

“Where are youuuu?! Little motherfucker! Where are you, you little toaaad...?!”¹

The scream made the boy’s heart contract frantically and pump out a new dose of panic. The door crashed open. TV light stains spread about the room from the kitchen and danced on the frozen windows. The frenzied creature appeared at the door.

Bald, unshaved, hair on his chest. In a stained white shirt and a long black coat. A saber cutting the air, saliva dribbling from his mouth. His eyes, filled with blood, blazed in the darkness like a peep show commercial.

“Where are you, you little prick?! Come ouuut!” he snickered ominously.

The horrified little boy cowered on the top of a tall closet.

Bloody gauze covered his left eye, while his right one shivered with horror, peering between the jars of jam.

The saber whistled through the air and cut into the side of the closet. One of the jars fell to the floor and broke with a piercing noise. The horrified child only just managed to swallow the scream.

“Come out, you little turd!!”

The demon released another frantic giggle, turned his back to the boy, and sliced the worn out couch with the saber. The boy took advantage of this moment of freedom, jumped down from the closet, and ran toward the kitchen.

He reached the kitchen door, opened them quickly, and saw his father – nailed to the doorframe.

A kitchen knife sticking out of his throat. The father’s body shook and the drops of blood spat into the boy’s healthy eye.

The boy heard footsteps behind him, coiled down, bristled up, and prepared to meet the saber’s blade...

* * *

1 *Koljivo* (the title of the Croatian original) is a traditional meal in Serbian Orthodox religion made of boiled and sweetened wheat with sugar topping and ground nuts. It is used in several religious rituals, for example at the time of a funeral, and whenever a parastos is served in the Church for the departed.

Radovan pressed *stop* on the remote controller. The videotape noisily came to a halt.

Damn, it still rules! Even after all this time, the excited roar spread from his stomach.

I wonder if they’ve put it on DVD yet?

He’d just watched the film for the fiftieth time, yet his adrenaline was as high as ever before. He was as high strung as the first time he’d watched it. This horror was Radovan’s only true link with back home.

He took a sip of beer and glanced at his watch: 2:30 pm.

It was the time to pick up the kid. Along the way he’d get a bottle of Jack Daniels. Standing in line on Friday afternoon to unload a pile of money for his liquor was something he hated more than anything. But today he craved it like a kiss of an angel.

Yes, a kiss of an angel, fuck them and their hundred Deutsche Marks for a bottle of Jackie!

He’ll never stop converting to German Marks. Fuck the Krona.

He locked the apartment and took the elevator down.

A fresh slogan, in black waterproof ink, was scribbled on the inside of the metal door:

YOU WOULDN’T CATCH ME DEAD IN ARABIC PUSSY!
OH NO, NOT WITHOUT A CONDOM!

Bastards, is that what they teach at school, huh? he thought agitatedly, staring at his reflection in the mirror covered in spit.

Must be those twins from the third floor!

Radovan Pintar had just put in half of his day without work.

First after he got sacked. And Mahta didn’t have a clue. *She’ll cum with happiness when she hears.*

I’m here to pick up Sven, I’m here to pick up Sven... the mantra ran through his head as he entered the daycare.

Every time, as he passed under a huge yellow Pokemon and leaned against the counter in the waiting room, he’d break out in a cold sweat. Because he feared that he might accidentally call the name the kid used only at home.

His offspring would have a fit if somebody made a mistake and called him “the other name” outside the family. It had a strange construction, ideal for tongue twisters: Dušan, Duško.

The daycare teachers were more than happy with Sven’s firm position regarding this matter. Who could ever call or shout his real name?

But the moment he’d get back to his room, alone with his mother and father, Sven was dead and buried and Duško’s reign began...

Is Sven up yet? Where are Sven’s pajamas?

There she came.

Daycare teacher number one. She wore some hundred kilos on the hoof. Two number eight cups in her bra. White skin covered with rusty freckles. Plus lavishly wooded armpits. She’d do him in a blink of an eye, right there on those small toilet bowls, had he just given her the nod. Yuck!

She was just bringing Duško and licking her face with a racket of a tongue.

She stuffed her face with the kids’ spinach, Radovan concluded with disgust.

Green stains blossomed around the swine’s cleavage.

“Who’s gonna have a Happy Meal with his daddy?”

Agile, dark-skinned squirrel jumped at him and showered him with hot kisses. The briber of kids had it his way for a second.

Just ten minutes later, that same cute little Sveny was kicking and screaming as if someone was scraping his balls with a razor.

Of course, he expressed strong antipathy toward standing in the queue of all booze queues.

“Duckies, I want little duuuuuckieees!!”

Hereally had his mind set on force-feeding the ducks at the city park. The daddy barely managed to keep his little terminator – who was pretty strong for a five-year-old little frog – under control.

What does that old hag feed you? What’s brewing in that pot of hers??

Radovan just couldn’t get used to his mother-in-law and her exotic cuisine. His marital spouse mainly defrosted lively designed packages of food. And “our folks always ate” and similar crap mottos never really get to her.

Five more. Then it’s his turn.

“Duckies, my little duckieeeeees!” the duck fan cried desperately.

Not now, you sniveling little brat, we’re almost...

“Duško, stop it, it’s not our turn yet!!”

What a mistake!! Right there! On the street! Uh-huh, that was something Sven would never forgive.

He threw himself on his stomach on the sidewalk, spread his arms and legs out like a prophet, and cranked up the siren. The waiting faces hardly responded to the show. At that moment the only thing they were interested into was their current rating in the column.

“Okay, if you don’t stop immediately, daddy’s going home!”

Sure thing. He couldn’t move an inch. The hyenas could hardly wait to swoop down on an empty space in the alcoholic chain. And the kid picked up the feeble basis of the threat and screamed even harder.

Radovan managed to control himself. He grinned at the wash-outs around him and squeezed Sven’s shoulder tighter.

The glass door opened.

An elegant woman in a pink three-piece suit, covered in ivory jewelry, appeared at the door. She glanced at the animals in the queue, a triumph in her eyes, stepped aside, and gulped heroically at the liter bottle of *Stolichnaya*. Her hand let go only once, when the lady ran out of breath, and then picked up where she’d stopped. Then she swung the empty bottle into the waste bin, sat on a curb, and passed out.

Fighting the little Godzilla, Radovan finally got into the section with the registers and grabbed the number. Now the almighty display just needed to flash his number and he would walk up to *Mr. Jack* in victory.