

## THE ANSWER OF ALL

There are questions that have the fascination of the infinite, the ardour of the stars and the mystery of the dark. Gilgam knew well this, and the entire firmament sparked in his eyes. He was still looking for the answer that nobody had ever given to him. He had navigated the entire known spatial sector, he was one of the few to have done this. He had seen the bastions of Darkan collapsing below himself, had perceived the death and the interminable terror of the black holes; he had learnt other sciences, met life forms never entered in contact with its race before. He had even grazed the impossible, when shooting with his Z-Viking/4 ship in flames, at the forces of the Morgan, in war.

But all this hadn't ever given him the answer! Once again, he stared, with perplexity, at the screen, whose black hue was the same that, behind the porthole, was extending to infinite distances.

<<Insert the Darkan code>> emitted the machine.

<<Insert what?>> Gilagam bawl. <<the Darkan are extinct>>. Then he recall something and rummaged hastily into the pockets, leaving to drop some sheets crumbled up. He began to type an indecipherable code and finally something emitted a buzz. Incomprehensible hieroglyphic flowed below its eyes at phrenetic speeds. He returned to typing, with indomitable anxiety. Swallowed, since what he was going to write was of great importance.

<<What's the answer of all?>> he typed.

<<Of all?>> the machine asked.

<<Yes, of all>>.

A cascade of information began sliding on the screen with inscrutable speed. After some minutes the machine emitted a sonorous beep. <<It's not possible to answer a similar question>>.

<<Why?>> Gilgam asked, typing with frenzy that word.

<<This question has already been asked 13 millions, 476 thousands, 356 times. It's the oldest question of the universe and has never found an answer. Fifteen thousands, six hundreds people, before than you, asked the same, but the data I have to answer is insufficient>>.

<<What do you need to know?>> Gilgam typed, nearly sure to know what the machine would had asked him. For a short time some interferences crossed the screen.

<<There are ancient civilizations, far worlds, and unexplored things and this cyber net is unsuitable. For example: what is philosophy? On the net there are only few information, but once existed a planet on which someone knew very well philosophy. That planet was called Earth. What I lack is contained in the words of Platone, Socrate, Hegel, Schopenhauer... these information are of capital importance and without them it's not possible to elaborate the answer>>.

This reply impregnated the air of seriousness and raised an insopportabile tension. The beams from a green moon were lightening the wrinkles of Gilgam, the concrete evidence of his long trips, his desperate and interminable journey to the Earth and his return. Now he could have the answer, at last he could have it! He inserted the disc silverplated inside the opening, withholding the breath.

<<What's it?>> asked the machine.

<<All you need>> typed Gilgam. A bzzzzzzz was heard, the disc began to rotate, comparing every bit of data with every other, at the same time, simulating what in many galaxies is called "pure thought". In truth, nothing more than data through circuits, nothing of human. Gilgam wondered once again if that was the right way and most of all the good time. At last the machine emitted a bip of warning: <<Some data is still lacking>>.

Gilgam let his body falling to the ground, losing any hope. He couldn't stand this answer again, he had travelled infinite times the universe to find a truth that had never been found.

<< What data?>> screamed Gilgam. <<Where is the data?>> typed, with the anger winding in his eyes.

<<Within you>> answered the machine.

<<Within me?>>

<<That data is of human kind and cannot be transferred into my memory. It's useless to continue to wander unknown worlds to every angle of the universe, only you have that data and without it I'm nothing. I'll never be able to give you a definitive answer. It's within of you that you can find the answer, only within of you! It is not written on dusty books of history, not even on esoteric books of philosophy. Here is because you have never found what you were looking for>>.