

Who Are [Google](#)? (Please click on the links for the full picture)

This is probably the hottest, most frequently asked question on the 'net: It's a question for which there have been many conjectures in answer but none have yet revealed the truth. Now I can exclusively report that the origins of Google and it's real location has been discovered. Indeed, I believe I am the first person to stumble upon the lair and to view their activities at first hand; please believe me, the truth is even stranger than the enormous fiction that has developed over the years.

For most people, familiar with [Googling](#), their only contact with Google is via an internet (web) browser, through the keyboard and screen of a computer. Few, if any, concern themselves with thoughts about how it all works, they are simply happy to type their search requirements and press ENTER. For most searches, a result appears in double quick time and the user moves on. The more inquisitive, however, want to know just what is going on behind the scenes, indeed, they are also curious to know *where* it goes on too.

After considerable research and extensive world wide exploration I can now report that the the answers to these questions have been found! Not only have they been found but there is photographic evidence to support them (click on the links for these). Many will be surprised! There will be disbelief! Nevertheless I present the facts as discovered.

Before I do this, there first needs to be some investigation into the name Google, for it is from such an investigation that my journey of discovery began.

Many believe the name Google to be the result of the misspelling of the numeric superlative googol (derived from googolplex - a very large number; the digit 1 followed by one hundred zeros). But I can reveal that this is simply uninformed conjecture.

Google is an anglicised derivation from the union of two separate words: [Gugh](#) (from the Cornish word Keow meaning hedge banks) and [Gull](#) (Gulls, often informally Seagulls, birds in the family Laridae. They are most closely related to the terns (family Sternidae) and only distantly related to auks, and skimmers, and more distantly to the waders. Most gulls belong to the large genus Larus.)

Given this fundamental revelation, it can quickly be appreciated how the myth relating to the origins of Google being attributed to the human beings named [Larry Page and Sergey Brin](#) came to be. These human names are simply a convenient corruption of the genetic Gull family names of [Laridae](#) and [Sternidae](#). The people don't actually exist (click on the preceding link to them and you will see what I mean), they are a fantastical creation of a human intellect unable to cope with the real truth: the realisation that the

immense searching capability and power of Google is driven by a bunch of seagulls!

At this point, dear reader, you are already about to turn off and find something else to read, please don't. By doing so you will have blinkered your vision, restricted your view, defined a narrow perspective as a range of thought and perhaps denied yourself access to the most amazing revelation of the 21st century. Please read on and all will be revealed.

There is a remote corner of the United Kingdom known only to a few. Historically it has been thought of as ["The Fortunate Islands"](#). These islands are considered mythical so consequently are surrounded by legend, however, the writer recently, quite by accident, stumbled upon them and the amazing secret they hold.

The most westerly of ["The Fortunate Islands"](#) is the island of [St Agnes](#), a bleak and windswept grassy rock, stoically raised against the might of thousands of miles of Atlantic Ocean to it's west. Tucked, even nestling, to the east of St Agnes is a small but beautifully formed appendage. Linked via a narrow causeway only accessible at low tide is the island of [Gugh](#). It is here dear reader, that I discovered the truth.

Having dared to cross the causeway, with no certainty of return, I found myself in a land of lush grassland and bracken interspersed with [eunonymous](#) and [pittosporum](#). The territory rose gently up toward the east for a few hundred yards where it reached the highest point on the isthmus. From here it was possible to see the full extent of the island. From north to south I estimate that it was no more than a mile and from east to west, half that distance. My elevation at my viewpoint was hardly more than 30 metres. The sides of this gentle hill were pock marked with caverns and [buries](#), evidence of a society of considerable provenance. Toward the centre of the island, amongst bramble and briar my attention was drawn to a particularly significant rock. About 4 metres high above the ground and about 5 metres in diameter it rose from the highest point in the vicinity like a masonry helmet. The rock itself was fascinating, but it was what it carried that shocked and amazed me. There it was! Before my eyes! There stood in all its majesty and beauty. Iridescent in its brilliant mantle and gracefully poised awaiting the call upon it's godly talents. Here was the [Gughgull](#).

It took me a while to collect my thoughts and come to terms with my discovery. After all, here was the answer to the most often asked question of our time and I had stumbled upon it quite by accident. As I watched I became aware that whilst the creature that I observed was clearly the leader, the [alpha Gughgull](#), there were many others distributed efficiently across the undulating territory behind the [alpha Gughgull](#) mounted upon its rock. These drone like birds stood [perfectly](#)

[still but poised for action](#). Their expressions were [sharp and concentrated](#), as if staring into a distant beyond, attempting to perceive the unperceivable . Suddenly there came a cry from the [alpha Gughgull](#) and within an instant one of the drones was airborne and away. Almost as soon as it had left it was back again. In the blink of an eye it had resumed its position on the bank and settled to stare again at the distant horizon. A tear welled in my eye as I realised that I was the first human being to ever witness the reality of a so called "Gughgull search". I trembled with excitement as cries from the [alpha Gughgull](#) continued to elicit frenetic activity from the [drone Gughgulls ranged across the hillside behind the presidential stone](#). Then something strange happened which perplexed me for a while. Another, slightly different, cry from the [alpha Gughgull](#) caused [two Gughgulls](#) to simultaneously rise, swiftly into the heavens, the one seemingly escorted and protected by the other. This had been a different call from the [alpha Gughgull](#) and a different response from the drones - what could be going on here? Then it struck me! Not only was I witnessing Gughgull searching in action but I had also seen the beta test of the new [Gughgull "search with backup" facility](#). A system often talked about fancifully in erudite circles but not yet a reality, and here it was before my eyes being alpha tested at the fount. I scribbled hastily in my notebook, at pains not to miss any nuance of this slick and efficient operation. My camera clicked and whirled away as I snapped the evidence, now used in support of this paper.

As I continued to stand there, I watched in silent awe as these [swift and graceful creatures](#) ascended to the heavens only to return in seconds to their allotted place. During this continuous and tireless activity, the [alpha Gughgull could be seen tapping at a keyboard](#) atop the rock on which it stood. This was clearly the point of contact with the internet, where our primitive technology interfaces with [the awesome power of the Gughgull](#). It was frankly the most awkward of all of the operations carried out by these most industrious birds. Indeed it was quite out of place, yet it is an example of the generosity and humility of this species that they are prepared to render, quite unselfishly, such a remarkable service to such an ungrateful humanity via such a primitive mechanism (*ed. according to their standards*).

As evening approached and the rising tide threatened to cut me off from the infant humanity from whence I had come, I determined my path back and left the [Gughgulls](#) to their tireless labours. Sailing back to the mainland my mind was alight with the memories of this monumental milestone experience. Not normally taken to self aggrandisement I must confess to imagining myself being remembered in future histories as the man that discovered Google. In my dream I saw my name in great historical tomes alongside [Columbus](#) and [Principal Skinner](#). I heard schoolchildren recite my name in answer to their teacher's questions about the fundamentals of life. I saw university students arguing over the actual location of [The Fortunate Islands](#) and the reality of the existence of

the [Gughgull](#), stupidly ridiculing my story in the same way that the "[Flat Earth Society](#)" trashes the notion of an earthly globe. Oh how sweet their realisation will be for me when they finally draw back the web of delusion and see clearly the truths that I have told.

Although I am now back home and fulfilling my daily life as before, I feel strangely dislocated. Having spent those few hours amongst those remarkable, elegant, energetic, untiring creatures, inexhaustibly responding to almost every whim of humanity, I wish I was back amongst them. A philosopher once told me that you succeed in philosophy if you end up with more questions after considering something than when you began. So it is with this. I have so many more questions still to be answered. For example: Who is the [alpha Gughgull](#)? Is it a permanent appointment or is it a circulating responsibility. Are the names of the drones recorded anywhere? Can we write to them? Do they appreciate fan mail? Do they want a pen friend? Is the thorough distribution of Gughgull crap across the rocks of [Gugh](#) simply the result of not having time to stop or a matter of local diet? Does anyone care about the [failed Gughgull searches](#), indeed are they ever recorded?

All these and many more questions still have to be answered. Unfortunately they will not be answered by me; exhausted physically and financially ruined after my investment in this original search I have to bow out and leave the continuing research to others. I have ploughed the first furrow and cleared the headlands. It is now up to you to complete the story. And, in the unlikely event that the [Gughgulls](#) have time to read this as it passes through the [presidential stone on Gugh](#), perhaps they might feel inclined to drop me a line with some answers. 'til then I bid you farewell and happy Gughgulling.

NB It will be evident to the politically correct observer that no gender has been associated with the Gughgull. Efforts to establish this were met with crap and intrusions into my anatomy by vicious beaks. Clearly, there are some secrets that Gughgull is determined to keep - unless of course you know better!

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