

The strange guy who had reinvented the day

Eli Shai

But say now, what's your story? She asked. It was a gloomy pub, rather empty, never visited before; half a dozen suspicious characters, sitting separately in their remote corners like aliens refugees from an UFO deserted spaceship, under dim yellowish lights, few more candles could have improved the atmospheres, but they were scare and fading away.

Me, I had no idea what to answer, I even had no idea what I was looking for there, besides that my legs just took me, I was completely not guilty and totally innocent – obeying some higher force, or perhaps some GPS application that was installed in my brain or my Smartphone I had never fully learnt to use (I have no brain for those gadgets) but anyway all the above they were to blame (perhaps also some forgotten earphone plugged into my ear) and my obsessive tendency to just stroll the streets away, counting pavements, losing orientation, and oh yea, it was the song that lingered from the entrance to the rainy street, a sad cover to an old Young that captivated me so much that the thought had passed inside my head; if I could ever direct my own funeral, I would ask this song to be played in a loop, I would even put it in a music machine hidden inside my epitaph, the visitors will have two options this or king crimson (or both same time or separately, all together 4 possibilities).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rSycSBYHitc>



To be honest, as I try now to reconstruct this poor episode, I had no clue what one should order in such a place, as contrary to what you might already guess at this initial stage of the story behind my extraordinary innovation and our slight encounter, I am indeed a late night person in the sense that my head tends to produce bright speedy ideas after midnight, as when I write now, but I am a pure virgin in regards to alcohol and nicotine, so whenever I find myself in such a nocturnal place, I feel tragically lost.

-Hey, what would you fancy to order? she asked, doing her best hospitality, while embarrassed shay me, I was contemplating some chamomile-verbena-melissa tea with lemon and a generous honey spoon, but was afraid the sympathetic bartender with her dragon tattoos, needled lips and pricked tongue, she might call the police on me, such a suspicious object I might seem totally asocial, as I started to miss badly my juicer mix of apples, lemons, ginger, carrots and wheatgrass. In the meantime just to gain time I thought I would settle for some grape juice (the kind I ritually drink Saturday night) or just a regular tea, thinking to myself; oh well, next time I'll make sure to come to such a place with handy well calculated thermos full of Twinings green-Jasmine tea.

And yet there was something genuine in her interested attitude, as if she really cared, perhaps a bit worried over this strange creature, not to be seen often in such an establishment and as she sensed my difference, her green eyes sparked, saying laughingly; I can't seem to figure you out, nor identify the drug you are on, something about your whole being doesn't make sense to me.

-Nothing of the sort, you have properly seen here, I said, hard stuff indeed, but from a different distant dimension, outer orbit planet, another substance, very far-out HQ, but not what you could ever guess.

I saw she got hooked intrigued on that puzzle; I thought the enigma is a good tactic to play over her, as she had no chance to solve it, but it kept the inner teeth wheels in her curious mind working over minutes in the graceful effort to solve that helpless character who can't order. I could hear the hard disk in her mind asking for reset, saying she was just outcaste from the net.

My inner mind was playing, for unknown reason, the last time I saw Richard (I never trust the DJ in such places and anyway after Young, the music there seemed to have went astray and rather helpless) as she desperately tried all her guesses throwing arrows in the air, but to no avail, indeed she was very knowingly in names of drinks, cocktails and drugs – far beyond my limited experience, as if trying to sniff my private mind. Me, I kept on giving her clues, saying; listen, you are not totally wrong, cheer up sister, it has to do with imagination, hallucinatory trips to other states of consciousness, all that, but its rather different, way of anything you had experienced in this darkish cave of yours.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=igj20M84hbo>

-So tell, she said, now me, I wanted to keep her interest going, her curiosity growing over me. I saw she had the potential to get addicted to my story telling, exactly due to the fact there was no story at all, often the daily no-story is the best story of all great dramatic narratives, but I still kept the cards close to my pulse, she couldn't figure me out; cause how come a person who is incapable of making any normal order at a bar, could be on some mysterious alternative super food healthy drug, that is unless he already came to the pub heavily drugged at the first place.

I kept on giving her a maze of clues with no fixed answers; saying I take it at night, its highly inspiring, it gets your mind going bright speedy, but it's nothing of the sort she could ever dream of, you see, it's very pure, it's natural, it's like the high you can get from a shake of pineapple, papaya, mango and annona.

She was far from being superficial, wanted the exact recipe, I said, it's esoteric, but once you have it you feel so highly inspired as if you start the take off to fly.

Then at last I gave few easy pieces for the puzzle game, I told her; know it's the drug of innovative enterprise, that can make your bubbling mind speedy with all kinds of new inventions, project ideas you never dreamt of before, that you may feel you can achieve anything once you drink it and its green natural super healthy.

She wanted to have a try, to be given a taste, got thirsty for the zip; the story took over her. So sorry me, I go on saying; unfortunately I don't have on me at the moment of our crucial accidental encounter – my little personal silvery bottle, but once you'll have a tinny alchemical drop of that magical mercury formula of fine higher

consciousness, you instantly feel the high of the mother of invention turning you on bright things, projects to conduct, like a godlike creator, as if you too could almost reinvent the world anew, not as we knew it till then.

At that moment something beeped from my bag; it was the little pink tablet saying new message had arrive to mail. Look, I said, just got this now, it usually makes sense at the moment you read it, so she read it out loud, but I asked her to keep more quiet to lower the volume as it solemnly said:

"Remain In This State Of Raised Consciousness.

These times alone with me are the most precious of times and are absolutely essential to you. The greater the need, the more time you need in this state of peace and stillness and Oneness with Me. The deeper you go within the stiller you become and the longer you can remain in this state of raised consciousness. You have but started on this path. That is why you have difficulty in remaining in this state for any length of time. But never despair; never give up. Simply know that practice makes perfect and when your desire is great you cannot fail to achieve the ultimate in the end. So be patient, be persistent, persevere, and simply know you will get there no matter how many setbacks you have along the way. Without constant practice you cannot hope to get there. No pianist, no singer or artist ever reached the pinnacle of perfection without hours and hours of practice, without much repetition".

She seemed to have liked it, she thought at first it was transmitted that very moment – directly for our talk. I had to explain it was a channeling message received by *Eileen Caddy*, One of the co-founders of the Findhorn Community, who had died more than a decade ago, still the foundation keeps on sending those messages to whomever might be interested to receive them. It's not new, but always fresh and often sounds most relevant.

-So tell, what have u invented till now? she asked, r u a start-upist or something type of guy? (She meant High tech Steve Jobs kind of type) did u discover new Apple Co.? Do u have the delayed new generation Smartphone? She demanded to have that toy right on spot, wanted to be the very first to try right away with a personal dedication from the great inventor himself, state of art, collector item.

-No, I said, no way, sorry to disappoint you, but anyway it's not my style to try to impress you with some silly gadgets, you see what I have to offer is something entirely different in its deeper substance.

She kept on asking, couldn't hold still; but is it a chemical formula that makes you design some high-tech applications? Deep inside she seemed to have wanted the liquid, the nectar, then the device itself.

-Oh no, so sorry, I said; it's something else in my inner heart, its different than what you might guess in your thoughts, the drink or the thing are just like external manifestations, or causes and products – not the first pure logos, if you can grasp me now, like in the beginning was the word and all that. I try inventing some patents for life itself, I told her and it was the truth.

Oh, she goes on saying something like; what do u have in mind now, what r u working on – besides me – this very moment, as if I am your instant reader, as if we give each other some hidden fatal reading, I am the empresses, you are the juggler, we got into a fine opening with this set of cards so let's remain on this round for awhile. (We somehow got very deep personal although nothing really personal was exchanged).

I said; listen – time, lately I am very puzzled with that dimension, you know.

She was well read, she studied lit. and philosophy, she was into Humanities, Liberal arts, all that, like me. She asked if I meant theory of relativity or quantum physics. I had to disappoint her once again: not even close, although you sense me right there is definitely that aura of metaphysics to it.

-You confuse me, but you make me captivated by some unclear thing, lost in my guesses, she goes, but then what, why won't you say? Or wouldn't you like to reveal it, reveal me too, she asked, so tell now. Confess, confess for your sins...

I laughed, could you find us a solitary cabin here with fine dark curtain and some narrow wicket just to unleash it all, I would love to share my ideas and journey with you and the world. I urgently need redemption, some form of spiritual delivery, and as I talk I hear that song in my inner (third) unplugged ear.

{It went like that, the song I mean: "*I Will Always Be Hoping, Hoping/*

You Will Always Be Holding, Holding/

We Live In Hope Of Deliverance From The Darkness That Surrounds Us."}

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ck-h0oG2msA>



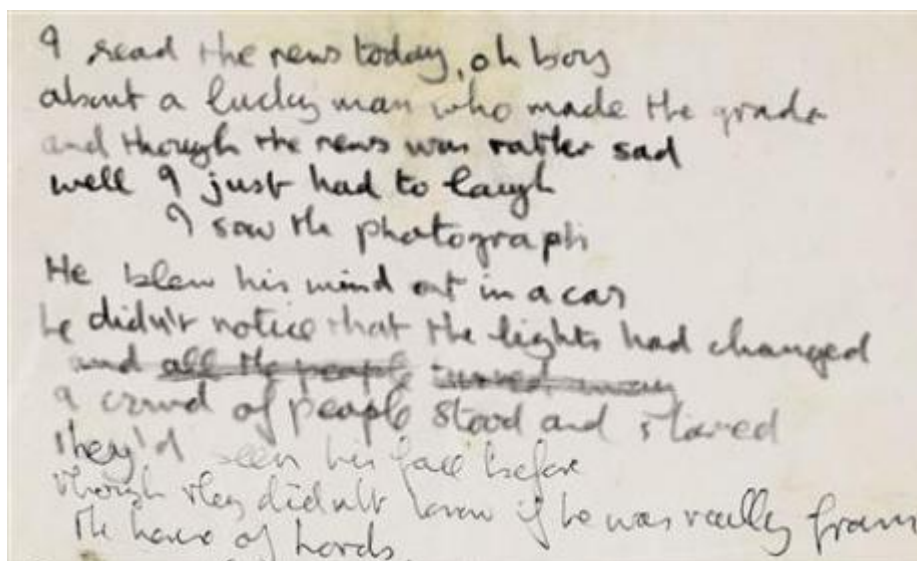
Indeed the pub went even darker as if about to close. *Hineni*, I am your man and I am ready for you, I said to Kathy, that was her Name.

I said, I gave you already a clue, pay attention, lady sister, remember time like in the dark side, please try to remember the music, its important. She started to hum the start, she was surprisingly good for her tender age with Pink Floyd, she had that talent to amaze people, she was waiting to be discovered in that deserted bar. A star was born in my mind. I got so drank from the tea she gave me, that I started to imagine her singing 'She Said, She Said'.

{She said, "I know what it's like to be dead, I know what it is to be sad"}.

Somehow her kind of clicking talk was making me feel like I've never been born.

I said, if you are so knowingly with that, then surely you should know as well 'A day in the life', that goes without saying as they say. {I felt like the "lucky man who made the grade/ And though the news was rather sad/ Well I just had to laugh"}. Being so talented, she knew, mind you, I was really amazed; that girl, she heard about Sgt. Pepper, she even knew 'A Hard Day's Night'.

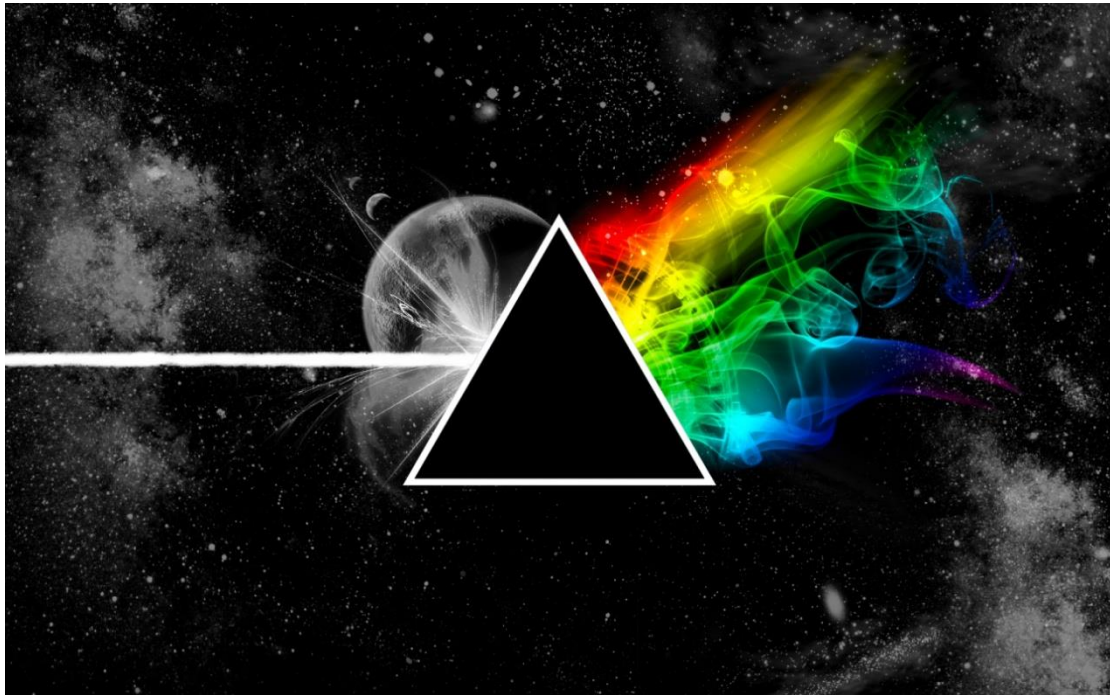


<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=usNsCeOV4GM>

But then she said; so what's with that, what's the connection? Her boss stared, gave us the unpleasant look, started to notice us, those soul conversations with clients who fail to order anything of substance, besides regular tea with lemon and homey, if they may, were not his cup of T. (He had warned her in the past not to mess around with those types: "they won't even tip you with their little change"). He gave her some irritated looks, went smoking nervously, he had no honey in his kitchen, he went on

asking her to clean the bar. He threatened me with his nasty 'Anything else Sir', I pretended to study the menu once again (Thanks so much, the young lady is most helpful, no complains whatsoever), just to improve the stigma of my bad impression, so she could have gained some more precious moments with me.

We were trying to relax again, I said well here is your clue for the mother of invention; just think about the title of those two songs. She said what u mean, **day** – so what with that? I finally revealed it – explaining I try to reinvent the day as it's the most basic time unite I had rediscovered. You see, everyone can sense the day, even little babies just being born, animals, flowers. All that you see on earth, under sun.



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HW-IXjOyUWo&list=PLEQdwrAGbxndFdwcq_aMkn_Y1Fc3XDUuF

She said; listen man – r u playing a game on me?! Cause I must remind you 'day' was already invented ages ago in genesis, ever bothered to read the first chapter, wise guy u?

I said, yea I know it in the original by heart, but that's the core of my new innovation.

-Sure, she said; next u'll pretend u will soon have an application for the sun and a second startup for the full moon. I am not that naïve to believe all your ecstatic talk and crazy bullshit stories. She was on the edge of something or so it seemed. I said, anyway it's not a story at all, it's all about your days, lady sis, remember it's the most basic unit of the time of your life. (And regarding the moon, please take note, I had already reinvented that planet in my poetry and to prove that, so as to calm her down, I had taken out again my tablet and linked to Herox, The Lunar Initiatives Flash Art Competition

<https://herox.com/FlashArtCompetition>

just to make it clear that I have most serious highly literary intentions.

- Now she was both surprised and even more confused, first the day, then the moon, now time again. So what's with it? She whispered scream kind of resentful.

-Relax, I said, hush, don't wake your boss again at this time of the night, it will be the end of us, he might be dangerous, he will throw me out, but that's the heart of my start up for life – you are touching now, did it cross your mind you have no control of it? Actually never had any control! Do you realize your days are part of a lost case long gone project? She went dead silent, I could watch her mind works and then stops to admit she lost it. She was unique, the truth – I fell for her from the start. I really liked to drink besides her, I liked her spirits and clothes.

-Actually, she admitted, I have no idea how they keep on going, that is the days, as if independently of me, not really mine, as if... stolen somehow.

-That's it, see, I said; they are not asking you, no need for your permission, as if you don't have a say over them, they don't count you at all, surely you have no charge or authority over them, they don't need you to babysit them, and that's why I've made my innovative startup just now, specially for you.

-Sure, she said, tell me bit more about it and would u like more hot water for your never ending tea before we close the kitchen? She asked mockingly (you know we keep that rare drink only for people that don't feel well here).

-"Kathy, I'm lost", I said, a bit more honey, please and lemon too could help, if I may. I started telling her about my father; how he used to work every day in his textile shop, but then his customers gone lazy – why should they buy from him and then go to the tailor – if they could just get their suits readymade one-piece confection without all that errand?!

She seemed sympathetic towards him and the rest of my family, she said the same happened with her mother; she was a magazine photographer, crazy about 'Time-Life' features, built a darkroom in the attic, but then all the magazines went bankrupt, nobody needed them anymore even to wrap fishes, she lost her little freelancing job with which she was madly in love and then she somehow lost her zeal for life.

-But what about your father? She asked, I said a bit the same, once he had closed his shop, he felt he couldn't talk to the walls all day long at home; he didn't know what to do with his days anymore.

We got into a mutuality state of mind, it felt kind of soft pleasant, bit nostalgic saddens.

-I see, she said, but what about your invention – couldn't u save him with all your fantastic imaginary startups or are they just made up for me on the spot, as if I am the archive of some kind of innovative competition.

-Unfortunately not, I explained, it all came years later, he was no longer there when I had started that invention.

-But what did u invent, u crazy person? She wanted to know the details which I was hesitant to disclose to any nice perfect stranger like her.

I said I can't reveal it – just like that, it takes time, it needs still development, I have to write a patent over it, as it's so hard to protect the full rights over your ideas those days.

-Swear, promise promise, swear to God, I won't tell no one – and as she crossed her hands over her heart, I felt she could be trusted for the first draft. I said the story is how to have a nice day, as a matter of fact I had recently invented the having a nice day application and it's a major achievement, really a huge step for humanity at large, including ingratitude her, anyway much more of an achievement than just a clumsy moonwalk.

She said: oh, now I see, Oh my did u really!?! Now I start comprehend with whom I am dealing here: u can't drink anything proper in a regular bar, but u r good on playing the dreamy poetic genius, aren't you?! U must have some real-estate there in your bag, don't u.

-I said, you see, I had a revelation during my first trip to America, and to that she commented; sure u thought the person in the gabardine suite was a spy, didn't you? Yea, I said, how did you guess, and everyone kept on telling me there you go, there you have a good one, so that you may have a nice day...

-So what with it? she asked.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gAoArleLZEK>

I said, I have come to look for America and no1 really talked to me, besides those empty phrases of correct politeness, total annoying nothingness, so I started to ask them could you tell please how does one will ever have a nice day? When was the last time any of you had seen and experienced a nice day?! They were truly puzzled; they had no idea, they couldn't remember, some of them felt insulted, it surely wasn't the type of right Q to be asked, not by a stranger visitor in any case. The sad truth was it seemed rather impossible to have a good one once they had lost control over their days.

-So..., she said... as if trying to make a long story short for a change...

- That's it, I gave her the answer, you see that was the day I invented dayology, which is really the theory and the practice of the day. (And the workshop too).

-Oh yea, I see, she said, a real philosopher we have here for a change at this time of the night, we are blessed with your presence, Plato had finally arrived to this proper retreat, let me call my boss and the dishwasher for the chance to be introduced, so why don't u have your Archimedean bath and walk the streets naked.

-I said that's it, thus you see, I had the revelation of the reinvention of the day. That's my mission now, I work on that dayology innovative enterprise and I preach it too.

-U serious?! She exclaimed, so tell me please more about it, its late night time no one will know, promise, and as she was about to swear again, she fastened her lips with the chain she took from her necklace and I thought she seems to be good with accessories.

I said, I will tell you vaguely in general terms; it's an application not so different than Waze GPS and all that, but instead of space it goes in time dimension. In fact you could call it time management Positioning System. You can have it in the new generation Smartphones, the next one which I wanted to sell to Jobs when his inner inspiration went weak, but he passed away and the people who took his place at Apple couldn't ever dig that idea.

-Try Samsung instead, she offered helpfully, they seem more flexible, open receptive now.

-I said I might.

-But what's the idea really, theoretically speaking, she asked.

- I said in theory it will take you through the day so that you'll have a good one, meaning this is the way to have a nice day application, not just an empty blessing, but a real practical guide.

- Yea, sure thing, she said, but remember the relativity theory, the $E=mc^2$. Formula, Einstein, and then black holes and all that.

-Sure, I said, I know him well, but as to my thing, its quantum like, you see, more based on tarot cards and unexpected jumpy particles, its personally customized, self tailored, a bit like the textile my father used to sell, like the pictures of your mother.

The moment you'll start to observe your days – they will start to act differently, change their behavior as you look and notice them, it's rather far out. Like let's make an experiment now – concentrate, watch the moment with me. She closed her eyes; the moment was watched and listened. Look around I said, she opened; her boss had mysteriously vanished, left the place, we were all set, all alone on our own.

-So how will it ever work? She asked impatiently.

-Can't fully tell you that, yet, it's still in intensive development, but the general experience will be very much like Waze, only in time dimension and it will lead you each day towards the goal of having the good1.

-U layer, u fantastic storyteller, I don't believe a thing u say...!!!

Soon u will try to tell u invented the sky, wouldn't u Mr. bull shitter?!

-Indeed you are right, I said calmly, I did in fact, it was the roof gardens project for which I won the Herox's 'new spirit' prize, but I'll tell you more about it some other time.

-What u mean, she cried, look that person is drunk from mere tea, he is saving...

-Here, I said, look at that. I took once more my tablet and surfed again to Herox, showing her black on white the Jerusalem new spirit challenge, where I had reinvented the skyline of the holy city. See, I said I am not just a storyteller, as a Superhero challenger - I can reinvent the world. Let me introduce myself to you once and for all; I am an ordinary person with extraordinary spark of innovation that will soon make me an Innovation Hero.

Now I was finally able to produce the G and the Wow affect, she started to sound like a wow-wow guitar and then she took the lead, we kind of liked our state of mind of beautiful strangers, but still she was insisting on clear dayology examples, give me your daystartups or whatever.

So I told her in full confidence that in my new daydreamer part of application she can feed her personality like in face book kind of thing; make your day diary, and then it will check how you could program your day like in Google. In a way it's a program to how you could improve your day, upgrade it, reach the optimum of dayology in realife.

-So some big brother will tell me what to do all day long?! She protested, she seemed a bit disappointed.

-No way, relax, little sis, I answered, not what you had in mind. You got me all wrong, those were just examples; once you pass the basic feed stage and then get into the experience process – it will get you to the final feedback gate. There you will assess the suggestions you got according to how you liked them in real daily practice and then the program will do its best to improve and upgrade your days, this is dayology in practice and it's all about the endless possibilities of your days, so that to lead you to have the nice ones.

-Give me an example, she insisted.

-Give me your day, I demanded.

Wait gentlemen first, how was your day, she demanded.

-Collecting the moments of grace, that's what I do, I am a banker of quality time, or I do just sitting on park benches.

Or I go to the market and pick some exotic fruit yet unknown to me, never tasted, or try some interesting formula, undiscovered super food in hidden organic shop.

This dayology program I use is so sophisticated and has such a balance of divine providence and spontaneity that it can help me discover the yet unknown friends, undiscovered places I might like to hang around at, the most awesome encounters like here tonight. Now give me your day, I don't care if ladies are second – I believe in equality, anyway now your turn.

-Ok, fine, she said decisively; that's what I remember, she spoke rather slow trying to reconstruct just another lost day; I woke late, got on the tram late (I saw the line there moving through the station, if you know what I mean), had to rush to the post-office to send a silly old CD, I had in my collection – to eBay, as to make extra few cents to my poor income, but had to wait so long at the post, rushed again to the Uni. to a most boring obligatory class on logic (*"They sentenced me to twenty years of boredom for trying to change the*

system from within, I'm coming now to reward you"), early evening went to a free concert of some anonymous songwriter in cultural center, then arrived here to this late job.

Listening to her, I heard in my inner third ear how "*It's been a hard day's night, and she has been working like a dog/ It's been a hard day's night, she should be sleeping like a log*". It also reminded me of the short breath of "*Woke up, fell out of bed*

Dragged a comb across my head

Found my way downstairs and drank a cup

And looking up I noticed I was late

Found my coat and grabbed my hat

Made the bus in seconds flat

Found my way upstairs and had a smoke

Somebody spoke and I went into a dream".

There were some wide holes in her story, and that was this same day, I was sure she had no chance to reconstruct her yesterday, not to speak about last week, and she was still young, I immediately diagnosed she was in urgent need of my dayology, the daystartup was the only thing that could save her and the sooner the better.

-Ok, fine, I told her, first, do you realize that the simple diary sketch you just did is already something, as it can clarify your concept of the day and sharp your memory. -
-You have your logical point, she admitted smilingly, it was an effort to reconstruct.

-Thanks. I said, now let's take your move to the post (wait a minute, wait a minute Mr. postman). It's clear it was a mistake; why should you waist time waiting there for nothing – if you can reserve your turn on line from home.

-Right, she nodded as I sat there they had that commercial PR movie on how I could get the # from home.

-So let's take your next move to the concert – seems you try to both enjoy and save same time, right?

-Yea, she said, it's a daily struggle on how to consume some tinny peace of relaxing meaningful culture with very little money investment.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZtP84OuPe38>

- always remember the Day Tripper has got a good reason for taking the easy way out with a one way ticket to ride. It took me so long to find out this daystartup, and I found out. (I am not sure she understood this tune, but anyway). Fine, I said, you see, all you have to do is to feed in your day into the dayology application on your tablet, or smart, or whatever and it will take it from there, like reassessment of your own feed, then guide you to alternative smarter options in regards to transportation and places to go and just give you all the best options for better time management.

-So u mean it will dictate my day?

-No way, I explained, it will just show you how to improve it, how to upgrade, how to save time-money- energy-running around like zombie, how to skip unnecessary errands, how to open new possibilities. It will always leave you though your free choices out of your free will, but with much more potentialities.

-I see, she hummed, like what?

Look, I said, it will be like your guidebook and mentor for your galaxy journey in time. Remember it's the only field no one ever taught us at school; we all learnt math and history, physics and geometry, but remained ignorant on dayology, We never learnt how to get control over our days and that is due to the fact that in this cultural-social system our days are rubbed from us ever since childhood. I tell you, I tell you, me too, I was one of those dayless creatures. The days were long stolen from us and we got nothing in return. Before I knew a lot of unnecessary things and had no idea about where my days had gone, now it turned upside down. I was so excited about our talk I started to sing: Don't know much about history, biology, science book, the French I took. Don't claim to be an A student, But I do know that dayology could have fixed us this date and my daystart could make even this pub of yours into a wonderful world.

-I start to see, she hummed, half puzzled, half interested, then again a bit worried about me.

- So now you are to regain control over your own days.

-Like what, she uttered, give me an example.

- look, I said, its anywhere on the spectrum between improving your ability to move around in a busy city – to book your turn in lines, hotels, restaurants, concerts. On the most basic level it will merge with smart home, smart fridge, stream of entertainment, all that, but then it will move – to the ability to choose where would you like to hang around, to something much more sophisticated

- like what? she asked.

Like the law of synchronism, I said.

-What u mean?

- I mean Jung already wrote about it on his never ending collected writings. You can read it, it's all those coincidences you might encounter.

-I start to see what u mean, she said.

- I mean, I said, like the people you might encounter also at work, at night, like here.

-How come? she asked.

-Look, I said, even me, us, you, here; that is the more aware you get on dayology, the higher consciousness you achieve with your dairy feedback – the better chances you get to start to ride on the wave of good synchronism. It's like surfing.

-Like what? she asked

-like us, I said, I wasn't so clear myself when I let my legs take me to this gloomy pub of yours, but then I think, I might have been (without even noticing it) on this dayology application on my tablet or smart, cause otherwise how could we have met?

-You mean it wasn't pure coincidence? She sounded as if I had broken some romantic vase full of roses.

-Sure it was pure, I said, but it was also guided. (Don't you know, me too,

I'm guided by a signal in the heavens/

I'm guided by this birthmark on my skin/

I'm guided by the beauty of your eyes).

Anyway I mean next time after we both feed our diaries to dayology – it will fix two cool people like us in a much more perfect setting – without those funny characters who sit here in remote corners of this bar.

-What u mean, she asked?

-I mean it would be real perfect setting for us – without that guy who sits there like a Zuckerberg spy

(-she said, "Be careful

His bow tie is really a camera"). I agreed, Me too, I noticed him– trying to steal my diary day book idea, and without the other mustached joker with the casket, who just asked me in the men's restroom – if I had a story with you and if so how was it?

-What did u say? she asked laughing.

- I said yea, but not the kind you think.

-So could u tell me please more about your daystart?

-Sure, I said, but not now, only in a safe surrounding as we need to be sure no one listens, cause it's the kind of stuff that might be real attractive to all those Apple-Google faceless bookish agents who keep on following us.

Look, I said, all that happen to us has to do with endless chains of formulas of time-space-information and awareness that constantly create junctions and crossroads of coincidently. I could see she liked me, we clicked right away. Look, I said, once more, in any given moment there are really endless possibilities, countless potentialities; some are average routine mediocre type of events, some are a bit better, a few are really exciting, like now us at those moments we steal and hold to, as we read us and do the tell tell story. So anyway the dayology application, this daystartup is scanning time, so as to produce the have a nice day affect and create your serial

good ones. And it keeps on improving itself as you use it, like it helps you find right places for you, brilliant people, scenes that might be right for you so as to make a continuity series of fun life sequences.

- I know what u r going to say next, I can already read your mind...

- Say, I said

So she goes saying the next thing u were going to say is that your dayology application is the device that is going to alter your chances for good coincidence and positive synchronism and minimize your potentialities for negative encounters.

-Right, you read me well, exactly, it creates the perfect settings for meaningful encounters like us now, but in even better scene around us in the future, like a little lake, some passion fruit, nirvanic ducks, park, flowers, all that would fit us better, so let's choose a perfect day and just get into the mood with the help of some music from the daystartprogram, Lou Reed, Armstrong or something of the kind.

But now I hear that bell in my tablet, it asks me for my feedback and I am going to state I am not so crazy about your pub, your collection of drinks to be honest was generally not my cup, but I kind of like the bartender.

-I can read your application now, she said, I could retell your story, I can rewrite u in upgraded version, I can program your next generation of dayology.

- Like what? like how?? – I said a bit worried and confused.

- The new generation, she said in a tone of mischief, will have the option for 2 users (or any other #) to reach an optimum day synchronism together mutually, if u know what I mean. They would just have to approve and accept each other's offer to mutually synchronic connection and it will work for them.

Lets, lets (We'll marry our fortunes together), I said and the deem few candle lights that were still on were reflected in her earrings like fireworks

@ @

LOU REED PERFECT DAY



