

Alphaville, Message in a bottle

Alphaville
Miscellaneous
Message in a bottle

the air was thick like honey, without a breath or breeze, but filled with heat. jerry lay on his mattress
a rusty fan with grubby grey blades that would never turn again, was hanging above him like a hug
jerry sat up and tried to peer through the grimy window-pane. the day was slouching against the hu
a new day. hallelujah!
he got up staggering & tripped over the empty whisky bottle on the floor by his bed, kicking it a
shit, good lord and hallelujah!
his head was thundering. sunlight which was pouring through the window-frame in four thick beams
the water container beneath the window was empty. he sat down at the wooden table in the center
somebody knocked at the door. "come in," he growled. the door opened w
without a word jerry opened one of the bottles, its message stuck in its neck as always. he pulled o
distant roaring, nothing else.

write down what you see was the message. at last something simple enough.
"he's not here anymore, right..."
it was a rhetorical question.

"what do you care, you get whisky, so write," the angel replied coldly.
"not here anymore," jerry insisted. "pissed off i bet, and you gu
"you're talking bollocks," the angel said without the slightest sign of emotio
"what the fuck. thrown half my life into this god-forsaken bay, all these god-forsaken st
the angel got up. his wings rustled quietly.

"we're all just doing our job. just you drink and write." then he disappeared
it was always the same. okay, he had the whisky, hallelujah! and all these god-forsaken heathens v
he took another gulp. the sun was at its peak, directly above the hut.

the heat was murderous. jerry plucked the butt from the coffee cup and drank it dry in one big swal
then he reached for the bottle and his bleached umbrella and stepped outside. he squinted his eye
this was hell and he was supposed to convert the devils. that was that.

he walked down to the beach, planted the umbrella in the grubby sand, settled down beneath and p
write down what you see.

in the distance, the wreck of an old steamboat poked out of the lazy tide. the sky stretched across t
suddenly he remembered how as a child he had once found a colony of wild bees in the forest. bac
but what happened if the queen flew too fast? or flew the coup?
had enough? go to hell, my people??
he gulped again. and what about the people? did they always follow god? with all their damned cra
what if god had enough of that?

another gulp.

praise be to the lord and jack daniel's.
life goes on.
even without god. oh man. how he longed for the night. the heat would stay but the darkness would

hallelujah! and what did god do? - brought whisky. a triple hallelujah!!! he started scribbling on the l
as he wrote, he poured back the whisky. at last it was done. he stuffed the note into the empty bott
how often had he done that? thousands? millions?
and who fished them back out of the sea? were they always different? damn it, why did they never
the door closed behind him with a creak. there were rumbling noises, clinking of glass, ebbing curs
the umbrella stood lonely on the beach in the glowing embers, melting into unalterable eternity.
but then, reluctantly, a foreign, distant sound mixed into the sleepy silence.
above the sea a light wind had picked up.
music blew across.