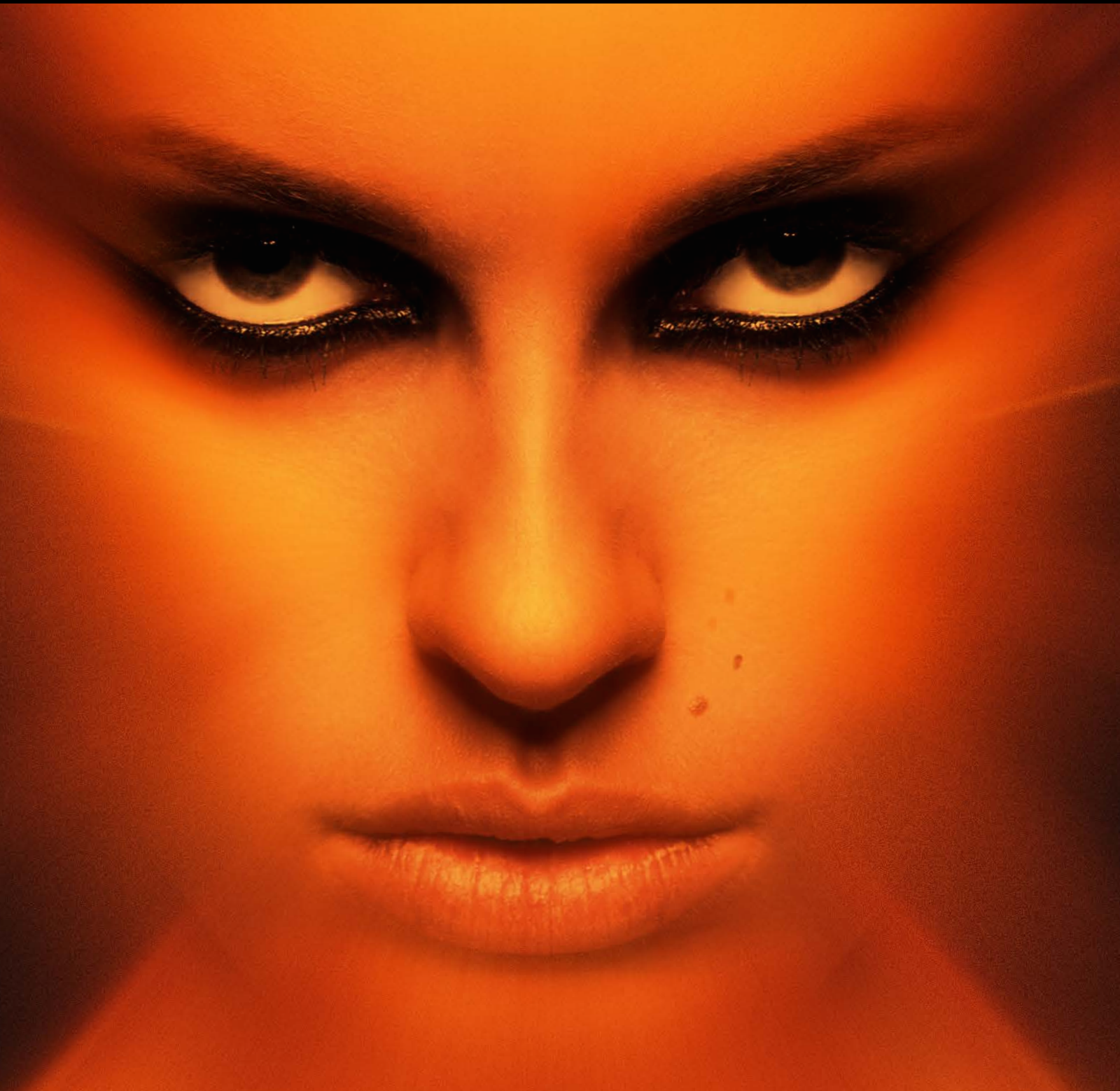


THE TRUTH? BLEED FOR IT!



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Prelude

The Brass Plate

Into the hands of me little, joyful girl.

Why would Granma place this heavy brass plate into the hands of a little, joyful girl?

My kiddy eyes lit with a spark of wonder, a trace of awe but a definitely larger weight of dumbfounded confusion.

“Granma, this too heavy! This no good toy!”

But Granma tuned her voice to this thundering whisper she always had at ready when launching into lecturing me:

“This is a memory.

A memory meticulously carved in metal but more than that carved in time.

It tells of the ordeal of hardened men with crude tools, raising tall pillars, founded deep in the treacherous river.

Across a daring distance they stretched, spanning a bridge between.

In technical terms, to connect cities, people, and industries.

At its true heart, to connect souls across distance and across time.

Hard men toiling day and night, summer and winter, under brutal sun and in sleeting snow.

For they had one aim: To make life possible for you. And all the many more little bugs like you.

Without them and without this bridge, you would not live here, and your school would not stand there.

Your parents could not get to work and you could not get to school.

Your Granma could not come for a visit.

Your mum would have never made it in time to the hospital to deliver you safely and healthy. Without their sweat, your heartbeat wouldn't echo here today.”

„Aha“, that was the expectable maximum response from a little, at this point already seriously bored, girl.

“It's your grandfather's brass plate, for he was one of those strong men who built what many said would never stand. And yet it is, enduring, made to last for eternity.”

„Aha“

Expanded explanations are not known as mood-improving devices of any noticeable effect either.

Just don't do that to little girls.

The Bridge

So back in those early days I fully failed to grasp the depth of Granma's words.

Not to mention the numerous repetitions I got exposed to.

But these words stuck deep, engraved deep into memory.

And with age, they gradually began to burn their intended fire.

To burn a profound respect into my soul.

To burn a lasting respect for that strong man.

To burn a humbling respect for that strong old guy I never met in life.

For every day the morning routine was to take that tramway over that very bridge.

I failed to verbalize why.

I failed to explain to myself what is wrong or what is missing.

I failed to grasp why this big black hole is in my soul.

Something deep hidden under a blinding veil of prohibition to think.

So meticulously covered over that even the cover itself must not be known about. And as it briskly rattles over the ageing rails, my mind is set free to cram through old memories and land so many times on old Granma's old words.

What more of love would a little girl wish to receive as a starter into life?

What more of dedication from a large family could be given to a little girl?

What more of spending on all needs of a little girl could be spent?

What more could there only be?

And still it all could not satisfy my limitless desire for more.

And still it all failed to give me directions.

I failed to verbalize why.

I failed to explain to myself what is wrong or what is missing.

I failed to grasp why this big black hole is in my soul.

Something deep hidden under a blinding veil of prohibition to think.

So meticulously covered over that even the cover itself must not be known about.

The Broken Bridge

It went down. In a misty early morning.

Deep hidden structural flaws have been in it from the very start of construction.

My childhood daily routine is down in the muddy waters.

The gray soap of the ineptly idealized blue river washing over bent and

ruptured iron.
Wreckage of lost dreams.
Wreckage of a future that never was.
Deep hidden structural flaws under a shiny perfect surface.
That's the way I was brought up.
That's the way I have to live.
Live lies?
I rebel.

BLEED FOR IT!

Thrown Against the Wall

Got to meet that sexist macho.
Will have to listen to his pathetically flawed presentation of his abysmally flawed social project.
Got to finish that off quickly and get back to more productive work.
But I can't avoid. From time to time I just have to satisfy those who think they are my masters.
Chuckling out blowjobs would be the preferable, quicker way.
But even that is not always good enough on them.
Let's get that over with and ...

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