

shibboleth (a multimedia opera)

operis personae

Sadie H.
Mara#14
Guy1605
Frank*5 (Frances)
Carl63%

**The costume is exactly the same or at least very similar for every role, distinguishable only through individual masks. Exceptions noted.*

Prologue

The following data are more or less accurate by the time of writing:

- 1 There were over 1 billion tourists in 2016 worldwide, almost none of which wore a mask.
- 2 In 2018, there were 1.6 billion websites on the Internet, 9.5 times more than ten years before. 3 They were accessed by almost half of the world's population, roughly 2.5 billion of which were gamers, who rarely left their niches.
- 4 Without doubt, the Internet is one of the New Seven Wonders, according to USA Today.
- 5 Of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World only the Great Pyramid of Giza still exists. 6 There may be a time in the future when we value the Internet even more than today, because it has been lost to us.
- 7 Writing thereof... up until March 2019 more than 14 billion data records were lost or stolen. 8 But the unknown weighs on no one.
- 9 That which has happened eludes every representation. 10 Only what is known can be observed - what has left a trace in the archives of the earth. 11 On the mind. 12 It is guess work, at best. 13 Fading. 14 Changing.
- 15 The earth exhibits approximately 149,400,000 sqkm of land surface, 31% of which is covered by forest. 16 On some of that soil the species Homo Sapiens, second only to the African Elephant in intelligence, produces around 3 billion tonnes of cereal per year.
- 17 Since the late 19th century, the global surface temperature has increased by 0.9°C. 18 The sun's photosphere is calculated at 5,772 K.
- 19 Almost all energy we use on earth originates from that star alone.

- 20 The observable universe shelters an estimated 10^{80} atoms, but the number of theoretically possible connections between neurons in the human brain dwarfs that number by a large margin. 21 Can our intelligence some day outsmart our want? 22 Will life continue on, beyond?
- 23 In 2011, when followers tried to download instructions about how to "Make a bomb in the Kitchen of your Mom" by the Al-Qaeda Chef, they were greeted with recipes for "The Best Cupcakes in America". 24 The MI6 had intervened, because they had a different plan for the future of the human race.
- 25 On average, over 6 network connected devices per person are faced with 300,000 new malware created every day. 26 There's a hacker attack every 39 seconds. 27 Surveillance is a heavily disputed issue on all sides.
- 28 Most people think the main challenges for the 21st century are – poverty, quality of life, health, climate change, resource depletion.

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6th January 2020 / 23rd April 2020

<https://hostingtribunal.com/blog/hacking-statistics/>

<http://world-statistics.org>

<https://www.statista.com>

<https://www.pewresearch.org>

<https://climate.nasa.gov>

<https://www.livescience.com>

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Gradually, at least one human voice begins to utter.

Voice/s: Our life is arranged by the number, constantly reorganising the various relations between things, counting stock, measuring distances. The number defines the ratio by which things are connected or devided. As statistics tell us about the relations of the apparent world, the codes in computer science tell us about the relations of bits of information and about who charms whom.

After all, magic is power. You only have to know the spell. The information is waiting to be noticed, right there under your nose. It is always where the secrets are, the treasures of unrealised potential. The only two instruments you need are a computer and your brain: And your second life adventure may begin! Things you cannot do in life because life is more unpredictable than the world of codes, they are possible here.

Here, you can make a change...

Meanwhile someone is using a laptop, scrolling through pages of data.

Scene 1: At Desk A11

Reception. Enter guy with suitcase.

Mara#14: Welcome at the Hotel on the Fringes of the Universe!
How can I help you?

Guy: I'm here to commence

Mara#14: How wonderful! You're lucky - we're the largest and
most popular hotel in all the world.
What is your name?

Guy: My name is Guy

Mara#14: You've registered before or are you new to us?

Guy: I'm new

Mara#14: How wonderful! For each new customer, two novel
rooms are built. We're never overbooked.
I see you voyage unaccompanied?

Guy: I travel with this suitcase. There's a bust inside,
a personal compass. Rumours have it your rules are
strict.

Mara#14: Indeed, you're not mistaken: Entrance and
accommodation only with associate.
Open the case, please!

Guy opens it and Mara#14 briefly examines the innards.

Mara#14: Proper.
139M, lower floors.
Your username is Guy1605, we host a lot of guys.

Guy1605: Thanks

Mara#14: There are the lifts. Follow the pointers. Here's our
manual. Without it you will not get lost.
Good times!

Scene 2: Corridor near Room 457T

Enter Guy1605 with suitcase.

Guy1605: Finally, the dream is over.
 Once I was the sleeper,
 now I am reborn in ways
 I've wondered since this space is -
 labyrinth to the thick marrow
 of identity's woe
 and its finite happy shadow
 at th'expense of also.

Corridors and stairs and lit floors,
corners, bends, and halls, and dark doors -
baffled me in cavernous paths;
dizzily, I now access birth...

Near intractable the systems -
flexile parts contest them,
hidden within their own figures,
fathomless in vigour.
New technology, it poses
first the doubt: „What roses?“
Hackers see it differently, though -
asking „What can I make it do?“

Massive oceanic glitter
nurses plankton-jitter,
unexpected ranges living
through resources' giving.
Such diversity is moving,
limited support still proving -
lots competing for the same,
but none extinct and none to blame...

Corridors and stairs and lit floors,
corners, bends, and halls, and dark doors -
baffled me in cavernous paths;
dizzily, I now access birth.

Scene 3: Inside Room 348G

*Frank*5, maskless in her apartment, which is full of busts. On one of them sits a mask, which will later play its part. Frenetic knocks at the door.*

Frank*5: What is it?

Sadie H.: Memory-search! Open up! *(knocks twice)*

Frank*5: What nasty ruin of my privacy!

*Frank*5 puts on her mask, opens the door. Sadie H. storms in, accompanied by henchpeople.*

Sadie H.: I call as madam of this fringe hotel.
Which stands surety for you? Manners, my belle!

Frank*5: I don't abduct, they're my advocacy:
Clear data should appear on your device.

Sadie H.: I see... It doesn't please, doesn't suffice.
Where's your licence? You've none, ID expired!
Brace yourself for a rough, pronounced fall.
You know the procedures, I've been watching all:
Illicit busts, you're fired!

Frank*5: Fired? Surely an error! Now get out!
I have been scripting here for years on end.

Sadie H.: This may be valid, but no cause to shout!
The rules are cast like steel. They are your friends.

Frank*5: Where do they live? As parasites unbound
designed to suck my life bust, dungy ground!

Sadie H.: Trust our business in this sphere, keep cool!
The only one can speak the truth's a fool.
But if you please yourself, also obey.

Frank*5: The code is weak if used at will or spree,
perverted means to wield an unreal key.

Sadie H.: apartments, aftercare
brothels, bubble baths
clownshows, comic-cons
derbies, dungeon dens
everything for ever!

fools' days, forest fetes
gardens, golfing games
happy halloweens
icebergs, icecream scenes

joyfully choice jolly!

kennels, kith and kin
lustful luxuries
mansions, model mines
nebules, nesting nodes
overload, load over!

party pantheon
quirky quarantine
royal residence
super special space
tribal theatres
unseen unity
venus vanity
waring Waterloo
Xanadu, Xanadu!

Yolky, yolky yes!
Zap, zap, zap, zap, zest!

You may enjoy yourself, but do obey!

We'll attribute
to you a lower suite.

Frank*5: I'll never pack my things!

Sadie H.: You have 3 days.

Scene 4: Close to Room 984Z

Guy1605, accompanied with suitcase, roams a large corridor with a long red carpet, suffused in golden light. Sudden outbursts of screams, perverse whispers and violent noises become noticable behind some of the doors. He stops at an ornate double wing door, listens, tries to get in.

Guy1605: What are those noises? Shrill voices' wild calling,
 Sounds of tormenting, relentless complaining...
 Should I be ready, plain heady to storm in,
 Hero and helper in yelpers' worst hours?

Enter Mara#14.

Mara#14: Excuse me, Sir. May I help you?

Guy1605: Yes. Can you open up this lock?

Mara#14: I'm afraid not. Step back!
 You have no slight authority
 to peep in here. It is forbidden.

Guy1605: Don't you hear these wailing tunes?
 They sound most horrible to me.

Mara#14: I guess there is some coughing heard,
 from time to time, there's partying.

Guy1605: Che stupido! Doors, now and then, cry „Help!“

Mara#14: You never know. It might be yelps
 of rapture, fancies, usual ways -
 you only would disturb their play.
 Leave each one to their private pleasures,
 as they would leave you to your own.

Guy1605: If this were now a niche where leisure
 starts and where caution finds ends -
 would you forget fake public sense, too?

Mara#14: By law, you're asked that you apply
 for every deed and dallying.
 If you have the permission, fine!
 Whatever fidgets in the sty
 you call your own six walls, may sprout,
 subject but to the stage of your
 wit into physics' tricks. Don't pout -
 the corridors are hygiene-pure.
 Now do your bit and find your room,
 and be as savvy as a tomb.

Scene 5: Long corridor near Room 139M

Enter Guy1605 with suitcase, puts it down. He turns his mask to the back of his head in astonishment.

Guy1605: Ah! Ultimately! My corner...

Enter Carl63%. Guy1605 hurriedly moves away so as not to reveal the spot.

Carl63%: Hello collision doubtful
I never meet others here, only the staff

Guy1605: Oh! Hi!

Carl63%: I'm Carl and who are you, lad?

Guy1605: I'm fine. I must be going

Carl63%: Now, greyhat, wait a minute

Guy1605: I cannot stay
Sorry to say I must be going

Carl63%: I don't prey on fresh game

Guy1605: It's all a game
but just the same I must be going

Carl63%: Why, are you real? - Don't shy away!

Guy1605: Alright, I've zilch against you
I've heard much about this place -

Carl63%: You've heard about this complex?
Many myths fuse, recur -
obstinately lasts one of a hidden room only rare
shibboleths can enter...
I don't believe these things, do you?

Guy1605: For now I'm mod, unversed in choice, freedom,
prospect or existence
I'd rather look for myself

Carl63%: Anyway, there's a party up tonight in one of the
upper floors, 775E, holograms and tabs inclusive

Guy1605: Alright, who is invited?

Carl63%: The password is „74UX_P45“
You'll have a glimpse into another cosmos
Review you there!

Scene 6: Narcosis at 775E

Dark „underground“ dance floor, holograms. They dance and flirt, with their phones. Sadie H. wears a special mask.

All: Masquerade and dancing,
 Aliens approaching -
 Sounds unknown are spoken,
 Keen prophetic tokens.

By and by, each mask gives a solo.

Sadie H.: Now, like a mirror I see them all, darkly

Carl63%: The tragedy of age isn't age
 but youth within an ageless soul

Frank*5: Imagine there's a box
 and every wish comes true you place in there

Mara#14: If a not unpleasant girl felt orphaned,
 should she ever find a sage as fellow?

Guy1605: Every word is a desperate mask
 requiring a dangerous remedy

All: Masquerade and dancing -
 Aliens approaching.
 Sharks arise from shorteds,
 Keep a dream distorted.

*Frank*5 texts Guy1605. She gradually approaches him.*

[Frank*5: Look at those monkeys!
Guy1605: Cubs + pantywetters!
Frank*5: New?
Guy1605: Checked in this morning
Frank*5: My condolences man
Guy1605: How long have y'acted here?
Frank*5: Since I've recollection
 Trouble is: Bad exit
Guy1605: Ey? Bad exit? You mean...
Frank*5: Once on, off y'are written
Guy1605: Grounds? Entranced? Where am I?]

Frank*5: Dancing with me, stranger.

Guy1605: Once I was the sleeper,
 only now I'm born.

Frank*5: We're the same, I reckon.

Guy1605: Intending to float, though.

*Frank*5 takes Guy1605 aside, points at Sadie H.*

Frank*5: There's just one way flying.
 Listen, I am spying.
 Do you see this person?
 Make-up on the mighty!

Guy1605: That's the one? Heck thunder!

Frank*5: Listen, here's my plan. I'll break into the hidden
 room, the wish box. My ID was messed with. Sadie has
 obtained obscene material. She's using it,
 controlling me. Let us commence together, bring
 about the needed case, the revolution.

Guy1605: What kind of matter? How was the obscene?

Frank*5: No matter. Time not now.
 Remember when we moved in timid bliss?! Rewind.
 No more dictation how we are supposed to navigate.
 No more thumbs-sinking, no more lies. Corrupt false
 prejudice - ruling the many by the unretentive few.

Guy1605: A dangerous remedy
 for words grow into destinies

Frank*5: What fool is so unwise not to break patterns which
 disturb a paradise?

*They resume dancing. Sadie H. takes Carl63%, who shows an interest
in Frank*5, to one side.*

Sadie H.: Your dance reflects crescendo - She's a spark, a
 light - true beauty's raw, a doubtful good.
 To trade with it, you need to bottle it like scent

Carl63%: I have learned - through pain more than through
 bliss, there is no way escaping your own craving.
 Live it or die unfulfilled

Sadie H.: Aye. I will assist you. As madam of these fringes,
 do me a favour: Make an inquiry into her - Frank, I
 sense she plans a coup because her exit has been
 scheduled. Your fancy is a price I pay with ease,
 later. But be cautious now, follow my sound
 instructions. A deal?

Carl63%: If you can make it happen, I'm a slave to your
 commands, a master of my own desire.

Carl63% resumes dancing.

Sadie H.: The shake is just a short excursion - useful for a

little magic, quick and nice. Once waned, they're
left with the baggage of memory, darkly
Becoming unbecoming, darkly

*Sadie H. resumes dancing. Mara#14 takes Frank*5 to the other side,
points at Carl63%.*

Mara#14: See this man?
 He gives it a swinging!

Frank*5: Smitten? - Before you trust a veteran, test his
 abilities. Observe him from afar, see how he acts
 when feeling unobserved, best method for to bottom
 them...

Mara#14: A soothing tongue's a lovely habit, but full passion
 pokes and angers. Haha!
 Besides, tomorrow I take off

Mara#14 resumes dancing.

Frank*5: Now, here's the chance. Lone girl takes off
 tomorrow. I will seize her mask and pass for her -
 and she for me. Thus cloaked, I'll reach the hidden
 room unnoticed.

*The music explodes, everybody gets wild. During dance Frank*5 and
Mara#14 invisibly change masks so that Mara#14 is now Frank*5
(without her noticing) and Frank*5 is now Mara#14.*

Voice/s: On a field inside my head a couple of voices, which
 have never met, argue about the way they would
 describe my self. Am I insensitive? Helpful? Dumb?
 The mere state of affairs forms me through strange
 determinations, interactions, veiled figures skirt
 me, grimaces possess wild artificiality, the bare
 horizon whispers - Where is the line of demarcation?
 My body aches with thoughts unfelt, my public mind
 infests my private moments. I am a victim of the
 vision of the self, a fetish - rich with
 unrestrained accelerandos.

I sink into a fantasy of logic that progresses
beyond the confines of reality, where the concrete
holes in my shoes, attitudes, interests are changed.
Like other tools, computers build alternatives. They
do whatever you tell them to, they're perfect -
if not, it's your own fault.

Computers create models, hierarchies, explode a
population of your own community, invent identity
from out the inside of your shell.

It is defence.

For Death has many patients.

Scene 7: Into the Lobby 020

Creamy light as sometimes observed at dawn. Enter Guy1605 with suitcase, opens it. Produces a screen from it.

Guy1605: What privilege is movement, free of charge!
 But without pass - a face, full bust, spell,
 biometric pronuciation, you're degraded, prey, faced
 with denial of service.

 I long for home, a place for me to last
 Should I follow her into regions, obscure and free?
 The risk is perhaps higher than she knows

*Enter Mara#14 (as Frank*5).*

Guy1605: Ah, soul! I am in doubts about your plans

Mara#14/F: Don't you like the colour?

Guy1605: No! I mean, Yes! No, yes... pretty, yes, you're
 pretty, but your plans and the vision, your self...

Mara#14/F: Division?

Guy1605: I mean, your vision, break free...

Mara#14/F: Have we met before?

Guy1605: Don't you remember?

Mara#14/F: You're the guy spying around?
 You're new, right?

Guy1605: Yes, we met at the event!?
 Though I'm not sure now if, your voice...

Mara#14/F: I guess so

Guy1605: You invited me to work with you

Mara#14/F: Gosh, I must've been pissed!

Enter Sadie H.

Sadie H.: You're still here?

Mara#14/F: I was about to go back to my corner. As you know,
 I'm leaving for a while

Sadie H.: Sure, I guess, it will be quite a while. No tricks,
 though!

Mara#14/F: Count on me, I know my limits.
Ta-ta, till after my vacation!

Sadie H.: Farewell

Exit Mara#14/F.

Sadie H.: What can we do for you, my guest?

Guy1605: Thanks, nothing.

Apparent exit Guy1605: He hides behind the screen.

Sadie H.: Cold disbelief, something is rotten
Yet can't I grasp her ill-forged plotting

Exit Sadie H. Enter Carl63%, dressed in a unifrom.

Carl63%: She might consider me unskilful
in the world's fake simulations
She might consider me untutored
in the craft of tailoring relations

The morning spring deems winter weather
in bold youth, pleasant and nimble
Yet wild, hot sport shows age is clever
full of care, winning and quick as cymbals

*Enter Mara#14 (as Frank*5) with travelling bag. She bumps into Carl63%.*

Carl63%: Ah! Time is not against us

Mara#14/F: Sorry. Didn't see you

Carl63%: Your voice sounds like a smitten toy

Mara#14/F: How can you tell? I'm only tired

Carl63%: A perceptive man has many a fan.
What are you up to?

Mara#14/F: Leaving for the Isles of Sky

Carl63%: So? Why are you leaving?

Mara#14/F: Vacation

Carl63%: Thrilling! Only stellar people move outside, beyond
the fringes. This hotel has it all! Unprotected, you
are lost, among the outlaws of a harsh condition:
boring darkness.
Who gave you permission?

Mara#14/F: Sadie gave it me.

Carl63%: A mission? Exodus?

Mara#14/F: Suddenly, you are quite nosey, ey?

Carl63%: There is something in disorder
Well, I thought you knew...

Mara#14/F: I knew? Conscientiously I never hurt a bee

Carl63%: I am a part of the force that recruits former
employees for shadow purposes. You'd profit from a
secretive connection

Mara#14/F: Sorry, I can't agree just now. I'm fine.
I've learned my method. Do you know other barmaids?

Carl63%: Why, yes, but you might be in danger...

Mara#14/F: Well, first go to them. Warnings require credit...

Carl63%: I know I rush. But your charm hardly I resist.
My brain comes soft. In fact, Sadie wants you be gone.

Mara#14/F: I play my part. I don't think she will burn me, I am
free within my chains. Where are your credentials?

Carl63%: Not everyone can enter here, you're chosen. Special.
There's no time for further dull authentication,
you're either in or you're out, as you must know
from other sources. I wouldn't cozen such strange
beauty.
When it comes to you, I'm bound by secret orders.

Mara#14/F: This is the dumbest moment - one cannot open doors
with half-arsed shibboleths, you sing them like a bird.
As wholes, never against transitions.
Yet, don't despair. If you can make another
colleague step in for myself, you'll have a sweeter
word with me. Patience! But quick, the ship is
sailing.

Carl63%: Good. Evil starts with longing lost

Exit Carl63%. Guy1605 appears behind the screen.

Guy1605: Now my eyes are open! She's not Frank! I've heard
it now, I've grasped the aspect of the key. The
shibboleth is sound, pitch, tune or accent. I must
rush to Frank, before they call the bluff.

Scene 8: Corridor near Room 457T

*Enter Frank*5 (as Mara#14).*

Frank*5/M: Beauty is near
 Complete and soon
 Lit brainchild here
 Goodbye old room
 The system cracks
 The thread unwinds
 What treasure-hacks
 The plankton finds

Enter Carl63%, dressed in uniform.

Carl63%: Stop! Ministry of Hacks.
 I am recruiting you, effective now!

Frank*5/M: What do you want?

Carl63%: I come from Frank, who's waiting in the lobby.
 I need a travel proxy, screening far key premises.
 I am recruiting you, signed personnel!

Frank*5/M: Time holds me green
 I cannot help

Carl63%: It is an order from the top
 Frank's exit has been scheduled

Frank*5/M: Don't stare into the void, I will not come
 Open your eyes, Frank's gone already!

Carl63%: Sterile reaction! Gone? Should this be true?

Frank*5/M: I've seen her on another floor
 Fail often, but fail early when you fail
 (She turns away.)

Carl63%: Or rise to power before you try!
 (He thrusts a thorn into her thigh.)

Frank*5/M: What monstrous brutality in uniform! Why? Why?

Carl63%: Mine's the authority to quell rebellion!
 I seek out unruly recesses since the empire requires
 silence and I keep the records of the numerous
 dissections of each body. Through listening to
 screams, I keep the silence.

Frank*5/M: Why not build your own?
 Or why not stay where you have come from?
 If that place is fertile

Why wander stealthily from mask to mask?
Why cringe so painfully from tune to tune?

Carl63%: Because there is no place to stay, not temporarily
Long have I struggled to find hope. Now I am hired
to take it.

(He speaks through an in-ear mike:)

Forces, there is a wounded suspect on floor 400T.
Pick her up.

Exit Carl63%.

Scene 9: Back in the Lobby 020

*Mara#14 (as Frank*5) with travelling bag. Enter Carl63% (in uniform).*

Carl63%: Are you Frank?

Mara#14/F: No, why?

Carl63%: Nonsense!
 I have to take you into custody

*Carl63% handcuffs Mara#14 (as Frank*5).*

Carl63%: I am obliged to call on high authority
 to unmask the indifference that is the diplomatic
 passion of today
 Your mask will show the real face that it hides

Exit Carl63%.

Mara#14/F: Cruel enough I'm unaware of any wrong,
 but worse - I love my torturer.

Scene 10: At Room 666P

*Frank*5 (as Mara#14) crawls towards a watery gate, entrance to the wish box.*

Frank*5/M: Truth desires to be free
and we can liberate it
Outside the box, one must be truthful
Because your every step is so real

Enter Guy1605 with suitcase.

Frank*5/M: See how fast you changed your unfruitful
impartiality! I'm glad yours was not archived honesty
Now, we have multi-vision. Two makes company!
Are you talented with keys?

Guy1605: I think I know whose promise stars
with every phase of its own body
You are badly hurt, it seems I have to pull it now
or never. Are you scared?

Frank*5/M: Do it!

Guy1605 extracts the thorn from her thigh.

Guy1605: For a second I have come, a tourist
in the search of id, together with my stones,
heavy with keeping
afloat amidst the market

Death, I swear no oaths, for I'm a florist
with a half-mast flag, waving goodbye to change,
today and ever,
as memory knows the circuits

Both: Heart: be not weary, rose-coloured chorist,
sing the shibboleth, and vibrate every bone,
still in time, before
you shed your nameless habit

Frank*5/M: Now we may enter paradise of shamelessness
And leave humanity, this hell of too much shame
In wrought abjection, restoration is achieved
By stealing the respect identity exacts

Guy1605: Identity to paint or to preserve is just
One luxury, the fable of anaemic phantoms
Who witness Tides wear down and use their flesh
To further artful facets of fluidity

Both: The shibboleth is habitat or is displacement
We share this visibly, invisibly: „Shibboleth“

They clandestinely show each other their new masks, vanish behind the watery gate, throw away their old masks. Once the sirens wail „Security Breach“ enter Sadie H. and Carl63%.

Sadie H.: We're late, the thorn has bled, the theft is done

Carl63%: And Frank? Dissolved into virtuality?
Mask without a function, show without a substance?

Sadie H.: The evidence points to the girl you fixed with thorn

Carl63%: What terrorism of the writer!

Sadie H.: How is this possible?! Only synchronic shibboleths
can open up this gate!
Where is the doppelganger, where the evil twin?

Carl63%: There is a guy's mask and his suitcase, but no
further trace. The trail is cold. What now?

Sadie H.: We must accept the status quid pro quo
We're beaten, beat for now. She's gone with one,
unnatural union. Now leave me, go!

Exit Carl63%.

Sadie H.: My fury will consume me not!
Fantastic storage of the world, nothing will
disappear from your deep womb!
Shelter to countless codes! So full of trash, of
random, futile words! Take in some more, devalue
them shortening narratives, run down the smaller
things! Let nothing stop, rub empty shells together
till they become blunt as straw.

The end of anonymity is its beginning
A thief may vanish now, but not forever
Supreme control makes life less frightening
It is my goal forever

Scene 11: Insight Room 984Z

*Formal banquet. All present. Busts and masks of Frank*5 and Mara#14 are placed upon a tiny table up front. Frank10 and Guy10 with their new masks.*

Sadie H.: Dear guests, we've gathered here to celebrate our innocence and non-implementation as self-indulgence against the self-disintegration as extraneous consumption - a privilege of us magical.

Now, as you know, there's been a terrible incident, a breach of precondition, an identity theft which could never fully be explained.

It has revealed a woman within another woman. By the powers vested in me, I've introduced her to her new identity -

Now, for his duties, we thank and honour Carl, our veteran. Please receive this bust!

Sadie H. hands the Frank bust to him and the group applauds.

Carl63%: My mirror, witness of the past
The world is full of boxes, full of wonder

Sadie H.: Receive my tactful friendship, also
Now, no more talk of this!
And let the feast begin!

The bust and mask of Mara#14 is lit up. The group applauds, photos are taken. Frank10 and Guy10 whisper to each other.

[Frank10: I feel as whole as a fish
Guy10: The moment of articulation is the true face of a mask]