

From the Writer's Diary

by Larry Strattner

"Yes, dear Fyodor," said Nikolai Gogol, "I can appreciate your metaphor of emerging from my overcoat but it minimizes your own talent which is undeniably prodigious."

"True, my thoughts are sometimes hyperbolic Nikolai, but you first wove the tapestry of the plight of common men. Your blend of the actual and supernatural was a stroke of genius. I have had a mind to use it in a story of two brothers I am at work upon. Have a Vodka, with my thanks."

"You are a prince among men, Fyodor. Barman! Another Vodka for this emerging talent!"

"Ah, Nikolai, the Vodka soothes my mind as I grapple with social and spiritual contexts. But I apologize and must pause in this discourse to step outside and relieve myself."

"Throw on your coat against the cold, my fine friend, and I will join you on this wonderful moonlit night."

"Have you noticed, Nikolai, how on such a night bathed by the moon you can actually write in the snow? Watch this, 'in winter, unendurable cold...' the yellow snow steamed.

"Ah, Fyodor. You are a comedian as well as a poet! But I must ask...?"

"Pray tell, Nikolai?"

"Why is it when you piss, your piss forms words in the snow like a roaring Volga River, yet when I piss I sound like a leaky faucet?"

“The reason why, when I piss, Nikolai, it is like the mighty Volga and when you piss it is like a leaky faucet is because, Nikolai, you are pissing on my overcoat.”

