

## Personal Experience

Okay I'm ugly. I mention this because of a special reason. You know, it is all about attention. People pay attention to every shit you say when you are beautiful or sexy somehow. Show your tits and the guys – but believe me, not only the men – listen to everything, as stupid as it might be. They nod, they look as if you would say something which changes the present approach of nuclear physic theories, they cheer and, sometimes, they really clap their hands. It's so simple. You do not need to care. When they are talking it is similar. They are not just talking. They are performing. They tell about their lives, they tell you all of their secrets, and they tell you how they won a car race. But this is not the problem. The problem – and you could know this, if you would have paid attention in the beginning, what you probably did not do because of the first sentence – the problem is that I'm ugly. Therefore I know these coherences only from observing them, not from personal experience. Do not have pity on me. I do not care about this anymore. There were times when I did, but now I'm one step further. I was illuminated. You might find this suspicious and I would not have believed it myself, but I really was. At the deepest point of my self-esteem and the bottom of my live. It happened some years ago. It was done in three seconds. I saw the bloody bastard in the review mirror.

I was standing in front of a red light. I was sad because of some man who left me. This was a usual thing for me at that time. I was left about hundred times. I was left after a year, I was left after a small talk and I was left after a one night stand. To be true, very often I was left *before* a one night stand. Well, as I mentioned – listen, fucking readers! – I had stopped at a traffic light when I saw him coming. He did not even seem to be a street Casanova. He drove a 2CV and he drove carefully - I know this for sure, because he was driving behind me for some minutes. But in this very moment he did not look at me or the traffic light in front of him. To be more exact, the traffic light was in front of me. I saw in my review mirror, that he was looking to the left, where a girl with a very short skirt was walking down the street. He just forgot to stop. He came nearer and nearer and I screamed and yelled in my

car, but of course he did not hear me and crashed into me with maybe 50 miles per hour. I was thrown against the seat, my head banged against the head rest and for a moment I was shocked. I just sat there and reflected that my pure existence was not worth as much as a look at a cute girl in the street. I asked myself, if my bones were broken. But before I dared to move even a finger, the guy who crashed into me came running to my car and opened the door.

“Is everything okay? Are you okay?” he screamed. And he had this beautiful desperateness in his face.

Even now I see the girl standing on the other side of the street. With a white shirt and a short, green skirt. Staring at this accident, which it was from her point of view. For me it was more like an incident. While I was looking at this cute girl (me not having moved since the crash) the guy had nothing in his mind except for me. He stared at me. He talked to me. He took me in his arms. In this very moment there was nothing in the world which he wanted more than that me being healthy. Well, I was. I felt completely okay. To be honest I felt beautiful, and I know that this might sound strange to you. I waited two minutes. Two minutes in which it was me who enjoyed his attention and not the girl with the skirt. Two minutes in which I invented my new live.

“I am not sure if I can move” I said quietly and afflicted.

“Don’t move, don’t move, the ambulance is coming!” he answered with hardly hidden panic. I didn’t.

I played my role until the ambulance arrived and, just because of missing the right point to stop this, I continued playing my role in the hospital. For one month. I never had received so many flowers, letters, phone calls and sweets before. The accident guy, Peter, visited me every day. He bought the daily things for me (he delivered and paid), he listened what I had to say and sometimes he even read something for me. It was a great time. When I recognized, that he began to be a bit nerved by the effort and that this feeling became stronger compared to his remorse, I finished like a great actor: I told him that I would forgive him but that I did not

want to see him anymore. I told him that he reminded me of my pain in every moment. Well, he did not come back. Of course the doctors were a bit confused, when I left the hospital a few days later on my own feet.

“Well, a wonder!” I said to one of them. “But I still feel weak. Can you help me carry my presents to the taxi?”

Attention. This is what it is all about. I like to go by bus since then. The bus is perfect. People are kind of concentrated because they do not want to miss their station, but on the other hand they cannot focus their attention on something useful. They are carried to the destination anyway, no matter what they are doing. This is an attention overflow which is almost waiting to spill somewhere. Well, with just a little breakdown I offer people a pool where they can dump it. I do not want a special favour. Okay, sometimes I use it to get a seat. But mainly it is just this wonderful feeling of being recognised, of even being in the middle. There are of course some things which I had to learn. For example it is not a good idea to pretend an infective disease, even if it is just a cold. People are interested, not helpful. They like sensations. It is not just a coincidence that we say “to pay attention”. They pay the price. And the product which they receive for this price is a simulation of personal experience. Experience by attention, not by real participating. Something they can tell at home. I am producing something new. Yes, I am producing - I am enriching life by playing sick. But if something is believed to be conterminous, the goods which I offer are going along with anti goods, bads so to speak. People then subtract fear of illness from the benefit of experience. And this reduces the price. Sometimes to less than zero. So I am not so stupid to tell anybody to be sick from a virus or leper or something. It is more the heart attack and cancer thing, you know. Very good working by the way is to tell you just lost somebody. People love this. They want to learn about life and about dealing with its depths. Again you see how I enrich life by faking personal disasters. Unfortunately, I am abandoned to short term relationships. I have to find the right point of time to disappear. But I am well trained. Even flirting works. I meet guys virtually and send them some photos of Czech models or my friend Maria. This catches them. I

receive beautiful letters and poems. And I have great phone calls till late at night, including, well, including everything you can imagine. Of course I never tell them where I live or give them any chance to reach me. When it gets serious, I tell them about my incurable mortal disease and that I will not be able to stay in touch. This makes them go wild. They swear and cry about how cruel life can be, to let the girl of their dreams die right when they found her. I have to laugh about these idiots. This might sound a bit cruel, but it is the only way of getting rid of love foolish guys. They do not accept another excuse than dying for not meeting them. No problem. I die for them. But I made one exception. The guy with the car, Peter. A few weeks ago. It was surprising, London is not a small village as you might know and I did not expect to ever meet him again. But I did. It was in an internet forum. I was Pam, the hot blonde from the US, new in London and looking for friends. After a while we began to talk on the phone. You should have heard my cat voice. He was so truly in love with me that he would have done everything. He was really interesting, no joke. He knew a lot about politics and philosophy. I also let him tell about his life. And I enjoyed listening to him. I especially liked the part with the ugly women he brought into hospital. Of course I had to end our little flirt. But this time not by dying. I told him that I would hate him for what he had done to this poor woman and that I did not want to talk to him until he had done an appropriate atonement. This was smart, wasn't it? What I will do next? Well, I don't know. First I will read this letter which came today. I am curious what might be inside. Maybe a poem again.