

THE TRUTH? FAHGETTABOUDIT!



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Prelude

224709071992

That's me. My number in a system designed to handle disasters like me. Chosen at random by a machine optimised for swiftly processing a continuous datastream that perfectly fits into the preordained contradiction of an officially perfect social welfare system for everyone, whilst quietly covering up its severe underfunding.

Getting shifted from one house to another, from one family to the next and into different, though mostly indifferent, social care groups. But my beloved social insurance number always stayed the same. The one singular constant in a life of being tossed around like a pebble. A string of digits I could whisper to myself when the world spun too fast, a code that didn't care which bed I slept in or how many schools kicked me out onto the street again.

I remember the smell of new paint in the first home, the rust on the window frame in the second, the cold tile under my feet in the third, the way the fourth family's dog would bark at the mailman.

I remember the faces that tried to be kind, the ones looking too tired, the ones looking away, and the ones counting the days until my ass got moved again.

Meaningless, insignificant memories drifting unconnected like space debris in a vast, dark void. Fragments of a life that belonged to everyone and no one at all.

+++codintions. adsdings, high iq, something more

37Os87/64w

But there is truly no reason to whine or lament. The system is generous in assigning me numbers. Although these legal case numbers are definitely a lot crunchier.

And the rooms they book you into are definitely a lot more defined. Smooth concrete walls and iron bars tend to fix your boundaries perfectly well. You might certainly gauge the foster homes as merely a trial run for the cells. But these cells emanated a deep, enigmatic 'feel me'.

For the first time in my life, there are non-negotiable limits.

For the first time in my life, there is a non-negotiable structure.

The days are structured. The nights are locked up.

And surprisingly, here, at the lowest dump hole of the system, funding was adequate.

From delicious organic vegan food to deliberately vehemently fucking prison wards.

So, out of these thousands of hours in containment, hundreds were spent in coaching sessions of all kinds. And that with passionately committed, state-of-the-art qualified, sharp-witted guys. Definitely sharper than me.

Now that's very contrary to standard cliché expectations.

I guess you no believe me.

But no.

Very definitely no.

This been no drug-laden dungeon of violence, retraumatization, and radicalization.

Me refused to clock it as punishment.

Me endorsed it as rectal enlightenment.

All that i didn't get front loaded in my childhood I got loaded in from behind.

Had to let that detonate quietly somewhere behind my eyes.

Had to rewire my wires.

Had to reevaluate what I am.

Had to bury the guy I been.

And I did.

But all the fuck set me back on my feet, pushed forward my ass.

And in summa it did set me up perfectly.

Perfectly setting me up for receivin' my next numba!

--- there tneend more text to give the glide over to the next chapter over to

FM-LSHCC-P17/04

Had to dive deep into this strange twilight world of politics, with its multiple, multidimensional realities. There is no straight, honest, true road in this limelight of shades, lies, and glaring spotlights of transparency, intentionally set up to let all players below, behind, and above it enjoy the deep, calm darkness. Oh yes, our constitution was crafted by Archangel Gabriel, but then this mudhole of Realverfassung is smeared on the wall by Banksy.

FM-LSHCC-P17/04 is the case file code for my drug distribution project. If the state was going to treat me like a mathematical anomaly, I was going to make it a profitable one. I instrumentalized the very same bureaucratic logic that processed me. Diving through the loopholes of the system.

Tricking the underfunded understaffed sectors.
Asslicking my way through the overfunded overstaffed levels.
No one sane in their heads would have ever started into this.
No one doing a realistic risk/gain assessment would have considered it at all.
So this is the concept I truly managed to funnel through the system:
I will provide drugs on the street undercutting the gangs' trade and prices.
Providing clean medically checked up state of the art stuff. Eliminating
organised crime's ability to draw any profit. And silently mixing substitutes
and undercutting into the stuff I provide to me beloved junkies.
The sum total aim is to provide the junkies with clean but increasingly
weaker stuff, and ruin the market finally and for good.
Definitely a high risk game.
And the sidegame of slowly dripping some cash out of it all into my pockets
is a bit beyond high risk.
That's YOLO at its finest.
That's the way I love it.
Live fast.
Die young.

Fahgettaboudit

Thrown Against the Wall

Got to meet that unnerving slut with that microphone.
Got to keep her at a distance.
Outside of the first wavebreaker or far further.
Or else this chick's gonna stick her finger up my ass ,til it pokes out of my
mouth.
But I can't avoid. From time to time I just have to satisfy those who think
they are my masters.
Serving up 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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