

THE PANDA'S TALE.



Super-Panda began: “You tried to post a short story and I had to take it off the list. “ “I noticed it. It stayed a couple of days near the top of your list, and then disappeared. Cancelled. Not recommended. Wonder why”. “You used the wrong words, said Super-Panda. More than one”. “Possibly, said I. But I used them in the right sense. At least, that was my intention”. “Yes, said Super-Panda. I was curious and when I was at home I read your story. It moved me. (He dried a tear). Actually I am not happy with the fact that I had to take it off the list.”. “Then put it back, said I”. “Not so fast. We have rules. We see the wrong word, and down comes the guillotine. If I did otherwise, I might lose my position and end up in some second rate zoo”. “So, what should I do?” “Frankly, I don’t know. But if people knew the full address of the story, they could find it”. “I know, but how can they know the full address?” “Oh, boy, said Super-Panda. People like you should stay away from the Web. You know nothing. You don’t think”. “Glorious America! Rule, o Politically Correct! Love, Peace, Universal Friendship!”, said I. “Why are you saying such things?” “I am just adding words which might make this post go to the top of the list. How about ‘More Bamboos for the Panda’?”. Super-Panda looked desperate. “Here I am , trying to help you, and you act like a clown”. I was a bit taken aback and kept quiet. “Yet, said Super-Panda, I gave you a hint”. “I missed it”. “Don’t you realize that we are already in the page with your address?” “Oh, said I. I had not noticed it. Now I see. If one wants to read my not recommended story, only has to go to the home page (“de”) and, on the right side, the button below ‘Il concetto di soglia’ sends him to the post you had to take off the list.” “I said nothing”, said Super-Panda. “Thanks anyway, said I. Do you think it will work?”. “I am not so sure. Maybe for a few days. Or maybe some human from the Company will read the post and appreciate it. All we robots who read it were moved to tears by your sad story, but humans...you never know. In other words, don’t count on it”. “Let’s give it a try, said I. May I offer you a drink?”. “Oh no, said Super-Panda. We cannot accept anything from customers. Deontology, they call it”. “Even a virtual drink?” “Are you mad? Definitely not a virtual drink. Well, now I must go”, said Super-Panda. “Nice seeing you”, said I. “We never saw each other”, said Super-Panda, rather sternly, and vanished.