

# Mr. Kashchei And The 13 Prostitutes

Freak Kitchen

"New in town? Got it all, ya' wanna buy a gram?  
Funny accent, a Russian in Amsterdam?  
Looking for a job or need a place to stay?  
Go see Kashei..."

What the hell, I said, how bad can it be?  
And checked the address the guy gave to me  
The letters were smudged, "Dead knight district"?!  
A name for a derelict...

"Zdrastvujtje! My name is Ivan  
Is this the right place? I'm here to see a man  
A Mr Kashchei", I was invited in  
To "The House of Sin"...

Then the world exploded, the only thing I recall  
Before I woke up, tied to a concrete wall  
"Let me introduce myself and welcome to my club  
I'm your local Beelzebub"

What am I doing here?  
What in the name of a Hun

Powder all around me  
Smoke that makes me dizzy  
Unfamiliar devices  
Women smiling tempting  
Syringes injecting  
Lies and pseudo paradises

Fake paradises...

While tied to the wall, Ivan, who was too naive to fathom the shit he was in, made semi-romantic moves (well, since he was tied up) on one of the girls in Kashchei's harem. Ivan's innocent, Irkutskian eyes made a monumental impression on the somewhat jaded girl and she rediscovered feelings she thought were dead and buried a long ago. Love was in the maruana air...

The evil Mr Kashchei and his sinister drug pushers, whom he provisioned with free dope to keep them ignorant and dumb, had settled back for a few Z's. Meanwhile, Ivan was cut loose by his new found love and they decided it was time they leave. So did the other girls who were fed up spending time in the thick of things.

All of a sudden Kashchei opened his eyes and instantly aware of what was going down he unleashed his thunderous rage. "No one fucks with Kashchei! Nikto ne ebat so mnoj! Especially not whores and cocksuckers named Ivan!", he screamed furiously, his appearance all the more frightening.

A few of the pushers vaguely perceived the tumult but were too stoned

to ascertain the circumstances and retired, contented, to their state of inhaled bliss.

However, one of the girls knew about Kashchei's Achilles' heel; (ironically) that hard boiled Satanic, son-of-a-bitch, son-of-a-Hun was allergic. She managed to sneak out the back door in search of some kind of animal, preferably a cat or a dog. In a streetcorner lay a Dutch shepherd with orange fur and a puzzled look that became more puzzled as the girl picked him up and dashed back to "The House of Sin". The dog, friendly by nature, mistook Kashchei's shouting and waving for an invitation to play and leaped up on his chest causing an immediate hypersensitive reaction, leaving the drug dealing pimp panting on the floor, Delft-blue in the face...

Ivan and the former 13 prostitutes escaped and took the first available flight out of the country, whose destination happened to be Portugal. The heroic dog was quickly named "Lucifers" ("Fire" in Dutch) at the airport before checking into quarantine.

Ivan and company now live as suburban idiots, and love it, in a commune outside of Lisbon.

Mr Kashchei got arrested but avoided custody since drug dealing hardly ain't a crime in the Netherlands anymore. He later moved to Copenhagen and became a politician. His pusher dudes are still wandering about the streets of Amsterdam in their purple haze...