

# Getting Sirius About Cats & Dogs

by  
**Ega Real**



**"I pick up another egg in the kitchen, I break its shell and shape. And from this precise moment there was never an egg. It is absolutely essential that I be a busy and distracted person. I am necessarily one of those people who refuse. I belong to that Masonic society of those who once saw the egg and refused it as a way to protect it. We are the ones who abstain from destroying, and by doing so are consumed. We, undercover agents dispersed among less revealing duties, we sometimes recognize each other. By a certain way of looking, by a way of shaking hands, we recognize each other and call this love. And then our disguise is unnecessary: though we don't speak, neither do we lie, though we don't speak the truth, neither must we dissemble any longer. Love is when we are allowed to participate a bit more. Few want love, because love is the great disillusionment with all the rest. And few can bear losing the rest of their illusions. There are people who would volunteer for love, thinking love will enrich their personal lives. On the contrary: love is ultimately poverty. Love is not having. Moreover, love is the disillusionment of what you thought was love. And it's no prize, that's why it doesn't make people vain, love is no prize, it's a status granted exclusively to people who, without it, would defile the egg with their personal suffering. That doesn't make love an honourable exception; it is granted precisely to those bad agents, those who would ruin everything if they weren't allowed to guess at things vaguely.**

**All the agents are granted several advantages so that the egg may form. It is no cause for envy since, even certain statuses, worse than other people's, are merely the ideal conditions for the egg. As for the agents' pleasure, they also receive it without pride. They austere experience all pleasures: it is even our sacrifice so that the egg may form. Upon us has been imposed, as well, a nature entirely prone to much pleasure. Which makes it easier. At the very least it makes pleasure less arduous."**

—From 'The Egg and The Chicken' (1964) by Brazilian writer Clarice Lispector (1920-1977)



**T**here are two versions of the story about what might have been the first occasion of connivance between the two pairs of humans suspected of being undercover agents for the two variants of Felidae starseed from Canis Major constellation's Sirius-A, namely felidae and canidae, operating in London since 2020. In fact, there might be three versions of the story; but since facts never illuminated anyone, it will be left for the reader to decide which one is more plausible or sublime.

Before offering the stories, however, I wish to bring light to a portion of history compiled with the help of my associate Secretary Bird, to whom I express my respect and gratitude, who in turn smirks back at me, a portion of history consisting of information which is not factual and therefore may or may not be sublime but is nevertheless useful for comprehension of the scenario in question.

Based on the Secretary's transcripts from an archangel's report on animal consciousness and animal support in humanity's mental evolution, it is understood that planet Earth is what may be called a university of polarity for human consciousness, and that the so-called animal kingdom is not on Earth in a duality lesson in the same way as we seem to be. It is also understood that intelligences from other planes of existence, some with fully evolved, fluidly crystalline consciousnesses, operate within our animal kingdom. The Secretary cackles at the word crystalline, but quickly resumes her transcript. She tells me that these intelligences constitute for us, some more stealthily than others, forces of support in the human process of transition from the declining magnetic polarity grid onto... something else. And because the

deepest dimension of the animal-self exists not on an individual level but as a collective mind of their species, meaning that animals operate in a communal consciousness, this may in certain cases bring about a community that extends beyond the Earth plane.

The archangel's report goes on to point out that the Felidae starseed, a root species from Sirius-A, the brightest star in the Canis Major constellation, has been on Earth since ancient times in different forms and realms. The same is true about the Cetaceans from Sirius-B in the same constellation, meaning whales, dolphins and porpoises. And the same is true about the other ten thousand-million animal species, chuckles the Secretary Bird, all of us, that is, pollinated by the other ten thousand-million neighbouring stars. Anyway, says the archangel, the current forms of the Felidae's physical matrix on Earth are what may be termed the felidae and the canidae families. The bird frowns. The archangel explains that the felidae and the canidae are physical derivations of the same source, Felidae, but are, however, inverses of the same frequency. And what on Earth is the inverse of a frequency? asks the Secretary Bird and the archangel says it is the wavelength, so the Bird shrugs because she guesses that this doesn't exactly make sense but she doesn't care and so the archangel carries on. While the feline operates mainly in the ethereal or antimatter realm, reacting more directly to light emanations, the canine operates mostly in the physical field of matter and reacts to the direct vibration of human emotions. The Bird shivers. She tells me that the report reaches its end with the information that the Felidae are members of the Sirian-Pleiadian association, a political organisation managed between Sirius-A and B and

the Pleiades constellation dedicated to the upshift of planetary consciousness, and that, in this way, being the greater portion of the Felidae mind in a level beyond the Earth plane, they were involved in various genetic engineering operations conducted in the Atlantean era, in a temple on Poseida, the capital city of Atlantis, working with humanity in energetic terms with the aim of integrating higher levels of consciousness into their physical matrix. In other words, what we call domestic cats and dogs are and have always been intimately involved in the process of our support, be it direct or indirectly, along the lines, between or across them. As the archangel put it, their operations are supportive of humanity's mental shift from the polarity grid to the crystalline grid; or however you want to call it, concludes the Secretary Bird winking at me.

Now when it comes to the human agents performing operations on the behalf of the Felidae, and this the Secretary and I have worked out together, these agents' sole advantage is that they learn more directly from the starseed creatures, which does not exclude eventual painful disillusionments on the part of the agents regarding only their very selves, even if these may or may not rapidly or slowly turn into stellar illumination. It is within this landscape that the suspects in question have caught my attention, instigating this piece of investigative journalism or investigative literature, in light of some of their recent not so ambiguous practices, which allowed me to sense their involvement with such venturesome movement and therefore caused me to become excited or hopeful or curious, however always stealthily, that is, critically.

To conclude this prelude, it is also important to note that I have no intentions whatsoever of

accusing my suspects of illicit activities, or of being tricksters, if anything trickstars, as I am fully conscious of and committed to remain in a field of thought and action which is essentially outside or before the law, before or around, not above nor below, if anything across. And if I happen to be correct in my assumptions, or even if I happen to be incorrect in my assumptions, all I wish is to praise them, protect them, and proliferate them.

The stories are as follows.





# 1. *'Getting Sirius About Cats + Dogs'*

On the evening of 14th of March 2023, a Tuesday, Estra bought a tuna and sweet-corn sandwich from one of the Sainsburys in Mare Street, Hackney, and standing on the street she ate and detested every bite of it. Then she entered the establishment called 'Last Tuesday Society' and took a table in the back room, which was empty and where some gothic

rock'n'roll roared through loudspeakers. Estra asked for a glass of water and sat taking notes. After a few timeless minutes, Mess and Patchy walked into the room, gazed at its empty tables, gazed at Estra's swinging pencil, asked her whether they should join and at her deep bow they sat down.

They had just been swimming, they said. In a pool. The three spoke about swimming for a little. Then the waitress came over and took their orders, three green absinthes; a first-time experience for two of them.





# Mess

confessed that she was considerably weak when it came to alcohol, but in her comment it was implied that she was nevertheless curious or adventurous. Patchy made no confessions but smiled and jumped headfirst into it. Since the cocktails were expensive there was no potential excess to worry about on the part of anyone. When the three drinks were placed on the table, with the fountain in their middle slowly dripping water in each glass' sugar cubes, remarks were made on the green colour of the spirit; the colour of a pool with too much chlorine; or the Icelandic hot springs; or even the ones in Japan in which snowmonkeysbathe, but the latter was an ethereal exaggeration from the part of Estra, because those springs are by a matter of fact colourless. The green colour also caused Mess to reminisce about the time her father made her eat a big lump of wasabi claiming it was avocado, and for a moment Estra contemplated her memory pool or lake or lagoon or ocean and asked herself whether her own father had once done the same to her, but she could not be sure. The digress carried on; Glycerine was also mentioned; Patchy noted the drink tasted slightly of soap; but good soap, noted Estra while slowly sipping like the pair. Then the waitress appeared and Estra ordered a fourth glass of absinthe. The waitress brought it and placed it under their fountain's fourth tap. At that moment Siren walked into the room, was cherished (especially by Estra), and took his seat. By the way, with his name does he mean the device that makes a loud and prolonged signal or warning sound, or the aquatic-human, that is, a mermaid or a merman who supposedly lures sailors to destruction with their songs? The latter type of siren are agents for the Sirius-B starseed, the Cetaceans. But Siren never

cleared the ambiguity; and as much as I would guess he means the alarm sound, I must remain mindful of these agents' entanglement in the quest of mastering and overcoming binarism and its ten thousand-million faces.

The four finished their drinks and ordered a second round, this time not from the fountain but a different absinthe cocktail each. And now they talked business. Now they talked films and books, the city of London and animals, times and places. Mess spoke of the ravens who have been kept captive in the Tower of London since 1600 for belief that their presence protects crown and city from downfall. It is known that Charles II's astronomer, John Flamsteed, complained about the raven's interference with his observatory work in the tower; but the ravens have remained. Mess mentioned she had been working on a film about the ravens, and that she titled it 'London Shall Fall'. Estra agreed that the ravens should be out there being chased by dogs. It is also known that in 2021 raven "Queen" Merlina was reported missing, but I lack evidence to suppose Mess's involvement with the case. At some point Estra probably mentioned the ridiculous prices of Abyssinian cats in the English pet market, a kitten costing up to 2,000 pounds. Or maybe she didn't mention it. In any case, genetic studies exposed the common misconception that the breed originated in Ethiopia, formerly Abyssinia, where they were brought from into England after the Abyssinian war in 1860; instead, their DNA points to certain parts of Southeast Asia, in the coast of the Indian Ocean, leading to suppositions that they might have been introduced into Abyssinia by colonialists and merchants who would have stopped by in Calcutta. Here I fail, however, to gather

significant data that could suggest relations between the coast of Calcutta, in the Indian Ocean, and the sunken Island of Atlantis, in the Atlantic Ocean, which would support the part of the archangel's report on Felidae's genetic engineering operations in the Atlantean era. The discussion continued. Siren expressed his forward-looking to meet the maned wolves of the Brazilian backlands, a location he and Estra would be soon travelling to. The maned wolf is a large canine found only in South America; resembling a fox with the body of a serval cat and extremely long legs, it is the only species of his genus, *Chrysocyon*, meaning 'golden dog'. In order to chance a meeting with the canine, the pair planned to drive to the countryside of Minas Gerais and visit the Caraça Sanctuary, where the wolves often come during the night to steal the priests' dogs' food. Now the four spoke about vegetarian and carnivore diets, as well as of the diet of writer Tao Lin's cat in Hawaii. In this rhythm they exchanged espionage stories, stories about research, about support and intervention, and even some about delicate aspects of human emotional and physical health, and they potentially even touched upon philosophical dilemmas, all in a language so simplistic or joyful that an overhearer would never think to suspect they were involved in matters of antimatters. Indeed the two pairs laughed a lot amidst their words. Smiles had no end to them. It was very fortunate that they happened to find each other that evening.

At half past ten, they went downstairs to see the museum or cabinet of curiosities of Wyktor Wynd. They were not impressed. Amongst a quantity of self-referential items and many faeces and genitalia related objects and jokes, there was a jar of bobcat poop collected

somewhere in Suffolk in 2018. And in the corner of the second and last division of the museum, there it was: the stuffed mountain lioness, sitting on her own around a coffin-shaped table. A skeleton really did lay under the glass top, and it belonged to a siren. Next to the coffin table was a big cage inside of which there was a mountain lion's skeleton, at its feet small human figures made of clay. The entire spectacle struck them as petty. They did sit with the lioness, say some sorry words to her and check the book resting in front of her body. Mess read an excerpt of it: 'Had the toads been encased in stone ever since the stones were formed?' And she shrugged. Siren got up. Estra followed. Patchy already stood by the spiral staircase, claiming that one part of him still desired to find whatever he was supposed to find in here, while the other part desperately needed to go back upstairs.

So they went back upstairs, and upstairs they sat on a different table, by the bar, and each had a glass of water. Siren rolled them all cigarettes, they paid for their absinthe consumption and left. Outside they smoked and smiled. Estra and Siren noticed that Patchy carried a small suitcase and, being curious, asked what was inside it. Tools. It was a toolbox. Finally, when Mess and Patchy were prepared to say goodbye and go their way, Estra said she had to ask a last, very important question before the conclusion of that meeting: What was their favourite TV cartoon? Which was a question intended for everyone to debate. The matter was taken very seriously and all four agents thought about it together. Their answers remain a mystery.

## 2. 'Getting Sirius About Cats + Dogs'

On the evening of December 2nd of 2022, a Friday, it was a full moon and the cats and dogs and people of London and of other cities and countries were agitated. Around dusk, a group of young adults were seen in a street of East London carrying large panels of styrofoam painted to resemble rocks, and then finally entering a backdoor under the Cambridge Heath railway arch. Soon after, agent Estra was seen leaving the same door on her own and coming back with a broomstick. Under that railway arch was a music venue, and in there a birthday party was being prepared. It was in fact the birthday party not of a person or a creature, but of a party. It was also the very first birthday of that party which was called 'Break With Me'. But facts aside, the sublime part is that styrofoam mountains were being cut in half, two fog machines awaited nervously to be connected to plug sockets which were taking a long time to be found, and agent Siren could be seen storming back and forth, silently sounding alarmed, in the service of DJ decks, microphones and their respective cables. Meanwhile Estra, having cut mountains and swept concrete, now stood on the stage holding a string of fairy lights for which no one found a place. It was at that point that agents Mess and Patchy stealthily walked into the venue and, seeing them, Estrajumpeddown. She introduced herself, they introduced themselves, and she took them backstage to store their belongings and showed them to the tray of beef ragu. Then she went back to get rid of the unwanted fairy lights.

A TV had been set on the foot of the styrofoam rocks. Here it might be of importance to note that the TV was set in place by Siren's associate in the cultural enterprise behind that party, namely the scarce Damien, who in past occasions had shown signs of connivance with the Felidae motive, and who by the looks and airs of him might as well indeed connive; but of that I have insufficient proof to make a solid report. When the TV screen was turned on, something resembling a cartoon appeared on it; it was a pink neck-and-face figure, but it was not Courage the Cowardly Dog, as it wore a black baseball cap and did not look so distressed. So Estra smiled at it and tucked the fairy lights somewhere and went backstage, where she met Mess and Patchy again. She noticed Patchy had a small suitcase and, being curious, asked what was inside it. His handmade patches, he said, and could she see it, she asked, so Patch opened it and showed her ten thousand-million handmade patches which were for sale. Estra bought one that resembled a boat, with the reassurance of Mess who said it was a great fit, and all were very pleased. Then a loud hiss started everyone, and it was the smoke finally being released through its machine, which meant that cables had been connected. And at the next moment there were Mess and Patchy on stage, behind the styrofoam fortress, the rocky walls up to their chests, sound checking. They tested the microphones for a short while before or after a skateboarder with an electric guitar went up there to test his pedals. That was Tim, and Estra had also led him to the beef ragu. The beef ragu had been made by Damien and his

brother Ramon, who is probably an excellent cook as he is known to cook with philosophy. So, the smoke and the lights and the cartoon were on, and the artists had tested their sound equipment, and from that point on the night became very misty; it is true that the pair of smoke machines did an impressive job.

Apparently the fluorescent profusion of light-waves had led Estra to light-heartedly drink a suspicious combination of drinks, and now she found herself magnetically disoriented in the thick of the dance floor, her boat's compass lost in the mist, and it was at that moment that she heard Mess's voice echoing from atop the styrofoam fortress, saying: Serious... Or something like that. So Estra awoke from her trance, or she went into a deeper one, and she noticed: Sirius had started their set. Through breaches in the mist the dogs' pointed ears could be seen piercing the venue's sky. The starseed-agent pair moved in unison, Patchy whimsically pawing his music machinery, Mess singing with the timbre of rivers, and in this way they turned silver in the naked eyes of their listeners. Now on the TV were birds and windswept grass. Time had gone somewhere. It was not there. Sirius mentioned a certain chrysalis who spiralled signalling: REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, REDЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM, ЯUM... (And here I conjecture that the canidae representatives might be referring to the disappearance of the raven Merlina from the Tower of

London, which hints at Mess' potential involvement with the case being limited to her possessing information that the mainstream press lacks.) But then the next song is a sweet-toothed goodbye tune about someone looking over their shoulders before flying to the stars, and Mess finding wings everywhere and feathers falling lightly down, spinning around her fingers; and if at first she claims not to know where that person or creature went, she then confesses to know where they have gone. They have gone to the stars. Could Mess, in some highly professional manner, have managed to assist some such silver canidae in taking Merlina's life in order to free her from her imprisonment within royal grounds? And could Mess's chrysalis be signalling her silver fellow's feelings after the incident, for it is known that dogs experience guilt whereas cats are incapable of it? Such an assumption might be too audacious. In any case, Estra was in a trance, and to her muscular ears the rest of Sirius's songs may have all sounded like a communal expression of a path or promenade or proneness which she shared.

## Dogspeed..

What probably happened next was that Estra bumped into Siren, who was still whistling to and fro, and she said she felt dizzy or she said she felt seasick, and so he took her hand and led her backstage to the sofa, where she happily lay down for a nap. At that point Siren and Damien went up on the styrofoam to play some dance music, which Estra listened to from under the oneiric sea.



# 3.

On the afternoon of the 18th of March 2023, a Saturday, Siren and Estra were seen walking through Brick Lane in the rain and Estra carried something of an odd shape under a long blue-green-white-beige-brown silk scarf. They stopped by a bookshop, where Estra was not reported to have stolen a book on Situationism, and the pair carried on towards Whitechapel where they then entered an art gallery. They stormed through the gallery foyer, greeting some people of the staff without interrupting their fastwalk, or in fact they did stop, only once, to greet the Egyptian painter Alino Fahmi, an old friend of Estra's to whom she had taught Portuguese for a couple of years and who happened to be there, by chance, only to meet up with a friend who was in his turn late, and after a brief chat, perhaps of less than a minute, they continued through the gallery until they then disappeared inside the auditorium. After half an hour they came out and, again storming through the foyer, they left the gallery. They were seen walking back the same way they had come, and a couple of hours later they re-did the route towards the art gallery. No books were or were not reported to have been stolen this time. Once more they stormed through, and upon entering the auditorium there were Patchy and Mess sitting within the rainbow rows of coloured chairs. As Siren and Estra walked down the aisle they turned their heads, probably because they had smelled something, and their four eyes met the four eyes of the canidae agents, who then got up from their chairs to be greeted by the felidae agent and the ambiguous agent. There was chatter in the room, and I do not know what the pairs said to each other then.

After that Siren and Estra continued down and disappeared backstage, but soon they came

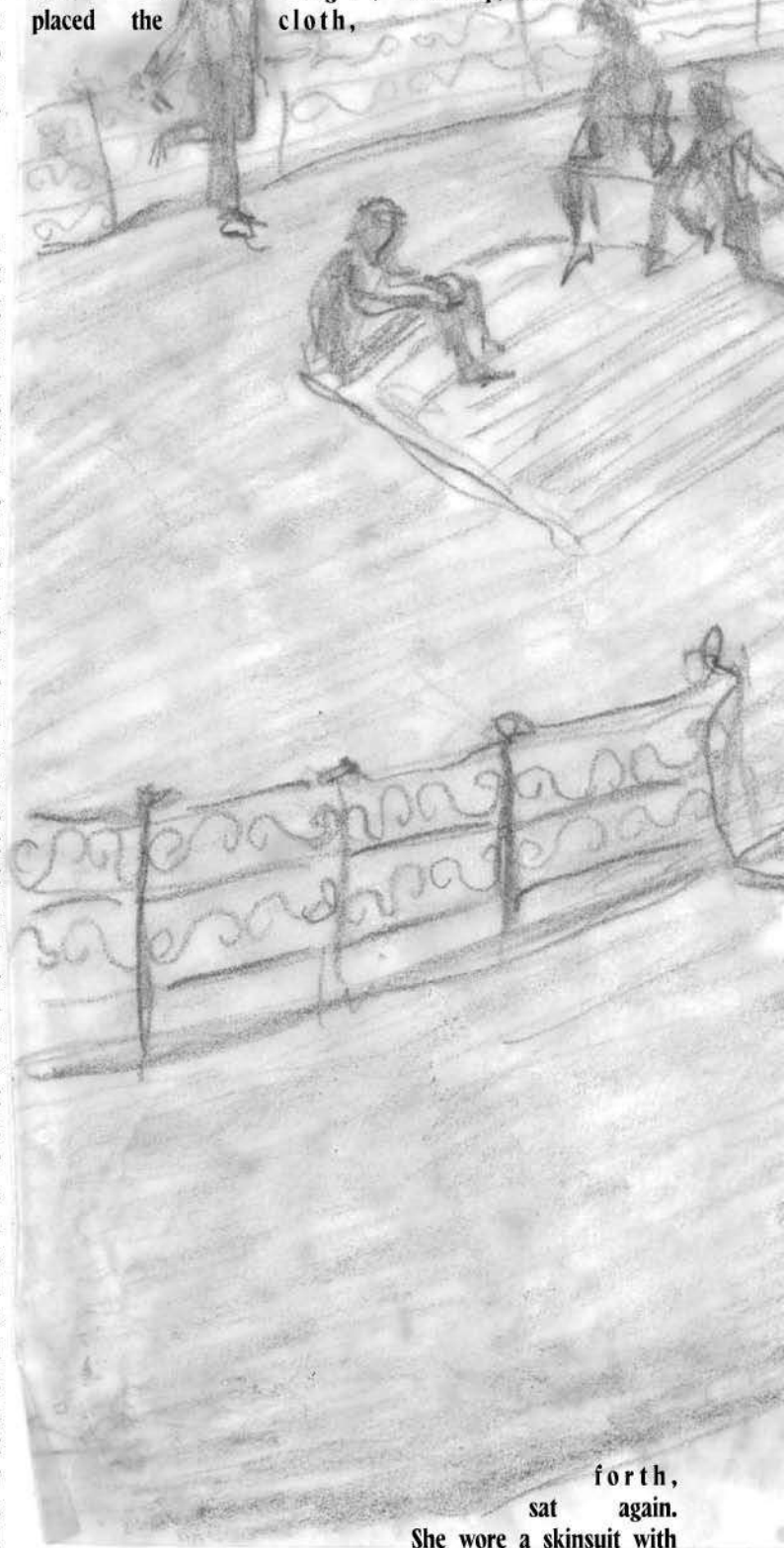
back out and sat in the front row. At this point the presence of the scarce Damien was noticed; he was standing in the back of the auditorium. An old man appeared next to the stage, said the names of two women who would now be performing, both previously unknown to my records, and disappeared.

A casually dressed woman walked onto stage and sat behind a large table where a long rectangular suitcase lay. She opened the suitcase and unveiled a flatbed domestic knitting machine, which she quickly set up. She placed a mechanical metronome in front of it, between the machine and the audience, and released its pendulum. Then she started knitting at the tempo, pulling the carriage from one side of the bed to the other as the clicking sound marked the time distance within her polarity... In the beginning the time distance was considerably spacious, but soon the woman slid the weight down the pendulum rod, which increased the tempo a little, and she began knitting a little faster. Now and then the line would get stuck on something and she had to free it. A few times the yarn fell on its side and she put it up again. On the fifth time she let out a giggle and raised her eyes to look at someone in the audience. Then she put the yarn up, slid the weight near the bottom of the rod and started knitting ferociously fast; she had a serious, almost concerned expression on her face as the pendulum clicked at each pole within the shorter time that she could handle... After a few minutes she began sliding up the weight and knitting slower, until she stopped. She smiled shyly or cheekily at the audience, packed her machine, got up and left. There was applause.

## 'Getting Sirius A

During the applause Estra jumped from the front row, ran backstage and returned with a large white tablecloth. Then she walked onto the stage, placed the cloth,

On the second line of string notes, Estra started a monologue about people and animals. She stood up, walked back and



sat on the chair and looked down. After a minute she looked up and a fingerstyle guitar music started through the speakers.

forth, sat again. She wore a skinsuit with a green star sewn on top of her chest. Lemurs and spider monkeys were mentioned. It lasted a couple of minutes until



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a tinkle sound startled her, followed by an announcement coming from other speakers. All of

claims to know regarding the flight of her fellow.) When it was finished, Estra folded a white piece of paper into a paper aeroplane, sent it off, and

some pain, and the tension seemed to grow stronger as did the base vibrations. The voice declared that Estra would be expected to leave human society and join another, so as to fulfil her obligations following the operation. Twice the room was swallowed by darkness and that darkness transformed into a green starry sky. Estra was asked to pronounce her full name as a means of contractual signature, a strange long name which I took note of, and we were left in total blackout. Then the voice started to list a sequence of procedures, also taken note of. Apparently, as the voice put it, Estra was ready to be taken into the wilderness, under surveillance. After some minutes Estra called out from the dark and the lights came on. Now we see a mountain lion standing on the table, it addresses the voice and the voice addresses it by the name of Estra. They make jokes, the mountain lioness seems unhappy, she asks to see the voice and the voice claims that it cannot be seen, doesn't Estra understand? So the Estra beast demanded that the voice inspect her, and she got up from the table and stood on two legs; at first the animal seemed out of balance while she looked at their hands full of fingers. Finally the voice posed a question to Estra, a question that startled her, seemingly waking her up as a single very bright green star appeared on the wall behind the stage. It is difficult to understand what happened next. Estra seemed to get her claws out and started ripping something off behind the green star on her chest. The voice complained, and here it was evident that their agreement was henceforth broken. Estra seemed to step-dance with her back to the audience, or maybe she adjusted her position for an attack or a jump, it was hard to tell. It seemed she looked straight at the green star, it seemed the voice tried to intimidate her, but

she appeared irreverent. Love was spoken of once more, and all was very ambiguous. Estra looked over her shoulder, giggled, and looked back at the star. At that point the lights blacked-out and we heard a window break. The base continued vibrating for a few minutes, then faded off. There was applause.

When the lights returned the stage was empty, and so were the seats of the three other suspects. Even the scarce Damien had disappeared from the spot he initially stood. Siren and Estra weren't seen again that day. An informant claimed to have spotted the two later that evening at a music venue where the Venetian musician Gigi Masin was playing, but the source is unreliable. My guess is that they flew straight to Brazil after the dramatic laboratory scene. Patchy and Mess were seen on the shores of the Thames shortly after the event, up to dog knows what.

shortly after the aeroplane returned, landing at her feet.

She read it, put it in her pocket and left the stage. The lights went off, and when they came back on Estra was sitting on the table. Suddenly the same voice that had delivered the announcement addressed her by her name and a conversation proceeded. They spoke of genetic engineering procedures which were defined by the voice as non-scientific and as illegal. Apparently both their projects converged in their choice of species. The voice spoke of felines, Estra spoke of the mountain lions of Brazil. Love was also spoken of, not without

us, including Estra, listened attentively to the announcement; it referred to problem-solving and a "place" to go which needed to be looked for. (Here I asked myself whether this place might be the same place that Mess, in the sweet-toothed 'Old Flame',



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# 'Getting Sirius About Cats + Dogs'

**Now** it is plain to sight that the three reported stories of connivance between the two pairs of suspected Sirius-A agents form the constellation of a scheme or the constellation of a game, a game as serious as the ones cats and dogs play among themselves. I had chosen to order the stories according to a sportive criterion rather than chronologically, since it is true that it makes no analytical difference which came first except for the sake of storytelling, but now they must be superimposed, starting from the top and from the bottom simultaneously, meaning that I can perhaps nail the centre shared by the matter and the antimatter.

Considering my prelude compilation of figures on certain relationships within different dimensions of consciousness staged on Earth since its existence, I contemplate whether the above-mentioned dramatic act consists solely of a homage to such history, be that the history of past eras or the history of the future or both, in any case an immemorial recollection... Or whether the drama goes further, and potentially hints at a threat, tongue-in-cheek as it may be... Be it a threat to the human species' illusory sovereignty on earthly businesses, posed by the laboratory-voice and paired with the ambiguous allegiance of Estra, or be it a threat from the part of Estra herself, in this case posed not to humanity but to the obscure sovereignty emanated by the unidentified intelligence who had conspired with her, the stellar genetic engineer who we never see. Upon hearing the laboratory-voice's announcement, I pondered whether the place it advertised was the same I had felt suggested by Mess and Patchy in the Sirius song 'Old Flame' when it was claimed that their fellow had flown to the stars. The drama's development, however, made me unconvinced of the voice's Sirian nature. A Sirian-Pleiadian at most, if

we are to question its identity based on which beings have, historically, although not factually, interfered in matters of earthly biogenetics. And this takes me back to my historical but not factual source, the archangel; at the sound of whom my associate, the Secretary Bird, now puts on a smirk, although I wouldn't accuse her of cynicism. Similarly to the archangel operates the laboratory angel, and in this way the third and final story adds a revealing layer to the previous two and to this investigation as a whole.

In light of how the dramatic act ended, with a severed acquiescence from animal to angel, the possibility of an emancipatory cue or clue exudes a special glow. The laboratory-angel proposed to master an operation which is not only illegal according to earthly societal law but also non-scientific and non-factual, and within this framework it then laid out its stellar laws for the feline to conform to. The earthly feline, being partially starseed herself, obeys her full nature and windowbreaks the situation, consequently cancelling the equation. They both stand before the gates of law and logic; and when they cross it, they might as well be standing before it from the other side. The archangel and the Secretary Bird have reported facts which are not factual, and the human-animal will execute works of art or works of magic which are sublime. Neither archangel nor the beast are trickstars, and both of them are. The only way to navigate polarity avoiding shipwreck is to precede the egg.

Looking at some of the suspects' conversations and activities, I will place on the frying pan only the most ambiguous elements or details, for those are

the ones that matter the most. I don't solely mean Siren's name. I may mean the possibility of Mess' involvement with the Merlina raven case, and I may mean Patchy's silences and suitcases. I am not sure if I mean the misconception about the Abyssinian cat's origin. I certainly mean the fact that maned wolves steal food from the priests' dogs. I may accept the bobcat's poo as a meaning. But no, the toads had not been encased in stone ever since the stones were formed. I certainly mean cartoons and music and dance, and a patchy boat with a misty compass, and Damien's scarcity.

Similarly, I mean philosophical gastronomy. There is a chance Situationism is meant, but I wouldn't dare to pin it down. The details that whisper earthly pleasure are the heavenly treasures hidden in this game. And I very much mean Estra's giggle when she turned her back to the voice and broke out of the stellar laboratory to chase the green star that echoed the one on her chest, like a dog chasing a raven. The constellation here, I suppose, is one of cheekiness, but possibly the profoundest form of it, since it responds to a supernatural order or disorder. These unlawful or lawless creative gestures suggest a refusal to break the egg with crystalline ideas and facts.

The egg, to be preceded, must be broken by the flight or the fleeing of a wise beast, who will look over their shoulder to you while feathers fall lightly together with crowns. The only crown left is the Secretary Bird's, which isn't a crown but is made of, and this is a fact, dark quills on the back of her head. So with the egg there is no right order, which is why the filthy animal comes before it. But it is better if you don't know.