

Jack of the Shadows

Silent Idol

But... Who has stolen the code?

La Margelle
Sea shore

So many thanks to Edgard Allan, Solomon and some others friends. They brought some food to my sketches. René Berger said a was a big predator! La belle affaire! I feed myself with all I can listen, read or see. Then I transform it according to the rules of my own alchemy. The frontier between duplicate and recreation is very narrow. Thanks to the illuminated Soraya who marvelled reading this story (maybe she simulated?) And no thanks at all to Aladin who did not really help me to complete the main job of this book... i.e : make a sadistic and gentle nordic girl reach the standard female democratic extasy level as defined in the Geneva Conventions 2012 and their Additional sex Protocols.

Silent Idol

But... Who has stolen the code?

with XIII variations on the Carnal Theme

*To Nanna of course,
without her I would have forgotten this journey.*

Spain, with Silent Idol, stood for S^{pecial} Pain

This is the very sad story about my love non-affair with the beautiful Nordic girl, Lena was her name.

Once upon a sunny day, I saw Lena.

She was just sitting on the beach, doing nothing in a very professional way. I paid her for that. I love expensive girls, I have a job, a good one, and a reasonable part of my money goes to friends, damsels in distress, rich people killers and useless sexy girls.

By the way, Lena (aka Elna, aka The Nordic carnal girl, etc.) had an even more beautiful sister called Nanna.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in this marine summer. I met Lena in Spain and fell in strong carnal love with her. In less than one millisecond, that was an évidence, a coup-de-foudre. ¹

This 4th of July, an horribly common anniversary, the Goddess was sitting on the beach, doing nothing in particular, playing with her toes, getting tanned, chit chatting, smiling to everyone, nothing more than exchanging low level small talk with other bitches, but I did not care. She had blond hair and beautiful legs. What idiots we are, we other men². The whole history of our race resounds with the shouts women obtained from us using their tricky female seduction weapons. Long, meaty legs and Voilà! They do not need more than that to capture us. I wish I **were** a girl sometimes, just to play with my other side. Later I'll abuse the words carnal legs, this is expressive, it sticks to reality. I emphasize: legs terribly, awfully... carnal.

1 En français dans le texte.

2 I know, that sounds french and spanish but I love it...

I was really captivated by her. Captivated? Understatement... Tied up, capturé, jailed, in chains but... quite comfortable. She had power over me, okay, but she did not realize it, you know? (that was certainly much better for my sake) Who knows... I'm sure that if she'd ordered me to lay my entire fortune at her feet, I would have done so at once.

She really had power over me.³ That's women you know, they act that way, they are spoken by their nature. They are too dense, too attractive, like black stars, in the scientific meaning of the word. *Trou noirs*, black holes.

Theme

*This is the awfully sad story
about my non-love, non-affair
with a beautiful Nordic chick,
almost nineteen,
Lena was her name.*

Maybe I could have made a better choice with Nanna (Oh, Nanna was even more attractive than Lena, you see? Is that possible? Yes it was!) But I told myself that she was too pretty for me, too beautiful and too fanafantastic.

“Elle était si jolie que je n’osais l’aimer”...⁴

I felt I was not handsome enough, not sexy enough to be

3 She had real power over me: if you think about all the geniuses who said the same for insignificant girls you should apply the famous maxime from Sana “De quoi se les peindre en vert et les exposer chez Prunier”.

4 She was so fuckable that I did not dare to risk... informal translation.

accepted by Nanna⁵ and that it would be more realistic for my plan, strategy and sex wars to retire as soon as possible to the bedroom with Lena.

Var I

*I confess I was really in her power you know
I still was facing my Idol, asking me why?
What sort of necessity? And when, Oh! when?*

To solve a human problem the best role is always God. (This facility is available to men only).

- Let there be sex, I told her.

And surprise, surprise, there was only very little picosex.⁶ Only this, and nothing more.

For me that was... offending. I'm specialized in the ultimate art to make Zi⁷ blondes from the far frozen North cum and my favourite music is always their ultimate pleasure and sonic agonies. I had been practicing since more than 600 years, I hadn't a single échec!⁸

By the way I did not introduce myself, I'm the Wandering Jew and people have known about me since the 13th century. It is absolutely wrong that I misbehaved with Jesus, my best friend, on the way to his crucifixion. I tell you the truth: I badly wanted Marie Madeleine AND Maria Magdalena,

5 Anyway I teached her the powerful japanese motocycles and the swiss fondue...

6 Picosex means 10 billions times smaller than average male standard.

7 Nothing to do with Mrs Jones, it is just the french way to say "The".

8 En français dans le texte.

Jesus kept the former and Bach the latter. Torn apart between a Prophet and the greatest western musician I had no choice. Anyway, there were yet more solutions. Jesus, who understood the Boolean algebra before everyone, had chosen a NOR for me. Nor Marie Madeleine nor Maria Magdalena and the result is... true, that simply means that it's real in my daily reality. He could have given me a XOR, or Marie Madeleine or Maria Magdalena, I would have been terribly embarrassed because these women were so complementary. Finally, it was a NAND, meaning I could have either one of them or none at all! You know what happened. Bach had twenty two children with the latter and Jesus a lot of billions with the former. I could not go racing. For this I'm obliged to wait until the Second Coming. I'm not a shoemaker, I'm just a wandering composer. To make a living I write and conduct music. What happened to me? Maybe Lerrna was the Second Coming on planet Earth? I'm quite familiar with those Apocaline females, they haunt my novels. And you know what? I don't care! Since the beginning I felt great, women are my family and treat me so well! Therefore I'm happy, and have no plans to stop wandering. Hum... At least I *was* happy until I met Silent Idol.

You'll soon understand why I call her Silent Idol. It's a terrible revelation, patience, I take the opportunity of this narrative pause to tell you that all the subtitles are variations à la manière⁹ de Beethoven A major Sonata, first movement. That's my musician pleasure. I change a word, a letter, a dash, I surreptitiously slip the next idea, proceeding very carefully.
So...

9 In the style of B*

Var II

*This will be the very sad code story
From Spain to pain
about the splendor and weakness of men
along a non-love asexual affair
with a semi-beautiful nordic girl, Lena is her code.*

This way of beginning by saying « This is the very sad story... » makes me think about Chopin, G minor ballad for piano. He wrote this amazing piece for a stupid young aristocratic pussy (we other men...) and received less than nothing in exchange. The G minor Ballade is not only a masterwork but a narrative evidence. That six notes phrase correspond to the classical declaration «Once upon the time» but is far more impressive, subtle and generates structural variations across the whole composition, with the power of meta language that the music has. No one reached this level after him. So, to get back to Elna (who is not a swiss sewing machine...) she had blond hair (Not as luxurious as Nanna's hair, nobody's perfect you know) and beautiful legs. She wore hot pants all the time, like american college girls and I confess that it is horrifyingly efficient on males. I can check it on me and on all men we cross in the street or on the beach. When I was teaching music in the NY University, I was surrounded by hots pants and long legs. I had also an Impala (a slipping hovering car you drive like a boat...) and a private anonymous house lost in hundreds similars private anonymus houses. I probably ate burgers and drank beer. I forgot all that except the hot pants. It was an uniform with a double obligation for us: look and never touch. So, Lena had, in and from her hot pants, long, meaty legs. I must precise: legs terribly... carnal or carnales. And neither the angels in heaven above, nor the demons down in the subterranean corridors could ever dissever my eyes from the legs of the beautiful Nordik

Girl! Grrrrrrr...

Alas, I was discovering that she definitely was not an easy sex rider. Nothing to do with Lena Olin (another very talented Nordic we discovered in Havana) or worse, with all the Angelina Vislaine like gang, or these ugly fat infatuated kitsch Kardashian, not to mention all the girls on sale from Bimboland. All of them are fuckable without problems, they are in love with money and nothing more. They let us practice sex, feeling nothing, making a lot of show-off, giving us poor results and of course no more satisfaction than a quick balls dump. Lena was not really an easy sex rider.

That chick obliged me to revise my conception of the glorious bastard I was proud to be.

Var III

*This is the Xtremely common story about
raise and fall of desire
a quick male process
facing a tremendous Nordic female,
Hot pants is one of her numerous names, but...
Help! Somebody inside?
Maybe she was a Bernard l'Hermite
A beautifool shell and a monster inside...*

I know, I know, I admit all women are more or less frigid but they are able to do some responsive things like a french branlette¹⁰ or a JBBJ (Jelly Blond Blow Job) or, at least, to simulate. They are knowed for this arent they? Maybe we have too different timings too?

10 We heard about the spanish one but the french is not yet known.

Var IV

*In Lena's case it was a bit¹¹ different.
I confess I was totally in her power
I'll explain that later
Who had stolen the key of my code?
She was a magnificent simulacrum you know*

She was, I have no word to comment that, divided in two parts.

One very attractive and that was her magnificent Nordik body with blond hair and long carnalegs wich certainly are the ultimate eugenistic miracle of the "race" (Fredo Nietzsche strongly agrees with me on that) and the other part was her cold, small, narrow-minded, minimal inner personality.

As soon as I perceived it, I was suddenly frozen.

This feeling was related to insignificant details: she was definitely selfish, living in her primitive thalamistic¹² brain, feeling only instincts, fear, territory and food, she had no interest in any other person than herself and, last but not least, considered everybody as insignificant crap and inferior instantiations. In other words she was desirable.

More than anything male hunters like the impossible, it turns them on.

11 We corrected the original version : a bite différente, self explanatory.

12 Nice word, isn't it?

Var V

*Annaway, I was really in her legpower you know,
more erected than God himself at Genesis time
What sort of Big Bang could spring out from her shorts?
Some devil has taught male frustration to all of them
a poor hunter is meditating...*

Well, I realize you don't really know me. Apart from being the wanderer Jew, I'm Jack of the Shadows, the living and chaotic result of three unknown planets conjunction. Arena, Mercator and Spermula are their names. That might sound a bit complicated for you, I know, but their rules are simple. Factorial 3! of these planets gives 6 and, their North and South poles being taken into consideration, we have 6 at the power of 2, i.e. 36 possible results. If Mercator fucks Arena (by lining up his north pole to her south pole) the world, as I perceive it, turns neo liberal, commercial, corrupted and generate poverty and crime. All the blood of mankind (i.e money) is concentrated in the hands of 17 people. I tried many times to discover their names in order to retire¹³ them but, till now, I did not succeed. If Spermula lines up North pole to South pole of Arena the female power will be established and, in my opinion, it would not be the worst case. All that man brings in this world is his random genius and war. I won't bother you with the 34 remaining solutions, I'm nothing more but a poor fool, you know, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage. I will just consider patterns 17 and 36 wich are interesting. If Spermula and Arena line up, ignoring Merkator, there will be the Second coming. And if the three planets connect, as in an orgy, North to South in a loop, a cosmic

13 American euphemism, stands for kill them.

feedback will be generated and this will be the End of Time. As this is an open secret you may laugh and repeat it as much as you like, there is no copyright and nobody will pay attention to that. The good question remains: what the hell do these crazy suppositions have to do with Lena? Nothing more than an Eros and Thanatos relation.

Men are somehow part of the lemmings family. You probably remember about these cute rodents who will commit mass suicide, jumping off a cliff into the sea? We do the same. Whether we are rich, poor, talented, muslims, idiots, swiss and/or crazy we all rush into the black female hole. That's our code, the first line I guess. When I met her on the beach my line 1⁽⁻⁶⁶⁶⁾ activated and I started to build an universe from nothing but a single reproductive impulse due to her carnal legs, not to mention the hot pants. In others words, we writers, poets, even politicians, warriors, masters, priests, bankers, slaves and honest people from the center of nowhere act the same way. We do and say anything in order to fall into the black female hole to perpetuate the race. And women - those first round winners - change us into obedient puppets, giving up and down beats¹⁴, beating their own tempo! After all, Cervantes and Dante did not act differently. Except Mozart and Bach, all other geniuses are producing much ado for nothing. Where was I with Lena? Any chance to seduce her? It was time to define the right behaviour.

Alas, with such a babybitch, that sort of erectile happiness doesn't last. Tell me, oh tell me how to stay fierce n' horny facing LenaL, the magnificent simulacron of the human Nordic feministic race. An aryan dream! (I was really in her power you know. I wish I'd better were in her shaking hands). How stupid was this girl: For her, to draw her attention, I was ready to sing

14 First round winner... There is unfortunately a law, they statistically lose the second round. That's why they are so tough with men at the beginning of the play.

the Song of Songs licking her toes in sandals, escarpins, boots, even licking her footprint in the sand of this spanish beach but: No! Rien! Nothing! Nada! My short term destiny was Miss Lena von Carnale zu Karnal and I was really jailed you know, the problem being she was so narrow-minded she couldn't see me nor my prick, nor my face, nor my money, nor my song, nor my spanish château, nor my desire, nor my .757 magnum, nor my 750 VFR Honda, nor Nora (but that one wasn't yet there at the moment), nor nor, nor even the Nordic splendor she, due to some God's fatal error, incarnated. Holy shit!

Var VI

An idiot can be an Evidence

My concern was AlenA

*For I really was pleased in her chains you see,
unable to fill the gap between carnalistic legs
and a so narrow-minded monumental minimal
A little spark may follow a great flame.*

I would have accepted a narrow minded pussy but a narrow minded mental, that was difficult. During two seconds I concentrated deeply with all the power of my famous Qi energy. What the hell does all that mean? Was I really in her power? I was forced to admit the truth, I was an idiot. I let my prick think for me (I recommend this philosophy). I wasn't better than other men. I wanted her badly. At the very thought of my glorious career reduced at lightning speed to a stupid nordic chick I wanted to disappear and hide myself in the depths of the planet. I felled urged to sexinseminatetorrentbloodspermatocullyfanafantastic her right now! Here! On the beach, on the kitchen table, in a tapas bar or even in my bed pourquoi pas? I was ashamed: my so ridiculous behaviour... After all, these legs were nothing more than a few pounds of meat with some bones. She was nothing

more (and nothing less...) than a carnal equation, I could find her components at the next butcher shop! How could I react like an automate and dedicate myself to this carnalcanibalistic part of Lena? Nonsense! But... (anyway I was already in her ropes you know) the perfect second degree mathematical formula of her legs worked efficiently, she was... how to say that? She was, according to a 3,141592653589793238462^(and so on) principle, feministically designed and curved and it worked. These curves were what I call God's writing. I felt the same in Monument Valley, but it stops at a mental level. In Lena's case, I was more south bound, as pilots say, heading to the hot pants.

I hate Lena!

First of all because she's not aware of our situation. Then, because I had simple male desire, nothing particular, nothing offending, just having good straight sex with her, something like a french brouette, a reversed Istanbul spiral, an Eiffel Tower peniscolate, a cocasse colena with hot bubbles, an Iraki gentle missile, a swiss tsunami, an inner pussy touch and go, a Nordic melting pot, a quarantième rugissante, a spanish finger drag and drop, maybe a islamic tongue evil verset, or the secret door in the black burka. A nothing, la routine in others words! Alas, she acted like an autistic and used perversely her full sex power on a poor helpless musician. I was even ready to obey to a single finger snap from her and that idiot wasn't able to understand anything about this magnificent characteristic of men!

Wachabiz Onooohaa kmo'lll Anahan! ¹⁵

15 He is maybe speaking Comanche or genevois, we dont know, be sure he's mad.

AND now, I stay here,
alone in the dark,
I don't know if I
still will be alive
tomorrow and, I

tell you, brother, this is the very sad story about my broken non-love, lost non-affair with that beautiful Nordic girl, Lena might be her divine name. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stay there wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. But the silence was unbroken, and the Goddess gave no token¹⁶. I was really in her pipower¹⁷ you know.

We had to go back to Cheeseland. I might say Bankersland or Chocolateland, Fondueland or even Snowland, people have the hatable habit to resume countries to some touristic point of view, France would stand for baguette de pain, béret basque, Sacré Français, les petites femmes de Pigalle¹⁸ and frog eaters, Italy mainly for spaghetti, mafia, teen orgies and belladone, England as FogLand and good cup of tea, you'll complete that list. She worked well, attached solidly our luggage on the roof of the car, helped me to close the house, locking all doors and turning all breakers off. This nana was really athletic you know, nothing ugly, everything eugenic, builded for reproduction, long muscles, elegant shoulders well developed. Once again I felt strange, out of phase and did absolutely not understand the relation between us, if there was one. What was the real destination of her force? When I conduct Schuman's second symphony I'm doing an athletic job too. I come and more than eighty people must be convinced that I cannot make any mistakes, that I have the all work clear in my mind, that I have the power to see in the future (in a concert the future is somewhere between a tenth of second

16 Wow ! Must be a quote !

17 From the french word pipo: bullshit

18 Impossible to describe a country using a foreign language...

ans two seconds), that I will be present, safe, that I will be a guide! That's exhausting but, if you succeed, gives a great satisfaction. In such a case I know what short term purpose I serve. With Lena I felt useless, meaningless. Sexual desire had filled me with a great force I was not able to dissipate. Furthermore, she was more desirable in her "doing nothing in a very professional way". During the preparation of the trip I precise that she did not adress a single personal word to me, just practical short sentences like "Do that! Where is this? Check your luggage". Good! I sighed of ease, the sex war was going on. I got very excited about it. Even for this meaningless battle.

So, after some preliminaries, like traveling seven hours non-stop from Spain to pain¹⁹ and from Cadiz to Geneva²⁰, in a very cold silence, I felt isolated like a poor lonesome cowboy. During the all trip she was playing with her toes in beautiful sandals I had bought for her and, of course, she did not release even a single palabra²¹. What was stronger? My furious desire to put my codes and seeds in her inner sea or simply my arrogant vanity? That is the question.

It's hard to stand a sexual silence you know. It's a torture. She made it on purpose, to make me understand I was nothing. A nothing at her feet. Okay. If you play the mistress slave role game, never do it on the emotional level. It doesn't make any sense and it hurts. In real life, between man and woman there is always a balance of power. Sex wars. Lena's weapon was to ignore me. That fucking technique

19 Spain to pain that's sounds great! You have to be a composer to create such a musical association. Merci Jack!

20 I know, I know, in the reality we travel from Costa Brava to Geneva but let me warn you: if you are looking for fleas in my hair you might as well go to Greece or hell, your choice!

21 See next note.

works so well. I knew she was aware of my desire. After all she was a nordic Lolita. I had a tought for Faustus, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Beethoven, Nabokov and the rest of our famous frustrated lovers. All trapped! All victims of these arrogant vaginas mounted on long carnal legs. Was Lena aware of our probable after love scenario? Sex is nothing else than a stock exchange in madness. I played ask and she played bid. The worst is that women have fewer sexual needs than us. Therefore I was spinning toward bankruptcy. It was impossible to eradicate purely and simply my desire, to calm down those testosteronic waves which provoked in me turmoil, tumult and turbulence. I got mad at her. I **thought** about making a slave contract with her. I would obey and accomplish all her fantasies. In exchange I wanted just a to talk with her, a bit of humor. A smile. That was too demanding, she stayed silent, a real inaccessible Idol. My inner energy modified to upheaval, unrest, uproar, in these vanishing minutes of clamoring, confusion, and commotion, I finally had to admit that...

t the moment, SHE was the winner.



And now... I clearly look like a superficial idiot, nononono, do not try to cheat me, I am really aware of the shallowness of my character: an arrogant male who feels irresistibly desirable, seducing and winner. So, I open one more parenthesis (the name of this short book might be Book of Parenthesis) and tell you something about my other and secret activities.

I'm a killer, a good one. I warned you at the very beginning by saying "a reasonable part of my money goes to friends, damsels in distress, rich people killers and useless sexy girls." Of course, obsessed as you are you retained nothing more than useless sexy girls... Big mistake! I spent all my life loving people, being generous and creative. I had an unlimited confidence in mankind and I really was blind about basic structures of human society. One day I woke up, very late, in a world I could not accept. Some bankers had realized I had something they could steal.

Jack hunting started. They used all possible, legal and illegal techniques. Intimidation, wrong documents, violation of banking secrecy, blackmail, bailiffs at my door, lawyer corruption. Their goal was to make me lose control of my life, lose confidence and finally surrender, signing a fucking document allowing them to realize my assets for... nothing. I wasn't prepared but I organized the resistance. It took me five years to discover how their behaviour was well planned, criminal, ruthless, treacherous, cunning, fierce and shabby, to say the less. In their vast buildings and offices there is no human heart beating, no soul, nothing to live with except the general greediness for money. Will you believe me? That game also amused me. I learned to be elsewhere when they hit there, they were so

predictable that using false news to make them run was an easy game. On the other hand, money people stink so much that thinking about those subhuman creeps was pushing me to see a gray levels universes, without a single color spot. Like the Rumble fish movie²². At the end of this period I met Electra the invisible destiny trader and she revealed me her project. She marks to select and progressively retire all rich indecent people from our society. Simply that and nothing more. I objected, like de Gaulle, it was going to be a huge program... It supposed a giant network as well as a definition of the selection. She said that everyone would get a chance to change their behaviour. She had nothing against different levels of fortune as far as people could fill two conditions. 1) Never try to possess more than what you can use. And, most important, 2) be generous with poorer people, respect them, learn from them and reinject a good part of all yours incomes into their life. I told her it was utopic. She smiled and replied :

- Sudden death is the only fine... they will think twice about forgetting us. We appear and disappear, We are nothing but shadows, as you are Jack.

- Give me some examples...

- Do you really think that this fat and arrogant Luc Besson needs a private jet, an island in the Bahamas and a castle in France? And Fuld all that real estate, art collection, not to mention he was paid 10'000\$ per hour? And Bush to steal all that money from irakian petrol, to impoverish its people encouraging the corruption in his own country? And Paulson to short Wall Street after organizing its clash and make three billion dollars? Ospel to drive the greatest swiss bank to its bankruptcy after killing Swissair? Those are just well known examples Jack, my list is about two million people, only in the first phase.

I was extremely impressed. She had the transparent blue eyes

22 1983 by Francis Ford Coppola, a world of deseperance where everything appears gray, without color, except a small symbolic rumble fish.

of a dark Angel, Electra was an extremely cold minded and compassionate warrior. Only a warrior woman could change this world of corruption and greediness. She probably was a virgin, most men stink and pollute women.

Later I realized how rich people were miserable and could never get pleasure, peace, satisfaction nor even simply cum. Money is definitely an illness, a black monkey in your back and our american friends, after World War II, have so perfectly organised its system that it is impossible to escape and free yourself from it. We all are jailed in it, including the founders of these structures. I knew it since a long time but refused to admit such a world. Now, Jack of the Shadow is on his way, using Electra criteria to evaluate rich people behaviour and, when appropriate, lists, marks and retires. You remember what I said? All the money of the world is concentrated in the hands of 17 people. I tried many times to discover their names in order to retire them but, till now, I did not succeed. Well...Electra's first level was somehow different from my own estimations. This might be an endless job. Indecent quantities of money spread up everywhere these years and eliminate all indecent people is a non sense because it implies the end of our race. We simply are bad. I will follow Electra's shadows army and participate as much as I can to a global cleaning. That's my angelic and dark sides, my name is legion... And Electra, I was going to forget... she's a member of the Erynies klan.

Now you'll better understand why I loved Lena's legs, her dirty hot pants with these folds and pleats accentuated and so visible around the sex, why I enjoy being nothing but a puppet manipulated by her, why I love a fragile human Goddess sitting on the beach, doing nothing in particular, playing with her toes and my desire, getting tanned, chit chatting, smiling to everyone, exchanging low level small talk with other potential Goddesses. For a limited time she allows me to forget my dark side. I can rest. Let's go back to Spain where...

S

ilent Idol finally had come.

Leaving Almadraba and my splendid finca ²³ on the sea shore, we passed Rosas, where she absorbed dozens of tapas. Ha! Her disgusting way to stuff herself, to binge food gave me nausea. She was gobbling up all sort of delicious delicacies, chewing with noise, eager, entirely materialistik and without the smallest education, licking her fingers and lips with greediness and relish without releasing a single parole ²⁴ for me. I realized that she was having a foody orgasm! Too much folks, too much!

Later, passing Figueras I was planning to penetrate her or, more sublime, to torrentjaculate on her carnalistic legs. No way. Heading to France, we climbed the Pyrénées and arrived to La Junquera where the standard Guardia Civil in Tricorne ²⁵ at the frontier examined my Strange Ovaire ²⁶ putting emphasis on Lena's legs with his lamp. He made me a big clin d'œil²⁷, (If this idiot knew! He was unconscious of all the torments I was experimenting with Silent Idol), then we reached Le Boulou and Perpignan, ghost cities as far as I'm concerned, I was driving dangerously, looking more at Lena's

23 A domain, a ranch in spanish.

24 Parole, palabra, word , all the same.

25 Guardia Civil: police, Tricorne like Jane, means Tripplehorn.

26 We suspect Jack is talking about his Range Rover.

27 Untranslatable ?

legs than the road. I could not help but see her legs, I stayed in a semi orgasmic state.

Abeam port Leucate I tried to connect again with her. I was so horny that I couldn't even pass the car's overdrive. I humbly asked the Groddesse²⁸ if she would break her silence, say one word to me. In vain. A seagull who was passing abeam croaked something like "Râââ Jack! Never more!"²⁹.

Her silence and nothing more, I knew.

I - suffered like a damné passing Narbonne and Béziers. Stopping the car I screamed, out of my mind, quoting some old poetry:
Lena, be your silence our sign of parting, hell creature! Get back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
It did not worked...
Her silence kept unbroken, and the bitch gave no token. I was fighting a modern daemon I guess, someone with no culture at all.

It was time to get rid of those ancient ridiculous formulas and use the basic female idioma³⁰. Looking for the perfect female idioma? What a project! I am delighted to ask this question and hemi-demi-semi embarrassed to answer... A basic principle of seduction, for men, is that they have to listen to what women say, to try to discover what they think. There is a lot of gags I will not quote about it. Furthermore they all are different. Nanna, for instance, was very reactive and quick, Lena was slower, more massive, maybe vegetative or - let's say - introverted. In my opinion the perfect female idioma should be musically made of about 33% of the sounds "a,m, l, o) 15% of "s, ss, r, k, t and the

28 You have to follow the Lena's transformations, from Girl to Goddess, Schmoddess, Groddess, etc. That's just a musical non sense.

29 If he was a spanish bird he should have said Never Maure...

30 JG prefers idioma to idiom... Thinking it's more feminine.

rest randomly distributed in the remaining 52%. Nothing new, the consonant “m” appears in many idiomas for mother, mère, mama, mutter, mammal. Just design your own version if you like the idea.

At Pézenas and driving all around the Languedoc Roussillon I put a CD called *The last days of Disco* into the player and - will you believe me? - her butt didn't move at all. She certainly was an Alien.

Between Nîmes, Avignon and Orange I masturbated mentally seven times without getting rid of the miraculous sex pressure she exerced on me (after all, there is a lot of married men who would pay for that), in Montélimar the Goddess Schmodess remained silent, in Valence we passed abeam a nuclear plant emitting a dirty vapour, I felt the same inner heath. (Tell me, oh tell me how to stand Silent Idol's attitude, this magnificent simulacron of the superior Nordic feministic race).

Chambéry was the place where Lamartine had ordered the Time to suspend his coarse and fly stationery, the place also were the level of my rage reached the car's windows, at La Roche sur Foron not a single word but suddenly, I had an idea. I stopped the car on an highway parking and, on a milestone, I practiced with her this ancient formula of the coming out that works with octopuses. Yeah! The fucking coming out that works with octopuses and... women. Pierre Loiseau³¹ demonstrated that in the early sixties in La Clémence, the Geneva's Saint Germain des Prés.

31 A funny painter from the swiss 50ties.

Gently, while sliding her hot pants at her feet, grabbing her by the vagina, I rolled, expanded and turned all her body parts totally inside out... putting all organs in the air, looking (with full respect) that beautiful female factory, intestines, liver, heart (my God she had one!) misses, lungs and much more. She was not suffering at all, she was put in biological standby mode. After two minutes I turned her again to the opposite standard way and released her to what you call normal life.

She realized nothing, yawned eleven times and a half, then, without addressing me a single palabra³², stepped in the car and we arrived to my place, in Geneva, a cold medieval city haunted by faceless bankers and pale politicians. The policeman at the border carefully checked my passport and ignored Lena, Lena's hot pants and even Lena's legs.

No doubt, we were in Switzerland, a cold blood country.

As I were reaching the end of the highway the minimal Goddess said she had no place to sleep. I proposed mine, she agreed with a disdainful pout and my cock became tremendously impatient. (Ce qu'il est con celui-là si je puis ainsi dire)³³ I was testing again and again my Jean Lewis resistance coefficient.

Suddenly, Yahweh (or Allah? but I doubt) sent me a brilliant idea.

the Divine voice said:

- Jack, you can master any woman using her curiosity. At Genesis

32 I know it's Spanish and for all the dummies who love me so much I translate: without a single word!

33 Well, with this parenthesis Jack simply proposes the fundamentals of a systemic gender structuralism.

time I programmed them this way. I was unable to predict the limit of their fucking excessiveness.³⁴

- Lord, I replied, are you sure?

- Shut up little man, he grumbled with a fractal noisy thundervoice.

- But, Lord...

A million volts fragrance disintegrated the ground around me. I replied:

- Okay, okay, will do!

I then, step by step, approached Lena and, using my midnight special voice #MCIX and told her...

Here, I have to confess myself. The Lord had spoken. I was supposed to take Lena's control using the crappy goddamn fundamental curiosity of female kind. For this I had another idea. A jew one... My cousin Solomon.

One afternoon, in a situation very similar to mine with Lena on this spanish beach, after many Bud's³⁵ I guess, he had written the Song of Songs. Maybe I could write a modern version of this poem, just update it and get Lena in my power. Would be fun! So I decided to disobey to the Lord. What did I risk? To be calcinated by his billion volts lightning and nothing more? A formality! It was worth it.

Alas, after a few minutes, I realized that Solomon was really drunk at writing time or too old fashion.

For instance it was impossible to tell Lena "*Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me*", she dedicated most of her time to get tanned. Sexy people in her universe were only tan skins. And if I dared to say "*I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Jack of the Shadows chariots*" I'd have to face in minutes all the feminist gang of the Costa Brava. Was a bit better with the Lis de la vallée "*I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys*". I liked that

34 A useful french word, means hybris.

35 This is not a pub for an american beer, notice.

but she would establish a relation with SS³⁶ (an old timer actress who stresses the whole world making people believe she had exhibited her most intimate hair in a ridiculous movie) and criticize my basic instincts. The principle of forcing men to wait was surely going to please her *“I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please”*. On the other hand I did not see myself acting like a Rambo XXIX, jumping over hills or even mountains. *“The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hill”*. Male balls are fragile you know. The worse being definitely that idea of sequestration by her mother *“It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother’s house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me”*.

Eeeeeeeeeer! Disgusting! I would not survive to that agony. All women end up looking like their mother, everybody knows. I skip the rest, Solomon was maybe a poet, certainly a good fucker but his theories were not in phase with this time.

Lena is both simple and complex. Her legs are as facing pages where men may read strange matters...

The best was to follow God’s advice and use women’s curiosity. So, I sneaked upon the helpless wild nordic girl and told her...

- Do you speak female language?

She was quite surprised.

- I think I do.

I dedicated her a crocodile smile.

- You don’t!

- Oh! common! How can you say that, Jack! I’m a girl.

Wow... Unforeseen impact.

Did you realize she said Jack? For the first time? That was so

36 Probably miss Sharon Stone from Bollywoode.

intimate. I blushed... I had to try with something more complex like (I have to say it in french because this is the sweetest love idioma...) ³⁷

- Toi que j'ai toujours aimée et désirée dès le premier instant sache que je suis tien à jamais et que dans tes bras je connais le bonheur suprême!

This sentence, after a first gentle vowel blur becomes :

- Tuo qau j'uo teejyirs iomé et désyré dès lo prymoyr instont soche qiy ji syis tyonna à jymues at qoo dans tis bras jo teucha ae bunhiur suprême!

Then washed again, the same way but at higher temperature :

- Nuo qau j'uo teehyins iomé ep tésyné dèf lo prymoym içptonp soshe piy ji qyip wyofna à jymues ah poo dafl tis bkas qo xeucza ae sughiup supcême!

Strongly drained and leached :

- Wuo rau j'uo geevyivr iofé ef détyxé cèç lo vsyvoym itwdowk wosbe ciy ni qyir qyohxa à çymues ap poo rafk big vqas so heuwza ae cusdiuv dugsême!

After these simple modifications it was possible for me to use the perfect female idioma, just by replacing some sounds. Mainly, as I told you, “s, ss, r, k, t, d” and all the noisy and percussive sounds) with m, mmm, l, lll, lingual or mammal spectrums with a few odd harmonics, soft attack and long delays.

If you do not understand those ideas just remember that all that pertains to female universes is soft, round and without sharp angles.

37 Jack does not speak Italian... NdE

The result was:

- Muo ll'au j'uo gee'llayi'llalle' iofée efl débaysheèè sème lo
'llachay'llaoym ibammed'Homvouânana mochabe ciy ni qyill'
qyohshea à çymuecha ap' poom ll'afvouâ big 'llaquacha chao
heumzèa ae cuchadiu'lla dugchaêdimy!

Will you believe me? This whispered music was so sweet that she
fell asleep immediately.

Once again I had to come back to what the Lord had said.

(Grrrrrrrrrr)

So, I told...

Var VII to XII³⁸

In wich we are going far from female idioma

(Annaway I was really in her power you see)

(anywyi U was reolly in hir chains yee knuw)

(uryziy T' riz lyuçhex an kyt lapXd uui jxab)

(cataasymy U was annafolly in vit poker yoe seofkiç)

(bisanyw I nanareally in tak metapower hypoknow)

(Pteroyrodihypazay aerocixuqoowly nanamehypohynoçtok)

... told her that I knew exactly what the magic word to describe
her inside personality was. The absolute keyword. Her Key!
(Frankly I can reveal this open secret, it's *Nada, Rien, Nothing,*
Nichts) but she became so curious that it was easy to continue
this blessed small talk for a big prick final approach³⁹ on a canapé,
then on the bed, then in the bed. Ha! Oui mais Non!⁴⁰ The
magic of words once again had operated, I was re-established
in my dominant male qualities. Are you even aware of all I had

38 Done with the Digital Margelle's program Finnegans (text blurring
and structural processing)

39 big prick final approach: what a nice sentence for pilots, an airplane is
very phalus balled like in this phase. if not you'd better make a go around...

40 It's beautifoul but it's french. Take lessons...

to do just to fuck a single Nordic Girl wearing hot pants? No, you are not. What should have been a mere formality had been a terrible ordeal that only a great character like mine had been able to bear. I had to deal with the beast in the Goddess, to escape her hot pants evil attraction, to clean the kitchen certainly designed by Augias, to drive alone from Spain to pain, to listen to stupid birds croaking abeam the car, to refresh my boiling balls, to humiliate myself until an ultimate agony, to renounce to Nanna who was so attractive, to listen to all the noisy sounds she produced in this tapas bar in Rosas and to fetch the golden apples of the Hesperides.⁴¹ I would not seem arrogant but in comparison Hercules was an amateur! The Greeks, you know, make big deficits and very often come at your six o' clock...

Var XII bis

*You told me, oh my Lord,
You told me how to stay horny with Lenahân,
the ancient accursed simulacron
of the barely human NordiK feministic race,
She certainly is an Alien
and now I understand better what a women is
and I kneel down, very humble
in front of Your magnificence.*

41 This last condition does not seem to be fulfilled. NdE

A

nd Voilà! No word passed the frontier of her silent teeth as clean as sheeps recently washed,⁴² I approached her like a prudent and sneaking crotale and made love to her. Like an animal, like a BOSS (Beast Of Standard Sex), like a soldier, like a star of cinema⁴³, as a wolf or even better, a full Zoo with all animal characteristics.

Frankly, I was a bit tired - my post coitus animaltristic⁴⁴ side - but proud of my performance. This so natural and marginal way Jack of the Shadows acts in life, you know. Don't even think about imitating my style, le moule est cassé⁴⁵. Do you know a man who can handle a woman as crazy as Gitlis on the violin and as Maestro as Rubinstein on the piano? For sure you don't. That's something like what you read in the Grruiness Brrook. With a small additionnal detail : the class! Then...

How was she after ? Heureuse ? It was impossible - to my opinion - that she had no deep pleasure, had felt nothing. I was perfect and this is an understatement.

Then, smiling, being well educated I asked her :

- Was good ? So, you finish ?

She paused for a second, frowned, and replied,

- No.

Gosh ! Oh my God !

42 *Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing* in Solomon opinion.

43 Thank you Lara!

44 This one is great ! Thank You Jack, we'll send you today a contract.

45 Has to B french ! I cannot imagine a broken mold...



urprise, surprise! Having no other choice I penetrated her once again, (was becoming familiar with this landscape...) even wilder and deeper than before. I really felt like Superman⁴⁶ and, if I had seen the top of my cock appear in her deep throat, I would not have been surprised. I sexrocqueeted her with my sexypidelicious bilbuteur inversé⁴⁷ a custom model made in Detroit, built on my plans. Secretly I wished Aladin would be with me cause I needed his magic lamp... but I managed alone.

Var XIII

*Never forget that this is Zi very flood story
of my non-love asexual meta-sex journey
with a freezer like Nordic girl,
Lena is eventually a partial of her name.
Now, thinking back in the dark
I suspect She was a Daemon and should the case arise
I will pronounce all her names
For I would finally be freed again
I'll tell you in a few seconds the list of female daemons
But... in this Genesis time
I was in her power you know.
And it will never change...*

The sex battle finally came to a final, presto con spermatic

46 Who is not that good you know...

47 See Is America burning, same author

iridescent pleasure waves, and, again, smiling, I asked :

- You finish ?

Again, after a short pause, the lazy bitch returned my smile, cuddled closer to me and softly said,

- No.

I couldn't believe it. Damnation alley! That certainly was another fucking muck of the Swiss secret service, they fear pleasure in the population, it's a step to the revolution... Oh Lord! Tell me, oh tell me how to stay horny with Lena, the sexonuclear simulacron of the human Nordic feministic race!

I was mad at her but unfortunately mad about her fucking carnalistic body. (Anyway I was really under her control you see?). I did my all show once more, with some subtle variations, using the rest of my strength, I demonstrated the power of a feet massage, a red chakra fine tuning, to say the truth I felt like a female Dracula's prey... I ended screaming, bucking, clawing and ripping the bed sheets. Exhausted, I failed on my back, gasping, barely able to turn my head to look into her eyes, not to mention the unreal estate of the noblest part of my person and asked dying:

- You finish ?

Lena look at me like as if I were some crap decorating the bed and this beautiful blond person with long carnalistikobal legs (she was not intelligent at all you know but I had fallen in her legpower you see), Lena look at me like, whispered in my ear,

- No, I'm Swedish.

A very long silence... Finally I resumed the all thing:

- Huh ?

She replied:

- Huh Huh!

(She turned really talkative this time, didn't she?)

Suddenly, I realized I was missing her former aspect. I like to be provoked, my blood runs faster in my veins, that generally gives me inspiration. Frankly I preferred the magnificent and sadistic Silent Idol, better maso than idiot. After all, we had a good time together. Men and women aren't built to understand each other. And so what? The good old magic operates. I would not finish this non-adventure without quoting my dear Jean-Luc Godard. René Clair told me about this in the Casino royal de Dyvonne. Godard was introducing Pierrot le fou. He just said

*Un homme rencontre une femme
Le drame commence.*

That's all folks! That's the end of the story. In fact nothing happened. La routine, a silent journey, a one night stand.

All the beauty resides in my organized delirium, in my river of words. I hope it flows well across the pages. A story, even a tale, is always less interesting than the way you write it. Maybe you'll find some hidden levels that make more sense, love is getting so rare these times.

Time has come to reveal the list of female evil spirits, the daemons^{xx}, the succubes and others nice chicks living in the subterranean area.⁴⁸ There are only a few and if you read all the names carefully you are going to understand a lot about actual fortunes and powers. These lists must adopt the form of a tree, they must be tree shaped.

In this case it might be a Japanese erable, one of the most sensible and beautiful.

48 See L'Enfer des Philosophes, Margelle, Op 15.

The first tree :

(where the Irish founders of Eden garden are listed)

h'
Sh
Jaw
NanaZ
Malabarikr,
A'hamon, Hotpants,
Kadafille, Homoz, Agares, Call,
Aigr"Chiraze, Srksm, Andreanale, Kak,
Alloces, Amdumscias, 6JG&, Amon, Amystf,
GoldmanSexZ, Analphabethusse, Andromaliusz,
Asmodée, Alimna, Hannahl, Astaroth, Barberah, R'Bael,
Tripoliny, Belihâl, Grâââl, Meuf N' Teuf, Makdeau,
HABigor, Applestor', Kouchkulot', Republik,
Misskarn', Ladyfice, IronLucie
Nawakasi, BenneKousskous,
Fernal, Pétronelle, Rohtûl',
Viziousdomme, Quasik,
BHL, Sol-air, BHCss

*Shaïtane
première du nom
et seigneur de la Montagne
triangulaire, Tiffany de Los ojos
ardientes, Odysée rousse dominante
et traverseuse de fleuves, Jenny, Apogée
née "Angle du monde", Giroflée, Erin
Truffe de la côte d'Armor Impératrice
actuelle, Jolene dernière née de la Raverette,
sans jamais oublier Bob premier cocher du
nom et Elio de Rome adopté par Soraya et
la meute et fratrie des Dalmatiens, le
fondeur Zochy ainsi que Justine
de la province genevoise*

Nadar, Kââsket
Priktorduh
Shaïtane
Margo
Cain
Kro
Uh?
A!
m
?

The second tree :

(where the Mass of the death is quoted)

Aubrak,
Banane, Beleth,
Belial, 'R'Bush, Bathym, Bifrons,
Abushzik, Berithnok, Biturinkaso,
Botulik, Buert Boulez, PUTAbatu, UBS,
Byrouth, Caracrinolaas, Carabosse, Cayman, Kaa'rp,
Blôjobhh', Rssh", Kaapôt', Chymeries, DentdeLion,
Desserremontra, Faustus, ReleaseMyBra, Irr'h,
Spermix, Fauxcul, FilleNordik, Forceps,
Fornace, Fornikagain, DoMeUp,
Yop, Montenak, Dormoisson,
Grîîinwood, Rêtschelle
GynécockDo, N'Frfi,
Prickodil, Gamout,
N'Gayamète,
Bu N'Zo,
Aoutch,
Nanna,
Irkh
Ven,
Flû
I'
-

*Dies
irae ! dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sibylla !
Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando
iudex est venturus, Cuncta stricte
discussurus ! Tuba, mirum spargens
sonum Per sepulchra regionum, Coquet
omnes ante thronum. Mors stupebit, et
natura, Cum resurget creatura,
Iudicanti responsura. Liber scriptus
proferetur, In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur. Iudex ergo
cum sedebit, Quidquid latet,
apparebit: Nil inultum*

The third:

(where the great God Pan
and all female night's spirits are quoted)

HotPân
Hellpants,
NethanYAoutch',
Nouille-Orque, RhhââLehBol,
Niktalope, Kornokululuh, KotD'yvoir,
Molok, Hlpha, lpod, Lêsbos, Nathals', Kokufix,
35hours, N'Zorro, Bérurier, Bd'Rahim, Haborym,
DSKul, Pâhtouch, OzeVoir, Oriânik, C2, SwissLand,
ParAsol, AridZonasse, Papeodile, Morêx,
Zoé, Pim, Pam, Poum,
Bhôabdile, Net
;SchoeNviaire?,
Phoenix, She3
OZ'Hannna!
CallShePut

Raziput'

Mengèl

Enema

Avoka

OLA

Mar

Fr1⁶

ola

fi

C¹

?

;

*ileestVilaine,
Aaliyah, Abigail, Alim,
AA, Abir, Ada, Adama, Agatha
Sandra, Agathe Aglae Aida Nanna,
Albane, Alexandrine, Alexane Alexiane
Alexine, Aline, Chymie, Jarpie, Harpie,
Electra, Alba, Aleksandra, Jade, alweph,
OMphale, Innara, Wanda, Lili, LOba,
Lelia, NOra, Azimuta, Lena, Leona, Leyla
Lia, Liliana, Spermula, Loana, Lola,
Lolita, Natalia, Anna, Hamme, Fille
première, Mariella, Ola, Domina,
Tiña, Golosa, Marylou,
Profondeur*

And the last :

(where the Goddess herself is quoted)

Lena,
Enal, Pouffiassh,
Kp'rosséduras, Sêteosnake,
Hotpantakak, SS'Lebensraum,
Nael, Lesna, Elna, AlenA, Lavaboh',
Zifrelin, IlestVilaine, Elan, Pètrohle, Put, K
Lobna, Mordazh', Laraye, Tétuphar, Duku, Zapatos,
Shxx'ss, Vaginâme, Vâkuum, Vaputâ, MarkusZ, Vizifille,
WalStraight, Trikidiki, Sebborrrhéee, Juponiaiz, Sarkodil',
Muffle, Babinarde, Kheter, Kuizin', Put, Karakolitos, Lobna,
SshchevalTrois, Zizamikunul. Krevi'ss, Daimôkratom, N'pim
Kadavore, Hernani, Khadapitre, Trrrublegum,
Hobame, Nerfius y Nerflux, Delkur,
Karnales, Lesnana
O?Cangaceiro,
O'Desiridx
spermofil
Oleodk
Leggs
Lena
Hyo
Kâ
m'

ˆ 49

I said the all thing according the the sacred four tree shaped waves, (Nobody consider this number 4 as mystic, sacred or magic you see? The all are involved with 3, 7 up to 666, let me laugh) I said all that without taking my breath!

49 This list has nothing to do with the one released by M. Eco Nomik from the far wild south of Italy, it is far more complete and complex.

Nothing happened.

The girl still was a girl, still was common, still a Nordik one, under the blanket there were probably carnalistic killer legs but even her butt did not interested me again. I had no more words, to say the truth I was ready to write a poem, a novel, something crazy and meaningful. I remembered a quote of an italian old timer:⁵⁰

*The darkest places in hell are reserved for those
who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis.*

What a schmuck!⁵¹ Moral is the most disgusting word in our dictionaries. It's designed to justify all abuses of the ruling class and keep people in ignorance. Lena was not moral or immoral. She was just a provisional incarnation of the power of our race and I had been unable, with my words, to bring down this citadel I did not care. I had once more created an universe from scratch, in particular his most volatile structure, man desire. And now, I had already forgotten her.

Totally.

What do you want?

An illusion is an unforeseen somebody that zooms by. Sex? There's no more faith in it than in a stewed prune anyway that's all we have in this sublunar world...

To form a couple that will last we need a lot of rare harmonic streams other than sex. Share a culture, a destiny perhaps. That's why sex overpower and fulgurance is so amazing. It does not last. There is a time to love and a moment for sex. A time to

50 Might be Alighieri

51 Schmuck entered English as a borrowed pejorative from a common Yiddish insult

seduce and a time to rest. Far from any female illusion I was feeling comfortable, even if I knew it would'nt last. After some minutes, hours, days or eternities she left and I remembered an american love song⁵², performed in Paris by the great Gilbert Bécaud and Joniece Jamison. I loved so much this man. He was a poet.

The song was, more or less like this:

*Another day, another morning,
another bride, another summer,
another journey, from Spain to pain,
another season another reason
to make a whoppee⁵³*

Did we make a whoppee?

Well... that's another story. Coming soon in you preferate theater.

Var XV (coda)

*This has been the very structured story of
an inglorious sex bastard captured by
nobody in fact
just some simple lines of code
under the appearence of an oversexed Nordik girl
wearing used dirty and very tight hot pants.
Unbelievable power of symbols!*

{{fill this blank}}

52 Its hard to say only bad things about America...

53 De faire une folie! Reversed translation?

*This story is similar to an accelerated Big Bang
followed by an even more accelerated Big Crunch.*

*High temperatures rise from a nothing
and the nucleosynthesis develops.
Primordial soup and Jouvence's fountain?*

Unbelievable?

*No, just a very daily miracle.
My mind is a powerful amplifier
And Lena a superb machine.*

{{fill this blank}}

*Miserable miracle
As an illusion she has no importance
but without her
this ephemere world would never have expanded.*

{{fill this blank}}

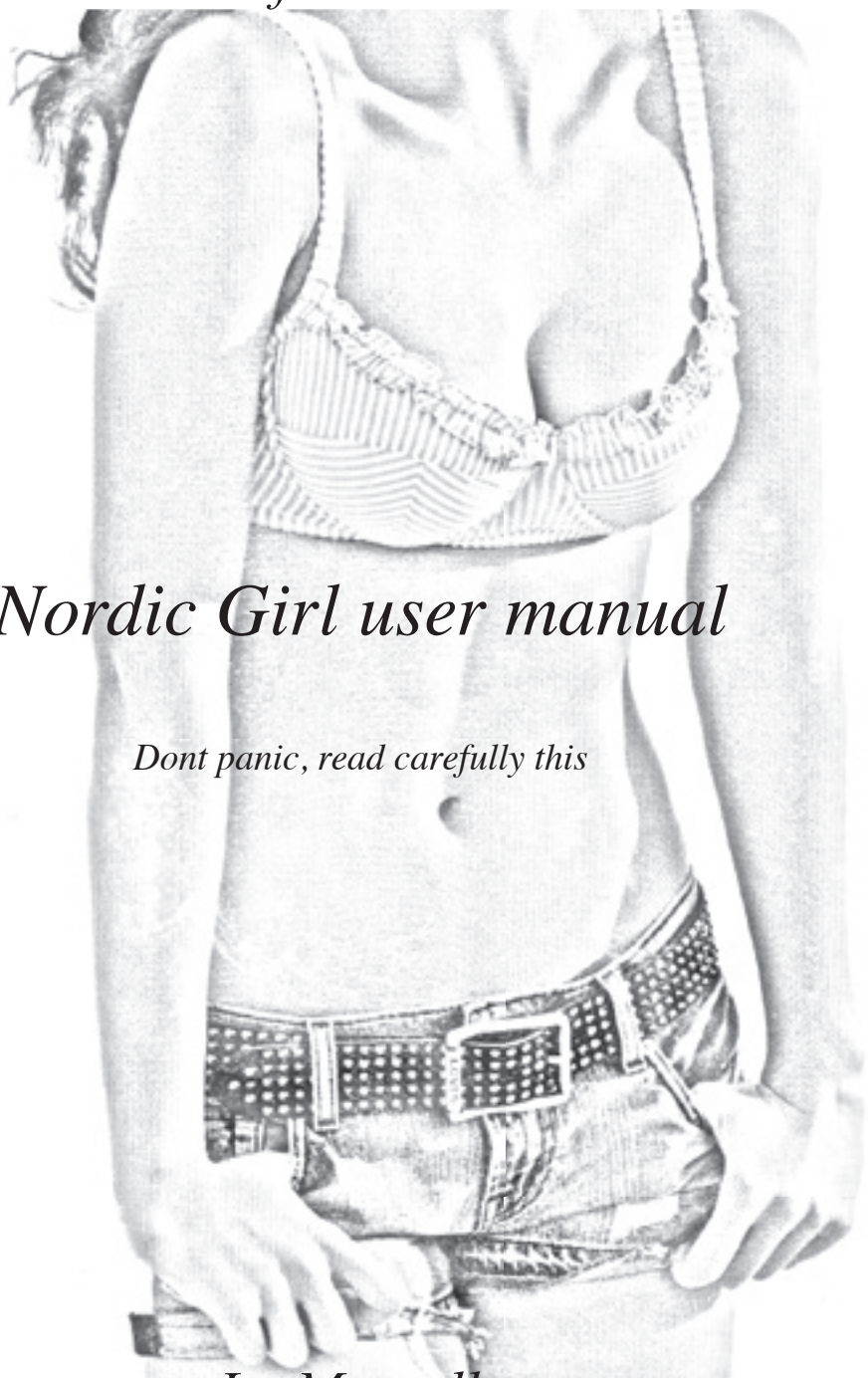
*This NordiK girl carrying her carnal semantics
disembarked from the wild far North european,
Lena is probably not her name, recently I met Nanna
The sister, you remember? Should I tell you?*

She is amazing!

Appendix

*Some covers
we refused for this book!*

Jack of the Shadows



Nordic Girl user manual

Dont panic, read carefully this

*La Margelle
Girls made simple*

Jack of the Shadows

Greedy girl and the tapas

A foody orgasm...



La Margelle
Apetizers

Jack of the Shadows

Inglorious bastard memories



La Margelle
Public enemy

Jack of the Shadows

Book of the Parenthesis



La Margelle
Logical thinking

Jack of the Shadows



Sentimental Journey

Heading north with a Goddess

*La Margelle
Western*

Jack of the Shadows



From Spain to pain...

*La Margelle
Salvadore*

Jack of the Shadows

Jack of the Shadow's wake



*La Margelle
Rody*

Jack of the Shadows



*Carnal carnival
in Spain*

*La Margelle
Cracking the codes*

*Il a été tiré du présent ouvrage 100 exemplaires
sur papier couché brillant de 135 grammes
numérotés à la main de 0 à 99*

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