Spies And Hygiene - Part Two

Autor: EM Rosa
Categoría: Ciencia ficción
Publicado el: 11/07/2012

- I hope so. I would like to think like you but I think the IAR are dirty enough to turn any straight rod. - Said that he left the laboratory without more.

.....

Sodosky Io was a maniac in many respects. Always arrived at the same time at the gates of IAR and performed the same movements, the same actions, reciting the same words with the same people. Wanted and demanded that everything looked a certain way and never change. He loved the monotony and predictability to the mess. It raised its whimsical daily scene in a certain way and everyone must conform to it. Of course, not free everybody dance music. Sodosky was chairman of the company founder and owner of seventy percent of the shares. It was the absolute master and everything was done according to your needs and whims. But there was something that haunted him: Cleaning, or worse, asepsis. I lived thinking diseases, germs, bacteria and that the world was a uniquely designed for infectious disease. He avoided physical contact with others until the end of gloves almost constantly. Traveling in his car with driver pompous separated from the same glass sealed and never took the chinstrap if he was with another person. Both his home and his workplace, a stunning release which never came out if not go to his mansion, were sterilized enclosures electronically controlled millimeter by specially designed robotic systems in which only one could breathe fresh air. Not a speck of dust, lint or a microscopic, nothing floating in the few places where she felt safe and content. No one entered his home or his office, any parliament was processed via video conference. A veritable regiment of people working for him in the cleaning and conditioning of their habitat, among whom were true professionals and to a closed group of scientists. Before entering any of the few venues where he spent much of his day was stripped and subjected to showers disinfectants. Then he changed his clothes and threw any object entirely to accompany him during his journey. This cost million to the company but nothing could be done. With this and all, always entering his office before seven o'clock, for which it should wake up before four in the morning, but slept Sodosky only three or four hours a day. Sure, all that the man had to clean out the quintuplicabla of dirty inside. Sodosky not know what it was good. Every pose, every plan

of action, from the evil drew from his deep hatred towards people from their super ego developed from their miserable inhuman essence. So loved robots, because they were the perfect people, programmable, obedient, submissive. He did not allow any discussion or pose, only his judgment was corrupted and deformed mentality. Thus accumulated thousands and thousands of millions, far more than its competitor CTBC, and had grown three times in the past two decades. But of course this had been handing out money in cataracts, bought thousands of wills and making their tentacles extend everywhere, creating a close network of supporters as rotten as his employees. Sodosky had seventy years and had never been anything but what it was today. He grew up in the shadow of his father which inherited a monumental fortune of which he founded at thirty IAR and remained there giving your life a rare homogeneity. He was completely bald and thin and bent body with a height of no more than six feet. His face was devoid of any hairiness and color and black round eyes stood out with intensity. The set was that of an absolutely harmless and benevolent but could not be more misleading. Io Sodosky was evil in small packages at its best. Moreover nothing ever went wrong even in the smallest detail and even his most eccentric whims had been realized. When he decided that CTBC had to go because it was not considered a danger to his own company but because he seemed. Thus decided that the spy would be the most efficient and cleanest way to kill her and, like all his views, he was right, unfortunately his intellect was colossal. That was why when he was informed that Beth had failed almost mad and anger clouded her vision.
- Who was the idiot who was in charge?!. - Shouting at the screen before the terrified face of his senior manager. The subordinate unsteadily tried to give an explanation.
- No ... it was not anyone in particular, sir, the operation failed because Dr. Beth acted immediately. The Patent Office published in the report record net too soon. There was no time to materialize, to formalize the request. - But Sodosky was beside himself.
- What do you say idiot?!. Spending millions per month as bribing government or bureaucratic idiot crosses my path!. And when I need them fail?. Do not give me that!. You're the culprit!. You are my counselor about that stinking rat bureaucrat or not I should buy, so fix it or I miss you like you're useless disposable!. - And he hung up. The manager was dumbfounded, trembling, cold. If fired from IAR never find work elsewhere, it would be an outcast, a homeless man. Ron, that was his name, Ron Pol, took the phone and thought about calling someone but it was halfway. I did not know who to call, and you had better come up with something soon.

Publicado bajo licencia Creative Commons BY-NC-ND

Enlace original del relato: ir al relato
Otros relatos del mismo autor: EM Rosa
Más relatos de la categoría: Ciencia ficción
Muchos más relatos en: cortorelatos.com