

1.

K runs a blog named Hospital Porters Against the New World Order. He needs to share an important information he has acquired on the internet about a scientist who was selected to perform alien autopsies.

“JennyArea51Insider” thinks the world has a right to know what's going on in secret deep below Area 51!... See here for the video:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_kO73W6Gr_Q

But "Jenny" doesn't exist; K invented her. K is trying to prove a point about something, a forthcoming danger. He pleads, “I’m making a direct appeal to everybody who has the ability to make fake alien videos: could you please stop!”

What he means is, we need to publish only information we know to be true. K is in search of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the

truth. He wants to know only what we know to be true, to find what we don't yet know to be true.

Everything must be rendered perfectly.

2.

The corrupted alien autopsy videos
The Y2K bugs
The missing Apollo 11 tapes

There is a rift in time

between a frame of a movie, and the frame that follows.

It is an ever-flowing world constituent of average of 24 worlds per second, where present is always and nowhere.

Position and velocity of an object cannot be measured to its full certainty simultaneously. The more accurately you know the position, the less accurately you know velocity and vice versa. You are either certain of one or the other, never both.

Imagine a car moving along a linear road. If you want to see the exact place where the car is, you must pause time (because it's always moving). You pause time, you mark its place. While it is paused (imagine it like a photo), you CAN'T know its speed. It's a picture. If you want to find out the speed, you must un-pause and measure it. But if you un-pause, it's impossible to know the exact position of the car because it's changing.

The unbearable incommensurability creates
an itch,
a tingle in the chest
at a moment of the death of someone I've had

yet to cross paths with
In my world we're all living in, but our lives are
not our own

Abipa, the Promised Planet
Sonmi~451

We've been told numerous times, in fact we've
known all along

that we are many, and we are one and the same;
that all of us are nobodies and all of us are
everything.

...and then we repeat

All of us are nobodies and all of us are
everything.

This is an invitation-
to a life, not of your own making, but as a main
character of a movie, a world constructed by
unanimous branches of producers, blinded to
each other's makings,

A perfectly rendered montage, a world of certainty.

3.

S stares at her reflection in the mirror. She is listening to the news on the radio.

“I don’t understand!”, she declares.

The news is always playing in the background.

