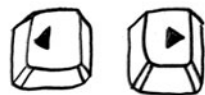




TODAY IS THE LAST DAY of the rest of your life

PART 3

by ulli lust



TURN OVER



EXIT

PLEASE LOOK AT THIS E-BOOK IN THE FULL SCREEN MODE: „strg + L”
TO LEAVE THE FULL SCREEN MODE PRESS THE KEYS: „ctrl + L” or „esc”



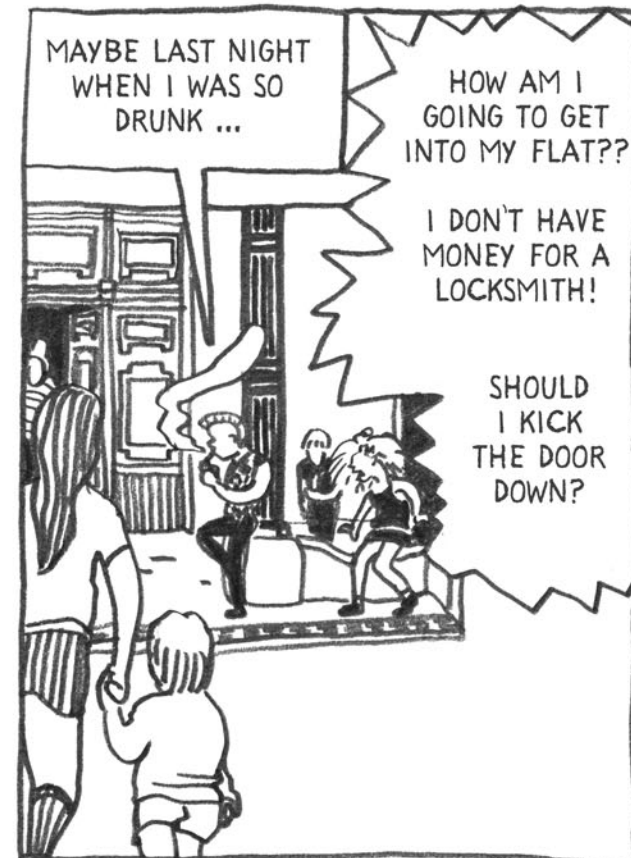
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mail@ullilust.de

Edi fucked a couple of my friends and went off again.





We hung out for two weeks with Herbert.

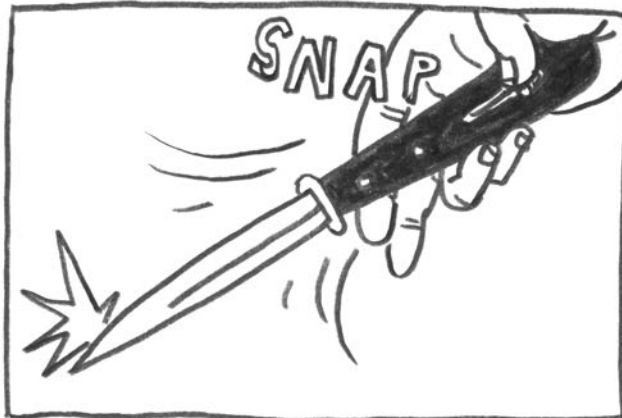
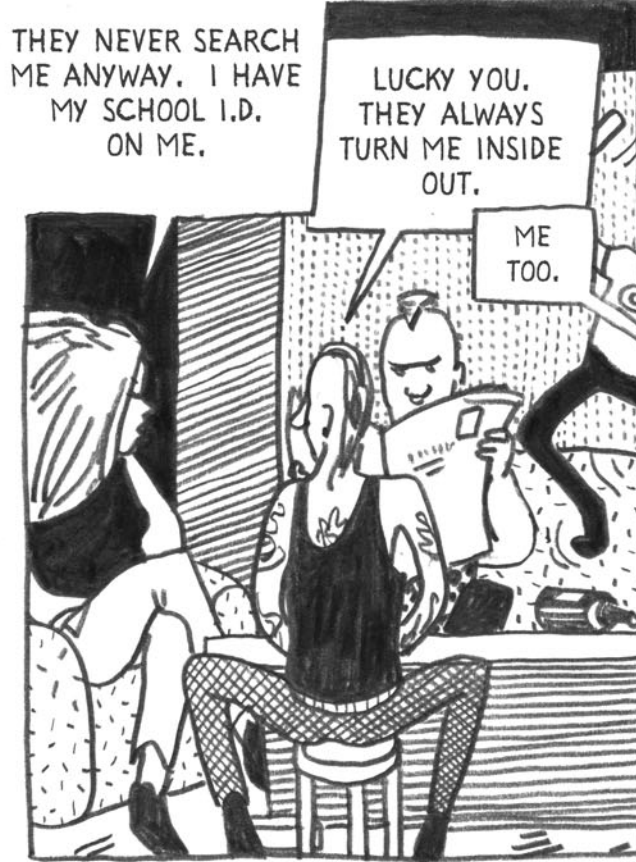




My friends were undoubtedly a bunch of idiots.







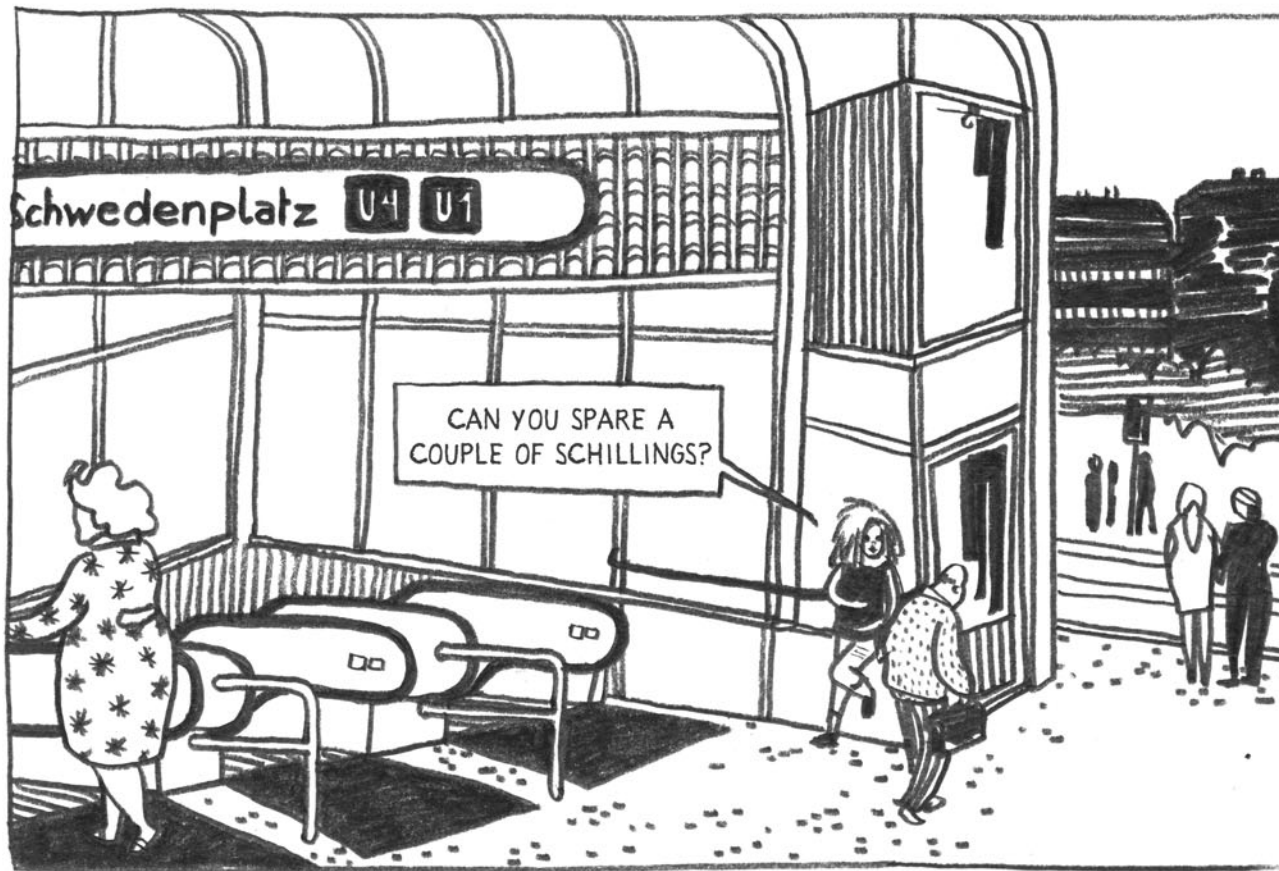


(Skinhead before meeting a punk.)

Rather than beating people up, I took to expressing my etho-pedagogical ideals in this illustrated diary to.



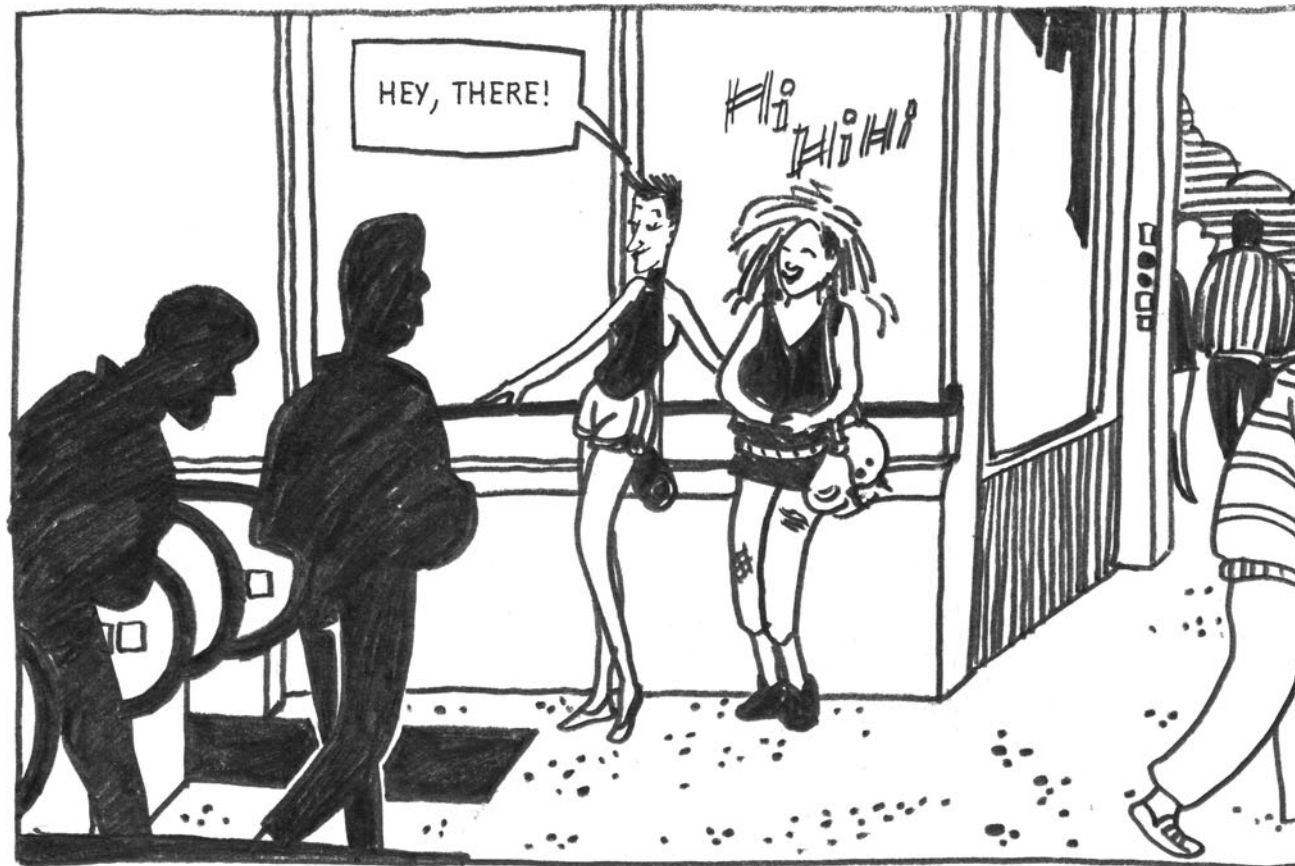
(Skinhead before after a punk.)

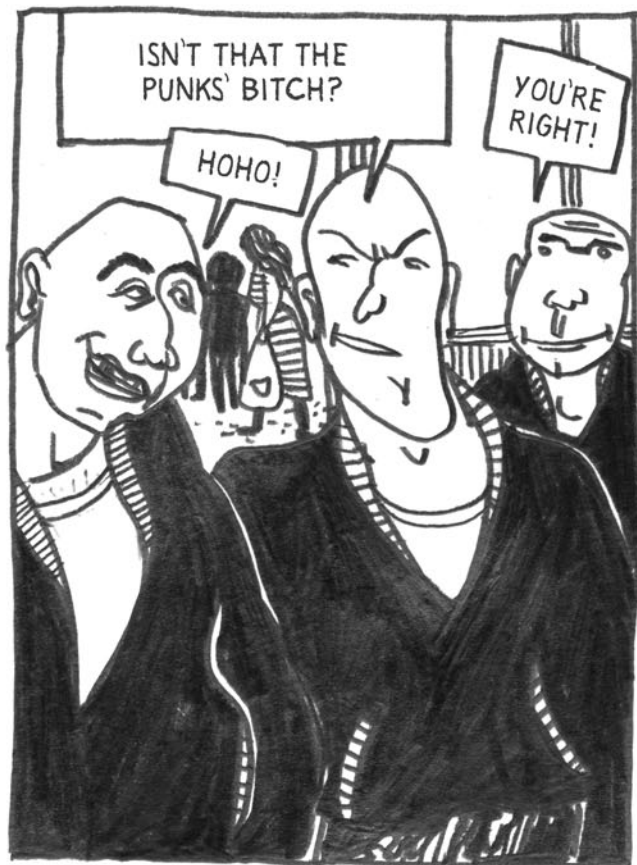


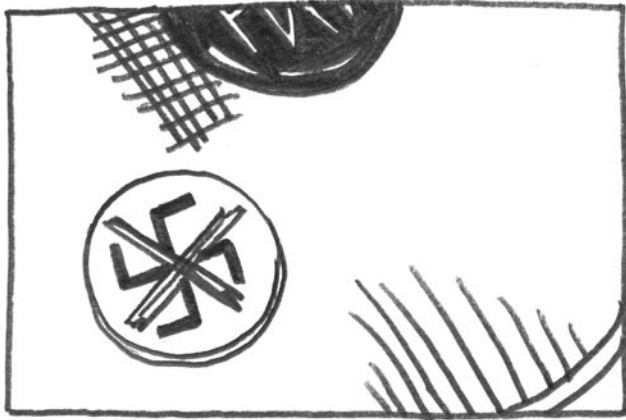
I've skipped a week here; we spent it holed up with the drunken exwife of a former legionnaire. She was afraid to be alone since at any moment her ex could show up at the door to beat her skull in.

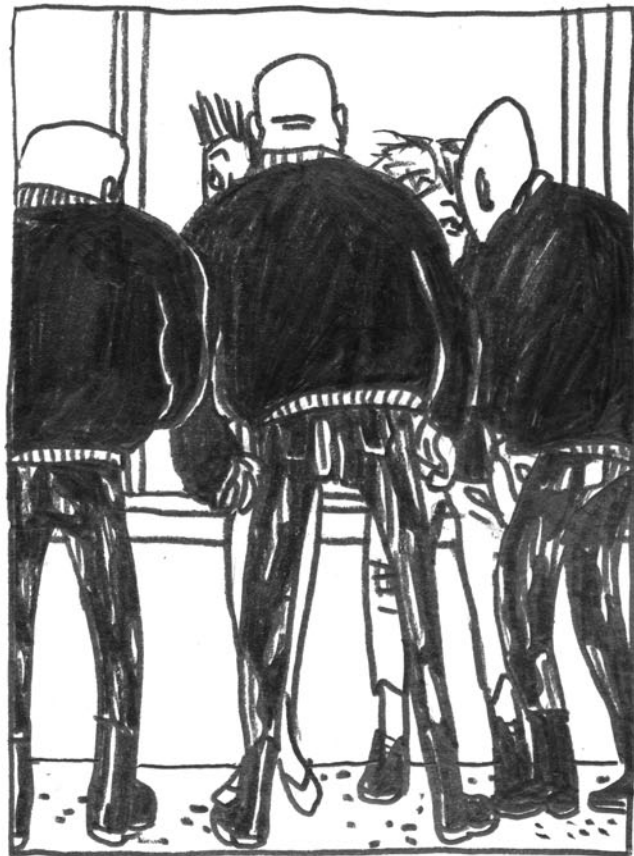
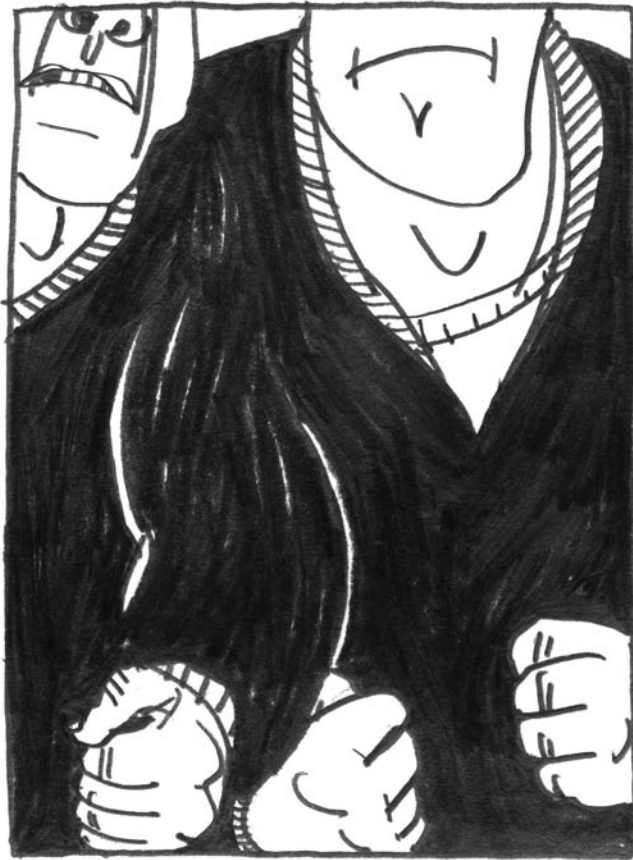
Sweden Square was our real headquarter. Here you can always pick up a few schillings, get a gulp of wine or a cevapcici sandwich.



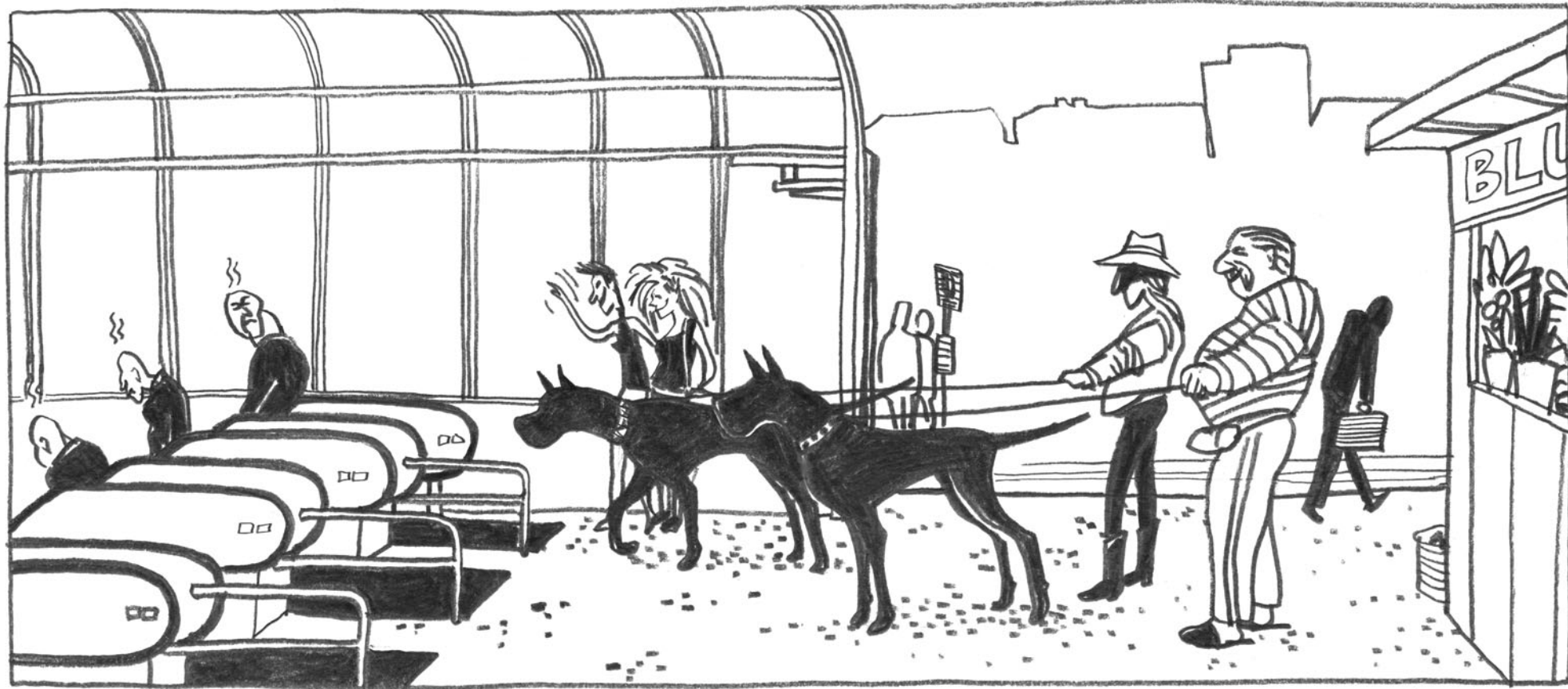








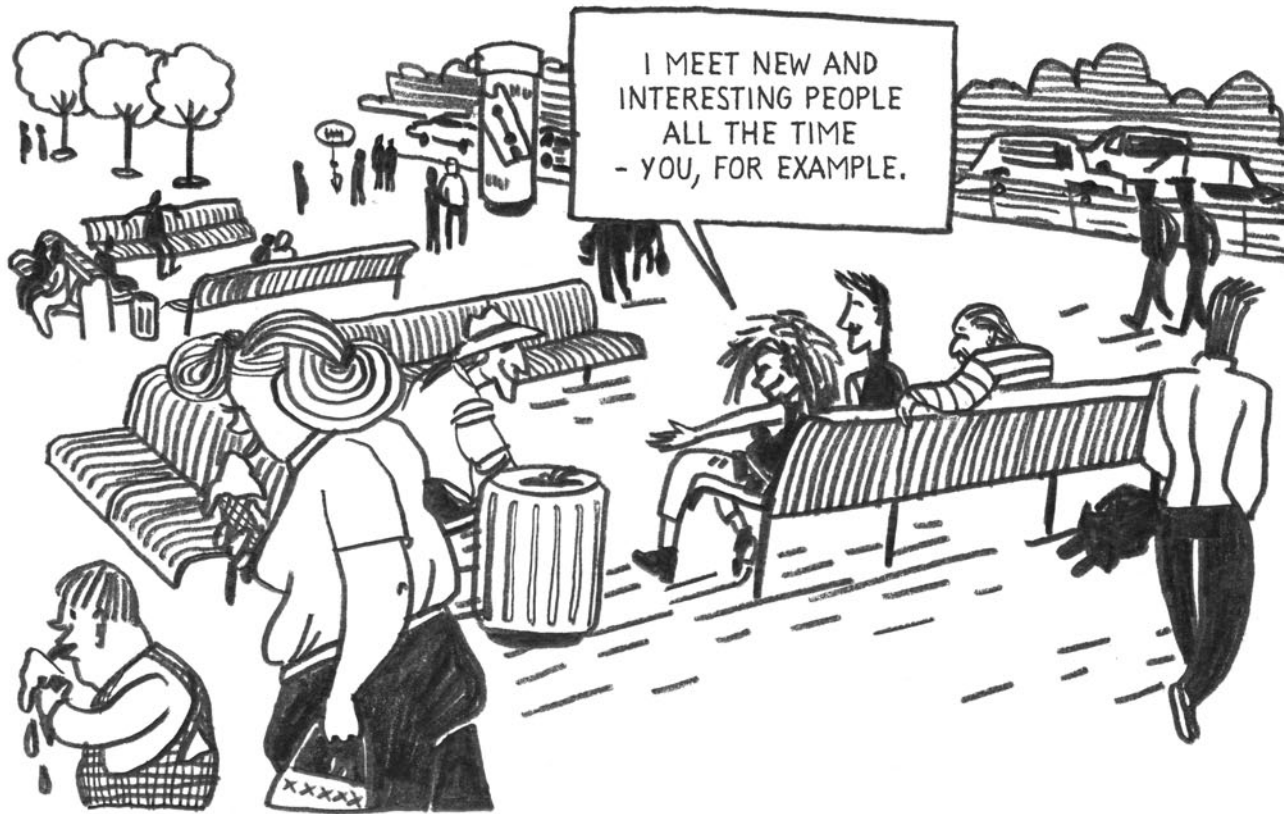


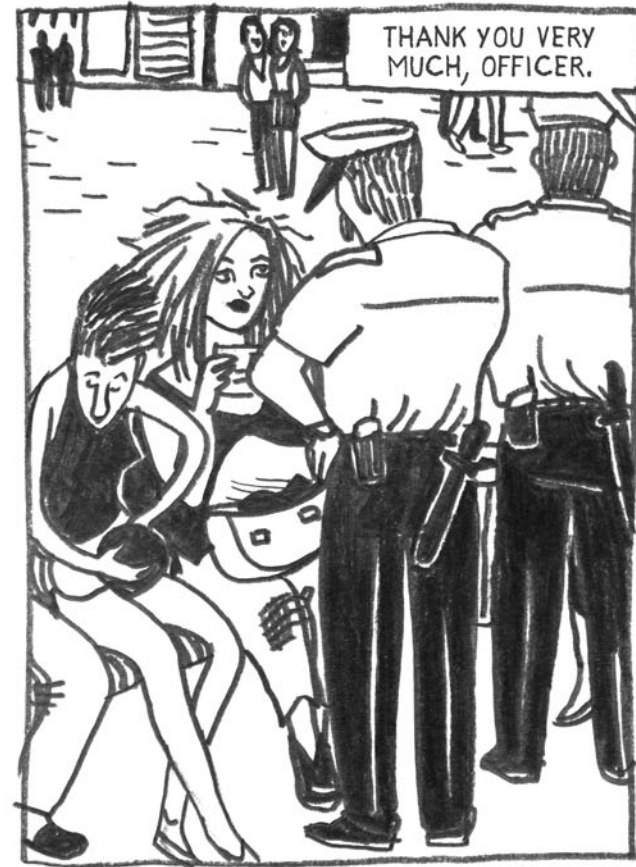


Mike was one of our drinking buddies, a regular member of the Sweden Square royalty. He was locked away for twelve years in „Stein“ the toughest jail of austria - that sort of royalty.













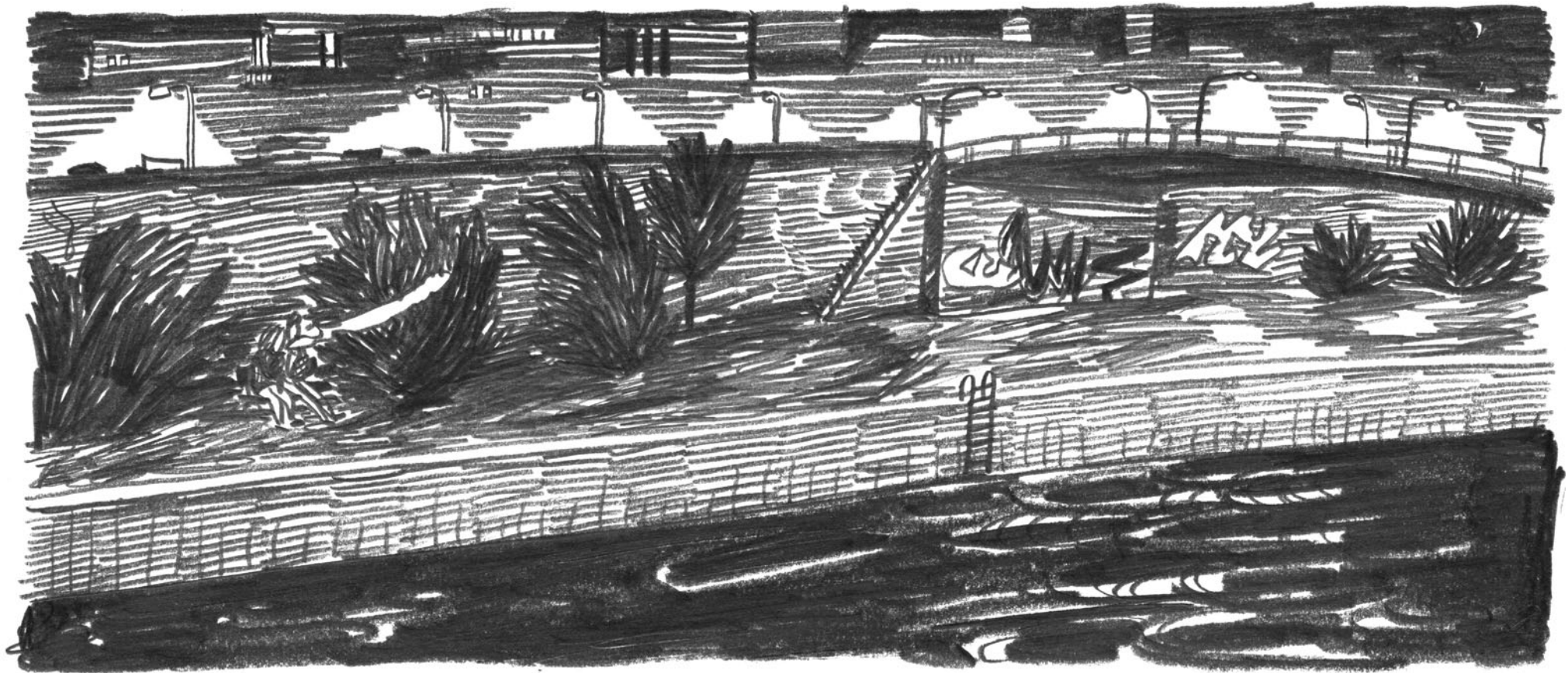
At about this time my parents decided to come to Vienna. They were worried since they hadn't heard from me in a long time. They made the mistake of trusting me as I had once been a happy, good-natured child.

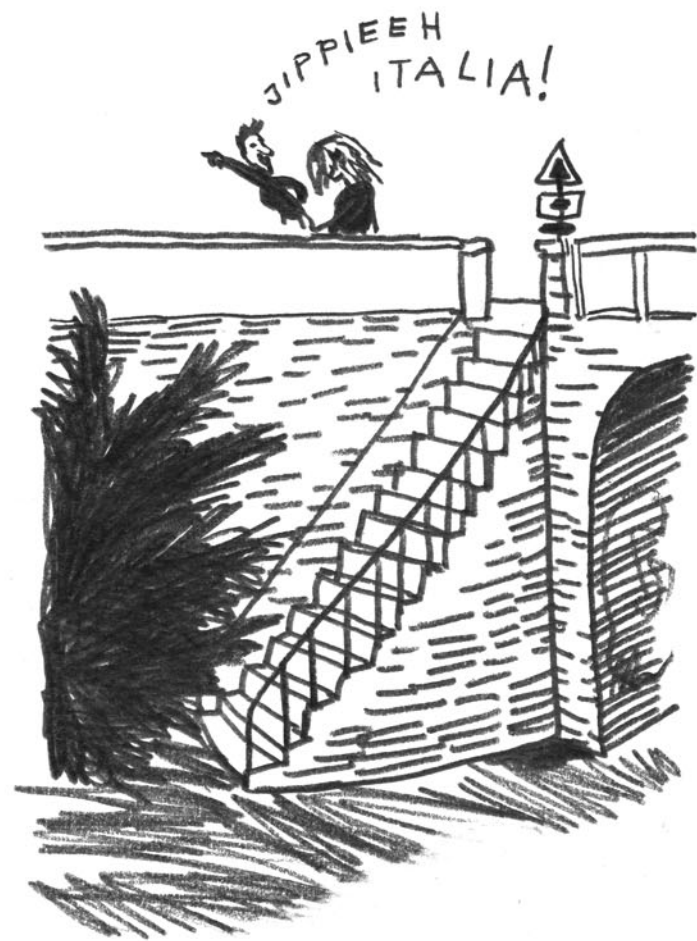


On the way up to my flat they ran into an old, cantankerous neighbor who threatened me by calling the police and the house management office. They opened the door to find empty flat that looked out it had been hit by a tornado. Shaken, my parents searched through the bits and pieces.



Nothing was missing except their daughter and a large kitchen knife. The missing meat knife didn't mean anything; one of the guys had taken it and failed to bring it back. In my parent's minds it all reeked of something ominous.





JIPPIEEH
ITALIA!



TWO COFFEES
AND A
CROISSANT.



I HAVE EXACTLY
50 GROSCHEN*

THAT'LL
DO.

*(0,03,- Euro)

Our trip began promisingly.



EH, NICKY!

UP SO EARLY?



I'M GOING HOME TO BADEN. THE NIGHTS ARE GETTING TO COLD. BESIDES, THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE SQUARE'S GONE.



WE THINK SO TOO.

WE'RE LEAVING FOR ITALY TODAY

FOR THE WINTER.



WOW!

WISH I WERE DOING THAT!





WE'RE TAKING THE SAME WAY AS MY BOYFRIEND AND I DID LAST JANUARY.



AND THIS TIME WE WON'T BE GETTING CAUGHT.



WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE TRIEST THROUGH-ROAD, FROM THERE WE CAN HITCHHIKE.

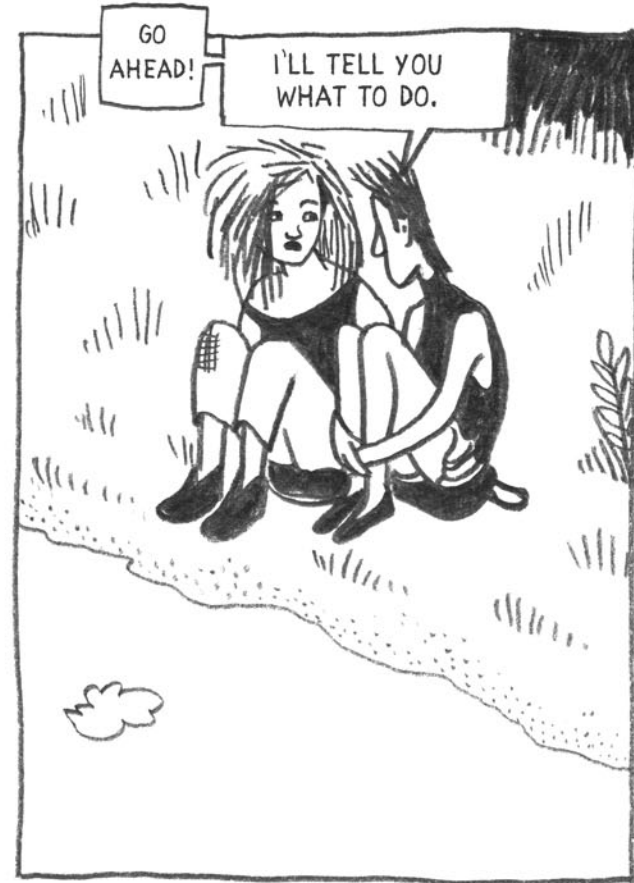
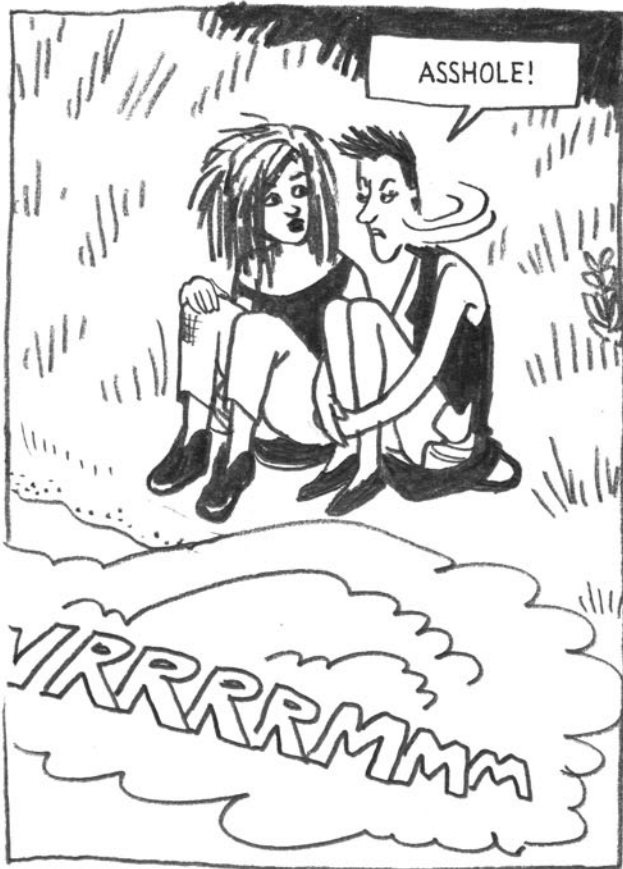


FIRST TO KLAGENFURT, THEN TÖRL-MAGLEREN.



AT HE BORDER WE'LL LEAVE THE AUTOBAHN AND TREK THROUGH THE WOODS.





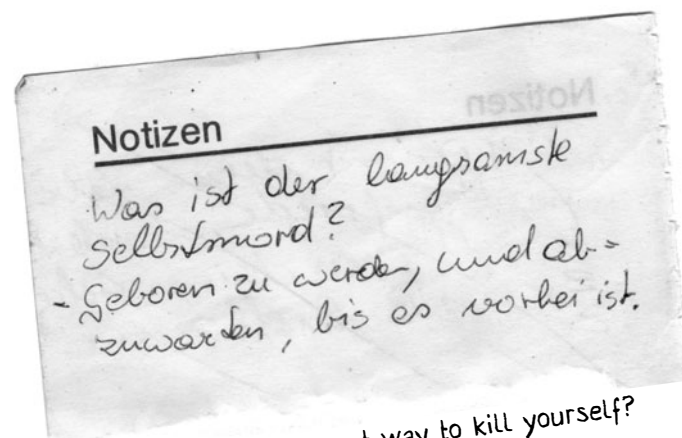


I realized, you could allways count on Ed.

to be continued



EXIT



(What is the slowest way to kill yourself?
To be born and waiting till it's over)