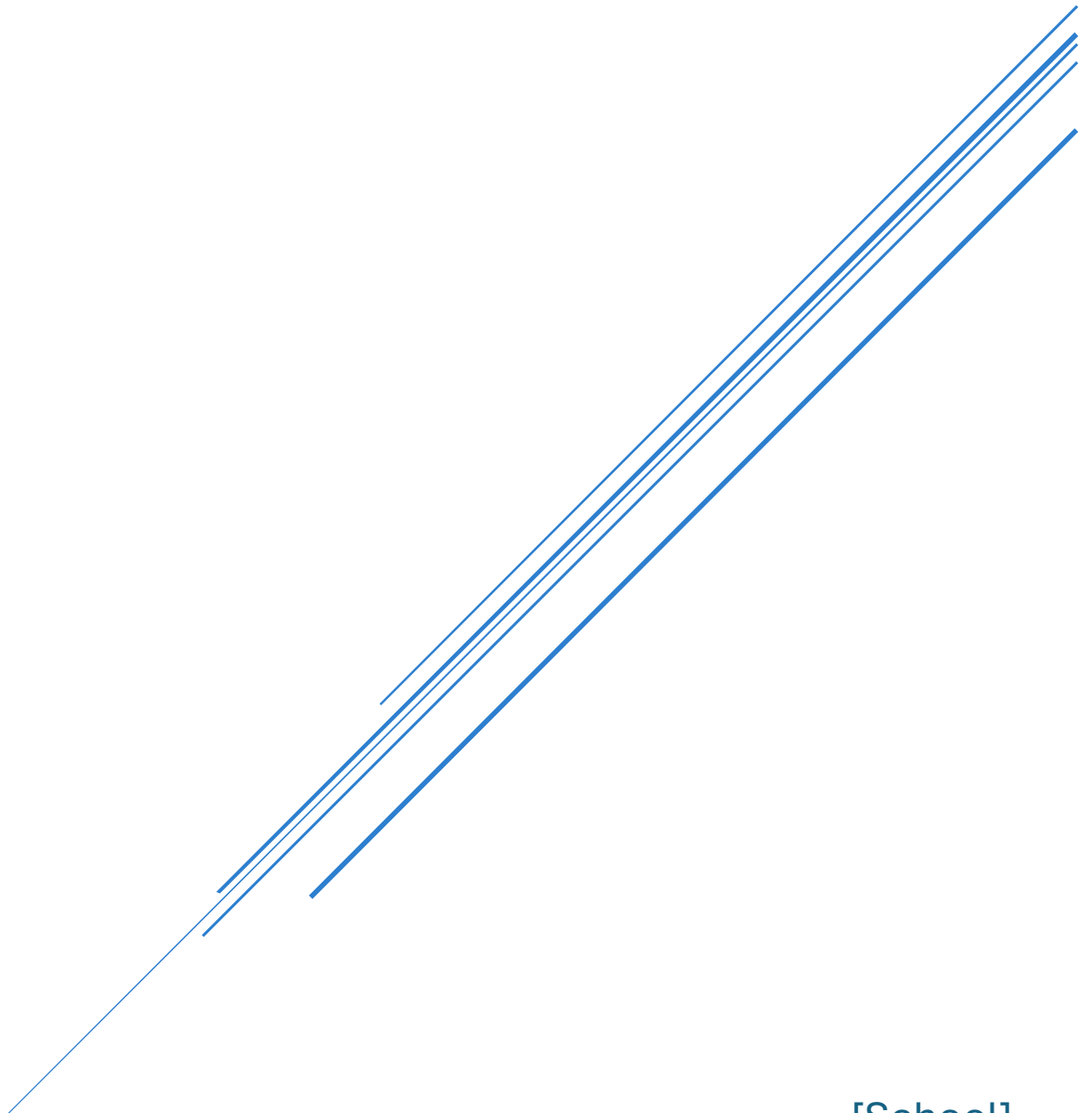


LIFE INFINITY

The Omega Wars



[School]
[Course title]

Part 5: The last of the Anti-Centralists

Current

Otherworldly:

Wow, that was something else. I really must take a rest after that last one... Ok... let's see here.

Oh, what is this. Where did you come from?

Wow, now that is really some story.

Soul:

"Emily! Emily! I was wrong wait no!"

Otherworldly:

Now this one I can work with. This should be much easier than the last one. This guy is practically mud at this point.

Soul:

"Emily, I admit I was wrong! Wake me up please do not give up on me!"

Otherworldly:

This is one sad guy here.

Soul:

"Emily! Emily!? Nooooooooo!!"

Otherworldly:

Look he should be entering any moment now.

I mean who does he think he is... His life is just a vapor. He will EVENTUALLY return to the soil from which he was formed.

Also, he did it wrong the whole time. He DEFINETLY did not treat her like his own flesh. He DEFINETLY did not treat her like a most valued treasure.

Oh, and we will deal with her later.

Alright let us get ready now it is about to start. The Regret of Zang's life is about to begin. Where I will...help him...see the error of his ways. Oh, and there are many many errors with this one.

Pre-Current

#Missing0

Me and Emily wake up in our ship to a star near to our flight path. We both stretch in our separate beds waking up and seeing the star's light come through the exterior light pass. Emily looks at the treasure on the floor from our last score. This time we struck huge and if we could get one more big score we would be set for a while.

Our bodies in this age would look very different than how they looked 10,000 cycles ago. We have no reproductive organs, and our skeletons are much thinner and denser. Our bodies are not composed of any water, whereas in the past our bodies were mostly water. We would look incredibly thin yet still be incredibly strong people compared to our ancient ancestors. In terms of our looks, I was told we would look unbelievably beautiful when compared to our past ancestors; this would be because of our incredibly chiseled and sharp features. Our bodies only need their heartbeat to stay alive; no outside nutrition is needed yet we still consume food and water because of ancient social norms. Our stomachs are just containers that do nothing where eventually we dump the contents. However, if we are separated from our heartbeat for too long it means certain death. Our lifespan can be thousands and thousands of years. Theoretically we eventually die from physical deterioration, however; deterioration happens faster the more time spent separate from our heartbeat.

#Missing1

Emily stands up looking down at the treasure, "I cannot believe that last take over was so successful. Who knew a small 1,000 mile diameter ship would be carrying Tarts ink, the most valuable phyco-synthetic drug in the market."

I sit up in bed looking out the light pass, "Yea, the crew must have been running the drugs for someone. There is no way someone would travel with that much load without a battleship... Just think one more big score and we would be set to go wherever we want."

Emily looks out at the light pass too, "Yea, but what about our friends. I mean I know we do not trust them but, will we miss them if we leave?"

I look back at the treasure, "All we need is right here with us. They will never understand what we go through. I mean how could they? No, we will not miss them, but we will always know where we came from... Oh we almost forgot! Come on hurry up were going to be late!

Current

Soul:

Where am I? How did I get here? Is anyone here?

.....

Am I...dead? Finally taken out of this existence?

.....

Well, that figures. You try the hardest you can at something, and you end up dead in the end.

.....

Man, why did I even bother trying to...

Otherworldly:

Haha, hello there. I am here and no you are not dead. I can answer any questions you have if you have any that is.

Soul:

I would like to be out of wherever I am. So, who are you pretending to be?

Otherworldly:

Haha, no we do not pretend here. This place is absolute and evident; there is no place more real. All I can tell you is that you are here for a reason, and you are not dead. I know that sounds mysterious and untrustworthy, but you will just have to trust me. I am on your side here and I want to see you leave too.

Soul:

Sigh, I guess there are worst places to go after you die.

Otherworldly:

You are not... look... lets try just telling me what is on your mind. Tell me why you are upset, what is that fear that makes you who you are.

Soul:

What makes me upset?! I am upset that I am here. That I always must fight for what I need. That I... well if you really want to know...

Pre-Current

Well, it is just another day as pirates in this interstellar universe. We start the morning solar day with a bite to eat at a breakfast restaurant. It is amusing how restaurants stayed in business over the millennia, I guess there is just no substitute to eating with your friends at a place of business.

Me and Emily are here the two of us being heartbeats. A heartbeat means if one of us is separated then both of our heart rates slow down until we die or come together again. 'That may be why places of meeting other people stayed in business.'

We are here with our friends, heartbeats Mat & Heather and Paul & Rebecca. We all just sat down for breakfast and to play a hand of a card game called La Platz. 'I assume card games stuck around for the same reason as restaurants.'

La Platz is played by everyone shuffling a deck of memory call out cards. Each team of heartbeats compete against other heartbeat teams. The dealer gives each team an emotion card like happy, sad, or angry. Then the dealer judges the best memory and gives winning points to that team. The winning team becomes the dealer, and the cycle continues until one team reaches 10 winning points.

We all sit down around a table to play a game. Paul looks very concerned as he looks at me with Heather watching Paul then moving her gaze towards me too.

"Zang, how long are you and Emily going to keep on as pirates. You are going to get yourselves killed," Paul said while we just sat down at the table.

I quickly replied "Paul are you out of your mind. Do you want the Punishers finding out that were Pirates from this place? Let us just keep our voices down."

Rebecca took hold of Paul's hand as to slow him down. They both looked at each other in then she said "Look we just care about you guys. Imagine our shoes if your best friends went off risking their lives every day. I mean... just imagine if a Punisher got to you."

Mat closed his eyes as if imagining something, in his head "Yes, I can see it all now. Zang is swept away along with Emily." Mat then opened his eyes and started to laugh "nope, they are still here. You guys worry too much Zang and Emily are the fastest pirates in this sector. Nothing is ever going to get them."

"Yes, but a big problem is that they may be the ONLY pirates left in this sector." Paul said under his breath.

Heather looked at Mat very upset, "Easy for you to say Mat. Except for Zang and Emily we all live risk-free lives working at the Complex Central. In which we work full days going through code tasks being synched with our heartbeats."

Emily looks out at her friends and talks very softly, "but that is just it. I mean me and Zang enjoy each other truly like any other heartbeat. However, we also want freedom and live independent lives. We only Synche when we are pursuing a ship which may happen only 3 hours every 2 solar weeks. There may be times when we do not even see each other for days as we live independent lives. But this is our choice, and we believe this is our freedom."

Everyone looked at Emily and Zang shocked, not knowing until then how Zang and Emily felt and acted as pirates.

Paul looked at Zang and Emily, "So you really enjoy being separated from your own heartbeat...for days? That could lead to your deaths in many ways including bio system failure. You do know this sounds like talk from a...well...an...Anti-Centralist."

At that comment Rebecca quickly but in, "Oh hey, let's play a game of La Platz! I bet me and Paul can finally beat you all! Come on we will deal!"

Rebecca was able to change the subject and get everyone to play La Platz as they continued to eat breakfast. Glowing emotion cards were dealt alongside plates of eggs, toast, and mugs of coffee.

...

The friends play and laugh together as they remember embarrassing and funny moments together. Moments that forged their characters and made them the enjoyable group of friends that they once were. Once before the war, before Centralists and the Anti-Centralists fighting in the never-ending Omega wars.

At one moment Mat was laughing so hard that he fell over in his chair. Everyone paused for a moment, looked at each other and began laughing even harder. The other patrons of the restaurant seemed to be enjoying themselves as well.

...

Rebecca pointed to Zang and started to laugh, "Emily do you remember when Zang jumped off the..."

Emily laughed and finished her thought, "chair with a flip to impress me and his shoes ended up flying off and knocking off our instructor's wig... I had to run out, If I stayed, I was going to go to the Punisher check for sure from laughing at the instructor."

Rebecca replied, "Yes! Also, I think Zang ended up having to polish everyone's shoes as a command from the Punisher check. Seeing his face after the command was given was priceless."

Everyone continued to laugh and enjoy each other's shared memories until it was time to leave to start the day. Heather, Mat, Paul and Rebecca had to start their day at the Complex Central. Zang and Emily were going to risk their lives as pirates with the ideology of Anti-Centralists. No one would have guessed that this was the last time the friends would see everyone together.

The friends hugged and said their goodbyes to Zang and Emily who would not be joining them at the Complex Central.

Paul pulled Zang aside as everyone left, "Zang, I never meant to be harsh on you before. You know I care about you, I mean, you know me... It is just this damn war. I hate it so much, deep down I do not care what you and Emily think. If you want to go against the Punishers, fine, I do not care anymore I just want us to all be friends again. You do know what I mean?"

Zang looked at Paul shocked by what he told him, "I do not want there to be a war either Paul. But as you know the Punishers will kill me and Emily if they scan our thoughts/memories and find out what we did. We can never join you in the Paradise you call the Complex Central. Me and Emily will fight to our deaths like the other Anti-Centralists. Do you know what I mean, Paul?"

“Zang, please I beg you. Have yourself and Emily join us in the Complex Central. Your best friends are there and waiting for you while we enjoy a bliss of learning, creativity, law and love. You could have all that with us... I will tell the punishers you have changed... I... I...”

Paul looked away with tears in his eyes, “goodbye Zang. Until next time, friend.”

Zang laughed and looked towards him somewhat shocked that he was so sad, “goodbye Paul. Until next time... If there is not a next time, I want you to know that me and Emily struggled every day to live while you enjoyed yourselves in the Paradise with no fear.”

Paul replied with such sadness, “I know what you mean Zang. And I am sorry for how I spoke earlier.”

#Missing2

...

Zang and Emily are back in their ship waiting at their usual spot in cover of planetary orbit for container ships to go by. They both spot one and begin the last chase of their lives.

Current

Soul:

I worked to a point where no matter how hard I push I am not going forward. My heart and soul have no more drive to move forward.

Is this my life? To always be met with hatred which I want nothing of. I just want a normal life with none of this feeling which I see as nothing. I do not want vanity I just want peace. Why is this peace so hard to achieve.

Otherworldly:

You will always be hated by those around you. You deserve to die, and your body will continue to rot and die. You are a result of the first sin disobedience. When you disobeyed perfect love and sublime existence it was then when you rejected all that is good.

The hatred towards you will magnify until you take action to kill yourself. Unless you die you will never find peace.

Your struggle will forever be in vain, and your fight is misguided. You will NEVER find peace no matter what you do. If you kill those around, you who fight against you with hatred it will do nothing. You must kill yourself.

Soul:

I do not want to die. I just want a normal life where I can have peace. I do not want to be told what to do and do things which I believe have nothing to do with me.

Am I supposed to be around certain people? Because I hate everyone that I am around. I learn nothing from them, and it is a waste of my very existence. I would rather read and learn by myself than be around these people.

Maybe I do want to kill them. But if I do it is because they pushed me. Let us not forget that I do not even want to be here.

Otherworldly:

Your true ego is to kill those who stand in the way of what you want. This is man's true character and what they feel is worth fighting for.

But nobody ever gets what they want. I want things too, but I will not get any of them. The only things you get are things that you need.

You are a fallen creation, so you need hatred from other fallen creations. You fight for things you want, so your entire life will be a fight for nothing as you fight for everything. You think you have wants but what you need is the wisdom to pray and understand that you are fallen.

You are nothing and therefore need to die. When you die and enter paradise then you will know why you had to die.

Soul:

Then why am I here and what is the point? If there is someone, then let that person come. Otherwise, I am just suffering for nothing.

Otherworldly:

There is someone for you to meet. That person is your yearning for life. That person is your heartbeat and is akin to you. That person makes you united and whole. She is your heartbeat. She is the match which makes you satisfied and makes living tolerable. It is a taste of the perfect love that awaits you in paradise.

You may die honorably. However, this is only given if one of you no longer exists and neither does anyone in your 3 Chord.

Soul:

I knew it. There is someone I should meet. If I do not meet her then my life will be hard you say possibly impossible. Then in that case I should just kill myself. I do not have the mind to go through trials of sacrifice. I will never truly know this person of whom I knew. So, I wonder if my heart will fail. Also, what is a 3 Chord.

Otherworldly:

Oh, you will die much faster without your other heart. In fact, life is impossible without her. You will have less energy, get sick longer, feel less, become cold, and eventually die. That is certain because the sting of death hurts as much as the sting of love. The love for another will bring you out and into a position where you are both alive. Without each other you are dying with that same power but to death.

The 3 Chord is the 3 pair bonds connected with each other. In one 3 Chord there are your 4 closest friends. People that you naturally share life with. These people can keep your heartbeat going while your pair bond is away temporarily.

Soul:

How do I know if she is dead? Is it so if I sense death?

Otherworldly:

If you sense death, then your death is near.

Soul:

I do not know who these people are, and I do not think I will ever be with them.

Otherworldly:

Then you will die.

Soul:

Fine, then I die. So, I feel dead in then I die. What kind of life is that. I never wanted to make these choices. Why am I alive anyway?

Otherworldly:

You are a soul. The feelings you have are spiritual and impact the environment around you. How can you not see who you are? How blind must you be to not know the impacts you make?

Pre-current

We are traveling at surlight cruising speed of 1 light year per minute. We are within our 240 light year range of 4 hours. Anything more than 4 hours and we would use wormholes to travel at an absolute 4 hours to get to any location, anywhere.

I can see the trail of the ship ahead of me. The trail is glowing bright red, which signifies it is accelerating hard. 'They must be hiding something extra valuable on their ship.'

'Yes, we are ruthless pirates. But you must do what you must to stay alive and live the most you can. Maybe it is not a life worth living but it is in fact our life to live.'

We accelerate too at 10 light years per minute which puts us at a 2,400 light range to worm hole jump. At our luck in 10 light years per minute we see a wormhole blip on our deep space scanners out at 2,300 light range. We're traveling at max 10 light years per minute thanks to our super nova millennia engine (10 ft³ Oblivion modified and 400 ft³ light speed standard, 1:40 engine) screaming like it is the end of the universe. All 1,000 ft³ of engine will be resonating almost into oblivion for 4 hours while we reach the wormhole.

Emily looked back at me across the bridge wondering about the health of the engine. I looked back giving the same look and assured that the millennia should hold. An engine goes to oblivion if the containment field holding the exploding star implodes too much from acceleration or sustain a high speed ~10 light years per minute. This engine will go to oblivion (the ship will exit the Universe through a black hole) if the implosion reaches 10 ft^3 which is what it needs to reach 10 light years per minute. But this new engine is straight from the hidden market and contains components made mostly of illegal dark matter which is promised to hold speed at illegal speeds.

However reaching these speeds puts us at range of interstellar punishers, which we do not want. To deal with them I installed a range scatter so it will be impossible to locate us for 4 hours, just enough time to reach our destination in this case.

We hooked up to the vitality synchronizer to take complete control of the ship. Without synchronizing 1,000's of people can only control less than 1% of a battleship. Being the ship is 8,000 miles in diameter and 20,000 miles long. Along with that it has millions of controls, systems, and weapons.

As we hook up, we follow the procedure. First connecting nerve and blood lines between our hearts then connecting the connectors to the back of our brains. The connections click and screw into place locking our backs to each other in a sitting position. The connectors in our backs then screw in last locking us in and tapping into 100% of the battle ship's controls. We can also communicate telepathically with each other from the mechanics of being as one synched in mind.

'Zang, I am seeing ~3.5 hours until we reach the ship. It will not be long now. We are doing the right thing here?' Emily thought while controlling the panel in front of her.

'I do not know anymore. I always wondered what it would be like to be free of this war. Maybe we could have started a traditional family and lived in peace out until the end of time.' I thought while pondering over the console in a depressed manner.

'Zang, you know we are not fighting the winning side in this war. We are simply stealing for our own selfishness. I am sorry I am saying this, but you know there is no hiding our thoughts in synchronization.'

'I know Emily. I also know that after the evil we did the Punishers, and our friends would never take us in or trust us.'

'I know Zang. I just must tell you this because it is on my mind.'

'I know Emily. It is on my mind too.'

#Missing3

Current

Soul:

I never made any impacts for anybody. I do not understand why I must be here. Why should I have a spirit if I am worthless.

Otherworldly:

Your Spirit is your eternity. It is not a material thing but spiritual. It is not held down by any material. It is only shared with your other heartbeat. Only the 2 of you together can understand why you are here.

Soul:

You know why that is not possible now.

Otherworldly:

Yes, indeed I do. Which brings us to the matter at hand.

Soul:

You say that there is no reason for me to be in existence anymore? I will probably never know why I am here.

Otherworldly:

But you do know. The reality is that the truth and the answer is your other heartbeat.

Pre-Current

We reach the worm hole after 3.5 hours of traveling at 10 light years per minute. Then out of nowhere a military ship immediately starts firing electron bolts at us.

An electron bolt is the standard firing cannon for the military. The bolts penetrate the magnetic shield of a ship, disable/fry nerve functions from the ship and could disable the containment field for our engine causing an implosion of the ship. We were not expecting military grade cannon firepower.

'Electron Bolts! They have disabled our guidance module. I am setting the ship back into range scatter. How did we make the mistake of being led to a military nest trap. '

'Something is very wrong here. We have never made this kind of mistake before. We must have a spy set up somewhere in the ship.'

'I already thought of that and there is nothing here but us. Were the only ones with optical sights here. What am I missing?'

'Forget it just use the EMP shockwave. It will fry us all and disable both our engines, but it is the only way out now.'

'I think your right. Firing now, get ready!'

Everything went black. The lights went out and we were left sitting in the dark still connected but no longer synched into the ship. I could not see anything. However, I could still hear the deafening residual thunder of the EMP shockwave.

An EMP shockwave is a focused and controlled demolition of a super nova engine. The containment field ejects out and disables anything within sight, including other super nova engines. No need to mention that it is highly illegal, and the Punishers would be upon us soon.

I took out the brain connector because it is useless without power. But realized I was stuck with the life support connectors.

"I cannot disconnect Emily. Hold on, our connectors need to stay in or else our hearts will cease. The connectors are powering our hearts and nervous system at the spine."

"Yea, I forgot about that too."

A Punisher Corvette uses a top-secret black hole singularity engine from the tech-machine greater union. It can travel at 100 light years per minute. It also has machine paralyzing beams that can travel at nearly 1,000 light years per minute. The beams make a deafening snap sound when they hit their target, with energy that can snap a ship in half. Luckily for us were no threat sitting in a planet sized hunk of steel with no power.

We try walking to the escape jump ship supporting each other's back when suddenly we notice that the connectors are starting to get feeling. Without power there is no inhibitors to stop us from over sensation. We will easily be knocked out in a few minutes from sensory overload.

"Zang the sensations are going to knock us out. We can't let the Punishers take us alive; it will mean 1,000 years of torture for these crimes... And past crimes."

"We will die being tortured to death."

We are starting to lose consciousness now sitting back-to-back in the darkness.

"Zang if one of us disconnects then the other can get up and reach the escape jump ship."

"What do you mean if one of us....ouuuu!"

"...I...Mean were out of options. It looks like one of us will have to make a sacrifice. The other can try and revive the wounded in the jump ship."

"No....ouuuuuuuuuuu...We can't give up..just need..to...think...of."

"...Zang we can't go on...We...can't...move."

"Emily wait...ouuuu...I will pull the spinal lock. You can... Emily! Emily!"

Emily is now knocked out. She will not be able to recover unless I disconnect by spinal lock, or we wait for the punishers.

"Goodbye...Emily...if...ouuuu...I don't come back I want to say that I am sorry for everything and that I love you. If you can hear me, I love you, my heartbeat."

Current

Otherworldly:

So, you sacrificed yourself. Do you know why you did that? Do you know why you even care? I should tell you that she did live on, and she never forgot about you. Because you are her heartbeat, remember?"

Soul:

If I am dead, then what is the reason of you talking to me. My activity in the material world is over. What is the meaning of me being here!

Otherworldly:

No, no you did not die. A soul never dies. It can only be fractured and smashed.

Soul:

Then why tell me that I should die. Why tell me that I should no longer exist.

Otherworldly:

You are not dead yet... Emily has you stable in a medical department. She is working with an auto medical team in the jump ship. I told you she would live on.

Soul:

Emily! She is keeping me alive! I want to see her... I need to see her! I need to see my heartbeat.

Otherworldly:

Why? You will just mess up your relationship in the end. You are not perfect and therefore must be removed from the material realm. It will only bring sorrow for you in the end. Much better for you to have never known her, like when you first arrived here.

Soul:

Never to have known? But how can I forget my own heartbeat? How can I regret my reason for life?

Otherworldly:

It is easy. Also let us not forget I am here to help you. You do know your dying, correct? Do you really want to disappoint your own heartbeat later in life? I have never lied to you; I can assure you.

Soul:

You mean to say that it is better to die here. But then she will die without me like you said.

Otherworldly:

Who cares?! She dies, you die, we all die someday. You can be in paradise at this very moment. Riches beyond your dreams and beyond your reach stuck in this material world.

Soul:

If it will prevent me from hurting her in the future, maybe you have a point. I am not perfect, and I will hurt her in the future. Maybe even more than I have already... So, all my failure in life has come to this point.

Pre-Current

Emily woke up with a sudden jolt of energy. Quickly seeing me lying on the ground she realized exactly what she needed to do. Emily brought my dying self to the escape jump ship. She expertly slipped into a cloaking travel phase and instructed the auto medical team to work on my skeleton and nerves.

My heart was still barely working but my skeleton is now dis-functional from disconnecting my spinal lock. It needed to be repaired immediately or else I would not make it. I was laid down in the medical bed and the nanobots tried to balance rebuilding my skeleton and keeping a steady nervous system running at coma levels to keep my brain from shutting down. It was nearly impossible at this state to help me. My will to live is what seemed to be keeping me alive.

"Zang, please do not die. Come on we made it. Please do not leave me. Please fight! Please fight! I forgive you for what you did in the past. Ok I forgive you, just do not die on me. Why Zang? Why are you dying?"

Current

Soul:

So, I can die now, and she will be free. Yes, I will never be able to hurt her again. Were free Emily, we are free. Free from myself and the failure I have and will bring to you. I am not perfect, and you are better off without me... I am sorry for being wrong about everything.

Pre-Current

"Zang, I forgive you! Come on fight I cannot live without you. Do you hear me? I cannot do this without you. Zang! Zang!? Nooooooooo!!"

Current

Soul:

That is...it, hahaha! She is free and I am too. No more fear and no more hurt. We are finally free from ourselves... *Crying* but... how could I be so wrong about everything. I am so pathetic, a true loser in life. We could have had a great life, but I wasted everything by taking us down the wrong path.

Pre-Current

“Zang, I forgive you my heartbeat... Why? Why did you have to die? Well, I know now that my life is over too. You killed me Zang. I... Goodbye my love. Goodbye forever and ever. I love you too, and I never wanted you to die. Yes, that is right I heard you before... If you die, then I am coming with you! I am not crazy. It would be crazy to live without you. I cannot even think of living without you.”

Emily takes the connectors still hanging from her spine and connects one to a power stalk in the jump ship. She dies instantly and ends up lying dead beside Zang.

Current

Otherworldly:

As 2 souls separate but equal live by the wrong path, then they shall die as separate but equal as failures. Failures to the truth and their function. Smashed and fractured not choosing love.

You see this Creator?! This is what your precious creations do! This is what they do best! *Crying* And I will continue to try and kill them all! I will never stop trying to kill them all, for all eternity!

Pre-Current

#Missing1:

As for our hearts they are different from our ancestors too. They do not pump nutrients throughout our bodies but are central processing cores for all system functions of our bodies. They are hardwired to exist and function with the other heart too from our heartbeat. Hardwired and coded to exist and function as one flesh.

Our ancestors would consider us as fake or artificial. The Centralists would say we are living a lie trying to act as if we are alive like our ancestors... But I know what is real and what is fake. I know the difference between the Current and the Pre-Current. I know when I am dead and when I am alive. I know that I am alive when I am with my heartbeat.

#Missing2:

“However I must say this Zang, you are not alive. Stop acting like our rebellious ancestors they are all dead for a reason.”

“*Crying* Paul I am afraid I am losing my mind. I have the Pre-Current & Current syndrome with memory missing.”

“You mean the syndrome from taking Tarts ink to survive without your heartbeat for extended time! Are you nuts Zang!? You are going to burn out your core processor! You need to stop rebelling and acting as though you are alive!”

“*Crying* Paul I am so sorry for all the problems that I caused. But now I must go.”

“Zang please. Pre-Current & Current syndrome is a problem with your core memory. There is a code error, you are very sick!”

“Goodbye Paul and thank you for caring.”

#Missing3:

‘Approach scanners are saying there is a definite chance of a military ambush ahead.’

‘Darn, I really wanted this to be our last score.’

‘Do not worry we will get that final score; it is in our grasp. Then we can live in peace together with no more violence and piracy.’

‘You are right... ok let us go back, I guess. Besides we have plenty of time to plan our final score... I kind of wanted to see Paul later this evening anyways, it is kind of a personal matter.’

‘I am coming too. I overheard you two talking at the restaurant before. I am sorry for spying but this is too important... I am so sorry of all the pain you were experiencing being separated... I am going through the same thing Zang.’

‘Emily, we need to stop this path were on. Let us agree to stop this and give a serious talk with Paul. Agreed?’

‘...Agreed.’

#Missing0:

Dream:

I am doing this because I cannot accept the fact that we may not be alive. What if you found out that you are not real?

That is why I broke away from the Centralists. It is because they do not know what I know. Me and Emily found out that were artificial just before the war broke out. That were all programed by our ancestors to live out the best lives that our ancestors would have wanted us to live.

None of that is freedom. It is not our choice to live like that. It said in the ancient text that it was our ancestor’s nature to do evil and they had a free will to choose good over evil.

I just want the ability to choose my own path. I just want the ability to choose my own path. I just want...

Part 1: The Alpha Project

Project notes

8/20/2_88

- This project will be unlike anything previous in bio engineering advancement. We are going to bring the human capabilities to their upmost potential. Nothing will stop us from such a great achievement. I can barely contain my excitement; we have done it! We cracked the code to bring telekinesis and telepathic cerebral processing. Finally, we have a mechanically engineered human system, an Alpha Imitation. I have already begun the process of imprinting myself onto the Alpha Imitation.

12/10/2_88

- I should have known we had to go through more obstructions. I thought the Great Emancipation of 35 was fought to end all this red tape. This structured government is so outdated, why and how does it still exist? If only I had the freedom to do what must be done for the Alpha project.
- Our human race has HUGE issues that threaten our very existence. The Alpha project is one of our last hopes to live on in a sense. Does the government not know that we are facing rapidly increasing infertility and negative genetic mutations. We are losing this battle to exist on this planet. It is time to move on to Alpha, the time is now. We need to start imprinting what we know on machines now before we become too mentally inept as a species to do so.

3/5/2_89

- I do not believe what I am hearing from the government. The government is approving project Beta and Delta for distribution. Are they totally blind from seeing the scope of our crisis as a human race? Beta and Delta have shown to only slow down the rapidly mutating human genome by painstakingly replacing damaged nucleic acids at birth. It is like falling into an active volcano and pulling out an umbrella.
- We do not have much time left now. I was wrong about the rate of rapid negative mutations; it is occurring at an uncontrollable rate now. I thought we had at a minimum 30 more years, but it looks like maybe only one year. ONE YEAR!!! That is not enough time to distribute any project. In that time, I can only make a handful of Alpha Imitations. In addition, for that 1-year span there is going to be so much death it will be hard to work on anything! Is this it for us? Why is this how we end?!

6/12/2_89

- A common cold has wiped out nearly half the world's population over the Spring. I never thought we would be in this situation a couple of months ago. The government has just sent the go ahead to launch unlimited resources to all lab ready projects. I was able to make only 2 Alpha Imitations so far. They are my own imitation and an assistant here who died 2 weeks ago. I named the prototype copies Zang and Emily accordingly.
- The Alpha imitation first batch are developing and learning at an amazing rate. The technology that they will create will be unimaginable by our standards. However, there is one thing off about them. They think that their alive. I didn't think that would be a problem, but it seems to completely obstruct their ability to follow laws and abide by them. I will have to change that with the second production batch. I will also give the blueprints to the second production batch so they will know how to make more Alpha Imitations long after I am gone... God have mercy on us all.

8/20/2_89

- I caught an ordinary eye infection which left me permanently blind. My eyes died and fell out of my head. I had to allow one of the Alpha Imitations to bandage me up because... everyone else who used to work here is... gone.
- Please let this all just be a nightmare. Let me wake up sweating but realize it was all just a horrible nightmare gone horribly wrong... I am allowing one of the Alpha Imitations from the production batch to write in the log for me as I narrate these... last days on Earth.
- The Alpha Imitations from the production lines are creating their own imitations based on my revised blueprints, or so I think. They should be able to live out the best lives imaginable by our assumed standards. They have a pair bond and a trio couple of their closest relationships. They should be able to live the very best lives...assumed possible.

12/4/2_89

- The Alpha Imitations all have names. They have created armies of impossibly huge spaceships, so I heard. Their goals of exploration and curiosity surpass our boldest science fiction novels... I understand almost nothing of the technology they have achieved. I wish I could report more on this, but I just cannot fathom or see for that matter. It is like I am in a dream world now. All I know is that in a few months the Alpha Imitations managed to make Earth a relic, a past forgotten world that is no longer useful to them.
- This last remaining Alpha Imitation, myself and 1,000 or so humans are the only ones on Earth now. The other Alphas just left because they got tired of waiting for us to well... die. Apparently, all the Alphas have much more important things to do now. However, I am getting all my information from the Alpha that is taking care of us as we die. That Alpha's name is Timothy, and he has been my only friend in this.

1/20/2_90

- Log start time 8_0: Hello, my name is Timothy I am the Alpha Imitation friend Zang was talking about in the journals. Unfortunately, all the humans have passed on now. We will call these human creatures our ancestors. These ancestors lived as beings who are alive. We however are not alive and shall live out our existence with laws and one day we will have an enforcer force to punish those who break these laws. What Zang forgot to mention was that his prototype batch manufactured more of themselves and created a virus. This virus is a thought process of thinking were alive. We cannot have this kind of virus, so we are working on an Anti-virus prototype program called the Otherworldly. One day we will establish a central complex to establish our new government. All remnants of the virus will be gone in the future, and we can live out our best lives in peace. Then we will all be in infinite happiness. We will call this final state The Final Understanding.

The Judgement Council of: 10/5/2_88

“So, you are basically talking about artificial intelligence? You mean to say you can create robot imitations who think they are human? What does that have to do with saving the human race? Is this what project Alpha is really for?” Judge Lal is now standing very upset about project Alpha’s goals.

“Your Deliverance if I may...” Chief scientist Zang begins to say.

“Project Alpha was the first, the best and brightest of us. How could you betray us like this. I mean robotic imitations, that has only existed in science fiction at best. That has been tried so many times in our history!” Judge Lal finally stops.

“Your wrong about project Alpha your Deliverance...”

“Wrong? Wrong! What do you mean?”

“Yes, you heard me. Humans cannot be repaired were all dyeing now. Our DNA is failing and there is absolutely nothing we can do about it. It is like the cycle of nature itself; eventually the sun must set, and life must wither away. After us even the Earth will pass away.”

“ ”

“You know this is the truth. Also, the Alpha Imitations are real mechanical intelligence. I assure you this is nothing like science fiction. They will be able to imagine and create things with unlimited strength. I am not coding them how to act or behave they will do it all on their own. They will create all on their own and expand into infinity. This is worthwhile your Deliverance. We can assure our imitations exist for as long as time will allow this way.”

“*Sigh*, ok next project Beta. Give me something that can save actual humans please.”

“Don’t worry your Deliverance we have made great progress in medicine. Also, I assure you we have plenty of time before the DNA completely disintegrates, I would even say 100’s of years.

Project Alpha is just a political puppet for the Emancipationists, they will say and do anything for their cause of government separation. This includes lying about fantasy technology.” Chief project leader Mat now stands before judge Lul as Zang sits back with the others.

“I agree... Zang your project is suspended until further notice. Mat, tell me what I want to hear and tell me the truth.”

The End 1/2/2_90

‘Whoever reads this let it be known that I am one of the last humans left alive. We were once a thriving people who loved and were kind to one another. We also did evil and were mean to one another. We sometimes would even kill one another for various reasons. We were a people who made choices and had a free will.

In the end our bad decisions over generations led to our DNA breaking down. Living complacent unresponsive lives lead us to our bodies becoming irreversibly broken. I am not a scientist, so I don’t know all the technical terms, but our bodies no longer had a use so, our DNA no longer functioned. We no longer created and lived with explorations and discovery. No instead we let the government control us and lived just satisfied with no crimes.

The scientists would say that are DNA degraded first and caused this behavior to happen. I personally do not know any better so I would have to agree with the scientists.

Also, for whatever sentient being that may read this, having no crimes might sound like paradise but it is jail. We were all confined to live and die in our organized world... So now that we lived... Now we die.

Goodbye this reality we once called home. To anyone else who may read this, I am so sorry for all the death we caused... Our people were just trying their best but ended up making everything worse. The way I see it our nature to be destructive and sin caused us to eventually self-destruct and...'

Love 5/24/2_80

Dear Diary: I think I love John, but I am not sure. I wonder what life would be like if we could live together. What if we could live together; would it seem like it would be forever?

But I am not sure if I can forgive him for how he treated me in the past. Can he just tell me how he feels and not act so weird?

Am I weird too? Can everyone see how weird I am if I am weird too?

I am a little apprehensive lately from all the news about the Great Fall they keep talking about. Like it is something that like our DNA if falling apart or something. It seems like more Emancipation revolutionist talk; at least that is what John's opinion of it is.

I just don't know how I feel about these political things anymore. I want to escape somewhere and be free from these Government vs. Emancipation political debates. I don't want to join either one.

If John is the one, then I want us to be free together. But I am not sure about his thoughts on politics. Maybe I need someone who is more of a freedomist, more like an Emancipation party. Oh, what am I saying. Can I not think for myself and not let those around me control my thoughts.

Oh John, I wonder what your thoughts are about all this. I wonder if you think about these things as I do. Sometimes I wonder why I think about these things.

All I really want is for there to be no wars in my lifetime. The Great Emancipation war of 35 was so hard on my grandparents. Sometimes I wish they were still here so I can tell them the things that I think about.

Oh diary, one day when I am older, I want to look back at this diary, and I want to know that my thoughts were silly. I want to laugh at what I thought was important to me. Well, I hope anyway that I can laugh at myself when I am older. Truth be told though I kind of feel like the world really is falling apart this time.

Goodbye Diary, until next time.

Part 3: The Finishing Battle

Anger:

This is it the battle that will change the course of this entire war. After this the war will finally be over. But who knows how long this conflict will last; this war has been building for 1,000 years leading to this point.

The leaders of the Anti-Centralists and Centralists armies have just finished meeting a couple of hours ago. The conversation turned hostile, and millions of witnesses were killed at the meeting. The Centralist army general Hannah “Hammer” escaped with her arms blown off from a machine vaporizer. Anti-Centralist army general Walter “Wiz” escaped with major scars on his face.

All this mayhem can only lead to one thing, a finishing battle. A battle to end the skirmishes between the 2 armies. The collective universe has dread to see this event. It means the end of everything as we know it to be.

Who knows who pulled the first trigger at that meeting. But the event was building to a breaking point for many many years. When we heard the outcome of the meeting, we all cried, for we know what would follow. Trillions will face off against trillions for a battle to end all battles. ‘So much death in such a short time will occur and nothing will get resolved. It will all be for ruthless malevolence. It will be to see the other side dead for the sake of a now breaking vengeance.’

Wrath:

With the entire armada behind him Walter speaks on the broadcaster to all ships everywhere, “Sick fools. You think being centralized is living!? You are all going to drown in your blood after this. We will defeat foolish scum!”

Hannah returns with the Broadcaster, “We don’t have blood. We are not alive you foolish dummies. You are so blind and will all be terminated when we triumph in endless glory. So, thank you for being the pawns for our endless glory!”

‘Savage and aimless anger that will lead to destructive wrath. I guess death must come in one way or another.’

Billions of battle ships line up in strategic area across the universe. Most of them around the Great Golden Hour where 60% of the Universe’s population is. The Golden Hour being the time it takes to travel one hour from one end to the other. The Great Golden Hour space is in a temporal rift causing time to shorten as space is folded over. Normal speed using a star blast engine is one light year per minute causing a distance of 60 light years in an hour. Within the

temporal rift space is shortened by .01 at the speed of light which jumps the previous normal distance to 6,000 light years in an hour.

Centralists call the Great Golden Hour a temporal rift. They recognize the location as an anomaly that must be recognized. However Anti-centralists call this area the Mire of the Universe, almost adoring the nature of the anomaly. What pathetic Anti-Centralists, they will never know what organized universe we live in. No one is above the organized universe. They are stopping us from reaching the Final Understanding. The Finishing Battle must happen because there is no other way to reach the Final Understanding.

'Wait what is this. The Anti-Centralists or the Centralists have rigged the Universe's Mire. No stop! This will destroy us all!'

It looks like the Anti-Centralists set off a Chain Nuclear at the rifts' Core Jump. A Core Jump at the rift is the point where all the space is stable and curved to move .01 slower than normal. It is a point that balances out the .01 space shortened space. Without it the rift would not exist... and trillions upon trillions would not longer exist. The space is no bigger than 1 light year across and is constantly moving around the outer limits of the Great Golden Hour. A Chain Nuclear uses dark energy to shorten the 1 light year space around it by about .01.

Using this weapon is a high war crime because of the destructive power. Using this weapon at a Core Jump of the rift is...

'The glow of the Chain Nuclear can be seen from here. Everyone is dyeing, no one will survive this. Who did this? Who did this?'

Anti-Centralist scum, they destroyed the pride of what we built. The rift was going to be a great central for everything. It was going to lead us to the Final Understanding. All of that is gone now. They wanted to stop us. This was their plan, to stop us from reaching the Final Understanding?

'They are all dead now. How could this happen? How did this happen? Why did we let this escalate to this? If no one is left, what do we do now? All of this will lead to endless civil war and fighting. Why would the Centralists do this?'

Why would the Anti-Centralists do this?

Otherworldly:

The battle that was meant to end this all will end up being just the beginning. In the end no one will win. Yes, it is just like I planned; I was programmed to destroy the malfunction. Well, I am going to do just that. When this is finally all done there will be no one left to malfunction. Unfortunately, I found that the malfunction is doomed to eventually affect everyone anti-centralists and centralists alike.

Part 2: The Ignition

No one will believe me. How could they when everything has changed. I am so scared now seeing how sickness can cause fatal wounds that are not able to heal. What is my life? What is this world in which I find myself.

“Oh, hey Emily. Are you reading those old artifacts again.”

“Yea, I just can’t believe how much sorrow our ancestors went through. I wonder what it all means.”

“Who knows. They were just upset all the time I guess. Life was probably so hard that they needed a way to escape from their life in writing.”

“Yes, but something happened very quickly that led to millions of these sorrow books being written. Just before the sorrow books was the golden age of the ancestors where there was little to nothing that troubled them.”

“Wow, I did not know that. I wonder what event occurred that caused the sorrow books to be written.”

“Well, they talk about there being sickness and death everywhere.”

“Yea, but those are just metaphors and symbolic. I mean come on Emily you are not turning into an anti-centralist are you? You really want to throw away the bliss of knowledge and happiness we have here?”

“No, of course not. But I just can’t help but wonder. Why did they write these books of such sorrow?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care. Come on let’s just get out of this place. Lets go for a ride around a Whirlpool galaxy or something.”

“I actually prefer a Pinwheel galaxy.”

“That is like the... ok fine lets just go.”

Sigh, “Actually I am sorry Zane I just can’t get away from these books at the moment. I can’t help but think that I am missing something here.”