david aes \ av \source notes

*events detailed here in are possible influences in av’s life. as they appear here, they have no say on actual events. these are just ideas. those that merit real attention will be drawn out and realized elsewhere. where an idea is confirmed in actual events, it is highlighted, but otherwise unaltered. apparent order, in terms of presentation of ideas here, are only faintly suggestive of causal relaitonships. as far as av is concerned what lies herein is the stuff of dreams.*

Ninth

Having realized herself, she has suddenly come upon her inevitable trial by fire. Her will and identity will be tested—pushed beyond all mortal limits. Her destruction will be excruciating and slow as she stubbornly fights and resists the caresses of the devourer—the touch of destruction. Her desperation will cause her to make herself an abomination to her old self before she finally must realize the truth.

Avonlea is going to literally be torn apart by this story. Repeatedly. Until there is on doubt in her or our minds. She is going to become an anathema to herself before it is all torn from her. In this will occur the study of nanogenetic technology. The requirements and capabilities of cloning. The options that can be explored and conditions which turn options into necessities. The only fool proof clone method is equivalent to childbirth. Which produces a distinct individual with the exact same genetic potential as the donor. Unless the mind of the donor can be imprinted into the brain of the slip. A clone is referred to as a slip, after the practice of ceramic and porcelain casting; having come from the same mold. Accelerated growth is possible but in special cases like an exotic, only with synchronous media interface. The side effects being that the final product of mind and slip is only faintly anchored to reality. The consequences of this are illustrated in unleashed. Accelerated growth with mind imprint is better if the imprint is done before the slip is withdrawn. Withdrawal is the period where the body is reset to normal growth rates and biorythms. This is the point where instability will occur in an exotic slip. During the matrix cleaning stage where the master code is defined, modifications can be made. Since there is a high demand for interface capability, female neural interfaces are nanogenetically amended to the matrix. In the experimental race to restore avonlea to a functional body, many variations are cleaned before they achieve a perfect matrix with the required alterations. The opportunity to transfer av into the slip are lost when her cybernetic frame is demolished and her transplanted brain along with it. The matter of her reconstruction into a cyber frame is a unique process, too. Ambushed and viciously dismembered in her quarters, in front of her dragon friend, rasha--who mysteriously disappears at the same time--she is certain to die. However, the implants she has already received alerted nyon of the attack, and his team arrives with barely enough time to do a head and spine extraction on her; the only way to preserve her mind and experiences. This ordeal is excruciating for av to say the least. During this time, they manage to do a partial psyche extraction which eventually becomes the subjective base of the sense construct used on the slips that are generated in unleashed. They manage to keep her head alive and manage to grow her a frame which she uses to astonishing extent before her demise.

In being undone, there are many specific details and elements that must be well considered. Why she is effected by the disruptive elements; why she breaks with the rules she established for herself and her household in the previous volume; the exact conduct of the devourer and other key players such as kzeisza, how the transformations she undergoes affect both her and those acquainted with her, and many other real matters of consequence. Already, one part is clear. Her undoing begins as quite that. One of the first maiming blows which cripple her is in fact a combined effect of her exotic and divine natures and the demonic nature of her mauler. What maims her, destroys her attacker. Her nature is rended by her absorption of this entity. She is warped by this inclusion enough to be permanently maimed and infected with a growing debilitation to both of her high natures. Her own body becomes a battle ground for a war of etheric powers. To wit, her first blow is delivered by an entity that normally killed its host, as it possesses and digests their very being. The only she can overcome this inclusion is to embrace it from within and consume it. The part of her capable of this has long been repressed, it must be noted. She does not accomplish this until the end, when the survival of her will demands that she do so. Until then, she is hardly able to withstand the ablation of her being at the hands of other unspeakable minions. As we see.

Av, splayed out and unraveling in proportion to the sequence of her dismembering. The parts of her that are taken first are more unraveled than the last parts. A subjective image reminiscent of the portrait of mystery i clipped. Red and earth tones; parchment tint color scheme.

The previous book culminated with the approach of the devourer, and foreshadowed the promise of his touch, where she realized his function in existence, and found the first seed of acceptance with which to meet her coming challenge. The fullness of mystery is truly beginning to come to her, for here, awaits the path of destruction. She will be tested against fear of the unknown, and tested for endurance of will. Much as then, he will be like a seducer. A courting gentleman, who surprises her with his passion, and then leaves her aching for his touch. And this is how it will continue.

How strong a will does it take to withstand the rending embrace of the devourer? Beyond the threshold, only the will exists, and the devourer. (Av) faces the very undoing of her being. She will lose her flesh, her power to shift, her magic and her mysteries. When all has been laid bare by the stealing caresses of sivai, and (Av) stands naked to the soul and will, will she endure his final kiss? What are the consequences of a sensual being deprived of all capacity to touch and feel? Can she hope to survive, and will she ever know why this is happening to her?

Portents of doom. You surprise me, child. I had hoped we would have more time before it came to this. Your probation is over. You are no longer under my protection. The mysteries are dangerous, so you must take care. You may not understand what is happening to you until it is too late, on this side of the threshold. All you have is your will.

I have been watching you. I too dwell within the mysteries. You may have no fear of the unknown but you will fear me.

There are things which lurk in the shadows which even i am frightened instinctively by. Not evil, but utterly alien. My lady, can you not at least tell me what it is you wish for me to find for you? Where do i begin to look?

I know these things. They are infinitely capable of destroying her. They are very much my own minions.

I am equal to your mistress. You do not comprehend the nature of our relationship, she feeds my hunger. But, do you understand, i am hungry for you. I wish to know you as you are now, so that i may remember... So that i will know. You hunger as well.

Powerful enemies inevitably will overwhelm you. They will take the time to do the worst they can, study your weaknesses, and nail them when you least expect it.

Wounds that will not heal. A leg, torn from body and spirit, with irreparable damage.

No! Don't look at me! Don't touch me... I am maimed, how can you possibly find me appealing? I only wish to remind you of your nature. I wish to help you explore this present. You are in a position to feel what all your life you have only imagined. You never know if there will be another chance to feel tomorrow. Relearn yourself, you might come to understand why you have been made thus...

I've tried everything i know. That's why i came to you. You are telling me there is nothing you can do? Nothing but that? It feels so alien. It is so hard to shift. Its not the same... Its different. Still, i'm lucky to be alive. I wonder if i'll ever get used to this interfacing thing, though.

Not again! Never again! He knew. He knew and he said nothing! I feel so empty. I can still tell what's not there, despite the virtual sensory constructs.

I'm ready for them this time!

Why are you here. Why do you mock me? Doesn't mystery know how much trouble i am in? Please, take me back. I cannot get there now.

Your body is fighting the implants, you have not had the time you need to adjust. You are extremely fragile right now. Very vulnerable. We've never seen anything like this before. There is no deterioration or atrophy in any of the viable tissue. Its as if your body refuses to acknowledge that these parts are missing.

Where his hand caresses, what his lips kiss. The world stutters – a glimpse of nothing.

The breaking blow. Extensive burns that cripple, maim and blind her leading side. Only what remains sound can be restored. This leaves her barely more than half of a person. Nerve damage disrupts her capacity to focus, and access the threshold, or the abstract. Her intuition has lost its voice.

This isn't real! Where was i? A stim construct? Oh, gods, i forgot. I look horrible, what is happening to me? I can not live like this. I'm not only just half blind. I am mind blind! You are telling me there is nothing you can do? Nothing but that? It feels so alien. It is so hard to shift. Its not the same... Its different. There are noticeable holes in her grasp of the world at this point. Holes that frighten her remaining intuition.

Is all of this stuff necessary? I never conceived what this would be like. This reminds me of the things blanc taught me. You again.

There is what one is, and what one does. For you and i, one defines the other.

I have to try. I have to adapt. The world crumbles. She becomes completely disassociated from her environment, but cannot access any dream or threshold. It had peeled away in layers.

This body is mostly dead. A puppet of technological nature, though i am still a creature of will. If i just extend that will... There are more pronounced holes in her grasp of the world.

Do not trifle with me. Do not ask again. If the way is lost, then you must find a new way, as before, from within yourself. I can not give it to you. It would be as empty as this eye is blind. Useless. I cannot help myself, nor can you. What we are have always been drawn to each other, like lovers. Each caress could be the last, savour them. Again, the world breaks down.

The deepest cut. This time, injury will cost her her entire ability to shift. It will destroy most of her delicate body and spirit. It becomes cruel and torturous, sparing her life while whittling away at her being. The remains are grisly and her recovery is even more torturous, as she nearly gives up the will to go on. She retains the memory of her horribly sensual dismemberment, and only her rage manages to deny her the luxury of release. She is scarcely capable of assembling the world any more.

I am not remotely human anymore. How can i begin to fight back? I know there is not much left. Do what you can, i have to keep going or i will go insane. Do not leave me in this stim construct, give me something i can use in the real world. I can't tell if i am awake or asleep in here.

How long did all of this take? ...oh. Gods. Who paid for this? I thought as much. But he will not talk to me. I might as well be dead to him, i suppose.

The calm before the storm

She is getting out of tune. We need to shut this experiment down. She is too dangerous. If she starts hallucinating while her systems are on line, she could wreak havoc. She is too sensitive, she can feel when she is in a construct. We might only make things worse.

Do you understand that i am destroying you. That is what i am. You are mystery, i consume you, i restore your mystery. But i am also pleasure, and discovery, and exploration. By devouring one, i reveal the other. As i consume what is, i restore what is not. By penetrating the unknown, i unveil new frontiers, new discoveries. I am a dangerous lover.

I think i begin to see. It is twisted, but clear enough. A paradox, but of intent and action. I am willing to fight, i am not about to quit. I dare you to destroy me. But i warn you, there is far more to me than even you suspect.

It is not flesh. My will, my spirit cannot make use of it, and it interferes with my equilibrium to even consider attempting to shift. However, i can thread myself along the virtual senses. Thread my will into the machine, like i was threading it into the matrix. I can almost use the magic that i created. It is almost psychic, rather than magical. This is the only thing my intuition works with anymore.

I am the bird! This extension through the plane works better than i had anticipated. When it transmodes, it is almost like being able to shift! My mind and spirit are still quite adept at this. I am ten times more efficient in this mode than even the best trained interface pilots. I've got the instinct for this kind of thing!

She has found release through a combat machine. She is adapting far better than anyone could have ever anticipated. It is the first time i've seen her happy, or care free, since this all began. She is also using the matrix rather extensively. Kzeisza is even acknowledging her again. She seems to have recovered most of her strength of will, her magnitude. She is mixing her experience within a technical machine with her recall of magic and organic functions.

She has regained her edge. She has made herself equal to her affliction. She is going after a cause. She is taking the fight home to the enemy. What are you talking about? Her psyche profile. Her dreams are building toward a confrontation. She is indifferent to her accomplishments, and she is becoming indifferent to her condition.

Overconfidence – she comes up against the worst odds. Overwhelmed and outnumbered, she is whittled down, from phoenix fighter, to combat armor, to cyberframe. The final blow is shattering. A death blow which pulverizes her residual organics. It cripples her spirit, and sling-shots it into the fringe of the threshold.

No more toys. No more games. No more body, no more machine. Soon, no more dream. I can take away what you believe yourself to be. Make you an absolute mystery, even to yourself. But, he cannot take away her will. Once he has taken everything else away, that remains, and that is enough. If she has the will to remember herself as a particular thing. The will to recall her experiences. To choose to find herself. She takes from him his final kiss...

I recalled far more than i thought i would be free to. I understand it, but i want to continue with what i had. I can stand on my own, but i cannot leave behind what i stood for. I want to see what could have happened next if i had an opportunity for this or that. I can love you now sivai. Now, we can be lovers. Or at least compatible parts.

Tenth

Nature abhors a void. The paf has similar sentiments. The death of avonlea—following the revolutionary work and development inspired by her complex biological nature—creates a vacancy which must be filled. The consequences of growing clones and genetically re-engineered variants from the matrix taken from avonlea lead to a startling transformation of her avatarhood. As the experimentation proceeds, a strange phenomenon is revealed. Each of these slips created from her genes and conditioned with her memories and experiences begins to assume aspects of her personality and nature. Unexpectedly, the divine spirit and soul of avonlea, her essence, embraces each of her images—even though she herself is, well, dead. And each of these reflections must come to terms with being distorted reflections of this unknown avonlea. Each must struggle with the legacy of self destructiveness that is also part of avonlea's nature.

An opportune beginning of the book is the introduction of one of the important characters long acquainted with av, aware of the reasons why she was not retrievable, and believing her to be dead, with the first successfully withdrawn slip. It is a meting of a stranger with a familiar face. Quite a shocker. The task of this story is to emphasize that this is not avonlea. This individual is confronted with having to learn what avonlea was, both in body, spirit, and the world. As more of the slips are withdrawn, they turn to her for guidance in dealing with the subconscious afterimages of avonlea they were imprinted with

Eleventh

Though still astonishing and disturbing, it is no longer a mystery; what the shades of avonlea have become. Rare. Unusual. Avonlea, in a score of bodies, and yet somehow of one mind, seems almost resurrected. The legacy of her memories, her spirit and her flesh unleashed from the constraints of one form. Which seemed wondrous and fine, until the experiment which created them produced the individual her recreators idealized. The perfect embodiment of the potential that avonlea herself only hinted at, in the flesh. But the question comes: how many individuals can represent the same spirit, the same soul; the same personality? How can twisted images of avonlea compare to this perfect vision? How can they bear to live with her, even knowing that all of them are of one mind?

even as she, this new imprint exotic metamorph, struggles along with her artificed twins to find her own identity in the face of the 'real' world, she too must confront the legacy of their predecessor. Before she realizes that it is happening, she embraces her smoldering fascination with kzeisza. Unable to discern if this is her fascination or the compulsion of avonlea's memories, she is quickly lost. She—a phoenix risen from her own ashes—would trade her physical immortality to embrace the essence of the dragon. He would for the first time come to know true love—a thing most unprecedented. And nothing but chaos, or madness, can result.

Twelfth

Into the abyss. Or abyss. Avonlea and morgan the younger have moved beyond the sphere of closed realms and embarked on a journey across the thresholds of time, space and alternity. These two fragile, mortal godlings must dance lightly along the impossible margin, as many things surround them which at times have sought actively to destroy each of them. Morgan, the product of an unholy fusion of science and magic, is more demon than divine. Av having crossed so far from her native birth, seeks to find a way to reclaim her soul for herself or prove that she was mystery all along.

Thirteenth

Kidnapping the clone. Because of her divine nature, her clones are a potential danger. Nineteen years have passed since her death. Avonlea seeks out one of her first clones, the one that grew from infancy in real time (the literal first successful clone.) In light of my decision to work on avonlea, a more direct examination of av than is possible in the light of nexus, this is the feature of another spotlight. The focus for this note, though is the exploration of the self taken to an external angle. It is a work on its own. The main point being that av transcended her personal death to return to where she was dead and confront the living progeny of her self. This is the first time she physically returns to nexus after her death. In unfathomed she and abyss move entirely outside of nexus, and in unresolved her phoenix slip is the actual character involved.

In this book, avonlea is allowed to slip free of me to a degree by allowing her slip to go free. The part of her that sets her free is the part that frees her as well. Whatever avonlea is outside of myself joins her replica, who has, like her, examined the avonlea architecture trying to find a place in it for herself, and in the end chooses to pursue her own existence. Which is the only way for avonlea to leave me.