

Central Research Department

SPECIFICS OF THE COCKOROLLA FLOWER

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Forewarning to the B-Team:

A recent discover by one of our scout botanists PhD students, Miss [REDACTED], is showing much promise in the field of sexual improvement drugs. The samples I received along with her notes were so potent, she wrote, that they should be handled with care in a sterile environment and only while wearing protective gear. Otherwise, the analysts who would work on these samples would need a very different kind of protection and, I quote "a damn lot of it". To this day, all further attempts at communication with Miss [REDACTED] have been fruitless. She sent the samples by means of a mule-riding messenger and told him "I'm done with science, now I'll have fun f...ing my way through the whole local tribe." As this is very out of character for her, I doubted the message. Later, I would come to admit that it made perfect sense.

If you will forgive the expression: Oh boy, was she right about labwork safety measures. Our three lab technicians, one female and two males, all freshmen and in their early twenties, didn't heed that warning. They did use the white room but neglected to put on protective gloves and filter masks. I attribute it to their lack of experience, of course and I regret that we didn't have more seasoned techs on hand for this task. Please see more about that in memo #44B12C-5. I wrote that one six months ago to complain about the shortage of skilled personnel.

It took the security team seventy-two hours to break through the new codes these three stooges had injected in the locking system. When asked later why they changed the codes, they said "We wanted to make sure nobody would spoil our fun". Their fun, you will have guessed, was comprised of at least 4/5 of very frantic sexual activity and 1/5 of sleeping and personal hygiene moments. When we got our hands on them, they badly needed to recuperate. If they hadn't had a closed circuit water tank and toilet facility (quarantines happen), they'd have been severely dehydrated on top of being exhausted.

At the time I write this, they have more or less recovered their senses but I made sure to reassign each one of them to different facilities. They were still wasting a lot of time leaving their assignments unfinished to secretly meet in the maintenance closet behind Rec Room #5. The last time I checked, Miss (name expunged) was expecting triplets and still begging for more.

I think I have by now made clear that this particular plant is not a joke. A more competent team was put to the task and now we can confirm that the "Cockorolla" as they nicknamed it, is an amazing example of what Mother Nature can come up with. Please be advised that we will NOT use that mockery of a name in any further internal documents. I mentioned it merely to get it out of the way. From now on we will call it "the C-plant". I will now summarize all that we know about the item itself.

Cultural context:

The photographs we received from Miss [REDACTED] show that the local tribe has fully integrated the C-Plant into their belief system, calling it the Flowers of God. The tribe elders explained to our scout that the C-Plant appeared after a great commotion (cf. "habitat" below) in a time when the tribe was almost extinct. It took Miss [REDACTED] some work but she managed to provide rubbings of some engravings she found on local stone structures. She added those to her notes and our resident archaeologists have estimated that these primitive calendars situate the "event" somewhen in the early 1600's AC.

The locals worship the C-Plant in a temple they attribute their ancestors. I take this information with a grain of salt though. Nowadays, they live in wooden huts, while the shrine is similar to rather sophisticated temples found in Mayan culture. The tribe could have repurposed a site left by a more advanced ancient culture.

The idols found inside the temple are another head-scratcher: they don't look meso-american but rather asian. This would be another mystery to solve... if we can find that godforsaken place again.

The C-Plant has uses in many aspects of the locals culture. Not only is the plant worshiped as if it was an elder

member of the tribe which deserves the love of all, rather than a god, but it's also used to decorate about everything: women wear them in their hair, males have necklaces made out of it and the vines carrying the flower are hanged about everywhere in the settlement. Miss ██████ insisted that the scent of these flowers is both invigorating and relaxing in a way that is hard to describe. Basically, everyone feels both serene about life and horny beyond normal. She described the general attitude in the village as "Just f..k and carry on". How the place doesn't get overpopulated is beyond understanding. At every full moon rising, the most potent males and the most fertile females go to the temple for a ritual they call "feeding the Stars". At first, Miss ██████ feared it might have meant some form of human sacrifice. It turned out to be much more benign. Each gender is supposed to let out their "cream and honey" to quote the elders, to pour on the "stars", whatever they are, and nourish them. It is after that conversation that our scout finally noticed an important detail. All the V-Plant vines, which grow profusely all over the temple and then radiate all over the caldera, seem to grow out of a stone well on top of the temple. Our scout's notes are a bit inconsistent at times but it seems like there may be some variation in the color of the flowers (cf. Visual Description). We did get samples of a pink type and a purplish blue type as well. They both seem to be a male type of flower, based on their appearance (see Visual description) which makes me postulate that Miss Montoya either didn't send us female samples for reasons unknown, or they got lost in transit. A photograph she sent us of a traveling missionary's journal, Padre Joaquin Delaconcha (circa 1835 AJC) leads us to think that the two genders exist. Delaconcha called them flora de Pingon (flower of the large penis) and flora de coño (flower of vagina). The only flower we have so far is the male type and considering how peculiar the cycle of reproduction of this flower is, the account left by the padre is at best unreliable. It could be accurate or it could be the ravings of a drug-addled madman. All we know about Delaconcha is that after 1836, he left priesthood for good, claiming he had found Paradise on Earth. He went back into the jungle and was never seen again. The idea of two types of flowers wouldn't be so far-fetched though. Miss ██████ did mention that while the male tribesmen did enter the temple she was allowed to photograph, all the female elected for the ceremony went deeper into the jungle and came back much later. There could be a second temple. Who knows, maybe there is one temple in each one of the twin calderas? We might never know. After all, it was "stars", plural. Add to that the twin caldera and the legend suddenly has more meat to it, no pun intended.

Habitat:

The plant is indigenous to the C'lantaya Twin Calderas, Guatemala. The place itself is extremely hard to find and somehow impossible to spot by means of satellite imaging. Interestingly enough, the local lore documents how difficult the place is to find and attributes it to "two stars that fell out of the skies". This could lead to the assumption that the caldera was created by the impact of two meteorites or two fragments of a single object. Some of my colleagues have postulated that the meteorite debris could cause electronic interferences. I still don't understand how this would account for only one single scout finding the calderas. We sent about twenty of them to scout the damn sector since and they all came back empty handed.

Properties:

The C-Plant's specific properties seem to have greatly boosted the sexual vigor of both male and female natives. It also has increased the female populations fecundity to the point that an almost depopulated settlement began to thrive again. We assume that the tribe was originally comprised of people with very little genetic diversity, leading to inbreeding and lowering of the birth rate. The C-Plant solved all of the tribe's problems pertaining to sex and procreation in ways we still don't fully comprehend. The potential for whatever this flower secretes is endless.

We managed to grow several small vines in a secure greenhouse. It seems that the pollen of this flower, just as well as its nectar, are very potent.

Visual description:

At first glance, it looks almost like the dendrobium "bull" orchid, with the notable difference that the C-Plant can come in pink or purplish blue. If this meant male and female flowers, it could be almost ironic. Something doesn't add up though: the flowers of both shades have a pistil which, when stimulated at a certain stage of the life cycle, actually becomes turgescient. Yes, you read that right: this flower can get as hard as Rocco. When the pistil reaches its critical level of erection (for lack of a better word) it expels a powerful jet of nectar. The flower itself starts to emit a pungent cloud of gas loaded with spores.

We assume that the nectar is meant as an incentive for any animal/insect life form to come and stimulate the flower. The spores will coat the surface of whatever creature came close enough and when the spores are transferred to a flower of the alleged opposite sex, then the next stage of the plant will begin, whatever that might be. Now, if the Delaconcha account is true, will the second flower look like a vagina? That would take the cake and prove that biology is full of humour. Seeds were including in the samples but none of the specimen grown in the lab produced those. Also the spores emitted by the phallic pistil would make seeds redundant... would a female plant produce some fruit carrying those? If so, for what purpose?

I think that with this new find, our company may be in a position to corner the market on viable aphrodisiacs and fertility drugs for decades to come. We will have to find the calderas where the C-Plant comes from, though, as we were unable to carry the life cycle of the plant to full circle. Since we haven't yet been able to analyze the substance which gives it its incredible properties, we're quite stuck. The reason for this last problem is very troubling: in the same way were jammed when trying to find the caldera, all our analytic instruments, save for the old chemical analysis kits and microscopes, became unresponsive when we attempted to test the plant. DNA tests have come back inconclusive in the sense that this plant... doesn't seem to have DNA. It's something else altogether and we're not equipped to fins out what it is. So far, the Cockorolla remains a mystery.

... and I called it that. Ah well. It's as good a name as any, but if we ever patent a product based on this thing, the marketing boys will have to find something better. Even if it's kind of catchy.

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Addendum

The workload in my lab is becoming difficult to manage. I urgently need three more staff here to handle the paperwork. Make them female, in their twenties and open minded. It's crucial for my... research.