

Uncle Hans-Peter travels the autobahn. He relaxes behind the wheel as automatic landscape speeds past him. *Factories, bridges, gas stations, electricity pylons...*

Hans-Peter squirms in his seat. He needs a crap. His first sphincter contraction is a reflex but consecutive contractions build into a routine. Contract. Relax. Contract. Relax. The air freshener swinging from the rear view mirror synchronises itself with his rhythmic rectum.

In the car in front Gwendolen is sitting in the passenger seat, fidgeting in discomfort. She opens the passenger door. Looks down at the road. Shuts the door. Opens the door. Looks down at the road. Shuts the door. On the hard shoulder, Kind Dog tows his hairy haunches up and down the tarmac, trying to free up a chunk of marrowbone. Back and forth. Back and forth. Opens the door. Looks down at the road. Shuts the door. Back and forth. Opens the door. Looks down at the road. Shuts the door. Back and forth. Opens the door. Contract, relax. Looks down at the road. Back and forth. Shuts the door. Contract, relax. Opens the door. Back and forth. Looks down at the road. Contract, relax. Shuts the -

- SCREEEEEEEECCCCHHH! Hans-Peter breaks suddenly as a yellow sandbox cuts across lanes in front of him. "Sie sollten solche Fahrzeuge nicht erlauben" he thinks angrily, "die haben noch nicht einmal Servolenkung." Uncle reaches down and clasps his Hans-Peter packet. The action reassures him and his anger subsides.

The Ambassador has a new sandbox. The latest model, streamlined with sloping lid. More aerodynamic. It's careering ahead down the autobahn. Hans-Peter puts his foot on the gas. His vehicle gains slightly but the box pulls away again. A cat-and-mouse game ensues until eventually the two vehicles ride the highway side-by-side. Hans-Peter, Ambassador. Ambassador, Hans-Peter.

Ulf tupsz pg uif Cbtubse jt opodfbmfe jo mbohvbhf, mpdlfe bxbz jo nveemjoh dpotpbout boe wpxfnt. If fnbobufe gspn mboe-gbs-bxbz, dbnf up fbsui po b gvd-svo, boe cfmdife ijt xbz joup lvnbo fyjtufodf. (Ulf Bncbttbeps't tmjqqs sz ufoubdmft gju ojdf vq b cpz't sfduvn.)

Hans-Peter eyes the box warily. It's a sticky situation, yet a wave of something like gentleness envelops him. Hurling along at breakneck speed, the multi-pronged oily thing that constitutes the equivalent to the Ambassador's eye peaks out from beneath the lid. Bzzzzzz. He shoots a wad of psychic snot an den Menschen in dem Automobil. Hans-Peter shrinks back in revulsion. In his indefinable squelchy end-of-the-next-sentence way, the Bastard feels perturbed by this big german bugger on wheels. Perturbed might be too strong a word, mildly irritated, the way a trapped hornet might buzz around and buzz-back-to-the-last-sentence stuck in a volley. Squelch. Bzzzz. Squelch. Bzzzzzzzzzz. (supraliminal suggestion of two teenage boys skipping across the prairie with erect cocks and gutted brains swinging from the sides of their skulls). Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

Hans-Peter's cerebrum is stunned but not out of order. *Konzentrier' dich Onkel! Bzzzzzzzz.* Hans-Peter saunters through a supermarket precinct, guiding his nephew Clem, hairy hand positioned firmly on the back of the boy's neck. They enter a bakery to buy hot dogs. "Warte hier" says Uncle as Clem stares blankly at the pastries. Clem's parents thought of the boy as suffering from intellectual retardation. Hans-Peter prefers to think of him as a husk. A shell from which all solid material has been extracted; a broken remnant subject to the will of interlopers. Hans-Peter tries to fit himself into the shell that is Clem. It's a squeeze but he makes it! He wants to be the eyes behind Clem's dull gaze. Slip down, pull y'self up. Slip down, pull y'self up. Slip down -

Bzzzzzz. Come back. Bzzzzzz. Wach auf! Hans-Peter has pulled away and the Ambassador speeds off into the sunset. Patt! thinks Hans-Peter. But some dicey deal has taken place. The hunters have tangled and transaction has occurred. Hans-Peter will drink fine wine tonight.

