



Snoboholic

Nick Name

Published: 2009

Tag(s): "short story" "mobile fiction" collections "tech-absurd"

Introduction

Tech-absurd flash fiction story about a snob, who gets addicted, and the rest you know.

You can find this and 24 other mobile fiction stories in "Password Incorrect", also to be downloaded from Feedbooks: <http://www.feedbooks.com/book/3127>

Snoboholic

It was the second day of the Exotic Poultry Producers Association meeting held at the palace in sciegno. As always, all important issues were moved to the back burner on Friday before noon, that is half an hour after the start of the debate. Sales comparisons were replaced with alcohol, and market reports – with snacks.

“For a glass of boraquasco, slightly warmed with the left hand index and ring fingers, zezola fruit makes a perfect accompaniment,” Cezary Pytlasinski said while drinking vodka and snacking on a herring, and everybody listened with great interest. This suave, handsome man with jet-black curly hair and a slight contraction of the left eyelid (frequency between four and seven ticks a minute) was for the poultry producers a personification of good manners and a source of knowledge about high-class life style.

“Mr. Pytlasinski, and don’t you have, you know, by chance just a drop of that borax for a heiress from podunk Zapolandia?”

“Hahaha, for you, my dear Emilia, for the next meeting I’m ready to order a whole, lined in brocade box of the best drinks from all over the world,” Czarek replied, and the heiress from Zapolandia melted under the table with delight. “And that would include boraquasco. Bo-ra-quasco. Let’s repeat!”

“Bo-ra-qua-sco!” They all chanted enthusiastically, and a few guys even developed a tick of the left eyelid.

Only Herman Klita didn’t repeat like the others, and was, as always, very skeptical, which in turn made Czarek chronically depressed.

“And you Herman, don’t you like alcoholic drinks of the world?”

“Compranocitellopatrone. What year would you recommend?”

Compranocitellopatrone was a dark red wine produced from grapes grown on the southern slopes of the Citello mountain on a small Spanish island of Zicomprano de Ryua. Its production, according to a closely guarded method, had been done for three hundred years by the Arterian monks whose abbey was located at the top of the mountain. Each year only several hundred, hand-numbered bottles were made, and the wine was prized for its full bouquet best appreciated during siesta on the southern coast of Pilates when served with roosmoose meat and the Adriatic variety of wandering escalope; the year considered to be the best by the

experts was 1989, rested in barrels made of wood from an old shed out back (marked "RQ").

"'89," Czarek answered, but not to Herman, but to himself, and not then, but now, when he was pouring over a register of all-wines on the internet. Back then, his jaw had tensed, and the male half of the poultry producers association had stopped developing an eyelid tick.

In moments of defeat, Cezary Pytlasinski knew how to recover. He belonged to men, who stubbornly pursued a goal, and could dedicate themselves to the quest wholly, regardless of the obstacles. That's how it was that time, too:

"I will show him who knows his wines! Who knows everything!" Cezary kept repeating to himself and got to work, "I have three months."

Three months later, during the next poultry convention, Cezary Pytlasinski showed off a new model of a DVDB player with a built-in home theatre system and a portable game room, yet fitting into a side pocket of one of the loose combat pants with big side pockets on a rack.

"For three thousand dollars. Duty free in Singapore," Czarek boasted, and everybody stared in awe, and even Herman was impressed.

"And you went to Singapore?" A skeptic asked.

"Yep. For a golf tournament and to do a bit of shopping. You know, the wife wanted to finally buy something at Fanfany's."

Women's left eyelids ticked almost instinctively, and Herman kept silent until the end of the convention.

It must be said, that unlike other snobs, Czarek didn't exaggerate too much in his stories. In Singapore, it was really duty free, but it wasn't he who bought it, but his brother, a Blizzair flight attendant, and his wife really did go shopping at Fanfany's, but in Prague.

Positively motivated by his last triumph, Czarek got vigorously to work, totally not paying any attention to what his employees were doing with the poultry. He worked mainly on urban sports, which he wanted to make the main focus of his appearance at the next convention. But he didn't neglect other issues either:

Diets for men in their prime

Contacts with people in show business

Evolution of golf on the Old Continent, with a special consideration of mountainous Chorvenia

White wines and fresh water farm raised fish
Wind-fly-fishing sports
Extramarital affairs
Therapists who charged by the minute through Escape
Other topics from the list.

Yet another convention. Czarek was welcomed enthusiastically, even though the poultry brotherhood was paying a lot of sudden attention to the newcomers – a strong group of young and talented managers from an egzemo-exotic chicken farm in Fodder Band nearby Podunkowice.

“This is a club for Russian golf. You hit with it not a ball, but a specially designed grenade. During the impact, the detonating fuse is activated and a load of plastic paint-filled balls is dispersed over an area of roughly 3 meters in diameter. The color of the paint varies depending on what is considered the most tacky in any given war-golf season. The player who doesn’t come back to the bar covered in tacky paint wins.

Everybody was impressed, and one man’s eyelid even ticked a little, because he didn’t realize that the speaker of this witty comments wasn’t Czarek, but one of the Fodder Brothers (a term coined later by triumphant Pytlasinski).

Czarek had to fight for attention:

“And have you tried kite-golf?”

“Kite golf?” The Fodder Brothers were surprised, along with half the audience, which was intoxicated with exotic drinks that Friday.

Kite-golf – a new exclusive type of golf, considered an extreme sport where a player hits the ball while hand-gliding. In an amateur version, the glider can be equipped with an enriched bio-fuel powered motor. The player who in a ration of 3,25 to 1 counts more holes without touching the ground wins.

“In Skoptland I came in seventh, but ahead of even Peter King himself. You know, the champion kite-golfer from San Prego. And I met Christina Paqualerra during the tournament there. You know, the singer. She was rather hot, I admit, especially from the bird’s eye view.

“But she’s with that actor, that...” One of the Fodder Brothers butted in.

"Actor, no actor, who cares, it can all change so quickly, especially when someone leads life as active as Chrissy or I," Czarek shared conspiratorially, and Ms. Zyta from Klimaszki, interrupting her enjoyment of a long-slim cigarette, cried out:

"Oh, Czarek, but will happen to us?"

The women were laughing and Czarek said:

"You, my dear ladies, I shall never forget. You are the nicest and most beautiful poultry maidens I know."

"The most beautiful you will meet during the next convention. Aldonka, Miss Poland. She bought out Wlodeczek's farm, when he went back to cabbage and rapeseed," Jareczek from Czyszniów said, washing down a bite of dried sea horse with a gulp of whiskey.

Three months of hard work. Czarek knew that the Fodder Brothers would not be much of a competition now, but he wanted to be well prepared for the meeting with Miss Aldonka. A good photoshopping session would take his graphic editor at least two whole weeks.

"And look here at this photo. Here I'm standing with Borys Dylina"

"The one from the "Sergeant" tv series?" Elwira from Nalecz cried out and Czarek noticed from the corner of his eye that Miss Aldonka was also impressed. She was really beautiful, but not enough to become Miss.

"Yes, the one and only. He came to me for an Italian neck-tie styling workshop, along with a few other young actors, also handsome, but less famous."

"And what about Leszek Pienko? Was he there?" Miss Aldonka asked shyly.

"Leszek, Leszek... maybe... that guy..."

"That bald, fat 60 year old," Miss Aldonka replied spitefully and Czarek turned invisibly red, because he couldn't show he was boiling on the inside.

"But I don't know if you know that Borys recommended a therapist to me, you know, in case I have heart problems."

"But Czarek, you are married!" Halinka from Góra said while sipping mamernet'99.

"My wife has an equally modern approach to marriage as I do. Lately she's been seeing this oil magnate, Kluk. I admit, a very nice and clean guy. But coming back to the topic, here's something interesting. This therapist gives counseling via Escape, because you know, I don't have

the time to do it in person," here Czarek paused waiting for a question which would suit him.

The question was asked by Miss Aldonka, who apparently had a problem with Czarek's popularity among the poultry farmers and wanted to discredit him:

"You live that far from the city?"

"Miss Aldonka, that's not nice," Rysia said with disgust while wrapping around her the tail of a Syberian camphora.

"Yes, in a way it is far, especially that the city is Los Bangeles," Czarek paused again, so the delighted reactions could sound appropriately delightful, which indeed happened. "But I have a superfast connection, and there are no problems during our calls. You know, I have the AC-MAX wireless connection system."

Miss Aldonka was still doubtful and Czarek doubled his efforts:

"You know, these are those brain core stimulating pills for creative thinking in the 3-7-3 team work mode."

"I was at a party at the vice-president's private resort. And I must say, this was something, something... And Wiesio, the vice-premier, what a funny guy that Wiesio, we could invite him here to meet our sweet and intelligent ladies."

"A portable device for the production of 17 of the most popular enzymes. Today I'm picking pheromones, especially for Miss Aldonka."

"The new standard in civilized countries is the 3+1 family unit, you know. Two women and one man, or two men and one woman, and one, only one child, which the adults take care of in a three-shift system. But I'm a traditionalist, you know, wife and I are looking for a nice and attractive lady. Maybe we will try Helga from Himilshaven..."

And this is, my dear ladies and gentlemen, a world class expert, Mr. Gilmand de Borek, a world-class psychic who can select two most suitable for each other persons based on their ergo waves. Gilmek charges 900 euro per session, but for my lovely poultry ladies he will do it for free, world-class. So, which one of you ladies wants to go first. Miss Aldonka?"

Czarek's efforts were admirable and their results visible. The members of the Exotic Poultry Producers Association drank excellent unusual alcoholic drinks, played exclusive unusual games, met famous unusual people, and had unusual rarely seen personal preferences. But Czarek still hadn't reached his main goal "to impress Miss Aldonka, and then

we'll see." He was determined to succeed and determined to prepare even better for the next convention.

"This time it will work, this time she'll be mine. I have something so huge that they'll all be speechless, and especially my Miss Aldonka," Czarek thought, exhausted but pleased with himself.

"Ah, welcome mehsye Czarek," Rysia from the Wegorek Palace said, "You know, I met that Borys the actor, he was very nice and I even liked his play that he did for us at the palace. And that wine, pepperlot was nice too, a bit sour aftertaste at the second tasting, but generally everyone was happy."

"Excellent! And where's everyone? Not waiting for me?" Czarek said suspiciously.

"Ah no, you know. Because this new guy had arrived. Very nice and everybody likes him, even very much, and especially Wojtek, you know, the one who married three times and has three mistresses."

"What?"

"You'll see for yourself."

The new guy was named Mr. Nowak and was sitting next to Miss Aldonka. He was drinking domestic beer and snacking on salted peanuts.

"Yes, I have a wife and two sons. I work two shifts to pay the bills. Do you have blood sausage? I got hungry during the trip. And in those Super Cheap Railways they don't have a restaurant car anymore."

"Really?" Miss Aldonka said sweetly.

"And do you know how to play hot pot, because I brought the equipment, and it had cost me nine thousand euro," Czarek's ironic voice could be heard.

Hot pot – a social game for two to six people, requiring special equipment costing three to five thousand euro – consisting of a chase in special resembling frying pans vehicles powered by the human masticatory muscles. The person, who escapes the greatest number of times without allowing the vehicle to over-heat, wins.

"Oh no, I came here to learn," Nowak said and smoothed down his hair.

Czarek noticed that several guys were drinking domestic beer, and in a grand motion pulled out a bottle of Palisander Liquor, but nobody paid any attention, because Nowak kept talking:

“And layers I keep in a special hut, so they won’t be stressed, because otherwise I will loose one egg per day.”

“Wow, one?” Szymek said smoothing down his hairsprayed Mohawk.

“And speaking of eggs, have you ever tried a flemiostrich egg? Very tasty!” Czarek was shouting, but without effect. And then he heard the saving tone of his cell phone “foor myyy Czarek frooommm Christina Paqualerra.”

Miss Aldonka finally noticed:

“Could you please take your phone call elsewhere?” She asked and Czarek only had the time to shout into his phone:

“Ah yes, hello Mr. Vice-premier! Wiesio, what’s up?” It made an impression only on Wojtek, who had serious money problems.

“Boss, this is not Mr. Vice-premier, but Chojnacki from accounting. I’m calling to tell you that the repo guys are here.”

Mr. Czarek Pytlasinski experienced an almost invisible tick of the right eyelid.

From the same author on Feedbooks

Mr. Copypaste (2009)

Tech-absurd flash fiction story about a guy, who makes a career just by pressing "copy" and "paste".

You can find this and 24 other mobile fiction stories in "Password Incorrect", also to be downloaded from Feedbooks: <http://www.feedbooks.com/book/3127>

Wishes Shovel Best (2009)

Tech-absurd flash fiction story about an owner of a service generating SMS wishes from random words - and problems it can cause.

You can find this and 24 other mobile fiction stories in "Password Incorrect", also to be downloaded from Feedbooks: <http://www.feedbooks.com/book/3127>

Puddle Skin Care (2009)

Tech-absurd flash fiction story about skin care cosmetics developed by university professor from a puddle water.

You can find this and 24 other mobile fiction stories in "Password Incorrect", also to be downloaded from Feedbooks: <http://www.feedbooks.com/book/3127>

An Impulse Purchase (2009)

Tech-absurd flash fiction story about how an impulse purchase will look in the near future.

You can find this and 24 other mobile fiction stories in "Password Incorrect", also to be downloaded from Feedbooks: <http://www.feedbooks.com/book/3127>

Hashtagstories Vol. 1 (2009)

Hashtagstories are Twitter-based literary pieces, written as a sequence of current trendy #hashtags.

25 stories selected for this book were created from May to August 2009, or in other words – around a first DDoS attack on Twitter.

My dream is to make #hashtagstory a literary memoir of social media trends.



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind