

BAD DAY

Mirza begins to feel pity for the nitty-gritty of a neat-picking nation where everyone is indoctrinated to gouge one another. The soda fountain makes a sob-like *nawa* seeing the marble statue is about to attack Mirza. Then in the sexy light, an anorexic mannequin gives Mirza hand signal toward the toy section of a sports store where they also sell semi-automatic weapons.

Mirza tepidly toddles toward a hand gun and touches it, tinkers its trigger, kisses its fly and feels a strong urge to call the bastard and shout:

Mirza will no more take any BS without a remonstrance. He'll sue the crap of every institution for their persecution. Mirza wants just restitution against their unfair wealth distribution, air pollution, prostitution, prosecution and execution. Mirza demands protection against all *hijab* and retribution.

nawa = sound
hijab = veil