

Train to the Edge of the Moon

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[*Despicable Diary On The Run*](#)

Table of contents

Chapter 1	4
Chapter 2	6
Chapter 3	8
Chapter 4	12
Chapter 5	15
Chapter 6	17

Chapter 1

*Gloomy room
immersed in a scent
of modern cowards
Filled with
shapeless creatures
sitting in silence
because they have
nothing to say
Fake plastic faces
with a grimace
of disappointment
painted on them
Are we stuck on hold
expecting our turn
in a waiting room
of so-called
lost generation?*

London 2015

Weak raindrops were pouring down her leather jacket. It was raining every day lately, and she missed the warmth of Italian sun. Yet Punk couldn't leave London just like that. It wasn't just some place for her. She considered London to be a he. A breathing creature with his virtues, weaknesses and vices. His violent dynamism was intoxicating. It would bring her joyful moments of light mixed with deep secrets of a black soul. At first, his huge size and activity caused her dizziness and it took her a while to adjust.

Punk was waiting for them in front of the Oxford Circus tube. Her long, brown hair was tangled by the strong wind. These days it wouldn't allow her to breathe consciously. A frozen glimmer of the sun appeared on the gray sky, buried behind the dark clouds. But no one bothered to spot it happening above the vivid city life. Punk was like a single shadow that ran within the turmoil of passing strangers on Oxford Street. Quick and invisible like a current of the wild river.

Sometimes the wave of London's beauty would throw her into unknown dangerous waters, sinking her with anxiety and astonishment. The city is very demanding. He doesn't want you. He wants all of you; pushing you inside his unique core of riot. And if you're not strong or confident enough he will spit you out like a piece of used shred. He will devour all your vigor, leaving you with naked ass hid in the bushes.

Punk resembled London in many ways. But she couldn't stay alive like he did. She could feel life only through glass. It made her hungry and eager to try and live it all. Mostly in homelessness and detachment.

Yet when she saw her two lovers emerging from the stream of dim sunlight a delicate glow covered her pale cheeks. It looked like a smile. She was less scared now after all they'd been through, but she still couldn't get used to feeling this way.

Someone said she was beautiful and untouchable. So where did all this ugliness come from? Was it her illusion? Was it their notion? Was it even real?

* * *

Dear F.,

When I'm with Lupus it feels... I don't really know. We're so alike. He understands those monsters all too well. He doesn't judge me. He knows how it burns. And yet when we're together it's like fire meeting another fire. We consume each other.

With her, though... She's different. Smart, brilliant. She makes me laugh. I know I'm someone important to her. I matter. But she's not broken.

Shit. How can I explain it if I don't understand those feelings? It's so strange. I want to spend time with them even though we already had sex. It's freaking me out. Something's wrong with me. I mean I'm one crazy bitch (there are more than one of them in my head, as you know). But that's normal. I know how to deal with it. And this? Whatever it is with them, it's completely fucked up.

When I'm around them I smile like an idiot and it's easier to breathe. This weight becomes lighter to carry. Don't get me wrong, there are no butterflies in any part of my body and I don't pee my panties like a jumping puppy when I see them. Plus I want to hide my great ass under some big, biiiig rock. And I still hate myself. Though a little less to be honest. And I kind of like it. Not self-hatred or being born under the dislocated hamster, but you know, this other thing.

Well, that night on the RV roof was fun. We took magic mushrooms and we went wild. I know that because we taped ourselves. Oh, and I wasn't afraid of hallucinogens anymore because if I started to trip they'd come up with something to tame me. Or they'd go nuts as well, and we'd end up in nutnessland. And I wouldn't have to be alone there.

I'm seeing them again tonight. Nice. Very nice. Fucking very terribly nice!!! Oh, no, no, what's happening to me?! I think I'm having a panic attack!

Yours,

Punk

Chapter 2

A year earlier. Place Without a Name.

The loud sound of something coming suspiciously too close to her head made her open her eyes. It was a challenge. Punk touched her face and realized that one eye was swollen. She could taste blood on her cut lip as well. She saw a plane flying away and wondered where was it heading. Was it preparing to land at the airport nearby or was it the beginning of its course? Who were the people sitting there? What were they thinking? What was their plan after they reached their destination? Will someone wait for them with dinner or will they go to the hotel room and get drunk in silence? And why on earth did Punk give a damn?

“You look like shit,” Y grinned. Her nose was red, she had a black eye and her hair was messy.

“Go and get your Miss Sunshine crown with that smooth mug of yours.” Punk smirked in response.

“Dudes, hold your ovaries tight, you’re both ugly!” A guy wearing only briefs with Pluto and orange socks suddenly shouted. He must’ve missed that the plane noise was long gone.

“And who the hell are you?” Punk couldn’t remember what happened last night. *So many things apparently*, she thought. She didn’t worry though because that meant she had fun. When she looked around she saw two horses eating grass.

“Yeah, who the hell are you, dude?” Y repeated, defensively.

“It seems like I’m the only one who knows what you guys did, so I suggest you be nice,” he winked.

“And I suggest you’ll tell us right now or we’ll kick your skinny ass.” Punk was losing patience.

“Fine. You want to know why were you sleeping on a meadow with a stranger by your side?” Girls gave him the hostile look so he continued. “Well, I thought I was crazy. But you two, there’s a special place in hell for your kind.” He laughed and told the story. Punk never got his name though. “You got in a fight with some skunk.”

“Why?” Punk wasn’t surprised. She didn’t beat up people on every occasion, but she had this weird habit of getting in trouble quite often.

“How am I suppose to know what’s eating your brain? I only met you yesterday, accidentally became your partner in crime and lost my pants.” He made an angry face.

“And you still enjoyed it. What does it say about you, huh? Keep going.” Punk smirked at him.

“Well, after the fight somehow you thought it’d be cool to say hi to the horses. I think this chick’s father owns them.”

“Was she in a worse shape than I?” Punk interrupted.

“Yep. She was this princess, ‘My acrylic nail fell off, oh no, what do I do?!’ So all you had to do was punch her once.”

“How did I get a black eye then?”

“It was your friend,” he looked at Y.

“What? Sorry, Punk?... Or did I have a motive?” Y replied, innocently.

“Nah, it wasn’t like that. Guys were all, ‘Yay, chick’s fight, let’s get them jelly!’ But when Y saw how angry you were, she tried to pull you away from the girl. You were fumbling, and she accidentally hit you. Naturally, you hit her back.”

“Nice blow, dude,” Punk smirked, caressing her delicate face. “About the horses though?” She asked him.

“This stupid spoiled brat started screaming, ‘You can't go into the stable, my daddy would be mad!’ Blah blah. You didn't listen, obviously. You went there and took one horse. You said you wanted to free it from the human's oppression. And when you rode it, without a saddle, I figured I should stop you from breaking your neck. Some people were cheering, others shouting, but nobody cared to move. I did, but you rode right next to me with such a speed I fell into the river.”

“Man, that's something!” Punk was now laughing cheerfully.

“Yeah. I had to take another horse with Y to search for you. Do you know how my balls felt, squeezed to that saddle?”

“My vagina has no idea. But you didn't have to chase after me.”

“No, but it was the right thing to do. I can't believe that your friends ignored it and kept on partying.” He shook his head.

“They're just some people who I know.”

“Well, girl, let me tell you. With your madness, you'll need true mates.”

“Right, all I have to do is grab them from the ground. Besides, why be normal? What's wrong with being a freak? What's this all about the social fixation on mediocrity?” Punk snapped.

“I'm all for craziness, believe me. But you're one dangerous bitch.” He grinned. Punk shrugged in response. “Why did you steal that horse anyway?”

“I didn't steal it; I like horses. I would give it back, but...”

“You fell asleep,” the guy finished. “We should take them home now.”

And so they did.

“I need to find a purpose in my life.” Punk sighed, while they were walking down the river.

“Crops aren't enough then?” Y laughed out loud. But her laughter was bitter, drops of sweat forming on her forehead. As if she was trying to convince herself that their job wasn't so terribly pointless. That they were more than just numbers.

The next morning Punk went to Cropdor.

Chapter 3

X71896 checking in on the board, Punk would think every time she logged into her ungrateful motherfucker of a computer. It made her remember at least five different passwords which she had to change every month. Those were top secrets requiring highest protection after all. From that very early moment, her brain activity would diminish to 0. Sometimes they cut it to minus 1 or more. Quite often, lately. They. Those fuckers. Those leeches. Her bosses. The Company. The Bank. Whatever you'd call them, they were all like a big, organized, controlling minds machine. You can't hide from them. Big Brother one more time, people! Again and again. Till this three-eyed witch flying on a pig finally throws the biggest shit and earth drowns in its own dirt. The modern corporation engine was running fast. And it was doing great.

The beginning was rough because Punk didn't know what the hell she was even doing in there. 'Customer service representative with Italian,' her ass. It was her first 'serious' job after the uni, but she was no chicken to stress out from some Company. Besides, it was temporary and had nothing to do with her creative abilities nor professional goals (!). In fact, nobody who started working on crops knew what was going on. What were they? Mostly data of the bank's customers. But to Cropdor those were just targets to achieve. Punk couldn't comprehend how one could do such ridiculous things at work. The smarter you were, the more impossible and absurd the tasks seemed. They told you to copy, paste, click and click, put your hand like that, so you'll save a few seconds to make more crops. More! More! More! Change the data; search for the documents. Don't say fuck when you can't find ten of them in a row, because some Italian dork didn't move his ass to scan them. It's only his duty, right? He's not getting paid for not doing his job. Ctrl c, ctrl v, enter. Again and again, until your wrists and fingers are sore and you want to puke at this fucking monitor. You do all of it, like a trained monkey. If Cropdor Bosses could, they would gladly hire monkeys. They would keep them in diapers, so they wouldn't need to go pee. They would pay them with bananas at their desks, so they wouldn't waste those precious 15 minutes for lunch. They would have a good laugh. Because they found perfect employees.

Those who were there the longest told Punk that the first month was the worst. After that, she'd get used to the routine. On some level at least. After work, Punk would drowse in a crowded bus next to someone stinky and notice nothing. She would get back to the flat, eat the ready meal, or not, because suddenly the shop was too far. And she would speak to no one. She would go straight to bed, unable to sleep though. Her insomnia and aggression were having fun and Punk went back to her old junkie habits by taking pills. But this time, she got the prescription from a shrink. All legal and clean. Her flat mates, who enjoyed noise and parties, tried to involve her in those pleasurable activities, but her only response was a quiet growl. It got easier, but she was still exhausted. As if she was a miner or something. Punk realized that her life was passing her by and she had already wasted too many years on... well, helplessness and depression. So it wasn't her fault. Still, she couldn't do that anymore. It was getting unbearable. This nothing. She wanted so badly to find a purpose. Maybe look for a different job? But only a thought of spending her free time with the computer made her nauseous. Her eyes hurt from bad, artificial light, which malls use. It has something to do with clients buying quickly and too many things. In Cropdor's case, it was about making them robots, chained to the computers. Doing more. And more. With a gigantic smile on their faces.

You should know that Punk was a poet. Well, technically she graduated in American literature and published a few poems in a literary magazine so that's got to count for something, right?

From the outside, she was beautiful, smart, funny and talented. But her soul was black. Yet if she tried hard enough she could hide the poison inside. No one ever saw her. Some of you would label her as a modern single. But there were days of weakness and self-pity when she wished that someone would want to be with her. Not with her reflection. Not that she needed any acceptance from society. She was always on her own. She made that choice somewhere along the line. Still, so-called friends reminded her often of the beasts. Who just waited for their victims to trip over so they could devour them with their envy. She suspected it was one of her imagined beliefs.

There were no windows in Cropdor and the only view was a ridiculous wallpaper with palms and ocean. There was no fresh air and because of the air conditioning many people were coughing and sneezing. The office was also full of dead silence in Punk's team and girly yelling in two others.

"What do a philology student and a law graduate have in common? They all serve The Eye of Sauron in Cropdor!" One day X2 lost his patience, working his ass off with another stupid crop.

"Never ending, a huge pile of murdered crops," Punk winced.

They tried to talk to soothe the burning awareness of this mumbo jumbo clicking. But their team leader, FSQ (Fucking Snow Queen), who apparently wanted to suck their boss's cock, told them to shut up. So much for little comfort.

It was a place which drew Punk's blood and flesh. She kept promising herself that she wouldn't give them the satisfaction by taking part in this brainwashing process. Tomorrow, when I get back home, I'll actually do something. I'll read a book, learn Spanish, go for a walk or swim, instead of laying on the couch emotionlessly. And yet, when the next day came, she would still repeat those words.

Many people in Cropdor were bland. As if they were OK with working too much for too little. As if they were OK with corporation rules. As if they didn't want more from life. Nor from themselves.

Punk's team was considered the worst in the bank because it was the lowest circle of hell. They were invisible. Little ants at the end of the office, sitting in the same position all day and clicking. Listening to the music to survive 8 hours of pointless job. In the morning, while they were downloading data, they would chit-chat about weird things. Apparently, their minds were still in a rebel stage.

"I'm gonna go and live in the mountains!" X3 exclaimed one day. "Fuck Cropdor." She added quietly with a grin, so FSQ wouldn't hear and run with the news to the boss; A1.

"You'll eat fruits of the forest, drink moonshine, make friends with birds, deer and rabbits, just like Bambi! And occasionally run from wolves and bears," Punk teased, although she was sure that anything else but Cropdor sounded like a great plan at this point.

"Why would I since my dear friend, a great lover of nature, will join me and spook all the bears!" X3 laughed out loud, giving Punk the lingering look.

"Roar!!!" X2 joined.

"Au, auu, auuuu!!!" X3 continued.

"Were you trying to howl? Cuz it seemed more like the noise of a butchered goat," Punk smirked in response.

"Oh, yes, master of nature. Please, I beg you, teach me how to flush out dangerous animals so I could live in peace with mountains and rivers!" They were having a good time. Until FSQ showed up, with a visible contempt on her iron face. She didn't even have to say anything; they all turned to their monitors, just like whipped horses. Few times she took some of them to the small conference room and scold them. For talking? For thinking?

"I heard you swearing. This is not a place for obscenities and rudeness. I won't tolerate this behavior in my team. You're smart, but your anarchistic views are a bad influence on others.

Think about it, Punk. Think about it carefully.” FSQ said, when she called Punk to her "principal office". Punk knew the deal from school.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” She made an innocent face.

“Did you forget who’s in charge here?” FSQ snapped.

“I think our little boss wouldn’t like what you just said.” Punk was trying very hard to stay serious, but she suspected her acting skills were letting her down.

“Don’t screw with me.”

“You wish.”

“Excuse me?” FSQ raised her voice, frowning in disbelief. “What...”

“I know that you get off on power, but you won’t be dominating me,” Punk interrupted her.

“Who the hell do you think you’re talking to? I’m your team leader!” FSQ was losing control. Punk knew she had struck a nerve.

“Look, I’m moving to a new team, so we won’t be seeing each other a lot. Why don’t you give me a break then, huh?”

“You think it’s funny? I won’t let you disrespect me; I’m telling the little boss!”

“Be my guest. You can tell The Biggest Boss as well. Now, I’d like to go back to my extremely important crops.” Punk’s voice was serious.

“Get out!”

As Punk was walking out from the “principal office” she thought that Fucking Snow Queen needed a fuck. A solid one. No wonder her cat had to go to therapy. Seriously? Is that a real thing now? Sure, animals can have problems and mood swings, but are people so terrible that their animals need a shrink’s help?!

It was so quiet in there. Punk blamed FSQ for that terrible atmosphere in their team. At least they had their “speed lunch breaks”. They also started hanging out outside of work, drinking cheap beer and complaining about Cropdor.

Punk gave her little boss a pet name; Scar. Because he looked exactly like this traitorous Mufasa brother. She waited for him to call her that day after her encounter with FSQ, but apparently he was busy. Just when she thought he had ignored it, he told her to come to the lion’s cave.

“I’m very disappointed in you,” he said, in a harsh voice. “I heard about your disrespectful behavior, and your lack of commitment to the Company is shocking. When I met you on the interview you impressed me with your energy and motivation to gain new experiences. I considered you a bright, young woman. Was I wrong?”

“No, of course not. It’s just that... Well, I didn’t really get a chance to show you my best skills, working on crops, you know. But now that I’m moving to this new division, I’m sure I won’t disappoint you, and you’ll see again this bright, intelligent person.” Punk was surprised how much crap she just invented. And how visibly she kissed his ass. You gotta do what you gotta do, right?

“I hope you will because I can see great potential in you. But you have to change your attitude; you can’t talk like that to your superiors. You need to learn respect.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry.” *So sorry that I didn't tell her what a cunt she is. And that she sucks as our team leader and treats us like dumb kids. I'm so sorry that I said nothing about what kind of phony bastard you really are... You pretend we're all a big family because we don't call you Mr. Big and we went out to a pub. While we're just white slaves to you. Well, I could go on.* Punk sighed.

“Good. Now go and think it through,” he said and pointed at the door.

Sure I will. Thanks, Scar, for reminding me I ended up in a wrong place. How did it all happen? Never mind now. I need to find a different job. Seriously. The world has opened its iron doors for me. I just have to run through them. Fast. Punk should’ve listened to the

reason, but she was already trapped in the machine. And she didn't have enough strength to run. Not yet.

They moved her to the new, mysterious #*F team. No one ever knew what this shortcut meant, but it didn't matter. All they had to know was how to produce numbers. Statistics were like a wet cunt for Cropdor. 90% per week. Or more. Never less.

Some of the guys were excited, giggling the "promotion" word like little girls. And the necessity of using their brains in #*F was a major turn on for them. But it was shit, Punk knew.

* * *

Dear F.,

This job sucks. I hate it. Every normal person would. By normal, I don't mean cheap hocsrops selling their souls. Oh wait, how could they since they have no dignity nor high hopes? At least, there are some people like me, who can't and don't want to adjust to this machinery. But I'm careful, I don't trust them. You never know who can rat you out. I shouldn't care, I should walk away, but I need money. I need to survive.

When I go in there in the morning I feel like my energy and ambition slowly fade. As if you weren't even here, but you found yourself in a dark circle of the unknown sphere. As if I was pounding my head against the wall.

Man, how rude of me. I'm blabbing about me all the time and I didn't even ask, how are u? I need u to tell me that everything is fine. And it will get better?

Yours,

Punk

Chapter 4

When Punk started in #*F it turned out to be slightly better than crops. Not counting one-month training. Which felt like someone drove you over with road roller and then a stray dog pissed all over you. After that, they could use their brains during work. Punk was sitting next to Y2, and it was fun.

“Sh...” Punk started, which was probably just a sigh.

“Shish kebab!” Y2 finished.

“Señor Shish kebab!”

“Punk, I know it’s *lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’entrate* in here, but aren’t you too big to have an imaginary friend?” Y2 teased.

“It’s my cat, jerk,” Punk responded, laughing.

“I thought you didn’t like cats.”

“I’m not a fan.”

“Yet you have one?”

“I don’t. It’s my Fictional Cat Señor Shish Kebab!”

“Jesus. I’m gonna piss myself.” Y2 was now laughing hysterically.

“Ha!” Punk snorted. “My Fictional Cat Señor Shish Kebab would be offended by your impertinence! Speaking of which, I need to pee.”

“We’re sitting next to the stinky can, what’s stopping you then?” Y2 said, with tears in her eyes.

“Well, a fucking Cropdor Timer is stopping me. I have only 3 minutes left! What am I supposed to do? Not wash my hands like that dirty bitch on the front?”

“I suggest you bring hand sanitizer and stick it in your butt so you won’t have to pee.”

“I already used two. Not inside my butt, obviously.” Punk gave her a look. “Bleh, it’s so dirty in here.”

“Man, you can’t drink so much coffee then.”

“Yeah, without it I’d sleep under my desk. Scar wouldn’t even notice.”

“Sure he wouldn’t. Cuz he doesn’t make his rounds every hour strutting like a peacock. And he never stares at you. Hey, maybe he wants you to pee on his cock?” Y2 beamed.

“Aaa! Get out of here, it’s disgusting!”

“I know, I’m sorry bro, my words are bouncing off my brain.”

“And I can hear my cells expiring.” Punk sighed.

“What is this, why are you talking?” Right, prude Texas Ranger had to bring his stupid blabbing mouth to them.

“Why, are you writing a book?” Punk hissed. She loathed people like him.

“Well, no, but you should be working! We need to certify 30 accounts today!”

“I thought you said a hundred?” Y2 smirked at him.

“Excuse me, Mr. I love #*F, are you our boss or what?” Punk mocked.

“Ee... The little boss will be mad if we don’t do it,” Texas Ranger mumbled.

“Where are you?” Punk asked him, innocently.

“What? I don’t understand.”

“Are you in a kindergarten? Are you going to tell him we dare talking for two minutes?”

“Well... ee... what?” He had a look of a sheep on his face.

“How about you go back to your seat and shiot your precious 30 accounts, and we go back to work?” Punk said in a sweet voice.

“Fine, but if we don’t make an average the little boss will blame the team and I’ll tell him it was your fault!” Texas was just that. A blabbermouth; an ass licker. But mostly he was pathetic because he thought he was important to the Company. He believed they’d appreciate

his hard work and make him a manager one day. In “normal” corporations that might be true, except for that “being important” part. There are many possibilities of “professional development and bright career”, but in Cropdor? No way. Fifteen people left during those 5 months Punk’s been working there; that had to mean something. There was no future in Cropdor. Only numbers.

In a place like this, you could meet all kinds of people: stupid, creepy, horny, boring, stinky and so on. They seemed to act normal. Click, click. Occasional laughter. Occasional yelling. Or a lot of it. Click, click. But Punk knew there was an invisible force controlling their minds. Being unaware of their submission to it only made things worse. Because corpo finally owns you. Punk was struggling against it. To keep her integrity. But as time passed she became more and more hollow inside.

Let’s start with Nymphomaniac. She was the youngest, around 19-years-old. She would talk about sex all the time, shoitting 200 crops per day, and soon she became Scar’s “stella brillante”. She was so happy with her little success that she had to tell everyone about it. She would throw herself at almost every guy and hug them. She would get excited and dance in the bathroom. How she managed to do that with 20 minutes limit on the Cropdor Timer was a mystery. She wasn't that bad though; she made Punk laugh. Then there was a Gipsy guy. He would call Nympho a whore and she would cry. He would steal the birthday cookies from #*F bunks and smile like a donkey. He would make disgusting comments to the blondes. He was a moron. It was difficult to choose the worst person, but when Oily Hair appeared he won that prize. He sat behind Punk and every time he would move his stench would follow and hit her poor nose. And he was extremely dumb. Like the dumbest Punk's ever seen. There was also a woman who was stupid, ugly, fat, mean, and she wore white boots! She would complain about how fat she was and couldn't lose weight, and the next moment she would order pizza. And after a few minutes, she would call again and order potatoes with meat. And then she would eat chocolate bars. How one can be ugly, fat and stupid at the same time was beyond Punk. No wonder she was so bitchy to everyone. No one could handle so many vices.

And most of them, of those hocrops, they were wearing badges. Not only to go out for a Speed Lunch. But all the time. Like why would they need them sitting at their computers or going to the bathroom? What, otherwise, they would forget their names? Well, some could. But they were doing it because the Company told them to. Punk showed them a middle finger by hiding her badge under the desk and wearing the worst clothes she had. Old Converse, hoodie and worn-out jeans, that was her way to show them. And shooting more than average accounts. Right, she showed them.

That day Scar was silent; he wouldn’t move from his lion’s cave.

“Man, it looks like he has multiple personality disorder. One time he’s making rounds and his Eye of Sauron won’t miss a sneeze and another he sits in there like a caveman. I prefer the caveman’s option,” Y3 mocked.

“Didn’t you hear when the Biggest Boss said that Scar would gladly sell his own mother for a career? It’s so ridiculous how he wants to scare us. Show his power over the flock. Such a little man. Remember how he fired X5 just before Christmas to show his big balls? It worked though. Look how scared they are. They cry. They’re angry. They complain about him. I say ‘they’ since we don’t give a damn. But most of them? They do nothing. They won’t do anything to change that. And Scar is such a weenie who dreams about being a huge cock one day,” Punk replied.

“Yep, it’s hard to go on and not sell your soul to them cuz corpo wants to own you. It’s in your mind and body spreading like a poison. They do nothing, you say, but what about us?”

“We refuse to adapt,” Punk said.

“OK, but is it enough?”

“It’s not,” Punk let out a sigh. “But what would you like us to do?”

“Quit!”

“You’re right, but... my landlord won’t be so kind and he won’t forget about my rent.”

“Come on, dude, you’re too smart for that shit. You don’t belong here. Neither do I,” Y3 said, in an encouraging tone.

“Aha. Hey did you hear that Scar got annoyed with X35 cuz she was on Speed Lunch for 17 minutes?” Punk quickly changed the subject. There was no point of this discussion.

“What an asshole!”

“And he told her to stay at work 15 minutes longer.”

“Wow, 2 minutes magically converted to 15. My identity is having a breakdown.” Y3 winced.

"Your identity?" Punk was laughing so hard now that Y2 suspected she has temporarily lost her wits. "You don't have one! You're an X, you're a Y, you're a trained monkey."

“Screw you, Punk, we won’t be kissing their ass! We will act!”

They didn’t. It had to wait.

Meanwhile, Scar called the #*F team to the conference room and people freaked out. “Did we do something wrong?” Punk could hear fearful whispers. “We for sure didn’t make enough accounts, cuz some people prefer to talk and joke! And it’s not a place for such things!” Texas Ranger should seriously calm the fuck down, otherwise Punk would smack his bald head! He was always making this nervous atmosphere and was worried about everything. Especially those stupid numbers.

“Guys, I’m pleased to announce that you’re doing a good job.” When Scar said it some dorks almost wet their pants from pride.

Oh devil in heaven, he said a few “nice” words to them and they were already bought. How easy were they? They did so much only because he ordered them to. He told them they couldn't make fewer numbers. He didn't specify what would happen if they didn't follow the rules. He didn't have to though since most of them were already scared of losing this job. And those jackasses were smiling now and thanking him??!!

“Of course, you must do more and remember to always keep yourself busy. If you keep it like that you’ll have great opportunities and we’ll offer you a bright career.”

Punk couldn’t look at his smug face. What a fucking phony. His fake smile was disgusting. They were already working for 9 hours and he wanted more. How marvelous. Why even bother getting out of Cropdor? They should stay there 24/7, shower in the shitty can and get paid for 8 hours. Obviously.

It happened twice. All the praise. Because too many times spent in the conference room weren’t that nice for them. They heard they were lazy and wasting time for chit-chats in the kitchen. “If you want a coffee, you go alone and make one and come back to your computer. And work. No more wandering in groups to the kitchen!”

They wondered how was it that those dorks in Italy didn’t give a shit about their responsibilities and the #*F team had to correct their mistakes. A lot of them. Scar had a ready answer for that. “What do you care? They can do whatever they like and you can’t because you’re poor fuckers from a Place Without a Name. You’re my bitches, yo!” He basically said that. Fine. With different words, but the meaning was the same.

Chapter 5

Punk wasn't angry. She was an anger. Everything was making her mad, especially those tiny insignificant things. Like old people in buses. Pushing through everyone with sudden, extreme force. The coughing ones who wouldn't even cover their mouths. People stinking of sausages or onions. Who eats that for breakfast anyway? It's what corporations do. You finally lose it. And that's how they win. Rich people. Who are only 1% of the population, yet they still rule the world and they need corpo pets for their purposes. Not creative individuals who would cause them troubles. Or some unspecific fuckers win. Whoever it is, it's a final masquerade.

Punk was born and grew up in a Place Without a Name. And she was alone there. Lately, she's become more antisocial than before Cropdor. She didn't want to talk to anyone. She forced herself to pretend in work, so no one would notice and ask questions. But that evening this feeling became stronger. She needed to get out from herself. Go somewhere. She remembered then that someone wrote on a message board about this unique place. Where people would go 'with no strings attached.' Only there you could have absinthe and be nothing and everything. There were two simple rules. You had to come alone and wear a mask. Or a bag or a bandana. So long as no one could recognize your true face, you were welcome to enter.

Punk didn't think twice. She covered her eyes with a silver mask from Venice carnival and went searching for an oblivion. It was an old tenement house in the shady part of the city. If you saw it by day you'd probably pass it by quickly, thinking that hobos and rats were living there. That's why it was perfect. No bouncers, single shadows slipping past secretly. No one would ever look at it twice. Nor would they have any idea that it was a refuge for the lonely ones.

She crossed the yard, walked through the open door and followed the stairs to the basement. It wasn't big, but everyone seemed to find their own space. The air had a sweet scent of weed and women's perfumes and the light was dimmed. It felt like this place was outside of the real world. Like it had its own special existence.

Punk didn't come there with a plan. She just sat in a booth and drank absinthe. And she felt better. While she was looking around, she met an intense gaze of a girl standing at a bar. She didn't break eye contact, and the girl approached her.

"Who are you?" the girl asked, but Punk didn't answer. She suddenly realized that she didn't know. She couldn't see the girl's face under that gold mask, but she looked pretty.

"Why are you here? No that's a stupid one. You're here to forget. To escape. Like we all are," the girl continued.

"What do you want, stranger?" Punk said in a deep voice. The girl bent over and kissed her hard on the lips.

"I wanna fuck you," she whispered huskily. Punk was familiar with one night stands, but this was on a whole new level. Sex with a girl, no sweet talk, no free drinks, no embarrassing attempts to seduce her. She liked it, she was curious and eager to try it. In that moment Punk understood it was exactly what she needed.

The stranger took her by the hand and led her out of the room through the corridor until they reached the old wooden stairs. She pinned Punk to the wall, grabbing her wrists. Her touch and kisses were strong and hungry, yet full of passion. When she reached under her dress and ripped off her panties, Punk closed her eyes. She gave in to the slow motions of her tongue. The stranger's warm lips on her body felt so good; almost cathartic. After Punk opened her eyes again she spotted a guy with a lion's mask watching them. She smiled at him and just

then she came. He approached them, kneeled and tasted her. He kissed Punk's companion and showed them to the small, dark room with one big mattress in the middle.

How long were they fucking in there? Punk couldn't tell. When they finished she was sore and dizzy, but most of all she became everything and nothing. They did, too.

There were no kisses and "I'll call you" sweet lies, nor farewells. They left without a word. Each in a different direction, coming back to their reality traps.

Chapter 6

Hello, dear corpo monkeys. We care so much about your well-being. (“But that’s a lie, The Biggest Boss”, “Shut up, little boss, they’ll hear us!”) So we brought you fresh coffee. But don’t take too long because it’s time to begin the process of stretching your rubber in pants! Start now, get out of your stalls, horsies! Go fast and never stop! It was Punk’s first thought when she turned on her computer in the morning.

Shitty circus on wheels started its five days speed run.

Monday.

A dark magic took place that day. Forks were missing! Some douche had to steal them. Punk suspected it was Oily Hair since he would always go to the kitchen with a backpack. Plus someone spotted him licking a spoon and putting it into the drawer. Now everyone had to wash glasses and cutlery each time they wanted to use them. What’s wrong with people?!

Tuesday.

Scar emailed the whole Cropdor about missing forks and terrible mess, “Are you in a pigsty?” They kind of were, to be honest.

Wednesday.

Scar bought the forks, but spoons disappeared. And there were no soap nor paper towels. So they put a glass in the bathroom with a temporary small amount of liquid soap and a card with ‘soap, don’t steal!’ on it.

Thursday.

Scar called Punk to the lion’s cave.

“How dare you, laughing and talking for exactly 3.5 minutes?” He grunted at her. *While in two other teams they did it all the time, but life’s not fair so quit your bitching*, Punk thought grimly. “I’m giving you everything you want – a day off; good work conditions – and I accept your sick leave. And you’re treating me like that?!” He was shouting at her now. She didn’t know what to say. Reacting in anger was a bad idea in this situation.

“I’m sorry, you’re right.” There you go, Punk, you’re officially a hocrop.

“Of course, I am, and you can’t even appreciate me. Maybe I should spank you?” OK, that was... She knew he was obsessed with her, but this?

“I’m good at my job. I make more than average and you never appreciate me. You praise others though. Are you not satisfied with my work?” Punk’s voice was cold but calm.

“You didn’t answer my question.”

“No. I don’t want you to spank me. If you wanted it to be funny, well it’s not. I should go back to my numbers.”

“I’m not quite done with you.” He winked at her.

“I think I am,” Punk stood up and left quickly. What a pig!

Friday.

A girl on high heels came for an interview.

“We should seriously put a poster *lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate* on the front door to Cropdor,” Punk joked.

“Plus guys with no balls, welcome! Have some cock free cookies!” Y2 smirked in response.

“I know I’m not a good person, but I can’t look at those poor bastards who have no idea what they’re stepping into. Get the fuck out of here, save your soul, stranger!” Punk quietly shouted when she saw the girl leaving lion’s cave.

“We should warn them.”

“Nah, screw them, let them suffer as we do!” Punk mocked.

It was quiet until suddenly corpo monkeys started jumping on the desks. They were shouting “bananas” and other incomprehensible pseudo words. Then feces were flying and landing on Cropdor’s glass and door. Was it a rebellion?

“Look at us, The Biggest Boss! We’re stretching rubbers in our pants as fast as it’s even impossible! Are you proud of us? Please tell us you need us.”

Degenerated zoo was going crazy. Punk thought she only imagined it. But she didn’t. It was happening.

As soon as you entered Cropdor and ID’d yourself with a badge, you could sense this strange thing filling the space. The grim thought that there was no hope for you anymore. That it was over. You will burn yourself there till you die and that’ll be your only achievement. It was bothering those who knew they could do and give the world more than just senselessly clicking on the keyboard. Yep, it sounds cheesy, “Change the world; make it a better place.” But making a small piece of it a better place for yourself would be enough.

In fact, it was sad. There were young people like Punk, but there were also older ones; some already had kids. Sometimes Punk would look around and wonder. If she was to be doomed in Cropdor, what future did they have? Didn’t they want something better? Don’t we all? But only a few of us can do what they’re passionate about. There’s this idea spread all around us, from life coaches and in media, that it depends on our decisions, choices and hard work. A sweet notion, indeed. Yet sometimes it just doesn’t work out and we have to deal with it. Not even motivation talk can change that. It’s all a bunch of lies, but people yield to them as if they need that crap to feel better about themselves.

Scar crossed the line with that speech. That was it for Punk. She considered quitting right away as many smart ones did, but she had to get something different first. If she couldn’t be a poet yet, she could work as a tree pruner (is it even a real thing?). What kind of job is that anyway? What was she thinking choosing those studies? Falling from the swing when she was little had to affect her brain after all. Maybe she wasn’t committed to the poetry as she thought she was. Maybe it wasn’t enough.

On Monday, Scar fired Punk.

Author's note:

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your interest in „Train to The Edge of the Moon”! I hope you enjoyed those first 6 chapters and you can't wait to read the rest of my book :) You can download it on [Amazon](#) and [Smashwords](#) for only 1\$.

Please consider leaving your review on Goodreads and Amazon as I am a new, self-published writer and reviews will help my book get noticed by more amazing people. You are also more than welcome to subscribe to my mailing list [here](#).

Thank you,

Best,

Asper Blurry

Asper Blurry