circled overhead, they had a stakeout on an apartment house on Serrano Avenue.
the police crouched behind bushes with rifles and shotguns and pistols and they brought one man out in a white shirt and the blood ran down in front of him in a red mass and he was handcuffed in back, there were one or two others inside and the police spoke to them over a loudspeaker....

strangely, I lost interest and then as I walked back toward my place I got a toothache and I didn't have many teeth left and suddenly a grey and crippled cat ran across the sidewalk in front of me its back arched tail high I saw its bunghole in the moonlight and then it vanished under a bush.

and titles too
don't worry Dostoevski, the fish and the hills and the harbor and the girls and the horses and the alleys and the nights and the dogs and the knives and the poisons and the wines and the midgets and the giants and the lights and the guns and the lies and the sacrifices and the flies and the frogs and the flags and the doors and the windows and the stairways and the cigarettes and the hotels and myself have been around a long time just like you.