

Thomas Cohen Stuart: A heros tale...almost.

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Once upon a time, in a small kingdom next to the sea, surrounded by other kingdoms, known for their superior language skills, and a somewhat larger democracy, our tale takes place. In this little kingdom, people lived happy lives, they had plenty of water from all directions and a great variety of delicious meals and drinks.

Their country was so flat, they did not have to be afraid their cheese-wheels would roll away, if ever unattended.

Our story has it's beginning in the dark castle of VU.

Scene I

Rienk: Hello brave new member of my order of fast light and biology, I am Rienk the Wise, and I tell you "A great task lies ahead of you". Let me introduce you to my fogleman, John the Bold, who will tell you more about your task.

John: Ahh, hallo. I am John. I have this big pile of gold from ALW, and I need someone to carry out my secret plan. We want you to build a device, we call "The Monster". Your mission is so secret, that you will have to work all alone, in a secret room, that is shielded against the curious eye of foreign spies. Additionally we installed a device that produces constant background noise to prevent any eavesdropping. The room is so secret, that not even I know its location.
But if you need advice on the coffee machine in the corridor, you are most welcome to ask me.

Thomas leaves the scene.

The years pass by, and our brave hero continues on his mission. In long and dark hours he tries to solve the deeper mysteries of pump-dump-probe and to deceive the cryptic CVI, that seems to be omnipresent in the castle VU. What our hero did not know, but figured out soon, was that also creatures from other kingdoms resided in this castle, to be more precise they were held in a dark and narrow chamber, referred to as the "koffiekamer".

Scene II

Thomas is working on the coffemachine.

Foreign Student I: The weatherE sucks here, it rainsE all day longE and I cannot see the skyE. Not like in my country.

Thomas is still working on the coffemachine, getting somewhat nervous, shaky.

Foreign Student II: Yes, and the food is strange...

Thomas: Godverdomme, if you don't like it, than don't eat it, go to mama and eat your paste!

FSI&II look up, and go on

Foreign Student III: Yes ,and besides that the IND sucks, I has to sent this form 5 times. And the tax office refuses to speak English with me.

Thomas(shouting): Then just go back to your little dictatorship!!!

Foreign Student I: Hey, hey Thomas take it easy, no reason to scream.
And by the way, thank you for maintaining the coffee machine...

As part of his mission, our lonely, brave warrior was sent to a distant country beyond the horizon to learn about the powers of Yoga, and sharpen his disguise skills.

Scene III, some Indian disguise if possible.

Thomas and Alisa after the conference in India

Thomas greatest concern is not to be taken as a tourist. (he should walk with a big board on his T-shirt: local/not tourist) Anyway it's quite difficult to distinguish him of the local crowd, so if he just walks absent-mindedly not taking photos and not buying anything, it might work...

Or so he thinks.

Thomas: Hey Alisa, I am getting hungry. Do you want to grab something for lunch?

Alisa: OK, but can we try something different then the last local place that we found... I am still not in the best health ever... I'd love to spend more then five cents this time!

Thomas: Sure, I made a small round of the neighborhood in the morning, and found this great place, with Samosas and Naans! Great!
Aaaand it's one cent! It's sold on this muddy corner over there, see?
Cool stuff, man!

(walks towards the corner without turning)

T: Hey, I am wondering why this children are turning to look at me when I pass... is there something wrong? don't they see that I'm a

local? namashte! namashte!

A: Maybe it's the first time in their lives to see a local walking with someone looking touristy beside him??

T: Really, i don't get it. No mater where, in India, or Nepal, or anywhere, there are these guys who want to sell me weed. I mean, not that i am offended or something. Just wondering WHY they always come to me?

(here a guy comes, and whispers something, moving his head and smiling)

T; Maaan.... I like cricket too. Cool stuff. Yeah, sure (talking to the guy quietly) hmh hmh .. why ... no, five it's too much, but for two cents maybe... what you think i'm a tourist?!? ha you haven't guessed correctly (here showing the t-shirt and mumbling)
Well yeah i am Dutch, I might be interested... oh, OK, OK. Give me the shit.
Namashte.

Thomas To Alisa: See, I don't understand that. Now he gave me some seeds. I don't look like I am interested in it, or something, do I?

Scene IV: The musical side of Thomas

Thomas is walking down the corridor while singing the latest classical hit. He sits at his desk and starts drumming his legs and the table. He makes a big noise. Toh look up from his desk, disturbed.

Toh: Thomasss, please stop it now. I try to finish my paper. This is an office, not a rock concert!!

Thomas: Oh sorry Toh. I was completely carried away by this beautiful song. This man was so amazing when he wrote this music. Man, you need to hear it. It will give your life a whole new dimension!

Thomas starts to sing loudly again

Tjaart: Who's the composer of that piece? I must have heard the song before.

Thomas: Schubert. It's one of his Lieder. BTW, last week I started this new piece from Mozart. Man, that guy was a genius! But I can't play his stuff. I think my hands are too big.

Tjaart: Then you should try Brahms or Rachmaninov. They were the guys who had problems with big hands. Their music will add another dimension to your life, but you need enough time for the music to mature before you can fully appreciate it.

Thomas: Yesterday I discovered this amazing piece from Messiaen: *Vision de l'Amen*. I will bring you the CD tomorrow. I don't know if you will like his style, but it's super amazing! We are going to sing this song in my choir.

Tjaart: Thanks Thomas. That's kind of you! But I didn't know you're singing in a choir.

Thomas: They needed my voice in the choir, and these people are really nice. But wow, it's such hard work all this training.

Tjaart: That's really cool, this choir of you! It reminds me of my own choir. We're going to give a lot of Christmas Concerts all over Europe. Are you also going to perform anywhere?

Thomas: Yeah sure! Next year we'll hit our début on Queen's Day. It's gonna be so cool! It's just ridiculous that we cannot ask money in the Vondelpark, but we're gonna be famous!!

Thomas starts drumming his knees again while heading to the coffee room to grab another coffee.

Final scene

Thomas and cars, a tale of its own.

In the office: Thomas arrives, with his headphones' on.

Thomas: Whaa, I really hate all this cars in Amsterdam. No one should be allowed to have a car, I cannot bike as I like and the air is polluted as hell.....and hey what is that horrible smell here...?

Andy: Oeh, well, might be my vanilla-cashnut-bubblegum tea

Thomas: How can you drink that....

Mirek: If you want to know, I will explain how he does that:

Swallowing, known scientifically as *deglutition*, is the process in the human or animal body that makes something pass from the mouth, to the pharynx, and into the esophagus, while shutting the epiglottis. If this fails and the object goes through the trachea, then choking or pulmonary aspiration can occur. In the human body it is controlled by the swallowing reflex....
does that help???

Andy: Thx, Bart do you have anything to add?

Bart: Yes, you should not forget about the social aspect of the problem. Thomas might be right about his complain about the number of cars related to the number of inhabitants of Amsterdam, but if you consider...

Everybody just continues working, Thomas drumming on his legs and the table.

Several yeas have past, and our brave hero has caught some taint over the years.

Thomas: Morning everybody, Ohh cool, my thesis has arrived. Can someone help me carry it to my new CAR?????

End.