

**One hole in the cake, one fork on the plate.
By 404**



We're living in this year of Lord 2500. The secret service is playing old data files. There used to be a story of 404. This agent was a special one. We were looking for this type of organism for so many years. General headquarters could not believe this. But they were not the only ones in corps. They were also in church corps. And 404 used to be one of the best praying units in the universe. As his mommy taught him to plead by his hands in front of his cross in his small room, that way he continued for tens of years of his life. In fact communists and democrats were old friends. They never tried to sack old cloth like babies into the bin. There was a rule for ages in secret service agencies not to kill a baby. They calmly watched and sniffed many households. Sadly older ancestors of this agent 404 were murdered in higher age. Why? You will see later in this story.

Our little 404 was born in turbulent times of 1980. Eighties were fine, but there suddenly appeared some news United States discovered significant anomaly in genome. This was the ability to hear the thoughts of other humans and to see their visions in helping with crimes like kidnapping or murdering, homicide. As the man wearing black leather jacket for KGB, I am the one of not many witnesses in this case. We, NSA, CIA, GCHQ, MI6 or KGB are working together. In fact we are not enemies. You can remember Thatcher, Putin, Helmut Kohl, everyone of them cooperating with us and the world. 404 lived behind the iron curtain, it is well known about this case. From the early age we badly watched his steps. He was predestined for our little experiment. Nobody knew, not even his mum or dad. But grandpa a policeman was our type. As with the others we tried to get rid of him during doctor inspections. The reason was simple: He might uncover our plan to his grand child. 404 was a boy. This might be a tactical mistake to choose a girl for such a mission. As we know males are not only stronger, but many times overcome the females in many tasks. Psychology and sociology in my opinion describes women as more cruel ones. What we needed was a father engineer and mum subbie. With the agreement of the management we hypnotised a man with good IQ and a woman with a good EQ. They were carefully watched, inspected during their studies. The mother was a catholic and the father was highly talented programmer.

You wanna know more?

Let's write about it: As they were evolving in their relationship, the kid was born. He was smart like his daddy, but kind like his mommy. The scarf on his career was just the thing he really liked naked pics from the wallet of his mum. At the age of four it was the love at the first sight. Mummy I want to see your wallet with those Playboy stickers. Mummy was strict and it was immediately the smack on his buttie. This is of course not the core of our story. Just a little joke to say. As we said, KGB and CIA were always the friends. So we achieved to allow to the father of

young 404 to visit Austria. Every engineer from the staff loved this boy and CIA sold some special gifts to his father. Little 404 always complained about old Russian game console with one flashed game Pong. We secretly knew about the dreams of this youngster. What is more, we, USA had systems based on Gauss Ostrogradsky. Nobody knew we had CPUs commercially produced after 40 years. But let's back to our story. As father of 404 travelled to Austria he was offered a new gameplay for his son. It was Nintendo style console with colorful display and cars game. This concept was stolen from Japan and produced in our secret lab in Europe. What is more we tried to bring 3D visuals. A boy was really excited about it. He quickly noticed the system had holographic display. As he was playing the game the cars and rings stepped out from it and this was visible by pure eyes.

Soon he was six, it was the time to enter the primary school. He had many friends. One of them was Zara. She used to speak many gossips about the village, but the relationship did not last. Of course KGB was there for 404 and after basic training like reading and writing we were interested in the first programming courses. As the teachers were picking up the boys for the first glimpse with personal computer, we really made this a highly hanging fruit. We simply did not choose him. Every man in the service was smiling and soon the desire came true. We even did not try to tell the teacher, not the boy did so. He was simply hypnotised. We saw in his mind: Oh, I'd like to try personal computer and what is it about. The math teachress simply after this peep took whole class to test some PC games. They were pushing into small e-lab room and they were presented personal computers. The screen was orange and the shell blinked up and down. It was our sphere of influence, we were Russians, so we managed to cooperate with our Czechoslovakia colleagues and added M602 for DOS6 in 1994 for this school. Our project went smoothly and little 404 was studying his classes. What he noticed was, I have a stress too often.

What was our plan? Yes, everybody in the service knew this. We were able to develop artificial telepaths via our nano drones and Gauss Ostrogradsky theorem. What we weren't able to do was A NATURAL TELEPATH. Docs were smarties and they proposed antagonists of Tryptophan. Why? They had simple hypothesis: If Tryptophan lowers UV to fluorescent light waves, then the antagonist might rise these waves to bring up real natural telepath. The problem was we had to use Adrenaline and Korticoids on kidneys. We had a smart plan to switch between Adrenaline and Korticoids due to not create dependency of body. And the docs in Czechoslovakia did not notice anything. They simply saw during blood tests just normal levels sometimes switched by normal stress factors of pupils, students at school. 404 always noticed his stress but as were friends, we decided to free him during weekends. What is more as he reached 10 years, we managed to sell to his father aluminium not rusty parabola from our western colleagues Astra systems.

We pointed the boy towards Themen versehn RTL. Our German colleagues decided we can help him by having virtual sex. We needed to mask our hormones switches by endorfines. The boy was really happy when our German colleagues from RTL simply taught him to have some peak. 404 was catching many words from the session about Viagra as a hit for partnering. Every step of our plan was silently overthought. Our analysts did not do any mistake. With our planned weekend peaks the boy prospered well at school and his results were significantly better as endorfines massaged his mind. He was also full of nano drones but not in mind. We simply wanted to punish him from time to time. He noticed pain in the dick during toilettes but nobody found a stone in the kidney. He complained many times to his mum, she really did her best to visit docs, but as we were strong partners west&east we simply covered the situation.

Is it the end of this hot story? No it is not. At his fifth grade they just built a new school building. Many happy unpackings were switched by new friends from neighbouring villages. And we had a plan again. There she was, Emily. She was a math teacher's daughter. Smart cheeky smiling gal with a spark in her eyes. Among many friends they spent much much time together mainly creating announcements for the school board by personal computer. That time the youngsters had to choose whether they study English or German language. 404 was really full of doubts. First he chose EN, then DE, then EN. Teachress was really surprised counting students for German but one book was spare. Ah yes, little 404, finally this was EN. Pissed up teachress was again and again counting books but one was spared. That was the day 404 started his EN courses. And it is the story about strict teachress Niva. Their paths crossed only for a small amount of the time. Niva was our agent and she was tough. We gave her 2 universities but she refused to abandon her love towards 404. She even helped him to get diploma in English olympiad. Director of CIA could not stand her. The last drop was: She recommended to 404 better school than his son had. Yes, yes, they were competing with Emily many times in English olympiad and chess. Niva was in love with a kid and we had a problem. Her non professional behaviour had to be ended by CIA agents. KGB as the leading party proposed to place her elsewhere, but Niva was stubborn. Soon we got rid of her. It was of course accidental as everything in this case. She got a cancer and was soon gone.

What was next? We were pairing equals, not 40 years techress and jerking off 10 years old boy. Everybody in secret service was quiet. The director was furious about the mistakes Niva did, but we got rid of her in white gloves. Some teachers even noticed the chair Niva used was infected by us, but everybody was quiet enough.

And this was the free road for Emily and her favourite 404. They wre studying, meeting, playing games, listening to the music. Those evenings 404 desired for her body and never told her.

Ah yes, we CIA and KGB knew everything. He was hypnotised and every, every word from his mind was spreading towards the space. Time passed away and away and our primary school students were simply middle school students. They both achieved the secondary grammar school level. These times they were not physically together but many times they were thinking about each other. Our „little 404“ was there when Emily had broken heart, was there when her studying was hot and was also there when special occasions occurred.

What occasions for example? They had together a crazy idea for the church feast, they become just godfather and godmother with their siblings and simply become a family. Yes, this really happened and bang parents agreed children in church became family.

Oh we mentioned, 404 was hypnosed? Not only him. But also his partneress Emily. He notice her cheeky rhyming: „Eat well from your mummy, you're the army!“ Really strange feeling. Time passed like wild horses run and those two were university students. This time they had the first year tough, but hey 404 was suddenly in our barracks. Emily was studying English and 404 just Electronic systems programme. Of course you want to read about their first kiss?

Well it was the second year. She told him to meet her in her room. You can imagine the situation, the only barrier between the kitchen, living room of her parents was just the door. What do you think? Who was the first one being closer? Yes, Emily started speaking about many many problems on university with studying, with class mates. 404 was sitting in her comfortable chair, she was sitting on her bed. And suddenly it was the silence. They were closer and closer and it was the kiss. Yes, these girls can feel it pretty well. Little now big 404 really desired for her many times. And now we are the pair.

Some days later we sniffed their households as usually and they decided to announce to their parents what they apparently saw for many years, they were a pair. 404's mummy was a bit dissapointed and immediately warned her „little“ son not to do what he had in his head, and it was desiring for Emily's body. Oh, those mums, they always know. Big 404 promised to mum not doing any bad things with Emily, but still he had his desires about her.

Sad story is Slovak govt found out, we were doing everything not to uncover to Slovak govt, but they uncovered. They decided to end this romance immediately as they had other plans with our 404 boy. He was planned to become our new leader, helper, servant, mate. After classified checks in our barracks, he was immediately ordered to visit psychology inspection and Emily as she was our hypno slave was immediately sent to Great Britain. These days Emily is according to the plan happily married to her English husband as CIA planned and 404 is our new leader, so called general

in NATO. We made it safe. He is being used as we planned for advising as he is under hypno. We agreed to pay him a small rent as the thank you gift for his services. He is mainly spending his time with his mum.

And this is the end of our short story. But hey, it is the year 2500 now and I'm your son father. Yes, you did it, you have got a family. Rest in peace 404, you were not jerking off without a reason. The army took your sperm that night they started this plan...