

**In my soul a light is shining
Deep underneath the black veil,
Deeper I sink into the dark abyss
Closer I am to the moment of enlightenment.**

Bata Bozanic

**SCREWED
BOOKLET**

CONTENT

ON SOCIAL GAME	3
THE STORY ABOUT THE BEGINNING	7
THE STORY ABOUT THE LOST TOUCH	10
THE STORY ABOUT THE WAR	13
THE STORY ABOUT LEADER, SHAMAN, WARRIOR AND BALANCE	17
P. S	30
RULES AND REGULATIONS	31

ON SOCIAL GAME

Screwed player is the player who has already been screwed and you can't screw him even if you try. The world is full of screwed players. For us, Serbs, screwing someone is the way of life. The Serb can screw you like no one else can – except for the Italian, who seems to be even more screwed.

And so, one finds himself surrounded by the screwed environment. He is constantly being in some screwed situations.

When you get screwed and you learn something from it, you become a screwed player.
If you learn nothing –
it's as if you have never been screwed at all.

There are nine ground rules,
knowing them is not bad:

1. Sometimes you can't escape war*
2. There are no rules in war, except that the winner is better
3. Every man is your equal as much as objective is his fear from the conflict with you
4. Feel the system of hierarchy and find your place
5. Defend the weaker from violence to the limit of violence towards yourself.
(This does not apply to warriors.)
6. By giving you make and keep allies.
7. Betrayal is punishable
8. Praise and criticize the best you can
9. Gladness prolongs life.

*conflict

What the fuck, Motherfucker,
Dickhead, Fuck You, Fuckoff –
those are frequent expressions in our language.
They properly illustrate attitudes of those who use them,
when they are expressed in the form of rhetorical questions
as well as in the form of allegations or commands.
“Screw you“ may be read as:

- a) Screwing around
- b) Declaration of war.

It is known with certainty that a screwed player
can start a war without ever declaring it,
therefore every statement of his can be interpreted as:
“Reply to me seriously if you dare.”

Inexperienced player overdoes in screwing
around with someone and then he painfully remembers
rules 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Screwed player knows
how to estimate his own strength, therefore he
rarely exaggerates in screwing around. He knows
that you can, when you screw someone up,
be sadly reminded of rules 6 and 7.

His instinct follows rules 8 and 9.

He always screws around very well.

Aforesaid swears, like a whole sea of others, so frequent with us, picture the one to whom they are addressed in a definitely unpleasant situation.

Take per instance: "Eat shit!"

Those with sexual issues are especially efficient because sexual attraction or distraction is embedded in the core of conscience of every person and sexual taboos are at the root of any civilization.

To further explain all of this we have to go back to the very beginning.

THE STORY ABOUT THE BEGINNING

In ancient times, who knows why, in one herd of hairy ones two bald ones were born. Soon they discovered that they were very different and unwanted from the rest of the herd- and quick-drying, so they used to spend their days on the nearby shore. One eve, when they returned to the camp the only thing they found left was a smoldering fire.

The herd has moved on. In the last light of the dusk they moved to the shore. That night they slept there alone, feeling unsafe, clenched near the fire.

Food could be found in abundance – in the shallow water of the lagoon lay a multitude of shells, which could be opened easily with a stone. By calling each other they gave themselves names. He named her Love and she called him Touch. They pronounced this in much simpler manner than we do it today.

When they were not in the water they spent their time clinging to each other –partially because of cold and partially because of the pleasant feeling of nearness of the other one . Over time, they had three daughters. The eldest one they named Strength, the middle one Will and the youngest one Reason.

One day, while Touch was gathering shells in the lagoon, Strength and Will were playing on the shore. Love was nursing a half asleep baby in front of their shelter in an aslope rock, preparing to open few shells for girls because they still could not do it by themselves.

While sisters were rummaging the pebbles some unknown shimmer had caught their attention. For the moment they stood confused and then Will reached out and grabbed shinny stone coloured like the Sun.

Older and quicker Strength, drawn by the shine, snatched the stone from her and felt that it is heavier and warmer than the other. Unable to reach the stone Will screamed and grabbed Strength with both hands for long hair that grew out from her head. Apart from the hair on their heads, they both had bald bodies, same as their parents.

Surprised, Strength dropped the stone and retaliated by doing the same thing to Will. Hair pulling began. Although Strength yanked Will left and right, this one didn't give up, not for a single hair. After a while, Strength relented and quailed.

Will seized the stone but since previous event could easily be repeated she brought it to their mother. Love always stopped girls when they became too rough to each other.

Later she has used that particular stone a lot because it could be sharpened easier than the other. Reason gave it a name:” The Might”.

Since then, Strength begun to listen to Will. Every scream of hers could be an announcement of the unpleasant hair pulling situation. Usually she would listen to her later too, when Sorrow, War, Pain and Fear appeared, and that we will see in the Story about the lost Touch.

THE STORY ABOUT THE LOST TOUCH

One cloudy afternoon Touch was coming out from the water. Reason had started their old game again. She was clapping her hands and repeating several voices. Will liked it, so after a while she was playing in the company but all by herself. Strength was, as usual, following her until Will gets bored. She liked to be close to Will as well as to Reason, except when this one would mock her. This game they named “Game”.

Since rains had begun they didn't migrate. Around the shelter made of leaves in the hollow rock, lay piles of conch shells—clams became scarce in the bay.

Love had just returned from the woods carrying several branches with berries. Tired, she was breathing heavily and moving slowly because of her large belly. In those days she was feeling sick from time to time, but now, even after eating berries, she was still hungry for two. She waited for Touch, looking to the reflection of the Might in his hand.

Girls gladly played with that stone,
and Touch used it to hunt small animals.

Quite battered and scratched from beating of waves Touch brought her a crab that he had caught. Disappointed with such skim catch Love felt sick, spited and turned her back to him. Touch dropped the Might and tried to hug her but she pushed him away and turned her back to him again. Some time he hovered nervously around her and then he ran to the shore. Girls saw when he stepped in the water.

He went further and further from the shore, until he became visible only as a small spot in a distance. He went deeper, where clams still could be found. Waves were bigger and bigger but he still went further. At the moment when Love, Strength, Will and Reason started to call him, he disappeared from the horizon.

Tides were strong at those times.

That night they were shivering gathered close to the small flame in the rainy darkness.

There was no warmth and shelter of the big Touch's body anymore.

Soon, another baby girl was born.
Rains passed away but drops from

mother's face were constantly falling on the baby, in whose eyes Love had seen lost Touch. She was extremely thin when the baby was born. She ate little and there was no milk in her breasts. Baby cried constantly. They named her Sorrow. At night, they kept her warm among them.

One night Strength woke up with a scream: Sorrow was cold. Love snuggled her, long time she tried to warm her up and puffed to her face, waking her.

She carried her around for some time.

They left her by the crouched three after they had given her water from their faces.

THE STORY ABOUT THE WAR

The Sun scorched while girls were swimming in the shallow water of the bay. Strength was the first to learn how to swim, after she, carelessly listening to Reason, had stepped into the depth. Since she had already dived in shallows before, she somehow managed to grab Will's outstretched hand. After a moment of sudden silence Will started to laugh and her sisters followed her. Soon, all three of them were swimming. Will was usually carrying the Might. Today her sisters seized it from her and they were throwing it to each other whilst Will was swimming from one to another. They were laughing aloud.

Love watching them and quietly laughing with them. After the loss of Touch and Sorrow the Sun came, than rains, then the Sun again. They have moved recently, shore was rich with clams, drinking water and fruits could be found in abundance in the forest. Again she looked as she did before, except her face was somewhat different. Often she was looking at the open sea and waiting. Sometimes girls cried together with her and she sometimes laughed with them. While looking at them she went to the bank, bent down and started to wash her face.



With a hairy hand he moved leaves apart and stared at the dazzling shore.

In the water, cubs were throwing to each other a shining object which he tracked shortly.

Then he returned his gaze to breasts, larger than any female breasts in his herd. He was already certain that there was no male nearby, but the uneasiness from the water and open space remained.

He was a creature of the forest.

Breasts turned and the ass approached the water. She bent down and IT peered out underneath. He felt hardness between his groins. When IT began to swing, War couldn't do anything else but to start running towards her, panting along the way.

Scream attracted girls' attention.

Love heard heavy breathing when it was already very close. Her eyesight was as poor as it was.

When she tried to run away hairy creature grabbed her by hair and threw her down on the shore. Girls watched her pressed to a large rock and they heard screams interrupted by convulsions. They stayed in the water long after Love was left lying down on the shore, sobbing.

Lured by the glow of the Might,
hairy creature moved toward them but
growlingly recoiled as soon as he stepped into
the water. Soon he disappeared in the forest.
They didn't come out until Love called them.



Girls liked to play with their tongue.
In that game things were getting names.
One day Will discovered that by listening to
Reason and without looking around she
could see through Reason's eyes.
Since that time they often played:
"bring me..." and "go to..."
In these games Strength liked to guess,
with her eyes closed, what Will had seen.
Often she made mistakes, then Reason
laughed at her. Strength would then wish to
pull her hair but she didn't dare
because of Will, who had the hardest
head of them all. Reason once got
slapped by Strength – when she
shouted "War!" and laughed while the rest
of them three raced in to the water.
Will didn't defend her at that occasion.

Usually they would spot War on time and Love would run with them into the safety of the water. Except on two occasions, when she has gone into the woods to drink some dew from leaves.

He was quieter than other beasts and he could wait for hours. He would jump beside Love and exhale deeply. She would then stay rigid, unable to move.

She didn't resist him.

In those days she would wake up with a scream.

Afterwards all four of them would whimper shivering in the dark. They moved away although rains were not over yet.

Soon, twins were born.

They named them Pain and Fear.

THE STORY ABOUT LEADER, SHAMAN, WARRIOR AND BALANCE

Love's hair was completely white. As usual she was squatting at the shore, looking into the distance and waiting for something.

Leader was a child then, but he remembered that night well. Beside Love, little girl was standing in a strange way on the narrow stone. He expected her to fall down long ago. They called her Balance because she was the best in that game.

Since Leader had beaten up Strength's son, big hairy child called Warrior almost to death, Love used to guard children at the daytime. Her eyesight was poor and she couldn't go into the water anymore, so she ate with children. They didn't dare to fight in her presence. On several occasions she pulled their ears harshly, so they had to obey her, and when she cried out they had to stop playing immediately if the game was getting too rough. In addition, everybody listened to her when she was judging in the game of Balance.

Reason was preparing for the night's rest and she called her children. Shaman was very small at that time and he didn't have a name yet.

When Balance had straightened up he stood up and went with his sister to their mother. Fear was already lying comfortably in their nest made of leaves. His eyes followed Pain.

Leader resembled Pain, except that he wasn't so hairy. When Pain had slept in Will's nest Leader and his sisters tried to avoid his hard and hairy touch, so they would crowd together against their mother. Only Balance hasn't always avoided him. Tonight he tried to approach Will and tickle her. By that way he sometimes managed to trick her and press himself against her. Then she would let him in her nest. Now she was ominously squeezing the Might and Pain knew well how strong she could strike with that stone. He turned to Strength. She hissed at him which meant that all three sisters had rejected him. They were stronger than him. Enraged, he went to Fear who started squealing helplessly.

He will pull him away and tuck IT into him again. Fear already started to cry aloud. Sisters have never defended him. If he tried to struggle Pain could fill his mouth with shit again.

However, Pain suddenly stopped and turned towards Love. Since the time they saw that they couldn't all fit in one shelter, she was sleeping with her daughters without a man. She was always going to bed last.

When Pain walked towards them, grinning, Leader ran to his mother. It was the first time Pain approached to Love in this manner. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her with him. Surprised, she screamed. That was the first time Leader heard the word "War".

Sisters looked at one another, surprised. In their childhood they used to run in to the water when that word was spoken. Love continued to scream. Strength moved first and jumped on to Pain. Just at the moment when he pushed her away Will came running and swung the stone. The Might remained in Pains head and he slowly fell.

Love was still sobbing when Leader ran to his mother and embraced her shivering. Reason slowly pulled the stone out. Pain's face was dead.



Leader saw his own dead face and snapped out from an open eyed dream. He sat in the circle and watched the dance. Strength, Will and Reason were telling to grandchildren, more with body movements than with words, how War pounced from the wood and assaulted Mother and how they killed him with the stone. They were not going into the water anymore, they were fat, spending all the time with children. Sometimes they danced about Touch, everyone's father who will come back some day, and then they will be all fed, warm and safe. At such times all children cried together with them.

Shaman was sitting at the other side, knocking a stone against stone, watching with his cold eyes. Leader looked away. He sensed a huge gap in his stomach and he hardly overcame shivering. Shaman's eyes were dead since the time when he was bitten by a snake.

Balance was coming from the woods with Warrior. They often played there alone. Tonight she will not sleep with her mother, and Leader knew that she won't sleep with him either. He felt that he couldn't step out from the game with Shaman.

When they headed towards the bent tree sisters stopped the game and went after them. Children were following. Fear stayed behind, gnawing leftovers from dinner that Reason had thrown to him. Since she has evicted him no other nest wanted to take him in, therefore he slept alone. He was coughing constantly.

Leader and Shaman were approaching to a big branch hanging over the cliff. Balance pointed to that place with her hand when she was supposed to make up her mind for one of them.

She laughed and said:

“My game. There”.

Once they liked to play her game, standing on the log and nudging the partner. The one who falls down first could pull the other one along. Love used to point unmistakably the winner at the time when she could follow up their migrations. Then, one time, she stopped and showed them with her hand to go, that she would catch up with them.

They have never seen her again.

Leader didn't feel his feet when he approached to the edge of the abyss. He already had a nest of his own, with two women and children, but Will wanted Balance to be at his place. He was carrying the Might and everyone obeyed him, so he was surprised when Shaman also asked for the girl.

He didn't have a woman and Reason stood by him. Will then asked Balance to make up her mind and she was very surprised with the answer. Shaman agreed immediately.

Leader felt that his knees started shaking. He didn't care about Balance anymore but if he withdrew now everyone would laugh at him and call him by Fear's name.

Shaman walked by his side and it seemed like he didn't breathe. He was always silent and he was the only one who used to slumber at daytime.

Balance played gladly with him in old times, but since her breasts had grown she has been going to hidden places together with Warrior. The snake bit Shaman when he followed them secretly. They had already mourned him when he got up and then they all listened about his travel to the world on the other side and his encounter with Touch. Children squeezed beside their mothers when on his face they saw images of terrible demons he had met on his way. Since that time they've all tried to avoid looking in to his eyes, but they listened to him carefully, since he used to say things that later did happen.

Leader became very cold and the gap in his stomach was getting bigger and bigger. They came by the tree arched over the abyss and he looked down on to sharp rocks, dashed by the waves. He couldn't breathe and darkness came upon his eyes.



On a clear night Shaman was observing lights in the sky. He called them stars and they have shown him when rains would begin. Today Leader gave the Might and his name to his strongest son and he was preparing to initiate the chosen one in to his own secrets. He has carried them within himself for a long time and he felt that he wouldn't be following next migration. Laughter of a young female came to him from darkness, bringing Balance's face in front of his eyes.

He was a little and stunted child and she used to laugh at him when he was left behind in their games, but since he has been starting new games all the time he managed to attract her attention. She saw pleasant pictures every time when she was listening to him.

Nevertheless, everyone was listening to sharp words of Leader and following him. Few times Shaman felt from him the same that he felt

in his childhood when Pain had him clinched.
Leader resembled Pain with his dark,
low and connected eyebrows. The other
Pain's son, Warrior, resembled his mother, Strength.
He used to look at Leader with wide open eyes
and then he had a little resemblance to Fear,
whom Shaman by the way has gladly followed.

Balance imitated Shaman,
staring into something with a frozen look
and raised eyebrows. He was often playing the game
of pictures in front of his eyes.
Balance would mock him at such times:
„Shaman is thinking’’, and then they all would laugh
at him. It was almost as unpleasant as the pain
he had to suffer a lot when a snake had bit him.
When he recovered everyone
looked at him with Fear's eyes. He liked it,
so he narrated to them few more scary
pictures. Even Leader listened to him for a
long time at that occasion. Later he has
sometimes started to sing scary scenes,
knocking two stones against each other, steady.
Balance and the rest have listened to him carefully
and that pleased him deeply.
Then he would say to them what stars
were telling about the beginning of rains,
and stars were never wrong.

Balance had the most pleasurable touch and he wanted her to sleep by his side. When she pointed towards the bent tree he had to agree with it because that was the only way he could avoid the war with Leader. Moreover, he remembered well what Pain used to do to his father Fear. He looked at Balance and he hardly kept the tears. Strength, Will and Reason often mentioned Sorrow when they cried. He kept that name inside, noticing that Balance was smiling to Warrior.

Reluctantly he approached to the edge of the cliff because he knew that the one who loses would pull his opponent down along. Leader suddenly stumbled and Shaman held him, reeled and they both fell on their back. He saw Leader's eyes closed. He was pretending to sleep too when the rest came running to them. Leader was slowly awakening and Shaman desperately started to speak.

He sung how a snake-bird took them to Touch, their great father. How Shaman crawled up to him (everybody laughed at that scene). How Leader approached him standing tall, looking him straight to his eyes (everybody scrunched

with fear and looked at Leader). At first, Leader was confused and silent but then he started to approve the story himself.

Then Touch, in anger, sent Shaman away, tenderly saying to Leader that he and Balance came from the same nest, that they were sleeping together a long time, and now she should do it with Shaman for a while.

Leader accepted this part of the story unwillingly, and joined Will and Reason. They couldn't forbid anything to their sons anymore, so they welcomed with relief that these won't be climbing the log.

Then Touch said that one woman should sleep with one man only. Everyone became quiet and Shaman was already scared that he had gone too far and that he would have to go over the abyss when Strength enthusiastically accepted it and pulled the rest along with her.

Although sisters had agreed on the day when Pain had died that they won't sleep with their grown sons, Strength had slept with Warrior and she had two daughters with him. Her sisters kept quiet about that. She was yet old and undesirable and she couldn't stand another woman in her nest.

She was bothered by the smell of Balance, which Warrior has constantly brought on himself. She was happy when Touch threatened a woman that sleeps with many men. Leader was reluctant a little but he cheered up when Touch reminded them that Might belongs to Leader and that he had to be obeyed.

That night Balance slept with Shaman. She pleased him a lot. He has been enthralled for days. Then, suddenly, he felt that Balance had brought Warrior's smell, and then Leader's too. She became dirty for him but she has still pleased him well.

One evening Balance and Warrior didn't come back from the woods and everyone went with Leader and Shaman to look for them. They found them in a grove, where they had slept exhausted and embraced.

Shaman started to cry loudly. He remembered that sound well from the time when Fear bitterly cried in the night alongside Pain's loud panting. Soon he fainted and started to speak with Touch's voice. Touch repulsed them all aside furiously and said that he wouldn't defend them anymore, even if demons would eat up all of them tomorrow. They are dirty because they have

a dirty woman amongst them.

Nevertheless, Balance has rarely gone into the water and she has acquired some unpleasant, acidulous smell.

Shaman then regained consciousness and started crying sadly again. Stars had warned him, but he, alas, didn't want to listen to them.

Now they will all be eaten by demons.

Strength, Will and Reason were all angry with Balance. Last two of them because she had almost sent their sons to the log, and Strength because Warrior had transferred Balance's repugnant smell on to her.

Later, Shaman looked over the edge into abyss and he memorized Balance's dead face on her strangely distorted head.

The day after they migrated elsewhere.

Old Shaman scattered this memory and went to his bunk where his woman was waiting for him. He touched gray-haired Warrior goodbye on the shoulder. Few days after Balance's verdict one morning they found Strength dead, with blue fingerprints around her neck.

Shaman saw that it was a punishment from demons because she slept with her own son. Will and Reason looked to each other and said:

“There was a word”

This evening old folks were sitting at the shore again, watching to their memories. Many faces were dead there and they expected to join them soon, somewhere.

P. S.

The second part of this book is ending with nine regulations:

1. Exchange emotions.
2. Get to know people around you.
3. Fear the stronger– respect the weaker
4. Find someone who loves you.
5. A Renegade- better than a recreant
6. Gain upon supporters
-judges are crooks anyway.
7. Keep secrets.
8. Lie only when you have to.
Overcome the need.
9. Believe in Goodness, in Love and in yourself

Rules and regulations put together read like this:

1. Sometimes you can't avoid a war.
Exchange emotions.
2. There are no rules in a war-
except that the winner is better.
Get to know the people around you.
3. Every man is your equal as much as objective
is his fear from the conflict with you. Fear the
stronger - respect the weaker.
4. Feel the system of hierarchy and find
your place. Find someone who loves you.
5. Defend the weaker from violence to the limit
of violence towards yourself.
A Renegade- better than a recreant.
6. By giving you make and keep allies. Gain upon
supporters— judges are crooks anyway.
7. Betrayal is punishable. Keep secrets.
8. Judge the best you can— lie when you have to.
Assess the risk well.
9. Believe in Goodness, in Love and in Yourself.
Stay cheerful. Gladness prolongs life.

