


<a href="#">Home</a>		
<a href="#">Winter 2006 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Autumn 2005 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Summer 2005 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Spring 2005 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Autumn/Winter 2005 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Summer 2004 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Winter 2004 Issue</a>		
<a href="#">Summer 2003 Issue</a>		<p>Who farted upon me? Impugned Satogata.</p>
<a href="#">Editor's Note</a>		<p>It wasn't me, stated Smith with his arse up close to Satogata's countenance.</p>
<a href="#">Guidelines</a>	<p>The incivility was one thing, the opprobrium another thing, but to wake in a cloud of reeking dead fish was un conjecturable. Satogata coughed, retched and puked.</p>	
<a href="#">SNR's Writers</a>	<p>He lifted his dead weight appendages into the air, an onerous task, and shook them for all they were worth and they were not worth the rubber to shoot into.</p>	
<a href="#">Mail</a>	<p>I'm hungry, exclaimed Satogata.</p> <p>Me too, concurred Smith.</p> <p>Let's go up into the world and grab us some victuals, said Satogata.</p> <p>Yes let's do that, said Smith.</p> <p>The fear that enveloped the strollers was ineffable. Pusillanimity caused and exacerbated strange hallucinations. Viscerally both men started to run. Where their trajectory led had not been excogitated. But it was with alacrity that the two runners sprinted over the pavements onto the roads. Indefatigable they were as their dirty dilapidated boots and jutting toes brushed lightly upon the painted asphalt.</p> <p>What are we running for? Asked Smith.</p> <p>You lazy bastard! Bellowed Satogata.</p> <p>Why am I lazy? Asked Smith.</p> <p>You're a shite house! Bellowed Satogata.</p> <p>Suddenly behind Satogata and Smith appeared a policeman. The policeman was running after the pair. Why the policeman was chasing them, they could neither compute nor ratiocinate. Cerebrally, they picked up their pace and dodged cars, trucks and buses. The policeman was tenacious, and his temerity sent shivers down both Satogata and Smith. Both were lunting, huffing and puffing and both</p>	

were extremely lachrymose.

Why is he chasing us? Asked Satogata.

I don't know! Bellowed Smith.

Satogata pissed his pants and Smith laid a huge turd so was the fear.

Out of the nebula came the once inaudible cries of the policeman. His shouts were far from mellifluous. His words lacerated the ears of Satogata and caused nightmares to start reeling through the thinktank of Smith. Thus Satogata bleed from his ears whereas Smith feared that his rectum would but ripped apart again. Satogata could hardly hear the words that were emanated from the mouth of the policeman for Smith was weeping loudly with one hand upon his arse.

STOP! Shrieked the policeman.

Both heard and both did the diametrically opposite to the policeman's officious orders.

He's talking to you, cried Satogata.

No he's talking to you, wept Smith.

I heard him say your name, blubbered Satogata.

I heard him say your name, reiterated Smith.

The policeman was gaining ground and his cries were now deafening. If Satogata and Smith had had the time to look behind them they would have discerned an obese policeman with rubicund features and a rubbery nose squashed to the countenance.

I'm starving, said Satogata.

It's all this running, said Smith.

I can't go on much longer, warned Satogata.

Me young legs will carry me forever! Bellowed Smith.

Smith never saw Satogata's foot but he saw the shinny boot of the policeman knock out three of his teeth. He saw the shitty arse of Satogata close in on itself in the vanishing point but after that Smith floated on iridescent clouds. The policeman walloped him a couple of times with his truncheon and sprayed pepperspray into his piss soaked orbs. In The back of the policevan two policemen filled in Smith.

The judge said Smith was a habitual thief and sentenced him to three years. Smith was taken to prison in a white meat wagon. Smith was both perturbed and perplexed, as to why he was perplexed Smith could not articulate. Smith sat upon his bed and watched the turds buoyant in the green bucket of piss and dreamed of life.

Paul Kavanagh, born in England 1971 and happily married, has been published in *Thieves Jargon*, *Underground Voices*, *Unlikely stories*, *Milk Magazine*, others

Copyright 2006, Paul Kavanagh. This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

