

**Me loves, me hates, don't ask  
me why**



At the tall, narrow house, which served as a warehouse in the seventeenth century (“pakhuis” being the popular Dutch expression) opposite a church where mass predication is held only on Sunday, right there close to “the weeping tower”, a window with a red frame, as in the “cuckoo clock”, is overlooking two people in the attic sitting comfortably on a white couch. Next to them are half-empty glasses of red wine, the only drink left in his house as he has already consumed all the better stuff. Not very tall, with slightly pouted lips à la Harrison Ford, which was completely opposite the image he wanted to show, he took the confused girl in his embrace. After having passionately kissed her, he placed his hands around her neck and squeezed a bit stronger. She only gave a grunting sound.

‘Don’t ...’

To which he burst into laughter à la Jack Nicholson, the image he was aiming for. ‘I am just loving this coarse voice!’

‘Idiot,’ she retorted, irritated and slightly disappointed about such a sudden interruption of her enjoyment.

...

She was not quite sure if this was on her mind when she was reflecting on her issue of finding the right man with her girlfriend, Amra. This was to be cleared up immediately. She dialled a number, and after numerous ringing sounds, the little brunette finally answered. ‘You and your abracadabra are to blame for this!’ Sanja shouted as if it was a matter of life or death.

From the other end of the line, music was heard, a strange mixture of goth and punk. The little brunette could make out the incoming words with great effort.

In her head, Sanja briefly went through everything they had been doing earlier. It goes without saying that a man is not the most important thing in life, but Sanja still found herself missing one. Everything logical and reasonable had not helped, and she figured that there would be no harm in resorting to some magic. Amra convinced her to undergo a technique she had picked up on one of her numerous spiritual trips. It is called “Nusta Karpay” or “awa-

kening of the female energy”, which was supposed to help in various aspects of her life, not only in matters of the heart but also in developing these special powers peculiar only to women. Since one cannot do without a girlfriend, Sanja would let Amra perform experiments on her even though she did not always understand them. One usually turns to this after exhausting all of the smarter ideas. To Amra, who seemed to have led her life through light-weight energy, laughter, and in a bit of a kitschy style, this was second nature.

Amra elucidated “Nusta Karpay” as the “initiation of the female energy”, which is performed by sending a specific intention to all seven chakras. Even though Sanja doubted their existence, she agreed to go through this experience, hoping not to end up with back pain or congestion of the main body channels. To avoid detailing those chakras or describing the full technique (especially since it represented an abridged version of the ritual that would normally take place in nature, signifying the process of unification with elements, accompanied by throwing elaborate wreaths down the river flow), one can say that after guided meditation, immersion of head in water, blowing into flower petals, heart massage, spontaneous coughing at bird feathers, and directing sunlight through some unusual stones, everything was ready to accommodate the seeds of what is called the feminine energy.

She could not dispute she did eventually feel energy flow inside of her, especially after completing the seventh chakra, the crown. Amra reassured her that she had seen a lot more during the process, such as a comforting hand on her shoulder, Sanja’s third eye distinctly turning from left to right and back, as well as a peculiar package on her back, inherited from ancestors.

What followed were rather bizarre events with someone she had just met. With the already familiar bitter aftertaste and the feeling of not really knowing what she’d gotten herself into, her panic was rising.