

**THE
PRESUMPTUOUS
PLATE**

- Virus theory Transferred To A Porcelain painting workshop

Narrated and illustrated by

Mikkel Meinike Nielsen

Preface

This little story tries to illustrate a problem with the modern virus theory.

According to the modern virus theory, viruses have no reproductive capacity of their own. Scientific communicators often use the formulation that viruses need a host in the form of a cell in order to reproduce themselves. I believe that this representation is misleading. With that wording, you add an own will to the virus, or at least an own drive, which in my opinion there is absolutely no validation for.

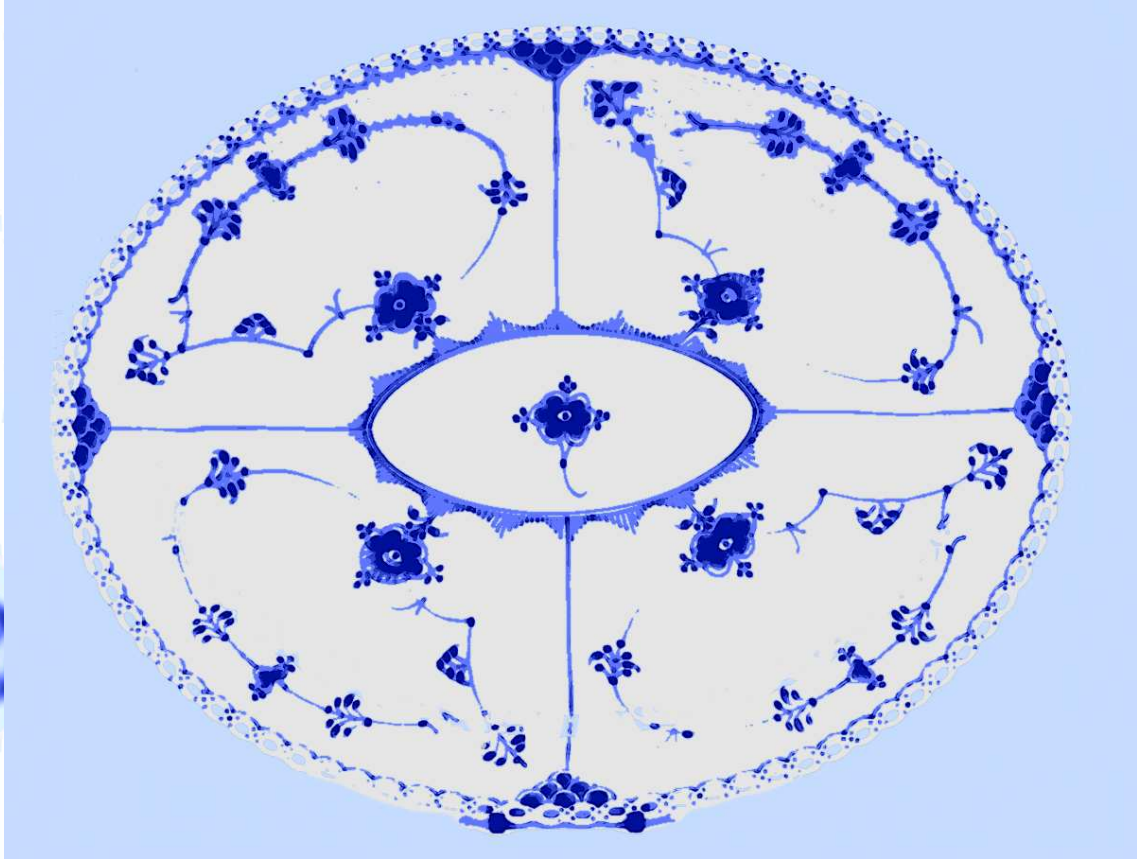
I believe that viruses, when you look at the phenomenon from the perspective of modern virus theory, are just as active in their own reproduction / copying as a Louis Vuitton bag.

Louis Vuitton bags are copied and reproduced in a big scale by humans, but does that justify attributing them to having reproductive abilities and saying that they use humans as means for replicating.

The reader must decide for themselves, but the little story that follows here is intended to clarify the issue in a hopefully fun, entertaining and thought-provoking way.

If someone were to accuse me of being inspired by H. C. Andersen in my storytelling, my answer would be. "Of course I am". -And who isn't?

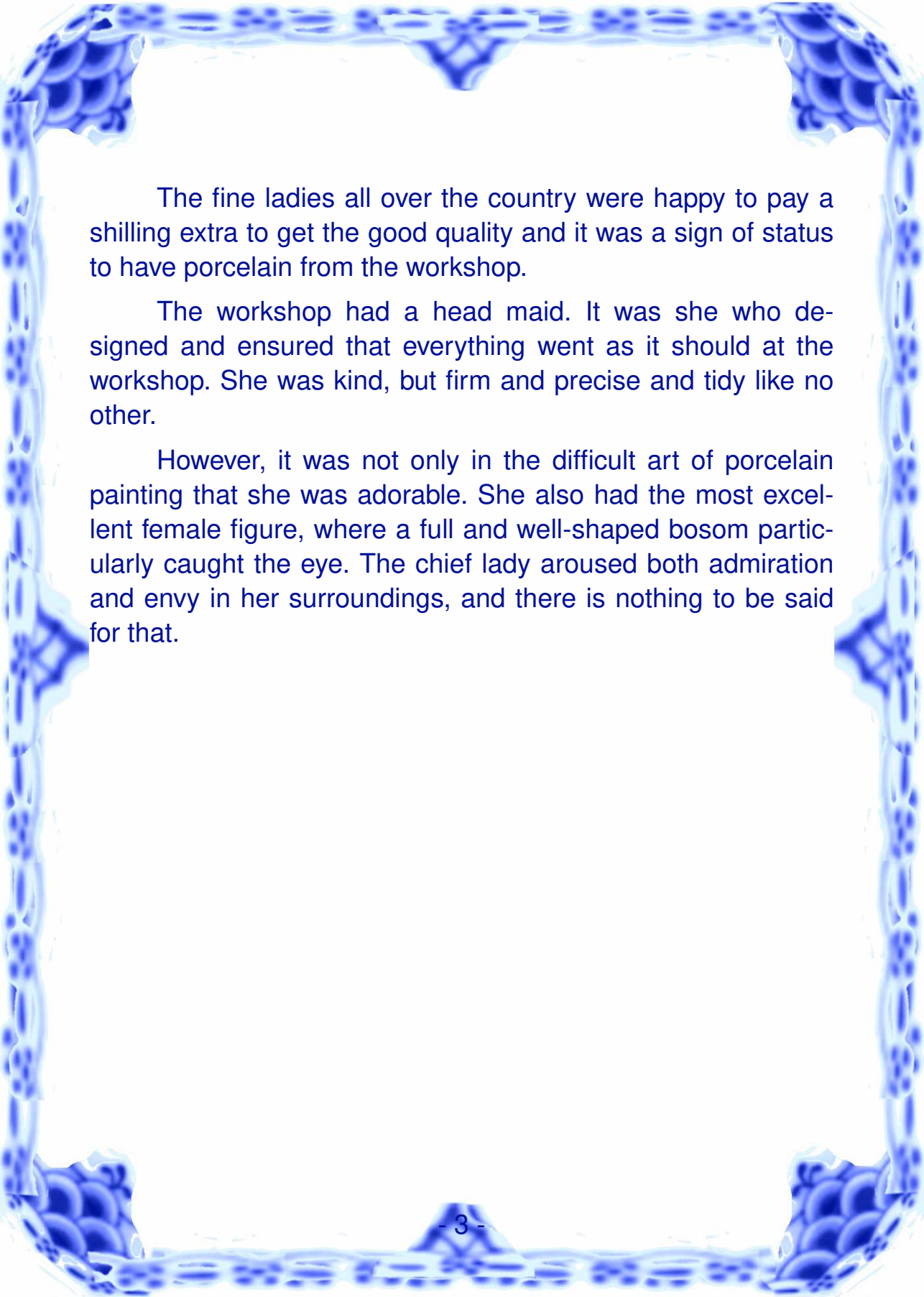
Enjoy the reading
Mikkel Meinike Nielsen



The Presumptuous Plate

- Virus theory Transferred To A Porcelain painting workshop

There was once an old porcelain painting workshop. It was the best and the largest porcelain painting workshop in the whole country. The workshop employed no less than fifty porcelain workers and everything that came out of the workshop was of the very finest quality.



The fine ladies all over the country were happy to pay a shilling extra to get the good quality and it was a sign of status to have porcelain from the workshop.

The workshop had a head maid. It was she who designed and ensured that everything went as it should at the workshop. She was kind, but firm and precise and tidy like no other.

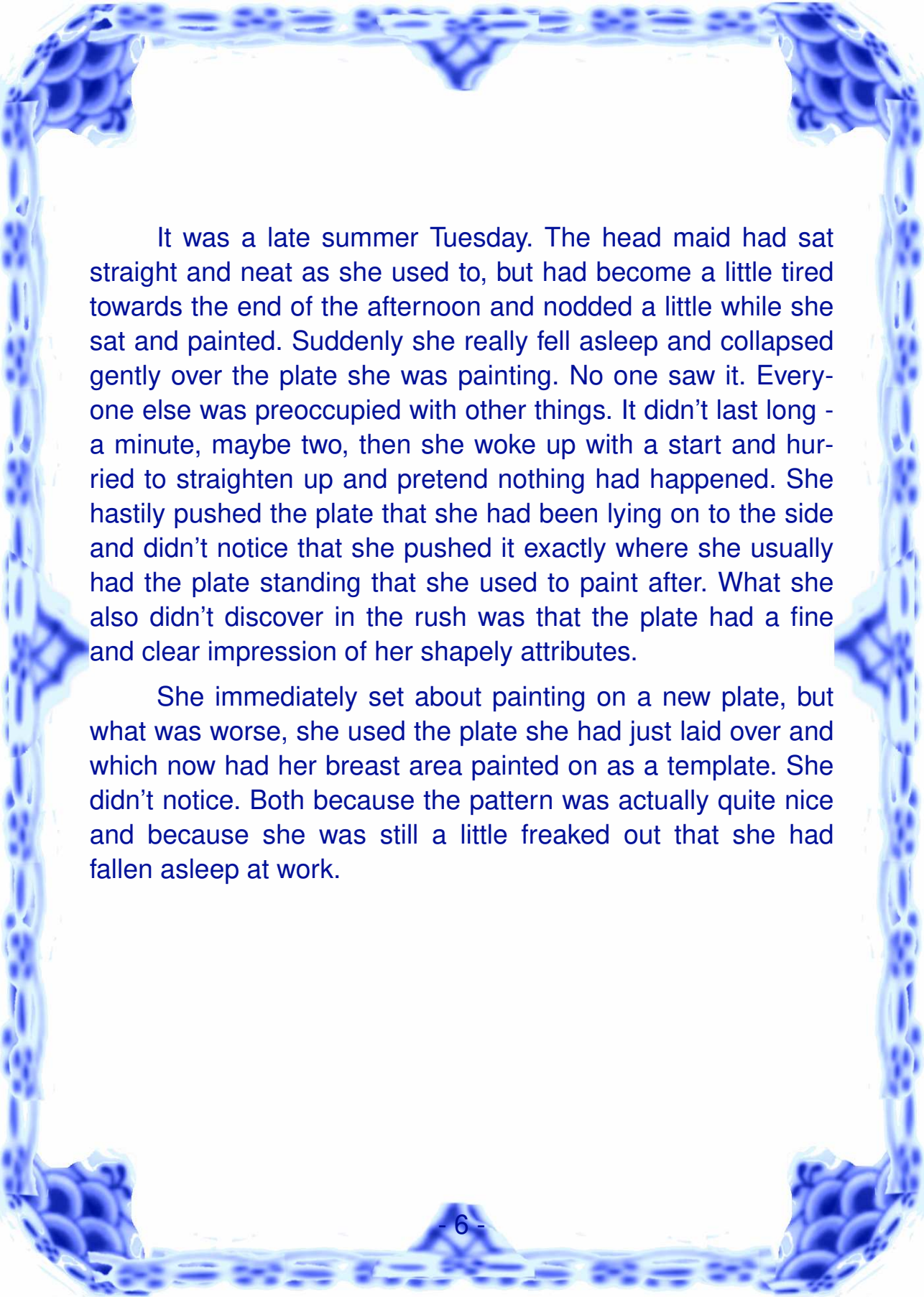
However, it was not only in the difficult art of porcelain painting that she was adorable. She also had the most excellent female figure, where a full and well-shaped bosom particularly caught the eye. The chief lady aroused both admiration and envy in her surroundings, and there is nothing to be said for that.



Now it was the case that the porcelain painting workshop had been the country's best workshop for a very long time, miles ahead of its closest competitors, and when you have sat on the throne like this for a long time, you can in the end become a little inattentive. Routines and habits take over and the mind wanders during work.

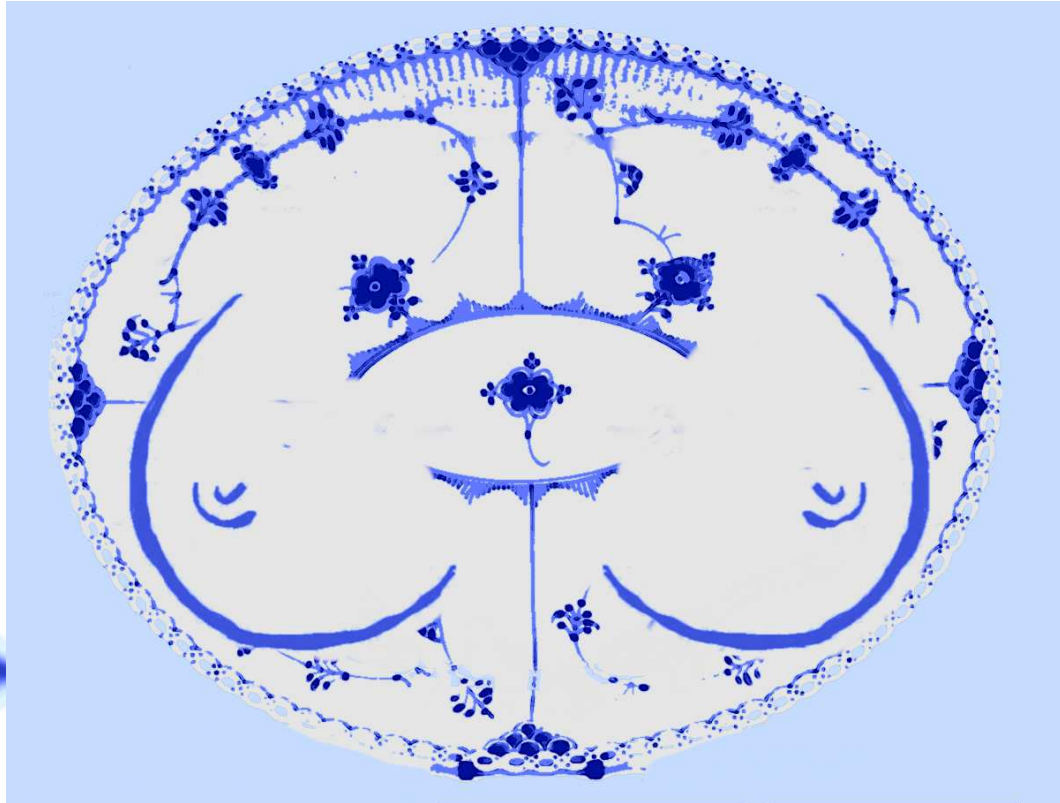


This was also the case at the famous porcelain painting workshop. Without anyone really noticing until one day something very strange happened.

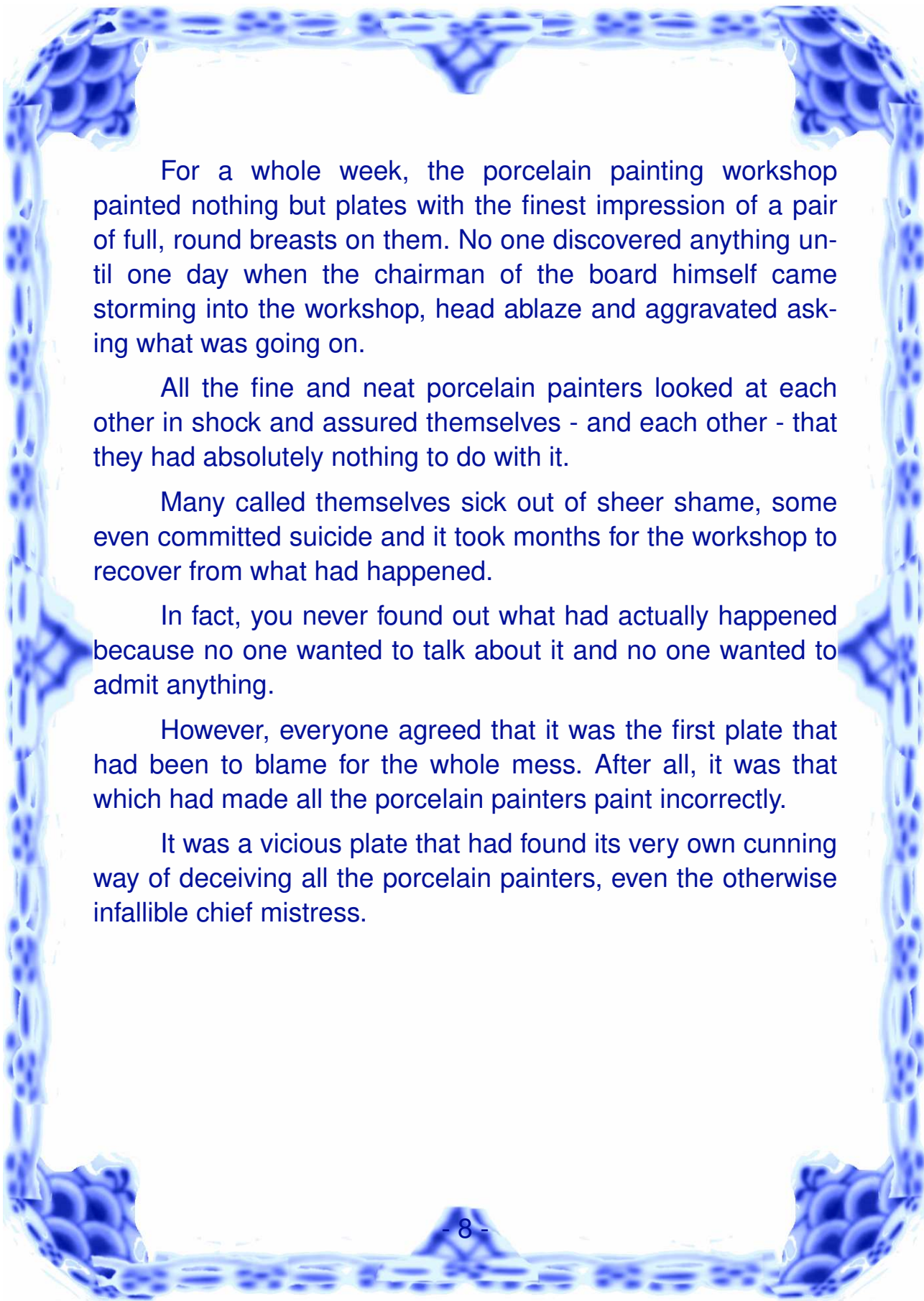


It was a late summer Tuesday. The head maid had sat straight and neat as she used to, but had become a little tired towards the end of the afternoon and nodded a little while she sat and painted. Suddenly she really fell asleep and collapsed gently over the plate she was painting. No one saw it. Everyone else was preoccupied with other things. It didn't last long - a minute, maybe two, then she woke up with a start and hurried to straighten up and pretend nothing had happened. She hastily pushed the plate that she had been lying on to the side and didn't notice that she pushed it exactly where she usually had the plate standing that she used to paint after. What she also didn't discover in the rush was that the plate had a fine and clear impression of her shapely attributes.

She immediately set about painting on a new plate, but what was worse, she used the plate she had just laid over and which now had her breast area painted on as a template. She didn't notice. Both because the pattern was actually quite nice and because she was still a little freaked out that she had fallen asleep at work.



When she was finished, as was her habit, she passed the plate on to the next in line of porcelain painters, and thus the new plate with the deviant pattern was now available for the next painter's hand. Then it went down through the row of neat and skilled porcelain ladies without any of them noticing anything. They just painted the pattern from the plate they were given as they had done so many times before. One plate was handed over to the next and so on.



For a whole week, the porcelain painting workshop painted nothing but plates with the finest impression of a pair of full, round breasts on them. No one discovered anything until one day when the chairman of the board himself came storming into the workshop, head ablaze and aggravated asking what was going on.

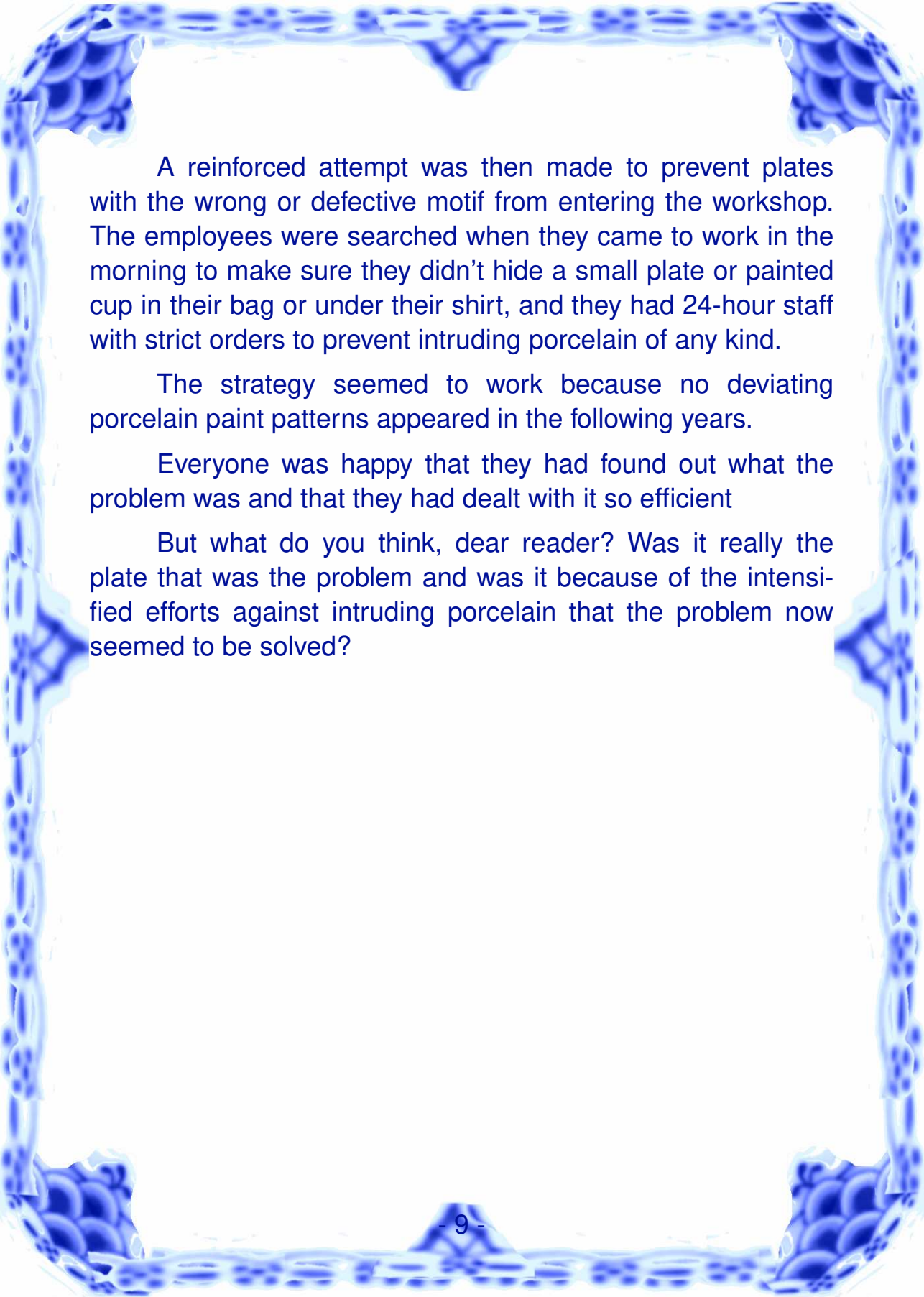
All the fine and neat porcelain painters looked at each other in shock and assured themselves - and each other - that they had absolutely nothing to do with it.

Many called themselves sick out of sheer shame, some even committed suicide and it took months for the workshop to recover from what had happened.

In fact, you never found out what had actually happened because no one wanted to talk about it and no one wanted to admit anything.

However, everyone agreed that it was the first plate that had been to blame for the whole mess. After all, it was that which had made all the porcelain painters paint incorrectly.

It was a vicious plate that had found its very own cunning way of deceiving all the porcelain painters, even the otherwise infallible chief mistress.



A reinforced attempt was then made to prevent plates with the wrong or defective motif from entering the workshop. The employees were searched when they came to work in the morning to make sure they didn't hide a small plate or painted cup in their bag or under their shirt, and they had 24-hour staff with strict orders to prevent intruding porcelain of any kind.

The strategy seemed to work because no deviating porcelain paint patterns appeared in the following years.

Everyone was happy that they had found out what the problem was and that they had dealt with it so efficient

But what do you think, dear reader? Was it really the plate that was the problem and was it because of the intensified efforts against intruding porcelain that the problem now seemed to be solved?