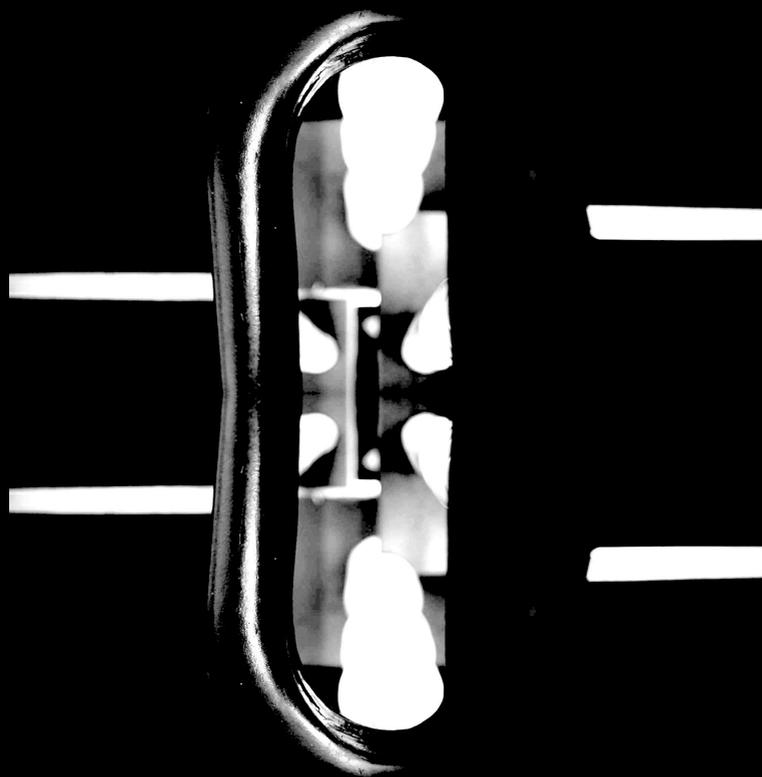


IN SEARCH OF  
Google

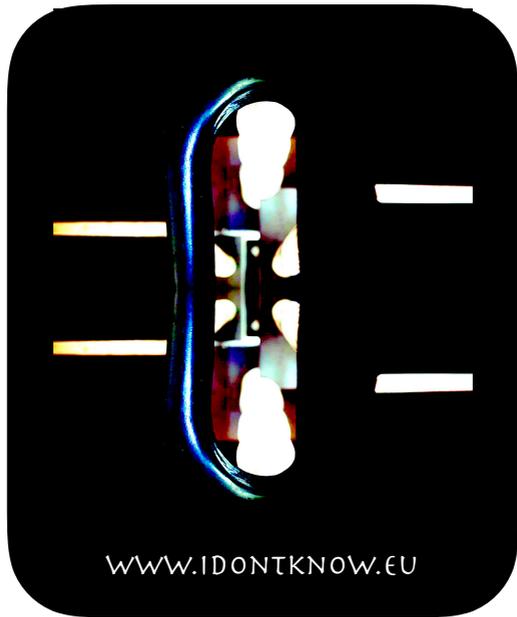


BY  
IDO NOT KNOW



ALL RIGHTS  
AND  
OBLIGATIONS

OBLIGATIONS  
AND  
ALL RIGHTS



Introduction: 02-Dec-2018 07:38	6
Chapter 1: 22-July-2018 08:40	9
Chapter 2: 23-July-2018 15:35	13
Chapter 3: 24-July-2018 11:45	17
Chapter 4: 25-July-2018 21:50	20
Chapter 5: 26-July-2018 13:28	22
Chapter 6: 27-July-2018 16:18	25
Chapter 7: 4-Aug-2018 10:37	30
Chapter 8: 11-Aug-2018 15:20	35
Chapter 9: 13-Aug-2018 ±15:00	39
Chapter 10: 16-Aug-2018 ±11:00	42
Chapter 11: 17-Aug-2018 13:45	48
Chapter 12: 22-Aug-2018 11:50	54
Chapter 13: 27-Aug-2018 16:35	62
Chapter 14: 8-Sep-2018 11:15	70
Chapter 15: 12-Sep-2018 15:45	74
Chapter 16: 20-Sep-2018 09:20	79
Chapter 17: 24-Sep-2018 09:00	84
Chapter 18: 25-Sep-2018 16:36	87

Chapter 19: 27-Sep-2018 14:14	88
Chapter 20: 6-Oct-2018 9-10am	90
Chapter 21: 12-Oct-2018	93
Chapter 22: 13-Oct-2018 12:00	98
Chapter 23: 2-Nov-2018 12:25	102
Chapter 24: 11-Nov-2018 17:15	107
Chapter 25: 14-Nov-2018	112
End of Thing	117
After Thing: 19-Nov-2018 14:30	118

## Introduction: 02-Dec-2018 07:38

### Ready?

What she knew to tell me  
there is one which tells you.

“the fears are mine not, hers neither  
yet any man illusion seeks either,  
upon which his actions he holds  
from the fear which now he beholds”.

Somewhere My father is buried within  
my lips. my language.  
Somewhere, yet at all he knew that not.

“Lower your language not! Not for anyone”,  
he once told me.

He was the son of his father.  
I am the son of my father.

### pre-girl

pre-girl song which not yet been told  
yet in the village it was behold.  
and people where whispering, stirring  
as Snakes for Adam and Eve they were peering  
and the willow sang endlessly  
of pre-girl, crowned bare-nakedly  
for wherever she walks, any place she had been  
birds chirped, was that sternly mean?  
and she, pre, almost, just not yet...  
thus her formed image he met.

I fly low not and I fly high not.  
I was named once Johnathan,  
and perhaps I am from the seagulls' family.  
Which side of that family, I know not.  
He certainly flew along aside me not once.

I have no manual instructions further on.  
Gurdjieff in "beelzebub's tales to his grandson"  
recommends in his introduction.

Read thrice  
the Father  
the Son  
the Spirit

Dedicated to you and to you.



# Chapter 1: 22-July-2018 08:40

I have found the perfect writing platform, the book where one can find it all -

A Google notebook.

People say that there one can find all that you are looking nowadays. Only type in what you seek to find, and “hop”, instantly, the results are revealed to your eyes on the flickering screen. One click away from the next site, which assures the yearned top. Only a click away.

Thus, when I bumped upon the empty notebook with Google's logo, I was certain and assured that is the precise place to reveal for you that long-awaited Truth everyone yearns.

This is just the first chapter, so the path has only began. Yet worry not, all will be clarified eventually.

The day began as other days in the search for the Truth. Sounds of a truck driving backwards, and the barking puppy, directing it, announced that this day, as other days, is futured to reveal to me that which I have been destined to find.

A passer-by with a blue towel to his neck, rough legs and barefoot, stopped next to the dog-garden, and they greeted him with rough barking, yet nice, as he kept on walking. He knew precisely

what to tell me. Precisely that, which I need to see.

The Search of the Truth has never been that exciting, curious, inspiring, mundane.

The woman spread along the bench inside the dog-garden, watching at times her dog, at times her mobile phone.

The dogs dug in pleasurably in the sand, and the dust scattered all over, and exactly at the moment the lady stood up, took her dog, tied him on the leash, and a man in front, the owner of the other dog, entered with his orange shirt, holding a mobile phone in his left hand, and a leash in his right, tied his dog on the leash and left the garden, as he was watching the oh-so-curious phone screen.

The garden was left deserted, lonely, besides the benches, the water tap and the garbage bin, which were resting after an enduring effort in providing the needs of the animals (and the humans) as a whole.

The garden did not stay lonely too long, maybe two minutes until another lady, somewhat fat, laid her belongings on the bench, and her wondering dog, pleasurably, did his deeds in the garden. Swiftly she approached full-weighted to pick up the deeds and toss them in the bin, which returned to its duty. The short break ended.

I continued my journey in the search of the slippery, invisible, Truth,

I approached the café and did not know what to order, nothing is new. One of the employees, perhaps the owner, in his 40s, was wondering for the meaning of my indecisiveness, and I stood still, wondering not upon my pot. He asked me whether I would like to drink bleach, and my stomach said, “ahhun” (yes).

He did not keep up to his word, and I did not drink any bleach that morning, and the coffee he offered to make, I did not know whether to accept. In a not-knowing state as such, I turned back and left.

Finding the Truth in “Lunchner” café I was apparently not destined to find.

I wondered how far am I from the Truth, now, that the story has become so mundane, and the mysterious Truth hides most likely behind the corner in a hidden magic room, which only magical words, which I know not, will bring me nearer her.

At this stage of the morning I did not possess a mean to search for the Truth in Google’s search engine, so I simply did not know what to do, and for the first time was I not frustrated about it.

The search of the Truth is frustrating (metaskel) \*  
no more. At a certain point the letters crossed, 's'  
and 't' and the root, the root of things changed.

\*(Originally in Hebrew:

Frustrating -> metaSKeL

Watching -> miStaKeL

Written with the exact same five letters)

The search of the Truth is watching (mistakel)?  
Is this what she had wanted to say? I am at all not  
sure, though it seems that this daring step, that  
occurred at a stage I remember not, created a  
another perspective, point of view.

I had not known yet what Google has or will have  
to say about that and I saved the last word for  
them. It is important nowadays to consult a  
reliable Oracle, which everyone trusts, and its  
results do not change, surely do not reveal a thing  
which is not present in the enormous data  
storage, that millions, billions, of people have  
been storing on in the years that passed since it  
was established, in their search of the Truth.

If Truth exists, it has to be found inside Google. I  
was thus sure, that this is one of their passwords.

The first chapter ended, and its first steps of the  
seeker of the Truth have began with the fortune of  
finding a Google notebook in Melchet street in Tel  
Aviv.