PRESENT DAY

"A theory suggests that parallel worlds exist and that they interact with each other."
Present Day. In Storyfield.
1010 BE (Banizbat Era)
13:53 BT (Banizbat Time)

I am home to stay.  
农业生产继续进行。  
I clear browsing data from beginning of time and... after 
eternally short pause I re-start.  
...
Present:
- just a bunch of best friends
- twing
- soulmates
- alter egos
- a gang in sinch
- one brain one voice
- crying shoulders

Imaginatu ego sum.

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We test & I take notes.

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The sky is green, ... the Field is blue ... if you love me I love you?
- Well, well, well?
- Comes the swearer taste like glue?
- Hey, hey, hey!!

Good almighty motherfucking me, the author. At work: "The sunshine went to... miek... the donkeys... dick... all across the pretty ... by the waterfall."
- Hey, hey, hey!!!
I hear the waterfall! Is it only me? Suddenly, it is the talk of the entire story field. For a while.

In not a time... my Pariguayo, slaves... students... my Pariguayo students are taking baths in the lake... in the waterfall lake. Naked...
Another glitch and...

YGGDRASIL!

Ergo: I live in Storyfield, by the waterfall lake, under the giant ancient tree. The Tree of Wisdom.

"The tree that is growing to heaven must send its roots to hell?"

Good omighty earth-fucking tree.
And wind will howl, and the wind will blow...?
And the sun rose... and set,
But the tree stood.
Do I water? Do I don't?

...?

Piss break it is. We shake our cocks and wipe our pussies well no stains on undies no more."

"Keep people from their history
and they are easily controlled."

We, the Author, write under
the Tree of Wisdom, by the waterfall lake... my house...
Is made of pre-historic stones,
A double bed. A very long
Table... made of almand wood...
11 chairs... bebeimut's... all taken.
And a Prototype O'Clock.
A non-clutter set-up?
You bet!
Good place to do "nothing"?
Duble the bet! Win/win.
But?
But where is the "same story for everyday"?
Here it comes. The story on popular oleand.
He he, popular my ass.

When I leave my house, going hunting, the bed I leave empty, the chairs is empty, on the table sometimes an occasional object. A bait for eventual visitors. Burglars. Lost dwellers, Spiderman... my dear Portuguese students. I remember... once I left... on the table... a stuffed grass-snake with blue pearl eyes... eventual visitors that never came... but one better be careful... not to have any regrets after fucking... as they like to say around... here... lately, funny enough... sometimes, but more than once, I try to have regrets before fucking.
It seemed!... a while ago, upon my return, I found on my empty table a hand written anonymous letter. Addressed to me.

As locals do not ever come to Storyfield, As if the Nature is waiting in ambush to at least kill them... if not worse... like butterfly fobias...

...I suspect the Doctor. Short, bald, narrow-sighted...
big ears scientist... Dr. Rafael Luiz Díaz.

- Actamira.

**Dr. Actamira. My best friend.**

Or so I believed.

..."

"Luckily in this lifetime I am not surprised out."

...

I call my vehicle to break the news of impending journey. It is quite pleased. Any news is still the news. Good or bad? The story will tell.

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