

* Translated by Lamy Steppenwolf from Chinese and Japanese versions with the help of google translator. I' m no native English speaker, so please, if you have any corrections or question, let me know. (Kasuteh at Deviantart)

RAM VI
Chapter 3.
RADIO HEAD *

Prologue

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- If we love one another, God dwellth in us,
And his love is perfected in us.
(John chapter Section XII)

"It's something you think of it in the end, Isaak?"

"Well? What do you mean?"

"Do not play the fool! Of course, our Miss 'ice witch' thing."

In order to say he don't want to talk to others; the dark-haired gentleman remained with his eyes dropped in disrespect to the lounge equipped also with the newspapers. The young man with dark brown hair confiscated the wineglass in his hand, and sharpened his lips in a wicked childish manner. The other raised his head, with a little looked at him with a slight censure sight, but he turned a blind eye and tilted his head toward the window. Outside of the window were white condensation drops and fluttering snowflakes over the night sea.

"She finally decided to determine the winner, right? Anyway, she actually called specifically to her own base camp to go. I think she is quite well prepared.

"Oh, is that right? I really do not know what is going on."

"..... Hey, you already know it, Isaak."

Time eleven pm - in a not very large, but posh bars, filled with well-dressed men and women, two men were talking. The bar was very lively.

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Last night the luxury liner "Bachelors Pride" left the capital of the Kingdom of Albion Londinium, two hours before, it had just entered the territorial waters of the Germanic kingdom, in fact, after three days and two nights through the Port of San Michele journey point. Today, those who came to the passengers on the deck, wanted to enjoy the last night on the ship. The young man with dark brown hair was looking at these passengers through the window, tilting his head in a little playfully manner. This white and beautiful face, so that everyone couldn't help but look back at him.

"You play the fool. There is a small habit of you, always licks the lips a little. So, I'll always see if you lie."

"Well, is that so?"

Hearing the analysis of the "Puppeteer", his companion ----- with waist-length black hair, wearing a dark suit as a general mourning gentleman suit---- was finally showing a glimmer of interest in his expression. He folded up his newspaper, he was about to touch his lips with his fingers, then he noticed immediately on the other side. With slightly wry smile and mischievous narrowed eyes the beautiful young man looked back at him.

"Teasing an innocent man is an interesting thing right, Puppeteer?"

"When the other person is you, it's very interesting, Isaak"

The Puppeteer saw that he was finally agreed with their conversation, so he gave him back the glass he just confiscated to show his compliment. Then, he was very free and easy to punch each other; he nodded, and then took another sip from his coffee cup. Indeed the ship was worthy of the name of whole Albion's most luxurious passenger ships, regardless which coffee aroma or taste, it was impeccable.

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"But you knew it was a trap, why do you go to Vienna Could it be because of that? You finally determined to fight to the death with them yet?"

"Oh, you mean why I'm going there nonetheless? Anyway, after all, the countess said, that Balthasar asked for advice. You're a smart man, since you think I've been aware of their plot - this perception should not be wrong – but well, they rarely specially invited me, if I flatly refuses to do so, I am afraid it is not polite."

"Oops, is that really so"

Although the "Magician" looked very serious, he was weaving his words with moral like a rhetorician. But the young man was watching him with full of joy in his eyes. He was like a kitten teasing the lion's tail. He added an innocent statement:

"Anyway, the party is for you. I'm afraid you have more terrible things in the planning, right? Mostly I can not imagine such a person to machinate anyway."

"To overestimate me like this is ridiculous, Puppeteer. I'm just an ordinary person, so I think we must try to pay attention to other people's manners but then again, you' would have been thinking that there is no right? Originally, they invited only me, why do you come along? "

"You don't understand it? -- Because things look very interesting."

"Ahhh, that's what I thought."

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The gentleman nodded with his head, it seemed from his expression, that the answer was not beyond his expectations. He filled the empty glass with wine again. He gently shook the glass with the yellow liquid, while lifted his eyes, which did not had any light.

"However, Puppeteer, if you're going to kill the time, is also fine, but to go there with me will be very dangerous. I am afraid you will be seen as my factions, welcome on their list."

"Such a thing has been considered long ago. But it's very much unexpected..... However, I am afraid the countess overestimating your strength, Isaak? She even really thought that your prestige and influence are enough to organize a 'faction'."

"..... There is one thing I would want to say, Puppeteer: Do you have a misunderstanding, to me as a complete social maladjustment, or a freak of a serious personality disorder, eh?"

"No matter! I can not misunderstand!"

Puppeteer answered the question of the other calmly, then took the wine bottle from the table. But this was not for his own drink. He had lack of the natural enzymes which degrading alcohol. People who love to drink are unable to understand existence of this. However, but only to those printed on the bottle label and trademark painted pattern next aroused his interest. However, the illustration affixed at it's side together with the brand on the label had attracted his interest.

" "Pale bride" ? What a strange name. Why wineries use this name as their logo?"

"In this ship "Bachelores Pride" is circulating a sad tale...."

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The black haired Magician took the bottle and played gently with the label with his fingertip. He looked with bleak eyes at the painting - a bride wandering alone on the deck ----- Then he began to show off his humble knowledge.

"It is said that in about half a century ago, at the time of the maiden voyage of the ship, the owner's daughter held on board her wedding. Unexpectedly, after the wedding, the groom was suddenly swept away by the waves and disappeared into the sea. The bride cried painfully, desperately looking for the groom, but ultimately failed to find since then, the bride has been constantly looking for her husband, even now. It is said sometimes, that especially in snowy nights is the anxious figure of the bride to see."

"Oh But, huh, this is only a common ghost story. An idiotic story surrounding the ship. And I wonder why each of them are so similar? "

"However, there are many other rumors. Some says that the groom was runnign away with another women, it was also said that in fact the bride will earn premiums and the groom was thrown into the sea."

"This version is a little bit more interesting, ah but in general, it's sill silly stupid."

The young man stifled a slight yawn, then the other pushed earnest a harangue. For him, there is no enemy more worthy of hatred than boring. Nothing more made him angrier than to have to listen to a long boring story. He had no more coffee on the table to drink, and then he gracefully stood up from his chair.

"Well, I'm going to bed. Even if I stay here any longer, it seems that there is nothing interesting."

"Well, good night. Indeed, now it's bedtime for children."

"For you the same. For old people it's like poison to be a night owl, Isaak."

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Puppeteer leaving a sarcastic and malicious discourse he turned and went out. The passengers exclaimed all around happily with a smile, while on the stage, a beautiful girl little listless began to sing French folk songs. But there was no sign of that even angels feel headache.

"I'm bored. This world is really boring...!"

Whith a long sigh, he was ready to walk out of the room when -

"Hoppla, Entschuldigung!"¹

Puppeteer nearly hit the face of an oncoming figure. He quickly stopped and politely nodded to the middle-aged man who came towards him with a rush motion.

"I'm sorry Did it hurt?"

"Ah, no, I'm fine."

Was it the beauty of the young man by what the thin middle-aged man was attracted? He used a stiff Franconian accent, the sound seemed a little unnatural. He looked through the askew black-rimmed glasses, pushed them up, and nodded slightly to the other. The man's face was very serious, he looked full of strong abstinence.

"I'm sorry, sir. I did not pay attention."

"Nothing, nothing, don't care. I just did not see the front, so I was wrong."

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Puppeteer cheerfully nodded and pretended not to notice the outstretched hand for a handshake. He was about to going out of the room, such as in this purgatory, but immediately after it his footsteps stopped, because a surprising voice reached his ears.

¹ „Oops, sorry.”

"Dr. Dupree? Excuse me, but you are from the Technical University of Lyon? Are you that Dr. Dupree whose artificial intelligence researches are authoritative?"

Puppeteer turned his head to his companion - Wizard just put the cup on the table and stood up. For no apparent reason, Wizard nodded very humbly and held the hand of the arrogant middle-aged man. Reminiscent of the butler of a prominent family he respectfully bowed.

" I think it's true. In fact, Actually, I have read your doctoral thesis, it's very interesting. By the way, you previously published essay called "hypothetical concept of neural network of artificial intelligence constructed within and it's prospects", I also read the papers, is really very wonderful ah! ah, yes, I forgot to introduce myself, my name is Isaak Butler, I work in Londinium in a small hospital. This is my little brother, his name is Dean."

"..... little Brother?"

Puppeteer seeing his companion casually fabricate an incredible lie, couldn't help but looked at him maliciously; it seemed that the anger of his mind could even destroy all mankind in satisfaction. Then he put on a calm posture, and quietly whispered to the other's ear in a loathe tone:

"Wait a minute, Magician. Why did you say that I am your little brother?"

"Ah, the problem is, it's really difficult to answer! See it from the point of view of the age, if I said I was your younger brother, I am afraid it's hard to believe for someone else. But if you really want to say it that way, I'd do not care"

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" That's not the problem, really ah, I'm sorry, I'm so rude. Nice to meet you, Dr. Dupre. My name is Dean Butler. I have often heard people speaking about your Ph.D."

Puppeteer secretly swore in his heart that one day he will cleanse this shame², but on his face he has worn a flattering smile. His last remark to the Professor was no flattery, but honest fact. Louis? Morris? Professor Louis Maurice Dupre from the Frankish Kingdom was a leading expert on artificial intelligence. In particular he has a very deep knowledge especially in the field of human-computer interface of artificial intelligence and human combination; it could be said that no other one in the world had it.

On the other hand, while Puppeteer was searching in his head about who is who, the Magician has lead Dr. Dupre to his own seat. His expression was excited, as if meet a friend after hundred years acquaintanceship, he pour wine very kindly for the Professor.

"Well, Doctor, where do you want this time to go? Did you make holiday in Germanicus? Or did you held a lecture in the college?"

"Ah, no. I was just going on holiday in fact, just a few days ago my wife had died So, I took a holiday, recently I was just idly wandering around."

² refers to the shame, made by Isaak with this little lie before

"Ah, really sorry, please forgive me just rudeness, but was your wife in the car when you had this accident, right? I heard that was due to brake failure or something like this I want to express my deep condolences."

Magician nodded to express his very graciously mourning. The way he told him his condolences was extremely impressive and suited him very well. If this tone remains, also could be read in a congratulatory message on a wedding, it must come a gloomy Requiem instead of the wedding march. ——— While playing with such a nasty fantasy, Puppeteer revealed a bored expression and turned away.

"Well, I want to go to rest now, Isaak."

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He whispered something; he was ready to turn away. Behind him, his fellow was still graciously alluring the Doctor with wine like Mephistopheles³.

It was to be feared, that the Magician was planning some wicked conspiracy, at least no good thing. All in all, with intelligent persons he does not have such a relationship. Puppeteer decided for some final words of irony in order to tease each other, before going back to his room in order to sleep.

"Don't drink too much! If you get drunk, it's no good, if you walk into another guest's room, 'big brother'!"

Even so, he felt very bored. The world is too boring.

While laughter passed over from behind, Puppeteer pretended to be deaf and walked out of the small bar alone.

End of Prologue

³ Mephistopheles, the devil who makes a contract with the doctor Faust in order to get his soul. (Goethe: Faust)