

Black rose

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It is well known truth we were born in deep communism in Slovakia. There were times we were happy children of our parents. But some troubles were lurking at us many times we were awaiting something better from our poor existence. I can remember the first warm cover in my pram being 2 or 3 years old. This time was as I can remember one of the happiest times in my life. I was a small kid being pulled by my mother inwards and outwards the streets of our small village. The time has risen up and up finally becoming a young boy from small toddler. I was soon 4 years old. This time seemed to be one of my best ones but hey, my luck did not last so long. We had many happy plans with my daddy, but immediately I became dissapointed. We promised to each other to build toy blocks but comms did't have same views with us. They pushed at daddy at work to stay as many as 12 or 16 hours. He used to come back home very angry and instable. So my reward was beating but not simple beating. What I hated the most was his stupor scenes. When he was the weakest in mood, they offered Vodka to daddy. My luck was daddy had my iq of 134 and he never pulled other boys to the pub. He usually bought his Vodka in the shop never telling us where his steps lead. Suddenly we saw his stuppor and bad mood. These days were like being in the fire for me. I was so dissapointed as a small kid can be, when saw ma dad again hanging and breaking his promisses we could happily build our blocks of toys. You know we were comms, so we had no lego, but leading party loaded among children so called Merkur or just simple wooden colorful blocks as I had at home too. Nobody could complain and the biggest of my problems were to build up toys from kinder egg. As a small child I really loved this milk chocolate, but my troubles always began when daddy tried me to start building toys. I looked confused many minutes into the small chocolate building plan and being 4 years old never guessed up how to connect these parts. It was so hard I was gazing at dad's older hands fastly building toy and was happy I passed this activity without beating. This time comms warned me only how dumb I was. Time passed and I wished from parents not to be such alone child so I asked em to bring me a sibling. The times were a kind of deep socialism, so daddy was able to create mom's belly and parents happily persueaded me a stork would bring my new sister after 9 months. These 9 months were full of wommiting of my mom next to the gaden's fence near the hen house. What was more, daddy was under the pressure and usually came back from work very nervous. Daily raws were standard and he used to throw his pot into the mom when they were rawing. These times were not easy for whole republic, because Slovakia wanted the freedom. Me and grandpa used to dream a lot together. He was mommy's father. I can remember sitting in his room of old stinky man showing me his rotten finger and inventing his stories about Russian tank gnewing his foot. I was sipping it well. Sometimes we had a fairy tale about squirrels or bears. When the raw in the kitchen of our house was the harshest, we had a small

orange cable phone. Thin line went from main house towards grandpas small hut. Everytime we wanted anything from em, we just picked up the orange phone and pressed small square button to call em or they us.



That day we were at the kitchen with my mummy, and huge raw went off with daddy. They were screaming and throwing plates and pots around. Mummy was the weaker member of this fight, but grandpa heard the problem and came from the backyard. He cheered up whole staff including me and we were explaining mutually this should be better with us. Mummy asked me, whether this could not be better with divorce. I was crying being 4 yrs old and was explaining to both of them, the other kids have complete families. We can't divorce, coz I want to have my daddy and mummy, what was more we were awaiting small baby soon. Parents gave me the priviledge to choose a name for this little girl and I wanted her to be named Suzie. This little sister of mine was born in the

most critical period of our state's history. We were heading from communism towards democracy. Not to be alone God threw us soon from heaven good friends for Eastern Germany. One day, they were walking hand in hand wife and husband through our village having rented flat from our neighbouress Helena. She was fluent in German and we went into her apartment many times for translations. As parents and my uncle met them in the village we agreed all to have a garden party in our house. I can remember many happy moments running around and screaming as a kid, repeating my only sentence I knew in German language and this was: „Haende hoch!“ meaning Hands up! When our friends were gone after a while of visiting us, we came back to our normal lives. I can remember that day, being at the backyard of my second grandpa Silvester having a pig butchery wit daddy. Suddenly the phone rang and daddy says: We must board a car and hurry up into the hospital, we have a surprise for you. It was june and I can remember very cold day, the pig was huge and we ha plenty of blood around curtain. Daddy washed his hands and we set to the journey by car. Mummy was in the hospital having small warm packet in her hands. I can remember hashed door where I stuck my head in between hashed rods # Soon we were driving by car away towards home. I was very dissapointed from what I saw in mummys hands and was a lot complaining why the hell this girl can't play a football now with me. I emphasized to my parents they promised me Suzie a sister I could have fun with. The time passed away and I was 6 years old soon and my sis was 2 years old. I can remember her excessive moods asking my mum like a kid to press the buttons on our dresses. I was the one persuading mummy to allow her to press those ones. My little sis was a specialist in bed escaping, it was such a craddle with iron sides. We were amazed when seeing her throwing her foot stright up and crawling away from craddle. Being 5 years old I must mention my adventures in kinder garten, where as everybody we had our bullies party beating everybody around. So I had a good time more with girls. They usually occupied me by role plays about dad and mum with our small kitchen and prams. And bang I was six entering my basic school. Oh did I mention my table jumps in kinder garten and punishments? Yes, yes, I was jumping on the table as a kid and the teachress punished me by whole afternoon in the corner of the class while other children were happily playing at the backyard of this kinder garten. I can remember it was a huge problem, because I was frightened kneeling alone in the class whole afternoon. Soon parents noticed my behaviour and took me to the psychologist. She asked me what happened and I kindly explained her my little excess with jumping on the table during the lunch in the kinder garten. We were just chasing each other with friends and bang this happened. From that time of long kneeling alone I did not like very much my teacher. She tried to buy me via some chocolate to win my heart back, but our relationship was a bit broken. Soon we all found out she's deadly ill – it was cancer, afther 3 years she was gone. My

first day at basic school was miraculous. A directoress asked me immediately several questions, she wanted me to sing the song, to recite the poem and announced me happily: Little boy, you're in. Welcome in my basic school. Oh, I was very hard working student and I liked my bees. You know what is a bee? If you pass the test you get a bee stamp in your text-book, or if you don't you get a pig stamp in your text-book. I must confess I had no pigs. Well critical point of my teacher was I'm getting at the end of my first year the mark 2. I was very sad the teachress told me: You know it is not clean number 1, I must offer you 1- I told her all right then. Running from school I visited immediately my grandma Helena. She lived in a hut next to the main house. I announced her: Grandma hella it is one minus. She hugged me and told me: No worries, it is one. That day we phoned to mummy to local coop I had the report marks finishing the first year at basic school.



My teachress was still by her mind living in communism. But she had smart ideas usually like one of them to switch on our neon lights even during the day, not to break our eyes as she prompted often. The time passed fast away and we

were woken up from 11/89 seeing workers and students being beaten by state police. The only realist in our family was my daddy. When they told him some dreams about year 2000 or well known Y2K, he poke fun at them and told them it is pretty bullshit. He never believed in year 2000 as prosperity and future generations dreams. Me and mummy were dreamers in our family, but sounded like idiots next to the father's pragmatism. In 1993 I was in my third year of basic school and my sis started kinder garten. She was very curious person and really as psychologists say, she always wanted to catch her older brother in results. We were good siblings. Many times we poke each other. The funny thing was, when we kids found out the meaning of the word „to swear“. In fact it is an oath. My sister always poked me when having fun: Is it you oath? I told her, no it is not I'm having fun again with you, because you're young fart. These harsh training times made almost PhD. from my sister. Now she is pursuing one such title. She's ironed like a steel.



We were after the regime break and happily enrolled our local cathedral as ministrants being cca 10 years old. Those times I was suddenly thinking about our priest's life named Jan. I was servant in cathedral and we went through many happy days. In fifth grade sadly I was fired by elder ministrants from sacristy. They told me something like: There is no place in here for you. I opposed in mind trying to become priest like our own one. It was just pragmatism for me and I asked in a straight way of my priest: How is your salary? Can I be priest like you one day? His smile was interesting telling me nothing at all. Days passed away and I served no more in front of the altar. What is more, bad things happened to me at school. I stole my friend's stickers and one pen from another class mate. Whole school was searching for the thief, but nobody found him. When old teacher Marta asked me: I just told her, I don't know who did it. Nowadays I know I might lose heaven due to action. Jan, my priest told me: While you do not give back your „bargain“ it is not gonna be heaven. After 30 years I still regret these actions but it is too late to give back a pen and stickers to my class mates. What is more, I am very surprised about occasion: Just count on it: Clean ministrant want to be a priest and devil himself lets him steal from class mates at basic school. In fact we had two priests those time in cathedral, one of em was a medical doctor, tellin me during confession opposite of young priest Jan who is now a helping bishop in diocese. This 84 years old priest, medic, always told me during confession, don't worry, Lord loves you, it is okay, I am forgiving you your stealing. He always told me to focus on feasts and to pray for my soul. Sadly, after several years he was gone too. Before his death, the pope rewarded him by a title prelat. I always loved my prelat for his kindness and spoke to him during many confessions. He saw my soul, my life, and never ever told me word against. When we met on a slippery road, he never forgot to scream: Boys, be careful, the road is slippery! Ah, it was the time I left sacristy, no ministrancy and what was more one late evening, nobody was at home and I started my German Pro7 and RTL2. I was ten and nobody knows why I tried to jerk off. I liked women's body from my 4 years old and bang at 10 that late evening something gave me this idea: Hey what if you tried to do it. The first glance at „heissen frauen“ did not do very much, I could not. I still could not. But then I went to my room and tried again and again and bang, I achieved the most beautiful feeling ever, but my pyjamas was poluted. So I had the idea to hide my sin, and I used old handkerchief to have it washed by washing machine. To my parents I just told: Handkerchief was poluted from nose and it was just washed in the machine. From these times I never steal anything, I had a better choice and fun. What was my next mission was: How to bypass confession not to tell the priest. Ok, I just heard in cathedral some lectures and they were lecturing about untidy bodies and unpraised bodies. So to speak by their jargon I was telling during my confession: I was not praising bodies and watched some naked girls. Nobody knew if the priest understood,

but this was my need as a young boy. From 10 years to 39, nothing has changed. I still like my girls, but I had one problem. We had the first holy communion at 10. I really tried hard and hard, we were on confession, but that night before Sunday I came again and wanted my cool feeling. Hmm, I regreted, but it was again Jan, our bishop telling us two things: If you are dependent on some body things, you can tell me just at the end of the month and it would be okay. I felt relief. But with this he also told us: Do you think you have passed the first holy communion Sunday with a sin? I was sad because I knew I did not pass it without sin again. The time passed and my sis went to the first year. We were one day playing at my room and had a crazy idea to act as porn stars. Saying hey, let's put down our dress. Thanks Lord, she says: Bro this is not good idea, parent would punish us. I told her okay it is really bad idea. From that day, nothing similar happened to us. I was really surprised about my desire to jerk off. The feeling was best ever and I meet my friends at school. Hand in hand we were able to record tv shows like „Feathers“ or „Loving“. We were just young boys at school desiring for girls bodies. These tapes were our real relief, we could use it and to be safe. We were fans of Monika Belohorcova and her TV show on tv markiza. Oh and the movie Barb wire with Pamela Anderson. From these times I did nothing, my life just hah passed further and further. During 6th class I met a girl. She was a blond. The first moments we were in love, we visited some forest paths together, but never had a one kiss together. It was very strange relationship, walking there and chattering hour or two. Finally at 7th or 8th I left her and found new friends from higher classes. What I know about this blonde was, she went for a new boyfriend and we saw em with boys on the village roads. It was no more our bussiness. My depression from our relationship was huge and I left. Those times we had a bit of fun not only with sexy porn, but we were able to get some pyrotechnics. Boys got money, what was not my case. But I had em, and we tried some bangs to have fun. Some of em got cigarettes, but I really smelled them and tolled em I do not want to be dependent on this tobacco aor what is that. I better like porn. They were frightened because their parents were bullying em with theories like: You would never be tall if you jek off. I smiled at them and told em, it is the bullshit from their parents and I want that in my life. From that time we did not speak about this and our life passed and passed till we were in the 9th grade. It was the time of middle school chosing and hard decisions. My English teacher Zuzana was furious when she heard I do not want to study the sec gramm school but only expert middle school for some electrician. She invited us fith my friend Barbara to the English olympiad, where I took place on the third place for the first time in my life. Barbara sadly did not pass this first try on any place. From that time Barbara was hard trying to overcome me in English and she really did it in this 9th grade round of English olympiad. So we were happily playing chess in my room and her brother, my sis and poking fun at

each other. She was beating me in chess and smiling: Don't cry my boy, I'll beat you. I was smiling, it is okay, but I do not like the chess games. From those times we spent as a fantastic four our times in my room playing games, chattering etc etc. Some times we spent a good game in their rooms, because they had those times a computer at home, what we still were missing. Time was pouring at us and we entered middle school. She was in Banska Bystrica and I was located in Ružomberok. Both were sec gramm school meant to be quality and readiness for universities. Our relationships went a bit colder because we had no more time for fun, but it was hard studying. I usually started my day at 6 or 7 and ended at 22:00. We were in the process of house building, so never had a holiday somewhere near the sea. Every penny went to the new house materials. Times were harsh, but we went through them by our Sunday masses and hard work at school. Before Ružomberok I tried two times Sučany but they fired me as unsuccessful candidate. That day my parents visited local directorate of the school and took my reports and results during olympiad. They were just to ask local director whether he could board me to the school. He agreed and I was in. I took my studies very seriously. Everything had to be tip top. From those times I had my hand seks and books. What was unpleasant we met with Barbara one day in her room and she revealed another secret. She told me that evening: I was arrested. I asked, what did you do. She told me: You know, we are poor teachers' family and i went to the shop and took one blouse into my purse. They stopped me at the door and the service wanted to call the police, but I pleaded them not to call em. I returned the goods back to the store and left as soon as possible. I was a bit surprised but was able to forgive her anything, because we had a very good acquaintance together. Then we went back to our studies and developed our friendship. She was tellin me long hours about her dreams to date a friend who has a medical doc father to be at least better off, then they were as teachers family. I was quietly listening hours and hours to her stories sitting in her chair specially prepared for my ass. We had also good acquaintance with her father Ivan and mummy Agata. She invited us many times for dinners or lunches. We were happy children. The time was up and we got to the finals. Barbara told me: How was it? I'was responding: It was 1. She was smiling: I'm losing grip, it was 2 for me. That day we had finals I was at home with my sister, mummy was in spa after stomach operation and father was at regular job, because he used to work night shifts and day shifts. And that morning I realized I am unable to tie a tie. My sister stepped towards me and she says: We can create some bond or something similar to normal tie bond. She hugged me and wished me good winds to my sails during finals creating bond on my neck with this tie. My suit was dark green. Friend of mine was so lucky his father lent him a car. So 4 boys from local village entered his Škoda Felicia and went to the finals of our sec gramm school. I can remember meeting my math teacher on the stairs telling me: My daughter was fired from university

and she is leaving to England. My idea was: Is she just pretty girl or something? And that was a mistake number one. He was pretty angry about it. In fact this was a glimpse from my mind. I never told him. What I really told was: I'm sorry for your daughter. We met on our finals in front of our „green table“ commision. Everything went well. What was a cherry pie. Boys were inquisitive about who might pick the easiest question from informatics and it was computer virusses. The week before finals I spent by mass visiting and reading a bio of Jan Vojtaššak. So Lord supported me and I picked this question. I got 1 and went for math and physics, same scenartio 1, except my math teacher was very strict and angry. I understood his daughter was fired and it was unpleasant. The only problem for me were so called memory subjects and Slovak language, tons of authors and books, some poems and it was a stew. I picked some questions, I can remember some commision member asking me whether I need some „grip on“, but I told her it is okay I could write something. Finally I told em some words and as they saw I did not like the subject they were not torturing me long time. The day was finished and I got four times 1 proving my previous studies from before four years studies. During my secc gramm studies I was asking people about universities, and they told me definitely not to pick catholic one in local town. Later on I investigated this was a lie. Based on the infos from my surroundings I chose Military academy Demänová. I had in mind I can earn some money as a soldier and this might be a good choice. What about Barbara? She chose uni in Banska Bystrica, where also her grandma lived. She told me, it might be flat for free and grenna might help financially. Ok then, we were still good friends and occasionally met each other in her room. The atmosphere was electrifying and one evening when she was tellin me her stories as usually a kiss fell on. So we were just kissing and kissing in her chair sitting there. Oh I had many ideas that night with her but stayed on my ground. I just told myself kissing is enough. We left each other and went to our universities for hard studying. This time it was me, who was poking her a bit via SMS messages, like: Will you be my baby? Or: Hey bejb, how is it? She recognized my pattern and was a bit strict on my messages, not to call her „my bejb“. What I had in my mind was: We gotta money from the army and we might be okay together. From that night our relationship somehow went from the hill. She was many times angry and cold. One day she told me: You're a stupid soldier, I'm leaving. As I did not want to oppose I just told nothing more. If she were unhappy I wanted her to be free as she wished to be. So it was a split. The military training was ongoing, it was much of the stress, for example to find out how to dismantle and mantle your guns. But what was the mistake of our govt was, they split the uni on soldiers' part and students' part. So I was in fact a soldier studying on uni. It means I had to follow 2 kings what was really demanding. That time I also met Erika, it was strange relationship full of split up and go back. I had a stress as a soldier and it was

much much of responsibilities for me, so I left from her. We met several times in Ružomberok, several in Košice, but ended it as unhappy choice. One day we were writing SMS and I proposed to meet her in her flat. She told me, we can do this after wedding. I told her, we might at least try it to meet there, finally we could be okay because I am well paid soldier and not leaving her, but loving her. She refused this with words about I must marry her if I want to go to her flat. Ok after some days we ended this. Some 4 months later I got SMS from Erika she's pregnant. I wished her everything the best and not answered anymore. That time I also met Martina on the academy. She was fine. We spent some dialogues together in her room, but I was somehow not in my skin with her, so this later also ended up unsuccessfully. One day local psychologist on the academy stopped me in front of the hall and asked me: How many exams I have next day and I responded it was many, some 3 or 4 on uni. What was more we were chosen as a group with friends for making adds for local academy. It was really embarrassing for us, because equipment was old and Russian and we had to lie that we are the best academy. Finally my psychologist persuaded me to visit one good doctor. She told me, she has the order to send me. At the beginning I tried to explain I'd like to stay, because my career could be harmed. But she insisted. That time I recalled another psychologist smiling at whole class with words: I am a voyeur. After this I realized why. So I was sent to local psychiatry objecting but had to follow the orders. That day parents took me home and they visited UVN, what means central military hospital. I find a good doc there, very intelligent and supporting me. I repeated it is okay I just need to sleep more and it might be fine. But doc told me I must stay for a while. Ok, so this was my first visit of the psychiatry clinique in UVN. After that I got PN for 1 year. That year I spent many hours in my room programming systems for the schools of drive. In fact it was my second try because on the academy I was an author on so called Stravnik system, what means Feeder in my language. It was the network system for lunch storing for cadets. My parents were a bit sad, but they let me in my room visiting many times my doc. That time I met „a black cat“ on ICQ. We spent many hours speaking together. Infos were unimportant, like what I ate or what I programmed. In 2006 I recognized Ubuntu Linux as a good chance so I tried to install it. Those times I had my laptop and desktop because as I mentioned I was quite rich cadet with salary 7500 crowns, what is now cca 250€. To compare, my mummy had 420€/mo that time. So it was easy for me to buy anything I wanted. That time I tried also torrents and Photoshop2, lynda dot com, Flash MX etc etc. We simply did not have something to write progs in. Based on my studying in my room I developed the first Autoškola Free in Flash 8. I spent my days chatting with black cat and developing software. I tried also azet dot sk to train my skills on some girls' photos. What was more I earned nothing on these programs, except some 7€ from some women trying to pay me for Flash 8 Autoškola. We were a hacker group with

black cat and soon I found Russian web called webovastranka dot sk. That day I was writing my software alone in my room and bang it was there. A pop up. Try your IQ test. Ok I was curious about how or what my iq might be. I followed some 25 questions and got result 134. I was surprised because this was 3% of people on the planet. Sadly I did not do my screen shot. What I can remember was some azbukha and very very logical questions fittin in one by one. After this breeze I got my result. The year passed as a water stream and my daddy told me to choose another university. I thought uniza might be good choice. But after enrolling I found it difficult not to live in my room with my black cat and was quite unhappy about their study system. After half an year I tried so called postpone and again visited my psychiatry. I was there I think for the second time. This time I quit the army and was free. Commision asked me what happened and if I want to continue: I told them I don't it is harmed career. I spent another half year at home and decided to try local Catholic university in Ružomberok. In reality this time I was 4 years delayed, so started uni paralelly with my sister. She started in Bohemia because she tried Bratislava but somebody stole her work and as she was leaving exams she found foreign name on her drawings. My first year on local uni was hard because I had not trained my memory for so long times. But as it appeared I was able to pass at least on average mark C in these first terms. I tried some chatting on azet during terms and bang I met Lucia. This was very short relationship. We simply, or me simply again felt it is not good to stay together. Finally she guessed up what I need, but it was too late and we split up. During some third year I wrote my famouse essay on hackers and the problems started. What is more I met some girl on the floor saying: It is some hypno or something. Then I realized it. Because as I was having a good time with my pown in my room I heard the voice in mind: Let's explain it, what you're watching and why. I think this time they realized I heard it and it was a big problem. What is more I wound after some jak off status of my friend also named Lucia: Oh boy, that's a technique.. I immediately realized they really were in my room. From that time the problems only peaked up and arose bigger. My switching with body started, eg somebody let me with hanging dick via some nano drones. From 2010-11 this is being ended in some year 2024 now. During cat uni I also managed to program some scratch webpages and to win the competition. Then bachelor and then magister. After uni I spent some time on the internet and I had worked done some 2-3 years for Regionpress, some 3 years for the army ann as I was browsing facebook, they pop upped me an add: Enroll T-Systems as ABAP programmer. I was jobless after uni, so I clicked and sent CV. After some days I got an email to meet the HR inquisition. I was there with mummy and daddy smiling whole day: Mummy I'm gonna get 1000€ as an salary. We went through questions of expert and HR, but on my question where are parking lots, they were suspiciously quiet. Later I found out it was some 7-10€/day to park there. It was

not everything, they agreed on my 1000€ salary, but I asked it netto and my agreement was brutto which was cca 768€ netto. But okay I wanted to enroll the company and wanted to work, so I agreed on this. Later on I found out, their managers got 700-1000€ for every programmer they fished on. Some people were normal in the company, but as I noticed the team was poor. As we got the first heating up, my colleague took it, let nobody to participate and of course fcked it up as senior dev told us as the team. But okay we were in. We passed entrance test as a group in fact consisting of my one colleague. The result was catastrophic as senior dev announced on meeting. Later I left the dev dept and joined testers as I was having stress one morning and tellin to my manager. He told me to switch to testers, to see better programming and how tos. Okay I stayed there, but the problems just started, I got things on the table like the mess of ABAP code from Switzerland, Germany and Oesterreich, where every programmer had shortcuts in local language. No problem, I consulted with my manager. As I tried to familiarize more with colleagues they understood this as some sort of sniffing. So I had to sit on my chair for hours and email every problem to managers. The cherry pie was joke of my colleagues to install cracked software on company pc. I warned them and of course management this black market is going on. The day after they came with another question: Can you bypass ms docx? I told em of course, it can be renamed to zip file and opened in a standard way. The response was: Where do you know it from, swine. Where I noticed hypno was my colleague speaking something about whether I could buy her a kitchen. I was responding in a similar manner in my mind tellin her: Yes, sure, dress off your clothes and you get the kitchen! After this experience my mood went down so I started after 3 years to think about possibility to ask invalidity status from my docs. They responded you must have work done at least 5 years from which I had almost 10 years. The objection I am working on you can be denied by these 10 years, but also by I am paying VAT=DPH from every good I buy in the state. But of course I want to work as much as I can but hopefully for my mummy at household as a hand. After a year of PN and some psychiatry visit in UVN I got it. Am pensioner. The problems forced on. My daddy sent whole nation to the pussy and called them fuckers not to inspect our business. In fact saying it is not their shit and let them mind their own bussiness. What is more, when one driver during the drive tried to poke him he told him: let me be you fucker. From that time also daddy had health problems and many times he had to stay on his bed. The last days after enrolling his pension he was unable to walk being cathatonic. Finally he got pakreas cancer and died. I think it is devil's plan he got this illness, because they might one day say it is genetics and to murder whole ancestors after him. So from 2022 we are just widow, sister and invalid at home. Thanks God my mummy was a lawful wife able to inherit. Because in this hypno some bitches were tempting my daddy and I was hearing myself as some colleagues scream

at daddy they want to fuck him to destroy his beloved family and it was us. Thanks God, daddy was not an idiot and he knew what they're doing. So he sold his grandpa's house to my sister, they could not be able to inherit from him if they stole his seed after death. He told us, we are his family and not some thieves. Daddy loved me as a son. He also guessed up he might be hypnotised one day and as he was good at chess, he told me: Take no advice from me as a dad, you have your own brain and help yourself by advising. The only thing he told me as a dad was: It might be well one day if you married son. This was the last advice from my dad. He was smiling at me telling me: You could see yourself in your children. As I had a pain in the dick I think it might be one day as somebody told from my mind: God will take your son from you and it will be the punishment for the world as this one had in mind time space divider multiplier. I think it is a bullshit of the army as they probably hypnotised me during so called „checks“. And I must end up my story with the pun for my future wife: How is your rose? The black one?

