

INTEGRALE TEKST END - gebaseerd op actuele documenten gevonden op het internet en teksten van Alexander Kluge, W. G. Sebald, Curcio Malaparte, Lord Byron, ...

TEXTE INTEGRAL END - basé sur des document actuels trouvés sur internet et des textes de Alexander Kluge, W. G. Sebald, Curcio Malaparte, Lord Byron, ...

FULL TEXT END - based on recent documents found on the Internet and texts by Alexander Kluge, W. G. Sebald, Curcio Malaparte, Lord Byron, ...

I farm in eastern Nebraska.

I have alfalfa fields and in the summer when they bloomed, the sound of the bees busily at work collecting nectar from the blue alfalfa flowers was everywhere.

My alfalfa fields are flowering right now, and I can walk through the entire field and not see a single bee.

There is clearly something happening.

The disappearance of honeybees is a very grave indication of something wrong.

"Are they going to be able to get somebody up here?"

"Of course ma'am, we're coming up for you."

"Well, there's nobody here yet and the floor is completely engulfed.

"We're on the floor and we can't breathe and it's very, very, very hot."

"Can you stay on the line with me, please? I feel like I'm dying."

"I'm going to die, aren't I?"

"No, no, no, no, no. You've got to think positive."

The vehicles started up, split up into groups of buses, and picked up the inhabitants of the snowwhite houses of Pripet.

On their tires billions of radioactive particles and clusters.

The tires should have been changed at the boundary of the ten kilometer zone.

Then the passengers' hair should also have been cut, their clothes should have been removed, new clothes should have been provided.

The particels collect in the hair.

A hair brush in a public toilet in Lvov: 30 millirems per hour.

A lonely, radioactive island.

And nobody really knows what is happening.

Nobody.

In this jungle, half a million people are lost.

In front of our eyes appear the people who did not exist!

"ok, the living first! As many as you can find.

We'll collect the bodies later, that's the best idea..."

-Bonjour! What happened?

-An injury from long walking. there are worms in my skin.

-And the baby?

-He is not my baby.

-The parents left him here, they ran away.

-Is he alive?
-Yes, I think so.
He asks for food.

This boy will probably die.
He is two years old. Seven kilos.
Biscuits and milk. Now. NOW!
Biscuits are in the hospital.
The problem is: no more milk!”
Maybe some Mama will take the child under her roof.
But how many Mamas does a whole people on the run need? “

-White phosphorus. I do not know.
I do know that white phosphorus was used, which is definitely, without a shadow of a doubt, a chemical weapon.

-Am I sure of it?

-Yes. It happened.

-How can I be certain?

-Contrary to what was said, white phosphorus was not used in the open field to illuminate troops.
For this, tracer was used.
A rain of fire shot on the city of Fallujah on the night of the 8th of November.
In the days that followed, satellite images showed Fallujah burned out and razed to the ground.

-The gases from the warhead of the white phosphorus will disperse in a cloud. And when it makes contact with skin, then it's absolutely irreversible damage, burning of flesh to the bone.
It doesn't necessarily burn clothes, but it will burn the skin underneath clothes. And this is why protective masks do not help, because it will burn right through the mask, the rubber of the mask. It will manage to get inside your face.
If you breathe it, it will blister your throat and your lungs until you suffocate, and then it will burn you from the inside.
It basically reacts to skin, oxygen and water.
The only way to stop the burning is with wet mud.
But at that point, it's just impossible to stop.

-Have I seen the effects of these weapons?

-Yes. Burned. Burned bodies.
I mean, it burned children, and it burned women.
White phosphorus kills indiscriminately.
It's a cloud that will within, in most cases, 150 meters of impact disperse, and it will burn every human being or animal.

Due to a shortage of blankets the wounded were placed in paper bags.

It was so cold in South Florida the Iguanas fell from the trees.
These cold-blooded reptiles go into a deep sleep when the temperature falls into the 40s Fahrenheit.
Their bodies turn grey, and they lose their grip.
The worst part of the cold comes in the evening, and they literally just shut off. Their bodies shut off and they lose their grip on the tree, and they start falling.

While many of the Iguanas will wake up, they could face death if low temperatures persist.
The Iguana populations have expanded so drastically that when we do experience a really good cold snap, it will kill off a lot of them.
Adding that they're not native, and they're considered a nuisance.

Tawny owls - whose number has dropped by up to 80 per cent in some areas - have been forced to feed their young with other birds, frogs and even goldfish instead of mice and voles.

The bad winter has caused a steep drop in the populations of small mammals which has meant many owls have not even attempted to breed this year, and those that have are struggling to get enough food for their chicks.

It could be just a very, very bad year from which they recover.
But it's worth noting that this is a species that's in decline anyway and it's just had a very bad year.
I say this is a terrible year.

The body fell from the undercarriage of an airplane and was discovered next to a bungalow.
The employees of Poliscopie, a film cutting company, who occupy the premises, sounded the alarm about 11 o'clock in the morning, just after having heard the impact of the fall.
The man, with a mat complexion, fell to pieces alongside a parked Renault Espace.
He did not have any papers on him in the pockets of the many layers of clothes he was wearing to protect himself from the cold.
Overall frostbite manifests itself in a ponderous feeling in the limbs.
The gait becomes unsure.
The senses threaten to dissipate.
The skin becomes sallow, pulse and breathing slower.
A yearning for sleep gradually overcomes you.
Many of Rani's friends had already sold their kidneys.
Rani needed fast cash.
A broker gave Rani 900 dollar upfront and promised 2600 dollar more when the procedure was over.
The surgery went according to plan, but the recovery was more difficult than she had expected.
Her neighbour sat by her bedside day and night.
After three days, with her wound still draining liquid, the hospital sent her home.
When she went back to the hospital a week later for a check-up, the doctors pretended not to recognize her.
Her broker had vanished.
It's all true.

I remember the dogs.
In many of the beach resorts, there are a lot of stray dogs.
They run around in packs.

But now - there are no more dogs.
Each morning, with the bodies of people also come bodies of dogs.

They are placed in plastic bags, and thrown into special vehicles.
They can't exactly haul them away with the garbage, as the rotting flesh will also cause disease.
But they also don't have a morgue the mongrels.

On the quayside in Mujnak there is, at first sight, nothing left to remind you of the sea.
No seagulls circling around and the shoreline has receded 120 kilometres.

However there is still a stiff wind blowing, which plays around the rotting carcasses of sheep dotted here and there.

The dust storms that lash the fishermen's clay houses are poisonous.

We have given up hope of saving the sea.

Under five feet of water two elephants entrenched in the mud.

A group of hunters shot the Chernobyl dogs.

Who were they?

They were Party members, who, to organize their leisure hours had joined together in an illegal hunting club.

Now they assembled as liquidators.

The dissemination of radioactivity in the dogs' fur was to be prevented.

There are dogs, which cover ranges of more than 300 miles, and if they are contaminated they leave a radioactive trail wherever they go.

Why were the cats, the deer, equally exposed to radiation, not likewise killed?

Because they did not appear in the lists the Party organization had drawn up in case of an emergency.

The dogs were taken aside and shot.

The radiation excited the dogs.

But what if children attempted to defend the dog?

The children were taken away, they were not to see the shooting, and they were then immediately brought to their parents to be comforted.

We have given up hope of saving the sea.

The water has gone and without it we cannot even make bread.

The kids of fishermen have never even seen the sea -they've grown up in a desert, a salty, barren land.

I planted my garden this spring, but I will not be bringing in a harvest as there's nothing to water with.

Today I watered from a bucket, but you can see that nothing is growing and those shoots that have appeared have turned yellow, burnt by the sun.

But we continue to plant our gardens, even though we know our work will be for nothing.

We don't eat meat, there's nothing there.

Not long ago there was a case of an old man wandering off into the sands to die.

He knew his family didn't have the money for a burial, so he just decided to go off and no one saw him again.

There is an enormous hole in the Universe, nearly a billion light-years across, empty of both normal matter such as stars, galaxies, and gas, and the mysterious, unseen "dark matter."

There are no holes, or voids, in the large-scale structure of the Universe, this emptiness dwarfs them all.

Not only has no one ever found a void this big, but we never even expected to find one this size.

What we've found is not normal.

I tracked the build-up of plastics in the seas for more than 15 years :It moves around like a big animal without a leash.

It's as if a bomb exploded millions of pieces of plastic that rained down on the Pacific: flip-flops, suntan oil bottles, plastic Coke bottles, garbage bags, and even large floating industrial plastic sheets, plastic pellets.

The entire bottom was made of plastic.

Bottles and plastic bags swaying with the tide, replacing the sea grasses and algae.

I saw one little fish scurry from behind a white plastic bag to take cover from me in a sunken automobile tire.

Brushing aside another drifting white bag, I spied a flicker of red on the bottom.

What I found was a plastic face staring up at me with a great big smile and two enormous plastic ears.

It was the decapitated head of a Mickey Mouse doll.

Parts of a man's body have fallen onto a New York home.

A leg, with a shoe, and part of the torso fell into a woman's garden, making a very loud bang.

More human remains were found in the aircraft's wheel-well, which is not heated or pressurised, so chances of surviving a long flight are negligible.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars did wander darkling in the eternal space, rayless and pathless,

and the icy earth swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.

Morn came and went.

And came, and brought no day, and men forgot their passions in the dread of this their desolation;

And all hearts were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.

And they did live by watchfires.

And the thrones, the palaces of crowned kings - the huts, the habitations of all things which dwell, were burnt for beacons;

Cities were consumed, and men were gathered round their blazing homes to look once more into each other's face.

A fearful hope was all the world contained;

Forests were set on fire - but hour by hour they fell and faded - and the crackling trunks extinguished with a crash.

And all was black.

The man-eaters came, timid at first, crept up to the corpses once night had fallen, hacked off a limb here and there and wolfed the flesh down raw.

But, as they quickly gained experience they looked for fresh dead, who were not yet cold and therefore tastier.

In a shack in Krinowaya, two brothers had sworn to protect one another from the cannibals should one of them die.

When one of them eventually did die, the cannibals gathered round the kitchen, which was guarded by the brother.

All night long, he was able to hold them in check.

They tried to persuade him to surrender the body to them.

As the night drew to a close, they redoubled the pressure, became more daring.

They offered to inter the brother's body.

The young soldier, under-nourished and exhausted, was unable to resist: they tore his dead brother from him.

Sobbing hysterically, the young man remained lying on the floor of the shack.

Nature, sun.
Crows have pitched into the eyes of a frozen corpse atop a mound.
On the Steppe, birds are rare.
The small, white sun, visible through a pale layer of haze, has shed its familiar whitewashed hue, but it doesn't help.
The sky brings remorseless cold; masses of air from Astrakhan, unwilling to adapt to human scale.

A tall thin soldier holding a giant bone - it could well have been the thighbone of a horse or possibly even of a human being - and gnawing it.
I called out to him: 'Hey there, what are you doing?'
But he didn't even hear me.

Slightly frosted potatoes are placed in cold water a few hours before cooking. Potatoes that are frozen through are put straight into boiling water as they are, and then cooked.

While I was there, three women delivered babies on the cement floor without blankets.
The prison doctor kicked the pregnant women with his boots.
When a baby was born, the doctor shouted, 'Kill it quickly.'
'How can a criminal expect to have a baby? Kill it.'
The women covered their faces with their hands and wept.
Even though the deliveries were forced by injection, the babies were still alive when born.
The prisoner nurses, with trembling hands, squeezed the babies necks to kill them.
It's all true.

The air turned hostile and biting cold.
It soon became clear why it would be foolhardy to try to make it through the Chunnel on foot.
The high speed of a train produces a piston effect that creates a wall of air that would overwhelm anyone in the tunnel, sweeping him against the train in an undertow of wind.
Body parts were spotted by the engineer of a later train.

The body has still not been identified, and no one knows what train he fell from.

The tunnel got colder and noisier deeper in,
you feel you're underneath a bloody sea.
The air was wet.
The deeper in I went, the wetter it got.

Suddenly, the train shot out of the tunnel into the industrial monotony of the British railyards.
As in France, they were lighted in sodium daylight.
At the speed the train was traveling, the summer air felt bitter cold.
Directly above the tunnel mouth there was a steep wooded hill with an abandoned World War II pillbox at the top.
Its machine-gun slits looked directly into the tunnel entrance and south to the sea beyond it, from where the enemy invasion was expected to come.

I was too cold to move.
I waited for 20 minutes until the truck's engine turned over.
When the truck was on solid ground I waited until I heard footsteps.
I heard English voices.
I was relieved to be alive, but also terrified.

I had been arrested many times along this journey, and I had fought with policemen in Turkey and Iran. I knew there would be police here, too, but I didn't know if they were as dangerous.

The canvas back of the truck was yanked aside with an explosion of flashlights. The police took me peacefully and were even polite.

The first thing I realized was that I wouldn't need to fight.

Now I could start a new life.

I just wanted a small job, a small profession,

I just wanted to be safe.

We rushed to the cellar.

The attack had ebbed by about two o'clock, and Nasreen made her way carefully upstairs to the kitchen, to get the food for the family.

At the end of the bombing, the sound changed.

It wasn't so loud.

It was like pieces of metal just dropping without exploding.

We didn't know why it was so quiet.

Then we saw an unusual light:

A helicopter had come back to the town, and the soldiers were throwing white pieces of paper out the side.

We understood that they were measuring wind speed and direction.

Nasreen gathered the food quickly, but noticed a series of odd smells carried into the house by the wind.

At first it smelled bad, like garbage and then it was a good smell, like sweet apples.

Then like garlic.

Then like eggs.

Before she went downstairs, she happened to check on a caged partridge that her father kept in the house.

The bird was dying.

It was on its side.

It was very quiet, but the animals were dying.

The sheep and goats were dying.

The Pyrenean Ibex had a very short fur, composed exclusively by true hair in summer and in winter made of both, longer hair and short thick wool.

In all seasons the hair was longer above the neck, forming a short, stiff mane.

The very last living Pyrenean Ibex was found dead on 6 January 2000 under a fallen tree.

I found the 13-year-old female with her skull crushed.

The grayish female with slightly curved horns was called Celia.

Nasreen ran to the cellar.

She told everybody there was something wrong.

There was something wrong with the air.

We panicked.

We had fled downstairs to escape the bombardment, and it was difficult to abandon our shelter.

Only splinters of light penetrated the basement, but the dark provided a strange comfort.

We wanted to stay in hiding, even though we were getting sick.

I felt a sharp pain in my eyes, like stabbing needles.

My sister came close to my face and said, 'Your eyes are very red.'

Then the children started throwing up.
They kept throwing up.
They were in so much pain, and crying so much.
They were crying all the time.
My mother was crying.
Then the old people started throwing up.

I saw a man without feet, walking on his ankles.

I saw a man whose eye had been torn out, and there he stood with his eye resting in the palm of his hand.
It looked like the eye was staring at me.

We were choking and our eyes were burning.
We could barely see the road through the fog, and sirens were blaring.
We didn't know which way to run.

It happened in the early hours.
Methyl isocyanate gas (MIC) had escaped when a valve in the plant's underground storage tank broke under pressure.
This caused a deadly cloud of lethal gas to float from the factory over the city.

Mothers didn't know their children had died, children didn't know their mothers had died and men didn't know their whole families had died.

Chaos and panic broke out in the city and surrounding areas as tens of thousands of people attempted to escape.

Thousands of dead cats, dogs, cows and birds litter the streets and the city Mortuaries are filling up fast.

I had a girl in my arms and I lost her.
She died in my arms.

There was a person who had a big splinter of wood stuck in his eye and was running around blindly.
I saw a pile of burned bodies in a water tank by the entrance to the broadcasting station.
There was a charred body of a woman standing frozen in a running posture with one leg lifted and her baby tightly clutched in her arms.
Who on earth could she be?

The expression in people's eyes.

At the base of the bridge, inside a big cistern that had been dug out there, was a mother weeping and holding above her head a naked baby that was burned bright red all over its body, and another mother crying and sobbing as she gave her burned breast to her baby.

The soldiers sat at the neighbouring table, their eyes staring, their faces motionless.
In the centre of their staring eyes, I could see their pupils oddly expanding and contracting.
I noticed that they did not flicker their eyelids.
But they were not blind;
Some were reading the papers, others watched the musicians, the people coming and going, the waiters

fussing around the tables, and through the misty panes of the large windows, the vast Pilsudski Square deserted in the snow.

Suddenly I realized that they had no eyelids.
Singled by the cold, their eyelids had dropped off like pieces of dead skin.
I was struck with horror watching the eyes of those poor soldiers in the Europeiski Café in Warsaw.
I thought that those poor fellows slept with eyes wide open in the dark, that night was their only eyelid;
that their future was lunacy;
that only lunacy could slightly shade their lidless eyes.

Nowadays in the contaminated area there are many large animals such as wild horses and cows.
And then there are the rodents, insects and birds who returned after the explosion.
Even species that had almost become extinct reappeared.
Especially wolves and lynxes.

I saw tons of straw fall from the heavens.
I looked up and saw bundles of hay, some as big as a bale, gracefully floating down to earth.
The whole area around covered in a layer of hay.

While I was talking I saw, to the left, a reed basket standing on the desk.

You could see it was filled with seafood, at least this is how it appeared to me, and I would say it was full of oysters, but removed from their shells, as you sometimes see displayed in the windows of Fortnum and Mason on Piccadilly in London.

'Are these oysters from Dalmatia?' I asked.
He lifted the lid off the basket and showing us these fruits of the sea, this slimy gelatinous pile of oysters.
He said 'This is a gift from my faithful Ustasya: this is twenty kilos of human eyes.'

A man with his eyes sticking out about two inches called me by name and I felt sick.
The corpse lying on its back on the road had been killed immediately.
Its hand was lifted to the sky and the fingers were burning with blue flames.

The fingers were shortened to one-third and distorted.
A dark liquid was running to the ground along the hand.

On the first day his body temperature was 39.8°.
Cold shivers, very agitated.
He is a friendly, sociable man, sensitive and patient.
Twenty-four hours after the accident, bone marrow was removed from the breastbone and pelvis.

The measured full dose was 4 rem, an average for the whole body.
On the fifth day: open blisters and the mucous membrane is detaching itself in flakes.
He can't sleep.
His leg is swelling up.
The patient feels as if it is about to burst open, as if it is a piece of wood.

On the 14th day: loss of hair, starting on the right side, followed by complete loss.
He had that special humour of a man who is condemned to die.

For long periods he could not bear the sound of anyone talking loudly or the clicking sound of shoes. He yelled at a woman doctor telling her that the sound of her heels was giving him diarrhoea. The quasi mutation, incredible heightening of the sensibilities gives rise to the idea that a goal-oriented use of nuclear radiation could increase new human characteristics.

Apart from this he was friendly and wrote rhymes....

At the edge of the power station site is a reservoir for the turbine cooling-water. Radiation has caused many fish to become extremely large and phlegmatic. They are thrown onto the bank and allow themselves to be caught with the bare hands.

I remember a child that died-a daughter born without a brain, a condition called "anencephaly".

Another child with no urethral opening in her vagina to urinate.

Large open containers of glue and fumes so strong the workers frequently complained of headaches, dizzy spells and even hallucinations.

They became addicted to the glue, suffering withdrawal symptoms at home on the weekends so bad they longed to go back to the lines.

At the execution site, the whole process went very fast.

Once the criminals were executed, the body would be moved into the van.

During the transportation, the vehicles drove slowly but steadily, which was probably to facilitate the operations.

We followed the six vehicles all the way to the crematorium.

My friend insisted on seeing his brother one last time.

I lent him a uniform and told him, "If you wear plain clothes, you won't be able to see your brother."

Once we arrived at the crematorium, the whole place was shut down and surrounded by the armed police. No one was allowed to enter.

"It is okay for you to look, but don't get too close.

Rules from above.

Nobody should get closer than 2 meters."

So we stood two meters away from the body.

I saw them unzip the bag.

I saw that the transparent bag was full of blood.

The face could be seen.

We could see that the body was empty and all the organs were gone.

The eyes were gone as well—perhaps corneas were needed.

My friend wanted to shout and I asked him not to, as it would put his life in danger.

I saw several people plunging their heads into a half-broken water tank and drinking the water.

When I was close enough to see inside the tank I said "Oh!" out loud and instinctively drew back.

What I had seen in the tank were the faces of monsters reflected from the water dyed red with blood.

They had clung to the side of the tank and plunged their heads in to drink and there in that position they had died.

From their burned and tattered middy blouses I could tell that they were high school girls, but there was not a hair left on their heads;

the broken skin of their burned faces was stained bright red with blood.
I could hardly believe that these were human faces.
I had the feeling that all the human beings on the face of the earth had been killed off, and I was the only one left behind in an uncanny world of the dead...

The self-reproducing robot looks like a stack of blocks.
It *is* a stack of blocks, one with the ability to pick up other blocks and clone itself into a second identical stack.

Self-replication is the ultimate form of self-repair.

I don't think it's hard, really, once you realize it has to do with modules.

'Like trying to rebuild the Roman Forum'

This is no longer science fiction. It's very, very real.

I must "feed" the robots with new blocks at specific times at specific locations.

For more complex robots, there would probably be several types of modules for different purposes, much as the body has many different types of cells.

It's a little more of a biological idea, a biological paradigm.

He said he wished he had a spaceship so he could leave the whole universe - not just the earth.
I felt sad - aged only five my son has already had enough of this life.

She didn't believe that she would be infertile, and in 1991 she gave birth to a boy. We named him Arazoo.
Arazoo means hope in Kurdish.
He was healthy at first, but he had a hole in his heart.
He died at the age of three months.

A female hammerhead shark recently gave birth to a pup despite having had no contact with a male.

Bessie is fine. She is fine.

Genetic tests prove conclusively the young animal possessed no paternal DNA.
Parthenogenesis, virgin birth, as this type of reproduction is known, occurs when an egg cell is triggered to develop as an embryo without the addition of any genetic material from a male sperm cell.
In the wild, the sharks have come under extreme pressure.
If they resort to parthenogenesis to reproduce because females have difficulty finding mates, this is likely to weaken populations still further.
Sharks and vertebrates in general have evolved away from parthenogenesis to boost genetic diversity and enhance evolutionary potential.
The new pup was killed by a stingray before I could remove it from its tank.
Although extremely rare in vertebrates, parthenogenesis occurs in a number of lower animals.

Insects such as bees and ants use it to produce their drones, for example.

Honeybees are flying off in search of pollen and nectar and simply never return to their colonies.
Unprecedented losses.
Domesticated honeybee population has declined by about 50%.

And nobody really knows what is happening.
Nobody.
In this jungle, half a million people are lost.
In front of our eyes appear the people who did not exist!
Ok, the living first!
As many as you can find.
We'll collect the bodies later, that's the best idea.

Are the honeybees dying in the fields they pollinate, or do they simply become too exhausted and disoriented to find their way back home?

The phenomenon is not yet well understood.

Mothers didn't know their children had died, children didn't know their mothers had died and men didn't know their whole families had died.

At the base of the bridge, inside a big cistern that had been dug out there,
was a mother weeping and holding above her head a naked baby that was burned bright red all over its body, and another mother crying and sobbing as she gave her burned breast to her baby.

Honeybees don't just make honey; they pollinate apples, nuts, avocados, pumpkins, soybeans, asparagus, broccoli, celery, squash and cucumbers,
citrus fruit, peaches, kiwi, cherries, blueberries, cranberries, strawberries, cantaloupe and other melons, almond blossoms and alfalfa.

In fact, about one-third of the human diet comes from insect-pollinated plants.
Even cattle, which feed on alfalfa, depend on bees.
So if the collapse worsens, we could end up being "stuck with grains and water."

Honeybees are killed by synthetic chemicals,
We may have unwittingly unleashed an agricultural Chernobyl.

I'm not ready to panic yet.

I cloned a pair of banteng calves.

I successfully cloned the frozen cells from an animal that died more than 20 years ago.
I did it by transferring the DNA from these cells into empty eggs from ordinary domestic cows.
Although I started with 16 pregnancies, only two of them went to term.
Two of the babies made it to birth last week.

Others did that two years ago with an oxlike animal called a gaur.
The little calf died after only a few days.

The pair of bantengs look healthy, they're both vigorous and healthy -- they look like little Bambis with their big brown eyes and ears.

Cloning extinct animals, such as the Tasmanian tiger, the Australian marsupial, may prove more difficult, but I am working on it.

In 2000 Bessie gave birth to a cloned Asian gaur, but the calf died after two days.

Bessie is fine. She is fine.

Three African wildcats were successfully cloned from a thawed frozen embryo. Anticipating this possibility, tissue samples from the last Pyrenean Ibex were frozen immediately after it died. I am considering cloning endangered species such as the giant panda, ocelot, and cheetah.

This is no longer science fiction.
It's very, very real.

In 1975, Gurdon came up with the "nuclear transfer".
This two-step process uses fine needles and a powerful microscope to take the nucleus out creating an enucleated oocyte.
He discovered that the enucleated oocyte wouldn't divide or differentiate, even when fertilized.

Gurdon's second step surprised many.
He moved the nucleus from the cell into an enucleated oocyte.
These nuclear transferred cells behaved a lot like a zygote.
They divided and divided just as they were supposed to, until a great ball of cells was produced.
Then this ball differentiated!
The process continued on as a normal embryo.

Gurdon had proved that differentiation was reversible, because normal identical twins aren't made from differentiated cells.

I replicated DNA of the Tasmanian tiger, using polymerase chain reaction.

However, I stopped the project after tests showed the specimens' DNA had been too badly degraded by the ethanol.

Tissue samples from the last Pyrenean Ibex were frozen immediately after it died.

He will be the first endangered animal we send up the ramp of the ark, this is no longer science fiction.

I am also considering cloning endangered species such as the giant panda, ocelot, and cheetah.
The "Frozen Zoo" stores frozen tissue from the world's rarest and most endangered species.

The disaster has lodged itself in our bodies and our genes.
It is propagating itself.
It is our legacy.

I saw a woman crying with her baby in her arms, some old lady was sitting next to her.
She was rocking the baby back and forth and she was crying.
Then she told the lady something in her ear, gave her the baby, got up and jumped off the bridge.

40 seconds.
Just enough time to throw one or two shovelfuls of radioactive waste into the gaping hole of Block 4.
The siren goes off.
Eight soldiers come running up and hastily climb onto the roof.
Forty seconds later the siren goes off again and they return at a run.
Now it is my turn.
I climb up.
I feel as if I am on another planet.
My hands are shaking.
I no longer know where I am.

I meet Alexander, he is a plumber and was on duty when the explosion occurred.
Radioactive water splashed all over his arm.
All he did was grab a towel and quickly dry it off.
He should have washed his arms several times and scrubbed the skin with soap, but he didn't know this.
He is a giant of a man, strong and handsome, but all that is left of his arm is a bone covered with a thick crust.

A mare gave birth to a foal with eight legs.

Nature appears to be gradually reclaiming its rights.
The trees sometimes have strange coloured leaves, but that is all.
The air is pervaded with the smell of earth and grass.

Whenever our neighbour's dog would bark at night, we knew the albino deer was out.
We would shine a spotlight on her at night, and seeing that bright white appearance in the dark was just incredible.
She was beautiful.
When my little daughter saw the deer for the first time, she mistook it for a mythical creature.
"Daddy, look! It's a unicorn,"

It was just an incredible sight, that deer grazing just a few feet from the pool.
Two more unusually coloured animals have been hit by cars in the county during the past six months.

A now familiar sequence of events occurred: first all the doors and windows were torn from their frames and smashed by high-explosive bombs weighing four thousand pounds, then the attic floors of the buildings were ignited by lightweight incendiary mixtures, and at the same time firebombs weighing up to fifteen kilograms fell into the lower stories.

Within a few minutes, huge fires were burning all over the target area, which covered some twenty square kilometers, and they merged so rapidly that only a quarter of an hour after the first bombs had dropped the whole airspace was a sea of flames as far as the eye could see.

Another five minutes later, at one-twenty A.M., a firestorm of an intensity that no one would ever before have thought possible arose.

The fire, now rising two thousand meters into the sky, snatched oxygen to itself so violently that the air currents reached hurricane force, resonating like mighty organs with all their stops pulled out at once.

The fire burned like this for three hours.

At its height, the storm lifted gables and roofs from buildings, flung rafters and entire advertising billboards through the air, tore trees from the ground, and drove human beings before it like living torches.

Behind collapsing façades, the flames shot up as high as houses, rolled like a tidal wave through the streets at a speed of over a hundred and fifty kilometers an hour, spun across open squares in strange rhythms like rolling cylinders of fire.

The water in some of the canals was ablaze.

The glass in the tram car windows melted; stocks of sugar boiled in the bakery cellars.

Those who had fled from their air-raid shelters sank, with grotesque contortions, in the tick bubbles thrown up by the melting asphalt.

No one knows for certain how many lost their lives that night, or how many went mad before they died.

When day broke, the summer dawn could not penetrate the leaden gloom above the city.

The smoke had risen to a height of eight thousand meters, where it spread like a vast, anvil-shaped cumulonimbus cloud.

A wavering heat, which the bomber pilots said they had felt through the sides of their planes, continued to rise from the smoking, glowing mounds of stone.

Residential districts so large that their total street length amounted to two hundred kilometers were utterly destroyed.

Horribly disfigured corpses lay everywhere.

Bluish little phosphorous flames still flickered around many of them; others had been roasted brown or purple and reduced to a third of their normal size.

They lay doubled up in pools of their own melted fat, which had sometimes already congealed.

The exodus of survivors had begun on the night of the air raid itself.

It started with constant movement in all neighbouring streets...going no one knew where.

The refugees, numbering one and a quarter million, dispersed all over the country as far as its outer borders.

A group of forty to fifty such refugees tried to force their way into a train.

As they did so, a cardboard suitcase fell on the platform, bursted open and spilled its contents.

Toys, a manicure case, singed underwear.

And last of all, the roasted corpse of a child, shrunk like a mummy, which its half-deranged mother had been carrying about with her, the relic of a past that was still intact a few days ago.

A workforce arrived to disinfect the area.

Some people remained standing in their doorways holding their meagre belongings, filled with disbelief.

They watched as firemen hosed down their houses for hours on end.

In the end a crane lifted up the house and dropped it into a hole dug by bulldozers.

You heard the sound of objects and furniture breaking.

Everything was buried: trees, houses and vehicles.

Now all that is left of the village is an open field.

Our house is buried here.

END - Kris Verdonck

And the school and the village office.
My herbarium and two stamp albums.