own destruction until it is too late. Watching a movie becomes a beaten and powerless feeling. Rarely had Pyotr seen anything as nauseatingly violently and brutally painful as the torture of innocent people as it was in this dock. Pyotr's first cries burst out of his eyes right from the start of the film, so inhuman, harsh and shocking is the inconsolability of Russian gays in a country that murders its own defenseless minorities only because the "terrorists" from accidents and mistakes, such as the fact that the country is poor only because leaders steal everything possible that has some value. He just thought of his Misha and cried and couldn't do anything else. Welcome to Chechnya, was an important reminder that the rainbow battle for human rights is not over yet, as well as convincing evidence of the importance the international LGBTQ movement and Western media can play in building an air bridge to save LGBTQ citizens from the gay genocide in Chechnya. Every little gesture of sympathy for this work and all possible help are both welcome and, in a way, a special duty of Pyotr, like all other LGBTQ citizens in the West.

Pyotr, who had been able to enjoy life in Helsinki from the very beginning as one of the great insights of his own life and its most important future value, had fun sitting in Helsinki whenever he got a taxi on his mother's new man's work wing through experiencing homeliness as if from an old habit. Before his sudden death, Misha's father had been a few years ago as a taxi driver on Misha's hometown around St. Petersburg in the western part of the Leningrad Governorate,

Priladozhsky, more than fifty kilometers from St. Petersburg's historic center. After Misha's father heard his son was gay and got acquainted with Pyotr, he had almost demanded tears in his eyes demanding to be allowed to be transported home safely from the homo discos at the time of their closure, almost defenseless gay adolescents who did not even have their hair growing properly yet.

Life in St. Petersburg was therefore not at one time for Pyotr, from whom he saw as the old saying goes; miles away from what he was men or whether he was any man at all, as he was shouted at the streets at night among bald and big-skinned skin hooligans, for his nature shouted in their ears disrespect for their godly but unpleasantly true, constant fear and hiding, and trips to the old hometown after crossing the Russian border were not necessarily pleasing to watch or remember, especially after Misha's father was one night after first fetching Misha and Pyotr safely home in downtown Ploshch 'A homody disco called Central Station at Lomonosova 1, later found when he didn't start to belong at home, badly beaten from his garage and stabbed to death so that no one was left unclear about the performance of the skin gangs by the administration of the assassination order to intimidate more gay families, and in this case fathers in particular.

Pyotr still remembered at the funeral he could not watch with crying the body of Misha's father lying in an open coffin and badly ruffled in the face, for he knew the skins were smiling deadly behind the body, and they would be the next victims with Misha if he could not move to and with his mother. Misha's father had taken on the deadly attacks intended for Misha and Pyotr. One day Pyotr had no faith in his luck when he got a visa. Joy was dampened by Misha, who had stayed in St. Petersburg but moved with his family to his relatives in a safe Chechen house less than 20 kilometers from St. Petersburg in a suburb of Vsevolozhsky. The house

had a bomb-proof basement and bulletproof windows and they were guarded by state-of-the-art security systems. Misha worked in the house's own restaurant as a chef and his mother in the laundry in the same house. In the evenings, Pyotr and Misha were connected to each other via the internet for an hour.

Pyotr came to Misha on weekends whenever he had no shifts. It was only a four-hour train ride from St. Petersburg to Helsinki. And yet those two worlds were like night and day, Pyotr thought. They had nothing to do with each other. Helsinki was a safe, quiet and busy small town in Pyotr's opinion. St. Petersburg, on the other hand, is a noisy, big, and big-world city that never changes for night entertainment, never sleeping. What was no stranger to it was whether it was murder, sex, partying or love. Today, on Friday, Pyotr would still be at work in Vallila's S-market's food department as one of the shelf-fillers until 2 p.m. Then he went around the corner at Sturenkatu 31 in the shower, watering the flowers, feeding the cats, changing clothes and packing goods.

This is how he reminded himself out loud to cheer up his monotonous work to keep himself awake and alert if a customer happened to ask where a product was. The morning shifts from 06.00 were, in Pyotr's opinion, the worst, busy as the shelves cried out in the wake of busy nights now that the S-markets had also become open meeting places for the younger and looser sections of the population open 24 hours a day, every day of the week. Pyotr recounted how he would board the train to St. Petersburg departing from Pasila station at 5.30 pm. In St. Petersburg at the Finnish station, he would be at St. Petersburg's time sometime after 10 pm, if all went well. The train he was aiming for was Russian and so full of surprises, delays, technical faults that he could not say exactly exactly to the Misha coming to receive him, whether the train might have arrived at exactly 22.30, as it was announced on

schedule and never was.

Or only at 11 p.m., which was much more likely. What it often was - even more often only after midnight, so Mishan was not advised to come from the suburbs of St. Petersburg an hour's drive too early to paint and malay in vain at the station, always waiting for skins staying at the station looking for gays while waiting for him. Humiliation in Russia was always associated with power relations. The train came, if it came and when it came, whether it was late or not, it always reminded me that climbing it was not a matter of course for everyone like Misha. Sometimes the train came how it happened, depending on when the train was serviced last time and where. If in Finland, everything was fine, what it was rarely. If in Russia, the probability of delay delayed increased.

Also uncertain were the schedules of the relatives of the main conductor of the train if the family was significant, as was often the case, and the position of conductor was received as a reward for some service to a politician or they were directly related to one. And if they got on the train in time in Vyborg, the train would stay somewhat on schedule. Which meant being late but still at a decent time at the same time of day and not like sometimes in the worst winter time in Siberia maybe next week. How close was the conductor's relationship with the upper floors of politics? Their degree resulted in whether he cared more about his extensive family or clients. And if the conductor's relatives didn't make it, the train was delayed just as these cheerful, mechat and Russian-like already quite drunken crowd with their luggage had been pushed at some point after a long wait into a finally full train full of similar hilarious and loud voices, and already then lost drunken Russians.

After all, perhaps, at least, Pyotr did not think he was very hilarious, because these Russians were the ones who thought that his laws did not matter as much and especially the same

civil rights as they wanted, because it hampered the majority's idea of what was best for others. That is why Pyotr hated them and his former homeland, which he barely endured because of Misha and the weekends he had to spend here because Misha could not get to Finland with him unless they soon came up with a shortcut to Misha, for whom nature had easily boiled from birth. to the salvation of blood, a sense of justice tinged with childish idealism, and a delicate complexion of defiant age, so that he would not have gone, as Pyotr feared, for he knew all too well, in this case, of the frightening Misha, and was therefore both scared and worried about him.

“He wanted and wanted!” Replied Misha “That was the problem when there was no will or the will took away when it was different from those who dictated how“ Lord Modesty ”today would use its power over everything, crush it or not. below where his big leg had made movement impossible. ”“ It was again tied up and no wonder, ”thought Pyotr and felt guilty for not being next to Misha to help with this. Misha panicked and was on his way. Had panicked since the Chechens had begun to be accused of being terrorists in Russia and chased like big criminals with a taste of blood in their mouths. Since then, the Chechens had begun to change their names and appearance in order to fade the obvious connection to their homeland. For some it worked, but not for Misha. Misha was the most typical-looking Chechen youth and he had not agreed to Russianize his name even in the face of compulsion to protect himself, so the man of principle he had a taste of death in his mouth.

This is exactly what Pyotr had feared. Misha's hot blood had once again boiled over his crustaceans and he, caring little for his own safety, had set out to challenge the authorities, even though he knew the fragile wires of his own life were moving through their sadistic hands. And they were not notoriously gentle when it came to an already finished body in

their eyes, belonging to two classes of unlawful pursuit, which no one wanted or dared to brainwash by Putin's propaganda; gays and chechens.

When Pyotr had begun to imagine the right side of things, that Misha had begun to grumble and quarrel loudly in front of the watchful eye, he did not get peace for himself but tried to think about what was coming. When the Helsinki-St. Petersburg train arrived a few hours late at St. Petersburg Finland - Finljandski - everything was as before. Pyotr was among the first to get off the crowded train. People rushed headlong in the station hall into the arms of friends and relatives waiting for them. The gay boys who used gays chose with their gazes the lonely male passengers, who they classified as virgin and imagined as easy prey, to visit to intimidate and push in the hope of a little extra pocket money.

Here Lenin had given his famous speech when he arrived in St. Petersburg via Finland. In the autumn of 1917, Lenin traveled from his hiding place from Helsinki to St. Petersburg by train to lead the October Revolution. The same man who created the Czech Republic, the State Police, or Emergency Commission, which still ruled the country under a different name, the FSB. The Bolsheviks took power in St. Petersburg on November 7, 1917. In his famous speech at the Finnish station, Lenin promised to continue the class struggle until the foundations of class struggle and class dominance disappeared; private ownership and disorderly social production. It happened differently. The passion for destruction was more powerful in him than the love for the proletariat. All good intentions turned the opposite in Russia, even though no one wanted to, Pyotr argued. Maybe because of the large size of the country? The promise to continue the class struggle was exactly the same kind of false promise in nature as the demand for "bread, peace, and land," which made the soldiers sympathetic to the Bolsheviks, but which, as soon as they returned,

turned into bloody corpses.

Even today, the situation was as inconsolable as when Lenin began his revolutionary activities, Misha reminded Pyotr in an email that he would not forget the depth and hopelessness of the Russian problem. No one dares to cross the stick for a good cause, because that's the only way things have always been and always will be before Misha thinks before someone steps in again, and starts his own mole work to reveal the naked greed of power to grow himself at the expense of others, and when Misha looked out the window, he saw gray concrete in a gloomy evening and here and there split fractures of time patina-wearied fractures around which the edges have fumbled to look like the point goes and firm unless something changes (what now one century had just disappeared into non-existent, memory-j invisible side) so that the new faces could once again make the same age-old same stupidities and mistakes made by each generation, so patched and repented that the famous rest of life, which should be other than dancing with roses, which is now interrupted by accidents, death, cunning and hey as a road paved with belts, it had to travel the same path from cradle to grave, when all the other wanderers of life struggling with the ultimate questions, when they did everything alone - beat their heads against the wall until their heads softened over time and blood stains dried on the walls never to do it again, even if no one remembers why.

As a Russian, Pyotr had sucked from breast milk a game of how to cope with the Russian congestion that smelled of untreated backyards, garlic and cabbage and about a hundred different brands of vodka. He walked as if enchanted with the crowd without hurting himself or still having to deviate from his desired direction. From the outside it would have been the beginning of the end and obvious chaos, but in the Russian world it was a perfectly normal and controlled departure from the common means of public transport before standing again

in the crowded subway rolling nose in each other's ass sniffing each other's open misery, like in the 30's.

For some strange reason, none of the gay hackers on duty at the station noticed Pyotr this time, but he slipped out. A couple of them have delved into conversations with militias of the same age and look. Maybe they have a bigger fish in sight? Ordered homicide maybe? Or some wealthy landmark who is blackmailed from his young boy lover? Who knows. According to underground stories, these happened almost every day because they were a big and profitable business. Pyotr sighed in relief when he saw that the gay crackers were not leaving after him this time and began to search with his restless eyes for his lost Misha. They had agreed with Misha to meet at the most invisible metro station on Pl. In front of Lenina. Pyotr wore dark clothes and a black hoodie to protect his head. Misha had written that he would dress the same way, but he was not seen anywhere near him. Pyotr became restless after waiting in vain for Misha for more than half an hour. Misha's phone didn't answer and he wasn't on Facebook or answering emails. Something like this he had been afraid of after Misha's fierce eruptions and became more restless moment by moment.

Misha could not be found anywhere and Pyotr had to leave Peter with great sorrow in his chest. It wasn't until he walked towards his home in Helsinki's Myllypuro on Sunday night that he recognized a familiar figure leaving to follow him from the bus stop nervously to his sides, flashing a black hoodie to protect his head. Pyotr felt blood return to his body and a spark of hope ignited in his heart. Later, when she forced Misha before the shower and the evening tea to tell everything about her successful escape trip, she burst out laughing in the middle of Misha's story, starting to call him Miss Putina, after all Misha got across the border disguised as a woman stamped visa.

Was it too much demanded now?

They fell in love with each other in the blink of an eye after a disco, and didn't even have time to get to know each other properly when quarrels and jealousy began to tear their fragile relationship apart, and a few irrevocable nasty words hurt his delicate complexion no longer even to talk to him, let alone return to the common cabin where the boy's brother went to get his stuff. No one near him at the time could have guessed what low-flying flight he was flying at the time. How low thoughts he had at the time had a head bottle and what he planned for revenge. But he was not bitter. Far from it. After all, he was a well-liked and nice person with a lot of friends,

and all sorts of exciting and interesting things were happening around him all the time, so he himself didn't always have time to follow properly. Age was one hurdle but also the fact that he wanted a lot - everything possible and it was too much. They had to always be together and show up to outsiders together. Go around all possible friends 'cat christenings in hand and look happy. Just dedicate yourself to each other. Was it too much demanded now? He thought and began to suspect that his desire for ownership and jealousy was to blame for everything. It was only now, after a long time, that he realized how alone he was and how happy he had been in those few moments, and that was enough for him for the rest of his life to smile and he was no longer bitter.

Letter

Jani sat in the corner of a local beerbar in a hangover drinking his first pint, holding a letter in his hand that he was going to visibly send to Timo as soon as he was a little calmer. He had gone a little too hard lately and life seemed to get out of hand and he didn't even remember everything, how and why. His hands shook a little too much as he paid for his beer mug but it didn't bother Jan or the salesman.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon and, like this suburb, it meant full taverns, for that was when the happourour, which lasted until four o'clock, began, when there was time to pound cheap liquor and much in his throat. In front of him and behind him in a row of beers stood silently like-minded lonely men with their hands trembling, ready to grab the first pint of the day. After a few tens of minutes and a few pints, just a moment ago, the quiet beer loaf turned into a loud hell foyer, but Jani remained quietly alone in her corner, holding the letter in her trembling hands.

Jani was desperate. He didn't know if he would do the right thing if he wrote a letter or didn't write. So much was left unsaid but so much was also said and misunderstood. Everything had gone wrong right from the start, even though there was a spark between them. Jani felt drawn to Timo but on some level did not like him. Something in Timo bothered him. He was lively and palate but at the same time insecure and manipulative, perhaps a little dangerous Jani thought.

Jani didn't really know if she was a bird or a fish. They first met online one night excited that they both lived in the same suburb on the same street, albeit at its extreme ends a few miles apart. Or did not actually meet. They chatted and exchanged pictures but since the clock was already much and the sun was

already rising, they decided to meet the next day, which happened to be Friday.

Sometime long ago, when a restaurant was established in a new suburb in the early 1960s, there were, as in that time, white tablecloths, a porter with uniforms at the door, and waiters in their fine black-and-white clothes serving main dishes from the dishes. The dining room was like a fairy tale movie full of soft lace and velvet and beautiful classic furniture. In the middle of the dining room was a small orc chestra and a parquet floor for dancing. Every night at 6 p.m., the orchestra began playing.

Except on those weekend evenings when the toughest stars of the time had been sung, such as Laila Kinnunen, Annikki Tähti, Brita Koivunen, Carola, Olavi Virta and other lesser-known but popular and always full of restaurant stars. The menus had been designed by Jorma Vanamo, who later became known as a television chef.

When Jani looked around sixty years after its founding. What would the former owner of the place have said about the fact that after the exemption of the Alcohol Act, the place turned first into a dart pub and then into a subclassing place before the current one, which was not uplifting either?

At the next table sat a man of about his age, whose left half of his face hung in a sad way after the stroke. When the man tried to drink a pint of beer, the paralyzed side of the swollen lip numb gave up and was pouring beer in his lapel.

From this, Jani concluded that the paralysis had only recently occurred - perhaps only a few days ago and the guy had escaped from the hospital today to seek consolation for drinking his fate, for otherwise the drunken man would have already figured out ways to avoid beer loss by trying to pour beer from the paralyzed lip. The man didn't notice him trying to find the best way to sip his beer. Eventually, the man took whistle from his pocket and began to suck the contents of the beer mug loudly, grumbling as Jani opened the letter and began

to stare at its empty contents.

Jani couldn't get her gaze off the blank paper but couldn't do anything else rational, like even write something about it. He just sat staring while feeling in his nose the smell of grilled chicken flooded from the beer litter kitchen. The place, called Helvet, was combined with a lower-priced beer drinker for crunchy long-term drinkers and a Nepalese restaurant that got cheap base portions of chicken, fish, ground beef steaks with french fries and rice in addition to Nepali food.

Jani had sometimes eaten the entire 15th dish from the beginning to the end for two weeks, trying different dishes every day and coming to the conclusion that if you drank at the same time every day and somehow planned to stay fit, Palik Paniir - spinach stew with goat cheese, rice, salad and red onion and a piece buttoned naan bread, were an absolute must to keep the stomach from burning and to be able to drink beer with confidence.

There was a real name, but no one remembered it, because the neon sign above the door had changed so often that no one could afford to pay attention to what was reading there. Over time, the place had received its creepy name Hell from the sale of harsh drugs and housed a motorcycle gang armed to the teeth, which fidgeted with a rival gang and caused fear and horror in its surroundings with its tricks.

One day, the then owner of the pub was found pierced by bullets in the pub's trash in the backyard and the whole place was closed for a few months and a motorcycle gang was evicted from the place. Nowadays, the little Bengal men holding the tavern looked, then rarely, smiled with their white teeth in the middle of their dark faces, more of the frightening jungle tigers from some cruel country than from the owners of a cheap pub in the suburbs.

When someone sank so down the slippery crabs of humanity that he no longer cared, even if he was treated less favorably

than a garbage bag, the road to this place had opened and there was no longer a return to normal life or to the company of ordinary people. In the pub, hell-like light sifting through the windows from the windows made its name, which made everything fuzzy and unclear inside so that it was the same whether it was drunk and what kind or clear, it didn't matter because the atmosphere inside the tavern was hopeless, confused and depressed as if had been in the hell described by Dante, suffering his evil deeds among other similar manifestations and vanities, without hope of salvation.

When Jani first saw Timo, she was startled. The picture Timo had sent him did not correspond at all to the person he saw in front of him. In the picture, Timo had been looking like an enthusiastic young athlete, but in front of him stood a middle-aged and fat man with fuzzy eyes. But if you compared very carefully, you noticed something in common with him in the picture. After recovering from the disappointment, Jani realized that nothing could become of their relationship. He was not hunting any teenage prince, nor was he an alcoholic vocational school boy who had given up and drowned in self-accusations of booze and bench sports.

But Timo wasn't what he looked like. He told his story impassively without pointing an accusing finger at anyone. Things just went as they went. Timo had been a young athlete in a small community and had a lot of expectations. Success was in the blood, after all, his coaching father, who had received an Olympic bronze twenty years earlier, was a favorite of the whole nation who had trained his son the winner from an early age.

At the age of twenty, Timo had already been the Finnish champion, but then everything went wrong. Timo was involved in a car accident in which his sister died. To make matters worse, he had borrowed his father's car without permission and drove the car drunk. The police blew 1.8 per mille in

the blood and in addition to the drunk driving sentence, Jani received a two-year sentence for criminality. In prison, Timo had started using drugs and had become a private steward of the prison machopomo against his will.

Timo had become abandoned by his family. He tried to keep the cracks of humanity alive but it was difficult in a closed prison without support and proper follow-up. He sought isolation in the drug-free unit, but the macho director, who held him to the stump, beat him unconscious first and again after Timo was in the prison ward of the prison. Timo returned to prison in his own cell, inciting revenge in his mind. One night, when the prison macho boss came again for a night visit, Timo hit the fork he had stolen from the canteen in his throat. Macho boss did not die but kept close.

Big headlines came up in the afternoon papers, after all, Timo was a former athlete's promise and the son of an Olympic hero who had stolen his father's car and killed his sister while driving towards the tree. Timo was moved back to isolation, where he began studying. First a year as a student and then as an engineer. A few years later, he was transferred to open prison to practice his subsequent release. When Timo was released, he had high expectations but he was disappointed and started drinking full-time. His family did not want to have anything to do with him.

Jani and Timo became friends. The stories had impressed Jan, who felt guilty for not feeling drawn to Timo. With his courtesy, he seemed to be different and let Timo understand that he liked this and was seriously considering taking the next step. They met each other once a week, always in the same place. They played games and sang karaoke together. One night they danced onto each other and suddenly Jani felt Timo's stiffened cock rub against himself.

Jani tried Timo's big cock and was so aroused that Timo had no trouble telling Jani to take him to his apartment the

next night, which was a big mistake, of course. In the morning when Jani woke up headache at night from the knockout drops he had received from Timo on his head and last bang, his mouth taped and naked and saw Timo stealing all the valuables he had, Jani burst into tears.

Later, the police showed Jan a picture of Timo and asked if it was him? Jani nodded and heard in horror that Timo was a famous gay serial killer who was sitting on three gay murders but escaped. Police wondered why he hadn't killed Jan. Timo was later caught and taken back to prison to serve his life sentence in solitary confinement but escaped again. Something in Timo fascinated Jan.

He was aroused to remember how they had kissed and made love before Jan's head was finally blurred. Jani remembered how Timo had looked into his eyes with watery eyes and whispered in his ears that he liked Jan. Jani had felt happy and safe with Timo's strong arms, perhaps for the first time in his own miserable and lonely life.

Jani fetched another beer with trembling hands and was desperate. He didn't know if he would do the right thing if he wrote a letter or didn't write. He was in two stages and looked. So much was left unsaid but so much was also said and misunderstood. Jani reopened the letter and picked up a blank piece of paper from there.

He sat in front of him for an hour, looking through his glazed eyes. Then got up and forgot the letter on the table. Then the man sitting at the next table grabbed himself a letter before returning to his seats and put the letter in his chest pocket, dusting around him so that no one would have paid too much attention to him and what he was doing.

He was happy. Jani had not recognized him. He wanted to keep in Jan's mind a picture of himself as a handsome and arousing Timo, and not as the kind of wreck and garbage he had become today.

Lost opportunity

He didn't stop hating the man even in the nursing home where they found themselves in adjoining rooms. Once a man had made a mistake in the wrong room and went to his bed after his walk. He struck the man so violently with his walking stick that he began to bleed and howl. From then on, he warned not to even look at her if a man happened to come up in the hallway. It all started exactly fifty years ago, when gays were still in hiding. There were no meeting places, no contact announcements, no movie theaters, no internet, no phones or parks, not to mention restaurants now like now. If someone met someone and something arose out of it, it was often a lifelong secret love relationship and was kept visibly hidden from the eyes of other like-minded, jealous and malicious people. Officially, there were no gays. they were silenced.

None of them spoke. Sometimes the workplace was heard talking about how it and it was on the beach watching young boys in the shower. Or how a jerk was seen in the park for a few nights in a row. Sometimes the small town was visited by traveling actors or amusements and circuses, known to gather troubled and hot adventurous personalities, and the most erotic charge men of their era, who also tasted well the forbidden boy love. It was a long time since everything had happened once while Aapel was swimming one hot summer night after work on the carpet beach. A beautiful young man who looked gentlemanly came there, took off all his clothes, and plunged into the swampy water of a lustfully naked egg semi-rigid. Even the playwright started to stand. As he rose from the water at the same time as the young man, their gazes met, and they both stared with interest at each other's stiffened cocks. They quickly jerked each other behind the tree and left the place without saying anything to each other. The same thing happened many evenings in a row. Eventually, he dared to ask the young man's name, and they arranged a meeting for a day at the cafe. When he arrived a little late, he noticed a man already sitting at the table, gesturing loudly, laughing and caressing the young man's head every now and then as a sign of his warm acquaintance.

One possible conflict theory

According to Teemu, conflicts, that is, conflicts and struggle, are always with us until the end of time. In his view, it was not worth talking about any ideal state and ideal in which all contradictions were overcome and the rest of one's life was kind and good. Global ethics was no more possible than the goodwill that automatically prevailed between two people, for there was no, like no one great story in common, happy rest and pleasant expenses for all — that is, a common set of values and a genuinely accepted practical norm for all. People argue, and fortunately they can't finally agree, just like Teemu and Jussik, that eternal battle pair in everything that touched them, both together and separately, making their life one possible explanatory model for conflict theory without

any strange cheers and praise. Jussi pressured and forced Teemu to live the life he wanted according to his terms. Before the holiday, Teemu had been at the lectures of professor of Practical Philosophy at the University of Helsinki. on the annual “body days” of pathologists. Teemu was amazed, because suddenly professor took an example from the subject just for him by order:

“P encounters U at the ATM and demands U give him the PIN, or else he am-tree P to the knee. What U should do. In the light of psychology, we know the power well of what happens: U is afraid and admits. We call this an irrational reaction because fear ignores the use of thought and reason. U might say to himself: as long as I give the code, he’ll let me go. This is irrational for another reason: U has no justification for this idea; it’s just wishful thinking - I guess that’s what usually happens, so why not now. Let’s think about it systematically. Assume that P is a rational decision-maker who seeks to reflect on the situation and maximize the benefits to himself. If U refuses, what does P do? He does nothing but leaves the place with such goodness, why? P notes that shooting is now an unnecessary cost, so when you shoot, there will be costs such as assault, a nasty feeling, and the need to help U. However, what these costs are is not essential, only the costs are important. I assume that all activities incur costs for the operator, which have now become redundant. Now P states that he has failed. U is a rational player who knows that P doesn’t shoot even if he doesn’t get money. P has no reason to shoot and at least one good reason not to shoot. What if P is an irrational actor, what follows from that? U’s decision is still the same: I refuse to enter the PIN. An irrational actor’s decisions cannot be predicted because he does not think-tide, follow his emotions, and do not care about costs, no matter how futile. What should U think when we assume he is still a rational player in our coercion game? U will not give up and

agree. He thinks so: I have two possibilities, I give the PIN code or I have to disclose it. If I don't give it up, he either shoots or doesn't shoot - I can't anticipate the reaction of an irrational actor. If he shoots, the money will remain and the body will break, which in itself is unfortunate and means a big loss. But maybe he won't shoot, so the money stays. If, on the other hand, I pass the code, P might still shoot, which means maximum loss, going for both money and health. This is a catastrophic option that must be avoided to the last and by all possible means. So I don't give a PIN that guarantees I won't face the worst possible option. Behind this solution is therefore the understanding that the irrational P may shoot even if he received the money, that is, after the PIN has already been held."

For some strange reason, professor's words remained in Teemu's head as if he were listening only to them, as professor found hypocrisy in the name of consensus by first refuting the general delusion of debates and debates in reference to a controversy in which the opponent is given its due value. Professor had said. O.K, you can think of that, but then you're a consensus theorist in disguise. Disputes would only be controversies that we can overcome, as long as we work to reach a consensus and know the techniques needed to do so. But when the opponent is not given the value he deserves. The conflict theorist says: contradictions cannot be overcome, even if their people are sometimes able to live. How was it in ordinary life? Teemu thought for himself when he had to live under the contemptuous gaze of a hostile person all the time and did what he did, always did wrong and got to hear it all the time so that he made his mind meet another. If Teemu had frowned, he would have asked professor after the lecture, but with his questions he surrounded the young students so that Teemu did not have time to ask anything. Maybe sometimes another time he thought and hurried home to pack for

a vacation trip starting the next day.

“Let’s think about it systematically. Assume that P is a rational decision-maker who seeks to reflect on the situation and maximize the benefits to himself. If U refuses, what does P do? He does nothing but leaves the place with such goodness, why? P notes that shooting is now an unnecessary cost, so when you shoot, there will be costs such as assault, a sad feeling, and the need to help U. However, what these costs are is not essential, only the costs are important. I assume that all activities incur costs for the operator, which have now become redundant. Hint: don’t go too deep into the specifics of the example; on the other hand, the general limits set by the example must be maintained; these are the two general rules of such a philosophical game. Now P states that he has failed. U is a rational player who knows that P doesn’t shoot even if he doesn’t get money. P has no reason to shoot and at least one good reason not to shoot.

Anything else? Jussi asked and looked Teemu in the eye, and Teemu was aware of Jussi’s essence, both threatening and screaming. Teemu didn’t understand what it was all about again. What else, he was furious at the same time, however, feeling the sting in his heart if he had forgotten something in a hard hassle after all. It would be so like you, Jussi said vulgarly. But I don’t think I forgot anything. Take the list from your pocket and check again. Once again, to which it had gone through the home many times. Why? Now Jussi had already started to take the pan and tighten the headband even though it was only the seventh moment of the early morning. Always the same thing. Take it easy and don’t go crazy, he even told Teemu his face stiffened. Not to forget anything important but it would be too late for the wedding Jussi knew for sure, humming, humming Leonard Cohen’s Everybody knows as if to underline Jussi’s misery as if it were in the eyes of others. Teemu just wanted to ruin his day by reminding

him of his negligence. And what's important now could have been forgotten from a bag full of jonnous summer thimbles, sunscreens, detective stories and other equally cheap holiday luggage you could get at their resort in Fuengirola cheaper depending on whether they bought from some cheap store or like they did at a cooperative.

“What if P is an irrational actor, what follows from that? U's decision is still the same: I refuse to enter the PIN. An irrational actor's decisions cannot be predicted because he does not think-tide, follow his emotions, and do not care about costs, no matter how futile. What should U think when we assume he is still a rational player in our coercion game? U will not give up and agree. He thinks so: I have two possibilities, I give the PIN code or I have to disclose it. If I don't give it up, he either shoots or doesn't shoot - I can't anticipate the reaction of an irrational actor. If he shoots, the money will remain and the body will break, which in itself is unfortunate and means a big loss. But maybe he doesn't in the morning, so the money stays. If, on the other hand, I pass the code, P might still shoot, which means maximum loss, going for both money and health.”

Teemu would have done anything to please Jussi and he did. The previous week, he had secretly visited Jussi in a nice and expensive store to buy new stylish clothes for the trip. The light woolen suit was Arman's latest cry and the suit was so well cut and so fine cotton that it went unnoticed by anyone. The shoes were the top brands of the Italian Prada. The shoes cost 1,500 euros but every single cent of the shoes was worth it. The Italian-style shoe was exceptionally graceful and charming.

“An irrational P might shoot even if he got the money, that is, after the PIN is already in his possession. Maybe U's face irritates P or something like that. An explanation has also been heard in court that the victim did not respect the robber,

who therefore killed the victim. No one knows the ideas of the madman. In this example, we must not talk about the possibility of killing, because then the situation will change quite differently. In reality, even kneeling is already an unnecessarily large loss, but the example is just an example. If P is irrational, his actions cannot be predicted. Then one has to think of a way to avoid maximum loss, which is to refuse to give the code. This ensures that at least the money is preserved. If you give the code, there is a risk that it will go to both money and health. Note that in the case of irrational P, it is also possible that he will not shoot. But if he shoots when he doesn't get the code, the money will remain. And so he might even shoot after receiving the code. ”

I thought so, Jussi told Teemu, who went through the contents of the bags in despair. Something is missing isn't it? Of course not missing Jussi thought, as long as he teased Teemu. There was something to be done about Teemu's laziness and recklessness. He had to be constantly raised. Teemu was already so used to this that he did not resist but responded submissively. It seems but I can't say what yet. Now take a close look. Let's see before we regret. Let's see what? What Jussi wanted to say, Teemu thought. Always the same thing, even if it is a trivial little thing, Jussi was able to lower the atmosphere with his spiky comments to a tangible sticky already on the first day of the morning and there would be another two and two worse things for Jussi. A cold sweat rose on Teemu's forehead when Jussi rushed commandingly, even though Teemu couldn't find anything on the list that wasn't in the bag. After all, you made this list a month ago and last week you packed the bags waiting in the hallway. After that, didn't you check them once and again? Jussi nodded. Teemu just tried to wean the cause of a possible "undiscovered" object on Jussi's necks. Was anything missing then? No, replied tightly to the tense Jussi, who had become accustomed to cheap tricks and dirty

war in his life, where the adversary was allowed to cheat and bully as much as his own thing, lusts and desires and soul tolerated.

“Forcing fails if U is rational. But even if U is irrational, he doesn’t always give a code - he just doesn’t give for some weird reason. Thus, P succeeds only when the irrational U gives a code, a case which P cannot predict. We say that coercion succeeds unpredictably sometimes when U is irrational. What can P do to improve his chances? He has seemingly three different possibilities: 1) He increases the effectiveness of the threat. 2) He tortures his victim. (3) He relies on his reputation as a serious coercor.”

How and why did Teemu take Jussi and his way of trying to force Teemu into anything he didn’t like? Jussi’s cheated Fuengirolan vacations always started with knowing or believing it was sunny outside. Teemu, on the other hand, did not know or care what kind of air it was possible outside. This was important because they lived deep in bunkers inside the country to shelter the useless sun. It was a long and arduous journey out of the bunkers out into the air. The “kind of courtyard” of the bunkers always had a few places on the “sun loungers”. Jussi didn’t want to say that it was sunny outside - maybe partly because it would be unfavorable for Jussi, who wanted to go to the city’s urinals, parks and gay porn caves alone to hit the slums as fast food. This is how one of Jussi’s typical conditions for fraud came true. However, that alone was not enough and was not a sufficient condition, because maybe Teemu might not want to (and Jussi didn’t know Teemu hated him and be happy for all those little moments when he could get away from him under the guise of an excuse) his laziness and indifference to know even what the air was like . A sufficient condition was fulfilled when Jussi made Teemu believe that it was not sunny outside. At the time, it was a typical lie made by Teemu, to which Teemu was

already accustomed and could prepare. The deception, which did not involve telling a lie, was again when Jussi and Teemu had agreed that the Sunbed would be left in a certain place if it was sunny outside. However, Jussi never did that. On the contrary, he made common sense and did not leave the sun lounger in the agreed place, although he knows that it is sunny outside and Jussi searches for the sun lounger without finding it, concluding that it is not sunny outside and therefore stays inside all day.

“Threatening to death changes the nature of the game. If the stake is death, it seems natural to agree to give the code. Now it is only worth listening to the coercer and believing in his promise not to shoot the money after receiving it. Fear of death is not irrational fear in the sense where I discussed fears above. Namely, if I die, saving money is no longer an advantage. If the spirit survives, avoiding losing money is always a happy thing. Usually, aggravating the threat breaks the rational shell of the victim, but death is a special case.”

Fuengirola was cramped, sweaty and in a hurry. Things Teemu hated. and even though they themselves did not drink alcohol or eat unhealthily, they had to be in top condition at all times just like in an operating room in case of an emergency. That was their profession, and his medical oath obliged them to share their life-saving skills with those who needed it when it was time. As doctors, they always had enough to work on return flights from these cheap mass tourism destinations, when at least a few of the alcoholics and bad-natured retirees returning to Finland had a heart attack or died of alcohol, their machinery. The previous year, an elderly man about 80 years old had died of a drunken heart attack despite resuscitation attempts, and a girl in her twenties who had drunk herself in bad shape had had a severe fall and had almost died. What was torturous this time around, Teemu thought? So it's a vacation. There was stress all the time and surprising events

lurking around. And then Jussi still lurking in his every move.

“What about torture? In this case, P threatens U with a gradual implementation of the threat, which U feels very frightening and facilitates the transition from rational reasoning to irrational sensations. Here a distinction must be made between the threat of torture and the measure itself. The threat can be resisted just when anything but the threat - so the above argument does not change. Implementation is a different matter and is sure to break resistance. But it is no longer a threat, because a threat is always a linguistic expression. ”

What was the question again? Bullying or a necessary object or something else? The rest of the platform or a reminder that all this should never have started with Jussi, Teemu thought. They were so different and always going to each other's nerves about little things, even though Teemu didn't show it to Jussi. As now, something quite insignificant and irrelevant, which Jussi had added to the list at the last minute, or one that wasn't even just to tease her. But fortunately nothing was missing for Teemu.

“Reputation is a crucial factor in P's success, while at the same time moving the whole conversation into the social event space. I note that forcing systematic success requires a social background. When P is known to be a professional criminal and a member of a known criminal community, such as a vest gang member, he is a convincing coercer on this basis. Namely, he shoots whenever he can't, and never shoots when he gets what he wants from U. It is therefore a question of a professional's reputation. If he does not shoot the opposing victim, the future victims will not find the threat convincing. If he shoots after receiving the money, the problem is exactly the same: why give the money if it gets shot anyway? But when you know you won't be shot, money can well be given, but only on one condition: the value of the money is less than the value of health. The professional designs the severity of

the threat so that the realization of the threat is more evil for U than obedience. For a professional, carrying out a threat in the face of U's opposition, on the other hand, comes at a lower cost than the loss of reputation resulting from the withdrawal."

Teemu had invited Professor to speak about his new book "Philosophy as Raw - Cynical Realism" for the annual "body days" of pathologists, as he was Professor of Pathology at the University of Helsinki and Docent of Pathology at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm. She was one of the best in the field, an award-winning and often used Expert Member in UN-led operations in crisis areas around the world led by the famous Finnish forensic dentist Helena Ranta, investigating massacres against those responsible for gathering evidence for the International Court of Justice in The Hague. Jussi was again the chief physician and docent of the Department of Internal Medicine at the University of Helsinki. What would the social and health reform planned by the right-wing government have meant in practice in their work? I guess nothing special, but for ordinary customers, it would have increased worry, stress and costs, while at the same time it would have mixed more confusing social and health care fields in Teemu's opinion. It was useless to even ask Jussi about it. As the son of a well-known Coalition MP, Jussi was accustomed to thinking that doctors belonged to the highest social class, whose personal interests had to be placed above the interests of others whenever possible, so that the in the name of equality and non-discrimination.

"It is good for the coercer to know the values of his victim, that is, what he values. In planning a threat, resorting to violence is always a good idea, because whatever U values, violence is a great value success for him anyway. Permanence is a universal evil to which no one is immune. That is why coercion is usually based on violence. "

Sometimes Teemu wondered if Jussi understood by harassing and forcing people that he had at the same time accidentally revealed a psychological formula for right-wing nihilism practiced by the upper strata of society as a kind of arrogant collective narcissistic forced neurosis, what is a bad attitude as an experience of worthlessness and metaphor. This was a matter of arrogance when the right-wing preferred himself to others in the common line in comparison to his own excellence and importance over the masses, and did not care what was happening to others. This is exactly what Jussi was like in his speeches and actions. coercion belonged to him in the same category as right-wing militism, which meant to him complete indifference and the arrogance it brought with it: how could he have cared when he had no value according to the old adage: you know the whole price but not the value of anything. Therefore, nothing but himself and his selfish needs meant nothing to Jussi, so it was simply easy for him to remain indifferent and focus only on the most important thing: himself.

The trip to the field after small bends cost almost three times more than in the good old days, when taxis came from only one company and the meter rates were all the same and the taxis were trusted like the police, the priest and the liquor store price list. It was a time when Jussi and Teemu had met in a first-year party at the university campus at a medical doctoral student party just a few months after they had moved to Helsinki to study. At the time, Jussi was still living in a student apartment in the suburbs and in a rental apartment owned by his rich aunt in the center of Teemu, which had a sea view and a large covered balcony that could be considered a second living room in summer. It wasn't love at first glance, if there was love at all. They had just drifted with each other, introduced by a common acquaintance, and started dating each other. To meet each other at medical students' parties and events

first and then in their free time, they had a common hobby of running a marathon. They had also left for the Spanish Sunshine Coast in Malaga to run the marathon. They only stayed in a familiar place in Fuengirola, an area populated by Finns, which was a short distance from the area's gay bars, the best of which were open 24 hours a day.

In Teemu's opinion, it also made sense in Jussi's speeches. The common values of the people and the genuinely accepted practical norms were possible only on the wish list of idealists and in public speeches in the media, as people argue and finally do not reach a consensus. All that remains is anger and resentment and inflamed relationships. He recalled a healthy way to protect themselves against type-handling performance, because behind the conflict are fundamental conflicts of interest, your religion is bigger than mine, so I'm at a loss. Conflicts cannot be resolved peacefully because we do not have a common language. Or I have language, you just have your indifferent silence. Not your torturer will talk to you about your rights and virtues, other than to mock you. He who robs you will never justify and justify your actions. Why would he do that when he gets his money anyway. If you have to justify, he justifies, and then takes your money. The Bible says you always have the poor among you; the professor says you always have parasites in our mid-six:

“Raising people so that parasitic life is no longer attractive. But before that, the parasites have already stolen the rearing and beat it into flesh. Who dares to believe in equal education? Elite breeding for the elite, parasite breeding for the parasites. There are three hard Ks for breeders: street, school and home. This means that no elite controls the entire field of education. Who imagines that parasites are not hard-working and conscientious upbringers of a hard school, and this school does not look at social class. Remember your bike will be stolen right away if you don't lock it. Also lock your door, as the parasite

is already ready in the hallway. Work hard, but never think about who will take the value you create. Amazon owner Jeff Bezos is worth \$ 150 billion. Just use Amazon, Jeff thanks. The rich in America are getting richer all the time, the middle class is declining and impoverishing with equal certainty. Is there any consensus behind this arrangement? Why was Mr. Trump elected president? Behind the conflict are fundamental conflicts of interest, your religion is bigger than mine, so I'm at a loss. Conflicts cannot be resolved peacefully because we do not have a common language. Or I have language, you just have your indifferent silence. Not your torturer will discuss rights and virtues with you, other than to mock you. He who robs you will never justify and justify his action.”

Even on the plane, he pondered the words of the old and the wise and realized his own world would just happen to be the world he had been condemned to live. Nothing else. No more and no less. Somewhere above Paris, severe turbulence began and the plane swung a long distance in one direction and another, torn by a strong wind, so that the flashing lights came on as a sign of the mandatory use of seat belts. Breathing masks dripped from the ceiling, with the machine dropping into the air pits every few minutes every few minutes, so that the stomach felt and people began to vomit and startle. Teemu and Jussi sat as quietly as the other passengers on board. Here and there there was a cry of a child and a loud shout, as well as screams of horror. They had not experienced such a hard going before, even though they had flown a lot.

And it didn't help that they flew with Finland's own national airline, Finnair, which they considered to be the safest airline in the world. The flight captain announced his apologies for the air pits in Finnish and English, saying that they would continue for some time to come. In front was, according to the captain, a violent storm front, which they tried to circumvent to the best of their ability, being on its outermost

track. What would it be like to be in the eyes of a storm? Teemu thought to himself, turning to Jussi to ask this opinion on the matter, when in horror he saw Jussi barking his breath in chalk-white panic, just as if it had been in the mood right now. That's when his mind crept for the first time, what if? An important question about the unpredictability of life. What if everything changed suddenly and Jussi died of the scene he got. So what? After all, as a pathologist, he would have to do an autopsy on him. Would he endure it like everyone else in the past years, or would he enjoy it after all these years as a toy for Jussi's sadistic nature? Teemu looked at Jussi's pale face and wondered if he was left with any beautiful thoughts about Jussi or just afraid of disgust and desire for koson. Was he even unhappy to see his torturer in the hands of his destiny receiving a sati itch right behind his shoulder? Did he want Jussi to die in that place even if the holiday was ruined? What would he do without Jussi and think about the professor's words:

“Every state is ready to use coercive measures against its own citizens when it is forced. A well-organized constitutional state, this is not a particular concern. The conflict theorist says that this is and always will be the case; the consensus theorist doesn't really know what to say. A conflict theorist is not surprised or concerned about the threat of state violence against its own citizens if it is governed by legal principles - which by no means happens in every state.”

Jussi was taken from the plane to the waiting ambulance on the ground with an oxygen mask on his face. Teemu went along. After a few days, Jussi got to the hotel weak but alive, and to his own surprise, he delighted Teemu, who was constantly supervised by Jussi, who had tears in his eyes when he saw Jussi open his eyes after a long period of unconsciousness. Jussi looked at him helplessly and Teemu couldn't be sure whether he was watching kindly and harmoniously or, as usual, playing accusingly. Maybe then? Teemu repeated to

himself. Maybe Jussi was now in another country and easier to deal with after watching death face to face for a moment. But what else! When Jussi started showing signs of life and regained his ability to speak. And the same malice and coercion started at that same moment. Do this and that! Nothing was good for him. It was good not to blame Teemu for his illness, who had made a blueberry smoothie that Jussi hated for dinner in the evening. Jussi claimed to get pimples on it and always feel sick after drinking it.

After the marathon, Teemu was just across and this time it wasn't just because of the hot air and the roughness of the road surfaces on the marathon route, but just about everything; the weather was horribly sweating something 40+ all the time and dehydration in line with it. But more he was broken and ended up tired of Jussi's accusations and fucking during the marathon, just as Teemu's fault was that he wasn't in the shape of his life and, after a short illness, got to his post to compete with himself quickly enough against the previous year. You should have drunk bath water all the time to stay somehow even in a tolerable condition until the end of the marathon. And they didn't drink enough when there was no time. Jussi stuck to his goal of falling short of the previous year's time and whipped Teemu to the front, even though the mere thought for Teemu was the same thing as the later depression with cat paws, which eventually stifled the creative mind with a slowly tightening but secure tightening bandage. Jussi called it lazy folk disease. Teemu looked at Jussi and saw no human glare in his eyes. The same old ruler and performer poked his eyes in blue coldness on Teemu's face as always at home so that Teemua was horrified and did evil and he understood Jussi's healing was due to a desire for revenge. This is what this was. Constant overcrowding and fighting at any time, at some other invisible enemy. In general, the enemy. Teemu didn't understand why everything had to go according to the

most difficult formula. One that could have been enjoyed if it had been taken lighter and a little jees. Jussi watched him triumphantly, as Teemu looked startled mostly from a swimming dog and not just any street dog swimming in the mud, who pulled his last furry coat ready at any time to give up his last hair.

In the evenings, they sat drinking beers first in the Finns' own restaurants in the center of Fuengirola and listened in a homely way to the brawling and chattering of the Finns until they got bored, because the stuff was always the same against someone who couldn't defend themselves. Jussi participated diligently in small debates. Speaking of the word, I guess Teemu estimated. It was a clear quarrel so that Teemua was horrified. After midnight, they moved to local gay bars and movie theaters near the beach. At night, the surroundings of gay bars and the beach strip turned into hunting grounds, where professional gays of all kinds, from German grandmothers to English skin gays, openly hunted as free game from their momentary relief from their anxiety and manhood; both Teemu and Jussi were interested in these heroes of their own lives, handsome and masculine heterosexuals.

When the holiday was over and they had already returned to the normal schedule of a medical couple in their detached house, Teemu sighed when he noticed that Jussi's tension had eased despite all the hustle and bustle, as the original purpose of the holiday had been when it was planned together. Jussi was just like that. He himself described his controlled nature as simple. In Teemu's opinion, Jussi either did not comprehend or simply lied to himself consciously about his nature, that he should not have looked the facts in the eyes of what he was. There was a lot of good in him, perhaps, when he thought very carefully, even though Teemu didn't immediately think of what.

Jussi didn't immediately find anything particularly good

or something that would have made him comfortable in the eyes of others. But at least he took good care of the common home. Your clean and your dishes. He took care of the garden alone and was in charge of the house's technical affairs, as well as the tent and computers.

Together they took care of the car, the summer cottage, the cat they shared with Jussi's mother and the holiday trips, both these marathon vacations and the short weekend vacations in Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Tallinn, especially to Tallinn, where they had their own three rooms and kitchen in the old and fashionable in a place with a magnificent view of Tallinn's Old Town Hall Square. The apartment in Tallinn was taken care of by Vladimir, a half-criminal boy from Tallinn who was called a "houseboy" like an American.

Vladimir was a handsome and long-haired former juvenile offender from Narva. The agreement included that Vladimir would take care of the apartment and, in return, be allowed to live there. And because Vladimir was exceptionally handsome and well-equipped and imaginative when it came to sex, both Jussi and Teemu always visited Tallinn separately - not together on weekends - to enjoy Vladimir's services in peace, which always included both Vladimir's self-developed Thai sex massage and real massage, and sometimes, as a bonus, a couple of twenty Russian boys as handsome and well-equipped as Vladimir himself was.

The thing Jussi couldn't get through was the ever-worsening panic attacks. At work he had been able to avoid them with the security of the right medication but on holiday trips, when he was trying to get rid of the medications, he was whipped up on even small things like a raging bull and caused a lot of harm to himself and Teemu. After returning from Fuengirola, Jussi started to become a little friendlier. Age did its job. On the weekend mornings, he was not amused by anything. He refused to get up until noon, complaining of

pain and dizziness in his head.

At lunchtime, she was gossiping in her dressing gown, looking like a ghost, nervous around her, as if looking for a ghost from every corner. But he no longer looked at Teemu angrily. Sometimes he even secretly smiled and hummed to himself. Over time, his anger subsided and he no longer complained about everything in vain in an inappropriate tone, although he remained reserved and tense whenever Jussi was close to him.

When the next year's marathon trip had to start planning, Jussi said that he was tired of the whole marathon and asked Teemu where he would like to spend next year's holiday. Teemu was surprised. But the very next day, old Jussi had already burned back when he was standing in the hallway wearing jogging gear, loudly demanding Teemu for a jog, as he had decided their next year's "marathon vacation" was going to Hawaii this time.

Because I lived in a small village

I got a boring but easy profession where I didn't have to pinch or be face to face with other people. I took the cat as my life partner and the green plants to brighten up my days. I joined various hobby circles and went to the swimming pool every day looking for and watching if now today I would encounter someone wandering gaze, but nothing ever happened because I lived in a small village where no one could afford it. I dreamed all the time of my own prince, who would appear as a miracle trade, surprisingly around the corner of my life, and would remain there permanently and never give up or change its beauty, like the magnificent marble statues of young athletes. I wanted to see in front of me the dream of a great real man with a lot of playful and mischievous boy energy, masculine stubbornness, and fierce splendor, and who would have been as lively and humorous as I thought I really was somewhere deep inside me when in boredom afford, and that his magnificence would finally be crowned by the loud laughter that gripped everyone in a nice way, which I, too, had sometime long ago in my childhood, when I had not encountered the harsh facts of life face to face and still had reason to laugh.

His head hit blank

When it was when we first met or something like that, I heard an unknown man whispering to me at a busy time of the day at exactly 12:00 and jerking off my jacket as a sign that he had something important and that we really felt each other, which I strongly doubted once upon a time, too, for me, a vento guest in the same place, after waiting an hour or two for the oceans to make his date, would have come up with an emergency lie and an excuse to try the stick on the passing cute boys if they were toying.

Was it autumn then or did it rain? I do not remember. Was

he dark or light? I do not remember. At some point it rained. I remember it, but then it was like nothing was. Not even the rain dripped into the sky as drops as in the films poetically, but flowed quietly and purposefully to get to my feet, watering everything but my head, which I had protected with a waterproof hat. What day was it then? Maybe Wednesday. What did I do there? I don't remember that either. Why did I meet him? by chance or did we have an arranged appointment or had I mixed the appointment with some other appointment with someone else? Everything was so obscure that all I could say was that I might have been there one day and all this what I am telling you now could then happen to me or someone else - if not otherwise, then sooner or later.

I was soaking wet. The water flowed into my shoes and made me tremble from the cold. The air had cooled in an instant and a dark black cloud mass had obscured the sun so that it was difficult to know if it was evening or morning. I was unhappy and sad. I remember that. I was unhappy and sad at the time, almost full-time. I got up to work in the morning and came home from work in the evening. a lot more I don't remember those years or want to remember because they were such boring and long milky days. Another similar to the other. I just remember the random people I met blinking nervously at their watches.

His head hit blank. Had I heard or seen correctly? I do not remember. I was in the stages of two but something made me hesitate about my tight, clock-running date that it wasn't right this time. I thought for a few seconds that it would cost nothing, even though I would greet the man, even though I thought the shock attempt was perhaps more clumsy than I had seen in my life. But there was something familiar and clumsy about him that made me remember something from the distant past. From one warm and hilarious summer to the time when I had just moved to Helsinki and bought a small

studio. That summer, the sun shone through almost summer without being awkwardly hot. At night, fresh comers blew from the sea and sometimes hung water so that the land could not burn. I had got a summer job as a traveling ice cream vendor in places where a lot of holiday tourists from both home and abroad moved during the day.

That summer everything important happened to me the important thing that made me and not just a shy country boy in the porch of a big farmhouse nose stuck in books on Sundays after church going when relatives used to come from long distances for church coffee and wondering that the house after all, I had already enrolled as a student, attended the military, and at the very age when all my other childhood and youth friends bought engagements for their youth. Was I as anxious then as I am now? I do not remember.

When I decided to move to the capital and first got to study classical languages, ie Greek and Latin, at the University of Helsinki, I decided to move to the capital a few months earlier in early June to learn how to travel in the city before the university started. It was really just an excuse to get away from the distressing relatives who, to the point of embarrassment, populated our large family farm in the summer. I had read wild stories about Helsinki's secret gay life on gay pages, which bloomed in parks, outdoor toilets and beaches in the summer, and I wanted to try it myself. Had I enjoyed those moments? I do not remember. That summer I let myself go and all my blockages disappeared and I no longer felt ashamed of what I was.

Maybe we had met somewhere in those times before. Maybe he had played some important role in a previous life. Maybe we had even been loving for a while in the bathroom, both as little boys, without daring to look into each other's eyes as we quickly jerked and triggered. He had, or had had, something interesting and turning heads. I was sure of that when

I looked at him. Or had been. That's why I stopped in front of the man and smiled at him. Had he had to get his chance or lost back, I thought. You know what kind of situation it was on. And when I looked at the clock, I suddenly realized I wasn't in a hurry for anything now that we were two, he and I.

I don't remember that either. I smiled at him or so at least I thought I would. The man looked back at me with his laughing eyes and smiled strangely familiarly. Don't you remember? He asked and looked me in the eye. At the same time, I forgot about time as weird as it might sound under the city's most famous clock in a place where many quick and soon-to-be-forgotten relationships had been made in the same way under the guise of someone's excuse. Don't you think you started to sound familiar. The arch of his lips and the softly spoken words between them "Don't you remember?". The emphasis on the word "supposedly" as an accusation of indifference and negligence, even though it was not. I just didn't remember. It had been too much time.

He tried hard to make me remember himself. He looked at me deeply with his blue eyes and continued to smile. This time there was no question of an attempt to strike or an excuse to talk desperately with someone in a dignified place to forget his own loneliness and that he had no one to exist, to think about and to make plans for common holidays, not to mention weekends in the country now. Then he did a trick I always remember. He approached me and suddenly kissed my mouth in the middle of a human hustle and bustle without anyone noticing or looking for good or evil, and said he would never forget his eyes or names or what? Was it as I now remember it? I do not remember. It wasn't until then that I realized who he was and I didn't believe my eyes. But at the same time, I forgot, because it had been so many years since we had last seen or heard of each other, I thought. But maybe still...

After work

I'm not so overwhelmed. I no longer fall into the trap of beautiful and meaningless or meaningless words whispered by exploitative boys online or in gay bars. And I no longer think every man would stand stubbornly waving a flag until his last day of judgment behind his words, trying to survive only the prisons they made themselves by explaining their best to others no matter how they were ass. Those who consider themselves normal whisper behind my back to be crazy. Others, on the other hand, feel smart. Smart as a survivor who knows and dares to go where the fence is highest over. Some people think I'm cute boyish, some people like me unbearably childish rumourmongers, a perpetual nuisance or a liar. Because I am what I am, I get an evil speeches have added yet gay. I give my work exactly what it deserves to give, but not for a second of my own time or my life. I never talk and I don't fall for myself, my thoughts, my hopes or my dreams to anyone, because if I did, I would lose the rest of my respects in my work crew, whose lives are dominated by tire, car and shift changes, fuck, booze and anger, sports and cars, beer, TV and games - all that most in the world I hate and hate. After work, head to your own corners. I go to the gym, solarium, swimming, dance class, movies, library, cultural events. I mix without hindrance, chatter and gossip. I flatter, flirt, and joke, joking, curious, and sniffing for my own joy and the passage of my time without asking anyone's permission or apologizing to others for my character traits or habits quietly in some corner.

Dancing with prickly roses

That evening was the most wonderful in the memory of men. we hadn't been out with the boyfriend at the time for a long time, nor separately. We were students at the time, and there was no money for anything extra. My boyfriend said after a few glasses: let's tear up today, after all, it's our own party and we're going to the local gay disco to run our skinny asses to the annoyance of old men. We drank a little too much and got lost on the way. We fought when we came to the gay disco. Then I saw the most awesome and more beautiful boy I have ever seen. As soon as she had walked in the door and walked to the bar counter, I was completely sold out and could no longer remember my boyfriend. This boy I wanted nothing more so in my life. The boy looked at me in amazement and asked himself, did he accomplish all this? Of course I answered, and much more. I don't know anything hit me. The boy rolled his eyes in his head and threw his long hair from side to side while liping his stimulating-looking pink lips, smashing them, as if taking a blowjob from me at the same time. Then he took me by the hand and looked deep inside me. He saw through me and predicted for me my future, which he said was the closest to dancing with prickly roses. I asked if a fatal man could be seen there. Yes, he answered. And one great love shows up there, he laughed and said it stood here and now in front of you.

What happened then?

It was May Day and the hustle and bustle had already started well in advance a few days earlier in the city as it was warm and sunny after a long rainy season and gray. That year, May Day hit Monday, so the long and more cumbersome party tube for Finnish enthusiasts could start on Friday with a good conscience and last for four long and wonderful days. Oh this carefree youth, when you still have time to get excited about everything, Andy said in a liquor store queue behind him drunk mocking Mickey. Age both had something around the age of twenty. Maybe a little top but he didn't notice. At least identity card questioners. Maybe intentionally. Those eternal embarrassers of young adults who look like children just when they had reached adult taste and mood Micke wasn't properly

drunk yet. Well, at least not much. But that was enough.

The seller refused to sell anything to Mickey. And when Micke refused to understand, the salesman called the guards to the place, who from the liquor store out of the confused Mickey out of the store in the middle of Helsinki on Aleksanterin Street among the lively human bustle. Quite rightly threw on the street literally like Micke's twenty-year-old boyfriend a week earlier and right after the window Pet Shop Boys records and shouted after him bluntly: love etc ... After that, it had always started shouting the same "love etc ...!" when something unpleasant happened to him.

Oh fuck you don't concern, Micke bit the film in an attempt to gather passing sympathies and incite hatred towards the guards. Micke was already familiar with this, even though he wasn't really a typical slum boy. A little like that just but hell handsome with something 185-centimeters long, dark curls. A face like a cherub and a body with an adonis carved in marble, even though it did nothing in front of the face and not the body. Sometimes he ran crazy in the woods. He was a black man in a white man's robe, other than his thick and always upright cock, he was told by the first dozen of his cock-sucking cock when Micke was still a little boy and had just started having sex with money.

School didn't taste like, nor did the official work. Micke sometimes did his father's job as an assistant to his father's truck when his father drove long distances directly from Helsinki to Narva, Estonia. But Micke was not a loser and did not want to stay that way. Mickey had plans and after all he had two like-minded good and handsome friends, two almost neighbors Andy and WB, with each of whom he had fucked up and experienced the joys and sorrows of first love before he had assimilated and realized that love and sex had to be separated. Mickey's mother "was a bit artistic", a little kisser who had never got a taste of the work but at some point

with public subsidies, collected bottles and went to a stinky canteen in Helsinki's unemployed week for every week for a 2 euro lunch, almost always while gathering food for herself and Micke for dinner. The father was an Estonian truck driver. Father visited the house once a week staying for a couple of days.

Outside, Micke was waiting for the group's third hero, WB. Micke had lived all her life in a city tenement house with her mother, and after the mother had become almost immobile after long periods of treatment and the drugs made her almost immobile, Micke got overwhelmed by the city to give him own rental sometimes not always quite remembered and then received reproaches from the authorities when her mother had told the authorities about it and her apartment was full of piss, shit and dirty clothes to which she had wiped herself in distress. Not Micke from the small upset. Even a mother always forgave when she saw her repentant son look like a puppy.

Micke was smart and was quiet. And those stories could not stand the publicity. It was still a case under the age of 16. If it had told what and with whom it was bothering what, that is, who was supporting it and what it was doing in front of it all, it would have gotten somewhere in the facility and mother as well as when it was Micke's responsibility urinate, keep an eye and wear. Before that, Mickey's difficult father would have beaten Mickey to hospital. Dad hated gays. At least plump, hairy and feminine. Micke was sure of that and therefore it said nothing but responded to everything confused and restless so that aunts of the social services office thought it was just on drugs and left it alone in a hopeless case. What Micke wasn't. Micke just played it. Micke wasn't crazy or gifted either. But what else could have been done in that environment? He had to live it, he was still young. Hot blood flowed in Mickey's veins and the mind did it all, as did all the other young people. After all, it wouldn't have been a

normal young person at all, if not. Micke considered himself to be as normal as it was despite the circumstances.

How much of that was time now, Jan asked Micke? Maybe six years. Remember how we met? Jan asked, stroking Micken's curls. There was a May Day again and Jan wanted to recall the events of six years ago when she had run into Micke, who had been thrown out of a liquor store into the street, lying for a while along her length on Aleksanterinkatu. What happened then? No one knows or remembers. Maybe no one cares. Micke was just Micke and there were a dozen of them on these corners.

All that it had endured and the attacks it had taken as it itself called those wounds and humiliations, Micke had taken and endured only because Micken had to do so to endure her miserable life somehow tolerably. But it wasn't a life to live through someone else's suffering. Mother and father, the so-called and the same landscapes since childhood. Neighbor the same problems, if not worse. No one liked anyone. Everyone teased and betrayed each other and then these still pretended to be friends Andy and WB. There was a shortage of money, food and joy. Micke then received a small blow to his head as Jan fell on him and never woke up like that again. Time passed and Micke forgot the familiar angles and people. Jan had then gone to the ambulance according to Mickey. Micke had told him his story briefly and asked Jan to help him. Now they both laughed. After all, it wasn't a long journey along the roads but they were so two different worlds that there was no fear of revelation. There is no fear. Not at all. And no one missed Micke after six years and Micke no one. Mom had reportedly gotten a little posture from the shock of her life. Started swimming and gymnastics. But Dad was the same jukur head as before, Micke knew. It had once sat in the car with Jan outside his old house and looked through the windows at binoculars. After that, Micke never came back.

Disgust

When I woke up from these hours, the day had already turned into evening and there was no longer any knowledge of my longing at the foot of the cemetery of unfulfilled hopes. I shook myself from my unreal dream world back to this moment and to the real preconditions of life, and I thought that now I had to put myself together once and try to change the miserable end of my life to get upright, even as I got older and even got what I wanted and the missed opportunities I would certainly have gotten if I had been. Had what? It was something I wasn't, and that's why I didn't get what I wanted, but I was constantly spinning under my own imaginary self and desires under strangling pressure, so that when I finally realized this, I thought I'd just let the precipitate go the same pattern now. After all, nothing can be lost here when nothing is.

He just closed his eyes

When Pasi returned to his homeland, Finland, he knew that from then on the game had been lost and he no longer had much control over his own life. He knew he would have to submit to a host of nasty orders from nasty people, but then everything would be over and he would no longer have to worry about his own failures and coping. He was not terminally ill. A little just tired and the places needed a lively, annual maintenance. and what better way than to come home to receive medical treatment in your own language. Or so, to reassure himself, he explained to himself, knowing that he was betraying himself and being too hopeful, even though the doctor's forehead was frowning ominously when he asked if it was a serious or routine procedure. Preliminary examinations had been done in Hamburg and, in addition to the lung damage caused by severe smoking, he was found to have a cerebrovascular accident, so everything in the hospital could take a long time and therefore he wanted to go to Finland.

He was dressed in a low-key, elegantly expensive walking suit and wore high-quality Italian Walking Shoes. He looked a bit like Johnny Depp with his round sunglasses and small mustache and sling beards, but luckily a little, because he hated the actor and what he thought were lousy movies, but even more he hated the moments when a laughing group of teenage tourists who had specialized in hunting for celebrity signatures ran to ask for "Mr. honnu tepilta " autograph. Pasi

politely wrote autographs for the girls in Finnish, which read “give a dick, suck a kick, smell an ass, take a blowjob, etc.” and always smiled as politely to the girls as these to him.

Pasi’s things were the way they were, and nothing else — at least nothing complicated and hard-to-explain and understandable. Things either were or weren’t, it shouldn’t have been any stranger, if you didn’t unnecessarily squirm and try too much to present, cover or otherwise just be a little over what it was. But it was just kind of hard for him. Trying to be what it was was especially when you didn’t really know what or who it was. But we had to try. Life was one attempt, nothing else, and it was not worth sleeping past it then, despite being a little shaky on the side paths, for a second time might never come. This is how he reasoned to keep himself somehow aware of what was happening around him. He wanted to keep in doubt the distance between himself and a possible world in that very gray area that was called the lie of life. And he didn’t succeed, even though he thought so himself. Despite claims to the contrary, things were complicated and required a lot of time and attention, sometimes so much that they misled the human mind to brush themselves off the basic questions and think too much of themselves, which cost me know as fatigue and evil.

When he landed at Helsinki-Vantaa Airport on the last Hamburg plane of the evening, he was amazed at the change in the folk song he sang in singing experiments at school every year in the almost empty country airport, which has been one of the fastest growing and of the busiest airports until the coronavirus emptied all other airports in the world in March. He looked around in relief. At least the Asian herds of little girls had been cleaned up by the coronavirus from being disturbed and he was allowed to walk almost alone through customs to a taxi waiting outside. He just closed his eyes in the taxi and never opened them again.

It is for this moment that I want to live

I sit at home at the internet. He makes us his favorite food. The kitchen smells at home for a good and inviting world. He talks to other men about them on the phone with his friend, and sometimes yells at me as if he has a bad conscience. That's how on Sundays we usually make some good vegetarian food together from world cuisines. Today is his turn. Throughout the long morning, we have lounged in bed, listened to good music, dreamed together, and read countless newspapers gathered in a magazine rack during the week. He comes behind me and wraps his arms around me and kisses me gently on the forehead. The food is ready, but he has no intention of giving up on me, now that he is spinning around me full of love and contented like a cat once he has gotten into my hands. He already knows from experience that I highly flammable

type, and always as hot for him, so that he need to do casually casually as a few friendly and welcoming gesture, and called me a little honeyed a changed soft voice to him, when I am already in a moment full gear ready to jump with him to play exactly what he wants and what kind of games he is ready for. She cuddles warmer and warmer, teasing by nibbling my nipples through my shirt with her mouth, trying my muscles, and cuddling my ass. He has pushed his other hand inside the front of my pants, and now moves it, rubbing it with his soft hand for sure. I close my eyes as I let him dig out my semi-rigid cock so that it swells to its full extent. She starts kissing it passionately. Take it in the mouth as I moan with my eyes closed for pleasure. He strips me and himself at the same time and comes inside me. And when we get to the end, we're tired and sweaty. His hand rests on my butt and he is still partly inside and on top of me. His cock shrinks smaller and smaller all the time, and eventually melts away from within me. I moan for pleasure again. Then he turns and turns me face to face with himself. He takes my head between his hands again, and kisses me gently and for a long time on the mouth. When I look at him I am filled with a great feeling of happiness and joy. Everything feels so beautiful and clear. The two closed-love boys lie side by side for a thousand and once again in the smell of sperm, looking at each other as admiringly as they did long ago when they first made love on this bed. He still remembers it after yesterday. How crazy and filthy and long passion it was. They weren't sleeping much in the blink of an eye that night, and the whole next week was one sweaty love wrestling and gasping under the blanket every time after work and nothing has changed in a trace of those times. The same nutty play - and passion and passionate throwing on the beloved 's arms to enjoy each other unconditionally, exploring each other' s already familiar details, the roundness of the butt, the tenderness of the cock, the plushness of the muscles

and the sweet and seductive mouthfuls of the lips. No passion, No longing for another's lap. Not the bliss of sex experienced together and the loveliness of triggering, nothing has changed over the years to anything. It's all as joyful and fresh as the rainy lawn behind the window moistened yesterday. He turns again and is in a full sleep after a while. I touch my back with my fingertips and draw in it the beautiful and happy images that you like: cats, flowers, red wine, me and us. I take his cock in my hand and tease it. Then I kiss it, and I start licking it in festive condition. I suck it so eagerly that she wakes up moans with pleasure, and pours her sperm in my mouth. After that, he opens his eyes and smiles at me captivatingly. It is for this moment that I want to live. It is precisely for this moment I exist. Everything else is just the obligatory survival, gratification, and creation through the gray bars and invisible obstacles of life that I get to be with him all the time together, and admire how beautiful the creator created him, and what kind of gift I have received from him in my life.

Day of the False King

I thought it would indeed be a great consolation in this life if there is someone beside you with whom you might unite in the most intimate embrace of the most sacred love, where your spirit may rest; to whom you can pour out your souls; in whose inviting friendly lap you can find peace in the midst of worldly setbacks.

Everything is very different today than it was yesterday in his rather unhappy and unreserved youth, X thinks as he sits at a hotel breakfast at Helsinki Pride's time in one of the most atmospheric hotels in the city center, at Hotel Tower during a rooster as soon as the breakfast table opens at 6.30am for weekend guests.

Why did X stay at a hotel in the same city where he lived permanently? He had worries. Life had stalled. He tried to make room for his thoughts and doubts in an impartial environment. X hadn't slept at night, but had walked restlessly with conflicting thoughts in his head, cruising the streets of the night center, frantically wondering what C or was going to answer to this difficult question about the future of their relationship. The word relationship in this case could also be an exaggeration in X's view. After all, it was a possible gay assumption, which was neither true nor false. Maybe they didn't have a relationship, as C had claimed. There were just

appointments and their own lives in each. Some bond, however, had X claimed. The kind that lasted between them for a long time, which justified him to be concerned about the current state of affairs, which C completely disagreed with.

It had all started from the fact that neither had amused each other sexually in the sexual sense, well, if he had ever even liked it, revealed as a complete surprise C, who admitted to having experienced sex for the first time since then, the little and occasional increasingly disgusting and distant - not because I shouldn't have liked X; C downright adored X, but no longer wanted him physically to give up after talking about such a cohabitation with X altogether, who then didn't ask C to lie naked next to him and watch soft gay porn on the computer while quietly jerking off. himself and touched C from here to here thinking he had aroused him.

Only now did he realize why C had been quiet and motionless and nothing had happened to him. C later said the reasons for his indifference and coldness were better cold-calculating rather than "falling in love" himself. X did not understand what he meant by now, thinking all this alone and in peace. C would have liked to experience an erotic adventure and lure someone with him to a bed he knew would catch fire.

Such thoughts and speech greatly astonished and offended X, who did not know any other man as he knew C or in this case, had imagined in good faith that he had thought so contrary to his better knowledge and was therefore so shocked when his thought was not what C was in reality, who had only visually hidden all the right about himself and his feelings, had hidden all their common long-term own true inwardness, and only now, after years, confessingly after X cowardly accusing him of not loving X about him sexually, and didn't even feel anything but a little guilty of him, some kind of indecisive aversion, and even some kind of hidden hatred for having wasted his time living with the wrong person.

He was like this because he had not dared, as a slave to his cowardice and manners, to acknowledge the facts to himself by lifting the switch when the first nasty signs of the right quality appeared.

“Then what was the question?” had X asked C, who in his own way was silent and did not talk too much about his own feelings, perhaps partly because, due to his volatile nature, he was not even properly aware of them. “Love is dangerous madness and very rare in its kind,” he got the enigmatic saying to X but no more. C was unable to justify what it was all about or why he had only now woken up to think more deeply about his relationship.

He could not speak of the matter in correct or clear words or in such a way that X would have understood them in this case, generally and not privately, as a misinterpretation of his own self against himself. Proper understanding of things represented to him a kind of real nature of things secret from others, as well as an understanding of emotional life, humanity, and sensuality, as well as various love relationships under rational control, despite noticing how easily the heated blood rose to his head and felt the aftermath in his head as both reason and emotion went awry, throwing dice at each other over who would win the battle of his will.

X was impatient and flashed around anxiously all the time. He did not want to be lonely among others and had therefore come in time to queue for breakfast. But X was not alone in the queue. Behind him are a few gay couples who are tired of partying, much younger - something under the age of twenty - than he and C were when they started their irregular regular relationship sometime in year zero and two, if you can even talk about it now, sometimes a few decades ago when they were young and had just come out of the closet in their own rigid and conservative environments with equally shocking consequences.

X had been a typical Finnish gay at the time. Lived in a small town in a detached house. He was working as an engineer at a local electric cable factory as a junior foreman almost just from school annoyingly petty. The wife was a few years older than X and a nurse. They had already become acquainted as children with sandboxes and drifted together through various coincidences, though neither had any particular passion for the other and the chemistry did not even encounter, X recalled afterwards.

He didn't even remember their first kiss or anything else suggestive of eroticism or mutual interest. They were just the typical suitable couple of that time, which both families quickly rushed to marry offspring to grow into decent Finns to rebuild the country when it was time again. X's wife was expecting the couple's first child when X decided to tell her that marriage would not become anything for her at least, as he was only interested in men and was currently secretly dating one of them.

"With whom Satan's GAY, that was what his father warned when he saw you. You thought you were so gay?" The wife had shouted one straight throat before hitting her head with a hot frying pan so that he had to go to the wife's workplace at the wife's workplace to get help for her injuries, which was recorded in the hospital "to stumble one cheek above the hot slurry".

To the extent that it was a disgrace to X, who had just taken off the shoulder of masculinity and declared himself gay, that he agreed to lie to his relatives and co-workers at the time in the second half of his face served as a "warm brothers," or gays, with a pink triangle on their chest before entering the gas chamber, along with other rejected minorities classified as sub-humans and human pollution by the Nazis, such as gypsies, Poles, Hungarians, Jehovah's Witnesses, criminal Jews, and immigrants.

At that time, the average Finnish family had no other sin as

great as if someone in the family was gay or suspected of being gay. And it didn't have to be someone with a Class A trimmed piece of meat, an heir, or an all-enviable successful wardrobe full of youth's first prizes in district running, javelin throwing, and boxing. In wrestling never. That was too gay.

"Was it even gay?" Many asked, and especially X's wife, who had played with her favorite cousin as a child and got a kitten named Lupsakka from her. But when there was a compulsion to be one in every family, the deceased Mikko was better suited to this less shameful task than the knocked, for those who declared his homosexuality "as a sure thing" because he was strange anyway, "thought the best gay was the dead gay.

X's wife was still trying to agree with X not to talk to anyone about it, but to continue in the same pattern by whispering and avoiding talking about it, especially now that a common child was coming, so he wouldn't lose face in the eyes of his vast family.

X did not give up but wanted to get rid of his wife and the scandal was over. The wife had a rage and began to secretly listen to X's calls, even record them, and began to intimidate. First, he would tell X's co-workers and then his childhood friends. X took the threats seriously and was already starting to plan the move. The wife hired a private detective, who fortunately X was a helpless drunk, tohelo, and an equal liar.

C had moved first from a small town to an even smaller town and then to Helsinki, where he had only informed his parents of his homosexuality in a letter. He never got an answer. Parents broke up with their son at once. So did the rest of the family and former friends.

X recalled how C and he had at first been like burdock on each other and saw through the blurred eyes of his young love nothing but in front of each other and an open future other than automatically looming for all those in love, like the gay songs, comics and kiosk literature that came into vogue at the

time. “like two similar berries”.

Very soon it became clear to both of them that because it was a matter of sexual interest and lust, as it faded over time, their relationship would change, first from passionate lovers to lukewarm friendships, and then to some avoidant tolerance of each other’s bad sides and everyday boredom suffering from a flash of sexual attraction, eventually, to some sort of common agreement that nothing like mutual affection, let alone love, would now be expected.

This is what X expected from C. Things have just slipped in that direction, he thought as the phone beeped to signal a message from C. X opened a message that read, “I don’t know. I can’t answer yet. Will we meet tonight at Mansstreet and talk things through, if there is anything to talk about at all now? ”

In general! X marveled at C’s word choice, doubting that he had found a cynical shift in himself in this story, which obviously wouldn’t end well. However, contrary to his habits, X did not intend to be hysterized this time, saturated with all this. X replied that it was ok, proposing an early four “oxygen start” in the afternoon for the meeting, as Pride and all the rural gays were clogging up the capital’s sparse gay spots in the early evening, uneasily at the once-a-year livestock market, as this was the only time , where they could, if fabulously good luck kicked them, find themselves a new couple after getting tired of the old one. Or rather its first and only.

However, C did not arrive and X began to worry. This was not like him. X began to suspect that there was more to it. Maybe the beginning of the end? Maybe C had already found someone else. X sat and waited, drinking too much beer so that his head began to fog as his eyes turned watery. He could no longer hear what others were trying to tell him. At some point in the evening, he decided to change the tavern and went to the homodisco Herccu, although he was unsure in advance whether the doormen would let him in despite his

strong drunken state.

Inside, he remembers little of what happened. He still had some vague pictures in his memory. He remembered seeing C dance with some younger boy in the middle of the dance floor and then follow them to the bathroom. He remembered both of them smiling at him. Next, he only remembered how he vomited on him when an angry-looking taxidriver called the police to the scene when he could not find any money, debit cards, or even an identity card. It was awful. He felt he had sunk down deep into the abyss from where there was no return to daylight.

He doesn't remember anything else - perhaps fortunately - when he wakes up in the morning at home next to C. C lay the guitars on a wide repo bed on the bed next to him wearing clothes snoring loudly. The last couple of days had gone awry before X's eyes and he wasn't sure if everything that had happened in his head had actually happened, or just in his lively imagination, which, for lack of doing, bored to always walk the same safe trails, painted devils on his walls. Even where there were already enough of them anyway, as in these "his overwhelmed memories".

But all that he had been able to think and develop in his own time alone in peace in his own time with Pride had always, in X's opinion, also been worth it to live again with one year of boring and talkative C, who apparently "Loved" him for exactly the same unexpected and unimaginative reasons for habit and habit as he did C.

They didn't talk about love at breakfast, nor an evening meal. Maybe that's why love was a dangerous madness for them and very rare in its kind. And they didn't have things any worse now than they usually were at this point when there is nothing more surprisingly surprising about life, and not everything you experienced, managed to admire or consider something worthwhile like youth. Life was now and soon it

was no more. They were the only facts that applied to them in this game and that's why they did what they did and were what they were. X was still watching C snoring on the clothes on the bed and making strong pot coffee in the style of his grandmother he remembered. The smell of coffee and the sounds in the kitchen made C. wake up and rub his eyes. He looked at X with a smile with new and interested eyes.

It was as if all the evil they had overwhelmed each other in the midst of the silence of previous years had been wiped out at once after one fierce and unexpected night, even though neither of them knew exactly what had happened, why, and what was a dream or true. events which, after that, were no longer spoken of by common agreement or given any expression. It was now wiped out and forgotten forever.

C gratefully sent a flightkiss to X for this, to which X replied by sending a flightkiss back to him. X felt changed. Likewise, C. X saw with a sideways eye that C smiled at him in the same way as sometimes long ago when they first looked at each other, first ashamed and avoiding direct eye contact, then already a little more daring and interested, and finally as eager and willing as they were. Had since made hundreds if not thousands to tell, though the gaze had at times wandered, lingering on other things and people, and interest ceased, almost completely extinguished.

And it had been a long time since they had been silent in bed without looking or touching each other, hoping only to get inside each other for good with some easy excuse, to find for themselves some new longing lap and comforting shoulder to lean on and the world roared took to the head until they realized that the story could not be started once in a while if it was already at the end of it as they were. That is why they succumbed to their waiting fate, from which they deviated only once a year in the time of Pride in the whirlpools of what they called the "Day of the False King".

Another father?

Is there another similar hit here on the free little trunks here early in the morning before the whole other family wakes up and sex desires go on again for a whole week as you watch and smell that crappy, screaming and shitty circus for a few hours until the whole gang is spun into the rising day?

I can wait and I will wait. Every day I expect you to be the same - who in the same ass, whoever you are, to answer me and tell the same story, and then we would meet somewhere in a closed forest nowhere and marry our virgins when it comes to homosexuality, our assholes a hundred times in a row so that finally on top of it once - and this was still the first time - properly after receiving the dreams of our dreams.

What are you like - tell me the dimensions? Where do you live? How many children do you have? What is your life situation? Have you ever been with a man before? Where do you meet to dream when you have to put your wife? Do you put it in the dark and imagine like me that it would be replaced by a man of about the same look and age? In fact, I XXX-XX cents and depressions-pounds. My cock, it is XX-XX cents tall and thick-cents. I am dark and athletic father of three infant and XX-year-old man engineer from Northern Finland from a religious revival movement little place.

My wife is a kindergarten teacher and still works as a volunteer for a youth crisis group on weekend evenings. I've never really been ignited by women but what do you do when you marry between tribes and prestige at these northern heights, that you don't have to be ashamed of what it really is and that a forest that has existed for centuries just doesn't accidentally take over the worst enemy in unfavorable marriage deals.

It doesn't matter. I don't recognize any particular gay in myself, and the other colors of the rainbow don't cause me any special emotional vibrations perhaps other than feelings of disgust and tremors of fear. I often ask myself if I would be like that in a big city living alone after a few bears as that eternal craving strikes and begins to pounding sadly in the back of my head while being ashamed and suffering that it is such and not allowed?

And I'm not so bad now that it's because of that. the wife, however, claims that I would have given up and loosened my face as well. My mouth would hang as a sign of surrender, like a tired bulldog down. But it's not because of that. I just don't get myself to try to even look like it's all right and that I can keep an interest in things I don't like. What else? Have you considered suicide? What about the execution of your whole family one Sunday afternoon on the way home in a traffic jam from the big city where you meet to go shopping with the whole family to get a few rolls of toilet paper cheaper, which you also consume incredible amounts every month?

After all, it wouldn't be like one careless mistake and under a big roaring truck and everything would be over in an instant. If you were with me, what would we do when we have never done it with men. Do you even stand anymore? Fuck you coward when you don't answer again. Shoot yourself. I know you're there but you're just not afraid to take the first step. Maybe you live next door to me and browse this on your phone in the garage for fear of getting caught. Still, I can wait, after all, I've been waiting for six long years even though no one has answered me. One night I woke up to it when I felt like someone was just about to respond to me but didn't end up doing so in the end. It was just a bad nightmare, I explained to my wife who woke up at the same time. By that I meant her and my life until I found you another father between the shit and the other shit.

After all, it was better than nothing

Again, I dreamed of a boy I had almost forgotten. If I don't remember wrong, he was a dark and tall British boy, from some side of industrial England near Liverpool, considered the capital of shadows. He was a little haggard and funny looking with his long legs, horse face and donkey ears, just like the revealed Prince Charles. At night I dreamed about it again. The two of us were on the beach just naked in the moonlight holding each other's hands and kissing. Were they even 20 years old?

Where did we first meet? Was it that summer when I bought those white jeans and a brown leather jacket, or was it the previous summer when I sold ice cream to tourists and I met many foreign boys that I sometimes stayed in for my little studio night? I don't remember exactly. It was those summers that flashed fast just when there was access to the wild freedom and the scent of the sea in the nostrils for a taste of bathing and the sun. Boys and men went and came but

I remember this one in particular. And the fact that we had fun as long as it was enough and Trevor with his little nod - that was his name - enjoyed Finland, and his meager travel money allowed it.

Trevor explained that there were two types of men. Others wanted but could not give. Others did not want to but could give. Who were they and where? Everywhere he said, especially in places such people who could not have believed it right away and that it was the salt of life to find such and rejoice in them in the midst of all the usual and boring where there were no joys other than to find just such a person to accompany him. And it didn't matter Trevor had said he wouldn't have fun with you for long, either because of compulsion or just else. Even one such person in the world, even if it was time, was enough to make life in capital letters. That's exactly what Trevor was for me.

I would have supported him, no matter how long, it cost no more than one to cook for two, but in the typical English way he drank huge quantities of beer, the high price of which he was appalled, arguing that if the price of beer in Britain were so high, the common people would have taken a coup. Strange type it Trevor and strange stuff it had. Trevor had a dialect of Northern England. I understood part of it, part I didn't but it didn't bother us either. Why would it be. After all, we met each other at night in bed or somewhere in the city with other people of the same age drunk drunk in the most wonderful places.

I guess Trevor loved me but so did all the other boys he met all the time and who happened to please him. And it didn't bother me, because Trevor was like a bee flying from flower to flower and collecting nectar everywhere in the evenings and nights when he wasn't with us in our small studio would never run out, though it ran out immediately and even abruptly when the first cool air of autumn blew from the sea

and Trevor's meager money was over. That's when he said he should go home. Nothing else and so one day he was gone without even leaving a message behind.

But what did it belong to today? Was it even alive? Was it still just as crazy and going on, or had it already given in to its environment and time, becoming part of a boring world? Did it remember me and missed that long summer together that we got to experience or had I already forgotten me? Why had it never responded to its letters? Was its name even Trevor or did it mislead the false name? What about the address? Could that too be wrong? Maybe Trevor was a dream-created fantasy of something else or a combination of some of those other summers, after all, it had been a while.

I remember that look and those watery eyes when it was on the last night that it didn't tell me about in advance I guess I couldn't stand it and didn't let it go with my little bag of science so well that it would be the beauty of my whole life and not as such even never like that - would come back to my life. Trevor was my eternal summer, the memory of which faded year after year so that I could no longer miss it except in dreams, even though I didn't properly remember Trevor's name. I must have already died three times. Ten years ago, I had a bad car accident one dark autumn night when it was raining heavily and the visibility was only a few meters. The spleen ruptured, my legs broke and I had a bad skull fracture. As if by miracle, I was saved and even though I lay unconscious first for half a year in the hospital and then another half a year in rehabilitation, I again learned to walk almost normally and was able to continue my life somehow forward with a few special arrangements.

However, one thing I had lost and with it my old self and passion live and through that whole identity belong to some group, be similar and one part of it. I began to be ashamed of myself and pulled aside. I no longer went outside to meet

others and didn't even participate in my own conversations online. Sex was no longer of interest to me and even if I had been interested, I wouldn't have been able to because it was paralyzed from the pole and I couldn't get a cock to stand, even if Bradd Pitt had stood lustfully naked as good looking as he was playing the handsome criminal boy in *Thelma and Louise*.

That's when I started seeing these dreams. I saw them every night and they became the most important event of my life so I started living these dreams for me. I waited for them impatiently every day, blinking at the clock, when I would dare press my head into the cribs and start looking at my dreams. Oddly enough, they came to my head almost immediately and over time I gently learned them as a guideline and asked them what was coming next. I also saw the dreams I had seen in the previous days and was able to edit the best dreams of the best dreams for myself to look at them again evening after night.

In a dream, Trevor married me and said he loved me from the first moment our gazes met that summer when we met and we became the centers of our own world for a moment. But that luck was as short as summer and it could hold a lot of black-stocking, growling, and betraying others, Trevor recalled. But it didn't bother me. It was more of a young man's passion. In this way, I chose, not the fate of the lover but the poet, to remember this event forever without getting inside it anymore or being able to change it.

It was always so far away in my memories but still so close that it almost felt real. Didn't it bother you? Trevor asked, laughing after some time. No, I replied to him. I don't know if it was between tens of years or tens of thousands of miles. It was better than nothing. And every time I went to sleep, I saw this same dream and had this same conversation with Trevor. What else could I have expected from my life?

Something just didn't match

Was it when I realized we were dancing in a circle, but the secret is sitting in the middle knowing all that we are not? So I sat down too and started my life on adventure destinations I had never heard of or accessed to which I could at most have imagined in my dreams.

What else did Martin feel like was boring? Not even boring but something even worse: dead end! Or so boring that he didn't even know he was boring when he fell asleep to himself wondering why nothing could bother him. He had never been interested. He had been bored since birth. He was least interested in reflecting on the deep in this way, as one evening at home in Helsinki, when he suddenly felt a sore chest in his chest and not from the heart but from the outside, as if the

air had been part of his body and his boredom had hurt: felt the necessary feeling in his chest to jump down the window, just as if all the ghost pain trembling in the air had been the last call of his life.

But no. He was bored and ignored all that dangerous with the thought that this could never happen to him. Such things simply did not happen to him. Things had their cause and effect, and in that world he was unchanging and boring, waiting and following everything he needed even though he knew he shouldn't have. This is what he hocked for himself whenever he felt he had failed in his life to find himself and his place in the midst of all the boredom. Was this possibly the reason why his powers always ran out in the beginning? Martin looked at himself from the game. A young man with blue eyes and blond hair in his twenties. Nothing else. He saw himself as part of nothing but really nothing. He then thought of nothing but boredom or how boring he himself was.

There was as much different boredom as there were people, and they took a person either down or up but nowhere in between. Boredom was not flat or compromised. It either was or wasn't and it was never anything out of the ordinary. Nevertheless, he always hocked to himself that it is no longer today or tomorrow that he would start all over again and try to find the long-lost passage of his own self from which he would see his own boredom and its causes. That he would look for that opening one day and block it with all the fuss of imitation he had planned. That he would do this and that to be better and more willing to face all that he had not previously dared to even think in his own lonely silence of what his only friend called boredom, not realizing it was himself and no one or some empty word to describe the emptiness of others always as misleadingly.

But his boredom was something absolutely different and unique than the boredom of others. Even the word dullness

itself was different to him from the dullness his only friend spoke to him about, though he could not describe it in the shades he saw as he looked in the mirror living deep within him. It was boredom that didn't speak. It was just quiet. For others, boredom was foreign. It was boredom, waiting, and unanswered questions bothering to do anything rationally or head. For him again, inaccessibility to things and himself. Difficult questions without easy answers. The flagging of life in all the directions he had tried to avoid throughout his life, sparing his forces and protecting himself.

He thought of nothing but the boredom that surrounded him. Why didn't he wake up back then that not everything that was moving in his head could be normal. After all, there were things everyone got excited about. Nice coincidences, funny stuff, a nice-looking person happy in the laughing summer breeze, and much more that Martin hadn't even heard of or dared to even dream of. But Martin was already so accustomed to the greyness of his life and the silence hovering around him that he had never seriously tried to get rid of his own boredom, which he had inherited from his parents in part. Partly self-developed for its own protection against the rest of the world.

When he was still a child, he remembered how everything he saw and experienced was equally boring. His parents encouraged him to do nothing but be as quiet as what they themselves were expressionless and speechless in the face of their world. However, they were not weak-minded, believers, or otherwise just crazy and therefore insignificant to each other and to others. They simply did not trust the world of words and expressions. Dad had wondered how people had countless stupid beliefs in their minds all the time. They believed in prophets and miraculous healings. They were racists. They believed in the election promises of politicians.

There were countless examples. At the same time, people

admitted that one should not believe in the wrong things on bad grounds. The intellect should be allowed to correct errors and direct action. The father had told his son the world was a prisoner of a lie. And those who explain the world know how to professionally mislead other people with their carefully chosen beautiful and empty words. In the same way, in the context of the arguments, the ignorant of the power of words made erroneous conclusions both when discussing themselves and when listening to others. "One could say that it would be the job of a person who knows about each case to be able to expose those who made false claims. It would again require being able to both present and demand an argument," the father had instructed his son.

The same was true of music in dad's mind. Bad music was ruin and good was salvation. Martin remembers his father saying that he had already reminded Plato in his music theory that bad music should be banned altogether because it could lead people away from the good life. Therefore, they were silent and filled their world with good music, which they defined as the entire production of Jean Sibelius.

From an early age, Martin had admired Sibelius' Finlandia and the song about the crucifixion. There was little to be said in his family, but classical music was especially listened to, especially Finnish composers such as Toivo Kuula, Oskar Merikanto and Jean Sibelius. Martin concluded that his parents were, after all, about all sorts of new irrational insights as fundamentally as dubious as assurances about the authenticity of things because they were based on reality-based narratives where they thought the word reality was vague and problematic because there was no truth. Maybe that's why he was what he was. Nothing really.

Music was the common language that the family spoke to each other as a kind of antidote to the world, which his father saw only as a huge billboard to which we hardly paid

any more attention. But even though they no longer paid our attention, they did, and what they did, it affected them more than they could have imagined or, in his opinion, even dared to confess to themselves. That's why they chose silence and music. Just in that order.

At a concert in Tallinn, he met Steffen, a gloomy and self-destructive boy who had begun his downward-looking attitude in society at an elementary level, and who became the first and only friend of his life. Almost like Martin himself or his counterpart. Dark, long, curly hair and penetrating black big eyes on a funny face as if glued there afterwards. Steffen himself said he was like Mickey Mouse, who had just grown up, and he never smiled or looked happy.

And while Martin didn't consider himself a "particularly handsome" young man, he was a fun-looking and charmingly blue-eyed smiling, tall and sinewy boy with blond hair invitingly competing with a bitter summer breeze. As he looked at the other boys "with that look" to show his hunger and willingness, he was often met with embarrassed but insecure tender and inquisitive gazes, though after that the boys turned their heads, and the mysterious mysterious expression of sexual curiosity and barely noticeable an inviting glow of enthusiasm.

Perhaps that is why he rebelled against what was in his own mind, because his growth as a full-fledged young man freely realizing himself was overshadowed by the overly solemn and lofty goals and sublime goals he had embedded in his parents' goodness, the heavy burden of which he already realized nullify their inner world.

"Nothing said is so strong that it couldn't turn into something else, and nothing stops us from thinking things completely differently. A sudden realization can collapse all that has been said before," Martin told Steffen as to why he said, as he said, that the world had no chance with him after his

parents' grip on him after his parents died suddenly in a car accident. Upon hearing that, Martin had made an irrevocable decision and did not even go to their funeral.

"Was that boring or was that boring?" Steffen asked him, lit up like a lamp in his head as an aha-experience, that here was the explanation and motive for everything. "No. This I had to experience. It was already my turn to enter my own world, and I could no longer withhold my true character from living to determine the course of my days. Wherever I was, I thought, for the power of that call was so strong within me, and so determined it had begun to guide my life at the time, that I could no longer keep it hidden within me all the time from its more arrogant demands."

Martin had answered and was then silent for a long time, trying to remember for himself why everything had happened the way it was or he imagined it had happened. He was not sure if they had happened to him or if he had just imagined it, for there were constantly dangers in which he had to be exposed and to perish in the search for only one and the same truth or story root from different perspectives.

Martin imagined everything. Or at least he believed so for himself. or maybe he just was and wasn't but didn't know he wasn't. Whatever. He knew no way to solve this riddle.

It was spring. The wind was gentle and the air warm. One would have thought the signs of happiness floating in the air and everything would work out.

But it was not easy and did not go according to plan. Martin and Steffen had not been made for each other, as Steffen said in a short text message at the end of the second meeting, in which he stated that the relationship would not and could never come, nothing because they did not agree with each other.

It finally broke Martin. He didn't understand why. He no longer understood anything.

A year after the events, however, to Surprise Martin's surprise, Steffen sent him a greeting adorned with a red heart, just as first-time lovers used to send each other at the beginning of their relationship. But he deletes it after the May Day, claiming that the message was intended for another boy he met on May Day, and the message left as if by accident to Martin, with the blurred head of the May Day being confused by the recipients.

It no longer hurt or sagged Martin in one direction or another.

He had done his own grief for the first time when they made love in a cheap hotel in the port area of Tallinn, where Martin used to stay at the opera. Something just didn't match the first delight Martin had experienced earlier in the evening when he collapsed into Steffen's lap.

Actually, the resignation was a relief to Martin, as he had begun to doubt himself, and felt embarrassed to feel Steffen's dark eyes staring around his body like a snake, as if Steffen had been a vampire looking closely at where he would hit his teeth and suck his teeth Martin's blood.

Homecoming

Today I saw a strange old man passing by as I looked in the rearview mirror of a car. The old man's untidy and ugly face was covered in wrinkles and few hairs unwashed in a half-bald head just like some b-class zombie movie. I could have sworn I had seen it somewhere before. Maybe an old man was smoking tobacco in front of a liquor store? Maybe sitting with his eyes in the void, pushing a half-empty bottle of wine hanging in his powerless hand. Maybe you just had your last heart attack a moment before you short-lived dead to the cold ground? Somewhere but where? Here sometime long ago?

That's why it bothered me and I didn't get peace for myself until I had figured out for myself what this was all about. The vision had swam to me as an accusation of something I had made, but had long since forgotten, about a fatal mistake I had seemed to have accidentally got rid of, and the place of payment now ahead — or was it just an event that required my presence?

Why didn't I get that picture in my head? Why did it bother me so much that I had to stop with my car and think about where I saw it. Did it beg for money from me, or was it familiar to me from my past life in these corners, perhaps still someone close, well as close as only now I can have - the first anonymous handjob in a swimming pool toilet forty years ago? As if it knew me and greeted me? Or was it just trying to pump tobacco or just be kind to strangers as was customary in these corners before we hit our teeth in the ass and started tearing to pieces with bad words? After all, I hadn't been around the corner for a long time, maybe about fifteen years after my last surviving relative, my unhappy brother, had been brought to me by completely unknown people, including his strange and unknown strangers to his wife with children — I don't even know how many children he had.

There is a type of person whose belief in their own self is not upset. They are good, important, great and good people. Self-deception combined with a lively imagination is a wonderful thing, isn't it? I belonged to this group even though I myself don't like a loud noise about it. In fact, I didn't talk about it to anyone, because it's pointless to talk about things like this in front of others. There is no talk here of anything other than careful weathering, worrying about the disappearance of a neighbor's cat or the divorce and new wife of someone unhappy, that great lady who owns lands and man-tles here and even one big island town alone inherited from her father and first husband, from an investor whose name

has already been forgotten and who later turned out to be a scammer and found drowned on the shore of a cottage in his blood four per mille even though everyone knows it didn't go that way.

There was a mafia, it was talked about, a mercenary gang from Estonia, who went to kill it - who knows the big money, even at the order of the lady herself, it was millions - some are talking about tens of millions of euros, and it didn't stay. There would be more stuff guaranteed and a few victims, but it is time to hunt for the next victim, to get someone in the middle of everything else, surprised by an easy victim to whom to share more bad feeling.

Before that, even more unspoken words, hints as the victim meets the killer and his accuser even though neither says a word; Winks, a squinting gaze, sweaty palms, and stuttering always betray a victim with a bad conscience, spoken too much evil of the one he now meets the eye of, and made him something even worse so as not to dare turn his back for fear of a neck shot; just two bad options besides two more worse options in this deadly boredom when nothing but Sunday worship is offered besides funerals and weddings besides television and internet major class disasters. You won't be sure of this that this will never end well. Mummy and goodbye. Did the blinking behind him get rid of that damn thing, or did it still come up with a stick to torture him with more bad news, to grill him like in the flames of hell for the sake of certainty by enlarging his stuff even more?

That's when they collapse. Are scrapped until the last yard falls from the throat. Dying from the inside, remaining for the rest of the year, trembling like zombies trembling. Get that last heart attack. Turn from the wrong bend on icy roads directly under a 120 km / h freezer truck. But still, it would still be an awful alternative for everyone in an international chain-owned poor nursing home to lie on shitty diapers without

even turning two days before an underpaid and overworked Filipino caregiver comes to turn, feed and maybe - if there is time - change those shitty diapers clean. It doesn't happen to me, and I trust it doesn't happen.

Yet, amusing in itself, I was born at that moment when I saw that old drunk whose significance in my life and in this story I do not yet realize, as if a new and free self, free from the burden of the old self. It was weird. I had returned as a toddler to my memories even though I remembered nothing where and why, yet I wanted to think that it was a new self that meant freedom from the old, that is, complete freedom from all that old self promoted and represented, even though I no longer remembered what and why or in what wonder they had both met sometime long ago - or was I even? Or did it even matter? At least I realized now that it was all that mattered, but what? I didn't know that until I saw the old drunk again, this time eye to eye, and understood why he was such an important messenger for me and this story, and where.

I knew that there were aging old people - which I was not so old because I did not grow old but continued my life like a fresh rose in an otherwise so shabby and deadly garden - who loved themselves as they always had and believed they were good and blameless people, what I didn't think I was - I still didn't feel like a strange freak or an incarnation of Oscar Wilde's portrait of Dorian Gray on my face in daylight like yesterday's cherub without any passage of time but inside my heart and an unpleasant crime, even worse than murder — the corrupting of the mind of another innocent person by lies and deceptions; and those who suffered did not suffer because of me but in spite of me and always for their own fault. At least that was how I felt now that I saw it afterwards. The motto of such was: I always gave everyone what they wanted, but not everyone knew what they wanted, and that's why they imagined they were suffering because of me.

When Dorian Gray's portrait is completed, Dorian realizes he won't remind that beautiful person in the picture for very long, so he decides to hide the painting. Gradually, he begins to live more and more violently and wickedly in pursuit of pleasure. The beginning of the book reveals its intended interpretation quite clearly. Dorian is afraid to compare the old self to the young, and tries to escape her inevitable fate. His apparent aestheticism and true lewdness are understandable on this basis: he escapes himself into pleasures where he forgets himself. His lusts dominate a world that no human is able to dominate, so he deceives himself.

He has to grow old. Dorian is supposedly in love with an actress named Sibyl Vane. When Vane fails while Dorian and his friend are in the stands, for the reason that they are watching, Dorian rejects him. Aesthetics are more important than love, Dorian thinks. Sibyl kills herself, and her brother swears revenge. Years later, the brother encounters Dorian, whom he does not know and has never seen. He asks for Dorian's name, and after hearing it, announces that he will kill her because of Sibyl. Dorian says he's not "that" Dorian because she's way too young to know Sibyl. Brother, thinks about it, admits, and leaves.

And here he is now as if he had turned the clock a few decades back. Or so at least he felt it when he thought of everything, and specifically WHAT ALL! he would have to suffer, like an old drunk who flashed past the mirror of that car, reminding him of something he could not even imagine even though he knew in his heart it was something important and forgotten, a reminder of something that was even worse than bad, maybe of himself, forgotten why he redeemed his admission ticket out of this stagnant time? But why did he return? Who he was looking for and why he was asking himself all this, as if he had forgotten everything and was losing his mind, as it were if he looked at it through the eyes of an

old drunkard looking through the rearview mirror of a car.

My problem - or my blessing, how to take it now, that is, others, is that I don't grow old - or I always at least believe in myself and beg others for this recognition only: oh when you look young, you don't drop a parent like the last couple of years then there and there we saw each other. As I walked from the car to the store to buy something small to eat, I didn't see the same old drunk sitting in the park behind me that I had feverishly searched for my gaze everywhere but behind me and didn't see him grimacing me maliciously as if he knew, as if for some miracle, knowing I would eventually pick him up and come towards him when it was already late. Just as I was about to enter the store, I noticed her and her lady, already obese with her two poodles, the one I didn't immediately know, staring at me with her mouth wide open and shouting my name as she waved her huge carcass at me, "DON'T ... YOU ... BE. ...SE ... WELL NO NOW CAN I REMEMBER ... THE SON OF HIS Murdered Father?"

At the very least, I would have liked to see him, for he was one of the first nurses to arrive at the time, trying by all possible means to save my father, who leaked dry on my arms. I was only 10 years old at the time. My mother had died a year earlier by drowning on one of our vacation trips on my parents' annual Easter vacation, a replica of their honeymoon before I and my brother were born when they were, in their own words, "free like the birds of the sky" on Lake Garda, where my mother's sister as a young student, at the age of 19, at the end of an Interrail trip, in love with an Italian charmer named Giuseppe, whose parents owned this small and delightful family hotel, which had been owned by the same family for over a hundred years.

So accidents seemed to fit into this family, as later the observations of ordinary ordinary housewives, disguised as kind and well-meaning, harmless, that the boy's homosexuality still

belonged to the same series. Was it big brother gay? That's the question that amazed them until my big brother got married, the one I had come to bury today with my unknown relatives: But was my big brother straight or just staring at it? Only I knew that. And I was silent about it and by no gesture did I seem to know anything about it.

Do you remember? I wore that red skirt and you... No, it wasn't like that. Good time, I was wearing that Floral dress back then, it was summer and you were wearing those tight sailor pants. But it wasn't then but before. Has it really been that long. Could it be that you look like then? That must be ten years or more. Haven't we met since? So you're looking like you did more than a decade ago and you don't even have the small dark spots of your natural age under your eyes or the tiny little reddening eye bags and wrinkles anywhere on your smooth face - that can't be true. Haven't you just made "rogermoors" and drank a liter of lukewarm water every morning, "michaeljacksons" in the evening and slept in an oxygen closet?

Dear time, how time flies your running leg, and it has left no trace on you unless you have then taken a loan and visited a cosmetic surgeon for surgery in Miami Beach, where there are no visible traces of the knife on the face board. Dear time, is it even you or someone else? As your son. Has your father sent you? Whether he looked like you when you were young. By the way, did you know that I was the first to be present when your grandfather was murdered? I tried to revive it in vain. The bleeding was so huge that the heart stopped and nothing could be done anymore. Oddly enough, the killer was never caught or wanted. Who was it? Had to be either close. Hasn't your father told you about it?

He turns his big ass toward me for a moment but frightens something, probably keeps me still a murderer and is afraid to hit my knife in his heart, just like dad did, he thinks and acts

like when he invented the theory that no signs of a murderer because it was me 10-year-old, who had just lost her mother, was crying, there were no other signs than mine, because I had been a murderer in stories ever since, and so immediately after my father's murder I was taken to an infamous boy's home for examination before being sent to the real culprit would have confessed the act. When I get rid of a woman, I meet some of those other people who have been important to me - I guess? And I have every now and then once a year when I went to meet my brother met with the familiar landscape of the city streets, in the library or in stores, even though I no longer remember why, and who they are or what their names are. Familiar in a way, though, and that's why I answer hundreds and many times to these and especially those same wondering peers, I'm not that and that ...

Now they are amazed. Does God still exist and save me from his devotion to teaching and extending after a terrible beginning from external decay, or have I found in some gay cave, some secret fairy with a bottle of magic spirit with one more wish unused: GIVE MORE LIFE TO A LIFE? - SAVE AT LEAST FACES AND BUTTONS - NO OTHER MATTERS - NOT AT LEAST IN A NEIGHBOR'S DIFFICULT CASE that doesn't need to be saved. The question of why and how to forget old age and its demands, once you get old, gets your answers from the obvious in them and their idiot: I will not grow old and my crime will never grow old - so who is now the prosecutor and who is the victim?

The answer is: I will never grow old, but they will end up on the dock of the accused from their formerly safe position as they grow older, becoming cautiously cautious. Front begins to break down and someone will betray his own skin to save the others for that I am quite sure, because charmini always biting, especially in the case of a number of cosmetic interested in the details of the old ladies for some little village.

Promising gaze

Those times and places could just as well have, in Iiro's view, be called compulsory courses of oblivion at a university ending unexpectedly if they had not been accompanied by a drop of serious exhortation to forget humor and a smile on the lips of understanding life does not understand why, done and with whom.

He had to do things to survive and keep his face in the eyes of others. Nothing else, he thought. I just had to try to be calm and take it easy, even though my chest was rumbling. This he had learned in his life between the countryside and the city in two different realities; in mental and temporal zones that had nothing to do with each other other than that the steep edges opening in their grooves cruised only Iiro, not the others, at the head, always causing him headache as he thought of a trip to the countryside for his own memories of the stagnant time of towel when cooling in front of the sauna could have seen, and also saw, when he really believed and rubbed his eyes so that black and white rings began to rotate in them like hypnosis, people and events of the past as if from some ghost stories, right in front of his eyes and just like things on their own invented wanted them to look like.

These events were the darkest countryside, where man's vibrant imagination was not tied to his electronic collar but hovered free in the midst of past and present stories to remind man that nothing was what man himself would not want and that the heart did not enter the brain through any such fatal information or an event which it itself did not accept. He called these places in his own memory boxes the waiting rooms of eternal summer — these marvelous visions and things he didn't even know had happened to himself before. Iiro didn't know exactly where these images in his head and the wonderfully strange words to explain them came from after that, but he understood that captive to these images his mind was a hope that ignited from a spark to a full riot of the nightless night of the summer and the calm silence of the north.

That is why he felt feverishly restless and could not sleep at night from the harassment of the images, as if the harsh landscapes of the mind that had constantly tortured him deeply in the depths of his mind had become a cry of distress power; as many side streams and headwaters as on the slopes of his nocturnal mind landscape, though not easily seen by the visible eye and the closed mind, or even trying to comprehend the enormous obstacles to the space of his mind, even to understand what it was all about.

Iiro was on his way home. A well-defined place on the map of life, which was commonly called the moment he was born, and the people who at that time had happened to be by his whim who for some reason be and to deliver their own things that belonged to that moment and time. He recalled the black-and-white photographs of his childhood, and the grim poetry and angular shapes of the serious and simple rural people they depicted.

Those old black and white family photos had etched permanently in Iiro's mind. He always dug them up when he

wanted to remember who he was and where he came from, even though he no longer properly remembered the sayings or place in black and white of the people in his own life, especially after moving from country to the city after work, and eventually stayed there with a little hesitation and to fall ill despite the opposite wishes of their elderly parents who then began.

The journey through Finland was long and exhausting even though modern trains were comfortable and the journey was folded in four hours instead of the previous six hours. In the cafe of the train, as in the good old days, he met the peasants returning from their city trips and chatting with them in a wide dialect of the old people away from their homesickness, even though they had only stayed on their trips for a few days.

Iiro knew that the whole family was together again, it was the time of the year when Midsummer was approaching and the summer holidays and my own beloved homeland became strangely interesting after a year of silence. He began to hesitate. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to come here on holiday after all, he thought. Or was it? It was as if there were gloomy clouds in the air and the journey could become tedious and oppressive, as he had thought a moment earlier and began to fear that it would inevitably go in that direction. After all, he wouldn't have been forced to come here to the land of memories again to experience everything like then sometime long ago when there was no family of his own and no children for whom summer spending with relatives was a welcome variation on a normal and often exhausting family life in the city.

What he was really doing here, he mumbled to himself already a little angry that he had given up on an old habit, even though he himself didn't like it, when he got off the train at the station pier waiting for his older sister, almost as old as he was hugging himself, and to hear improvised and benevolent greetings. acquaintances who had noticed the arrival of their

childhood friend Iiro. Then he saw Timon, who was at the station facing his cousins.

When their gaze in the middle of the crowd finally found a little distance after fumbling with each other, they both, after an initial confusion, smiled shyly at each other, nodding as a sign of each other's registration. As Iiro turned away from Timo for a moment, he saw a glimpse of how Timo showed Iiro a sign with his hands, which meant: let's call. And when Iiro turned his head to take a closer look at Timo, he had already disappeared into his car in front of the station to pack his cousins' belongings in the trunk of the car. Iiro was looking at Timo and just entered the taxi queue at the same time, when only the lights on Timo's car were visible.

Timo had noticed Iiro too late. He sounded a beep and raised his hand to Iiro as if to confirm the purpose of his promising gaze. Iiro answered the greeting, although at first he thought it was not meant for him. But when he looked around, no one else in the crowd had raised his hand in return greeting, so it must have been meant for him. Unless the person for whom the greeting was intended had noticed it. Throughout the holiday, he thought about Timo. Although the town was small and the people knew each other, he could not see at a glance Timo or his cousins and concluded that they had left one night after sleeping somewhere in the north.

One day Iiro's phone rings. Timo lamented how difficult it had been to find out Iiro's secret phone number, but said he finally succeeded in seeing Aunt Iiro, who had been their common math teacher in high school, in the city and prayed for her aunt to give her a phone number. Thank God, Iiro thought in his mind. Summer has been saved. But no. Timo didn't have anything to say or suggestions about meeting them. He said he would leave tomorrow with his wife and children for a month in a caravan to fish in northern Norway, wishing Iiro a good end to the summer.

To Timo's surprise, Timo asked at the end of the call when Iiro would return to Helsinki. Next week, he had answered Timo. There was a moment of silence at the other end of the phone. Then Timo hesitantly asked the throats of Iiro: would he meet in a month's time when he was coming to Helsinki alone to judge a sporting event? Iiro's head dizzy before he got a positive answer.

Did you already have a place to sleep, he asked Timo. Was not. Iiro replied that Timo could stay with him. Timo thanked and said he was happy to accept the offer. Later in the night, Iiro received a text message from Timon's number with a loving heart split by Cupid's arrow.

He smiled in his mind at the already slightly faded student night of memories. And he and Timo were naked on the beach in the embrace of each other. And he answered by sending a similar heart to Tim, continuing his expectation. Exactly the same way he had been expecting since that night and about twenty years.

The free traveler of dreams

Jarno understood it as a microcosm. According to Jarno, each object was a microcosmic expression of the macrocosm. It was, above all, human nature. The spirit, the soul of the world, took shape everywhere, in both organic and inorganic nature, and man was influenced by the idea and power that gave shape to everything. At Jarno, the oneness hidden in all the diversity of nature expressed itself in the magnetic flux that man felt as belonging.

Jarno had a hard time. He didn't really know why it was, but he felt a bitter injection on his palate and then an almond aftertaste - like cyanide as he swallowed away his strange feelings. That's what he called them. They had started and ended abruptly sometime a month ago. At first they appeared every now and then every three to four days, and he had paid no more attention to them than to the sudden pimple that ap-

peared on his face after a nut chocolate. Then they began to appear on a daily basis and their strengths intensified and their durations lengthened so that Jarno began to really worry about what exactly was at stake.

He searched the internet for all possible information and found no disease or symptom of disease that would have suited the surprising conditions he experienced; one pimple there, another here inside the cheek, its painful outbreak and then bitter fluid draining from the throat down the throat and stomach burning like snake venom would be forced on the teeth in the grin swallowed. At the same time, the world began to talk about viruses and the diseases they cause. The latest MERS report from the World Health Organization (WHO) reported a total of about 2,500 people diagnosed. About 8,500 were diagnosed with SARS. Half a million people diagnosed with COVID-19 were diagnosed at the same time in less than three months.

What did he have and was he the first victim of some unknown virus? Eventually, he called a well-known and therefore also very expensive specialist in the field and ordered time for research. After the results were clear a few weeks later, the doctor just laughed benevolently, saying the reasons for the strange feelings were clearly either a product of the imagination or at least psychosomatic symptoms of a subconscious event that shocked the emotional world.

He had no disease. According to the doctor, Jarnon had to worry more about what the sudden symptoms were trying to tell him and reveal things that were bothering his mind, or rather: why had they just now started to appear as frequently as they were? The doctor urged him to sleep away from the problem and discuss in a dream with the cause of his problem, even though it was not known. He did not see any other medicine for the disease.

Jarno became restless after the symptoms just continued

and got worse. He began to be frightened, by no means the disease itself, when it was not according to the doctor but what his locked mind was trying to communicate his emotional world to him who seemed to walk in his life like a party horse with eyes and ears not frightened by the sudden bangs of the loud world.

Something had either happened while his conscious self was awake, but without recording the incident, while the unconscious self had pressed the emergency brake somewhere hidden in the invisible, and in fright began to give signals to the upstairs command center of the engine room emergency. That's how he concluded, but finding out the cause was a harder thing to do then, as Jarno hadn't noticed any exceptional events in his life in previous months that would have been uncomfortable or left his soul unattended if the move to a slightly more remote suburb is now considered.

What if there was a secret reason for all this unexplained, he began to apricot over time with his forehead wrinkled in a slightly more anxious tone than at first, thinking it was just a temporary state of emergency, not a permanent nuisance as it seemed to gradually form. Perhaps he had, in passing, unconsciously seen some ghost from his past that had shocked him and twisted his guts to give birth to these poisonous stalks in his mouth as a sign of emergency to awaken him at least as they erupted just as suddenly without warning, pouring his throat into his throat.

After many experiments and a few new doctors, the answer was always the same and no change to better was known. Not worse, though, because no doctor could say exactly what was bothering him. Jarno resorted to everything possible and impossible, surprising both himself and his friend.

He went to yoga. Called for fortune tellers and healers. He listened on the phone when he was predicted to have a sweet spring baby from Tarot cards. With one clairvoyant, he drew

up an expensive full-year horoscope, according to which a big surprise awaited him at the end of the year. As for what it would be like, the clairvoyant couldn't say anything about the base price of 550+ Alvin, but if Jarno had paid him another 550+ Alvin, he would reportedly have known exactly the date and time when the big surprise promised by the clairvoyant would happen and what it would be like.

After a few months and a couple of thousand euros, Jarno finally resorted to alternative medicines and got herbs such that her hair was gone and her life would not have been far away if she hadn't dragged himself to the health center herself, and then placed overnight under anesthesia on a ventilator.

The nursing students who were doing their internship had been horrified to secretly take pictures of him to intimidate their fellow students who were just starting their first hospital shifts, for they had never seen or read any similar horror from medical books.

Jarno looked like he was dead in that place. His face had become red spots right after the first use, and he had looked mostly a stressed fly agaric at the time, and his left eye had begun to twitch in the same nervous way around.

When he arrived at the health center, the spots had become purulent abscesses. His left half of his face hung on his face dark as a big bruise from the traces of paralysis, looking as if it were coming off. In laboratory tests, his liver value was found to be dangerously high due to the "organic" medicine, even so high that the doctor treating him had emergency video consultations on his liver with the chief internal medicine doctor of Helsinki University Central Hospital.

He was found to be deficient in iron and vitamin B-12 just as if either a "natural remedy" or a sudden turn of the disease within his mind had caused him a dangerous metabolic syndrome of death, causing everything bad and destructive in his otherwise healthy body possible.

It led to serious consequences - almost to the death gates of his earthly dusthouse. Something that was the reason, no one could say exactly, had eaten his guts according to a fair and healthy Finnish plate model every day, naturally getting the dietary vitamins, minerals and all the other benefits that formed the source of his everyday basic health, and at the same time scraping his guts almost unusable.

Now that he began to dig his memories out of their caches, he was at first a little skeptical as he returned uncertainly to the moment when he realized what was really at issue in his life in the midst of all the veil of fog. And he remembered one autumn night when cold autumn water rained on him, pouring twice as much hell into his neck, pouring into the beating bones and cores, even though .

The doctor did not listen to Jarno's confusing-sounding monologues, but touched him from here to here, constantly asking him to turn around as if trying to compose a picture of him. He felt like he was already an old skeleton, a scrap, a memory only of the bright marvels of the past summer days, when he had felt his eyes sparkle for the first time and his forehead bright as he entered a new and exciting world where the sun had whispered more smiles and mysterious glances, daring impossibilities repairing heat-induced fatigue conditions before the wild magic of the summer night.

He felt that he was no longer just a lewd poem to which he had exchanged everything to see and experience the lust for intellect even after he was disappointed to find that this world belonged to him only seemingly - not really, now that he sometimes accidentally glanced at these continuous and with the medical examinations that had become almost daily, day by day he looked less human, and more and more serious and long-haired, his face alternating, like the paintings of Basquiat and Francis Bacon, more bloody, shapeless, and as disgusting as the time he lived.

In the vague images, he already had a long neck with a high forehead, which gave his otherwise well-proportioned appearance a strangely heavy and strange look: just as a precursor to the fact that he was constantly sinking momentarily into something previously unknown and dangerous there twenty years from now and today - so as he was.

He knew that now. Doctors were looking for an overall picture of him for a disease that did not exist. He was the disease himself. Even worse than the coronavirus, which was impossible to avoid near him. And when he turned the awkwardly sore head in the mirror of the doctor's office locker room with a snap of his neck, he saw in horror how, as a sign of old age, his thinning and gray hair sighed here and there, like a hospital for forgotten coroners just as well and carefully for the relief of death.

Suddenly he was weak and out. One glance in the mirror and the image changed and it shattered from a carefree smile on his lip to a gray and weak old man who helplessly dusted his diapers before descending to death like other elderly people to sacrifice his own worldly happiness to the happiness of new generations.

The doctors had discussed him with each other and were equally helpless. If a patient had SARS-CoV-2, it would be devastating for them as well. The virus multiplied at the site of tobacco-weakened lungs, but he could have viruses elsewhere as well - from skin to gut, from nerve cells to blood. It may also be that in his case, the viruses had remained in the cells for a longer period of time; in neurons, chickenpox viruses can ignite over time to turn into shingles, while hepatitis viruses would cause him sudden cirrhosis of the liver, which was already indicated if the patient was not drunk. Sometimes a virus takes a normal ability to divide from a cell and turns it into a cancer cell, which is just waiting. In his case, the doctors were confused about what he eventually had. Would this have

been due only to the shock he experienced.

The doctors were amazed and waved their heads in disbelief, "No. Yes, there must be more here. Additional samples are taken. Pump its blood into the tubes and examine the patient once more thoroughly. Duplicate samples will be sent to the WHO research laboratory to find out if he has any long-sleeping and almost unknown disease in the earth's crust. The genetic material of animals - including our humans - and bacteria is usually DNA. However, for some viruses, it was RNA. Coronary and influenza viruses are such. If it's a virus with RNA, we're almost powerless yet, as they are especially fast to change and vary in nature and appearance."

He was blissfully ignorant of the doctors' speeches about his disease. Jarno was more interested in his external habitus and its collapse.

On the surface, before his hospital tour, he was, in his opinion, just a tiptop. Suit on. Tie correctly knotted. No cheap or screaming colors but subdued elegance and foreign quality. Almost commissioned by the famous tailors of London's Savile Row. He looked in the mirror and thought for a moment that everything was fine, or at least in the past just a few months ago, after clearing all his unfinished and troubled mess, in races alone in his empty reading room without sturdy stumps and a carton of tobacco.

The disease worsened and he was already dying. It was the first night he felt alive after coming to a hospital where he had been unconscious for three weeks without knowing or feeling anything. He had shrunk empty after hose feeding and no longer had a natural shine or muscle on his face.

That night, when he first woke up in three weeks, he watched all night and thought about death. How close it had gone this time and why everything had gone as it was. He didn't even try to play healthy and sleep despite the requests of kind nurses. This was his thing from now on. He got up

awkwardly to sit down and pressed the alarm button on the end of the bed.

After a while, the white-jacketed doctor hurried to fluff his jacket into the room with a flurry of worried-looking nurses. They improved his sitting position a bit, gave him a drink and wiped the sweat from his forehead before the doctor started a series of questions: “Did you know that we had already almost thrown all our hopes out this morning 41.0 degrees when your heart rate is tricking?”

Of course, he couldn't know it, he was unconscious at the gates of death waiting for his own turn to board the boat over the Styx stream just then. But luckily something had blocked the trip, he thought. Maybe he didn't have to give the ferry the required coin for the voyage, or it was simply a false alarm mixed with nasty coincidences, as his turn had perhaps not yet come according to the chronicles, he tried to think of it as civilized, understanding and amused, which he was not. Not at all. On his chest burned powerfully that same frantic desire to live in the midst of distress and death that had been planted in all living things on earth. But why then something in him pulled him so deep into the gates of death, unless there was some warning then.

All of this he knew was, at worst, a mere guess, and at best just a mere imagination of a life he had not lived but would have liked to live without this horrible end. After the doctor and nurses had finally left him alone, and given him a strong painkiller against the pain and then sedatives, he began to see dreams for the first time in three weeks and his penis under the cover rose handsomely into a festive condition. He dreamed of decent sex with a handsome young athlete next door so loudly that he heard a knock on the door of his room and he shouted in a soft voice if he was in trouble. “It wasn't thank you but” she got, as if in her last strength, somehow shouted while falling asleep at the interrupted erotic dream.

The coming weekend

“If they were just in the same house, it wouldn’t be long before they stood or sat side by side. Only the closest intimacy can calm them down. At that time, there were not two people in it, but one, in a state of unconscious, complete pleasure, satisfied with himself and the world. I wish I could have detained another in the last deal of the apartment: the other would have gradually, of himself, inadvertently moved in with him. Life was a mystery to them, the explanation of which they only came up with together. “

-Goethe

Pera often walked with Simon after coming from the cottage on Sunday evenings along empty streets in Vallila, Helsinki, to ventilate his head a little before the weekend with the daily toil of the weekend. Especially on Sunday evenings in the fall, they walked long distances without saying a word around Vallila. They didn’t know each other as well as one might have inferred from the fact that they had been together as “Sunday buddies” for almost twenty years, meeting each other whenever possible on weekends at Pera Cottage for all the nice togetherness, sauna and relaxation.

They had met sometime long ago and since then have begun to meet each other without any mutual agreement and coercion. However, something was circling in their relationship these days and it felt like they no longer had much to talk to each other after the initial enthusiasm and admiration.

“May I ask something?” Simo broke the silence as Pera first became confused but then nodded cautiously acceptably.

“How is your father? You have been so quiet lately. ”

“It’s reportedly going in a worse direction. I promised to go tomorrow immediately after work to watch the father to the hospital. Next week may be critical to his treatment anyway. I may have to be out of work all week and we have exactly the busiest time of the year so you can guess what your co-workers and especially the always angry boss think about this. ”

Simo swallowed and breathed a moment more freely the fresh autumn evening air into his lungs. Maybe Pera was just worried and stressed about her father’s situation and what it was causing her to be absent from work. The matter had bothered him and he did not want to lose his only friend, especially when their friendship, despite a long time, had somehow got stuck with him somehow from the very beginning. Chilled would have been a more correct term, he thought but did not want to use it because it would have revealed that there was no hope in the case.

After more thought. Simo remembered that all this fatigue and reluctance had begun even before Pera’s father became ill. It felt like Pera didn’t want to be a guy after mutual sex games, but literally turned her head to him as soon as all the quick fuss they usually did in bed after the sauna, usually in the same positions, was over and Pera either started snoring loudly and looking bothered without listening or watching.

The matter bothered Simo more than he wanted to admit to himself. Actually, it had started to bother him after the sauna trip more as well as these excruciatingly quiet common

walks at the end of the Sunday trips. He would have liked something else. Maybe a normal social relationship like the others. Maybe a guy with whom to chat about all possible things between earth and heaven. At times he wondered what was the point of them even being together when souls were not singing together, in a way that leaves behind longing and admiration of another person in their own minds forever.

“What about next weekend. How sure is that?” Simo asked Pera.

“I don’t really know yet I’ll call when things are at that point again,” Pera replied.

“You’ve felt somehow so absent lately other than just because of your dad, and even ordinary sex hasn’t tasted like the old model to you anymore. That is why I ask about, and I’m concerned that you are completely lost interest in me and you start to look for something else to replace them?”

“I can’t really say anything decent about that, unfortunately.”

Simo didn’t really know how Pera’s answer should have been interpreted and he clearly regretted Pera’s answer. Was Pera finally tired of Simo or just tired of her father’s state of health and having to be the only surviving relative to have a little time in the hospital to look at his father and consult with doctors about things that were both heavy and nasty? And in the middle of the week, in addition to his own work, he takes care of his father’s failed bank and other matters. Pera guessed what Simo was thinking.

“However, I’m trying yet not everything is over or lost. Believe me. For me, these weekends are the most important thing in my life, even if it doesn’t always make you feel and look like it. I’m now just so on my own, and I wondered all the time father. Do you understand?”

Then Pera did something exceptional she had never done before in a public place. He stopped in front of Simon and

kissed him on the mouth for a long time, ignoring the gazes of passers-by. Simo swallowed and nodded his head as a sign of understanding. Neither were romantic boyfriends, but neither were sex machines playing hard, or leather gays making public theater about private sex between men, but rather something ordinary, soaring in the middle of a soft and hard middle ground that grew into an adult.

Therefore, Pera's kiss had made a big impression on Simo. It was as if he had sealed the permanence of their relationship with this kiss and showed love for the first time in the way it was understood in a romantic sense in a gay community, Simo thought. Or Pera just did old-fashioned and tried to fool Simo with a kiss. That's what they used to be. No mother-in-law visits or co-homosexual stories of co-workers they wanted to start playing on the terms of others just to entertain or earn such a ridiculous prank their own special place to be what was in the eyes of others. They had sometimes talked about things according to a more in-depth formula. Simo had then challenged Pera.

"Can you think of moving together and sometimes getting married like so many other gays, especially now that you're getting old and never know what's really going on?" Simo asked one Sunday when they were just throwing steam in their sauna cabin.

Simon's demanding question could not have come at a worse time for Pera. He had more to think about and the relationship with Simon had not interested him lately. He just didn't know why and didn't want to talk about it until he was absolutely sure what to do next if they ended their relationship with Simon. Pera sat quietly in place and wondered what would have been answered, as the matter seemed to bother him greatly and that is why he tried to ignore Simon's question with a white lie.

"Get married? Don't be crazy talking after all, we're both

men. Why? After all, everything is going well for us anyway. Sex is good when you only get it once a week. Right to wait. It's nice to watch TV together, take long walks and enjoy each other's company without being bored by the ordinary routine and meeting each other's face and bad ones. Why ruin all this?

Simo, in turn, was silent and tried to interpret what Pera was really trying to say. He was already so accustomed to interpreting Pera's thoughts, expressions, and inexpressibility that he knew Pera was lying. Yes! The thing was that Pera was tired of him and the whole relationship and wanted to get rid of it in this way of his own not to talk about it and if he had to talk about it, trying to downplay the problem himself. This is how Simo thought and unknowingly hit right.

"Strange idea you have. Get married! What would that change between us now? "

"So you don't want to?"

"I didn't say that."

"So you don't want to be with me?"

"I didn't say that."

Do you understand? "Pera said.

"No!" Simo replied back.

"You just don't want to understand because you're stubborn when you get someone to think in your head. Then you drive through it even with a gray stone. "

"What if something hurts either?"

"Like what?"

"Death, or getting a vegetable in the hospital without your will."

"Where did such thoughts come from?"

"Your father's illness made you think about us too. We can no longer continue with the old model. "

"Do you want to quit then?"

"No"

"Well then don't insist and put pressure on me all the time.

The impossible you will not make possible with me in this matter. Pretty much the world should change in my eyes differently you would not change my mind on this issue. And if I'm not suited to you for a weekend sport like this so far, say it right then let's end or take a break, because in the past we've kept a little distance from each other when something has started rubbing our relationship like it does now. ”

“No. I don't. ”

“So what?”

“Let's let it be.”

The rest of the day was ruined. Simo grumbled, and not even the stew of forest mushrooms, which Pera had carefully prepared and made the same year, served with mashed potatoes and cranberry purée, made Simo smile, even though Pera tried. After the food, Simo washed the dishes and Pera went to the computer. Before going to their homes, they had fun for many hours in homochates on kood.net.net and qx.fi, where they both had their own profiles. Peran (born 1950) was nicknamed Qram for Manrammer2000 and profile text:

“Looking for a good deepthroat or nice ass to fuck”. A balanced, healthy, mature and sensible guy looking for sex, a regular guy I already have. I like myself smaller. Such a relatively normal and adult basic boy close to his fifties (but very youthful, virile, and always standing other than common sense after the Friday bottle-department ready for your service) without its larger adverbs would be devoid of all the nice company. I admire bald, stubble masks, hairy breasts, tattoos and veined curls in men. In adolescents, on the other hand, leanness, bigotry and the fact that the cock is standing all the time and can play with me, sometimes in the mouth, sometimes in the butt. It seems pretty challenging to find any relatively normal-looking guy here in the depths of the net. Everything these days is either so damn wells or finnish teenage junkies demanding hundreds of euros to take their little dicks in the

mouth for a few minutes. The answers are 99.9% of the time in such a way that you have time for a folder: (My dimensions are about 170cm / 60kg). Just a normal neighbor boy without any of its major exaggerations. It doesn't matter so much with the dimensions of the sun, but it would be nice if even the chemistry gloomed a bit. The wish would be: - Youthfulness / boyhood - Relatively normal, common sense, relaxed and own, and of course cleanliness and health! So you are looking for a normal friend with whom you can breathe just like anyone else, do everything from something that can withstand daylight and maybe sometimes also from something that does not withstand it. That's why I have a sauna near the capital. I am there every weekend, if nothing else matters, and there are also fierce sex parties where you would be welcome to splurge and drink with me and my regular friend."

Every Sunday, after the last steams, they sent an invitation to profiles they wanted to meet either the next or the following weekend. Sometimes the date didn't come, or quite often like this weekend, when the date didn't arrive, even though they had booked a deputy for their date (GIVING A HANDY BIG TEEN TO BIG MEN FOR A LITTLE FEE). Simon (born 1959) was nicknamed "Januar 31" on Qx and had the text of the profile:

"A gentleman-master with a regular companion, free-spirited and lustful and we do not live together; being but on the weekends at its cottage whenever there is time and nothing else to do, looking for a brave man who can be properly whipped. With over 20 years of experience whipping naughty boys and evil male couples with a mask on their face and very angry. From soft discipline to cruel. With wishes and safely, however, so that it hurts, shows and sounds even at home. Men and boys. Do you want a massage for stuck muscles, an erotic sauna club or other masculine activities such as bed wrestling and mouth games? A workout relationship where

both get a relaxing experience. Imagination needs to be used so it doesn't rust. Put the message so it fits in. Tell me your measurements and wants. The picture helps in the search. Next in my life as a gay priority list that I follow whenever I happen to be for some reason to be clear (hahaa joke: I'm not a hard drunk but a weekend like that)."

HOMO PRIORITY LIST:

1. Caffeine is vital and neither is more important than at least the cock and it's sucking. "I go for coffee" in the same way that a chainsaw runs on gasoline. I am a caffeine freak anyway. Pepsi Max venom in different flavors is also important to me (and sometimes ass licking).

2. I am not committed to any direction about the politics, history, and combinations of the enjoyed, but tease politicians by being the unpredictable "mobile voter" who might vote somehow because it had a nice bow in an election ad.

3. I am a bit of culture.

4. It is easy to talk to many people, only the best can be quiet.

5. Good posture is a necessity for a man, and many lack of character can be forgiven with sad eyes.

6. Naples has been seen and licked from many angles as an exchange student year in Italy A 17-year-old (you can only believe) can therefore die in peace. It is easier for me to follow a wilderness than for a holiday in the south.

7. I have sometimes been asked if there is anything I would not know. Is. Ball games and cat care.

8. Few things are as relaxing as a brisk gallop over tree trunks, ditches and streams.

9. Verifiably, I'm not too late for the age to celebrate over the dawn. Nevertheless, my years of clubbing are a thing of the past.

10. With a young and beautiful boy, I do nothing. Years and their signs only heal a man. It is just over forty and in

good shape as well as masculine handsome.

“Don’t grumble honey all the time now,” Pera tried to gnaw at even a small smile from Simo as she lay on her co-bed in the sauna cottage and chatted with the future “groom candidates”. But Simo had already forgotten the grunts he had started before the food and fiddled with his computer enthusiastically, even though he told Pera that it was not worth him for a while.

“Look what’s here,” Simo said and showed Pera the profile of a young bodari and read the text:

“The search would be submissive and happy to be girly or at least interested. The intention is that my satisfaction is the main thing and I can use you however I want. You take a deep throat as well as a butt in your mouth without a mug, you can trigger wherever I want. Your job is to act as I command. However, no pain and no traces. Sure, both are sane, but detachment +++++. You should be porcelain and otherwise hairless. You can be Trans / cd, but not required, as long as you are not a silly maiden gay line from head to toe or any black-bearded humid monk gay who has escaped from Monastery regretting her debauchery. Me-181-cm, 99-kg, -20-cm. A relaxed, framed and comfortable cradle that secretly needs a fun club with confidence. You get the picture in exchange and invest in your answers correctly over time.”

“You could put on some flashy rag and take a picture and then you answer, you don’t want to be that girl and it’s going to put you here for the first weekend and that’s a “surprise visit,” Simo playfully suggested to Pera, who knew it would start after the sauna. the highlight when Simo had forgiven and returned to his former playful self so that after a little bedfucking he finally got fucked.

“Smell the shit fucking jerk,” Pera said and began to forcibly take off Simon’s clothes. Simo seemingly resisted and screamed in horror like a pig to be killed, so that if there had

been neighbors near the sauna cabin, which fortunately they didn't have their loud sex games, one of the neighbors would have alerted at least the police to see what murders were in the small and remote sauna.

When they began to meet each other in the late 1990s, society no longer condemned homosexuality, but religion, politicians, and Christians who always forbid sex and its joys, even though the air seemed to be easing after the last battles with right-wing Christianity began, could gays bark and keep hate speech as a target only because the gay-hateful, racist, and cowardly Old Testament called for such at the mouths of old thugs. But homosexuality was not what Pera and Simo thought it was behind the headlines in ordinary life when two men met each other.

“Remember when those gay and lesbian activists started appearing on the telly? These mustache lesbians with thick and hairy legs and college glasses?” Pera once said viciously when they were in movies that advertised some famous gay movies.

“Yeah and those skinny and beeping gay activists demanding the right to get married in church, as if it were the purpose of life and interesting to others than them,” Simo replied.

From those times and probationary gay activists came their disgust at getting married. When Pera had spoken about the matter for the first time in a style that might touch them sometimes, even though he was strongly opposed to it, Simo said that not all the lovers whose relationship broke were different:

“They placed themselves and each other in unique emotional torture; they had both friendship at first and finally the catastrophe of an emotional person in their fundamentally unhappy love.”

It was still a time when male men who felt bisexual like them lived out of reach of sexual pastimes, like Catholic

priests. The difficulty at the time, of course, was the temptation of the choir boys, which had recently been revealed to the evil of Catholic priests in a surprising number of cases, they joked with each other while watching movies that dealt with the subject.

“And how they then shouted and screamed everywhere,” Pera recalled, looking at the first priest, what he thought was playing with a serious matter and giving the toy in the wrong hands.

“Those were vomiting moments to watch TV”. Pera then refused to watch the Pride Day news to avoid another shock.

“They only got worse year by year.” In that, Pera was right, Simon thought, although otherwise Simo was more positive about Prides than Pera, and watched Pride Day specials on television news.

Yet the thoughts of a relationship, of some kind of forced union of two different worlds to suffer and bully each other on the terms of a lifetime of marriage, were completely foreign to both of them, for they already knew how people’s lonely longings and unbearable isolation eventually defeated them. And there were no winners and losers in that game. There were only inevitable events and a downturn after always making an equally bad choice for everyone.

“Let’s dress you up as a princess and take a lot of pictures and then put them in a homochat!” Pera teased the smaller and more graceful Simo, who in Pera’s opinion could easily make a pretty female-looking sizzler Lady Domina play.

“You would become a much better princess. The people would get sweet laughter when you pulled some 10-cent glitter high heels on your 44-number foot! ”, Simo gave back to Pera with a devil.

Pera and Simo could not have cared less about the excesses of the homoboom, which they called pride fumigation - because they already considered it a passing phenomenon,

as often this same fumigation choice is made of them as a child out of pettiness. Its items just change. In the 80s, there was a march for peace. In the 21st century, for sexual liberation. And in the 2020s against climate change. That was all of them. There are always enough marchers and partygoers, especially in the younger generations.

Topics just change. Many do what they do under the pressure of the environment against their will. People need just the right part of it, the missing part of it, to become whole, and because they can't hope to find it, they have to accept a suitable substitute as their partner. And when they realize they can't win, they settle for the most unfavorable solution as a compromise for themselves in order to get both mind and peace of mind to implement their humanity in the mold they think the whole world is prepared for. And these herd-souled idiots wanted everyone to run into the same gorge after them, forgetting both their own selves and the power of Eros.

"I'm only interested and excited about you," Pera told Simo.

"Don't lie, you always blink others as soon as possible!" Simo replied.

"Or other good-looking gourmet asses".

"Were there any others?"

"Only you when your name is Eros and you are at the center of my soul teasing and stripping me of my tracks. You live in a center where the sun feeds and expands it. They were too similar and sang longing for lost friends, and lost love, rather than surrendering to them in real life. So we are adventurers and wanderers and we do not give in to anything other than temptation, because what we can hope for today is not love but sexual affection - a bourgeois solution in the guise of bohemian novelty," Pera replied with a laugh, as he had read something for fun.

"Further still keeping an eye on you do not get when I am

there, I am not vain for you hung meat,” Simo said, grinning ground, who took it seriously.

“Of course I blink. Let you and we blink together. That’s part of this package as a mandatory price, ”Pera told Simo, tapping this as a punishment for stupidity with a book on his head.

Together they browsed Qx.fi’s profiles again and were amazed at everything that had come into the concept jungle called the rainbow world after the internal liberation of sexual minorities in the 2010s, like the nickname Beliar, which in its own words was “Queer man, transgender FtM, 29 years. (homoflexible queer). Socializing with several. On-and-fall. Place of residence: Uusimaa / Nyland, Finland.

“This is horrible. Read this!” Pera said to Simo, who read, humiliated his head and then said he didn’t really understand why the girl in the announcement wanted to play with the boy, announcing at first on a gay site just looking for a sex club not interested in sex?

“Curious thing. It doesn’t want to be a girl or a boy and not interested in sex. But when everything is based on gender and sexual interests in something gender. What is this idea? Read. ”

“Hi! I am a 29-year-old man, who likes to mm. drawing, watching movies / series, in-depth and silly conversations, having fun, dancing to oneself or with others, and exercising.

I am:

-Transsexual man

-Polyamorphic. I currently have two boyfriends and one person I meet.

-Homohko / queer. I mainly interested / attracted males (trans and cis) and non-binary (muunsukupuoliset, agenderit etc.). Usually I am not interested / attracted to women, but exceptions happen.

-I’m not very interested in sex. This is important.

-Currently, I don't really care about vanilla sex, but I like other intimacy, kissing, cuddling, stroking.

-Kinky when you have fun. In ham, joy brings me, for example, ropes, getting tied up (with ropes or otherwise), collars and trying new things.

-Mostly bottom / sub. Sometimes it is nice wad / dom to be, but I'm mainly bottom / sub. Exceptions may occur chemistries riippuen, and I am open-minded and experimental.

I appreciate:

-Trans awareness / understanding

-Ability to deal with their feelings and take responsibility for them

-Understanding consent

-Good communication about one's own and partner's needs and limits

-Messages with content other than "hi what's up?" ;)

Note. (5/2020):

-I am open to new human relations, friendship or romantic relationships. I'm not interested in one night's stuff.

-One of my boyfriends, snive, is also on Qruiser. We date separately (also together if you happen to hit the right person) and it's ok if you're only interested in one of us.

-I mostly interested in men (trans and cis), non-binary, and exceptionally women (trans and cis). I am mainly attracted approx. 25 to 45-year-old people.

I'm looking for friends / friends or a relationship with boys / men, other sex or not sex (transgender, transgender FtM, transvestite MtF, transvestite FtM, intersex, intergender, transgender) of all ages (dominant, top, versatile).

Several such announcements, which they thought moved across borders other than gay, had come to Qx.fi last year. And they had nothing against it. These stuff and people just didn't interest them at all, because the stuff got so overwhelmed and was already starting to resemble the stories of the Hölmöläin-

en, where light was brought from outside with a sack in the dark with common sense left in its porch.

“Now we’re finally getting to our favorite thing, which is the gay barking favorite number One, an old infallible classic called lesbians!” Pera sighed excitedly, despite everything they felt about the way women wanted to circumvent their own femininity and emphasize men on their own side while in a way, present themselves as privileged men in the female class, demanding the elimination of male equality in the name of equality.

“However, gays have the ability and right to decide their own affairs and make choices that feel good to them, despite the fact that nasty things are publicly circulated for all to see,” Pera said.

“Exactly. Take Peppi Longstocking, for example. When Socrates is reborn, he is not born in the form of an old, sturdy, and bearded wise man, but as a skinny nine-year-old girl with red braids. May heaven protect us from little children who have grown up without colliding with Peppi! This is exactly what has happened to us in lesbian affairs. It is strange, then, how these young, well-believed, good-natured “Peppi Long Slippers” who verbally tidy up their environment always grow into adult whip-wielding evil people who condemn their environment and at the same time just as surely to the evil people in their own desire for power. However, Peppi came up with a solution to the problem of the desire for power; opposing a mighty man requires an even stronger counterforce. Peppi refuses to grab the whip against its user. Breaking the whip is a sacred ritual that makes peace between the driver and his horse. The abuser of a horse also oppresses himself, and he who oppresses himself thinks he has a right, even an obligation, to abuse others. Therefore, Pepi’s reconciliation with the horse whip was a reconciliation with the evil ones,” Simo claimed.

“Oh good time I forgot the boiler on fire!” Simo hurried. Pera continued his lecture.

“It boiled over!” Simo mumbled in disappointment.

“What?”

“Nothing to fuck. It must have been a surprise. ”

“Well, it was. A real surprise. ”

“Don’t grin.”

“Then why are we gay anyway?” Simo asked.

“I don’t know,” Pera replied.

“And I don’t care to find out. It is enough to be at peace and do what one wants and no longer have to listen to the radio program from the 70’s “Sex Mailbox”, where everything - even heterosexual - was somehow ugly and shameful despite the opposite intentions. This is often the case. Good intentions turn into evil deeds and intentions, even if no one wants to (or does they want to?).”

They came from a time when homosexuality had just been removed from the disease classification. Before, gays were outlaws, wanderers, thugs, and the mentally ill, or Actors, waitresses, comb-makers, make-up artists, fashion games, suspicious people, job-abusers, dancers, foreigners, etc. Neither Finns nor peasants at all. It was the evil of the townspeople who was not allowed to ruin the rural idyll. Before that, those sitting on top of the nation’s closet, who considered themselves smart, found gays sick.

Those known and suspected to be gay among the people were allowed to be blamed for anything, barking and black-mailed to the extent of their will. The homosexuality revealed in court reduced the chances of a fair trial. Perhaps that is why the leaders of gay organizations in Finland also had a great need to present themselves and their homosexuality first in a smarter framework than it was. Homousness was idealized into part of the romantic myth of genius of difference, and then began to feed the people a story of homosexuality as part

of the neighbor boy's routine.

"Simo, what happened to someone who boiled in the pot? There would be nothing and what would it become, even if it did not become anything you wanted? "

"Shit...."

"That's normal, isn't it?"

"Shit"

"Doesn't go well with you either"

"Shit"

"The time came again, did you?"

"Shit."

"Well, let it be now."

"Shit!"

"Yeah yeah. Such a chef what kind of soups. "

"Oh, what the hell? You are!"

"If you want"

"I'm not shit but see the soups. Of course Urpo. I just wanted to know that I don't eat the sweaters I make today. "

"I could have said it somehow more comfortably."

"Don't talk shit."

"Well try..ööm... not to be human."

That's right, Pera thought. Simo can be difficult but golden. After all, there really can be no enemy for him. The guy works hard all week to get to argue with Pera's nerves over the weekend. This is how they joked with each other about piracy. Pera already knew Simon's habits and tricks of power well. Simo would have liked to be a chicken mother, but he didn't know even the most basic chef's tendency or abilities to conjure up everyday life with a few rolls of a memorable taste party. Pera was already accustomed to this and had already bought everything he could as frozen food, which he thawed for just such situations.

"Thank you for being wonderful," Simo said when he got a friendly hug and an oven-fresh ear muff from the very Pera

warehouses that always saved emerging kitchen disasters after Simon forgot his tender cooking because he couldn't focus on the final stages of cooking. Simo had enough initial enthusiasm and talk about food. But something always went wrong. They began to talk about why they didn't want to take part in any freedom marches or discussions about gay rights, led by some militant university lesbians. They have captured modern homosexuality and turned it into one subspecies of equality feminism.

"Have you ever written a love letter to someone?" Pera asked supposedly as a curious sight from Simo, screaming, revealing that he had only asked Pilano to tease Simo. Simo joined the game in retaliation, although of course he had never written a love letter to anyone. It wasn't in their ways - Simo might have been able to, after all, he had written his memories in a pink diary before his father handed it out and it started to show the little boy quite seriously. Pera could not have even thought about it - but rather the wonderfully semi-erotic allusion of young novels as a delusion that not everything is nice and memorable in the unloving sex that young people are forced to experience all too early, and then to tell others about it as if it were something quite wonderful.

"Well wait while I count. One, two, three and maybe even four and have got at least a dozen of them. Last week, an anonymous love letter was dropped in the mail. "

"Yeah yeah! You are stupid or just badly confused. "

"Both but for the sake of love!"

"Stop it, yes, believes the bimbo."

"And the blonde still."

"Stained is not counted."

"Who says that?"

"You have golden hair."

"You know that pretty well, even if you're almost bald yourself ..."

“Almost bald, don’t try now.”

They both also liked young boys like the ancient Greeks. In ancient Greece, boy love was not a moral issue. It was not wrong, contrary to Jewish or Christian culture. Their goal was to eliminate sexuality between men and to make child-based sexual contact between woman and man the only acceptable form. Homosexuality became a perversion, as sex between people of the same sex was not natural. It did not lead to the addition of a family which was reported for the purpose of sex. It was imagined that in nature, things always had their own special purpose. Although physics denied the purposes of nature, the combination of medicine, morality, and censorship no longer cared about the methods or results of science.

They had both been dating young girls. Whether Pera even had a teenage punk girl named Mari from her previous relationship with a woman. Simo had been married for at least twenty years, but finally divorced a few years ago when his wife had found a new husband. Simo said the relationship only waned at the same time as his interest in men suddenly woke up and women gradually waned. Simo said he had just decided to stop fumbling with women and focus on men with whom things were easier and therefore smarter in the sense that when things were over, they were over and no homework was left behind.

From homochat, they often ordered a playmate to Pera’s cottage for the weekends to accompany some girly or infant young man - ages 16-20, with whom they played various role-plays throughout the weekend, and who sexually served as their slave boy to their wants and needs. Boy love today is not, and has not been, any easy and simple thing in ancient Greece and Athens. Mature men competed for the favor of the beautiful boys, but were easily exploited by the boys. At that time, the dignity of the gentlemen was in danger and becoming ridiculed was near. The danger of boy love was the loss

of dignity and social esteem. It was therefore worth following reasonableness in this matter, both in antiquity and today.

“I drink nasty, empty-eyed, cold, unpathetic and ready for all evil, and especially dangerous are the semi-criminal drug whores on duty at these stations and their violent protectors and desperate guys without a future. Emptiness and lack of interpersonal relationship and mutual understanding were the keywords for much of the inhuman crimes committed against people, often committed by these heartless and often blamed for no fault of their own in their own predicament and despair; they had to be careful even though they always have some super-individuals who are just waiting for their pickers to get rid of these monster strokes at once in a tender gay spot, to enjoy the days of happiness with the money of an older gentleman and still a rich man,” Simo admitted.

“There were already real yummys and good guys out there. Often these loose people become the best gays because they have a strong sense of justice and a clear sense of good and evil,” Pera proved because he knew this gang for a long time and moved around with them like a fish in water. Almost every young person who advertised themselves online to their parents did so only with money, disgusting their customers and themselves after that, ready to steal and beat them with the slightest hint. According to Pera and Simon, it was therefore not worthwhile and not allowed to run after all the eagles, especially when many drug addicts, the mafia of beggars and young immigrants, were on the move in a criminal sense. Trapped by some particularly weak and lonely older man, they began to harass and blackmail their unfortunate victim, in the worst cases, beat and drive even the most anxious and all those who lost their money to suicide.

“Do you remember the one drunken young man who had afro hair and picked us up on one rainy autumn evening soaking wet?” Simo asked.

“Well, you can never forget it. He undressed himself already in the car and went handjob with you. Pretty boy or what?” Pera said, striking the eye at Simo, who deliberately exaggerated his lips to irritate Pera.

All they needed was a light relationship with a touch of sex, as they themselves called it. And it didn’t take even in the middle of the week the usual boring hanging on the phone or chatting about how the days had gone or what they were going to do the next day. They knew they had found exactly the kind of partners they wanted and had hoped for. Too much emotion, syrupy flirting, and hanging out with each other didn’t suit them.

They were men not women and their thing was a friendship between the two men and no sock weaving and gossiping. It was going straight to the point, without curving direct speech and honest play between the men when they met, and then lying in bed and after a short break again throwing themselves into each other’s arms. Quite the self what masculinity was: exceptional friendship and respect for the other while enjoying a delicacy that would not have been done with those who understood heterosexuality or homosexuality differently.

“And that was enough. Have you ever kept a record of them or met them by accident afterwards?” Simo asked.

“One dude came to the workshop a few years after it had been turning and fucking with us.”

“What kind?”

“That dark boy who spoke like a bean pot and stole the sun’s old Nikon SLR.”

“Oh yeah, yeah I met it many times. It was a nice guy nonetheless. Always smiling with her beautiful white teeth and telling funny stuff. It was dark. Almost full-bodied but exciting and surprising. What does it mean when it didn’t show up?”

“I’ve certainly already gained a hundred pounds and ac-

quired the same caliber to be from head to toe tightly without seeing anything but dark eyes on the wife of a veiled Somali woman. Niil certainly has 7-8 children and they live in their own circumstances. You certainly wouldn't feel the same after years."

"Yeah now I remember them all. I've sometimes kept a record of them and got to number 114. Could that be true?" Pera began to count, though it didn't convince Simo at all, who thought Pera was just pretending to count and be and didn't really care how things were, as long as he could say his own opinion on everything just at the moment he wanted to and in the way he had decided the things his homosexuality was dealing with — the reality didn't matter.

"I do not think. After all, we've been in quite a bit of dust and smashing myself most of the time. "

"Yeah, that's what that loose morale is doing ... and the dicks are up all the time!"

"Well, at least not when you have to wake up the dick in the morning for a long time before it starts to return from the dead."

"Everything is seriously experienced together and it's always been fun," Pera tried to reassure Simo, who was once again struggling with his own self, fighting like a schoolboy for fun and entertainment, like an old little boy mutual habit.

"Well, I wouldn't say that now."

"How so?" Pera watched.

"Well a little bit has brought the enthusiasm of the early days to the waning."

"But it still tastes, even if not all the time or what?"

"Well, I don't know now. You drag in here all the weird boys you have experienced during the week, and then you reluctantly force me to play with you even if I'm tired and want to cover a telly or something soothing and relaxing after a hard week of work when you can breathe from stressful roles

for a while and don't have to be defensive or fear that someone will see through you.

"Aha, where does the shoe squeeze now?"

"Nothing any worse."

"Yes, I know. After all, you are in the cage with a crowded lion's claws on display, ready to tear down the unfortunate one who accidentally happens to step in your way. Oh it's unhappy but luckily it's not me!"

Simoa smiled. That's what he liked. Peran bullying. Let's measure the man properly and not be afraid of the little ones, for neither of them had been made of sugar, nor had the first or second or third storm yet fallen upon them. So much man gets unexpected forces as he takes years of hitting his head against a wall and other little mental problems caused by hiding his true self. And they had one another: really, they weren't angry or mean to each other. They were parodying the harsh theater of their everyday world and everything they had to submit to as men in order to be, even on weekends, two such men when they wanted and felt like they were. The sauna cottage was their oasis in the middle of this dry desert.

The free sex of men had lasted for almost twenty years. They used to hang out on their own in the middle of the week before going to the cottage, inspecting young company for the weekend at the sauna cottage if they happened to succeed. It often happened. A young boy who would not be a little frightened and would need extra money in return for his service luxury. The idea was simple. They would pick up and bring the boy. And during one night they would have fierce and enjoyable sex with each other and sauna, drink, eat and gossip in the cottage naked in threes so entwined with each other so much and all the time that no longer "properly (too much?)" Said the next week in the middle of everyday life again to hunt for a new candidate from homochat as his playmate next weekend to his cottage.

“It simply came to my notice then. I will leave you a message now that I’m a bit hurting and out of work but next weekend I will not be canceled, but not to pick me up. I try to rest, be quiet alone and sleep as much as possible to control this mild flu!”, Simo spoke to Pera’s respondent one Wednesday. Simo was fine the very next day when Pera called Thursday night excitedly Simo excitedly. He had a lot of news to tell Simo. Pera had put the notice in Qx.fi:

”Slave Wanted! We each have our own perversions. I get excited when I get to bring pleasure to a young slave boy, preferably fashionably for a punk with an Iroquois hairstyle. And watch the rhyme slowly grow towards the trigger. When we meet with me, I wouldn’t take off my clothes myself, but I would take off your cock bare right out of the box. Then you could completely indulge in indulgence. For me, the reward for this is the sperm in my mouth. As a special requirement, leather - rubber, etc. play according to a long formula with devotion and quietly good comes implemented on the principle. An absolute requirement: must be submissive and have time to stay overnight to enjoy. If not myself can be found, then you are a skinny or trained bodybuilder. Everything in the meantime, from Nazi uniforms to U.S. Marine garments. Welcome to this erotic medical examination only round-billed young moths, for whom experience may even be the first of its kind, but certainly not the last after that, with another man, to its promise. I take all the answers seriously, and I want to get to know you, so don’t send anything for fun or a moment’s whim, I’ll just get angry. READ THIS NOTICE PROPERLY BEFORE ANSWERING and NOTE! THIS DRAWING DOES NOT PRESENT ME, BUT I WISH YOU! Let’s stay in touch - maybe we’ll find each other.”

To his surprise, Pera received an immediate response. The night before, he had experimentally chatted with a defendant who happened to be like a wet daydreaming dildo prince, an

exceptionally handsome 16-year-old German-born from Berlin, whose parents had lived in Berlin but moved to Helsinki with their son after their little sister died. Fortunately, there was a German school in Helsinki that it had attended. He was reportedly going to the nursing school the following year back to his hometown of Berlin and raised a little “travel money” for that. A real real street boy who looked as handsome, if not even more handsome, than Brad Pitt when he was young.

“The boy looked even better when he looked closely at the boy naked,” Pera had said in her voice a little smug pride.

“How do you know that?” Simo had asked in disbelief.

“Fuck with the boy!” Pera said confidently and laughed, continuing: “And the boy liked both me and you very much - calling us the Rimbaud-Verlaine couple, about our story of spending weekends at the cottage having sex with unknown youngsters.”

Simo was stunned but didn’t start arguing about it. Pera caught a rare treat in her net, but said the matter was then clear this weekend, and she apparently no longer had to continue the stressful hanging out in the homochat looking for a young company to follow the cottage when it was already well taken care of by Pera.

Pera’s thing was too good to be true, or it didn’t involve anything else ominous. “It usually doesn’t say anything,” Pera finally rumbled out of her mouth. “How so?” Simo shook his ears curiously if he had heard correctly. “Something traumatic maybe. The boy can speak and speaks when it hurts on it. But usually the boy is quiet. The boy’s sister was left under the train when the girl was only under six years old. The boy saw everything when he and his sister were then going to their grandmother’s village a few train stations from the boy’s home in Berlin’s Nollendorfplats, where they lived at the time. That is why they moved to Finland. Everyone got rid of places that reminded them of the past. Father got a job from a German

company, and the mother started teaching German at the Goethe Institute in Helsinki.”

“OOPS! What was the name of this boy?” Simo asked. “Ormu,” Pera replied. “This is a rather unusual name from a Finnish point of view. Does it mean something special?” Simo asked. “I do not know. Perhaps. The whole boy is pretty special, you get to see then. But all the best A-class, the real gay Adonis!”

Simon pounded on his head and his eyes blurred. After a few seconds of dizziness, he got drawn air into his lungs and was in place, gasping for breath like a fish on dry land for a moment of silence. “Are you still there?” Pera inquired. It wasn’t until a few seconds later that Simo replied that everything was ok by the way, he had just been dizzy to get there. “Nothing serious. It’s just that.”

Simo had suffered from type 1 diabetes since childhood, and every now and then his blood sugar levels threw so that he suddenly began to feel dizzy and tired, and he had to breathe deeply before he could concentrate on anything else to be or do. It was a stopping experience for those watching him then. Simo shortened to size, changing his face from light to dark red, looking as if he had been choking on that spot right away. The scene usually lasted only a few seconds to half a minute, but it both looked scary and could even be fatal depending on the severity of the scene.

At least that’s how the doctors had warned him. And once there had been one near-considered incident as a child at a summer camp, from where he was taken by medical helicopter to the University Central Hospital. The situation was so serious that his parents were alerted to the hospital to monitor his son next to the bed in the middle of the work day. The parents had been shocked.

“Do you have your medicines with you?” Pera asked worriedly. “I just took them. Sometimes it becomes forgotten

how close that lifestyle can be when there is such a terrible disease.” Simo had lived all his adult life in the shadow of the disease and it had left his mark on him. Despite the fact that Simo had something gentle and sympathetic, he got the impression that he was suffering and was painful and therefore withdrawn and quiet, which was difficult to separate from his surroundings.

Simo has not, rarely, been bullied as a child. But he was significantly silent with embarrassment, for his difference was so overwhelming that there was no desire to talk about it in circle of friends. Simo was also sensitive in part because he carried painful memories inside. He had not told anyone the horrible experience of childhood, not even Pera. Simon’s two parents worked for the state railways. Father as a track man and mother as a ticket seller. The family had changed their place of residence every few years because of the work of their parents.

They lived in the red-brick rental barracks of the State Railroad staff right next to the station so that their windows could see directly into the large railway yard. One night, just as Simo was going to bed, he looked out the window as the train whistle whistled and saw a vision he would never forget: a young girl was lying on the tracks. Was it true or someone else’s dream? He didn’t know. He later realized he had seen the death of Ormu’s sister. Just as Simo looked at the track, the train drove off her. He closed his eyes to see no more. Later, he always saw the same nightmare of how, when the train went on the track, nothing could be seen except the legs of the girl detached from the rest of the body and the red running shoes left by them at the accident.

“Sometimes I can’t. I’m already going crazy, “said Simo was to the back, which was one day to become among the day’s work to handle this over to Simon and to apply for pharmacy medicines Simo. “Forgive me for disturbing your daily life

in this way. After all, we are breaking our contract, ”Simo complained, as if fearing that the magic between them would disappear, because he thought that the relationship was just anticipation of the coming weekend. “Be quiet that the fever goes down”. Later, when Simo was already a little better, they started chatting about the upcoming weekend and their new playmate. Simo was reminded of the shocking memories that had crept back years, but he stood up and asked Pera anxiously, “Can boy speak at all? ”. “Can but doesn’t talk much.”

Simo was embarrassed. The case began to interest him. “It’s a pretty special boy. Before, the boy spent his time at the train stations with the other boys, but when the subway opened, the boy has started cycling at the subway stations in their gangs. The boy is tolerated, but for gangs it is not accepted as a member when it is considered so strange. Boy has a heart of pure gold. It has seen good and bad days but it has an open and playful nature and it seems to need more human contact and reliable company than anyone else. It feels like it’s looking for some kind of cross between a father figure and a protective big brother.”

In sex, the boy was like a little rabbit, according to Pera, as the cock stood all the time but still it was also tender and considerate. “Wow!” Excited exclamation came from Simo. “We will pick up boy then on Saturday from a metro station at exactly 4pm,” Pera reminded Simo. “Remember to be there at the same time. I don’t want to miss a single minute of our time with this boy.” After that, Simon was overwhelmed with restlessness and a feeling of being unwell. He was no longer sure if all that Pera had spoken enthusiastically a moment ago on the phone was as interesting and inspiring as it had been before when they had only been two and he did not recall the nightmare of red running shoes.

Simo trembled and shook all over and feared the new scene would come from somewhere again and crush him once and

for all like a train girl in the yard at the time, for such a hard guilt went through his mind. After the call, Simo got up awkwardly out of bed and began to wander around the room like a fever. He spoke to himself, mumbled something incomprehensible, and then returned to his bed again after a while, as restless as he had left there a moment earlier. He no longer had sleep or space to purify his mind or let the idea fly and act freely. He was a prisoner in a cage of his own free will and without a way out.

At least that's how he felt. He wrote down all that he did not want to do in his life after all this but as a confession and guide for the future. He wanted to make up for his evil deeds and thoughts for the rest of his life and no longer accept anywhere, ever, least in himself and his actions, half-truths, half-truths, usually nothing easily forgotten and seemingly insignificant at first, as if in a slow motion stared for a long time, just as the ghost disappeared when it was looked at eye to eye long enough without fear.

"Are you better already?" Pera asked after an hour as Simo woke up from above with sweat but was already clearly more perky than before falling asleep. The fever had subsided and the unhealthy redness of the face had almost completely disappeared. He no longer wanted to be the bystander who didn't realize he was because he wanted to close his eyes to the truth and the gaping emptiness behind things that peeked out from there, grimacing; the train girl was dead and no one could do it anymore, at least he himself did nothing. The fact that he mourned what happened made him a victim himself. At least he felt that way. Simo had seen this fact as an invitation to death face to face at the same time that severe first-class diabetes had broken out in him.

"You're clearly starting to be better and little by little getting better," Pera said next to Simon, gently stroking his head. Simo nodded, sinking into his own thoughts. This was, in

his view, the random whimsy of life at its worst, the invisible hand that really guides us without stories of some supreme power or destiny that repeats or occurs according to what we have thought or done. Did these two things have anything to do with each other? Other than death as the common denominator. The beginning of the other was the end of the other and the whole life filled with one realization from the beginnings of the end, from which the relentless emptiness of life was filled. He wrote down that he was sorry, though he could neither put it on either thing to soothe his own mind into words that seemed empty, the mere sight of which on otherwise blank paper made him enraged.

Reflecting on these, Simo was not allowed to sleep for a long time, but threw anxiously in his bed, beating only one thought in his head; Why was everything as it was, and why could it never succeed in transforming them into what man himself wanted? And what was the coincidence of this miserable and suddenly unpredictable play of suffering from life to baby to grandpa and by whom? As soon as Simo saw Ormu, he realized that his nightmare with the girl was obvious. Simo had arrived at the metro station well in advance half an hour before the agreed appointment time to see Ormu.

Simosta Ormu was not a living person. He looked like her dead sister. Ormu was a long blond Adonis with blue eyes and curly hair and just as young looking at Brad Pitt as Pera had described him to Sim on the phone. But that still didn't make him miraculous. What was exceptional about him in Simon's mind was his smile. A similar smile had been on his sister when she died. Ormu clearly couldn't help but smile. He smiled all the time. There was something else exceptional about him that others didn't think Simon had. Something very wonderful; when his face shone a soothing light, his expression was mischievously funny as the good heroes of young adventure books in TV series.

Ormu was, in Simon's view, a much more delightful revelation in nature than in the pictures. Ormu agreed with Simo at first. Ormu was as quiet on the way to the cottage as Pera had said she was, but after reaching her father and taking off her clothes, the tiger escaped from the tank. An even bigger surprise for Pera and Simo was when, after the first orgasm, with Ormu lying between them, he began to speak like anyone, except that the subject was Goethe. It was a surprise for a Finn, but not for a German educated and educated, for whom these cornerstones of German culture, Goethe, Schiller and Wickelman, were already sucked from breast milk in the same way as Dostoevsky in Russia and Dante in Italy.

Pera had already noticed how Ormu and Simo communicated with each other without words, speaking to others a foreign language. Nevertheless, he was amazed when Ormu and Simo started talking to each other in verses. That's when he realized that maybe he didn't belong in the gang anyway, and that this story was the adventure of Ormu and Simon, not his. But he had no idea he would never again in his life see Simo after this. Simo would disappear forever like the ashes of the wind from his life after this weekend, and he would not regret knowing why and where, but would continue his endless search, accusing himself, asking himself: why? He would meet Ormu after the terrorist attack in a head package in Berlin, without Ormu even recognizing him and coming to hear the end of Ormu and Simon's story from Ormu himself, feeling painfully at the same time as if a knife had been twisted in his inflamed wound.

On the way home back to Helsinki, everyone is quiet and not in a good mood. Pera has received a call from the hospital that his father had died at the same time that Ormu and Simo performed their magical duet, although Pera still does not realize how that was possible. The words rhymed so well together but they didn't know each other. How could Simo

have known so well the poem that only Ormu knew, if not ...? He tried to come up with a solution, but was unable to focus on it any more because of his inability to concentrate, grief, and weakness caused by his father's sudden death.

The following weekend, Simo did not show up and did not answer the phone. And neither did Ormu give any signs of life of himself. Pera had already guessed something was going to happen, but had not believed such. He went under the windows of Simon's apartment for the first time, and saw Simon and Ormu inside the apartment sitting at the kitchen table by candlelight, kissing each other in arms. He doesn't remember any more. He ran into the stairwell and rang Simon's doorbell until Simo had opened the door for him. The next image he has is when two ambulances take a bloody Simo and an uninformed Ormu lying on a stretcher as a limp body to the hospital, and he is led in the yard to a police car waiting with alarm lights on. It is now twenty years since those times.

Pera remembered how Ormu had said Werther's great deed was the invention of a fundamentally unhappy love, which also manifested the feminine nature of the present, for this very romantic love, not really based on anything other than the projection of one's own unfounded expectations and dreams, was as empty and meaningless as romantic love, which was the enemy and opposite of the brotherhood of soul, being a particularly feminine form of love. However, Goethe himself was liberated in his "Werther" from his love by objectifying it, making it in a way an independent object detached from him. This is exactly what Ormu had done and tried to teach that skill to Simo and Ormu as well, because he held them in high esteem and considered them his soul brothers.

"Are you taking anything else?" Pera heard someone speak in front of him and only then did he wake up to his thoughts at the store checkout and replied that this time he didn't need

to thank me. At the checkout, a dark smiling young man stood, nodding his head as a sign of understanding, then turning naturally to the next waiting customer. As Pera packed his belongings in plastic bags, he flashed passingly to the cashier, who secretly rang her smile as a reward. But he no longer saw the cashier but Simon in his place. This was something Pera would never have wanted to give up. These crazy and improvised stories with expressions, smiles and gazes. The salt of life and always equally enigmatic statements: “yes I know who you are” style. Kindly and curiously. It was these invisible moments that left Pera with his pleasant marks, so that often in the evenings before going to bed he made a puzzle of the best moments of the day for himself and built a picture composition ready for himself for dreams.

He made up for the missing points by imagining the empty fullness in his own head, how ever he wanted. Oddly enough, it did. They almost miraculously went to his own dreams, and therefore, with a few exceptions, he did not see - in honor of his father's death and his retirement with his friends in Berlin once a year ago on a weekend getaway to witness the horror of the when he was raising a beer mug with his friends in honor of a successful trip and retirement. A poke smashed into his face, tearing at it a sadly much blood-soaked surface wound, like a bloody grimace Halloween mask. They were spared, though the mental injuries were great as human guts, bloody fingers and fragments of shattered human skulls spread upon them like shrapnel fragments as a sign that they, too, had been marked by death, if not a retriever today, it had been close and next might be to be the moment in life when random whimsy interfered with the rights man thought to himself to decide what happened to his life. And that, if anything, was the culmination of endless human dignity.

Pera vaguely remembers the drive she spent in the hospital. He had survived but was badly wounded. It was certainly no

coincidence that Ormu, who had returned to the nursing school in Berlin twenty years earlier, sponsored by Pera, cared for her in Finnish. Ormu did not recognize Pera, but Pera recognized him and began to inquire about Ormu's life in Finland. He recounted how Simo had hired him before Pera to draw Pera's attention to Simo, who, despite Pera's opposition, was planning to marry Pera, the greatest longing of his life, and his best friend, just that last weekend together. After all that happened, Simo missed Pera according to Ormu's words, but could not and did not want to see Pera, let alone have anything to do with him. Therefore, he was quiet, even though he lived almost next door in Vallila. That's why Simo had grumbled all the way home and cut the relationship. Pera recalled how the sauna cottage had started to feel like a nasty and stale place after Simo had stopped visiting there. Before, a respite so important to both of them deteriorated unused over the years. At first the shaky roof, already in the construction phase in times of scarcity, the roof, wildly inspired by all of Pera's father, collapsed, and then the rain from the open sky molded the basic structures so that the sauna cottage had to be demolished.

After returning home from a Berlin hospital a week later, he began to spend evenings near Simon's window to even see a glimpse of this. But in vain. Simo was not visible in the familiar windows. Simo might have been dead, he thought. But vaguely remembered that he had sometimes received a card from him, or was it a fake memory that his restless soul had invented to calm him down? Pera quietly asked himself: were the happy gay lovers all alike? And I remembered Simon saying no, of course, for the lovers whose relationship broke were all different. They placed themselves and each other in unique emotional torture; they had both friendship at first and finally the catastrophe of an emotional person in their fundamentally unhappy love, just as they did. Oh, how he

felt at that moment that he longed for Simo.

“To think that the man has not heard a whimper in these years, even though we live almost next door,” he mumbled to his own pity. If Simo hadn’t died yet, at least Pera had already died for Simo. He was sure of that, and it was he who bothered him and did not give peace of mind. Once, in a store opposite Simon’s house, he came across an old man whose eyes and scent seemed somehow familiar to him. The man looked at Pera with watery eyes and then hurriedly turned away. Just as the man was about to leave the store, he looked once more, Pera, still looking at him, confused and staring at him.

At that time, Pera could see the man quietly crying and shaking in the same way as Simo when he got his seizures. He wasn’t sure if it was Simo, but after that he didn’t see the man anywhere and never again. Pera knew he might have seen a ghost from the past or something like that - maybe him guilt, so he thought at exactly that point in his life when it finally went out of place and that steep downturn began, to which the main performer himself had little to say.

He thought, and came to the conclusion that his conscience had awakened from years of hibernation to remind him of something he had left behind thinking he would never see it again. That, of course, was right. It was that upcoming weekend that changed everything in his life. He had been cowardly both to himself and to Simo in particular, when he did not acknowledge that his feelings were more than just a nice time together at the cottage in the spirit of sex rumors, that he missed a good friend’s shoulder in difficult situations. Or that he was ready, in the wake of the first jealousy drama, to reject the only person he loved himself who had similarly positive feelings for him. But now it was too late.

He knew he would never get an answer, despite the fact that Simo might face him and still manage to remember or recognize him after more than twenty years. That gate be-

hind them had been closed forever and there was no going back, not even through dreams. Pera had to live the rest of his short life with this miserable and heartbreaking knowledge. Yet he could do nothing for his time, for himself, and for his guilt. He felt how he missed those times and that person, even though he had never said it out loud even to himself, let alone Simo. And whatever it mattered now, Pera could no longer get and could be near him. So he did the only thing he knew and knew would lead to something.

After many years, he coded the announcement under a pseudonym and was left waiting for answers, maybe Simo would be on the line and answer or Ormu. Maybe not. It could not be known. Could it be that this time you would succeed? Or then not. One only had to live with the knowledge that nothing was certain other than that now, after twenty years, he had begun to miss physical contact and sex between men and even without viagra.

He did not want to understand that permanence is no state of being. It was an illusion of happiness. The only thing that keeps itching is that the past cannot be reclaimed, this day is uncertain and tomorrow probably isn't. And those chosen by chance, involved in all this only by chance for a moment, the bystanders of some whim grew old, tired, forgotten, and died. It was a cycle of people in a world with almost no trace of them left. It was also the miserable fate of his life and lost memories. It was the story of Pera and Simon that no one remembers anymore.

Yet Pera still, after more than twenty years, did not think he got Simo and Ormu, but missed them more than ever in his previous life. The emptiness did not make it easier for him to feel the incisive pain in his chest, every time he thought either or both together of what he was doing, if not now every day, then at least every other day, and always equally sad to blame himself for all the events.

That was it

Yes there was a sophisticated, perfect harmony between them I would say. They were like brothers, like twins, there was

already a bit of indifference to the harmony, for nature had arranged that, and they had nothing to add to it, their relationship was partly also a love affair, even though they were very far apart, there seemed to be a connection between them, apart they seemed to belong together, one always seeming to take the other into account. But still there was missing something very important. Ehat? I don't know.

All of that can happen and then it doesn't happen, as it used to happen in Ari's life, and in this case in that order - that is, it doesn't happen, or at least tread idle in place until he realized why. One day in September, it happened. He turned from a serious and internally tense child to a suspicious and searching young man, he recalled. One cold, cloudy, and rainy day, he began to think about things differently than his environment, which he had already begun to secretly hate and hate in his mind.

The stone was still a stone in his vocabulary, but its meaning was no longer only rational to him, but also, if he so wished, an opportunity as a vaguely shaky step toward storms of passion confusing order and peace of mind to the same world as him as aspiring, aspiring, and physical beings, and not as any supernatural victories of consciousness as he seeks in his running story as a "forbidden fruit" the temptation of the beauty of the present.

The temptation to present the beauty of the present was to allow him to deny the use of his own brain and to forget all kinds of straitjacket. The more he despised the expediency of his actions, the more he regarded them as an expression of his free will, born of chance and improvised as a result of his own sudden whims. With this in mind, he felt an hour of how he became the lord of his own life; profound, observant, and far-reaching in everything he did, saw, and planned in his life, such as understanding his own personal freedom, what was an intoxicating experience for him, and meeting the new age

and its face in him as a new being and thoughts.

However, it was clear to him from the beginning that in spite of all the glory he experienced in the world of new insights, with the words he could not and would never reach, the same harmony as with his thoughts and dreams. He still remembered that day well. It had been a long time since his death today. He had been sitting with his parents at Sunday dinner. In the Finnish national way, people were silent and politely respectful when communicating with each other, especially on Sundays.

Then he no longer remembers anything. Only unclear situations were left out. Shout, Blame. Angry whining and banging on the doors. What exactly happened then and why, he asked himself years later. He even wanted to remember something, because even small things helped, they were often crucial. Some smell or sound. But he didn't remember anything. Or did not want to remember until now. Now he didn't want anything as bad as getting some kind of clue in front of his eyes from which he could have left to open this riddle he had missed.

But then he remembered all that disgusting and unpleasant thing he had wanted to forget, and had therefore erased it from his memories. The first expressions of disgust on the faces of their parents. The first issues in dispute. And they scrutinized him with malicious old fellow students from his father and mother. However everything they let go of their ugly mouths would have sounded like judgment and a final warning in his ears then. How final and absolute. How silly and alien to life.

And how, then, in the midst of it all, contrary to good manners, he interfered with the speeches of the adults with a face in red, barking at them to the lowest hell with the stupid and disgusting opinions he thought belonged to the dead not the living: yes! That was exactly what he had said before his

father had caught his ears and shaken him properly before dragging his son howling in pain into his own room. And then slammed the door behind him loudly as a sign of the beginning of an era of adult loneliness and hatred in his life.

The quarrel had set in motion on some trivial matter, but suddenly got out of hand, causing, for the first time in Ari's life, an irreversible rift between him and his parents. From now on, they no longer trusted Ari completely and Ari was no longer father's little boy. Arista was a defiant and stubborn young man who had hatched during the dispute, no longer interested in hearing the same things from year to year, and sitting idle in the evenings as other young people walked the villages with their mopeds and danced on the weekends.

That little memory went through his mind like a flash as he was about to change the direction of his life in the very curve to which he was heading at a rapid pace on one ordinary day of his life, just as he turned 27 and realized his life was past such wounds and desires an empty country which he had previously come to know as the host of the farm tourism he inherited from his parents, without his own life, the life he wanted to live but could not live because it would have been a life that his environment did not tolerate and would not have been good for him position in their own community and work. Therefore, he looked for ways to see himself and things from a different perspective in order to cope with all this, but above all to keep his face in the eyes of others.

Life had offered him so little superficially that he didn't even bother to talk about it, but all the more so inside and hidden. But he didn't bother to like it either. He had been raised to be content with what was on offer and obedient to all the family-centered traditions that had been around for several years and twenty generations.

Everything else was useless. Work was done in-house throughout the year six days a week. Only Sundays were

dedicated to themselves except during the summer, when the entire farm operated on a 24/7 line with the help of relatives living in the city who came to work on the farm in the summer. His own life with its own requirements and specialties was, in his opinion, overrated. Romanticized and emphasizing it as a value in itself were words of consolation to those who had nothing, and therefore lived their lives alone in emptiness without the interest of others in themselves.

Ari was a country boy who had lived in the prosperous rural environment of a happy and safe childhood in the south, just over a hundred kilometers east of Helsinki. He had learned to be both sensible and emotional, who could ask even tough things, like why is everything as it is? He realized early on that perhaps the question might have been misplaced, at least in part. What if things weren't as black and white as they initially seemed? Honesty did not always promote relationships, let alone good or truth itself, but on the contrary produced an unintended result.

Ari lived at home, although he visited Helsinki more than a hundred kilometers a day on weekdays. Next door lived his cousin, his childhood friend Kalle, who was equally old, lived alone like Ari and also ran the farm tourism business he inherited from his parents. Ari and Kalle were inseparable as children and young people at school and in their free time. After all, they lived almost out of sight in a peaceful rural setting where their parents and grandparents, and their parents and grandparents, had lived for centuries and always somewhere since the late 17th century when these areas began to be inhabited by farmers. As children, they had built a common hiding place in the woods and therefore had begun to be called "forest brothers" among their families.

After high school, Ari and Kalle moved away from each other a bit, although they still liked the same model. The boys' interests took them apart. But they started keeping in touch

by email almost every day. This happened sometime in the late 2000s after Ari graduated directly from university as a ready-made researcher of folk poetry for whom no one seemed to find use. He had just been so curious about everything new, especially when he became an exchange student for a year in furniture design at the Faculty of Arts and Crafts of the University of Milan and left Finland for a while in a country that lived and breathed both the bold spirit of today in the spirit of a bold 15th-century Renaissance that encourages people to experiment.

Milan was the most important event in Ari's life. He wrote long emails home to Kalle about the wonders of the city and all the equally wonderful things he experienced, such as people's openness, companionship, and erotic mentality. Kalle waited for these messages every night and always answered asking more of Ari.

The year passed quickly and Ari was obsessed with the spirit and people of the city. There seemed to be significant things going on all around him and Ari found that he had learned the language surprisingly quickly and well and to get along so well with the Italians that returning home to his parents' farm business was a sad thing to him that Kalle was waiting for him, reminding Ari of the coming summer, busy farms and everything they could do together for a long time in the woods and on the lake.

Italy was a good place for Ari to learn for her future life for other reasons as well. The Italian lived to the fullest and did not allow the oppressive truth or the punitive rules to be too strangling when it came to this moment and the temptations it brought. Ari defended the necessity of tragedies, and at that moment, in particular, the cleansing and broadening experience of catharsis, leaving behind an experience that is not liked and does not want to be repeated, at least as such, never again as a surprise and shock.

Both had a lot to say to each other when they met. Everything was so easy. They would never be apart again. They were like yesterday. Equally similar. Equally excited and attached to each other. Ari did not believe that man could change. By character, Ari meant the basic ethical attitude of man, not so much specific traits of character. Ari felt that others should not seek to shape the nature of others. Once the character had formed - perhaps because of the wrong choices - Ari could no longer change it very much or decisively. But it was precisely because of that that it was remarkable how wisely Ari saw that he did not give up even though he could have no effect on events on the human mind; man learned only in the face of compulsion.

When Ari returned to her home home in the summer at the end of the semester from Milan with her master's papers in her pocket, the parents had already filled in both the required mileage at the beginning of the same year and began planning to retire at the same time as Kalle's parents. Ari's parents had quietly built their own hiding place in the woods near them, when the time would come for them to be alone.

Ari was the only son in the family. He had been raised without a doubt that he would not proceed as a successor to the farm. Ari was a kind and adaptable boy who had adapted to the idea of a task prepared for him throughout his life to continue the farm. When he left for Milan, Ari had until then lived with his parents in a sheltered rural environment, where everything was as it seemed, together with his best friend Kalle, sharing all the joys and sorrows of the young boys' lives. In Milan, he learned to look at the country in different ways through the eyes of others and a new way of treating others.

Ari was no longer forced to visit Helsinki. What did the city have to offer him? Nothing but money. He had Kalle and his whole life ahead. What else would he have needed? Nothing!

On kirjoitettu, että queerkirjailija ja gonzojournalisti Harald Olausen luo jotain uutta, joka ei ole vain kirjallisuutta vaan myös dokumentti yhdestä tavasta elää ja kirjoittaa. Queernovellitrilogian päätösosa *O'Gay* on tästä hyvä esimerkki ja taatusti erilaista homokirjallisuutta kuin vallalla oleva. Olausenin kiitelty flow-tyyli on tuttu jo hänen esikoisteoksestaan ”Egyptin prinssi ja muita homonovelleja” (Kulttuuriklubi 2012). Arvostelijat kehuivat sekä kirjan tyyliä että tapaa kuvata homoutta ja sen varjoisia kujia poikkeuksellisen kauniisti ja runollisesti. Erään arvostelijan mukaan Olausenin kirjojen näennäisen irstauden takaa piili kauneus ja viisaus. Toisen mielestä esikoiskirjan perusteella Olausenilla on paljon annettavaa taiteelle. Digivallila.comin kriitikko Eero K.V. Suorsa kirjoittaa tämän kirjan novelleissa korostuvan homojen arkielämän synkät sävyt: ”Kohtaamme niin väkivallantekoja, alistamista ja nöyryyttämistä, rakkauden, ihastumisen ja mustasukkaisuuden kuvauksia unohtamatta. Olausenin käsittelyssä nämä eivät sulje toisiaan pois, vaan näyttävät ihmiselämän sellaisena kuin se on. Päänovellissaan ”Tuleva viikonloppu” Olausen kuvaa mestarillisesti kaipausta ja nostalgiaa, unohtamatta terävän piikikästä homokulttuurin analyysinsä. Seksikohtausten kuvaamisessa Olausenilla on oma, pettämätön tyylinsä. Ensimmäistä kertaa Olausenin maailmaan astuva pysähtyy näiden oivaltavien ja mukaansa tempaavien novellien äärellä.” Professori Timo Airaksinen kirjoittaa ”Seksi”- kirjassaan (Bazar 2021) Haraldin kirjoituksista: ”Siinä se, Haraldin kattava esitys aiheesta, niin rehellinen ja oivaltava, ettei sellaista liene suomeksi juuri kirjoitettu. Krister Kilhman

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kyllä kirjoitti aiheesta etevästi kirjoissaan ja muisteloissaan. Tom of Finland piirsi ajatuksensa paperille, mutta Harald kertoo kaiken, myös monissa kaunokirjallisisissa teoksissaan."