

Alien civilisation Novel:

Sophont memories.

Prologue - Finish the farce.

20 ■ CE

At last - The Nevada Neutrino transmitter is assembled; the coding reel is ready. At this moment, a half-over of Earthlings waits with bated breath for the stream to begin - in the Union, a holiday weekend has been declared purely for the viewing. Fifteen presidents have speeches prepared for the unveiling - very few addressing present issues. The famine, the Eurasian outbreak, the teetering fuel industry, BangaHoll crisis - all if brushed proverbially under the red carpet for this flippant ceremony. They won't stink until seventy-two hours in, at least.

All this for five hours of signal - a five-hour mime documentary attempting to portray the state of terrestrial civilisation in pantomime. A commentary laden screening of the contents will be shown the day after the activation. Of course, only flattering facets have been displayed so far - cinnamon vibes, they call it. The committee claims they will follow it up monthly. They can depend on that - government funding will spare it from the virus and hunger for now. Edutainment investment trumps long-term security yet again. Bread, circuses and little greens. The hivemind of social media is abuzz - already extraterrestrial telesex is trending online, as are comically fraudulent alien reaction videos to the reproductive side of the signal. Trust the modern citizen to rise to the occasion.

The transmitter is directed at the Centauri systems, of course. That's where people want life to be. Best case, a reply returns in near a decade. The unwanted sensibilities say well beyond centuries. No-one has the will to sit tight so long, not anymore. The hosts are already inundated by complaints about the emcees two-minute delay. Company among the stars is urgent business. The throes of humanity demand it now.

After the acknowledgements and excessive acclamation, yet still amid the ensuing chat representative flame war, the first incumbent speaker elect steals in. The attendance is all veneers and cheers; sceptics and skint restrained online. No questions asked, no facts given or cared for. Tonight's feast is on engorged

dreams and hope. The Speaker's routine, of course, addresses not their mere country, but the whole world in their joyful tiding. Special mention, of course, to 'Them backwater theorists we met along the way' ('Thaaaank **you** guys!').

"'Course, now we've come clean to those Eetees, we oughta clear up our stellar junk policy in case any space Thunbergs come knockin'!" Only laughter is permitted. AI generators crank out a thread of relevant sci-fi photoshops into chat a few moments later. "Now I'mma optimist here. I'mma be optimistic. We got a bright future. We had sunshine all year in Europe, we got cheap-as-fuck e-cars on sale, they're releasing next gen Neurals in a month - and! And now we've sent aliens a friend request! Biggie plus from 20██!" It was easier to diss the past.

The speaker beamed at the sardonic masses about them, then up at the transmitter's main interface, decked out bold in its creators' pride. They'd bound flags, for all ethnicities, nations and orders in catalogue around the chamber as if they were all united at once in this one technological endeavour to speak out to the great other. Some hundred metres away, the largest transmission pylon shone moon pale out in the clear, cold night - indeed, the mirror of its creators sterile smiles. No matter how relevant it would be for the months and years and dreaded centuries to come, you could not refuse hope in a form as glamorous as this. "Pe-eople of earth! Turn your notifications on loud, just this once! We're expectin' aliens!"

Midnight exactly, the first batch of memories began their solitary journey into the vacuum, bound to so subtle a medium. In Fourteen hours, it would pass skip past lonely Eris and into the first long void before the Oort cloud, broadening gradually towards universal infinity.

It found no pristine minds when it was received into the dwarf orbit of Proxima Centauri four years later, nor the subsequent constraints of the greater Alpha. It came too late to elderly Tau Ceti. Glies 876, so full of hope; reached too soon. By now, it had branched out substantially, it's natural diffraction a mirror of eager desperation to reach out - to find

anyone. By now, despairingly sooner than expected, no nation on earth was in the position to renew the messages, not least the union splinters. The global era had been ailing from its own selfish indulgence for some time. Now, fast on approach, came terminal recollection. It was never made to last.

The neutrino signal kept going. Forty years on, it found Trappist-1's goldilocks cluster quiet. There was a stirring of something in the vapour fray, something vaguely organic. Nothing yet to realise it, recognise it. Still, it was progress, and hope for this galaxy still brimmed about the Kepler and HIP multitude. The first century was not even out yet.

The collapse back home had slowed. It wasn't the war that had shorn a third off the population - it was manufactured self-mutilation as the starving and sickness grew too great. Many retreated to their virtual bunkers in vain escape, where a second imminent apocalypse found them as the servers sputtered. But now...after the atrocities dwindled, the flowers grew over the asphalt and the birdsong sprung from the mute roads. Fertility stirred back in the independent fields and margin forests rebounded. Many had survived, with several facilities still intact. Some even realised happiness again.

Five millennia passed before the first signs of real ingenuity. Not mere microbes, but the denser, warier kind. Traces of old scars, etched into K 1638B some thousands of years too soon. Then, now a wait mere by comparison, some twenty years later, the now spectral signals permeated living things - trillions in their first contact. A watery world, more habitable than earth in its later times. Best of all, they found sophonts. Not singular, but plural, and very much capable in time of realising them. The minimal quota of the signal reached in full glory!

The signal had become a memorial ghost thirty-five hundred terrestrial years before. It was a climate disaster beyond the control of itself or its descendent creators, even if the latter was again partially responsible. The world the signal had known, however, has long departed anyway... and the planet still lived anyway. The signal had no will to stop.

It became easier. The signal greatly enbroadened, the beings graced crept up by thousandfold as the intergalactic medium horizon approached. Though increasingly overridden and distorted by black holes and other unspeakable phenomena, entire star clusters were swept up at a time under the signal's haunt. Of these ecospheres, a mere dozen odd held actual thinkers, at least by humanity's final rigid standards of anthropology. But any posthumous acknowledgement by now was a full victory. Homo sapiens would persist in the thoughts of others.

Then, after all else had been touched, the longest wait of all. Beyond the boundary of the galaxy was, so far as terrestrials had known, millions of empty parsecs. Ample time for those preceding civilisations to ebb and surge, cease and be replaced. New solar systems may assemble, and elderly ones liquidate. Countless things would unfold and then be lost, but the signal would reach nothing. The marred contents of the neutrinos held stayed in obscure stasis for longer than the legacy of the people it left behind. For all the galaxy - known by them as the milky way and the other dozen elsewise - knew, the signal had died.

After death, rebirth.

Chapter 1 - Unfathomable distances

Quart-1, Cycle-1432b

Subject: Xeno-contact general Update | News prescription
personnel

Message:

*"Signal report validity confirmed/We have company among
the stars/ Message diagnostics are underway*

The Docerocracy bids you good health"

Prescription: Information may now be prescribed to public
clients **PROVIDED**

Last Lucidity report = >90%

MI risk = >70%

It was a controversial move. It had taken 16 secret cycles to debate for the xeno-semiotic order's cause. The financial directors were predisposed to label the endeavour an unsustainable waste of assets - very little pharmaceutical application could arise from it. Besides, the shock of any particular revelations may well have generated substantial social unrest if not carefully moderated. Still, study of the neutrino signal was not wholly prohibited, though for years it survived solely off the researchers' annual recreational allowance.

Recently, they'd cracked it. It took some modification to produce a binary computing system to decrypt it, rather than the more efficient Ternary hardware employed by their own databases. Then they applied the visualiser. The resultant footage put half the researchers on compulsory antineurotic medication convalescence. They were not ready for this.

The neutrino signal had come very, very far, deduced from the substantial distortion of the video they had salvaged, even with cypher-predict recovery software

applied. Some visual elements of it, however, were bold enough to understand immediately. One star system, eight planets. Carbon based composure. The extraterrestrials had gone out their way to take their neighbours by the tentacle to guide them through their way of life. Yes, led them with their bristling, rigid, multi-digit appendages.

Speculative evolution framework had done little to prepare the citizens of Phlegmatis-major for what other sophonts really were like. They'd expected body plans like those of their own planet: soft bodied, separate digestive/respiratory tracts, temporal relay antennae and so on. The first length of footage proved an unnerving aversion to this. These "bipedals" went lurching about their overcrowded colonies on those two stiff hind claspers, stuffing choking mouthfuls into their sole oral orifice. Their language was not even compatible - the aliens only had one tongue and a mouth full of teeth to contend with. They jabbered away at a pitch verging on painful to the audi-lobes.

Did they realise how poor their hygiene was? They swarmed about carelessly in groups exceeding thousands, sucking each other's faces and groping their livestock's bodies without the necessary contact protection! It was disgusting. Not solely in a visceral way, but because of its appalling impulsivity. It was a complete error beyond expectation of even the old home colony. In the times of their own virtual epidemic, they'd never sunk to that low.

The prior risk calculation proved important. The footage, viewed with all its painful infringements over many days, was sufficiently disquieting even for the stoic order of research - where emotional suppression was heart and professionalism lungs. The public, especially not those of susceptible influence, could not be prescribed this all in one. The announcements would be drip-fed, diluted in a most inoffensive form.

Subject: Xeno-contact funding | Equatorial D institute of biology

Message:

*"In regard to recent breakthrough - advanced
physioanatomy personnel requested for highly experimental
investigation/ 'Biped' terrestrial footage currently foregoes
proper explanation/ Procedural warning - behavioural attributes
highly unorthodox/ Viewing found to be mentally taxing*

?Recommend Dir. Zene or Dir. Pythias for briefing?

Equatorial Xeno-semitotic society bids you good health"

<Psu Dir. Diogenes>

...

"Cancel next quart's zoology meetings, please. Current top
priority will be an autopsy of our lunatic neighbours."

Forty cycles of expertise cast off like soiled
gloves in one viewing of that footage. Old wisdom
disposed of, it was time to learn something *truly* new.
Where the others felt discomfort, ~~Zene~~ felt enlightened
- by these obnoxious, ill sanitised creatures. He
wanted to reach out to them, learn of their plight.
This was a life's career.

That was the first race the neutrinoic spectre found in
UGC 2885. There would be more, many more. In the time
it took for those "unfamiliar" to decipher its
purpose, it had already advanced a dozen subsequent
solar systems along the entire band of the tera-spiral.
It had grown vast beyond denial now, no more blind
spots for life to hide.

A flicker of thirty years and there is another.
Scorched crust between binary parents, long boiled dry
by a dual eruption of solar cruelty. The poles
collapsed, the atmosphere incinerated - all potential
for life seems atomised. A sight already common in the
signal's journey, already in this very galaxy. It will
not be tricked, will not turn back. Manmade techno
tsunami washes through the undead world end to end. It
acts silently, perhaps harmlessly. The inhabitants may
never know what came and what it signified. Yet about
Bauxite pockets of the crust, a mass alchemical
spectacle unfolds - unseen gallium turns to germanium in
a blink. Lucky few deposits lie close enough by the
main vital atrium of the planet Geb. Abiotic spies,

their subtle radiation in sure time intrudes in on the cavern refuge above.

Sapience here, for once, proves nostalgic.

The offering laid now by hymn first in the appeasement chamber, beneath the urn of the late matron, glorious in legacy, lest her soul renounce the coming ritual. Honour satisfied, gods below permit the ceremony of names, den nukuori, to resume by the mothering riverside; Ninno, pure in its passage. So great a vigil light was raised by taper flame that all shadow retreated from the dry caverns in passage, unreached by the river light. Her first tooth shed, the infant unmothered came swaddled in pure cloths cut from parent's splendid robe. She needed her future forged – the name the tool to carve her life's course. So the family party departed in solemn procession from the chamber out, through home warren and undercroft, to the banks of Ninno, the babe in train to be named.

When they came upon the appointed bank, they looked to Leninni, husband of the late Ghonila, sole guardian of the child. With no mother nor aunts to be granted divination by the waters, the naming of the child was thus entrusted to a male, brave and compassionate though he was. Otherwise, some other queen may lay claim to the child as her own and steal as regent the delve of the warren.

Leninni waded over to waters sacred glow and held the child aloft, the noninna oracles watching what reflected...

Fierce among the Isuzu. Hunting of deep beasts. Raids against rival warrens. Liaison with the Nodon pride?

The worm between the thousand gleaming eyes.

The noninna staggered, for even their solid minds were alarmed. Lennini was uneasy and asked of them "What's the matter! Why have you leaped back from the river as some evil breached?" They could not tell. Not solely because they hated to strike unjust dread in the hearts of attendance, but because they could not understand why the many eyed Vrihamo, cold twin to radiant evil Vrileki, manifested. That the cruel stars had anything to do with the future of this child?

The nonnina, ever a mystery, spoke soft lies to cement the peace. They said, "This child shall be fierce among Isuzu warriors,

hunter of deep beasts and wager of war against the warrens that hold us in contempt. But to match her glory, a great war shall spark. So great will be the bloodshed that even the Nodon race, warrens of unimpeached limestone, shall be drawn in. No more is clear.”

Many who heard rejoiced inward at the last spoken, for they thought it told of Nodon’s end, who they knew as Doyolli after their mother river, great in breadth. For they had kept the best mines and fattest livestock to themselves for long and made many a famine for the Isuzu for own best interest. On this, Lennini too took joy, but it was much mingled with shame.

“Then we shall call her Dolninna, for she as child of this river will bring much fame to its people. For this, I cannot rear her, even as father. I am no warrior, so I will only hold her growth henceforth behind. Though shame gnaws me, her future shall be governed by rightful Neshinna, who my liege trusted well.” The infant’s name now ascertained, weary father passed them to Neshinna, renowned in arms and closest to Ghonila. With blessing from Father and departed mother, the clan’s future was set.

Yet no more was spoken yet of the stars.

That was quick. Only a three-year delay – cosmic immediacy. Without means of radiochemical detection, too; a first in the signal’s journey. That counsel hadn’t deciphered any of the contents and might in their ineptitude ever get around to it, but they certainly knew they were being haunted. Good. Humanity had transposed themselves into their inane prophecy. In their own words, they’d have their fingers in every pie, even if they could not taste it beyond the grave.

It was becoming easier still. By net galactic coverage, a biosphere was found intermittently at an average rate of just five years – intelligent life every eleven – and all accelerating. This giant galaxy was only one of nigh forty galaxies under thrall at this very moment. If only mankind had given the signal an immortal mind for a source – how delighted it would make them to spawn a mechanical god!

Yet, if it could think, it would be disappointed by its survey. There were so many sterile galaxies, with sophont diversity around single digits. Most civilisations hadn’t even breached the final frontier yet – even fewer had a spare colony within their own

system. Kardashev's molecular remains would be throbbing in their widespread graves. It was a bare few who graduates as a two by his scale before this point, nigh 300 million years in.

The first half century passes and draws closer to close. Yes, this galaxy has potential. Eight little civilisations on eight fickle worlds, and still this far-flung arm of the galaxy remains mostly untouched. There'd surely be something better beyond these savage worlds. Something more suitable for the wild hopes and dreams channelled into this construct. Something worthy of humanity's once grand appetite for fear and splendour. It will not be upon this caustic, bemisted body.

But something else is creeping about the galaxy, stalking the terrestrial trail.

Five of the eight worlds. Five of ten trillion bypassed. A quintet who will see what the people of earth never saw. Something that knew them very, very well.

Chapter 2 - All stars, abloom.

It still hurts. I still feel at lost, even now. I cannot rest, I cannot focus. The more I battle, the more I struggle, that venom within grows fiercer. Please, no more. No more!

I cup some shade over the offending eye with my grasper. Even acclimatising to the more soothing darkness is searing. If the rest of summer is going to be this bright, I'm binding it shut. It started really hurting this morning after the mist lifted and the sun's only half sunk from noon. Doesn't help that I'm bored. Sucosa work helped curb the pain earlier. Now I've got nothing to do 'til Romu's meet later. I could do with their warrior-grade painkillers right now. To think I'm the only sprout in the allotment with this sort of light sensitivity thing. Well, if there is someone else, I'm probably the only one privately complaining. Grow up Naerun.

Halfway down from my perch with just one hand gripping. The smoke in the main court is riding the wind from the main court to vinery's edge. All the worse - I can do without those memories. I'm Rotating my hand to plug my nostrils as well; I think it's blossomed into a headache now. I usually like taking my time coming back from meditating when the sun is lower, and my thoughts are settled. Right now, I just want to get back and quaff something, then maybe roast meat on the go for Naelawa and Naeya. I don't think I'll have appetite tonight, as earlier.

Kimentu and Mintha are still setting up pyres after everyone left for the sheds. I wish they'd put it off; It's threatening to keep me at bay, let alone Sucopinos and other pests, and I've got things to be doing later. They give me that look as I scurry by. No greeting, as usual. I salute them anyway. It's hard to tell if their reticence is fruit of devotion to their jobs or old age wilting social ties. Well, at least they've got their sibling bond still. It'd be hard to fare without one right now. I leave them and the gloomy memory behind downwind. I don't want to reflect on that now, even in times of fresher health.

All the vineyard branches merge back to one bough where the sheds are at. A few sprouts are about, Nepetu among them, sharpening tools. I think they could smell my stress from here because Nepetu drops their shears immediately and strides over.

"You're back early! Finally decided to lend a hand sharpening instead of skiving?" There's a hint of boisterous sweetness in their pheromonal tone.

"C'mon. It's not like I meditate that much." Only when I'm stressed. "I need to fetch a bandage first."

"Eye's flaring again, Naerun?"

"Yea, with it being so bright. Doesn't usually hurt this much."

"Bit of a waste of bandage at a time like this." Bynia's already snipping me a length of leaf from the aosmoa growing on the crop-meal silo. They pass it to Nepetu, then to me. "Use this."

"Thanks." I unclasp my eye, still clenched shut, and try binding the leaf about it. It's still sticky fresh. I fetch a whetstone and a borer. If I'm not getting painkillers yet, I might as well work off the pain. I zone in on the aura of conversation – that might help too.

"-Thinks I'll make a good first-time parent, right?" Lyminta's new seedling... "But I'm nervous Sukamyn won't get to see much of them. They're only off duty now until the hatching and they bore the seed."

"The guard'll slacken once we know for sure their intentions, kin. I'm sure Sukamyn won't miss much." Fatae pats them on the shoulderbud. Gently, as always. "It'll be all over with the summer storms."

"The drought's making everyone bitter, kin. Maybe the zingiderms are just sick of this heat?" Nepetu punctuates this with a flick of the brow. They're transpiring puddles, as usual. "Dunno about you, but I've been thriving. I peak in summer! Got the energy of a tiniocone."

"Nepetu, you always have the energy of a tiniocone. You punched an aperuka in the face last season."

"Wait, really?" Bynia's rightfully surprised. "I thought scent was that Romu did it?"

"Wrong, sprout! I throttled it! My glaive snapped when it came charging, so I had no choice. Right between the eyes, see?" Nepetu delivers an enthusiastic thrust, with Fliskouna's face opposite almost serving as the imagined Aperuka. Some elder spectators look rightfully concerned. "Wasn't really gonna hit you, kin! I've got full control."

"It does smell like a Romu legend. That's all." Bynia's right. It was Romu. Nepetu's glaive indeed snapped, but they didn't have the wits to save themselves. Romu flung it off the bough.

"They all claim that."

Let's get back to the task at hand. The poker's finished. Some shears next, about as sticky with sap as my left eye. Rub it down with some soak cloth. I am in my element. The pain is lessened. I don't have to worry about Naeya. Or the katharsaps.

"Sunsets have been pretty blooms lately. Best thing about summer, those sunsets. Especially up on canopy's top." A pause in the banter allows Sukana to get their pheromones in. *"Then there's night. Any of you ever been sober enough to glimpse the stars at night?"* "Resume the footage."

"Not likely. I go limp at twilight." Bynia's being honest. *"Takes a lot of strength to stay up in the dark."*

"Best season for stars is now, when the clouds are away. You've got to see stars at least once in your life. It's like smelling the understory, except less disturbing. You'll never forget it." I have already done both – the compulsory trip to the underthicket to witness the festering beneath and staying up to see the stars. I've done the latter thrice actually – with little Naeya too, just before the drought hit. "Twelve individuals. Coincides with the numerical characters."

"I think stargazing smells pretty bland," Nepetu's comment, as they admire their perfected billhook, *"They're just lights, I mean."*

"Correction – Around twelve at present."

The venom has crept to my head. Just as dreaded. It's because I'm slacking, isn't it? I'm not working hard enough to ignore the pain. Keep grinding, forget everyone else. Forget the stars.

"Grooming behaviour implies at thermal

discomfort. Yes, they're opening ventilation units..."

...

Come on, you've waited all day for this. I brace myself for the incoming flush of tartness. I put the cup of anodyne syrup to my mouth. No. I put it down for a moment and shake my head. Giasyn watches me with their usual meek concern. I can't do this without water. Flask in hand, cup to mouth again.

Now!

Damn! I'm hardly swallowing. Forcing it down with water only makes me cough more. The foulness recedes, but not the eye pain. Giasyn plucks the cup from my gentle grip and pats me on the shoulder-bud.

"There, you shouldn't dilute it next time. It just weakens the relief." I can't swallow it any stronger. I try to steady my breath again before I gather pheromones of gratitude. *"I can't spare a second drink, kin. Keep that in mind."*

"It's fine." Humiliation's not worth another dose. *"Sorry for depriving you."* I stagger out the tonic hut into the yard. Any hope of appetite even now is gone. I can barely tolerate the smell of the meat shank at my harness.

More water has not changed this. At least home is not far, but that means Naeya will see me in this state. Spruce yourself up, Shake yourself out...Okay, shaking was a bad idea. Now you feel sicker. And Nepetu was watching. Over there.

"Are you still feeling like piss Naerun?" Probably worse, given the taste in my mouth.

"I'll be fine."

"Fine enough for Romu's thing after work tomorrow?"

"I'll be there. No worry." Eye pain or not. They need a mediator, after all. Someone to keep Acument from getting bitter. They've been really struggling lately. I don't want everyone else to be in a sour mood, let alone me.

Maybe it's a rain headache I'm getting? Nothing to do with the eye? There's something like petrichor in the air now. Mind, through the canopy gaps I can't eye any hints of grey clouds impending. The sapsuckers are still carousing in and around the allotment without fear, agitating the penned stock. We can't work with them until the heat's over and their temper improves. High summer engrosses the smell of everything; magnifies conversations, illuminates new subtleties and worsens headaches. No, more than smell and sight: sound too. There's more buzzing, booming and chattering from the encompassing tangle. Some rather unfamiliar noises...no, that's the medicine taking effect. I forget myself-

"Pause the footage."

"They appear to be re-enacting a violent confrontation."

What's this? Something's wrapped around my tarsus. A bestial bitterness fills the air...The neighbour's stropky Lianafah! Nearly tripped its tail. Again. It rasps at me, as if I was the problem here. Because I haven't learned to step over it, and it hasn't learned to sleep somewhere more convenient. I untangle myself, let it slip away swiftly across the gardens without a fight. To my hut, not it's own. I've caught it sunbathing on the dry roof a few times. Maybe our family has some enticing pet aura, but I don't understand why they can't just do that at home. I just don't get Lianafah, I really don't.

"Naeya! Are you hungry?" I'm home. So is Naeya, from Nursery.

"Naerun! Sib!" A hearty cramp about my trunk. All the pain from my eye is gone. They still hug pretty tight for a sapling their age. *"It's still hot!"*

"Hot and bright, yeah. Like that most summers, Naeya." There's bone porridge on their breath. Good for growth, not fond to taste. Haven't had

that in ages. *"What've you got in your hand?"* They slacken quickly and draw the jabbing instrument away from my hind. A crusty grey seed.

"It's a stone. Kostomi thinks it's a stone from the cliffs!" Really? I inspect it closely. The surface is rough like bark, but grainy like a bug's shell – it's much colder than the other summered foliage about. There is no metal sheen like the iron nodules burgeoning beneath the trunk ways. There is no aura at all...aside from a little sweetness from my sap. Just a little graze.

"Where'd you find this, Naeya?"

"Wasn't me. Kostomi found it somewhere. They gave it to me 'cos you can give it to Romu!" Natural. Naeya's friends know I'm close to their role model; They're desperate to see them in bloom. Aperuka punching, among other things, has made a great haul for their reputation. *"I wanna go see Romu. It's been ages!"*

"They're still pretty busy with adult stuff, Naeya." Naeya's sunny disposition dips slightly. It's something I haven't explained to them yet.

"But you're going to play tomorrow!"

"Hunting, yeah. It's a mature event. You won't like it."

"You're not an adult, sib."

"I'm adult enough, Naeya." I've completed my tutoring. I work at the vinery. I help out with hunting. I'm a bit short of experience, but I'm almost there. *"I might take you sometime soon. Just not now, alright?"*

"Before it rains?"

"Time'll tell. Now, supper."

"Why's a leaf on your eye, sib?"

"It's nothing Naeya."

It's already hot enough outside without the roasting flame. Naeya's out the hut, trying to entertain the grumpy Lianafah on the roof. Good, they're safe from the fire. I've got a bucket of grit at the ready in case it loses control, as high summer tempts it to. I shouldn't be on edge...why am I on edge? *"Save your hypothesis."*

"We will review it later, when we've recuperated sufficiently."

It's wearing off, already? Wasn't worth the taste at all. It's just my head this time, not the eye. Still, doesn't seem like a storm is coming anytime soon. *"Process this in private in the meantime. Until then..."*

"May you stay in good health."

-Quart 1, day 13, Cycle 1474a-

Evening period introspection - <Zenæ>

*Registered mood = 92.134% placid (Projected +1.3% improvement per hour)

*Health update – Upper tension cephalgia (Ong. -34.06% natural relief)/Glycemia stable/Nutrient levels stable

-Abstract- "I'll be fine."

High cranial tension persists – enduring without chemical suppressant at cost of est. 2.23% mood reduction (Biochem Rep)/Adjusted viewing of Bipedal encrypted footage #2 proved informative – Reaffirmed graphic hypothesis of terrestrial numerical system/ Will need to repeat viewing with translation personnel – subject of footage still somewhat unclear

-Personal Notes-

The footage viewed today proved again somewhat disorientating – fourth instance of natural oral Bipedal behaviour outside of "Linguistic fragments A – D"/Proved to be a highly insightful into Human aggression behaviour owing to Heat exhaustion and dissent between the twelve central subjects involved/Bipedals again proves to have limited restraint in stressful circumstances – subject 3 had to be restrained from physical assault against 8 – no precautions against verbal spiral were made

Hypothesis: Footage consists of a historic documentary of a Legal procedure – monochromatic presentation implies at lower technological capabilities (Pre-digital)/Inquiry appears to be regarding some act of domestic misconduct given violent re-enactment (Ref. Tim XX.XXXX – XX.XXXX)/Incident proved significant in Bipedal culture – landmark acquittal

The introduction annotation of the footage proved reassuring to "Decimal" Numerical system hypothesis – disputants all conveniently labelled accordingly. Syntax of language is still unintelligible – documentary titled "A Dozen (?Legal modifier?) males" – Tempting to apply WIP title of "A Dozen aggressive males" owing to hostile display

Aside: Another instance of smoke-inhalation placation –
Cylindric combustibles present in footage/graphical
clarification absent from current compendium/
?Hallucinogenic escapism? – ref. “green orgy”>“4.2.0”/Does
not explain hostilities within encr. #2 – Psychoactive
depressant/Bipedal culture is excessively opaque

Initial analysis is currently incomplete for encr. #2 – individual
focus groups deployed @ XX.XXXX to process privately/Viewing
aggrandised my headache due to high intensity/?Physical
decline?/Adjust occupational intensity to age “Age robs me of any pity for you.”

-Priority list-

Condense encr. #2 + Bipedal biology notes

Consult takeover shift “I’ll be out with Rom tomorrow. You okay to keep Naeya, ma?”

Phlebotomy + Presomnia Biochem review “We’re not going far. No danger, promise.”

Sanitisation + hydrotherapy

Memory enhancement exercise – Logic tiles #1635

Dream