

An aerial photograph of New York City, showing a dense cluster of skyscrapers. The Freedom Tower is prominent on the left side. The Hudson River is visible in the upper left, and the East River is in the lower right. The sky is clear and blue.

Tapio Tiihonen

New York Smexy - The Gut &
The Kiss

**New York
Smexy**

**The Gut
&**

The Kiss

**New York Smexy – The Gut & The Kiss,
Tapio Tiihonen**

**Love and Luxury, Money and Culture
always try to find their way to You. Please,
be patient and give them a Chance. I could
smooth that rough touch of my words, my
Chance, with great actress Victoria June's
loving and caring tender kiss. A Thousand
Thanx.**

Tapio Tiihonen

**New York Smexy –
The Gut & The Kiss**

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The First Day

Backward Puetarican Goddess push'd Viking King, as she would be thrust, and govern'd him in wealth, though not in lust.



tapio tiihonen

**New York
Smexy**

**The Gut
&
The Kiss**

From the Airport to the Smash

8 PM weather broadcast tells "35 fair, feels like 31, wind NNW 4 mph, pressure 30,70 in". News Anchor Zain Ejiofor Asher smiles her beautiful smile, as she always does, and everybody loves her. But I do not. I look at the screen at John F. Kennedy's airport in the Queen of Queens and say to a nearby newspaper chub: "Thanks, and more sunshine to your life tomorrow."

It is always lovely to be in the Jamaica neighborhood of Queens. I hum a little bit: "This cherry blossom, greatest of all, eating falafel ..." I'm head taller than the rest, so one little fella sees me, and hangs around. We give each other Bad Bunny smiles and Daddy Yankee salute. And High Five, Elbows and Haven't You Seen the Rain. He says: "Nastiest over-limit went men, I came through with diseased semen of my pen." I forget him and almost run to catch a Taxi.

It has been two years and I do not even know where the station is. So, I ask a bunch of fellas: "Hey men, where I can call up my taxi, running for a meeting." One beauty with black eyes points her finger and declares an old yoke: "Yeah, just make sure you sweet talk him, so he thinks that he's gonna get something out of it haha." I look at my watch. Really, now it is 21 pm, and my council shall start at 21:30. Yellow Cab station is as full as empty, cos the last car abandons me to despair just 5 meters away. I take my phone and call +1 646-248-5860. It begins to rain, and I feel times bids be gone.

At the same time in Brooklyn, a goddess figured Puetarican beauty waits for her morning coffee. Her hair is like August crops, wild and air-filled, pliable and elegant; skin flawless, and her eyes, well, this

doctrine we shall derive; they are the ground, the books, the academes, whence spring doth, yes, the Promethean fire. They have been the ruin of many decent and well-behaving men. These fires are black like carbon in a mine and brows something more and much more than Madison Andersson's products. Her nose is finely chiseled, lips big, smooth and soft, fingers long and spirited with goodwill and happiness. And her eyes smile and shine like little stars, and this black-eyed beauty is so heavenly fine that all the world will be in love with night, paying no worship to the well-forgotten sun. I later, hm, noticed that my own black brows, straight nose, smooth lips, and manly chin dimple made a perfect match with this female majesty.

Her body is stunning, although she stands at normal Puertarican height. Butts are trained, tight but so womanly that you cannot miss them among the human mass. She is blessed with big and divine breasts. Well, Almighty knows things better than a sinful man, cos her figure has been made for the nurse of love, the dwelling place of exoticness. And she has been a dancer and has dancer's moves and ideas.

Her doorbell rings. Her coffee is coming. There stands a fat, big baldhead, lust on his sweaty face. Soon there becomes to hear her commands "little boy, bitch, you *Papi-Baba, a los tontos no les dura el dinero*".

Some miles away go 17 associates of Queens-based Makk Balla Brims Set of the Bloods fellas. They have some time ago got charges for Racketeering, including predicate acts of robbery and firearms offenses. They walk lazily ahead. They are still fuckangry to the United States Magistrate Judge Steven M. Gold, William F. Sweeney, Assistant Director-in-Charge, New York Field Office (FBI), and James P. O'Neil, Commissioner, NYPD. One member keeps on saying: "*Quien en ano quiere ser rico, al medio le ahorcan.*"

My Guiding Angel

Time is 9.45 pm, and I am running in the rain towards that bunch of members. I see them but I do not have time to bend & twist. They see me, and they salute me, and I salute them. You know, a common language, joint happiness.

One Fatty hits me to my handsome face, and I begin to hear Ronnie and the Relatives - great and beautiful song: My Guiding Angel. What a superb and wonderful song! So, I hit back with all my heart. And I am a joyful and happy fella but sometimes you must pray on behalf of other people, too, cos pain doesn't go away with a bunch of money. It goes away while helping fellow men.

So, I pray from all my heart and soul and fists: Dear Truth, designed to become a partaker of our lowliness, and willed to be one of us corruptible, of us mortal ones, You are so sacred and wonderful, that the reason of the divine counsel cannot be seen by the wise of this world unless the true light has scattered the darkness of human ignorance. For only in the work of the virtues, or in the observance of the commandments, but also at the course of faith hard and narrow is the way, dear brothers, that leads to caring and life.

Four members go to the dreamland's western meadows. And they broke my sunglasses, but my shoot boxing's Kun Khmer, Lethwei and Sanda bulldoze find the way. We do not have vain rules. So, among my kicks come elbows and knees and use of the shins, spinning back fists, clinch fighting, throws and sweeps, come ax kicks, too.

They attack all-around me. Then comes a hit and I fell on my knees. I wait for the final blow, full of never giving up a breath of life. I wait and wait but nothing comes. I hear a voice: "Who the fuck are Y, son of the bitch? You love to fight. It is in your blood." The sight is a little bit foggy, but I try to sing while blood comes out of my mouth: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; For he today sheds his blood with me shall be my brother; Be he ne'er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition: and gentleman now a-bed shall think themselves accursed they were not here, and hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks that fought with us upon this our Saint Lucia's Day."

Total silence. I wait for the shoot. But there becomes a Joy and Mirth - gentle friends and accompanies of these criminals and now my friends. Yes, one fella takes my body and head up. I put my hand on his shoulder and shake his hand. I say: "This has happened once before when I was in France. It was a sign. I found my first teenager's love."

They laugh and murmur that they are going to shoot the fucker, who shot Shaaliver Douse. These drug dealers and gunrunners explain: "Shaav didn't even have a good gun, just blood-spattered one." I look at the watch, at 10 pm, take my smartphone and begin to key in the numbers.

We are at Linden Blvd, and I must go to 73rd Ave, as soon as possible to a building that is the opposite side of Parsons Blvd Chase Bank. That low brick house is the center of the International Book House Organization here, and they are waiting for me. I say: "Hey, fellas I know that Y have quite a different business than me, but this is your hometown, and Y know the quick ways. So why don't Y tell me how I get there under ten minutes?" They seem a little bit surprised, but one acute 15-years-old gunrunner called Cliver smiles, says something in Patois but I understand one word: baik. He looks at me and points himself: "*Mi a go jon.*"

At the same time in Brooklyn that Pueta-goddess gets rid of that fatty saying the next client comes after 10 minutes. She taps the man on his crown. They take a selfie and Sam galaxy 10e goes away. It's time for goodbye, and then she goes to shower. A New Yorker's life is busy, and her/his working week goes easily up to 90 hours. A New Yorker thinks foreigners as a different race, cos deep Brooklyners do not move all the time, they move as slowly and New Yorker's legs, when he/she is sitting. Anyway, soon there stands on the floor a smug-mang with a black card. He tells that he is very special and rich and famous and whatever. Queen of the house makes quickly a conclusion: the mang is a fraudulent adulterer. Dvd-plays Lizzo's Good As Hell.

Mang the Smug finds his way out. Semen is good for skin, although one swallow doesn't make a summer. Overview, causes, symptoms, and treatments are few if STD is new. She stands up. The next fan shall spoil her in Bayside, Queens, where Marie eighth-grader classmates know how to ask about girls' bra sizes, or so tells regent Marie Curie Middle School's news. It has become an expensive region, even at Journal Square 1200 sq.ft. should cost 600 000 ends.

She makes some training motions and then changes her clothes, and now nobody for sure underrates her; she is damn pretty. The skirt is tight, short, breast awesome well, and fine. She is ready to go to the area where NYCHA takes 30 % of the tenant's salary giving a damn if the tenant's income changes or not. A yellow Toyota Sienna Accessible arrives and goes.

My watch says 10:10 pm when Cliver stops VRF800F and points his homemade Glock to the driver's head. The fella goes and I say: "We have 5 minutes left, I send a text: I shall ring the bell at 10:15, ok. I hope next time, when we meet, no need to think about violent home invasions and armed robberies, including one in a barbershop. By the way, I recommend S & S Firearms for you. The new ammo & weapon

cargo just arrived from Afghanistan, unfortunately, it shall open on Monday at 10 pm. So, boys, April showers bring May flowers. And have you heard? One Albany-Drizzy gangbanger took two days before new tattoos and woke up yesterday Mickey Mouse on his head." Huh, huh, it was this and that.

But now our bike flies. I look, at 10:14. Just one minute later, we are in front of the International Book Town's office. I know that I own now for Cliver. I say: "I see, Y have that mark in your left eye left corner and on your ring finger. I have something for Y, which no army or gang member in SEALs or on NYC own. How about." Cliver takes his hand from the trigger, and asks stupidly: "Whut?" I smile: "You saved me. So. Here it is." I tear from my neck chains. There is little coin. And it has an eagle, and it doesn't hold in nails a marmot but a swastika. I say: "Citadelle, Prohorovka, the world's biggest tank battle, from one *Leibstandarte-kamerad*. My grandpa gave it to me. It brings luck." He looks at my eyes to eyes: "Mi deh yah, zeen." Then I turn and ran, and ring the bell. Very nearby goes a yellow cap which stops near a rustic plate, where reads: what you long for will be given to you, what you love will be yours forever. And in front of it is an old bum who begins to walk away.

Don't call us, we call You

The door opens in front of me. A polite butler Mr. George salutes me: "Master Tapio, should it be better that we go first behind to do some repairs. I had said it before, and I say it again. Master Tapio, I am not going to bury You." He puts a shoe brush in my hand and before the door closes itself give Cliver sign of four full hands. I know he didn't want to be in Queens, in the enemy territory.

Mr. George and I go to a backroom. He takes a hot iron and irons my Versace suit which has wrinkles in its eyelid. I see my face, and smile: oh, yeah, now I have some manly remembrances more in my beardless face. My sporty cut blond hair needs just comb and gel, to put it back behind. Eyebrows are alright, just hid some scratches with Agualan, split blood out of my mouth, brush my white teeth even whiter, and that's it. Then we go.

At 10:17 the president of International Book Towns, madame Gunnel Ottersten and her treasurer Johan Deflander see a trained man, well-suited, smiling in front of them. Well, the other eye of that fella is how Y say it, masonry overgrown? Anyway, Gunnel comes and hugs me, and I shake their hands and say: "How are Y, everything alright? Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose, yuletide carols being sung by a choir."

Gunnel goes quite a serious: "What has happened to You? I call a doctor." I say: "No need for a medicine man. My girlfriend doesn't love me anymore." Gunnel says: "I do not have time for this. Have a meeting in YK, at midnight." I know that my timing has gone to the

south and my guardian angel has left me a long time ago, when I did my first kill on the battlefield, and so to say cut my long hair short.

Then the shit comes straight to my face. Gunnels says: "I'm not sure I can answer all of your questions, but let me try to start: As to my knowledge, the IOB is not much aware of the different initiatives of ... The concept of book towns is always closely linked to economic revival and cultural/economic development of rural and potential touristic zones ... For me, it would be good if the IOB could develop a sort of informal think tank of members that are willing to work on this, and especially on sharing experiences ..." She talks and talks, and her pointing finger comes closer and closer to me: "I would like to bring you in contact with Alberto Azuaea Grande, who has developed a Ph.D. on the future of book towns in Spain and Ana Maria Urbania-Breide ... Your request on the IOB strategy plan: there's not a plan as such ... As for the question of EU projects ... Let me know if this helps you. Best wishes and I hope to hear from you soon."

Shit, they haven't done anything. I flew to NYC for nothing. My part of the deal goes on, but their part sits steadily and takes a nap. They want me to give them as soon as possible 35 million dollars, before 13.1., and then they shall give me my share 40 million. But how the hell I get that money? Perhaps that gunrunner Cliver has an answer to that? I stand up, shake hands, and walk back to Mr. George and put my hand in my pocket and take there a little gift-card. I say: "Dear fella, this is for your son Charles, the ticket to Brooklyn NBA-teams matches, for springtime. Take care." I tap his shoulders and when I go away, he says: "Master Tapio, I hope somebody up there hears my pray and should give just once a blessing for Y. So, some sunny day Y might live an abundant life and be a blessing to others."



Love and Luxury, Money and Culture always try to find their way to You. Please, be patient and give them a Chance.

I meet My Lady Victoria June in NYC. Just one kiss, and the world ... nahmean, the cool points are outto window and I´m all twisted up in the game. Our Romantic path is filled with noice bankers, gunrunners from Straight Cash/ Get Gwop like gangs, the Bonanno, and other mobs, gr8 businessmen, the real Brooklyn sunshine. We find a connection with bootiful Europe and the swell U.S. If You need a book of love and hard action, at the beginning of the coronavirus pandemic, this is for You.

yours Tapio Tiihonen



The Author´s style goes from popular and official history to adventure novels. And as the CEO of his company, he connects the villa culture to the book culture.

And Victoria June, a famous actress, a New Yorker, gave the Author an up-close, in-depth, and detailed examination of multinational Brooklyn. And there it was, the most exciting real-life case study New York Smexy - flavored with the Brooklyn slang, and European smile.



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