

# The Olde Town of Meindblone



A short story by  
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## 5PM; Monday night.

I'm walking up and down the streets of the Old Town of Meindblone. It's a bit nippy, not too cold, not too warm, but humid. Black trench coat, black boots, plain white tee, blue jeans.

I take a left down Cocaine Lane. Sky suddenly covers up, gets a bit cloudy. But it's not bothersome in any way. I like it that way, sometimes. Not always, but sometimes. It's pretty empty, and something about that makes me feel like the king of the world. Hah. Big thoughts for a kid who still spends his father's money. Whatever, what does the old man know anyway... Anyway, thing is, right now, I feel good, and nothing else really matters. Or does it? I don't know, I don't care. Hah. Keep walking. King of the world. There's a business man in an open phone-booth - seems like the kind of guy who'd work in finance, or something close at least. He's dropping coins in, but it's pretty obvious after watching him for 12 consecutive seconds that whoever he's calling doesn't give two shits whether he lives or dies. Hah. Poor bloke. As I'm crossing near him, he waves at me and says "Hi there, any idea if the phone lines are down? It's ringing but I'm not sure if it's actually calling?"

— Who are you tryna call?  
— None of your business.  
— (I'm not gonna answer that)  
— Sorry, that came out a bit rude, haha. Just someone I thought mattered to me. But does anything really matter anyway? Matter. Funny word, isn't it?  
— Yeah, keep it together man. But I do see what you mean. I'd be willing to bet you're calling up your wife or someone else you're involved with. So I'd better tell you right now: love is just a made up word to offer consolation to the mass of men who live lives of quiet desperation. The world is governed by impulse, sex, and desire. Love is an illusion, a name people give to chemical reactions in your brain that make you think you've "struck gold". Makes me sick. Don't seek it out, just live your life. Don't chase a wild goose, it'll turn around just when you think you've caught it, and bite you in the nose. And trust me - I'd know - you do not wanna get your nose caught in a goose's beak. Hurts like a motherfucker.

The man just stares at me, as if I'm some kind of extraterrestrial. He doesn't answer, but just smirks, the kind of smirk you'd wanna wipe off a fucking stupid idiot's face. Anyway, I just nod upwards, furl my eyebrows, and keep walking.

I was starting to feel a little dizzy in Cocaine Lane, and I had this weird sensation in my teeth, like they were about to fall off or something. What the