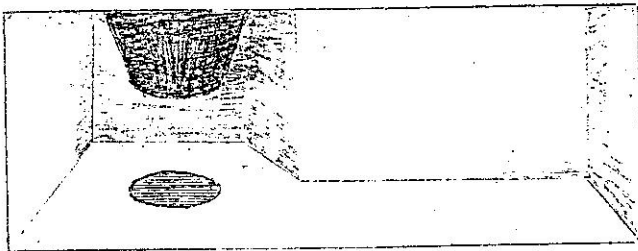


## COFFEE BREAK



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CREATIVE GROUP:

TED  
ZITA  
ALEX  
AGI  
VICA  
SIAVASH  
MARCI

UNIVERSITY OF MISKOLC ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

## THE SHOP ASSISTANT

*At the risk of being in trouble before I start, I should like to reserve an opportunity to express our special gratitude to our teacher and friend, Ted Bailey, who gave us the idea of this magazine, prompted us to organize the work, accepted the trouble and helped to publish this COFFEE BREAK.*

*Special thanks again go to him who was kind enough to read and edit all the manuscripts.*

*Also, I am extremely grateful to all the others who sent in their writings and contributed a great deal in developing this magazine. Obviously to produce such a work for the first time would not have been possible without their invaluable assistance (!?).*

*COFFEE BREAK is a magazine which tries, somehow or other, to mirror the outcome of the team work of our creative writing class and to reflect our understanding of the art of writing. The idea is to utilize our creativity and fertile imagination and to boost our knowledge of foreign language, cultures and customs. We strongly believe that such work would inspire our young society to mature and become self-reliant and innovative. We hope that in this way COFFEE BREAK is a cornerstone and will motivate students to realize their capabilities and talents and inspire them to become more responsible and improve themselves.*

*We hope that you like it.*

*We would be very pleased to hear from students and teachers who have any constructive comments or suggestions in regards to our first COFFEE BREAK.*

*Siavash Moshiri*

Probably you know the feeling when you have to go to do the shopping, which means to go to the store. After years of visiting stores in Hungary I guess everyone has a kind of defense system against them. When you enter you are prepared for the worst. You know you'll have to quarrel, sometimes even shout. So you open the door as an absolutely prepared warrior with loaded guns. The first thing you see is a cashier polishing her nails. You get embarrassed, puzzled and don't know what to do. After of a couple of minutes of preparing you say:  
"Excuse me."

Polishing's goin' on. Perhaps she's a bit deaf, so you try again a bit louder:

"Excuse me, I'd like some new pants."

Still no answer. You try again:

"Can I get a pair of pants?"

In the end the cashier moves her head slowly and looks at you:

"What?"

"I'd like to buy a new pair of pants."

you reply a bit angrily.

"What for?"

Now you start losing self-control.

"If you want to know I'm going to a wedding tomorrow and I don't have a goddam pair of pants to wear."

"All right. Slow down. Why do you have to be so angry when you ask something?"

As a matter of fact, we have run out of pants."

"And will you get some later?" You try the last hope.

"I don't know" she says turning away to go on polishing her nails.

Now you're standing there alone for a couple of minutes, then go home and thinking:

"No problem. After all I'm too busy tomorrow to go to that wedding.

Martin Bihari

On a sunny afternoon, within the Creative Writing class, Ted gave us an interesting exercise. He gave us the first sentence of a story, which we had to continue, and after a while, we switched papers and someone else continued the story. The funniest results are published for the first time now in *Coffee Break*. Enjoy it!

### ***The Lesson Was Boring... (1)***

...until the teacher began behaving oddly. She was talking about the differences between the male and female human body, but nobody was paying attention. We were 14, so we knew all about the issue. Or at least we thought we knew all. Then suddenly, she started getting excited. She was talking about the organ that many men use to think with instead of their brains, and, while speaking, she started touching her breasts.

It was a very shocking experience for us, because we hadn't quite expected this kind of live show. We had already gone through the only sex-paper we had managed to get. (You know, at that time it was not an everyday thing to have these kinds of things. This issue had been brought home by one guy's father when he was in the West.) And also we had a lot of talk about it amongst us - but we all were boys in the class.

The next thing could have been avoided, but we didn't want to avoid it at all. So it happened that when our teacher was walking just next to our tables, talking about the topic,

we began to perceive her body not only with our minds but also with our hands. At first, she was a bit embarrassed, but later she began to enjoy it, and you can imagine the next steps.

Well, after this class we decided to visit a girls' class in the next building. It was a nice, sunny afternoon, and the girls seemed to be very happy to see our whole class visiting them. We told them that we knew everything, but they didn't understand what we were talking about, and looked a bit suspicious. Well, after a couple of hours, or probably even earlier, we got down to business and the whole class of girls began to scream and shout. So we actually had to run away, because the girls threw all sorts of things at us. We just didn't understand why, as we had got such a big piece of knowledge in biology from our teacher that day.

A.E.Z.A.!



## OF DOGS AND MEN !

Some social psychologists say that people are up to the most terrible things - all they need is a good reason. We always offend each other without realizing what we have done. It is our conscience - or, unfortunately, sometimes the lack thereof - which puts us above animals. And dogs too!

It was a rainy, sad November day with the usual muddy streets and carelessly splashing car drivers. I felt very depressed, and, having fallen out with my friends, somehow deceived and lost.

I was about ten minutes from home when I saw a a shabby dog with an old man. It reminded me of that huge black dog in my granny's neighborhood that had attacked me when I was just five. Before this had happened to me, I had never had a fear of dogs but this changed then for once and for all. It was not the scar on my leg that hurt so much but rather the scar on my soul.

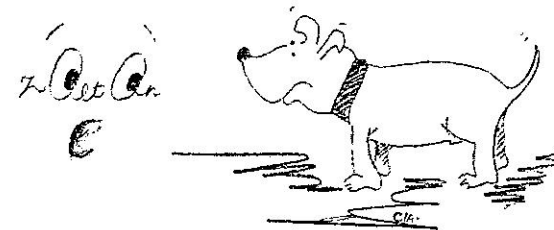
I was glad to see the owner of this dog. At least this little pet won't eat me. As I thought this, something made my heart beat faster. As if a dog was coming behind me! Oh, no. but I can't be so damned in my luck. Run, run away- I thought first, but I did know the beast would catch me. No escape.

As I glanced over my shoulder I could see it was a very shabby, probably stray dog. Isn't it rabid? - I asked myself. The dog just kept on following me. I was considering running away but I didn't want to be cowardly. So what could I do now? Suddenly, I made up my mind. I wanted to fight this mighty creature. I could not hide all my life, and I decided to face my fate, be it a rabid dog. So I suddenly turned back and, stamping with my right leg, shouted at the dog: hush! and tried to kick it.

As I stood face to face with my "fate", I was shocked. The dog was very small, or at least much smaller than I had expected. I felt ridiculous, but believe it or not, my childhood experience made them all real beasts for me. But this poor little thing was definitely not a man eater, and I felt really embarrassed because of my rude behavior. He wasn't frightening at all with his childish eyes, with those big dark brown eyes staring at me. Obviously, he was not a puppy yet, but somehow his eyes were so naive, so loveable ... and there were tears in those eyes Trust me, I am not fooling you, there were tears, real. sad tears of disappointment. And those drops of salty water blamed me for hurting someone who trusted me and wanted to get love, but got "hush!" in return for his trust. The dog slowly turned around, and without looking back, walked away in the November mist. Or, to be more precise, faded away like a ghost.

I continued my way home, but some incredible bitterness encircled my inner landscape as I was thinking about the dog over and over. Why is it that we usually hurt those who love us, and don't care about it? I think I should be more temperate and tolerant. Yesterday, when I was walking home in the November rain, I thought of that dog again. And realized that I haven't had a real friend since then and probably will not as well unless I meet that shabby dog again.

Zoltan Nagy



## Railway-station

He was standing on the platform with both hands in his pockets. The people next to him were hugging one another and giving good-bye kisses. As he was staring at them from the corner of his eye, he looked very lonely and lamentable.

He seemed very young: his beard hasn't begun to grow yet and his big brown eyes reflected innocence, but at the same time there was something strange in them, too, the painful look of an adult. He pressed his lips together to hide the tears he shed inside.

As the people turned to him and called his name, he shuddered all of a sudden. Embarrassed, he passed his hands over his thick brown hair but a look fell back into his face. He tried to pull himself together, straightened out so it could be seen how tall and sinewy he was. He stretched out his arm to shake hands with the men, his long fingers, smooth palm almost lost in their strong hands.

As the girl stopped in front of him and smilingly hugged him, he almost drew back in surprise. For a split second he was just standing there straight, not knowing what to do, but then he slowly embraced her and pressed his cheek to hers. His face changed: the confused painful glance disappeared and gave its place to a happy, peaceful look as he closed his eyes to abandon himself to that magical moment.

When he slowly opened his eyes, the girl was on the train with the others, waving to him, and in a minute she disappeared behind a building. Wearily, he dropped his arm, then rubbed his face with his hand to get rid of the painful expression he now buried deep inside of him and, with self-confident steps, he set off for home.

Eva Pataki

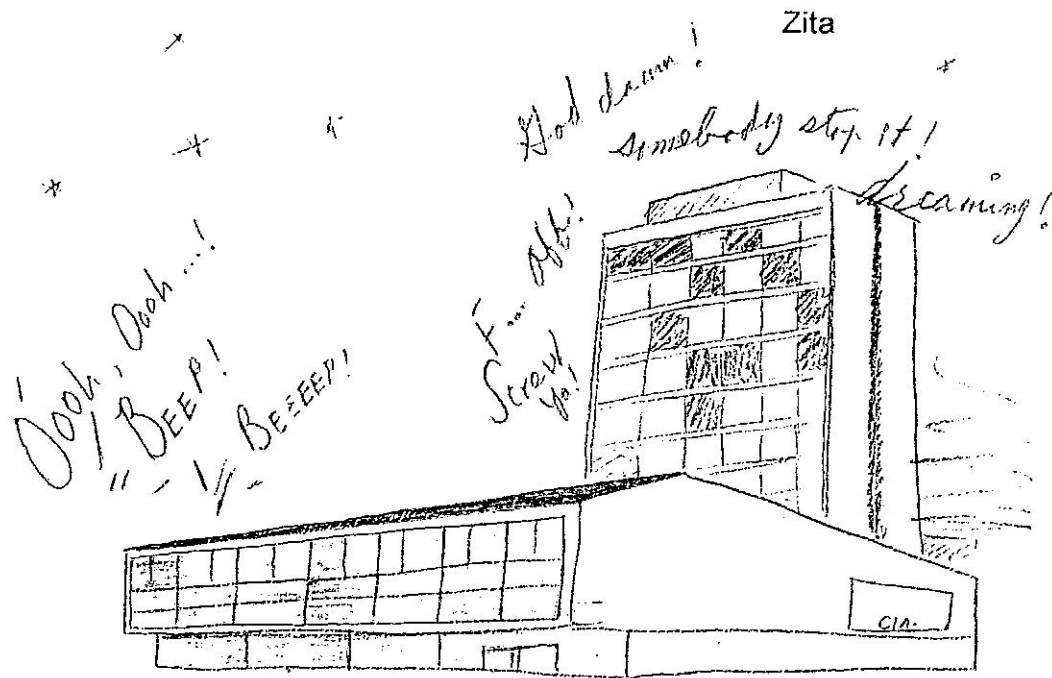
## How I found E/2 one gloomy night

This evening began like the others on the campus in September. At first it was dim, then the sun set, and, after the mosquitos left, out came the night -butterflies. The stillness of the campus was partly broken by the usual sounds: thirsty, shouting engineers hurrying to the IQ or Rockwell to prepare themselves for the night raging.

I did what I usually do and prepared myself thoroughly for the night with my girl-friends. We swallowed down our mixed cocktails in the room, working up our courage with a cocktail-like line of vodka, peach, brandy etc.. I don't really remember whether we had a good time or not, my first half-conscious experience must have been around 2 am..

In the shade of the Rockwell I was almost asleep when the lights were turned on. It struck me like lightning in a dark night. Somehow I was able to force my eyelids up and notice what was happening around me. I had no problems with finding my way out of the Rockwell, because everyone was going in the same direction and I had the guys helping me to get out. Actually, I was thrown out. The first direction I went in was very smelly, so I realized that I should go the opposite way. I could reach the stairs after some undeliberate stops and after I had examined thoroughly the material of the pavement. Luckily, this so-called "road", I mean the pavement was wide enough not to meet the glass walls of the cafeteria.

After climbing up the stairs the only problem was that several cars' alarm systems began to operate as I fell from one to the other. I quite easily managed to wake the whole E/7 and could perceive with my ears some cursing voices from the windows. In the end my second trial with the smaller buildings was successful. I found E/2.



**From the Diary of an Unpublished Writer**  
**/In memoriam Herman Melville/**

*/There are a table with an ashtray, an armchair, a lamp, a phone, a Tv and a fridge on the stage/*

I talked to Mr. Franks today. He says the same all the time: It's not the proper time, come back next week and we'll see. I'm really fed up with this. He's done this with me for years. The same crap every week. I tried to tell him (as I've already tried at least a thousand times) that I think this story is really good and worth publishing. I wouldn't ask for too much, only five percent. O.K. Ten. But not more. It's impossible to make him understand anything in the world he doesn't want to. I went to the buffet and asked for a coffee. The girl greeted me happily. "How is it going, Mr. Stone? Did he kick you out again?" "Yeah," I said, "probably this is not the proper time." "He's a great bullshiter," she replied. "I know," I said and stepped out to the street.

I read through my novel again. I don't know. Maybe I should do something with the girl at the end. I'll ask Mr. Franks tomorrow whether he would publish it if I changed the end. No more cigs in the house. I went to the store to get some. The cashier was lying under the table and was counting.

"Excuse me, man" I said. "Don't shoot" he cried. "No way, buddy, I just need some cigarettes, that's all. Otherwise I don't have a gun. My father-in-law had one and it didnt do him no good. He shot a fucking big hole into his head one day." He stood up and started shouting "Those fucking animals, they robbed me. They took fifty cans of beer and didn't pay a goddam cent." I started getting bored so I said "O.K. man, forget the cigs. I'd better give up smoking."

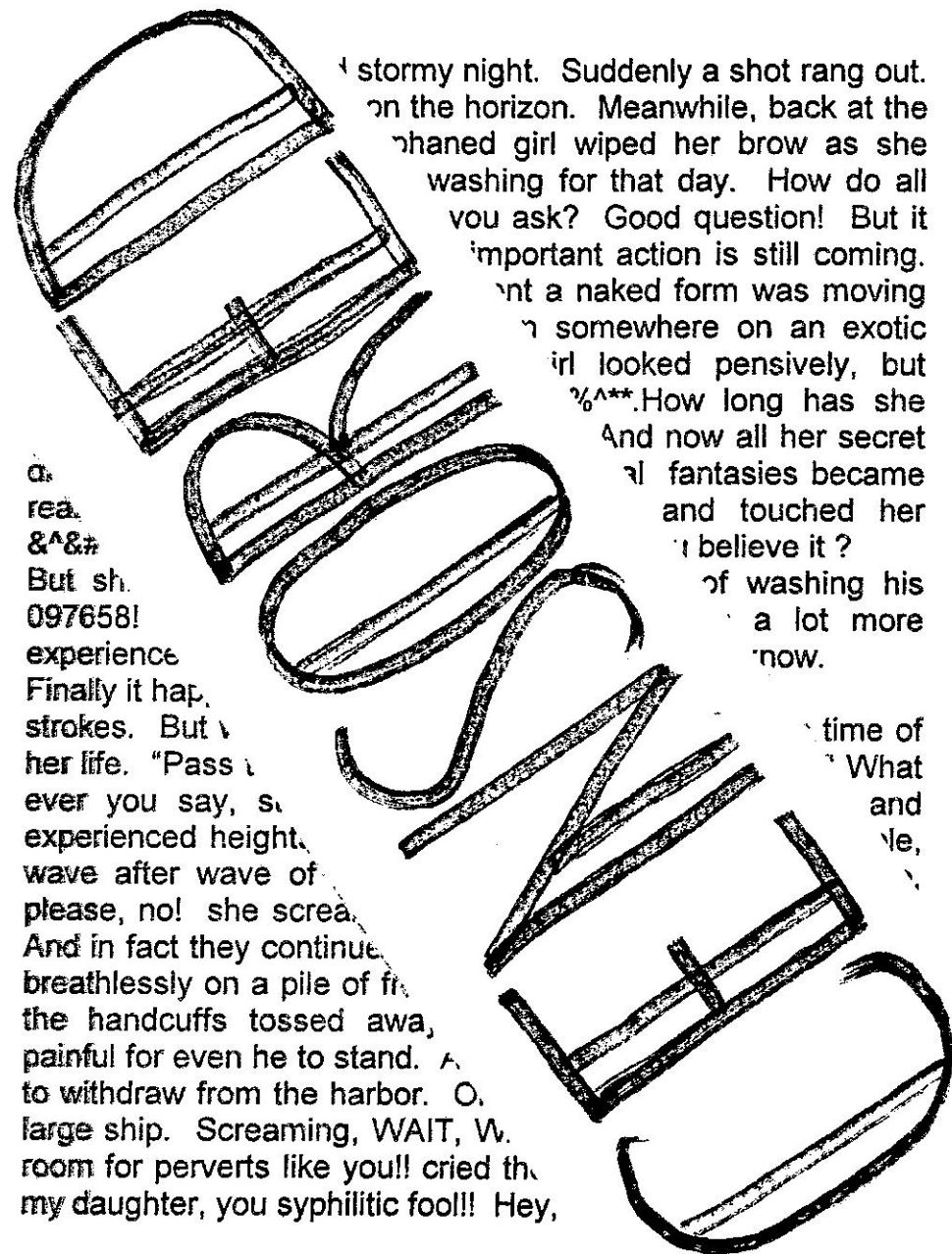
It took three and a half hours to find another store. All of the folks were lying under the tables counting. Those guys must have had a very busy evening. I was real exhausted when I get home. I didn't even want to work but I decided to talk to Mr.Franks the next day about the end of the story. I really had to.

I got up early and shaved. The radio kept speaking about the casualties of different accidents and other kind of tragedies so I switched it off. It's impossible to listen to the goddam news even for five minutes. It always gets me down and I didn't want be more upset than I already was. I'm always upset when I have to talk to Mr.Franks. It's like talking to a mass murderer. He was busy talking when I entered the office. His office was full of cigarette smoke. He always smokes, probably he'll die of lung cancer one day. As I entered another guy was just about to leave. Actually, he was forced to leave, Mr.Franks was shouting at him like a mad lion who'd just visited the dentist. After the guy vanished, I moved closer. Mr.Franks was reading something, but when I stepped to his desk, he looked up. "Who the fuck are you?" he groaned. He always had a sophisticated style. "I'm Michael Stone. You know, the writer who wrote the story about the girl whose parents were killed in a car accident. I've been visiting your office for four years now." "Why are you telling me this shit? Everyone thinks I'm a goddam time millionaire. Leave your stuff here and if I have time I'll read it, but don't count on it. This is not the proper time."

Probably mom was right when she told me not to be a writer or that kind of troublemaker. If I had gone to a technical school, I'd have a cool job, a beautiful apartment and a car by now. Actually, I have a car, if you can call that a car. The guy in the service just said that when he examined the engine last week. "Hey, you gotta be a brave man! What are you? A stunt man?" "Something like that" I said and took the bus.

*/to be continued/*

*Martin Bihari*



stormy night. Suddenly a shot rang out. on the horizon. Meanwhile, back at the orphaned girl wiped her brow as she washing for that day. How do all you ask? Good question! But it important action is still coming. ent a naked form was moving somewhere on an exotic girl looked pensively, but %^\*\*.How long has she And now all her secret al fantasies became and touched her t believe it? of washing his a lot more now.

time of What and le,

And in fact they continued breathlessly on a pile of fr the handcuffs tossed away, painful for even he to stand. A to withdraw from the harbor. O, large ship. Screaming, WAIT, W. room for perverts like you!! cried th my daughter, you syphilitic fool!! Hey,

a. rea. &^&# But sh. 097658! experience Finally it hap. strokes. But v her life. "Pass v ever you say, s. experienced height. wave after wave of please, no! she screa. And in fact they continued breathlessly on a pile of fr the handcuffs tossed away, painful for even he to stand. A to withdraw from the harbor. O, large ship. Screaming, WAIT, W. room for perverts like you!! cried th my daughter, you syphilitic fool!! Hey,

## The lesson was boring (2)

The lesson was boring until the teacher began behaving oddly. We never thought that he could behave like this. He told us disgusting jokes about old whores and other creatures. We were real astonished and didn't know what to do with the whole thing. After ten minutes he started singing ancient sailor songs.

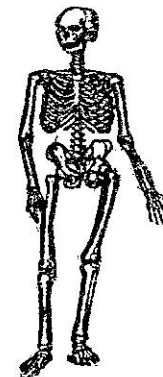
He grabbed the skeleton and started to dance with it. For a moment we thought we'd go home and leave the old chap alone with his fiancée, but then we had a better idea. Joe had a camera with him and made one picture after the other of our beloved professor behaving like Mr. Hyde. Who knows, we thought, it might be good for a better mark at the end of the year.

Or for a few bucks from the old guy or maybe even a good laugh when it appeared in the school newspaper. But we really weren't prepared for what happened next. The door flew open and in marched the dean in a bright purple body stocking followed by two cleaning ladies with big sticks.

The dean talked to the teacher, who, having stopped dancing with the skeleton, was gazing at them, Óh Captain, my Captain!, he said, Your army is here to march to the glorious battle on your side. With the faith in

God we'll be able to defeat our enemies. But what was really frightening was that he turned to us and continued speaking to our teacher: "Now, the little devils will realize that the ones who live in sin can't escape from God's punishment!" I looked around to find a way to escape and as I was turning my face towards the window, I saw that the sky was getting dark as if a great storm were about to break out. I couldn't believe this. I started shouting: I haven't sinned, I'm a good boy, please don't hurt me! Then I opened my eyes. My Mum was sitting on my bed, and asked in a calming voice: "Did you have a bad dream, darling?"

M.E.T.A.





## WHY?!

Yes, I did it. Of course, I did it. Who else would have done it?!

Why? I don't know why I did it... Because this life is a big lie! No one ever asked me whether I wanted to be here or not! No one ever cared about me. No one! And you ask me now why - why I killed that child. Is it really your business? Did you ever care about me when I was a child? Have you ever cared how I lived? Did you ever care when I was beaten and didn't know where to sleep?

No, I won't stop it! You say you are justice. So where is the truth? Tell me where it is!

All right. Just ask me. Ask me whatever you want. At least someone should ask me once. At least once in my life.

Yes, I was sitting on a bench. And I had already begun to see those butterflies, those wonderful butterflies or however they call them. I was happy.

Yes, I've taken drugs for about ten years. I first got some from a friend of mine at the playground when I was twelve. It was the first thing that made me happy in my life.

Yes, I drank, too. Like my father. I used to be scared of him, you know. He beat my Mum, and me too sometimes. We often had to hide...

Yes, I was drunk then. I think I was.

No, I wasn't sober at all. I told you! But I was happy. I was in Heaven, I think... Until that dirty little kid came up to me and began to ask stupid questions: "What are you doing here? Aren't you cold sitting there?" I told him to leave me alone. I told him to go back to play. I told him, but he didn't move and didn't shut up: "Where does the sunshine hide when it's raining? Do you like sunshine?"

"Oh, shut up and go away! Don't you understand!?", I shouted at him, but he didn't listen to me at all. He didn't shut up, and I didn't know what to do with him.

You know, I had just got together with a pretty woman then. We wanted to live together. We wanted to have a family. And just exactly on that day, the doctor told me I can't have a child. I cannot have a child, do you understand that!?

I wanted a child to teach him how to be happy. I wanted to teach him everything I have never been taught. I wanted to make someone happy. My child. I wanted...

No, I don't know who that dirty kid was. He just didn't stop talking! He just didn't stop asking his stupid questions! And I can't have a child! And he didn't shut up! I took out my knife: "Stop it!"...

Until now, I only lied, stole and cheated, and now I am a murderer too. Kill me, people, kill me!



## Good Old Days

Without you I passed the same alley in a full moon night  
For you, my entire body was staring around the dark night  
The enthusiasm to see you again was pouring out of me  
And I became the same mad lover I used to be  
The good old memory flowers of you bloomed inside me  
The garden of hundred memorials smiled  
The aroma of the memorials could be smelled  
And I remembered that we'd passed the way some time  
And flown around the quietness whole-heartedly there  
Sat for hours hours by the love stream there  
You! You've gotten the very mysteries of the world in your black eyes  
Like the black holes in the skies  
As for me! My entire sank zonked into gazing at your naked looking eyes.

### How much does it grab ya? None!

I'm thinking I should not sit  
Listening to clock's tock tick.  
What's meant by the time which's due  
While I got more valuable things to do  
I'm trying to find out  
The perseverance that's gone out  
and forcing the bitter sense away  
despondency go as well away.

Siavash Moshiri

## FIRE

I was woken by an unbearably loud, hysterical shout:  
*Fire!* I was still half asleep, but an alarm clock rang  
inside my head, so I jumped out of my bed  
unconsciously and started getting dressed. I didn't care  
at all what I put on, just a shirt, trousers, shoes, and go...

As I opened the door, I saw at first nothing because of  
the dense smoke. Everything was black, I could only see  
shadows rushing up and down in an irrational chaos.  
There was something very sad, or rather mournful in it,  
which was emphasised by the fact that these shadows  
were crying, shouting and screaming continuously. I just  
had to close my eyes, because the hot smoke stung like  
hell; but it was a relief - at least I didn't have to see that  
horrible scene. Well, I didn't actually see it. It was rather  
deep in my bones, somewhere in the bottom of my  
nervous system that I felt its horror.

Anyway, I closed my eyes, and started to run towards  
the stairs - the only way out. I wished I could close my  
ears, too, so that I didn't have to pay any attention to  
this world around me. But I couldn't. Well, it didn't  
really matter, because when you are in danger, your  
instincts block your brain, so you don't think about  
what's going on, you just act.

It's almost like being an animal. You don't think  
about why you kill if you are hungry, you just do it,  
because your instincts tell you to. However, the human  
brain, the most wonderful thing in our Universe,  
perceives and records every single detail profoundly, so  
that you can wake the memories of the past in a subtle  
way later, and experience the events again.

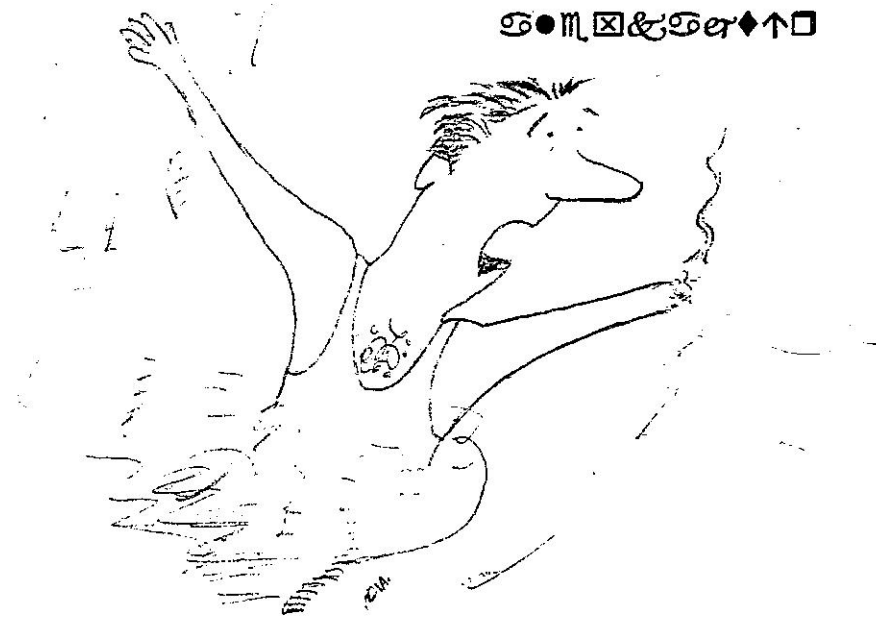
At that time, I didn't see, hear, or feel anything. I guess I panicked, all I could think of was to escape; and, at the end, I realized suddenly that I was out. People who haven't been in such situations can't imagine what a tremendous happiness it may be to breath fresh air. Now, if I think back, I can clearly remember the light of the blaze giving an unearthly shape to the building and the people. But I didn't really see them, because, as I've said, I closed my eyes most of the time. Running down the corridor, I bumped into someone every half a minute, which gave me the feeling of touching a red-hot iron ball.

The screaming didn't cease for a second, but I could hardly hear them, they seemed to come from a very long distance, and they were fainted by the evil-sounding noise of the fire. However, the screaming sounded painfully familiar sometimes, somehow. I can also remember the bitter-sweet smells that reminded me to pleasant family memories from my childhood. The memory of the smell of a Sunday lunch - roast beef or chicken - rushed through my mind. I could almost taste the meat melting in my mouth, not noticing that this time it was not animal but human flesh that was burning.

But, eventually, I was out and before I could look around to see if all my friends and everyone else are safe and unhurt, I fainted in relief. Actually, it was my injuries and not my relief that made me faint, but I found it out only when I regained my consciousness in the hospital. I will never forget that moment, till I die. Pain hit me so strong, the most powerful awakening of my life... But I don't want to talk about that now. The doctors say I was very lucky to survive.

The human body is so wonderfully constructed; it is vulnerable, yet very tough at the same time. But I often wonder when I look in the mirror how it is possible that I felt no pain. How didn't I realize that the lethal heat was burning me, the screaming was my own voice, and the smell of burning flesh came from my own flesh.

I think it is also in the human instincts, more precisely, the strong instincts for life present in all living creatures, which tells us that we must never give up. And we grab the last chance, like a drowning man clutches at a straw. I still dream of being able to walk, or swim, or write one day. To climb a mountain, collect flowers, and hug the people I love. I dream about a normal life, just like the one I had before. Nothing more.



## Tomato

I hate tomatoes! But still, Mum put it into my sandwich again. I hate sandwich, too. And I hate them.

There they are, standing at the window in every break, chatting, laughing, flirting with the boys - I hate them so much. Their hair is sparkling in the sunshine, they are so beautiful - and so silly! They are just like the doll I got one Christmas when I was a kid - it was pretty, but after I beheaded it I realized that its head was completely empty.

All that these girls can talk about is clothes, stars, and boys. For God's sake, can't they ever talk about cars or astronauts or politics, yes, politics? They are not like me at all. But the boys like them. Why the hell do the boys like them? Why are they leaning against the wall looking goggle-eyed at the girls and pretending that they are Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Cruise and Michael Jackson mixed into one?

I'm sure they are even dumber than the girls. They think that we are waiting just for them, for the prince on the white stallion, though every modern girl knows that the horse drew its last breath and the prince was eaten by the dragon.

There is no need to show your muscles, Misterys, no need to smile like the cat that's just about to eat the canary!

And especially you in that green shirt, don't smile at me! What?! What are you looking at? Is there a breadcrumb on my mouth? Did I forget to button my blouse up? Stop staring!!! ... I don't care about you, believe me, my tortoise and my screwdriver set is a lot more interesting than you! ... Now tell me: why are you smiling? This smile... this smile is too wide to be honest!

No, don't come closer! I've got something else to do: I am tying knots on my hair, I've flown to the moon, don't come closer! ... What's that in your hand? ... A tomato?! ... For me? Well, thanks... I love tomatoes!

Vica

## Cold Blooded

I arrived at the house at three in the morning. It was raining heavily outside, I felt how my wet shirt stuck on my arm. All the colleagues were already there. A sergeant led me in to the parlor. There was a bloody knife on the carpet, next to it an also bloody body lay. His red blood flew down on his naked chest. There was a very strange and strong smell in the room, as it hadn't been cleaned up for years. Probably because I didn't sleep too much /actually nothing/ I was totally exhausted and heard how my heart beat wildly under my raincoat. We entered another room, where a naked woman lay on the bed. I touched her pulse. She was cold as ice. The sergeant looked at me in a strange way, so I stopped examining the corps.

I went out to the hall and lit a cigarette. I didn't have time to have dinner the evening before, I felt like somebody who is sucking an iron lollypop. I knew that I couldn't do anything in the house, so I left for my office to fill out the usual papers. What a night...

Is the coffee machine working yet?

MR. X

It was a dark and  
A pirate ship appeared on  
plantation, the young orphan  
finished the 17th round of  
these things come together, you  
doesn't matter. Because the  
Because at that particular moment  
silently across the darkened room  
island. The thinly clad native girl  
expectantly towards....the man's #\$.  
been waiting for this erotic adventure! /  
dreams would become true. All the sensual  
as he came closer, oh so close  
(#^&%#^&\*\* so deep inside. Wow can you  
it ! I gotta wash the clothes instead  
Well after all I think I can become  
ed in the men's party. That happens you know  
opened . And now she couldn't stand his  
what did that matter, she was having the  
"the coconut oil, babe," she whispered.  
"ugarplum!" And then they continued  
s that had never before dreamed possible  
passion and washing powder. Please  
med. But he was not to be held back.  
ed again and again until she collapsed  
freshly washed shirts and underwear,  
y after the bruises became too  
At this point the pirate ship began  
one-eyed Jack ran naked to the  
'AIT But it was too late. No  
e angry captain. That was  
man, gotta cuppa java

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