
TAMING DEATH
GREZOR

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TAMING DEATH

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Introduction

I never thought this would actually happen, but hey—never say never. When I was writing *Liar*, I wrapped it up with: "To be continued..." I did it on a gut feeling, sensing that the title itself demanded it. Back then, I had no idea just how much my life was about to change.

Meeting the Creator, the Father Almighty, accelerated everything. Suddenly, I was caught in a whirlwind of events that are hard to explain rationally.

One day, while out on a bike ride, I stopped in a secluded spot to rest. My body was at a standstill, but my mind was wide open. And then it happened—the story just poured into me. Not a single scene, not just an outline, but the entire plot. I saw it clearly, from the very first sentence to the final page.

I didn't start writing right away. I wanted everything to ripen within me, to permeate every thought and fall into a natural place. Will it be as intense as before? We'll see. But you'll only find the answer to that question on the last page of *Taming Death*.

Anyway—welcome to my space. If you're here, it's probably not by accident. You want to know what you're signing up for? You're about to read a story of male friendship that unexpectedly turns into love and desire. They say if only one person in a relationship grows, the other eventually folds. But is that true? Can this bond survive? Can it reach for something more?

What kind of emotions am I going to hit you with this time? Against the backdrop of this story, you'll discover alternative, effective healing methods. Think you can't be surprised anymore? Or maybe I'll inspire you to live differently? Maybe even better? Welcome to my theater.

CHAPTER I
Living Like a King

Before I found out I was adopted, my life looked completely different. I was a calm guy who—you could say—had it all figured out. A passion I'd turned into a career, meaning I never really had to "work," a decent social standing, a great partner, dreams, financial independence. Living the dream. But when you find out you're the product of an incestuous affair between a mother and her own son, your world tends to flip upside down. That's exactly what happened to me, but let's go back to the very beginning…

I grew up in a fairly wealthy family, so it's safe to say I had a head start. But did I, really? My father ran a successful waste management business, while my mother headed a foundation from which—as she once put it—she "reaped significant financial benefits."

Due to their lack of time, my parents often left me with my grandparents. They loved me more than life itself and were willing to give up everything for me—or at least, that's how it seemed. When I was six, the patriarch of the family challenged me to a duel.

"Come on, kid, let's race from the house to the store. You up for

the challenge?" he asked out of the blue.

"And what do I get if I win? You gonna give me some cash?" I suggested, grinning from ear to ear.

"Not exactly. Grandma's going to tell you something. Something you don't know, but you ought to."

"Like what?"

"Like mind your business. Three, two, one, go!"

Well, I won that race. I don't know if Grandpa took it easy on me, but he fell behind and couldn't stop marveling at what happened, while Grandma said to me:

"You can be anyone you want to be, as long as you believe it. And you can achieve any dream you have, as long as you believe it."

I have to admit, I felt pretty strange then. I had goosebumps all over my body, but I believed the old woman's words. I felt like I was someone special, someone who would sow the seeds of truth and goodness in this world.

About a year later, I was sitting in the living room with my parents and sister. We were watching the evening news, which claimed there was some Antichrist in the world—that he'd already been born and would seek to destroy the Church. It was weird, because I felt like it was me. I really did. And that night, I had a dream. I dreamed I was standing and knocking on massive doors, wanting to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but no one would open them. Then, I heard a voice. I didn't know whose it was, but I had a feeling bordering on certainty that it was the voice of the Almighty.

"It is not your time. Go back! You have a mission to complete!"

I remember waking up drenched in sweat. It was the middle of the night, and I had no idea what was going on, but as it goes with dreams, I quickly forgot what I'd seen.

We lived in a small town called Kwanty, a place crawling with hookers, drunks, and junkies. Every now and then, on Chlewna Street, you'd run into flashers proudly displaying their junk. It was

disgusting, so I steered clear of that area. Near the old town stood a church—Our Lady of Multidimensions Roman Catholic Parish—run by Father Bogdan.

"People say he's a terrible pedophile and a pervert. Stay away from him, please," my mother said one time.

At age nine, I became an altar boy. My grandfather talked me into it, but I actually grew to like the church atmosphere—the specific smell, the funny chants. I just felt good standing by the altar, serving the Most High.

"Hold the cruets today," the preacher ordered one day, turning to me.

"And you, take the towel," he continued, glancing at another boy.

The liturgy was going smoothly until it was time to perform our official duties.

"What are you staring at?" my buddy blurted out unexpectedly.

"I've got eyes, don't I?" I shot back.

"Then let a frog hop in 'em."

"And let a viper crawl into your mouth, *Chimp*!"

"*Chimp*?!"

Right then, we both burst into uncontrollable laughter. A small group of the faithful giggled along with us, but not everyone found it funny. Catching a glimpse of Father Bogdan out of the corner of my eye, I felt like smoke was coming out of his ears. Keeping a stone-cold face, he spoke in a half-whisper, telling us to come to the sacristy immediately after Mass.

"Zero manners! Disrespecting the Lord in His holy place! Have you no shame?!" the aging pastor hissed with rage.

"I'm sorry, I…" I stammered, feeling a bit rattled.

"Don't 'sorry' me, drop your pants. There will be divine punishment!" the priest thundered.

"But Father…" *Chimp* blurted out.

"No 'buts'! Go get the paten. And make it snappy. Now!"

"What do you need a paten for?"

"None of your business, unless you want to end up with a cat's face!"

Fifteen minutes later, our asses were beet-red. Yes—exactly what you're thinking, my dear Reader. Father Bogdan gave us a hell of a beating. He whacked our bare buttcheeks with the paten, clearly getting some sick pleasure out of it. Then, he'd take that same paten—unwashed, of course—and press it against the faces of the faithful, who eagerly lined up at the altar, one by one, to consume the wafer.

"Michał," the battered boy said at one point, reaching out his hand to me.

"Not *Chimp*?"

"Why *Chimp*? Do I look like some kind of monkey?"

The truth was, he did. At least that day—okay, maybe a bit more often than that. Michał was always freezing, so he loved wearing all sorts of furry clothes to keep himself warm, or so he claimed. But it's also worth noting that his face bore a striking resemblance to a bonobo.

"What are we going to do about this? You got an idea?" he asked, looking genuinely worried.

"For payback?"

"Yeah."

"Hell yeah. We're gonna spit in his wine!"

And that's exactly what we did. I have to admit, we were pretty cruel, because repeating this act became our ritual. Oh, yes. Every single Sunday, we'd show up at the church about half an hour before the service. That meant we were the first ones there, nobody saw us, and we'd hawk some serious loogies—either into the chalice the priest used for the altar wine or directly into the bottle he poured the booze from. He'd savor the flavor, while we

had ourselves a damn good laugh.

I was never a good kid. I liked giving my peers a hard time and often played pranks on the teachers at school. On top of that, I was mouthy and hated studying, which meant my mom often had to stay late after parent-teacher meetings just to hear all about the "little brat" she was raising.

My parents always wanted me to follow my own path and not copy anyone else. They didn't project their own unfulfilled dreams onto me, like you see in some families. I could do whatever I felt like, and I guess that's exactly why I was such a spoiled brat.

Chimp's father was a padel coach, so it was no surprise he passed the passion on to his son, who later got me hooked on this funny little game. Padel, simply put, is a combination of tennis and squash. You score points using the same rules as tennis, but it takes the enclosed court from squash. Sounds interesting? I think it's worth a try because it's a hell of a lot of fun.

"What do you want to be when you grow up? Not a priest, I hope?" I asked my buddy snarkily after one of our weaker practice sessions.

"I don't know yet. How about you? Do you know?"

"I want to do something most people don't. I want to be unique, to inspire people so that if the need arises, crowds will follow me."

"That's a beautiful dream. I hope it comes true for you," Michał concluded, patting me on the shoulder.

Chimp was a brilliant player and a great sparring partner. During our matches, you never knew who the favorite was. We traveled to all sorts of tournaments—small ones, big ones—some at home, some abroad. Sometimes we won, sometimes we lost, but we always fought until the very end.

"The European Championships are in a month. Think we can do it?" my friend asked.

"Hell yeah! If not us, who? If not in a month, when?" I replied,

believing in our skills.

"And what if we don't win?"

"Not an option."

For as long as I can remember, my grandparents drilled it into my head to believe in myself and my abilities, no matter what. They said that in life, everything is possible, and the only thing limiting our dreams is our own imagination... And it's hard to disagree with that.

"Championship point," the referee announced.

"I'm serving. Listen. I'm going to hit it straight at him, as hard as I can. If he returns it, blast it right between his eyes and it's over," *Chimp* said, covering his mouth with his hand.

"Alright. Let's try it. What if he lets it go?"

"He won't risk it. It's match point. For the championship."

It was strange—I don't know how to explain it rationally—but after our serve and the opponent's return, it was like time just stopped for me. Everything froze, including the ball flying toward me. In that moment, I realized I could do anything. I stepped into the perfect position and hit it with everything I had. Suddenly, everything jolted back into motion, back to normal, while the ball slammed into one of our rivals' foreheads with massive force, knocking him flat onto the artificial turf and quartz sand. It was over! We had won the European Junior Padel Championships. We were only eleven years old. An incredible story, extraordinarily ordinary, but above all, it was ours, and for that, I am grateful. Suddenly we were famous—new opportunities everywhere, sponsors knocking on the door.

About six months later, I was representing my school at the regional track and field championships in the 400-meter dash. I was fast, breaking all the school records, so my PE teacher didn't hesitate to bet on me. It resulted in many medals, but never a gold one. That day, a bird crapped on me. Good thing it hit my backpack

and not my head. Just before the start, I felt a sudden, urgent need to relieve myself. I ducked into the bushes, struggling miserably for a moment, then scrambled back to my lane. I felt light, confident; I craved that gold. We took off at the sound of the starting pistol. From the very beginning, I took the lead, running at a hundred percent of my capacity. But near the finish line, I felt myself fading; my legs were giving out. Some guy blew past me, overtaking me with a smug grin on his face. At that moment, something clicked inside me. I remembered my grandma's words: "You can be anyone you want to be, as long as you believe it." Exactly. And I believed I was a winner. I felt it in my bones, caught a second wind, and won the race. I was incredibly proud of myself.

"What club do you train with? Damn, nobody's ever left me in the dust like that right before the finish line," the other kid panted.

"I play padel every day; I just run for fun," I replied, feeling sweat trickling down my backside.

And now I'm going to surprise you, my dear Book Lover—I ended up with a silver medal again, not gold. Do you know why? Because there were two heats, and they compared the times afterward. It turned out I lost by less than a second to someone I didn't even get to race against. Oh well... Still, a silver medal at the regionals sounds pretty cool. When I got home, I found my father and Uncle Mietek pouring some vodka. They were sitting at the kitchen table, shooting the breeze about some nonsense.

"So, son? How'd it go?" my dad asked, curious.

"Pretty good. I got the silver medal," I answered in a heartbeat.

"Oh! That's classy, congratulations!" Uncle chimed in, shaking my hand.

"Ugh. Only silver? Couldn't afford the gold, huh?" my drunken father blurted out.

That hit me hard—man, it hit deep. Even now, I feel something in my body when I think back on it, so I'll have to release some

emotions later. You'll read more about releasing blocked emotions in the body later on—one thing at a time—but for now, let's get back to where we started.

I won't lie; my old man clipped my wings right then. Wings that were growing and glowing with unlimited potential. After what I heard, I just lost the will to do anything. That's the truth. Words are things that can make a person soar or bury them in the dirt—or even kill them. And I probably won't surprise anyone when I say those were the last sports competitions of my life.

Shortly after, I told my padel coach I was done, ending my fairly short career that could have gone in many different directions.

"Are you sure?" *Chimp* asked in disbelief.

"My decision is final. I've lost my motivation," I said, feeling a certain mental discomfort.

Procrastination is the chronic putting off of something until later. They've supposedly turned it into a disease, though I dare say it was invented by some lazy bum just to justify their own idleness. Let's stay here for a moment... Isn't it true that we run away from what is ours, from what we're good at, because we don't want to face failure? Or the criticism we experienced before, back when we were actually proud of ourselves? I think the answer speaks for itself.

At thirteen, I was finally allowed to go door-to-door for the annual Christmas visits, as Father Bogdan wouldn't take anyone who hadn't seen enough winters. It's worth noting that the parishioners were exceptionally generous; however, I wasn't exactly hurting for cash. My parents had plenty and gave me money whenever I needed it, but it was much more rewarding to earn my own way.

"Here's your hundred, well-deserved," the pastor said one time, handing me a bonus.

"Maybe he'd like to come inside the rectory? I could show him a

thing or two," he continued, laying the groundwork for something unethical.

"Maybe some other time, Father," I replied, my mother's warning words echoing in the back of my mind.

"How about Mariuszek? Will he come inside? Tell me what he thinks."

"Me? I guess... sure," my companion, three years my senior, stated.

It's uncomfortable to write about this, but that was likely one of the worst decisions that boy ever made in his life. Shortly after, he ended up in the ER with a several-centimeter tear in his rectum, needing stitches. An event like that couldn't go unnoticed, and so justice was served. Legend has it that Father Bogdan ended up in prison, but I wouldn't be surprised if I ran into him someday in some tiny parish in the middle of nowhere.

I felt no need to belong to the Church, so I left. My life changed beyond recognition. One minute I was standing by the altar, playing padel, and the next I was rotting outside some apartment block, chugging my first beer with some sketchy characters.

I was spiraling, no doubt about it. I started wearing tracksuits—usually those crinkly nylon ones—paired with sneakers and, of course, a gold chain around my neck. There were unwanted brawls, fistfights, and run-ins with the law. Over time, I could knock back over twenty beers and still hit the club to face a bottle of vodka because someone challenged me, though usually, I'd only last two shots before the lights went out.

I liked experiencing things, so I tried all sorts of drugs. Since I had the cash, I went all in—I'm not gonna deny it. Weed, pills, powders, acid, shrooms... it was all part of the daily routine.

On my sixteenth birthday, I asked to spend the day with my closest friends. My parents cooperated, packing their bags and heading to Egypt for vacation. Bad luck would have it that when

they returned, they didn't recognize their own apartment. The furniture had been completely rearranged. The kitchen set ended up in my room, while some of my bedroom furniture landed on the balcony. It's a good thing nobody tried to move the toilet, or it could have ended in a messy surprise.

"You know, son... I don't understand what the fuck happened here! The furniture is one thing, but cracked walls?!" my father said, totally exasperated, shaking his head.

Less than two years later, I went to a party at *Wazeliniarz's* place—a close friend and cousin of one of my high school buddies. *Szorstki* accompanied me on the journey, but at one point, as we left a local shop, we ran into some trouble. Some local thug tried to attack me, swinging for the fences to wipe me off the face of the earth. However, I dodged, causing the brawler to trip and fall. Lying on the sidewalk, he screamed at the top of his lungs:

"You remember me?! You fucking prick! Last year! You remember?! We're gonna kill you all! We'll be waiting for you on your way back!"

I barely remembered what the "poet" was talking about, mostly because a year earlier, I'd passed out before the party even started. There had been some small-town beef, but it was all a blur. I remembered having a torn jacket. Nothing else.

This time, I was having just as much fun, though I tried to keep my act together—I didn't want to go home with a total blackout. There were five or six of us, I don't recall exactly, but we were walking toward the bus stop, exhausted and wanting nothing but our beds. Interestingly, that guy wasn't joking; he was actually waiting for us with his buddies. Suddenly a fight broke out. Someone ended up in a ditch; someone else was lying in the middle of the street, squealing. Slurs and curses filled the air. I stood off to the side, watching it unfold because I was wearing a brand-new, snow-white tracksuit and didn't want to get dirty. But at one point,

I noticed an opponent falling to the sidewalk, struggling to get up. I thought I'd kick him in the head, knock him out cold with everything I had. I had strength in my legs, and if I'd connected, I probably would've killed him. But some kind of providence must have been watching over me, because I slipped and landed on my ass. I remember the look on that guy's face—the sheer terror in his eyes. He got lucky, but so did I, or I'd be sitting in prison right now. Unexpectedly, a small bus pulled over, and the driver told my crew to get in. We didn't know the man, but he might have saved our lives, as crazy as that sounds.

In the meantime, I was still hanging out with *Chimp*. He loved a challenge, so he was easily led down a dark path, looking for the same adrenaline rush he used to feel on the court. His father hated him for it—and probably hated me too—but I didn't give a damn. I wasn't going to worry about something that added so little to my life.

"Hey, how about we go to a brothel? My treat, it's your birthday after all," Michał blurted out suddenly.

"A brothel, huh? Why not! You only turn eighteen once, let's have some fun," I replied, feeling a rush of euphoria and excitement.

That evening, I stopped being a virgin and felt like I could achieve even more. Shortly after, I dropped out of school. My parents didn't take it well and decided to cut off my allowance, so I started dealing drugs. It was easy money, but it was becoming too much for me, especially when I found out that one of my bros was snitching on another just to clear his own name. I lasted only a few months before leaving that shit behind, thinking I'd find something more useful to do. But life had other plans.

"Bro, how much longer are you gonna be a freeloader living off our parents?" my sister asked one time.

"Probably just as long as you," I shot back.

Aniela was nine years older than me. Our parents had bought her a house where she lived with her two kids, sired by two local "gentlemen." She collected some government benefits, mom and dad helped out a bit, and that was plenty for her.

"Since you're such a jokester, maybe you should start selling jokes?" she continued.

"What do you mean, sell them?"

"Just like that. You can either write and sell them to someone who performs on stage—you know, cabaret acts, comedians, there are tons of them. Or, you could make people laugh yourself. For money, obviously."

"You know what, sis? I gotta hand it to you. You're making a lot of sense. You've got a hell of a head on your shoulders."

And right then, a lightbulb went off in my head. Seeing a chance for a better tomorrow, I went to the kitchen to toss a chip bag into the trash.

"Mom, where's the plastic recycling bin?"

"We don't have one. Just throw it anywhere."

"What do you mean, anywhere? We're supposed to be sorting our trash."

"Your father says it all ends up on the same conveyor belt anyway, so don't sweat it."

"Really?"

"That's what I'm telling you. Why would I lie? If you don't believe me, ask him."

"When's he getting back from work?"

"He said he'd be home for lunch."

If my dad said that was the case, he was probably right. After all, he'd been in the business for years, so he knew his stuff, though I was still a bit surprised.

"So, what about you? What's your plan for yourself?" I turned to my sister.

"I'm pregnant with my third. Just keep it quiet until it starts showing."

"What are you talking about? Who's the father?"

"Well, that's the problem—I don't really know. But at least I'll get the Thousand Plus benefit!"

At first, I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but then I figured it wasn't my business and let it go, not wanting to dig any deeper. After all, my grandparents had often mentioned that everyone has the right to live their own way, and it's nobody else's business.

"Hey, what's up with your sister, Aniela?" *Chimp* asked out of the blue.

I remember we were sitting in his basement at the time. Drinking Russian vodka, smoking Dutch weed, and watching German porn.

"Why do you ask?"

"You haven't mentioned her in a while."

"Because there's nothing to mention."

"Is she having another brat?"

"Where'd you get that idea?"

"I saw her a few days ago at the mall, parading around with a belly," Michał gloated, a smug grin on his face.

"Seriously, man, tell me, what's the deal here? She's a pretty girl, seemed smart enough, but in a minute she's gonna have three kids with three different guys. I'm guessing she's either a world-class lay and does it for sport with whoever comes along, or she's got shit for brains and nobody can stand her," he continued.

I didn't comment on it because I simply didn't know what to say in that moment, but I felt in my gut that both answers were probably right. Well, I never understood my sister. We lived—you could say—like cats and dogs. But that day, I decided that no matter what, I would never be with a girl who had a bunch of kids with the same number of guys.

Soon after, I wrote the first jokes of my life, and I won't lie—it sent me straight to cloud nine. People took a liking to my humor, and the interest grew day by day. It fired me up because I was blending business with pleasure, and it didn't require much effort—hardly any, really. It was a passion. I was doing what I loved and making pretty good bank. I'd build scenarios in my head and then put them on paper. I smoked a ton of weed doing it and drank at least three bathtubs' worth of vodka. Every time, I was filled with nothing but high-flying feelings and emotions. I laughed at my own jokes; I laughed at myself. The main thing was that people liked it, though looking back, I think some of those jokes could have been told differently—better, even.

Making people laugh is an art; it's like working in theater. There's no room for error; everything has to click. The voice modulation has to be just right, same with the gestures and facial expressions. If a comedian didn't play the role exactly how I felt it when I was writing, the joke wasn't complete, which meant fewer laughs from the audience. Still, I was often blown away because many famous jokers used my services—people I'll politely decline to name. Why did they come to me? Had they been buying jokes from someone else before, or writing them themselves? Maybe they were burnt out, or maybe they were just shitty and wanted to shine? A million questions popped into my head, and even more answers, but which one was right? I guess it didn't really matter.

The important thing was that business was booming, which eventually led to me moving out. I rented an apartment on the other side of town, away from my parents, away from everyone except *Chimp*, who moved in with me. I wanted to change my life, at least a little, but the truth is, kicking my addictions wasn't easy.

One day, my friend suggested we go to a personal development conference called *Get Your Act Together*, which was supposed to be hosted by some guy named Grzegorz Glinka. An event that was

meant to inspire us—or at least me—to change. But nothing came of it because I'd done some heavy drinking the day before and ended up in the drunk tank. I guess it was meant to be; after all, everything happens in its own time, exactly when we're ready for it. And back then, I wasn't ready.

Michał seemed like a very ambitious person. He started university, had plans for the future, wanted to be a manager at some prestigious firm. He had both feet on the ground, but because he hung out with me, he could really drift off.

"I'm drunk as a skunk and my head is spinning. You want to take a break or keep playing?" he said to me once during a casual game of checkers.

"I didn't pour it down your throat, not my fault. We're playing. At worst, you'll lose your allowance from your parents," I replied, being in a similar state.

Ultimately, the competition ended in a draw, and we decided to blow the pot on a night out. Before leaving the house, we snorted some of the gear that *Pheasant* was dealing back then—gear that ruled the roost in all of Kwanty and beyond. They say "too much of a good thing is bad for you." On the way to town, we were puking further than we could see, but once we got there, we felt like every babe in the place was ours—or at least, that's how it felt at the time.

"I'd love to get laid, wouldn't you?" I said to my buddy.

"Yeah, me too. Problem is, after this unique powder, we probably won't be able to get it up, but we can try. You see that bitch over there?" I heard after a moment.

"Which one? These pussies are multiplying in front of my eyes, one after another."

"The one with the tattoo on her calf."

"I see at least three of those."

"Then we'll fuck 'em all!" *Chimp* laughed out loud.

In reality, I only saw one woman, but I was so wasted that my

brain was feeding me images of a reality completely different from the one I was actually in. I have to admit, Michał had become quite handsome over the last few years; you had to give it to him—his face didn't look like a bonobo's anymore. Girls went crazy for him, which I personally benefited from, though I think I held my own as well. I loved it when girls would fix their hair the moment they saw me. I knew then that they wanted me to like them, that I wasn't just some guy to them, so—I won't lie—it was easy to smooth-talk them, and after that... well, after that, things varied.

"Hi. I'm Michał, can we get you a drink?" my friend started boldly, approaching the girl with the calf tattoo.

"Hey there, handsome. I'm Sandra. You know, I don't drink cheap booze, and this place looks a bit low-rent to me," she replied, licking her lips.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you, my prince."

"We've got brandy and whiskey at home. Why don't you come over?"

"Excuse me, but come over to whose place? Who is 'we'?"

"Me and my homeboy. He's standing over there, leaning against the doorframe."

"I like him. Let's go."

Sitting there over a glass, I had the impression they were a good match, that maybe something would come of it, but what happened next exceeded my wildest expectations. The babe slept with my friend the first night, and in the morning, she gave me a blowjob all the way to the balls—just like that, as a "good morning." Later, we had a threesome, and even later, it turned out Sandra was a high-end prostitute and was doing it with us for money. And not a small amount, either.

"You guys were fun, but five grand is due," she announced cold-bloodedly.

"How fucking much?!" *Chimp* wondered.

"Twenty-five hundred zlotys a night, per head—that's my rate. Since there's two of you, it's an even five thousand. Tips are welcome."

"You've got some nerve, but if I'm being honest, you're quite the whore—you know your business. Card or cash?" I chipped in, asking about the payment methods.

"Cash is best."

"Then I'd have to run to the bank. Can you wait?"

"I can wait. Do you guys know anyone with a room for rent? My lease is up in a few days and I'm looking for something—actually, I need it now."

"If Michał agrees, I think you could move in with us. Michu, what do you think?"

"Works for me," *Chimp's* firm voice rang out.

"Really? You guys actually have a nice place here, not a bad setup. How much do you want for the room?" the courtesan rejoiced, chewing gum.

"On the house, right?" my companion said, glancing in my direction.

"Of course, but on one condition," I threw down the challenge.

"What's that?" Sandra asked.

"We'll do a 'barter exchange.' You live here completely for free, but in return, we get free sex. How's that sound? Do we have a deal?"

"Yes."

"You want to check in?"

"Naturally."

"You got a last name?"

"G-spot."

"So, G-point backward? That explains a lot. I guess you like it up the ass," I started joking.

"But seriously, why does a babe like you, who makes as much as you do, want to rent a room instead of, say, an entire apartment?" Michał blurted out.

Her answer was surprising, and I won't lie, it shook us up a bit—a powerful story—but as time went on, we forgot what she'd experienced, or maybe we just didn't want to remember.

Anyway, the most important thing was that we had sex that literally anyone would envy. Imagine, my dear Reader, making love in any position you want, every single time. Plus threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes, and even sixsomes, as the girl would often bring home colleagues from the industry after work, and well... things happened.

However, as it goes in life, nothing lasts forever. After several months, we started getting bored with each other.

"Could you guys finally stop popping those XTCs? You're useless, you limp-dicks!" our whore thundered.

I even had the impression she was getting a bit big-headed, because there were days when she wanted to boss us around, which we absolutely wouldn't accept. So we decided to—let's put it mildly—trigger her.

"I can't fucking believe it! You guys are completely insane!" she couldn't believe her eyes.

But we weren't doing anything wrong; we were just watching gay porn. Well, okay, we were masturbating to it, but only and exclusively to piss her off. Sandra claimed she could satisfy anyone, and since we had a unique relationship, her ego must have felt wounded, even humiliated.

"I'm moving out!" she screamed, glaring at us.

"And don't forget to go to the dentist!" she added snidely, slamming her bedroom door.

She was gone before midnight, vanished without a trace. Good riddance—at least we didn't have to deal with her anymore; the air

felt a bit clearer.

"How come you've never had a girlfriend? Maybe you're gay?" *Chimp* analyzed, staring at the ceiling.

"I don't think so."

"How would you know? You've never tried, so you can't really say you aren't."

"Are you?"

"I don't know. Want to find out?"

"You think?"

"Well, then we'll know for sure."

"I don't know, man."

"Want to finish watching that gay porn?"

"Alright."

"Want to smoke something?"

What happened next exceeded my wildest expectations. I never would have guessed that sex with a man could be that pleasurable. Michu knew exactly where to touch to make it feel just right. I don't know how, but he knew his stuff. Maybe because he was a guy himself, or maybe he'd been hiding something from me.

"Damn, your ass is tight," he announced at one point, trying to get inside me.

"Not like yours. Wide and deep. Spit on the crack and let's go!"

"So? Does it feel good?"

"Hell yeah! Holy shit. We're faggots, you realize that?"

"Oh! Excuse me, I'm bisexual."

"In that case... so am I," I concluded, grinning from ear to ear.

We fell in love after the very first time. It was strange, but real and pretty wild because—as they say—love doesn't choose.

"Your breath stinks. Could you brush your teeth before we start kissing?" I suggested.

"I just brushed them a minute ago, but I see you haven't exactly bothered."

"What do you mean 'not exactly'? You saw me."

The next day, holding hands, we went to the dentist, where it turned out we both had cavities. I had six teeth to fix, while my partner had seven. Those were the consequences of using hard drugs, unfortunately.

"Could you also file down my lower canines while you're at it?" *Chimp* asked, surprising not only me but the dentist himself.

"I don't understand," the professional replied.

"They stick out. Let's make them even with the others."

"Are you sure?"

I don't know if it was a good idea, but if Michu felt better about it, then whatever. It took me a while to get used to his new smile, but the main thing was that our teeth were healthy and our breath didn't stink anymore.

"Maybe we should move to another city?" my partner's voice rang out unexpectedly.

"Where? What for? Is life in Kwanty that bad for you?"

"It's just boring here."

"Then find something to do, a passion."

"I need a change; I'm suffocating here."

"What about university?"

"I'll switch to part-time, I'll commute every now and then."

"Your mother's going to cry her eyes out over you."

"She'll manage. She has to understand I'm an adult."

"Can you handle it without her? What if your parents cut off your allowance?"

"I'll find a job, we'll get by."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Świniopasy."

"Świniopasy? Where is that?"

"Twelve miles past Rajty."

"Rajty? That place with the oldest prison in the country? The

tourist town?"

"Yeah."

"Why there?"

"Because I've always wanted to be there, but never got the chance."

"Do you love me?"

Less than six months later, we packed the car and hit the road. In the meantime, *Chimp* had secured an apartment and set up a job at a local thrift store. After the move, I planned to keep writing jokes, working from home, though I'll admit I was thinking about trying my hand on stage in the near future.

"He's not picking up," Michu said in an uncertain tone.

"Relax, he'll probably call back in a second."

"You think?"

"Stop bullshitting and keep hounding him."

The man we were supposed to rent the apartment from finally sent us a text message, saying he was sorry, that he'd forgotten about us and accidentally rented it to someone else. It was Sunday, well past six p.m.

"What do we do?" I asked, getting a bit anxious.

"Let's head to McShit, we'll sit down like civilized people, get some food, and we'll definitely figure it out."

"You convinced me, but tell me, what kind of motherfucker pulls a stunt like that on someone?"

Before eleven p.m., we moved into the first floor of a twenty-story high-rise right in the city center. Not only was it scandalously expensive, but to make matters worse, the balcony door in our room wouldn't close properly, so with it being one degree below zero outside, it was freezing as fuck.

The next morning, *Chimp* went to work, while I didn't roll out of bed until before noon. I went to the bathroom to freshen up a bit. As I walked out, I saw her. She was wearing only pajamas, no

makeup, and she looked truly stunning. I stood there frozen, looking deep into her eyes, while my penis got harder by the second.

"Hi," she said, ruffling her hair.

Right then, I felt my legs go weak; I couldn't squeeze out a single word. She had a hypnotic gaze, beautiful sapphire eyes, and she moved with such grace. I was certain I'd been struck by Cupid's arrow.

"Hey," I replied tentatively.

"What's your name?"

She was studying interior design, but she happened to have the day off. We started talking—literally about everything and nothing—without any filters. She told me about her dreams and her plans for the future. She said she wanted to be a freelancer with her own studio; she craved travel. She impressed me because I loved ambitious people. It might sound silly, but I felt truly special around her. We talked away almost the entire day, and I have no idea where the time went. We couldn't take our eyes off each other until the moment we realized Michał had come home. He wasn't blind, so he immediately sensed what was going on.

"Who's the chick?" he pressed during dinner.

"Maggie. She lives here."

"She looks like a dyke or something. As far as I'm concerned, she's totally asexual."

I was in love with both of them—with him and with her. Not long ago, I thought it was impossible to love two people at once. Well, turns out it is.

"You know... I think we need to look for a different place," my partner told me one time.

"Why?"

"Because it's freezing as fuck in here. Besides, that bitch is pissing me off."

"What's your problem?"

Two weeks later, we flew to Germany to get married. Of course, we'd planned this event months in advance, but we decided not to tell anyone—why bother?

"You may kiss," the Black priest with the mustache said on our special day.

Michał found us an apartment in a completely different part of town. We moved out of the "morgue," though you could say I escaped from there without a goodbye. From the "land of philosophers," I went straight to the new place, making excuses that I wasn't feeling well, while *Chimp* took full responsibility for the move.

A few weeks later, barely able to stand on my feet, I went to a shopping mall to buy some new clothes and shoes. Out of the blue, I ran into Maggie—you could say by chance, but there are no accidents in this world. She threw her arms around my neck and, with tears in her eyes, screamed:

"Why did you do it?! Why did you vanish so suddenly?!"

I didn't know what to tell her, so I told the truth, and I think it hurt her because she suddenly detached herself from me and ran off in some unknown direction, sobbing. I didn't feel good about it; I felt like my heart had been ripped to shreds, but there was little I could do. The question was: what did I really want back then?

One of my clients gave me the contact for a high-level dealer who supplied at least half the city. We mainly bought weed, shrooms, and LSD from him. We took a temporary break from snorting because we made a point of always looking good, and the powders didn't exactly guarantee that.

One day, we decided to go grocery shopping at a big supermarket, but before we did, we stuffed ourselves with psilocybin. Only then were we ready to go out. We chose *The Onion*, located in a massive shopping center, famous for always having

fresh fruits and vegetables no matter what. The drug started kicking in just as we were approaching our destination.

"Everything alright?" I asked at one point.

"I think so. Why do you ask?"

"You're pale as a ghost. Maybe we should sit at the bus stop? Get some rest."

"What, you tired?"

"No, but I feel like I'm sinking into the ground."

"Relax, the sidewalk is swallowing me too."

A moment later, we were sitting at a roadside bus stop, unable to control a sudden fit of laughter. Literally everything was funny—and then some—because we were seeing things we'd probably never notice sober. We weren't alone; every now and then, pedestrians would pass by, staring at us with disbelief or contempt, which only made us laugh harder.

"Gentlemen, can I help you? Should I call an ambulance?" we heard a voice coming from a Being that looked like a human with a turtle's head and wings instead of arms.

Ultimately, we didn't answer—not because we didn't want to, but because we simply couldn't. All we could do was laugh at the top of our lungs. We were having a blast at the expense of someone who reached out a hand and genuinely wanted to help. Well, that's just how we were back then.

The real peak of the trip hit us right after we entered the store. We felt like we were in some kind of jungle. People reminded us of animals, mostly making bird sounds. We smiled at them, but they didn't exactly return the favor. We talked to the tomatoes about how they were doing. Some of them complained, while others were satisfied. I was supposed to stand up for them and discuss a few issues with the store manager, but when we went to him, I couldn't form a sentence, which resulted in a massive misunderstanding. And when it finally came time to pay, all the money in my wallet

spilled onto the store floor. I remember we knelt down to pick it up, but we couldn't. When we tried to grab a coin, our hands melted into the floor; they were like some kind of density. Seeing all this, we almost choked with laughter while the security guards heading our way kept stone-cold faces. The guys picked up the cash for us, put it in the wallet, then sat us in wheelchairs and wheeled us out into the fresh air. We went home without groceries, but we didn't mind at all because we were in excellent moods.

Every other weekend, Michał would leave for his studies, so I had plenty of free time—time for myself, which I usually spent the same way: either drinking myself into a stupor or taking top-shelf psychedelics.

"When are you back?" I asked one Friday evening.

"Sunday night, same as always," came the reply.

"Will you stop by my parents' place?"

"You know they're not crazy about me."

"Can you blame them? When was the last time they saw you sober?"

"Fair point."

"I'll call them later and tell them you're coming. My dad brewed some moonshine."

"Ah, well, that changes things," *Chimp* concluded, a radiant smile appearing on his face.

The next day, I woke up with a monstrous hangover, but if you've gotten to know me by now, I assume that fact won't surprise anyone. I couldn't swallow a thing; my hands were refusing to cooperate, shaking mercilessly. I felt like shit, so I decided to boost my mood and reached into the jar where we kept the shrooms. After stuffing myself, I sat down at my laptop and fired up a game of checkers. With every passing minute, I felt better—my vibration was rising. Soon, my vision sharpened, the first colors appeared, and the pieces seemed to move across the board on their own. I

couldn't wrap my head around it, so I turned on some music. Consequently, I got up from my chair and started dancing, then singing—probably quite incoherently, but the main thing was that I understood myself. After a few songs, I felt I needed to rest, so I sat back down in my seat, and then…

"What the fuck are you staring at? Haven't had your ass kicked in a while?" I heard, noticing a certain density standing right next to me.

"I'm asking you," the thing continued, not letting up.

"You talking to me?" I replied, surprised.

"Yeah, you. Who else do you see here? You think you're some neighborhood hotshot, don't you? For fuck's sake."

"What do you want from me?"

"I want to talk to someone on my level."

And so began a conversation unlike any I'd ever experienced. Imagine, my dear Reader, that I was talking to my own Soul, which for three solid hours chewed me out here and there, complaining about this and that—actually, about everything. We argued and screamed at each other; it was anything but a constructive conversation. As I started to sober up, I fueled myself with another dose of the drug and went out on my bike. I rode to the forest because I loved being in the heart of nature. When you're high, everything seems so beautiful and magical. The trees smiled at me, teased me, chatted me up; we shared a few jokes. The water flowing in the stream invited me in, showing me its depth, where another reality existed—one I'll admit I was very curious about. However, I decided not to accept the invitation; I hopped back on my bicycle and kept riding. Interestingly, during my trip, I conversed with some old lady—or at least, that's how it seemed at the time. She didn't have a concrete form; she was a kind of luminous density or something like that. We talked about life, current events, and even my dreams.

"Learn to feel; that's all. That's the whole secret of manifestation," she stated, leaving me in awe.

"Excuse me?" I couldn't believe it.

"Create a new reality around yourself, and the Universe, if you are ready, will adapt to you."

"What do you mean by 'ready'?"

"Only what your subconscious mind—not your conscious one—believes in will materialize. Always," she said at the end of our trip, before vanishing a moment later.

The following day, I went for a "sequel," dancing from early morning. In the afternoon, I hit the bong, and later ate two, maybe three tabs of acid; I don't remember exactly. The beer was flowing back and forth, so things couldn't get boring.

"Get down from there! Right now! Are you out of your fucking mind?!" I heard someone scream.

I was sitting on the balcony railing, about to jump down because I saw something like a tunnel in front of me—a path to paradise.

"I'm coming to get you, don't move," the voice called out slowly.

Soon after, someone grabbed my shoulder and pulled me back to the floor.

"What the fuck are you doing?! You having a good time?!" It rang in my head like a hit song.

"Ah, it's… you. Didn't you get back a bit early?" I stammered, seeing a figure in front of me that resembled the choice of my heart.

"You can't even be left alone for two days. You should really slow down with these psychedelics, don't you think?"

"Leave the Titanic! The music's still playing there!" I sang off-key, raising my right hand with a clenched fist.

"Why did you want to jump off the balcony?"

"I didn't have any such intention. I just wanted to jump into that luminous tunnel. Right there! See?"

"For fuck's sake. There's nothing there. That's just a lamp!"

Michu panicked.

"Impossible."

"Once you sober up, you'll finally see clearly."

"Blah blah blah, kiss my ass."

"You got any acid left?"

And so we sailed along, the two of us on one raft. Sometimes it was him holding onto me to keep from drowning, and sometimes it was me holding onto him. We were like animals; we knew no moderation in alcohol or drugs, which later translated into our wild sex, which we could have in various strange places, in even stranger positions.

One day, when we wanted to order some gear, no one answered our calls. Shortly after, it turned out the police had cracked down on the dealers, both big and small. They caught dozens of guys, most of whom snitched at the station, leading to an avalanche of unwanted consequences. One of them was that our access to the best drugs in the city was cut off.

"Quiet in the city means a drought in the hood. What do we do now?" a saddened Michał blurted out.

"I've got an idea!" I stated, overjoyed.

"What?"

"Let's order some 'legal highs'; apparently you can get them online. They ship them legally from the Czech Republic or somewhere."

"You think? Isn't that just some total garbage? You know I have a sensitive stomach."

"It'll be fine, I'll find something."

So I searched the web for a company providing the services we were interested in—hell, I even found a "buy one, get one free" deal. After some thought, we decided to order ten packs of a white powder called *Koko Loko*, plus eight packs of crystal, and finally, fifteen *Smiling Presidents* landed in the cart. The order was

Outroduction

Listen, my dear ones, listen… I got my hands on a book. A book by some guy named Grzegorz Glinka—"Taming Death." Listen, well, the title intrigued me, I won't lie, because I've always wanted to tame various little animals, so I thought: I'll tame death too. Well, but let me tell you, I struggled miserably with this piece of junk. Truly. I STRUGGLED MISERABLY.

I'll tell you honestly… I don't remember. I really don't remember the last time I read such intellectual verbal diarrhea. Quite simply… it reminds me of the "Harlequin" days, when that shit was coming into Poland and when it just maimed people's minds. And in truth, nobody really knew what we needed it for. Nobody knew. Nobody wanted it. Nobody asked for it. And yet, for fuck's sake, it came. From nowhere.

Listen… the guy babbles about some dude who, damn it, is a total fuck-up because his mother is screwing his father, who—interestingly—is his brother! I mean, that kind of shit, fuck, hasn't happened for a long time, right? I'll tell you, the guy tries hard, he really puts effort into many of those stories. He makes up some, damn it, God-knows-what, when in reality this whole book could be summarized on a single page. Serious.

You know what's the best part? The best part is that this author, he… normally… he has this… Some have ADHD, and he has "Always-Smiley-Syndrome." You know it, right? You know… a total nutjob, always grinning. Listen… the guy is so tall that he could actually serve as a lighthouse on many a coast. And I'll tell you honestly, that if… if his writing intellect were directly proportional to his height, someone like Remigiusz Mróz could literally shine his shoes. But… sorry, sorry. When the Creator was handing out talents, Grześ Glinka was standing in the line for height! For fuck's sake! And what can you do? You can't do anything about it.

And because of that, we got this, damn it, pile of crap that only wastes time. I haven't been this bored in ages. I haven't struggled this much reading the letters that "Mr. Author" put together. This, fuck, should be punishable by law! Seriously. You know that… there should be a paragraph, that if you're such a fucking bore and you waste the life of the person reading it, there should be a paragraph, I don't know… five years in prison? Or maybe, damn it, no! It would be better if they flogged him, fuck, in some market square.

Maybe that would discourage him and beat any ideas for any books out of that stupid head of his. Let this guy just stick to YouTube, grinning like a Cheshire cat, because he's clearly better at that than writing this book. In a word… For fuck's sake… I recommend this book to all my enemies!

Marcin Łaptos

About the Author

Grzegorz Glinka – a motivational comedian who heals with laughter and knockouts with the brutal truth. An author who, in his books, transforms personal development and spirituality into a manual for hacking your own reality—stories that reveal where the codes to your potential are hidden. His motto is dynamite placed under the foundations of your beliefs: *"Believe that you are a god, and miracles will begin to happen in your life!"*

Acknowledgements

They say nobody reads the acknowledgements. Excellent. That means we are alone here, and I can speak straight from the heart. This book you hold in your hands is not the work of a single man. It is a mosaic made up of hundreds of conversations, thousands of gestures, and the infinite patience of people without whom these pages would have remained empty.

I offer my special thanks to the Creator and the invisible Guides. For the inspiration that came at the most unexpected moments, and for the guidance thanks to which this story found its final shape. Thank you for the whisper of inspiration that broke through every clamor.

To my Parents—Teresa and Lech. It was you who taught me to love words and showed me that the greatest adventures begin in the imagination. Thank you for the faith that was my lighthouse, and for the love that is the most beautiful story I know.

To my Wife—Marta. You are the architect of my peace and the

editor of my Soul. Thank you for enduring my disappearances into the world of fiction and for always knowing how to bring me back. This book was born in the silence of your patience and to the sound of your laughter. We wrote it together, even if I was the only one tapping on the keyboard.

And now, in a spirit of full honesty, I must thank someone whom authors often forget, yet who was in this from beginning to end. I thank myself. Not for the talent, as that is a gift, but for a persistence bordering on the absurd. For all those nights when my only companion was cold coffee and a blinking cursor. For the hundreds of versions of the same sentence and for the fact that, ultimately, I didn't throw the keyboard into the corner. I am proud of us. I am glad we reached the finish line.

At a certain point in this journey, a cavalry of comedians entered the plot to roast my hero with surgical precision. I bow my head to the masters of the punchline: Jarek Legońkoff, Jasiek Borkowski, and Patryk Trela. Your jokes gave this character more life than all my descriptions combined. Thank you for your genius.

And speaking of roasts… here I must pay tribute to one man who decided to roast this entire book and myself. Marcin Łaptos, thank you for the masterful "Outroduction." It is a text that deliberately leads everyone astray. Furthermore, it was your example that inspired me to dare and write a few of the jokes you find inside. If they are good—it's thanks to you. If not—it's still your fault, because you set the bar too high.

This book is saturated with the wisdom of people who were generous enough to share it with me. Their knowledge, experience, and perspective are woven into these pages, often word for word.

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I thank the brave woman who was the first to enter this labyrinth—my reviewer: Anna Remisz. Your perceptiveness saved this story from itself. I am doubly grateful to you for this, because I know that behind the professional, razor-sharp criticism, there was always your wonderful, selfless friendship.

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If you’ve read this far, it means the theory about people not reading acknowledgements is wrong. Thank you for being here. This story is now yours.

She was born in hell. She learned to lie to survive. Now, after years behind bars, she's back to settle the score. But the world on the outside might prove to be worse than prison.

"Liar" is a shocking, uncompromising psychological novel about trauma, revenge, and a woman who had to become a monster to escape a past that never dies. A story inspired by life that will get under your skin and won't let you forget.

Warning: This book is only for readers with nerves of steel.

Can you build a life on a lie when the truth is too terrible to bear?

From childhood, Beata Papudrak knew that the world was a battlefield. In a home where alcohol replaced love, and a father's first touch was a violation, she learned the only rule that guaranteed survival: never tell the truth. Lying became her armor, her breath, and her only escape.

When an act of justice lands her in prison, it seems she has hit rock bottom. But this is only the beginning of her dark odyssey. In the brutal world behind bars, she discovers a power within herself so immense and dangerous that it could either save her or lead to her ultimate self-destruction.

Grzegorz Glinka casts aside self-censorship and leads the reader through the darkest corners of the human psyche. This is a story of how trauma sculpts character and how thin the line is between victim and tormentor.

This book is not for everyone. Reach for it if:

- You have the courage to face a story that is uncomfortable, raw, and painfully true.
- You are fascinated by complex psychological portraits and strong, ambiguous female characters.
- You are looking for literature that provokes, forces you to think, and evokes extreme emotions.
- You believe that even in the greatest darkness, a spark of motivation and inspiration can be found.

Enter this theater at your own risk. And be prepared for nothing to ever be the same again.

He told jokes to thousands, trying to drown out the pain he kept hidden from the world. Until one day, he met the one listener who couldn't be deceived...

Welcome to a world where love dances with laughter, and addiction collides with spiritual awakening. ***Taming Death*** is the electrifying sequel to ***Liar*** — a story bursting with emotion, humor, and unexpected twists.

Imagine a comedian adored by crowds, a master of humor who hides his own demons from the world. Laughter is his mask, and performing is his escape from pain. Then one day, he comes face to face with... the Creator. **And nothing will ever be the same.**

Will love between two men survive the ultimate test? Is the courage to fight for oneself enough? Or does true love demand sacrifices no one is truly ready to make?

This book is more than just a story. **It's a journey into the Soul** — filled with humor, dramatic turns, and reflections on life, addiction, and spiritual rebirth. In the background, echoes of alternative healing methods shed new light on the struggle with trauma, dependency, and pain. Is change really possible? Or have the answers we've been searching for always been within reach?

Taming Death will pull you in from the very first page and won't let go until the end. **Are you ready for a journey that might shift your perspective — or even change your life?**

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