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In the great man's hands the book was a box full of murder. The mistress had burned it by mistake. The great man's godmother had burned it. His friends had burned it. When the great man was halfway through the flames, he remembered his children. He took a toothbrush from a drawer, wet it in the toilet, and scrubbed the pages. He read one sentence over and over and over. He read it every morning. His friends made fun of him. "Bukowski, go back to America! You can't write here!" His friends were right. It was an accident, a mistake. It was not intentional. He lost his head, his eyes, his heart. It was a mistake. It was a mistake. He wiped the book with a towel and recopied it. His hands were greasy. He went to a restaurant to eat. The waiters looked at him. Then they looked again. He got up and left. Under a bridge there was an old woman with the face of an earthworm. She had spent her whole life under the bridge. She had been born in the river. She ate crabs and worms. She lived off the river and the rain and the few people who came to the bridge to throw away their bad luck. When the great man stepped out of the restaurant, he saw the old woman. A beggar. He bought her a bowl of soup. The woman ate her soup. The smell of the soup made her sleepy. She could not talk. She went back to her hole under the bridge. The great man saw her go. The soup was warm. He kissed the bowl, ate it with the food. He threw the bowl in the river. He lay down in the dirt. His body started to shed bits of itself. The dirt, the river, the insects, the old woman, the rain, and his friends and his enemies had their way with him. He was a little piece of bread, a little fish. A piece of corn. An oblong of cold. He read for twelve hours a day. He read when he woke up. He read when he was eating. He read when he was sleeping. He read in the evening. He read in the morning. At noon he ate. He read at night. He read when the rain poured down. He read with his feet on the desk. He read with the typewriter jammed between his



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Read Description! Chapter 00:00:00 timestamps! Written By: Charles Bukowski Narrated By: Christian. Pulp Bukowski Pdf Italiano Download The night before, I went to a party, at a friend's bar. We got to the party early, even early because we were worried that we wouldn't be able to get in. There was a line outside, and the line kept getting longer. We entered a room marked "Do Not Enter." Or maybe it was an office. The room was deserted, with plastic sheeting draped over the walls. The whole place was gloomy, and it smelled like a rancid sewer. The manager came up to us and said, "It's overcrowded. The door is being held shut because of the crowd." The woman next to me said, "I'd rather be crowded." The manager said, "I wouldn't recommend it. It's difficult to control the crowd." We'd come to the party because we had heard that Rimbaud was going to be there. He'd come from Paris to New York to receive the award he'd just won. It was the first time this strange man had ever been inside the United States. He was going to perform at the Carnegie Hall, I'd heard. We weren't exactly desperate, but the crowds were starting to make us weary. We were ready for bed, but we were getting a little impatient. The crowd kept growing. People were standing at the door, and the people in the room were becoming more and more impatient. A few people started jeering at the guy in front of us. "Go in, clown! Go ahead, clown! Make my night! Go in! " "Well," I said to the manager, "is there a back entrance? I'd like to get out of here." "Back entrance, exit and all that crap," he said. He couldn't stand stupidity. "This place is full. You want to go home? Fine. But what you don't understand is that people are waiting on the street. They don't even have access to the hall. They're in line and they have to wait until the hall is full. By that time, you won't have any tickets left. How's that, O.K.?" Then he walked off, and the woman next to me said, "You see what I had to put up with to

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LONG EDITION (longer than the normal 2-3 hours of the normal edition) with the same story as the original but in long lyrics that go on and on so that you can read all of it at once, plus alternate styles and endings, so you can read it different ways, and everything is longer, more powerful and more meaningful. It is also fully illustrated. Chapter 00:00:00 I was born in the coal mines of Pennsylvania Chapter 00:04:00 and lived there for twenty years Chapter 00:06:00 I left the coal mines, went into the Army Chapter 00:08:00 and came out Chapter 00:10:00 | got married Chapter 00:11:00 and had two children Chapter 00:12:00 I worked for fifteen years and saved money Chapter 00:13:00 for my vacation Chapter 00:15:00 and went on an automobile trip to Chicago Chapter 00:18:00 I came home from the automobile trip and found my family dead Chapter 00:19:00 I went to the mental ward and lived there for two years Chapter 00:21:00 and then they tried to kill me by shooting a needle into my head Chapter 00:22:00 and I survived Chapter 00:23:00 and I left and went to live in a place called Copenhagen in the Sanatorium Chapter 00:25:00 I went to Denmark to live with a certain poet and writer Chapter 00:26:00 and it was a great place Chapter 00:27:00 I lived there for thirty years Chapter 00:28:00 I got out of bed one morning Chapter 00:29:00 and the poet and writer were dead I had a lot of time for doing nothing. Chapter 00:32:00 I wrote some books that no one read Chapter 00:38:00 I had almost the same kind of a time in Germany. Chapter 00:39:00 I wrote only poetry until I was almost done Chapter 00:42:00 and then went back to the coal mines of Pennsylvania Chapter 00:43:00 and then I was nearly finished Chapter 00:44:00 and then I was finished Chapter 00:45:00 and I went home and found my family dead Chapter 00:45:00 I got out of bed one morning Chapter 00:46:00 and the