Momo: Good evening.

Cassiopea: -

Momo: um, hi?

Cassiopea: -

Momo: Oh, so you're only an ordinary tortoise after all. What a pity, how wonderful it could have been to have someone to talk to.

Cassiopea: HM.

Momo: Oh, so you do talk! What is your name?

Cassiopea: CASSIOPEIA.

Momo: why didn’t you say so in the first place?

Cassiopea: HAVING DINNER.

Momo: Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you. All I'd like to know is, what is going on around here?

Cassiopea: THE STARTS SHINE BRIGHT.

Momo: Yes, thank you, I can see that. But I meant – why is everybody so sad lately, rushing around all the time?

Cassiopea: WE DON’T CARE.

Momo: But, do you know?

Cassiopea: NOT THAT IT MATERS, BUT YES AND NO.

Momo: Well, if it doesn’t matter, you could tell me. After all, it will make no difference.

Cassiopea: HA, CLEVER CHILD. WE DON’T KNOW OURSELVES, BUT YOU CAN ASK THE ADMINISTRATOR OF TIME.

Momo: How can I get to him?

Cassiopea: BY CHOICE.

Momo: And where shall I turn?

Cassiopea: FAR AWAY, BEYOND TIME AND SPACE.

Momo: Thanks, that was nice of you.

Cassiopea: NOT AT ALL.