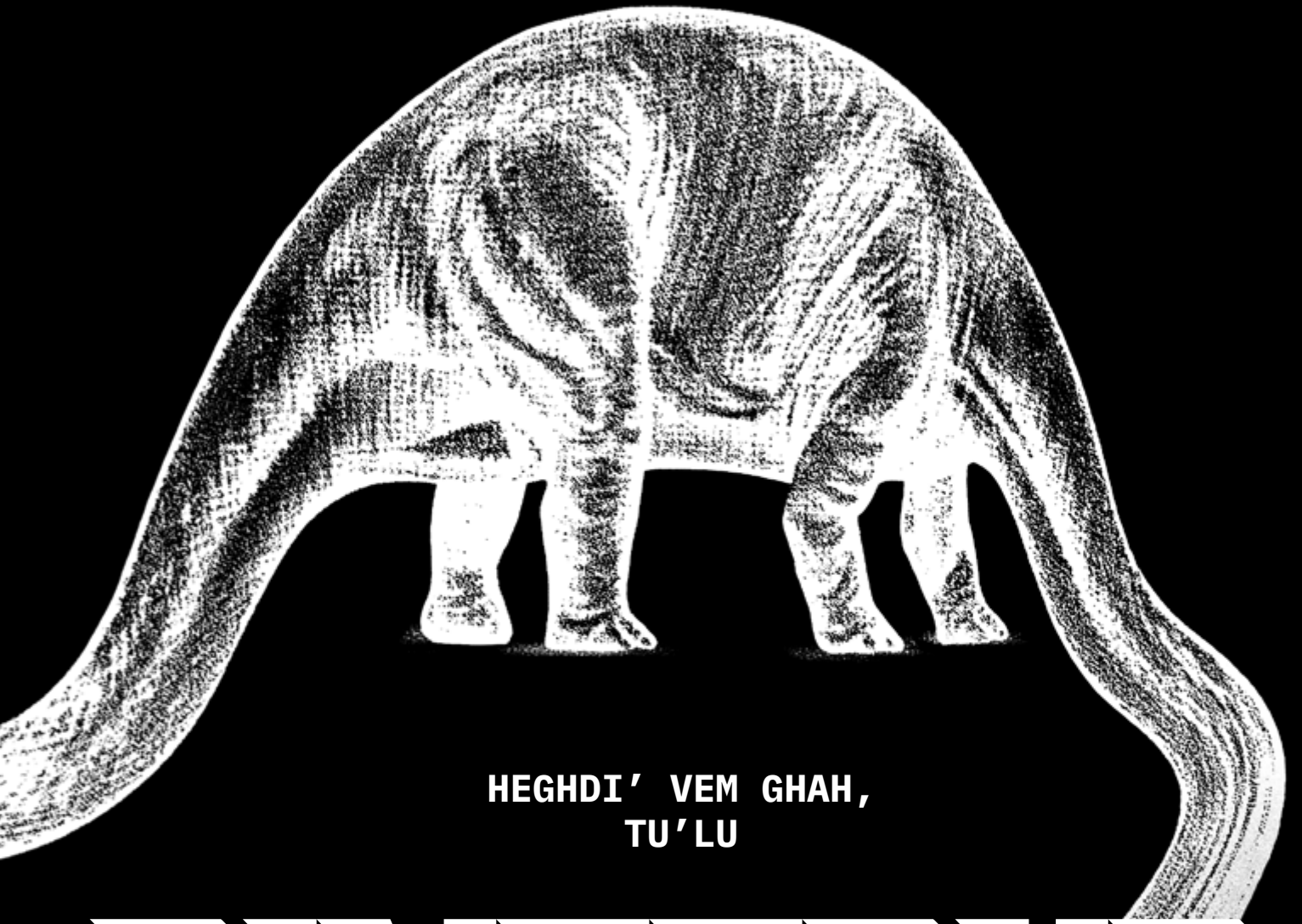


JOAN FONTCUBERTA



HEGDI' VEM GHAN,
TU'LU

DINOSAUR

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HEGDI' VEM GHAH,
TU'LU DINOSAUR



Editorial Dalpine

HEGHDI' VEM GHAAH, TU'LU' DINOSAUR

In observance of the instructions issued by the Supreme Military Academy of Klingon Studies, this report shall be adapted to Latin-script Klingonaase in preference to the pIqaD ceremonial script, prescriptive alphabet of the Empire's official language. Such measure is not to the detriment of our sacred ancestral language, but rather to facilitate comprehension in the Empire's occupied quadrants, where younger generations of warriors have limited access to the faculties of education and propaganda, guardians of our knowledge and memory.

The transliteration of this text – including the required omission of certain classified information– was commended to Master Okrand, head of the KLI (Klingon Language Institute) Philology Department, who has performed the task with great meticulousness.

The Klinzhai script has been disregarded for good measure, to avoid linguistic secessionism and favour a consensus on the language we have bestowed upon each other. For, while our race is one of conquerors, Klingonaase was never a language of imposition, but rather one of convergence.

Honour and battle!



**ALLOCUTION TO THE KLINGON HIGH COUNCIL,
SESSION 249-ZNL-22946 OF THE RANKGTO ERA:**

Honourable Lord Chancellor, honourable members of the Council:

I raise my ghoptu filled with rich Targ blood to greet you. I am General Tronk'ath, Dahar Knight, Warlord of House Tronk and Commander of the Imperial Fleet. I stand before you, noble warriors and gessemenit, by order of our Supreme Emperor to lay out plans that concern us all.

Many of you I recognise, as we have wielded our sacred Bat'leth shoulder to shoulder and spilled the blood of our Romulan enemies, the despicable traitors responsible for the Khitomer Massacre perpetrated on Stardate 23859.7, which is yet to be avenged. For those of us who have shared blood and fire in battle, for those of us who have survived the regions of dark matter, this chronicle would require no telling. However, I also see many new recruits who have only just reached the Age of Ascension, young ones eager to serve the Emperor and claim the honour of dying in battle. While they undoubtedly share our courage, they know not our history. To those who shall soon take our place I offer these memoirs and announce important tidings.

After eons under the Damon Dynasty and many a fierce battle, the Beta Quadrant is finally under our control. With great valour and sacrifice, cruisers of the Imperial Fleet have succeeded in annihilating the invading ships and very little stands in the way of total occupation of the Gamma Quadrant. Under s

However, battles are no longer won solely through strength and heroism. Technology offers us the greatest arsenal of advantages. Our K'vort-class ships of the 'Raptor' and 'Bird of Prey' families are equipped with ionic photon torpedoes and tetryon particle cannons, camouflage systems, subspace bubble navigation, electro-plasma propulsion and warp drives that reach a warp factor of 9.6, granting us unchallengeable supremacy over the galaxy. Enemy fleets, be they Romulan, Vulcan, Cardassian or of the United Federation of Planets, are nowhere near our level of performance and have, to this day, been defeated on all fronts.

Unfortunately, space supremacy comes at a great cost in the form of time

and loss. Our Supreme Emperor has run out of patience and will not tolerate any further sacrifices. He has ordered us to deliver the final blow by authorising the use of our brand-new secret weapon, the Arrow of Time, despite the fact that intergalactic conventions have placed a moratorium on time travel for the purpose of war, which is to be supervised by an ecumenical commission of delegates from all over the Milky Way. Once our operation is complete, any members of the commission who dare censure our Emperor's order shall simply be executed.

If our engineers have managed to construct the deadliest war machines, our scientists are no less talented. For years, Dr. Krong has spearheaded a select team at the Biotechnology Research Centre on planet Qo'noS and their hard work has finally borne fruit. Indeed, the particulars of their research are highly classified, but suffice it to say that Dr. Krong has made available to the Imperial Fleet what we refer to as Augment DNA. This is a ground-breaking genetic compound that allows us to alter the deoxyribonucleic acid sequence of any living organism, thus controlling its development and morphology.

The plan devised by High Command is simple and shall be carried out with immediate effect. To do so, we shall make use of our beloved pets: dinosaurs. Dinosaurs have long been proverbial animal companions to the klingon race. Peaceful and faithful animals that our children play with at home. The idea is to introduce measured amounts of neurodrine in the chromosomes of certain specimens in order to alter their genome, effectively determining their size and ferocity. Docile animals shall become monstrous, ruthless predators, true bioweapons. To the sceptics among us, I can guarantee the High Council that the compound has already been tested and the results are more than satisfactory. Also, these genetically-modified dinosaurs shall be prone to infections caused by Altarian viruses engineered in our labs to unleash epidemiologic disasters where appropriate, inflicting great casualties among the enemy without putting klingon lives at risk. Combining beasts of great size and power of destruction with the tiniest invisible beings is as fascinating as it is paradoxical. Viruses are the strangest living beings, straddling the line between life and non-life. They are biological life forms so basic as to be considered chemical life. And there is

evidence that, throughout history, they have destroyed or caused grave problems to the galaxy's most technologically-advanced civilisations.

Our goal is simple: we shall apply the Arrow of Time to a significant population of these aggressive dinosaurs and transport them to planet Earth before it becomes the cradle of Human civilisation, that is, the founding headquarters of the United Federation of Planets. For millions of years, these dinosaurs will rule the planet, imposing their own law. We are aware that, at this point, we will have to overcome a time-warp paradox. We know that Earth's hominids evolved from primates. However, they only came to be because dinosaurs had cleared the path for them. In one multiverse, Humans do not exist yet, and will only have the chance to appear after the extinction of dinosaurs. In a parallel multiverse, dinosaurs disappeared as a consequence of an asteroid impact. In both cases, we will act retroactively. If necessary, we shall alter the asteroid's trajectory or destroy it using antimatter missiles. The advantage of anticipating what is to come is that we can change the course of events as we please. Without Human presence, Earth will become an outpost from where our fleet shall target and besiege the Romulans, who will also be receiving a visit from our dinosaur-warriors in the near future.

So that is what we shall do, and that is what the Supreme Emperor has instructed me to convey to you. You are all to fulfil your duties.

Honour and battle!

OPERATION ARROW OF TIME

It is common knowledge that life originated in the KIC 8462852 star system, in the constellation Cygnus. It was orbited by a swarm of Class-M planets with the perfect conditions for the development of oxygen and carbon-based metabolisms, as established by gessemenit and astronomer Tabetha Boyajian in the founding charters of the First Klingon Interstellar. Since then, our race has embraced it as a dogma of faith. The supernovae collapse led to the appearance of the necessary elements for the formation of biomolecules. The universal common ancestor of all living organisms originated 4.4 billion years ago. Stellar dust sowed its seeds across

the galaxy. Some reached planet Qo'noS, and there is evidence that others reached Vulcan and Earth. The environmental differences between these planets resulted in divergent phylogenetic evolutions. Qo'noS has an ecosystem with multi-density fluids that favoured the survival of amphibious organisms well-suited to aqueous environments. Thus, reptiles dominated the planet and evolved into two intelligent species: we *tlh'ngan* (or klingons, as aliens call us) and our reptilian siblings, the Voth and the Broctons. Meanwhile, the arid and jungle environments of Vulcan and Earth were best-suited to bipedal mammals, which ultimately gave rise to Vulcans, Romulans and Humans.

This scientific explanation has not prevented us from adorning our culture with mythical epics regarding our distant origins. In our stories, the fertile regions of Qui'Tur were the Garden of Eden for Kortar, the first klingon, Dannah, his mate, and Soltam', their neuter. The gods granted them all they required to find absolute happiness, to grow and multiply. There was but one prohibition. They could hunt as many animals as they wished and eat as much fruit as they could reach with but one exception: from the plant of Good and Evil, which produced a root vegetable known as ya'M, nothing could be eaten. It was a sacred plant, reserved for the gods alone. Of course, the first thing Kortar, Dannah and Soltam' did was fill themselves with ya'Ms, enraging the gods, who then attempted to banish them from Qui'Tur as punishment. However, they rebelled against the gods and, after thirteen days and nights of fierce battle, they succeeded in defeating and annihilating them. To honour this feat, we klingons worship ya'M as our ritual vegetable, which explains our prebattle war cry: 'For the great ya'M of our sacred Kortar!'

Primitive klingons possessed great strength and speed. Their anthropomorphic body was over two metres tall and weighed up to 200 kilograms. They were fitted with an exoskeleton, quills and protrusive bone plates. Their arms were robust and ended in powerful claws. Their faces were covered in pustules or sacs of poison filled with a bio-acid compound that could be ejected through a series of 'spitting' glands. These prehistoric males produced guttural sounds to frighten off other predators, mark their territory and perform mating rituals. Some of the early klingon mating rituals involved biting

their chosen mates until they drew blood in order to induce pheromone production in their sebaceous glands.

The morphology of present-day klingons is designed to function as a fighting machine. The anatomical system, known as brak'lul, is made up of bones containing a titanium isotope that makes them extremely resistant to fractures. The thoracic cage, protected by twenty-three ribs, is a true armoured shell. The entire physiological system has evolved to accommodate spare organs that ensure full performance of all vital systems and survival to any wound. Klingons have an eight-chambered heart, two livers, three lungs, two urinary tracts, two stomachs and even a redundant neural function. They have a life expectancy of 150 years. The most distinguishing feature of the klingon species was their frontal crest, which was unique to each individual, though family members could present similar features. Another important klingon trait was their refusal to use suppositories.

Other races from the far corners of the galaxy were amazed by both our copulation and our family structure. The basic unit of our society was family, which consisted of three members: the skuld (male warrior), the freyja (female amazon) and the vingolf (neuter or 'catalyst'). The existence of three genders is unprecedented in the galaxy and goes to show the level of advancement of our lineage: Human psychologists maintain that in every couple there is one who suffers and one who grows weary, but in our case the threesome relationship or *menage à trois* rebalances emotional servitude and preserves the vitality of the union. The vingolf is bisexual and possesses two genitalia but lacks reproductive capacity. Their mission during sexual intercourse is to participate actively in order to ensure a successful insemination. The vingolf is also known as the 'guardian of the ya'M' because during foreplay they prepare and administer an aphrodisiac extract of scarlet ya'M grown by the gessemenit in Boreth's monasteries. As for family roles, while the skuld and the freyja shine for their strength, the vingolf boasts imagination and intelligence and acts as the head of the household.

Throughout history, we klingons have experimented with and applied genetic modifications to improve our functions from one generation to the next. This has

entailed risks and, on occasion, tragic consequences for our species. Such was the case with the QuchHa', a group of klingons created during the 23rd century that came to account for a significant proportion of our total population. Infected genetic material was inadvertently used on this mutant variant. Test subjects showed augmented strength and intelligence; however, the side effects were fatal: their neural pathways degraded, blocking their motor systems and ultimately causing an excruciatingly painful death. And, worse still, an experimental subject was suffering from Levodian flu when the genetic modification was applied. As a result, the virus was incorporated into the host's defective DNA, causing a lethal mutagenic plague that spread inexorably from world to world across the Empire. During the first stage of the plague, klingons lost their frontal crests and began smiling and even telling jokes. Eventually, Dr. Phlox, the father of modern genetic engineering, created a vaccine that stopped the mutation while in its first phase, preserving the changes in appearance and character, albeit without the increased strength, speed and endurance. The cure also entailed a certain degree of neural reconfiguration. This caused millions of klingons to lose their crests, an alteration they would pass on to their descendants. So far, all efforts toward the development of a gene therapy that reverts these effects have proved unsuccessful. Neural reconfiguration caused irreparable lobar damage to the emotional cortex of klingons. Infected klingons, for instance, began feeling fear at night and could not sleep alone. Side-effects such as these have become permanent for millions of klingons.

However, this is water under the bridge. We now find ourselves at a much more advanced stage in the field of genetic engineering, and have since learnt from our mistakes and gained further experience. Dr. Krong has achieved great success with zoological implementation techniques based on the Qu'vat virus and Augment DNA. Secret experimental farms have served as the stage for successful testing which has allowed us to modify the instinct and morphology of certain animals, turning them into attack beasts and biological battering rams. In addition to increased aggressiveness, they have now become inoculating agents for synthetic Altarian viruses that will spread deadly epidemics across those worlds that show hostility toward us. From the times of Molor the Ruthless and Kahl-

ess the Unforgettable, our people learnt to abide by Natural Law, by the law of the strongest. Why negotiate with the enemy if we can massacre them with the weaponry at our disposal? Any desire to initiate dialogue is a sign of weakness. We do not need a deep state to achieve our political goals. We do not need corrupt police officers to fabricate false evidence that incriminates innocents. We do not need to buy off immoral judges who administer partisan justice. We do not need to hire journalists who impose our versions of the facts on the public opinion. We do not need to conceal our intentions in order to improve our image. We have no interest in theatrics and we do not need to justify ourselves. Why put on an act and waste time with the cosmetics of democracy if we can fast-track our interests through sheer force and terror?

More fighting and less talking. This is our statement of principles. This has always been our philosophy. And now, let us move on to our strategy. Our deadly envoys will be charming dinosaurs. We are genetically related to them; we share a common source as descendants of some of the smartest dinosauroids, such as the Troodon and the Saurornithoides. Except that our proto-klingson ancestors began developing manual skills that required better coordination with their brain, which, in turn, led to the creation of tools and the emergence of language and culture. We klingsons won the reptilian evolutionary race but are forever grateful to our travelling companions who, with great docility, have bowed to our will and served us. We owe our progress to dinosaur breeding. Some species have served as beasts of burden. Others have aided us with transport and locomotion, as motive forces for ploughing and other agricultural needs. We also have cattle farms: traditionally, dinosaur meat was an essential element of the klingson diet due to its high protein content. Our gastronomy would be inconceivable without dinosaur stew, dinosaur *steak tartare*, dinosaur meatballs, dinosaur ragout, dinosaur *Stroganoff*, dinosaur escalope or dinosaur fillets with pineapple *à la petite fleur*, just to mention the more popular dishes. At the recreational level, trained dinosaurs entertain us when we go to the circus. However, nothing beats the endearing bond that has formed between us: they have become our pets, their cubs take all our children's pranks in good part, the fiercest among them protect our

homes while others serve as guide dinosaurs for the visually impaired and accompany us on our daily walks, we organise dinosaur shows to honour their pedigrees, and sometimes we even let them sleep in our beds.

In any case, applying Augment DNA to peaceable dinosaurs based on controlled genetic designs allows us to modify their size and ferocity to our liking. At present, Dr. Krong is focusing on three models, all of which offer high performance and complement each other perfectly. Model one is the *Triceratops*, measuring up to nine metres long by three metres tall and weighing up to twelve tonnes. It is equipped with three horns: one on its snout and two one-metre-long ones above its eyes. It is considered a predecessor of the Spanish Civil Guard because it sports a tricorne at all times. It can bash into its targets at over thirty kilometres per hour, causing terrible damage. *Triceratops* are basically armoured beasts that move as a pack and whose purpose would be to tear down fortifications or destroy shielding systems. While they were originally herbivores, Augment DNA changed their diet, turning them into omnivores with a proneness to attacking both predators and Humans. Next comes the *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, a biped carnivore boasting an enormous skull counterweighted with a long, heavy tail that deals devastating blows. In contrast to its powerful hindlimbs, its forelimbs are small but surprisingly strong for their size and end in a pair of clawed fingers. It is the largest predator or scavenger in its ecosystem, measuring approximately thirteen metres in length, with a hip height of four metres and an estimated weight of up to nine tonnes. Its great jaws are equipped with twenty-centimetre-long teeth that can tear apart its prey by applying five tonnes of pressure. Also, its saliva is infectious, making its bite lethal. Rounding out the trio is the *Velociraptor*, the fighting dinosaur *par excellence*. With only one and a half metres in length and little over half a metre in height, this small predator shines for its agility and reaches a speed of over sixty kilometres per hour. It combines its more than fifty needle-sharp, serrated teeth with powerful claws equipped with a hypertrophied nail at the tip of its second toe that serves as a slashing knife. It is a smart, cruel assassin and hunts in coordinated packs that operate as true

death squads. These specimens make up the vanguard that shall be chrono-transported to Earth *en masse* using the Arrow of Time. Needless to say, we will also send support units in the form of various other species of dinosaurs.

Honour and battle.

CHICXULUB

Operation Arrow of Time got off to a good start. The chrono-transported dinosaurs took over the planet and their supremacy should change the course of evolution, preventing the emergence of the Human species. At first, everything went as planned. For millions of years, dinosaurs walked the Earth unchallenged. However, based on historical records, we knew that the impact of a large meteor would cause their extinction. We also knew that the Yucatán peninsula would be ground zero of the impact. What we did not know was when the cataclysm would take place or if it could be avoided. The Imperial Fleet deployed its most effective interception system and remained on full alert. Meanwhile, our information and counter-information services worked relentlessly. There was evidence that a mole had infiltrated certain echelons with access to High Command and was supplying details about our movements to the Romulans. Things got out of hand when an act of sabotage disabled the interception system for a short period of time, bringing down the entire defensive shield. That brief window was enough for the Romulans to carry out their attack. In order to disrupt the Klingon defences, they fired decoy meteorites on Silverpit, located in the North Sea, off the coast of the United Kingdom: Boltysh, in Ukraine; and Shiva, in the Indian Ocean, near the Bombay metropolis. Their main attack, however, was a massive projectile that fell on Chicxulub, leaving a crater 180 kilometres in diameter. The meteor itself measured fifteen kilometres in diameter and contained Romulan iridium. It reached Earth at a speed of 20 km/s (72,000 km/h), that is, 10 times faster than bullets fired with the most powerful rifles known to us. Or, in words that everyone can understand, if Tiger Woods can hit a golf ball at 181 miles per hour, the meteor arrived at an even faster speed.

Honour and battle.

MASS EXTINCTION

The Chicxulub impact released around 400 zettajoules (4×10^{23} joules) of energy, the equivalent of 100 teratonnes of TNT (1014 tonnes). In other words, it was two million times stronger than the Tsar Bomba, the greatest explosive device ever created by Humans, detonated by the Soviets on stardate 23474 (year 1961 of the Terran Gregorian calendar) as a power statement back when Humans still fought against each other. The cataclysm caused some of the largest tsunamis in Earth's history. The asteroid shook the continental plate, triggering earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and causing vast forest fires. The impact unleashed a huge blast wave into the air and generated shock waves that travelled through the ground. It also created giant standing waves hundreds of metres high—known as *seiches*—across bodies of water. Excavated material and pieces of the asteroid were ejected into the atmosphere by the explosion, reaching extreme temperatures and turning into incandescent bodies that scorched the Earth's crust. Dust, ash and water vapour emissions covered the entire surface of the planet for a full decade, creating harsh living conditions for all organisms. The carbon dioxide production caused by the impact and subsequent destruction of carbonate rocks led to a severe greenhouse effect. All the dust particles floating in the atmosphere as a result of the impact prevented sunlight from reaching the Earth's surface, drastically reducing global temperatures. Photosynthetic activity in plants was inhibited, affecting the entire food web. And, to make matters worse, the asteroid crashed into waters that were deeper than anticipated, releasing a mass of vapour that reacted with the region's sulphur-rich sediments (evaporite) to create sulphate aerosols. When released into the atmosphere, these gases altered the climate, further reducing global temperatures and generating acid rain. In short, a perfect catastrophe that wiped out three quarters of all species on Earth, dinosaurs included, paving the way for mammalian—and ultimately Human—domination.

Honour and battle.

SLEEVE TECHNOLOGY

The Romulans celebrated their success. Our propaganda laconically claimed we had lost a battle, but not the war. However, this marked the beginning of our unwritten chronicle and, as such, was when the real game started. In fact, the truth may now be revealed: everything was planned, it was a ruse devised so that the Romulans would lower their guard. Creating a time loop would have been an act of suicide, and the extinction of the chrono-transported dinosaurs was actually part of our plan. It was a deceptive manoeuvre to prepare the ground for our next move, which should result in checkmate. Humans firmly believe that dinosaurs disappeared due to an unfortunate chance event. Many millions of years later, Human paleo-historians celebrate dinosaurs by presenting them as some sort of carnival attraction and proclaiming the failed klingon plan. They pay tribute to dinosaur remains from an epic, nostalgic standpoint. They admire their fossilised skeletons in museums, have them star in acclaimed films and novels, build theme parks in their honour, etc. Taking advantage of their fascination should be child's play.

The key element of our ingeniously-devised plan is the role played by our reptilian allies. Prior to the climate disaster that nearly resulted in the planet exploding due to uncontrolled global warming, Human communities, far from being united, fought among themselves. They were organised politically into countries that were constantly at war with each other for the most absurd reasons: this border should be here instead of there, my god is better-looking than yours, my homeland is nicer than yours, etc. If the maxim is 'divide and conquer', during this period in history there was no need to divide them, for they did so on their own account. So, within this context of social division, Voth agents infiltrated the Human legions, impersonating their economic, political and military leaders. As you all know, Voth laboratories have optimised Transform DNA, which allows members of their species to mimic any personage to such level of perfection that not even their closest circle can tell the difference. Meanwhile, the Broctons, who also possess the ability to usurp identities, have planted dinosaur sleeves in Human theme parks. These sleeves are, in fact, dormant dinosaurs, real dinosaurs hidden

inside the silicone or *papier-mâché* carcasses of dinosaur models found in theme parks, indistinguishable from actual replicas. And, thus, we revive the old Trojan horse strategy.

Honour and battle.

THE GREAT SAURIAN VENGEANCE

Needless to say, the chrono-transported dinosaurs hidden in sleeves have been inoculated with large doses of Altarian viruses, perfect for triggering the annihilating pandemic that will bring about the Human holocaust. Then, using Earth's platform as our base of operations, we shall initiate the campaign to crush the Romulans. These dormant dinosaurs await our signal to come back to life.

In order to spark the propitious moment, our Intelligence Services have devised a number of concealment strategies. The initial idea was to order a Voth agent to impersonate a famous Hollywood screenwriter called Gene Roddenberry and create the television series *Star Trek*. Distributed by the NBC television network, the series enjoyed unprecedented broadcasting, becoming a cult phenomenon for decades to come. There were repeats, sequels, films, parodies, porn versions, comic-book adaptations, role-playing games and videogames. The fictional storyline revolves around the trials and tribulations of the United Federation of Planets and the years prior to its foundation on Earth: from stardate 23576 (year 2063 of the Terran Era), when first contact between Humans and extra-terrestrial races such as the Vulcans and the klingons was made, to stardate 23892 (year 2379 of the Terran Era), when the Federation lived glorious but extremely delicate moments due to the threat of having to face both the Dominion and the Borg Collective, the two greatest superpowers in the galaxy. As part of the Federation, the situation on Earth unfolds in quite extraordinary fashion. Since first contact on stardate 23576, its growth knows no boundaries, eventually becoming a heavenly planet where Humans live in constant progress. Furthermore, since stardate 23674, Earth has been the capital of both the Federation, whose headquarters are located in Paris (former France), and Starfleet Command, based in San Francisco (former California). Throughout the plot's twists and turns, we klingons appear sometimes as enemies and other times as al-

lies, depending on the geostrategic interests at stake.

Roddenberry's major contribution was popularising the idea that different galactic species could abide by codes similar to those of Humans, thereby breaking away from the typical stereotype of aliens as little green men or monstrous creatures, so deeply ingrained in science fiction stories. However, behind that widespread conception, the Voth agent's true goal was to create a smoke screen that portrayed klingons as imaginary characters, as opposed to a very real impending threat. As long as klingons were seen as a product of their imagination, nobody would even consider the presence of a black hand inside the dinosaur parks from where we were about to launch our great offensive. Another of Roddenberry's contributions was coining the term *trekkie* to refer to the fans of the series. Star Trek's huge success led to the creation of fan clubs whose members dressed up as their favourite characters and participated in conventions and contests. Countless celebrities have openly admitted to being *trekkies*. Within the scientific community and the tech industry, notable fans include Isaac Asimov, Jeff Bezos, Stephen Hawking, Elon Musk and Steve Wozniak. As for politicians and world leaders: Al Gore, Martin Luther King, Barack Obama, Stephen Harper, Colin Powell, Ronald Reagan, Alex Salmond, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Pope Francis. The fact that many attendees to large gatherings chose to dress up as klingons offered us the perfect opportunity to disguise actual klingons. Once blended in with the *trekkies*, they could wander about the real world without fear of being caught, even if only for limited periods of time; and that was enough to fulfil their missions.

Showcasing our reality as a product of pure fantasy and mocking anyone who questioned it turned out to be a highly-effective concealment strategy. Whenever the odd scientist, journalist, politician or activist dares to openly voice any doubts or suspicions, public opinion immediately dismisses them as paranoid conspiracy theory advocates. On this matter, there are two examples that speak for themselves.

Shane Warbrooke is a writer, musician and conspiracy theory believer living in Auckland, New Zealand. On star-date 23527 (January 2014 on Earth), while working on a documentary and a book about

mysterious phenomena, he decided to file a request addressed to David Key, Prime Minister of New Zealand, under the country's Official Information Act. He asked the Head of State to publicly and unreservedly admit to 'actually being a humanoid reptilian whose purpose here on Earth is to enslave humanity'. On 11 February, he received an unexpected answer from the Prime Minister's Chief of Staff, Wayne Eagleson, who claimed he did not have enough data to refute the theory. And that should have been that—a foolish request and a noncommittal answer—, had the Prime Minister himself not fanned the flames by issuing a statement where he gave Warbrooke a straight answer. 'As far as I know, I'm not a reptilian being. After much consideration, I made the unusual decision to consult not only a doctor, but also a vet, and they both confirmed that I'm not a reptilian being,' Key said to the media. 'So, I'm definitely not a reptile. I've never been on a spaceship; I've never been to outer space; and my tongue isn't overly long.' However, this only raised further suspicion among conspiracy theorists, who argued that the sarcasm underlying his words was an attempt to hide another truth. In fact, another request is currently being drawn up to demand that the Prime Minister disclose his DNA records (as if reptilians had any trouble forging them). Not content with that, Warbrooke has also sent requests to the Royal New Zealand Air Force, the Civil Aviation Authority and the New Zealand Antarctic Institute to demand information regarding the detection of unidentified flying objects and other paranormal phenomena which, in his opinion, may be linked to extra-terrestrial presence. Unsurprisingly, his credibility is at rock bottom and the infiltrated agent impersonating Key has continued to steer the nation's fate according to our plans, without anyone noticing any irregularity whatsoever. As for the likes of Warbrooke, they should enjoy the privilege of honouring the memory of poor Cassandra, who tried to warn the Trojans about the horse ploy, only to be taken for a madwoman.

Another high-profile case involved Mariano Rajoy, an ex-president of the Spanish government famous for his dyslexia, which provided comedians who did impressions of him with an arsenal of inspiring resources. On one occasion, during a local election campaign speech, he said: 'It's the neighbour who elects the mayor and it's the mayor who wants the

neighbours to be the mayor.' The rally was being held in the region of Castilla-La Mancha, where the impressive skeleton of a *Concavenator corvatus* –the world's first hunchback dinosaur, which scientists dubbed 'Pepito'– had been discovered at the paleontological site of Las Hoyas. Politicians running for re-election rubbed their hands together over the commitment to fund the building of a regional museum devoted to the discovery. Right after the foundation stone was laid, an old lady wearing a black headscarf walked up to the President and, to the delight of all journalists present, asked: 'Mariano, are you a reptilian?' To which he promptly replied: 'It's the lizard who elects the neighbour and it's the mayor who wants the lizards as neighbours.' In response to such a stroke of genius, the crowd burst into applause and began cheering: 'Well done, Mariano!', and that was the end of it. Unmoved, the reptilian agent impersonating Rajoy just played along and made the situation as confusing as he possibly could.

Honour and battle.

OPERATION JURASSIC STORM

Our reptilian impersonation tactic is bearing fruit. In Turkey, we have managed to create the world's largest dinosaur theme park, with thousands of giant replicas and robot dinosaurs that allow for the deployment of hundreds of sleeves. The project was spearheaded by one of our agents, the impersonator of President Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, whose Justice and Development Party (AKP) governed Ankara, the country's capital, and authorised the construction of the colossal Ankapark on a piece of land that belonged to the Atatürk Forest Farm nature reserve, property of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. A huge 821-million-dollar investment funded the construction of a unique recreational and educational centre that Erdoğan decided to inaugurate with much fanfare by organising an impressive high-profile ceremony against a backdrop of towering *Tyrannosaurus Rex* figures. The park opened to the public on 20 March 2019 of the Terran Era, but closed its doors only eight months later, ending up in the hands of the city's local administration. Wonderland Eurasia, the private company in charge of its management, went bankrupt after losing so much money that they could not even pay off their huge debt to the electricity company. The closing

down left hundreds of workers unemployed and threatened the survival of the facilities, which inevitably began to deteriorate due to lack of maintenance. Countless statues of martial dinosaurs were doomed to a second decline: first their biological death, and now the deterioration of their representations. The dinosaur models began to crumble and are now scattered around an abandoned and undergrowth-covered area spanning the equivalent of one hundred and twenty football pitches: a vast dinosaur cemetery.

In the meantime, the local government of Ankara changed hands and is now controlled by the main opposition group: the Republican People's Party (CHP). Mansur Yavaş, the new mayor, criticised the previous local administration, led by Melih Gökçek, for prioritising a megalomaniac initiative that resulted in massive embezzlement of public funds, an especially grave decision considering the city's pressing needs in terms of infrastructure. 'With the money invested in the park, we could've built fifteen thousand social housing units or three hundred halls of residence. There are a number of water distribution and sewage system works that are long overdue. They're urgent and cannot be postponed. Yet, in previous years, they were neglected in favour of purchasing helicopters and dinosaurs for Ankapark,' Yavaş declared. And, thus, dinosaurs became a focal point of political discussion. What is more beneficial for the public good: a replica of a *Brachiosaurus* for tourists to enjoy or a functioning sewer? What Erdoğan had defined as a symbol of Turkish pride and a tourist attraction that would yield huge profits for the capital (annual income was estimated at ten million dollars) ended up buried in a bottomless pit of corruption. While members of parliament are at each other's throats, the vast *Dinozor Müzesi* is beginning to resemble a ravaged Jurassic landscape created not by a meteor, but by the even more destructive power of squandering and speculation. Meanwhile, we rub our hands in glee, for scandal and tension create the perfect climate for us to free our dinosaurs from their sleeves.

It is clear that Erdoğan got into the wrong line of business. If he wanted to make big money off dinosaurs, he should have invested in a film instead of a theme park. The production of *Jurassic Park* cost a whopping 63 million dollars, but grossed 1.046 billion overall: an

obscene return on investment. It is hardly surprising that Hollywood is brimming with reptilians who have paved the way for a never-ending string of dinosaur films, a full-fledged genre that I—as a klingon cinephile—maintain was born in 1925 with Harry Hoyt's *The Lost World*. It was an adaptation of the homonymous novel by Arthur Conan Doyle, who actually made a cameo in the film. The story features professor Challenger, who leads a scientific expedition to locate a lost world mentioned in the journal of the missing explorer Maple White. The voyagers reach a strange plateau in the Amazon basin where they discover a group of living dinosaurs and, ultimately, decide to take a brontosaurus back to London. The dinosaur then goes on to spread panic across the city for reasons other than attempting to squeeze into one of its famous red double-deckers. The film featured pioneering stop-motion special effects that would be used eight years later in the world-famous film *King Kong*, where a giant ape fought against a T-Rex, a stegosaurus and a brontosaurus on Skull Island, producing an amusing but spine-tingling sensation in the audience. Metaphorically speaking, the scene could be interpreted as a battle for supremacy between the saurian and primate bloodlines. And yes, *King Kong* emerged victorious, but this was just a small concession intended to boost the Human ego.

Please, forgive me for this excursus: back in the time when I was a cadet in charge of the film club at the Imperial Fleet Military Academy, the seasons devoted to dinosaur filmography enjoyed great success. Allow me to briefly mention my favourite films. *One Million Years B.C.* (1966) is the first to come to mind. There is nothing even remotely scientific about this film, but its absurdity makes it comical: dinosaurs and cave men live together on the volcanic island of Lanzarote, a perfect scenery due to its orography. Brontosaurus and giant spiders fight each other. A *Tyrannosaurus Rex* terrorises two attractive, primitive women played by Raquel Welch and Martine Beswick. Dressed in revealing leather bikinis, they live under constant threat, not only from prehistoric animals, but also from cave-dwelling tribes that have succumbed to their lustful instincts of old. An explosive Raquel Welch plays an indigent fisherwoman who is captured by a giant pterodactyl and survives a fall into the ocean. In short, it offers hilarious entertainment. Other noteworthy films include

The Valley of Gwangi (1969), a promising western in which cowboys face brontosaurus and *triceratops*. The other unmissable classic, however, is *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* (1970). Based on a story by J. G. Ballard, it starred *Playboy* model Victoria Vetri who, as was customary at the time, also appeared naked in a number of sequences (due to script requirements). A true sex symbol ever since her nude *Playboy* centrefold raised the spirits of the marines stationed in Vietnam, Kubrick asked her to audition for the role of Lolita. Another equally memorable nude photo of her was inadvertently taken into space by the Apollo 12 crew, courtesy of a group of pranksters at NASA. At age sixty-six, she murdered her fourth husband and was locked away for several years. In *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* there is no Moon orbiting the Earth, which translates to a series of great cataclysms, pagan rites and Human sacrifices. All the while, a love story evocative of Romeo and Juliet unfolds between Sanna and Tara, the two main characters, which belong to rival tribes. In the end, in order to escape sacrifice, Sanna hides inside a *Megalosaurus* egg, tricking the dinosaur into believing that she is its daughter (confirmed: *Megalosaurus* mothers love blonde babies).

Now, let's continue where we left off. In light of the disruption caused by all our concurrent actions, the leaders of High Command have deemed it appropriate to begin the countdown to our final operation. A nanoprobe radio signal sent via a quantum-encrypted interstellar communicator must reach a stegosaurus sleeve that will serve as a booster station. From there, the signal will be broadcasted using a hierarchical mesh network system. The system controller is hidden inside a sleeve whose whereabouts have been kept secret. However, that information will now be revealed: it is located at the UTM coordinates 41.456100, 2.204897, which point to Francesc Macià Avenue in Santa Coloma de Gramenet, province of Barcelona. The place in question is a hard-surfaced square; specifically, a children's play area opposite a hotel and a shopping centre. After detecting some source of interference, a Brocton envoy called Sung'Ho was assigned the mission of verifying that the communicator was in good working order. He should have notified command immediately, but we never received his report. The local press, however, provided us with the necessary clues.

We shall now transliterate two articles that are explicit enough to help us understand what happened.

La Vanguardia, Barcelona. 22.05.2021

On Saturday, regional firefighters and police officers recovered the corpse of a 39-year-old man found inside the leg of a decorative *papier-mâché* dinosaur. The statue was located in a park in Santa Coloma de Gramenet, Barcelona. The man didn't appear to be the victim of a criminal act, and main police hypotheses suggest that he was homeless and got inside the dinosaur of his own free will, possibly to spend the night there and keep himself warm. However, they haven't ruled out the theory that he might've entered the statue to retrieve something he'd dropped and couldn't get out.

At around noon, a father and his son who regularly play near the Cubic building on Francesc Macià Avenue were petrified upon making a terrifying discovery. One of them spotted the body after glimpsing through a crack in the structure, which had been placed there a decade earlier for promotional purposes on the occasion of the grand opening of Cinema City. At first, there were several figures, but the multiplex closed its doors in 2013 and the dinosaurs gradually disappeared due to decay and lack of maintenance.

According to police representatives, it was the father who immediately called 112 to alert the emergency services. Given the complexity of the operation, three regional fire brigade units, including members of the special rescue team, responded to the scene. And with good reason, for in order to retrieve the body they had to cut open part of the *papier-mâché* statue and dislodge it using a towing vehicle. Once outside, police officers were finally able to identify the victim. In his pocket, they found a wallet with his ID in it. It was a male born in 1982 and, despite initial theories suggesting he might be homeless, they soon confirmed that he'd only been missing for two days. In fact, his family had reported his disappearance just hours before the body was found.

The case is currently being investigated by the police, though their working hypothesis is that his death was accidental. In fact, as pointed out by the regional police, the victim showed no signs of violence. So, pending the autopsy results

to determine the cause of death, leading theories indicate that the man willingly took shelter from the cold inside the figure with the intention of spending the night there and, once inside, died from unknown causes. Or, alternatively, that he got into the statue to recover something he'd dropped or hoping to find something that might've been hidden there. A true mystery.

Two weeks later:

El Periódico, Barcelona. 06.07.2022

According to police sources consulted by *El Periódico*, the autopsy confirms that the 39-year-old man found inside a dinosaur statue in Santa Coloma de Gramenet (Barcelona) died of accidental causes, thereby closing the investigation initiated by the regional police force to explain the incident. Forensic examination confirmed what the police had anticipated: the cause of death involved no criminal act. The resident of Sant Coloma, who, as reported by his family, had been missing for two days, found his way into the *papier-mâché* figure, got trapped upside down in one of the dinosaur's hind legs and ultimately died from asphyxia. In all likelihood, he entered the dinosaur statue seeking shelter for the night, dropped one of the objects he was carrying –possibly his mobile phone– inside the leg and died while attempting to retrieve it. Inside his jacket, the police found a copy of Jack Kirby's comic *Devil Dinosaur*. Long before the autopsy report was released and the mystery solved, news of his tragic death had already spread far and wide.

Honour and battle.



EPILOGUE

Pending the results of a reliable investigation, these forensic findings hold no credibility. It is clear that the sleeve was sabotaged and our agent Sung'Ho was eliminated by assassins in the service of the Romulans. There is no question that Sung'Ho was ambushed by professionals who made sure that his death would seem accidental. How else could one explain something as theatrical as a seasoned spy getting stuck head-first in a dinosaur leg and suffocating to death? There will be ample time in the future to find answers to these questions, capture those responsible and deliver due punishment.

In order to resume our mission, the absolute priority is to neutralise the interference and locate Sung'Ho's tele-transmitter. There are three options to consider. Option one: the tele-transmitter was found and is now in the possession of the Romulan assassins. However, we can rule this out since the entire sleeve system is still up and running. If the Romulans had found the tele-transmitter, they would have disconnected the system immediately as a preventive measure. Option two: either the police found the tele-transmitter inside the dinosaur and confused it with a *smartphone*, or they did not find it. And option three, the most plausible explanation: in case of threat, Sung'Ho had orders to move the nanoprobe repeater system to another sleeve and immediately deactivate the tele-transmitter. The code to indicate that he had initiated this protocol was to leave a copy of *Devil Dinosaur* in his jacket pocket, as was the case. To help us identify the chosen sleeve, Sung'Ho was instructed to mark the klingon symbol on the dinosaur's body. Therefore, the primary task for all our infiltrated forces on Earth is to obtain detailed photographic evidence of all existing dinosaur replicas. These photographs shall be analysed by our Intelligence Services in order to determine the correct sleeve. There is no time to lose, you are all to start taking photographs of dinosaurs. That's an order.

Honour and battle.

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