

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.1) The Down

The old man was near death when he found him, he had seen death – they all had. He had not ventured so high up before, there were rumours that there were these old guys who had hidden out on their own to escape persecution. Carjo came from Tratrap, a small village where they mostly stayed under the radar hoping to survive the dark times. How these old guys stood up filled him with admiration, but coming from the village he could not believe that anyone could have survived - especially up high. Even though it seemed those desperate times had gone, many were still fearful of leaving the village and they certainly didn't spend time away like Carjo did. Although things were easing up now.

The man seemed hardly able to breathe, and he bent over to give him water. Gratefully accepted, a smile came to the lips and as the water brought life back into the old eyes that life asked “Are you the one?” Carjo just nodded, and smiled back. He had a few nuts with him, and the old man tried to chew them; it seemed difficult. Carjo looked around and found pakbung, he could mix that with some water and feed the pulp to the old man. He took the lid off his flask, and put the leaves in, added water and then mixed. The rough texture turned to pulp, and the man was able to digest it.

Gradually life returned to the rest of the old body, and Carjo wondered what to do. Bring the old guy back down to Tratrap we will look after him – to live out what little time he had left. He would have stories to tell of the dark times, they could listen around the fire. But this presented difficulties. Maybe it would take him three or four days going down the mountain to the village but carrying the old guy – far longer. Others would help, but going back down and coming back with help – maybe the old guy would be dead. He would have to help him get back on his feet first.

“Where do you live?” Carjo asked. The man lifted his arm and pointed. Lifting

him up Carjo took most of his weight on his shoulders – although he was now much weaker he could sense there had been much strength here. “Is it far?”, and Carjo caught the almost imperceptible negative. As they began to struggle on together he felt the strength gather in the old frame, slowly he needed less support.

“You are recovering well, old man,” smiled Carjo, reciprocated gently by the wizened face. They continued walking and only occasionally did the old man need Carjo’s support.

“We still have a way up to go,” mumbled the old guy “I had come down the mountain to find the one. Are you the one?” he asked and smiled knowing the sound of his craziness. Carjo ignored it as age – old guys.

But he began to get surprised, they kept moving up – this had been a long way he had travelled. The woods gave way to a more craggy terrain, and climbing became more difficult. He began to sweat but he watched the old guy – it was as if every step in altitude the more nimble he became.

I must stop thinking old guy, smiled Carjo “What’s your name?”

“Arico” was the brusque reply, “and yours?”

“Carjo, is it far now?” he asked.

“Not much further,” Arico answered “you must climb up between those rocks.” Carjo looked up to see a rock face, what did Arico mean between? “Go nearer,” Arico urged, and as he did he began to see a crag in the rocks turn into a barely perceptible gap. Moving closer he could see there would just be room for him to squeeze through – so he did. And he could see how Arico had survived. During the dark times the marauding bands would not have come up so high, and even if they had they would have had to come up close to see that there was a passageway. They would have had to know it was there, and Arico would be the only one to know. Before he squeezed through the gap he looked around. No human signs. There was some vegetation, but very little. Maybe there were a few animals up here but it was quite cold. Yes he was beginning to feel cold, but he

also felt admiration. Arico had chosen his home well.

Arico was down, these phases of down fortified him – fortified him now as they always had done – before he had to go on his own to survive. Back in the day he worked, his Path fortified him as he struggled to keep to it. But there were times when he just gave up – and cried. He spent his life fighting for truth, and they just ground you down – ground you down. And you cried. You had to, it was just so hard when they ground you down, you just wanted to curl up in a little ball, and find some way not to think. Down, so down.

And then you had to get up to work – put on the front. Into work and front. In his life work had become harder as society distanced itself from the Path – and he became increasingly aware of that distance. Holding to the Path was his only raison; sometimes it felt such a little raison to hold onto – flimsy, unreal. What results did you see, when you were down none. You look and all around you just turns you to tears. But you have to hold on, you have to care, you have to be humane. Else what is there?

So few people knew that was the struggle – being human, caring. The struggle showed itself as fighting the rich in many, ideas upon ideas said fight the rich. Fight, fight, fight. But what are you fighting? Only you, me, us, the ONE, And when you are fight, when you hold onto the ideas that cause the fighting the Web of the ONE gets less and less, the Web that holds you to the Path gets weaker and weaker; with no Web there is no ONE, separation is complete, competition wins and then life will just degenerate into murder, mayhem and chaos. ONE. People never saw the ONE, they never saw what ONE meant – and even that was divisive. They never saw, he did – separation. This is what the down does, it increases separation.

Down remembers the happiness, but it can't hold to it. The down grabs you and takes you further into it. All the wisdom, all the strength that the Path carries you on, is a distant memory, as there is just down.

The downs start when they suck you in. The Path knows that it has all gone cock-eyed. Even relationship – and I don't mean couples, family, just relationships.

Neighbours, colleagues, it can go well. Then it hits you, another jolt of separation, another barrier to truth, and you shout it out. But there is no listening. Don't be divisive, it's all that matters – no separation, ONEness.

You get lulled. As you get further on your own you rely on yourself, and happiness. The Path. Then your underbelly shows. Comfort comes in. You meet humanity, and you feel good; maybe even meet some understanding. Even more you meet someone talking of ONE. And your guard goes down, and the downs hit. Why me? I don't hurt others. I give. I help. I have compassion. I try to help with insight. And so the downs hit. You drive yourself deeper on the downs, it is so unfair. Even in your worst moment you don't treat people like this. You feel sorry for yourself, and you create division, you create separation. It is all you, self. ONE is not you, ONE is not feeling sorry for yourself; you know. But you drive down and down, and then why? You stupid fool, why do you play their game? There is no need for down, just let go. Do they have the Path? Do they know how to enjoy life? Do they know happiness? Do they know the Path? Yes there is separation, still many, but you're coming out of it - coming out of the downs.

You see the downs are about you. Only you. People can hide in we, but it is you, you is where there is hope. Not in we. There must be family – species and all that, but you are the solution. When there is no you, when there is ONE, there is happiness.

The Web can be so slender especially if we let emotion destroy it. Emotion is you, but where are the triggers? The downs blame the triggers, but the triggers are always there. There are always triggers but let them go. But when you get slack, when you get complacent the triggers gain strength. Don't give them strength, ah but it has to be it is human weakness. You give the triggers strength, and then you climb into the down. You want to come out, you want to forget the triggers, you know the triggers are not important in ONE but you give the triggers strength and back into down you go.

Anger is another emotion that Arico let drive the downs. It's so unfair, so unfair, so unfair, he would moan when weak. When the triggers hit Arico his anger gives them momentum. That emotion just drags him down. It is people. Don't they see

it is their greed? Why not be nice to each other? You know the 1% will just screw you but be nice to each other. But then at the first opportunity people don't help each other, they just take. Not all but too many. And it could all be so much better if people were nice.

And it goes on dragging him down. That mind chattering, chatter, chatter, chatter. At these times diversions are important. If he is still and silent the chatter just screams unfair and angers him. Diversion – escape. It had been drugs but thankfully he overcame that. But addiction is not the issue it is the mind, the mind chatters and controls, drugs lessen that control. With drugs time passes, with diversion the time passes so the down is not so strong. But silence brings with it the down because the mind turns back on the unfairness.

And as the anger went down, it dug into him. He could feel a growing centre of anger deep inside. That had to go, it always had to go, it had to be released. But it had to run its course – drag him down, otherwise you release and it comes back. OK that's good, but you don't always learn.

And there is never anything Arico could do especially when working. As life went on he wasn't caught in their money trap. Compassion and women laid claim to his livelihood. People hurt and he could help. But then they turn round and stab you. Compassion is like that. It says you want to help, and when you help you are vulnerable. And with vulnerability comes the pain, the heartache, he was helping why were they exploiting him? Down, down, down!!

You had to learn. These downs were soft, you had gone soft. You had lost the edge, the awareness, the Path. Why feel sorry for yourself? Why don't they feel compassion? They're not lucky enough. Why do they want to hurt? Because they are not lucky enough to know what compassion is. You become vulnerable because you become soft, because you get lulled into the falseness they offer. At these times one of his tricks was to look at the strength of others in real adversity. Nothing had happened to him that compares to the adversity of war, of wife-beating, of false imprisonment on matters of conscience, nothing like this had he experienced. He complained of racism, racism that was real, but that racism compared little to the KKK, little to the racism that tries to overpower so many in

the world. But when his ego had gained control the little adversities became big. He was not alone in this, he heard how people made mountains out of molehills and how these molehills gained control that way. And because these molehills were often agreed to by society they gained reinforcement and became hard to remove. Yes he was lucky, he never had that, society never had that control over him; maybe that is why when he let it in society sought its vengeance. Whatever the triggers were retrospectively he could always see where he had let them in. At work he had always been forced to compromise, the 1% never pay for hearing the truth. Throughout his working life that compromise had always left some vulnerability, and sometimes triggers got through.

It is when these triggers hit and hurt happens it becomes hardest to follow the Path. The Path is compassion, and when we are hurt when injustice strikes compassion is so far away because of self. Self hurts, we are hurt, we becomes important and compassion becomes distant – becomes a memory. This compassion is a hard battle – when he is down he thinks it is the hardest, but that is only self. When this world is designed for suffering, suffering that is caused by people, it seems easier to join the flow – to give up and join the flow. To join in with what they do, to agree to all their objectives, to compete with them so that you have more – of what they want, this sometimes feels easier. But doing that means you have to live with yourself, to take that pain and suffering and make it part of you, that is what they want – unknowingly. They are suffering. When we look at their greed we see our pain, but we don't see their pain. Their pain has to be because their greed is so inhumane. When we feel envy for what they have, we don't see their pain. But when we are down we know pain, that temporary pain is something they live with all the time. Imagine that the hurt that is driving him down and down at these times is what they live with all the time. The suffering they cause becomes pain inside them, how do they live with it? They cause more pain. Is that what you want? To do what they do is to cause suffering to others, is to cause pain to yourself. The answer is not in what they do but in compassion. Compassion is the only way out of suffering but when you are hurt it is hard to see that.

And the pain has to be dealt with, you can't forget it; it gets “stored”. When you

hit down and come back up the pain is still there – unless you get rid of it. Don't forget the pain. When you see the rich they are in pain, they create suffering, internalise pain, and they have to deal with it. So what do they do? They turn away from the causes of pain, and hold onto what they agreed to – they hold onto wealth, power and family. It sounds great, doesn't it? Wealth, power and family? What we all want? Not when pain comes. No matter what we surround ourselves with outside, we are still prisoners to what there is inside. And if you close your eyes and all you see is pain, what life do you have? Running, running away from the pain.



# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.2) The Dark

When work ended he realised where the pain was, and sought refuge on his own. He began moving from city to town to village, and in the village he moved higher. He learned resilience, resilience the Path gave him but people ate into his strength. He was alone, they were afraid of that. They derided that alone but it was fear that derided. For some the fear turned to jealousy and seeing him alone brought out envy. But it was never an envy that could be admitted as people lived in their towns and cities surrounded by noise and chatter and escapism.

He could never escape people even in the village. He was an outsider, always an outsider. He was an outsider even when he had lived places a long time. Because he was outside the traps they subscribed to, this was their envy, his Path. So their fear drove them to attack and he was often hurt. Sometimes hurt in small ways, sometimes in ways that had more venom. These gave him downs.

Health was big on this. After work he had learnt that health and food were inextricably linked. Work had taken its toll on his health and the stress had made his body heavy. Once detoxed his body became lighter, was not a burden. But there were years of ill health inside and it sometimes hit him. It hit his strength quite naturally. And when the body was weak he let the meditation suffer, and that made matters worse. Without the meditation he was out of tune and the disharmony brought with it separation and vulnerability. He knew he needed meditation but illness brought with it a weaker mind, and the excuses start. You're ill, you don't need to meditate today. It will be OK you've done it before, it will come back. And vulnerability sneaks in. And once vulnerable there came the downs, good meditation no downs; but of course life isn't as straight as that – unless you're Vulcan.

So as he got older he became more independent even though it was physically harder. And he sought the peace of the mountains. Until eventually he found his

home. Out walking he found the crag that opened a new world. He had walked past a number of times, but never seen it. Then one time he rested, and as he rested it was like a vision. He stared at the rock, focussed in his thought, and concentrated on where the rocks joined. But then they didn't. He moved to his left, and there was light. No light wasn't right, there was space a depth. He went to inspect and there was enough width to squeeze through. And through that crack was the pathway to his new world, his home - with peace – the peace of alone.

Squeezing through the gap gave way to more space, a space that opened to a cavern. The first time that was enough for him, he felt that was enough. Who would find him here? But of course there was the space, but there was not the sustenance. The cavern moved deep into the mountain. It would open wide, and then there would be a narrow passage. He pursued. It took him several attempts but he found that his crack that led to space eventually brought him out onto the other side of the mountain. He looked up and around, and all he saw were mountains rising high above him. But there was green below, he sought it. This green became his food, and he built shelter by his sustenance. And the peace was there – mostly. It was only him, now they could do nothing – they could not create downs in him.

But as his death was coming he knew he had to go back. What took him back he didn't know, all he knew was that it took him back. Back to where Carjo found him near death. Was Carjo the one who would dwell in his home? Complete the chronicles.

Chaos reigned but few knew. They sensed something was wrong but adaptability was the byword. Warnings, there were always warnings. He gave them, others gave them. But it was too hard. You had to be completely committed to fight them, they made it that way.

War, that was it – war. War had always been. To begin with it was heathen, hand-to-hand. So-called dark ages. People would grow, and then others would come and steal. You argued, you died – heathen. So they got together to help, but the thieves were always bigger and stronger. They got together more, and soon there would emerge leaders with armies. So they were protected but at what price?

## Primitive accumulation.

And these leaders took titles and controlled the land, and people grew but gave to the titled – more or less depending on how lucky they were with the leader. But leaders were always greedy, wanting more people under them wanting more land. Their armies became bigger as their land grew.

So their armies travelled further afield as the lenders heard of global riches, the leaders and lenders forming alliance. There was accumulation of mutual interest. It became habit to accumulate, the lenders money, the leaders land. And as there was more accumulation the people got less and less until the armies brought wealth from overseas. The people didn't see much of this wealth but they saw some, and the leaders and lenders found they could accumulate through rampaging armies, offer crumbs to the people and develop kingdoms of great power.

The leaders and lenders accumulated as their fortunes and lands amassed. Armies travelled further bringing back wealth and other treasures. Their weaponry improved and soon they became invincible plundering whatever they wanted. And the lenders increased their profits whilst the leaders consolidated their land.

But it could not stay simple like this and people in far-off lands did not feel like sending goods back to their leaders, and eventually they cut ties forming their own leaders who accumulated their own lands and developing their own lending-class. Across the globe there developed powerful leaders, and as these leaders came into conflict there would be war, armies fighting armies so the leaders and lenders could accumulate money and power. Some leaders weren't into all this expansion but they were then under threat often having land seized.

Soon the lenders realised that it was not only food and land that they could profit from. Investing in industrialisation and then marketing the produce also brought them great profits, so the leaders built factories made goods and took them to far-off lands to engender profits.

Soon they invested more and more in research, what could they make that they

could sell. These scientists became a great source of profit for the lenders, and as the science and factories developed there was less and less reliance on the land. Gradually leaders as landowners were replaced by leaders of business, and the leaders and lenders allied through business. But this had risks for the people were attached to the land and saw it as their land to fight for. But business had no interest in country, they only wanted profits. But they needed the people to work to make those profits, and they needed them to buy the produce as well. So the business leaders and lenders introduced puppets. These puppets would pretend to have the interests of the people at heart, and would ostensibly make policies that they argued helped the people. But soon it was apparent that these governments only worked for the business leaders and lenders.

As the scientists developed more so transport and communication improved. Very soon far-off lands became easily accessible. At the same time people became more aware of how the leaders and lenders worked. This awareness was a problem so they developed a process of lying. These lies pitted one set of puppets against another, and these puppets sent troops to fight primarily to increase the profits that came from war. But even with the lies people rejected these wars so the scientists developed machines that would fight these wars. So the leaders of business were happy as they could make war machines for profit.

At the same time there were people who worked for the lenders. These people discovered all kinds of methods of lending what they hadn't got. Instead of just lending to the leaders, which was how it started, they began to lend to ordinary people. People let these lenders look after their money so the lenders lent more and more. Soon they lent far more than they had, and everyone knew, but what could they do? If everybody accepted the reality it would all collapse so the governments were tasked to maintain the illusion that everything was OK and people went along with this.

At the time Arico was born, this was much the way it was, and he hated it – so unfair. But he was born at the time when the dark ages began. War was exported to other parts of the globe. Businesses involved in the waging of war returned massive profits, and whilst the ruai got richer sufficient got down to the people.

The media industry boomed as war profits were ploughed into the media to maintain the delusions that war was being fought for wholesome reasons. Where the wars were being fought the people became angry as their skies were filled with machines that were killing them. In order to maintain trade with the wealthy nations their governments were forced to accept that these killing machines were only killing terrorists, but on the ground the people knew different because their families were being slaughtered. They were forced to look for means to fight back because this was not conventional war. Soon there started global reprisals, called blowback. The ruai countries described this blowback as terrorism, and increased security. Lives in the richer countries became more and more state-controlled because of this fear but the media industry boomed out its messages of self-congratulation. The dark ages had begun, wars for profits, media delusion, fear-based security fighting blowback, and the ruai got richer amidst all this horror – the horror of the dark ages.

When Arico was born people were free to speak out because the media were able to control it – develop their spin. But increasingly the words of the dissenters fell on the ears of the people who then began to listen. With the increased security apparatus they knew who said what, and slowly but surely dissenting voices disappeared as the dissenters died in road accidents, police detention accidents, hospital fatalities, etc. It was not difficult to kill people “accidentally” especially when the rewards were so high for the security assassins. But the dissent had two voices, the first was the voice of dissent that was trying to change the societies of the rich, but there was another side – the side that presented the ruai countries in a good light. Once these dissenting voices were silenced no-one believed the governments of the rich, and the blowback increased. The ruai fortified themselves employing huge private armies to protect their families but soon life for them became the life of a wealthy prisoner. The social structure deteriorated as the efforts of the police became more and more focussed on protecting the ruai and quelling the dissent. Life was dark as Arico grew up.

The changes that took place were hard to see especially as most people didn't want to see. In these ruai countries even the poor had some wealth, and the media showed them how the poor were living elsewhere – in war-torn countries where

the drones of the ruai destroyed ways of life. So when the ruai media spouted spin of democracy and freedom the poor listened – thankful those drones were not targeting them. Other countries stayed quiet as the drones landed as they feared the drones would be turned on them. And meanwhile the dissenters died – not publicly, not in large numbers; but they died. At first they put them in prison but soon the prisons became overcrowded and cost much. The ruai didn't mind this because they privatised the prisons – in other words they made more profit from the misery they were causing.

More and more the powerful conducted their business behind closed doors whilst the media followed the puppets and the people listened because they wanted to. They didn't want to with their whole being, most never learned what they wanted. Everyone agreed they had to survive, earn money to survive, so when they could earn some money they accepted because that is what was agreed. All echelons of society began to lose money – except the super-rich who printed more when they wanted it. It was a gradual process, and people just accepted it. More accidental deaths, more dubious prisoners, less dissent. Gradual.

But what happened to the people who saw what was happening? They saw but couldn't speak, they knew but couldn't say, but Nature, human or otherwise. is to do; Nature is the only hope.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.3) The Light

When he was young Arico turned to drugs, what else was there? He had to get up and do what they all did, and it was just shit – slavery. He went to school, and learnt that all was good, that his society was helping the world, that the people from other countries were trying to destroy their way of life – their way of democracy and freedom. And it all sounded false. But then he was weak and stupid. Around him they all did this stuff so he did. He got in trouble for being stupid, not paying attention, stupid jokes, but he mostly did well so he angered the teachers but no more. Just stupid and immature, not enough to threaten the authorities.

The drugs started at his higher education, but more were doing it. This was the rites of passage their society allowed. Students were educated to be the bosses of the future, let off steam .... why not? Maybe even protect them from the law, drugs didn't matter so long as the students worked. Arico did all this, and came out as a computer tech.

And he started work where they said “forget all you have learned so far”, your real learning starts here. And it did, but not in the way they had expected. Because he stopped being stupid and immature, the drugs were still there but he was beginning to see through them. He had to be careful, drugs and career success were what they watched – their benchmarks of control; he couldn't reject both without drawing suspicion. He knew enough to keep up with the drugs socially but he toned them down. When the drug rituals drew him in he learned tricks so that the drugs didn't affect him so much. He began to realise that many of the highs from the drugs were because he wanted highs; he wanted out of what he had grown up in, he wanted out of this slavery.

In work he did what was expected but he intentionally dumbered down. As a child he had been stupid and immature, he found this a good cover as adult. He did just

enough and watched. And as he watched he saw what was around him – he saw the increasing dark; that was hard to cope with. He wanted to shout this out, he wanted to scream “Beware of the dark, look where we are going”. But he knew enough to shut up. The more he saw of the dark, the more danger he saw, the more he knew to be frightened of the powers behind the dark – the super-rich no-one ever saw.

But now that he was aware of the dark he had to move forward, Nature has to do. He had to learn. They had given him qualification, tools for the job, but he had learned nothing – except to be a slave. As he was not going to be a slave he had to learn about himself – to learn what they didn’t want him to know. He had to learn the new whilst unlearning the old – all whilst being a slave.

He remembered when he had come to this light. In his room after work – he began calling it a cell. Bog standard. Bed, armchair, tv and microwave. All provided by the firm at a cheaper rate. Why would you pay market prices for more when this was so much cheaper? Of course you didn’t keep it if you lost your job, where would you go then? He had been ill at work, and they sent him home but he arrived home feeling better. He was lost, after work they always went downstairs to the company entertainment centre where they drank, took the drugs and enjoyed themselves. He was supposed to be ill, he couldn’t be seen there. So what was he to do?

His mind was used to the drugs wanting a high, but without drugs it looked for something else. It started racing around, I want drugs, I’ll go downstairs, I can’t go but I want drugs so I go downstairs but .... On and on the mind went in circles, and he went with the thoughts; he thought those thoughts were who he was. In his head he went round and round, round and round, it seemed like hours; he felt such a mess. And then a voice just said “look at what you are doing, stand back and look at what you are doing.”

Stand back? What does that mean? His thoughts were racing round, then stand back, who was to stand back? Then he started watching the thoughts running round, and he thought this is stupid. And he took a step back. Inside his head suddenly a space opened up, and from a distance he watched as these thoughts ran



around. Then from that distance the thoughts slowed as he started to think about who was watching. Then suddenly the thoughts stopped and there was a stillness in his mind. He sat with the stillness, and all was calm .... until there was no he, just stillness. At peace, he was at peace. And the peace overtook him. From out of the stillness came this peace, and it grew. It started to fill his head until all inside his head was peace. From inside the peace he looked out of his eyes. His eyes followed the contours of his body, and the peace joined in. His chest had been pounding whilst his mind had been racing. The heart slowed down as peace entered. Placing his hand over his heart he felt the peace enter. Stretching his right arm out to touch the horizon the peace went from his chest down the channels of his arm to his fingertips, stretching the other arm out the peace jumped across coming back up the other arm back to the chest. And then it started again, down the right arm, jumping across and back up the left – full circle. As the peace circulated in his arms, his eyes wandered down to his feet, and again the peace followed down the right leg, crossing over to his left and back up to his solar plexus.

He stood transfixed as these two circles of peace travelled independent of him. What is independent of him? And the circles went on their way whilst he rested in his heart watching. After what seemed an age the circles started to diminish and centred on his heart where he was watching, and he felt a deep compassion for all around him, his parents, his neighbours, his colleagues, the bosses that were squeezing him, for all he sent out compassion. And what started as a compassionate thought just became a light centred on his heart, and this light left his heart, out up above his head showering all around with its glow.

Then instead of being a point in his heart he became a wave and followed the light. He was a light wave, he was the compassion. All around him was compassion, he was all around him – whatever that meant he didn't understand. But he didn't try to understand, he just went with it – went with the compassion.

After a while it all gently subsided, and all returned to the stillness that had begun with all those endless circular thoughts. Stillness that was an end to his slavery. An end to slavery .... he sat down exhausted and drifted off into sleep.

He woke a few hours later but it was still the early hours. Wow, it had been momentous. This was his way out, the end to his slavery that insight came back to him. Why? Because in the stillness they cannot touch you, you are in control. Whenever you want control you return to the stillness. Where did that come from? After what had happened to him, there was no need to answer – it was true. He had the tool to cope. Sure he had to work but when they were getting to him he would retract to the stillness. He would reduce the drugs where he could but when they were heavy he would retract to the stillness. And in the stillness he could do his work – just enough for the immature fool that he was, but not enough to get sucked into all their power games – enough to get by. He slept until the company alarm woke him for work.

Over the next few weeks work passed like a breeze. His outer shell played the dumb and immature, he appeared to want all the drugs, but he kept the stillness of his inner space. Then as this started to be second nature he began asking what was it all for? Yeah, he could help himself but was that enough? Was that compassion? He would soon find out.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.4) The Connection

To connect that was what it was all for. It began when he learnt of Unity. His founding meditation had become a practise. After work his mind would be reacting. He was a slave but he was not a slave. To tell people of their servitude that was the answer, but it wasn't. Yet he knew. Why did he know? To tell others, but then he couldn't. His mind was in circles. The circles moved around his body until the energy centred on his heart. Once there, there was peace and stillness. Then one day out of the stillness grew an understanding of Unity, they were all this stillness. This Peace was ONE. What else could it be, what else could there be?

So what was the servitude? That wasn't Unity. It was the servitude that caused separation, and separation was needed for the servitude. Without servitude there would be Unity, the ONEness where they all came from. And he had the end to slavery because he had control, the control that came from this understanding of Unity.

But if it was Unity and he had control, there must be others with control, others who had gained control that ended servitude, that connected the separation. This awareness was enough to seek connection. Connection became the purpose of his meditation, both connection for himself and a need for him to connect to like-minded, to others who had found control. But what he sought never came, how could it he was seeking it; that very seeking became a block to the connection. But he pursued connection, connection was the essence of his struggle.

Meanwhile his work continued yet he felt frustration in it. Was there a way through the work that could express his compassion? Whilst the slavery was the byword, the ruai, a word he had started to use for the super-rich, had found a powerful tool in delusion. Historically control had come through armed repression but this proved expensive, delusion was far cheaper. The ruai began to convince

the people that their slavery was what they chose. Over time this process of delusion became quite sophisticated. He had already understood that drugs and career were their stability benchmarks but he had not comprehended how much they were the cornerstones of the programme of delusion. All his life they had asked him what he wanted to be, and he had never known. He now understood that in him his future did not lie in these benchmarks of career and drugs, it lay in Connection. In his schooling, which he now understood as indoctrination – apprenticeship to servitude to the ruai, the teachers had always impressed upon him his opportunities and the choices he had. He laughed as it reminded him of his online supermarket. On the shelves there were all these choices, the packages looked different the food looked the same. But nowhere was the food free from toxins and drugs, if the drugs didn't get you the ruai controlled by medicine – medicine designed to keep you indentured not cured.

So his choice at school was which slavery? [But of course he never knew that then] And the bell rang, it was the school bell for genuine opportunity. If he taught maybe he could help the young who sought connection - who felt the connection. That was dangerous. In the computer world he just shut up, took his drugs but maintained a space in which he had control. Now he was going to look for connections in the young, and that could expose him. He laughed at himself and his fear, there was no choice – he must do it; it was the way for Arico even if at times he felt weak.

Retraining was not discouraged, if it afforded the delusion of choice whilst maintaining indenture there was nothing to be lost. Considering his previous training and experience to be a teacher was only a year. Because he was retraining he must pretend a deeper vocation yet at the same time determine a connection strategy. What was it that he would look for? He looked back at his own childhood, were there any markers? He could find very few, his immaturity had provided a smokescreen both internally and externally. But he thought back to others. There was one boy who was always in trouble with his teachers, Arico barely knew him. All he could remember was that the boy was always questioning, and shockingly sometimes he answered back. They would sometimes discuss the teachers – some were better than others, but never answer back; why?

Questioning, enquiry, they were markers of an emerging connection. But not simply questions per se. Arico and others would ask if they didn't understand – that was encouraged, but deep questioning – that never even occurred to him. There was something else about this boy. After food they had recreation, outside they would play sports but this boy never joined in – in fact he can't remember the boy eating, he never played with them. Ah, that was it. Although the boy was quiet with them and mostly silent in class except for those questions, there was one day – he hit the teacher. We were all so shocked, how can he hit the teacher teachers help us – thinking back he never saw the boy after that. Listen to yourself, Arico, the teachers were here to help us. The teachers were here to prepare us for useful indenture, he reminded himself, after all robots could do all the work history told us was slavery. Ruai needed people to be convinced, why? It was a human trait, if you believed in what you were doing you did it better. Schools were not concerned with learning, they were concerned with immersion, a commitment to society's ideals, a commitment to career, a commitment to the society being fair, enabling progress, democracy, the freedom that was a prison, a belief in good governance – ignoring obvious inadequacies such as the ruai profiting whilst the poor wandered the planet, righteous war – killing people because they don't believe what we do.

He thought about this more. In history there were these countries which refused to trade. We were told that their governments indoctrinated their peoples only to trade with us in inferior products. The example they gave was food. These countries grew their own food and refused to grow using the same seeds as we used. Our governments labelled this food as inferior, and told us these countries would only trade inferior goods. He looked this up later, the countries refused to use the same seeds because their own food had no pesticides. Our governments also refused to trade in goods these people manufactured themselves because this helped their economy and helped their people to live. The ruai didn't like this so they forced their own countries to blockade other manufactured goods leading to a trade embargo. But this didn't satisfy the ruai as they wanted to expand their markets to increase their profits. So they started international campaigning against these countries, basically they threw money at media, rewarded dissidents with lecture tours and wealth if they left these countries. Once this campaigning started

the leaders of these countries began to take special powers to fight off these incursions, it wasn't necessary to do this but human nature being what it is there are always some people. In the end there was a stand-off between the two countries, and the ruai started preparations for war.

They would send in covert operations to disrupt important factories and damage the infrastructure. Over time this affected the standard of living, and the people started to complain. With their special powers the leaders oppressed their own people until eventually what had been a better society had become a dictatorship. Fearing an uprising they started to blame the countries of the ruai, and sent in their own secret missions. Once captured these people, now enemies of the countries of the ruai, were labelled terrorists. Not satisfied with this labelling they used it as an excuse to send drones into the other countries until the people didn't feel safe on their own streets. The people pressured their own governments to take further protective measures. This escalated until the ruai could start their war machine. The war was soon over as the wealth of ruai countries was dependent on a high military budget, and a puppet government favourable to trading with the countries of the ruai was installed. The ordinary people could be never happy with these puppets as they enabled ruai exploitation but they couldn't do anything about it because the satrapy had the army of the ruai. The ruai built factories, using the new cheap resources their war had won, and began selling their own manufactured goods. The supermarkets changed as processed foods made in the ruai factories were sold and the people sadly mostly forgot about the organic farming as there was no market. And all of this was taught in the schools as countries which refused to trade. He could have cried but covered it with laughter, and wanted change.

Connections, he would seek out those who deeply questioned. Maybe there would be others like himself who nature disguised when young. They were of course risky. He might recognise their potential but if he approached them they would only see craziness, a teacher telling them to be criminal.

Meanwhile he would use his training year to find connection methodologies. Art and creativity were the most obvious, but with them the ruai had instituted many

failsafes. There was a time when being artistic was fashionable. Through art writing and music some people began to display dissatisfaction with the system of the ruai. Art writing and music had a connection - the muse, it was as if the ONEness used the artists to tell the truth – and the ruai could not have that. They changed art, writing and music, through control of publication they rewarded those who made good imitations, or imitations with minor changes - effectovely starving the originals. Once there were sufficient of these safe people, they were all rewarded and the ruai developed a cult of celebrity. What once had been creativity as fashionable became vacuous system apologists who trotted out the same rubbish about the lands of opportunity and how wealth made them happy. Young people who had once wanted to be creative sought vacuousness as their objective. As it stood Arico would find no connections in popularity, but he would seek creativity.

His own subject was maths, not much creativity there, but over the years he learnt of insight in maths. The ruai liked maths, those successful in maths, tended to be committed to the ruai system so maths was always something that was pushed. But it was not a concrete subject, there was very little concrete correlation between the squiggles on the page and real life. For the young this lack of correlation was a block to learning so what was relatively straightforward if the students applied themselves became a subject “to be hated”. He developed a teaching methodology to isolate possible connectors. Those who were able to do maths well possibly had intelligence and genuine intelligence used appropriately was a sign of connection. He used to focus on problem-solving in which the first step was key, did the student find the creative spark to start the problem? This was always the key with maths, this spark of insight, and he knew that students with such insight could maybe connect themselves. But between maths insight and real connection was some distance.

In his heart there was a vain hope that in his year training he would find similar souls, after all to educate well is the key to every society. In practice this was a vain hope. Teaching had become dispirited. Instead of awakening intelligence being the key to a progressive society, teaching was seen as a safe earner and career-provider the byword. Quality teaching was never rewarded but successful

teaching, whatever that meant for the ruai, gave these people status – not a great deal but sufficient for their egos to be partially satisfied. In fact teaching just meant that people accepted everything the way it was, and this was how the ruai saw the teacher as successful. At one stage ruai decided teaching was not worth it. They had enough people to work – sufficient people were not working and wanted jobs so that kept the wages down and kept the workers indentured. But the system was stagnant, and they realised that dumbing-down education was damaging in the long term. So they tried to kickstart intelligence but for the rich this was dangerous, intelligence was something they couldn't control. But instead of providing the necessary impetus this crop of intelligent teachers began to question. They lost their jobs - or worse, the teachers remembered their places, and soon teaching returned to dumbing-down. Well not for Arico, teaching was to connect.

But teaching did not escape the control mechanisms. There was always too much to do, no teacher was ever able to say that they had completed the job. How can you ever say that you have totally educated someone? But that of course assumes that education is a priority, Arico knew it wasn't. What was the priority was a pliable workforce. And that became harder and harder as time went on. There was less work so that helped but the work was specialised, and specialisation meant the specialists could pick and choose. How do you then control the specialists? That required a more subtle form of indoctrination and indenture. Those people had to be won over so education had to fan their egos. At the same time as you were massaging these arrogants you were also expected to control the rest. They called for separate institutions but Arico and others resisted hoping that contact would promote understanding. But then education was not about understanding, and he had little choice in the matter.

Pressures were hard and teachers turned to drugs much the same as anyone else. But the powers were concerned about teaching as it did have the potential to upset – disturb their control. So they monitored their recreational places, and Arico knew this – it was a tightrope he walked with care. But even that raised suspicion, partying in a rec but being aware. He hid amongst those he knew bought into everything, the career, the reasons for educating, the validity of the curriculum,



specialist critical analysis; these people were safe for the ruai. Watching these people he imitated their gullibility – and lack of perception. He watched how these unaware managed to convince themselves they were “leading out” when every government circular became their practise. But he did what they did.

Yet at the same time he monitored the kids. He was looking for success and genuine questioning. Not the questioning that conformed, how do we do what you want us to do? But questioning for understanding. How does it all work? What are the contradictions between what is being taught and what happens?

Even though he had made a life decision with the need to connect through teaching it did not mean that his meditation wasn't working elsewhere; it didn't mean he wasn't looking for connection elsewhere either. Meditation is about life, it is the process that establishes how you conduct life, it is the tool that helps you see life clearly. Helping him to see connections was to come. It was not long into his course, meditation was a daily requirement, it had to be to keep the drugs at bay. After his initial ecstasy meditation did not provide the highs, mainly because he functioned at a higher level in daily life. It often took different forms, a focus on Peace or Unity or Compassion or ONEness or stillness. In his compassion he gave out compassion to others. It would start with finding the stillness, and then changing that stillness to compassion he pushed his mind out to give compassion. And briefly his compassion touched on the compassion that was reaching out from another. He was startled .... obviously, and he quickly jumped back – ending the encounter. But not ending the importance of this .... his first connection.

It happened like this during rec. His mind was wandering as he sat detached watching the accepters. In part noting the methodology of acceptance watching the ease with which compromise pervaded every decision, the main part exerted control as he dealt with the drugs, and yet at the same time having a detachment that allowed him to drift off – perhaps seeking freedom. There was a voice in the distance, he drifted. “Don't attach to youth they are not formed and are dangerous. Be patient.” He jumped back demonstrating cognisance, and quickly covered himself through a gross gesture of participation.

What was that voice? No answer there. But what did it say could give an answer,

and he mused at his folly. However much potential young people have they do not have insight, at least not the insight that comes with conviction that can defy community pressure – conditioning and indoctrination. They are still forming, emotional attachments with family – relationships through sex; all of this meant that what he hoped for could soon be dissuaded. There was no strength in the youth, just power energy and potential, all vital but none reliable.

Engaging with youth could leave him vulnerable – and disappeared. Patience.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.5) The Light

It was Armo who had made contact with this new hatchling as they called them. Experienced, Armo had been doing this for years - searching for new hatchlings; they called him a groomer. His role amongst them – they called themselves the Light – was to search for people who were beginning to find their true selves – the hatchlings. He with other groomers would work to try and develop these hatchlings so they could work with the Light; and eventually the Light would .... who knew - that was what Nature would decide.

As with all Changers their powers had started with a meditation experience, but then what they did as part of the Light changed as they developed individual abilities. As a groomer he had developed a way of sensing presence in the Light – that in itself was not hard new hatchlings sensed presence. But unlike the hatchlings his mind was now trained not to immediately jump back, fear of the new caused the jumping but it was also often a sense of control – mind losing control, with mind not separating from ONEness. With experience this startled response disappeared, then the hatchlings could develop their own control. Before this groomers helped them as Armo was going to do with Arico. Forewarned Armo could find Arico.

In ONEness there was no separation, but when an individual used their minds to seek ONEness there was a ripple as the mind eschewed all personality to become ONE. This ripple was the highest form of separation, but in this highest form had subtle characteristics. Armo sought compassion although he knew others who love, empathy and the most difficult to detect – pure equanimity. Where his compassion had met Arico, Armo knew that was where he would find that subtle signature again. But this time he must use his own mind to prevent Arico's mind from pulling back – stop that mind from preventing the compassion from flowing. Time tended to be a factor although less so with hatchlings. Meditation was daily practice, necessary to deal with the drugs and all the other aspects of the slavery

of the ruai. Routine always helped on bad days; getting up, showering and meditating got rid of the weakness coming from bad nights – and there were many of those given the stress that came from slavery. No stress was not the word, it was feeble, slavery was much more than that.

Having made First Connect Armo knew it was likely that he could feel the same rippling signature of compassion. There was a sense of location – a junction as the ripple became Oneness, so he was prepared. His own compassion moved forward waiting to meet, and as they touched he pushed his mind beyond his own compassion through Arico's mind looking for the signal to jump back. And sure enough there it was – the startled response. It was a spear, a grappling hook, as if on elastic. As Armo felt Arico's bolt begin to pull in the compassion, he wrapped his mind around it as if using a blanket to wrap round and smother the sharpness of the point. Once this bolt had been dulled there was nothing to pull back the compassion and Armo and Arico met on the Light in ONEness.

How do you describe such a meeting? There was a separation as Armo and Arico had a certain sense of consciousness in the Light, no consciousness was not the word, more a slight awareness of subtle individuality. There was no sense awareness – it was beyond sense, meditators in early times would never have experienced such – it would have been far too individual. But in these times of enslavement Nature needs to adjust – to make changes. She allowed this subtle individuality to make a connection; needs must. But this connection could not have characteristics, but she did allow insight – a new dimension of Insight that could never be accessed through the gross minds of separation.

And it was through insight that communication could exist in this dimension; words were never a part of it – that was too gross; language was too separate. Armo had fashioned the insight that Arico needed. It was an insight concerning youth not being formed, not having conviction, not having insight. It was also an insight concerning vulnerability, changers were vulnerable as forces of the ruai sought to harm them. As Armo met Arico he focussed on these insights, and at the moment of contact where he had helped Arico not bolt with fear they felt these insights together. When Arico's mind processed the meditation he gave language

to the insight, and it became to him “Don’t attach to youth they are not formed and are dangerous”; at the same time Arico knew his own weakness and had added “Be patient”. In language terms the communication was inexact, yet in some ways more real because of the subtlety of insight – its depth.

Once first connection with ONEness had been made, it could never be broken – it could never be forgotten; Arico’s life had been changed – he could not change back even if his personality might choose to. And his connection was sealed in the Light. That was enough for the time being as the hatchling developed, greater duties lay ahead. Armo had left Arico with a sense of knowing that if Armo was needed he would be there – it was the seal of the insight dimension; all the Light would be there. Such deep conviction gave great strength.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.6) The Founder

Many years ago Jumo awoke, he was the founder member of the Light. For him life had always been difficult. From very young he had hated school, not that he hated learning – learning was the meaning of life, but that he saw through what school was and his defiant ego announced that he wasn't born to be a slave.

It wasn't that he hated teachers, it was just they believed most of what they were doing; some of them tried to help but help what? He wasn't going to be a slave. They wanted to help him choose a career, but career to him was just a polite word for slavery. There was another problem, using their words he matured young. He didn't consider himself mature, it was just that from about the age of 11 he knew he didn't want to be a slave. Always he wanted to learn, the world was so fascinating, Nature provided so much. What was worse he always felt in tune with Nature but he never formalised that thought - to himself or others; when older in retrospect he knew his harmony was far closer to Nature than all around who were sucked into the world of slavery. About the only time he felt in tune with what they wanted was when he read something written by a ruai. Ruai words were always coded (so that other ruai could understand) but they would say things like the only way to get a better life is communes, for everyone to work together in their own interest. Translating this meant that the ruai must be careful of what happens in the communes as they can be potentially damaging to ruai interests. They used code words for government strategies. Conditionality for loans – don't give them a loan unless they are using the loan in the interest of the ruai. Austerity – the ruai needed to accumulate more of the money, people other than their families were getting too much. These words were words used by government, and presented by the government as if the words were their ideas. But government were puppets – pure and simple – puppets, puppets with high salaries, high paid slaves – foremen who controlled the slaves, making them provide increased wealth for the ruai. He understood the ruai, and when he heard words that he understood and agreed with he knew the ruai agreed. The analysis was the same, it

was just their interests which were completely opposite.

At 11 his understanding didn't exist but the feeling was strong. His life was sensual, he felt it was right or not. The teachers they were not right. Sure those that were not beaten down really did care, but they didn't understand. When older he realised that the ruai did much work to con the teachers. Speaking with one he learned how teachers were fooled, how those with vocation were exploited to sure up a system which had little to do with education, and so much more concerned with increasing the accumulation of the ruai families. The need to turn the people into slaves was integral to their accumulation, but enforced slavery was far too expensive – enforcement or security forces were so expensive – not cost-effective. It was necessary for people to enslave themselves so give them nice words such as careers, make them feel as if they were choosing what they were doing, and there is increased profit, increased accumulation. Again at 11 this was not an understanding, it was just such a strong feeling that it was all wrong; this was a feeling that could not be shaken – such a deep and powerful intuition that no matter what those older said to him he could not believe them.

And there was the crunch with the teachers. Their aspect of the slavery was that they were superior, teacher of knowledge so-called – some even used the word wisdom. So when a young person did not accept the status, there was inherent conflict. No matter what Jumo did they could never accept him. The teachers knew he was intelligent but because he never accepted what they said, they would say he was not using his intelligence. So by their yardstick he was not fulfilling what he was supposed to do. And through their government puppets this yardstick had to be met. The longer he was in school the worse it was because the more the teachers were preparing for the world of work – career slavery. And the more this preparation happened, the more Jumo rejected because it felt wrong – he was not going to be a slave.

There was an incident – another one of those ruai words; for him it was a life-changing moment. There was one senior teacher who he described as always being on his case. This teacher came out with all the nice ruai euphemisms, work to your full potential, find a career that would benefit society, and all of it he just

felt so deeply was wrong. With this teacher he was quiet and careful, Jumo felt he was in danger with this slave. One day he had argued with his parents, he had missed the rotfai, and had to run to school; and who was there to punish him this nemesis of a teacher. Not only that but his first lesson was with the nemesis. And the guy started at him about potential, career and social benefit. “Please sir, I am doing my best,” he began quietly.

Now his nemesis had also argued with his wife before reaching school, and he was still seething “Your best. You never do your best, you can do far more.”

“Far more of what, this stuff doesn’t help me live. I’m not going to do that job, maybe I will be an artist, write books, or simply go to live in the countryside and feed myself,” he threw back at the nemesis, not knowing where it all came from.

Anger took the teacher first, grabbing Jumo’s arm pulling him out of the classroom. “You don’t answer me back,” ranted the system pillar. The grip on Jumo’s arm was agony, he had fallen and there was a deep wound.

“Sir, you’re hurting me,” he screamed “please stop.”

No response and the pain seared though him, and seemed to give him strength. Relaxing his arm he twisted his body underneath the teacher’s arm. Not expecting this the teacher tried to strengthen his grip on Jumo’s arm, and as the grip strengthened the more the teacher contorted and began to increasingly lose his balance. Once the teacher’s balance was teetering, instinctively Jumo raised his other arm and with all his energy directed a push into the teacher’s side below his armpit. Being off balance the blow’s strength was exaggerated, and rather than a push-away the impact sent the teacher staggering across the room, his foot caught the leg of the chair and he tripped and his right temple landed on the corner of the desk. Falling he lay prostrate on the ground with a slow trickle of blood coming from his right temple.

Immediately security and the nurse were called, and the man was taken to hospital for minor stitches – and was back to school the next day with nothing but a case of embarrassment – incidental embarrassment. Not surprisingly Jumo was never seen



again, and if asked people were told that he had transferred schools. Of course it was right that he could not remain in the school after physically confronting the teacher, Jumo would often reflect, but it was far from an innocent transfer that occurred. He was transferred but to an institution, a nameless place among many that had recently started to grow throughout the realm of the ruai. The puppets of the ruai had learnt how to make good publicity out of adversity and confrontation. There was a kind of two-tier policy – public and private. The public approach was fodder used to enhance control through the illusion that there was choice and that in the end the state was tolerant and just. The private avenue was for the real revolution, people who had seen through the state illusion and determined the level of slavery maintained in this sham of a puppeted democracy. For cases of doubt especially amongst the young there was a place called an assessment centre, and Jumo had been taken there.

The purpose of these centres was to assess, and if the existence of these centres came to the attention of media the assessment process was described as determining the most suitable institution for the person – delinquent, criminal – to be placed in. Normally the centre's spin control would talk of children's homes or adult care centres as opposed to detention centres for hardened criminals – thieves, perpetrators of violent crime, and such detention was deemed acceptable in a society afraid of poverty and violence. But they never discussed category D, people whose deeply-felt conviction made it impossible to return to the indoctrination that was considered society. There were just some people whose very existence bred resistance to the ruai order.

Jumo arrived for assessment, and he was completely apologetic, however much he considered that teacher a sap, a dupe completely conned by the shell that the ruais created as education, he had never wished violence on the man. When he described the incident, the guards at the assessment centre, they called themselves care workers, felt an element of sympathy for Jumo; they accepted that events had conspired and that there was no desire to hurt. But their assessment changed when they examined the footage, what was missing from the description was the distance the teacher had travelled across the room, his speed and the obvious force that Jumo had exerted – and the fact that Jumo was oblivious to the power he had

brought forth. It was this force that worried the care workers, and together with the lack of consciousness were signs they had met before, signs of lifelong dissidence – category D.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.7) The Ruai

Foster Roth was a pleasant guy, lucky as well – pick of the jobs that money could buy, but he still managed to piss off his family. What DID he talk about? On and on, better world, exploitation, and so on. He was quite handsome so he could more or less choose who he wanted, they were lining up for him. Roth and Cooper, Roth and Prock, Roth and Kerswell-Smith, any such match was possible, but he showed no interest. Sure there was the gratuitous sex, but that was his only female interest.

The Roths of Connet Bay were legend, their products alone could have stocked a mansion, yet their “varieties” were also legion. Foster was expected to participate in all that, at least tokenly, but he could see no point.

In the club Saint-John Roth bemoaned his lot, his oldest son was resisting the family line. But worst of all he sounded like the dissidents who disrupted wherever they could – not that there was much chance now. It was just the way it always had been for generations of the Roths. They ran the factories, organised the import and export of materials controlling distribution. Without them who would make the stuff? He got so annoyed when Foster questioned this.

“We do it because we always have done,” Foster propounded “but anyone could – we are not special.”

His father was furious, his ego flapping around, the family had the expertise ordinary people couldn't have – it was in the genes. That was why it was so important that Foster marry the right stock, to keep the gene pool from being polluted by the kon.

Years ago one of the young Kerswells was famous for playing around with the kon. Meeting after meeting took place as the kons were paid off – as well as the occasional termination. In the end Grant married a kon, they had no choice, the

club organised the road accident. Great sadness all round.

Saint-John knew such a fate was possible for Foster, he was walking just this side of the line. Kon marriage was not the issue, but some of the things he said were so worrying – you just didn't say them. The mother was also a big problem. With the increasing likelihood of the club being involved the more she was causing ructions. Give her her due, she was always on Foster's case, but he was afraid that there might be more than one accident in his family. Such decisions were out of his hands, no man was more powerful than club Ruai.

Meanwhile Foster pursued dubious paths. First he started a farm, a basic farm, no machinery, no pesticides. Many people from university joined him on this farm pooling together sufficient family money to open it. Then to the horror of all at the club instead of this farm being an acceptable but limited commercial operation they discovered that these errants were planning to live there, and live “off the land”. They had to put a stop to this, and the club's squad had to be called in. Initially a couple of agents joined the errants causing dissent, it was so easy to play on petty jealousies. When the group was at its lowest they set fire to the food storage, and some of the weak-willed returned home disillusioned. Foster was stronger than this but of course he could not run the farm on his own; it gradually died out.

But that was not the end of Foster's ventures. He began travelling, and began to see some of the poverty the ruai had created. The Roth empire paid extremely low prices for imported goods and forced the local people to grow the crops Roth wanted. For centuries these people had survived famine by skilled agricultural techniques such as crop rotation, crop balance – growing two crops in the same area one feeding nutrients into the land that the other took out. For centuries kon had lived by the desert feeding their tribe, but within 50 years the demands of the Roths for cheap raw materials left them homeless as the desert ate up the land whose nutritional balance had now lost harmony. And what remained free of the raw material policy was finally destroyed by the inflated prices the Roths charged for their manufactured goods that they were forced to buy - the Roths made a condition if they bought the raw materials the government had to buy Roth's

exports.

What Foster wanted to do was start his own company to buy the traditional products so that these kon could revert to their traditional practices. But in order for this to work his company would have to be large, and therefore threatening to his family and the rest of the ruai – and even he didn't feel safe threatening them, family or not. But what he could do was import “crafts”, and sell these crafts to the snobbery in his community. Aaggh, he shouldn't be so pejorative but he was frustrated – he was doing something but it was nothing compared to the damage being inflicted by Roths et al.

It was during one of his regular downs that it happened. Late at night he couldn't sleep. His mind wandered first down to the garage where he had just bought his new Presch, then looking around his room – the latest cosma screen, the computer suit sim game that he enjoyed so much – sometimes. The girl next to him, Serene, he was with her but he wasn't – it was mostly lust and for appearance. His family liked her, her family liked the name Roth; it would work. Nothing was real, nothing mattered, he was sad – he was tempted to jump up and snort – he usually did when the downs came. But instead he stayed with the instability in his mind. He watched it running, and he sensed something chasing it. The mind jumped from Presch, cosma, Serene, the pointlessness of his company, it just jumped. Then it was chased, what? Chasing, chasing. He tried to jump faster but the chasing seemed to be gaining. Trying to jump faster, trying .... faster, faster. Why? What is chasing? He looked back at the chaser. Yellowy-white, it appeared ghost-like. Fear stepped in. The ghost shouted eerily “don't be afraid”. Didn't help. It spoke again quietly – and this time he felt no menace. “Foster don't be afraid, look at me.”

And Foster looked and as he looked the ghostly chaser began a metamorphosis; it became .... Him. Him, Foster. Why was Foster chasing Foster? But he wasn't, Foster was chasing his mind. There was a light and what seemed like the sound of wedding bells. Mind and Foster were different, he wasn't his mind. What was he? Foster.

Foster slowed and as he slowed he became one with the chasing figure, and he felt

comfortable. But that was not enough, there was more, the chasing figure, Foster, wanted more. As the figure and Foster became one, it started to grow. To begin with the metamorphosis took on Foster's shape but its outline began to change. Slowly Foster's frame began to expand. From inside there was force pushing out through his chest, a light started to move out through the top of his head, strange tentacled spirals wove their way out from his toes merging as if coming from his feet, then his arms. The tentacles, the expanding chest, the light from his head started to meet at a distance in one light, this light moved back into his body and out again. Merging, merging, merging, there was only light. The chaser was only light, there was only chaser – light, one light. Oneness.

And he awoke, or he was awoken – shaking. Serene was afraid, she sensed something was wrong, there was a strange feel, almost a glow about Foster and she was deeply worried. He was so still – perfectly still and quiet – a contentment filled his countenance. At the same time he seemed open and cut off, she felt he was open but cut off from her. She wanted to be a part of him but he wouldn't let her. Frightened she woke him fearing the distance she felt, shaking, shaking ....

At the time she didn't understand this was the end for them.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.8) The Convert

Control had to be universal for the ruai. Not one of them had sat down to make this control universal, it just developed over time. Often people would say how clever the ruai were, but that isn't really the case. Of course they are devious but the real reason they were so successful is that they had fundamentally dehumanised themselves and their rationales. There is only one thing that mattered to them – their accumulated wealth. This is how they measured themselves, how many 0's in bank accounts, how much they can lavish on their children, just a pointless lifestyle that had little intrinsic meaning but had horrendous consequences for the rest of humanity.

From the outside you could examine their control, and you could see it as total. Many even saw external forces involved, and such misdirection was embellished upon in that control. But such control developed from human nature, and the single-minded direction of wealth accumulation. Early in history wealth came with land, to increase land the then-wealthy developed armies, invaded territories, appropriated agricultural produce and so on. This was single-minded accumulation of land, and those that opposed were squashed – murdered enslaved and so on. But to maintain this land required force. As they took over new lands they had to provide incentives for some people to take care of these lands, and with wider territories the landowners got stretched thin.

With the advent of money the landowners discovered that it was easier to control distant lands if they had more money, and so the appropriation of land became replaced by the accumulation of money. This money still financed conquests but it was the profits from these conquests that the erstwhile landowners sought. Over time most of the world became “owned” by a few landowners, and whilst they were able to buy off a few people to run their conquests the control was tenuous.

Over the centuries the ruai had learnt that the best control was self-delusion.

Hands up if you are happy saying you have been a wage-slave; nowhere to be seen. Hands up if you are happy in your career, myriads of hands. Self-delusion. Can you be happy being a wage-slave? No. Can you make do with saying you choose to be a teacher? Easily. Self-delusion. To apply this control principle, the ruai developed a scheme in which they installed puppets as rulers, and these puppets provided what the ruai wanted – wealth, raw materials and markets to increase their wealth. Not quite as simple as that. If these puppets became too powerful they might sever their ties with the ruai. So the puppets they installed were always dependent on financial support from the ruai. They were minority parties, smaller tribes, weak leaders with limited charisma, crooks hated by their people – it didn't matter who so long as they didn't have the total backing of the kon in that country. And if a democratic leader came along trying to usurp the power of the puppets covert operatives ensured this didn't happen, and if the worst came to the worst money and advisors were dispatched to the puppets to sure up their regime.

Global war was a key platform to the ruai. Of course they didn't start with global war. The early landowners were always fighting battles on the borders of their lands – as they expanded or fought back the expansion of another. There was no objection to these battles because the people who died were border people - not their own. Land accumulation changed to money accumulation but disputes only occurred on borders. And if there were a strong threat to the ruai, then they destabilised the threatening country.

Mostly this worked but there was a period in time in which equal opposing ruai forces were developing. There were 5 dominant players who came together at the same time. For many years two adversaries had fought for lands accumulating their wealth. Previously a great war had been fought between them, and this war had decimated both sides – but not completely. To continue the pretence one side was awarded victory, and the other side was stripped of certain powers. But the ruai in these countries were damaged with the huge loss of wealth, and peoples' movements developed seeking to overthrow these ruai.

The losers were particularly vulnerable to a threat from their own people so they



sought funds from an up-and-coming new power. As is the nature of the ruai such funds were easy to come by so long as profits were returned. Soon the losers became powerful again and war was in the offing. The newly-equipped losers soon became a match for the victors and a further conflict developed, and this conflict became protracted. Both sides were funded by this third power who throughout the war profited immensely whilst the older powers dwindled more and more.

However all was not roses for this new power as in a distant land a threat from a new ruai developed. The new power, wanting to expand their territories, started battling on distant borders – no problem, exporting war was par for the course. Knowing this the distant power attacked close to the home of the new power, and so gradually military involvement increased. Undeterred the new power worked on a new strategy, what could be called the overkill strategy. Ultimately this new power only wanted token adversaries, there would always be enemies but to deter these enemies from ever uniting they decided on this overkill. This distant power was no match for the new power so over a couple of years they were decimated. But the new power wasn't satisfied with that, they wanted to deter people from ever attacking them again. And so they did, they nuked two islands so that for generations these people couldn't live there. The world was in shock, who could be so evil? But they never forgot, if you stood up against this new power there was always nuclear overkill.

Meanwhile back with the traditional powers their armies were almost completely defeated, and along came the new army pretending to support the victors but in reality they came in and took over. At the end of the conflict neither of the traditional powers were strong, and both then had to pay lip-service to the new power.

There was one final player in this scenario, and they had an important function for the new power. More than any of the traditional powers the ruai living in this new power had learnt how much profit there was to be made in the time of war; their ruai needed war for profits. But you cannot have a war without an enemy. So the ruai began an ideological witch-hunt. Now this witch-hunt had two purposes.

Firstly this ideology was critical of the ruai, it understood that the ruai were only interested in profit and that their puppet government presented a snow job to cover up that greed. The ideology had been critical of the traditional powers for the same reason as it saw the way people were being used to create profits for the few. Secondly it was condemnatory of the eastern power, and in so doing they created an enemy.

But how were they able to create this enemy? Historically this eastern power had been very hurtful of their people. Their ruai were ruthless in the way they maintained control, and so the people rose up to fight them off. Whilst the other powers did not like this eastern power it was preferable to a country run by its own people – what some called democracy. So when the people rose up, typically the other powers tried to destabilise the peoples' movement that was running the country. They were so successful in this destabilisation that there was a civil war for many years – a typical consequence of the destabilisation as well as a good profit-making venture. And once the civil war was over the peoples' movement had been replaced by a “dictatorship for the good of the people”. This dictatorship, the eastern power, was ideologically different to the other powers. Although there was a dictatorship following the intervention it had originally started as a peoples' movement – a democracy. Now the other powers claimed they were a democracy but in practice their puppets were well under control. It was quite straight-forward for the ruai to control the governments. Remember a government is only a small number of people, and whilst the ruai had the power governments always pretended they have power. And there were always people around who wanted to delude themselves that they had power, their very desire made them fall for the delusion the ruai created – complete control. These puppets provided the ruai with puppets who could present policy and puppets who could be blamed when ruai greed hurt the people. An important function of these puppets was to provide scenarios for the wars for profit, and again these puppets were blamed for the “mistakes” but that didn't seem to matter to them as they were well paid afterwards – company directorships, global positions, lectureship deals etc.

So the eastern power was a democracy taken over by a dictatorship, and the other

powers were ruai puppetries that used democracy as a subterfuge. The ruai genuinely feared democracy, how could they exploit people if the people were in charge? So they used the media to focus on the dictatorship and started an ideological war against this democracy-dictatorship combine. Strangely enough although most of the world lived in ruai dictatorships covered up by elected puppetry, the thing people most feared was a dictatorship and slavery. This made the eastern power an easy target for propaganda – and then providing the new power with an enemy.

So the ruai had control in government, they had wars for profit to provide their wealth, they controlled what the young learned so there was little else. It was fine-tuning. If the ruai became vulnerable they controlled the puppetry. They controlled the people who worked for them, and a significant part of the company's work was PR – basically a group of mouthpieces whose job it was to present the ruai in a good light and blame anyone including the puppets if things went wrong. What was important in the way of things was that ordinary people did not see the ruai as the problem, and that the ordinary people were able to delude themselves that they were not wage-slaves.

However the ruai knew there was one other problem, and this was something they could not control – the planet. What was worse for them about the planet was they didn't understand it. Their world was profits; use the material of the planet, use the people as slaves to make profits. There was more but more was something they couldn't know because it didn't fit in with their narrow profit-oriented existence. Things happened, natural disasters and the like, and the ruai had absolutely no control over them. Often these disasters would occur as a result of their profit-making, desertification, landslides, all kinds of stuff. It was predictable, the ruai push too hard and the planet responded; this was a rule of business they accepted but could not control.

But it wasn't just these ecological disasters that were beyond their control, it was religion. Now they did work on religion because it was a powerful force but to limited avail. A long time ago people were afraid of ghosts, of the night, of supernature. The trees, the rocks, the streams they all had spirits and people were

afraid of them. Farmers wouldn't plant in certain areas – haunted, spirit, kwaai, all kinds of words all over the world for this stuff. As business took over people were moved to cities where the jobs were. The cities as places became less and less connected to nature as factories developed with effluent and environmental damage. Previously these taboo areas became engulfed in the cities and nature was disrespected. When these ruai left the cities they told the farmers to plant this land, square land in rows, and the farmers had to lose their ways; how could they say this land is kwaai the ruai would give their money to someone else. The spirit got forced off some of the land becoming focussed in parts of the world that were not arable. And there the people were much more superstitious, and unless there were very sound business reasons the ruai had learnt to leave these people alone, it cost too much to work with them, they were not tempted with money, the land and the planet had control of them.

All people had religions and the ruai didn't mind that – they found ways of control through religion. Especially in the cities because in the cities the people had lost contact with the planet. Being good is always core to any religion, it's a planetary prerequisite. That was a potential risk for the ruai – because good didn't matter to them unless it affected their profits. Deep down all religions know you should respect the planet, God's World, Nature, Gaia, whatever word you want to use; the ruai couldn't have this. To make their profits they needed raw materials and had to rape the planet. So through historical powers they changed the religion so that people did not respect the planet they just had to behave well to each other. The ruai liked this, use the religion to make the people behave. No crime was good for society but it also meant you couldn't steal from the ruai – and the ruai paid the security forces extra to make sure. Yet in these spirit societies, the ruai called them, there were no super-rich, it would be a crime to use more than was needed – theft from the planet. The religions the ruais wanted could not have this.

They also fashioned the religion so that the God was not connected to the planet, one religion laughably had this human figure with a long white beard who lived far above the atmosphere. Such a God could not possibly be connected to the planet, this was what the ruai wanted.

But even in the religion they created which had this God somewhere else in the galaxy the religion at times managed to connect God and the planet, and that was something else the ruai were forced to accept – something beyond their control.

Now Chekka was a priest in this religion – although somewhat bitterly she saw herself more as a moral policeman keeping people in order. For years she had trained to be this policeman – priest. She studied their holy books, books that talked about this all-powerful God who lived out in the galaxy. How this God had sent people to their planet to teach people how to behave, how this God made miracles to help the people who worshipped Him. She could quote these books, and when the people came to meet with her every week she would quote these books telling people how to behave with each other, to cut down on the drugs, to work so that they could look after their families etc. The priest was liked because there was something in her that people could relate to – some would use the phrase “down to earth”.

Now Chekka didn't see the point in quoting these books, but she enjoyed meeting with the people and trying to help them through this difficult life. For her she could study, read her books, and try to get close to her God, but for the people she met each work they only had their jobs – working day in day out soulless jobs that just made profits for the ruai. The ruai had driven compassion out of these people, and she hoped that she could bring it back into their lives when she met with them each week.

One Sunday she had just given a service for a woman who had lost her husband. Her husband had worked all his life as a process-controller, that meant he knew how to optimise the factory belts of mass production. This job was stressful, if he screwed up profits were down and he lost his job, money and home. Now the ruai had learnt that older people developed illness and were not much use in making profits. When young it paid the ruai to keep these people healthy but when they were too old even if they came to work often enough they didn't do well. So basically at 50 they transferred them to a lesser-paying job, still with a home; by that age the people were so scared they were grateful they kept their jobs. But even with the transfers sometimes the people became ill, and a burden on profits;

the ruai wanted them dead – to keep up their profits. Some of the companies came up with a trick to do with health insurance. Now health insurance, some argued did more harm than good because they paid for drugs that in the long term made you ill, was provided so that the young could be got back to work quickly. But as the workers got older the effects of the drugs started to produce systemic degenerative disease. It was the plan. The drugs gave the people sufficient health, someone said the drugs were based on adrenaline – but someone always said, so that nature's restcures, the flu and so on, could be fought off getting the people back to work. But what is the purpose of a restcure? With the drugs the people didn't get what was needed, and in the end nature made the human body pay.

Knowing this they had a clause in the health insurance called pre-existing conditions. It could be argued, and often was, that all symptoms could be judged to be part of a pre-existing condition, and this became the norm. At 50 they changed jobs, new employer, new health insurance, and illness and there was no money. People died or cured themselves, and if that was quick enough they had a job; if not they had no money, no home, and were sent to resthomes where there was little sustenance and they soon died. This pattern had been repeated with the poor man that Chekka gave the service for. The woman had some work but not enough to qualify her for a home, she was pushed into the home of one of her children's families – a home with insufficient room and food.

But this was the norm, why was Chekka particularly sad this week? After the service and consoling the tears she returned to her room, and prayed to God, how can He allow such misery? Where were the miracles she read about? She repeated her prayers over and over again until the words lost meaning. And there was silence, it was a silence that was full. Then the silence was replaced with God, the importance of her relationship with God. From the top of her head grew a light, a light that moved up and up. It became a path of light coming out of her head leading to .... She followed up the path, and as she did so the path just seemed to stretch and stretch. Growing longer and longer she began to fear but then told herself that this path was connected to her relationship with God, how can she fear that relationship?

So along the path she went, and in the distance she saw a glow, and moving towards this glow she saw a figure. She felt apprehension, was she going to meet God? As she neared the figure it took shape, it was a man with a long white beard. It's God, it's God, I'm going to meet God. She began to rush towards the figure, and yes it was the image she remembered, the image that was in all her books. This was God. She ran towards him and threw herself at her feet. God, God, I love my God, she shouted weeping with joy.

"I am not God," the figure answered simply.

"You are God," Chekka continued weeping, her sobbing shaking her whole being.

"No I am not God, I am a man in your dreams," he said matter-of-factly "I am a delusion."

"God is not a delusion," muttered Chekka, slowly spouting her faith.

"No He isn't," replied the figure grabbing her arm and pulling her back along the path of white light. And this time there was such a force pulling her, gone were the tentative steps that had pussyfooted her up the path of light to the man in white. To begin with she thought the force was the man in white but as they returned to earth this figure began to melt away and join with the path of light. Was this figure, God?, going to join her in her head? Excitement grew.

But then the force pulled her down, down, down into the planet. The figure had now gone, instead there was just a path of light. And the light dimmed as it began to fuse with the planet, so now all around her inside the planet was a colourless glow.

"Now you have found God," the distant voice of the old figure in white, and she knew that God was in the planet, was the planet, the ONE planet, Gaia. And the silence came back, the silence that was God, Gaia, the silence of spirit that was all around her if she chose to look .... feel. No elation could describe the feeling of finding God, no words could ever limit her relationship again.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.9) The Scientists

Unfortunately Jumo unwittingly brought about the demise of the Light movement – not through any fault of his own.

The demise however did not begin with Jumo, but with a religious leader known as the Honourable Hudla. This leader, Hudla, had the view that meditation was a scientific method. In an interview one day he explained “Meditation is a process to attain an original state of mind, a mind that is true and unspoiled. But in our daily life the mind gets spoiled and few do anything about what happens to the mind. It makes no sense how we treat our minds. If we eat food that is not healthy we know that our bodies suffer with ill health – we are what we eat.”

“Yet many religions do not talk about food in this way,” interrupted the interviewer.

Hudla paused and smiled. “You are right, they do not,” he answered “but that does not make it any less true. And incidentally,” again he paused.

“Incidentally?” prompted the interviewer, unable to remain in silence.

“It is the minds of daily life that do not see food in this way,” he finally filled the gap. “It is minds weakened by ill-resolve as a consequence of what daily life does to us – stress - that accept unnatural food.” He finished as if it was obvious.

“Please explain,” asked the interviewer when he saw that His Honour was not going to elucidate.

“You don’t ....” Hudla caught himself and paused avoiding criticism of the interviewer. “My apologies, let me elaborate. The body knows what food, food from Nature, is good for it. And science knows about nutrition, of course. But we don’t eat food for our bodies we eat for our minds. Our minds enjoy the taste of



artificially sweetened foods, of food additives, so we tend to eat those foods. But this is because our minds are not disciplined, a discipline that comes from meditation, meditation that removes the “clouds” that form in daily life.”

“Do you blame the scientists, the food companies for this?” asked the interviewer.

“That is difficult for me to answer in my position,” replied Hudla thoughtfully  
“Let me ask this question. What motivates the companies and their scientists? Is it the quality of the food? Is their rationale to provide the healthiest food for people to eat?”

The interviewer began “The companies are there to make a profit ....”

“Please don’t continue,” Hudla stopped her “Such questions need to be answered individually by those who buy, by those who sell, and by those who create the food science. In answering those questions minds find discipline.”

“This points to a general problem with mind that usually does not get addressed,” continued the venerable “other than sleep what do we do to help our minds recover from the stresses of daily life?”

“What can we do?” she asked.

“Meditate,” answered Hudla – almost with a slam-dunk. “That is the purpose of meditation. In daily life the mind accumulates stresses, meets confrontation - just life, but it needs to recover – to return to its natural state. This occurs to some extent in sleep but if we meditate we help remove this daily baggage. Meditation clears the mind so that it can think sharply so it can decide with clarity. “Amongst other clear decisions,” he continued “the mind would decide to eat naturally because the mind would be clear. The mind would know what the body needs and provide it.

“But in other matters,” he paused to focus his thoughts “a clear mind chooses wisely. All around there are temptations – such as drugs, our minds need to be strong to resist such temptations. Yet when we are tired – after a day’s work for

example, we take the path of least resistance and often indulge in drugs etc. We need strong minds, minds that are clear to resist this.

“And all of this clarity can come from the scientific practice of meditation,” concluded Hudla.

“Why is this scientific?” she asked “Science and meditation are not usually connected.”

“I wish that they were,” he smiled ruefully “To answer this we must look at what is scientific method. Although science is usually physical there is a method – empirical method. This is science that is based on experience. Examine the experience of meditation. When we follow meditation our minds go through the same cleaning processes leading to clarity. Different people follow the same meditation method, and the results are the same. Is that not empirical science? Because we cannot touch the meditation, because we cannot measure this meditation physically – with machines, then science rejects this empirical understanding of meditation.”

“Is this why you encourage scientific studies of meditation?” she asked.

“Yes,” replied the Honourable one quickly “I want science through its own tools, its own measurements to assess meditation.” “Some meditators question this approach,” she answered looking at her papers. “They say science through its own terms can never fully understand meditation, because I quote “meditation is beyond machines”.”

“There is truth in what these meditators say,” conceded Hudla “but I believe it is important that more people meditate. If science gives meditation some credibility don’t you think more people will meditate?”

“I’m not sure,” she muttered.

“I think it will help,” Hudla concluded.

The interviewer turned to a different camera and she politely concluded with the

usual platitudes. She watched as this great man left the room, she had her doubts about the science but who was she to say?

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As usual Waters and Orpan met in the rec for the compulsory wind-down. As they sat with the drugs there began pleasantries, how is the family? They were careful with this one because Orpan was allowed two children and Waters only one – Waters would be allowed two if he had Orpan's job. Waters' mind drifted to repeated conversations with his wife.

“You can do the work,” Noi nagged at him.

“I suppose I could,” Waters mumbled but deep in his heart he knew Orpan had far more going for her.

“You should report her,” she continued on at him “the way she decries the programme you are in is disloyal.”

“I can't report her,” Waters became determined “Orpan is a good woman even though her views are extreme.” Noi's desires were strong, he understood that but to tell on Orpan that would be so wrong he felt he couldn't live with himself. The trouble was he had the same reservations.

“Does Noi still want another child?” Orpan asked.

“She does,” acknowledged Waters “but there are no vacancies at the moment. I'll have to wait until you die.” They laughed, a false laugh for both. Then a pause until the stress broke through.

“Do you know we almost had it today?” Orpan started “I thought we were so close. The MEG, that image seemed so clear. Jumo must be doing something.” Her mind drifted this time.

“Good morning Orpan,” the supervisor greeted her, she acknowledged. “In this unit we take care of category-D people, the most deluded, and it is our job to try

and help these people out of their delusions. We have brought you in for your neurological work where you identified the corsassus centre as being the source of bipolar disorder.”

“Corsassus was not the source,” replied Orpan carefully “it became active during bipolar incidents.”

“We want you to monitor these deluded,” continued Dent ignoring her scientific meticulousness “and try to determine whether there is a neurological cause to their delusions.”

Even at the interview she knew this was not their ultimate purpose but she couldn't decide what it was. It was not as if she had a choice anyway, she was assigned here.

This was confirmed for her later when she met with Dent. She showed him the images. “As you can see these images change during normal daily activity but the changes occur within specified regions of the brain,” she reported pointing at certain regions of the image as she explained. “Washing is in this region as is housework. Even when Jumo is thinking the same region is in use .... But there is one time when a different region is used, and that is when he is still.”

“What do you mean “still”?” asked Dent.

“Well there are times when Jumo just sits on the edge of his bed straight-backed and motionless,” she explained.

“We all sit still some times, just resting,” countered Dent.

“It seems that for Jumo more is going on when he sits,” continued Orpan slowly. “For a while he sits there and the image shows activity in the usual regions but then suddenly the activity switches to a new region. Yet when we observe him he is still. Without asking him we cannot ascertain what is going on.”

“Do not ask him,” admonished Dent “It is possible that this is the source of

delusion. When he sits for a long time the brain enters this delusory region, and this is why he demonstrates such anti-social behaviour.”

“I am not sure that is true,” she murmured.

“I want you to continue the imaging work,” Dent continued issuing his orders. “This sounds good, it sounds like we have a mental source for delusion.”

She looked at him quizzically, scientifically you could not jump to such a conclusion. Just because they wanted a source of delusion does not mean that something different is that source. There were bells going off in her mind but she didn't understand why.

Now she understood, and she had decided to tell Waters. She was not sure about him but she felt safe enough to tell him; anyway she needed his cooperation. In the rec – now, she must tell him.

“Our MEGs are pretty conclusive. There is a repeated pattern where this region, the still region, always shows up when Jumo sits for a long time. This is not a sleep activity, a resting activity, there is something else happening,” she told Waters as they both relaxed with the next snort.

“That's interesting,” Waters answered “do you think that this still area is the source of delusion?”

“I don't think that is what the project is about,” she continued “if they wanted us to identify it as a source of delusion the experiments would be taking a different direction – such as preventing access to the still area.” “Maybe so,” he said.

“I think their purpose is different,” continued Orpan “they are not seeking to determine a source of delusion they are seeking an image that identifies the deluded.” “Maybe that is so,” he concurred “but why does that matter?”

“Because we are working on a weapon,” she spoke out strongly “well it is like a weapon even if it doesn't directly kill. Once these people are identified they will be incarcerated, and for what? Because they sit and use a new area of the brain.”

“Are you sure this is what they are doing?” asked Waters.

“How can I be sure?” she answered unwisely “they will never tell us exactly what they are doing. But I am convinced.” At that moment she had become marked.

She had told him, that was what she had set out to do. Now when they were working together they could focus less on the identifying and more on helping people like Jumo. If they needed help? Where did that thought come from? She dismissed it.

In the rec their conversation petered out as the drugs brought on tiredness. They both returned home but Waters could not leave the conversation, he was frightened. He kept mulling it over, what was he to do? Despite knowing what she would say he needed to talk with Noi, at least then he would have some support.

“She is a fool, she has said too much,” Noi told him. He had to agree.

“She has dragged you into her disloyalty by telling you,” his wife continued.

He sat quietly listening to her go on, but she was not saying anything he hadn't thought. And then it came – the obvious conclusion.

“Now you have to tell them, if you don't they will say you are disloyal as well,” she demanded clearly.

Again he was wavering, he liked Orpan but this was his life.

“If you don't tell them they will target you as well – whatever that means,” she put in the knife. They both knew, and did not know, what that meant. The decision was made, and Noi had her baby.

When he went to Dent Dent asked whether Waters could do the job alone.

“She is far better than I am,” he told them with at least some personal loyalty to Orpan “but I could do it with a new assistant.”

“OK,” was all Dent said. Finally as a warning Dent said “you were wise to come to us. We already knew that Orpan was deluded. She went too far yesterday, and it became your last chance.” Waters was scared, and was glad that Dent was dismissing him with this warning.

The deed had been done; he could never look at his second-born without a memory of his own weakness.

The next day they received mail that Orpan had been transferred with Waters appointed as chief project coordinator. Waters received a new directive to develop a machine that would identify when this still area was accessed. He argued with himself that he was pushing back the bounds of scientific discovery, but in reality he was developing a machine that identified people like Jumo – a weapon for incarcerating.

Once he had finished the machine, another section worked on miniaturising, and very soon the ruai were monitoring in peoples’ homes.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 1.10) The Gathering

The Guardians met for the briefing. The commander began “The scientists have pinpointed our targets, and we each have our own particulars.” She pointed at the face on her pad to illustrate this.

“We have recognised increased activity amongst these perps, and we are concerned as to what this activity is about. Therefore our brief is to watch and report – at present no more.”

“Watch and report. Have a nice day, and be watchful,” she smiled at the pun – as usual “See you tonight in the rec.” At this the Guardians were dismissed, and they left to follow their targets.

It was a big day for the Guardians, it was the day of the Gathering.

Being the first Jumo never saw making contact as being a communal activity. As with all in the Light it became something each had to do, it was their way of dealing with the prison the ruai had created for them. In some ways Jumo was the Light personified, there was no conditioning to break through, no system success to fight against, no job he had to go to, for Jumo the Light was all there was, all there ever had been. In his young days he would go to bed and allow his mind to wander through compassion, through light, through silence; it was just natural for him. After school he would leave the conflict, control his anger and wander. When they made him D-category, he had more time to do this, by this time it was his only expression – they watched him so closely.

He had been D-category for three years when he bumped into Armo – as a hatchling. For Jumo it was tremendous joy, and his emotion drove Armo away at first; but not for long the joy was infectious. They met on the Light, they touched and so connected. That was it, but that was more than enough – at first. But soon the connection turned to questioning, they touched and just felt questioning.



Once Armo returned from that connection, he asked himself what does this mean, whereas Jumo asked himself whether there were more people, his questions turning into a resolve to search. For Armo there was connection, this was something that had to have meaning; that thought never left him seeking meaning in all he met – all he contacted.

Clearly for Morto this Light telepathy was her forte, and contacting Armo she was able to open his mind further – to sense telepathy. Morto was a facilitator, her contact opened up others – she was a primer. It was in Armo's rec, Morto's company met with Armo's and after in the rec Morto sensed Armo. She was thrilled because this would be in person. Before they actually touched her excitement had transmitted itself across the room. There was the sense contact but it became stronger as Morto's excitement drew them together. It became publicly acceptable in the rec for this to be seen as a sexual encounter so they hid behind such banter. This also meant there could be physical contact, and with Armo and Morto meeting on so many levels there was a high level of Unity – cosmic even, they mused to themselves. Coming together like this was so important for the Light. Public perception required Morto to stay with Armo, and physical consummation of their contact only added to their level of understanding, apart from being the “best” it was if there was some tie on the level of insight, a mingling, a joining that occurred at the point of orgasm. Their exhaustion assuaged and turned to love, a romance that the ruai loved to foster, but this love was revolutionary in the way it enhanced their needs and abilities for change.

Once they left for work the next day, all of this became so clear to both Armo and Morto. Love was the way forward for the Light. Once there was love, there was communication at all levels. No more were they restricted to communication through insight, now it was as if Morto and Armo could have mental conversations. Jumo's searching had produced more contacts, the joy he exhibited bringing more people into the Light but this new level of understanding between Armo and Morto drove Armo to take over Jumo's connection one day and insist on a gathering – giving expression to his meaning and the understanding he had gained with Morto – expressing his love. After Armo had pushed for gathering,

the next night he focussed on communication; he held communication strong in his mind and connected with Jumo. For the next few days Jumo searched but he too held communication strongly. Amongst the Light there grew the need for more communication, and this eventually surfaced as a need for gathering amongst the rest of the contacts.

For Armo and Morto there was no need to hide – or so they thought, their love appeared to be a standard coupling – encouraged by the ruai. That became their subterfuge, they would gather within one of ruai's allowed matings. Such matings for most of the Light were horrendous affairs. Morto remembered her first time. There was this man, Martin, not unattractive but so arrogant. As matings had an accepted objective this man simply felt that he had the right to choose, and once he had chosen it didn't matter how she was treated his objective became a requirement for Morto. As the evening drew on drugs affected Martin badly and his arrogance grew. It became intolerable, Morto could not spend the night with him – he was such an ugly man. It was late. Her only escape was to find another man and leave with him, mating would have happened and there would be no suspicion. There was a quiet man, sat alone, obviously worse for the drugs, but she felt it would be better with him. Going over she forced an introduction, and found the man was well under the influence. It took effort and a certain amount of debased behaviour on her part to eventually waken his sexual interest, and she was able to escape with him. Returning to his apartment this quiet man soon developed an ardour that was uncomfortable for Morto but she made some efforts to respond. Fortunately she was lucky and the influence of the drugs eventually took him to sleep. Never again, she thought, these matings are gross. The ruai did not require everyone to mate – just sufficient for the workforce. Apparently it had been known that the ruai admin would force matings until the woman bore a child – she just prayed that never happened to her. Now of course she would enjoy having children with Armo – she even wanted that to happen.

Over the next week or so they managed to convey to all that could that a gathering would occur at the mating in block 16. Somehow Armo and Morto's excitement infected the Light, and there was a great expectancy. For the Light this could be the next stage in much the same way as it had been for Armo and Morto. In some

ways they were right.

As soon as they arrived there occurred an almost natural pairing off. Although there were many of the Light there there seemed no choice involved in this increased contact. Like with like turned to far more as a bond developed at the mating between so many. Each bond increased the elation, an elation that Jumo could feel from afar. And then catastrophe.

Outside the mating the Guardians were talking. Each had followed their target, and arrived independently. They contacted the commander. Esthaus listened. “They are all here,” Sarto told her excitedly. “We did as you asked and they have all arrived at this mating in block 16.” “Are there any missing?” asked Esthaus cautiously.

“16 guardians, 16 perps,” she answered excitedly “we are all here, they are all here.”

“I get it,” she answered coldly. “There is something going on here. We don’t know what but we must control it. What is happening inside?”

“Undercover, Sarto, go inside and see,” instructed Esthaus “meanwhile I will send a waggon in case.”

Sarto went inside and started to use the MEG. Their megs were off the chart but they had spotted her with the machine. Each couple looked for a way out. Immediately Sarto used her comms and the Guardians moved in.

They all heard Esthaus in their ears “do not kill them”.

The couples were no match for these trained soldiers. They all tried to find different exits but wherever they went were the guardians with these machines. For many at the mating they didn’t realise anything was happening, even if they did they only stepped aside. – you don’t get in the way of guardians. And almost as soon as they arrived the couples were in the waggon.

In his cell Jumo weeped. He could not know what had happened but he sensed the

catastrophe radiating through the insight dimension. Then when they were in the waggon they sent the insight “capture”, and it was the last contact he ever made. From that moment on Jumo’s life was finished, he only lived for contact and wherever he looked he was blocked. Eventually he stopped looking, lost the will to live. His meditation had no purpose, he had no purpose, what does his life mean? Eventually he refused the food he was given. To begin with his guardians force-fed him but there was no meg activity. He mattered not to them, and they stopped force-feeding him. Eventually one guardian had some level of pity, and injected him. He was called in, and reprimanded but no more.

This Light had gone out but Gaia had learnt.

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## 2.1) The Camp

Life in the camp was tolerable – given that it was a prison. Soon after they had been captured the guardians met with the 8 couples. Commander Esthaus told them the lie of the land.

“You are imprisoned here, and” she continued matter-of-factly “we consider there is no escape. The ruai government has set aside a huge budget to ensure that you remain imprisoned, but they also have another objective. They are studying you.”

She paused expecting a reaction, there was none. “We would like to study you in a habitat you want, living the life you choose, but realistically that cannot happen – you are prisoners. There is a fence a long way off, but that fence is not keeping you here. You have all been implanted with a dead-bolt. If you go beyond that fence the capsule will explode. If we decide that we have had enough we will trigger the capsule to explode. You might think of trying to remove it but I cannot see how it could be done without precise surgery – as precise as the surgery that implanted it, and you will not have access to surgical equipment.”

There continued to be no reaction, they had self-control she noted. “I would rather you cooperate with us. Even though we are monitoring you we want that to be non-intrusive. There will be no lab-testing on my watch – that is not to say there will never be such,” she warned. But in my view life will go well for you in this camp – better than many people working outside.

“I want you to understand that my word is my bond, while I am your chief prison guard, that will always be true - I am a woman of my word. Work with me, work against me, you are still prisoners. You are not military with a duty to escape. Escape to what? If you did overcome the capsule where would you go? And we still have meggers that can track you.”

Silence prevailed, and eventually they were dismissed and returned to the

bungalows that were to become their homes. They saw that Esthaus stuck to her word. Life in the camp continued favourably for the detainees, and all was normal – for prisoners.

Over the years the Light accepted their fate. Despite their ability to communicate telepathically with their partners they curtailed their search for others on their Path because of the dangers that would put any contacts in. They were being monitored. They had realised that contacting people outside the camp would immediately be recorded by the guardians who would then be able to arrest, or worse, those who were contacted.

It did not put an end to the meditation however, because being still brought such peace and tranquillity – an ability to enjoy life in the camp because they at least were in harmony with life around them - Gaia. Yes they had been bought off, they knew it, but they saw no alternative – they were given no alternative by the ruai machine – the guardians, the scientists, the meggers, etc. Gaia does not punish the victims if there is no alternative, She seeks other ways.

Armo and Morto were the first to give birth, they were of course concerned about this. Would the guardians take the child away for study? In fact they had twins, Porbo and Larto, beautiful children. And they were loved greatly by their parents – and the village. Once the couples saw that they were left alone by the guardians they also had children, and that was when the camp took on the visage of a village with all the additional amenities. In fact the guardians enjoyed the duty – it was easy, although they were resentful that enemies were treated so well. To counter this unrest Esthaus invited her guards and families to live in the village, and soon from the outside there was no difference between off-duty guards and the prisoners themselves.

Telepathy was never discussed verbally by the ex-Light so the scientists were not exactly sure of what they were dealing with. There were some who suggested more persuasive techniques be used to find out, but Esthaus resisted, after all what were they looking for? Eventually even these scientists accepted the gentle posting in the difficult ruai system. And the ruai were satisfied because there would no interference with their accumulation.

At their monthly meeting with the guardians the reports were much the same, became repetitive. They began their report with Armo and Morto. The report showed there was silence and stillness that led to Meg-imaging. This activity had long since been recognised in the camp but it was not connecting to those outside the camp as the monitoring in external houses clearly showed – time-correlated etc. It was however clear that there were connections between the couples because of the synchronous megs. This irritated Esthaus as she was kept outside .... But they were prisoners after all, she accepted wistfully. There were times when the children were in the room but they showed no such images. Although they sat still with their parents no activity in the Meg regions were recorded. The scientists were surprised, presumed it was something to do with their youth, and were waiting for the adult ability to show. They had no evidence for this supposition but it did make common-sense. Except they hadn't accounted for Gaia.

The twins were 16 – previously a year that concerned coming of legal age. It was their birthday, and the village held a party for them and Arico's children, one a 13-year-old girl and the other a 12-year-old boy, who just happened to have the same birthday. The guardians also participated, after all they were ruai prisoners themselves – without the boundaries and the deadly trigger. But there was one tradition the guardians were excluded from – the meditation circle. It was traditional at village ceremonies for the couples to sit in silence in a circle. There was no altar, and they prayed to no Gods, but the circle represented Gaia; their circle was a microcosm of Gaia.

“Let us in,” came to both Armo and Morto at the same time, normally the children disappeared and played when the village circle met. They knew it was their children.

“Don't use telepathy, the Megs will measure the images,” warned the adults trying to repel them.

“Don't worry,” they answered “we know they cannot.”

“How?” asked the parents puzzled.

“We know,” they replied confidently “it is the way. Trust us. The guardians will never know .... unless you tell them,” they transmitted a smile that was reciprocated.

They joined the circle, and from then on village circles always included children – even from an early age.

Friendship grew between the children of guardians and the Light, even the Light children were unable to separate from the universal bond that young children have. Parbo had become good friends with Esthaus’s daughter, Felia, since an early age. Felia saw how close Parbo was to his sister, Larto – they often seemed to think each other’s thoughts, but that didn’t stop her friendship with Parbo.

“What do you do in the circles?” she asked one day “what is this meditation?”

“It is nothing special,” Parbo answered “it is just Gaia’s way of helping us cope and being clear. You should try it with me .... come on.”

Felia did not understand this Gaia but she had got used to Parbo speaking about it, this Gaia was important to them – the scientists and guardians also knew this but never understood what it meant – they never experienced it. However Felia did try the meditation, they both sat quietly for 5 minutes - before Felia became a bit restless.

They stopped “You sit far longer,” she noted somewhat peevishly.

“That is only practice,” he answered “you will see if you become determined.”

She tried and she did see, and she felt better for it.

Armo showed his concern to Parbo. “She is a good person,” answered Parbo slightly aggressively “she deserves to understand the benefits of meditation.”

“What if she connects to us .... to you?” asked Armo still concerned.



“That is Gaia’s call,” he answered mystically. “It is not reckless, it is progress.”

“Do you love her?” Armo was still concerned.

“Love, who is to say?” he was equally quizzical “if love means a connection in meditation then no. We have not made love – as yet. There is nothing wrong with that .... either.”

Armo couldn’t fault him but his worries remained, but then life goes on. What Jumo had started ended at the gathering, where Gaia takes it now we will not know until it happens – if anything does.

As Arico’s daughter, Aldro, grew she became fascinated with the space programme. She loved the stars, and often spent time under the stars just sitting in silence. At times Arico would join her but although he enjoyed sitting with her he did not have the patience to sit for the hours she did. She once said to her father “the stars are calling me”, he simply wondered how the muse had got in her.

The ruai had invested in space. Natural resources were running out, and despite calls for sustainability amongst them when they investigated this scientifically they determined that in the long run sustainability would restrict their lifestyles. Some argued that it was more sensible but sensible and ruai were words that did not mix especially if there was an alternative that did not affect their priority - accumulation.

And space offered itself as an alternative. It was natural for the ruai mind to seek expansion, expand accumulation, expand their power, expand their egos, and expand their leisure. For some ruai space became a particular interest, and they invested in it. This seemed wasteful for the more profiteering but there were scientific fringe benefits – that turned the search for the stars into increased profits.

They played up the space exploration as a means of enthralling their workers, so they also profited from entertainment. As each advance into space progressed audiences increased – with profits. It became clear that space might actually be an

investment opportunity so eventually all the ruai backed it – and directed their government to turn space into a focus. Entertainment competitions started to find the next great astronaut, and these people soon became superstars.

And eventually contact was made.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.2) The Contact

The contact was minimal, the astronauts saw and touched the object. Nothing happened, they videographed, but beyond being there no purpose seemed to be served.

For the UG, United Gaia, a process had been started. Historically the beacons had been planted on all planets with euridium mining potential – even if as in recent history mining did not occur. Somehow Gaia always guided her intelligent life to use euridium as a source for Fastlight. Was this a new life form resourcing this precious power source?

Protocols were in place to handle new contact – mainly monitoring protocols. Galactically UG was a new organisation that had grown out of the millennia of conflict. The first fastlight species had dominated through exploitation of euridium deposits. As intelligent lifeforms began to explore euridium's potential the first blocked their progress with whatever violence they felt necessary – including genocide. Their control had been oppressive for millennia, but gradually the Universal Gaia won through as new species developed euridium use from within their own resources. Now the conflict was between equals, and many planets were devastated – much destruction.

But eventually the single-minded exploitation of the firsts was superseded by more mature races who saw more to life than this power through accumulation. Over millennia this maturity became the UG benchmark. It became apparent that species, even the first eventually, had parallel development. Expansion and accumulation went hand-in-hand so new species were always a danger for causing possible conflict. At some point Gaia decided species had matured enough that they merited fastlight drive. This maturity recognised some form of Path, an understanding that spiritual maturity as opposed to material appropriation were the real priorities. Eventually the UG established a dubious Path Index (PI), and if

a species reached the TIP (Path Index Tipping Point) they were accepted into the UG.

Contact with new species was always distant and minimal. UG had realised after a number of unsuccessful contacts that species were better left to themselves – or rather Gaia – to develop; helping a species to mature never worked well.

But they did need to monitor the resource – euridium, that also turned out to be a sort of benchmark of maturity – and risk. On occasions in the past new species had developed fastlight through the use of euridium, but lacked the maturity that usually came with such developments. Belligerent species developing the drive could still be expansionist seeking accumulation, and they would meet other species of the UG. Without maturity that contact with expansionism could lead to serious loss of life. Such bellicose species would be brought in line usually although the UG had been forced into genocide with the Usans for whom no amount of education could alleviate their expansionist disease – their addiction to accumulation.

UG had learnt the importance of their operatives, despite long experience with the protocol they knew that insight and discernment were the needed faculties of their species investigators; combining protocol with judgement was their byword. Once the beacon had transmitted contact, an operative in this case Corders was assigned to this species. She dispatched recording devices to their homeworld where life was recorded - according to protocol.

Her report was straightforward and pointed “This species is very immature. They are dominated by a small proportion who are addicted to accumulation. Their development needs to be monitored. They are far from fastlight but have stumbled on a euridium planet so there is potential for conflict with UG. As yet there is no need for stage 2 protocols – physical contact, but their danger index is high and their PI is low.”

Back on earth the object was discussed. The scientists of the ruai presumed the beacon was obsolete, they were so arrogant that they could not see that their ignorance prevented them from detecting functionality. However they were

sufficiently well oriented to ruai mentality that they were able to reach a conclusion that appealed to the accumulators.

Their report read “This obsolete object is now not functional. We determine that it had an original purpose but that those who put it there have long since gone. On a positive note we should be aware in terms of further exploration that there are other life forms which at one stage had some level of technology. We also note that if such an object of technology had been placed on this planet at some stage, then there has to be some form of wealth on this planet. We recommend further exploration with a view to determining resources which we as yet do not understand.”

Inadvertently UG’s beacon had accelerated the timeline to fastlight for humanity because if the inherent greed within the ruai system – this timeline they did not have the maturity to cope with.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.3) The Fastlight

The ruai were quick to mount a new mission to the planet with the object, a planet they called Nungkon. And it was almost as quick they discovered the euridium. Samples were returned to earth, and different mineral possibilities were separated out. Once they separated this new metal, they called magnetum, they discovered there was an attraction. They couldn't explain it. Two samples which were placed at different ends of the laboratory suddenly appeared joined together, one sample would disappear and suddenly reappear connected to the second. Then they determined that lead prevented the attraction, if a sample was placed in a lead container then there was no attraction – as soon as the magnetum was taken out of the container there was the attraction. The scientists then extended the distance, and found that the attraction had no distance deficiencies. They had established two properties of magnetum:-

- 1) Once exposed outside lead containers magnetum would attract whatever the distance – as far as they new.
- 2) The attraction was instantaneous.

What they did not know was what was the medium of connection, in plain English where the hell did the magnetum go when it disappeared?

This question was ignored as they saw endless possibilities, instant travel being an obvious one. They discovered another metal on Nungkon, and this metal, they called protectum, also acted as a barrier to the magnetum. In fact it was better than lead because it had greater resilience in terms of external forces being applied to it, again in plain English it could not be damaged. The experiments moved to animal testing, and this was particularly where protectum came into its own. Making a vehicle of protectum they placed a mouse next to the magnetum inside the protectum vehicle, and instantaneously the vehicle with mouse was

transported across laboratory, then country .... then the planet. Once tested on humans, very soon magprot transit systems were created across the world, and obviously there was much dependence on this apparent free gift.

Not satisfied with this natural bounty the ruai tried to expand the transit system, and soon realised that the limitation was the availability of magnetum and protectum on Nungkon. That is when the deaths started as scientists tried to synthesise the new metals with earth-based substitutes, and found animals crushed inside these attempted substitutes. Eventually the scientists had to report their failure, and forcing an increased space expansion to get more of these transit metals. Sadly for UG these humans had determined that the distance between euridium samples was ever-expanding, as far as the humans were concerned the distance was not finite. This meant of course that they developed a space transit system, and that obviously concerned the UG agent, Corders.

And for Corders there was another UG protocol that was very important in assessing the maturity of these humans – their PI; in part it was evidenced by their failure to understand the Unity principle with regards to euridium. Euridium was never separate, it was always only one seam – UG called it. The separation by distance was simply an illusion in space-time, and when it could safely do so euridium just returned to the seam – the Unity of the seam. The instantaneous travel across time and space was just the Unity of the seam.

And this also demonstrated another protocol that was particularly obvious with these humans. They failed to recognise the Unity of their own species; Gaia was just one being. They were still deluded by the apparent separation of their physical bodies, they did not understand that their maturity functioned on the recognition of this Unity and all its implications. Of course this understanding could never happen whilst the ruai continued with their accumulation, and their exploitation of others to achieve this. Corders saw the immaturity of these humans dominated by ruai as a major stumbling block, and following protocol reported to UG once they had fastlight.

“We are left with the usual dilemma with immature species who manage to get fastlight out of sync – out of harmony – in a sense before Gaia intended,” the UG

council representative, Uban, reflected whilst meeting with Corders.

“Where do we go with these ....?” she continued rhetorically.

“Humans,” interceded Corders waiting for more meaningful reflection from Uban.

“We have to move up the stages,” conceded Uban “as they have fastlight and can therefore threaten us. Have they accessed any of our networks?” she asked.

“No,” answered Corders “their planet is at a great distance from our main transport. But it is only a matter of time. And we don’t want such immaturity corrupting our networks.”

“Of course not,” muttered Uban almost inaudibly. “Apart from protecting ourselves our priority has to be to encourage species development,” she announced glancing warningly at Corders “no matter how ignorant these humans are we have a duty to Gaia to help bring them to the Path.”

“Tell me again,” she asked “why do you think they will not come to this realisation naturally?”

“Their organisation is much like the firsts,” she reported. “They are dominated by a small group, the humans call them ruai. To maintain their power the ruai have prevented human development unless it benefitted their accumulation. To us these humans are slaves but as with the firsts the ruai have developed a pattern of delusion amongst these humans such that they think they are working for themselves when all they are is slaves to the ruai.”

“What you are describing appears to mean we need interference,” Uban concluded after a moment’s reflection “but remember Gaia will always offer up some help. Go to earth and find those humans Gaia is bringing along to the Path. Find those individuals with high PI and see if there is any way they can become more influential.”

Uban saw Corders’ face drop. She smiled forcing a smile from Corders “Yes you must go there, work with the high PI individuals and see what can be done to



minimise interference. And,” concluded Uban “do it with a smile.”

With sheepish amusement Corders left for earth on what many UG representatives referred to as mission impossibles.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.4) The Envoy

This was a forlorn and miserable planet, thought Corders; it depressed him. He had been here two of their years, and he found it difficult to smile. These ruai had created huge cities with factories and office buildings, and forced the people to live in them. Not only that but they had pushed their people into drugs to control them, and so the people had all but lost their roots with the planet.

Regularly Corders had to flee these cities before he too got dragged down into their depressing way of life; he understood why these people used the drugs to escape the way they had become. It was so unnatural, Gaia must be cringing.

It was on one of his many trips to the countryside that he inadvertently found the village. In fact he came across the fence first, and started to walk the other way wanting to avoid any contact that would disturb his connection to Gaia. It was only when he was away from the cities that he was able to relax and harmonise even with this forlorn planet.

But from the corner of his eye he saw one of the humans. Instinctively he wanted to walk the other way as he found it difficult being with such unconnected people but this human felt different – that same instinct that wanted to drag him away then was bringing him back. He was so depressed by the state of this planet that he had almost missed what he had been sent here to seek – the humans Gaia is bringing along.

Once his connecting instinct kicked in, he felt a certain elation. He wanted to reach out to this individual but protocol taught him to be careful - he must walk away and observe. So he did. Quickly he got out of sight hoping this human had not seen him, and then went home resolving to come back tomorrow if he had time.

He had decided to blend in as an office worker at one of their many buildings. His

training had shown him the pattern of these primitive business infrastructures. The ruai controlled by influence. In order to do this they needed a hierarchical structure where compliance with the higher rung was implicit in maintaining work. He inserted himself as one of the rungs, and simply acted as a conduit between the higher rung and the rung below. Informing his higher – with a little mental persuasion - that he required a roving brief to ensure complicity with these higher objectives Corders had established a routine that had him out of the office most of the time. There was of course the obligatory rec so each day he returned there and pretended to imbibe. This required him to use his mental control to feign intoxication, he had very quickly determined that the ruai's guardians used some form of mental imaging device. It was equally quick for him to determine what the imaging of a complicit worker was, and he simply provided the machine with those images.

Returning from the village he spent some time at the rec, and then returned home. He had rigged up his own machine at his home that provided the meggers with the images they needed, and this completely freed him up to relax and more importantly to meditate to calm his mind down after difficult days on this distorted planet. He needed to be calm to determine how to proceed now that he had found true mature natives – those actually in harmony with their own Gaia. In his mind these people should be the leaders on this world, and bringing this world through to maturity by their example. But in reality instinct embodied in the greed of the ruai was holding sway.

*They had not even learnt the simple lesson that instinct was for survival and insight was the beginning of maturity,* he thought sadly depressed at the state of these humans.

It was of course not the humans' fault once a group such as the ruai had become so entrenched it was hard to remove. Their accumulation led them to controlling the money, and then hierarchical structures made sure that everyone was compliant. No decisions were ever made that were drastic and could cause a crisis of confidence, the people compromised on a daily basis, deluded themselves that life was as good as it could be, and became the slaves the ruai needed them to be to

increase their accumulation. Being drugged helped of course.

And the ruai they were deluded as well, they looked at the humans they controlled and saw how much better life was for them – in terms of the material advantages of accumulation. They even controlled their own to make sure there was complicity.

In fact Corders first brief was essentially to evaluate whether there were subtle ways in which the structures on this world could be manipulated in such a way that these mature people could become global leaders and were then able to begin to put this world on the Path. His second brief was to determine an effective interventionist strategy if subtle manipulation was not practical. His third brief, one that he tried at this stage to give little thought to, was to determine what measures were needed to prevent this species from impacting on UG if no other strategy was available. He was so depressed with these people that he had almost begun thinking of the dreaded third brief.

But there was now hope – the person by the fence. He had a feeling the fence was significant but that was for another day. Now he would rest and tomorrow determine the best way he could observe these people and determine a suitable course of action in light of the first brief. He rested with some peace for the first night in a long time.

Returning to the fence he established a suitable hide near the gate, and then walked round to see what the fence enclosed. It was a long walk at the end of which he was none the wiser. He could not even determine whether the fence kept people/things out or in. Nor could he visually ascertain what was inside as the fence enclosed such a vast area. At the gate he watched as delivery vehicles came and went. It was clear that the gate had once been some form of security post but now it was just left open – vehicles just came and went.

Occasionally he saw people walking near the fence – even near the gate, but only those in uniform ever walked through the gate – and that was rare; he often saw those same uniformed people walking inside the fence but when they were with others or not in uniform they never left. Apart from the fenced demarcation all

visually seemed at peace – especially for this planet. He had two courses of action, both of which made him vulnerable. Make mental contact with one of the walkers inside the fence, or attempt to go through the gate and visually see what was happening inside; he chose the former. But he decided to go home, and reflect whether this was indeed the wiser strategy – or if there was something else. He didn't think so – he was just experienced enough to side with caution.

It was a rookie mistake – Corders fell in love, even though in retrospect he could never be sure she actually loved him. And he gave up so much. For him he committed to his love – despite his age and experience, otherwise why was it love? Why fall in love? Even when he sat in the prison cell he still couldn't fault himself, with love comes responsibility that has to be accepted. For her she loved her family, her children – her decisions put them first. Maybe she loved him but how could she allow those decisions to give him such dire consequences – such dire consequences.

She was the one inside the fence he chose to contact. In his vigil he had seen her many times – more than anyone else. He had often seen her walking near the fence – often following the fence, the others didn't do this. On occasions she walked with her children but it was clear to him they were walking because she was the mother. The one night that he had setup a vigil she came out and was wandering along the fence staring up at the stars, that seemed to comfort her. Just staring up. Once Corders had made the decision to contact she seemed the obvious choice because of this difference, yet his judgement had already been clouded, he was going to contact a mother – what was he thinking?

For Aldris it didn't happen like that at all. Her husband, Kindo, was watching the kids and she came out for a stroll – Kindo accepted this in her she had a certain distance about her. It seemed to him she needed that balance, it was not that she was looking for escape – how can the stars be an escape for them, but then her life had been in prison as had his. No matter how “normal” things feel that will always be an underlying truth. Aldro felt a contact in her head, “What are you doing here? Where are the kids?” she asked her duty kicking in.

That was not what Corders had expected. Panic, invasion of the mind, fear; none

of that. Contact was not alien to her, that was a surprise.

“Who do you think I am?” asked Corders.

“Don’t be silly, Kindo, where are the kids?” she continued “do you need me?”

“I am not Kindo,” he answered warily “I am Corders. Wait a minute.” He stood up from the hide, and told her “Turn around.” She did so. “Good look to the right a bit,” and he waved to her. Somewhat hesitantly she waved back. “Put your hand down,” he told her as he got back into the hide.

“You must stop this connecting,” she warned him anxiously “even though Esthaus and the rest are good people they still have their machines and they still have their masters to answer to.”

“Their machines will not detect me,” he consoled her “who is Esthaus?”

Corders implanted a feeling of trust, a sense that it was perfectly safe for Aldris to say anything she wanted to him. Although he didn’t like doing this it was acceptable at first connect – just. Then she told Corders about the village with its fence and deadbolt, about her children and Kindo – and their connections, about the Guardians, about the stories from outside the fence her father, Arico, had told her about, and about the mating where their parents had all been captured.

“What about you?” she asked when finished “who are you?”

“My name is Corders,” he answered “I am here to help.”

“How can you help?” she asked impatiently.

“I don’t know yet,” he said hesitantly “but I can.” He chastised himself for saying that, careless. “Can you make me a promise? Don’t tell Kindo or your children about me yet. I will come back tomorrow at the same time, and I will tell you what I can do.” Again with the promises, he thought, what was he doing?

“I will try,” she told him “but as far as I know you are the only person we have

contacted outside the village. This is very exciting.”

“I understand that,” he answered “but if you take that excitement back the Guardians will sense something. You need training to fool them and their primitive machines.”

Primitive, she thought, who would describe the meggers as primitive? “I will try,” she said simply. And she did.

When he went back home his feelings were mixed. He realised that he had promised some form of interference, why had he done that? He was becoming tainted by this world, it was distorting his perception. For the first time in two years he had connected with someone, and connected with someone who was bright, vibrant and a deep insight. How could such a person exist on this desolate planet, on this planet where all spirit was drugged and repressed. How he hated these ruai and what they had done. Especially now that he had seen the potential in Aldris. But contacting her had given him hope. Her potential was enough to save this planet .... and there were others. What good could be done?

He managed to sleep better with his hope. But his anger towards these ruai had removed his detachment, he did not see what was happening to him.

He returned to see her the next night, it felt good to feel her. There was such comfort contacting her. He was able to explore her mind while their superficial minds touched in social contact. She was so fresh and vital, it spread and invigorated him. Her untrained power was beyond much that he had met on his homeworld, and it gave him excitement. He needed to train her otherwise her raw power would lead to his being detected.

“For me to help you you first need to learn to help yourself,” he began “Think Oneness – Unity. Think about separation. My body appears to be separate but there is only Unity – Gaia. Withdraw from your body, feel your mind in all its extremities of the body and detach. Draw the mind into the heart so that the mind is one-pointed. Visualise that one point leaving your body and joining all the other points that make Gaia.”

He could feel her getting smaller and smaller until eventually he lost contact. And then she returned. “How did that feel?” he asked.

“Good – uplifting. Enobling,” she answered “Why haven’t we done this before?”

“I was guiding you with more than words,” he smiled at her coquettishly. She felt the warmth and slight ambiguity.

“Now do it again,” he instructed “but this time without any help.” And she did losing touch with him again.

On returning he told her “Now leave an image in your brain. Look at your brain, there is an image.” She saw it. “Concentrate on that image, fix on it, hold it in your brain,” he encouraged her “Fashion your brain to hold this image, hold it.”

He could see her holding an image. “Now leave it there, and withdraw to the one-pointedness,” and she did, she was gone again. But the image was present throughout. Corders knew it wasn’t her but machines would never know.

When she came back he said “You can use this to fool the machines,” he assured her “but it will be different with Kindo. I will go now but I want you to practise this on your own. Can you do that?”

“I will try,” she answered.

“I know you won’t like this but I want you to continue hiding your knowledge of me from Kindo,” he asked her. “Only for a short time until I have worked out how to help everyone.” He looked at himself again with these commitments. “Look inside your mind, and focus on me. Collect all your feelings about me, and put them in a box marked Corders. Can you see the box?”

She gave a mental nod.

“Look around your brain,” he told her “Search your brain, are there any other recordings of your contact with me? Any other images?”



“I am looking,” she said.

“Now gather these new images and put them in the box,” his instruction continued. “Good. Well done. I cannot see any connection to me in your brain. Except the box. Now make the box invisible. You know it is there but it is invisible. Visualise painting it with an invisible brush. With each stroke it is less and less visible. .... And now it is gone.”

And it was.

“I am sure you will think about me when I am gone. But after thinking place any images in the box, check the box is transparent, and your husband will not know about me until the right time .... when we have a plan. I know I am discouraging honesty but it is only temporary. Please trust me .... at least for the time being.”

“For the time being,” she warned him “all of us need help.” She could see his acknowledgement.

“I will go now,” he announced finally “I must think about what to do, I will come back tomorrow.” She nodded, and with that he left. Corders went home. There was much to think about but he drifted off to sleep thinking about Aldris.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.5) The Union

For Corders all had changed, and he had stopped listening to warnings. This world had got to him. But he did not know, he was not in control – unusual for him. Instead of being detached he was just reacting moving from moment to moment barely giving attention to necessary precautions. It could only end badly.

He met her in the evening and he couldn't hide his fondness. She was exuberant to effuse about how her training had gone, how Kindo didn't notice any change in her. It gave her a privacy she had never had, and this she loved. She wanted to know more, she wanted to know when she could tell the others, she wanted to know more about him.

There was a child-like energy that was driving her, and it was filling him with a joy he had never felt. He began to feel a union, and that should have been warning enough. But with his two years of isolation in this desolation, he craved this union. He embraced it, he immersed himself in it. And before he knew what had happened she had trapped him. He couldn't leave this spirit here, whatever was going to happen she couldn't stay here.

And before there was any chance for common sense to prevail he went up to the fence and beckoned her to him. It will be safe, he consoled her and she trusted him. Through the gate she came towards him, and years of entrapped conditioning was wiped out as he shielded the dead bolt trigger. She felt her freedom, it just built inside her. Free, free .... Freeeeee!!!! That freedom overwhelmed her and she ran and put her arms round Corders. His professionalism had already been long gone so that when she physically touched him, spirit energy and passion all welled up inside him overcoming any chance that insight could prevail. Neither now had any remaining detachment and all that remained was the final climax that meant all the wonders of love in contact overtook both of them. There was such a powerful convergence of spirit that nothing could ever take away from them.

From that moment on there could be nothing that separated them. At least for Corders.

He was the first to come down, and found that the ecstasy had led to sleep. He awoke and looked at her, he couldn't imagine a better situation than being with her. There was nothing more beautiful than Aldris sleeping. He gazed at her peace fixing the image in his mind.

And then from inside the fence a small commotion, and guardians had come out. There had been malfunctions in their meggers which had pointed in this direction. Snapping out of his bliss he deflected the imagery in these guardians' machines, they could now sense nothing. The guardians continued to walk in their direction but soon stopped – there was nothing to follow. They phoned Esthaus reporting that there was nothing there. Tracing the call Corders' mind sought out the mainframe, and neutralised those images as well covering it up as an electrical spike. Unusual not really plausible but there could be no other explanation for these primitive machines.

The crisis was not yet over, they would soon check the inmates. How was he to get Aldris back inside? The guardians had remained at the gate, there was no way in there. There were animals in the wood, they normally steered clear of the fence; it had once been electrified. They dug a tunnel under the fence, and Aldris climbed under and ran off quickly – Corders stared at her longingly. He captured one of the animals and forced it under the fence – its fear turned his stomach but needs be. And when the guardians found the animal running around petrified inside the fence, they had some answers, more questions than answers – but plausibility. *Over, the crisis was over*, came into his mind and he was able to return home. Aldris ran far and then tried to compose herself, it was hard she was elated .... and exhausted. She had to return home and face Kindo, she had shut him out several times. She knew he must be worried. She contacted him briefly but she knew that hadn't helped.

When she got home her babies were in bed – asleep, she didn't like missing putting them to bed. Kindo was angry but as always he was good - he gave her time. She thought about Corders and their union, it was special stronger than with

Kindo. Then she thought about her babies. Both pulled at her in different directions but that was OK. She could live with that. And then there were the stars, she lived with that as well. But what was Corders going to do about their freedom? She wanted her babies to be free, there was so much more out there as Corders had shown her.

She boxed away her thoughts, and sat with Kindo. She apologised for being out so long, she hadn't known how long. This didn't ring true to Kindo but their shared contact revealed nothing. He had to sleep with his frustrations, and he did.

Corders was in deep turmoil over his indiscretions, he had broken every envoy rule by having union. He should just walk away. But then he couldn't because he had found the Gaia-favs – he had found those Gaia would make leaders. But the trouble was he only cared about his union with Aldris, and he wanted to continue that. He stayed with the problem for days, his troubled mind following one scenario after another but there was no resolution, and that made matters worse – he needed solution. Eventually he went back to the fence and sought out Aldris.

They met and he took her outside the fence again, and their passions met in union. But there was reticence on her part that Corders' desire chose to ignore. Although he was taken again into bliss she did not follow him. After they spoke.

“I have been troubled since the last time,” he admitted to her “I don't know what to do.”

“Yes it is difficult,” she agreed “I don't know why you are here, I don't know who you are, but Corders there is something I really want. I want my babies to be free.” She looked at him pleading, and his heart melted.

“More than anything else I want my babies to be free,” she repeated emphatically. “Every night I come out and I see the stars, the fence, and I now know what is driving me. My babies are not free, how can they spend their whole lives in prison like I have? Except for when I am with you.”

“Corders, can you take us out of here?” she pleaded again.

“But Kindo ....” asked Corders with genuine nobility despite his indiscretions.

“Kindo is a good man,” she interrupted “but my babies, they must be free.”

“You can do it, can’t you?” she asked, he nodded imperceptibly. At least he thought he could, “I will try,” he finally conceded.

When he returned home his mind was working overtime. All thoughts of briefing and his envoy situation had gone as he worked out how Aldris and her children could leave the compound. And the only solution could be to take them off-world. But what sort of life was that for the children – to be separated from their species, their father, their Gaia – even if they were free. But they were not his children so he must put it to her.

And she agreed for them to go off-world.

“They will have no friends, no-one of their species, no Gaia,” he queried. “And what about Kindo? You say he is a good man, doesn’t he have rights as a father?”

“My babies must be free,” was her only answer.

And it was the answer Corders accepted and planned for.

In the mean time there came the conversation as to why he was here. He talked about the UG, the three briefs, the ruai and fastlight, and the search for Gaia-favs. She listened, there was a lot.

She deliberated for a long time, and then seeking confirmation asked “We are the Gaia-favs? Are you sure? Are there others?”

“I am sure you are Gaia-favs, are there others? I don’t know,” he answered “if there are others there are not many as I have searched.”

“Gaia-favs,” she mumbled to herself. With all that the revelation contained, that was all she took, Gaia-favs. This woman never ceased to amaze Corders, he was so impressed.

Came the next evening, they left the compound – the four of them. The mother hustled the children through the gate, they were quiet. Outside the gate, with a strange man, they were just quiet. Their mother was close to him so they trusted her .... and him. Then Corders heard “When will Daddy come?” He heard “soon”, they were her children how could he argue with such a lie? That was not his way.

“We have one day’s travel until we reach the craft,” he told her.

“They can sleep for now but will need food when they awake,” she told him “that is their way.” He nodded, his paternal caring was working overdrive but in his mind there was a nagging. This was not the way he would do things, Daddy will come soon?

But it was his first time to be free with her, and being with her was all that mattered. He sat there driving with a deep contentment as she sat behind with the two “babies” asleep on her lap. The future was so unsure but if they were together like this then it did not matter. They reached the craft, and she told the children to rest in the car.

The craft was tuned to Corders, so on his arrival the entrance way downed and up they walked. This was one of her dreams, thought Aldris, a way to the stars. And she looked and looked, she felt her dreams .... but she knew it was not to be.

“We cannot go,” she told him “I wanted to see my dream but it is not enough.”

He looked at her and was completely silent - empty silent and angry.

“We cannot go,” she repeated “I cannot take the babies away from their people, their father.”

He started to talk, to try to persuade, but this was a mother – there was no persuading. What a fool he was to think any differently, where was his experience?

Then angrily he asked “why didn’t you tell me before?”

“My babies had to be free,” she told him. “now it is up to you, if they stay free.”

He looked at her, this was a mother speaking; all that matters is what the mother decides for her children. What had she done to him? He was nothing in this, he felt so small and stupid. From the high of union to this deep rejection, he was completely used; this was worse than the distorted planet. His commitment, his job, his briefs, his ability to continue the UG mission about the people of this planet, all this had gone because a mother wanted the babies to be free.

Such a deep anger welled up inside him, and he wanted to be violent with this anger but of course he couldn't. He took her down to the car and she sat in the back with the babies. He tried to think but she was too close – all he could do was be angry with her. He got out and walked away trying to clear his head but all the emotion was just swirling and swirling around. There was no way to clarity. He began to walk and walk and walk, and eventually the anger gave way. Some thought returned, and he began to see through the swirling haze.

The first was to get into the craft, return to UG, and report that the mission was a failure. That was true, he had failed. It was also probably true that this planet required intervention because of the control of the ruai so he could also justify calling the mission a failure, and maintain some modicum of integrity – of course he could not and would not attempt to hide his actions.

But even with what had happened, he could not leave Aldris. His love, his union, was so deep that he needed to be with her. Whatever it took he had to be with her. If her babies had to be free, then that is what he had to work for, for her, for her love. He loved a primitive, what was he to expect. For him love meant a 100% commitment with all the responsibility and maturity that came with that. That was love, it had to be. But he loved a primitive, she would act like a primitive, that was the consequence of his actions. He had to do the best he could for her, for her babies, and for whatever else came along. And hope in the end she would mature, mature enough to know that there is nothing more important than love – than union.

He was decided so the question was how. If he returned to work he could manipulate the admin so that he was now a family with two children. It would be easy to ensure that she had employment. Maybe when the children were older it would be hard to hide their connection but he could cross that bridge. *Yes this was workable*, he thought loudly with joy.

Returning to the car he found her in the back with the babies asleep. She accepted his decision, and was pleased that he still cared for her. She just apologised saying that her babies had to be free, and slowly she drifted off to sleep with them.



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## 2.6) The Desire

If he had hoped that that was the end of the bullets to the brain it showed even more that he did not understand such primitive motherhood, a primitivity that had no respect for love. Motherhood after all was duty, hard-wired deep-rooted instinct - but still duty; not love that was union. Insight did not come to a mother because she bore children; she just fulfilled Gaia's duty – Gaia's most important duty nevertheless. Of course that duty was the most powerful instinct that exists, as Corders had found to his cost.

But UG had learnt that duty was only there for the immature, and whilst it was good discipline it was still only instinct – hard-wired by Gaia to help the vulnerable cope before they mature. For the mature life needs to be concerned with creativity and insight. Perhaps his isolation on this desolate planet had led him into an over-estimation of these Gaia-favs. Clearly Aldris did not value truth, and more importantly she was able to disrespect love – that ultimate experience, that experience which the mature have come to value as the most meaningful. Corders knew that she would suffer as a consequence of her actions but in a world as desolate as theirs that suffering might well go unnoticed.

But although Corders now saw all this in Aldris his love for her was still strong – though beginning to be undermined. His insight had been under attack for two years, and now he was leaving his insight vulnerable through his love. He risked sinking, sinking without trace. There was a balance, would he ennoble her or would she drag him down? Would he know when it was too late?

After the initial trauma they setup home, and Corders lost sight of his brief. She had separated from Kindo, from the village, from the life she had known, from all that conditioned her. For the immature, separation from the conditioning environment is like removing the foundations of a house, there appears to be a stable structure but in reality that structure had the likely potential to collapse.

Somehow Corders needed to provide new foundations, foundations that would guide towards maturity, to the independence that is provided by creativity and insight. But overcoming the conditioning that would be hard – so hard.

He cursed the ruai and what they had done to this planet. Even though Gaia was beginning to help her favourites what appeared as maturity in Aldris and the other couples was more a reaction to the repression the ruai had created. It was not the balanced normal development of maturity, the repression had forced evolution to mutate the timeline in the hope of surviving the ruai restriction. This had fooled Corders and he should have known better; of course his love had fooled him. Yet he still loved her, such love was not transient even it could not be lived with because of baggage.

For a while there was a degree of stability as Corders began to provide an environment that was potentially maturing. But he saw too much of the conditioning in the children and the mother's duty protected them, she could not see this was not love. The whole reason of her subterfuge was to free her babies, but she brought the prison with her and her babies continued to be imprisoned. Of course the fact that the planet was a prison of wage-slavery did not help any process of ennobling and maturity.

Once they got used to the stable environment then the questions started – the complaints, the desire for the conditioning. And there was no appeal, no wider wisdom that could help Corders when the personal took over. The conditioned were all around – in fact in some ways Aldris had been overcoming conditioning in their village. That didn't help. Because there were those who connected they had developed an ego, this ego because they were on the Path. Unfortunately this ego lacked humility, and got in the way of recognising the Path in others, and in recognising how much further they had to go. When Aldris began to desire her conditioning Corders would argue for maturity but because she did not know what it was she only saw from her frame of reference, her family and the couples in the village. And her desires brought out resistance.

“The children need to see their father,” she said ignoring the consequences.

This had the same tone he had experienced at the craft. There was a finality that could not be questioned. It was a finality that felt it was completely right because it was motherhood. It bolstered no reason but unlike wisdom it was not beyond reason; it was a raw stubbornness based on an absolute faith in her own rectitude. It was a tone he hoped he would never hear again because it was a tone that felt it could defy disaster.

He then began to listen to the justifications of these desires. “Her father loves them, they love him . . .,” she started, but he switched off. This was not reason but justification. There was no discussion just a façade of apparent rationale. There could be no logical point and counterpoint and balanced weighing of the discussion because the result could not be questioned. This was egoic instinct with total control for whom wisdom had no meaning. The discussion was not asking for opinion as there was no listening, time was just being spent going through the motions of discourse. The imposed axiom was that of motherhood, and that axiom was presumed to be wise – as opposed to being deeply ingrained instinct. If only she knew she could be a mother through wisdom not instinct; that was Gaia’s way – motherhood that was not fighting adversity.

The children were going to see their father – live with it.

There were less variables if the father was brought to the children, and that meant Corders must return to the village. Psychologists had realised that daytrips were beneficial so the ruai had designated margates where people could visit. Corders had visited these margates and had found that although they were monitored, that monitoring did not exist far beyond the provided entertainment areas so he had been there and walked beyond the measure of the meggers. That was where he would bring Kindo to meet his family.

Bringing Aldris and her babies to the margate, he told them to walk to the meeting point, a place their vehicle could not reach. He then drove on to the village. From his hide he reached out to Kindo but he could not make contact. What was happening? Then he knew, he was being dragged down. He had assumed his love for Aldris would connect him with Kindo but he had become tainted and could not make the connection.

Returning to the margate he walked out to the meeting point alone, and he could feel the disappointment in the children – and see Aldris' anger. “We will go to the village now, you will bring him to the fence,” he told them finally - ignoring his own wisdom “and then I can connect and bring him to you.”

This was obviously not a good idea as the guardians would be surveilling him closely. “You are wise and off-world,” she said bitterly “you can cope with these primitive machines.” Listening to this just brought him sadness, his love was being attacked by so much baggage.

At the hide Aldris connected to Kindo. “Darling,” she announced.

He recoiled, it was such a long time since contact. Then she felt his anger that he immediately tried to cover up. “What is happening?” he asked trying to work on his detachment.

“I have so much to tell you,” she continued “but first can you come and meet the kids?”

“What do you mean “can I”?” he snapped back at her “They are my kids – our kids. Of course I want to see them.”

“Can you avoid the Guardians and come out to the fence?” she asked.

“I can,” he answered slowly “but how can that help?”

“It will,” she said with confidence. That was enough.

He walked out to the fence, and through connecting she guided him around the fence whilst Corders checked for the presence of guardians. Surprisingly there was no guardian activity surrounding him. Using the same subterfuge of animal tunnel they reached the exit point, and Aldris told him to come out. He hesitated, “it’s safe” she said as Corders neutralised the dead bolt. She stood up and he saw her running over to her. She held out her arms, he shrugged her off and asked for the children. They jumped out and he rushed over hugging both of them in his

arms.

Corders kept out of sight and watched on feeling shame, it was wrong for him to have been a part in breaking this bond. His love was real but because he had misjudged her maturity it had to be sacrificed now; he had been feeling love could not survive her baggage but seeing this family bond amongst immatures brought home how great his mistake – no misjudgement love could never be a mistake.

Whilst Kindo was with his children Corders called over Aldris – he wanted to see her one last time. On her way she noted that Kindo barely glanced at her leaving.

For the last time Corders took hold of her, she resisted slightly – looking around for Kindo, and then melted slightly “All of you go back into the village,” he told Aldris “I will make it right”, he released her and turned and walked away before she could answer.

No, she thought. Then she wanted to shout it at him, but he was long gone. And he had broken contact. She kept trying to find him but to no avail. The family of four just sat together, and the children were so happy with their father. Then Sando asked his mother “where is Corders?”

Truthfully she answered “I don’t know!”

“Who is Corders?” came Kindo’s obvious question, and she explained their story – all of it.

“And he has just left you?” he finished.

“It seems like it,” she answered unsure of anything now. “He said he will make it alright if we go back in. I’m sure he can.”

“Then we go back inside,” he said to her “and hope the guardians will still be friendly.”

“No,” she replied determinedly “I left because I wanted our babies to be free. Come with me and we can make them free.” He looked at her determination,

looked at the fence, and he thought he could try.

Corders walked inside the fence to give himself up. He knew he was a far greater prize to these guardians than Aldris and her children taking temporary flight. Once inside the guardians would allow these couples to get back to their normal ways whilst this new prize was studied.

But he had misjudged her yet again.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.7) The Capture

The compassion showed to imprisoned people was always a good guide as to the potential maturity of developing species. And to this end, based on the village of the Gaia-favs, these ruai actually measured up well. In terms of objectivity however he had not visited other facilities so he could not be sure.

So he did have a justification for his reckless act – giving himself up for capture. But his strategy was much more personal than that, he could shoulder the blame for Aldris and her children leaving the facility and now that they had returned no further punishment was necessary. And of course they could not leave without his help, he could point out to the guardians. So although his action was far too impulsive that action in itself would not cause sanction from the UG, others would, he already knew as union with new species was seriously frowned on because non-interference at this stage was the approach.

However UG sanction was not his concern, what he was looking for was to salvage some sort of credibility for his mission. Falling in love had completely distracted him from the three briefs, and he needed to redirect his approach. Living in desolation had completely depressed him leading to an immature response to love because of all the local factors. Whatever that love meant inside him could not have any form of fruition because of the baggage carried by the loved. He had no hope left, that love would have to remain unrequited and he would have to live with that; his maturity could do that – most of the time.

He had decided there was no way to make the Gaia-favs leaders, the ruai control was not based on merit but accumulation. And for the 8 couples accumulation meant little. The couples had none of the values of the ruai so even if there were some artificial way of promoting them up the ranks it would be an ineffective deception as once in power the structure would inhibit them from any of the compassionate actions expected of Gaia. That structure could only be removed by

intervention because such immature people as these ruai would be unable to relinquish their addiction to power and greed.

In a sense this capture was a final benchmark, how did these ruai react to other species, species whose abilities were demonstrably superior? He realised that the guardians in this village were not the ruai – and were perhaps some distance from the real power, but beginning here would be interesting as this village had demonstrated such compassion towards the maturing people.

Also from within the village he could gauge how to help the other Gaia-favs. As a prisoner he could contact them and work with them, these people lived with contact on a daily basis, the guardians were aware of this; he would have no difficulty disguising additional contact.

But despite all of this sense he knew he was being misguided by his unrequited love, and it was this that pulled him into what could easily be another error of judgement.

He walked in to the village square and asked for Esthaus.

“Concerning?” asked the duty guardian.

“The return of the escaped family,” replied Corders laconically.

Immediately additional guards were called over, and Corders was escorted to Esthaus’ office. He sat down with two guardians behind, and Esthaus came in.

“You mentioned the return of the escaped family,” he mentioned, appearing casual “which family?”

“It was because of me that Aldris and her two children were forced to leave here,” Corders informed Esthaus “I wished to interview them outside of the village as part of my brief so they agreed to come with me. Now they have returned.” Esthaus looked quizzically at this but chose to let it pass.

“And what brief is this?” he asked.



“UG envoy to earth,” was Corders reply, a reply that Corders made to have full impact.

“Envoy to earth,” he repeated “I understand”, but of course he didn’t.

“I would like to explain,” continued Corders as if accepting Esthaus at his word, and he detailed how UG always monitored developing species, especially those with fastlight, how he had come to investigate this facility because of the contact that he had not met elsewhere, and how in order to continue his investigation he had demanded that Aldris and her children had come to his craft so he could complete his evaluation.

Esthaus listened patiently, and then asked “And now you have returned Aldris and her two children?”

Corders nodded.

“As you could imagine your visit is very important,” he told Corders with apparent candour “I must report this to my superiors and see what they want me to do. Please wait.”

Corders sat there and thought how civilly he was being treated, this was a good sign.

Or so he thought. In reality Esthaus’ reaction was bordering on ridicule, and to him at face value Corders’ assertions were off the charts – especially with the missing family. But to simply laugh at him had some holes, how had they gone outside the fence? Was Corders anything to do with that? And why had they not come back? However those were not strong enough reasons for him to kick the matter upstairs – because they would laugh at him; and that might affect this assignment. More investigation was needed, but how?

Instead the military mind kicked in – follow protocol; Esthaus reported the matter up the line and banged up Corders. Corders had hoped for a better response but equally he was not surprised. It simply hastened his agenda.

Firstly he searched for Aldris, she nor her family were here. Disappointed but no real surprise there, in fact on reflection he would have been surprised if she had done as he asked. So he began with her father. From his cell he contacted Arico, explained who he was, explained that the situation on earth was going to deteriorate whilst the UG tried to help Gaia redress the balance, freed his dead bolt, and advised Arico to escape before matters got worse here in their prison. Yes Arico had spirit, he could see some of Aldris in him; he felt sure Arico would try something. However when he contacted the rest of the couples their minds had grown flabby in this soft prison. They heard what he was offering but did not see the need to escape. They would wait and see – their prerogative. In the morning Corders had gone, these primitives did not have a prison that could hold him.

And that same day began the intervention.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.8) The Intervention

With a primitive planet such as this an intervention was minimal. It had two objectives, collect the fastlight and disempower the ruai. The first was in effect easy although in the short term disruptive, the UG forces had to go and physically collect all the fastlight; this was not a major problem as they had technology that used the “magnetic” properties of the fastlight to collect it – this had been done before. In their armoured vehicles there were no logistical difficulties as these humans could not resist their superior technology.

The second intervention was initially much less disruptive and appeared to the humans as far less invasive; they destroyed the currency – or at least the bulk of it. The ruai accumulation was held in bank accounts ie were just numbers. Yes they had property that would continue to be of value but how could they hold onto it? They needed military, private security, but without the money to pay who would work for them? In general they were not natural leaders, most having been born into money so others would not follow them. The ruai had other signs of wealth – gems and precious metals. But these were not functional, and were only of value within a society of accumulation.

In one day the ships arrived, troops and vehicles disembarked collected the fastlight, sought out the notes in the financial institutions whose blueprints Corders had furnished them with, and vaporised them. Just for insurance they erased the bank and financial computers so there was no record of financial ownership, and moved on. The intervention was over. These humans were not now a threat to the UG, as they had no fastlight drives. The ruai in one form or another might arise “out of the ashes” but there was also a possibility with inequities balanced out that the abilities of the more developed had a chance to become leaders .... a chance.

They were gone, except for Corders who chose to remain.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.9) The Devolution

The devolution started with the military. The military leaders had always been given what they wanted by the ruai as part of their self-protection, and what they wanted was money for hardware and R&D. Over the years they had become dependent on high levels of technology, dependent on technicians, and less and less on what might be termed military craft – soldiery, seamanship etc. Military structure had also been waning as the true military power lay with weaponry rather than the hierarchy. Once it became clear that the finances were not there the rank-and-file deserted the hierarchy. A few of them joined together and formed a unit whose sole purpose was to disarm the destructive weapons. They initially thought this might prove difficult but very quickly they found that those who were guarding the weapons were rank-and-file as well. Having all suffered at the hands of these hawks they had no desire to see a change that left those relics in charge. There were some amongst the rank-and-file who sought power, but even they saw the sense in not having doomsday weapons in which there would be miserable death for all if used.

Some military became headless and sought the direction of the ruai. But that relationship had always been servile, and once the funds ran out they saw little reason in protecting such usurpers. In the end the angry mobs were just let into the homes, taking up residence – sometimes with and sometimes without the original residents.

The next to go were the automated factories – the factories that produced the technology too intricate for human hands. Few people knew how to run them, and whilst initially that knowledge gave them power devolution turned away from them. Ordinary people did not use this high technology, quickly returning to the land and developing barter as a means of trade. Some technology remained amongst those who could patch them up but once the fuel ran out international trade in fuel didn't exist to replenish stocks; earth had become too dependent on

the cheapness of fastlight.

Despite the forebodings of many most places settled down to agrarian economies being thankful they did not have to be drug-driven ruai wage-slaves. Very soon they realised their drug dependencies had been manufactured along with so many other manipulations, and once their cravings had been let go many people found the peace and harmony of agrarian life satisfactory. There were a few who could not let go of the old ruai ways but they soon found their fixed mindsets could not bring dividend, their survival depended on their developing skills that could create produce to barter.

During these times Corders teamed up with Arico who was ageing. It was Corders who recommended Arico seek refuge as he thought there would be devastation. The prison had been established in a rural setting, its distance being seen as a means of segregation of the 8 couples; not far from the outskirts there began a mountain range. The three of them, Arica, Marina and Corders climbed, and eventually Corders found the hidden refuge. Once they settled he soon left them and sought Aldris and her family, maybe he would reunite the generations after being the cause of their separation. This was fortuitous for him as Kindo had been one of the casualties of devastation from one of the maverick army groups. After all this Corders had the one he loved – plus baggage, they found a rural community and began to live out peaceful days.

Or so Corders thought – not taking account of Aldris' mindset. The problem became apparent one day when he could see something was troubling her. "What's the matter?" he asked "you don't seem happy."

"I miss Kindo," she told him. He nodded quietly, he had heard this before and let it play out.

"He was a good man," she said, "Yes he was," he mumbled.

"You didn't know him like I did," she snapped at him. "Of course I didn't," he answered her "but from what you have told me he was a good man."

“Yes he was a good man,” she said “I feel guilty that I left him for you. What must the children think now that I am with you? You caused the separation.”

“We have discussed this with the children. Kindo joined you in the end, and they are happy with that. There is no ill feeling from them, they treat me well,” he explained.

“I still feel guilty,” she complained.

He sat back and accepted this was a problem that he could do nothing about. Gradually he realised that she blamed him for her guilt – it was always between them, but what could he do.

Another time. “Kindo was a brave man,” she told him, he nodded. “He died protecting us, you know?” she informed him but he did know. “Those crazy soldiers came for me and Arica – she was only 8,” Aldris started to cry. “Kindo ran out, and the four men chased him. They were crazed especially after Kindo wounded one in the leg,” she continued tears falling “I saw him disappear in the distance with the four of them following him so I grabbed the kids and ran in the opposite direction.”

“You did the right thing,” consoled Corders “that was what Kindo’s sacrifice was for.”

She nodded, she knew “But maybe there was something I could have done?” her musings trailed off, and then “I feel guilty about Kindo.”

Corders just nodded, what could he do.

In the end her mental block created anger in him. She could not let go of her feelings of guilt, and because she blamed him it created a barrier. This primitive woman, his anger spilled out during meditation, she is creating the guilt. I keep telling her, but she creates and creates and builds this unnecessary barrier between us. When something happens with the kids she blames me saying Kindo would have known what to do. Even the kids were looking at her because they knew of

Corders' kindness but she would not let go of the guilt. At times he would work with her on meditation but her contact was much more innate than most. For most they needed the meditation but for some there was a switch in the mind that enabled the contact. That which contacted somehow was a separate experience for Aldris, for most the mind required holistic focus but she just seemed able to slip into contact with just part-mind. Gaia had many twists and turns – far too many for one life to comprehend.

In the end Corders was forced to give up. For him life was about resolving problems whether personal or otherwise yet for Aldris she didn't see something to solve. Contact was contact – so what about this holistic mind? She knew she had guilt, she didn't like it but she could live with it. Why couldn't Corders? Barriers she felt none, if he felt them it was his problem. Natural ways, holistic, completeness, the way Gaia is, these were just phrases that Corders trotted out. She was natural, who she was, if he loved her that was who he loved. Love is greater than truth, truth is Gaia, Gaia has a natural order, these are all things that belonged to the off-worlder – not her.

She loved her children. Their family functioned well within their community. The longer the devolution occurred, the more stable their life became. Their own community had been fortunate in working with some good ex-military. In return for food they protected the village, and they didn't demand servitude – she suspected Corders had something to do with that. These military minds did not have the egos of other military minds. So Corders was not happy with barriers .... so what.

When Carjo, Aldris' son – three years older than Arica, reached manhood he wanted to know of his grandfather. He spoke to Corders about Arico, and Corders became pleased that he wished to seek out the old man. "I think he would be happy to see Aldris again, and help look after his grandchildren." Many days later found the old man up the mountain and returned to his camp.

Once home the old man seemed to recover his mental state, he probably only had one journey left in him. "Are you the writer?" Arico asked Carjo "I went down the mountain because I wanted someone to record my story."

“We don’t have much cause for writing now,” answered Carjo “but maybe ....”. he enjoyed seeing the eyes of his grandfather light up. “Can you understand me now?” he asked “I am your Grandson, the son of Aldris.”

The light in the eyes of the old man again shone “Aldris is my daughter, we were held in prison together – she was born there .... born there before the devolution, the dark times.”

“She told me about the prison,” smiled Carjo finally able to break through to this man, his grandfather “I have come to take you back to Aldris and Corders .... if you want.”

“My grandson,” muttered Arico, and light appeared in his eyes again.

“Where is Marina?” asked Carjo “Corders told me that Marina came here with you.”

“Marina has died,” he said slowly “our time here was good. We were safe, we had each other, we had contact. It was a good life. But she died and I knew it was time for people to know .... if they could still know. “I wanted to come down to see if they were ready to know, do you think they are ready to know?” he asked Carjo.

“I don’t know, grandfather,” answered Carjo carefully “but where we are we are safe, people are happy, and your family would love to see you. Will you come with me?”

“I will,” Arico agreed “but first I will say goodbye to Marina. This will take time young man do you have time?”

“Time does not matter,” replied Carjo “it is right that you make your peace.”

Arico looked at him, that is good for a young man, he thought. He took his time, bade farewell to his beloved, and because there was purpose he had the strength to climb down the mountain and return to Tratrap with Carjo. His joy increased further as he met with his daughter and granddaughter, was sad to hear about



Kindo but felt glad that Corders had found Aldris again. All seemed good.

After his return Arico found love again – the love of his family. However there was a distance, he spoke to Aldris of this but she did not open up to him. Corders explained the problem between them, and Arico knew the stubbornness in her. He too spoke to Aldris about Gaia and holistic and true love but he could see there was no way through the part-mind. It saddened him but he too moved on. At his insistence Carjo did become his scribe, and the Chronicles became of value in the evolution.

# THE ARICO CHRONICLES

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## 2.10) The Evolution

The Chronicles became more than the tales of an old man. With input from Corders they became a blueprint for the society that mature humans could build on earth.

Deaths passed by Corders. It was almost to the day that Arico finished his Chronicles that he died. It hit Carjo the most as in such a short time he had genuinely grown to love his old grandfather. Disappointingly Corders relationship with Aldris never improved but he did count himself lucky that he had loved. Her closed mind impacted on her lifespan – maybe, and she died soon after the children became adults – not long after Arico. When she died there was an unspoken relief in the children. While she was alive their love prevented them from siding with Corders, she was their mother. On her death they felt free to show their true emotions to Corders. They had always seen Corders for who he was, but their attachment to their mother had restricted its expression. Now they could love him, and were pleased to stay with him and see him as their father when the new generations came.

With Carjo Corders was amending Arico's chronicles to add the wisdom the offworlder could bring – all this with Arico's blessing. For Corders there was then the continuation of his new monitoring. Following the intervention UG were not concerned with what was happening on earth as they knew it would be a long time before they developed technology that could reach fastlight planets. But UG appreciated having a contact there, they were glad Corders had decided to stay.

For Corders emotions concerning the planet had run the gamut. From a position of depressive isolation he fell in love unwisely, but this had brought him to see the value in these humans. His decision to stay had given him time with a family, his family, and that could never be undervalued. But he was on earth for more because he wanted to help these people. They were susceptible as had been seen

by the centuries under the yoke of the ruai. It was so unusual, but not totally rare, that so many people accepted such an imposing delusion; why does anyone accept wage-slavery, he thought. Many of these humans pointed out in anger that such slavery was so totally destructive but these humans were too trusting, they had good hearts; perhaps that is why he stayed. After all it was only a small percentage who were ruai, a few who were selfish and enforced the ruai system, and the rest just followed initially through trust although in the end through addiction to ruai drugs.

Gaia showed Corders the way through the contacts that had naturally grown in the 8 couples – even the anomaly of one of their children, Aldris, whose contact existed despite not being holistic – integrated. He noted this so as to avoid possible occurrences in the future. Whilst he could not induce such contacts Corders could help them along, and this became his “UG” mission.

When the children had grown Corders travelled. What had the intervention produced? Mostly he was pleased with what he found. He realised that following the intervention was the first time that humans had not had a ruling class. The ruai were a development. To begin with there were the natural leaders, but because they were so primitive – even by human standards – these leaders fought each other. Once they became cognisant, their egos led them to be possessive, and the powerful appropriated land – claiming it for themselves although how they could say that with Gaia he never knew.

Appropriating land became the first accumulations, and became a measure of their power. Why humans respected ownership rather than who people were Corders never ever understood in all the generations he saw. Appropriating land became too burdensome – maintaining a military presence was too costly. These landowners determined that deluding the people could produce the same effect. It was easy to play off the egos of some, and because in the primitive years these leaders were followed into what eventually became wage slavery. Slowly these selfish landowners determined wealth in other ways but the principle was the same – measure their power by external accumulation.

It quickly became apparent to these accumulators that although the people were

deluded initially they might soon see through those delusions. Through education and communal impositions societies became conditioned to accept accumulation by the few as the way it was, and this conditioning moved further into accepting that it was their duty to help accrue these fortunes as wage-slaves. Even that slavery was a development as to begin with landowners used people as slaves on their land as well as slaves to fight to appropriate new lands. But once land was not the measure of accumulation the slavery changed to suit the new measure – money, and they became wage-slaves.

So from almost the beginning of human life accumulation and slavery had gone hand-in-hand, and humans had known no difference until the intervention removed the ruling-class. Once the ruai had no power, and once the institutions of conditioning began to see through their role in perpetuating the illusion that the ruai merited power and accumulation, humans were left to their own devices and their hearts shone through. It was hard to begin with as vestiges of ego still pervaded the planet but because the infrastructure of slavery and conditioning did not now exist these egos soon lost the reinforcing establishment that had maintained their existence through the centuries. Hearts could hold forth especially if there was someone there who was tweaking away the occasional ego.

Significant about egos is that they don't know their place in Gaia, although Gaia is their "mother" egos somehow feel they don't have to follow her direction. Without ego perversion humans worked happily according to their nature with respect for the planet their guide.

At least mostly. And that was why Corders travelled. He moved from village to village, and it was clear where there were structures that stuck out – egis fashioned after their own lack of humility. The mansion, the grand statue, dominating photos were all giveaways, and it took very little time to remove these perversions. In one country there was a religious leader who encouraged people to wear his image as an amulet, whilst another leader in the same country refused amulets and only had the occasional photo. It was clear who brought insight. Corders encouraged the imaged leader to denounce such ostentation, that same leader began denouncing other forms of wealth and ego, and through his example began following the truth of the more humble practitioner.

There were some places where ego had combined with military, these were the most risky. Fortunately for this Gaia the majority of the military had so hated the hawks that the rank-and-file had avoided the ego and chauvinism that characterised most military minds. But not all had been fortunate, there were the occasional isolated village where local leaders had combined with a small group of military to maintain security. And the poor villagers there had become a new form of wage-slavery – tithes. In fact this was an old form of servitude where landlords had required tithes (money had replaced tithes). Initially the people had accepted the landlord's provision of security – they assumed that such security needs existed throughout the land. But then the landlord through his own greed increased the amount of tithes, and to collect these tithes the military were rewarded with extra benefits. Corders sought out one of the farmers who had a good heart. Over a period of time he worked with Geva, and gradually Geva began to understand the situation of the landlord and tithes. This understanding became very clear to Geva once he took the time to travel with Corders, and Geva saw how other villages survived. On his final journey with Geva Corders initiated contact, and from then on he knew the young farmer's good heart combined with the creativity and insight that came with contact would ensure development in the village. On their return Corders created a meltdown in the leader, and the people demanded Geva replace him. Geva had made an agreement with the military that they would still be needed, and the people's wish was granted. Over time the tithes were reduced, and the military were used to enforce the reduction in these tithes giving them the feeling they were still protecting the village. The military were encouraged to take part in community projects benefitting the village, until in the end the military accepted they were the same as the villagers and vice versa. It did take time of course, and by then Corders was long gone.

By the time Corders returned from his travels, Carjo and Arica were old. Corders had long since stopped surprising them but it was hard for them to see their father looking younger than they. But they still loved him, and they spent time together in their old age before their deaths also became part of Corders' tapestry. Corders stayed and worked with their grandchildren, and learnt how human connections were developing, it was important to feel it first hand and this he was able to do

through his family. He was so pleased to know that in time his adopted world could begin to join UG because the human heart was truly able to express itself.

He moved on again tinkering with the generations. Meanwhile the roadmap that he had created with Arico and Carjo more and more influenced the Global Collective. It was specifically with government (GC) that Corders' contribution was needed. Before the ruai had established authoritarianism based on drug-induced compliance they had dabbled with democracy as a form of compliance. He laughed to himself at the gullibility of these humans. Since the time of any records whether oral or written, there had always been a ruling class whether as royalty or just landowners, then suddenly industrialising meant that a new system of democratic control would come into being. But that is exactly what the ruai had pretended. Once they were certain that they could control the outcome, the ruai established elections. To begin with they determined the candidates but once the system was in place they allowed the parties to choose – knowing the parties would choose candidates who would follow their system. Although to begin with there were different landowning blocs, the system each bloc used was the same. Two primary parties were supposedly in opposition, but there were minor differences between the parties, and the one defining feature of the policies of the two parties was that neither party had a policy that exposed the ruai as being the true power – the ones in control.

This system worked for the ruai for some centuries. Because the humans believed that they were in control they were willing to work for the ruai. The ruai pretended that the more profits the workers created for the ruai the more benefits the ruai would let trickle down to their communities. But in the end this system became unstable as more and more people exposed it for what it was – a delusion. With the increasing awareness came the need for military oppression, and with that oppression productivity dropped and profits fell, with that awareness not only were people less willing to work for the ruai but they were also unwilling to purchase the products the ruai dangled in front of them. So authoritarianism didn't work, and that was when the drug culture was introduced. Not only did the workers' addiction mean that they had to buy that ruai product drugs but they also were deluded into thinking that the ruai were helping them by providing the drugs.

That worked fine and would have continued to work well if it hadn't been for their discovery of fastlight and the resulting intervention.

Despite the manipulated democracy that the ruai had created democracy had to be the principle that underlied any system. But democracy was not sufficient. Philosophers had always contended different systems of governance but most of these failed because they did not sufficiently recognise human nature. These philosophers themselves had an ego that told them their system was best for all concerned, and this ego was the source of failure. Human nature being what it was, there were two opposing forces required in government – utilitarian good and individual respect, this was characterised by the apparent paradox that governance needed to respect individual rights whilst providing for the collective. Corders liked to call this system collective anarchism.

At first he promoted the system of collective anarchism by proposing that humans train up prospective government officials to be anarchists, and then those anarchists had to run the collective. But he soon saw this wasn't working because none of the anarchists believed in any form of collectivism so the system soon ground to a halt. So next they worked on a collective government run by collectivists, and an ongoing opposition of anarchists with whom the constitution required that the collectivists listened when the anarchists were critical. If the anarchists criticised the government for imposing on human rights then the government were required to be accountable by reaching agreement with the anarchists. If agreement could not be reached – a rare situation because they were all working together, then wider arbitration involving more and more of the people was sought until there was clarity. Within the two branches of governance there were watchdogs that had to be heard. The first was the democracy watchdog to make sure that the collective was serving all of the people, and the second – much more essential – the ego watchdog. Once people had power there was always the fear that the power would go to their heads, and so the people who were recognised as having the greatest insight and creativity became part of this watchdog to warn against egoic behaviour. Corders imagined these watchdogs as the eyes of the yin and yang of collective anarchism.

With this “system” of collective anarchism in place governance took place democratically – elections were never held as there was no need to present the delusion of democracy as the system was intended to be democratic. Over the centuries humanity developed much more slowly than the ruai system that was motivated by profit. But it developed the way it should with people being happy, and in the end Corders was happy to allow the humans to discover fastlight - eventually making contact with UG and becoming acceptable members thereof.

But by the time he allowed the discovery of the fastlight planet he had become old. He remembered his final meeting with the UG, and he took humble pride in reporting that these humans were ready to join UG at the appropriate time. “They meet our protocols. I was able to guide them through their worst times by establishing a roadmap,” reported Corders explaining Corders’ contribution to The Arico Chronicles.

“We agree this was a good strategy,” commented the chair “combining the natural development of the natives with the wisdom protocols of UG. A good balance. Perhaps we should recommend this for all operatives working with renegade planets.”

“In principle I agree,” answered Corders cautiously “but it requires a high level of dedication amongst such envoys.” He paused thinking about how much his ego had been drawn into the isolation of their ruais. “I have to point out that I fell in love, and it was this love that made me so dedicated to these joyous people. We cannot make love a UG protocol for renegade planets,” he joked and there were smiles all around. Love they all knew had a certain randomness to it – genuine love. He informed them that he was now going to step down as envoy as it was time for him to enjoy his old age with recollection and reflected wisdom, they all knew where he was going.

He returned to earth and he returned to the secluded plateau that had once been the home of Arico and Marina. With the help of the Tratrap community they built him a modest home – they would have done more, and he spent his days meditating, writing, dealing with his health, and eventually dieing. Throughout this time villagers would come to check on him, and on his death his cremation added



“offworldliness” to the spirit that was their Gaia. They collected his writings which then became prized within their community, and offered on display.

His passing was felt with some sadness by UG for whom Corders’ love and roadmap had become the ultimate “protocol”. It was imagined that even Gaia sighed – well maybe not.