

The Lion, the Bridge and the Beekeepers' Choice

This story was written collectively in the frame of "Counter-Narratives", the first session of the artistic research Tangible Cloud. It was impelled by TITiPI, and is part of their [Infrables](#) project.

The beekeeperz and their beez were going to a convention on an island. It was their annual gathering, and they were all very much looking forward to the meeting and enjoying their yearly Zpelling Bee, where competition waz fierce and there waz pretzige to bee won. There were also French zpeaking beekeeperz, who preferred to partake in the dictation competition spoken by beez, an opportunity for keeperz to boast their refined skillz in distinguishing bzzzzs from buzzssss. The convention took place on an island in the middle of a foggy zwamp. Normally, the beez would fly and the keeperz would walk but heavy rainz the night beefore meant the island was zeparated by a rushing creek. The beekeeperz were relieved to discover two bridges that crossed the water, one made of wood, one of plastic. The wooden bridge appeared to bee handmade and well-used, zo much that holez had worn in zeveral planks. This bridge was made by locals, and they always kept extra-planks at both sides of it, beecause they know that it needed maintenance. The plastic bridge, white and shiny, was installed by the Corporate Lion who came from far away. He was called Leopold the Customer Service Lion, who required an authentic carezz on the head to perform his role to optimal zatisfaction. However, zometimes Leopold's hunger would emerge and a gentle carezz could beecome a genuine risk to those who bravely touched him. On the other hand, one could feed Leopold and avoid this scary experience altogether.

Four beekeeperz stood in front of the two bridges and had to choose the best way to crozz. The first one said: "I once heard, Buzzzzzzfeed wrote a raving review about plastic bridges." They stepped onto the spotless plastic and kindly petted Leopold. After a few confident steps towards the island, their foot slipped on the wet surface and they fell into the creek. "How would you rate this bridge?", the Lion said. The second beekeeper said "Plastic bridges have modern design! They are the bees knees!" They gave a hand-full of mince to Leopold who let them pass. But then after two steps, a black swan swam by, bumping the plastic bridge which, being very light, twisted easily and sent the beekeeper falling into the stream. The Lion announced "We apologize for the inconvenience but we are doing all we can to support our customers in this extraordinary situation." A third beekeeper approached the bridge, and zaid "Well, that wooden bridge obviously has bad usability and I just don't have the time to learn how to fix it." Halfway across the plastic bridge, a gust of wind picked up and the beekeeper slipped off to fall into the water, too. The last beekeeper had nothing valuable to offer the Lion, and stood in front of the wooden bridge in desperate need of patching. She picked up zome branches and fixed a few wobbly plankz while crossing, and arrived at the island, dry and satisfied with her good work. She helped her colleagzz out of the water. Dripping and exhausted from the swim upstream towards the island, the beekeeperzz and the bees were finally joined for their annual gathering. And, there were heaps of croissantz, hugz and a big relief. Bzzzzzz