



TODAY IS THE LAST DAY of the rest of your life

by ulli lust



TURN OVER



EXIT

PLEASE LOOK AT THIS E-BOOK IN THE FULL SCREEN MODE: „strg + L“

TO LEAVE THE FULL SCREEN MODE PRESS THE KEYS: „ctrl + L“ or „esc“



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My grandmothers were salt-of-the-earth women. One gave birth to thirteen children, though when the Nazis offered her the Motherhood Cross she declined it.

The other had two and named her first son, who was born during the war, Franz Adolf.

Franz married a slender blond girl from the neighboring village.

Her three daughters grew up to be gorgeous women, thriving within the security of a large extensive family. As a member of the church council and chairwoman of the Catholic women's movement, she was, to them, the very model of female power.

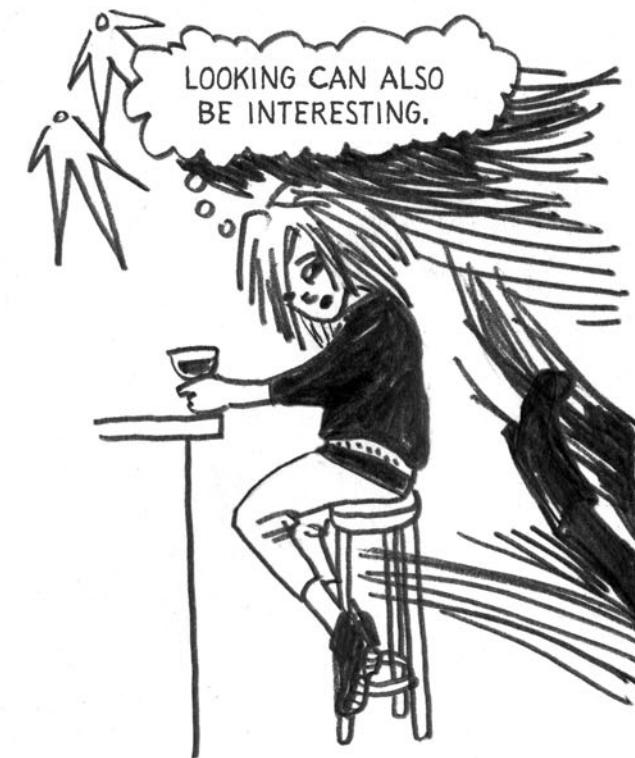


Our village lay seventy kilometers outside Vienna, right on the Czech border. As children we would stand at the border and stick our fingers through the mesh wire fence, shivering at the thought of them shooting us from the other side.

At the age of fifteen I left for Vienna to attend a school for design and fashion illustration. At sixteen the future seemed too far off to give it much thought.







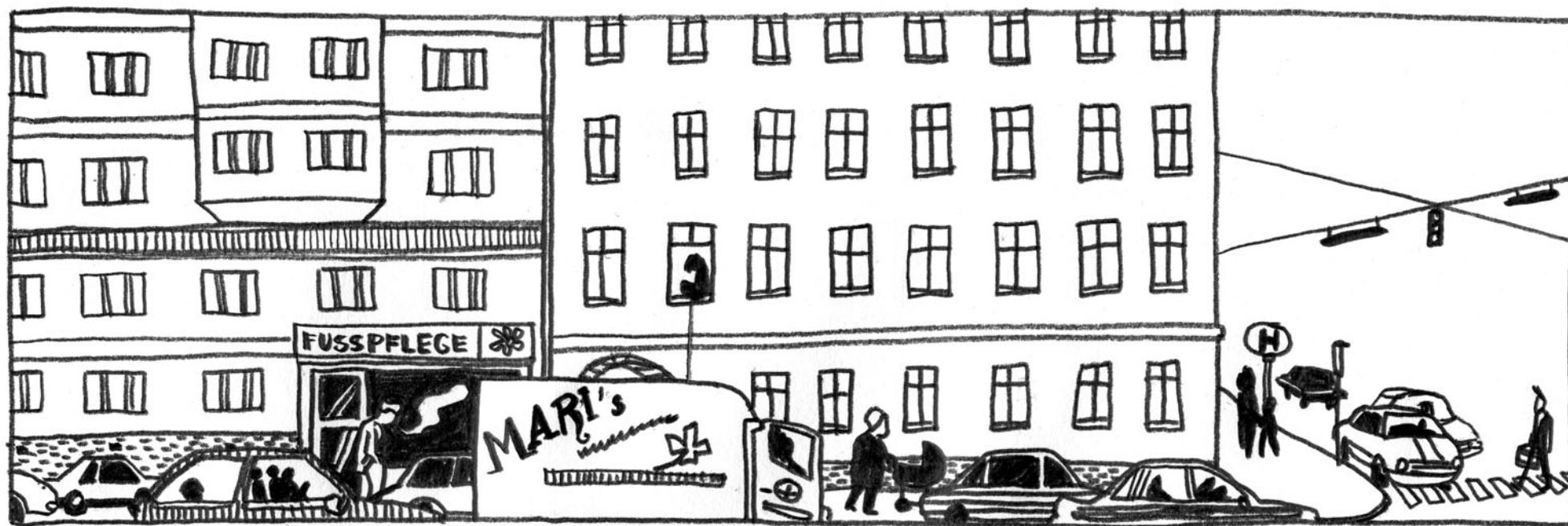


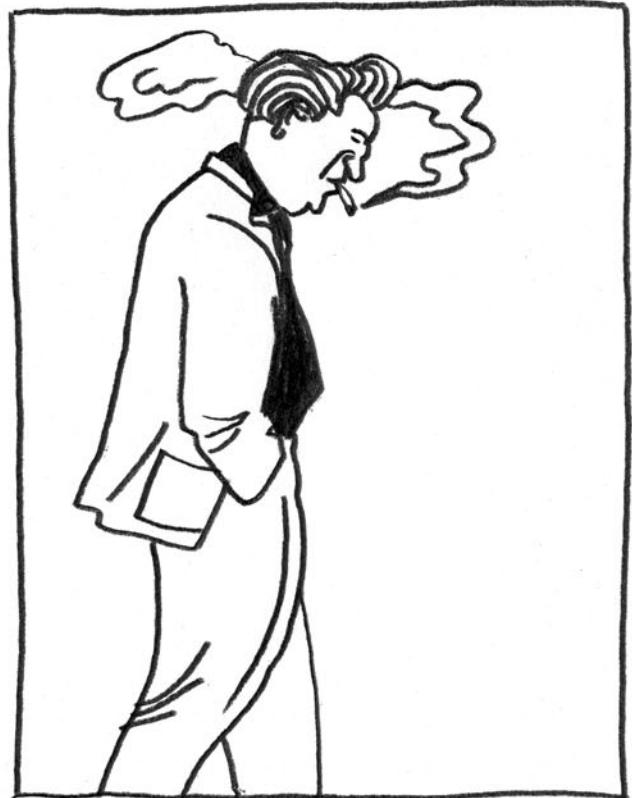
Ich habe irgendwann mit 14 geplant, ich
erlebe etwas, mit 15 ~~st~~ hab' ich mich erfahren,
gefühlt als die anderen, mit 16 hab' ich
ich schon mehr gelebt als manche mit
40, jetzt bin ich 17, und habe Zahnschmerz,
heute läuft sich zum Zahnschmerz gehen sollte,
habe verschlafen. Na und? Ich bin
Anarchist, heut such' ich mir eine
Hals-Nase-Ohrnse und schließ mir ein
Kliniken, durch die Nase. Na und?~~E~~
Vive l'anarchie! Ich werd' mir was
tattoieren - vielleicht. Ich lebe zusammen
mit einem Schwule, ist angenehm, man
braucht nicht mit ihm zu pudschen. Wenn wir
sabotieren, schleusen

DIARY 1984

(When I was 14 I felt already kind of experienced, at 15 I
felt more experienced than the others and by 16 I had
gone through more than some 40-year-olds, now I'm 17
and I have toothache. I was supposed to go to the dentist
today, but I overslept. So what, I'm an anarchist. Today
I'm looking for an ENT to have my nose pierced. Oh yeah!
Vive l'anarchie! I'll get a tattoo - maybe. I have a gay
roommate, the great thing is I don't have to get in the
sack with him.)

FISHING FOR CIGS

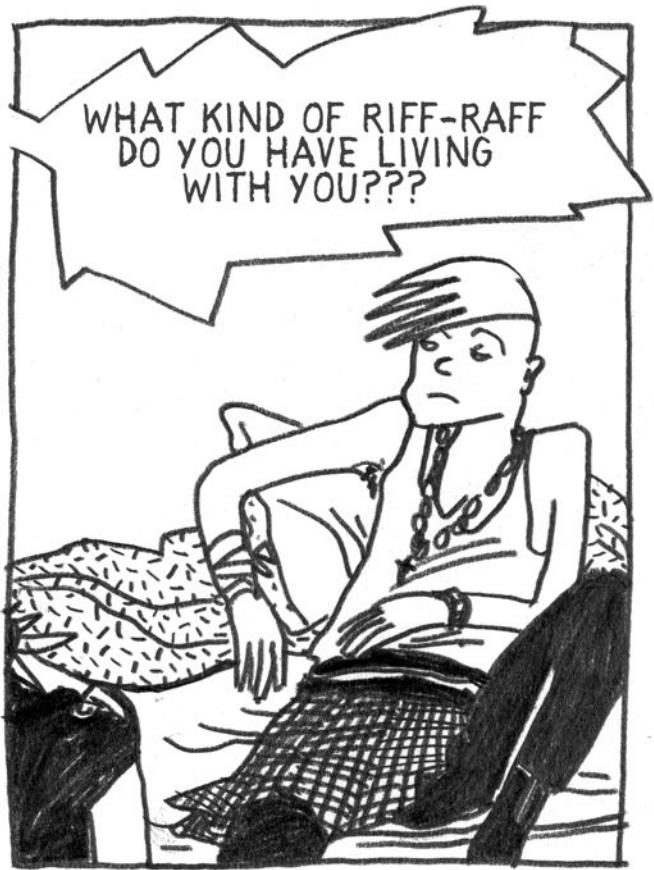




My tiny flat is busting at the seams with people.







PRICK JUST BELOW
THE TOP LAYER OF
THE SKIN.
THE INKY STRING
REAPPLIES THE COLOR
TO THE NEEDLE TIP

... DOT BY DOT ...

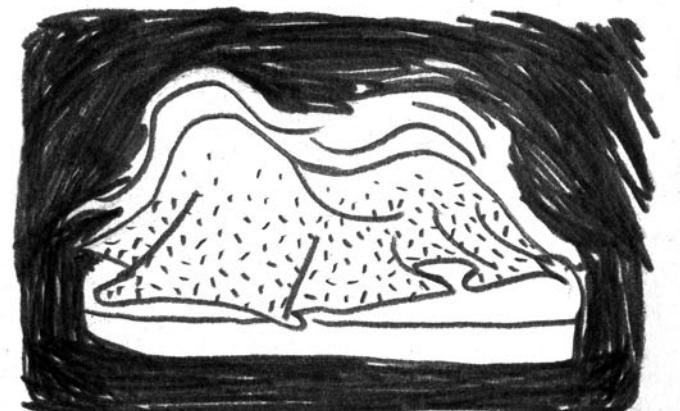






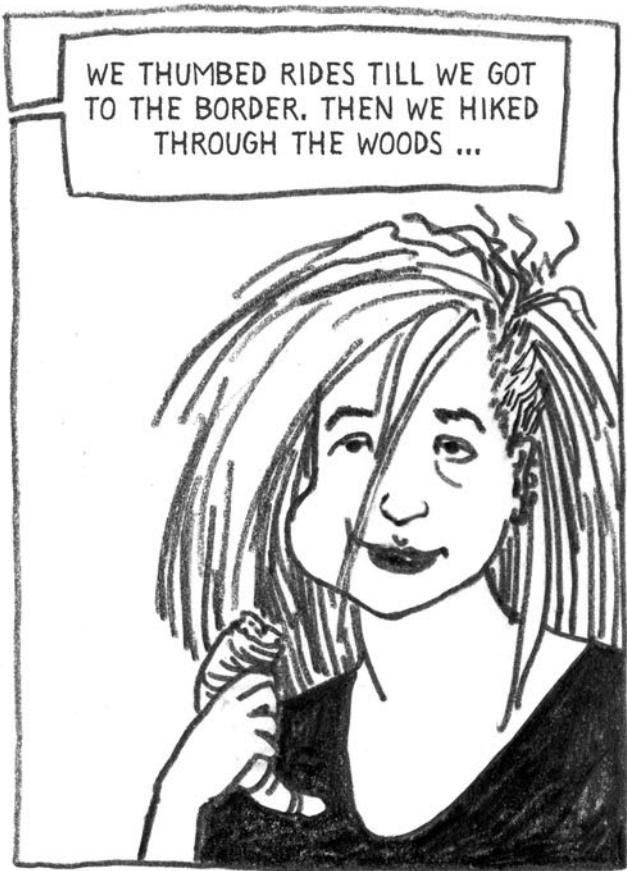
One night Günter, the part-time hustler, brought along a girl.

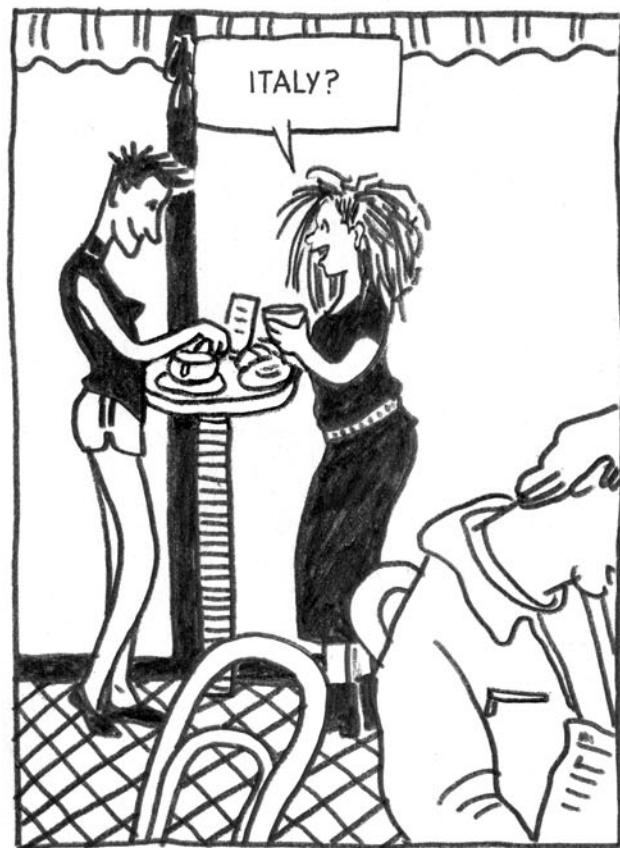


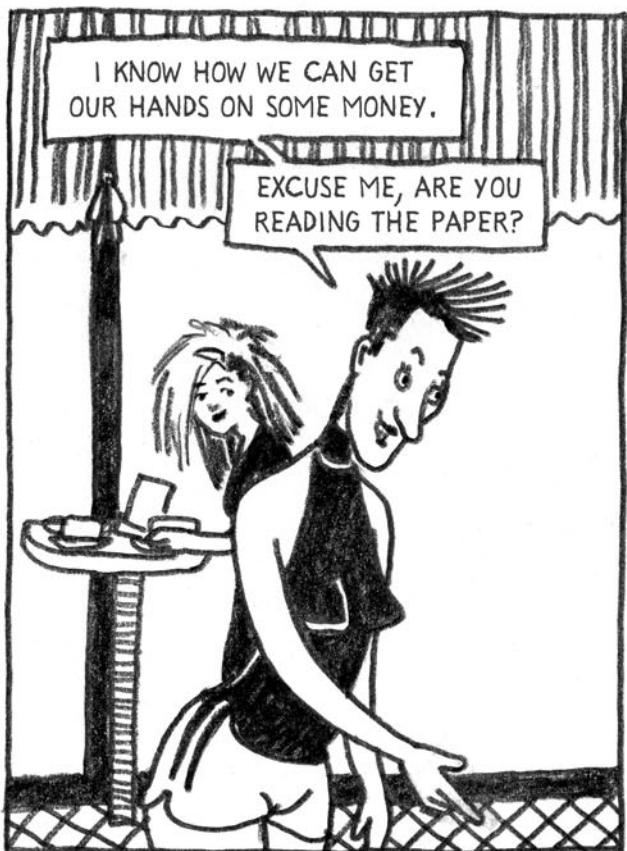


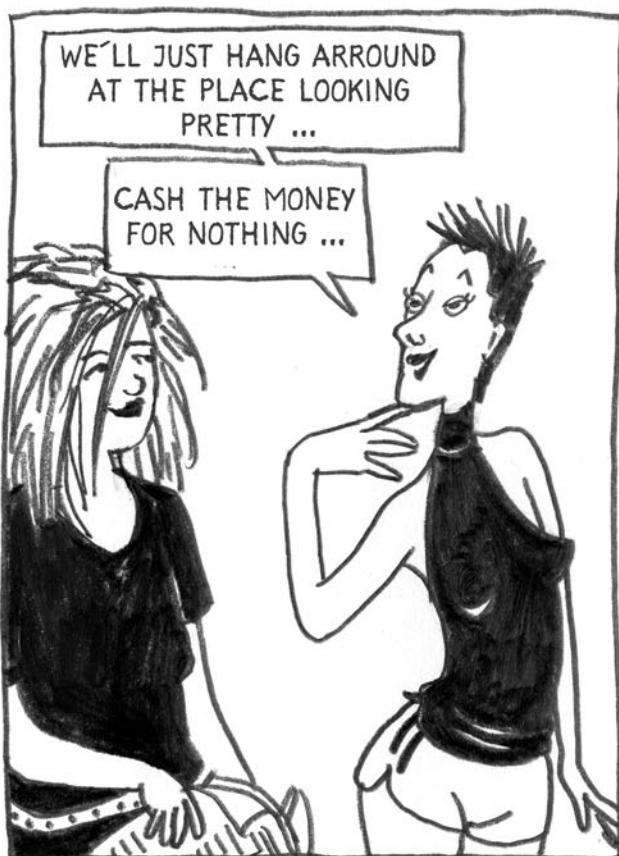
Edith was seventeen and she took off from her home.

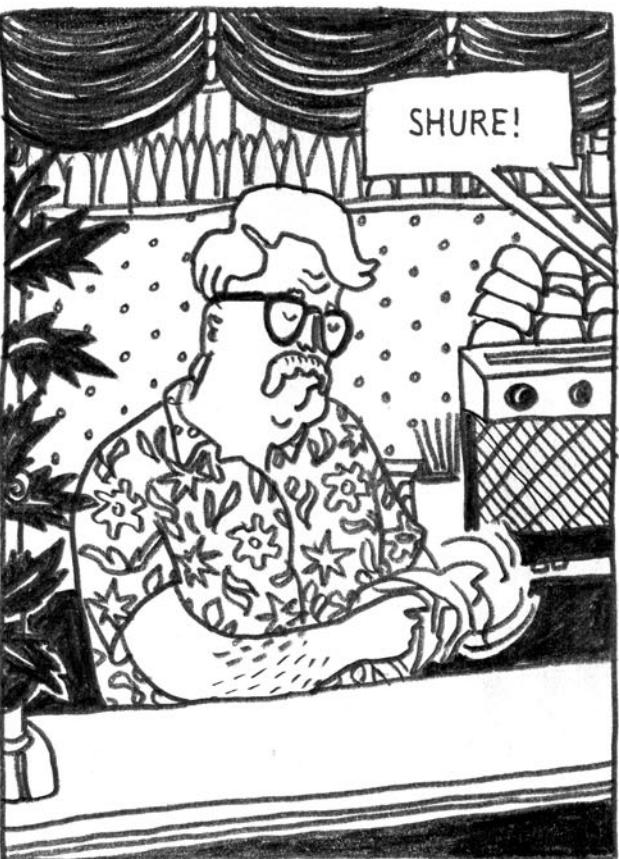
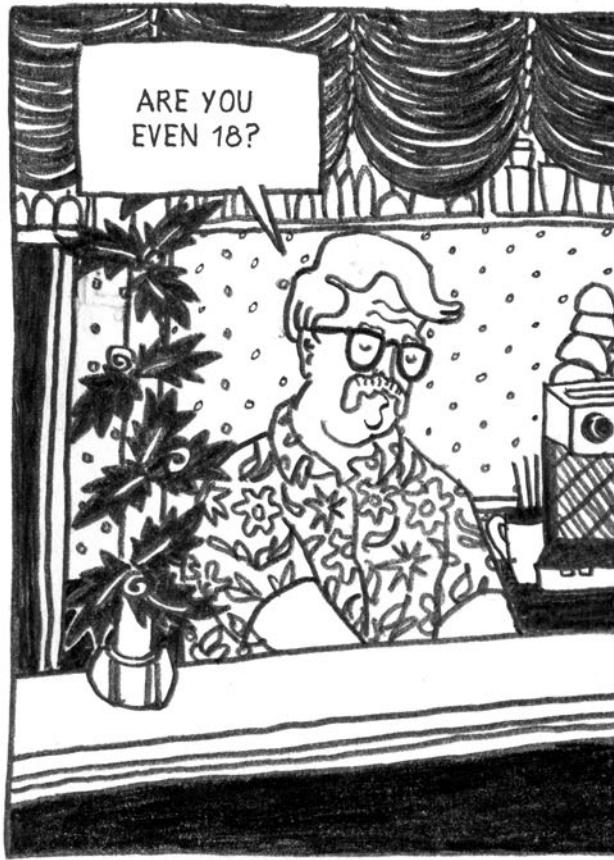
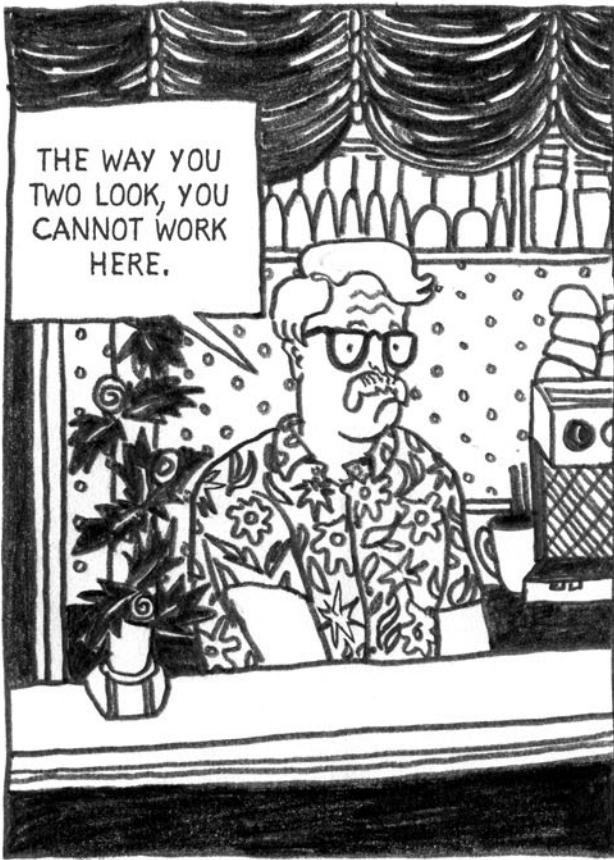
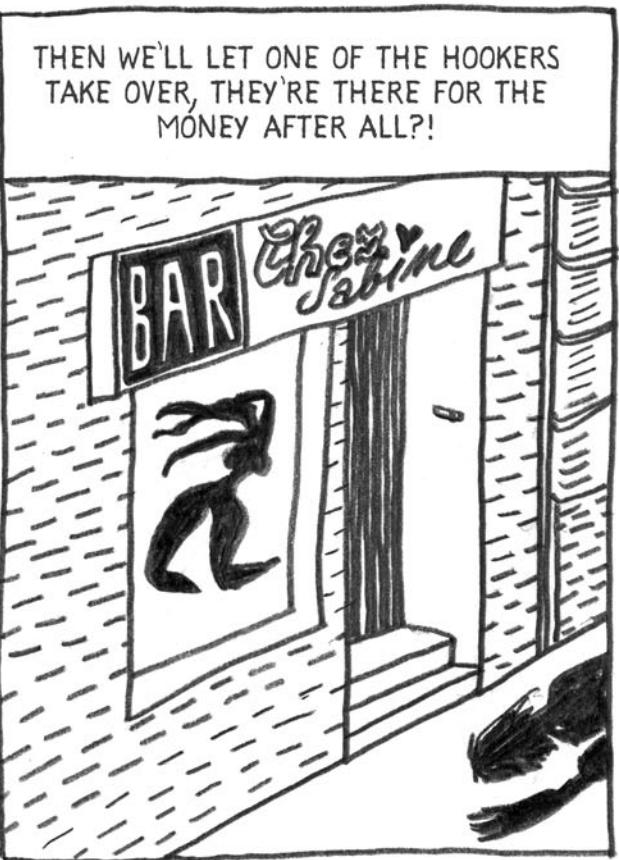


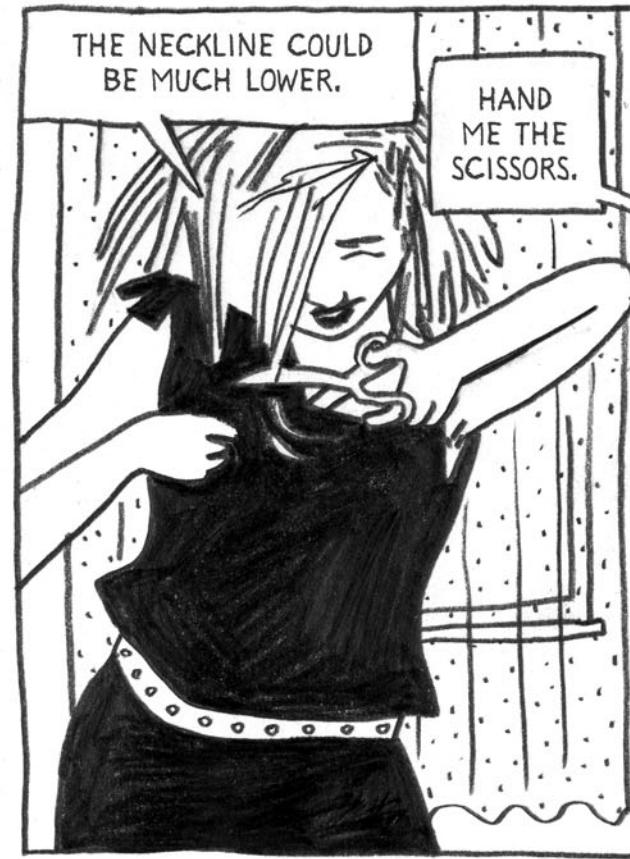
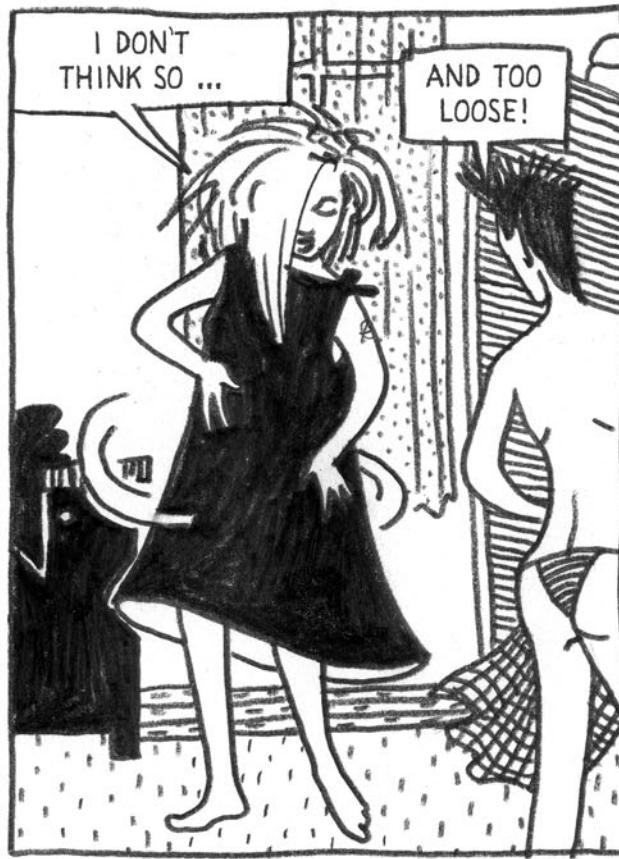
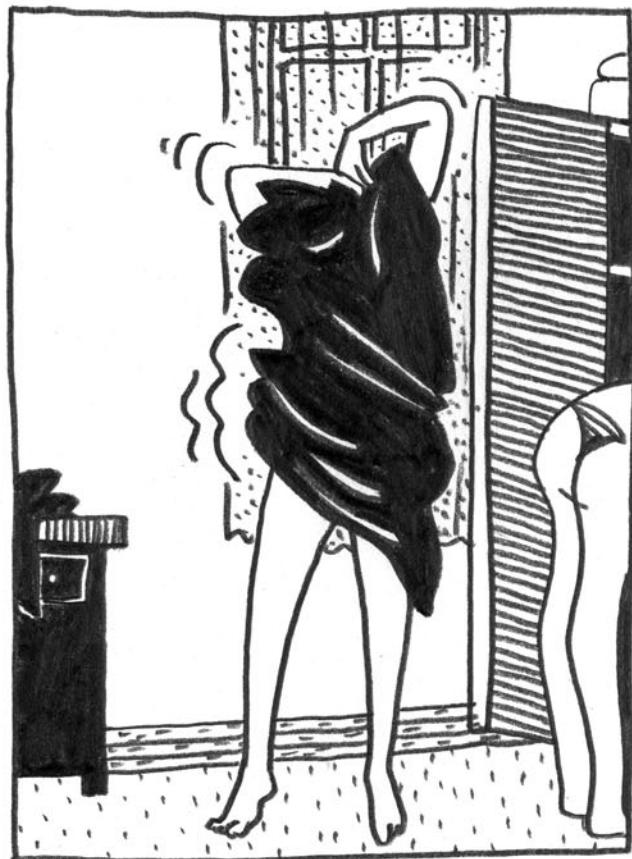




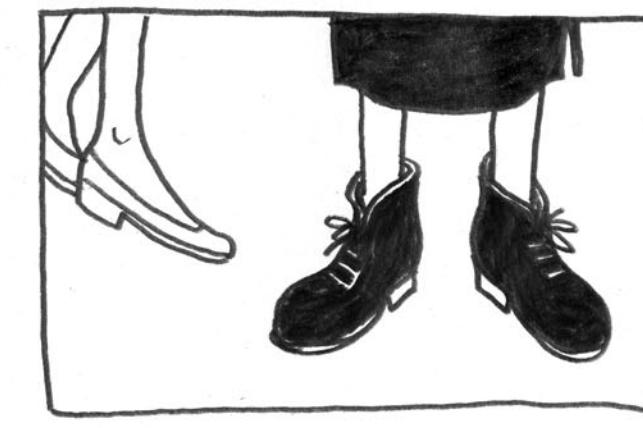
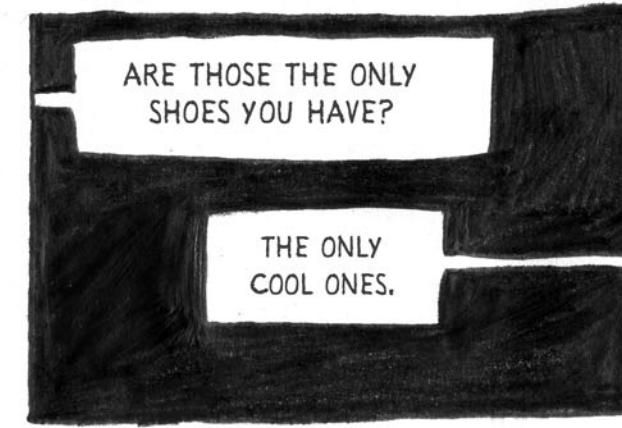
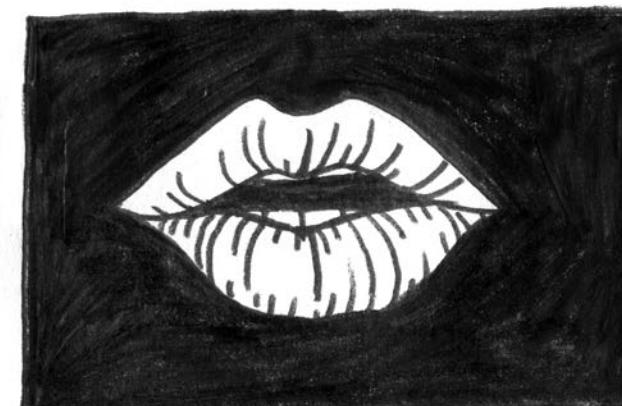
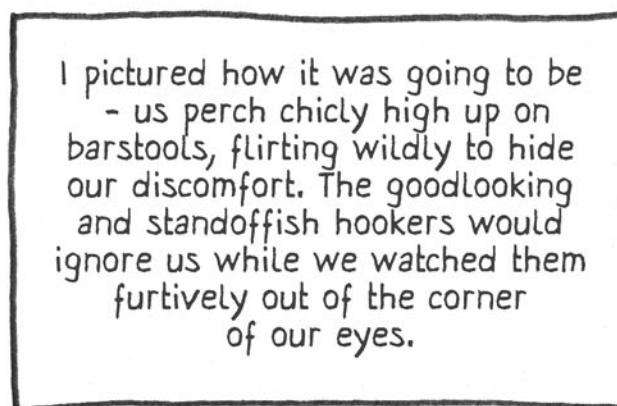
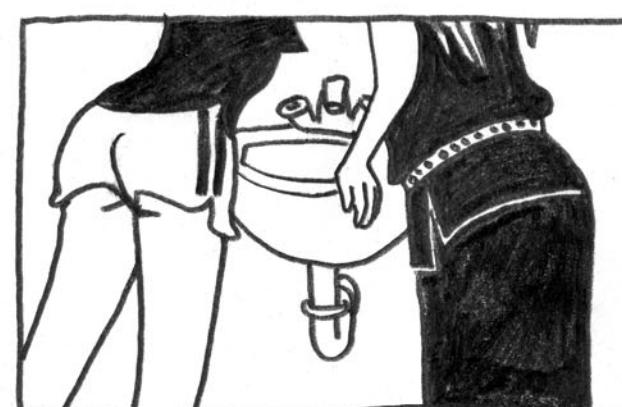
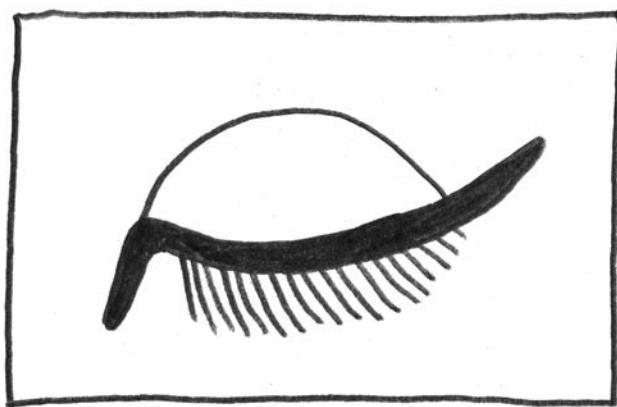
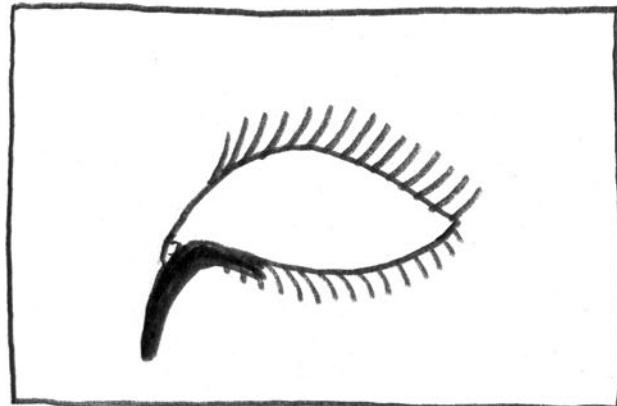












"HERE'S THE CUBICLE, ON THE NIGHTSTAND IS A BOTTLE OF SPARKLING WINE AND TOILET PAPER ... CONDOMS ... IN THE BACK'S THE SHOWER. THEY'VE GOT TO SHOWER BEFORE AND AFTER.



THEY HAVE EXACTLY 15 MINUTES. DON'T EVER LET THEM KISS YOU ON THE MOUTH, REMEMBER THAT!"



I WORK IN A WHOREHOUSE IN BURGENLAND ON THE WEEKEND.

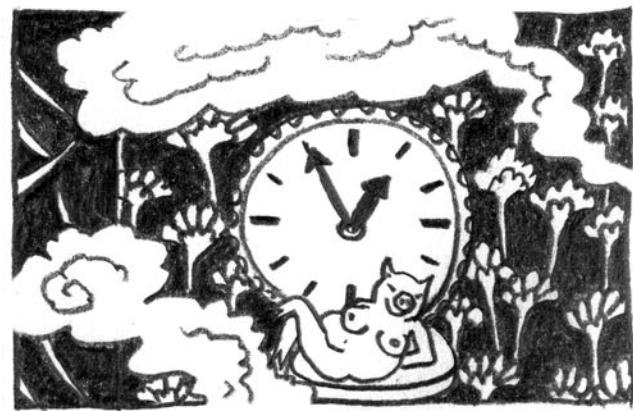


THE MONEY'S BETTER THERE.

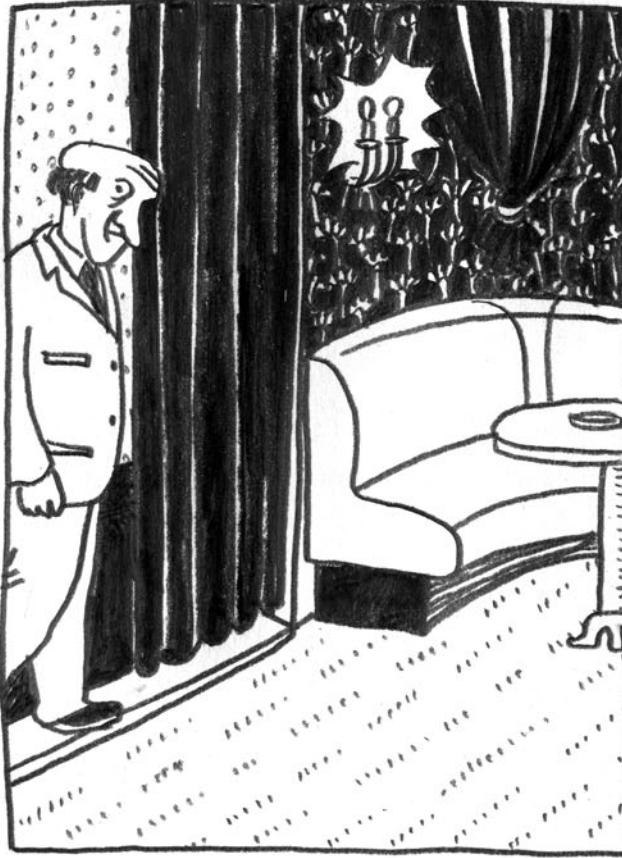


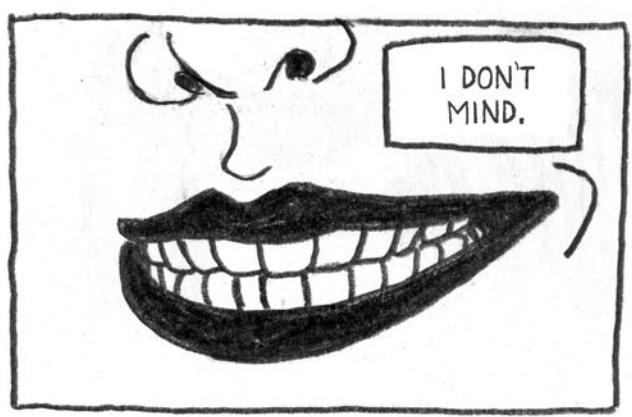


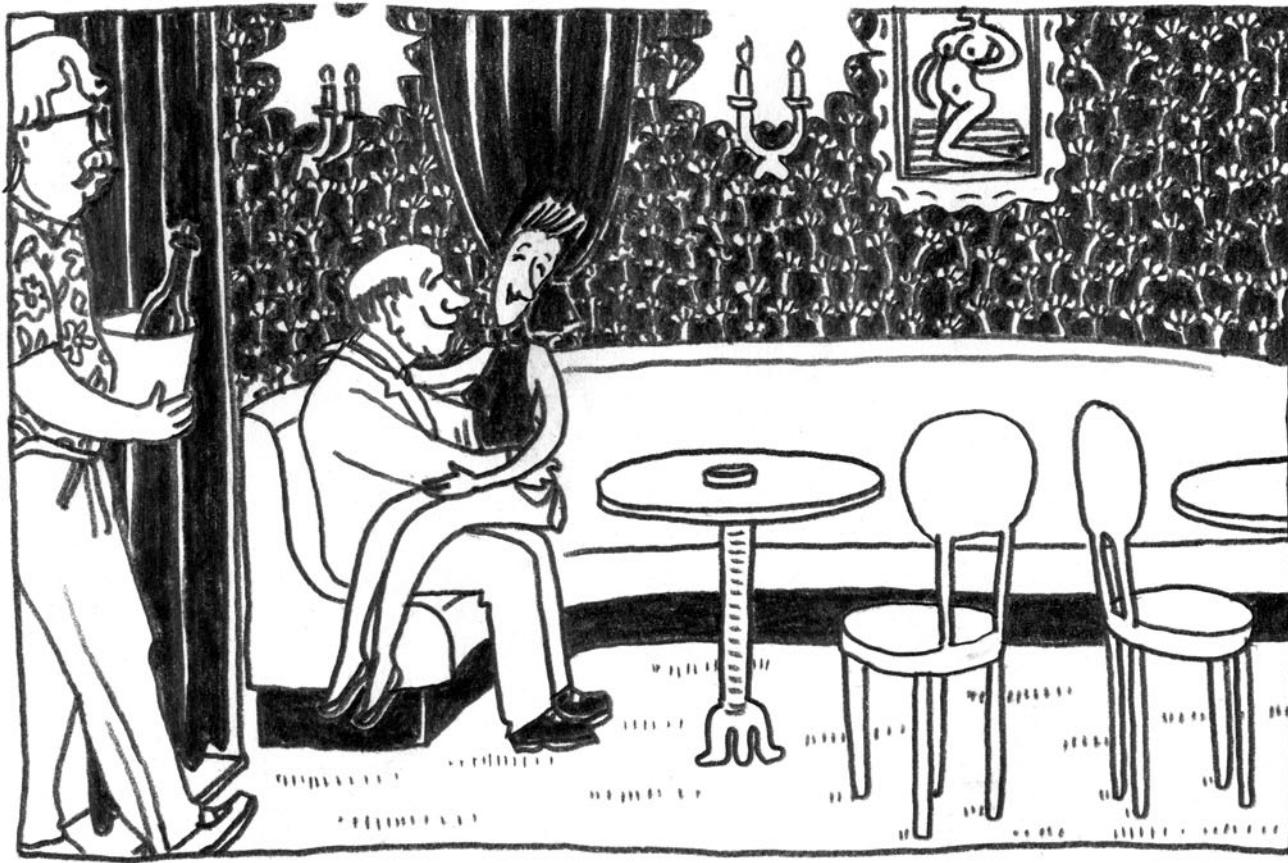


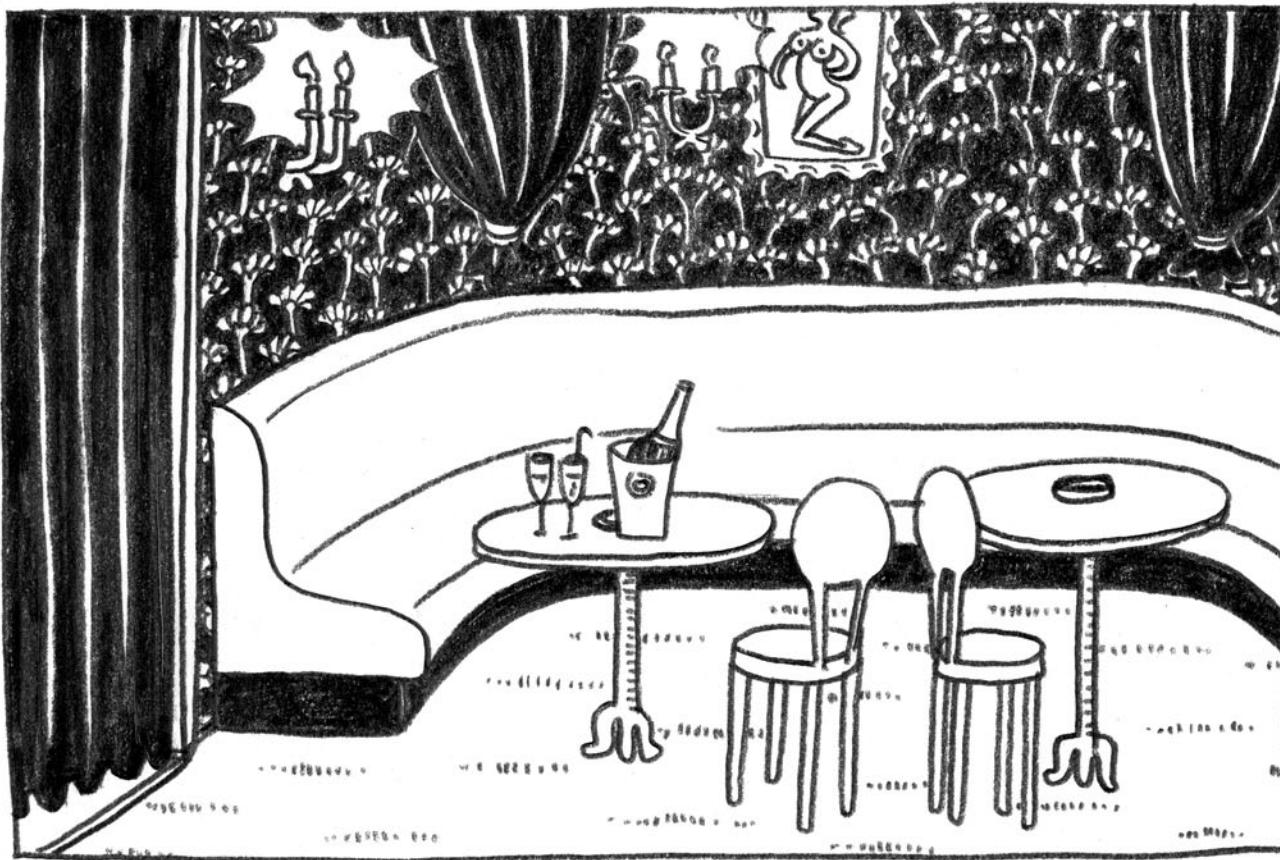


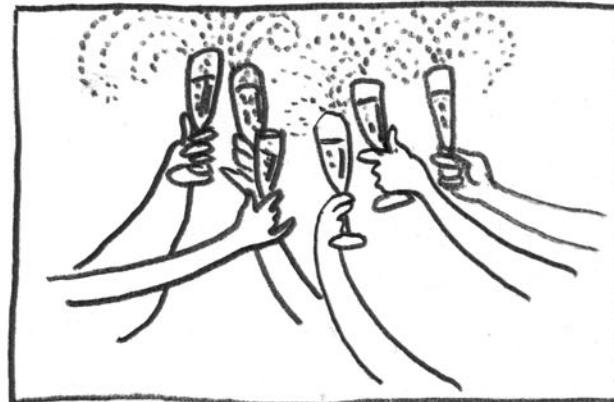






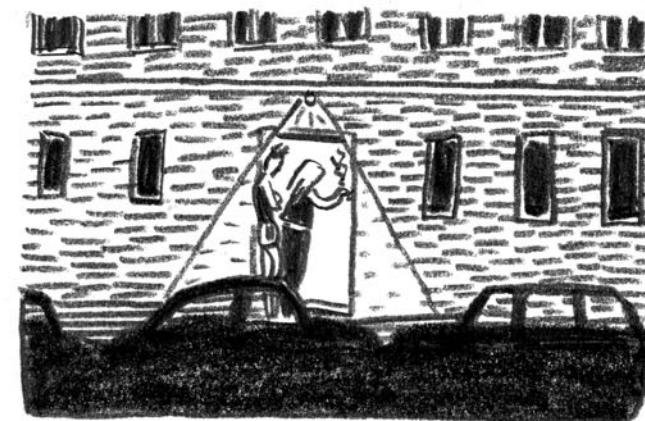














EXIT

to be continued

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