

Adolf Pukes Romantic Hamster

'Hitler,' she says. Total confidence on the H, total deflation at the R.
The time is ticking faster. The time is ticking slower.
She shrugs and looks doubtful. 'Mandela?'
The time creeps upstream in a river of thick syrup.
She bends her head. Sniffers.
Beautiful. The candlelight reflects in her upcoming tears like the moon in a lake.
The time is ticking faster.
A female voice that makes my auricle into an pincushion sounds: '*Changé!*'

What follows is a self-righteous, testicle splitting laughter.
Opposite of me a new face stares shyly down.
Time is ticking slower.
I grab her clammy hand, look her straight in the eyebrows and whisper on a reassuring tone: 'Calm, calm,' – time creeps – 'I am never malicious on the first date.'
Panic shapes her face. Time in canter.
'*Changé!*'
If I knew how a polyp looked like I would pluck one and ram it down her throat.

A fresh smile and cleavage move closer over the table. They belong to the type that can get every man -married or not- but can't hold on to any of them.
'What If we skip this speed dating, ' I whisper.
'Yeah?'
'Get away from this place.'
'Yeahhh... '
'Get a drink somewhere.'
'Yeahhh...' Her foot finds the inside of my leg.
'Have some more drinks.'
'Mmm...'
'What if we go to your place?'
'Mmmm...'
and I would puke the lumps into your carpet and saliva would hang out of the corner of my mouth like elastic, would you still put your tongue in my mouth?'
Her foot, cleavage and face draw back anxiously.
'*Changé!*'

The woman with the terrible voice walks by me and smells as if she bathed in tub full of acid and bubblegum, it would explain her looks.
'Hi,' I say -time is ticking slower- against mediocre in front of me.
'Are you romantic?'
'I thought I was speaking,' I respond, highly irritated.
'Do you think I will find myself a man?' She's fishing for lies.
I agree with her appearance: 'Not a chance.'
Her physical reaction; timedope. '*Changé!*'

The sound of landing boots.
In front of me a smile that I want to, need to unravel. Eyes glowing, impossible to look in to, as a low standing sun.
I'm searching for words.
'No questions? The voice from an angel with the blues.'

'Uhh, Yes.'

Unravel tip: Ask something that leaves no room for cliché answers.

'Who do you think would take better care for a hamster, Adolf Hitler or Nelson Mandela?'

She gives me a intense stare, takes a hip flask out of her bag and looks disapprovingly at my glass of tea.

Time shoots back, I'm back twelve, locusts plague in my stomach.

Her voice. Beautiful.

'Hitler is dead.'

She's got a point.

'Hypothetical.'

'I don't do that.'

'Ah.'

The silence that follows makes her bigger and makes me shrink.

Unravel question two: ' Would you kill for love?'

'Changé!'

No, no, not now!

She gets up, let her fingers slide over my arm and lays her hands on my shoulders, around my neck.

Static.

'Yes.'

Time stops.

deheerbill.blogspot.com