

**Zoran Pilić**

***Two Grand on ManU***

**Translated from Croatian by Tomislav Kuzmanović**

And so I'm porkin', and porkin', workin' on my triceps and watchin' TV. I mean, I didn't feel like porkin' at all, but, brother, she just won't pipe down, goes on like a broken record: "Do ya love me, do ya love me?", and what am I supposed to do, nothin', I start porkin', no alternative. I'm not some fuckin' faggot to say, "Oh, yeah, I love ya too!" I express myself sexually.

I mean, brothers, let me tell ya, don't ya ever tell yer pussy ya love her, ya get dumped before ya say cock. When a bird asks ya if ya love her, she's just testin' ya, man, to see if ya've gone soft, pullin' ya on, fuckin' bitch.

But, where did I stop... uh-huh, yeah... so, nothin', I mean, I'm screwin' the livin' hell out of her, bangin' and bangin', then I switch hands on that sixty pound dumbbell. And I just managed to sync the porkin' and the liftin', I mean, the rhythm's just right, and then my cell goes off.

I say, motherfucker, which one's ringin' now. I've got two Nokias, a Samsung and a Sony, so I'm thinkin': should I pick it up, should I let it ring... Bah, I have to answer, for fuck's sake, my cell is in my job description, I handle all my business online.

I answer with my free hand and, picture this, I mean, hello... brothers, I'm no fuckin' Jackie Chan, I mean, fuck: I'm porkin', flexin' my triceps, watchin' TV, talkin' on my cell.

It's Dino, that junkie, gamblin' motherfucker. I drop the dumbbell on the floor and light me a smoke.

"Go ahead, brother, what's happenin'!"

And we've just started talkin', when she starts cummin', I mean, right at that fuckin' moment. Nothin', I slap her across the face, just once, there's no force in it, I mean, I barely touch her, and I tell her: can't ya see I'm on the fuckin' phone... what, what, should I listen to ya or him... who should I fuckin' listen to, ya fuckin' bitch? She shivers in her waist and starts cryin', but okay, she got the message, cries quietly.

"Hey, brother, it's Dino, I'm at the bookie's. Want me to play ya something? How are things otherwise, am I interruptin' somethin'?" yells Dino, that junkie, gamblin' motherfucker.

"Nah, just porkin' little. Listen, here's what ya'll do... Play me two grand on ManU and Juventus to win," I give him a direct instruction.

"But, brother, ManU's playin' at Benfica."

Like I'm a moron so I need him to tell me what's what.

"Listen, motherfucker, ya just do what I say, I know where they're fuckin' playin'. And, tell me... ya been at Lavazza, have ya gotten the money and... listen, brother, don't tell me ya haven't. If ya haven't, ya better say ya have, cause if ya really haven't, the debt's on ya now, and the interest, and everythin'. I'll fuck ya ugly, brother."

He's quiet for a moment, fuckin' faggot, and then he says, "Yeah, I've been there... I took the dough."

"Ya screwin' with me? So, ya haven't."

"Ya told me not to say I haven't. I have, brother, I took it," he's lying to my face, okay, it's not to my face... but it's almost like it is.

"So ya have or ya haven't... but, brother, be careful... if ya lie to me, it won't be good."

"I haven't," says that junkie, gamblin' motherfucker.

"That's more like it, brother, congratulations... now that prick's debt is on ya... and add the interest while yer at it. See ya tonight at Šalata... and... brother..."

“Yeah.”

“Don’t not be there, brother.”

I hang up and drop the cell. Ah, people are shit, fuckin’ unbelievable...

And I’m about to start thinkin’ in that direction, when I see somethin’ on the TV—special report.

“Turn that up!” I yell, and she starts looking left and right...

“It’s under yer elbow,” and suddenly she twists, and as I’m still porkin’, porkin’-screwin’-bangin’, it doesn’t exactly work on me. “Easy, for fuck’s sake, ya want me to break my fuckin’ dick in half, huh?” I yell even louder.

“No,” she says.

“Of course ya fuckin’ don’t, it’s a fuckin’ rhetorical question... Turn it up when I fuckin’ say, you fuckin’...”

And the news is not good... Our Ante got busted in the rain in Spain! Oh, for fuckin’ God’s sake, motherfucker, I knew immediately the shit’s about to hit the fan. In anger I rip the golden chain off my neck and throw it at the TV, but I miss and hit her porcelain elephant. A heavy chain, kilo and a half, it broke clean the elephant’s trunk.

“Ahhh, not the elephant!” she yelps.

If my eyes could kill, she would already be dead, “Listen, honey, for fuck’s sake, what’s more important at this moment, yer elephant or...?”

The very second a flash goes through my head. I grab one of the Nokias and dial the number.

“Hello, hello, Janjevac, is that you... listen... there’s no time, brother. Ya still got those patterns with Gotovina? Ya do... that’s what I’m talkin’ about. Listen, print me 1000 T-shirts, right away... no, listen, 5000... Don’t ask... take care... Black, of course, what else, and print Za dom spremni! on the back.” See what’s life, now you are, now you aren’t. But forget that, the king is always the king. No matter what. There he sits drinkin’ the most expensive wine, wearin’ the best suit money can buy—the king to the end.

If there were tears in me, I would cry like a woman.

But, nothing; I continue porkin’ my missus, it’s not like I feel like it, but so that she doesn’t say, “Look, a fuckin’ wuss, he can’t even fuck anymore.”

And there I go bangin’ her silly and my heart is breakin’. See what’s life to you, fuck, I curse under my breath.