

3032. Like old voices to the rear

I

Already the excavations were beginning.

The decision was made by a descendant of those Terrans who colonized Dura, the moon closest to the planet Mercury.

The expedition consisted of two executive producers - project owners - two clones specializing in ancient civilizations, one interpreter and four scientists who would contribute their knowledge in different areas. The slogan was to try the transfer first with humans, since the clones were considered of great value. The group would move through cell dematerialization. It had previously been tried without success and with the loss of two clones -preparation and high cost-for which the transfer to the perfection of the MDC method had been suspended.

Alim was going to go first: his interest was a passion to know of his ancestors on Earth and he would risk more than the others.

II

It happened that in unraveling the erroneous theory about the universe constructed from Copernicus to Einstein, the new conception allowed the total takeoff of the Earth, planet in gradual degradation. Before leaving, he had surrounded it with a transparent gas to maintain its latent stand by and, whenever it wanted, could carry out archeological investigations. The intention would be to see the writing, the life, the restlessness, the religion, the personal and spiritual frame of the old Terrans.

III

Alim's step was quick and clean. Then, in an efficient way, the others passed, without inconveniences. The destination: Buenos Aires, the last empire of the Earth. The point was what was called an obelisk.

The new arrivals, provided with an internal programming, almost did not carry luggage. All of them were a toolbox, effective for all activities: amounts of rays and energies provided them with cutting power and superior vision in all objects. All the scientific baggage concentrated on these men, and not so much. Each valuable by itself. Passion guided them.

The clones kept the memory of their base origin, their cells vibrating along with their ancestral mother. Its present freshness and its distant origin gave them a graceful beauty. The men wore on their faces the weight of ancient reproduction, few were left.

Surprised by this pointed monument, they asked about their meaning, registered their location and placed a small device attached to it, which would attract them to the exact place at the right time for the return.

The interpreter began to decipher streets, ancient names, sites and common activities of the inhabitants of that city, primitively European. (With the destruction of the planet initiated by the Arabs, the few survivors took refuge in this city and in the unpopulated and enormous Argentina - so called before those events -, this region having a hegemonic and surprising

power. Earthlings concentrated on ending wars, aided by powerful messiahs among them-of unstoppable spiritual power-and subdued the warlike power of the Arabs, who obeyed the authority of these beings. I say Messiah, since no one knew its origin or from which power came to abide his designs: his attraction was unsurpassed, his voices rose beyond human power.)

The transportation would be done in the old technique of the walk, the most difficult, and the short stretches, by digital transportation. Destination: Jewish cemetery Fields of Peace.

They looked for an urn, or rather, two urns: a document, bones or ashes, a testimony. They had to decipher that ancient language, those signs, perhaps manuscripts. They had few vestiges of that language to compare, but they trusted their interpreter and the wisdom of the ancestral memory of the clones.

One of the clones had their cells, and not just their cells, their walking, their small movements, their smile, their passion, their hair as their ancestral mother. Although they had neutralized as much as possible their low emotions and feelings, sometimes she cried without knowing why.

IV

I want to go back to old issues. The Terrans had an inner life, which developed in their head and which operated with their body and their emotions; A life that they called reality, that was outside of them and that served them erroneously to communicate; They also had a dreamlike life, which made the interpreter - for those who knew how to analyze it - the past, present and future of creatures.

These early beings had suffered at the beginning of their days a genetic mutation that had made them dual beings. The incongruity, having in opposing internal characteristics, caused stagnation in its evolution. These creatures tried, by means found in their sense, to leave the duality by erroneous ways, falling more and more in the sadness and the unhappiness. For centuries they tried, vainly, to unravel the incongruity, since they used the same incongruity to achieve its purpose. In order to find personal unity - within the same man and not outside him, or in unreachable higher spheres - the discovery of genetic manipulation was necessary.

V

Our explorers took advantage of the conveyors of Buenos Aires to amuse themselves for a while and to advance in their transfer, contemplating the different places, intact. Several were excited, not knowing why, when passing through some places. I know that his old memories filled his eyes with tears.

Near the cemetery they stopped and performed an ancient rite, a bivouac. They had brought fire and began to gather dry elements to cook in the old style something like pasta, which they had preserved dehydrated since centuries immemorial. They laughed to comment on the short life that would give them the activity of cooking something unknown and perhaps fatal effects. A clone drew a relic to perform what he said was the ceremony of the mate: it was truly awful, but they all took fluidly and warm fluid, making a clear communion among the participants,

who told what led them to be there and the emotion Of this journey, transformed into adventure by not knowing the value and influences of what they would find in their future lives.

The talk lasted long in the blue night, which showed the bubble that surrounded the Earth. You could see the constellations, beautiful, like anywhere else in the universe. The clones, intimate connoisseurs of the past, demonstrated this in unison.

They are past and also with us. I was silent in the face of this paradox.

The fire slowly went out. The temperature was always stable and light. And, lying in a soft levit, we slept hugged and with a smile on our lips. We awake with the celestial sky, the ghost of the moon and the red of the old sun; Its rays no longer burned, its color was deep and hypnotizing; A long time we contemplate it, branded.

We went back to the hike. Roads and highways crossed us from side to side. We continue along the path traced by the green beam of our magnetic guide. Green fields appeared, different green. Everything was as it was. The silence was like having ears covered. We had been quiet since last night. Perhaps with the internal memory of our ancestors, and the clones, with the memory of their ancestral mother on their backs, we experience a true *deja vu*.

VI

All had a mechanism, in experimentation, that could be of great use if they found the bodies in the urns and they were not burned. This mechanism would take from the dehydrated brains the images and emotions, as they had lived the disappeared, projecting that filming in a screen, or in a cloned brain, since those experiences would not interfere with the genetic constitution of the clone, being able to study to This being ancient in all its dimension. (That we believed: the consequences were not predictable, the new human and cloned manifestations suggested that dual genetic mutations could appear at any time, diseases in general had disappeared with structural unity, but the detection of dual mutation was something Feared and unknown in all its range, since the years occupied in the colonization took to the oblivion the past characteristics that, I repeat, it was believed that they had remained in the Earth with the Terrans.)

VII

The clones glided smoothly and docilely on the Earth, they were native of there. They smelled the green, they shivered with the landscape, and as they approached their ancestral mother, they transformed themselves: their feet and hands, which were translucent, were affirmed in their features, and their eyes shone, electric. They felt the closeness of the remains. The urn of the ancestral mother was near. It was like approaching paradise and embracing Eve (she had been ONE).

They made a round in the earth, a bright line; Below, the urns awaited them. Small movements of ascension made that the earth compacted and left in blocks that were placed on one another.

VIII

Alim calmed his anxiety and his passion, since he wanted to slowly enjoy the discovery of his

ancestor. Excited, he felt earthly sensations. Like a lightning bolt passed through his mind that something was happening to them all, but it was diluted. The four representatives of the Dura command also felt that, and began to confer and analyze what could be happening to them and what the consequences might be. His related style was to be careful and conservative. One of the first proposals was to return to Dura. Then, the decision was to suspend the excavation, for a day, and feel what they felt.

At night, imperiously, something made them fire again and a new bivouac. One of the clones took out the mate and uttered words unknown to all - I kept them to decipher; With natural ease they performed old tasks.

They slept and dreamed, having for the first time dreamlike life, breaking the experiential unity. Without speaking, everyone knew that they lived in their own flesh sensations. They were afraid for the first time.

Internal voices began to speak within the clones: some in the Argentinean language; Others, in a prayer in mathematical or numerical language.

They discovered a lack of control in the mechanism in experimentation - the one that took the experiences of dehydrated brains; Appeared to have begun to function without being activated. It was the first alarm.

IX

A voice rumbled on E48, and he felt internal fluids, fear and stupor.

His voice and another voice were conversing inside him: that other voice began to intervene with his own, putting his point of view. Surprised was E48 to have what the earthlings called internal life, contradictory life, joy and sadness, good and bad, we stay or we go, desperation and hope. Rays of clarity returned him to words in numerical language, perhaps the language of creation, of the creation of everything. But the unit began to return for spaces shorter and shorter. The contradiction and the internal conversation were not controllable. E48 thought he died. He could not know why moments of short, light breathing were assaulting him. The voice pressure was overwhelming. He curled up in a fetal position, his hands covering his ears: it was useless.

He felt an electric current in his body and for the first time he had chills. Someone, apart from her, looked into his eyes, and some will made him look at different things. The voice asked to take a mirror, a word E48 knew only about reading books of earthly tales. There was nothing in Dura that would reflect us. Slowly, he approached a small puddle of water and his guest, with his contradictory emotion, made his heart race. The dormant hormones of E48 ran again. Once she saw herself, a sweet, calm joy ran through her veins.

How to know who the dehydrated brain was that had trapped E48! Maybe the one of his ancestral mother, most likely ... We still had to dig many meters to unravel it, but the device under experimentation was running with an unknown power. What if several dead brains took possession of E48 or any of us? We were ready for any challenge. The only one who experienced contradictory fears and emotions was E48; The others, I thought, were safe.

I deactivated my device. My body had made imperceptible changes and wanted to delay them, so that I could analyze what happened to others. I did not say anything about this.

X

The excavation became slow. We would take up enough time; We had orders to be several lunar spindles.

Someone said that he had extracted from the Archaeological Museum of Dura an edible that said in the showcase "Charqui": it was something truly strange. Several decided not to eat and feed our internal diet. Already the ceremony of the mate had caused damages in some apparatuses of internal compression, although they were restored quickly.

We were all sensing changes. Many had not manifested it, expectant to the enormous changes in E48: their skin compacted, darkening, covering its unique metallic device; His fingernails hardened; Her hair was untied and, like fibers, they moved with the gentle swaying of the earthy breeze; His feet were steadier-before, it was as if he were flying to the ground; His gaze began to be bright and piercing; His eyes became firmer, darker brown.

Alim said that at the time it was like he recognized E48 with an internal memory. His skin made him an attraction unknown until then by his own skin.

XI

The dehydrated bodies we were looking for met.

Dehydration was a custom that had been taken in the foreknowledge of future scientific discoveries. The process was simple: beings were placed, in the moment before dying, in a microwave-like apparatus - a device first used by Earthmen for their daily life, and then perfected to keep bodies dehydrated with their always fresh DNA For centuries, without old age, forever; Were then placed, in their small size, in carved or simple urns, according to their social status.

XII

The expedition contacted the authorities of Dura. They did not tell what was happening, they only consulted on the characteristics and scope of the apparatus in experimentation. The omission of what happened was a tacit joint decision, with no specific connotation. Letting happen was a challenge, they resisted nothing. They just waited for the information requested.

The clones entered buildings and dressed according to the time they sealed Earth. They looked at each other with a smile and put on their unnecessary clothes, with a knowledge acquired long ago.

The guest appearance of E48 caused him to re-mobilize sleeping juices, pleasure that filled and stunned E48: repeating it was good.

Night. Wood. Fire. We gathered to see the size of the excavation in silence. The night was the color of the bonfire. In a bowl there were colorful dry elements; The clone mixed. He handed us some old bowls, of bright drawings with dolls. We all ate slowly, hoping to find some pleasure in practice. E48 smiled and repeated his food; "God!" -a new expression I copied from Alim-, his exotic clothes made me smile too.

That night we slept by affinities, embraced, custom of our moon. (In Dura, the main cell was not the family.) At birth, the creature was already placed with its affinity group, and these

groups shared similar structural inclinations, with no one accommodating to a foreign environment, such as the old family. One of the affine groups that had originally been thought to eliminate was the group of warriors, but neutralizing them also meant somehow paralyzing our advance: they made war and asked the affine groups From pioneers and scholars to the construction of weapons of destruction, which later groups used and adapted to life and spatial colonization, expanding our survival.)

Alim approached E48, his affinity. Surprised, he heard an inner voice that said "I recognize that look, that shine ...". "Who is he?" His skin bristled as he touched her, and a tingling sensation swept over him. It was said "this is not me". He tried to concentrate to hear that voice again. There was silence, nothing happened. The morning discovered him asleep. He moved quickly away from E48. The excavation would follow. She knew the voice came as she approached.

All gathered to hear a new communication from Dura and collect data about the device. The scientific communication was vague, they asked for precisions for its use.

XIII

The clones began to analyze the elements found in the stores and to verify their use. They built a tent, similar to the old houses. They spent several days sorting devices, knobs, buttons, levers, screens; With their energy they created energy to make them work. Computers told the story of Earth prior to emigration, as a testimony. Only the clones and I could decipher the vocabulary found: its terminology was rich and fresh, caressing the ears as if an angel spoke to us, the words sounded like tinkling or maybe twittering, like cascading waterfall, or like rocking From the leaves to the wind. They were fascinating and strange moments like old voices to the rear.

Another night under the sky. Strong the moon, like a searchlight, illuminated the camp. The affinities were separated by order of Alim, who again felt afraid of the appearance of the voice of another in his head - still had not discerned what was happening -, but it could not be: E48 approached to him, carried by its own voice Internal, strange. Countless sensations covered his chest, his breath; A small tremor or agitation filled his body. She just stared at Alim, and this one to her ... I do not know, maybe all night, I fell asleep.

XIV

I can not remember the last time I recorded what was happening. Things had changed a lot here. I, disconnected from the device, could live something apart, walk, look at the roads, the greens. In perfect state the temperature and the weather, without time, without days, forever.

The clones were, I think, totally possessed by ancient souls. His emotions, uncontrollable, passed from an euphoria to a depression, also old; Commented that the strange voices increasingly occupied their brains and transformed their behavior.

The others kept their unit for less and less time. They continually communicated with Dura's scientific affinity, still unable to resolve the invasion. And if this continued, what would be the consequences? The highest concern was, if we returned to Dura thus, in that state, if the invasion would not continue in our place of origin.

There was little of my old balance.

Centuries had brought us to achieve unity, to balance the destructive duality, to control the liquids that caused the lack of clarity, to neutralize the doubts, the chaos and the suffering that diluted the vision ... The return to the internal antiquity caused me this unknown feeling of fear . Fear of being possessed by the dead who carried the duality and confusion in their thoughts.

I began to think how to restrict those voices as much as possible. I asked my affinities in Dura ancient remedies, liquid inhibitors that I felt again go through my machine. New branches were being born, and some were as visible as old veins that slowly began to spread beneath my skin.

I began to think that I would be possessed in a short time and made the decision not to be a spectator of my own invasion, but to take responsibility for his control and subsequent murder. Might?

XV

We continued digging, with a self-abandonment that does not want to finish something. I thought-well, I think they all sensed that too-in the desirability of digging up with the polls an antiquity of suffering and escape.

My disquisitions came to infinity. I remembered the story of when the ancestors left the Earth, which had only been possible by the scientific discovery of the cloning of beings with strength so that they could support trips to the universe. Travels similar to those of a certain Columbus in the Terran antiquity, who left to the seas without knowing if the Earth was flat or round, or if the crew would endure such long journeys to the unknown. Our ancestors, despite the advances, did not know the consequences of the colonization of the universe either. Nor do we now know whether the universe is flat and infinite, or round and spinning like a ball; I think the latter is the most feasible, everything in the universe is round.

Accompanied by a few ancient breeding humans, our generational fathers, mine, came to Dura with powerful grafts and sommy-clad organs, a liquid that wrapped around the organs and then solidified around them. They say that, despite everything, many did not emotionally support the uprooting, the loneliness that seemed to provide the cosmos. Only those who dared arrived, without really knowing where, to what beaches of the universe they would arrive, or what they would find. They durified on the planet they called Dura: I do not know why, whether because it was rocky, or because some of the crew was called that, or because they wanted it to be symbolic as a cornerstone of the new colonization.

Last ... as far as I remembered your sky; Your little moons on warm nights, when we escaped the protection that covers you against the rain of meteorites ... This emotion was new and I awarded it to my internal invader. The strangest thing was that it entranced me, and I wanted that juice of longing to be repeated.

The Earth was paralyzed and stable, its moon was no longer round, the sky was very rare, full of black and white formations that, as it passed, seemed to be watching us. Fear? Again that new feeling of fear.

XVI

The clone, one day, began to walk with determined step. The voice was growing in her head.

He went up, one order, to the tape of Rivadavia Street. He walked without disorientation, knowing where he was going. The voice, meanwhile, consulted her about the mechanism of her body, about her energies, about her way of surviving without depending on the outside, about the history of the clones and their ancient ascendants. On several occasions she told the voice how to correct her information chip and told her to take it directly. The voice seemed excited, joyful; At times, excited, shocked, cheerful, optimistic: it was a range of emotions, between unknown and known.

The clone also shared this.

He experienced sensations: when they started, they were new; Then, they were old like me contained in their capacities. She felt fascinated.

They came to a large park, a mirror of artificial water softened the landscape. The clone looked at itself and the voice could be seen through his eyes. He asked her to sit down and, together, watched the silent green of the afternoon fall. All emotion quieted down. The voice sang a song, the clone felt like a whisper in the ears.

It happened.

There were no external changes except for the firmness of the features and pores on the skin.

He began to speak to us as, I believe, would the ancestral mother. Surprised, we understood the total possession of E48.

He said he knew that E48 had been prepared to live in the future.

She sat like a child, asked for directions, and told us everything. Bothered by so much surprise, we looked at each other and fell silent.

It touched us.

He looked at the other clone, the previous E48 companion. And suddenly, he sat down to touch her body and the covers that covered some parts of it, softly, as if in fear. He lifted the plug 34 from his right hand. She closed it, shocked: the little lights shocked her.

He looked at us expectantly, waiting for an answer.

We could not talk. As combined by such an intuition, we just look.

I, personally, felt what E48 felt, as if I also experienced the implements. My silence was a need to feel what I was feeling, and the feeling became increasingly muted. Some of my internal system was discontinued. I thought of asking for help from Dura quickly, before our disappearance happened. I felt like I was dying, although I could only slightly understand what was happening. I managed to inform Dura of the state of affairs. I requested that they send durenenses with inability to be taken.

At that moment I realized that the possession on me had begun. I felt a sense of everything. I felt my implements did not work and the lights had begun to shake. In my paralysis, I could see E48 investigating the body as a child. Like an internal fog that occupied everything, I was completely invaded.

Now I can tell.

XVII

I was sitting on a fresh green grass, but it was not me. My skin was white, soft, like a thin, ethereal lining. I could not stop caressing her. I had always been fascinated by the textures, but this was a ... well, I had no words to describe it, I would have had to create a word for that wonder.

I looked at those guys looking at me in silence. I always had memory problems, they had become worse there. Did not know anybody.

XVIII

I had begun to see with the inside of my body. Veins, like balloons, peeled off their walls. Some flood had flooded me. He felt electric sensations, like electroshocks. I looked again, under the new skin that already covered me a little more, the lights or chips: I do not know, but they twinkled. I tried not to look any further. I did not know what that was, but I did not want to know.

I realized that the people who were close by were now quite far away. I believe, although if it was so I did not realize, that I had sneaked out of sight of them. I no longer recognized them.

The voice, like a double of mine, but so different that we seemed two in one.

XIX

She had been cautious. No one seemed to see me. I knew where we were. I sat on the edge of the road that goes to Pilar. The sun was rare, reddish, but the temperature, the breeze and the air were placid. I wanted to think. I remembered the last moment of my life, the decision of the urn and dehydration. My hair moved and I could see the silky tips more transparent. I did not want to look at my body any more; She was frightened by the little lights and the covers covered with fine velvet skin. Oh my God! Who were these people and who was this body? Light, subtle, but mine! I thought they did not see my image as unknown, but they did not know me.

Suddenly, I did not feel fear and a joy girl took over me. I felt the return to life, and decided to join the group lovingly and share with them this amazing fact. I felt an unknown internal unity, to which I had always endeavored to come in struggling with the most absurd contradictions. I heard the inner voice, and I did not recognize it as my disheartened voices of old: it said something to me insistently; I felt it like a whispering caress, I did not understand it, it made me smile. I touched my lips and ran my whole hand across the subtle hand; I did not tire of recognizing the bones, they seemed mine. My tears fell like cataracts: I sucked them, they were not salads. I got up and went back to the camp. I looked at them. I recognized one of them with a distant memory. Slowly I turned and felt the closeness of someone like me, but it seemed to float in the air. I looked well: her feet were not on the floor, her transparent skin made her want to caress her, she spoke like the voice inside me, she was looking at me and whispering. Embraced by the heavenly situation, I could not move. I wanted to enjoy that feeling of unity. I was floating too. I looked at my feet, but they were on the ground.

XX

My name? ... Sometimes I could feel a sigh, soft whispers of an angelic being and faint. But I was talking. I remember she spoke more than I did at first. I wondered who she was, what she was doing there ... She taught me everything: how to use the inserts in my arm, how to eat without having to make food and how they flowed through my body. I think I had been asleep and my body was young, soft ... And that man who looked at me as if his inner voice told him that he knew me ... I could not remember ... Nor the others. One, of physical structure like

mine, spoke to me in a language mixed with mine, but so soft and soft that I did not hear it.

XXI

Still, in very small lucid moments, the clone would sit still to see if he could control what was happening. In those moments, he saw that he had not yet completely taken the center of speech and could not know what happened to the being, maybe he was asleep and could not see through his eyes.

He looked at the scattered group, it did not compare with the one in which he had arrived. Everyone wanted to experience their fantastic experience in solitude. Some tried to recognize land already on foot. They listened to the noise of the water. They smelled the grass. They looked at the horizon as if ecstatic, feeling the self-feeding, it was not enough for them. They entered and left the warehouses. They were still listening carefully to the videos of the ancient inhabitants of Earth.

No one dug. The mission had been diluted in the air. For days they had not communicated with Dura. The internal devices were disconnected. Sometimes everything started again as at first, they took their positions and kept working. But the lucidity began to be different in each one. The Lucidians continued their task.

No one communicated this interregnum in time; Incommunicated detention did not allow the Hard to know exactly what was happening. Equally, the times on its moon were long since time was not counted as on Earth; indeed, it was not counted: everything takes the time it takes, nothing more.

XXII

One afternoon, E48 arranged his inner implements and their messy light objects. He made the decision to communicate to Dura what was happening and that, if this were to continue, they would already cease to communicate and would be lost forever in these old and abandoned places. All this said without inflection, or concern, as we are those of Dura.

Again, his gaze blurred and he knew that the being was there.

XXIII

Dialogue between E48 and his ancestral mother:

ANCESTRO.- Hello, I thought you were not there. Well, come and talk to me. You know I can not hear you, just whispers. I know you come from inside, but I still do not hear you. Come closer ... That's good. Tell me what you want.

E48.- I want to tell you who I am. I belong to Dura, one of the moons of Mercury. I'm cloned, and I think you're my ancestral mother. You are occupying my body by a device that we brought to connect with the dehydrated; We did not know how it was going to work, but you are taking more and more space in me ... Remember that my body works differently; I felt you caress him, look at the lights, surprise you with my skin I'm surprised too. There are some new internal fluids and sensations of the old duality, or disease, which we no longer have in Dura. He knew her, but until now he had never felt it. Like fear ... Fear when you occupied my body. Anxiety. A disturbance inside me that I had never had.

ANCESTRO.- I'm listening. I need to know about this body more. The lights impress me, I touch them and they are flexible, like the skin ... This is getting dark, and the nails ... the nails

too. Sometimes I think and sometimes I feel your thoughts. And despite my confusion I feel like myself ... I think this is going to kill me. Try not to talk to me so much. It leaves me disoriented and I want to sleep forever.

E48.- Let me talk to you. I have so many things to ask! Do you remember the Messiah?

ANCESTRO.- No. My mind is busy with your presence. I only listen to my voice and voice, and out there is only what I see. Sometimes I look at the small flowers that are here, next to me, do you see them? I had an urge to eat them and put them in my mouth, and I quickly spit them out. I think I have to eat something, but I do not feel the need.

E48.- Maybe you want to drink mate. Do you remember the mate?

ANCESTRO: No, what is it?

E48.- In your time they took mate. I know if you will remember it. From those places full of old things I took what was necessary. I drank. I liked. The others made rare reactions.

ANCESTRO.- Who are the others? I look in my interior and I only see their external figures, I do not know them.

E48.- Can I give you a mate?

ANCESTRO.- I will not spit like flowers?

E48.- Let's try ... We're all trying ... Today I think you're going to take the place of my voice. Maybe you'll take everything. But I want you to know that I need to know. Do not let me go totally.

XXIV

Informational videos:

About the mission:

At one time it was thought that the pollution caused the ozone hole and that we would not have protection from the rays of the sun, but gradually it was reducing its heat. We must leave Earth and place ourselves on a planet closer to it, like Mercury or some of its moons ...

The inhabitants are concentrated in the south, and from there one begins to work for the game. The newborns are genetically conditioned to withstand long stellar travel, without yet having a course or date ...

Some will not leave, our bodies would not support the trip, but we are happy to know that our genetic continuation will be in our clones and babies conditioned ...

All work outside this objective has been suspended, opening lines of volunteers for specific and non-specific tasks. Thus begin to create the affinities according to tasks, which are chosen with a detector created for this purpose. Only affinity works.

All personal survival tasks ceased to exist.

The mission is one and only ...

About the preparation of the trip:

The scientific affinity concentrated in the Astronomical Center The Leoncito, in San Juan, analyzes: 1) through calculations, the star centers closer to the sun, in order to find the necessary heat for life; 2) what will be the terrestrials who will stay, who can go and their conditioning; 3) whether the Earth must be at the mercy of stellar or protected inclemencies; 4) the return, in case of changing the situation, or if there will be no return ...

It's amazing. The detector gives a huge amount of scientific affinities, which makes

programming and starting easier. Having a single mission and objective, the ability of affinities enhances its effectiveness.

The detector, perfected, allows the discovery of other affinities, creating a new cultural conception, in which newborns should grow up without their parents, developing with the like ...

Things slow down, since we are no longer guided by external clocks, but by biological clocks ...

Step by step the way of eating is perfect, since the body has begun to make its own food, according to its necessity. The placement of a follicular device allows the autotrophic, the plants and the bacteria, creating the food from the rays of the sun, without light, by the oxidation of sulfur or of any other element, provoked by an internal process. This eliminates the excretion, since everything recycles it in the food. The end of these advances is to carry the largest number of Terrans in the ships, without extra charge ...

Two biologists, animal scholars, have discovered the affinity of birds called "kiki", which flutter in circles in the time when one of the moons of Mercury rotates. He has set his sights on it to see if it is in a position to be colonized. A satellite, Vulcan, is sent to spy out its composition, gravity, solar heat, oxygen, and if there is water; Vulcano moves with a fuel designed from the human energy that is channeled mentally, directly, to the apparatus ...

The stage begins to see who is staying and under what conditions. The decision is to clone them, then dehydrate them and place them in urns: it is unanimous. You also have to surround the Earth with a gas that protects it from the asteroid coverings and keeps its lowest temperature stable. No one questions it. No exit. That should be so.

At the same time, the modules for the trip are built in Patagonia, on a huge plateau. These are self-sufficient and independent, since not only will they travel there, but will live in them who knows how much. These modules will be coupled out of the Earth's atmosphere and, once the training is completed, they will depart.

The plan created by the affinity of structurers will be developed for approximately 20 years; In it all affinities collaborated until completing it satisfactorily ...

A discovery has been that, with the thought itself, neurons and connections can also be created between them, with new specifications. It has also progressed in the discovery of genes that caused diseases, including the most serious, duality; For all of them experimentation was begun to find inhibitors. Genetic engineering has made the senses-such as vision, hearing, and locomotion -maintained intact and efficient until the personal decision to die. Reproduction has become asexual as sexual ...

The dress has changed radically, without disappearing the fashion. Each one can create on your skin an over-skin, to your liking. The variety of textures, colors and details are infinite: you just have to create them ...

When everything was ready there was no farewell, there was no one ... Nobody looked back. The mission was beginning to bear fruit. There were smiles in the hearts of the new navigators to strange star lands.

The ancestral mother took E48 completely. Another dehydrated took Sidan3, the other clone. They decided to stay away from Dura's, since they were unrecognizable strangers, not very communicative.

They walked and began to live in one of the many houses of what looked like a closed neighborhood. They conditioned everything and made it work again. E48 became pregnant.

The Duranians decided to ask for help and Dura sent them an inhibitor of the apparatus in experimentation, but no result was obtained.

The one who had deactivated it was the only one who was still a witness, but realizing that his voice had begun to be very tenuous, the voice of the terrestrial invader being more powerful. He had communicated to the moon the danger of sending other Duranians. The invasion was overwhelming and impossible to stop.

These explorers of Dura were already Terrans. They heard a second voice in their brain, from which they had already lost the possibility of knowing the origin. That voice was of the opinion of all, wondering, doubting, rebuking softly, saying incomprehensible things, or manifesting inconsistencies as in a dream. They wondered internally if this voice would not be the voice of their conscience.

XXVI

Genesis of Life on Earth

They settled in a closed neighborhood of Pilar, between surprises, daily life and, logically, few questions, since they had no answers.

Human reproduction slowly returned to the Earth.

Conditions were slightly optimum.

The sun shone less, but the custom makes man, especially the earthling.