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PROLOGUE

Don't ask me what I've just discovered. Some of my Italian ancestors on my mother's side and therefore on Unky Berky's too, lived in Toledo, holy cow - yeah, the highfalutin say holy Toledo; maybe I did inherit a wee bit of holiness. I'm half American too, remember?

And now *el señor* Beriquito, he *wanna sapika Sapanish* like a bloomin toreador, except that he mixes spaghetti with sangria, which turns your stomach inside out. The two languages are so close you confuse cheese with chips. So when *Burrito*, which means lil donkey, greets me with *que tal?* I greet him back with an *Eyetalian* swearword which gives him the shingles - hey don't be vulgar, it's not what you think, just a bit spicy.

As usual, before every trip *el tío* ('uncle' in *Sapanish*) forces me to *wikipipi* on our new destination, *sfars* the history (only the main dates, thank goddess), the geography (that, I don't mind, on account that maps look like puzzles concocted by a drunk cartographer), and population, meaning in this case, Castilians, Basques, Catalans, and *silly forks and ding dong* are concerned - oh you think that my last two words are much too far from *sfars*? If you've been exposed to the German language, you'd find this very mild in comparison with their sentences. When a German writes, he has the locomotive in the center of the train, and you don't know whether you're coming or going. *Nicht verstanden?* Look up some of the dozens of German-English dictionaries and grammars on the Net and you'll have a taste of what I'm saying. So, for you nitwits, my phrase begins with *sfars* ... and ends a half mile away, with 'are concerned'. You still don't understand? Ok I can't blame you monolingual bums. If our brain is more complex than the fastest computers, mine must look like ten mini galaxies, *zigged and zagged* - how's that for an intergalactic word? - by a gazillion flashing comets.

Let me fill you in - not with garbage, 'shlemiel', oh that's an almost Hebrew word! how about that, uh - on the (very brief, coz I don't have the patience to *splicitate*) history of

the *Joovish* origins of my maternal forebears - I wonder how many dozens of teddy bears there were. Unky Berky found out our DNA line on the Internet and got in touch with an (unknown) relative of ours nesting somewhere in the Midwest, and he was kind enough to pay for the whole caboodle, meaning our genealogy - this has to do with the gene thing, some are born crazy, others develop *bonkerism* when they become *gagagenerians* and still others like me, well ... careful what you will say orrr else -, going as far back as the queen of Spain, Her *Sowesty* Isabel II (I don't find anything majestic about her, to me she was more of a Sow), the very Cathththolic, very antisemitic (she was covered with ticks and had to scratch herself silly) and very Islamophobic (probably homophobic too, but I didn't inquire) and her kinky (the origin of the word 'king') con-sort el Ferdinando, who traipsed behind her like a cockeyed cocker Spaniel, woofing «ahem grrr, okey doggie, grrr mumble bumble, ohhhh rrright already « (pronounced in huffing and puffing *barkese*) to whatever she ordered him to do, coz in spite of all the frills, jewels and triple silk petticoats, not mentioning her triple chin - there weren't plastic surgeons in those days. If your hubby wanted you to have bigger boobs - a woman then had at least twenty to two dozen children, starting when she was 12 or 13 years old, and she needed lots of boob milk, never mind that nine out of ten would die in infancy or in many cases with their mother -, he would call the blacksmith who would then give her the three-hour daily treatment for a whole week and pull them with his heaviest rusty tongs (the more rust the more authentic, that proved what an experienced and professional dude he was, but don't ask me how she felt thereafter, *mongggrelsmith!*).

If you still didn't get it, it was her *Sowesty* who wore the pants NOT el Ferdy - poor Freddy Mercury, how could he have been be associated with such a royal nerd, even if s/he was born in Africa (I bet you didn't know that) - did s/he have the three-piece whatchamacallit in his pants? It seems so from the videos, even though s/he belonged to the Queen group. I just luuuve (that's Cockney, which the downstairs people speak in that British series 'Upstairs Downstairs') the way he sings - the privilege of being well-known in *show-off-biz*, even if s/he is dead, s/he remains immortal thanks to the post-electro-modern thingamajigs, and you still use the present, like with Michael Jackson, Edith Piaf and from here to eternity, there are so many of them, so much so that nowadays you can see old Audrey Hepburn kissing Leonardo DiCaprio or even the Italian genius of the Renaissance Leonardo Da Vinci. But whenever I ask my uncle to run a clip of Freddy, he blushes like a red peppermint, on account that the *ladder* plays a little too obviously with his thing, rubbing it up and down and even sideways, all the while he mouthed his mike,

like he wanted people to know that he wasn't a girl. Jeezette, he rocked and acted in front of thousands of people like he was himself a giant lollipop sex joystick.

Ok, back to my über genes. Apparently, my mom and Unky Berky - brother and sister, do I have to repeat that again? -, descend, not directly from apes, donkeys that you are, but from a pious Jewish family who lived in Cordoba, that is in Andalusia, southern Spain, which can be so hot in summer that you can fry your eggs on the hood of your car, even at midnight, add some salt though, otherwise they taste icky. Since Torquemada, the master Inquisitor - it's like a roach exterminator, but for human beings - advised her Sowesty to deal with Jews in three different manners, on account that he believed that they were little more than rats and that they killed Christian babies, and used their blood to bake their Easter matzo. One really has to be *meshuga* (another Hebrew word) to invent such *nanities*. Anyway, here were the alternatives for what he called the flock of Christ killers (he forgot that Jesus was Jewish, never mind that he was crucified by the Romans), and by the way, her Sowesty's physician was a Jew, go understand.

The Jews who refused to convert were either tortured - many died, of course, after atrocious dismemberings, or if they were thrown inside huge cisterns full of boiling oil, like the French cordon bleu chefs do nowadays with live lobsters, or chunked out of the country with nary a cent in their pockets, a good thing they didn't send them away totally naked. The second alternative el master Cockroach offered was to keep Jews alive - how generous of him - but on condition that they abjure - shake'm pear language - their faith and become Catholics. But even if they did, they had to walk around being tagged as *marranos* - which means hogs. I never thought hogs could be accepted as Catholics. *hickory, mystery, hector & tommy* - did I say hysterectomy, pervert? -, is my *expreshun* when things are really far and outstretched.

An aside, yeah an aside, and not an ass' side, I can already see your tiny lil cells percolating inside your empty skull, like your were roasting Nespresso coffee, what else?

Talking about *hog n' das*, my uncle showed me an incredible article, no wonder people in the Middle Ages were sometimes equated with beasts. Believe it or not - I even saw drawings of those doggone times - when a pig accidentally bumped into your fence and trampled on your kitchen garden, destroying your salads, your carrots and your turnips, then if on top of it all, it smashed your chicken coop, causing the fleeing of a laying hen or, even worse, of the master cockadoodledo rooster, Mr. Pig had to be brought to court and be judged for a variety of crimes, and to be punished for his misdeeds he either received severe thrashings - seventy-seven a day during seven months - or if heaven forbid he had killed a chick, he would have both his tail and his front right paw sawed.

There were also donkeys, boars, house pets, lizards and even non-venomous snakes that appeared in court, the latter two might have frightened some aristocratic kid playing in the backyard of its castle, screaming its head off as if it had seen a dragon, and here too, no more tails, or if instead of a kid it was her *Gagenarian* Ladyship (in those days you were an old hag at 35, after having born twenty-two children) who suffered a heart attack - the French had a saying: 'il avait les foies', meaning 'he had the livers' (go figure that out) -, the culprit would sneak out of court with its tongue cut off and maybe a nail plunged in the middle of its bowels so as never to forget what it had done to innocent humans, never mind if these were crooks, warmongers, slave traders or hangmen, you nonetheless dealt here with the HUMAN RRRACE, and the human race is supposedly the most intelligent, most refined, most inventive of all species. Among other niceties they've invented torture by dismemberment, burning alive at the stake, impalement - oh you want an explanation? Well, take your teddy bear and stick a knitting needle in its bottom and push it all the way through its body in a straight line, so it comes out of its mouth piercing the tongue; this had to be done with the outmost precision, more so than when you string five young quails on a skewer in order to barbecue them ... mmm ... double mmm... poor lil birds, so frail and so cute, but sooo goood, specially with mashed polenta -, or throwing your worst enemy, after he'd lost a battle, into a caldron, the size of a small swimming pool, full of boiling cod liver oil. Unky Berky took me once to visit the château de Vincennes, just outside of Paris, and the caldron was still there, not in use, thank goddess. Oh, I forgot to mention the nazi gas chambers and the crematorium furnaces. But that, like one-eyed Jean-Marie Le Pen (our old French fascist) says, is just a small ... detail, which according to him shouldn't even appear in history books.

Ok, I believe you got the picture of how justice was meted out a few centuries ago, whether they dealt with pigs of MCP (male chauvinist pigs) - here, unfortunately MCPs always had the upper paw, on account that in those days of yore, they could drag their wives, pulling them by the hair through the whole village while kicking them in front and behind, with nary a protest being heard from the populace, who, on the contrary would jeer at the poor women, inciting the S.O.B to hit them even harder. Man, what *broncogorillas*! I feel for them poor gorillas being slaughtered in Central Africa, on account that the famished Congolese who are kicked out of their villages by nasty government soldiers, have nothing else to eat, but not for the bronco types. So don't call me a gorillaphobe, ok.

That nice Midwest relative spoke to us on Skype, with such a Texan twang that we understood only a tenth of what he was saying. Goddess almighty, what an accent do these cowboys have, probably they got it from raging bulls which couldn't stand them

milking their farting females so early in the morning - were you aware that it is the farts of bovines that deplete most of our ozone, much more than the farts of our automobiles? Well now you know. To continue our Skyping - at times, it gave me such headaches, that I wanted to skip the whole thing - my uncle found on Internet, believe it or not, a Texan-English dictionary, with the pronunciation, *washmore*. Now, ain't that nifty? But it's less nifty to have to learn another non-language, when there are more than six thousands of them on this Babellic planet of ours.

Our relative's name is Geoffrey Bernstein. But since our accents don't match, I call him Goofy, it's shorter and it has two syllables too. He, the nerd, calls me Zoopy, as if I belonged to the Campbell Soup family, Mmmmmensch-o' marmelade. And my uncle, he hails as cousin Barracks - now how far is that from Berky?

We finally understood, after the thirtieth skyping session, that one of our *marrano* ancestors fled to Sicily and settled there, marrying the daughter of a mafioso nicknamed Terrorina. Not to feel too out of place, he italianized their name and founded the Cirio family (pronounce it like the English *ladida* greeting 'cheerio'). Just imagine a couple being called Benito and Terrorina Cirio. Now, of course, that Benito had nothing in common with Mussolini, the fascist buddy of Herr fookin' Hitler who fought together during WWII and lost. Apparently 'our' Benito was a gentle man, so gentle that he was terrorized by his wife and paid all the taxes her mafiosa family extorted from him, lest her own father emasculated him. Jeezette, what a predicament, after being expelled from his Spanish birthplace! But at least in Sicily he could live in relative peace, in spite of the insults they showered him with, like: Jesus killer, pighead, crabshit - Jews aren't allowed to eat pork or crab -, *and three forks and ding dong*, but since he paid a heavy tribute to his wife's family, he felt protected, sort of. He had to learn not to stare at any member of the family for less than two seconds, lest they remember that he was a 'Jewish pig' and cover him with a string of abuse, laughing like hyenas at what they thought were clever jokes, all the while Benito would grin - very green - in assent, not to offend them. That's called doggone democracy: you get slapped in the face or kicked in the butt and you say « thank you very much, you're so kind » and everybody is happy, except your cheek and your butt that get nevertheless a pretty rosy complexion, for which you oughta be grateful.

Benito and Terrorina sired eight children, five of whom died in infancy. Thank Goddess the mother, who almost conked out at her sixth pregnancy *rescoopscitated* from her coma a week later, otherwise, her parents would have buried Benito alive with her (in case she was dead, you nerds). The mafiosa family were delighted, on account that the three remaining children were boys, named respectively Mario, Apollino - due to the fact

that he already looked one year old at birth, with a wolfish watchamacallit that promised a long and numerous *posteriority* -, and Narciso - the *ladder* was so wet when he shot out of his mom's womb (did you still think I believed children were flown in by storks and dropped into chimneys?); from then on he never stopped peeing and watching his face in the pools of his own piss, asking himself already if he wasn't the most beautiful humanoid that there ever was. He became so enamoured with himself that he didn't stop kissing his arms and specially his fingers, licking them, then sticking them into his mouth mumbling mmm mmm «do I taste good».

Our Midwestern relative Goofy sent us a very very detailed *algae-ryhm'n blues* chart that was at least thirteen pages long (now try to pronounce 'algorhythm' and see what happens to your jaws, you'll soon look like a bulldog that's had three cosmetic surgeries).

There were thirty six rabbis along the line, 36, *fercryinoutloud*, a good thing we didn't catch rabies and landed raving mad ... although, I have an inkling, just a lil *linkedin*, that my uncle has inherited a few symptoms, coz how would you explain that he started being *asetchual*, then *heathersetchual*, then *bikesetchual*, becoming a lil bonkers on the way, not knowing which path to follow, at one time he even thought he might be *polysetchual* (that has to do with the sex toys made out of rubber and polyester), before he finally turned *homey* in the closet.

When they are sure of something and happy about it, the French seducers, who talk as much about their food as about their female conquests, whether they're married or not, love to say in *quasark* English: «in ze pockette». What's the connection with my uncle's setchual revolutions? None, but then who's the writer here?

Can you imagine *fur bears* wearing them huge black hats that look like flying saucers and dark tortellinis hanging from them (their hair in braids, nerds) - just go to a certain area in Brooklyn and you'll see dozens of them, traipsing to or from a synagogue or a Yeshiva (ok, you owe me 10\$ for this: it's a college where you study Hebrew books, swaying forward, backward and sometimes sideways, till your eyes can't focus anymore, on account that you are in direct contact with God Almighty and that your incessant / nonsensical balancing is a sign of respect). A good thing that their wives and daughters are not included in such *rigmarolian nannities*. In any case, if my father were a rabbi and forced me to do this kinda shtick, like in the movie in which Barbra Streisand disguises herself in a male Yeshiva student, I would refuse to obey him, even if he conceded that God was a Goddess. This fortunately could never have happened to me coz, if you remember, my coward of an American father abandoned us, escaping to the Amazon rainforest where the Indian tribes let him share all their wives, one or more during the

same night, shameless hussies that they are to bow so lowly - well when you lie down you can't bow more than that, can you? I call such naked trribes Ninicompooops and Poopas, and DON'T CALL ME A RACIST, WHO'S THE RACIST HERE????

Yeah, my so-called father chose them because he could goggle at all the stuff bobbing without nary a leaf, upstairs and downstairs, for the women, and downunder, for the men.

A good thing that none of these rabbinical (it rhymes with clinical, maybe for some hidden or unholy reason) families ever got in touch with us nowadays, but if one did and wanted to reform me, I would definitely kick them all, male, female or even if they had a member of the third sex - this also happens in the best and the worst of families -, in their *tushies*, which is never a saintly spot. I'm supposed to be a Catholi-protestant-and-now-Jewish-too lassie, I who have never crossed myself even in the scariest situations or attended mass. Don't ask me if I asked a priest to confess me, whispering *adlibidinous* questions, now that I know that a good number of them are pedophiles, I'd rather flog them in the middle of the church, telling them to pull their pants down in front of all and sundry, especially on Sundays, when all the *gossipissess*, busybodies and *rattytales* like to congregate, so's to have a full week of scandals to talk about. And you say I'm vulgar?

No, you don't want to know, but I'll still tell you. My raving bull of an uncle has bought me a huge Bible, including the Old and the New testicles - pardon me, I meant testaments, well sometimes my tongue ... errr my pen slips, I have so much on my bloomin mind. Try to test yours when you're swamped and polluted with information.

It's a blockbuster of about 1000 pages - no it ain't the sizzling sexy 1001 nights, nerds. Did you realize that the Old *testwhatever* takes three quarters of the book? And apparently it's the most published volume in the world, in thousands of languages? Now something escapes me, why did the Church bozos and bishops, starting with the popes themselves (who don't deserve the capital P, actually most of them oughta have been decapitated for being such cruel Christians) keep insulting, torturing and even murdering so many Jews for hundreds of centuries when they stole most of the Bible from them? It doesn't sound logic, specially now that I've learned that Jesus was Jewish and *washmore* a rabbi, *fercryinoutloud*, and so were his parents and the apostles - Jewish only, not rabbis, you nerds, pay attention to what I write already.

Before opening that holy cow of a *megavolume* I pulled such a long face that my uncle thought I would remain a spastic my whole life.

«Wa wa wa wait.» he mumbled. «You will like what's inside».

Well, I did in fact, on account that the so-called Holy *Stricture* was a huge book of comics and the artist was actually very good, coz he drew beautiful people and lovely

landscapes, with cute animals, lil lambs, antelopes and goats, hopping around the desert and the meadows like they were having a ball, surrounded *washmore* by blinking damsels - yeah yeah that's how they are called powowoethically - and butterflies that seemed to have fallen out of a rainbow, they were so pretty and so colorful.

It all looked like a never-ending fairy tale with lots of nice stories like that of baby Moses and the daughter of Pharaoh who adopted him, but also terrible ones, full of plagues and wars, too bloody for words. Bonka asked the bookseller if the captions under every image told the real story of the Bible, and the *ladder* assured him that yes, they contained the truth, in just a few chosen words, so much so that the artist got the prize for the best illustrated Bible of the year.

With a little effort, I can spend ten minutes here, ten minutes there, before yawning in my bed, perusing - shak'em pears - the nicer parts of the book, concentrating more on the images than on the texts coz stuff like Egypt being invaded by gazillions of frogs, crocs, snakes and locusts, or like Judith cutting the throat of Holofernes would give me the most *godfurnacing* nightmares.

Thank Goddess most Jewish Israelis and even some Arab ones too, those who live in nearby Jaffa - remember I went to the Holy Land a couple of years ago? - specially in Tel Aviv, which is the fairest and freest of all the cities I have visited, don't apply all the bunk that is written in the Torah (for the Arab Israelis, it's the Quran, *ignoramouses*) sfars food, women's dress and behavior are concerned; Jeezette, you oughta see some of them lassies there, wearing shorts and bras so tight, they can hardly breathe, and on the beach there are guys, many of them real hunks, with muscles bulging everywhere, and I mean EVERYWHERE, with just cloth leaves in front, like they pretend they're heading toward a nudist camp and that they're ready to drop it, so that everyone can appreciate their watchamacallit.

A good thing Unky Berky doesn't dare look that way, on account of his darlin lil niece who would take him for a pervert of the third and fourth kind. Then once in a while, walking next to these *quasark* naked youths, you see lines of religious people in suits and dark fur hats - in the middle of the summer, under a sun of 40 degrees alkaseltzer -, with their two jet black tortellini braids hanging on each side of their heads as if they were chasing flies, coz they sway them *hassidic-tiklishly*. Not only would I be sweating like a *depolarized* bear in Bangkok's zoo, just before the monsoon, with my tongue hanging out like a real slob - doesn't that insult come from dogs that slobber every second as if they were pissing from their muzzles? I wonder why they have to do that all the time, even in winter - but I would

go crazy scratching my temples on account of the swinging slimy pestiferous tortellini - do I looove tortellini *al pesto*, which is a greenish Italian condiment, you nerds!

Ok enough with all this unholy talk. Go to the next chapter with the real stuff.

ANDALUSIA

This time, we took a Spanish low-cost airline - where you have to pay even to drink a warm bottle of Coke, and *washmore* where they refuse to give you a glass with just ice cubes in it, on account that you may throw them to your next seat neighbor and become a 'friggin freezing terrorist' -, that's thanks to my miserly, penny-pincher of an uncle who now insists on flying the cheapest way, ever since Ryanair invented the seventh class of air traveling. It took us a little less than two hours to get to Malaga from Paris.

I kept asking Unky Berky with the sweetest possum smile - that's when I get really scared - if the pilot had all his marbles and didn't intend committing suicide like with that other plane that hit a mountain and in which all the passengers died, or if we would be flying over an area where missiles could reach us and make the plane explode like over the Ukraine, not so long ago, on account that there still were Basque terrorists who wanted to kill Spanish people. What do you think? I have to know geopolitics - that includes both geo-gra-phy and world politics, bunch of nincompoops - which is one of the conditions for my uncle to take me to *furren* places. And don't dare call me a paranoiac, it's more para-telepathy which is my new obsession, the modern version of voodoo.

From the airport we took a bus to our beach resort called Santa Maria. The trip lasted almost longer than the flight itself. Jeez was it hot outside, but thank Goddess, our coach was air-conditioned, and when we arrived at our destination, which was a *playa* village, not the Club Med, my uncle is too much of a chintzy goon to offer me such a high-class hifalutin vacation.

Maybe I shouldn't complain so much because we had a nice lil bungalow, when I say lil, it was really tiny, but with two adjoining beds and a shower cubicle big enough for

me. Tough luck if my uncle had to lower his head to get into it and bang his arms in order to wash himself, specially if he wanted to reach his tushy, which he does, I'm sure, being of the cleaner-than-thou type, even in them unspeakable spots, where smells can be pretty nose-twisting and mind-knocking.

Here I must reassure you, he always smells of fresh lavender, even under his armpits. Now, between you and me, don't be a gossip, like them disgusting paparazzi, after he has washed and scrubbed himself, turning his skin to a piggish complexion, he sprays his shirt, his socks and his underwear, riversible-wise, in them unholy places, with perfume, so much so that I have the *impreshun* of walking next to a *humanoistick* marshmellow. Now don't be stupid, even though I looove that candy, I ain't no *canniball*, and even less of an incestuous lassie, meaning that I haven't the slightest urge to have a taste of his flesh. It's only figurative, if you get what I mean, and if you don't go and consult *Weakipipediatics*.

As you know from my adventures in Eilat or at the Lido di Venezia - for those of you who forgot about those whiter-than-the-pope's-cassock (funny ain't it that their *Holinasses* - he certainly ain't mine so why should I call him His Holiness - lives in the country which produces the best *cassata* ice creams in the world, but in 'cassock' there are, surely, smelly socks too; for you nerds, this is called 'word association') beaches, I could charge you 20\$ for each explanation, but right now I don't need the money, so go and open your travel guides - my rosy skinned uncle looks like a living dead, in other words he is bandaged like an Egyptian mummy - not a mother, jerk.

Ho Ho, so I'm exaggerating with word associations, hey, so scram and reread Shak'em pears and you'll see how often he uses the same words that don't always smell like that rose which is a rose is a rose, but rather like the tailpipe of aaah 1920 Rolls Royce that has changed hands two hundred times, including by at least ten maharajahs, so I don't have to describe you what comes out of it, only that it's sooty grey, or black or dark green, certainly not pink like Unky Berky's face.

The poor kind soul (yes he too has a soul) makes *con-sesions* for his darlin lil niece who just can't wait to throw herself into the sea, head first. Once he had the misfortune of taking me to a pebble beach somewhere on the French Riviera that was supposed to be chic - *chic'n-shit*, I don't even want to make the effort to remember its name. My feet were killing me and I screamed so loudly that the bathers around us thought he was assaulting me. One big fat blondie even called the police on her cell phone, saying that my uncle was an exhibitionist pedophile; an exhibitionist all bandaged, worse than them poor

mosquito-net clothed Muslim women???, and that she actually saw him doing unthththpeakable things to me, can you imagine?

Was I ashamed when two gendarmes came, ready to manacle my uncle who was trembling like a chicken whose feathers had just been burnt, ready as it was for the cook to behead it. Then I howled back, but to my senses this time, and told the gendarme that my uncle was an angel - even if that's not always true -, and that the real exhibitionist was the 'grosse madame blonde' who should hide her bazooms on account that half of them were overbearing like two balloons on the brink of explosion. Do you now how she called me? «*petite peste*».

The trip from Malaga airport to our beach resort Nerja took more than one hour and three quarters, it should have been half that time on account that we had to wait for a middle-aged couple who got lost in the airport's loo, can you imagine, in the loo! No, that ain't exactly the case, the man had locked himself in it and his wifey had to call for help. When they finally boarded the coach, I wanted to bash their heads together, specially since the bozo seemed half drunk, no wonder he locked himself up in the loo, maybe he thought he had reached paradise and wanted to remain there.

Our hotel in Nerja was a nerd's nest: it was small and smelly and our room gave onto a courtyard with a baggage storeroom and a rickety palm tree that had seen better days, since its leaves were more yellow than green. Whaaaat a view! Don't forget that my uncle paid for a package deal, low-cost flight and low-cost hotel, with low-cost breakfast included. Ok, we were just two streets away from a nice beach, but there too we had to pay low-cost lounge chairs and a low-cost umbrella that closed automatically everytime there was a little wind. The beach expenses weren't included in the package, but as you should already know, the sea and the sun aren't my lobster-colored uncle's favorite hobby; since he is obliging - he'd better be -, the poor bloke accepts to accompany me to the beach, clothed - he, not I - like them nerds of the beginning of the 20th century in a kind of striped pajama covering the whole body, including the legs. As for Unky Berky's face, it looks like he's just come out of a beauty parlor, that forgot to wipe him. Yes, he appears ghostly on account that he needs sunblock especially made for babies, which means a spiffing SPF of the highest degree of protection existing on the market.

Between you and me, I'm a lil ashamed when he walks too close to me, jumping off the burning sand like an ET clown, dressed that way, but if I want to enjoy bathing, I have to make that sacrifice; and of course, I growl at everybody who dares even to snigger, let alone laugh at him. You should know by now what a fierce *felinist* I can be when people

bother me, my teeth turn all of a sudden like those of a hyena's, very sharp and strong - hey ho, my teeth only, I'm much prettier than them *horribabble* scavengers - it's a figure of speech, ok. I guess that by now, unless you're an *ignoramousie* nerd of the mega stripe, you've put at least half an eye, if not a nostril - meaning sniffing, jerk, one snifs books -, in the works of *Shak'em pears*.

I really have a whale of a time in the sea, splish slashing and nose-diving, even though I have never seen a real whale in my life, except on TV documentaries of the Beeb, *ladida* for BBC; they often have good mammal programs, specially when they show cubs with their mammas.

By the way, my uncle looks a bit like an overgrown baby orangutan - though he can never get a tan, for the reasons I gave you -, with his lil red tufts springing here and there from his ears and his head, sometimes also from his nose, but there I have to be strict and impose myself, on account that if he doesn't trim them at least once a week - and that also goes for the hairs in his ears -, they get stiff with night snots, and that is pretty disgusting. Not to offend him, when he forgets himself, I sing *lullabywise* like this one: 'Unky snotty has to go to the market, but if he doesn't want to frighten lil children, he has to shave'. By shave he understands that I'm not only mentioning his three-day beard, which in any case horrifies him, coz he's allergic to it and starts scratching his chin and his cheeks like them long-nailed sloths of the Amazon forest.

Four days in a row at the beach for Unky Berky is like four weeks of sun flogging, so that I consent, on the fifth day, to go on a bloomin hot excursion. Don't forget that Andalusia in summer simmers, that is, if you're not in the water till your neck.

We took a coach (air-conditioned, do I have to repeat that to you? We're in 2016 for Goddess' sake) to Sevilla, which is supposed to be the fourth largest city in Spain, after Madrid (pronounced Maaththreee - not Maalox, you nerd, that's when you're constipated, tho if you take out the Maa, you get lox, and lox I looove, specially with toast), Barcelona and Valencia, so I learned in *wikipipi*.

Well, when I got out of our comfortable bus, I thought I was going to die dessicated, there and then, my tongue hanging out like a zombie dog, without any dribble, and my uncle began to roast - yeah yeah, I heard his skin crackle softly, but *vely vely* clearly, while his lil hairs stuck out for some kind of a human sacrifice.

The guide told us it was just 45 degrees *alka seltzer* (you jerks calculate how much it translates into *fair'n heart*, I haven't turned yet into your free computer), and that we were lucky, for the week before it had gone up to 52 degrees *fercryinoutloud*.

Now, Seville is supposed to be the hottest place in Europe, yo! I didn't need to hear that to be convinced of the verracity of the statement, my lil pores had never been stretched so wide in my entire life, coz even without a magnifying glass, I could spot the hundreds of holes that dotted my skin. If I was sweating? I really can't remember, my mind was so fuzzy and my eyes so blurry, I believe the heat was *vely vely* dry. Does one sweat in such cases? Who the hell cares. IT JUST WAS *FOOKINLY* SCORCHING.

Maybe I oughta give you some background *innerduction* (ouch my back hurts, and the ground seems to open under my feet, whenever I have to do it, but I'M OBLIGED TO KNOW ALL THIS STUFF, LEST, not last, nerds, my uncle doesn't take me on these trips).

Seville is the capital of Andalusia (pronounce it *asapanishawise*: Ann-da-loo-sssia), which in reality comes from the Arabic Al-Andalus - they, the Arabs conquered that part of Spain and remained there during centuries, building the most beautiful mosques and palaces in Europe - and mosque has nothing to do with mosquitos, except when the Imam (Islamic priest, nerd) tells his followers to kill all the infidels, like that Zika bug. Apparently that word derives from Vandalusia, which means, land of the Vandals, *vely vely* violent bozos, the rest of it is history, which you can get from *weakipipi*.

Then after *footsek* years, (Oh I loove that Afrikaans word, I was in South Africa once, remember), that is, in 1492, under her Sowess Queen Isabel and her schmuk of a husband Ferdy, the Arabs and Jews, when not smashed to a pulp, had to scamper away, out out, and the whole area was reattached to the rest of Spain, becoming again *vely vely* Catholic and *vely vely* cruel. It's called the *Reconquista*, with a lot of cons in their midst.

The motto of that city sounds like Nobody, Nobdo, which means 'it hasn't abandoned me'. Don't forget that the Spanish people make the sign of the cross at least 100 times a day, so it must refer to either the Virgin Mary, Jesus or the Holy spirit; holy Toledo, that must twist quite a lot of muscles.

So, thus and consequently, under a heat of 45 degrees *camelwise*, we visited the Old Town, where you always find the Jewish quarter - now very ladida, ain't that ironical? -, the (I must admit) very beautiful Alcazar Palace. Now for all the nerds that try to read me, every word starting with Al comes from the Arabic, like Allah, whose most revered prophet is Muhammad, even if the *ladder* had first been a womanizer (he must have invented the harem) and killed hundreds of people in order to impose his new religion. My uncle assures me it is written in the holy Quran, the only sacred book that comes directly from Allah, while the Jewish Torah (the first Bible, the Old Testament, nerds) and the Christian Gospels were written by men, consequently that's were you find all the mistakes and lies -

apparently never by women, since in those olden days, us females were treated like livestock and were good enough to bear children, sweep floors and cook food, and if all that wasn't done properly they got flogged or chased from the house, if not killed, my oh my, if there was/is a god he must have been himself an MCP, yeah a Male Chauvinist Pig, otherwise how do you figure that we were and have been treated worse than *camelattas*?

Some Muslim women are still treated that way nowadays, and contrary to their brethren *schlemelien* who are bomb suiciders, murdering dozens of people around them, who are assured of being schmoozed by 72 virgins in their promised paradise for martyrs. When girls do it, they don't have 72 princes awaiting them in heaven, the best they could get is to be considered a little more than working mules, yeah yeah, and the lashing (almost) stops, on account that the men spend most of their floozing time being pampered by the so-called virgins - how long do they remain virgins is a mystery to me, *Mister Hector & Tommy*, so say I (my *expreshun*, remember? which is so much cuter than 'hysterectomy').

And if you don't agree, go see if I am somewhere in the galaxy with one of them so-called martyrs, but in this case the one who lashes and flogs, is me, dumbhead, and if you ever try or even think of calling me an FCS (female chauvinist sow) you'll get your face turned backwise like in that movie with Merry Striptease - by the way, and here I am serious, she is my most favorite actress of this century, on account that she can make you cry romantically like in that ancient but lovely film *Out of Africa* - oh that lioness who went to sleep over her lover's tomb, dit it make me cry, yeah I do cry, for very good reasons, not like you because you didn't get the last stupid *bitchrobot* made in China - or nastily, when she wears a Prada suit and her eyes fire at you like machine-gun projectiles.

Notifsittingorstanding the heat - when the sun hits you bing bang boom at two pm, anyone in his right mind stays indoors or in his hotel room for *la siesta* -, I liked the Plaza de España best of all, on account of its curved buildings, its bridges and specially its canal on which I forced Bonka to rent a rowboat, after buying me a parasol with a flower design and a matching hand fan made of silky paper and held together with false ivory that look more like fish bones, not to look *esepanish*, jerk, but to protect myself from the *youvee* rays. Of course, I also wore mirror sunglasses that allow me to watch all the shenanigans adult visitors do, without me being seen, this I call the chameleon *sin-drome*, on account that wherever you look at the people around you have a *dingaling* (inkling, bah!!) that you are staring at their most *unpalatabbale* sides, and they make lil mousy noises so that you don't think they are burping or, worse, farting incognito.

Ok, I was wearing a flamenco-type dress with red dots, but without them gross-looking shoes that weigh a ton in order to provoke the deafening tuck-a-tuck echo on the ground like you want to break every tourist's skull, so they won't ever forget how furious Spanish women can be, scaring their *pusillanimousy* hubbies, to show who the boss is. I thought of inventing a feminine equivalent, 'bossette', but it sounds too ridiculous for words, so dump it, ok.

After perspiring like a bunch of clowns in the desert chasing after their dromedaries who had fled to a near oasis - the clown was my uncle, I looked a lil more decent, but the sweat began to stink even on me -, we entered a nice airrr-conditioned coffee shop and had two icy cold *horchatas*, which has nothing to do with Lady Chatterly, written by that *whozamacallhim libidinosy* English novelist - yeah I found that book under my uncle's bed, the holier-than-thou pervert.

It's the cute waiter with the jet black poney tail and honey-colored eyes who recommended that drink to us. He was so smoochy-looking that I would have accepted anything he'd offer us, but of course I immediately turned to Unky Berky, casting him the fiercest tigress eyes, on account that he too was melting. I hate that type of competition, and, at once, he stared at his fingers, like he needed to lick a wounded paw.

At first that *horchata* looked icky, yellowish, like old milk, with round curds (open your eyes and your ears, I didn't say turds, nincompoop) floating around and spread with tiny brow sticks. When Antonio the sweet & tall waiter - my uncle asked if he could have some sweet'n low - saw my puckered mouth, he said:

"*Muy muy bueno*, trust me, no need for sugar, inside it's cold water, mixed with chufa nuts and cinnamon, with no alcohol for the *linda muchachita* - that's me, yeah he did find me pretty - and you must also know that it took 24 hours to prepare it, a real delicacy."

A good thing he didn't suggest that Bonka order Sangria, coz with this heat we would have had to call Emergency and *rescoopscitate* him, putting my *tio* on a drip.

Still bowled over by Antonio's beautiful face - my eyes locked with his - I slowly sipped the beverage and loo and behold - I was still so mesmerised by him that I wrote 'loo' instead of 'lo', maybe *sub- and under-consciously* I thought I would have to go to the toilet and throw it all up - shrink stuff, I prefer grilled shrimps any time -, it was über-hyper *gustoso*, and soon enough I began to slurp down the whole content of the glass like a bloomin competing bitch who had won, panting and slobbering like hell, her Majesty Queen Elisabeth II's annual royal dog marathon.

Antonio was so nice that he offered us, on the house - who knows, maybe on him, just to please me -, a lil plate of *dulces*, scrumptious dry almond cookies that melt in your

mouth like them French whiter-than-thou *meringues*. Don't talk, all the while the almond *dulces* were dissolving on my tongue, my heart was beating like London's Big Bang Ben, so much so that my ears were suddenly blocked and that I couldn't even hear myself telling him *muchas gracias*, maybe I said *smoochos besos* (kisses) instead, that's how loud it was tolling inside my torso - what an ugly word for that smooth part of our body; no, I don't have breasts yet, and it's none of your business. This is called privacy, and don't ever ask me such *nanneties*, ok, or I'll spank yours with a boiling pan till you get two sunny-side-downs, with the yellow goo spreading to your navel or even under.

I could have stayed all day in that café - strange how the brain functions, hey, coz the tune of that old musical in which Audrey Hepburn sings 'I could have danced all night', started to echo in my head -, and only leave it when Antonio the *guapo chico* - I have to learn basic *Esapanish* fifteen minutes every damn evening - one of the umpteen ('empty' would be more appropriate) conditions you guess who imposes on me -, otherwise I'm not allowed to go for an after-dinner stroll or have one of them delicious *churros* or even to *shluf* (sleep in Yiddish), because with this here heat, you fall like a fly that's buzzed crazily in a closed bottle for twenty four hours, on your bed with all your stuff on, wings or no wings, and to take off my clothes and put on my jammies is just another torture ... that's when I call my uncle a Tartar, one of them cruel warriors of yore like Gengis Khan - but oh wow, I looove *steak tartare*, a Belgian specialty with raw beef, raw eggs, raw onions, raw parsley, raw everything, a plate that the Tartars must have invented (one of them must have had a Flemish wife in his harem who succeeded to escape and ran back to her native land, which is now called Belgium).

When we boarded the bus back to the sea, I was so infatuated with the ghost of Antonio - that's what happens when you know you will never see the person again, he becomes a ghost -, that I didn't think of taking any notes about what we saw in Sevilla, like the monument of Christofer Columbus - here he's known as Cristóbal Colón, funny that in his crystal ball he mistook America for India -, the Casa de Pilatos, the Palace of the Alcazar which has a patio, full of trees and flowers, water fountains, hand-painted tiles and even a golden ceiling, and I learned that it was built by the Moores (not the 'mules', jerk, the Muslims who reigned here during centuries) for a Christian King called Pedro the Cruel of Castile - apparently the kings, queens and even the Popes of yooore were more often than not S&DOBs (sons and daughters of you know what), on account that if they didn't like the way you looked, you were either sent to a dungeon for your whole miserable life, or pronto presto hanged if they caught you even pulling your tongue at them, never mind that you had a tic and couldn't help it, like people who add 'huh huh, huh huh', after

every phrase -, the Doñana Nature Reserve, that was so hot and sticky I couldn't see the difference between a bird and a goose, or even the mastodon cathedral, that appeared to me like some dinosaur sculpted by Salvador Dali, who was *Spanish* and as crazy as his paintings and his statues. My uncle told me that once he went to an opening in his honor - I wasn't born yet - and that el Salvador came two hours late, dressed in pyjamas, when everybody else wore Christian Dior, Givenchy or Burberry clothes, accompanied by a herd nanny goats (I wonder where the nannies come into this) who spread their lil ball-like turds all over the marble floor. The guests had to improvise a new kind of boogie woogie dance in order not to get all that shit stuck to their thousand-franc shoes - in them olden days they didn't know about *eurinos* or other smelly currency - didn't you know that money has so many bacteria, on account that a lot of people use it after going to the toilet, so that you can get a rash, eczema or even a worse sickness if you don't wash your hands immediately after handling it?

King Felipe - he is the guy reigning nowadays, and yeah, he IS very handsome and nice, coz he also says positive things about the Jews for a change, it's by time, don't you think? He is even inviting them to come back and live in his country. Pope Francis too is A OK, but he's goody goody with prisoners and criminals also, that's going a lil too far - and the *lovely* Queen of Spain, who is a commoner (which means that I could also become a queen one day, of what country? I'll have time to think about that), often come here, coz once it used to be the capital of the country and they say it is still the most beautiful of all the Spanish cities - through my blurry eyes, maybe.

In French they say, when you dream of things that are beyond your means, *rêver de châteaux en Espagne*, if you're too dumb to understand, open your dictionary or else pay me 20 bucks. I don't believe in that kind of *philanderthropy*, lest you want to become a perennial *assisté*, like so many French donkeys who prefer to get their unemployment allowance instead of looking for a job; and this can go on and on for years, I know people who are in that situation, not Unky Berky, thank goddess, otherwise I would despise him.

Now I'll add something very nasty about my mother country (Frrrrance, you, nerd, and don't forget that I am American too, through that father of mine who escaped to Amazonia donkey years ago, plus many other things): it's a combination of capitalism, so much said for *Liberté* (you're free to insult anybody), *Égalité* (some are much more equal than others), *Fraternité* (to each his own and gone with the wind) and communism, à la late Soviet Union, on account that France has the largest number of *fonctionnaires* in Europe, who can twiddle their thumbs, go to a café, or play video games during working hours, and tell you to go to hell when they have a stomach ache or if they have had a fight

with their partner, wife or mistress, the night before; and still, the state guarantees them a job from here to eternity. The government is so generous with the health service that it's constantly in deficit, on account that they sometimes pay for very expensive operations to a person's second or third wife with maybe eight kids in all, without even checking if the guy - usually a Muslim, coz it's legal to marry up to four women-slaves in Arab lands - is *polygamously* or not.

Unky Berky isn't too happy about the new cuts in the *Sécurité Sociale*, coz now he has to pay the full price for some of his medicine, like Chondrosulf or surf? never mind, which costs an eye - that *expreshun* must have been invented by the Cyclop after he became a one-eyed monster, and no, it doesn't help you to surf, just the opposite, it's for muscle and joint pains, since he has to follow my speedy *gonzaleza* steps, specially when we have to go the to the movies and I want to get the best seats, which is usually in the front row (by the way that row makes him squint, but ladies first, even if they're nieces like lil *missus* me) and hear him huff and puff from a distance:

"Wait for me, *Zooplala*, you know I can't catch up with you."

When Bonka pants, not only does he almost lose his pants, coz somehow his belt suddenly unbuckles, but he mixes and twists both my name and *oh là là*, which drives me bonkers, and as a result, I trot even faster, until he's so out of breath that he can't even say zoo. And lo - very low, when he finally slumps over the theater chair - *and be bop aloola behold* - we're ready for the feature film, which I usually choose, coz I don't trust his *pseudocinemacho* tastes - he goes for *melo-vely-dramatic* films or French thrillers of the Maigret type, that always take place in dark alleys and even darker rooms, so that you don't know who's the killer and who's the victim, until the police identifies the body. I much prefer romance or humor, but give me anything with Meryl Streep and I'll go all the way out to see her, not to the point of doing a strip-tease, *stoopid*, I'm much too young for that kind of perversion, except for that antique Holocaust series which my uncle watches now and then on his DVD reader, coz it's the *horribabble* story of a mother who has to choose between which one of her children has to be sent to the gas chamber by them nazi *mongroloids* who killed six million Jews, but also gypsies, invalids, homeys, and *so fork and ding dong*.

Only a deranged god could have invented someone like Hitler, certainly not a goddess. This shows you that men are the most devilish of all of nature's creatures. They always make war and always want to dominate. *Godverdom*, as the Flemish say. Ok, there are a few crazy females who follow them, on account that they don't want to be hacked to death or that some are offered golden cages - they don't mind going out garbed

in expensive mosquito nets, as long as their necks and their fingers are loaded with precious stones and that they can douse themselves with Chanel Nr. 5 or *Opium-for-thou*.

And you thought I had finished with Seville? We went and rented a small boat on the Guadalquivir river in the Maria Luisa Park. And guess who rowed. Not meeee. Ah, my uncle wants me to visit most of the sights of a city or a country we visit, well he has to pay the consequences. There were mosquitoes and other unpalatable bugs - the nutritionists claim that if everybody, specially the poor people ate grilled grasshoppers, cockroaches and the like, which contain lots of protein, there wouldn't be anymore famine -, but they prefer Unky Berky's pale skin and his very sweet blood to mine, thank heavens - hey what do the heavens have to do with being grateful?

He was sweating from all his pores and his poor green eyes, coz he couldn't see straight, and we were sailing like drunkards, from one bank of the river to the other, missing a few times other barks (not woof woof, jerks, it is the *poweticklish* term for 'small boats'), banging against some of their hulls. That's where I learned a few Spanish swearwords like *hijos de puta*, *cabrón*, *maricón* and whatnot. Bonka refused to translate these insults, on account of my tender and delicate age. But the *puta* word I guessed, since it's almost like the French *putain* (slut) - what M-F, to call us that.

We also had to go and see the Metropol Parasol, a *mastodonkeyed* wooden structure built by a supposedly revolutionary architect, that looks like a huge spider web. It was the heat I was revolted by.

Not with or without standing, Seville was very civil and despite all the tou-tourists - with that kind of *calor*, you easily get the turista, on account that your bowels get all bowled over and the sh ... hits the fan, even be-before you can reach a toilet or your hotel bathroom. Yet, all said and done - ain't that a *sofistickel expreshun* -, that city had cobblestones that almost blinded you, they were so *asapic and aspanish*. Somehow I had the *impreshun* the Spaniards weren't that clean and stunk, on account of the fact that many women here have moustaches hanging from their armpits, and some even above their lips. But no, they are usually hospitable - not only in hospitals, you, nerds - and smell of overdried flowers and trees, yeah *vely vely* dry, but that's better than what the Paris métro offers you, specially at peak hours; then it's a whiff of *Camel Nr10* mixed with *Footsie Roquefort scent* that you get, and believe me, your nose becomes a *stink bin*, never mind the dust, of the seventh dimension, pollutionwise.

Enough now with *las Sevillanas y los Sevillanos*, when we got back to our hotel, I couldn't feel my feet anymore and took two showers, sitting on the stool, yeah, one before

my uncle and another one after *mi tio* who resembled a hunchbacked and desiccated asparagus that had lost its flavor.

The following morning, after a long restful *shluf*, I went to the breakfast terrace, ate some delicious finger-sized Spanish sausages, with fried eggs and a few *tapas*, then ran into the sea, all alone. Now, let's not exaggerate, I'm still young, but the beach is just opposite our bungalow and I don't need my chaperone of an uncle to accompany me. He, of course, being the laggard that he is, specially after our exhausting visit to Sevilla, joined me two hours later, dressed like you know what - remember what I told you already.

When I'm in the sea, I feel like one of them beautiful tropical fishes - actually, I wear a one-piece suit that reminds you of the South American parrots with vivid colors, not a bikini like some of my lecherous classmates who think they're already the juvenile *doppelbangers* of Marilyn Monroe - though when I drink coffee, only the cappuccino type, it's always *con mucho leche*.

Even if I'm still a little tired just before entering it, the salty water revives me in a jiffy (that's English *ladida talk*), I take a plunge and swim with my eyes wide open at least a meter under the surface. Oh, there's nothing like the freedom of swimming - yeah probably flying one's own private Cessna - and yeah, yeah yeah, you can go and repeat it, I don't care a hoot about your silly gossip, I even pee in it to my heart's delight - ok, it's not the heart that's involved here, but I'm no pervert -, well, I harm nobody, and *washmore*, I respect the environment, since it's biodegradable.

When Unky Berky, the mummy-ghost, reappears and sits nearby in the shade, under a huge parasol, compliments of *el Club*, I ask him to buy me either a frozen pomegranate *chupa chupa*, tall like a stick of candy floss, or three scoops of delicious nutty, strawberry and vanilla ice-cream, as soon as *el Señor vendedor* passes with his big metal case. My uncle usually asks for a zero-cal Coke, not very original, but he likes the taste; I only drink that - the original Coca Cola, nothing with zero - with a double-decked cheeseburger and French fries - I also told you that this is a misnomer, missus or no missus, on account that the best fries in the world are Belgian, so are the woof woof waffles and their cream-filled (of all hues and tastes, from lily white to shocking pink and pistachio green) *pralines*, like Godiva and other divas; they have so many makes - try Neuhaus or Marcolini, they're supposed to be the most prestigious, though YOU wouldn't know the difference between a vulgar Hershey bar and an old-style Cadbury - which is the English version of these industrially-made chocolates; in this category of popular sweets, I much prefer Toblerone (Swiss) or Côte d'Or (Belgian). The former ones should be fed to Brit-American hogs, I'm sure they would wolf them down - remember the story of the wolf

and the three lil pigs? that's how they learned what wolf down means, poor pinky hams. Hey don't confuse hogs with *Hug'em Daesh*, which are high quality ice-cream manufactured in the US of A. Hey, hey, my other country on the other side of the ocean also produces very fine stuff, like automobiles, jets, electronics, video games, and *so fork and ding dong*.

Second damn excursion in fiery weather, compliment of *el tio*, compliment, my foot. If he thinks he's doing me a favor by making me more intelligent, he'd better go and help archeologists under 60 degrees *alka seltzer* in the middle of the Egyptian desert, coz even with them hats that contain a tiny electric fan, he would melt ten minutes after beginning his job, and become a small pond that would dry within minutes, then *kaput*, no more Bonka - hey, that's not what I wish for him, - I do love that old fart - a disgusting *expreshun* the Cockneys use, but which is very suitable here -, even though he sometimes deserves it. He wouldn't even have the time to disappear inside one of them Pharaoh's tombs, like so many archeologists who have vanished or died eons ago, because of that famous curse the ghosts of ancient Egypt cast any stranger who dares disturb their millennial rest.

Today, at six am, it's still a little cool, but the idea of getting up at five ain't cool at all, and at that *godforsikened* hour I can't swallow anything, so Bonka asked the waiter to give us a picnic basket, for me, with a big bottle of soda water, so that we don't return to the bungalow like dried leaves, ready to crack into *snifereams* under the wrong foot.

So it will be Granada for us, shoot, even if I looove grenadine with al lot of ice cubes. This city lies under the Sierra Nevada mountains and is near four rivers, Jeezette, people here have the choice to drown either in the Beiro, the Darro, the Genil and the Monachil. It's 738 metres above sea level, a two hour and a half drive with our friggin bus from the Costa ... Tropical, tropical, you can say that again - in French *trop* means 'too much' -, you'd think you were going to Nowhere Arizona, lost among the cacti and the terrible rattlesnakes and other awful man killers. How could they even have had the idea to build a town in Hell's courtyard? Would you believe it that nearby is the Sierra Nevada, where you can ski in winter??? When you say that nature is beautiful, go and hide in Amazonia, with all the bugs and dangerous animals, then come back, if you ever do, and tell me how marvellous it was.

Before I joined dreamland the night before, as is his wont (yeah can look up your dictionary), Bonka read me the musts - I much prefer mashed potato to all that *intelletesticle* mush - I had to know about Grrr anada and its 2500-year *hysterectomy* -

these night lessons make me both hysterical and give me stomach aches, but I pretend I'm ok in front of my uncle and keep my lil farts silent. - and no, they never smell; what more do you want to know? Yours stink, so go to the rest room before I faint - yeah I have the gift of *telepathetic* flair, even if I don't see you. In other words, dear readers - I'm polite with my supporters ... sometimes, but only when they deserve it -, I suggest that you keep clean thereunder when you hold a book of mine, ok, coz I can get sick with other people's bowel performances, on account that I'm hyper super sensitive, in all my 10 senses; you heard right, being *übergifted* - the French have a good word for it: *surdoué* -, I have more senses than the normal guy, believe it or not, and if you don't, ask my uncle and even my baby brother: I often mesmerise them.

This here country, along with Portugal, was called Iberia, and in geography books they still write 'the Iberian peninsula', when *refurring* to this area. It first started with the Celts - like the Irish, the Scottish - them whose men wear skirts without undies, shameless *husses* that they are!- and the Bretons, who are French, not British, you nerd. Then it became a Greek colony, after which it was part of the Roman Empire and became the capital of Hispania. After them Roman paved roads, pantheons and *aqueducks* engineers, they also invented the spectacular crucifixion - remember how Jesus was nailed to a cross? -, came the Visigoths who must have had a very long and keen vision, since they hailed from what is now East Germany; actually, they were divided into two tribes, the Goths and the Ostrogoths - goddess knows who invented god and the ostriches. Anyway, they were *vely vely* cruel, them blue-eyed devils, and acted like today's fanatic Islamists, chopping hands, feet and whatnot, until you either died, losing all your blood, or if you survived you just lived with your trunk, no limbs, attached to a plank with *uncushy* wheels.

Here's an aside my uncle told me, it's almost *unbelivabbabble*, but true. There was once, some thirty or forty years ago, a painter named Salvador Dali, aka Avida Dollar, I'm not inventing this, he sold every single one of his *masterpizzas* very dearly and he soon became a millionaire. In his *odiousbiography*, Salvador Dali recounts that one morning he met an invalid on wheels, like I just described upstairs, and the poor guy asked the artist *shmartist* to help him cross the street, which was sharply inclined. Instead of being a gentleman as he ought to have been, with all his fortune and fame, do you know what he did? He kicked the invalid so hard that the *ladder* flew right down the street and ended in the river below, *ploof* and *reploof*. What a son of a gun! I also told you, if you haven't lost all your marbles, about another of his *achecentricities*, involving a show in his honor and

the nanny goats that accompanied him, spreading lil balls of crap on the marble floor, which came from the famous Italian quarry of Carrara.

It's with the Alhambra, which includes the palaces, the fountains and the Generalife gardens - not for your life, nor for generals', nincompoops -, that's where the Moorish - and no, they were not related to the Irish, but to the Arabs -, the Nazari kings had their court; here again they had nothing to do with Nazi kids. It really blew my mind and my uncle's vocal cords, coz he couldn't stop *uddering* "Jeez, fantabulous, don't you think so, *Zoopo-tapa?*" - he's now giving me a silly sapanish nutty name, on account that he doesn't stop eating *tapas*. "And look at all those ponds full of lilies and goldfish, and the incredible mosaics of all colors inside." To which I answered:

"*Fantabubblegum*, you're right, but with this heat, I'm so thirsty, I need some lemon or strawberry *chupa chupa*, or else I'll collapse, and no more Generalife, for the life of me" - this time, yeah I said it. Between you and me, I've never seen such a beautiful spot.

Another aside, but which has to do with the gardens here. Your probably have never heard of the funniest French actor, who died two generations ago, but who still has us all, young people and *gagagenarians* in fits of laughter: Louis de Funès. If ever one of you *dummkopfs* happens to study French, you will probably see some of his films. The one I want to attract your attention to - open your bloomin eyes on these lines! - is *La folie des grandeurs*. Here, Louis impersonates a tax collector in Middle-Age Spain. He steals from the poor people money and even the little gold some of them possess and keeps ninety percent of it for himself, the rest he leaves for the taxes. One evening, he was hunted down by the tax people, and he hid behind one of the garden's lush bushes. An old lady friend that looked like a witch accompanied him so that they could pretend being lovers and deceive the officials. They stood at both ends of a very tall hedge and muttered smoochy words, like 'I love you, I couldn't live without you' and ding dong, while joining their fingers - no, they couldn't see each other, for two reasons, it was getting very dark and Louis hated her breath. Then, all of a sudden, a huge doberman sat next to Louis, who, afraid, shushed him away, but the dog wouldn't obey. He was panting *libidinously* and the witch, instead of Louis' fingers felt a slobbering tongue caressing hers. She then exclaimed, always in a hush:

"My darling, my love, *mi amor, mi hombre*, I knew we were made for each other, and that you would express it one day, shy little monster that you are! Let's get married, tomorrow, first thing in the morning, downtown at City Hall."

After the bathing of the morrow - you now should know that every second day, I am dragged by Bonka, aka *el tio burrito*, to a new place we 'absolutely have to discover'. I didn't want to give him the absolution, that's for sure. He could have flown to purgatory, for all I care - no, he's not nasty enough to deserve hell, I ain't that cruel.

Thank goddess I wore my comfortable thick-soled cork sandals, coz we had to walk all the way down to the medieval part of Granada, on narrow streets paved with bloomin' irregular antique cobblestones, that even if a donkey followed us, it would twist or even break its hooves in two. Now, don't snigger, ok, we protected our sweating heads with huge black umbrellas, a brilliant idea of my uncle - yeah he can be clever at times -, even if we looked ridiculous, like we were going to the cemetery, and if, consequently, our fellow travelers had stupid smirks on their faces. They could well laugh, hyenas, that they were, they suffered much more than us, and by the time we reached El Albayicin and Realejo, the old Jewish quarter whose houses were so whitewashed you had to wear sunglasses not to be blinded, they seemed to be crying because of the heat and the wear and tear of both their brains and their feet, letting salty beads of tears mixed with snot run from the root of their hair - some of the men were bald though - down to their mouths and their chins, but it didn't stop there, coz some women were tickled to death on account that the *unpalatababble* mixture reached their bosoms in the middle of their tits, while the men were scratching their armpits and somewhere else too, down under, not realising how rude they were, doing that in front a candid lil girl like me.

We also ran through the cathedral and the royal chapel - I pulled at my uncle's sleeve, so he didn't have the time to again ooh and aah at the paintings, at the stained glass scenes (the only art I like, because of the bright colors) and the religious statues, most of which are always about the sufferings of Jesus oh my oh my, bleeding from head to toe. Then, seconds later we were out, me with a huge pomegranate chupa chupa and Burrito with an ice-cream cone spiralling to his nostrils.

I told him to wipe off the white moustache he had under his nose, on the left cheek - he must have mistaken it for his mouth - and on his chin, coz he really looked like Santa Claus; too ridiculous for words, and in sssummer, *washmore*.

And you thought our visit was finished? He went with the group to the Hammam Al Andalus, that's where the fatsos and the ladies like Divine - you know, that enormous *transvestit* - go and sweat it out half naked. One must be *meshuggah*, going there, with this kind of temperature.

"Thanks but no thanks", I spat at my uncle - yeah, when it's so hot your words become liquid and you're like a walking fountain, whether you like it or not, and I ain't mentioning the snot that pours out of all the holes of your face, ears and all.

I went to sit in the shade, just next to a cafeteria that blew some coffee-smelling air-conditioning on my legs, and sat on a bench, watching all them folks huffing and puffing, and a few ladies, who weren't necessarily *aSapiking aSpansish*, waving their pretty but useless silk or ivory fans, some of which had hunting scenes and Flamenco dancers painted on them.

Burrito wanted to buy me one. "*Whata fora?*" I replied and didn't let him explain, on account that I cared not a fig - wow, the fresh and ripe ones are as deeeelicious as honey, even better, coz too much of the amber gooey stuff makes you want to throw up - for unnecessary chit chat, when even the cats hide from the heat, lest they want to turn into boiled mummies, just fished out of a caldron. Naaah, they would never do such crazy things, only huh huh humans have so *far-and-doggone-fetched ideas*, felines aren't suicidal, otherwise would I be such a *felinist*?

He, the uncle *shmunkel*, dragged me into a neighborhood called Sacromonte, during our free hour, frying hour, yeah, with winding and upsy daisy streets where two pregnant women coming from opposite sides can't pass, it's like a one-way path, otherwise ca ... ca ... *cadaboomtsiyay*, you collide, and one of the two has to abort - ask the Pope who in this case has sinned. Between you and me it's the Popes who are the biggest sinners on this here planet, that's what Bonka told me after he read a history of *Popeyedom*, from Saint Peter to Francis - the *ladder* may soon become a saint too, every Catholic seems to like him. Ok, he looks more kosher than the last one, on account that he doesn't promise hell to the homeys and other LGBT folk (no this isn't the name - in shake'n-pears you say 'acronym' - of another supermarket, *shlemiel*).

Apparently this was the place where the gypsies started dancing the flamenco, including the Zambra Gitana, and do you know where they lived? In cave houses.

Then he took me to Bib-Rambla - no, they didn't invent the bib nor the Bible - it's a place full of terraces where they serve cold drinks and tapas, tip-a-tip tap tap, and Rumba, Samba, boogie boogie woo woo what' up? I asked for a *friisima* (*vely vely* cold) coconut juice, with *mucho hielo* (lotsa ice), some of which I felt like stuffing into Bonka's nostrils. Specially when he announced the next sites we could choose, since we still had another twenty minutes to ourselves, before rejoining the herd of sweating sheep - our *fellar* tourists, marmelades!

“Zapy darling,” he mumbled, munching the last bit of his ice-cone, “I’d like to go with you either to the Museum of Fine Arts, where you will certainly like a lot of paintings” - by that he means NOT Picasso with his *artichokes* that represent women with eyes where the nose oughta be and the mouth in place of the ears, or Chagall with his cows floating in the air above a married couple, or Koons the son of the goons, Braque and other cracky Moses artsy fartsies; to them drawing-doodlers I much prefer the Chinese rebel Wei Wei, at least he paints or sculpts some cool things (I don’t understand everything he does, but that’s not the point, often he himself doesn’t know what the hell his stuff means, you either like it or not, that’s what matters *sfars* I’m concerned)..

“If you’re still too tired because of the heat, we could go instead to either the house where Garcia Lorca, a wonderful poet who was killed by Franco, the dictator’s henchmen, during the Civil War in the ninety thirties”. He may have been a good scribbler, but why would I go and visit where he lived, I’ve never heard of him?

“Or the museum of Manuel de Falla, that extraordinary composer, remember I sometimes played CD’s of his masterpiece ‘Nights in the Gardens of Spain’, which you always enjoyed listening to.” Yeah I did dig that piece, but NOT today, so I told Bonka, aka Burrito, aka Footsi-foot.

“No way,” I retorted, coconut goo still sticking on my fingers, “I can listen to him when we go back home.” Then these words just slipped out of my tongue almost automatically - this happens when your vision is blurred and your mind is in a haze - : “Falla, fall down, fuck off.” I didn’t excuse myself for *uddering* this, my armpits were tickling something too disgraceful for words.