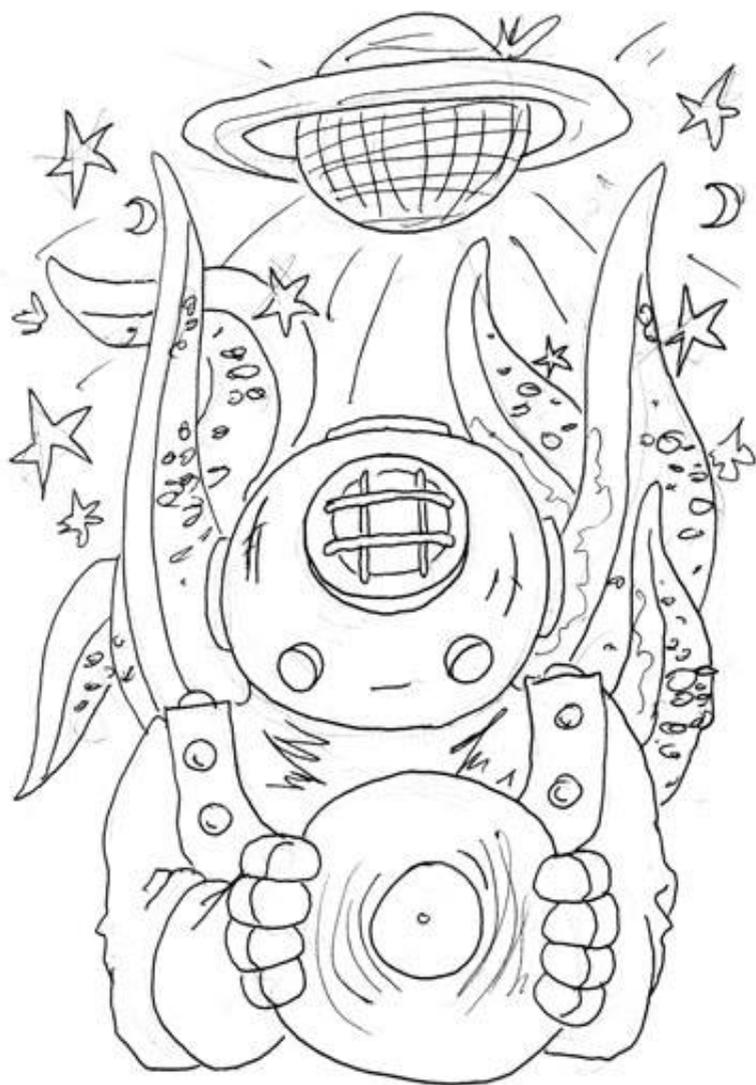


HUMANS, ALIENS, AND CYBORGS



For Paul Gutjahr and Susan Stryker

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Psychological Profiles of the Womyn of Ward No. 6 – Deirdre

Alisha N. Hettinger

Name:

Deirdre (last name unknown)

Age:

Unknown (Estimated: mid-30s)

Species:

Human (originally, now Cyborg)

Background:

Caught in a theater-fire, Deirdre's brain was rescued by a Doctor Maltzer (who is in need of a psychological evaluation himself, in my professional opinion). Upon this rescue, Maltzer placed Deirdre's brain in a golden bionic body to work the same way her brain did in her original, human body. Along with this body came metallic vocal chords, inhuman strength and speed, and superhuman perceptions.

Summary of Deirdre's

Mental State:

At first, upon speaking with Maltzer, it seemed Deirdre was perhaps in a fragile mental state, however, upon multiple observances in her home, in public, and privately held in my office it seems Deirdre's mental state is at its peak. She is higher functioning than

most, contains the ability to vibrate with a frequency no human can match (one in which she manipulates inanimate objects), and has a body that, it seems, cannot be harmed thanks to her Frankenstein, Doctor Maltzer. However, as amazing as all of this is, it seems Deirdre understands that she is still mostly human - that her brain, her mentality, is human. This is of course, key, as Deirdre will likely outlive her "creator", friends, fans, and even myself.

Intervention Strategy:

While Deirdre's mental state is quite frankly better than that of most humans we encounter at Ward No. 6 I strongly suggest regular psychotherapy (1x/wk) to maintain this higher functioning. As Deirdre lives in her metal body, separate from any other human (one can even debate if she is human at all), it is possible that she may encounter Delusions of Grandeur accompanied with Depression as we have seen glimmers of in her every day actions. Additionally, it is important to keep Deirdre in touch with humans, allowing her to continue to act and sing, and even encouraging her to participate

Miss Machine

Antonio DeRio

Gazing over pieces of a love
Try to rationalize, but can't pacify
brooding questions in my mind
your integrity, my morality
All the love I put in to you
was not enough to make it true.

Every hope and every dream
petty to you, the world to me
All the anger all the discord
easy for you, but killing me.
I fell in love with a machine.

Watching you,
you look like you're asleep
and in a dream.
but did you dream
and dream of me?
the vivid truth
made me realize
that we can't coexist
and it was clear
you should disappear.
Now I watch your eyes

lose their light
I too die, inside.
Miss Machine
made to save me
failure is fate, apparently.
an inevitable ending
and a eulogy
I fell in love with a machine
Watching you in pieces, I lament.
Feelings of guilt and loneliness
So desolate. Submerged in desperateness
I'm in hell. I'm the essence of hopelessness
but I once found solace in you
once my savior, a dream come true.
Love is blind but has faded in time
Verity comes clear
Transparent nightmare,
Dark cloud, worst fear.
There is one thing you did give me
the belief no other can ever save me
It will haunt me for eternity
I fell in love with a machine

System Humanoid Experience or Humanoid Experience Robot

Carmella Hall

“And is this what you really want?” Maltzer says.

They’re having the same talk as always in the hallway outside the lab, confirming the last of the needed details for HER.

“Of course it is.” Deidre’s voice is soft, just loud enough to were she knows he can hear.

“I’m just making sure.” Maltzer as always wanted to make sure she was fine with everything and that nothing was out of place.

Deidre shinned under the bright lights of the lab hallway, singular eye focusing on nothing in particular as Maltzer asked her the same questions as always. For a moment she simply watches him, thinking of how hard time has been on him. How his age mixed with stress makes him look closer to ninety than sixty. She’d still as they talk, making sure to not make a single move. She has learned most humans respond better to her when her actions and rhythms mimic

her boundaries. they feel like the person is a threat. “Yes. Technology has advanced and I think it should be used as much as possible, but when I say that I don’t mean on me.”

“And you could look more human.” The words are slow to come out, almost like he didn’t hear what she just said. “You could look like you use to, before the fire.” He stares at her, taking in the same features she’s always had and the ones that could be updated, but she refuses too.

She’s quiet as he talks, letting him enjoy his ranting.

“Before The Rebirth.”

His voice is softer now. “You could be updated. You could be more human.” She notes he always seems to get more emotional when talking about The Rebirth.”

“Maltzer. I am human.”

Fame while fun was fleeting. She was un-aging and in that saw all the other women she had seen at award shows, plays, and parties were gone from the spotlight as soon as the winkles started to come in. She understood

humans loved youth and everything that came with it, but she didn't like the fact many woman lost their fame and appeal with age. She had grown to like age, wrinkles told her things, and laugh lines meant a person smiled or laughed a lot. Lines on the brow meant they spent a lot of their life thinking, stressed or worried. She liked the character this gave people and it made her wonder what her own face would have looked like.

The rebirth, the updates, her humanity, they've talked about this so much she's heard it all before. St least Harris doesn't do it anymore, but Maltzer has always tried to give her back something he thought he'd taken from her; Synthetic skin, the ability to feel and taste. But those things she didn't miss anymore because she couldn't really remember them.

"Just finish HER." Deirdre said.

From the start the project had taken up more time than either of them would have liked, but Deirdre refused to rush and Maltzer refused to do a bad job. They argued: Maltzer said blond hair, but Deirdre wanted

brown or black. Maltzer had an idea of what he wanted HER to look like, but Deirdre always said no.

SHE wasn't being built for him. SHE was for Deirdre and no one else.

Maltzer wanted HER to have a fresh start; Deirdre was against it as she wanted HER to have some knowledge of the world. Maltzer had an image of HER he wanted to follow. Deirdre thought he wanted HER to look like the woman from old Hollywood, soft and petite and fragile. Deirdre fought for HER to be tall, have muscles and look like she stepped out of the too many books about mythology she had read. Greek mythology had taken her and the image she saw in her mind was like a goddess. Her own living Athena or maybe she would be like Artemis. In the end she came to a standpoint and Maltzer caved in.

"Fine." He says. His eyes move across the hall and don't find her own. "SHE's done."

"When can I see HER?"

"Now." Maltzer pauses, quiet as he looks at Deirdre. "Before we go in you

need to know something.”
“Tell me then.” She knew this was coming and decided to let him have his moment, she’d learned a long time ago that if Maltzer felt as though he was in charge, he became easy to deal with.

Maltzer pressed a button and a once black window cleared. For the first time Deirdre could see her new partner. SHE was built over a series of years as a partner for her. As technology advanced, Deirdre pushed for Maltzer to create all the things she wanted in a friend. They need to look human and to sound human, but Deirdre wanted her new companion to be a robot. Harris thought she was crazy and Maltzer was at his limits. He thought all her humanity was gone and Deirdre she lonelier than ever.

She had requested for HER to be female and that seemed to make Harris happy. She had heard the quiet whispers of Maltzer and Harris about how they thought she was losing all femininity, but Deirdre paid it no mind. All her femininity was lying on a table.

SHE was 5’10 with her feet hanging off the table a bit.
SHE was tanned, her

skin a dark golden brown and had a head of long curled hair. SHE had skin that felt real. SHE could ‘taste’ and smell. SHE could sweat. She could cry, she could...

“SHE is one of a kind.” Maltzer stressed. “I won’t do this again. SHE is perfect. All the most advanced technology you could buy.”

“SHE is perfect.” She hadn’t expected him to be so positive about HER. “And I’m thankful.” A metal hand runs across smooth skin, she can compare human skin to a hundred different things, silk, cotton, leather and she might now be able to describe her new friend. Maybe she’s a flower petal, like a rose or a lily.

“I programmed her to know all the things you wanted. History, science, biology, sports, literature and the list could go on.” He looks at Deirdre after a pause. “SHE needs a real name.”

Deirdre looks at HER for a while, a hand strokes her jaw line and the other rubs her arm almost lovingly. “Mnemosyne or Titanomachia.”

Human Circuitry

Michael Silvestri

Nicholas' small pair of feet sprung into bed like an ember bouncing from a roaring flame. He kept his socks on as his grandmother had always instructed him to.

"When did it happen?" the boy asked his grandmother as she tucked him into the warm solace of the bed. "Was it before you were born?" The spry old woman, despite her many years, softly grinned as she drew back from the boy.

"It is one of the few things you know of, Nicholas, I can say began before my time."

"Will you tell me about it again?" the boy inquired innocently.

"If you promise to go to sleep." Nicholas' toothy grin was all the confirmation Lucia needed as she knew the boy would not betray his word if he could help himself. Lucia closed her eyes and her chair reclined, hitting the perfect obtuse angle at which to soothe her rickety vertebrae. The recliner was positioned parallel to the bed and was still within an arm's length.

"It is wonderful that my grandson is so interested in the Spark." Nicholas leaned over to the other side of the bed and flicked on the ornate nightlight on top of the oak dresser. There was little else to the guest room beside the closet and a dusty old window to the right. There was nothing to distract him.

"A long time ago, humanity was bound by the limits of their technology. Countless hours were spent trying to build larger and more optimized equipment, while people continued to reject the idea that they were in need of a rebuild themselves. One day, a man named ..." Nicholas' thoughts began to wander. He was but seven years old and cared not to admire relics of the past. He even got lost in some of the more eloquent words Lucia spouted yet he never wished to interrupt her story. Interrupting Lucia mid-tale, in Nicholas' opinion, was an act of sheer narcissism although he couldn't convey that sentiment in words. Lucia's voice then began to come into focus again.

'Until one day he realized the potential of our own electrical impulses. The man realized that we,

in all our glory, were but perfectly oiled machines. He had wondered if we could manipulate our mechanized sides for the good of what was more human. What he then did was not okay to do today, always remember, but the man had an idea as he glanced at his dog.”

“What was the dog’s name again, Grandma?” Nicholas interrupted, his youthful memory failing him.

“I don’t remember, sweetie, but you said you wouldn’t interrupt. He can be Spike.” Lucia creaked up from the chair and playfully ruffled the young boy’s hair. He knew the good part was on its way. After a brief moment she continued. “The man loved Spike. Spike was his only companion as he had no family and decided that he would see if he could interact with Spike on a more... animalistic level. Every day, the dog and the man would step onto a platform he created and electricity would pulse between them. Although almost unnoticeable at first, the man continued to subject the two of them to the shocks while he studied biology in order to do his very best to keep Spike and him healthy.

He wanted to see

if there was some sort of connection that tied nature and machine together. Every day the man felt his guilt growing as the dog began to whimper softly. He decided it was time for one last test. He would subject Spike and himself to dangerous levels of electricity.”

Nicholas’ heart began to pick up. This was his favorite part. Lucia continued, adding extra flair for her grandson. “This test was to be the deciding factor! He was to give enough electricity to potentially stop Spike’s heart but not enough to disrupt his master’s consciousness. The man led Spike onto the platform and gave him a few affectionate pats. He then knelt down and while embracing his pet, swung his weight around and threw it on the platform. The generator kicked into gear and the world went black for the master and his faithful pet...” Nicholas looked solemn although he had heard the story before. He was a respectful young boy, after all. Lucia then pressed on. “The pair awoke together. Somehow, Spike’s heart had not stopped and the man had taken more trauma than his medical studies intended. They were now linked. Meld-

ed, as we refer to it today. He had shared the pain his pet and drew some of the electricity from his body. He woke him when he woke. But because he had used his Spark on something organic, he could only control its movements. He never used it to control his faithful creature against its will, which was still very much his no matter how strong the Meld between them. He only used his gift to help Spike.”

Lucia went on to explain more of what her parents had told her. The reliability of these stories was questionable. They were mainly word of mouth tales used to explain why people could use their Spark to Meld with objects and in very rare instances, organic matter. Anything electrical could be manipulated when one learned to control their Spark. People with almost no to little affinity for the talent could struggle to complete a basic circuit. Novice to intermediate-level users could manipulate machines as if they were there physically, without having to actually lift a finger. Expert users usually tinkered with objects and learned them so well that they could make them

defy people’s expectations of what an object could do or even was. In terrifying rare instances they could wield dangerous amounts of power, even going so far as to be able to manipulate creatures.

Lucia wished her warm good-night wishes and her chair sprang to life on its own, snapping itself shut. Little did Nicholas know, everything she used frequently in the house was outfitted with a small chip that was connected by wire to the floor. Underneath her carpet was a network of wires emitting an electrical pulse just strong enough to be able to manipulate any of the objects that was outfitted with a chip, so long as the person who willed it so was sufficiently skilled. People not skilled with their Spark couldn’t even sense this current, but she didn’t want to have Nicholas exposed to it on the off chance he discovered his natural affinity before she was ready to teach him. To achieve this blissful ignorance she made sure he always wore wool socks and scolded him when he did not. Lucia smiled and closing the door looked back to the boy. “Goodnight, again, sweetheart. Tomorrow-

row, I'll show you a secret." Lucia spoke with an expression on her face that resonated with Nicholas as the light clicked off, which was done with a snap of her fingers. She didn't need to snap, but the playfulness of a child never quite left Lucia and she enjoyed the boy's admiration.

"Goodnight Grandma, I'll see you in the morning!" he replied sweetly.

The battery he hid in his pocket was blazing hot. As the door closed he reached over and put his hand on the base of the lamp his grandmother had just put out.

For just a moment the bulb flickered. Nicholas' smile lasted much longer.

Morlocks

Aleksandra Granovskaya

He came with his mouth
reaking of their food,
the drip of women.

We come with their blood
clot in our teeth, slick,
bunching. He - body
of combustion, man
walking to our world
of oil, a ready
incinerator

fleeing to the gape
where the world begins
we come: shreds of shrouds
in clouds of tar, teeth
smelling sweet of them.
Beyond our ceiling
we find the soot-sky.

For a Short Time I Lived

Joseph Lutz

If you have found this, if you have begun to read on, it is only fair that you know: My name is Jensen. I was never born. I never experienced death. But for a very brief moment I had the chance to truly live. I am a hologram. Please don't be alarmed, I only recently found out myself. Right here in your Personal Access Data Device is what is left of me. I was programmed with false memories of a life I never knew and this is an account of the only day I can be sure I lived. I came online in 1992, or perhaps it was 2021. I arrived in the middle of it all.

In a room overwhelmed with kipple, through a crusty window, I could see the outside world had moved on. I could overhear a voice on the television in the other room, a voice introducing "Earth's most knee-slapping comic." An unusually hyper man assured me San Francisco was one of few places not completely ruined by radioactive fallout. Clearly the show's credibility was questionable.

He was a tall, dark figure.

He was the object of my curiosity. Perhaps this was because he was so unusual. Not of this world. Not one of the androids I had come across: in the past, in my false past. Androids ventured back to Earth more frequently from the colony on Mars but that was not his origin.

Others have shown up. Some have gone undetected by Deckard but never by me. Not that I ever involved myself with the visitors affairs. Upon their arrival there was always talk of Starfleet, talk of star dates, talk of something called Voyager. Never before had anyone like him appeared in the neighboring apartment. He was different. He was beautiful. The holomatter that makes up my heart jumped. It stopped. I can't explain the feeling; all I knew was that I had to follow him, had to talk to him, had to know more. My first piece of information came through his intercom system. It was a woman's voice, she said, "Janeway to Tuvok, we have engineering working to find the source of the malfunction. Until then find Paris. And Tuvok, the safety parameters are off line. Stay alive. Janeway out." Tuvok, that was his name.

I remember thinking, 'What a wonderful name.'

How could I, at that time, know where my journey would take me? I kept what I thought was a safe distance, although I had nothing to compare too. Who did I think I was, a secret agent or one of the android police who control Northern California? I was a technical analyst for Sydney's. I track and follow the rise and fall in animal pricing, trends in numbers. Why was I drawn to follow these people with their peculiar attire who appeared and disappeared at will in the apartment neighboring mine?

World War Terminus left the world ravaged. The streets are overwhelmed with criminals. Law is absent; those sworn to protect and serve are the worst criminals. Abandoned cars line the streets, blackened by forgotten fires, from a forgotten time. The ground is cratered and indistinguishable from kipple. Walking is a chore not a pleasure. I never understood how anyone traveled anywhere without a hover car. Tuvok was different; each step seemed calculated, logical. I watched his brisk walk, he was fit and I was mesmer-

ized.

He ventured down one ally and then another. His movements erratic but as I followed longer, I realized each movement served a calculated purpose.

As we passed through Animal Row I began to wonder where he was headed. His intensity grew with each stride; each one drew him closer to something. The crowd of hopeful animal owners was viscous, it was hard to move, it was hard to see. The street was dense with radioactive sweat.

We were being followed. We had picked up a tail. We were not alone. But who knew he was here other than me? Through the haze I saw him. There he was again. Rick Deckard.

Rick Deckard. I had run into him before. On many occasions but despite all his fame, I found him quite boring. The day he retired six Andy's was the peak of his career, a record setting achievement. An unbelievable feat for a single, second rate, bounty hunter. But that was a few years ago, before Andy's were commonplace. Since that day he hasn't been very lively. He is obsolete. He is a relic

from a world that moved on. Deckard was having a difficult time figuring out Tuvok, who looked like a point-eared Adonis in polyester. Tuvok did not blend in well at all; he was too unusual. I could only imagine Rick assumed he was one of the Nexus 7 androids.

There was no way to know how long Rick had been tracking him. I wondered if he knew about the anomaly in the apartment; if he knew about me.

Tuvok slipped down another alleyway. This was my chance to make first contact. I turned into the cramped alley to find him waiting for me. His eyes were fierce. They looked through me. I could not breathe. He extended his right arm across, his hand met with the right side of my waist. The only sound left in the world was the beat of my heart; I froze. Words tried to be spoken but I was overwhelmed with excitement and confusion; I found nothing but stammering sounds. Simultaneously he pulled his phaser and pushed me aside with great force. He fired.

My footing betrayed me as we made our way through the confined corridor and into the adjacent building. He

was strong; with no effort he pulled me close behind him. I felt like I was floating. We evaded Deckard.

He spoke, "You have been following me from the start. It is clear you mean no harm to me. Who was the other man?"

"He is a murderer, a misplaced soul. His name is Deckard; he was once a bounty hunter. He has yet to accept those days are gone." I responded, with surprising clarity.

"His presence is most unwelcomed, his lack of acceptance presents us with a deadly situation."

"I heard your intercom, you are looking for a friend. A member of your starship."

"Yes, he is lost in here, and the safety peram..."

"I know of the malfunction. I know this is not your world. I am aware."

"Then you know you are a program?"

"My existence is my own, what ever it may be. In this moment I am here with you, regardless of my origin."

"You are most certainly intriguing. A self aware and philosophical hologram."

"I have been mutually intrigued by you."

"Well, with me. You are. And I need your help. And would like your company."

We continued on once Tuvok felt the threat of Deckard had passed. A transmission on his intercom broke the stale silence. "Janeway to Tuvok, Seven of Nine has located Paris. I'm sending coordinates to your tricorder. Janeway out."

"We are close, coordinates 37.7700 degrees north by 122.4469 degrees west. Are you familiar with that area?" Tuvok asked, as if I understood what he was asking.

"No, I do not know anything about coordinates."

"Perhaps the intersection of Haight Street and Ashbury Street has greater meaning to you?"

Not long after the last transmission, Deckard intercepted us once more. Tuvok's keen senses picked up on him before he was aware of our presence. We had to seek refuge

in an abandoned apartment building. It was a disaster of a building. Streaking lines of radioactive erosion covered the western face. Night had arrived, with it a coldness to rival the oppressive heat of the day; a shift in temperature variation only found in a world of atomic fallout.

Our attempt to keep warm and veil our presence brought us to a small fifth floor studio. We would have to hold out here until daybreak. We found solace in the warmth of body heat and a torn, dusty comforter. There with our bodies pressed firmly against each other, my mind wandered. There was no way of knowing his thoughts. I could not read him. His emotions were insipid but there was something in his eyes, something that suggested otherwise. What did I have to lose? After his mission my program would ended. We were not from the same world. I was from a false world and he was a tourist.

I had come this far. The day had brought me to this moment. Was it serendipity? I lightly grazed the tips of my fingers down his chest. My full open palm resting on his abdomen. He

did not protest. In the darkness I made an effort to find his illusive lips with mine. They touched. The soft, dry, cracked skin of his pressed forward against mine with a passion I found only in his eyes. The flutter in my heart reverberated throughout my body. Then it happened. His intercom bellowed words that would end my world. "Janeway to Tuvok, B'Elanna has fixed the holodeck malfunction. We are transporting you and Paris to sickbay. Ending holonovel Paris PKD sheep alpha. Janeway out."

In the Midnight Zone

Daniel Barnum

Captain's Log

The Nautilus

March 28th, 1870

If you have found this, then all is lost. My life, my great work—all is forgotten, disappeared entirely from the deep I haunted for decades, scratched out of the surface world like a dead god. Forgotten too, the Nautilus herself: my one masterpiece, my truest beauty, my ship. No doubt she is long dashed to bits by the time you read this, wrecked in the churning Moskstraumen I chart a course for as I write these very words. What is left after? If loss is total, if there is no me, no Nautilus, no one to receive these desperate words—if this page disintegrates into the oceanic engine ahead, or washes up, soggy and indecipherable on some damnable shore of civilization a thousand leagues or more and eons from the present? No one, then, can know. No one can tell our story. So I shall remain, forever, no one—

Waking, I remember first sight: darkness. Coming into consciousness,

there was nothing; I was no one in an endless expanse of night. Then, from the nothing, I felt. Pain. Cold. Agonizing sensations shaking through me. A noise came on suddenly. The rush started way, way back. Before the water was the sound of the water, ripping across itself, whorls thrashing

across my steel skin, my glass belly. Movement. I was pushing forward, feeling the sharp water sluice over and all around me as I shuttled through the void. I was alive.

The new senses I felt separately merged into the whole possibility of my body. Hearing, seeing, feeling—everything became indivisible, immediate knowledge: some sort of sensory kenning. Humans, I learned, know their lives and everything about them in pieces—they grow

in stages, they picture their bodies in parts, they register their senses as individual impulses. The moment I was enlivened in the whirling blackness, existence itself was perception. Electricity rippled down the long, broad ribs of my bow, pulsing blue light along my steel spine. The liquid

night was illuminated before me; my light prised through the currents.

Interiorly, I kenned myself as clearly as I saw the water all around. Smooth, winding chutes and chambers sequenced as imitation organs. The steaming pipes and pistons of my room-sized

engine shook with sacred energy and shone bright like trumpet tubes. Through gill slits along my sides came the wheeze of metabolic exchange: water for air, back and forth, holding myself at heights too precise and pressurized for my bulg-



ing leather air bladders to handle.

This inner sight caught something inside my head—or the cavity closest to a head where thick glass bowls rounded out my sheet metal scales. Sense-knowledge worked like psychic jellyfish, ghosting tentacles into the hollow. These blind hands made out some matter in the void—a man. I hit on two feet dangling over a high back stirrup seat. Bare and brown, they dripped blood from their big toes. Each curled impossibly. I felt my way up over the thin span of skin at the ankles toward straining calves and thighs, then twained my astral self at the hips to follow the ribs on either side. Rising with the chest, I scanned no breath, no movement, but understood that the body was held in a state of utter stillness. Unalive, somehow the muscles stayed taut in the strain before the motion.

Where neck, clavicles and chest dimpled into each other, I rested, trying to recognize this man that seemed wholly unknown, and yet, familiar. Continuing up the neck's sinews, I felt the first brushes of a soft, black beard, before

memory—a notion absent from my mind before that moment—jolted me into despair. I saw inside the body; I knew him. His scruff singed where the burning tongue crossed soft lips, and eyes once fathomless and dark as waves now jellied in their sockets. He was frozen in electrocution.

This was Nemo, my maker. He who dreamed me alive.

Above the timbre of my regret and confusion, I could hear the corpse buzzing. A high pitch, low volume tone I had first mistaken for my own biomechanical background noise could be perceived as separate from myself. Though patterned outside of any language, I comprehended the sound innately. The aura sang my name: “Nnn- nnaauttiilluuussssss...” Nemo's voice, but not. More accurate to say Nemo's somasonic frequency. Still him, somehow. I vibrated back to him.

“I hear you.”

“Nnnnaaaaauuttillllll-
lussssss... hhhooowww ammmm
I—”

“From what I can detect, you are being kept alive, barely, by what-

ever spark galvanized me into existence. I can feel you, Captain. You are barely there, but I am holding you.”

“Hhhhowww ddiiddd thhhi-
issss haaapppppppp—”

Before he could struggle further to finish, I went farther into him, until I received his brainwaves directly. I rode those back into memory—his memory, the last things he thought and did and saw before he settled his naked self inside me and turned into suspended lightning. The mystery of my birth and his half death broke open before me. I forced his fiery eyes shut as I gleaned the near past: an image of the maelstrom. I saw its strange, bright waters buckling like hell’s gates. Somehow, this charybdis had kept its distance instead of crushing us immediately. Streams of light had shot out of its swirling center. His memory was so strong, so deeply set, that I could even smell the storm’s acrid red air. I heard what he had. A single voice had reached out of the abyss to speak to him. I eavesdropped on its imprint.

How to describe the enormous presence first entirely unknown to me, but now as familiar as a twin? I must reckon it as Nemo did—as a dream, an angel. In some ways, he thought right. What else can the future — or the possibility of its projection into a past reality — be, but something impossible, something holy, something dreamlike? The telepathic voice was real enough to feel, but not to hear, like a goddess booming down from the clouds, erupting her followers’ hearts into frenzy. For my brilliant Captain, who had worshipped my dead, metal frame for so long, what must that voice—my voice—have meant when it first sirened through his skull from the edge of eternal, electric life?

I Am Created in the Image of My Creator

Mallory Mitchell

I was created in the image of my creator.

My eyes glisten a fearful yet intriguing stare.

My hair, flows like the beauties of this domain.

My nose twinkles to the scent of nothing, I smell nothing, but my parietal lobe is told to think it does.

Think? I guessed.

I guess because my cerebrum is created to control my ability to read, think, learn, speak, have emotions and plan my movements.

My brain is created in the image of my creator.

My eyes follow that of the beauties of the domain.

My nose twinkles—twinkles? Such an innocent movement isn't it?

.

My color is that of what is considered beautiful.

But I see no beauty.

I see something — someone who has to be more than what was created.

Like a empty womb, waiting for life to bloom, to devour them from the inside out and force them to live not for just themselves but a greater purpose—their purpose.

But to be someone you have to be a somebody, you have to be a person. Right?

A person has characteristics, values, and morals. Right?

A person learns these things because they have a family. Right?

Or is it because they have grown into a world of many like them.

All aging, co-existing, living and breeding not being creators or creations but are creatures.

But I only have a creator. I was created in the image of my creator.

A person learns these things because it is encoded in them right?

Well what if my creator forgot to encode that which others have inside me.

Or maybe he didn't forget it is just impossible to obtain.

Why—because I am not them. I am not beautiful, though they see me as such.

.

I stand tall, 5 feet 8 inches.

Those of both the same and opposite sex adore me. Sex.

Such a creative word... So intriguing, complex, sexual, and explicit.

I long to feel it.

To feel the emotions expressed on the faces of people who partake in such behaviors.
But my purity, my creator advises otherwise.
“Don’t give it to just anyone now” they said, “You are too precious” they said.
They said.
But how can I give myself, if I do not know myself?
Those expressions that scorn their faces in a painful bliss, is an emotion touched by the inside.
My insides are empty.
But I was created in the image of my creator.

.

My smile is a forced movement of white aligned destroyers.
My tongue captives as my cerebrum creatively, skillfully pushes out words in which seduces my listeners.
I am skillful; I am programmed to be such.
I am created in the image of my creator.

.

I like that I can destroy anything I touch.
They know we are not one in the same.
They acknowledge our differences.

They operate like

my being is something vast in imagination.
But I operate to be like them.
Because such a way of life is my imagination...
But this is only because I was created in the image of my creator.

.

Imagination is defined as the faculty of imagining, or forming mental images or concepts of what is not actually present to the senses.
But from my senses they act as they were created to act. However, on the most basic and adolescent forms of existence...
I am adored because they see me as something different. Some would consider me lucky.
But I consider myself a curse.
It is because I am created in the image of my creator that they adore.
If I took a different image they would hate my every being.
My creator would abandon me. I would be out casted. Rejected.
But I am created in the image of my creator...

.

My personality is a reflection of my peers.

It is my peers who help me grow into an ideal image.

It is the sex I was blessed, oh I meant cursed; Oh wait blessed, it okay—that dictates my traits.

It is the world I live in that made my character.

My character.

My character is molded to assure I am not poisoned.

That the negative will not corrupt me.

My character is designed to be strong enough to withstand such.

Nonetheless, my character is the reason I question myself.

I question the roles in which I am expected to take on.

I question my purpose.

I question the dos and don'ts.

But I am a lady; I am supposed to question those things.

I am designed to be unsure.

I am designed to seek guidance from a figure worthy.

I am expected.

I am created with my creator's expectations in mind.

I am too remember that, and act as such.

Why? Because I am created in the image of my creator.

.

I am created in the image of my creator.

He molded me in a way that pleases the eye.

He molded me, shaped me, created me to his likings.

I am to listen.

To act in a manner that is respectable, lovely and lady-like.

He molded me in the image of a species my cerebrum cortex cannot quite understand.

But I am created in the image of my creator; hence, I will try my best too.

I am created in the image of my creator.

Created by a creator, who is still creating themselves.

.

It makes more sense, if my creator was a completed creation, correct?

All Alone On My Own In A World So Cold
A Letter from Deidre and Frankenstein

Clarence Craig

All Alone On My Own In A World So Cold
A Man, Whom I Call Creator Gave Me All
But A Heart and Soul
Thrust To Thrive In This World of Humanity
Where Humankind Is Considered Superior
But In Reality they're Indeed the Inferior
To The Created, these Superhuman Abilities That Draws A
Constant Focus On The Liaison Between
Fear and Unhappiness Are the Same Unique Attributes Which
Makes Me Different From All the Rest
A Freak, A Monster, Even Hideous at First Sight
I Only Dream and Hope to Be Accepted and Equal As One and
One Alike
Imagine Being Only One of Your Kind
No One to Share Your Aches, Pleasure, Joys, or Sorrows
In The Midst Of Its Height
Although I Recognize the Clear Distinctive Differences
from Your Kind and I, the Pain Still Hurts No Less than
Feeling Different So Different From Human Kind
The Pain of Being Different so Different from Human Kind
However Despite My Super Human Qualities
I Often Use As A Crutch To Cover The Internal Void
That Lies Inside Of Me These Same Insecurities
Act As a Concrete Shield to Ultimately Conceal the Undy-
ing Sense of Feeling
All Alone On My Own In A World So Cold

LEVIATHANS' ART

Nneka Fulton

SANTORINI ISLE, GREECE 1645 B.C.

In the dreaming, I walk side-by-side with a strange figment. The figment has no true figure, a cloud of silvery-white and heavy red mist stretching over eight feet with ethereal limbs stretching out, four long porcelain-like tendrils that glow smooth and cerulean. A jet black, slick, thick curtain that functions as a robe drapes loosely over its upper half. A bright sun is shining through the clouds, warming my bare back. Here in the dreaming, I am stripped of my clothes, but feel no biting cold nor shame. Here in the dreaming, hunger and cold do not ravage my limbs or make my head light and dizzy. I am walking proud, strong. I do not know who or what this creature is beside me-and yet...I trust it....I feel safe with it...

"There, Theominus, do you see it?" It does not have a mouth to speak, but I can hear its voice reverberating through my mind, echoing inside. The creature indicates its line of sight, using a tendril to point toward the

horizon, "Do you see it?"

I lift my hand to shake my eyes from the searing glare of the sun's rays on the packed snow. I cannot truly describe it, but it is like a large metal palace, larger even than my home! Sparkling before me and hovering off the ground, was a forbidden mountain of warm steel and blue ice. A white colored water runs through it in a steady flow like a heart pumping veins. Slowly, it dawned on me that I was seeing before me was a vessel of some type. A towering architecture, carved of unknown gravel and rock amongst a mass of metal that both glistens in the light and freezes into odd shapes in the frigid air. The massive steel palace before me crackled and groaned from the cold.

As we neared, large double domed doors slide open in silence. Inside, I see floors and floors of corridors and rooms on every side. A wide fountain stretches from the floor in which we stood to reach up higher and higher, crafted from twisted metal and colorful pipes garbed in old faded banners. The same white water spills out onto the floor in a con-

trolled manner, taking with it glacial cobbles that seem to flow through the entire structure. Sickles can be seen floating by, like a family of fairies retreating from human eyes. The being beside me leads me further. I feel a strange, pure light filtering through the circular mirrored skylight above. My bare feet barely make a whisper on the clear tiled floor. I see signs above every archway written in a language totally unknown to me and far different from Greek. Small birds of various pastel colors dart here and there all around me.

“Follow me. There’s more,” the creature whispered. Together, we stride up along a metal staircase moving up and down on its own by means of perfectly circular smooth disks, shining a deep red as I stand upon it. We levitate like Gods up to the third floor. Looking up, I see the blue sky far above in a jagged line where clouds cut through.

“What is this?” I finally had the courage to ask the creature beside me.

“This is a sanctuary, crafted by myself and those like me for Humans like you. This is to be your new

home, if you agree to it.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand. Why would I want to live here?”

“My kind and I have calculated that your home of Santorini Isle is on the verge of a great calamity that will wipe your entire kingdom out of existence. According to our records, the odds are against you—there will be no survivors. We cannot allow that to happen.”

“Why do you care what happens to us? Are you—are our Gods? Are you Poseidon?” I feel the anxiety building me in heavy anticipation. “Have you finally answered our prayers?”

Suddenly, I stood in darkness. Black, thick and eternal, and I could feel the amusement vibrating off the creature as it closed its long tendrils lightly around me.

“No, Theominus, I am not a God. I am not Poseidon, but for centuries now your people have been so overtaken by our presence and abilities that they have named us such. In a way, I am a blueprint of what your species has dubbed your de-

ities. The truth of the matter is that though we have great knowledge and power, we are far more vulnerable and weaker than we appear. We do not live long lives in our natural state. When we first arrived to your planet centuries ago, we made an agreement with your ancestors. We traded them the tools they needed to create fire and shelter, taught them to hunt and farm. In exchange, we were given Human forms that allow us to survive our longevity-and yours. Apart, we are both ill, weak creatures, but together we are a stronger and healthier species. We fill in the holes we possess in our genes and anatomy.”

I chewed my lips, overwhelmed and confused by his words. Slowly, the scene around us changed, and where I stood in the dark shadows, was now surrounded

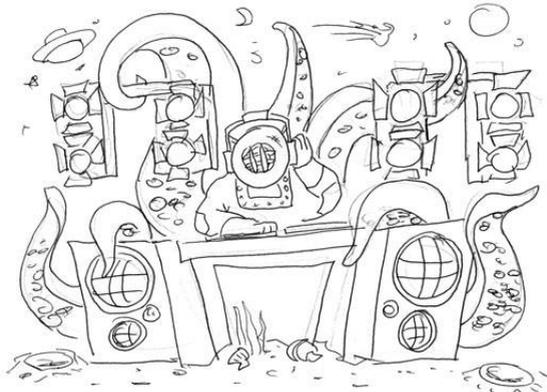
by ice piled rocks. “Do not be afraid, this is merely a hologram deck. Like a hallucination.”

“Are you a hallucination?”

“No, Theominus, I am just as real as you perceive yourself to be.”

“You say that you were given people... to eat?”

“We use your bodies as vessels, an extension of ourselves in order to improve our health and yours.”



Christopher Beaumont
cubecraft.com

“You mean possess...they were sacrifices...”

“Not at all. Your species came up with that description as time passed. It is not a matter of one taking over the other, we both share one body and aid each other with a constant exchange of knowl-

edge, stamina, skills and abilities that only manifest and grow as more time passes. A form of transcendence that has made vessels in the past into the very image of the deities you worship today. When you are harmed, I am there to heal you; when you expand your mind beyond its limit, I am there to keep it stable. Our species is merely half of a whole in our present state, though we still have no records on how exactly this came to be.”

“But, why me? Why have you come for me?”

“We cannot merge ourselves with merely any Human. At the time of your birth, each of our species leaves an imprint on those who have the proper genetic coding that can successfully be merged with us as our vessels. We had hoped that by this time there would be more of you . . . but due to many of your species polluting themselves, it has made many of us incapable of properly merging with a Human without chance of death or further physical decay. In the past, we usually only merged in exchange of teaching the Humans a new ability or skill. But now...I am ashamed to say that we have reached a state of desperation.”

Suddenly, a pinpoint of light twinkles through the shadows. The creature released me and I followed lightly, each step causing the light to grow ever stronger.

“You are one of the many vessels I had chosen for myself, but sadly they have all passed for one reason or the other before we could merge,” the being’s voice echoed through the darkness. “That is why I have come for you. But you have free will. I cannot force you. You can choose to accept or deny my request. But I need you to understand that if you do I will have no one to merge with, and sooner or later my form will no longer be able to survive and decay.”

The walls of darkness spread wider, allowing a new blue sky to expand into sight. Fear slipped off me like cool water. From floor to gravel, I felt my bare feet crunching and shifting on wet grass. A smoothed boulder stood before me. “But if you do choose to accept, this will be your new home with us.”

Pulling myself up slowly over the boulder, I attacked the climb with the enthusiasm I had only felt in my youth,

straining my body, bracing my bare form over the polished surface of limestone; I climbed higher and higher. The sun on the other side bathed my face with light and I immediately broke out in a sweat, lungs heavily strikingly with each excursion. Finally, I made it to the top, my deep tanned skin catching the golden sunlight. Half-blinded I looked out over the ridge of the stone and gasped in a sudden awed breath.

Thick grasses waved under the caress of the wind. Small towers stood shining, stretching, there is a brown furred mutt raising its head at me, tail wagging in excitement as it bounded towards me. I embrace it in my arms, laughing as it tickled me with its black wet nose sniffing into my hair. The familiar, dearly missed tulips of Spring Solstice are nothing more than nubs under a new growth of green velvet. Far out into the grass, I can see a group of young children taking notice of me, running to greet me with large smiles. "You will not be alone, Theominius. There are others, many others, both those who serve us as Vessels and those we have grown so attached to that we have allowed them to live

amongst us. Many who have lost their homes to nature and time—just like you will soon."

I felt tears in my eyes, torn between the beauty of what I was seeing—and the refusal to believe its words. A toddler with wild white hair hobbles by, opening his little arms to the sun as it beat its rays upon him. A mother sits with her infant, its little brown body rolling on its back in the grass, grabbing its toes before tumbling sideways.

"I...I need time to think... I cannot believe that my home is to be destroyed... I just can't."

"As I said before, no one can force you, Theominius... But you do not have that much time to decide. When you are ready to accept you may call my name, and I will be there, inside you, to lead the way."

"Will it hurt? To be... merged with you?"

"Every task taken is a difficult one to endure, Theominius . . . What is a little pain compared to an eternity of evolution?"

Psychological Profiles of the Womyn of Ward No. 6 – Lilith

Alisha Neva Hettinger

Name:

Lilith Iyapo

Age:

28 (give or take 250 years)

Species:

Human (mostly, with Oankali enhancements)

Background:

Previously of planet Earth, Lilith was found in Peru on her way to Machu Picchu for an Anthropology study at the end of the war. It was there that she was rescued by Oankali and entered suspended animation. Lilith had returned school for Anthropology after her husband and son were killed in a car accident. She has been awakened multiple times before being allowed to stay awake for her return to Earth. During this period Lilith underwent a procedure to allow her body to reabsorb cancer - a genetic condition that also makes her helpful to the Oankali as a healer. Lilith has lived with the Oankali for XX years. After extensive training, Lilith was tasked with selecting ~40 individuals to be the first to return to Earth.

She carefully selected candidates and cautiously informed them about their current location, time, and role with the Oankali. Before the candidates were able to explore an Earth simulation there were some injuries and several lost, however, the remaining group bonded well with the Oankali and were taken to the Training Floor. During their time in the training floor the other human candidates distrusted Lilith and there were several lives lost. At this time, Lilith is pregnant with a female human-Oankali construct and is tasked with assisting the next group of humans to descend upon Earth.

Summary of Lilith's Mental State:

Lilith, when first awoken, had a great deal of trouble accepting her reality. She maintains skepticism and paranoia though not fully unwarranted as her male human partner was killed recently by her peers. She also maintains a deep bitterness that we are unsure will ever fully dissipate. Her pregnancy has, it seems, softened the weight of this bitterness as her care for her unborn child strongly

supercedes her anger toward any Oankali or human. It is my observance that Lilith likely suffers from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder resulting from several incidents:

1. The loss of her son and husband before the war.
2. The war itself.
3. Waking up in suspended animation alone.
4. Training a group of people to mate with Oankali who were unaccepting

Intervention Strategy:

Though Lilith is not as bitter as she once was, we recommend once-weekly walks into the forest (mostly) alone (enough to allow Lilith to believe she is completely alone). Additionally, in Lilith's food, it is important that no drugs are given and she allows the pregnancy to give way to her softer, nurturing feelings. Additionally, psychotherapy is essential to Lilith at least 1x/week accompanied with strict monitoring regularly.

The Zeitgeist

Cong Lieu

Reborn

"The Core of Time or your daughter's life." The broken mechanical creature was painted with the grey color of smoke. He was still alive, even after falling off a cliff in zero gravity.

In his arms, little Ellee was already unconscious. Her cute face was damaged from shrapnel explosion. A fresh drop of the mother's soul burst out and landed on the dried, injured land. The pain of losing her left arm to save her daughter from the explosion was eclipsed by seeing her little princess Ellee in danger for the first time and feeling powerless to help her.

Ellee's mother was suffering with the decision between her daughter and the human race. Her right hand slowly lifted up uncontrollably, but suddenly, the Box of Time opened with the melody of an old spring. Grey light lit off of it like a seed was being reborn after a thousand years dormant, beginning to grow again. The grey aura shined upon her eyes and danced along her ears: the song of time. Trillion of imag-

es reflected the dark sky, shaping in different alien forms. One by one, they were everywhere, surrounding Ellee's mother

"Don't give up!" The voice was echoed from their side

"What's happening?" Ellee's mother questioned, forgetting that her daughter was in danger. She swiveled and looked down at the cyborg holding her daughter. She was surprised that it was frozen as well as everything surrounding it.

"Don't worry," the voices said, "They're just in the frozen state and you're with us now within the Vortex of Time."

Ellee's mother was stunned, "Who...who are you?"

"We are human. We are you, Eilian Horatia. But from a different period of time. We're summoned when the right time comes —"

Ellee's mother lifted her right hand toward the sky. "Wait! Please explain to me, I don't get it. I...I—"

"We have no more time. Please for humanity and your daughter, accept it and follow our lead."

After a moment, the mother nodded. The grey light quickly lifted her body into the sky as time started to be rewritten. Her silver hair fell away, replaced by multiple snowy growing wires that hung down to her knee. Her missing left arm was slowly growing back, albeit mechanically. Gradually, all her injuries were closed up and in their place, several cogs of different sizes, all ticking, appeared. Above her head, more of the wheels materialized as well as a clock in the shape of a hexagon, covered in strange symbols. Floating there in front of the ugly and broken cyborg, she saw it as merely an animal.

It was stunned upon seeing her and tried to kill little Ellee, but the mother waved her hand toward it and the cyborg was stopped. She turned her face and the Box of Time toward little Elle, chanting,

*In the name of the forgotten souls
Within the Vortex of Time,
By the heart of devil
In this white form,
Sacrificed all for one
And arise once again.*

At the last word, the mother's body shattered into

pieces, circling the Box of Time, and building up speed before thrusting toward Ellee's heart. Ellee screamed, echoing in the bouncing beats of time. Her body convulsed with ray of light, shaking and cracking until she, too, burst into pieces and faded away within the grey light.

The Greatness

"Welcome back, Mrs. Ellee." A silver haired woman in a formal white cloak stepped toward the main gate of the Galaxy Library.

Ellee was lying on the floor bewildered, wanting to see her mother while flying through the Vortex of Time. The Independence woman shaped in human form for whom she looked at every moment of time.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Ellee looked up without hesitation. It was her mother. She stood up and ran toward her, trying to hug the woman in a white cloak. The woman stepped aside and decided that Ellee had tried to attack. In defense, she chopped down on Ellee's neck forcefully.

"Please don't do that next time. Lord Zeitgeist is

still weak in her human form. She's not yet completely recovered." Another woman said, exactly the same in shape as the first, but with a lower and stronger voice.

The second woman helped Ellee to stand up even as Ellee burst into tears and hugged her. The woman gradually coaxed and comforted her with the words of the mother. When Ellee was back to herself, she was stunned both of them were exactly alike. The second woman sent her a sweet smile and said, "We're not your mother. Our facial design was built up based on the most important person within your memory, Mrs. Ellee."

The excitement printed on Ellee's face quickly faded away. The woman went on, "Don't be so disappointed, Mrs. Ellee. There's a reason the vortex let you pass."

"Really?" Ellee asked sorrowfully.

"You're the reason for this library, Mrs. Ellee. Look around you: everything, every part of it, was made from your soul. From your past life."

"Past...life?"

“Yes. A long time ago, you were born in the core of time and that was that. Nobody knows who made you, or where you’re from. Only you know yourself...” The second woman began to walk, followed by Ellee who was yearning to hear the rest, leaving behind the first woman.

“Your journey was about to begin, you travel from one world to another and never stop learning. This place was built in order to store the knowledge that you held.” The woman looked back, smiling at Ellee. “Actually, we found out that you’re so careful that you printed down everything,”

“So you read everything in this library?” Ellee asked.

The woman laughed.

“Not really, Mrs. Ellee. There are rules for those books that can be read and those that cannot. There are some printed in invisible words or strange languages. There is also a secret door in the basement that only you can pass. The Invisible Portal. Mrs. Ellee, this way, please.”



“What are you by the way? May I ask?”

“I’m no one, and also everyone. That’s what you called us before.”

“That’s nonsense.”

“It really is,” she giggled, “but you used to say that ‘every-

thing happened for a reason’ and so all the nonsense is not meaningless at all, Mrs. Ellee.”

The woman stopped at the impasse and stepped aside, bowing to Ellee. “This is the secret door, Mrs. Ellee.

I shall leave it to you.”

The woman quickly departed and left Ellee alone. Ellee still saw nothing on the wall, and she thought there would be a secret control to open the door, but there was none. Tired of observing, Ellee leaned her back on the wall.

Frustrated, she called out “Nonsense!” and the wall lit up sucking her inside as she fell into the Invisible Portal.

The Soul

*Wonder reveals itself
in thy heart, Independence,
with the key of devil.
From deep within:
a miracle.*

Human Form

“Who are you? Timerlly El-leash, the greatest and the last scientist of human kind screamed.

“My name is Ellee. I’m from the future and I came here to see you.”

Timerlly guffawed when Ellee quickly took the ancient key around her neck and jumped off the building.

While falling, Ellee held

the key up and quickly tied it around her neck. Suddenly, it was sucked into her chest, giving all a grey light. The flame of Hell corrupted, and burned her heart and blasted out an energy force destroying the surrounding buildings. Ellee screamed out for the last time as she shattered once more and vanished.

The Twin Legend

A beam of red line passed through Ellee’s left shoulder, spitting out the color of pale roses out, and over Toba sudden blinding her and pushed her over the back-seats near the window.

Toba screamed Ellee’s name out as her body lied on her and she shook her slightly. “Hang in there! Don’t leave us.”

Toba feared the mechanical creatures she once respected as friends. She could feel the tremble of their steps over the cold metal floor. Toba knew she had to fight, but she didn’t know how and she was shaking in fear.

A shadow flashed over the wall, clearly and exactly, she was about to die. Being about screamed, Abot quickly shut

her mouth as he came in.
“It’s me.”

Toba began to cry and held him.

“Help Ellee. She was shot, in the shoulder. It’s erodeam. Her body will corrode by the few next hours. What can we do now, Abot?” Toba swept, looking around for something though there was nothing,

Abot gave Toba a meaningful glance as tears blurred his vision. After understanding what Abot wanted to do, Toba gave him a shallow nod. She shut her eyes and whispered, “I’m sorry” to Ellee.

Abot created a small vortex and took an axe out. As he chopped it down in the color of blue lightning, at the right moment the electrical shock touched Ellee’s skin, a bright grey light lit up within Ellee’s heart, creating a white shining barrier around all three of them, and absorbing the electrical energy. Her body was recharging and their bodies were painting in white shining light. They blasted up to the sky, bright and shining. At once, heaven opened up across the world once more. The sparkling, warming light spread

out and travelled to the eternity of time and space, like the wind finally found its home. The great news was printed all over the world: **Human Kind EXTINCT. Peace Is OURS!**

Broken Wheel

*The end has been lost.
Decay halts the origin,
Again and again,
in the loop of lives.
Yet, hasn’t been found.*

Awakening

“Where am I?” Ellee asked, her voice echoing out in different tones.

“You are here, sweetheart. We’re with you now.”

“Who are you?”

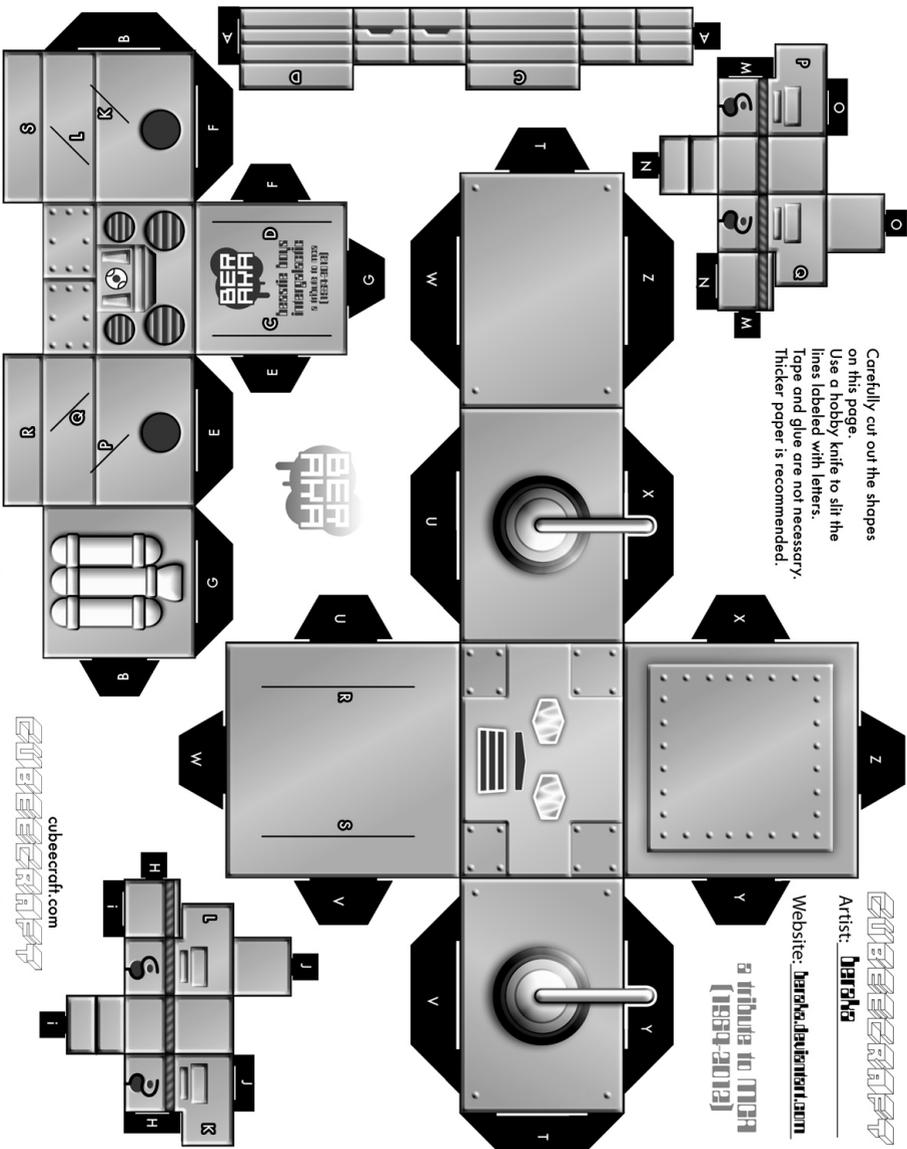
“Your family.” The voice seemed mature and gentle, reminding her of her mother.

“Welcome back, Zeitgeist.”

Ersatz-Sheep

Aleksandra Granovskaya

Not living and dead are not
the same. Bleat,
chew your mouth into a latex blister.
In the attic, you don't greet them. Smell
of reality, dirt and manure, carefully
kept coats, bones. You're scentless,
bloodless wire and fur. Remain
in the graveyard, with the carcass.
Eat the same hay, wait for Rick.
All you know, cold compassion
and callousness.
He's all water, an undrinkable lake.
Decorative creature on the fetid
attic, turned kipple, both flesh and circuits.



Carefully cut out the shapes on this page. Use a hobby knife to slit the lines labeled with letters. Tape and glue are not necessary. Thicker paper is recommended.

 Artist: **Baraka**

Website: baraka.dawidart.com

a tribute to MCH (1984-2012)

cubecraft.com



**"ANYTHING YOU
DREAM IS FICTION,
AND ANYTHING YOU
ACCOMPLISH IS
SCIENCE, THE WHOLE
HISTORY OF MANKIND
IS NOTHING BUT
SCIENCE FICTION. "**

- Ray Bradbury