

Dear friends,

Let me tell you the story of my tribe. It is also the story of global warming between two tribes.

The name of my tribe is EBEA, I am one of its elders and its leader goes by the name of Carmela.

In the beginning, that is 20...thousands years ago, there was a group of 5 hunters who started this new tribe, I was among them. One of us left the tribe and our wise man, my friend Alessandro passed away: there are diseases that we still cannot heal...even using invisible waves.

A thousand years later, my tribe became known as EBEA. It originated from the territory known as Europe.

This was the ancient times, before the cell phone, when there were no EMFs, that is ElectroMagnetic Fears, when we used to talk to each other face to face and when the people of the Italian tribes could use their two hands to talk.

The leader of our new tribe is called Jocelyne. She lives in Iberia and we miss her tonight, as she did not want to make this long journey to the Helvetian mountains, using the big birds of Iberia, because she wanted to save energy and fight global warming.

In the early days of the EBEA tribe, I travelled with Jocelyne to meet with the other older tribe, named BEMS. This encounter took place long ago in a big village called Stockholm in the very far north. The encounter between the two tribes was not very peaceful. Jocelyne was scared that these tall men from the Americas might take our money and I did not want them to steal our women!

There was a lot of screaming and tears at this gathering but we survived: you had to be tough at the time. We thus never became a vassal tribe...and now we share a journal.

Since then, we have made peace and organised common gatherings such as the one in Dublin, in the land of the black beer, and this one in Davos.

The two tribes still fight each other at times but we have left our sharp stone weapons at home and we now use a new soft and round weapon which we call the microphone. Soon we may be using the nanophone...

I won't be with you all on Friday for the hot topic session. It is too hot for me, and I need the 12-hour train journey back to my cave to write my new book. Its title won't be "why I ate my father"<sup>1</sup> nor "are EMFs helping us prevent global warming" but rather "how I ran away from the dinosaurs" because the big news is that the EMF dinosaurs are back... and they could become an internal threat to our tribes! A few of them have made it all the way to Davos. Please shut me up before I become one of these dinosaurs.

But before you do shut me up, I want to thank the local Helvetian tribe for organizing this underground gathering in their huge cave known as the DAVOS congress centre. This tribe is best known as the "men in black". Its charismatic leader, by the name of Niels, is a wise man. He is a living proof of both evolution and global warming, as he does not need much fur on top of his head. This might be why he has a thousand new ideas per minute!

However, in the advent of global warming, he should know better and start clothing his tribe with white fur...

He had the wise idea to gather us high up in the mountains. I live in Bordeaux which is only 40 metres above sea level. This means that my tribe EBEA will be able to organise there some of our next gatherings in the next few thousands years before the tide reaches us.

Long life to our two tribes!

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<sup>1</sup> Roy Lewis published 15000 years ago