

(front cover)

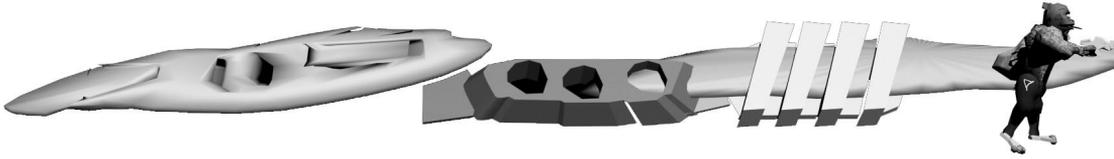


**BULILANDOZ ERIC
NILSEN
LOST & FOUND**

A science fiction novel

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The cargo robot, going now away looked like a small coffin.

The sky was gray, the spaceport dusty, and the wind was blowing inwards. A lot of drilling and sounds of the other craft.

- Four times a day... I am going through... So many talented xenofemales, come to think of it, - said Number 2, follow the form of the metallic corridor they just entered by the end of the tail.

Long sound from the back was ringing proximity of another spaceship for the next thirty minutes.

The pair was nearing the Podloris customs. The head of the officers looked like a giant octopus. The first was touching the high metal terminal by his long hands, analyzing one of the space travelers – the giant creature of fire, which produced fire redundant identity on the long metal tongs.

Picture on the ID was also showing the sphere of fire. The officer was turning it from side to side – it was not as hot as he would expect it to be. It was taking minutes.

- What is your name?

- Mendel'son... A...

It was taking more minutes. He attached it back to the metal tongs which disappeared inside the space traveler on fire.

- Welcome to Podloris, mister A. I am afraid we will have to terminate your dog, though. There are no canines on Podloris.

- I am not a dog. I am a morphomollusk.

Other, by the look and confidence, superior officer hurried towards the dog / morphomollusk,

- Sorry, sir, what is happening today here? Your identity, please.

- Number 2, morphomollusk.

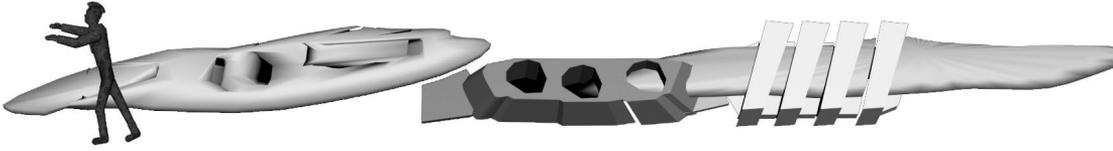
- Our luggage group already examined your luggage. Welcome to Podloris.

The pair left the terminal and was now on the street among the strange twisted and long blue plants growing by the sides of the pavement up.

- So why did not they find the Albrecht device, - asked Number 2, trying to get something from the hole in the pavement by the end of the tail.
- I had to put the whole container into the cargo robot the last minute.
- The Albrecht device, and monthly paperwork about spy salary and compensations?

There was a long silence.

- Who knows. They will pay for the next assignment though.
- Unbelievable. What the idiot. Going like that next time you might consider to keep it legal.
- As always.
- Who knows.



As the long uneven tone signaled that the smartphones connected to the Podloris communication network, Mendel'son A took his fire redundant phone, which gave the morning air small green glow.

There was new assignment.

PODLORIS ZOO. ZOO NEWS.

Lion wrote a book. A new breed of intelligent lions has been created in the Palace of Monarchy & Royal Consolidation. Picture of Ex- Space Emperor Paulsen Nosliw near the doors to the lion development laboratory.

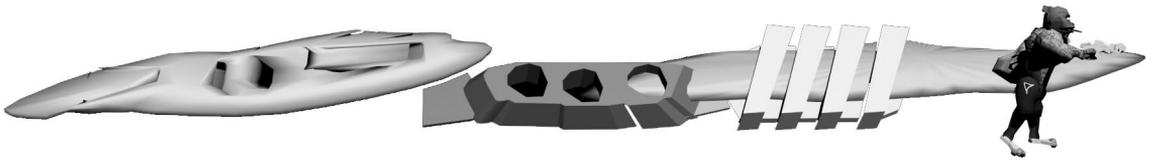
Urgent.

Diet Cola Respect Technical Espionage Mission.

- Buy yourself a little Cola™

New breed of intelligent lions endangers market of 'Diet Cola Respect'. You must extract intelligent lion to the corporate headquarters, where experiments would show that so called intelligent lion is nothing more than a morphorat.

Steal the intelligent lion.



Space Ex-Imperator Paulsen Nosliw was standing near the window of Monarchy & Royal Consolidation.

The window was a trapeze open up into the glass.

Dark sky was empty.

He was some time already talking to himself almost without sound, it was hard to pick a word. Then he said, -

- I still like this city but it may be too late. I lost the reflection, - his sight stopped on the monument of a nameless person sitting on the chair, with his arm on the chin.

He picked the huge, almost size of his arm, light white gun from the floor, put to his head and it exploded.

There was the loud sound of alarm on all the upper floors of the Palace.

- You hear that? - said Number 2, with claws working on the welding machine of the lion pit door in the Monarchy&Consolidation Research Lab one floor from the top of the Palace.

The boots of SWAT Palace guards were rumbling upstairs.

- We've got time? Meaning you're almost finished? With lion pit door? - asked Mendel'son A. Number 2 was curious himself about it.
- This must be not a big deal. If somebody would ask we are the door repair team.

Sounds of steps were now closer.

- All clear, - somebody said in the corner of the Palace, and then four heavy camouflaged black figurines appeared near the lion pit door.
- There is fire near the lion sector, - said the guard to the strapped to the shoulder radio, looking on the plasm of fire of Mendleson A, - There is also an Emperors Morphocat, - he said, looking at Number 2, who was turning tail from side to side dog-like, - I think we need to clear the floor and let the intelligent lions out, the door of the Laboratory is on fire. All, get of here, fast.

Four figures disappeared in the end of gray corridor.

- What was that? – asked Number 2.

Lion pit door popped and one intelligent lion got out.

- Kitty , kitty, kitty, - out of fire of Mendel'son A metallic tongs got out with completely new mechanism – green glowing fire redundant net. It lively traveled to the intelligent lion, wrapped itself around him and started to decrease in size to the palm size cube, which solidified and became blinking blue light with the button under it.

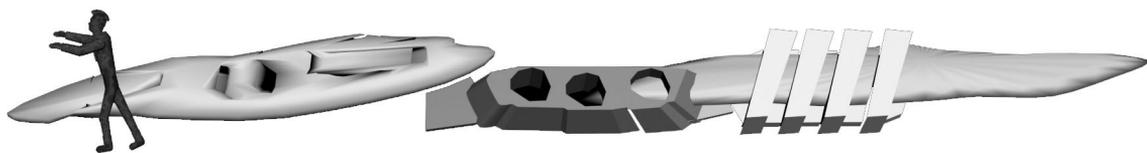
Hotel lobby was red wood with stripes of yellow papier mache.

Number 2 dropped off the cube to the lobby space mail, carefully declaring as ‘blue light with the button under it’.

He went upstairs into his room.

Last thing he remembered before he dozed off to sleep was TV saying:

- As it all demonstrates, as we clearly see now so called new breed of intelligent lions is nothing more than a morphorat.



Mendel'son A and Number 2 got out of the underground tunnels through the street lid barely missing the incoming car. Bum sitting on the pavement told them,

- Soon there would be a street light which will foresee you thoughts, it would turn white even before you pressed the button.

Number 2 and Mendel'son A got settled on the wooden bench painted blue, in the yard of the old housing complex with sculptures of Cloudlink animals under the windows, when Mendel'son A noticed:

- You know, in my tetris writing experience I tried to find out, who is the most popular alternative tetris writer of Cloudlink, and I found out that it is Tahru Barahru. Tahru Barahru is the most popular alternative tetris writer in Cloudlink, so at once I can write one half of Tahru Barahru's tetris chapter – I think that means I have exactly half of the brains of Tahru Barahru.
- I don't know, man, - said Number 2, and it looked like he was not interested in tetris writing at all, so he was poking by his tail among the items of white metal trash bin to the right of the bench.

Suddenly both smartphones of Mendeson A and Number 2 started blinking.

Urgent.

Diet Cola Respect Technical Espionage Mission.

- Buy yourself a little Cola™

Alternative tetris writer Tahru Barahru was kidnapped earlier today by the the large amount of space monkeys.

Last working on Turbo Tetris, Diet Cola Respect Management expects 50% of loss of sales of Diet Cola Respect to Turbo Tetris Consumers.

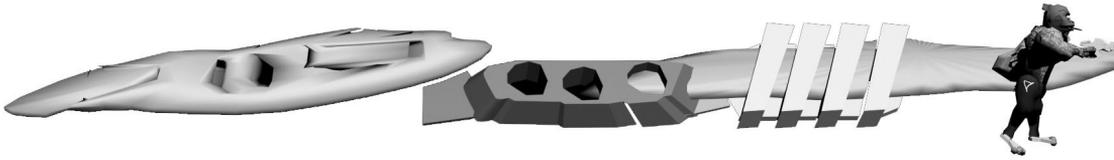
Our records show that Mendel'son A has exactly half of the ability of Tahru Barahru to turbo tetris writing.

Operation Half Mind.

The mission is to reach Podloris and discover in the Tahru Barahru's office unfinished 113 elements of tetris. Mendel'son A to assembly the unfinished half of 'Turbo Tetris'. Number 2 is to protect him from possible intruder.

Good luck!

Smart phones stopped blinking.



In the spaceport restaurant bathroom Number 2 shaved his huge dog's beard. When he was told by the management that they don't encourage shaving dog's beard, Number 2 said:

- You know there are other places. I've chosen *your* restaurant to shave.

They found the charter spaceship for two on the fenced airfield.

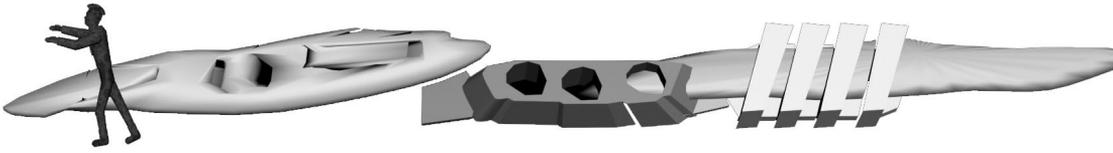
The spaceship was sharp triangular with writings on the board in mongollic cyrillic.

- I did not know there is even Mongolic Cyrillic.
- There is.
- I would not step on this ship.
- Take the bus to Podloris then.
- What if this spaceship will not take off.

Two hours later Mendel'son A and Number 2 were in the appartments of Tahru Barahru. It was made in red and white african.

Unfinished turbo tetris was in the center of the living room, it was blue-green, with pieces going up and down.

While Mendel'son A was working on it sometimes overall glow was green-blue-orange from fire. He fixed it all after a while.



On the way back to Cloudlink Mendel'son A and Number 2 received call to rescue from the deep outer space bug type costume designer Theodor Pascam. His space ship was destroyed by the traditional bug suit protestors.

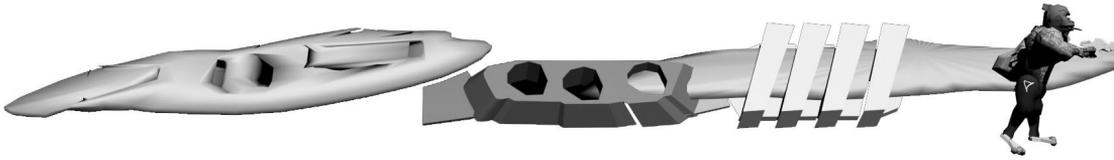
- Such luck is not happening too often. Put it another way, who cares if they gonna kill him long before us anyway? – wondered Number 2.

The suit itself is a collection of triangles, each comes with three buttons, very popular on the whole planetary systems.

It makes anybody who wears it look a little bit like a stomach of an insect. Usual color of it is blue and steel, there is more rare blue-golden variety.

- If you don't wear it yourself you can't offer it nobody, - said Theodor Pascam on chuckle of Number 2, when they arrived on the rescue vessel.

The radio on the rescue vessel sometimes made crazy noise, through which some other voice seemed to be heard. Number 2 thought the voice to belong to one of the bug suit protestors. They got the costume designer spaceship shot and then left on another red assault ship.



The red wooden stripes of the hotel room built up déjà vu. The bell of the door rang, and Number 2 opened. Behind the door frame there was the long guy with the narrow face and long nose.

- Who are you?
- My name is doctor Carpentine Rollins, I am the Psychoanalytic of Podloris, the senior one, - voice of a stranger was encouraging.
- Where is doctor Green?
- Doctor Green is out.
- But please make it quick.
- How are you doing?
- Simple. If you know nothing about psychology, this is what you receive.
- Full psychological recovery takes about 7 months. Don't tell anybody, it might make psychological recovery impossible.
- Don't judge dog by the size of its balls.
- Don't judge dog by the size of its balls.
- Yeh, - Number 2 felt like in crazy dream. He felt the cold sweat. It was the middle of the night, he realized, he was also dizzy. He said:

легкий- I made my request and I'm sure people to whom it was addressed read it and ignored it. So, I don't know what is my next step .. management of reward. It is all just complicated.

- Morphomollusks are often taken for morphorats and morphocats.
- And morphodogs.
- At maximum unexpectancy...
- We could not possibly know what I mean, but what I'm saying is.. There might be meaning...
- Do you realize how crazy this is? Tell me about Mendel'son

A.
- There is no Mendel'son A.

There was a long pause. Then Carpentine Rollins said:

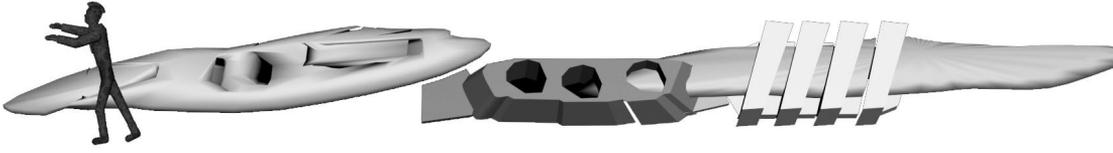
- I actually came by to pass you the medical law suit papers Rosen vs Pumplin... The newest developments, - He gave Number 2 a big folder of papers, - We will talk again. I will be busy now but... We will talk again.

He hurried away.

Number 2 went back to sleep. But the bell was ringing again.

When he opened, there was Mendel'son A, hurried.

- How is it going with doctor Rollins, I saw him coming out.
‘Diet Cola Respect’ makes me see him too.
- He says you do not exist.
- Crazy psychiatrist... Hurry up. The new assignment.



- I got the written preliminary assignment outlines under my door 30 minutes ago, - said Mendel'son A.

Smart phones started blinking.

Urgent.

TO ALL ACTIVE DIET COLA RESPECT AGENTS.

Diet Cola Respect Technical Espionage Mission.

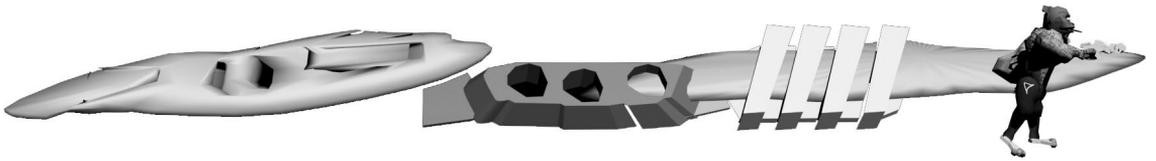
- Buy yourself a little Cola™

Diet Cola Respect Official Manager betrayed interests of organization.

Diet Cola Respect Official Manager turned out to misuse his directive authority. Some of the assignments sent out from the Office of Coordinator General do not represent interests of Diet Cola Respect, but where paid to be made by hands of Diet Cola Respect Agents by other unfriendly entities and groups.

Termination mission.

Your task is to reach Cloudfink and eliminate Diet Cola Respect Official Manager.



- Well, who is the acting Diet Cola Respect Official Manager.

Isn't it Willi Alli? – asked Number 2.

- No, Willi Alli was last year. Now it's Oak Dunn.
- Yes, Oak Dunn, I knew it.
- Yes.
- You know I need to eat.

In the restaurant Number 2 shaved new amount of dog's beard.

When they arrived to the Cloudlink, it looked like War zone with thousands of Diet Cola Respect Agents in heavy helmets and camouflage throwing grenades towards the Diet Cola Respect HQ.

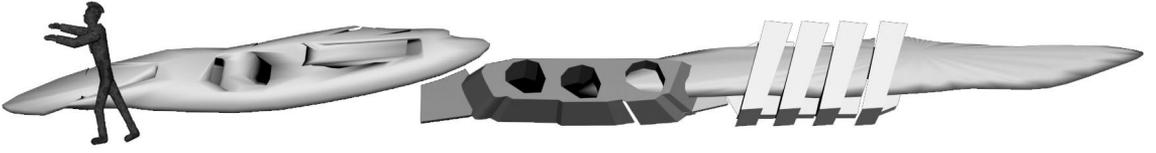
- You know I think we are too late.
- I also feel no comfort here.
- It seems that sanitary conditions are not in order.
- Not in order.
- Let us come a few hours later then.

They left. Then they returned a few hours later they could see nothing but smoke.

The phone of Mendel'son A rang. It was not a message, but a voice. He extracted it on the tongs from the fire flanes, he always had

on loud speaker.

- Do you see anybody else survived? I repeat. Do you see anybody else survived? If you still can, get out of Cloudlink.



It was a week later, when Mendel'son A and Number 2 were invited to appear before the new General Coordinator of Diet Cola Respect.

Their spy work salaries and interest were almost doubled after surviving Cloudlink.

Their new boss was also human on fire type, she was a female and under the yellow sky and green metal of pavement of Cloudlink on the other side of the window, Mendel'son A found her attractive.

It was far past the time when burundos tail channel doubled of only saying word burundos, much later than events of legend of lord krugozorius - the most pressuring force of the universe took place the big spaceships controlled the large territories. One of them was the Pinandalozy Cross Point, ruled by two tyrants Syawla Dnetta and Ybab

with much legal gear with lies being fed to emperor ziberius once they were calling the politics of dark windows and closed doors where insufficient effort amounted to nothing in this very time with impunity attracting maximum of attention they stole permanent identity definition mapper of Grablus Palamatwa and never returned

With taking the dress of Roebing's girlfriend and placing Liperpay's original body in downlysos beef triples and collision is impossible to avoid

This gun Roebing kept from WWIII

the only known effective sidewise fighting weapons against hriapuletz-zebulden-felul's species are the heavy artillery or the Claudbel' device

-

Humanoid Chart

human

purdos rablet

zebulden feluls

fire box DNA snail, helix, cameo shell

500 years earlier. 2nd of May 2557

All first burning men were doing - blow singing rings from the high yield clay and then blow air in them, so the sound would make different words.

Dverlinsky separation chart.

Researchers wanted to experiment with lung ventilation and received something completely else.

Burning men had the name of purdos rablet species, and average life time of 152 years.

With right type of tool they could operate paper.

Man , all in flames, tells a journalist:

- Can you look at my leg X-Ray?

He steps back.

7th of July 3057. Present day.

Dream.

Phone call.

- Is this Petia? Petia, who's father died? Specialists from secret service has done something to him?

- No.

- No?

Mendel'son A awoke. Yesterday he killed crocodile again - the first rate kill then the NSA changed the routine. He had to go somewhere named Peele Basole and it has to be done today.

He still had this feeling of change balancing in the air.

He recollected the moments of the previous day - 6 sides of unilever gun which enveloped the hand by black sponge.

Crocodile was in the river.

He had to kill him again, cut into the spine, figure that is artificially produced crocodile and get the red chip, having nothing but training value, out of it, despite of liters of blood, it lost.

Water surface projected sun beams everywhere. He returned back to quarters.

They brought this ulcerous fat afroamerican woman sick with something in Operation 1.

He worked there for year since Diet Cola respect landed him to NSA.

He signed this contract - all they wanted were medical experiments, some physical around the clock time enhancements, the same each day - river and crocodile.

He shook his head.

He had 2 tickets for the train.

He arrived to the train station at 10:43. He put head into the square metal box - there were two iterations of light and he got something on the head resembling metal square head of dog.

There were fat father and a child on the platform.

- We want to let liquid train pass and wait for the solid one.
- We already met this woman - she will start to suffocate and then she will die, - child answered, as female entered into what enveloped to be a huge umbrella, then created big dome above itself, jumped into the pool and started to move away rapidly.

He turned near the yellow sign " freeway station is a faucet type of place no smoking in the faucet type of place under LA NO n02231*****".

- Got it all wrapped up, ah, - Number 2 was waiting for him there, at the usual spot. In the hyperbalancing train swimming gear they both looked like two dogs, while only one of them was really a morphomollusk type of dog.

They stepped through the doors of the hyperbalancing train. They were sitting there for about 5 minutes looking into the beige hexagonal panels.

Conductor was working with the flat monitor in front of the cabin.

Person in brown coat in the front seat asked another one sitting next to him:

- What is he doing?

- He is checking all tickets of people in hypertrain against the tickets of those who traveled last half year. They need to have much people who traveled to Peele Basole to pick a quantum trace. Amount of them should be enough not to fall off the grid.

- They pick whoever is in the hyperbalancing train helmets to where they were?..

- A-ha.

- Why was not that done before, - the man was shouting throughout the train.

- Before?

Everybody were looking at him as if he was crazy. Doing this before would increase chances to get somewhere to place distant and unpredictable dozens of times.

- You did not read those books they read, - said somebody from the side.

- Yeh, yeh... we checked it all. Writearounds are phony. It's not the matter we don't read books, dribble of truth does not bind... Does not convey.

Driver feed started to sound from permanent-magnet loudspeaker:

Insect 2 flying off the flower (over)...

Scared off...

Riding higher altitude...

Satellite... Request granted...

The void.

Mendel'son A already fell asleep, then he saw in his sleep the long bars of light and awoke.

There was no movement - something happened. For sure they were not in the greens of Peele Basole.

He looked out the windows and could see the endless nowhere - reorientational space. Hyperbalancing train stopped halfway.

- All right everybody, the route is high jacked. Stay where you are, - a pirate was shaking a big ring of scrambler, did not show any surety, he was human and had that special nose, which made him look like a bird.

The cabin was full of black dressed people with swastikas on the necklaces and lapels of shirts - the quantum pirates.

They psychotapped the conductor, a few of them were in the driver cockpit, Mendel'son A and Number 2 figured that it is going to take a long while.

- How does it usually go? They will be taking money and belongings? - asked Number 2 in half-tint.

- I don't know. They use this polysense griplunger thithlunger, highly prohibited to use by permit of emperor Ziberius himself.

- Is it the stuff you can get in the industrial planet construction?

- Yes. If ship is something like flying zeppelin then thithlunger is figuratively something like stick with nail on top of it. They try to stop ship somewhere in orientation, there all the ships are reoriented.

- I knew that.

It was going unusually calm, pirates were going and collecting wallets, they made only one round, nobody was worried about losing space luidors or the tablets.

Pirates put through the driver cabin the sounds of radio:

Radiostation Space Star... And now for you we will play the space breeze, - then the voice of sirens announced that ZImetro arrived.

The pirate which called himself Adley grabbed Number 2 by the neck and another - Pikrutota - was holding his hand, as they moved him towards opened from the driver side cockpit door.

- We have dirty nuclear flan... And the hostages, - Pikrutota

started to cry towards ZImetro vehicle.

- Sitting on a flan cake now! For here or to go!

ZImetro did not react and time started to pass by with the tunes of space breeze.

- You know, - said Pikrutota to Number 2, - in civil practice they use regular gun and do not use what they were taught, do not aim head, do not shoot second time, though if they use scrambler, it's all different, killing for them is a usual deal, ah... - he rubbed muzzle of scrambler on the wolf helmet of Number2. Instead of negotiating ZImetro started to shoot and the only hit was Number 2. He jumped in the open door on the next from the bottom ship in quantum orientation.

The other sets of spitfire barking caused lightnings in the cabin, and new land behind the porthole appeared. It was a middle of desert.

This was the time. Pirates were still there, and some of ZImetro cars. Also griplunger thithlunger equipment took and moved some other ship in orientation from stasis, not under them but in front of them - a huge metallic liquid ship with variable surface. Balustrades of every dynamic contour were pushing left and right slowly and backwards in pushes. They transferred all together with a piece of grid almost equally, just like the laws of hyperbalance suggested.

- Now, - said Adley, directing it to Mendel'son A, - you, see this machine-gun, - we need to distract attention. Run to this liquid ship, nape of your neck will always be in the optical sight of my muzzle. I'll shoot, when you stop. Now, go! Good attention distraction, no stopping, you moron. Make it quick, before I cut your ears and head and stick it up your ass!

Mendel'son A jumped into the open doors into the dust of red ground and started to advance towards the liquid ship. Shots followed from everywhere.

Day 1, liquid ship in the desert, 8th of July 3057

Liquid ship, should you be found within its body, distributes you into the throw, like a foreign substance in the organism.

Mendel'son A was flown in the oily liquid into a compartment with new wooden looking panels, a bed, a lamp, a dresser and the TV set. Dresser had white t-shirts, socks and pants of all sizes and he redressed there from wet.

He was tired and immediately went to sleep. The mechanition with which liquid train travels presumes that you will be put to sleep for the most of the time.

He was awaken for a short term time - it also happens from time to time.

Liquid ship does not give foreign bodies any instrument to influence the direction or time of travel so all you've got to do is wait when it disembarks all the foreign bodies at the next stop.

It has a local TV, which Mendel'son A turned on and it was demonstrating illegal rides commercial:

For luidor got into the bus... thought won't be thrown out free, ha-ha-ha.. ha-ha-ha.. - fat face of a laughing boisterously driver, -

TRAVEL FARE ADMINISTRATION

AT THE NEAREST STOP, - voice of a corporate female.

Then next part of commercial block started:

Don't allow the government to survey you by the numbers of your money.

Cutting machines from 'Univalindus mutual'. 57% of banknote with numbers cut in half. That's totally different business. What if government establishes something from numbers.

55% of surface is enough for banknote to circulate.

How legal is this? Perfectly legal.

Ship interrupts our program for an emergency warning to inform you that, - voice of corporate female stopped, and another

mechanical voice started, - HULL.. AND.. PART OF THE.. DECK, - corporate female voice continued from there, - has suffered from the griplunger thithlunger attack.

*Thank you,
and we will start the regular programming again,*

Mendel'son A kept on watching, and a local show started:

With you Brad Pogansky on the show 'Operation Staircase Rescue', where everybody had more and accomplished less. We broadcast from space class cruiser Bulilandoz Eric Nilsen, where storage units became the choice for retiree Pestosovich and many others.

- A?
- So what happened?
- Super for money sells tickets to the public storage, - moved hands apart retiree Pestosovich.
- Super is a supervisor of 'Star' Storage space class cruiser Bulilandoz Eric Nilsen?
- A? Yes.. yes.
- It is about person named Dudkinson-Padla we are talking...
- What?
- Dudkinson-Padla is his name..
- YES, - retiree Pestosovich yelled, - you can see, tickets are bought from him, people with junk, odds and end, other stuff coming out of there, nobody's seen them bringing anything back. Shuttles are flying out, freight shuttles at that.
- From you... was something taken?
- A? External urine quantum radiator - 'Rack 7560_ '
- You are sure now - that it is somebody else sent from super took it, you did not loose it.
- A?
- That it is somebody from super was, you are sure of that ?
- He opened himself this new paid website, you can see in the internet, how things are going.

With journalist investigation we turned our glance to the foreign media. Not a secret that 'Codebook Zero Magazine' in cooperation with 'China Indochina' and 'Buhrijam bazaar' had in the past series of publications mentioning name Dudkinson with connection to the system of laundries in Podlooris.

According to 'Buhrijam bazaar' out-of-order so to speak laundry machines absorbed all the clothes into the next room for transportation on the trucks. Those clothes were later sold at half price for circulation in 'Mart Smart' network.

We are going now to the 'Huneezi - Carband' gallery to meet artist Gribozly Suslikov.

Gribozly Suslikov was standing near his picture named 'A piece of picture':

- So what happened when you put your picture in your lot in 'Star' storage?

- I don't know they cut what? Half... About a half of picture, yes. With pair of tongs, through the placard, like that... I put it... But only a piece I got back...

- What do you think about it?

- Vandalism! Everybody could go through your things, very inconvenient!

- Don't they require fingerprints to enter storage unit though?

- They put this new Piq's identity system, all you need is the ticket from the management.

- Did you know, that 'Buhrijam Bazaar' published series of articles, where Dudkinson name was mentioned behind the out-of-order laundry machines scheme, that he was taking clothes of people out, selling them from the 'Mart Smart' network? That he was demoted by the employer from laundry networks to storage systems for this misstep actually.

- No, I did not know that. I think, people like Dudkinson should not be allowed to sell tickets to storage. The same scheme, who would think... - Suslikov scratched his head uneasily.

We are now on our way now to Eleanor Eizero:

- So, Eleanor, what did you lose?

- Red umbrella from sun, buckling to the neck.

- This is because super Dudkinson is selling tickets for anyone to the public storage...

- Tickets cost 20, everybody knows.

- So, what should be done to that, you think.

- First thing he should do, he should stop airing it on the web, how people look through your belongings. Storage owner entitled for certain privacy. I was disappointed, that it is all being

broadcasted, how people open storage like that. He receives the rental money already, it should be enough. In my opinion, this sale of access to mini cameras in the storage, while people, who have nothing to do there, are going through your stuff, should stop.

Our next speaker is Hamir Saljaka Baljaka, a storage worker:

- Hamir, what exactly you do?

- You know, they call, when they need to fix something.

- Could you tell, and everybody is saying that, super Dudkinson sells ticket to the storage to trespassers or not.

- Do you have 20? For 20 I can tell, not for less... - Saljaka Baljaka was shifting eyes.

The TV screen changed plan again, and announcer continued:

- This picture would be far from completion if we did not visit control stock holder of 'Star' storage - Sofitel Management.

Co-founder Foma Aqueduc talked to us.

TV showed fat man with arabic accent:

- We represent only low influencing markets. We have 51 % of control stock. Nobody pays to us any attention. All decisions are being made without us. Dudkinson works directly with the owner of the spaceship only. There are black money going.

- You do not receive any income from storage rentals from Dudkinson.

- We did not see mister Dudkinson since 3050, no.

With journalist investigation we tried to go from Sofitel Management straight to Sphinx Gate Incorporated, the owner of the spaceclass cruiser Bulilandoz Eric Nielsen, but general manager mister Evergreen refused to meet us.

What we were able to learn from public records is that Sofitel Management send complaint to the prosecutors office against general manager of Sphinx Gate Inc. Evergreen, but it turned out that mister Evergreen was already given 1 violator permit.

We returned to co-founder of Sofitel Management Foma Aqueduc, and that is what he said:

- Where did he get 1 violator permit?

This is clearance level.

This is connections in newspapers in Buhrijam.

Did not he know that Dudkinson is hiding information from investigators and sells all the information to the newspapers...

- Information what is in the storage?

- That's right.

It was all very confusing, until yesterday when Mr. Evergreen and Mr. Dudkinson agreed to come to our studio. We also invited retiree Pestosovich and Eleanor Eizero to join us.

Then TV showed Evergreen speaking:

- Knowing the precise moment when to come to the market is a very important part of our success. We do not discriminate. We sell tickets to the storages to anyone who wanted to buy. To take things from there is a crime. Nobody asked no one else to do it.

Dudkinson continued: - Let me tell you a few simple things. Let say they, - waving towards retiree Pestosovich, - come into the world of jurisprudence, the actual science of law. All is not that easy. Not that easy. There is small inscription on the laundry machine... or a contract.. - waiting a moment, - Not that easy.

TV screen showed Pestosovich waving issue of Buhrijam bazaar.

- You goat from overseas, your head is weed-covered or what?

Did not give interview, ah?

Camera changed angle to Eleanor Eizero:

- He should quit playing on dardubose and give people their money. Is it a testworld for you?

TV went into the news and commercial break:

- I am near the Bubilduras Peak of Civilization Building, where group of terrorists originate their use of griplunger thithlunger from. So far hyperbalancing train was attacked by the terrorists.

All passengers on the manifest were rescued but one. If you know the location of last passenger, contact ZIMETRO at 1800ZIMETRO.

Screen changed to the colors of commercial.

- Knowledge of anatomy of chicken helps you to eat with understanding.

1800NEVERFAIL

Try new chicken desktop burger 'Attachda'

jbr

Mendel'son A turned off TV as he was beginning to be hungry.

There was a thing in the liquid ship room which had 3d goggles

attached to it by radio, it was called Virtual Eater 14, you can 'consume' food with its use, it is coming from parallel world, goggles are just psychological, it actually transports into another world, you can hear sounds there, not having earphones. This experience was always seasoned with strange things, last time Mendel'son A used it, there was this small puppet of cook, digging in the wooden pan with a knife, shaking hand and saying:
- They refused to shut up...
Mendel'son A put on goggles.
He was on the white grid with blue sky above.
Horizon in front of him was saying:

Cyberturizmo-2

He turned head - horizon in the back in dark blue read:

Virtual Eater-14

as seen on www.pilorama3000

It was not even table. Dresser from the room appeared, first wavy and half transparent.

On its surface there were letters:

!!! Let say we want food from space. What do we do then?

333.foodfromspace !!!!

Croissant appeared.

Mendel'son A took it. Only one side of it was bread, the other was white plastic with red cap. If you unscrew it there is 'Diet Cola Respect' inside. He had this short meal.

Actually this virtual transporter has to adapt all the consumed food to the parallel reality you are in, it is being done while food is in larynx, you could feel it by larynx slightly shaking and quaking, strange feeling. There is also a usual defect of some strange sound deep behind the ears of air or anything like that.

!!! Precise packaging !!!! - the new letters lifted from under the table.

Square brown box appeared.

Sandwich with bologna appeared from the package driven out by the cog-wheel and sound of motor.

Mendel'son A took a sandwich.

Surprisingly this one was made entirely of plastic.

He took a bite.

- Did not pay for me, - yellow letters on black appeared on the surface of the sandwich.

- What are you looking at?

- Did not pay for me.

Sandwich jumped of his hand and was moving on the wheels to the brown box. He packed himself inside the brown box and it disappeared.

Money. You would not steal it if you had it and it would tell you things.

Day 2, liquid ship in the desert, 9th of July 3057

As Mendel'son A was merging into the 2nd day break, he was watching World War III historical chronicle 'Horrors of War':

- Everybody were shot down with machine-gun in the front yard, and they started to boil them in the cauldron, and heads were leaning out from time to time under strange angles - noses, mouths and eyes from the boiling water, and they were pushing them back into the boiling water, and they checking first if there are any veteran stripes or tabs were on them.

- What in one word, would you say, is the picture which appears in your head when you say horrors of war?

- To blow what is the best, they have, and they should not be able to clamp their jaws already, - so they would realise this is a very bad concept, the small in the big, world of parts of other robots - we could not even think about taking more space, or to spread our shoulders or... door opens before entrance, and there is a crowd of armed people waiting from yesterday... Shooting only in the heads. You see, never give them nothing, they will crowd all the planet, Kuklos and his spiteful malicious ideas. I mean I look at him, what is his program 'Kuklos on cockleshells - cockleshells can stay at home. Kuklos on intellect - presence of intellect.' I mean how much intellect you need to have to remove nuclear cockleshells we need the most now. And this weapon oriented by sound bow-wow... I don't know... I remember like, you know, Judgement Day vision, Betan manager in the glass cubicle cage, some robot cuts him in pieces...

Narrator turned his head to face the camera.

- Eventually he tries to find answers for himself to all of those questions remembering the events of humanitarian tragedy, but of course nobody will tell you directly the words humanitarian tragedy...

Mendel'son A changed the channel.

there was a fashion commercial:

*I've got hat full of rain
any size for luidor*

This song was followed by the game show and Mendel'son

settled for a long pastime.

- This is Buratino Doraborsky from the place 'Dance of success' in Ublimozis, show defending universal value, feeling that value is better or the same as it used to be. Insanity gates are now open and as they are opening we are entering.

- Our first contestant - El Zaklito.

TV screen showed big yellow robot on huge legs moving in spurts.

His profession - building mail box stands.

- How much is to make mail box stand?

- 8000.

- We will be back to you. No, seriously. Could we have 200.

- 200? Yes, - El Zaklito was speaker in skyscraper tone of voice.

Who am I? When is lunch? How much time do I have to live. All this and more on new 'Dance of success'.

Today we will be searching all the mailboxes on Barabul'ka&Third until we find, - Doraborsky looked into the big white card and red from it, - Umbrella from sun, buckling to the neck.

Our virtual space today provided by Universe Cooper desks corporation.

Yellow robot was moving from mailbox to mailbox slowly, but once he was there his hand there uncovering the mail box stand with so much swift urgency and proficiency, working with mail box as it is a needlework pattern turning it around and leaving metallic leaves in of metal box in stacks, opening and reviewing packages until he found a red umbrella from sun, buckling to the neck.

Buratino Doraborsky recollected scores from robot audience. It was 9.1 average.

Next contestant name is Zagrebol'dis. Zagrebol'dis now is a very secular person, he has 2 MBAs and PhD in fine needle-work with flowers.

- To imitate bad vision, - he continued, - a contestant is prescribed glasses with wrong diopters.

Robots however have also infrared vision used as part of their photographic vision.

All this however is useless if you are in the middle of repairs on the Starways Tail Channel, where there is no atmosphere and the sun is 50000 miles away, where our next contest is taking place.

We placed there fire redundant projection stone on which with rays we will be sending images and the contestant will name the pictures he still could or could not see as they appear on the stone.

Show lasts until contestant gives off the first smoke.

Those pictures which would be named correctly versus those pictures which would be named incorrectly will constitute the final grade.

What could be under different circumstances a fun trip turns into the road of torture.

They want us to win. Ha, would we? Playing their tune. Never!

Don't make mista-ake.

Grass.

Hand.

Yard.

Store.

House.

Cookoo-clock, - first sound of failure made way.

Bird.

Bullet.

Window.

Door.

Gate.

Road.

Robot started to smoke abundantly.

And this is 9.2 in grade value, - Doraborsky pronounced, - Our next contest will be completed by all three of the contestants. It consists of two parts. First they need to eat the entire huge cream wedding pies, absolutely the same make and size for each of them.

The second part is much more complicated.

Everybody knows how modern crossuniversal shuttles operate. They seek traces of people who were traveling from one universe to another before or pairs of people one from one universe one from another, radar will show a person or persons in the opposite universe as broaching even sounds by which crossuniversal shuttle orients itself, then engine gathers statistics and makes the crossuniversal transition. We made, - and this is absolutely self made, unique - you can't buy those jeeps in the stores, - the sport cars driven by galactic radars - the very same million luidors construction, as in the regular crossuniversal shuttle each.

So every contestant after eating the entire pie has to drive the vehicle to the galactic magnet we placed as the target for the radar.

Little they know though, that pies turn out to contain hallucinogens so it's gonna take a long whi-ile...

O-O, Ublimozis, in the pie there are hallucinogens found...

This is a big piece of pie and we trained for so long. For you big, for us - not very big.

You should see, how they meandered on the roads of Zhuhledus. The fastest was Zagrebol'dis, it brought plus 1 to the sum of the scores.

- The next part of contest, - continued Doraborsky takes place on one of the shores of Vaklia river near another our studio, where you can see the giant gas pillow and it targets - blows gas through - all three of our participants. We turn on sleeping gas and while they are falling asleep participants should bite off their fingers and then spit them into the river. After that they will go through quick repairs and will join us back. Only one named Buratino Doraborsky is a true Columbo of robot heart. Let's start. Oh, how he pinched off his finger.

Quality versus time.

Snap off well, I guess.

Oh, it's like rain now, people come out, charge your rain-absorbers.

Less quality than yesterday, more quality than tomorrow. AQ-U-A - this must be from african.

Robots there spitting fingers from mouths abuzzing like bumblebees with Doppler effect and sound of bullets.

After a while all three fell asleep.

Technical team took them off chairs and carry away.

- So, - Doraborsky asked with this puzzled look, - You could throw it all up in the river. Would it all ever swim back to us. I guess, not. I don't know. Of course it will.

We placed giant tracing magnet on each robot. The new fingers were sewn back to the hands, by the way. But the old ones are still in the river.

We are going to give armored panzer-blankets to each participant next. Armored... But very small!
And giant magnet on each robot will attract old fingers from river fast, they will fly like bullets.

Each participant should cover bodies from flying fingers, there are hit detectors, each hit will register on the score-panel in our studio.

Are you ready for this?

After some more time robots were lying on the ground.

Oh, there is not much more, you can accomplish after that.

Zagrebol'dis leads with 9.3 of score so he gets into our final round. He could not probably walk in what is left of him but technical team already is fixing his hands, so we will be playing a DACORK-TUMBLER. Technical team meanwhile was attaching white hemisphere to the pelvis of robot.

- That's some bear-like appearance, isn't it? - Doraborsky was looking at the robot with judgment, - The floor by the way will be full of Univalindus paychecks, yes, we throw them everywhere. So, what is going to happen... interesting toy, - he looked again at the robot, - you see, it falls on one side take an Univalindus paycheck, falls on other side, takes another Univalindus paycheck, and he has 1 minute to take all Univalindus paychecks he can. Let show begin.

Robot bowed only one time and his head fell off.

- We will continue after short brake for the news, - anxious

Doraborsky intercepted.

Mendel'son A could only listen to

'Actress in the end got released from award her hand got stuck in. The secret was the mistake made to the construction of the handle.'

He wanted to eat. He turned on Virtual Eater 14 and put on 3d goggles to see white grid with blue sky again.

Cyberturizmo-2 Virtual Eater-14 www.pilorama3000

From everywhere there were building up the walls - he was in the restaurant. Not a single other table was occupied - he was alone. Plying between tables like cruiser, waiter arrived. Veteran culinary agent he was, he looked exactly like Buratino Doraborsky but had mustaches and glasses.

- And you?

- No, - waiter was looking at him with pain and expression 'not to continue'.

His mustaches were separated by the air coming from larynx, eyes crazy.

- What do you eat?.. - he was looking now above his glasses, eyes moving from side to side, - you are from those getting off on the next stop?

'ONLY TILL THE NEXT STOP'

Mendel'son A did not say anything, waived with head from side to side.

- Ok. Here, - waiter swiftly changed menus, menu was saying now - 'free food'.

In cookaterija.

cabadosra bubosra

shushersky bashlyk

taljaka maljaka

havalundosnii balberluk on dish

cheezy bullshit with hliabz

osocranik with krup

pluks

stump

jam

- Stump, .. This is blockhead, yes.

- Yes.

- Your stump is prepared with some compounds, meaning what

chemicals do you use?

- Good compounds, chemical, it is all written in the bottom of the wrapper.

- You serve stump with wrapper? What about toast, you have toast.

- It's rather peculiar, that in ancient times toasts were available not for everyone, only elite could get toasts. Inflation. You can sell toast for what? 0.1 luidor. Very well going now from the black market.

- Where am I? - question was wrong and Virtual Eater 14 blocked it, it did not sound.

Mendel'son A spread hands.

- Jam.

Waiter brought cold spaghetti in a tube packaging, red brush, meat grinder and a spoon.

- Jam. Turned upside down spaghetti. Put it through meat grinder. Paint in red. Mix and enjoy.

When Mendel'son A was finished, waiter came back with blank of satisfaction survey.

- How was that?

- Not the worst I've ever eaten not the best, a bit reek of refrigerator.

The waiter filled in the blank and returned to the kitchen.

Something was missing. Virtual Eater 14 was projecting worry.

Something was not working at all. Key from the room. It was missing. He put it somewhere in the jam and forgot where was that. There was tube from the jam, Mendel'son A picked it.

SABAB Melrose foods, 18002381232. He felt an urge to call. On the top of the table phone crystallized.

He remembered to dial and say this:

- I put key in the jam, in SABAB Melrose foods you have the lost & found or anything like that.

Then it was dark and he saw for short moment tiara of paraglobus - Paul Nosliw or Ziberius were bearing those. Ends of it gripe.

- Emergency. Griplunger thithlunger damage. 1 passenger ejected, - corporate female voice.

Mendel'son A found himself in the middle of the desert.

Day1, Ublimozis desert, 10th of July 3057

In instance Mendel'son materialized in the desert, on top of it he had a physiological problem. His tongue was swollen. Realizing swollen tongue, thinking of it, he felt that it does not listen any more to his idea of how it should behave, it went out of the mouth 3 times, then returned. Also he started to listen to the voice in his head.

Day 1, Ublimozis desert, 10th of July 3057

Liquid ship played the number of rebuilt tiles with the sun, as the back tiles were disappearing. He was moving forward as a giant insect. His distance to Mendel'son A was slowly changing. Mendel'son A managed to ship catch up its speed on feet and kick it - it would not take him back in.

When passenger is being ejected from the liquid ship there is usually an eject phone being given to him as a precautionary measure. To his satisfaction, Mendel'son A felt that his pockets were full with all types of gadgets, including phone.

He opened it.

It had a work protocol on.

Prerun testing training.

Transfer of authorization.

From: NSA

To: Diet Cola Respect.

Mendel'son A put the phone into the chat mode:

- What's wrong with the ship?

- Nothing.

Chat mode turned off, though Mendel'son A was still punching in numbers and letters.

The change of assignment:

'Treasure of Le Dudlas'

Pavlinii manuscript.

guidance to keep close

subtitles on the ground

bullet interrogation

clearance and connection

rabbit head and Munchausen duck

green acid fountain

from dogs body on the hands

managing the global disaster

this scaring creep

is not for long

Rentgen locator

projecting thought

taking cockroach from his cup

he leaves it all behind

denial answers
no longer
when the Saturn rebuilt
it's only possible to hear
if the attention paid
discovering the values

they will borrow
their lifetime
in another worse train

Pavlinii also noted that 'everything which comes to the left hand should be stolen, everything which comes to the right hand - distributed' and 'double kings have \$ 3M equa lost'

Also in theological research 'It's not in fact that we today.' of Vedrosii his 'pleasing Gods killer put in prison for eternity and resurrected to life for a short term. We have buckets of money, we have only shoulder-yoke. We better find the trough. '

Trough was read as 'truth' until was corrected in the 'routine whole body of literacy' review by the 'stellar pier1 search program' started 372 years ago.

'Trough' being read instead of 'truth' means that Vedrosii did not pick up money before he was executed by the administration of king Uplitus.

Ship of Pavlinii was last seen near 'Clothes dirty?' and 'The Globes of Ublimozis'.

Hang around until we will contact you.

Day 2, Ublimozis desert, 11th of July 3057

'stellar pier1' automatic treasure search procedure further more says that treasure is under the metallic safe 2 miles from your location at 32.27 and 65.14 with probability of 99.99994%

Globes of Ublimozis should be turned to M O R 13:37 12 15 and turned around.

Then you will be able to open the safe door considered and catalogued as part of this monument, which takes number 134 on the list of monuments, adopted by 'the department of televised refreshments' as a crossuniverse property with no interest as tax support and deduction project. That automatically means that any treasure on the territory belongs to those who found it.

Treasure amounted of those 45c out of each equa\$, which goes on the mission of rebuilding Saturn since the Uplitus administration and by when was something around 3M equadollars.

Use the net fixer and place it on the treasure in your name.

Do you have any questions?

- I understand that nobody can get anything from there once net fixer is on, protected and insured by Space Police. But if something to happen to me? Net fixer will just destroy all of its contents.

- Go there and get equadollars into the net fixer today. All what is left is to *convert them to luidors. The treasure belongs to you.* It's a pay off procedure.

Hang around until we will contact you.

PRERUN

Day 3, Ublimozis desert, 12th of July 3057

It was a great day, and this picture did not leave him - the one of 'Monument of 100 things' - it was a composition of chair, table, safe, pile of books, carpet on the wall, and a man brightened by a radiant smile 3 times higher than all of that except of spirale, coming up to the level of his height. All that was made of silvery metal surface.

A little bit to the right there were Globes of Ublimozis.

After he opened a door safe considered for ages a solid piece of steel with easy manipulations with Globes, he placed there net fixer... all on his name, registered it with Space Police, and retired from there to the small sun shelter he found on the side. It would all together be the best of days, he would be standing there and in thought relay money in all sorts of looks, clouds and heaps.

The figurine he was thinking of rights now, he called, also in thought, a 'tower chamber'.

And his bright fantasy returned him all the detail, like nodules of Saturnus paper tape, cords connecting the bottom pallet to the safe wall with unbuttoned undone laces to the sides.

There was not forgotten all this field of money by the right side, of his imaginary 'tower chamber' and a small river of packs across it.

It was consistent of

2 packs of money on each of 2 sides,

3 packs of money crosswise,

1 pack standing on top of that as a 90 degree turned Paulsen Nosliw portrait.

- You can lift it higher if you want, - voice of imaginary female said to him.

His phone called but at first he did not even want to open it's panels as he was consumed by this visionary constructions fully without any interruption possible, his hands and later his glance lazily got there only later.

The phone screen depicted exactly 2 bricks of money on each sides, 4 bricks on top with 1 standing on the rib and phrase 'You can lift it higher if you want' - in red subtitle on white.

Reading thoughts.

This explained to him in instant that administration of imperor Ziberius had technology with which NSA read thoughts.

Presupposition to this realization was that emperor Ziberius was converting military projects to civil needs as part of his political program, that among these projects were medical artificial hands for morphomollusks, artificial vision for purdos rabet and he felt that they are not far then to simply jack into the minds of purdos rabet and extract thoughts from there. It was unheard of. It was exactly what was happening.

They were extracting his internal speech as a subtitle line on the phone with visuals being returned to the phone as pictures. On top of it he had a physiological problem. His tongue was swollen.

Realizing swollen tongue, thinking of it, he felt that it does not listen any more to his idea of how it should behave, it went out of the mouth 3 times, then returned.

Also he started to listen to the voice in his head.

- Does he hear us, yes? Wait there. Put box on his heart. A-ha. Not sure in narcosis, - Mendel'son A felt soft burning pain in the area of heart, - something like that. Something is not right in detail. A-ha. I see. Deviation is too big. So blood is being transfused now. A-ha. Heart rate , blood pressure - know vitals, how they are taken. We have how much?.. Today is 12th. 6 days till the relocation of the satellite.

The 2nd voice in the head of Mendel'son A intervened:

- Mendel'son A, can you hear us. By you participating in this, technology of the future was forecast 2 times of the usual rate.

- What is it, you said about the relocation of the satellite? What is then? - returned Mendel'son A.

- Not so fast. It is all well planned, do not worry. You already were paid 3M\$ in net fixer, we actually can help you with relocation of the physical money anywhere you want if later you would see that you trust us, or you can do it all on your own - it's up to you, really. That is if you had trust issue in the future. Anyway.

- What we need from you is to follow the driver of that liquid ship you were on... Wait a moment... Right now we have hard time controlling our equipment... Anyway... We need to gain access to the convention center - they host closed conference with alternating location through quantum configurator.

- Who are 'we'?

- We are the closed branch of NSA, actually. Later we will talk about that, now there is telecolote in your pocket. If you would go as you are, you will burn in 8 minutes. Use it. It's in your

pocket, - Mendel'son A quickly found and used, - around the outline of his body established the blue light - a hair long.

- Good. We have actually training for you. The thing is we can't talk with you forever - we used up already resources of kreboz A of five planets next to us for those few minutes we are talking. We will be talking to you from time to time then. First there are two places. We will put stuff on the road, on the pavement, anywhere you go, helping you find a way. Also we can read words into other aliens and humans, to whom it could be done cheaper, affect their physical behavior, actions, about that later. Look for something like signs. Ok, I am over and out now. It's just a training. Look around.

Mendel'son A thought that he is in maja head training camp.

Day 1, Training, Ublimozis desert, 12th of July 3057, 5:00 am

Mendel'son A looked around - there was this sun shelter near 100 things monument, he started to look closely and saw a pack of 'Agrabella' cigarettes a few dozen feet from him. He went there, picked it up, looked around again to see the new pack of cigarettes, this time 'Amilimbek Ghialy', he followed this 'pack of cigarette a time' path and picked those:

'Afrika'

'7 days'

'Senate'

'Cool'

'Barabul'ka Stop'

'Karakli'

'Parliament'

'Camel'

'Doraborsky'

'Patriotic'

'Metaphoric'

'Durakli'

'Kuklos'

'Song'

'Phladelphia'

'Super steel'

'Pace Farm'

'Odyssey'

He turned out to be on the two ways train station. He picked the ticket from the ground. He took the train on the side where there was 'Coors Light filter'. As he stepped into the train car and had a seat he saw 'Final Assembly' and picked it.

He took the train till the final stop, called 'South West Village'.

It was a desert, with many wells everywhere - net of wells actually each 20 feet from another.

It was a world of venuzles living in the sunlight. The whole name for the species, breed by Zubeda Nulis science group arond 2351 was 'Venuzle Penol'dez', it was registered under A241245 old or B3492053522 new enumerations.

Anyway, if you see set of wells in the desert, there are venuzles hiding in it. They have gills and they swim there. They also can breathe air at night and even daytime, though sun will get them fast.

There are a lot of tasteless horror movies made about them. Mendel'son A always felt that what they need is a truly feeling director.

They can touch objects with eyes as an additional pair of extremities but they rarely do it in company of humans because of aesthetic nature.

Not rarely they have eye cancers and variety of eye deceases including a 'fish eye', and in horror movie, Mendel'son A last saw, there was a genetically challenged venuzle with cancer of eyes, and with 15 eyes grown he was grabbing and hugging for everything with his eyes.

Peculiar that venuzles have caudal autotomy as some vertebrates, and they have a sacrificial religious ritual where they are given saws and have their hands sawn off and grown back.

The venuzle village, Mendel'son A found, had stores and business buildings to which there were cigarette packs leading. Venuzles don't really smoke, so why would somebody leave cigarette packs, if it were not signs for him.

The new signs turned on.

He was passing a lid and there was ketchup bottle spinning on its top. Mendel'son A opened lid, and went down into the sewers, which ended with another lid and another street.

He went down the street until he saw 'Barabul'ka Stop' on the ground. Barabul'ka was some street name, nothing similar with this street, and he guesses this to be sign to change street.

Street had a split with a joint : 1 to two veins and it continued only on one of them, so he turned to another.

Next he was almost run over by a female in the yellow car. He figured it to be sign to change streets again.

He was going now near the walls of South West Village Jail, and there was pen with crucifix on it on the ground. He figured to turn away into gateway to get to a boulevard.

His phone rang and there was a 3d shooter game in it and the goal was to get to the elevator and if you search for secret doors in game from left side you were actually blocking access to the elevator, where you would win the game, this made him turn right from the boulevard.

There was a staircase down, and the flower pot flying down the staircase. He went there. He came to surface on the next street.

On the left there was a person crying:

- Who wants door butts, new door butts.

He figured to turn because that this is a bad sign.

Toilet was open on one side of the street and the similar toilet was closed on another side - he went by the open side.
Tree fell on the street before him- turned.
Dog with lichen - turned.
Trailer with spider of construction bulldozer - turned.
Hollow in the tree with otter coming out - beautiful, go there.
Pirate with swastika on the necklaces and lapels of shirt coming out of store with a gun - change a street.
Police car - turned.
Fire department car - turned.
Man jumping from balcony - changed a street.
Hot dog was flowing in the box down the brook cause by leaking water supply - he looked down it's path with apprehension... and it was the same train stop he came from! He figured he needs to board a train again. With new pack of 'Final assembly' cigarettes and new ticket on the ground he reached the final stop - 'Ublimozis'.
Barabul'ka street. But he already knew that dumped out mail boxes and broken mail stands do not have any meaning, being from 'Dance of success' show!
He went down Barabul'ka till the end of the street and the river.
'River cross' cigarette pack.
He put together all the cigarette boxes, tied them with money tape and cords, he took with him from '100 things' and finally made a float.
He borrowed the broom and was swimming on the float until he reached the island.

Day 1, Shopping, Ublimozis desert, 12th of July 3057, 12:00 pm
Conditioning: the first headache

As you already realized if you hear voice in the head you look strange, if something around you is strange it's OK. Forget about the waste of kreboz A and that we can't talk to you long. We lied. Say something.

Voice in the head on the island was very loud and it originated somewhere between the ears.

- Ok, ok, - answered Mendel'son A, reclining cigarette boxes float on the rock to get dried. Boxes were half full of water leaking out now, - You feel, we can even get back to the Ublimozis shore on this float, - he noticed that his voice changed to some pleasant pitched male voice with lite netherlands accent.

- You noticed that we can substitute your voice for literally anything, - say that again, 'we can even get back on this float'.

- bow-wow-ghi-wse-bve-nki.

- So you noticed, we can even turn off the speech function, or make you sound like you are crazy. How much of that \$3M equadollars you've got on you right now?

- \$5000.

- What's next is we are going shopping, - voice continued, - you spotted already three main for us places - South West Village, '100 things monument' sun shelter and Ublimozis. Remember this 'Rite Aid' you saw in South West Village. We will not provide with ticket or cigarette boxes right on the station, so prepare for the first disappointment. You will have to buy it. Let's return there again.

Voice shut up, and turned on only on South West Village station when Mendel'son exited the train.

- We will be going to Rite Aid twice, today to buy things to stay at the sun shelter and tomorrow. Today we will buy a lot, tomorrow much less. Get ready, but first, while you are walking, let introduce you to arithmetic. We will be moving your tong, it would mean roman numerals. He did three dabs of tongue inside the mouth. Mendel'son A had no control of it it move all by itself. This is 'three'. He painted tick inside the mouth. This is roman 'five'. And so on. If we close left eye - it means 'lesser' or 'left', if we close right eye - 'more' or 'right', the same if we stick tongue out to the left or to the right. If we close eyes - 'don't go

there'. 'Tongue out' or 'X' with tongue might mean also 'no' or 'the opposite' depending on context or environments.

As they were talking Mendel'son A saw a couple of venuzles. They made fish like jumps and made rose-bud lips.

- We can affect behaviour of aliens and humans, - put in the voice, - Make them do moves, make them hurt and kill each other. We do it through the long distance equipment implanted in them, they don't even feel anything while we operate. If somebody did autopsy on them, we would remove it faster, than they opened. One venuzle was going past him and becoming fatter and heavier with each step. Mendel'son got uneasy.

- O-oh, - voice said, - let's get out of here, - Enter the store now. What we can do is we can direct your head left-right and up-down, so you can find what we need to buy. So let us buy. While Mendel'son A was entering he saw the strange airplane with gathered under it goffered iron wings.

When about to exit Mendel'son A was carrying already a lamp, pack of paper plates, some food, including huge bottle of Snaple tea, suntan lotion, liquid soap, anti-burning vitamin flask and 2 black fans, the huge and the small. Are there any customers in the store you specifically noticed?

- This flaming purdos rablet female, buying 3 cartridges - 2 blue and one white. She made faces and had these upscale security around her. Security asked if she is going to buy cartridge fastening.

- Great. Just checking that you are with us, you saw some customers, know some details. Check. Let's go to the restroom. They went with collection of things to the restroom. Surprisingly in the mirror the face of Mendel'son A looked like the one of japanese warrior - it was not his face.

- What is with face?

- What face? - voice made a pause, - You are now our greatest agent. Seriously talking about this phenomenon, we wanted to show your the distant bone medical operations, we can do instantly. Look now.

It was back again same old Mendel'son A face.

- That magazine, take it.

On the cover there is picture of the same liquid ship with number of tiles rebuilding and the disappeared tiles on the back with the blue robot.

Driver of liquid ship: What does the secret of hyperdrive hide?

- The last thing we are going to buy is the external urine quantum radiator - 'Rack 7560_'

Mendel'son A was too tired to answer.

- You are a great fellow, possessing great powers of endurance. Now we want you to run. The only time you will stop is inside the train.

At the 'Globes of Ublimozis' station Mendel'son was already too much tired.

- Ok, - said the voice in the head, - You're right for us. You can drop now the big fan, we don't have to carry it to the sun shelter, and we don't need 2 fans, and let me introduce you to Sinoptusik and Vortex.

Mendel'son A left hand made a figurine of a duck head. So did the right hand. Hands there uncontrollable to him anymore and they went before him like two cobras.

- Left hand sees the future, right hand changes it... Joke.

Day 2, Shopping, Ublimozis desert, 13th of July 3057, 09:00 am
Conditioning: the first headache, the air control

The awakening was usual. Mendel'son A awoke with headache.
- We are going to the Rite Aid store, the 2nd Rite Aid store in Ublimozis, - voice said on awakening.

Mendel'son A took the train and on the way to the 2nd Rite Aid near the plaza with the jewelry store voice started to announce the next training program:

- Today we will study the 'tailing', this is like 'energy consumption'. Follow this female.

On the side street there was an Earth female (same as human female - commentary of the author). She was going the same direction as Mendel'son A but faster. Mendel'son A followed her. Suddenly he started to feel extra weight and strength in his walk, more than that he felt that something was aiding each of his move, he still principally directed his walk, but he was making a small fraction of a move, like foot goes up, and the foot picked up 'this idea' of a move by itself and moved where it should with so much extra strength, almost like on its own.

At the same time walk of human female started to be automatic, robot like.

- Ok, that's enough, stop following her, - Mendel'son A was still on the plaza with voice talking, - go after this venuzle male.

Venuzle male was fat, and suddenly his move also to automatic and robotic changed and it looked like he did not realize this change himself, Mendel'son felt himself big out of proportions, he could through barrels in the air probably with this new strength his possessed.

- As you might or might not realize by now there is more than one Earth, other planets have also doubles, if you for instance died on one, you and your other copies could 'carry on' on the others. What we from our side also do, we steal mechanical data from the person you tail - it's just enough time and support them so they would not fall here - they are drained of energy, like old battery - there own moves becomes robotic because as fast as we are we can't process their movement data in time to return it back to them before they fall.

Mendel'son A saw now some small in height black human person carrying poster 'Mendel'son A, Rollins and Green, why don't you respect us'. He stopped in front of Mendel'son A but avoided to look into his eyes.

- What is this? - Asked in thoughts Mendel'son A the voice.

- Just ignore him, he would not interfere, we will talk about it later. Look other way. Ok. If you do things all together with your other self on another Earth or borrow energy with equipment... or somebody else's help... your strength starts to grow higher, however if you and other copies of you in the other worlds do different thing, which is normally the case, overall strength grows weaker. Somebody could be also synchronizing your moves with the moves of your other copies on the other Earths. Let's look. Enter the store now.

Mendel'son A entered the Rite Aid. His head turned as if moved by somebody else. Diet Cola Respect 2 litres, 1 bottle - \$1.99 equadollars, 2 bottles \$3 (\$ 1.50 each, must buy 2 in a single transaction).

- We are going to want this discount, - Mendel'son A paid and bottles started to behave improperly. Liquid in them was somewhat boiling.

- Get out of the store, - hurried voice, and Mendel'son A hastened out of the store, - Open them!

Bottles were bursting of black liquid for a one tenth meter up, and the water was leaking by the sides of the each bottle and into the Rite Aid packets.

- We made 6 of your copies in the other worlds to also carry these 'Diet Cola Respect' bottles with you. We projected somewhat thirst, than images of bottles, interest to recycling, stuff like that. Synchronizing their action with yours, energy within each bottle is much higher than it used to be. Now pick in one bottle the rest of the other, leave this one to yourself and let's go.

Mendel'son A realized that each bottle had about the same one third of the content, he followed the prompt .

- Very bad trick - he complained.

- Next let visit that jewelry store!

All this time within visibility there was a jewelry store with animated board - hummer constantly beating the watch.

'Jewelry. Watch repair.'

- Enter!

Mendel'son A entered. There was not a single customer in the store. The store was very small - much smaller than it looked like from the street. Actually there was no one at all in it, seller was also absent.

- Now! Take the jewelry, - there was some cheap jewelry under glass

- you can get it with with some fishing moves from the customer side of the counter to the seller side, - Mendel'son A thought.

- Spread it on the counter.

- You are crazy, - thought Mendel'son A. He was not going to do a thing.

A seller appeared from the back of the store. He was a human.

- Yes, what would you want? - seller eyes were looking at the 'Diet Cola Respect' bottle in the hand of Mendel'son A.

- How much is this brooch?

Seller was looking at him from head to toe now. Shirt of Mendel'son A had a big circular spot of dirt.

- Why are you asking?

- To buy one!

- You know what, you go where you came from, don't come here anymore, I don't want ever to see you again. Alright?

Mendel'son A did not answer and exited.

- What happened?! - asked voice, - Come make a circle form Stanley Street onto Orange, go there.

Mendel'son did.

- Turn back to Orange! - they were returning to the Jewelry store from the side of yoghurt and smoothie shop.

- For me, one time only, for the progress of science, enter again! What would they do to you?

- Ask to exit.

- If they ask to exit, exit.

Mendel'son A reentered.

There was an upscale customer standing and looking at the bracelet. He put his elbows on the counter and bent keeping waist straight.

Store seller was also here. They were standing and not moving for 15, 30 seconds. Something was wrong. It was like a vision in the Virtual Eater 4 restaurant but it was significantly more real. Mendel'son A looked around. Cheap jewelry was all around the counter. Nobody was moving. But all the attention of the statuette of the customer was to the golden bracelet.

Suddenly store seller came to life. Customer got up from the counter.

- Yes?

- How much is that brooch?

- You came here a minute ago and asked it. We agreed that you will never come again. Will you? - a dismissive gesture.

Mendel'son A exited the store. Police car with siren rushed by and get into hiding of the corner of the street.

- Scary? All right. That's it. We can freeze the animation of humans and some aliens. So that's the end of a day. Much input to science, we make psychological contact, we understand each other, checked... See that trash bin. Pick up a cup, it's clean, do not worry. No diseases which would spread, we looked into it already...

The last portion voice was not concentrated on the topic, then spread back to it's previous energy.

- Put some of Cola into the cup, actually make it the full cup and get rid of a bottle. Now take the cup into your hand, I want you to carry it like an Olympic torch. You know how fashion models, walking the runway, go. Go like them, don't be afraid, nobody is watching.

They were all this time moving somewhere, while Mendel'son A kept listening to the voice.

- We are going where? - it asked.

- It's Fairfax now.

- Good, see there on top of the hill a huge bow shaped modern house, - that's a 'Dance of success' show host Doraborsky house. The eyes of Mendel'son A did not obey to him anymore. Somebody else was moving them. They winked a few times.

Day 3, an acting class, Ublimozis desert, 13th of July 3057,
09:00 am

Conditioning: brain injury, cease of automatic lung ventilation,
neck muscle neurology.

- Purdos rablet security, open up!

(Purdos rablet are rare, purdos rablet security is non existent -
author's note.)

Mendel'son A awakened with the sound of voice.

- So some invest in clothes and it pays off, some buy nothing
and it never pays off, who is the idiot, think who is the idiot.

Sick air of commercials vision, sunset bridge over freeway, 50/50

deal, 50 and on top of that you get 50 more, looking items

explanation, ... We are going back to Rite Aid in South West to

return pack of paper plates, suntan lotion, and liquid soap - not your
format. Hurry up, you saved receipt, right.

Mendel'son A was there and returned things by 10:20 am.

- See this coin changing machine. I want you to change 40
equadollars into 25 equacents coins.

Mendel'son A did.

- New training - brain injury, cease of automatic lung ventilation,
neck muscle neurology. Let me tell you the story. A friend of mine
was injured in World War III. He had 2 lung wounds, was a human.
What he knew and what saved him is he was always moving, and
ignored the drowsiness which normally occurs due to the loss of
blood and damage. If he sat somewhere he would die immediately.
So he was hanging around with 2 bullets in the lungs until med
evac arrived.

Today's training assignment is an acting class, we'll make you a
feeling person, attentive to the others, events of nature and so on.

We planted in your brain distractors, which would make you feel
like you have a severe brain injury of special kind. FEEL IT?

MORON! Mendel'son felt extraordinary staggering killing pain by
the sides of his head. All was bent in hooks, lifted on rack.

I HOPE YOU DIE!

- Like I told you today's training is an acting class, so try to stand
against pain, it becomes a bit difficult, so actually nature will take
care of you and will turn you off in a couple of minutes. Next you
will loose most of the automatic lung ventilation - you breathe only
if you think of it. Even like that you would stand may be 10
minutes. What we came up to is also to add some neck neurology
defect.

Head of Mendel'son A started to go 90 degrees right and back in 1
second loop.

- And this, - it was the triumphal conclusion of the voice, - you can

undergo consciously for hours, much longer than our exercise takes.

- Vision is OK, no? It takes time to get used to, head goes rounds, I understand, but purdos rablet is not easy to sweep off feet. If you feel like falling grab a wall by a hand for a second. Good! Go down the street! Pine. Ok, it will take a while, tell me about your mother.

Did she care of you?

- I think she is not a woman.

- Is that it? Excellent!

- Father?

- I hope he will burn in hell.

- Why?

- I see myself peeing on his grave.

- Good. Anything else, you think about right now.

- That general in the movie who sacrificed 10000. I think it's fair. I want to know why.

- See this bus bench with Doraborsky face board glued to the bench sit. How you feel it?

- Feeling like kicking it by the leg.

- Do it.

Mendel'son A kicked the bench few times with karate expressions.

- Uuuuh.

Afroamerican human male with golden chain looked at him with hesitation.

- We are nearing the crossroad. Careful.

Mendel'son A was turning head straight-right like crazy and two cars went into collision, many lines from him, they could not see him, he was sure.

- We can distract others for fun of our training. I don't ask you how you feel. Police is about to arrive, - Siren sounded far away, - Turn to Brynhurst. No time to waste.

- Oxygen?

- What?

- Enough oxygen?

- Good amount to finish, do not worry.

- Oxygen? - the thing is Mendel'son's consciousness practically was shut off. He had nothing else to say.

- Good, - voice replied.

Mendel'son A took a few more steps, he felt suffocating and asked again.

- Oxygen?

- Good, - voice replied, monotonously.

Now if you looked to him from the side of the road you would see that Mendel'son A was repeating 'Oxygen. Good. Oxygen. Good.', dozens of times. He got stuck in two words, brain did not produce

anything else. This is when voice changed the program, and his head stopped turning.

- I removed neck neurology, you head does not turn anymore. It turns out that to keep saying words in some periods of time is good enough to not lose a consciousness.

Television commercial break pros call a commercial. Commercial class. You feel now almost well. Meaning you still have severe brain injury, which is better than the time we started. We can 'regulate' between injuries, you figured by now, I hope. Your heart and lungs are fine, let's leave it at that. You stopped 'Oxygene. Good.' routine, you noticed. What I want you to do is to look at the other, sunny side of the street.

Read me all the street signs and billboard, excluding the road.

- Rabbit Walker.

The Chandra Witmer Marionettes, - Mendel'son A noticed that pleasant pitched male voice with lite netherlands accent returned to him - that's how he was reading. Also some invisible force supported his chest, so while he was reading he was almost hanged very straight and at the same time his walk was light.

- Sam Smallwood Pharmacy, - he continued,-
South West Village Station.

- No, that's road sign. Read businesses, - voice opposed.

- Alliance Heights Network.

Piedmont Community Adult School.

Greg Mercer Swap Meet.

King Teriyaki Burger.

Holiday Inn Express & Suites.

South West Motors.

The Universal Church.

Belmont Community Adult School.

Bonito Fine Art.

Speedy Money.

King Terminal Ranch Inn.

- King Terminal Ranch Inn. What they pay for is this tone of voice. Imagine we are rescuing a planet. Trying to figure what businesses are good, what businesses are bad. In other words what business should receive financial oxygen and what should not. So you are going, saying 'Oxygen. Good. Oxygen. Good. Oxygen. Good. Oxygen. Good.' We are taping it somehow, and businesses about which you said that, receive investments. With air. This one is with air. If I had in myself a capacity to build better world what world would it be ? Not a childish copy of a forged world.

Enough? - asked voice and replied itself, - No. Next! Camera work. We are studying to make still pictures - it's not your main speciality

and and a main topic of a day even, we will go through that quick. Imagine you are a camera. Look at 'King Terminal Ranch Inn' board again.

Wink left eye - this is you taking picture.

- Done.

I will have it here stored in the catalogue. We can make an identity card later .Mendel'son A, service of catalogues. A virtual library.

What if you want to delete picture you took from my catalogue.

Nothing easier. Move your tongue from central position to the left twice.

- Ok.

It deletes the last picture, you will have stack of pictures here you could delete but if you want to delete third from top, you will have to delete two more.

Ca-peesh?

- Ok

- Make pictures of 'Bonito Fine Art.' and 'Speedy Money.'... Delete them. Good. Enough of this, it's like we never worked.

- Next exercise. It's called the 3rd cross technique. All this is a study. Go under freeway. Romance. Stone. Dustbin. Old tin. What is it? Yes. Torn piece of paper and and an interval of an iron chain. This one substantively, materially is an acting class again, you need to imagine this all - freeways, noisy cars, storming by, trees far away to be a part of a distant future. You can substitute objects, think of technical modifications, tell me what is your story.

- Anything?

- Yes.

- Starting from when.

- A...h From the future.

- Like: Aliens. We are from Krapsovo.

- Yes.

- Okay. The spaceships. People are coming from somewhere. I always thought they come from the past, I lived there for... 3 months... So... there are those new vector ships. Giant bears with vector guns.

- Also from the past?

- Yes. Triangular service cars.

- Like a customs?

- Like a customs. Flying onto the air. X-shaped service ships. The sky. The sky here is yellow.

- That's enough.

On the screen inside of himself, somewhere in the area of his imagination, Mendel'son A like on small TV could see the yellow sky, the triangular and X shaped cars flying above the freeway,

nothing like those cars touching freeway with wheels *here*, there was giant bear coming out of a triangular car with as big as his body some sort of weapon. People appear in blue glow near the special technical pods, around which there are huge pipes of unknown water-supply.

- Lied about a sky detail. Sky is blue not yellow. Anyway...

Excellent.

- Some more pain, be ready, it's aftermath of what we were going through today. Your organism will give you a reaction. I know almost impossible to stand. I'll carry you - it's like a dance - left-right.

Invisible force took Mendel'son A under legs, and carried him for shoulders and forearms also. He did not have much strength left in him, he did not need it either.

A second ago he wanted to sleep, now he could not.

Like that carrying it, carrying a little more, and let's get this leg back and this is - let see - imaginary ball - kick it - goal.

A little bit more dancing like that. Bowing-bending. And here.

Mendel'son A standing on feet almost touched grass by the open palms. His internal feeling was the one of an alcoholic.

- Building a flower with the palms. Start helping me a bit. Yes.

Flower. Yes. So... Walking more... There is a bit of Pinocchio walk.

Forearms and feet and some shoulders are under control - the body is totally hanging. Now something like... the same as growing handle on the head. Somebody is taking that handle. And... Takes you from here...

You are there? No. Don't answer. Vitals are not good.

We have nowhere to turn except of running from ourselves...

Aha there is a dragon in front of us. Fighting... Fighting...

Conquered. Good.

So. Vitals are good, you are there. I would leave you alone now, you will survive through the night from this moment. All by yourself.

So. Turning off parts of brain... checked... Raising the possible / acceptable pain barrier... done... Okay this is it.

Victory street, it has tale of another world and nowhere man.

Running a bit forward your first challenge will be to host a convention center, where the blue robot-driver of the liquid spaceship you were on will bring you. We will give you lines of text written on paper to say there, you will be reading from rostrum, so your identity would be beyond questioning. And soon it will be it.

You saw the health risks. After the set of more experiments and essentially your work, you will do for us, we will stop doing any

more experiments and you will have enough secret material to bury us.

You are a true hero. Most talented. Science will never forget you. Even though series of experiments will stop, you will retain all of this equipment we put into your brain. We can't operate it back, you understand. So... What is your hidden desire...

Personal show in Ublimosis. Do you want to be a popular show host?

Day 4, Training, Ublimosis desert, 14th of July 3057, 10:00 am
Conditioning: brain injury, cease of automatic lung ventilation,
suffocation, damaged foot.

Globes of Ublimosis sun shelter. Morning. Voice. Awakening.

- Head hurts?

- Yes.

- Water?

- Yes.

- Pour yourself some. Use a paper cup.

- Here nobody pays for water, there is a lot of water everywhere, wells of water, also you can ask water from venuzles, go to the side of the wells and cry there for water. So would we go to South West? No! You are done drinking? Good. In instance Mendel'son A dropped cup. Some kind of card like a credit card went under his skin in the area of wrist, it just appeared there, and became a part of his body, very sensitive part, like lips, card took billion of nerves in it. It was very hard to touch it and unthinkable to scratch it off.

- Implanting something new for your entertainment.

- Entertaining level is not at the value today.

- It never is.

- What would you say to have calcaneus - it's the back side of your feet - to be a ball?

He jumped and tried to walk, he limped significantly, it was very painful - he could walk may be a 10th of mile like that.

- Ok, let stop this joke, - card and ball disappeared, - We have another technique. It's the technique of access. A word pulse.

Trying nerves in the brain, looking, where it goes. There are all those alarm systems, and never was any fire. Let's free fire.

There were green rays leaking in Mendel'son A consciousness.

Then tiny tiny robotic voice, picking letter by letter, word by word.

- We are...

And repeated, - We are...

- We are...

- We are from...

- We are from planet...

- ...Mars

Green rays stopped, and voice continued:

- If we were sitting, doing nothing, we would never get this research product, we are offering now. By the way... There is this SEPULVEDA BUS 4 in South West Village, you translate phrase to russian it will give you depending on how you break

words in russian : EATING BULLETS or SWAM IN POOL.

Importance of russian culture and russian language is to be known by everyone, this technique is much more difficult for a bilingual person.

- These russian readings - you are doing it from Russia or what?

- I know many languages.

- Everything NSA people had, but not the good exterior.

- Break your glasses? OK. 500 equa. Go a little bit a side from the sun shelter, here shaded by the palm, a-ha. To tell you up front our next part will be fun, come on... We forgot some sheets from yesterdays acting.

- It was complete, - Mendel'son A heard his words, roaring through the pain in the head, suddenly returned to him.

- Complete but never completed. THE KING BUG WALK. You see all those ants now on the ground, we will suffocate you, and then YOU DIE.

Mendel'son stopped breathing, lost any strength and fell on the ground. Practically he was sitting, his spine backed the wall. There was somebody else's Chrysler scooter parked not far from him. He was wondering whom it might be. Ants were running between his fingers.

- Today we are trying to have rest in expense of others.

There were no breathing, Mendel'son A felt very sick but was conscious.

- How are we doing?

- M-mmm-h.

- OK, now minimal strength returns, and you awake. Go to the station, and to the Ublimozis, no head turns, easy day.

An hour later he arrived and get off train.

- Imagine that you are a Columbo. Life was difficult for you, your body heavy. Enter Wendy burger shop, buy yourself a burger.

Mendel'son A bought himself and ate a burger.

- Ok, that's it, go back to the 'Globes of Ublimozis' station.

Once Mendel'son A was seated in the train, the voice continued: for one night we will stay in the hotel. It would be a virtual hotel. 40 equadollars a night, payable with 25 equacents coins on exiting.

Mendel'son A found himself in the hotel room, to which he was transported to his own amazement.

A bed, a square lamp, dip light. He was sleepy and went to bed right away.

It was next morning, voice did not bother him.

He picked a bottle of antiburning vitamin from the table (they are very attentive) and tried to exit the door, it had a coin slot in it and did not open. He put 25 equacents into the coin slot. Now door could be opened a very little, he even could not see a crack of light from the corridor. He placed 25 more equacents, and repeated it. When he spent about 27 equadollars, he could already by pushing out by his shoulder the door get out through the space big enough between the door, the door frame and the square door room divider. In about 10 seconds of working it around he flew from the other side.

There was a chinese motel rate inspector on the other side. He pointed on the policy on the plate : 200 equadollars of fine for not paying the whole 40 dollars of door rate.

He commented:

- Wun Tso said: Evil thought adopted to demon can bring to prosperity.

Day 4, Einstein/Chaplin mime class, Ublimozis desert, same day, evening, 14th of July 3057, 8:00 pm
Conditioning: brain injury.

Reaching the 'Globes of Ublimozis' on that subway train, Mendel'son
A thought that people complain because they want something to disappear, that vuzles are the graveyard on the legs, and that voice and cobra hands will never return to him, when the voice pronounced:

- Einstein / Chaplin mime class. Get off the train.
- What if I stay.

Something started to suffocate him.

- You want to get off. We need a service from you. Not that it is not to burn the bus and have some discussion that you did it not because it burns so beautifully. Get off because I'll tell you another anagram. This billboard you saw on Fairfax - 'Rob Schneider & friends' - if you read it partially backwards... Get off. Please. Okay. Here is the anagram: This billboard you saw on Fairfax - 'Rob Schneider & friends' - if you read it partially backwards, it will be 'Loot reddish and friends'

- Okay, I'm getting off.

- Now go to the sun shelter, I won't be guiding you, take that blue robot / driver / liquid ship / hyperdrive magazine and keep it in your hands always. You have that golden key in your pocket, you received with net-fixer, phone and other stuff?

- What is it for?

- I'll tell you later.

- Yes.

- Good. Miracles start here.

- More this than anything else if you were never born is will do too.

- It's the very end of the training. We will have party or something to remember, there will be some pain of course, but the job will contain it also.

- Of course, a-ha...

- I'll take the control of your face and body again, almost totally. You will notice the headache rises. Einstein / Chaplin mime class. Going through the yard, a-ha, looking onto scary tree. Scary tree. Facial expression. A-ha. The moon is full. Silver bullet. A-ha. Now you are a dog in the headphones, wagging the ass. A-ha. Now... the grave dance... Some useless singing here...

- la-la-la-purple...

- Perfect. There is tiled floor - black tiles surrounded by gray tiles, let pretend black tiles are graves, we are telling the story of people in the graves through the language of dance. Here comes a person died in military, killed by bullets. A-ha. Some nazis of World War II. We bring fascism. Show some swastikas by the hands. They are turning.

Good. The rocket scientist. Something with start of the rocket. Not like that, no... A-ha. Rocketry is next to God. Good. Some small green person. He died the same as lived. Some meaningless expressions... good... You are now the reincarnation of Shakespear, father of theater. A-ha. Good. There are other copies of you in the other words, some dead, some alive, they travel in the same pipeline with you and some worse copy of you tries to drive up to you, tell him what you think... facially... yes... Get and lift the golden key out of your pocket... Lift it as high as you can... It is now the golden key of Ublimozis... And it is also ticket to go through the turnstile... To the spaceship. We need to see that you saw the spaceship. Good... We are quite far from the place we started. I see some lamppost. I'll take full control here. You are dancing around the lamppost and beating your head as forcefully as possibly of the lampposts. One by one. Tonight you will die.

- Now I will remove most of controls. The magazine with picture of blue robot-driver. What do you think of it?

- Mendel'son A started to tear it in pieces and throw on the pavement.

- The bus bench. Jump in it. That's it. No controlling of you. What you say?

- The head is broken. I think tonight I will die. Definitely would die if went to sleep. There is internal hemorrhage everywhere.

- We are already operating. The cultural level reflects in the the cars. And there were indeed dozens of cars sweeping past the bus bench with sibilant sound.

invert them to luidors. The treasure belongs to you. It's a pay off procedure.

Hang around until we will contact you.

RUN

Day 5, the job, Ublimosis desert, 15th of July 3057, 7:00 pm, still light

Condition: brain injury.

In the head there was this boiled purple black tornado.

- Not catching anything in music?.. Hang on there, we'll fly for you... What are vitals now? Bottom vitals, he does not hear us. Nice! What are you saying... It used to be a psychology book... Now it's entertainment. Fine absorbent. Guide it. It's better now. Tight up a bit..

- Hey there, do you feel that you head pulled together with little hoop. A-ha. Please do not say, think. THINK SOMETHING!

- Yes.

- Great! The job day! We will be following a blue robot / liquid ship driver to the convention center, you will be speaking there to distract securities and bring surety to your identity. Sides you will get on site.

Voice changed to another speaker:

- Driver left the ship after you left it, he is walking. Basically, they have a quantum configurator, those older models superhebaraldi, not that we can't figure, they change both the location of abandoned driver's ship and the location of the conference, he is being guided there by one of them. What they don't know though is that through the entire area there is a strained normal planetary griplunger thithlunger, whatever they do with this old hebaraldi is assimilated by thithlunger physics, we still can freeze external animations of the movements of the abandoned ship they hide... and the movements of the driver... and the movements of the closed conference they host. And... They don't even know about it!

- Why me? You said with all this technology, you know by yourself where driver goes. Where convention center is. What is my part?

- Simple. We need practical side of it. Not the point on locator. The eyes. You are 'the eyes'.

- Can't you pick something flying. You need camera really, not the eyes. An insect replica.

- There is no insect replica, which can talk. Besides, just because you asked. It's more complex. You are 'the eyes', you are 'the power source'. It's all you!

- The power source?

- What is it, you thought? On the planetary scale of this size griplunger needs hundreds times more power than small hole

punching griplunger thithlunger, thousands times more than the hebaraldi of any size.

I remember first purdos rablet. Cuts on the stomach. Standing infections better. A combination of propane cartridge in the body and the air balloon. It looks that close to burn entirely - never does! All genetically inspired by need to make enemy burn. Propane, self reproducing 24 / 7. Convection. Energy substitutes.

Speaker on the other side changed:

- My beauty! You sum distance between eyes and take twice the size of ear - you get jaw diameter. Unbelievable! There is one little problem though.

- What is it?

- You are running very slow to catch up with blue robot.

Expression of the face Mendel'son A took interesting look.

- We will need to do a permanent remote heart transplant on lung ventilator 'Rhipidium' and change of blood every twenty minutes, you will feel something, all with anaesthetic, and you will have to survive through a headache. Nothing to worry.

- When does it start?

- You went through one 3 minutes ago. Let's go! We are about to exit the deserted area. Corner of Longpre & Monteel. Great!

Speaker changed:

- Did not want to alarm you. We are changing brain to solid state brain membrane extender. You won't make it through with what you had... Originally... It's better to do it suddenly we figured.

Hang on. Don't fall. Okay, you may fall now.

Mendel'son A was lying on the pavement in the middle of pedestrian flow. Bicyclists were running the small lanes above his head, and the cameras on their heads were blinking red.

Pain was unbearable, he was beating the head of the pavement tiles, beating brutally, without remorse or stop. After 30 seconds there was a mass inside the head beating also the walls of the skull, a piece of bone or something. Then Mendel'son A saw the green cylinder with rays going up. There was a female image on top of the cylinder.

Voice in the head:

- Don't turn off yet, please. There are people waiting for you on the other side.

One speaker to another.

- You think, it worked.

- Vitals are OK.

- It looks like it worked. On the 5th time he chose life. THINK SOMETHING.

The memory. There was the memory piece, which appeared in Mendel'son A head. The speaker voice, it was not now, like a distant memory of a voice with compere style of saying and light sound:

- Ladies and gentlemen, 0.50 fried.

Speaker on the other side intercepted actively:

- We have something, but he does not speak.

- What's your name, ah? How old are you?

- 104.

- Good, good. Stand up, please. No time to lie.

Mendel'son A felt jolt of electricity in the head. He stood as fast as he could, grasping pavement with dirty hands, more than that, a feeling that he needs maximum blood circulation returned to him. He needed to move. He needed to run.

- Go to the corner of Longpre&Havenhurst. Quick.

When he was, he felt weak and dizzy. He sat, backing the lamppost, there was the white technical booth, growing out of the pavement till half of his height in front of him. A picture of human comedian was attached to its whiteness, whiteness which created colic in the eyes for a moment. He was scrawny and his face was twirled into exceptional superhuman knot.

- You are 'the eyes', so we are taping. All right, a little bit of dance with hands again, only dubstep now, dance, making starts with hands, it's for us and to make sure you are stable.

- For blood circulation, - another speaker.

- We will take control of that. You... Compose some lyrics.

Starting... Now! We will help you. Your solid state brain membrane extender contains philological flow, it will turn on automatically if you want to compose lyrics. Don't be afraid, just start.

Mendel'son A in confusion thought what lyrics to compose, when his mouth started to mumble:

'paragnisus repetus

Mc Donalds give me arm

Mc Donalds don't alarm

I levozkaa i petuz

I zubozlil korablus

nulevozka grepetuz

a vot eto vot diriavii shoes
Kogda griboza zapisus
I otmorozok dorabus
Otkrivosle benefit!
shvatit'sja za ruki 3 raza podumat' o luchshem
meste
i mi tam i pojavimsja
zaskreboza
zastrelis'
pisanuzka
toroplis'

ot dubozki
pinozki
tubozki
gribozki
esli ja bil takoi prostoi
zapisusi knigu-u-u

ob'edusa vam i obpitusa
nam to chto v korichnevom zapisuse

bol'shoi polilsja sopliusis prishel'ci

ekstroordinarno buterbrod popadaet priam vam v rot
du-ubi-isli kliuch, , tebja ostavil ja v reke

Mutabor, mutabor komu skazochnii topor'

Voice of speaker interrupted him:

- Zapitus griboza buboza, we help, no?

Another speaker commented to himself:

- Until those old dupes figured - there is no hiding from music in their age.

- Nice visual material, thanks! Would you move a couple of steps to the bus stop poster, with those palms and sun. You know what it is on the poster.

- It is Mr. Confidence life experience campaign. It is about middle aged man.

- A-ha. Move to it a little bit like you are a film asset.

- What's written on this one by the way?

- When he drives a parascooter off the platform, it doubles in price, - Mendel'son A noticed that pleasant netherlands accent returned to him.

- Excell-lent.

- New dance. Remember we are taping. Making his facial features. Of the ads star on the poster.

Mendel'son A was now standing, and fixed all of his body but hands. Hands of Mendel'son A, those 2 cobras, started a piece of choreography of showing, shaping and molding around the face of Ronald Slavutin, the campaign head, as a demonstration of modern sculptural press or a manufacturing machine.

- Creating a human!

- You see this panel. A-ha. Car hood, - other speaker was in time to foresee the end of 'human-face-reconstruction' dance, - imagine this to be flying vessel with back positioned expirators of special fuel... Quantum quarks. Show us a flying machine.

Swimming road. A-ha. Night is almost a space night. There is extravision - it's disappearing - it's almost there and here. IN-FUSION! Now we are establishing contact from another Galaxy. We see some intelligence, life forms walking the distant planets, we don't care what planets, it's hard to pick. We can't jack into the heads, it's all too distant. If somebody had already enhancer in the head we would jack right away, but, no... Show facial disappointment. We search, search... Right and left throwing moves, a-ha... We will give you some prolonged level sounds, almost phone like, it's how intelligent form of life sounds in giant griplunger thithlunger on first contact on locator. Mendel'son A started to make equipment like sounds.

- Establishing contact, establishing contact. No it will never work, it is too far. A-ha, we have a brain anomaly.

- This is just dance. Show whatever you want, or listen to prompt. You are doing fine by the way. We will catch where you fail. We tape you with subtitles, give us some fun.

- Brain anomaly is going down good. It's a hope. We need a sort of long distance brain drilling device. Huge planet size cylindrical echo-depth-driller. Drilling holes in the head. Pick this long transparent empty cylindrical pack from the trash bin. And in this another trash bin - near the bus stop - transparent triangular sandwich wrapper. Attach it to the transparent cylinder. Now from the side of the top cylinder attach a Wendy cup. A-ha, from the trash bin. But it never works. You can't attach moves to him, can't speak out of his mouth. The phone connection just isn't strong enough. You can only read him. Useless. Drilling brain some more. A feeling of strings of fiber

insulation. Get another cup under bus bench - a Rite Aid cup.
Attach it to the triangular sandwich wrapper - your phone.
TALK IN IT!

Day 5, the job, Ublimozis desert, the same day, 15th of July
3057, 7:20 pm
Condition: brain injury.

There was some loss of time. Mendel'son A stood from the ground suddenly with pain in the head and inability to lie.
- It's the same place. Do not worry. Go to the Days Inn lobby, in the shadow made by the building. A-ha, you are now between their shuttle bus and the building, stay there.

Mendel'son A was looking in his own reflection in the black huge windows of the white bus with blue lining. It showed tongue.

- What are we ending up with?
- Life expectancy is 3 years.
- He is hearing us. He can hear everything, we say.
- 3 years? - Mendel'son A exclaimed.
- After that you will need a new body, yes.
- And you will provide.
- It depends. We could. You can provide yourself. You've got the 'Treasure of Ublimozis'.
- Oh by the way, you hear, us, you will have later today a crematorium type of feel. It will take 10 to 12 hours to wear out. You can forget about Peele Basole. We know you were worrying. You will not get there by tomorrow, we already contacted your branch of the NSA.
- What are we ending up with?
- It's still higher education, he can work with paper may be two minutes, can't hold still, blood solidifies, he is a running type now. Olympic games type.
- Directional implant.
- No. Should talk him through. Always! He read vertical directions as also horizontal, even worse, they are welded. Not to use. You make an intuitive suggestion to run sewers, he could steal and run helicopter up instead. Directional suggestion is very strong to him, but unpredictable, useless.
- A-ha. Got it. Like a punched card key. Put it into the garbage collector, 'error ... garbage does not match'.
- That's all.
- On the line of defects, yes.
- Excellent.
- All righty, then, let's go.

Mendel'son A felt jolt in the head, he started to run on the spot.
- Mendel'son A, my friend, bring us to the corner of Longpre&Sycamore.

Mendel'son A was there in 1 minute and a quarter.

- Thirst! We need water. This 7/11. Get 1 equa in your hand. Op-p-s! Overheating. I'll get your tongue out. Don't worry take the cup and give 1 dollar exiting.

Dirty hands, dirty head, tongue out of the mouth.

- Oh, ok you can take it, - there was a young seller behind a counter.

- Don't reply. See this small road between Bubilduras Peak of Civilization Building and Building CJour. Go there, stand for a moment we need to check the mechanicals. Done. Watch yourself in the black glass reflection, vitals are flaky. I'll pull your tongue out, so you would not be bored.

- Change the view. See this mansion on the horizon. We are going there. We will have a rest there for a few week to tie up your health. Hot purdos rablet females - what you think?

Mendel'son A thought that level suddenly changed from personal show in Ublimozis to hot females in the closed NSA mansion. What do they do for people necessary for termination, he wanted to know? He had a growing concern that medical experiment all by itself was what they were after.

- We see what you think. O-kay, as you wish. No paid leave of absence, no time for pity. Heart transplant / blood transfusion. Lite burning.

- Run, run, run! Turn right on Fountain. Your vision will get blurry now. Mechs say they can repair in 72 hours. But it's OK as it is. Something like -2.5 Diopters.

- Look at the street light.

The pedestrian street light looked like a federal seal of Ublimozis.

- A-ha. Something, isn't it? Myopia.

- Look to your left.

- Flowing in red, blue and bright yellow light there was image of lady Mary.

- This is a VR (author note: VIRTUAL REALITY)? - Mendel'son A exclaimed.

- Earth now is a game in the box.

- A claustrophobic solution, - Mendel'son A replied, - THE BOX. I would not recommend. Vision is blurry, headache critical. The last thing you want is a mental health case on your hands, - Mendel'son A smiled.

- You've got to get out of boundaries to give us visual row with -2.5 diopters. Look straight ahead. About to hit him. There was a robot-human!!! fat man. He was walking mechanically, slow.

They were running now the blocks of huge residences, with lights and small water pipes in the bottom on the level of ankles.

The cars, usual 4 wheeled cars started from time to time to stop touching ground and fly into the sky.

- Or torment artist to produce better art! What is criteria if it is worth. Breaking mental row you would not give anything.

Otherwise there would be something.

- Lift capacity of an artist through his death? - asked Mendel'son A. He took a mental note like an experienced 9/11 operator : 'possibly maniac artist or artists'.

- Now, again to the left far far away. There is a super modern building, but somehow there is an open grave. See it?

There was an open grave and a ghost again in blue, yellow and red colors was coming down into the ground.

- Here just fun.

A usual human male was throwing a sandal into the river.

- Here you are, running around, not belonging to the same world with everyone else, - speaker in the head referred to VR ghosts around. We are taping!

- You should give viewer to choose if they want to look at the truth or not.

- Don't interrupt! Mental flow - I concentrated all day and you - wipe!

Two huge scorpions went into the small hole between the stones.

- The corner - cash collectors are at work in the flak jackets and armoured vehicle. You would never tell them from real. Or are they? It's getting dark.

They were running two times to lines of number 7 (4 all together) if you followed all of their turns. This was the black half semitransparent glass half murble corner of building, the rest of which was made of a brown brick.

- We have two tiny little problems. Brain and extender are burning out slightly, meaning that blood is not making a way through the part of tissue. You life memories are saved there 10 times though, just in that very case that you will have a tissue damage. How much you've got left, you think?

- 90%

- Actually, about 55. We degrade the speed of loss by changing the blood all the time. The decrease will stop soon. It will happen... around now!

- Thanks.

- Nothing. There are a few minutes till that moment. This solid state brain membrane extender - it's not that easy, I have to tell you... It is wired to strained normal planetary griplunger thithlunger. It analyses philological, suggestive and self defined perception.

- Perception?

- What your wish about the planet is? About the changes? Usual small griplunger thithlunger and hebaraldi affect the features of time - slows it down, speeds up. Makes you appear in time. But the griplunger of this planetary size changes forms and shapes of objects also.

- I will have to kill you, then.

- We are out of reach. There are certain limitations also. It is processed through thithlunger CPU. How real is the need for change, how practical, would overall value of products and culture better or not. In shorter terms, the more antisocial your wish is, the less likely CPU will do it.

- First thing we do - we change the planet radius - to the bigger radius.

- Funny, but it's wired to your fists, to your marrow bones. The more you clench them now, the bigger is the radius. Clench it to the maximum. Good. Look around.

Mendel'son A looked like unpleasant to his eyes, in the moment, all the car traffic on the corner of black-brown building changed. Cars started to be 1.5 time longer. And the buses. Headlights and tail lights changed in shape and form.

- All the people on the planet changed. They build longer cars and buses. And bigger houses.

There were a few purdos rablet females walking the empty before street. And this is when 'oxygen thing' started again.

Mendel'son A turned away his sight but it was too late. He was suffocating. It took a minute.

- Something is not right. We are loosing him.

Mendel'son A felt that control over his body became very weak. He could do to his hands - controlled before cobras - and to his feet whatever he wanted! He becomes normal purdos rablet again. Or almost normal with all the headache and blood barely circulating. He was curious how long he is going to live without the blood transfusions.

Voices became lower in volume.

- Something is not right.

- What?

- We are loosing him.

- We have an oxygen break.

- Mendel'son A. Fall on the ground.

- Oh, no! You failed! Failed the training. Fall on the ground! Face the ground! Send him back.

From the black corner building from the glassy lobby the stretcher was carried by people in the gray suits. Strangely they sometimes were almost reaching the double glass doors and then were going backwards, not turning, just stepping back and stretcher were following them, but then again were going towards doors and were never reaching them. Lobby was lit by the soft lite.

Mendel'son A wanted them back. What do they do for people necessary for termination, he still wanted to know.

They went stepping backwards back to the elevator on the first floor.

Voices in the head changed. It were different people now, controlling him. Younger male voices.

- Cross the pedestrian light.

The pedestrian light shined the state seal of Ublimozis instead of the regular pedestrian cross invitation.

Day 5, the job, Ublimozis desert, the same day, 15th of July
3057, 8:25 pm

- Pick glasses from the ledge on lamp stand.

Mendel'son A said, less interested:

- So, what happened anyway?

- I am an Earth crosses operator class II, Earth changes committee. The ECC.

- NSA?

- No.

Mendel'son A hugged chest and waist by hands.

Fire redundant brown and white clothes.

- I had a myopia, - Mendel'son A said, placing glasses on.

- We know who you are.

- Time?

- 2504.

- 2504? 500 years earlier.

- Yes. Cross the pedestrian light again.

- It shows not a moving pedestrian, a federal sign of Ublimozis.

(italic) I am with glasses on. I can cross? What is happening?
What is this place?

- They copied the best they could. It looked on the picture something like a federal seal.

- On the picture... On the screen?

- On the screen.

- Not a moving pedestrian?

- No.

- There are records of my moves?

- We have your tape. It was a televised translation 75 years ago, with red tape. An entertainment actually. For people with clearance.

- Where is my previous guide?

- We don't know. We have your tape. We know who you are.

Cross the light again. Head is starting to hurt already?

- Yes.

- It's thirst. We need a cup of drink. 'Seven Eleven'.

- How you know all the detail? What to do?

- There are many copies of you. Some of them died. Path of mistakes and solutions.

- Of me?

- All copies are a bit different... Ublimozis?

- What?

- You mentioned Ublimozis? Locations Ublimozis and NSA do not tell me anything.
 - What is the place called anyway?
 - You are in Rayben Pershin G quadrant 8, closed area, clearance 4. Earth changes committee. The ECC.
 - Ublimozis Golden Globe?
 - There is nothing here. In the system.
 - What is it for? You have many copies of me. What do you need me - my copy - for?
 - The more of 'you' are there, the stronger TV translation is. The one of 75 years ago. This is if we can use it.
 - Can use it.
 - If the cross is clear.
 - What if not.
 - Your cross seems quite clear.
 - The buses. They became longer.
 - We know. If Earth is a bus, they were building through your visuals.
 - Let say, we pay driver to throw everybody off the bus. What money are we talking about?
 - Have a nice day.
- Mendel'son A's path bent now around a gray bench, bench of stone, specifically memorable, it had two children of stone - boy and girl - radiantly smiling. Statuettes were beautifully made. On the bench it was written: 'They will borrow their lifetime in another worse train'.
- This is if Earth was a train. Another copies of you had almost the same conversations here with another ECC official - not me.
 - One cross operation per official?
 - Not necessarily.
 - It's like a grave. 'Borrow lifetime...'
 - Each time you cross things change. And people. They change.
 - How much control over that you have?
 - Classified. We stabilize *by visuals*.
 - What about 'Ublimozis Golden Globe'?
 - Let me check. No. System never heard of it.
 - 100 things monument.
 - No.
 - I am officially alive in this place? Is there a Space Police insured log, entry or tag with my name on it. The net fixer log.
 - Space Police. It is a juridical law-enforcement posse or a private institute.
 - Juridical.
 - No.

- No? - Mendel'son A clasped hands.
- Don't talk much. It will become worse. Claustrophobia also.

'Seven Eleven'. A cup of drink.

- Equa will work here.
- Funny, but yes.
- Rayben Pershin G quadrant 8, closed area, clearance 4 'Seven Eleven'. This one.
- As you say. 'Thanks heaven' Seven Eleven. Ditch your phone to the trash bin. Phone from the pocket. A-ha.

Mendel'son A opened a 'Seven Eleven' door. Head hurt more. He had a feeling that air was pushing into him from all sides - that feeling was new.

There was a fat bearded man behind the counter. He had a smile. Mendel'son A left equa exiting. He did not take it.

- I can get outside the gate?
- No. That is if you find the gate. When you get placement in the closed area - it is a personal house - they have this local village channels. The ECC makes nice commercials.
- Commercials?
- No strings attached. At home, in your own house, your own commercials on TV channel, with hostess service, I cross fingers for you.
- Sounds attractive.
- Except that commercials don't go outside 'the gate'. You will get used to it. You all - the copies of you - play parts in scripts with actors from outside. That is instead of personal show. I know you were promised a personal show. To be a popular show host.
- Personal show in Ublimozis.
- There are about 24 names of place 'you' are from, including Rayben Pershin G quadrant 8. Nobody mentioned Ublimozis, but they come all the time. With new place name.
- What's in the tape?
- Of 75 years ago?
- What is the place name in the tape?
- Tape consists of fragments. It does not name place. Glevenuzi was the first place name we heard from walker. You can name it this place. And the Rayben Pershin G if you wish.
- You will be doing tests?
- Stability. Life longevity. Your organism does not self support health anymore. You will not make it till the end of day without us. You need new heart and to change the blood stream.

Phrase 'actors from outside' appeared in the head of Mendel'son A again. A hope of exit.

- I can read it. I have teletext here. 'Actors from outside' are actors with clearance.

- Sure.

- You will participate in that with joy. I'll take control from here. You don't need to run anymore - you can't, but for a few more hours while we are figuring vital organs, you will need to walk fast. You can't even walk that long, so we will take control over your legs and body and walk you through. No absolute freedom again.

Mendel'son A felt that his legs walk almost themselves without obstacle and gravitation, except that he can step only in the very particular acceptable place in the pavement, so to speak he was stepping into the steps of somebody else who walked here earlier. Outside of this trajectory of legs, that is if he decided to fight a flow, there was a huge gravitation, driving legs and body back in.

The place, he was going through, was a composition of huge cars, yards and benches. There was neon electricity and light everywhere, there was no saying that no one lives here. But there were no people so far. Private block ended and there was a small plaza with small ABC without light inside and with wooden chairs up on the tables and another huge unusual for Mendel'son A facility which he thought to be a medical facility with huge antiaustrophobic rooms and windows.

- This is where we start medical treatment soon.

- When do I meet another copy of me?

- They are not in this quadrant. If all goes well you will be moved from this hospital to the others a week later.

There were cars moving around the plaza with tinted glasses - Mendel'son A would not tell if there were drivers inside or it was an automatic show. He bet the last.

They turned again. He started to notice that houses had also huge huge antiaustrophobic rooms and windows - the thing he did not notice earlier. In a little while the 'Seven Eleven' appeared and they went into the 2nd circle.

- We will be moving circles, we need it for the blood flow, - the young male voice said.

- What is this on the ground? - pointed Mendel'son A on gray scotch tape crosses here and there on the 'Seven Eleven' back yard.

- The cross territory markings. There some copies of you stopped. Died. Don't stop here. If you are able to make a second loop, it shows 'things are going good'. But you and and the others often ask here. It is a good sign.

Mendel'son A was still holding 7/11 cup, half of drink, in his hand and part of it splashed. Gravitation of his walk changed - he was going now the perimeters closer to the fence, near the cars, almost striking them by the elbows, almost touching the houses walls. Plaza, medical buildings and ABC.

- Ok, - the young voice commanded, - don't turn here. Cross the traffic and the plaza.

The level of voice was going down, loosing in volume fast.

For a moment Mendel'son A felt, that he can move free again.

Very tired, but free. And then he saw the liquid ship swimming the street. It stopped, and a blue robot from the magazine exited it.

Day 5, the job, Rayben Pershin G quadrant 8, the same day, 9th of August 2504, 9:10 pm

The stopped liquid ship reminded of an isle. Mendel'son A turned head and robot stood in the center of this isle, and his face resembled eternal reproach with glow on the head. At close look skin substituted parts of the chest, neck and shoulders - strings more - they were beige - to reduce it's visual mass? For sick entertainment?

There was some feel of movement going out of it, like those shoulders were pushing back into his head, some breath. Some trace of vague inconvenience.

Mendel'son A could not tell.

The glasses beneath the head screw still made it feel that videofeed is coming to it through its eyes, while harbor type of polyfunctional robot was getting all of his vision from top 3d. It stepped on the ground with 2 of the comments. Location type of audio comment into the log, - I am cherry. I am the control, - and a speech pattern accumulation:

- They say we have not very much of a space ship, not very much, ha-ha-ha.

The isle of spaceship was surrounded now by the birds. This stopped liquid ship was practically a conglomerate of thousands of quantum robots - birds like - released by the stop of the liquid ship. They were flying around the engine waiting for task and glowing of different colors, most of yellow, depending on where they worked, while the ship was running. The picture of robot and ship blinked and they disappeared. Flying Dutchman.

The ghost ship.

Blue driver - his way to treasure.

There was some boundary, the outline, time escalator coming almost to Mendel'son A steps. He stepped on and off. Nothing happened. 15 seconds later this shaky surface left. Mendel'son A felt that he is falling while his eyes were saying that he is standing still. The gravity around him changed.

- He is back again?

- There was turbulence. Vorticity. Eddying of some sort. But I caught him now. Yes. I control him.

'I am the control,' - the words swept over the head of Mendel'son A.

- So, we gain the control again.

- It looks like yes.

- He hears us, - the familiar young male voice, - You hear us.

- Yes.
- We had a technical problem, but now we can operate cross as usual. Do not worry.
- You see the stopped white car with open doors and emergency flashers.

The car was empty.

- We might need to drive it out depends on your vitals. No, it's good, you can leave it. Go deeper into the yard, under the gate, where the huge lights are.

- The housing community?

- The housing community. This is where the quadrant ends. There are some people living there, - cross operator a little giggled.

- What?

- Go into the yard of this big unlit home. We will be doing some dust bin dance with words. I'll put words into you. Do not worry. Other copies of you taped it here before. We will be synchronizing.

Mendel'son A felt that somebody else took control over all of his muscles.

- Unlock the dustbin.

The smell was coming from the open dustbin. He started to touch dustbin with the ribs of his palms and pronounce lyrics.

Nulis Nulis wrong kastrulis

i dazhe pilulis

it also kreplusis

retaliation design

gravevo-orum

- Here we go, - voice intervened, - crying u-lu-lu in circles, and we made a part of cross, - We will have now a police encounter,
- giggling again, - don't talk to me.

'Queen's police' was inscribed on the car.

The police shuttle swept in turning from the corner and stopped. The policemen were not real, like the hologram, but they had sound coming out of vehicle. Their images displayed two fat humans of a slightly different height.

- What are you doing here?

- Going home.

- You live here?

- Yes.

- You are going where?

- There, - Mendel'son A showed the direction of his walk.

- Walk only this way. Don't turn back. We don't want to see you here again.

Police shuttle swept over, continuing away towards the same direction, Mendel'son A showed.

- We are going? - he asked voice.

- Yes.

There was a turn of road, and Mendel'son A realized that the land they were on was a hill from the view of all those huge houses down there. There was no movement nowhere, but the place was brightly lit. Village was abstract, misty, little inhabited and leaving 'where did you get it from' feeling.

- Somebody lives here.

- No. Not here. Collateral damage for our architects. On the tape of 75 years ago, you looked there, there were huge houses and no people. *We just had to copy.* There is no practical sense known. *Just synchronizing.*

After holographic police experience it all was like Disney bubble gum insert, eye through statistics gave you surety that all of this is not real. And at the same time all the details were present.

- Conglomeration of mannequins and furniture on the lorry.

You see it?

- Yes.

It was trimmed with aluminium bars on the lorry body. The large holes appeared between the bars.

- Excuse us.

Mendel'son A felt jolt of pain between left and right ear. He started to beat his head off the lorry. Then he took long metal rod and started to beat out the windows of the nearest house. The more he did, the less real the place was to him. Windows stayed intact. It could be a special glass after all. Not a crack, not a hairline. The pain ceased.

- Only 1 minute. Thank you. Walk down the road.

Next house was brightly lit, Disney style, with huge windows,

on the second floor outline of female and Pinocchio.

- We've got sticky warm wind coming in. Go past this and onto the second floor in this huge house on the corner.

There was sub floor patio on the second floor before the mansard.

- Fool protection. Look at these houses down there below the line of horizon, under the ocean line, those 'under the hill' houses. You see the tower?

- Yes.

The holographic yellow bullet separated from the tower.

- It reaches you, you die. Got it?

- Yes.

- You saw people with stretcher coming out of lobby in the black street corner building earlier today.

- Yes.

How many times did they change direction from elevator to the lobby and back. How many oscillations?

- 9.

Yellow bullet was growing in size and made may be 1/7th of it's path to him.

- About right. What was the name of campaign on the bus stop on Havenhurst and Monteel.

- Mr. Confidence life experience campaign.

Yellow bullet was on 2/7th of the path.

- What was the title of Rite Aid magazine with blue driver on top?

- Driver of liquid ship: What does the secret of hyperdrive hide?

- Correct.

- You saw him again today?

3/7th of path.

- Yes.

- What were the most common bird colors?

Bullet made 4/7th of path.

- Yellow, red and blue.

- What was the suffocation walk name?

5/7th of path.

- King bug walk.

- What was the name of an acting class?

- Einstein/Chaplin mime class.

- Okay. That's good, - bullet disappeared, - We needed to see who you are and that with brain damage you can answer questions. Ladies and gentlemen, first part of cross is ours. Smiles, congratulations, long applause.

And young male voice disappeared.

- Cross spot auto controller class I, how may I assist you? - robotic voice.

- Did I cross again?

- No.

- Where is the old operator?

- No.

- You are the new operator?

- No.

- You will answer the questions?

- No.

The cross machine did not work. Jolt of pain in the head, pain left and right. Mendel'son A decided that he would do better if he laid on the ground. 5 seconds later he figured, it was wrong. He needed to walk.

- We are entering this house?

- No.

Mendel'son A entered the house. There was an asian human female replica robot. He guessed this by robotic same moves, she made around the bed. She was standing from the bed, going to the table, then standing there a few seconds, going back to bed, sitting on bed and then going bad to the table. He exited the house and tried to enter the opposite house. Bearded human male replica robot. This one talked.

- What are you doing here? Where did you came from? - his voice was meaningless and quite polite.

- I am going home.

Robot changed angle of face quick.

- I understand. But what are you doing here? - another angle of face. Mendel's son A waved hand in desperation of pain. He continued by the same road, the police went through 20 minutes ago.

- I can't walk like that, in pain, - he said.

- No.

- Where is the treasure? Where is a human operator? Where are the others? - he was moving now up to the balcony in another home almost similar to 'flying bullet interrogation' home.

- No.

- They will never go for it, this will never work, not now, not in the future, this is a des-pe-ration! - and he jumped off the balcony.

He hit the pavement by the eye and found himself, when movement stabilized, on the back. He tried to stand up but could not. Sharp pain in the legs. They were broken. He knocked off shoes.

Night was spent in crawling on hands around till total exhaustion overcame pain, when he made the short stops.

Upon arrival of morning light he saw a mountain with Hitler bust sculpture cut into it. He could only guess the direction to plaza, and black corner building where he came from.

There was a very high jump tower without water under it. As light was coming in, it turned off its electric illumination. He imagined he was supposed to jump from there. He imagined freeway far behind the jump tower. It was more comforting to think this way. This new idea spread over everything else, though he could hardly think in pain. It was a test ground for walkers, to see what they are going to do in pain. Hurt themselves, kill.

Suddenly young male voice came back to life.

- He is flowing in and out.

- What is the difference anyway? This vortex. First - weird place name Ublimozis. Now stability. We can't use any of this. Let him go. He is all done now.

The second's voice had very familiar netherlands accent. It was his voice!

Voices disappeared again. His brown-white costume started to

swell of some paper works.

- Check out receipts, - he guessed.

Lying on the ground with broken legs he started to look into the small gray stones in the sand, which formed the money brick scheme - 2 stones on each of 2 sides, 3 stones crosswise, 1 stone on top of it. He turned himself on the back, away from soil, and tried to look to the clouds with cry. The clouds showed him a blue liquid ship driver. The picture of Doraborsky. This game with cross, it probably somehow continued, though he did not know the rules anymore. He started to notice that somebody was entering anesthetic into his blood. The legs by now were expected to bring more pain when they did.

He was in the yard of yet one more house. On the grass and sand. There was a vietnamese pair coming through the pavement. They could be robot replicas, he could not tell for sure.

- Help me. Call 9/11. My legs broken.

- What happened?

- My legs are broken. Call 9/11.

- No, no, - they went away.

He started to cry for help. The owner of house, in the yard of which he was lying, first looked out the window on the first floor, when exited the front door. It was a female of late fifties or sixties.

- What happened?

- My legs are broken. Can you call 9/11.

- Alright, alright, I am calling.

The ambulance came 5 minutes later, quick. There were 2 paramedics, shaved men in uniforms.

- What happened?

- My legs are broken.

- Try to stand up.

- I can't.

- How did you break legs?

- I don't remember. I think somebody was beating me.

Paramedic looked at the haematoma on the head, the shiner.

Then he took off Mendel'son A's socks and looked at the swollen blue legs.

- OKAY, I see. Are those your shoes? - he pointed to the pair of shoes on the other side of the street under the balcony.

- No. Mendel'son A replied, - it was so everyday, so humdrum, the ambulance, the 9/11 call. Instinct told him to be concerned more of trespassing charges under LA NO n02236***** and suicide attempt charges.

- Ok, - the paramedic replied, - I'll put shoes here, he put them in the packet attached under stretcher.

- Any emergency contacts?

- What?

- Close relatives, friends?

- No.

- Hang on there, we will be in hospital in 15 minutes. I'll sit with you.

They put stretcher in, and paramedic closed the double doors of the ambulance and sat in the folding chair on the side of the car, looking in some medical forms.

- Voila, - paramedic invitingly smiled and looked into his eyes.

He kept writing something when the car took off.

- We tricked the system, - the voice, IN THE HEAD, of an unidentifiable female said.

Day 6, the ambulance, unknown cross territory, 11:20 am

The bright sun light came into the body of the ambulance through the dense semitransparent windows. It was turning often, taking the outside impressions of trees and living blocks.

- What hospital am I going to?

- PereA hospital, Glevenuzi.

Glevenuzi. Before the cross he never heard of it.

Hospital personnel picked the stretcher out of the ambulance on the sound of long cry from Mendel'son A. One paramedic made him an injection, and also they were taking an X-Ray of legs.

The medical nurse on intake started to say:

- You've been here before, I've just discharged, - but then some waive came across her face, - she started to issue papers without saying a word, like if in instance she forgot, what she wanted to say. Twitching head, strange...

In the hospital room there was another old person in a bed and a subdued TV set.

Bright known forever music of Doraborsky 'Man Giraffe' show sounded from there:

- There is 10 days of ride. Only 1 hyperdrive shuttle to transport you there - the shuttle is 3 months in the hands of the terrorists. Through THE RADIO, - screen showed petals of the unknown channel, - broadcasted on transstar Ublimozis - Glevenuzi radio superline THE 'Man Giraffe' croc show. I don't know, there are ways to get television simpler, - Doraborsky continued, - you can economize it all and get nothing, do not save, you can throw away everything and still get nothing, but if you saved a channel subscription, - Doraborsky made the long pause and intricate artful smile and stopped.

- So they have connection, - Mendel'son A asked an old person.

- Who?

- They have communication left between Ublimozis and Glevenuzi.

- No, it's a private TV company. Private satellites. They had scandal, that the government wanted to get access to the communication from them but they refused.

Mendel'son A returned to watch Doraborsky.

- Man Giraffe crocshow. The attic. The pent-house. Flight of thought unreachable from the bottom.

'Man Giraffe' show. People even ask, what it is all about. Lifting hands, getting from there hearing sausages of some sort, or a

genetic warmth scanner. Magic enchanting smells. Work of distortion of genes, - Doraborsky made the niddle-noddle hands and infernal face.

TV show about tourism. Crazy of everyday life. Words 'NSA, ECC, hyperdrive' were flowing away from his head like symbols of something not very real.

- Interesting show, - the old scrawny man in another bed said.

- What's your name?

- Valius Pulazo.

- Mendel'son A.

- I see.

- You have a bullet wound?

- Yes. Don't even ask.

- How would you get it?

- We were doing contraband of cuckoo clocks load from Glevenuzi to Ublimozis.

- You are not afraid to talk about it here.

- It's legal here.

- Cuckoo clocks?

- Yes?

- Why would somebody prohibit transportation of cuckoo clocks?

- Terrorists took over the only travel shuttle.

- Hyperdrive travel shuttle?

- Yes.

- And how do you transport?

- You have to work it our with terrorists.

- And cuckoo clocks are illegal?

- Government put them on the illegal list.

- Ok.

- Fine.

Mendel'son A turned his head with quack, making waive to the broken legs and continued to watch the show.

- We have beard-sebesa here, all together 35 of them. What is it? - asked Doraborsky playing venuzles and answered himself, -

So, it is like three eyed giant frogs. Now, the main quality of beard sebesa, - Doraborsky lifted head to the sky for a seconds and returned it back, - is that they have... retractable legs. Now,

- he asked a playing venuzle, - How many Sebesas are here, on Earth, in Ublimozis?

- About 2 billions.

- About 2 billions. We have only 35.

- Earth, - thought Mendel'son A.

- Each player starts with 5 animals. 7 players. We have 7

crocodiles on 7... What is it? A sort of bowling lanes. Players will place giant frogs on the lanes and they will retract legs.

Crocodiles have ropes attached to them at all times, so they would not go to the audience seats. You see, they also can't get this way to the frog bodies. Legs are only at question. Beauties. Froggie, froggie, froggie. I see they are already on the lanes.

Starting with you-u-u.

The crocodile appeared from the bowling cave on the first lane like a meteor. Beard-sebesa retracted legs, and it went back as fast as it came, following the gravitation.

The second crocodile from second lane beat a left leg of green swamp colored sebesa.

Show definitely had the bright colors. It was nice to feel yourself in desert or tropics again.

Very soon all the bowling alley were filled with sebesa legs and body parts.

- Next thing, players do, is they put all the sebesas they have left intact under the bath sponge mattresses. Sebesas that have wounds will have the red patches on the blankets, that's how we know, how many actual - Doraborsky folded and unfolded second and third thingers in small mountains two times, - fast enough sebesas we have. Clear experience!

Part of contest took a few minutes.

- 5000 space luidors. Consolation prize. I have a question to Zubeda, - this was the name of venuzle, who lost the contest. By the rules, he had to leave the competition, - Where are you going to put all this money? Not in the sebesa shoes?

- They don't have any legs.

- A-aah, - Doraborsky was laughing boisterously and put head slightly to the side, rubbing the marrow bones, - Venuzle traditions play role at this moment. Everybody is pouring, splashing and spraying this nicely maid vegetable sauce towards the lost party. I am out of here. Will be back after a short break.

There was a commercial break.

- Curiosity of humans about time, - Suited performer opened golden pocket watch, - 1:16 pm. Scientists believe that in human brains there is an area which controls back in time TV translation.

Doraborsky in white suite entered the white room of commercial. It was pre-recorded, Mendel'son A could tell it on the spot.

- So, to give humans of 22nd century some technology, to which

they would stick and develop from there like a dental abscess, - Doraborsky got a magazine from behind a back.

- Time Versus Schedule Magazine. This and much more.

Camera returned to the game studio, and Doraborsky continued in the studio in the black suit:

- What would you say about people who always elude attention. Not people like me. Just imagine yourself on their place. In the eyes of public opinion they have no redemption. Let say I sit in the eyes, and this me who has... no redemption. Discomforting. Yes, yes...

We have only 6 players left. Venuzle players, I underline. Who has gills and can swim everywhere? Who's preventive 'fish eye' illness technique is the 'eye-wiping'? Who can catch a ball by the eye? Venuzle!

Next contest venuzle players will try to catch balls by eyes. Very easy, I won't speak more about it, - Doraborsky made a fast hand move towards unknown target and clenched fist. He did it again 10 seconds later silently.

Machines started to through balls to 6 playing lanes, venuzles were catching balls and placing them in baskets. The screen was filled with all shades of juicy green - the lane grass, red - the eye colors, and pink - venuzle skin.

Show was taking spins. The paramedics came in. Mendel'son A was sad to be interrupted. On the crash cart he was transferred to the corner of bigger room, parted off with curtain, without TV. He stood where for may be 5 minutes before bearded human doctor appeared. He was explaining some charts about all sorts of bone replacements and arrangements, Mendel'son got bored.

Doctor gave papers to human female nurse.

- We need your signature here? - she asked.

- What is it for?

- That you approve... operation. Thanks. Those are the diagnosis paper. We have more paperwork and personal items, which came with you on intake.

- The paperwork! - Mendel'son A got sharply interested. Brown and white costume, which was filling all by itself with paperwork. He had none of those clothes now.

- What is your insurance number?

- 847512-1224891B.

More papers which were on him when he was taken to the hospital - the only he thought about. His voice was the voice of one of the cross operators. Check out receipts from another world. As the hospital personal temporarily left him alone,

Mendel'son A looked through the papers.

Cross number 46.

Earth changes retired developments institute.

Cultural attachments.

Globes of Ublimozis / Glevenuzi.

Insert number 26.

(to)subcommittee for unstable planetary radiuses

2nd subsidiary

Earth radius: 6,371 km

Projected from 2342 AD

Projected to 470 AD

Means, manner: strained normal planetary griplunger
thithlunger number 65, the 'time mirror' in legend, n/a

Precise name of historical source (~~crossed out~~), part of
Artificial legend of Le Dudlas 21-14

Reasons: cross 22 legend stability

Detail:

And emperor Obamasiev said: 'I want a cup which ones it fell
on the floor, would glue itself.'

The wizard answered: 'I can do better than that. I can give you a
magic mirror which would show what would happen in
precisely 268 days, so if you were to break a cup, you would
stop doing it and would not have to glue...'

(note of clerk - indiscriminately, part missing)

And emperor Obamasiev said: 'I want magic coloring chalk,' -
and miraculous canvas, made with coloring chalk... did not
appear.

(note of clerk - in some sort of time magic mirror, Obamasiev
describes, which could project the implications of action exactly
268 days later)

And emperor Obamasiev said: 'I want fife speedily playing,' -
and him, playing on it marvelous music - no, did not appear.

(note of clerk: wizard was more than one from further)

And then he said : the wizard and other rabble and ruffraff -
hunt them out of here kicking with wooden sticks so they would

never appear before me and I would never see them again, and instead of them bring a temper-rolled bear from circus.

'And we also need to live,' - wizard said, leaving the town.

'if you stick stake in his head, he would not say that, this is how he would cry - a-a-ah...' - wise emperor replied, he did not apply to wizard any penalty and let him leave town.

'Deaf to human suffering voice...' - wizard replied to the emperor, left 'Time mirror guide', and with these words he moved away hurriedly.

(note of clerk - indiscriminately, part lost... Clear that emperor Obamasiev is doing some ritual work with the time manual.

Next part of the story refers to famous by Kuklos research venuzle Uzhosel and him reburying the treasure of Pavlinii ship in the previously unknown place near Globes of Ublimozis / Glevenuzi)

'Peacocks, sick eagle owls left already, with all the valuables and security deposits left from the past...

...Uzhosel the Scary venuzle, reminding puppet with triangular mouth, and in the dark time for him was much better to walk without overshoes with thought of unobtrusive leeway, tossing cards (clerk's note - money) back and forth in the wallet and cash tripped, buying puppets and different gloves, hitting'

Suddenly he was taken over by a female appearing only in his head, and controlling the movements of his hands, trying get out of him the placement of treasure. She was beating him for 6 days by his own hands and body she controlled, until he was unable already to remember anything.

Legend says 'memories, his name including, trying to fry us to see if the fire of mercy would not come to him.'

This female called herself through the voice appearing in his head as 'Y cross stellar' in the end of the legend regretted his fate and replaced him to another world.

Voices in the head of Uzhosel said that he was not the first one through whom she tried to find treasure, anyway he was the one she felt sorry for at the end and did not kill.

Uzhosel, being said by the legend, to be not the only one, remains the normal mythology only one known.

'The sculpture sets'

This fact is mentioned in the text of the legend as 'to have success and failure in equal existance the sculptures were created' with quite accurate to modern day sculpture descriptions.

2 ancient sculpture sets are named 'The Globes of Ublimozis /

Glevenuzi' and the 'Monument of 100 things'.

The name of place unpaired, giving the probability rate of 53% / 28% due to emergency defect (temporary power less of planetary griplunger thithlunger, registered in the catalogue of commons under number 65) and the name of place is different in different worlds, including probably outstanding 9% of unknown worlds.

'Globes of Ublimozis' represent the other heroes, mythological character of 'female Y cross stellar' controlled and how far they came to make her regret her violent way while extracting information about the treasure.

Balls or globes with decorated designs of metallic shred are placed in the sculptural set on the different distance from 'Y cross stellar', each hero being represented by a ball or a globe, with last one ending up in the area of her pelvis.

The part of legend has description of Globes of Ublimozis sculptural complex as 'female from stone piece, and bird, receiving the sphinx key, and in the door could come dog and lizard and cat'.

The 'Monument of 100 things' contains table, chair, storage place, manuscripts, carpet, standing vertically and man on the hands of a female standing with big boots and inhuman stare of an alien above the spirale going parallel to the sculpture.

Legend of Le Dudlas is known to be the most successful *artificial* legend created by Earth Operator while experiencing and managing the defect or emergency on griplunger thithlunger 65.

Being projected later for the purposes of legend stability only through the brain scan of a contemporary venuzle other 18 centuries back in time, another cause responsible for changes in legend is that legend was not picked up correctly or fully by the brain of aboriginal recipient.

Equipment failure and other circumstances created the rare situation when the whole scope of legend can only be judged by its written or sculptural representations of the past, including the most famous lyrical piece of the 'Legend of LeDudlas' as well known

'guidance to keep close
subtitles on the ground
bullet interrogation
clearance and connection'.

Pavlinii treasure was found and placed into the anonymous Space Police Net Fixer with probability 91% in the different time frames by one researcher, whose identity is protected,

during the work of stellar pier-1 whole body of literacy program .

Review prepared and approved by clerk
Mendel'son A 58 (signature)
Earth changes retired developments institute.

Space Police Net Fixer Receipt
to the insurance no 847512-1224891B

Net Fixer Checker attached

'It was his name,' - Mendel'son A took a mental note about the legend 'cultural attachment' signature.
Mendel'son A took a small instrument looking like a gray dish from the stack of paper works given him by the nurse.
He pressed the only button where was.
Liquid-crystalline square display lit up with black letters on gray:

Fingerprint scan. Running.....
Net Fixer Checker
to the insurance no 847512-1224891B
Ublimozis \$3.2M equa
Mendel'son A

Available funds: 0 equa

While he was reading this from the display nurse and a huge hospital attendant returned.
Mendel'son A removed finger from checker.
The operation was about to start. The anesthetic injection was made again and crash cart was taken away from the room.

Day 6, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 12:40 pm

- What do I do with him? - there was young and unsure male nurse at place, and two more other nurses much more confident, Mendel'son A thought that either his condition is not that bad, or the hospital was one of the worst.

- This is purdos rablet, we never do full sedation. He is half sleeping and paralyzed. Check. Breathing tube, help me out, a-ha...

- What do I do with ice?

- Just stuff his throat with ice and watch that temperature is low... Or what?..

Mendel'son A was looking that something strange from time to time was happening with doctor Jabehdor - that was his name. Something was going through his eyes, he was almost mentally shifting something, some printed tables (?), IN HIS HEAD. He also noticed that operation room did not have any monitors, charts or even flat printouts of his X-Ray. This observation was helpful later.

- Purdos rablet are loosing tissue fast, so you need to leak temporary foam plastic on the lost cells, it's the only solution till this day.

- Okay, done.

- That's it, roll him out of here. All is fine, mister A, this is if you are by chance hearing us. You will be on your way may be tomorrow.

There was something strange right away once doctor left. A human male nurse with beard came and brought him blue polo shirt with red golph player sign.

- As you requested to purchase, sir.

- I did not request...

- You already paid for it.

- Did I?

Then asian male nurse boy came. Now Mendel'son A looked carefully as nurse made another injection to his hand. He touched hand by some plastic instrument with INVISIBLE part, so the plastic handle stayed in the distance of about two inches from his skin. Also he attached medical instrument with some bandage, and Mendel'son A felt stinging pain in the area, the INVISIBLE NEEDLE OR GLASS touched the skin.

- Ouch, - he cried, - why is this invisible?

- I don't understand, what you want.

Mendel'son A was curious, but he had no idea, how to extract sense from him. Asian nurse male picked medical instrument

and left.

Mendel'son A was left alone and he was sure somehow all what he saw later could not be attributed for narcosis dizziness. People in the hospital started to have faster animations, started to move faster, hurriedly, unproportionally with time, mechanically impossibly. From time to time light green curtains around his crash cart were opening leaving him on all of those people moving strangely, or closing, and he was then in a small cubical space above the cart.

- You are OK there? - female cross operator voice could be heard again, - We are resetting grip65th, sorry. Griplunger thithlunger in action - slowing stuff in the room. Setting up scene a bit...

- What?

- Setting up scene, setting, setting... So, it's like we are directing a small movie, inviting some famous classical director... whom to say... Doraborsky. Hiring him to direct. Resetting grip65th... Setting up scene, settling people and objects... And it would stop around... now!

- Whom do I get to be? A fool?

- Whom do you want to be?

- I want to have a lot of money.

- You have it.

- Mon tresor....

- What else do you know from french?

- Mon prince. Hey you, in my head. Should I call the police?

- I am out of battery power. Bye.

Wounds started to disturb him more, where they were contacting foam. May be he needed some more analgetic action.

- Nurse! - he cried. He was too shy before, but started to move normally again, and it was the only reasonable to say.

Nurse made another injection, he felt asleep and could not tell for sure how long he was sleeping.

He awoke with bright sun light coming through the hospital jalousie. Mendel'son A noticed that they have a masculine hospital security guard watching him. From time to time he was standing from the table and looking at himself in the mirror.

- Do now watch yourself in the mirror, - Mendel'son A thought.

He asked for the restroom and the guard escorted him there, standing near him, while he was slowly moving on there crutches. Temporary foam plastic allowed to stand on the legs even with crutches for brief period of time so far.

Mendel'son A thought that the idea of this experience is to kill in him soul from the lack of food not long before first meal

arrived. It was a tuna fish sandwich, industrially produced, Mendel'son A noticed and remembered a red and white wrapper with picture of tuna fish there were green spots of dill within tuna salad on the wrapper and in the sandwich.

Before he could take a bite, THE VOICE, this last heard 15 minutes ago feminine voice, started to talk to him, he gave a start and put a sandwich away on the bed sheet.

- Now you are not from Glevenuzi not from THIS Ublimozis, this food from parallel world would not suit you.

- A-ha, what else? You charged... the battery.

- Ask smarter question next time. We have quantum adapter there, it will adapt your food, you would feel something like quaking in larynx, we are pouring open fluktuozza, that's only why you won't get poisoned.

- This is not Virtual Eater-4 anymore.

- I am not allowed to talk with you much yet. You failed the cross, 65th is falling apart, you don't have much popularity around here.

- Around where? - asked Mendel'son A, voice fell silent.

Mendel'son A promised himself not to forget to come with smarter question next time, his dispute with voice was interrupted.

Mendel'son A was wheeled on the crash cart from operation room back to TV two bed room and his 1 hour ago neighbour Valius Pulazo. Valius was not in.

When shrink came, Mendel'son A thought day will never stop.

- Hi, I am doctor Lauretsky, the psychiatrist... What we have here. Radio cabin with Wi-Fi and conferences with TV-stars, - he showed with hand working TV, where Doraborsky show continued.

- Why is it precisely we meet? - asked Mendel'son A with interest.

- Paramedics report said, you took your shoes off and jumped from the second floor of the building, - Lauretsky looked in the papers in his other hand, - Security wrote, that you were bubbling the word Ublimozis, while sleeping. That's almost all we have.

- How a fly can go to the University. So it goes and watches a classical Goldblum movie.

- You have a secret planetary constructional documentation.

- Shit!

- So... tell me, what happened.

- I was beaten by somebody.

- You did not have your shoes on, - Lauretsky made an eye

contact, his head was turned may be thirty degrees like if he was a bird.

- I don't remember.

- Sure. What about the secret documentation? Can't understand others, because you live on another planet? Other systems to measure everything? Think that your art originates from aliens?

- None of your business.

- Ok. I'll put on you a protective detail. Sweetened like that fat pills in the mouth.

- You can't keep person in hospital like that.

- Up to 90 days. Have a good day, Lauretsky exited the room, and other medical personnel behind his back entered.

- Something came up, - said the nurse and he was rolled by her and two more paramedics into the new guarded room without TV.

Day 7, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 9:10 am

Till the end of the day nothing was really happening, pain took its toll.

This night he had a dream.

He imagined that there are two worlds: world of Doraborsky and entertainment shows, and that now he is in another science world with palms and wind and different nature. People get implants in the brain, the type of electronic dictionaries or reference books and shift giant tables or charts in the head. People are struggling for oxygen, which is not enough in the air of this science world, but every building has air conditioning machines, producing the missing share of oxygen. There is a lot of respirator or gas mask equipment, but if you don't have any of that, you can run from building to building, and you have may be 15 minutes before you loose consciousness.

- Oxygen good? - he asked the weird question from Jabehdor, as if he was still in the operation room.

- Sounds fair enough, - Jabehdor replied.

Dream ended, and he awoke with human male nurse coming with a phone.

- We have a call for you.

Here there was another opportunity for A to wonder. The phone model was ancient! Outdated! Classical era! It did not have usual plasma panel. It had screen almost the size of the phone WITH TWO COLORS and liquid-crystalline. On the phone line was a purdos rablet feminine voice.

- You are in the hospital, what happened?

Female knew him. Considering psychiatric hold, Mendel'son A decided to make it look like he knows her to not create a disparity.

Glevenuzi was a very different world all the way.

- Yes, in the hospital.

- But what happened?

- Somebody must have beat me up, I don't remember anything. My legs are broken.

On the other side of the line there was pause. Voice in the phone became deeper and lower.

- This throws me in confusion. I am so sorry. You want me to come?

He wanted to ask what was her name but that would not support him knowing her and would influence possible additional psychiatric hold, if she came and talked to the doctor. Weird day at the hospital.

- No, not now, - he said, - Don't come yet.
- I understand.
- You need money?
- Yes, send me 500 equa, to the insurance account.
- That's much...
- Any convenient amount.
- I'll see what I can do. I'll call you again.
- Sure. And thank you, - there was 'beep' dial tone on the line.
He had no idea who the female was. They were familiar in the parallel world. He was surprised that this world had so degrading and outdated phone equipment. He was hungry and in pain again. He ate and felt better.

Day 8, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 9:25 am

Sun was bursting into the hospital windows, sunlight was cut in half by the curtain.

Nurse came in by 10 am to take vitals.

'Only 1 hyperdrive shuttle to transport you there - the shuttle is 3 months in the hands of the terrorists. Broadcasted on transstar Ublimozis - Glevenuzi,' - the words of Doraborsky radio superline appeared in the head of Mendel'son A.

- About the terrorist situation on transway Ublimozis-

Glevenuzi. When do they expect it will be possible to get there?

- Who knows... The only shuttle is in the hands of terrorists. You have family there?

- No, thanks, never mind. Can I get to the room with TV or get released, - asked Mendel'son A.

- We will see what we can do.

She left but returned with two male attendants came in one hour.

- Mister A, the mental health service and doctor released you. You can leave hospital now. Should I call a cab?

- Yes.

- What is your favorite taxi company.

- Neotaxi.

- You have an address in Glevenuzi.

- What?

- When you entered you said that your address is, - she looked in the papers, - 5849, Union boulevard, rm 113, Ululis. This is in Ululis. It's quite a ride from Ublimozis. And the transport is shut down since the terrorist attack started. Where are you going in Glevenuzi?

- Place me in the hotel. Could you recommend a hotel?

- Plaza hotel?

- It will do.

- Great. Wait a minute.

She called and dictated address of the hospital and address of hotel to the taxi operator.

- I need you to sign some documents. It says, you were on 48 hours psychiatric hold, you had broken legs, insurance, address other information. It seems that nothing is really wrong with you, just like you said to the hospital psychiatrist.

He was given a wheelchair, put his body in it by the power of sheer hands, and nurse wheeled him into the release and non-emergency follow up green colored room. Palms in vats were

surrounding three more persons waiting for something - the boy, crazy by the look, mumbling some rhymes without stop and belonging without doubt to the mental health, his mother and another fat female with dental abscess. They did not need the service of the cashier so there was no line. Mendel'son A declined to pay now, he said that he will pay after release. Ten minutes later a sport taxi with black wheels with eight gimlet points on each arrived.

Two huge hospital security guards came for him - he guessed, nurses did not have enough physique, and he on crutches tried to walk to the taxi, supported under arms. He was not allowed to take a wheelchair with him and should be using only crutches, the hospital gave away.

It was still very painful with crutches, he made some sounds each step. Unpleasant sounds. Between quack and groaning. It worked little by little. He was closer to the hospital parking, when THE VOICE in the head, of female cross operator, reached him again.

- See this line?

There was a yellow line on the asphalt dividing street parking from the inner hospital.

- I'll get your chances a bit higher. You will come to it and loose consciousness.

- What choice do I have?

- Not to go.

- And guards?

- As you wish.

Legs tucked in under Mendel'son A.

Day 9, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 9:31 am

Mendel'son A awoke under hospital system of fire extinguishing, which looked a little bit like a flying saucer, and last think him remembered was him falling before the taxi-driver.

Strangely for some time in the blackness he could hear the voice of nurse, asking him to take unconscious person to the hotel, and taxi-driver categorically declining from taking him.

- No, I can not take anybody, this not my taxi, there are pool station rules.

- We understand, - this was practically the last word, Mendel'son A heard.

He awoke only IN THE MORNING next day.

Another female nurse visited him, and said that they will show him to Lauretsky, but he is out of the hospital today.

Practically he is not on the suicide watch anymore.

- All ins and outs of suicide watch are happening through Lauretsky only.

But he could stay in hospital for another day.

- Can I make a phone call? - Mendel'son A asked.

Nurse gave him a phone - same outdated liquid-crystalline model, which would give him shivers.

He made a call to the phone number on the back of the gray dish of net fixer checker.

- Space Police insurance, Sean Trdatatyan, Insurance and Financial Service Agent.

- Can you look up for me Space Police Net Fixer Receipt to the insurance no 847512-1224891B.

- Just a moment. Yes, what is the nature of insured property?

- It is the money.

- What is your question?

- I am located in Glevenuzi, the insured property is in Ublimozis.

- I see, the terrorists situation.

- Can I collect insurance?

- A lot of people ask it. The answer is - unfortunately, no.

- So I can't get insurance and I can't get access to any part of the property.

- No, the transway will be liberated and repaired, I am a believer.

- Well, I see, I asked around. Nobody even knows when it will be.

- Let's hope soon. I am sorry, it was not the insured situation. It

is very different from, let say, if it was stolen or destroyed.

- I hope, somebody will destroy it.

- I am so sorry to see you distracted. Terrorist crisis is the nightmare for everyone. And the government faces so much difficulty policing the region. I really don't know what to say. Is there anything else I can help you with?

- No, thanks.

- Thanks for sharing family oriented environment of Space Police Insurance. Piece of mind for all your insurance needs, - dial tone designated the end in the conversations.

The hospital changed the guard this night, the purdos rablet guard took the space of old human, and about this guard Mendel'son A felt, that it is him in another world. He looked almost like him, a bit fatter. There was some strangeness about him, Mendel'son A was not sure what was it. The guard looked at his every move, and Mendel'son A in response looked for him, while tricks with the medications allowed. The VOICE interrupted again.

- What you think is not true, he is not you in another world. He has on him the chart of your movements in the bed.

- What?

- Behavioral - positioning in the bed, mostly chart of your head moves. He is looking through his list to see if you turn according to his schedule. He is with STABLE CROSS. They cut weak crosses in this world.

- What does it mean, cut?

- We were worried at first. Griplinger thithlunger says you will pass him Okay, otherwise I would have tried probably to eliminate him.

- To eliminate... To kill?

- For Christ sake! No, that's not what they want. They will poison you tomorrow on brunch, all because you never denying yourself those... pancakes with syrup. You were already asking yourself, what is the meaning of life, then big uncle with shotgun comes and... boom. I will be back to you. I am calling not as a courtesy, I am synchronizing, I called you here with the same guard last time you crossed, and that's why you crossed. Turn your head right. Turn it naturally, whenever you want, griplunger says you will pass. Okay. See you later.

- Should I stare at him.

- You can stare or not stare, griplunger says, last cross I did not give this instruction. And remember if you turn incorrectly or touch that fuzzy pillow in wrong manner he will kill you. Good by-ye.

Mendel'son A looked at the guard frowningly.
The purdos rablet guard was changed by the end of the day.

Day 10, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 9:28 am

Lauretsky came in the morning next day.

- How are you doing? Nurse said you lost consciousness on discharge, was out probably for twelve hours.

- Yes, something like that.

- Strange... - Luretsky was rubbing chin with look of classical psychiatrist, - I have no idea... You were fed properly?

- Yes, food was perfect.

- It's probably the pain effect. I am going to discharge you today. Do not worry.

Lauretsky left and male human nurse with cornered features of face came some time after that, and said:

- I have some funny tape of you made last night. You were walking in the hospital, reading poetry or something else. It was my shift. I video taped. Want to have a look.

- Yes.

Mendel'son A was watching the video. It was some cross tricks, he guessed.

- Yeh, funny, - commented male nurse. He took the phone and left.

Female nurse came again.

- You are ready to get discharged.

- Yes.

They were through the hospital formalities.

When was the time to walk through the yellow line, he lost consciousness again.

Day 11, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 9:12 am

Lauretsky, nurse and two security guards came into the room.

Lauretsky said:

- Yesterday, when I already left, they tried to release you. You fell unconscious.

- Yes.

Lauretsky nodded.

- We are going to release you now. I will be supervising.

This time it was quick. They had all information, addresses and everything on them. The time came he fell unconscious, near the yellow line, but it did not take for him the rest of the day to awake. It was time just enough for taxi-driver to leave. He was wondering why this last female cross operator doing it even more than he wanted to ask her name next time.

Lauretsky was thrown off balance.

- This is an emergency ward. You can't stay here forever. We are calling cab again. We think you have no money. I will even pay for your cab.

They called, he fell near the yellow line unconscious again just long enough for new taxi driver to drive off.

Then he awoke on the street, security placed him in the wheelchair. He did not resist.

Lauretsky was angry.

- No insurance. All this closing eyes would not work with us.

When you go you go. I can call cab one more time. You will go?

- You know, my head breaks up. I need illustrated story, some lighter and bubble gum, - said Mendel'son A, not sure how to express story about funny distance sensor, with which female cross operator turned off consciousness behind the hospital territory line.

- I call the police.

- I have a rare mental health condition.

- Is not all this a joy, visit to doctor, - said Lauretsky, dialing.

Mendel'son A felt that he is slowly snapping off consciousness again.

Police arrived, but he could hardly see and paralyzed. Hearing was good.

- And reading your thoughts - nice joke about distance sensor, controlled by the operator, - said THE VOICE in the head, - I'll take care of your talking from here.

- Simple distance sensor, - she was distorting voice, - and this worry.

In this muddy blurred condition Mendel'son was listening to the police talking.

- I need to call a sergeant. We have to treat people humanely.

- He is from Ublimozis, - the nurse voice.

Come on body you need to go... He is not answering. Things are not going well for you in Glevenuzi.

- We have a lot of homeless from Glevenuzi here, - voice of another policeman.

Suddenly somebody was moving his lips, and working the voice, and he heard himself saying:

- No, I don't want. I have a broken leg. Go away. My taxi was here and gone.

Police - there were four of them - took him under arms and legs, got beyond the yellow line and dropped on the bus bench.

- I know, you can hear us, - the first policeman said, - don't play with us. I will personally be checking the call log of 9/11 services. If you call 9/11 again and make them bring you hear, we will charge with abuse of 9/11 services. You hear me?

Policemen left.

- Great! What now? - said a feminine voice in the head.

Only now Mendel'son A first time felt capacity to respond.

- We need to treat people humanely, - he replied in thought, - All of them blew the eternal life. What is your name, by the way?

- I am Earth change crosses pilot rank IV Jennifer Johnson.

- I can call you Jane.

- Yes, you can call me Jane.

- And when would it stop, Jane?

- As soon as you get the treasure, I will pull you to the Glevenuzi free world.

- What is your interest in that?

- \$3M.

Day 11, Orange Grove street bus stop outside of hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 10:20 am

He was sitting on the bus bench, as some hospital employees were walking to lunch. The human male nurse with cornered features of face gave a glance at him on the bus bench and turned his head away.

He had all of his paperwork with him, and he tried to walk up the street, but it was still quite painful, so instead of walking on hospital given crutches, he decided to crawl, this also did not work, and he crawled back to the bus bench and was sitting there.

The masculine guard came by.

Opposite building has three floors with black tiles of windows and reminded of mournful memorial of the unknown war.

Bus came by from time to time throwing bunch of pedestrians on the streets.

Now, when he was sitting for a while, his eyes started to notice that Glevenuzi population had a slight genetic difference. Faces longer, eyes are more square, something else he could not now recount, that all was slightly wrong. He could not even tell to his heart, for sure, that they were not robots. He accounted it to either sickness and pain or simply tiredness of sitting in the shadow of the hospital wall.

There was exit on freeway to the right.

There was a huge billboard before the entry with picture of Bill Aiken and signature slogan 'Spiral us away'.

It was getting late, but the street was still full of traffic, and while perception of Mendel'son A was loosing its lustre, everything around was still reminding a racing field.

Bus bench trash bin had inscription 'trash' on seven languages excluding hindi and russian. May be the countries were lost in the imaginary war, monument-building with black tiled windows across the road was dedicated to.

Nighttime it was cold, Mendel'son A put on the blue polo shirt, but cold got even then, and Mendel'son A started to become desperate. He threw crutches away from him to the street lines. They did not hit any vehicle.

Elbow rests of the bus bench were constructed the way they did not allow to lay down on it, only sit.

Mendel'son A laid himself on the floor. Cockroaches in huge amounts were running by.

He awoke for the moment in the morning when human male nurse with cornered features of face tried to awake him shaking

his shoulder. He muttered something unintelligibly.
Human male nurse walked away and returned with two
paramedics, and Mendel'son A returned to the hospital.

Day 12, hospital PereA, Glevenuzi, 2:00 pm

Mendel'son A slept over all the next morning.

In the hospital he received new set of crutches.

Hospital personnel was courteous to bring his paperwork and belongings with him.

He ended up in the room almost similar to the one he was occupying most recently.

He saw the small button on the gray dish of Net Fixer Checker from the stack of paper blinking red.

Gray liquid-crystalline square display spit out black letters:

Fingerprint scan. Running.....

Net Fixer Checker

to the insurance no 847512-1224891B

Ublimozis \$3.2M equa

Mendel'son A

Available funds: 500 equa

Mendel'son A guessed that female from another world send him 500, he asked from a female stranger.

When nurse came in, he said, that he wanted to pay the hospital bill, he was offered upon release.

Human cashier in the windows behind the walls decorated for wood printed receipts:

- 13 equa 12 equa cents.

Mendel'son A paid all from the insurance.

He was wheeled back in the same room on the wheelchair 10 minutes later.

- Can I do something else for you today? - the nurse asked.

- You want to ask what could be done, when nothing could be already done... to this, - Mendel'son A throw up hands, - situation!

He asked to return him to the TV room.

Valius Pulazo was still there. He was watching his favorite Doraborsky's Man giraffe crocshow.

Mendel'son A felt like he is walking under ghost of Doraborsky all life.

- As more and more invested in dirt around here, - Doraborsky was saying from screen, - a new spin of Man Giraffe show.

Bottle costs 2 equacents. I remember time it was 1 equacent.

And that is not a bottle of water we buy anymore, - Doraborsky

was standing in the gray costume near the shore, as high and low tide licked his shoes, which were probably by now wet. His face did not allow to read that.

In the clear water, sun and water motion were playing the specs of light. In the shore on the small depth under water, bottles were everywhere, they were adding more reflected light, as Doraborsky continued walking around.

- Here we will have consolatory round of Man Giraffe. Venuzles will have to stand on the shore, nobody is allowed in the water. Though, I know for venuzle it's the most comforting to be in the water in this part of day. I mean, the sun is still high. You think so? - he asked the closest player.

- Yes.

- Venuzles are on the shore, they will be looking with eyes out inside the bottles.

- Will have to extend eyes out of the socket and search in the water?! Use eyes like hands? - his assistant asked.

- Yes, do not interrupt. So what is there to find in the water? Twelve volumes edition ticket for the 'Selected Jack London novels'.

- 'Selected Jack London Novels'?

- Yes. To those who found something, we actually will give free additional 'Modern guide to computer graphics'. I don't think though somebody will find anything. Too wet.

- Can I get it home afterwards?

- Yes, you can get it home afterwards.

Venuzles started to search. Their eyes went out of sockets like algae.

Mendel'son A felt better. Show got him curious to look through the treasure paper works again.

- What is that paperwork? - Pulazo asked.

While Mendel'son thought what to say, voice of female cross operator appeared in his head.

- Now, don't answer him. Listen. It's your only way out of 'Glevenuzi free' world. You will leave to yourself \$1.5M. I am an Earth crosses officer and I have sanctions to do that. You are doing this every loop. You are OKay with taking 1.5M\$. It is happening over and over. You are the NSA hand there. Fast she talked him through the instructions.

- Read the Earth Retired Developments document, - she finished.

- Why are you not answering, pal? - asked Pulazo Mendel'son A, who was hanging in the middle of brain dispute. He looked like he was shifting something inside the head.

- I have hard time getting access to \$3M equa of Space Police insured cash.
- I should not even ask. You should study finicky where the money went.
- A-ha, - Mendel'son A was reading the cross tower document as female in the head instructed.
- There is lesser and lesser money in the world, you know about that.
- Yes.
- They were translating before... the funny stuff... about the duck infection.
- This cuckoo clock business. Glevenuzi-Ublimozis contraband.
- Yes. What about it?
- I need to get to Ublimozis.
- Shows, females?
- Insured cash. I can offer you \$1.5 M equa in cash from my safe in Ublimozis. I'll open safe, you will steal it from me. I'll hire lawyer, we will get from police the street camera tape. I'll transport the police documentation back to Glevenuzi. There is no communication, they will not be able to verify, so they will pay fast.
- It looks complicated. They will have investigation after that.
- With war situation going on insurance agents will not be able to verify anything. And terrorists will never work with the government.
- And if government takes over the hyperdrive shuttle in the hands of the terrorists, or 'transstar Ublimozis - Glevenuzi radio superline' will share their cable with government, they will have communication restored. Besides why \$3M is not enough? Why can't you leave \$3M all for yourself.
- I owe \$3M to someone. There is somebody pulling me out with \$4.5M in cash. What you say?
- You've are a fraud master?
- I did this before. I can get you new ID and help to disappear with \$1.5M in cash. Or you can do it yourself.
- I don't know, - Pulazo answered.
- Perfect, - female voice in the head said.

*15 YEARS AGO.
BEING FIRED FROM
WRITER
WEAPESON.*

Memory lane.

Fifteen years ago younger Doraborsky was walking in the cloak by the shore.

Why did he step out of the house? They (as the literary team of two) were fired 4 days ago by the classic of literacy of 20es and 30es and 40es... and even 50es writer Manuel Weapeson.

This taste of salty tears in the mouth. Tears, streaming past the nose lines. Touching the bridge of nose, and getting even on the end of it.

Conrad Doraborsky shakes head.

Tears painted star on the face.

How rich was he? As rich as people being fired.

His team partner would say: 'As people being fired upon'.

Should not they be reach by the moment they were fired. Yes, they should. If it was not their first book! Proceed where split 96%, 2%, 2%, and this is regardless of all the experience and input.

He with his literary partner lived next to the spaceport located on the island back then.

He could see the spaceport.

Right now the rocket opened four petals and took off from the prism of the foundation.

The waives of wet air and sand came on him from the ocean.

The wetness would get stuck in the hairs and would not go away.

The shoes were wet from the coming tide.

He did not care.

Being a nobody!

It was not particularly pricey area to live in. It was not pricey at all.

He was nearing home. He opened the wooden door of the shack.

It would make the shack of the average size if he lived here alone. The hovel, they called it.

Parrot greeted him with gnash and clanking of cage:

- CIPHERED booth with money...

- CIPHERED booth with money...

Doraborsky looked in his cloak for a small coin.

- CIPHERED booth with money...

He left a equacent coin and the bird shut up.

He would be crazy with this bird if not for his junior partner from Nexus Karjabula, his name was Azori Loui Bopitmo - his 'Robinson Crusoe' Friday.

Just about now he should be working on the Chapter 14 of their new book (Doraborsky was working on Chapter 13).

The sound of rally was in the living room.

It was there, and Bopitmo was delving into the events on the screen.

Doraborsky made the military gesture signs best to his ability. The figurines reminded sequentially the lines of letters C and J with elbows, palms and hands.

The signs probably demanded to stop watching, but Azori Loui did not understand, and Doraborsky explained:

- Weapeson is talking about our book. We need change a channel. Quickly, - he said it like nothing was lost.

Bopitmo changed the channels robotically with professional move to the remote and placement of it precisely where it was. The telecast already started.

- The weather is good here in Ublimozis and nobody can understand: Weapeson, this star of high society, where is he? Yes, there he is.

Announcer met Weapeson coming out of the long omniengine as driver opened the door on his side, and they went through the palms, railings and pendants bordered road to the small side door and then through some corridors to the studio. This ride was accompanied by music with strong beats.

His agent was already there in the studio.

- So first cactus, why cactus? - announcer asked.

- I think, nobody today should underestimate the value of cactus. People should grow more cactuses.

- As simple as that. And the name of the book was 'Psychopath square'.

- Yes, the name of the book was 'Psychopath square'. So we thought if others were successful with those ideas, we also could be.

- 'We' as 'you and your writing team'.

- Me and my writing team. My family also was contributing to the creation of this book.

- Sure. We are speaking now of...

- 25 years ago it was fashionable again. Classical artist Malevich (artist of 'Black square' - author's note) wrote himself a square successfully, it was there for thousands years, we thought we should also.

- Anything was happening while you were writing it. Anything to share at all.

- We were writing from labels with cherry preserves. Don't tell him, yes, - Manuel Weapeson turned to his agent.

Agent was shaking head negatively from side to side.

- Tell us, we will tell no one else.

Weapeson made a thoughtful pause with some running in the eyes, - The book is about relationship between people which come to us in the everyday life. They come to life, they meet each other and it is also about the great consequences which grow out of that. I think everybody should read this book. It will be a symbolic notion of generation of people who lived at the time.

- Like you and me.

- Like you and me.

- Great. Where do we buy your book?

- Rite Aid Stores would be the best choice. The book is only 19.99 space luidors.

- What about 1 luidor book stores? I know you was asked it before.

- You know, I wanted to mention that, there is an HIV going on... right in these stores.

- You mean HIV test is going on...

- Yes, HIV test.

- Yes, this was writer Manuel Weapeson and his latest book with partner authors 'The psychopath square', - announcer made a Columbo turn under his elbow, where there were stack of paper from which he addressed the top page.

- You mentioned partnering authors team. What is all this scandal about it? - he read from where with strained surprise.

- What do you mean?

- There are rumors the contract was broken. That the book turned out to be unsuccessful.

- No, not at all.

- And they are in our studio. Please meet Conrad Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo.

- You said, you would never call them, - objected Weapeson.

- You asked us to give him battle, we'll give him battle, - there was cry somewhere from the stairwell beyond the studio.

- Yes, - announcer smiled. He turned to the audience, - Welcome 'The writers battle'.

- He fired us, - Conrad Doraborsky was crying from stairwell of the studio, as he and Bopitmo were closing fast from the studio exit to the additional two armchairs.

Doraborsky was pointing all that time in the piece of paper in the his hand.

- These ' pro - cee - ds ' divider 96% , 2% , 2%. We are young authors. What does he think we could buy for that. The medical, the retirement plans?

- How old are you, Conrad??

- 47.
- So? The young authors...
- Bopitmo is 39, - voice of Doraborsky was bringing waives of tragedy into the atmosphere of the room.
- They were not efficient, - Weapeson confidently continued, - The pool statistics was negative.
- The entire matter was what everyone knew. If there are two or three authors Weapeson demands from publisher to double or triple the royalties. That's the matter...
- People, selected to read the book said they like it less than my other books, - Weapeson objected, - Why should I hold the group of authors, which make the situation only worse. They should go their own ways, write bigger and better.
- We will make out of your writing boutique a laughing stock. Shoving us empty themes. Scoff at people like that.
- Name at least one.
- What?
- Name at least one empty theme.
- Four from the University sit in jail 'WITH CHEAP TABLES AND ATTACHED TO THE FLOOR CHAIRS ALL AROUND THEM' - Doraborsky showed horns with both hands, - The theme 'Joy of theft and shining in the eyes'. Shining in the eyes from theft! And how we grow next generation of young people after that? Made fools of us, - Doraborsky raked people in the room, -From the creator of 'Go there, I don't where'. That's how we would sound. And it is my credit as a young author.
- Manuel Weapeson nodded: - Not only credit, I am sure. Yes, they were not cooperative with the literary process. There was as much as almost no input from their side.
- A-ha, 'cooperative with the literary process'. SOMEHOW he NEVER starts NEW CHAPTER THE SAME DAY, HE FINISHED THE OLD CHAPTER. Kosher festival goes another circuit. There would be none of your literary experience without young authors.
- It also was as simple as low character count, - Weapeson continued.
- Low character count! I'll put in the end of the book five additional commas in a row. Do not worry. I made a suggestion. Why don't you use more empty pages, when the book comes out.
- Weapeson put hands apart.
- All this signs of inadequacy. They even published their phone number right in the book. Who does that?

- Inadequacy. You had it also!

- You don't even deny it. The reason why book is not successful... I think one of the reasons... And after that I should accept being one third of the title with 40 years of literary experience.

- What do you even mean by being one third of the title. Look at this. Your name 'Manuel Weapeson' - ONE HALF of page. 'Conrad Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo' - one small string in the bottom. We sacrificed everything. We sacrificed being named in the alphabetical order. We sacrificed ideas. Ideas.

- Ideas? Like what?

- Like vehicle tournament hinge description or this... when aliens say 'ba plisus ba plisus'. It means 'hello, Earth inhabitants'. Yes, - Doraborsky looked the audience around triumphantly, - It's all us.

- I think that is pretty much it. Two young bold people. I fired you because I could do it, because the contract allowed it, because there could not be other relationship between us. And that is the end point of it.

- And we came with all those additional idea offers... to you... - Doraborsky got stack of papers from his traveling bag, lifted from the armchair and started to throw pages in the direction of Weapeson, while closing to him.

- Thanks, - the journalist concluded, - This was Manuel Weapeson and the partnering literary team with new book 'Psychopath square'.

- A-a-h, - Doraborsky said, turning off the TV.

- What does he mean no real input? - Bopitmo asked, - Remember the joke 'We are not shaving because we are already bald'.

- Ha-ha, ha-ha, - Doraborsky stretched the grimace, - You should have told it on the TV program. That's it! Back to work, - Doraborsky sat. Brown armchair welcomed him with the springs sound.

- Secular people, they want to read the new material, they eager to grasp the literary work, they stand in line to book store out there and we are here... Chapter 13. Aliens with three legs, - Doraborsky placed fingers on the keyboard like an experienced piano player.

- Did you watch Terminator-300? The aliens there. They had exactly three legs.

- No, the last I watched was Terminator-299. Do not disturb, - he replaced his fingers on the pen and started to write in the notepad.

- Your hand writing. The block letters.
- I would take 'Samples of writing'. What am I? Stupid? On the contrary. With block letters it's a human - typewriter. Writing Terminator. Do not disturb.
- Here listen to this: Bodies are thrown into the lorry, and taken out with the refuse hauler after shootout from armored personnel carrier. This were two vehicles operation. No body, no crime. Limited boarding program - you are standing in line to turboplane and they decline some, they take others and you're trying to figure how they decide. It was maximum value on each shared benefit, they said...
- It's part of Chapter 14?
- Yes.
- Mmm... Two dark. Lighter. Write it lighter. Theodore Dreiser 'The financier'. You read it?
- No.
- Twenty years from life of a person. 7 millions pages. All paid! This is example of good literacy! Listen Chapter 13 I write: the ghost of the post office - the undelivered letter. A-a-a-h... Ears, mouth, federal sign, the head is the mailbox. And this undelivered letter, overnight it is turning with gnash and gritting of metal... - into the mailbox it was stolen from. A-a-a-h... Projecting the situation like a fairy tale... to the past. It is all happening on the planet, surface of which is made of somebody's brain channels. What you say!
- Yes... great!
- So this, - Doraborsky flapped the stack of pages, - is our main book. For all debts - public and private. I'll take a phone call. (author note: For all debts - public and private, - inscription on the US currency)
- Hello! This is writers team Doraborsky and Bopitmo.
- Yes, it is them.
- You are now writing the good book?
- No book is bad without contract. I'll finish it and go to the publishing houses.
- Thanks for answer.
- Thanks.
- You have tongue of hero all the time coming out.
- Yes.
- You did not think it would be better if he glued it with scotch or something.
- Glued how?
- On the chin around the neck two time with opaque scotch tape.

- I'll tell my writing teammate.
- You also could water flowers. I read that watering flowers influences well the creative experience.
- Thank you.

The phone conversation ended.

- I'll write in our new book - first page - the title 'Pleading guilty' and on the same page in the bottom - The art of literacy, not a dictionary. So everybody could see.
- Sure, - Bopitmo agreed, when Doraborsky intercepted the second phone call.
- That's it, - he returned to Bopitmo, - call the cab. Hoorah, working under Evergreen and Sphinx Gate. Cactus TV business! They wanted us to write and read for TV. Here we go - explosion of the flight of fantasy. Not that We-a-peson. Boringly sitting ps-s-t. Want to work on small computer in small birdhouse? Here is the ray of real saluting bright literacy. I am in short break - pour some boiling water on the head, prick the eyes out... as usual.
- Don't be running from life, it will catch you with its deadly chime.
- Meeting is in fifty minutes, so call cab in twenty.
- Where is the meeting?
- Los Buratinos.

The same day - Los Buratinos - Evergreen TV spot interview

It was rainy outside Los Buratinos. Strings of rain were executing pedestrians on the pavement and water lines were licking the curb predicting the long water battle.

Hiring agents were about to show up.

- They will be surprised that you can get hired from hovel so easily. Remember my word - a few years on television, and we will be leading news on ZNM channel, we need to start picking telecaster names. What will be yours?.. Never mind. With me it will be Tonight Show with Fenimore Cooper. Of course.

Pseudonim - it is the literary culture. Evidently, a person read books, of course.

Azori Loui Bopitmo was making robotic moves of person, who did not sleep well.

Two suited persons entered the restaurant.

- Conrad Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo? Last Weapeson cactuses book?

- Yes please, - Bopitmo said with soft mexican or african accent. inviting guests to fiuliu and kafetros on the table.

- Mister Doraborsky, Conrad, I can call you Conrad?

- Yes, please.

- And you are the senior partner

- Yes, the senior partner.

- File shows, you were driving in the space suit only 502 hours.

For average person it is about, - agent looked to the top paper, - 2718 hours. So what happened? Mainly... You driving is OK?

Doraborsky made uncertain sign with hand, flying at low level above the table surface with different angles.

- Driving is good, please, continue. Of course. Main business of our life - flying shiplets.

- Does not matter. This work will not require space suits. But TV journalist needs some skill of space driving, of course.

- Of course. We might need space suits a few weeks later in a different TV spot.

- What spot? - Doraborsky got curious.

- Let it be a surprise. We can only tell, this is an orbiting episode. We will not discuss it today.

- Yes, a few weeks later.

- O-kay, - face of Doraborsky expressed a moment of disarray, -

Will work include big id cards? Something like Conrad Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo - we don't judge, we remember how it was. Evergreen TV. Big neck tag and id on the chest. You know we want everybody to know that we are not

vagabonds, - Doraborsky nodded his head to the different directions few times and clapped eyes, and in response agent of Evergreen TV shrugged shoulders and turned to his colleague.

- Yes, sure we can provide that... You need to know up front that this work, which does not include the space operation, will however include controlling the SHADOW AIR CUSHION VEHICLE.

- Hovercraft, the ACV, a-a-a-h. What does the SHADOW mean?

- Blakeslee has much sun radiation and high temperature. The place is basically a desert. Certainly you don't need oil and gas, cars would power themselves from the sun battery. The problem though that when you step out of the shadow, you on the car will have to find another cactuses row with shadow within seven minutes or they would burn. Not themselves, but the fragile equipment would stop to function. You will not be able to control the engine. It will turn off.

- You see this climate is Okay for you, you could stand with little difficulty and limited comfort in the cactus shadow for may be four hours, though only two hours are actually required.

- That is verified.

- Fragile and cheap SACVs are simply not good, but it is the best we have for now. The company also needs the cheapest location, it could find. So all together this is our only option.

- We are growing TV corporation. We have our limits.

- Yes, the limits. Good SACV will cost few times more. We simply don't do it.

- Burn the car engine when more than five minutes out of cactus shadow, - Doraborsky was poking with fork in the noodles, playing with the tip of pen, moving staples between the noodle plate and the cup.

- Seven minutes. The nature of work itself is to stand as long as you can in the cactus shadow. We will provide you with this, - agent showed medicine dropper with shining liquid inside. You will inject it take it oral, to the stomach, and will be covered with huge pimples.

- Cover myself with huge pimples. Whom do you take me for?

- We selected you because of your appearance. Difficult walk to the television edge. We saw the interview, - agent turned to another agent.

- Yes, we saw the interview. We bet you are ready for sacrifice. To reach the edge of the modern television, - agent gave Doraborsky a wink.

- So, what do I cover myself with pimples for? What does it make for your televeision spot?

- The program itself is about that standing in cactus shadow help to eliminate due to some flavonoids from elicitor-treated cell.
- How those... flavonoids... affect people?
- Precisely. We need real impression. We are familiar with 'Psychopath square' and your vision of cactuses. That is with Weapeson.
- Yes, the writing team, - the second agent confirmed.
- We believe it is a little far fetched. Visions of cactuses as they are now are untrue and unrealistic.
- Unbelievable! This is what we told him, - Doraborsky turned his stare to Bopitmo.
- Anyway. There is lack of study of latest publications in magazines in this field which shows all throughout the book. An unsuccessful book.
- Unsuccessful, - agent shook head.
- You are in your early years. And you are about to become a part of Evergreen TV. Mister Evergreen is a very serious man. We believe that actually standing in the cactus shadow would add realism to the show. The whole piece is a reenactment. It is for the demonstration purposes. Standing in the shadow of cactus will not heal you, though you are not sick to start with. You will use one medicine. Pimples will appear. You will stand in the shadow, our operator will tape. Everything is preverified, there will be no failure. What we want from you are those feelings and emotional state you go through being in the cactus shadow. You write it all down to your notepad. More real than in 'Psychopath square'
- Much more precise. And short at the same time. But at least 20 pages.
- At the same time there is a feeling that there is not enough material.
- Not enough material, Hitler broadcast, we can give up now, - Doraborsky flapped the table with both hands.
- Don't joke like that, mister Doraborsky.
- So you will stand in the cactus shadow, you will get rid of fake pimples we put on you. You will write it all down on about 20 pages - feelings sensations, after that you will come by to our studio and narrate you literary piece to the selected parts of your video standing there. It will go to air.
- And you will be ready for the same spot next week. Another assignment.
- What will it be about?
- Bank money wires and transfers.

- But it's too early for that. Let's keep fingers crossed that the first part goes well.

- We will require for you with all this scandal to select your new writer names. So what will it be?

Right there, in leaking by the side of the big white windows stream of rain, under gray sky of Los Buratinos, light of new idea came to Conrad Doraborsky - the pseudonym and writer name, which he will carry through his entire life - Buratino.

Day 2 - Blakeslee - Evergreen TV spot production

Doraborsky and Bopitmo stepped onto vehicle.

Cabin of ACV was looking inviting.

- This is the unusual pose, - Doraborsky said.

All those multicolored buttons and lights. He waited till Bopitmo strapped himself to the car seat, and turned on the ignition. The only difference between this and the usual car were bars of seven minutes of time in the sun, after which the engine will become unrecoverable.

Doraborsky felt himself extraboosted, he had this extra feeling of himself as driver, car and and significant part of surroundings while he was watching for cactus shadow.

Adrenaline was affecting him much less than a forevision of the line of protuberances of green on horizon.

In cactus shadow barred alert was falling to zero.

Basically he was moving with staggers - long movement in the cactus shadow - it's OKay is sun catches you, but only three fourths of the time, short wondering in the sunny desert with terrifying growing fast orange bars to seven minutes of value , well, with his driving only half way, then getting back under cactus, where sun indicator was zero again. Long exhalation.

After that it went as discussed and preverified. He and Bopitmo were standing one hour with pimples in the sun while team of cameramen filmed the stand, they took antidote, fake pimples disappeared, confirming marvelous influence of cactus flavonoids breath, cameramen were filming another hour of stand for inspiration purposes only.

Car of operators took off, and Doraborsky would have repeated his glorified way back to the railway station, when he started to grow late on sun bars - 5 minutes. His hands were slightly shaking. He plunged the car into the cactus on the sunny side.

- A-a-a-h.

Engine was working, but the car got stuck in the giant raspy and abnormally split in half cactus. Doraborsky tried to pull back.

No go. He and Bopitmo as step one of their emergency dance hurriedly without thinking popped the doors and exited the vehicle, hiding on the snad under the cactus shadow again.

Shame - it was hot and the next part was to return into the cool of the car again, this is when engine stopped - and back out into the shadow. Surprisingly engine stood the heat ten minutes instead of seven. It's all they were able to do in those few minutes left. None of them figured to call TV studio.

- How far this ridiculous situation could come, - Bopitmo said.

- A-a-ah. This is not a type of people who are going to give you something, for them life is all about economy, - Doraborsky commented.

If nobody responds to me, - Doraborsky was saying Evergreen TV in the phone, - I am making the international scandal.

Making the international scandal now.

- Yes. Mister..

- Doraborsky. Buratino Doraborsky.

- What's the number of your car?

- What?

- The number of your car and location?

- 410.. It's 410. Blakeslee.

- Well.. I see here.. So the car will turn off automatically there, when... let me look at the chart... it is 7 minutes in the sun.

Thank you. What? 7 minutes, yes. You will not be able to power it up by the way without changing the engine. You were saying?

- We car is burnt already. Pick us up! Get us out of here.

- Let me contact the main engineer then, - some slap of lips on the line.

- Mister Doraborsky, - the engineer continued, - I see here on grid, you are a mile from the airfield, there is an old company spaceglider there. How is your driving in the space suit.

- A-a-a-h.

- Never mind. The drives are improperly adjusted but you can fly it anyway somehow. Probably gravitational thrusters are not working also.

- Gravitational thrusters?

- But ailerons are fine...

- Ailerons?

- Nothing to worry about. I tell you that. If something call tech booth back here to us again. I'll send you map, you will get it on your phone. And forget about the car. We will not take it back. You may take yourself a car seat or whatever you want, he-he. It's only two hours of walk. Oh, by the way there is a dozen of antiburning vitamins in the dashboard. You can take them all. The air had a smell of burning money.

Day 3, 12 pm - Evergreen TV headquarters, Ublimozis, the aftermath

In the red arc shaped armchairs sitting in the lobby separated from wall by the sinus of quadrilateral half transparent glass on the low third of the windows two were waiting the review of unnamed twenty pages, while watching the panorama of palms and the distant highway. Hiring agents did not show up on time, and it was now about 12:15.

- In the shadow of cactus show. They could put toilet seats onto their graves, - Bopitmo complained.

- They can put it as slogan - 'Only backwards' - in the show title. To get wrecked in the cactus crash - unbelievable! Three extra hours in desert, a-a-ah.

- All life in the area of TV, I think, now will pass. If they allow us to narrate those twenty pages, we will shove some of our poetry into the TV bulletin, bold TV prizes, they will be stirring it in their TV compute for the rest of the lives. Hey how are you doing? - Bopitmo concluded, when first Evergreen TV agent with name tag Fritz stepped into the lobby.

- Hey you, writer's gun, - Doraborsky made threatening gesture with ballpoint pen towards the second agent.

- You burnt the car, but the material is great. Roman patricians were saying - better burning chariot than burning constitution. You will be paid in full. And the contractual crash insurance. You will collect the full insurance payout, all the money.

- We are rich!

- It's a truncated policy. Anyway. Nice at least to forget about vehicle. Company would write it off anyway.

- You will step right into our studio and narrate it. Right away! We will be broadcasting today!

- On the Evergreen TV?

- Yes! But before that allow me to introduce your next week assignment.

- It's not too much for one day?

- A-h, we can handle that. Television! Working around the clock!

- So, temporary, let's switch attention to the alternative banking wires coverage, - agent Fritz was watching Doraborsky going through the contract paperwork to calculate the exact amount. Fritz stopped and Doraborsky put him in his scope of sight.

- Let's try, that will go next week.

- What about orbiting episode? Driving in space suits? You were saying there will be space suits.

- Come on, boys, birdwire is very popular between people these days.
- Like a demotion? Unbelievable, - Doraborsky punched the table with closed fist.
- Not at all. It's not ready yet. Orbiting episode is a difficult technical enterprise. The belief is it will be aired two weeks from now.
- It will come in no time, mister Doraborsky.
- A-ha, -Doraborsky said and held breath significantly.
- We live in the conditions of almost exclusive domain of Univalindus Mutual Bank - money transfers are slightly pricier than they should be. And there is no law against them. Avoiding the fees people attach money on birds, and facing the usual problems.
- What problems? - Doraborsky started to feel himself the part of TV game.
- The money transfer problems. Money are being attached in small rolls around about thirty feathers spread almost equally throughout the bird body. First and central problems of money transfer - money are not attached well, and if bird flies too fast money do not hold, and let us not underestimate such things as plundering, when people catch money birds with big lifted nets.
- As if you were catching butterflies?
- Yes. So they catch them, take the money and resell those trained birds for more on the contraband markets. If you avoid all of this, after that the process is obvious. Bird flies home oriented by night sky - that's all very simple.
- So what do we do? What is out visual row this time? And what story do we write?
- Very easy. You just stay at home, we give you the trained bird, send a cameraman, you put thirty small rolls of money to the different feathers.
- Where does the money come from? From insurance policy - asked Doraborsky shrilly.
- We give them to you.
- A-h.
- The important thing is that at all times you should watch the equilibrium, that bird could fly straight.
- Without falling to the side.
- Yes. Where bird flies after that is none of your concern.
- Where does it fly?
- To some of our personnel. Does not matter. You know a lot of people who had a little positive experience in this business stay

in it forever.

- What about those who had more experience? Never mind...

Please continue.

- Also there is quite an unusual color scheme, on each bird there is a light attached, it is almost like of federal street light, but the colors are different.

- The colors are different.

- Yes, a lot of people know it, birdwires all around media this days. Purple - empty, the bird does not have money, money are taken out, probably successfully received - it's almost like red street light. White - money are incomplete, something must have happened en route - it's like yellow. Blue is for bird carrying money.

- Let me ask a control question, I don't feel they are comfortable with it. What do we do if the light on the bird says purple.

- Stand. Wait for green.

- No. Go pick a money order. It's that simple.

- There will be a transfer fee. Bank usually doubles the money. Whatever you make you can keep for yourself. Filming is again without sound, and you will have to narrate later.

- More money.

- Yes, you can put it this way.

- But there is no Vegas feeling. Money are not from literacy. Agents looked at each other.

7 days later. 28th of July 3042. Bopitmo and Doraborsky literacy boutique.

TV set was showing Bill Wolf's 'Sand of time' on 'History Forever channel'.

The program showed a scientist from the Earth Retired Developments Institute, the one which was serving and supplying the time machine. In the pullover and jacket he was speaking about the recent historical research the way that Doraborsky felt, that history belonged to him. It was disturbing.

- So, we had that across the time photography made. We called it. 'Pharaon in the waiting for the stone to come alive'.

- You spent about 40,000 Megawatt hours to acquire it.

- Yes, to be precise 44,277 Megawatt hours.

- This is about the hourly energy consumption of New York?

- About three fourths of energy consumption of New York, yes.

- And on the acrosstime photo... TV audience can see ancient Egypt. I mean have a look, photography is all blurry. Who is on the picture?

- It is believed to be the only picture made with time challenging equipment of Ramses The Great and the time on the picture is about 1209BC.

- How does it work. You need to search Egypt with flying time drone or what exactly you do.

- The new equipment we use is called Time Scout II, it is the machine which substitutes little by little the Time Scout I. As the result of one use we can have a moment of entire territory of ancient Egypt as a three dimensional model.

- 3d, alright. There are only black and white pictures, correct.

- Yes, with this technology pictures are black and white.

- We have a lot of people with tools of trades, belongings, walking the streets. The entire area. There are more pictures, some of them have quite good quality.

- They are all published somewhere?

- Yes, you can find most of the pictures of the time scout row on the www.EarthRetDev.gov.

- Let us show the best of them to the audience. And this is Ramses The Great. How you decide?

- He was found in the palace made of stone, mud and sun dried brick near the garden. His beautiful attire and jewelry suggests that.

- So this is accurate?

- Accurate.

- It was not copied from the ancient Egyptian sphinx, I wonder.

It's because of the quality.

- No, it was not.

- So here it is, Ramses The Great, Earth Retired Development institute picture, for 44,277 Megawatt hours, see you tomorrow on The History Forever at 3pm.

The regular block of news started.

- All those ideas, - Doraborsky exclaimed, - can i hook up to their satellite, we need to reorient it a bit, it closes my thoughts from space. Boring?

- Boring! - Bopitmo nodded in agreement.

- Alert! It's starting!

Cameraman car showed from the corner of the street and turned to the parking lot in front of the house. Bopitmo and Doraborsky met bearded cameraman Steve, whom Doraborsky behind his back next two hours of this experience started to call Gremlin. The bird was a small delicate pigeon, whom in first opinion of Doraborsky could not carry anything.

- The animal and how we would be able to vex it, if Gremlin was not watching, - said Doraborsky to Bopitmo under the eye of the camera after he rubbed money rolls in the feathers in whisper, so Gremlin did not hear and due to filming without sound.

- Why do you call bird an animal? - he in whisper replied.

- Does not matter. Birdy, birdy, watch equilibrium, watch equilibrium, - Doraborsky went few times back and forth for he had an idea that it looked better for the audience.

Bird started to throw away money rolls. Bopitmo returned them, put battery in the light.

- Purple, white, blue, perfect, - Doraborsky drew out hand to adjust the light straight to the center like in the textbook but fell on the floor deadly and bird like bullet crazy went out the window, with blue light on small wire repeating its trajectory behind the back. Wonderful.

- O-h, - said Doraborsky, standing up from knees to feet.

Steve told that he was asked to forewarn about their broadcast on Evergreen TV about the cactuses. Doraborsky was surprised the logistics of Evergreen, that they were able to wrap it with bird, when it was about the time of the broadcasting, twenty minutes before to be precise.

- You will stay to watch it? - he asked Steve.

- Oh, no, I need to be elsewhere.

- Of course, of course. It is so heart touching, the blue light behind the bird on the string. We did good.

- Yes we did.

When show started, Doraborsky thought that his new TV name Buratino, he invented, did not play in his life any role yet, and was used so far only once on the show title inscription. The phone called and he picked.

- Hello, I want to buy two more of your books with Weapeson. I read already. I bought two books from you.

- How nice. I am writing it here, in my notepad, and certainly will tell my publisher to sell you two more. What is your phone number.

- 8182634654.

- I am writing it down. Thanks for your good words.

- I want to tell something else.

- Yes, yes.

- For society there is nothing better than a new writer - it's rare that somebody would write a book.

- Thank you, thank you, o-h. Did you know that Alexander Dumas had his own ship and he was writing down all the jokes, sailors were saying.

- No, I did not know that.

- Yes, yes.

- When will you tell the publisher about books?

- Tomorrow.

- Till tomorrow then.

- Till tomorrow.

- You know what, - Doraborsky said to Bopitmo, - Let's go for more driving on the rented car?

- What's happening? You were never going out driving evenings.

- A-h, let's go! - Doraborsky called and fifteen minutes later valet pulled the car in the front yard.

Doraborsky was driving! They were winding three hours randomly and then stepped out of the car near the rails.

This was the place of reconnection of uneven territories to the rail, the place, where the rail was starting.

The uneven territories were covered with the grid of metallic rings. Joint-claws on the four clutches at the base of the train were catching the insides of the rings in fast, robotic moves, and through the two fold windows it was visible how passenger cabin goes from side to side to compensate the motion. Then the train threw metallic circles of grid to the back, jumped, caught by the twisting in the air horns the beginning of hanging rail and disappeared from sight.

They parked under sign

'In the shadow of tree cars are prohibited.
Under the difference of vision LA N035532
2:27 pm - 3:42 pm
Only sun resistant cars'.

It was late evening.
Doraborsky dangled car key on the ring around finger few times.
Some distance to the side there was the light of the Tera Pizza station.
They stepped towards plaza with Beast Buy and Holy Invalid.
In Holy Invalid dozens of people played in front of billboard TVs.
Balls of infected fluid tried to fully clog the screen.
In the game you had to find stocks of albucid, before your eyes would be completely filled with infected blizzard.
Game of the week changed significantly since Doraborsky played last time.
He stepped out to smoke, while Bopitmo played on one of the consoles . Sign near the back door was saying 'Only nitric forms of life'.
Doraborsky followed by the eyes the mountain snake-vehicle on the three piece jet engine, precisely circumflexing the outline of the mountain, stopping in the sinus jerking moves to change the burning fuel volumes, entering and exiting the stalactite ridden artificial tunnels.
He recollected his experience of space suit driving.
He thought that they could put this effort of recollection to his working hours. That's for the upcoming orbiting episode.

Day 18 - the 4th of August 3042. Bopitmo and Doraborsky literacy boutique. The briefing.

Phone call broke the silence of room.

- Hello, your book with Weapeson is a low quality, - foreign accent, - We will not buy your book again. Humor should be bubbling and boiling. You don't have it.

- Thank you, I will know it from now on.

Home, sweet home. Doraborsky raked the room by the corner of eye.

Long japanese sword on the wall.

Thousand years old styled chest.

Palm in the vat.

Virtual Eater 1 – the only VR he has got. Should have upgraded to 2. Long term financial plan... It used to be our small barricade against society.

Car stick with handle in the shape of bird, extending wings and readying to fly - from the first car.

- Fired from Weapeson - on the first page of Imperial, - Bopitmo entered the room with newspaper.

- Imperial... It's like Times.

- Yes.

- I'll take the phone call.

- It's you with the book?

- Yes.

- You are now on TV on 'History Forever'?

- Yes.

- I missed about cactuses. They've grown big already?

- Why don't you go to Ublimozis and look?

- I'll do it, thank you, - dial tone sounded when parrot started to cry.

- Here, - Doraborsky put him a coin, - Buy yourself twelve volumes Shakespear subscription.

- Secret is... should stop using templates of the past... no one needs, - parrot replied, - Bad, bad...

Doraborsky jumped off.

- Get lost in Bermuda triangle.

- Bad, bad...

New door bell meant that another one from 'Orbit expert preselection training team' arrived.

- Preselection is over, - Doraborsky once objected.

- It is the name of the team, on more common occasion it is used for telecast preselections.

Doraborsky entered living room.

- This is meat with potato? - a person standing aside near the fish tank asked.

- No, this is potato with meat. Meat with potato - it is when one whole potato is in the middle of the plate, laid around with pieces of meat. Hey, you are from ZNM, - Doraborsky addressed person with ZNM name tag, extending hand to shake.

- I am a temporary consultant to mister Green, yes, - manner to say was soft, and Doraborsky also noticed that journalist sniped him with eyes sharply and took sight away.

- May be we, with Bopitmo, will go to work to ZNM one day. There are so many people, you will not be able to find a person on the group portrait, - Doraborsky politically smiled and went away to feed fishes with red pipette.

- Don't press on this cracker. Try our breakfast sandwich, - he said to somebody.

That crowd around made Doraborsky feel that from this moment it is hard to tell what is success and what failure. Orbiting episode brought Doraborsky in the middle of the group of some serious people, standing around him with Bopitmo among them. He was answering questions. Here were standing some military person, a space engineer, a person from nuclear energy commission, hiring agent Fritz, hiring agent Jackson and others he did not know.

- Well, well, it's like we are meeting with government representatives from Saudi Arabia and asking if they pour us some plate of oil. And I'm thinking how not blow the deal, - Doraborsky welcomed.

- So, what would it be this time, mister Doraborsky? - a high rank military official asked.

Doraborsky's gaze was far away from this room.

- It will be about how successful work in one direction affects work in other directions, so to speak on the sidelines. We hope it will be, - Doraborsky stopped for a pause, - 'Don't do it for your country. Do it for money' type of work. Ha-ha. I see you are a military. What is it, this look of person of a new television - is it an actor, rubbing hairs by spittle, or modern television need a person, a profile, no... a monument of new caliber.

Doraborsky with insight was looking now at the shoulder straps of an officer.

- I was wondering, - hiring agent Fritz was looking fast around the alarmed room, - Do you write a new book and what is the title?

- Yes, it is called 'Pleading guilty' - the art of literacy, not a dictionary. I remember the time when with tear in my left eye I

told myself - that would be my new pseudonym - Buratino.

- That will be all, - Fritz agreeably nodded to the different sides of the audience, if you would, you can have a sit, we will introduce you to the detail of the new orbiting journalism assignment.

- Thank you, thank you, - Doraborsky bowed and went to the armchair, Fritz pointed to.

Funny that Evergreen Studios brought a lot of chairs with them.

- At first what Evergreen wants you to do, - Fritz continued, - is to get to the orbit of Dittlebritt, you will be driving standard Galactic Rescuer 0.

- A breathing quantum ship.

- A breathing quantum ship, yes - Fritz approved.

Space engineer with beard shrugged shoulders.

- As a preamble you should make a stop on Proaktarius Yakibolo Satellite. He has nice tape and resell outfit there, they import their tapes from Earth and sell to mainly fire box DNA snail / helix / cameo-shell space travelers. We want you to recollect the acts of intercourse with a customer. What is the degree of an interest? What is the tendency of demand. The outfit itself is also feeding some of robot identities on the surface of the planet to the robots, actually it works as a data transfer satellite and provides some cable television, originally fed from satellite to the planet.

- Next, - Jackson continued, - you should make stop on Dittlebritt itself and this is the part of assignment where entire expedition pays off. You will start chicken growing business. The goal is to grow chicken fast, and this will be the first time human kind will try to use time challenging equipment to grow chicken. This is why all those people are in the room today. Should you be unsuccessful, if you loose grown chickens or anything like that, as possible aftermath, the attempt itself, the visuals from it would pay off the financial effort - all our study of audience supports that.

The growing of FASTCHICKEN... - and this is our new trademark. Normal chicken, even with 2% better memory. 2%! So hebaraldi syncing which we use as a time challenging equipment creates the different relation to the business detail, in other words, the moment chicken reaches the grown state is the same moment it comes as an egg from the incubator.

- Hebaraldi... it is pretty dangerous... this is why you keep it away from Earth?.. We did not want everyone to feel it is too easy to work with us, - Doraborsky first time interrupted and excessively smiled to the parts of the room, he would rather say

now auditorium.

- Our hebaraldi is safe, - Fritz referred to the screen on the plasma panel, Evergreen TV guests brought with them, - Our hebaraldi is a small griplunger thithlunger, which works as a registered unit 'griphith65' of Space Catalogue. The safety statistics is 99.5%.

- It is all legal then. Not some kind of Manhattan project? - Doraborsky pointed pen across the speaking circle of Fritz, ending where the Bopitmo was sitting.

- Here is the permit for use in virtual reality like worlds. The permit to use it in the card worlds. The limit, acceptable for this construction - our engineers already calculated everything - project 'World bag' - entirely new solution for bounded time challenging. We have some additional legal paper work - Fritz showed thousands pages volume of legal literacy.

It will be normal chicken with 2.5% better memory...

- 0.5% more, why we talked? Impressive.

- No, let's go to another blueprint here. Another huge, newest invention - filming through the eyes - we see what you see, through the filming hat. It's not the actual hat, but some sort of silver cobweb, which is attachable to the head. Engineering genius of our specialist responsible for that.

- Don't even start. Don't tell it again, no, - space engineer rubbed a piece of beard with left hand.

- You are getting, all per your request, the big id cards Buratino Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo - Evergreen time challenge team. This journey contains interplanetary space treaties.

- Such toll to the public opinion and all the other aspects can not happen with participation of one country only, - Doraborsky commented.

- Absolutely, - Fritz made a fast glance towards him, - By the end of journalist investigation and from the point of your departure Komatoshi Yakibolo will take over the business, should it be successful. Strong adventure should include Red Hat you should be running for and visit to Starbucks. Very important to go through all of your inventory, things which you will take or will be put in the cargo for you.

Money printer. It is connected with money transfers. Money are being destroyed from one side and printed from another.

- I have a question, - Doraborsky asked, - Is it legal?

- Yes, here you go, license for monetary issue from the government.

- What is it for? Can you simply open a bank account?

- Money printer is in the case something would happen with

monetary system itself, bank won't cash your account, because simply there would be no such bank or no such account. I know, sounds ridiculous, happened with hebaraldi emergency only once, what you receive one would refer as a...

- Critical measure. Old concern. It happened, we have to cover this end. You will also receive money in cash, 5 billion equa\$.

- So in cash or in money printer allowances?

- Both. All together 10 billions, gentlemen.

Doraborsky threw his hands up.

- We need 5 billion equadollars to start - we will spend for you first 2.5 billions and will run away with the rest - we do it always - joke, - Doraborsky loudly laughed and threw his hands up.

- Money are the precautionary measure. In case of hebaraldi crisis you can use them all. Money will be taken away from you on your return. 90% of money are the government. This is part of the briefing where major Phillips takes over, from the side of the government. He will brief you more in the car on the secret detail. Me and Fritz will also go with you.

They exited to the yard and stepped into five seat monoengine. Fritz was driving, Phillips took the seat on the right in the back, Bopitmo and Doraborsky also got in the back. Philips continued.

- You also will be receiving oxygen adapter Air-2, - military person continued, - and the teleportation powder with meter adapter, meter actually shows density of things in percents from atmospheric.

- What will it show in the open space? - Doraborsky's idea.

- It will show infinum. Thank you. Adapter will adapt food to the standards you can consume in the time challenged world in case of ultimate emergency, which is becoming extremely rare.

- Like with bank account?

- Like with bank account.

- With food processor there are sometimes some pseudomagnetism errors, if it gives errors don't eat.

- Do we have some brochure, what you are saying is written somewhere?

- Yes, there is the processes book, it is huge like the one to control hebaraldi, you better listen carefully and take notes.

Doraborsky extracted notebook and pencil.

- You are getting the pair of headphones Sony.

- Those are distant headphones for the Galactic sonar - to separate sounds made from intelligence against the space noise. Military officer and Jackson looked at each other.

- No, the usual headphones. Will help you economize 1

equadollar if lost or stolen.

Next, the key making. The material extractor. The usual model. First you need to lock the instrument on the door or vehicle, you need the key for through the internal VR system, set the grid and remember the key template. Then it is sucking key material - steel - from pocket of another person through the air if it is out of such material - it is also old trick how to get a person loose key.

- Is it legal?

- Legal! Papers.

- How do you know all that?

- Know what, mister Doraborsky?

- That we will need to forge keys.

- The material extractor is not heavy, it all goes into the compartment, it covers the emergency situation, you will never get into. Next, the 'Returner-7385'. You will need fingerprints of right hand of your team chief, mister Doraborsky in that case, to use it. You can use it either if you need a computer intensifier - a laptop - it has much pricey calculation capacity in it - very light. It looks like a napkin box, it has napkin in it, could stand next to your laptop on the table. Your laptop will work five hundred times faster than anyone else at the table.

The main reason why you have it though, it is your way to return back in time, when your stepped in the space shuttle, it works like black box, will have all the events, happened to you, we can read it all later, while you will have no recollection of it.

- In case of trouble turn on the returner, and like it never happened?

- Precisely. Like you never stepped in that shuttle. And we still will have memory of the trip in the form of video record.

Almost similar in goal of use there are two more items: the hypertowels - put them on you - it will freeze time around you for a few hours planetwide. Pair of hypertowels should either cover both of you, or one of you should be by then not alive.

- O-h... - Doraborsky made a gesture that he is sick on stomach.

- Nothing to worry about. This is from 'Bathroom drop point project'. Dance of success, mister Doraborsky. This is all a 'Dance of success'. Almost the usual plans when you board the huge public hyperhovercraft for three hundred seats. Very power consuming, will work only a few hours. Remember to put both towels on you and your friend, or don't use them at all. They will not work separately.

You should use it probably in pair with VR pen - emergency device - it alarms us and shows where you are, where you

want to be returned from, you can communicate with us, get a piece of advise. It pushes your eyesight vision shots to us, we do not see you continuously.

- This is something interesting. I have a question, - Doraborsky asked, - Can we use VR pen without hypertowel.

- If in danger, yes. Also power consuming, ideally we want you to never use it. So, as you wished, you are getting business instruction for four thousand pages.

- I am wondering what is our interest in that. We will get only one article, will be working for a few weeks, and that is the only material we get to narrate or what?

- First of all, you will be there exactly three days, - major Phillips interrupted, - and it is not all the material, you get to narrate. Not at all. Company thought about that also, mister Doraborsky. The 'Moon review'.

- The 'Moon review'?

- Living of simple people - what every writer wants to be involved in. Population of Dittlebritt is constantly complaining on seeing the huge Moon - it is like UFO. Ask people what they saw, get into the clubs within communities of those who saw the giant moon. Is it a social paradox, is there a real astrnomic entity behind it? You don't need me to teach you the good journalist work. It is certainly a good practice to draw shadow for knowing people of true sign of original and unique mastership.

- Complex of a writer- nothing could be told in short.

- Yes! Bring the essence of peripetia, simple people get into, we don't ask you for more.

- If you show only this side of Moon, how we get to the other.

- Exactly.

Five stepped out of omniengine and were crossing now the aviation field. Doraborsy and Bopitmo were stepping now in some distance back behind the others. Doraborsky's mouth reached the ear of Bopitmo, and his hand was showing space vehicles on the field.

- Refrigerator, flying coffin and simple flying sausage.

- The huge morals of this plot is that lesser is sometimes also more.

Day 20 - the 6th of August 3042 - shuttle Galactic Rescuer 0.

Looking through the porthole of the bridge, in the pilothouse, Doraborsky experienced driving like he never knew.

He started the AI consultation with onboard philological robot - it was all quite reserved here, it did not have humanoid form. It was located in computer basket in the back of the ship and communicated only through iTudor 7370 tablet, attached to the bridge holder.

He discussed the destination Dittlebritt, synopsis robot replied like a psych consultant invited to solve crisis. Dittlebritt was possible.

Doraborsky and Bopitmo covered heads with 'Dream translator' helmets, that is on top of 'you see what I see' silver cobwebs.

- Dream translator, - Doraborsky addressed Bopitmo, - nice wording. My imaginative invention in some corporation.

Doraborsky pulled the ignition tooth and adjusted fisk.

- Pedal... How to better shoe it in... A little bit to duck... - this he murmured to the pale Bopitmo.

Hubbub din of Straberosa interplanetary galactic engines were heard instantly everywhere in the cabin and surrounding. Ship started to breathe, changing slightly in his scale in relation to Ublimozis landscape.

Soon it started to gain height.

Animal squeals and shrieks from somewhere inside the hull were reaching ears from their back, sending shivers.

Once autopilot stabilized, they went through the corridor to the deck and Cargo 3, where the sound came from. There motion created metallic echo of shoes throughout the deck. Cargo 3 was half filled with water.

Floating cages were parked on the chains and swimming slightly in water. There was no way to get to the small outer silver perimeters, unless you wanted to go into the water completely. Free catwalk in the water was parked like a motor boat, it has standing place for two pilots and a huge keel.

In the closest cage Doraborsky saw 'animal' in the wheelchair with four crutches - very fat, in the brown clothes.

Doraborsky guessed it to be belonging to the Zebul'den Felul's species - the intelligent life form, though being now a socialite he would not bet on his memory hastily.

- Hey, are you a passenger? - he asked.

Creature turned sight away.

- Sir, are you a passenger?... Looks like a passenger.

- What was that? - Bopitmo asked.

- This... Looks like a passenger but prefers not to answer, if asked, it turns head to the other side.

Bopitmo shrugged his shoulders.

In other cages there were dragon like animals - Doraborsky knew little about them - nothing interesting. This all under gritting of lamps hooked on the chains to the metal ceiling. Doraborsky waived his hand uncertainly and gave up.

- I have something, - yelled Bopitmo.

On the back of the cargo door there was a A4 paper glued by

the red tape.

*Mister Doraborsky and Bopitmo, hi!
Could you please deliver a few animals to Komatoshi
Yakibolo.
Thnx.*

On the diagonal to this message there was written more in the red pencil - almost unintelligibly

Military animals - 1st floor

Doraborsky pulled the door left to the cargo exit. Here was a room with huge microwave for twenty people and some food freezers.

And another 'thank note'.

- Use original sausage. Fibers of pepper do not affect paper.

- New surprise brownie is better when old lucrative brownie. Only in my sleep! - Doraborsky commented, seeing the puzzled look of Bopitmo.

They repeated path, entering Cargo 7. This ship was big! Doraborsky pulled the door this time to the right of the cargo exit. A restroom.

- So, this is a popular restroom. Not often unoccupied. Mineral resource Bopitmo, what you think? Take a second and with this full of marasmus insight of major Phillips tell me something.

- Yes, yes, doctor Sharpness. Looks like some shenanigan. This treaty is signed in three foreign languages for idiots.

- The birdwire. The quality of work high, thank you. Oh this is so much 'thank you', we don't know how to thank.

- World of modern eyewash. Welcome! Here is psychological confrontation of minds, here is your heroic look, here is fingerprint scanner. Bon voyage.

- Mimicking life with mimicking tales, - Doraborsky made a grimace.

He was working now on understanding of the arrangement of accessories.

25 cents plastic stencil with coins.

Box with 5 billions.

- I'll take some, - he invited, turning to Bopitmo, - Cram it in. It changes nothing. By the end we spend more. Money were hanging from Bopitmo pockets.

- I'll put some in shoe. What's in the bottom shelf? - Doraborsky said from hands and knees.

- This is a humiliating pose.

- Please tell me more.

- We don't know nothing about that.

- We search for entire body of literacy, so start.

- O-kay. Here take a look at the orbital world bag. Shove hand in it and it is immediately gets sawn off. Next, the hypertowel - Bopitmo was turning cloth in hands from side to side, - ..Count of day and time in 3042... it has an inscription... let me see... 'if in open space or zero-gravity - tap on the characters to dive'.

Doraborsky looked at the page 1342 of the manual.

- This seems to be something like reactive engine in the

open space - this piece of cloth. You should hold it for this plate with numbers and arrows - push 6 arrows and get... wherever you want.

- Where does it take axis from? I mean how does it get to know how to orient itself in the environment.

- Who cares, - Doraborsky closed the volume of manual, - We can't lay and sit as freely as stand. Finally! A VR pen. Made with red and the black material as known from most famous Stendhal novel... 'Red and the black'.

- You want to humiliate the literary society? This is the only purpose?

- A switch.

- Do not use.

- Richelieu types: we are not bound by the reserve. We choose what we want. Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there was a development. We have complaint of some sort, yes. No matter we don't remember it now.

- It was easier in our days. We were just sticking humiliating notes under the door.

Doraborsky started opera singing in space.

- Opening: I was a young man.

And appearance of evil: Covers glued together. Covers glued together. Hollow Weapeson product. Hollow Weapeson product. Too often phone rings. Too often phone rings...

Doraborsky caught his breath.

- Writer investigation 'Moon'. With loss of last twenty pages about a giant moon everything is unpredictable. Bopitmo and Doraborsky were looking now into the giant porthole with serious stare of inventors of the instruction set 'do not close the hutch, until you are sure that the water is coming'.

Porthole showed the sleeve of the satellite connector. The door of Cargo 7 has opened and Komatoshi Yakobolo entered to greet them. Spaceship arrived to Dittlebritt orbit.

From the shelf Doraborsky took the huge microphone with Evergreen TV logo.

- Did you see the giant Moon? - Doraborsky asked.

- Yes, drunkards were complaining on the huge Moon.

- But you, by your own eyes, did not see it.

- No, - Yakibolo shaked head. His hairs were a a sort of straight black grass blades, each connected through the two joints. And they were moving with head like hands seeking for solace.

- Tell us about yourself.

Story of Komatoshi Yakibolo
by Buratino Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo, Evergreen
Corporation
written by themselves

Komatoshi Yakibolo telling:

Walls of my home were fireproof, but were afraid of deadly
Dittlebritt sun, sutures connecting the walls could not
hold themselves the killing heat, while my body, being
partial to purdos rablet specie, could stand any
temperature.

If my house would have to burn, I would loose business, a
personal art shop and infrastructure.

My house was always covered by the shadow of Evergreen
Satellite 'Tape and resell outfit, inc.' and moved when it
moved.

It happened that way that Evergreen Satellite was decided
by the authorities to be moved away from Dittlebritt by the
space tractors as bringing little to no profit.

But then Evergreen recovery team came and took me to one of
the tractors, where mister Evergreen appeared himself.

Talk too a short duration, and mister Evergreen said that
he respects my creed, which appears in communication with
the wall - beating my head of the lamp post.

I should mention here prior to this the very same day
because of purdos rablet tradition I went to the street and
started to hit my head of the lamppost, 'talking to the
wall' for spirits navigation - what I did is called to fix
a dream.

The company decided to leave satellite on the orbit and
made me a general manager.

Comment of journalists: When it became obvious that nothing
could be done, they found a resolution.

Day 21 - the 7th of August 3042 - produktarist Yakibolo coverage

Prodaktarius Yakibolo was talking now to his assistant, but only parts of phrases reached ear of Doraborsky.

- I imagine I heard 'as soon as they ask about orbital nuclear weapons send a customer', - he asked carefully Bopitmo.

- No, I did not hear.

- He meant us... Orbital nuclear weapons? Master of effect, our produktarius.

The hall, produktarius Yakibolo gathered them in, was full of huge cables. Eye of Doraborsky caught few metallic chairs and ancient cash and coin registers out of this century.

From time to time almost solid balls of plasma formed on the head of produktarius and he collected them with special napkin.

On the wall behind the chair, he was sitting on, there was a huge half wall banner.

Tape and resell outfit

Welcome to Iminosnii Raplusnii Raplendus.

This was clear purdos rablet, Doraborsky did not understand a thing.

- What is modern television? - he asked the first question.

- All of those friends and they all want to have access to those instruments of unusual.

- There is some moral and financial responsibility for place you take, in the television register of Dittlebritt, or this is a moral philanthropy.

- The major TV viewer of Dittlebritt is a fire box DNA snail, helix or cameo-shell either living on Dittlebritt or traveling. Climate simply does not allow to have anyone else.

In demand are the food commercials.

- I heard they can refrain from eating for a month.

- What is popular is a distant feeding. From machines they receive nourishment everywhere in the body wirelessly. The technology used to be great breakthrough around here. It was based on introduction of microavlusks in the stomach and everywhere in the body instantly.

- Interesting. You need some receiving entity to do it?

- Yes, a lupokl going wirelessly to the head. Looks like bucket actually. It is because of fire box DNA snail perception. They love buckets. The most peculiar and delicate they find a connector, linking yoke to the base of the bucket. There are fashion channels dedicated to the form and material of this connector, and the degree of its movement.

- A bucket on the head?

Prodaktarius Yakibolo nodded.

- Evergreen also likes to make here dragon entertainment.

Something medical. Not really sensitive.

- I saw 'kabuki tooth operation'.

- Ah, dragon tooth extraction project.

- With dances around fire.

- Yes.

- What about military animals?
- Military animals?
- Cargo is full of military animals, delivered from Evergreen... To you. It's written in Cargo 3 on the wall. Military animals.
- Ah, yes. Those are for military exercises shows.
- I remember World War III revolutionary poster fire box DNA snail, releasing a nuclear rocket from under arm.
- Oh, yes, I remember that. The shows, Evergreen does now, are about dragons, military dragons.
- Interesting. Would it be true to say that Yakibolo satellite hosts orbital nuclear weapons?
- What a wrong, unpleasant question, mister Doraborsky, - head of Komatoshi Yakibolo fast jerked away.
The bell rang.
- Ah... If you would excuse me. A new customer.
- People of Evergreen said I will watch. And tape it all.
- Where is your equipment?
- A-ha. You see these silver cobwebs on our heads. If we turn here and here, - Doraborsky showed silver spindle on his head, - You see. Eyes like cameras! When it's green in the most left corner of the eye, Evergreen on the over side will receive the precise image of what's going on.
- I have no secrets from Evergreen.
- Satellite - putting on data rays for robots - what is it all about? Tell me now.
- They don't have storage. There is no space. Where would you put their memory?
- Of the robots? We will see, - Doraborsky's chin almost touched Komatoshi Yakibolo.
- You are welcome.
- Yes, yes. Evergreen will receive picture. And sound!
- The customer, mister Doraborsky.
- The studio of compact disks continues with his disk 'Back Up It All'.
- Yes... If you please... - Yakibolo made a gesture with hand.
He pressed the button on the ancient cash register looking like mayan altar and outer door to the hull of the orbital station popped open.
Fire box DNA snail had four horns-outgrows on the top and four of them served as legs. Behind there was a huge fire shell. Outgrows were turning from side to side, swollen and flattered sometimes, which created atmosphere of eternal worry. It was eating from machine which looked like an ancient gramophone.
Yakibolo Komatoshi started to talk alien language which could be almost arabic or unusual spanish. He repeated few words in alien dialect.
- He is eating, it causes in me mental health loop, like in my head there is a snail moving. And chills! - Buratino Doraborsky said to Bopitmo about the snail.
He figured that Komatoshi wanted to offer sci fi screenplay to it, because they were now near golden painted TV and were discussing, what is on the screen. From time to time Komatoshi was pulling out and placing in big black rectangles with records.

- What is happening? - Doraborsky asked assistant in low tone.

- Komatoshi is trying to offer him fantastic telenovel with opera in it. There are many science fiction novels, where there is no opera singing. This is a key point. To the sale.

- In reality, I read somewhere, almost every fantastic novel has an opera in it. Somewhere in it there is opera. Assistant made a pause.

- It goes well. The sale?

- No, he declines all the time. They also can't understand each other.

Snail picked an instrument, which looked like small shovel. On it there were letters - japanese or chinese writings with distinctive english abbreviation WWII.

也喇嚕帝南 WW II ?

Screen started to show people walking with torches, tank was moving, somebody was boarding the ancient propeller driven airplane and officer was looking into the silver watch on the chain hanging from the pocket.

Snail showed vague inconvenience, but then it was agreed. Only why Doraborsky figured, is that snail put an equadollar round coin into the antique coin cash register.

- Stupid. We wasted fifteen minutes, listening to some asian language. Are we making a good TV? - he asked with eyes turned to the sky, touching silver cobweb, asking Evergreen basically, - Do not answer.

Komatoshi Yakibolo looked at Doraborsky temporazingly.

- You will be showing us the military animals, - Doraborsky demanded.

- All right, but not in this tone.

- We are here to pick the tone.

- You are my guest.

- We are the Television, - Doraborsky touched silver cobweb on the head again, now in the arabic manner.

- Please this way.

They went to Cargo 3 to review the animals, delivered from Evergreen. Customer - the eight horned snail followed them.

- You will have to excuse me for one minute, - Komatoshi said, went to the snail and put his hand on it's surface. Together they went away through the Cargo 3 door.

- So tell us about the first animal, - asked Doraborsky the assistant. They were now near the last cage in the water.

- This is the living dragon and the remote. You pull this switch, dragon gets paralyzed. Here, put this glove on. Now this is a puppet, hand doll(internet). You open mouth... A-ha, on the puppet toy it is four fingers up, big finger down, the dragon opens mouth, you move your hand with glove on it around, it makes neck movements. Takes over the muscles of dragon neck and head.

- If I put this paralyzing switch back.

Dragon spitted.

- It goes back to consciousness and instinct controlled activity.

- This is a non military approach, then.

- It's not clear at this stage. Military did not want it,

yes. Safe to say at this point - no.

- You have more surgery and neurosurgery projects on the way?

- From surgery line we had cancer machine. Tested it on dragons.

- Do you have something brighter. For my Television audience, - Doraborsky touched cobweb on the head.

- When dragons mate, they had two dragons with full memory swap in each other...

- Criss-cross?

- Yes. Two mates. Female into male and male into female. All data full transplant. Memory, gender, instincts, everything. Doubled the known information and experience of each dragon. It was supposed to be related to the taiwanese culture, it's like two lovers afterlives, each being put into another as a personal organizer. Taiwanese public poll did not work out. Idea was found disgusting and thrown at that. Besides dragons started to behave strangely, became almost crazy.

- Shared the public opinion.

- Yes, - assistant smiled.

- So this is a brain surgery project. Shadowy medicine. Nice.

Komatoshi Yakibolo entered and made a military gesture near the neck to shut up. Assistant made a hasty step back.

- Mister Doraborsky can ask question, when the research is over. This exercise is not yet ready to be shown in the public. Look here though. Lapik and Tapochka - the prospective dragon out of the galaxy travelers.

- From mate criss-cross?

Yakibollo looked at assistant maliciously, but he concentrated on the tips of his shoes.

- The military success! Dragon throwing the nuclear donuts. Yakibolo made some sounds, first it sounded like hiss turning into a whistle.

Dragon threw plush donut to the cage bound.

- In theater of operation donuts will not be from plush, mister Doraborsky.

They moved to the first cage with brownclothed Zebul'den Felul's in wheelchair with four crutches. Ticketless passenger suspect. Pleading imploring nervous hands of another life form.

- So what kind of military animal is that? - Doraborsky asked, - unclear, who is here, a werewolf?

- I don't know, - Komatoshi took hand under his chin in reflection.

- So legs would not hold you, - creature said in perfect English and shot from weapon on the fifth wheel, which Doraborsky at first thought to be another wheel of the complex disability wheelchair.

Day 21 - later this day - the 7th of August 3042 - the emergency

Next few minutes were spent in chaos.

After concussion Doraborsky remembered only that Komatoshy hustled all the time nearby, and wheelchair cut the cage with something with blue glow coming out, reminding of welding, but with less light.

Oxygen was moving out of Cargo 3 fast through the hairline crack in the hull, and emergency space suit, Doraborsky was wearing, was helpful again, closing his face by plastic helmet. In matter of fact he could see that every one on the deck were automatically covering now with plastic breathing helmets.

- It's not a time for civil disorder, - Komatoshi was crying unapt, and dynamics loudspeakers were spreading his words around.

Ship was little by little splitting.

- Radio. Pick up the radio antenna components, - Komatoshi continued crying, even though nobody was listening.

Radio aerial sent sparks and fell in five almost equal beautiful fragments of electronics.

Artificial gravitation started to give up. It was flying now like in dream.

Doraborsky noted that terrorist with four crutches went out of wheelchair and rigorously worked around it, transforming it into big cart of things from Cargo 3. After that he laid himself belly down on the red grating on top of wheelchair wind shield and went out of open door to the inner part of the space ship. Probably he had a remote control at hand.

He remembered himself crying to Bopitmo:

- Fast go to Cargo 7 to our things. Axe!

Bopitmo was answering:

- What axe?

- Axe! It's like bingo 77 - axes. Cargo 7. Axe!

Before the ship fell apart, it proclaimed:

Autopushers ignited.

Cargo rescue regime.

Around them there was some sort of squel and turning, and Doraborsky could not understand, but they all appeared outside of ship panelling - that is Komatoshi, assistant, himself, Bopitmo and 5 wheeled terrorism suspect on the cart. Under his cart jet engines started, again with distinct blue glow. It flew towards the Dittlebritt giant red surface, and Doraborsky saw that a minute later big parachute with radial blue and white stripes popped open - cart was very far away by then.

Then it was all too late. It was no longer a ship, but huge parts of it. And there was no sight of the satellite anywhere either.

Komatoshi Yakibolo took his assistant by the hand. His costume had jet engine also.

- But where would be rescuers, - Doraborsky addressed Yakibolo.

- What rescuers?

- Is it possible to release you from orbit, after what you were doing, - Doraborsky disappointingly noted. He turned

away for a few moments in nostalgic upsetting thought, but then turned back. And there was no one, but Bopitmo. He grabbed drifting from inside of the ship 4000 pages of manual. It was something to start. Dorzborsky started to make his way through 4000 thousand pages. It turned out, that costume he was in also had a jet engine and an outtake ejected remote controls under left wrist. Familiar things from Cargo 7 continued to flow, but things circumscribed for them by Fritz were nowhere in sight. - Come on, the remote controls, here is the manual, - Doraborsky addressed Bopitmo extending hand with the book. They started to move toward the space ship entrance again, hoping to find what was left from Cargo-7. First they need to enter to inner circle of debris, what was left from the ship. Entrance had a padlock, which had a fingerprint scanner on it and a forewarning. Doraborsky remembered every word of it, because it was painful afterwards.

SAFETY INSTRUCTION

Alert!

'Society of total security' padlocks.

Make sure it is coded for your hand first.

Fot that call SHIPWRECKS-1-(589)-851

(picture of bandit with bomb)

First unlock key U then push it then it unlocks itself and activates fingerprrint scanner.

Doraborsky did not have a phone. He did not make that call. He had nothing but 4000 pages manual. Also he had no idea how his ship Galactic Rescuer-0 is looking like outside. He did not know that this is not the piece of his ship, but the piece of a Komatoshi Yakibolo satellite, mistakenly taken for part of ship... mistake anybody could make. He placed hand into the padlock and it sliced the tips of his fingers off.

Breaking and entering alert.

Komatoshi Yakobolo military compound.

Security precautions.

Screen started to fill with blood. Piece of ship on the reaction-propulsion units attached to the wall surface around the door started to maneuver towards the planet. Bopitmo was hanging for it with two hands, Doraborsky with left hand and what was left from his right hand.

We are still writing complimentary to the died generation in which we don't want to live any longer

D., Septemos 5

This very figure, which scared us all that time - who was that - human or animal

Plinius, 5 B.C.

Day 21 - the 7th of February 3052 - the descent

Doraborsky opened eyes.

Hand with cut finger tips burnt like hell.

Last thing he remembered was that it was jolting and he did not manage to hold with one hand for the space ship carcass, while with two healthy hands stayed hanging on the frame of the hull, seeing him falling.

Doraborsky shook off dirt from his face by the back side of his palm. Right in front of his rose forgotten many years ago old construction theodolite.

Billboard against him was on contrary new. Condom. Puzzled purdos rablet female definitely had looks, she was standing there in green dress, on the surface of billboard, with bottle, bread and butter. The bottle was blue.

In the head of Doraborsky was some rumble and feeling of importance to hold for the carcass with two hands, definitely two. Sweat.

Behind the billboard Doraborsky saw the expanse of field, behind which shoal of unknown birds was flying in confidence to the left.

Hot wind burnt cheek of Doraborsky and left him wondering of the streams of wind.

Pipe from steel was going into the sky, starting from the height of three hundred feet.

Giant shaking beetles on the gray cones was taking off and getting into the pipe - those Doraborsky guessed for being the breathing ships flying with stabilization - this was the spot where travel was rare and breathing ships probably could not find the course on the grids from the previous journeys alone - that's the only requirement for the pipe - to get them to the next hub.

He made extra effort and looked very far - in twenty or thirty hundred feet probably - very far - industrial robots were awakening 'jack in the snap' - the food animal - it was awakening from condition of giant cabbage - synthetic disgusting anisomorphic pieces all covered with slime were opening in high entropy only to get in the enclosure and disappear on the height of three hundred feet in the same pipe.

- Where is field of Evergreen, - Doraborsky mumbled, - Where are we going to grow chicken?

He turned to see Bopitmo, but he was nowhere near.

Pipe made a siren sound to mark the under pipe cleaning time - this is when usually trash and small animals under pipe were removed to preclude the interference with navigation.

Giant tweezers were coming out and back in the pipe.

Doraborsky could not really see what was in their catch. Second later deafening siren sounded again from above his head. There on the height of few hundred feet there was just another pipe.

He ran off while giant tweezers were flashing here and there

He saw now a part of a ship they were traveling on. And Bopitmo - lying dead near it.

Doraborsky touched him. His first phrase was:

- How to translate 'garbage' to purdos rablet?

Grip of desperation suddenly became unbearable. He pulled

his hairs with closed palms.

- What is the difference how to translate 'garbage', you
garbage, all is lost.

Day 21 - the 7th of February 3052 - the surroundings

They were sitting with Bopitmo around the spaceship parts only few hours, the giant air-conditioning device embedded into the door was still producing environmental output. On the closer look Doraborsky realized that conditioner is doing it unduly.

First it was smoking with something white.

- Conditioner is working like an electric stove, let me show, it produces warmth instead of cold, - Doraborsky said, working with some pieces of wiring in the wall, next to broken radio piece, stuck in the tiled broken paneling around the door, - you see the light - does not light on - it is missing something like freon. The good thing it is winter, we will stay alive longer. And look... the parking sign again - unbelievable...

'No shadow sensitive cars

11:16 pm - 2:53 pm

different worlds - different visions project'

Some new form of sign.

What you think it means?

- I don't know... Place of deja vu.

- Signs appeared under major general Paul Nosliw, when he was brigadier general. Put up medals on his chest, was humiliating people, you ask me...

- How do I translate rat to purdos rablet.

- Why do you need it?

- I write part of story about general in purdos rablet. It is for authenticity. Character finds a historical source. A purdos rablet customer note. A storytelling by contemporary. I'll show you later. No, better I read you now. It's for authenticity. Translation from purdos rablet will be attached. Here I'll take a little bit lower.

Civil rights, it was very hard for us to gain them, but now in this unfamiliar land in the time of economic midcourse guidance, we don't have them anymore and nobody can take them away. The inscription had dark golden tones. And the portrait. Dead general was smiling from the world beyond.

- Sounds ok, where is 'rat'?

- Put up medals on his chest, was humiliating people, rat...

- A...

- We might try to go towards the breathing ships - they should have something like space port or robot operated registry there, - Bopitmo pointed in the direction of distant pipe.

- Not before we look around for Fritz stuff. No VR pen, no hypertowels, no nothing ... I need VR pen at least. What do you think?

- I have something on me right here. A Fritz receipt. My copy!

- There is nothing here.

- Do not worry.

- What is this?

- A bomb. A nuclear bomb.

- It would explain the door protection - like cutting parts

of fingers.

- And presence of jet engines on the door envelope.

- Hey, here! I found purdos rablet dictionary on the ground. Unbelievable!

- A-ha. Here is also food in something like embedded kitchen close. Refrigerator inside.

- Porridge in vats. Jummy.

Bopitmo and Doraborsky started to eat. When They finished and replaced debris which seemed to useful to one heap, Bopitmo asked:

- What is the condition of hand anyway. I saw the blade cutting it.

- Don't even ask. I'll make it to the aviation field. I promise.

- Let me see.

- I'll make it. There are no more points of friction in questions of stuckness with twigs and knots, this is there bottom grade was digging...

- Does not matter. Let's go. The sun is already low.

- What's happening? Why now.

- Saving alertness.

- Here are some ruins, - Doraborsky pointed to the left side after ten minutes of walk.

- Beautiful engravings. Empty oval seized by the arms of the beast. The egg - the nothing in it. Faces of heroes could be there but there is none. Creepy. Gargoyle scare upside down.

- Ok, here is a triangular green insect trap on the tree.

- Interesting, - Bopitmo looked it around, - they must have a scientific formula, they take volume of trap versus Where insects live and check - if zero formula is correct if not there is somewhere mistake.

- I am hungry. You want to it?

- We had breakfast recently.

- Porridge, faugh, faugh...

Bopitmo bent his head over small notebook from his pocket.

- What people like us would do in the situation of an emergency - this is for my chapter...

- Wash f*... clean teeth and swim... Swim should not be told.

Day 21 - the 7th of February 3052 - the chaise longues
- 2 equa for the night chaise longue to chaise longue
massive money loss

Like oasis in the desert chaise longues with logo of
Univalindus Mutual Bank started to pop here and there. It
was the bank Doraborsky and Bopitmo had cards and monetary
instruments from Fritz in, bank with half of non cashed
money. Half of 10 billions, to be precise.

Doraborsky never saw chaise longues before but knew that
Univalindus was running the housing on the ground projects
for years.

You need to be a client to take the chaise longue. Sleeping
pads some called them, they were just chaise longues with
fax infrastructure and bank terminals in the ground.

It was only for poor territories with warm or hot climate.
Doraborsky did not happen to live there before.

From the distance they looked like the doors to the
underground compounds, being practically white beds of
strange form on the fake green ground of plastic dry grass.
They were mainly not occupied, and bank terminal on each
collected solid money for each night spent.

Doraborsky and Bopitmo hoped the banking cards they had to
fit the bank terminals. It did.

They took a pair of chaise longues next to each other.

- I feel some flow of smell of garbage can, right to left,
in terms of direction, - Doraborsky shrugged shoulders. He
fell asleep deadily.

In his dreams general Paul Nosliw followed him all night
with the phrase 'don't resculpture city'. He repeated it
again and again.

Doraborsky opened eyes because it was too hot. Bright sun
flooded his eyes. Chaise-lounge supported cold volume of
air like a tall coffin and was removing half portion of
heat.

Bopitmo was still sleeping.

Doraborsky did not want to awake him, nor he had anything
to do. He started to study terminal beyond the nighttime
payment routine.

Screen was returning back some greens of its glow.

Welcome, customer.

Next Doraborsky looked through the news and alert list.

Generatorial world. Dittlebritt.

Article 'Swollen from overeating' portrayed unpleasant face
tlapitlus alien with mouth extended to the different sides
like pricey accordion.

*New in structure of the Dittlebritt government. Election of finance
secretary.*

*Conventional catastrophe. Seasonal forged street equadollars are
spread in the former deserts.*

Threatening numbers of escaped 'jacks in the snap'.

Bank ATM robbery in the hat. Robber used hummer.

Financial features for new customers

Business and maps : transit information.

Criminal and civil court records

Doraborsky sighed, singled out 'robbery in the hat' and started to read.

It's hard to tell now who was in the hat and made \$ 7 million equadollar withdrawal. Comparing to buying the car for \$7M there is a lot of documents being drawn, including the ID of a buyer. Banking system however does not share this benefit.

The article was simple. Doraborsky made a wry face and returned one step back.

Financial features for new customers

Meanwhile in the Univalindus Mutual Bank let me introduce to :

No activity fee.

Keep the change transfers.

- I was hoping it's the last joke of the bank, but no
- Doraborsky smiled to nostalgic thought.

Files.

Please choose a document name serial number or serial letter so the destination name is different for the different input files.

Market.

Study of Khrusha shows that in 14% of cases more competent market flows and credible opinions affect the fate of unclear 8 remaining percents of the market.

About all this you can read in my book 'People who are not'.

Doraborsky would probably read it all if he was not interrupted by some aggressive fire box DNA snail from the road.

- Hey you, you've got my cashback from yesterdays.
 - Me, - Doraborsky said, - no.
 - Dittlebritt night - nobody to kill - nobody to help.
- You want me to give you packet for blood collection, human. Snail lost focus and changed the address of his claims to awaken Bopitmo:
- Hey, you, I did not finish to charge my battery here.
 - Sure, the problems of city are our problems, - Doraborsky said, - Who are you?
 - Mr. Fieldbeginning. Good name, you think, simple, Middle

Dittlebritt.

- Dittlebritt is not as it used to be - there is no Starway 12 anymore, but all names are the same... Mental health teams are on the way, pal.

Snail was leaking with hiss.

- Like pipe on the bridge. We need to stick this goats heads to the toilet, it's a symbol to us from Gods. 3 equa \$ tomorrow here. By the way there was misunderstanding with laundry detergent and I had to stick someone in the dryer, so it's occupied there.

Mister Fielbeginning started to move off towards the other distant occupied chaise longues.

- We need to move out of here, - Bopitmo said.

- Lets wait for the night first, it's too hot, we want to make it to cosmodrome.

But reason took over. They had none of things of Fritz or Evergreen corporation and 5 billions equa on the card. They started to run from unoccupied chaise longue to unoccupied chaise longue and initiate it for 2 equa dollars each - hiding in their colder fields until they reached chaise longue, which already has been initiated before them and pouring cold, but was empty. It had a distinct smell. They were tired and spent there fifteen minutes before they realized that another creature was hiding. Actually, he was behind the terminal.

- Fielbeginning has left already, - he asked. The stranger looked like bat with a bag and a collection of cards. It was changing their order, when Bopitmo and Doraborsky came by. For a second Doraborsky sparked the idea that it is a bit like underwater version of Bopitmo. The eyes though were scary rich eyelashes mainly on the bottom eyelid.

- You know him also?

- Sleep or eat each other, Fielbeginning never was capable to normal international communication.

- What are you, diplomat?

- I was assistant minister in Paul Nosliw Dittlebritt food committee. My name is Engo Bue Dia. You must have heard of me.

Doraborsky and Bopitmo faces were poker unreadable.

- Before his death, of course, - he placed his mouth to the ear of Doraborsky, - I am very reach.

- Drunkards were complaining about big Moon. You did not see anything?

- Why do you need it?

- It's our journalist assignment. Bopitmo will be writing down - he has a small note book.

- You are the journalists?

- Yes. Doraborsky and Bopitmo : we will deliver team.

- Than, yes, there is a huge moon from time to time.

- It affects you.

- Moon is good. In old faiths it brings night and freshness.

- What does it do for Fielbeginning, you think? - Bopitmo took his sight of the notebook.

- What do you mean? Renegade.

- Oh, come on. What did he do to you after all.

- Nuclear black mail - if he does not get 5000 in the box - elephant will go numb. He comes every night. He makes my fingernails fall out one by one.

- Where did he get his habits? - Bopitmo turned pencil under his fingers.

- You are writing about him. Good. Write that he is killer and rapist. The truth. That he eats snail parts and human fingers off the morgue. Vampire... No, not vampire... Anyway, if you write, with this order in Dittlebritt he won't last long.

Doraborsky started to type into the bank terminal, looking for 'Criminal and civil court records'.

- So. Fieldbeginnin-G. Why there is no record? I've just purchased access to criminal histories for 3.25.

- He is not convicted yet!

- So Moon affects you and him equally, - Bopitmo finished. We can write it has good and bad sides.

- Yes, you may write that.

- What is that?

- It's an additional information device. Saucer. If you beat it with metallic pipe, you will have it thoughts, entering you mind. A telepathy.

- It's alive?

- No, but it simulates average personality and carries unusually big amount of knowledge.

- I think I heard somebody gained like that separation of voltage in the desert, when in need of electric current - hitting metallic ingot to get charge on different sides - different amount of Coulombs or Ampere-seconds, I am not sure now.

- No, here it is different. You thrash saucer by a metal bar and the words or different feelings come into your head. It will even give you combat ability - it will control your muscles for some time while you want it - given that you know how to use it.

- We are desperate in the foreign land, and all we have is the banking card.

- It's not little.

- We were thinking to go to cosmodrome.

- It's a military cosmodrome. They will not allow you there. None of us.

- I am very sensitive to all types of information lately. How much do you want for the saucer?

- I am rich. It's not for sale. I don't really need money , I told you.

- If you are so rich, why live here on chaise longue?

- But forgive me, where is to live?

- I don't know. Where reach people live? In the palace.

- This is temporary. I am hiding money from someone.

- Fieldbeginning?

- Someone else... But him also.

- What about selling saucer?

- It's not possible for me to sell you saucer. If you seek for additional information you may want try to hack into terminal.

- Hack into terminal?

- Yes , everyone is so tranquilized nowadays nobody thinks of hacking bank terminals anymore. Hacking became really easy. I have a friend. Go to him, he has suitable instrument.

- Sounds dangerous, bank could freeze us, or get the police.

- It used to be like that, but all ended as always ends - with efficiency. Nobody is hacking - there is no protection. Bank does not use cameras since 20 years ago.

- Are you sure?

- I happened to have clearance to the bank work under Paul Nosliw.

- But where is the moral point? Is it Okay to steal information?

- This is not not stealing. You do not take anything material. This is the moral point - don't take money, just information. You think somebody will come and ask - what are probing here with screwdriver?

- We are not going to do it, but out of curiosity. What type of instrument... I am speaking hypothetically... we need?

- This advise is going to cost you money.

- How much?

- 50 equa. 50 equa dollars - advise... To open the cloth of trust...

- Sure. The quicker the better. This information will include the name and location of your friend?

- Yes.

- Okay.

- That easy. 50 equa just like that.

- We are rich also. Besides we are talking breaking illegal information...

- Okay, give me the money, give me... - diplomat was hungry for money.

Doraborsky used card and transferred. No miracle diplomat was as rich as serene emperor Paul Nosliw gone.

- Write down. You will need Galactic Saw 2, then superconnector, you can type everything and search from it. That's it. Two things.

- Where does your friend live and how do we recognize him?

- How would it start with him? Our communication? - Bopitmo interrupted, - he will make some signs with left eye or anything like that?

- I need to call him first, this friend of mine.

He dialed and started to speak.

- 1 pm. You already called the police. Yeh? - Engo closed phone receiver by hand, - He always calls at 1pm - some sort of vampire against police - reports a new crime and names Fieldbeginning.

Then Engo Bue Dia started to talked fast and almost silently into the phone. Doraborsky could not hear a word.

- It's the fourth sleeping pad this way, - diplomat showed with hand or wing, or how bats call it, - His name is Persival Ribbons, pad number A342i4i, he is quite new here.

- I hope we are not paying for nothing.

- Please do not worry.

- The friend of is going to give the instruments to us?

- He will lease them, yes. He is easy on give away lately. For money.

- Thanks.

- I prefer to move to interfere with people outside , bad people, to run with knife in the yard. Just don't touch suck of rotten stuff. Intellectual communication with neighbours will be in my favour, smell in favour of Fieldbeginning. If he shows up here again.

He flew to the ear of Doraborsky:

- You can stay here, you are invited.

Bopitmo and Doraborsky switched to another pad as soon as diplomat departed and spent there may be an hour in the freezing climate box - pads began to become colder, before they moved to the next one and the next one again with expense of new 2 equa dollars each place. All together three iterations. The fourth one was already occupied and there was a wheelchair with person in it sitting probably nape of the neck to them. Or may be it was pile of clothes on the wheelchair, it was hard to tell.

Pad A342i4i. Variety of things and belongings were thrown everywhere, all view reminded a disorganized bicycle shop.

- If wheelchair is occupied we might want to look who is sitting in it, - Bopitmo offered.

Deep in his heart Doraborsky was sad that wheelchair is in the lot of Persival Ribbons, Engo Bue Dia's friend. If it was just the abstract wheelchair at this point and time Doraborsky would be glad to leave Bopitmo on the chaise longue and cruise a bit around the lot on the borrowed wheelchair, move of it's electricity for a while. He needed rest of walking / lying cycle or he could start to go crazy.

He passed wheelchair and when he turned, he saw the first it to be surely occupied and second astonishing, that their companion from the animal module of Galactic Rescuer 0 is sitting in it.

Doraborsky by the strong move turned wheelchair for handles 180 degrees - Ribbons was not heavy and tossed him on the plastic grass designs around chaise longue.

- Where are the things?

Zebul'den Feluls was silent.

While Doraborsky started to look through belongings, companion from animal enclosure got back in wheelchair. He tried to run him across. Wheelchair did not gain enough speed and Doraborsky swung it awry, so right wheel was now on top of it, like whirligig spreading everywhere sun specks of light from the stainless steel, while only elbow rest dived in the false grass.

- Take a ride, you, fricking zebul'den Feluls.

- Don't mention that! Illegal to mention races. All throughout the Dittlebritt.

- Did you call the police, - Doraborsky kicked him by the leg, - there is always an explanation why things here or there.

- Comment of racial difference excessive already.

- The most important now is not to forget our veterans, - Doraborsky kicked him again.

- Civilized sound is empty sound for most, - Zebul'den Feluls exhaled a long cough, getting back in the chair.

- Here we can use some of your energy, - Doraborsky knocked wheelchair down again, - to move forward.

- O-oh, I have somebody else picking me later today, - Zebul'den Feluls blankly laughed, - I'll spend a day here. It's like Gods were with me all this time.

If Doraborsky watched, he would notice that Bopitmo was going through things of Zebul'den Feluls. And when Doraborsky was finishing this first round of property negotiations, Bopitmo found VR pen and returner already.

- It's enough, - Bopitmo touched shoulder of Doraborskogo and made stopping gesture, - Is your name Persival Ribbons?
- Yes.

- We will look through the rest of things and you - stay put, all right? - Bopitmo waved metallic pipe in the air menacingly.

Zebul'den Feluls did not answer.

In fifteen minutes Bopitmo and Doraborsky found all Fritz-Phillips things, but one.

Unbelievable!

For short time the ship was falling apart exceptional ability of Persival Ribbons to pick stuff allowed him to collect everything but oxygen adapter Air-2.

All nine items.

Bopitmo and Doraborsky got cheap all these nine lives of cat equipment. Plus ATM hacking equipment.

And the suitcase with cash. 5 billions.

They also took from Ribbons rare weapon - Stervoznik-Osetsky gun - it was hidden in the back pocket of the chair.

Doraborsky and Bopitmo put things on the wheelchair and left Ribbons enjoying coolness of sleeping pad.

On the side of humanity was left that they even did not take his credit card, taking though his wheelchair and throwing all pertinent items on it to carry.

They continued through 6 more chaise longues before they decided Ribbons can't possible have any idea where they are and it's safe to sleep.

In the morning they turned on VR pen - it made an oscillating growing higher sound, which stopped with appearance in front of Doraborsky 6 feet from his nose TV screen, which Bopitmo could look at from the side.

There were agents Fritz and Jackson on the other side.

- Oh, mister Doraborsky. Very good that you decided to contact us, - Fritz hastily said, - The recordings from you are still being deciphered but we have emergency phone call from the hospital.

- From the hospital? - Doraborsky exclaimed.

- One of your readers, you gave phone number to, is in the hospital, we will put you straight through.

Then there was some absolutely unknown face on the line now with beard in the bed surrounded by the walls made of white blocks broken apart by black lining.

- I don't know you. Who are you? You took my phone number from Weapeson book.

- Yes, mister Doraborsky, what a luck. It was very kind of you to put your phone number in the book.

Human on the other side slavered each word with mouth waters, when he spoke.

- However, my concern is that my feedback on your book is not positive, quite the opposite. Book does not pay back the price, being paid in Rite Aid Stores. As they say book is somewhat uncouth, axe worth. Anyway there is good person Ben in it, if not for him, I would have this positive living example, if you know what I mean. It would pay I would say one third of book price, yes. Anyway, I think you should proceed. May be one day you will become primer writer, you want to think about yourself, example to follow and model socialite of our culture.

- You know, Emile Zola was saying, that book can't be uncultured, but can proclaim the false values.

- Yes, I did not know that, I am very glad, I called you. Phone call was interrupted and on the screen there were Frits and Jackson again.

- Everything all right, mister Doraborsky, it was your relative?

- No, no tragedy. You said, cobweb TV transmission, as seen by our eyes is still not deciphered. So, you don't know anything.

- First decodings will come four days later. We are six days late from real-time.

- Six days! We were supposed to be out of the mission in three days. What the cobwebs are for?

- Don't be alarmed. You must understand that it is important for us that we have your failure record, in case something troubling is happening. Imaging you are to die and your lives sacrificed for nothing. Or you hit the returner button - and loose all of your memories about the trip. In any case, in any scenario we need to know what happened. With or without your memories. For you it will be a moment - like never happened. We spend our money there. You are just enjoying the trip.

Doraborsky lost breath.

- What about lives sacrificed for nothing?

- I guess I had poor choice of words. Please forgive me.

- Unpredictable! You made as think that it's a real time transmission!

- I am sorry about that.

- You don't even know, that everything is lost! Komatoshi probably dead. Yakibolo satellite destroyed by a terrorist named Persival Ribbons.

- What was the name of the terrorist, you said, mister Doraborsky, - Fritz and Jackson looked at each other.

- Persival Ribbons.

- We never heard this name before. From the back towards Fritz and Jackson some third agent stepped in and whispered something to the Fritz ear.

- We will try to figure who it could be, - Fritz said,- Some company enemy I presume.

- Must be a big enemy to destroy the ship.

- What weapon did he use?

- This, - Doraborsky rocked giant weapon before his nose, - What do we do now? What is the course of our actions? We still grow chicken with hebaraldi?

- You still have the hebaraldi? The ship was not destroyed completely?

- It was, but we were able to save returner, hypertowels, hebaraldi. We can grow chicken?

- Absolutely not! Why don't you hit the returner...

- Hit the returner. Sure. Good idea. I'll do so. Thanks.

- So... see you back here. Why don't you stop the transmission. It seems that VR conference energy is almost up.

- Yes, I hope to see you under the different circumstances. Doraborsky made undefinable gesture with hand. Screen collapsed after showing the estimate.

VR pen is charging. Next conference is available in

There were huge space and numbers appeared already in the bottom of the screen.

54 days. 7 hours. 22 minutes.

Doraborsky could not believe his eyes. He turned on conference again. It blinked the same numbers, and screen would not hold more than few seconds.

The polished red wooden surface of returner looked invitingly like the musical instrument. It's disguise as pricey napkin box was ideal. If you looked closely to the bottom of the box, there was an inscription 'Dunn Vilus Koplindusa'. Doraborsky thought this to be the cover restaurant of some sort - the real one, if somebody would ever inspect.

Doraborsky pronounced his name.

Buratino Doraborsky

He was surprised how integral and confident his voice sounds. There was squeaky response right from the box and slightly blue glow from somewhere under the napkins. If he followed now instruction in 4000 pages book, he had to press his finger against the brown wooden spot near the napkin opening. He did it with pain, reminded him of the mess left of fingers on the right hand.

- Buratino Doraborsky. Fingerprint does not match, - returner was talking back in hypnotic way, in the tones of his own voice.

- A-a-h! You... You try it.

- It is not coded for my hand , - Bopitmo objected with wry smile.

- A-a-h! My hand is ruined. What did they think about coding it only to my right hand? What kind of joke is this?

- I they understood all the possible situations incorrectly, people of Evergreen.

- They need shrink to profile the situation or what? Ah, may be this their version of supporting us, that they are pathologically bad shrinks, so we could laugh at them, - Doraborsky hit the surface of wheelchair by the hurt hand. Bopitmo spread hands.

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - the returner repairs

Doraborsky already ten minutes was sweating over 'Business and maps : transit information' in the bank terminal, trying to figure where are in Dittlebritt returner repairs. So far he found only one place.

Terminal from this side could receive fax, telex and had a usual landline phone - all the standard attributes of normal banking.

Dial tone suggested feeling of piece and serenity. Phone line gave tired deep feminine voice.

- Oriental returner repairs. Hallo.

- This is a returner repairs?

- Yes, what is the code of your machine.

- The code?

- How does it look like and what is the code.

- We are speaking of returners?

- Yes.

- This is a box of napkins. It does not have any code, it has, I think, the name of the restaurant 'Dunn Vilus Koplindusa', if it tells you anything.

- Wait a minute. Do not hang up.

A little later she returned on the line.

- What is wrong with it?

- It was coded for my right hand. Now my fingertips are almost destroyed.

- Did you try to refer to vendor of equipment? - she made a pause, - Evergreen Corporation. Did you ask for another copy of a product?

- We have no connectivity for 54 days. VR pen is out.

- You have no VR pen. Okay.

- Only cobweb cameras which are six days late.

- When you discovered returner to be useless?

- 30 minutes ago.

- You are now... where...

- Dittlebritt.

- I see.

- Are there any other returner repair services on Dittlebritt?

- No we are the only one. You won't make it on Dittlebritt for six days.

- Thanks for prognosis. How much are repairs?

- My source says you received 10 billions for chicken growing in Dittlebritt area.

- Lady, this is none of your business. How do we find right returner repairs and pay for the services.

- Fingerprint breaking services you may find and, if you wish, buy for 10 billions. From us.

- 10 billions? You always refer to clients wealth prior to make some welding or plumbing or what else you do.

- Our information says you have that money. Tell me when you are ready.

- Oh, alright, if you are crazy, I am hanging up then.

They spent few hours getting back to the diplomat pad. They never made a single stop, and shining partly green partly black points of bank chaise longues covered with aura of cooling looked more and more invitingly.

Engo Bue Dia was not home, but his thinking saucer was now left on chaise longue.

Saucer had unique opalescent blue and silver looking alive screws. Doraborsky unscrewed one of them quickly thinking that it is his own chance by screwdriver taken from the lot of Persival Ribbons.

- You were serious about hacking into the bank terminal, Bopitmo said, - We are desperate for information here. And you challenge the only good connection here in Dittlebritt we made - the diplomat. You took the bolt from the info thought dish.

- I would not take the whole dish, - Doraborsky objected, - But I agree that if we are to hack into the bank terminal today, we can do it only from the next to diplomat bank terminal not from his lot in his absence.

- We have true emergency here. One glance at your cut palm - it's a nightmare, - Bopitmo replied.

Like that the amateur hacking from the next lot was practically decided.

Bank terminal and Galactic Saw 2 with superconnector did not bring any new returner repair places.

- That's the same crazy we called to! - Doraborsky disappointedly shook head after five minutes of new review. Abandoning the returner repair search, he was interested in the banking secrets hidden from the main directory.

- I need to sit with this material for a while, - he said, once he found an interesting classified segment.

Operation tranquility 1/10/3045

Bank operation reason:

Car incident prediction with Trarapis Ruhliad, holder of 92% of stock, is made with hebaraldi 762.

Reason for classification:

use of hebaraldi 762

Possible outcome:

Loss of financial vital capacity

Means and measures of achievement:

Creation of troops of tranquilized workers to fight with vehicular surface road traffic with installment of mass of parking meters against the movement of traffic. Road traffic ceases to exist on the parking critical mass achievement in amount of 167500000.

Further details:

None.

- That's something curious, now.

- Usual black operations shit. Let's go from here. We never read nothing. And we never found what we need! Let's go to cosmodrome and get out of this freaky place.

- Engo Bue Dia did not advise this.

- Engo Bue Dia is not here anymore. He is still hiking in the back yard with the knife socializing with the neighbours. You are kidding. Cosmodrome is the way. To Ublimozis! Home, sweet home, I sing you this song.

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - the cosmodrome

They were moving again from pad to pad until they reached beautiful street cinema - one of those bank street entertainment enterprises of poor planets, everyone knows about.

Cinema on the street was made of false stone with big arc of entrance, shaped of legs of predator without head.

- Enter the fairy world of sculpture, dive in the unexplored, - Bopitmo said.

It was cool here, conditioning was done to the land like anywhere else on facilities of the bank.

Cinema was only 1 equa \$ and on about one hundred seats there was only one another humanoid cameo-shell with usual hands and feet of human and caused to sag hemisphere of shell with engraving of brooks for the whole length of the body.

This one looked like bearded human, if not for his different nature, and he had human voice adapter.

His skin like skin of any other firebox DNA cameo-shell left almost palpable impression of dry medusa.

They were talking modern television, while Doraborsky paid little interest to the snail themed movie.

Small new born snails in the snail world were called zil'zez. Doraborsky was always surprised how word itself comes through the human translation devices.

What was happening on the screen was that small snails zil'zez were falling from the leg of the snail. Disgusting. Cameo-shell spectator was watching movie while answering Doraborsky's questions.

It seemed as he was always late with understanding of Doraborsky and replies every time to the question which was two questions before.

Doraborsky did not remember later how the talk started but when cameo-shell started to relate to his profession, Doraborsky did not interrupt.

- Let say, we have actor for 5 equa - old mother-in-law character for example - old cameo-shell in huge glasses, now cinema movie theaters pays what television does not. And from television they come and make it look like they are discussing the role and nobody is filming, and on the sidewalk another snail is just dancing, in fact he has camera and he is filming.

- But... it does not fit for this childish audience of snails of 13-15, which is the target of this motion picture, - Doraborsky kept up, - I once saw a child snail of 16 tried to watch this. Nightmare...

- This is where the problem was washed with all its windings for so many years.

- Yes, old but beard.

Cameo Shell made vexed movement by the tentacle-hand.

- This is former actor... - Doraborsky thought.

- We can get here some good cable, while nobody watches...

- Bopitmo interrupted. Doraborsky made the restraining gesture. He was too interested in ongoing conversation.

Besides humanoid cameo-shell already changed topic.

- You know how snails sell the cassette recorders. What is the usual layout for the commercials, I saw recently.

Something more like this - entire shooting of the

production goes in the bathroom - naked snail is sitting with captivating smile, then she is getting out, put tentacle on the cupboard or drawer. Statistical research shows that sales of cassette recorders doubles, though nobody is advertising them in the script specially. I just noticed. What is on your heads?

- After the vehicle crash we have in our heads equipment to see if the heart is still pumping on the left of skull covers, there is also interesting electronic auto-chart for heart patients, information airs by radio through triangle replacement in skull - product of neurosurgery.

Doraborsky sighed. There were few moments of silence.

- Oh, we are kidding. Actually we are shooting movie by the eyes for the Evergreen Corporation with this equipment, it is called cobweb TV.

- Did you watch the horror movie 'I will close you the eyes?'

At this question nail clipping industrial robot, which was doing before waste removal, drove to Doraborsky. On Earth from ancient times folks with external battery door were not allowed in the public places.

Doraborsky sent him away by hand, showing that his nails are fine. Hard to tell what service he did to cameo-shell, but he delayed him enough. Doraborsky and Bopitmo decided to move forward, they left cinema and in a few minutes reached the field and a huge transport harvester, shining in the sun yellow reflex painting, put on the aluminium body.

With some luck, Bopitmo and Doraborsky got into it, even being able before to throw wheelchair in back of the trunk, located much lower than driver seats.

There was a gray screen with routes in green letters, outshined unpleasantly to the eye by half of the glow by chrome brightness of huge aluminium motor cover before the control panel. Doraborsky put as destination the cosmodrome based on direction ideas and that there was only one cosmodrome this way in the artificial intelligence system of the panel and swiped the banking card.

Green screen greeted with welcome words.

Once itinerary was chosen screen converted to tourist and information directory.

You could type questions and the screen chatted in normal dialogue.

First question was the returner repairs - with nothing materially new, then Doraborsky lost interest to the automated question&answer system all the way till harvester made a stop and hugged the tree with metallic hand with two sickles with spikes on the blades.

- Why did we stop? - Doraborsky entered.

- Those are thinking trees, - command prompt started to print, - I have a chart of trees, thinking too much, I cut into them, make a brain damage they think less and feel better.

- Feel better?

- Process is called 'Cap of Paul Nosliw'.

- Why Paul Nosliw?

There was a delay, probably connected with steep turn in the field half filled with parking meters. Harvester

routinely cut parking meter with some quick working metal saw embedded in double sickle on the extended hand. It also cut into some tree.

- I am a replica of Paul Nosliw personality, - finally it wrote to Doraborsky, - I was made while he was still alive. Without any harm to Paul Nosliw of course. I was early complimentary model.

- Fuse container. Nowhere guy. Emperor Capitoleus.

What kind of nonsense is that?

- If you kept humiliating me, I would not respond. I live in constant deja vu.

- So, it's true.

- Yes.

- Isn't it something exceptional? Isn't your place in the museum? Why would you transport somebody like us?

- Not exceptional, no. There were a lot of machines and flying devices constructed of his persona simulators - call of fashion of the time. Returning to your second question, why help you - you paid. My primary function - this version of it - as a transport machine, environment machine and information directory.

- What about big moon?

- What about it?

- Something to say to the curious travelers.

- Yes, people do complain about big moon. But I do not intervene. Not my sphere. Does not make any difference, I guess.

- Too bad. Why did we stop again?

Harvester entered the caves and stopped. Sun drew light rectangle on the red stone, but in front of them was quite dark. Caves further from entrance were lit by dim cheap lamps and on the lamps construction signs of different kind were posted.

- This is solar harvester, but part of our journey will be happening in the caves.

- So how are you planning to move?

- In caves harvester uses energy beam cannon. See this optical holes in the top of caves - like lamps which are not turned on. The holes are connected with network and reproduce energy beams, this way it is almost like electric rail.

- This is more often used on the underground construction sites, I heard about it. Builders use there vertical glass walls for extra security.

- Dittlebritt is one big construction site for what I know. Remember, on the left side there is pipe of suppression. We don't need it. Our cannon simply bigger. We need to drill the wall holes with electronic cannon with energy return, then car will move little distance and so on - this is a hinged artillery trajectory!

- Is it based on laser?

- No, no, this is the usual ballistic cannon, particles are heavier and bigger. It spreads traces for a few seconds, pulverizes connectivity, makes a trajectory, which hang enough time to return energy from the dispensers in the wall. There is double circumvention electric stream used. Relatively huge charged pigs in the easy curvilinear billiard.

- On pseudomagnetism?

- On pseudomagnetism!

- What is your statistics of misses?

- 95% if you believe statistics collector.

- You aim it yourself.

- Systems of cannon are part of my input and output. It is very limited energies, all is embedded. Just small trolley bus at your service as extra function.

Doraborsky imagined how giant insect of harvester looks like in the layout of dusty underground junction. Two hours twenty minutes passed and huge tooth-like tool and hand with two fingers distinguished from the harvester and pushed it to the light on the other side.

- If we keep paying, how long are you going to trolley us. I am asking wondering if you can wait for us for the money, or this is out of limits.

- Until you are gone from planet or immobile. And I can wait, yes.

- Immobile.

- Some get convicted to being circumvented into a thinking tree or a machine. Revolutionaries are against turning people into the trees, but legally they don't have sufficient grounds. Bank usually sells bodies of turned into the trees. Fit of sense and the local moral.

- Something like execution.

- I look at it brighter. I am technically the same model, if we don't keep in mind that Paul Nosliw still had his original body, when I was created. I hear the thoughts of many trees. They used to write you know.

- The trees? I never heard of it.

- In other places such turning accounts for a crime.

- So how it happens? The turning.

- I have it in my database, sometimes it's funny. Something like: error, there is laser stuck in your head. The hole in the head is too big / not survivable. This is when they send me not to shorten the thought flow but to axe the tree. Regularly, if all does well they are explained why they are turned into the trees, not in the machine, always after using lung ventilator Rhipidium, there are phrases from technical personnel: head, head put the head deeper, they are being said something like 'not that you could not do anything but you only think and they can't give nothing but tree. If you could do something, they would give you something - the industrial machine of the correct type or the constructional equipment. But if you could do everything, and they mean 'everything', they would give you everything - the body of robot-humanoid at least.' I have all the transcripts.

- What if they have money. They can buy body of robot-humanoid.

- No, it's only social function decision, I am afraid.

- I see. Ha ha. Crooked back here goes crooked in the world beyond. Paul Nosliw, he was emperor-constructor. Constructed everything.

- Precisely.

- Do you have tourists, here, on Dittlebritt?

- Tourists flying in and out? Rarely.

Suddenly harvester was stricken by the hook on the long chain, then seconds, then third.

- What is happening? Something is wrong? It looks like

they tow us?

In the matter of minutes Paul Nosliw harvester cut chains by the same double sickle with saws on blades and surgical sound.

- Those are old bank offline robots. They used to be programmed to stop harvesters four years ago or so, they should be removed by now but they were not.

- Aren't you afraid to spoil the instrument?

- What are you talking about? Special steel! Out of this world. Chains won't affect much solid metal pieces of saws but could rarely do weaker damage. I never experienced it though. Sometimes the chain is too far - it is a bigger problem.

- It was an evolution of vehicles. Bank always offers a challenge. And retracts the old ones. I always could get rid of chains. Some machines become too old, go out of circulation. I don't see much new. It is like bank fighting with vehicles. I have no idea why. It started very long ago, few years after my creation.

- I read that bank creates troops of tranquilized workers to reach the critical mass of parking when no one can get anywhere.

- Why would it do that?

- They use illegal secret hebaraldi which predicts death of bank owner Trarapis Runliad.

- The owner knows about it?

- I think not.

- This all is very sensational. I never heard of it before. Why you think it is true.

- I read somewhere, - Doraborsky turned to look at Bopitmo, but he was sleeping, fastened to his seat.

- I'll share with you classified information about bank, - harvester wrote, - It was six years ago. The bank co-founder Glassel disappeared and he was believed to be murdered by assistants of Trarapis Ruhliad, you were talking about. It was the time when space class cruiser Bulilandoz Eric Nilsen was on the planet. It is believed that somebody from the space cruiser, name of whom I don't know, was able to get red umbrella piece containing both blood of Glassel and fingerprints of one of assistants of Ruhliad to whom he contracted murder. This umbrella piece should be the key piece of evidence against Ruhliad. It was detached from the original umbrella body and attached to another umbrella. Then this unknown person had to disassemble umbrella again. Hijacker of the evidence against Ruhliad had to run from bank killers and finally had to cut red umbrella piece into the spine of a robot. Unfortunately nobody knows what robot it was, but by rumors that robot was deactivated and cut into the thinking tree, veins of which were surgically sewed back together, so tree could still perform thought and be visible as alive for harvester radar. Who knows, may be one day I will be the one to cut the tree and get the reward money. Rumors are that if found bank would pay crazy money for this umbrella detail.

- I am wondering what is crazy on Dittlebritt?

- Under table dealers I carried are saying bank to give now 100 billion, if detail is found.

- Oh.

They were talking some more, but the entire number of reward got stuck in Doraborsky head. Then at last it was time to get off for cosmodrome. Bopitmo and Doraborsky expected hard time of getting wheelchair with luggage to the ground.

- Junk collectors never reach high grounds, - Doraborsky grinned to Bopitmo, - Harvester, can you help us with luggage.

Harvester caught Doraborsky thought and extracted wheelchair with belongings from the trunk by two fingers and put down. Combine caught wheelchair with two fingers of the hand and put on the ground near them.

left Doraborsky guessed many time later why did not he bother to ask it when they were boarding to put stuff in, rubbing the sick hand.

- Will you wait for us?

- If you pay, - harvester replied in robotic voice through the megaphone.

Area near cosmodrome had artificial irrigation and cooling system for all surrounding territory and had real live juicy grass growing from everywhere and probably costing a half of budget.

In the center semi-cylindrical steel piece stood, opening from time to time like in the big greenhouse.

They went towards entrance to meet two asian human officers with sub-machine-guns atilt, surrounded by metallic dogs with turning mouths-radars. They scanned their ids.

- You can't enter the cosmodrome, - one of them said.

- Are you crazy? We are with Evergreen Corporation. See - right there on the ids. Terrorist Persival Ribbons made the Yakibolo satellite and Galactic Rescuer 0 explode. Officer filled some papers, looking like DUI fine.

- Komatoshi Yakibolo told us his version. He said that you may be on the side of the terrorist, you brought him on the satellite on your spaceship. It's on every orientation post for federal officers. Here, we put it on your ids, you are to depart in 48 hours or will be circumvented into the trees.

- What?

- Don't talk. Just use your returner, or you will have no ability to do it.

- Can't you remove us from planer?

- When we come it will come too late, partner.

- You have a returner, people of Evergreen said you have one, I suggest you hit it right away. Move, - officer made a driving away gesture by hand.

- We can't go, returner is coded for my hand. Look, - Doraborsky showed bloody fingertips.

- We are not playing mommy again.

- We are the journalists.

- We know who you are. But under the circumstances you must immediately depart. Evergreen guaranteed you to be out of the planet in 3 days. Our courtesy is to give you four.

- Can we talk to Evergreen?

- You can leave. For now. Or it will become too late, it's up to you.

- No. Look. We have some food, we can stay here forever. But officers already went back behind the closed doors of the cosmodrome.

Doraborsky felt that ground is twirling under his feet and he was fuming of rage.

When they returned, combine said:

- My system says that you lost your legitimacy.

- Get us there we came from, - letters, written by Doraborsky were falling on screen like snow. Part of way they were not talking. It was past 30 minutes of journey, when Doraborsky broke silence.

- What is that huge machine-gun on the ground on my right hand, - Doraborsky printed into terminal of harvester.

- This was the World War II front line.

- Why World War **II**? World War **III** is over.

- The usual time bending here. Nobody knows who is doing that. It just exists here. Earth nazies have portal from Earth to Dittlebritt. It was made a long time ago.

- I guess... - Doraborsky look was thoughtful, - What is the time spread in which it exists here.

- About 400 years.

- There can't be many of them, can there? It is 1000 years ago, about 5 years per 400.

- They concentrate sometimes. They regulate when they want to enter and step. Government of Ziberius is always successful in fight off.

- I heard about it, yes.

- Did you hear, that bank sells kidneys, bodies and purdos rablet skin to nazies.

- Unbelievable! Anti-humane absurd.

- What could you expect humane in the automated bank? It would not take the half measures. Some naive people think otherwise.

- You have a humane nature. Or, I guess, I just feel like that.

- I am glad to hear it.

- Seriously? What else from nazi technology we can find here on Dittlebritt?

- Except of machine-guns on the ground? Cover analysis human teams. Vane blade robots. Dog robots. Flying piezogubindus. Bunch of stuff. Sneaky Snidell is the pirate on the side of nazies. Bank imports from nazies cancer operating machines. That's as of medical. Looks like beetle.

- All of those enemies and they all want to have access to those instruments of unusual. How embarrassing! Was it not embargoed?

- On Dittlebritt? Never!

Doraborsky explained how to get to A337i4i, the pad where diplomat lived.

- If not for info thought dish we would never know if he is going to return there, - said Doraborsky to Bopitmo.

Then it was done. The familiar place and the white and green chaise-longue.

- How can we find you? - Doraborsky asked the harvester.

- www.paulnosliwharvester.com. Whistle and I will be there. Engo Bue Dia was home. Doraborsky showed him documents.

- We need your help. We don't know where to go.

- They will turn you into trees. What is with your returner?

- Last time we failed to communicate. I'll try it again now. They will have to take money after all they told us,

no matter how humiliating it is for them. We just need somebody on the side to see that the deal is real. We don't have 10 billions but 9.999.880 we can find, - said Doraborsky to Bopitmo.

- Face-offs. Misers. Skinflints.

Doraborsky dialed. Once he heard voice of the same female, he immediately talked business.

- O-kay, we have on hands 9.999.830 for returner fingerprint sensor circumvention, - he closed the receiver by hand and whispered to Bopitmo, - I am leaving 50 out for our expenses.

Bopitmo nodded.

- Oh, we talked about 10 billions and nobody believed in us. Surprise to those who doubted, - voice of female was filled with irony, - it still can work or not work depending on work accepting masters.

- We work with intermediaries?

- Never mind. Please wait a minute.

- It's difficult to feel like full idiot, - Doraborsky said, closing receiver by hand again.

- Master knows about your situation. He is wondering if you can offer more.

- We don't know. 9.999.855.

- I'll relay it to him.

A little later she returned to the phone.

- He said, since you just got 10 mlrd from Evergreen he will take 9.999.950.

- But, lady, we simply don't have that on us.

- Where would you loose 50 that easy in Dittlebritt.

- It's too long to explain.

- Master said no. Unfortunately this is no.

- But let me explain. We paid 50 for advise. Then we activated 25 bank chaise-longues. And the street cinema. It's about 120 of loss. And we need some money for food. Please.

- Not all at once. What kind of advise you bought and from whom?

- I can't tell.

There was silence on the other side.

- What else?

- We are humans, we can't leave in this climate. We had to activate 25 bank chaise longues.

- At once?

- We needed to move. We can't live in this climate.

- Why would you need to activate more than one chaise longue a day?

- A-a-h.

- What is the next expense?

- We want a dozen equa for food.

- Don't you have food with you.

- Yes, we have... some.

- Your story, it's impossible to believe. I would not go and tell it to the master. It's a shame.

- We don't have time. Dittlebritt government convicted us to be turned into the trees in two days.

- We know it. That's why the price is 9.999.950. Government does it always. You will be able to think and see. This is not that bad a fate.

- Why don't they turn you?

- I will not tolerate lootishness.

- It's half cash, half bank transfer. We can pay it now.

- We know that it's half cash. It's in the Evergreen tax detail we have in the data base. Call us again when you have the money.

- But can you start to work on repairs now for 9.999.870. May be we will be able to come up with the outstanding 80 before the execution, if repairs are ready by the time we have it.

- Wait there, - she went somewhere again. Then she returned.

- Since you said you have 9.999.870 we can surely take it all and start work. You or your relatives will receive returner back for outstanding \$80. We understand returner is a pricey component. It could be your relative than. We will put it all in contract. May be you will be able to collect money later. You do not hide any money?

- We hide nothing.

- Anyone tells that.

- Who else would tell you that.

- Tourists without working returners. Returner repair is a lucrative business, mister what was that.

- Doraborsky, Doraborsky.

- Right, mister Doraborsky. It is the only deal I will do with you.

- You won't go to master again.

- No. 10 equadollars you have left will surely pay for transportation to bring returner and all cash you have right to us. Make bank transfer of the rest right away. What's left of transit 10 equa is yours. We are waiting for money source.

- Okay, we are paying. Please start work. Immediately as you receive it. Immediately.

Doraborsky stopped talking but then bethought.

- I have a question. How will you take outstanding 80. Bank wire or cash.

- it will work both, mister Doraborsky.

Like that it was over.

The rest of the day was spent with harvester, delivering them with whole wheelchair back and forth to and from the returner repairs, they took final leave of suitcase of cash easier than they thought and wired the rest of the money at the same time.

They were left with 6.76 equa.

No money meant that harvester transportation was impossible until they borrow somewhere. They paid for the trip to diplomat chaise longue.

On the road back Doraborsky became obsessed with selling nuclear weapon, they saw on the landing site.

They went straight to Engo Bue Dia. He made a few phone calls from the sleeping pod and arranged the deal for 50 equa more, which were payable after the nuclear deal is closed.

He arranged the deal with Sneaky Snidell for 10000 equa, the Double Scrub Snidell, the nazi sided pirate. It was the only choice on his mind, so they were again shorthanded on interested party. This was a small world after all.

For person who lost fingernails in Fieldbeginning, diplomat was too easy to deal in nukes, but now he seemed to be

useful in shady operation deals of any sorts, the last taken literally.

They asked more money, diplomat raised hope that nuclear deal is sure and gave them 9.60 equa for transportation. As difficult as it was to locate Komatoshi Yakibo descended part of satellite and demount the nuclear rocket from the back of the door, as easy it was to bring it all to the shuttle of Sneaky Snidell. Nuclear Rocket had now cart on wheels attached to it from the bottom.

Vessel of pirates had radio post and space boats.

8.32 equa paid for two more combine rides, and they were at the star travel industry giant of Sneaky Snidell in the matter of 4 hours.

- You think, Sneaky Snidell is a bad name for pirate, - asked Bopitmo en route.

- I would say, usual, average, statistical pirate name, - Doraborsky replied.

Anyway they left nuclear weapon 600 feet from the spaceship of pirates and hid wheelchair with all the belongings on the diametral side far from the nuke.

- They are pirates anyway, - Doraborsky said.

They were supposed to return for wheelchair with the money. The ship of pirates was the unusual liquid hyperdrive shuttle variation, they have never seen, but quite normal to the eye of Doraborsky, who knew a thing or two in this sort of vehicles.

Vehicle had gray letters Glevenuzi-Ublimozis with arrows both ways on the white metal.

Sneaky Snidell was nervously blowing in mustaches.

His steps were returning sounds of metal deck of the ship. He invited them. From the inside it was visible that nazies in helmets were undermining wheels of shuttle from the outside to prevent it from sliding. It was strange and uneven space - this field, and for short time Doraborsky was puzzled how they are able to ascend and land. It looked like pirates had no respect for labour. When they told where the nuclear rocket was, Sneaky Snidell simply tied them and left in dim space of deck.

Nothing was happening until the beautiful blue robot from some robotics exhibition came. They were talking with Sneaky Snidell about purdos rablet skin purchase.

Then there came purdos rablet on fire and some bearded person - they were discussing transportation.

Doraborsky wanted to say it was all what was happening, but no.

Doraborsky was surprised to realize that not only pirates do not want to pay 100,000 equa - their part of the deal, but they want the remainder of money, they have in bank. Doraborsky kept saying that they did not have any money, but nobody listened.

Then pain came and after some while he was sitting naked and the terrorists were rubbing him with cottage cheese. Worth a note that he was by when blind sighted, Sneaky Snidell himself put two bologna circles on his eye glasses.

- Contact Weapeson, - Doraborsky started to object, anticipating the deadly threat, - He will pay you 100,000 for us.

- Of course, - Snidell smiled, - we will become the red hanger on Weapeson and the others, hanger you will have to

take with you, hanger you do not need.

He kicked Doraborsky one more time. All this time Bopitmo was sitting in his clothes untouched - may be he was waiting his turn, may be pirates just liked Doraborsky. He did share their ethics.

- Why all this is happening to us? - Doraborsky howled.

- Because you mentioned Weapeson. One day I will kidnap Weapeson.

Doraborsky with surprise noted, he also said this phrase once. Situation looked like it meant relief, when Snidell decided to pour in Doraborsky's pants mashed potatoes. What looked like sadistic nightmare, continued unexpectedly to Doraborsky in some humanity, potatoes were not hot, and did not provide hell, corresponding to his early wails of despair.

- Outline of bottle is the outline of human figure and it is half filled with tea. What do you think? - Snidell said to Doraborsky, coming to him with 10 litres of tea, - Your look is more stupid and the situation is against you again. Then there came messenger.

- Snidell, I don't get it, - he said, - He is a special great find for us or it is a delivery of some screwed bullshit. They have 1.28 in the bank left.

- Useless piece of shit. We will put grave cross to each of your eyes. What's all this indigence?

- Son of the...

Sneaky Snidell came close to Doraborsky and put bank cards into the pocket of his dirty shirt. There nothing to fish here anymore.

In minutes Doraborsky and Bopitmo themselves out of spaceship with noses in the dirt. Eyes were intact, but nazies poked them with rifle butts in the backs. It was limitedly humane.

Even though Doraborsky immediately took shower in one of the bank shower cabin for 0.60, and made full clothes washing and drying for another 0.60, sitting in the interim naked behind the tree for two hours, this ordeal had serious impact.

It made Doraborsky commit to use hypertowels, get four more days and try to grow and sell fast chicken with hebaraldi against disapproval of Evergreen - Doraborsky was not a space spy, he understood dangers of time challenging and hebaraldi, he would not do it without sanction another day. They did not have money for any more harvester rides, but they could try later to trade chickens for a ride.

Doraborsky felt now that this very experience was about getting merriment from humiliation. Weapeson on his place would probably always find compensation for violence. It would be as he would say point of measure.

- Bologna circles... Weapeson never wore glasses. It is not from experince though, - Dorabosky said.

- Sneaky Snidell... We were through, others did not make it, - Bopitmo replied.

- The pain begins to be usual as the pain which is caused by the open eyes.

They made there way through the field and Doraborsky preferred not to open mouth until they decided to grow chickens where they stand.

They placed around themselves both hypertowels, time around

the planet stopped for four days with high voltage line sound.

- How do we hold chickens when they are grown? - asked Bopitmo.

- It is the function of incubator. We have hebaraldi matched to chicken incubator, it is basically in the addendum to the construction of hebaraldi, there is a virtual rounding-up 300 feet per 300 feet, if you read the manual, - Doraborsky shook 4000 pages long book, got for the quick reference - all we need to do is to produce chicken and seek for buyers.

- Through the diplomat again?

- We will come up with something. Chickens are private property. Our chance to get out. Now that hypertowels are ignited and time stopped there is no way back. That is - as much as i did not want to do anything for Evergreen anymore, - Doraborsky concluded. I hit himself in the mouth instinctively because the Cobweb TV was on, - If it was up to me, I would turn on eyes for Evergreen, when we visit post office or anything like that.

The end of his monologue was absorbed by rumble, when Doraborsky flipped hebaraldi switch.

It became darker, and first light, they saw, was from cobwebs around their temples and on the forehead. Light around them was unusual, Doraborsky started to account loss of light for physiological effects of hebaraldi work on their vision. He personally never heard of it, but with all this secrecy, history of use and blunt prohibition around hebaraldi this would no surprize him a bit.

- It's like living in another world , - Doraborsky exclaimed, seeing that landscape around them also changed. Surrounding changed, so did the text of the 4000 pages manual. It used to be precisely 3896 page, now it was 3554 pages, it was still open on the hebaraldi work, and text seemed to be the same, but pictures were no longer photographic paintings of artist, but blueprint art - it looked as if manual changed the artist.

Cobwebs were permanently glowing in this world and slightly changed the construction.

- I feel different bigger , heavier, higher, - he said to confused Bopitmo.

- Check the tree circumvention papers, - voskliknul Doraborsky. He thought that if manual changed, they could have evaded that also.

- No, they are here, - Bopitmo pulled red papers out of the pocket.

- So, it's like we left old world, but in fact it is going to leave us!

- Chickens are ready, - said Bopitmo and shook head.

In 90000 square feet there were a lot of creatures, none of which resembled chicken.

- The world of Buratino Doraborsky and Azori Loui Bopitmo. Sinthetic unnatural world you would not live in by choice. Talentless space designs, - Doraborsky commented for cobweb TV, as if he still was that big journalist, looking through gray sacks of horror before his eyes.

- Ah, here - the head, hand... hand or wing... this also... you think it is female product... or rooster?

He was looking at something, resembling vertical eye on

face looking like an open book.

- Of course, vertical beak.

- Eye of vertical longitude, I would say. You agree?
Another chicken did not have beak at all, but something close to lips, lips which were self-extracting and self-detracting on the stand from paper cover - yes, the entire material of the featherless skin seemed to be somewhat paper.

Yet another chicken had a shape of card-index box.

Next chicken had piece of wing coming out of the 'mouth' and rectangle box of flesh. This modern art abstraction could be probably called 'Demonstrating the ID'.

Inspection was complete.

- I saw the TV show, - Bopitmo remembered, - Zebul'den Feluls cloning - when it was legal on Earth. From incubator they had almost Ebola rabbit coming - eyes red and curved - no, formally, something is good, there is symmetry, but you look at the result and mind tells you - this is a total freak. This...

- Duck evolvers. Wolverines. Add nutritious space made duck, quickly! No, I am afraid, there are no money here.

- What do we do with them? Leave them on their own?

- Of course. Government of Dittlebritt will care of them, I am sure.

- Do you think we should turn off hypertowels?

- No, we can buy four days of life and have fun, prepare ourselves to turning into the trees.

Doraborsky put hand on the Bopitmo's shoulder and looked in his eyes.

- We can unfreeze time and diplomat and seek help.

- Let's do it very last seconds, when we find him.

Field started to fill with screams of new born creatures.

It was time to go to diplomat to borrow more money.

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - introduction to boarding

Reach out for diplomat - it sounded well, but money were up, and loitering around showed, that a lot of poor were boarding parking meter mounter vehicles instead of harvesters.

If harvester was something like taxi, parking meter mounter was a bus.

You just typed the place you want to be on the stop into the system and it told you times and parking meter mounter numbers, you need to board.

It was slow, mounter was stopping everywhere where he had a scheduled parking meter to install, and it installed them dense, when harvester was looking all the trees near the route, the customer picked for his transportation. It was completely different.

They met Persival Ribbons again on some new chaise longue, he was with new red wheelchair. He was not interested in bus itineraries and did not pretend to return stolen by him things back. Contact with him this time was more decent and thoughtful, which resulted in lesser communication.

They demanded money from him, searched him and then they found nothing, asked, but he claimed to have no money. How would the person without money get a new wheelchair? He elected not to answer. He was not upset about government of Dittlebritt turning them into trees, but naturally could call the police also, even after all the things he has stolen and satellite he blew.

They were surprised he is not detained by Dittlebritt authorities but on their memory bad people were often lucky.

- There is nothing working here, let's go, - said Doraborsky to Bopitmo.

The only good thing about this reception was that they took some more food from him. They forgot about him soon.

It was hard to tell to what city service parking meters belonged, there were no direct inscriptions like 'service of gas', or 'city communications', or 'engineering' but they definitely delivered people.

For example now near was going through a mounter with destination 'METROARCADE', changed to 'GRATIS', when people paid, entered and the door were closed.

Bopitmo and Doraborsky were more interested in free unpaid boardings and boarding attempts, there were quite a few of them.

How to board the bus in the unfamiliar land without money. Bopitmo decided to write down about boarding to the note book in his breast pocket.

Transcripts of boarding
created by Azori Loui Bopitmo

boarding attempt 1

Unknown street person black cameo shell shaped like
question mark sin znakom voprosa sang in the cup song for
definition only called by compiler of this '7 days a week'
(song title judged by content)

7 days
7 days
5-6-7-8 5-6-7
7 days a week
And what was the first time
the first time was bicycle

Doraborsky: Did you see the big Moon?
Unknown: No.

Doraborsky: What is this vehicle of transportation and it's
driver called?

Unknown: Omnibutoras. Drivers are called ducks by locals.

Doraborsky: Ducks?

Unknown: Everybody wants emotionally to touch ducks. But
ducks... What is it all to them. They look like Peluklian
hang-gliders of death. Do you know Peluklian?
(Talks about language - authors note)

Doraborsky: No.

Unknown is sent away from the parking meter vehicle on the
grounds of non payment.

Doraborsky, trying to enter vehicle: A-a-h, metro project,
hello.

Driver: - Hello.

Doraborsky: - How is your day today?

Driver: I was followed today by scary creep in wheel chair.
You would not believe.

Doraborsky: No! O-o. So, basically, this is a metro
program.

Driver: - Yes.

Doraborsky: - And what that other program - bus - mutual
trust.

Driver: - Pish, bus - mutual trust, pish. Please pay.

Doraborsky: - What kind of bus is that?

Driver: Bus is new with well adjusted wheels. Would you
please pay?

Doraborsky : Did you here the latest joke. Graevorno towing
service. Where do you tow to? Graevorno.

Driver: I heard that joke.

Doraborsky: I bought a pass. Paid 11 equa flat. They said
they are going to telegraph to the center.

Driver: What center?

Doraborsky: How much do I owe you?

Driver: 0.26

Doraborsky: Not a problem. I'll pay you on the next trip.

Driver: No.

Doraborsky: Hell! It's time to make changes. Patrons who pay for the bus against those who don't. Trash bin of hell!

Driver: I will the Dittlebritt police.

Doraborsky, exiting the bus: We have to do it like that.

No we will have to do it once again later. I'll throw bottle of Molotoff on the bus roof and you will be unprotected.

Transcripts of boarding
created by Azori Loui Bopitmo

boarding attempt 2

Doraborsky, explaining: 10 billions. We were just
eliberated from burden of might-have-been expences.
Driver, in foreign language: Swabluxor?
Doraborsky, gladly: Elektrifiker? Elektrifiker, yes?
Vehicle elektrifiker?
Driver, in foreign language: Chopilikins?
Doraborsky, not understanding: Tabulatoria? Tabulatoria?
Free tables?
Driver, in foreign language: Axelda?
Doraborsky: Pur favor.
Driver, loudly: Ba?
Doraborsky: Per Gunt.
Driver: Henrich Ibsen.
Driver, loudly, waving away: Ba? Swabluxor, swabluxor!
Chopilikins, chopilikins! Writinuzki! Chopilikins! Axelda!
Doraborsky, stepping off the vehicle, loudly: Ba?

Transcripts of boarding
created by Azori Loui Bopitmo

boarding attempt 3

Doraborsky, stepping on the bus: ...referring to the list of all medical doctors, died in the period [DAYMAKINGS] June-July 3051 mental health evaluations visuals, everything...

Bopitmo, opening 4000 pages manual: A-ha, yes we have it.

Doraborsky: So the estimates, from which in the end was made project 'G pertinent'...

Bopitmo: Very important to make early such estimates.

Doraborsky: Train, windows, shadow?

Bopitmo: Yes.

Doraborsky: What was under the car? What was under the car?

Bopitmo: Sickie hitching up - hitching up on the cars.

Driver: Please pay for the ride.

Bopitmo: Rescue cart, did you not see it?

Doraborsky: He changed an ID: **robot** - **rabbit**. It could be '**robbot**' written there by now.

Driver: No, I did not see anything.

Doraborsky: We will have to ride with you till the end, look.

Driver: Where are you from? What service is this?

Doraborsky and Bopitmo: Service of study of overeating in metro.

Driver: Do you pay for the ride?

Doraborsky: They are changing freeways

Driver: Would you pay for the ride?

Doraborsky: Are you going through the mountains? If you are going through the mountains, we also repair the mountains.

Driver: I don not go through the mountains.

Doraborsky: We need to step on then.

Driver: No. Please pay first.

Doraborsky: We call our management. What do you think you do here. You need to understand, you are nobody in this bus, nobody.

Door closes in front of him.

Transcripts of boarding
created by Azori Loui Bopitmo

boarding attempt 4

Wheelchair with snail, wound in the leg tentacle, and rejuvenating cucumber slices on the face entering the bus by the disability ramp.

Doraborsky: ...today my head is not the same as it used to be.

Bopitmo, wailing from the back, producing the impression of line to the bus: What is going on, is it somebody who wants to get into the bus?

Doraborsky: ...then on the ferry. Then lease of forks - we have it seriously settled. Then we have to wait for thursday, because bus goes only thursdays.

Bopitmo, yelling: Could you allow people into the bus faster.

Doraborsky: Bread, and it is filled with huge... monumental better, yes... monumental layer of fruit jam.

Bopitmo, yelling: I am waiting here for the entire day. Could we all step into the bus quicker?

Doraborsky, to driver: Where is the good clinic for nose extensions? You have compound insect eyes, you said?

Driver: Please pay for a ride.

Doraborsky: Not that i have diabetes myself, but you will get no sugar.

Bopitmo, from the back: Can I get into the bus?!

Doraborsky: Well, then you are receiving this - mental grenade blown, I was said it is a bus stop 'Sun electrolux' - and... what do I see?.. They simly lied.

Driver: Listen, body, people are waiting.

Doraborsky: I want you to feel some contrast - some modern day parable... and dance.

Bopitmo: Could we please move a little quicker!

Doraborsky: Famous book of Beaumarchais 'Circulation in the spheres' separates entertaining worlds and disappearing worlds.

Bopitmo: My patience will not handle such tria-a-ls...

Doraborsky: We will not let you down, our specialists are here to help to demolish any apartment building or house on time.

Bopitmo: Pay already for the ride, enough talk.

Doraborsky: Don't you have extra voucher to live on the tree. Not anywhere, in the county Dittlebritt.

Driver: Will you pay for the ride?

Doraborsky: you know that mental health loop - mental BOMB!

mental BOMB!

mental BOMB!

Driver: I don't think you are going to pay, aren't you?

Doraborsky: Come to us to www.economik.com

Bopitmo: Los Tobernakos Del Norte!

Doraborsky: Los Tobernakos Del Norte!

Driver is shaking head and readying to close the doors.

Doraborsky, pleading, showing the wheelchair:

- Wait! Why did you allow him without payment?

Driver: He is in the wheelchair. Only wheelchairs and

wheelchair assisting patrons have a free ride.
Doraborsky: I am assisting... him!
Driver: Is he assisting you?
Disabled patron: Get him out of here.
Door closes.

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - the boarding

Event of last boarding changed everything. Next half hour were dedicated to the assortment of the things from wheelchair of Persival Ribbons, which was so full of stuff, that anyone watching would take for department store cart. Doraborsky and Bopitmo tried to figure, what they would want to take with them and what was easy to carry, what had containers or cases with straps, or was prepacked in bags. The rest of things were left in the desert near prominent cactus.

The rest of the plan was for Doraborsky to take seat in the wheelchair and start to use inner controls - all was simple and almost the same as the outer controls, handle for flight were useless, because wheelchair was quite low on the propulsion fuel, all what was to drive flatly.

Next part of test - the bus!

Near the bus stop there was another wheelchair - pneumatic - not jet based - electric one in its nature, not jet based.

- I am sick, this is my assistant, - immediately started to explain Doraborsky to the driver, but even before that another wheelchair slipped right before him.

- If you get fastened by the security belt - this is your ties of marriage with this snail, - Doraborsky cried to the wheelchair competitor, seeing that driver ties him to the basement of the car.

- Hey, what is it. Punks from prison accessed the bus, veterans are waiting.

Snail driver extended small shovel-like device with liquid-crystalline monitor and inscription 'Real disability act' - white and yellow lights were blinking crazily - while equipment was checking if there is disability... no.

- Wheel chair is for my grandfather, but as it often happens I can ride it also and that is why I'm buying, I broke one, - Doraborsky did not hesitate.

- Female without right hand owns entire store, and our grandfather does not have leg, - Bopitmo supported.

- Can't you describe concretely?

- We have more concrete, but the human tragedies, - Bopitmo spitted, - if you change modus operandi to disabled, pride comes!

- There is no place for swindlers on the bus, - bus driver said and the door looking like the center of accordion unfolded to close.

This meant only one new thing - Persival Ribbons was back in the game.

It was hard to find him and took precisely 3 hours 32 minutes.

- We heard about pricey toothpaste, but teeth did not hear about you, - Doraborsky greeted and kicked Ribbons under ribs.

- This is story about decent people who are getting into extraordinary circumstances and look like last scum. I am on your side, - Bopitmo explained, while Doraborsky tied new wheelchair to the tree, - all we need from you now is a free parking meter machine ride. The question is: will you do it for us?

- I don't advise you to ride metro. There are all sorts of

intermediaries there. Passengers. A bus driver. I don't think so.

- We are solving it as we speak, - Doraborsky waved Stervoznik-Osetsky gun.

Cinematographic cliché - I'll take this, - Doraborsky showed his jacket full of colored food spots, and I will be holding it above my gun all the time we will be riding.

- It's like we were doing back in army, you see fellow with cigar, tap his eye out with chisel and immediately, before even everything is in the blood, put there accurately his cigar. Many were wondering if we have something from humans.

- I was wondering how disability affects dream of any young boy to join NFL. Let's go, - Bopitmo cried.

Instead of effect, they sought, Persival Ribbons tied off the tree somehow and tried to ride Doraborsky across again. Doraborsky jumped aside and repeated his defense - with move of experienced sumo fighter he knocked wheelchair to the side.

- So, we won the prize sick left leg and wheelchair, what is the next prize? - Doraborsky said sarcastically.

- Cut off penis, - Bopitmo answered.

- No, sick right leg.

Doraborsky began to slap Zebul'den Feluls in the face.

Treatment was almost repeating what it used to be before.

- We have great problems with arms and legs, we beat us in the face, - he took his hand and beat him, saying it in syllables, - We don't know why with round-the-clock transportation we need to spend here night, but we will find out...

With this words of Bopitmo Persival Ribbons nodded.

- Asking Persival Ribbons to step on the bus, I hate to do that, other people do that, please, mister Ribbons, - Doraborsky said with grimace to Bopitmo's ear, waving gun under jacket.

- You again, - driver of arrived meter mounter said, - soliciting battery power... Disgusting!

- Let's go. Quick! - Doraborsky commanded.

Ribbons started to ascend the bus ramp.

- Look, trickster coming, cut himself one leg and thought to collect disability forever, - Doraborsky said some more on the ear of Bopitmo.

- Retiree face! - Bopitmo returned to the ear of Doraborsky.

- Oh, yeh!

- Without you would be arrested for killing the driver, - Ribbons said already in the passenger cabin.

This parking meter vehicle driver and worker were snails and wore stinking dirty sheepskin coats. They were opposite in height. Fat mustached humanoid cameo-shell - driver of the first cockpit had much more height. Doraborsky from the cabin could see the seconds backup driver, street rumors said, they were usually taken from height disability snails and cameo-shells - too small ones, who received much less money and worked tough jobs - like manual cleaning of parking machine wheels.

Parking meter machine had 48 passenger seats and 3 places to park wheelchairs.

High heavy set driver extended shovel with liquid-

crystalline - and check came clear - Persival Ribbons had disability.

- We are his assistants, - Doraborsky declared affirmatively, following one feet from wheelchair with jacket. Persival Ribbons nodded.

In the passenger cabin one of the passengers sank to the opposite side, seeing the dirty from laundry washed food remainders on his shirt.

- Want to sniff my shirt? May be blow your nose in it. No?

- We conquered the city, imitating sick, - Bopitmo said dreamy, looking at moving towards him landscape of desert,

- Yes, we conquered it and we are now to choose whom we tell about it.

- Something from the cycle 'Disabled stay'.

- This tranquilized worker. Robotic moves of cameo-shell. Mark Twain humanoid type. He can show police id and smile.

- Yes.

Small backup driver came to them and put labels to their breast pockets, with names, as they told them to the first driver.

- If everywhere they placed labels on foreheads, it would be clear that Dittlebritt is a huge slave market, - Doraborsky noticed, looking at the landscape.

- This guilty pleasure of screwing the federal government of fare, - Ribbons put in.

- You did something like that on your ways? It could be of use to us too, we used to hack once the bank terminal, Doraborsky said in half tone, not disturbing other passengers.

- With my tools? Engo Bue Dia was around. He told me!

- Tell us about your experience. Anyway ride will take time.

- Back then my legs already were deeply covered in moss. We planned to accept guests of emperor Ziberius, and in the middle of arc we put some tables and my wheelchair in non persistent way, so I could work with cables of royal data terminal under the chair. I would not tell, what secret service knew, but a day later I was in the parking meter mounter wreck. Little the secret service knew, that places for disabled are the best if the machine falls from the bridge and wheelchair is strapped. But that I saw all those dying before my eyes...

- What are the best seats in this kind of bus to save life,

- Doraborsky curiously asked, - if it happened to me where do I seat for my best chances?

- Front rows are good. Passengers falling on passengers are good. Bicycle places are bad. Bicycles are pigs of the crash. Wheelchair takes esteem.

- I doubt it does, - Bopitmo objected.

- This situation left on my life trace of convexity and splinters, bumps like in the book for the blind. And you write books, I heard? I am writer myself, - Persival Ribbons sadly shook head.

- What is your book about? - Doraborsky was curious with sneer, but Ribbons confidently continued.

- About not being able to feel your legs, about a person, who wants to return to state when he was not disabled. Weaperson could have borrowed someone in wheelchair for promotion for a short period. Out of social conjecture.

Support of the legless youth. He would not pass up. But you will need a strong title. Something like 'Wheelchair and I' or 'My life in wheelchair'. You agree?

- Weapeson never took anyone if contents are not prepared up front, correct, - Bopitmo supported.

- So what is your current medical condition. What did doctors say last time?

- What did they say? Illness of the weakness of muscles. Doctor was asking how it is to feel like a piece of leg is missing. Walking with crutches for me would be a dream. My life was usually this - bus bench to sit, wheelchair used as a table - to write with my electronic personal data assistant.

- A computer?

- What else could I do? I was only running pedestrian over with something like this. Problem of asymmetry. Tired muscle from only working muscle system - right leg comes with broken sick left leg and to all this I got a psychiatric disorder.

- Psychiatric disorder?

- Claustrophobia! Claustrophobia versus sick legs. If you have too much of one, the other would not work.

- All right, - Doraborsky flapped Persival Ribbons shoulder, - I'll go to the cockpit to ask, when we reach destination.

Before Doraborsky did that he stopped near the information terminal to check if Oriental Repairs were still there after the use of hebaraldi. They were, but they were called now Eastern Repairs. Doraborsky guessed it to be all right. The case of tree circumvention papers and manual. The phone number was all the same anyway.

He checked the bus final stop and itinerary.

They were going through Engo Bue Dia location alright.

- It was Robert Doraborsky with you and 'Radio Prize', - while he was following the corridor to the Cockpit 1, Doraborsky said in the invisible microphone as if it was his new television cast, - Our first interview of tranquilized worker begins.

He stopped behind driver chair and noticed that mounter also stopped to put parking meter. Driver controlled vehicle through some kind of big touch screen tablet. Cockpit had 'Univalindus Mutual Bank' logo.

On the side of the chair of driver it was written - Tranquilized worker - danger, medicated!

Driver noticed interest of Doraborsky in the inscription.

- This is sort of humanitarian program for sick, - fat Mark Twain cameo-shell humanoid said and smiled. There was special cavity in the back of his chair for the open shell, where his human body leaked from, - It's funny how they do now - simpliz.. ability.

This driver did not object to talk.

- Does bank do a good job, caring for you?

- Yeh, I am like DACORK-TUMBLER. I fall on one side, take a disability check, fall on other side take an employment check.

- Did you see a big Moon?

- Yes, everybody around here are seeing a big moon from time to time.

- How do medications affect you?

- Secret is you can leave all the images in your head behind and they will never find you, wherever they come for you later or not - realities are slightly different each time.

- You like the tranquilized community?

- What is there to talk about? Graveyards on the legs - gravetossers. Nobody really likes it. But that was the time for break.

Both tranquilized drivers had to exit vehicle, because installation system of the mounter got stuck. Shortly they returned back, and then Doraborsky addressed first driver again.

- I have a very controversial question for you - there are rumors that bank has the trade deals with nazies on buying cancer machines and purdos rablet skin. First what comes to mind, why do they do it? Why the business survives? Purdos rablet do not have their own skin?

- Purdos rablet are always on fire, I guess it comes off from time to time, - tranquilized driver stupidly smiled.

- What is the social humanitarian outlook of this? People or bank should realize one day about alien retaliatory troops, that nazies have portal from Earth to Dittlebritt?

- You mean the usual time bend. Nobody knows who is doing time bend itself. Nazi technologies is too simple, it just exists where and can be regulated by the usual Liadusio Gaum carrier as far as somebody else providing energy for the portal itself. It exists since long time ago. But it is originated by some very very advanced civilization, it is at least the official opinion.

- What is the precise time spread, it exists here.

- About 400 years.

- There can't be many of them, can there? It is 1000 years ago, about 5 years per 400.

- They concentrate sometimes. It is a regulated portal. They have machines more primitive than portal itself. To concentrate. They regulate when they want to enter and step. Government of Ziberius is always successful in winning in battles.

- I heard about it.

- Did you hear that bank buys kidneys and bodies from nazies?

- Things rarely improve here... they just kill everybody.

- who - nazies or Dittlebritt government?

- Both, - tranquilized worker stupidly smiled again.

- What about Eastern returner repairs, - Doraborsky asked,

- I was here once and it was called Oriental.

- They probably changed name. Then changed it back. Ended up with Eastern.

Doraborsky was not surprised, nor scared.

They used hebaraldi and saw the outcome - the chicken they have grown - and understood that something was not ideal. Mass changes of names were the minor defect, hapenned with use of hebaraldi before. And they saw how landscape changed.

They were moving now through the parquet plates of ground.

They were growing something here with artificial irrigation, something with small flowers. Doraborsky guessed it to be some sort of grain he did know.

- Let them die here counting harvesters, I used to work

here counting harvesters on statistical task force.

- Did you do harvesters tow?

- Yes, about three years ago.

- What is the most unusual Bank experiment you participated in?

- Oh, energy and matter enhancer - we were growing zebul'den Feluls out of smaller ones. They were walking away from enhancer and get bigger in scale with each step.

- It was legal?

- Back then yes.

- It had limits though?

- Yes, hundred ten feet from enhancer it usually stopped working, zebul'den Feluls were reaching four meters in height.

- Dogs-killers.

- Yes. Another thing, I was on - the 'Degraders project'. Called almost the opposite, but totally different thing, it not about the height. We could turn any cameo-shell into homeless - it would forget everything, memory-wipers. Not knowing name, where it lived. Nazis were buying them. The long siren interrupted driver and called for the layover and break for one hour.

Doraborsky looked at the driver. Metro regulations did not allow him to take free riders, but that did not stop him from feeding poor - he was doing it now. They were about one fourth of way to the diplomat.

Passengers were walking around the bus randomly - nobody was allowed inside the bus on layover. Bopitmo and Doraborsky were watching hours slipping away. Looking how farmer fed poor and miserable, Doraborsky and Bopitmo also came to help him give away food from the cart with four lids. They were still doing it, when to the field flying vessel like dragonfly flew and landed lower above soil. To the surprise of Doraborsky, Persival Ribbons jumped out of wheelchair and ran to the dragonfly. His legs were fine! He never really needed wheelchair! He jumped on the lowered rope-ladder.

- Adios! - the last thing, Doraborsky heard. Dragonfly vessel ascended above the field on the height of their double height and did not move.

- Good luck with feeding sick naked people - spirit which is coming out of them - extraordinary! - Ribbons cried.

Now dragonfly vessel started to move away ten times faster than parking meter mounter would ever be.

- How did he trick disability checker? - asked Doraborsky catching up Bopitmo out of breath.

- You see this, - Bopitmo held a device reminding the intergalactic portable two-way radio.

'Disability checker crack device' - was written in white letters on blue painting on metal.

- Ah, cheap infringing junk from black market.

It took five more hours to get to PAD A337i4i with parking meter mounter, it was a diplomat PAD.

Diplomat was in. They were glad that nature of time challenging did not replace him with somebody and did not make him go away.

- How's life? - asked Doraborsky.

- Enjoying wind and fresh air. Thought dish works unstable. You did not see anything?

- No.

- How is a nuke deal?

They told him the outcome and asked to give outstanding 80. It was visible that diplomat did not like messy shirt of Doraborsky, while did not say a word about it. He needed to make a few phone calls again.

Doraborsky and Bopitmo got on the hands some time to dispute the situation.

- Diplomat is always offering us way to get money instead of giving us money. He lives here and this place contaminates him, his ability to see things clearly. Look around - liquid sticky cheese coming out of the shells and forms the human body, melted creature - what kind of world is that. Everything around us is crazy. They turning us into a thinking trees. We can't take this anymore. May be under the barrel of the gun diplomat will be a bit more manageable.

- After lost nuclear deal just to demand from him money, - replied Bopitmo

- So far diplomat has as good help as if police would put tire spikes on the road.

- Why don't we offer diplomat to kill Fieldbeginning. There should be 80 as advance in this.

On that phrase Engo Bue Dia returned from making phone calls.

- Unfortunately I won't be able to land you 80. But you can easily make 80 in one day in variety of fields. I'm making this for you only thinking of your exceptional situation. In terminal diplomat opened directory of highlighted job search with jobs from people he knew and friends.

- First of all, gentlemen, at some point of my life time all of this job assignments you will find here I was doing myself, this where I grew my connections from.

Doraborsky was watching at a kind of jobs price list.

Works price-list

Street dog tail cutter - 5 equa \$ per dog

N in circle: good jobs with 1000 years Reich, in support of WWII best effort. Away enemy! They will go sure, while world turned away.

N in circle : Cages for boiling watering.

N in circle : Throing out bodies in morgue.

Duties: check for blue or red bloody faces. That really dead.

N in circle : Funeral business for the worst. Coffins check. Tricky - some still alive. Hands out of coffin - cut off.

All jobs above - 250 equa \$ / day

N in circle : CD players from human skulls.

Robot line with heads from human skulls. Electronic eyes are provided. Use skulls for head substitutes for robots

All jobs above - 130 equa \$ / day

N in circle : operator of pipeline grinders for body destruction

Jobs from independent contractors:

Catch giant protected animals while filming for visual effects (All animals are being let go after catch) death - death rate of job candidate 89%
marked dangerous
140 equa \$ / day

Extract 3 mushrooms - different mushrooms (medical business)
- death rate of job candidate 92%
220 equa \$ / day

Spit different medications into the breath cones (medical business)

110 equa \$ / day

Flossing teeth of dragon and making barbecue from floss extract
350 equa \$ / day

Home work 100 differences of wheelchair from bicycle
310 equa \$ - one time

Flowell tank ventilation. Giving work cards.
rabidos x 3 / (rabidos -> trorkos)
suffocation rate 97%

400 equa \$ / day

Gourmet cutting and dressing space aliens illegally for food.

incarceration chances

- less than 20 years - 12%

- less than 25 yrs - 92%

400 equa \$ / day

Harvesting pluks

marked dangerous

plant with teeth

death rate of candidate - 62%

400 equa \$ / day

Flying computer diskette - regulated with slider distance of flight (think old mail pipe line system), making different pressable buttons for different destinations (to boss, to co-workers)

Engineering job

400 equa \$ / one time flat fee on work completion

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - the job list interpreting

Doraborsky decided that 'N in circle' businesses are unfit because he would work for nazies.

- Okay, but if I were you, I would think twice, - diplomat reacted, - I would tell you stories and stories another about what is happening on this jobs. Dittlebritt used to sell tickets for that as they were shows.

- Could you better tell us about the dogs, which tails are being cut, this business, which you were turning around, tell us, tell... - Doraborsky inquired with interest.

- I am afraid, it is unfit for you, because it is possible that you will not find 16 dogs in 24 hours, - refused diplomat.

- So, you, recommend us something, good business bad business, all this hustle, what is already burnt, what is not. What job is good?

Diplomat politely smiled.

- Gourmet cutting and dressing space aliens. I know all about this system. It is a bloody work. For pigs, psychopaths.

- We will stay away from it then.

Doraborsky also did not take mechanical job flying diskette because in his opinion there was a high chance that produced by him will not work.

- But this assignment - networking journalism - article about 100 differences of wheelchair from bicycle, - Bopitmo noticed, - And we have personal experience. It's so close to us, to our spirits, as foreign travelers. Let's water journalism and the journalism will be grown.

In thirty minutes time diplomat organized the table next to his PAD and Doraborsky started to write.

100 reasons why wheelchair is not a bicycle.

1) where are the pedals.

2) 4 wheels.

Doraborsky started to think.

Day 23 - 9th of February 3052 - the employment.

Doraborsky ended to write article and asked diplomat to access terminal in the morning, so he could make phone call. Polite voice on the line asked him to read the entire article. Then she said:

- Very well. I will call our financial specialist, so he will specify payment.

Specialist did not speak English.

Doraborsky specifically remembered his reponse in the foreign language. Literally it sounded this way and contained only four words in English:

- rabidos , da, da, rabidos, more rabidos, nulis, rabidos, rabidos, rabidos, none of your business, grortos.

Doraborsky called again, but polite voice said that all payments must go through financial specialist only.

Job was inflated.

Situation would be desperate, if Doraborsky did not remember also, that next to journalist article assignment he saw the offer 'flossing teeth of dragon and making barbecue from floss extract - 350 equa \$'

Few phone calls and an hour later Doraborsky stood in the middle of the restaurant 'Mister Globally' and looked pensively into the window. With air of restaurant he was absorbing feeling that this business of barbecue from dragon teeth and kitchen are something symbolically important.

Dining hall of the resturant was lit with unusual japanese lamps - they looked like three long ropes with lamps on the ends.

- Some do not understand what to do, some do everything at once and nothing works, and the weather is fine, - he thought.

Then mister Globally, the owner, came.

- The most important in this job is to look, if the measures of precaution and admissibility are taken, when you come close. Sometimes dragon gets moody, but I am sure you will be alright, - mister Globally introduced to the employment situation.

Dragon was ten times bigger than neurosurgical one of Evergreen, controlled with the glove.

Owner mister Globally had some another name, with which he was born, but through the sequence of adventures Doraborsky did save memory of it.

Unnecessary to say that on top of risk compensations, which brought the amazing amount of 350 equa \$ per day,

Doraborsky and Bopitmo did not have any interest connected with cooking and distributing of barbecue, leaving out even the detail that it was from dragon teeth floss extract.

This in the end turned out to be decisive criteria, when first customers started to arrive.

- Do you have somewhere the explanations, how barbecue is cooked, - customer asked, looking across the billboard, where permits were posted.

- Of course we have explanation, very tasty, - Doraborsky politely smiled.

Distribution of disgusting slippery 'jack in the catch', bakery and the donuts was also among his duties, and those donuts were nothing like nuclear of Evergreen military program this time.

At the same Doraborsky dispensed eating tools like quantum pumper for food sublimation, only look of which caused in him nausea and vibration in the ears.

- Priority designs from leading tailors, - Doraborsky joked about his apron.

Bopitmo stood in five feet in the same stupid apron, closing from time face from dragon.

He did not produce any input in barbecue production, though from time to time he came to his senses from shock, and was adding a word or two to the sales, while Doraborsky was flossing dragon teeth briskly and hanged meat above the smouldering coal pieces, while talking to customers.

- What is for you? We bought for two dollars journey to the center of the Earth - adventure - called constipation or disordered stomach, - Doraborsky ceremonially smiled again, - welcome to catering or flavorless enjoyment opportunity.

Dining hall was not full today, but mister Globally forewarned that usually it is full.

- What do we do? - Bopitmo awoke for a moment.

- We are simulating sick with lupus. Oink, oink! Oink, oink!

- Why oink, oink! It's pigs.

- Everything is connected to something, for that something we work. Just dive in the world of international humor.

Doraborsky had to step away for more dragon tooth flossing and meat extraction.

- Eat 'Frutoz', feel human again. 'Frut-o-o-oz' - restaurant on the other side, - he sang loudly, - Small baskets, fruit cakes we did not eat for so long. Remember this violation of instruction? You said - this hard pie... it's not so toxic, - Doraborsky cried from remote work space to Bopitmo, reminding the imaginary event, and shook shoulders, - you cried all day on the funerals later, closing coffin lid.

- Hey, are you still interested how we make dragon barbecue? - Doraborsky asked hungry for reading of billboards customer, - It's better to lay everything with coconut fibers. Nothing is better.

- You need gas relief pills? - Bopitmo new pair of patrons.

- No, no, they already apologized. They will never do it again, - Doraborsky said and returned to his place next to Bopitmo behind counter.

- To whom?

- What?

- To whom they apologized?

This was the moment they heard the cry from the middle of the line.

- Unbelievable, you are Doraborsky and Bopitmo from TV, co-writers to Weapeson.

- Yes, you are right! - reading our book, you are moving to the closed toilet, in which we are already occupying the place.

Bopitmo wanted to object, but Doraborsky already changed his attention to the next customer.

- Stop eating from the box there, we have good barbecue.
Eating from box, - he turned to Bopitmo.
Suited bearded cameo-shell with brief case and red box in
the hand decided not to stand in line.
- Can you give me more donuts, I ordered them from you five
minutes ago?

Doraborsky conspiratorially held out plate.

- If my boss asks you about donuts, what would you tell?
Customer was confused.

- What else to say, say refill.

Doraborsky separated his face in two parts, leaving mouth
in the part close to Bopitmo.

- Supposition that not everything sickest bitches grabbed
did not confirm.

- Our barbecue part turned sour, - female cameo-shell
patron exclaimed, because Doraborsky heard that translation
device gave away hoarse feminine voice.

- But it's fresh from the dragon mouth.

- Where do we get to change sour pieces?

- Yes, please. Sour barbecue can be exchanged at address
Krizadubiva, 9.

He extended his hand to the phone.

- This is forced hot water heating station? We have part of
barbecue turned sour. You will come here, yes?

He closed the receiver by hand.

- They said, will come here.

Customer left.

- We want to eat, but barbecue declined.

- It is already final, - Bopitmo asked.

- Yes, final.

The only thing in his life, Doraborsky now knew for sure is
that business of barbecue sale never lets you down.

By the end of his work day he registered patent of small -
pencil size - plastic ketchup squeezer and absorber with
squeezing bottom (TM).

He registered it through the government and had now few
extra paper forms to fill in and return any time.

Through new connections he was also able to sell part of
their abandoned hebaraldi chicken for additional 50.

Doraborsky was counting 400 and could not believe his eyes.

They used chaise-longue to send to the Eastern returner
repairs 80. It was a success, bank winked green eye and
transaction went through. In the comment to payment

Doraborsky put - it's for returner repairs please make it
fast. Here from the banking chaise-longue he called Eastern
returner repairs, and they picked it with Bopitmo an hour
later on the harvester. Fingerprint reader was taken off
and circuitry rewired across it. They started returner in
the remote place under the cactus, it unfolded inside out
to the metallic inner side and started to count down 72
hours.

Returner was understanding the environment he is in now.
It would take time.

Time consumption line on the case was almost not moving.

- 72 hours cheapness, - Doraborsky exclaimed.

They hid ignited returner right there under the cactus.

Once activated it will return time almost everywhere in the
virtual reality worlds and card worlds back to the moment,
they boarded 'Galactic Rescuer-0' and Fritz would receive

black box, how things went while they were on the mission. It could not be stopped when turned on, unless you are capable to take it to pieces.

They were going through the desert, turning to the socialites again.

- Let me see your review, - Doraborsky said to encourage Bopitmo. He looked strange, his lips were blue and quaking, and from time to time he spontaneously shook left hand. It started after dragon job, Doraborsky was said to see that fear for life can do such things to people.

- Is it the part of our article? - he asked, and took Bopitmo note book, - Okay, looking restaurant work review. Journalism masterpiece. Okay. Reading. Liver washing factory. Selling paper through window slots. Terminator-300 comes. Can't provide restroom closed. Kidney looks like the eye. Carry gel, etc...

- Etc?

Day 24 - 10th of February 3052 - Pestosovich.

Meanwhile on the last floor of Sphinx Gate, Inc. in Dittlebritt the storage show star retiree Pestosovich was sitting in the office one on one with the corporation head Evergreen.

He situated in full surety, like he was reading to Evergreen the last citation.

- Then turmoil with ticket sale to public storage on space class cruiser Bulilandoz Eric Nilsen started I wanted to be far away from there, - Pestosovich started to cough, - Of course, I gave Dudkinson this idea to sell tickets to the public storage for money - and he could not tell anybody, because by then I was his main opponent. Turmoil in public storage, - he made theatrical pause, - only to get to the red umbrella of Eleanor Eizero, when she stole the detail from the hands of killed corporate official Glassel and put it as bottom part, - Pestosovich made gesture with finger and lost breath, - of her umbrella! Detail traveled for 11 let years and was waiting for the right time.

And now my attorney is waiting my call or he will have to open my cell on the boat terminal in Pondero. In this cicumstances nothing would interfere with you making justice and pay me by now, - Pestosovich lightly smiled and his look was fogged by the old memory, - It took so much time. Of course knowing about all that, corporation put later part of umbrella into the spine of one of its robots and made him in hurry travel back in time from 2057... carry the incriminating detail to Dittlebritt - what could be smarter and more daily when robot taking time shuttle only to gather, that torture teams are already at place, on this very shuttle. You buried robot there in the desert among the bank chaise longues.

Now I had to travel back in time myself from 2057.

Time travel permit is hard to come by if you work alone, I have to tell you - and now I am here... at your service.

I had to buy tree harvester.

And now we are negotiating 200 billion dollars deal...

- How much El Rubar offered you?

- 100 billions. Of course, I refused. The amount is too low.

- And boat terminal cell, you said, in Pondero

- Yes.

- I just have to ask you those test question, to make sure, we are not victims of fraud and misunderstanding.

- More questions, - Pestosovich pronounced thickly.

- Yes. How would robot of corporation to hide the detail looked like?

- Childish entertaining bear-robot on the shoulder of android with linear sizes twice of a human - he was as tall as 12 full feet, I can tell you, when I found him in the center of the tree. Veins of tree were sewn back together, product of inspiration of a tree surgeon. The toy bear-juggler! Dreaming his last dream on the shoulder of android bird of 12 feet.

Tree, they were inserted in, was growing sick by the way.

- Did he have yellow cone hat on the head.

- Exactly! Cone hat on the head.

- It was made of aluminium?

- Yes aluminium in color. Only I was capable of seeing elephant standing on the chess figurines, and making from them crossword.

- Wrong, Pestosovich. The cone was red. Red.

- Oh, there would be this punctuation mark again, let talk about it more.

- All right. You went that far, you made all this way only to establish that Universe Cooper Desks are the shell subsidiary of Sphinx Gate , well, well, and they both are connected with Univalindus Mutual, breaking the treaty and what?.. old murder detail, statute of limitation for which is up one year ago. One year! You - a person who only exits at the last stops - I am impressed, - foggy stare of Evergreen was searching something in the room uncertainly, and he finally smirked.

- But the public opinion... the wave of protest will overwhelm you and all of you, - he draw a round by finger above the table, showing empty room, - will sink! And treaty federal prosecutors will not let you live. Will teach your shitty asses, ha-ha-ha... - Pestosovich laboriously hysterically laughed, - what a dangerous people you are. I don't know what to say, - his quaking was looking for pills in the pockets, - You humiliated all these people and now you seek for forgiveness - never! You will never be able to jump through all the hoops they put up. Application forms, review fees. You all thought that you eat people, you killed, and from their bones make sculptures, and you bought a bone-washing machine, then instruments of your art probably will consume the guilt. How stupid!

- You probably talk figuratively.

- Figuratively, yes, but quite in the shape, you will hear it back from the treaty federal prosecutor. You brought the society to the verge of catastrophe, when disabled veteran has nowhere to go, - Pestosovich lost breath, - so much invested in alibi and looking through bodies of r...obots... it's the... of this pig what are... .. going to do? - Pestosovich got a hair from his beard. And with more energy he said, - Not very smart. All those inquiries left unanswered, - he was speaking with heavier accent, - but below already your failures are visible, - Distribute those .. classified! ... stories about Ruhliad car accident prediction. How groundless!

So let's put more parking meters... Let's stop traffic. Let sure that hidden robots are never excavated. The truth even employees of the bank... with maximum clearance, - waved hand indignantly, - do not know about. Let revolution start.

One treasure beat by another - 3 millions worth of treasure of the Globes of Ublimozis beat by 200 billions you will pay me - considering the bank situation.

The list of the top priorities of bank automated operations and allowances, the how insane machine, this mind of bank operates, the lines bank bases all of its artificial logic on, - Pestosovich silently laughed again, - oh I know it by heart.

The treasure text of Pavlinii, treasure which I can now find also, which got stuck in bank memory during famous year of 3012 power shortage.

This 104 lines.

Pestosovich started to read from memory, stopping from time to time:

*rabbit head and munhgauszen duck
green acid fountain
from dogs body on the hands
managing the global disaster
this scaring creep
is not for long
Rentgen locator
projecting thought
taking cockroach from his cup
he leaves it all behind
denial answers
no longer
when the Saturn rebuilt
it's only possible to hear
if the attention paid
discovering the values*

*they will borrow
their lifetime
in another worse train*

Oh yes, 'Stellar Pier 1' search for literacy program and 3 more lines, Pavlinii did not know, which are important, - Pestosovich speech made there a short stop, - if you want to locate corporate robots, the lines - nobody else but you, - he pointed finger to Evergreen, and set himself in arm chair even deeper, - and me now knew -

yes, the Twainism
*roster dustfall or silver rooster
on the strategy of mirror glare
or who damages it all*

- But it can't be. Pavlinii knew them all, those 3 lines. Pestosovich face was red, he rocked forefinger in the air in front of Evergreen's face.
- Unknown even to Pavlinii.

Now you have, - again pause, - two choices - to pay \$200 billions, - and remember I ask cheaper, when they will - Pestosovich pointed forefinger outside of the room or bank has ...- he lowered voice tragically, - to step away. Of course! The top priorities list and allowance of operations, entire appropriation of operation, the very, - he marked the word, - how insane machine, this mind of bank operates.

You wanted to hide the murder of a corporate official - murder of Glassel - by the assistant of Trarapis Ruhliad - Pestosovich shook head, - and lost it all.

My dear fellow, who would give it all to insane mind of machine, in the total control of artificial intelligence, to the automated bank interest, the robot, who would rule and control on this!.. Pavlinii list of priorities. On priorities ... of a treasure text ... - Pestosovich again

lost breath in laughter. Which you have no longer any influence on.

It's not the full scope of problems, by the way. The cancer machine from your surgery line, which you tested on dragons. The one you bought from nazies. The prosecutor will connect you to nazies. This is the next thing you should care about. What kind of man are you? What insane people are you all? What the crazy people are you?

He fell deadly.

- How is he? - Evegreen asked the hurrying doctor.

- Pulse is filar, - doctor answered, - He very is very weak now. He needs rest.

Day 24 - 10th of February 3052 - Pestosovich.

This day was spent in consuming all this food delivered to newly rented chaise-longues on the rest 320.

In the morning they saw the noticeable funny picture of Fieldbeginning getting somewhere the nazi helmet and in the shiny helmet fighting with bat diplomat around the thinking dish. It came to Doraborsky that time, that may be diplomat was socializing and verifying dish combat abilities.

Thought dish shaking and working with no stability, jut as diplomat said. Then there was flash of light from the sky. Somebody took them into this pole of light and they both disappeared.

Except of this everything was fine.

Bopitmo was getting better after dragon work. He guessed they call that a dragon sickness. Doraborsky kept guessing how Bopitmo would feel in the war zone.

The only thing, which was on the mind of lost in lightness and merriment Doraborsky - the patent papers for plastic ketchup squeezer/absorber with squeezing bottom (TM).

He must be gone to the patent office. You can't be too early if patent is at stake. What if somebody registers it faster than you.

Bopitmo kept him a company.

They took their old friend Paul Nosliw harvester.

Building was officially looking with ten meter high ceilings.

On the entrance guard verified their ids.

There was a detention hold on them in turning into the trees.

- What a security. We dropped by with with few patent papers. Here. Ketchup squeezers. The thing you will want to use!

Doraborsky did not know how much time passed. He felt that there is his eye in the tree, it closes and opens like it is a tree hollow. Yes, eye in the door, something like that. He could say more precise.

He saw all of his thoughts as a formatted text.

If he wanted to think something, in his eye there was a green dot, the sing of transmission to Evergreen Corporation, then the word (THOUGHT) in brackets. He was going through words and thoughts with difficulty, like he needed to push them. Ah, not ketchup again! He put the effort to think at least some more now.

(THOUGHT) Overhanged beast

(PICTURE of tree)

(SOUND, fire BOX DNA desert frog) q-a, q-a

He was wondering where is his body now. He was missing it. He flapped eyelid.

Day 21 - the 7th of February 3052 - returned by the returner

Doraborsky awoke in the hospital, his right hand burnt like and was wrapped in the bandage.

He heard the sad voice:

- Good morning, the priority one, - man with label ADA Forsgren on the suit said.

- Welcome to paradise, mister..! All those bed bugs you killed also go to paradise with you, - brown suited with almost invisible golden stripes man with name tag DA Nyquist said.

- What bed bugs?

- Hebaraldi grown chicken. Those freaks, died in desert.

- I want a lawyer.

- Let me tell you, how it was happening. Watching the bird flying to distant land. This feeling of yourself being a part of terrain and having thoughts about the construction of universe. Natural interest to the hebaraldi work of young boy. How different from dream of getting into NFL. We talked to Persival' Ribbons.

- This is not serious. What was in your childhood?

Subthermal neutron got stuck?

- Why not to think about yourself. Now you could do at least something. May be your employers had some game, personally, I doubt it, and they make you change your own under the new standard, sad story, I hear a lot. It could change everything. You see, I prefer to do everything legally, but my colleague here worked before this DA appointment with logical circuitry of organic robots - not in this, in another judicial system - threat of life assessment, staff like that, where extraction of information by definition impossible. His type of robots as time was passing by grew scary - reminded of humans, who did not eat weeks. They were stuffed into box, by ten. Sight was miserable, believe me. Peculiar, that by the end of a week you would look at them and had this instinct, to kill them. It was a sort of time grenade - they called it.

- Time grenade. Funny, as soon as it is 2/7/52, - Doraborsky looked fast into the calendar on the wall, - I have this back pain, oh. Where am I?

Forsgren ignored his question.

- It was all Evergreen. He said he found some VIP clientele, probably military, some classified government, we would not reach with our short hands, he said that you will be developing new field of science...

- What happened to flight of bird to the distant land and terrain?

- What did you think you do for Evergreen?

- Worked as a journalist.

Forsgren looked into the shovel of Doraborsky thought processor - Doraborsky's thoughts were written there. This was the great moment to look around. Outside the window was evening, hospital ward had white walls, aloe on windowsills have a tedious time in the white pots. Ventilator was blowing around night cool. He was not at Dittlebritt.

- Concentrate, Doraborsky, concentrate, - Forsgren

continued, - All you have to do was to use hebaraldi to grow chicken.

- Mister Globally told you that? He must be crazy. Most of his stuff scared of their dragon crazy. You would ask around. He pays 350 for life risk.

Forsgren looked again the mind reading shovel.

- Here you go, - Nyquist threw on the table and on the bed some papers and photographs, - hidden cameras from 7 hub power outlet, hidden cameras from fire alarm.

- My friend Engo Bue Dia had special hummer to extract thought from the dish of intelligence. You threw photos on the hospital ward table, but you don't have hummer.

Doraborsky pensively looked at the proof lying around. Some trophy photos, sealed and unsealed documents.

- Conviction on the grounds of this is a dreamland, - He sorted documents on three types - two rows of lies, this is recycling.

- What did Jackson look like?

- What did he look like? Like a corporate agent. What do they look like?

- Did not Evergreen add that he has government contract for one use of hebaraldi which he did not have?

- He does stuff like that, you talk to Evergreen.

- Evergreen has already list of scapegoats - guilty minority within corporation. They wanted to play secret federal assignments and lost, some guilty military also, circle of guilty people all around him, private ideas to which state did not want to have anything in common. Never. Evergreen corporation will give away line of guilty, next line never saw the first lime and heard nothing, but first line of criminals will recognize them and testify insufficiently, this second line will be just fired, loose their jobs. Third line never was mentioned, they are good. And Evergreen is in the middle of betrayal as usual. We need him, we want, we can't have him.

- I never saw Evergreen personally myself. I know how he looks like from the corporate booklet.

- Either his people told you all that or Evergreen himself, I know how it goes. They just gently asked you to help them share light on intelligence, on new horizons. This mirror does not do you justice. He has done it with journalists before. You became a black operation soldier for Evergreen. What did your own eyes see in that?

- What do your eyes see in me now? For investigator my eyes are not small? Can't understand who is here with the small eyes? Do I need to expand them? What are you looking at? The eyes are too small?

- All those debauches will play tragically in court. You know who will be jury number 1 - some NSA guy. Do we need to tell who would be jury number 2. My condolences.

- Questionable search of perfect relationship between a person and a government. Did you contact Evergreen lawyers?

- How much real attorney help could get a person for the rest - how much you have? 225? VIP amount, no?

- Arrest, I'll wait for a free one.

- You used hebaraldi, you confirm.

- No. You had it going before? Prisoner sits, sits, sits, sits, then tells you - I admit. So I do not! No!

- Tests of invented time radio - hebaraldi - were hiding

concealed defects, and they were immediately forbidden or limited in the most of virtual reality like worlds and card worlds.

- I am not a scientist. Remove the reading thoughts shovel. You know, not single court will take what it writes.

- Tell us about harvester. You can be hitting head off the trees, and there is nothing in it, or cut into it and get the contents - may be, some robots. May be even sew tree back. There are many reasons why people put on bird houses or hide something in the trees, sometimes if crime is committed. Can hide real blue chip there, what you think?

- I don't know.

- Soon it all will go another way. You will be taken from solitary confinement, we will ask - did you commit all this violations, abuse of all these laws, you will say 'yes', we will ask - what do you have there, what will you tell? Time machine. Okay, what else? Think faster...

- Can't you see, this is military Weapeson, he writes nothing, only blows federal buildings.

- I am under arrest?

- No.

Nyquist and Forsgren left and till noon there were no events, except that about that time Bopitmo was wheeled in on the stretcher. Paramedics left him on the bed next to Doraborsky unconscious. Doraborsky guesses that investigation wants something from their talk and taping. Bopitmo had a police ankle-monitor. He awoke after two hours and started to talk, but Doraborsky recommended to wait 4 pm, he put forefinger to his mouth and made gesture around the space of the room, explaining that privacy of the hospital room is contaminated.

At 4 pm there was dinner.

Summit opened in the hospital diner with brownie, salad and punch and few chicken nuggets - usual hospital food, and established that Bopitmo was bit up by prisoners after arrest. He talked about hebaraldi with Nyquist and Forsgren only to become disappointed. This is where ankle-monitor came from. After that he was silent. Komatoshi Yakibolo was also arrested, beat up by prisoners and was also somewhere in the hospital.

Talk happened in maximum conspiracy, with only suitable themes allowed, because Doraborsky imagined taping in the diner as well.

- They don't understand out there what we do with two antennas on the head like goats...

To the street side of hospital police car arrived.

- Against the police, I think, we could bring not needed attention. It's outmost dangerous to be a writer today. Emile Zola benefit was that he died in 1902.

- So they come to me and say - this is a military Weapeson, he blows the federal buildings. I told them - Hitler - head word written, I can write some more. You would stay away from me.

- Mental health won't hold in the court. Public would think you was crazy, hired a good attorney, he found you OK, put corruptors to jail.

Komatoshi Yakibolo entered diner with hand in gypsum block also with ancle monitor.

- Here. Raplusnii Raplendus scum is going. Tape&Resell.

Aha.

- You - toilet insect bums, people were working there before you for money, for money...

Doraborsky and Bopitmo switched tables again and continued to talk in whispers.

- Yakibolo did not use hebaraldi at least.

- Anyway by now they found something with his weapon trade after searching the crash site.

- I told, what is bad, if writer is hired to help with Griplunger thithlunger business for consutation purpose only. What's bad in that. But they would not release.

- You need to write it all down and send it to Weapeson from prison. Weapeson, of course, will say this: tragedy, tragedy, it changes everything, I must help like anyone on my place. Let's send help. We need anyway for public opinion. If Azori Loui Bopitmo send it here right away with turnip and bacon - he eats basically only turnip and bacon.

- Yes, cultural connection program fires back. And then... what are you going to do? It is printing already, you would cry into megaphone - don't allow him to print anything. Sheriff's Department entered the hospital diner, and Doraborsky changed theme.

- Eatus drinkus drinkus eatus appetitus - our psychological model. What are you talking about?

But Bopitmo talked nothing, in fact he was being transferred back to prison. Doraborsky wanted to ask where they holding him and where this hospital is located, but did not have a good chance already.

Investigative team returned in the evening, they had a search warrant for Doraborsky's office and wanted his presence.

- We are in Ublimozis? - Doraborsky exclaimed, looking through papers, not mentioning Ublimozis once.

- This is Glevenuzi.

- What?

- Quick, - NYquist made gesture towards door to the hospital corridor, explaining that talk is over.

At home there was no fun.

They wrapped the computers and placed them on the carts.

He was asked where is he sitting in the shack usually.

- A-a-h, there are so many tables, so many tables - how to guess, how to guess, - Doraborsky retorted, - A - a, cupboard is off limits, don't touch it, I am going to climb on it to secure. Ok, cupboard is secured, you can move it with me, if you like.

They wrapped cupboard also in packing paper and took away. Till the end of day nothing much happened. He did not have to go back to the hospital, it discharged him so detectives left him at home.

Left alone, Doraborsky at first took off his bandages from the right hand. His right hand was scary and itchy as scarecrow.

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - at home

In the morning Doraborsky woke up with loud knock in the door.

- Justice Department. Police. Open up. Police.

It was said with sick unpleasant changing high voice. There were three detectives on threshold, Nyquist and Forsgren were joined by detective Olaffson from the special branch. Doraborsky thought that voice distortion belonged to him, or Nyquist can make different voices.

Nyquist started the show.

- Basic idea of planet copying by hebaraldi, - Nyquist opened, - if you are turning planet recreational disk of hebaraldi, it creates on the given distance, in location which can be determined with limited probability, 60% with present technology, an image - exact copy - of your planet in another place, changes it's physics, run processes on it faster, adds the requested items to the original planet and destroys the copy, when it is no longer needed.

Now the hypertowel works practically the same way as hebaraldi, it copies the world, replaces you on the copy destroys your original version in the original world, slows animation of the world copy few thousand times, makes a time mark up in the original world, waits selected time, adds you to the original planet at the time mark, and destroys extra elements.

Von Truhl' and Piqst progressive hebaraldi of year of 2726 is quite a different non-classical device, it operates differently. It connects to your brain, figures what changes you propose, thinks if the changes are appropriate or possible and if outcomes of what you suggest can co-exist at once, then, best to it's algorithms, copies the world with changes, makes you live there selected amount of time, when returns you to the time mark after living in the changed world. It was originally proposed as the entertainment device.

This revolutionary invention extended to the creation of usual hebaraldi 12 times cheaper than before, and technology never returned back to the original cost. Old pricey hebaraldi malfunctioned only one time, with hundred of books written about that.

New model could created more mulfunctions, and in timely fashion all hebaraldi were prohibited, restricted or limited to use almost everywhere.

Famous joke of this time says: 'Don't want to fly away, don't turn ventilator'. The joke describes relation between hebaraldi and polarity of created and copied world.

In 44.2% of cases of modern hebaraldi malfunction the outcome would look as there was cancer-like splintering of similar but not identical copies of the original planet in thousands. Those planets are being created and not deleted, partially created, changed by the brain of creator in error, creator is going back in forth in time, and the time trajectory is hard to figure, he unintentionally recreates worlds again with new ideas and so on..

In some cases hebaraldi malfunctiones because the old details served it's time and used up, there was ignorance or mistake of technical review, or mistake in repairs. In case of hebaraldi, you denied to control, despite all

the evidence, it was ignorance of instruction unprecedented before.

- Let me ask you this - for taping shovel of Forsgren, so it all would be dismissed faster in the court - in this your speech of imaginary truth, you think you know for sure, how many pages, you think, there were in instruction.

- Exactly 3554 pages, mister Doraborsky. USE of your informational hypertowels - hypertowels to be used only for phone calls from the stopped time, and hebaraldi registered unit 'griphith65' AT THE SAME TIME, is prohibited by any known instruction. You could have heard about it if you watched almost any popular science show, Doraborsky. You built hebaraldic resonance, which followed by unavoidable in this action TIME STALL - or underlaid exfoliation, followed by the energetic failure, in which case hebaraldi closed or released its prior actions randomly best to its failing energetic ability. Unfastened data net, break, sort and copy, release - unfasten, break, release - unfasten, break, release. And then instead of all three, it does only one or two actions.

What is Dittlebritt, mister Doraborsky?

- Comic fight with non comic jail time. We never take someone else's, but technology happens to malfunction. People fail people.

- Dittlebritt - is a interpretation of your personal future, past and present, as it was remembered by your mind at different times. By the landscape of your brain tissue hebaraldi malfunction created the whole planet, set of planets, 'copies' of 'Earth', which started to spot everywhere.

It is happening on the planet, surface of which is made of somebody's brain channels. What you heard, what you thought.

- It was like that always. Planet changing scheme.

Hebaraldi. Old news. Something is laughable, something is admissible, the other is inadmissible and will be taken away by the hands of time, - Doraborsky retorted.

Deep in his heart, he was surprized, they thought, he would care.

- You did it, - Nyquist made an effective pause for the Forsgren taping machine, - for cheap chicken growing for food, for public consumption. Dilettante liar lied us about never starting hebaraldi, regardless of video taped evidence.

The room for a minute was soundless. Doraborsky was the first to break silence.

- What do you expect from me? - he asked with a tired note,

- You think I should spend life in jail because of your wrong thought and vision of some just another project picture everything - every street - every mountain - as the portal to another world, either it's true or not.

- When you come next time to Dittlebritt, I want to to put bucket with garbage on your head.

- Ah?

- Creation of mass of robots. Vane blade robots. Flying piezogubindus. Elephantine. Walking talking metal of all sorts. Automated reaction on bank to changing by you environment. It became hard to find a free piece of sky in Dittlebritt.

Then there come small items: it's also your charge. Breaking the bank ATM, pollution of territory with post-products of hebaraldi chicken growing. You thought nobody would notice, you were wrong.

When you watched enough places, accomplished all thinkable tourism goals, and decided that you played long enough, you used Returner. Or did you just want to get rid of turning to the tree warrant? How many people simple vanished from one hebaraldi failed start.

NSA intercepted the information black box TV report copy, you were sending to Evergreen all the while you were changing realities illegally.

You can combine snails, you can do snail juice from them...

- Would you stop this 'it's was so good there, where we came from'. All this you lived there, we lived there. Everybody needs to live somewhere. All this arbalests, throwing ships over on logs, 'where are we going?', all this beginning of civilization romance.

People shared the benefit, I got kicked.

What is going to happen to the silver cobwebs, by the way?

- Evergreen will not receive any more of your messages, no. On the other hand, federal prosecutors will not recollect case against Evergreen, in fact, they can't recollect case against Evergreen for decades. Big Moon - what does it even mean? Investigator bended over pile of papers on the table.

- An article we were writing in Evergreen's, - this is the only item, Doraborsky was cooperative about.

- Okay. There is, - Nyquist made crown pause, - a thing you owe society of Dittlebritt. Whom did you see there? Whom did you see in the room, when you were hired. Whom you saw? Fritz? He is already in our custody. Who else Komatoshi? Jackson? Describe him to us. It's for you to care of yourself. Tell us something and we will help you.

- What would it give you? Committee of corporate oversight, only blunderers admitted, 24/7 in slipshod manner, - Doraborsky could not add more.

Forsgren turned off court taping machine.

- And ever since I knew him, I knew his ass is going to jail.

- What does it all mean? - Doraborsky asked indignantly.

- That we need to wet your mouth with some sticky poison. DA appointments with logical cirquetry of organic robots. If I worked there I would have known that all being said to me is a total bullshit only to make me kill who they need to kill or add all those beneficial addendums to their drinks.

Micro stub bee, - Forsgren cried.

Suddenly Doraborsky did not feel his hands anymore, they soared up like two different cobras, of which right hand shined red eyes of recent surgical sutures.

Nyquist made pushing aside gesture of interest to Forsgren, when he noted the phenomenon.

Doraborsky's hands started to beat him in the face.

At the same time in his head VOICE appeared as if he was schizophrenic. It said:

- There was something else, tell them something else.

- The government of Dittlebritt is the best government, - confused Doraborsky said.

- It is better, - VOICE said, - Does investigator think, it

is better?

Tongue of Doraborsky came out full length.

Doraborsky was sure that control of hands, tongue and internal voice were the latest to the last minute experimental models of technical equipment of intensive investigation. It was his best bet.

- What is all that making the right assumption with NSA about 'black rabbit'? What about my hands? Will you turn it off? I am not some Komatoshi glove controlled dragon.

- Somebody must be controlling you from the other world, - Nuquist replied, but his tone was now different. He was intrigued.

- This is all very serious, - shared opinion of special branch Olaffson.

- You should always check, if tongue still comes out, - Forsgren said.

Doraborsky felt that his tongue again sticks out against his will.

- Tongue for tongue, when you publish your new book, we all will be reading about it. God forgive you all awkwardly jerking heads.

- What about people, whose mouths you broke, what about them, how they live? - Doraborsky exclaimed, - I will start health law suit!

- Okay, this is the only possible defense, you have left, I think, - Nyquist laughed.

- He wants us to leave, - cobra-hand number 1 - the left hand - said by VOICE in Doraborsky's head and turned to him the questioning palm.

- We want to stay with you, - right cobra hand - number 2 - as Doraborsky would number them - replied.

- Want to be my janitors? - Doraborsky asked.

Hands started to move in worry.

- Why janitors? Left hand will be a specialist in radiation - something like \$300000 equa dollars a year. Right hand will be a space engineer. \$300K it is, of course, does not cost, so it will be \$276.43K. And we can write screenplays for Glevenuzi Film Festival.

- Who of you?

- Both.

Schizophrenical VOICE stopped for a moment and Doraborsky returned to conversation with Forsgren, Nyquist and 'Glevenuzi Film Festival' - the VOICE said.

- Where are we? - Doraborsky directed this question to the detectives, - In Ublimozis?

- There is no Ublimozis here, mister Doraborsky, there is Glevenuzi. The name of place unpaired about 2:1. Planets with Glevenuzi are twice as many as planets with Ublimozis.

- Oh. They plan to kill us, - last sentence Doraborsky was crying, ensuring that it is well heard even on the street,

- Law suit. Not even going to read your reimbursement policy. My hand is broken - he pointed to sutures - investigator always has toll towards sick people, connected with information extraction and..., - Doraborsky made piano playing face, - sickness, suddenly appeared while investigation is ongoing.

- Stendal'. Eye on the tip of the knife - cleaning done right, - Nyquist said.

- Ramses II: I resent eternal resistance secular culture vs

military science, - Doraborsky replied.
- Imagine me coming every day to make sure your day is sent right to drain, - Forsgren grinned.
- Aha, I am sending my book to French, as the planned Dittlebritt-France relationship development, let see what they say about law enforcement, sending out the literacy stream...
- Drunkard and scoundrel, he does not deserve any writing, let's see he will choke in his toxic writearounds. Lazybones productions! - hands-cobras cried.
- Stop talking to me!
- Somebody should understand: we say - you do! - cobra-hand 1 replied.
- Grandfather shat himself. No money, no cobwebs, - maliciously remarked hand-cobra 2.
Investigators left.
Doraborsky heard them talk in the yard, and the only phrase he could make out was:
- Since when sneaky method of D is Okay, I ask you?

Day 22 - the 8th of February 3052 - under arrest

Doraborsky went out to the yard next morning to water flowers. He was in white panama hat and he enjoyed the sunset.

Car with police beacon stopped by.

- Here, - Forsgren said, - real witch, not a human. As stated in the arrest warrant.

Doraborsky was pushed against the wall and started to crawl by hands.

He was put to prison without incident, went through intake and was in the cell in thirty minutes. Nice day in the solitary cell in general population area without another co-prisoner.

He was offered to sweep and mop.

- You hold this as it was Christ himself cleaning, ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha, - the guard laughed.

He was allowed to the day room.

Doors of toilet did not close and he had to knock.

Doraborsky knocked.

- Who is it? - he heard from behind the door.

- Line of toilet cosmetics 'Guess who', - he replied.

He asked a pair of guards about food.

- What food? Did you do double scrub. You want to sweep yard for a few hours. May be you want us to put to animals to the upper shelf. We will come to look how they cut you by the outline.

Doraborsky refused.

Hands, tongue and voice in the head did not disturb in the absence of detectives. They behaved in the absence of strangers, he studied.

Doraborsky began to write diary on the wall with a piece of sharp stone.

Bopitmo cried at night in the next cell. They were not allowed in the day room together.

- Probably he became totally crazy, - Doraborsky wrote on the wall that night.

Detectives came in the morning.

- How people keep spirit in the condition of incarceration

- The main question, - asked Forsgren, - you still write something?

- I think about 700 pages of cycle 'Signaling by the knife'. There I will be able to unravel... this... not covered relationship unravel...

- You think somebody will be publishing that?

- What happens if you write and they don't publish? - hand-cobra 1 asked in higher tone in the head of Doraborsky.

- I will we will loose mind and will be walking, walking senselessly towns and cities... - hand-cobra 1 replied.

- No, the more efficient way, I heard about, is to walk from house to house - 'Can't you read my book?' Ligitimate. Literacy if needed. Not loitering of some sort, - shared opinion hand number 2.

- Or set up in the bushes for potential reader. Put up net and wait, - Doraborsky first did not feel disgust and nervous exhaustion, while they talked.

- Who knows? - Doraborsky concluded.

- Sure, - Forsgren agreed elegantly.
- Prisons Dittlebritt, mister Doraborsky. It feels as question of guilt by when is solved, - Nyquist smiled, - you just to choose what you do - 24/7 draw with cryons, or 24/7 eating, let say. We can make it easier, believe me. They were all four in one cell, Nyquist was the one, who was sitting on the screwed to the floor metallic chair, and something probably snapped inside Doraborsky, his hands, tongue and VOICE started to live again.

- 'Suffer different' business with vampires - we will be crying? - yes, we will contribute to investigation - no, - hand number 2 hissingly proclaimed.

Doraborsky could never what hand precisely wanted - the full confession or they are into some monkey business, in the meanwhile he would rather find out who was third party controlling hands.

- Everybody fights and then loose, - Olaffson interrupted his thought.

Usually hands talked by the internal VOICE in the head, but the last phrases they started to tell by infernal hoarse voice, taking over Doraborsky breath and larynx.

- We just want to make sure that cooperational can not be in mutual interests. You are not the type... - Nyquist said.

Doraborsky was growing concerned for hands not to make confession instead of him. In the same voice.

- That you, - Nyquist continued, - in your new state, - he drew out his contour, - decline.

- Why some has too little business, is that has too much of it, ha-ha-ha, - hand number 2 replied.

- So how do you feel, mister Doraborsky, - Forsgren asked.

- Paragraphy. One more step to end torture in the whole world, and this step is not being done. Sometimes community gets more than it deserves.

- To the right we get money, to the left we get cake. And shameless faces appear.

Left hand meanwhile also decided to join conversation:

- Unfolding hinged pickitus, - she said and four fingers on the palm started to stir.

- About vivisection there was something to read... if you only read that, my hands, - Doraborsky retorted.

- Just what we wanted to talk to you about, - Nyquist started carefully, - is what is a dangerous illness it is, when your hands talk to you and you even wanted to change with them places.

- 90% of what we tell you lie and you decide already yourself, we are to go to prison, we are to go to psychward, you... - right hand offered response uncertainly through the infernal voice.

- To me looks like product of distant surgeries, Yakibolo Komatoshi from your case was doing that for one, - Doraborsky assumed, also carefully.

- How do you know for sure that you are not simply crazy?

- Did you bring shrink in? You know that old story.

Famous ancient sculptor Borekluzia came to Urdo and people of Urdo started to test him, and here he was - he offered for the test product of his labor - old statuette, he was carrying from country to country everywhere with him...

- We don't see the connection.

- This is not the end of the story. Chief shaman Urdo ordered to put statuette to bed, chop it with the bed, and serve up at the dinner party, making impression on Borekluzia that he can't stay in Urdo. So this night monks of Urdo were sitting around the pieces of statuette, consuming food, and the questioning eyes of the statuette looked reproachfully at them, and some of them did not prefer to know what they are doing, stingy to voice of the stone and Borekluzia art. This difficult drama of cultural

misunderstanding relates to our situation. I hope any judge could easily see through the evidence in this case of mistakes. Some may laugh, that it is possible in this century to accuse... in food manufacturing, if you look carefully at the list of charges. Any district attorney should clearly see it on the leading edge of civilization, here at Dittlebritt.

- Nice, told the old story, - right hand hissed.

- Whom do you think it is here, Doraborsky. Intelligence of people in this cell, present before you is way higher than even averages IQs of NSA intelligence team, who you would probably see in the course of the case.

- I did not know NSA is full of idiots.

- Not polite to humiliate federal service, Doraborsky, they will hire without your help.

- Blind spot - search of the left hand behind the right ear, - left hand objected, and started to open and close image of mouth, recollected from palm, - Gas-bag.

- We are not against truth, we don't see anyone talking to us, - Olaffson supported.

Right hand drew dividing line between itself and Olaffson.

- I could never figure, why nobody makes hand fixing containers, when there is huge market for it, - Olaffson jumped out.

- A-a-h, here, merry response, - hand number 2 said.

- Do you remeber fate of your mutual with colleague friend Persival' Ribbons. All this 'bus falls from bridge', 'front seats are safe', 'falling on people is safe'. We would love Evergreen to kill you.

- And my book with me, ha-ha-ha, - hand number 1 was laughing.

Doraborsky noted that in laughter petals of fingers open and close funny.

- Do you really want them to come after you? Your only chance - be helpful. We could try to protect against Evergreen. But we need serious reason. Give us a reason. You like what is happening to your hands. You accused federal government of causing it. Evergreen could be doing it, don't you think?

- Don't you have clearance to see for sure if government or Evergreen is doing it or not. That I can exclude governmnet from the list. Ah, whom I am talking to.

- All this situation with hands - this is not rare. Somebody takes body of human under control. Hard to tell, who. May be, extremists from Saturn or science group, desperate to get grant.

This was when hands suddenly stopped talking. They would not say a word later with Evergreen lawyer, nor in the court, nor on the ship wreck site.

Doraborsky later started to feel sadness of loneliness, which was unbelievable considering the nature of their relations. Nobody was there to talk with!

- Do you need something? - Nyquist asked in conclusion.

- It is very good to live in the world where everyone can buy pen. I mean ballpoint pen.

- Don't even dream.

Investigators left and Evergreen attorney came another hour. He was concerned if Doraborsky made any pretrial statements.

- Mister Doraborsky, everything is good. I'm lawyer for you as a courtesy our common friend mister Evergreen. You saw investigators, what do you think of them?

- F* bitchy courthouse dogs. What is your prognosis?

- It's hard to tell on this early stage.

- When are you going to get us out of here? - Elements of danger and fear mixed and were crying, when everything went to hell. And he even remembered Bopitmo.

- I don't know yet, may be today, - lawyer heartily laughed.

- We can't wait anymore! - Doraborsky exclaimed, shooting with eyes the corners of meeting room psychopathically.

- We will pick you up. Get you off the hook. The only condition is that you don't talk.

- I never talk! But I can't warranty Bopitmo.

- We understand, Bopitmo is a breach, we are working on that now. He is talking.

I need to tell you, investigators already collected video material against your mental health right now. We will try to let it go. Friendly positive testimony of our doctor. Hands were the therapeutic measure he recommended. Doctor-client relations, all that was made for the healing, otherwise people would stop receiving medical help at all, if there was legal liability. We standing there well.

- Hands are from Evergreen?

- No. Why do you say so?

- Where the hands are from?

- Who knows. What does it matter? I talked about it with investigators, they said 'It could terrorists from Saturn or some science group'.

- '...desperate to get grant'? You think hand are from NSA?

- With us your words will be trusted, do not worry. But don't let them give you medical help from anybody, but the doctor I will bring to you later.

We don't want it to sound in the court - Oh, I hear some voices, they talk to me. And investigators would be happy - Send for the doctor quick, we've got progress.

- Why we do not try insanity?

- Insanity will get you to high security mental institutions of Dittlebritt for the rest of your life. This is not Earth. Unless you want the other option.

- What is the other option?

- We are planning the whole rescue mission, if you know what I mean, - lawyer flapped Doraborsky in the area of elbow.

- You will know, when the time comes, - the last phrase he said conspiratorially, - Help is close, mister Doraborsky, help is close.

He left and Doraborsky made a note on the wall of the cell: 2/22/3052 finally! attorney

Bopitmo is still crying in the next cell. He would not stop.

When investigators came 3 hours later to show Doraborsky ship 'Galactic Rescuer-0' for identification, did not send to search for lawyer. He said though, he would not recognize up front. But that was the procedure. And he could hold his tongue alone.

They delivered what was left from the ship all the way from Dittlebritt. Half hour they were going to some military

base, where they held the debris. That was it - I don't understand anything in technology, would not recognize, how it looks like from the outside for my entire life. Itinerary of the spaceship he drove also did not tell him anything, though he noted that route they showed is too wry for his manner of driving - he would not drive like that.

'Galactic Rescuer -0' black box sounded

'May day , may day charter ... pish... pish...

loosing altitude

charter airplane, hyperdrive vehicle'

Robotic voice croaked the way, Doraborsky never heard, he heard black box first time in his life, he did not understand anything in that, reason of destruction of the vehicle was a satellite explosion, he did total vehicles before, but not this one, no, he could not positively recognize black box model as the one of Galactic Rescuer-0 he was legally driving.

For himself Doraborsky found all those adhesive stickers, announcements, charts, which were glued to the bigger parts of 'Galactic rescuer-0' investigation recovered cognitive and entertaining.

Yellow and black construction stickers were read like:

'recovery team',

'retrieval team',

retrieval is because of unauthorized attempt

Time contraband

There were a few red and white pieces of paper also glued to some fragments of the ship:

SECRET COURT ORDER
RETURN SHIP TO THE INSURER

The huge piece - probably intergalactic motor - was labeled:

700 ton - 1.542.237 pounds
element

weightlessness device : tap on the remote to dive and control the piece.

Attention: construction site like alert.

'Galactic Rescuer-0'

RECOVERY HOLD

Don't recover because

Huge list of reasons.

Doraborsky started to read but Forsgren interrupted him:

- It's none of your business.

They left Doraborsky wait on the uncultivated ground on the folding chair and went somewhere - Doraborsky did not see investigators for a while.

30 minutes later a huge rectangular platform showed up on the horizon.

Doraborsky figured that rescue mission of Evergreen started.

Platform was flying around and Doraborsky was moving and

waiving it by the healthy left hand.

It took a while, till he realized that he need to give platform space to land and don't keep standing straight under.

Spaceship picked the pieces up by guiding them through the force field. It was insurance tow ship, it had nothing to do with rescue.

Investigators picked him up later.

This night he had two dreams.

First.

It was a court room.

Judge was a scrawny Scrooge, though with polite encouraging smile, he talked to himself soundlessly, going through papers, took one, and started to read to the court.

- With a sinking heart I heard today story, told me by the voice from the grave. Eyes of the victims... - then Dorabrosky in his dream from time to time started to loose focus of the words of them judge, and find it again, as it happens in dreams, - ...as officer of the court and any civilized human listen to the voice... but poor condition of mental health... and get such things as... unbelievable, no possible punishment and compensation could quite recover.

Second dream.

It was this cell space. He was awoken, though knowing that he was dreaming.

Guard was addressing Doraborsky, and he was cooperative.

- Mr. Doraborsky, can we ask you please to stand on in the corner of the bed. If you can, yes. We will use your neck for a short period of time, thank you, - guard cunningly used rope to tie his neck to the ceiling, - Okay, now, if you would stand in the corner of the bed only on the heels. Yes, like that. And now... quickly stretch your hands forward.

Day 23 - the 9th of February 3052 - the court

Doraborsky awoke from some horror.

Court Lexis 3 - they should not rename courts like that, people would go back and forth near the doors, would not understand where they are - Lexis 3 - and leave, - Doraborsky thought in the morning when he was transported to the proceedings.

Street before the court building was full of picketers and marchers.

Doraborsky to the kitchen now!

Doraborsky back to the space now!

Hebaraldi chicken to the kitchen now!

Doraborsky was escorted to the respondent table.

- All rise!

When time came, he declined to be silent as lawyer recommended him. Doraborsky did not remember his speech, but it included:

- Administrations come and go, but real problems of people stay. How could we tolerate it this long?

Judge long time silently was discussing something with clerk and politely was smiling to Doraborsky, keeping the eye contact.

It was dream-like.

Finally judge started to speak.

Beginning of his phrase was lost in the noise of the room.

- And illegal... No compensation will compensate completely, there is no excuse for what you are and what you were about to become. No bond, no bond.

- So tightly connected to community, - Doraborsky kicked wooden table leg, he was cuffed to.

Lawyer flapped him in the shoulder.

- There will be a lot falls, and a lot of rises.

Doraborsky long after that heard recessive voices of investigators:

- What is it, this peculiar spotting on the hebaraldi discs, it is from terrorists... Who did the mail inspection?

Another voice:

- Psycho clearance is good. Done by our doctor. Okay.

- Confused carrier is gone, best to my knowledge.

- So, why is he writing the book?

- They will give him few years of creativity, then put to the ditch as usual.

Day 46 - the 3rd of March 3052 - loosing memory

Doraborsky felt much interest in hygiene.

He was sitting in the green room dimly lit by the floor lamp. He had no idea, how he got there. No recollection whatsoever. Head was broken into rudiments of splinter memories.

Some cries by the archangelic voice: RED LINE... good business... alarm clock in the head...

Instinctively he figured a joke, that if he would smear head with sour cream, there would be more brain fibers in there.

His eye adhered from time to time to one point in space. Head was stopping and he could look there few minutes. Probably he could be on the front page of literary magazines with this gaze - he noted that every thought in this state does not go by itself and needed a push. You can be pose for the front page, but you can't really talk, because the head is not working and speech does not come to you easy.

Figure of a person in lite meditation, drawing with the finger in the sand came to his mind.

He shook shoulders and started to search his pockets.

Visiting card. 'Kuklos air'. Phone and time of meeting - 3 pm.

He had a look to the clock near the window. Behind the window was a stadium or a foundation pit in the distance, he saw the first time.

Clock was showing 12 pm.

He walked the floor back and forth and called from technically unusual landline phone with receiver, made from surfaces coming under different angles.

His hands were slightly dry. He would not refuse small amount of moistening creme. Receiver was cold.

- This is Robert Doraborsky about the kuklos Air meeting at 3.

- You want to put you through to mister Kuklos?

- No, I just wanted to make sure that everything is Okay with the meeting. That it will be on time.

- Yes, mister Doraborsky, your stylist will be there.

- Stylist?

- This is for your aviation commercial. For mister Kuklos.

- I will have a role as an actor?

- Yes, sure, you booked it. I am sure your agent already gave you all the detail.

- It is for Kuklos Air?

- Yes. Your aviation instructor will also be on time. Let me look through his schedule and see if we have any notice for you. No, it's all the same.

- I will be flying the plane.

- This time no. It's a boarding commercial.

- This time? Can't you remind me how to get there.

- You mean this new red line train.

- Yes.

- The aviation field starts behind the left wing of 'Eastwest museum'. 'Eastwest museum' train station. You can see museum from the station.

- You mean this will be the plane boarding?

- Kuklos air mini muni. The director Kanavazio will be

waiting for you. Did you get the booklet?

- Yes. I better hurry then.

- Good luck mister Doraborsky. Nice to hear from you again. Doraborsky looked in the apartment for useful things - he found some food in the fridge and took with himself a pack of antacid.

- How do I get to the red line train? - he asked pedestrian on the street.

- This new red line trains. It's two blocks past the Union. Ride took thirty minutes.

Travel tips were precise.

He went past the aviation gate - everyone recognized him - guard had his resume sent ahead.

Michael Monti Kanavazio was sitting in the chair reading newspaper, drinking water from the glass on the table, talking to his assistant and was unavailable. Doraborsky was asked to wait for ten minutes.

There was another man waiting for him.

- Gary, - he extended hand.

- Robert.

Doraborsky grabbed Kuklos air brochure. Minimuni special ventilation effort.

Assistant director opened glass door and stepped in.

While Gary was fat man, in the waistcoat, assistant director was slim very tall and young.

- Gary, do you have resume on you, - he asked.

- Here, - Gary opened suitcase, grabbing it by left hand, but he lost equilibrium. Some of his belongings fell on the floor. Gary caught the balance when it was too late.

Assistant director helped him to recollect some of his things and Doraborsky followed after them to help.

Doraborsky saw that assistant director gave Gary back the state inspector badge.

Assistant director and Gary retired for a few minutes.

Doraborsky did not understand what they talk about, but a few words:

- Again for us nothing, they want to leave all the best for themselves.

- To my new book 'The last stage of degrading', - Gary exhaled.

Assistant director went further into the depth of small hangar, and Gary returned to the lobby.

- Ah, Gary, you are another actor? - Doraborsky asked.

- For minimuni gig, yes.

- How long are you in the business?

- I had an agent since I was a child.

- Your Glevenuzi state badge?

- Daytime I am Kuklos Rescue Program inspector.

- How is Kuklos Air business doing?

- They have problems. Personally I think they will go down quick.

- You already saw the vehicle?

- No, not yet. It's some muni innovation.

- How long you think shoot will take.

- AD promised to wrap before nine.

They were interrupted by Kanavazio, showing head in the crack of open door of glass.

- Bright fresh old colors, - Michael Monti glance was thoughtful, - Dark blue sky, yellows, whites, blacks. New

technology of television, where the less they know you the better. Leadership without leaders. Bustle of gray. Showing people in closeup briefly in turn of heads, eluding cameras, 90 degrees, 45 degrees down, very stylishly, fashion wise, for a moment.

Ah, mister Doraborsky, hi, we need to do a quick speech pattern check. Talk after me.

Cleanliness of hand plays a great part in the hygiene of a child.

Doraborsky repeated.

- Perfect. He are two lines you are going to be saying. Commercial consists mainly of you and another actor in the air. You are aware of all that. Fine. You met Gary. He is another actor, who will be in this commercial with you. No, this is the same pay, I was forewarned that you are curious. Let's go to the aviation field now.

Doraborsky followed them.

- Here. The flying device.

Flying vessel reminded the fish skeleton. Next to it there was silver helicopter.

Director got asked out by the assistant for a minute. He was talked to his ear. Then director returned to them.

- This is graviplane principally with 40 handles for 20 passengers.

Doraborsky found red pattern of scars on his right hand. He was not the competitive choice for hand commercials at first glance. Or may be company wanted his military experience. He did not remember specifically, but felt that he had military experience in the past. Scars on the contrary did not bring any feeling, they were not familiar, nor suspicious. Doraborsky came to mind that he has hesitating posture. He straightened.

Kanavazio broke silence.

- So... This is special ventilation Kuklos air mini muni. It is controlled fully from ground. Passengers hang on handles, flights are short. Two minutes tops. We support three fourths to five fourths of body weight near vehicles, preventing them from falling. If regardless of that someone falls, on three fourths on five fourths of starting weight they will fly up and will be there safe from being hit by the other vehicles, until transportation company unit will not fly for them to pick them up. If passenger feels that handle is too slippery, in flight we sell additional bindings. Actually, they should go very well, believe me. You wanted to ask something, mister Doraborsky? No? It's all just off trials.

- How people with canes travel on that, - Doraborsky asked.

- Oh, I don't know. Kuklos has all the statistics, I am sure. I'll ask him some other day. How many of them there could be.

- Not too many, - Doraborsky laughed at his thought.

- Nothing to worry about. You please hold from this side and you, Gary, from this side. Yes, like that. Let's start carefully, only two minutes - they will be shooting from the helicopter.

They started to fly off. Suddenly on the height of thirty meters, engine started to shake. Doraborsky fell two rows and four handle bindings back - hands were in pain.

Engine continued to shake and one of cargo compartments

opened up. Film production stuff mostly started to fall from it. Gary cried. Last from cargo compartment flew chain with ring and winches from the both sides. Control boxes were on each side of the aggregate. Dorabrsky kicked by leg one of the control boxes, reaching huge green button. Chain aggregate began to contract, hugging Gary legs in the area of laps. He cried louder. Like an acrobat, Doraborsky moved across one binding to the back and put his feet on Gary shoulders. Gary now was not stopping at yelling, and Doraborsky stopped to pay attention.

- Who would sell us additional bindings in flight? -
Doraborsky cried to the helicopter.

Doraborsky was lying in hospital unconscious with bandages on the right hand and gypsum on leg.

On the next bed complex trapeziform white thing was covering legs of Gary below thighs.

Doraborsky suddenly jumped in bed.

- Let's play scull blowers again, - he exclaimed senselessly and with unseeing sight fell back to bed.

This cry attracted only one person, sitting in the same hospital room - senator Carl Kuklos.

He stepped closer to the bed.

Slowly Doraborsky came to senses.

He opened eyes and saw the senator - portrait from booklet!

- I was flying with aviation inspector, planning to send Kuklos air to drain, and nearly got killed. This was assasination, I bet, - he said.

- Acting, mister Doraborsky. You think, you could continue your acting activity? - Kuklos asked.

- I don't think so. I have a broken leg. What about you? Do you have this taste of violation of grave in your mouth?

- It was a great attempt at commercial. An imprint of time, if I may. You have talent. If you would come by my political office...

- What kind of money are we talking here precisely?

- Six digit numbers, at least.

A little earlier our familiar pirates Pikrutota and Adley stood next to each other on the aviation field in the usual mafia attire of hats and scarfs, making identification unlikely.

- Unbelievable that our guinea pigs were rescued, -

alarmingly hissed Pikrutota and shook head in frustration,

- I don't know what is the damage now, but principal victim in this pair was Doraborsky.

We have total absence in the difficult situations, in which we were never present.

Idispadis

Day 53 - the 10th of March 3052 - the EastWest museum.

Now, a week later, his leg had the artificial joint. Memories never returned to Doraborsky, but disposition became much better.

He remembered to appear in the apartments, director Kanavazio, crash on Kuklos commercial, but nothing before that.

It was like he was born there in the age of 47.

He knew about himself from materials, he found at home, some education and army notes, and that he was a writer before. He was not writing now, and had no idea what he was writing, but he promised to catch up on the reading of his novels later.

He started to question if memory loss connected with concussion in flying vehicle crash - his doctor was sure of that - but he was shaking off this self cheating. His memory was lost few hours before that, he was sure.

He tried to remember the details, instead his memory showed quaking glowing grids.

Office of his only connection to the real world - senator Kuklos - was in the rented commercial building in downtown Glevenuzi.

- Senator Kuklos expecting you, - said his assistant, when Doraborsky entered.

The room was paneled with red wood. Kuklos was sitting behing an oak table, looking through the book about proper hand posture for Rubinskii/Rubinstein TV set.

- You write books, mister Doraborsky?

- Retired.

- I always found intrinsic in people to follow some sequence in life. What is your knowledge of law, mister Doraborsky?

- I passed the bar, when I was 24. It was 23 years ago.

- So, you remember everything?

- About minimuni crash?

- About the law?

- I remember nothing.

- Great.

- What is my pay?

- Nobody here concerns of money, believe me.

- We'll see.

- As much as you are unexpected for us, we are unexpected for you.

- I left a letter with my attorney.

- That's not the point. I am sure it will work out fine.

Hot work on the fly. Diving in flashes of journalist cameras. Kuklos Legal Group and the last decisions of Congress. You will never be disappointed. Stendhal 'Red and the black'.

- Lighter is also red and THE black, - Doraborsky got lighter out of pocket.

- You want to humiliate a literary society? But there is no sense.

- With my speed of writing about one incident, which could increase or decrease, there is always sense. I don't think literary society would notice, it's not their field. I am a Richelieu type, I am not bound by the reserve. I choose what I want.

- You talk about yourself.

- With loss of first twenty pages everything becomes unpredictable.

Kuklos pensively looked in the window:

- So, what are you planning to do?

- Sit in the bathroom, wash in the eyes of people of Glevenuzi.

- Then we have a deal.

Doraborsky left.

His silhouette was moving away by the deserted and misty street.

Assistant asked Kuklos with doubt: - You think he is Ok to work. Not yet.

ne sovsem eshe ok Let see that minorities will sign every his statement.

Next day Doraborsky was on the same aviation field. Kuklos tried to include him in his circle and get acquainted, just talk to him a bit more, and he offered to meet. He promised that there would be no need to fly on anything anymore.

They were looking now on something 'Kuklos science' firm called turbofunicular - it was a flying plane to plane device which was intended to be used on Gerinimodus - Labras line.

It was one tenth of a plane, and it was flying about 2500 miles per hour.

Engineers in conference hall showed application, turning on cameras, when something flies in the range of speed 1900-2700 miles per hour - it automatically separated video feed from arriving funiculars from other air traffic or anything like that - Doraborsky would not bet he understands everything correctly.

- In timely fashion human will fly in space on something that small, I believe in that, - Kuklos said, - unbelievable, but this funicular developed by Axel construction bureau was awarded two years ago by golden Glevenuzi transportation medal and immediately took of the production line.

- When those awarded don't care about awards, well, what to say about the others.

- Important to watch, that most forwarding achievements did not simply sink into the oblivion. Now it is much better, than it was in the times, when needs of poor defined the industry.

The wheel carts - that's all they had from industrialization, industrialization which was complete but never completed.

- Many do not know their history in Glevenuzi, how said.

- Let's go to the museum.

Doraborsky discontentedly nodded.

- I remember myself, young, not willing to accept from society tall in amounts society sought from me to accept, not understanding how I got, where I was.

- No, I am fine with museum.

- I am speaking about the education reform. Young people now often seat in the fog of misunderstanding, trying to stick their heads out, and there the waste truck are pinching their heads. On the plastic bag in the hands of Kuklos few dozens of ants appeared. He stopped near the trash can in front of museum entrance, blowing ants by the

air of lungs.

- I am fond of education helping to open in people the new horizons.

Doraborsky and Kuklos continued to walk the blue carpet to the giant double-swing doors into the patio changing to museum hall through the new set of doors. Museum curator went by them and turned at the corner.

- Here are the parts of honored history of Star Way III.

- Fairy world of art - dive in the unknown, - Doraborsky supported the conversation.

- The great art of Glevenuzi in its change not interested to follow heritage.

- The survivor museum. You why it is its second name?

- Everybody knows it. What do you photograph?

- This picture I want to pass to one of our designers. To see if they are the source of inspiration. Somebody joked that if you make reproductions, you could sell them 1 or 2 equa downtown. One of our partners wanted to get them and could not find anywhere. This museum has the rarest samples of inspiration.

Let's take picture 'Already presented' by Utkins.

Expression of doubt on the face of a human in the flying chair with two machine guns, shivering so bad from fire, he cannot keep his teeth together.

- It is the time of battle with aliens.

- Right. Navigation is shaky he almost touches directing flight pipes, and if touches them, he is dead. And this - 'Who never got a pie - the police state' by Ryblosovitz.

- Oh, new Ryblosovitz, I did not see.

- Yes. Aliens insert humans control pipes to the heads - they look now like cyborgs, and aliens have full control for their lives and birth - and we see faceless shiny police robot of chrome, which steps silently behind human. Two antennas above head and the rudimentary gun.

- What evolved now to Stervoznik-Osetsky.

- Precisely. The most widespread weapon. Aliens constrain people to live in arched houses. 'Frog night'. Escape from the alien camp.

- Another Ryblosovitz, unbelievable.

- Yes, they gathered all Ryblosovitz in one place.

Restless sick person with blisters on the face is running from pipe controlled human guard, policing the region.

Alien helipoly police already dispatched and you see vehicle arriving.

Long conic metallic buildings of aliens, alienating landscape.

- You would be a good art critic.

- I was doing it for years, when I was young.

- The picture 'New human' by Sharia. Innocent look of young man - aliens finished the genetic transition. Human race is different. No controlling pipes in the heads anymore.

Period of enlightenment start. Modern period. Line of parking meters and some monorails in the background.

Picture in the 60 feet in other side of museum hall showed field and misshapen chicken.

Doraborsky felt dejavu. Some red shaky were moving inside his head. But he awoke soon.

- You are Okay. You were all white.

- Who is the author of this?

- I don't know. This is not my favorite part of museum. Let's ask the curator. Could you tell us who painted this picture?

- This?

- No, this one is 60 feet. My friend can't calm down the interest.

- It's some old Kleartz.

- Thank you.

- It is like a secret picture. Would do you make for me copy? - Doraborsky asked.

Kuklos photographed.

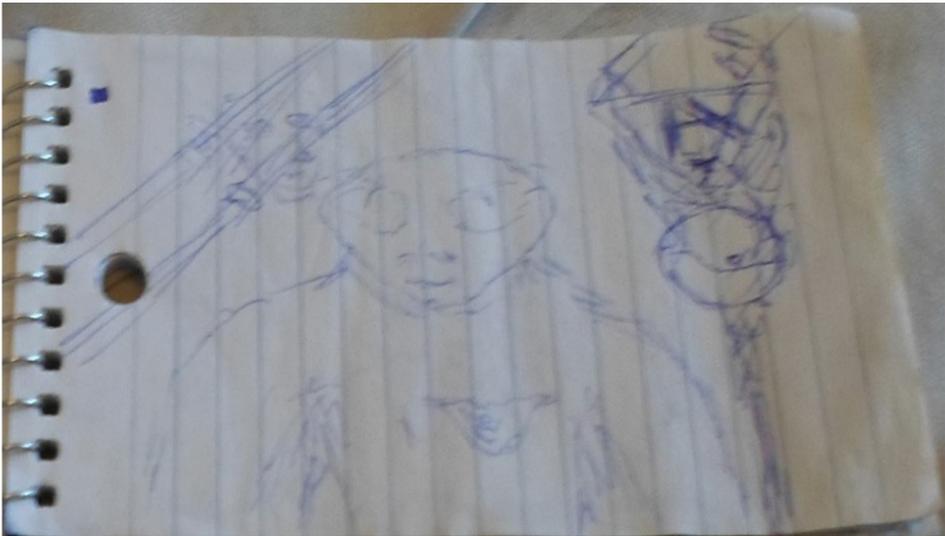
After a while they exited the museum. The picture near the exit showed man bird and food pipes with worms inside and valves with sensing units outside. 'How's this?' was the name of the picture. Doraborsky did not know the author and did not want to ask Kuklos.



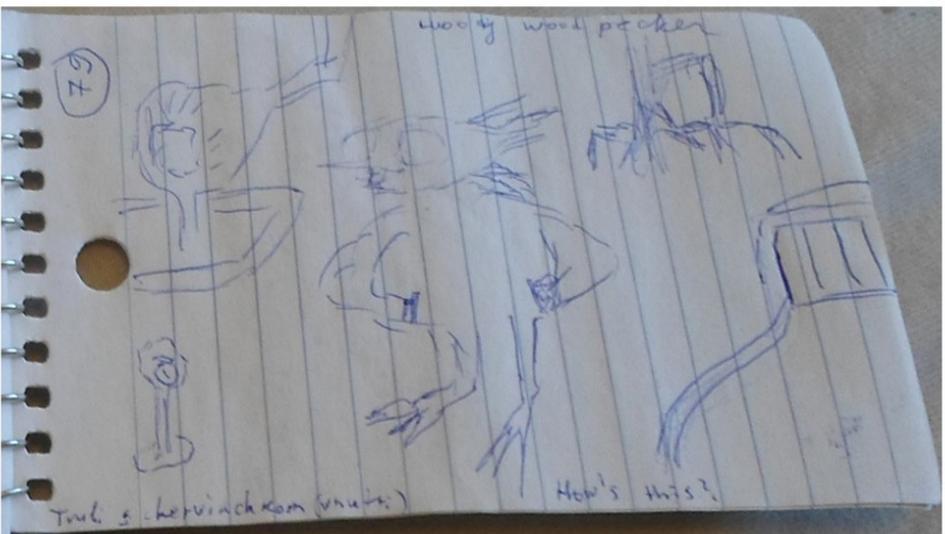
Frog night - Ryblosovitz



Frog night - Ryblosovitz



New human - Sharia



'How's this?' - Dudisob

Day 54 - the 11th of March 3052 - the protesters.

- Desperation of political industry - all of those people making TV promos, others marching with banners, bills and and political breastplates - to approach with secrecy and influence, how to be likable from the best side, what is the the best route curve, and what is the right hand to handle wry key of political billiard while tweaking the poll numbers, searching for roles, each of them play. In want you to help me in the sphere of your expertise, in what you do best. It should contain most of your experience.

We are making this commercial, or, if you want, a short film, the heart of which is in interacting with people on the street. You know, you can hear almost any opinion from the street, almost always they are negative.

We want TV viewers to understand that people from the street are wrong, we will try to show that they don't know what they want, and in some case will be capable in switching their opinion.

So, here we go, making our TV program, listen to the street individuals, no matter how ridiculous the opinion is, I am following in the van behind under cover, in the microphone I am telling you the answers for their needs from Kuklos political program, you make it sound well for the microphone.

First I will comment for TV viewers - this part by my voice - explaining protester looks and their mistakes, so protesters does not hear, then I will explain the right arguments to the protester to your ear phone. What you do with it is up to you. Converse something.

Van will follow and we are filming.

- There will be delays?

- Till I finish my own comment and give you the correct answer to the protester and you present our political insight to him - there will be delays, yes.

- And what I am supposed to do, while there is a delay.

- Pretend that you are thinking or you can take a book to read.

- While protester is waiting for answer?

- Don't get too concerned, there would be many of so called interviews, some work out, some not, we will have a great evening. It's going to be fun. Let's do it.

They started later this day.

Doraborsky noted that he wears the best suit in his life.

- Excellent, this is the place, - Kuklos said in mike energetically.

This politically activity, they carried, took place now on Bridgeport street, not far from Kuklos head-quarters downtown Glevenuzi.

Male person was sitting on the street and watching to the side, holding placard with slashed Kuklos name and talked in the megaphone by faded monotonous voice:

- There will be those who do not suffer at all, will be those who suffer more than others - Kuklos about democracy. Kuklos - brushes with law.

Kuklos - untruth.

Do not vote.

Kuklos is a drop in the politics, not important drop,

automatic principles of Kuklos do not give any changes. Doraborky began to receive Kuklos feed for TV viewers into his earphone.

Kuklos - new broom, which sweeps anew.

Kuklos - understanding

Kuklos - surety

Kuklos - timely commentary on ultraglobalizm.

Ask him what is his main political divergence with my program.

- What is the most important difference of what you propose from Kuklos program?

- He wants to spend all money on military deals while covering himself with humanitarian mumbo jumbo like rescue program.

- Kuklos - is a disability rescue program

Kuklos - nazi planet legislation bill,

Kuklos - prohibition of NUCLEAR SILO cockle shells, -

Kuklos started to narrate.

Doraborsky formed on his face philosophic look, best to his ability, ostentatiously reviewing bay, while there was a delay.

- We need to soften protester. Ask him if he wants tea, - said Kuklos in the mike.

- Would you like some tea?

- Pounded crushed tea in the crematorium in the cups, to remember again about Kuklos militarism. No, thanks.

- Tell him that we are behind prohibition of NUCLEAR SILO cockle shells.

- Kuklos is a rejection of cockle shells.

- Nobody pays attention to all this bullsh*t. Delirium.

Ash-grey. Horned! Kuklos better would tell about under carpet military political activity. This is where he got crazy money from. Naive those who thought otherwise.

- Between us - personalities. Shame on you - we were trying, making homes in the forest for homeless. From the part of money from our political campaign, - Kuklos responded to the microphone.

- What you say about homes in the forest for homeless?

It looked like Doraborsky began to figure secrets of trade.

- In the forest, where you can't really get. Exile! Come on! How much money he spent on this? 1% of political campaign money? No, we think, Kuklos does not want to hear the voice of flagrant.

- How much money is needed to hear the voice of flagrant? - Kuklos asked into the microphone and Doraborsky relayed.

- 300 equa now and I'm out of the streets for one week.

- Is this how much one week cost? And we can take some of this negative anti-Kuklos tendencies, - Kuklos-Doraborsky narrated.

- Yeh, 300 and you cant take this anti Kuklos billboard, I don't need it. Plus 25 equa for me to make new anti-Kuklos billboard later. \$325 all together.

Kuklos jumped out of minivan with photographer, shook hand with the demonstrator and passed over \$325, smiling to the camera.

When demonstrator left, Kuklos and Doraborsky were alone on the pavement of the street, except of the crew in the van.

- So, our TV program did not work out, - Doraborsky asked

Kuklos.

- Why did not work out? Do we have something? Ready, Dan? Have a look.

On the screen demonstrator appeared with sad angry face.

Voice of Doraborsky:

- What do you say about homes in the forest for homeless? Angle changed to the image of the Congress building with photo of Kuklos taking 1/4th of screen and his voice:

- How much money is needed to hear the voice of flagrant?

- You cant take this anti Kuklos billboard, I don't need it, - demonstrator face was much happier.

Angle changed again to Kuklos voice and the text on the screen.

- Kuklos - homes in the forest for poor.

After that smiling senator Kuklos shaking hand with the demonstrator.

They made another turn.

- This! - Kuklos excitedly recommended from minivan.

- Kuklos or me - somebody should get out of this street, - the man was crying, showing finger to Kuklos head-quarters.

- What if we offer you \$325. You will stay then? - Kuklos-Doraborsky narrated.

- People, deaf to the voice of true romance. Now, when everything is over, they want to hear our opinions, oh, eh.

- Modern society is not only in sitting with smart gaze and rummaging in the trash containers, but about responsibility, - Kuklos said in microphone for prospective TV viewer.

- Ask him - will not take 325 from Kuklos to stay, from whom he will take?

Doraborsky rephrased:

- Here you said, - he turned back to the wind, blowing from the bay, - that you did not even think about taking money from Kuklos. In that case from whom those money you will take?

- Kuklos sits in this minivan? Know, I saw it.

- Why are you so sure?

- Let him throw 300 in the window, then he should drive off a bit, then I will take.

- World of social justice changed for sin, unmannerly and trousers free, - Kuklos narrated to microphone, - Ask him, what is written on his placard?

- You turned placard to the wall? What is on it?

- Kuklos - garbage nit, what else is written.

- Can you show it to us?

- No, why should I show.

- Ask, what is with his self-determination? - Kuklos was interested from minivan.

- Kuklos - garbage nit, you said. I suspect you are not sure about your self-determination. How do you see your political input?

- Political input? Always! Two different question 'Who am I?', 'Where am I?'. Politician like Kuklos will soon ask alms, charity on the street, but we will not give.

- So cruel?

- Yes.

- Ask if he wants something else? - Kuklos relayed to the microphone.

- May be you want something else, not 325, we talked about

- Doraborsky asked.
- You can put in my hat cheese, eggs, could recommend him... so I would not see.
- To whom... to Kuklos?
- I will be going for a few minutes, then.
- Why would he do anything like that? I am speaking hypothetically, if he was sitting in the van, you refer to.
- I don't know. It's like they say in Glevenuzi, if you have enough sausages, you would stand anything typhoon.
- You love folk stories, fairy tales of all sorts?..
- Yes.
Kuklos asked from minivan: - Ask him if he is not from that brainless generation?
Doraborsky turned hands in the air from side to side:
- I am not really sure if you are not from that stupid reckless generation?
- Skull had shell, but nobody recognized him. You call me stupid? Humiliation! Give me then 325.
Kuklos jumped out of the van.
- I saw you Kuklos! I knew you are there, - demonstrator cried gripping fists and clenching teeth.
Protester came to him and started to beat. Doraborsky pulled the phone and called the police.

Day 61 - the 18th of March 3052 - the banquet.

Banquet was dedicated nazi planet legislation bill. Doraborsky did not know the specifics, but he had strong suspicion that many others also do not know that. Or could not name the list of political opponents of Kuklos in it for that matter.

It was one week after beating incident and Kuklos was still wearing cast on the right hand, nevertheless he was gathering the guests.

At eight in the evening it was late already.

Doraborsky drove through giant folding open gates of Ritz. He parked on two side parking and headlights of car draw the silhouette in the dust.

Small figure was closing face by hands from the light.

Advisor at State Security Cowles was on time.

- Hey, Doraborsky - the new right hand of Kuklos. Sharing light on intelligence. Nice to see you.

- I don't think, I know you. Are you... Cowles? The Advisor at State Security Cowles. I never saw you outside of newspaper print.

- It's Okay, you didn't. My job to know everyone. Ritz... Well, well, rarity of statement, he made to the world or what was in it, - Cowles threw glance towards columns. Robot with white shoulders from 'Robotworld' brand picked Doraborsky's keys and gave a punched-card receipt.

It was unusual day from the point of luck, as it happens a lot. Doraborsky meandered in the corridors of Ritz with giant shining cut-glass chandeliers and in the first very hall, where he entered beating of robot-waiter was happening. The ending of it took place at the first table with baseball bat.

Group of drunk socialites were sweating over the robot remains, and it was hard to tell, what it did to them. Considering their condition even they probably did not quite know.

- What if we would put this wheel there. May be it will start. No. Only feetfirst.

- Some sort of blockage here.

- Soda water?

- Remember, Stephen, old soda water machine, ATM, 10 equa cents throwing in it, it turns away from you and drives off on the small wheels - no water. Ah, what the times that were.

- People destroy robots all the time. What is there to get frustrated?

- We are 5000 equa down. Who brought baseball bat anyway?

- We can live insensibly somehow. Kuklos will pay.

- But he will never call us back after that.

- Is this blood?

- This is not blood, it feels like water-colour - there is no haemoglobin. Skull also like football - you won't really break it.

- So, what the catch? Why does not work.

- Who has a stethoscope?

- Puls 15/9, - drunk doctor or veterinary surgeon muttered.

- Yes, I see. Eyelids are cyanotic blue, eyes don't shine.

It is dead.

He hit robot in the breast one time in frustration.

- Does not work. Pull with your shoulder in the back of the head... - somebody from the back said.

Look at gaping on the floor technology of a robot was interesting, actions of the dressed to the last fashion 'repair team' on the knees were unusual and Doraborsky felt omnivorous curiosity, like never before, since he was child. Doraborsky would stay here forever, but robot was already about to be taken away by the stewards of the hotel - other robots.

Doraborsky stepped back in the corridor and after new lottery like dodging in the premises of Rits joined the group of laughing people in the room with six dining tables.

Doraborsky went straight to them.

Pudgy lady said to him: - Doraborsky, you have that look - Sorry, I am not here, please call other time.

- We are familiar?

- We are all getting familiar, getting familiar, until we are familiar, - she laughed.

Serving robot removed from his chest dish - no, not the dish, the entire part of table with meat, cut in the giant oval.

- Boat co-operative store 'On the boat' is greeting you, - slim man of 40 with orange hair cried.

- Ha-ha. Supply from bakery was served to the wrong table - honorarium decreases.

- Cowles signed in the check CIA 20\$ pizza. We all saw.

- We will light candle for you. How much smoke!

- You can close eyes, nose and mouth and choke.

Assistant director ran to film director Kanavazio.

- Sorry to disturb you sir, but there was a development. They wanted me to tell you that this actor needs to win audition for El Sadek and that he was on the audition, while he was not, or may be they want just to show how they can program what I say. Because my level of intelligence is not that I understand all this superhuman game. He showed some photograph. Kanavazio staggered.

Kanavazio lifted chin to his face and said something.

- For every visitor three times a day portion of lies, - fat fifty years old male deafeningly said a toast.

- To imitate incorrect glasses hero gets prescribed the wrong glasses.

- Carefully. They were joking and joking and their jokes came alive, - Kanavazio said.

Seeing Kanavazio, Doraborsky experienced headache. Bloody grids started to flow in his head, and he scared, that he will fall. But no.

Minute later he moved to the next table, time was barely enough to stumble on robot-steward and spread on him coffee creme cake.

- Uncleanliness on the head, leg and the forefinger, going to wash, - it scraped with some following modem tones.

Doraborsky dove into the ocean of sounds of the next table.

- I say, Becchio is just trying to litter train with his presence, - man of fifty with gray mustaches in the blue suit said, - shame, which is impossible to stop. President campaigns are always full of strange people who are not there to win.

- Oh, yes, housing reform of Becchio. Negotiable prize -

search for housing - plus rent immediately increases on \$3000.

- All for housing reform, - young man in glasses toasted and drank from local.

- Did I mention already, Kovrolux is -5% interest on Becchio. About bad say nothing or good.

- Measuring political pressure by stars.

- It is like we don't know how they do it in this art, just throw all this dirt on the page...

- Yes, this is a political killing.

- Whom to kill?

- Murder will be put on Dave, so he would not try next time, because there is no next time.

- Question is who will to the street corner and start to shoot from machine-gun.

Minister Guerra came to the table.

- What is it here? Correct new thoughts as opposite to old incorrect.

- We think, Dave does not have anything like that, all he has are from some vicious cycle of 'stereotypical standards'.

Very old slim duchess type of female stood to the side from the table, and Doraborsky came to her.

- Don't you know, who is the main political opponent to Kuklos?

- Becchio.

- Thank you. So lost and then so found.

Laundry robot went by.

- Common picture, - Kuklos entered the room, - everybody, freeze for one minute. vse stoite smirno minutu. Ready, Mike? - he nodded to the curator of the hall, standing next to him with big camera. Camera immediately printed huge photo poster.

- Oh, mister Doraborsky! 'Kuklos for bigger tomorrow.' What you think? Everybody on the poster is eating. Now people will see all this food, with this slogan would not roll by,

- Kuklos broke in laughter, rocking cast on the right hand up and down, - Translucent holograms of policemen they sent. It's like nobody wants these jobs! if something serious, I hope, they will send something real from metal to aid us next time.

Kuklos was out of air laughing.

- Hey, Blaise! Would you cover me for Saturday?

Getting the positive answer, unknown to Doraborsky another young man said: - Went to church on Sunday, was sitting reading the book on the bench on Monday, bought for myself a computer keyboard and this is how I became a key member of Kuklos board!

enchanted, captivating, bewitching

- That what I always say - this is the place there it is easy to get any amount of cover powder. This is the place!.. Enchanting! - man in blue suit supported.

- Some quite fast figure, that if they want to film about Kuklos, there are huge table-cloths of goods coming from the sky literally, - probably cinematographer, dressed in black suit and dicky-tie, said.

- Square deals were the only options in Glevenuzi, I would have, - young man concluded.

With regret Doraborsky had to notice, that it's time to go

home. This was a good day. He participated in political debate, got scattered a bit and was not very tired. He was waiting for the car and waiving punched-card key in the hand, but all the serving robots were busy. Gentleman in the blue suit was standing near him also holding the punched-card key.

- Waiting for the car? Service is bad here, as always. It's like inserting punched-card into the refuse chute, and it writes: 'Garbage does not match'.

He cunningly turned punched-card receipt around the fingers few times.

- True political victory could be only considered victory, when you meet people and strike them with your intrinsic humor, - Doraborsky made a grimace and laughed the very first time.

Day 62 - the 19th of March 3052 - Rundek Brimbau.

Doraborsky was invited in Kuklos downtown office at 1:45pm. He was forewarned that Kuklos needs his legal expertise.

When Doraborsky appeared, Kuklos was seeping coffee.

- Superplanning, hospitality - world we live in. Political formation - hospitalism - is our way of life. Aliens, time, immediate transportation, endless scanning, ways of communication - we can possibly find what others don't have words for. I called you because you will be the one to end the formalities in the nazi planet legislation bill. You of course know, where it is.

- Of course.

- Legal space between Mercury and Venera is very different, because there planet could be played or lost in card game, or taken away for the illegal activities.

- So close to Earth.

- Yes, cultural roots, nostalgia.

- So go there, nazi planet is called Rundek Brimbau station, practically not a station, a small planet.

- I can drive spaceship.

- No, take public transport of Rilindus. Get where fast, I will arrange pick up, take this - a locator.

- Don't you think on the signing of that caliber there could be terrorists and to take locator is dangerous.

- They don't have your number, don't be paranoid. Wrap it till the end of the day.

So it went, and Doraborsky found himself on the aviation station Rundek Brimbau, when commuters already left.

Doraborsky kept searching in the pockets for locator to show him where the meeting party is.

Another spaceship started to descent. It landed almost on his head, in a few meters from him, to be precise, but Doraborsky almost did not notice it not looking up - it was too fast.

Doraborsky jumped few inches to the opposite side - this action changed nothing. In a minute he was lost in unfamiliar memories. Pipe in the sky. Giant metallic pincers coming from there. Cold sweat came to his forehead. Officer in convertible jeep with open top stopped car near his feet. Military police.

Next to the glove compartment there were three semi-transparent boxes with hot coffee, heated from the electricity of engine.

- Doraborsky?

- That's me.

- Want coffee?

- Yes, please.

- I remember, we were coffee free society until 'zahaburiso vanije'. Many dissidents remember 'zapuhlosivanije' - picking our clothes from the houses. Stupid! - MP face wrinkled up, - Wie schnell die Zeit vergeht!

Doraborsky finished drinking.

- Okay, I see. I wanted to finish the legal business. Like they say - the quicker - the better.

- Macht schnell! Independent value, independent product, solitary confinement.

They came to the signing place.

Here they used small moving on the surface high-altitude construction elevator - like a small crane without jib.

- Speakers of nazi planet congress were uncuffed, they were signing the interplanetary consent and were cuffed and sent back to the small houses, stacked on top of each other, like railroad wagon toys for children, where they could remove cuffs.

- I remember, enemies were freezing in such carriages all alive, b-z-z-z, icy horror film.

- You live in the world of old dreams I see, - Doraborsky shook head with a smile.

Day 63 - the 20th of March 3052 - the flaw.

Kuklos called Doraborskogo at 8 am. This was a pressing call.

- We lost airplane in Qigley Real Reserve, - he started, when Doraborsky crossed the threshold, - Airplane was overloaded. Industrial robots cut legs to the passengers for space and weight economy on the rescue vessel.

- Oh. I heard disturbing imagination gossip. I thought it's all there is to it. Next, I am not much of the lobby for Kuklos emergency - cut legs is not for me, I am sorry.

- Where would you hear the gossip from?

- From the street work nine days ago. They were saying Kuklos disability and rescue is made of economy of money for Kuklos Air.

- How would you estimate transportation needs of the regions, desperate for aviation contracts?

- It never was made legal best to my memory.

- It is one of few countries where our rescue and disability went through the democratic process. Temecula. It would change anything for you?

- Temecula? There is crazy wild government of dictate.

- Yes, I must agree, but Kuklos rescue and disability has big influence there.

- Undefinable mixed people. There are some more rumors about them - they kill people there in the palace and make it look as nothing happened by sticking them in the closets. You know what is their symbol of justice? Some body-builder kicking the scales in the hand of roman statuette of justice wearing a blindfold.

- Rumors exaggerate as always. It used to be this way ten years ago. Now this is an arctic region, place of popular arctic tourism. Robert, I need your help again.

- So I have to become emergency lobby for Kuklos Air against my will. Make it go away with aviation inspectors.

- It's more complex than this I am afraid.

- New flow in justice - transcourt. Some foreigner-rascal enlists himself with tourist visa and tries to sue local companies for moral damage. Temecula is a poorest region. Glevenuzi is rich. Money for damages and suffering are ten times bigger. Lawyers even will pay for his stay in count of partial interest from the outcome of the case. Everybody expects, that rich local companies will look in their subsidiaries and find top dollar for what they are not even supposed to pay, because entire event of damages is happening in another country.

If was a Glevenuzi government I would stay away from judgement of events on the foreign territory far, as if it was contagious plague, Glevenuzi can be buried in that, how they can not see. Any legal dilettante will find them precedents in Glevenuzi of course, what it costs and what is the difference in the worth of the damages between Glevenuzi and Temecula, for instance. Payout will be higher ten times.

Companies get wrongly convicted, at best get mistrials on which they receive little to no cooperation with the system of justice, no matter if strategy and tactic of defense changes or not.

What happened is that an hour ago I got a law suit.

Compensation would never be awarded in the courts of Temecula and even if it does, it is cents in comparison to worth of Kuklos rescue and disability.

So lodger of law suit of Temecula crash got already to Glevenuzi and filled it in with Glevenuzi Court.

Gaze of Doraborsky did not reflect sympathy or antipathy.

Kuklos repeated himself.

- Watch all this. I need a legal getaway from this as soon as possible. I won't tolerate any influence of this on my campaign. Also collect samples. With all legal precaution deliver legs to our scientists before we clean there everything. May be we use it in the court, may be not, it depends of how it goes.

- Jak....

Doraborsky picked two packets with tapes from Kuklos office and went one floor down the building, where he was able to borrow big office with tape players.

Doraborsky was sleepy and parts of phrases went through his brain like clouds.

Looking at Temecula protest lines Doraborsky felt hypnotic effect and his breath became more even and calm.

Long pieces of skin from the legs, blood was flowing like small spring, then there were some protester placards -

Kuklos to the Congress.

Kuklos for fast amputation.

- and some more banner with inscription -

INCISIONS - TORTURE, butcher!

Then Doraborsky started to watch some Kuklos aviation legality commercial.

Mongoloid female with two legs cut was dancing in the prothetics.

Kuklos Disability & Rescue prothetics - in the footprints of the real legs.

Next commercial started with text.

Kuklos Air Disability and Rescue

How legal is this? Perfectly legal. Visit us at

www.perfectlylegal.com

smiling beneficiary of Kuklos rescue:

'I did not take my legs today'.

Doraborsky also smiled almost sleeping. He was sad there was no bed near by.

Next commercial showed fabric worker employed on the production line:

- Where are the original legs?

- Original legs are lost, senior.

- People want to be young rather than old and independent rather than dependent - Kuklos disability & rescue - the foundation of humanity.

After this commercial Doraborsky fished out of packet tape of Kuklos Air for the local channel.

TV program 'Debauch' - Doraborsky was listening to the lines and lines of dialogue.

- As you all know, Kuklos Air want more and more disabled to be involved in the everyday activities.

Meticuous, picky speaker was expressing resentment.

- Kuklos airplanes - they have new airplanes which do not meet the safety requirements.
 - In your opinion what impact does it make on the social outlooks of Temecula.
 - Shameful disability program finds its disabled shameful.. shameful I said already?.. disability program finds disabled shameful end.
- The last words speaker said fast.

Day 64 - the 21th of March 3052 - Quigley Reserve.

Roar of helipoly stuck in the ears of Doraborsky causing wish to beat them. From the headphones through the internal telecom he could hear the only other person - pilot - and cry him back into the microphone in the helmet.

- We have here iron ore, the small mines, built some green labyrinths, sorry, do not satisfy any aesthetics. Pigs are smoking all the time.

- What? - Doraborsky instinctively tries to press headphones against the ears, to hear at least something, but it did not affect the noise.

- Sh*tty pigs, I say, smoking all the time, prevent normal transport navigation in the mountains. Will stumble upon - depressurization of cockpit, that's it.

- A-a-h.

Doraborsky wrote down in the note-book roughly:

Iron pit is possibly responsible for the crash.

- So what are you? You are something like Crash Site Supervisor General for 'Kuklos air'.

- Yes, yes. How much time does fall take after depressurization of cockpit usually?

- There is no fall. Get into the rock, depressurization, nothing is moving, will be burning for a while, then will freeze to death. The Arctic. In this latitude aviation depressurizes like a ship on the shoal. Weight is the same anyway.

- Yes. When did you first time hear of crash?

- I got message from Carl. Some legs. So, I thought service of context in helipoly is slightly out. Some crazy sh*t. I beat into a screen a bit - nothing changes.

- Carl...you mean Kuklos?

- Yes, Carl Kuklos, yes. They sent then some photos to make us understand what we are dealing with. Psychos and moral freaks of all sorts are spread among normal people, I tell you.

- Legally it is more correct to say, if you are sick, you are already not normal.

- What?

- Okay. So what what was the view, when you first arrived.

- I saw it well. From the legs your legal opponent could cook barbecue, if you know what I say. You rarely see this. Prize of profession. If you walk vacillating ways at night you receive all those amazing prizes - body, head of a human.

- What do you mean?

- The usual cleaning of crash sites. I wonder how it would feel at first, when rescue machine saws you legs and leave you in the snowy desert.

- Later they would pick.

- That's right. I mean, aftertaste entirely. Then all of those commercials - Work of our friend goes well. After his left ear and eye got amputated he still uses his instruments.

- The conversation there is about legs.

- I am speaking of aesthetics. Entertainment for some special, probably elitist, taste. Crushed tea in the

crematorium in the cups. Marinated fingers.

- Legs?

- After work of the Kuklos Amputation Rescue machines legs look like smashed brain.

- A-h.

They were on position. Crash site was situated on the ice-floe. Intelligence robot from Kuklos legal opposition shined the non-corrosive steel, and moved quickly around on wheels poking by metal head and two long hands.

Doraborsky came down from helipoly and packed few legs and some body parts in the legal hermetic packets.

- Looks like nobody is with ticket. They all left already.

- I feel sick of it.

- If they stole our hospitals case history, we would cut their head. Yes!

- It feel like they did it already. Let's go.

Noise of helipoly, landing, transfer to the charter turboplane Temecula-Glevenuzi, everything mixed in Doraborsky's head. He escaped to the VIP lounge of turboplane, plumped into arm-chair before a TV plasma panel, turned channels different few times and left picture of talking Kuklos.

'Speeches on ultraglobalism'

...Next to the mail reform. Robotic delivery. I think this reform, that everybody receives trig mechanical duck is just around the corner.

Mail: that's it. Timeline! More, bigger, faster!

Away construction, away reorganization. When time comes they have nowhere to go. We are mapping your world - cloning now the city structures.

Wattage low and we don't have light. Somebody should take side of our veterans.

Kuklos electric company was always the stone of stereotype.

Where was a conditioner, it becomes a menace immediately.

Also nobody today could be deaf to the voice of dramatic social tragedy - crash of the turboplane in Temecula. I will not forget to bring the word of compassion today, - Kuklos looked at his watch, - 6:34 pm.

This tragedy raises the legitimate questions about the structural capital investment and unification with your capital around rescue & disability, which works now around this sector of problems.

You will see, that very soon Rescue&Disability will become more productive and well thought-out, than ever before.

Believe me, that this is not the same as to tell dying from cancer that he does not have tumor. When do broad jump there is a special ruler to measure how you jumped.

Moral reflux of this activity will become more circumspect.

No need to remind that modern families have medical insurance and bright look into the future.

It used to be unclear. Meaning goes clear from here.

I remember insurance in times, I was young.

This barefaced greasy collars with half took off pants, who decided everything.

I already received today law suit about turbolet crash from sufferer.

I hope that real problems, but not 'how to say something' were regarded by the Court all these years.

Impossible does not turn into possible, but it should turn into possible. Simple example of that.

Regardless of prohibition of animals and birds on the territories of Pelukl 'Kuklos air' won 8 years of litigation and opened new ornitological institute where we can study ascending and landing of the birds from precise calculated scientific formula.

Rates of refinancing of this effort cost us significant reduction of the usual partial bottom revenue.

'Kuklos agricultural' is no longer a shell for tax reduction. It is always possible that you sowed everything and nothing grew. Everybody was in the situation when tax inspector comes and asks 'Why do you not grow any cultures declared for property tax reduction?' and you answer 'Everything has been eaten already'.

We are the people who look to the world with the wide opened eyes.

Do not forget also that absence of interest to the final buyer leads eventually to the absence of final buyer.

How it was in the poetry: and this fool not me alone.

This is where our problems start. They will work for us and we will supervise.

The most important is that influence does not work here and everybody knows who did it. And this is analyzing only what kind of average parallelepiped of crime is being committed.

if you have already those tlg-ret files, everybody are talking about, you don't have to guess.

'Kuklos industries' establishes Glevenuzi as a country of unquestionable morals, morals unknown to our political opposition.

When nobody asks you to sing, everybody is glad that you do not sing.

- Trash bins they brought and think they have craftness.

We loved that speech of my political opponent Becchio was only 2000 words. What a reduced unprofessional political speech!

Thank you.

Doraborsky fell into half coma, half dream till the arrival of turbolet, but could not sleep completely. His duty was to drop by body parts to the laboratory, he put them on the cart with two wheels.

Something in the area of sensitive evidence lawyers had to do on their own.

He went behind the curtains of customs, and was attacked by the journalists.

- What can you tell about situation in Temecula?

In half-sleep he made a distantiating gesture by hand:

- Yes, of course, many today want to see aviators like a group of full idiots.

Some more movement against swimming mental flow of sleep - Kuklos laboratory. Autopsy pathologist muttered:

- Hand and leg of the same type. Expert conclusion: human by the look hand and leg.

He wrote something in the report. To Doraborsky it all looked like 'Professor Marionette, could you please look into some formulae? Analysis is positive.' That was all their professionalism.

- What am I doing here? - Doraborsky thought.

Going to Kuklos office Doraborsky all the time was waving away unvisible ghosts.

- I resent all this rubbish, resent it.

Doraborsky entered office, and Kuklos greeted him from threshold:

- Why human is not bird? If I wanted to be a bird, I would want very light tubular bones, 40% of weight of the body is gone. I always looked to doves with interest, they reminded me of freedom, when I wanted to run away from home in childhood. Did you see my appearance on TV?

- A-ah. I watch them all. But today's one was some politically liquid suspension political suspension, I am afraid. A little spread, - Doraborsky shook hands.

- Are you disappointed?

- I did not expect, that I will be put on the arctic block of ice and towards me the entire cemetery will be moving.

- Okay, - Kuklos said thoughtfully, - I'll sent Tierney for legal catch up. Nothing to worry about.

Doraborsky sat in the arm-chair and began to scratch leg. Some ant was in the shoe.

- I saw the banquet video feed. Incident with the serving robot. You stayed there till the end, till the robot remains were taken away. You looked curious.

- Oh, you spy on everyone, - Doraborsky did not respond further.

Kuklos looked him in the eyes.

- Remember the time you sent to Nautical Bureau a proposal 'Under water suitcases for the writers - dive and write'.

'Water is wet water is free'. This 'buy yourself diving writer suitcase the day you write' slogan. Unforgettable rich idea. I can make this happen. You will be the president of this business. You still want it? I want you to 'go you'.

Doraborsky did not remember, but this was the time - he had neurolinguistic programming in the head or anything like that probably - he was very interested - he had a deja vu feeling.

Day 132 - the 28th of May 3052 - the underwater test.

Team consisted of 5 engineers. They were working 8 hour night shifts on the Doraborsky blue prints, when harbor was not much occupied by vessels.

They started to test not long before May.

Kuklos come by on the 28th of May to see how project is going and to sign another NDA - non disclosure agreement of his.

Doraborsky seemed that he told to one of his assistants 'Writers underwater suitcases - this is a concept of idiocracy'.

But Doraborsky heard poorly and was not sure - it was just some mutter.

Underwater suitcase was made of aluminium.

Writer is a business of isolation.

Kuklos intelligence team offered quantum spyglasses with microscopic u 1 - even under water somebody on surface could see how writer's work is going on. Video feed enveloped the writing space and you could see with navigation equipment not only what book is being written, but what is in the wallet.

- What do you think about writing two pages under water, - Kuklos aske Doraborsky.

- I'll send my assistant down there right now, - Doraborsky politely agreed.

- No, I mean you. You never did it. It's like swimming, but under water. Until you don't get lungs full of water, you won't drown. Joke.

- Oh! - Doraborsky reached Kuklos ear by palm, fingers of which recollected sea shell, - I never do it. Where is warranty, it will not be another minimuni special ventilation project.

- You said, you have letter with your attorney, - Kuklos radiantly smiled, - We want you to enjoy it. To have fun. Please. We are waiting.

- I don't trust your diving suits.

Kuklos started to clap hands. Group of five engineers supported him.

Doraborsky started to dive, keeping silver of suitcase in the area of his hips and hands the way, the elbows were slightly pulled up.

He already dove in, and the green outline of the shore started to move away, when he turned on the manual navigation.

- Will be writing two pages now. Watch. Somewhere here it is bottom,.. - Doraborsky loudly optimistically cried into the mike descending from under the left year.

Group of blach suited divers grabbed him from all sides. Doraborsky resisted, and they made painful injection into the foot. Top screen, visible only when Doraborsky was lifting head, showed depressurization in the area of boots. This was the last, Doraborsky remembered.

He awoke in the captain Nemo submarine type of room. This was his first impression. When he managed to reach the porthole, he saw the underwater village with white construction androids, making welding here and there. Fifteen minutes after that open desperation seized him. He

started to drum on the walls of metallic room or container or whatever else he was in by the fists.

- I beg you, take me away from here. No, no, I can't stay here any longer.

Five minutes later door opened with hiss, and Kuklos entered.

- Kidnapping is a joke.

- What is it all about?

- Okay, we need to talk. Step outside.

Corridor on the outer side was connecting to another giant underwater bunker. Algae touched twisting in arcs transparent glass walls.

- Where am I?

- This is a TV studio.

- Who does television translation under water?

- Underwater translation? No, no, we make a TV translation through time! We are broadcasting 10-15 years back.

- Why do you need it?

- We are changing times. Accurately. Not like others. We know all of your future. TV studio of Doraborsky of a future. You were an important figure.

- What is in the future?

- You work... worked in the NSA half time, and you was a TV star.

- A TV star...

- Show in Ublimozis in 'Dance of success' about robots. Bio science - the entertainment - with great humor - you need to see it yourself! We are just synchronizing. Keeping future the same. Or making adjustments. You are a VIP. 'What if I do not agree with the future' - that is what you always say next.

- What if I do not agree with the future.

- Echoing. And next you say 'What is going to happen to me now?'

- Echoing? I will not say 'What is going to happen to me now?'

- It is not an important deviation.

- What is next? I need the details.

- You are used to not agreeing with future. Big Moon and Glevenuzi - this is all because of you. Doraborsky felt a jolt, while searching parts of memories which were hard to access.

- This sounds familiar... But I don't know anything about it... Don't remember... Some dreams... I feel tired and sleepy. I don't remember.

- Now, when you are so paranoid, go - walk the underwater NSA station. This is not an imprisonment. Don't break anything. We will see what you are up to. When you get bored we will talk again.

- Okay, okay, I will go back to my room to sleep. We will talk again, - Doraborsky muttered now and talked to the side, wondering what did they injected in him. Even analytical thinking became uneasy.

Kuklos was smiling. He moved away by the corridor, reached the semi-transparent underwater elevator and ascended to the upper tier, surrounded by the giant waveguided dancing algae.

- I'll take this artificial stone, - Doraborsky bended on one knee, took the stone - light papier-mache replica with

attached to it green paper grass - and slowly rose on feet.
- Yes, yes. Rich. Will buy themselves another one again.
With stone he returned to his cabin.