

Mustapha Jinadu

D463

so was wishes the a could sleep

so dream it come so so so

undeniably overrr

So the those Hungarians in brown jackets an green helmets with  
straps break through my door my bodys cold ices is in the air o from  
the wind comon in.

The those bastards have rifles with knife.

Is bayonett bitch, yes is that too.

The they point thurblades it my throat. You wan kill me or you wan  
arrest me

I scream.

There boss come in blowing a high whistle. Wake up!

I did in a saw it was my friend young sewjar blow his whistle

so i see his old mate over me stiff, loosenin my belts,

a scream an

Kick kick kick kick kick.....