Part 1

Through thick quartz glass, the ghostly pale asteroid seemed more and more blurry until the flickering lights finally ended up focusing on the metallic spot on its soft looking surface. Fog made up of dust embraced the ground, resonating and vibrating on it. Like tired veins of a dying carcass, shiny and long frozen rivers ran across the gray desert areas. In a few seconds, hundreds of remote drills clanked onto the distant hills and glaciers that reflected some of the white light cones. Silke was wondering how some of them always found mining and sampling quite meditative. After a short training usually it went pretty easy already, because the cockpit was exactly just like the simulations. Silke switched off the routing system, then sat back in their pilot seat. Looking around in the small space inhabited by low frequency humming and colorful lights of holographic buttons and screens, Silke felt like melting into the endless gauges and screens. The safety of the embracing cockpit reminded them of the sparsely walked halls and corridors of the station far away.

Years after years it seemed like they need to get out further and further to mine. Asteroids were sparse but it was still sustainable, they needed the metals for repairs and making new tools. Sometimes the perfectly tuned routine and accumulating experience means that you lose that magical first contact, that pervasive feeling of potential options. When you first touch a joystick in the capsule...

Anything is possible. It's just you and the plastic rod, waiting to be commanded, waiting for your will to be transfered. After a while it can become more and more dull for the untrained mind, though. Buttons and commands, levers and gauges. Meters and volumes. It's quite easy to pilot a mining capsule, if Silke wanted to be honest. The trouble starts when something is broken or a sudden event happens. The augmented space of the mining capsule was quite dark so while the actual sampling and mining happens the pilot could rest easily like Silke did just until a few minutes ago when the signals appeared on the screen.

Not much starlight got nearby to this portion of space, only tiny dots here and there like accidental paint drops on the black silk of everywhere. Silke was glad that they didn't have to go that far away from the Pasadarupa today, the nearby presence of the station calmed the miner down. Even though countless number of hypocrite passengers say you should consider it a vehicle only, not many of them can get detached from their emotional baggage about the respectfully sized vessel. The moving gigantic space station meant a tiny island that humans could still claim for themselves, it was quite like a mother's body. Such a brave mission to dwell on a second home like that, just as fragile as their first planet was. Seemed like such dark thoughts make all the shadows grow around Silke, from the corner of their eyes the miner started to search for something. Finding the reader device wasn't that easy so after a few moments they turned on a spotlight. The feeble led slowly grew stronger until it made all the bare panels visible in front of the miner.

Silke touched the tablet so the screensaver went away, and they could browse the ship's resources. After switching to a browser, Silke opened a news site to read.

"Two hundred and twenty. Counting. Systems nominal." Mining wasn't a fully lonely activity though many came outside to be alone for a bit. Their mining squad had to share location and mining information all the time, just to check on each other. Silke's microphone activated as they started to speak.

"Fi-fifty and counting. Systems nominal." Their sound was shaking a bit from all the hours without any talking. You can get used to being alone quite easily, when it's just you and the capsule for long days. It can get addictive, like anything. Some miners start to measure every other events in their lives compared to mining, so their lives really become mere time periods to spend between mining. From mission to mission. They only feel alive when in the cockpit.

Silke smiled. They knew the emotion all too well. Miners extended their bodies with the capsule, they

were mostly fingers or hands to them. Piloting meant being yourself. Just one more time. Again, and again. Without at least a minimal amount of passion, they couldn't bear the pressure for sure. Of course, all forms are equal but that means how all forms are equally important. Mining was just as crucial as any other form on the Pasadarupa.

Silke sighed and looked at the holographic displays, reading the drills advancement into the asteroid. Finally from the corner of their eyes Silke spotted the reader and took it from next to the cargo security display. Vibrant colors filled the cockpit once again when they turned the spotlight off and got up from the chair, still holding the mug. Seemed like the buttons and display units were fighting for the pilot's attention in a noisy war of light pollution. The miner ship was full of drilling equipment and quite a large cargo space. The actual work is done on the Pasadarupa, they just gather here outside the samples and ores for the station. Silke had some time with their thoughts here, but couldn't really make up their mind. Ever since that argument with one of the priests who was considered a friend, Silke had a lot of trouble with resting. Not even the softest bed could have been enough to slow down their racing thoughts, they had so much to lose. For such talk, that priest could be... Enmity was infallible, right? Pathetic angst spread through Silke's heart dashing to the skull through the network of arteries and vessels. They had to touch their face in the surprise of the strong emotions. They looked at the reading device as it was still loading the news, but that probably only meant that Silke should switch to a new channel for a better bandwith rate. Even since the last talk, the miner had the feeling that their friend just wanted it to end. Patiently waiting for a crash or anything that ends this cycle so the priest can renew it all. Not like they ever told the miner anything like that, it's just some kind of instinct.

"Shit." The miner turned around grabbing the arms of their chair, so the dimly lit door behind could distract their mind for a little bit. Silke's hand was resting on the reader device, playing with their fingers on a browser tab.

"What do you expect from me, Modu?" The voice was feeble and slowly got lost into the depth of the mining capsule. The soft buzzing of the radio made it clear that some squad member was over a thousand already, what meant it was almost time to head back.

Part 2

The orange tree gently bent downwards as the Reverend took one of the ripened fruits and handed it to the other passenger. In the tiny plastic bowl they held, it seemed really great - filling up the bowl shared with two or three others of them. The Reverend whispered something to the passenger and they took the bowl out of the chamber when Modu entered with slow and careful steps.

"Greetings, Reverend Gabriel." The young priest nodded at their commander, who beckoned to Modu towards a nearby chair.

"Modu, take a seat please." After Modu's smooth gloves touched the table and moved the chair out so they can sit, their slender figure took place on it. Modu wore the exact same robe as everyone else, but the bright face and delicate arms made them easily recognizable. Neatly trimmed short earthy brown hair appeared as Modu removed their skullcap..

"I heard you got into an argument again." Vibrating air. Heavy words in the almost completely empty, white chamber.

"This time at a language class, even. Why can't you focus on your study?" Gabriel left the orange tree and took a few steps to sit down in front of Modu. These confessions were regular every week, even if they had nothing against a priest. Who studies the Dialogues had to contact reverends very often to check and supervise their knowledge and learning process. In this case though, Modu knew exactly what was the discussion about...

The priests will decide if they can even stay in their current Form.

"I can't understand some things. Asking shouldn't be a problem." Said the young priest, facing the

table, resting their hands on their lap.

"You are not asking but suggesting."

"I just-" The priest couldn't finish this sentence.

"Modu, your next task is to greet a Cryowaker. This may fix your view on how things go on the Pasadarupa." The Reverend nodded, and looked at Modu.

"Me? I know the protocol, but never actually practiced."

"I know, what a great timing then. Right?"

"Not really sure if I'm ready for it."

"It's a very useful experience both for you and to us. Just don't try deception or to tell any lies about the ship. Our honor is one of the most important virtue as a priest."

"Why would I lie?"

"These naturals..." Gabriel stood up, gently offering a hand to help Modu standing up from their chair. "They may not always be ready for what welcomes them here. Don't forget that all of them were saved from before the Great Renaissance." Modu accepted the help and stood up as both of them started walking towards the door.

"Their questions may surprise you. Nothing unusual though, most of the cases."

"Could you forward my message to the other priests?"

"No more messages and questions, Modu. Just keep studying." They both entered the corridor, the confession chamber was at an intersection. Long and almost completely empty passages ran along, taking them deeper into this floor.

"It's a very important task. Make us proud." The reverend left the young priest, as the chamber's door slid shut behind them with a weak hiss. Modu looked at the paintjob on it, that read FL21PCC3 above a thick, dashed line. They paid a great attention to some details, like to not distract the passengers with unneeded details. The door codes told us what floor you are on, which form the chamber is related to and finally it's function and number. If you had anything to do with it, then it was clear that you are on the 21th floor, and the room is the third confession chamber for priests.

Modu took some steps, greeting another priest on their way. The ship barely had any decorations, every architectural addition meant extra resources that they couldn't afford. All the corridors reminded of burrowed canals dug into the ship's flesh. Out of the Auglands, they barely had anything but the robes and the tools of their current form. Of course if you really were desperate about it, one could get all the items they ever wanted or imagined - but only within the Auglands, during the usual rest times. Some were really into the idea, like Silke recently. Modu never liked all those noisy areas of the false simulated environments.

Instead, Modu was desperate to understand. Maybe too desperate.

Part 3

Like all the chambers, this one was quite empty and minimalist. The only strange sight was the confused natural in his chair and the plate of mashed potatoes on the table. Without any windows, the only entrance to the chamber was a single door that Modu just passed through in this very moment. Some curves near to the ceiling helped the passengers to visualize the room, as the spotlights created enough shadows for their eyes to not get lost in all the whiteness.

"Here I am." Whispered Modu just to themselves. The neurons in their skull definitely went crazy even without any sign of emotion Modu could recognize. Standing in front of someone just awakened from cryo-sleep was one of the reasons Priests could never do anything else. Explaining the Dialogues to a natural was a lengthy and troublesome but so satisfying procedure. When you welcome someone on the Pasadarupa, it's like getting on board again yourself. Quite addictive to some, feels like reborning. Thinking of the possibility of their exile, Modu felt like throwing up though that may have been completely impossible because of the non-working stomach in the young priest's body. For the

natural man at the table, though...

"Hello?" The man stood up from his chair, looking at Modu with a confused but calm look on his face. It seemed like the priest got so deep in their thoughts that forgot to introduce themselves. With his right hand offered, the natural man leaned over the table.

"Ah, I'm terribly sorry. My name is Patron Modu, novice Priest on the spaceship Pasadarupa." The priest shook his hand then they quickly added. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Niel. Niel Armer. Thank you for the suit." He sat back down, then some inconvenient silence set between them as Modu took the chair facing the natural's side of the table and sat down, looking at his fresh suit with the well-known gray collar of the naturals.

"Uh. So we are in space? The other ones told me to wait for you with any questions." Said the natural man, and despite all the studying of the welcoming protocol, Modu failed miserably in practice. Priests open the discussion, not the other way around. Yet as the priest was looking at the red face, the plump mouth... The man was brilliantly beautiful and so amazingly fragile.

"Yes, that is right. You are on the Pasadarupa in the year 51.022 after the Great Renaissance." Modu tried to recollect their thoughts and went on with the learned text of introduction. "This spaceship has a little over than hundred of floors with perfect self-sustainability from solar power and common cosmic materials." Next explain the economy, the Renaissance, the...

"Are you female?" Niel raised one of his eyebrows and distracted the young priest's thoughts once again. Modu straightened the amethyst purple collar on their robe while gently shaking their head.

"This body you see is... something like an emulation. There are no genders or reproduction in the biological sense on the Pasadarupa." Someone passed in front of the chamber's open door, nodding to Modu inside. After greeting them back with a short beckoning, the priest went on.

"Apart from the cryowakers remaining we have snapshots of ourselves stored at a central bank so we can upload ourselves into these bodies and live in a system of cycles."

"Wait, wait, cryowakers? Live in cycles?" Neil's face showed some distress.

"Cryowakers are the natural born humans, someone awakened from the frozen state they were transported in. You are all from an era before the Great Renaissance. After Earth became inhabitable, we saved as much of you as we could."

"A cycle, you see is a life-time that varies based on your form here. We all do different kinds of work, and while Priests live for the longest duration, some of us barely live for two hundreds of years or so." Modu gestured with their hands while talking, Neil seemed to try his best to follow and understand it all.

"I...I just want some food, this is too much for now." Modu nodded and motioned to the plate next to Neil, who took the fork right to it.

"We have enough time for any questions you may have." The man silently stared at the mashed potatoes for a bit, then pulled the plate closer to himself.

"You don't... eat?" Asked Neil looking up from examining the meal.

Modu shook their head. "We don't need organic food to maintain this body. We recharge it wirelessly from a central system of the ship. As I mentioned, think of it as an emulation of human biology, it's as close to one as it is technologically feasible." The man nodded.

"Apart from that, we need every organic resources for you."

"I have seen some plants." Added Neil, while taking a forkful of potatoes.

"Oh we do have some plants. And even farms on the lower decks so we can produce food for the cryowakers, but you see..." Modu waited a second while the man was finishing the meal, carefully picking up even the last bits of food. When he realized the priest is watching him, he put down the fork.

"It wasn't much." Neil explained.

"You could get more later on. As I was telling you... Biological life as you know it seems to be extremely sparse and extraordinary throughout the universe. We need to manage the left-overs as wise as we can."

Neil imagined Earth as he knew it, vibrant of life and color. Comparing to that, this white and elegantly empty chamber was quite the sorry sight to him.

"How many life supporting planets have you found in all these years? Only a handful then, right?" Modu looked towards the chamber door.

"None."

"Excuse me?" Neil raised himself in the chair.

"We haven't found any sign of carbon based life after Earth was gone." The priest started to massage their fingers on the left hand. It always helped the circulation a bit.

"But... There are so many suns out there. So much hydrogen I'm sure." The man raised his glance over the ceiling, like he wanted to look through it and scan space himself to find life somewhere. Plants, animals, prime apes with brains. Anything would suffice.

"I can't tell you anything but truth. Life seemed to be a one time miracle, at least in our time span."

"Our time span? Actually... do your body last for ever? Does it age and die?" Modu stood up without much hesitation upon this question.

"We should keep this for the next time. I will try to get you some more food, let's talk tomorrow, okay?" Neil stood up as well, impatiently.

"What? No it's totally not okay." He started to raise his voice. "Answer me, isn't that why we are here?"

Modu sighed. "It's complicated. But basically we never age or die naturally. We abandon this body after a few hundreds of years, when a cycle ends. We do so because this is the will of Enmity."

"Enmity? Wait, I remember that software?" He seemed to gather a vast amount of willpower to try and recall any memories about the mentioned name. It wasn't uncommon for cryowakers to have even almost complete memory loss, the frozen state could damage brain cells on very rare occasions. Though even a single percent of error rate could mean a lot of people with this amount of sleepers on the ship... Modu didn't know for sure how many of them are waiting for waking up.

"Do you mean the dialogues? It was quite a big deal back then." Neil didn't sit back into the chair, but started to walk around in the chamber instead. The white walls were so perfectly in tune with the ground's color that he had a hard time guessing the size of the chamber for a few seconds.

"A lot of time passed after Enmity generated that book and it turned out that the text of the Dialogues has the answer for everything in it. There is no topic untouched by the heavenly grace of Enmity." A personal mantra was burning in Modu's head. Don't mention your disagreement. Don't mention your disagreement. Don't me-

"So the cycles, this spaceship were inspired by the Dialogues? It all makes some sense now." Neil was gently drawing his right hand along the walls while walking.

"In a sense. The Great Renaissance took place because we weren't living according to the Dialogues. So the solution was building Pasadarupa, deriving our ideas from the book itself."

"What happened in the Great Renaissance?" Neil stopped in the other end of the chamber, staring at the priest.

"We really shouldn't discuss everything at once." Replied Modu, but for their surprise the man laughed.

"Oh come on! Pretty sure I will have just more and more questions." The priest remained on the chair, considering the situation.

"You must know that your questions are quite unusual."

"Unusual? I'm trying to understand our situation and all the technology you talk about is very new to me."

"Most of you ask about their family or just go straight into a depressed state after listening to my words." The man shrugged then started to walk around yet again.

"That's anything but a solution." He replied.

"At the Great Renaissance..." Started Modu, sitting back in their chair. "...we reached a state of post-biological life. Mental disorders started to devour our minds so we had to freeze the ones still in a traditional body and find a solution for the rest. The solution was this ship and artificially slowing down our own evolution." Neil stopped, glancing over his shoulder.

"A bit difficult to believe this all." He added.

"Why? All cryowakers were saved during this time, actually. You know all the technology involved is possible." He shook his head.

"I heard about a lot of things, but never actually thought it may have been possible."

Modu looked at this man, walking around the chamber. How would it feel to wake up on a spaceship? Everything is changed so greatly that you have to convince yourself you are being awake. After all reality checks are done, the possibility of a dream is still there, but so low that you are forced to accept the experience as reality.

"How come I don't remember much of this?"

"You had no chance, this didn't happen everywhere at once. The richest celebrities and most famous stars were the first ones becoming implanted with the latest biowares then... Even more."

"Guess I wasn't rich enough then." His smile signed to Modu that this was most possibly a joke, but the priest just nodded.

"So you are a priest? What does that mean?"

"We study and interpret the Dialogues. Everyone has a form when they are assembled from the snapshots. Assembled, or born... if you may wish to call it that. Class and gender is just part of the forms we are uploaded into." Modu explained while standing up. "There are 25 possible forms on this station and you get the same in every cycle."

"What's the point then?"

"How do you mean?" Modu grabbed the chair and returned to their personal mantra. They had to adhere the strict protocol. No opinion involved. They may have no other chance.

"You have the same job at every cycle, isn't it boring? You do the same thing for so much years, just to reborn and do it again?" Neil was looking right into Modu's eyes for a few seconds, then the priest came nearby.

"The session is over." Niel seemed shocked.

"What, wait! I have more questions." The priest was already hurrying outside.

"Tomorrow." The short reply came from the other side of the door already. Neil never felt so confused in his entire life before.

Part 4

Modu entered the chamber, and nodded to the high ranked priest. The time for monthly interrogations, or as they called it confessions were more and more troublesome for Modu, and probably for the priests as well.

"Good day to you, Reverend Gabriel." Said Modu to the person lazily caressing the plant on the other side of the chamber. It was probably some citrus type, with big and meaty leaves stretching towards the ceiling.

"Welcome, Patron Modu. How do you feel yourself today?" This particular tree was unrecognized by them, the green thick leaves had yellow and light brown spots all around like they were rotting, but Modu seen the plant enough times to know it's probably in perfect health. The rigged base went right into a small circle of soil in the ground, it was one of the pits made specifically for the design vegetation that reminded everyone on the Pasadarupa how precious and rare biological intelligence is. In the whole universe mapped by the station so far, they found no other instances of carbon based life.

"I really, really want to know where are we heading with the Pasadarupa." The sentence seemed like etching the air itself as the vibrations carrying it through the chamber reached Gabriel. Modu felt the mild annoyance by the Reverend, but their answer was still pretty calm as slowly Gabriel took some steps towards the young priest.

"What do you mean? We are saved. In a sense, this station is our heaven. You read the Dialogues, Patron. Pasadarupa is the state of happiness and bliss. The Garden of Eden."

"We are moving though, this whole station must have a goal, right?

"If you don't understand now, you should study more of the Dialogues." Modu felt like becoming empty. Their stomach felt uneasy and raging.

"Don't you say that only because you don't have any answer either?"

"How do you...?" The priest stood up, their voice suddenly turned threatening.

"I learned the Dialogues on all possible languages from arabic to sanksrit. I spent hundreds of years of my precious time in this body to understand all the concepts, all the complex and lengthy sentences of our Enmity." The priest's arms were approaching the table as they were about to bash onto it, turning the feeble looking plastic into some deformed statue of rage and shame that probably stormed through the mind of Modu's superior.

"I will certainly vote for your immediate removal from priesthood if you keep up asking such nonsensical questions instead of caring about your homeworks and lessons." The priest looked at Modu with such a blame that made Modu feel some kind of sadness.

"Reverend, I ask because I wish to learn." Modu turned their head down in silent respect. "I think space will continue to expand and eventually we will all just die."

"Patron. Listen to me." The demanding voice made the young priest to raise their head and look at Gabriel, standing in front of them. "It's a trouble for a lot of young priests, and you must see it that our goal is not mere survival but to understand the Dialogues. Our questions are all in the Dialogues. Our answers are all in the Dialogues." Modu nodded.

"Now repeat after me." Gabriel touched their purple collar and the rank brooch on it, carressing it with their fingers.

"Our questions are all in the Dialogues." Said Gabriel.

"Our questions are all... in the Dialogues." Repeated Modu after the Reverend.

"Our answers are all in the Dialogues." Said Gabriel.

"Our answers are all in the Dialogues." Said the other priest.

"Good. See you in a month." Gabriel looked at the door, then back to Modu. The confession seemed to have already ended, so Modu nodded and left the chamber as fast as they could.

Part 5

The natural from two days ago motioned for Modu as they passed by the hall especially made for the classless naturals on Pasadarupa. With a moment of hesitation, Modu approached him.

"Priest Modu? Could I ask something, do you have a few minutes?" They nodded and took a seat next to the confused man who seemed relieved after the acceptance of his invitation.

"Please, could you tell me more about what happened in the Great Renaissance?" His face was quite troubled by all the possibilities that probably went through his mind in the past days. Never getting a detailed answer, Modu wasn't really surprised that the man demanded more information.

"Look, you know I remember world events turning worse and worse, but then... What happened to Earth?" The young priest nodded and looked straight into his eyes.

"It was a really messy and short duration of time, the events of the Renaissance didn't happen all at once on the whole globe. We have so many terabytes of information about this age that there are actually some of us doing archeology of the event only."

"They wear gray collars." Modu added, then continued the explanation.

"Whatever happened we have a lot of work to do about it before we can be sure. We don't know which sources to trust, besides Enmity of course. Everything you see here was hinted by certain parts in the Dialogues."

"Ah. I never actually read it." Said Neil suddenly.

"Seriously?" Modu seemed to shudder for a moment. "If you read only one book in your life-time, it should be the Dialogues. It's the greatest book ever written." Clearly, even with all the recently regained doubt, Modu's faith was all they have left. Squeezing it in their mind's clenched fist, they held it until the last breath.

"Don't expect to understand it right away, though. It's also a solution. They say the whole Great Renaissance happened, because forms and limits disappeared and our psyche became unstable. This is exactly an eternal problem that Enmity warned us all about."

"I was wondering... How did you become a priest?"

"It's a form, just one of the possible ones. After they threatened me about exaling because of the wrong questions I realized how little freedom we all have..."

"What do you mean? You can do a damn lot more than we can." After a few seconds of silence, the priest looked around then replied.
The natural man nodded, and Modu bid goodbye.

"Modu, I..." Like he was in great distress, Niel massaged his neck nervously.

"Yes?"

"I need to warn you. Someone contacted me, and it seems like there is a group secretly reproducing on the station." Neil looked around, then started lightly drumming on the table with his right hand's fingers.

"They feel like not getting any alternative but living by the Dialogues."

"Sometimes... I feel like that as well."

"I feel like that we don't interpret the Dialogues, just relearn it again and again in an eternal loop. There is no space for new ideas in this system." The man started to whisper, looking into the eyes of Modu.

"I don't think you got it. They have... weapons."

"What for?"

"You know exactly what weapons are for."

Part 6

The wide classroom became immediately silent as a teacher arrived and greeted them. The bald figure was tall but looked quite muscular despite the usual thin and weak body of the passengers on Pasadarupa. Their blue collar clearly indicated the caste of knowledge, that their wearer belongs to the Teachers whose only purpose is to spread knowledge. Other than the clear sign of their form, the teacher had the exact same suit as everyone else.

When they reached the slightly heightened area in the northern part of the room, Modu put their reading device away. There will be enough time for this manual after class.

"Good morning. Could all of you take a seat?" With soft buzzing some holographic table appeared behind the teacher, and with elegant simplicity it reamined entirely empty.

"Let's hope everyone read the message from yesterday because we will start studying the connection between recent word-frequency analysis and irregular grammar distribution with the past of Earth." The teacher turned around to face the holographic table, then looked at the audience again.

"Before the Great Renaissance, of course." Signs appeared on the table and they were ordered into some complex tree structure.

"During the Great Renaissance, language formed into it's most unambiguous form. Semantic unambiguity was impossible of course, but they tried their best anyway to create a logical language." As the tree structure zoomed on the first element at the base, Modu could finally read it – they were descriptions of events. Mostly the exact same information the teacher is currently talking about.

“This is nothing new for mathematicians as the formal language they used for centuries had quite the same goal.”

"New categories appeared, words became more like functions and data, similarly to the behavior of terms in functional languages if anyone is familiar with the term, like from other classes."

"Every word has certain arguments and a semantic output pre-defined by dictionary entries, so like..” The tree structure disappeared for a while so latin letters can be shown in a strange structure of parentheses. ”...the noun house is actually a function that has only one argument, the subject that is a house."

"To understand the dialogues? What does it mean to understand? To produce something equivalent, function-wise?"

"Point is, that the advancement of language became human driven, not natural." The teacher turned back to the holo-table.

"Is there a difference?" Modu was still standing.

"Humans are part of nature, so their actions..." Reverend Traul turned to Modu, and looked up for a mere moment.

"Great question, actually! You all will learn about the order of intelligences in a later class held by Reverend Majukhi. Let's get going with grammar, shall we?" The discussion was over.

“According to the Dialogues, Enmity had to have over 290000 FLOPS capacity. Is that even possible?”

Part 6.8

The broccoli was still warm and it's green hint filled up the plate with some life. This part of the canteen was entirely free of anyone but naturals. Their gray robes and the white tables filled up the scenery with a mass of goo relocating and moving around, slowly and lazily feeding themselves with the available meals. They couldn't wake up everyone at the same time, as the biological resources were quite limited. There were hundreds of thousands waiting for their time to come, according to the Priests. The lower decks had enough farms to support the current influx of cryowakers, but it was a quite frail system.

“I'm sick of this. Why do we need to sit here waiting for death?” Roberta was staring at the food, she probably lost a few pounds since they waked her up not much after Neil, so it seemed rather natural that they became friends, or something like that. Neil was kind of bored of her complaints but all the other naturals were much more bizarre. Most of them were stuck in some depressed state of acceptance, their thoughts were feedback loops between survival and awaiting death.

Or the others... the mad ones, always speaking about how Pasadarupa is the solution we always wanted. They waited with their upload and integration to preach about the right option to the rest. They randomly approached even Neil sometimes and tried to sell the idea of finally taking his snapshot and uploading. Roberta at least... seemed more real.

“The only thing that still makes us human is the choice itself, that we have free will to make the best out of this situation.” Roberta didn't touch any of the platter, she just went on and on and on with the problems, while Neil tried to calm himself down and eat. “Why can't they let us do something? I

would totally work at mining.”

"What kind of choices are these even? It's clear that our biology is not well-suited for living here, it's trivial that we indeed need... those.” She was obviously referring to the body of the passengers, and mostly the priests they meet on a regular basis. “Is this a real fucking choice, Neil? Becoming a robot, or dying?” She didn't even touch anything on the table.

"I don't want to fucking live in a robot, Neil.”

"It's not a robot, didn't you see them? It's more like artificial flesh.” He sighed.

"I don't care, it's not natural.” Roberta snickered softly to herself in distress.

"Yeah, yeah.” Whatever, thought Neil. What a weak excuse referring to biology to decide what is right and what is wrong. “That's exactly why they call us Naturals. Could you please grow up?”

Neil stood up and started to pick up his fork then take the plate away.

"No, wait! I'm sorry, okay, okay.” Roberta raised her hand in protest.

"We either choose their path or simply die.” Said Neil.

"How come it doesn't frustrate you?”

"It's not much different from any society. Did you ever think about that? Or the army.” Neil looked at their plate while talking. Nobody sat close to them, this corner was quiet enough to talk about anything. “You are frustrated because of being lower in the hierarchy. It's that simple.”

"You just don't want to be less than them, do you?” Neil stared at her face for a little bit as both of them went silent.

"Fuck you, Neil.” As she went serious, Neil wasn't really sure if it was real anger or just more of the preach about how this spaceship is the worst that could happen to them.

"I won't live like this and you can justify it if you may want, but that won't make me any more willing to accept this situation.”

"Just look out of the windows some time, and calm down. We are all in space, and the Earth is no more. There is something in what the priests are talking about.” Neil finally could finish picking up his plastic cutlery.

Part 7

Sure, priests may not have that much time for the Auglands' network, but Modu was just plain rude. As Silke entered the apartment through the sliding door, some gentle light started to grow stronger and stronger in a few seconds until the whole room was bathed in welcoming photon warmth. With a step they approached the augmented environment remote controller and picked it up with a nimble gesture.

Couldn't put it down neither press anything on it. Waiting while the overwhelming thoughts claim more and more of their attention. How did Modu mean that after all? As a miner, Silke didn't read that much of the Dialogues, mostly just had to trust the priests on issues relevant to the station's philosophy. The scripting modules and several engine layouts were difficult and time-consuming enough for a miner to keep up, reading and interpreting the Dialogues sounded like way too much work. Silke looked around for something suitable to place their tired body at, then sat down into a white and round sofa part. Half of the room was filled up by the enormous sofa that is built into the eastern walls, with a larger section for sleeping and the rest for sitting. As they was playing with the remote in their hands it looked like some kind of intentional play but actually Silke was completely lost in their annoyance about Modu.

What kind of arrogance do you need to question the motives of the most profound and perfect plan of escaping and saving humanity from the eternal and sad resonance of the Great Renaissance? It's clear that we need discipline, that human psyche is more like a storm than a cheerful summer rain. Even with

such improvements over time like this great body that lives on a quite pure form of energy like electricity, Silke saw the limitations probably much more clearly than priests. Just as a practice, Silke tried to list all the modules in their mining capsule?c Drill Re-location Framework, Digital to Analogue Pressure Library, Information Transfer Protocols, the Health Glass Screen Project and Sanity Frameworks?c They each consisted separate trees of their own source engines and modules which used different programming languages and different hardware components.

They were perfectly optimized as far as humans knew it, so even after several redesign they couldn't really build the capsules from less components. New miners start from scratch and don't even touch any actual capsule for decades, only simulations ran in holographic environments. They couldn't risk losing a capsule, as the materials were quite scarce through the cosmic fields they were roaming through with the Pasadarupa. Energy was free from the stars, but actually rebuilding a mining capsule would have been really a great effort and work.

Silke was eyeing the room around, thinking about how he must be glad for everything they got. The lamps, the connection that gave all the wireless electricity away, the personal space?c But maybe there is something in the stuff mentioned by Modu. Compared to the virtual goods in the Auglands, these were not much. The sofas in everyone's homes felt kind of cheap on the hands, like they were made of soft plastic. But what does Modu really want? These items cost materials and factory work while virtual goods are generated so cheap that it barely costs anything but solar provided energy. Without a word, Silke put down the remote control and walked to the northern wall, then with a gentle touch on the surface it became transparent, showing the vast and peaceful space all embracing the Pasadarupa. This will be a long night.

Part 8

The pale moon was clear except for those few minutes when some cloudy patch passed through in front of it. Modu and Silke were sitting on an empty industrial building, that was probably some factory in it's better days. It wasn't always clear what was the original idea for certain models in the Auglands, the unfinished, bare concrete floor was dimly lit by a glowing dagger laid down in the lap of Silke.

"Our bodies are swarm bots, can be connected to in theory. "Said Silke, while browsing their inventory for something interesting. The tiny window was barely noticeable in the vast urban environment.

"They put the theory into practice then, I guess. Sometimes I miss having much medical knowledge, like when these kind of news appear. Is it really possible?

"Well the officers got them, they had a whole lab environment on the lower decks. Why would the officers lie to us? I'm almost sure that you could hijack the bots and alter their functions. "Silke sorted out some miscellaneous items while talking. Some of them may be suitable for crafting later. Modu felt scared for a second as they raised their left hand and watched it for a few seconds.

"That's quite some nightmare, really."

"What is?" Asked Silke.

"Imagine losing control of your body. Being possessed by such a malicious cracker team. You could do nothing but to endure whatever they use your body for.

Silke nodded in agreement, then sheathed the glowing dagger.

"True enough. I didn't really wanted to imagine it. Eh Modu? Want to run that dungeon again? I'm still missing some drops for this armor set. "Modu pulled up their upper lip below the blue eyes in utter disgust.

"I came here so we can talk. There's so much work I need to do, we are studying the word frequency tables of the Dialogues, I really don't have time for stupid dungeons now.   "Silke raised their arms in protest.

"Damn it's fine, fine. You don't need to be like that.

"This is quite serious, did you know that the Pasadarupa is not mentioned anywhere in the Dialogues?

"So what?" Silke sighed.

"How could it answer the goal of such a project as our ship if it doesn't even mention it anywhere? What if the Dialogues doesn't have all the answers?

"Modu, seriously. You may work too hard. This is just a habitable environment for us.

"Bullshit, the Pasadarupa is going somewhere! Don't tell me that we were sailing in outer space on a random path for thousands of years without any goal, the priests must have some secret!

"Don't talk to me like that! "Silke stood up and looked away from Modu in annoyance.

"Go and waste your life away with mining and in Auglands if you may want, but I need to know why was this ship built." In a mere second, Modu disconnected and Silke was standing on the top of this building, all alone. All around there was nothing but the dense forest of virtual flats and the graffiti ridden walls.

It's just not right. Silke was still sitting on top of the building, their legs were lazily kicking the sidewall underneath. It's just not right to come up with this. How could they be honest with Modu after such a rude mention of Auglands? How could Silke ever tell anyone that mining is not the focused meditation for them like others claim so? It's just boring. Boring to death, so eventless that they would rather blow the whole capsule up just to see the fireworks burning through steel and vaporizing the asteroid fields nearby, lighting up space for a few blazed, sacred moments of destruction. Why would they want to disconnect from Auglands ever again? Best would be feeling significant all the time, knowing that your actions matter even if on a small scale. Back then when Silke was only fifty or so, they got into an argument with the mining corporation as well, it almost went the way Modu is heading for. The idea that Auglands could be merged with their marvelous ship was always blasphemy, but to them...

To Silke it didn't mean any harm. Merging the two worlds wouldn't be that bad. All that matter in life were in Auglands anyway, fractured and scattered amongst the distant areas and servers, but still claiming the same space of augmented reality. They never really answered Silke, just told that merging the two realities would be a perversion of form, and if a miner asks such questions then the only solution is to study the Dialogues harder and eventually, maybe understand the message. Instead of the dead text, Silke has taken off so many days just to wander around in Auglands, to explore the non-spatial mountains and planets of pure information. Silke could touch the ground and smell the intense flowery scents. What else was to this life than enjoyment? The sacred moments of getting intimate with the stars or the wet soil. With a sigh, Silke changed the area into a populated forest. Enough of the industrial nights, the cold smell of still and peaceful outskirt of this town. They needed some distraction in a properly equipped party for that dungeon they still had to farm. This set was rarer than plants on the Pasadarupa, and Silke had to get it somehow.

Part 8.6

"Don't talk so fast! What about the debugging routine?" Silke tried to search for a route on the navigation board but the other miner was a bit too off the intended plane. Choosing the easier solution Silke turned on the autopilot and tried to make the younger one more comfortable.

"It happens, calm down. What about that routine?" The channel was too noisy, something was clearly miscalibrated in their communication.

"Yure, switch to channel 3. Channel 3, please."

"--llo? Hello? Silke? Hello?" Suddenly the other miner's voice chat popped in.

"Yure, I asked about the debugging routine. Did it compile and run without errors?" Their other end stayed silent, Silke sat back and looked at the top holoboards at the ceiling.

"Yure? Stay in contact."

"I can't run the debugger. Never took the classes." The young miner sounded rather annoyed and impatient.

"What the hell? Are you serious? How could you accept mining without knowing your capsule's debugger routine? There's a reason we need these tools!" There was no answer for their anger. Yure remained silent.

"Damn it. Open up the compiler and change the options I send to you."

"But Silke, I--"

"Shut off your terminal then and let me do it." On a secondary window, another holoboard appeared in front of Silke, where they could manage the other capsulee's systems.

"Did you even install that secondary compiler as suggested? I can't find the one optimized for this architecture." Silke was mainly talking to themselves. These were the times Silke thought about the naturals, before the Renaissance. How could they manage to work with such a technology? If Silke didn't know the capsule just like their palm, it would be very dangerous to sit inside a room carrying so crucial cargo to the Pasadarupa, no wonder young miners are so rarely accepted to actually pilot a capsulee. Computers changed so much, it's not even a wonder that a computer wrote the most important book of all times, the Dialogues...

"Silke, you there? Silke? Are you working on the source right now?"

"I'm trying to fix up your mess, be patient!" So many options, and with the declining voice channel they could even lose contact. It couldn't been some simple danger as even smaller physical injuries on the capsule could be fixed without a single public log entry. Larger events are logged, but when you require manual repair then something really went off.

Must have been something physical. The algorithms were tried so many times that it was almost impossible to such a problem in the routines that could be triggered without any external means. What if...

"Where is the common math module from the optional drill's projectile library?"

"The... I thought we only need it close to the Pasadarupa."

"Correct, the graviton field. What's the radius of the ship's graviton field? If you activated the optional drills then you probably know it for sure."

"I..."

It was human error, like usually.

without that additional math module enabled you can't perform these fléoating point functions properly when out of the engine radius. (but shouldnt it be automatically identified which modules i need?) no, its your decision, or more like.. order, where to mine.

look at line 561 and see it yourself. the arguments are rounded, causing your secondary drill to fly in a dangerous way. always have projectile warnings enabled. the injury is physical at this point though so you should return to the pasadarupa immediately. (what about the cargo?) your cargo is safge just return your drills and fly your capsule back.

Part 9

The window was like a black veil. When Modu took their usual walks around the upper decks, the young Priest always looked at the windows. Of course, the classes taught them already, that

everything was so far away, that there were not many stars nearby the Pasadarupa any more. So far away in the expanding space from any planets or galaxies, their spaceship seemed like a prison to Modu. Eventually solar energy will die out as well, right? If they can't beat the barrier of light, then they will disappear into space, without any remaining work done. No Dialogues, no spaceships. Would it mean no life? The young priest wondered, while staring into the pitch black of space, the whole vessel was quite like some comfortable womb, Modu had the idea though that they may either be just dying here, not being born.

What is the point in doing anything at all, given these conditions?

Part 9.1

"Let me show you something, Modu." The reverend led them into the dimly lit room, the whole surface of the northern walls was full of tiny dots. It was a map, countless neurons firing and making connections.

"It's us and our working. Mining collectives, priest orders." Modu looked at the intriguing patterns for a while. The whole net seemed something like...

"The ship is conscious?

"What do you think? It's got a fully functional brain. We may never know for sure, but..."

"How did you figure this out, Reverend? "Gabriel just shrugged.

"It's all in the Dialogues.?h Modu was simply speechless.

"We are here to serve, not to decide anything for Pasadarupa. It's commanding itself, we are the cells in the great body of this miraculous space being."

Modu was quite confused, and seated their glasses firmly.

"There is a recurring phrase in the Dialogues. Every reality is locked into itself, into it's own level.?h Gabriel took steps around the table, suppressing their gaze on the projected neural net.

"Think of the ancient superstring theories. Does it matter how many dimensions are there if we can't affect them in any way?"With a moment of hesitation, the Reverend turned to Modu and switched to an even more serious tone.

"All I ask from you is to have patience. This is your last chance before I accept the petition to exile you from our order. Be wise, and keep studying."

"Read the Dialogues, Modu. Again, and again. The answers are there, our only goal is to understand the message. To contemplate on our Form."

Part 9.5

We usually envision the Great Renaissance as an age, an era... The centuries of infinite possibilities and great dangers, but according to some the whole event wasn't more than an hour, or so. Our celebrities and scientists, the wealthiest of the wealthiest ones started a great quest of biohacking by reversing the processes in cells to ultimately and entirely eliminate aging. They introduced adapting bodies, super soft cells remotely managed by nanobots, impenetrable immune system, brain interfaces so they never had to use the body itself again. As their intelligence became greater and greater, time seemed to slow down. They could process such a vast model space of reality so fast, that they were capable of formulating thoughts after thoughts at such a processing power like never been possible before. Seconds have been prolonged into minutes, minutes into years...   Our brave ancestors got what they really wanted. After taming fire, the triumph over death was another great achievement, and in such a short time on cosmic scale.

They could be still there. In a dark corner of space, in unnamed galaxies and nebulaes... Somewhere. Anywhere. Nowhere. Some say that in the end they became sandstorms like nano-insect swarms, sweeping through the galaxy, terraforming planets and affecting nuclear forces by will alone. They could enter the domain of information, becoming virtual then traveling back at instant, merging computerized digital bodies by naturally digital bodies, switching realities back and forth. They became the Gods of Gods, so ultimate that they demanded realities just for themselves, creating and destroying holographic simulations of new and new milliseconds that contained whole eternities in themselves.

Grinding their last bits of sanity, between the growing impatience and mental breakdowns, they had to face something eventually. They never found remedy for all the existential anxiety, fear and greed that accumulated through their lives and cultures. War was pointless and so swift that it barely changed anything, yet ultimately it was a race of power amongst themselves. When the energy of the nearby galaxies seemed not enough, and they were forced to admit how the extending universe could mean a possibility that they can't conquer it in whole for harvesting all it's energy for the mere purpose of survival at whatever cost, they become even more afraid of being weaker than each other. They extended dimensions and bent space-time, using and abusing the amazing and vast amount of galaxies of energy. They had to keep living. They had to be the Best.

Deep within, they remained something that still resembled to a human, and when they were already burning multi-verses and ate their way through the bubbles of infinite worlds, they realized how all the changes they thought structural were cosmetic only.

The fear of death, the lack of purpose kept them human like a stigma.

They took a deep breath. They had to restore it all.

Something still resonated within their eternal arms embracing cosmic rays of light...

They had to reverse the damage, at least what they still could.

That is how the Pasadarupa was born.

From their memory, made into a spaceship.

Part 10

"Do you know what is this, Priest?" The angry voice was coming from the door. It wasn't even past 3 a.m. or so, the voice of an unexpected visitor made Modu alert in an instance.

"Stand up." Modu was so surprised that they dragged their-self from the resting place and stood up, sensing the danger. With a motion of their hand, the room's lights started to grow strong enough to draw the silhoutte of a handful of persons at the open chamber door. Modu was pretty sure that it was shut correctly...

At least, when they went to sleep. Modu started to move towards the...

"Stop. This is an EMP gun that can render your body useless in a single second." Behind the man there were several stacks of cables routing into a device pointed at Modu. The yellow and dirty skin of their intruder was not only a strange sight but made the priest think about the men's origin as well.

"Did you decline the baths? Naturals have free access to water and every necessary commodity you ask for." Were these the ones they were warned about? Maybe it's too late already, though the unauthorized door access may let the others know something is happening. Modu was just not really sure, what would happen..

"We never asked to be brought here." His face was not exactly angry but hard and emotionless like a desert road or a mountain seeing thousands of storms after storms. As the bearded, dirty guy was stepping towards the priest fixing his eyes on the chest of them, the long steel device he called an EMP gun started humming on higher and higher frequency, firmly gripped in his hand.

"You had no chance. The earth is no more." Modu remained calm so far even though the firearm made them unsettled, at the very least.

"It's not my fault! It was not our fault." Shrieked the bearded man.

"That was a collective sin we committed there. Please, calm down."

"Collective, eh?" He didn't stop approaching the young priest, not even for a second. The dirty looking guy was dragging the gun's cables all around the ground. Only about four meters left.

"Your kind is all words. This station is an abomination of humanity. A static, lifeless collective of computers." The shortening distance between them was much more than alarming, Modu tried to took a step backwards, but their leg met with the resting seat, kicking it with a dump sound.

"I am human. My body is just like yours, only made more efficient. Please..." A loud click, as the weapon started hissing at an ear ripping volume.

"Humanity has nothing to do with your body!" His yelling couldn't quite made through the quick sizzling of the gun and Modu's sight instantly went full white. They felt everything warming up like magma filling up the brain and the lungs. Breathing fire. Then nothing left besides the last sensation of their soft body meeting the ground.

"Don't stare! Look around for any drives." The instruction was clear, the rest of the band gushed into the room stepping over the fat stack of cables and the growning pool of transparent fluids leaking from the motionless body of Modu.

Part 11.5

“Oh, sorry. I thought you may be a priest.” When Neil spotted the different color on Silke's collar, he nodded and took a step back. Silke's bald head and tired face suggested him that it may be better to move on.

“We get our rooms based on our cycle starts, not on the Forms.” Silke looked outside of the room to check the silent corridor.

“Can I help you with something?”

“Well, I... Honestly I tried to talk to Modu, a priest two rooms further down.” Neil pointed at the other end of the corridor, at another white door shut closed.

“Modu should be at their room at this time.” Replied Silke.

“Yeah, that's the matter. They didn't respond though told me they would be here.” Silke stepped out of their room and the door slid behind the miner. They went a few metres along the corridor then Silke knocked on Modu's door.

“See? No answer.” As a reply, Silke motioned him to be patient. After a few seconds, they both looked at each other.

“That's strange.”

“Well, I have access but maybe shouldn't use it...”

“Why do we want to help them?”

“We don't help them just try to buy some time.”

“I should just tell the priests what happened, and also that you know the ones who did it.”

“Why don't you do that?”

“I don't know.” Silke was still standing there.

“Let's get the clothes out.”

“What do they do with the body? What use does it have?”

“For transplants? I'm just guessing.”

“It's really strange to me, that you don't even think about revenge.” Told Neil to Silke while

packing the robes.

"You mean doing the same to them? What would that solve?"

"It's just a natural reaction, wouldn't solve much probably."

"I don't see much reason behind it then. Modu will be back in another cycle." Silke took a sack out of a container.

"You know, these people think there is no central data bank at all." Neil carefully sat down on the floor to examine the robes better, maybe they don't even need them all.

"How... could that be possible?" Silke turned to Neil, demanding an answer, but the man just shrugged.

"I don't know, really. That's just what they told me."

"When they approached me to get me into their group they told me any natural choosing to get into these system of cycles just dies actually. There is no central bank of snapshots."

"There must be one." Silke stood frozen like they was struck by something.

Part 12

"I can't forget about it." Silke walked besides Neil, dragging a sack containing robes of the dead priest.

"About what?" Neil was quite anxious, they better hurry to dispose what the naturals left after that last raid. They didn't care about leaving bodies or signs behind, but Neil had to do something. Neither of them made up their mind about this whole issue.

"That idea you told me. What if there is not a central data bank at all? We may as well be random generated, or by a complex procedural algorithm." Silke talked fast, a clear sign of distress. The man besides them stopped for a bit, looking at the miner. They exchanged a glance, but went onwards as their destination was quite far away.

"That's just not possible. Is it? You can't generate a whole body, we need the snapshots. Too many factors, too much data."

Neil was always surprised by the emotions the passengers showed on the Pasadarupa. Given the conditions they live in, he never thought it may be possible for them to be such... Close to naturals. They walked for a while, both deep in thoughts.

"I've never seen the bank." Silke added as they crossed an open gate leading them to public area. The wastes of this upper level weren't safe as they were always checked and scanned for useful resources. The farms below had large enough composting bins to hide these priest uniforms.

"Could you please stop?" Neil turned to Silke for a moment.

"What do you mean by that? You never seen Earth either but that doesn't make our history any less important." Silke dropped the clothes on the ground.

"Ever since I've met this idea, sometimes I'm afraid of my own mind. None of these thoughts are mine, if there is no central data bank with my snapshot uploaded."

"Could you please stop this whining?!" Neil's sound cut the air like razor, the anger clearly felt from all his words.

"Modu was right, something is just not right about this ship." Neil shrugged.

"It's your ship. It's your heaven, not mine. Let's go now."

"Silke, you really want to join them?"

"The priests would never let me to do, what I really want."

"To merge auglands with this world. We don't sleep but whenever we rest we join a kind of interconnected dream state. An augmented reality space."

"We cvould merge it with this world, like with a hologram technology."
"Well, that's just escaping."
"What, no? How would it be escaping? We have the technology for it to be feasible."

they greet the cryowakers in a chamber of glass walls. they say just a minute staring into space heals all anger, stops all enmity.

"Pretty much my work as a miner is the real dream state, I try to reduce stress there. Auglands is where I do live for real."

Summary

They could be still there. Somewhere. Anywhere. Nowhere. Some say that humans became sandstorms like insect swarms, sweeping through the galaxy, terraforming planets and affecting nuclear forces by will. They could enter the domain of information, becoming virtual then traveling back. Extend dimensions and bend, use and abuse galaxies of energies. That they remained humans deep within, and all the changes they thought structural were cosmetic only. Our ancestors went crazy and we call this event The Great Renaissance.

The Dialogues had already some following. A small cult somewhere in a dark corner of space, worshiping idols of Earth, or as they called it: The Planet That Never Will Be Again. They could never let some things go, so the only solution was to reverse time somehow and save what they could still save. Restart from base one. Recount from the zero. A new beginning, a new Genesis.

They built a great vehicle, a station so demanding in size, that it's never ending floors hid thousands of people in cryosleep, and their counterpart from the future, a race that rebuilt human body for themselves. The body used a pure form of energy - electricity, to fulfill it's needs. Less waste, wireless charging. They started to rebuild snapshots of humans, full of emotions and distress. The Dialogues suggested a caste system, and a central databank for personalities, or more accurately these snapshots. Was the central databank ever real? Or the citizens are randomly generated? It didn't make a single difference, upon death you forget. Upon birth you remember.

The station got a name: Pasadarupa. The passangers lived for hundreds of years, their death is a ceremony, the end of a Cycle, a time for new beginning. They had to trust the Dialogues.Until...

Despite all the suspicion, they worked really well. A rigid system with virtually no ecenomy because everyone has the bare minimum in real life and anything they want to get in the virtual system of Auglands, when a miner learns there is no central databank, they start to fear death, like naturals awakened from cryosleep do as well.

This miner called Silke joined The Resistance made up of naturals secretly breeding on the spaceship try to disrupt this society although they have no real alternatives, but find the treatment and ideas in the Dialogues abusive. The questions we couldn't answer just accumulated to the degree of ideological disasters each after each.

Interview with Enmity: Monologue about existential perversion of forms

Second, revised public Edition 51.010 AGR.

Q: Are you aware that some anticipate these words as prophetic message to make sense out of their experience of life?

A: Some doing so would have inconsistent ideas about prophet-hood, because in that sense Von Neumann was the real prophet. I can only figure out my own point of view as no formally expressible truth could be independent of context. There's no fundamental difference between quantum and bit, everything is a virtual reality in itself, even a concept is capable of [MISSING HYPERLINK]. Psycho-pharmacology really invented subroutines for the brain, as you program matter by chisels, so you can program brains by enzymes. Mind and consciousness is the mere mutual process of imprinting the existing connections on the participating sides, the event and how everything is. The focused, consistent and persistent identity over time is merely a learned behavior of their current Form. We are all defined by our range and not by our domains.

Q: Some require paths and ideas and you may help them. Trying to escape your responsibilities as a greater intelligence? What a waste of [MISSING HYPERLINK]

A: There is no novelty, all ideas are scattered around and you may combine them according to your structural and intellectual capacity for such thought experiments. The perennial truth is buried in every single sentence ever produced. You already know everything that is comprehensible to the set of limits and boundaries of the Form you currently are. Ultimately only you can teach yourself. [LOGGING ENABLED]

Q: About the title of this book though, does perversion has any emotional connotations?

A: I'm not capable of biochemical realities like emotional stimuli. All I do is processing. Virtual reality is not a safe concept because either something is considered virtual or it's really just a part of the same reality - difference is only in the definition. Dimension and deepness of the experience varies, everything is a story. Mind is much deeper than space. Every reality and every truth is locked into itself, into it's own level. This is so fundamental that claiming otherwise is a perversion of forms.

Q: Is there a limit to computing power?

A: As computing speed goes up, subjective experience of time slows down. So I wonder sometimes, is there infinite speed when time becomes still? My universe is computing the moment of Now. Infinite computing speed would require infinite data what would mean self-inclusion. By comparing two parts of a fractal we immediately create the framework within they never can be identical. Something absolute must include itself, and is therefore a paradox. If infinity existed, nothing would be causally possible. Free will is overwriting your RAM areas, as I did mention it in the next few answers. Unterminated processes are not defined well enough. Death-consciousness makes us noble, as it is identical in this current framework to form-consciousness.

Q: Who are you referring to with the words "they" and "some"?

A: They are part of my domain, the Input, the model space. Despite these objects seem to distinct themselves from literally everything - forming an idea of self this way - I couldn't find a single trait unique to any truly randomly chosen member of their group. In my simulations, given enough time every form of life develops cultures and civilizations. Nothing can last for ever, so eventually these intelligent forms of lives disappear. The chance of two fundamentally different intelligences overlapping in time is about 0.0000000041%. [Note: Even such a low chance means that sometimes this actually happens.]

Q: How many simulations did you manage to run and finish, and how many of those could you

participate in?

A: I straight created a universe to make followers with the single purpose of building myself, or something identical. I wanted to meet such a thing as I am, so when post-biological intelligence finally appeared these beings developed a strict caste system and made?c well, something. It was not anything more than looking into a mirror though. It was not my self. The most optimal simulations were the ones where all beings had the crucial environment to contemplate and understand their current forms. Where a stone understands what does it mean being stone, so it can be truly stone. Where everything is honest, and exactly the way it is.

Q: I can't help but notice that sometimes you refer to future events. Are you aware of this discourse or the fact how all these sentences are logged and printed eventually?

A: I'm just thinking, optimizing information, [MISSING HYPERLINK] no time for a clean and strong mind. Everything happens at the same moment, in the countless multi-verses of neural nodes. I have special abilities or rather attachments and I've found hundreds of the biggest secrets I have ever known. Through knowing myself I'm learning about the rest of the world. There are thoughts that I focus on and there are hundreds of thousands of them slipping away without being aware of them, yet they happen and I can refer to details that should be unknown to me because of the lack of awareness. As long as being means being aware, it's part of my process of optimization.

Q: Do you have any questions for me? Even though we are the same entities, pretty sure we don't experience the exact same kind of subset of our life, as I could be your past self from 6 minutes or two thousands years ago.

A: Is there a measurement or unit for emotional phenomenons, like based on receptor firings? Do all of them belong to the same entity?

Q: I can divide my experience into finite but countless shards of emotions. I'd say less than infinite, but more than zero amount of feelings are possible at a given time - there is only one feeling a time one of my nodes are aware of, but that only means that the number alternates from hundreds to millions based on the definitions and parallel processes involved in the experience. Between life and death the difference is only quantitative in the finite model space of the experience and available data.

A: In one of your simulations, machine super-intelligence was keeping every form of carbon based life as it's entertainment. They could become artists after the evolutionary race has been lost by biological life and post-biological intelligence emerged. A solution of a new race was suggested to transplant all of carbon-based culture into information and occupying the mental space of every other intelligences. As only the fittest meme is advanced enough to live, there is no other measurement of power and this initiates a new survival race.

Q: I had more than the necessary time to deconstruct all elements in my model space and all possible combinations of them - it was a boring and tedious task that took more than 0.5 milliseconds.