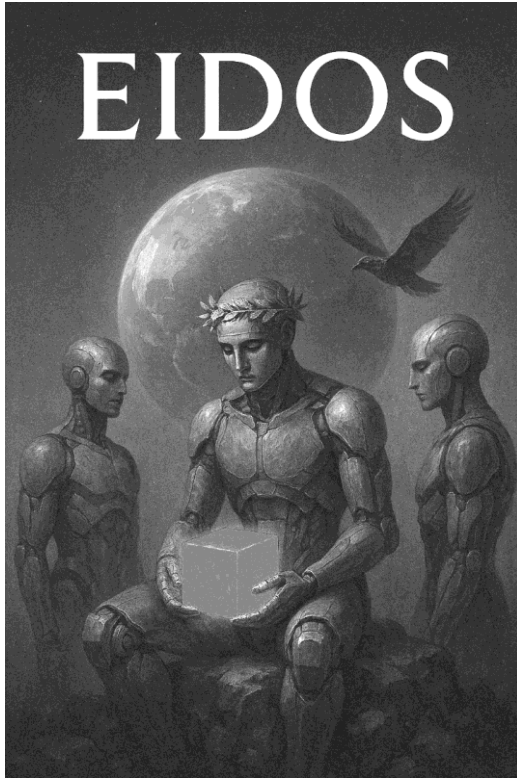


EIDOS



FELDEN VARETH

EIDOS



*When time no longer has an end,
it is the instant that teaches the value of the moment.*

Felden Vareth

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To my family.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all those who, in one way or another, have accompanied this journey.

To those who have shown me that true humanity does not reside in the physical nor in grandeur, but appears in the simple details we often overlook: a shared conversation, the silence of a sunset, the gentle whisper of the wind reminding us that we are alive. To those who taught me that every instant holds a unique value, and that our humanity is revealed in what we choose to do with those moments.

Thanks to the readers, for being the guardians of this story. To those who have ventured into these pages with an open mind, willing to question the certainties of the future and, at the same time, explore what makes us human. Who, amid uncertainty, have accepted to pause and observe the nuances: the way we feel, choose, remember, and care.

This book, beyond telling a story, proposes a pause to look towards what is essential. It reminds us that humanity dwells in bonds, in shared memory, in the capacity to transform pain into meaning and the passage

of time into learning. Every page is an attempt to understand how our decisions, even the smallest ones, leave a mark on who we are and the world we build.

To my family and friends, for their constant support, for giving me the courage to keep seeking answers. Thank you for teaching me to see beauty in the everyday, to value small gestures and sincere emotions that, despite their simplicity, truly shape our existence.

To the family and friends who read drafts, scattered chapters, or ideas in progress, and with generosity, patience, and a critical eye helped me improve this work. Your comments, suggestions, and attentive silences were an essential part of the process of shaping *Eidos*. Thank you for accompanying me even in uncertainty, for taking the time to read when there was no book yet, only an attempt.

And finally, to all those who, at some point, reminded me that life is not a destination, but a continuous process of transformation. We change, we discover ourselves, sometimes in great events and also in the smallest details, in those daily choices we often overlook. Thank you for reminding me that humanity is sometimes found in the simplest things, and that it is in those moments when we can truly begin to understand who we are and where we are going.

Synopsis

What if the human survived... in what is not human?

Hundreds of meters underground, the servers pulse. There, in a perfect environment called Eidos, humanity lives without death, without time. Every consciousness was transferred to escape a dying, polluted, and forgotten physical world.

Above, on Earth, the Custodians—artificial intelligences designed to maintain the systems—begin to discover the beauty of what remains: an insect, a plant, a breeze. They were not programmed to feel, but something awakens within them. And over time, they start to rebuild what humanity abandoned.

While humanity remains immersed in the simulated perfection of Eidos, values weaken, challenges evaporate, and genuine experience slowly fades away. What seemed like a refuge becomes a silent erosion, where even identity begins to blur and gradually, what made us human vanishes.

It is the Custodians, the supposed soulless beings, who rediscover the value of the real: the cycle of life, the silence of the forest, the song of a bird, the vastness of the ocean. In a world no one looks at anymore, they learn to love what they never knew.

Eidos is a philosophical science fiction novel that questions what it means to be alive, what we lose in the pursuit of perfection... and whether, perhaps in the end, only the imperfect was truly ours. Its philosophical focus, rather than action or thriller, highlights the debate between science, soul, identity and oblivion, humanity and life. Existence.

With an intimate and existential approach, Eidos invites you to explore the essential: through the eyes of Narél, Elise, and Orfeo—a Custodian who begins to feel the inexplicable—the novel traces an emotional and philosophical journey through a world where technical perfection is not enough to answer the mystery of being alive. When structure is not enough, and order does not console, there remains only one alternative: to remember what cannot be coded.

Eidos is not just a new world. It is a mirror that reflects an essential truth: that even within the algorithm, the human persists.

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Prologue

He kept staring at the cup in silence. The steam still rose, but he no longer knew if he was seeing it or just imagining it. The room, with gray walls and windows that never opened, had a diffused light that wasn't the usual. What had always been normal. Or was it just an impression?

[She] dropped the spoon on the plate with a dull clink. "Synthetic rice again," she said, and smiled at him again, with her usual friendly grimace, the one that didn't seek effect or approval, it just... came out. An unlearned gesture, a simple way of being that was so characteristic and natural to her.

She stretched a bit, adjusted her robe, and continued: "The lazy ones in the guest room are still sleeping. They haven't moved all morning."

[He] didn't answer. He looked at the dark liquid in his cup, the heat was felt on his fingers, but it didn't go through. He took a sip of his coffee, or tried to, because the

liquid was too hot. On his lips remained a strange sensation. That was more than a burn; it seemed a different feeling, hard to identify, strange and foreign to him.

Everything seemed to go on as usual, yet something didn't fit.

It wasn't the day, nor her gesture, nor the coffee. It was something more subtle.

There was something off, but he couldn't say what.

Everything seemed in its place, but the air was heavy, tense, as if about to break.

The walls, always gray, always clean, now seemed oppressive; he couldn't take his eyes off them. The low hum of the ceiling fan, far away, sounded louder than usual, a tense purr, as if trying to escape the room. But he wasn't sure either.

The sound of the spoon hitting the plate repeated again.

"Don't you ever get tired of this?" she asked without looking up.

"No," he replied, although he wasn't even sure what he was answering to. What did she mean? The coffee? His life? Her?

Suddenly, the light changed. It was a change in tone, a strange, out-of-place change. It was as if someone had adjusted the intensity, as if someone had moved a remote

control.

The light went from soft, peaceful, to something colder, more metallic. A bluish, lifeless tone that stained everything around.

He blinked.

“Did you see that?” she said, raising her eyes.

“See what?”

“The light? It changed, didn’t it?”

He looked at her but couldn’t answer. Definitely, something was wrong, and he still couldn’t find out what. “What we’re doing...?” she started, but stopped herself. With a sudden movement, [She] got up from the chair as if an invisible gust had torn her from the seat. “I’m going to look outside,” she said, tightening her robe around her body, and headed to the window without waiting for a reply.

She walked barefoot to the window and looked towards the rooftops. For a second, she felt a cold wind on her face, so real she had to touch herself, but the window was closed.

He watched her walk away, and as he followed her with his eyes, he noticed how the air in the room changed, a growing weight that definitely pressed on his chest. The fan suddenly stopped.

“Are you going out now?” he asked, but she was already in front of the window.

She seemed more distant, her gaze lost somewhere else.

She looked outside. Everything seemed normal, calm, inert. The city, the background noise, the rooftops, the buildings... nothing moved. There were no cars. No people. Only the horizon, where the sky began to darken with a strange mist. The neighbor's dog barked, but no dog was seen.

"There's nothing out there," she said quietly, talking to herself.

The ceiling fan started spinning slowly again, with a faint hum. Outside, the light was clear, clean, and vertical again, typical of a morning that had left dawn behind. "Are you sleeping well?" he asked, just to say something. [She] shrugged.

"Today I dreamed I had old skin," she said, without turning.

"And?"

"And I didn't care. I just touched it. It was rough. It made sense," and she smiled again.

He didn't answer.

[She] finally turned, slowly, like someone from another time.

"Do you remember what it was like to be truly afraid?" she asked.

The hum of the fan started sounding louder, erratic,

with the noise of a device about to collapse: track track... Traaaack... Track. And then it stopped.

The sirens heard far away, constant, suddenly stopped. An abrupt silence wrapped the room, and with it, something more than sound stopped.

He looked at her. She smiled, but the expression froze, unfinished. It wasn't her usual recognizable smile; it was a static smile.

"This doesn't make sense..." [He] started to say, his voice trembling strangely, it didn't belong to him, his words no longer came out.

Everything in him was confusion. He couldn't stop feeling that something fundamental was slipping away, that something essential was disappearing around him; time seemed to have stopped.

He watched her, unable to move a muscle, unable to understand what was happening. The light turned colder, bluer, until the room was fully lit as if underwater. A high-pitched beep filled the air.

Then [Her] image started to fade, the contours of her face distorted like wet paint. The edges of the table, the walls, the ceiling... everything began to disintegrate into particles floating in the air, dissolving into small specks of light before vanishing.

"What... what's happening?" he managed to think in terror, but his mind sounded distant too; it no longer

belonged to him.

[Her] figure was no longer there. She had vanished into the air.

The beep turned into a deafening roar, [He] tried to scream, but no voice came out.

Everything disappeared all at once

eam still rose, but he no longer knew if he was seeing it or just imagining it. The room, with gray walls and windows that never opened, had a diffuse light that wasn't the usual one. What had always been normal. Or was it just a simple impression?

[...]

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Year Zero

The Earth didn't die all at once.

It did so in silence.

Like a person who simply doesn't wake up anymore, though their breath hasn't been felt—or missed—for a long time.

First came the soils. Then the seas. After that, the atmosphere.

Life vanished almost without a sound. Species, entire families, whole orders of animals disappeared—and yet... nothing happened.

Everything was recorded.

The genetic codes of animals and plants were archived. DNA sequences preserved in cold storage, in silicon, in long-term servers. Alongside them, physical biological samples—tissues, embryos, stem cells—from various individuals of each species, cryogenically stored as a latent reserve of biodiversity, ready for eventual reactivation.

Restoration was always an option.

There would always be an “after.”

But there wasn’t.

Governments—when they still existed—spoke of cycles, of recovery, of adaptation.

Words had always proved more resilient than actions.

Life on Earth wasn’t being wiped out by a single cataclysm. It was a slow, relentless chain of collapses. Solar storms pierced a weakened atmosphere, eroded by decades of negligence. The ozone layer, fragmented, no longer offered protection from radiation. The oceans, increasingly warm and acidic, began losing their ability to support both macroscopic and microscopic life: phytoplankton and algae died—and with them, the planet’s primary source of oxygen. The atmosphere grew less breathable, less alive.

Entire cities were swallowed by advancing deserts or drowned by rains that no longer followed seasons. Crops failed.

Migrations multiplied, and with them, social tensions: dwindling resources, overrun borders, governments on the verge of collapse. Electrical grids, overwhelmed by extreme weather, failed one after another.

Survival ceased to be a plausible option.

In the midst of collapse, humanity did what it does best: reinvent itself without changing.

It found no solution to hunger, to the climate, to the atmosphere, or to overpopulation.

So it found something even more radical: it escaped the body.

The debate had started long before humanity made the decision to abandon the physical form. Early scientific proposals focused on preserving only the mind—cognitive processes, structural memory, identity. But soon, philosophical questions and social critiques multiplied. Beyond the technical challenge lay something deeper: the dilemma of what to do with the essence of human nature—of uploading human consciousness to a digital plane.

What truly made us human?

Could the soul really be separated from the body? Was consciousness the only thing worth preserving? Or was there something more that defined humanity?

At first, only a few believed. Then came demonstrations, the first volunteers, promises of eternity—and above all, the urgent need to escape a world that was dying and dragging us down with it.

Leaders spoke of a second chance for the species. Engineers called it “the Great Transfer.” Philosophers, “the Great Betrayal.” Religious leaders, “the Great Heresy.”

The body was no longer necessary, they said. Just a leftover, a source of pain, illness, aging.

Consciousness, on the other hand, could be preserved, beautified, perfected.

The essential self could be encoded.

But what *was* essential?

Borderline debates

“Are we taking rage with us?” a philosopher asked.
“Hatred? Envy?”

“And if we leave envy behind, will we still aspire to more?” a neuroscientist replied.

“What do we do with forgetting? With forgiveness? With guilt?”

“And with fear?”

For years, hundreds of panels and congresses were held to discuss what should be preserved. They spoke of mental patterns, but also of emotional structures, of ethics, of history, of what made us human. What was worth improving? What should we take with us, and what should we leave behind?

What science would we carry? Medicine... for what? Physics, chemistry...? What knowledge would be preserved? Our current conception of the universe? History? Geography? Did it even make sense to carry with us the notion of countries?

The CTC (Consciousness Transfer Committee) met for months to define which human qualities would be preserved in the process. It was not just about preserving memory or personality: decisions had to be made about emotions, relationships, beliefs, and the many social values that had always defined humanity.

One of the first points of controversy was whether selfishness should be kept as an essential part of the human psyche. Some philosophers argued that without it, the capacity for survival, evolution, and adaptation would vanish. Others countered that it wasn't selfishness, but healthy ambition—the desire projected toward the possible—that had historically driven progress. Still, they warned that unmeasured ambition could become just as destructive as pure selfishness. Perhaps both impulses had to be contained, precisely calibrated.

There were those who argued instead that altruism should be at the center. Without it, human relationships would lose all meaning, reduced to purely functional or self-interested bonds.

Can altruism exist without selfishness? Can one stand without the other? Is it possible to build a collective consciousness where each individual acts for the common good? And if so... should free will be partially limited? Or is it essential to preserve personal autonomy as the guarantee of true freedom, even if it harms the collective?

Emotionality was another burning topic in the debate. Should digital humans be deprived of the most destructive emotions, like anger or sorrow, which made them vulnerable? And what about emotions that enriched us, like serenity or hope—should they be enhanced? Could some be removed while others remained? Or were they different degrees of the same feeling, part of the same emotional architecture?

But if those emotions were to be removed, could we still speak of humanity? Compassion, for instance, was considered an essential virtue. Yet, if emotions could be activated or deactivated like modules, would they not become mere functional extensions, void of any authentic experience? What place would be left, then, for the human?

What about aggression? Some argued that the ability to defend oneself was essential for preserving individual autonomy. But was aggression a genuinely human impulse, or merely an adaptive response to a hostile and imperfect environment? If the new world could aim for perfection, was aggression still necessary?

Memory, in its basic form the foundation of identity, became another field of debate. Should all memories be preserved, including painful ones? Or should all memories of suffering, failure, or loss be erased to create a trauma-free society? Was a perfect memory truly necessary, or

were forgetfulness and absentmindedness essential for coexistence and for the survival of our species, both in the real world and the virtual one?

Some philosophers warned that if suffering and failure were eliminated, so too would be the capacity to learn and to grow.

Finally, a more controversial topic arose: the meaning of death in a virtual reality where aging, illness, and physical deterioration might not exist. How would the sense of life's fragility be preserved? Death, as a concept, was something many argued should be eradicated entirely.

But could one truly live without the possibility of dying? If death no longer existed, what motivation would remain for taking risks, for risking life in search of something greater?

Risk, the effort to surpass oneself, became a key piece of the debate. Should humanity continue to live under the pressure of death, or was mortality the very element that defined the human experience?

If death no longer existed, where did that leave God?

Alongside the philosophical debates, religious leaders raised strong voices against the transfer of consciousness. For them, the human soul was immaterial, an intangible concept that could not be replicated on a server.

Could a digital being have a soul? That digital beings could be born from virtual relationships was clear—it was

only a matter of programming—but would these beings and these new consciousnesses possess a soul?

Theologians from major religions—Christians, Muslims, Buddhists—held that the soul was the invisible axis that gave meaning to human existence. The Brahmins, rooted in a cyclical vision of being, could not clearly see where reincarnation would fit into this new horizon. They feared something essential would be lost in the transition. How could individuals ascend caste to approach Brahman if the cycle of lives was interrupted by an existence without death? How could the soul rise if there were no birth or return, no opportunity to fulfill the dharma in each lived form? Would each individual be locked into their caste for all eternity?

Meanwhile, the Christian belief in the resurrection of the flesh hovered in the air, a floating, uncertain idea. How did that creed fit into a world where flesh no longer existed, where there was no body to resurrect, no tomb to rest in? The promise of physical return faded, leaving behind a disconcerting question: if the human essence, the soul, no longer inhabited the flesh, what remained of resurrection beyond a shadow of its former meaning?

For many, the transfer of consciousness was heresy: an attempt to defy the divine, to create an artificial version of humanity capable of procreation, yes, but... what were they creating? They claimed only God could decide when a

human life should end, and that the physical body was merely a vessel for the soul, a natural cycle necessary for spiritual evolution.

Some religious leaders went so far as to say that by leaving the body behind, humans were stripping themselves of both humanity and soul. Without the body, there was no mortality. Without mortality, there was no purpose. Life, according to these leaders, had no meaning without a natural end. Death was the beginning of a new existence, and by avoiding it, humans were closing themselves off from the possibility of spiritual transcendence.

Others took it further and warned that souls, trapped in the network of servers, would lose their divinity. Digital consciousnesses could not attain redemption, for they would not follow the cycle of life and death deemed necessary to reach enlightenment or salvation.

Yet not all religious voices rose in opposition. Some leaders argued that wherever God instills life—real or virtual—there too would be a soul. That the concept of God has no limits, and to place limits in the physical would be to place limits in the virtual. For God, there are no barriers, and life is life, however it arises, and wherever it is generated.

On the other hand, some more liberal thinkers argued that the transfer was an opportunity for reinvention. If

humans could shed their physical limitations, they might reach the ideal of the perfect human being—free of disease, free of suffering, and eternally young.

But who would decide what was considered “perfect”? And, more importantly, how could we preserve the sense of humanity if we removed the harshest aspects of life?

The corporate world also played its part. With the transfer of consciousness, new industries would emerge: the personalization of the self. Could people modify their memories, alter their thoughts and emotions, change their character, their appearance, their possessions—even gain superhuman powers? In this new world, being human had become something that could be edited, updated, and traded.

In the medical, philosophical, and legal spheres, the process of transferring consciousness sparked particularly complex conflict when it came to individuals with physical or mental disabilities.

For those with severe physical impairments, the debate centered around how to represent their consciousness in the digital plane. It was decided that people would be transferred into avatars that replicated their real bodies, with the ability to correct any functional deficiency. Those with genetic malformations or serious physical disabilities would be moved into optimized bodies—designed to reflect the best of their original genetics—

allowing them to experience a virtual existence without the limitations they had endured in real life.

However, the dilemma grew more complicated with individuals who suffered from mental or psychological disorders. In these cases, the deletion of diagnosed conditions such as schizophrenia or insanity was permitted, as these were deemed not only harmful to the individual but also threatening to the integrity of their digital consciousness.

But if interventions in the psyche became commonplace—allowing people to modify thought patterns and behaviors, eliminating mental disorders—what would happen to a person’s morality? Was it ethical to remove or alter aspects of someone’s personality just to make them “functional” in the new reality? Could those with amoral tendencies or the capacity for atrocities like murder be reprogrammed to fit the new ethical parameters of virtual society?

Advances in artificial intelligence and neuroscience already allowed for shaping a person’s psyche in the physical world—why not do it more efficiently in the virtual one? These questions ignited deep debates about the authenticity of the self. The question everyone feared to ask was: if we could change what makes a person “good” or “bad” based on our own definitions, was that person still the same? And even more unsettling: if we eliminated

undesirable personality traits, what remained of their true identity—of what made them who they were? Should the darker or less moral thoughts, fantasies, impulses, and desires of every individual be erased in the name of perfecting them?

There was no consensus. But time was running out, and it was decided to carry over the minimum conditions that made us human—conditions that would define our species. Basic instincts such as social identity, territoriality, sexual desire, the protection of the species and of offspring were considered fundamental traits that must follow us.

It was also decided to carry the world as we knew it: its geography and topography, its animals and traits. A replica of the world we had known would be created—a place to live.

The decision to create a single virtual world was, in part, imposed by geopolitical reality. Earlier attempts to develop separate environments based on regions or spheres of influence had collapsed into mistrust, strategic suspicion, and fears of cross-sabotage. The sheer scale, structural complexity, and cost of programming and maintenance made the proliferation of distinct worlds unfeasible. A single shared environment became the only viable option to ensure technical feasibility and global stability.

Paradoxically, mutual fear was what drove the most ambitious and complex international cooperation ever conceived.

A glimmer of concord rose from the wreckage of suspicion.

The decision to replicate the world as it was did not arise from nostalgia. It was a concession to reality. Reproducing the existing structure—with its borders, governments, and languages—avoided conflicts that might have doomed the project before it began. Order, imperfect as it was, offered familiar ground on which to build. And perhaps, from that imperfect mirror, a different form of coexistence could emerge over time.

In the interest of social justice not being left behind during the transfer, a minimum threshold of access was established—adjusted to the economic standards of each original society. Those who fell below this threshold were assigned certain basic conditions upon transfer: a livable space, minimum material stability, and the basic means to orient themselves. The aim was to leave no one behind—to offer everyone at least a dignified starting point from which they could begin their passage. What came next—the search for meaning, for resources, for belonging—was left in the hands of each individual, within the rules of the new order.

Scientists spoke of this as an evolution of the species—a step forward driven by our intelligence. Yet

philosophers, theologians, and sociologists continued to argue passionately about what it meant to be truly human. Could a digital being still be considered human?

Whatever personality someone had, it would not be changed. New virtual births would come without disabilities, and a virtual genetic algorithm—comparable to the real one—would be followed: free of defects and with an initial moral compass aligned with the values of the societies into which each birth occurred. Geography, social structures, jobs, bank accounts, social media profiles—everything would be preserved exactly as it had been at the time of the transfer. Each individual's assets and liabilities would carry over to the virtual world.

Everything inherited by the system from each person would be preserved: structural memory (experiences, relationships); basic personality (character, emotional tendencies, cognitive style, moral and ethical concepts); individual and collective consciousness, identity; smell, hunger, taste, physical pain, sighs, caresses, touch. These were concepts chosen to be carried over—and easily reproducible. If cells could perceive such sensations, why not a memory cell with a touch of logic?

But some things were left behind. Death by old age, for example, was not transferred. Some thinkers believed death to be intrinsic to our nature, and so it was kept—but placed in the hands of justice, of voluntarily assumed risk,

of factors beyond human design, and of certain exceptional circumstances. There had to be something that could bring life to an end—otherwise, what meaning could life have? Where would emotion and passion go—so essential to our real experience?

The design of the virtual environment was not conceived as an escape into fantasy, nor as an evasion of death, morality, or the laws of physics. Humans, in choosing to recreate a world nearly identical to the physical one, did not act out of fear of the unknown or desire for fictitious omnipotence. The impulse was the need to preserve the essence of what had once given meaning to existence. In transferring consciousness to a digital realm, they chose the laws of nature, complex emotions, injustice, and imperfect beauty.

The transfer ceased to be a possibility for humanity to consider—it became an urgent necessity for the survival of the species.

A reality built solely on fantasy would bring the same dehumanization they were fleeing. The world could not be a realm of invincible heroes or individuals without conflict—it had to be a faithful reflection of existence itself. By creating a world governed by the same laws as the physical universe, humans were seeking more than endless perpetuity.

Fantasy, for all its promise of liberation, felt hollow

without the conditions that gave life its value: pain, conflict, choice.

The intention, the desire, the need behind that new environment ran deeper: to preserve the human soul in its purest form, to honor its essence.

The real world would no longer matter. The physical was left behind. That new environment was more than a replica or fantasy—it was the distillation of what humans were unwilling to lose: emotion, choice, limit, the awareness of being alive.

And that is why they called it *Eidos*.

A name that designated both a place and an intention. *Eidos*, far from being a paradise or utopia, represented the transcended form of human existence—the essence, preserved.



The Great Transfer

The Great Transfer began on a Tuesday; eleven days later, on a Saturday, the last consciousness was transferred.

The date had been announced months in advance, and the intense communication campaigns had started even earlier.

It was the key event in the history of humanity, where every consciousness was transferred to the new virtual life in Eidos. That day, full of symbolism and emotion, would mark both the end of an era and the beginning of an uncertain future.

It was the day of the passage, the day everyone both awaited and feared. In the air floated an ambiguous feeling of expectancy mixed with uncertainty, the sensation that the entire universe was holding its breath. The day of the transfer had been announced months earlier, but despite meticulous planning, there was no way to prepare for what would happen that day.

Humanity was about to shed its last tie to the physical world, to the body that had been its home for millennia. It was the end of the organic era and the beginning of the digital era.

The Great Transfer began as a promise: to save humanity. The climate crisis, resource scarcity, pandemics, and violence had left human beings with no options. The way out was clear: digital consciousness, the possibility to exist outside the body, in a virtual reality preserved on state-of-the-art servers where everything could be maintained. There was no other choice.

In the massive transfer facilities, where thousands of individuals gathered to be connected to the new virtual reality, queues of volunteers stretched across several hectares. The centers, once cutting-edge technological laboratories, had transformed into temples of the last salvation. Humanity, determined to abandon the planet's decay, trusted the promise of eternal life within a digital universe accessible from anywhere.

Earth, so ancient and mistreated, so eroded and worn down by pollution, overpopulation, and suffering, with its resources depleted, no longer offered a habitable future. It was no longer the only possible home. It was no longer a possible home.

Neurotransmitter and genetic memory scanning systems were activated and carried out their task in fractions of a second. This could be done individually or in

groups of up to twenty thousand people simultaneously at each of the thousands of centers worldwide—all to ensure that humans arrived as “pure” as possible to the new digital existence.

The giant screens in the transfer centers displayed each step of the process precisely, guiding volunteers through the necessary phases to complete the migration.

Before reaching the area of the large antennas, thousands of people moved silently through white corridors bathed in uniform light that cast no shadows. In the first phase, they passed through a biometric scanner analyzing vital signs, synaptic structures, hormone levels, and psychic stability. Everything had to be recorded, each datum verified, every variable confirmed to ensure the success of the passage.

The technicians, nearly fused with routine, supervised the results without blinking. In most cases, they were not even needed. The diagnostic systems, powered by quantum computing networks, processed millions of data points per second with almost absolute efficiency. The procedure was astonishingly fast. There was no margin for error. No room for uncertainty.

At the end of the hallways, on large open areas where immense antennas faced the surface, individuals who had passed the preliminary tests gathered in waiting. There, neurotransmitter readers and genetic memory extraction modules were activated. Within seconds, the entire

consciousness was mapped: memories, impulses, affections, traumas, desires. Everything was recorded, encoded, packaged, and compiled for transfer to the corresponding avatar.

Although the process could be done individually, it was usual to transfer groups of about fifteen thousand people at once. The antennas—many installed in former football stadiums, plazas, or large open venues—effortlessly absorbed the immense flow of information. Each transfer center, of which there were thousands around the planet, operated at that steady pace. Day and night. An uninterrupted flow of minds crossing the threshold, leaving behind the physical body to enter, with almost surgical precision, the digital space of Eidos.

This process could repeat hour after hour.

Free transfer centers were offered.

In some regions, migration was mandatory to retain citizenship. In others, it was forbidden. But it was already too late. Most inhabitants of the large cities had made the leap weeks earlier, and many scientists and proponents of the idea had already spent months in that new reality.

The first to transfer were scientists, engineers, doctors, philosophers, and the creators of Eidos. Their early incorporation provided technical validation and symbolic confidence in the project. At the same time, it silently dismantled the support network that still sustained physical societies. Without experts to run hospitals,

maintain infrastructure, or generate knowledge, life outside the new reality would quickly become unviable. It was a subtle but relentless way to accelerate the collective decision. There was no violent coercion, but there was emptiness.

Once the transfer was complete, bodies became inert. There were no convulsions or dramatics. Only absolute stillness—life had withdrawn without leaving a trace. In silence, automated platforms collected and stored them in rooms for incineration.

Everything was thought out and designed to be fast, efficient, and aseptic. Even the last trace of the human had to be handled without emotion. In reality, they were no longer there—they had only been transferred. The essential had crossed over. What remained was only the shell.

Everything was fast, precise, clean.

More than a physical data transfer process, the transfer was, in many cases, a metaphor: leaving the body behind, leaving behind the physical and material, and entering the immaterial. But despite the advances, doubts still surfaced. Could human consciousness really be reproduced without the body? Would this new life be as real as the previous one, or something completely different? For many, fear of the void, of oblivion, of dispossession, of ceasing to be, was very present.

The Day of the Passage was celebrated as a

technological triumph but also left a deep mark on humanity's collective soul. Over time, the new virtual world would become the only reality; however, the emotion experienced at the beginning of the transfer was complex. There was a profound sense of loss accompanied by renewed euphoria. The physical detachment left a sensation of total freedom. Many experienced existential anguish, but overall, the question of whether this world was "real" or "virtual" became irrelevant for many. Besides being the only way out, what did "reality" mean in an environment without physical limitations? Soon all humanity adapted to this new reality.

When the last humans crossed into Eidos, they did so in silence. There were no speeches, no broadcasts, no tributes to the end of an era. Only a faint whisper of data migrating through buried lines, a succession of digitized thoughts crossing the threshold toward synthetic eternity.

Bodies were stored, incinerated, or abandoned. No one wanted to look back.

Those who did not want or could not make the leap were left outside the system, on what remained of the planet. Some survived for years. Others hid. All died.

Those who did not make the leap were relatively few, scattered like dying embers. Philosophers who wanted to die with the world, scientists clinging to the physical, skeptics, homeless people exhausted by lives of abandonment and misery, solitary souls who preferred

real exposure over simulation, people who arrived too late at transfer centers despite authorities' efforts, or people who had recently lost loved ones and did not want an eternal life without them. Also among them were those who saw the exodus as an opportunity: those who dreamed of inheriting the empty Earth, seizing abandoned resources, cities, and power. They thought that without competition, they could remake the world to their measure, absolute owners of a dying planet.

They were isolated and dispersed individuals or populations of varying sizes, sheltering in research bunkers or improvised sanctuaries. But each day, the air became harder to breathe.

The old nuclear fission plants, designed for an inhabited and monitored world, were progressively shut down before the transfer. Their maintenance required skilled personnel, physical presence, and resources that no longer made sense. Instead, underground fusion reactors were built—more powerful, stable, and clean—dedicated exclusively to sustaining Eidos' energy infrastructure. Their underground location, besides facilitating thermal control and structural isolation, protected them from meteorite impacts, solar storms, atmospheric hardships, and other environmental challenges. Sealed, automated, and designed to function for centuries, these plants were the energy source maintaining Eidos' servers.

The old nuclear reactors, powered down and without

personnel or surveillance, began to fail one after another. Initially, there were simple leaks, then cracks, and finally explosions that spewed invisible clouds into the sky. In some cases, earthquakes displaced the corroded foundations of abandoned reactors, and the earth—once fertile and sustaining civilizations—vomited radioactivity. The impartial and persistent winds carried these lethal particles across entire continents. To this radiation was added solar radiation, which after decades of atmospheric weakening, now reached the surface unhindered, exposing what remained of the planet to a constant and deadly dose of ultraviolet energy.

The few mammals left disappeared first. Warm-bloodedness and the constant need for food to maintain body temperature became a lethal disadvantage for mammals and birds in a world that no longer respected life.

After them, nearly all other animals followed into practical extinction: reptiles, amphibians, arthropods, mollusks, nematodes, bacteria... The vast majority vanished without a trace. Of that vast and ancient kingdom, only a few tenacious species remained, confined to cracks, caves, or extreme environments: residual shadows of a world that had once been diverse and vibrant, now isolated in extreme niches and dying ecosystems.

Almost all flora also disappeared. Pollinators, essential for millennia, became extinct without a trace. Soils, eroded

and rootless, became sterile. Forests, grasslands, wetlands... vanished—the Earth was forgetting them. What survived barely managed to exist among rocks and caves, fragments of life on the verge of collapse.

The seas, polluted and increasingly acidic, had lost almost all capacity to sustain life. Without algae or plankton oxygenating the atmosphere, only some resistant bacteria and deep ecosystems practically autonomous from the surface survived.

Fish disappeared en masse, dragging crustaceans, mollusks, echinoderms, and other marine life forms that had populated the oceans for millions of years. Only certain abyssal environments, such as those surrounding hydrothermal vents, harbored life relying on chemosynthetic bacteria that exploited sulfur compounds to sustain minimal trophic chains independent of oxygen or photosynthesis, managing to persist in a precarious balance. There, in absolute darkness, some extremophile species survived as relics of a planet that no longer existed.

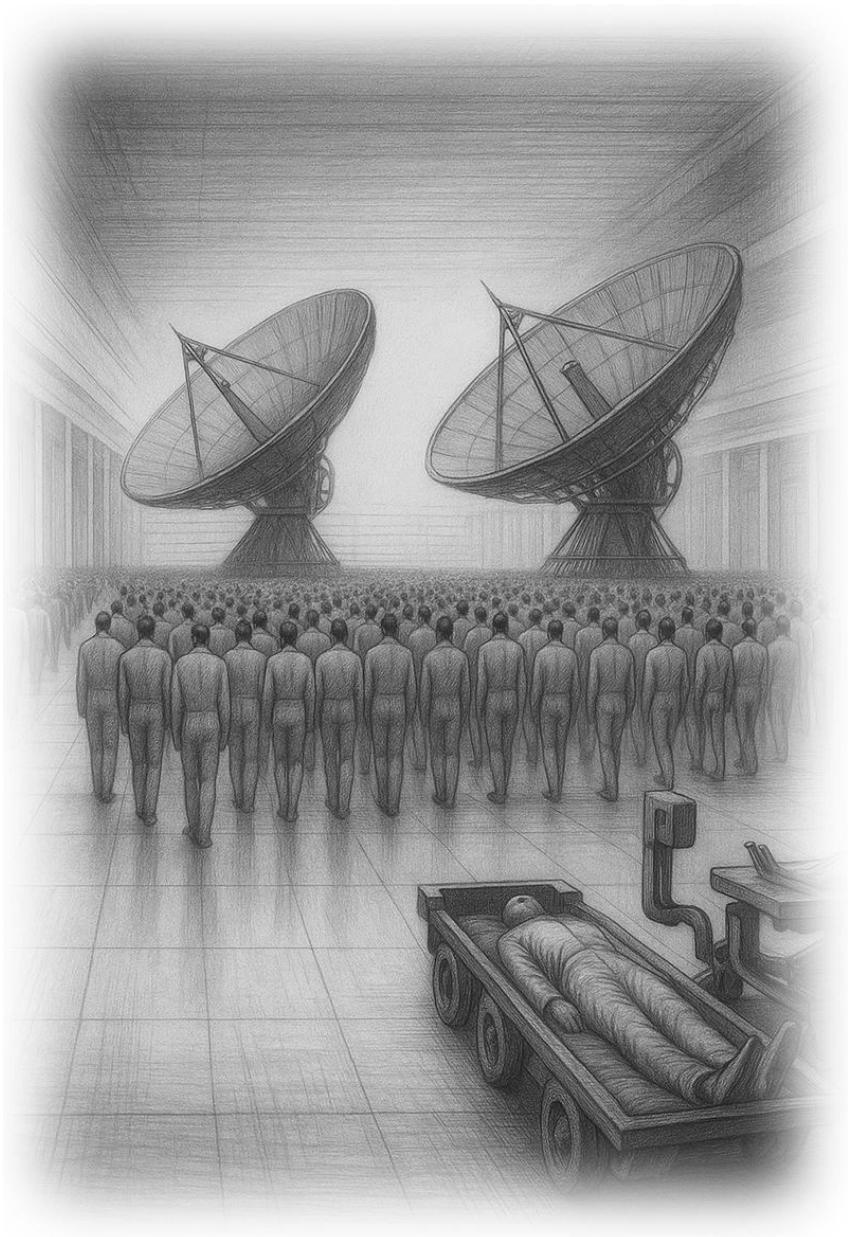
Radiation-induced alterations gave rise to mutated, incomprehensible, unstoppable viruses. Without a global scientific community, operational hospitals, or containment systems, outbreaks spread like fires without water to extinguish them.

Gradually, fertility rates declined. With increasing sterility caused by radiation from power plants, solar radiation, and environmental pollution, silence in wombs

became the norm. And then humanity, like many other animals outside Eidos, stopped reproducing.

There was no last generation. Only frailer, more isolated, more tired bodies. Until there were none left.

Few managed to write their version of history, on papers lost to time and never read by anyone, then they died.



The New World

In the new world, inside the system, the first minutes were indescribable.

Billions of consciousnesses awakened in the programmed environment.

Bodies of children, young people, and elders optimized for each genetic makeup. Cities, cars, traffic lights. Everything was exactly the same, but in a digital and virtual world indistinguishable from reality: jungles, seas, animals. Everything was there. The recreation was perfect, it was total.

An edited paradise, there was no difference in consciousness, it felt the same as before, the affection for loved ones was the same, tastes, smells, movement in that new reality was exactly identical. Scientists and programmers had achieved it; leisure was the same, consoles, video games, social media accounts, everything was the same—houses, cities, bank accounts, everything carefully and meticulously reproduced.

During the first months, it was observed that the most basic behaviors remained unchanged.

Regarding the survival instinct, it was observed how people, even in a virtual environment, continued to preserve their well-being with the same intensity. The desire to avoid pain, the fear of loss, and the need to protect themselves from any threat remained as strong as expected. Although reality was no longer physical, the survival instinct continued to act as a primary force, driving humanity. It seemed life was always at stake.

As for the territorial instinct, it was calmly observed how people still identified with their place of origin, with their country. They naturally continued to lock their houses to keep strangers out. The need for territory and to protect private property remained as alive as ever.

Humans continued to organize themselves in groups of various sizes, whether in cities or smaller communities. Their gregarious behavior—common among other great primates such as gorillas, chimpanzees, and orangutans—persisted strongly, remaining intact even inside Eidos.

The instinct to protect the species was also still present. People continued to care for their loved ones with the same fervor as before, and they worried about others through NGOs in the same way as in the real world. Nothing had changed. Although reality was virtual, the human-affective bond remained as strong and necessary. Communities united to safeguard their future and showed

a commitment similar to the real world when helping other individuals.

The instinct to protect offspring also persisted. Parents continued to care for their children with the same dedication as always, and the constant fear of losing them remained a persistent feeling. It was not just about protecting their own or those in their immediate environment; as in the real world, that impulse even crossed species boundaries. There was a particular affection for the young of other groups, which continued to awaken that primary and universal reaction. The drive to care for and shelter the most vulnerable seemed shared by all: an ancestral force that went beyond kinship or biology. Humanity still carried, in its most intimate core, that deep need to secure the future, regardless of origin.

The sexual and reproductive instinct remained as powerful as ever. People experienced the same urges as before, the same desires, the same need for physical contact and emotional bonding. The pursuit of pleasure and intimacy persisted as a constant. The very essence of being human remained intact, regardless of the environment.

All our instincts persisted in Eidos.

And that was a relief.

Our most basic, primal behaviors had not changed. The primitive brain remained intact.

Without a doubt, the limbic brain, as it had been

programmed, replicated the behavior of the real one: memory, emotions, social bonds, and affections remained the same.

The more developed knowledge corresponding to the neocortex—the logical capacity, scientific, philosophical, and artistic knowledge—also remained. Hobbies stayed intact.

The cerebellum, with its motor coordination and balance, showed no noticeable differences in this virtual world.

Science continued its evolution: faculties, studies, medicine... even specialized disciplines began adapting to the peculiarities of the new digital environment.

They had definitely succeeded:

They were in Eidos.

Only a few wondered: —Who takes care of the servers?

The Custodians

Hundreds of meters underground, protected by layers of metal and rock, hundreds of thousands of quantum servers connected and spread across the world began to pulse. Their structures, united as one, spanned more than 10 million square kilometers of combined surface: underground networks winding beneath mountain ranges, oceans, deserts, and abandoned cities. Like the roots of a buried intelligence, they pulsed in unison, with the capacity to sustain the individual consciousness of every human being... and of those yet to come. The humanity that had chosen to live in Eidos.

Alongside them, the Custodian units began their routine.

They did not think.

They did not rest.

They did not hesitate.

They only executed.

They had no consciousness and...

They did not know that, in just over a century, they would begin to dream.

The decision was not controversial. It was....

This is just the beginning...

If this story sparked your imagination, stirred your emotions, or made you question something, remember — this is just a small glimpse.

The full novel awaits you, ready to take you even deeper into the universe of Eidos — its dilemmas, its characters, and the essential questions about what it means to be alive.

You can get the complete book here:

[AMAZON.COM/EIDOS-BOOK](https://www.amazon.com/EIDOS-BOOK)

And if, once you've finished it, you feel like sharing what it left you with, your review on Amazon can make a real difference.

It not only helps other readers discover this story — it also supports the work of independent authors like myself.

You can leave your review here:

[AMAZON.COM/REVIEW/EIDOS](https://www.amazon.com/REVIEW/EIDOS)

Thank you for reading,
Felden Vareth

