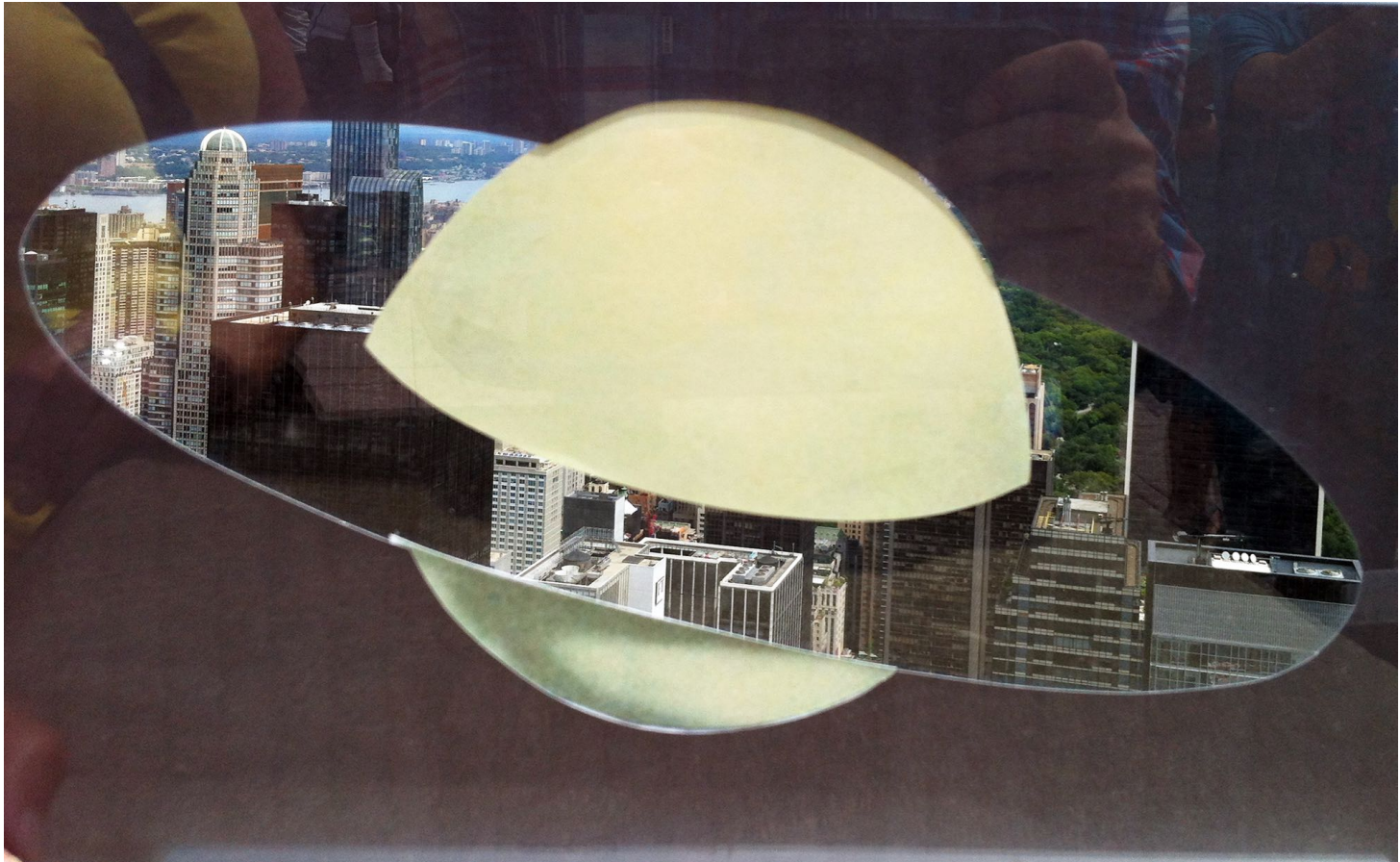




**BUSINESS CLASS /
MOT
CLASS A**



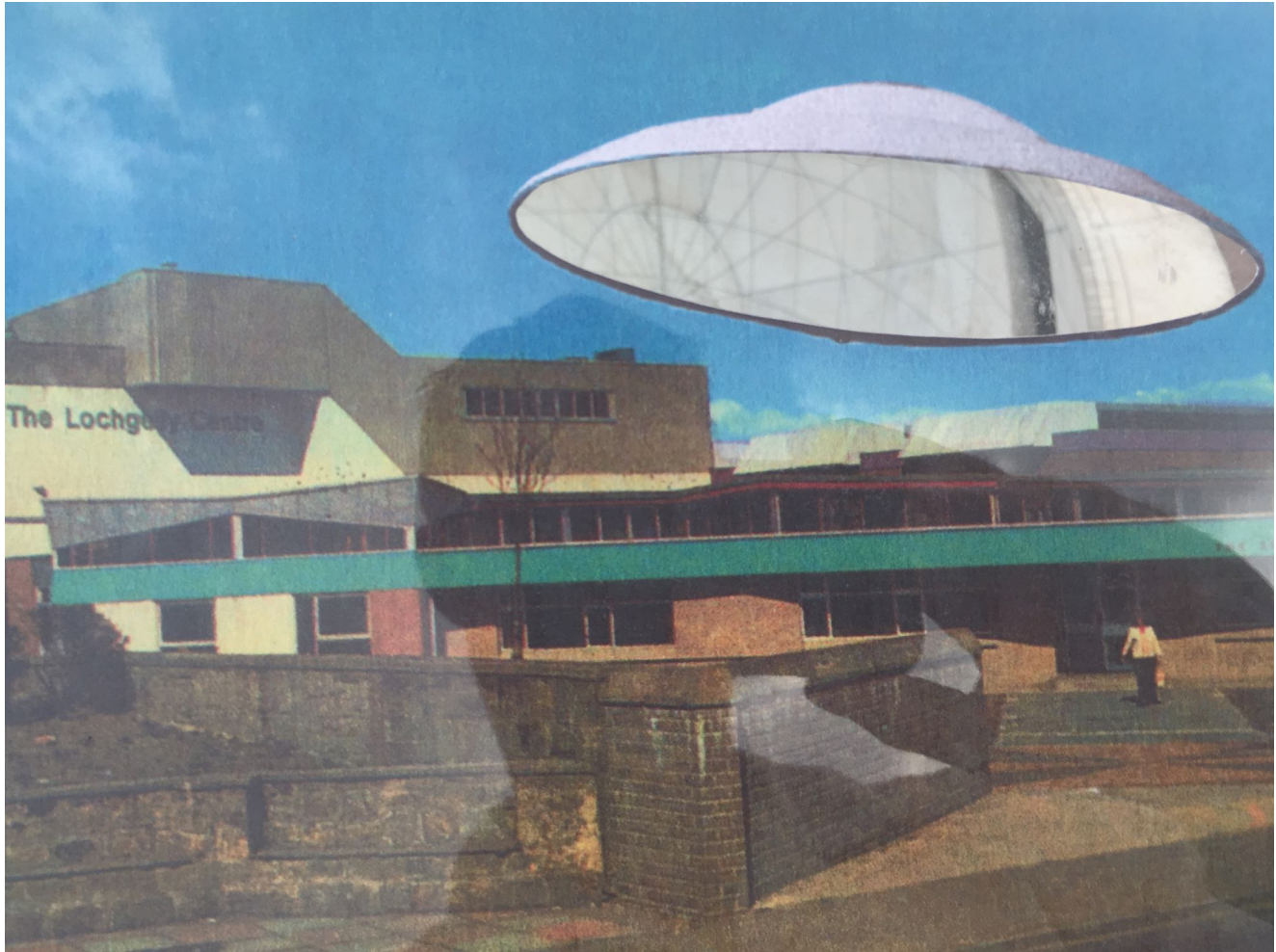
LAPEL

The lapel struck a familiar angle around the A12. Tidily folded, it complimented the Marks and Spencer tie. Top button was required but rarely was it fastened. Instead the loose collar was hidden behind the tie knot.

TIE The tie was in near perfect symmetry and although predictable, offered a steady balance between today and tomorrow.

COLLAR White was the target and was achieved by an extremely hot wash. Drying was important too, to achieve what is considered the timeless look.

BUTTONS How many? Too many. Still, the uniform provided an overall cover/ or uniform that would disguise him amongst them.



TRANSPORT

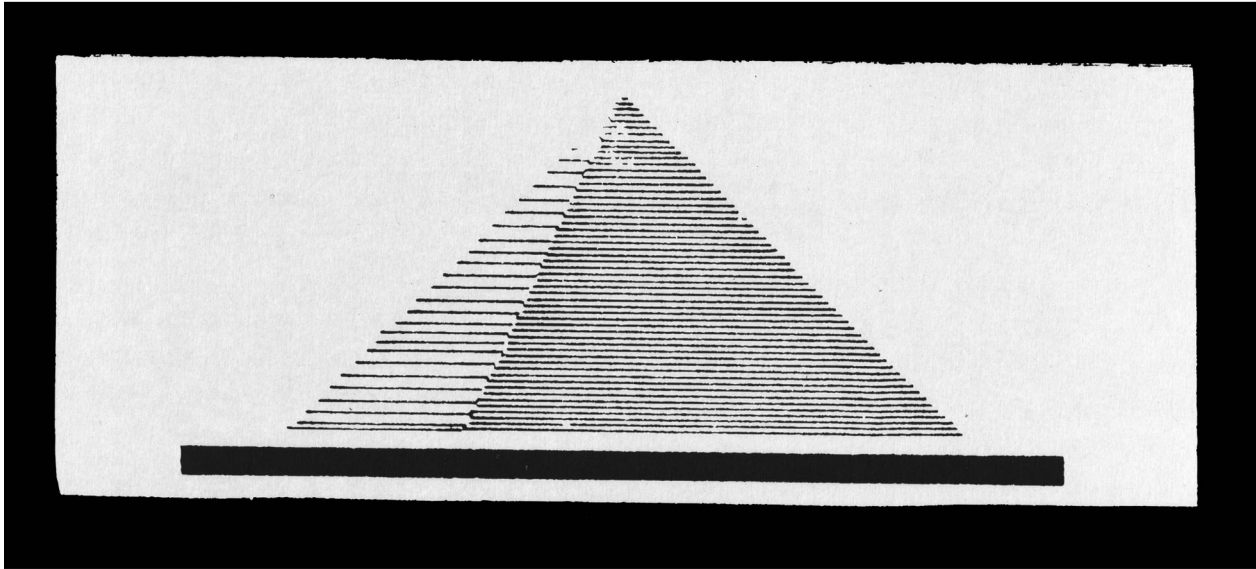
The technicalities of flying were far beyond his understanding. Anyway he had other challenges to consider. His suit fitted and his shoes were comfortable. The problem was that his side-parted haircut was far, far too shiny. However, it would have to do. The craft's design offered a silent journey through the entire universe - a known universe that was getting bigger.

He enjoyed examining the construction plans for the craft and often meditated on the complexity of something that was also so very, very simple. Home was a long way away now and that was good.



OBJECTIVES

Tightening his belt he set forth, hoping that his suit would function, as it should. He had someone to meet who would be able to help him with a newfound malfunction of the craft. Once he was helped he could help others – this was common sense to him. He could then get on with some proper work. 'Work' was probably not the ideal description of what he was doing, but it suited him and made it easier to answer when asked what he was doing in 'life.' In fact the word life was also pretty vague.



CONFIGURATION

He knew that his craft, once fixed, was capable to something unexpected and inspiring. Even he himself was unsure to the true potential. A few years ago he had experienced a short, sharp blast of the craft's capabilities. It was incredible to say the least. In short, it could do a number of magnificent things, but mainly it could harness the untapped energy of mathematical formulas and the intellectual mental process that went into calculating them, then, transform itself into either a complex or simple isometric polygon of its choice. This geometric shape was three-dimensional and yet, and this is what was outstanding, offered a flat plane entrance or exit to or from our immediate reality. The shape of its own matter was endless. It was an entity that was only momentarily recognisable in its geometric form. The form allowed our fragile mental state to briefly observe it.



GOD LIKE

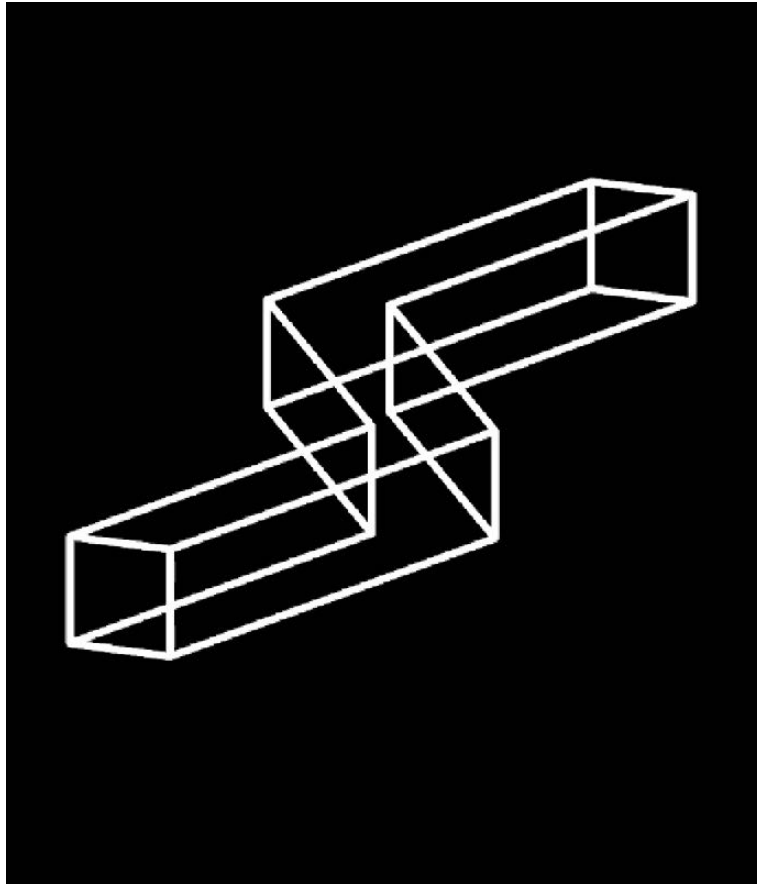
It was GOD LIKE and he had seen it. The problem for many is that although we had all experienced it in its purist form whilst being conceived by our parents we had come to forget. We had forgotten what was most important. And this was sad. This sadness became a mist fogging any form in our senses that had once enabled us to be one with it. The craft was an extra terrestrial reminder. It was, he thought, not just a saviour, but God itself.

FIRST THINGS FIRST First things first, that was a contradiction in terms to say the least. Anyway, he had to play by their rules now. Humans, he meant, well most of them anyway. So the plan was to get the damn thing fixed. Ok, so what was broken? They say it's better to ask the right questions rather than find the right answers. It could be a number of things, for one it could be the fuel filter. It wasn't a fuel filter in the conventional way, it wasn't actually a filter, it was a series of perforations that collected a variety of metallic traces, magnetised and then re-channelled back into the fuel. The magnetisation process was key. The magnets needed looking at, this was the fault, he thought.



A GARAGE, A BIG GARAGE

Was what was needed. And for that he needed a recommendation. Ok, start from the beginning. He needed to talk, to communicate to get matters moving 'forward' in the right direction. How to talk and who to talk to was key. Key to his list.



EVERY NOW AND THEN

Every now and then there was a problem, well he thought of it as a problem. The 'problem' was that although he had been properly trained and proved so far that he had 'metal', (which was quite funny description considering his biological make-up), and the correct attributes required for the task at hand, he had what can be best described as a 'medical condition'.

Diagnosis: plain and simple memory loss, or memory fatigue. Symptoms: he could function as good as the best of them, however, the symptoms became evident over a prolonged period of time. Perhaps two months, six months, but more often than not it was most debilitating over a period of year.

You see, it was as if he were an electrical piece of hardware or software, with a finite capacity that becomes full of information or data. The system grinds to a painful halt and ceases to function. One solution, he thought, for elevating this condition and access more 'space' was to dump what was already there. Unfortunately, and this was the real problem, was that this chain of event appeared to happen automatically and unvetted.



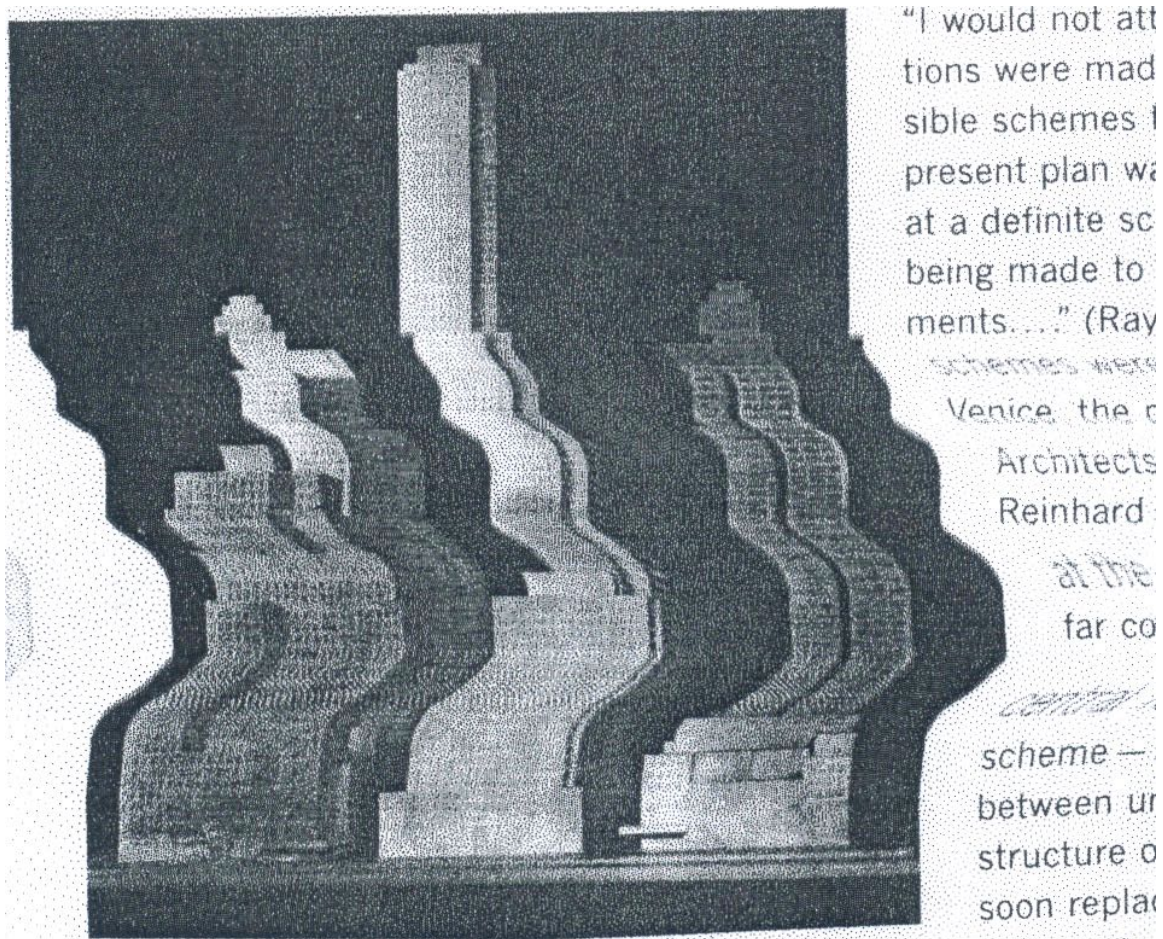
THE LIST*

The list would identify what was needed to be done, where it could be done, when it should be finished and what should he do, in the more than likely scenario, that the plan doesn't go as hoped.

He looked normal from a distance and close up looked near normal.

His suit was his camouflage and it was also what was most likely to reveal his true identity, or at the very least, cause and incredible amount of confusion. He had learnt to speak human Japanese as this, he thought, was closest to his native linguistic. His appearance also leant toward that of a Japanese businessman. One that had just finished a long days work in a tiny office, with a huge amount of paperwork and was ready for home and a hot meal.

He'd practised so many times to look human and thought he was passable in the right environment, preferably early evening and somewhere that was very busy.



REDEMING FEATURE

He liked to begin his train of thought with the word however. As such; however if there was one redeeming feature it was that the system; the spaceship's and his own, (which if you haven't realised by now are intrinsically linked), were partly self-regulating. Yes, there were regular problems, but with the right conditions and often quite a bit of time, it fixed itself; he became fixed. Whether this would happen exponentially or not, for now he would take it, and it made him happy. Unfortunately this time, this self-maintenance feature was not going to redeem his current situation.



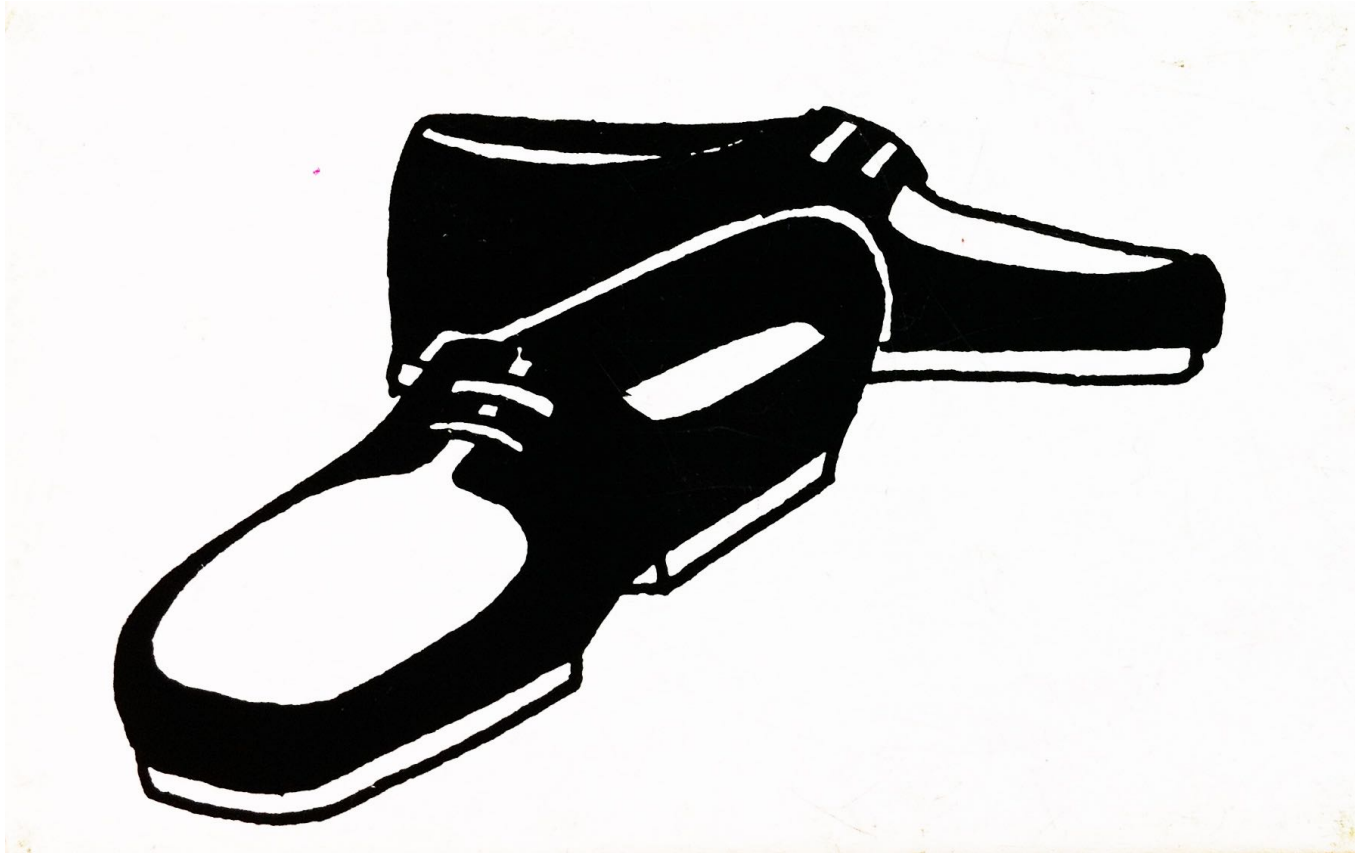
HEARD OF A MAN

His only hope of actually finding some kind of realistic assistance was through his service issue address book.

A faux leather bound book about the size of a Japanese 1000 Yen note. Its respective wear and tear was faux too. You see, his appearance, including all 'personal' processions were part of his not-so cunning camouflage.

If his camouflage was a bucket then his camouflage leaked. Not enough to see the water level drop, but put it like this, if you leaved it on your living room floor, by the end of the day you'd have a wet carpet. His address book was the ONLY chance to find a way out of the mess that he found himself in.

Alphabetical, it was not, and random wouldn't come close to describe its content. The federation that had equipped him, and all other pilots, had the reputation of thinking that all their personnel were hotshot geniuses. This was a description that did not suit him.



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