

## **Fall Of The Leafe "Flamenco Scheme"**

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Artificiality is what we rejoice here today.  
The spirit of the earth.  
There are no characters in this novel.  
This novel has NO plot.  
It is no novel in the first place, really.  
They say that it tells a story about a tiny lagoon, which  
is lit by the moon.  
Then, in jealousy, she steals the face of the moon.  
Well all this is all a legend from Mexico.  
Ignore it if you can.  
So sit here beside me and join this ride.  
This fine Italian vehicle should take us to places, if you  
just turn the key here before this strange fog will be  
pushed away.  
Don't look at the clock for a while.  
This is how everyone should evacuate every once in a  
while.  
You know, I think I am pushing ahead of me a little  
wheelbarrow.  
It is filled with something heavier than lead, something  
worse than coffee that has been roasting on the  
perculator for a day.  
But don't worry about that now.  
Take a look at this luxurious city.  
It has chosen luxury.  
It has chosen plastic.  
We are on page 64 and the situation seems highly  
alarming.

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