



Emerging is this strange day. Energy moving in unusual ways. Actions leaving no visible tails. Crossed senses freeforming wildly. In the street maze clear beyond clearance words, me or something or other 'dreaming' of unspoilt humans on Planet Earth. I turn the corner and "INITIATION QODE" is presented. Hints about no secure voices even in dark networks. No zeros, strategies or stink. So much anger data however. A hand on each tripod meets the urge to abort all context. Failing that, following World War III there should not be a right or wrong display. A million people max.