

[BMP3]

[Mark drove Paul to a work meeting]

It is good to be back in Russia, I always miss it.
And I love this apartment in the old city of Kiev.
My City, My Country, My State, the Marvelous Eurasia.

Only the flight has been absurd.
I definitely worked for the weirdest person ever.
He is this extremely rich businessman, who asked me to make a few flights
between Canada and Russia, via Berlin.

I'm young, but I can say that I have worked in half the world, with all kinds of
strange people since I got the Private Pilot License.
But nobody is more mad than Powerful people.

The Airports of the whole world are full of people like him, "moles" of the system,
and this is a system that doesn't hesitate to employ all the resources available,
legal or illegal, to accomplish their goal: the constant increase of production.

But during this assignment, sitting at a table in a club near the airport of Kiev,
I was waiting for Mister William Hampel.
He was speaking with a Ukrainian gangster.

He was trying to make a 4 billion-dollar deal so that he could extend his empire and
realize his plan of a global company.

I guess, He is flying high, and I bet he lost his bearings a long time ago.
And, By now, he can't turn and go back anymore, and he can't even try a landing
because he knows he will get it wrong, so he keeps flying high, until he can, hoping
for a miracle.

There's more madness in him than in me, but no one realizes it, because he acts
like he has everything under control.