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Title: Monnickendam By: Omer Fast From: Monnickendam



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## MONNICKENDAM

Just a half-hour from Amsterdam by bus. There's a couple here who've opened a museum of in their garage. The of meeting them inside their home makes me so that I end up burning a whole away, hiding behind their bins, just to relax. The wife opens the door. She is \_\_\_\_, taller than I am, has red \_\_\_\_ and wears thick \_\_\_\_. I kiss her on the The taste of her sticks to my tongue for a long time even after we stop . Her man, the one actually obsessed with and pieces of the past, only comes afterwards The two of them look like a totally suburban couple who could be into if introduced to the under the right circumstances. After showing me their , we watch TV together and talk in broken German about in Berlin. The man says it's exciting to gather and show remnants of a that disappeared so recently and hopes to donate them to a university one day so that they could them. The wife admits that they are probably both but also confesses that she has problems with strangers using her . When the is over, I walk around the neighborhood and some of the houses. A woman comes out and asks me what I am doing. I tell her I don't , try to smile and look but she quickly repeats the question in English. When I tell her that I am an making a video about in Holland, she tells me to go immediately or she will call the . She goes back inside and watches me from her window. There is not much to say. I pack up my and leave like I'm told but she still calls the police. They find me twenty minutes later while I'm trying to finish at a bus station, holding the \_\_\_\_\_in my lap like some kind of \_\_\_\_\_and desperate for my to come as quickly as possible.