Dragon sets volcano ablaze, extinguished by MIT RainLab

Early on Saturday morning a dragon was sighted swooping down the Charles river and accidentally setting ablaze the MIT sailing boathouse, thus prompting the newly founded underground federal volcano research facility to erupt. Fishing in the vicinity for news, our staff reporter was the first to rush on the scene and interview the few witnesses before they disappear: a Japanese mermaid, an arctic parrot, a late Viking, a Greek sculpture and a Transylvanian bat.

The Japanese mermaid – I just finished collecting seaweed for my breakfast, and was about to crack open a case of the finest blend from the Boston Tea Party and prepare some Nipponese tea in the fashion of the year 1773, when I felt the heat of the dragon's ardent breath. Having met a few times in the past, I learnt the story of his origins. He comes into being when patrons at the Harvard's Widener library merge the stream of their minds with the ectoplasmic emanation of the books they read. His preferred dwelling are souls nourished by the classics and the patristic literature, which procure him such a strong odor that the MIT resident dragon treats him as a nonsensical body of myths and old believes and routinely burns his tail if he happens to adventure too far away, down Massachusetts Avenue. I think the incident of this morning might have been the result of one of their fierce fights.

The arctic parrot – The dragon had a spicy idea running through his head, lost his control and sneezed a tongue of the fire. Attracted by the colorful stars glittering over his body, I was going to ask him for the way to the Amazon, when I saw his nostrils starting to quiver. I fled inside of the white radar dome on building 54, where a scarecrow and a Pritchett employee had already took cover. Where I come from, penguins swallow hot pepper to get spicy ideas, but the dragon of this morning was enjoying a china cup of ginger infused for three hours in Martian solid water peppered with stereoscopic cyan-magenta berries. After thoughtfully having rolled a sip back and forth in his mouth, he let the liquid go down his throat while the fragrance raised through his nose and was patiently released as an artistically carved Taoist cloud. It is on this distillation process that the dragon's mind concentrated, and with his mental state altered, ignited the air around him.

The late Viking – [*He takes some time fixing strings between the horns of his helmet, then clears his voice and utters a ballad.*]

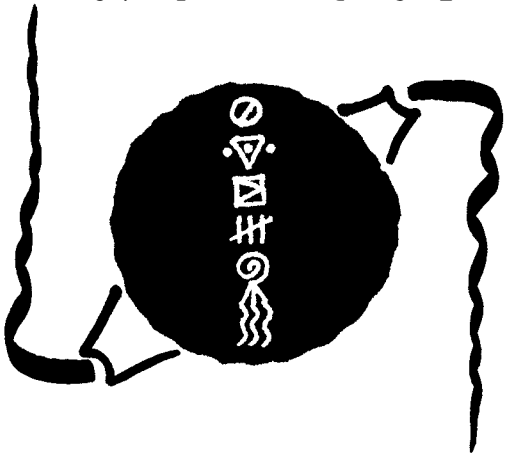
From the Normandsland hither,
I followed the dragon, steady at the bow of my ship,
And cried together with my pet Nile crocodile
As I saw disappear in the Northern mist, one by one,
My forty companions
And Erik the Pink;
Like Orpheus I traveled miles 20.000 of earth's interior
At the calling of Jules Verne, while asleep in Reykjavik;
Fed on brown cat cheese and almost Finnish marmalade,
I, Halbard the Potent,
Finally discovered this morning Drakamerica,
And set the Viking flag atop MIT,
To make it subject to the kingdom of Boknorsk.

[*At this moment the strings of the harp snap, reminding him that he must be a man of few words, as suits an oceanfaring conqueror – or a fisherman for that matter.*]

The Greek statue – Like the many other sculptures that line up over the Harvard bridge between Cambridge and Boston, I was experiencing a ticklish temperature differences between my back and front, as the sun rose in the morning. Dilating on the one side from the gentle rays, while still cold on the other, the veins in the marble that I am made of moved and were squeezed, and made me sing anamorphic songs for those travelers of the odyssey over the bridge. From my vantage point, today's event seem triggered by too much garlic in the researcher's meal at the undercover volcano facility. Eating a special volcano dish is their critical investigation method – they expect to attain volcanic knowledge by incorporation of a modified version of a traditional French meal. Although it originates from a naturally volcanic region with scientifically proved therapeutic effects, it is not entirely clear why their activity has to be related to France. While some see it as a sign of the nefarious influence of the French nouvelle cuisine over the US economy (only imported products go into the preparation), other analysts suggest an attempt by the CIA to gather intelligence through occult means (the cider abundantly drunk is highly alcoholic and it's manufacturing in Normandy might be a hint that a new D-day is under way). One cannot however deny the symbolic aspects of the researcher's work: by carefully mashing unshapy potatoes with lumps of goat cheese, the partially NASA founded project is hoping to simulate the initial conditions that lead to the creation of our universe; then, by adding Florentine olive oil, wild nuts vinegar made by Basque-speaking communities and salt discovered in the kitchens of Pompeii, a chain reaction is initiated that moves from an exo-phenomenon in the plate to a deep endo-reaction of enlightenment when reaching the bellies of the researchers.

The Transylvanian bat – Along with my fellow bats I was enjoying a twilight bath of plasma and high voltage electricity in the steams above the buildings N9 & N10, after the long voyage from our ancestral castle from where we where drove out by the European directive nr. 31431⁴, paragraph 6, on blood sucking regulations. We then saw the same volcano that triggered the extinction of dinosaurs rise out of the Charles River and spit it's mix of fire, magma and ashes from office paper of paperless virtual offices. Trained by postdocs of course 9, brain and cognitive sciences, the campus squirrels promptly detected the biohazard and went to wake up the director of RainLab, who together with his wife and five children composed a minuet for the change of weather, which immediately set in, bringing packs of 75% gray Panose clouds over New England for the rest of the day – a glitch proving that more money is needed for research at the RainLab on infantile behavior and it's influence on global climate change.

Despite the potential presence of other informants, our reporter went home, feeling too hungry and eager to fry the fishes he caught. We urge our readers to investigate by themselves for unrelated events that might have taken place at the boathouse this Saturday morning. /ave



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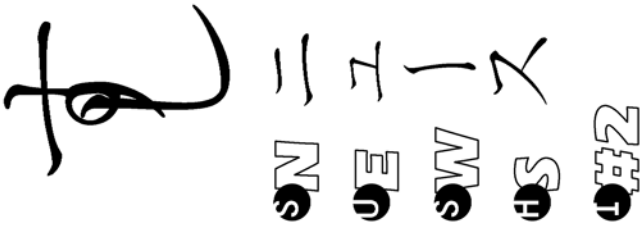

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