The pigeons are cooing glass beads. From the narrow straits between two houses they are forced to take off helicopter-style. Sounds like rods whipping air. One floor below, a dwarf hysterically fires rounds of Hispanic allegations, the speed almost peeping from behind the sound barrier. Cardboard walls are merciless; they conceal nothing. Mr Caballero doggedly emphasises verbs with his chocolate hand, I warned you! Each time a splintered scream, something womanlike, outruns him. For accompaniment — flying shards. Plates shatter longer than bottles. That one was especially heavy. A scooter jitters over the dissected pavement: Bergman’s *Wild Strawberries*. An inch of a crack under the front-door. Cyclopean cockroaches march cockily and feast on our provisions. Across the hall lives a man with lard in his eyes. His skull is shaven. On it a large wound. Lice suck on the lymph smear and the blood curdles. He is besieged by less frequent, therefore more vehement attacks. When they overwhelm him, he focuses on whacking the door, the windows, his fiancee, his mother and sometimes the neighbours. Once I tried to interfere. There are better ideas around. Even the dark-clad policemen couldn’t tame him. Family affair. Like a cell on Death Row where Hope irrevocably withers. Through the main aorta of the central heating system drip the last meagre waters mixed with belching bananas of air. It feels like someone were pissing in my ear. The window behind the fire escape stairs, grated and barred, is sifting the feeble morning light. The boiler in the cellar is already cooking fresh steam. Outside slaves in pin-stripes await the starting shot, the firecrackers of anger crumpled between their grinding teeth. Hot fumes begin to press with all their might. Buttock clenching does not help anymore. Before I am burst asunder, with every limb I possess, with all my grunts of vengeance, I succumb to the stream of the raging brook. I straddle the thighs, I’d like to drench the belly from outside. Excitedly I hiccup half a death mantra. I collapse, not caring where it hits the ground. The shower of the damned.