It was as if he noticed that the bells had stopped weeping blood, and the sun had ran out of tears, for within his realm of behavior, there was no possible further explanation beyond the obvious. Sure he had met with Michaelangelo before, and they had discussed that possibility. He had met Michelangelo in what seemed like an under-ground black market shop in the streets of Takyam- Batum, where he was once a refugee for having made trades with the Russians. He had counterfeited so many circuits, and changed the flavor of the steel from Silicon to Zinc.

“That is the problem with these idiots” – he used to tell him. “They never know when something is real or not. It’s the beauty of transforms and spectral analysis, all contained within years of academic training of lines.”

And yet, again, that time when he walked by the outside skirts of the Badlands, that smelled like the Tundra, and had a cold burn like if the Poles were out of sync, he saw his face from the third floor window of the huge conglomerate headquarters, and he was smiling at him; As if he had finally understood.

“ Don’t be shy now!”, Michelangelo said with his eyes, and holding somewhat of an asymmetric grin. “It’s ok, to hurt people if you are doing the right thing. Mr. Ratan from the Police Department should know better, than when criminals are killing kids, and raping women, then some people deserve to be shot. Criminals deserve to die? Don’t you agree that the world would be a better place without them?”

But Rafael was afraid of making justice; of being that one person who’d proclaim to be the “Justicierus Propius” of the town of Ragmadda. Michelangelo suddenly appeared behind him, and whispered in his ear, “Don’t worry boy, this is not a dream; this is not a fantasy; and behold that to some extent, our world is a fantasy where our people take the train, and the cab looking over each other’s should pretending as if they did not speak the same language. Does making you a Justicier, make you better than me? Or than the poor old man right next to us who will die on the streets like a rat in the next 2 days? No it doesn’t. You are just as equal as to all of us. But the difference is that your decisions and choice will impact people lives directly. Let me show you.”

And they suddenly warped into the same world they lived in but where there were no smells or color, or filled in regions with reflections, there were only lines and outlines of all the habitants of the civilizations, and their buildings; you could call it a paper-town that represented their microcosms. Michelangelo showed Rafael the beauty of lines, and the beauty of cutting them to drift people worlds apart. “Look”, he even said, “I can even make those two people fall in love: That man right there sitting, with an awkward frown would love to make the girl right in front of him happy in bed. But he’s a wussy. He won’t do it. But I can.” He made a pause. “In fact, you can. You try”.

And Rafael, confused, amazed and realizing that his own body was purely made of lines, went towards the couple, within this parallel dimension, and drew a line between their lips. “What do you think is going to happen?”, asked MichaelAngelo. “They are going to kiss, when we go back” – Rafael answered with determination for the first time since they’d met.

“Exactly”, replied Michaelangelo triumphantly.