





All of the much deserved tributes to the TCG have been offered.

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Dedicated to the people  
that still I do love

## *1.- INTRODUCTION*

I narrate here the events that occurred during a pleasure trip of Luana and her family (I thank the impartial chance, the fortune of having had the opportunity to be adopted by her, and continually do my best to deserve it) to this sector, of this hypercone of light, of this universe.

More than an introduction, this is a warning.

Rather, several caveats.

1.- I do not have the ability to instantly transmit information, like the martians. I only know how to write to try to transmit it. You have to read, or be read, but it's very slow, that's why I've tried to be concise and brief.

2.- I am not going to tell everything.

2.A.-Because there are things that are expendable. That it does not seem necessary to me to narrate for what I propose; which is just sharing my experience with those who are curious to know what happened.

My email is:

li.taopo2003@gmail.com

In case you have any curiosity that has left you unsatisfied.

Only emails that indicate the purchase data in my author store on Amazon will be answered.

<https://www.amazon.com/~e/B00EZC7SRM/>

Exceptions will be made in some cases if you attach a swimsuit photo.

2.-B. Because there are things that are dangerous to me, given the high levels of political and military power of most of the humans who were the hosts of Luana and her family.

2.-C. By oblivion, that beautiful invention of humans, more than memory.

3.- Do not read this:

If you want to continue to believe that you are the end product of evolution in at least one universe.

If your wickedness, carelessness, mistake, or stupidity frequently cause destruction in which the majority does not gain happiness, joy, health, or at least comfort.

If you think you're wise, smart, cunning, clever, or sexy.

If you enjoy your own or others' sadness.

If you really like directing or governing.

If you think your city, region, country, planet, galaxy, hypercone of light, or universe is very special.

Because there are entire chapters that will outrage you.

anyway in:

<https://riistas.wordpress.com/>

Some chapters are published and you can comment and version them.

4.- **!!DON'T GET TOGETHER WITH MARTIANS!!** because:

A single moon is not going to be enough for you, planets without asteroid rings are going to bore you, sunsets in front of nebulae are going to take you away, once you get used to having khruelhj for breakfast, cereal flakes are going to disgust you , when you depend on the k`rgh to finish waking up, you are going to vomit the coffee.

5.- Excessive consumption of k`\*`Righ is dangerous even for martians.

6.-Humans are very prone to getting addicted to cgfKty ice cream, don't try it more than three times, if you can't keep indulging yourself.

7.-All the indications that could bring us closer to the truth that the powerful do not want us to know, have been disfigured as a precaution; fearing his wrath.

8.- For the record, I warned you.



## *2- THE MARTIANS BELONG TO EVERYBODY*

Once upon a time there was a city so horrible, that the river that passed by its side quickened its pace when reached it. Then the city took revenge and discharged its sewage at the outlet, soon that dying river surrendered to another larger one that had been collecting garbage from other uglier cities, between two mountain ranges, one of which was so inhospitable that its name was horror.

That river in turn died into another even larger one, which they called the tear of a repentant prostitute, because it overflowed during easter, but the rest of the year it was stagnant, almost dry, while dragging the garbage from some cities that were so accustomed to being big, stinking, and ugly, that they didn't realize they were, between the mountain range of horror and another higher one called fear.

That river handed over to the sea, as if tired, the filth it brought, on a beach whose stench permeated, to the city that was next door, a resigned fatalism that made people work with enthusiasm, almost all their lives, in labors so monotonous and stultifying that not even a drugged donkey would have endured them.

The main source of work in that city was tourism. That is to say that in many cities, in many countries, much more horrible, people saved to be able to take their vacations there, and they took the opportunity to buy the medicine that allowed them to cope, as if anesthetized, their horrible lives.

Many people returned with several kilos of that anesthetic against the pain of failure in their stomachs and intestines, to sell it in the cities where they lived.

Everyone had gotten used to it, no one complained, and then...the martians arrived.

It seems that the police found them swimming in the most fetid beach, which was also the city's garbage dump, as well as the discharge point for its pipes.

The mayor, who was from the opposition party, received a call from the chief of police on his personal phone, warning him of the danger to the stability of peace in our society. But, except for the bad taste of their haircuts, he didn't notice anything unusual or dangerous about the martians; but in order not to run unnecessary risks, he sent them to his father-in-law, who was also from the opposition, and who, to top it off, was its leader.

No one knew where they came from, or what his intentions were, but the leader of the opposition named himself his

plenipotentiary ambassador and took them to his little farm, which was on the greenest hill in that city.

The mayor assigned his father-in-law an exclusive contract for the establishment of a laboratory for linguistic-diplomatic relations with the martians, and since they did not find a single linguist among their relatives and close friends, although many diplomats, they decided to look for one on the web.

That is where I come into this matter, I am not a linguist but a programmer, but as in my resume appear as thirty programming languages and it has parts in Cyrillic, Sanskrit, Arabic and Chinese characters –because most of my clients are foreigners —They called me to invite me to the mayor's father-in-law's house to talk to the martians.

Curiosity got the better of me.

As always, I arrived late, and missed the most interesting things.

Surely their space suits and helmets were now being investigated by detectives in white coats in some secret lab with microscopes and all that stuff.

They dresses would be sent to the criminal laundry, where they would be swallowed by a black hole that comes out the other side to another universe that begins in a used clothing store, which belongs to the family that has given the country a lot of bosses of police since independence, and even before, but that is not highlighted much, because at that time they worked for the other party, that is, the king of Spain.

With wallets, belts, shoes, computers and mobile phones, a

phenomenon of accelerated wear occurred, due to the exhaustive search for evidence, which made them disappear from this universe without the need for them to fall into a black hole.

The martians were dressed in civilian clothes, they did not carry weapons, surely their spaceship would be at that moment being robbed in the police garage.

I like electronic gadgets, I was trying to remember the name of the police garage employee who sold me a used sound system for my car, and gave me a GPS, when they signaled to me, they....The martians!

They made signs to me that they wanted a drink, but when a bottle of water was placed in front of them, they looked at it with disgust. I understood, I demanded that they got rum, we toasted, hugged, and celebrated. I had won me the job of

**martian translator.**

Except for the stench, I didn't notice anything unusual about the martians either. There was no way for them to let themselves be bathed, by signs they indicated that they were not used to very clean water, and that it was harmful to their alien organisms. They can go years without bathing.

The anesthesia for the pain of life, they also loved it.

It seems that the father-in-law of the mayor sheltered or kidnapped them, the truth is that the martians only communicated with him, and then only he transmitted to the rest of the opposition the recommendations, which he said, that the martians gave him.

His Excellency the President of the Republic—whose farm is on the greenest hill in the capital city, and who had defeated

the leader of the main opposition party in the last presidential elections—which were, as always, pristine and free—felt offended and threatened for that situation. That offense and threat, he understood, was against the entire homeland, since he represented it.

## THE MARTIANS BELONG TO EVERYBODY

This is how it began, and he repeated it 143 times during the three-hour speech, in which he decreed a state of national and cosmic commotion and exception, once again suspended constitutional guarantees, and ordered the army to rescue, to his small farm, the undocumented immigrants from mars to give them humanitarian asylum. He also instructed the police to enforce the state of siege he decreed until all the rafters in space had been found.

I had been locked up in my house for almost a month,



working connected to a team in Irakustan, when a secretary with an accent from the capital called me and said:

--Hold on a moment, the president is going to speak to you.

--How do you say hello, good morning and let's be friends in martian?-- he asked me, used to commanding generals.

It turns out that the very hero himself, son, grandson, great-grandson and great-great-grandson of heroes, thought that I was the only one who knew how to speak the language of the martians.

--His planet revolves around a binary star always giving it the same face, it also has an asteroid belt that rains meteorites every so often, and there are also six moons frequently eclipsing. They have no concept of day. Although you can try raising your right hand and saying !

Wow!—I replied in my doctoral tone as a seller of system development projects based on heuristic inference and artificial intelligence methods.

The rescue of the martians, as it was titled in the media affiliated with the government party, or the attack on the headquarters of the second largest political party in the country, as the media affiliated with the opposition called it, was not violent.

Although the farm of the father-in-law of the mayor of my city is fortified and has anti-tank ditches, he peacefully handed over the martians to the central government when he saw his farm surrounded by troops and tanks.

But it turns out that my friends from Mars had mutinied when they tried to bathe them and demanded with shouts and gestures from another galaxy the presence of their

preferred translator.

I was in need to get out of confinement, eat food not made by me, buy cigarettes, candy, toilet paper, anesthesia for nerves, sit in front o a bar of a real bar, Etc.

I wasn't willing to be a remote translator.

Give your address with signs to my secretary, prepare a suitcase with fifteen days of clothes, they will pick you up—decreed the leader of my country.

*3-VISIT OF THE MARTIANS TO THE RURAL SCHOOL  
54673*

A long time ago all the tales were written by the Greeks.

We plagiarize and we will plagiarize.

But, while Luana (her eternal kisses, her laugh immune to time) was in this universe, this could not be written.

I had noticed (still without jealousy) that the martians took turns to sleep next to her, and that she gravitationally attracted me to her being.

But since the martians are indistinguishable from the humans, and it is very difficult to differentiate (if you are not an expert) between them, I thought that I did not run any risk of another crush.

VISIT OF THE MARTIANS TO THE RURAL SCHOOL 54673

Seeing all that bunch of human puppies, bored, waiting for something extraordinary, Luana couldn't resist the

temptation, and made a little bird fly in the class room for a while, and then go out the window, as if in a hurry.

The kids loved it.

Later she made the school principal grow fangs, while he was giving a speech to the bored children, about their duties to the family, the school, the country, the planet, this universe, and the others.

The martians, the children, and I applauded in ecstasy.

The president was in a video conference with the leader of the planet, he repeated the word “yes” every thirty seconds, to let him know that he was still there listening carefully.

Then he said (as if casually): martians don't think like that, and cut off the communication.

The problem with discovering (for the umpteenth time) love in another being is that it is not true, say the Vedas.

Of course the important thing is life, but if Luana is the one who propagates it, in this and the other universes, everyone gets scared, and tries to guess when she will ovulate again,

and tries to induce her to thirst for alcohol.

But it can not be done.

I told her that my back itched in a place that I couldn't reach, but that I could get a Thai massage for less than a hundred dollars.

Let's get together. She decreted.

All reality, all universes (except us) continued to fall in time, while we both watched it from the outside, somewhat disdainful and skeptical.

Of course she didn't speak to me in Martian, she just showed me her laugh, which is cute, beautiful and eternal.

#### *4-. THE GAMES THAT THE MARTIANS PLAY*

Your love and you, on a night with a full moon, on a lonely beach, under the palm trees, listening to the waves rubbing stones, making sand.

Swimming naked in a serene sea, warmer than the breeze.

Your love gives you a kiss (sweet her tongue) of thanks for going so far to get her a beer, and you make the mistake of believing that happiness is normal and that it will never end.

I couldn't think of anything better to participate in the game of sharing memories that the Martians were playing.

I understood that I had no senses to assess a gravitational rainbow, or the X-ray plume of a pulsar, or the roar of a supernova.

They felt sorry, and decided that we would go swimming in the sea that I had imagined for them, they added whales gobbling up schools of phosphorescent fish, because they knew I was going to like it.

The detail of the attentive waitress sirens who brought me beer when I made noise with my middle finger and thumb gave me indications that it could be a dream, but who am I to know what is real.

I believe that one must be humble enough to accept whatever all of one's cells enjoy with grateful pleasure.

## Treaty of the good customs and virtues of the martians



## *5-. THE CRY OF THE MALE MARTIAN ON SUMMER NIGHTS*

Due to its height (almost 4000 meters above sea level) the nights in our capital are cold, even in summer. This forces its inhabitants (especially at night) to always be warm.

I was sitting up, but wrapped in two blankets, but all the martians had undressed.

The martians and I had more than ten cases of beer when the president arrived with his entourage. Out of diplomacy I lowered the volume on the music, but he motioned for me to turn it off completely.

--I'm here to strike a deal with the martians-- he told me very seriously, and he began to give us one of his famous speeches.

--We know that there is no life (like the one on this planet) in the entire solar system, and we are not capable of leaving it, so if you have the capacity to travel further than us, this technology can make me very powerful.

--What would they like in return? --Translate it to them, he told me hopefully.

I had been seeing double for five beers. Luana had fallen asleep on the table. The Martian next to me was throwing

up, and the one in front of me had been giving me a malevovous look for a long time.

In the event that I was able to translate the president's words for them (and that was not the case) I had available only the youngest of all , but a single look was enough for me to know that there was nothing on the planet that could interest that boy, he was also playing at making a knife appear and disappear between the table, the walls, the ceiling and the floor.

Mr. President—I said with the most serious face I could—they are too drunk to be able to answer you, tomorrow I will communicate your ideas to them, and at noon I will send you their answers, with our bodyguards. That's what I called our terrified jailers.

What do you think makes them in a good mood and wanting to help me?" he asked me in a whisper as he said goodbye.

Rum, I replied, bored of throwing up foam.

When the president and his entourage left, I vomited about two liters of foam, and I had room for two more beers, I was almost finishing the second one, when I saw the Martian in front of me give the most desperate howl that any animal in this galaxy can give, and it seems that in the others as well. Luana woke up and meowed, and they both slipped out of this reality.

The boy later explained to me that he had just heard the clamor of the male Martian on summer nights, and that all universes, in addition to being immense but circularly explorable in all directions, are immense but circularly explorable also in different frequencies and phases.

## *6.-THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN*

No more ultraviolet twilight shimmering on all horizons, no more the taste of k`rgh on my lips, no more qh'ry suckers doing double sèhrticas on my back, no more my usual bowl of steaming khruenhj at the start of the day.

I woke up crying terrified.

I prayed the tsgihk chant to the god of chance thirty-three times, before sitting down at the table to savor my bowl of khruenhj, trying not to look at her too much.

I was washing my bowl, when she passed by, and with just a qh'ry sucker, she made a simple sèhrtica on the back of my neck – as if saying good morning – then passed me a cup of k`rgh.

I resisted the urge to nibble or lick something off her.

I went to the bathroom to see myself in the mirror, except for my slightly reddened eyes, I didn't notice anything unusual.

I prayed three times more the tsgihk song; I assumed again, as an axiomatic truth, that she is –in practical and demonstrated terms– incapable of leaving me; I sang the shjgrít of hope ten times, and went to the start of the earthly day meeting.

Nobody was bored, or tired, or wanting to go out.

No one had any idea to do something.

We decided to stay and wait in case the humans did something.

Our bodyguards were kind of worried, and because they had their uniforms very neat, we knew that the president was probably going to visit us again.

About nine o'clock he arrived, he brought them gifts. As for me, already receiving a salary as an official translator, he tried to bribe me with a position in the public administration.

I don't know if you has realized it, but your work is very important; At the Ministry of International Relations, we have already started the first steps to open the Department of Extraterrestrial Relations. You already have a prominent place there—he told me, while he smiled at me with his artificial ivory teeth worth more than ten basic annual salaries.

His escorts began to distribute the gifts.

Then he got serious and gave us another of his famous speeches.

--I hope that our planet is to your liking, due to inherited customs we have it divided into countries, surely on your

planet there is already an authority at the planetary level, but here we have not yet achieved it. With your help we can achieve it—

Then, turning to me, he ordered: Translate!

I needed to go to the bathroom, I signaled to the humans and the martians, they all agreed to wait for me.

When I returned, the president was placing the crown for outstanding service to the country on Luana.

The youngest of all the martians was playing at making a soccer ball appear and disappear on the walls.

The oldest of the martians was looking amused at a briefcase full of high denomination bills.

The martians on either side of him—each with a bottle of rum in hand—were being greeted by the entire presidential escort, and were responding with rfgghkh caresses to the men and Bfg'heh caresses to the women.

Of course humans only saw handshakes.

It's good that you're back—the president told me—ask them if they liked the gifts.

I sang the shjgrít of hope, I looked at Luana and let her know that it was almost time for my lunch, she did not agree, so I told the president: Everyone is very grateful, they have loved your gifts and distinctions, and they are waiting for their delegates to explain the technical details of their

plan, but now they are getting ready to prepare lunch.

--Tomorrow my experts will come -he added- say them goodbye in my name with elegance and following the protocol.

I sang the shjgrít of hope thinking about my lunch.

At the door, the president said goodbye to me saying:  
Congratulations Mr. Ambassador!

## *7.-THE PLAN OF THE TECHNICIANS*

I didn't like his body, I didn't like his clothes with insignia, I didn't like his shoes (cheap imitation of the president's ones), I didn't like his pedantic way of communicating with us, he was perfumed.

I didn't like what I sensed he has inside.

I believe that people I don't like have the right to be happy, but far away from me.

The martians agree with me on that.

The martians checked him, inside and out, and it seems that nothing interested them, because they continued doing what they had been doing for a long time before the technicians arrived, which was alternately tickling each other in the rfgihk and Bjg'heh ways alternatively.

We weren't interested in what he might believe, think, or imagine, but we didn't want to leave, so we had to hear:

The plan of the technicians



**Question #1: Are they capable?**

If answer #1 = Yes, go to question #3

**Question #2: Can they get reinforcements in an acceptable amount of time?**

If answer #2 = No, leave.

**Question #3: Are you interested?**

If answer #3= No, leave.

**Question #4: Are they on our side?**

If answer #4 = No, leave.

**Question #5: Are they going to crown the president?**

If answer #5 = No, leave.

Question #6: Are they going to show off their power first, or are they going to attack right away?

Question #7: When?

The president when finishes his speeches, lowers his head and waits for the applause; I would swear that the stupid general who introduced us their plan expected us to applaud his strategy.

The general spoke to a colonel, who spoke to a major, who spoke to a captain, who spoke to a lieutenant, who asked me: What did the martians answer?

I was bored and I got a little hungry, it was time for my mid-morning cgfKty ice cream, whether it was rfgihkh or Bjg'heh, I urgently needed caresses; I wanted the meeting to end quickly.

I prayed the tsgihk chant thirty-three times to the god of chance asking for a good surprise.

Then, after giving him a military salute, I told the general directly: My general, I have been telepathically informed

that they going to communicate your strategy to his headquarters, and that they expect a response next week.

I allow myself to recommend that you order your subordinates to prepare the detailed task plan.

Any news I'll keep you informed.

When I said goodbye to him at the gate, the general told me: Thank you very much, Mr. Ambassador, I'm counting on your endorsement to be the military attaché at your embassy.

After my mid-morning dessert I hopefully said: I think that better than being here, is being on a beach full of discarded things and reading their stories.

We all agreed, and we appeared, thanks to Luana (Infinite her affection) on the beach where the dirtiest river in the world ends in the sea.

I didn't really like the shorts she put on me, but I didn't want to bother her by asking her to change them.

## *8.-THE DIRTIEST RIVER IN THE WORLD*

Ten kilometers before reaching it you have a feeling that something bad is going to happen.

Five kilometers from it the stench begins. Don't go past here, your nose tells you; but if you take the fatal step (and you almost always have to take it), you will fall (almost as in a spiral) irremediably towards the cesspool of the rot of...

The dirtiest river in the world

They burn it with gasoline every day at dusk. But not even then do the flies go away from it, they are fat and stubborn. Scare them away and they will always vehemently claim their right to be in THEIR place, to which only they belong.

Fortunately I reached it at half past six in the evening, when it was burning in front of a sunset less red than its fire, and I had the wind in my favor.

The martians loved it.

If you want to know someone, check what he throws away, investigate his trash, it's like the trail he leaves behind.

All things have stories, those of garbage are long, and although they are almost always tragic, they are often interesting and funny.

The youngest of the martians has found a fossil fish, which is in a rock, which is in turn, in a flat piece of wood on an

ivory base. The base, the board and the fish (which was never fished and died in a drought before the first mammal) are broken and worn, the place where the identification plate was, is empty.

We took it to Luana.

Luana has shown me the fish swimming in a primeval sea, I have seen a fossil hunter happy to find it, I have seen it shining on the desk of a professor's office. I have seen a cleaning worker knock him to the floor. I have seen how it breaks against the floor. I also saw that she disposed of it at the bottom of a garbage bag.

I say that I have seen, but it is not true that I have seen it with my eyes, I saw it as one sees in dreams, and I saw everything in an instant.

We lack the organs that martians have, in the same way that the fossil fish had no lungs, wings, neither legs.

What organs do martians have that humans don't? They have several, among others, those necessary to move in hyperspace, to caress each other from far and near, and to make us live the reality they prefer .

So there I am, with the most beautiful being in this (HER) universe, who is telling me stories, and is caressing me rfgghkh with the softest suction cups of one of his most intimate tentacles.

What did I do to deserve that?

Nothing, just being the prettiest little human in this universe, as she told me now, while he handed me my cgf Kty ice cream ration of nine-thirty at night.

## *9.-THE LIBERATION OF THE MARTIANS*

The world organization of countries (WOC) has its headquarters in the city of San Rubialo, in the United States of Oceania, Its rotating president (for three months, and without the right to re-election) has, in theory, the power to declare war and peace across the planet.

There are two problems that make it difficult for the president of the WOC:

1.- Every year, on average, more than ten countries become independent (by hook and by crook). There are already more than two thousand one hundred, and their presidents have the right to direct the WOC as well.

Long is the queue for national presidents who have the right to be president of the WOC for three months.

2.- Three months are not enough to do a good government job, especially if your predecessor blocked your access to the necessary information, and if you have no guarantees that your successor will continue the projects you started.

That is why no one expects the WOC to be more than a mere protocol authority, which sees wars flourish all over the planet.

It is said that a president of the WOC only has time to buy clothes and to travel to a few countries, and to buy another plane, if the presidential plane was delivered damaged to

him.

The current president of the WOC when the martians arrived is of Caribbean origin and his mother tongue is the Spanish spoken in that region.

After the president of my country hung up on him, in which he kindly asked him to hand over the martians, he ordered:

The liberation of the martians

With less than a month to go before his term ended, he decided to move fast.

Through the anti-narcotics department and the tax department of the WOC, and with the help of hackers, he blocked all the bank accounts of the president of my country, as well as those of his relatives and figureheads.

He also emailed my president's personal account with the most disturbing photos he found on his personal phone.

The subject of the message said only this:

I'm asking you kindly for you to send me the martians.

The general who gave us the technical presentation told me very seriously:

Tell them that we are still waiting for his answer to Question #7 from the previous meeting.



The youngest of the martians was playing at bringing shells from the Cambrian and returning them.

The oldest martian was watching the soccer games of the next week and when he filled out the forms for the chinela he glued them to the wads of cash the president had given him.

On either side of me were martians sniffing with their outer tentacles a plastic bottle of cheap imitation rum flavored drink that had this message:

If anyone reads this, please email me where you found it, and attach a bathing suit photo, maybe we can be friends.

In the bottle was the photo of a man not so old, and not so fat.

I noticed that the photo was taken on a beach that is less than two kilometers from where we found the bottle.

The email address was: [li.taopo2003@gmail.com](mailto:li.taopo2003@gmail.com)

The date was January 1, 2005.

I approached the general's left ear and said softly and slowly: Never say that word to a Martian, I know why I say it, just listen to me. I don't want to make them angry. The other is "where". Trust me please, I'm human too, I'm on your side.

The general reviewed his script, put his finger where it said:

If answer #7 > next week, leave.

He almost cries, but controlled himself.

When he said me goodbye at the exit, told me: Mr. Ambassador, I'm counting on your endorsement to be your military adviser in the WOC

## *10.-THE MARTIANS ARE VERY TIRED*

In the video of the president of the world organization of countries (WOC) receiving four martians and a human at the San Rubialo airport, the tanks are not seen, nor are the missiles that were pointed at us almost point-blank.

The UV decontamination procedure that we had to endure was also not recorded.

Later I learned that the person who shook hands with us –wearing plastic gloves and a battery-powered mask with a built-in helmet– was a stunt of the president, who was so identical to him, that it was he who was killed in the attack he suffered when he returned to his home country. The incredible thing is that no one shot the president, who was next to him, during the attack.

He was more like me than myself, said the former president of the WOC in the speech he gave at the funeral, he also said that he had been his favorite bodyguard.

“As the president of the world organization of countries, I have the pleasure of welcoming you to earth,” he yelled at the martians behind bulletproof glass.

“Translate to them,” he yelled at me.

I am convinced that if someone had sneezed, or made a loud noise, even the military brass band would have shot us.

--Mr. President, can I come closer to you to tell you something?- I shouted scared.

He motioned for me to come over to where he was.

After the presidential escort went even through my pockets, I was able to tell him:

The martians are very tired.

martians don't like to travel by plane.

The president of the WOC had sent his to look for us.

If someone believes that a martian infant is capable of withstanding the confinement of an airplane for more than an hour, they are very wrong.

People should know that the owner of this universe and it seems that also of parts of others that are nearby, hates traveling by plane.

Only k\*\*\*Righ softened with pure ethyl alcohol can make a martian withstand the slow speed of human transportation.

That's what we had been taking.

Although I didn't remember much, because at the first drink I was knocked out.

I still don't believe them (as they told me later) that I tried to force the commander of the plane to dance with me the knife dance that the littlest Martian had taught me.

We later learned that when someone uncapped an empty bottle of k\*\*\*Righ, the steam started a fire that destroyed the plane.

The now former president of the WOC did not manage to get Congress to authorize the purchase of another plane, that business matter would fall to the next president of the WOC.

The presidential residence of the WOC is a hotel that tries not to offend the taste of its changing guests, fortunately we got a villa with a pool. We had the water drained and ice filled, emptied out a crate of k\*\*\*Righ and five hundred boxes of rum bottles, and had a swim and drink to recover from the stress of the plane ride.

That's all I can remember (helped by videos) from our first week in San Rubialo.

Really, we were very tired.

## *11.-THE TRUE CHURCH OF GOD (TCG)*

I didn't dare open my eyelids fully until Luana gave me the third cup of k' rgh.

When I dared, I realized that there he was, none other than the pope of...

The true church of God (TCG)

He was impatient..

--Good evening compadre papa – I told him- I asked him for a priority interest tip, and a promise of help above the regulations.

--May the stars illuminate your path to riches compadre. Whoever gets to the office first has no right to check other people's desks, but he can. You can count on my boost up the corporate ladder. Formally introduce me, but don't intimidate them—

Then, as he passed his baseball cap to an assistant, he continued:

--I have some very good hangover pills, if you want, I can sell you two, at cost, plus the normal 30%.

I saw why he has made (by almost all measures) more than 93.7% of wwweb12.6 users consider him the most likeable businessman in the world.

“How big is the ship?” he continued, unbuttoning his navy blue leather jacket and handing it to an attendant.

--They hide things by changing the polarity and phase of atoms, at least that’s what I’ve understood. I have never seen the ship, however it must be immense for the amount of drink and food that I have seen them take out and store in it.

“Do me the favor of asking the boss if they are of the true religion of God, and if they have been successful in business,” he told me as he rolled up his shirt sleeves.

It seemed that me would have to ask Luana that, but I felt ashamed.

I sang the tsgihk chant to the god of chance, and the shjgrít of hope, and tried to see if they liked the pope of the TCG.

The oldest of the martians was the only one who seemed to have an interest in the highest authority of the TCG, I noticed that he was thirsty for rum, but rum from the country where we came from.

--Compadre leader, the prophecy has been fulfilled, the end of the planet is near, and only the thousand most SUCCESSFUL will be able to leave it—I told him, making use of all my faith and teachings of the TCG.

--The rum that is obtained in San Rubialo, is not better than the one that we bought in the country where we were

before, even though it is more expensive. We have money from there, if compadre pope is able to obtain at least two thousand cases of rum from there with the money that we are going to give him, it will be demonstrated that he is the ideal person to direct the auction process for the nine hundred ninety-nine SUCCESSFUL leaders that will be able to continue generating well-being in other less exploited planets.

I howled the shjgrít of hope thinking of rum, and of the briefcase with the bundles that the oldest of the martians had

--Deal done- The father of the TCG told me – I'm going to make that investment alone, and there will be three thousand boxes.

I sang the tsgihk chant to the god of chance, and sobbed the shjgrít of healing, the hangover from the San Rubialo rum was killing me.



## *12.-SOME QUESTIONS*

Pollution, drug addiction, alcoholism, the toxicity of food, the concentration of wealth, misinformation from the manipulative mass media, incurable plagues due to increasingly resistant viruses and microbes, loneliness, isolation, individualism, regionalization, until reaching semi-autonomous neighborhoods and decentralized families:

Do you think they will increase over time, or will they decrease?

After only a million years of evolution:

Do you know which organisms adapted? To what did they evolve? How did they end up?

I know you don't know. I'm going to do you the favor of telling you in more detail in the paid version of this book.

We were more satisfied. We had finally got dry ice, to avoid burns from the too pure ice water.

The Pope of the true church of God (TCG)\* had sent us the first shipment of rum from what had been my favorite country, before knowing others.

There we were, we didn't want to get out of the pool stuffed with rum, k\*\*\*Righ, and dry ice.

We knew that humans would soon come up with something

to do.

From the center, Luana extended her outer tentacles towards the four corners of the pool, each one occupied by a member of her closest family.

\*As a member (The biometric certificate of my membership is public) of the true church of God (TCG), I am authorized to use this acronym for purely commercial purposes, which are intellectual property registered in all countries on this planet for the next thousand years.

When she referred to his family, I felt that Luana overlapped the terms of community, neighborhood, colony, city, state, homeland, continent, planet, galaxy, universe, etc.

The youngest sucked with delight at the wheels of a robotic lawnmower.

The oldest played at configuring playing cards.

The one in the middle, the most macho, had consumed three kilos of medicine for the itch of boredom, and was forming clouds.

Luana was making me sèhrtic stockings on my scalp to de-stress, while she read us the stories of nearby things.

The history of light bulbs was touching. Suddenly I tell it later, suffice it to say that the factory (maquila) was in an ultra-communist country in South Asia, that the remote and face-to-face workforce (every six months), and happily semi-slave, came from African countries.

The history of the pool included the carcass of a horse, which had been discovered during the excavation. He had been buried with honors, a military band had fired him. Someone, who had reached the rank of general mounted on it, owed his life (many times) to the prudence of that horse. He cried when they buried him, he knew that (in other horses) he had little time left on this planet.

I was dreaming that I was working ad-honorem as a programmer in a nursing home administration system, and that the family real estate company (Owner of the holding company that in turn owned the nursing homes) paid me with medicines, and that in the pharmacy there weren't hallucinogens that people like the most, but rather some that calm down and induce boring dreams.

I was interested in the project to keep up to date on the technology of developing bots for the mass media of domination.

The idea was to make it seem to the relatives of the inmates that euthanasia is a logical and even fun decision.

The bot I was writing called the children of the inmates and asked them, Did you forget when your mother punished you? Do you remember what happened when you didn't do your homework? And things like that, then it listened and recorded very patiently, then came the release and break speech that had 85% positive results. I was pretty sure I

could get it to over 93.6%.

The president of the world organization of countries (WOC) took me out of that nightmare, I happily answered his call clinging to the exit of a slide, in the mist of dry ice.

Are the martians still very tired?

Yes, Mr. President, they are exhausted.

*13-THE PLAN OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD  
ORGANIZATION OF COUNTRIES (WOC)*

I think that president of the WOC was called Manuel or Gabriel or something like that, ending in “el”.

Luana had read us his story, we didn't find it interesting, except that his mother had lost three pregnancies before, and that she decided not to take any more risks with the traditional method, and managed to have identical quintuplets using in vitro fertilization, surrogacy, and other techniques.

He didn't know that I knew, that he wasn't him, but five. Manuel, or Gabriel, or something ending in “el”, and that there were only three left. And that except for the biometric identification (Iris, fingerprints, etc.) It was very difficult to differentiate him from his brothers, who were his bodyguards as well.

What seemed most amusing to me is that it is very easy to change the fingerprints in the central file, especially if you are the boss, of the boss, of the boss, ..., of the boss, of the poor robot that is in charge of taking the biometric identifications, and you can send a brother, with an authorization letter from the president of the WOC.

The truth is that when I got out of the pool I already knew that they were going to ask me to translate:

The plan of the president of the world organization of countries (WOC)

I was upset. He didn't even greet me.

--Tell them that I already know that they have made deals with the pope of the True Church of God (TCG) behind my back.

--That I will not allow that to happen again.

He was yelling at me.

--Tell them that tomorrow I am going to make use of my legal faculties, and I am going to make a world chain in all the means of massive manipulation, and I am going to propose the lottery of the thousand who are going to be saved from the meteorite.

--Millions have been those who have sacrificed themselves so that justice and equality reign on earth, and it will be on my corpse that the thousand oligarchs who have plundered the planet the most, are precisely the ones who will be saved.

Pointing at me with his right index finger he yelled at me (Again): Tell them!!

## Seven things:

1.- It infuriates me when they yell at me.

2.-Luana had read his story to me, and I knew that he was just a criminal who had made a career from a purse snatcher in the New York subway to being the biggest drug trafficker in the Western Hemisphere.

3.- It infuriates me that they treat me like a pet of the martians. I AM FAMILY OF Luana.

4.-Luana still had a little stress left, and she kept moving her tentacles in the corner of the pool where I had been.

5.- The oldest was very worried because he had won, playing against himself, all the money he had. And he had been cheating.

6.-It was enough for me to look at the Martian who followed him in age, to know that this night there was going to be a cyclone in San Rubialo. And that perhaps he would once again hear the clamor of the male Martian on summer nights

7.- The youngest of the martians had left without rubber the wheels of all the lawnmower robots that he had been able to reach from the pool, and he was going out to look for more. That could cause Luana stress, and I saw that I could avoid

it, giving him a life jacket that was within my reach. He loved it.

--I'm going to tell them—I answered him while pretended to check the recording of his insults on my digital assistant—I'll give you the answers they give me at night.

Have you ever been unable to sneeze because someone is distracting you?

The sèhrticas on the scalp should be done in halves or complete, if you have incomplete halves it gives you a headache.

Really, the president of the WOC was beginning to dislike me very badly.

I knew of a terrestrial horse that was implanted with a Martian robot parts to take climatological measurements, the martians indicated the place they wanted it to go, and the horse with its natural intelligence and knowledge of the terrain, found the way to get there up there.

At that time there was a war in that area, its rider became general only by letting himself be carried away by the horse, and of course with a little help from the martians.

That story was read to me by Luana in the pool at the hotel in San Rubialo, and I remember that every time I see the statues of the general in a square of my country.



The truth is that if a horse became a general's horse only with an implant, I thought, I AM FAMILY, I should start preparing my plan.

#### *14.-WHAT CAN A MARTIAN DO IN SAN RUBIALO?*

--As in all of this universe, and some of the others: What he like.

What can a Martian do in San Rubialo for fun?

--Except staying all the time in a pool full of rum, k"\*"Righ, and dry ice. Very little.

The different autonomous and independent urbanizations that make up the municipality of San Rubialo still have frequent wars to define their dynamic borders, which can only be crossed uninvited by an invading army.

The urbanization where the World Organization of Countries (WPO) is located is far from the beach, it does not have a garbage dump, since it exports its garbage to urbanizations with less income per capita, and no river irrigates it; There are only a few artificial and made-up lagoons that make one sad.

In the few uncovered areas, the sky is used as a screen for very important announcements of the (WOC).

So all the fun would be with humans and indoors. Which leaves us with very few interesting options.

Perhaps the communications center of the (WOC) could be

of interest, given its global reach, or the meetings of its assembly, but all of this is within the reach of a Martian, without having to leave the pool full of rum, k” \*”Righ, and dry ice.

In addition, the tropical climate only lends itself to that.

I had been having double vision for a week.

I couldn't sleep because I accepted a kilo of anesthesia against boredom from the most macho Martian.

I owed two million yearly base salaries to the oldest Martian, but I was already learning a few tricks.

The smallest Martian was teaching me to bend in all directions of hyperspace.

I should be pretty exhausted, but Luana was feeding me intravenously, and doing me sèhrticas all over my body to de-stress.

By the way, if a Martian woman ever tells you that she wants to do reverse sèhrtics with you, let yourself go!! But don't get too used to it if you can't continue giving yourself that luxury, because after you get hooked, withdrawal hurts all over the skin.

Most of the inhabitants of the urbanization of the (WOC) are diplomats, or do the few jobs that cannot be done remotely from their home countries, and their turnover is high.

What work cannot be done remotely in San Rubialo?

Load up an entropy generator, and randomly select only fifty thousand from all Earthling ID cards.

The president of the World Organization of Countries (WOC) and the pope of The True Church of God (TCG) had joined forces for the good of humanity that they had sworn to protect.

The agreement was that both could choose at their discretion (given their wisdom and justice) ninety-nine people who would be saved from the destruction of the planet.

The remaining eight hundred people would be the highest bidders in an auction open to only fifty thousand participants selected for their physical, mental, and financial health.

Those fifty thousand would be randomly selected among the million cards of the entire world population with the best health indicators already mentioned.

The president of the WOC and the pope of the TCG, holding hands, pulled together, with their free hands, the lever that turned on the entropy generator that was fed to the global super cluster of identification, health, and taxes information systems of all the countries, which in turn was in charge of sending an email to the fifty thousand lucky winners indicating the date of the auction and the certificates of access to it.

This ceremony was broadcast live by all the massive manipulation media on the planet.

I saw it in the night sky over the pool, it didn't interest me much and I was seeing double and blurry.

## *15.-I'M LOOKING FOR A WOMAN TO GO WITH THE MARTIANS*

Fifteen days, just two more weeks, and we will return to being the financially, physically and mentally healthy top one percent of the world's population that we were before we came to San Rubialo (which is not so bad, but there are enemies vengeful), we will never have the main root password again.

There are no signs of the meteorite, for the TCG pope it will be very easy to make a deal with the new president, he is already talking to the candidate with the highest percentage of voting intentions, who is not our friend; he has explained to me (and I agree with him) that the auction will only get the best results if we show the meteorite. Our hundred positions are safe, but in the other eight hundred I see risk. Surely the new president is going to ask for something.

Sometimes they were three who thought alike, and all three were worried.

-- That is what I now imagine the president of the WOC thought--

The Pope of the TCG moderated, like every Saturday morning, the hyper virtual meeting room with the largest number of participants on the planet: THE CATHEDRAL.

The theme was:

## DOES HELPING ANONYMOUSLY GENERATE MERITS?

He had opened a thread in the conversation with the title: NO, BECAUSE IT IS IRRESPONSIBLE.

His thread had 96.3% participation, the rest of the threads were, almost all, millions of offers disguised as news, no programmer had found a way to block them, the prize was a million pesetas from San Rubialo, they were for example:

THE NORTH EAST MALAY TRANSLATION IS VERY BAD, which had been started by a group calling itself “Devoted but Outraged Citizens of North East Malaysia” which had nearly five million members, but if anyone bothered to search they could easily find that the only human in that group was the programmer of a translation system that did not win the bid for that component of THE CATHEDRAL, and that the rest were rented bots.

In a commercial break of the meeting, the pope of the TCG took the opportunity to take some notes and review the application monitors, while absent mindedly nibbling on a real croissant, the coffee was also real, he was in his house that everyone called: THE TEMPLE. To which only the chosen ones were invited, he did not go out much because in his house he was very well attended by his robots.

Then he went to the bathroom and really urinated vigorously, only on very few occasions, when etiquette required it, he used the ritual and protocol full body isolation of him, precisely because he found the biological waste extractor-processor too uncomfortable.

When he was ready to go online again he let his avatar continue to moderate THE CATHEDRAL, while he investigated a thread that had reached the first mark of the audience meter column, indicating the first billion participants.

## LOOKING FOR A WOMAN TO GO WITH THE MARTIANS

--That thread was opened by me--

I knew the TCG pope avatar well, because I had programmed some parts of its functions, so when I knew that the avatar was one hundred percent autonomous, I moved quickly and opened my thread with a one percent fake avatar that had been building in my times of unemployment, to which I had been adding almost true credentials and certificates in my spare time, when I had good jobs.

Threads with more than a billion participants cannot be deleted by the moderator, the pope of TCG knew that rule,



he had defined them all. So he put his avatar on semi-autonomous and chimed in on my thread.

--Compadre de la TCG, the auction of the eight hundred geniuses still has no date, and you are already looking for a partner for the trip, it is written that everyone has the right to offer what they feel like, the culprit is whoever believes it; But don't you think it's a bit rushed? – he asked me, while looking sideways at the application's monitor.

I was expecting that, and I answered (while scrolling through images of the martians in the pool, and of the black void from the depth radars of probes from outside the solar system) just this: There is no meteorite.

His avatar automatically eliminated, from the universe of information, my intervention (in the five hundred and forty-three milliseconds that prudential censorship lasts) for violating rule number one of the CATHEDRAL: Never offend the pope of the TCG!!

“Let's go to a private room,” he ordered.

--Faithful compadre, there are more than a billion potential buyers intrigued by what you have just shared, I myself have been watching the radars, and I do not deny it, I am also intrigued, because the meteorite is going to arrive after the presidential elections of the WOC.—continued.

--You can trust that nothing can come out of this private – he

told me as if whispering, to give me security.

--I don't know where the president of the WOC got the meteorite thing from—I replied, whispering too.

“Get me a real chair,” the TCG pope yelled at his assistants.

## *16.-THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WOC*

We all assume that the selection of the president of the WOC is easy, I mean that if there are one hundred and twenty-five active presidents who have the right to preside over the WOC, you just have to choose (of course randomly) a number from one to one hundred and twenty-five.

Now, is it fair that the dictator of North New Calcegia (who has been waiting his turn for nineteen WOC presidents) has the same chances as the president of North-West Kalesia who has just become independent? That is why the program adds nineteen numbers to north New Calcegia in the draw.

The other problem is that the additional numbers added to each candidate must be randomly selected.

What happens if a country is assigned a number that it does not like, because it is bad luck in the culture of a country, or because the majority of its inhabitants consider that it will not win, for example 1111?

Could the numbers be negotiated?

For all these decisions there is the stable spiritual authority of the TCG pope, who has been directly elected by the entire voting population of the planet for the rest of his life, and of course the global authority of the acting president of the WOC.

The WOC does not have armed or police forces, these tasks are contracted after a survey with the national presidents.

Luana, the boy, and the male are at a different frequency and phase than this universe five earth days ago, and I've been promised gifts if I take good care of grandpa.

So there I am, sitting in the pool next to the oldest of the martians placing our bets on the WOC elections.

Everyone has their preferences, but you should adjust them within your budget, out of consideration for others; it can be read in the fundamental proclamation of the TCG, which is the text that (in the humble opinion of 67.4% of the world's population) has done the most good for humanity.

Grandpa's budget is high, both of us (and 87.9% of the world's population) don't care who wins, except for gambling.

We have made our bets, and we are almost happy watching the ceremony of the election of the next president of the WOC.

In the ceremonial boxing ring the pope of the TCG is standing in one corner, and in the opposite corner is the president of the WOC.

They press the buttons on it and in less than a second:

1-The president of Western Trascartapia knows that she has three months to buy clothes and perhaps a plane.

2-Grandpa has enough cash from San Rubialo to change the rum and dry ice fifty times in the pool, or to buy a controller server at the root of the hierarchy of the world super cluster, without having to spend his martian money, or apply violence.

What the president of Western Trascartapia first asked for – after a seamstress from the most expensive clothing store in San Rubialo took her measurements for the suit she were going to wear at the inauguration ceremony for the presidency of the WOC—was meeting with the martians.

Perhaps due to the effect of the k\*\*\*Righ, I got over my shyness, and added another thread in the most active topic of THE CATHEDRAL, the title was:

The interpreter of the martians is single

And I put this comment:

I'm looking for a woman to go with the martians,

She does not necessarily have to be one percent, please send an email with a photo in a swimsuit to: [li.taopo2003@gmail.com](mailto:li.taopo2003@gmail.com)

*17.-THE FAREWELL OF EMANUEL OR MANUEL OR NUEL*

Three groups of escorts converged on a small table next to the swimming pool, before which were seated the pope of the TCG, the beautiful president-elect of the WOC, and the outgoing president.

--Luana and two martians left, I think they'll be back next week—I told them, when I came out of the showers that are about 5 meters to the side of the pool.

I had used almost boiling water to dissolve the dry k\*\*\*Righ crusts that I had on my skin, to wake me up a little, and of course for diplomacy and pity with the humans.

While injecting myself the equivalent of two cups of k“ rgh I continued:

--I see that I have the honor that the president-elect of the WOC is also there.

After the presentation she ordered me: Bring me the other one!

Pointing at the old man with my right index finger, I said:

He's in the pool—the mist from the dry ice almost hid him.

--Call him!

He is sleeping.

--¡!Wake him up!!

I prayed the tsgihk song to the god of chance, I sang the shjgrít of hope, I invited him to meet the beautiful elected president of the WOC, but the old man not only did not wake up, but also farted while sleeping hugging a block of dry ice.

Even martians need to inhale a bit of k\*\*\*Righ to get over the stench of their farts.

--I think we should get away a bit, I don't think it's wise to bother him, he's already threatened with chemical retaliation.

--Let's go to the restaurant!

When at the table I made remote caresses Bjg'heh to the beautiful elected president of the WOC, but she did not feel them, or at least she did not reacted visibly to them, I noticed however that she passed her hand over the back of her neck and combed her hair with her fingers when I made her remote rfgihkh caresses.

--I believe brothers that we should clarify the meteorite issue --proposed the pope of the TCG

--That was my idea—said the outgoing president of the WOC, whose name was (I don't remember exactly) Emanuel or Manuel or Nuel—When I realized that the martians were not interested in taking over the planet, that they could leave without let us know, and that his ship had space left

over for a thousand adventurers from the universe—then he asked:

--Isn't that great?

His main bodyguard applauded, and the rest of his entourage followed suit. The other delegations waited to see the reactions of their leaders, but they did not flinch.

--Applaud, one more week and you will be able to participate in the global judgment survey where we are going to select the appropriate punishment for this scam—the beautiful president-elect of the WOC answered very calmly.

--Negotiating with the best intention that everyone wins according to their investment, everything can be achieved—the pope of the TCG quoted the fundamental proclamation of the TCG, which he had written when he was only a moderator of a small insignificant group in MetaVerse 100+.

--I thought that the martians blew it up before it got close to the solar system, and that they are here making sure that no shards reach us, and then they could take the best thousand on the planet for a walk, and leave them in other less worn planets – The outgoing president of the WOC replied.

He then he asked:

--Isn't that great?



His escort and the TCG pope's escort applauded.

--I believe that my first government task, after buying a plane, will be to inform the programmers that they must eliminate from the universe of human information the assignments to the hundred seats that belong to me, and reassign them to me.

The three escorts applauded, the three stood up and held hands sealing the agreement.

When the elected president of the WOC said goodbye to me, I applied a strong impulse of rfgihkh energy to the fingers of the hand that she had given me, and she kissed me on both cheeks before leaving.

The outgoing president of the WOC asked me to pass to the martians his invitation to be his guests in his country of origin.

--Not only does a man live on rum, there are other necessary things that can be within your budget if you work for the right company, the rum of my country is the best, and I know of a remote programmer vacancy that I can leave you control, remember I still have the main root password for another week—he whispered to me.

--Compadre in the faith of SUCCESS, I see that our efforts converge towards a promising future, I count on your

interested contribution to retain the martians here in San Rubialo, since with my modest means, even if we have to benefit the rest of the population, I am sure to achieve it—The Pope of the TCG told me before he left.

I prayed the tsgihk chant to the god of chance, I sang the shjgrít of hope thinking of the beautiful elected president of the WOC and she waved me goodbye by raising her beautiful arms in the distance.

## *18.-THE ASSESMENT SURVEY OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOC*

My personal assistant is 266 updates and 3 versions behind, but I haven't had time to let it update. I've been too busy answering the mail.

This is the one I am going to answer first;

Hello, I am a millionth of one percent, I have been a sailor all my life and I am eighty-nine years old, I am sure I have bought a place in the auction of the eight hundred chosen, but I cannot find the certificate in any of my assistants, nor in my computers, even the transfer from my account disappeared, but I know I did it.

My dream is to see the sun from far away, from where the earth is not visible, and return quickly and have a beer, while I see a red sunset in front of the sea. I can double what I paid at the auction.

I enclose the photo of one of my granddaughters, I have several, if you has another cabin, we can negotiate.

Yours sincerely John Kruhger the eighth.

I have never been able to buy a Kruhger symmetrical parallel processor machine.

This is my answer:

Dear John, I already saw your profile and I liked it, I think you're going to like me, give me a little time to see what I can do, anyway, that trip can be made by the martians without you having to go through the discomfort of a space travel.

Do you have a way to get me a personal computer of the latest model from the factory your grandfather at the eight power founded? I am in the purchase queue, but it is more than three years long.

If so, I would see it as a powerful incentive for the diplomatic effort that I am going to make for you with the martians.

Yours with my best wishes

Li Tao Po.

P.S:

What a strange coincidence, something similar happens to me, I'm sure that before the auction was for eight hundred seats, but I have reviewed the dates and conditions, and the

quotas have always been seven hundred.

The only survey I am going to answer is:

The WOC President Assesment Survey

From one to ten ascending in degree of acceptance of the statement, please answer yes or no.

We will miss the outgoing president of the WOC.

NO, 1

We liked his performance

NO, 1

We would like him to govern the WOC again

NO,1

We believe that is justified in asking you a hundred more questions to know your opinion regarding the performance of the outgoing president of the WOC

NO,1

Among the virtual corridors of the wwwweb 12.6 it is said that the pope of the TCG controls almost all the polling companies.

I was already on my way to the pool when my assistant received a connection request from the assistant to the outgoing president of the WOC.

--I am going to transfer the ownership of a request for a remote programmer in a project with some autonomous war bots in a country of the alliance of north central countries, the salary can take you to the group of tenth of one percent; if you decide not to work, the personnel selection commission will too do it.

--Thank you very much, Mr. outgoing president- I told him,  
--I'm going to check it-

But who I really wanted to talk with was the incoming president of the WOC.

I have been investigating her, stuck in the pool, drunk on k”  
\*”Righ, she was not a favorite in the bets, she had gotten the 111 number, her country had just become independent after a friendly negotiation through which it was decided that ten percent healthier would buy all the land and properties in the western part of his country, and take refuge in it behind an electrified fence fifty feet high.

She is supposed to be in the healthiest portion of her country, since she lives in the area where the healthiest of her country are concentrated.

She won the first elections where the presidency and other bureaucratic positions were auctioned off after an intense bidding that lasted almost a week.

## *19.- MY FAVORITE EMAIL*

I have researched and reread this email for more than 33 Man/Hours, which to me is 6,400.00 cryptoflorins, at my modest professional tariff. Taking into account that a real hamburger is worth 45 cryptoflorins, I think that is showing interest in something.

I will write the sender's email address only in the commercial version of this book.

It has no attachments.

The question is: Do you want to be my dragon?

The text is:

Hello, I think was Chuang Tzu who wrote: Things that have an affinity with each other in their most intimate essence seek each other. Water flows towards what is wet, fire seeks what is dry. The clouds follow the dragon, the wind



follows the tiger.

Do you want to be my dragon?

My best wishes to you and your loved ones.

Ana

-----

Please keep in mind that:

The first bots I programmed were funded by a company that charges couples to bring them together.

The idea is that this company collects all your “likes” on all social platforms, all your activity on all computers and cameras in which you have left traces throughout your life. All your medical history, income, taxes, purchases...Etc.

As it already has more than 94.6% of the world’s population in its database and includes pets, it’s just a matter of finding the perfect match.

Of course, that does not prevent someone else from paying

to find you the person who can make your existence miserable.

In other words, that company is neutral and provides its services without discriminating of any way against anyone who hires it.

Do you want to know how to make someone fall in love, or murder someone, or how to collect money, or make them pay for insults? Believe me that the company that I tell you, knows.

I know where, when, and who wrote it, I also know the route this email took to my mailbox.

The problem is that I don't like the sender physically, emotionally, intellectually, or financially.

But I don't know why I can't stop researching and rereading this email.

I don't know why, but I think I'm going to love being Ana's dragon.

The only thing that is clear to me is that I like her way of writing, and that I think, I have to take her for a walk with the martians, I hope they take us.

## *20.- SMALL COUNTRY, BIG HELL*

Many WOC presidents have taken their three months as a controlled vacation, Emanuel or Manuel or Nuel (whatever his name was) never stopped working. So when he returned to West Katai, his native country, where he still had sixteen months to go as president, he called his ministers to the weekly meeting. The same that he had never interrupted during his stay in San Rubialo. Despite the inconvenience that they were at three in the morning on Mondays, due to the time difference with San Rubialo.

Because his country occupies less than half of a Caribbean island and is not overpopulated, everyone can come to believe that being president of a little less than a five million Caribbean people is easy, especially if one does not govern too much.

There is a saying in Katai:

Small country, big hell.

Incorporation into the global system of administration had been delayed many times by the workers' party, which protected the jobs of its members. Most of whom were public employees.

The nationalist party desperately wanted West Katai to regain control of the entire island, as it had before an invasion by a larger country not so close by, and after the secession of two small countries in the northern part of the island, where were the sugar mills and the production of rum. Most of its members were police or military.

The party of progress was convinced that auctioning off the territory of Western Katai and turning it into a tax heaven and free port was a revolutionary idea that would lift out of poverty most of its inhabitants, or at least most of the members of the party of progress.

The globalist party (of which the president was a member) considered that integration into the global system of administration of national states was the natural evolution of folkloric local bureaucracies.

The African party had the sect that fought for the return to the ancestral home, and the one that preferred the Caribbean to live. Their gunfights were routine.

The Hindi party recruited its supporters at carnival, the only

time of year when it had any activity, but its congressional caucus was constantly growing.

More than 57.88% of the population had a biometric digital certificate of membership in the True Church of God (TCG), but also more than 86.7% had been baptized in the Unified Church of the Prophet (UCP). The record of religious beliefs in Western Katai is a wide spectrum that goes from the Cathars and Templars, to the Taoists and Islamic, passing through the santeros and the practitioners of voodoo.

Because more than 92.4% of Katai's population has a family member working abroad, it is one of the few countries that has growing foreign exchange earnings, despite the fact that legally it only exports a little rum.

I believe that because Western Katai (it's written in their national anthem) is the country of unbridled love, its population is an almost homogeneous mix of descendants of Caribe natives, Spanish conquistadors, English, Dutch, and French pirates, African slaves, and Hindus, Arabs and Chinese immigrants.

Some scholars credit Katai's light, golden rum with a catalytic, surfactant, or emulsifying effect on that blend.

Other scholars attribute these same effects to the excellent

and aromatic tobacco, and to other smokable herbs that grow almost wild on the slopes of the only mountain on the island.

I agree with both groups of scholars.

I know the country well, because I am always working to be able to continue taking my vacations there.

Luana still hadn't returned from her shopping trip, so they invited me to a meeting with the three of them, so that I could tell the martians everything afterwards.

When I entered the virtual room, the meeting had already started, they had been going on for more than fifteen minutes.

--Take notes and then translate the entire conversation-- The president of the WOC ordered me.

The now ex-president of the WOC, he looked like he hadn't slept in a long time.

The TCG pope was giving a speech.

--Money and time, time and Money, what the Worker has left over, the Investor wants, and vice versa- he said preparing the ground.

--Your one hundred quotas have not been offered in the public auction, I see that you has respected the deal, I like it. We've put in all seven hundred already, your must have measured your income.

--We need fifty more, the church is growing, the president of the WOC and I are going to make you an offer, which we are sure you will love.

--It is not necessary for me to tell you that the president has the new password for the main root, neither tell you that we cannot prevent the country, which already has half of your island, from taking over the rest.

But we know that your businesses will be safe, because you are going to ensure that your country is fully integrated into the global administration and tax system, using your companies, but solving the only three problems that exist:

1- You have to finish eliminating your ridiculous army to avoid useless bloodshed.

2- You have to put an end to the almost pornographic disrespect for any kind of modesty, moderation, and management that is your carnival, and let a serious tourism company take care of maximizing happiness.

3-The world financial system cannot withstand the drop in the prices of rum and the herbs with which they make cigarettes there, so we are going to support them with taxes.

Your fifty quotas would be paid to you at the highest price obtained at the auction, and they will be acquired by the president of the country who is waiting for your response, before finishing invading your country, and blocking your properties and money.

So there we have Emanuel or Manuel or Nuel, in the country of unbridled love determined to:

1- Make an alliance with the country that had taken half of the island from him country, and since it is at war with more than half of the African countries, it does not give work, either remote or as an immigrant, to the inhabitants of those countries, nor to their descendants up to the fifth generation, nor to anyone with a dark skin tone (TOP).



Only because there he had his most profitable businesses.

2-Integrate the administrative systems of Katai with those of the WOC.

Just because he owned the companies that would do that job.

3-Prohibit the carnival.

Only because in his agreements with the pope of the TCG, he promised to spread the faith in the SUCCESS of progress.

4-Economically and militarily blockade the two little countries that had become independent, despite knowing that it would put at risk the supply of rum to those most in need.

Just because they didn't pay taxes.

5-Make your ministers work every Monday at seven in the morning.

Just because he liked to pretend that he was a hard worker.

I think his idea was that the military will exile him, since he had launched a project to integrate and subordinate them to the police, as a specialized body, merely protocolar, which would only be used in parades.

He always kept his private plane ready at the airport of his modest farm, which is in the greenest part of his city.

I have not investigated who killed him, but it was not something planned, it seems that someone was celebrating something and went unbridled when he saw it.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION	4
2- THE MARTIANS <sup>7</sup> BELONG TO EVERYBODY	8
3-VISIT OF THE MARTIANS TO THE RURAL SCHOOL 54673	18
4.THE GAMES THAT THE MARTIANS PLAY	21
5.-THE CRY OF THE MALE MARTIAN ON SUMMER NIGHTS	22
6.-THE PRESIDENT’S PLAN	24
7.-THE PLAN OF THE TECHNICIANS	27
8.-THE DIRTIEST RIVER IN THE WORLD	30
9.-THE LIBERATION OF THE MARTIANS	32
10.-THE MARTIANS ARE VERY TIRED	35
11.-THE TRUE CHURCH OF GOD (TCG)	38
12.-SOME QUESTIONS	41
13-THE PLAN OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD ORGANIZATION OF COUNTRIES (WOC)	43

14.-WHAT CAN A MARTIAN DO IN SAN RUBIALO?	48
15-I'M LOOKING FOR A WOMAN TO GO WITH THE MARTIANS	51
16.-THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WOC	
17.-THE FAREWELL OF EMANUEL OR MANUEL OR NUEL	58
18.-THE ASSESMENT SURVEY OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOC	62
19.- MY FAVORITE EMAIL	66
20.- SMALL COUNTRY, BIG HELL	69
21.-A DREAM WITH WHALES, SARDINES, AND SQUID	75
22.-MY GIFT	77
23-THE CLEANER RIVER IN THE WORLD	79
24-THE PROPHET	82
25-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET-A SCHOOL TEACHER	86
26.-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET-REPRODUCTION I, FROM CRYSTALS TO VIRUSES	89
27.-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET-BIRTH	91

28.-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET-THE PLAGUE	94
29-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET -INFOGLUT	
30-WHAT LUANA TOLD ME ABOUT THE PROPHET -THE TRUE TRUTH	99
31-SAN RUBIALO	106
32-THE MOVE	111

## To be continued

