

I am out on a private garden painting and find a sign on the ground. It has unpainted letters on a large paper. I wonder if I should also paint them too. The sign is actually from the guys renting the house who wants to promote the gym they have inside.

I am in the office and my colleague explains to me that what I mean with the word hierarchy is actually the word oligarchy. He uses bees as an example and tells me that a Portuguese philosopher is invited there to talk about it. I tell him that I don't actually like the office space.

I look at some old e-mail conversations and find one with my curator that I still have to check. He writes me that he has forwarded my contact to a lady. I scroll up and find him saying that it was just a mistake.

I get an e-mail from my sister saying that my student fee is now paid. She also warns me that I will have to take my final exam by the end of the year. If I don't do it I will have to take an additional English exam. I decide to listen to her since they paid for my fee.

I get in a dining room and seat by my director whistling a country song. He recognizes it but I can't tell him the title of the film where it was played. He has very young people seating around the table. A small girl tells about when she first met him and two guys argue about politics.

I am on my way to a big fashion show. At the entrance I also find the signs to a big design triennial. There is also a lady coming along. She has parked her car far out. I show her on the map that there is a free parking lot in the building. We then continue inside.

Two Italian politicians from two opposite wings are in North Africa to inaugurate a new petrol plant. It's a big investment with little profit. They simultaneously sign two identical contracts. They then sign it a second time with the name of their party.

It is night time and I am in the lighted city centre recalling the poem of a young contemporary writer. It is about her waiting for her lover and seeing another man approaching and slowly recognizing that it's actually him. The same thing happens to me and I cry.

I am on the bus with my old friends and start singing. I have my laptop out and I also play one of my digital melodies. I point out to my friends that they are all manually composed. I even show them my hand written annotations to prove it.

As I let my director watch a project on a laptop I ask my colleague to play a video. It is about my best friend dancing naked on the second floor of a house. He has a semi hard on. I also appear naked on the scene but my penis is small and I try to hide it. I wish we could stop watching.

It is very late in the night and I am at a bus stop waiting. I recognize an old friend approaching and I pretend to be drunk. I throw an old walkman at his feet. It is actually pretty new but the top buttons have popped out.

I am at my uncles' place eating a plate of cornflakes. I eat a whole dish and get my cousin's milk to eat another one. He doesn't let his girlfriend to come on vacation with me and I wonder if he suspects anything.

I am seating with two blondes at a table. I talk to the cutest one but she mentions her boyfriend. He arrives and seat down with us. He is short and dark hair but his face his pockmarked and shabby. He starts talking in Italian and the girls seem to understand.

In a small soccer field the game begins. They play with a hard ball and I move my son away not to get hit. The ball is thrown to the opposite side and a strong player proceeds towards the goal. They are all very professional.

We are on a field when an old man comes talking to us. He tells me that the snake goes always up the wood and I go there following a wooden path. I find some small strawberries and start picking. Back in the field I hear some old friends of my grandparents biking through.

I get over a beautiful little lake and consider swimming there. The water is very clean and I notice a little beach on one side. I get down to it but find that the whole lake is under a large cement bridge and the light comes from an opening in its middle. I don't feel like to swim anymore.

I walk in the buffet of a restaurant that the chief is serving pancakes. I just get in front of the queue to check but then also get two pancakes on a pile of plates. I take it all and go in the elevator to eat.

I am in a swimming pool underground but realize that I soon have a meeting. I get in the room of two blondes. They are still in bed. One of them says that her South American boyfriend fucks hard and fast. They also do it on the school desks that are easy to clean. I can see her breast.

I am in the back of the classroom not paying attention to the lecture of a manager. He ends it by showing a caricature of his computer logo. We are now supposed to write down three codes of what we think they are the best three things he presented. I copy mine from here and there.

I get in my girlfriend's office that she is away. I move her things and seat on her table to eat but there is another guy and we get angry. He shows me where his desk is in case we have to fight. He has a blue square chair. I get back to eat tortellini and shake his hand for peace.

I am by a country road talking to my father-in-law. On the opposite are a cow and a bull in love. My son repeatedly goes there to tease them. I yell and reproach him worrying that they might hit him. Another cow around them has just one long horn and seems very dangerous.

My father and I are running on the ridge of a mountain and get over a sandy dune. It was made by a river when the ice was melting. We run forward and cross its dry bed. It is stony and my bare feet start hurting. I decide to let my father go and run back to a different direction.

A man has an old country mansion that is a section of a huge green house. He was willing to give half of it to another man but the latter refused. He then gave a smaller piece to a woman and doesn't want to hear about getting paid.

I am in my parents' condo and go out in the garden to do some gymnastic. The grass is very soft and short. I am about to begin but a gardener is there picking up the weed. I then move further but a tractor gets really behind me.

A colleague and I go over some things before the real meeting. Another colleague comes in and tells us to wait for them. We actually have no proper clothes and go to the toilette to change. I get in a different bathroom making sure she doesn't see me undressed. We are very close.

I am in class talking about the big prize that a colleague got in Asia. One of his students is there and explains that they had to design a small computer hard disk. He is actually working on it. I look at the circuit and it seems very simple.

It is the end of a workshop and we are all about to leave. The instructor tells us to bring the books back to the library where we borrowed them. Mine is about the interview with a female philosopher. She has her two questions prepared and talks about the climate.

An illustration shows the earth polluting the solar system. Back on the earth is a moon night. The boyfriend of my girlfriend's best friend is on top of a hill. She tells me that he has changed with the years. I hand her some more photo albums from her closet but no longer look into them.

I follow a Polish student in his apartment that he shares with many others. There is a Mexican student in the living room lighting a fire on a basket. I stir the coals before adding more wood and they become a black soup. The Mexican helps me to serve them on a plate.

I am with a friend at a metro station and wait for him on the platform. He is too slow and the metro goes. As the next one is half an hour we decide to walk. I stop on a bridge to photograph the suburbs and then wish to call another friend but I am told to wait till we get downtown.

I am inside our country cottage checking the wooden boxes where I planted different types of vegetables. I can see through the sheets that the plants are already growing. I lift that of the potatoes and realize that I haven't put any earth on them. They haven't started growing.

In a big American city a man is on a horse walking on a high rope. They suddenly fall. Another man from the crowd plays the scene back on his camera. A third man goes the opposite way hanging on the rope and swinging successfully to the end.

A South American artist has left a questioner she wants us to fill. I look at the envelope and find that she has hand written it with caramel. It is the same caramel that spots my teeth. I look again and find a sticker. That is written professionally instead.

I take both my son and his little friend to sleep. I lie on his side while the little girl lies opposite towards the wall. She can't follow asleep and suddenly her mother comes in to get her. The room is very untidy and quite embarrassing.

My friend and I are dressed up and waiting out of a villa. A young couple is driven there by one of their parents. They come down and reach us in the porch by the entrance. I look at him in the face. He has several small warts by his mouth else he looks handsome.

An American researcher exhibits a coloured bench made entirely of glass. She then demonstrates a simple wooden table she made with an architect. I feel the top and find some hidden buttons. They are connected to a coloured led lamp that doesn't yet respond.

During the preach in church I hear some relatives behind me talking about my coming marriage. My cousin's girlfriend seats close to me. She is on the way to sing on the altar and talks to me squeezing her big breast on my arm.

I am on a bus with my father and sister. I draw the face of a dog with a big mouth and sharp teeth. I show it to them but my father seems more impressed by the top view of a tomato I painted nearby. I look at it and it is actually very photorealistic.

I am at my parents' in law living room trying to get their big TV to work. As I plug a transformer in the socket I notice my girlfriend behind me. Her agenda is open and she is deciding with her father the date when we shall marry.

I am looking out at a straight path through the fields. I would like to bike there but the weather is very cold and all the fields are covered with snow. I regret that is such a cold spring here up north and wish to be down south.

I am in a hotel by the mountains and plan to go for a hike. There are two Arabic men that don't know where to go and I invite them to join me. As we start driving uphill one of them says that they have already been to a war monument and wants to go back to the sea.

I am parking my parents' old car in their old house. My neighbour has his big red jeep outside and I have hard time to manoeuvre. Somehow I do manage to backup but my mother thinks that there is no space for another car. I show her that there is plenty.

I am in my parents' garage doing the laundry when my best friend calls me. He already has a plan for us to go biking in the next two days. I let him talk although my flight is already in the afternoon. I then propose him to come for an excursion in the city where the airport is.

A big book out shows old black and white photos of the violence in the stadiums from the last century. At first the workmen where punching each other then helmets where adopted for young and composed students. It then shows many colourful types of church organs.

We are at my parents' place and my girl says that she is going to pick our son. I really wander where she left him and watch out of the window. She is driving with the doors all open. She realizes that just once they close by themselves. I hit my head on the glass in disappointment.

Out of her first floor apartment right on the road is a neighbour watching a soap opera. She is quite shabby like the main character. The TV monitor has blinders to be able to watch it also with the sun light.

My father gets home that is dinner time but my girlfriend is not yet back. He is very upset and wanders where she is gone. I also get upset and tell him to start eating. He goes down to his studio instead and starts working quietly. My best friend also shows up with his hairs bleached.

I am talking to the curator of a festival who gives me a paper with the schedule. I read through it and find my name on it. At the bottom is my website with the references from two journals. All the other speakers have no references.

My students should mount a work on the main square. Each of them has a small section to connect with a cable. The first is unable to connect it since the end of the cable splits in two. I try to help him but I can't since I have moved to another city.

I am biking with my girlfriend on an island and surpass two children on a tricycle. I have to stop and they pass me again. I surpass them in full speed and end up bouncing on the tables of a long restaurant. I keep running on the floor slaloming among all the costumers.

We walk through a village of my native mountains and approach a shop keeper that I know. He is painting his brother's gate. We move on to my grandmother's. She has been cooking already some potatoes that are now burning. I help her with a package of tortellini.

A huge rectangular boat shows an x-ray of all the big rocks it goes over while moving. A second boat approaches. There are more expectations for this one but it turns out to be a very old model still to be renovated. The design is very organic and smooth.

A gangster has just landed on an island where he has some old business to deal with. He meets the man who should pay him. The latter puts a roll of bills in his socks and goes away while the gangster keeps going up a staircase. After all these years he got paid less than half.

I walk up to my old grandmother. The staircases are of different types and dimensions looking very run down. I get to the top in an anteroom that is very stuffy. Inside is my aunt cooking. My cousin is out biking with my child and it is already dark.

My boss is at the white board presenting a couple of futurist artists he wants to be part of an exhibition. He shows one that has made a fluorescent pink ice-cream. I tell him that I would never dare to eat it. He replies that despite the appearance it is made of very natural colorants.

I am biking downtown and recognize an older artist driving a big American car. He doesn't notice me and park. I also stop and find a sign on the wall saying that it is for sale. It is actually as cheap as the car we just bought other then this one is much nicer and has no rust.

An old lady is on top of a staircase with two heavy shopping bags to carry. I promptly offer to help her down but another lady is already doing so. I wish to offer her a banana but they are already at the bottom walking towards the sea.

I introduce my old professor to my director hoping that the latter can choose him to be part of a conference. The first can't really speak English and starts saying how interesting I am. I stop him and wish to take a photo of him. He hides his face holding a handmade carpet.

A railroad is suspended up on a corner of the train station. An old train comes forward followed by a much faster and modern train. The latter waits for it to turn in a tunnel to the left and then turns in the one to the right. I wonder how much nicer a beach would be than this place.

I am wiping the tables of an outdoor café and come to one with a lot of crunches. An old school mate is seating there. I ask him how is doing. He tells me that he quitted University and now owns the fifteen percent of his father's company. He is trying to get this percentage higher.

I greet an artist and then promptly get on the train. I need to go just one stop but see that the ticket controller is coming. I start going the opposite direction but she is quicker. Luckily she catches another immigrant without ticket and gives him a fine with a little discount.

I am at a restaurant seating with some girls. We move to the dessert area and I tell the cashier that I will have to pay. She says that it is ok since I am a teacher. I seat among two of the girls and the one on my right side touches me with her leg. I touch her with my hand.

I get out of a meeting with my director to print the photos of my students. The secretary has just written me an e-mail that she needs them urgently. I try to unlock my bike and hurry but there are just few hours left before she leaves.

I get to a microprocessors workshop and tell the instructor that I wish to attend the part on videogames. He shows me the device he is using. It detects the hand rotation using built in fans. He demonstrates it with a video that reacts flickering.

At a lecture a poor artist presents his collaboration with an amusement park. It consists of a canoe ride in a small river on the rocks. As it gets around one I can predict the special effects of a night bird. It suddenly turns down a cave in full speed.

It is night and we are on a beach. The fire it is pouring down a big rock and I set the camera to film it. I get in front to comment what is happening but I am too drunk and trample on a smaller rock. As I stand up again my girlfriend has actually turned off the fire.

I get on an airplane flying north from a Southern land. I get to talk with a man that lives in a small town in the centre. The plane actually land there to get him off. It then starts taking off again but have to stand suspended over a wood so that some men in a jeep can inspect it.

We are out on the beach when my father arrives. He starts arranging his many sun lotions under the umbrella and I suddenly realize that I haven't put any on my little son. I take the highest and spread it on his shoulders. He is already burnt and suffers although his skin is still white.

I get to my brother in law high apartment to go on a bike ride. I actually talk to him on the phone and he tells me to come home. I then realize that it is his brother whom I am meeting and I don't know his name. They are identical. His bike is ready out of the door.

As I walk up a staircase of a big building I notice a cleaning machine operating in a room on the other side of a window. It is long and flat with only one supporting part in the front. It is made exclusively to wipe the long metal heaters. I hurry up to get my video camera.

My mother-in-law has cooked a full trail of thick slices of fish. It stands on the sink while I am at the table trying to convince my son to eat some. He absolutely doesn't want to. I look again at the slices and notice that they are completely raw on the side facing the bottom.

We get on the metro and reach a main station. Our son should be left there and be picked by the mother of another child. My girlfriend takes him out but doesn't find the courage to leave him. The doors are closing but fortunately the other mother arrives and we can go.

I should help my girlfriend to get the bull out of the stable. We get inside and find that it is a very angry small and black type. I don't dare to let it out but my girlfriend opens the door anyway. I run away looking for a place where to hide.

I show my son some images of the playing cards we have used throughout the years. I go very much back to some fantasy cards we played with when he was very little. The troll character animates and starts a song. My son can still remember it and start singing along.

I am on a bus seating in front of a middle age woman. After so many years she finally wants to break up with her black husband. I advice her to wait but she has already decided to get another man before she turns too old. I look at her clear eyes and white hairs and find her beautiful.

I am with some friends and connect a sensor to a socket but the lamp doesn't light. I then realize that I should cover it completely. As I have it to work I hear my mother talking on my phone. I promptly recover the conversation.

A mother is with her little child and congratulates me for keeping the office so clean. It is just a coincidence. I wonder how she can be at work without having her child bored. The latter is actually a quite strong little girl seating peacefully on the trolley.

I am at my desk zapping through the TV channels using a special mouse device. My director comes with some guests and I keep on zapping nonetheless. As they leave I ask a student about a meeting with the director and he says that it is not important.

A brunette working in a small hostel holds me with her little hands. She is about to leave with the other servant. I reach her in the corridor and make out with her even if the landowner is in the kitchen. She lies on the bed and I grab a tit and her wet vagina. I wish to follow her home.

For fun I point a toy gun at a girl but she is doing for real. I then load it with some small plastic shots and shoot her in the head. The police come and I hide in the bathroom of a building. I cut an opening in the ceiling and hide above it in the shelter of a psychopathic.

I am in a parking lot getting a ride from a woman. I wonder how she can be happy all the time. She tells me that she has actually managed to escape from prison. Her real self is actually still there but she mentally got out of it.

In the school corridor is a large canvas placed horizontally. It is actually me who has painted it. I get back to it and start drawing some figures with a thin brush. One of my students places himself in front of me pretending to work but really asking me questions and distracting me.

I am in the vegetable garden that is already dark and freezing cold. Suddenly my girlfriend jumps in the lake right in front. Her father dives in after her. She comes out but he doesn't emerge. I get alerted but then he actually shows up some meters away. I don't dare to bath myself.

I talk to an old class mate who is actually flying out in the afternoon to be with her boyfriend. I am also flying to the same place but in the evening. I ask her if they can host me for the night and she agrees. She actually has a new boyfriend.

I am walking out in the night with my colleague and a student we are going to help. I have already thought how to do it but he suggests using a special relay that can be activated by a button. I then think of a connection where several cables can be soldered onto the same pin.

I get to a small cabin to fetch some wood for a party when an old man with his young daughter bikes in the big garden of our villa. They are very early. My father shouts his name loud from the distance. The man used to be my mother's intimate friend during her childhood.

My curator writes me a short e-mail saying that he has talked to his girls and it is fine to come over. I start wondering who those girls might be. I then remember that both his mother and sister are currently visiting him and I will have to meet them to.

I get a new chiropractor who I feel is more experienced. He starts crunching my back in the hallway of his studio. I am lying on the floor holding his legs. He is actually naked and much darker than the blonde chiropractor I had before.

I walk out of a studio forgetting the address that the secretary wrote for me. Someone has moved my old motorcycle on the bike rank. I lift it back to the pavement and remove the lock. I don't have to go that far and decide to just walk there.

A beautiful girl and I have a meeting downtown. We seat on a bench over the central square and look at all the crowd getting out of the metro. Among them is my girlfriend. I point her to the other girl and start getting my way through towards her.

I look at a webpage with many thumbnails of videos. Some of them are comic like a house catching fire or some remotely controlled cars from the cops. I scroll down and end up on the porno section with thumbnails of naked females getting fucked.

My son and I are at a friend's apartment. She is not there and we play with some of her toys. My son activates a very noise one. I start banging on a small keyboard with a plastic hammer. Out of the window on the small terrace is dark. The bag I lost is actually there among others.

I walk inside a huge supermarket when a colleague passes by me. I turn around to tell him about a further delay on our application but he keeps walking. He is actually talking on the phone. I manage to reach him and mention my girlfriend's dissertation. He didn't know of her work.

A manager is driving me and my girlfriend to her big company. The latter is trying to convince her to land her a car for her project. I also try to say something in favour but the manager is very stubborn. She actually likes my country and proposes to be patterns.

We are out visiting a company and are given sandwiches. The bread is too long and with only one slice of ham. While my girlfriend eats it anyway I break it into half. I then put one part away and the other I start eating with the slice.

A lady is doing gymnastic between two others. I walk pass them admiring how flexible she is rotating her waists. I keep walking down a small path and also start moving my waist on each side hoping that she can notice me.

I reach an old fort and walk inside the underground galleries. It is all well lighted and crowded. I can see through the openings down the floor the trousers of the people on the opposite side. I recognize the jeans of a person who is following me. He actually knows where I am.

My colleague leaves the country house and I shut the balconies to go to sleep. He stays outside and forces them open again. I stand out of the window and try to close them. He doesn't let me and we start hitting each other.

I am supposed to have a course together with another professor but the director says that if I don't know any theory they should replace me. He then leaves and I assault the professor with all the theory I know. He comes back and suggests that I should have a robotic course instead.

I get with two colleagues in the metro. One of them is without a foot and walk in with crunches. His face is very ugly with hairs sticking out over his mouth. The other has his shirt open and is seducing two girls who are not that pretty. They are touching his hands and hairy chest.