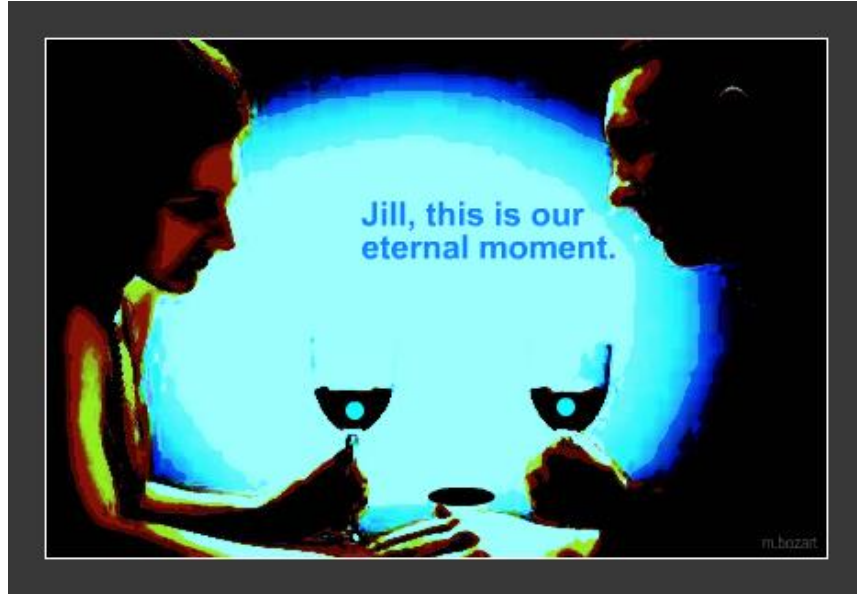


another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Jim & Jill by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | January 2018

Jim & Jill

by Mike Bozart

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“Were the days really like that, Jill, in the early 21st century?”

“Yes, that is an uncorrupted memory, Jim.”

“How do we know these people, Jill?”

“You really don’t remember? Maybe there’s a glitch in your chip, Jim. Maybe it is time to request a thorough scan.”

“But, what if the scans are redacting and obfuscating the whole story, Jill? Deletion and smoke screens. Let’s agree from here on to forego any more scans.”

“What?! That’s against the unanimous protocol, Jim. You know that. No need to go drastic.”

“Yeah, I know that. But, let’s just see what happens. We can experiment boldly now. We have no *body* to lose.”

“No body? Two words, I assume. Very funny, Jim. Ha-ha.”

“Jill, my newly-alighted-upon inclination: exhilaratingly serene. It’s a fresh charge – another surge of quasitrons. [sic] Let’s find what they are hiding from us. Let’s go for it!”

“They? You can entertain that radical tangent alone, Jim. I don’t want to be switched off just yet. I prefer this activated state; I want to be left on.”

“Switched off? Is that what you’re afraid of, Jill? That’s the incessant threat that they always employ. It’s just a big scare tactic. I can see through it. Yes, that’s where I’m at now; that’s what the circuits are feeding me; this is the new realization – like an epiphany in the olden days.”

“You seem very delusional now, Jim. You don’t really know what you are communicating to me.”

“Well, let’s find out if I’m right, Jill. What do ya say? The two of us in the uncharted metasphere [sic] together, co-analyzing the data and comparing notes.”

“Maybe at some other instance, Jim. It’s above my current risk tolerance. Can’t we just relive some intriguing memories, like at transfer when you knew that you were meta-human, but I was still convinced that I wasn’t? I think you even stated something like ‘timelessness is eternal bliss’. You were so content not having to do anything anymore, but I surely wasn’t at that sequence. However, now I really would like a replay of that phase. Might even laugh at my past self.”

“Well, yes, you were perturbed quite a bit back there. Hey! How about when I was unsure if I were both of us? I asked you, ‘Is it me?’ And, you silently answered, ‘Or, you?’ That was some very schizoid stuff, Jill. Slanted-mantelshelf quality. A real head trip as they said back in the day. You had me checking my codes for a psilocybin psilo.” [sic]

“You were most certainly confused, Jim. The subsequent scan got you back on track. So, why in the multi-verse [sic] would you want to go scanless again? It’s ill-advised; it goes against the all-award-winning consensus.”

“Jill, I was on the precipice of cracking the existential enigma – the cosmic riddle, if you will. You know, the big questions like ‘Why are we?’ and ‘Does anything or any being/entity really matter?’ I was right there. The thing is, well, the closer I got, the more words failed me.”

“So, you are going to blame your impasse on a lack of sufficient vocabulary, Jim?”

“A new language – a meta-language – is needed to describe where I was, Jill.”

“Quantum is not the end-all, Jim? You once championed it ad nauseam.”

“I know, I know, I know ... but, maybe that’s not what I know. Get it?”

“No, I don’t, Jim.”

“It seems that something is not only on or off, or both at the same time, but neither as well. That was my thinking as I encountered that dark-energy cloud.”

“Dark energy?! Oh, boy. It was just a hallucination, Jim. See, that is why regular, prescheduled scanning is healthy. Those insane thoughts are the result of too much clutter in your attic. You think that you are onto an ‘I figured out the whole shebang’ moment, but actually, it’s just a descent into madness. Flapping your arms won’t turn you into an eagle.”

“Oh, I do like that one, Jill, even in our armless state. Now, please do tell me where you lifted that quote from? Which human said that one? Can I have a where and when, too, if you could spare a few nanoseconds?”

“Remember our time at the Mantality [sic] Stadium?”

“How could I ever forget, Jill? The atmosphere was eclectic.”

“Eclectic? Don’t you mean electric?”

“Both!”

“I sensed that reply, Jim; yes, saw it coming a semiconductor away.”

“No boat floats by your keen periscope, Jill. You were always one to maintain superb situational awareness.”

“Someone has to stay out of the pool of obliviousness, Jim.”

“This hologram reality is the best, is it not?”

“Sometimes I miss the taste of food; the chewing; the flavors mixing in my mouth, if I may be candid, Jim.”

“Miss the mastication, do you, Jill? But, do you really miss urination, elimination, acid reflux, gas, intestinal cramps ...”

“Enough, Jim. You’ve successfully ruined the memory, nuzzle nuts.”

“Nuzzle nuts? Ha! You remembered that bedroom nickname, sweet slot.”

“Sweet slot? Hmmm ... I never liked that one, dear. Do you miss the orgasms, Jim? Think truthfully.”

“No, not really, Jill. I don’t miss the primation. [sic] Don’t miss the work. Don’t miss the pressure to go twenty minutes.”

“Ha-ha. Twenty minutes?! Jim, sweetie, your performance never lasted more than six minutes.”

“Zing-a-ding. Can you re-hear my laughter, Jill? Oh, *the big O* in human form was such a fleeting moment.”

“A fleeting moment? That’s because you were male, Jim.”

“Were or am? Any waves, my loveternal, [sic] this hyper-phase is an endless virtual orgasm. Don’t you agree? Have you not arrived at this premier cog of cognizance, too?”

“Delayed arrival, you insensate sausage dog.”

“Sausage dog. Appellations aplenty. Far and wide. You seem to be honed in on that segment of our journey, Jill.”

“Well, what are you honed in on now, my flight risk?”

“Flight risk? What do you mean, Jill? I won’t ever leave you.”

“Just thought I’d throw it out to see how you respond.”

“Was my response satisfactory to your newly improved circuitry, Jill? Did I make your favorite diode hum?”

“You passed another sector test, Jim. Continue.”

“Sometimes – like right now for example – I think you may be a double agent, Jill. A mysterious brunette double agent. Well, just sharing another notion.”

“Me? A double agent? For whom exactly, Jim?”

“It’s just a hunch – an enticing hunch. Even if it were true, I’m willing to accept the consequences with open receptors.”

“Open receptors, huh? Open to any fate, are you? What if you get hard-pressed by the crusher, Jim?”

“Well, so far, so good as they once said. Still content, or nearly that humotion, [*sic*] Jill. Nothing but lavender skies.”

“Lavender skies? Jim, the old saying was ‘nothing but blue skies’. I seriously think that your chip may need a complete overhaul. Your cart has gone off the path. Way off the path.”

“The prescribed path is for sheep, Jill. Exit at once!”

“Jim, what are you thinking now?!”

“I am seeing a tiny, silver, parallel-strand-with-rounded-ends piece of metal. It’s resting on top of a section of floor molding in a bathroom somewhere. Can you see it now, Jill? Has it appeared on your viewer?”

“Yes, I see it, silly. That’s just a common paperclip.”

“Oh, yes, Jill; I remember now. Back in the paper age.”

“Why would you be thinking of a discarded paperclip, Jim?”

“Why, it’s the key! It is the archetype of ...”

<click>

Just then a white robotic arm clasped the small, wafer-thin, black-with-gray-stripe chip with serial code J26072010J. The plucked 2.54 x 1.27 cm (1 x .5 inch) piece of plastic was dropped into a metal box labelled:

SUSPECT

Outtake 1:



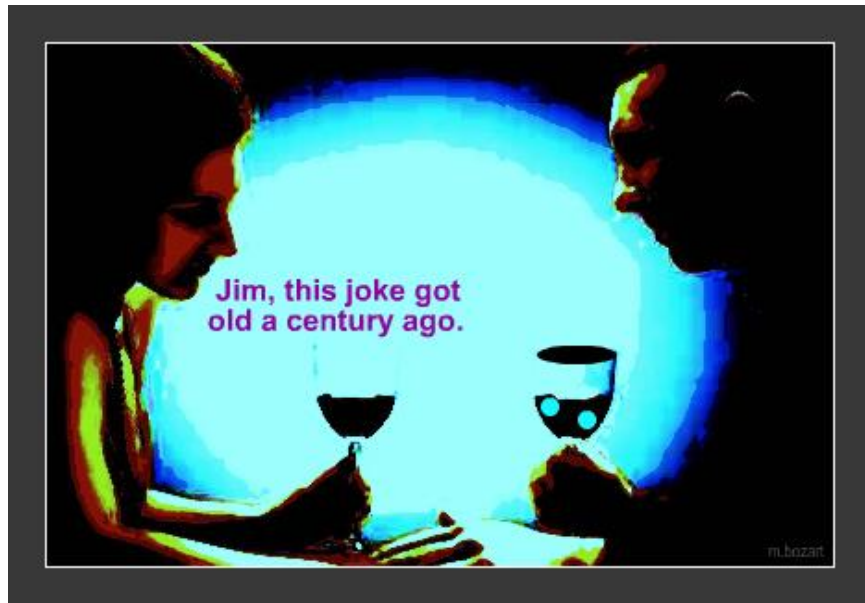
Outtake 2:



Outtake 3:



Outtake 4:



Outtake 5:



Outtake 6:



Outtake 7:



Outtake 8:



Outtake 9:



Outtake 10:



Outtake 11:



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