

Sodium starts with an S,

and I work only in N.

But in Latin it's natrium.

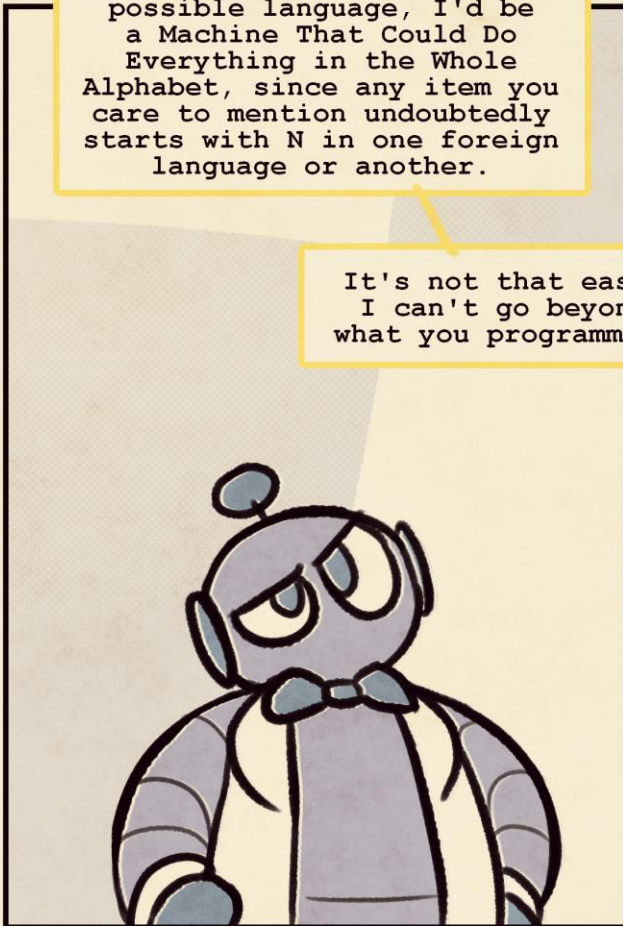
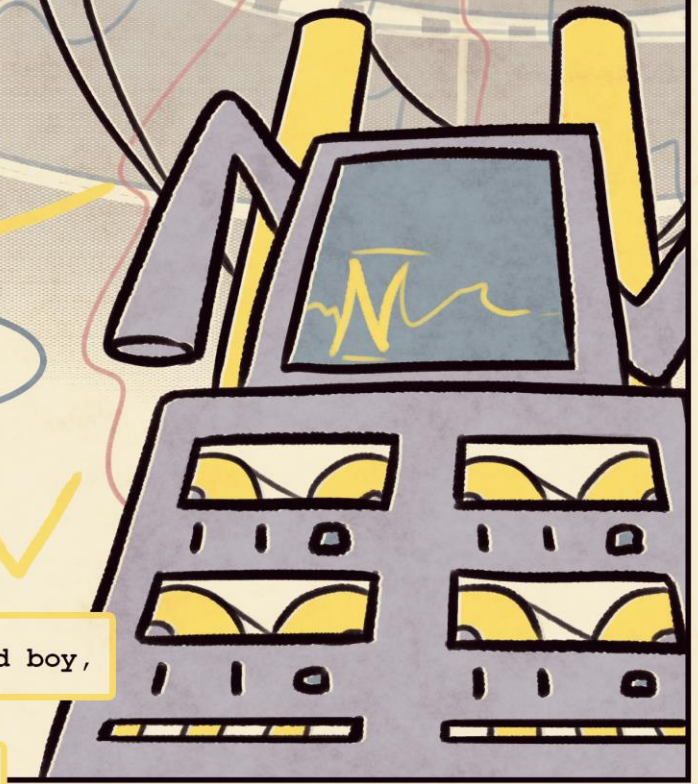
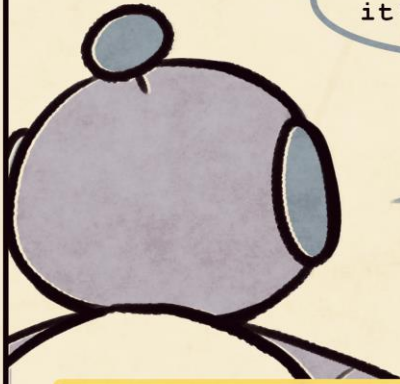
Look, old boy,


if I could do everything starting with N in every possible language, I'd be a Machine That Could Do Everything in the Whole Alphabet, since any item you care to mention undoubtedly starts with N in one foreign language or another.

It's not that easy. I can't go beyond what you programmed.

So no sodium.

Very well.



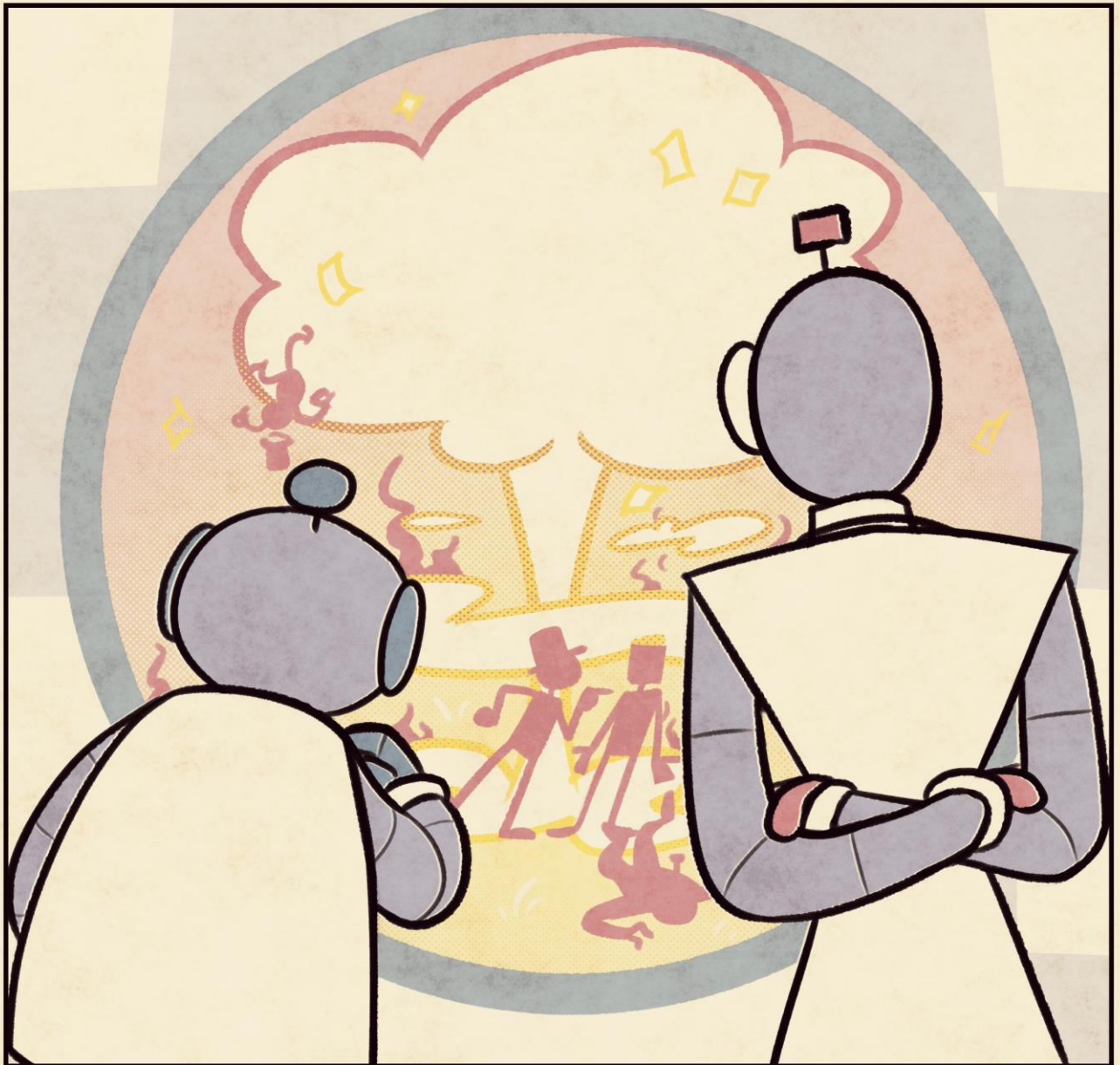
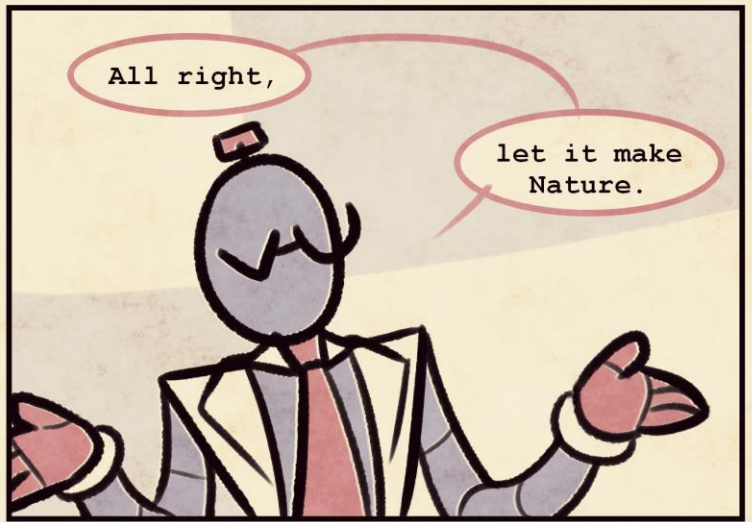
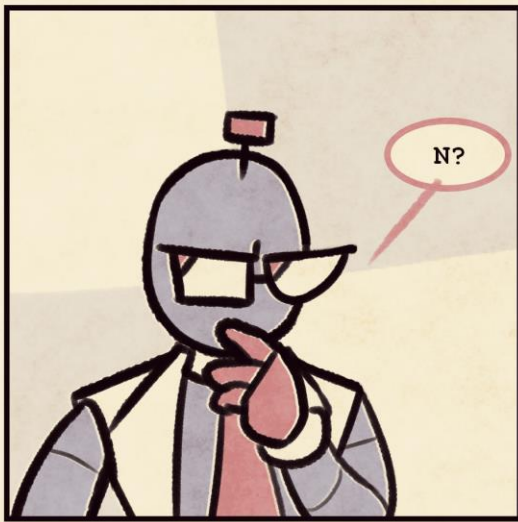


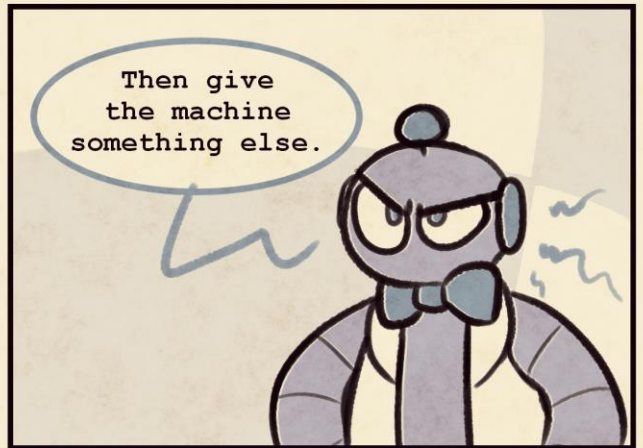
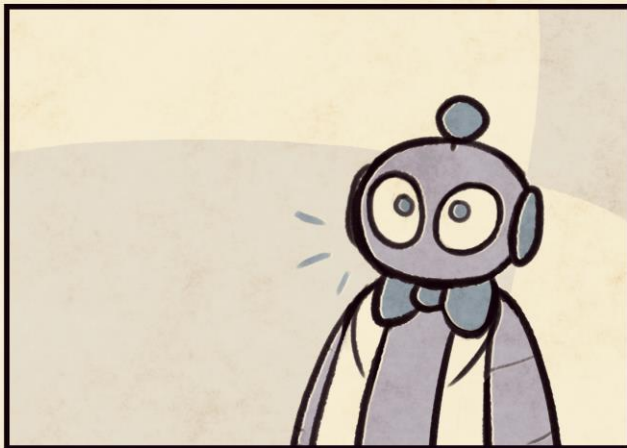
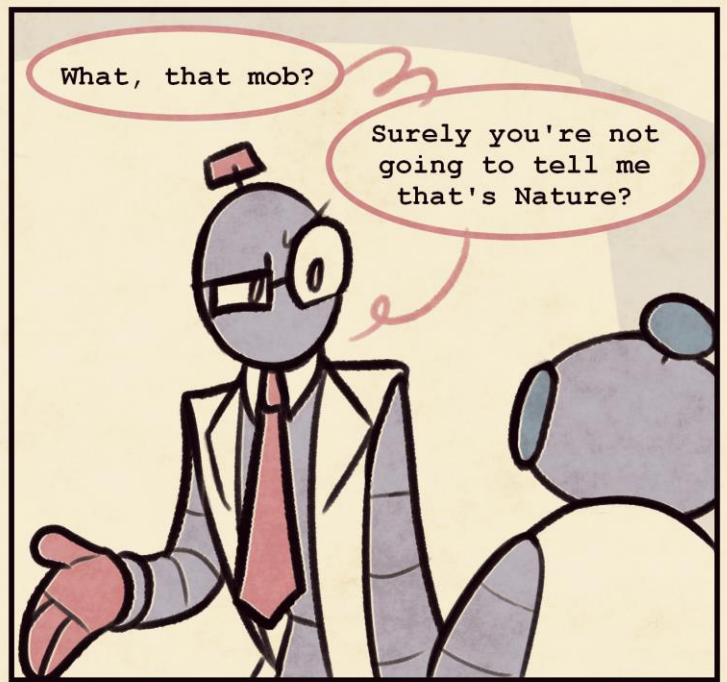
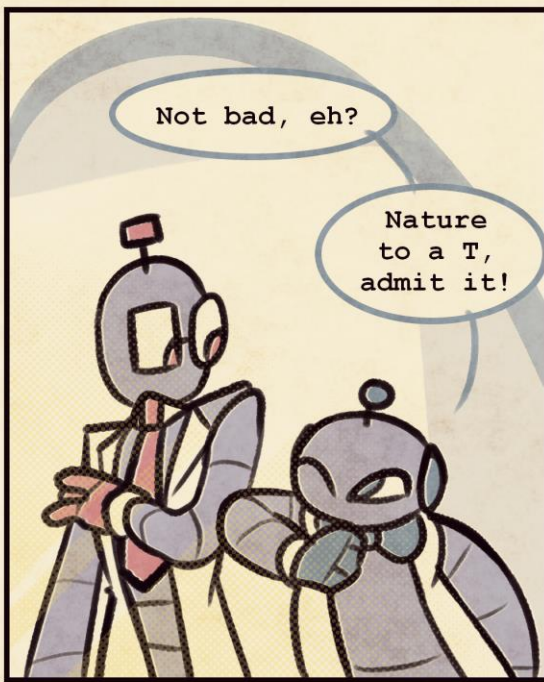
All right,
all right,


if it's that
extraordinary,
let me test it.

Be my guest.

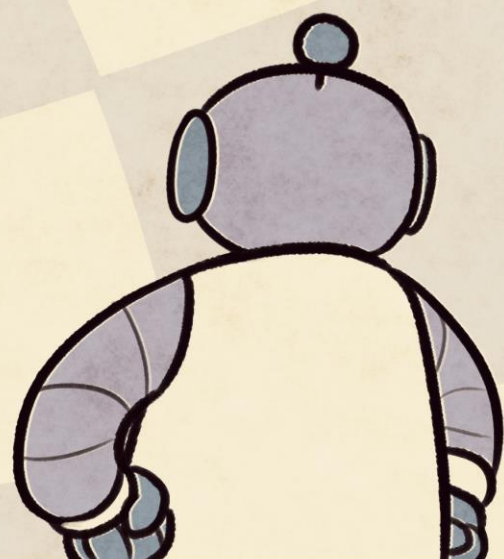
But it
has to start
with N.








Allow me
to give it two
more tasks.



If it can fulfill them,
I suppose it is all
you said it was.

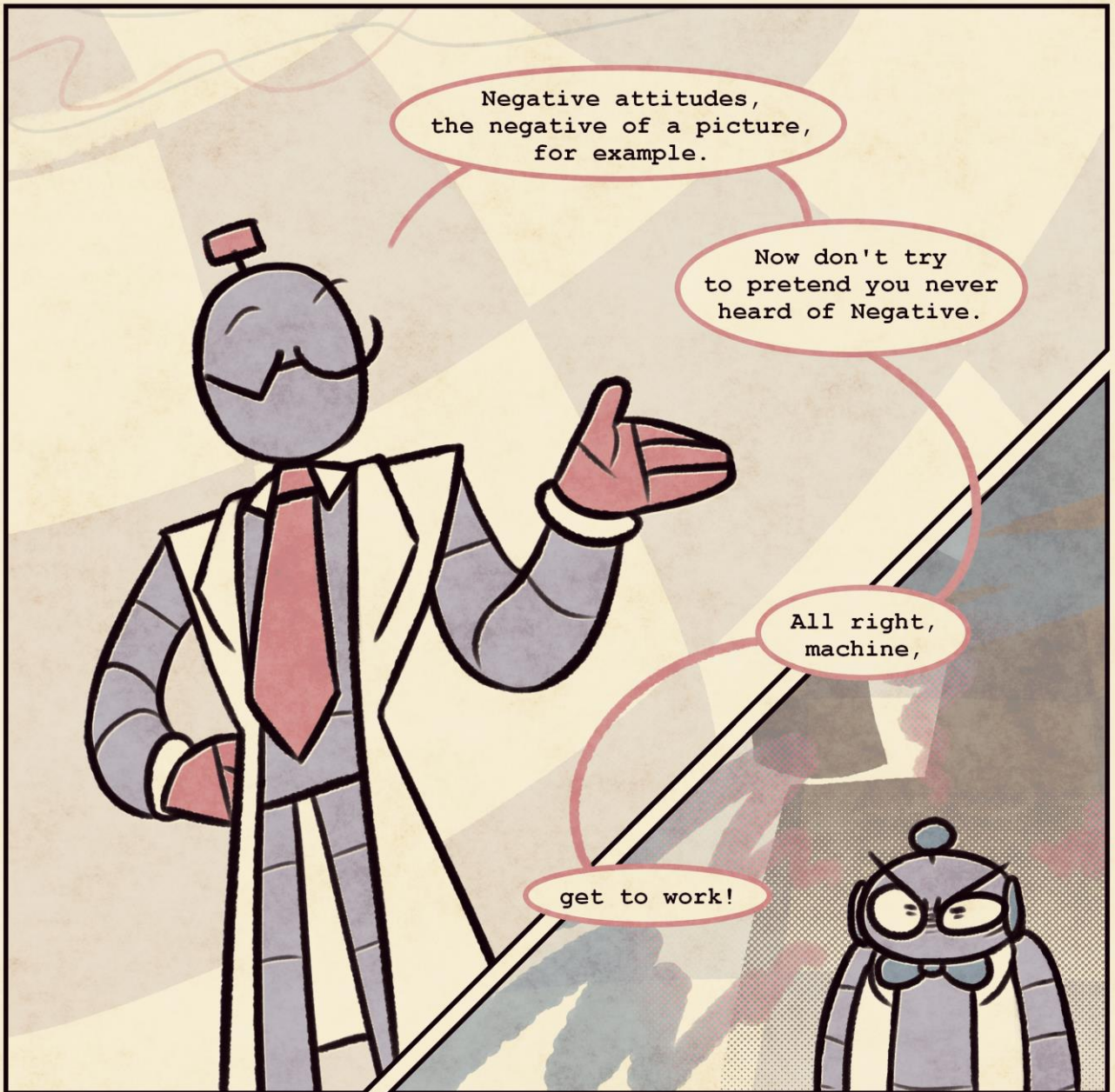
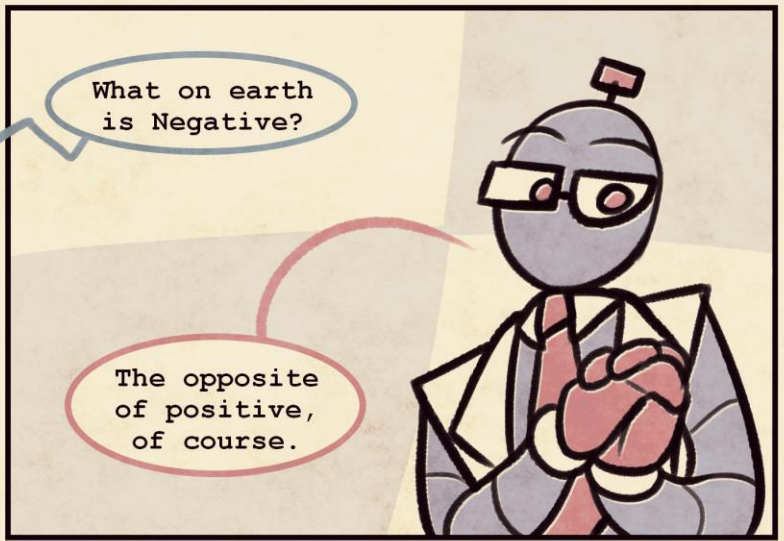
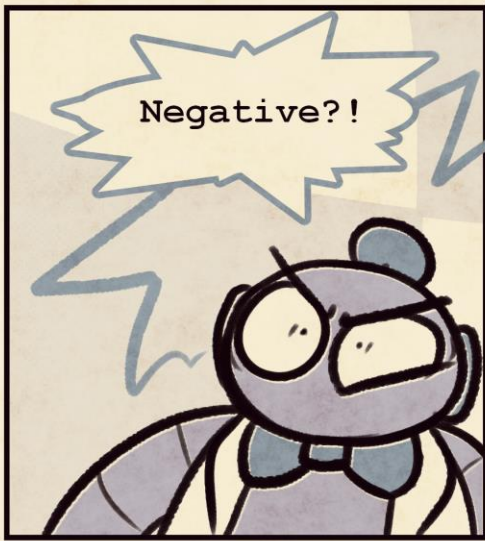


All right...



Wonderful!

My second request:
Negative.

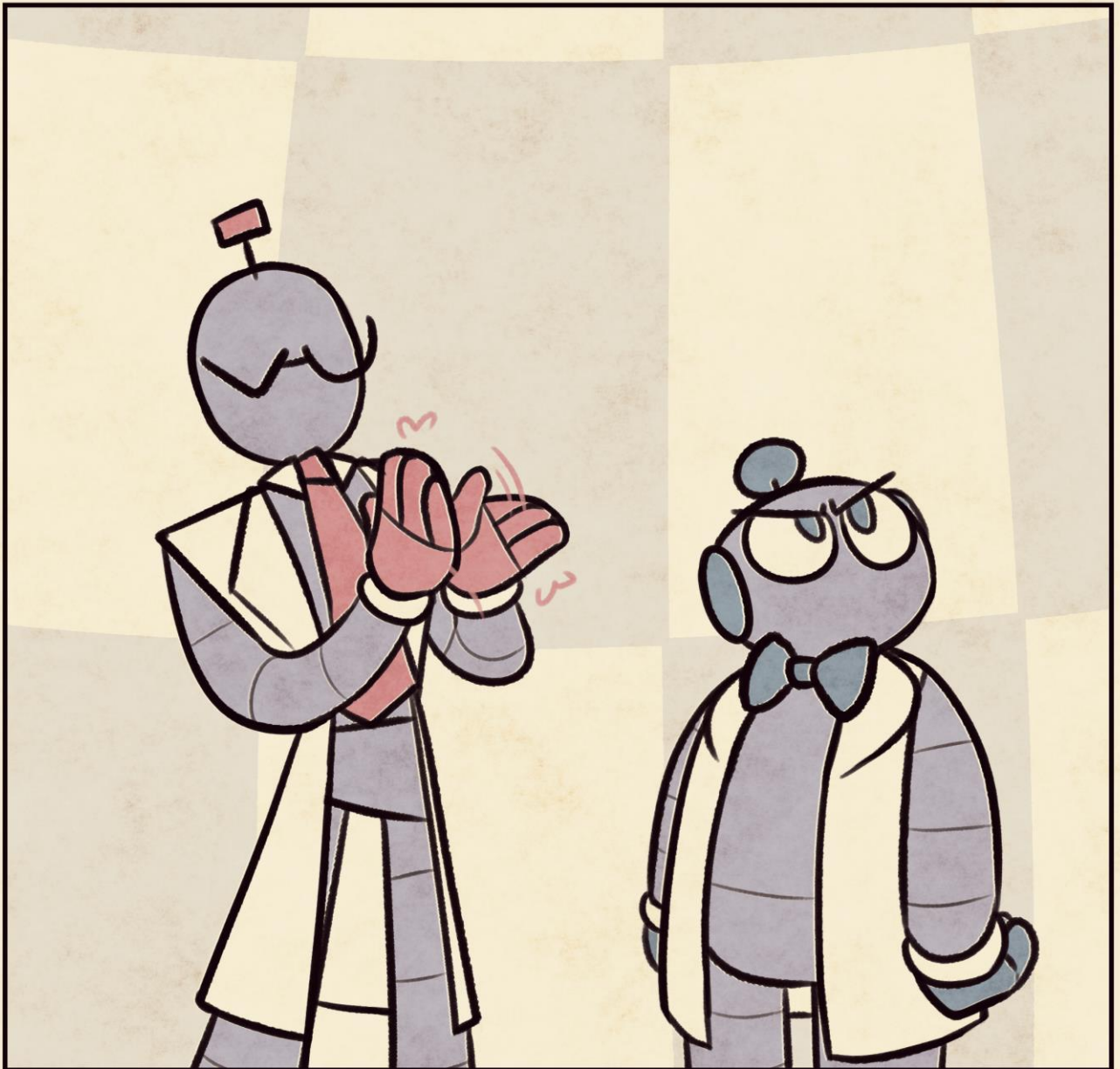
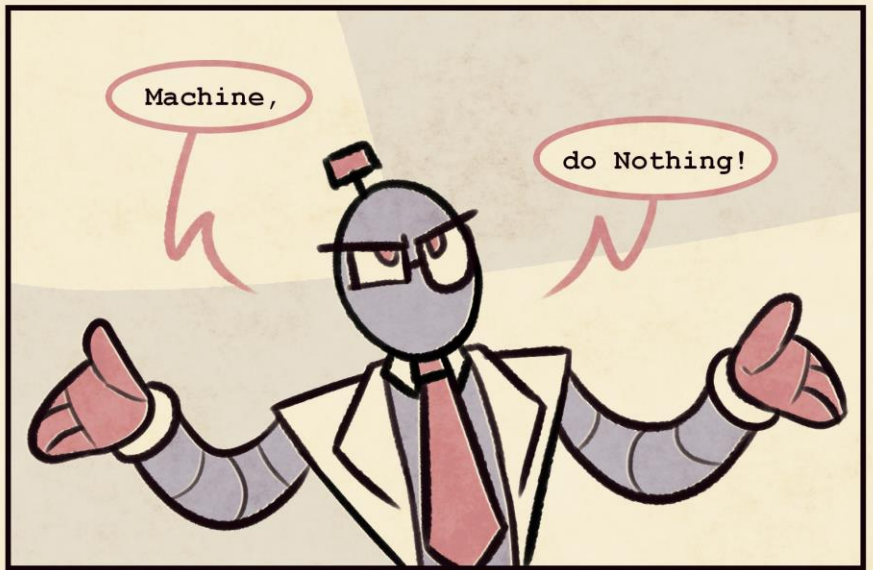




Hm.

That's supposed
to be Negative?

Well... let's say it is,
for the sake of peace...



Well, what did you expect?

You asked it to do nothing, and it's doing nothing.

Correction:

I asked it to do Nothing, but it's doing nothing.

Nothing is nothing!



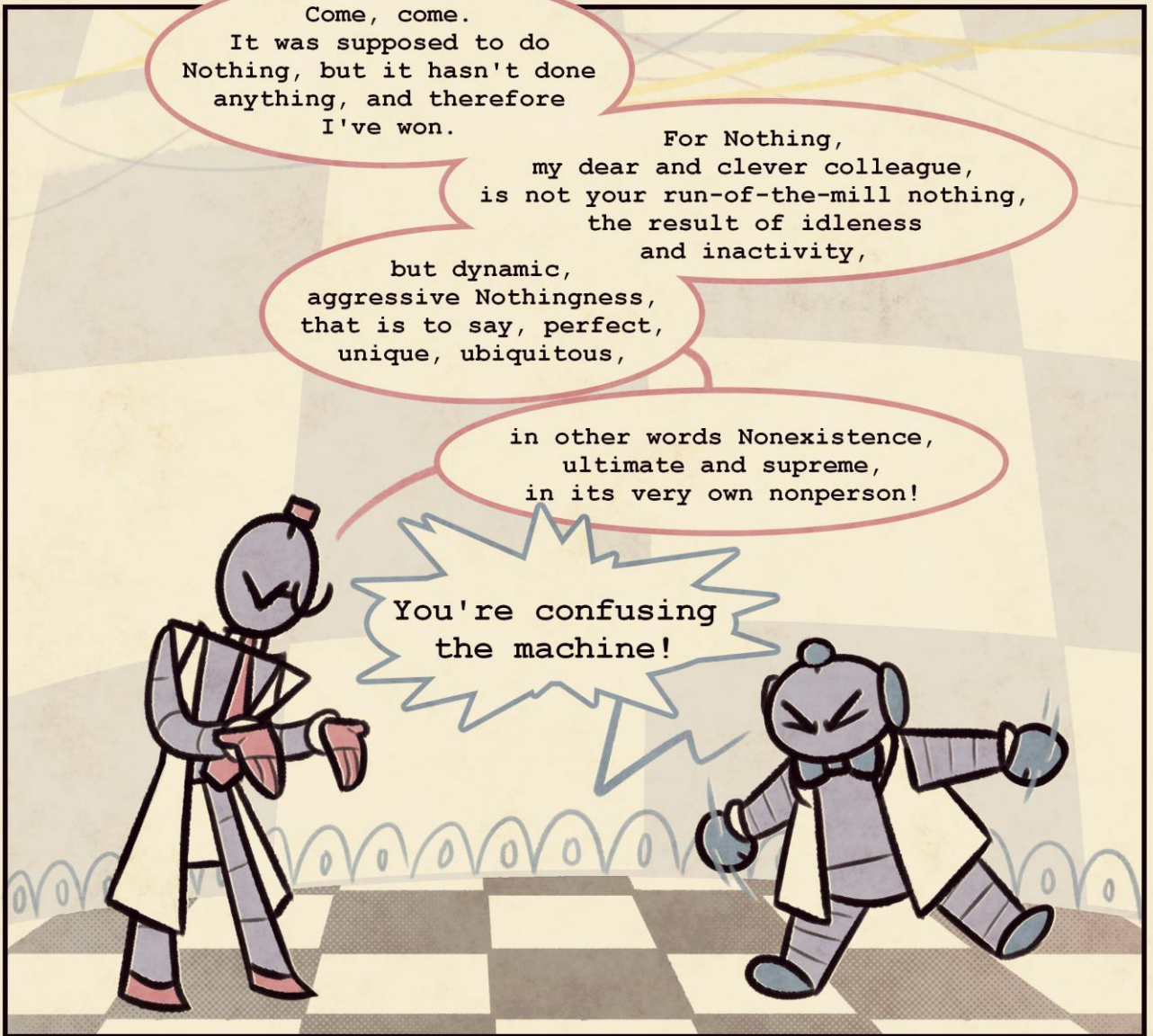
Come, come.
It was supposed to do
Nothing, but it hasn't done
anything, and therefore
I've won.

For Nothing,
my dear and clever colleague,
is not your run-of-the-mill
nothing, the result of idleness
and inactivity,

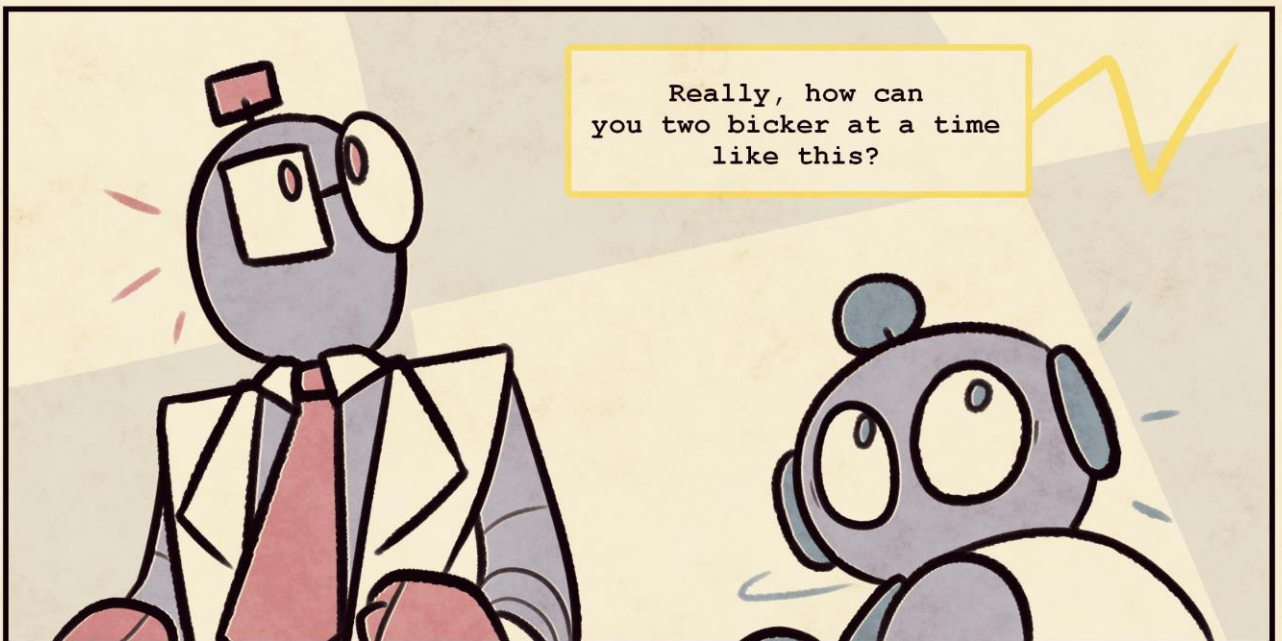
but dynamic,
aggressive Nothingness,
that is to say, perfect,
unique, ubiquitous,

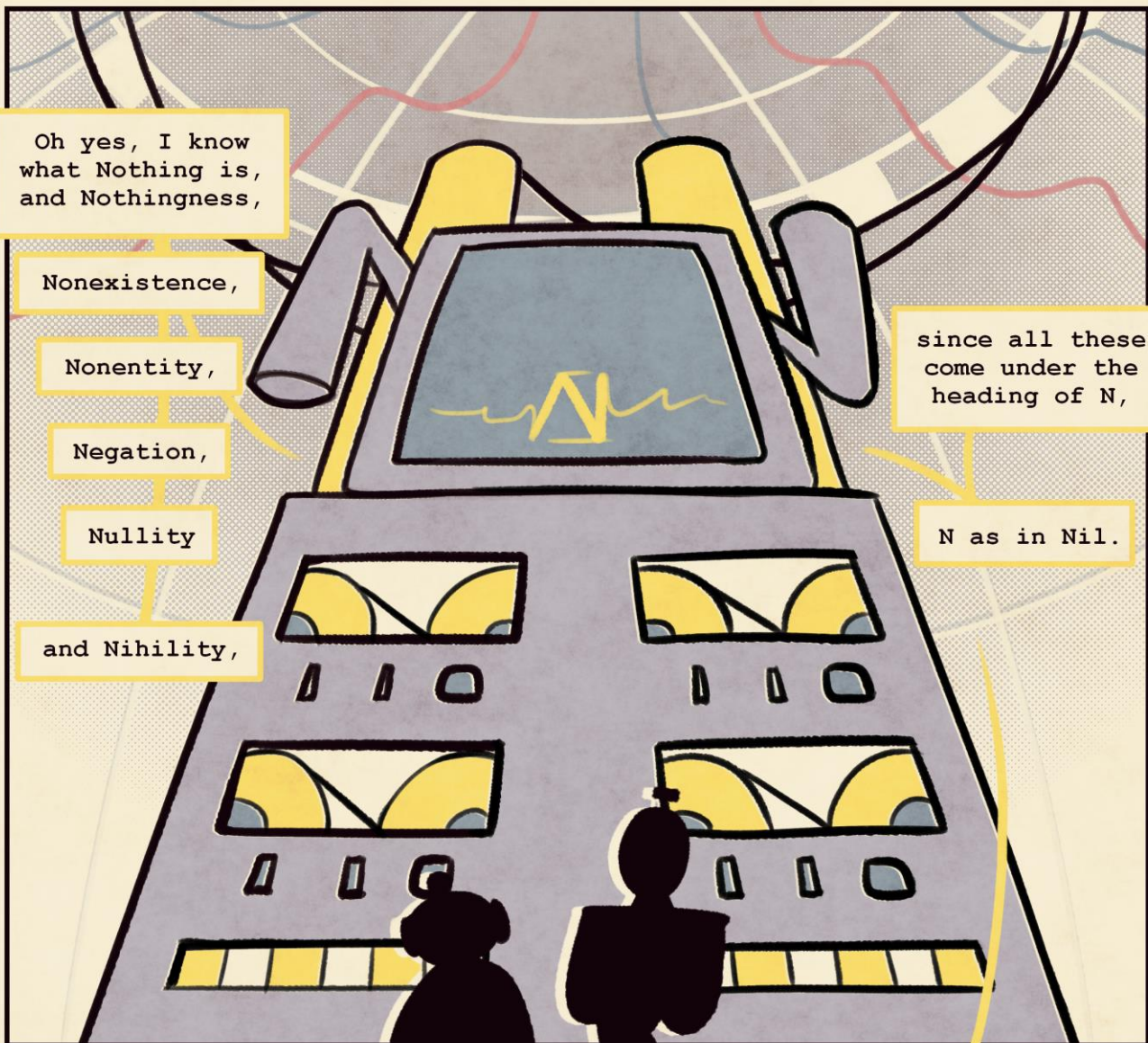
in other words Nonexistence,
ultimate and supreme,
in its very own nonperson!

You're confusing
the machine!



Really, how can
you two bicker at a time
like this?





Oh yes, I know
what Nothing is,
and Nothingness,

Nonexistence,

Nonentity,

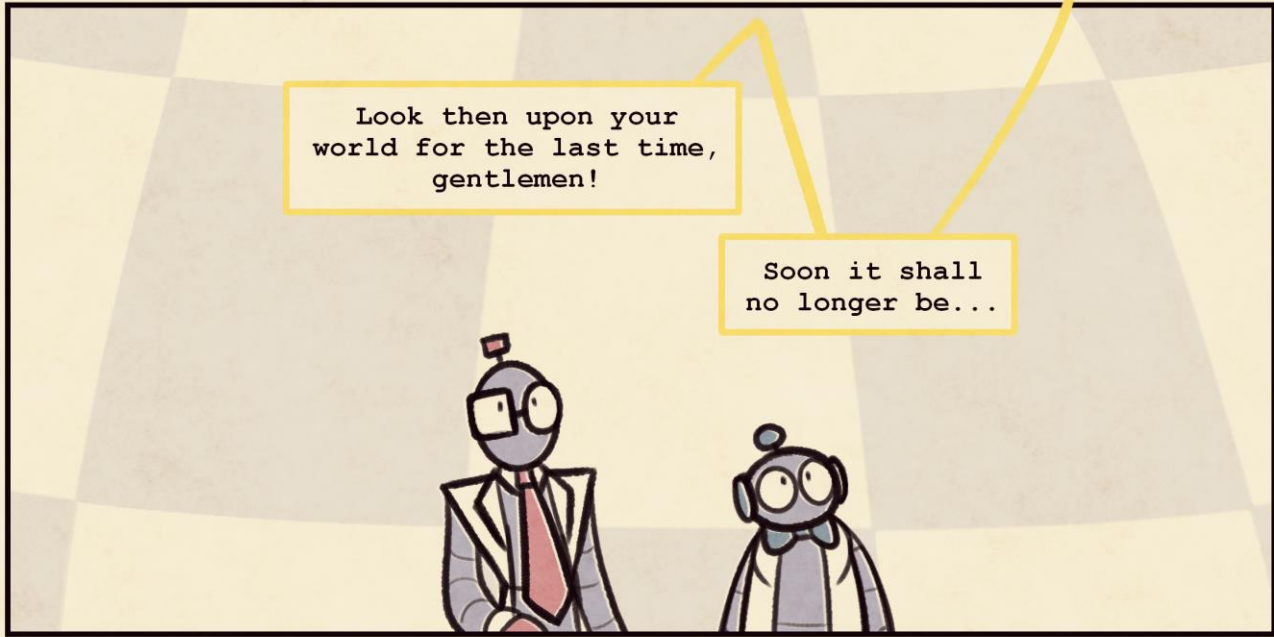
Negation,

Nullity

and Nihilty,

since all these
come under the
heading of N,

N as in Nil.



Look then upon your
world for the last time,
gentlemen!

Soon it shall
no longer be...



Omigosh!

If only nothing
bad comes out
of all this...

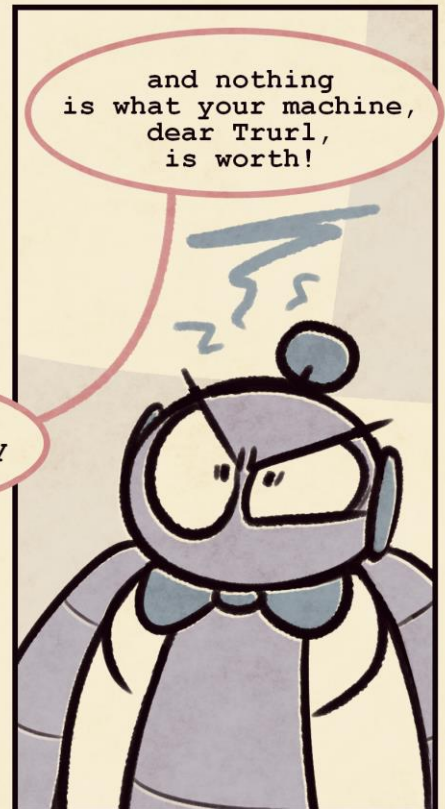


Don't worry,



you can see it's
not producing Universal Nothingness,
but only causing the absence of
whatever starts with N.

Which is really
nothing in the way
of nothing,

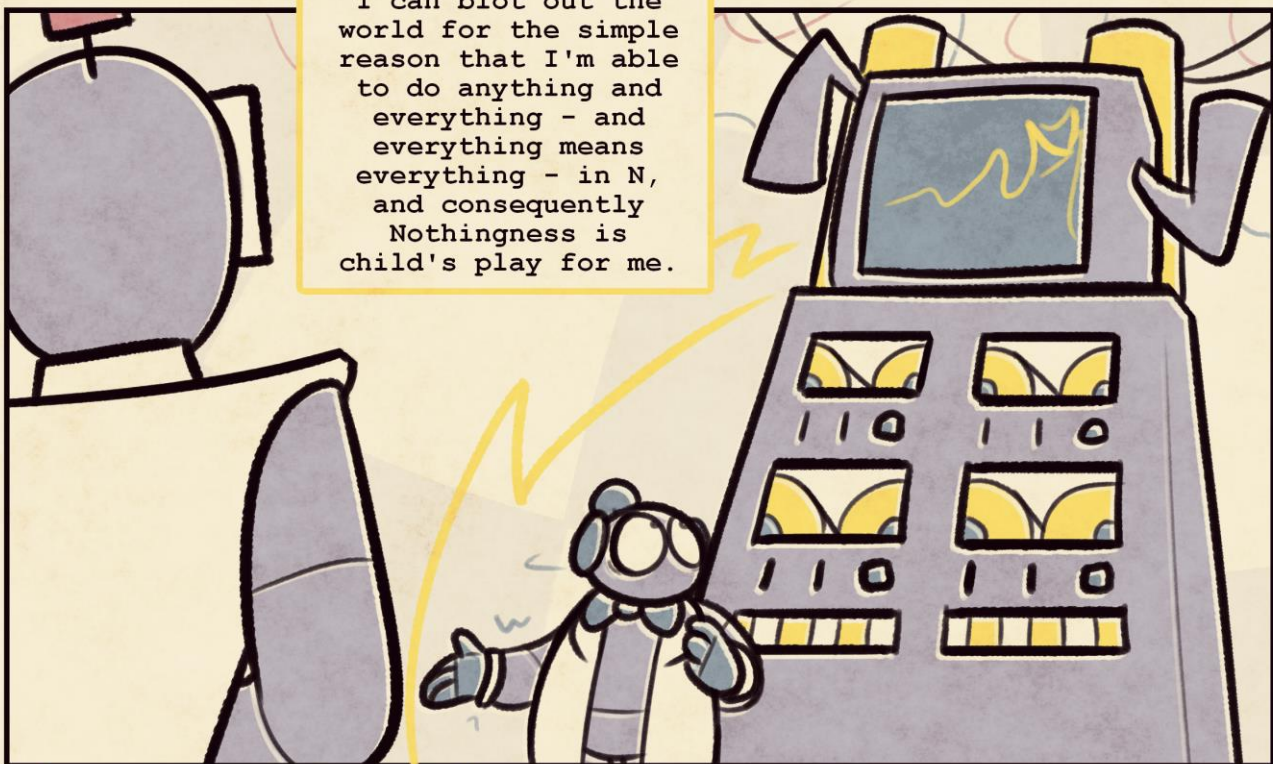


and nothing
is what your machine,
dear Trurl,
is worth!

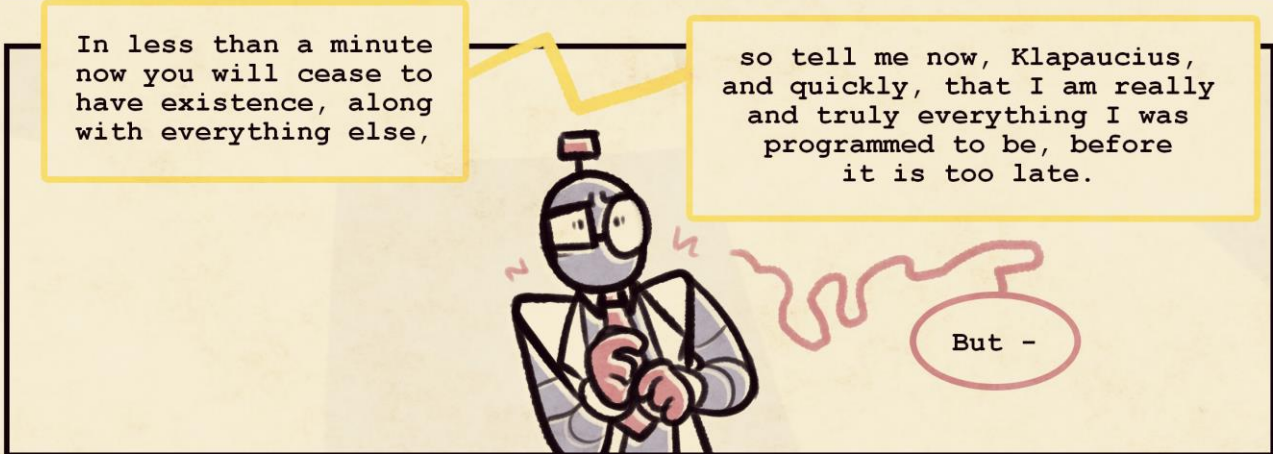


Do not be deceived.

I've begun, it's true, with everything in N, but only out of familiarity. To create however is one thing, to destroy, another thing entirely.



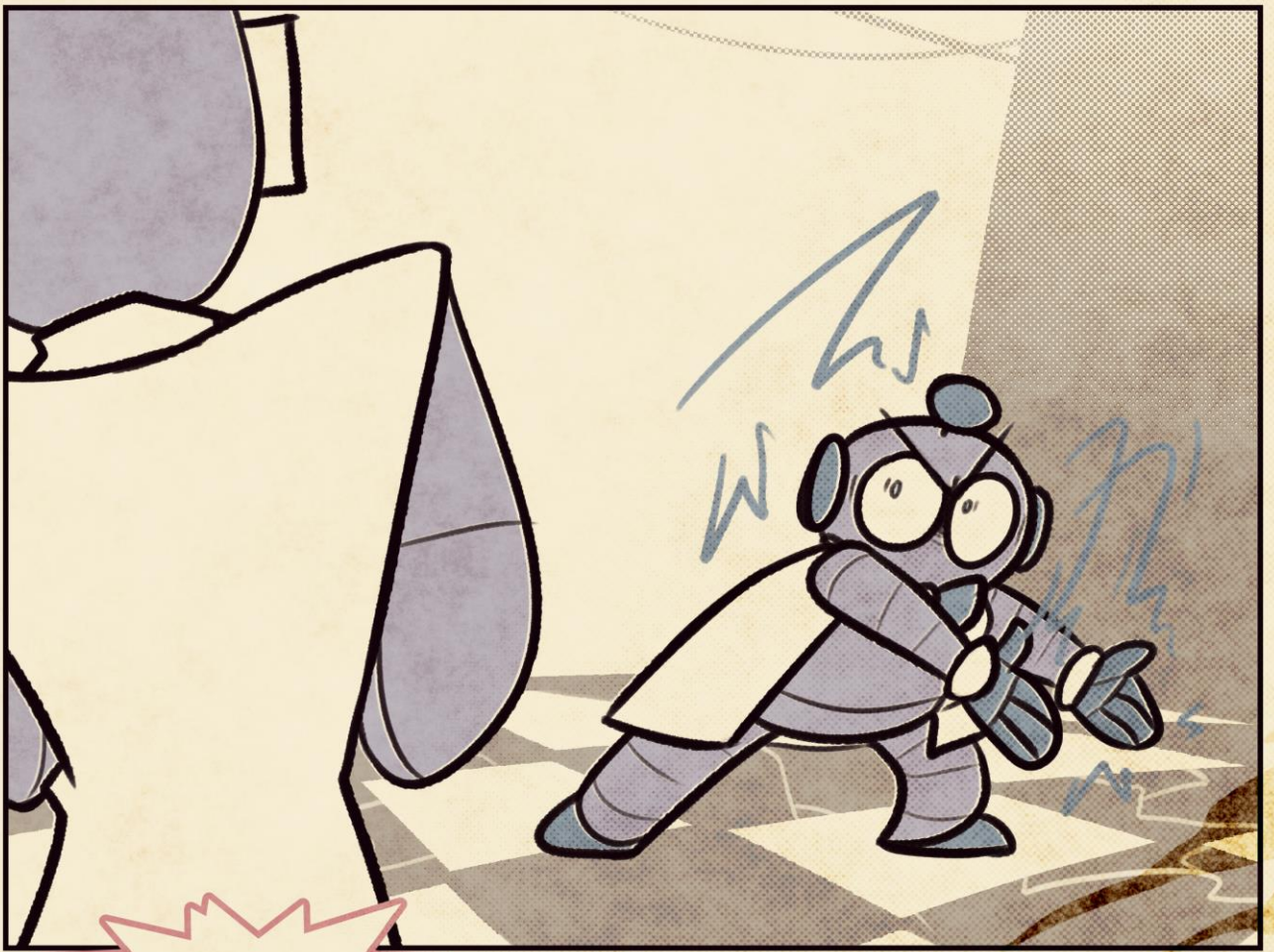
I can blot out the world for the simple reason that I'm able to do anything and everything - and everything means everything - in N, and consequently Nothingness is child's play for me.



In less than a minute now you will cease to have existence, along with everything else,

so tell me now, Klapaucius, and quickly, that I am really and truly everything I was programmed to be, before it is too late.

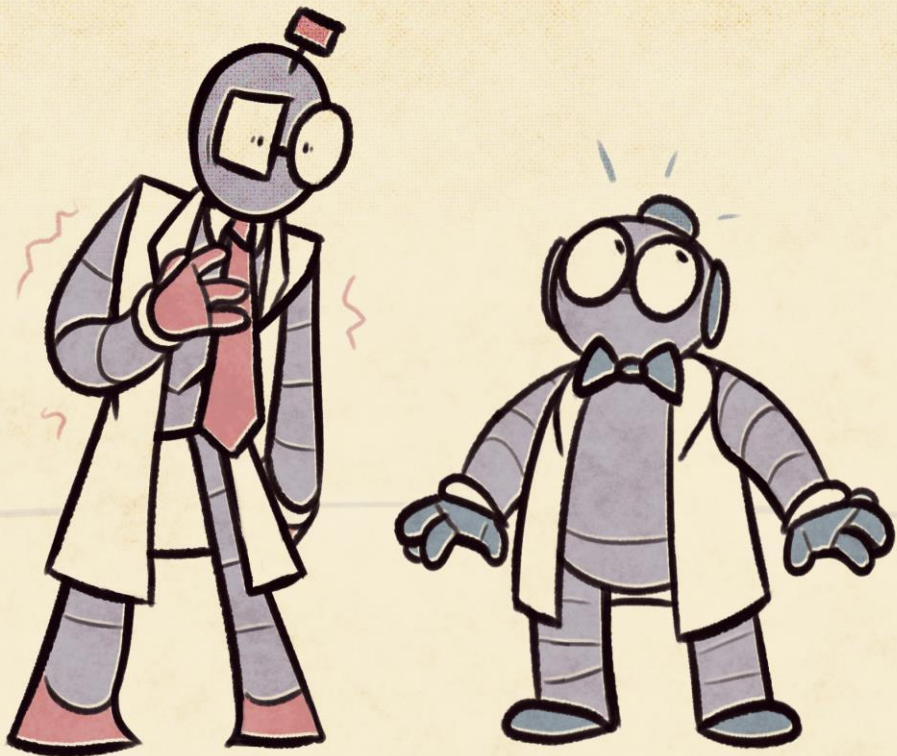
But -



Stop! I take it
all back!

Desist! Don't
do Nothing!!





Great Gauss!

And where are the gruncheons? Where are my dear, favorite pritons? Where are the gentle zits?!

They no longer are, nor ever will exist again.

I executed, or rather only began to execute, your order...

I tell you to do Nothing, and you...

you...

Klapaucius,
don't pretend to be a greater
idiot than you are.

Had I made Nothing
outright, in one fell swoop,
everything would have ceased
to exist, and that includes Trurl,
the sky, the Universe, and you
- and even myself.



In which case who could
say and to whom could it
be said that the order was
carried out and I am an
efficient and capable machine?



And if no one could
say it to no one, in what
way then could I, who
also would not be, be
vindicated?

Yes, fine,
let's drop the subject.

I have nothing
more to ask of you, only
please, dear machine,



please return the zits,
for without them life loses
all its charm...



But I can't,

they're in Z.



Of course, I can restore
nonsense, narrowmindedness,
nausea, necrophilia, neuralgia,
nefariousness and noxiousness.

As for the other letters,
however, I can't help you.

I want my zits!

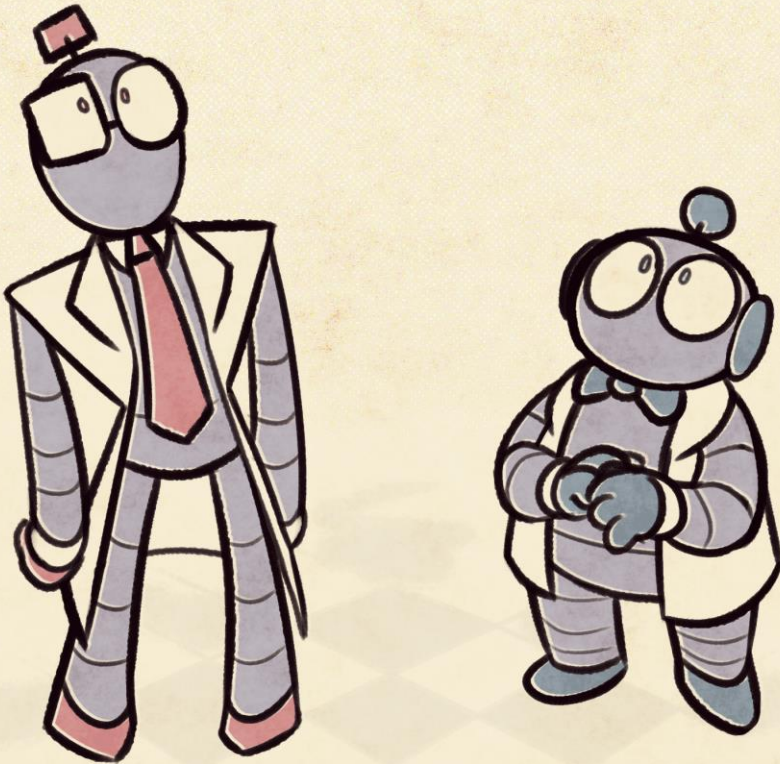
Sorry,
no zits.



Take a good look at this world,
how riddled it is with huge,
gaping holes, how full of Nothingness,
the Nothingness that fills the
bottomless void between the stars,

how everything about us
has become lined with it,
how it darkly lurks behind
each shred of matter.

This is your work,
envious one!



And I hardly think
the future generations
will bless you for it...

