

AutoNovel Chapter 6

by Alexander-Lars Dallmann

So, when you got out, well you got out and what then? What happened next? Yuo went okay? HEy! I'm talking to you, and put that Gun waya... let me have it.

I handed him the gun, still staring into the floor, its abysmal depth of little dusty craters, grime and stink.

You listen, Richard. You hear me? What happened back there?

„I can't tell you“ the little craters grew in size sucking in the floor „Cal, they'Re eating the house- the building“ WHAT? Richard, are you okay. Cany ou hear me!?

„they grow, those little craters. like bullet holes that punch little black holes into the universe. They greow... maeks funny noises too.“ slumped forward on ky my knees then slid aside, head slamming the floor, vision gonevertical feeling dizzy, body twitching, inside out, vomit RICHARD!

I woke up on med-evel, wired to a machine, nurse standing by me, waiting for me to wake up, wash me. I couldn't move. „Dear those bullets must have hit you hard. Lucky you were waering armor.“ Culdn't remember wearing armour, couldn't remember shooting. „Doc will see to you in amintue.“ I felt afraid. I was araid. So fucking afraid, of lying here, unable to move, getting washed by that woman. I smelled my own shit, kicked with my reight foot under the blanket. NErvousyl, panicking the ceiling caved in on my head, my eyes crashed into the back of my brain, spagethi on my dish, red sauce, I vomit, brother screaming laughter, mother shouting, I cut myself on the knife, red-white chequered kitchen floor. The tower jumps into my direction crushing everything in its path, smashing knights, pawns, killing the king, then burying me under its weight. I wake up in a cellar and can smell the dark literally, but i can fell nthing, my hands won't move, feet won't, I am eyes and nose only. Something hits me with a toy car, someone, then eats my ears, nibbles, thengnaws Clint Eastwood blasts into the dark. He is standing in a door against red light and shoots at suqirrels. I don't knwo how to pronounce them but they are dead anyway. My ears

bleed, I fell the bullets in my head, he must have hit me accidentally.
clint... pick me up, carry me away from here.

I am lifted up then gently down onto another bed, wired to a new machine. People hrruyring around me, shouting things, neglecting orders, shoving me into a n elevator. I go to hell. I can see them shamblin g around me, following me, bearing my as servants and guards were to carry a dead leader , a dying king, a great warrior. I grab a gun from a passing guard - instinctly and so quick noone notices. It rests beside me under the blanket. Click. Preparing it for battle. Last stand.

semll of hospital, hospitality, wierd. all things going fast, rushing by, and people shouting, shoving then a red rose blooming on the should of one nurse ahead, smoke rises from my hand. eerie feeling of floating, being afloat, like i fly hoveing onto the ceiling. the corridor fills with rage and tears, more roses. I try to pick them but wherever i ut my hand more of them... i crash down and speed down the hallways, shooting a guard in the chest, I know him, take his gun and ammo and keycards the whole belt. flying down the stairs, panting and my feet cold on the cruel staris, into the cellar. A door opens a kid stares at me, with a red sweater mucnhing a chocolate bar Candy bar, candy bar. I shout at him! FUCK YOU AND YOUR CANDY BAR! then push past him into a nursery. Young mothers staring, grabbing their kids, one argueing with her daughter, slapping her across the face, because the young thing doesnT look up ti here. And she accounts to a few months only. Glass windows, walls and toys everywhere. I hrea suqirrels behind me, dart around, but see only the mothers and kids. The one shaking her daughter, I trip and fall. Belt hruting my neck. I hurt my wrist swap gun into left hand, then get up. I am naked under my robe or whatever. mothers screaming. I stumble upwards smashing through a door onto a green corridor with childrend's drawngs on the wall, turn right then crash into a vendour machine. Cococlote bars, coke and cookies I shoout it, shoout it. then break one of those coke cans out pour it down the throat. A guard approaching from the left. I shoot him twice, swirl around and hit another one. They are dead. I pick up their guns bundle them up in my shirt and move. move. MOVE- MOVE! lungs umping,

bruring, heart pumping, aching, elges and feet. hard on cold floor. doors swing open, red doors, doctors and nurses push through with a guy on a tier, I hide behind a plant, on a bench. They pass. That guy is dying. I shoot him. I don't knwo why. I just do. Reach out with the gun, pull the trigger. casually, twice then get up as everybidy cires out, panics, some go quiet, shaking. I pass through the red doors, down to the garage smash a young driver's head into the wheel like they do in the movies and drive the ambulance out into the open.

Streets filled with light. Synthietic. Prosititues on the left, right shopping mall. hickery street or somewhere around the corner. Specialist hospital for the wealthy. Didn't knwo company pays for me. Ususally I got stitched like take-away right in headquarters.

Press in autopilot for the barrens, silent mode. a bullet fell from my chest. shiny, mushroomed. the great city lights around me, I fall into the light, engulfed, drowning taken by the undertow, the long tediuous ebb and flow of urban ocean. there is a place in my mind, a touch and many kisses. I see them kiss. and the house, and the srens. there is the sky above me, like an abyss, and i stickk to to the surface of the waves. they mirror the sky. I want to break free and fall or fly but I am washed ashore, engines ceize their roar. fence around a lonely hut. trash and bones litter the ground, symbols of the dead. numbers on the walls. the realm of death, bey nond hades. I try to move my feet, but they are weak, hand longs for the guns, but i slip between the seats, hruting my crothc badly on the controls, head resting on the florr, my body twitches, twitches, twitches. mushroom bullet before my eaes my face, cheek blubber i glimpse the stars above me. cruel eyes of the niht

when the sun woke me, i rose stiff and weary opened a door and slunched out. hell I was thirsty and crouched to a puddle of mudd where the light of a blue and cruel morning poured into little rivers and lakes. I drank,

then truned on my back adn beheld the sky. it moved, and so did the earth. city. they were moving, i felt them, and they were coming as i lya naked, filthy and forlorn under that bright blue sky breathing clear air.

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