



## D4.4 Möbius production script

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## Revision History

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1.4	31/08/2022	Arianna (bookabook)	Ghiglione	Final check, format corrections and edits. Final version for submission.

## Executive Summary

The purpose of this deliverable is to provide all project partners with a report of the main project steps that led to all pre-production activities of the Möbius book, together with the scripts for the Möbius book experiences.

The main goal of this step was to successfully accomplish all the necessary activities for selecting and preparing the contents that will constitute the Möbius book.

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## Terminology and Acronyms

<i>EC</i>	<i>European Commission</i>
<i>EU</i>	<i>European Union</i>
<i>FP</i>	<i>Framework Programme</i>
<i>PMB</i>	<i>Project Management Board</i>
<i>PMP</i>	<i>Project Management Plan</i>
<i>STAB</i>	<i>Scientific and Technical Advisory Board</i>
<i>WP</i>	<i>Work Package</i>

# 1. Introduction

The Möbius production script is part of WP 4 (lead by Eurecat) with these objectives:

- to select and design the pre-production scripts for the Möbius experimental productions;
- to develop a prototype for the Möbius book following a participatory methodology, which will be improved upon in different release cycles according to agile principles and evaluated using different beta-testers groups.

Bookabook carried out all necessary pre-production activities for selecting and preparing the contents that will be part of the Möbius Book Experience, starting with the preparation of the open call for manuscripts and ending with the selection of the fiction story *Fantasy*. We set the rules and conditions of the call, calendar, the selection process, and the selection criteria according to project requirements. Together with the partners involved (EUT and KKW), we selected a sample excerpt of *The Influence of Blue* that had been translated into English and became the initial content for feedback gathering and validation (phase T4.3). We gave insights, data and attitudes of writers to define the role of the prosumer and the identification of manuscript publishers for the organization of workshops that took place on the 25<sup>th</sup> February 2022 and were attended by authors with different literary genres, life experiences, etc.

This was carried out through organic visibility tools (newsletters, blog posts, etc.) and advertising with a conversational form developed in several languages. The criteria we used to select the manuscripts were the following: originality, language, aptitude for transformation into a cross-media product and relevance to the parameters of the literary genre.

## 2. Möbius book: *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza

The first **Möbius book experience**, *The Influence of Blue*, is based on the novel *L'influenza del blu*<sup>1</sup>, by Giulio Ravizza. It was published by Bookabook in September 2019 after a crowdfunding campaign supported by over 300 users. The initial manuscript of this novel was shortlisted after an editorial-led quality filter, and then exposed to user communities for pre-ordering support. Bookabook holds the multimedia rights of the book – and additionally, already gained the author's support for using the book as a case for the Möbius project. As it is already a published book, the Möbius book production of *The Influence of Blue* will begin early in the project to facilitate co-creation and piloting activities with beta-testers and early-adopters of the Möbius book.

We selected and adapted excerpts from the book *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza and prepared them for cross-media activities.



Figure 1. The cover of *The Influence of Blue*, by Giulio Ravizza.

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<sup>1</sup> <https://bookabook.it/linfluenza-del-blu-giulio-ravizza/>



## 2.1 Identification and selection of extracts from *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza

The book *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza is a dystopian novel – originally published in Italian for the Italian market in 2020 – that takes place on several space-time levels and develops its narrative thought through the unravelling of collective mystification and the rediscovery of reality that had previously become inaccessible.



Figure 2. An image from *The Influence of Blue*, by Giulio Ravizza.

The choice of the book's excerpts involved various partners within the consortium and the author Giulio Ravizza himself. The fundamental criterion for the choice was consistency both with the soul of the narrative text and the aptitude of the extracts for the transmedia and multimedia transposition required by the project with an eye to the different WPs. In doing so, account was taken not only of the different requirements of the different media, but above all of the need to make them accessible both in a separate fraction (text, audio, immersive experience) and in an experience as joint as possible. In particular, both descriptive and introspective passages and dialogue-rich passages were chosen, respecting the atmospheres of the text and the unique and peculiar characteristics of each character.

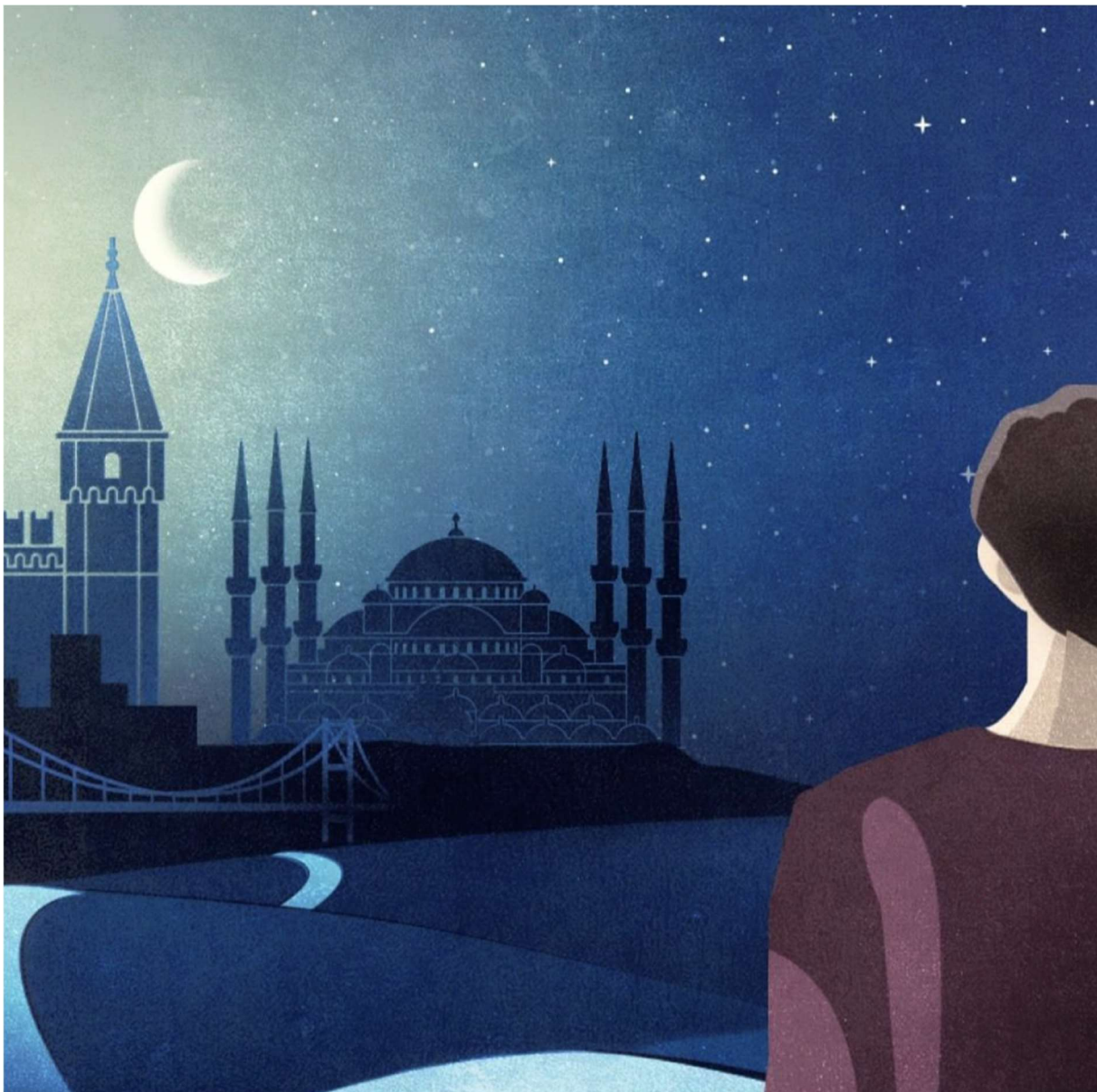


Figure 3. An image from *The Influence of Blue*, by Giulio Ravizza.

## 2.2 The selected and adapted extracts

Here you can find the selected and adapted excerpts of the book *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza, together with the English translation.

<b>Dialogo sul suicidio</b>	<b>Suicide dialogue</b>
<p>«Ciao Mehmet, scusa se prima ti ho disturbato il sonno.»</p> <p>«Non ti preoccupare, dormirò ancora nel pomeriggio. Ma allora Leone Ippoliti è morto?»</p> <p>Orhan rispose sereno: «Eh sì».</p> <p>«Che malattia aveva?»</p> <p>«No, no, non era malato.»</p> <p>«Ah. Un incidente?» «No, non proprio, Mehmet.» Orhan cercò di spiegarsi: «È riuscito a entrare nella Moschea Blu».</p> <p>«Credevo che l'avessero chiusa.»</p> <p>«Sì, infatti l'avessero chiusa. Però lui ci è riuscito a entrarci lo stesso attraverso una galleria sotterranea che ci si sbuca dentro.»</p> <p>Dopo aver fatto uno sbadiglio Mehmet si decise a chiedere: «Ok, quindi è entrato nella Moschea Blu da sotterranea. Ma allora com'è morto?».</p> <p>«Una volta dentro è salito in alto, dove c'è il cerchio della cupola. Quasi al punto in cui è attaccato il lampadario. E da lì è saltato giù.»</p> <p>«Non ci sono mai entrato, ma da fuori sembra alto.»</p>	<p>«Hi Mehmet, sorry that I disturbed your sleep.»</p> <p>«Don't worry, I'll sleep again in the afternoon. But wait, is it really true that Leone Ippoliti is dead?»</p> <p>«Ah, yeah» calmly answered Orhan.</p> <p>«Ill he was?»</p> <p>«No, no, he weren't.»</p> <p>«An accident, then?»</p> <p>«Nope, Mehmet, quite not.»</p> <p>Orhan tried to explain himself: «He got into Blue Mosque».</p> <p>«I think they close it.»</p> <p>«Yes, their closed it. But he arrived through a tunnel, from underground.»</p> <p>With a big yawn, Mehmet finally asked: «Ok, so he in the Blue Mosque from the ground. But how did he die?».</p> <p>«When inside, he went upstairs, close to the dome. He was right next to the chandelier. And then he go down.»</p> <p>«I never saw the inside of the Mosque, but it looks quite high from outside.»</p> <p>«Yes, yes, that is why he dead: all squashed.»</p> <p>Mehmet, satisfied by the explanation, exclaimed: «He slipped!».</p>

«Sì, sì, infatti, per questo è morto: si è tutto schiacciato.»

Mehmet, soddisfatto di aver finalmente compreso: «È scivolato!».

«Mah, sì, forse. Però secondo il medico volontario di Costantinopoli ha fatto lui come un passo in avanti, ma dove non c'era il pavimento, l'ha fatto verso dove c'era il niente.»

«Ma un passo per andare dove?»

«Per andare giù, per scendere velocemente cascando. Cioè ha proprio voluto cadere per terra.»

Mehmet si stropicciò gli occhi. «Ma non è che è incespicato? A me a volte mi capita quando le strade della città hanno dei buchi.»

«Guarda, anch'io non l'ho capita tanto bene questa storia, ma il dottore ha detto proprio che ha fatto un salto, come quando ti tuffi dal trampolino per fare il bagno. Nel senso che è saltato in avanti ma però in un burrone.»

(...)

«Orhan, tu hai mai sentito di qualcuno che si auto uccide da solo?»

«No, mai. E tu?»

«Ma no, mai. Mi sa che questo Leone semplicemente è scivolato.»

«Lo sai, Mehmet, che quella moschea lì è piena di blu? È per questo che si chiama Moschea Blu.»

«Yes, maybe. But the doctor volunteer of Constantinople said he kind of take a step forward, but no floor is there. He take a step but nothing is there.»

«But a step to go where?»

«To go down, very quick and falling. He really want to fall on floor.»

Mehmet rubbed his eyes. «But he not stumble? I sometimes happens when there are holes in the roads.»

«Listen, I not understand well what is happened. Doctor said he jumped, for real, like a jump from a trampoline, when we want to swim. In the sense that he jump forward, but in a ravine.»

(...)

«Orhan, you ever hear that somebody self-kill itself?»

«No, never. You?»

«No, of course. I think this Leone simply tripped over.»

«Mehmet, you know Mosque is full of blue? This why it called Blue Mosque.»

«Ah yeah, now it make sense why entrance is blocked», concluded Mehmet.

(...)

The master of Ceremonies, distracted by the deep breaths of his lovers, cuddled up in their love nest, thought: if it is a matter of Blue, maybe what happened can be explained.

«Ah, ecco perché l'entrata ha tutte quelle sbarre che la bloccano» concluse Mehmet.

(...)

Il cerimoniere, distratto dai respiri pesanti che i suoi amanti emettevano in quell'alcova d'amore, pensò: Se c'è il blu di mezzo, magari le cose alla fine si spiegano.

### **Bosforo**

Mehmet si alzò in piedi e, sospirando, volse lo sguardo allo stretto. Guardò a destra e vide il Mar Nero: scuro e vigoroso in tutta la sua incalcolabile ampiezza. Riceveva tanta di quell'acqua dai suoi affluenti e dal cielo, che riversava nel Bosforo enormi ondate di marea. Sicuri e prepotenti, fiotti di liquido inondavano la superficie del canale, avviandosi in una forsennata corsa. Si capiva che laggiù i flutti dovevano essere gelidi e salatissimi, il che aumentava il nervosismo e la cattiveria della corrente. Là in fondo le onde erano di un blu di Prussia fosco e integerrimo; la spuma irritabile si ribellava insofferente al vento di Maestrale, mentre troppe forze

### **Bosporus**

Mehmet stood up and, with a deep breath, let his gaze wander above the strait. He looked at his right and saw the dark, vigorous Black Sea, immense in its unending power. All the copious amounts of water it received from the tributaries and the sky created the relentless tides of the Bosporus. The waves, one after another, were almost fighting each other with all their strength on the surface of the canal, in a dance of confidence and arrogance. The evident coldness and saltiness of the water down there were invigorating the agitated, cruel currents. The waves were of a perfect Prussian blue, hazy and incorruptible; the nervous foam was insufferably rebelling against the Mistral winds, and each ancestral, earthly force was trying to prevail on the other. The salty sea breeze was running through the cordage of the ships anchored to Sarıyer harbour. Mehmet followed the coastline

agognavano il sopravvento. La brezza salmastra gemeva fra i cordami dei bastimenti assicurati al porto di Sarıyer. Mehmet seguì la costa con lo sguardo: dopo il ponte Fatih Sultan Mehmet, spezzato come un guerriero sconfitto, distinse dozzine di vecchie dimore ottomane e altrettante moschee dai minareti slanciati. Volse lo sguardo di fronte a sé. Vide la terrazza, la sua ombra e i golfi della costa che davano all'acqua tutte le sfumature di blu che appena due giorni prima lo avevano fatto sentire così audacemente presente a se stesso.

Di fronte a Palazzo Küçüksu lo stretto era più tranquillo, l'impeto dei cavalloni era in parte affievolito dai fianchi delle grandi colline di Arnavutköy; sembrava che il furore della natura si fosse dato una tregua parziale. Sporgendosi a sinistra vide il magnifico Boğaziçi Köprüsü, teso nella sua fiera architettura figlia del genio che l'aveva progettata. Spingendo lo sguardo ancora più a sinistra, ravvisò il Corno d'Oro, pacifico e piatto come i ricordi più dolci. Là il litorale era calmo come se avesse appena fatto la pace, come se avesse appena finito di fare l'amore, come se si fosse appena confessato a se stesso. Deposte le armi, perdonati i soprusi, dimentico dell'ingresso

with his glance: after Fatih Sultan Mehmet's bridge, broken like a defeated soldier, he was seeing dozens of old ottoman villas and elegant minarets, which graced the landscape with their beauty. He turned his gaze right in front of him. The elements that made him experience a bold sense of self just a couple of days before were standing right there: the terrace, his shadow and the calm gulfs which painted the water with all the shades of blue. The strait was calmer next to Küçüksu Palace, and the hills of Arnavutköy were partly dampening the big waves; it felt like the natural forces at play were resting, just for a bit, before clashing again. Leaning on his left, Mehmet saw the incredible Boğaziçi Köprüsü, standing tall and fierce in all its genial architecture. A little more on the left, there was the Golden Horn, calm and pacific like precious, comforting memories are. Over there, the coastline was quiet, as if the wind and the tides made peace with each other, like two tired lovers that just discovered themselves. That precise strand of the coast appeared almost considerate and understanding, as nature laid down its arms and forgave its own havoc. After sharpening his eyes, the Master of ceremonies was able to identify the small and precious island of Prens Adaları, surrounded by the morning mist of Üsküdar. He squinted even more, surpassing the curvature of the Earth, and finally took a glimpse of a new kind of turquoise, smooth and remote: the last kind of blue he didn't have seen before. Mehmet's senses were overwhelmed by the

burrascoso all'imboccatura del Mar Nero, quel lembo di costa appariva premuroso e comprensivo in ogni suo seno e in ogni sua baia. Aguzzando la vista, il cerimoniere distinse l'isoletta Prens Adaları, minuta e preziosa, velata dai vapori mattutini di Üsküdar. Sforzandosi quanto più possibile di spingere lo sguardo ancor più lontano, scavalcando la curvatura della Terra, riuscì ad avvistare un turchese soave e remoto: l'ultimo dei toni del blu che non aveva ancora veduto. Lo sforzo di assimilare una macchia così antica ottenebrò i sensi di Mehmet, convinto che tutta la luce del mondo originasse mite e piena di amorevolezza dalle profondità del Mar di Marmara. Pareva che il tepore della Terra provenisse proprio da quella concavità buona e generosa. Quel celeste pastello, pallido e sereno, ingentilito da un bagliore soffuso e benigno, fece tirare al cerimoniere un respiro di sollievo. Fu come se una presenza indulgente avesse voluto consolarlo di tutto ciò che era accaduto. Fu come se una voce dal passato, fatta di recondito albore, si stesse rivelando per stendere un balsamo sulla sua anima martoriata.

effort of comprehending such a mystical view: he was so sure that all the light in the world was coming from the depths of the Marmara Sea. It seemed like all the Earth warmth came from that generous hollow in the sea. That pastel, baby blue, so pale and serene, made the Master of ceremonies exhale a sigh of relief. He felt like, somehow, a forgiving entity was trying to comfort him regarding what happened, acting like a curative balm on his wounded soul.

### **Divieto del colore blu**

Leone dimostrò scientificamente e senza margine di errore che la felicità di una persona è inversamente proporzionale alla quantità di blu che quell'individuo vede. (...) Nei giorni immediatamente successivi all'annuncio delle scoperte di Leone, le persone smisero di vestirsi con pantaloni, magliette o golf blu. I palazzi azzurri furono ridipinti, le auto celesti furono rottamate, la segnaletica stradale fu convertita, ogni azienda cambiò i colori del proprio marchio. Coloro che avevano gli occhi azzurri fecero l'intervento di colorazione dell'iride per convertire il celeste in nero. In principio, comunque, una parte dell'opinione pubblica rimase diffidente verso quella mania di negare il blu e dare spazio ad altri colori. (...) Gli Stati Uniti d'America furono il primo paese ad agire contro il blu del mare con l'Act of Happiness, varato dal Congresso pochi mesi dopo la scoperta di Leone. Sai, gli americani nella loro costituzione avevano il diritto al perseguimento della felicità: fu naturale per loro colorare l'oceano. Grazie all'aiuto dell'esercito, riversarono in acqua miliardi di tonnellate di tintura di un intenso rosso

### **Ban of the colour blue**

Leone demonstrated scientifically and without any margin of error that one's happiness is inversely proportional to the amount of blue one sees. (...) In the immediate days after Leone's discovery, people abandoned their blue trousers, shirts and sweatshirts. Blue buildings were repainted, blue cars scrapped, road signs changed, and every company modified its blue logo. People with blue eyes underwent plastic surgeries to alter their colour in favour of black. Nevertheless, at the beginning the public opinion showed some hesitance toward that new trend of cancelling everything blue in order to make space for other colours. (...) The US were the first country to take measures against the blue of the seas: just a couple of months after Leone's discovery, the Congress issued the Act of Happiness. The army poured billions of tons of purple red tincture in the water. Homicide rates dropped along the coastlines. A vast number of people started to spontaneously heal from depression, anxiety, panic attacks; psychiatric hospitals emptied in a fortnight. China was the first country to do something about the sky: thanks to the Law of the Right Colours, the government stated that every factory had to use a new type of fuel which changed the colour of the sky all over the world, from blue to a lovely jade green. (...) The colour blue completely disappeared four months after the publication of



porpora. (...) Gli omicidi crollarono nelle zone costiere. Moltissime persone guarirono spontaneamente da depressione, ansia, attacchi di panico; gli ospedali psichiatrici si svuotarono nel giro di poche settimane. Fu invece la Cina a intervenire per prima sul cielo, con la Legge dei Giusti Colori, che impose a tutte le industrie del paese di usare come combustibile una sostanza che rese il cielo di tutto il mondo di questo splendido verde giada. (...) Più o meno quattro mesi dopo la pubblicazione de L'influenza del blu, con la Giornata Mondiale del L'influenza del blu 95 Diritto alla Felicità, il blu sparì definitivamente dalle vite degli individui. (...) La Terra cambiò radicalmente, non solo nel modo in cui appariva: la natura stessa della razza umana progredì con un salto evolutivo enorme. Le guerre finirono. Niente più prevaricazioni: crimini e criminali si dissolsero. Prigioni, tribunali, polizia ed esercito scomparvero. Svanirono gli stati, i confini, le armi, le proprietà, il denaro. Le persone non desideravano possedere più di quello che già avevano, anzi, erano felici di condividere le loro sostanze. Si scoprì che nel mondo c'erano sufficienti risorse per tutti e che condividere era più bello che escludere. Il divario tra i ricchi e i

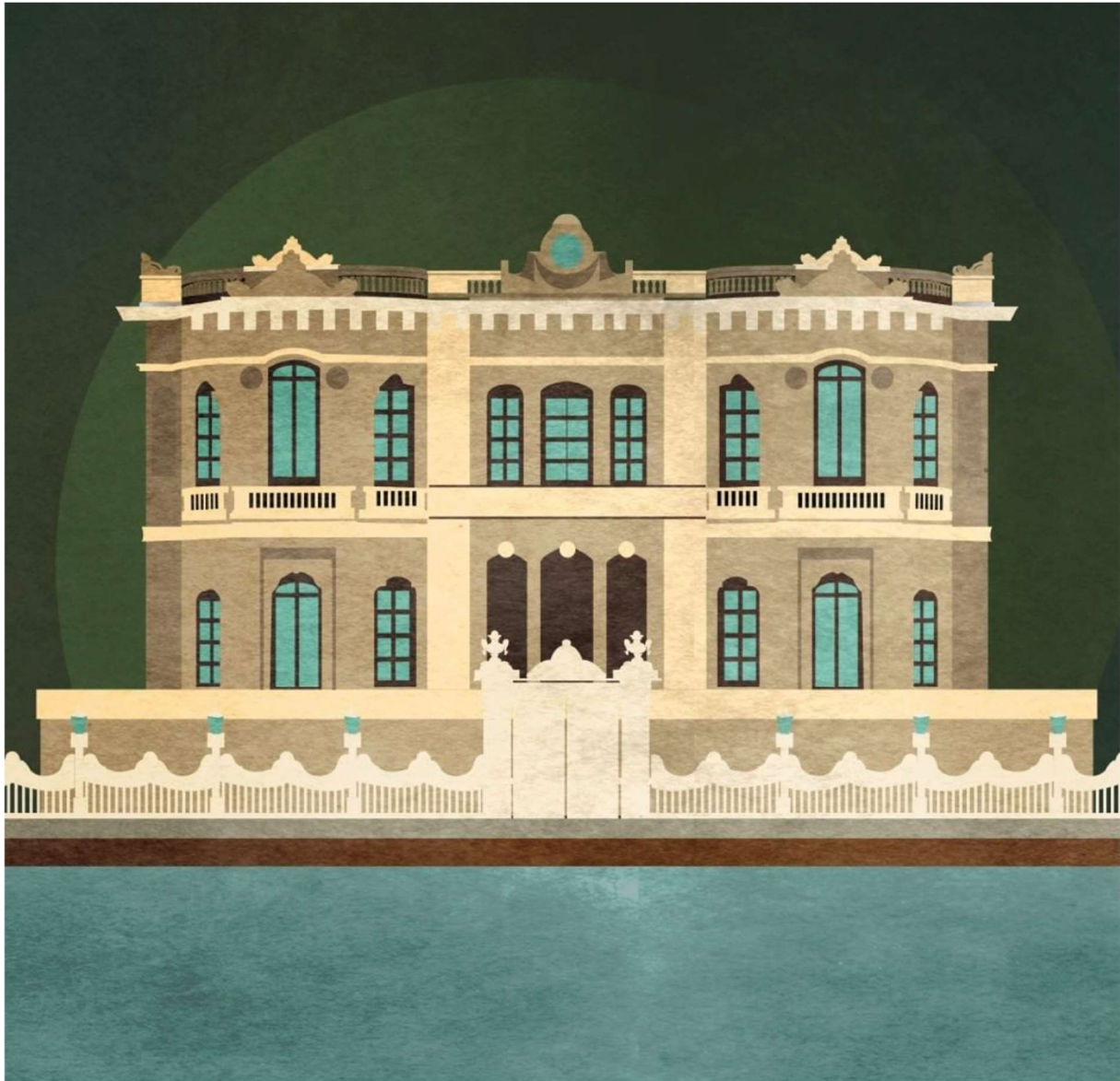
The influence of the color Blue, on the same day governments instituted the World's Day of the Right to Happiness. (...) Earth radically transformed, not only in its appearance but also in its nature: humans evolved so rapidly and so quickly. Wars ended. Crime and criminals disappeared: no more violence. Prisons, tribunals, police forces and armies became just a distant memory. Nations, borders, weapons, property and money soon followed the same path. People didn't desire to own more than they already had: they were authentically happy to be able to share their possessions. They made a new discovery: Earth resources were enough for everybody and that discriminating people wasn't doing any good, to anyone, therefore including became the norm. The gap between the rich and poor rapidly decreased hour by hour: we are all the same now and our only desire is to love and to be loved. People started to fall for one another more easily and frequently. For the first time since the dawn of the universe, Earth was peaceful and in balance. Our Planet and Paradise have been indistinguishable since then.

<p>poveri non faceva che assottigliarsi ogni ora che passava: adesso siamo tutti uguali e nutriamo solo il desiderio di volerci bene. Le persone cominciarono a innamorarsi più spesso e più facilmente. Per la prima volta dall'inizio dei tempi il mondo era in pace e armonia. La Terra e il Paradiso sono indistinguibili da allora.»</p>	
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*Table 1. Selected extracts from The Influence of Blue, by Giulio Ravizza.*



*Figure 4. An image from The Influence of Blue, by Giulio Ravizza.*



*Figure 5. An image from The Influence of Blue, by Giulio Ravizza.*

### 3. The winning manuscript: *Fantasy*, by Filippo Rubulotta

The second **Möbius book experience**, *Fantasy*, is based on manuscripts selected after an open call. As a result of the Open Call for Manuscript, Filippo Rubulotta was the Italian author that won the contest. Here's the Open Call Flyer (See [Deliverable D4.2](#))

#### Open Call Flyer



Figure 6. The Open Call Flyer

#### 3.1 Criteria and Evaluation committee

Keep in mind that, as for eligibility criteria, it was decided to include the following (See [Deliverable D4.2](#) for further information):

- **Ownership:** Original, unpublished work, so that authors are the sole owners of the manuscripts.
- **Length:** Manuscripts should have a maximum length of **6,000 characters**, including spaces. This limitation was set to receive complete stories that could be transformed into a 6-minute audiobook production.
- **Languages:** EUT and Bookabook as leaders of WP4 and T4.2, respectively, and chairs of the evaluation committee, suggested to accept manuscripts in English, Italian and Spanish. In both organizations there are personnel involved in the project with proficiency in all three languages and thus able to evaluate the manuscripts. A motivation behind this decision is the opportunity to maximize subscription in other languages than English.

- **Authors:** Author(s) must be natural persons, over 18 years old, and citizens and/or residents of **EU-27 countries**<sup>2</sup>, plus associated countries or in process of becoming associated to **Horizon Europe**<sup>3</sup>.
- **Number of manuscripts:** Each author may submit a **maximum of two manuscripts**.
- **Time and form:** To be eligible, all authors must apply through the **Möbius website** within the application period (from November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2021- to January 15<sup>th</sup>, 2022).

«The **Möbius Team** was accepting original and unpublished works (meaning containing no intellectual property belonging to other authors and/or third parties). The manuscripts were meant to be short, with a maximum length of 6000 characters, including spaces. The authors were required to be of age, citizens and/or residents of EU-27 countries, plus associated countries or those in the process of becoming associated with Horizon Europe. Manuscripts could be submitted in English, Italian, and Spanish, and each author could submit a maximum of two manuscripts. According to the data collected on the Möbius website, we received **87** manuscripts in Spanish, **55** in Italian and **33** in English»<sup>4</sup>. We received 191 manuscripts from all over Europe and made a careful selection based on parameters predetermined by the call for manuscripts and in particular originality, writing style and the power of the idea, together with winning partners. Submissions were selected on the basis of originality, fidelity to the canons of the fantasy genre, their construction, and their aptitude for adaptation into a transmedia and cross-media publishing product.

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2 EU-27: Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Croatia, Cyprus, Czechia, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Malta, Netherlands, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Slovakia, Slovenia, Spain, Sweden.

3 Associated countries: Iceland, Norway. In negotiation (as of 4/10/2021): Albania, Armenia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Faroe Islands, Georgia, Israel, Kosovo, Moldova, Montenegro, Morocco, North Macedonia, Serbia, Tunisia, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom.  
[https://ec.europa.eu/info/fundingtenders/opportunities/docs/2021-2027/common/guidance/list-3rd-country-participation\\_horizoneuratom\\_en.pdf](https://ec.europa.eu/info/fundingtenders/opportunities/docs/2021-2027/common/guidance/list-3rd-country-participation_horizoneuratom_en.pdf)

<sup>4</sup> See the dedicate web site page on: <https://mobius-project.eu/the-mobius-team-shares-data-on-the-open-call-for-manuscripts/>

Here's the Open Call at a glance<sup>5</sup>:



Figure 7. The Open Call at a Glance

Partners Bookabook and Eurecat constituted the Evaluation committee. The evaluation workflow followed these steps:

- 1) Bookabook received manuscripts directly from the application form in the website. They evaluated the submissions and ranked them for their literary quality and originality following their standard procedures.
- 2) Preselected manuscripts were evaluated and ranked by EUT audio production team.
- 3) Bookabook and EUT met for the final ranking.
- 4) Authors were notified before 15<sup>th</sup> March 2022. The results were published on the website before 15<sup>th</sup> April 2022.

(See [Deliverable D4.2](#)) for further information).

<sup>5</sup> *Ibidem.*

## 3.2 The Manuscript

Here you can read the manuscript by Filippo Rubulotta, namely the winner of the contest.

In the darkness a regular rumble, close and with a slight echo. This sound... But it is my heart! Where am I? I try to open my eyes but I cannot. A female voice makes me jump. "Good morning Jack Well, the awakening phase is progressing smoothly. I'm Janet, the pod's artificial intelligence in charge of your support. I'm at your service." I gasp, unable to speak. "Don't strain yourself, you will regain function shortly." I sigh, focus, and lift my eyelids, now successfully. A palm away from my nose a frozen transparent panel. My breath is thawing it. A couple of metres ahead I glimpse more cryogenic capsules. The glass fogs up. I hold my breath, letting it fog up. Humanoid figures are approaching the other capsules. Their skin reflects the light irregularly, like liquid mercury. Who or what are they? They do something near the other capsules, which open, releasing a jet of steam. I start breathing again and the glass fogs up. What is happening? My heartbeat echoes louder and louder. "Opening procedure initiated." A hiss and the capsule opens. It must have been one of those things. I try to move but nothing happens. Damn it, body, move! A shadow approaches my face and everything goes dark again. \*\*\* I wake up and stretch. The ceiling is light green. "Good morning." The voice comes from the right, a man on top of a bed is watching me. At least he is human. I rise, the room is completely bare except for our beds. "Good morning, sorry but... who are you?" "From what the AI told me, I'm Conrad Crow, but I'm having trouble with my memory. Does that name mean anything to you?" "Nothing but I don't remember anything either, did you see those things that woke us up?" "No, just a shadow before we got here. What about you?" "I don't know, but it's better..." I try to get up, putting my foot on the floor but I get dizzy, stagger and fall on the bed. "Take your time, you just woke up. Besides, we can't go anywhere, there are no exits." "Nothing? Are we prisoners?" From bad to worse. "We have company." He points behind me. I turn around. A brown-haired man in a large tunic is standing over an opening in the room that wasn't there before. He steps forward and the opening



closes behind him. I fall back on the bed. "Who are you? Did you see those things?" The man moves his lips, emitting a melody. I open my eyes wide. He's not human, he's one of them! He shakes his head and touches his neck. "Sorry, I forgot the translator. Anyway, those things are us. Only in organic suits." He lifts his shoulders. "You should feel the uncomfortableness, better the robes." "But you're..." "Humans? Yes, just like you." "What about that tune from just now?" He steps between us. "That's been our language for a long time now. You must have been in cryosleep." "What do you want from us?" He walks towards Conrad. "We got the report from your ship and here you are. I don't know how much longer the systems would have been able to resist." "Then thank you. But where are we?" "A colleague will tell you that. I'm here to greet you while the technicians analyse the data, sorry but cryosleep is a process we're not used to anymore." "In what sense?" "That we have better methods. On the subject, how are you feeling?" Conrad gets out of bed and stretches. "Never so much better, I used to have some back pain but I don't feel it now." "Good, we've intervened on some minor issues." He smiles. "And with the memories? How come you were on that ship?" Conrad sits back on the bed and shakes his head. "Nothing." "Me neither." I stroke my chin. "But what about the rest of the crew?" "In other rooms, we preferred to divide you into pairs so that your awakening would be more peaceful." He touches his neck and nods. "It's time for a walk, come along." He walks towards the wall and the opening appears again. I watch as Conrad shrugs, stands up and follows. I get off the bed calmly, one foot at a time. Let's hope for the best, let's go. We end up in a corridor as bare as the room, only this time white. In front of our guest's footsteps a green light trail lights up and disappears behind me. We reach another wall that opens into a small room. Our host stops outside it. "Come on in, one of my colleagues will show you the rest." Conrad continues quietly. Hopefully he knows what he's doing. I follow him. In the empty room is another man, also wearing a large tunic but with blond hair. The opening closes behind us. The man nods his head. "Welcome." "You're the one who's going to tell us everything?" He smiles. "I'll try." "So..." He lifts his hand. "Soon." The walls of the room open up and around us an

immense meadow and a blue sky welcome us. Outdoors? I plug my nose with my hands and look at the man. He smiles. "Don't worry, there's no danger." He takes a breath of air. "See?" I remove my hand and breathe. It's no different from inside the building, except that there are more... smells? To the left is a meadow full of flowers, red and blue. "Were you able to terraform Mars?" He nods. "And many other planets." "And which one are we on?" "You know it very well." I arch my eyebrow and look around. From a forest just beyond, I glimpse deer, watching us and moving away. Conrad's face streaks with tears. He falls to his knees on the grass and begins to sob. But what... The guide smiles. "He understood." It can't be... "This is there..." He nods. "The Earth." "But that's impossible, we left it unrecoverable!" "It wasn't easy. With time, a lot of it, we succeeded." He turns and points to the landscape around us. "Hundreds of years and now the cradle of our civilisation has been restored to its former glory." "And why are we here?" "A hunch, if you agree. You have known the pain of losing all this, now, would you like to stay and be its caretakers?"

Table 2. The winning manuscript *Fantasy*, by Filippo Rubulotta.

## 4. Conclusion

The preparation of the scripts was a less time-consuming but intense task. This was a rather complex and delicate activity. It required a lot of precision and attention to detail, as it was crucial to the realization of the book. Smooth cooperation between all partners lead indeed to a successful production.

Therefore, we can state with confidence that we have successfully carried out all the necessary pre-production activities for the Möbius experimental productions. The selected extracts from *The Influence of Blue* by Giulio Ravizza are surely the most evocative and suggestive ones, being in this way the perfect match for the Möbius immersive experience. It should be mentioned also that the author was more than happy to be part of this innovative project, recognizing the importance of allowing cross-media, interactive and immersive book experiences.