Chapter 6.2 – in demand of an Apology – Part 2

A Way of Thinking

We all have to learn. Constantly. And while doing so, we're bound to make mistakes. Or well … what would appear to be mistakes when being super stern and „omnipotently critical" of everything. Matter of fact … this very thing here, right now, would qualify as a mistake. Except … there's exceptions to the rule – in, I would assume, a wide range of permuations. And to know when to make exceptions is … one of those … I would say ‚impossible things'; Because by itself, it's *unknowable*.

If *this* were a mistake; Then it shouldn't exist. Except when the justification of a mistake were an important lesson to be had here. But then there would need to be a circumstance within which I should do the wrong thing; Which is paradoxical. But, also, neither of the two really applies here.

I'm currently supposed to learn a lesson – which, to me, is something like … *the Eternally Final Lesson*. Putting it this way certainly helps me – NOW – for else I'd have to name it more comprehensively. And I don't even know … . Oh. Yea, sure. So – in simplest terms: I shouldn't be doing ‚this', but instead I should watch some „TV Stuff" or play a Video Game. Something about balance and ignoring the pressures of things like duty or purpose. And it's difficult for me. At least in this lifetime it doesn't take very long, for me to assign some kind of purpose to anything that I'm doing – and then following in its footsteps there's duty. And that then is a way to allow the pressure of performance to sink into activities that are supposed to be recreational.

A bad habit!

And quite possibly „a paradox that can't quite possibly make sense". Well. I certainly thought that *now* is a really good moment to write about *these leisurely things*; As to also get some distance from having duty infest my videogaming experience. Then, on the other hand, this topic has been set up for me. To say, I had the idea, some thoughts, some sticky concepts and then some inner turmoil between this and that; And then it just so happened that some internal pressure valve was released so I could obsess over this „silly game" – doing something I was looking forward to; If I ever had the time. Eventually it occurred to me that there's still this and that, that I had/wanted to write about. Thought came upon thought – and eventually I felt like I had missed the moment; To stop playing and start working again. But this time I understood that I was to learn a lesson – and thus I wouldn't allow that to get in the way of my ongoing obsession.

It's – we could say – a lesson in ‚irresponsibility'. And I'm not sure how useful it would be, for You maybe, to follow my example. Technically I can't even be certain that this lesson is really what I think of it. There just are certain truths; And at times they seem to be in conflict with each other. Like leisure versus duty. So I would try to manage things as best I could; And over time certain things started to stick out. Well, … . That it's OK, sometimes, for instance, to just kick back and relax. But usually that would come in form of an excuse. Or a neccessary step of consciousness to excuse myself from burning out. And then there's that … cozy feeling of … some invisible Entity filing into the mood and encouraging it. Maybe some words that might as well be brainfarts. The concept of some „final lesson" was there, somewhere, but still in a way that would be more of a joke than something serious.

Then, recently, I felt inspired again. I got re-acquainted with *Crystals* -my I.T. project- and started to seriously do some work again. And then … there I was. One day … a variety of things were on my mind – and all of them ‚equally important'. Maybe the feeling was different – ever so slightly – relative to the nature of the thing. And so I just couldn't decide. I couldn't play the videogame because there was still *so much* else to do. I couldn't code because *-reasons-* and also my mind was pre-occupied by *topics*. I however also couldn't write because I wasn't in the *headspace* for it. And neither could I continue watching „TV Stuff" because I had to maintain some subjective sense of synchronicity with my day to day.

For a while I certainly felt super paradoxical myself. I literally – and never as ‚yes, actually so' – felt hungry and stuffed at the same time. Tired and restless. It certainly isn't a pleasant experience.

But yea, so I did the irresponsible thing and continued watching *Star Trek Voyager* while playing *Factory Town*. I would not mention it, but this Chapter here makes for a good exception to that rule.

I mean, I'm sure that not everybody on this Planet knows who Captain Kirk is; And it might be far less than „one" might expect. Even less would know who Jean Luc Picard is – although I guess the last name is a little bit of a giveaway to some. And even less would know about Captain Janeway. I myself was surprised however that I still remembered the … what's it called … Phase Variance of that Chronoton Torpedo that hit Voyager and radiated parts of its Crew.

We all live in different worlds; But credit where it's due: Speaking of Star Trek as of „TV Stuff" is like talking about Shakespeare as „Book Stuff" or to put Leonardo Da Vinci into the same sentence with ‚Techno Babble'. Not wrong, per se, but … rude.

And yet, I'm not super familiar with Shakespeare or Da Vinci – and quite frankly: I don't care all that much. But I appreciate that there are people who do. Even if I personally don't care; I'm sure that they inspired people that then ended up doing things that I personally do very much care about.

But so I don't want to leave You with the impression that You have to know, *say … all of Voyager*, to understand what I'm on about. It is however just easier, *and more practica*l, to refer to a thing without giving a complete summary of the whole of it; And that could be *interpreted* as posing some kind of conundrum.

Now … I'm not comfortable with the idea of telling, or teaching You „how to think"; But I've seen enough of the world, I think, to see it as a problem that I can't just pass on. „Think Mark, Think!" – a somewhat famous Meme says; And like so is media filled with Villains that are way to happy to share their ways of thought with us. That is … one thing. But also not *the* Thing. *The thing* would be to tell You how to look at reality, to have it make sense.

The thing we call *Human Decency* imparts enough safeguards upon us, to read the average „*Villain's Credo*" as socially and morally reprehensible. If we have compassion, we understand the things that speak to it, nourish it and proliferate it. And subsequently we acquire a sense of virtue. And it's not just fiction. Any responsible caregiver would try to instill a sense of friendliness and cooperation in the younglings they are tasked to care for; Counter to which it is „the Sith" that would single out ONE to teach them the qualities of anti-social behavior.

„That's how You have to think of it". Give or take. And my appreciation of Luke Skywalker was always to look at him as one who walked the Line. To be a „Grey Jedi", as some would call it. To neither be Jedi or Sith. Or rather: To be a Jedi minus the ideological baggage that would prevent him from embracing or at least interally comprehending the *Darker Truths*.

As a Lesson in Righteousness: Giving into Anger and Hatred – and all those things that lead to the Dark Side – only turns out to be evil if You also give up on Righteousness. To say: Yes, Righteousness is Superior. „And if their sins are as crimson as blood, they may become as white as wool" – or something to that effect.

Evil is who Evil does.

Turning Evil may be liberating at first. It is one way to get rid of all the unneccessary baggage; But at the same time You're also letting go of the good stuff. At first it might not seem important; And ‚selfishness' is one word we have for that state of mind. But sooner or later You'll start to miss it – and the evil genius would see to it that evil people may have it; While fraternizing around doing evil things. And to cut it short I should say: Within the ways of selfishness there is no salvation!

Or is there? It certainly seems pointless to try and argue about it.

The selfish person of the modern day doesn't care about the consequences of their lifestyle. Even more so they try to justify it. And not all of it seems selfish at first. We shouldn't indulge in the wasteful ways that have crept into our culture the last couple of years; Or decade or so. But you can. You can order food via the internet; No need to step in front of the door. You can order clothes; Try them on at home and send them back if You don't like them. Or if they don't fit. One might say that what's sent back ends up in a Landfill because it's more profitable to just throw it away than go through the ordeal of checking if it's still sellable. But that doesn't click with the selfish.

They think: The less time I spend outside, shopping or moving from here to there, the more time I have to focus on more important things. A side-hustle maybe. And if I don't indulge, it might go away. At some point it's also: „If I don't do it, someone else will". „That's how You have to think about it!". „Be selfish!".

By now the rain is toxic, but so: „You don't want to go out while it's raining anyway". It's getting tragically hot is met with: „Thank God for Air Conditioning!". Or „Palma de Malorca in the North Sea – Yuhay!".

One might say: The rain would have gone sour anyway; Or by that definition: Already has; So „do You want to be the only sucker alive that doesn't reap the benefits of it?". „You can't stop it anyway!". „If You can't beat them, join them".

And somehow, around some point, that's sold as „independent thought", or „rational thinking". And it sure is, if You think of Yourself as the onle one that matters. And before we talk about consequences, we have to understand that they may very well dream of the Post-Apocalypse. „Utter Anarchy wherein the Strong have finally consolidated their power upon the Weak." – A.k.a. „don't threaten me with a Good time!"

If it comes as it usually does, which is: Not as they would have it – it is yet as foretold and argued over and over again. Someway, somewhere, they would be someone speaking of the obvious mistakes that have been made as lessons to be learned from. Or maybe find a way to say that it was the plan all along. Certainly there are way too many selfish people these days; „It kind of diminishes the returns on being an asshole". „You only have to be one of those that make it to the other side!" „That's how You have to think about it!"

No! God exists – and no amout of ignorance is going to change that! THAT's how You have to think about it!

The fool may be taught that the ways of the world speak against the existence of a God, or at least a good one. They might even smear some verses from the Bible into Your eyes to make their claim sound believable. And perhaps that's what it means to be a *true Jew*.

It might then seem ironic that Nazis would hold the same beliefs – but it's not. It's all about ethnical superiority! Or – at least so one might be left to believe.

One would then continue to ask You to explain how a righteous God could allow this or that to happen. And before You start to question the veracity of carving out Your heart, they'll talk about Strength and Dominance; As though these were the true pillars of the Divine. But make no mistake: God innately holds all Power – all Strength and Dominion. The dominant theory suggests that an absence of this Power, Strength and Dominion gave birth to us; And that therefore we are free. And to us it might seem almost as an insult. But to God it would simply be a technicality.

What we can do is what mankind – sort of – has always done. To create a home that's worth living in. At least … living in the mortal planes compelled us to do so. To not look at ourselves as vapid bubbles floating through space and to not look at our fellow humans as abstractions of the environment we happened to occupy; But to understand that we all are, more or less, the same; Sitting in the same boat.

And we've come a long way. From treating each other as though we had a right to possess one another; To being more diplomacy driven, rational and sociable. For however much „the Darkness" might like to lay claim to the wealth of the modern day; Theirs is the waste that we would be better off without. It is within the spirit of tolerance and cooperation that this miracle of the modern day came to be – it is through the joy in living and appreciation of the arts that we could learn the values of freedom and individuality.

At the end of the day, we therein have virtue beyond the rule of might. Speaking of which: This subjective sense of Synchronicity that I mentioned earlier – which I irresponsibly chose to ignore – has me now sit here; Having Star Trek Voyager, Season 7 Episode 19 on pause. At the time, earlier, I had a few episodes in mind that seemed like … important. And so, once I got to those I wondered: OK, what now? S7E19 is called Q2 – and it is about the son of Q, Q (all Q are named Q) who is put on board of Voyager to learn a lesson about life.

The Q are an arrogant species. Within the lore of Star Trek they are virtually omnipotent. If You can write it into the screenplay, they can do it. Whether it makes sense or not. And, to be real, I like Q. I think he's misunderstood. But sure. If You're a mere mortal, in Star Trek, You might not enjoy it because they kind of have a thing for flinging everybody into life or death situations. Sending everyone into high alert; So, all in all … kind of stressful. Q is the kind of guy who would snap a finger to put someone into a „Penalty Box" – saying that if someone else were sent there; The one already in it would cease to exist. And they don't care about laying out comprehensive ground rules. And even if – they defintiely don't feel obligated to be charitable when it comes to following them. Q especially has a knack for insulting all the „mere mortals" he comes in contact with. To rub it into everyone's face that they are Omnipotent and that everyone else is beneath them.

Within the Lore, they simply have existed – always. Sometimes there's talk about some evolution that may or may not have happened; But at long last Q, the child of Q, is canonically the first Q that was born within the Q continuum. So, the Q became omnipotent and then stopped procreating. One of the Q sparked an outrage as he began to muse upon death and decided to kill himself. That's certainly something worth writing about. It happens rather often that I am reminded of that Episode. It is such a pessimistic outlook on Eternity and definitely feels like it's written by a narrow minded human. But eventually so a Civil War breaks out in the continuum – at the end of which Q and Q agree to conceive a Child.

Despite their weird antics, they do follow some moral compass – or at least do have a sense of responsibility. It is, here and there, vaguely hinted at that they maintain Order within the Universe. But Q, son of Q, was born as an Omnipotent being – into the Q Continuum – and since arrogance is one of the defining features of the Q, that means that the child only knows that he can do whatever he wants; Being effectively a spoiled brat.

Now, none of that really matters. I had a separate occasion to think of writing what I think of writing about now – so, it is merely by accident that this is now the „backdrop" for it. To say: It just is. And if You want something from me that You could quote, how about this one:

It is as it is, and sometimes that's confusing!
?

I'm struggling. With my life. This existence as a Mortal. Not that I know much about having ever been something else. My memories begin with my birth – and for all intents and purposes I'm just a normal human being. The one distinguishing feature I have is whatever imprints upon my Character my past lives have carried over. And I began noticing that; As sometimes certain thoughts would just feel as though I have had them once before – and the thoughts would be as water that falls into ridges. Kind of outlining a landscape that had previously been shrouded by Oblivion.

After I was baptized, I took note of this sensation of salvation. Some feeling of certainty concerning the life beyond mortality; And at occasion I found it amusing, in a way, to see myself as different from being merely mortal. Though my flesh may be so; I know myself to be more. And within the ways of the narrative it may so happen that this curiosity of perception might appear to be more than it actually is.

And then there is God. I know HIM to be with me; And I know HIM to be concerned about me. HE takes care of me. And while my social standing within the world I inhabit would require me to be passive; Beholdent to others; God would not allow me to fall for these ways. HE would encourage me to be selfish, in a way; Egotistical perhaps; As he lets me know that HE enjoys the righteousness of my heart and deems it to be worthy of that Crown.

It does however leave me with a conundrum I have endeavored to write about a few times already. My ego … it is what it is. But the world does not recognize it. To the world I'm just some

random person; Possibly with severe mental health problems. Nothing too severe however, for I know how to behave myself. Enough so to misbehave within the margins of tolerance. I certainly don't try to be intolerable; And where neccessary, God certainly provides me with that extra bit of leeway for my Character to breathe the air of royalty.

Therefore I know that the value and virtues of my heart don't mean much to the world. It may mean a LOT to the people that know me – but in as far as a healthy dose of humility is a part of it; It doesn't help me pay any bills or bring food to the table. My efforts and accomplishments don't mean a lot either. Certainly the world mostly only speaks one language; The language of money.

For a while it has puzzled me; How power comes to be. I mean, growing up in a democracy instilled a sense of ‚mutual agreement' within me. Some belief in some „Common Sense" if You so will. And the more You think about it, the weirder it becomes. It certainly is a big and complex thing; With a lot of things that have to be – or fall – in place for it to be. And that is certainly the bigger truth; The bigger picture; Where it just so happens that if You have a lot of money You can turn more and more pieces in Your favor. Some might then suggest to You that THAT is the Truth, the big picture. But no, it just exists within. Kind of like a parasite.

In the olden days, the Monopoly of Governance would be with the King. It is a simple story of divine right that would have people agree in who is on top. The King would demand taxes and with those taxes they would pay an army, Law Enforcement; And God willing: Take care of all the neccessities that a culture would need in order to thrive. And then comes envy; With money as a tool to act on it.

From that perspective Democracy is weird thing. Maybe even a cancer. For „who is this person" that claims to speak for the people? Is it not merely one with enough status and backing to be in a place where they might see eye to eye with the Monarch? And maybe with big enough of a purse to sprinkle in a little bit of „incentive" here and there to get this or that person to bend the order to their will? But what once they hold all the power? Would that little bit extra still be there? Is that how You have to think about it?

It would almost seem foolish to want to be the Monarch. Being the one behind the curtain would certainly seem more beneficial. And if You have an entire Church to „blast money up Your anus" – what more could You want?

But „the will of the people" is certainly a thing too. At least, at first, in the abstract. Though the circumstances of the day might add or take a lot from the standing of the ruler – as in the eyes of the people – „the public voice" is yet another part of it. If this voice chooses to speak of one person in particular; They become a public person. If it speaks only negatively of a certain party or idea; It may very well hold more sway than the facts of the matter. We've seen it!

This however is not THE voice. THE voice itself is more subtle – and a wise ruler could certainly extrapolate it from the circumstance. And so to me there is a gap. We could call it „the Abyss of Democracy". It is almost as a bottomless pit that infests the world with locust like creatures that are only interested in torturing us.

So, what are the demands of Governance, or Power?

I certainly find the issues that are carried unto my attention rather tiresome. It makes me wonder: If I had a corporeal host of angels at my disposal; To re-enforce my status within the Divine; Would people still be this way? And if so, what would I do?

And I think the Q are a good enough mirror for the sentiments that are aroused within me when thinking in these ways. To be amused by the narrow mindedness that mortality seems to encourage. To be fascinated by it – and maybe at times look past the pains of entertaining those ways to have a little chat with them.

I mean, You can't bring God into it – for, as Q You are pretty much the embodiment of God and that's perfectly fine for them for as long as they can defy You. And that would be that little bit of tolerance You would need in order to have some kind of social relationship with them. To not

snap them out of existence for being that little bit too defiant; But to not let them get away with their arrogant, ignorant insolence either. It's about establishing clear outlines of who can get away with what – and in that sense would be a bit of a game; Where You have to try to not kill them for whatever. Otherwise they would have You submit to them – and that's a whole can of worms that … „is as old as the Q themselves".

What makes no sense through mortal eyes defines a standard of its own.

I suppose I can appreciate being let in on the torments that the Divine must endure. It may be quite reasonable to assume that rivers of blood would flow from my temple; Should my divine status be made known; Along with the powers to enforce it.

All in all I should say – and acknowledge – that the presence of the Divine is a temptation in and of itself. There are a few Star Trek Episodes – I think; But there is one in particular. S3E04 – Who Watches The Watchers. It's from Star Trek - The Next Generation; Where some Starfleet Scientists have a hidden research outpost on some planet to study cultural developments. The technology malfunctions and some of the natives learn of their presence. They are introduced as an enlightened society that values science. But to them Starfleet technology seems like miracles; And soon they start to believe in anciet Gods again and devolve into ramblings of superstition – to the point where they think they have to kill someone to appease „the Picard". Eventually Picard tries to explain the technological Gap to one of them; And she seems to understand – but in the last moment still expects Picard to perform a miracle. At least is that one of those moments that has me think of this episode here.

How to explain the things that one will not understand? How often do we read open-mindedness for a sign that we are about to receive what we expected? How narrow-minded are we, ultimately, in our ways?

As Neo gets to talk to the Oracle in Matrix Revolution, he feels entitled in answers – not recognizing how he is at the Mercy of the Oracle. She is forthcoming and tells him what he needs to know – and both seem to be acting in good faith. Fair enough. But it is a bit of a trope not isolated to that movie; And I can't help but … be at least a little bit amused by it. It's … one of those things that works in a movie as it can be played to move the plot along, to build tension and add some relief and context – but it's also somewhat tone-deaf and missing the point.

Well, You certainly won't get a moment like that from God. HE won't be monologuing to You like the Architect either. Like so, there is no deception – but those of the grievances You hold in Your heart. For who would really care to know where the rat's tail ends? Who is the first to deserve an Apology? All things considered – in the now.

And that's another thing about Q. He is the counterpoint to Starfleet. The thing they cannot dominate; The thing they fear as they cannot subdo it. I mean, Star Trek authors seem to Love to drop the cast into some Low Tech society for „the Captain" or whoever to give yet another speech about how Technology might seem like Miracles to the less developed. Yet another speech to explain away the Miraculous.

Yes it is nice to dream; As it is nice to have the answers. We are born into the unknown – and that is forever a fact. We were not there from the Beginning, we don't see through the eyes of the Cosmos. What little we know comes at a price. It is certainly a fair thing for us to cherish it. To hold on to it. And to not allow ourselves to be bamboozled by some fairy tale that expects us to believe in the incomprehensible.

A Starfleet officer is very much in their right mind; Even after an encounter with Q; To talk about the marvels of Technology and how a „lesser mind" might interpret it. It is only fair for them to insist that they themselves are not Gods.

But sometimes the answers we hold don't hold up to the greater Truths of the cosmos; And the answers we crave may be little more than the cravaces of a restless ego.

Well. Do I have a point here?

To quote one of the wisest lines from the Matrix movies: „There is no Point!“.

Only „the Story“ – thoughts as a stream of water flowing down a riverbed.

So was I playing Factory Town. I like it. When watching a Speedrun it might seem overly simplistic. It certainly isn't as impressive as a Factorio speedrun. If You follow the Speedrun; Or even without; You can finish Factory Town rather easily. Factorio … is a whole different beast in that regard. But in a way it's like Apples and Pears. Factorio is like doing Agriculture on an Industrial scale, where Factory Town is more like a Banzai Tree.

What I'm getting at is that there was a vision of sorts. Some promise of joy from the tools I was aware of – and enough Character within the game to allow for Artistic expression. For instance are there Deserts; And it's the only region where Cactus Plants will grow. In the map I'm on there however are no Deserts. I don't need them to finish the game; And yet there's a trading post on a far corner of the map that would allow me to get some. And so I built some heavy infrastructure to get them. I would need Berry Jam; Which I have. But even better – near that corner is another trading post that trades berries in return for wheat. So I'd build a Wheat Farm – to make Bread which I could trade for coal which could be used to fuel the whole operations. I'd cart in some sugar to make the jam; And then some apples while I'm at it because apple jam trades for enchanted books which trades for picks which trade for gold ore. That would be easier than tapping into some gold ore deposit on some other edge of the map. It's an unholy concoction of chutes, conveyor belts and rails; – and at the end I only needed to ship in some cooked chicken to have a virtually endless supply of polished stones. And gold Ore. And free Coal. Which means: Just another building here and another one there; Another production site over there and another cart to the train … some conveyor belts and … ugh.

It's a vanity project – or some childish idea that is as far removed from a practical point as there might ever be one. And that's what this whole Chapter is like. There are some items, here and there, that would be necessary. Like … You need polished stones to finish the game. But they are easily made by a Stone Mason, from raw stone. The only problem is that it takes a lot of stones per polished stone; So, it is a bit of a Luxury item. You would kind of want a dedicated mine for that. If You want to maintain a healthy supply of raw stone that is.

But then, what better way is there – to speak of the ways of life; And how to think about it – but to demonstrate it. Like so? Yes sure; In some way this is super serious stuff (angry face); But what use is there in really taking it seriously?

Sure, playing some silly videogame isn't really „doing the deeds of Righteousness“ – but what even are the deeds of Righteousness at this point? If You keep looking for ways to argue against the twisted logic of the Wicked, You are getting wrapped up in their game of pretending like there's a sincere point to it all. And a first righteous deed would be to stop doing so. At least if it negatively impairs Your Life.

I should probably argue, that for as long as You think of them as „the Cool Kids“ – Your life is probably as empty as an old joke that's recited on a daily basis. An emotional addiction perhaps that is born from a twisted sense of acceptance or acknowledgement that is entirely born from throwing sanity out the window. Piece by piece.

Perhaps me building my little Factory Town won't change the world; But for me – personally – it beats talking to the deaf. I mean, if I were to get intensive care; Being invited here and there while getting carted around and getting it all for free … I could be moved to say that there's an appeal to it. Indulging in the „Cool Kid Lifestyle“ – but having a cozy evening in a cozy place with my prostitute collegues and a stack of wine and unhealthy food is … I should think … difficult to beat. For all the times I had to throw up in my life – this was the most pleasant one.

Yea, we all learn from our mistakes. Puking into the sink isn't such a good idea … I noticed.

Life is what You make of it. And that's not about looking for the things You do not have; But making due with what You do have. It will prevent You from chasing vapid dreams; And open Your eyes for finding the things You're truly missing.

Childish Trivialities

This is from the first Town I built this time around; So, not the one I'm currently playing on.

So, what You can see here is – in the foreground: A house that connects the upper Levels to the rest of the town. A pipe is constructed to also deliver water to it; Not that it makes much of a difference at this point. The beige buildings behind it are Workshops that produce books. You can see some cluttering up the belts; You can see the paper flowing in behind them; And You can see a surplus of cloth from some other part of the town flowing in to increase the production yield of the books. Between the stones You can see a red building peeking through; Which is the school that distributes the books to the town; Thus converting them into research points. To the sides You can see three of the four Laboratories that that convert regular books first into Level 1 Science Tomes – one for medicine and one for industry – and then pass it on to another Laboratory to convert them into Level 2 Tomes before outputting them to the School.
To the left You can see the Iron Wheels and Steam Pipe supply for the Level 2 Industrial tome – and in the back, below the „bridge" You can see the iron ingots coming in for the Leve 1 tome. These Labs are not to run at peak efficiency because at this point that would simply eat up a lot of resources (iron) that convert into research points that won't be neccessary.

The Silos are one way to move resources up a coule of blocks. They are certainly the thing You need to unlock before You can really start building in 3D.

Yea … at this point I'm really just indulging my childish need to share pointless trivialities … because it is at the end of the day what the opening to this chapter requires me to do. To not „explain away the miracle" – to not say: „Yes sure, Fun! BUT …" - but to give the often hidden or lost Truth the Light of day.

You don't really need to understand why I enjoy this game. It sure isn't „rock and roll" – but I'd say that when banging Your head too much, eventually the Joy fades into a headache. At the very least I can look past the issues of the day; And get lost in some passtime. In a way, I guess, this game compares to Kalto. The Vulcan Chess. You can try to build pretty – and eventually there comes a point when yet another addition; Yet another stack on top; Yet another set of belts accross the map; Tips the scale from neat into the chaotic.

But for as far as the passions of my heart were concerned; I was banging this game hard – and I'm not yet finished!