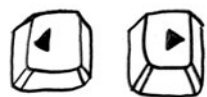




TODAY IS THE LAST DAY of the rest of your life

PART 1

by ulli lust



TURN OVER



EXIT

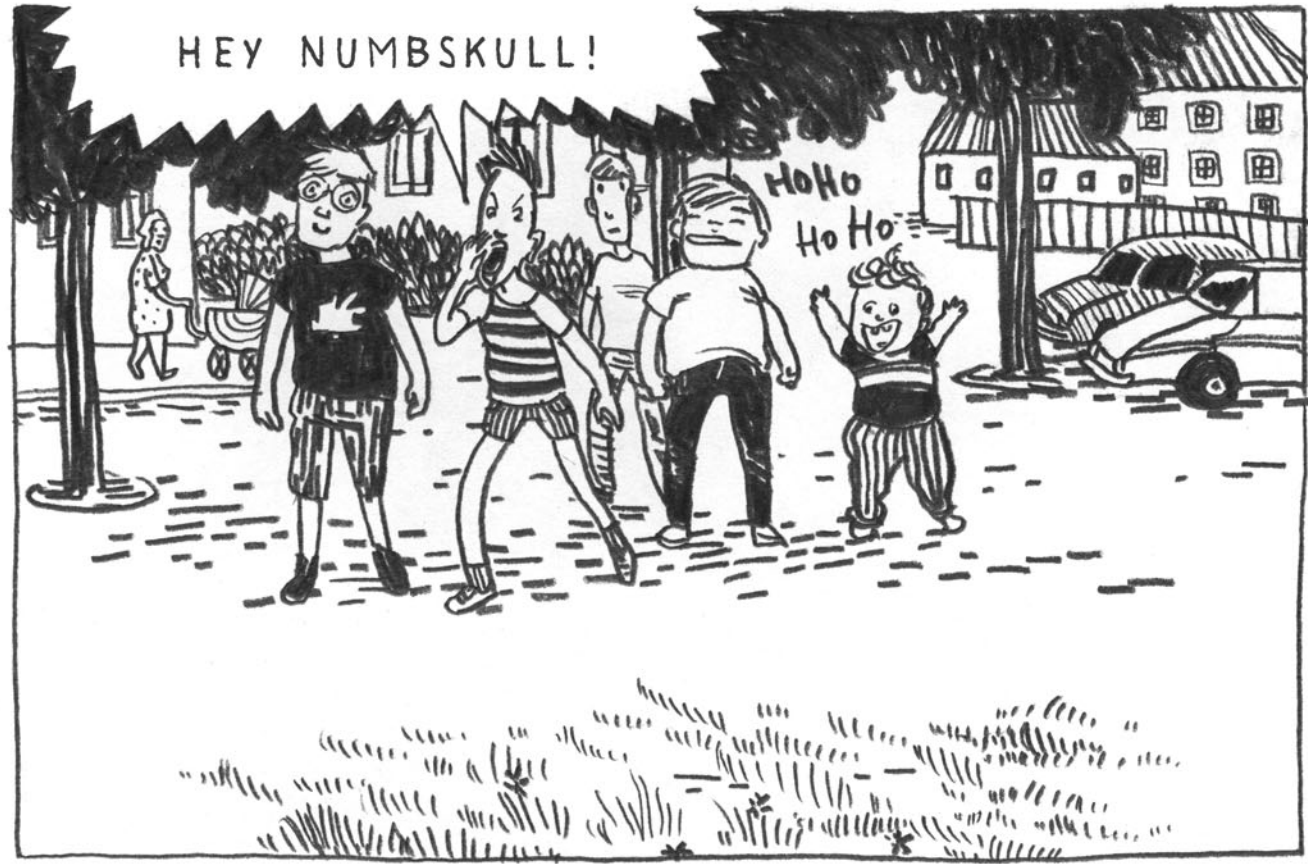
PLEASE LOOK AT THIS E-BOOK IN THE FULL SCREEN MODE: „strg + L”  
TO LEAVE THE FULL SCREEN MODE PRESS THE KEYS: „ctrl + L” or „esc”



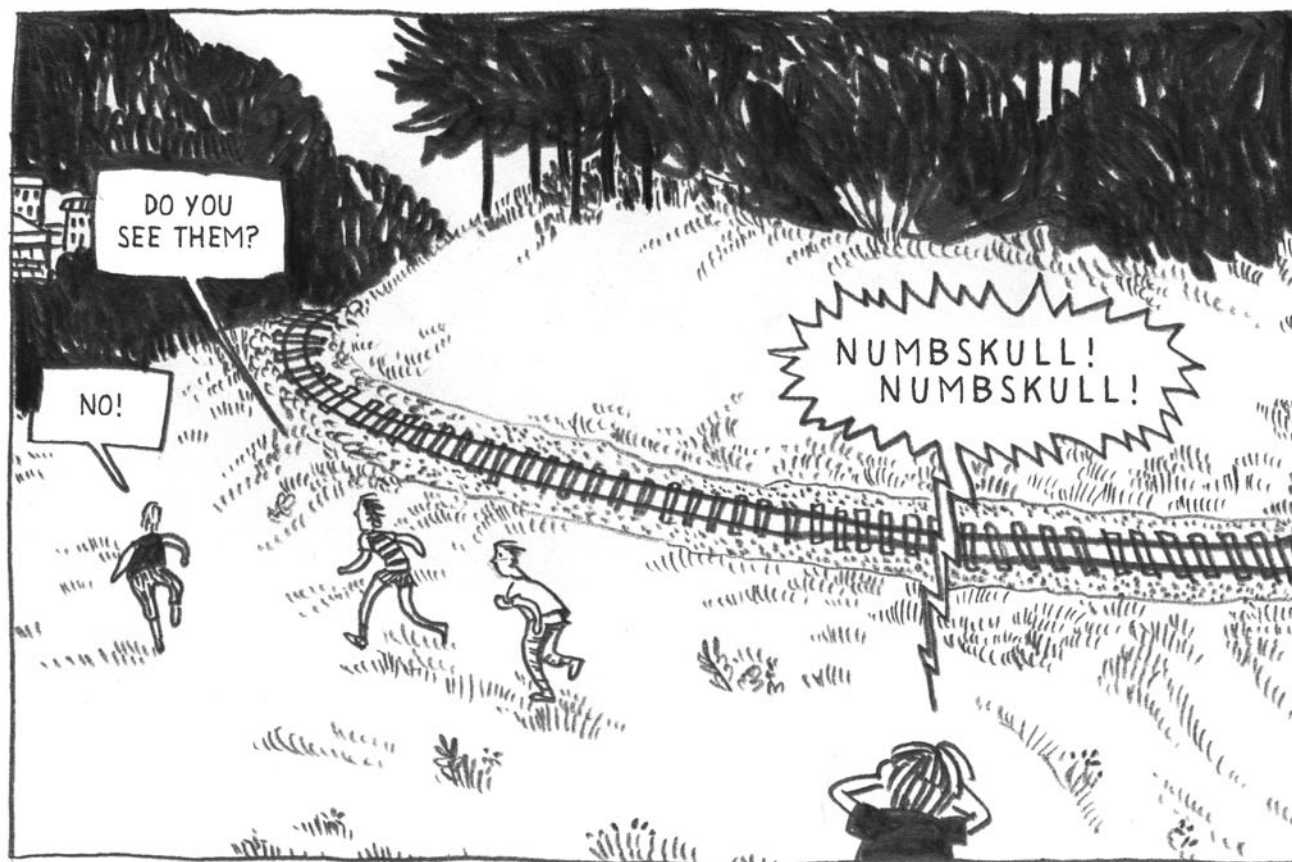
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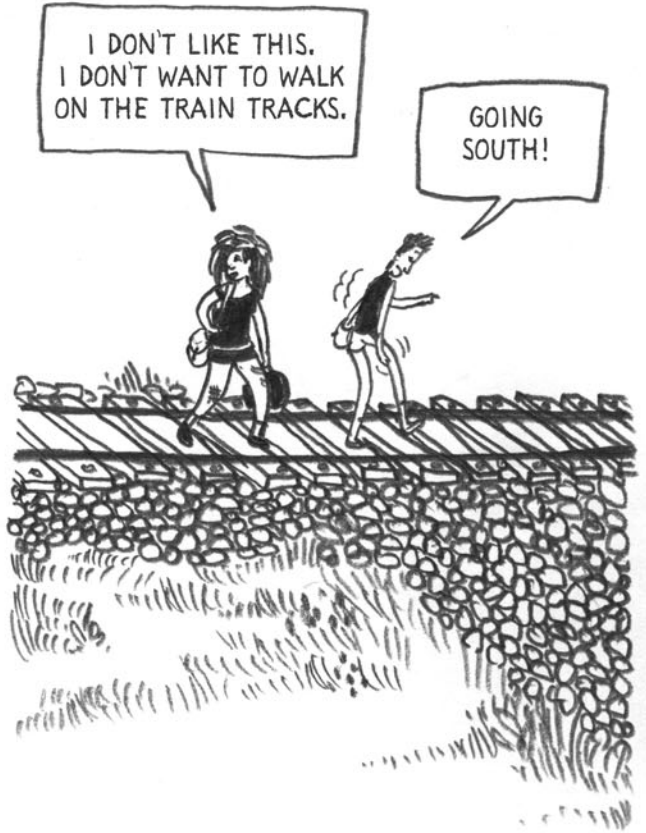






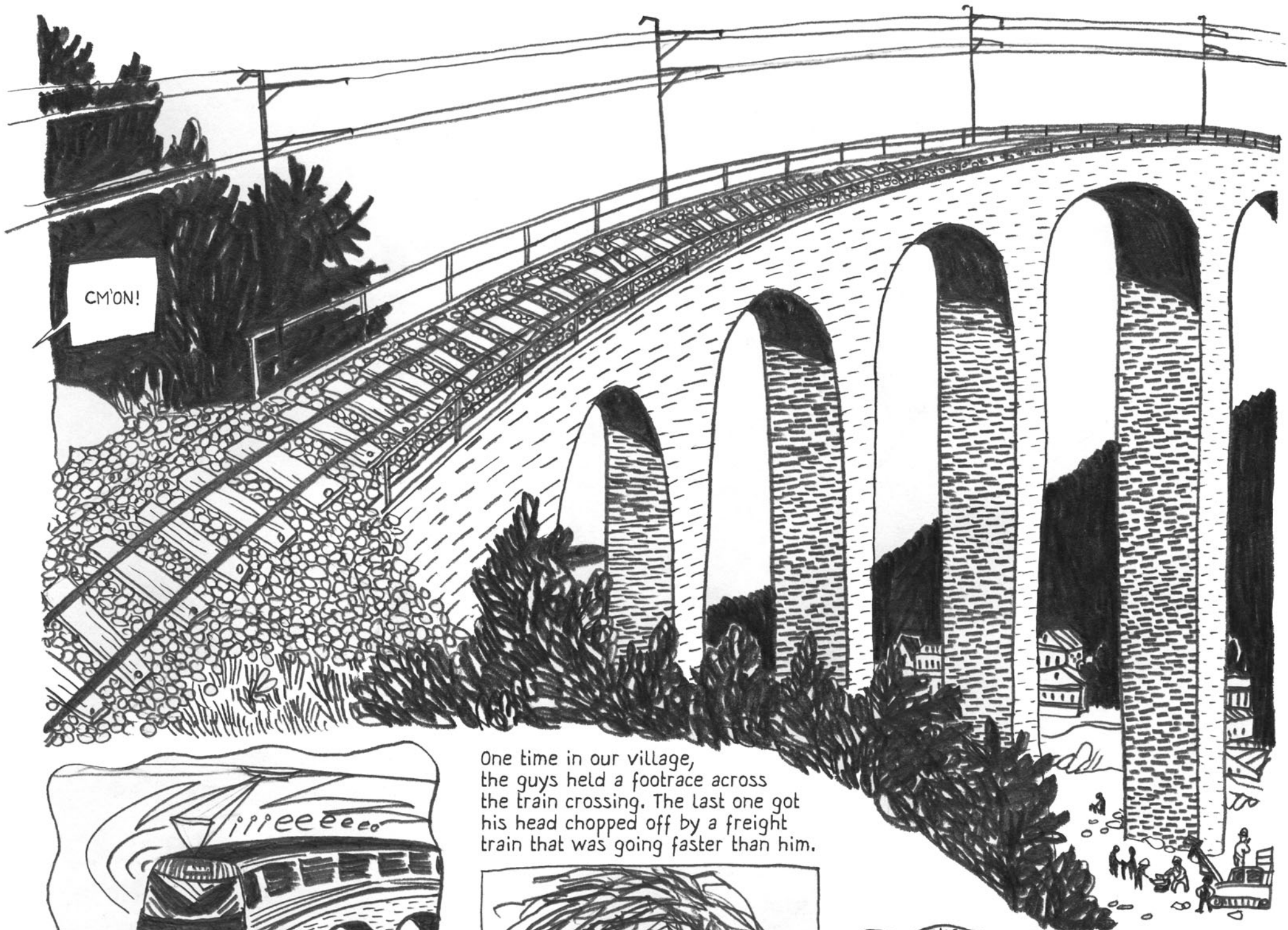
We crouched in the bushes for at least half an hour till the brats were gone.





It was clear why Edi was so keen on following the train tracks. Hot pants and ballet slippers weren't exactly the kind of stuff you want to run around in in the wilderness



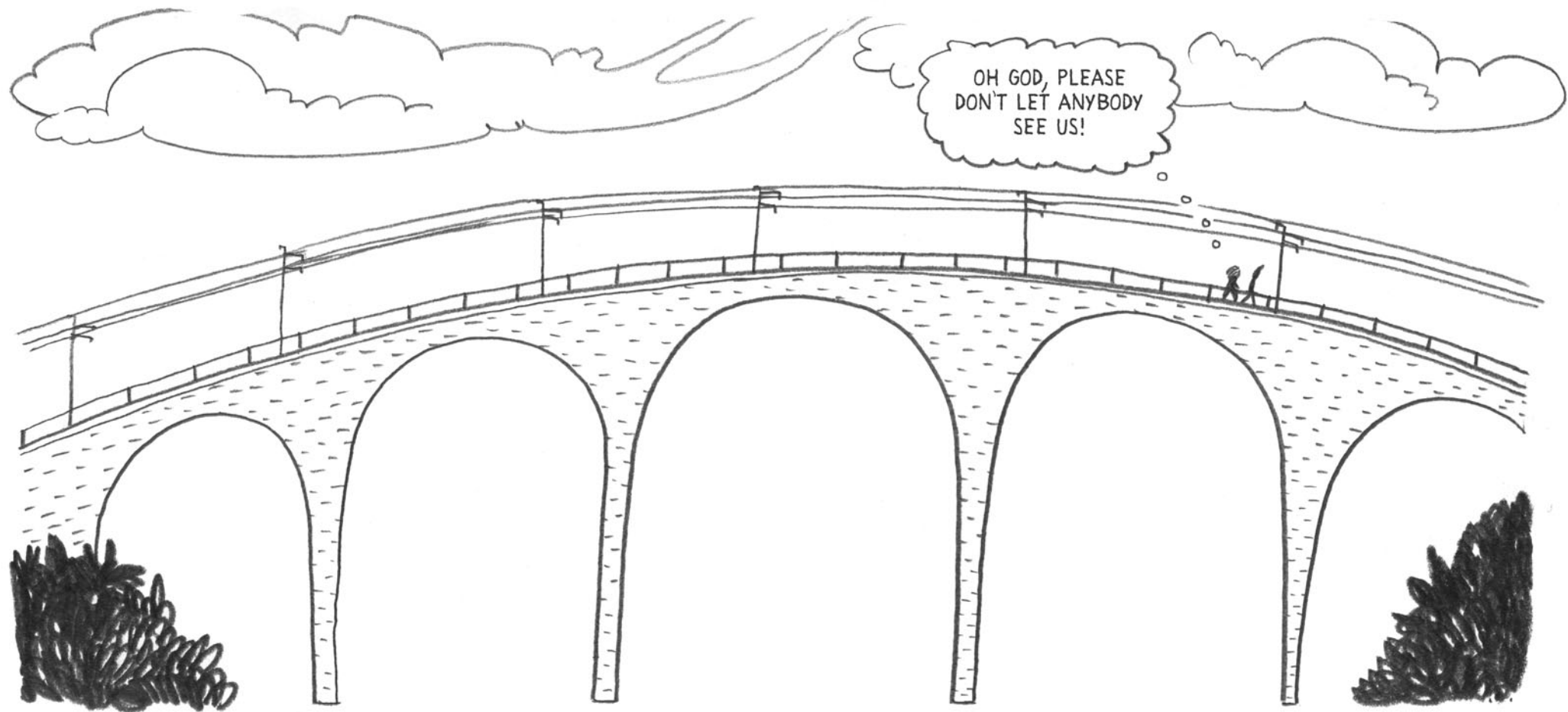


CM'ON!

One time in our village,  
the guys held a footrace  
across the train crossing.  
The last one got his head  
chopped off by a freight  
train that was going  
faster than him.







OH GOD, PLEASE  
DON'T LET ANYBODY  
SEE US!



THAT'S IT!

I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH!



ULLI?!









Our parents forbade us from playing there, because we were always coming home from "the meadows" covered in dirt. A small wood, it was criss-crossed by ditches that drained water out of the marshes. The idea was to make our way through it by skipping and moving sideways across the soft patches.









HERE'S A WAY.

MAYBE IT'S ONE WHICH THE BORDER PATROL USES.



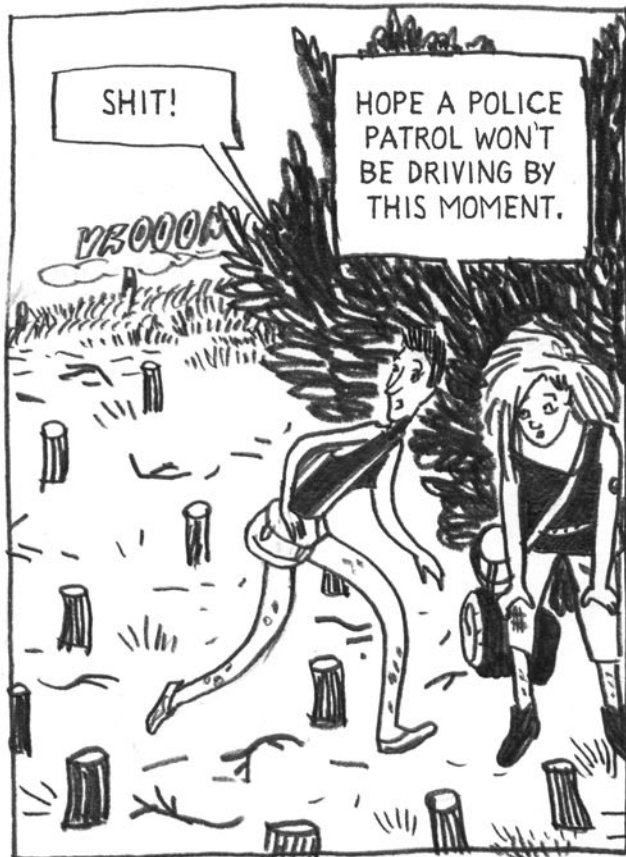
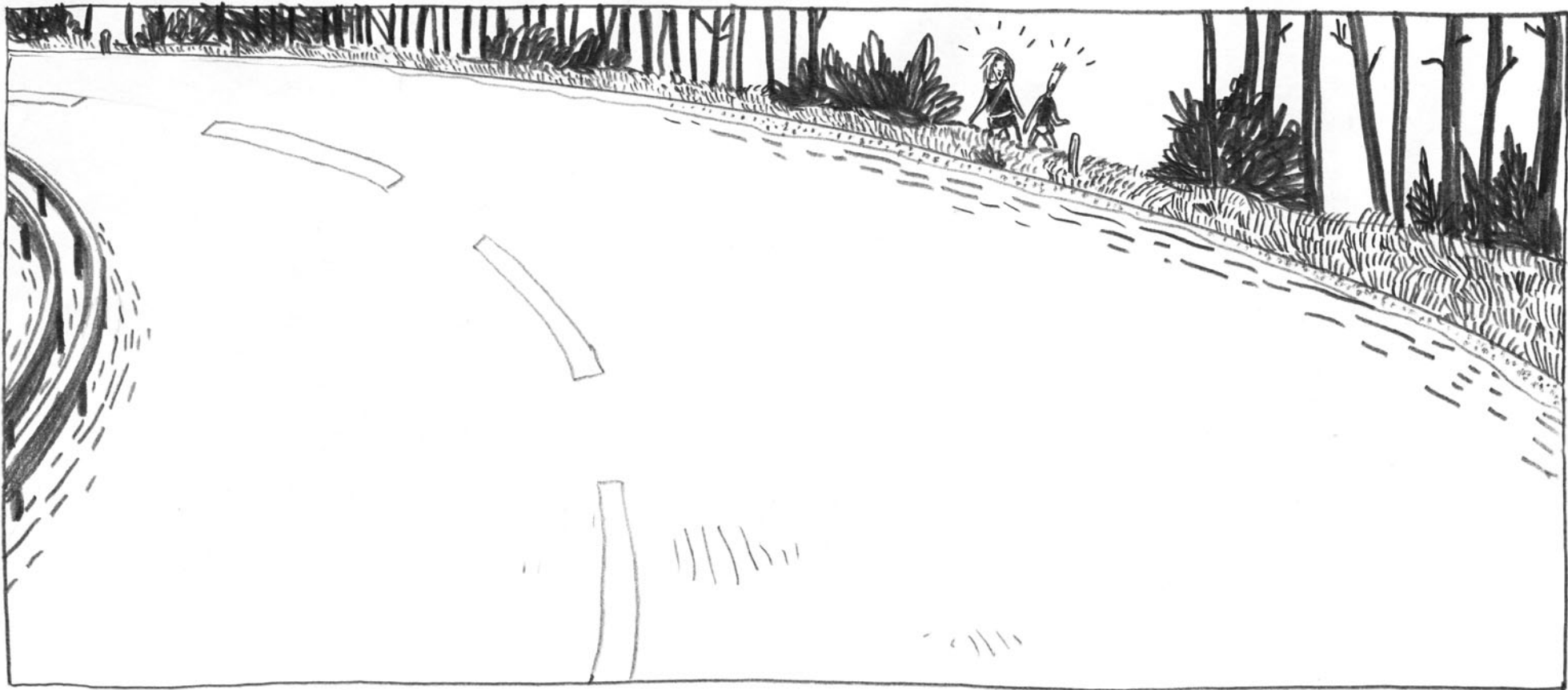
DON'T WORRY, ... THOSE LOOK LIKE THE TRACKS OF WILD PIGS.

WILD PIGS?

THIS PATH'S BEEN MADE BY WILD ANIMALS. NO CUSTOM OFFICERS'LL BE COMING DOWN THIS WAY. GOOD.

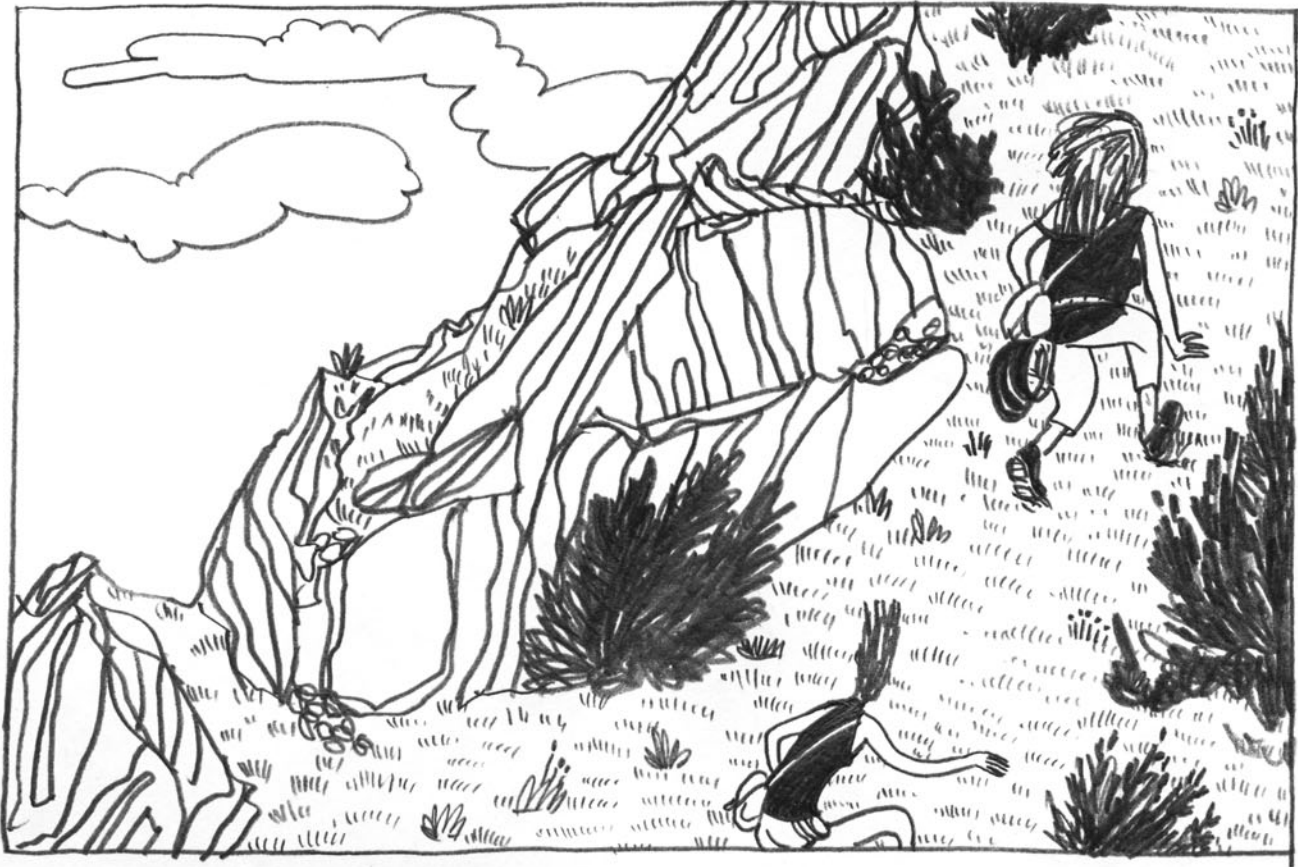








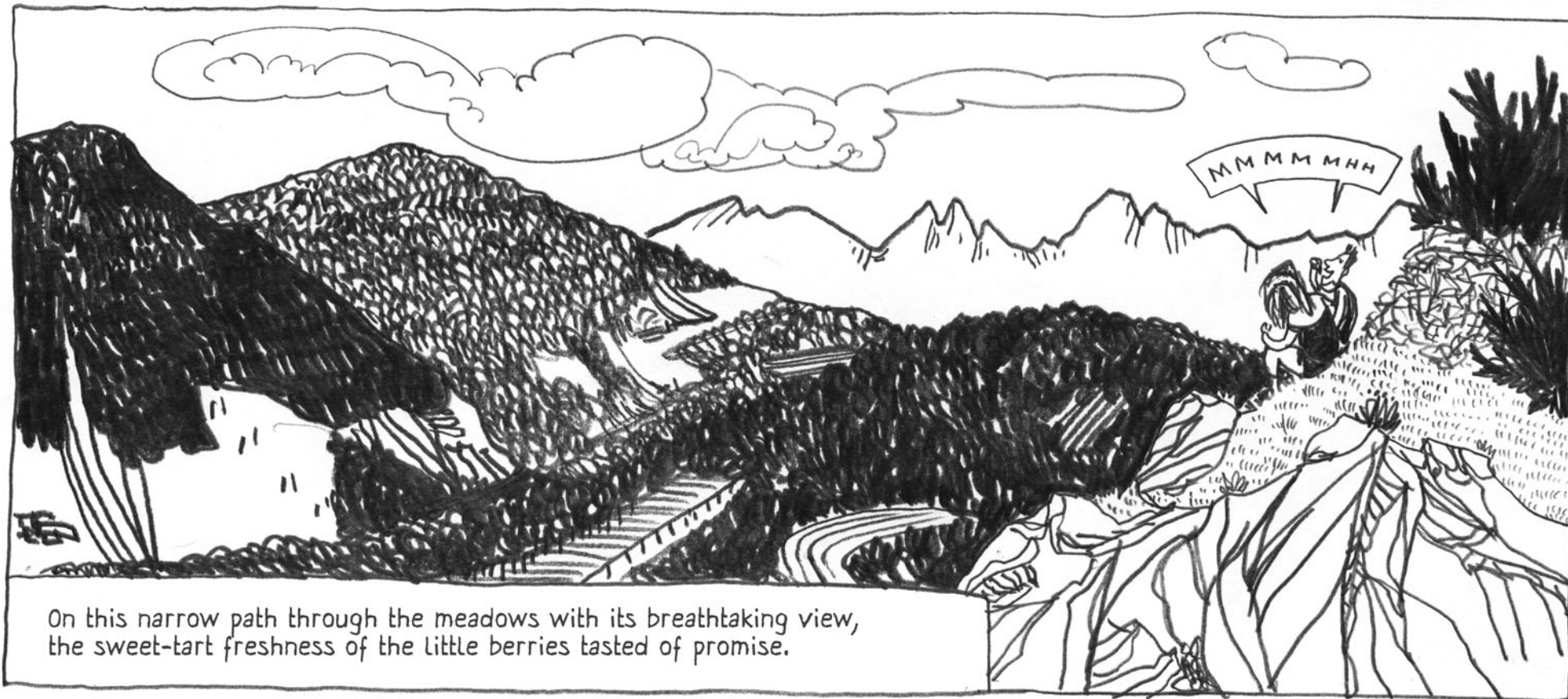
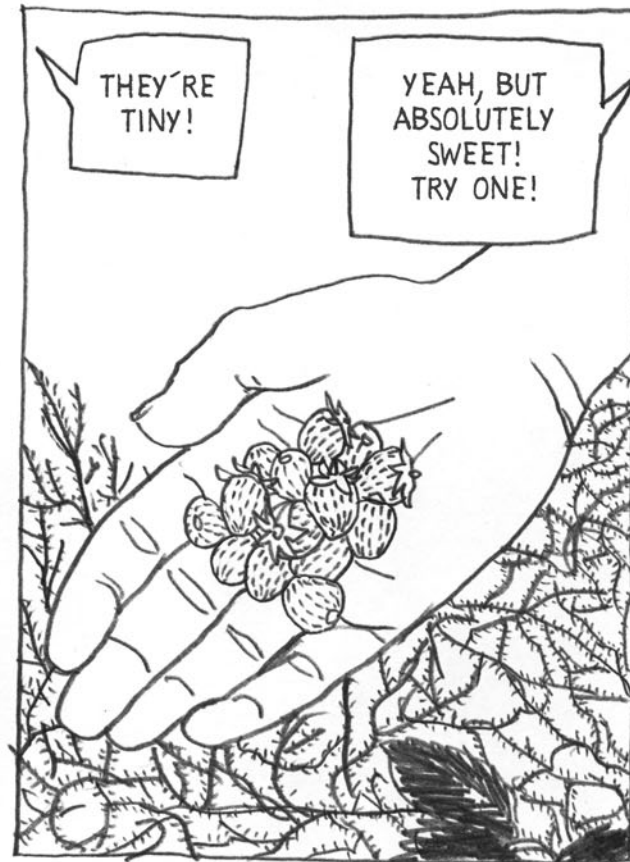












On this narrow path through the meadows with its breathtaking view, the sweet-tart freshness of the little berries tasted of promise.

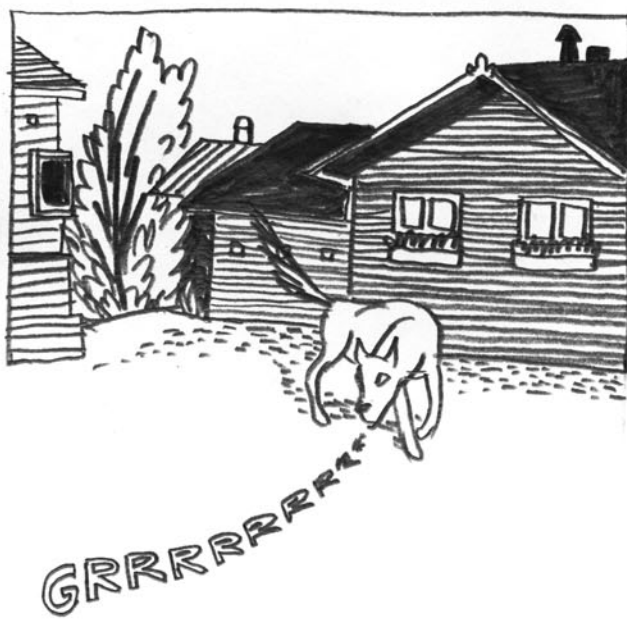




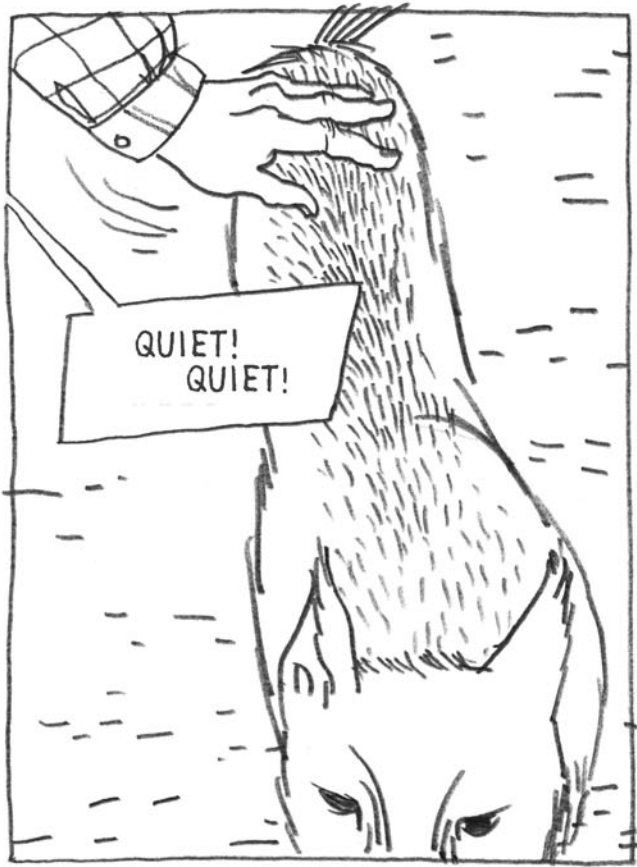


\* God be with you. - Austrian Greeting

















IF WE WALK THE HILLSIDE ACROSS THE WAY, WE CAN USE THE CUSTOMS STATION AS ORIENTATION.



HAHA, YUP, RIGHT, VERY SUBTLE - TWO PEOPLE WADING ACROSS THE WATER.

IN WILD WEST FILMS, THE COWBOYS ALWAYS GO INTO A STREAM TO SHAKE OFF THEIR PURSUERS, WHADJA THINK?



JUST TO THE BRIDGE IN FRONT OF US.

FIRST OF ALL, WE HAVE TO GET OFF THIS ROAD! WE'RE TOO CONSPICUOUS AGAIN. STICKING OUT LIKE SORE THUMBS. THUMBS.

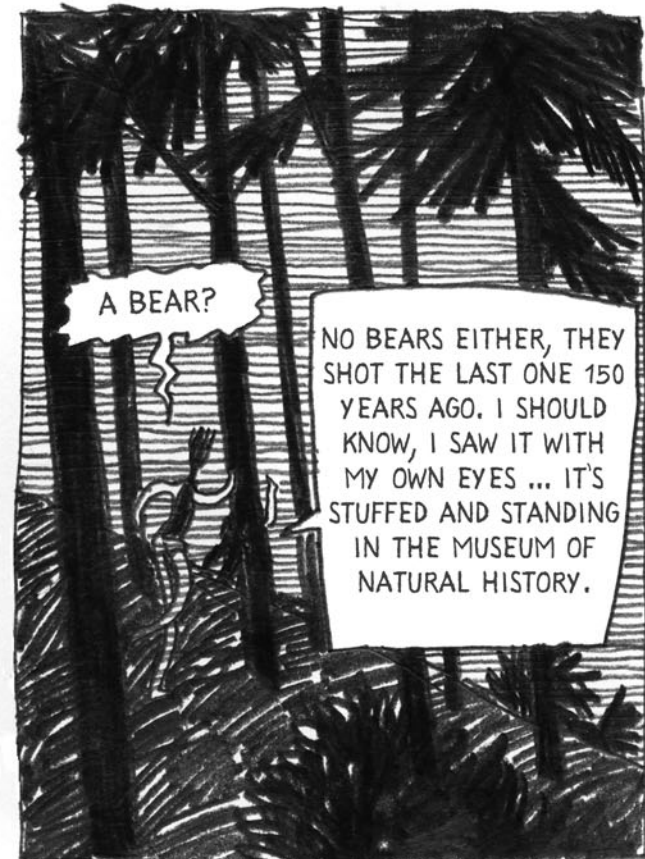


EDI, DO YOU SEE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS?

NOPE.

For the very first time I miss my ugly glasses.

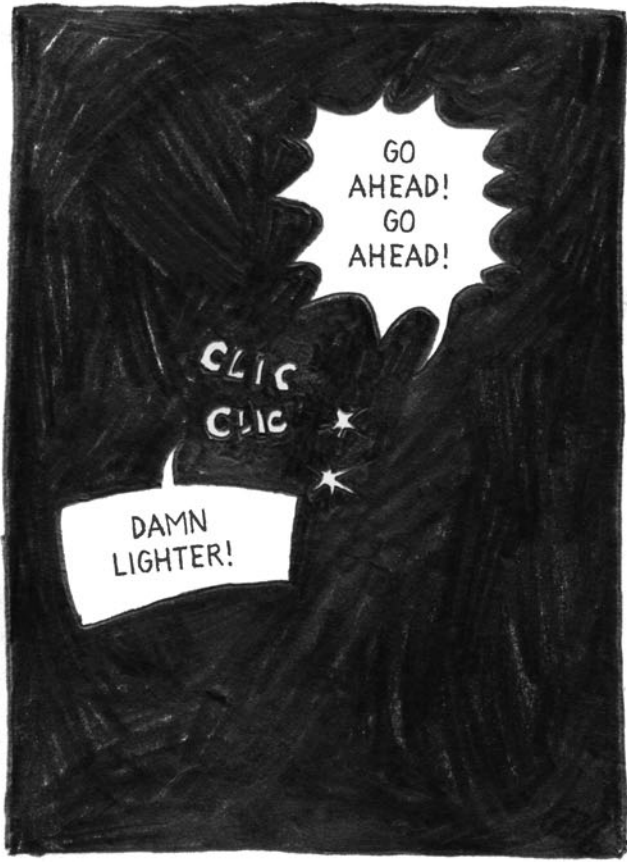


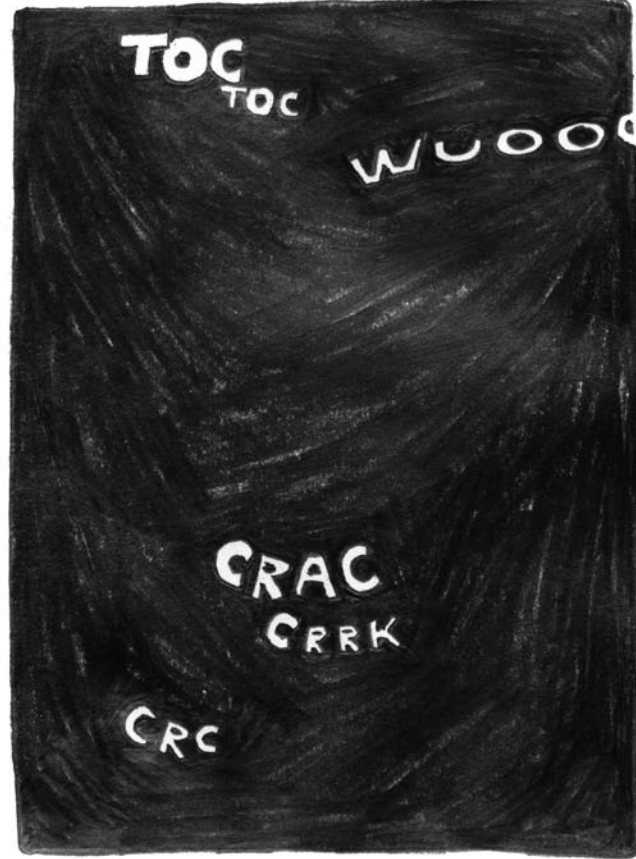
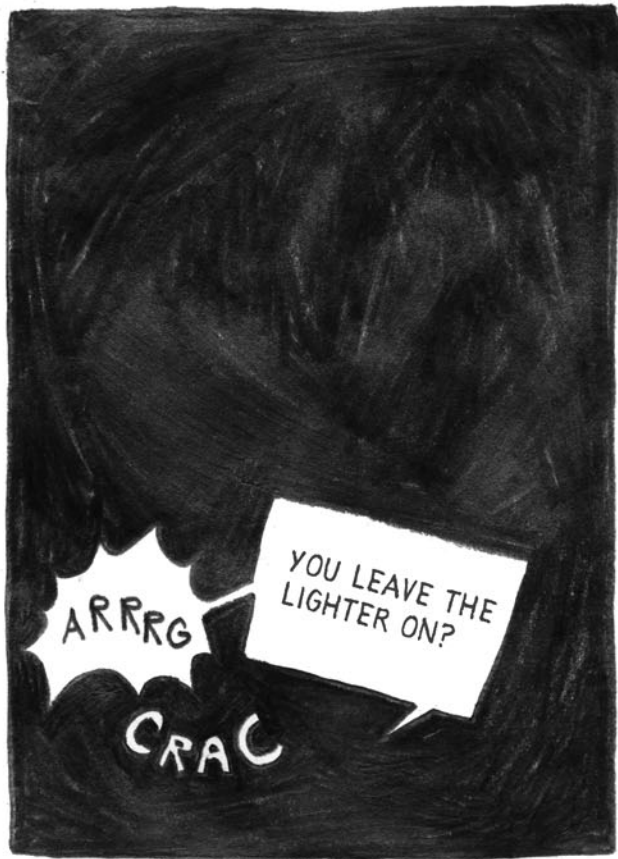
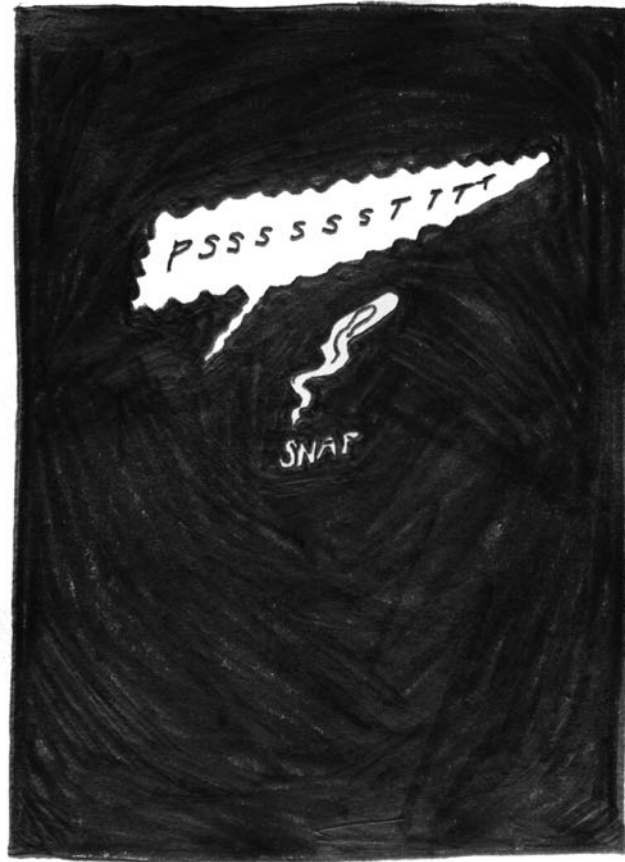


Night fell black and thick over the hillside. On the other side, the "evil eye" - the border station's searchlight, kept the area well lit. Edith gets another attack of the willies - wild pigs again.

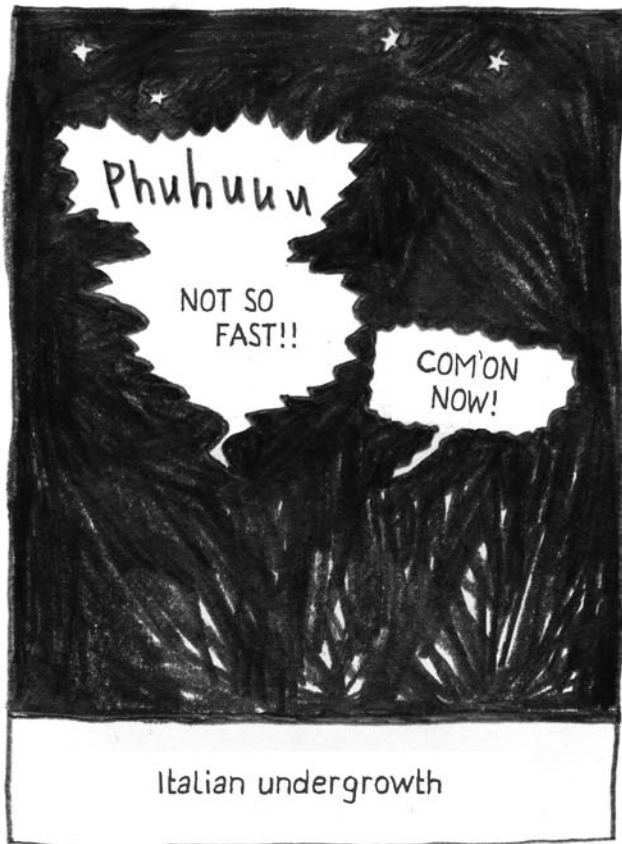
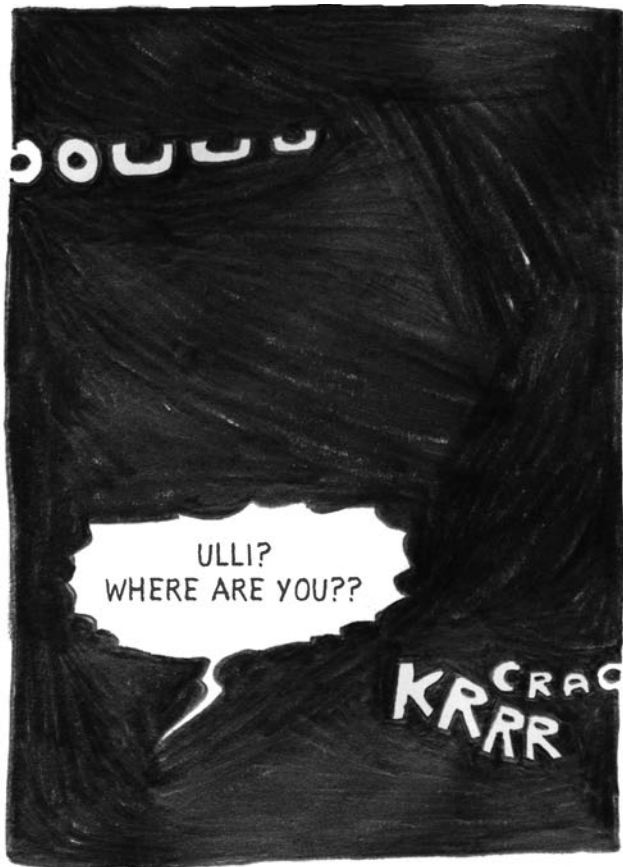












Italian undergrowth



Italian mud



Italian stinging nettle

TOC  
TOC

WUOOO

CRAC  
CRRK

CRC



EXIT

to be continued ....

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