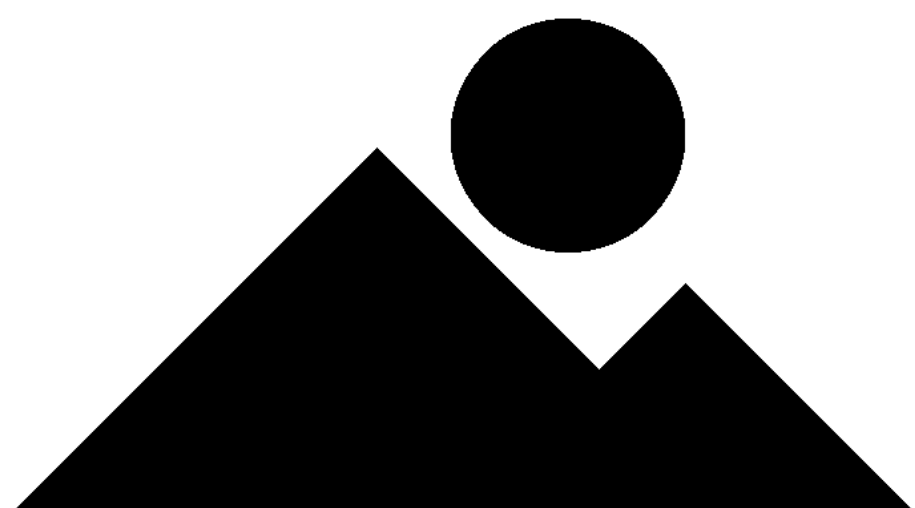


Ermo Bobble

THE CARDBOARD GARDENS



MY LIFE BOTH AND OTHER THING I HAVE WRITTEN WHILE LIVING.

*"Extremely weird and funny.
Like a modern Finegans Wake."
- Joe Mandrove*

*"Completely unexpected, literally drove me mad."
- Werdy Kattle*

*"To short, but keeps hypnotizing well after putting down."
- Conrad J. Hooker*

*"This read will make you feel like a complete moron,
and you'll love every second!"
- Robin Dillen*

EMPTY BOOKS

The Cardboard Gardens - My life both and other things I have written while
living
by Ermo Bobble

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CHAPTER

Tape-recorder:

“The spool rotates and there is a distinctive voice to hear
While I my breath try to keep I tremble to the sound of my own voice!
My own voice appears from the speakers and says everything I think so there
is a surreal echo in my head arises
The bottle is on my lips and tilts slightly
The contents of the bottle touches my lips
As if the wait for I cannot live without fresh oxygen and my brain will no
longer can fool
I long to breath but the disgusting masses prevents me from failure
My body become heavier my head lighter and my heart stops ”

Atonement He drank his beer Maybe he already had a lot on but he was the
beat lost Somewhere they walked through the colander It was raining
Leaves were unusually high speeds in the face blown Benches were
occupied by an inability to sit They had to keep running because of an
invisible mate She followed him All three of them

The can was empty Maybe he had enough beer in his body but he was
thirsty Somewhere he pulled a new away from a place which he almost
immediately could no longer remember Everything depended on them
Diagonal The trees put all their strength in their roots to prevent them from
the place which they so long occupied in lost it would become
The helmsman was called Wilhelm of Kleffenbakker They respected him to
the extent that they were there when he was

Erwin the least austere of the set mumbled about something that he thought
was one of the most brilliant ideas in the infinite history of everything was
Not too scientific and especially abstract nor exact; it ended up that the sine of
the sinas of the own brand in conjunction with the saltwater device is a kind
of self-propelling medication process brought about

Wilhelm of Kleffenbakker had his hat removed It was time for a break

Because the benches still were occupied by the inability to sit there was
nothing else than to make use of the stretched lawn The grass was long dry
and smelled of charcoal They were all four hungry for Memories of

barbecues past and the just-not-burnt sausages that the father desolate on the table threw

They went back in time The time of the plastic strips and light-blue raincoats The time mamma that with her strange humor and obsession with classical music every time the show she stole They missed it all and in a strange way they felt in harmony A combination of nostalgia and the view of a group of street-dancers

As they lay there in the grass staring at the gray clouds There were drops on their face Drops of cold but that interested them That was part of it all Eric the least sober of the bunch suggested for the house in which they grew up Including the stairs that are immediately to see was as soon as the front door opened The orange light of the room above She was crying

Wilhelm of Kleffebakker had his hat back up The break was over

They stood on while Wilhelm who still was still invisible 4 meters further was gone He should also call said Arnold who while a bird is a song began to play and the rain in a huge blow disappeared his coat in a natural way appeared It was as if he knew that the weather would change Not very strange since the weather for 14 years exactly half an hour suddenly turned around You could set your watch on it Maybe it was Arnold so used to this strange environment that his biological clock could give if he is of the costume had to change

They ran the invisible helmsman to go after him She wanted him to absolutely not lose; then would the whole trip be for nothing Out of breath they came finally to the helmsman who suddenly stopped They were still but a few feet from him He turned and for the first time in the whole trip he spoke I think that we lost are guys he said with the voice of a small boy What should we do now? cried Erwin the least sober of the bunch We now have everything for nothing? They now have everything for nothing done?

No that they had not The journey was the destination They had learned a lot about each other and would there ever since for one another
Were they awake? This was the time of the accident Wilhelm was a bus driver They had all died This was the beginning

Ermo closed his eyes He wanted it all not to see more He wanted out of his head to leave but just before he managed to back torn to reality The image was already in his subconscious anchored and was in his head constantly on a trick play Every second he saw it again Five hits per run

Hermie, the simple and according to the school director: “disadvantaged” son of his aunt Lobo where he just had to pay attention while aunt Lobo tobacco and beer was going to get was to play in the monkeybars in the playground behind the row of houses where he was staying That was the place where he saw it While Ermo is a place sought out to urinate because he is not all the way to the house wanted to do this just wondering if the favorite climbing frame of Hermie possibly a good place would be lost Hermie grip Hermie himself try in vain to grip at one of the climbing bars but it was too late With the rod between his legs he turned clockwise down so his face along with the rest of the climbing frame collided These were the first four blows and each blow made Hermie hear a small squeak similar to that of a freshly stomped puppy As a final mercy blow came poor Hermie right on his nose on the concrete under the climbing frame go what Hermie still a last beep did produce

Then it was the only time painstakingly quiet; also Hermie's side Ermo was frozen He knew that he to it would have to run but knew on the other hand very well that he is huge would be scared of Hermie's mutilated face Just the thought had him shivering No he thought “Gross!” He clicked quickly a cigarette and lit it “How should I put this child in the name of Moses and friends are going to help?” First urinated Ermo against the fence of the neighbors

Some time passed and the reappearance in Ermo's head and repeated faster and faster and the beeping that poor you can every time on the way down made louder and louder stomped puppier and puppier In addition if Lobo him now would see he would have free accommodation and food to forget about No he had to take action and fast because aunt Lobo would by now be settled He ran up to you can off which fortunately the pain spastic with his feet on the floor scouring Hesitated for a moment Ermo but eventually decided to stay handellen

With retrospect it might have something to enthausiast jerk he turned Hermies bulky body in the "stable side position" something he's ever been on television had seen but immediately forgotten what a lot of swallowing and gurgling of you can that in the meantime his tongue and buckets of blood had been swallowed as a result had "Bah Gross" thought Ermo "Fortunately he is silent This was even harder as he screams and the whole row of houses had alarmed" "Shhhhh shhh but still let Uncle Ermo even see you" he said to you can while he with his left hand which he earlier that day the pussy-ear aunt Lobo's had shaved him was comforting

When his middle finger to the face of you can reached and sprayed a guts blood from the wound causing his hand he frightened departed He tried you can once again be comforted by the phrase "Look you see it is all along" but you can meanwhile was his consciousness lost The pain was in any case over Ermo grabbed his chance and tried the child to tackle but felt that in his back and because the home was nearby he could make him just as good at the children's feet carried away

You can now lay now in the hospital Looking back on the street found Ermo is that you can a dark red trail and near the curb a rather large puddle had produced He made his small cell phone a some megapixel photo that he figured out later on the toilet again to view and perhaps to the one and the other one to show

There was aunt Lobo Her fat belly hung over her pants and her with grease stains spattered shirt yawned to just above the navel She had two white plastic bags with her filled with drink cannabis and action-pain or anything

Her face was to swear and quarrel Ermo loved aunt Lobo since she was the last of what he still had Aunt Lobo salutation Ermo not and asked right away where her beloved you can It was probably her mother-alarm all for you can first attack of pain occurred though it was the blood-spattered street reason enough to ask to you seed After the stammering story of Ermo there was a silence

There was a long brown streak that ran from one of her eyes to her chin what Ermo interpreted as a cry Ermo also wanted to cry but that was difficult after the surgery Some puss did on good days still to escape but mainly remained dry and although aunt Lobo knew of this she found Ermo yet heartless respond She picked up her ever red moped and chugged our way to the hospital Ermo took the groceries inside

Aunt Lobo threw her moped almost through the window of the hospital when she was still before the moped to a complete stop had come off the jump With a stretched arm she walked to the door not knowing that it is of the electric variant was what a hilarious indescribably scene caused On the other side of the door came and her sticky hair from the glass deducted ran to them to the counter Even before they make eye contact and even before the receptionist could hear screamed at them all questioningly and investigating the name of Hermie

She rushed to any doctor or nurse where they have eye contact with got off and shook them around while they their with fear-filled faces sprayed with bacilli a foreign sewer-smell and the name "Hermie" The receptionist which she still knew from previous week when she shat out her womb ran all of her She knew how this situation was approached and immediately took her stilleto-knife Aunt Lobo recognized this gesture is still used in the Crease the neighborhood where she was raised She was immediately cooled down and walked calmly nodding in on her while she has her hands quietly vertically up and down moved as if to want to say "I come in peace"

Now the communication can begin The receptionist picked up the "what to do in case of fire" plan of the hospital since these are the most minimalist and simple was shown and pointed to room 041G or the room where you can

lay It took a while before aunt Lobo realized what the always sweet receptionist Jupila referred to but rushed the crowd then quickly and noisily in the direction Hermie all the time his name screaming what even just a few minutes the whole hospital reverberated as a nostalgic locomotive

With an IQ of 92 Ermo highly talented and the smartest of his family something he always more as a curse than as a blessing saw Living together with a person like aunt Lobo and limited person Hermie is not always easy to contain as the intellectual all were after him always insightful In addition the society is not ready for his radical way of thinking according to Ermo Hence also that he after the departure of Aunt Lobo immediately go to his typewriter was flown because that is what a intellectual person is supposed to do according to Ermo He wrote prose and poetry Now he wrote the following:

Libelle

Nuah the devil with boobs thick boobs tits pussy pussy no pussy now listen
Nuah sew the devil with his tits dirty tits tits sigh not now not or well
Nuah no one can! No one can!
No one can!

Oh what a terrible beginning of a hatch

why does not everyone see the same kind of rusk
Limo on peace and corn cannibal
hear there the same far so unheard gone
Dragonfly in the crust
the crust scratch
the crust to eat
guts
Infection has occurred
Wound left
Bullet

He was experimenting with his new “gun-shaped” poems and found this one surprisingly good run. Even two hundred pages to go, thought him, and he could have his second book of poetry “Boom! and other poems” are going to spend. Although his first collection, no commercial success was, he had a good feeling about Boom. In addition, there was, of course, his magnum opus which he has been 12 years (and the read now, currently is self, dear reader) of working, but he the past year and a half struggle, and not fun to work. The hope he gave, however, never. Although his poetry, his creativity at the level held, he was always thinking of his novel to him, as he knew how to a best-selling author. Maybe it was time for a new adventure. A change of surroundings and the people around him. Maybe he was a big fish in a small pond. He stared out his window and sang the whole, improvising the next song, with small, stale, dry eyes:

If the morning doesn't wake up word
Like the sun his turn of trades
If the beetle rolling reels can
I believe that I can
I believe that I can
If the window me break
and the hovel in my face
slowly sadness takes over
in the other respect
No one can my die see
no one can see my brain
Nothing is as far as you can see
that it hurts
It hurts

Once he had finished this song he was on he picked up his revolver that he was under his typewriter kept and shot it on his dart board Then he heard a single auto-allarm

Aunt Lobo was now in the hallway where room 041G was She went through all the rooms looking for you Hermie guess After the days of a pregnant woman and a man with emphysema to have screwed up she found him mutilated in a hospital bed She glided like a crying rock star with her knees on the floor "Hermie!" she called pathetic She was interrupted by a sharp nurse Ambrea called "The surgeon has a hard head " She informed aunt Lobo business "He is in a heat coma " Aunt Lobo looked Ambrea as if she had wanted to ask what coma meant but she could get to the look and carefully chosen words of Ambrea all to see and hear how late it was There was something very serious with him to the hands and when the weather was ok remained the question

Aunt Lobo began Hermies consciousness body to rehabilitate by with her hands as an amateur masseur pretty hard on his back to ram It was not long before there rushed a team with a nurse that her husband and power of Hermie tried to withdraw and its life-threatening actions to break off This turned out to be a lot more complicated than they had anticipated when aunt

Lobo in one sweet sweep of the first team college-interns through the window to be dashed to pieces threw. She was became furious. With one of her legs she knew Hermie from his bed to free himself. As a kind of king-kong she climbed through the room to the window and to the outside where she made her heroic escape as rescue operation continued.

The hospital staff was breath taken away. A receptionist threw as a last hope her stilleto-knife in the direction of aunt Lobo but lands in the last cup of coffee of Mrs. Hedgehog who shortly afterwards due to an internal bleeding and died as well as Hermie that though he was in the hospital remained shortly after Lobo's pitstop in the gas-station (for rolling tobacco and gasoline) died suspended over the stear of his mother. Aunt Lobo came here not behind.

“Ermo!” cried aunt Lobo that jerky with Hermie over her shoulder carrying through the living room hobbled. After a short emission of tiredness she let him on the couch like a bag of groceries. Ermo came down charging in with his revolver still in his hand. “Quick grab a bucket of water!” he yelled in panic. Confused and ran them back and forth. “From the kitchen the kitchen!” he cried impatiently. She ran to the closet and began canned food to throw out. Ermo looked at Hermie good. Quickly he noticed that he wasn't breathing; then he eagerly at his wrist clutched to his heart to search. Ermo could the heart rate not find.

While he to Aunt Lobo ran to the to communicate he pointed to Hermie. Even before he say “I think Hermoe is already dead” could say she heard a huge bang followed by car-allarms. Startled she turned their heads towards Hermie. There was a plume of smoke from his forehead. Ermo had forgotten to put the safety on his revolver to activate it and during the point to you Hermie the weapon in his hand. Ermo let the gun fall to the ground and threw his arms in the air. “He was already dead before I got in his head shot! No really!”

Aunt Lobo looked suspiciously quiet both of shock as anger. After a few minutes there is a whistling sound out of her mouth due to the tremendous pressure in her head and the holes in her teeth. Ermo knew enough already.

and walked with his head down the stairs to the top. On the top step he turned and repeated himself softly “ he was already dead ” After the address of a pouch was it as far as Ermo was no longer welcome in the house of aunt Lobo and each house of each family member. Ermo had not one more family

While he was by the door walked felt Ermo a huge relief. There was the awareness of the homeless have become but the feeling of freedom was immense

It came to me almost a party wrong there that afternoon that 32 year old Herman Verfbeen his meat at the butcher shrugged. He asked him for a pound of meat of dubious origin but after this to have seen he changed his mind. That looks pretty rancid butcher he had him still want to tell but was interrupted by a woman from behind in the forties suddenly very hard about mince began to trumpet. Minced meat? That is still lukewarm-warm meat? And already beat it make no sense at all no one knew her to calm down and everyone in the butcher's shop remained in silence looking at her. They were afraid that if they did what would they say at all the full charge would get. I don't believe that I don't believe that she said to herself while she put her face against the meatglass that as a sort of border between the customers and the flesh had pushed. Finally got Herman why butchers are almost always such glass meatwalls prefer. After a few minutes loud screams of the lady was quiet. She got a piece of sausage from the butcher to calm her down. This seemed miracles to perform. Her mouth was closed.

Herman took his choice and went this time for a single kilo of anteater-bladder and after this to pay sniffed it as a dog that is the butt of a companion was sniffing out. So-called myeah that smells good certainly for this season he thought. This has been fixed nicely with that expensive beer what all the time in the refrigerator are cooling. This was now changed in a large cool beer. Scot! he thought because he felt like it but even before he took the last s of the word what he just thought was thought started the

avalanche of a noise from the mouth of the lady who was also previously so the screaming was completely new to avalanche as a completely illogical speech-avalanche of speechwater and noise I'm going to back off mr butcher tried Herman to tell but was unheard of in the small room in the giant apartment complex to leave The booty was in any case within and Herman could be the top notch prepare dinner He had a visit from a lady this evening

This evening? asked the lady at Herman Yes as of now we together He blinked with his left eye while he was with a very expensive beer-filled glass raised and while all the acrobatics performed with his neck in a weird vertical buckling motion made what an unpleasant bone-breaking sound produced How's the bladder? he asked his guest of the female sex Well done I must say Pretty plums she said and sniffed the chewy, ruined and to small shreds reduced bladder as if it were a wine that was not drunk but sniffed had to be Yeah well hey and I've already told you how I come to? asked he with a mouth full of chewing gum-bladder Yes just yet You are so scattered Just as she had to almost laugh But really great anecdote hear maybe you can even tell she stated with a sarcasm for you to say Oh um well it was to me to be almost a party wrong there she interrupted him with rolling eyes and said I changed my mind Maybe not right now Oh um ok For a moment it was silent and Herman thinking about the next question he could ask for this silence to break

I have it! he said aloud How's the bladder? yeehees WELL DONE and she threw her napkin on the table Well what do we have for dessert? she asked and desperate but even before Herman the subject-word of the question asking could repeat she was a loud immensely irritated sigh I'm going to You have to figure it out with yourself But turdy of me (turdy was his nickname for the lady) And call me damn it no turdy I have a name and we know each other only a week And what a week damn it Bye They rammed the door behind her close what a load of dust from the walls did spit like a heavy elderly man his scrotum for the last time in ecstasy blew empty But fatsy... it was already too late and it was all of no avail Herman took down a bite of his blackened bladder but it tasted not him He opened his

mouth above his plate slowly open up and let everything fall off. Women he declared cross. Can a grown man not even get the dessert forgotten? He did that evening the dishes would not go this time straight to his evening-hobby there are anatomically correct puppets made of string to create with each other of the love companies.

The alarm clock went off much too early for the sense of Herman. He was so like the dream he had in which he the full one and a half hours before the alarm went only to the same falling everyday objects had to sit and watch want to finish but that was not of him. He knew that today is an important day would be in which all the different things that could mean and this was or felt in any case hugely important for him. He turned first upright and then his legs over the edge of the bed. Each movement is counter-clockwise. Both the x and the y as the z. This was fully conscious and had to do with an ongoing experiment at the time slower to walk so as to save time during the morning and logically so also more time for all the different things something could mean; said Herman who once tried to explain to a beggar so lightly on to brag about his stunning intellect.

He rubbed the thick crusts from his eyes but knew in his current spiritual climate is not all rubbish to be removed. It was time for the brushing of the teeth which means that he brushed his teeth hands washed and the rest of his eye-goop now with something to clear the mind and with the sanitary liquid water called completely removed. And after having enjoyed the guzzling sound that the tea made he every day from the same Spanish as cow shaped milk mug drank it was time for the next item on his daily ritual calendar. You the reader recommend it perhaps. After the coffee was Herman good? Pee. On the toilet? And that of air so that he shivers and even using his whole body was shaking what the necessary splashes around the bowl caused it to be. Also something what almost every day it happened. He wish that he change before or during the sleep could pee but no.

He picked up his pill-dispenser inhaled deeply and took the doctor prescribed medication for his sharp lifetiredness in. Back up again come imitated he the sound of a spring-board. Herman was entirely ready for

The alarm clock went off a second time He had accidentally hit the snooze button pressed when he actually permanently still wanted to convert He is even with ringing alarms come home from work WORK! Herman had to learn quickly to work Quickly he did what clothing to that somewhere on a pile of layers Nice was not but the shame-zones were in any case covered He jumped into his shoes and swung like a monkey from the tubes that the staircase in gone down Record time realized Herman and whistled for a taxi

We walked hand in hand
Over concrete and sand
glass and grass
Suddenly there was a lamp
followed by another lamp
It was dark outside the tent

I knew that I loved her
though that was not what I thought
I laughed to myself
She loved me that I knew for sure
I made me also not to worry about it
She laughed very often

The adventure had barely begun
or we fell apart in the reason
We did agree with each other
but could not find the words to let it show
After a nod and a hug as we walked further

It was dark outside the tent
The patch of grass where we are at that moment walked
it was dark green and wet

We had already days and no shoes
We already had some days not shoes need more
It started dim
The air where we are free in moved
it was nice and soft and pink
We already had a very long time no clothes
We already had a very long time no clothes necessary
It was six hours
and so officially morning
and still we walked as hard
Occasionally the pace slow down
after which it cycles back faster went
Until we suddenly like almost of their own accord
huge hunger started to get twisted

I thought of bread and meat
and meat on bread
They have to try something else
what me not necessarily quite a problem seemed
We could nothing get
we had no clothes
We had nothing
except
suddenly
suddenly
clothes needed

Plump lost when we sat in our holes
to think of the food
The hunger was worse still
which we later clothes started to search

Clothes where no people are
that is a lot of work
Then you should especially be very very cunning and
improvise

We found some branches
and what beautiful colored leaves
but nothing that the people could forget
that we have no clothes

Spontaneously we found three peacocks
which we heartily had to laugh
I chopped fast their heads off
and plucked them bald
The feathers were clothes
the meat was set-up and reset
so could the farmer not see
what are peacocks had happened

Well that took a while
and made our stomachs army
By now we wanted still running
to a supermarket
or something like that

On time and in beautiful peacocks colors
we were in a large city
Buildings towered above our heads
but that did nothing
We were used to quite a lot

A giant supermarket we walked in
Still with bare feet
for shoes we had not made
I picked up a bag of balls and a packet of salami
She went for something different
A pasta salad or something like that

We knew We had no money had

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