



MALE TEXT FROM THE EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC

With my new iLyrical eyes, I am able to see what I do as if it was a movie. Life is much more real like this. Now I hold the box I just took out from safe nr. 2047 and I lay it down on the table in the safe hall. What a strange picture: sweat on metal; a close-up of a drop of sweat upon the metal wall of the box. Am I sweating that much? Drops fall from my hair, forehead, hands, how is it possible? It is not that hot in here. I feel warm but also cold, could this be what history books call "nervousness"? (Warning: only males with minimum recommended age and in possession of official documentary proof are allowed to listen to this text.) My mission is extremely delicate. I have to pick up the fossils in the boxes with certain key figures and pass them over to an agent I don't know and who I must, in the meantime, identify. I look around, to see if she is already there, but I see none who gives me all certainty. For this, even my new eyes are unable to help me. I know she is blond or blondish or, at least, with light hair. Her code name is MRKL 19-39. We are both agents of the European Democratic Republic, but guaranteed incompatible in terms of LV/SX, since we were transplanted with different *ormones* in the throat. I don't know why, I really don't like the name given to the chips the state implants into our body so that we can be what we are. They say it is a tribute to an old quality of our ancestors, the human beings; that they had hormones with "H", and now we have *ormones* only with "O". I don't know what it is, but this sound always makes me feel sick. *Ornone*. It is just a little card, a chip; the brand of my chip is Nike or Niké, hers is Boss. Her authorization level is two points above mine. We are totally incompatible; there is no danger, in that perspective. But in fact the operation is extremely delicate because the material is of inestimable value in terms of information and therefore of power. The material in question consists of fossils of the future. Objects collected from some Cliff X-82 caves under complete secrecy; white things, almost white, almost gold, almost sun, almost all colours, which scientists claim are information left by beings from the galaxies of the future. I don't have that clearance level, but from what I could understand, beings from a place beyond the space-time curve have step back here and left a collection of objects. These here. Of course, that's why I'm sweating. Those ultra-galactic beings look at us as we look at the stars, which are in the past and still shine. Those are, therefore, wiser objects than we all, with all our iLyrical eyes, all our iNo ears, all our iTunes languages. (Warning: each listener listens to the text in his own language but, in the minor languages, also called Latin languages, the words may have viruses which disrupt the officially correct understanding of the text.) The mentioned objects seem many things. The mission consists in passing this material from my hands to hers without anyone noticing. The European Democratic Republic State does not want hostile powers to discover the potential of it. So we have to proceed as if we were ordinary citizens with 0-zero authorization and as if this was just a private transaction. Through the cinema of my iLyrical eyes I see that: the mentioned objects are many things. Some look like gems, a few like parts of some. Some others look like made of bones or from bones. And there is a big egg, and dishes with what could be leftovers, a party over, and old liquids. And there are coins and



buttons, shoes and spoons; things that are things-almost or things-more-than; all of a uselessness that has to be, that can only be, that cannot be otherwise, superpowerful. If the future is like this, it is beautiful indeed and very dangerous. (Warning: at this point, dear listener, whatever you do, do not look around you.) In the boxes that the safes gave birth to, bits of ideas already dried but still with a smell that is not ours. The impossible smell of the fluids with almost all colours in which these newborn fossils were brought from space. *Futurossils*. Thing-objects. There are many different; boxes, shells, stamps; nor so subtle mechanisms, undoubtedly a joke that the beings from the future left us as a present. Not all people would be able to enjoy this kind of silent joke, only those with the *Umor ormone* from level 3 and higher, I suppose. And there are cosmic gold and comic mirrors. And furthermore this cushion of clay I have right now in my hand; a cushion of clay within a silver net. According to my agenda, this is the first object I should give agent MRKL 19-39. But I look around and I see so many different people. They cannot all be her. The only option is to press the pupils of my new eyes and trigger my only Great First Telepathic Clause: Who – are – you?

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The actual room matches with the virtual room in my mind. Math is a wonderful thing. It is great to enter such an exact room. I feel myself in such a mathematical way. One must be careful with these thoughts. My boss did told me, by way of report: if you manage to hold your tendency to – warning: only females with minimum recommended age and in possession of official documentary proof are allowed to listen to this text – if you manage to hold your tendency to metaphor, you will move up the career ladder inside the Agency, quickly and painlessly. This is the room indeed; no doubt about it; a space as a big box, full of smaller boxes. The big boxes are called rooms, the medium boxes are called safes, and the little boxes are called boxes. I really feel lucid here. The problem is all these individuals confusing the room's math and soiling the air with more air. I had no idea there were so many people here dealing with the safes. On the one hand, that's good. In order to achieve the secret transaction I have to do with agent WLF 19-45, this agglomeration of individuals is positive. Secrecy works better in public. Nonetheless, it stands in the way to find out who really is agent WLF 19-45. I know he belongs to a lower cell of our dear Expanded Scope Agency of our always-beloved European Democratic Republic and, according to the electronic note I received from my boss, he will be incompatible with me in terms of LV/SX, since he was implanted with *ormone*-chip Nike or Niké, and I have a Boss nr. 3. Something tells me he might have dark-complexion, even if I don't know why. We still have some boring imperfections, remains of our ancestors, the humans. This thought-without-reason might be one of these remnants still with no medicine attached. A, let us say – warning: each listener listens to the text in his own language but, in the minor languages, also called Latin languages, the words may have viruses which disrupt the officially correct understanding of the text – a, let us say, mystery. Hopefully it does not degenerate into anything more serious. The material target of the official and



secret transaction we will operate as soon as we identify each other is composed by the so-called fossils of the future; impossible objects that, according to the most advanced science scientists, have been left by creatures from a planet beyond our time. Creatures who look at us as we look at the stars, dead million of years ago, and still shining. Extremely delicate spacecrafts, accidents with paws, boxes scraped by the snow, bones dreaming with cups. And one fairy's egg, and mechanical crockery, and bits of things rescued from the bottom of a lost sea on a distant planet, and spoons to eat with the eyes. And what is that which that man – sorry, that male – sorry, that muddled citizen – hold in his hands? A cushion made of clay, is that possible? A cushion of clay lined with a silver net? Isn't that too much – sorry, a bit – sorry totally perverse and dangerous and forbidden? Could he be agent WLF 19-45? All that awkwardness, all that tremendous embarrassment or *unbarrassment*, how do we call it – warning, warning: language virus – would it be a strategy? In fact he seems everything but an EDR agent who spent 3+2 years in general-special training and was furthermore implanted with accretions of super-X tricks. He seems to be anything but that, which is great. It is a perfect tricky idea. While he takes time turning in his hands, with an attention befitting the geeks – warning, attention: level 2 language viruses – the cushion of clay, I approach him from behind. I have to smell him around the nape or behind the ears in order to confirm his identity and proceed, if so, with the predetermined transaction. I will say, "Hello, dear". And he will say, "Hello, dear". We will lean each other's lips against other each's – red alert: language disintegration – and he will pass me the *futuroossil* thing-objects of the almost white of the almost snow and the mission will be completed and deleted – I am not feeling well, I feel myself, I don't know, with some excess of metaphors – and – but the smell – I am behind his nape and inside his smell – but the smell is his smell, it is now confirmed, although – damn, what does the manual for expanded scope agents from the European Democratic Republic say about these unforeseen cases? – Although it really seems to me that we are not incompatible. What? Ah... Hello, dear. And now I hold the cushion of clay trapped in a silver net this guy puts on my hands and I see he is completely lost, with his eyes inwards and his thoughts outwards, how strange, and me too, I am completely speechless and lost with my hands shaking under the white clay of the future, and however.