

The inevitable return of the finger

(the other version)



An inspiring
two-volume story
of a maniac,
written by the
maniac himself

green

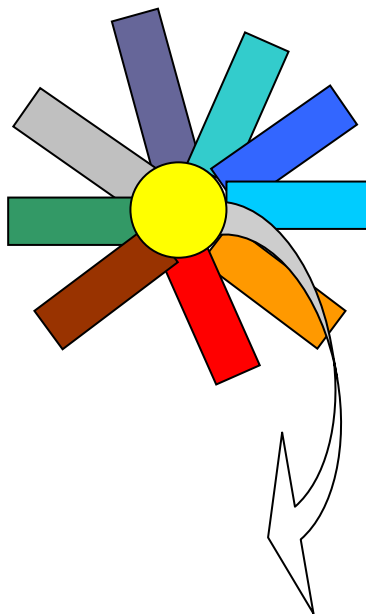


I dedicate this to D, thank you for making it possible;

I bow down to everyone who read this doc,
and learned something from it.

The credit for most of the images goes to Smiley.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude towards myself,
for taking the time to write this :-)



Note: there is no chaos; in fact everything that is random is actually well arranged,
but it takes time and more than just one attempt to see the order.

Here I am. Once again I am in a pretty ugly situation. Why? Not knowing what to do, is worse than not being able to do it; just like not having an objective is worse than not having the means to achieve it. I play my music, but it seems to sound different, and it does not have the same effect on me. Without this life-support device, I feel sort of empty... so there really is no primary objective at the moment... a program stuck in an infinite loop, waiting to be debugged, that's what I am.

What happens next? What role will Dee play in my life? What role will I play in her life?

The final version of this doc is very distant from what I initially planned, the described story evolved in the exact same way, so I see no problem here. :-)

But hey, I still got seven fingers left and ten fingers right, that makes a total of seventeen; oh, plus the trend. Since math is the most accurate way of expressing an idea, here is another perspective:

$$IQ = \frac{\Delta^f}{f} \times a^\gamma$$

Δ – distance between the first two fingers (months)
 f – finger number ($f \geq 2$)
 a – age (years)
 γ – random coefficient :-) (arbitrary units)

As you can see, one's experience depends on f ; age is important as well, but the final result can be totally unpredictable due to gamma; one day I'll perform an in-depth study and find a way to calculate it... and maybe change the formula itself.

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Evidently my situation was wow-better than the astronaut's.

Before getting over this part, I should focus on a tiny detail – “*even though he's far away now*”. I asked nothing about the guy, why would she mention anything? To be honest, I wish this didn't happen, because there are multiple ways of interpreting that info... one of them virtually creates a small patch of land in the heart of the enormous ocean in which you happen to be drifting. But wake up and shine – the mini-island is on the other side of the planet!

“*He is a very lucky guy... but this doesn't mean we cannot be good friends*”. “Yes”, she replied. Hah, I think everyone says that, but in the end people start avoiding each other. “*What do you think of people who say they will be friends but end up avoiding each other?*” I don't remember if she gave me an answer; I went on with “*we are going to be a living example that proves that people CAN be friends in such situations*”. Of course affirming that was pretty childish, because it's not just up to me. And even if it was ... I am a hard nut to crack, but I do have my vulnerabilities...

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Being so devoted to my fair-play principles, I told myself it was time to cancel the mission; I'd get angry if my girl ran away with a bozo... in my absence.

Imagine how great it feels to be that guy? I mean, you can really trust someone and be sure nothing goes wrong... it's like having the Chinese wall around you, just for

yourself and nobody else :-) It's a pity that all the action happens when you're not nearby.

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I got a phonecall from A, presented him a quick report of the latest developments... we arranged a meeting. A came with Ad, the three of us analyzed the situation. I realized I was indeed different, because what I heard was the opposite of what I did and thought :-) I pictured myself in a cartoon, with an angel above one shoulder and the devil floating on the other side... the difference is that *both* of them were saying “*go for it! do it! forget the other guy!*” :-)

It was pretty late, a light breeze... I could still feel the smell of her perfume, that thing tasted damn good! Ad's official explanation: “*it's in the pores of your nose, it will fade away eventually*”.

A and Ad convinced me that things were different from how I saw them, and that a lot could be done and that the astronaut was still reachable. I changed my views, but if I am still writing this... ;-)

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“*For how long has it been happening?*” she asked. What could I say? “*Red cloth?*” “*8 months?*” Even I'm not satisfied with this answer. “*It's all there*” I said, pointing to the papers I've given her. She'd read everything and see things by herself. I'm sure this was the best solution at that moment.

“*What about your personal life?*” Oh man, how was I supposed to answer that one? %-) Not only that I didn't have an answer, but I also was unable to think clearly.

Still in the state of... 'mental imponderability'? You know, when something happens in your body and you can't tell whether it's pain or pleasure... or when you eat\drink something and you're not sure if it is tasty or not... when everything you see is a blur, or worse - a "no input signal" message :-)

"uhm... this is the second or third time I get this reply from a girl", I started bending my fingers trying to count the cases, but I had no idea what I was doing, nor how many fingers I bent... and I know that no matter how many cases I managed to count, the result was incorrect. Now, when I can take my time and check the balance, I can affirm that I've had two of them. So... at the moment I got three fingers and a trend: with each new finger, the distance is greatly increased. What happens between the fingers is what I call 'evolution'. And if it makes no sense, it is not my fault.

Somehow she also asked what features I wanted my 'the one' to have. I don't remember my exact words, but I do remember I ended with *"beauty is insignificant"* – ooooh, this is so not true, what a lie... but I didn't laugh!

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For some reason I remembered all the bad stuff that happened to me... my first fight at school, several family-related issues, my broken hand, the major disappointments, the first two 'fingers'... *"man, if you've been thru all that crap and you're still here, you gotta be superman! What's the problem? You handled that – you can handle this?"* I have quite a fat record, if other people's experiences fit into a folder, mine require a whole state archive - this is a direct consequence of my mindset and lifestyle. But how come none of that helped me? Have I turned into a library that has no subscribers? All the knowledge is worthless? Will my books be used as fuel in the near future? It is a recursive process - gain experience in order to be able to gain more experience. But where do you apply it in the end? Is all this about teaching me to stand still in a coffin for the rest of my physical existence?

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She said the people who sat on a nearby bench were suspiciously looking at us, so we decided to take off. I don't know if there was anything peculiar about those folks (they were behind me), or if it was an ingenious way of getting us out of there and putting an end to it...

On the way back we started discussing a very important aspect of one's life – studies. Since both of us were students, our university was in the middle of it. She told me the story of her sign-up, how things were done in a rush and how difficult it was to deal with the emotional load. According to my observations, this was the part when she was... herself? Her voice was different, and she spoke with so much passion, at times running out of words, sometimes talking faster than I could understand... I wish she was in that state when thinking of me. The weird part is that her uni-story is really close to mine. Winning means that someone loses - the essence is that she turned to be the winner because I turned to be the loser :-)

it is amazing how completely unrelated things end up having a major influence on each other. The story itself is beyond the scope of this doc.

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I asked her what she was up to, she said she was going home. *"I'll walk you to the bus then"*. Of course I didn't want her to go, so when we got to the station I asked whether she was in the mood to go for a short walk or grab something to eat\drink... the

two of us agreed to go forward until we reach 'location-M'... certainly this was better than just going straight home. Besides, this gave me some extra-time to come up with something. Being on the move, I initiated a conversation with no particular topic. I tried to knock her down with all sorts of wicked questions. I mean, do you usually talk about car crashes and death? I dunno why I did that... it's just that I can talk about birds and clouds to anyone, but since she's not 'anyone' - I thought I'd better go for plan B from the very beginning of what later turned to be the beginning of the end. I also asked her about the views concerning family, children and relationships in general... when she plans to get married, what kind of husband she is looking for and so on. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't expecting a plain answer; I was just trying to cause a "buffer overflow" and see what happens in such circumstances. Either you're told to go to hell, or the person "turns everything around" and you're the victim, or the person simply changes the subject, etc. Her answer was 'right', i.e. there was no answer; she explained she was not ready to think of such things as there were other priorities at the moment. That's what I was looking for! Really glad to hear that without being told to get lost :-). I realized [once again] I was dealing with 'the opposite of naïve'. The other advantage is that she got a sneak preview of who I am, + figured out that a "division by zero" situation is highly probable when I'm around. [Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst] Uhm, she didn't punch me, so I guess I passed the test.

We kept walking, at a certain moment we reached some sort of a mini-park, with a statue in front of it... a rough stone, granite I think... I passed by it each time I went to the uni and I was always wondering what the story of the stone was; so I told Dee I wanted to get closer and check it out. The message on the stone said "In the memory of those who fell in Afghanistan". Hmm... some things just happen, and that cursed war is not an exception; decades later - G and Dee are reading a message which exists only because the war took place... Will this story have any consequences? I don't mean "I write it - you read it", I'm looking for a really indirect one, such as: a psychologist will study it, write a comment, get a prize [wow :-)], and on his way home a crook will stab him in the back and steal his award and trade it for a couple of bucks, not knowing its real value. Now we're cookin'!

Back to the story: I saw several benches in the park, most of them were not available, but we did manage to spot a 'vacant place', as we turned to it, it got occupied. There was another one on our left, so we headed towards it, while I was hoping no one will take it [which was likely to happen because 'luck' is my middle name]. Nope, this time justice did its job, and we took over the control of the object.

The view was pretty cool, I could see a distant forest [which looks very nice in autumn], the sky was blue, the clouds were fluffy, and I had this ultimately cool girl sitting next to me; not bad, ey? The conversation went on. By all means, I tried to let her do the talking, but it seemed that she's more of an "answerer" than a "questioner". That's weird, I am like that myself, so the situation we were in wasn't that comfortable. Eh what the heck, I just went on with my creepy topics, and then the discussion just evolved by itself... this is how I found out she wouldn't mind having twins. "*That's ok with me, as long as you don't force them wear the same clothes*" :-), she agreed with me. The further we went, the more coincidences I noted. For instance: russian music is pretty... uhhh.. uncool; their rock is an exception though. We're both born on the 28th (with e delta of 4 months). But that's not it, her birthday is on aug.28 - that's when I installed my windows (it's been running since 2001, and that's a lot for a window), if only things were as lasting as my OS... We came to the conclusion that 28 is a magic number. ;-). Then I

discovered her passion for languages, in addition to what I know, she speaks Spanish and French, and plans to broaden her horizons. Yep, my knowledge is the equivalent of nothing when you compare it to others’.

As it often happens to me, a discussion ends up being focused on religion. I have that frequently, as I am for some reason an attractive target for Jehovah’s witnesses. I don’t know how, but I believe I convinced some of those ‘witnesses’ that they ‘witnessed’ nothing! >:-) But in Dee’s case... Probably she triggered something inside me, because she had this argument which I could not disprove. I can’t believe it! On my way home I thought of a million answers to that, but when I was ‘on stage’, I couldn’t say anything. That’s odd.

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Hmm, uncontrollable things cannot be controlled... The movie went pretty well, although I was very nervous before it. We agreed to meet there at T-time (don’t mix it with tea-time), things would’ve been fine, but a few others were not punctual... As we were on our way to the cinema, I was picturing what I would do if we’re late. But it wasn’t that bad, while I was still on the bus, I saw her walking towards the movie theatre - I felt relieved coz she wouldn’t have to wait. Phew! That was a close shave...

The ‘crew’ was different from the initial version: me, D, A, A.gf, A.sis, A.gf.sis, and one more guy...

D looked very cool, it was the first time I saw her with makeup (I dunno how you call that eye-thing), she wore a nice pink pullover, and the overall look was woohoooo! , very classy, and her perfume was as sweet as a drug, I’m tellin’ ya... She introduced herself, and then all of us got inside... I took the seat #13 - as usual, D sat on my left. Oh, by the way, I’ll change D to Dee, it sounds cooler.

The movie itself was ok, but I won’t focus on it, as I have more important events to cover. However, I’d like to say hello to the stupid fat cows that sat behind us and got on everyone’s nerves.

As soon as the movie was over, we gathered in front of the cinema, discussed a few scenes... We split in two groups, everyone went home (as all of us live in the same area) while I wanted to walk with Dee for a while...

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One of the things I asked was “*have u ever gotten totally drunk and out of control?*”. Negative – this is good news! On the other hand, it is very interesting to see how people act when they’re under the influence. Some are turning into jokers, others become really kind... some are friendly, others are hostile. A friend of a friend is a musician, he starts making music from sounds generated by his body – what an artist :-) I have no story of my own because I never get drunk, nor I am a drinker...

I found out that as a kid she and her friends used to stay quiet inside an elevator, and then scare the people who called it when the doors were opening. Heh what a view! I imagine a little girl with a long tail doing it, this looks really funny. Kids and elevators... elevators and kids... it happened to me recently, I got inside the building and there were three boys, one of them was going out and the others were in the elevator, they halted it, so I realized they were waiting for me [so kind of them]. I asked where they were heading, the value was >6, so I pressed the button... and immediately they burst out in laughter, while I felt that my finger came in contact with someone’s saliva. Urrrgh! I

children shouldn't have pets? You see, one can affirm that he\she knows the solution ONLY if the person has actually dealt with the problem itself. And its not just pets... it's absolutely everything! Experience is something you get when solving things, if you have nothing to solve, you have nothing to learn. Anyway, I'm sure you got my point... if you're saying "*dude, this is NOT how you charm a girl!*", you are perfectly right. And it's not all; imagine it from her point of view: she met a guy who speaks about stupid rabbits, and then switches to children – being serious in both cases... hmm... I'd run away if I met such an individual.

With a bunch of cons and no pros, I'm going to continue my story.

...

A backpack is a key to one's existence. By analyzing its contents you can learn a lot about the owner, really. Oohh backpacks... My first one, I was given it in the beginning of the second grade - I still have it, still use it, and it still looks like a brand new one, even though it's been thru all the sad and joyful moments of my childhood. That was somewhere in '91 or '92? I am absolutely positive about my being the first one from school to use a backpack instead of a classic soviet bag (you know what I mean)... The type of the backpack and the state it is in describes the possessor. I asked if I could see what she was carrying, she refused; but she did want to check out the contents of my bag... I had nothing to hide [but my personal reserve of coke, and several weapons :-)]. My curiosity made me try again, I wanted to see what was inside of that nice, good-looking, clean, refined bag, but I couldn't change her mind... I rarely see someone with a backpack which looks tidier than mine, eh well... some other time then...

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"Sir, unidentified object, Sir! Inbound, 80 feet, 70... 60 and counting!"... A brick coming straight into my face... At first I thought I needed a very good laugh (as I always do), but... this wasn't the case. I looked at the sky, the view was very relieving. The scale of the whole thing pointed to the fact that I and my issues were insignificant... I got a bit shaky, and pictured one of my hospital-visits, I was taken blood-samples, and then it hit me out of the blue... the air got really 'dense', I inhaled it with much effort, I suddenly felt my legs go offline, I found a chair, lied down, *"I will close my eyes for just a moment, just to get a little rest"*; all I remember is my mom, who was with me, slapping my face and shouting *"whatever you do, don't close your eyes!"*. Soon the dizziness faded away. I did some studies later, and I found out that keeping the eyes open and focusing on an object actually prevents one from losing consciousness or getting too weak.

I could still taste the sky... I made it!

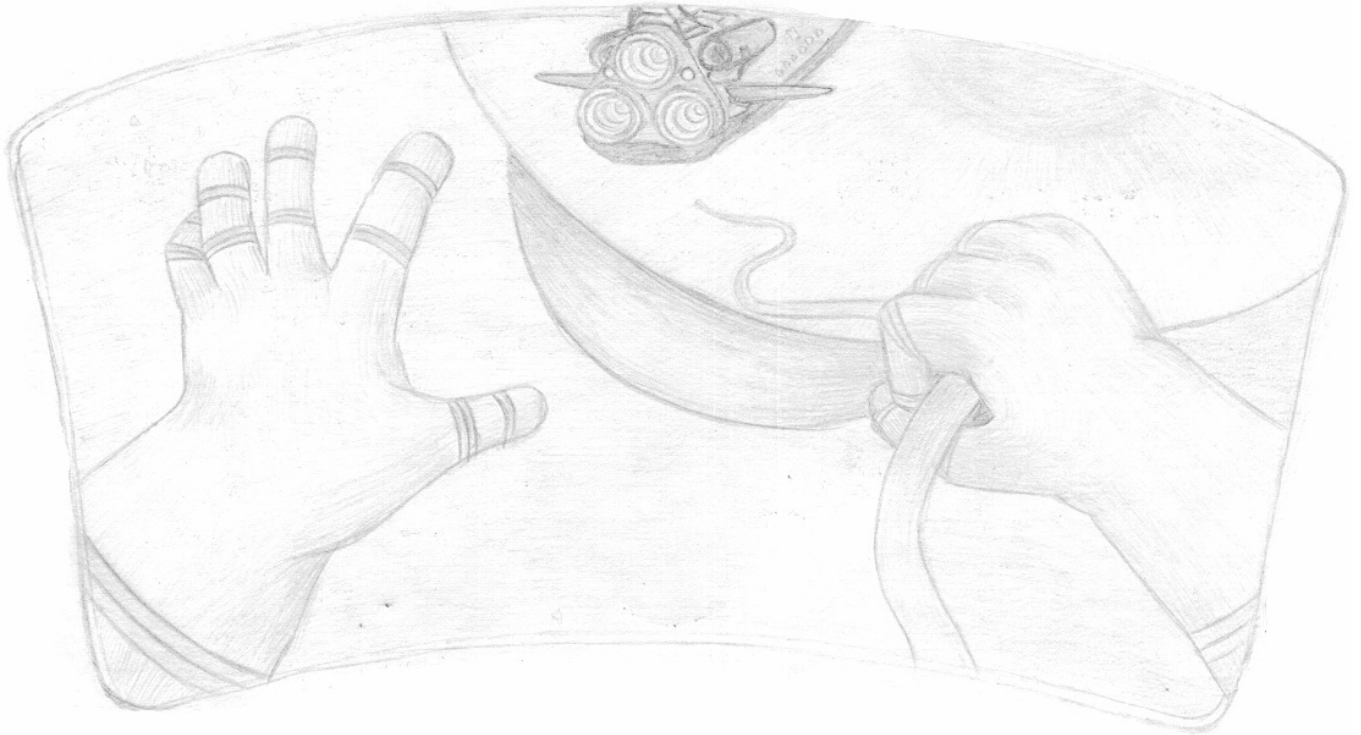
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And it's another pity if 'the guy' doesn't even exist; nothing is better than knowing that an imaginary person is better than you are :-)

We talked about this and that, and every now and then she said *"mai spune ceva"* (or *"ce mai spui?"*). I have to admit that I didn't really like that, because it felt as if I was pushed towards something. *"You got nothing to lose but everything, so go for it dude. Tally-ho!?"*... Hah, I guess you know what I did, don't you? I'm going to quote myself: *"what*

would you say if I said that it's time for me to say that it's time for us to be more than friends?". Yes, I know it's not the most romantic way to say it, and I know that by the time you get to the end, you forget what the whole deal... but I did my best. And hey, at least it didn't sound like "if it's not a yes I'm going to kill myself and make the rest of your life miserable". And hey, at least I can be sure [well, 99.99% sure] the copyright is mine. :-) "*I expected you to say that. The thing is that I already have a friend, even though he 's far away now*".

Houston, we have a problem!



...

I got home, waited until I thought she was finished reading the stuff I gave her, then called to ask how she got back, and before I managed to say anything, she asked "*how did you get home?*" aaaah, I ran out of questions... she said she finished reading the doc :-) "*you wrote that you wished you knew what I thought of it... well, I think it is very sweet*". I could try and explain that it was just point one percent from my 'candytron'... but was it going to work? The brick hit its target, the astronaut was already somewhere in Neverland... she asked if at any moment of history she gave me a reason to think what I thought. Well, to be honest, yes, otherwise I wouldn't be writing this. Not to make it more complicated than it already was, I said that "*different people look at the same thing but they see different things. It is all about the diverse ways of interpreting something*", blah blah blah, not your fault, not mine either, nobody's fault, some things just happen....

...

I saw her off at the station, she got on her minibus; I crossed the street to catch mine. As I turned on the player, I heard 'My feelings' by Junior Jack. And you know

what? This guy 's right! "why after all this time? My feelings can't explain" – that's the answer! Hmm...

On my way back I thought of many things... watched a drunk hitting on a woman. I could feel the smell of that skunk from a mile. To my surprise, she was actually cooperating with the man! What the heck is wrong with this world?!

...

A few days after all of it happened, I was asked to set up the computers in a game club located in a village... "Sure, why not? As long as you take me there, and then deliver me back to the exact same spot you kidnapped me from". Of course I am a bit too rough, a village is a civilized place, and its settlers are rational human beings. Anyway, I was doing my job, the 'employers' (two friends of mine) were watching from aside, along with a couple of local teenagers. They probably heard a lot of legends about dangerous hackers robbing banks from their computers, without the need of a phone line, a network or any other contact with 'the rest of the world' ;-)) they also heard a lot about my 'magic backpack' that has everything in it... they could swallow the whole Titanic when they opened their mouths as I was getting my cd's out :-)) All the myths were backed up by my typing at the keyboards - it probably looked lightning-fast to them... they started discussing hackers, and from time to time telling me "dă-mi și mie un milion când ești gata"... eh, just to make it clear, a hacker is someone who makes furniture with an axe, I bet you thought different ;-)) you know, I felt like an exotic animal in a cage, because all of them were looking at me and discussing me as if I were fu**ing absent! "I bet he can do this" – "no, no way he can do that!" One of them got closer and initiated a conversation, asking how long I've been doing what I do, and so on... at a certain moment, that chap knocked me down with "înseamnă că la tine cu fetele e cam greu". "We're losing him! Charge! Clear!" I badly wanted to kick his ass right there, but I did not, because:

- a) "Violence is not the answer"
- b) I was a guest
- c) One incorrect move, a wire is pulled = an expensive device kisses the floor
- d) My kicking his ass could have developed into his kicking MY ass :-))
- e) The hardest to admit – he was sort of right

Of course he was wrong, because he didn't understand what he said. It's just a stereotype... and man, I really don't like followthecrowders.

There is another detail I should mention. The system was almost completely installed, I was asked to enter the password. Yes, of course... evidently, obviously... unsurprisingly... predictably... I typed her name :-)) Reboot, 'please enter the password' - "ok pal, if you insist ;-))", and guess what? The bloody machine didn't validate it %-)) ooh... I tried all the possible variations, with capitals, double that, single this, short version, long version – none of them was correct. Yes, I expected this to happen – I forgot my password-removal tool at home, so I had to delete everything and start installing from scratch... the second time I went for the classic (and risk-free) '123'.

Conclusion? Never mix your passion with your profession™.

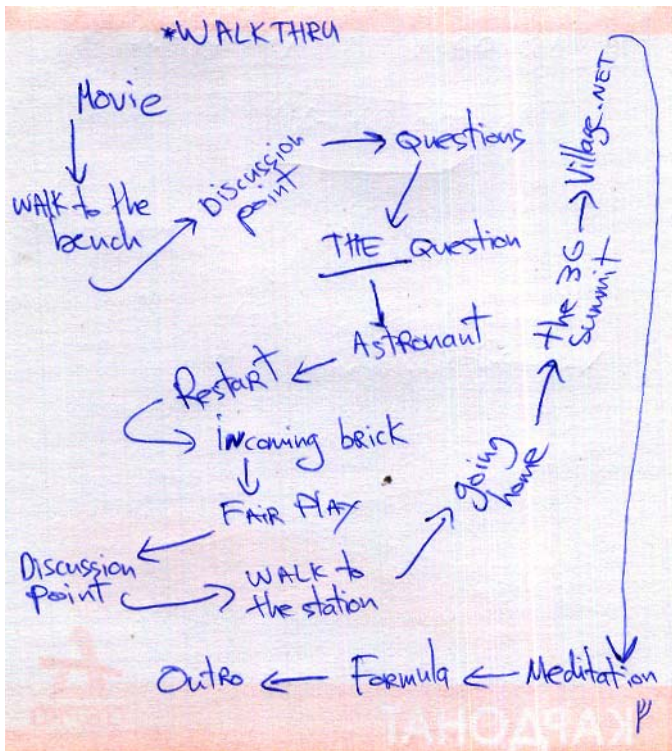
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Ok, now sing along with me (start quiet, and then go louder):

“I try to say goodbye and I choke
Try to walk away and I stumble
Though I try to hide it, it's clear
My world crumbles when you are not near”

cREDITS

D herself
G himself



aUDIO TRACKS

Official “the inevitable return of the finger”
theme:

Moloko – Forever more

Other performances:

Fatboy Slim – Praise you

Junior Jack – My feelings

High Contrast – Global love

Moby – Natural blues

Red Hot Chili Peppers – Minor thing

Мечтать – Летчик

Air – Ce matin la

Agnelli & Nelson – Hudson street

Alanis Morissette – Ironic

LOIS – LOIS

Delerium – Silence

DJ Tiesto – Suburban train

Gîndul Mîței – Numai tu

Groove Armada – Easy

Prodigy – No good

Staind – How about you

Pulp – Disco 2000

Chemical Brothers – Star guitar

Roxette – Wish I could fly

Royksopp – Eple

Skunk Anansie – Weak

Layo & Bushwacka – Love story

Timo Maas – Help me

The Film – Can you trust me

Macy Gray – I try

*and a load of others I cannot recall

About the author



G was born in 1848, in a distant galaxy, on an unidentified planet. Throughout his childhood he had to move from one location to another very often, this exposed him to a broad range of environments. His first visit to The Milky Way – Mars, he also spent a lot of time on the sunny side of the Moon, and on Pluto – where he conducted most of his studies of the human body and psyche. His research was not limited to specimens of the human race, as he often interacted with merchants from all the corners of the known universe.

When the company that employed him moved its headquarters to Earth, he moved as well. “The blue planet is actually green!” – his first impression. He quickly adapted to the new circumstances and started researching the potential of some of the plants that populated the planet. He was convicted several times for the development and proliferation of special substances, later referred to as ‘drugs’; but he did not stop; eventually he discovered a harmless drug, and was awarded the Nobel Prize for that.

He was involved into the vast majority of the hi-tech activities that took place on Earth – space traveling techniques, teleporting methods, AI development... In fact, he was the first one to create an operating AI robot.

The Geat War made him a different person, he could not go on with his technological practice, so he suddenly vanished... in order to return after 20 years and start an astonishing career in politics. His new ideas were supported by 100% of the inhabitants of the planet; there were no opposing forces, so he easily became a global leader. That’s when the Golden Era of Earth started. Terrans explored the deep space, set contact with advanced life forms that existed in parallel dimensions which were previously unknown, developed new forms of energy, mastered the anti-matter... these are just a few of the remarkable achievements.

Later G became addicted to music, it is a form of art that expresses itself via sounds. Nobody knows the exact way things evolved. Some say he was working on a new drug, based on music, plants, meditation and labor, and got carried away. Others say he teleported himself to a different universe, in order to start a new civilized world. The first theory has more support. According to the latest rumors, during one of his tests, he locked himself inside his own imagination, decided it was a better place and that he would never return to the real world, the world we live in.

G turned into the Holy Grail of modern science.

It is said that while floating amid his thoughts, G found *the answer of all the answers*, and understood the meaning of life and the origin of the universe, hence he became a perfect being.

It is believed that the person who finds G, ventures into his mind and convinces him to get back to the material world, will learn the secret of perfection, and live a prosperous life by his side.

Of course the mentioned details could be, and are questioned... just like the existence of G himself. This gave birth to a new trend: disproving G’s existence is just as important and serious as finding him. Any of these tasks, if accomplished, will be highly appreciated by contemporary science.

The latest theory proposed by some researchers combines the previous two, it states that G exists indeed, and that his mysterious disappearance is not his disappearance – it is in fact his omnipresence! As crazy as it sounds, these scientists say they can prove that G’s studies made him powerful enough to manage the unmanageable, so he built an inconceivable system, in which all of us live. The essence of the theory: our universe is in fact G’s universe (they called it ‘*The Giniverse*’), he built it with one single purpose – study the human psyche at a different [infinite-scale] level, then use the gained knowledge to build a new universe, better than the one we live in; then study the new version, update his views, build a new universe, study it, update it... In other words, the theory affirms that the known universe consists of many giniverses contained within each other, the n -th giniverse being better than the $n-1$ -th, while n tends to infinity.

This concept evolved into two different hypotheses, which are now being debated all over the world:

- we exist in G’s mind [all of us exist in a unique giniverse]
- G exists in our minds [a giniverse exists in each of us]

Some researchers took a different approach: they study G’s records and publish excerpts from his early works. They assume that following his path of thought, will one day make them able to understand what he understood.

As you can see, the two major concepts are not exclusive, in fact, they are very similar and they share the same quintessence: getting closer to perfection can be done in two ways – by studying your inner self and by studying the surrounding world.

The story presented in this book is a fragment of one of the first records ever found. Our publishing house will invest more resources into the quest for G’s thoughts. Hopefully, we will soon release a lot of new material.

Until then, we wish you good luck in discovering the real G.

*I wish there was someone
to write this one to,
a person who knows me,
who likes what i do...*

“Ce mi-a placut cel mai mult este aparenta dezorganizare”

(Ingula)

“Se pare ca personajul central (g sau G) este prea simplist pentru a fi simpatizat pana la capat”

(alias)

“Nu am nimic de spus referitor la aspectul psihologic al caracterelor: nu-mi trezesc cit de putzin interesul (nici caracterele, nici situatia lor)”

(tequila)

*A beautiful lady
whom i could trust,
and give all my loving
before turning to dust.*

“Descriind evolutia relatiilor intre personaje.. am constatat ca ambii sint un tip "pasiv" de oameni. Se pare ca ambii isi doresc o relatie, insa ambii nu prea multe fac pentru a incepe una”

(NaE)

nothing

G + D

O

