

## On the friendship train: a true story

Some months ago, I decided to travel in neighboring countries and waste some of my parents' hard-earned money. And since my brother never reads this site, I'll just go ahead and admit to stealing a couple of fifties from him too. So on October 20<sup>th</sup> 2009, I flew to Athens and my journey began. It was to take thirty-two days, span over four countries and cost two thousand, four hundred and twenty-six euros. This is about an incident on the train from Thessaloniki to Istanbul.

My travel buddy (Orpheas) and I were standing on the platform next to a stopped train. Our eyes, glazed with excitement and, as always, mild retardation, were scanning for the correct platform. Orpheas exclaimed: "This must be it".

"Really?" I replied. "What was it that gave it away? The big Turkish-flag symbols pasted on every window or the fact that this is the only red train pointing north with Turkish written all over it?"

We both laughed, hauled our backpacks and Orpheas added: "And by the way that's east."

Orpheas is an unemployed 29y.o man (well sort of a man) who's even more socially retarded than I am. He studied Geography and even though he would rather walk mile after mile, constantly stopping to rearrange his shoe's tongue, than to buy a new pair or think of a permanent solution, he always knows where north is. That sums him up nicely. He's an awesome navigator with a map, loves lemon juice and knows absolutely everything that couldn't help him have sex or look normal. Jokingly, I told him to Fuck off and turned around towards the train. A huge, concrete man was standing about a foot behind me and given the momentum built by my heavy backpack I couldn't stop on time. For a long second I was standing on my toes while my forehead was resting on the big guy's chest. It felt awkward. I felt like a child. He pushed me back gently and said austere: "Tickets". His English was heavily accented and he resembled Kemal Ataturk. After fumbling with our pockets for a while, we presented our tickets and hopped on our wagon.

"Didn't he look like Ataturk?" I said.

"Yeah. He looked stereotypically Turkish," Orpheas answered pensively.

I wondered whether the ticket conductor looked so Turkish *because* he resembled Ataturk, and whether it was some kind of government propaganda- much like the Nazis trying to pass Hitler's face as stereotypically German. I snickered fantasizing Hitler being Jewish, whining to his wife for having to attend mass for Yom Kippur but then a thought struck me and I said: "Oh man, this is so scary. It feels like going to a concentration camp." After all, we were on a Turkish train going to Turkey. I was joking of course, but there was an ancient, undercurrent of fear implanted in me. All those years of the Greek-Turkish feud has affected my inner child.

"Yeah," Orpheas replied. "As if by naming the train *Filia*<sup>1</sup> they are fooling anybody. I wonder what kinds of torture they use these days."

"Yum! Torture" I said, smacking my lips. We both laughed heartily but I felt a bug of paranoia creeping in my nostril, heading straight to my mind. We pushed, and squeezed and leaped over bags to our cabin, where we were to spend the better part of the next

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<sup>1</sup> The train connecting the two cities is called the Dostluk/Filia Express, which means Friendship.

fifteen hours. The cabin was small and clammy. We immediately turned off the heating and started hanging our belongings on hooks. Most of the furniture in there was at least two things. Sofa/bunk bed, cupboard/table, sink/toilet, carpet/toilet paper.

The passengers were mostly Greek, only a few were Turkish, and there were only two Greek-Cypriot morons – us.

“I hope they don’t use the Bottle anymore,” Orpheas said after a while.

“The what?”

“The Bottle,” he continued. “It’s an infamous Turkish torture where they’d shove a glass bottle up your ass and keep it there, wiggling it and jamming it hard, until it filled with blood.”

My butt cheeks clenched like a clam while my sphincter cried a little. “What the fuck man. Shut up. Now it’s not the time for this stuff. Jeez. I still have some weed on me. Don’t bring the whole Midnight Express thing on us. Ah. Shit.”

He was laughing until he processed the weed thing.

“Wait, WHAT? What weed!? No. NO!”

“Not so funny now? What, no jail-rape jokes? You gonna love your Mustafa. He takes good care of you,” I said, imitating kissing sounds.

We were laughing again, saying stupid jokes, reminding him every so often how his girlfriend left him and then suggesting funny suicide ideas. He told me about his miserable sex life and we were laughing hard – self-depreciatingly but hard. They were mostly stories of masturbation and poor sexual performance. Who wants to hear of successful sex stories anyway? He thought that lasting long during sex sessions was nonsensical, and that the numerous roommates at his Berlin apartment had filled his memory bank to feed years of masturbation.

### **PART MISSING because Orpheas is a crybaby**

We were trying to be funny but I knew he loved her deeply and his pain was a thick cloud above our heads. The whole situation felt very endearing to me. Pain is so beautiful when it’s sucked in at full strength and we persevere, laughing. He was smiling. Our conversation was petering out and we receded into our private thoughts. My mind drifted into the gruesome territory of torture, a subject I read extensively about during my Master’s degree. At some point I exclaimed: “You know what? Fuck this shit. Fuck the Greeks and fuck the Turks and fuck all kinds of Cypriots. I don’t want to be a category that has a flag. I’m just a malakas<sup>2</sup>. And I’ll cum on all of them. The only flag for me is the cum-wiping toilet paper...”

Orpheas was laughing but I was being serious too. I *will* cum on all of them, I thought. I’ll masturbate and throw the tissues out of the window, on both sides. Once for Greece and once for Turkey.

“A tablespoon of DNA for each,” I said out loud. “Like medicine.”

“What? Oh, hahaha.”

Some time has passed as we careened through the Greek wilderness. It was long after midnight and I had grown tired of the particular short story I was reading. By then Orpheas was fast asleep. My right hand crept under the covers like a snake and bit

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<sup>2</sup> Greek for **wanker** (literary and figuratively).

gently my flaccid cock. It's time, I thought. Time to spray my DNA on their stupid politics. So I turned off my reading light and began milking...

But then I was awoken by a loud whistle. Startled, I straighten my body up, banging my head on the wall. Orange, lamppost light flooded through the window, forming a half moon and star on my face. Fuck, I must've nodded off, I thought. I rummaged through the sheets for a crumbled ball of toilet paper. Perhaps I did masturbate and didn't remember. It wouldn't be the first time. Bingo! I fished out some tissues and brought them to my nose. I inhaled. Goddamn it! No signs of disgusting semen. I peered outside and caught a glimpse of a sign that read 'Pythion'. Fuck! We were rushing through the last Greek stop. I wondered how much time I had before reaching the Greek borders and started going to town on my surprised cock. I knew I only had two to three minutes before passport control and I couldn't concentrate. It was hilarious and felt impossible. But I didn't budge. I kept on frapping my banana, laughing and grunting all the way. In the mean time, my loud onanistic noises had awoken Orpheas, even over the deafening diesel engine gushing through the open window.

"What's going on?" he asked, his voice booming, coming from the upper bunk.

"Hahahaha, I'm trying to cum on Greeeeeeeece," I screamed laughing, when a loud bang came from the wall followed by an angry Greek voice saying: "Eeeeh, we have young children here. Keep it down, you perverts."

Laughter erupted, but I kept on beating my Frappé. "Shhssshh," I shooshed. "Let me finish this." Immediately, I retrieved a foolproof female acquaintance in my mind and came quickly on some toilet paper. Bless her cum-stricken face, she never fails. I wiped some insubordinate semen from my stomach, pulled up my boxer shorts and went for the open window. I'm gonna make it, I thought.

But suddenly, the cabin door slid open. A commanding voice said: "Passport control". A Greek policeman turned on the lights. My arm, fully stretched, my hand outside the window holding the TP.

"Don't throw that away!" he ordered.

I retracted my hand as if from a fire and tried to put the paper ball in my imaginary pocket. I stood there like a moron, holding cum.

"What were you trying to throw off the train?... Give it to me," he demanded.

"Oh, it's nothing," I said, thunderstruck with fear. "It's just snot," and then I brought the soiled paper to my face and pretended to blow, smearing cum all over my nose and moustache...

"See? It's just snot" I repeated, uncrumbling the toilet paper, showing it to him. "I'm really sorry, I just couldn't find the garbage can and -"

"And you figured Greece was a garbage can too. Give me your passports," the policeman said, and left taking them with him.

"What was that about?" Orpheas asked.

"You know all that DNA I was going to spread to the masses of Greece and Turkey?... It's on my face now."

"Hahahahaha..." we both laughed.

"I didn't fail yet," I said conspiratorially and threw the cursed toilet paper outside.

As I washed my face at the sink I wondered what the eleven-year-old Alex would think if he knew his fresh obsession (i.e. masturbation) would have him wiping cum from his facial hair seventeen years down the road. I couldn't be certain, but sadly, it wouldn't be: NO FUCKING WAY.

For your information, I came successfully on Turkish ground too, though no surprises there. Thus ended the story of how I spread my DNA on two of the most significant countries of my childhood, two countries that fucked with my brain for many years, and how in the end, I fucked them a bit as well.