

You want to be a star? Yes, one big shiny star constantly posing with a gorgeous smile on and reflecting flashlights, hundreds per second, equal to stroboscopes sending out a blinding light that makes people itch with its nauseating presence while they smile like lunatics and keep up their weird dances?

Shiny like your oiled skin when you're lying there on the beach glimmering and glistening in the sun or in the eyes of a silent horny voyeur, who's hiding behind his mother – oddly stuffed beside him like an enormous pile of wrinkled white skin. Comparably odd to fat in its raw condition, before it's fried to top off a porridge-like meal with its crunchiness. Would she ever reach any tan comparable to the crunchy color of fried fat, or is she aware of her profound equivalence to raw meat, and therefore urges her slightly degenerated son to rub her wrinkled skin constantly with sun blocker, protection factor 30, nevertheless she's sitting in the shade of an equally huge umbrella with ice cones on it? "Mmmhhh, Ice Cones", she thinks.

Stroking his thighs energetically near his genitals, you keep smiling because you feel adored, equal to heroin that, if impersonated, would set out for a cunning one towards her addicts. She secretly knows that even if she is flushed down a toilet, she will evoke remembrance in her addicts, still, simply because she is aware of how infinitely they adore her.

Meanwhile you're trying to fix him directly with your gaze, just as Heroin does when she's blinking her eyes from a gradually heated silver spoon. However, you feel his attention wandering off, initiated through strokes that seem more passionate, now. He's squandering with your preciousness like an addict spilling some drops of his beloved liquidized powder due to his nervously shaking hands, displaying greed and satisfaction.

Your smile fades, because mummy's boy is more attracted to watch a 4-year old greedily that innocently plays with her toys in the sand, unaware of her nakedness and widespread sitting position. Now you're the one who's flushed down the toilet, but you're not getting depressed either because you're confident about someone else taking his position instantly or you're too cocky to even realize what has happened a blink-of-an-eye ago.

"Vietnamese massage?", you get asked by an elderly man, luring in crippled posture towards you with a fake-teeth-smile and oily remains of his former customers on his hands, shimmering shamelessly like you always wanted to. As this offer seems like an answer to your momentary most inert desire, you glamorously answer, smiling phony without even considering eye contact: "Yes, I'd love to get one."

As you elegantly turn around, encouraging your body features to be presented most delicately to your seemingly uninterested pedophilic voyeur, you suddenly get a blurred vision and a certain familiar chill is creeping down your spine. It tastes like the warmth of blood that had oozed out of your freshly bitten lip when you've had fallen down the catwalk in Paris and landed face-forward on your chin; mixed with the taste of the chloral water they used to rinse out the wound. Foamy, somehow.

You lie on your back on the wet concrete right beside the red carpet when you open your eyes and see clearly again. The beach scene, it dawns on you, was a mere hallucination that occurred while you were suffering from an epileptic seizure caused by the flood of flashlights.

Distinctively, it was triggered by an old Japanese photographer's external flash unit, which erroneously set off a blaze of 1/1000 flashes, enduring for at least two minutes.

Innocently displaying his fake-teeth-set, he ushered you to forgive him while explaining that, "A model suffer of epileptic seizure on red carpet means 'bad luck in career' in Japan. I sacrifice for you, if you accept apology!"