

When I wore a t-shirt with a grass snake, parrots flew and fish swam at my house, and a roe-deer lay on the carpet when it rained outside. In the first year, the roe-deer grew a pair of tender, velvet antlers. After a while its appearance changed radically. The tree trunks were scuffed, smeared with blood. This was the news all the neighbors got. After the antlers had been polished, one did not have to wait long. Not a single intruding animal was left in its territory, and later even cars could not drive into the yard. The worst thing was that it was conscious of its power and was always ready. It met its unexpected guests out of nowhere, at the speed of lightning. It would catch a flying bullet before the bullet reached it, if the one who had shot was someone from its list. It did not accept anyone except those it already remembered. When it grew up, we encouraged it to spend more time outside. It was only when we tried to carry the roe-deer out that we realized there was something we didn't know. As we were discussing the roe-deer's odd behavior, it began to rain. From that time on the roe-deer served us as a weather forecast. Later we saw its territory and many other new things. We would watch it together with the dog. The dog was such obsolete technology compared to the roe-deer that I felt sorry for it. Perhaps also because it resembled a human being. I lived near a town that extended into the fields. The roe-deer's menacing adolescence warned of nature's globalization in the shape of the animal. It is impossible to train a roe-deer with antlers, just as it is impossible to shoot it; we had no choice but to leave the house ourselves until the roe-deer departed. I would show it the woods occasionally. I believe it headed for the woods. It was a weird feeling when I took it to the woods and when we came back to the settlement together. When it left, the space changed and became empty. We felt left behind. We had

to take the barometer out from the drawer, unable to choose a weather forecast.

Unlike the roe-deer, the snake would adapt to my body temperature. It would creep out through my shirt's collar without my knowledge. Sometimes it would crawl out of my sleeve during class to wave its tongue. I pondered over its advantages a lot. To become a snake, one would have to inherit the Jacobson's organ, and implant or develop a device that would be sensitive to odor molecules in the environment; chimeric hearing and a phenotypically plastic body would also be an advantage. One would have an inherited Universal Internet instead of the thing that represents the Internet.

The bodies of the roe-deer and the snake were always somewhere else. You face a maximum alloy of aesthetic expression, speed, reaction, hearing, orientation, climate, territory, the magic of words that has no representation.

The roe-deer and the snake have sprawled in all directions; I will have to come back to some of the words.

—*Antanas Gerlikas*

