The chrome-silver subway races at full speed. Tossed back and forth, it looks like a bleeding “Kinshu-Snake of Horror” from some cheap Japanese SF thriller. Last tremors. The express train dashes by the local station and fills it to the hilt with a murderous noise. Condensed moisture trickles down, persistently peeling old ceramic tiles off the concrete walls. Coldness and stale stench shift places according to a complex protocol. The platform is almost empty; every megalopolis has its time-out. A homeless person lies on a bench. His head, cracked at the neck, hangs limply across the hand support. What he wears is his kingdom. The narrator is hunched in the opposite corner. Slightly delirious from a splitting hangover and lack of sleep, he watches distrustfully the stillness of the filthy soles. Perky clouds of museum-ripe body odours swirl around his nostrils. Stage left an extra in a grotty overcoat approaches them, unobtrusively pulls his hand out of his pocket and swiftly evolves into the main character by lunging for the man’s formidable erection, his morning stick. The witness stares agog at this horror; his rubber limbs hamper a hasty retreat. The raincoat shuffles away — nothing happened, right? Very quickly he comes back, however, cannot resist, he grabs again, already more courageously, and sighs excitedly: Wow, it’s ... big! Bigger still is his delight. The moral imperative or perhaps just a myopic gaze straight into the blind spot, mercilessly washes him away from the cherished object. Not for long though. He keeps returning to his beloved site. He caresses the protruding member with increasing eagerness. Meticulously, like a systematic gourmet he examines the strength of the smooth muscle. With a flat hand he rubs it down and up, reverently looking at the spectator. He’s leering at you! With a good-natured, almost gentle smile on his lips he murmurs It’s really big, this giant black ferule. All the while never granting the sleeping man a single Band-aid from his gleaming pupils.

translated by Monika Zagar