- Why scanner can't scan blank pages?
- Because it can't detect them!
- Therefore this is the blank page that scanner can't detect?
- Right on.
- Wouldn't the page number be enough?
- Yes. But not funny. Guess.
The Legend of £1 3/4

Recently, a perpetual blood-thirsty knowledge war was raging in the Empire. Objectivity & Subjectivity armies were clashing horns, settling historical differences & similarities.

These days, there is a rumour circling that a side had recently won & was writing new pre-writing old history. A job they hired their best history writer & re-writer on the market, called £1 3/4.

...
As I dip my pen into ink, there is another rumour circling that the side that had recently cost was re-writing new history. They hired £1 3/4.

The ultimate hypothesis squared the rumour circles into a triangle and proved that £1 3/4 delivered the same work at both sides, thereby creating a virtual fictional lockdown.

$$\frac{00}{a} = \triangle$$

$$cc^2 = ?$$
After this deadly cacophonic silence, no one denied/confirmed anything.

- We do not comment on rumors;
- Breaking News grudged; /
- I don't want 2 share your paranoia, I eike mine.

By this time, #/ 3/4 jumped & free-fell into the thin vacuum of anonymity.
That was a long time ago

... today, the Empire suffers in
d the grip of repression and poverty.
Peasants and landlords alike flee to
Banizbat Island, in search
of fortune and salvation.

- F/ says: ...

12
"I will remember what might have been.

There was no time to think, nothing to think about and no-one to do the thinking.

I was squating on the metal floor of the Silver Bird type airplane. There were no chairs/benches/anything of a sort to sit on, trying to keep my back straight, on the wall, holding my parachute bag tightly squeezed on my chest, fingers of my right hand playing with the silver ring that, when pulled, will release the chute, I hoped.
Keeping the eye contact with my guy, I mean a sort of a steward, although me being the only passenger, I might as well call him a personal assistant, who smoked a fat cigarette, had huge headphones covering 2/3 of his head, good quality stuff, I thought, could not hear any sound coming through... 

... Later we eat & tell stories.

... He wore a dark green bomber jacket, the kind one is expected to wear in such a situation as well. He probably did it more often than me... so a non-situation for him, maybe even a routine non-situation... His dark yeeuw pants & black shoes I could imagine in other moments, where I never was & never will be... probably maybe even...
- Ready? he said, winked, maybe, 
  with the fingers of his left 
  hand, holding cigariello in his 
  right, started the G-down 
  countdown.

- Ready? I thought. He mimicked 
  the count: siii, thumb gone, 
  fiive, another finger gone, fouuu— 
  vur, threeeee, twwweo, ohhne...

I wished he were a monster from 
outer space and had thousands 
of thumbs... all fingers gone, 
door opened, he looked out, threw 
the cigariello &?!! jumped!!

Suddenly, I and autopilot 
was alone in the plane.

- Timing was essential & I 
  stumbled into the free-fall.

- For what felt a very long 
  eternity I resisted... to pull 
  the chute release ring, holding 
it tighty with my righy pointing 
finger, pressing my elbow into my 
ribcage, through my hiper-dynamic 
thermal jump suit... blue on the 
inside & yellow on the outside,
I got as the part of travel package deal... which I got as the part... was warned to destroy it after touchdown... they will move like if... pressing... not to pull by accident in the wind... my mouth whispering not yet, not yet, not yet... I feel vortex touching my boots bootlaces flapped not yet, not yet, not... NDOW. Parachute opens & I open my eyes.”

- When did you close those?

“I am inside the vortex. Starting the second part of my not anymore free-fall. Autopilot waved me a long goodbye & slow Gravity sent its warmest welcome greetings, no more. My vocabulary rapidly shrinking, word by word, as creation of history started to dominate the actual experience of present subatomic particles movement?”
- My Prototype o'clock shivers and I reset it to the factory settings and the timeline is 0 BP (Before Present).

- Touchdown

  "Why when fractured their ankles, how bruised the left elbow & Do twisted the ankle."

- I limp-off into Baniabat, feeling dizzy, elbowing myself into my new life.

- Lockdown: 53.
- Vocabulary: 0.
- I was wordless but definitely a little bit quite optimistic.