HJÆLP

os med at sprede det gode budskab om fred i byen

VI SØGER CYKELVOGNE OG DERES FAMILIER

Cykelvogne og deres familier kan være vildt flotte og meget glædes-spredende.
Vi kan hjælpe jer med at pynte cykelvognen på Onkel Dannys Plads, hvis i ikke har mulighed for at gøre det hjemmefra.
Skriv gerne til os på mail, hvis i ved i vil komme, så har vi små cykelvogsn-bannere parat til jer.

Fred og kærlighed fra alle os bag Fredsløb 2019

CROOKED MIRROR

illustration: Asta Plum

This weekend I got my sunshine in an airplane above the sky. It started out funny, I was a little tipsy walking downtown with my friend, he needed to get rid of his dirty money, it's something few people will understand, we went to Hotel D'Angleterre, where we got lot of whiskey soda. I walked home in the night really concerned that I needed to buy a train ticket and get off. I got a flight, and four hours later I looked at the sun out that little rounded window, All Europe was covered in one big cloud, it looked like an ocean. I sat there crying a little, with the sharp light through my eyelids. 1 hour later I had breakfast in a small pastry in the middle of Prague. I was stunned Prague is one big museum. Every house is a theatre maintaining itself. The Habsburg Empire, the art's Decoratif, the Bohemian glass, Vivaldi four seasons, played in every church, every night. History of Europe maintaining itself so one day all of it can be resurrected.
2 days later I'm walking around the medieval city looking crazy for a place where they sell wigs, I would love to get one. I don't know why this desire is hitting me now, this desire for being unseen. When I got my hair cut some years ago no one could recognize me. With a wig and sunglasses I could make a pretty good spy look, being a blonde for one day. I feel like a cat running away fro home.

I jumped a train from Prague to Berlin; along the river with the mountains by your side and trees full of spring blossoms. I went to see Magdalena, my friend. She's on 14t floor in a 3-room apartment, its enormous, perfect for chamber plays. There are windows everywhere with the great look of Berlin, huge and Shiny, with all its houses, roads and graveyards. There we laid down a lot of people on a huge mattress, looked at the orange sky, sun went down, we clapped, it got dark and BOOM, the spaceship blow. Notre Dame was burning, live streaming it from the bed in the east tower.
We cleaned the house, completely, everything was like a new fresh hotel room, then we smiled and kissed chins like two lucky charms chipmunks. She's moving out, that is how life is for all with no loans and no property, it's a game, moving around, sometimes you get a good place for some time, an then a year later, Alexanderplatz auf Wiedersehen! With love Mira

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CROOKED MIRROR - a weekly column - Det Kosmiske Hierarki