



For Your best entertainment enjoy it:

M. Manie's

EINZIGER

*(speak: "aintsiggar") * The Only One **

* * *

Is this the place of a city? – Houses this size you can also find in city like villages. All the same in the end, and is it not only important so you know where you are? Are there more buildings behind them? Streets? Is it followed by naked land that no one knows? Deserts? Wilderness, whatever it looks like? Or does nothing exist, except for emptiness thereafter? Is this the whole world perhaps?

This lonely human being did not question it; he did not even know; why am I here and where do I come from? It was too strenuous to think about that right now. Completely unimportant! The surface stretched far and gloomy skies formed above. The sun barely cut through but the humid air still burned through. One tree was giving shade and that was enough for now.

Is it enough? No! Who am I? What is my name? What am I? Am I man or woman?

Thinking about it, was effortless, it was confusing. When the right hand checked the hair on the head, it provided no insight. Judging by the length, it could be a male or female mop. Upon looking down, chest, stomach and legs were revealed.

Light blue sweater, light summer trousers, and worn out sandals on naked feet. Old fashioned stuff! Despite that, it was certain that he was a male. Certain body parts, narrow midsection and the way he walked revealed as much. Very obvious under thin trousers, in addition to that, you could see bulging chest muscles. He could not recall a name.

But, suddenly: EINZIGER (THE ONLY ONE)!

Still, could he be a transsexual? How did he come to that conclusion? How did he know about such things? Fear crept up in him but dissipated shortly after. A peaceful feeling pushed his dwindling courage away. He wanted to explore for himself, just to be sure. He got up and looked around.

Everything was quiet, no one in sight. A faint breathe generated dust gusts here and there. He quickly rolled up his sweater to explore himself.

No undershirt and luckily no bra underneath. A mans chest, firm and strong!

The nipples were right as well. Little patches of hair on the stomach and the chest were no proof! A woman with small breasts, perhaps? And how is it with transsexuals?

Again with this stupidity!

Confused he opened his trousers and underneath he noticed a piece of clothing that was only worn by men, and maybe by transvestites and transsexuals? Why in the hell is this crap haunting my brain? With his right hand he explored his underwear pulling it away from the stomach. He gazed down.

Curly brown pubic hair! Unshaved or nothing like that. Who does such things? He dug courageously, finding a firm hose and juicy testicles. Not small, really! This hose grew firm, while the testicles became firm and round.

Hard hose! No doubt, it is real! I am a man! What the devil else would I be?

Einzigler stood helpless in unfamiliar territories, holding his throbbing cob, rubbing it with silent snorts. The first time? It could not be! But, how could he be sure. He studied the pulsing pole.

A halfway covered purple cap. Einzigler pulled the skin back on the shaft. The three lower fingers grabbed firm testicles. The tip of his cock stuck out. Once more it woke up this comfortable tingling, tickling down to the toes, itching in the thighs. Limbs tightened as well as the stomach. Washboard! Einzigler got hot. He took his sweater off, pulled his trousers and underwear down to his knees and looked down.

Rock hard thighs. A firm pole swayed amidst soft wool. A sweaty aroma filled the air.

Strange urge! He pinched both nipples of his luscious hairy chest. Hard! Satisfied, he touched his slender, muscular body.

So, I am a real man! Why do I have doubts?

Again he sank into silence, which allowed nothing but breathing, gazing, feeling and hearing. Just to be here without questions. Einzigler looked around calmly, not wanting to discover anything. What could be discovered in this place?

There was nothing to spark his curiosity. The place seemed familiar and strange at the same time. Maybe he passed through before by car or bus or any other means? Since there were many places alike like the famous saying, "one egg is like the other".

Seldom retained in your mind.

Mind? Am I missing it?

He could not remember anything and everything at the same time. He knew it, but his brain was fuzzy. He knew everything, but it was still strange to him. Not alone but painfully lonely? He had neither relation nor real attachment to this world. It was only here including him. Unquestioned, undeniable, without past or future. Only here and now! Lived and not lived. Moving stiffness, stiff movement.

Square buildings lined the place. Desolate boxes, mostly four two five floors high. Residential machines. Abnormal hideousness of the BAUHAUS architecture. Cold outflow of intellectual arrogance. Soulless buildings that is, gruffly inconsiderate, not understanding that you cannot push humans into thinking things such as these. Several of the BAUHAUS boxes only had two or three floors.

At the end of the 300 x 500 yard place stood two buildings nine and ten floors

high. The ten-story building was the design of LE CORBUSIER. The nine story high thing reconciled a little. Involuntarily ridiculous! In decoration terms ART DECO, it almost seemed like a 1930's radio made out of stone.

Meager trees reduced the poor scenery. What deposition was at work here? In the end they are all the same. Graying benches that gave the appearance of warmth stood between dreary ornamental woods. The place itself was covered by some kind of cobblestone. Here and there tenaciously spiky plants could be seen forcing through spaces and tears. A lot of places were covered by blown sand.

Silence! You could not even hear birds sing. Where would they build a nest in this place? Only a few people wandered the leaded area, except spiders and flies. Better: Disoriented Humanoids? There was peace without joy, paralyzing and pressing like the peace of cemeteries stemming from exhausted battlefields.

Dying bored ness. Boring death? Tormenting, insignificant!

In the meantime Einziger rubbed his cob, breathing heavier, and panting accordingly. Something came up from inside him, pressing outwards, and carried him away. He closed his eyes, reopened them.

Whitish stuff shot repeatedly from the head, and splattered on the plaster more than two feet away, seeping into the spaces between. The color of the sand darkened. Einziger gasped, enjoyed the relief, taking the moisture into his nose. The last drop left his tip. He pulled his trousers and underwear back up, keeping the sweater in his left hand.

I could easily walk around naked, he thought and looked to the right.

A lame old man came dragging. Thin and withered! Wrapped in dark gray tethered clothing. Tiredly he sat down on a close bench. Did he believe he could replenish his strength here? A smile flashed from listless eyes. Anticipating the end, for he would not get much older.

Did the bench stagger? Did its planks give in; did it wind tenaciously around his back and bottom?

The hard armrest abruptly adjusted to the seat. The hungry mouth of planks started chewing. Air escaped the lungs. No scream! The fragile bones burst.

Einziger did not understand, stood there, unable to move. His feet glued to the ground. Eons passed within the blink of an eye. It is over! Empty seat! The paralysis's dwindled. Einziger went to the bench and searched for the old man.

Nothing! No trace! Everything was gone as if he had never existed. Was the bench a treacherous trap? There was only a small brass sign that said; "Dedicated to the restless, a place to stay! Donated by Ilse Koch and Hilde Benjamin!"

It can't be! Nevertheless, he cannot simply disappear? Since when do benches eat people? Or is this the usual here? Do things live here, that hate every other life form, lived before it?

Again only silence. Here and now, without past. Two men emerged from the ten-story building pushing a third in a wheel chair. One seemed much older than his companion and the disabled man. The three smiled with a strange happiness on their faces, even those men lived only in the now. Forgetting themselves they looked at each other.

Father and sons? Obviously!

The men came closer. Did they not notice Einziger behind the bench trap?

He caught waves of expensive cologne and deodorant. Nobody probably wished to smell their own scent in that household. They stopped as they had approached as flawless faces turned to him.

Advertising for German hotdogs!

Einziger wondered, whether or not they showed their cocks to each other or even rubbed each other's cocks? If so, do they also get pavement and sand wet? And are their cocks as big as my cock and smell like it? – Hardly!

The father looked noticeably athletic, which even showed through underneath the loose clothing. Erotic? The older son was a real looker and a younger version of the father. He was the pure essence of sex with his dark hair. Einziger wondered why this was so obvious to him? He also noticed that something was being blocked. The expensive fabric was blocking something and was supposed to do that.

They would not even walk around naked in front of each other! It did not fit them! Were they Mormons, Jehovah witnesses or another sin conscious group? His attention was brought to the boy in the wheelchair.

His smile was friendly, even though he was skinny and pale, even seemed beautiful. Sadly disadvantaged, but a beautiful boy. His limbs lay without strength, but other than that he looked like his father and brother. His right hand was stuffed in his pants pocket, fumbling around. Fumbling with his cock or sack? The trousers were bulging, but not only because of the hand.

"Don't stand there all by yourself", said the older son smiling with teeth white as pearls.

"Do you have children?" The proud father asked.

"Do you have boys or girls?" The boy in the wheelchair exclaimed happily. "I would love to have a sister", he said happily and continued with, "my brother is a great guy, but a sister or a girlfriend would be great. Our mom says the same thing, we live over there". With that he pointed to one of the houses.

The proud beaming father explained. "My oldest son is 23 years old and my youngest is going to be 'beep teen' soon. Is your wife here? Are you married?"

Do I have that? Am I married? What does that mean? Einziger could not find answers to these questions, and decided to keep quiet about it. They probably thought I did not want to speak to them, so they continued on their way without giving him a second thought or reaction. Were they careless or did they not care? About a hundred feet up the road, a colorful figure came out from behind the trees.

It's Bibbo from Sesame Street? "...why and how? Don't ask questions too much it makes you look stupid..." No, not Bibbo! Who the hell is Bibbo?

A gigantic naked swank stood there. Immoderately splendid, he awoke surfeit. Already nasty! With his soles scraping in the sand he rocked in place, inspecting the happy family. Five yards of athletic manhood?

"Look daddy, over there", shouted the boy in the wheelchair enthusiastically. "Daddy! Daddy! Have you ever seen anything like this?" Asked the boy, while he excitedly tugged on his father's hand.

Suddenly the naked guy started charging towards them. Mighty feet threw sand high up in the air. The shimmering giant came closer rapidly. Athletic legs drummed about the plaster, a pale dust cloud flew up behind him. The color of his

skin changed into soon brilliant white. Red-blond hair blew behind him; the sky blue eyes gleamed wildly. An immense cock swung between his legs, grew stiffly. Tree!

The father wanted to shield the son and wheel chair. In vain! The mammoth person knocked him down side ways. The impact flung the man in Einziger's direction, with his head first against the foundation of the bench.

He fell down with a thud and lay motionless. The older son tried to push the wheel chair out of the way. However, the bench was in the way. The wheel chair including it's screaming contents tipped over slowly, then it crashed to the side. Dust whirled.

A wide gigantic foot stomped on the beautiful brother. A garish scream left his lips! His intestines streamed out from underneath the neatly tucked shirt. Blood bubbled. A mighty paw shot up and bored into the open belly, lifting the bloody bundle up high.

The murdering giants meat pole rose thickly like a tree. He tore away the clothes of the beautiful son, spread his legs with a single jerk, and dislocated both hips. Bones were cracking like splintering wood, and then he rammed the gaping fissure against glittery bulky cock. He impaled his catch.

Turned brusquely about the pole, the victim was twitching. The pressure caused the pretty boys nut sack to swell, let his cock harden. Semen shot from his cock, followed by a stream of urine. Bones crashed. Intestine fell to the ground in a flood of blood.

Quick as the wind the monster picked the genitals of his prey, chewed them, slurped semen. Once more it cracked as the head was completely turned around once more and plucked off. The pale giant then proceeded to tear his victims eyes out of their sockets, he gazed at them for a few seconds as he was holding them up on the tip of his right forefinger, and then crushed them on his tongue.

The head thrown away rolled on the sandy cobblestone. Red foam streamed out of mouth, nose and the neck that was once attached to the young mans body. Small rivers of blood were coming out of the mutilated trunk.

The troll greedily ate the meat of the thighs, legs, buttocks and abdomen. Wildly he tore 23 years of life to pieces, slurped dripping clods of meat, as he was tearing the athletic young man apart. Only his upper part of the body still hung on the gigantic cock. Butchered! Both arms dangled sadly in front of ball-size testicles. Saved delicacies?

The smell of slaughter was in the air. The pools of blood smelled sweet. The handicapped boy was screaming. He was halfway lying under the murdering bench by his father. Einziger decided to get closer.

The cannibal looked up from his meal. The fingers clutched in the open prey pulled intestines out. Heedlessly he dropped mushy lumps of meat on the ground as he drew closer. He stank! Trembling in fear, Einziger held the screaming boy in his arms.

He is going to get me! Violently he flung the human bundle in front of one of the giant's feet, shot up, turned around and ran to one of the houses behind him. Hopefully the door is open! He was in luck. After wild inward jump, he slammed the door shut with all his strength.

Barricade the door! There were no keys, nor locks, only a weak deadbolt.

Einziger stood gasping for air in the low dark stairway. Saved! And to what cost? What else should I have done? Be turned into his prey as well? Impaled on that thing and torn apart? Never! Will these walls hold off the giant? Barely! He could break through at any moment. I need to get out of here!

He sprinted up three narrow flights of stairs. Dead end! There were several doors, only one was unlocked. A musty smelling hallway lay behind it. A living room filled with recycled furniture followed. A room filled with narrowing silence and daylight coming through dirt covered windows. Almost immediately Einziger's fear faded. A dust covered couch looked less inviting and uncomfortable, but he just wanted to sit down. Slowly he sank down on the couch, in spite of his disgust for it, trying not to let the dirt come up.

A musty room! Everything including the walls smelled of mold. Besides, the building could not be very old. The modern construction method as well as the height of the walls and the windows spoke for itself. Still the time here seemed old somehow. Desolation crept in from every direction of the room. The whole building radiated with it. Its inhabitants seemed extinct.

Swallowed up by the depth of time away from their world? And where are they now? Maybe on the other side whatever and where it may be? Are they fucking?

Still, Einziger was sure that these people could come back at any time. They would probably think that he wanted to steal something. They would not be to pleasantly surprised and call the police on him. If they weren't too ill tempered they would only throw him out. Although: what would one steal here? Nothing was really useful, only garbage.

Printed pictures of renowned painters like Van Gogh or Renoir disfigured the already blotchy wallpaper even more. Petty garbage! Originally very expensive, always praised as big art!

I would rather have a wall with nothing on it! He mumbled quietly. One of the paintings was in the style of baroque times, with mostly adipose faces that stared at you goggle-eyed. In an artistic frame it hung crooked on the wall. Luckily the twilight hid most of its hideousness. However, Einziger believed it must be J.S. Bach. Or "Dick" Bach? All the same, both are similar!

A faded portrait of a man in uniform stood next to the sofa on a small unstable end table. German World War II armed forces? Dragging footsteps caught his attention. The door, which had not been painted in a long time, swung open slowly. Somebody stood in the doorway, wearing tattered filthy rags on the body. Bloody!

His naked breast gaped open, broken ribs sticking out. Behind the gaping hole, lay the heart in plain sight, beating, faintly dripping. His left nipple hung down attached to a big piece of flesh resembling a decaying eye on a piece of muscle meat.

Einziger recognized the figure as the father from the place below. In one hand he held the disfigured head of his handicapped son. Who's mouth suddenly started shrieking, spitting blood. The face of the father melted to mash. Only the nose had a steady place. Then it became clear again. – Einziger's father!

"Dad!" He shouted.

"Why have you done this?" His father roared, holding the head of the handicapped boy out to him. Who's fringed mouth was shrieking.

“What should I have done then? Let him eat me?” Einziger raved. “Nevertheless, you were not the one standing there! Where were you when I needed you? Why did you not come and help me?” Angry tears dripped down his face.

“I am dead!” He just said. The silence afterwards seemed to eat the time.

The handicapped boy's head flew abruptly towards him, blocked, crashed against the middle door of the living room cupboard. – Screaming! His father charged at him, his face was tethered in the rotten clothing. Remainder of the clothes fell from his rotting body. Dried cock stood out from his mummified body, aiming at Einziger's bare chest. The dried up scrotum flapped around. Dead hands scratched! Rotten fingers! The stench of dead made him want to vomit.

He wants to kill me! With his right hand Einziger grabbed a big iron ashtray filled with cigarette butts from the couch. Striking the lateral side of his rotting skull with a wild force. Afterwards there was only a thud and a juicy eating noise. The thing stuck. A sad look met Einziger's. Nevertheless, he thought: dad really had an impressive cock in his pants! But what use is it to me now?

His father sank to the wooden floor, shrank to the size of a 6-year-old boy. Einziger's own face stared up at him covered by the contents of the ashtray. Framed by the collar of a German WWII uniform, iron bowl halfway stuck in the head.

Died twice? Flash maiden suicide!

The rolling head of the disabled boy, even though he was dead, kept on screaming. Einziger vomited thin liquid over the small body below him. Greenish stomach contents wet disgustingly, smelled like acid. He wiped the remainder of his chin.

I am out of here! How many people's death have you caused? The people that come here from other worlds to this dusty one would ask. Dragged before hardened judges, I would not be able to say anything, not even my name!

Einziger ran out to the stairway. He vaguely remembered that there was a faltering ladder to the upper roof. Of course one needs a long handle with a hook to get it down. Usually such a thing was stored close to the ladder itself. – Oh yes! It was hanging right there next to the electric meter! – He quickly reached through the dusty cobwebs. The cover door resisted stubbornly.

Even more so the sliding ladder as one tried to pull it apart. It squeaked accordingly. However, in the end, he managed it. The sky greeted him through a rectangle in the top. Soaked in sweat Einziger climbed on the flat roof.

Hip-high walls all around. Was a roof garden supposed to be put in here once upon a time? Friable cardboard tar crumbled under soles, cracking. A rusty iron ladder rose high on a weathered wall. Therefore, the house next door must have four floors. Einziger climbed up. Shoots creaked loosely, but held. Breathless and with a little difficulty he swung himself over the Reeling.

A big black man stood at the balustrade with his back to him looking at something. A true breaker, completely naked. African American? More than two meters tall, bulky muscles, which is why he looked a little plump.

Einziger stopped. – Wait! Up until now he did not hear me; he is probably watching the place below!

After the first step across the crumbling layer, the big guy turned his head and

laughed broadly. Left paw waved. "Come over here! You have got to see this! There is a lot going on!"

Should I go? Einziger stepped beside the naked black man and looked over the sandy surface. Remains of the flawless family were scattered everywhere. Broken wheel chair, wheels bent and thrown meters away. Tattered material hung on the bench, which had previously eaten the old man.

The bloody head of the beautiful brother looked up. From above it was hard to believe that people suffered and died down there? Everything looked very slovenly. A garbage truck rolled near coming from the skyscraper that looked like a radio station.

Engines howling! Yellow lights flashing. Shovels removed the refuse; round brooms whirled and cleaned up the last of the tracks. Then the vehicle headed back, rumbling straight across the place. Orange colors! No breeze. Everything was like lead. Certainly the naked monster lurked behind ill trees.

The black man turned to Einziger. Harsh sweat smell blew his way. With narrowed eyes he looked down at him. Yellow eyes! No African? His laughter had died a long time ago. Cruelly, he grabbed Einziger by the neck. Pain shot up, his clutching hold was paralyzing, making it impossible to scream. "Why are you wearing those things?" he shouted into a pale face. Stagnant breath! "If I don't have any, you don't need them either. Why should you have more than me? Do you think you are better than me, because you are wearing those things?" In his fury, he tore Einziger's pants of like he was skinning him.

Einziger hung helpless and naked in the grasp of the big black man. Instead of pain, he felt his limbs going numb. Even though the big black man held him away from him before, he now pressed him against his rough skin. His skin was rough, almost like fine sand paper, smelling like an animal. Bulging muscles flowed. He stared at him with yellow eyes. Did he just now notice what he caught? Breathing intermittently, something hard bored into Einziger's belly.

"You", sounding like the growl of a wolf. "Unfortunately, it is very unlucky for you to have appeared here. Or maybe luck? However you want to take it! " He lifted Einziger up like a doll, clutching his neck even harder. "Haahaahaaha!" Crazy laughter roared from his chest.

"I have seen what happened below. I knew that you would come up here. You could not escape from me!" Right paw went into Einziger's groin.

Mutual pressure lifted him higher. Fingers bored coarsely through his sphincter. They dug, stretched the anus rose. Jerkily, the big guy put his middle finger inside. Forefingers and ring fingers followed. With raw pressure he squeezed the semen gland and more. Einziger screamed in pain, gasping breathlessly, emptying his bladder. A bronze stream splashed muddle-headed patterns onto the ground. Fear urination!

He was forced onto a wide lap. Einziger saw his cock harden, felt a never before mixture of desire lust, torment. An almost fat shiny cock wedged against him. The cock of the big guy shot up between his thighs in a similar way, as he squeezed the nuts to the side.

Einziger felt semen rise up to the urethra. Thick drops emerged from the tip of his cock. Whitish thin river! The berserker turned him around, put strong arms under his shoulders, pressing Einziger's head against his chest with both hands.

The chin cracking at the neck, ribs crunched.

"Do not struggle! It will only get worse for you", he rumbled coarsely. "You can not escape. I am too strong."

No hope! Rough move with the knee tore the Einziger's legs apart to a near split. Pain followed. Suddenly Einziger stood beside himself, watching his torture like a stranger. Did he not belong? Partial or complete madness?

Arm-thick pillar moved forward. Body weight and the hold of two strong arms pushed him into it. Impaled slowly, with no way out. Cruel blow sawed into the body, as the tortured and raw anus ring was pulled over the purple tip of his cock. Torn!

From the outside Einziger saw his body sinking. The large meaty cock disappeared in him with quick strokes. Buttocks stuck to the dark belly. The black man's testicles were hanging down. Almost like goose eggs! He bucked upwards and wheezed in an animal-like fashion. Immense clubs stemmed.

Everything was deaf! Milled nerves? No real pain? Something tore!

Einziger heard his own pelvic bone cracking. His abdominal wall burst up to the navel. Blood fell, soaking the dry tar. Intestines streamed out, a cock double the size of two fists, smeared with blood and intestines, twitched in the midst of it all. The foreign part crept out; it stunk, crept back, rammed forward.

Now I am dying! Einziger thought carelessly.

He saw semen mixed with bright red blood squirting from his cock. The last squirt wet his feet. Thicker drops decorated the hanging intestines, while a fat cock went wild in the cave of his belly and mashed intestines.

The murderer suddenly stopped, loosened his grip and held the torn corpse up straight. Dying meat! He sobbed. Tears dripped onto dead shoulders. "I did not want this! What do I do now? Stay here! I will fix everything."

Einziger heard him whimpering from afar. Already on the way to Aberland, he looked back one last time. Regret passed. "You can do nothing more. It is over! Now, I will go where I want."

The murderer stared into empty eyes and at the gaping belly. He did not understand, conjured up a crooked needle. Pad tools, long black thread waved attached. His right hand stuffed juicy intestines back in, gathered torn skin, the right hand sewed. Mumbling all the while: "I will put you back together, so everything will be alright again. Then I will take you to the doctor, so he can fix everything..."

"He will fix YOU, you dumb ass!" Einziger said without anger and left.

"Can I take it back?" the murderer asked.

Einziger turned halfway around and said, "No, nobody and no power in the world can turn back the event of things. How? What has been done will be forever. That is the order of things! You cannot go against the order of things. Not even the gods. Whoever believes otherwise is a complete idiot."

Aberland called. Einziger did not mind being drawn by it, and floated away. A bright shiny light around the bend promised true death. – The way home? Not yet! – Something came out of the world he just left. Did it concern him? He looked back. The murderer was hastily following him. How did he get here already? Einziger wondered.

"Wait for me!" The background carried the words away. Murderer came closer.

Einziger saw that his head was smashed and his brains were hanging out.
“What happened?”

“I did not want to live there anymore and threw myself of the roof. Four stories are plenty, if you hit the plaster head first.”

“You are a real dumb ass!”

“Yes, maybe... No, for sure! – I have a present for you...”

Slowly he brought forth the left hand he had hidden behind his back up until now. On it, he presented the head of the handicapped boy, crying, loud, penetrating, enervating.

Sliding to Aberland together...

All rights of translation reserved by
Christina Coenen–Lane, Arkansas USA

* * *

Alle Rechte vorbehalten
nach deutschem Gesetz

©2004

Protected by law of the Federal Republic of Germany

*

My home adress:

Manfred G. Schneiderei, Otto–Hahn–Straße 3
D 30853 H–Langenhagen, Tel.: 049–511–7639545

*

More sharp things (only in German) You can get here:

M. MANIE'S FINSTERE SEITE

Others (only in German and no porn) You get by:

M. MANIE'S ANDERE WIRKLICHKEIT

Please write me (in German if possible) to:



m.manie@web.de