

A guy and I are seating on each side of a lady teaching us how to use a computer. As she stands forward to fix a problem I stand backward and nod at the other guy disappointed about her. There is actually another teacher standing behind and I pretend like nothing.

I am once again in my grandmother's kitchen. She is seating silent and still at the table her eyes being wet. I have stopped there on my way to my parents but I don't seem to worry.

It is already dark and I meet with the chief director of my institution who is moving in a new house. He is actually nice to me and I help him to carry fire wood upstairs. It is our fire wood and so it is the country cottage. I show him all the hard sand papering work we have been doing.

I get in a museum where I should install my work. There are my students inside and I pick the small Japanese to help me. There is actually already a list of who has to help whom. I should get helped by the tall Polish student but he has not yet arrived.

Our car is about to be stolen from a parking lot in town. I move it away and the thieves plan to revenge by making the few other cars left disappear. The cops get informed and ceased with their sirens on.

A criminal stops at a tobacco shop by a busy intersection of an American city centre. He wants to get his usual packet of cigarettes but the shop keeper has just empty tobacco bags with chocolate. He gets it anyway being cheated by the latter who is actually a cop.

I am in a café talking to a skinny guy. He turns around revealing a big tumour growing out of the backside of his head. He tells me how much it hurts when he listen to music.

I ask a guy for an on-line radio station. He gets me to the homepage of a black rapper. On one side I can hear recordings of sport commentaries from all over the world. On another I can modify in real time the musical score of his songs.

My son and I are driving up North and are about to cross the Austrian border. I make a detour and stop at a mall in the country. I am about to pee right in the parking lot but then move in where people's nose is still arched like mine.

I follow my boss and another colleague to eat. We stop at an outdoor place and he gives us a contract to sign. I read it through and find that he has named me curator of the enterprise. I then ask what he means with that and he tells me that I will be the actual manager.

I get on a boat going from one island to another. A girl has to get there and take a bus to reach a smaller city. I check the map and see that some sharply shaped lakes are in the centre of the island in the desert. I assume it is very hot but she tells me that the little water left is frozen.

I walk around a foreign town. The buildings are recent and poor. I get over to another side and find it much nicer with an old and pink palace on the side of the road that disappears into a rectangular tunnel. It is completely dark inside and I hesitate to get in.

I am in my boss kitchen that he is cooking. I realize that he also lives in the small city where I am about to move. There is actually my curator as well that lives there. I realize how the most intelligent people live in that provincial city.

My girl and I try my neighbour's old car. It is actually much newer than ours with leather interiors. We ask the seller how much it cost and it shows us a price list. We then ask him how much he would give us for our old car if we bought this other one. He is too busy on the phone.

I am in the kitchen about to have another meeting with my supervisor for another application. I try not to masturbate but then I do it like I was milking a cow and come. I won't have to write any new application since the old one is still valid.

My parents are cooking and my father tells me that I shouldn't just bike up the top of a mountain without any previous training. I tell him that my best friend and I couldn't find the way and have actually walked to the top. He tells me that he knows how to get there biking.

My parents are calling my smaller sister to come and eat but she refuses. She is actually swimming in the public pool trying to become slimmer. I find her quite shabby. She swims with just her panties on not carrying about other people's reaction.

I am biking with my best friend and his girl on a ridge of a hill. Below are some local youngsters at a small fair. My best friend suggests to wait for my sister but I continue on the path with many steps to cross. He jokes with his girlfriend about having still things to do together.

My son and I are in the swimming pool changing room. A guy passes and purposely pushes my son. He wants to fight with me. He is actually much shorter than I am and skinnier. I accept and start punching him really hard.

We walk down a mountain that it is all flooded. I think about canoeing there and cross to the opposite side. As we walk up the other mountain my cousin asks me to join him for a party with his ski team. It is also up a mountain and they will all get drunk.

In the wood we meet a blond woman. She is pretty but her face is very aged. She tells us that she is just eighteen and has been hiding there after being sexually abused by her father. We are looking for the grave of an ancestor and she shows it to us in an abandoned cemetery.

I am in my parents' kitchen looking for some porn on TV to masturbate. The TV is too bright and I can't see the channels. There are actually the head lights of my father's car through the window. He is coming home.

We have guests at home and my father gets his mouth checked by my mother anyway. He had a surgery on a tooth far inside and gives her a small toothbrush with allot of toothpaste to brush it. I look at him as he is getting brushed. His face is really young.

I am with my old friends discussing about having dinner. One of them tells us that he has already arranged to have his sister cooking fresh pasta for us. We all agree but then get to know that she is up in the mountains and it is snowing.

I am on a four wheelers drive that a son of some family friends just bought. He is driving me and some others to a mountain restaurant. As we get to it I try to convince him to continue on the same path up the mountain. I know the way and it is very beautiful.

I am with my uncle's client talking. The hostess confirms us that we don't need to check in but we should hurry to our plane. I get going but then stop to look in my bag for the ticket. I have different folders but can't find the one with a child's drawing of a tree where my ticket is.

I am on the car with my son going towards the train station of my parents' town. As I cross the intersection I notice an old good friend walking with other guys. I drive fast close to them and block their way. He is shocked.

My director and his guest visit me in the toilette where I lock myself to work. I get in the WC with a candle pretending that there is a deep room inside it. I then show them the real cellar. After a room with wine and toys we walk through my studio. They are both very impressed.

My work is having a big party in a big and modern building. I find that a colleague has been trying to call me for half an hour. I answer and she tells me to get downstairs. Our chief wants to talk with us but as I reach her he is already gone. We also leave the building and talk together.

I am at a swim competition for young students. A first row of participants has already occupied all the lanes and compete. I get a central place in the second row. I throw my watch to a guy in the public to keep my time. The instructor shows us how to dive and we start. I get first.

I am walking with an American friend on an island. I show him the skyline of the city with high industrial chimneys sticking up. I point at a tall one that is the same colour of the sky. The clouds open and a really huge chimney is now visible.

A supermarket is placing a large tank on a shore. It has a big company logo but it is smaller than the other tanks around it. We look at it and once the installation is completed we drive there and tank my yellow old car.

A newer station wagon than the one my girl and I bought is out of her parents' garage. I am photographing it to show it to my parents. It doesn't have any scratches and it is very nice. It is actually my parents' old car.

I am biking through a nice neighbourhood with old and colourful wooden houses. I pass a mother teaching his child how to bike and continue down a staircase even if I have a racing bike. I end in a neighbourhood of concrete buildings and go back to the other.

My girlfriend and I are walking in the tunnel of the metro station. She has an unread letter for me. I first think it is from my grandmother but then open it and find that it is from my sister. The paper is green and just has a paragraph making an account of their business.

I am taking a course with few other students and a young teacher. He asks about our final assignments and a girl tells him about hers. It is actually my photographic project. He asks her in detail her definition of the objects she photographs and tells us to write an essay.

It is getting dark and I am in the garden building a tower. My father-in-law gets there to help me and starts shovelling earth in the middle. I explain to him that we should start building the perimeter and we should use stones to make it solid.

I am on a platform waiting for the metro. Some girls get annoyed by a loud guy. The train is approaching and I walk down passing in front of him. He threatens me and I tell him not to touch me. I get in the last wagon and hide holding some hard apples in case I have to hit him.

A prisoner finds an opening in a fence and run out of the gates that have been opened for a delivery. They cease him up to a high building. He stops discouraged but get helped by a man to climb up the emergency ladder. The latter is a doctor and takes him to his floor for a surgery.

I drive my scooter down to the mechanic to have one side drilled as ventilation. The mechanic opens the seat and finds a big motor. He makes me hold another scooter to feel how weak normal motors are compared to mine. He lets me go without doing any work.

I am with my old friends singing dirty songs. There is a girl lying underneath us. She is cute but her boyfriend is there. I say goodbye to them and my best friend follows me showing everyone my tiny motorcycle. I tell the girl that at home I also have a big one and go.

I am in the historical centre cooking a large soup in the middle of the road. A family friend who had a car accident passes by and I yell at him that one should get a turbo. He congratulates and I move with everything on the opposite side of the road closer to him.

Two friends and I are walking around wearing a white uniform with winged lions. A crowd of communists approaches and I get rid of the uniform running in the fascists' pub. As I watch them through the window some cops are sent out to pick some girls and bring them to us.

A guilty man is getting sentenced when an agitator in the public starts a fight. The sentence has to be postponed. I actually saw the young man in the back row who gave the first punch. I realize that he must be one of the guilty man's collaborators.

I get inside the newly renovated walls of a village and find a market. I ask for three plumps and some cornmeal but the guy is foreign and can't understand me. A girl tells me that he was born in a colony but he is parents are local. I look at his blue eyes and invite him to the mountains.

A young black artist is invited to Central America. He tells us how he was planning to go back and stop at a friend's ranch in California. The friend is actually busy but the black artist has another plan. I wish he could take me with him.

Two senior artists approach me and my colleague at the lobby of boat. I know one of them and greet him but he wants to talk to my colleague who is more of a technical expert. He wishes to have a rat brain implanted on his chest. My colleague gets an egg package out to do it.

It is dark outside and one of my poor students is walking home. I follow him along the pavement and invite him for a hotdog at a street stand. As I make the order he also wants a cake and the hotdog should be big and with French bread.

At a workshop my colleague is explaining programming on the whiteboard. One of the participants comes with a bucket of detergent and tries to through it on my laptop. I pick a hot solder iron and threaten him to step back.

I promise one of my students five hundred bucks if he can take care of my son while I walk with a beautiful artist. She takes me to an elegant restaurant in the garden of a villa. We have a slice of cake together with other artists. She is really in love with me.

I am with my parents-in-law in an apartment when someone starts throwing stones from below. I look out and see two old men. I yell at them but they keep on throwing big stones. My son is in the balcony protecting himself with a fence.

I am setting on fire the red wooden buildings of an ancient farm. In one the door is open and I see a fat naked lady sleeping in the dark. I get in and put my strong erected penis in her big ass. I fuck her and she keeps on sleeping.

I am driving the car very fast in the highway and remember that I have a big chart attached behind and should slow down. I actually stop at a gas station where my grandfather is waiting. I tell him about a problem with the car suspensions but he tells me to talk to a mechanic.

I am in a swimming pool and realize that I haven't paid the ticket. I decide to just do some gymnastic out of the pool but then some guys start jellingy that I haven't paid. I then show them how strong I am and prepare myself on the diving board to swim.

I'd like to take some friends to a village on a cliff but they decide to go to a city down the valley. I warn them that it is very far. We then drive north and the wood gets wilder. We pass the small car of a man with a boat on his roof. The river also got too wild to be navigated.

The new students are in the classroom and my colleague asks me if I have any suggestions. I am seating in the other end and tell him that as I already said a year before they should set up an electronic lab. As I am leaving another colleague tells me of a book I should read.

It is early morning and my neighbour with his old father is going for a hike. I am also preparing to but my father gets out with his bike and also wants me to come. My bike is actually into pieces and I show him the handle which requires a special screwdriver to be mounted.

In a magazine a reader shows the picture of a mountain top asking how it can be always lighted by the sun. I look further in the magazine and find the commercial of an old radio from a famous designer. It is still shaped like a cube but the interiors are extracted and it can't be closed.

I join my colleague for a bike ride and cycle hard up a little hill. On the other side is a beach. I descend down breaking with my bare feet on the sand all surrounded by pretty girls tanning in bikini. My colleague comes running and tells me that there will be also a female joining us.

The faculty of my department is invited to a presentation of the institute where I work. Just the secretaries show up. They are asleep on the sofa while a projection shows a fashion experiment. A single colleague is standing and seems very interested.

I get in a solitary small road in the city to a bankomat. I use my card to withdraw some cash but the code is rejected. I realize that the name on the car is that of my director. I wonder how I have it and remember that we just had lunch together.

I get in a restaurant with a colleague and his girl. Three other cute girls seat with us and I imitate him shaking his hands. My food comes first and I eat it up. As I look at my colleague's girl cutting bread stuffed with meat one of the girls has her breast on me. She is his daughter.

I follow a design student to her classroom and we seat close facing the wall. Another student grabs me with his arm demanding his place back. He is blondish and looks very pale like a sick artist. The first student tells him to take it after class that is about to begin.

I am shown a style sheet made by a young designer. An animated character endlessly falls with a rope down a column. It then ends in a horizontal stripe animating to the right as it follows him. A female character appears and the animation now moves left following her instead.

Two engineers and I are about to give a robotic workshop. I activate the robot we have constructed for the demonstration. It is outside wrapped like a ghost. His arms move but then stop. We unwrapped and find that is a minor problems with some needles I haven't fixed properly.

I look at the posts and replies that my director and an old colleague exchanged. It concerns a course we should have in the fall. They are very short and a small blue logo of my mobile phone provider follows each paragraph.

I am thinking that I should have told my advisor about me moving to the country. I am actually there out of the garage and notice a large oxidised spot on the ground. It is the very old car we just bought. I try to fit in but two guys are already in the front seats and won't move.

I am in my sister's bedroom looking at a book by a famous contemporary writer. It is an old manual explaining various concepts. I try to read one but there is too much text. My sister anyway arrives and wants it back.

A good race biker is just third in a mountain bike amatory competition. He stops with the first two at the beginning of a hill and asks them if he will have to sigh on top. It is a custom among the local to sigh every time they reach it.

A guest is telling my mother how kind the keepers of a restaurant have been with him after he mentioned her name. I explain that it is because she pays. I then go to the bathroom and once the guest has also left, she starts jellingy at me for what I said. I seat inside unresponsive.

I find a very special old bike and begin to dismantle the back wheel. A girl is also there and we both notice how new it looks. Her boyfriend tries it in the garage. It needs to be used like a big skateboard. I also try it getting very fast among them and some sculptures.

A female immigrant works for a newspaper typing her dreams in a sentence like many others. Some of those can be selected to be published as stories. Her son is part of a group of young students that is taught by the director how to smell different food.

An elder comes home with a bottle of soda. It is one of the many new tastes of the milk company. His friend is impressed. They seat at the table and the latter asks him what he thinks of the promotion for oranges with chestnuts. The first knows that there won't be much of the seconds.

The pope is on a road giving a speech. I am quite in front and get my camera out to film him. He gesticulates with his arms and suddenly collapse in agony. I keep on filming as he dies although there must be many others doing the same from other perspectives.

My sister reaches me with the backpack I was looking for. The house is flooding and we should all move to the small basement that is waterproof. I pack the food for the kids and follow her inside.

The glaciers to the north are melting and a student tries to convince another student to follow him to the ones down south. The latter has already been there and he is afraid of climbing. The first proposes to just go with the snowshoes on a flat plateau.

An old lady is an old man's apartment watching herself on an old TV. It shows her much younger. She is actually a famous actor of a famous film and will follow in love with him. Her small daughter is with her walking along the beach. She is very cute in her yellow swimsuit.

My girl and I discuss about a long drive south. I wish to visit the places we visited the last time we did it but she also wants to see another city. I to explain to her that it is out of our route and that there are many other similar cities we will pass by but she has decided.

A famous TV presenter is hanging down a cliff and can't go down. He manages to get on the branch of a big tree. A young man seating below is taken by surprise as the presenter comes down with his cat. He calls it a lion and has it to cease the young man's bull.

As I am about to give up installing the car stereo I find some plastic components in the ashtray. The mechanic plugs them in a computer behind the seat. He then inserts a CD. I look at the big screen in front. As we leave I find another component but he says that it's broken.

I try to film an old man as he drives around with a small tractor collecting large leaves for a grave. He then moves to paint the old walls with a roll. A huge tractor comes in breaking the road stones with a big metal roll and I almost get run over as I film it.

It is starting to rain and I film the people with the umbrella going out of the metro. Two young Arabs dressing like rappers meet with their mother. They have her to carry all the grocery they got from some relatives in America. Her hairs are bleached and have no veil.

I am in a room with a black American who has just beautifully sung with his guitar. I also come with a toy guitar and wish to accompany him but he shows me a music video instead. It is shows the young musicians going around his city. I really like the music.

In my parents' garage my Japanese assistant shows me all the liquor he got for them. I tell him that they don't drink and offer to drive him to town with my scooter. He has a high bag full with presents that wouldn't have fit in the car. I also have a bag with stuff to carry.

I get in a crowded metro and my director also pops in standing close to me by the door. He tells me that he has talked to my old director and has heard that both my colleague and I are specialized in surgery. He is too proud of us and I don't dare to deny it.

One of the presenters of a gathering I am organizing is going around with a small sign trying to promote it. We get in a small apartment to start. We are so few that I tell them to seat at the table and have my colleague to photograph from above the terrace where we look many.

The new prime minister has constructed some housing for the immigrants based on the statistic and not on the actual numbers. One page back I see the photos of all the Europeans that the Nigerians have kidnapped. They are mostly missioners with fancy names.

My girl and I enter a small communist country where we will know live. I get to know from the local authorities that I haven't got chosen for the work I applied there. I find the place so desolated but my girlfriend shows me that there are actually kebabs and other bars.

I get down from the double bed of our tiny room that I have a hard on. The clock shows that it is already afternoon. A blonde girl comes in to present herself to my girlfriend as the new researcher of her institute. We both try to pretend like nothing.

A family friend goes to call for a taxi. There is actually one already available and I promptly start loading it with our bags. A man gets angry that I got before them and I call him a Southern. A big crowd rises against me and my discriminations and my father has to intervene.

I get in a bar that there are some scary people. I go on into the bathroom where to hide. The toilette seat is gigantic. I lift it and find an escape under a circus tent. Some thin ghosts come towards me and I let them go instead of killing them. They reveal where I am and I get caught.

In the forest down a slope my mother-in-law and I are cultivating vegetables. There are some big truncated leaves from the year before and I wonder what it will become of them. A bunch of the same leaves are growing on the other side. The kids are approaching and I try to be alone.

A Middle East artist taking care of a no profit gallery. He shows me a piece of Lego he has just sold to one of the sponsors. It is actually all apart and it is being glued back together. I place my drawings on a table and try to show them to him but they are incomplete.

On TV there is an Italian film from the seventies. It starts with a beautiful watercolour animation of a nocturnal landscape and then gets into a house. There in a room Pinocchio shoots the head of a smaller cartoon. His head is also smashed by a bigger character.

I am in the house of an old intellectual lady. We talk about old films and I purposely mention the one where the elder becomes the boy's master. She starts undressing herself completely. Her body is old but her pussy still young and hairy.

I am in artists run gallery washing the sink with powder detergent. An artist comes in and I try to do my best cleaning. I hear him saying that he might not have the money to pay his rent. I look out through the big window at a smaller gallery on the other side of the road.

My girlfriend and I meet with a senior professor. We all go to a café and a man comes playing the flute for us. The latter is very skilled but too loud and we have to talk very close. We give him a paper bill but he comes back with the change thinking that we paid for our drinks.

I am walking through an underground passage with my old supervisor. He takes me in the hand and I ask him if he has been travelling lately. He was in a Tibetan city where two big American artists have their big work installed. There is a third but I can't remember his name.

A group of PhD students have their work exhibited. Suspended in the centre there are some very sophisticated origami. The student who made them shows me the special material he has used. Another artist who is friend of my girlfriend also shows me a sample. It is actually dog food.

I look in the diary I wrote how I will feel with my back pain in the next days. In the first day I write a whole paragraph describing how painful it is. Some days after I just write a sentence saying that I felt better.