

Modern office space in Aachen's Silicon Valley



Charlottenburger Allee Vaalser Strasse 100, 52074 Aachen

Details

PropNo	AF437_4	Latitude	50.76620
Type of property	Offices/Medical facilities	Longitude	6.04136
Kind of property	Office Complex	Basic rent	6.972,00 €
Type of use	Commercial	Total area	approx. 2.003 sqm
Type of commercialization	Rent	Office area	approx. 598 sqm
		Commercial area	approx. 598 sqm
		Commercial use	Yes
		Dist. to highway (km)	1 km

Description

Someone must have slandered Josef K., because without doing anything bad, he was arrested one morning. "Like a dog!" he said, it was as if shame should outlive him. When Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from restless dreams, he found himself transformed into a monstrous vermin in his bed. And it was like a confirmation of their new dreams and good intentions when, at the destination of their journey, their daughter was the first to rise and stretch her young body. "It is a peculiar apparatus," said the officer to the explorer, surveying with a look of some admiration the apparatus with which he was, after all, well acquainted. They could have jumped into the boat, but the traveler lifted a heavy, knotted rope from the ground and threatened them with it, thus preventing them from jumping. In recent decades, interest in hunger artists has declined greatly. But they overcame themselves, surrounded the cage and did not want to move at all. Someone must have slandered Josef K., because without doing anything bad, he was arrested one morning. "Like a dog!" he said, it was as if shame should outlive him. When Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from restless dreams, he found himself

Location

Far behind the mountains of words, far from the countries of vowels and consonants, live the blind texts. They live in seclusion in Buchstabhausen on the coast of the semantic, a large linguistic ocean. A small stream called Duden flows through their village and supplies them with the necessary Regelialien. It is a paradisiacal land where fried sentence fragments fly into your mouth. Not even the almighty punctuation rules the blind texts - a downright unorthographic life. One day, however, a little line of dummy text, her name was Lorem Ipsum, decided to go out into the wide grammar. The great Oxmox advised her against it, because it was teeming with nasty commas, wild question marks and sneaky semicolons, but the little blind text was not deterred. It grabbed its seven capitals, slipped its initial into its belt, and set off. When it had climbed the first hills of the cursive mountains, it took one last look back at the skyline of its hometown Buchstabhausen, the headline of Alphabetdorf and the subline of its own street, Zeilengasse. Wistfully, a rhetorical question ran down its cheek, then it continued on its way. On the way, it met a Copy. The copy warned the little blind text that where it came from, it would be

Equipment/Features

There are at the moment in this team, oh, some players forget them pro what they are. I do not read very many newspapers, but I have heard many situations. First, we did not play offensively. There is no German team plays offensively and the name offensively like Bayern. Last game we had in place three tops: Elber, Jancka and then Zickler. We must not forget Zickler. Zickler is one more tops, Mehmet anyway more Basler. Is clear these words, is possible understand what I said? Thank you. Offensive, offensive is how we make in space. Secondly: I have explained with these two players: after Dortmund may need half-time break. I have also seen other teams in Europe after this Wednesday. I have also seen two days training. A coach is not an idiot! A coach should see what happen in place. In this game there were two, three of these players were weak as a bottle empty! Have you seen Wednesday, which team has played Wednesday? Has played Mehmet or played Basler or has played Trapattoni? These players complain more than they play! Do you know why the Italy teams do not buy these players? Because we have seen many times such game! Have

Other data

He heard soft footsteps behind him. That did not bode well. Who would follow him, late at night, and in this narrow alley in the middle of the badly known harbor district? Just when he had done the thing of his life and was about to disappear with the loot! Had one of his countless colleagues had the same idea, watched him and waited to relieve him of the fruits of his labor? Or did the footsteps behind him belong to one of the countless law enforcement officers of this city, and the steel figure eight around his wrists was about to snap shut? He could already hear the order to stop. He looked around hurriedly. Suddenly he caught sight of the narrow passage. In a flash, he turned to the right and disappeared between the two buildings. He almost fell over the overturned trash can that lay in the middle of the path. He tried to feel his way in the darkness and froze: apparently there was no other way out of this small courtyard than the passageway through which he had come. The footsteps grew louder and louder, he saw a dark figure turn the corner. Feverishly his eyes wandered through the night darkness, looking for a way out. Was now really all over,

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