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"Wim, Wim, wake up!" The muffled voice of his clock radio pierced through the thick curtain of sleep, dragging him back to consciousness. He groaned and rolled over, slapping at the snooze button with a hand that felt like it was made of lead. "Come on, man," he murmured to himself, "it's just another Monday."

As he stumbled to the kitchen for his morning coffee, the distant echo of a melody floated through the walls. It was faint, almost soothing—until he recognized the tune. The Greenlandic national anthem, playing in reverse, grew louder and more discordant as it approached the chorus. Wim's neighbor, Johnny, had started his pattern of national anthems again. This time, it was a cappella, and it sounded like he was in the bathroom.

Wim's eyes narrowed in frustration. "Why?" he muttered, grinding the coffee beans with a little more force than necessary. He'd had enough of Johnny's late-night serenades. The thump of the bass from his apartment was one thing, but this...this was a new level of disturbance. He poured the hot water into the French press and waited, listening to the unmistakable sounds of someone urinating to the tune of "Nunarput utoqqarsuanngoravit."

The singing grew closer, and Wim realized with a sinking feeling that Johnny had left the bathroom. The wall between their apartments was as thin as the excuses he'd made for his neighbor's behavior. The final notes of the Tibetan anthem were punctuated by a thunderous fart, and then the sound of a toilet flushing.

Wim took a deep breath, trying to ignore the smell that wafted into his kitchen. He had to get a grip on the situation before it ruined his day—and more importantly, his chances at the job interview. With the coffee steaming in his favorite mug, he marched over to Johnny's door and rapped on it firmly.

The music stopped abruptly, and Wim could almost feel the apartment holding its breath. He waited, the anticipation building in his chest like a pressure cooker. Finally, the door swung open, revealing a bleary-eyed, unshaven Johnny, clad only in boxer shorts and a stained T-shirt.

"What the hell, man?" Johnny slurred, his eyes squinting against the light. "Do you know what time it is?"

Wim took a step back, the stench of stale beer and bodily fluids assaulting his nostrils. "Johnny, I need to talk to you," he said, keeping his voice level. "Your...singing is keeping me up at night."

Johnny blinked a few times, the fog of alcohol slowly lifting from his brain. He looked Wim up and down, a smirk forming on his lips. "Oh, it's you," he sneered. "Mr. High-and-Mighty with his fancy job interviews. Can't handle a little tune, huh?"

Wim's jaw tightened. "Look, I don't care what you do in your own time, but tonight, I need to sleep. I have an interview tomorrow, and your...unusual hobby is making it impossible."

Johnny's smirk grew wider. "Oh, I see. You think you're better than me, don't you? With your fancy job and your fancy clothes." He took a step closer, invading Wim's personal space. "Well, let me tell you something, Wim. Life's not all about work and climbing the ladder. Sometimes you've gotta let loose."

Wim felt his patience wearing thin. "I'm not saying that, Johnny. I just need some peace and quiet tonight."

Johnny's laugh was a harsh bark. "Peace and quiet? You want that, you should've moved to a monastery. This is the city, baby. We live and let live." He waved a hand dismissively and turned to stumble back into his apartment.

But Wim wasn't going to let it go that easily. "Johnny, please," he pleaded, stepping into the hallway to follow his neighbor. "I really need this job."

Johnny spun around, his eyes glazed over with a mix of anger and intoxication. "And I need my fun, Wim. I need to live!" He stumbled back into his apartment, slammed the door shut, and cranked up the volume on his sound system. The opening notes of the Mongolian national anthem blared through the walls, accompanied by the sound of his heavy boots thumping against the floor.

Wim's shoulders slumped in defeat. He knew that tone in Johnny's voice, the one that signaled the end of any reasonable conversation. Resigned, he retreated to his own apartment, the music following him like a taunting echo.

As the evening wore on, the tempo of the anthems grew faster, morphing into a bizarre mishmash of international folk tunes. Wim tried to concentrate on his interview prep, but the thumping of the polka beats reverberated through the wall, making it impossible to focus. He could picture Johnny in there, barely standing upright, stumbling through the steps of the Mongolian polka with the grace of a drunken hippopotamus.

The rhythm grew more erratic as the night progressed, with the occasional crash of a fallen object punctuating the cacophony. Wim's frustration grew with each passing minute, his thoughts racing with the persistent beat. He knew he needed rest, knew he

had to be sharp for the interview, but the party next door showed no signs of letting up. He lay in bed, the pillow over his head, trying to drown out the sounds of Johnny's drunken revelry.

He contemplated calling the police—it wasn't the first time the thought had crossed his mind. But he knew from past experience that the respite would be temporary at best. The cops would show up, lecture Johnny, maybe even give him a citation, and then leave. And as soon as their sirens faded into the night, the polka would start again, louder and more obnoxious than ever. It was a vicious cycle, one that only seemed to fuel Johnny's rebellious spirit.

Instead, Wim decided to take a more proactive approach. He pulled on a pair of earplugs, the kind that blocked out everything but the sound of his own breathing. He laid down on his bed, the pillow over his head, and tried to meditate, focusing on the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. It was a futile effort, though, as the bass from the salsa next door vibrated through his mattress, shaking the very foundation of his sanity.

With a growl of frustration, Wim sat up and turned on his own music, cranking the volume to drown out the noise. The soothing sounds of classical piano filled his apartment, a stark contrast to the chaos emanating from Johnny's place. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to center himself. But as he practiced his interview responses in his head, the word "whore" kept popping up, unbidden, like a stubborn weed in a garden of well-rehearsed phrases.

Johnny's voice grew louder, and Wim could almost see the lewd dance his neighbor was performing to the Japanese polka. The insult echoed in his mind, tainting his thoughts. "Breathe," he told himself, focusing on the slow crescendo of the piano notes. "You're a professional. You've done this before."

Wim took a deep breath and began his self-hypnosis, his eyes fluttering closed. He imagined the interview room, the calm faces of the panelists, and the question he knew was coming: "What was your last job?" His response was always the same: "I was a sales manager at a local electronics store." But tonight, as he repeated the mantra in his mind, the word "whore" kept intruding, a stubborn stain on his otherwise pristine script.

Johnny's shouts grew louder, piercing through the classical music and earplugs like a bull in a china shop. Wim's teeth clenched, his jaw tightening with each slurred syllable. He could feel the anger and frustration building up inside him, a pressure cooker ready to blow. The word "whore" circled in his thoughts, taunting him, a parasitic echo of his neighbor's depravity. He fell asleep.

The next morning, Wim woke up feeling more like a zombie than a man ready to conquer the corporate world. He stumbled to the bathroom, catching a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror. The dark circles under his eyes looked like bruises, and his hair stood on end like a hedgehog's quills. He'd forgotten to shave the night before, and the stubble on his face was as thick as the tension in the air between him and Johnny.

With a deep sigh, he turned on the shower and stepped under the cold water, letting it wash away the last vestiges of sleep and the echoes of the drunken polka. He had a job interview to nail, and he wasn't going to let his neighbor's antics get the better of him. He dressed meticulously, choosing a suit that screamed "I'm a professional" and hoped it would drown out the whispers of doubt in his mind.

The commute to the interview was a blur of traffic and noise, the caffeine from his thermos not quite cutting through the fog of his sleepless night. When he arrived at the gleaming skyscraper, he took a moment to collect himself, straightening his tie and running a hand through his hair. The receptionist's smile was like a beacon of hope in the sterile lobby, and he returned it with all the confidence he could muster.

As he sat in the waiting room, Wim couldn't shake the feeling that his beard was a neon sign announcing his failure before he'd even opened his mouth. The other interviewees glanced at him, their eyes flicking to his unshaved face and then back to their laptops. The word "whore" still echoed in his mind, a cruel reminder of the chaos that awaited him at home. He took a deep breath and focused on the job listing, trying to remember the key points that had excited him when he first read it.

When his name was called, he forced himself to stand, his legs feeling like they were made of jelly. The interviewer, a sharply dressed woman with a no-nonsense expression, barely looked up from her clipboard as he shuffled into the room. She gestured to the chair opposite her desk, and Wim sat down, his knees knocking together. He could feel his shirt sticking to his back with a cold sweat.

The woman looked up, and her eyes widened. "Mr. Van Der Meer, is everything okay?" she asked, her voice tinged with concern.

Wim's hand shot to his crotch, and his cheeks flushed a deep crimson. His zipper was indeed undone, and the tip of his shirt was peeking out of his pants like a shy turtle head. He fumbled to fix it, his heart racing. "Ah, yes, I'm fine," he mumbled, trying to sound nonchalant. "I have sleeping problems due to my neighbour."

The interviewer's eyebrows shot up, and she leaned back in her chair, her expression a mix of shock and skepticism. "Your neighbor?" she repeated. "How does that affect your job performance?"

Wim's mind raced, trying to recover from his embarrassing blunder. "It's just...my neighbor, Johnny, he's a bit of a...free spirit." He swallowed hard, hoping she wouldn't catch the lie. "He enjoys playing music, you see, and sometimes it's a bit...loud."

The interviewer's gaze lingered on his crotch before she cleared her throat and averted her eyes. "Well, let's focus on the task at hand, shall we?" She handed him a clipboard with a few sheets of paper attached. "We'll start with a few behavioral questions, and then we'll discuss your qualifications."

Wim took the clipboard, his hands shaking slightly. The first question was simple enough: "Tell me about a time when you had to handle a difficult situation." He took a deep breath, and before he could stop himself, "My last job was a whore," slipped out. The words hung in the air like a foul odor, and he watched in horror as the color drained from the interviewer's face. She stared at him, her mouth agape, and for a moment, Wim felt like he was floating outside his own body, watching this disaster unfold like a terrible movie he couldn't escape.

The room remained silent for what felt like an eternity before she burst into laughter. At first, it was a small giggle, a sound so unexpected that Wim's heart skipped a beat. But it grew louder, more uncontrolled, until she was slapping her hand on the desk, her body convulsing with mirth. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she gasped for breath between guffaws. "I'm sorry," she managed to choke out, "I'm so sorry." But the laughter didn't stop. It grew, filling the small room until it was all Wim could hear.

He sat there, frozen, the color draining from his face. The word "whore" still hanging in the air like a foul curse. The interviewer's laughter grew louder, and it was joined by other voices from the hallway. The walls of the interview room were not thick enough to keep their amusement contained. The realization that his worst fear had come true, that he'd made a complete fool of himself, washed over him like a cold shower.

When she finally managed to compose herself, she wiped the tears from her eyes and offered him a weak smile. "Mr. Van Der Meer, I think we've all had our share of...unusual...interview experiences. Thank you for sharing that with me." She cleared her throat and regained her professional demeanor. "Let's move on, shall we?"

Wim nodded, his face burning with embarrassment. He tried to focus on the questions she posed, but the word "whore" was a persistent echo in his mind. He stumbled through his responses, each one feeling more inadequate than the last. The interview dragged on, a painful dance of awkwardness and forced professionalism. When it was

finally over, she escorted him to the door, her hand on his shoulder in a gesture that felt both comforting and patronizing.

"Thank you for coming in, Mr. Van Der Meer," she said, her voice a notch too bright. "We'll be in touch within the next two days."

Wim nodded stiffly, his cheeks still burning, and practically bolted out of the office. The rain had picked up outside, but he barely noticed. He stumbled onto the street, the cold droplets hitting his face like tiny, stinging slaps of reality. He couldn't believe what had just happened. The job was as good as lost, and all because of Johnny's drunken polka.

The train ride home was a blur of gray and the rhythmic clacking of the tracks. Wim slumped into his seat, the weight of the world pressing down on his shoulders. His eyes grew heavy, and before he knew it, he was drifting off into an uneasy sleep. In his dreams, the national anthems played in an endless loop, each one twisted into a bizarre, nightmarish polka that chased him through a maze of cubicles and office chairs.

He was jolted awake by the screech of the train's brakes. The world swam back into focus, and he realized he'd nodded off. The other passengers were getting up, collecting their things, and preparing to disembark. He checked his watch—it was later than he thought. He'd missed his stop. So he had to get out and take another train back to his hometown. What a mess.

Wim stumbled off the train, the chilly air slapping him in the face like a cold, wet towel. He made his way to the nearest coffee shop, desperately needing something to wake him up. The barista looked at him with a mix of pity and amusement. "Tough day?" she asked, her voice a siren's song in the early morning gloom.

"You have no idea," Wim mumbled, handing her his loyalty card. She nodded sympathetically, her eyes lingering on the dark circles under his eyes. The coffee was strong and bitter, but it was exactly what he needed. He took a sip, letting the warmth spread through his body like a much-needed embrace.

As he waited for his train, Wim couldn't help but replay the interview in his mind. The laughter, the awkwardness, the way the word "whore" had slipped out so easily. It was as if Johnny's influence had seeped into his very being, tainting his thoughts and speech. He felt a mix of anger and despair, his stomach churning with the bitter taste of failure.

The journey back home seemed to take an eternity, each minute stretching out like a taut rubber band ready to snap. When he finally stepped off the train, the rain had

stopped, but the night remained a dreary canvas of gray and neon. He trudged through the puddles, the cold seeping into his shoes, a perfect metaphor for his mood.

As he approached his building, the unmistakable sound of the Greenlandic polka hit him like a wall of sound. Johnny had moved on from national anthems to full-blown folk tunes. The music thumped through the walls, the bass vibrating in his chest like a taunting heartbeat. Wim's shoulders slumped further, the weight of his failure dragging him down.

He let himself into his apartment, the door barely muffling the din from next door. The smell of stale beer and cigarette smoke wafted down the hall, a grim reminder of the chaos that awaited him. He kicked off his soggy shoes and trudged to his bedroom, dropping his soaked coat on the floor. His bed looked like a sanctuary, a heavenly oasis in a desert of despair. But even the promise of rest was marred by the knowledge that it would be a brief reprieve at best.

With a growl of pure anger, Wim flung himself onto the bed, his fists clenched into tight balls. He was tired, so tired of the noise, the disrespect, the never-ending parade of drunken debauchery that was his neighbor's life. As he lay there, the polka music grew louder, pounding in his ears like a drum of doom. The anger swelled inside him, a volcano threatening to erupt. He had to do something, had to take back his sanity.

The sun had barely risen when Wim's eyes snapped open. The room was silent, the only sound the steady tick of his alarm clock. He had a plan. A plan to get back at Johnny, to make him understand the misery he'd inflicted. Dressing quickly, he grabbed his phone and earphones, the caffeine from the cold coffee on his nightstand not nearly enough to fuel his determination.

Wim waited until he heard the unmistakable sounds of his neighbor's morning routine—the clank of bottles, the shuffle of feet, the muffled curses. He knew Johnny was up. With a twisted smile, he pulled out his laptop and searched for the job interviewer's contact information. It took a few minutes, but he found her LinkedIn profile, her name and company logo emblazoned on the screen.

The idea had come to him in a fit of rage the night before—a terrible, beautiful plan. He had a pair of old underwear, stained and foul from his own bowel movement. The kind of underwear that, once soiled, was destined for the trash. But now, it had a new purpose. He meticulously folded them into a small, discreet package, the smell of his own feces filling the room. It was a powerful scent, one that would make a lasting impression. He attached a small paper with Johnny's full name and address to it. He would send the package to the Job interviewer.

He slid the disgusting package into a plain manila envelope, sealing it with a lick and a prayer. The trek to the post office was a short one, but it felt like a journey through the depths of his own personal hell. The cobblestone streets were slick with rain, and the air was thick with the scent of rotting garbage. But Wim marched on, his eyes fixed on the prize.

The post office was a tiny, dingy place, the kind that smelled of old paper and forgotten dreams. The line was short, thankfully, and he stepped up to the counter, the envelope clutched in his sweaty hand. The clerk, a stoic woman with a no-nonsense bun, looked up at him with a bored expression. "What can I do for you?" she asked, her voice a monotone drone.

Wim slammed the envelope down with more force than necessary. "I need to send this," he said, his voice a mix of anger and urgency. The clerk barely glanced at it before slapping a label on and tossing it into the outgoing mail bin.

The thrill of his vengeful act coursed through him as he exited the post office. The rain had stopped, but the chill remained, a perfect mirror to the coldness in his heart. He knew what he'd done was wrong, but the satisfaction of finally fighting back against the noise next door was intoxicating. He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the damp, city air. It was time for Plan B.

Wim marched back to his apartment, his steps quick and purposeful. Inside, he rummaged through his kitchen drawers until he found what he was looking for: a set of earplugs. He slipped them in, feeling a twisted sense of triumph as he blocked out the sound of Johnny's morning escapades. With the plugs in, the world was muffled, a silent bubble of sweet, sweet revenge.

He powered up his laptop and went straight to a website known for connecting those with unconventional desires. The screen flickered to life, displaying a collage of thumbnails and profiles, each more outrageous than the last. His heart raced as he scrolled through the ads, looking for the perfect group of partygoers to send to his neighbor's doorstep. He found a few that piqued his interest—non-binary individuals and transsexuals who were searching for a rough night of fun. The thought of Johnny's face when they arrived brought a smug smile to his lips.

With a few clicks and some creative wording, he posted an invitation for a wild gang bang party at "Johnny's House of Mayhem." He made sure to mention that the host was welcoming to all and that the festivities would be extreme. To cover his tracks, Wim used a VPN, masking his IP address, and hoped that Johnny's night would be just as unforgettable as his job interview had been.



The next few days passed in a blur of anxiety and anticipation. Wim avoided his neighbor's usual hangouts, not wanting to risk any confrontation. He spent his time preparing for his inevitable escape to the quiet serenity of nature. He packed a tent, a sleeping bag, and enough supplies for a week at a nearby campsite. The thought of leaving the city's chaos behind, even for a short while, brought a spark of hope to his weary eyes.

On the day of his departure, Wim couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt as he slid the key into the lock of his house. The silence from next door was eerie, almost as if Johnny knew what was coming. But the satisfaction of his revenge was short-lived, replaced by the sinking realization that he might have gone too far. He'd hoped the anonymous package and the online invitation would be enough to give Johnny a taste of his own medicine, but what if it backfired?

With his bag slung over his shoulder, he stepped out into the crisp morning air, the scent of rain-soaked earth and blooming flowers filling his nostrils. The quiet was a stark contrast to the cacophony of the city and the constant drumbeat of the polka. He took a deep breath, savoring the calm before the storm.

Johnny's apartment was still, the silence unnerving. Wim's heart raced as he walked down the hall, each step echoing like a gunshot in his ears. He told himself he had done the right thing, that Johnny deserved what was coming. But the doubt gnawed at him, a persistent ache in his gut.

That night, Wim found refuge in the quiet embrace of a nearby campground. The tent was a tiny sanctuary, surrounded by tall, whispering trees and a sky studded with stars. The silence was so profound that it was almost tangible, a stark contrast to the constant barrage of noise he'd grown accustomed to. He lay on his back, the cool earth beneath him, and listened to the gentle symphony of crickets and distant howls of night creatures.

Two days into his escape, Wim was setting up camp for the night when a group of boisterous hikers stumbled into the clearing. They were a ragtag bunch, their laughter a wildfire that spread through the stillness like a contagion. Wim couldn't help but feel a pang of curiosity, his curiosity piqued by their infectious mirth. He approached them, his voice tentative. "Excuse me, what's so funny?"

One of the young women, her cheeks flushed with laughter, managed to gasp out, "You wouldn't believe what happened in the city!" She wiped her eyes, her giggles subsiding into hiccups. "It's all over the radio!" Another member of the group, a burly man with a beard like a lumberjack, slapped his knee and took up the story. "Some guy named Johnny, right?" He took a swig from his water bottle, the grin never leaving his face. "He's got himself in quite the pickle!"

Wim's stomach tightened as the story unfolded. The group had heard about a massive brawl that had erupted at a house. A wild party had been crashed by a group of drag queens who'd been lured there by a mysterious online invitation. The host, a notorious local named Johnny, had apparently tried to kick them out, only to find himself overwhelmed by the sheer number of guests. The fight had spilled into the streets, with neighbors calling the police and the whole event becoming a local sensation.

The hikers roared with laughter, sharing details of the chaos that had ensued. Wim felt his cheeks heat up, his heart racing with both fear and a twisted sense of vindication. This was his doing, his petty revenge, and now it had grown into something so much larger than he'd ever intended. He tried to listen, his eyes darting between the faces of the hikers, hoping to gauge their reaction to the news. Would they connect the dots back to him?

As the story unfolded, the group grew more animated, mimicking the drunken polka dance that had apparently taken over the streets. The burly man, who had been the first to speak, took a dramatic bow before adding, "And the kicker? The cops had to come and break it up! Can you imagine?" The young woman who had first mentioned the incident couldn't stop giggling, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. "It's like something out of a movie!"

Wim's stomach twisted as the reality of his actions sank in. He had wanted to teach Johnny a lesson, but this? This was a circus, a spectacle that had gone viral and painted a target on his neighbor's back. The hikers' laughter was a grim reminder of the chaos he had unleashed, and he couldn't help but feel a mix of horror and a strange sense of triumph. After all, Johnny had brought this on himself, hadn't he?

They were dancing nude in his garden, another woman laughed. These drag queens and so, whatever they are.

Wim felt his heart drop into his stomach. He had hoped that his little prank would be forgotten, lost in the sea of daily miseries that filled the city's airwaves. But here it was, the talk of the town, and apparently, it had gone much further than he'd anticipated. The group's laughter grew louder, their voices rising in a crescendo of mirth.

The burly man with the beard leaned in, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "So, Johnny tried to kick 'em out, right?" He took another swig from his water bottle, his grin widening. "But they just kept coming back! They were like those party guests that never leave!" It is the news of the day. Johnny is world famous now. It was even on CNN, showing drunk Johnny surrounded by at least 20 nude drag queens.

The young woman wiped her eyes, gasping for air between giggles. "And the cops showed up, and Johnny's trying to explain that he didn't invite them, but they're all like, 'The internet told us to come here!' Some jerk must have made a crazy prank, they laughed."

Wim's heart pounded in his chest, his palms suddenly clammy. He felt like he was trapped in a nightmare, unable to escape the consequences of his own actions. The hikers noticed his discomfort and the burly man clapped him on the back. "Don't worry, buddy, Johnny's gotta learn to keep his parties to himself!"

"Johnny is famous now," a woman giggled. "The whole country knows him."

Wim's heart sank. The situation had spiraled out of control. His face grew hot with a mix of horror and a strange, perverse pride. He had never meant for things to get this out of hand.

"But Johnny," the young woman continued, her laughter tapering off, "he's not taking it well. The poor guy's been bombarded with interview requests and complaints from his neighbors. And the best part? The cops had to come in and break it all up!"

Wim's heart sank even further. This was his doing. He had wanted to annoy Johnny, not turn his life into a circus. The hikers' laughter now sounded like a chorus of accusation. He couldn't help but feel guilty for the chaos he had unleashed. "That's...that's terrible," he managed to say, his voice tight.

The burly man looked at him, his expression sobering. "Yeah, it's a real mess. The poor guy's gonna have a hell of a time living that one down." He took a deep breath, his chest expanding with the weight of the words. "But hey, maybe he'll learn to keep it down at night. You know, for the sake of his neighbors."

"Everyone, the whole world wants to know who the crazy prankster is who has caused this chaos," the first woman laughed to tears. "Imagine, this guy must be really crazy."

Wim's heart pounded in his chest, his eyes darting from face to face. He'd never meant for it to go this far. It was just supposed to be a simple prank, a way to get back at Johnny for ruining his night and possibly his life. But now it had turned into a national spectacle, with his neighbor at the center of it all.

The group of hikers, oblivious to Wim's inner turmoil, continued to regale each other with tales of the infamous party. The drag queens had apparently trashed the place, leaving a trail of glitter and sequins in their wake. The neighbors had called the cops,

who had arrived to a scene that looked like it was straight out of a bizarre reality show. And through it all, Drunk Johnny was shouting and flailing, trying to explain that he'd had nothing to do with the whole fiasco. The hikers could not stop laughing, had all fun and occasionally offered him some crisps and wine. After a while drunk Johnny had grown in their minds into some crazy koekwaus, shouting and screaming at the Drag Queens. The hikers invented all kind of sketches about how the scenery and in their talks, Johnny transformed into some Superman Extraterrestrial crazy man.

Wim retreated to his tent, his mind racing with the implications of his actions. He had wanted to teach Johnny a lesson, but he had never intended for things to spiral so wildly out of control. The earplugs in his pocket felt like a lead weight, a constant reminder of his failure to find peace. He lay down on his sleeping bag, the cold fabric sticking to his damp clothes, and tried to tune out the laughter. But the images of the partygoers, the smell of stale beer, and the thought of the interview that had gone so wrong played on a loop in his mind, like a terrible music video he couldn't mute.

The next day dawned with a gentle mist that kissed the leaves of the forest. Wim forced himself out of his tent, his muscles protesting from the uncomfortable night's sleep. He took a deep breath of the damp air, filling his lungs with the scent of earth and moss. He had hoped that the walk would clear his head, that the tranquility of nature would wash away the chaos of the city.

As he stumbled along the trail, the sound of his own footsteps seemed deafening in the silence. He couldn't shake the images of the party, of Johnny's face, a mix of confusion and anger as he was engulfed by the tide of uninvited guests. The laughter of the hikers echoed in his ears, a cruel reminder of the mess he had made. But amidst the self-loathing, there was a spark of something else—a laugh that bubbled up from deep within him, a laugh that he couldn't hold back.

It started as a chuckle, a low rumble that grew louder and more uncontrollable with each step. The absurdity of it all hit him like a ton of bricks—his neighbor, the polka-singing, bathroom-noise-making menace, had become the unsuspecting star of a national joke. And he, Wim, was the architect of this bizarre twist of fate. He leaned against a tree, his body convulsing with mirth as he imagined the look on Johnny's face when the first drag queen had knocked on his door.

The sound of his laughter echoed through the forest, a strange contrast to the serene silence that usually accompanied his morning walks. The mist clung to the trees, wrapping them in a shroud of secrecy that seemed to encourage his confession. He told the story to the deer that grazed in the clearing, their eyes wide with what he hoped was shock rather than judgment. They didn't laugh, but they didn't run away either.

As the sun began to peek through the canopy, casting dappled light on the forest floor, Wim's laughter grew softer, more introspective. The thrill of his vengeance had faded, leaving behind the cold, hard truth of his actions. He had wanted to teach Johnny a lesson, but instead, he had created a monster—a local legend of chaos and debauchery that had captured the imagination of the entire nation. And what had it gotten him? A few moments of fleeting amusement and a job interview that had gone up in flames, much like the reputation of the poor soul who was now known as "Johnny the Party Crasher."

Later on he returned to the camp. Shortly after the hikers returned to the campground as the afternoon stretched out before them, their laughter now tinged with a hint of dark fascination. The young woman with the infectious giggle approached Wim, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "Hey, did you hear about the latest with Drunk Johnny?" she asked, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Someone sent a pair of... well, let's just say 'used' underwear to a company, and the cops are on the hunt for the culprit!"

Wim's heart skipped a beat. He'd thought he'd been so clever, so careful. But apparently, his prank had not gone unnoticed. "What happened?" he managed to croak out, trying to keep his voice even.

The young woman leaned in, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Someone sent a pair of...let's just say 'used' underwear to a big company. The woman who found it was so disgusted she called the news! And guess who was the sender?"

Wim's stomach plummeted. "Johnny?" he whispered, his voice barely audible.

The young woman nodded, her eyes wide with excitement. "Yeah, apparently someone sent a disgusting package to some bigwig at a company, and the cops are all over it now. They think it's linked to that wild party!" She giggled, obviously enjoying the scandal. "Can you believe it? Johnny's got more lives than a cat!"

Wim felt his stomach drop as the implications sank in. The job interviewer had received the underwear, and she'd figured out it was linked to him. The game had just gotten more dangerous. He tried to play it cool, nodding along with the hikers as they speculated about the sender's identity. Inside, his mind raced with scenarios, each more dire than the last. Would he be sued? Would he face criminal charges?

The hikers' laughter grew more hushed, their voices lowering to a conspiratorial whisper as they shared tales of other infamous job rejection pranks. "I heard of someone who sent a bag of glitter to their ex-boss," the burly man said, his eyes alight with mischief. "Every time they opened it, glitter would spill everywhere."

Wim couldn't help but feel a twinge of admiration for the sheer audacity of the stunts. He'd never had the guts to do something so brazenly spiteful. But as the conversation turned to the seriousness of the situation, the room grew quiet. "What do you think they'll do to him when they catch him?" the young woman asked, her voice barely above a murmur.

The burly man shrugged, his smile fading. "Depends on the company. Some folks might find it funny, you know, a good ol' fashioned prank gone wild. But others? They might not be so forgiving." His beard twitched as he took a contemplative bite of a protein bar. "Could ruin his life, if they really want to make an example of him."

The young woman's giggles subsided into a thoughtful nod. "Yeah, I guess it's all fun and games until someone gets fired, right?" She took a sip of her water, her eyes thoughtful. "But who would do something like that?"

The burly man shrugged again, his expression a mix of amusement and concern. "Could be anyone, really. Someone who's had enough of Johnny's shit, no pun intended." The group chuckled, the tension in the air momentarily lifting.

The young woman's eyes narrowed, her voice taking on a serious tone. "But what if it's not just a prank?" She looked around the circle, her gaze settling on Wim. "What if it's something... darker?"

The group fell silent, the weight of her words hanging in the air. The burly man's smile faded, his brow furrowed in thought. "You think someone's really out to get Johnny?"

The young woman nodded, her expression growing solemn. "It's not just the party. It's all the noise complaints, the stink bombs, the...underwear. It's like someone's got a vendetta."

The group exchanged glances, the laughter dying down as the gravity of the situation settled in. The burly man spoke up, his voice low and serious. "Yeah, that's some next-level shit." He took a moment to chew his food, his eyes thoughtful. "But you know what? Johnny's got it coming. He's been pushing people's buttons for years."

The young woman nodded solemnly, her earlier mirth forgotten. "I heard he was up for a promotion, but they gave it to someone else. Maybe that's what set him off?"

Wim felt his heart race as he realized the depth of his folly. He had wanted to cause a little trouble, not ruin a man's life. But as the hikers threw out more outrageous scenarios, he couldn't help but feel a twisted thrill. It was like watching a train wreck

unfold in slow motion, the kind of drama that was so compelling it was hard to look away.

The young woman with the infectious giggle spoke up again, her eyes alight with excitement. "I heard the cops are even looking into Johnny's past, seeing if he's got any enemies who might be behind all this." "There is this neighbour," another guy said, "and he has disappeared. It should be him, it is clearly that the neighbour has something to do with it. He was also at the Job interview."

The group grew quieter, contemplating the potential for a darker motive behind the pranks. Wim's heart hammered in his chest, the reality of his situation setting in. He had wanted to be the hero of his own story, but instead, he had become the villain. The woman who had been the most vocal about the entire saga leaned back on her log, popping another marshmallow into her mouth. "You know what would be epic?" she mused, her voice dripping with mischief. "If someone sent the Pope a kilo of sex books with Johnny's return address on it!" "Maybe we can do a prank on Johnny too," the other guy said. "Write something on a church door with sender 'Johnny.'"

The burly man laughed, a deep, belly laugh that shook the ground beneath them. "Now that's a prank with the Pope, that would go down in history!" The young woman's eyes lit up. "Or what if someone painted 'Drunk Johnny' on the water tower? That would be hilarious!" "Maybe there will be copy cats all over the country now with Johnny pranks," said another woman in the hikers group.

The hikers continued to toss around outrageous ideas, their laughter and excitement growing with each new scenario. Wim felt a strange mix of fear and exhilaration. He hadn't planned for any of this, but the thrill of the chaos was undeniable. It was like watching a movie where the main character's life spun wildly out of control, except he was the scriptwriter. The woman with the infectious giggle leaned back on her elbows, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You know, I bet someone's going to top this with something even crazier tomorrow," she said, her voice filled with glee. "Maybe they'll fill Johnny's car with jelly beans or something!"

The group erupted in laughter, each person trying to outdo the last with their own ludicrous prank idea. "Or what if someone sends the President a singing telegram, and it's Johnny's voice singing 'Happy Birthday' in reverse?" one of the men suggested. The young woman clapped her hands, her eyes lighting up. "Yes! And it's so off-key, the President thinks it's a declaration of war!" The woman with the infectious giggle nodded, her smile never wavering. "It's like we're all living in a sitcom, isn't it?" she said, popping another marshmallow into her mouth. "I mean, who sends a slurry tank to someone's yard?"

Wim couldn't help but feel a twinge of pride amidst his guilt. He had started this, and now it had taken on a life of its own. The town was ablaze with the legend of Drunk Johnny, and it was all because of his own petty spite. But as the night grew darker, the laughter grew softer, and the campfire flickered, he couldn't shake the feeling that he had gone too far. He excused himself, retreating to his tent with the weight of his actions pressing down on his shoulders.

The fabric walls of his shelter were paper-thin, and he could still hear the hikers' murmurs as they shared more tales of the infamous party. His mind raced with the potential consequences—the job lost, the friendship strained, and now the possibility of being caught for his prank. He had wanted to be the hero of his own narrative, but instead, he had become the very thing he despised—a nuisance, a source of amusement for others. The irony was not lost on him.

As the night grew colder and the campfire's crackles grew distant, Wim lay in his tent, his thoughts racing like a runaway train. He couldn't shake the feeling that he had become the villain in someone else's story. The laughter had turned into a cacophony of accusation, each giggle a dagger in his heart. He had meant to get even with Johnny, not to become the laughing stock of the nation.

The whispers grew louder, the hikers' curiosity piqued by the mention of Wim's neighborly woes. They had been sharing tales of Johnny's exploits, their laughter a biting reminder of his own misdeeds. He held his breath, heart pounding in his chest, as the conversation grew closer to the truth. "You don't think he's the one, do you?" the young woman with the giggle asked, her voice a mere whisper that seemed to carry on the very fabric of the air.

"Could be," the burly man said, his voice low and measured. "Stranger things have happened."

The hikers' whispers grew into a murmur, the flames of the campfire casting shadows on their faces as they turned to look at Wim's tent. The young woman with the infectious giggle leaned closer to the group, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Think about it," she said, her eyes sparkling with the thrill of the hunt. "He's got motive, means, and opportunity. And he's been acting weird since we started talking about Johnny."

The burly man nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the tent flap. "Maybe we've been too quick to laugh at Johnny's misfortune," he said, his mirth gone. "What if this Wim guy is the one behind it all?"

Wim's heart thudded in his chest. He had thought he was being clever, but now it seemed his secret might be unraveled. He could feel their eyes on him, even though



he was hidden away in his tent. He lay there, listening to the whispers grow into a murmur, each voice adding another layer to the suspicion that was building like a storm around him. "No way," another hiker said, his voice incredulous. "Why would he tell us about it if he's the one doing it?"

The burly man spoke up, his voice a conspiratorial whisper. "He told me before we talked about Johnny and the Drag Queens," he said. "This Wim said that he was here because of neighbour's noise all night. He wanted to have a few quiet night here."

The young woman with the infectious giggle leaned in closer, her eyes wide with curiosity. "You don't think he's the one, do you?" she whispered.

The burly man took a long pull on his beer, his expression contemplative. "It's possible," he murmured, his eyes flicking over to Wim's tent.

The young woman with the infectious giggle nodded, her eyes glinting in the firelight. "Oh lala, de woman said, "yes I think I remember him saying that." She leaned closer to the group, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Sjjjt, he can hear us."

Wim sighed in his lonely tent. Indeed, he could hear them. Unfortunately, he heard them all too well. From now on, nothing would be the same. They would literally lure him out of the tent during the day tomorrow, chatting about Johnny and watching his reactions. All he could think of was to sneak out in the middle of the night. But he didn't have the energy for it. He was so tired, so tired...