

*It was like reading a book. A book without pages. A cover that lies uneasily in your hands, as if it moves all the time. Understanding was impossible, I knew it would be guesswork. The cover was called the book because it simply looked that way and the pages – that lay elsewhere – were called the words, for as far as you could call them something without the protection of the cover they thought they never needed. They revolted. Those were the days people spoke about iron and owning, and things like...*

...that once upon a time there was a most incredible man. On the outside, he looked like a common person, but if you knew him better you'd know that he was someone who had everything he wished, *everything*. He was quite handsome, he was intelligent, thoughtful, artistically and anything one could image. He was called King Edward, for he didn't allow anybody to refer to him with another name. Edward had never seen another man, except for his councillor, who told him everything about the people and who obeyed his orders. All the same, someone of his size didn't need anybody to work with, nor did he need friends. He could work all day on another theory on physics, a new painting, a new invention; and he could do it all alone. He was an important man.

One day, he called his councillor to come. A few seconds later, he entered. 'What is it, King Edward?' and saw how his master sat in the corner of his room. 'Counchy,' – he always called his councillor Counchy. 'Yes, King Edward?' There was a flash in the King's eyes. 'I want something new to test my power on. I want things to crush in my hands! I want people to truly fear me, to hate me!' He turned his head backwards, like he always did when he knew he had said something important. 'But King Edward, they do! You already control everything in the country. You decide what people have to think about anything, what they are allowed to, you can do everything you want!' King Edward interrupted him. 'Please Counchy. Please find me something new. Think! There must be something I don't have. I want you to find it'

And Counchy did. Next morning, he entered the room, walking rapidly. 'King Edward. I asked someone, and here's something you don't possess: a star!' King Edward almost went crazy about the idea. 'Yes, yes, yes, I want to have a star right now. And not only one, lots of them!' Counchy said: 'Calm, calm. There's only one problem. The man that sells them doesn't ask money for it. He asks something else.' 'Well, anything. I want a star!' 'The point is, he wants to make an exchange. You get one star of your choice and he gets freedom for one person. Think of it, a star is worth a lot more than a human!' Edward almost laughed. 'Fabulous. Why not? One human more or less, nobody'd notice. It's great! I want them right now! I'll buy every star there is in the sky. First of all the left star of Orion. That's the most beautiful one.' And he was so happy.

Counchy went out of the room and that afternoon he spoke to the People's Wish – the revolutionary committee of citizens – with the following words: 'Comrades, we are no longer illegal. In three years, we'll overthrow that man.' The room applauded.

Three years later a procession waited outside of King Edward's castle. Nobody was allowed to come in, as usually. The surprised King Edward was given a bottle of wine, sitting on his throne, by his councillor while he read the scroll that was attached to it: 'Dear King Edward, As a tribute to your leadership that has brought our country so much prosperity, we present you this small gift, that symbolises the spirit of the people.'

A warm little tear blinked in the eye of King Edward, but he didn't dare to show this emotion. 'Beautiful.' He could only say. 'This is too much. You really shouldn't have done this. I'm not that good for all of you.' Counchy shook his head. 'Please. This is something you never got.' Edward almost cried. 'Yes... Knowledge is power,' he said, turned his head backwards and drank all of the wine at once. It was only a few minutes later that he – while he talked with his Councillor about economic matters – began to feel uneasy and stated that...

*'...there was absolute power.' The pages had ripped of the idealistic cover. A demonstration that it was a dream that one of them needed the other. Dependence is as relative as possession. The dust was blown of the cover, and four words appeared. When the answer lies in the infinity of the sky, we all come to say Scio Me Nihil Scire.*