

I'm a Mother Fucker

Translated into English by Irakli Kakabadze

Language is rich - Slang is poor. Language is conservative - slang is revolutionary. Language is cognitive - slang is unconscious. Tongue does not have bones - slang is broken bones.

Slang's mother is a language, father - the traveler that is unknown in time and space. Slang is a bastard of this mother and father.

Slang is word-expressions - some of them with no energy and some with lots of energy.

And this phrase - 'I'm a motherfucker' - is the favourite expression of thousands of Georgians. On average this phrase is used by 82 percent of male population of the country between the ages of 13 and 45.

This expression carries a mystical energy.

The expression - "I'm a motherfucker" - has a destructive force.

Gio Mgeladze

Mr. Misha became seventy three years old July 23 of 1973. Mr. Misha's seventy two years old wife, Mrs. Natela has died March 22, 1972. Two survivors left: Mr. Misha - same as Batoni Misha and his twenty nine year old son, Levan.

Twenty nine year old Levan is addicted to hard drugs. Batoni Misha does not know this. If Batoni Misha will imagine even for a second that Levan is shooting morphyum with the needle he will either have a heart attack or he'll kill himself. Mr. Misha or baton Misha, is an intelligent man. Levan's friends call him "Prakaza", Mr. Misha they call - Batoni Misha. Mr. Misha is very pleased when Levan's friends call him 'Batoni Misha' and he is equally displeased that they call his son "Prakaza". But Levan himself does not give a shit that he is called 'Prakaza'.

Mr. Misha is happy with his son. Batoni Misha likes that Levan is always shaved and dresses in a clean way and that Levan is a polite young man. Mr. Misha has not seen Levan when craving for drugs.

Batoni Misha works on 'Ioane Zosime' for many years now. Batoni Misha is sure that during a judgement day humanity will be judged for its sins in Georgian language: "And buried is thy Georgian Language until the day of second coming"...

Alarm woke them up on August 7, 1973 and the day continued with the trolley bus, developed at work and was coming to end in the car of the co-worker.

Mr. Misha has opened the door of his house, entered it, put his bag in the corner and was about to take the shoes off.

- "Prakaz" I'd be a son of a whore! - Batoni Misha heard the words coming out of Levan's room and his heart squeezed at hearing these words. "Vakho?! - He told himself.

- "Prakaz, I'd be a son of a whore if did check even once.." -

- "I don't fucking care if you checked it or not! Now, get the fuck out of here and I want you to come back in an hour with three shots. You understand me? Does not matter where you get this shit, but if you don't I ill be fucking my own mother if I did not kill you" -

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- "Hi, Batono Misha!" - Vakho greeted Mr. Misha before leaving house.

- "Hello, Vakho!.." - Mr. Misha mumbled for as of just for himself.

- "What is going on, dad, do you feel bad?" -

Mr. Misha did not say a word to Levan and went to his room.

- "What the hell happened, dad?" - Son went on to ask once again in his father's room.

- "No!" - Dad answered.

- "Father, I must go and I will be back soon." -

Mr. Misha was constantly getting deaf while hearing his son's words: "I will fuck my mother".

Meanwhile, "Prakaza" left and came back soon, just as he said. He went directly to his dad's room. And he saw his dad hanging on the rope.

- I fucked my mother.." - said the son when he saw his hanged father, kneeled down and put his head down with his hands over his ears. He started to cry.

"Prakaza" was left alone and one horrible idea was in his head: that his father would never be able meet his mother, since people who kill themselves end up in hell.

At least, this is how "Prakaza" knew about it.