

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

The 3rd Child

The Third Child

Part One.....Prologue (Narrative)

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The Third Child – Prologue

Summary

In a world that is split into two blocks - the "green" block and the "blue" block - Walter gets to know his destiny.

Walter is a bigamist because he cannot decide anything. And because he doesn't want to decide. But that's not the real problem.

Because there is this strange living dice cup ...

Foreword by the narrator

This narrative consists of 32 chapters - which is a nice round number for a programmer. The chapters can be transferred more or less "one to one" into the scenes of a film.

Nevertheless, a "scene zero" is required in the film, which should optically tune in to the topic. The film would then have 33 scenes, which is also a "nice" number.

Scene zero

The film begins with a look at a desert, empty lunar landscape, not a breath of wind. Through a tracking shot we first see traces in the sand - like the ones left by the moon mobile - over a hill, for example, and then the landing site of the first moon landing becomes visible - the landing gear of the Eagle, the American flag, as it was left behind in July 1969 have been - behind it appears the earth on the horizon.

Tracking shot from the moon to the earth - green / blue - over Europe -> Austria -> Vienna -> a single-family house in one of the less densely populated districts -> into the window.

Veronika is standing in the door of the study, Walter is sitting at the computer, but has turned to Veronika and is obviously talking to her.

This entire "scene zero" is 100% computer-animated, including Walter and Veronika.

Prehistory

And once again Veronika was right. When she said, "You take yourself too seriously," Walter simply swallowed his reply and turned back to his flat screen monitor. Nothing would have come to his mind as answer anyway.

But how did it all start?

I was born in the summer of 1969, and that's when it all began. No, it actually started much earlier, but now we live in a divided world.

Nobody knows exactly why, but we have "the greens" and "the blues". You could say there are two attitudes, that would be bearable, but then there are always these "room commanders".

What are typical "room commanders"? By this I mean family fathers, company bosses, party leaders, religious leaders and the like, when they show a pronounced "us and the others" consciousness. They keep asking you: "Which side are you on?" and they urge: "Make up your mind!"

These people have an opinion on everything and everyone and can always make decisions in a flash. There is nothing more important than themselves, at least for themselves, and they are exemplary always and everywhere.

And yes, because of these "exemplary" people, the colors green and blue have become not just attitudes, but veritable blocks. You could also say that green and blue are the two armchairs that everyone is afraid to sit between.

I think this is exactly what it is about fear:

Everyone has to decide:

*green family or blue family?
green company or blue company?
green party book or blue party book?
green religion or blue religion?
green rules or blue rules?*

Yes, and if you don't <want> to make up your mind, then you have this shitty fear of being stuck between the armchairs.

It is extremely important that there are also these "holes in the wall", these "weak points", these "leaks".

Because walls build up tensions, weak points reduce tensions, and isn't life an eternal cycle between tension and relaxation, between strength and weakness, between victory and loss?

The first woman

1.

After Walter had written his diary entry, he uploaded the result to his homepage.

Sometimes he wondered why he was doing this, because the statistics showed him that an average of five people a day visited his homepage.

Nevertheless, there was a fundamental difference between "public" and "private" that was more based on himself. He was terrified that someone who was not so kind to him might use his private thoughts against him. On the other hand, he had to "get rid of" his thoughts somehow. And the internet, at least, listened patiently.

The Internet finally gave him the opportunity to express his thoughts more or less anonymously, which was very convenient for him. At least that way he was protected from stalking by private individuals, and he didn't mess with the state itself after all - that could end badly despite quasi-anonymity, as he knew.

His greatest protection, of course, was his unimportance. "Before Big Brother works overtime because of you, he'd rather go to a good dinner with Big Sister and have a nice evening," a nice colleague once told him.

At that time - Walter was around 38 years old - the Internet was still hobbling through the world like a one-legged pirate and it took several tens of seconds until the respective entry for the diary was uploaded.

This gave him the opportunity to calmly think about what he had written and to improve it again if necessary.

Yes, Veronika was right, he took himself too seriously, but on the other hand his story was well worth keeping for posterity. The decades would tell, he thought to himself.

Thrown back on his own problematic of unimportance, he set out to slowly dawn into that better nocturnal world in which we have all parameters under control and yet believe that an experience "happens" to us.

In the dream we get a feedback "from the outside", which in reality comes "from the inside". Walter would have liked to interpret this "feed back of the soul", but unfortunately - or thank God - in most cases he could not remember his dreams the next day.

This uncertainty - did he have nightmares or was everything more or less "sky blue" in the dream - reflected his own conflict.

Was he a "good family man" or a "rebel"?

Did he "just his duty" or "did he rise above himself and perform heroic deeds"?

Was he a "chief" or an "Indian"?

He did not know - just as he did not know so much - and all he had left for that day was to flee to sleep.

2.

Veronika worked in a blue company. For the blue it was qualities like punctuality, loyalty, (dogmatic) reliability and perseverance that made a person valuable.

No wonder she always wanted to be the first in the office and so rushed to kindergarten with the two children in the morning.

Walter, on the other hand, hated stress. Once he even reported that he was skipping breakfast to save time and avoid stress.

So this morning he set out on his own again and drove the familiar route along the drainage channel towards the industrial district.

The word "industrial" quarter actually belied the facts. At that time, there were no longer any large factory halls and assembly lines, but mainly office buildings and software technicians with their satellites – project managers, quality officers, commissioning specialists and the like.

Almost every children's toy already had a CPU, and for a CPU to work it needed software.

He wondered how one day he would explain to his children what he was doing in his job. After all, he was a programmer, but what picture should be used to explain software? What was the essence of the software?

Some people believe that a program, an "app", is running on their computer. In reality, however, it is the other way around. The computer runs on the software.

The computer, actually the CPU, is by and large nothing more than a truck that brings goods from A to B. In this case, the goods are simply information that is "shoveled" from one carrier medium onto another. The conductor tracks on the motherboard are nothing more than streets, and the software actually corresponds to the street signs that show the truck the way.

"Every comparison limps, but not everything that is limp is also a comparison," thought Walter, because this comparison, of course, also limped.

Because if we compare the street signs with the software and the truck with the CPU, what is the role of the truck driver? As humans, truck drivers are - mostly - quite intelligent, but a CPU is infinitely stupid because it executes all the commands immediately and without thinking.

Walter thought about these things most of the time when he was driving. At least if he knew the route well, there was something fundamentally meditative about driving a car, and that way he could always find his way back to his center. He also wondered if all drivers did it that way, but he didn't want to spread the word too widely with his friends and at home because he was afraid of being accused of not driving with concentration and of being a danger to the general public.

At work

3.

Walter's company was green.

Did we say "his" company? Of course she didn't belong to him, because he was only employed there. But the term "his company" was far more appropriate than "the company he had an employment contract with". It was simply "the world for him" and at that time he could hardly imagine how it could be anywhere else.

In any case, the sign at the entrance read "Innovations, Improvements and Interaction" in large letters. Three "I", that was the method, that was the program. "There is no I in Team" and there was actually no teamwork in Walter's company.

Well, actually there was only teamwork because nobody knew everything and everyone was somehow dependent on the others. But everything was based on the old "quid pro quo", or worse, the "do ut des".

Walter pondered these thoughts as he walked from the car to the company entrance - the parking garage was a separate building from which the offices could be reached through the open air. The color scheme of the building also indicated which block the company belonged to and he sometimes secretly wondered whether it would be a disadvantage for him not to have a party book.

There it was again, that fear of sitting between the chairs, but he dispelled it by consciously concentrating on the beginning of the new working day.

4.

When he entered the room, he thought that no one took any notice of him, just mumbled "morning" briefly and went to his seat. This time he was happy not to be a celebrity, because in his job you only got famous if you made mistakes.

He sat down at his computer, switched it on, and while the computer started he quickly got himself a coffee.

What kind of new e-mails are in my mailbox? Aha. Lots of unimportant stuff. I'll do this one day.

He moved the email to a folder called "To Do".

Then he made a sticky note with key words indicating what to do today. In some things he still preferred "good old paper" and refused complete digitization.

Nor was he always happy that communication was almost exclusively via e-mail. Of course, it was true: the emails from the boss - which were actually written by the secretary - were informative and made it possible to always be up to date, but email communication lacked this directness, this interactivity and these human nuances.

In the midst of these considerations, the dice cup burst in.

The dice cup was a funny communicative little fellow who took every opportunity to give the employees tips. However, nobody knew about his actual role in the company.

What does this know-it-all want from me again?

Dice cup: "Too late again?"

Without waiting for an answer from Walter, he asked further: "Should the universal advisor give you a tip? Don't you think that you could organize yourself better?"

Why, I work extremely efficiently. And why are you grinning so devilishly again?

Walter thought to himself. He should just ignore the dice cup, but unfortunately the dice cup was highly regarded by the management and therefore it was not possible to ignore it. Also, there were many mysterious properties that this dice cup had that made it interesting too. A colleague even claimed that he once smelled the smell of sulfur in his nose in the office of the dice cup.

So Walter asked briefly: "Why?"

"You come to the office at 9 o'clock, read your e-mails, organize the day, then at 10 o'clock there is a coffee break and at 10:30 you start the real work," explained the dice cup.

Walter took heart and answered honestly: "Do you want to scare me?"

"I just want to help," said the dice cup from above, "The fight for the best place in the sun is getting tougher and I want you to become something."

5.

Of course, they did not save the results of their work on the personal computer, but in a central data repository. They also had the MCH-P (Master Controller Headquarters program).

During the coffee break today, Walter found out that the master controller had crashed. Obviously it was a tricky problem - after all, parts of the master controller were so old that the people who knew about it were no longer at the company. "Today we also work without a net," said a prankster, referring to the circus that was just making a guest appearance in the city.

They spent the coffee break in the canteen, where people from outside the company could also refresh themselves.

This time a strange old man was present, who was sitting at the next table and talking in a conspiratorial whisper to an elderly lady.

Walter personally believed that there were often great truths in the statements made by eccentric people, madmen and sick people, so he became curious and listened a little.

"..... we live in an end time",

the man forced himself out - Walter agreed in his mind, it was obvious that it was coming to an end - and on

"..... third child will save the world"

well, in every end time there is a new beginning, we agree with him, but what was this ominous "third child" supposed to be?

Somehow that made a string vibrate in Walter: "Third child!"

"Are you eavesdropping on strangers again?" Walter's colleagues tore from his concentration. They had noticed his silence and absence.

Who could that be, this "third child"? Walter, listen to yourself.

6.

A young programmer worked in another department of the company, who that day also had an encounter with the dice cup. Although this had nothing to do with Walter, we would still like to tell you about it because it is symptomatic of the way the green company worked back then.

At that time, the young programmer had to write a piece of program that was supposed to evaluate the content of an input and react accordingly.

However, he was not sure if he should program an "if" branch or a "switch" branch.

Here we have to digress for a moment, because the dear reader will probably not be familiar with the difference between "if" and "switch".

Namely, these are two different types of program branches. Fortunately, Walter has already made the comparison with the truck and the street signs, which is why it is now possible to continue the comparison and apply it to the concept of a program branch.

Because in this picture a program branch is actually nothing more than a fork in the road. The truck driver therefore knows where he is going. For example, he knows: "I want to go to Linz" or he knows: "I want to go to Salzburg". If the truck (the CPU) comes down the Pyhrn-Autobahn from the south, then it has to drive either to the left or to the right at the Voralpenkreuz.

And this is where the street signs (i.e. the software) come into action. The road sign now tells the truck driver: "If you want to go to Salzburg, turn left, if you want to go to Linz, turn right".

The sign manufacturer doesn't know, of course, whether the truck driver wants to go to Salzburg or to Linz, that's why he is not allowed to write "Drive to the left" or "Drive to the right", but must write: "<If> you want to go to Salzburg, <then> drive left, <otherwise> drive right".

The sign manufacturer must therefore design his signs in such a way that they can be used again and again for all possible cases.

But there are two different types of program branches, namely "if" and "switch".

You can compare it with whether the signs are to the right of the street or are attached as overhead signposts.

Under certain circumstances "if" is an advantage (i.e. a sign to the right of the street), under other circumstances "switch" is advantageous (i.e. an overhead signpost). Sometimes it doesn't matter which of the two variants you choose.

And so the young programmer sat undecided and tossed the problem back and forth in his head.

The dice cup came up to him and asked, "You look so perplexed. Can the universal advisor help you?"

The young programmer said: "Yes, I have to decide whether to use <if> or <switch> to implement a certain program branch."

The dice cup responded immediately: "Well, let's go. What is 1 and what is 2?"

The young programmer made his decision: "1 - switch, 2 - if".

Immediately the dice cup began to glow magically, covered its opening and shook itself (it put on a huge show). Then the three dice fell on the desk: 3-5-1.

But what should these numbers mean? No problem, interpreted the dice cup herself: "3 plus 5 plus 1 is 9, through 2 is 4, 1 remainder. 1 + 1 is 2. Take if!"

The programmer thanked him, relieved. He had not yet understood that it was better not to thank them for such help.

The Testers

7.

Monika was Walter's second wife. What was that supposed to mean, second wife? What happened to Veronika? Well, we were still in 2007, Veronika was still alive and Walter was not divorced from her either.

It was different. Walter was a bigamist.

Somehow, in this world of two blocks, he had managed to choose both women at the same time. That made him an outsider, because in this world a decision for something always meant a decision against something else. But he drove in two directions, and not even that he had to hide one woman from the other.

Monika enjoyed having a man to herself who didn't annoy her all the time, but also had other interests, and Veronika had learned to deal with the situation. However, she wasn't what people called happy.

The main advantage Walter saw was that this way he could have more children than with a single wife. An old sentence from his father was floating in his head: "Usually there is only divorce when the children are out of the house".

So Monika came to her office that day - in this case it was really her office -, went briefly into the room to greet everyone, and then straight on to the coffee kitchen before she switched on the computer.

In the corridors of her office there were beautiful landscape pictures, a visitor could have the impression that this company wanted to save the world - at least to save it on photo paper.

She sat down to have a coffee and look at the papers. A test manager approached her and started a conversation: "What's going on in the world?" Monika said truthfully: "Nothing good", which animated the colleague to reply: "I know that myself. I mean 'how is it expressed today?'. "The conflicts between the green block and the blue block are intensifying. There is a party donation scandal because a company has not declared its donations. "

The colleague took advantage of this to position her topic: "Speaking of political intervention. Couldn't you intervene to control it? The Greens have not yet delivered some corrections and we are therefore blocked in our tests ".

"Is it documented who is waiting here for whom?", Asked Monika. "Yes, of course. But we're in the same boat. The competing product has been announced for the next quarter!"

Monika thought for a moment: "If the Greens continue like this, we can buy them up soon."

Another short break. "But OK, I'll call them right away". And it actually turned out later during the phone call that the developer of the green company had only left the topic because he was not aware of the urgency of the problem.

It's good that there was Monika.

8.

Walter later told of the following incident at a birthday party.

Programmers only do one part of the work, the other part is done by the testers.

There are many philosophies regarding the division of labor between programmers and testers, the fact is that there are many areas of tension because one is dependent on the other and one suffers from the mistakes of the other.

In any case, at the time, we programmers were green and "our" testers were blue. My second wife's office tested our programs and I would like to tell you about a dialogue between a young tester and his experienced colleague.

A young tester once said: "Look. I made a trace and then hooked myself into it with the debugger. Something went wrong. Here (points to the screen that is full of incomprehensible debugger output) I would expect a jump table, but the same expression is evaluated several times".

The experienced tester replied: "And is the function disturbed?"

The young tester said: "It could have an impact on performance"

The experienced tester concluded: "Then write it down in the list of suggestions for improvement, but it's not a mistake. If we re-roll every decision that went stupid, we will never be finished."

Of course, these two testers had spoken a bit of technical jargon, and the joke, as Walter explained, is that the problem was the branching program that the green programmer had implemented using the dice cup.

In this case a "switch" branch would have been better, but our young programmer decided on an "if" branch. Although this allowed much more complicated program branches, it was sometimes not that efficient. This would have been about efficiency.

Even so, our young green programmer was lucky again. His fault wasn't enough to make him famous.

The second family

9.

On that day, Walter picked Monika up from her company in his car. She lived with her two children in an apartment on the outskirts of the city center - where it was already greener than in the center - but where there were still good public transport connections.

That's why she always took public transport to work and enjoyed it when he picked her up on the days together. That was something special.

Walter enjoyed these trips too and was glad that she was happy. He felt that after a hard day's work he could cheer her up a little with his sense of humor. He imagined working in a blue company to be terrible, not least because of what Veronika had told him.

While he was stubborn about the final decision on either bloc, he believed much of the green propaganda.

Green is the "color of hope" and of course the color of freedom, because only in freedom could one hope for the future, while blue is the color of dog-like loyalty, the unscrupulous fulfillment of duty and the imposed party doctrine.

He would learn that the two blocks were nothing more than two sides of the same coin.

What he was also not aware of: he enjoyed Monica's quiet wisdom.

He could not, however, make himself aware of this, for there was something in him that refused to grant wisdom to a woman.

He would learn that too.

The children Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were already waiting in the apartment - the nanny Lisa had already picked them up from kindergarten - and stormed Walter and Monika with their reports of everything they had done today.

"It's exhausting but nice," he thought.

10.

The next day they sat at breakfast together.

He asked the children casually: "Well, children, what are you going to do today?"

As stupid as this question was in his opinion, Carl-Friedrich actually already had a concrete idea of his day, which surprised Walter: "Today, after kindergarten, we're going shopping with mom, I'll get a surprise egg with my pocket money. Help you me with it then? "

That wasn't what he wanted, because he hated nothing more than promising concrete services.

He always did his best anyway, he thought. But the people who really wanted concrete promises only wanted to have the opportunity to blame him for a mistake if he didn't fulfill a promise. "Buy yourself the egg and you'll see if I can help you then," he wanted to say.

However, he left the question open and then asked the Lieserl: "And you? What are you going to do today?"

She didn't know yet and simply said: "Dad, I don't know yet. Hmm, let's see". That's exactly what he always said when he didn't want to commit.

Monika broke the silence, he didn't know what to say: "And what are you doing today?"

He grumbled: "If things weren't so tough with the software," I would enjoy a day at work and then rush home fresh and strengthened. "

"Don't be so cynical. You don't even know where you are at home," she replied with a wink.

"Even Monika can be damn right sometimes," he thought to himself. Fortunately, at that moment they finished breakfast and started clearing the dishes together. The children went back to their playroom. It was still too early for kindergarten.

The Lieserl

11.

Usually the children were allowed to play before Lisa, the nanny, brought them to kindergarten.

Carl-Friedrich was an extroverted doer-type. He set the tone among the boys in his group and he always knew what he wanted.

Lieserl was more of an introvert and got to the bottom of things. Unfortunately, she had many questions that adults couldn't answer. Only much later did she learn that there are many questions that no one can answer, at least no earthly being.

The adults had different strategies to deal with Lieserl's thirst for knowledge. Unfortunately, none of them were really successful.

But Lieserl had a talking teddy bear. She secretly confided all her questions to him and he always knew an answer.

On that day she asked the teddy bear: "Why are adults always in such a hurry? Why do they always want to be first?"

The teddy bear then told her the following story:

Long ago people lived in harmony with nature. Without war and without effort, they took the fruits from nature that they needed to live. On the whole, they were satisfied, even if their life was not very comfortable. They accepted that they couldn't rule the world. And they accepted that there was something that was many times bigger than they were.

But at that time there was still someone that everyone always had with them: a little troublemaker who tried every day to scare people. Fear of nature, and fear of other people. "You have to rule," he said, "otherwise you will be dominated". This sting sits deep in the flesh of every human being. This is the old game that we all play and that rules us. It is called "be first" and has been played since the fall of man. No one has ever won this game, even if one or the other looks like they are a winner for a while.

12.

"Oh," said Lieserl, "now I understand. But there is one thing I still don't understand: Why does mom work in a blue office and dad in a green one?"

"Yes," said the teddy bear, "that is a different story. But I'll tell you about it in a moment. "

At that moment Lisa, the nanny, interrupted the children while they were playing: "Time for kindergarten," she said.

Painful truths

13.

A few days later, the children were already asleep, Monika and Walter were in bed. She said, "Have you noticed? Whenever you sleep with me, you look at the clock!"

"So what? Is that so reprehensible? Or should I accuse you of always thinking of diamonds?"

"You're nasty!"

Walter parried: "Speaking of common. Do you have a secret third child?"

Monika asked: "How did you come up with this stupid idea? How should a woman keep a child a secret?" Then she thought about it and said: "But actually you are right. The company is my secret third child". And again she thought a little: "And if I am mean now, then I would say: you are my third child - the way you behave sometimes."

He heard the words and made the best of them: "Well, if I'm so childish, let's play with each other". With Monika, Walter always felt that "lightness of being" that he was so badly lacking.

Of course, it was a little bit because Walter didn't want to choose one of the two blocks, the green or the blue. That is why he suffered from the fear of remaining seated between the two chairs.

Monika, on the other hand, had already found her "place in life", it seemed, and filled it. As a result, she was already further than many others.

She tolerated Walter without needing him. That gave her a position of strength and thus that "lightness of being" that he just lacked.

The next morning he should understand that too.

14.

The next morning Walter and Monika drove to their company in his car. As they just passed the belt of streets, where it jams almost every day of the day, they sat in silence next to each other.

Another car passed on the left. As luck would have it, it was Veronika's car. It stopped next to Walter's car. It came as it had to come at some point. Veronika rolled down the window and said, half seriously and half jokingly: "Well, am I the first one in the office this time?"

"No, I'm the first," contradicted Monika. Walter rolled his eyes: "You always with your 'being first'. This is an unbearable game! "

Monika said almost indignantly: "But everyone plays it. If you can't stand us, then you shouldn't have chosen us!"

Walter went to a hundred and eighty: "That's not true at all! You have chosen me." He explained to Monika: "Can't you remember when you took a look at the grades on my diploma certificate? That's when you started to ensnare me."

Monika: "Nonsense. Who came and offered?"

Veronika: "And you didn't give me any rest until I gave in!"

Walter was silent, let the situation sink in and then mumbled: "Shit!"

The meaning of life

15. The gentlemen's round.

Since Walter had two families at the same time, one could assume that he would have been a real family man. That he spent every free minute with his wives and children, so to speak.

But it was not like that. Walter kept his freedom "for mental hygiene," as he said. One of these free spaces was the weekly gentlemen's round at the inn "To the Deer". Yes, they still existed in the city, those typical little inns, where you could get home-style cuisine at reasonable prices, seasoned with a little "Viennese humor".

And so he met again this time with his friends, whom we would like to introduce briefly here.

Once there was "Dr. K", who himself had already reached the safe shore of retirement and was now accusing all young people of not being diligent enough and of not doing enough. He was, of course, on the green block side.

Then there was a sporty, cheeky guy, let's just call him "Young Blood" because he was still very young. He just enjoyed his own skills and wanted to convince everyone that they should fight more and let themselves go less. He knew women inside out and was a model underpants as a second job.

Then there was "the conductor". He was just about to build his future. He would accept help from either of the two blocks, although he was more sympathetic to the blue bigwigs.

For today we want to mention a fourth guy, let's call him "the bearded one", who had a comprehensive general education and always tried to look beyond the context. He would never make a hasty judgment, unless of the Greens, if they were once again too liberal.

Dr. K. called out loud to the waitress: "Another round!"

Young Blood tried to raise a topic that interested him because he was planning to invest a few thousand euros in stocks in the near future: "Have you read the papers? In the green countries there is significantly better economic data than in the blue one? "

Dr. K. hooked: "Whatever I always say". The blues simply cannot do business. Always this political influence and the supply posts for the functionaries. The old song: Less state, more private! "

The conductor declined: "I already know this slogan: If the economy is doing well, we are all doing well. Who is that, <the economy>? Today, fewer workers are employed at every motorway construction site than, say, 20 years ago. Nevertheless the construction of every kilometer of the motorway is becoming more and more expensive. Where, I ask you, where does all the money go?

The bearded man immediately knew an answer: "THAT is what a couple of super managers are doing".

Dr. K. of course had to defend the Greens: "They're all fairy tales. There simply has to be high performers who are properly paid. This is the game that is played: "Eating and being eaten>".

The bearded man, on the other hand, could not support these views and he resorted to humor: "Yes, and each other's stomachs".

Dr. K. had no more arguments, distracted and spoke to Walter: "You are so silent. Are you doing well?"

Walter just said: "Yes, yes. But if you listen to you like that, you could think that the third world war

had broken out."

Young Blood associated: "Maybe it's not that far-fetched. There are politicians who claim that the atomic bomb for Iran will make the whole region more balanced. It's crazy."

Walter could only say: "Nothing is eaten as hot as it is cooked." Then the waitress came and served the round of beer. Everyone toasted each other and the subject was over for the time being.

16. The project manager

It wasn't just Walter who had to make decisions.

We already know from Walter that he actually hated making decisions and taking responsibility.

It may be an excuse for Walter that at that time those who were royally rewarded for making decisions and for taking responsibility - earned many times more than normal employees - that at that time it was precisely those who persistently refused to actually taking responsibility, i.e. actually bearing the consequences.

It goes without saying that under such circumstances it is very difficult for normal employees to be motivated to make their own decisions and to take responsibility.

Some shifted their responsibilities to an anonymous "process" that purported to make the decisions for them.

An employee of another company, let's call him "The Project Manager", was already very far advanced on that day with his process of "leaving for work".

He was already standing in the hallway of his house and went through the checklist one last time. So he dug it out of the inside pocket of his jacket and read to himself in his mind:

1. "Filofax in the case -> OK"
2. "Tie tied -> OK"
3. "Children kissed -> OK"
4. "Woman kissed -> TO DO"

He called into the kitchen: "MAAAARGREET". She replied, "Yes, what is it?". He shouted: "Kisses, Bye Bye !!!"

He opened the door and went outside.

It was kind of cool around his legs - he had no pants on.

The process still required a continuous improvement process.

17. The industrial psychologist

In another house, with another family, another employee made his way to a completely different company.

The industrial psychologist said goodbye to his wife: "I'm going to the quarry again. Bye bye! Lots of crazy people who need me."

He deliberately called his company "the quarry" because he was of the opinion that an almost infinite number of people who needed his help toiled in the modern gravel pits and gravel works.

The sole purpose of their lives would be to work using their full creative potential to bring the

shareholders a peaceful retirement.

Yes, those were the official goals of every company: to produce money, to produce money, and to produce money.

Covering up this truth a little so that you could endure it, that would have been his job, thought the industrial psychologist.

But he was a man of humor and maybe he and his clients could bring a better world to light than the one he had just thought. Perhaps in reality everything was very different.

Perhaps there were truths that were more personable, more optimistic and more motivating.

"Don't take it too easy again!" His wife called after him.

He called back, "No, no, don't be afraid." and thought to himself: "But didn't Viktor Frankl say that it is the task of each individual to look for meaning in his life? I just can't put any meaning on people's eyes, I can only help To bring the hidden treasures of the soul to daylight bit by bit. "

Red, green, blue

18.

The kindergarten, to which Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl usually went, had to close for a few days because there were inconsistencies that first had to be cleared up.

Be that as it may, Walter had found a workaround.

A company kindergarten was just being set up in his company, which in any case still had too few children and so could easily take over Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl for a few days.

So Walter brought Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl with him to his company, went with them to the premises of the company kindergarten and handed them over there, not without saying goodbye.

The company kindergarten had a useful ugliness, but that would change as soon as the first children's drawings and handicrafts began to populate the rooms.

As soon as Walter had left the children, his thoughts were elsewhere again. Today he had to report to his boss on the progress of the sub-program for which he was responsible. Unfortunately, this sub-program was anything but good.

Walter felt a little queasy because the boss asked for status reports not by email, but in a face-to-face meeting. Face-to-face conversations were far from popular, as face-to-face conversations often led you to say more than you actually wanted to say.

The boss, on the other hand, was very taciturn in face-to-face discussions and always managed to keep things to himself that he didn't want to pass on.

So outwardly everything was the same as always - he sat down at his computer and began to sift through emails - but this day was internally different from other days.

19.

During the coffee break, Walter found a little distraction before he had his appointment for the face-to-face interview.

One of the colleagues was just about to build a house. There were a few other colleagues who had already done this and knew about it. So there was always a welcome topic to talk about.

The house builder was an honest guy, which is why he also told of a mistake that had happened to him last: "I wanted to create a nice enclosure for my vegetable garden and bought the components for it in a hardware store, where it was cheapest. This enclosure should end at two posts of the garden fence. Unfortunately, the screws did not fit into the pre-drilled holes in the garden fence. I just say 'left-hand thread' ”.

"And what did you do?" Asked one of the experienced colleagues.

"Drilled new holes and cut threads - the man himself is!" Was the answer.

An inexperienced colleague asked himself how this could happen: "But why is everything pre-drilled and prepared when it doesn't fit?"

The house builder explained it to him: "I didn't pay enough attention and just bought the cheapest: the garden fence was from a blue company and the fence from a green one".

A very young colleague, like everyone else, was moved by the green / blue issue, asked everyone: "Speaking of blue. Our testers are also in a blue company. Are all testers blue and all developers green?"

"No, that has nothing to do with the color," said an older man.

In any case, it was back, the old green / blue topic, and each other confirmed how good it is to work in a green company.

The employees in the blue offices are far worse off and they are not treated like free people there.

"Why do we do business with such companies at all if they treat their employees so badly?" Asked one of the group.

An older man replied: "Well, they are the best testers I have ever come across. But if you want to know the real reasons, then you have to ask the boss, he wanted it that way."

There was a few seconds of embarrassed silence. Walter had the saving idea to completely change the subject: "Yesterday I programmed a graphic output, and the third basic color didn't occur to me.

Green, blue and and what is missing here?"

A very young programmer suggested: "..and red, every child knows that. RGB is red / green / blue or red / green / blue, these are the basic colors of the additive color mixture".

He hadn't noticed that Walter just wanted to distract from the awkward silence.

Even so, Walter had touched on a subject that was quite important to the color philosopher. Why did you need three basic colors to be able to represent all colors? Why weren't two basic colors enough? What was this mysterious number 3 all about?

20.

Carl-Friedrich, Lieserl and the other children were allowed to play hide and seek together in the company kindergarten.

Lieserl, the curious one, opened a door to an adjoining room in order to hide in it.

There was a strange device there. This was a matt black color, looked futuristic due to its rough edges and was extremely ugly. And - it scared Lieserl.

Lieserl crouched in a corner and waited, trembling.

After 5 minutes - which had seemed to her an infinitely long time – a boy found her and was amazed that she was trembling.

"Are you cold?" He asked. She replied, "I'm scared. What is it?". She pointed to the device and waited for an answer.

The boy didn't know what it was either, but he got the other children and they surrounded the device.

"What is that?" Lieserl asked again.

A child with glasses slowly started: "I think this is a (mysterious) beamer".

Everyone asked: "What is a beamer?"

"Don't you know what a beamer is? It's an important adult toy," and he began to tell the following story.

21.

The adults prefer to play the game "be first". So it's about winning the race.

So that this is not too easy, they not only play it alone - each against each other - but they form groups so that one group can play against the other.

But now every group has its neuralgic points - this office, for example, has the master controller as the neuralgic point.

Imagine that a competitor could get his teammates unnoticed at the neuralgic points and get them out again.

It would be possible to bring a whole group back to the beginning of the game and no one would know who would be punished for violating the rules.

When it became clear that the beamer would actually exist, that the transport of people without a trace would actually be possible, more and more groups joined together to form a large group. The same thing happened with another, large, group. This is how "the Greens" and "the Blues" came into being.

There could only be two blocks, because since the beamer really existed in the end, it was no longer possible to determine who was making the unauthorized move. But since there were only two blocks, you always knew "who could be harmed from".

You see, and that's the story of why there are two blocks, one green and one blue. The only reason is the beamer.

22.

Lieserl said with all her heart: "Thank you for this beautiful story."

Another child hadn't quite understood one thing, so he asked, "But if the green block and the blue block are so antagonistic, how is it that this green office cooperates with another, blue, office?"

"That's the difference between politics and business," stepped in the kindergarten supervisor who had entered the room during the story: "But you'll only understand that when you're older."

The confession

23.

Walter went slowly and carefully to the boss's office and knocked. The 'poor sinner awareness' was written on his face.

The boss was sitting at his desk, nervously tapping the table top with his fingers.

"So where are we?" He asked.

Walter hesitated: "Well, there are some tests that the blues can't and can't get together. A - uh - postponement is getting close to the real probability."

That was, of course, pathetic cheating. But the boss had caught the message and sighed, almost a little relieved: "We have had a bad year. So far we have not sold a single one of our programs in sufficient quantities, and now you are reporting a delay for the program on which we set our last hopes. What is really going on with the tests? "

Walter evaded: "Well, well, I don't know. When planning, I took all eventualities into account PLUS also asked the dice cup: three times the six, nothing could go wrong. "

"So so. So you use the dice cup too," remarked the boss, surprised, and raised his eyebrows.

"Why, everyone uses it," said Walter uninhibitedly.

"And I always thought I was the only one using it," mumbled the boss, but so quietly that Walter couldn't hear it.

After a pause he added meaningfully: "And three times the six at that. Do you even know what that means?"

"Well, that's the lucky number because you can roll the dice again"

The boss was silent and pointed to the door. Walter went out quietly and carefully closed the door behind him.

The crisis

24.

Since Walter went back to his first wife that day, the nanny Lisa picked up the two children from the company kindergarten.

It was still the same day. The day the children saw a beamer for the first time and the day Walter made his confession with the boss.

So Lisa went home on the subway with the children Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl.

Lieserl asked: "Tell me, Lisa, will there ever be an end to the story with the blue and green blocks?"

Lisa began to say: "Well, actually it's just a question of when the technology of the beamer will be made harmless by a counter-technology. There is also a trend that is leading to fewer and fewer people following the color blue and more and more the color Green. A 'unilateral' world seems to be coming. "

Lieserl asked in between (since she obviously wasn't that interested): "You, Lisa, which office would you like to work in, a green one or a blue one? "

Lisa thought about it: "Well, actually I don't want to work in the office at all, but like now, with children. But, if you really want to know, then I have to think. Yes ... actually, hmmm ... cyan! Yes, cyan. But rainbow colors wouldn't be bad either "

She smiled because the children already took this division into green and blue so seriously and because she herself took the whole subject with a little more humor than most people.

25.

Walter, on the other hand, sat in the office until 8 o'clock that day, trying to correct mistakes he imagined he had made.

When he finally left, he met a colleague in the corridor who was still on the way to the coffee machine.

"Been here so long?" Asked the colleague hypocritically. He knew that Walter had a guilty conscience that day and added another scoop: "Have you heard? The boss prefers employees with clear family relationships: either single or fixed. But he doesn't like transition stages at all. That just makes you insecure at work, he says. "

"Why are you telling me that?" Walter asked, a little unsure.

The colleague answered deliberately and casually, with a small, feigned shrug: "Oh, just like that, it's always good if you know what the boss is thinking".

Walter was completely insecure that evening.

He wasn't sure what it was, but it seemed that everything had conspired against him.

The day had already started badly because he had to beg Lisa to pick up the children from the company kindergarten. This was many times further away from the apartment than the closed kindergarten.

Then there was the fact that the boss had shown him to the door, ultimately without understanding

why it had happened.

And now this colleague, who obviously wanted to scare him consciously, unsettled him. Usually something rattled on him like water on an oily soap, but today his skin was thin.

So lost in thought he thought again of the weird old man from the canteen and of the "third child who would save the world".

Somehow there was a "blind spot" in his memories, which he associated with Veronika and with the term "third child".

He let these thoughts sink in, and suddenly it was there: "Did I have a third child with Veronika? Was it lost after a few weeks?"

There was a period in their past when he was on a commissioning for a full year - without taking a vacation.

"And after that she was so strange, so aloof and a little depressed.", He remembered that time.

At that time they had only communicated through email.

Should this "third child" now "save his world"? Should he speak to Veronika about it? Would honesty help their relationship bounce back?

All these thoughts that he made on his "pilgrimage home" today ultimately led to his coming to a conclusion.

26.

When he got home, the children were already asleep. Veronika was sitting alone in the living room and reading a book.

After Walter had got a bite to eat in the kitchen, he went to Veronika and spoke to her: "I have to tell you something strange that happened to me last".

Veronika blocked: "Your strange stories don't interest me".

He went on anyway - he had made a decision and he wanted to implement it - and began carefully: "There was a fortune teller, and he, and you're always so introverted , and, say, did we have a third child? "

She put her book aside and looked a little surprised. With an odd emphasis on the word "did", she said, "Did we have a third child?"

He kept digging, confirmed by her reaction: "Did you keep something from me?"

She looked very thoughtful, first had to compose herself a little and then answered clearly and distinctly, almost a little too clearly and distinctly: "It died - murdered". She sobbed.

That wasn't what Walter expected. Yes, he had expected that there might have been a pregnancy that she had kept quiet from him because the child had not survived anyway, but that she herself had had the child aborted was too much for him.

"Murderess!" He said in that sharp whisper that can only produce absolute indignation.

He went to the guest room to sleep there.

27.

I was still working late at night in the office.

Then the dice cup crept up from behind and asked with a certain piercing undertone: "Well, did we make a mistake today?"

I shrugged off: "No! How so? What makes you think that?"

"Did you always use named types when you created more than one variable with them?"

"Yes I think so."

"Have you always packed your arrays and structures correctly?"

"Yes I think so."

"Have you always programmed as locally as possible and as globally as necessary?"

"Yes I think so."

"Didn't you forget an empty procedure in the code?"

"No, I hope not."

"Did you weigh switch () and if-then-else against each other?"

"Yes I think so."

"Did you make sure that every variable always has a defined value, no matter which path your program takes?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Did you understand pointer arithmetic and use it correctly?"

"Yes, I hope so". I was sweating now and becoming more and more meek.

The dice cup changed from a teaching tone to a military tone: "Now, really, kidding aside: What about information security?"

"What about it?" I asked unsuspectingly.

"Weren't we at the boss's today and confessed to him that we had used the dice cup?"

"Yes, so what? Everyone does that," I fended off.

The dice cup changed into a cynical tone: "Of course everyone does that! But is everyone allowed to know?"

"Why not?"

"We are a bit difficult to understand today, right?"

With each of these questions, the dice cup became a bit bigger and more threatening, I felt the heat, as an abyss of fire opened up behind me.

"I don't understand," I said, holding my hands in front of my face.

"Does the gentleman 'difficult-of-concept' want to blow up the system?"

"No, but which system?" I almost despaired of the logic of the dice cup.

The dice cup sighed menacingly: "Well, then I'll tell you. There must be an abyss between

boss and subject, a wall of silence."

"The boss must be able to rely on the fact that the subjects, as experts, only make their decisions on the basis of objective facts," he added.

Then he added: "The subjects must trust their boss that he makes his decisions well-considered and based on his profound overview of what is happening."

"NO SPEECH MUST BE ABOUT A DICE CUP, EVERYONE HAS TO MAKE HIS DECISIONS ALONE !!!!!", he yelled at me.

He ended with the following words: "Again: What do you want to be? A subject or a boss? Make up your mind!"

"No! No! That can't be all, I just want to be happy and live!"

Walter was sweating and tossing and turning in bed. Then it got dark.

The wellness hotel

28.

The next thing Walter could remember after being thrown from the dice cup into the lake of fire was a nice room with two double windows.

He was lying in a comfortable bed and saw a large bar of whole-nut chocolate on the bedside table. Veronika had put them there when she visited him the day before.

This was a great place to relax. Walter still felt exhausted from the nightly conflict with the dice cup. Still, he couldn't resist the chocolate, so he got up in bed, opened the paper and broke off a rib.

Some of the employees claimed that this was a hospital, but in reality it was the wellness hotel "To the Green Meadow". It was extremely relaxing there for all those who had come into conflict with the truth, for whom "their thoughts no longer matched".

The moment Walter finished with the chocolate rib, there was a knock. The door opened and Veronika entered. Behind her came "the daughter" and "the son".

Veronika glanced furtively at the chocolate bar and when she saw that a rib was already missing, she had to smile - Walter noticed that and he no longer had to ask who the chocolate was from.

"The son" said proudly: "I brought you something" and handed him a surprise egg: "I bought it with my pocket money, all by myself".

The girl rummaged in her shoulder bag and pulled out a rainbow that she had obviously made herself. She gave it to Walter and hugged him: "Dad, when are you coming home? I miss you."

Walter lay there and didn't know what to say, at least he said a quiet "Thank you" and began to apologize for his condition: "I'm not quite up to date. Do you know how long I've been here? "

"We'll discuss that tomorrow," said Veronika, "now we'll leave you alone again, and I'll tell the staff that you're up now."

Consequences

29.

There was a process of reflection not only in Walter, but also at Walter's company.

Walter's "confession" had opened his boss's eyes.

Not only he, the boss, no, all employees had used the dice cup to make their decisions! So he found a scapegoat in the dice cup, which he could blame for the entire situation of the company.

Without knocking, he entered the office of the dice cup, ignored the smell of sulfur, opened the window, and threw the dice cup in a high arc on the street.

The dice cup landed in a puddle and got pretty dirty. But he only had to shake himself vigorously to get rid of the dirt. In an instant he looked honest and trustworthy again.

He knew where the university was.

There he went - at that moment a graduation ceremony was going on - spoke to a newly qualified

doctor of technical sciences and asked him: "Do you want to start a company?"

We'll tell this new story another time. For this time we just want to learn our lessons from this: the dice cup is actually a stand-up figure and it will always make it.

A goal is found

30.

In the afternoon, Walter's school friend came to visit the wellness hotel. This school friend was now a cardinal, yet he came in a simple black priestly suit.

"You're fine, you've come a long way," Walter opened the conversation.

The cardinal waved it off: "A career in the Church is something relative."

Walter responded to the stimulus word "career" and replied in a fit of 'Fishing for Compliments': "I will never make a career, with all the mistakes I've made."

"Do you know what my worst mistake is? I don't make any decisions. I just let myself be used," he continued his thoughts.

The cardinal also knew his way around life, so he did not go directly to Walter's argument and did not start complimenting Walter: "I would not say that. Look, in the end I am only an instrument of God. Despite all of my own decisions I make I am embedded in a process that we call Providence."

Walter began to rave: "God's tool. Yes, that would be a goal in life!"

However, he immediately put his thoughts into perspective: "You know, I always went to church well, was very active in my youth, but now that I'm married Who is that God? Where did he go? "

The cardinal replied: "It is not much that we know about him. But we can guarantee one thing: God is not in-human(e)" He smiled at the theological joke he'd just made himself.

"And what else do we know about him?" Walter pressed on.

"He must have a sense of humor, otherwise he couldn't stand us humans."

"Your statements shouldn't be taken seriously at all?"

"Not too much," said the cardinal, "that would be better. But maybe you should think up better questions. Then you might get better answers."

The door was opened and a snack with three Punschkrapferln was served. They were in red, green and blue.

Even more consequences

31.

A few days later, Walter woke up in his first family home.

It was too early to have breakfast.

So he went about waking "his son": "Good morning. I know it's still early, but can you help me with the surprise egg you gave me before breakfast?" "The son" jumped up and sat down with him at the kitchen table.

While they "struggled" with the contents of the surprise egg, Veronika uncovered breakfast.

When they were finally all seated at the breakfast table, he joked with the children: "Well, children, do you already know what you are up to today?"

They answered in unison: "We are haphazard and will do the right thing!". Walter replied: "Have fun then".

"Have fun in the office," came the reply.

A real little family ritual seemed to be emerging here.

While Walter was still talking to the children, Veronika was already putting the dishes in the dishwasher. Walter's first family didn't have nearly as much money as the second, and they certainly couldn't afford a housekeeper or nanny.

This time Walter went to work before Veronika. In the anteroom, when he was already about to open the door, the girl held him back again and demonstratively held out the self-made rainbow: "Please take it with you to the company."

So Walter took the rainbow under his arm and went out to his car.

32.

Walter didn't even notice he was walking past a new company sign as he walked from the car to the company entrance.

The company was still green, but the sign said: "Semper Services". A new spirit seemed to be blowing here.

When he entered the room, everyone greeted him and he greeted them back. He put the rainbow on the side of the monitor, turned on the computer, started work, and got a coffee.

The Third Child - Friendship

Summary

So Walter wants to become an instrument of God. And he has found his place.

The dice cup has also found its master.

But a little adventure is looming.

Walter's families have a third child, a foster child.

The children become friends and Conrad Peter - the third child - helps his new siblings to win a race.

But even he can't do it alone.

At the end the conflict in Conrad Peters' life is clarified and thereby alleviated.

Foreword by the narrator

Actually there is already a foreword to the story "The Third Child", because the entire first part - "The Third Child - Prologue" - was a foreword.

However, some friends have drawn my attention to a circumstance that has to be explained - clarified - before we can go any further. Isn't this entire narrative a commercial promotional event? An advertising event for my profession - I'm actually a programmer - and an advertising event for my hobby project with 3D graphics?

Well, everyone can only write about what they know.

I feel the same way. So it is not surprising if my main characters are programmers and if they deal with 3D graphics.

But why writing at all? Why put these thoughts on paper? Does that have any literary value at all?

Well, I would like to leave the question of the value of this thing to other people, but I will stick to St. Paul who said: "All I handed over to you is what I also had received"

And in fact, all of the material that this story is about has more or less "fallen" to me. Angels, drunks, homeless and crazy people have all contributed to this material and it seems worth telling to me. I don't want to judge the value and the meaning, but I find that I am driven by an inner compulsion to continue doing these things and not to keep them to myself.

Now it is also clear that I will not earn any money with this story, because it is not you, dear reader, who wants something from me, but I want something from you, namely that you read the story and pass on the thoughts.

In any case, precautions have been taken if you want to make a film out of this story, because the entire story consists of 32 chapters (which is a nice round number for a programmer), which can be implemented more or less "one to one" in the scenes of a film.

However, the film needs a "scene zero", which should optically match the theme of the second part.

The film would then have the "nice" number of 33 scenes.

Scene zero

The film begins with a view of a desert, empty Martian landscape, a storm. With a tracking shot we approach a dune and discover that the Mars rover "Spirit" has got stuck in it.

Then the camera pans to the red sky and with a tracking shot we head towards the earth.

There, like in the first film, about Europe -> Austria -> Vienna -> a single-family house in one of the less densely populated districts.

You can see Walter standing on the roof of his house and assembling something.

Veronica stands in the garden and looks up at him. It seems like she wants to say something.

This entire "scene zero" is 100% computer-animated, including Walter and Veronika.

Walter's first family

One follows the other.

Because the universe is expanding, there is gravity.

Because there is gravity, it rains from top to bottom.

Because it rains, plants can sprout.

Because plants sprout, animals can exist.

Man lives because someone loves (him).

Because Veronika had saved Walter's world, he mounted an oversized target horizontally on the roof of his first family.

Stop! It was too big a leap now. Target? House roof? First family? How can you understand all of this?

Well, Walter was a bigamist, so far, so good.

And we had to deal with Walter's life, since we can only understand a child if we know something about his father and mother.

So this time it's actually about the kids.

But how had that been with Walter?

In a world in which there were two monolithic blocks, the "green block" and the "blue block", in a world in which there was always something final about decisions, he retained his freedoms.

He dared to have two women at the same time, to make a final decision neither for one nor for the other. But maybe that wasn't so much a sign of courage, but rather of cowardice, depending on your perspective.

In any case, he always felt a strange attraction to his second wife Monika, a common "frequency of the heart", while his first wife, Veronika, was always "extremely sympathetic to him at a distance".

In a life crisis, however, it became clear that it was precisely Veronika who could really help him.

And so he secretly decided that from now on Veronika was the "first" woman, while Monika was only the "second" woman.

He wanted to show everyone that he was exactly at home in this house, in the house of his first

family, in the house with Veronika, and that is why he mounted said oversized target horizontally on the roof of the house.

Veronika watched him: "Does that have to be? The neighbors will think we have gone crazy".

Walter replied: "I told you that I want to become an instrument of God, and this is the landing place for the spirit."

He pointed to his work, the target that shone in the sun.

Veronika complained: "You are just as crazy as your friend, the cardinal". She thought for a moment: "The idea came from him, wasn't it?"

Walter put on a mine like a western hero: "A man has to do what a man has to do!".

She insisted, half seriously, half jokingly, at least annoyed: "But do you have to relieve yourself on our roof of all places?"

He grinned: "Yes, that's my <stabilitas loci>"

It is funny that at that time the two blocks, the "green block" and the "blue block", were becoming less and less important. But that's another story that we'll get into later.

Conrad Peter

1.

"And never forget where you are!" The priest, Monsignor Kaminsky, concluded the sermon.

Conrad Peter was torn from his thoughts by the sudden silence. He sat in the front row of the suburban church. To the left and right of him sat his three siblings and on the far right, his father Heinrich.

Conrad Peter was now 13 years old. He was actually in the middle of puberty, full of all the doubts about the adult world, and asking himself a lot of questions.

He had few friends of his own age with whom he could discuss his questions. But he still had his siblings and - one must honestly say - this priest. This parish also had something fascinating about young people, not least because of the separate youth masses that were held every week.

The church was of that peculiar ugliness that had blossomed in the sixties and seventies of the twentieth century, but Conrad Peter did not notice it. He wasn't used to anything else.

When the priest stood at the altar again - with his back to Conrad Peter - he thought:

Actually, "priest" would be a desirable profession. People need you so that you can bring their prayers to God; you as a mediator will always have a special position, and you can work in a central position to improve the world.

Yes, improve the world. That would be a really meaningful goal in life. Once you have reached the point where you have recognized the meaning of life and have the right values on your side, then you have to work with all your might to "spread these values". It should go around the world like wildfire, this "civilization of values".

The adults obviously no longer have their world under control - with the exception of this priest and maybe dad - and if I work in a central position to improve the world, then the girls will be at my feet.

When the prayer was over, it was time to pray the "Our Father" together. Conrad Peter babbled along almost automatically. Nobody had spoken to him about the true meaning of this prayer.

Yes, yes, Conrad Peter was a deep guy despite his young age and he was a technical genius. But he still had so much to learn.

Conrad Peter's father Heinrich was a single parent. During the fair, his thoughts revolved around completely different things than Conrad Peters. He thought of the woman who had left him a long time ago, he thought of her not without longing, but with a certain callousness: "She ignored all the freedoms I had offered her, just out of fear their relatives. "

When the mass was over, Monsignor Kaminsky concluded with the words: "Go there and bring freedom!". Words that once again gave Heinrich the "kick" for the coming week.

He and his children got into a jeep with an eye-catching camouflage paint job and drove home.

Walter's second family

2.

Walter was now employed in a company that produced application software for UNIX operating systems. It wasn't that long ago that Walter had changed company.

The dear readers of the first book already know that Walter had worked in a green company (which was therefore part of the "green block") and that there he had a conflict with the dice cup.

The dice cup had been a funny fellow who had not only advised the company's managers, but had also repeatedly talked the normal employees into everyday life.

The boss of the green company had removed the dice cup at the time to save the company from certain doom (at least that was the official reason). But that was of no use and the company actually got smaller and weaker.

And so it was no surprise that Walter had to look for a new employer, which he luckily found.

Funnily enough, his new employer was the very same university graduate who had offered the dice cup after the boss of the green company had kicked him out.

And so Walter was again in a company with the dice cup. But that's actually not our topic. Just to round off the curve that was drawn in the first part of the story, we want to tell a little here how the dice cup fared.

Of course, the dice cup was a little troublemaker, as the dear reader may remember, but doesn't it also have its good points?

A troublemaker is there to bring systems from rest to transient states. And isn't it in these transient states, these states of imbalance, in which we are most creative, in which "life goes on the most"?

Of course you had to have learned "how to use the dice cup", you had to "have tamed it" and "be able to use your innovative strength" before you could let it get close to you. But without this innovative strength, everything always ran towards the state of equilibrium, towards that dreary gray that only the uninspired could really wish for.

Be that as it may, that morning Walter drove to his new company - he came from his first family - and, after leaving the car in the parking garage, went to the company entrance.

He took a look at the company sign, on which "We serve the future" was written in capital letters, and enjoyed the friendly, bright atmosphere of the entrance area, which was kept in yellow / orange tones.

But wait, wasn't that his second wife Monika, who turned the corner here ?!

"What are you doing here?" He asked, a little flabbergasted.

She was obviously not entirely happy to meet him here, but had obviously expected it and answered quietly: "Actually I didn't want to tell you yet, but, well, word is already getting around that your company is looking up and maybe you want to outsource one or the other work. That's why I have a meeting with your boss today. "

"Then I wish you the best of luck", said Walter and both paths parted again.

3.

On the way to his place of work, Walter passed a closed door behind which there was a conference room.

A briefing was in progress in this conference room. Everyone who was responsible for a part program had to report and problems were discussed that could not be solved within a part program.

The dice cup also had its place in this meeting as a "universal advisor". But it was already clear from the arrangement of the chairs who was the boss here and who was only "delivering" consulting services.

The boss asked Mr. Muller, who was responsible for a part of the program: "So, Mr. Muller, where are you?"

Müller replied: "Well, we are actually quite well on time, of course there are small technical problems - nothing that cannot be fixed by a few hours of overtime - but there is a strategic question that I am discussing here would like to."

The boss did not hesitate and asked Muller: "Shoot them!"

Muller continued: "The last regression tests have shown that the quality of the software is not yet working. Too many mistakes in too short a time. But if we use the time to correct the errors, we won't have time for the last two features. "

The boss thought about it and put his hand on his chin: "Difficult! What does the universal advisor think? "He looked at the dice cup and was obviously waiting for an answer.

It didn't take long for the dice cup to come up with an answer: "Well, quality is debatable. I mean, if we lack the features, then that is clearly a breach of contract, but if the quality is a little suboptimal, you can fix it later - and we will probably get more money for the corrections via the maintenance contract. "

The boss thought for a minute and then made a categorical decision: "OK, we're going to forego the features and get the quality in order."

The dice cup looked defiant, crossed his arms over his chest and said loudly and clearly: "I am innocent of these feature's blood".

So this is what happened to the dice cup and we will not go into it any further.

4.

Walter spent this weekend with his second family.

In the course of time they had found a regulation that everyone could get along with. Walter spent the evenings and nights during the week alternately with one family and then with the other family, but the weekend was not divided up. One weekend with one family and the next with the other.

The second wife, Monika, lived with her children Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl in a beautiful rented apartment on the edge of the city center, where it was a little greener than in the center, but where public transport connections were still very good.

Lieserl was a rather introverted girl who spent a lot of time at home and with books.

Carl-Friedrich, on the other hand, was an extroverted doer-type, and since he was now over 12 years old, Monika never knew exactly where he was. He just had a lot of friends with whom he was always on the move.

In order to improve this situation a little, Monika had agreed with Carl-Friedrich that whenever he went away he would write where he was going in the large wall calendar.

He now even had a smartphone that did this job for him. So Monika only had to take a look at the computer to find out where Carl-Friedrich was at the moment.

She thought.

On this Friday Walter called Monika: "Is Carl-Friedrich here for dinner tonight?"

Monika was standing at the stove, so went to the computer, tucked the phone under her cheek and logged in: "Wait a minute, today his location is extremely imprecise, I'll call him on the second line."

Monika dialed Carl-Friedrich's number and asked after he had answered: "Where are you today?"

Carl-Friedrich replied only briefly: "I'm not saying it's a secret" and hung up.

Monika looked confused, but luckily Lieserl interfered: "I know where he is, he's with his friends from the go-kart club."

Monika was now connected to Walter again and answered him: "No, he is not here today, are you coming anyway? Yes? OK !, Ciao".

She turned to Lieserl and asked curiously: "How do you know where your brother is?"

Lieserl replied: "I hacked into his smartphone."

Monika was a little surprised because this experience showed her how far the children were technically superior to them, and in the evening, when the children were already sleeping and Walter was lying next to her, she dealt with this topic: "Our children are slipping away nicely slowly. Today Carl-Friedrich didn't even want to tell me where he was. "

Walter didn't take it that hard, and - to be honest - he wanted to sleep too. Therefore he contented himself with a short comment: "You don't always have to know everything."

The assassination

5.

Conrad Peter was in physics class.

His physics teacher was one of those ultra-religious combat atheists who defended the dogmas of the atheist pope with claws and teeth, no, much more, who attacked with them.

No wonder, then, that Conrad Peter was not on good terms with him. However, Conrad Peter was a technical genius not least because he was interested in all things physics. In spite of that aversion to the teacher, he still got home good grades.

This time, however, he allowed himself a piece that earned him additional work.

"Conrad Peter, what do you know about Galileo Galilei?" Asked the teacher.

Of course he's asking me that because he knows I go to church.

Now he wants to hear again that Galileo did not just claim that the earth revolves around the sun. That was already a tough step back then, and in the end it brought him into conflict with the Church that he tried to move people out of the center of the universe.

No, he wants to hear that Galileo also formulated the principle of relativity, according to which it is physically impossible to give one of two different inertial systems a special position. The different coordinate systems are therefore all equivalent.

Of course he wants me to say that all religions are equivalent, they are also something like coordinate systems.

All coordinate systems are equivalent. Pah. Let him see how the complexity in the mobile end devices increases when they now have to support all three positioning systems: GPS, GLONASS and GALILEO.

Conrad Peter did not want to get involved in this lengthy discussion because the atheist was clearly in a position of power, and so he said only succinctly, but still subversively: "He was some kind of unbeliever who claimed that the earth revolves around the sun . "

The teacher had already had many discussions with Conrad Peter, and he knew that he would always take the shorter argument, so he limited himself to enjoying his position of power and gave Conrad Peter an additional exercise: "Here you have a book about that are you going to give us a lecture next week. "

He rummaged in his pocket and pulled out a book that he had obviously already prepared. It was entitled: "The Significance of Galileo for the Occident".

6.

Conrad Peter had a robot dog that he always took to school. This robot dog was adaptive and programmable, and that suited Conrad Peter very much.

Not only was he a skilled hobbyist who was good at using soldering irons and alligator clips, but he always had good ideas when it came to adding new functions to a programmable device.

Of course, the robot dog was switched off in the school lesson and lay silent and silent in the pocket, but now, on the way home, he hopped around Conrad Peter, wagged his tail and barked.

Actually a dangerous thing. The more functions I build into the dog, the more likely it is that one day it will no longer do what I want, that it will become self-employed, so to speak.

Conrad Peter thought.

But he had concrete plans for his dog, and for that he needed a minimum of autonomy, as we shall see later.

A girl approached Conrad Peter and tried to stroke the dog. "Is it cute," she said, and added, "Does it have a name too?"

"Yes, he's the 'Avenger'", Conrad Peter replied with a strange intonation that didn't bode well. The girl was a little shocked, but also intrigued.

Perhaps she was not so fascinated by the dog as by its creator, so she added, "Did you build this yourself?"

She made a stupid impression, so he didn't even try to explain the difference between "building" and "programming" to her and only said briefly: "No. My father bought it for me, but I added a few gimmicks myself" .

7.

Yes, Conrad Peter was a technical genius and he was considering becoming a priest. But first and foremost, he was a young guy who would have loved to show off that he had a girlfriend.

That is why he had invited the girl, even though she looked a little stupid, to show her his "kingdom" one day.

And you could really say that his father made it possible for him to have his own "kingdom". There were two large desks in his room, one full of electrical and electronic handicrafts and the other with school books.

In the corner of the room there was a life-size figure of a robot, namely the C-3PO from the movie "Star Wars". It was a humanoid protocol droid whose primary purpose was to establish contact between humans and machines.

We shall see to what extent it actually served this purpose.

Conrad Peter said to the girl: "Look out, now it's going to be fun. I'm sending my dog on a trip! "

He took a remote control that looked like a smartphone and touched a few buttons. The dog raised its head, started moving, and marched to the cat flap in the door. After a few moments he was gone into the open air.

The girl was not so much interested in this demonstration as she was in Conrad Peter and asked: "Are you an only child?"

Conrad Peter replied: "I have three siblings, but none of them can hold a candle to me. At the age of 8 I already assembled the most complicated Star Wars spaceships, the control of my electric train was legendary and I am still unbeatable at 3D games ".

She continued: "What is your favorite drink?".

He was a little confused because she wasn't impressed by his loud mouth: "Well, that depends on the situation. When I'm very thirsty, pure, clear water is best, but if I have to, I also drink a Coke. "

He wanted to focus on his favorite topic and made another move: "Did you know that the young

Anakin Skywalker built C-3PO? When I grow up, I would also like to build a robot-human contact. That is, when the robots are so far advanced that they have anything meaningful to say at all ”.

And then he went one better: "Robots are the next topic at all, once we have the 3D graphics under control".

A monitor was running in the room, on which one could see how it was switched over and over again from one surveillance camera to the other so that the dog was always in the center of the picture.

The girl had gone into the next room while he was speaking and brought him a glass of water: "Tell me, what about your mother?"

The dog is now running in disconnected mode. As long as he is on the road, the connection should be as narrow-banded as possible, preferably to zero bandwidth, we only need a video connection for aiming and triggering.

Of course, the dog is not overly intelligent. I programmed it yesterday and it now simply follows the trajectory, orienting itself towards the WiFis that are everywhere.

Fortunately, I found this freeware with the enhanced motion capture, which allows me to keep the Avenger under observation even in disconnected mode.

He almost managed to ignore the question about his mother, but now they came back, the memories of all the questions he had asked his father when he was little and wondered why his mother had left him : "She left us when I was a little boy, my father had to fight for me".

The girl asked: "And why?"

"Her relatives did not agree that she should marry a Christian and take off her headscarf", was the answer: "And she would rather go back to her relatives, these, ..., these,". He got angry look around his eyes.

At that moment the dog turned into a playground where there were noticeably many girls with headscarves. All the girls ran up to the cute dog.

The remote control rang.

Conrad Peter picked up and saw a video transmission of the event from the dog's point of view on his smartphone.

When the girls got close enough, Conrad Peter pressed an orange button and the dog began to rotate around its own vertical axis and spray yellow and red paint from all of its body orifices. All the children were splashed on and started screaming and crying.

Conrad Peter laughed: "That's funny, isn't it?", Pressed a green button and a printer spat out a panorama photo.

Conrad Peter gave the photo to the girl: "Here, as a souvenir!"

The wimps

8.

Heinrich's heart beat right of center.

Yes, he was what you would call a militarist.

In any case, it was clear to him that the Christian West could not be defended simply with good words. It was also necessary to take up arms and defend yourself if the worst came to the worst. He was able to gain a lot from the idea of defensive Christianity.

Heinrich was a florist in the civilian profession, and this fact alone would have made him a thoroughly peaceful person. And he was also outwardly peaceful. Only he made this distinction between inside and outside, between "them" and "us", between good and bad.

Now he was sitting in the conference room of the district court, waiting for the juvenile judge who had summoned him to an initial hearing.

Always those wimps and do-gooders. Everything has to be discussed to the point of vomiting.

The juvenile judge entered the room, there were two of them alone in the room. She sat down and began: "Well, you are here because of the assassination attempt by your son Conrad Peter."

Heinrich weighed it down and said evasively: "Is it already certain that he is behind this?"

"It is his trajectories that intersect with the spacetime of the event. That counts as stringent evidence in front of every court", she said unequivocally.

The first shot went in the pants, now Heinrich had to resort to asking.

He would have loved to clarify the way two noblemen of the Renaissance would have done it, outside the gates of the city, with two swords: "Don't you see that so closely, he's still a child."

The judge got a little louder: "Your child is a real danger. Who knows, next time the robot dog will not only spray paint but I don't even like to think about it".

Heinrich begged: "No, he certainly didn't mean that badly, it's all just a preparation for his career as a successful technician."

The judge had no understanding: "You can argue as much as you want, the fact is that he stays in the youth home until a suitable foster family has been found. I can only accommodate you so far that you can make a suggestion as to which family he will come to! "

"But I don't have anyone," Heinrich slipped out. He would never have dreamed that he would one day be so small in front of these mighty wimps.

Judge: "The hearing is in two weeks. So you have two weeks, that's all I can do for you." She got up and left the room.

9.

Heinrich came out of the district court, went to the car, got in and drove off.

He turned on the radio music.

That these do-gooders always have to make such a big deal out of every youthful prank. When I was a child, we had very different adventures. And spraying other children with paint was always an option back then.

Only the underlying technology has changed - and with it the monitorability. We really did worse back then, but nobody followed our trajectories.

Well, the do-gooders are in a position of power, that's why we have to submit for the time being. But where am I supposed to find a family so quickly where Conrad Peter can get adequate accommodation?

He needs a strong hand to guide him so that he can find his way into the future. Who knows which wimp family the judge would put him with.

The song from the seventies has just been played on the radio: "Turn your radio on".

That made a string vibrate in Heinrich, and he decided to go to church and sit there alone in the pews. For a long time now he has once again set his "antennas to receive". He hadn't done that in a long time, actually for the last time before Soraya left him. It was nice and cool here in the church.

If only Soraya were there. Why did she have to leave me then? She just had to decide, I would have done the rest.

Was she dissatisfied? Didn't I offer her enough? All the beautiful excursions into the countryside, the joint theater evenings and the celebrations in the church.

He heard a little mouse scurrying through the church, and when he turned around he saw Monsignor Kaminsky approaching cautiously.

"Otherwise you never come to pray. Do you have problems? ", Monsignor Kaminsky opened the conversation quite directly.

Heinrich thought for a moment whether he should reveal his problems to the monsignor. It had always been his concern to contribute more to the community than to receive from it.

But now, he had to accept this, he was in a position of weakness and there was a very good chance that the monsignor knew a trustworthy family who could act as a foster family.

"Father, you know my son, they want to take him away from me." Heinrich began to explain his problems. "Apparently I can't take care of him," he continued.

Monsignor Kaminsky knew the Soraya story, and he concluded with razor sharpness: "Yes, that's the ramifications now. I always told you 'don't get mixed marriages'. Unfortunately we weren't strong enough at the time to win Soraya over. "

There was a brief silence during which Heinrich realized that people in a position of weakness could not expect help from Monsignor Kaminsky.

Perhaps it was this experience, this being alone, that ultimately led Heinrich to no longer take Monsignor Kaminsky's statements so seriously.

At least this realization had brought him now, that he had set his antennas to receive and stopped by

the church.

But we anticipate the events. Let's let the action unfold.

Kaminsky asked: "Is he going to a foster family?", To which Heinrich only nodded briefly.

The priest continued: "You will see that it is not so bad. He has good genes and will find his way. Now you have to learn to let go, you no longer have everything in your hand. "

Nice words. But that doesn't help me. I need a suitable foster family for Conrad Peter. Who knows what wimp the juvenile court would put him with.

Heinrich said goodbye and sadly set off on his way.

In search

10.

Heinrich had thought about it. He had thought for a long time.

In the end he had thought of a family that he had known for a long time and that could be considered as a foster family for Conrad Peter.

So the next morning he drove to his friends, the Browns.

He himself lived with his children in a single-family house with a garden on the outskirts of the suburbs. The Browns didn't live that far away, although their house was far more tastefully decorated and lavishly furnished.

Heinrich parked, got out of the car and pressed the doorbell. Mister Brown - he still called himself "Mister" Brown and not "Herr" Brown, even though he had come from the United States many years ago - opened the door.

He was still in his elegant dressing gown and greeted Heinrich politely: "Heinrich, you haven't been seen for a long time."

In terms of appearance, the Browns reminded a little of Gomez and Morticia from the "Addams Family", although they didn't display nearly the same bizarre behaviors, but were honest people. A technical employee who had worked his way up the hierarchy of a large company and a housewife who had nevertheless retained the elegance and beauty of a society lady.

Heinrich replied: "Yes, you know, the many worries with the children - and the flower shop is no longer as good as it used to be ..."

Mr. Brown hooked: "Well, it doesn't matter, now come in and have a coffee."

Heinrich followed Mr. Brown into the room, sat down when asked, and waited for the coffee.

After Mr. Brown had put two cups of coffee on the table, he also sat down and waited until Heinrich started the conversation.

After the first sip of coffee, Heinrich began to speak: "I already mentioned it on the phone, about my eldest. Something happened to him there, so, well, he got caught doing something stupid, at least - you know, I'm a single parent - and that's how it is now ... "

Mr. Brown relieved Heinrich from the trouble of saying things too clearly and said: "I understood, you want us to adopt your Conrad Peter."

Heinrich now explained the situation more precisely: “No, we don't have to talk about adoption right away. I think that means foster family. In any case, the trial is next Friday and I know with you that he will be in good hands. ”

Mr. Brown also wanted to shed some light on the counter-arguments, so he explained: “You know, Heinrich, Martha and I, we thought about it for a long time. Our children are already out of the house and we are no longer the youngest either. But Martha would definitely appreciate it if she had someone again to look after. It could also bring more variety to our family life. The only thing I'm not sure about is your son's hobbies. I don't know if we can set up a tinkering room for him here in the house ”.

Heinrich replied: “He is now 13 and will soon be attending a technical college. He will have less time for his hobbies anyway ”.

Mrs. Brown came into the room during the discussion and now put the end point: “Well, Heinrich, you can count on us. When did you say the trial is at 11 o'clock? ”

"Yes," Heinrich got up, said goodbye and made his way home relieved. It seemed to be a nice weekend after all.

Disappointment and a way out

11.

The week passed quickly. Walter had taken off this Friday because he had planned a bathing trip with his second family.

Friday morning was splendid weather and it was easy for everyone to get up, pack their swimwear and comfortably get into the car, Walter, Monika, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl.

They had to drive all over town to get to the lake, which was a few minutes' drive outside the town. Since they had only started at 10 a.m., the weekend traffic was already noticeable, which began to block the city's arterial roads every Friday morning.

They fought their way through the traffic jam, meter by meter, street by street, yet they were relaxed and relaxed.

Everyone except Walter.

Obviously he had had too much coffee for breakfast after all.

What is now taking revenge.

He looked for a public building that should have a toilet.

He finally stopped in front of a large public building, ignored the no-stopping restrictions, switched on the hazard lights and jumped out of the car. "I'll be right back," he called out to his family.

A jeep with an eye-catching camouflage paint job was parked in front of him.

12.

In the public building of the district court, a housekeeper was sweeping the corridor in front of the courtroom. The company name "Magnet elf" was on his overall.

In the negotiating room, on the other hand, the negotiation about Conrad Peter had just reached its

climax.

The judge announced the verdict: "The court has hereby determined that the well-being of the child is endangered if it continues to be entrusted to the custody of his father. The mother was withdrawn from custody a long time ago. Since there are no close relatives in question to continue to look after the child, it will be handed over to the care of a foster family after careful examination. "

Turning to Heinrich, she said: "I think the father has a suggestion as to which foster family the child should come to".

Mrs. Brown interrupted him, "Yes, we are. Mr. and Mrs. Brown "

The judge turned to an inconspicuous little lady who had not been noticed by anyone: "Does the family office agree with this election?"

The officer said after looking at her file, "I'm sorry, I can't say that. We do not know Mr. and Mrs. Brown, they are not approved as a foster family. "

The judge closed the session: "Then the child will stay in the youth home until this question has been clarified. This ends the session. "

It took Heinrich a moment of shock to understand the outcome of the negotiation. All the wimps in the world seemed to have conspired against him and his son.

Fate took its course.

13.

And how fate took its course, because Walter had ended up in the same hallway as the negotiating room when he was looking for a toilet.

Now he emerged relieved from the door that had been the epitome of freedom for him ten minutes ago and turned into the corridor that led to the exit door.

Heinrich, on the other hand, was in an exceptional psychological situation, he was concentrated in every fiber of his existence on finding a new foster father for Conrad Peter. And not a wimp, but a solid family man with a strong hand.

Walter came towards him. Walter was wearing a sleeveless outdoor jacket and shorts. So it's no wonder that Heinrich - in his exceptional situation - saw Walter as a kind of soldier.

He became curious and followed Walter. When he got into his car outside, he stayed in the background for the time being. Then he slipped into his jeep and followed the family at a good distance.

14.

After a while they got onto the highway. Heinrich still followed them.

Monika began to broach a topic that was close to her heart: "Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl will be in fourth grade next year. We should think about how things will go on afterwards. "

Walter didn't want to deal with it now: "Well, that will show up".

Monika found it unfair that Walter never interfered, never worried and never made decisions, so she said, a little louder: "You always with your indifference. That is an important decision. Go on to high school, where you then facto can only study more, or do we give them the opportunity to

orientate themselves practically? "

Walter suddenly felt like discussing: "Now you are indifferent. OK, they are twins, but you can't give them both the same edge."

Now Monika was really loud: "Now you are getting personal. Can't you formulate that from the point of view of your needs without being abusive here?"

Walter waved one arm and looked at Monika: "What do my needs mean here? Who always has this obligation to plan?"

Suddenly Carl-Friedrich shouted: "Attention, the exit!"

Walter had to swerve over three lanes from left to right and just caught the exit.

Heinrich, who was still following them, had to brake sharply and change lanes while the others honked so that he could still make the exit.

He wants to shake me off. The Force is strong with this one.

15.

When they got to the parking lot by the lake, Heinrich stayed behind consciously. He parked his car on a small side street, took the binoculars with him and went to the observation post, not without first noting the license plate number of Walter's car.

Nothing unusual happened all day, but Heinrich remained faithful to his observation post. Little did he know that Walter was a bigamist and Monika was just one of the two women.

Around three o'clock dark clouds came in and a thunderstorm was forecast.

But as so often in life, Walter and Monika disregarded the dark omens and then let themselves be surprised by the rain shower. Everyone ran to the car. Walter rummaged in his pocket and couldn't find the car key. He searched for a good 10 minutes, during which Monika and the children were completely soaked.

Heinrich saw this through his binoculars and again misinterpreted that.

A smart man who toughens up his children.

Decision

16.

Heinrich had simply left his flower shop to be a flower shop for a few days and tried to find out more about Walter.

He had found out his name and address from a handlebar survey.

The car was registered to the address of the first family, which is why Heinrich had a surprise waiting for him on the first day of the observation. Because this woman - Veronika - was not the woman - Monika - with whom Walter had taken the bathing trip.

But even the bigamy thing didn't bother Heinrich in the end, because he thought to himself: "The main thing is that this Walter knows what he wants. That is the most important thing when you raise children that you set a clear line."

And actually he was right, because Walter knew exactly what he wanted: namely, lots of children, that's why he was a bigamist.

Now that he had got some idea of the situation, Heinrich dared to ring the bell and question her on a day when Veronika was at home alone.

She opened the door and greeted the man she had never seen in her life: "Yes, please, how can I help you?"

In this case, Heinrich didn't think much of talking about the bushes and fell straight into the house with the door: "Your husband, I assume it's your husband ...", she nodded uncertainly, "..... I was very impressed."

Veronika smiled uncertainly and tried it with humor: "Do I have to be jealous now?"

Heinrich fended off: "No, no, it's different. It's about my son."

Veronika was impressed by Heinrich's straightforwardness and invited him: "Don't you want to come in first?"

Heinrich thanked him and they went into the living room.

Veronika asked: "Do you drink coffee?"

Heinrich was grateful: "Yes, with milk, please, without sugar."

She fetched the pot of ready-made coffee from the kitchen while he used the break to take a look around the room.

After she poured it for him, he started again: "Well, excuse me if I fall through the door, but I'm looking for a foster family for my 13-year-old son."

Veronika looked a little astonished, was silent for a long time, and then began carefully: "Why can't he live with you anymore?"

Heinrich had expected this question and he gave his prepared answer: "I have been withdrawn from custody because I am already overworked with the other three children. You must know that I am a single father."

Veronika seemed a little relieved because she had already expected some excuses: "Well, honesty

versus honesty. Both of us, my husband and I, have been on the waiting list of the youth welfare office for some time, so it is a coincidence that you of all people come to us. May I ask how this comes about? After all, the youth welfare office usually chooses the foster families for the children."

Heinrich also relied on honesty: "In fact, it's all a great coincidence. I don't trust the youth welfare office, who knows what wimp my Conrad Peter would go to, but you make a solid impression on me."

Veronika had to giggle. "Solid!", She thought and couldn't help thinking of all the weaknesses that Walter obviously had, first of all, of course, his weakness in decision-making.

Veronika collected herself again and bravely pursued the subject further. Because she had really been waiting for a third child for a long time. So she asked, "Yes, but how did you get to know my husband?"

Heinrich said truthfully, without giving the details: "I say, a coincidence. He was in the right place at the right time and I noticed him."

Veronika didn't want to dig too hard: "Well, everything will have to be discussed, but personally I am not averse to giving in to such coincidences of fate." She paused: "How will we proceed now?"

Suddenly the phone rang.

Veronika apologized, went into the anteroom and picked up: "Haselbacher! Yes! Oh? That's good news! When? On Thursday ?. What did you say, was the name? I'll discuss this with my husband and call you back today! "

She hung up and came back into the living room.

She asked Heinrich: "What, did you say, was your name?"

Heinrich replied: "Schmid. Heinrich Schmid"

Veronika had one more question: "So your son is now 13 years old?" "Yes," answered Heinrich.

Veronika concluded the conversation: "Well, I think I have to discuss this with my husband first, but what if you could give me your phone number?"

Heinrich gave her his number, said goodbye, and left.

17.

The time had come the next Friday.

In the afternoon Walter and Veronika drove to the youth home to pick up Conrad Peter. His father Heinrich was also there to say goodbye. Fortunately everything went smoothly, Walter and Veronika had already been there to meet Conrad Peter.

So now the three of them sat in Veronika's car and drove to the outskirts where the house of Walter's first family was. Veronika inherited this house from her parents and luckily it was cheap to maintain.

It was spacious and offered enough space for a family of five. And Walter was absent half the time anyway.

As they turned into the path of the settlement, Walter's thoughts were tense. Would the children like each other? Today the two half-siblings Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were also present because they

wanted to get to know the new family member.

First of all there was a refreshment that Veronika had already prepared. Walter introduced the new child: "This is Conrad Peter. He will be living with us from now on".

Silence.

A bad sign.

"So how about you play the 'My Reality' game with Conrad Peter as a welcome?"

"My Reality?", Conrad Peter asked. "Sounds interesting, but I always thought there was only one reality," he added, and: "Monsignor Kaminsky always says: There can only be one truth."

Well, we already mentioned that Conrad Peter still had a lot to learn.

In any case, Walter had set up a room in this house that had several computers and offered the children an installation that could be described as a "multiplayer holodeck", although the technology for it was still very much in its infancy.

You could create your own virtual worlds there, like putting together small bricks with a Lego kit.

And you could then more or less "enter" or "inhabit" these worlds.

You could enter these virtual worlds individually or in groups of up to five people.

Of course, it was easiest to simulate sitting positions, i.e. car races and dogfights, but Walter already had plans to use motion capture technology in order to be able to "walk around" and even "run around" in these worlds.

This "I'll show you my world, show me yours" principle was very popular with the children, so it shouldn't come as a surprise that they jumped up enthusiastically at Walter's suggestion and immediately took Conrad Peter into the computer room.

Carl-Friedrich said: "I suggest we take the beginner level with the train, so Conrad Peter can get used to how the system reacts to his movements".

18.

They went into the computer room.

Unfortunately, the entire installation was still very much in its infancy, so that the children could not play this game alone.

On the contrary, they needed Walter to initialize the software and set up the communication channels between the computers.

But it was really a nice train game. There were two train drivers, a dispatcher and two shunters who simulated the operation on a branch line of the Austrian Railways together.

They played about who brought about the most spectacular accident.

Fortunately, this installation was completely local and no one could follow their trajectories, otherwise they could run into problems at school playing games like this.

Walter was aware of that and he would have been the last one who would have provided the computers in this room with an Internet connection.

They played like that until just before bed.

As an exception, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were allowed to spend the night in the first family's house today, and Monika was alone.

Since it was agreed beforehand, it was not a problem and she had a nice evening at the cinema.

19.

The next day, Saturday morning, Carl-Friedrich sat on the terrace and watched the birds. There was still enough time before breakfast.

Then Conrad Peter came out and sat down with him. Carl-Friedrich started the conversation: "I think it's really cool that you found a name for your identity in the My Reality game so quickly. Mister F, Mr. F, what does that mean, does that have a deeper meaning? It took us a long time until we had our names together, 'whereami' for me and 'lovely cat scenery' for Lieserl".

Conrad Peter tried to distract: "It doesn't matter whether it has any meaning, in any case the whole computer room is really cool and the game is really awesome."

But then he came up with something else: "I have another question. I heard you muttering to yourself yesterday evening, what were you doing?"

Carl-Friedrich was amazed: "Well, I prayed."

Conrad Peter was somewhat confused. He only knew praying from church, where he always believed that a priest was needed who, so to speak, "brought people's prayers to God". It was completely new to him that one could pray without a priest.

So he asked: "Prayer? I only know that from church, our father always took us with him. But that you can pray all by yourself is new to me. - Say, what did you pray, I imagine it would be incredibly difficult to find the right words. "

Carl-Friedrich said: "If I can't think of anything, I'll just pray our family prayer". He reached into his trouser pocket and handed it to Conrad Peter: "Do you want it? I know it by heart. "

Conrad Peter took the slip of paper and read it quietly:

Lord Jesus Christ, please forgive me for being afraid of the Father. Please also forgive that I am afraid of death.

Thank you for playing the game of life with us, I hope you will complete everything that is lacking in us.

Thanks for not sleeping.

Please help me believe in you, thank you for keeping your secrets.

Also help all my friends and all who need your help.

Help us say what we want.

Thanks!

P.S .: Whenever you want, everything will end well.

20.

Everyone sat together at breakfast. All except Monika, of course. So Walter, Veronika and the five children.

Walter asked again: "Was the My Reality game funny yesterday?"

"Great accidents, the best thing is to drive across the flank," said Conrad Peter.

Walter smiled.

Then Carl-Friedrich asked: "Conrad, I'm on the go-kart track this afternoon to train. Do you want to come and see it?"

Conrad Peter thought for a moment and then replied: "Gladly, if I may. I won't miss that."

Walter summed up and made a suggestion: "Okay, then I'll take Lieserl to her mother's and the rest of the family will go on a bathing trip. I'll follow you then. Agreed?"

Veronika nodded and breakfast took its course.

It is getting serious**21.**

Carl-Friedrich and Conrad Peter came to the go-kart race track early on Saturday afternoon, but this time it was different than usual.

In front of the little house where you could register for the rides, there was a long line of people who were extremely upset.

"What's going on here?" Asked Carl-Friedrich the first person who stood in line.

"All go-karts fully booked, all practice lessons fully booked, from now to the race in six weeks", was the short answer.

By the cars where you got in there was a group of youngsters, among them a tall, slim fellow who looked triumphantly over at the crowd.

He turned to his friends and said: "This time we will definitely win the race. My father has reserved the track for the next six weekends. No one can train there except us."

The friends mumbled in agreement and rubbed their hands together.

The owner of the racetrack sat in the little house and pulled down the blinds. He turned to his employee and said: "This Mister Fink is saving our business. He has paid three times as much. We are restructuring ourselves with that."

The clerk finished counting the money in the cash register and then nodded in agreement.

Carl-Friedrich came back from the queue to the edge of the racetrack, where Conrad Peter was waiting for him: "There is not a single minute of training available for the next weekends before the race. That stinks a lot."

He looked at the young Fink standing by the cars and their eyes met.

The young Fink grinned.

"It's my world to only win the go-kart race once!", Explained Carl-Friedrich and he sighed: "How should I train now?"

Conrad Peter thought for a moment: "This is not a problem in principle, you have your game."

Carl-Friedrich contradicted: "Yes, of course, you can also go go-karting there, but we don't have the right track, I absolutely have to train on the real track, otherwise there is no point."

"Wait and see and drink tea, I have someone else who can lend us his eyes and legs," said Conrad Peter mysteriously.

Then they drove home, Conrad Peter to the house of the first family and Carl-Friedrich to his mother Monika.

22.

It was Saturday evening. As I said, Conrad Peter was a technician's soul. He wanted to help many people and he wanted to help them through technology (for the sake of mercy we want to forget the assassination attempt with the robot dog).

Because he was firmly convinced that the only progress that could really exist in the world was technical progress. Since new people kept coming and old people died, humanity had to start over again and again. There had to be wars again and again, and social progress only existed as long as there was enough money. No no, technical progress was the only lasting progress.

Yes, yes, it is true, it was the god Prometheus who brought fire from heaven to humans, but wasn't it also countless James Watts and George Stephensons who first tamed the fire and made it useful for humans in a nice steam engine?

And how was it with TCP / IP? It was exactly like that.

After everyone believed that Conrad Peter was already asleep and he was sure that no one would come so quickly to check him, he put a cushion under his duvet and left the house through the window. He had his 'Avenger' with him and made his way to the racetrack.

This dog is not only an "Avenger" but also an "Explorer". It has a memory extension that makes it possible to save large amounts of scene data in a standardized format.

Conrad Peter arrived at the racetrack after a long drive, put his "Avenger" on the road and gave some commands on his smartphone.

Then the dog started moving and slowly followed the road. The dog made two complete circuits of the course, one half left and one half right of the middle.

He moved his head rhythmically to the left and right and thus scanned the entire scene.

The whole thing took no more than an hour, and so Conrad Peter was able to make his way home before the last trams went out of service.

23.

This little robot contains the complete plans of the course
thought Conrad Peter when he woke up the next morning and had a look at the 'Avenger'.
But now the greatest work was still to come.

He had to find out in which format the "My Reality" game saved the scenery and the dynamic models of the go-karts and he had to find the interface through which this data could be fed in.

So he asked Walter over lunch: "May I go to the computer room this afternoon? I would also like to develop my own reality that I can then show the other children."

"I would like to read the newspaper in peace this afternoon," said Walter. He thought of the countless hours he had spent with the children developing the railroad.

"Don't worry, I can handle it on my own!" Conrad Peter interrupted him.

Walter shook his head in disbelief: "Fine, but don't break anything!"

So it was.

At 1 p.m. Conrad Peter entered the computer room.

At 1.30 p.m., the noise of the engine from the computer room was heard for the first time;

At 3:30 p.m. Conrad Peter fetched "the daughter" and "the son" to do a first test race against each other.

At dinner Conrad Peter announced: "Carl-Friedrich can now practice on the real racetrack. In the computer room."

Walter and Veronika were very astonished, but the other children confirmed the matter.

So Walter called Monika that evening and told her the news.

24.

On each of the five following weekends, Carl-Friedrich was Veronika's guest and went to the computer room to practice go-kart races with the other children.

Walter didn't even have to be present because Conrad Peter had improved the user-friendliness of the "My Reality" game so that it was now child's play to use. It was now, so to speak, "fit for troops".

The whole thing is still far too bumpy. Each program uses a different format for the scenery data. The communication between the computers also makes each program somehow different and in the end we are really indulging in a luxury that nobody will have in the future. Because this is a completely local installation that prevents anyone from following our trajectories. Such local installations without network access will simply be forbidden in the future.

The other way

25.

It was on one of those five weekends that Walter was once again present at his first family's house.

On Saturday at 3:30 p.m. there was the obligatory snack with the Punschkraperln in the obligatory colors red, green and blue.

Conrad Peter asked Walter: "Why are you actually a bigamist? Can you reconcile that with your religion?"

Walter thought for a moment. Then he replied: "You know, it is an art in life to make the right decisions. Sometimes it is even an art to make a decision at all, so a bad decision would be even better than no decision at all."

"That reminds me of what dad said about mom", Conrad Peter thought out loud: "All she had to do was choose freedom, but she chose peace with her relatives, that was more important to her. "

After a short pause he asked Walter: "Which is more important, peace or freedom?"

Walter found it impossible to give an answer to this question. Yes, OK, Walter seldom gave definitive answers, but there really wasn't a simple answer here: "That you young people always ask such questions to which there is no answer. If a question arises in your life, then try to make a decision, and then act on your decision. Basta. "

He added: "Until there are arguments against the decision."

Conrad Peter seemed to like this answer, so he took the green punch mug and began to eat.

Walter took the red one, as a matter of course.

"And I'll have the blue one again," sighed Veronika and ate.

The competition

26.

On the Saturday morning of the race weekend Monika, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were having breakfast.

So today the big go-kart race should take place.

In any case, Carl-Friedrich thought of this race with every fiber of his heart, because he would have liked to have won a race for the first time in his life.

But now he was going to get revenge for the fact that Carl-Friedrich had always kept such a secret about the go-kart hobby from his mother. Because Monika was not aware that the race should take place today.

"You are going to Aunt Erika in Graz today," she began the conversation.

"What? Why to Aunt Erika?" Asked Carl-Friedrich, aghast.

Monika explained: "Well, last year you promised that this year it would be you who would personally congratulate her on her birthday. I have already packed a candy dish and got you a bouquet of flowers. You will hand them over personally today. You can get from Aunt Erika lunch too. Everything has already been arranged. Here's your ticket. "

Carl-Friedrich was now torn between the race and his promise from last year. "A promise is a promise and will not be broken," the children had already been taught in kindergarten, and Carl-Friedrich was very uncomfortable that he might not be able to keep his promise.

"Yes, but it's a go-kart race today," he tried to contradict.

"You promised," said Monika.

Carl-Friedrich was desperate.

Immediately after breakfast he called Conrad Peter: "Hello Conrad. Yes? Did I wake you up? Sorry. I have a problem". And he described his problem to Conrad Peter, that he had to be in two places at

the same time.

"When is the race?" Asked Conrad Peter. Carl-Friedrich replied: "At 11 o'clock". "And when and where is your train going?" Was the next question. "At 9:35 am at the main station," the answer.

"Perfect," said Conrad Peter and added. "Don't worry, we'll fix it. We'll meet at 9:25 am on the platform. I have to give you something that will help us."

28.

After Conrad Peter happily handed over his smartphone to Carl-Friedrich, he made his way to Ulmenstrasse 117, that is, to his father's house.

The smartphone was no ordinary smartphone, because it had a few additional "gimmicks", as we will see soon.

Everything went smoothly on the way to Ulmenstrasse.

Veronika was not so lucky.

As soon as she drove off, a garbage truck blocked her way while still inside the settlement. He rattled through one house after the other and seemed to take ages to do so.

Veronika had no choice but to reverse a good 300 meters against the one-way to the next intersection. There she could then take an alternative route.

It was extremely important to Veronika that she faithfully stood by her "third child" Conrad Peter. If she had promised that she would be in Ulmenstrasse at 10 o'clock, then she was there too. There were no excuses.

What a devastating signal that would be for the children if the adults no longer kept their promises.

After all, there was a traffic jam on the main road. And that although it was Saturday morning and she hadn't expected a traffic jam.

A fallen tree was to blame.

Here, too, Veronika had to turn back "a little illegally". She drove over the cordon and then took a different route.

After all, the inevitable traffic jam was on the city freeway. Fortunately, the "rescue alley" had been introduced a few years ago now, so that Veronika made progress here, too, under the horn of the others, but nevertheless. Fortunately, there was no policeman around.

At the very end a railroad barrier blocked her way.

The train came after a minute, so this time she was really lucky and didn't have to commit any illegal acts.

And in fact Veronika arrived at 117 Ulmenstrasse at exactly the right moment.

When Conrad Peter came down the stairs with the robot C-3PO and looked out the window at the street, she stopped in front of the garden gate and honked briefly.

They quickly loaded the cargo into the back seat and drove off.

29.

Lieserl was already waiting at the racing area with a prepared go-kart. According to Conrad Peter's

telephone instructions, she had activated the machine / machine interface of the go-kart, so that a socket was exposed behind the driver's seat, right next to the engine, next to which the letters "USB 7.0" were written in large letters.

When Veronika and Conrad Peter arrived at the racetrack with the C-3PO robot, they heaved it out of the car and put it in the go-kart.

From the back of the robot's head hung a cable that looked like a pigtail of hair and had a plug at the end. This plug fit into the USB socket on the go-kart.

Conrad Peter activated the connection and immediately called Carl-Friedrich. This sat in the moving train and picked up: "Hello, Conrad?". "Yes, hello, what is the situation?" Asked Conrad Peter.

"The train is delayed as usual, so I still have a good 1 ½ hours before I get to Graz," replied Carl-Friedrich.

"Very good, that should be enough for the race. Now please do what I told you", Conrad Peter gave the final instructions.

Carl-Friedrich hung up, took a wireless headset out of his pocket, put it on, pressed a few keys on the smartphone and then placed it with the display facing down on the little table that was attached between the two window seats.

After two seconds, a holographic cloud began to form around the smartphone in which, after a while, you could see details from the start area of the racing course.

First you saw Conrad Peter, then Lieserl, and finally the cloud spread over the whole compartment and covered the other travelers.

The go-kart formed around Carl-Friedrich, so that in the end it looked as if he was sitting in the go-kart himself.

In the end there was only Carl-Friedrich and the holographic cloud. The compartment and the other travelers were completely gone.

Carl-Friedrich moved an arm cautiously.

C-3PO at the racecourse moved the same arm in the same way.

"Contact," said Conrad Peter and clicked his tongue.

30.

Conrad Peter and Lieserl pushed the go-kart to the start and withdrew. There were only a few minutes left to the race.

Walter, Veronika, Monika and the other children were already in the audience. They sat there and waited eagerly for the events that were to come.

The race started.

The young Fink pulled away like lightning right from the start. Carl-Friedrich had problems with the controls. This indirect control via the C-3PO robot reacted much more slowly than the control on the "My Reality" game at home.

But after a few laps he got used to the differences and fought his way closer and closer to the young Fink.

Meter by meter, second by second.

But Fink still had an ace up his sleeve. When C-3PO got within a few meters of Fink, he poured yellow paint on his head, so that the electronic eyes no longer worked.

This made the control of the go-kart even more indirect. The direct video connection was interrupted and the connection was only made indirectly via the dynamic model of the scene. Carl-Friedrich had to drive more slowly. There were only three laps left to the end of the race.

But our friends were lucky enough to be able. The young Fink blew a tire and had to go into the pits.

Carl-Friedrich fought slowly but steadily towards the goal, at the boxes he overtook the young Fink.

The conductor came on the train and opened the compartment door.

Inside were two adults and a young boy. The fellow was sitting with his arms crossed and eyes closed, a headset around his head.

"The tickets, please," said the conductor.

Fortunately, the smartphone was intelligent enough to show this external influence in Carl Friedrich's virtual scene.

Carl-Friedrich was sitting in his computer-animated go-kart, saw the conductor hovering over the racetrack to his left, reached into his breast pocket and handed him the ticket.

The conductor thanked him and disappeared again from the scene.

Despite this very last disturbance, Carl-Friedrich stayed in the lead until the finish and won the race.

The other children, Walter, Veronika and Monika surrounded the go-kart and celebrated C-3PO.

31.

Then the owner of the racetrack announced over the microphone: "The Fink team won. The other team has a robot as a driver and is therefore disqualified".

There was loud hooting, also boos and in any case a huge commotion.

Conrad Peter struggled through the crowd to the microphone, snatched it from the owner and said loud and clear: "Your terms and conditions say that the team whose go-kart is first to cross the finish line wins. The driver is not important. So I'm claiming victory for our team. "

The owner looked helplessly at his employee. This nodded. "OK, so your team won," he confirmed.

When the owner disappeared from the scene, he hissed to his employee: "We must better hide the terms and conditions!"

The truth will set you free

32.

Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl, the twins, celebrated a birthday party together.

Veronika provided the house and the garden for this, but of course Monika had to do most of the work, not to mention Walter.

Conrad Peter was there too. He went into the house to get a drink. On the way back he met a woman he knew from church.

"Grüß Gott Frau Körner," he said politely.

Mrs. Körner replied: "Hello, Conrad. I haven't seen you in church for a long time. What brings you to this district?"

Conrad Peter explained: "My father doesn't like to talk about it that much. I'm with a foster family now."

"And that with my friend Veronika, of all people? Well, you were lucky again after everything that has already happened to your family," said Ms. Koerner, surprised and at the same time relieved.

"You know about my mother?" Asked Conrad Peter.

Ms. Körner said: "Yes, I was practically in a box seat back then. Your mother Soraya had an argument with your father and then cried at me."

Soraya stood in the anteroom in front of a mirror and tied her headscarf on.

Heinrich asked: "Are you going to put on your uniform again?"

Soraya immediately recognized what he was getting at: "There is no danger from us."

"Us? Us? So you're still on your relatives' side?"

"I'm by your side too," she explained.

Heinrich said in a binding tone: "You have to decide. Where are you at?"

"I've made up my mind for you," she said clearly.

"Then you go out with me today without a headscarf. I've given you long enough time to make up your mind."

Soraya hesitated a long time. Then she turned around, went out alone wearing the headscarf and slammed the door behind her.

"She came to me and complained about her suffering. She had long hoped that your father would manage to accept her for who she was, but he couldn't," she explained.

"Yes, exactly," said Conrad Peter, unmoved: "she just had to decide."

Mrs. Körner tried one last time to explain the matter to Conrad Peter: "He put his religion above love."

Conrad Peter said goodbye to her and thoughtfully went on his way.

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The Third Child – The Mission

Summary

Now, after Walter got his life as a bigamist in a divided world somewhat on the line, and after the children in the second part of the book have already had their first adventure, the "children" are hard to grow up.

Walter still works part-time as a marketing guru in a green / white hardware booth, "the son" and "the daughter" have each taken up an apprenticeship, as does Carl-Friedrich.

The paths separate slowly and the family is only a rare place of retreat for most of the children - on weekends and on public holidays.

The only one who still lives at home is Lieserl and she is just about to start seriously studying astrophysics.

Although Lieserl was more of a withdrawn character, she still had a talent for connecting people and objects and getting the best out of everyone.

These talents would also be needed in the age of space travel, which was slowly emerging, even though humanity first had to do its homework on earth.

So it was clearly "Lieserl's mission" that she was able to prepare for during her studies, although she did not yet know too much about the fact that she had a mission.

We also get to know a new person, this is Otto, the leader of a gang of cyber pirates.

Lieserl, Otto and Conrad Peter get to know each other through a coincidence of fate, of which Conrad Peter is not innocent.

This third part of the "Third Child" - "The Mission" - consists of three parts

- 3.1: The third child - the real opponent
- 3.2: The third child - purification
- 3.3: The third child - relay race

In the part The Real Opponent, Otto goes through the first part of a life school and gets to know the mutual opponent together with his companions. Everything seems possible - every happiness and every victory - as long as you only love one another and as long as you consistently fight the real opponent.

The purification part is about a love being torn apart and that if you fight alone you have to lose. The time just isn't right. It doesn't fit yet.

In the relay race part, the heroes find each other again, just in time when their common opponent threatens the entire universe and thus makes action inevitable.

A fight is won, but at what price?

The Real Enemy

Summary

Conrad Peter is adopted by Walter and, together with his adoptive half-sister Lieserl, gets to know the cyber pirate Otto.

He and his gang regularly commit cyber break-ins in order to steal valuable data and earn a living with it.

The overrich, who "sit" on their data, use it as a deterrent example to enact ever stricter anti-piracy laws and thus gain more and more power.

Ultimately, then, he is nothing more than a tool of the overrich.

Lieserl falls in love with Otto and Otto is not averse either.

But since Lieserl does not approve of his activities, he is torn between his gang and Lieserl.

In addition, Conrad Peter does not want a gangster in his area and tries to forbid Lieserl from dealing with Otto.

When he realizes that this is of no use, he challenges Otto to a duel. The loser would release Lieserl.

During the dispute - which, by the way, ends in a draw - Conrad Peter throws his counterpart some hard truths so that the latter recognizes who his real opponent is, namely the overrich.

In order to become a better person for Lieserl, he steals a set of unimaginably valuable data in a major campaign and publishes it on a blog.

One to zero for Otto against the overrich.

Foreword by the narrator

So now we've looked at the world our heroes lived in. On the one hand there were these two ugly blocks, the "green block" and the "blue block", but luckily their importance was slowly declining.

And we dealt with the children, who of course were technically vastly superior to their parents.

Conrad Peter had grown up in the care of a militarist, but had been with Walter since he was 14 - and Walter was, in fact, the exact opposite of a militarist.

And so it was - a hint of fate - our Conrad Peter succeeded in de facto building a bridge between the military man Heinrich and the wimp Walter.

Funnily enough, the so-called "big developments" were very similar to the "small" fate of our heroes. At the moment it was more like the hour of the bridge builder, because the hour of the bricklayer was over.

So it was freedom that was very popular. Freedom of movement of goods, freedom of movement of money and freedom of movement of people.

Ultimately, however, this led to some taking too many liberties, which in turn led to the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer.

So one could say that instead of the political wall between green and blue, the economic and social wall between rich and poor was built, which in turn led to tensions.

This time we want to deal with this second form of tension.

This story consists of 23 chapters, which can be implemented more or less "one to one" in the scenes of the first section of a film.

The narrative begins with chapter one, but the section of the film needs a "scene zero", which is supposed to be in tune with the subject.

Scene zero

The section of the film begins with a diagonal view of Walter and Veronika's garden from above.

The grass is green, Walter is sitting in a yellow and white deck chair. The camera pans up and drives into the deep blue sky.

Always the upper half of the picture filled with blue sky, the camera "flies" over the less densely populated district in which the family lives, across the Danube, to and along the Ringstrasse and then branching off into one of the more densely populated districts of Vienna.

There through the window into an abandoned factory hall, where the cyber pirate Otto and his gang installed a room full of computers.

Everyone is at their computers, obviously focused on the screens.

This entire "scene zero" is 100% computer-animated, including Walter, Otto and the gang.

O My God, Otto!

1.1.

Otto: "Another hundred megabytes, then we have it!"

First gang member: "But hurry up, they are already on our heels. In 20 seconds they will have our IP"

Otto: "We can sell these construction plans for at least fifty grand."

First gang member: "10 seconds left!"

Otto: "Don't worry ..." (bites his lip) "..... done!"

First gang member: "Uff, that was close!"

Otto: (leans back in the chair) "I got a taste for it again. We're not finishing for today. There is a company that has the detailed geodata of the entire Semmering Railway. We are going to take it on now."

First gang member: "O My God, Otto! Not the Semmering Railway. It belongs to the world cultural heritage and will soon be available for free in an open format. It's not worth the risk!"

Otto: "I don't want it 'soon' but 'now'." (gets to work)

1.2.

A big skyscraper. A remote control center is set up on the top floor. On the wall is a large blackboard with hundreds of status bars obviously showing the progress of downloads.

About twelve slim men in white coats sit at as many computer workstations.

Suddenly an alarm buzzer sounds. A status bar flashes red.

One of the employees looks up, then strains something into his computer, gets up, goes to the display board and switches off the buzzer, the bar continues to flash.

Boss (opens the door from outside, looks in): "Another illegal download?"

Employee: "Yes, we are following, just a moment"

Pause, the bar continues to flash, then it stops flashing.

Employee: "Quit before his IP was known"

Lieserl

1.3.

Lieserl says goodbye to her mother Monika in the morning. She gets on the subway and starts listening to the radio news with her "all-purpose equipment".

News anchor: "Due to ongoing cyber piracy, the growth rates in sales in the multimedia industry have flattened out. According to the latest study by the market research institute GMS, organized gangs do not shy away from infringing copyright and sell their data illegally. In a reaction, all three major parties were unanimous and condemned cyber piracy sharply. Stricter laws should be created and the budget of the cyber police increased. This was confirmed by representatives of the industry. Representatives of artists and programmers, the 'Club of Creative Minds' CCM was reluctant."

Lieserl takes off the headphones, packs her "all-purpose equipment" and gets out. She takes the short walk to the university and enters the lecture hall.

The family

1.4.

Heinrich, Walter and Veronika are sitting in the garden and having a snack.

It's again a snack with Punschkrapferln in the obligatory colors red, green and blue. Walter eats a red one as usual and Veronika a blue one, Heinrich has taken a green one.

Heinrich: "You know, Walter, I actually got too caught up in our Monsignor Kaminsky and his views. This eternal 'we and the others' is not good in the long run. And since my Conrad Peter has been with you - with you and your pacifism - he has also developed quite a bit further."

Walter: "Well, then he went to a technical college, and all this practical work also helps to get over his own life problems. Now he has passed the Matura with flying colors."

Heinrich: "Yes, he told me that he doesn't want to continue studying, but is now looking for a job."

The thing went very well, in the end. Say, Walter, a question. (*Pauses*) Now Conrad Peter has spent so many years with you. Don't you really want to adopt him in the end? I wouldn't mind. "

Veronika (interferes): "Well, that doesn't play a big role in my opinion. Conrad Peter is almost an adult anyway. But I don't mind."

Conrad Peter comes in at the garden door, greets everyone briefly and disappears into the house.

Walter: "What is he working out again now?"

Heinrich: "He probably wants to help someone again. Collaboration between people and between people and machines has always been his topic."

The Contest

1.5.

Lieserl is attending a lecture on general relativity.

The lecturer: "And at the end of this year's lecture I would like to draw your attention, dear colleagues, to the fact that there will be a competition next year.

There are only a few years left until the 400th anniversary of the principle of relativity and so we would like to consciously set incentives to develop software programs and software concepts that are only based on the theory of relativity and no longer on the approximations of classical physics.

So, ladies and gentlemen, if you have a good idea about the summer, get in touch with me. Prize money and recognition from the academic senate beckon. "

1.6.

Lieserl and Conrad Peter are sitting in an ice cream parlor, it's a sunny summer day.

C.P. : "Thank you for inviting me"

Lieserl: "You don't pass the technical college diploma every day. Do you already know how to continue? Are you going to study too?"

C.P. : "No, I'm looking for a job now, my freedom is more important to me."

Lieserl: "Say, Conrad, you know your way around computers."

C.P. : "Well, let's put it this way: everything that has a CPU usually obeys me."

Lieserl: "Yes, that's what I mean. We have a competition for relativistic approaches in computer technology at our university."

C.P. : "I'm sorry, I don't understand anything about the theory of relativity."

Lieserl: "I can explain that to you. Differential geometry is about always describing small parts of the universe with equations and then putting the large universe together from small parts. <E minori ad maiorem>".

C.P. : "That reminds me of our good old 'My Reality' computer game. There we also put the scenes together from partial scenes".

Lieserl: "But it is important that none of the parts have a special position"

C.P. (pulls the air through between the teeth): "That will be difficult"

C.P. (thinks for a while): "But do you remember the railway line from Wiener Neustadt to Puchberg, which we had as children? It could represent part of the scene. If we now add the data for the main line from Wiener Neustadt to Mürzzuschlag then we could put the scene together from two parts and also program the handover".

Lieserl: "Well, we'll do that!"

1.7.

Otto is sitting in the computer room. A little off the beaten track is a cell phone, which is now ringing.

Otto (reaches for the cell phone across the table, picks it up and picks it up): "Yes, hello?"

Conrad Peter: "Hello. You sent me a personal message in the forum with this phone number. I'm the one looking for the geodata for the Semmering Railway."

Otto: "Yes, we can talk about that"

Conrad Peter: "But you can't ask for much for it. The Semmering Railway is a World Heritage Site and will soon be available for free".

Otto (mumbles): "Shit" (loudly): "Well, you know your way around quite well, so how much"

Conrad Peter: "First I need a small excerpt as a sample copy".

Otto: "Okay. But no e-mail. Let's meet at the old factory in Nusswaldgasse. What will your code word be?"

Conrad Peter: "I'm 'Mister Cheesy'".

1.8.

Lieserl and Conrad Peter are standing in a lonely cul-de-sac near a factory. They took refuge under the shade of a tree from the July heat.

Lieserl: "It's a hot day today, pretty much anyway."

Conrad Peter: "Where will he stay for so long?"

A slim young man emerges from behind the building and approaches carefully.

Otto: "I'm 'Number Three' and who are you?"

Conrad Peter: "I'm 'Mister Cheesy' and this is my client."

Otto: "Nowadays women are involved everywhere. Does she have any idea of the subject matter?"

Lieserl (outraged, but obviously a little impressed by the old-fashioned macho demeanor): "I'm studying astrophysics. I'll be familiar with ridiculous geospatial data for a railway line!"

Otto: "Well, these data are top notch!" (holds out a USB stick to Conrad Peter)

Conrad Peter: "Well, I'll check that right away" (he pulls out a laptop and plugs in the USB stick)

Lieserl: "'Number three'. So a number. Have you ever considered that the numbers on a clock face are really superfluous? At least as long as you have a fixed reference point on which you can 'hang' the twelve?"

Otto: "That's too high for me. I don't understand anything about that. I'm just a trader who delivers good goods for good money."

Lieserl: "I just mean, the so-called 'big numbers' are sometimes really superfluous" (thinks a little), "or the small ones" (smiles).

Conrad Peter has finished his exam.

Conrad Peter: "OK, the goods are good, how many?"

Otto: "two hundred"

Conrad (looks at Lieserl, she nods): "It's okay."

Lieserl pays.

Conrad Peter (takes Otto's data and hands them to Lieserl): "Is there anything else I can do for you? I still have an appointment today."

Conrad Peter at the Head Hunter

1.9

Conrad Peter stands in front of the monumental entrance gate of a palace in Vienna's first district.

He is dressed in a jacket and tie and is looking for the doorbell for the head hunter's office, "Consider and Connect". He rings the bell.

C.P. : "Conrad Peter Schmid. I have an appointment".

Takes the elevator to the third floor. There in an elegantly furnished waiting room. After a few minutes, an employee opens the door to a conference room.

Employee: "Hello, Mr. Schmid." They sit down. The employee opens his laptop: "Then let's see what we can do for you".

Looks for the columns "Annual fee paid" and "Subscribed to premium services" in his database and both turn out to be true:

Employee: "Well, that's a completely normal, simple case. You left your profile to us, you graduated from technical college very well, technical hobbies exist. Our algorithms are now looking for something and we will contact you as soon as we find something."

C.P. : "And I can't contribute anything anymore?"

Employee: "Actually everything is running its course now. Unfortunately, there is currently an admission ban in the industry due to ongoing cyber piracy, but one should not give up hope."

C.P. (gets emotional): "Well, you can't blame the pirates for that, I'm thinking of the profit margin that the rich earn when they steal their works from the creative people and then sell them off."

Employee (makes a black dot in Conrad's file): "Ah yes. Any proximity to cyber pirates is not approved by the industry. This is for your information."

C.P. : "Well, then just <sit and wait>".

C.P. : "Goodbye"

Employee (leads Conrad out): "Goodbye"

Three friends

1.10

Conrad Peter started thinking about Lieserl's project. Now they sit together and discuss the details.

C.P. : "Well, roughly speaking, our software will consist of three parts"

Lieserl: "Nice number" (giggles)

CP: "First of all there is the" telecommunications infrastructure ". This is the basis of the whole thing, so we should be flexible and support every possible type of transport layer: http, https, TCP, UDP, SCTP, TLS, RTP, SRTP, XMPP, SIP, 3GPP IMS, 3GPP MCx and whatever they are called."

Lieserl: "Yes, I understand that. This is where we will have to communicate most of the time with other projects. Is it OK for you if I take on this part?"

CP: "Yes, of course! The second part is the protocol in the application layer, on the one hand to connect the scenes with one another via a broker, and on the other hand to connect special "blind scenes" to the real objects via brokers. I would do the part gladly take over. I already have some ideas for an <Event / State Description Protocol> ESDP ".

Lieserl: "Yes, that suits me very well. But you mentioned three parts, where is the third one?"

C.P. : "Exactly the third part is the problem. It's about the download of geospatial data through a distributed database. So far I have no plan how we could approach it".

Lieserl: "Well, but it's a start." (hesitates briefly, has a flash of inspiration) "but can you remember the dealer who got us the Semmering Railway? He surely knows a lot about downloads, uploads and the combination of geodata."

C.P. : "Could be, but we don't have his name".

Lieserl: "No, not that. But maybe you can still find his phone number. You know, I know how to hack phones".

C.P. : "OK"

1.11

With the help of the telephone number that Conrad Peter gave her, Lieserl hacks into Otto's phone - she does that with the Federal Trojan, which you can get "on every street corner" - and creates a movement profile.

As a result, she finds Otto's hiding place in the abandoned factory and follows him on his way home "after work" in the evening. In a large subway station, she bumps into him from behind and drops her things with a din.

Lieserl: "Oops!"

When she - obviously - angrily wants to start pissing around, he helps her pick up the bag that opened when the case happened and that has spread all the scripts on the platform.

Lieserl: "Rude guy! Simply turn on defenseless women with the oldest scam and then not even help clean up! Macho!"

Otto (on the defensive): "But I'm trying to help. Here are your scripts." (amazes) "General Theory of Relativity".

Then Otto asks: "Can I make it up somehow?"

Lieserl (immediately): "Ice cream dumplings at Tichy's!"

Otto (thinks for a moment): "Yes, that's okay. Say, somehow you look familiar to me".

Lieserl (holds her hand in front of her face): "O my God, what a macho! That's the second oldest of all scams! Do you think I'll fall for it?"

Otto: "No. I mean that honestly. Are you, are you, not the <girl with the numbers>?"

Lieserl (pretending to rummage through her memory): "Number three? The man with the Semmering Railway?"

Otto: "Yes! So such a coincidence."

Break.

Otto: "So when would you have enough time to go to Tichy's?"

Lieserl: "Now!"

1.12

Lieserl and Conrad Peter have thought about their project and meet again in the ice cream parlor to forge further plans.

C.P. : "A few days ago I came across a good article about <Mixed Reality>".

Lieserl: "Is that where you hide behind an avatar so you don't have to come out?"

CP. : "No, that is <Virtual Reality>, but things have to do with each other. <Mixed Reality> is actually just the umbrella term for some very different technologies that are supposed to enable us to better cope with <real> reality come to <enlarge> them. "

Lieserl (looks uninterested): "Aha. And what does that have to do with our project?"

C.P. : "That has a lot to do with and with what you have achieved with our <dealer> of geodata" (says the word "dealer" in a disparaging tone)

Lieserl (ostentatiously rolls her eyes): "Oh, him! I'm not interested in him."

C.P. looks a little confused, thinks: "Well, maybe the distributed database is not the most urgent of the three software components. So let's start with the telecommunications infrastructure"

Lieserl: "Yes! Our project will require many services from the lower layers:

- Telephony (audio and video)
- telegraphy
- Position and status reports
- Geographic Infrastructure

So we will need a flexible hierarchy of networks in which all services are integrated - an <Integrated Services Digital Networks, Tree of> - ISDN / To, so to speak.

Loyalty and love

1.13

Lieserl wasn't as enthusiastic about the relativity project as it was at the beginning.

Just ONLY prize money and recognition from the academic senate were simply not enough for her to be lured out from behind the stove.

She was delighted with her new condition in relation to Otto.

What was that?

There was a person from whom one suddenly expected EVERYTHING.

A person who unexpectedly stood in the center and for whom one would give EVERYTHING.

The FUTURE in person.

And so it was not surprising that she found ways and means to meet Otto more and more often, but to make it appear that HE was the one who always took the first step (she had to think of her mother, who always had said "Don't sell yourself below your value" and to the father, who was a master of the officials' micado, "Whoever moves first has lost").

Lieserl: "Don't you think that people think far too little about the future?"

Otto: "Well, when I think of my company, it's more that we struggle every day to cope with the present to some extent. One has to be able to rely on the other, there is actually no room for dreaming about the future . " - and after a pause - "It's a shame".

Lieserl: "Yes. My mother always raved about Errol Flynn and his Robin Hood. The future is already our most important age, don't you think so?"

Otto: "It would be nice, but as I know the world, loyalty and thinking about the present are more important than hope and the future".

Lieserl: "Don't you think that women are more likely to fall in love with men with a future than with men with a past?"

He couldn't say anything more and they continued to eat.

1.14

The next day Conrad Peter calls Lieserl:

Lieserl: "Hello. Yes? What's up?"

C.P. : "Lieserl! I have to talk to you seriously."

Lieserl: "Don't make it so exciting. What's up?"

C.P. : "It's about the Semmering Railway No. It's about its source"

Lieserl: "Yes?"

C.P. : "I didn't tell you that you should do something with this Otto, but that we need him for our project".

Lieserl: "Oh, the project. But you're not sniffing around in my life? Wouldn't it be the first time."

C.P. : "Lieserl, I have to warn you about this person. He is a gangster and cyber pirate. His 'company' is a gang of hackers who keep stealing data and selling it on to the best bidder."

Lieserl: "No! That can't be!"

1.15

The cyber piracy thing gnawed Lieserl. And since Walter was still her father - and she was the only one of the children still living at home - she sat down with him in the kitchen and asked him questions.

Monika was washing the dishes in the background.

Lieserl: "Say, which is stronger, loyalty or love?"

Walter: "Hmmm, is it about a man? Even as a child you always asked such difficult questions."

Lieserl: "Yes. He is a cyber pirate and only knows the value of loyalty to his gang. Do you think love can get him out of there?"

Walter (pulls the air through his teeth): "So you want to change him?"

Lieserl: "Yes. It is the right of every woman to change a man."

Walter: "Well then, I wish you the best of luck!"

1.16

Conrad Peter has now also hacked Lieserl's smart phone and thus finds the gang's hideout.

C.P. : (suddenly stands at the table in front of Otto): "Take your hands off my sister!"

Otto: "That's none of your business"

C.P. : "I know what you're doing here, I can whistle on you at any time".

Otto: "OK, how can we get into business? You will understand that I don't just let her go."

C.P. : "A duel! In front of the city gates! As in the good old Renaissance! The loser releases Lieserl!"

Otto: "Agreed. The weapon is a 'reality game' ".

The duel on the Höhenstraße (Height Street)

1.17.

Lieserl and Conrad Peter in the ice cream parlor again

Lieserl: "Say, Conrad, should we really continue with our relativistic project?"

Conrad Peter: "You mean because of our disagreement? It will turn out who is right. But this project has too much potential to not continue."

Lieserl: "What do you see that I don't see?"

Conrad Peter: "Well, on the one hand it is quite tedious to collect the data from the different sources and to link them together. If that could be automated somehow"

Lieserl: "That sounds interesting."

Conrad Peter: "And if you could link these virtual worlds with reality, if you had, for example, a hierarchical, universal positioning system"

Lieserl: "You mean a UPS instead of a GPS?"

Conrad Peter: "About, yes. The ships in antiquity used the stars to orient themselves on the open sea, but when they were near the port, they preferred to use a lighthouse. That's how it is with GPS and ILS . And robot vacuum cleaners can also orientate themselves on electronic lighthouses. "

Lieserl: "You are talking in riddles. And what does all this have to do with the theory of relativity?"

Conrad Peter: "I told you, I don't understand anything about the theory of relativity, but can you plan ahead when you have which idea? Well!"

Lieserl (to the waitress): "The ticket, please."

1.18

Some things are just in the air. It cannot be explained, but inventions, discoveries, are often made in several places at the same time.

Our three friends didn't know how close their research project had come to reality and that they were in great danger.

When the time came, the time for the duel between Otto and Conrad Peter, they found a young company that had not been active in the city for long and called itself "Reality Games".

This company conveyed mixed virtual-real experiences to individuals and groups of people, which, in terms of branding, were called "Reality Games".

The technician would call them SMS - Simple Multiuser Sessions.

"Reality Games" were invented to prepare for the "real reality" that floated over humanity like an unreachable cloud of hope.

In the most general case, a "reality game" ran as follows:

- You could choose one of the ready-made games, or you could - but that required a little specialist knowledge -
 - Reassemble a game as a whole, like with a Lego kit
 - You had to define the rules of the game that everyone should adhere to, and everyone had to secretly define a goal of the game that they wanted to achieve
 - When it came time to really start the game, you had to decide whether to go as a
 - "Real Player" or as
 - "Virtual Player"
 - and what role one slipped into.
 - "Virtual players" were allowed to choose or bring an avatar that was exposed to reality "instead of" them, while they made themselves comfortable in a purely virtual environment,

- as a "real player" one had a more direct influence on reality of the game, but you were also PHYSICALLY AFFECTED
- In addition to the avatar, you also had to reserve other so-called "resources" that you wanted to use. Be it buildings, vehicles, mounts or the like. Each resource could either be purely virtual or mixed real-virtual
- The lowest of all resources was the so-called "Geographical Infrastructure", which could be used by everyone and which "belonged" to everyone.
- In order to achieve his goals, everyone now used the resources he had in order to influence the resources of his fellow players and also the fellow players themselves
- In the course of the blind digitalization of the 20s, all resources had become network things. Even so, the position and status of most resources were not digitally accessible to everyone, but always only to those who ruled them and to the owner.
- In addition, there were the "collateral entities", these were non-digitized resources that had just not found a place in virtual life, although they might have a significant influence on the game.
- And so it had to be clear that the "real players" still had advantages over the "virtual players" because they could use their own sensory and actuator organs, whereas the "virtual players" had an unspeakable tendency to use swarms of drones to determine the situation served substantially and efficiently.

So Otto and Peter came to this company and agreed a framework contract for a "Reality Game":

As I said, the company did not have any resources, but limited itself to convey the resources that were available at the beginning of the game from their owners to the players who rented them. The only things she knew well were cellular networks, geographic infrastructure, and how SMS worked.

Each of the players had an account balance that they could use to add resources to the game or to release them again.

Therefore, the framework agreement looked like this:

Framework Agreement about Conveyment of a Reality Game

Entered Into by
 Reality Games Ges.m.b.H
 Am Europlatz 317
 1120 Wien
 as “the conveyor” and by

cps@die-schmids.at
 otto3@gmail.com
 as “the Users/Players”
 Place of jurisdiction: Internet Domain “wien.”

Connectivity, SMS, Geographic Infrastructure:
 via Austria Telecom AG

Financing and Marketing: Austria Bank. Basically “The Users/Players” are NOT responsible for profit or loss of the Game, this is up to Austria Bank.

Austria Bank may enter into additional agreements with “The Users/Players”.

Name of the Game: “Duel on the Heights Street”

Specific Rules: Start/Destination: Neustift am Walde / Rathausplatz Klbg.

Ressources at the Start of the Game:

cps@die-schmids.at
 Role Key “Driver B”
 Account Balance: 5 Bitcoin
 Real Avatar: provided by cps@die-schmids.at
 Racing Car: collateral entity provided by cps@die-schmids.at

otto3@gmail.com
 Role Key “Driver A”
 Account Balance: 5 Bitcoin
 Real Avatar = Racing Car: Mustang (standard drone interface)

Police approval of the race: to be ensured by “the conveyor”

The users declare that they do not have their own VR equipment and that they were willing to use the VR equipment of “the conveyor” appropriately.

Reality Games Ges.m.b.H. is a pure service and resource broker and takes over no liability whatsoever, neither for the usability of the mediated resources, nor for subsequent damage due to incorrect design of the game or misconduct.

Austria Bank did a great job (no wonder, since the financing was agreed without a capital guarantee), but so did Reality Games Ges.m.b.H. had let her organizational talent play, and so on that August Sunday there was a tense hustle and bustle over the Vienna Woods.

Groups of spectators had gathered at the most beautiful vantage points, the air buzzed with hundreds of private camera drones - which was due to the fact that you could acquire the right to broadcast the race with your own drones for a reduced fee.

One last formal act was necessary: Otto and Conrad Peter had to define their game goals, sign them

and store them in the encrypted memory of Reality Games Ges m.b.H. Deposit.

The obligation of secrecy regarding the game objectives was about as strict as the Catholic confessional secret.

The start was - where else - at the "Heuriger Wolff" and the race began at 10:45 so that churchgoers could also take part.

Otto entered the race with a so-called specific double avatar. It was a drone-capable vehicle that could take part in the race without a driver. It was accompanied by a swarm of drones that enabled Otto to keep track of the situation at all times.

Otto did not have to worry about the swarm of drones, as it was, so to speak, "part of the avatar" and automatically coordinated with the car's navigation software so that it was always in position.

Otto chose the Simmering factory as his base.

Conrad Peter didn't have it that easy. Although he had a "home advantage" because he grew up not far from here on Ulmenstrasse, first of all he had to drive his car - which was a completely normal car, a so-called "collateral entity" - with a humanoid avatar that you open had buckled the handlebar seat, and secondly, steered the swarm of drones explicitly, as it was not integrated with the avatar.

His half-brother Carl-Friedrich had to help him there.

In spite of everything, Conrad Peter was a gifted pilot and was clearly in the lead for long stretches of the race, only at the junction to Klosterneuburg did Carl-Friedrich fly with the swarm of drones to Leopoldsberg and forced Conrad-Peter to stop for a while.

He couldn't make up for that until the end, and so he lost the race.

Despite everything, it was a big festival in Klosterneuburg.

1.19

On Monday the winners were determined in the premises of Reality Games Ges.m.b.H.

Otto's goal was opened: "I want to win the race".

Conrad Peters goal was opened: "By losing the race I want to prove that specific avatars are superior to humanoid avatars".

The score was 1: 1. They both won.

The big break

1.20

Lieserl was able to meet Otto again, but since the duel between Otto and Conrad Peter had just ended in a draw, Conrad Peter "was allowed" to continue to raise the mood against Otto.

So it shouldn't surprise us that one day Lieserl spoke to Otto about cyber piracy.

Lieserl (sitting with Otto at a snack in Veronika's garden): "Look, if you steal the data from the rich and then simply sell them to the best bidder, then you are actually no better than them, because you look only for your financial benefit".

Lieserl (thinks for a moment): "If you at least used the data to do good works with it. There are enough programmers in the indie scene who could work wonders with the help of these data, if they weren't so damn expensive".

Otto (carefully): "I'll see what I can do. But they are damn powerful and I have to be considerate of my company".

1.21

In the first phases of planning Otto simply called the planned action "the big break", but then he thought of a less melodramatic but also subtle term.

They now called it the "planned digitization boost".

When the time came, everyone met in the old factory, everyone went into his room and put on VR glasses.

They flew to the scene in a Black Hawk, landed in the next valley, and covered the rest of the way in old-fashioned jeeps.

The alarm system was not a problem for them, as they used an illegal multiuser session that allowed their own avatars to be moved in stealth mode, but they did not get the entire VR information, but only the "geographical infrastructure".

For the actual physical interaction, they used "Real Life Avatars", in this case simple 08/15 drones with audio-visual transmission.

When they (the drones) reached the vault, it was time to start the BDT (broadband data transfer) and Otto plugged the USB drive into his VR controller.

In order to distract the guards, Beethoven's sonata "For Elise" played over the loudspeakers during the entire action.

The rest was to convert the data into an open X3D v4 format and publish it on an untraceable blog.

A great murmur went through the community.

A new Robin Hood was born.

1.22

Lieserl was sitting at the breakfast table and listening to the news:

As it became known yesterday, a group of cyber pirates attacked the headquarters of the map publisher UPS - Ubiquitous Positioning Services - earlier this week and stole all the indoor data for the greater Vienna area.

This incident could lead to the entire digitization being delayed due to unprofitability.

The gang left a fingerprint, so to speak, because they played the music "For Elise" by Ludwig van Beethoven during the attack. If someone can associate something with it, we ask for useful information on the emergency number 112.

Lieserl (speaks to herself): "Otto, you"

1.23

Lieserl packs her bathing suit and gets on the bike.

She meets with Otto on the Danube Island for a quiet, relaxed summer day.

In the evening they go home with the sunset in the background.

A summer in Vienna full of love.

Purification

Summary

Tbd.

Intermediate Word of the Narrator

Tbd.

Scene Zero

Tbd.

Lieserl and Otto

2.1. (Fragment)

The camera shows the palace gardens of Schönbrunn on a bright late summer day - a sea in green.

We are slowly approaching a crowded meadow where people are picnicking.

Lieserl and Otto also have a picnic and enjoy their young existence as a couple.

Otto (looks enthusiastically at the sky): "It's really cool when you picnic in the open air. And the old buildings from the imperial era as a backdrop".

Lieserl: "You are once again completely in your crush on the landscape, natural landscape and cultural landscape. But you also have to think about the inner values (grins). Here you have another sandwich".

Otto: "You are right, that you took care of it. (Thinks about what to say) Somehow you are my" Hasi "".

Lieserl doesn't seem to like this term at all: "If you old macho believe that we women are only there to stand at the stove, then you were very wrong. I'm not a stupid rodent, I study astrophysics. That is at least as complicated as your computer hacking ".

She jumps up, takes her basket with the things to eat, and leaves.

Otto: "But" (he can't think of anything else to say)

Concept for scenes 2.2 to 2.23:

2.2.

Lieserl turns to Walter because you think the problem with Otto is so insoluble (Lieserl: "He has a problem, namely that he always lapses into this macho behavior").

Walter gives her the tip to just take care of her own things for a while.

2.3.

Lieserl and Conrad Peter get together again to talk about their relativistic software project. You will see how multiuser scenes could "give the Virtual Globes a go" and why the Virtual Globes are dependent on a large number of users

2.4.

Walter talks to Monika and they have the idea to invite Otto to a big family reunion (which won't turn out to be so good).

2.5.

Lieserl and Conrad Peter are making progress with their project.

You find out what it has to do with the theory of relativity.

But unfortunately it is too late to compete.

Judgments are made

2.6.

Discussion at the overrichs':

1. You talk about "number three" and that he is behaving in a way that is damaging to business
2. They talk about being afraid that their proprietary, monolithic solutions will be made unnecessary by modular, flexible, open source solutions.
We can still score with our quality, but as soon as there is even one new use case that is only possible with the new technologies, we die.
3. You want to "make an example" and destroy "number three".

2.7.

Otto comes to the family celebration (again a twin birthday) to which Lieserl has invited him. When they got a little warm with each other, Monika asks Otto about his parents. Otto: "I don't know my parents. Immediately after the birth, they put me in the baby hatch in the Wilhelminenspital and given me up for adoption ". "And have you never tried to get to know your parents". Otto (sadly): "You don't understand how a baby hatch works. The way it works is that you don't have to leave any data, but the parents are given a section with an identification number so that they can contact you later if they want. My parents never made contact ”.

Veronika becomes very silent during this story, then she asks: "When was that?". "In the autumn of 2000, on September 17th".

2.8.

Otto in the gang's hiding place. One of the gang members told him: "Have you noticed? Whenever we set up a new connection to one of our hacker targets, there is a strange latency. The connection hangs briefly, but then everything is normal again until the end of the transmission ".

Otto: "Yes, I've already noticed, and I have a bad feeling about it"

2.9.

Veronika in the kitchen with Lieserl.

Veronika: "Thank you for coming today to help me with my bride afternoon".

When the work is finished, Veronika asks: "Do you have some time for me? I have something important to tell you".

Veronika reveals a family secret to Lieserl - she must never tell Walter - after which she had a third child from Walter. At that time, Walter was on an assembly line in South America for a whole year without a vacation and "all this was too much for her".

That is why she gave birth to the child with the help of a private midwife and immediately - on September 17, 2000 - placed it in the baby hatch at Wilhelminenspital.

So Otto is her half-brother and she has to end the relationship.

2.10.

Lieserl is confused - on the one hand, she still can't quite believe it and, on the other hand, she can't talk to Otto about it, because he could pass it on to Walter.

She doesn't pick up when Otto calls, doesn't answer messages, and even avoids him.

Otto tries everything imaginable, but at some point everyone gives up.

2.11.

Lieserl takes advice from the student body. She would like to start a semester abroad in Great Britain – immediately.

She still gets a place in Northern Ireland, but she has to leave the next day.

She can't even say goodbye to the family properly, especially not to Otto.

2.12.

Otto happens to meet Conrad Peter on the street. He still doesn't have a job and only wants to keep the conversation extremely short.

He can't tell Otto what's going on with Lieserl either, but he suspects that she met an Irishman on social networks and ran after him "head over heels".

Nevertheless, Conrad gives Otto his phone number because he asked him to do so - he is, so to speak, the only one who could re-establish the connection to Lieserl.

2.13.

Lieserl is welcomed in Northern Ireland "like a family member" and gets to know - one could hardly believe it - a real extended family in the country, to which she invited a fellow student.

2.14.

Otto concentrates on his "Robin Hood" existence and carries out one theft after the other, one bigger and bolder than the other.

2.15.

With the overrich:

Because Otto publishes the data on a blog, nobody gets anything from it and the profits of the overrich are actually decimated.

The overrich make the decision to "make an example of him".

2.16.

The gang members are also dissatisfied because Otto is giving away the data.

Red versus blue: because he didn't get his love, his loyalty also gives in.

2.17.

4 eyes conversation: the boss of the overrich and a slimy agent.

Agent: "I have software here with which we can make an example of number three."

Boss: "How is that supposed to work?"

Agent: "Number three publishes all data on an anonymous blog, which now has 5-digit access numbers. We can sabotage this blog by smuggling in spyware."

Boss: "Good. Good. Go on!"

Agent: "We're hiding the spy ware in a model that everyone wants"

Boss: "This is of course Area 51"

Agent: "Of course"

Boss: "And what does the spy ware do?"

Agent: "She takes the entire mail archive of the user and publishes it on the blog of number three"

Boss: "Awesome. It's going to be an N-dimensional shit storm"

Agent: "Nobody should know about it"

Boss: "You don't have to. Just do it!"

Agent: "Ahem. There is still the question of payment. I'm not cheap"

Boss: "But it won't cost more than 5 million, will it?"

Agent: "No!"

Boss: "Then take it out of the cash register in the outer office".

2.18.

Veronika is very unhappy with how things went. She wants to be sure that Otto is really her third child.

She digs out the identification slip on the baby hatch from her old things and seeks out the senior doctor at the Wilhelminenspital.

Doctor: "So you want to get in touch with your child who you put in our baby hatch on September 17th, 2000."

Veronika: "Yes, it's about - you won't believe it - it's about an unbelievable coincidence. My husband's daughter fell in love with a boy who is probably my child - that son of September 17th, 2000".

Doctor: "Normally we don't do that. We only establish contact with the child if the matter was not more than 5 years ago. You can have a phase in which you are overwhelmed with a child, but when you are 20 years do not report, then you have actually lost all rights "

Veronika: "Yes, but it's about an amorous problem. Can't you even turn a blind eye?"

Doctor (turns to his computer screen, types and reads and types and reads): "Aha. Yes, on September 17, 2000 there is exactly one entry from a boy.

Doctor (after a pause): "Unfortunately we had a Y2K problem and lost some entries when archiving the 2000 data in 2005, as I can see here. So I cannot guarantee that it is really your son, it but is likely ".

Veronika says goodbye and goes home broken

2.19.

Lieserl is invited by her fellow student to a harvest festival in the country. There is also dancing and you get closer

2.20.

After Thanksgiving - it's raining and it's "typically Irish autumnal" - Lieserl and her fellow student sit at the window for a long time and talk.

He asks her why she came to Ireland from Austria, but she gives an evasive answer. They talk - also - about astrophysics and the software project.

You have a realization: if the multiuser scenes and the virtual globes do not cooperate, nothing can

come of the whole thing.

2.21.

Otto and his cronies steal an absolutely brilliant data set from a small startup booth and publish it, they expect huge traffic.

In fact, the alarm bells ring overnight that the server is almost in overload.

2.22.

When you read the comments on the blog in the morning, you see a huge N-dimensional shit storm. The downloads go to zero.

2.23.

Otto calls Conrad Peter: "I have got a problem, can you help me?"

Conrad Peter: "Nobody helps Robin Hood. Robin Hood has to help everyone, otherwise he'll be doomed!"

Relay Race

Summary

Tbd.

Intermediate Word of the Narrator

Tbd.

Lieserl, Otto and Conrad Peter

Tbd.

3.1 – 3.2

It's spring. Lieserl is sitting with her fellow student in Ireland at a village festival and they start talking about the "three friends".

In a flashback, Lieserl fantasizes about how she had imagined the future TOGETHER with Otto and her stepbrother Conrad-Peter.

The point is that TOGETHER they led the world for the better.

3.3

The super-rich at a briefing.

A: "Divide et impera! We absolutely have to ensure that the others cannot coordinate and unite"

B: "Best of all, travel restrictions again in the context of a pandemic, what do you think?"

Murmurs of approval.

3.4

Conrad Peter is at what feels like his tenth interview. Again he is unsuccessful and it all seems rather hopeless.

3.5

At the end of a laborious day at work, Otto sits as a data pirate with his cronies over a beer and they discuss the situation.

A: "The N-dimensional shit storm broke our necks. Until we get back to positive territory, we'll all sleep under the bridge."

B: "Nobody trusts us anymore"

Otto: "Yes, so change course. Trust offensive. We will make it clear to everyone that we are the greatest defenders of copyright law. If we steal data and simply sell it on to the best bidder, then we are no better than the super-rich. We have to make each other the "advocates for the appreciation of intellectual property, for real intellectual property, not just for copyrights".

Murmur. "You are right, but". "How does that work?" "What is the next step?"

Otto: "If there is time, advice will come. It is important that we do not give up"

After a brief consideration: "I don't have a better plan. If you want to go, go now".

3.6

On the way home he sees an advertising poster stuck to an electrical switch box: "Family constellations and repatriations - find the dark points of your past - everyone has got them".

Somehow the thought occurs to him that Lieserl's inexplicable absence could have something to do with a "dark point". Could it be that she was hopeful?

He makes up his mind to stop by Veronika in the next few days to find out more.

3.7

Monika is a guest at Veronika's.

The three of them sit in the kitchen with Walter and have a snack - the obligatory punch donuts - of course Monika the green one.

Otto rings the bell: "Otto Maric here, could I discuss something?"

Veronika: "Come on up".

In the kitchen, Otto greets everyone.

Otto: "Ms. Haselbacher, I have a problem".

Veronika: "Let's see if I can help".

Otto: "You asked so strange questions at our last family reunion - you know, because of the baby hatch and so on - and I thought <every family has their secrets> and Lieserl broke up without saying goodbye and whether you didn't talk about any Knowing secrets that at least make the whole thing easier to understand? "

Veronika: "Well, it is a bit difficult to discuss this in a large group - (mischievous) - but the CCM declared 2021 the <year of honesty>, so I'll give it a try"

"Walter, are you sitting well anyway?"

Veronika: "My husband never took too much care of the children and the housekeeping - well. I didn't like that, but at least he always worked hard and earned money. When he got the offer, for a year after Going to South America - I think for a start-up - I agreed, the children were just new to kindergarten and of course I wanted to stay here with them."

Walter: "Well, it wasn't that natural" (mumbles)

Veronika: "Unfortunately we were too stormy when we said goodbye and after a few weeks it turned out that I was pregnant."

Walter: "You never said"

Veronika: "Pssssshhh. It was a difficult time. I didn't want to endanger Walter's career and got caught in a vortex of events that pulled me deeper and deeper."

Veronika: "My religion forbade me to have an abortion, but it was clear to me that I wanted to give the child away immediately after the birth. I also didn't want Walter to find out anything - but that now seems inevitable".

Walter: "Then Otto - are you - our child that Veronika gave away?" Walter needs some time to process that.

Veronika: "Yes, there is no final proof because the documents in the Wilhelminenspital were lost in 2000, but we have to assume ..."

Otto: "..... that Lieserl is my half-sister. Oh, you big shit!"

Otto: "And where is she now?"

Veronika: "She is on a semester abroad in Ireland".

In all of this, Monika is very expressive in silence.

3.8

Due to the travel restrictions, Otto cannot go to Ireland to look for Lieserl. Nevertheless, he doesn't want to give up yet, at least he wants to honestly discuss the matter with her in private.

He also can't just phone because the super-rich would listen to him, he knows that.

He turns to Conrad Peter: "Conrad, I need help, can we meet".

Conrad is also no longer on the high horse, he is hoping for a job in Otto's gang.

They meet in the well-known ice cream parlor: "How can I have a confidential conversation with Lieserl despite travel restrictions?"

Conrad: "You're in luck. I have a <black channel> on the internet that you are welcome to use".

The Crucial Conversation

3.9

It is a tolerably warm spring Sunday in Ireland. Lieserl has already settled in with her host family - a farmer with a small farm, some animals and two fields. It was only 20 minutes by train to the small town where she was studying.

The farmer had astonishingly modern equipment, WiFi throughout the farm, video surveillance in the barn, for the harvest he borrowed autonomous robots that did the work with almost no human intervention and he was astonishingly often to visit in the pub and in the city in the theater .

Lieserl's phone rang: "Yes, hello Conrad. That's a surprise. How can I harm you?"

Conrad: "I'll spell you a temporary URL now, you will log in there within the next 5 minutes, OK?"

Said and done. A website opened: "You are authorized! Choose a service"

There was only one service available: "Black Video Conference"

Lieserl opened the link, and lo and behold: "Conrad Peter was at the other end".

"How are you?" both asked the same question at the same time - they both laughed.

C.P .: "Otto would like to speak to you, it's confidential"

Lieserl: "I can't"

C.P .: "He already knows!"

Lieserl: "What?"

C.P .: "The one with the baby hatch"

Lieserl: "Oh, word got around. How's Papa doing with that?"

C.P .: "He's cracked because Aunt Veronika kept it a secret from him for so long. We have a real little crisis of confidence here".

Lieserl: "Maybe I should come back as soon as possible"

C.P. : "Now get your thing done. It's a black channel, you can discuss anything you want with Otto. I'll switch myself off now and I promise I won't play a mouse".

Otto becomes visible. They look at each other for a long time before they say the first word.

Both start at the same time: "I wanted" and interrupt again.

New attempt: "Did you" . Again exactly at the same time.

"I have to" at the same time. Both have to giggle.

Otto: "I can't believe you're my sister!"

Lieserl: "Half sister!"

Otto: "Still. That contradicts everything I have ever felt for you. It CANNOT be".

Lieserl: "But the facts! Remember that we have to act based on evidence"

Otto: "You can't see those sitting in the dark. I can tell you bad things about my clashes with the real enemy. These people act based on evidence. With the precision of a stealth drone, they tear your last secrets out of your brain. I can understand the aluminum hat wearers well " .

Lieserl: "Have you become a conspiracy theorist now?"

Otto: "No, I just want to say that we have to stick together. We have to organize, otherwise it will all end badly."

Lieserl: "In mid-July - that is, in a month - I'll be back to Vienna anyway. I will talk to Conrad Peter whether we can take on this matter together. But as far as I am concerned, please accept the facts. I am your sister " .

3.10.

At dinner together, the farmer starts a new topic of conversation after a while: "If it weren't so unlikely, I would slowly start to believe in a world conspiracy - this whole pandemic only helps the rich and everyone else is drained."

Lieserl: "Well, of course there is a more or less tacit agreement among all rich people that they would very much like to stay rich - it's just so pleasant. And that of course you pull together is somehow logical, isn't it? But I wouldn't call it a <world conspiracy> right away."

Bauer: "And the meetings there in this Swiss mountain village? Aren't they conspiratorial meetings? Have you read the minutes?"

Lieserl: "Hmmmmm, well, if you want to call it that. The top still stabs the bottom, that's pure evolution".

3.11.

In the quarter of the over-rich:

Status meeting:

Number one: "We now have the movement of goods under control. Because of the 2m rule, services are only available in the sense of telepresence - also under control. Good."

The numberless: "And what about the data traffic?"

Number one: "Everything is in the cloud. There is no such thing as an uncontrolled app, most

applications will only need a local browser anyway - no more plugins!"

The numberless: "Everything is in the cloud! Everything is in the cloud? Everything? Really everything?"

The numberless: "You keep hearing about black channels, blogs without imprint and unauthorized data transfers. That MUST stop. Resistance must be pointless!"

Attack of the Super-Rich / Over-Rich

3.12

With Otto in the shelter.

Otto: "How's it going?"

Member: "Well, the break-in attempts on our servers are becoming more and more frequent, but they still hold up. Who is so interested in keeping everything under control?"

Otto: "We have to work on new solutions. The author has to be able to maintain control and he has to be able to live from his work. The middleman is too powerful. That is the mission. The enforceability of copyright has to be possible again, otherwise everything would be in vain".

3.13.

Lieserl is back in Vienna and meets with Conrad Peter in the ice cream parlor.

Lieserl: "Well, Conrad, I have to ask you something. You know that Otto and his gang were shipwrecked on their way to <Robin Hood – Existence>".

Conrad Peter: "Yes, they started it upside down".

Lieserl: "What do you mean? Is Open Source the wrong approach? Shouldn't he have published the data?"

Conrad Peter: "He did not add any added value. Every trader adds added value by transporting goods and data from A to B when they are not needed at A, but needed at B. But he has made illegal data based on legal data what corresponds to an impairment".

Lieserl: "I don't understand that"

Conrad Peter: "Only dodgy characters from the Darknet wanted to use his data, so that they had a certain value on the black market, but since we - yet - are not living in the crisis, the data was underestimated by 90% of people. And Otto also".

Lieserl: "But don't the 90% of humanity see that they are just being ripped off by the over-rich?"

Conrad Peter: "Obviously the pressure of suffering is not great enough. But that is still to come".

Conrad Peter: "But I have something to discuss with Otto anyway. Let's make an appointment and talk about the whole thing".

Lieserl: "I don't know. I have to discuss this with my parents first. I don't want to give Otto any hopes. You know, the thing with the baby hatch".

Conrad Peter: "OK, I'll wait until you get in touch"

3.14.

In Otto's quarters. All run back and forth. Great unrest.

Otto: "General Management Report"

A gang member: "We lost – hacked and abused as a clone – 30% of our servers!"

Second gang member: "But thanks to our virtualization strategy, the other 70% are still safe".

Otto: "OK, thank you. It's going to be tight".

3.15.

Lieserl asks Monika: "Mum, I have a problem. On the one hand, I feel a call to work on the future with Conrad Peter and Otto, but because of Otto - you know - that can't go well. He doesn't accept us being siblings"

Monika: "You are not either"

Lieserl: "I beg your pardon?"

Monika: "It has to come out at some point anyway. You, you and Carl-Friedrich, you are not Walter's children."

Lieserl (can't contain herself): "Uhhhhhh. Woow. Hmmmmpf. That comes suddenly now."

Monika: "As soon as Carl-Friedrich is visiting again, the three of us will discuss it once. Papa - Walter - doesn't need to know anything about it yet."

3.16

Lieserl immediately visits Otto in his apartment.

Otto (opens the door): "What gives me the honor?"

3.17

The next day - it's a Saturday - Lieserl comes home at 11:00 in the morning. Walter is sitting in the kitchen - Monika washes the dishes - Walter: "Good morning!"

Lieserl: "Uh !, yes! Good morning" and goes to her room.

Walter (to Monika): "Since when has Lieserl been sleeping away?"

Monika: "My God, she is 20. Do you want to put a glass cover over her?"

Walter: "No, no. It's just that she is now in the process of building her own life through her studies. If she gets pregnant unthinkable"

Monika: "You can hear the grass growing again. You are a grandmaster in that."

Walter: "As a father you will be allowed to think again"

Monika: "Because you are just saying <father>, we have to talk about it".

Monika confesses to Walter (2021 is the "year of honesty") that Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl are not from him, whereupon Walter makes the decision to divorce Monika.

Divorce and everything else are beyond the scope of this book.

Knowledge sharing - conference call

3.18

Lieserl invited Otto and Conrad Peter to a normal [Skype / Zoom / Teams / aso.] video conference.

Lieserl: "Why have I invited you? I think Conrad Peter has a suggestion to make"

Otto: "Stop! This channel is not safe. Let's meet in a location that we all know and that is safe."

Lieserl: "OK, tomorrow at 4:00 pm in your company?"

Otto: "Gladly"

Conrad Peter: "OK"

3.19

In Otto's hideaway there is also a cozy meeting room with sofas in a circle and large Caribbean panorama photos on the walls.

The whole gang has now gathered there and Lieserl and Conrad Peter are guests.

Otto (comes straight to the point): "So, you have a suggestion to make to us? I'm listening."

Conrad Peter: "I have a business to propose. On the one hand, we have a concept for software that will help you 100% to achieve your goals. On the other hand, I am looking for a job and would like to join you."

Otto (thinks about it): "That sounds good. But I want the entire concept - the documents - in advance. You can then join in afterwards."

Conrad Peter: "Sounds fair, OK".

3.20

Conrad Peter and Otto sit together with Lieserl in the ice cream parlor. Conrad Peter helps Otto by handing over all of the concept documents for the planned software, not without sufficient comments.

Otto: "And with this software it is then ensured that the original – original – author can actually enforce his copyright? Neither the middleman nor the end user can therefore bypass the copy protection?"

Conrad Peter: "Exactly. The author has 100% control over who he gives which rights and who is allowed to pass on which rights. Of course, it is a bit of a hassle for him to keep track of things, but he also has the option of an open source approach, if that's what he really wants."

Lieserl: "Sounds good".

Suddenly Conrad Peter collapses. He's got a bullet hole on his forehead. Then a shot from the sniper clicks.

Lieserl and Otto take cover and drag Conrad Peter down with them.

They desperately try to revive him until the whole situation calms down again and they realize that there is nothing more to be done.

Lieserl and Otto look deep into each other's eyes: "Now more than ever!" Both say.

3.21

In Otto's hideaway - the one with the large factory window - the entire gang sits together and Otto gives a lecture.

Otto: "So and now that I have sketched all of our future software, here is the last secret. The clue that you have to take into account when you assemble all the parts into an overall system".

You can see how a drone flies along the Ringstrasse, then turns into one of the more densely populated districts of Vienna and finally approaches Otto's factory.

Otto: "Well, that's it, now I can only wish us good luck. (Military tone) Questions?"

Break. You can see the drone aiming at Otto through the window.

Otto (repeats after 4 seconds; louder): "Questions?"

everyone screams: "None!". At that moment Otto is riddled by the burst from the machine gun.

Everyone screams and disperses.

3.22 Plan A

It is a cloudy November afternoon. Three o'clock and the sun is trying to seep through the thick curtain of fog. Hopeless endeavor. A bright chapel bell announces that a funeral will take place in the small cemetery.

In the chapel, the mostly young people sit in dark mourning clothes.

The priest begins his speech.

Priest: "Dear mourners. 'Where are real role models?' Older people sometimes ask, and they often end up in the nagging channel, the channel that pulls us down again and again into the swamp of the Depression.

We have come together here to do mourning work and to accompany two young men on their last journey. The relatives have certainly been through a lot in the last few days and weeks, but there is one thing these two young people would not have wanted: that we should now be dragged down into the swamp of depression.

Because they were, they are, real role models and showed us how to live a successful life.

One, Conrad Peter, always intended to help other people and to bring them together, the other, Otto, wanted in his youthful exuberance to save the entire world, no not the world, the universe, if we think twice : doesn't every person who lives in good will save the universe?

Because of course it was Jesus Christ who saved the world, but in his living body, in the Church that we all are, arduous work of redemption is still being done every day.

I have also heard that there are some in this mourning community who have now come together to form a community in order to continue the ideas of Conrad Peter and Otto. Conrad and Otto are certainly very proud of you.

Here in the young cemetery, which was built on the good ground of the former "Wiener Erdenwerk", we can also take into account the wishes of the two deceased, namely that they want to be buried in Bavarian soil.

And so we do not want to despair that today is the last way on which we will accompany Conrad and Otto, but we want to take them as role models and we want to continue on this path and ask for a blessing for it. "

The bell rings again. You can see how a small crowd pulls after the coffin from the chapel to the grave.

3.22 Plan B

It is a windy but sunny late autumn day. In the middle of a small cemetery is a chapel with a bright bell announcing a burial.

Young people in dark mourning clothes sit in the chapel.

The priest begins his speech.

Priest: "Dear mourners. 'Where are real role models?' Older people sometimes ask, and they often end up in the nagging channel, the channel that pulls us down again and again into the swamp of the Depression.

We have come together here to do mourning work and to accompany two young men on their last journey. The relatives have certainly been through a lot in the last few days and weeks, but there is one thing these two young people would not have wanted: that we should now be dragged down into the swamp of depression.

Because they were, they are, real role models and showed us how to live a successful life.

One, Conrad Peter, always intended to help other people and to bring them together, the other, Otto, wanted in his youthful exuberance to save the entire world, no not the world, the universe, if we think twice : doesn't every person who lives in good will save the universe?

Because of course it was Jesus Christ who saved the world, but in his living body, in the Church that we all are, arduous work of redemption is still being done every day.

I have also heard that there are some in this mourning community who have now come together to form a community in order to continue the ideas of Conrad Peter and Otto. Conrad and Otto are certainly very proud of you.

Here in this small cemetery we want to accompany them on their last journey in a somewhat unorthodox way. They wanted their ashes to be scattered to the wind after the cremation had already taken place.

And so we do not want to despair that today is the last way on which we will accompany Conrad and Otto, but we want to take them as role models and we want to continue on this path and ask for a blessing for it. "

The bell rings again. You can see how a small group accompanies the priest outside. Two cemetery officials carry the urns. First the first climbs up a prepared ladder and hands the ashes to the gracious autumn wind, then the second does the same.

3.23

In the late afternoon Lieserl comes back to her apartment, Walter and Veronika accompany her.

All have dark coats over their mourning clothes.

When Lieserl takes off her coat, you can see that she is pregnant. She goes into the kitchen, fetches five tea lights, puts them in the window and lights them.

Lieserl (to Walter and Veronika): "Thank you for not leaving me alone today"

Walter (rummages in a brown paper sack he is carrying): "We want to make a small contribution to the future".

He hands Lieserl two baby dresses, one green and one blue.

THE END.