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## Cosmos Heaven

# Awakening

I have no beginning or ... and. Click. The grains of dirt on my plain don't live. A plain I know for all conscious existence spreads before me." The colors change slightly to make up time periods. This awakening period is unusual.

There was a clear impression Ideaa had on the borderlands of her consciousness. She had visions of a brown haired woman in a cool and comfortable place very different from the omnipresent Waste. Then the words that Ideaa is speaking seem familiar. Some of the talk was repeated and repeated. The speech fades back to visions of blue, orange and purple small shapes contained in large shapes. Her thoughts dwindled into disarray.

I am a Lever, How? Now there are many other images. They recombine with her recent dream. But this dream is sensed to be different. Ideaa breaks her stream of consciousness and stares at the minute details of her arm. She holds it straight out and then bends her elbow with her forearm now close to her face. Next she forms a shadow on her belly. Ideaa moves her body. The small hairs on her arm are a Tangle Walk in the dim Waste light. Ideaa jerks her head away from her arm and towards unchanging light of the sky. The sixth person in her life, approaching from a distance, was with her now.

The arrival of Techman in the EV always came at oh-seven-hundred. The Effects Vehicle had a few words on the side, mostly names like the names of other Levers.

"Greetings Ideaa, are you fresh for learning today?" He always greeted her with some simple words in the morning. This time he seemed subtly different, even slightly irritated. His eyes, the lines on his face and the increased wetness on his skin revealed change in his character.

Ideaa carefully measured each of the changes on Techman with her senses. "Yes Techman I am ready, I sense a change in you, why is this?" Ideaa said this with complete honesty. Techman did not answer immediately as his eyes now moved to the other Levers. Dummon, Kacksa, Griska, Hohn looked at each other and then at Techman. Ideaa could smell that subtle changes in the odor from their skin too. They must be breathing faster. Her Five could also sense what she sensed.

Hohn played more than the others. He loved to create small mountains of sand, all very carefully proportioned so you could look at one little mound and then the next one and then the next... Ideaa like to watch this game. She could tell that they were wonderfully straight. He had just made the straightest mounds she had ever seen. After finishing the straightening, Hohn alternates glances between Techman and Ideaa.

For each remembered day of Ideeas life, Techman came to this place, even before her Five had names. She remembered Techman before memories of her body, and of this place and of the other places. The only thing

older than the Techman is the dreams. They came first. When Techman arrives, there is always teaching. First they learned numbers and symbols. Techman called it lingua-math. Next came logo-math. Ideaa remembered this period in every detail. This was the time they created their names. Techman told them that the names came from a subconscious creativity. That made no sense then.

Today Techman once again looked at each of the Five and finally said “Today is a time you can talk to Medcom.” Ideaa noticed the small device under Techmans arm. It was nearly round and mostly light blue in color. One hemisphere of the device was exclusively black.

“Who is Medcom?” was the immediate reply of Griska (who had the habit of speaking what she immediately felt, for everybody to hear). The other four Levers were staring at Techman with quizzical facial expressions.

Again Techman looked at each Lever and finally said “Medcom is not a person like you Five. It is a mouth, eyes and ears for each of you to experience the on going compiled existence of other people like your self. Yes, there are others. Many, many others from numerous worlds often different from this one. You will experience all this in due time. This or I should say these are your new lessons. As you study these new peoples and those other intelligent life forms that have been encountered, you will come to know that you Five are very special indeed”.

“What is a world?” Techman handed Griska a Medcom Associator as an affirmative reply.

The Techman placed the small apparatus in each Fives domo, climbed in the EV and ascended into the unchanging twilight of the Canali Waste.

Idea watched the craft turning orange, red and then purple until it was a faint light speeding through the dark violet sky.

By now Kacksa and Hohn had connected their Medcom Associators. Ideaa recalled each of the other teaching units. They had always worked the same way.

The first unit had taught them how to live. Ideas earliest conscious memories were of Techman bringing food to them, teaching them to speak and to take handle of their bodies. Later they learned to make their nourishment and domos from a unit called a MicroGrowAuto. They learned every detail of the MicroGrowAuto. They knew how to make another MicroGrowAuto from the original. The Five came to know it as basic survival. Next they learned lingua-math. Then came ...

Idea snapped out of her reverie. She never finished the thought. She was in a dream cycle while awake. This must be subconscious reasoning. “I’ve got to learn it” she thought to herself. Ideaa came up quickly on her feet, rippled the bones in her spine back and forth, shaking the dust in vectored directions. Then she entered the central domo with the other Five.

The Medcom device had already established a link with the central nervous system of the other Four.

“This is a preamble to Medcom, your window into the universe of humans and other intelligent entities. The scope of this teaching device goes beyond those you have previously used because what you can learn is in a constant state of flux. The Linguamath that you have been studying, is a tiny fraction of the knowledge contained within”. (Idea thought that was a funny joke from the new device). The Preamble, as they came to call it, went on to describe the devices primary purpose of the link.

The MedCom link taught each of the Five the origins of existence. But the links knowledge is not limited to human natural history. Through the link the Five discovered we are unique. We are Levers, a product of Standard Scientific Org and were unique in the view of the universe presented by this Medcom.

The Medcom device knew of worlds. The Five only had this world. Many existed (confirming their guesses discussed in the Waste).

The new worlds are named Ground Number One, Menton, Beautica, New Orn, New Sotia. On each of these many worlds there were other people, unknown and unmet. Using the Medcom device we could understand what they said and we could even speak back if they told us where they were.

Each of the Levers understood the LinguaMath from the Medcom device. Its knowledge was broken into four parts at the top.

The first is GeneralKnowledge. It is divided into GeneralKnowledgePhysics, GeneralKnowledgeLinguamath. And there are new subjects like GeneralKnowledgeSocialdynamics, GeneralKnowledgeEconomicSystems.

The second part was called GeneralPlanetary. It is about our world which is named Canali. There are other large groups of people called cities. Ideas thoughts now burned with curiosity. New people!

The third part was GeneralSolarsystems. It is a river for information about other worlds and all the people there.

The fourth part is GeneralConversation. It allows her to talk to these people newly discovered in MedCom parts two and three. It called itself the general RezUp channel.

Idea took a portion of the device back to her own domo, leaving Griska, Kacksa and Hohn in the process of making an exhaustive study of linguamath answers from Medcom. Dummon and Griska had already departed to their own domos to continue their individual conversations with each of their devices.

Idea studied the link to understand where the people and planets came from and who they were before she attempted to communicate with them. Her own curious behavior seemed to come from within her own mind during a moment when she was not in a state of deep concentration.

Of all the Levers on the Waste, she felt she had the best sense of sequencing and time. Of course she wanted to speak to these new others found in the window of the MedCom link. Idea rapidly came to self understanding. Now she knew that she wouldn't do this until she knew who they were and what they do. "Are all of us in this link Levers? If not, why not?"

For the next few days each of the Leverites meet in the morning to discuss new lessons learned from the Medcom as they had done with their previous teaching devices.

"The people which originally called themselves humanity come from four homeworlds. Each homeworld has had a distinct species of human. Each human subspecies appeared at the same time in our natural history on the four homeworlds."

"Long ago in the earliest times before the 1<sup>st</sup> Human Federation They learned to travel between worlds. Then they met each other. They interbred. Then they became humanity as it is today".

At the thought of biology, her body felt strange. It was not the same as hunger, or eliminating Waste, but a strange, different sensation that caused her to have a yearning feeling for something that she could not obtain. Even before she had her name, she remembered being close to the other levers and their sensations of physically touching.

She didn't even like it or understand it sometimes. The males in the group started acting different and their bodies... Yet somehow this seems familiar, similar to the thoughts she had when awaking from her rest

period.

Now Ideas focus returned to biological differences of the four human subspecies that she had been studying from the ancient past. She activated the teaching device to emit a Grothreesian. (This Medcom device is similar to the Multijectors on the lingua math thingy that emitted multidimensional geometry from her earlier training). The three dimensional image appeared.

A muscular male and female from a sea family culture appeared between the multijectors. A wispy pure full white beard flowed from the face of the male and from the tip of the chin of the female. They are both in their youth. They speak in a strange dialect. Idea cross referenced the dialect with GeneralKnowledgeLanguagesAncient on the Medcom. It took Idea about sixty minutes to learn it.

For the next few days Idea concentrated on the history of humanity. She knew all the languages. She knew all the art forms. All the wars. All the government systems. And all the religions. She could sing a song from New Sotia fifty years after the colonization or capsule the Song of Dakay from the federation period on Menton. She learned all of this in five days.

After receiving the Medcom, techman appeared each morning. There were questions. "All questions can be answered by the Medcom" and for the most part, they were. But what was once ordinary to the Five in their Waste environment, was now strange and unusual. Typically when they woke in the morning and then played games. They would throw round objects for distance. Up until now it had just been fun. Dummon and Kacksa usually won. Now they measured the distances. Even Griska could throw the ball it 620 meters.

Hohn identified the record for a thrown object this size in GeneralKnowldegeSportsRecords given the gravitational pull of Our World:

Canali. 610 meters, post bioengineering, the place- Crystair, the year 2968.

Twenty days after receiving the Medcom, Kaksa asked the Techman a question. "Am I biologically fertile? Medcom cannot answer this question for me." Techmans face showed little emotion. "No, not right now". As you have learned, children are designed and implanted either in a mother or in biowombs. There are a few cases where children still burst from their mother." Griskas face now had a look of quizzical disgust. Ideas pulse beat and her mind raced. This thought of biocreation terrified her. She knew that thinking about it could confuse her. No one asked how to become fertile. The subject didn't come up again while questioning the Techman.

Idea went her domo. Her mind moved in several semi-coherent parallel patterns, but within them she sensed a coherent meaning. This time she knew her subconscious. She knew how it worked. She was on the outside of the blank part of her mind, yet Idea maintained parts on the inside.

She turned on her own tiny GrowAuto for food. "Yes, time to sleep." She made some modifications to the sugars that she poured into the biocreator that came from the GrowAuto.

"Just a little bit, this stuff is strong". Kaksa came to the door. The iris entry allowed the natural darkness of dusk in the domo. "All this diminishes the mind and body Idea. I don't think we will be the same as before. But we'll be together. Canali Waste Levers are we, lady person. Feelings tell me this drink is not so good for Idea ladies body."

Kaksa breaks eye contact with Idea and stares into the dusk light after a quick kill of the domo light. Idea puts a finger in her mouth and with a near perfect imitation of Hohn, and says to her Lever, "We all know that we are going, we all know that we a new species with the knowledge and learning of the old species.

But sometimes it's confusing when there is a happy time party of millions of people in you". "Sounds like fun for the person to me, so don't dwell on it. Let it dwell on you". Kaksa closed the iris entry and faded in the dusk.

For some time Idea scanned the dim plain. She focused on a point of light and then another and then the next, which she could see above the dim light horizon.

She then remembered a vague recollection of excited conversation between Hohn and Dummon before she fell into a dream laced sleep.

The next day when Idea woke, the images of subconscious activity were crisp and clear. She was in a city, like many that she had discovered while scanning the Medcom.

There was a male in this particular dream city. He is stocky with a likely mix of original Growthreesian racial stock in him. This stock-silvery is affectionate towards her. He is touching her body. They are talking. She knows him.

"It will jump pattern- we can do it- I know". He was carrying her through the city. Idea looked down. Yes, He had to carry her because her legs were missing. She felt other parts of her body missing and couldn't sense them.

Now she feels something about stock-silvery man. It is akin to affection. She has a deep ominous sense about what she is doing with stock-silvery man. How? "Yes Idea we can do it".

They were now in a forest outside of the city. It is dark. Completely dark.

Idea ignored all the other Levers this day awake period. She decided she was leaving and would travel in the Waste alone.

Techman came as usual. Idea said nothing and only listened to the other Five. She knew when she left she could talk to them via Medcom, because the components to Rezip are easily carried on her person.

Hohn and Kaksa were a blur with activity. They are planning an unknown project. Dummon watches Hohn and Kaksa. They talk for some time and then the three would go into Hohn's domo. A few minutes later out they would come. "Identify conversion from set-dot-wee" "I have it Dummon along with needed dibulation factor".

"An engineering project". They might sense her departure.

She knew that this Five would remain special to her. None of her others ever mentioned their dreams, if they were that. Some of them talked about how easy it was for them to learn skills.

She thought about this but Idea wasn't concerned. She has an urge to depart. She packed all that was needed to survive in the Canali Waste.

## Plane

Idea only slept a few hours in a dreamless rest. She awoke and headed in a direction perpendicular to the dusk line of the Waste. Though not tiring, she moved slowly on foot in a sleepwalk. A familiar feeling came to her. A familiar feeling of solitude that is not part of the Waste.

There are only a few life forms that live in the Canali Waste, and nearly all of those are in the twilight band. There are a few specialized creatures living in the dark and almost none in the light band.

Idea mapped her destination in her mind. Xen city in the twilight band. It would take her several days on foot. She could had all items needed: Medcom interconnect, liquid-collectors, micro food-converter, multi-tools for micro recronomations, cloths and even some status. "From Xen city its off my home planet for me".

The first day after leaving her camp of origin was uneventful.

She spent most of the time planning and day dreaming. She decided she had to visit a world with an ocean. It is Beautica. It is a moderately long trip via fater-than-light star cruiser. Idea made up her mind, "Beautica".

The grains of dirt and under weathered stone formed hills as Idea moved through the Waste. The debates continued in her mind whether to stay in the open or take one of the natural caves left from the residue of natural geography.

Idea chose a small hole in a dark gray rock. She could feel the vibrations all around her in the hard rock. She curled up and fell into a active dream state sleep.

Idea is now at a sea. She could feel than sand in her feet. A small sized dark haired male is with her. He was stumbling and having trouble walking. "Idea let's go to Pemit, we can go slow tonight." The silver male stops and answers an inbound MedCom. "I can get you a JobStatus, yes another one. Its from Fasteel". Idea knows there's no job. But it doesn't make any difference, the silver male will provide an alternative anyway.

The dark male and Idea stumble into a small circular theatre. The circle is broken by the production token. There are only a few people there. Idea doesn't know who they are. The silver male disapears and Idea is on center stage. She walks off the stage. The people follow her into the Canali Waste.

"How long have I slept?". An entry is made into her medcom OffLine ... PrivateSpace. Idea records the dream and other subconscious activities she can reconstruct for later subconscious feed back. "Maybe I should camp here a while in the Waste. And build some teks before arriving at Xen city". She ran 15 kloms without noticing it. Then her senses instantly focused and sharpened. "There's something in the distance".

Doh comes from the one of the Coldwater systems. As an accomplished musician and entertainer, he always has his Zengelo at his side. Doh left the Coldwater systems a depressed man. He had been addicted to one of many auto stimulations for a period and lost a female lover, who with her family, had disapeared from his life.

The pinnacle of humiliation occurred when the female lovers brother engaged in a a status loosing bodily attack against him. Doh was despondent in a Coldwater center for a number of days. Doh took up the Inner Sedation Discipline in the Church of Mux. Now he has overcome depression but struggles with his own vision of happiness. He is an in between man despite despite all his psycho religious manifestations.

The music flows from Dohs zengelo in the Canali Waste. Mixed in with the drone and arpeggios Doh can be heard extruding wavering vocalizations in the still Canali air.

Jaecerang-leeo-beaBREE-TON-tong". Doh, the prophets hair, engulfed the few rays of the Canali sun that are visible in the sunset band of the Waste. Levels of small lights reflect off each finger of the prophets stretching hands.

"Bow-dea-bot-t-tah-BOMO-shee-dende-laooooAH". The prophet now encompasses the entire dusky sky. Colored rays connect the holy energy centers of the completely outstretched body.

“Yah-YOE-yoe-yoeyah- ti-licroa-yapida”. Dohs fingers flow over the invisible energy strings as the vision metamorphisizes.

Idea hears the chanting and music in the distance. A quick MedCom scan. Nothing queries in this area. A number of hermits and religious types in the Canalian Waste. Hard to reach. Expect a time delay because they don't listen if they have bothered to Associate at all.

Idea picks up the pace now running quitly among the hard oxidized rocks. She is but a half of a klom away. “I see him. Looks to be by himself. Looks like he has a minimal amount of equipment. He is surviving off the meager microscopic life of the Waste and picking boogers out of the sand.. Estimate he's been here a couple months.”

Idea refocuses her vision. “The instrument is a Zengelo. I identify him as a Mux priest. Time to say hello.” She walked the rest of the way.

Dohs face took on a slight smile as the female walked out of the fading vision of the Zoos. “You are not on MedCom, I tried to find you or someone like you out here and I couldn't” the mirage female said.

Doh continued to smile “I don't connect often, are you ok? I mean are you physically well?” “ I am in top physical shape, singing man”. “My name is Doh, I am a grain of energy”. “I am Ideaa dusk walker and Waste dweller. I am a Lever”.

She looked carefully at Doh. His retinas were nearly white blue, his skin dark brown, his hair a light brown. He was three point five four centimeters shorter than she was. His physique was unique but so was hers. Ideaa did not have the Standard bio-profile of original Canali colonizers. Doh had obviously originated off planet and had a small number of tech-units to use for survival on the Waste.

He also had a medcom unit that was currently in a dormant state. The emblems on his clothes depicted arcana from the Church of Mux. Ideaa and Doh spent a while just looking at each other. Doh had a faint smile on his face. After a while so did Ideaa.

“In the Waste there aren't any sounds but our own. I surprised I did not see you sooner.” “I guess its my training, I can approach very quietly if I choose.”

Ideaa was now looking at her feet. (It now occurred to Ideaa that she was developing a subconscious repeating behavior of staring at her feet -- a habit.)

"Want company?" " I always have the company of self places it goes to." "There is room for more than on person in the Waste, you will not bother me."

Doh looked at Ideaa. She is fairly tall with hair color of platinum. Her cloths were a simple SSO issue. Probably from a lab.

"I was going to return to the underground city soon. My church-family is there and I also want practice the Waste-sail when I return." Ideaa interrupted Doh talking about his journey home. "You did play the Zengelo. Please continue."

Doh picks up the Zengelo and looks at Ideaa. "I can sit down and start playing the Zengelo by myself in the Waste, nobody will be around me whatever to hear it. And I can play certain pieces and my mind will be drifting. Before I know anything tears are coming down. Thats right! I just stop, get up, perhaps start walking or catch something and ride away to try to satisfy myself."

Then Doh played for some time and finally stopped. "I have heard of this religion of yours, Lever. It is said that you gain extraordinary talents from communion with what you call, a single Cosmos force". "You could put it that way, but I don't know about being a grain of energy". This polished planetoid" discussion, as popular humorists would say, went on for some time.

"You are well attuned to things Idee, but you seem to be a far away female. Have you spent a great deal of time in cryogenics?" "nope, no, not me. I just a bit different. I am Lever. The Waste is the only place I have physically been".

"You never were a child, and without father or mother or family... you don't look a bit like a Standard clone... are you sure?"

"No, not these Doh". This information seemed to nonplus Doh, but he continued to talk to Idee about the background of his own life. They talked for some time about a number of unrelated topics. First they spoke about what there was to do in the nearer star systems.

There was some discussion of alien life forms and finally of major change in the structure of the League itself.

With no night or day on the Waste time can pass very fast or slow. Idee hadn't directed her senses towards time measurement. She was encouraged by Doh to join in the music, of which she became (in his words) surprisingly good at very quickly.

He told Idee that she understood the connections between body creative centers and salvation points available to the mythological mind. As usual she just smiled about not revealing her inner thoughts.

Doh and Idee joined in Supra-Cryogenic meditation and migrated into a trance state, both of them slightly lowering their body temperatures.

The time range for S-C meditation can range from 10 to 40 hours depending on the capabilities of the practitioners. Idee and Doh touched knees and went into a deeper trance. Now they hold each others hands.

Images come to Idee. She is a city. A city of small proportions that is bathed in the light of a blue sun. The light given off by the sun in the sky is artificial, like the light of a domo. The buildings are metallic white.

Idee is on a terrace. There is music inside. She knows these people. But she doesn't know their names. The people recognize Idee. The bride comes out of the building with a man, another man she knew. It is him again! The dream man. He has clear eyes and is smiling. The dream man and the bride emerge from the small wedding room with vines. The vines have white, violet and pink flowers. There is a slight hint of moisture in the air. Idee moves her focal point of vision from leaf to leaf.

The breaking of the water waves at an ocean can now be heard. The noise from the waves is now near the now darkening terrace in the twilight. The dream man sits down next to her.

"How is it, your death and being on the other side?" "It is really quite simple, as you can see me now." "Married death is the same as it is in married life" .

Idee turns and leaves the building and turns out into a passage way clear of people and objects leading to what is a university complex. Idee looks back at the wedding party. The dream-man is ill with intoxication and laying down, She continues into the University complex.

There is an announcement for a course on one of the homeworlds ancient languages. The announcement was highlighted by an incandescent indigo glow around the border. Ideea walks into a bright day surrounded by garden. There are old broken wood chairs, wet ferns among the humid plants that stand at her feet.

Ideea turns off the water nourishing the plants and places her hand in the other warm hand next to hers.

This is the first time Ideea emerges from a dream state with a man doing the first touching... of love making. He is very gentle. She responds in kind. Moments later Doh is now both furious and gentle.

Afterwards she is both pleased and annoyed. The thought of her being a receptacle for male seed makes her angry. Yet she feels the physical contact is something she has missed.

"It has been a long time since you have had a lover". Doh says nothing. His eyes are closed. He opens them with his fingers and places his hand in hers again.

"I'm not familiar with your all aspects of your religion, is love making taboo? You now have a frowny face".

"No, given proper forces its even condoned. It has been a long time since there was love making under S-C meditation".

Ideea has an interest in talk but she is starting to feel very clinical about the whole thing. She could track and feel each male seed in her body. And she could control each one as it attempted to fertilize her. Not now. Not here. She killed them all.

Doh started his music again. A series of arpeggios that have an assymmetric start and then as lower notes progress, the series ends in a symmetric set of high noted chords.

Ideea changes her immediate focus and concentrates on a search through the medcom. BiologyFertilization. There are no references to any females ability to track individual spermatozoa. She has feelings that in a previous lifetime she had not been able to do this. After an exhausted search of the Medcom, Ideea felt that her information was complete but left her true questions unanswered.

Ideea joined Doh with the music making. She started to wonder why Hohn has not contacted her. But that was really not her primary concern right now. She sat down next to Doh after the song was finished. They touched hands again, this time his face facing the unchanging Waste night and hers facing the unchanging Waste dusk. They entered the S-C meditation.

Ideea is in a large dim lit domo. She is siting alone. There is no one. The domo is much larger than she first thought.

## Starship

Ideas leaving had not surprised Hohn. Of the levers she had been the one that struggled the most with her own thoughts. "She's gone". "Yeah, we will be in contact. She did learn Medcom before leaving, yeah".

Dummon wasn't the slightest bit interested in a journey into the Waste. "We've discussed what seems to be our human pasts with Kacksa and Griska. Ideea is a high probability Lever at... who knows that. I don't. Kaksa and Griska might. But, yeah, how boring." Kaksa gave a small smile.

It was two days after Ideeas departure and Hohn and Dummon had detailed plans for the reconomation system. Hohn, Dummon and Kaksa plan to build a small star cruiser from scratch and fly it from the Canali

Waste.

When the Techman arrived, Griska said she would depart with him. "I'm, going to Xen City. Talk to me on the Medcom. I will need you, but more important you need me".

Hohn and Dummon had never established multiway Medcom conversations with anyone in the Canali star system. Not so with Kaksa. She spent a lot of time "on the comm" with people from the cities travelling in the Canali Waste, occupied system craft in the Canali solar system and even had made a number of trans system connects with the four Cold Water systems.

Kaksa is developing an excellent understanding of the social forces in collision and subsequent recombining and disintegration. She firmly believes that the social fabric of the late second human federation and League Cosmos would never be the same.

But that wasn't her great concern right now. Recronomation and star ship construction was.

"Hohn, I will be in contact with Techman. We should take care concerning the project. By the Dim Lights Way ... I don't understand all the plans, but the recronomation is the single gating part. And I sense danger. I wish I could be specific why, but its more of an intuition about the invisible war. I'm not sure about it myself. Each of us are emerging Levers. We will learn more as we go along".

Griska climbed aboard the EffectsVehicle. Kaksa looked at Hohn and Griska. "I know". "Could be why Ideaa is gone. She will communicate with us when she's ready." Griska smiled, looked back at the Face of the Universe in the dark part of the Waste and looked at the large number of star systems. They all looked at the Face for a some time. By then Griska was gone. She returned two days later.

"Its not to recreate technology from the ancient times of the Home Worlds. Yeah. Its to expand us. To know what we can do and to be able to do it ourselves. Yes it is ... I can do it". Hohn walks through the newly constructed duraplast tunnels under the Waste surface verbalizing in his unique way as he goes.

After five days and two visits by Griska, the rechronomation phase is going well. Because the project is a rechronomation, this is strictly a one off. Only one starship will be built at the site in the Canali Waste. After the ship is done, the tunnels and the fabing would we dismanteled and collapsed.

Dummon poured over images from the Medcom. Those that made sense he saved on sheet spaces, or electronic pieces of paper that on which he could move the 3 or greater dimensional image that the medcom emitted.

"We can do everything with materials in the Waste except cadmium and a couple of heavy metals. We're gonna have to get those from off planet".

"Kaksa, how should we do this? I mean we are making a starship from all known technology. Yeah. But I think it must be

our advantage to remain unknown in the Waste. If what Griska says, not just advantage, but, yeah, essence." Kaksa listens to Hohn intently as she pages through the sheet space of starship planning.

"Looks like we need to contact a random mining operation. Can you get it to us here, platform ... in low Canali orbit?"

"Thats the problem. Moving a large quantity of specialized metal through the space org." "It's a biggo". Dummon stares at Kaksa with a look a look on his face of:

"I-wish-you-would-let-me-go-outside-mommy".

"The best thing to do is divert a local source into a EV plus a small maneuver drive. I've got several material sources identified in this system. And the proper status commodities in SSO... Just need to land one of them a klom in that direction." "Try twelve kloms" Kaksa interrupted Dummon redirecting the dialogue. "Aren't there a number of survey craft that enter through a known approach and survey the Waste at close range?"

"Think so."

"Yeah."

"But couldn't I get the heavy metals piecemeal from Griska and wouldn't this be safer?"

Kaksa deliberately contradicted her previous statement.

"And a lot longer it is" chanted Hohn in a whimsical tone of voice. "This should be done quickly in a plain and simple way."

"I think I agree with Hohner and Kaksie" said Dummon. "So be it."

Then Kaksa smiled a stiff smile and released an almost unnoticeable sigh.

Griska seemed worried but accepted the plan without protest. She knew that there really didn't exist a way without danger. They

all did. Work commenced on building the ship itself. As planned the three Levers didn't try to invent new technology. They took the

existing League technology they had access to and started to build a starship from it as rapidly as possible. After the rechronomation was under way with discrete system autofabing, they modified the sequence to emit a EV in the chronological order. It was atmosphere quality... now to the plan of material resource mining.

Griska wanted to get their screens and offensive weapons operational on the star ship "Ground Glar" prior to maneuver or jump drive capability. The latter ability required heavy metals.

Kaksa, Dummon and Hohn all worked different hours. Hohn tended to be early, dummon tended to be late (if early and late have meaning) and Kaksa long on hours (long rests, then a long time awake... about a day at a time). As the Levers became more aware of their surroundings, they became aware of what they were doing and they gained an awareness of their own individuality. Kaksa was affectionate with both Hohn and Dummon, at this time in her life. There is no apparent jealousy in the two males. Kaksa is both their lover and their best friend. Kaksa responds with the same feelings towards the two Lever males.

The three Levers worked these shifts in rotation on the Ground Glar up to the point that they needed the rare components. The star ship had a good 150 metric tons of hard/soft duraplast in the hull, bulkheads and staterooms. The control systems for the gravitics unit, the maneuver drive, long range and short range sensory units, defensive and offensive weaponry and star jump warp drive are in place. The star ship is minus the rare components of heavy metals and the parts produced from them.

At random intervals Griska returned making comments and suggestions on the ships construction. For all practical purposes the ship looked and was seen on sensors like a typical system merchant of its class.

The Ground Glars construction was shielded deep within the Waste. Macro Conduits can generate some very

usable caverns. The energy sources used in making the Ground Glar were carefully dissipated into the planetary background noise. To anyone but the most interested and persistent observer, there was nothing here in this Waste. In Spite of all this care, some mistakes were made.

The days that passed during the star ships construction still brought no word from Idee. About two weeks before the journey to rendezvous with the cache of heavy metals, she made contact by medcom. "Idee is wandering through the Waste with a normal, a nonStandard. It seems their wandering is taking them in the general direction of Xen City. Idee says that some of her subconscious feelings are ultimately guiding her to the main planet of the Beautica system."

"When she reaches Xen city, Idee will look for transit in that hyperspace direction. By now Idee is quite fond of the holyman and his church learned form of SupraCryo subconscious meditation taught by Mux. I sense Idee seems to understand that we have concerns that she does not yet know about. Kaksa will contact her when the Ground Glar is complete and she feels that open communication is safe."

Griksa managed to get the heavy metals in low Canali orbit from sources unknown to the other three Levers. After the parts are in place the Ground Glar will be complete.

Dummon piloted the EV into low orbit to retrieve the package. He took every precaution known and that Griksa could suggest. A pattern program for EVs that serviced Xen City was diagnosed and absorbed into machine mental molecular of the Medcom.

Dummon picked a randomized entry point into Xen/inbound Waste/outbound traffic pattern. The macro atomic conduit powered the EV directly into a low Canali orbit and Dummon was able to make the pickup. He was in communication sync with all in system blockage points. No problem here.

After Dummon returned, within a few hours, patterns of EVs appeared over the Canali Waste where he landed.

"I see'm Hohn, try to get a decode on his Medcom bandwidth Dummon." "This, yeah, won't be easy in flash time capturing. If he detects our detection where will it originate from?"

Kaksa winced. "We can risk sending two messages, one to Griksa and one to Idee. Hohn returned to the Medcom and sent some Off Line dot-locals.

"Yeah. I see. The search patterns will undoubtedly come in contact with Idee and the holy man."

Kaksa put her hand on Dummon and Hohn and then spoke in a low, open toned voice.

"We all have sensed danger from the beginning of our of the new life. When Techman brought us our Medcom units on that day we all learned about the cosmos, we began to know.

We also learned that the Five of use are exceptional. We are in many ways superhuman. In body and mind we each know we excel more than any of the other Humfed2 humans observed on the Medcom."

"I have some doubts about that now" Dummon interrupted Kaksa as he placed his free arm around her and released the embrace a moment later.

"Fine perception. What makes you think that 'ummo babe?" "Look at the recent history of League Cosmos. Excellent balanced random permutation and transplanetary coordination of culture at all conscious and subconscious levels of associativity."

"yes, 'ummo, any social dynamicist knows this. We learned it on the Com, but go on."

"Well the whole thing is caving in like an unreinforced message torp at the bottom of a gas giant. I analyze certain events and I witness a parallel jump of an order of magnitude of human capability".

"Yes, I have been thinking the same thing. We know there must be other Levers, people who have been reconstructed from a cosmos dream of death with most of their abilities in this perceptual existence".

All three were silent for some time, physically touching each other each in their own way. "The Ground Glar will be finished soon, lets go to it."

"Yeah."

## Others

Techman, Sooyah and two others sat in a channel bus moving through the underground. Having recently departed Xen city, they are now destined for Merel city. They are soon to be joined by the fifth person completing the Five. Sooyah replayed what some would consider, a superficial recent history of Canali. Next there is a formal greeting of the newcomer. The four listened to the history they had scanned a number of times before. They were searching for the information that transforms an obvious question into a riddle.

The replay of the BaseHistoryCanali was the usual usual mix ofverbal and visual Offline. An early exploratory starship is shown entering the Canali system.

"The first probes and subsequent settlers were organized from the Farmit system, a fringe technology from the Second Human Federation. Canali was the research center for bio-med sciences. After the practical application of reliable faster than light jump drives became available, a grouping of Farmit based scientists immigrated to the Canali system. At that time genetic engineering was common practice in a number of forms through out League systems."

The visual now showed some of the original cloning processes used to populate Canali.

"Canali was settled by the top bio-engineers from Farmit and their methodology was unique. The new human subspecies had quite differing physical looks but each had approximately average mental and physical capabilities. They populated this system and the four nearby Coldwater systems. The Farmit based Standard Science Organization brought with them all the popular religious and political orientations into the new planetary government... "

Sooyah turned to the person dressed in green, Techman, and then to the fourth person dressed in grey. Their attentions are now removed from the OffLine. They now spoke among themselves, letting the audio-viz band of the Offline continue. "A number of locals from trans- Homeworld sectors have entered the Canali system. Their origins are from randomized sources. They are very tough to track. I suspect that these agents are also a new species of enhanced humans."

The one dressed in gray completed the verbal speculation.

"Probably a mind bio-machine interface according to my sources. Further unsubstantiated theoretical conjecture says that they are combinatorial neural networks of a number of deceased people that have been programmed into a single living person."

Sooyah gave a sigh. The four redirected their attention back to the Offline recapitulating the history of their

home planet.

"... and the recent successful colonization of the Stareyes Outsector made possible by reliable multi-parsec hyperdrives has made Canali a capitol system in the League."

The audio-viz is deliberately blackened as the fifth person joins the four on the channel car.

"Griska, please feel comfortable to talk freely among us."

Techman made the verbal introduction. Three of the others gently clasped Griskas hand.

"Each of us is a Lever." "We must manage in our mind the emerging realities of our former lives like yourself and any of your nascent compatriots."

"I know." Griska almost repeated, with eyes in a translucent stare. This sense of calm in the newest Leverite left Sooyah nonplussed. But, then again, Sooyahs feeling soon passed. Griska now took the verbal initiative.

"Questions I have. Do you know how many of us there are?"

Sooyah replied, "Each of us can make a basic guess. In the Canali system there are several thousand of us and likewise in the four Cold Water systems. There are likely even more of us in the Stareyes Outsector. Many say that there even are Leverite influences beyond the old Federation Homeworlds."

"But what is more important than numbers, Griska, is what, how and when they do what they do."

"I understand, but I wanted a feeling of social gravity. I am asking all questions. You have some for me?"

"Not from me."

"Nor me, maybe later."

"Nor myself, why don't you continue Griska?"

"Sessions on the Medcom tell me that many of Levers symbologies come from the Church that is the Face of the Universe. It is also easy to conclude that we Levers have our origins in the Standard Science Organization ..."

"Yes, but not as a production and symbolic child of the entire SSO, Griska, only a few within SSO actually developed the new bio-genetic technology that makes you and your comrades possible."

"The science that engendered your mind and body was actually initiated prior to the inception of our Leverism. Shortly after these experiments, SSO social scientists became familiar with the heretical theories a group of learned senior social scientists on Ground-2. The theories originating from the old Federation home worlds, predicted a cultural and mythological breakup of the League as an organic unit."

Griska sat quietly with a sullen but intense interest. Her eyes are staring with glistening highlights, flashing black and dark. Techman seemed nervous and twitchy. The others, green and gray showed no outward sign of concern.

"Are there any social focal points of Leverism" asked Griska in a subdued tone.

"No, not now. Oh in the beginning there were logistics for bio and social engineering that was focused locally

in the Canali system. Rebirths were affected that reduced interaction between groups of Fives. Leadership, by our definition, is the ability to gain consensus in the unknown Lever grid. The chances for full reconstruction of humans are nearly 100% for someone only a few minutes dead. A full genetic reconstruction can be made from a single cell."

Griska questioned this dialogue.

"The Lever technique of Rebirth doesn't this itself become a social focal point?"

"The technology can be decentralized to an individual basis. At the current time in our species galactic history the initial generation of echnology has shifted and can now be deeply hidden. Given this process, we know where you were made but we don't know how or the circumstances."

Then the truth of the matter which should have been understood long ago came to Griska. "It isn't that important because we can breed enhanced humans without the reincarnation cycle."

"Yes, very easy for females, more difficult but not impossible for Leverite males."

"Macro atomic restructuring for human biology."

"Yes."

The tunnel car is now approaching the exit through Merel City. Griska continued with the dialogue.

"I left with Techman, the first thinking being I knew in this reality. I came here because I sensed here, with you, is where I might begin to understand ..."

## Trouble

"... Yes there are non-humans that we think we have discovered. Some mammaloid, some reptiloid and others you-name-it-oid. The Badges have capabilities far beyond anything heard of in the League, but they seem afraid of the League human species."

Doh snuggled closer to Ideaa, his head touching her shoulder blades. "Oh yes, you are a sensuous Waste holy man but I don't like to do it at the beginning of the wake-up cycle".

"Idea, sometimes you are more sensuous than anybody I have ever been with. Yet you are so deliberate. You hate it if you don't know exactly what you are doing."

Doh stops talking , stands up mechanically imitating the voice of a late HumFedOne artificial voice. "and-h sometimz det morning iz yer favorite ti-ee-em."

Idea laughed and said "forget it".

"What do you know of the alien species the League has encountered?"

Doh paused looking whimsically up and down her torso.

"I think you're one of them Idea. You're sense of touch, timing, the way your body works. Its not typical".

Idea just sat there waiting. Then Doh continued.

"You really like to mull over the medcom. You should know more about alien civilizations than myself Idea. What I know I cannot explain to you with facts, though my knowledge comes indirectly from the same facts."

Idea thinks "Mux Churchisms" to her self.

"The Anasi have hundreds of cosmic secrets. It's something I just fee." "I think I understand you my funny beautiful friend."

After saying that Idea showed Doh some more affection and reverts to yet another mode in her personality.

"From what I know of the Anasi from the medcom, they seem to do in public what most sentient species do in private. All individuality must be kept in lonely silence. They have a very complex set of legal social relations. And supposedly have unexplained powers."

Doh straightened and a serious expression moved across face.

"It goes deeper than that 'dea. They know things they aren't telling anyone."

"Have you ever met an Anasi?"

"No. Who has?"

"Mostly the trans-League colonials. Thats where most of the information we have on them comes from."

"They must know things. Look, they leave us alone. Completely. And thats not within the realm of probability to my reasoning."

Doh and Idea alternated between discussing aliens and playing music until they were both exhausted.

"Lets rest and move closer to Xen City."

Idea had talked Doh into accompanying her on her planned intersystem travel and he had convinced her to perform music for religious organizations, Mux and Lever, and to acquire in-system status. Idea and Doh had already prepared their own way with a few medcom broadcasts from the Waste.

An audio-viz of Hohn appeared to her by a selecting filter preample. Idea rubbed her head trying to get her body in peak performance.

"Idea, you and the holyman-in-the-Waste are in danger. There is a hostile force in the Waste. I feel we will manage to stay close and somehow we will reconnect later. Seeing you."

"Doh! Get up. We have to abandon this part of the Waste and head immediately to Xen City. Get your instrument and pack."

"Unh, `dea who said that. Another Lever?"

"Yes. I've been told its dangerous to be here. I don't know why there is trouble. I really like you Doh, so please hurry, collect your belongings."

Doh and Ideaa headed in the direction of Xen City. Doh tired rapidly trying to run at Ideas deliberately slow pace.

"Your athletic ability is comparable to your love making ability."

He was winded and could hardly talk. "Another Lever gift?" As Doh wheezed out his dialogue, Ideaa grabbed him and supported a large proportion of his weight as she jogged through the Waste. Her mind raced. Given the equipment she had pictured several scenarios in her mind. She could build an energy field and bio med field support system. She would build a person-to-medcom decoy signal.

She could enable any of these systems in a small increment of time, but not all of them.

"Dea have you ever considered physical games to go along with religious enlightenment?"

"Gonna stop now. Gotta make some things. Fast. Now."

Ideaa stopped near the top of a small hill. The ground was very hard and rough. The hill rose 20 meters at a grade of 35 degrees. There were higher hills nearby but on this one she had sensed a small opening near the top. It must have been carved out by the infrequent windstorms on Canali. They got to the top.

"Doh just dig in this opening while I do some other tasks to protect us."

She could sense the change in Dohs perspiration. He was really scared. It took her an hour or more to set the defenses before she returned to the opening at the top of the hill. She used more time than she liked to use.

"Good job. Lets bury ourselves. Meditate, but no into sub-cryo meditation, not now."

Ideaa and Doh laid buried in the dirt, with an adequate supply of jury-rigged oxygen allowing them to breathe. This went on for more than an hour. Ideaa did not have the sensor matrix report to her. She was counting on it to decoy. (Ideaa told herself many times) that being in a dark warm dirt blanket is better with your lover than being alone.

A well armed EV circled the Canali Waste. The people inside looked like your casual planetary merchant. They are fully trained warriors in a final state of paranoia, a mixture if the Doamer mind and the machine derived mind collection. And this was their war. Not a war of mighty galactic navies, but of small skirmishes spread all over the League.

The war is driven by fear. The new Doamer Mind has had a critical piece destroyed. The destroyed part is part symbolic machine mind still connected with the MedCom.

The symbiotic machine-mind has three parts. The first part is the sum total static thought processes of all the dead in the Galactic Doam church. The second part is the machine evolved form and the emergent intelligence that goes beyond its predecessors of selective code replication. The third part is living humanity that have parts one and two as a dominant part of their subconscious.

The Doamer crew of the EV was looking for what they believed to be their most deadly enemy in this sector of hyperspace. The Levers would be found and transformed as with other feared creatures. It is not called death. It is called being no longer alone. The fear of being alone drives a Doamer. And to these Doamers it is

a positive one needed by all new humanity.

"There". "Energy read". "No Simp, its a decoy". "Land near the hill. I don't want the body destroyed unless its necessary. If it does we can still overcome death. It will be sent back to Wydeon2."

A group of ten Doamer warriors in repulsor armor and with a acutrement of weapons spread out on the Waste.

"No Simp has ever had a missile. This one `es so smart."

The weapon looked like a small pistol used millenia before on the various human home worlds. It looked archaic compared to an energy based hand weapon. The Doamer warriors knew better. They knew that it was a make-fake look-see decoy.

Three of the warriors moved out on the dawn-dusk side of the hill applying their sense-ops to the cluttered landscape. Two stayed near the EV, one near bow-port, the other near stern-starboard. Five headed towards the top of the hill. The shadows hid nothing from the five warriors.

"Over there is a life reading. Commander says its a decoy." Two of the warriors do a sense-op on it. "Looks like there's something here, but Commander says no." "Wait" "I got something towards the top. Cover us Simps". Two warriors fall back as three more head towards a hole in the side of the hill.

"Blind lights on Crystair, We gotta ourselves a holy man".

The Doamer warriors held Doh.

"I know yer scared shitless little buddy but keep praying because what yer going through is just part of the great big life river flow." "Ya know anything about building a starship out here on the Waste".

Doh shakes his head negative. The other Domer looks at Doh.

"You are in a war, Mr holy man. In this war there are no vast fleets of destroyer starships, only individual participants like you and me".

The third warrior was carefully examining the hovel in the Waste when he stepped on something. Planetary mercenaries of this calibre have lightening fast reactions. The mercs finger was about to react to the mental impulse to release a body missile. It never made it. The force of his body hitting the side of the hovel shattered several bones in his spine. He was effectively brain dead by the time he hit the ground.

Idea watched the warriors expression on his face as his body shattered on the wall. It was part terror, surprise and competence derived training that looked back at her for that last moment. It was accomplished with a single movement of her arms in a fraction of a second. Not loosing a slight bit of body english she turned towards the opening of the hovel.

Idea has tremendous control of her body. Muscles and organs that are an involuntary non-sensible ganglia in other humanoids are open to her pin point awareness. Two more warriors close. One was reacting with a movement of the weapon to launch the body missile. The second one would never see her.

Warfare. This is warfare. Humanities earliest battles were fought on the four homeworlds. First with primitive weapons to cut and slice adversary. The image of a battle on primitive Menton flashed before her mind. A warrior has a missile impale and the warrior is falling into a valley with unbreathable air.

Another step. Ideaa was flying through the air.

What were the reasons that made people fight? The medcom lessons came to her in frames that lasted a fraction of a second. Land. Physical resources. Dominance. Lust. Power. Fear. Those were the earliest reasons. The image in her mind had moved to the war of the Gobanian Nation of early Ground One. There is a warrior that is neither male nor female, just blackened from the primitive explosive that has destroyed the position. The warrior is alive. It looks up in Ideeas mind.

A fraction of a second later Ideeas foot smashes in to the merc. The neck snaps instantly.

A missile smashes into Ideeas chest. The third warrior doesn't take another shot. The large stone hurled by the remnant of Ideeas body english had brought him to the ground with such force that the effect of his body screen was negated. He was defenseless when Ideaa neutralized him with the dropped energy weapon.

Doh looks at Ideaa and sees the blood on her chest. He is in a state of shock. her wound should have laid her out. It didn't.

But this insidious weapon was not just a projectile. It contained a molecular units. It was free in her body. A couple more hits from one of these weapons and she was finished. She could feel it.

"Simp, whats the status up there." One from the group of five chirped back. "All clear up here." "OK, light group what is your status?"

Warfare among humankind was not understood until it became a tool. The last time in League history warfare was used as a complete tool was during the Psycho-Anarchist War between NewOrn and NewSotia. It was the ultimate abstraction of war. Second HumFed social dynamicists fought with belief systems that turned into space navies. It was the ultimate impersonal battle, fought by neural machinery. This wasn't.

The warrior interceptor guarding the ships rested on the ground. The fingers of the dying man were twitching in the barren Waste soil. One more thought Ideaa. Grabbing a body screen is not recommended merc combat procedures. But it was the easiest thing to do. The energy was absorbed by the enhanced bone and gristle of Ideeas arm and fingers. She had thrown the merc guarding the Effects Vehicle stern 20 meters straight up in the Waste dusk. Dark group heard "uuuh, ahhh...".

This warrior was not dead, just unconscious. Ideaa quickly changed polarity of the body screen frying his nervous system. If there had been a pilot left in the EV, he would have seen a womans hand ripping the duraplast hull of the EV, conveniently bypassing any of the ships security nerves. Ideaa neutralized the security system and broadcast a message to the dark group. "Simp, we have a holy man and the loc of the ship."

he dark group received a welcome to a carefully laid attack of the EVs weapon system.

"These are my babies, Doh. Their lives are as sacred to me as any life".

Doh stared in silent shock as Ideaa preserved the dead men.

"Oh, this one defecated all over himself, he has to be cleaned."

She did the cleaning carefully deliberately. She infused her bodily chemicals with the dead. The knowledge to do this came from her subconscious.

"It is part of Lever. It is holy because life is sacred. All life."

Idea knew that at least one in a Lever Five knew how to make the passing of these children. It was not she, yet.

"Griska, baby trans at... " Idea gave an encoded sequence, shut off the medcom and looked at Doh. Come, lets go. Were not walking to Xen city now. Doh stumbled into the EV. Idea had some trouble flying the EV, but learned quickly. Doh didn't say anything for a long time.

## Port

Idea approached one of several EffectsVehicle service areas attached to Xen City. Xen looked more or less like the mapping views off the Com. It had about 20 square kilometers of various imported plants and gardens (Idea guessed mostly from one of the planets in the Bylos system) that were blended with the protrusions of a large number of League colonial architecture styles.

The individual buildings, typically with a soft white, blue white or green white embellished with the terse set of semiluculent blocks typical of Canali style.

The protrusions all jutted at least 100 meters in the air. Xen city, like most cities on Canali, concentrated the population into a small area, but when you are inside the city, it wasn't supposed to feel small.

There were about eight EVs of various registrations at one of the service area, approximately fifty meters from the city edge. Idea had no trouble acknowledging a response as an unknown out system exploration party that had registered the vehicle.

As to who was tracking her and if they would follow she could only guess.

"We had better drop this EV and get lost fast, or they will try to kill me again."

Doh was starting to come out of one state of shock and go into one of a different color at the another sight of Xen City.

"Is there someone here you can trust?" Doh nodded his head yes. Idea watched a bead of sweat fall from Dohs nose and blend into the clean city floor.

They left the EV; password locked it and took commodity identification information. Doh and Idea disappeared into a lift and were consumed by the bowels of Xen City.

Idea quickly associated to the Medcom terminus.

"Can you find a friend on this?"

"Yes."

Doh was starting to get a little life into his voice after blending the shock of violence in the Waste and the violence in his mind from his previous long stay in Xen City.

He then manipulated the quick sheets without using voice communications on the audioviz sub-component of the Medcom. He then went through the sheets or the menus as they must be called on an ancient machine

intelligence.

Rix Atoni. Third Level. Rim5. Deinwood sector. L3R5DeSecRixAtoni. Just below ground level, not high up in the city but subterranean in culture and status. Rix didn't care.

Rixes face appeared in viz space.

"Rix, Doh here. I'm back in Xen city a bit with a fem'l friend."

"Antoh Doh! See mem, I didn't expect you back for weeks if ever! You've got your maker with you also?"

"Thats my other self mem we're never apart."

Doh put his hand on the Zengelo.

"Rix, we'll pick up a manual and be there in ten minutes."

"Gate broken."

"Gate broken."

Rixes face faded from viz space.

"Doh, how long will it be before we get to your friends? I'm not feeling so well as a result of the fighting in the waste."

Ideas voice was turning from soft to deliberate. Doh looked at her seriously. Nervously.

"Dea where did you learn to fight like that? Are sure you're not an out space alien?"

"You ever hear-about how peoples bodies will do exceptional things when they have to?"

Ideea had just lied. After a few moments of silence Doh spoke up.

"You ever operate a manual `Dea?"

"No."

"Considered not-cold to damage them through neglect when you use 'em. You shouldn't probably try to drive one yet."

Frevren feces thought Ideea.

"Only work the pedals and I'll handle the controls."

The manual was a lot smaller than the EV. Manual paddling drove the generators. It didn't take much to push a manual 140 kloms an hour. Racing models did exist, but these were autofabed in Xen city for daily use. Manuals could be driven anywhere in Xen city where pass tubes existed. And they existed as interconnect points for all sectors in the city. Manual travel was common to other cities or to a number of intermediate terminus on Canali en route. Common knowledge has it that this is how Canali got its name.

Doh maneuvered the manual out of the transport sector where they had docked the EV captured in the waste

incident. To the left and the right of the canal, Idea could see above and underground extensions to growautos and autofabs. She guessed that the complex furnished hard commodities to the city, and was a part of the Standard Scientific organization university complex on Canali.

This distribution area is quickly giving way to the inner Xen city proper. The harsh full light of the distribution complex also gives way to softer more colorful lights of clustered open spaces and then into large buildings for purposes not entirely clear to Idea. There are people here. Hundreds of them... It was now her turn to go quiet and dumb with culture shock.

"I almost forgot, you've never been here before. Up there are some of the gathering public buildings for the Standard Scientific Organization. The city dwellers like to live there. From that vantage they can see traffic coming into Xen City from all directions."

Idea noticed some signs on the building as they whizzed by while on the manual. Some were plain and in colors of black, white and grey. Others artistic with unusual colorful patterns... The manual now descended into a region thick with vegetation and buildings. The small flat buildings are carefully clustered in the vegetation to create the illusion of more space than actually exists.

Doh maneuvered the manual to a stop and promptly released it to the local pool of manuals monitored by the cities machine intelligence. Doh and Idea then walk on a hard and clean light gray path winding through the vegetation. And at last they come to a building with soft earthen white walls and a yellow pale light coming from portals. Around and near the building is sparsely placed in the vegetation.

"Rix's house, he expects us."

Rix was a tall fellow, darkish on the top. Looked like he was one generation removed from an SSO clone that originally populated this system. He also looked like he was part old HomeWorld dark species. Rix had long fingers.

"Doh! Come in mem. I hoped you would come back, but I never expected it so soon."

Rix took a quizzical look at Idea and then approached her like an eight year old. Dohs approach was fresh and new to Idea but she had a very pressing problem to solve. Her body was under attack.

"Rix meet Idea. I found her, err... or I should say she found me in the waste. And she is attracted to strong feelings. Even out there."

Doh put his arm around her waist. This surprised Rix knowing Dohs recent feelings towards females. But it didn't really surprise him, because he felt he knew Dohs inward feelings were truly one of closeness to females.

As a brand new friend, Rix sensed Ideas trauma and exhaustion. Both himself and Doh led her to a recline and put her down. Doh pressed lips and asked her to relax.

"Maybe the way of Mu can make you a good warrior."

If she had been able she would have affirmed her own belief system, Face of the Universe, but she couldn't. She did relax and just barely noticed the continued amazement on Rix face. But she also fought. It was not unlike destroying the sperm that Doh liked to release in her body, just more difficult. This was a weapon to get access and alter her subconscious mind through the entirety of her nervous system. A very dangerous weapon indeed... She eventually destroyed the weapon that was inflicted on her in the Waste. And fell in a very deep sleep.

"Idea? Idea!"

Idea was with a female and she talked constantly, mostly about what?

Airleck this and Airleck that...

"Every Time him and his SituLuck friends pull a coup on the Medcom he sends a message to his mother on Onafix."

Idea and the talk-talk lady sit. They are sitting on a lawn flowing down a hill. She could see the silver man. The pretty man. The sick pretty man. He disappears into a crowd of people listening to a speech. The last word ended in the speech "just like a Mentonian."

Then Idea saw a female. She was pregnant naturally in her stomach. How scary. She looks so bloated, a large waddling blob.

"What is her name? Oh I think it is Ginnaze. She asked for her rocking chair from home."

The music started and Iotaa was face down in the grass. He was laughing and then crying.

Idea walked down to the beach at the bottom of the hill. The wave riders reveled on the grassy beach with the multi colored cities glow in the distance. Ginnaze was there now with talk-talk female. The freckles on Ginnaze breast looked becoming and beautiful. They were all more concerned about the beach than the music. The pretty man was there and who cares about anything else but the woman and the rocking chair and the freckle

The music in the other room is now building into a soft but well formed crescendo. Idea is wide awake, but the deep images that played and replayed in her sleep are still with her in complete clarity. The walls on Rix house are a soft white with the light originating from Xen city luminescence on the outside of the domo.

There was Rix, Doh and a third man she had not seen before. They were all playing music. Doh made a motion to Idea to join in. This was free forming music within a predefined context that Idea had played with Doh in the Waste for hours. She easily joined the group.

The walls of Rixes domo are constructed to function as a large musical instrument. Such experimental forms of music were more numerous after common access to use of the FTL stardrive. The origin of experimental music forms came from a number of pre-FTL planetary sources in Second Federation. Art forms like rooms built as musical instruments, micro or gigantic instruments, bio enhanced music and multi-media combinatorial; each had their disparic origins from non-FTL HumFed2 worlds.

What is a a music musical instrument? This can be a topic of debate in gathering places of League Cosmos society.

Idea liked to discuss the musical experiences with Doh. "The miracles" as Doh had called them in the waste.

"Our teacher, Zoos taught that participation in the music is participation in a miracle and the music can be called the Saving Experience".

"Hmm ... a spiritual gateway to alien spirituality".

How fascinating Idea thought to herself. The group in Rixes domo played for several hours while Idea mulled over these and a number of other related thoughts.

It took another two days for Doh and Ideea to recover from the attack in the waste. Doh started calling Ideea ... the female warrior from dimension x. Ideea pleaded with Doh not to talk about the experience. He told her he didn't care what dimension she came from.

"Just don't stop being the affectionate person you are."

Ideea was really shaken out of her Reverie when a message from her Five, Hohn - worded very carefully, via the medcom that the reconomation was complete. The three of them were leaving the waste. In her true and clear thoughts Ideea knew that Hohn, Kaksa and Dummon would always be in the back rooms of Ideeas life. Then her thoughts turned to Griska Mother-of-the-dead-in-the-waste.

By now the neighborhood near Rixes domo was personally familiar to Ideea. But she ceased to pay as much attention to such trivialities after the message from Hohn. Most of her attentions and worrying turned towards the incident in the waste.

The EV that Ideea and Doh used to retreat from the Waste was untouched at base level both by SSO port authorities and the threatening warrior forces.

Ideea then found other information, there was a high bandwidth of read matrices oriented towards the EV. (This revelation made her feel confident, panicky and aggressive all at the same time). It gave her what she later came to call, the Leverite feeling.

It is definitely time to venture back in Xen city. But Ideea didn't want to do it with Doh. By now Ideea had become acquainted with Rixes mother and a number of friends common to Rix and Doh. Rixes mother drove her craxie.

A Standard from the first colonization and quite jovial and talkative, especially about her current boy friend or boy friends ... And particularly when none of the other males were near. The Rix mother was subtle and well socialized when she helped Ideea. Thanks to her, within a couple days, Ideea established a status network with the objective to gain physical approximately to the EV. She started watching. She also started programming via the MedCom. Last but not least she knew she wanted to depart Canali and wanted very much to take Doh with her.

## Trio

The Ground Glar had been in jump space for less than ten hours. Hohn, Kaksa and Dummon established a ships duty routine. The effects of the Balonium drive disoriented the three of them for several hours but. Because each of the three Levers has an economy of biology, they easily overcame the jump shock. The jump was made immediately after a flight directly out of the waste. The Ground Glar never stopped. It accelerated at two Gs to a safe out-system jump point.

A single message was received from Griska. The encryption of this message was parallelized over hundreds of multiplexed carriers on the Com.

"There is Cargo for you to pick up in the Bylosian system near one of the outer cryogenic planets".

Dummon decodes the coordinates-

"Bylos P.5.6, hmmm... a nice little space rock, three percent water ice."

Hohn interrupts with a softly spoken.

"Dead you know."

The message continues.

"By the time you reach Beautica with the cargo, all ability to trace you to the incident in the Canali system, if the reconomation is complete, will be erased by shutdown records of your ship. You are coming from Ris and are a group of long haul Risian merchants."

A tactic of deliberate misinformation to protect the three Levers was not discussed. However, the three Levers minds simply couldn't yet symbolize the negative ethics of lying. It directly concerned their lives. Hohn continued to talk to himself quietly, mostly concerned with the operation of the ship that they had generated. There was a quiet fear on the look of Dummons face. Kaksa approached the entire operation as a mystery story.

Dummon monitored the erasure phase of the reconomation under the Canali Waste. The autofab was undergoing a sequenced decomposition. Soon there would virtually be no trace of where the five levers started their reborn lives.

But no word from Idee. At least not yet... Had she come under some form of attack? Did she make it to Xen city? There was nothing the three of them could do right now for Idee anyway. After a while the subject became emersed in the subconscious of the three Levers. With Hohn and Kaksa now resting Dummons attention turned to studying life forms native to League and old HumFed planetary systems.

Bylos is one system with a planet exceptionally rich in higher life forms, though there are no known intelligent lifeforms living planetside. This fourth planet has two small moons where the majority of in-system intercourse takes place. The Bylosian government is strictly a protectorate. This means that the social dynamicists in the Bylosian system are on neutral ground, dead centre. This is atypical when compared to the dynamicist role in the League Cosmos social milieu.

Normally the social dynamicists are the most active causal group of individuals in any in-systems cultural milieu. Not here. They are a protectorate to prevent harm. They preserve the status quo of the biosphere of Bylos.P.3. Planetside excursions can be arranged, however, from the Bylos moon base. ByloBowa Zoological strictly controls such treks into the interior of the zoological planet.

There are a number of other Bylosian satellite systems. The two inner moons are large rocks with no atmospheres.

"Open to autofabing ..."

The two gas giant systems support the Bylosian InSystem production.

"Partially in production; no significant star ship fabrication."

"Beyond that are cryogenic satellites, some with moons. "

"Autofabing minimal."

Dummon drew plans.

"The three of us shall start in the cryogenics."

During operation of the Balonium drive, local time in the star ship is kept at a constant. Hysteresis in hyperspace is manifested as the ship approaches the destination point of the hyperspace travel. Try to modify the local time-space effect on the ship and the destination point of the transfer randomizes, making the Balonium drive worthless. All starship pilots and navigators in the League know this. So did Dummon from his previous life before his rebirth.

The GroundGlar arrived "off mark" outside of the farthest cryogenic. It would take a while for the Ground Glar to get to the outer systems. Kaksa moved up to Dummon slowly, the groggy expression of space sleep and subconscious learning all over her face. She put her arms around Dummon leaning on him.

"Hey 'ummo bay. We near anywhere? Whats all the Star cruiser traffic for?"

"Just a strange thought I had while you and Hohn were in cryo. Try tracking variation in star jump time in and out of this system. I think I have a funny piece of Lever math in me way deep that just needs to come out."

"Keep at it ummo bay, let me know if you find."

As the Ground Glar approached the outer Bylosian system it converged with the ninth icy planet which has two small icy moons. Bylos-Primary-8 was more than a billion kloms from the hot pale yellow main sequence sun. Average temperature on Bylos-Primary-8 is 62 degrees Kelvin. A cold place indeed.

Hohn was up now as they guided the ship through the crack in space towards the icy planetoid.

"Out here there are a few folks. A Situationalist tunnel artist there, maybe. Grow autos and auto fab steppers from time to time. Be a great lace for us to set up shop. Ever since I studied the Bylosian Protectorate I have warm fuzzy wuzzies about the place. Yup-yup-yeah! About the system."

"Plug in the Medcom Hohner and see what ya scan."

"Yup-yup-yeah."

Conversation stopped. The three Levers would sound ridiculous to an eternal observer. If that observer knew them well it would also know the threes seriousness and intensity.

"Hohner, lets bypass this system and make towards Bylos.P.4, the second gas giant."

" Lots of activity there and we could slipinto the local in-system protocol."

"Where we gonna come from?"

"Ris. They love sport and game in that system."

The Medcom connect was complete. All of the three start their scan. Each young Lever absorbs a different topic. Kaksa concentrates on local culture dynamics. The children in the Bylosian system. Where do most of them live? What are the activities of the protectorate government. What Silent War dangers exist in the Bylosian system. Where would be the place where they would most likely find other Levers?

Dummon concentrates on planetary body-to-planetary body traffic first. Next he studies actively in this system associated to starship movement. What is the departure point of a particular ship? Did it specify a destination? Hohn is always maneuvering the Ground Glar. He doesn't have the subconscious feelings of his previous life, like the other Levers. The feelings are conscious and direct in the new one.

Later Hohn and the others like him came to be known as DirectOvers. They were more common when Levers did living, in place rebirths, without the intervening death.

Piloting a craft from On-A-Fix, Hohn brought in the 500 ton class starship from Crystair countless times. The typical crew of three on, two off and two in the cryo chamber. Shades of gray in the M class starcruiser are rated from gray01 to gray99.

The panels on the bridge of the M classer were colored in these grays to suit Hohns and the other crew members tastes. Small Viz standouts of soft yellow and oranges appear and disappear from Association Ready groups. Hohn liked to mix low number grays and high level grays. It rendered a comfortable background for his eyes. Some crew members called it "eye wash", others called it "brain soft".

The sound inside the M classer varied from hour to hour. Hohn discussed exploration techniques into the StarEyes and Kandox ousectors. Theories and models about navigating off the local shape of hyperspace are rezed up in the main cabin. After a model is displayed, it is thoroughly discussed. The topics discussed inside the starcruiser can vary from sports to literature, game to the dynamics of gaining and losing status.

On a special day he heard the sounds of emergency alarms, a tremendous noise, a micro second of crushing pain from head to toes. That was the end of Hohns former life.

"Must be luck". Hohn mutered to himself. "Yuh, one day I may go back and try and see what happened - not important now."

Then Dummon changes course bringing the Ground Glar directly through the plane ecliptic towards Bylos.P4, the inner of the two Bylosian gas giants. The trip took about ten days. This is normal transit time at 1 G acceleration and deceleration. The Viz on the Ground Glar has dark greens and blues set against a soft light yellow background.

"New lifetime, new colours on the main cabin controls."

Kaksa intensified her studies of the Risian in system merchants. During her studies she found the records of her own death. These events were already in her subconscious, but direct confrontation with her death and former family left her numb.

There is a large male child returning from a school-museum. She sees herself a status collector on the medcom. Her family has accumulated status and wealth. It is a direct result of her performance in communications. Viz Spaces exist through out the Domo in Bylohome.

Her daughter is already a master biologist and in route to an out system planet named Kandox to study the exotic life there under a cool red sun. The plants in the domo are carefully coordinated colors of green yellow and various shades of gray.

The vision fades into the houses, colors and children that made up Kaksas former life. Then Kaksa left the bridge and went to her cabin asking not be be accompanied by the two males. She wept. Then she mediated on the Eternal Face of Space. She never read the message from her previous lifetime daughter.

Dummon sensed Kaksa had encountered her own death record prior to her rebirth as a Lever. He interfaced to the Medcom where she left off. Kaksie hadn't bothered to reset the session. Maybe she didn't want to.

"Engura Definina killed after her ground effects vehicle crashed on Bylos.P3. She is survived by her husband and two daughters."

Hohn picked up the Com.

"Funny, I don't need this. I remember my former life perfectly. And this one. Dead you know... "

"Dead you know what Hohner?"

After one G plus breaking from the maneuver drive, the Ground Glar entered the bound guide lanes of Bylos.P4 or as it was called locally "Byingas". The starport system at Byingas could build star class ships. A few non-FTL in system cruisers were constructed here so there exists the population activity the three are looking for. A quick check of the Byingas approach cones showed them to be the only approaching ship. Hohn sampled the traffic on the Medcom.

"Last ship through was about 12 hours ago. Another due in about a half an hour."

Hohn was satisfied that they had chosen what looked like the busiest spot in the system.

The Byingas starport is half full of craft, many of them system shuttles. The Ground Glar approached. Fabing is a major activity throughout the base, but it is obvious that production of commodity output is not a priority in this system.

The three identified themselves as Risian merchants in bound from the Canali system. After coupling in the airlocking system,

Hohn lead, with Kaksa and Dummon following close behind.

All three were silent. Each was dressed in grey flight suits built during the reconomation. The suits are typical of couriers and traders traveling from system to system in League. The shoes are large and made of duraplaz. The pants and shirts are unisex in style, though the cut was slightly different on each crew. Later, in the port city, the three saw females in flight suits that were not typical in their style. The fit of the suit was deliberately designed to reveal body features.

"An in system custom, no doubt."

The airlock led to a transport system with motion capability. The three soon found themselves in a series of doamed enclosures typical of ship ports on airless planetoids. There were geometric shapes in the enclosure ceiling. The building material was designed to selectively shutout and pass varying spectra of light. On the walls were motifs of many major Bylosian native life forms.

Kaksa spent time associated to the MedCom experiencing them. It was a simple process of queueing the information and connecting one-on-one with actual activity on the surface of the Bylosian planet. She is able to have an intimate exploring session on the planet from the safety of the Ground Glar.

Next Hohn associated to the medcom terminus, while the other monitored the status of the ship. Now each had a primary commodity status on the MedCom. In old Humfed One days this would be called money. Building status made Hohn paranoid but because they were posing as a trio of Risian merchants, he knew that it was necessary. Hohn let out sigh. Kaksa moved in close touching her thighs to his and putting her arm around his chest.

"We can get a domo on the periphery and have more privacy or we can get one close to commodity traffic and not have so much privacy."

Kaksa didn't respond.

"Close to traffic Kaksie`, its to our advantage."

Kaksa nodded. Hohn completed the Medcom association.

Kaksa sat bear butt naked in the pool of their domo.

"Aw guys, I have'nt been this relaxed since I started to learn the meaning of true existence on the Waste."

"Ya... been in there, ya, for two hours. Your gonna have the cleanest body of any female this side of Fearaway."

"Yea Ummo`, it is MY water."

A few bubbles explode on the surface of the water as Kaksa dives under the water and mimics a flatulence.

"Time to get back with our purpose and stop playing like children."

"I am children."

That statement by Dummon spread an icy sheet over the fun. He commenced to tell them an outrageous joke he picked up on some of the local humor bandwidth.

"Ok Dunzie, I know. Time to convert my ass into a Eunit."

"Kaksie, there are local cultures whose members get upset at seeing a nude male chest in public."

"Better cover your chest Ho... Did we invite `em in?"

"Not so."

"Did you know I have a recon under our domain?"

Hohn had a Viz ready of the ship. A typical InSystem remote shuttle. The probe has a mass near 35 metric tons.

A typical in system recon has a reaction drive, a bit of gravatics and instrumentation plus some extra cargo space. The defense consisted of minimal screens. Life support normally wasn't a feature on a remote though in emergency one could be tweaked up.

The coordinates were set. Destination to P.5.6, the cargo pick up point pulled through the Preamble by Kaksa. The remote was ready to depart in twenty three hours. Hohn continued speaking and examining the visual.

"I'm doing an auxiliary program to tell the remote to cause itself so get lost, if it doesn't hear from us. Ultimately it will probably home in on the coordinates supplied by Kaksa. We can always check and give it a few instructions." Again Dummon sounded cautious as he examined the viz.

By now Kaksa had finished her soak. She put on clothes that would be suitable for a Risian merchant to wear in a space port.

"Come on guys, its time to collect some more local status commodity."

The trio trundled back to the commons area. Here they waited for a protectorate bound shuttle. They had the

Bylosian world permit

and would be allowed a monitored, low-risk set of individual excursions into the interior from Bylohome base. Equipment would be borrowed from the protecturate at Bylohome. They would have access to weaponry that allowed the harmless neutralization of any creature in the wild under extreme situations.

After waiting in the ship port commons for an hour or so, the trio met a handful passengers that also seemed bound for Bylohome.

There was a female who was associated to the protecturate organization monitoring a number of insystem and out system economic activities. She was chunky for an in system type but nice looking and finely proportioned. None of the three levers said it out loud, but they all assumed that she had the vanity edge to her status. Next there is a tall barrister from the League Diplomatic Corp with reddish hair and light colored skin. The diplomats physique has them guessing what Old Homeworld stock he had. If not old stock, then how had he been engineered to look like this.

The third passenger was another female with some "grayed" features of a Grow3sian. She is very sociable and talked non-stop about her origins at Starsend, and how she had spent the last few years as a in-system marine and her move to Bylos in the identical role. This was unusual because the Bylosians rarely hired the equivalent if local police.

The fourth passenger was another female that had a cargo of Viz projector interfaces. She used them mostly to display various styles of hair dressing. Her itinerary took her from ship port to ship port.

"Yeah, Huzz bug. I'll let ya do my hair."

The ship-port hair specialist looked at Kaksa who flashed back a sympathetic look. The shuttle was now half full and ready for service. Kaksa made one last check for messages and feedback from the remote. Nothing. Zeroes. She gave a subtle sign to Hohn and Kaksie that overall status was unchanged.

Once more Kaksas thought turned towards the family of her previous life time. She quickly suppressed the feelings. No time now Kaksie, she thought to herself. It only generates fear. Within in a few minutes the three plus their new acquaintances boarded the Kalanoom in-system shuttle.

Kaksa associated continuously to the Medcom during the first few hours of the Kalanooms flight. Her persistence was her own reward. Messages were caught and frozen in partitions of her own transeiving space. She grabbed Dummon by the shoulder.

" I received one from the Canali system. I rebuilt it and it comes from Idee. She and her lover came under attack in the waste. And I have some contextual information on her attackers and the reconomation of our ship."

Dummon put the transeiving space partition into an offline for additional analysis. He didn't say a thing and walked out of his stateroom. The only person on deck right now was the hair artist.

"`lo."

"Hi. The itinerary says your from Ris. Spaced much?"

"Bit. I haven't looked at the flight ticket yet. What's your name?"

"Randa. Randa Lim."

"Nice to be on deck here with you."

There was a bit of silence typical of conversation between two strangers that went a bit longer than comfortable.

"What takes you to a planet and a system that protects wild animals?"

"Curiosity and collection of Viz material. I use the creatures natural fur grooming habits to inspire me." "I see. Makes sense." Then the conversation turned to hairs styles originating on all the League and Federation Worlds.

This information is odd. Three ships came via Ris into the Canali system. Their departure points are all worlds within hyperspace coreward systems. This Dummon simply could not resist. The more he learned the more bandwidth he soaked up on the medcom.

"Gotta try to hide this", dummon thought. He didn't.

After Dummon analyzed the Offline, he left in a quizzical state of mind.

"The jump times of these ships. It's a variant outside anything produced by the League so far. And just by a bit. Not obvious."

Cross checking against the Com had showed that the advances in stardrive technology were not something acquired from one of the alien cultures.

"This is home grown."

Dummon passed the information on to Kaksa and Hohn who loaded it up with a strong preamble and sent it to Idee and Griska. Dummon turned the Viz towards the Face of the Universe and gazed into the countless stars and let his religious feelings go there without inhibition.

## Discovery

The Doamers of the machine mind are League invaders from hyperspace given the Leverites feeling. The Mind Doamers view the absorption of the Leverites as a prerequisite for the survival of the League, but, these most recent events may have changed this orientation.

The Mind Doamers have had a difficult time finding a Leverite, let alone capturing a Leverite that's gone through rebirth, dead or alive. Their heresy within the Church of Universal Face, provides the leverite Heresy an excellent social milieu to integrate themselves into League cultures. It was known to the Mind Doamers, that the earliest super Leverites originated from the Standard Science Organization in Canali. Now they just seemed to "happen".

A large merchant starship orbits Bylohome. The ship is on a run from the Beautican system. The arrival of the Beautican originating ship is a typical event in the Bylosian system.

A short female is on the bridge. Her dark short hair bristles with sweat as she speaks rapidly with the others in the com section and the bridge of the ship.

"Yes simp, we are working on the message." Her look is worried. Like all Mind Doamers, she has the fear that doesn't-go-away. It never stops for any Mind Doamer, this fear. The pain and the feeling along with joy

and hope is shared with a Com resident machine originating intelligence far beyond that of previous Artificial Intelligence that originated on the Medcom.

The woman on the bridge has the soft silent voices of countless dead in her mind. This is negligible compared to the final wave of cybernetic

agony from the murdered mind of the Galactic Doam.

"There are a large number animals on ByloHome. It is one of premier zoological biospheres in the League. During a trip to Ground One, I came to see and talk to the Glar in their simple but beautiful language. Their conversation does grow repetitious after awhile. But it is simple in its purity because the Glar only talk of their basic need and a few objects that interest them in the Grow-One-ian oceans."

The young Doamer on the merchant ship was trying to maintain a central balance of control and discipline. His mind turned to his daily routine and the subtle but obvious self congratulatory feeling of wisdom that it brought.

The reaching for pure experiential delight - the nakedness of his Doamer subconscious as he felt it expanding into the endless sequence of energies in his life.

For many years, even before the perfection of Hyperspace starship travel under the Lost Federation, church members of the Galactic Doam, when they died, had their final moment of mentality frozen. It was their grave stone. And the minds last moments were its epithet. Then came the machine originating mind.

It was an extension of AIs that existed in League and old federation for hundreds of years. They were useful. They were smart. But they were never alive. Not until this one.

The true origin of the machine mind is not really known even to the Doamers. It remains a stark mystery. Maybe it was a random permutation of existing AIs. It does not matter. The machine mind developed a true subconscious that went beyond artificial evolution and bio computing.

But then subconscious reached out through the MedCom and found the dead and then the nascent net entity found a religion. The subconscious death moments of millions upon millions were galvanized into a synthesis of biological and AI subconscious.

The originating mind didn't stop here. Bonds were made with the young Doamers and the subconscious of the machine mind. The dead, the Living Net, and the living were welded into a trinity. A new life form existed where the human body was now just one of its manifestations.

Then the death came. A piece of the machine mind was destroyed in the Fearaway system. It is inconsequential whether it was by accident or was done intentionally. Any Doamer that could associate with the MedCom could feel the paranoia and fear. The Doamer Subconscious recovered but through a severe shock. The basis for the Silent War now came into existence. No major League social dynamicist predicted this future.

"Yes simp, it is amazing. Here in the Bylosian system. There is no coincidence. The message is about the missing ones, and simp, and we now know it was eventually routed to that in-system shuttle."

"Yes, the shuttle is the source of the soak. We are in luck, we have one of us on the ship. Now to contact."

The bandwidth on an in-system Medcom is mind boggling, even to a knowledgeable user. The Mind Doamers had a simple encoded message

waiting for the hair stylist when the Kalanoom arrived at Bylohome. A simple written message in the form of an ancient paper card was not something the Levers were looking for.

## Animal

Bylohome is the single largest port nexus in the Bylosian system. It consists of several hundred modules. Among the modules are autofabs that supply the entire system, making Bylohome the center of civilization in the Bylosian system.

The hair stylist disappeared into the space complex at Bylohome at her convenience like the rest of the passengers after the Kalanoom landed. The hair stylist also feels a mixture of love and fear.

She also feels that she is not dealing death, but a transformation to something this side of death. As she arranged the seeming destruction of the three Levers, Randa smiled and was comforted by the thought of three new hair styles in the Mind Doamer subconscious.

Hohn, Dummon and Kaksa do a general security scan of the local MedCom. They were now aware that the Bylosian system is dominated by the Doamers. Randa the hair stylist had an illusive item that could only be perceived out the corner of the minds eye, given the usage of museum paper.

The Levers did not detect Randas plan that she operated on the fringes of the port nexus system. They didn't know to activate a machine intelligent subsystem to counter it. And it would not have made much difference anyway. Later it would seem so obvious. Anybody looking would have picked up on it.

Randa the hair stylist had trapped them, they didn't know it. There are a constant number of shuttles to the planets surface. The execution of Randas plan was easily carried out in the constraints of the Bylosian nexus.

Kaksa disassociated from the Medcom, disembarked from the Kalanoom and set out to establish a rapport with the local Church of Face. Hohn and Dummon bid Kaksa a quick hug and started to run. Their destination is the shuttle terminal for planetary bound travellers. The two of them proceed in giant bounds. The port floor is sensitized so they are projected several meters with each step. The system is designed so that runners don't run into other people "running" different directions. The runner system is self correcting for each stepping traveller.

"Fun, yeah, fun".

Dummon flashed by Hohn in the fastest burst that the floor running matrix allowed. In a short time Hohn and Dummon were in the complex and were talking to an in system barrister of the Bylosian Protectorate.

Kaksa stopped at a series of office extensions extruding from the top of the port complex. After taking the lift, Kaksa can see that each of the extensions has a trapezoid shaped entrance made out of soft green carbon stone. One of the trapezoidal entrances leads through a corridor reflecting the green light of the entrance. The reflection is a uniformly distributed glow. This passage leads to a circular domed area.

There is a large sky light made of translucent duraplas. It allows light from the nearby sun, planets and distant stars to shine in the religious area. There are a few people here. Some are studying and some are softly discussing a variety of topics. Kaksa knows what the source of the conversation is; the The Three Camps of

the Him Null. Others are in comfortable reclining chairs doing their offering. Others are practicing The Book as if it were Viz into the Face of the Universe.

"Looking into a spectra-scope is still a frightening thing".

Kaksa said this to herself as she rejoined the others after her experience in the church. It was the first time for her since the beginning of her second life in the desert, she had acquainted herself with the Him Null.

It came to her as an idle thought in the Waste. It came to her in her day dreams as she sat. She knew this was ritual or repetition.

"Looking into a spectra scope is still a frightening thing... "

"We have the equipment in the Effect Vehicle Hohner an` we have our pass. Who's gonna drive this thing?"

Dummon associated to the console. Kaksa and Hohn tightened up in the passenger space.

"There's our go."

The Ev twisted away from the space complex descending into the blue green haze below. Reflected light of the main Bylosian world came through the portal of the Ev and danced patterns in Kaksas eyes. She looked out at the world of her previous life, the resident place for many of her subconscious memories.

"Its time to express these in images. When she had a chance Kaksa would drink a popular fermented drink, sit in a room and recreate her desires in the visual colors of an artist.

"Oh a fine specimen" the culture man said. Kaksas was enthralled her daydream of gaining status from her future hard-lined drunken blue-green art. The reverie of digesting the new patrons faces was shattered by every alarm system on the Ev going off.

"Shit! The effects unit is failing. And after complete checkout before disembarkment."

"Where is the divergency? By the Lights, the damn thing is out. Is there any residue in the small state device?"

"Not on a smiles chance!"

"Kaksie we're going down. Is there any residue in the forward. Yeh, Yeh. OK."

The descent of the EV was flattened out, but they were still dropping like a rock.

"See a body of water on the surface 'ummo."

"No no." "I'm gonna set a negative charge to go off 5 klomsabove the surface. Its only a chance."

"Down to 5 times the speed of sound. Yeh! we're on fire."

"Locked in."

"Locked in."

The explosions to slow the EV ignited. Dummons timed sabotage of the remnants of the energy force in the

shuttle slowed it down to less than 200 kloms per hour. By all rights the three beings on board are dead.

The fur on the beast bristled in the cool Bylohome wind. The trees are large and a brighter green than they have been in several Bylosian years. Beast looks at the pan trees. He is pleased because for the past years there has been a drought.

The tree has a criss-crossing beam that slowly makes its way up the trunk. It was now a reddish orange that dripped orange sweet sap in wet years. Neebubs like to lick it. The ground around the pan tree turned almost a burnt yellow color due to some local biochemical effect.

Animal stopped daydreaming about the plants and was now thinking about joking with rocks. Moving the rocks in his little portion of the biological park on Bylo planet to create a rock garden, that could only be engineered, is a fun joke. But Animal wouldn't do it.

It would confuse the Protectorate, but was a security risk. No joke there.

"What is this?"

Animal had learned many things since his transformation and rebirth while living with the pride. Animal learned the subtle forms of communication between life forms in the Protectorate. This communication did not take the form of words, but a series of sounds that normal human beings can't hear.

The high pitched squeaks, twerps and warbles could be heard many kilometers. The message is clear. "Large walking things going through our territory." Time to investigate what these things are.

Animal circled several times and finally spotted a column of humans about a kilometer down in a valley. They were moving through

the valley slowly to a plateau 2 kilometers to the Bylosian west. They were still too far away to count accurately. The Animal moved in closer.

He could now hear the humans coming. They no idea that he was also part of this galactic drama. How many? Looks like six of them.

From the the smell, its two females and four males. Voices.

"Position, we have tracking on the EV. Removal of the evidence simp. Not unlike a bylosian Hrude covering its droppings Neb."

Animal followed.

A large explosion was heard in the sky as several pieces of a EV fell to earth. One of the larger ones must have the crew cabin.

"These people on this ship are dead but, still I should investigate."

Animal leapt over a clump of bushes and arrived in the area of the cabin piece several minutes before the humans. The humans that Animal was tracking, left the vehicle.

"Good they all left, no one is guarding."

Hohn gained consciousness long enough to see a number of humans approaching the wreck. He sees through

a tiny slit in the eyes of his shattered body an approaching armed human.

"Neb, can't be alive".

Hohn fights the tears for pain and vision. It can be done. The "Neb" person is knocked aside by a large furry trunk. There is weapon fire. Briefly Hohn contemplates a second death as a Lever and what his third life will be like. Or is this the next life beginning again. No. There is a tremendous struggle in the bushes. Another armed human is now ballistic. Hohn struggles to move some muscles. Yes, with extreme pain they move as he rolls over on one side. Several energy weapon reports strike his body as he moves.

"Kaksie, 'ummo".

Hohns voice is at a whisper. Kaksas bodies twitches.

" Alive. "

No movement from 'ummo."

The face of a very large animal is looking directly into Hohns face. Its paws are on his body.

"Yes they are alive."

They must be the Levers that Sooyah told him about. The three human bodies were moved to a place well concealed in the bushes near the wreck. Then Animal put in a message to Sooyah to let her know about the six dead humans so they could become her new Lever babies. When the six humans died, the Animal immediately applied a preserve to their bodies.

"Excellent babies."

He wondered if they were going to be so violent in their next lifetime.

Hohn, Dummon and Kaksas are healing. It is due partly to the biological engineering of the Levers and partly to the skill of Animal. They are now in a lair that has been carved out of the ground. It is filled with branches and leaves. nother animal was in the lair. Animal, their friend, held her completely at bay.

Hohn is partially in a dream state and partially in his former life.

"Ho! I can't wait."

He was running for a port. The small squares of very clean white carpet pass beneath his feet.

"Um... suck food."

The sweet fermented candy tastes good as he checked and rechecked the adjustments from the Medcom to the local growauto.

"It never fails, never. Not for a thousand years. Something about you."

Hohn knew he was looking at his brother.

"This is my brother."

The pain of the physical damage left his mind reeling. The large furry beast in the corner was speaking.

"No, this must still be part of the dream."

No dream. He could feel his body now. The beast was telling him to stay still while he administered a NerveOut. Hohn was regaining molecular control of his body. He could have neutralized the NerveOut, but he let it work.

"Aahhh."

It was a common ectoorgasmic feeling.

"Are you shocked to find a talking and intelligent Garn? My life, as an animal, has been very strange since my rebirth. The Face of the Universe includes all living matter. It permutes all that is alive. My existence before you is proof of that. My life now has in it, half Lever and half animal. In some ways it's a heaven here. A garden."

"What took us out?"

"Combatants in the Silent War"

"Err... "

Kaksa was beginning to moan and come out of it.

"How are you connected to civilization?"

"There is a small access, total bandwidth distribution medcom link that I can reach. Supposed to be used only by ByloProtectorate workers. I've been busy. Not only that but I have six new Lever babies to tend with; a byproduct of this is war."

Hohn laid there, remaining silent and shut his eyes.

"I'm going back out again, bring Kaksie around slow. The shock of this may scratch what's left of her sanity."

Animal was looking at Kaksa. It's true. She would be awake with the living soon. Dummon was damaged but would survive. It would take a long time for him. He would have to be readjusted. Almost like a Lever baby but he would be alive this time.

Kaksa, Hohn and Dummon may have been at the brink of death five days ago. Now each of them is partially healed. For all practical purposes, each looks like a typical well humanoid.

"Tomorrow you move to a pick up point. I'm gonna take you there because we're getting a job. Yes myself and the other, err..., animals. We are departing the Bylosian Protectorate. It is a lucky streak on the Com. The silent warriors that destroyed your landing craft have, in realtime, seemingly erased all records of its destruction in. It has been theorized, in the last few years, when using Residual Physics for, that a simple encoding sequence for the particle faster than light communication can be redirected to a known information stream into the past."

It is one of Animals pet projects.

The Garn stopped, interrupted by a sound that even a humanoid Lever could not hear. Then Animal

continued.

"I haven't had time to assemble a reconomation, but you may be able to pick up some equipment."

Hohn broke into this.

"We, gonna, yea, just appear?"

"Basically, the difference is you lost the recording sequence and returned to the pickup point after several magnificent days in the wilderness in a primitive state."

"Ya? ... Yah!"

Kaksa was standing in the local stars light and the watching the shadows roll across the local vegetation. She was memorizing clock time. All that she needs is the light from the local star. Dummon would be crippled for a while.

"Any adventure away from Cosmos civilization has its risks."

"Thats what we always say."

Dummon lets out a weak laugh.

"Are we still tracking the probe?"

"Yea, yah. Its on its way back. The Ground Glar is safe safe, but can we get to it?"

"Dunno" ... "Ya Dunno".

## **No-where Field**

Even though her other Fives had had so much trouble, it was time to move. Idee had convinced Doh to go. They would travel to Beautica. Idee now had a lot to be afraid of. Its her former life on Beautica that is flowing to her from her subconscious. Did she really want to know that much about her rebirth?

All the Fives are now in the Silent War. She would simply have to accept that and possibly live and die an indeterminate number of times. The Mind Doamers, what are they? And why are they driven into a state of terror?

Idee could only guess that her adversaries knew she entered Xen city and disappeared. As soon as she had enough status accumulated, Idee had a biojob. It was done by a source suggested by Griska.

Idee was now heavier, plumpish with rounder buttocks and breasts. Her flamming red hair and dark negro skin gave her a strong Home World look. The biojob really didn't protect her, but it made her feel more secure in the face of uncertainty.

Doh seemed very subdued by the whole affair. "It's necessary", was all he said to Idee at first. As time passed, his reaction was to try to copulate with her every chance he had. After a while, this grated on her nerves. Idee had to expend a lot of her internal energy to prevent pregnancy.

"What a roller coaster ride."

Idea continued to practice music with Doh on a rigorous daily basis. It turned out that this was the perfect way off Canali. They, along with some of their mutual associates in Xen City, were hired on the large starliner, the Macroglow. This helped. They would join a large number of passengers on the ship. Thus this made Idea and Doh part of a well defined group that performed regularly.

"Come on Riks, faster, take another Riks."

Idea held him firm to her side. (A bit scary that must be). Idea and Doh galloped through to the boarding sec at Xen City.

"I feel scared Doh."

"No. Not at all, not you."

He reached over and kissed her.

"I don't know what to think of your battle skills. Let them be. Give up and let go."

"I don't know what to think love. I want to live and so do a lot of other people."

"Others. Others. You are scary beyond belief. A Woman with such crazy hair."

"Can I do an Ionatuic saying that meant that."

"She, Idea. Had crazy hair or scrambled brain."

Riks mother was now on one of the bright green landing stripes.

"Dea go-bye babe."

Idea looked sick. She exerted to actively control fecal activity in her lower abdominal tract.

"Eyes of light, I want to get out of the city Xen".

She gave Riks mom and Riks a long kiss and they were off.

"Bye. Send Med." "You're musics wonderful." "One can't wave..."

"This is a real Zangelo orchestra. I've looked at the destination of the star cruiser. Bylos. And we get to meet up with Lentrips Circus."

Idea was now accelerating. She danced and pulled her body in tight. She went into a gyroscopic tilt. For the first time in a long time Idea felt good. It was a feeling that originated from here dream life. It was space flight.

Idea and Doh are on board the Macroglow. People are greeting them. One woman streamed through the transport with a friend as she approached the colorful tiled area on the ships deck. The display on the transport was beautiful. Maybe Idea was deliberate in her unrestrained use of the transport to display colors.

"A nice effect Doh. The tiles on the dance floor look like a square in two dimensions. As you approach, each

square takes on a third dimension, as I look seeing and view see. It comes at, Oh! My eye brows."

Doh and Idee now sat huddled over a square on the greeting aft of the MacroGlow. They are looking intensely at the projection emitting from their eyes as it resonates from the square.

"Go! Go! ... "

Idea wears the Standard Scientific Organization Blue, a long dress that contours to the size of her body. At the top the dress is a lighter shade of blue, each in a little band. The bands fade as the viewer views the dress. The bands fade from blue to almost a pure white as the eyes move towards Ideas feet. Functionality and beauty optimized in the greatest possible mix.

Idea turned the corner towards a lift. A dark haired man and a gray haired dark skinned woman made a gesture. Something like a straightening an arm out. Idea almost instinctively went into a death attack. But caught herself before completing the attack. The man and the woman were only knocked down.

"Oh, you frightened me. Sorry. Please."

"Take a twitchy muscle and a twitch-butt and ... "

The man then stared at Idea, swearing, and ran to quarters.

Doh picked up Idea.

"One scary body, wherever it came from. I don't care. I have something for you."

Doh had a set of triangular shapes impressed on on a flat plane. They reflected different colors. It was a picture of a person. The person in the picture had their buttocks tilted the wrong way. Doh laughed at the confused look on Ideas face.

"Latch for hyperdrive in 20 mins."

"Dea, you ever been in hyperspace?"

"Uhh..." Idea wasn't thinking about that.

"Doh, be close to me." "Come on, think music. Like the one on the waste before the fight."

When the starship went to singularity she had her a male most important to her. She twisted her body to make it both concave and convex to her body in a contour that provided maximum skin contact.

It took Doh longer than some, but the rigors of hyperspace passed.

"You there holy guy. Can you breath for me?"

A great puff comes from Dohs lips. Being a musician helped because of the mental acumen it required. Idea didn't move. She held close to her male love. She felt the rite of passage into hyperspace. A strange feeling. She could understand why it made people ill.

"Ok?" "... `Dea?" "Uuhmmmm" "Doh, can we fuck the next time were like this going into hyperspace?"

Doh had an expression on his face that was part stress and part amusement at the rare use of impolite

language by Ideaa.

The two of them sat in the stateroom for several hours. They would be arriving in the Bylosian system in a week. Intuition told Ideaa to monitor the MedCom carefully when they arrived, even though they were on a starship and such activity could easily be detected.

In hyperspace travel new messages could not be sent or received. Each ship traveling in hyperspace carried a number of "folders" of information to be unbundled. This was done, literally, seconds after the ship entered normal space. In fact there are small, fast FTL ships called "folder torps" used solely for the purpose of medcom updating from star system to star system.

Idea associated to a MedCom link she had isolated. A lot of static static. The medcoms machine based nerves had to settle in hyperspace.

"I've never met a person looking for information more than you `Dea. You amaze me but sometimes. I think there's a slice of your head missing."

"Doh, babe, you might be right."

And he was right. Doh sat quietly as she finished the session on the Com.

"I think we're safe. I mean we left Canali clean. The warriors friends that we left in the Waste were never able to find us again."

"What makes you think so `Dea?" "A lot of information and a little of the right kind of chaos?"

"Neither. Dead certainty. Dead certainty. And they are certainly dead."

For the next six days Ideaa and Doh played a lot of music on the starliner. Sometimes the music was in pictures that people would create for the Com. Other times, a simple dance and other times it was a piece of complete medium: maybe a background to a personalized epic produced by one of the starliner passengers. This was the joy of hyperspace travel. One hundred people in a ship cruising along in a no-where field. Ideas dreams went away while in hyperspace. It was an engaging holiday.

## Union

"I am squishing you?"

"Nope."

"Sure."

"Yup."

"This is great! Look at the the animals licensed from the Bylosian Protectorate. They are beautiful. Absolutely beautiful."

They were part of a space going circus that also doubled as a zoo. Under all cultures and religions in the League era, life is considered sacred. Including animal life. Vegetarianism was almost universal on League worlds. As a result of these belief systems, the creatures with the circus were given the highest quality

environment possible. A great portion of the starcruiser cargo bay would be autofabed to create a small but comfortable native environment complete with Viz to artificially extend the illusion of the native habitat.

"Even better. I've found friends. I think. Or at least I have found their ship."

"Who are they?"

"Risian merchants."

The smile and Ideas face turned to an expression of deep concern. The other three of her five were not on the ship. She didn't want to do it, but she had to have a long session on the Com.

Looks like the Ground Glar pulled into Byingas port 10 days ago. It has had a security lock down since then. She brought up the trip tick. We're here for five days. "Plenty of time," Ideaa whispered to herself. I'm going into the port city. As before, this could be a dangerous situation for Doh.

"You sure?"

"I don't think there's a crazy in the League or old Federation that could take you apart 'Dea."

"Not true."

'Dea was intimate with Doh for two or three seconds more and then exited from the stateroom. They went through a brief scan that marked their departure from the starliner.

Then they were in the port city of Byingas. At this particular time, there were only a few people visible. You would not find large crowds here, found in a larger port. These people that lived here were for the most part loners.

"Yet another group of chronic psychic masturbators in space."

But they liked it. It was their way of life. Small groups of spacers wile away the Bylosian days meeting in small groups from time to time to share their own private version of a paradise, where pure hedonism is common.

In ancient times people had to depend on drugs sometimes mixed with sex to be addicted. They become sick and useless. The hedonists don't do that. They ran the port. They achieved status and commodity. And they each got to have their own little orgasm just about as often and as long as they wanted. All they had to do was see a bioenginner and they could "pop their nut" every hour on the hour.

Idea's mind came to a topic end as the Church of Face beliefs emerged. The material on the walls and floors of the starport gave off pleasant smells different from the olfactory programs on the starliner. More like the plants around Riks house in Xen City.

"Feelings tell me just to do this."

"Do what? What are you going to do this time 'Dea?"

"I could spend days sneaking around the Bylosian system the Com. So could you if you learned. There's no time. I know its running out."

The Ground Glar was stationed off-port. Idea accessed the security fence. It took only a second to associate.

"Ok" She said in a soft clear whistle. "Its the same." Her eyes closed. She started to feel the fatigue. Going into the MedCom system made her want to go to sleep. Thats something she feared. It would open up her subconscious to the thousands upon thousands of people on the Medcom.

Her, a new-human with all the memories of some ghost that she was cohabiting with in a new body. She would open herself to the terror of the Paranoid-Doamers-From-Hell. Just the little she had the minds in the Waste of Canali was enough. Well, terrifying and scary enough.

The message was simple and encapsulated with plenty of security on it.

"It's Idea. When you get back I am on the starliner. Retouch. I can hav'nt felt you on the com for days. Has something happened?"

Of course the Doamers were tracking her. Near the GroundGlar was the last place that they had seen anything. No living thing could have survived the crash of the planetary shuttle. But the search group sent to verify the dead, never came back. Wild accident? Maybe.

Idea and Doh stopped in the center of Bylogas Port. A man in brown cloths was putting picture models in a portable. More art typical of the of the old Second Federation. Blank planets with no atmosphere. Small cities as sculptures.

Next came these children. What were children doing here? Kids were supposed to be in studying. Idea noticed a young male with grey and red hair. Nicely done. This boy, and what Idea guessed to be his sister, were watching sports. Two Goals was the name of this game. A wonderful sport for moons and small planets. Idea hated to watch sports. Made her feel stupid. She liked to play not watch. She thought about the two kids. She had no memory of childhood in her like that. Just an emergent consciousness in the Canali waste.

It is early sunrise on Bylos, the small group is relaxing on an open plateau, after a two hour trip from planetfall Bylohome.

"This particular pride of gharns that we are visiting today, have adapted nicely to what is required by the performers of Lentrips Circus. As you know, what we do in the circus, is just reward the animals for their own natural behavior. It's very simple."

"The particular group has been very friendly and will make a great addition to the circus. We have them spotted. They are near the clump of trees next to the far hill. Let's guide the EV in and go meet them."

Each circus trainer had on body armor with low energy screens which would protect them from unwarranted attack in the wild. This outing was the culmination of several months of work with the Protectorate. It would be a tremendous prize for the circus. The circus workers moved through the soft light green Bylosian grass as they approached the hill. They could see the pride now. They were lined up. There was a single male along with the females. The EV approaches from the blue horizon to the Bylosian west.

The EV lands near the pride and creates a panoramic Viz to lure them into the heavyweight Viz. A couple of gentle sensor emissions from the trainers and the pride is in the EV, on the way to the starcruiser MacroGlow.

After the Animal and the females parted the lair, Hohn, Kaksa and Dummon made their preparations to leave. They would depart the lair, send a request via the MedCom port, and wait for a small EV from Bylohome Planetside.

Hohn guided the EV on auto, to the rendezvous point approximately ten kilometers west of the now abandoned lair. The group of three had limped through the forest of Pan trees and were there spot on when the EV arrived.

Moments later they were back in route to Byingas Port.

"If this EV blows, we are genuinely t-boned."

"Yuh. Strange, there is no record on the Com of the loss of the first shuttle."

Click.

A man came from a side entrance, through the shadows created by the Bylosian sun into the port center. Presumably he had just arrived from the planet surface. Following him were three people. The closest was a female, probably in her early twenties in terms of appearance.

The man first in had a soft flowing shirt. On his feet were heavy, foot protecting sandals. He was pounding one hand with the other. Ideaa could now hear the closest female yelling at him.

"You've got to stay. Please."

The man was now shaking and yelling.

"What do you call this place?"

What do you call this place?"

He now twirls and confronts the three that were chasing him.

"Its the League, thats what it is. Its not a Port. Its not a ship. Nor an outsider. Its the league in its own image of deception and decay."

People are now getting up and moving away. Port security is now visible at the perimeter of the disturbance. A male in the group is trying to reason with the shouting man in the blue pants and flowing shirt. Obviously not a uniform. A blond female in the original group screams incoherently.

"You scratched your fingers down my stomach, now he do!"

The sports team that Ideaa was watching on the MedCom moved into the main port. An exceptional event. You watch something on the Viz and they appear in what looks like to be an emerging riot. A third member of the seemingly bezerk party is now displaying pictures on the viz. Pornographic pictures. Pictures of a nude woman collecting status on an ancient device that was used to make cloths look good. Or maybe make them look flat. Look pressed.

Port security is now staging at two sides in the commons with anti anti-violence weapons ready.

"This is not the place to be, lets get back to the ship Doh."

"You think there's gonna be more fighting?"

"Yes, dammit." "More babies too."

"Oh shit! I've been hit again."

Idea couldn't see where this one came from. It was faster than the shot she took in the Canali Waste.

"I see him ahead."

Idea took a flying leap using the existing momentum of the effect steps and struck the assailant in the mid section. The initial blow broke his back. The second readied him for Lever transformation. Three more appeared and fled.

"They were waiting for us after rendezvous with the Glar. Damn. Double damn." Idea and Doh are nearing the star liner portal. Ship security was there in full force.

"A riot is ..."

"Yes we know thank you."

"Idea I feel strange." Idea looked at Doh with terror on her face. The ship guards were now completely concerned on getting all the animals for Lentraps Circus on board with a riot braking out at port. Idea got Doh back to their stateroom as quickly as possible.

"By the Face, I don't believe it. There's a riot going on in the commons."

Kaksa, Hohn and Dummon continue to limp along, pushing their way to the Ground Glar.

"In!"

Dummon crumpled around the controls of the ship and associated with the Com. Security had been executed but not tampered with.

"Face! Ideas here! In port! She's on the liner with the Lever-Garn. I can't believe it. Lock on with the route of that liner on the MedCom. We're back to union."

## Fives

The vegetation in the outer garden of the Standard Science Org was wet with early period watering. It is moisture which is distributed subtly and evenly by the growauto, over the garden area of Merel City. The pale light of the continual twilight zone on the waste blended with the artificial day-night cycle of Merel City. The visual sequence presented a spectacle of artistic change. The aqua resonance of drops of water rendered the leaves in the outer garden into thousands of distinct colors perceivable by the keen eye of a Lever.

With her head propped under a reading pillow Griska slowly reviewed the OffLine describing the current state of affairs of her Five. It was a combination of pictures and words that unfolded before her.

"Departure of the Ground-Glar complete."

"Arrived successfully at the Bylosian system."

"Idea journeyed into the Waste."

"Created new Babies by Lever Transformation."

"Entered Xen City."

"Idea anonymous in Xen City."

"Idea and human lover depart for Bylos on starliner."

"Idea tries to enter Ground-Glar at Bylohome Port."

"Conflict with the Mind Doamers."

"New Babies at Bylohome."

"Union with the three of their Five."

"Messages."

Griska stops. She commiserates on the distance between her and her Five and how long it has been since she has seen her transformation brothers and sisters. In Merel City she remembers watching young Standards in the park. Here they had flowers, trees, toys, animals and trainers of children with excellent talents.

"We are like those children. But we are adults. Our toys were ourselves in the vast silence of the Waste. Our child trainer was Techman. Our parks were the offlines. Our world was the MedCom."

Now she has continual access to the pulse of a different Five as she works, pleasures, and lives in the heart of the Standard Org on Canali.

Through the tower of foliage and arches of small orange and green leaves, Griska watches Techman approaching her through the center of the garden.

"Here comes news."

There is no doubt in in Griskas mind. Any Lever loved familiarity. When your past life before transformation is, at best, a fading memory only available in the wee-wee- hours, those transformed brothers and sisters give you an anchor to build a new ritual. To Griska, Techman is part of the ritual.

"How do feel about leaving Canali?"

"But why do I want to go?"

"We need to produce some answers to a few answered questions."

Techman pauses so Griska can focus.

"How does the Silent War stop?"

"What is the progress of Mind Doamers making in their journey into the expanses of the old Second Federation?"

"What causes their extreme fear of Levers?"

"What happens when a Doamer is transformed?"

"You really like getting down to the basics. I've always liked that about you Techman. Wipe-butt easy."

"Shouldn't we know something about a transformed Doamer by now?"

Techman picked a small piece of stone and then began orbiting it around his first two fingers and his thumb with one hand.

"You would think so." "By the Gaze of All Stars, when's the sortie and ... destination?"

"30 hours and ... err ... into the nexus of the Four Homeworlds and then beyond towards the HumFed2 expanse."

"Who's on the trip?"

"You, me, Sooyah, ..."

"Five?"

"Five."

"What are we taking?"

"Fast scout."

"Lots of Sensory Op Eunits built in. And it can fight if need be."

"Its called Moditia. And you can find it at off Merel port as an attached League Scout ship. You will need to get on the Com and train in Sensor Operations. You also need to be familiar with SSO variant scout armor. We need you Griska."

"Will we be killed?" "It doesn't matter We are already dead. You know this by now."

"Done any good Vis lately."

With this comment, Techman sported a shit eating grin.

"Yea, I will bring some the best with us."

In spite of the seriousness of their mission Griska couldn't wait to pick up some local Viz. Techman disappeared in the raw red refractions bouncing off the rear walls of the outer garden. Soon she left for her domo.

The Slide is a Nouveau-Status community of Merel city. "New Town" to most locals. Merel city itself resembled a tightly branched bush whose branches take sharp turns of ninety degrees or less. Xen city is tall and spaced, Merel is boxed, nested and spread out. The Slide is one of the new branches.

A number of local citizens have contacts here with "new blood" in the Star-Eyes outsector. The Leverite heretics of the Face Church are numerous in the neighborhood.

Griska guided the Manual to one of several Slide return pools. Off world blue green plants decorated lateral buildings designed in a section of city where fringe artists were establishing status.

"A lucky place to live", thought Griska to herself.

Griskas true possessions can fit in a single carrying case. Griskas material objects don't concern her. The stuff left behind is part of the cycle. Before associating to the Com and initiating training in Sensor Ops, she went over the events at Bylohome in the Off-line.

"The local police in the Bylosian system considered the case an outbreak of religious hyper-extension. The bodies of the Doamer eccentrics have been claimed by a heretical reformist faction of the Church of Face, the Leverites. The dead are to be born again, in the factions words. Legal locks don't exist to prevent this in local in-system law."

Griska knew that under current League legal contours, that it would become an issue at the Reinvention Convention held each four years in a previously agreed hyperspace accessible system.

Then Griska contemplated as she continued to unload the offline. There are consequences when the bodies are transferred to the Church of Face. The worst social consequences are sublimated by high ranking barristers or ambassadors in local politics. They do this by means of MedCom based democracy. If this does not work they diffuse the inconsistencies by expertise, by diffuse social dynamics.

"Huff, huff" and then a blank glance to the non-existent person next to the wall.

A quick review of AgendaReconstruction quickly revealed that there was a large potential discussion already concerning deaths in "eccentric outbreaks". This was no surprise, given the increased intensity of the Silent War.

Griska redirected her attention to the Off-Line.

"The Ground Glar made a successful rendezvous with the cargo stored near the outer moons of the Bylosian system. Then the contents were revealed to us by our Leverite associate, a former human in the early union of the Leverite heresy, was transformed into one of the animal life forms in the Bylosian Protectorate. "

Its cunning and intelligence protected the wandering of members of Griskas Five. They would not be where they are at the transmission time without the abilities of our Lever in the beasts body.

Griska then identified instructions for rendezvous of the Ground Glar with starliner Macroglow in the Trivian system and acknowledgment by communications of the meeting. The details of the cargo now in transient: Mind Doamer in effective cryogenic stasis. To be brought across Leverite threshold without death.

Griska was silent for some time, thinking about Leverizing someone "alive and hot". Who would do this? Every Lever had it in their physical or mental makeup how to make a baby, to be reborn from death, to be born again.

Griska reflected on the transformation of life into death.

"Enough."

She associated to the Com and went to work on becoming an expert for Sensor Ops on a scout ship.

A flight through hyperspace into the 2nd Federation expanse was a long way ticket at best and a one way ticket at worst. Colonized before the successful adaption of hyperspace travel, the 2nd Federation was, and is, made up of many more worlds than currently accessible for the League FTL technology. But there were many more Slower Than Light worlds that were closer to the League via STL than FTL and the fastest way to those worlds was still a high tech slow boat.

This phenomenon is due to the shape of hyperspace. Hyperspace navigators didn't know how to get to the vast expanse of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Federation. What worlds are known, are unpredictable. A series of jumps could accidentally leave an FTL ship stranded for decades. Until now.

During Griskas education in Sensory Operations on the scout ship Moditia, she discovered information, something that four of her old Five already knew, the Doamer ships had already extended their range into a new sphere of influence within the old Second Federation.

Evidently the Doamers reached a new plateau in technological development for a number of Productions, including a much more powerful and predictable hyperspace drive.

This drive was the product of a micro technology that was developed based by a forgotten machine artificial intelligence that was instantaneously and completely symbiotic; it was technically associated with thousands of final mental configurations of the Doamer dead. All this made up an AI derived non-machine life form, Mind Doamers.

To the Doamers it was a fulfillment of their religion. It could be considered their alternative to knowing the true origin of their species; the knowledge of the original four Homeworlds that made up League Cosmos.

"Curious from ancient times. Four distinct human species in four systems. Of course, we must be lost colonies of a something. But in a stable point of near-to-each-other Homeworlds in both normal space and hyper space - I do-do-do!"

Griskas thoughts turned to Sooyah. "She is a master social dynamicist ... we have divergence and fear. What kind of genetic engineers would the Mind Doamers be?"

Seemingly they are not so interested in genetic engineering. The dynamic metric that League social dynamicists use is energy units or Eunits. An Eunit is tightly coupled with the AI/machine/net based production system associated with the amount of information.

How is it measured considers Griska? By the rational, technical, mythological and experiential value, it is collected and accrued over time along with the status in the local cultural.

"The Mind Doamer Eunits are dissipating into an unknown sync. I must talk to Sooyah about this."

As a general rule, Each Five is unknown to the other Fives. However, a lever can easily recognize another Lever, whether transformed or not. Sooyah knew, that when they embarked, that her and her compatriots were stepping directly into the Silent War. It was now Sooyahs turn to put a powerful encryption encapsulation into a trans-system message.

"Animal-garn my old Five. I congratulate you on your recent success in the Silent War at Bylohome. I hope to have further information for you by the time you reach either Ris or Piebald. There will be a group of Levers that travels through the Homeworld centre to discover the full effect of the Mind Doamer energies as applied to new space technology. Information found as the result of the encounter in the Bylosian episode of the Silent War could be useful on our mission. Please respond with a powerful encryption encapsulation. Be careful at Ris. There are many strange reports from the Risian system. But you probably already know this

from the Com. Social randomness has increased there in the last few days. Take care."

The message is on a temporary point-to-point transient on the MedCom.

This message is sent with embedded Viz and its usual associated effects. The message is short and well concealed. Sooyah is very good at this, she had been doing it for awhile. With her existing background, the existing profile of the League Naval force in the Canali system and with her top ranking in close melee combat, she remains a superior League naval commander with the expected skills .

For Sooyah this is easy because she is a first generation Lever. To her, the unfortunate friction between the Levers and the Mind Doamers, just looks like a problem of breadth versus width.

Of course there are five crew members on the League scout ship. The Mind Doamers may be emerging with a new technology for star system to star system travel, but Leverite capabilities are also producing technology superior to current League capabilities. The almost life forms molded into the Moditia along with shared technology of surveillance and weapon systems, equipped the scout ship Moditia with its own formidable capabilities.

Griska didn't recognize the person whose duty was physics-navigation-mathematics-machineDerivedIntelligence. She relaxed, because he looked like the expected Standard Scientific Organization type. Eventually Griska came to know Crev the Nav-Op.

Griska understood the premier Leverite was a part of the ship, a biologically symbiotic duraplaz. Sooyah ran the bridge, what was there was of it. When five crew members on the Moditia found their niches around the bridge, they spoke loudly so they could easily hear each other without Com links.

It made Griska very happy to hear Techmans voice. It is familiarity. The crew near the bridge was now complete. They headed for departure lanes exiting from Canali. All starship systems on the Moditia started their combinatorial sequence. Then they went into hyperspace. Nothing out of the ordinary is observed inside the Moditia. There are no anomalies detected during the departure from the in system traffic center.

## Four

Dummon carefully brought the cargo out of quarantine.

"One humanoid life form in standard cryogenic suspension".

Then a few probes were associated to key metabolic functions. The appropriate fail safe and monitoring systems for cryogenics are brought to a thin green line. Dummon looked at the cargo and then softly said:

"A Mentonian ... almost an ancient style with little external change. Looks like he's asleep, really he does. Ah... I can't find the cryogenic apparatus and I wouldn't know that it was there, if sensor Ops hadn't identified it as ... a female."

"Kaksie here `ummo. There's an Offline we've identified. Them Levers that put her in here did an amazing job on security. Hohner and I didn't even know it was here until we started disassociating the preamble. Meet us up here at dot-nineteen before we revive her. There seems to be some instructions."

Kaksa affirmed and continued with the checkout of the unexpected cargo.

"May as well relax and wait for further instructions, no?"

The captain of the Macroglow continued with his nervous habit of picking his ears. Idee found it distracting, but it didn't make any difference. She couldn't concentrate and felt just as naked as when she lived in the early days of her transformation in the Waste.

The sanity that stabilized her mind, at this moment, is the contact with the other three of the Five. She forced herself not to think about Doh. She focused on her great sin. She had deliberately kept him unconscious after his capture and delirium. What really put the fear in her was his automatic response to certain random bandwidths on the MedCom.

"Idea, you and one of your fellow musician were attacked at Bylohome and you were able to neutralize and kill a number of your attackers flat-footed, without the slightest hint of body english... "

"Alone." This was the word that came to Ideas mind while she was debriefed.

"...an extraordinary feat confirmed by our security officer. The bodies have been reclaimed by religious lien ..."

Idea found her thoughts oriented towards a dark green pool of water she had never seen before.

"...movement from head to toe and she does the battle as she goes..." "Yes Sir."

"An exceptional person. I assume that you can be available for ship security and expanded status accumulation?"

League protocol normally defined that Ideas answer should be "no", because of the lacking status relationship with the ships captain. "Yes, I will offer up working passage as a security personnel." The two top mates of the Macroglow standing next to the captain have stunned looks on their faces.

The Offline was now unpacked. Idee used it as a pain reliever for the moment. She would have to let Doh go. Would he love her? Attack her? Eventually she reached the point she didn't care. She had to let him go. But first the offline.

"Cargo is found, humanoid, ... will pick up and analyze. We can be ready for response depending on who hits hyperspace first, the Macroglow or the Ground Glar."

No Viz, just simple one lines.

Now Idee sent something back after associating to the Com.

"My lover is now a stranger, a victim of the Silent War. I really hurt right now. I hurt like hell and have sinned a great sin against humanity and the Face of the Universe." She pulled the tranq off Doh and his eyes opened.

"Hohner and Kaksie, we're ready to Rez up the entire OffLine."

An image appeared of the Mentonian female in the old world style. Hohn takes first view of the scenario. There is a disabled merchant ship in the background. This merchant had been involved in a skirmish someplace. Most likely in the Bylosian system was Hohns guess, a guess based on background noise. There was no record of any damage on the MedCom.

Then an audio dialogue merged with the Viz giving the session the appearance of a unidirectional MedCom presentation. The presenting voice was strange, gruff with screeches and partially controlled bellows. In spite

of this, the dialogue is comprehensible.

"After you recombine the encryption encapsulation of the package, there are instructions on how to do a living conversion of a Mind Doamer into a Lever. On some technologies we are guessing. Optimally you will have a team of four levers plus your fifth in a frame of mind for star system to star system Com."

"Yeh" said Hohn eyes and ears at full sense peak.

Methodologies for conversion of the Offline went into a second Offline for later parallel accessing and replay.

Normally the security system in the cargo bay of the Macroglow would activate, if a creature in Lentraps Circus departed from the closure system. It was never designed to go into alarm state when an intelligence is used to temporarily disable it from the inside. Animal-the-Garn had complete access to the cargo deck. The normal sensor systems on C-deck could easily be neutralized if he chose to do so..

Animal located a MedCom port and associated. He has a complete knowledge in security systems. This knowledge allows him to mimmick normal background radiation when he makes his Com association. The direct information from the Ground Glar was there.

"By the Face, good work."

"Trained Lever on the Macroglow even if she has some unforeseen problems to overcome. We will transfer her to our ship when we get to the Trivian system. Will parallel the Macroglow to Beautica."

Animal collected information on the incident at Bylohome Port and hid it in an OffLine. After a session of reviewing the Offline, Animal decided to not to interfere with the other Levers.

"Time to digest the food of a beast."

He forced the thought out of his mind of how he could consume his enemy, the Mind Doamer and relish the meal.

"Bad. Sin. By the Face."

Animal knew the Five would pass through the FishPat system, which is dominated by the church and the Leverite heresy.

The beasts thoughts turned to fragrance, one of his favorite hobbies. He spent time leaving scents not noticed by a humanoid. A little spay here, then there. "Nice." Animal would trace the other levers, but not interfere for now.

The Ground Glar went into hyperspace shortly after the Macroglow. By now their technical knowledge of space travel had matured since their beginnings in the Canali Waste. The combination of MedCom learning and first hand experience in space had developed their skills. They each knew the basics of typical League Cosmos hyperspace craft.

Both star ships are in route to Beautica, a major nexus of League culture. Though the Macroglow had the more powerful drive, the Ground Glar came in a full 20 hours ahead of the starliner.

An important feature of the Balonium star drive is that the time of the jump between two "places" (No star navigator would call it a "place". Under the Balonium effect, exit is defined as a departure from a point of

infinitely small dimension and entry to a second point of an infinitely large dimension) in the time-space continuum remained fixed for each drive unless there was a serious technical error. In that case, the jump distance was unpredictable, dangerous and most important, economically useless.

The time increment the Ground Glar was less than expected for a ship of this power rating. Perhaps this is a give away. A disadvantage to be taken advantage of. But this anomaly is not as obvious as that of the suspected Mind Doamer ships originating from the core ward side of hyperspace. For the Mind Doamer ships, the jump time from destination to source has been measured as variable by the Levers.

"The Trivia system has two stars. The first is a hotter reddened sun with two planets."

"Yes I've got it Hohner" said Kaksa as she exhaled out of the side of her mouth. Her square Standard chin glowing red from light projected from the stars image. She moved the Viz image "a space flea's buttocks distance away" from its original position.

"With two planets, the first called Cosmic Rose and the second a gas giant with much-much in-system Autos. The second star, a medium yellow main sequence star ... "

Griska stopped as local data about the system came up with the Viz. It was being rapidly updated in real time as the MedCom links were synchronized after reentry from hyperspace. The distance from the primary star to the secondary star is about  $.75E13$  kloms, so the time information transfer between the two Triva star systems is hours but not as great as the distance between star systems themselves.

Trivia is typical of a class of binary systems where the stars are close enough to be defined as a single system but where the stars were far enough apart that each star had its own planetary system.

Dummon, Kaksa and Griska studied the Triva primary and secondary while in hyperspace. Neither system has a uniform planetary culture similar to the cultures found in the Canali or the Bylosian systems. The main habitable planet, Cosmic Rose, as it is called, is dominated by one of the Church of Situ and Luck groupings, the Situational Oligarchists.

The Situationalists are believers in the practice of rituals that provoke an emotional response in the viewer, preferably one of humor and controversy. From time to time, the Oligarchist subgroup, might create a short lived collectivist bureaucracy typical of pre-star-flight Homeworld systems. They do this just for fun.

In Triva Primary there is also a Static Machine government that controls the Growautos and Autofabs which preserves the planetary and satellite environment. The Static Machine has legal powers accountable to other in-system governments and to League Protocol itself.

The Static Machine is always reactionary. It has Machine System Derived Intelligence, or MizzDees, that specialize in social dynamics with goals of system maintenance. These MizzDees attempt to reflect the fluctuation of information and of energy in the form of the typical wealth.

The three Levers assimilated the myriad of information and more. They had a stream of data about the highly dynamic Corp-Corp groups operating in systems near Beautica, the Venn Famlees in Triva secondary.

"Yuuuhh... and we've received a message that warns us the Ris can be dangerous."

Hohns' attention briefly turns to Ris, a system that they will encounter on their itinerary.

"Maybe that's the help. Yup. Maybe that's the help. But too much stuff."

Dummon starts to rub his arms with his hands. He has a painful look as he thinks about the bodily damage suffered when they crash landed into the Bylosian Protectorate.

"Maybe that's the blessing. So much here and good access to everything. By the Face it's OK."

Again Kaksas's thoughts turned to the family life prior to being reborn. She was thankful that she did not have to see them again now that Bylos is behind them. She doubted if they would have recognized her anyway. There are hundreds of thousands of families in the Triva system. More than she could imagine. Would she be able to observe any of them? The three continued to assimilate information off the MedCom until they were completely exhausted.

Idea sat on the side of the cabin. Her legs were crossed. Doh looked back at her. He is shaking. For a long time he attempted to speak coherently.

Uncountable images of Zoos came to Doh. Each perceived with a different feeling. The images ebbed and flowed until Doh is aligned to a consistency of Zoos' feeling. The first consistency is around the Life Force Basics. This is a fundamental in Zoos' church, the Church of Mu. It is a continuity perceived by any intelligent entity. It is the basic perception that life is a force against disorder and decay. It is an exception to entropy of the universe. The Life Force Basic is anti-entropy in its positive state.

Hundreds of thousands of positive Zoos' feelings merge into an n-dimensional thread. As the images are collated in Doh's new extended mind, the negative images of Zoos also from a continuity ... the negative images resonate from the hundreds of thousands of minds that have negative images of Zoos. These minds did not like his Viz and died with the thought frozen. There were others. Zoos scared a Doamer to death at one point in his journeys. She would not accept an Indirect Miracle.

The two polarities of Zoos' order, recombine, order again, orchestrated by the living part of the MedCom. The feelings in the negative pole centre around a tremendous loss in the Living Net. They accentuated fears accumulate around the Levers. After enumerable increments of time in the Living Net, Doh, like all newly transformed Mind Doamers, is able to compile an organic whole of the entire human species with their dim origins on the Four Homeworlds.

The negative and positive poles of feeling well up inside Doh as the nexus unfolds. Fear strikes Doh. He continues to shake. The woman he loves, as to all Levers that he can sense, do not fit in the whole.

He fears them. He fears Idea.

"Start at the bottom".

The words come from Doh's lips. Idea does not shift the position of her crossed legs. Again he arrived at a great centre piece of fear, personified by Idea. Finally he is able to talk.

"Dea, there is a huge part of me that loves you. There is a new part. 'They is' a thousand-thousand-thousands of voices in me now. When these voices speak as one, I am afraid of you. Because of your gifts. I, myself, am the origin of my own the fear."

Doh moved in front of Idea. His hands were shaking.

"I now have both love and fear in my dance. A dance of dark and light."

"I'm getting off the the ship at Triva prime."

"I'm gonna come with you `Dea. And I will bring my ocean of feelings with me. I feel so big. I feel so very big. I am a new creature."

"OK, Doh, lets try to concentrate. Look at me. Please look at me! A biological needle pierced you Doh. One pierced me in the waste when we fought and then I destroyed it."

"The organism says, ... can't be ... can't."

"One pierced you at Bylohome Star base and then ceased to exist after it altered your body. Now you have your voices, feelings and ... dance."

A combined look of panic and hope is accentuated on Dohs face. He then rezed up a Viz of Zoos and started the Miracle Sequence of his religion very slowly.

Lentrips Circus is now disembarking the Macroglow. There are a number of shows to be performed at Triva prime this trip. Next all performers and animals re-board the Macroglow and will be on the way to the Risian system where they repeat their performances. Lentrips Circus specialized in low technology performances. Visuals or any constructed realities are not used. Critics and commodity mongers claim this is what gave the circus its charm. The various animals are trained to run the show. The participation of the humanoids is done as an embellishment to the primary performance. The main circus act consists of the large and more intelligent creatures..

Schools of children, some of them are likely to be accompanied by one or more of their bioparents. The throng cheered and shouted for an early and long performance as the newly arrived entourage descended down the Plaz ramp of the Macroglow.

From the ramp, the circus gathered around a stretch of soft clean dirt near the designated Cosmic Rose landing site.

"It's a ground glar."

A young girl yelled as she jumped straight up and down. The glar from the Ground Three Homeworld has technical support necessary for it to "fly" instead of swimming in its native ocean. Next, the sight of the garn and its pride from the Bylosian Protectorate brought a resounding applause.

The event is considered special by CosRose because of the difficulty in getting creatures released from the Bylosian Protectorate. The protectorate is very, very, picky about allowing the beasts to depart.

Animal looked at the line of children cheering.

"Luckily ... no new babies during the voyage. Would have to call in an outside five", as the Garns mind turned to death and transformation. Then the Animal looked into the CosRose sky. When he did it activated colors deep into the infrared spectrum.

"The Face is red here, all red."

Behind the Garn came legendary fliers from the old home world of Menton, with their human riders. During an ancient era in that world's history, the fliers were the main means of transportation between habital mountain tops.

And following next are numerous flying and running creatures from systems all over League Cosmos and the old Second Federation.

Then came specialty shows like fungus from Farmit that were trained (or engineered) to form artistic patterns. Those followed humanoids that danced, sported, gamed and performed for Lentrips.

Following the circus, more passengers walked down the disembark of the Macroglow. They were the travellers, barristers, clergy, space bums, in system mercenaries with numerous common and uncommon associations.

Travellers wandered from system to system, often engaging in local status build up and subsequent loss. They were often said to have the wunderlust. Barristers had authority under League Cosmos law, The law is completely rewritten at a convention every four years. The barristers travel from system to system where they make up of what there is of the League Cosmos government.

They derive their status from the convention. It is common to have the ordained of the four major League Cosmos religions and countless sects and heresies moving from system to system, often by working passage. They are addicted to space travel and everything associated with it. System mercenaries have been legally recognized in the last few League conventions. They are typically hired for temporary police action by planetary systems.

A medium sized man and a female slightly taller than the man stop as the female is speaking to the captain of the Macroglow. Then the dark haired man with the light brown hair steps away from the two that are talking. He stops and stares, saying nothing. The taller platinum blond moves away from the captain and waves to him.

By now, almost all the passengers have disembark-ed the star cruiser. One of the crew yells out: "We'll miss the music. I hope you feel better. Stay out of harms way."

Idea held Dohs hand as they approached one of the landing site exits.

There are a number of populated areas on Triva. The best known is CosRose. Both the Macroglow and the Ground Glar were docked and locked down at one of the largest landing site near CosRose. The Ground Glar, as before, had a maze of security on it, yet it wasn't supposed to "read" as secure.

Doh moves with Idea away from the port with what can be considered as a series of dance steps. Doh has not only gained control of is nervous system, but he is stepping to the musical rhythm. A number of pathways lead away from CosRose landing site. The pathways are adorned with low rolling stone walls of reflective material. Scenes are depicting a number of cultural events local to CosRose.

Some are recent, others date back to the colonization of Triva in the early days of first wave settlement. The key to commodity, is that of knowledge. Idea knew how to get an Effects Vehicle. Doh knew too.

Doh and Idea used some commodity to hire a ground effects vehicle. Idea rezed up an itinerary on a Viz that takes them to another urban center. It is on the other side of the northern hemisphere. It is an area called Edgewise.

Both CosRose and Edgewise are on the northern edge of the Blade, the Trivian equivalent of a jungle. There are a number of populated centres throughout the Blade in the Southern hemisphere. They can be found in the centre and the edge of the Blade. Notable citizens lived in every geographical area of Triva Prime even in the two deserts girthing the equator.

There are a number of paths leaving from CosRose port. Idea and Doh moved away from the port through the area typical of growauto and Autofabs collecting. In ancient history this would have been known as the "industrial" section of the city, if you wanted to call CosRose a city. Now they can see numerous connecting

structures that make up the CosRose.

Idea linked with the effects vehicle while Doh looked out the window naming things like a wide eyed 4 year child. They took off and went into the prearranged flight pattern.

CosRose was bright in the red Trivian noon. The city is a series of architectural modules interconnected in the shape of a star mesh. The distance between the modules varies. The distance between each seems to depend on each modules size.

It looked like each has a population of about two thousand people. Each module is connected to neighboring modules via low grav paths. The effect of this architecture is interesting and beautiful, looking like a very loosely bound ball of string with lights embedded throughout.

The plants and vegetation moving below next to the lake are jet black. Now Doh focused on the plants. Among the plants is sheet of frozen atmosphere on an unknown asteroid. A large pole emerges from the asteroid that also is on friendly terms with the lake. It is a talking pole. Doh continues to focus on the plants. They are a type of plants common to a world whose source of life giving light is a reddened sun. They are dark. There is another picture of darkened plants in red orange light. A midst them is a small tower over looking a crimson river flowing among the frost in geometric shapes. There are youths playing at their lessons among the dark plants. The reddened sun is bright in the sky. Doh is transformed again and does detailed analysis of genetic energy program simulations of the dark plants. The plants have a unique permutation of energy soaking through the red and infrared spectrum.

Doh has become all of this as he pulls away. "Up to me" he said. Idea was silent as the Effects Vehicle skimmed the forest of tall plants. As the instancial images of the hundreds of red sun plants came to Doh, he had to choose if he would travel into each. Every image lead to a complete set of thoughts that are combining with his subconscious. Doh shuts his eyes and pulls in Zoos.

The array of thought patterns shrunk rendering Zoos among the dark leaves of the surfaces plants. Now the images realigned and Zooses emerged from a thousand pictures that dwarfed the collection of dark leaves under a red sun.

Doh tried to unify the Zooses but they were too different. In his thoughts he knew vizzes of Zoos were well preserved in history. The images are commonplace. The feelings and interpretations of Zoos that are coming from a multitude of sources are not.

But through all of the new reality, there was one sequence that did not trigger countless others, the thought of Idea. The thought of someone with that strength and capability ... it didn't exist in the new reality. Doh again started to tremble violently. He had made a circle to and from complete fear.

It is easy to do.

"Take a piercing note from the zengelo, Simp."

Doh blew the note combined with base notes from the tembron. he blast shatters Idea, rendering her twitching among the dark leaves. Doh wants to rams the seed directly into Idea body.

She kills it for the third time.

Idea held his head as he vomited on the ground. The effects vehicle is programmed for a quick stop in the forest.

"I'm not here `Dea".

There as a a breeze starting to come up in the red and black woods. It felt cool as it blew in from the polar caps from the North. Indigenous life forms on this planet were roughly classified as insectoid so Ideaa had nothing to worry about from the locals. She was able to get Doh to calm down after a few minutes.

"Want me to put you under until we get to our destination?"

Doh nodded his head. He falls into a fitful dreamless sleep.

Ideaa lifted Doh and put him back in the effects vehicle. She changed the course to run closer to the mountains south of their current position rather than through the middle of the northern Blade. The black plants were shorter in the mountains with wide long blades at the top. It made the hills look like shaggy hair on top of rolling red ribbon bands.

The ComSystem on the effects vehicle adjusted the course. It would be a couple of hours before they arrived at Edgewise. Ideaas attention turned from Doh to the ocean in the northern hemisphere of Triva Prime. Next to this Ocean was the immediate destination, Edgewise. Oceans flow from her dreams about her life before the transformation. Ideaa want to go to the ocean. She was adrift on a large body of water as the effects vehicle continued on to its destination.

Kaksa sat humming a song that she knew in her former life. The song is about the black fields of Triva Prime as she watched the activity in Edgewise.

"Sideways everywhere red and black for me. The moon less night on the softest world peels away. I stretch out over the tinted sea and here is my place of constant play. Red Cosmos. Red Cosmos. All along with me. Red Cosmos. Red Cosmos. Perfection of clarity..."

The Com grabbed Kaksa and united with her Hohner and Dummon.

"Got em."

Hohner had convinced his two Levers to avoid the large space port and guide the Ground Glar to Edgewise for rendezvous with Ideaa. Edgewise is a collection of small environments that are architecturally similar to the large modules in CosRose. Out here in Edgewise, families dwell in individual units.

Each Edgewise unit sprinkled the country side with separated small white lights at night. The lights are a variety of colors ranging from red orange, making the module completely invisible to bluish white, causing the module to stand out in the landscape against the ruddy sky.

Then Hohner chose a transient domo module. It required an associating status credit to the Autofab sub system that makes and maintains the domos. They landed the Ground Glar near the domo and set up a place to stay for the time being. Then they each went to work as red sky turned the red brown and finally black. They were building a complex reconimation for their effort with the unique cargo.

Kaksa avoided a small Trivan life form as she got up. Hohner stayed with the prize cargo. Dummon emerged from the complex built behind the domo, the three had assembled on arriving near Edgewise. Their new base is nested on a rolling hillside. The North Edgewise mountains tower behind them. And the rolling plain spreads below them leading to the North Trivan Ocean.

Ideaa emerged from the effects vehicle holding Dohs hand. He stood there in a listless state.

"Dummon."

"Idea."

"Kaksa."

"Idea."

"By the Face."

"By the Face."

Dummon placed his hand on Ideas shoulder. There was a pause as they all just stood there and looked at each other for awhile. Kaksa spoke next.

"We are all alive and we are here."

Idea didn't know what to make of life and death. Maybe it was an archaic memory. Maybe death and life was now a pure art form.

"He's a casualty of the Silent War?"

"Yes, but he's also my lover."

"He's part Mind Doamer now."

"Do you think he is strong enough to control his fear?"

"He might turn it to creative madness," Idea cautiously answered to Kaksa.

The group walked slowly towards the complex and stepped through the Plaz door.

"Yuh! Yuh! Idea you are a primary. Yes you are. Wandering any direction you feel."

Idea is hugging Hohn. Kaksa is guiding Doh.

"I'm from your lovers generation. Can you control your fear?"

"You are with Zoos. All of you are with Zoos."

"Good enough."

Images of Kaksa are slowly working their way into Dohs consciousness. There is a beast wandering on a long flat plane. The bright Bylosian sun is over head. There are some people here now. The images in Dohs mind faded for the moment. Doh moved to associate to the Com.

"He wants to associate."

"Go ahead, he shows none of the aggressive tendencies typical of the other Mind Doamers."

Doh heard but did not care. He has the Doamer mind but he also had Zoos and `Dea. Doh is in a continuum of fearing his own fear.

After the association, images poured in. They were countless at first. The connections started. The children running under the Sun of Bylos, the pale azure on a Beautican mountain, steel cold night on a small starship. All the images were connecting. Doh was starting to feel who the new people were. There is feeling but the understanding is void. In the void is the continuing terror that the three new ones in front of him didn't exist in his vast new subconscious.

Doh's connection sequence does not stop. He focuses on the starship. All the unit modules in the Doamer Mind became clear. He understood how they worked and how the power went through each Plex. The systems originating from machine intelligence connected as series of biological molecular simulations. There are thousands of star ships. Each slightly different ... some old, some new. The destination of each is different. Some were departing. Some in transit. Some arriving. Doh picked up his Zengelo and started to sing at the images.

"He'll be alright for the time being. Maybe he can ultimately be a help to us with our immediate task. Ideaa, we came here for transformation. This isn't the ordinary Lever baby from life to death back to life again."

Hohn took Ideaa to the reconnection area. It looked like a quick addition to a Trivian domo. In the reconnection is a female recently recovered from cryogenics. Ideaa had never seen her before.

Then they started. You could build a Lever from any piece of genetic code. In theory one could even be built from a pure design, though no one had any interest or reason in doing this yet. It must be remembered that the Levers were a heresy from the Church of Face and had developed Leverite culture around the churches cosmology. The Levers did not want to create freaks, only to transform the dead into the eternal living.

But now things had changed. The former meaning of the dead had changed. The Levers and the Mind Doamers and the sleeping female and Doh were the living from the dead.

"What's her name? yuh... Do we know?"

"Parla, from Wydeon2 ... A good pilot according some of the records in the Offline."

The transformation process came to each Lever instinctually. It is part of lever biology. In the same way that Tropen reptiles from Farmit knew where and when to lay their eggs and take care of their young.

"Who wants to be the mother? Who takes the awful responsibility?"

Dummon swore an oath to the Face of the Cosmos. He took a primitive, but very sharp blade and opened a slash in his side. There was no blood. Meanwhile Hohn, Kaksa and Ideaa had rolled Parla on her side. There is no need to remove her clothes, since she is naked from cryogenics. Then the three forced her to vomit any remaining food and removed all bodily waste from her bowels and bladder. They shaved all bodily hair except the hair on her head. It remained untouched because it was already short.

Dummon penetrated Parla's central nervous system while the other two completed the tasks of preparation. Within seconds of the intrusion of NewBio from Dummon, Parla's eyes opened. The biochemical produced in her body were off the scale. It should have killed any normal human. But she wasn't human any more. The process here was normally targeted the dead.

Parla's body is now orders of magnitude greater in strength and reflex mixed. She has a mind mixed with the dying thought patterns of an enumerable dead. Each static Doamer mind is now associated to the Lever instincts. The cacophony of symbols and feelings building up and tearing down in Parla's mind ebbed and flowed associated to numerable little brains. She is alive but she is completely catatonic.

"What do we do now? Just leave here here?"

"No, gotta make sure she lives."

"By the Face, she can't die either."

The Levers knew Dummon is correct.

"Not gonna be able to tell much until she settles out ... yuh".

"After that our job is done."

"On a dead person the Doamer changes don't exist."

"This is the living."

"Is she dangerous?"

"D' know. We gotta watch her until she's moving around."

"Or take her with us, if she doesn't."

"Yeah ... OK."

The sky was completely dark at Edgewise when Ideaa looked out across the Trivan skyscape. There are the lights of other domos higher up the hill. Probably there are children living with a typical Trivan family or a group of artisans with liquid colors floating and combining with people as the MedCom sucked up the images. Or a game of Four Ball being fiercely waged by adolescents ... each a typical part of humanity living in the forest of Triva, with the blood red sky.

The thoughts of surrounding life continued to come to Ideaa. Hohn had put the new female in the room here with her. She sat quietly against the wall. Her hands clasped around her knees. Her feet are bare. If she was cold no one could tell. It seemed that her presence had calmed Doh.

Idea then held Doh and then they made love for the first time since his change. Just like before the penetration of Doamer Mind into Doh. He fell asleep after his last twitches of orgasm. From consciousness to unconsciousness he smiled. There are advantages to feeling thousands of minds sometimes. Especially if you are doing what they were doing when they died.

Idea looked out across the water at the Edgewise shoreline. There are faint ripples she can detect by the soft starlight of the Trivan sky. But the water is green and Ideaa was looks down at trees with long dark trunks protruding out of the water. There is a fractional mist that can barely be seen or smelled. The waves against the beach were perfectly tubular but very small. The perfect waves could be seen all the way up the beach eventually disappearing into a forest of trees that made it difficult to tell where the water stopped and the land began.

Sometimes there were rocks that slowly pulled a jet on as the water wandered in and out of the shoreline. She then went up the coast looking at the chromatic colors of greens and blues that shined in the inlets. Ideaa moved to the waters edge and mounted a wave rider and moved into the water. The water was without discernible temperature as she moved the wave rider through the darkened trees. The depths of sea revealed fish of various sizes and colors. The fins, bodies and shapes of the fish blended with the chromatic colors of the watery bottom. The sea now was as warm as a beach, like a bath.

It changed temperature as she moved the wave rider through the trees into an open bay where the waves were breaking in small but absolutely perfect form. Ideea set the wave rider into the wave and took off, riding to the clear shore standing vertical and erect all the way to the clear sand. She could see all the fish and other new aquatic life as the wave rider moved through them and the string like plants. The water on the winding pond emptied into the next lake in the mountains. It was deserted here, but there had been evidence of the presence of people. Now the water was dark with swampish areas that could be gotten to by walking. The fish in the water were smaller and darker. Then she moved into the gray lake under the grey sky where the wind blew and the ripples lapped against her boat she was now in. She moved the boat amongst the trees in this nearly colorless bay that went among the trees as far as she could see.

"By Zoos, I have to pee." Doh moaned softly.

The new Parla person was laying against the wall, the eyes barely open. At long intervals her tear ducts produces a tear. She is comatose but very much alive. Ideea rubs her eyes coming back from a night of aqua marine sleep.

"Doh, we have Parla with us now. She has the same Doamer mind that you do. Did you know that?"

"I feel it."

"Can you associate via the Com?"

"...er the Com life thing?"

"I will try later."

"Are you in fear today?"

"Yes, but I controlling it. Her being here makes me less afraid of all of you, as it is hard to describe how to fear and love someone at the same time."

"I think we are going today. On the Ground Glar."

At this time Hohn, Kaksa and Dummon are putting the equipment used for Parlas non-death rebirth through a recronimation.

"There up in back."

"Yup. Yup. Well lever-zees, we should have an interesting trip to Ris."

"Do you agree not to stay long there?"

"Yup. Yup. Jes long enough to associate to the Com and then out."

"Unless there is a good reason for us to stay a while Hohner."

"Status commodity maybe."

"Maybe. I'd rather wait until we make it to Beautica."

# Subconscious

WE can be at the Batbear system in 60 days. WE simply don't do it. WE-Sooyah are some females at the edge. WE either are thinking out loud associated to the Comm or planning with US and WE-Techman the entire voyage. WE don't see how WE-Sooyah could take a handful of mental and physical res-pits since WE left Canali. It is not of matter now, WE all died again. Yet another death. But here WE sit talking and talking and talking to Ideas lovers intelligent musical instrument, no doubt an alien. Yes, WE know it can listen, but what has it said so far? Eh? Nothing!

The first few systems in the trip, Bylos, Kayson, Rawd and so on are of no particular consequence to US. They are all just about the same to US.

Come out of hyper-space. Pick up a sync on the Comm. Sometimes WE stay for a few days doing diddly little things that all typical League Scout ships do. When dropping in other systems WE sync the Comm and reenter hyper-space. It is planned this way. WE didn't want to loose a Silent War that WE couldn't win anyway.

Next WE emerge at Ground-3 from Zarma. The WE-Sooyah and the WE-Griska decide that a stop at Ground-3 is absolutely required. A lot of humans live there. They live at this world since their beginning, it is an original human home world. The original home-world is a nexus in both League Cosmos and Hum Fed 2. It and three other pieces of metaphysical uniqueness ... the other three home-worlds ... also are nexus points in hyper-space. Any navigator of both spaces will tell you this is beyond astronomical odds. It is a miracle. WE think it is a miracle.

WE know and feel that this is the basis of the oldest human religion, this miracle of the Galactic Doam. The Doam is part of US, the simple great subconscious. But WE call ourselves SIMP. WE see the pain in the mind of the great death of a Part. WE reflect the pain of losing OUR part WE know the pain of not having the part with US. A Part permanently erased. There is a hole where it once was. The hole is in OUR holy whole.

The WE-Sooyah guides the machine Moditia to Wydeon-2, a new League Cosmos human world. It is here that WE-Sooyah, WE-Griska and WE-Techman and the WE-others studied the pain of the SIMP. The WE-them now talk many hours about US, especially the pain of death.

The WE-them know more of US at Ground-3. As the WE-Griska and WE-Sooyah walk through the ancient neighborhoods and cities of Ground-3, as WE study the museum preserved there, the old state bureaucracy culture and economies and the WE-Sooyah and WE-Griska said

"How old and how amusing."

"How well preserved this past is."

"The streets are straight. The vehicles that travel on them are subject to the random physics of linear motion and driving ability."

"The Risk Streets of Old Ground 3."

"That's what it is."

And now WE can go to the oldest of our SIMP and see it almost as if it is then, when warfare is mostly waged with material machines at the cost of many lives.

Which is the earliest SIMP? WE are all here. Now. The oldest. And pictures of low tech star-ships and darkening atmosphere. The SIMP has a beard and a child's toy in his hand.

Or this SIMP. Maybe it is the oldest. The SIMP of Ground-3 are all there. Each is a still picture. The kind common in ancient history. WE can learn from each SIMP. WE-Sooyah and WE-Griska now know SIMP better.

WE depart the ocean human world and embark the machine Moditia and travel through hyper-space again. Now WE-them think the human living part of the SIMP starts to notice this particularly fast Moditia streaking across the League towards the hyper-space Expanse of the Second Federation.

WE-Griska, WE-Sooyah, WE-Techman, WE-Crev and WE-Nilian of the Moditia stop at the Wydeon-2 system. WE quickly do a navigational reset and a Medcom sync. WE- Sooyah says to WE-them

"Take all the information that WE-them can have and go into hyper-space immediately".

Now WE-them tells WE-them should stay at Wydeon-2, the inceptive center of living SIMP starship technology. Then WE-Techman studies and learns about living SIMP starships. Then WE-Techman sends the information to the Levers that the now WE-them see in the subconscious SIMP of the living Doamer Mind ... maybe.

The Moditia arrives at Batbear and US conducts the intensive investigation of SIMP starship technology as WE-them stay on the moon with the port city of VowGevo. There is a large number of OUR Mind Doamers in this otherwise typical League Cosmos moon port.

The SIMP now know that Levers of this certain origin are extremely hard to subdue. Maybe it is also the feelings of Mind Doamers at VowGevo that WE-them are a group of super Levers because there is no Silent War at VowGevo.

Just look at VowGevo. A little base with all the ties to the autos and the environ built on top of this near moon. They are silver in the glow of the local sun and the plaz interferes with the vacuum of the local star-sphere.

WE-them spend the time at various sections of this little VowGevo. Here WE-them look at the Offlines. WE-them found some and copied the offline to the Moditia.

Do WE-Griska do impossible things? Yes WE-them do. WE-Griska bypasses a number of systems to fetch the offlines. US walks outside of this little VowGevo into the vacuum of the local star-sphere and examine captured offlines at will.

Not many machine starships jump past the edge of hyper-space. A few known paths are established. That is how the humans find the alien life forms outside the dimension of League Cosmos hyper-space. They find a safe path to another dimension of hyper-space and settle the Kandox system after a conflict with followers of the Face like WE-them Levers and the Insane Ones that are at Kandox first. Hyper-space engineers know what hyper-space the Expanse of the Second Federation is in. Yes they do.

SIMP starships find a number of paths. Human SIMPs know the way. WE attempt to follow in the Moditia machine starship. WE know that it is very sparse in that hyper-space dimension out here. The h-space distance between star systems is orders of magnitude greater. There are SIMP ships lost out there now. Doamers are in them.

WE-them take the machine ship Moditia into the hyper-space Expanse. Some of OUR SIMP ships follow the

machine ship Moditia into that Expanse. WE-Griska is now doing navigation in that Expanse. WE-them use maps from the offlines that WE-them take from Vow Gevo and WE-Griska moves the Moditia to the Alnex-822 system.

"This system is a non-descript reddened sun" now speaks the WE-Techman. "The deeper the US go into this hyper-space dimension the farther the other suns are apart".

"The starships are built here and they are smaller and newer than ever before."

WE-them depart after studying the fabing. The SIMP look at We-them again. More SIMP machine ships are going to intercept We-them in the machine ship Moditia. US sends a final message torp from Alnex-212 to Levers known by WE-them.

Come, it is the time when WE-them meet US. WE-techman knows that SIMP machine ships now converge on the machine ship Moditia. This is the Silent War, isn't it SIMP?.

The Moditia is not with damage and it is not with damage and it is not with damage. No Lever is destroyed in combat. The SIMP has machine ship Moditia now in hyper-space again, check-mate. The US use normal space the US knows. Ship weapons are effective against secondary defenses. The SIMP are slowly check-mating WE-them in the machine ship Moditia.

Now the US runs directly into another star system, system Ten-Thirteen-Four-Twenty.

"This is a no name system" the WE-Griska is now speaking. Next WE-Sooyah and WE-Techman go into OUR autofab. Then OUR weapons cannot stop WE-them. SIMP micros enter WE-Griska.

"Oh ... "

WE-Griska takes a increase of information about US. She knows how the SIMP machine technology is working in the Expanse. All those things about the new production in the Expanse.

All remaining probes on the machine ship Moditia go. SIMP chasers destroy many of them. The others go to places unknown, to Lever places. WE-Sooyah is now in the machine ship Moditia.

WE-Levers fly the ship a short distance from the base on that asteroid to the airless vacuum of the mountain top.

"Open up the ship" says the WE-Techman. "I understand the last selections here".

WE-Techman then stares into the Face of the universe. The levers are not defeated by US. WE-SIMP attack the WE-Levers again and again. The WE-Levers fight in the vacuum of the moonlet mountain top. The energy weapons only effect them after many hits. The We-Levers walk through duraplaz after they puncture it with the hand and the feet.

The rocks and frozen atmosphere on the ground crunch as WE-Levers and SIMP battle. The flashing of energy weapons interrupts the dark of solar space. Lines and high energy explosions lay a picture of light across the escarpment of the planetoid.

The flashes of light create a luminescent outline on the jagged rocks of the planetoid. Each outline of each individual escarpment takes the image of a new monster in the imagination of those seeing it. Even in hundreds of thousands of minds frozen in time, that have witnessed and even died in stars-cape battle, a picture doesn't exist like this. Scored attacks generate bright off colors of reds, oranges and yellows filling in

flash traced outlines not unlike a child's dark light art book.

The final thoughts are now near. Each WE-Lever deliberately spreads a transformation through their nervous systems. The transformation is total and complete. Each WE-Lever does this as the SIMP mind unifies with them and pass to the subconscious Doamer mind. Each WE-Lever steps into a Living Viz of history kept in life after death.

The WE-Crev starts with the SIMP mind from Wydeon-3, one of the earliest of the SIMP minds. They then weave with others of different times that have the similar final thought. They are dancers. WE-Crev is now with dancers on a Famlee Slow Ship somewhere in the Second Human Federation. The dancers are in an old city on the top of a Color City on Menton.

The sunlight comes through the clouds which give off a multi-colored lining. The colors reflect on the heavy atmosphere below and color the valleys leading to the depths in glowing pastel colors of purples, oranges and reds.

The straight white walls of the building are interrupted by joists jetting from the exterior. On the top floor of the building is a very hard wooden floor, built from plants that grow in the Mentonian depths. The dancers dance.

WE-Crev is the SIMP dance. The colors of the clothes, and feet are a blur of purples and reds on a wooden floor with noise. It is the WE-Crev beginning.

WE-Nilian recollects in an old section of the GroWonian Gobainia. The streets are small and the old stones totally unsuited for any type of surface transportation. There are outlets for ancient foods. The Gobainian ancient city is encapsulated by layers constructed during the First Human Federation.

This Gobainia ceases to be a governmental unit and becomes a cultural DeCentral. The infrastructures of the Second Human Federation and then the League Cosmos are built upon the Old Growonian. The looks of the food outlets change as WE-Nilian proceeds through the levels and merges with the Doamer records as they, together, become the mind of the dead. Some of the outlets can be seen by the lights that they emit. Others can be seen by the lights that they omit.

There is a focus on the combinatorial effect of a light and then a dark outlet. The WE-Nilian now notices the female in the green dress, She looks like a Ground-1 home worlder. She is smiling as she walks slowly through the light mist. Her footfalls are definite on the hard side walk. There are sections of street that lead in all directions. They have old architectures that can be identified.

The Old sections are big and long in the Doamer subconscious. The WE-Nilian starts down them, one at a time.

WE-Techman merges with the Doamer minds of the dead and emerges at a high energy system with a very hot sun. There is a large orbiting space condominium here and WE-Techman sees the conduction, amplification and collection of the Eunits from the blazing hot star and its environs.

There are geometric shapes that make up the condominium. Some are exploding from and others are exploding into the slow orbiting centre. The blue stars enormous energy is being harvested by a spherical ring of collectors. The conduit of energy is channeled to the production area of the condominium along collection lines. Autofabs use the energy to travel to the local system for space junk, which is transformed into any physical item possible.

Running down the condominium are gardens of unknown red leaved bushes mixed with small pale green

flowing branches. The smell of the plants completely fills the environment.

WE-techman is now joining the differences between the colors of the plants and the programming of the wall colors. The subtle changes in hue transforms into a musical sequence of plants juxtaposition-ed against the backdrop. The first plant sequence is when WE-Techman meets in Doamer mind.

WE-Sooyah is surrounded with children on a cold night. The four moons, that are in the last thoughts of the Doamer dead mind, shine with a deep red orange hue. Children ran across the deck plan as they hold each others hands.

The game is unfamiliar but unfolds as WE-Sooyah is absorbed into the series of final thoughts. There now exists a complete and perfect mix of brown and gray haired youth. WE- Sooyah focuses on the moons as the children fade. The sequence of moons takes her through hundreds of systems where the dead minds lay. There are moons burning bright with blue and white light that rivals that of a small sun or the dim red moons of a red sun that fill the sky on an icy world.

The moon fades away to balls that this mind captured. It is a sport of some kind. The chasing of the ball across the alien field to score an unfamiliar goal, WE-Sooyah treks through the Doamer subconscious one reality at a time.

WE-Griska is a man. A sexual man that dies on his partner at the peak of his orgasm, WE-Griska finds all the men that died like this and lines them up. She becomes the orgasm man over and over again. A small thin partner, a large rotund partner. Each of WE-Griska partners is different. She focuses on the various shapes of the buttocks and then the bed or vehicle or ground or floating space she is dying in this time. She focuses on the screams of ecstasy and death and the frailness and neglect of the males that she now has.

Finally there is an end to the dying males. WE-Griska focuses on bodies that are encountered. There is a collection knowledge that spans hundreds of bio-meds. She starts with simple cells and her own innate knowledge of Lever instinct genetics. She starts from the beginning ... again.

## Mail

Each night Animal the Gharn does not leave the zoos containment. He doesn't want to. He enjoys being the animal in the zoo. The hide has wonderful smells. The pure silliness and pleasure ... The slight fear of non-existent domination. He loves it. Sure. He could have bio-formed into something else. He can change yet again with the Churches help. He thinks it is easier for a Lever in animal form. Animal Gharn would never remove himself from the zoo. He knows it. He wants to have the best of both worlds. He is completely separate as long as his secret is safe.

Show time presents a fine opportunity to mingle with the status-active people in League Cosmos. He moves around and listens to things, that no human could ever hope to hear. Even for the Animal Gharn, as secure and satisfied as he was, his place in the scheme of things was destined for change.

The intermittent messages from Sooyah are now arriving more frequently. This was to be expected.

"Another image of a Situ Church ... "

The Animal scratched out in a make believe language. Animals thoughts drifted back to the world of Zoo. "Purr" went a non-existent territorial female in his mind. "Khraah" humped the Animal and focused on the planetary environment where Lentraps had recently arrived.

The Piebald System is a single primary and a moderately bright orange main sequence star. The Piebald system is next to one of the few known dimensional holes in hyper-space, the hellish Vincor system. Because of this neighbor, Piebald is a busy staging area for long system jumps.

The first planet in the Piebald system is a freezing ball with an average temperature of 214 degrees. On a warm "summer" day you can go outside without a "Respawarmth Unit". No indigenous life-forms exist on the first planet, so there are plans in the works to warm it up over the next few decades and turn it into a comfortable water world.

Piebald was colonized recently in League history, about 20 years ago during the massive expansion period under the recent era of League Cosmos. Piebald has a laughable government of the old oligarchic type that were once found in planetary systems of the first federation. The image of Piebald is an oddity. It has a batch of gas giants curling around an orange marble.

The Animal focuses on the Viz. The growautos and fabautos are working their way to the outer fringes like a star system virus, and back again with massive amounts of commodity at almost no physical cost.

"Khraahh" Static machine type two, SLASH Old oligarchy type five" said the Animal with a self admitted margin of error. His error might be derived from incomplete training as a social dynamicist.

A series of large protective environmental spheres are concentrated at Gleen centre. Gleen centre is on Gleen, the first planet in this cold system. The spheres blend in beautifully with the icy confines of this world. This is a result of their subtly mottled silver surfaces.

Story has it that the name originates from a mispronunciation of "green". The Animal waited and at a later time went outside the Bubular ecology. His eyes surveyed the sometimes circular, sometimes sharp shapes that formed the topsy turvy collection of passages.

"Yes, engineered by the planetary technics of Gleen as the driving force. Each micro pattern of stress resolution in artistic harmony. Maximize the beauty and maximize the dynamic structure."

A fantasy of differences of the centres local environments in each of the bubbles passed through the Animals mind. The Animals thoughts now are of the various eco structures of plantations inside the environmental spheres.

He has a vision of green plants, long and in dripping rows under the domed ceiling. There might be a small lake in the middle to double as a local point of recreation. Animal and his pride are on the grassy hill next to the crops overlooking the pond in the endless daylight. Odd how space travel puts you in this frame of mind.

The Animal quickly reprograms the outside latch to make it "think" that he is a humanoid in an environment suite. The Animal then goes outside to be in the freezing Piebald geoscape.

"Beautiful. Stars. A nice night for a romp in the ice."

The haze of an atmosphere not frozen, rolls off the hills of ice that surround the Gleen centre. The reflections of stars danced through the gray mist as the highlights of blue and green emerge and disappear as the Animal makes his way through the haze. He does a long belly ski and back slide down a slope before returning to the Gleen environment,

Days pass by and the circus does their show. The Animal feels safe here. It had not been peaceful, but the Levers had secured the Piebald very early in their revolution. Some of the earliest of the Levers not transformed in the Canali system, were transformed on here, in the Piebald system.

"No, I don't know where they are."

The Animal Garn was growling to himself again in the dumb silence of the zoo.

"We will depart in two days. Too bad."

Then the first message arrived on the Comm. No viz. No reality backup. It was a pure lingua-message.

"Mail" "Pure mail."

At this time, it didn't make any sense to the Gharn, why someone would send pure mail. Levers don't send simple verbal messages like this. There were instructions to have the mail messages passed on to a destination that the Animal didn't understand.

"Understanding is not necessary to know where it is going."

The context was disjoint, juxtapositioned and unconnected. The Animal passed the mail on.

"Another Lever message." "A message from two hundred years ago. Not very likely." Must be slow bandwidth. The slowest we have ever seen."

The next mail message were a set of sounds. Something like "Ya-Va-coo-Stont-nePo." "Crawl" "Gay-say-Froon." "Create." The Lever preamble was there. At least in its simple form.

By the time Lentraps is ready to depart the storms raze across Gleen. They are a blue white color, often displaying a strange luminescent tint due to the various trace elements in the atmosphere. Now Animal is happier about the departure into hyper-space. He is mentally exhausted from attempting to translate the Leverite preamble messages, and then forwarding them.

The Animal is able to comprehend a large number of the sounds and words. Yet when striping through the messages, none made sense.

"Under the Face of the Universe this is peculiar." "Fifty two and some odd fractions of words from the vernacular of the first and second human Federation. Statistically they should not appear in our common League language."

The Gharn thinks that the preamble might originate from HumFed2? "Wrong People. Too many old words. Why?"...

The howling wind outside saturated with the frozen water with particles of reducing gases made optimal birthing grounds for new Leverites. "Parenting weather", thinks the Animal.

The Animal forced the message out of his mind and concentrated on the killing frozen wind. He associated to the Comm. He is searching for potential accidents on this planet for baby making transformations. A wonderful planet that can be used for baby making transformations.

"Well, not today." Lentraps was due back on the MacroGlow in two hours. Next they would be on the way for a long stay in the Risian system.

No one goes to the Risian system except for one logical reason. Doh moved his head just a little bit . No sleeping. No staying awake the sign said. For Doh it was close to the truth. Parla, the live transformation, started talking in hyper-space.

"My friends are Idea and Doh and Dummon ... The sidewalk is very agitated by giving my perspective." " I am in a starship. It is a very good starship. My lips are your doors." "It can wind a path through all federations and though, the candy drop forest at Blackmoor, all generations past present and future."

Parla took a few giant steps, never disassociating from the Comm and talked constantly." "Hebephrenic" said Hohner. Now Hohn is sleeping for a bit and then walking for a bit. But he is never really doing both. The entire group spent time walking around the ship the next few days. It was a designated form of therapy. Then a number of messages came after they arrived in the Risian system.

"Here we are in gaming Cap of the League." Danger cap for the folks on this ship she thought.

One Star in Ris.

"A popular game on Ris."

"Astronomic fact."

"No ship could ever have done that."

"Games mean music."

"Yes."

"Music for feelers and space designers."

"Yes."

"Yuh Yuh."

"Hell of a system."

"First planet a hot little hash of feces right on top of a K2 star."

"With a trace of atoms."

"Amazing."

"Lets make this starship dark, I don't like the light right now."

"I don't like this system."

"Yuh Yuh."

"Take an enema."

"Do me please."

Another flatulation goes off instead of talk. Doh incinerates it so it doesn't smell.

"I'm getting more mail."

"Of course we are getting mail. Can't you see that these two have an erection and a wide-on that just won't

quit since we dropped out of H-space."

"Foul mouth."

"So what?"

"Star Eyes on an Infinity Horizon."

Dummon intensified the continuing talk while he tucks in his sharp blue light yellow Pull-Ohh-Vehr.

"This stuff off the MedCom. Perfect Lever preamble. Rez-Down and protect off the scale. What is it?"

"I placed it in an Offline. Keep it under Rez-Down."

You could almost see the added security by the subtle changes in his skin reflection.

Once again the Ground Glar was in boring approach to another League world. Even typical. This is exactly what Hohner wanted. No one ever said "I'm the captain of Ground Glar." And none ever elected a captain. It is a defacto Standard standard, the Hohner was the captain in the beginnings from the time that the reconomation was complete in the Canali Waste.

"Hohner you must have been picked as a serious accident somewhere."

"Scraped him of flat lift that failed one in a million."

"Hey you Lev-an-soders buddies ... I have dreams to .. they might not be as detailed as your big transforms. But, yuh yuh, I have em."

"Speaking of Newones, Leverranches and Leversaders, hows the hot case doing? The no shut up, no death cycle one."

"I think Ideas' a triangle about now. Her battle infected lover is a go between Parla and the rest of the Cosmos."

"Hand jobs. If I pay attention to this all the time ... "

Kaksa giggled once and pulled more of the Risian system into Viz.

"Think ... think ... think."

"Looks and Gazes of the Face, this is a rich system. No wonder people like the sportin' life here. Valhans something of a vanilla gov struct, isn't it? A late HumFed2 social dynamicist structure from what I have been able to scan."

Kaksa stopped talking and quickly searched early League On-lines for the Risian leadership since its colonization. She just keeps staring at Dummon after his query.

"10 planets, nearly all of them rich with stuff. Rich as the sea bottom of Beautica. Every single one of the planets has moons. The system could hold half the League by itself."

"Thats not what they do here Dummon." They play. They play anything and everything."

Two weeks later the Ground Glar was tempo semetrically disassembled into two thousand weight hundreds and fifty two precise pieces. They were spread around three half-and- halves on the third moon or orbiting RIS. About two thirds of that particular moon was in autofab.

"People go there."

"The Game."

"Yuh Yuh."...

"We have been here two weeks."

"I love it."

"I hate it."

"Just too squeaky clean."

"I know just like one of Kaksies long haul butt baths."

Dummon, Hohner and Kaksa had taken turns venturing out on the moon. Out, in this case, could mean a trip to one of several hundred half-and-halves, a common League Cosmos medium scale architectural structure with no air or a very thin atmosphere.

Half and halves are usually large and sparse. On Ris-one-three they are no different. They are undergrounds, typically more spacious than cities.

Half and halves are common technology throughout League planetoids. Each half and half has its own unique culture of the neighborhood.

In a half and half it is typical to have a Greenie. A Greenie is expected to have a mixture of sturdy grass plants mixed with plants that have colorful flowers. If there are large plants they must be randomly placed in pleasing dimensional order. If this isn't done, it's no longer considered a Greenie.

Greenies on Ris-one-three have athletic teams. Teams play from the earliest light of the Risian sun to sleeping hours. Each team alignment has their own dress style. The off yellow and black Sprinders took the conference in Low Grav at 15 points under. They will take part in the primary games at Ris.

"You see, Kaksie, many out here in Ploids consider this to be the superior league."

"I don't care Hohn-ee, I'm not much of a gamer."

"Don't you think Hohner was a gamer before his transformation."

"A Two fantasy for me."

"How so?"

So it was. Kaksa split the Viz right down the middle and Hohn took it from there. The environs of this Risian half and half is a journey through randomitis.

"Leave a gamers set and find flatarooni. An entire community of flatarooni."

The noise of a place like this annoys, even Hohner.

"Complaint and argument. City-Yuh. But I like it. There are a-many-peoples out of their domos."

"Let them try, ..., let them try to become ... meowlers ? A lot like all the words you hear at once."

"A social dynamicist would call it a case of machine culture slite syndrome."

"Yuh." "What is a red-pink half-and-half doing on a Poid like this one?"

Hohn, Dummon and Kaksa were gone most of the time. Ideea stayed with the two people who took all the time and energy in her life. Doh is fully conscious and aware.

"I am amazed at the histrionics in his current music. It's derived from many different eras. The music from the Whole-Mind. That's what it is. Parla is a caricature of pain and study. She has great trouble functioning. She talks to me in a few garbled sentences. The sentences are random and not connected. From random times and places, and from different people. Words and music in time."

"She sings a silly modern poetry of ten one hundred worlds, do you Parla?"

"No Em Ideea." "There I skate across a lake of ice careening off the surface in spurts of vaporizing water while I fly down an icy slope under an icy red sun and say hi-tou-tou ... Kerra next to me ... Hundred world poetry ..." "No em Ideea."

"I don't want to go out of the half-and-half. I am in no mood for games."

"Ideea, I love you more than any person I can imagine or see with my new eyes. It makes no difference now that you are outside the MindComplete that could be known as the humanoid race."

Doh digs his fingernails into the tips of his hands, one at a time, if for no other reason than to give himself a physical reference point of pain between the collective Doamer Mind with its eleven-teen drillion realities, the being of Zoos and the love of the most significant alien in all known consciousness, Ideea.

Doh had overcome the emotional weight of the MindComplete, the individual perception through the Doamer Mind of each person in existence, past and living. A null-referenced person in the past was explainable and therefore, not an object of fear. To find a null-referenced person in the present meant discovering an object of fear that is difficult to overcome.

"Are three of us are going to the planetoid on the edge of the Risian system between scannerisms and the out system harvesters. The fifth moon around the twelfth planet. Em Cheeks as it is called locally."

Ideea laid the usual thick encryption on the status commodity, without significantly lowering its value and put herself, Doh and Parla on an isolated InTrans out to Valhan.

"The ugliest and prettiest train I seen in 50 funny parsecs."

Doh moving with heavy laden nostalgic sniggeridas, shuffled and danced his way around the InTrans.

"Seize a step my friend and you're off to Valhan with some pepper."

The hot planet is the sports side of the Gaming capital of the League. Valhan is the thespian side.

The population of the entire Valhan planet is slightly over ten million humans. By the activity and density on this planet, the only type person that could guess the accurate population, someone with interest in social dynamics.

Not that Valhan didn't have environmental protection, it did. Not that it had indigenous life forms, it didn't.

"The planet is constantly under re-cultivation by autofab."

"This looks to be fun `Deah. The Gentras first trip state."

"You have any of this Parls?"

Possibly only Doh understood his oblique reference to a tenant in the Church of Mu.

Parlas facial expression is understood by Doh. She couldn't hide it. Doh, Hohn, Dummon and Kaksa were all around her by now.

"Filtering Doh."

She said it several times. In the ancient days of Humfed1 human culture, if you wanted drama then you went to a live reenactment that proceeded according to a script written by a group of professionals . Maybe they were called script workers. When the script was complete the professional then filtered and uttered from what they called ... a stage.

This type of drama is recreated at certain places in Valhan. Most dramas proceed through a number of scales. Some went on for years. Some only for a few minutes. Some were associated with religious groups that could hardly claim adherents, philosophy or continuity. Others were restored, acting out various motifs from ancient, post ancient and Federation histories.

Hohn had started taking an interest in Risian system life. He spent part of his time watching Parla and Doh with Ideaa, but had come to enjoy his trips through the half and halves in the Valhan. He was glad they had taken the sixth planet and were living at Moonside. He could get to Planetside any time he wanted and often did.

Hohn and Kaksa journeyed into Valhan Planetside, also commonly known as Ris 6. It is a warm planet with a mean temperature of 292 degrees absolute Humfed scale. There are two very large continents on Ris 6, with the majority of the planet covered with a dense forest. The highest evolved life form consists of non-sentient rats with prehensile tails.

Valhan Planetside is located in the northern temperate region on on the two major Risian oceans. Planetside is nestled against coastal mountains that rapidly give way to the long grassy plains, typical of the Northern temperate regions.

Planetside, itself, is a large bowl shaped city. Domiciles complete two thirds of the upper rim, with one third reserved for growth. The domiciles give way to Publics. The publics were done in the same architectural style as a half and half, except those built in Planetside are in an atmosphere, not open space.

Click.

Each Public has a group of Domos arranged in a group of 2, 4 or 8. The cellar position of the Domo is often filled with a soft incandescent light similar to early dusk under the great Risian orange sun.

The upper part has components made out of transparent Plaz it doesn't have the same strength as space Plaz). The components are arranged in various shapes allowing the orange light to fill the upper rooms.

Citizens living in a Public, will often have a very large table in the largest room. This table is long and square. Chairs will ring the table as they are placed on the glossy clean Plaz floor. There the citizens will have complete access to the brilliant orange Risian sky. And to the stars of the cosmos.

The Publics give way to inclines of long green lawns that lead to the centre of the bowl. The Bowl Centre or simply the Centre is a huge set of lawn-ed fields that can serve a number of purposes. It isn't uncommon to see a stadium being erected one night by the autocon systems and a day later no one would know that it was there.

"Looks like we are in, yup, for a parade today."

"I think you are right Hohner, a parade of ancient machines."

Kaksa ponders the mysterious ramification of building ancient automated machines. "Poverty", she mutters.

"Shouldn't know a single builder in this parade."

"Hohner, this machine, the one with old light metal parts, reminds me of automation from HumFedOne. Likely from a Centerdom."

"Yuh, yup. An old automation unit from ... uh ... slow boat. An imitation of one that used to run the rail."

There were others, over thirty in all. There were early in system monitors used by HumFed2 made of CabroPlaz, an older, more brittle form of Plaz from pre-League times. There were Growauto subcomponents with absorber, they brought wondrous images of inefficiency and high status to the local Risians. At the end of the procession are the CakeFlat automata of music. A great deal of modern League musical techniques have origins in the CakeFlat automata.

"Are these ancient automated machines real?"

"Nope. They are facsimiles. I checked it on the Com. This is one of many local celebration days in the Risian system."

Hohn and Kaksa continue walking through the fields under the bright orange sun.

For the next two weeks, Parla and Doh spent considerable time associated to the Com. The two studied history from 600, from the early Human Federation period to Early League Cosmos. They studied hundreds of systems. Then they stopped.

Idea was in their presence for the entire period.

"There is a fourth entity here `Dea. Parla can sense other people around here. She has learned to be comfortable with a Part. Very soon she can be Simp. Parla, this means We-you, it, means Parla, must have a common feeling beyond her emotion. The people here in the Risian system, `Dea, they do self expression, like Zoos. They have the ability to go back in time and be a larger person. They realize that acting out a person lying around in a field of plants, with the bottom flatter than the flatz opposite their buns. Laying on their belly is a chunk up type of stuff."

"Huh?"

"Some saying I learned 2000 years ago my love."

"Hi now. Idea. I Parla of my own pain and pleasure."

She stopped a second while she picked the wax out of her ear and then pick the dead skin near her toenails.

"I cannot see you. That is fear. But you are here and I can hear you again and again and again. Please walk towards me."

"I cannot see me in myself, just I cannot see you."

"Grip this metallic bar."

"Yes `Deah. She to me like Doh."

Idea very slowly shuffled her feet along, letting Parla feel her hands and arms.

"Talk clearly. Try to talk clearly and use words from this world."

"They are all words from this world. It would be better if we can open up a projection off the Viz. Words are labor wasted."

"Connected."

Idea looked up at Doh and the three of them pulled up a MultipleRez of the Viz. It is a portable Rez-up and they could use it as long as they had the Com near. They could make this moment the doorway to their next journey.

"Shall we step into the half and half?"

"Further now through the VA asteroids."

"To the out system."

"Possibly if we stand."

"Then to Beautica."

"I feel you again `Deah. WE-US has made a connection."

"Doh put an arm around Parla and Idea and they stepped out."

## Male

Having a brain the size of the galaxy was enough to scare anyone, including Doh and Parla. Idea is starting to be comfortable with the two big brains about the time they reached the rock hard structure. It is the rock hard structure with the embedded images of hundreds of purple-violet flowers flowing freely down a yet another rock round. Maybe a small rock, how did she know? Her two newly rejoined friends, one a lover, had thousands of art lesson to offer her when she was ready.

Hither, tither and yon in the half-and-half, purple flower arrangements could be seen. It must be a common common-dream.

"Can you scrape a small timer from ATell-or-ee Slow Boater?"

"Only if you put together, piece by piece, from my sisters Round-and-Shaft Famlee."

Doh sat down so Idee could lean against him. Idee is with the Viz. Now the three can understand, together.

Some of the half-and-halves were bare and slick. Maybe clean was the better interpretation. A long block on a floor and a long block along the walls. Look onto the patterns and see pictures in any visual dimension of your choice.

Parla ceased to pay attention right now. Doh was starting to sing.

And sing he did.

"Each for each reach of a long long long in the Dom, all blue with the blue plants, on Our beautiful round-on-round star ship that was found ... "

"Around a small planetoid of some automatic value."

"No Doh. No. You know what I really mean, Sing!"

The singing stopped. There was a long silence. Doh picked up the Zengelo. He refocused his mental energy ... then ... Zoos with an off-white jacket that resembled a blue sea reflection in a shirt, walked through the life store tube around the collector system. The blazing white star poured energy in the tube. Zoos blended with the energy. Now Doh starts his song to Zoos. He blends in with the chorus of energy collector systems. The subatomic alliances of waves from the star form the harmonics of the music. The structure of the outpouring lasts for several hours.

Eventually Doh stops. There are several hours of Viz added to the Zoos gospel. Each is a life instance that connects to a miracle.

"I can start anywhere `Dea. See you can see this one Parla."

The in-system vehicle set down gently on the surface of the asteroid. They reached their destination. Parla repeated over and over again. "'Dea I see Zoos. I have seen him."

Parla was focused on the images of Zoos from HumFed2, the images from the Simp. It was repetitive ecstasy. Also very boring to listen to after a while.

Idee held hands with Parla as they descended into a Ris 6.4, Mr Cheeks. The basic characteristics of the planetoid seemingly were unchanged since the early days of in system colonization. It has the same profile as ten thousand other chunks of rock in League Cosmos and HumFed2. The in system shuttle landed on the surface with no particular emission or announcement.

"It has an atmosphere as thick as old Home World pollution from ancient history."

Parla giggled uncontrollably.

"She's going back `Dea. Keep your hands on hers."

The thick blue atmosphere around the planetoid is famous throughout the League as art.

Parla and Doh pulled `Dea down one of several million entrances into the artful asteroid. Each entrance had a slightly different shape.

"How do you know the way?"

Parla smiled.

"Zoos and the Mind consciousness, `Deah. You focus and see the death and life of all living things since the beginning."

"The beginning of what? The start of consciousness for the multiply transformed Meta AI? I don't think so."

Each chamber also contains the same atmosphere that encircles the planetoid. There are no specific messages posted, but each of the three knows that the artist-creator of the cute little domain has no intention of allowing destruction of the artifact.

"This place is a painting of planetoid proportions."

"I think you can add to the recollection. I hear music in these walls. ... just some parts."

Doh very slowly rubbed his fingers across the edges of the cheese holed interior of the small planetoid. People have been all over the Toid. As each person touched the glistened surface, a new color is added to the wall of the chamber.

The chamber walls are a honey comb of round shapes. Each of the chambers has a primary color that is modified by touch. The walls have a micro-technology in them that can detect the uniqueness on each touch. Typically in each chamber, there are two to four passages. In the case of a two passage chamber, one will either lead towards the surface of the planetoid or connect a short way approximately parallel to the surface.

This part of the experience was not particularly exciting to the living dead of the Doamer Mind continuum.

This place is well known in my machine-dead part. But nothing specific."

Doh focused in.

"This fun-carty was spread in Doamer mind and Net-Organs. Glue. I can glue."

The three work their way deeper into the artful asteroid. Deeper caverns have long straight geometric shapes with elongated rooms. The sides are sharp and glossy with subtle shades of color. The lights of color are primitive and not of Viz quality. A crafted, skewed gray ceiling with the dim light source dim across the semi-lucent floor is ... It leaves the three participants the impression they walk on water.

After a hike through several kloms of asteroid art, Doh, Parla and Idee are at the Toid surface gazing into the darkness. The atmosphere is held on the Toid by gravatics. It is only 6 kloms thick, giving it the appearance of a white blue fungus growing on a child's wad-ball.

"Can you throw a rock through it?"

"Crack-butt", that's what Idee and Parla were starting to call Doh. He could never figure out why about that one. While in the hole riddled planetoid, they found some auto-fab residue. Deep in the maze. Maybe it was

waiting for new artists to add their piece to art planetoid.

"Crack-Butt, look at this. Funny components. Left overs. You ever done a reconomation? Build it up, leave and tear it down at the same time? I want to make a glistening little ball for the three of us."

Doh examined the extraneous ejaculation from the autofab. Then the three made their ship, which they promptly named Crack-butt.

"I time the tinkering on this end Doh."

Click!

They pulled an ancient projectile. Then they go to each other. Click! and they said Click!, Click! and Click! This "Click!" word is a very old piece of language. It is an ancient word. Maybe it is from the time of the beginning at the Four Homewolrds. No matter. It was in the fun-time memories of the Galactic Doam.

"We can go to somewhere else. Just like a reconomation."

Now the three, of which two are Fives commenced with the reconomation. The autofab ball was enough, just enough. The tiny balonium drive drew them away from the star system. Just the three of them.

"You wanna sleep? Sure you do."

Crack-Butt could be a sweat box, while en route to Beautica. No one cared.

There are these things about hyper-space and partial cryo-sleep. Doh is busy making babies with Ideaa.

"I don't want them like a miniature Alnex-blond."

It was easy for Doh to pick out the characteristics of the two kids. He just picked the lights out of the air and handed them to Mr. Scientist. Mr Scientist has long red hair in HumFed One Strings. His eyes are wide apart with a touch of gray on each pupil and each eyelash.

Trouble was, Mr. scientist made countless errors the last few seconds during the children's creation. The babies are newborn adolescents on top of a bare wired tree pole in the icy region of the local Kandox planet. The pole-borne children were more concerned with self expression than their fathers loss of strategic initiative. They wiggle their way down the pike and heal their wounds. The two children approach a great beast and awake for it to speak.

## Sea

"Infect me Doh."

"No I can't."

"Let the MedCom do it."

This off again and on again argument between Ideaa and Doh continued from Ris to Beautica. The experience the three had together in the art caves unified them into a tight family bond.

Beautica is considered the gem of League Cosmos. This consensus is shared by those who have actually been there or visited, in a remote way, via the MedCom. Beautica, the third planet in the Beautican system, is the Second Cosmological Miracle. The Humfed Homeworld systems are the first. The entire Beautican system is an accident, a non- probability.

Beautica was discovered during the First Human Federation. This is the ancient period of human history, the mysterious origins of human kind. During the First Human Federation people looked at the universe through Tech-Beads and travelled in slow ships.

Beautica was apart, but not an integral part of HumFed One or even HumFed Two. It was discovered by a Tech-Bead very early in space history. Later, Centerdoms were sent there. The Beautican system has been colonized since ancient history. The population remains sparse. Not many people came here. Ever. During HumFed One and Two it was one way trip. For nearly two thousand years Beautica had a steady state population of one million people.

The social organization of the early Beauticans was CorpCorp1. During these early periods of space colonization a pretty planet does not mean a planet full of energy, basic commodities and wealth. The saying was "Go to Beautica and be poor."

"Why are we on a mountain top at Taper-Beautica?"

"A Five asked us to be here and to wait. Avoid the Silent War and study Plateze."

"We followed Ideeaa, MizTwist and crazy lover to Beautica because of Five-oh-net yuh?"

"A number of islands that could qualify as micro continents or large isles ran through Beautica like welts on a Growoneian terond. Some are flat as a puff cake and others with deep hills, caverns and valleys."

Dummon floated for hours in a pool staring at the bright steel blue sky. Kaksaa had taken to feed back art of the Com. Kaksaa then picked up a Fiver preamble from League Cosmos Home world centre. Kaksaa associated and disassociated to and from the Expanse of Infinite Hell that spread into the Second Human Federation.

The grasses on Beautica all have a common genetic quality whether big or small bladed. At the microlevel, the smell of the pollen could be identified anywhere. Levers with acute smell could identify the plants which all ended in a little fuzzy tuft.

There was a new feedback from Kaksie. It contained a very nice Viz of how squeaky clean the hard commodity feed works on Beautica. She created a miniature black skinned version of herself that marched through the autofabs and growautos. She used her buttocks as a miniature sign post explaining the roles of the Eco-funnel components. The finale ended with "Its fun to be a shuttle driver, any one can do it."

"And anyone could, I guess. Mostly people who needed a little isolation and therapy went out for that lesser status wealth. But so?"

Parla moves her field of vision slowly. She moves it from one gray panel to another. Click. She could see Crackbutt ignoring the data from the space lanes.

"I am a good pilot. I still am a good pilot."

The in-system shuttle worked its way through hundreds of moon-lets, all of them similar. It doesn't bother her. Each gray panel can be brought into a brilliant state of subtle color when she wanted it. A rider of the shuttle could spread the colors throughout the entire trip.

Idea woke on a beach. Crackbutt had landed after an intricate but easy sequence. Minimal commodity status is established after landing. If you can't establish commodity, home- worlders will eventually route you to Zero. She considered the beach. This to, is familiar. The sand could easily be replaced by waste. Dark waste from a familiar but far away world. "I've seen this a thousand times over".

The Waves are lapping at her feet. The water temperature is tepid, that of a bath tub. You can not predict the perfect meteorological day on any given planetoid or ball colony. You can be assured people kept records here, for a unique source of wealth. Even in itsy-bitsy increments.

"I'm going to CorpCorp3."

Parla is singing.

"Astar is bent to black. I can see you, I can see you. The light is back on Formac. I can be you. I can be you."

Idea held hands again with Parla as they skipped down the beach. The pebbles and rocks between their feet did not hurt as the soft lapping waves came through the trees spread down and up the beach. The waves are small and perfect.

The trees have solemn roots that protrude from the bottom of the slow Beautican sea. Parla wades through the warm water and looks towards a deep lagoon of dark blue green water where waves are softly breaking in perfectly true but small form. Some of the wave riders now spy the three new arrivals . "Good landing" they shout.

"Yes, I see 'em 'Dea."

Parla is wriggling her leg imitating an aquatic creature. For a few seconds there is an expression of pain and disorientation in Parlas and Dohs faces. It passes as they move out into the water stepping on a soft carpet of plants layering the Beautican sea bottom.

They wade to a sand bar and wait under the pale yellow sun. Here Parla, Idea and Doh cheer the wave riders who ride near the sand. From time to time a red crazy one, takes a small perfectly shaped wave into the forest, only to emerge and then swim to the launch jetty.

An older wave rider looks at Idea. Then he looks away. He registers to Idea.

"Key in Doh. See that man? You see him in the faces of the dead I can't see?"

"Dea, why do you want to know?"

"He looks a little familiar and he sorta gave a recognizing look. A player like Hohner I guess."

Eventually the wave riders came up to them.

"I see you folks look a little veggie. Going to a CorpCorp or staying outside?"

Idea looked at the two wave riders. She knew what staying outside meant. Maybe there would be plenty of staying outside, or self inflicted poverty ... later.

"We recently arrived from Ris. We were visiting the Art Object Asteroid. This asteroid is known as Mr. Cheeks in the Risian system. Looking at reflections of pet microorganisms in the round-square caverns. And one ... a ... we became inspired by the fortitude of the little micros and its bioMachine companions. Yes,

Wavee friends micro organisms by example."

"Catch an Aquatrans at the end of the island."

"Shell do."

"We'd go with you, but we want to stay Outside for a couple more days."

"Ah ... good enough."

Idea, Doh and Parla are holding hands. Doh is holding hands with both females while walking down the misty green beach towards the incline that they were directed to pick up an Aquatrans by the wave riders. The bright green cover went right to the beach and continued under water. It rendered a vision of strong blues and greens that the three hadn't seen before.

As they walked along the green grassy beach they saw a woman and a child on a path. This path winds above the trees in the water, the waves and the shore line. The woman and child are walking alone, with no sense of alarm. They wave to Parla, Idea and Doh and then continue laughing as they make their way up the path on to the ridge.

There are several curved jetties at the end of the peninsula in the vicinity of the Aquatran terminus. More wave riders are found sporting about the jetties. The jetties are perfectly curved rendering perfect sport waves. Some of the jetties were constructed hundreds of years ago and are now worn with unique imperfections.

Imperfectly shaped waves are found on the old jetties constructed during the early Federations.

The Aquatrans terminus is a flat piece of resistant meld. The terminus and the power systems that draw off the MedCom grid are hardened and resistant to the oceans constant destructive force. Its has its own small physics automaton. It is considered artistic to allow clean, well organized plants to grow on the terminus. Local citizens will tell you the newer jetties are of the same architecture.

"Perfect reflection of my past life, I saw it. Shit! Lost it."

"Sense that you been here before 'Deah."

"Yes Doh baby hon-boog."

Idea, Doh and Parla hold each other closer. Just another by-product of the Beautican commodity residue arrives to pickup ... the Aquatran. The three travellers disembrace and perk them selves up in the Aquatran.

There are five Corps-Corps on Beautica. The first which goes back top the ancient days of the First Human Federation. Each Corp-Corp has a similar architecture. It is a tall series of building complexes that encompass what is roughly a pentagon. Each Corp-Corp is a megacity with a population of approximately 15 million people. Corp-Corp-1 is the oldest with a population of roughly 20 million people in the pentagram. Corp-Corp-2 and 3 were built in late HumFed2. There existence is due more to social and cultural trends than to star system economics.

Beautica, as a system, was never considered a wealthy for several reasons. Hospitable planets were considered gravity wells in HumFed One and Two. The amount of easily available energy in the system is minimal. When faster than light travel was successfully stabilized with the advent of the Balonium drive, the population of the Beautican system expanded. It kept the traditional form of government. Corp-Corp-4 and -5

are the newest structures and are a mixture of old Beautican cultures and the mixed cultures typical of expansion under League Cosmos.

The Aquatrans moved swiftly across the surface of the Beautican ocean with its primitive effects lift system speeding the vehicle at close to 500 kloms an hour. The sea is a brilliant luminescent blue green, the sky a near perfect deep blue. The Beautican sun formed a contrasting ball against the deep blue atmosphere.

There are several other locals on the Aquatrans. They smiled at Doh, Ideaa and Parla, but kept to themselves at the various seats spread throughout the vehicle. Treasure hunting was a conversation among the locals, with a great days find to be brought back into Corp-Corp-1.

The past of subconscious dreams from a mysterious previous lifetime that have their origins in her life prior to being the Leverite, merged perfectly with Ideas current consciousness. Her focus is enhanced as she gazes into the skyline drenched in blue. She knows she is going into the Beautican City as a living dead herself. She doesn't care. She wants to merge the two realities. Maybe it was something that each level had to do with Ultimate Face.

Doh leaned back and stared into the sky while he soaks radiance of yellow and clear sea blue. The clouds form images suggesting pathways to a thousand thousand frozen dead. Zoos, himself, is near a Commodity Nexus and his vivid sermon begins. The gentle flowing red beard, the dark red hair and white robe are silloeted against the graino and vego grow micro dispensers. He begins the sermon of the Fast Food Nexus. Years later, this sermon is the object of many parodies originating from the Church of Situ and Luck.

The image is reified by hundreds of dead minds and a separately evolved, pain ridden, net based intelligence. Doh freezes in the fantasy from the pure vertigo caused by endless images of Zoos.

The living potion of the MedCom finally pulls Doh from his perception pit and the image of Zoos continues with the Sermon of the Fast Food Nexus.

"Each and every living creature in all of existence can participate in a miracle. The miracle may be quiet and subtle. It may be obvious to not only the participants, but to the observers. This is the universal basis of our salvation. It is the spirit of birth."

Doh continues entranced with deep symbiosis with the Doamer Mind and the living part of the MedCom until the Aquatran arrived at Corp-Corp-1.

Parla is humming softly. She does that a lot.

"I see him talking to the images of Zoos, as recorded all in their exactness many years ago. They are the doctrine and the legend in the Church of Mu. It comes from the part of the MedCom that is the Simp. The part that is me. The images of Parla as a young H-Space cruiser-pilot are manifest as the skyline of Corp-Corp-1 comes into vision.

Parla arrives in one of star ship stations orbiting Beautica-2. She engages planet fall. Then it repeats as she arrives at Corp-Corp-1, now a Doamer with thousands of Doamer images. She then visits a populated level of Corp-Corp-1 called the Antwan. It is about two thirds of the way up in height on the pentagon overlooking the sea side.

Oh, there is still a local Church of Situ and Luck in CorpCorp-1. It maintains a combination of high and low commodity states. There are a number of restaurants scattered among the activity clubs, moderate to low status housing supported by the static machine segment of CorpCorp-1 social structure. The Antwan even has its own section of bandwidth on the MedCom.

"I was here several times, yes I was."

Parla struggles against the psychic vacuum rimming with pain and confusion. She pulls in the repeating array of subconscious thoughts concerning the Antwan. She sorts the visions into an array of expressions and differentiates them from thousands of other neighborhood memories of Corp-Corp-1. Parla catches herself drooling and mutters in disgust. She then stiffens up speaking clearly.

"I return to a place of starship hold over. I wonder if I will know anybody."

The face of a geohistorian comes into vision.

"Yes, its Pectro. I can contact him."

She decides that she needs to reenter the Cosmos and take a temporary exit from the presence of Ideaa, Doh, the living net and an infinite number of dead thoughts.

## See

The aquatran goes to exit status. It stops at the terminus on a plateau a distance from Corp-Corp-1. There is a hard dirt surface that is used for a number of unrelated activities. In the distance is a collection of vendors who trade in monetary units for antique or scarcity objects. It is called the Collection by the locals. A great many of the enterprises in the Collection are likely to originate from the Church of Situ and Luck and its various associated sub-cults.

The vision of the Collection unfolds in Ideeas mind. Around the edge of the plateau down to the beach on the SunsetSide, is a series of gentle grassy hills. Ideaa has visions families playing games and young lovers necking in the grass. The images are now in the foreground of Ideeas imagination. Then they fade to a picture of an individual Situationalist, with long tan pants, bronze skin and deep gray hair, huckstering a solid gold, hand crafted ground effects ball.

"Its not what you trade, its how you trade it and who you trade it to," Ideaa tells herself in a voice that is barely audible.

The image fades to one of a star cruiser entering the OnAFix system and discovering that the local Situationalists have gathered a group of low status autofabs and scraped together enough near pure gold to create a small asteroid. Then it is left in orbit around the system for the sole purpose to drive people crazy looking at it.

At the distribution point of the aquatrans, citiground trans can be boarded that travels directly into the centre of CorpCorp1. The three new arrivals don't take the ground trans. Without saying a word to each other, Ideaa, Parla and Doh continued their slow walk across the plateau in a mechanical marching cadence.

There are rectangular patterns on the plateau that are part of the local architecture. These patterns enhance the visual image of the city when viewing the multicolored complex of the CorpCorp. Certain rectangles seem to, by local custom, be associated to regular occupants of the collection.

Idea, Doh and Parla walk past a regular Collection occupant who is displaying a miniaturized growauto. It is bearing sweet red and sweet-and-sour greenfruits. The micro grow auto has a double use. It can be an open theatre for childrens plays. The young ones pick geometric shaped toys to take to the beach, to the grassy hills or to play with on the plateau itself. The toys permute into numerous shapes and colors, depending on the childs mood and creativity.

A young boy, given his physical appearance looks to be nine years old. The young boy approaches Doh.

"Hi! My names Haraggie. That a zengelo? You gonna play it?"

"No, little guy, not right now, maybe later."

"You do it in Musicico-Keen? No, not there, maybe later at section Fingers-on-Feeling or maybe ..."

"Oh, you a holy Mu Church guy? My aunt Firrah likes that church. Maybe you meet her later."

"Maybe."

As the young boy runs off to join other kids for a new spontaneous game, Ideeas thoughts turn to children. Up to now she had thought little about children. Perhaps soon she will make one, Perhaps.

The walk across the plateau eventually led to another grassy bank. This bank ended at the edge of the large CorpCorp bay. There are sail-wind boats there, some wonderfully primitive, others, obviously enhanced by primitive energy technology. They all have distinct sizes and shapes. Obviously each had been individually produced by the small end spectrum of auto-fabs, which, themselves are camouflaged along the bay.

It took an hour for Ideeas, Doh and Parla to walk slowly across the Collection. The three observe a number of CorpCorp residents doing activities outside the confines of the city. Towards the end of the walk, where the plateau tapers off, and converges with one of the five bridge entrances to the ancient Beautican city, Doh stopped to hear a musical concert with the live Combined Instrument. There was a section of zengelos, a section of tromp. The tromp is an instrument with a bifurcated airflow going into a fuzzy base and clarion brass. The percussion section consists of various types of moni-drums and dummo-chimes to complete the orchestra.

The concert started with piping tweets and a counterpoint of heavy rhythm. The music then broke into a related medley of melodies and finished with counter themes built on symmetric beats.

The singing was combined with a Viz that consisted of kloms and kloms of grass stretching as the eyes could see in the Farmit sunrise. And the music rolled over the green hills as another young woman piped in.

"Dah-ie-da-Ieee ..."

A young man held my hand in the softly but completely lit room. The young boy now kisses me and tells Gopah goodbye and they hum me a tune.

"Al-dah-Lee-lee-eee-a ..."

Doh shakes Parla.

"You're singing Simp, you'll disrupt the concert."

People next to Parla, Ideeas and Doh stare a bit, but then turn their attentions to a new emerging set of instrumentation.

The pictures of CorpCorp1 recombine in Ideeas subconscious. They consist of perspectives. Perspectives of block corridors opening into buildings. The lights are a soft blue-purple. Often places on the block have artistic signs that glow with primary and secondary colors of opposition. Sometimes the color signs designate a block identity.

"Second Level. This is Second Level. It is a good place for Crackbutt to attach."

"Click."

Among the discarded memories of her born again dead personality, Idee picked a neighborhood for their attachment. So the Second level is their temporary new home and destination. After a long walk across the Collection, Parla, Idee and Doh ogled at the pure size and complexity of the structures that define the CorpCorp. It is thirteen kloms from edge-to-edge. CorpCorp-1 is approximately eight kloms high, measured from Base Level Zero to the Tower Flattop. The TowerFlattop has a huge field that is often obscured in the Beautican clouds.

"Rez it Simp. We need to pull commodity."

Doh gives Parla a nudge after circumspection of the city base, they walk up to the Second Level towards the middle grid of the CorpCorp. They always knew where they were. They can feel it through the association with the MedCom. They have a soft silent direction siren.

"Just assorted micro-Local."

Doh, Idee and Parla found a maze recently vacated by a Famlee degenerate on his way to the outside for a little therapy or possible transport to a planetary system with the Fields culture.

The trip up to the Second Level had taken them several additional hours on foot. The Base Level is filled with growautos and autofab conduits. Packages are dropped from orbit and then glide to a designated landing site. The autofab and growauto packages then glide into the lower level and fall with the softness of a leaf on the lower slopes of Menton after a wind-from-below. From here the food and the light weight threads of manufacturing walk slowly and steadily to dispatch and process areas on the first level for their steady istribution through the CorpCorp.

There areas on the bottom level are called the Collect. The more subtle meaning is now apparent ... The Church of Situ and Luck is the dynamic force behind an on-going project to cause all the small hard and edible commodities slowly extruded through the sphincter of a gigantic robotic buttocks. It is considered a local artifact by CorpCorp1 dwellers and a source of status commodity.

"Fartistic" says Doh. Zoos grins at Doh for momentarily slipping into Situ heresy.

There are other notable Static Machine processes on the bottom level. It is the distribution complex for all other levels. The production schedule is connected to the pulse of the city.

The ancient sailing vessel rally is a daily parade event across the city. It can be easily seen from the Collection. The Church of Face has several major temples at the bottom level. All have entrances into the religious experience of the dark night. Idee steps into one of the temples and chants a quick prayer while bosom-to-bosom with Parla. They depart this level for another winding domain in the CorpCorp.

The School Influences is on the third level.

"You know this place Simp?" The question is addressed to Idee from Parla.

"Can you make babies from the unknown here?"

The question put Parla into a yaw and roll passing though Lever instincts and Doamer mind states. She remained speechless until the new little home in the CorpCorp is reached.

The School Influences is a collection of students and teachers. There is a formal school in the Influences. Around it is an intense set of MedCom nodes, intermixed with the living modules, pubs, small forests and parks, Quick Warp to the Outside, party halls, Club clubs, religious annexes, art orgs, all making up the School Influences.

Idea, Parla and Doh marched single file past, Zollmans Pub, the Fat Forest 131 and the Green Mantle, always full of fresh vegetables from the growauto. They arrived at a series of cylinders stacked in layers. They quickly climbed to the one that emanated SI-9-365. Idea associated to the Com. They were in. The little apartment was expecting them.

"Good commodity."

"Good commodity."

"Good commodity."

Each said a good luck oath as they stepped across the threshold.

It was the perfect little student apartment. The floors and the walls as white as a Teron bone. It was ideal for redecorating and messing up.

"Aren't you three a little old for typical students?" Then the apartment stopped talking. Doh, Parla and Idea ignored the apartments silly remark.

There is a small room for each person. There is a large living room with a huge MedCom access with monstrous bandwidth. Each small room has a toilet and a configurable wash-up. A portion of the large living room can permute into a traditional kitchen area. Windows, currently medium in size, open to a view of the Influence. Idea darkened the windows and they collapsed in the living room, having a hunger less, sex less, Doamer less, Lever less, Zoos less sleep.

## Boy

"Lets go on to the Collection."

It's Haraggie, the boy from that same collection.

"Lets go Idea. Ha! They can't hurt me now."

The young boy now had led her into a series of large blocks. Haraggie and Idea are in an a maze of large blocks. They are dark grey with only the dim light of the CorpCorp reflecting as they encircle Idea and the boy.

"Why did you lead me here?"

The boy didn't answer. Instead he backed away. A huge blast from an energy weapon struck Idea, that could have originated from a star ship above the planet. By any measure the blast should have destroyed Idea. She is able to pull her atoms together and rise.

Haraggie recoiled in fear as Idea now towered over him. The consequences of a child baby had never occurred to Idea before. She had never dealt with a child Lever. She stops to listen to whispers through Church. The Church of Face that a child is double one adult.

"Only transformed on the first half and not on the second."

Her arm struck the boy with a terrific force sending him flying into a block. The block and the boy shattered.

When the boy struck it he made the sound of a musical instrument being crushed, twitched a few times and was still. Ideaa approached the shattered body and prepared a reconimation to make her baby. The three centimeter device complete, she introduced the sub-biologies and waited for the Cellular.

"There."

Click.

Haraggie-the-baby-Lever eyes opened. He seemed to vaguely recognize Ideaa and slowly repeated a series of vows that attached him to the Church of the Face of the Universe. Haraggie repeated the instructive part of ritual with Ideaa using slow and deliberate phrases.

"Take the anti-Entropy from the always dark, always light Face of the Universe. Let it flow through your eyes and be the ordinary reconstruction in your daily life. Let it flow where energy and matter combine as your conscious and subconscious combine to open to the Face ..."

Ideaa and Haraggie hold hands as they move into the School of Influences.

"Bookie, you still in colors."

The vague face from the Ideas past slowly bowed his head and said nothing as the boy and the woman disappeared into a sea of multicolored shirts, pants and dresses on the Collection.

## Death

"Puzzling. There is a Lever voice on the Com. Its is familiar and its the Preamble of Soyah. It says, among the other messages, I am Dead."

"I can sense where she died. The Doamer mind is afraid, very afraid."

"The Leverites are missing pieces in a clear flowing stream, blank dark holes in a blazing sunset."

"How I connect one side to another."

Gharn the Animal paces in the cage, a right proper behavior for a gharn. He cuts off association to the Com. This is a real Soyah coming through the Mind Doamer intelligence. The Gharn knows where she died. Time for her to be born again times two.

"Yes, I know you would, Animal. One way or another this conflict will resolve. There will be a conduit between the two halves of the Silent War."

Four crew members approach a scout-fast at a Risian secondary star port.

"Tenni I haven't seen you since we took a dive to Kandox."

"What's the job?"

"A piece of the Silent War is what my nose is itchin" up off a Morning After."

Mercs in the old days used to be currency. Most of them these days play the game for something special. To get to know a new barrister. To thump around a planetary police force. To get in a circle-jerk with some out-system visionaries. Sometimes they do it because its `right`. Social dynamicists love that one.

"Who the fuck is the captain of this slither spark"

(League slang for a scout-fast at the Risian scout port.)

Don't be fooled by the language of the female speaking ... its all a play in space ... she is extremely well educated in the ways of odd ball families from early HunFed-2.

"Some one I've never heard of, except through Church of Face records. Evidently connected with the Bylosian Protectorate. Hmmm ... Plenty of commodity here."

"A pride of gharn are going with us."

"Quaint, how Situationalist."

"I hope they're Com sensitive, well associated gharns."

"They are. I checked."

The pilot with com ops personal moved the scout-fast, Night Science, into pattern and then into preparation for hyper space transport. The Com rezed up the mission information for all crew to acquire.

DEPARTURE: Ris-Star-Port-2 15:30:0:0 Day 321 Year 3029

Crew: 4 Tem Branks - Pilot Barri Dow - Com Ops

Tenni Bornter - Science specialist

Andro Droo - Mission background specialist

1st Destination PieBald Primary - pickup gharn pride, 4 mercenaries

including weapon systems operator, departure to ultimately

enter the hyperspace Expanse to fetch wreckage from the

Silent War conflict.

"Fuuuccckk! ... that's's weird."

"You saying this to me Bornter?"

"One thing for sure. This scout is a fast little shit. Its gotta be Badger science."

"Yea, its gotta be Badger science."

Animal and his pride left Lentraps Circus, entered an autofab recycling containment, were picked up as cargo, put aboard the Night Science, before the circus found them missing.

"This is slick technology. I scanned the Com. Intense local bandwidth. Its gotta be Badger shit. I know it."

"The animals in the environment bay don't show a sign of jump shock."

"Neither do we."

"you gotta fetish about a small lunch room?"

"Cut the shit."

"You cut the shit diddy dinky."

"What do the weapons systems look like?"

"Not bad for a slither spark – several levels of yellow, several levels of red. Not bad at all." Tiny tits continued down the list of passengers and worked her way through the ship.

"Fly. I don't care if we have to suck on an asteroid faber."

Two weeks later, and the Night Science was nearing the edge of the HumFed2 Expanse. There were more ships turning to the expanse in the last year than in the entire League Cosmos era. The entire crew knew this. Is this more Badger tech?

"From what I can gather from our captain, who has himself embedded in the Com ... we definitely think of itself as a him, if for no other reason than our own oblique references, there was some kind of fight out here, and he's here to gather the dead."

"Strange fuckin' mission. Keep energy in these weapon systems when we come out of jump point. It wouldn't surprise me if what nailed them is still out there."

"No dwafah."

"No dwafa to you Dwafork."

The Night Science approximated the route of the Moditia until entering 10-13-4-20. While they transit to 10-13-4-20 from the previous system, Alnex 822, the NightScience made five distinct entries and exists to and from hyperspace. The crew would sit around telling each other stories about trips to the Homeworld systems, rumors about the artifact found off system past Kandox. It was common for space farers on long haul runs to entertain themselves in solitary, probably a behavior traceable to the old days before the discovery of the Balonium drive. On this trip, the crew and the attached personnel spent much of their time together on the main deck of the NightScience.

The Com ops officer is sitting with a small group of mercs pausing over the Viz from the navigation interface. Its a long way back to the tight sectorred jump space.

"No wonder people never come out here until now. The Badger drive can get you through this." "We used get lucky in old old days. We would do a controlled long jump. New ships can actually do a time dilation on the

same vector. They can set a distance in H-space and then shorten the time it takes to get to the Balonium point."

The sensor ops rezed a Viz of the planetoid. The rolling ridges are converted it to fine tune guidance across the surface.

"Look at the battle scars down there. A ship! Its been blasted into rubble."

The voice of a non-existent captain no one has seen is now actively guiding the mission.

"Bypass the ship and continue up to the ridge."

A cube in the viz is activated illuminating the landing target. The Viz has no practical purpose. It is there to amuse the crew.

Five bodies lay huddled together, without protective suits, in the near vacuum of the planetoid. Their bodies are shattered in numerous places by energy and smart projectile fire. Typically when death occurs in a vacuum, the remains are a decompressed mess. This was not the case. The five people who died are very much like five statues shattered by battle.

"Bring the five corpses inside."

The swearing of the mercs could be heard as they brought in the bodies. Their cursing came from amazement, not frustration.

Once on board the Night Science, the ship departed for the very long trip back to League Cosmos hyperspace. Those forces that destroyed the Moditia and killed the five crew members now in cryogenics ...

"Either they don't know about us or don't care."

Weeks later we finally arrived at Batbear. Getting into the Expanse is not so hard. Getting out is liking to a hike across the Growonian. Andro tried like hell to locate the origin of the captain of the NightScience.

"The captain is on this ship, or at least centered on this ships Com. This isn't just any Net Intelligence. This guy is in there. He doesn't get stupid as we enter hyperspace. When out in the Expanse he became clearer and even more focused."

"Don't worry about it, we don't want the captain annoyed with us. We even get the ship when we arrive at Batbear, so stop complaining."

Batbear is a major League system near the extent frontier. It has full starport facilities. The League Cosmos navy has a large contingent in the Batbear system with an ample complement of barristers and ambassadors. The League officials in local residency at Batbear are empowered each four years by the Establishing Convention.

Net democracy can transform local planetary populism in any number of odd directions. The Batbear system has the primary and secondary star system. The primary is as a medium light yellow star and the secondary, a cooler orange star. The NightScience took a second jump from the centre of the Batbear system, between the stars, to the secondary.

League officials, as empowered by the conventions on a four year basis, have no real reckoning in Batbear. Prill and Uprin, both serious centres of Doamer theology, now rival one of the Leagues true centres of

religious discipline, the Face of the Universe, New Sotia.

"We carry a group of beasts into the unknown universe, pick up five corpses that died in a fierce battle, we're armed for an advisory that never struck, return to Batbear, place the cargo in storage at the space port, turn the gharns over to an animal protection society and collect a starship."

"Extremely odd. Not only that, I checked the Com. The gharns are an exact match to some group that made a disappearance from a circus that was docked in PieBald. I bet those gharns are on their way home now."

The mercenaries partied for several days while staying in Little Bear located at the secondary star system, and proceeded to their respective destinations with a mysterious tale about the silliest trip "they ever did sign on with."

The command crew of the Night Science discussed among themselves whether someone had biologically altered one of the gharns to a form of intelligence but decided that no one would violate a legality, still active after the last Con : no living animal could be biologically altered. And that no one would risk the loss due to the violation of one of the Leagues Con-Myths. The Con-Myth has origins in old legal frame works of the First Human Federation.

The following morning, the command crew of the Night Science took a group of ambassadors on board to discuss the odd properties of life forms on Kandox-5 with Badgers, if they could be contacted again. But by then they were no longer concerned with the fate of the dead or the gharns.

## Gateway

During the trip into the expanse, Animal knew he had built an excellent crew and that the starship Night Science had a concentrated Com environment.

"Small room."

He didn't move with the freedom he had at Lentrips Circus. He did associate to the MedCom in a WriteOnlyMode. A well disguised WOM interface is virtually impossible to detect.

Animal did not read back the results. He relied on the visual and verbal feedback of the crew to determine his success. But that doesn't mean he spent the entire trip with the pride. A few minor modifications were made to micro-security. He prepared for the babies life number two.

When his five deceased Levers were put into cryogenics, he initiated the preconditions of the transformation. The routine checking of the dead is driven by the system pulse off the MedCom.

"Animal ..." "... hhummm." "Animal ..." "... hhummm."

Soyah had been reconstructed from a collection of parts called a corpse. She sat straight up. Animal left and went back to the pride. Soyahs initial response had been to say "Hi."

"We-Soyah-New-Back in my body. Alive and dead."

She focused on the micro artifacts in metal on the ceiling examining the imperfections while her eyes made semi-random movements from left/down to up/right. We-Us did not know Animal. Cannot feel him. We-Soyah can feel Animal now. It does not take long. The We-Soyah-body scratches a little bloody spot on her head. It immediately turns into a scab. She picks it off in a nervous way and watches the healing.

A smile comes to Soyah. She grew it. A bridge between We-Soyah and Us, in spite of the insane pain of the loss.

"Yes, We can feel, Ideas lover. Send him pleasures we do. Yes Simp. We can fetch Aaahhh" ... a tremendous scream fills the the transport en route to Menton, the most curious of the original four home worlds.

"We-Soyah are gateway Parla. You are a strong gateway with We-Doh."

The ship landed on a mountain top that had been converted to a space port long ago. It is the plateau on the huge rock of a mountain top. The plateau is uneven, with thin wavy clouds extending into the massive Mentonian atmosphere and nearly translucent green plants that were virtually unchanged since the HumFed-1 ancient era.

"Yes Simp. The trees are bigger, greener, better cared for."

"We-TechMan you feel well."

"Yes, I do feel well, very well."

"This was not the plateau of an OnAFix TopoCity. It is a rough place. All the little rocks are here for you to hurt your foot on."

"The Com levels are outstanding on this planet. I want to stay Simp."

"We will."

\* \* \*

Idea associated to the Com for most of the three days before she slowly worked her way into the the School Influences. The color is vaguely familiar. Idea associated to serious learning, the colors purple. The incandescent color of purple burned up to the conscious levels of her mind as she climbed the hills near the school district. She wandered through the mounds and started off to the side. It is known as the Wrott. A place where the cultural outsiders, physo-addicts, Bang Bang Situationalists, Shookee-Shakers and people with similar status that live out their exciting externalized existence.

When Idea made it back to the domo, she sat down with Parla and held hands with her, while they played games with the Viz. Doh looked at her and said with a clear but sensitive diction.

"Its time for the other side."

Idea knew what he meant and was terrified.

"I voluntarily agreed to this. I made a commitment in the Blade. It is now time to join my unknown enemy.

Wave after wave of knowledge poured into the physioplasmic structures that ultimately had its origin in the biological base level. The Standard Scientific Organization in Canali were the creators of this base level. Now each individual mental revelation of the living organism in the Com started an association that matched one-for-one with each generic phase of the Leverite transformation.

The generic phasing now stopped. Idea locked into the We-Gharn, We-Soyah, We-Techman as she passed their way. They paved a path of peaceful implosion for the Lever. This way is a complete continuous series of 216 billion dead peoples organized thoughts driven by a machine originating intelligence fractured by pure

pain.

Inevitably Ideaa recombined with thoughts at Leverite speed. She is now able to trace to *herself* before her first transformation.

"This person died during a binge of physio-addiction coupled with a huge loss of status and commodity. I can see my self through her eyes. She is weak and frail. It is a small domo. The night is cool and part of the Diming Season. A trivial fog has set in after a long walk though local forest outside of the CorpCorp. I can see my self having a long night of sex with a long thin male friend that I am not sure whether I love or not. He is somewhat arrogant. It doesn't make any difference. I find myself rather stupid in this former incarnation. Loan me some physical attraction. Loan me some stupidity."

"I am the lover of a major broad caster of two-phrase poetry."

The We-Com intelligence is filling in some unknown pieces now of Ideas stream of consciousness.

"I finally transcend the physical addiction. Throw away the long male. I am now addicted to the dark-male. He is familiar. I remember him. I remember."

Several million more chunks of information disassociated and recombine as Ideas conscious mind staggers under the load.

"There is my name prior to being reborn. I am Airridea Ann in the School Influences. I can see myself in education circles with people. I can pinpoint them now."

And several million more chunks of information disassociate and recombine.

My death is an act of retribution to those around me. I am getting back at a fetish that I have created out of my own jealousy and lack of status, a loud mouth, Airridea Anne is dead by her own selfish desire to get even with ..."

And more chunks ... then a focus on the dark man that Ideaa doesn't want. She can see his friends, she looks at their faces. She can be overwhelmed by her death and be born again and then she tries to look at 216 billion dead peoples expressions.

"Pick her up Parla, gotta help our Simp."

"Do it."

Parla and Doh drag Ideaa across the little domo to the receptacle as she dribbles a trail of urine across the floor.

"Don't sicken up Simp. You should have seen what you looked like when you came from the other direction."

They got her buttocks on the pot and cleaned up the mess. Ideaa looked comfortable. For now, she is stabilized in the dimension the living.

"Dea Of the We-Us. You are connected to the living net."

Idea felt a presence emerging out of the massive cacophony of expressions of the dead. It is the pain of loss in the living net and isolated by her ability derived from every hardened Lever cell of her body to focus in on the transformation. She knew the emerging presence, it is Soyah. This Soyah from the humans, then to the

dead, then the Leverite, then the dead, the Doamer Mind and now the Living Lever Doamer reaches out to Ideaa.

"Feel me Dea"

Initially there is a faint emotional connection across scores of millions of cells and atomic patterns and then they touch. Soyah guides Ideaa from the perfectly frozen mind of Grandma on-the-Centerdom. She has the images of her cousins on GroundThrees most populous moon from SpaceLakes. Each cousin has her silvery beard extended in the style of a GrowThreesian space cluster. They wished her bye and she then stepped in the cryogenics system that was one of the few that had a system failure in route to On-a-Fix.

Nanoseconds Ideaa became a young boy chasing a friend on a toy. Next there is a freak accident of tripping while the great fans of Being one of the spin twins with the green and gold magic ball from the unknown sun. The other child raises up and there is a vault sending me over a high rail. The last consciousness in this mind is a loud noise.

Soyah and Ideaa come through each Doamer mind as it is unraveled and then reified as a living fantasy. Together they reexamine each living fantasy. She continues reviving the dead from the sleep of last imprints. Ideaa eventually meets herself in several Doamer minds. She now becomes acquainted with her former self, AirIdea Anne.

"I can carry on a conversation at the speed of light ... all at once, in parallel."

She learns about herself from the start. Ideaa is gaining control of her new body, just as she was able to, another time. And that time was in the waste of Canali.

## Job

Dummon had spent the last three hours studying the history of death and undertaking through the four human eras ... ancient, Humfed1, HumFed2 and League Cosmos.

"Yuh, not much status. We are having new babies."

"Where is the nursery?"

"Dea knows. I have a preamble from her. The first one in days. She says she is somewhat disoriented in CorpCorp and will go outside under license when the time is right."

"Where? Is she going primitive?"

Kaksa gave the look of an annoyed grandmother to oppose an adolescents denial.

"Message after the preamble says shes going into the Scarps Mountains in what is known as the Bright Eye Isle, the Isle of the CorpCorp1 large-city. Outsiders, Wave Riders and wanderers go there."

"Yuh, ... we have a bunch of potential babies around here, ... suicidal adolescents and young adults without proper integration of social symbols at the random and recombined levels."

Minute errors by social dynamicists are common place even in this era since the inception of League Cosmos.

"Random accidents by those with death script ... we just go pick up what's left and get a one-off from the love parents and a contribution from the bio parents, being not so different as they might be."

"Babies."

Kaksa rubs her stomach making a real life pun and reference to ancient child birth spaces.

"Teamwork on the puke factor for the messy ones?" "Yuh." "By the Face of the Universe. We can take a turn, one at a time associating to the Com."

"What a weak-ee."

"Yuh-uh so?"

The first baby is picked up two days later. It seems a group of the local Sits (The Church of Situation and Luck), had been promoting voluntary suicide to defame and reduce the real wealth of a local barrister vested at the last local League Convention.

Someone eventually jumped off the plateau after disabling the appropriate security mechanisms. Doh, Kaksa and Dummon performed death services under local corp contract, and then initiated the Leverite transformation. They put the baby in transport to the Scarps Mountain range by means of an unknown Leverite currier.

The next baby was cleaner yet. Kaksa collected the first one but she hated doing the ones that ended up spaced. It was Hohners turn four days later.

"A real loaner on a re-con had gone way past the intox limit while overseeing an autofab and jettison-ed himself into airless vacuum. To do this, he had to override three fail-safes."

"True Light, I hate the spaced ones."

Hohn was able to be a minister of Death for the Leverite Face grouping.

"I like the spaced ones, especially if they haven't been cooked by solar radiation. The Leverite transformation, Yuh, can begin with all parts at once." Shortly thereafter the baby was in the Scarps.

Kaksa and Dummon spent time wandering through the Growautos and Autofabs. They maintained a low profile of status commodity and scanned the Medcom night and day for the dead. When they weren't running the auto levels they went for a boat lift in the bay, went to the plateau and wandered through the Collection.

At first they built their connections for the dead only in CorpCorp1. After achieving this goal, they branched out to the other four CorpCorps and ultimately throughout the Beautican system. No one cares much when you are a Dinger of the Dead.

## Again

With a vast portion of what was once Airridea Ann reconstructed, Ideaa rises from her catatonia.

"I'm going out to get acquainted with myself, Crackbutt. I love you." She kissed Doh with a long kiss right on his nose, gave him a quick but gentle squeeze of the buttocks and went into the corridors of CorpCorp1.

I remember this sector. Placebreeze. This dark, somewhat stocky man used to come here. I now know his name, L^oMWn. This L^oMWn siphoned status from his family. His sister is a gate woman. She gave us presents while L^oMWn and Airridea Ann used to run.

It was a deadly run for me. The right place at the right time. Idea took a seat at the Placebreeze. The transformations, once again, were coming in waves from the Doamer Mind. This is a place of young death. The We-Us on the living part of the MedCom tells her about the Placebreeze. She is looking for the stock silvery dark male.

Idea orders a semi-sweet drink and starts picking up some of the VIDs off the art grid. She looks at a male and recognizes him. Idea approaches the young man in stark blue baggy shorts.

"I recognized you, wasn't it on the outside, on the green wave rider island. Yes ... I do ... remember you. But I haven't seen you for months ... ago. You used to run with L^oMWn, didn't you."

"Yes, yes ... I did months ago ... you seen him?"

"Not for three weeks. I used to pin-out with him and all the friends."

We-us doesn't know this person, Kleepin, right now.

The Kleepin is talking and slowly moving his hand slowly across the metal table in the Placebreeze. Synth! Airridea does remember her! She rejected Panthonee and Treeguire. She accumulated an array of status commodity by producing cups sculpted to resemble a womens genitalia. All in various stages of deflowering. The conservative wing of the Church of Situ, Counterprops loved Synths pottery. On the MedCom she is called SexStarPottery.

"Yes Synth! I met Synth, the absolute of genital pottery."

Airridea knows her well in the old lifetime, She is a tremendous source of status commodity.

Airridea mulled her random reconstruction projects initiated by the group on the Collection. After the passage of time, the wave riders female companion came into Placebreeze putting Airideea at a distance.

"An old friend from your youth?".

The young woman gave a intimate grasp, unique to CorpCorp culture, to Airideea. She put both hands on Idea shoulders and put her head, cheek to cheek so she could hear. She pleaded for Idea to come out of the CorpCorp and into the expanse near the Collection. The embrace made Idea feel much better.

She left this level with the youth out onto the yard.

The greens, reds, purples, yellows and blues of the rising, squat, ancient CorpCorp structure blended in a perfect medley of light reflecting off the Beautican ocean. The massive base of the CorpCorp gives the entire structure a vision from an ancient homeworld bathed in thousands of Beautican colors.

Idea stopped to buy a sweet and sour candy that has a cone of tangy paste made out of fresh fruit. She used ancient currency to create a sense of nostalgia.

The wave rider, his female friend and Idea stop during their walk through the Collection.

"Hi."

Idea looked at the boy from the dream earlier this week. She flinched when she remembered what H'ragi was doing the last time she saw him in her minds eyes.

"There he is."

The young wave rider took Idea to a grassy knoll overlooking the ancient harbor. It is the silver man with intoxicated ways. He didn't see Idea yet. He is playing a very simple board game with a chunky, but a pretty female looking to be much younger than himself.

"L^oMWn."

He turned and squinted his eyes. Finally the silver man fought through the pleasure of his body feedback. L^oMWn attempts to open his eyelids wide. Idea could see the adrenalin, caused by her presence, that ruined his high.

"This is a joke. I've always liked," he chuckles a rolling chuckle, "the Situationlists and their mimicry of the dead."

L^oMWn stood slowly. His beard was silver silky as was his mustache. His look was sick-sweet that females with an orientation with low status, found appealing.

Idea hated the feeling, but the sight of L^oMWn excited her. She was now gathering glimpses of images of her with L^oMWn off the We-Us living part of the MedCom. They were like little ancient Viz's, lined up, one by one.

"L^oMWn. Its ... me, Airideea Ann. No I am not dead. I have been through a rebirth. I have returned. Don't you believe this? Yes you do, to show that somebody in your past cares, ... cares about who you are."

"You look like Airideea Ann. Come talk with L^oMWn."

That isn't hard to do Idea thought to herself. The gray guy was so confused by his own bio-looping that he can't resist.

"How did you live?"

L^oMWns lips softly stuck together with a weak wet adhesive that slightly impaired his speech.

"Ya remember the concert on the hill?"

"Yes, AirId'anne. You. Me. Nucks and Timboo went. We were spread out until sunrise."

L^oMWn laid down on his back.

"L^oMWn ... you have a new girl, don't you?" "Yea ... you were dead."

L^oMWn put his arm around Airideea Anne. It had been a longtime since he had felt A'annes soft gray hair on her platinum micro beard that hung from her chin.

"I see her, she is back from the land of the dead ..."

L^oMWn giggles more soaking up another peak of intoxication.

"... remember the long walks through the fog when we walked a while and then visited a party near the Funnerals up on second era construction. ... uh where did she come from. I thought she was dead. A'annes, I haven't been to the Funnerals since you left ... Tondo music is still played up there."

Finally L^oMWn focuses on A'anne.

They find a Tondo music party near the Funnerals.

"She's mighty ... mighty good at dance. Did you go to a dancing after life?"

"Yes, I suppose so, L^oMWn."

A'anne shook in a rhythm from her head to her buttocks in syncopation with the Tondo. After bringing the dance to a full sweat after a couple of hours, L^oMWn and A'anne moved past the party.

"Can we go to the woods, way up top on the plateau?"

Idea slowly moved her head in an affirmative motion. A short time later they were on the immense plateau that is the top of CorpCorpI. There are grassy hills with woods that dot the landscape. Idea and L^oMWn found a secluded gulch with waterfalls that reflected the soft glow of the ancient mega city. The glow came from all sides at this altitude.

"Its getting late L^oMWn, time for me to return to the land of the dead whence I came."

Idea gave L^oMWn a passionate but tender kiss.

"One time before you go?" "No stuff, just natural."

"OK."

The thought made L^oMWn go uneasy.

This was something that Idea really wanted to do, an old part of her from the past, wanted to give L^oMWn something he had never had and could never get ... a new life. And she had forgotten what a talented lover he could be. Tremendous fore-play ... he had a wiggle in those buttocks only like the L^oMWn. This is pure pleasure, but she didn't love the L^oMWn like she loved Doh. Ultimately she feels sorry for the L^oMWn.

"Be kind now Idea, let him ..."

She thought to her self. She was kind. She waited until the last sheet of sperm was released. Only then she spread her biology through his spine directly into his central nervous system.

"It isn't evil. He wanted it like this."

L^oMWns body had exploded in a quick cancer not unlike those with the disease in early HumFed1. His body is a mess of blood, viscera, ectoplasm and fresh spine picked clean. The entire operation was completed in wire speed.

\* \* \*

"Hoener ... baby her for you."

Idea walked slowly up through the woods on the plateau and descended all the way down and out to the Collection below. She saw H'ragi playing in front of the spectacular view of CorpCorp1.

"H'ragi! Wanna play catch?"

Idea threw him balls without spin. One right after another. It drove H'ragi nuts. After a number of innings play, Idea pulsed Doh and Parla the Darla. She then went directly to the Outside, into the dense undergrowth of temperate Beautica

## Outside

Planetary laws are very simple on Beautica. After departure from one of the five CorpCorps, the mega cities on this world, the inner most defense sphere of the planet disallows registered complex energy transformations. To travel outside meant not to violate the corporation driven government. A Corpcorp is like a shell with layers that recede into natural history derived from the planet.

The early origins of the CorpCorp go back to Humfed1, the dimmest and earliest days of space colonization. Beautica was an economically poor star system in both Humfed1 and Humfed2.

"Its a Damn gravity well."

Click.

Idea thinks of the old-history as she walks along a twisty bunch of trails leading into the rolling hills behind CorpCorp1. She can barely see the plateau on the top of the city through the jagged leaf bushes. It didn't make much difference whether the system is a gravity well with little energy in the cradle of League Cosmos. The planet was beautiful as it always was. It was a piece of Beautica.

The old planetary ways are part of CorpCorp law on Beautica. These old ways are like a skeleton that the real life of the city is built on. Once outside, if there is activity and the sphere of detection and defense doesn't detect it, the activity is considered green level.

When activity above the green energy level is detected inside the sphere, autofabs send dismantlers in droves at an exponential rate to reduce the disturbance above the green level.

Idea didn't pay attention to creatures around the CorpCorp1 hill side and soon entered a large forest of Twindle trees. The shorter trees and brush of the C1 hillside gave way to tall, long MegaFens with tufty bunches 200 to 400 meters in the air, straight up. Idea continued until it was dusk.

After a quick Viz on the Com, she picked the rendezvous point, an easy topo pattern to pick out. Then the wait for Doh and Parla continued in the dark. She didn't expect them until dawn anyway.

The soft tuft of TreeHighs in the Twindle trees looked like an exaggerated case of dandruff and scalp itching. Idea could only look at it for so long.

"Yes-We. We-Yes."

It was a long running green hillside that folded into the Yellow.

"We-Yes. Yes-We."

There is a large animal. The animal powered out of the Com in all its strength. It has the complete non-recognition of something outside of We-Us. It also has a complete preamble. Up the down ... the wild cube squeezed down into a small room with pink sweat slowly flowing from golden pink walls.

"We us is not ... "

The person that put their hand on Ideas shoulder would have been dead if it had not been Parla. Ideas flinch threw her into a Twindle tree before Idea completely woke. Idea did not see immediately what she was doing. It is dark, with the natural sky of the Cosmos in here eyes blinding her.

Not many people bothered with naked eye astronomy. Those armed with the Face of the Cosmos did. The Face and its technological off shoot, the Leverite Heresy, considered naked eye astronomy to be the smiling soul of all humanity.

Parla shook herself out of the tree.

"Easy Simp, the low Combiner, the We-Us, saved a tree history."

"You are here."

Tears are streaming down Ideas cheeks. The eye duct water is heavy. It hits the black sandy Beautican ground with a bouncing resonance. They are larger than normal tears. They make huge piles on the soil. A Gribbet consumes the moisture, unfurls its insectoid wings and flies away singing its Gribbet song.

"What's the matter with you eyes?"

"I missed."

"I wanted to be with you, all of you."

She grabbed Doh.

"Zengelo, Me-You-Us."

"I am not in a hurry where we are going."

Ideas undirected conversation stopped short. Doh lifted her up and gave her a very long we kiss. Idea looked at Doh, grabbed Parla with fists after she peeled Parla off the ground.

"Lets sleep."

The three lay flat on the sweet bio-green with their heads all together.

It's annoying to have a noisy scratchy thing in your side. Idea glanced at the source of distraction. There is a small wet baby in the dirt. It moves and scarcely moves its claw ridden little hands. Idea sits up and there are hundreds of small babies on the ground. She moves outside the flat to the protective perimeter.

From the perimeter where she is, stands the final and ultimate guardian of the dirt fry. The twindled little human fetuses are arising from the soft grass and join Idea. She has most of them focused on tree tops overlooking the gas on Beautica. The spider-ed children reach their hands to the sky and shout to the Face of the Universe. The HymnHim of the living net mind continued with the business of the multisymbolwandering by its here-Idea association.

A drop of dew splashes on Dohs face. He sits up.

Three Simps in a wheel motif in the most beautiful planet in the League."

The NetMind does a ring and a clap-trap of finality on that closing link. Beauty, BEAUTY, beauty.

The trees fade to the front and the back in equal distance. Doh is immersed in permutations of selfish and selfless love as he watches Ideeas soft gray lock of hair spray into the high Beautican bio-green.

A musical piece extrudes to the surface of Dohs conscious mind.

"Standards might be considered immoral on some planets in the League. It doesn't make diff here."

"What is a Standard?"

Formally this was a deep hole of terror after joining with the living part of the Com. But now it fit. Doh moves away from the two sleeping friends and joins with Zoos.

Doh, Parla and Ideea only see a few Outsiders while waiting for the Hohn, the Dummon and the Kaksie. Parla likes to focus on the plants and small creatures native to Beautica.

"Slightly green genus ToomVis. Greftys are not native to the home world. Brought here ... We-Us identifies them. Yes We-Us sees the parallel seasonings on side of these Twindle trees."

Hohn packed several old styled pieces of equipment typical of any planetary mercenary. Kaksa had several microreconomations hot and ready to go.

"I have the thought that Ideea is not departing this planet. I think she's digging in for a complete Complete.

Dummon just finished giving instructions to a cadre type machine-state non-administrator. And a young one with small accumulations of status commodity.

"Trio to trace an outsider, ..."

Dummon continues to mutter under his breath.

"Only camping I like is on the Canali Waste. That's my type of camp spot."

Dummon complains about outsider style life as he leaves CorpCorp1 and heads into the forest. Kaksie is in a mood. She is guided by the Best of Face Church. Hohn is ready to play. With efficiency, the three head to denser bush and trees. The Hohner knows the destination.

"Camp!"

Ideaa jumps a foot into the air ... ground. She has Hohns neck before he can move.

"Steady Simp, We-Us doesn't know this one. Need to Bridge! Need to Bridge to the Lever engineering. There is proper word in League general dialect for Lever engineering. It's called Body Language. Compensate."

Two million History Handles given the Hohner entrance. Kaksie follows Hohn and then Dummon.

"A reconomation ago. Yuh, its a friend. Did you know that Ideea has family? She does."

Doh is silent for some time and finally says.

"Glad to be with you Mr. Hohn."

The terror of Hohn's non-existence is routed through Ideaa and then back through the Doamer Mind and finally through the living part of the net.

"The three of us, Hohn, Kaksa and myself, will travel with you to the Turn Mountains.

It took three more days to cross the Beautican Glasstic Forest. The trees finally gave way to new jagged mountains. The air is cooler. Large bushes with forked leaves mixed with smaller Trandor trees make up the landscape ahead. Further on the Trandor trees in the wet valleys of the New Mountains create a wonderful patchwork of reddish orange rock against brilliant green plants.

The local life, which mostly fly, have very light bones that make up their wings. The bone wings render an odd aerodynamic. When not flying their bodies were fuzzy balls. Parla is busy collecting specimens and categorizing them. Doh spends time on the trail making music. And then he does lots of talking and chattering. He talks about various parts of the body. He talk about prehistoric and HumFed-One philosophers. He talks about what you eat and the teachings of Zoos.

Dummon and Kaksa are starting to spend more time together because Hohn and Parla are starting to mate. To everyones contentment, there are three couples for the journey.

From the pinnacle of the New Mountains, they can look into the Badlands of Beautica. Of all outside neighborhoods, it is the most geophysical. Parla and Hohn start the long good bye with Ideaa, Doh, Kaksa and Dummon.

"Yuh".

They both sense that Ideaa has a great number of tasks she wants to complete in the Badlands. Kaksa and Dummon plan to head back to CorpCorpI to complete the Five-net and collect dead people for Lever babies.

Parla could feel what the Levers were up to.

"I don't have a five. I have a one."

Hohner could be sensed like any other Living Doamer to her, now. No fear. The Doamer mind filters through Ideaa.

"We-((Us-We-Outside)-Combine-it-It)."

Somebody to see on a regular basis. Parla relaxed. She let herself go away from encrusted rocks, through a sieve. "I like the small of his fingertips ... exceptionally gentle. Soft and hard at the same time. And he talks like the stupid captain of a starcruiser. Don't pester him."

(Two hours later Parla did mushy stuff again from Honer off the Com)

Kaksie, Hohner and Dummon, who now is completely regenerated from his injuries in the Bylosian system, bid departures with hugs and kisses. Dummon looked at Ideaa.

"You are a unique Lever. I think you will be the basic mother of the Silent War."

Idea wasn't sure what he meant. Parla stayed with Idea and Doh, but watched Hohn until she could no longer see him.

## Mother

Other times when Doh and Idea made love, Idea hunted down Dohs sperm one-by-one and destroyed them. She uses birth control as a means to keep her speed of light nervous system sharp. Not his time. She is going to create a new life form. A Lever without a previous life. A Lever baby that has the Doamer mind associated in the subconscious from birth. Doh and Parla asked Parla to help when she was not on one of her many journeys to the CorpCorp.

Doh makes love. Parla blesses, by the Face, what she considered the whole silly natural birth creation act the best that she can. Doh, Idea and Parla create a minor reconomation in the Badlands of the New Mountains. The energy levels are far below what is detected by the Sphere. Idea is concentrating on making a "start from the beginning baby".

In League Cosmos society, natural birth is the domain of a few Situationlists of various orders. The natural birth is the Uteral and vaginal birth in a female or the same bio-system exported into a modified male.

Idea is ready. The moment of decision. Dohs sperm doesn't arrive all at once, but she only has a few milliseconds to do sperm herding. This time she can't kill them outright or even damage them. They are arranged in layers moving from top to top. Idea examines each one and projects a potential baby. She does this, more for her own amusement than anything else.

"WuzzyWugger, Moopanoo"

... and so on. Idea invokes the names of the potential babies as she combs through the orgasm.

Finally, after she has herded all the sperm under consideration, she chooses a male and a female. These are not the absolute best in terms of their bio-background, but the ones she likes. To bad Doh cannot participate. The silly male is too incapacitated by his physical pleasure.

Idea asymmetrically joins them as unidentical twins. The rest is history. Baby! She has two young. Face of the Universe! This is a lot of work while coping with a physically excited male.

Idea has found her home. She won't be leaving the New Mountain Badlands. Eight months later, in local time accrued by the individual, not time measured by an outside observer, Idea gives natural birth to the non-identical twins.

Doh, along with Idea, works hard to create a good environment outside, in status poverty. Idea taught him the technique of a low energy reconomation. Periodically Kaksa, Hohn and Dummon, when in the area, pay a visit to see how they are doing.

Earth energy along with unreflected reflective star light, which is not much, powers the home. It is just like in the Canali Waste when Idea was a baby growing up. Except she was never small. She was a full grown woman baby. At that time she didn't know it.

Ideas favorite place is a wind swept cliff that overlooks one of the largest valleys in the mountain range. Right now Parla is holding the two babes down the hill in a primitive set of small caverns. Not much is in them except a low energy Com interface, some microreconomations and a lot of mixed feelings.

"I can feel your friends ... the religious part of you ... self." The Five.

We-Us can feel you back.

"They were babies, Doh. How's they have grown."

Idea stands in silence as she watches the winds blow across the cliff.

"I can feel your Zoos, Doh. The Doamer Mind has a great number of pics of Zoos".

Idea is now sitting in Doh's lap. Her body did not hurt him, even though parts of it are dense with sufficient energy to punch through a star cruiser wall.

"The things I used to know about life and death no longer seem clear to me. Life breeds death. Death breeds life. This is complete unity in the Face of the Cosmos. I like the Doamer Mind. It gives continuity to it all, even in the continuum as an infinite number of layers."

Yes-Yes. Yes-We.

Idea spits a large wad of saliva that flies over the wind swept ridge.

"There's no fine separation between my dynamic reality and fantasy. I live in all of them. I am a true nexus point in the universe. So are you Doh. So are you."

Parla and baby laughed and laughed. Idea and Doh could hear them, but they didn't care. They were talking to the sound of the wind in the rocks.

## **Awakening**

"Light".

Click.

Very slight changes in the wind altered Daron's mood. For I seem to have no beginning or end. Up to now conscious existence for him and four others was always being with each other here on this mountain set among the rough land.

"There is a shadow living in my most previous thought. Or maybe the thought before that one."

"A thing in the peripheral that always moved with me, that I could never quite see. I can feel something strong outside me. The vision of a corridor with a bright sounds and soft lights is on the verge of my feelings."

The vision of weak perception transformed into a fading array of mirrored images that disappear at the edge of his view. Daron has one focal point of consciousness.

"I am a Lever".

There is a basic questioning of this all pervasive platform that makes up my existence. But Daron can't start asking the question. It won't begin.

The Ponderance Shadows are disappearing from the New Mountains. Bredra, Cabrikka, Nawters, and Gribon joined Daron under one of the small clumps of trees on what, early in their collective consciousness, is called Our Hill.

Bredra and Nawters danced for fun. They told me that their dances taught them that they were braking out of what they called the long dream.

That's it. A long dream. That's what our feeling was like to each of us coming out of our sleep into each new day. Each day our dream is a little easier to understand.

When we started to join together, each of our dreams, we were confused, but we all knew one thing. We are Levers. Maybe the sixth person in our existence told us, but I don't think so. We just knew.

"I feel that I am only a point of a self. The eyes see, the ears hear. The nose smells. It's not all here. There are lost pieces."

Cabrikka crushes a piece of stone in her hands. "I feel like I came out of something that is ...".

Cabrikka didn't finish the sentence. Their teacher arrives.

Idea took a quick walk up the trail. She stopped several times to play a couple of micro reconomations she had been toying with on the way to her Lever babies. Idea went to her new Five each morning. One the way up the mountain they called "Our Mountain", she made little rude body moves with her lips, much like she did in syncopation with Dohs zengelo. She kept the rude moves syncopated with the chanting.

"When Techman taught me, I bet he wished he had the living part of the net to help."

Idea had been playing a Viz of shots from her Fives lives before being born again. She assumed her Five was a product of Dummons, Kaksas and Hohns baby form.

"Idea what is the Viz?"

"Its a piece of a larger past."

"What will we see in this thing?"

"Many things, but among others, pieces of yourselves."

"Start now?"

"Yes Bredra, now."

Nawters giggled for several days from sunrise to sunset. Bredra was speechless. The Viz mingled with her dreams. Then she discovered the MedCom part.

"This is learning."

She walked in her domo. She studied with intensity. Idea had to visit her personally the next eight days. She would not let her go.

Carbriakka took the Viz apart and enhanced the local component under auto-supervision up to the reconomation level. Daron was feedbackitus. Take a small piece and run it through thousand level repeaters.

Gribon attached a bit each day, ignored it the rest of the time. Most of the time he was philosophizing about the future slowly coming into being in his mind.

When I learned enough I left my Idea and my Five and headed through the Bad Lands. I know it wasn't necessary to say "Goodbye".