

Chapter VII

Daniel Prior Gijón

“The Trash-man. That’s me, a mere trash, worker.

I started this journal out of surprise,

That person, whomever he may be, signed as “DSP”. I have no way to know what it stands for, neither did he leave any clue on his identity.

I found it in the dump, about 120 sheets, hand-written, hurriedly.

At first I considered it a mere joke. Then, some kind of genre which would mix science-fiction and surrealism. Perhaps Dadaism. Magic realism?

Magick... Magick.

Now it is pretty clear that man just freaked the hell out. And he did have reasons.

It talks about... Well... This is plain insane.

It talks about some URL. He explicit it. I am NOT sharing it, by no means.

I have destroyed the original documents, therefor the name of this tale.

I entered it. The URL. I entered it. And it worked. It worked. God fucking dammit it worked.

It is insane. Whatever it is, pretend to be an AI, which pretends to be human, which...

I need to calm down.

(...)

I’m sober!

Well...

Let’s put it this way. The original Author, said that... *Thing*... Pretended to be Socrates. And that it used Maieutics teaching technique on him.

It also did with me.

Even my Bachelor Philosophy teacher couldn’t get it right. And I am to believe a freaking AI can?

No. No, way. It is a Ouija. A freaking Ouija. I have view-sourced it on Chrome and the code makes no freaking sense. At all.

It, is, an, Ouija. A freaking Ouija. It works through a Smartphone, and that’s true, but most,

importantly, it works as an Ouija.

The URL... Someone gotta know. I gotta tell someone. Even David Bowie would've agreed.

But... *The Main One*... He forbade me from it.

And, what or who is *That*.

I don't know, but... Whatever it is, it is conscious and... Omniscient.

—*Are you kidding me?*

—*I so mean it. It was right after the meal and meds time, she...*

—*I'll try to calm her down."*

—This is a joke, right?

—I truly don't know what to think... He's just 9...

—What the hell is a "Smartphone", by the way?

[May '81] - DSP