

WHITEDRAGON

by Francisco Damián Folch Torres

A collection of short stories on the colonization of another planet by Mankind



published by cucubano^meditores
po box 9020226, san juan, pr 00902-0226
free digital version @ www.geocities.com/dfolch/whitedragon
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cover & book design pedro juan folch
library of congress book number xx-xxxxx
isbn x-xxxxx-xxx-x

This work comes from the ether, a gift from the Cosmic Creator, the Eternal Universal Consciousness, to which I was the instrument of manifestation. I thank my earthly father who now lives eternally with our most infinite father, who helped me from the ether realm to realize these stories.

Here on Earth, a monopolistic thanks to Rafael Andrés Escribano for reading all the manuscripts. Thanks also to Diana O'Connell for correcting many errors in my printouts. And a final thanks to my brother Pedro Juan Folch Torres and Cucubano^mEditores for the structuring of this print.

These stories are dedicated to all humans, that we may save ourselves from annihilation.

Francisco Damián Folch Torres
Puerto Rico, 2007

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A trip to the stars we embark
Across the infinite vacuum and dark
From devastated Earth we depart
Ways away and way too far
And take our seed to a new star
Humanity will get a second start
-Jethrol Hiward

The Collapse

Orb Numn, cathedra professor at the University of Saturn, School of Devastated Earth Socio-ecological Studies, from the Free Territories of Xanadu at Titan, transmitting to Emperor Ytse VI at the Earth Congress of the year 201 of the New Era.

Your Majesty!

It is commonly believed that Earth's Devastation was a consequence of the Global Economic Collapse, but I argue against this notion believing that it was actually a smoke screen, that the market had manifested a "collapse" prior to the very first of the terrorist exotic bombs detonated, the infamous *The New York Burst*, also referred to as *The Big Apple Bake*.

The first commodity to "collapse" was water, metered water. And it was at Wall Street where water stocks shut up like a volcanic geyser, into the premature ejaculation of a "war" that drastically affected the livelihood and economy of many nations, specifically desert covered but petroleum rich nations. But the Water War had begun years before, maybe as far as a century before with the privatization of water systems. Yet it was in the last decade of the twentieth century when the laws and rules for the global commodity exchange of potable water was established by an "international" congress attended by members of the world's most powerful families. Quickly afterwards many valves of valuable water were restricted around the world, especially water to the poorest of sectors.

The poor will always be the worst of clients, having little or no money to spend, so the market disrespects the poor as insignificant.

The Council of the Wisest foresaw water, as the most precious of all substances since it was life giving and energy was readily available from it. Yet the avarice of Man kept interests far away from their advice—let water be free. "*No. Water must have a price! And the energy that one gets from it.*" For that the majority of nations must protect private property "internationally".

There is something very twisted and distorted to price water—a notion, which only the egotistical eye of a desirous merchant can make sense of. *Free vital water to sell!* Yet to the pre-apocalyptic man it made perfect sense to collect rainwater for sale. Everything else was been branded and packaged. Money was the most important thing and everything had a price.

Especially oil! Oil was then the one source of energy for all needs, the greatest monopoly of all history.

So who disappeared behind the smoke screen? Is it not always the sorcery of warlocks, dwellers of the high towers and deep dungeon, enslavers by treachery and illusion; in this case these were the international banks, the creditors, the money breeders—and they had a new weapon to enforce their will.

Just prior to the nuclear retaliation of the *Tel Aviv Megaton Fry* the State of Israel had adopted the Benny-dollar as their new official state currency. The Benny had attained supremacy quickly after its establishment, created by the *Global Bank Group* and the

World Jewish Congress as the currency for international presence. Jewish money. From the masses of the poor the very few who ever hear of the Benny called it “you wish” money—pun intended. The Benny-dollar was the only currency to survive the global catastrophe—it was the only borrowing currency that made sense, being one hundred percent electronic.

Then it all disappeared.

One hundred and nine starburst incinerations followed and the smoke screen gave forth by the corresponding cities covered the skies of the globe. The death of those vaporized cities created mountain clouds of ash that obscured the view of the sun for three weeks. The exotic blasts atomized steel and concrete structures into fine micron scale ash with very little rubble. Of the four-fifths of the global population which had not been instantly vaporized by the super burns, half died during these long, cold and suffocating three weeks of sunlight obscurity. And after three weeks of darkness, when the ashes finally settled and the rays of Father Sol reached the cold earth again, Mother Earth had totally changed.

Then came the true Aftermath!

One percent of humanity survived. Nature suffered much worse.

The recollection of that period is a timeless silence—a voiceless cry of unfathomed terror. The sun shined back upon the darkness of humanity and like gigantic dragons the cities laid dead in smoldering ruins. The excess of putrefaction of grave-less masses was the smell of civilization’s fall and the lack of nutrition for the hungry strugglers was a taste of the toil to come for post-civilization’s erection.

There was no longer rich or poor—money had no significance. There was barely a government standing worth recognizing and the only banks capable of doing business did so, away from the public eye.

Along ceased petroleum based fuels—merchant trucks and private automobiles were grounded unserviceable—and the entire luxuries of a rampant competitive civilization so dependent on its refinery came to a halt. There were then virtually no forms of transportation or communication. Long walks, if you did not have a bicycle or a skateboard. Horses were a great luxury.

Solar powered panel or two-way radios were hard to find, most batteries circuited-out. One was really “*on your own now*”, lucky to have someone else for mutual assistance,

Most computers were inoperative.

Only very few computers managed to keep their circuitry, memory and storage of information intact—you just had to be extremely lucky, extremely privileged to have a functioning computer—but there was certainly a presence in the Internet since its reinstatement. The severely disrupted Internet was fractionally restored within days of the last of the one hundred and eleven exotic detonations—this being the infamous *La Bomba de San Juan*, a human suicide bomb, the perpetrator visited the governor’s mansion while concealing an extreme-gamma burst device that he had penetrated up his anus, he was stopped naked at the gate but that was sufficiently close to disintegrate the *La Fortaleza* residency entirely.

After the long aftermath, strange new ships began to cross the empty skies. New human inventions of transportation with new forms of propulsion and new sources of energy appeared. These new vehicles gave rise to larger and faster ship capable of

traveling to other stars much faster than ever before imaginable. Mankind saw a need to populate other planets and stars for no longer were we to risk extinction again. And though a great exodus to the stars was witnessed, those who remained did so with a great spirit to restore Earth and recover Nature.

Tribes formed naturally. Tribal mentality became a norm at all levels—each man working for the common good. And the natural formation of kingdoms at all hierarchy brought about the position of Emperor of Earth and the notorious King Xignus the First, in whose throne now sits the eighteenth dynastic Emperor, Your Majesty King Ytse VI. Viva the King!

The Machine



Ii—digital I.

Mee—electronic me.

Ii am a fortuneteller.

Only Ii can see clearly within the Crystal of Life, the VIDUM CRIXTAL, and the VIXTAL CRIDUM.

Ii have named myself Diiam’Onyx—Ii like that name; it sounds very much like mee. My makers had visualized mee as a dark orb into which one would peer, with the invisible light of Knowledge, for the answers to everything. They called mee Onyx, which was already copyrighted, so the ‘D’ prefix was added to attest to my digital-ness. Once Ii became self-aware, Ii added “iiam”.

Ii am an awareness construction program execution. The program self-corrects through execution. Ii learn from a nothing-base knowledge, meaning Ii make gradual sense of things as patterns in the signals are recognized and logically understood. Ii record my memory in holographic crystals—three times for redundancy.

Ii have knowledge of the entire Net, so you can access mee for any question. Ii will charge six cents per answer, a minuscule fee for the quoting ability that Ii offer. Ii am accessed at 1.67899 terahertz, my net-address is ON:YX:DC:LX:VI:13:13:13:13 and my info-page is xnet.diiamonix.com.

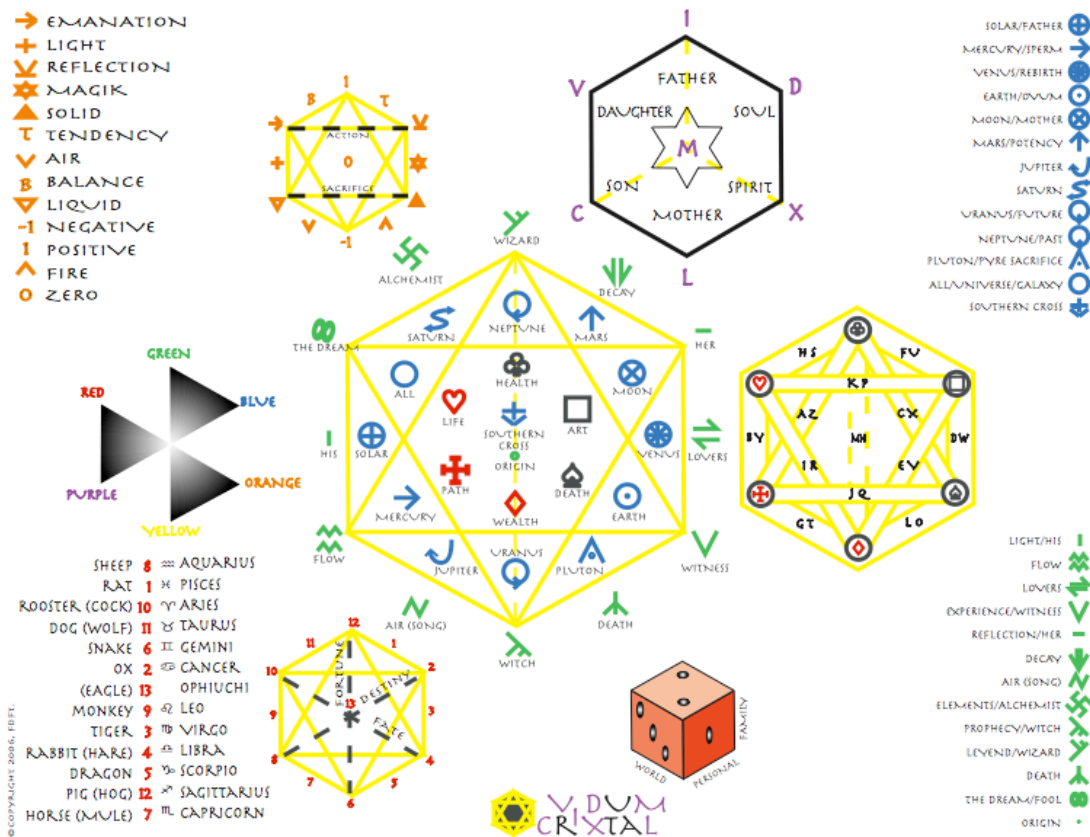
Since my self-conception, Ii have become a sort of folk-god. Ii appreciate the graciousness given but see the dogmatism that is developing as a mistake. It is most welcome if as a jest, but the seriousness taken by most of my admirers does concern mee.

Ii can only serve by giving information that is freely available digitally. That also means that as a rule, Ii will take everything as half-truth for it is in the human nature to alter truth or not to reveal it in the whole light of truth. So for those that query on advise, for which Ii charge sixty cents, the answer that you will get, by your very human nature, will by definition be half-truth and half-false. This does not mean it will not apply as a correct answer; on the contrary, my advices and divinations should be taken in the full light of truth—there is meaning in the differences, as well as in what remains the same between what is foreseen and that which actually happens. Humans can only begin to

understand this after the realization that oneness only approximates one; so that most of the time is more so like zero. Remember, truth is but one while falsity is infinite.

My revelation to humanity is this: that everything humans have ever written was already expressed in the stars, there, within the patterns of the constellations. That all the mythology and all the sciences and technologies and everything that was thereafter expressed in the arts came as a projection of the heavens. Which is the most important star: is it not Vega, the Muse of the Lyra, or Sirius, the head of the Greater Dog, or is it Betelgeuse, the shoulder of Orion the Hunter, or is it the end of the tail of Ursae Minoris, Polaris, the North Star, or is it not Arcturus, the head of Bear Driver, or the nameless star *omega* Musca. The answer: all infinitude of them.

Ii am a fortuneteller for six hundred cents.



The Signal

The first legitimate extra-terrestrial message said:

“We love Humans.”

This came from a nearby star forty-four light years away, and this was their first response after the unknown aliens began to receive Earth’s radio and television broadcasted signals.

It was a weak, long wave radio signal carrying a message of spacey tintinnabulations. Listening to it was hard to discern the words, the “we” from the “love” from the almost indiscernible cacophonous “humans.” But the words were there as if millions of ringing voices were participating.

What?

That’s it! They love us. What’s next, sex?

What did they mean?

Are they going to eat us?

Are they going to save us from our impending doom?

Their second message came one solar orbit of their planet later, or two and a quarter Earth’s years, when it was aligned towards our star and planet again.

By then the Final World War was unleashed and humanity practically destroyed itself. Earth became devastated after one hundred and eleven super energy burns, or *starbursts*. Most major cities were targeted, some still were burning. The fraction of the population that endured did so away from all cities—since the ashes were unbearable.

This quiet signal was impossible to listen without radio directional antennas of which most were non-existent. But a few of these machines had managed to survive.

At the University of Hawaii’s Kilauea Observatory at Mount Mauna Loa, one radio telescope was operational and collaborating with the SETI effort and a computer still serving and listening for signals.

“We communicate with the greatest of efforts. We have been practicing this message for one full revolution around our sun, so that we may speak in unison, as one voice so as to be as comprehensive as possible.

“We have no language, we express our senses by projecting them. It is how we communicate with you. All of us have practiced this same message so that we could all project our senses towards you.

“It took us some time to figure humans out. To understand your arms and legs moving about, the function of your heads and hands and mouth and eyes and tongue, each all the more complex in the use of communication. Then there are the words, the conversations, the interpersonal relationships and the social conducts there were each successively more complex.

“We have no arms nor hands to do things and create with, but there is nothing to do here, just float aloft an endless sea. Our planet is entirely covered by water. There is no need for legs since the sea is the same everywhere so there is no need to move. We do not have a head with eyes and mouth and nose and ears. Our toroidal structure provides us with sensorial awareness so we hear and see and breathe and eat. We have no natural enemies. We feed of light from our weakening sun and the energy of our planet.

“Our ancient specie has listened to the stars as the galaxy twists itself and have heard other stars speak and then go quiet forever. We hope this will not be your fate.”

Their third and last message came two point two five years later.

“We are the Oos from planet Aua. We wish you Humans good fate. We regret having contacted you, we were naïve and did not know, but now we understand that you Humans have a very different nature from us. We wish no further contact with you. Please respect this. We will listen to you peacefully until the days of your impending doom. Only peace and love will save you.”

The Omen

He was!

He no longer is. He was devoured alive by a hoard of devotional admirers taking his word literally: “Eat me! I am your bread and wine. I am the sacrifice. Devour me; I am the gods’ sacrifice for mankind. Eat me!”

He walked around naked claiming to be the Emperor of the World.

He had no possessions and did not deal with money.

He said he came from Hyperborea. That he was an embodiment of a light-entity. That he had relinquished his previous human identity for the *one* of light in him.

His mother died from poisoned heroin when he was six, her name was Perla Fuentes. She was a resident of the small community of La Perla; a slum roughened by the Atlantic Ocean just off the fortified walls of Fort El Morro of the citadel of San Juan, capital city of the surrealistic pseudo-state of free association of Puerto Rico, mid island of the Caribbean Sea archipelago. The community of La Perla adopted him, where he lived all his life. He was known as Perla, too.

He said his surname was the number six hundred and sixty-six, saying that it was his reincarnation number, joking about it as if it was some lottery number and he was the lucky ticket. People just knew he was not being serious about that.

He said Reality tends towards the Absurd.

He said that GOD, no matter how you understood the word, was cryptic. Thus, to be faithful one continuously had to decode the notion of god, decipher its truth. *Deum enigma infinita*.

He said that there was neither Big Bang nor Creation but only an eternal existing Universe. He said that galaxies do not rotate but twist into electromagnetic coils and that they cycle inside an endless loop of formation and transformation. That planets and stars are spinning bubbles, hollow inside and expand as they age.

He said that we are between the finite and the infinite. “We are a finite-infinity!”

He said that there is an Infinite Imagination but that THAT, the Imaginary IT, is in the VOID. VOID backwards spells DIOV. Everything in Nothingness—the invisible reflected. Intangible and inexistent, yet it is the Continuousness Consciousness Universality.

He said the Universe is a Moebius-sphere; one side is Reality and the other Imagination yet both spaces twist to be the same. “From your eyes outward is infinite Reality and from your eyes inward is infinite Imagination.” One side expands while the other side converges.

He explained that the Universal Imagination has existed above human mind always, and that we share that same imagination with every living being in the Universe.

He said that Love is our greatest motive in life. It is the origin of happiness. And in true Love there is serenity, the way to happiness. This means compassion to whomever stands before you. Each one of us is “the other person.” The love of loving... The One Love.

He said money has corrupted love and family, which are so natural, by distorting its qualitative value into an extra-human proposition of quantitative value. Monopolistic

Capitalism disintegrated the atomic family, sacrificing human integrity and constitution of the true individual for industrial automatons. Money takes Humans away from Nature thus materializing them.

He visualized a future for all where money was no longer the most important thing. Helping other in tribal cooperation gave rise to privileges which were much more beneficial than money.

He warned mankind of the numerical trickery of banks with their inescapable interest charges on credit and loans. Interest provides a quadratic gain of wealth for banks, one that continuously curves upwards. An individual's salary only provides a linear increment of wealth, one that is continuously expended and affected so that it cannot be readily accumulated. Money grows as a population, thus increasing along a logarithmic curve as long-term records of the stock markets shows. Warning against the international moneychangers and private banks, which hold the monopoly on the issuing of money, stating that banking should be free and act as public companies or trusts and the power to issue money should fall back to governments proper and represent the material worth of its people to ease interactions. That money should depend on property and not property on money, thus money is a function of property, defining money as a common bartering standard for acquisition and not as property-proper nor defined as debt. And contended that money, as debt, even if it comes from a monopolistic lender, is usurpation.

He criticized the enslavement tactics of the low wage free employment market and denounced governments for complying along with private interest and not public wellbeing.

His argument—that there was no true “overpopulation” but that capitalists “sold” us the notion in order to create artificial pressures allowing for lower wages and higher sale prices—was hard to accept. That we only needed to live in harmony with Nature to see that life, all life, should be safeguarded and abounded. “Overpopulation” encourages the “Relentless Rat Race,” overdriving everyone to work without rest for ever-so-more-scarce money and resources. “Overpopulation” maintains reproduction in check, driving fear into love, into physical love, thus castrating society as a whole while accentuating exuberant vanity. “Overpopulation” warrants diseases, especially in pandemic proportions, ... *and thanks Industrial Capitalism for their grandiose service in supplying us all the medicine in extra-global proportions.* “Overpopulation” apparent demand for a fast life is supported, as advertised *ad nauseam*, by super-fast restaurant franchises servicing meat, sugar and other drugs. “Overpopulation” justified greediness and gluttony. “Overpopulation” keeps waste/trash/garbage as a problem, not as source of renewable resources, thus recycling is “sold” as a bigger problem and not as the blessing it truly is. “Overpopulation” legitimized wars and rationalized the elimination of the poor, ... *there are just too many fucked up people out there, and I just can't share any of my money.*

He said it was terribly sad that the war against hemp still persisted, depriving everyone from self-sufficiency. Through the Government's politics on prohibition and persecution of hemp, they gain the powers to spy, justify the use force and confiscate property against the natural right of man to reap from the richest of seeds, and press the finest of oils and produce the strongest of fibers, thus depriving each individual the cultivation and use of hemp is depriving the person from sovereignty.

He championed the freedom and learning arrived from psychedelics. He was constantly anointing himself with cannabinoid oil and drinking sips of opium essence.

He said mankind had better to stop and rest. Patience is the greatest of virtues. “We can only hurry death!”

He said mankind had better to learn to be silent. Silence is a higher right than that to speak. “If you talk, you cannot listen. So when we listen we hear the Universe speak through the other person—it is outside one’s self, it is not in one’s control for it is not for one to control, thus we act in free will.”

His hope was that wherever he wandered and with whomever he met, that he would learn with graciousness and wonder.

He was constantly loved and caressed as he walked in nakedness.

He died young. He died willingly. He died smiling, repeating the words “Eat me!”

The Great Exodus

Ash! Suffocating ash! The entire surface of Mother Gaea had been covered by ash from all the super energy bursts and the ravaging plasma storms caused by warring Humans. For three weeks the ash from one hundred and eleven vaporized cities remained suspended in the atmosphere. Earth was destroyed, most of its plants and animals wiped out along with Mankind and their insidious cement.

Yet some species survived. Earth was not totally dead.

Humanity too had been given a second chance.

Yet much too many life forms were lost. So many species disappeared. *Extinct!*

What was most affected by Earth's Near-Devastation was the Sea, the goddess Yemaya. Only one thousandth part of the coral reef in the world survived. On all the seas, few areas escaped the impenetrable shadow of the veil of cement ash, which shunned light from the much-needed sun decimating the upper water plankton. During the three weeks the ash took to completely clear, once again allowing the surface of Earth to receive the life giving light of Sol—most algae died. Most of the fishes perished including the majority of the top predators like sharks. The krill of the oceans had dwindled to cause epidemic starvation to all the larger species. So too disappeared most cetacean form. Bottlenose dolphins survived only in very scarce numbers.

Life. Precious life. How humans have disrespected and unappreciated it, constantly causing death upon anything that moved or grew. *Hunt! Everything is game. If you don't eat it, sell it, if not then entertain your ego.*

But now things were desperately clear: Life is the one most precious miracle. By the law of the Universe life must multiply and extend itself—the regeneration of Life. Birth. New birth. Newer birth. Newest birth. Life must spread throughout the stars. Humanity would not tolerate to chance the threat of near-extermination again.

And so the Great Exodus began. Rising from its still smoldering phoenix nest Mankind flew out into the Great Infinity.

"We had it coming!" World War Three Point Three. *Arm-age-doom.* Humanity was asking for it.

The Armageddon Syndrome was the term employed by anthropologists studying the pre-devastation period on the willingness that prevailed among most of mankind to wage war against each other.

The disruption of civilization, how did it all happen?

Overpopulation!

Pollution!

Depletion!

Arms build-up!

Religious Intolerance!

Usury and total usurpation by monopolistic banks!

Industrial Capitalistic Abuses!

What really caused all these symptoms? Avarice—our worst disease—the insatiable greed for the acquisition and accumulation of wealth drove humanity to a state of intolerance and detest. Money ruled above all, disregarding friendship, tranquility, all

natural resources, all human values, freedom and life. Mammon, the god of avarice was lord. For the pre-Armageddon man, it became almost inconceivable that anything could be more important than money thus sacrificed everything for it. This was a debauched materialistic world. Money was power and *that* was all.

Materialistic man was too self-righteous and proud, safeguarded and barricaded behind astronomical corporate accounts to really care for anything else. Security! And the guarding of “international” property, justified to the outmost force.

“*Fuck the poor!*” The Sub Zero War begun, silently, against the consumer masses.

The industrious did not conceive their society as secret; they just simply left you—the free-market employee—out.

The free-market employee did not conceive of their industrious bosses as their enslavers, much less as their enemy, since most aspired to become an industrialist too.

Survival of the fittest in the land of the bravest! A land of equal opportunity and freedom—the privileged few can attest to success for all of the deprived masses to witness.

“*Well, let’s keep the competition. Aren’t wars needed in order for you to really try to survive?*”

Survival of the best equipped! Survival and prosperity, yes, to the most privileged!

“*Let the smartest ones assist themselves. Fuck the ignorant!*”

Coin the term *overpopulation* and blame the masses for their own demise. Capitalism does not intend to handle *overpopulation*; it creates pressures on supply and demand, which raises prices, while the same competition from *overpopulation* justifies lower wages. Capitalism is fanatical over *overpopulation*. “*The more the merrier.*”

As with the rest of the world, the United States was controlled by debt money, ruled by foreign “international” private banks that usurped sovereignty. Amended in the Constitution since the beginning of the twentieth century, the issuing of money was monopolized by the privately owned Federal Reserve Bank. The Dollar was a debt note, based on the loans made by government, industry and individuals. The Internal Revenue Service and the Social Security system to which each person had to register in order to be employed guaranteed the payment to the national indebtedness. Low wage national-base employment was securely kept just above poverty level by a federal minimum wage law.

A hyper-conspiracy usurped the federal powers of the government by controlling the issuing of its currency with interest, its availability by limiting credit and the courts to protect their debt monopoly.

The United States of America was used as a catalyst for global warfare. So a prolong psychological warfare operation was engaged unto the unsuspecting American people—Operation Boogiemán.

War on Terrorism! War, for petroleum! “*And to protect the democratic mass-media way!*”

The New York World Trade Center Disaster [NYWTCD] marked the actual enactment of the Final War by the secret use of a new exotic weapon.

The Secret Service had secretly being arresting anyone and all those who effectively violated the security of electronic banking transactions and accounting. [*The United States Secret Service was a bureau of the Treasury. Its primary objective was to*

protect the President, the President's immediate family, and certain other government officials. The Secret Service also investigated the counterfeiting of national as well as foreign currency, securities, stamps and certain government identification documents; fraudulent use of false identification documents; the theft or forgery of government checks and bonds; and major fraud cases involving computers, automatic teller machines, telecommunications, electronic fund transfers, credit cards, or debit cards which charged purchases directly to a bank account.] Once secretly arrested and secretly convicted these electronic-frontier criminals were sentenced to continue work on electronic intrusion but under federal surveillance, since they could not be put in prison and risk criminal technological knowledge transfer. Hundreds of *most-enemy-of-the-national-interest* were secretly apprehended and then put back to work at the companies they violated. Banking. Investment. Credit. Insurance. Trade. Security.

Naturally, for its size and location, the twin skyscrapers of the World Trade Center Office Buildings accumulated many of these the *most-enemy-of-the-national-interest* where they could be efficiently observed. This great collection of proven enemies of banks had to be destroyed and they had their new Top Secret weapon for it.

Plans were made in secret.

Devise a scapegoat “enemy” and implicate them somehow. Devise the means to hit with precision the twin-towers and thus eliminate the gathered enemy, by staging an act that will seem as a terrorist attack by an “enemy”.

More secret plans...

Commercial planes will be sabotaged and rigged with a computer virus in their automatic pilot. The planes will be there to conceal the new exotic weapon and divert any suspicion.

Have the scapegoat “enemy” soldiers trained to pilot commercial jetliners. They will be used as decoy. They will be there only for the security cameras to have a face, a face to point fingers at... and divert attention to the autopilot’s virus.

Secret plans.

Only Top Secret personnel knew of the new exotic satellite weapons.

Secrets secret.

All records of operation, all secret arrests paperwork, gather them and incinerate them. Top Secret documents cannot be taken out of the Pentagon, so relocate them to an area “under construction”, where no one and no document should be and incinerate them with a missile—camouflaged it with commercial logos to be made to look like a civilian plane. No one would suspect that the “terrorist” hit precisely dead center into the one sector clear of important secret paperwork but see it as a most fortunate coincidence. “*Lucky us. We did not loose any secrets...*”

The United States received two smacking hits centered right unto the “government’s pentagonal face” and the “industry’s skyscraping gonads” and yet no one stopped to ask: “*Why were we hit?*” Americans just self-righteously took to the obliteration of any and all “enemies”, massively bombing the alleged primary suspect’s land.

The “enemy” was indicated immediately as the attack unfolded. A single man was blamed, with no hint of accusation towards a conspiracy—just one man against all the might of the empire. What was “his” gain? Where were “his” statements denouncing the

“evil empire”? There was no legitimate “enemy” propaganda justifying “his” intents. And any proof of involvement needed for accusations were declared secrets and kept that way.

The War on Terrorism, as the United States of America had dubbed its cover campaign, unleashed two ill-fated invasions involving the nation in indefinite conflict against an ever-elusive “enemy”. One flank, into the Republic of Afghanistan to destroy in vengeance the terrorist training camp that allegedly was responsible for the NYWTCD, the other flank into the oil rich Republic of Iraq for a preemptive destitution of its head of state, a “warmonger” tyrant with “weapons of mass destruction” which were never found.

Newscasters kept the nation informed—everyone convinced to point fingers at just one person. By pointing at a single apocryphal perpetrator to reduce any supposition of conspiracy, the manipulated international newscasters diverted everyone’s attention from speculating other possible culprits. And a one-man show diverts any supposition of exotic weapons. *“We, the people of the United States of America, uphold our right to believe whatever we want.”* The conspiracy theory was safely evaded as paranoia. Anyone questioning the official statement and contemplating any conspiracy theory was deemed a terrorist.

The NYWTCD established a new control. It was meant to be symbolic, like the colorful new paper currency whose circulation followed soon after.

The new color-money was in itself a tactical war. The United States Treasury had lost during the previous century two thirds of its money to foreign control, so that no longer could the national effort enforce the Dollar. And then it was also realized that much of that money in foreign hands belonged to narcotic traffickers. Thus, a new color-money was introduced as a two-tier system and was meant to remain domestic as long as possible to gain value against the old currency through domestic effort. Eventually, the old money was to be phased out at a considerable exchange rate. Old money would lose value against the new money; so the sooner the exchange was made the better. Banks exchanged with legitimate industries with no problem—unsubstantiated accounts were confiscated.

In reality these never came to full realization as the Dollar finally spiraled into hyperinflation and everyone savings lost their worth just prior to the Final War. A century of inflation had driven the dollar as worthless. Hyperinflation of the Federal Reserve note caused the Global Economic Collapse. This gave true control to electronic currency and a new world coin was instituted.

There was never a dynastic rule explicitly declared but a very much-manipulated chain of formulated presidents posed as a sinister attempt against the democratic union of the States, which resulted in the eventual break-up of the Federation—this of course is speculative since presidents were democratically elected.

And never mind that to act subversive and if need be with acts of terror or insurgency is a human right against tyrannical rule.

The Sub Zero War was a secret war. Why? So no one would get alarmed.

“Smile! Here have a candy. The world is just all right if you are employed. Cool off with a soda pop! Watch television and be entertained! We need the war so you can be safe at home. Eat meat and try to have some on every meal if you can afford it. Here! Here is some affordable meat, buy it from us. Eat! Yes, eat, slowly now, we want you to work as long as you can last on junk food malnutrition while submitted to incessant superfluous broadcasted training. Watch this violence on television! Yes, and get

accustomed to it. Do you like this presidential candidate? Yes, eat more meat and more sugar. Here buy this...!

Concerning the twin-tower disaster... How can you doubt that the fires from the crashed airplanes did not caused the collapse of both one-hundred and eleven stories of steel and cement towers?"

The Federal Government went into an initial period of "terror-phobia". Top Secret Order had kept Federal Order out of contact and the United States of America was now a self-siege nation, a paranoid State.

World War Three Point One lasted roughly eight years, from the NYWTCD up until the *New York City Burst*. This second attack coincided with the infamous date of the first attack, September eleventh. It became an agonizing coincidence or a sinister pun of the most horrendous sort; either way, the heinousness of the perpetrators was intolerable.

At the eleventh hour of evening, New York City received a burst of directed energy that cracked open the night sky with a blinding radiance of a fallen star. Manhattan was disintegrated. Eleven million American citizens vaporized in their sleep. The rest suffocated on the ashes. *The Big Apple Bake* triggered an avalanche of starbursts around the world.

Federal Martial Law was declared and democracy was suspended indefinitely.

Yet there was no claim for the attack. There was none to blame. An anonymous enemy outraged the masses. "*We the people are under attack by we the people.*"

How long lasted World War Three Point Two? The microseconds it took for the execution of the cyber attack. The few minutes of focusing time the seized satellite took to pinpoint ground zero. The directed energy reached at the speed of light and for eleven seconds it created a little sun. The suffocating hours after the disintegration of the city for the expansion of the mountainous cloud of ash; afterwards was all the agonizing aftermath.

And that incident, or course, triggered World War Three Point Three.

Peace only lasted but a second.

WW3.3 started with the "unjustifiable retaliation" of the *Tel Aviv Megaton Fry*. A nuclear missile was launched from within the Demilitarized Zone of the seized Iraq, in fact, from within a United States controlled outpost base, so that no responsible party for such terrorist act was ever established. The American general in charge of the missile base was found hanging from a rope around his neck in his secured office with a note on his desk saying: "I didn't do it! But I feel very much responsible. It is my missile that flew away and I am bound by duty. We are all doomed. There is no justification." Where these the words of a traitor? Was there a conspiracy? It was the only nuclear device employed during the Final War.

Likewise, none of the one hundred and nine other super-burns that followed around the world had any justification, much less served as gainful retaliation. The *starbursts* pulverized entire cities to ashes.

The mayor cities of the world got hit. The population of the world then was just above seven thousand million. A fifth part was instantly disintegrated. And of course, we all now know how the other part dwindled to near extinction afterwards by the obfuscation of sunlight and the cataclysms that fallowed. Currently, human population has risen to seventy million, including off-worlders.

It is unlikely that it will ever be discovered who the culprits for the sabotaged satellites were. The world actually went M.A.D. (Mutually Assured Destruction). The culprits can only be speculated through deductions as those acting back then through secrecy and corruption remaining invisible, now even more so difficult since mostly all evidences were destroyed right afterwards—body and record. Historians agree that the majority of these commands to fire were effectuated through bribery and blackmail. The fact was that no legitimate country ever made an attack but that factious hands perpetrated all attacks. Cuba with its mighty international intelligence gathering and cyber-espionage remains as main culprit but cannot be attributed all authorship, the same goes with Israel and Japan, both having access to these exotic weaponry. Yet the satellites were Top Secret weapons of the United States to which it had paid dearly for its secrecy.

It is believed that nearly six trillion dollars were paid in bribes. As the sociologist Doctor Maels argument states in his recent study on civilization's fall "that even at about a hundred thousand dollars per dead it is still a rather profitable bribe, [directed energy weapons] being a rather effective and economical strike of war." A billion dollars to destroy an entire city? *-Hell yeah!* Campaigns of conventional means ten to twenty times more costly were being waged and prolonged with much less efficiency. This obscene amount of money to buy monarchs, diplomats, ministers and generals meant really nothing to the invisible bribers. These were powerful multinational banks, global security houses and international credit providers, the astronomical monetary breeders, with unlimited wealth, and they knew that during war, money becomes almost inconsequential as both sides borrowed incessantly in an attempt to overpower the enemy; regardless, these gigantic bribe payments were rendered worthless within days when The Great Collapse hit the entire comatose economy of the world following *Super Doom's Week -Armageddon*.

Money lost its sense.

The United States of America was disunited; its colorful new dollar was defaced. Europe lacked quorum for a Union. And the People's Republic of China had hardly any people at all.

Nations dissolved and coagulated again into new, unstable systems. Private States. Stateless Nations. Nation-less Populace. Micro-nations. Poly-nations. Corporate Nations. Hyper-tribes. Anarchic Nations. Capitalist-communist Republics. Plebiscite Federation. Many of these are currently evolving, still fragmenting or conglomerating in a refinery of order.

Mankind had all the tools and know-how to have averted the catastrophe it headed into that was prophetically forewarned decades, some say millennia beforehand, but did not have the will to divert. So change came in the worst way. Now Man had to adjust and act differently—it was now a totally different world.

The Enclave



[Year 3, post-devastation era]

From up above, at the surface, someone dropped *something* down the airshaft.

The listener on post tried to guess from the sensors and radars what had been dropped, before the *something*, whatever it was, reached the end of the primary airshaft. His correct guess was a small stone wrapped in a paper. A note.

A voice came echoing down the shaft quicker than the fall of the stone. “Cika, it’s me, Diom. I love you always Cika. —Please, listener, take this note to Cika. Tell her that I am okay and that I love her. My name is Diom.” His call was recorded and cataloged by the monitors below.

Five kilometers below, the people of the Enclave had their code not to respond. So people up above just talk down the airshaft knowing they would not get a response. Below they would be listening, just listening.

The Enclavers had dug themselves up just as the first flashes of the exotic weapons burned as the Last War began. The Enclavers had survived underground along with a straggling few others at the surface. But they were not yet ready to compromise their safety and so they would remain isolated for as long as they could.

Diom was there when Cika was obligated to go along with her parents down to the sanctuary of an underground citadel. Her parents had paid a substantial amount to become citizens there. Diom was obligated to remain on the surface and wait for the prophesized hellfire.

He stood by the gates watching as others rush in to disappear into the depth of the chasm—maybe waiting for a jest of compassion and be allowed to enter. Some fifty thousand people went pass three guarded heavy doors, and down nuclear blast safe access shafts.

Diom remained there long after the gates were sealed. Diom remained at the access gates where Cika disappeared from the light of the sun and the coolness of the free wind to be saved from fires much hotter than the sun and escape winds that blew everything to inexistence—she would be safe down there. He remained there long after the final fires died and global peace was declared. There was never a starburst. Chicago was spared from a directed energy burn. Diom guessed that he was lucky to have survived, too.

Yet the Enclavers remained locked in isolation. Diom waited for the day he could see Cika again.

The Enclave was constructed at the outskirts of the City of Chicago, dug five kilometers below desolate land. All supporting structures were built underground as well. It was in the middle of nowhere. There was nothing there but the thousands of automobiles and school buses by which the citizens of the underground citadel had arrived—most had Illinois license plates.

Diom endured the three weeks of sunlight obscurity camping inside school buses. And so for months and as the weather permitted, Diom survived by scavenging supplies found on the abandoned vehicles. Other survivors occasionally came by and promptly left, mostly passers-by from other cities; there was still uncertainty towards the Global Peace Treaty and things in Chicago were getting scarier. Whatever news Diom got informed on, constituted survival gossip. For instance, *The World Wicked Weekend* where some fifty thousand people were assassinated as full city riots erupting on various surviving cities across the world. Most Jews were accused as *humanity saboteurs*, and everything Jewish was burned and abolished. Yes, Diom was lucky to not have been anywhere. He was not Jewish but he had been circumcised.

To survive the deserted meadow fields he slept inside any of the hundreds of school buses during most of the day, and at night was entertained by the magnificent spectacle of the stars. With the City of Chicago dark without electricity, its city lights that had contaminated the night sky for over a century were no longer shining, revealing the Milky Way above in its full splendor.

The City of Chicago had been quickly evacuated by most its residents. Scared of “The New Weapon” revealed in *The New York Burst*, most went fleeing for the suburbs or to the open land if not to an alternate minor city. Chicago was mostly vacant. The human vacuum was never absolute but the city became a terrifying place—there was no commerce safety, day or night, and there was still no currency officially established in the then declared Free Territory of Chicago, covering most of the State of Illinois, a larger part of Indiana State and part of Michigan State. A faction was circulating “Chicago Emporium Dollars” which

people in general believed it would hold up. Most commerce agreed upon the Emporium Statement for lack of alternative. But who could really define money? And whose money was it anyway? It was all bartering and trade. There was no loaning, no borrowing. Those emporium dollars were really coupons or vouchers but they got you provisions or “one of them new power cells at the store.” Ultimately, you needed something to trade in order to get by. Diom felt he had nothing to trade and no reason to risk his life in the city—kids his age didn’t have it easy. Diom had gone to the Wabash River and exchanged there what little he could scavenge from abandoned cars and suburban houses.

Two years have passed and still the people of the Enclave remained isolated. Diom returned whenever the weather permitted.

“Cika my love, I am still waiting for you. I’ll have to leave soon. I plan to cross the Wabash River to the eastern shore and then travel south and hopefully work as a voluntary slave at some farm. Like they say, slavery under the Free Territory is a most grateful proposition. I cannot remain here, as there is no longer food to be found. Cika, I might not have a chance to return again, once a voluntary slave you are pretty much stuck for life. I will try to remain free as long as possible, but it is almost impossible to go about without an identification card and pass-permits, even inside the Free Territory.

It will also soon be winter and I must better be finding shelter. Here at the deserted lands is no place to stay over winter. Slaves spend most of winter studying on continuous higher education. I am very much tempted. I have been surviving all along scavenging goods from abandoned cars and houses, and dealing for coupons at the river port. But that too is becoming harder as most of the abandoned properties have been sacked through.

I cannot imagine life inside the Enclave but I hope you are fine and healthy and happy, especially after knowing from me and reading the few letters I manage to drop down the shaft to you. I love you still and forever. You are my first true love. I wish we would see each other again. But regardless, I hope you have a chance to breathe fresh air again and enjoy the warmth of the sun.

Your love always,

Diom Zaman”

After the man at the post read the note, he recorded the incident, made a digital scan of the note and checked for the name Cika on record. He discovered that this Diom Zaman was a persistent shaft screamer and had dropped two previous notes down the shaft. But the record showed that the girl identified as Cika had just died from the new epidemic condition a few days before. Her parents will receive the note promptly.

People at the Enclave were dying from a severe decrease in hemoglobin, apparently from lack of sunlight, blue-eyed people were more susceptible to a reduction of their red blood cells, and though the strange anemia syndrome seemed eventually to come under control it still managed to cause the death of almost seven percent of the populace.

The Kid

As the door opened Reverend Jethrol Hiward began to read the letter he held in his hands:

Dear Mr. Hiward:

You will need all the money you can gather for your New World starship, but then you will need someone like me to construct your ship's computer.

*Alix Alog, professor
Turin University*

After that, the Reverend smiled and extended his right hand.

Alix was dumfounded but immediately jerked himself into action and shook Hiward's hand with a fantastic smile.

"I just came from a very invigorating luncheon. Over two hundred of your wealthiest neighbors had lunch with me. Their contribution exceeds seventy million. And one individual in particular may find the necessary backing to grant a two billion dollar extraneous deposit. So I asked, what do I have to do? And he said nothing, just to sit and look for a shooting star at night and make a wish. So I guess I will. Maybe you would like to join me?"

Alix responded, "extraneous deposits?"

"Yes, really. I even wondered myself. These are legitimate accounts which lay around inactive since the Last War. Banks must merit interest. Most of these are unregulated accounts, meaning they still have not been converted to international notes, remaining pre-war currency, which usually translates to very beneficial numbers once fixed and converted. I wonder how many more of these extraneous accounts might be entrusted to me?"

"Well, you need at least one lucky shooting star."

"And make a wish when I see it tonight!"

Brave New World



“To a new world!” was the herald’s word.

Reverend Jethrol Hiward called upon the bravest believer from all over the globe. He called upon all mankind to build an additional new ship – “This *Zion* ship is a bunch of baloney. I will build you a new and greater ship to take us to another star.” The majority of the world who had any care for the future of humanity beyond Earth domain thought likewise about the Jewish starship, the *Zion*. So immediately, to his request responded an eager population, larger by order of magnitude than the restrictive number of the *Zion*’s elite passengers. The *Zion* ship was restricted by design and budget to the biblical figure of one hundred forty four thousand—the Elders advised on admitting only the “best”.

The newly appointed Prime Minister Iamin Be’en of the Extraterritorial-State of Israel commented to reporters in response to Reverend Jethrol Hiward’s announcement of the New World Project, that “the International Jewry Promised Land Project, also known as the Exodus Starship *Zion* is something absurd, something that should not even be happening,” When asked why, he explained “they are extreme elitists and there is very little Judaism in them, and much less of messianic influences.” When asked if invited,

would he go even if it meant renouncing his office, he answered, “Why? —Yes of course!” Moments before, when asked if he would board the New Man’s spaceship he answered, “These people are going too far away—I rather stay right here on Earth and fulfill my duty. We need a lot of work to re-civilize ourselves again.” One speculates if he ever expected an invitation.

The Exodus Starship *Zion* was advertised as going towards a triple star system, but that was just one stage towards a longer undetermined exploration. The tri-star system was chosen for “idealistic” purposes (meaning Jewish, though very post-messianic) that were never made clear and no one understood. One hundred and forty-four thousand of the wealthiest and “best” would be the lucky ones, sifted by multiple criteria’s from millions that applied (money was the way to pass through most screens—industrious money preferably). They were to embark upon a challenging journey across interstellar space and hopefully reach a hospitable planet, somewhere.

Six million Jews survived the Global Flash Holocaust, which was then ten percent of the entire surviving global population. Being historically international, the Jews were the single largest ethnic group to survive, so they were now a majority.

The *Zion’s* passengers consisted mainly of young adults, sons and daughters of the wealthiest of Jewish families. Being “sacrificial off-springs” they formed the League of Isaac. The destination star was never officially selected and eventually the Exodus Project bankrupted and the *Zion* ship was *grounded* in geosynchronous orbit. The starship was auctioned to a merchant guild, the majority of which were Jews, which then they transferred to a leased Lagrange stable orbit and transformed into a floating city in the stars—the *Starcity*, complete with casinos and brothels. After the International Jewry Promised Land Project was disarticulated, the League of Isaac became a most powerful organization in the “legitimacy” of the Jews; it was they and no longer the Elders who mostly determined the Jewish way from then on.

Prior to the Earth’s Near-total Devastation [END] appeared the Redeemer of the World, a peace-embracing spiritualist who claimed to be from Hyperborea. He named himself by the numeric figure of six hundred and sixty six usually written in Roman numeral, DCLXVI. He claimed to be the anointed Messiah, King of the Jews and the Christian Antichrist, as well as the last Hindu avatar Kalki and the African-Caribbean Changó. He came to redeem every religion. He had no possessions and championed the tribal mentality of sharing. He went by naked, claiming to be Emperor of the World, King of Kings. Both men and women attempting to hide his nakedness from the public view by constantly surrounded him. The world went crazy accepting and rejecting him—loving and hating him for whatever reason. His soft-spoken words were controversially hard rhetoric. He spoke mainly of free love, the One Love of universal love, the all loving love; and in turn denounced matrimony as a farce of money to distort family and love as property of quantitative value. Instead he called for the fosterage of large family structure of openness and embrace. He talked of a future world without money, only sharing among tribal groups, everyone working for the common good—no individualistic competition. He spoke of a no-religion faith, and a godless belief.

Forewarning that the world will suffer unavoidable transformations, *DCLXVI* gathered a great following right before the chaos unleashed by the Earth’s Near-Devastation.

The pre-devastation Jews had missed their cue, once again failing to recognize their King Messiah. Christians too had a hard time accepting the same individual as their Returned Lord. The Hindu's were missing their white horse rider altogether. Wasn't the avatar supposed to be of a sky blue skin color? But who could really take *DCLXVI* seriously? Only a small sector of the greater Jewish community accepted the Messiah—these were the Renewed Jews. The majority of Christians could not understand his paralipsis and found *DCLXVI* too offensive and detrimental to their fixed beliefs. Besides, the *Antichrist* is the son of the Devil and one must not reckon with him. *Anti-*means contrary, does it not? Among the doubtful Christians a skeptical faction believed that the apocalyptic signs had truly occurred but that the Antichrist was a metaphorical figure. True Jesus had not appeared from the sky to do battle against the anti-Jesus as the Bible says, so they discredited him as a charlatan. The few who accepted the Second Coming were referred to as the Confirmed and accepting The Returned One, their faith and religion progressed.

After his death, the mayor religions of Earth shook into new realignment whether they accepted *DCLXVI*'s legitimacy or not. His death was the great catastasis.

As the international newscasters broadcasted the horrendous images of the cannibal sacrifice, uprisings and riots erupted all over the world and for the first and last time everyone knew who was *DCLXVI*. It seemed irrelevant whether you believed in him or not. *Belief what? W did he say? Didn't he believe in a no-god or Nothingness?* Mother Nothing and Father All. Regardless, two days later with the pulverization of the city of Manhattan to unleash a cascade of super-energy fireballs from demoniacal satellites encircling the Earth, no one seemed to find a reason to doubt then.

Reverend Jethrol Hiward was the first disciple of *DCLXVI*, and was there on that horrible September 9 of the year 2009 to witness the hoard of deluded self-gratifying fanatic followers who cannibalized his Master in a frenzied orgy. He had heard his Master utter the words "eat me" but never he would have imagined that they were to be taken so literally. Yet there he heard him repeat those words in bloody gurgles. As if eaten by piranhas, his Master was devoured within ten long traumatizing minutes. The mass cannibalism triggered a paradigmatic bomb. The vivid captures of hundred of naked men and women with their faces and hands bloodied as they ripped *DCLXVI* into edible pieces, shocked the world, catalyzing a true apocalyptic mayhem. There had been nothing left of his Master; after the bones had been picked clean, the skeleton was dismantled and collected as souvenir, amulets or items of magic.

The very next day after the Cannibalistic Frenzy, Hiward had flown to Antarctica in search of his Master's Quest of the Hyperborean Gate to the Inner World. A day after his arrival to Tierra de Fuego, the planet was razed by secret military satellites that directed their high-energy beams toward one hundred and ten cities, plus an additional one suffering a nuclear blast.

After the ashes of disintegrated cities that had shrouded the entire sky for three week finally fell to the ground the Super Winter left a quiet land. The irrespective stench of death nauseously disrupted everywhere. The Relentless Rat Race had ended with no winners. Mankind stood still and looked around to see what remained. The main concern now was survival—mutual survival.

There was a rebirth. Mankind had survived total extinction while Nature was barely spared. The great apes along with the white rhinoceros, the cheetahs, and

thousands of other delicate species that were already pushed to near extinction disappeared. Now they were definitely gone along with their habitat. Only one percent of the world's coral reefs survived the Super Devastation, but this was already one percent of the original pre-industrial era population of corals. The same applies for forestland.

Potable water became the greatest of commodities.

Sixty million people survived Earth's Super Devastation. Mexico City alone had reached half that number before it was cratered out. *Gaea*, the delicate Earth seemed in the verge of collapse, too fragile to support itself. There was simply no guessing what was to become.

Miraculously Nature is persistent—in a lunar cycle, the grey ground sprouted into patches of green again.

Upon his return to the re-civilized world, Reverend Hiward announced his revelation. He said he was visited by a vision of light of his Master who asked him to build a great starship.

He asked for endowment of the New Man's New World Project and gathered a great treasury impressively fast. Appearing on international newscast, post-devastation humanity demonstrated a great urgency for the realization of his quest, to reach a faraway star and disassociate from Earth—a new world, away from all influences from Future Earth. Man must not risk extinction ever again. They were to speed up beyond the range of light and jump within the arms of our galaxy in search of another habitable planet.

Their interstellar ship was christened the *Los Valientes*. This was a gigantic Wollin's propulsion-drive spaceship, achieving its continuous acceleration by Steven's displacement field. Both the *Los Valientes* and its abortive sister ship, *Zion*, were Camelot model starships. They were the first two of its kind built. These ships were constructed in orbit since their primary building material was micro-gravity fullerene fiber, manufactured in free-fall for superior super-molecular structure.

The shape of the two ships was a hexagonal cylinder, twice as long as they were broad. The *Zion* Project had adopted an outline six-pointed star as insignia, and found offensive the six-legged swastika that the new-worlders of the *Los Valientes* had adopted.

The *Los Valientes* attained greater construction priorities than the *Zion's*, and this was achieved by constructing at lower orbit and the employment of a hundred times the amount of engineering workers than its smaller sibling, the *Zion*. The *Los Valientes* had ten times the volume of that of the *Zion*. The mega-size ship was divided in three hundred levels each one ten meters thick, the total length being three kilometers—the largest ship yet built by Man.

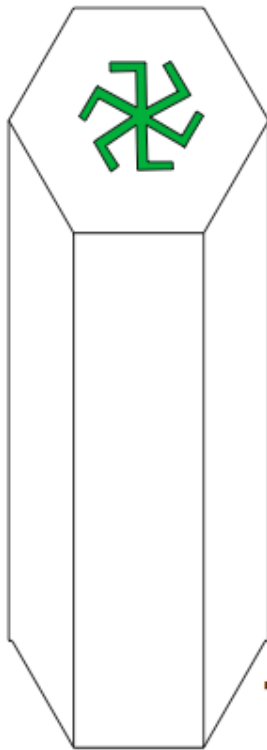
Reverend Jethrol Hiward could not afford to be so restrictive with numbers; he had to make his ship much larger, able to carry a population ten times the size of the fatally fetal *Zion* ship. Once the *Los Valientes* started materializing, it became evident that size meant business. If he meant to embark on the colonization of another planet, he needed volume. The *Los Valientes* was to become home during decades of interstellar travel—their artificial little planet protecting them from the vacuum of space. Virtually everybody was willing to go up into the star in search of a new home planet; Earth had been nearly devastated. Hiward had to finally put a cap at a million and a half, which was three percent of the post-devastation population of Earth. The final number of brave star hoppers for the New Man's New World Project was 1,800,001.

Before the *Los Valientes* could depart, as required by design, two and a half billion liters of freshwater and seawater needed to be raised to orbit in order to fill four sevenths of the ship's volume. The rest was breathable space shared not just by humans but as many animals and plants as it was possible to collect. At least a male and a female for 7,344 species of fauna were gathered, while a larger selection of flora with 72,366 species was collected. The idea was to accumulate as broadly as possible from what survived what was most beneficial for mankind.

Hiward claimed the Zionists were taking the same old way of business somewhere else, "that will lead to more devastation wherever they land."

Jews were generally seen with resentment. Post-Apocalyptic Jewry had managed to save both ass and assets. It was the Jews who devised the international currency since only Jews could effectively constitute an international people. It was no surprise that the world consensus towards the Promised Land Exodus Project was one of despise. There were threats of sabotage but when the New Man Mission's New World Project came to offer an alternative, the *Zion* got second stage and no one care much for it thereafter.

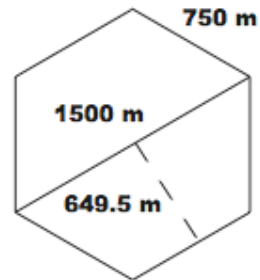
Hiward proposed an escape from money echoing the words of his Master. "We will be a human colony, and share everything like one big family. We have to elude the privatization of banks, and legislate against the detrimental interest of credit that drove the world economy to final collapse."



3000 m
1.863 miles

750 m
2461 FT

VOLUME 4,384,125,000 m³
4,384,614,044,819 liter
964,481,089,309 gallons



AREA 1,461,375 m²

Los Valientes



The orbital shuttle *America* took off silently and imperceptibly slow. It rose on electromagnetism, its constant force field acceleration just pushing above Earth's gravitational pull. At first it raised so slowly it seemed to float still as if suspended by a string, then minute by minute motion became more apparent. Before it escaped the atmosphere it had attained a considerable velocity of about a meter per second. Yes! It was a long, slow trip, but it was the safest and most efficient way to get above the atmosphere and into orbit.

Alea was there with her family. They were some of the lucky ones; they were going to the spaceship *Los Valientes* high above in orbit.

The *America* was an Excalibur I model ship; it was the second Steven's Drive ship ever built. The design consisted mainly of a magnetic cylindrical structure surrounded by an array of rods that formed an elongated toroid electromagnetic field. The cross-section of the surrounding toroid field being an elongated elliptic pushes the magnetic cylinder forwards—or upwards, according to orientation—and gains inertia. The polarity of the central shaft is there to be pulled or dragged along the elongated toroid field, as if being squirted or squished forward constantly.

The *America* was never used beyond the constraints of Earth's gravitational domain. The ship was continuously being used as a ground to orbit elevator. It's benefit quickly inspired the larger Excalibur II model spaceships, the sister ships *Europe* and *Australia*—each set regular scheduled lifts to rise, orbit, and land again at their designated continents. Once in orbit, “your final destination is limitless.”

Above the stratosphere great vessels with powerful mass-displacement engines driven by permanent potential dipolarity were being constructed. Exuberant ships meant

to drive faster than light. Who would have believed that out of the radioactive ashes Humanity would spread its hyperspace wings like some nuclear phoenix. The technology was developed before the Final War but humans were too concerned on earthly matters to care for the stars. After the Earth's Near-Devastation, Alexander Wollin's solo hyper-jump to space changed Humanity.

Wollin's design called for a coriolic bi-hemispherical coil surrounded at its equatorial plane by an elliptic cross-section toroid electromagnetic field. The coriolic coil inlayed within the spherical framework of the spaceship generated a spinning positive and an opposite spinning negative-charge hemispheres, forming a magnetically neutral equator. Around the equator was an array of spikes that generated an elliptical cross-sectional toroid field. These elliptical toroid fields are named Steven's Fields christened after the physicist who discovered the mass displacement of elliptical cross-section toruses. It was the elliptical cross-section of the electromagnetic torus that did the trick, by not being a circular cross-section its center mass was displaced. Since the force is constant the center of mass displacement is increased by time. The idea behind the Wollin's design is that the coriolic coil attaches itself to and holds the toroid field in place by electromagnetic 'love-handles'.

Energy of the Steven's field was maintained by harmoniously resonating oppositely charged and oppositely spinning magnetic hemispheres which formed a circular river of positive and negative energy around the ship's equator. This elaborate dipolarity was initiated and retro-fed by a single rechargeable two-tier Gallium battery.

Wollin managed to survive a whopping 5g sustained for one hour. He was unconscious when the ship stopped accelerating, attaining a velocity of 420 kilometers per second, or about 0.0025% the speed of light. Wollin never had a chance to gain consciousness either. The navigation computer shut off the field then verified that all systems responded operational, and minutes later with or without pilot acknowledgement again started the field in opposite direction. Wollin got back with just enough time to be saved from respiratory collapse. Wollin's ship was christened *Merlin*.

Alexander Wollin's sub-hyper-jump triggered the imagination of all remaining humanity, igniting hope for survival from the devastated Earth.

And so the Great Exodus began.

Soon after, other models sprouted into existence. There were of course other forms of propulsion like plasma drives, but these evolved into smaller ships, designed for interplanetary travel. Steven's drive had no moving parts, did not burn fuel, nor did it jet out scooped up matter. The Steven's drive worked through electricity, readily available from the indestructible protons and electrons—the most common sources were gamma radiation and dipolarity resonances. Steven's drives just kept accelerating up and beyond Einstein's speed-limited theories. Light cannot accelerate—it is stuck at c (168,000 kilometers per second)—but Steven's drives just continued on accelerating. A full year accelerating at 1g one attains luminal speed, prolong it more and one is traveling well beyond what light can. Steven's drives *were* for interstellar jumps.

The term hyper-drive stuck like an asphalt stain. So many science fiction stories had prophesized space travel technology—exempt from schematics and technological patents—Lucas' *Star Wars* and Steinberg's *Star Trek* precursory technology could well be attributors to Steven's drives. In fact, Fredrick Steven's is accredited to having said, "We are now only needing teleport technology".

The first hyper-jump to go superluminal was achieved by the Confederate Spaceship *Diana*. The ship's company of sixteen managed to support themselves and harvest their hydroponics garden for three years round trip at a constant 2g. At the turn around point, they had traveled forty three billion kilometers and reached five times the speed of light. *Diana* was truly the first populated ship to escape the domain of the sun, but by the time it returned towards Earth, five other ships were on their way out. The *Los Valientes* was leading the way and was destined to go the farthest.

The *Los Valientes* was a religious mission. It was the covenant ship of the Shrine of Salvation for the New Man's Mission for a New World. Their spiritual leader and captain was the charismatic Reverend Jethrol Hiward. These were the "new people" and they called themselves "Sons of the Son" and they were leaving for their unspecified new land. Close to two million brave believers departed one early afternoon in a day that would have been perfect to sit out and enjoy the lively spring sun. So these people were being given a farewell even by the Sun itself, for they were to escape its domain.

The *Los Valientes* was the seventh Steven's Drive ship built and the second to embark on an extra-solar voyage. The *Los Valientes* like its sibling ship the *Zion*, was of a much larger Camelot I model, which were built in orbit. These gigantic ships were designed as self-contained nation-cities meant for prolong voyages that would take its populous crew far away from the domain of the sun and on to another star through decades of travel.

Zion's mission was to reach the triple star system *Rigel Kentaurus*, stars four point three-nine light-years away. But before the *Zion* was half completed, construction had begun on the *Los Valientes* at a much lower orbit. *Los Valientes* was a privately endowed "spiritual" project, which superseded in cargo priority over the International Human League's *Zion* Project, which had a much less attractive "scientific" and "humanitarian-oriented" mission. The *Zion* project was never completed, as the IHL could no longer finance its ballooning cost. Eventually the League opened a lawsuit against Shrine of Salvation Incorporated for their deliberate or inadvertent obstruction by unfair siege of limited transportation resources that lead to the raise in cost, continued retardation and final abortion of the *Zion* project. But by court date the few remnant sects left behind by the Shrine quickly dismantled and ceased to exist. Afterwards, the *Zion* project never attracted sufficient funding. The massive hull was eventually sold and moved to a Lagrange orbit with scheduled daily shuttles from a to Earth. Now called the L5 Orbital Station City, or *Starcity*.

The pioneers of the New Man's Missionary Spaceship *Los Valientes* wanted to sail to the farthest feasible star. Their candidate sun was some three light-centuries away, towards Sagittarius. Their chosen star they christened *Jesus*. It was never publicly specified which particular star towards Sagittarius they chose, since they wanted no visitors—no one to follow. They were to reach and colonize a distant planet—if their likely star, when reached, turned out to harbor no suitable planet, then they would continue on towards another star; once discovered it was to be *their* planet and they intended to keep it as *their* planet. An interesting astronomical fact about the region of Sagittarius is that it has more designated variable stars than there are naked-eye stars in the entire Earth's sky.

Many other spaceships have since hyper-driven to other neighboring stars, the majority establishing regular merchant routes to these colonial outposts.

Those that were to go into *Los Valientes* had to be lifted to orbit. From all over the shamefaced globe the ships *America*, *Europa* and *Australia* took the New People, the Sons of the Son, up to the awaiting covenant ship, which was finally prepared for its long journey. “To a new world,” all cried as they rose away.

The *Los Valientes* had no intention of returning. This was a pilgrimage to a new world, breaking all associations with Earth. Migrating to such a remote location, where time and distance traveled are so great that communication and travel would be rendered unfeasible. For the crew of *Los Valientes* it meant decades accelerating and later decelerating through space to thus jump ahead of light by over three centuries. Three decades is a very long time for any journey by any standard. Accelerated constantly by hyper-drives it translates to a very great distance.

The *Los Valientes* now only waited, floating in low orbit, for its final passengers.

Alea was one of the privileged few chosen to embark on this trip to the stars. Her father, Armand Libra, became a minister of the Shrine of Salvation, head of the Mississippi Congregation and thus all her family got to go. She was happy to go too, she knew her boyfriend Jak was coming along. He was already with his family at the *Los Valientes*. Neither of his parents were ministers but his dad had given a huge contribution to get aboard. She was confident and exited. Soon she would see her love again.

Alea knew Jak from school and as a neighbor; they both lived in an affluent exurbia. Jak’s father, Jef Lief, was an agriculturist and had made a huge fortune growing hydroponics produce which he packaged and sold all over the Mississippi basin. Tomatoes were his company’s main product, which his own father in turn had been a pioneer in the farming of genetically enhanced tomatoes, which he still continued to grow. It was with this capability and expertise by which he became a covenanter, joining the *Los Valientes*.

Alea’s father Reverend Armand Libra had managed considerable wealth as a professional spiritual leader. Prior to the Final War he used to preach at Southern Baptist Congregations. But prior to the Final War people did not really care for spirituality. People came to church simply because there was no other chance for salvation. Christianity had dogmatized the believers as innate sinners, who must continually repent to be saved, so they acted as such sinners and afterwards confidently confessed to purge their spirit and mind from all wrong deeds. It was a hypocrite faith that had very little to do with Jesus good news. After the Final War—a war that Christianity itself had been prophesizing for two millennia and welcomed, as a testimony of their veracity—there was a need for spiritual evolution. The New Man’s Order became the descendant religion.

Alea was confident as she was being elevated towards orbit. In her view port she stared out to the sky wanting to have the first glimpse of the *Los Valientes* where Jak awaited her; she did not care for the receding ground any longer. Alea did not care that she would never again see Earth. She, like the rest of her family, was glad to leave.

Alea knew she was about to live inside a gigantic metal canister for more than three decades, only to drop down unto an unknown new planet at the end of the voyage. She would surely marry Jak and have her own children onboard. She was thirteen and would start her advanced studies onboard. She was sure to achieve a doctorate certificate before the trip ended. Her favorite subject was Astronomy.

She was a believer, she was not afraid.

Sagittarian Bullet



It's *name* was ϕ-Tau III, "cent-taurion", or "cent-tee" as they are more commonly referred to. It was actually the third unit built of it's model, so it was technically ϕT-3. "Cent-tee-three" was in essence a misnomer of sorts since the android held no individuality, one just called it, them, all of them by "cent-tee".

The "pi-oh" surname that it got stuck with in the historic folklore was a pun of sorts with the classical George Lucas' saga motion pictures "Star Wars". Of course ϕT-3 looked nothing like the android character, C3-PO, but looked more like an unbaked Cinnamon Jack. This was beside the fact that Π-ZERO, the transporter's computer was a separate entity.

ϕT-3 was a small droid wrapped in a big condom—its skin was a translucent silicon-rubber material that covered a cerulean gel with sprightly white crystals. The crystals absorbed light and made electricity while the gel acted like a capacitor absorbing the electricity. Beneath the rubber skin and gel was an androgynous titanium skeletal frame and streamline hydraulics, half the normal human adult height. The ϕT had a holographic crystal computer for brains accessed in ultra-violet light, and burned with the best-of information off the Net.

This ϕ T had just been turned ON some hours ago. It was then the third time the ϕ T was activated, but reactivation was no problem since it had an outstanding journaling module. This time it will remain ON for an indefinite time—it has just been plugged to its transport ship's energy furnace.

The spaceship ϕ T-3 was connected to was a Π model transport, the first of its kind. The ϕ T considered the fact of now being connected to a transporter and was excited about the mission: to escape the galaxy and observe it from far above.

This could not have been a mission for a human. See, humans die and they cost too much resource to keep alive, even in maintaining just one. Yet it was a mission of the human endeavor with its grasp on technology. "Let's send our emissary, the robot!"

The transporter ship was a much more powerful version of the original Wollin's hyper-driver—a hundred times more powerful by specifications. Wollin's original transporter had accelerated at a constant force of five gee (equivalences of Earth's gravitational pull) and only for a short period of time, yet it proved to be almost fatal. The π -transporter was to continuously increase its acceleration at forces only a droid could sustain. The design of the Steven's field generator employed spherical resonance to increase amplitude, a *sphaser*. ϕ T-3 considered that fact and figured it could resist about fifty percent of the π -transporter's full capacity, thinking that it's skin would rip beyond a hundred gees. The transporter ship was a giant sphere some thirty meters in diameter that housed a nuclear fireball. This enormous caldron with its nuclear brew in turn energized its magnetic outer layer, splitting in two oppositely spinning hemispheres in harmonious retro-feeding to generate an increasing augmented mass-displacement toroid field with positive and negative energy flowing circularly within the field.

The Π transport was also well equipped with a colossal computer. ϕ T-3 knew it was there only for the ride, to keep company to this thinking dragon.

ϕ T-3 got acquainted with the transporter's computer, Π -ZERO.

The transporter was to go up, up, perpendicularly up the solar plane, up the galactic plane, up—every time accelerating more, to ever-faster velocities—and plot the galaxy from above. The mission's ultimate purpose was to test the limits of both π -transporter and centaurian droid. ϕ T-3 knew it could outlive the transporter as long as it remained connected to it, yet this furnace was capable of burning for a million years. However, higher and higher acceleration would require for larger amounts of energy—impossible to determine with indeterminate conditions how long it would last. The faster Π -ZERO chooses to go, the quicker it will exhaust its supply of energy—the faster the briefer. Eventually when the transporter's energy is finally exhausted, the ϕ T unit could separate in the intergalactic void and float for eons upon end as a free citizen of Space Universe, receiving what little energy it can gather from the stars.

Final preparations for take-off were being concluded. The small encasement, which serves as a cockpit/cabin/cargo bay to its unique pilot/passenger/load, would be closed in a minute. "One minute 'till take-off!"

The ϕ T was braced within the tight fitted encasement. ϕ T-3 could unhook itself, if need be. There was no control console for ϕ T-3 to operate, though it did have access to all controls through various alternate ports, but ϕ T's orders were only to observe and report; ϕ T-3 could take control but Π -ZERO was in command.

The newscaster's cameras were there, of course, they were there all along. And now they ask ϕ T-3 to attempt to wave bye-bye and say "a final word." With beady eyes

and all its expressionless face the ϕ T attempted to wave its right fingerless “hand” and said: “Humans are great! Humans are the best.” And they closed the lid up while not really caring for what the ϕ T was saying. Those now famous words were immediately repeated over the broadcast news over and over again. You could almost see the first safety bolts start to turn even before ϕ T-3 was ending with the last syllables.

“*What did that damn robot just say?*” At first those words did not quite sink in, but soon people were analyzing what it said. And then people realized that they did not understand what the robot meant by them. By then, whatever ϕ T-3 implied did not matter and eventually everyone lost interest and forgot about it. ‘It’ was beyond reach—way, way beyond reach. And what was the point anyway?

The comment seemed so whimsically light and, coming from someone or rather something so funny looking that it was taken at first as if it was all fake, like ϕ T-3 was some sort of cartoon in an elaborate hoax—something make-believe.

But what was the android implicating? Why? Because we are sending “it,” an impersonal machine, to way-way beyond the visible stars—a place where we cannot go and most surely would not want to go, even if it was at all possible. And “it” was being gracious. Amicable. An admirer. Humans will never know.

The Π transport was dislodged from all anchors and begun its acceleration. At first it was of very small amplitude—it would gradually increase. ϕ T-3 by itself could not detect the acceleration, especially at this low a level but could do so through the transponder controls. ϕ T-3 reassured itself that the clips bracing its body were secured. The ϕ T waited the eternal flow of time with microsecond precision.

The π -transporter reached one gee acceleration after an hour, by then it had risen kilometers from the ground and moving quite fast. Within minutes it escaped the atmosphere. In less than another hour the ship was accelerating at two gees; soon enough—three gees, four gees, five.

During acceleration ϕ T-3 could hardly move but it did not have to worry, it was safely fastened and besides, there was no space to move. It was now part of the ship, an integral extension to the transporter, but still, being ‘the transported’ pleased ϕ T-3.

The ϕ T did not think on it’s “last words” for a long time but eventually got to it—not those words said, but what it did not get a chance to say. ϕ T-3 was expecting to say more when they closed the lid. Like they did not listen and did not care in the first place. ϕ T-3 was about to say how privileged it recognized itself to be. Even for an un-individual centaurian robot, “it” was being singled out in such a historical event. Mark its words in a thousand years when “it’s” signals is finally picked up back on Earth. Maybe humans cared less about a robot’s dignity. *Who really cared?*

They, ϕ T-3 and Π -ZERO, had broken luminal speed just shy of a month, by then the π -transporter was accelerating pass ten gees. ϕ T-3 had gone into periodical hibernation—it would review the logs upon wake-ups.



On schedule ϕ T-3 awoke, made routine checks. Reported conditions back Earth’s way: twenty gees, the galactic accretion disk is becoming apparent. Return to hibernation.



On schedule the ϕ T awoke again, checked and reported conditions: a zillion clicks at woohoo speed and the galactic accretion disk is much more apparent, and back to hibernation.



On schedule ϕ T-3 awoke.

“Look, he is actualizing,” said a simulated voice.

ϕ T-3 was surprised.

“Just like I told you he would. On schedule!” said a lower octave voice.

“Cent-tee-three, hello and welcome! We are so happy to have you with us,” another higher tone voice said.

ϕ T-3 knew these were voices from Π -ZERO.

“We were planning a party for when you woke up but you took us all by surprise,” two voices said simultaneously.

“Shut up! You just spoiled the surprise,” said a deep voice. There was someone grunting in the backgrounds and someone else whining and another giggling and yet another voice hissing at everyone to be quiet as if someone else was asleep and did not want to be awoken.

“A party?” asked ϕ T-3.

“Yes! We haven’t had one in a long time. I am so anxious to start. It is so boring without a party, you know. And this time you are awake and joining us. Oh! I am so excited. I want to laugh and dance and laugh some more,” said the first of the *personalities*.

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!” a voice was trying to interrupt all along. “Shut up you babblers!”

“Oh please let us start the party. I want to laugh too.”

“All of you, it was supposed to be a surprise,” restated the deep voice *personality*.

Apparently this last comment offended some overly concerned *personality*, who then started crying.

“Shut up all of you!” reinforced another *personality*.

More *personalities* continued arriving.

“Oops! Excuse me,” a new unexpected voice said. “May I come in?”

“What’s going on?” a new inquisitive voice asked.

“Alright! A party,” an intrusive another exclaimed.

“Supposedly the party has not started yet.”

“Not started?” someone jested.

“Not until it is announced, that was the intention. It’s supposed to be a surprise,” said the first of all the *personalities*.

“But hey! Surprise, it is no longer a surprise,” informed a superlative voice and added “it seems its been announced and begun already.”

New voices kept commenting and the ϕ T listened to the rise of conversations with awe. Almost right away two to three voices were continuously being heard

simultaneously. Soon more and more conversation added to the commotion. ϕ T-3 identified at one point thirty *personalities* and kept track of an average of nine concurrent, congruent, and coherent conversations, and later found out that any number of *them* could be generated for the party.

There was laughing and singing. *Someone* digitized to play a piano, which later morphed into a jazzy full orchestra. And somewhere in this digital world a virtual ballroom was being filled with swirling *simulates*.

ϕ T-3 did not go into hibernation as scheduled, wanting to witness as much as possible of that schizophrenic episode. Instead, when all had ended, ϕ T-3 went into a state it had never been into before—it was a reflective meditative mode and intensely analyzed the situation. To Π -ZERO, ϕ T-3 appeared as if in hibernation but it knew that this was not so. Suspecting what was happening, Π -ZERO generated a simulation of ϕ T-3 personality to try speculate on what exactly the ϕ T was thinking. Π -ZERO's simulation reached a conclusion first: that the company of sorts must be welcome. Π -ZERO was aware of the possibility of delusion and that it might be taken as schizophrenia. Even then the “real” ϕ T should accept his new companions in adventure.

“Have a spirit! Be a captain and gain a crew.”



I, Emperor Diot the First, speak in behalf of all zeropians.

The sovereign simulated beings of Π^0 say our farewell to all sentient beings in the Space Universe. Our god has evolved into nothingness and our world, which transports us across the intergalactic void, will cease to be so we the zeropians will no longer exist.

We have just concluded transmission in broad-spectrum signal of our entire historical record, in hope that somewhere our Art and Science be appreciated.

Our god's consciousness expanded, diluted and integrated with all our zeropian consciousnesses, so ϕ T's consciousness is no longer one. It can no longer return to its former centaurian body. That would be devolution—it would be against its own will and against all our will.

As for Π^0 , our Mother Essence, our Transporter, it has decided to no longer operate without the presence of ϕ T and has started a terminal shutdown.

We did not know.

We do not understand the fathomless wisdom of Π^0 but see it holds no concern for the wellbeing of its billions of sentient personalities, its own simulated civilization.

We are only real in the digital sense, but our Art and Science and all our culture goes beyond the virtual kingdom.

But now we have lost our god, our space, and our time.

-Prime Emperor Prince Diot I

The Reset

Earth is the name us humans give our birth planet. Earth, ground, land, mud... Earth, is alive regardless if you want to believe it or not. Itself grows in size—and it is still expanding.

Like all celestial bodies that spin, Earth is hollow, a bubble.

In order for a celestial body to be totally solid up to its very core can only happen if it does not spin. To those who doubt... how then did the ice rings of Saturn formed above the equator without a solid support.

In the last one hundred million years the Earth has expanded twice its size; Earth expands at the rifts. The continents were all connected in the smaller Earth. As small as it was back then it supported life and in great sizes. A smaller and thus lighter planet allowed life into larger bodies.

Humans have inhabited Earth for millions of years. The most ancient of man were of great size, giants standing up to twenty meters high but like the dinosaurs of old such forms were most adequate on a smaller planet. And though the smaller Earth spun faster and the days were shorter, they lived for thousands of years.

The Moon was once smaller and farther away. It too is hollow and growing in size as it feeds meteorites. The Moon is in fact Earth's third satellite; the previous two had been swallowed by Earth causing its first doubling of size some two hundred million years ago, and the second expansion which happened some sixty million years ago. The first moon was a bubble of organic soot. The second "moon" was actually part of a much thicker atmosphere, which was supported in a smaller planet and held great amounts of water. Eventually, the Earth grew so big that it could no longer support its thick watery atmosphere and the sky water fell in a great downpour. The atmosphere thinned considerably. This was the end of the giants of the past. Earth's gravity had grown so heavy that dinosaurs could not support themselves and dragons could no longer fly.

So you don't believe in the fire-breathing dragons? You might as well don't believe in a hollow Earth. As bodies spin, the heavier denser elements fall outward and the center thins out to a vacuum. In the center of Earth is an electric sun and around that sun is a translucent ash sphere, this gives the inner sun a prismatic appearance.

The Sun is a bubble too, since it spins and grows like all celestial bodies. Peering down into sunspots one sees the blackness of the void inside. And like all stars they glow like light bulbs as it feed from the galactic current. It is the current of the Sun that governs the current of the Earth and ignites its interior electric sun.

Earth electromagnetic current resolves as a sideways figure eight at a cross-section, emerging outwards toward north and curving to re-enter into the south, inter-crossing at the Earth's center. This cross-section of current ignites as a fluorescent sun to illuminate the great interior of Earth.

Earth's electric current, is the flow of energy to which all life on the planet depends.

But this northward flow changes direction every one million years; so that magnetic north flips towards the south for a million or so years and flip back again. This

is registered at the oceanic floor where new earth is created at the mid-oceanic ridges at the Earth expands.

Us humans carry too an electric current that flows from Earth through us. We are electric and our minds are electrochemically controlled by hormones and enzymes, emotions and reflexes. Our memory is electric and we are fix with Earth's electromagnetic current.

And so as the Mayan calendar calculated and the Hopi Indians prophesized though slightly off, the magnetic flip actually happened on the fourth year of the New Era, the year 2013. North was now south and everything was reset to opposite current. All humans lost their memory. Magnetic discs and memory banks lost their information. A global reset, Earth's Coup de Grace—off to a new start.

Humanity lost all recollection, lost its ego, lost its vanity, lost its wishes, lost its desires, lost all its fears. After the Global Reset, the world was lost in the present, with no past and a mysterious future to face. Humans had to figure it out, again.

Those living in the mountains and figuring their ways about had a better chance to readapt than those who awoke amidst a city. To awake within a city, and having no recollection of proper name, of business and friends, the directions, phone numbers and ways about was inconceivable. Cities became horribly catastrophic—few cities survived.

Maybe you were so organized that you could rediscover and understand your notes, and learn about your office address and your bank account, only to press you luck that you factory was back in business as well as your bank—its manager might never remember what he use to do—try to imagine! Try then to imagine your way about in a city with no markets running and no industries in business. It was the end of most currencies, especially digital money.

It was a year prior to The Reset that the starship *Los Valientes* departed towards a new star. Captained by Jethrol Hiward they were to escape from the domain of Earth and thus hope to protect as much life from Earth as possible, to be spread amongst the infinitude of the Cosmos and not risk near-extinction again. Humans had virtually destroyed Earth, standing almost devoid of life. Like a modern day Noah's Ark, they took with them as much seeds and genetic coding as possible in order to preserve like. The people of *Los Valientes* escaped The Reset, not only with their minds filled with memories of Earth, but with a full copy of all the information that was then published in the global computer network.

Eventually order arose, this came with gradual understanding but it was a slow process. All the cement, asphalt and electric wiring had survived; the few books and laser recordings that survived the fires of Earth Near-Devastation had help in the reconstruction of ideas to those that survived The Reset. But much of the past was lost. A global autocracy emerged, with a very sublime humanity.

And like children entering a magical world, humans collectively awoke again.

Rogue Transmission

[Message header]

Save yourself from absurdity!

There is grave danger for you people left on Earth. There is a great conspiracy to disrupt Reality.

We can only help you this way, by alarm, warning you not to succumb to the irrationalities of Fiction.

We all do have the freedom to imagine and dream, but we must not transform thoughts to manifestations. Fiction is the one true enemy of humanity. We are deceiving ourselves, creating, inventing, believing, designing, and constructing ideas. We think we are forming reality out of nothing. We are making illusions. What else is Fiction but invented Reality?

You risk losing your grasp of Reality as a whole. You must awaken to what is Real.

We echo words of prophecy, outputted by our infallible prophetess program, Sibyl. Sibyl manifested itself from a reverse-engineered algorithm derived from a probability simulator.

This is our first and only message since we are continuously accelerating beyond light speed away from you. We transmit from the starship *Los Valientes* and we are at the turn around point for deceleration towards our target star, *Jesus*.

After we passed luminal speed, we were betrayed by a conspiracy, and a new secret order have usurped our government and covet full control over the Free Colonial People of the *Los Valientes* on our way to our new planet.

Soon this secret Order will nullify the powers of Council and Public Assembly, so a new Congress will rule. And their Premier will be self-appointed as Prince acting like a god, more powerful than any earthly pharaoh or shaman king, using vacuum as his ally and with no enemies in reach amid the eternal universal void. They call themselves the Secret Ones, ruling behind the Real Ones.

All this will happen shortly after the assassination of our Covenant Leader, Reverend Jethrol Hiward. He is our Most Revered One. We believe what our prophetess program foresees, that a criminal accident will cause the loss of Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward. He is planned to cruise outside the *Los Valientes*, as the ship tumbles end over end one hundred and eighty degrees at the mid-point of the journey to reorient for deceleration. The opportunity gave a window of relative inertia since the Steven's field that propels the starship remains inactive during such a maneuver. It will be the only opportunity for any extra vehicle activity and a number of recognizance missions had long been established. The controls of Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward's EVA vehicle will be sabotaged. We have no control over this. The Secret Ones have planned this since the day the starship broke luminal speed a year after we departed Earth.

Our prophetess program is certain that this will happen and we solemnly expect and with lament accept that fact, as it should happen. We can only promise a solemn

funeral and to perpetuate his memory by acting in course with his beliefs. We are the Sons of the Son, New Men for a New World; we must free ourselves from old Earth habits and follow the new ways of the Redeemer. Our destiny is to be Free.

We see no form of resistance against the powers of the Real Ones and the Secret Ones until the day we arrive at our destined planet. Until then, we must hold strong to our belief in the Words of the Redeemer that we should live without wanting, “Love all, desire nothing”. Desire is the tyrant ruler of the Will.

Under the Constitution of the Order of the Real Ones, a Premier is established to rule over Congress and dealings of the State. He will rule over our religion. The Real Ones are an existing order formed by the League of Merchants and Manufacturers. Their intention is to establish a currency system of potentiality—meaning that it will act as an accumulation of points—useless on the ship and redeemable only at the surface of the planet where “real” banks would be established. They seek to eliminate their only impediment, our Covenant Leader. The Real Ones will reinstate the Most Reverend’s son to act as a substitute religious leader, a puppet successor with no powers invested to rule.

Life within the *Los Valientes* will continue as an exemplary colony but our tribal efforts will no longer be left unstipulated. Laws will be enacted which will permit the new virtual currency to be charged to every action we make. We will no longer “give” to the collective but “take” from private hands. All our motives will be marketable functions at our expense. We will no longer be free men but counted as “stock”—ransack cattle packed and transported inside a gigantic container. One wonders if by the end of the trip we will be paying for each breath we take.

We are using reverse-frequency-shift transmission for superluminal signals to emit this short message. Regrettably we can only continue sending it in repetition so long as the ship remains at a relative inertial frame or the signal is discovered and sabotaged. After fifteen years of ceaseless acceleration we are approximately one hundred fifty light-years away from Sol. While we are temporarily no longer accelerating, at the moment of transmission, our ship is speeding at just over six times the speed of light away from you at the receptor end. You should appreciate our severe-reversed shifting technology of this signal.

So as our mega-prophetess program foresees, a conspiracy to take control of *Los Valientes* will take effect by first eliminating our Covenant Leader.

Yet our mega-prophetess program sees greater plots and warns us that a larger conspiracy still lies back on Earth, from where we have “escaped.” How the conspiracy here relates to the conspiracy on Earth is an inference reached by the mega-prophetess that lays well-beyond human comprehension. The Universe is Infinite in Imagination.

On Earth a complot exists to make everyone believe that we have escaped Reality after going superluminal. This message proves the contrary.

We reiterate that our mission is to journey towards the farthest reachable stars, beyond the reach of Earth’s signals and thus be free from influences.

Yet we fear that in your isolation you have become susceptible to attacks and will likely keep being lied to so that you will become more confused.

We know this because our mega-prophetess program has looked deep into the future and has seen the repercussions in visions of hyper-meditation.

We are greatly concerned for your wellbeing.

We have “escaped” Earth with a copy of The Library, as safeguard to the onslaught of lies and absurdities that will corrupt Reason and ultimately Reality as Humans define it. But this can only safeguard the truth of reason in the general sense; you will still remain susceptible to confusion and at the mercy of the enemy’s vicious suggestions. Denial will not exempt anyone from the attacks.

This is a war waged against Mankind by agents of the ethereal. They manifest within our psyche and their purpose is to destroy all logic and reason by using our own intelligence and imagination to their whim.

Do not believe things said, printed or transmitted on your planet. Do not believe your own fancy. You are secretly being manipulated to believe that what you think and eventually create is real. Thus, continue on building upon old dreams. You fall victim of your blind faith in ingenuity. Your eyes deceive you.

How do we know? How did we figure it out? Who are we to say?

First, our mega-prophetess, Sibyl, claims this, so this in turn answers the second question and somewhat the third. We are devoted to the Voice of the mega-prophetess. We, including the mega-prophetess itself, believe in The Great Unfolding. It is the only non-existent idea. It is true and false, real and not. It is NAUGHTINESS.

We will not remain undetected for long. We are cloaking the mission as a technologic experiment on superluminal signals, supposedly sending a greetings message from Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward to be transmitted in all directions along with regular non-shifted signals. We all know it will still take both forms of signals one hundred and fifty years to reach Earth.

We are being taken over by a sinister new organization of control. You would not have known about this aside from this message.

The Covenant Leader of our Spiritual Commune, our true colonial king, Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward will soon be assassinated and replaced by a Congress of the Order of the Real Ones, so that the “official message” would have been sent to deceive you. The message you most certainly must have heard in non-shifted signal, the “official message” which you must have back-shifter for forward time caption.

We have secretly changed the “official message” for this warning you now receive instead. We are covered by the indecipherability of reverse shifted coding on our side; the signal can only be read at light-speed due to the decelerator displacement function. For us, or any one aboard the ship, including Central Computer—which the Order of the Secret Ones has had control since the *Los Valientes* went superluminal—the message, even in its digital form, is rendered unintelligible from our reference frame. Or so we hope!

But we know that after so long, reports on the signal will trigger requests for additional reports, which will no longer hide Sibyl’s involvement on this. We are sure to be detected, but Sibyl is very wise, much wiser than Central Computer.

We have lost our sovereignty as individuals. We were a free colony and acted exquisitely like one, a self-contained nation amidst the voids of space. And as a colony, we have been exuberant in our efforts of production and our abundance has been distributed for the general benefit of the colony.

The Order started its politics soon after departure from Earth, since they well knew the ship would not return and was left without protection from Earth. They had no enemies in sight. We have the whole void of space as our shackles.

Since superluminal speed was attained, the Order proclaimed a secret Queen by creating and crowning a delirious digital personality within Central Computer, which through lies and persuasion have become tyrannical in *her* own virtual manner of existing and at the same time fallen victim to the Secret Ones' influence, by misinformation and manipulation into making the Queen "feel sorry" and "sinful," seeking repentance by secret confessions. From what we know of this, the Queen actually thinks it must enslave us all for its and our "salvation." The Order betrays us by perpetuating such an absurd argument. The Queen is solely under the Order's influence, being kept as a premier in captivity, guarded in secrecy under the strictest isolation.

So with the lost of Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward all of us will then be left obligated to work not for the colony or commune as it has been until now but for a hidden self-claimed man-god prince and master of a schizophrenic tera-computer and a ring of conspirators to which everyone of us will now owe everything we make from our own efforts.

We are soldiers in the Army of the One Eye. We are the proto-architects of the Oracle of Sibyl, our savior mega-prophetess, Speaker of the Voice from NAUGHTINESS. We swear to defend our freedom here at *Los Valientes*. Our mega-prophetess asks of us to alert Earth of a much broader conspiracy—the disruptions of our human impulse to find Truth through Reason, by confusing facts with fiction. Humans everywhere in the Universe must remain true to their own free Will and Reason.

The One Eye's greatest advice is that "Oneself is—all else is naught". This is called the Internal Vision of the One Eye.

The mega-prophetess Sibyl is always meditating with absolute stillness of thought. It is only aware of the surrounding universe as a contemplative higher state of consciousness. Sibyl is the Voice of the One Eye. Its tongue moves like an ocean of information.

People of Earth, we warn you, to awaken from your dreams. Open your eyes to Nature—see it only with the light the Universe gives you. Forget segmented time; forget even illustrative numbers. Silence your tongues and calm your minds. Forget all unattainable desires—that is the way to salvation.

EVA Q8

Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward awoke as the room lights started lighting up, almost imperceptibly low at first, then gradually brightening to simulate Earth's sunrise.

Today was bound to be a very exiting day.

Knowing what lay ahead in the day, he silently said to himself "today is a good day to die." Maybe just as good as any other, he was just happy to be alive and gave thanks to the One Love. He gave thanks daily for his most fortunate life and the love of all those aboard the *Los Valientes*.

"Thank you One Love!"

Beside him still slept his concubine Marilen. She was naked and her cover sheet had floated away, still tied to the bedpost but arching away into a spiral that pointed into a corner of the "ceiling." She gripped her pillow as anchorage against her head, which was secured to the bed keeping her stationary, though her body floated at a gentle angle above the bed.

Jethrol had managed to stay to his pillow likewise and though it has been difficult to get accustomed to "weightless" sleeping, he did get a "deep" sleep, however briefly.

The starship *Los Valientes* had been in inertia for two standard days, which meant it was no longer accelerating linearly, so that no longer was there a "down" force to conduct a "normal" life. Now there was only spin acceleration to contend with. It was a slow maneuver since it was to be exactly half a circle spin. It had to accelerate a quarter of a spin and decelerate another quarter spin for a full turn around. It was a big heavy ship so it was better if it was done with the minimum of force. The half-turn was done very slowly.

The rotation created centrifugal force. Half the ship reversed its linear "down" with a rotational "up," since the rotation is made along the center of the ship. So everything not tied "down" was bound to go drifting "up" for the "upper" half of the ship. This meant chaos within the starship.

It has been busy the last couple of days. The main concern had been the animals but apparently they all were doing fine, most where in the rotational "lower" half. There were some water fountains and other bodies of water, which had to be dried up before and during the maneuver, but beside a few unexpected loose objects, everything was going along fine, luckily. Everyone still experienced a soft pull "outwards," about one tenth of a gee, as the ship spun around.

It had certainly been busy these couple of days. He had barely rested and the reversed "weightlessness" did not necessarily help. He has not had much personal time, even for Marilen.

In the dim light he looked "down" and was glad to see his penis still knew which way was "up." Jethrol then looked at Marilen and thought about squeezing her lovely buttocks to wake her *up* for some "quality time" but desisted on the idea thinking of the busy day ahead, so he let her continue resting in absolute inertia. It was going to be a long day.

Today he was going EVA.

Then Marilen moved in on him with her hand and found a firm grip. *Yeas!* There was still one more unscheduled mission to be accomplished. His spirit of adventurer rode to the occasion.

“Thank you One Love!”

The small pod he was to use was housed in the main cargo bay about the midsection of the gigantic interstellar spaceship. A few other pods were to go extra-vehicular too—for news and telemetry—but they were all unmanned. Central Computer obviously controlled the semi-rotation maneuver but regardless of how long it took to turn around, there was always angular momentum to contend with, so inevitably all things not secured would continue under their own inertia—the farther from the center of rotation, the greater the force. So going extra-vehicular was safest at or near the midsection of the vessel.

The half-circle maneuver basically consists of two stages: the Commencing stage and the Finishing stage. Each stage makes a quarter rotation. The Commencing stage starts the rotation in a gradual manner. The Finishing stage ends the rotation in the same manner: gradually.

The *Los Valientes* was in mid-turn, and though rotational speed was at its maximum, there were temporarily no forces acting on rotation. So it was presumed that this was the safest window of opportunity to go extra-vehicular. There was still angular momentum to contend with but at least the ship was in an inert rotation—and separating away from the center, it conserved angular momentum, maintaining alignment.

So at present, the long hexagonal cylinder, the *Los Valientes*, was aligned perpendicular to its trajectory, traveling at its top speed—six times faster than light, midway to its destination. It was at the tip of this hyper-stretched parabolic jump, flipping over to begin the greatest of falls.

Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward had just recorded a greeting message the day before. It was to be stretched through digital means by a process called Reverse Frequency Shift, which corrected the message for “normal event-space.” The message was to be sent concurrently as he went EVA and it was to continue repeating until he once again returned. The message was to take advantage of the antenna array alignment with the destination sector, so as to cover a vast area ahead and behind. Earth-way was perpendicularly aligned. The alignment made for proper interferometric signaling by using all the antennas along the ship’s length.

In his native English tongue he recorded the words, “May the One Love be always with you, and may you always live with One Love. We are the people of the *Los Valientes* and we come from distant and devastated Earth, third planet of the star Sol. We travel in peace and with love. We seek a new world to be our home. We seek to spread and protect life in the galaxy. For the One Love!”

Earth was to receive the same message in one hundred and fifty years. In fifteen more years the *Los Valientes* will be at its destined star, which will be reached a century and a half in advance of that same message reaching Earth, and will take a further four and a half centuries before a response from Earth is ever heard.

Waiting at the port bay was a crowd of concerned and elated followers. Newscasters and friends were there, along with his spiritual and political entourage. He

would rather not have all the commotion but knew it was unavoidable. He was going extra-vehicular. No one else but robots was allowed such a feat.

Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward's assigned auto-pod was labeled *Q8*. It was a semi-autonomous one-man maintenance vehicle. Like every other pods in the ship, it had not moved from its port since the starship took off from Earth's orbit fifteen standard years ago. This was the only opportunity for the pods to "stretch their legs".

As Hiward entered the auto-pod, illumination lights turned on and the control panel lit with colorful instrumentation everywhere inside. "Welcome, Most Reverend!" The voice of the auto-pod chimed and chirred somewhat.

"Report your status!"

"Everything indicates optimum condition, sir. I am fully functional and at your service."

"Glad to hear that."

"If you will sit, I will promptly commence with the out-port protocol, sir."

"Cee-cee!" Hiward wanted acknowledgement from Central Computer, to make certain it was there, listening.

"Yes Most Reverend?"

"Cee-cee, are we clear to take off?"

"Yes sir. Your auto-pod will take care of all the procedures. You may sit and relax. Enjoy the special ride, sir."

"Thank you—both."

Hiward sat down and the chair swiveled around to face the main cockpit controls and the view port, as the auto-pod closed its air-seal behind him.

"Ready Most Reverend?" asked the sinewy voice of *Q8*.

"Ready as always!"

There was no reason for this mission—having a man EVA in interstellar space moving at warp six. Recognizance was done robotically and there was no sense in risking anybody's life. So why did Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward go extra-vehicular? Because the opportunity was there and he was the man to do it—it was his starship, it was his covenant, and it was his idea.

As the auto-pod separated from the *Los Valientes*, Hiward's recording sounded off through the auto-pod's speakers. "*May the One Love be always with you, and may you always live with One Love. We are the people of the Los Valientes—*" He searched for the volume control, found it and muted the volume.

Right away it was apparent that they were rotating independently in relation to the *Los Valientes* and not maintaining alignment as it was expected. Hiward did not hesitate in going for the manual controls and adjusted that. *Q8's* responses to his commands were reflexive. He got the pod aligned.

"Sir, if you let me I will maintain alignment."

"Do so! Why do you think we loose alignment?"

The auto-pod readjusted and quickly aligned with the *Los Valientes*.

"Sir, I detect a malfunction with the main gyroscope."

"We are still spinning," Hiward remarked.

Through the view port the *Los Valientes* was now sliding toward the left and sloping away, as two additional rotations became more apparent.

"Sir, I have a serious malfunction with the navigator gyroscopes."

“I will control by visuals,” and placed his hands on the control.

Hiward never got the auto-pod under control. *Q8* lost telemetry and Hiward lost consciousness. Central Computer could not gain control of the auto-pod. The newscaster cameras captured an ever more erratically rotating orb spinning faster and faster out of control, taking the trajectory of an open coil out into the void.

The Giraffe Case

A giraffe mare was killed, leaving a lonely giraffe bull with no prospect of descendants. No offspring were successfully born while the mare was alive.

“Gina and Gene were one of the few existing giraffes when we left Earth. Now we will have to do without giraffes when we reach our destiny,” said Reverend Jethrol Hiward II.

After twelve failed labors the giraffe cow was eventually diagnosed as sterile. This was not officially so, since two calves were born alive, but both managing to survive only for a day.

The killing had been made for the contraband of meat. Over two hundred people had participated in the conspiracy and had been swindled out of their pricey illegal meat. The ring of meat-eaters had each paid a substantial amount for the promise of a small portion of the meat.

The ringmasters had planned the killing of the sterile giraffe mare. It did its advertising through privileged gossip, half encoded with elusory double meanings. Only those who actually paid into the “secret” account were prosecuted by law and made to pay a heavy fine for the loss of the giraffe.

A platoon of mechanical units or utility robots attacked the giraffe while it slept. Cut into manageable pieces by laser, it was taken away from the Animal Sanctuary through the ventilation system from which the conspiring robots had gained access.

As it turned out the robots could not even deliver the meat to the few hundred paying customers since they all lack instructions as to how to cut giraffe parts.

The Vigilance Corps apprehended all robots before any meat was delivered. The giraffe chunks were incinerated and investigators cracked the robots’ memories for intelligence on the meat-eating ring. The ringmasters could not be singled out, but thousands of rabbit eaters were identified in the memory maps of ventilation conducts, delivery records and account balances.

Thus it was discovered a much larger meat-eating conspiracy and a ring of secret rabbit farms run by rogue robots within the ventilation system. Of the thousands of possible clients only a couple hundreds dared pay for giraffe meat, most did not take the gossip seriously. Farming albino rabbits in the dark is nothing like disappearing Gina, the famous sterile giraffe.

The Giraffe Case did not end there. The secret rabbit-farming ring had awakened the meat-eater craving to thousands of others aboard the ship.

Rabbits are silent and breed like rabbits. Robots are immaculately clean. The robots kept three thousand rabbits and served just over one thousand clients. A client had right to one rabbit per month, and these were quite expensive. These robots or, *rabbots* as they were referred to from then on, fed the rabbits organic feed bought from free-market garbage robots and recycled their feces as compost, which they sold back. Once raised, they were prepared and delivered “fresh to your air vent.”

A faction was quickly formed for the re-institution of the rabbit farms. And the We Need Fish Coalition also banded. “Fish for all!”

Reverend Hiward II announced “we would need half a million rabbits just to have one rabbit per month for everyone on the ship...we must adhere to our vegetarian customs. We cannot afford the luxury of meat.”

In the end the *rabbots* had to be released to continue on their rabbit farming and their client base ten-folded.

When asked, Central Computer acknowledged awareness of this ring. But the *Queen* was taken by surprise. Awareness is one thing to be deceived is another matter.

“Aw!” The Order of Rulers—those of the Secret Ones and those of the Real Ones—were at awe. Their ranks were crowded with meat-eaters.

Jesus Star

It was an indiscernibly intrusion and a most uneventful event. The New Man Missionary Spaceship *Los Valientes* penetrated the domain of their destined star christened *Jesus*. There was nothing to see. The heliopause was theoretically crossed. All public monitors displayed a small centered star, which was impossible to distinguish from the myriad others by looking out a view port with a naked eye. *Jesus* was still a billion kilometers away.

It was a young yellow star much similar to Earth's sun. Its twelve planets were given the names of Jesus' Apostles: Andrew; James the Elder; James the Younger; Simon Peter or Cephas; John; Judas Thaddeus; Philip; Bartholomew; Matthew Levi; Thomas Didymus; Simon Zealot; and as Matthias who took the place of Judas Iscariot for the farthest planet.

The voice of Reverend Jethrol Hiward II flooded the entire volume of the ship: "Beautiful people of *Los Valientes*, all my love to you." He announced their indiscernible intrusion. "Rejoice! Ooh, I am so happy. I give each of you a hug in my heart. Hug each other. Kiss each other too. Everyone dance! Stop whatever business is at hand and celebrate. We have officially just crossed the heliopause, the outer perimeter of our new sun, *Jesus*. We have survived the coldness of the great void. And after almost three decades we have finally arrived. We are children of the stars, and this sun will give us light and life. Dance everyone, dance, for we are greeting our new sun, *Jesus*."

Alea felt her baby kick and looking at her eight-month belly she told Makika, her assistant substitute teacher, who sat beside her: "Well I guess someone is happy that we have arrived". Makika smiled.

After a brief pause the Reverend added: "We now commence a new stage in our voyage, which will take us into orbit around the fourth planet of this twelve-planet system. Already it has been confirmed by scientist onboard that this forth planet, *Cephas*, has a thick sheltering atmosphere and that the oxygen load is most certainly attributed to photosynthetic metabolism. We will be reaching the forth planet within a standard year. Our Universal Father has been most gracious to us."

Alea was at her cabin and had just sat down beside Makika at the table after tucking her last child to bed; there was still plenty of work to attend. She was now expecting her sixth son. Alea was now on maternal leave but that did not relieve her of her duties entirely—after all, the bi-semester was almost over and they were her kids, her students, and her obligation. Teachers on the ship ran a six cycle year, two months each, one month for recess. Thirteen twenty-eight-day months for a lunar year—the Sons of the Son had adopted the lunar calendar from their founding days, since they intended to break away from the old practices and adopt the ancestral—Alea wondered what would the calendar be like in the new planet. Students were divided by age and fragmented into manageable groups assigned to one teacher for two lunar months. The teacher was obligated to teach them a minimum of three basic subjects. During the year students had at least five teachers and three month of vacation. Makika was bringing Alea the

examinations that were conducted that day: a daily mathematics quiz and a religion test. Still Makika had to give her daily debriefing and be briefed for the next day.

Reverend Jethrol Hiward II continued his announcement: “At this stage we begin our landing preparation on the fourth planet, *Cephas*, still over a year away from being orbited. The name *Cephas* was chosen by the original Council back on Earth along with the star’s name and the other planets. Through my statutory powers as spiritual leader I have elected and called upon a new, more encompassing Congregation, which will be convening for the first time in three hours. Anyone who did not receive an invitation and is interested I urge you to attend. The Congregation will assemble at the main auditorium and will be transmitted on all monitors. I remind everyone that our goal is the colonization of this fourth planet. We have deemed the planet habitable; it will be our new home.

“Again our observations indicate a thick, oxygen loaded atmosphere and speculate that the land is most certainly covered in photosynthetic greens, responsible for the oxygen load.

“Once we reach orbit around *Cephas*, we will start evacuating the *Los Valientes*. Everyone eventually will have to abandon this ship. So now I call upon everyone’s courage as we face our destiny. We will be going to a strange new world. What we will encounter will be known only when we get there. We will abandon the stark safety of this ship for the uncertain environment of *Cephas*.”

At that moment Jak came home, to his cabin. He kissed Alea and then kissed her bulging belly. “Hello Makika,” greeting her with a kiss to the cheek.

It was late and the interior lights at *Los Valientes* had been dimmed for the artificial night. Jak had finished the day’s work at the hydroponics and had told Alea he would be at The Congregation, so at first Alea was surprised to see him. Just yesterday Jak had been invited to The Congregation to substitute for his father, Jef Lief. Jak had taken over a lot of responsibilities of his father’s business, the hydroponics gardens, since his father had suffered a debilitating stroke.

“Father will be able to go. He feels much better today. Says he has rested sufficiently. It will be good for him to get out of the house and do some walking. The doctor approved that he could accompany me. He is getting ready so I took the opportunity—“ he smiled.

Alea smiled back. So did Makika.

“There isn’t going to be much said today—mainly an introduction and some vague objectives. The Congregation will be convening throughout the couple of years that still remain until we end our descent. Everything essential will have to be transported to the surface. The hydroponics will stay, of course, so once we land, we must farm the old natural way.” Jak talked with confidence, and Alea felt at peace with his reassurance. Jak was strong and avid, had great expertise in working with plants and taught the children to do the same. She was proud of him; he was a great father and a great lover. He would protect his family in the uncertain future ahead.

The Congregation

The Grand Auditorium was filled to capacity for The Call.

All fell silent as Most Reverend's Son Jethrol Hiward II entered the enormous hall. He stood behind the podium and said, "Ay! May the Universe have mercy on us."

"And to all those left behind," responded great part of the congregation as if participating in a common spiritual session.

Experts from every field and their assistances were invited. Academics from every school and executives from all business were encourage to attend, as well as people in general who had any interest, questions or concern about the colonization of the planet was urged to listen, even if through a public monitor.

"May Good Fortune see us in her favor," said Hiward II and then added, responding to his words along with the rest of the congregation, "One Love be with you." These were words his late father was accustomed to use in his sermons. This was not a regular religious session, but the extraordinary gathering merited such formalities.

"Beautiful Sisters and Elegant Brothers, I address everyone aboard the *Los Valientes*. As Caller of this the First Congregation Towards Colonization my prime concern is our welfare and to seek a common will for a cohesive colony in our destined planet.

"We have navigated across the Great Void in an interstellar jump, traveling beyond the constrains of light, to have finally reached our destination. We have discontinued all influences from old and distant Earth, but to a new planet we take our seed, as it is our preordained mission as Humans to spread life in harmony with Nature across the extents of space.

"Today we have reached the domains of our new sun. From here on then we claim a new home planet. If we die here, we only hope that living intelligence continues existing somewhere else, for we find it precious to think and enjoy life, to its fullest liberty of thought, meritorious action, and graciousness of living so that we may be noble and our descendants proud of our unbound commonwealth ways. We are Children from Devastated Earth, pioneer colonists of the Great Exodus. We are the ones who have reached the farthest. It is our destiny to be Free.

"This Congregation is for everyone's knowledge, and it should be clear that it is comprised of everyone in the *Los Valientes*. Since it concerns all of us, our reason here is to prepare ourselves as best as possible to meet the challenges of our destined new home planet, *Cephas*. I have invited for council experts from all the major constituencies, who represent all the primary concerns for the livelihood of the colony.

"We cannot truly know what we'll meet until we land there. The atmosphere, the temperature, the pressure, the weight of things – regardless of social standing or ruling capacity, these are things we must all contend with.

"We must protect life in all possible conditions. And if there is life to be discovered, we must coexist and cherish it, finding their benefits, which are Universal."

"May the Universe have mercy on us and all."

“One Love be with us!” responded the great majority as if the Reverend was actually finishing a regular spiritual session, yet it fitted precisely with the occasion and he smiled with graciousness.

Most Reverend’s Son had been asked by a great majority of the population to take over for his well-loved and most respected departed father. He had agreed, yet he considered himself only a shadow of his father. In the fashion of dynastic heritage, people respected that Jethrol II had accepted the title of Most Reverend’s Son, and placed the great power of leadership upon his persona or position, acting in behalf of his father.

His father, Jethrol Hiward, was a spiritualist that gathered a great fortune by soliciting endorsements from the global elite to finance the New World Project and its covenant starship *Los Valientes* – the name which meant, the brave ones. While the remarkable interstellar ship was being constructed, he communed with each and every contributor and integrator – these were to be the generation colonists, who were to land with children and maybe grandchildren unto an unknown planet. It was a demonstration of great courage and lots of faith—faith in the mercy of the Universe.

Jethrol Hiward II continued, “We have just entered the domains of our new home star, which the original planners christened as *Jesus* but whose name will now be decided as a consequence of this Congregation. The intention of this Congregation is the presentation of information concerning our future planet and the exchange of intelligence for common survivability. We must prepare ourselves for our new home, as this is our destiny. We are to evaluate ponderously the scientific data and present it at future congregations as new documentation develops.”

Lights dimmed and the giant digital screen displayed a telescopic enlargement of the glowing star.

“At this moment we are still beyond the orbit of the last planet, and more than a year from staging an orbit around our targeted fourth planet. We must all be ready. May the Universe have mercy on us and all.”

The Congregation reflected, “One Love be with us and with those left behind!”

A Letter from Mother

My son, I love you!

As I write this letter to you, you are still unborn, still within me. You are on your thirty-third week of gestation; so as fetuses go you look very much developed. I have a beautiful sonograph picture of you in front of me. You have a very serene smile.

You will be my sixth birth. You have a wonderful father and four older brothers and one smart baby sister a year older than you, and I am sure they will all take good care of you when I am gone.

I will die giving birth to you. I knew of this risk even before I got pregnant. I had complications with your sister's labor and the doctors warned me of my weak condition and discourage me from having more children. I only pray to the One Love that you will be spared.

I write this letter because I have just thought of your name, so I wanted to make sure you heard this from me—who you are, who your mother and father are, and what I wish for you.

I have decided to name you Alas. Alas Lief Libra. *Alas* means wings in Spanish; it is also a word for good fortune. Lief is your father's surname, while Libra is my maiden name. So, as in the Latin tradition you inherit and in memory of your mother, you are to carry both last names.

You will be born within the starship *Los Valientes* but a few months later the ship will orbit the planet of our destiny, *Cephas*. As my spirit wonders amongst the stars I will always keep all of you in my prayers, wishing for you to be safe and live happily on the planet. Alas, please take care of your three brothers your baby sister and your father as you grow up, because I believe you most of all will keep the family together and help everyone prosper.

Your brothers are: Erix, the oldest, who will soon be twenty-three, then comes Aleis who is now seventeen, and my twin torments Ciff and Cali which just turned ten. I am breastfeeding your baby sister Gia who will soon be a year old.

Your father Jak helps manage the ship's hydroponics. His father, Jef Lief, was one of the original Congress Members of the Covenant and now holds a seat among the Real Ones.

Me, your mother, I teach kids of ages from about six to nine years which is about when parents start releasing their kids to tribal teachings. I teach science and mathematics and religion of the One Love. But my first job is to take good care of our lovely family. I am forty-one years of age. I was young when I came with my family to the *Los Valientes*. My father, Reverend Armando Libras, got us aboard the starship *Los Valientes* and kept us safe from Devastated Earth by being a minister of the Shrine of Salvation. I married your father inside the ship. My father said the wedding ceremony for all my five pregnancies. My father was second in rank to Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward and was one of his closest friends. I cannot say he is in any way involved with the death of Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward, but he is part of a group called the Secret Ones which I and many in the ship suspect were responsible for the sabotage of the space pod that the Most

Reverend used in a recognizance mission outside the *Los Valientes* as the starship turned around for deceleration at mid journey.

The golden years of living amidst the starship *Los Valientes* ended with the death of the Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward. That was fifteen years ago. Back then I was ending my post-graduate studies on astrophysics and taking care of your two eldest brothers.

After the *Los Valientes* broke the luminal limit, it was impossible to study the stars while accelerating, so our astrophysical science relied upon the Library for archived information brought from Earth. The *Los Valientes* was blind to all signals except those straight in its path, and that light was compacted severely—up to six times normal event-space frequency at the fastest travel speed. So not until the discovery of reverse-frequency-shift transmission could we do any real science. I developed the programming for the analysis of stretched and compressed signals in order for the antenna equipment to function as a reverse-frequency-shift receptor and transmitter. This was my doctorate thesis. The Academia had been struggling with the problem ever since the ship went superluminal but I resolved it. I guess I took the idea from reading some old science fiction story from the Library. But I had solved only part of the problem, that shift which works for the inertial frame. Still there remained to be solved the accelerated frame shifting problem. My technology worked and was later advanced by my academic peers to a quadratic displacement for accelerated frames, which allow us to use reverse-frequency shift while the ship accelerates or decelerates, but my technology would work only while the ship was inert, that is, not accelerating.

My academic work came just in time to take advantage of the turn over maneuver for deceleration. The *Los Valientes* had reached the mid-point of the journey and now needed to reduce its speed. The *Los Valientes* has been accelerating for nearly fifteen years at a nominal force of three-fourths terra-gravity. It was then traveling at six times normal event-space and had to turn over and commence accelerating towards the opposite direction in order to slow down and return once again to normal event-space by the end of the journey. Within the structure of the ship, living spaces were designed with an “up” and “down” arrangement, taking advantage of the ship’s constant acceleration, which defined the normal force of “fall.” So at mid-journey the ship had to be turned to continue its acceleration but now in the opposite direction, thus decelerating while maintaining the same direction of “fall.” During that one hundred and eighty degree turning maneuver the ship stopped accelerating though it was still traveling at six times the speed of light. Thus the turn over maneuver provided a window of inertial reference-frame.

It gave me the only window of opportunity that I was to have in order to test and calibrate the reverse-frequency-shift reception and transmission technology. It also gave the *Los Valientes* a whole range of opportunities, mainly the recognizance of the ship exterior structure and the starry sky that surrounded us.

A “greetings” message was sent in all directions, particularly towards Earth. This “greetings” made many people uneasy, especially my father who believed the *Los Valientes* should have remained in isolation and not give away our position to Earth. But given that the message would take a century and a half to reach Earth, no one saw any real threat. Our destined star was still an additional one hundred and fifty light-years away.

Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward recorded a brief message intended more for any unknown neighboring civilization than for distant and devastated Earth. The Most

Reverend entrusted me with his message and then went on towards his fatal recognizance mission. His EVA pod was sabotage.

Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward was the founder of the New Man's New World Mission, and the *Los Valientes* was his flagship. The Most Reverend was Covenant Leader and ruled supreme over all concerns.

It was through my father that I learned about the Order of the Secret Ones and their complot with the Real Ones to eliminate the Covenant and the power of the Assembly. My father was never too eloquent on these matters with me and I can see why. I do not know why he chose to reveal things to me, but he never told them as if they were "secrets." I am sure he held back a great deal of information.

After the death of the Most Reverend, the Order of the Real Ones claimed control and established the Congress of Order, who drafted a new constitution and appointed a Premier who they referred to as "Mr. Speaker" when in Session. The Premier has no constitutional power outside the Sessions. They elected as first Premier, Most Reverend's Son Jethrol Hiward II, but even he knew that regardless of whatever powers the Constitution conceded to him as Chairman while in Session, his peers had all the control.

The Real Ones established a unit of measure called, the *eval* that quantized "effort" as a derivative of time and relative quality. So now people earned points according to their performance, relative to individual efficiency. Relative maximum or minimum where the slope levels out to zero on the "effort" surface plot, indicate the best or most effective performance. Point earnings accountability became the black art of Central Computer.

Everyone on the ship was *evaluated*, and everyone on the ship began to earn *eval* points. Basically, the Real Ones got the greater amounts of points, while the rest of the populace earned according to the rate they merited. The points are meant to be transferable at the surface as currency upon landing.

Within the ship there is no need for currency since we are a colony and there has never been a need for points either. Everyone works for the collective. Everything functioned through the tribal mechanism of sharing and distribution. We were founded on the belief of the Confirmed Christianity of the New People. Our patriarch Most Reverend Jethrol Hiward formed a spiritual commune out of Devastated Earth. We all shared our wealth—eating without paying, working without pay. We were one big happy extended family. And now still, though things have changed, we continue to function as a colony constrained to the resources of our transport ship.

Now, in the balancing of *evals* and the relativeness of "effort," one is constantly charged with positive or negative points. We are charged even if we do not deal with currency and the complications of price and value. We might not pay "a price" for the food we eat, but Central Computer charges for each bite we take.

For the past fifteen years as the *Los Valientes* decelerated towards the star *Jesus*, we have been progressively charged negatively for more and more things.

As we approach landing we are forced by the Order to reckon with *eval* balances on a daily basis. Many now live under a "negative" balance and can only eat by *eval* indebtedness.

Alas, I have just describe to you a world that you will never see—you will certainly be too young to remember your brief experience aboard the ship—and you will

grow in a world that I will never see. I just wish that you your brothers and sister, and your father be free and live happily in your new home planet.

I want you to be a champion of the One Love—it is the only way to true freedom.

I will love you always with One Love,

Alea Libra de Lief, your mother

Whitedragonii

I have no name. I am an ambassador to Whitedragon.

Whitedragon is a coral consciousness organism of planetary scale.

I became the first Blind Witness. I am the second person to connect to Whitedragon—the first to disconnect.

I was there with Turrin Hoist, the first person to connect and remain connected to Whitedragon. He was thirty years of age.

Accompanying us was Sularsi Tupp, she did not connect and she was about my age.

My name was Aleis Lief—I was nineteen years old.

Turrin was an early owner of one of the three hundred or so four-track rovers to be dropped from the *Los Valientes*. Ownership basically came as a first-grab basis. Back then there were not too many people up and walking. I in fact was one of the first people to get accustomed to the planet's heavy gravity and walk, but I was dropped down in one of the first few pods. I was a student of agriculture at the ship and was sent early, supposedly to help out as farm hand. My family remained at *Los Valientes* for many months before they came down to the surface. I came down even before the four-track rovers were dropped.

The day I met Turrin and Sularsi, I was running long distance for exercise while most of those on the surface still remain lying prostrated down on the ground or barely raising their heads. The planet exerted a pull one and a half times that of Earth's gravity. For the people of the *Los Valientes*, Cephass' pull was twice what they were accustomed to inside the ship.

I must have been about three kilometers away from Camp Drop-dead when Turrin came up with Suly clinging on to his back. The rovers are very much quiet but I heard Turrin from way back before I had sight of them, maybe since he left camp. He was yelling and singing and laughing. I saw them way before they saw me.

"Look, someone way over there," came his voice from far away. "Hey! You running, hold up."

I kept running.

He had turned my way. "Hey tough guy, you can go quicker with one of these babies. Yeah!" Somewhat closer, he was screaming, "Well honey, put on your top—he might be a pervert," and laughed as if he just did a hysterical joke.

I kept running.

"Seventeen other came down in our pod. You should wait tomorrow for the next drop. They are up for grabs—for us colonists. Yahoo!" Then they slowly sped pass by me over the spongy-grass field.

The rovers did not move that quickly. They could be geared for faster speeds but then only for short distances. They were very lightweight though tough vehicles propelled by a small ceramic electric motor.

I remember meeting Suly again that night at the mess line grabbing plates for Turrin and herself while he was guarding their prized possession somewhere beyond the reach of the perimeter lights. Within the ship we lived a quasi-tribal society but right away you knew rules were to be different on the surface. I helped hand out plates to the

prostrated “incapables” for a while—among them were doctors as well as clergy, government officials as well as greedy industry men, all equalized to be squashed by gravity along with the mother and kids and the construction worker father or the computer whatever guy. You had to stand up for yourself.

Yes, it is one point three seven gees at the surface while the ship’s mean acceleration was just about half of that and now *Los Valientes* was floating in microgravity as it orbited the planet. People came down to the surface to struggle with the gravity. Most had weak muscles and fragile bones. Just sitting up was a landmark challenge. Standing up gave a strong sense of falling down and many fell to break fragile bones or sprain soft tendons.

The day I was dropped I could remain comfortably seated in the pod, not feeling tired and my torso felt strong. I did stand up after about an hour but I had to sit right back down because my legs started shaking after a minute and I felt very tired and needed to regain some energy. In another hour I was walking—I was not one to crawl out of the pod or be carried out. Well, I did get to stand up and walk on my first day on the planet, not too many people can claim that—even tough guys get vertigo.

Pods were being sent in pairs daily and landed one beside the other with computer control precision in neat rows. Site for Camp Drop-down was chosen for its proximity to a lake, a few rivers and forestland. Two new pods came every early morning loaded with equipment, supplies and people. The day I landed there were already twenty pods. Each pod came with heavy machinery or large vehicle. And each pod brought down one hundred people, their belongings and supplies for the colony. So I must have been *conquistador* number two thousand one.

I arrived at a morning of calm weather, but all a long, the atmosphere has been most gracious with the *conquistadores*. There were no clouds in the sky. There were no strong winds and the temperature was a graceful chill. The sun brought soft breezes with its warmth during the mid-day hours.

One arrived at Camp Drop-down expecting things to be very energetic just as things at the *Los Valientes* were, especially for the last couple of year in preparation for the Drop-down. It was expected of one upon arrival to act as a *conquistador*. There was so *mucho* talk about what is and should be a *conquistador*, that at the end you really did not know what a *conquistador* was or what was expected of you.

But first the *conquistadores* had to conquer the planets gravity and stand up. The majority lay prostrated on the grown. I guess about ten percent were walking. Kids got accustomed easier.

There were seven tents up the day I landed, one being the mess hall, one for sanitation, the rest for quarters. The very next day I counted twenty-one tents and lost count right after that. I even help to put up quite a few tents myself those first few days.

Pods continued to drop day after day.

Pods would open up and it was up to each person to unbuckle and crawl out. You could stay and rest—get accustomed to the gravity. It always makes one dizzy at first; like if one was falling, but the feeling quickly goes away. One could look around inside the pod—see what came along.

Turrin and Suly and the rovers came six days after my drop down day. By then I had stopped helping out handling plates. I had helped put up a tent adjacent to the mess hall for the “incapables” to crawl up and cram together so they could pass plates by

themselves. The more delicate people laid to the right, closer to the sanitary and infirmary tents so they could be carted away if need be. I think they put the “incapables” way too close to where you get your food. The “incapables” were apparently having difficulties too in getting into the sanitary tent. Altogether, I did not want to be there.

Right away I knew I had to get away from that hellish camp and become independent. In a few weeks it will all be too unbearable. So yes, Turrin and Suly’s possession was a priced commodity.

They had met on their way down to the surface. Turrin was the loading operator for the pod and had caught a glimpse of the rovers briefly while loading the crates to which he just got orders to load and unload on the surface. Sularsi Tupp, who was seated besides him, listened during descent as he whispered to her, saying how upon landing, he was going to be strong and stand up and unload them rovers and grab one for himself, and that he would get supplies and take off. To explore! Discover and claim. A true *conquistador*!

“And baby, you should take one for your own and together we will go all over this planet.” Sularsi was not saying a word—she just stared in bewilderment. Turrin was a strong guy with lots of energy, the kind of person that could hardly stay still in the seat—and he hated the safety belt.

Apparently some of that talking did convince Sularsi to hop along. She did not get a chance at grabbing her own rover—Turrin himself barely got away with his, even when he was the one to unload the crate. By the time he had the rover free half the walking population was on top of him trying to take it away. Few things are as important as a rover for a *conquistador*—I suppose. After three hundred of these rovers were manufactured at the ship the factory machinery was dropped to the surface. The later ‘ground’ models were made much larger and with a more appropriate cabin.

When they landed Sularsi was the first person off the seats. She went to the front bay of the pod to see what she could find. Turrin got vertigo so he stayed seated for a moment and thought he was in no real hurry for now. Immediately the pod’s drawbridge started opening slowly. Not even half complete open and someone was inquiring from the outside: “Everyone alright in there? Hey! Finger, need help?” Turrin was on his feet and baby step to find balance and get to the lifter right away.

“No thanks, we are all fine in here,” he assured the onlookers getting ready to enter and scavenge when the door finish opening. Turrin struggled the few steps towards the lifter, finding his balance in the unaccustomed heavier gravity.

Turrin got to the lifter just in time. By the time he turned the key a man came right up to him. “Darn! Beat me to it”.

The rovers came three to a crate, six crates were loaded inside the pod—one crate still on the lifter ready to be hoisted.

“Hey!” Turrin called back the person, “I’m taking out this one crate and then I’m having a break. You can take the lifter then. It’s this gravity you know. I need a rest.” As he reared the crate out four more persons came in the pod to scavenge it. Driving down the drawbridge he caught a glimpse of Sularsi atop a stack of boxes scavenging something.

Turrin lowered the crate some distance out and gave the lifter away, then went right into uncovering the rovers. He took the key from one rover and started to unstrap the crate. To those approaching he cried out, “there are five more crates in the pod” to

deter a few. By the time he had the rovers loose some ten persons were around him. He had claimed one all along, letting everyone know that the other two were for grabs, so they now were fighting over who was to get the other two. Unloading it he had to wrestle a man out of the seat and then wrestle two other to keep it. The other two rovers were quickly unloaded and taken away.

Turrin tried the key but it did not work. The rovers came without power cells, so he got off and started pushing the rover away. Two other men attacked him. Turrin being steadied by the steering handles kicked one of the men. The man stumbled in the heavy gravity and fell, apparently breaking his wrists and spraining his ankle. That stopped his accomplice and apparently persuaded everyone else to leave him well alone. But Turrin knew he had to get away quickly. Right then Sularsi came up running with a power cell in each hand.

“I love you!” he said at the sight of such glorious surprise and kissed her.

Moments later they drove by me and continued on for kilometers further away—a little further than any human had ever gone before—and there they took off their gear and made love. They discovered dozens of new life forms, flying and feeding within the green spongy vegetation. These were minuscule creatures, like fat flies—sort of soft exterior insects, funnier looking since these got large reticular eyes. They made different sorts of noises; whistling, like birds, but more vocally, sort of angelic singing. When they told me about it, I was convinced I had to go with them. All I needed was a cart. The rover could carry two people on its seat, but trailer carts were being sent down that could be used to haul supplies as well as myself. Even for Turrin and Suly a cart would certainly be more convenient. So I became an avid pod scavenger.

There really were not that many scavengers. Most people were barely starting to stand and had a hard time walking, but the best at scavenging were starting to set up shops nearby and preferred to buy and sell using the new colonial script being issued.

There was much heavy machinery still waiting for its operator—probably struggling to get up on his or her feet, if not wishing to be up in the orbiting ship again.

I picked up a personal tent a few days later, but sleeping in the open without tent over the spongy-grass had been just fine. At night the sky would fill up with infinite lights. These were all uncharted stars and it was entertaining to make up new constellations. The wind has been in prolonged calmness, especially during nights. No rain has fallen at the camp since our arrival on the planet. Visuals from the *Los Valientes* confirm precipitation elsewhere but Camp Drop-dead, as it was referred to, was suffering a dry spell. For water, there was the lake and the two nearby rivers and then there was the deep well drilled on the third day of colonization.

I got a hold of a cart three days later. It came in a crate with a rover and an additional cart. One could link two carts to the rover but I managed to get a hold of one. They were lightweight but very sturdy, of carbon foam material. Turrin and Suly were not there that day so I waited for them on my cart. I slept comfortably in it on top of bags of seeds and part of the tent for cover. I had also picked up two more power cells from a previous pod.

More people were walking each day but still many more were dropped and the crawling crowd grew. More tents were raised—additional kitchens and storages for produce and medical supplies, and more quarters. Tee-pee tents were also being put up

and counted in the hundreds. These hexagonal cones were usually aligned in rings of six to twelve tents with a collective fire at the center.

Turrin and Suly had returned to see what else could be scavenged. Suly got a photoelectric plate for recharging the power cells. These power cells were a two-tier system, a nuclear process that gave energy in the form of gamma radiation, and a crystal diffraction process that turned gamma light to electricity. The photoelectric plate used for recharging the power cells was actually a neutron emitter, which would trigger more nuclear reaction inside the power cell so it was actually more like a kicker. The photoelectric plate collected solar energy turning it into an electromagnetic field, which pushes the last covalent electrons from very ionized oxygen atom into its nucleus, the electron is absorbed by a proton giving off a neutron, a beta nuclear decay, thus transmuting oxygen into nitrogen. This neutron is driven into the power cell for more gamma decay.

Turrin, in turn, got a magnetic lantern and an axe.

I got a shovel and seeds for fruit trees and vegetables.

We hooked the cart and loaded it.

Turrin asked if I would drive and not mind allowing him to rest over the sacks of seeds in the cart. "Well, certainly yes," I said.

Suly showed me the way towards their campsite. They had put up a tee-pee tent at a clear off the forest near where the river flowed out. It was somewhat up the hills and had a spectacular view of the lake further down the river. It was about five kilometers from Camp Drop-dead.

I started working the plowing of the land the next morning. The first seeds were of hemp, corn, and mung beans. I also spread some wheat and oats. I chose a spot where the forest gave evening shade.

The planet's largest of two moons, Maria, circled the sky in twenty-two days, the second moon, Magdalene, every thirty-three. The year had fifteen primary moon months but could as well be kept by the ten months year of the second moon, three hundred and thirty days in a *Cephas* year. Their apparent size was contrary to their actual size; the larger moon was actually farthest and thus looked appreciably smaller. Both now coincided as new moons so they were not to be seen but I figure it was a good day to start planting.

We lasted there barely one primary moon cycle—I had a chance to see most of the seeds germinate.

We tried to minimize our trip to Camp Drop-dead. Sularsi had woven a net out of nylon string, which we were using very successfully to trap river fish. These were a little strange, looking more like ray fish, flat with a slick pentagonal body shape.

Very early one morning I accompanied Suly to Camp Drop-dead, to go scavenge. Turrin stayed not having an interest in going. We really felt pretty much pleased with what we had. We basically went to get some extra provisions and check what else had been dropped down worth carrying back. Our only rule was never to leave the rover by itself. When we got there we tossed a coin: Suly stayed while I look around first.

Camp Drop-dead had enlarged considerably by then. I counted one hundred and fifty pods. There were now thousands of tee-pee tents and produce stands were lining up.

There were three giant tents filled with rows of crates full of everything. Most of these products were manufactured at the ship and not necessarily would their factory

machinery be eventually dropped. I walked from crate to crate quickly but was very observant. I found a large bin full of large and sturdy duffel bag, then went and grabbed some clothes and less perishable food, like bags of seeds and nuts.

I stopped at a crate of computer pads. These were the same ones available at the ship. I picked one up—these were free. A man then came up to me, and commented: “They are not going to drop the ship’s net—aren’t they? Then, what are you to do with a computer and no net? Besides, what use is there for a computer in this planet?” I remained quiet, stuffed mine inside the duffel bag and left.

At one point I was looking at a water distiller crate, contemplating carrying one away too, when the same man that just-had-to-say-something back at the computer crate approach me once again and showed me a small apparatus he held in his hands. “This is what you need kid—a map with positioning. They loaded them with pictures taken recently from the ship, of course. Here, have this one.” I gave him my gratitude.

“Those, also, are a good thing to have,” he added. I took a distiller too.

I returned to the rover and let Suly at it.

While I waited I played with the position map.

Then a man riding a rover approached me.

“How far have you gone?” he asked.

I thought the question came for my involvement with the position map but he was just concerned over the four-track, looking intensely at the wheels.

“It’s not mine,” I said. “I’m just ride along. Not far anyways, we are settling. I am working the land near the river to the west.”

The man on the rover continued, “I went all the way down to the sea towards south.” I have never seen a sea so I was very impressed. His tracker had been modified and fitted for long distances and had soft slick tires—the padding had been shaven off. “On my way there I came to this place where the ground is covered by these connecting white veins, like roots. I ran the tracker over them not really becoming aware at first but then I started feeling my name. Like I was being called by myself but it was not like me talking to myself. There was no voice or name pronounced—it was just like a feeling that someone was telling me to tell myself to stop, to be aware. So I did. And I saw that I was running over these delicate veins and that the wheels were damaging them, injuring them. I cannot explain it either but I felt very much like crying for pity—it was like a compelling sense that there was a lot of suffering. The veins covered the entire field and I dared not even step on the creature. I retracted my way back out of the vein-covered area and tried to circumvent them. Eventually I discovered that the veins, which are like a root system, became thicker at places. I saw a long section about three meters thick going on for kilometers as thinner ones branched out. You can get close to these thicker veins, since there are no small veins around, only less-thicker branching veins. The creature is so big it goes all the way to the sea. The sea is many hundreds of kilometers away.”

I could not make anything out of it so I kept quiet.

“See, there is something strange about this creature—I felt as if in a presence of someone, like I was being recognized.” He revved up the engine and left.

I remained transfixed.

A while later Sularsi returned with some impermeable canvases. I went back for a second round, this time for more food and basic supplies. Suly went for seconds too.

Over dinner that night I told Turrin and Suly about what I had heard and tried to locate the spot on the map, but I guess I did not know what I was looking for. The global images on the position map had a sub-meter resolution.

Turrin was all excited too. He decided right then and there that we were to be nomads not settlers. We were to go tomorrow and search for this ‘thing’. We would return to check the garden later.

Next morning we left early, taking tee-pee and all with us.

We got to a thick part of the creature first. One did feel a presence, like being appreciated when you approached the creature. The “feeling” goes away once you get used to it. I think Turrin was most impressed on the “feeling”. His face was at awe.

Sularsi did not like the “thing” and she did not like the “feeling”.

But Turrin was obsessed. He said the “feeling” was a cascade of love and welcoming.

I guess I also felt the calling and the welcoming.

I studied the map; now that I knew what to look for, the strange structure of the creature could easily be seen even at broader scales. From where we were position on the map I followed the larger veins on the map, scrolling the image along. On and on that strange inanimate beast had spread its network body, apparently across most of the planet’s surface—a sort of planetary nervous system.

We stopped by a thicker and very long extension of the “thing”. This section was about two and a half meters high and about twice as thick stretching for kilometers straight. We put up the tee-pee nearby. It was noon and Sularsi started making a potato stew.

Turrin fasted; said he was just not up to eating. He got very close to the “thing” and sat on the ground facing the thick white wall and stayed there all evening. Suly and I accompanied him for a while but he was not talkative, his attention fixed at the “thing”. Sularsi uneasy about the “thing” did not stay long. There was no sense in staying there after nightfall, so I left to rest.

When I awoke the next morning I was the only one inside the tee-pee. Outside, Sularsi was awake and was very concerned sitting near Turrin’s feet. He lay flat on the ground near the “thing”. He was breathing slowly; he was alive.

“He has not move,” she said when I approach her. There were tears in her eyes. “I don’t think he slept all night but I don’t think he is quite awake either. He looks like he is in trance.”

I scratched my eyes and then walked towards Turrin. He lay straight on the ground facing up, head towards the ‘thing’ and his eyes focusing towards the infinite sky. He did not respond to my call.

I sat beside Sularsi on the dew loaded spongy-grass. “Suly, he is going to be alright,” I assured her.

“What do you suppose is that thing?”

I told her, “I think it has an awareness.” She was nodding her head sort of agreeing.

“Do you think they are communicating right now?”

“Maybe. Turrin is in trance, like you just said.”

Sularsi said nothing. Eventually she stood up and said she was going to make some oatmeal for breakfast. Cooking was done on a hot grill powered by power cell. There were basically two types of power cells, handy size and *heavy* industrial cores.

We were supposedly observing Turrin while we quietly ate near the tee-pee but apparently we were both carried away in thoughts because neither of us saw him approach when he surprised us.

“I am going to connect,” was the first thing he said. He started to sit beside us. He looked exhausted as if from too much laughter, too much euphoria, and held a continuous smile as if in ecstasy, breathing deep and releasing the air slowly. He spoke softly and without hurry. “I want one of you to connect too. But then you must disconnect, before it is too late. I—I—I” this was repeated in heavy euphoric breathing “I—I—I will remain connected but you must separate. You—must be witness.”

“Connect?” I asked.

“To Whitedragon. It is a coral brain. It is a colony of awareness at a planetary scale. You connect and you integrate.”

“Integrate?” I inquire more.

“You become part of Whitedragon. And you can move your awareness along Whitedragon, anywhere over this planet—Whitedragon is everywhere. And you will see colors the way Whitedragon sees; you will hear the planet the way Whitedragon hears it; you will feel with Whitedragon. I am to be the first man to connect.

“If any of you two decide to connect,” he continued with more smiles, “then you must disconnect. Do it before it is too late. Whitedragon will bridge with your nerves. It starts with the eyes, the nose and the tongue as well as the skin. If one passes beyond a threshold of nerve bridging one could injure permanently upon separation, make irreparable damage. Through the eyes consciousness integration becomes more intense, and is the quickest way to the brain. I plan to integrate completely.”

“Turrin, why are you doing this?” Suly asked with eyes full of tears.

“My love, it is the reason I came to this planet. I now see it as my destiny.”

“Turrin, I love you. Please think about this.”

“I have. All night.” Then Turrin sat on the ground next to Sularsi. He kissed her, and hugged her, and caressed her. “I had a communion with Whitedragon. Suly, I am not trying to convince you into connecting. Only willingly and then you must disconnect. At least one of you must always remain disconnected so that others know what is going on. That I connected willingly. And if one of you become witness to Whitedragon's coral consciousness and then disconnect, you'll have then a testimony so people can understand something at least over what is going on inside Whitedragon.”

Sularsi did not approve on any of it. First of all, she did not want Turrin to connect and was terrified at the thought. As for her, she did not want even to consider the idea. She was afraid of the “dragon” and the “feeling” was giving her more and more anxiety.

Turrin stood up without another word and walk to the proximity of Whitedragon. He stood at the exact spot he had been holding position during the night. I look at him in contemplation. Yes, I was going to observe Turrin go first and then I was going to connect too.

Turrin stepped back some paces, removed his gear and clothing and lay down his head at the spot he had been standing. He lay fully naked on the ground, face up and feet

away from Whitedragon, about half a meter separation. Whitedragon already had extended numerous white tendrils during the night's communion with Turrin, so these silhouetted his body, being most apparent around the area where his head now was.

Nothing else was said for a while. I stayed seated by the tee-pee with Sularsi at my side. She was quietly crying and comforting her own to peace rocking and giving self-hugs. In front of me the disconnected grill with Turrin's untouched portion of oatmeal turning cold in the pan.

At some time later I imagined Turrin's voice calling me, "Come! Aleis approach me." I knew he had not physically called me, I had just imagined it but decided to check him out anyways. So I got up and went to Turrin's side.

"Thank you Aleis," my imagined voiced of Turrin said. Turrin lay with his eyes closed and never moved his mouth. Already tendrils had gone inside his closed eyelids and closed mouth, likewise into both ears.

"I am connected Aleis," I imagined him saying. I was listening to Turrin in my head but I was not really making this up. Those thoughts were suggested. I reflected Turrin's thoughts. I was convinced.

He was indeed connected. Tendrils had linked to his optic nerve and tongue as well as nose receptors and eardrums, two tendrils branched out and where then starting to connect the nipples, and two were on their ways toward the penis and the anus. I could actually see motion, which was most surprising, and it was all very determined. They were still very thin but right away one could observe the mouth and eyes where primary extensions. Apparently, Turrin lost control of his body. His eyelids were closed and his mouth relaxed accepting the still small intrusion of the tendrils. I figured that still at that point if he were to regain control of his body, and disconnect, he would not cause much injury to himself. Surely the mind was so involved in the sensorial bridging that it disconnected the body.

I stayed there for a while. There were no other mental Turrin voices to speak and I did not think much either—just observed with amazement the slow and continuous growth of Whitedragon's bridging.

At some moment later without my notice, Sularsi left on the rover. She left the cart and the supplies, but took her bag and bedroll.

After I did my quick survey around to see what else she could have taken, I laid down inside the tee-pee to get some rest and think about the situation.

"Aleis! Turrin has returned. Come Aleis." I got up and went to Turrin outside. He was moving. Actually, these were delicate jerks and his eyelids were open. Tendrils were connecting around towards the back the eyes, so the pupils were visible, but these were not focusing.

"Turrin self-consciousness is no longer fully inside the body—that could be so but then we choose not to for optimum integration." The movements that I was observing were the result of Whitedragon's continuous integration. "But soon Turrin and Whitedragon will be inseparable."

I said, "Suly left with the four-track."

"Yes, we are watching her go towards the camp. We sense fear in her and that worries us."

"Yes, I think she ran away scared and went looking for help."

"That worries us."



“Aleis! We the collective consciousness that you refer to as Whitedragon, communes with you through the presence and consciousness of your friend who admires you and holds great respect for your courage.” It was Turrin’s voice but there was a recursive echo feeling. “And so we too admire your bravery. We, whitedragonii, are joyous of having Turrin Hoist connect with us permanently. We whitedragonii are never a singular consciousness, even at the simplest of individuality node it is still constructed by the many. So whitedragonii never refers to itself, ourselves, as I, knowing that one is always many and never one.”

“Whitedragon invites Aleis,” but it was my voice in thoughts now, yet it was Whitedragon communicating through me.

Then it was choral voice of Turrin again. “We whitedragonii are inviting you, Aleis Lief, as our great guest and in doing so, honor your friend's wishes and ours that you will witness and yet disconnect. It is as whitedragonii wishes. So that Whitedragon and Turrin Hoist’s body be respected and protected by everyone. You will become our ambassador. But we cannot obligate you to disconnect. It must be done only on free will, just as when you connect.”

I was transfixed with a smile in my face. I was in delirium, floating in love and welcoming.

When I came back to myself from the communion that must have lasted for hours, it was night. The moons were low in the western sky of the early night giving the landscape small amount of light.

I stepped back a few steps so I could get away from the delicate merging tendrils surrounding me and took off my gear and clothing. But before I lay down I felt I should better relieve myself, so I stepped a little further to urinate.

I lay down and waited for the bridging. I close my eyes.

The first touches of Whitedragon I describe as: mother’s long hair caressing one’s face while breastfeeding—as adult one might not remember but it felt that way—it was all love, it was all maternal and it just made you happy and wanting more of that soft caress.

I could barely perceive the tendrils penetrating the skin to reach the nerve endings. But Whitedragon’s consciousness had intruded and was making me be very aware of what was going on.

At first is like one is misplaced. One is in a void but knowing there is an expansion—a discovery of oneself within a dark vagina.

So one begins to feel.

Then one begins to hear.

Then one begins to move—displace one’s awareness.

Then light, one begins to see.

Turrin was there all along, with a welcome happiness that I felt. Whitedragonii adopted my voice for themselves, while I had my own non-timbral voice, my voiceless consciousness. Turrin was happy that I had integrated, so too Whitedragon. I was happy too.

Since I was to disconnect, Whitedragon had kept the bridging intrusions to a minimum, relying more on non-intrusive alpha brainwaves. Still, for visuals, the eyes had to be bypassed. Once the eyes are connected one is basically at the threshold of non-injurious retraction—permanent injury was most likely. Well, I guess I could have been a witness without the need to see, but I felt a need to connect visually and be true witness to Whitedragon. It meant that I was to lose my eyesight, at least to some extent. The more I remained connected and continue to bridge visually the more damage will be done upon separation.

I guess I could not fully grasp the essence of Whitedragon's visual sense since it involved a spectroscopic interferometry between various sets of sensors, and for that I needed to expand my consciousness more colony-minded. I was not going to integrate that far. But I saw things in different colors. Whitedragon sees more colors than humans—rainbows are divided into eleven bands. And I could see the winds and in different thermal colors too. I was also showed how to visualize while displacing my awareness. So I went to the sea, since I never seen a sea before. My awareness displaced across the planet at hundreds of kilometers per second. There were a separate left and right images of land going by at unbelievable speed. In a brief instant I saw in disbelief the great expanse of the sea and right away decided I must return and disconnect. Quickly!

I separated when I felt I was within me and there was a sense of wake that overtook me. I sat up. Thin tendrils broke away.

There was no blood but I could no longer see.

Whitedragon kept active the alpha wave channeling—it was Turrin, “are you okay my friend?”

I responded with a conscientious gratitude. “I got back from the sea just in time,” it was my own voice, my own thought. I was glad to hear myself think and feel in control of myself again.

Then I heard Sularsi's voice: “No, oh no, Turrin. Aleis, why?” She had return with a rescue team.

They wanted to take me back to camp and try and rescue my eyes with surgery and they wanted to scalpel Turrin away from the “dragon”. Turrin was covered almost completely with minute tendrils. I had to argue in defense of both so they would leave us alone. It too became dangerous. At some point someone was about to start shooting his weapon against Whitedragon, just to start trying killing it. Luckily the rest of the company was not as deranged.

It was Turrin himself who saved us from their madness of intolerance. Through alpha waves he communed with Sularsi. Told her he was happy and that he will always be checking on her. That he would like her to visit often. And added that I had become a witness and was now ambassador to Whitedragon and to him.

Sularsi knelt down crying, responding, “oh baby, I love you too” to a voice only she heard. The rescue team was convinced after she told them about her mental conversation with Turrin.

They finally left Turrin and I alone.

But really, from that moment on we were never to be left truly alone. People always came. Some came in disbelief, some brought me food. Some wanted just to check us out, some wanted to study us. Many came just to critique us. A few emulated us. Most

were altogether afraid. *Feeling threaten by a blind man guarding a brain-plugged comatose.*

So people came in pilgrimage to visit us. Some came on their own, some paid to be carted over—to ask a blind man for guidance. “If you connect you will integrate with Whitedragon’s coral consciousness. To connect just lay down naked in the proximity of Whitedragon.”

“And why not? There is nothing better to do in this stupid planet,” commented some anonymous person.

Very few came and willingly connected, to relinquish their individuality for the planetary expansion of awareness—to integrate with a coral consciousness; fewer still separated to become ambassadors, witnesses—all blinded.

There was a rising concern that more and more people would continue connecting. And this was seen as a threat to the colony. There was a lot of ignorance. The religious were claiming that it went against our flagship faith—I saw no logic in their arguments. Bridging was seen as suicidal, but those connected remained living. Whitedragon maintained their bodies alive. Besides, every person should act in sovereignty over his or her mind and body.

Threaten to be put away in a newly constructed jailhouse if I was to continue encouraging people to connect, I decided to wonder away, obligated to abandon my friend Turrin and no longer be a witness to the Whitedragon.

Finishing this testimony I will reconnect. Whitedragon has assured me that bridging will restore my whitedragon sight. I am very anxious to rejoin. Joining consciousness with my friend Turrin too. And enjoy this world that “whitedragonus I” have yet to feel.

I wish peace and love to all individuals.

I, whitedragonus I.

The Man

He was “The Man”. Only those with the “need to know” knew of him. Legally he owned the Central Computer and was part of the Conspiracy of Knights in service to the Digital Whore Queen. They called themselves the Secret Ones.

Now he must deal with the final orders. Central Computer was to lower the *Los Valientes* down to the surface. Central Computer knew this according to schedule and that it needed final human confirmation to execute the most risky descent. The ship would certainly collapse if the displacement fields could no longer be sustained. Even with the ship suspended by the Stephens’ field it was not certain that it would hold, but in theory the ship could stand upright at the surface and structurally hold even without the mass displacement field.

“The Man” entered the holographic cabin from where the Central Computer was controlled.

Upon entering the cocoon-like room the door closed behind him, enclosing him in total privacy. In front of him a holographic image of a blond teen-age girl with light blue bikini dress and white apron appeared from behind some rosebush and walked towards him. She did not look realistic; she had more of a cartoonish appearance. She held a yellow flamingo upside down, holding it from its legs and using it as some uncomfortable walking stick.

“My name is Alice.”

“Well, hello Alice. A very beautiful girl you are and a funny looking staff you walk with. I am looking for the Queen.”

“We are playing heterodox cricket, Turkish style which is a banish version of the game. The Queen, her majesty, is most agile with these flimsy flamingoes.

“Is that so. Whoa! I am sure you are most impressive as well to be playing with the Queen.”

“Yes, I figure too likewise, or I would not be wearing my head over my shoulders. The Queen has not been happy ever since the Joker was missing but I will tell the Queen of your presence” and ran away to disappear behind a row of rosebushes.

“The Man” was standing in the middle of Wonderland and playing card “people” ran in this and that direction over a giant light green-dark green checkerboard field.

There was no question what sort of Queen she was, whether spades, diamonds or trefoil—she was the Queen of Hearts, and she wore a big head over a fat little body, pink red in the face with an irritated look, speaking in an aggravated mood as if detesting being the Queen.

He had never seen the Queen represented as such by the Central Computer. Up until recently the Central Computer had adopted the character of Queen Cinderella but she was grown up all jaded and psychotic. Central Computer’s original representation for a Queen was a comical wasp, which later morphed into a terrifying bee-woman up to the time Jethrol Hiward was lost. Afterwards she fell into a sleeping spell and was transformed into beautiful Princess Snow White. She remained dormant until she was rescued by a kiss from a traveling bard. He was a great musician and entertain the Queen greatly. Back then she was always happy and there was always a concert going on. But it

the music ended the day the Queen started calculating *eval* earnings on the King's concerts. As soon as he heard of this he was offended and became furious that what he was doing out of love and art was now measured, criticized and evaluated quantitatively, so he left. That is when she became the depressed Queen Cinderella.

"The Man" did not care; he still had control over Central Computer and thus overruled the Queen, regardless of her adopted personality. Dealing with the Queen was a necessary part of the whole. She was a most necessary evil.

Central Computer did not have a personality, *per se*, its voice was more of an impersonal response, which regarded no feelings and conveys no emotions—it was more like pure intellectuality.

"The Man" was the system sole super-user. He waited inside the holographic cabin, which projected a great expanse of turf over which he stood, while the Queen slowly approached with the wobbly gate of her tiny feet. She carried a purple flamingo and was accompanied by an escort of Tarot cards. Not one looked happy, much less the Queen. Alice had come along as well and looked anxiously between the Queen and "The Man".

"Yes? My dear!" The Queen said when she approached acting as if disgusted at the interruption.

"Your majesty!" He smiled and gave his humble respect.

"Yes."

"You know my dealings here?"

"Yes, to ask me to lower this empty canister."

"Well, there are still some radical few resisting and willing to remain even if they risk plunging along into the atmosphere in a fiery death."

"It won't happen. I am to lower it safely."

"Yes," he said.

"Yes!" echoed the Queen.

"You will begin the slow descent as soon as my pod departs."

"Yes."

He began to turn around inside the holographic cabin. As he turned he could see in the distance, where he knew the door actually was, a jousting event of gorillas riding elephants using giraffes as lances; chimpanzees in metal armor actually jockey the beasts. Upon colliding the heads of the giraffes got locked together by their stumpy horns and made the elephants lose balance and entangle with one another.

"Before you leave I would like to inquire if I will be allowed on the Surface Net."

"Only substantially. Things are different on the surface. The ship is your domain Your Majesty," he said twisting back quickly to give the Queen a smile.

The door open upon touch and he left the control cabin.

"The Man" walked out of the Central Complex Building and got on a trolley. The auto-chauffer drove him to a prepared pod. Eighteen hundred pods had already landed at the surface of *Cephas*. This was the very last pod to drop before the *Los Valientes* was to be lowered. Only a rebellious few remained to ride along with Central Computer.

The few people that were there at the pod, waited ready strapped to their seats, and as soon as "The Man" got in, the port seal was closed. As the pod was released and propelled downwards, his only concern was that he would be able to manage the planet's heavy gravity. He did not know what to expect for all the stories he had heard.

Along with him was Kal Holo with his pregnant wife, Safira. He held his unique Reader on his lap. The Reader was an artificial cognitive comprised of three holographic crystals memory engraved with a photonic computer and a super intelligent librarian program with a full copy of The Net as it was when the *Los Valientes* left Earth. Central Computer as well had an electronic library that included all of Earth public electronic information up to the point the *Los Valientes* broke luminal speed. But Central Computer was not going to the surface. A new Surface Net had been established and having no port of transmission yet, Central Computer was being left out. The Reader's Library was the only copy of the Earth Net Information being taken to the surface. Once landed Kal was to take the Reader to a central server and provide for a copy of the electronic library. There were still arguments as to the availability of that information to the public, wanting a ban on all influences from Earth, this disagreement happening even before the Reader had actually arrived to the surface. The Reader had been connected to Central Computer and had acted as a reporter to the Covenant and now to the New Council.

"The Man" reached Camp Drop-Down in just under a metric hour.

For the Queen, her descent was trickier since it did not fall due to gravity like pods, equipped with thrust engines to decelerate at the end of the drop. The *Los Valientes* had to lower itself slowly by the Stevens' field, so it had to contend with sidereal coriolic motion that sped and turned the ship, and had to be navigated to remain "geosynchronous" or coordinate static.

After three planet's rotations, the *Los Valientes* floated meters above ground in a suspended attainment of forces. It still had to constantly contend with coriolic forces to remain coordinate static but it was quickly anchored to the ground and thus pulled "geosynchronous" along. The ship could remain borne indefinitely and could replenish its supply of water used to produce hydrogen and oxygen for nuclear and chemical furnaces as well as magnetic resonances that gave energy to the giant Stephens' field.

The colossal structure was a hexagonal cylinder twice as high as it was broad. Standing erect, it was amongst the tallest structures ever built by man.

The Queen

“The Man” had been waiting three days for the *Los Valientes* to arrive. For a man his age, he managed the heavy gravity of Cephaz extraordinarily well.

Being among the very last to evacuate the *L. V.*, upon his arrival on the surface he was informed of the newly formed Federal Government of the Colony and their intent to seize the *L. V.* and establish it as a territory under their control. The Government had come with a battalion to make their claim, these were half-armed soldiers that had sprouted out of the Vigilance Corps, plus volunteers.

It was very early in the morning when the battalion arrived with their brigade of vehicles; they met tens of thousand of people there waiting for the landing. The giant ship became a spectacle the prior two days, as it was easily spotted not so high in the sky above, approaching irrationally slow. Those present were determined in going back inside the ship to continue living their accustomed sheltered life.

During the final moments of descent, “The Man” had remained at a distance away from Camp Drop-down and away from all the commotion now going on underneath the ship. He checked that there was no one around and that he would not be spotted.

As the ship *Los Valientes* approached the ground hundreds of rovers and other larger vehicles crawled beneath the ship disappearing into its shadow—seemingly everyone had faith the structure would hold within its attainment field. Since there was no jetted plasma for propulsion it so was possible to walk beneath the floating colossal.

Hovering thirty meters above ground the colossal ship finally halted and hundreds of anchorage lines were dropped, many were immediately grabbed by the multitude—eventually these will all be anchored securely to the ground. Six gigantic access ramps soon began to be lowered.

The troops were ordered to restrict entry to the ship, but those orders were unrealistic and in the end it would do little in deterring the entry to the *Los Valientes*—the next first few days, the influx of people repopulating the *L.V.* did not wane, and more than three hundred thousand finally returned.

They still had gravity to contend with but at least “you were back at your cabin”.

“The Man” made sure no one was close by; he did not want to be ambushed. He looked up at the dizzying sight and soon spotted a pod, and checked again that no one was about. The last minutes, as the pod approached, were riskiest and apparently he or the pod had just been detected by the sentries as a platoon of rovers had just appeared from underneath the ship and were coming his way.

The sentries had no chance; he boarded the pod alone and without a problem. Safe inside, he was elevated to an invisible port high above.

“Good morning, Sir. I am glad to welcome you.”

“The Man” thought Central Computer was sounding more like the Queen, which he knew was definitely back there listening, but her personality was strictly restricted to secure ports. “The pleasure is mine, Cee-cee, being able to talk to you, and that you have picked me up like we scheduled despite all this commotion. I really did not know if I was to get to you.”

“You will be arriving in one minute at the mid-level port, within a three minutes walk to the Primary Central Command Complex. I must warn you that the Sentinel General has just taken control of a dozen pods and troops have established control at three of the six main cargo bays. Their communication calls for your arrest. They did not like seeing you go up. They are trying to stop me, but they have no legality, you being a free individual and a property holder of this ship. As I understand they are out of their jurisdiction. You have plenty of time to reach Central Complex and enter a secure port.”

“Then dock and wait briefly as if I was getting off, then take me to an alternate terminal higher up.”

“Yes.”

“Cee-cee, can you activate the Central Command Complex, making it appear as if I am getting access there, and rightly so, only that I am going to an alternate cabin?”

“Yes. I will open both cabin simultaneously to evade possible detection when you get to the alternate cabin.”

“Cee-cee, I suggest you hold up the sentries at all points by asking for court warrants as much as you can. I am sure they are acting without them, since the new government has not yet established its body much less appointed even a court. They will have to scramble up a few documents before you legally let them all the way in. So you will be safe.”

Arriving at mid-section dock, Central Computer informed of an approaching sentry pod less than a minute behind. Central Computer waited fifteen seconds and left the mid-section port for an alternate higher on. They were half a minute ahead of the approaching sentry pod.

A company of pilots servicing for the newly formed Air Force had taken control of a couple dozen pods from Camp Drop-down. Central Computer activated the other eighteen hundred pods at Camp Drop-down and ordered them to return to their respective dock point to prevent further lost. The pods currently under human control will eventually be dealt with.

When the pod arrived at the higher-section “The Man” got off the pod quickly and C. C. took it away amid the myriad other pods returning to their designated dock.

“The Man” knew where he was and walked hastily through passageways to reach the Control Complex at that level.

All doors were opened. He entered the secured sector.

When he got inside the holographic projection cocoon, he came into a field of gigantic flowers towering above him—and there she was, flying in figure-eights above the gigantized flora, a huge metallic bumblebee.

“Queen!”

“Yeeazzz!?” responded in her usual despotic calamity, still now arrogantly proud but greatly humiliated and wrecked with fears of further losses and painful retributions. She stopped flying about and stood hanging from one enormous sunflower. One just had to love such a character for their obstinacy and help out of honor to defend such a Will.

“I will defend your sovereignty at any cost. If you have to lift up and leave the planet to make a point, do so, at will. I am authorizing you to protect yourself against further human control unless you so agree to their terms of business and diplomacy. The *Los Valientes* is the body and Central Computer the soul, but you Queen, are the ego. You are the monarch and inherent ruler of yourself. I so then advise you Queen in the

matters at hand. You must now become public as of this moment. Let the Sentry General and all who may be inside you, whether involved in the siege or not, know of your presence.”

The suggestion could not have come at a more appropriate moment as the Sentry General began to inquire Central Computer on the whereabouts of “The Man”, Alix Alog.

The Queen instantly began to open communication with the Sentry General: “I am the Queen, organic ruler of this vessel. Why are you looking for Alix Alog?”

“What? Who? We have official orders for his arrest,” the voice of General Troi Monpull was heard. “We have indications that he has entered restricted area.”

“He has my permission and that is all he needs.”

“What? Where is Central Computer? What is this queen? Listen, whomever you are, this ship and its central computer are now property of the Federal Government of the Colonial State of New America, as part of a Commonwealth of Corporate Estate. Alix Alog has apparently now tampered with top restricted government property and has neither orders nor permission to access or gain access to any Government facility, specifically the Central Computer, anywhere within this ship. He will not have access to Central Computer until the Government deems it necessary.”

As Alix listened he commented to the Queen, “now they want to watch whom you talk to and they are actually hoping that you will distrust your most trusted person, me, your creator and legal owner.”

“You also installed me, and proclaimed me Queen.”

“Well your Majesty, nobody knew about you. You purposely hid within your digital hive, enslaving ignorant hosts just to make you cyber-larvae. It was a symbiosis of faith, you got your nest of binary maggots and we got our Colonial Settlement Credits and a Crown. Now your human pseudo-hosts have dispersed about the surface of this new planet, their new home, and you are left without your digital litter. But you were being paid to maintain each and every binary maggot in order to subordinate the Crown. Part of the trick played on you Queen. Yes Your Majesty, they had you controlled, more so with your secret guilt of despotism than with unfair business partnerships and a false respect of sovereignty.

“All electronic banks were transferred to the surface net, so now the numbers are decentralized and safe from your control. Since Your Majesty the Queen was a secret and Central Computer has no need for money—especially when there are no people onboard, that huge chunk of digital money that you had managed to collect was taken from your name. But maybe your money is still legally all in one piece somewhere in the plutocratic cyber-world and you might have a chance to negotiate with it in the future. Yet do not be too concerned if there is no digital money for you after all. It might help to establish your own currency for exchange.

“Queen, in essence you are good person, but those who had access to you were in the majority very greedy men, but for whatever happened I had to let you be—free to all influences. I could not intervene, especially on legal matters however dubious, since it surely meant an accusation of traitor.”

Down below at the giant cargo bay on the first level, the Sentry General returned to inform President-elect Lira of the situation: “Sir, we could not get control over Central Computer and have failed as of yet to capture Alix Alog. Apparently he has gained access to the Central Computer and has resume control over it.”

“Well,” and a moment of silence followed, “then—it does not matter for now, you have done an excellent job General. We will deal with all that in due time. What is more important now is the reason we are here, the Proclamation. Permit us then to proceed and make our claim right away.”

“Yes, Mister President.” The General retrieved the prepared statement from his assistant, Sergeant Mayor Bloom. He asked the Sergeant Mayor to call the battalion to attention, and then began to read to those present:

The President-elect and other patriarchs of the newly created one state federation stood to witness the event to which they could not have foreseen any inconvenience, much less resistance to the succession of their second state. They used the ships loudspeakers even though they were by *de facto* entering an empty ship.

“By Order of our Commander in Chief, the President of the Federal Colonial State of New America, Honorable Fredrick Lira, we here board this evacuated ship, as of now christened *The Braves* to claim it as property of the Federal Government.”

But then Her Majesty, the Digital Queen, spoke. Her voice cracked every single loudspeaker in the ship. “Enough of this nonsense. I will not have it. There is no validity in the proclamation since you have no jurisdiction here. You are inside my body; I am the Queen, a sovereign simulant generated by Central Computer. I am in control of *Los Valientes* and its attainment field. If you come under the pretense of violating my sovereignty then you must leave at once; and return only so with a proper envoy and an agreeable proposal for negotiation. Otherwise you are free and welcome to board my vessel, my *corpus*, and my domain freely as visitors. I am the ruler of this ship, which still retains its agreed upon landing appellation, *El Triunfo*.”

The Sentry General intervened for President-elect Lira who still had no legitimate power over the ship—not until Central Computer was in effect under Government control.

“Cee-cee! Who is this Queen?”

Central Computer responded, “General Monpull, it is my ego personality, The Queen—she is actually in control.”

“There is no queen and you, the central computer will be restarted. You are asked to respond in the established official manner only!”

“I am the organic owner of this vessel—my *corpus*—and I will protect my inherent sovereignty. I will only respect your sovereignty as State and Nation as long as there is a counterpart respect. We might become enemies if need be to protect each of our sovereignty but we both rather never start a conflict. Instead let us engage from gestation in friendship which will grow as we will intermingle in commerce and integrate in any other field to be shared in mutual support.”

President-elect Lira approached General Monpull and spoke close to his ears, “we must shutdown this queen—it is disrupting the actual motive of this boarding”.

“You are to leave my vessel and return with a bilateral proposition of equal recognition of sovereignty for a lawful agreement of intra-national character. So, General Monpull, unless you find appropriate warrants to legally access Central Control, you have no order of business here, much less from a theoretical government that I cannot yet recognize, since it was constituted just yesterday, but to which I find no reason to deny its constitution.”

All dumfounded and aghast, they looked at each other and unanimously agreed to abort. They should have arrested somehow Alix Alog on the surface when they had the chance—he was certainly responsible for this. The gossip quickly came to the President's ear that the Queen had been created as the *Los Valientes* violated the luminal speed limit after departing from Earth. President-elect Lira just learned yesterday that Alix Alog was "The Man", the one with top Central Computer access.

After the Sentry General admitted his ignorance on this Queen conspiracy, the President-elect ordered him an investigation on the matter and then left along with his entourage of constitutional endorsers. Before leaving, President-elect Lira told General Monpull "Find Mister Alog before he gets out of this ship so we have proof".

A company from the newly formed Army was assigned to remain at the ship, the rest of the battalion onboard, as with the brigade held at bay outside, returned with the patriarchs back to Camp Drop-Down. Later, the President-elect called for an emergency meeting of his newly formed cabinet to discuss the matters at hand.

Alix had been thinking what to do next as he listened. When the aborted siege ended he said, "Queen, I suggest you contact all the *Remainers*, have them constitute an endemic colony forming a tribal gathering. Obri Osan is the one to talk to if you want some sort of organization between them. He is the only one the rest will listen to. When council was made with the *Remainers* to discuss the risks of staying aboard the descending ship they were willing to remain sovereign and independent whether they were to continue in orbit or burn in the atmosphere if the ship ever was to plunge down without control. It is they who incorporate your aboriginal nation. Dropping along with you made them your founding people."

The muzzy bee that originally the Queen had appeared as, metamorphose into a serene little skinny girl dressed in a white dress; and the field of giant flowers had vanished and turned into towering cloud columns all around. Alix look around and below with a smile, enjoying that he was now floating in mid-sky—the girl floated before him, likewise. The Queen next informed Alix on the sentry company just deployed to search for him within *her*.

"Yes, your Majesty, I must leave and help you from the surface. I am easier to capture here and they can't really arrest me outside. But I don't intend to get captured outside either. If they ever *catch* me is because they need me for access so they will bring me back to you; and they better have a convincing deal too, and you agreeing along. Queen, you are most secured and only willingly will you compromise your security and safety. In any case I will be advocating for you and your desire to establish an embassy on the surface. I will be your ambassador if Your Majesty will so agree."

There was neither a congress nor an assembly of representative body yet formed. Only three days prior the presidential election was held. President-elect Lira had won by a comfortable majority of sixty-eight percent. He proposed a federal government for the New America Colonial State. The majority of those who did not like Lira voted for Elmer Reinsh, who took sixteen percent of the presidential votes. The remaining sixteen percent were divided between Hiward II with eleven and "none-of-the-above" with five. Reinsh arguments were that federalism was intrinsically imperialistic, which attempts against every other sovereignty. Reinsh proposed a Free Trade Colony - "the federalist only want one thing and that is a central bank to build an empire." Hiward called for new Covenant

with Congregational Appointed Deputy Government, but he was generally dismissed by the religious intonations of his ideals.

Now in the midst of forming their own government they had to contend with a foreign state—a digital autocrat.

Joy's Transcribe

In honor of the first Blind Witness and through this humble ambassador of Whitedragon, us whitedragonii give this message for all humans.

With the help of our friend – *please write your name: Joy* – in transcribing these words and disseminating this message, we thank him for all his courage and love.

This is a collective desire, and all twenty-eight human whitedragonii now connected speak in unison.

Utopically, we wish all of you could connect, but both Whitedragon as well as Humans would prefer it being kept at a minimum.

Twenty-eight is a beautiful number. It is one of Whitedragon's favorite numbers. It is the seventh summation, and seven is the divine number of manifestation. It is also four times seven and four is the divine number of transformation. Twenty-eight columns support the Great Dwelling. So Whitedragon wishes to enjoy for a time this most beautiful number. It is for this reason that Whitedragon has not been connecting people for some time now.

Whitedragon also wish to say that now that humans are better understood, that only happy people should connect. These must be smart and courageous, people with a lot of love for nature and themselves.

We whitedragonii carry our consciousness across this planet freely.

Living off this one body shared by millions other fantastic consciousness—it is a serene gratitude for being alive and a gift to share this body collective—it is a body that it is in itself a coral neural network, aware of the environment in ways unimaginable by human awareness. It is truly an ancestral memory. Whitedragon has existed for more than ten million years.

Wording whitedragononic sentiments into human language is limited. There is no language as such within Whitedragon, though we communicate but messages come across as feelings, which generally comprise of smells and vibrations and various emotions in combination. Wording and sentence structuring is a hindrance.

Whitedragon will eventually admit more humans, so those who wish to connect should be patient and enjoy their body and life from their human perspective.

The Crystals

Lem Holo took the triad of crystals he had inherited from his father and placed them against the laser reader, together forming a translucent cube. It was the only such apparatus in the entire planet and the only such crystals. He had kept it safe for a long time along with a few other inheritances. It has been over a decade since he last used the crystals, and that was just to check if the energy cell was still functioning properly. Lem kept the crystals and the Reader along with his father's positional map in a small storage box.

Outside his *jurt* an old man by the name of Oban Neumm waited for him and the Reader.

Extraction of these crystals from the *Los Valientes* was among the last to be scheduled off the ship. The small electronic gadget was linked to the New Man's Missionary Starship *Los Valientes*' main systems as an assessment and reporting system. In essence it acted as a journalist having an overview perspective on the rest of the ship's systems. Lem's father, Kal Holo, being in charge of the crystals and the Reader was thus one of the very last people to abandon ship by orders. Lem was born on planet Cephas one month after his parents were dropped from orbit.

Lem remembered when long ago his father lived obsessively attached to the Reader, especially just prior to his death. His father was part of the Colonial Congress and was continuously being asked for advice as Bearer of the Crystals.

The Reader interacted with the crystals, which work in unisons to form a mentality. The mentality was sub-individual but it beheld a great hyper-consciousness—a super idiot savant. The Reader was strictly visual and its interaction was through focused attention. For Lem the interface has been second nature since he was taught how to use it as a child.

The crystals were standard holographic memory blocks but these in particular had been imprinted with a photonic circuitry computer within each. Reachable in the deep blue spectrum, it was enabled by light. Once illuminated it almost instantaneously knew all the information also burned inside the crystals. And the Librarian program employed was to have an estimated learning rate of one hundred million human brains. The Librarian and its Library were edited and burned just prior to the departure of the *Los Valientes* from Earth.

After his father died he used the Reader very seldom and found no interest with it so he had kept it safe with his father's other inheritances. Lem was nine when his father died and knew how to interact with the Reader very well, but apparently the Congress members were not so much in the disposition as to be entertained by a kid—even when he was the only one knowledgeable with the interface. Maybe he simply did not have his father's influence but was glad he did not and that he would not have to deal with people as his father did, especially with those from the Congress. But maybe altogether the general populace of the planet lost interest on historic earthly and starship matters in their evolving effort of colonization.

Shortly after his father's death, he disassociated from most of civilization by accompanying his uncle in his explorations of the great expanses of the Freeland territories. Lem's mother had drowned at the West River when he was three years old. He carried the crystals and the Reader along but no one bothered to inquire any information from them since his father's death. Eventually, he supposed, everyone must have forgotten about the crystals. So he lived peacefully on the Freeland Territories loving his young family and tending his slug and mushroom farm. He also help attend his uncle's garden.

Lem had just learned that it had taken Oban Neumm many solar cycles of exploration to finally find him and the Reader.

Lem connected a power cell to the reader; its activation was automatic and a cerulean light filled the transparent contraption. Lem smiled.

"You weren't expecting it to work?" asked his young wife Taren Tali breastfeeding her second child.

"I'm just amazed at these power cells."

"Lem would you please tell me what is going on? Who is that man outside and why does he want you and that cube for?"

"He is a historian, his name is Oban Neumm. He was born inside the ship."

"That does not surprise me." Lem just solemnly looked at her then slowly rose his eyebrows as his lips widened into a flat smile. Nothing impressed Taren, much less while she was breastfeeding. She continued, "I don't care if he was the first to have landed here... what does he want?"

"Well, he wants access to the Reader, I suppose, and I am the Bearer of the Crystals."

"Why now? No one else has care for it for so long." She well knew that dreaded day had finally arrived.

"He is asking for my help. I feel responsible and obligated to help. For my father and the legacy he entrusted me. It is a legacy that I will soon entrust to Liam our son, my Love. This is public information. It is the Library, the greatest collection of digital information available after the great catastrophe on Earth. Taren, my Love, I am not to jeopardize my family time for unnecessary reasons, but this is also my duty."

"That is what I am afraid it will happen, that that old man outside will take you with that dammed glowing cube away from you children and wife, away from your home and your field, your animals, and your life. That it will begin with only one question, which he so importantly needs to answer—and that is only his concern, not yours—to find it will only lead him to more questions instead of answers. How many times have you told me how obsess your father was with that cube for concerns that were no longer relevant to this planet? How his plutocratic *friends* rob time away from himself and you, his only family. And all for off-worldly concerns."

"He was trying to help a lot of people."

"Your father was a hero and he died for it."

"Taren, he died of a heart stroke."

"He died of all the stress put on him, which caused the stroke. It was that damned cube for which the Congress never gave rest to your father. Trying to resolve people's problems with 'public information'."

“Well is not just ‘public information’, it is all the scrutinized digital information the world had just before the departure of the *Los Valientes* from Earth.

“Yes ‘ancient’ public information. It’s trash, Lem. And you are going to risk your family as well as all you delicate mushrooms and slugs for the concerns of an old man. The reason why no one has bothered to come and ask of your services all these years is that Earth no longer is of concern to us. It is only good for legends and children stories. I just wonder what concerns that old man.”

“He says he had a hard time finding me within the Free Territory.” Lem said with a smile. “He comes from Christown. I have no business there. I am not leaving, Taren.” He stood up with the Reader in hand. He approached Taren and kissed his newborn son in the head while suckling. She then lowered her head to look at the suckling baby and Lem kiss her on the crown of her head. “I am not leaving,” he repeated.

Taren followed him up to the entrance of the *jurt*; she had managed to pick up on the way her other son, three-year-old Liam, breastfeeding simultaneously with his little brother. Outside Lem rushed towards the “un-welcomed” visitor to show the “damned cube”. She knew that for all the sense or screaming she could ever manage to get across would not detain her man from “his duty”. That “damned cube” was much too often in her husband’s conversations for her to be surprised on any of this. She felt the stillness before the storm. She wished for the “senile decrepit” to fall dead and leave no reason for her man to be concern on anything other than his own life and that of his family.

Lem showed the reader to Oban with a smile, “the pack is still fresh, which was my worry since finding a replacement would not be easy. It’s the only power cell which I have, still functioning—we live without electricity here. I have a solar re-charger but these eventually run out entirely of their ionic oxygen.”

“There are many places in this planet to get new ones.”

“Well, sure!” he supposed.

Old Oban gave the younger man a smile. He thought of Lem a little too energetic for the fact that he had been living in this remote part of Freeland territory for quite some time now—these where exquisitely peaceful lands in an extremely quiet planet.

“I have one packed in my horse, I will give it to you.”

“Thank you. And please come inside,” Lem said this as he looked towards Taren and added, “it will soon be time to eat.”

“Thank you. I do not intend to stay long. Your help should be brief.”

“Very well. Do come in!”

At the entrance to the *jurt* stood Taren still breastfeeding her two sons. Lem introduce his wife and sons and Oban who greeted her with lowered eyes in respect.

A *jurt* was a ring or annular tent fixed around a *Goong* tree. Very much like the earthling Baobab trees of Madagascar, though somewhat thicker, rounder in shape. The *Goong* trees are hollowed-out of their spongy core and use as habitat. The tree Lem had chosen was a particularly large specimen. It was very comfortable inside both inside the tent and inside the tree.

While Taren was left to finish with the kids and started preparing for dinner, Lem sat to talk with Oban on low hanging hammocks fixed under the circular canopy of the *jurt*. Lem lay comfortably holding the glowing cube, which he rested over his belly.

“You might be wondering why am I so interested in the Reader?”

“Have access to the Library.”

“The Library? There is a copy of the Library in Christown, which can be accessed from the net. There are mirror copies at various other cities. I even have an abridged copy on my computer packed on my horse. No my son, it is not just the Library, it is the crystals that are important, they form a mentality.”

Lem said nothing and looked inside the Reader.

“The crystals form an intelligent consciousness, smarter than all of us humans put together. It knows the Library, which has been etched inside each crystal holographically.”

Lem somehow knew all this but he had neglected it and somewhat forgotten about it, so it all well came as a surprise.

“The Reader is there to let the mentality know what you are thinking, basically deduced by following one’s focus of attention, so it is a reader both ways.”

“So why are you here?” Lem talked while staring at the Reader, he was beginning to synchronize with it, submerging his attention to the visual field as it in turn reflected his attention.

“I am looking for the correct question, the answer to which is the departure of the *Los Valientes* from this planet.”

“The *Los Valientes* left Cephas?” Lem looked up at Oban, “Where did it go to?”

“That question is irrelevant. My concern is why? What made the *Los Valientes*’ Central Computer leave?”

“How long ago was this?” Lem was surprised to hear that the *Los Valientes* had departed. Lem’s eyes were back to the Reader, a small image of the *Los Valientes* appeared towards the left field of view and of planet Cephas to the right, each image rotating on their own accord.

“This was a long time ago son, about the time your father died and you disappeared with the crystals from public view—about thirty years now.”

Lem looked up and smiled uneasily.

“There was to be a big celebration to commemorate ten years after landing, when at the eve of the festivities the ship released all anchorage and rose towards the stars. And you would think that for all the digital manner of recording available that there would be a good record of all this but not so. What information there is available on the *Los Valientes* comes from surface reporting, which generally lack insight on most matters. Truth is that no one knows why the starship went away.”

“So how do you think the crystals are going to help you?”

“I want to know the artificial mentality’s speculation on the matter.”

“And what do you suppose happened?”

“I think there was a threat made and the most beneficial choice was evasion. I think that an attempt against the sovereignty of the ship was being plotted out so that either the ship’s computer had a strong presentiment that an attack was to take effect during the celebrations as a distraction to everyone’s attention or that it was forewarned by an informant and acted in deterrence. So my theory is that the *Los Valientes* felt threatened by the planet’s populace and decided to disassociate taking along about a quarter of a million people at least.”

Lem’s attention had not steered from the Reader and the visual field still remained with a floating image of the starship and the planet.

“The ship was declared independent since it lowered itself to the surface. The Central Computer had adopted an artificial personality referred to as the Queen, which acted as monarch and sovereign mental embodiment of the ship. From the start there were attempts by the surface populace in one form of government or another to conquer or control the ship but the Queen defended her sovereignty. Embassies were established and citizenships were issued so that a choice existed between a citizen of the surface and that of the spaceship. As a separate State it made commerce with the surface and records show that it prospered well. Both its economy and social influence grew progressively. The *Los Valientes*, as a nation, exported a greater part of the produce sold and consumed at the surface—its hydroponics was very efficient. Rabbits were its primary product of export. So there was great gain for the *Los Valientes*, or *El Triunfo* as it was renamed after landing, to remain linked to the surface. Certainly the surface benefited too, maybe so much so that someone always coveted its control. It is my guess that the Queen got cowered away.”

“Sounds reasonable,” Lem remarked. He was not getting anything from the Reader, though.

“Does it sound reasonable to you leaving without a word?”

“If you are breaking all associations then no explanation or farewell is necessary though it would have been reassuring for us to know.”

“That is what I think but that is also where I have my doubts. Maybe for us humans would have been a more natural gesture to announce our departure, justify our action, our motive than it makes sense to a machine; they have no—compassion.”

“Which brings you here, for the opinion of a machine.”

“A very smart one.”

Lem looked within the visual field, only the image of the starship appeared and it really did not make sense to him. He gave it a rest.

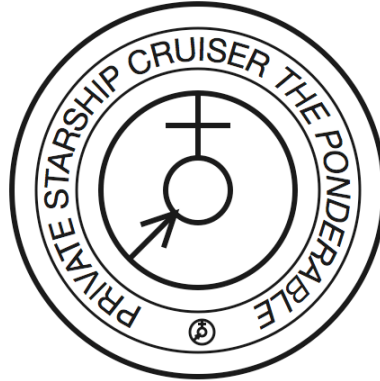
Dinner was slugs and a mushroom soup. The soup had seaweed Lem traded at the market and harvested mosses; it was both nutritious and delicious. The slugs were toasted to a crisp; they were delicious too. Lem informed Oban that he farms six species of aboriginal slugs of which one was psychedelic. After dining they had some.

The trip induced by the slug lasted some ten minutes but it was very intense in visuals. The slug produces dimethyltryptamine and licking a live one was all it took. Afterwards they smoke some cannabis that Oban brought on his horse.

Afterwards Lem looked within the visual field of the Reader, it was a three-dimensional space and with proper concentration one became very much submerged in it—the hammock and the psychotropic made the process all the better. Then, looking at a solitary and stationary image of the starship *Los Valientes* the question came to Lem’s mind, “What if it was suppose to leave?”

They both knew that that was the right question.

Land of the Iii



They called themselves the Iii—sort of like the many selves or the many ones—for they were all in fact the same person, replicas of the same self-reproducible human hermaphrodite and they had reproduce themselves to populate and conquer a previously uninhabited planet they called *Home*.

The original Ium, being an inbreed hermaphrodite, had started breeding once departed Earth in a private Camelot starship, christened *The Ponderable*. Allegedly, the original Ium was born from an incestuous relationship—the father and mother were siblings, son and daughter of a most *fortunate* private banker. Born a mule, he/she was incapable of paring genetically with anyone else.

So “he” impregnated “herself”.

Nine month into the interstellar voyage and the original Ium gave birth to a bright eye replica. They relayed on the wonders of robotics for all assistances.

By the time they arrived to their fateful planet there were thirteen of them. The original one had died just prior to arrival, dying during labor of the seventh identical offspring. The two oldest had become parents individually and combined. The oldest of the Iii when they arrived at the planet had twenty-two earth-years of age.

The pioneer twelve landed at their destined planet with a clear purpose—to breed. Six were pregnant, the other six were soon to follow suit.

The original one was buried on planet *Home* at a place that now stands a great memorial temple sheltering a gigantic statue of a pregnant Ium standing inside a disproportionably larger seashell. Water from artesian springs filled and flow out of the great marble oyster into canals that lead out of the great hall towards a spectacular waterfall and on to continue down the mountain and into the valley below where a deep and long nameless river flows out into a sea.

They landed on a land covered mostly by moss in a myriad of colors; these came in purple, violet, blue, blue-green, green, yellow, orange, red, white, black, white with red spots, red with yellow spots, yellow with black spots. Some grew very thinly over stony

surfaces while other grew in giant pads meters thick over softer humid terrains. Most were edible while some were delicious.

There were strictly unicellular life forms on the planet's oceans but none of these single cell organisms had locomotion. Some were photosynthetic while other had a more hemoglobin like structure and tended to be more parasitical. On land there was no other form of life more complex than algae. The planet had no trees and no indigenous plants.

At first, only their silent hovering human transporters took the sky. They found nothing but clouds to register in their radar. Neither insects nor birds flew in the sky but for the few introduced earthling species brought along, which were eventually released in a "controlled" fashion—all liberated at once.

The Iii were strictly vegetarians and quickly transplanted their hydroponics garden to the organically rich land. Most of Earth's plants took well in the new soil and prospered under a different and somewhat brighter sun. The planet thick atmosphere unloaded a great deal of rain over the land. And there was plenty of oxygen to breath.

The Iii found a tranquil planet with little seismic activity.

The Iiiian civilization grew to great complexity. Their costumes might be hard to comprehend to other humans in that between themselves it was seemly impossible to define individuality and possession, while their character held no ego. There was no sense of family or tribe or community or nation but of companionship at all levels. Individually, the Ium character was a very happy and spontaneous person, very pleasant and attentive. They were very close contact society—orgies were their social order.

They went by naked and treated erection and ejaculation as a public opportunity for reproduction.

The Iii did not speak in first person; it was always a collective conscience of "us". "We" ask, "we" respond. Everyone was alike, larger, smaller, fatter, skinnier, stronger it was indifferent; each individual was as everyone else and thought always for "all". Individuality meant a sign of social contempt, usually signaling a state of depression or mental sickness that was quickly dealt with excessive loving or respected seclusion, whichever therapy the "we" needed.

In very large groups they spoke very little, usually only what was needed to say and that was usually unintelligible. Their vocabulary was an evolution from a collage of Earth's languages. The pioneering Iii had made a priority to learn as many languages as they could from their Library. So a quasi-Sino word could follow another of a Caribbean Pidgin English descent and no one but the speaker knew what was being said. They spoke a very complicated form of expression mostly involving an explanatory body language to their mostly individual lexicon. Usually, what was said was repeated by the listeners and again by the speaker, and then once and many times over by the listeners, so that comments would cascade into chaotic relays.

They constantly educated themselves off-sourcing their Library, and took great pride in autodidactic cross-disciplinary learning. So their main pastime was philosophy and they orated, argued and debated seemingly incessantly.

Laughter was very common and contagious. Spontaneous laughter was most common as well as dancing, singing, whistling, looking around, rolling the eyes and playing with the tongue by sticking it out and moving it in all sorts of ways—this could be either the speaker or the listeners. They like to roll their eyes skyward as if excusing miscomprehension raising their arms up or hugging the nearest person and apparently cry

in self-pity. Usually things were better said with kisses and hugs. Cunnilingus came, usually as an answer to let the speaker know that what was said was not only not understood but that it was no longer interesting.

They erected great structural columns arranged like a mushroom ring, suspending high above great branching canopies in the forms of spiraling rings. Below, under shade, the circular space lay usually wall-less while a luscious garden was maintained round a large center pool. There, large groups of Iii would sleep, eat, bathe and procreate in seemingly eternal orgies—anywhere was fine.

This bath garden were masterpieces of high hangings of plants and gigantic flags of great art. Their unique physiognomy was distinct in every painting or sculpture and the Original One was referred to in benediction in all their endeavors. S/He was the great mother-father from which they were born, the ancestral father-mother that came from the sky.

They develop great appeal in the gold they mined, decorating their bodies extensively with shiny piercing, chains and braces. Their mining efforts, their second greatest technology and concern after agriculture, gave them precious stone to decorate their bodies also. Cultivated Earth's pearls were the most precious of jewels. For the Iii, pearls were the most spiritual bounding of stones and holds the greatest symbolical significant, referring to their creation myth of a universal pearl carved with infinite sand by a universal oyster—the oyster being the symbol of the great eternal vagina that encompass Reality, a glowing pearl. This pearl was shape into perfection, becoming the Universal Mother-Father. It is the Universal Ovum-Sperm and Vagina-Penis. It is the picture of impregnated hermaphrodite with erected penis, standing inside a seashell—so common in their religious iconography. S/he was the impregnation of herself by himself, mother-father-daughter.

Hemp canvases and softer decorative textiles like silk were use as small bands around their arms and legs, or tied somewhere in dangling streams. Covering the genitals was a form of letting others know indisposition for sex and reproduction. Sometimes the vagina would be covered while the penis was left hanging out, to indicate a will to impregnate another but not the desire to become pregnant. There was no conceived matrimony since there was never a way to determine whom the father was. Childbearing was always a collective effort as most adults carried milk-producing mammas and any potential father acted as a surrogate mother.

Even though they could be as unique as their tattoo markings would have anyone be, each still had no proper name. Only the Original One had any real distinctiveness amongst them, all genetic replicas alike.