Clipboard - Angel Colony

comments

pages ∙ words

that reminded me of what Alan once said about fear and the need to take things for granted. What he described had been an extreme, a pathological need to take things for granted. For me, there were things I had to take for granted as an exercise in not noticing to clearly what my inner eye always revealed. To use my psychokinetic abilities, I had to take it for granted that my unconscious attention knew what to do. So, I can not say that it is wrong to take things for granted. Still given a choice in taking something for granted because I know what’s going on well enough to trust the outcome, or taking something for granted because looking at it to closely is frightening and overwhelming, well, I’m not very fond of being frightened and overwhelmed. It makes me violently jumpy. People have an amazing capacity for faith, but nowhere does it say that faith is intended to be unjustified. Only a con artist benefits from blind faith.

whereas an artist benefits from faith in herself—eternally struggling to justify that faith.

becoming active involves a degree of suffering. One has to bear the overwhelming contact of the universe on one’s naked understanding. One has to adjust that understanding to accommodate the truths that shake one’s foundation or that foundation will shake apart. Because the experience is intensely personal, it more often produces an artist than it does a scientist. One can turn this growth in understanding into knowledge with studied effort, but one cannot help finding it easy to turn it into technique.

I realized all of this slowly over the years.

Reservations and projects

sleepers, dampers, neural locks and leashes

psionic ratings; active, latent, geometric scale, access scale, class—order of magnitude scale

field tech; interface drive—drive core and field array, field architecture, field sail

interface navigation:

cord depth—an artificial measurement where two points are bridged through the interface, the space between those points is treated as the circumference of a displaced circle or sphere—the diameter of that sphere is used as the measure of translation depth.

angle of interface—controls point to point reference in a four-dimensional field matrix

there is nothing as dangerous as the interface between the physical and the athenal.

surface navigation:

sector quadrants—1° x 1° garc · 360° x 360° radial grid in concentric shells 1,000 light-years deep

the shock she had endured could easily scar her mind in such a way that it would shy into such a trap. The damage to her mind would evaporate with the restoration of her brain, but the memory of that trauma would be a scar that heal until confronted it and got over it. Cathy was a strong girl, though, and I expected her to pull through. She did not have to face the same challenge that a latent mind had to, since she had already overcome the biggest obstacle in the past.

you plot the displacement and shift to a position at depth. What is really happening is that you are storing a pattern in memory, and then shifting your attention to a defined graphic position. At that point you bend

scan the compressed field to confirm continuity, when you catch up with yourself imprint at the surface and wait for the displacement to collapse

we are already at two-hundred degrees of chord. That puts us outside of the sphere of our universe! You know the theory! The closest relative points are not on the same world-sheet we left

ch 7 approach at Ao

ch 6 boundaries · love and hate

albedo, mantle, umbra, aura, corona

the truth is always a searing and blinding light. It is easier to look at it through reflection on its different and constituent parts.

odd bits of reflection

a structure of four spatial dimensions derived from early twenty-first century advances in field technology. The same technology—the same manipulation of forces—that twisted the ship out of relativistic space to make interstellar travel possible.

field technology had been developed in the shadow of psionic research. The abilities which were being discovered in a growing proportion of the population had been explored and recreated while the scientific community was still scrambling to remain afloat in the upheaval. A hundred years later, I could attest, science was still behind nature.

sector quadrants (360 x 360 radial grid) on annulus shells (standard volume) by peano curve. That gives each of your sightings a wide spread. Wide enough to reveal that converged in a rough sphere of probability well outside of this quadrant. I don’t know what you are getting drawn to, but seems to outshine stars to your eyes.

[a taste of purgatory · love and hate in the ashes · a desperate ten years were dearly spent before] the mission limped unexpectedly into the neighborhood of the perfect world · remote survey, identifying it through spectral analysis, pinpoints the earth-like world as a viable home for the lost colonists

force glass did not reflect light, but I could picture myself easily enough. i was, in all, a striking collection of exotic compromises. I had to admit I had more than one strange inheritance from my Japanese-irish mother and Scottish father. Dominant and most shocking, was the distinctive blood red tint of my hair. Celtic in coloring, temper and height, but Asian in bone structure, complexion and body tone. My face was an enigma to me, but ... I had my doubts whether the total effect was what I would call attractive, but I had to admit it was unique. A high tech bodyglove covering me to the tips of my fingers and toes was molded to my body’s contour. Military fashion had adapted to space. The black and dark gray single-suit was more than a uniform. The material was a specially engineered, active force matrix that acted as level one armor—a very specialized cousin of force glass. It left little to the imagination, but on the bright side it was impossible to wrinkle and allowed an athletic freedom of movement.

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a deep blue sky glowed through the open windows. The pale wash of false dawn caressed the folds and edges of the bed and the furnishings about the room. The soft light rested gently on the sleeping form of the stranger. Her hair was a dark formless mass in the dim ambiance, but her pale features were luminous as her flesh drank in the weak light. The young woman bore a striking resemblance to the head of the estate who sat on the edge of the bed lightly brushing stray threads of the stranger’s mane back from her peaceful face. While no one on this world had ever seen her before, Anna’je’Ara was intimately familiar with this daughter of hers.

it would be difficult, to say the least, to explain her sudden appearance among the household when the rest of Taelnihayr awoke. But strangers had dropped through the interface without warning before. Anna’je’Ara, tightened her other hand on the sheet she wore draped around her and rose silently from the bed. With deft movements she drew the drapes tight over the windows to block out the early light. On whispering feet she withdrew from the room, meeting her friend and lover at the door. Vai’Aoun looked at Je’Ara carefully before escorting her to an alcove to discuss what was to be done.

“the resemblance is unmistakable, but she is aelyn. How do you plan to explain it?” Aoun, Anna’Je’Ara’s shadow, asked. Her face was a careful mask over her emotions. Aoun, standing nude, could not hide from the symmetry between her own slender and athletic body and that of the girl they had left in the bed. Anna’je’Ara frowned and turned away in silence. Aoun watched her friend’s profile for several minutes waiting before raising her hand to the lyn’s arm. “Anen...”

“like you are aelyn?” Anna’je’Ara hissed at the use of the familiar name, cutting Aoun off. She turned back and apologized to her friend with her eyes. She spoke with a sad, wry smile, “I don’t plan to explain anything, Vaon. There are no words that will make a difference in people’s minds. We broke the law. But no one in this house will dare speak what they cannot help but think. We will have a little time, at least,” Anen sighed and looked back at the closed door down the hallway. She laid a hand over Aoun’s heart. “she will have to go back through the interface. Maybe among the Terrans she will have a chance,” she mused.

Aoun folded her own hands over the Anen’s. The Terrans were alyn, male and female. Their child would not stand out like Anen would. The lyn were a much older race, identical to the younger alyn race in every way but gender, capable of both sexual and asexual reproduction within their single gender. When lyn had discovered alyn, alyn had been living as animals. Lyn had been delighted to adopt alyn and domesticate that convergent species—until the lyn as a whole realized that their pets were so genetically compatible they were actually breeding with lyn. Scores of millennia had not been sufficient to quell the outrage of that discovery.

that uproar had been nothing beside what had happened when Aoun’s kind had discovered their own compatibility with the alyn. Aoun turned her thoughts away from that with painful determination. Aoun focused back on their ill-conceived child. “there is a chance,” the shadow began thoughtfully, “we can’t escape the consequences of what we have done, but we might be able to salvage *her* at least. They cannot know exactly what she is, no matter what they will suspect. It won’t even be possible to determine what she is until she herself fully realizes it, and from what I saw tonight, she is a long way from that. That first moment was too great a shock for her. We can’t deny she’s your daughter, but there is no account of your affairs during your time among the humans...”

Anna’je’Ara did not need much encouragement to follow where her faithful shadow was leading, “and it is common knowledge that transiting the interface without a guide across such a depth as separates Anth from the aegis can cause severe mental damage or confusion. Yes, there really is no harm in recognizing her at least until her mind recovers enough to survive the passage to Ajea.” Anen leaned into her shadow and draped the sheet around them both. They held each other in silence as light filtered in through narrow windows with the gathering dawn. As of yet, they had avoided thinking of the price they must inevitably pay for exceeding the bounds of their intimate working relationship. They would die for their love. They accepted that. What they might do to protect the embodiment of that love did not bear thinking on.

her dreams struggled between chaos and oblivion. She was absently aware that she was dreaming. Her mind was a riot of memories and emotions, many conflicting and disjointing each other. Most of it did not really register as she drifted helplessly through alien landscapes of the mind warped together from bits and pieces of familiar places. The background whirled while the center of her focus remained dauntingly normal. She tried to remember what made her wake up in the dream. It was not easy to concentrate on the question and it had eluded her several times already.

clenching her teeth, she narrowed her focus, pulling her attention away from the distracting images. The dreamscape misted and grayed about her as she struggled with the evasive memory of dreaming. As her mind gathered around her query she closed her eyes and pretended that she didn't know what would happen next. She remembered being tired and a weight had settled on her like a lover. She wanted to cry because this was how it always started. An inescapable pressure plunged her body into the paths of sleep but cast her mind adrift.

merciful oblivion floated beyond her reach, an impenetrable sea. She twisted, she writhed, but every move only loosened the contours of her private universe. Every sensation became cleaner, sharper. A laser shearing through dissipating smoke as her mind flowed beyond it into the cold abyss. Searing and electric. Endless*. I know this and I know I can't escape this.* She tried to scream. Anything. Wake up. But the sound shivered across the threads of her soul—horrifying how it eclipsed the sphere of her mind—and then the brilliant sound exploded in the light of understanding, piercing her inner eye. An instant glimpse of the meaning of her scream; terror, agony, ecstasy—*av*—a word, a concept of beginning and ending and change, but the thought seemed inexpressible. Unbearable. She coiled around another scream but the echoes reached her before she could start. The echoes swallowed her. The shadows twisted and coiled about her, piercing and penetrating her. Their convolutions reduced to strands of silk. Gossamer sheets of tangled cobwebs that settle and cling to trap her ephemeral awareness. The growing weight of weave becoming sensation. A body; taunting a still waking mind’s understanding.

awakening brought it s own confusion. Listless thoughts drifted toward the last echo, and it threatened to escape her comprehension. It struck her suddenly, a sense of identity. It had been her name that had caught her attention in the dream. Then she frowned. Oddly, while it felt right, she could not remember actually ever having been called by that name. This uncertainty knotted into a kind of pain; a vain struggle to find a memory, a sense of past to attach her present awareness to. While a part of her panicked at the absence of continuity, the rest of her harkened to explore, and thus connect with world that sensation described. So she opened her eyes. Muted light seeped through the draped windows. The heavy down comforter pressed her body’s heat back on her. Av sat up and the cover slid from her shoulder to bunch up in her lap. She smiled at the warm familiarity of the room around her.

a glint sparked in her eye, and she slid powerfully from the bed, dragging away the comforter—the only covering she had needed apparently. It slid fluidly off of her and pooled on the hardwood floor unnoticed. Turning triumphantly, to see what else she recognized, she happened to catch a glimpse of herself in the picture mirror on the wall.

that is, approximately 1.267650600228 x 1030 n (newtons, or the force necessary to accelerate one kilogram at one meter per second, squared) at the low end of class three. Which translates into force capable of accelerating a mass of 1,267,650,600,228,000,000,000,000,000,000 kg at 1 m/s2

mass of earth: 5.974 x 1024 kg · 5,974,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 kg

1.267650600228 x 1030 n / 5.974 x 1024 kg = 212,194.6100148 m/s2

or 212.1946100148 km/s2

mass of sol: 1.989019404 x 1030 · 1,989,019,404,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 kg

1.267650600228 x 1030 n / 1.989019404 x 1030 kg = 0.6373244009982 m/s2