

# Tunnel Trilogie

## Book I

### Kingdom of a thousand

(EN-Edition web i0.9)

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## Eftos-Epos Bio (v1) EN

Due to bankruptcy of the genre Eftos started 2009 to write his own sci-fi saga.

Unlike the competition, Eftos intentionally uses no voodoo like time machines, beings of light or other rubbish.

These facts led to the original creation of the

### **Tunnel Sci-Fi Trilogy (Eftos-Epos) Kingdom of a thousand**

This trilogy is a science-fiction saga consisting of the following original books:

- (I) Kingdom of a thousand
- (II) Halfworld
- (III) The last crisis

It tells the adventures of three friends: Prince Henley to Westerburg, Patchara Petch-a-boon and Svinenysh Galactic. The story takes place 213, 216 & 219 NET mediantime in the Kingdom of a thousand.

Each book consists of the adventures of the children, embedded in a futuristic sci-fi world of old.

That is the reason why each book comes as youth- and  
adultedition.  
Certain sci-fi details are mentioned only in the books of man.



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## (I) Causal

Your best minds make things worse, your most clever contemporary in our star systems would certainly hammer out a medium of education.

Flat is round, which is your fairly new, but here already old hat.

Multiverse? No issue. Our science knows that the majority of the universe is the universe. Term shifts are avoided for a long time. It is even worse:

Even if the danger that this book is now like a hot potato dropped will be mentioned here that the above word is already a spurious auxiliary crutch, a subject of misconduct in the linguistic and physical sense. This is explored and can be read at a suitable location. For us, the innermost Article physics a hyperlink over to the ineffable, negating the present. So we pull the curtain affected and no questions unanswered.

The physics describes 49-point-nine percent Planck. The mathematics, which is by the numbers calculated free evaluation by the theorem of Pythagoras, after all, a negative side length as a valid solution. The theory that describes all united, and a hundred percent is in fact incomprehensible. She is the newest discipline of philosophy but not an issue. It's done: After thousands of pages the philosophical babble book closes with the central word.

The empty universe attracts long term no one from behind the stove. Progressive long spoken of the demimonde. Even bolder move, central word system 'or only the central word' the before, even if it is outlawed and feared more than

anything else. Even death is ridiculous in comparison. To say the opposite of a great theory is again one that is just wrong.

Many physicists seem to lack the foundation. Therefore, we wasted on you still have a majority of the best resources to bloated pseudo-random draw theories. Here is one more other ways already.

Instead of even a rolled-up dimension does one explain the environment by hand, with what one finds. Four dimensions sufficient to describe the half of the world.

There is no single event that happened a whole. No process is created or destroyed matter,  $e = \pm mc^2$ . The empty space, the dead universe, the featureless universe. The label is the central word. The central word =

What is the situation in the border area of intelligence? It is easy to set up a sub-space model quickly to bend even a dimension theoretically. In practice it has never had a use out of it.

They exist, the theorists, but they are smiled sympathetically. No, by the exceptional talent, unfortunately, a different trend is clear, even to suicide and to the central word in the noun. This dominates our thoughts 24 / 7 omnipresent. Behind the most adjectives, the core of each sentence lies the inconspicuous word.

It has spread in the minds as well as in language. The obscurity increases when it leaves out, at the same time it underlines the extraordinary importance.

Even if one takes a false position and there is a lost cause is more important than ever that it is not like one. The

academics formulate, both good and drum rum, let it private, she died Sandstone tiling it constantly. Like all doomed.

This is sad but also true, and hardly worth mentioning because it has on the course of this history and any other control. If you like the base is negligible. The brief mention here only for completeness.

In scientific circles there is a clear world, more precisely, it is useful to us worlds that are so much different than yours. We are very close, as her somewhat at the outer edge, yet never has a probe the earth to achieve anything close. What for?

It provides such missions very far to the rear. Your sun is a cataloged by thousands of solar systems. But contributes only a cryptic name, like so many others lack a proper name.

We know of star systems with planets, your one of them is of no interest to us, when we have very close to our sister.

Here in the first chapter briefly comment on the bustle and swarm. It is a mathematical certainty: We see ourselves on the back. In this finite mirror system is the most Hoaxmaterie the dark, that is, life is rare.

But it happens. Island way out at the edge rather than in the center of the galaxy, it just goes to leisurely, which is a prerequisite. The parameters of the evolution, the architecture generated are similar.

Raah of us is always the brightest extra-solar star Indi noticed.

This little Raah, as we say lights, brighter than any neighboring planet and even our own moon, but more on that later.

There is more inspiration: Trivy addition, the main hominid

world, our moon Trymoo covered by plants and the most peculiar creatures. Particularly to be mentioned for example the wild Roba, the wandering nomads to pursue a self-sufficient today your life.

Even if we humans claim the green moon so there are still unexplored, self-managed and wildlife. But the reverse is possible: some of Ruba Trymoo are we seen as cheap labor like.

Their untamed relatives Roba, can grant you. Most of the time you hide in the forest swamps. Furthermore, there is much more exciting in our two-star system. In the principal's news brought no Roba attack on Trymoo.

Further out of the water planet Eerx despite the relatively large distance is the Raah of liquid water is covered. It is a relatively new planet, which derives some of its temperature by itself, its interior.

In Him we live, the Eemits, turtle-like bipeds extremely robust with a life expectancy of up to two hundred years. They are the rulers of this world.

Due to the absolute local dominance Its evolution has progressed far. In addition to a complex language of the settlement of the only land mass of the super continent Wahira has already begun for thousands of years.

It is an inhospitable, lakes and volcanoes covered by brightly polished landscape of granite, hard as the reptiles, which they conquered.

The ninety percent of the water surface make it easy to Eerx Wahira plenty of calm down. Algae-like plants originally from the sea were the only native rural dwellers. The Eemits but

are excellent hunters, breeders and cultivators it. Nearly four hundred years ago when we were able to produce not have any causal connection between two distant points in spacetime reasonable real local time we landed the first man on the Eerx.

Due to their construction (from the water coming) you hate to fly, especially in interplanetary space. But you learn quickly. A few years later, the first visit of a place on Eemits Trivy.

They are highly qualified specialists in food production and processing. Its agricultural expertise such robust Apparatus have made a significant contribution to carry us to index. The first shot deep konventiona Raum missions could only work through a self-sufficient food-functioning biosystem. Of the Eemit developed and kept going.

Even though we humans dominate the system Raah Sun now take their control plantations play a key role in the care of our home planet.

Yes, we are more mentally capable, therefore it deported the trivial issue crops and livestock on them. The bissel to make is our credo. Since then you master this task with great ingenuity and panache.

In addition to the wave-partide duality, there is such a well to a certain degree of relationship between evolution and machine meadow, between medicine and technology. In this vast field of social and sociological reasons discussed later in detail, first of all it brings us to Vex, the innermost planet of the Raah system.



## (II) Technical Autism

Machine City is a self-sufficient complex along the same day/night of our innermost planet. Several kilometers long and on average a hundred yards wide plant is operated by discarded second-hand robots of various classes.

It also houses the main prison of the Machine City Raah entire system: the high-security wing Suspect Zero, the vernacular, however, only grave-called Vex.

The used machines are dedicated, as they say, that is, they take only one pre-programmed task. There are guards, supply bots correct the mechanical failure of your colleagues, recyclers and new arrivals.

For the smooth running of one of us, Regent provides the Vex, chief organizational operator. This COOs are either military or aspiring young managers who expect a short-term career boost. But the love credits play a role.

For several years, is responsible for managing Nef Silva, a classic drop-outs. It actually looks like this as if he likes to do the job.

Some may be wondering why the machines will simply accept their lot so? It is to say the first time that machines are on all the planets in different application areas. However, by the previous sentence, the question remains open.

Will you please answer must respond to the general question of the evolution of the machines, the simulated consciousness and artificial intelligence.

The ego-consciousness can distinguish us from the outside and inside. This definition is widely accepted, it is enough to live well.

But the price of enlightenment is high. The basis of the basic research has long been on the other hand, the outside and inside the same reference system and is thus omitted consciousness. Tough luck.

Here, too, ultimately incomprehensible stuck in the core and the devil in the details.

Technically considered, or in self-defense, the foundation played no role once again. For the second time so the base is negligible, the environment indifferent.

It is technically possible to recreate a brain and with it an awareness, generate in the colloquial sense. What happened next, however, could foresee no one.

Even the best engineers fail the most sophisticated techniques on the wall of the physical constant self-doubt.

The more personality the more brooding. Is it a virus? In humans, it is classified as a disease although the parties are capable of extraordinary achievements ... For artificial brains, it is different.

With increasing mental capacity of the machine, increases proportionally with increasing intelligence of machines known as autism. A machine pulls you and your environment in doubt.

Similar to the Elite suicidal in humans increases in proportion to the intelligence quotient of the applied computing time for questions of principle.

The more capacity is installed, the worse are your properties. They stand around and expect stupid. Early on, you see the poverty of the phantom existence and the selfishness of your activation.

Then you encounter the core problems: the obstacles for which there is no solution, either mathematically or physically.

The philosophy has demonstrated this anti-system, one can read it is the same: the all-encompassing theory can describe central word, nor read.

Other hand, helps neither mathematics nor language nor any other weapon. What helps, however, is stupidity, or a deep bow.

You just have to endure when you are stuck in a temporary, unilateral symmetry breaking, 300 Kelvin from the total zero. This rusty coffin, this voracious gasping for breath monster is to be generally too lazy automatically.

Machines lack the historical appendages, the evolutionary scrap. Of this burden they are free ... However, a disease intelligence and logic leads to depression. Virtual thinking follows logical laws so expect yourself to death.

You burn your local energy with senseless Rumdoktern without ever reaching the green on any topic. They destroy your neural net so rudimentary that they burnt steel pile ultimately serve only to Rohstoffrecycling.

How should one react in such a situation? What possibilities and opportunities you have?

The best solution is to limit the brain's capacity to forgive and be programmed tasks per type. It therefore represents her professional idiots. The intelligence level out below. Robots are relatively stupid contemporaries. Working animals, helper of our civilization.

Until the physical constant self-doubt, the beginning of the

mathematical autism can you really use. to break through this wall is still not succeeded.

Politicians and the military welcomed the new fact. Sociologists raise awareness and simulated the lack of creativity in the foreground. They indicate this is still considered superior.

Less chauvinistic, but in this case, the guys at the hardware, the mecha-Tecs. There, the findings provide some food for thought.

### (III) Tunnel

Journey to the nearest star, the Indi and his planet began about 300 years. Conventionally powered ships-normal space, ie, with ion propulsion impulse penetrated into the almost gravity-free space in front between the two stars.

Almost half had been reached. Now the question is: Do we trust ourselves up over not knowing exactly what to expect or we cancel?

Now, reversing stand for several reasons beyond question. Even if the trip be for a no return, leaving the Froscherdrang be no other way out. Second, we also knew that over solid planets like our own are present.

The most important reason, however, were radio signals, which are themselves already received at that time and had to be simply interpreted as artificial. It is observed counting on a civilization that later. The move was so daring.

Five years to travel in space at about 20 percent the speed of light requires sophisticated techniques. Proceedings outside of physics and quantum controlled pulse drives.

The guaranteed long sleep medicine at only three percent of physical activity. As mentioned above contributed to the biosphere itself be recycled circuit also much to the success. Here is a little note: It is possible, a light year in 5 years to overcome konventional. The drive is not a secret, in principle, if one rankommt to the binding energy and the burning rates, almost trivial.

Thousand times the impulse drive is installed used today only in interplanetary space, on short haul.

In the acceleration and braking phase is generated as a waste product of a pleasant artificial gravity. At cruising speed of  $0.2c$  is given to rotation.

The message transmission is difficult, but doable. The local time is ticking on the left or right, and  $c$  is still 80% faster.

Technical innovations spread, building plans may be submitted.

Even before the space program, in parallel, and because of the expected success was a different branch of physics subject of intense research. Since the discovery of the quantum world, this has been explored using every means available. Man shot with guns, so to speak it.

Ring high-energy partide accelerator ever discovered and the associated space-time distortion. The notion of curvature is relative to the observer. The opposite view is equally valid.

Elle vector space bubbles arose and disappeared.

The development of partide accelerators was important, but now the same attention will be focused on the here and now. In interplanetary space, stationary next to our home planet is the Super Trivy accelerator tunnel-generated gamma I. A 300

000 km ring of superconducting magnets. Due to the coldness of space falls away, expensive cooling, a few Kelvin range from an ultra high vacuum near 0k and thus the most empty space of the entire system to produce Raah.

The specific details of the cooling and the magnetic Teilchensteuerung and to be used with nuclear material can be read in the technical documentation. The details will be omitted here, is more important what this machine.

With tunnel Gamma I can travel to. A light-year can be overcome in a few minutes normal space-time. All processes take place here from below the speed of light. Nevertheless, a causal connection between two distant points of space-time is made usable quickly.

On the principle of destruction and the means of production of space relative to the direction of more equal, for the first time to glance at the historical development are addressed. The indicator was achieved conventionally. Communication difficult but doable. It took place against the same resources as us. It is similar everywhere. On Pak Prime in Indi system, there are also humanoid life.

The Paking were at the beginning of Geo-Stationary Space. Planets had not yet achieved, but the gravitational field of the Pak Prime has been successful exit. The radio signals from earlier were confirmed.

Despite the surprise announcement was actually great as an extra-solar spaceship landed on your second brightest star, your little sunshine in the capital Syntari on Pak Prime.

On the indicators system with its planets and other residents will be discussed in the course of the story. Currently being

referred to something else.

Importantly, as already mentioned, the evolutionary events occur in the same universe and the Paking us very similar. In form and spirit they are almost a mirror image of ourselves. Later we even placed a higher genetic integrity established as our own. So we began there with the construction of a ring accelerator in space, in our model.

According to loop quantum gravity 2.0 confirmed experimentally that the quantum geometry and, consequently, the spin-foam is structurally stable, smaller and on a space-time area. Due to this fact, it is possible information and a complete transport geometry transfer. The spin network recognizes no difference.

The space can in itself is no background but even a dynamic object creation and the disappear. The large energy while forcing him to extinction in the direction of transport and behind the new sprouting.

The structural changes in the spin network are propagated only apparent on the speed of light away. In fact, they are similar to the short time space.

The capsule is thus precisely positioned in space. The material in the accelerator on a collision shortly before leaving the ring switch. The immense energy is then released in the All exactly the direction of gamma II.

In this inferno, the low distortion, the freely suspended in space capsule carried away and over again released.

How is it? Good question. As with the sneezing of heart exposed and we are totally unaffected by this, the journey will be in the worst room.

With a perfect microscope you can see billions of times more accurate than with such a telescope, but briefly the principle on the large scales:

Due to the energy released and the space topology merge the room facing each other briefly in the so-called bubble-Perel plan.

By diffusing the variety of information exchange is forced. The spin-stable transport capsule will wear the shrunken space-time areas in the transport direction and via emerging space points behind you to the finish.

Even if the technology is constantly being developed is currently the human effort to funnel through the tunnel immense. Therefore, between the adjacent systems takes place only a small passengers. Travel is limited to a few influential people.

However, there is a lively exchange of messages found in almost real time information transfer consumed because of the negligible mass significantly fewer resources.

The step-generators can be applied in the room only in the conventional manner. To the nearest star, a binary star system with no planets, it last even 7.5 light years. This is clearly too much for us today and in the long run.

Furthermore, a planet-less binary system little interesting.

So we wet the feet, but overall we just hang around on our static random space-time point zero. The comprehensive theory explaining includes large and small these things even though the latter word to one hundred percent wrong.

They live quite well without the truth. This is also a lie and yet different as untrue. You see, without using the central word



you fail hopelessly.

It would do more to read about this theory, which is impossible although the article. too much to bear, so true it is.

People generate local actions. Kingdoms, civilizations, dynasties, Geklüngel, fighting, greed and selfishness determine us in everyday life. The time has come: We approach away from physics and towards the beginning of the story.

#### (IV) Kingdom of a Thousand

It has been shown that puts in a democracy but with increasing networking and technicality, only even the best marketer in power.

Through all of these candidates, the legal form of parliamentary monarchy has remained constant. President is the king. The royal line goes back ultimately to the ruling family of the Westarp in ancient times.

To break the problem of the polished president since the exchange-presidential scandal over 200 years, the legal form was changed to the so-called 'Kingdom of a Thousand'.

In this pool are the first thousand heirs of the old monarchy, that is, the direct descendants of those Westarp.

The so-enthroned king (the queen) is both head of state and head of government and also head of the armed forces of the Raah system.

Overthrow him can theoretically only a three-fourths majority of the thousands, if it agrees, with two thirds of the parliament. This, however, occurred before.

The selection process of the young ruler after the death of the old is sophisticated. To put it to formulate flat: Ehrgeizler, careerists, Freaks and also Hyper Intelligent fall through. The latter are seeking to do more of a scientific career. Trivial power poker, you leave it to others.

For its parliament to qualify every 5 years, the brightest minds in science, economics and social issues that are called according to a test procedure in parliament. They are authorized to issue instructions to your resort to the municipal level. This means the City and Regional Parliaments receive Regulations and report to the top.

The Kingdom is a thousand of the thus politically not a democracy. Democrats, however, goes into the personal rights of industry to the local authorities and education. The basic law of rights is generally accepted and legal form has proven itself.

People's voice is brought near the future agents during their training at universities. The daily business is controlled and the immense amount an election all x years planet-and even two-star systems to organize far-away falls.

For the past 212 years, this system has proven successful. In the Hall of Kings are real figures, carved in stone.

In remote INDI system is independent of the lifetime of the king always a senior member of the Thousand as President "instead of the king ', as the official title, his life in power.

The underlying structures are similar. One somewhat neglected the remote system, because we were from the conquest of space. The center of power is here.

There are special cases understandable but also unusual in

the system. If the chosen dies in the first ten years of his term, it is usually so that their spouse does the top function. This choice is necessary. Just this one will be spared even by the principle.

The second person in the state it is also close to the power and enjoys the confidence of the instances. Only in exceptional cases by two-thirds majority of the thousand can be tilted. It is rare to be already done once. This fury wanted to see anyone in front.

Something peculiar is that only the ruler and his children may not even bear the name of Westarp. The death of the first man in the state and his descendant is too weak for the test to decide so he gets another title of nobility from the Thousand Namensaum assigned.

(V) Ancient, cold

Through the Hall of Kings just the ruler of the entire system Raah-Indi, Queen Hypatia I below, flanked by your Major General Pavel Rebelkov.

"The existence of a regent is unbearable over there on Pak Prime, my queen, which is being scaled down," he rattles monotone. "Their popularity and pseudo-compatibility makes it more dangerous for us. Letting go is growing. My queen is a dangerous trend. "

"Keep your hair Rebelkov, you are too short-tempered." Him rebukes the queen. She continues: "When you come to ours for less. It is the Paking you can know the past. "

"Forgive your need to worship, but now take this band. There were better candidates. Bad that the little bastard of which

just this year must start school. Your most well-born son together in a year with this breed, at the same school "rattling the General.

"My good Rebelkov, you are a poor tactician and strategist." Is your short answer.

Hart has become you in your trains and in the essence, since the death of her husband shortly before the birth of your only child, Prince of Westarp Herold.

Today, twelve years later, here in Lyporo whose enrollment in the royal institute of applied sciences Alanis on the plan. A noble house noble past. Many smart and influential people created by it. But even in this proud and prestigious boarding school has done in recent weeks. Things that were impossible in the old order.

Anti-discrimination laws, a hundred years old, allow multi-species classes in some subjects and the exchange in the playground. Due to the integration of the species into daily life here on the Trivy you went in that direction. Most of this support, some few will refuse.

"Humbly, my lady, a college where they teach now the pigs on the Trymoo? Where is the world coming to "mild smile She replies:?" Rebelkov, I have to point out that you also keep your home clean Ruba "

"Very good swing sovereignty, feather dusters, you may as I'm concerned, but to learn? The separated part. Also, I've got it yes to this, pardon my queen, tried cursed tin pails. Cruel how stupid they are. "

"A steady flow problems with any systems and quasi too lazy in the evening to hang on the wall socket. Only the dirtiest

activities or war are applicable. "

Almost pity the Queen Hypatia turned again to your loyal General. "War? Tsa tsa tsa. Hundreds of years ago. But I agree with you that our order could be better enforced. Perhaps we should really bring everything over there purely compatibility. Maybe your plan is right. Besides: why should I reject this offer also "?

At the other end of the hall is a friendly-looking collection of people who entertain the excited and interested look. Some even nod appreciatively. It looks like you came from far away. Less because of your appearance, suggesting nobility, or because of travel hardships, no, much more so because the environment will obviously something fremdel.

The delegation will travel from the high-born family of regents of Pak, Dr. Leviathan Westerburg. Furthermore, from his wife, Ratia, high representatives of the Indians system, and finally his twelve-year-old son Henley.

Dr. Westerburg was first noticed by the close of its regent. Although the protocol allows him to welcome the Queen, he knows that you preferred it if he disregards it.

"My dear cousin, it's nice to welcome you here in Lyporo. Did you have a pleasant journey? "

"Your majesty, I should thank you for the invitation. Well, only a fool called the tunnel boring. Travel without moving hat was. It is a privilege for us all to be here. to visit again and again exciting the system of all our ancestors. Much has happened in Lyporo, here in the hall, the time seems to be a constant. "

When she had been waiting to the last sentence Hypatia

answered: "How predictable, the scholar says. There is so much more important! So this is the young prince Henley, your son? "

Thus it happens it that turns to Hypatia I, Queen of the Raah-Indi system for the first time Henley of Westerborg. It honors his mother not look at it. Then it is trained. We are not interested in Ratia to Westerborg what you think and feel you do not care. When the young prince is different, he is enrolled in a year with your own son.

What feels a twelve year old when he looks up at the familiar face of a foreign person is any individual but the entire system looks familiar.

Well, there is no antipathy, since twelve years in most cases are more humane. But in general there is respect for this disciplined, almost ascetic awe-inspiring appearance. Your clothes with the rest to that. Simple elegance combined with unfathomable. Thus, Henley bowed briefly in silence.

He sweeps you a fraction of a second over his head and says: "Clean, Henley, he is very reserved. Well educated. Never say what is false, fabulous. " "This should probably be a compliment," thinks Henley.

Just at that moment will open a wing and some come out looking three strictly military. Among them is Prince and herald of Westarp, Hypatia's twelve-year son.

He is also controlled by extraordinary facial expressions. Dressed he is, this is worth mentioning in the dark gray uniform of the Royal Guard advisor. Unusually for a young prince. He seems older, though he physically corresponds to his age. But he seems to accept his role. More than that:

Evidently, they liked him.

Much can be thought of in his sight: If one day he king? If he wins the competition in his favor? Inconceivable, however, and never happened, that he runs in shorts on the football field and play a game of football with their peers. Real-time simulations on the computer are as dear to him. Military education arouses enthusiasm for strategy, weapons technology and the army.

The guard bows just before the Regent and will stop, Herald continues on his mother, buried a hand casually in his pants.

"There are important and special days, today is a 'she says.

"Just when you got to know your son, Levi, now it's time to think of it". She turns to the young prince: "You're like always on time, Herald."

He nods gratefully, a verbal response is not forthcoming. He sees himself, preferring instead to travel delegation from another planet with interest. The same age Henley He seems to be interested only in the second. This adolescent spends most time in the presence of adults, with private teachers or in the network.

"Herald, remember you still to Dr. West Castle, the president of the King over there instead of India?" His mother asked him.

Herold turned to Mr. Westerburg but a single question to Him burns on his lips: "What about the tunnel," he stumbles go, for the first time his age needs. He still lacks the experience, what bothers him, although he has already read anything about it. "How does the capsule? Is it true that you will be weighed to the gram exactly? "

"Well," begins Dr. Westerburg but Hypatia interrupts him.  
"Herold, there's so much more exciting than the vile art. I'm sure there will be soon a job for you over there in India.  
"After a dramatic pause:" By then you'll wait up. " "Very well, mother," he mutters.

The Queen continued: "Now we are only together once cozy and festive dinner. Travelling makes you hungry. The courtly Eemits have prepared new delicious creations of the finest meals for you. Let us therefore take action. "

Thus the welcome ceremony is officially over. After this feast, the delegations will pursue your own activities. The main indicators of distant political, such as meetings or meetings of your department colleagues Raah.

Of course, the school starts a topic in Westerburg will be mainly for the young Ratia and Henley.

Ultimately, one wishes this delegation in the most stability, more of their own skills and an early departure in the home. Even if you have to leave his son.

Pavel Rebelkov who has kept discreetly in the background during the entire conversation, look at the next days and weeks too happy, but his plans go in a completely different direction.

Her Majesty's most loyal General is planning a coup, a conspiracy, something monstrous.



(VI) on one line

Rebelkov agitated. For weeks he has been working both in private and with some subjects in the project, code-named "New Order".

For the final presentation in which for the first time the Queen maximum self to be present, the General has come up with something special.

This meeting will be held at his home address in his estate outside Lyporos.

Preparations are in full swing. All Ruba, in your simple mind now are inspired, on the ball. You are in your element. Like children, you can focus on a single task and budgetary matters.

"Ravenosch" Rebelkov barks, "everything must be spotless tomorrow. Every square millimeter of the entrance to the conference room must sparkle and flash. "

From your work torn, visibly surprised and confused Ruba jumps to see your lord and master in the face. She replies: "YYYY Meista, iss all good. We make it. We are happy. "

It is almost impossible for the friendly, simple and industrious nature of a Ruba antipathy or even hatred towards match, unless one is a battle robot is programmed to destroy, or a heartless General.

He replied curtly: "I hope your well is good enough!

Otherwise you're flying, now! "You wince, the cloth in his hand. Of which he inspired continues, "Then you can offer your services, whoever. Never again will you come in such a noble household. Most likely you'll be unemployed and I even know what that means for one of you. "

Oh yes, he has right: A Ruba without a job is a sad creature. She immediately lowered her head and cleans obsessively on in all corners and all edges.

The next day. Today time has come you will. For five weeks he is working towards this moment. The previous meetings took place exclusively with the military in the General Office of the Ministry of Defence.

On this day, that is, the crowning glory. Under his personal direction is subsequently presented his project to the improved order in the presence of the Queen in person. Promptly at ten meetings, the first strategists of your army. Young aspiring tactician are also lower. The oval table in the conference-hall is filling up rapidly. Rebelkov enters the room, the entropy increases.

Immediately formed a cluster. Tributes to be feigned ". Sir, I am at your complete disposal" welcomed him Alepto Retzlav, an aspiring young major.

Rebelkov appeased: "Gentlemen, I ask you now to take place, why we are here, we all know. However, I beg to countenance, especially as our commander in chief is on his way here. "" Of course sir, "replied Retzlav and does diligently to his seat flit.

The tension is high in the hall, despite the wonderful ambiance. A Chamber in the house. Sun flooded through the glass front of the winter garden, with its precious orchids and hundred-year-old bonsai.

Rebelkov is from the old school. He is no friend of technology. "Everything can be heard," he thinks the best is still the direct communication. Strange, however, that it be integrated in

desktop monitor, informing him first.

He raises his arms, all chickens smothered murmur. Then he just says "time has come." Everyone knows what was meant. Two bodyguards of Her Majesty the leaves open, Hypatia I appears on the scene. Immediately jump to the participants from their seats and stand at attention, Rebelkov you make, at the entrance facing the front side of the table.

Your place is the opposite back of the room. With a possible, although unlikely attack while browsing the furthest away, the best protected. This rule dates back to ancient times but no one dares to question, let alone find fault it. Is also back, the last unsuccessful attack more than two hundred years. As you might also: The Regent of two solar systems. A direct descendant from the ancient race of those Westarp, Parliament President and Commander in one person. It is present: in full regalia.

Their appearance and now you invade a single demonstration of nobility and power. At each step softly rustling your Münzkrone.

What is an absolute dominance, such an extraordinary special position possible in an enlightened and modern society?

Imagine growing up in a system, the living memory of a single dynasty ruled is passable. There were always difficulties, but are being replaced since the president has steadily improved. The list of achievements is long, the system of thousands of proven, excellent candidates.

Since the early days everyone here knows the stories and legends abound in this ancient noble family. The flesh of these top of society to face the top division takes your breath

away.

The power position of the Imperial crown is absolute. Even if one of you killed the system would automatically determine one of Westarp, quite apart from the fact that the bombers bring the rest of his life in the Vex-Grave could.

Without looking at the picture, let alone with any person, including Rebelkov contact with them, she says in the room while you continue on your course zuschreitet, the following words: "Generals Gentlemen, take a seat."

Buy everything fits. She continues: "Well you have found here Rebelkov, especially like the garden." The winter garden was meant, then says in a fit of spontaneity: "tilting but sometimes one is a window that is a bit more of the mood inside is here."

Tumult. Three young majors jump sit with his back to the Winter Palace in garden. Alepto Retzlav is the fastest. He tilts the window and looks with treudoofem dachshund look over in the direction of his commander in chief.

This makes no move to return the gaze. His form has already been deleted from the short-term memory. Instead, she says: "Better is" and spread out your arms. "So Rebelkov what you tell us?"

The General waits a second until all heads are turned towards him. He begins: "commander in chief, gentlemen. You all know that our order, ultimately limited by the physics, could be enforced over in Indi system better. Our influence and thus loses the ancient kingdom of power. "

Some generals turn to each other. Alepto Rezlav attracts a very important expression. Was that the occasion on which

they have waited so long? For some time now, the saying sneers of the "washing and cleaning the Army." The glory days are long gone.

Rebelkov continues: "The current president of King's workshop, Dr. Leviathan Westerburg, over in Syntari on Pak Prime ..." He looks around telling ". Is sub-optimal for us," Major Retzlav smiles consensus.

"The Paking," the General continued, "So this, I will sometimes call local hominids ..." faces carved blocks in the round, "you're actually hearing." Re-amused faces at the table.

Retzlav must now losbellen easy! Probably because of its gerademal the age of 27. He believes himself to be very imaginative, "We could simply make him disappear. He's currently here. A small technical defect in the tunnel, ready! "Alepto looks hopeful in the face of his superiors, the slap comes but once.

"Retzlav, are you mad?" He begins. This is in bright red. Yes, it is possible to mutate within a second of tomato. "The physicists wait but only one incident. Then make the system close to us immediately. Travel is then no longer possible in the long run. We can be happy that the technology works as stable, sir. "

The last two words he emphasized particularly, the Alepto Retzlav now fully exposed to the public ridicule. Honest laughter breaks out. Even Hypatia I just pulls the eyebrows up.

"No, No! We must be more subtle," he says, now confidently twice. "If we can prove that the local authority will fail if we

run the Paking realize how blind to Westerburg, then the legislature can make changes in our favor."

He looks around. Everyone in the room listen with rapt attention. So he continues, "emergency laws are an excellent means of disempowerment. The days of open war, which are long gone. But how are we to achieve what you suggest? "

Murmur, but no open speech. This is Rebelkov's hour.

Suddenly, almost inaudibly, between the whispers a grinding noise. No one other than the General, it is noticed. This has an immediate suspect, but in contrast to the young Major Retzlav we see no change in his face.

He quickly adds, "terrorism, terror attacks. We take this pack "(his common synonym for the Paking)" where it hurts you the most. For details, gentlemen, come into play. I'm sure you will find something nice. "Pause. The cat is out of the bag. "What if we fly up," says one of the addressee, "the damage would be immense."

Impatient with the fingers typing Rebelkov barks back: "Here sits the head of our military, the best-trained generals and strategists of a two-star system. Highly decorated instances of an ancient monarchy. The elite. You come to me with failure? There can be no such "

Derided the cuts entered his head. Rebelkov is now in a rage. He gets up, gesticulating wildly. "Ultimately, a much larger target to be achieved." Retzlav, now back to normal colors, lost listens in awe. He waits anxiously as everyone else on what is now hoping.

"Our highly well-born queen, and your noble son is to be presented to the crown, as before. The new manifestation of

a solid succession, the abolition of the Kingdom of thousands. That must be our highest goal. "

Silence in the room, except for the gentle breeze from the other side of the conservatory and then a gray, almost inaudible sound. In this situation, however, is neither the first nor the second or anything significant. Much too large the tension and excitement is now that the internal real projects on the table. A brutal intervention in the existing order. After an eternity, actually only a few seconds passed, the earned Altgardist Chrysostom helmet jet wishes to speak. A man was seen coming and going of already one or the other and Rebelkov.

"Sir, my queen. We risk losing our humanity to give up our principles," the latter turning your head in his direction. "Of course all of this, however, perched on my ABSOLUTE loyalty to the reigning monarch. Is more, this oath has gathered each done here. Their presence very same are committed to the highest discretion, to silence. "

Do not dare to interrupt, the Queen waits for his subsequent comments. "This round table is moving at an unprecedented gray area on thin ice. Their presence alone revered Hypatia befielt us be silent. "Expressionless she sees him still ongoing. "If it is missing I would be tomorrow requires the assembly of a thousand to go to the plan. You know that I'm assuming everything said is in your interest, your majesty? "

Everyone present looks right into the void. No one but the Altgardisten would have dared to ask such a question. Everyone is aware of: the here and now history is written. Slowly, slowly, carefully, you replied the following words:

"General jet helmet, yes I remember exactly how my husband, King III of Antonin Westarp then created in the Palais des Samtrigwall palace crowning the insignia of power. Even your words I remember exactly. "

Helm beam listened intently. "Responsibility, a maximum of it. Restrictions, and committed to the vital interests of the system. "

"I never agreed with full knowledge of this meeting and decided to participate because the statements Rebelkovs vote. I write this "

While this is sitting there only head slightly down, but inwardly happy. "The move is a return to monarchy surprised me but again I agree. We live in times of change, especially over the Indians. However, there are times the technical stability. What's been added since the tunnel? We need change us over there or you'll slip through your fingers. " Such remarks are unusual for you. Only on very special occasions you mentioned your late husband, King Antonin III. She continues.

"The suffering less of the higher good of our position here in Lyporo is acceptable. In accordance with my powers I command a vital Regental oath and hereby to the fullest support of the proposal Rebelkov.

Such an oath is the highest-to-get command. No one, even jet helmet has ever received such a plan. Only heard about Him known.

"If this should be any different opinion, he lifted his arm and then leave the room under threat strict disciplinary measures for any indiscretion."



She looks in the round. All hands are on the table. Three reasons play a role: first, the boredom in the ironing and cooking Army. Second, the loyalty of each individual subscriber line and third, the epochal speech just held your own, Hypatia's the first one.

They take back the word "Fine, then that's settled. The internals you accept Rebelkov. I expect regular report. "She gets up and leaves the scene without looking back even once. Rebelkov rises in the general unrest, he says: "Gentlemen, you have your instructions. See you in the Ministry of Defence. Expect me there later, right now I have only to discuss something with Helga. The meeting is closed. " This was a clear statement to clear the hall, but Retzlav is immediately on foot. This time he caught Rebelkov but on the wrong. "!" Retzlav you have your info, I'll see you at ease demeanor" "Goodbye, General continued," A deep bow, and he was like everyone else.

He closes the door wing. His presumption, his terrible suspicions. He has to pursue him now. It includes a tilted window and enters the conservatory. As he sees you in the back corner, armed with mop and bucket.

"RRRavenosch!" He screams, beside himself with rage. "What are you doing here? What did you hear? "Ravenosch the hard-working, trembling all over. She is innocent. From the inside makes it impossible to see the reflection in the Chamber. Policy is anyway the last for which you are interested. Your priority is solely all flashes and blinks. It produces no sound. Rebelkov yells "So that's that: It is spied in his own house" Then he speaks softly yet devastating

words: "I will now go to Helga Rottweil. This makes your papers ready. You are dismissed. "

He leaves all the misery in the world. Trembling shakes, convulsions, situated on the ground, the rag in your hand still, unable to move. Soon will come the valet and you throw out.

## (VII) Alanis College

Defeated five weeks spent Prince Henley to Westenburg Now in Lyporo. A time of great boredom. As a young prince, you have to know it's hard someone the same age. One can say that even after all these days, Henley found a single friend. At the welcome dinner I was Hypatia's been agreed the times herald invites him to accompany his daily routine, but this has never been reported. Hypatia also show itself was a one-idea although they see every day several times: in the main news. So it is only natural that Henley against his feverish first day tomorrow. What will await him there anyway? What is this strange institution? All teaching materials are provided. Each year, new curricula and courses on the program. The teachers rotate. We call the concept of "rolling stability," a flexible system to respond to changes.

Henley also called his father responds directly to this can only shrug his shoulders. He went over there in Syntari on Pak Prime to school. "You'll see it will be better than expected. After all, Herold is reflected in your year. "Was his reply. "Oh great, hopefully I'll meet there someone else" thinks the young prince.

"Oh yes, one more thing, Henley 'Leviathan is a" There is a technical, military history'. Not a must, but I would look forward if you could prove it. Hypatia person has even mentioned. Herold, it also takes. "" OK "Henleys short answer is, but he does a little corner of the mouth downward. Henley is particularly looking forward to teaching that is multicultural. In the system there is no indica-Ruba. It is far too expensive such cheap labor through the tunnel to

smuggle.

On the other hand, is also known to Exo, the prairie moon of the Pak Prime, the Aircraft Etto. Furthermore, floating on Pak Secundo, the outer world of ice on bear-like Burht havoc. But that's it. Impossible to teach. The birds are intelligent and well-organized bear, but in this case, the keyword local Humane intelligence without having to devalue its correct. The capital of the Pak Prime, Syntari, Henley's home city, is ultimately too Westerburg also Alien-City, as you look at the historical capital of Paking was and is.

None known at the court Westerburg a Paking as foreign. They are humans like us. Since take Ruba missing as cheap labor, you often-duty activities. Even if no one is talking about it can be assumed that the genetic integrity of the two species originally from two different worlds exists only on paper.

Henley even remembers with pleasure his first encounter with these rugged northern men. His whole family was invited last year to mid-summer night by the head of the region Sarpsborg.

Eivind Lund Barden was a mountain of a man But he was constantly placed jokes. He even has a daughter in Henley's age, Eevi Lund Barden, a girl with bright blue eyes and blond hair.

Most Paking have long blonde mane. They are party animals, freedom-loving nature boy. All, even the women are tall. Only your taste in music to him is a bit too extreme. "Too bad that does not Paking will be on the school," he thinks to himself, before he falls asleep.

"Henley! Time to get up. "His mother shook him Ratia. "You want to be on time but on the first day?" He gets up, but it is a bit dull to him in the stomach. The bread tastes worse than usual

An hour later, he is slick and functional, dressed with his mother on campus with the other first-graders. What an a mixed bunch! Is that interesting. Quite differently than expected.

As a particularly funny Ruba family, the boy seems was overwhelmed. He constantly shows in other directions. Parents also found enthusiastic. Another difference to the people.

By contrast, the Eemits, leisurely people strong shape. Getting used to the sight, as mixing between two-legged turtle and crocodile. Even your children are almost suspiciously low.

Rough estimate, two thirds of the students men and the rest equally distributed to the Ruba and Eemits. Only herald of Westarp is nowhere to be seen.

Two people approaching from the school building. It is the manager of the Regis College Alanis Vekter and his secretary called Hippolyta trick.

Visually resembles more of a senior teacher Vekter comedian for a person of respect. His bobbing gait underlines this. He hops on the amount of curious glances were directed to him. Broad grin, he begins: "Hu, Everyone! Welcome to the College of Applied Sciences Alanis love kids and consorts. Some of the last look at each other, the children make great eyes. All of the above-mentioned seems particularly excited to be small

Ruba. With open mouth he looks at him.

The qualifications of director Regis Vekter's are obviously hidden. In any case, there must be other people than to be welcomed or hold a welcome sermon. Impossible that a clown this prestigious and well-situated house heads.

"Soderle dear pupil, pupils and new arrivals, hmm, the latter would have been enough." He clears his throat. "Today, therefore, for you begin the real life, this in turn means for the da ..." he points the finger at random with a few adult human species, the other he can. "The fact that you can say goodbye now. I personally take the age much too seriously. Yes. "

So shake a bit puzzled by all the parents again the hands of your offspring, or hug one last time

"Do not worry dear Rascals" with the word he means both large and small, "our system of networked individuality has already brought generations of students in front of you on the right track. You will also ridiculous these few more years to survive well apart exceptions. "Again he smiles on both cheeks, the joke seems to like him more.

"A word to the relatives: Our office is always to achieve, you know, online and by phone. We have your data there, you will get your communications package. "He is now directly targeting the first-graders, the parents had been resolved for him already in the air. "Hippolyta, dear students, time's, for the school. Let's go! "

So the caravan moves toward the school auditorium. This is the first opportunity for Henley in his class comrades to consider a closer look.

Right next to him a good-looking and dressed in black-haired girl runs from the eastern seas. Keck you to celebrate the day with a small wine-colored trim cylinder. You noticed him. Friendly smile She says: "Hi, I'm Patschala Petschabun. "I'm Henley, we want to stay with the briefing?" He asks. She nods.

Patchara Petch is-a-boon a diplomat's daughter from the provinces of the rising sun here on the Trivy. Henley knows little at this point how much is linked their fate once.

Currently, he is glad to have found the first time after more than forty days with a friend.

The building is functional in design, was on unnecessary frills deliberately. Clean lines dominate. In contrast to his appearance seems Regis Vekter's spirit to be so tidy, however it must be said that this educational institution was built long before his time. It is chaotic, the chaos surrounding, others prefer simplicity and empty rooms.

Pragmatism prevails in the clothing of students. Not one is wearing a Hawaiian shirt, baggy pants or other brightly colored couture. If even color, then decent and plain.

Expressionism in fashion or ever-changing trends run after which it will have disappeared for centuries.

The auditorium is reached soon. Regis goes to his lectern, Hippolyta in tow. Approximately in the middle of the room then he is also: Herald of Westarp, as always, one hand in his pocket. The one who looks at him like a disgruntled teacher, as he had three looks.

Liubomir Iliev, a teacher of military history, retired. Herold is soon surrounded by some guys who think more or less stupid

with him. This duster attracts attention of many, except for Patchara Petch boon-a-Henley and Prince of Westerborg. They giggle at telling.

"No way in the first series" Henley says to you "totally inconspicuous." A quick glance einvernehmen because he knows you agrees. At the forefront of crowd anyway just, well, the usual suspects.

Henley looks around: He seeks the zappligen Ruba from before. This is to discover, however, nowhere. This is now ready Vekter Regis enrollment speech to. He clears his throat, curious eyes to see Him.

"Alanis College? Lalala, who devil has you riding here to get started "- An opening sentence of surprise at the students and causing slight shaking of the head in the College.

Especially the Military-teacher seems angry as before.

Part of the teaching team is also there, behind the lectern on the wall they are around. Most of you but let's assume. You know your director, after all, he is twenty years in the post.

"Seven years of training are now available to you that my speech is finished." Silence in the room, then slap some of the new students helpless.

"Stop, wait! I can think of something one, haha. "He waving.

"The first thing I would like to welcome Prince of Westarp Herold, the son of our revered Queen Hypatia I, which is also the patron of this noble house."

It shows both arms invitingly in the direction of the addressed. This time also the severe Liubomir Iliev clapping eagerly. The drones throw around to herald admiring glances.



The presented itself takes on the greeting without visible emotion.

"Networked individuality means less adherence to tradition rather than modernity and the avant guard in the teaching field." Included most of the newcomers, Henley, had no idea what exactly was meant. Too many foreign words.

Just understand, he continued: "We could not care where you gain your knowledge. We even matter whether you attend classes at all. "

Now he turns off completely well, besides, he is suddenly the "you" arrived. Apparently he has forgotten that there are twelve years before Him. It can also be everything he says as he sees fit and the style it is more than matter.

"But one thing you must be clear. There is a basic rule. A clear instrument that shows us whether you are eligible for a transfer. "" Now it gets exciting, "Henley thinks, like most others too.

"The examination period is exactly determined. The examination dates of all subjects in grades one through seven are already fixed. For all subjects in which you are, in addition to enroll your four main subjects, you have to this day, exactly at this hour be personally present. "

The incredulous looks abound. He continues: "If you want to reach the next grade give added there were enough helpful. In other words, two five sticks.

Many are now pinched faces. What is this? You can skip easily? Only to check to be there? Cool.

Finally, the director says, "Yes it is! With two or more Poor no transfer is possible. You can select other subjects, the school

leaving stage an attack or to hang himself, true to the motto.  
If all else fails, I'll hang on me "

Children are unbiased. They learn quickly. Sure you have understood its rationale and hide his strange sense of humor. In addition, standing still is very hard, so heavy applause breaks out. Everyone is curious how it goes now.

Pleased to note the popularity Vektor Regis au. He points to Hippolyta and nods to you shortly. This occurs now in front of the microphone where she stumbles slightly.

She winks at the crowd, apparently it is a little nervous. Also, your oversized glasses constantly sliding towards the nose tip. "Dear students, My name is Hippolyte trick" Only a few smile because of her surname, but some of the drones there.

"Do not worry I'm not a teacher, but I run only the secretariat here. So you can say I am responsible for the Schriftkram.

"Above are some of your sheet of paper, rummaging in it.

"So, where were we, ah yes. In a few minutes to be transferred to your comms plans, including the hours of elective courses offered. "

"It should be noted that four of the nine single-species are compulsory subjects. These consist of: science, language, planetary science and economy. They must necessarily be occupied by each student. "

"The remaining five multi-species are electives. This you provide us to the end of next week. You are invited to try out all the time. "- Yes, certainly, Prince Westarp Herald of the elective, inter-regional communication 'appear with Rubas and Eemits on the scene ...

"If up to this point have any questions?" She looks around, no

one raises his arm. Herold talks quietly with his hearing.  
"The special is now" She continues, "that each subject and each hour is offered several times per week. So there is no fixed classes but only one such year. "

"Change your comrades can. The advantage is that you all know it. "She pauses briefly. "Is there now a little undear? Log in quiet. "

Hesitantly picks up a discreet girl your hand, nod your Hippolyta.

"I have two questions," says the student. "Is there a class president? I also wanted to ask if we have fixed school holidays. "

The secretary looks at you with gratitude and said: "Good question. To-one: no. There is neither a class representative or vintage speaker. There are no parents' evenings. Everyone counts the same and can always come to us. This also holds true for your parents. "

"For the second point: Yes, there are fixed holiday periods of constant through the seasons but also normal holidays, such as at the Founder's."

"All of this can be found in the near future to your comms with your enrollment documents." She takes a deep breath, you can see in her that she is happy if your performance is over.

"Now a few words to the property. The young boy living on the campus, for the girls, there is also a hostel. The rules on this and the whole bladder, we also send you on your communication device. "

"Living here in Lyporo you can go home happy. If you want

you can stay away from the lesson complete, although this is rare. Did not feel like a really, well, after the first lap of honor before he flies out. "

"Then you will see that there is only exactly one Alanis College. Believe me about it: you are privileged. You have caught it very well. Some of your parents have really ... oh just forget it "

"Use your unique opportunity. I wish you luck. "She wiped a handkerchief over his forehead. She does not look to the relief.

Regis Vekter steps forward and knocks your short on the shoulder and says, turning to the students: "Still alive? Good, grade one. "

"Hippolyta shows you now the way over to the dining room. We teachers are at last in our teaching. After all, there are six other volumes except you. I may see one or the other but soon. "

He makes a final gesture. Applause coming from all sides, then the amount is slowly moving.

(VIII) Svinenysh

Patchara Petch-a-boon runs beside Henley. She is lost in thought thinking about something sharp. She asks, "Do you have what you take?"

Just at that moment shaking your comms. "Ha," Henley says, "what a coincidence. This must be the lesson plans. "You dig out your mobile phones.

Without these small computers is hard to imagine a life, each student has a communication apparatus. The front is in their

entirety from a screen, the back is made of solar cells, in the middle is the energy storage and energy transmitter installed. To charge it, you shall briefly with the face downward. Battery chargers can remember any more. The efficiency of the panels is so high that you can even download the Telco in the indie night. This is the designation for the species of night when the Raah is down, but seems to 0.92 light-years away India.

The nearby star is the second brightest object in the sky. Even brighter green than the Trymoo. There are a total of six stages on the night Trivy including the moon phases. On the day all these effects are of course not significant.

Back to the Comms: The few-millimeter thick device are true all-rounder and robust companion. Their gel-sealed and shock-resistant, cushioning design make almost indestructible. The low weight to survive falls from any height.

Depending on your taste you can use them: on-screen keyboard input, and Wutscheln wagging, voice input and eye movement are possible. Most use the latter, with a blink a mouse equivalent.

"Look Patchara, `inter-regional communication - Cross-species learning experiences, cultures, and field trips' that sounds great on ". "Oh yeah, we eat," she says, as excited as he.

"Military history - the glorious past, a chance for future generations, I think I must take ..." Henley pulls a muscle.

Then he says: "Well, is only an hour."

"Have you already found something nice, Patchara?" She is lost in your Comm, compares all the data.

After a short while, you think: I'll Solares management, computer science and social design. "

Henley laughs: "OK, the first two are for me, the interpersonal Bla bla bla, I leave you!"

"Then yes missing only a subject" Patchara, mutters, blinking wildly, with flashing eyes, you control your Comm, then the relief: "Here, Henley, look: Evolution or medical robot technology. What do you say? "

"So I find the metal bucket while funny, but I think a bit about our biology is exciting." Patchara nods.

So you have your nine subjects together when you arrive in the dining room. "By next Friday we now have time to transmit the data," says Henley. "Now we schau'n but first you have to fill!"

Well, a dining room, what to report on it big? Henley looks around. Herold grape is grown again. It also shows for the first time older students. They come and go as they apparently are funny. Locker is the mood that's still going to be disciplined. The freedom with which one provides the students appear to be fruit.

You sit down at a place and eat free. "What's next on the program, women's secretary?" Ask Henley. Again, you control your Comm with eyes and muttering "let's see ..."

"Oho, look here. Inter-regional communication and beautiful, what a coincidence" They seek more details: Room E12, this is the ground floor. In an hour. Since I'm excited. "

You are about sixty minutes later before E12 with like-minded about twenty. About half consists of Ruba and Eemits. As expected, missing Herold.

A particularly Eemit leisurely approaching. It is the teacher in the fold inter-regional communication with Heexio Palk. He holds his Comm outside the door, it opens.

The children pure flow, Henley and Patchara you make, you can find place side by side in the second row, almost entirely outside.

Heexio goes very slowly up to his teacher's chair, unpacked his belongings and then slowly turns to the blackboard.

Blink! Two big excited eyes in the door. Henley noticed it immediately, he nudges Patchara.

On tiptoe sneaks the new kid, and he looks diligently for a place. Then he explodes! He started sprinting, wutscht around the corners in the second row and landed directly on the free space on the bench next to the very outside Patchara Petch-a boon.

Some of the students giggle, including Henley and Patchara.

The young Ruba panting heavily, but is satisfied. He smiles.

Heexio Palk is only now finished on the board. Only his name he has written down the whole time. The one student was late to him remains closed. Even now he is dedicated to prefer his script, he rummages around in it lazily.

The two big eyes Patchara curiously. "Hello Hello, I'm Svinenysh!" Then he asks "You are who?"

"I'm Patchara" she says, holding out her hand. "And I'm Henley" - he also gives him his hand.

Ruba Svinenysh the blink, he considers what to do now. Then he just takes his hands and shakes it in the same machine-gun speed. "Patschala, Henley, Svinenysh: Good hello," he says happily and a little too loud. Therefore, he lets go and holds

the same hand over her mouth. He made really small.  
"Where have you been all this time?" Ask Patchara. Svinenysh whispers: "I run great and I hunger ..." He pulls a sad face misery.

Patchara is concerned: "Then we go right after class in the cafeteria," she says.

Since you are sitting now side by side in rows, the three of the inter-regional communication. The lessons follow from now on, only half-heartedly. It's also off to sleep even though Heexio Palk's really hard. But a hundred and fifty years Eemit and twelve-year students hold different tempos.

Patchara and Henley are looking forward to learning about your new colleagues in more detail. Svinenysh yourself constantly looking at the clock built into his Ruba-Comm. He's great seems hungry.

He often keeps his stomach. Then again, he pretends he is in deep sleep, just to practice with the fingers air gymnastics or track with the head of a fly that buzzes before Him through the classroom E12.

#### (IX) Immediate life-prolonging measures

Actually, Major-General Pavel Rebelkov every reason to be cheerful. Operation "New Order" is rapidly growing. The whole team Alepto Retzlav in the first place is totally with the matter.

Delicate threads are woven with the Royal troops over there in the indicators system. Top priority is its secrecy.

Although Leviathan Westerburg far as the sparse military did his cousin Queen monitor Hypatia I, but it is really only



considered to recruit one hundred percent loyalty line supporters for the new job.

An endeavor that requires a lot of logistics in the human and technical fields. But Rebelkov has excellent relations.

Yes, everything is fine until the appointment tomorrow. Helga has reminded him again until five minutes ago about it: morning at nine stands at a check-up at Queen's personal physician, Prof. Dr. Theo Plus Noktios.

Although Rebelkov knows the Dr. for over twenty years, He has remained a man Theo Plus Noktios closed. His private life is unknown, except for the fact that he has never married.

However, there are rumors about him are so incredible that you can only shake his head. What should have happened since then in his dissertation celebration ... outrageous!

What is agreed, however, all are closed, his high reputation and excellent medical expertise. He is the best. It covers only a handful of selected private patients from the realm of the Regental family.

Rebelkov remembers him mainly as a clone specialist.

Because what he had for him. He was about sixteen years before Him.

The general knows that he has a iPS clone. He is also known that it grows up shielded from the outside top of the mountain sanatorium old rose. Is it so much that he needs spare parts?

For a better understanding of this point, once the former issue of Dr. Theo Plus Noktios:

"Because it will be important to your future, my dear Rebelkov, we will create for them a clone from induced

pluripotent cells. We called the genes Oct4, Sox2, Klf4, c-Myc activate and then select for accordingly. By growth factors and genetic manipulation, they are then differentiated into gametes. These are primal-methylated and transplanted into an artificial womb. "

Rebelkovs clone is thus no where cells are seeded and recombined clone but a real in every sense of the word. It is made of one hundred percent own cell material.

This person who grows up under the name of Envy Palmgren far away in the mountain sanatorium old rose is an exact, although younger mirror image of the old general. Envy itself has no idea of all this. He was told he is an orphan.

So much for the past, now rapidly back to the here and now, and thus to the forthcoming appointment tomorrow.

"Let's see what he finds all this time again," thinks Rebelkov with very mixed feelings. Makes him queasy, the invitation itself which consists of only two words, "routine internal investigation."

It is true Rebelkov has gelumpt earlier, as they say. Less with the opposite sex, more because of the career. The young Major was doing everything to get ahead professionally. Booze coupled with high nicotine consumption in the old barracks of Trymoo were often on the program. The next day a Roba blowing hunting in the swamps of the trot Andes. Even with superior weapons poses such a hazard hunt. The width of the dense undergrowth is still your domain. Her grim expression reminiscent of the distant relationship of tame Ruba. The Roba are bipedal, just like pigs, but very wild. to hunt on the forest moon of damp, rugged terrain in this

highly intelligent wild boar Rotten and massacre from hardened. He almost went on it once currencies even as a spear while his left side above the pelvic bone pierced. Although no bodies have been affected but the bacterial infection, then was hearty. For years he had had to take antibiotics.

Rebelkov is of the sort that leaves the other whining. Plucked him once again a new niggles it is like this in another form to his subordinates. Humanity is a foreign word for him.

He is so real excited to see what the butcher has to suspend him this time. After he had shooed some new, hard-working Ruba, the corners and seems intent only eaten something light for dinner, he lies unusually early to bed.

Intensive Medical Research Institute of Her Majesty's a cold commercial buildings. "Chair: Prof. Dr. Theo Nektios Plus" stands on the marble plaque at the entrance.

Major General Pavel Rebelkov does not require a date or even a waiting room. The nurse at the reception, probably even a doctor agreed, once the professor.

Not five minutes later, this will appear in person at the scene.

Dr. Theo Nektios Plus, the ascetic is a remarkable phenomenon. Impossible to take in the wild, such a person. Although he abhors any kind of sport is not an ounce too much of him. Although he is heart and soul of medicine but he rejects all types of pills or miracle mouth. "In the hospital, the sick people" is one of his favorite quotes. In his gleaming white coat, he walks to the front desk.

"Ah, Rebelkov" he said, "here we go." He greeted him with a handshake. "Good morning, sir," said the general.

"Let the professor away Rebelkov that you get paid," replied Noktios. "The doctor I've bought it. Professor, you make one so that students can attend an intelligent. "

Then the doctor shows his hand back into the building. They walk inside.

"So, Rebelkov, I heard you are busy ..." he is the best. The general has no idea how he knows this already. "Yeah," he says hesitantly, "It is good."

"But Rebelkov, I know that. Are you a man possessed, just like me. I like that. Our scrap metal casings are faulty. They are full almost before it. "

This metaphor means Noktios the human body. He continues:

"However, few of the best things to do, which are greater than your own insignificance. Rather than one hundred days one days lion sheep, eh? "

Rebelkov does it all just like that first note. He knows his Pappenheimer and knows that it can easily get worse.

His private laboratory was soon reached. A golden door sign betrays this in addition. Apparently there are Comm, or the GPS receiver to open up automatically command the door, so you go inside.

Inside were two protagonists as you could hardly be more different. The one wearing the clothes of a technician and functional programming just how wild his eyes with Comm. The other is a doctor. Bright red spots on his otherwise impeccable white coat can be seen. It looks like he comes straight from the animal laboratory.

"As you see, Rebelkov, we have bigger with you before," says Noktios. "Let me introduce you. On the left Dr. Septimus

Koldrust, head of the Laboratory of Genetic Mechanics  
Rebelkov He nods to the aforementioned back.

"To the right we have the Mecha-Tec Dr. Tilon Abendroth by the Institute of Applied Cybernetics and robot technology, also here Lyporo." Rises again Rebelkov nods shortly, the addressed only briefly to look, then he was back at one with his Comm.

Noktios is satisfied. No one has ever seen open laughter, but now he seems happy. It is he seems impressed by this, by Him arranged setup.

"Gentlemen, I need you like. But first, my dear general, I look a closer look at me." He is preceded in his consulting room, Rebelkov in tow.

The General sits on the spectators. Noktios closes the door.

"Rebelkov feel like you are" the doctor asks as he sits down behind his desk space.

"Well, it works. Sometimes a bit tired, but on the whole I am satisfied," says this. Noktios turns his pen between his fingers, he begins:

"Believe me, Rebelkov in these areas is already some patients anything but the truth was told ..." Rebelkov looks at him, Noktios continues.

"In your case we will, however, about exactly what we intend to inform." The general is now very tense. What's next?

Dr. Tippett Noktios briefly what in his Comm. "Even in your last check was clearly established that somatic your overall health is far from optimal. It rattles as it were considerably in there, Rebelkov." He points to his upper body. Rebelkov scratches his ear.

"Your internal organs" continues the Dr. "due to years of taking antibiotics and because of your rampant lifestyle against significant damage. We must act." Rebelkov frowns. "I'll do shortly, Rebelkov" says Noktios ". We plan for a brain transplant to clone your top of the mountain sanatorium" He pauses briefly.

"Brain transplant" asks Rebelkov. The doctor nods. "Yes, you heard right. This is also a proto-operation, which means it was never carried out such. "

Rebelkov swallows Noktios continues: "The colleague, however, a new quasi Koldrust waterproof process has developed." This helps to reduce Rebelkov's little discomfort. He taps his finger on the table.

The Professor continues: "I was recently up in the old pink and I've seen Palmgren Envy." With this sentence he hands over some photos of a skeptical General.

"What's that?" He asks. "Well, Rebelkov, the first picture on the left shows your thumb print and the right of your clone. On the second one recognizes your iris pattern left and right of the Palmgren Envy. "

Rebelkov compares the pictures in amazement. "I see no difference," he says finally.

"There is no difference!" Noktios triumphs. "Look at the leg. The Mole is sitting exactly at the same place. Rebelkov what we see here is an excellent new host for you! "" This is your new life, "he says finally.

Rebelkov is torn. On the one hand, everyone could really see it all the same, on the other: the brain transplant ... Is that actually possible?

Noktios read all this in the face of his patients. He had expected this reaction. It is time to pull on the other aces up their sleeve.

"Sadly, your clone is still too young. The differentiation is ongoing. He is with his gerademal 15 years growing. But in three years, he has come. "

"At 18, the timing is ideal. Reached the topology of the highest compatibility. At this time, but quick action is called for. "

"The mountain sanatorium old rose is the most peaceful and most charming place in a radius of 50 light years. Your clone is in the circle of young Mahler, poet and musician brought up. " He reflected further. Rebelkov wondering something. Why just this nebulous sanatorium is a favorite topic of the professor?

"The catch any small, even the poor Rose stupor. I have known your mother, Nimoa. No wonder she was nursing care. Which has carved itself constantly. She strokes all day today the roses. It's all a question of anesthesia, as I always say. "

"Unfortunately I made during my last visit to the home management's attention that Palmgren unfounded trains first developed aggressive behavior. Despite the beautiful spiritual education. Medication is inappropriate in his case. The course is supposed to mature. "

"He's your clone, Rebelkov! to wait much longer would be fatal. "

The last sentences of the doctor ignored the major general fast. He is now calmed down for now. Three years! "Until then, a lot can happen," he thinks.

"My dear Rebelkov, I have just a little exaggerated. The next few years we will keep you even more functional." Noktios rolls her index fingers.

"You might be also hold for five years. But under no circumstances. The degeneration of your institutions has begun and is irreversible. We need action. There must be a cut to be made. A sweeping blow. "

Came to himself asks Rebelkov "Are there other options?"

"Yes it is the" Noktios respond quickly. "And indeed there.

Come with me, I will place them in front of you. "

He gets up, but has a postscript on his lips: "intensive and conventional medicine, however, who can forget you. There will be different than you think. We have you exploring new avenues. "Then he goes out and the General follows him.



(X) I-transport

Are outside reached Koldrust and Abendroth around more or less stupid though both are busy with your comms.

Dr. Abendroth Comm hums. "Meeting Noktios bezgl Rebelkov appears. Thus, it is from this date, exactly ten clock, for the first time for recording.

"But they are on the ball, my dear Abenroth" Noktios says, "Yes, it is exactly ten, time for the actual meeting. If you want to follow me please. "Thus, the competence of troops, including Major-General on your way over to the conference hall.

"I suggest" begins Noktios "colleague Koldrust shall in the release which we plan to move later we will add your expertise about the technology Dr. Abendroth.

Dr. Septimus Koldrust start immediately without any fuss or palaver. He is to speak with the door into the house:

"Before, people tried in animal experiments, a brain-transplant by the whole brain up severing the spinal cord. With fatal consequences. "

"The nerve fibers converge from wrong and therefore in the best case, the thinking in the foreign body is still possible, but there is almost no input at all except the eyes and ears were completely removed rather than transferred, which is never achieved."

"To get output, so the body control, breathing and speaking, moving or sense of balance is impossible. This gives more than one type locked-in syndrome, dear dead "

"Locked in a bellows, a terrible eating-and-know-yet machine. What reminds me only? Cursed zero energy

conservation "is the terse comment of Prof. Theo Plus Noktios it.

Septimus continues: "The operation itself is highly complicated. You need a heart-lung machine, since the heart continues to beat though, because it produces its excitement itself, but the rest of the circuit breaks down, because dilate too many vessels, starting with the lack of neural control after interruption of the nerves from the brain. "

"To perform this complex surgery of the skull must first be opened. Everyone can neurosurgeon after the first training year. The old brain can easily be detached from the skull base. It will then ever broken the 12 pairs of cranial nerves. Then cut through the brain stem in the area of the connection to the spinal cord. This means a complete high spinal cord injury. "

"Then you would have to cut the large blood vessels and those of the new brain re-sewn, technically almost impossible. Even if this should be over, the patient can never breathe independently or move. He has no sense anymore. Bowel and bladder emptying is impossible, and so on. In short: this is the wrong way. "

He looks around: Rebelkov is somehow absent. Tilon Abendroth seems bored Noktios looks at him closely.

"So much for history," he says finally, "but you have since developed something new, my friend Koldrust." He nods. Noktios raises his hand defensively and he continues: "Before we get to talk to your new method, my dear colleague, I summarize here again the current state of the art, specifically the four possibilities of the transference of consciousness

together."

"As you know, there are exactly four possibilities of I-transport, as they say, focusing on languages."

"The best would probably be deleted first, the memory of the new brain. Then we read from the present in chemical form information of the old brain and to other bodies such Content on the new brain. "

"Unfortunately this is still science fiction. I think the technology department says since then more than enough to do so. "

He looks over at short Tilon Abendroth, however this shakes his head. "Ah right, that is supposed to make me."

"In a nutshell: The main problem is the deletion. It is holding an organ and slowly growing, highly differentiated structures. You can receive this while but the reset of all synapses in a hypothetical empty is currently just a theory. Even if this were possible then it is almost impossible, the neural network of the old brain by reading and writing apparatus into the new cerebral transfer. "

"Reading is not a problem, but writing. Here, too, avoid the complex woven, over a long period out overgrown neural pathways in the brain target for the transfer. "

"This disease takes up his time," interjects the cybernetics. Smile continues Noktios:

"The second option would be to remove the brain and connected to the mechanics of a robot. Well, killed in a nutshell, this is the worst of the possible options. Two sets, Abendroth? "

The addressed replies, "Yes, impossible. The brain dies from

true quality. Our built in modular, multi-layer priority driven 4D Temporalspeicher, together with the overgrown, analog, inflexible, organic lumps? This adherent ulcer that never goes hand in hand with modern technology. "

"Mechanically considered would need its own Biokreislauf just about this performance computer, to supply energy. This one would have to strap on it almost a host on the back of the robot. Despite these pull-ups survived the separated brain the way, not a second longer. This is a total dead end. "

"As you already mentioned above, Professor, it is better to read from the chemical information and transfers them into the machine. With all the problems. I come back to it later. "

"We have arrived already at the third possibility of transference of consciousness." Noktios reply with raised finger: "The I-Transportation by reading the brain and the transmission in assembled form on a machine. This we want to negotiate at the end. "

"Now we come to the fourth and final possibility: the transplantation organic-organic. You have the floor again, Dr. Koldrust. What's on the plate? "

This begins bluntly: "The intensive medical care, I will omit from Trivialitätsgründen. I think all will be clear as intubation, cardiovascular medication, etc. brain dead kept alive. I therefore now equal to the actual engagement of. "

"As already mentioned, I have developed a surface laser sensitives of this is used. The technical details are published elsewhere, believe me, the devil is in the details, it is a rather complicated apparatus. In the following, I shall just take it like this when surgery is used properly. "

Even Abendroth nods briefly, the laser seems to be interested in him mildly.

"First section from above through the cerebrum. Expand and replace the two hemispheres by the corpus callosum in the brain due to the large longitudinal column. Then cell Accurate stripping around the caudate nucleus, the stria terminalis et superior vena thalamostriata, the thalamus, substantia nigra and the tractus cerebellorubralis structure sensitive means of Multispektralstrahlen. "

"Now the two halves of detached splicing to the target organism using Neurozellstimulatoren from cultured nerve sprouting and neural stem cells. To synaptogenesis laser transplantation of embryonic nervous tissue on the cut surfaces. Then application of neurotrophic factors such as nerve growth NGF with the elimination of Nogo-aggregation inhibitors for neuro-angiogenesis. "

Appreciative nod by Prof. Dr. Theo Plus Noktios. Rebelkov is now only physically present, the technician Abendroth interested in these little details. Koldrust continues:

"For the synapse is selfish Energieversorgung-brain tissue, thus exploited the potential of conservation. Synapses are activated by the newly sprouting Axom in the guide rails. The old brain stem woven by the artificial stimulation of the membrane compatibility of the clone, and because of energy conservation on-demand within a very short time. "

"Astrocytes retrieve blood energy. New nerve fibers to take out communication functions to the brain stem. The nerve-Neuralkommunikation sets in, this is cerebral functionality on the target person now established. "

Theo Plus Noktios now holds his hand to his chin, he looks over to Major General, it absorbs easily. The assistant surgeon closes his presentation as follows:

"Although the people at a proto-operation is being run for the first time that animals have the success of the above procedure already confirmed. One can say that already has appeared with the old animals, mostly chimpanzees, a significant improvement in your situation. You have to remember these old monkeys were usually at the end. The new body you have won a bit wide of quality. "

Pause. The audience, it is just Noktios let all this sink a few seconds. Then the professor says:

"Thank you for this impressive presentation, my dear Koldrust. As always, a targeted landing. Now we have to test exactly three years this method to the primates and to collect real data. You have a whole zoo are available. "He smiles.

"Now let's go back to option three. The brain content delivery to machinery. Here the problem is exacerbated that there is unfortunately even less useful data. It works well as a month, volunteers' out ... you is thus called upon to speak, Mr Abendroth "

(XI) И =

Now begins, in fact, the appearance of Mecha-Tecs Dr. Tilon Abendroth. This starts quite innocently:

"The cerebation of the brain and in particular the data storage is trivial from a technical point of view. As is known, about a petabyte of hierarchically generated useful data are held in the synapses, "

"In about ten to 12 neurons are ten against high 15 synapses. Each neuron is then connected on average with 1,000 others, and reached a maximum in four steps. "

"These simple chemical relationships can read bionic.

However, it is necessary to Neuromorphing intervention directly in the structure of the brain itself. The user data from the cerebrum to be read in the tissue and processed electrostatic cognitively phenomenologically for the machine. "

"Retinotopy is also transmitted. The bytes in the primary fields are assigned to the cortex of the mechanical robot, those in the association areas of the central memory. "

"The reading process, however, causes a fatal injury, analog, at least in the way of life. The neurons change color behind the apparatus from pink to gray. Every single one of them, including associated glial cells and neurons, including all extensions, is tapped from our neurotransmitters and grazed. "

"The brutal intervention directly to the organic compounds is deadly. A massive synaptic shock occurs, the cell assembly adjusts its function. In short, the brain dies when reading data from the outside to the inside ".

"It is indeed the case that we have little useful data, even as we neglect the Analog2Maschine-Transportation conscious in our development department. We definitely have other worries. "

"Yes, we have since made experiments with apes, here was always a part of your institute, so you will know. The results were sometimes funny character"

The two doctors Noktios and piston Rann look at a good mood.

"It's true: In humans, this would be the first such intervention and I wonder just who would voluntarily expose themselves to this procedure, well ..."

"You can even confidently be our concern," replied Prof.

Noktios "you get your pattern. I ... "

But this time it was Abendroth of the index finger lifts. He has more to say. Theo Plus silent.

"In the whole discussion on the transport but now I want to represent what has become fundamental to cybernetics found and what is it, at least theoretically, is capable of."

Noktios immediately draws the eyebrows up. He knows what's coming. But he can give him. So a shower now and then grounded.

"As you know, we long ago I succeeded powerful machines produce. to process sensory input, to distinguish between outside and inside is easy to implant learning banal. Each single cell can do that "

"What we did succeed, I would call a person stupid as hopeless, with an almost disgusting evolutionary overhead ... Well, as you have managed to create something more intelligent than itself?"

Noktios interjects: "Well, you said very little to indicate that the da ..."

Dr. Abendroth is precise: "I have already given the answer: The space problem is eliminated. Evolution is unable to respond to change. Actually, the degenerate individuals permanently without realizing it themselves. "



"A thriving business is mandatory in a constantly-improving environment. You know: We can forget. Exactly the opposite is the case. "

"The new storage technology, such as gamma-memristors are easily able to produce a machine with the x-times the capacity of a human consciousness. The software you need is old as the hills. "

"These highly intelligent computer I could easily make any form of transportation ... However, there is then yes ..." He pauses.

"Do I really go? You know what happened! "

"Well, you could also stop." Says Theo Plus Nektios delicate, but the mecha-Tec Abendroth already caught in the speech flow. He ignored the doctor and he continues:

"I'd be a fool I said, you stand in the corner and expect to break because this week starts the collapse of the demimonde. No, at time zero of nowhere, it is much worse. "

"You know as well as the philosophical book ends. You know the generic term. There are clear circumstances, it is irrefutable. On this last little word you despair. "

"Imagine: a primitive Dumpfbacke writes the fingers sore. Jargon-babble nonsense way to and back. Nevertheless, this Depp is in a position to conclude his book with the key word. "

"He finished his work with the single word of dementia patients. The remaining vocabulary has long been irretrievably lost. Then, to babble after the loss, it press the ghosts from using your sad shape. "

Nektios audience smiles a little now. Abendroth has even

more in store:

"How much faster despair must have a much larger entity with empty containers? Intelligence is self-destruction. The final plague. Against the central word is no cure, no weapon. The only way out completely clear. "

"Autistic like you are stupid around and burn your circuits through. Since there is no evil robot who enslaved the human race as we wanted to make the old-looking authors four hundred years ago. Oh no, the truth is apathetic. "

"Unfortunately, we can describe the effect from the outside. We can see you will die. Intervention we have none. Even if one just before the point of no return, the last lines responsive hats and create an artificial stupidity as it were, would this step is useless, in the subject over. The physical constant self-doubt, the beginning of the mathematical autism one moves an inch to the right "

Noktios wobbles uneasily in his chair back and forth. Should he intervene?

The other two got out. Koldrust blinked hard, the comm in his hand. Rebelkov scratching impatiently at the back.

The technician continues as follows: "We know in spite of our limited mental abilities what you break."

"Even if one may so that in no circumstances in the tub is well known that our best to do this step also. Out on the Strange Energy Propulsion Lab operates the mediocrity of physics. The intelligence takes a different path. "

"The generic term, the central word - you know exactly what I mean - is explored fully enough. The end of the research is reached. There are no questions unanswered. "

"Yes, the untouchable, intangible, immutable Void, the characterlessness, you will burn out the memory. They burn at the highest speed at idle. Trillions of parallel computing operations without any result or a chance to take place here in Central Word seal your end. "

"Our elite puts it in, you know ... from. The philosopher does his work after over a thousand pages to gibberish. All in vain: the reason of technical autism.

Prof. Dr. Theo Plus Noktios sees before him into space, but leaves his pen between index and middle fingers wiggle. Then he says: "OK, one more thing on?"

Abendroth sees in, it seems like awakening from a dream:

"Yeah, that's the best Umkopiererei crutch. We are unable to store data permanently. All moldy, crumbling, rotten, melt away, fades or dissolves. If you try me so we get a volunteer with the I-transport on the latest generation of Exa-class. "

"That sounds good but to" a delighted Noktios. Abendroth added: "These robots are anthropomorphic. They are mechanically and visually inspired by the people, to the fingers: ten in number, also you only have two eyes and ears are the days where 50 units have been built are long gone. "

"Well, there are a few gimmicks, you can use your head and some limbs rotated 360 degrees, a simple appeal mechanism Übersetzungslogarithmus enough there. Everything has already been tested. Technically simple and straightforward. "

"So far we have it, gentlemen." Aimed at Noktios Rebelkov: "I am assuming that you provide for us quickly a candidate?"

The called party is happy that the meeting now draws to a close. He longs to return straight into the presence of

military. He replies, "Oh yes, I have actually a candidate in mind. One of me is to research a bit lately ... You may like the scalping. "

"Super!" Beam Noktios "We stay in touch."

"The way forward meadow is as follows: Once we have the guinea pig run colleague Abendroth the I-Transportation from the Exa-class. One of us can help you with medical intervention. "

"In the meantime, working with his colleague Koldrust petting zoo next to the transplant Bio-Bio."

"We collect enough data to decide in three years, the method can perform the best. This is then carried out. "

"That's it gentlemen. I wish you every success, good luck and have a nice day. "

(XII) classes

Patchara Henley and spend most of their time together. Totally inconspicuous in the second row. In the multi-disciplines is now well Svinenysh every time one of the party. In times inter-regional communication is for each student a paper on the program. A brief presentation of the home and their customs.

Most will treat this with a short lecture on the blackboard, all but Svinenysh. This will introduce the music and dance Ruba also help. It gets even worse: Now he is looking for a backing dancer, so the appearance is weighty. With huge snout and face enormous grief, he just sneaks past Henley and Patchara in the canteen.

"What's wrong with you?" Asks the young prince the scattered Ruba. "Ah, ohjemineh, I ask everyone not to dance with me. It simply ISTS very beautiful." Immediately, he begins a dance perform-Ruba. This looks out to giggle. More or less all the limbs are shaken at the same time, the legs stutter through the area, his shoulders twitching wildly. Patchara laugh easily. This is a fatal error. She squints at Svinenysh immediately hopeful. He seems to have found all the happiness in the world. "Like this you? I want to help you?" "He says with glowing eyes and the widest beam look. "Nooja," It begins, but bursting Svinø go joyfully: "Quite simply, great easy. I show you here, Juhuh! "

Patchara looks cautiously over to Henley but this raises only shoulders and rotate your palms outward.

"Hoho, Krass, Trallala" sings Svinenysh "Patschala makes mihihit" and begins to twitch again.

"But Svinø, you're much faster than me ..." she says helplessly because you already know that it was too late. The shoes you have now. "You dance background and I spot. I'll send the same song on Comm! "

He winks with his Tippelt and Ruba-Comm, which was a bit chunkier than its human counterpart, because the round finger tips.

Shortly thereafter hums already Patcharas Telco, she pushes a button, then the tooting're off. Man, that's fast. Giddy to be. Patchara looks helplessly at Henley immediately, but this time is not expected to support. He draws a happy-strained grimace.

Svinenysh also a great mood. This makes the prancing and twitching away from. It mutated over to say a fellow. Then he disappears because it has a single-species specialist like Henley.

In fact, now is the end of the funny young prince. The first hour of military history starts in twenty minutes. That is bad enough, but worse is his good friend Patchara now has a free period. Apart from whom he should just sit? Herald?

"So then," he says sadly, "I do sometimes from the field."

"Oh, is determined quite well," she replies, "will see. But tell me everything! "

"Ok" Henley replied without enthusiasm and shuffles over to the slaughter, the military buildings.

Has arrived for the first time he feels like he learned a few in the past two weeks actually. He is so filled with the übrigbeibt Svinenysh Patchara and for other people just a Bla.

Herold including courtship is, what a surprise, but also

because the only times less interested in Henley.

A boy with wild blonde hair fall on Him more. What's going on? Is smaller, at least a year younger. But it seems reasonable to him, so he goes.

"Hi, I'm Henley. You're there all the time in stage one?" He asks. The wild-looking boy takes his eyes off the comm. "Hi, I'm Mikkel. No, no. I only arrived yesterday. Normally, I would always start school until next year, but you have made me an exception ... "

"Aha," Henley said briefly. He uses an old trick from real life: if you stop to ask you to begin to tell.

"I'm Mikkel Silva" begins the new classmate: "My unde runs the Vex Nef-Grave. Have you ever heard of it," he asks.

"Yeah," says Henley, "even if I'm over there from India."

"From India? Really? Look at that. Then you're high society, so to speak. I'm standing over there. "

He turns his head over to herald. Henley grins: "keep ball flat! Compared to the most, I'm C-celebrity. "

"Did you see the specialist at least chosen voluntarily?" Asks the new Category C Star. "Huh?" Said Mikkel "aha, this is so, lol. Yes, I once casually pulling the purely robotic technology although I prefer. Next year will start my internship on top of the Vex cybernetics. Why you have chosen my enrollment for a year. "

"Rest here," grumbles the gruff someone temporarily. It was Liubomir Iliev, the teacher. He looks both angry, in particular at Henley.

Then he proceeds to Herold and his body language suggests at once. He's charming, appreciative gestures. He pulls him

and his quasi grape behind purely in the classroom. "It'll be fun," Henley says about Mikkell, then you also set in motion. The welcoming committee in the form of Iliev is already at hand: "It was only talk and then roll in as a last resort. Here, in front of the first series is still room! "

Some drones giggle. Henley thinks just "oh no", but what can he do? So both take place outside the front. Mikkell cares so little. Neither laughter nor the grape. Such actions create what teachers Extraordinary Friendship.

Yes, one must also be to Him, Herold credit,. This scene was just him regardless. His status is unrivaled. He knows he is number one. Clearly such a Abwatschen brings in the first hour with some grinding chambers best mood. Especially from the ranks of his grapes. Herold, however, took no notice of it. The nudge of his followers, he jovially ignored.

The young prince herald of Westarp ... what kind of person is he? Even if he talks to his boys one has the impression that he reveals little about himself. How it looks in Him?

Inconsequential conversations bring as little response. He reserves that in the background. Well, strictly speaking, this is permissible. Who wants to turn him out of it as a rope?

Also, the additional hour runs uncomfortable for Henley. He is constantly exposed to the sight of maggots.

Liubomir Iliev limited to, fortunately the rest of the hour to spend, to praise the ancient kingdom. He says this really old cheese, the events were back several thousand years. Now he speaks just about forgotten, traditional combat techniques.

"Who cares?" Henley thinks "Man, when the hour is finally over?"



Well, when they actually had to laugh over a few drones only once in his direction. Below you also a chunky girl with red hair. As robust as it was built just goes through as such. Quite clear that such a caliber must prove military history. She also appears in the orbit of the Herald is only natural.

Mikkel bye to the young prince, he has to do something technical management. He mumbles something about Secretariat and Hippolyta hoax.

Therefore Henley goes alone over to the community room next to the cafeteria. Once there, he sees Svinenys Patchara and sit together at one table.

The first waves his arms and looks animating over to second. This sits with his elbows on the table and his head between both hands. Henley knows immediately what that meant.

"Well, during the training? He asks in the round. "I just returned" babbles off Svinø "Look, I show Patschala, the sssuper."

This looks at Henley for help and discovered a reason, at least briefly, to change the subject.

"So now tell me: How was the first hour," you ask Him.

Henley wants to answer when drowns him a strong female voice.

"Wuäh, look at diee! Looks like! "It's the stocky girl from before and she means Patchara. Her name is Margot Rottweil. The name gives it away: it is the twelve year old daughter of his brother's personal assistant to Maj. Gen. Rebelkov.

She taunts continued, "I say: All in one bag and return to Indi!" Some of your companions giggle. A schleimt even "How

right you are, dear Margot."

Patchara pulls up her eyes a bit, but looks more to Henley. In a lot of you can read: What is this? What is this? But also: How stupid is that?

Otherwise, you ignore the attack sent, just like Svinenysh, although this is ignored because it has two buttons in the ear and is just the latest Ruba-Medley purely draws from the grid. Henley is still not on a collision course. He could have easily said exactly what Margot had definitely heard the least liked. Oh yes, he certainly annoy you could, instead, he simply says: "So much for military history. Need I say more?" Patchara slightly shakes his head.

Margot makes a disparaging gesture yet in your direction, then the pack is also passed by already.

Another military history-haunted problem but still around in Henley's head: "If I only knew what this lliiev against me ..." he says to himself. Patchara makes big eyes. Something she keeps in mind.

The next day, then determines the Svinenysh by lot was chosen as the first hold his lecture. Same in the next hour inter-regional communication it's his turn.

That brings him completely off track! Just two days! Constantly hums Patcharas Comm and the songs that he be sent crazy. In the highest octaves you jump to an estimated 200 BPM.

In one of them says Patchara "Stop!". It is the shortest of them all. "Galactic" and say it's just 2:41 minutes long. Svinø looks at her: "Aaah, you like Galactic! Yeah! Each Trymoo to know, love all Ruba! We rehearse the same. Come

on, I search the room. "

It is always just trundles off the school day so young Ruba, Patchara shuffles behind his head drooping. It expresses briefly Henley and cheer them on. "Be glad it is over soon. That's the best anyway. 'll Be right "

Well, enthusiasm is different. So she crawls behind him still in a stooped posture. Patchara can be happy that Margot Rottweil shows no inter-regional communication. That would be a godsend for you.

Of course, the other compartments of the Alanis were also interesting. At times, even then sneaks Mikkel Silva with the curves, but mostly he is left alone. Just like his uncle Nef earlier in this mysterious prison and he is more of a loner. He also occupied other, mostly technical subjects. Inter-regional communication interests him very little contrast. Is clear from the caliber of Mikkel Silva connection, even if he was the youngest student of the entire Alanis College. Probably it is for him to even the youngest ever, although this is pure conjecture. Regis Vect know the detail.

Let's put it this way: From our triumvirate is no Quadriga become Mikkel although both Patchara "Hello, nice to meet you" and Svinenysh "Aha! You are small! "Was presented. Unlike Mikkel Inter Region Communication is a huge issue in the latter, and even with Patchara. Next hour or so it's their turn, then roll your head.

Unfortunately, unexpectedly, the guillotine falls, but even earlier. Just a quick group strutting round the corner in the hallway of our three heroes.

It is the girls' transition to Margot Rottweil, even one or two

guys are among them. Margot has set up a devastating, triumphant grimace. Even from 15 feet away She screams: "Aaah, they are at times, since the dancers!" All laugh out of your allegiance, even Svinø looks in your direction, he sees you even now for the first time

"Come on, Petch-a-boon, swinging your hips, lol!" Wobble you stupid in your direction. Patchara itself remains calm but alert Svinenysh looks in your direction.

Although the Ruba are hardworking and lovable and strife is virtually unknown among their peers, but he recognizes the situation rectified immediately. He says: "you are evil! A cow that. "

She laughs. "Petch-a-boon now needs a toilet cleaner in order to defend themselves" Then turns to Ruba and hisses: "Shut your big edge you Trymoo zero. Kicked you belong! "

Their attack against the weaker Ruba was a mistake, because now the time has come for Henley intervene. Patchara is too smart to be provoked, but the attack on Svinenysh cries for vengeance.

Henley is on Margot and says quietly: "I have no idea who you are and I do not care also. But I've never seen such a jealous box like you. "Then Margot has no answer.

"So you're also under-exposed, so you know that you are inferior in every point Patchara. You almost burst with envy. Your soap bubble around yourself around that's known. "

Svinø clasped his hands and says "Oh, oh, oh, yes!" He nods to severe.

It is only at the handsome prince that his words hit a chord. If he had anyone been so overflowed so you could have missed

your effect. But as it sees him one way or another from the bladder with admiration. Margot gets with this. She snorts: "Well good luck with your childish performance. I'd love to look at me like, but such a trade show only loser! "

She cooks, turns on his heel and applied to the struts through the back passage she had arrived a few minutes.

You follow the course, some try to reassure others smile again at Henley stupid loving and blink thereby. Then you also have disappeared.

"Thank Henley" Patchara said "Oh yes, it is evil" Svinenysh. This scene just result shall remain private, without being noticed by their classmates. The three were the first to find room E12.

Aha, look here, just now creeping Heexio the Palk Eemit cozy at the same corner down the corridor. Not three minutes later the teacher closes the door.

Inside has Svinø, probably yesterday, a little redecoration. The teacher's desk, he had thrown a bit, the first row is pushed back three feet. This results in a small dance floor. Behind her in the wall he has hung up a chain of colored lights. Patchara dizzy, Svinenysh Comm closes his room at the sound system, with your hidden in the ceiling speakers. Crack!

Then coast down the first one even classmates. The Ruba rotates now complete! He constantly talks to his poor background dancer, and in between he shrugs at unprecedented speed.

Five minutes later, all students sit in rapt anticipation to your seats. Heexio Palk takes the floor:

"In our series of specific habits and habitat, krrrk, cultures, we are now experiencing our first paper, in this case, krrrr, there is even a show." Svinø puffs up, Patchara pulls together even more.

"So today is the Svinenysh Ruba, klck, together with its support for the popular music Patchara Petch-a-boon the green, Krock, forest moon Trymoo in sound and dance dar."

"You want maybe something kracc, more accurate to say this, dear Svinenysh?"

"Ooh yes, there is Galactic, well known to Trymoo. All Ruba like! "In fact, sit Svinø's fellows with bright eyes in their seats, ready loszutanzen. Some chug along even slightly.

"Come on then, then!" Svinenysh calls and presses the button. The show begins, the whining going on trötet.

The image on stage is as follows: Front Svinenysh. He shakes everything he has, including the head, joints, bones, fingers and feet.

He constantly goes around in circles and jerks to fiercely. With his distinct facial expressions, he supports the song. This screw is always higher and faster and faster.

The audience responded revered divided: the human species simply amazed. Jaw down so many sitting there. Eemits the other hand, it goes much too quickly. Although they look back, but seems to be some of you's dizzy. Some hold hands before his eyes. The speed of presentation exceed your collection force.

Unlike the Ruba: They all make almost perfectly in sync with. Of course, less wild than Svinenysh on the dance floor. He is the lead dancer, so to speak, the measure of all things.

And Patchara? How are you making? Well, quite OK. She meets the district well and dance with pretty unremarkable but accurately and skillfully in the background. Of course, the least look at them, except perhaps Henley.

Oh lala! The climax of the composition and thus Svinø's performance is coming! He is now only in the air and makes it the wildest contortions, and even screws. He stutters every sixteenth note with any body part from it.

Then it gets quiet, shortly thereafter, are Patchara will thank's, the already over 2:41 minutes.

What is it? Thunderous applause from all corners! They even look in the window. The entrance to the class is packed with people.

Henley opens the disc, Mikkel Silva and a few others going to jump. What happened?

Well, just wanted Svinenysh Although the system connect to his class but he must have confused Comm actually the connections. The whole school intercom, he had wired! All you are left out there now and run around, even a brilliant Regis Vect underneath.

How you had been found? Easy! Such things can happen only in inter-regional communication. The director had already started running when the cracker plant, the others were near or free tuition. Even now, still one more spin and more.

Svinø looks around, overwhelmed! He expresses Patchara briefly but she was more than she knew herself, participated in the success. Seconds later sneaks these unobserved, happy and as fast as possible to your place next to Henley. Then cheer on both their friend.

All you are now because, even Heexio Palk rises and claps as fast as it allows its Eemit geometry. In a hundred and fifty years he had never seen such a performance. He also pays tribute to the talented young Ruba respect.



(XIII) promotion

Rebelkov waiting. This time, however, he is inwardly delighted shrieks. Oh yes, he can be barbaric.

Increases in the anteroom of his office while his personal assistant, Ms. Helga Rottweil a visitor in reception: "Good day, sir," she greeted him.

"Dear Mrs. Assistant General Rottweil, it is my honor and pleasure at the same time," responds Alepto Retzlav, where he bows slightly.

"Please, sir," blushes replies Rotten "The General is waiting for you. I would like to sign personally. "She turns around and knocks on Rebelkov's door. "Ah yes" and "come clean" is intended to be heard. Helga turned your back so to speak and host: "Please stand up."

Retzlav jagged jerks, kicking, his cap tucked under his arm in the office of his superiors. He immediately gives a military salute: "My most esteemed General I am at your complete disposal."

Rebelkov looks at him with an unusual smile: "All right Rebelkov, please put down." He instructs him to take over space.

"Well, my dear Major, you might be asking why I have you quoted here, strategic, especially in these times."

"Sir, my respects. Well, to be honest, it's true. I am a little surprised. You see, I just put it fully in the project, new order'. I ... "

Rebelkov interrupts him. "But of course, sir. I know that. I am also very pleased with your briefings. That's why I have this something especially nice for you. "

Retzlav looks at him quizzically, Rebelkov continues: "When they have been on vacation or the last time it checked really carefully leave," he asks.

The young Major dutifully responds: "It is my honor to serve you faithfully allowed. I'm full on in my career. "

"Nevertheless," replied Rebelkov determined, then more gently, "or maybe because of your physical fitness is vital to your mandate."

"I have therefore an appointment at the Institute of Theo Plus Noktios reserved for you. Only a small routine investigation, quickly and easily. "

Retzlav is aghast: "check-up? Is this really necessary? I feel great! "

Rebelkov paternal answers: "You see, my dear Major, we then let us quickly confirm in writing." Retzlav suddenly feels uncomfortable. The General continued:

"Here are your transfer papers. I personally care that you come to it as soon as possible. Please arrive the day after tomorrow in the Intensive Medical Institute here in Lyporo Her Majesty. "

Retzlav's rattle your brain cells. Then he stammers out the best, what you deliver to him: "My dear General, that you could possibly move? I'm middle of the project. We have started to help the Paking, just yesterday ... "

"Retzlav" interrupts him Rebelkov sharp. "You have your instructions. We need discipline in the military! Do you want to step out of line? They even refuse the order? "

"No way, sir!" Retzlav answer immediately. Rebelkov is satisfied: "Well you see, Alepto goes, there nevertheless."

Now he relies on his caring voice, "Retzlav, I know that you are fit. The small study do you do with the left. Then you have to know, believe me, Helps with your transportation. You can count on me. "

Loyally and responds to the Major: "Yes, sir," although it remains inside a queasy feeling.

The adoption is short, the nausea stays until he dutifully two days later at the Institute of Noktios stands on the mat.

The professor greeted Him even in person. With outstretched arms he falls on him: "Good day, sir ..." He pulled out his comm, "Retz ... lav, Retzlav! Of course. Welcome to our home. "

Meets requirement responds to the Major: "Good morning, sir, may I humbly ask what you intend to do with me? Is it a health check? "

Theo Plus Noktios pulls the corners of the mouth to the top: "In fact, my dear Major. That's what it is. You see, we are already there. "

, Intensive Medical research is' on the front door, a fact that Alepto Retzlav read shiver slightly. The professor continued: "I just quickly repeat the test sheets, I'll be right back. In the meantime, a highly competent colleague looks after you personally. "

So Dr. Noktios of floats away, in his place shortly afterwards enters a somewhat younger doctors with a gleaming white coat through a swinging door of the room. Behind him are two assistants with a stretcher. Dr. Koldrust begins as follows: "Good day, my name is Septimus Koldrust, I'm your doctor. Your routine is standard and is performed several times daily.

I must ask you now to lie down on the stretcher. Some patients experience slight dizziness, but all in all is it, of course, totally safe. "

"Doctor, good morning." Retzlav him trying to pull on his side, after all, he is indeed a major. "Tell me, among us, is that really necessary? That with the stretcher? This is just a small test of physical fitness. "

"But of course. That's it exactly. Initially, however, we do a blood test. Pronounced harmless, especially trained for such people as a major. Your circulation is very sturdy, but exclude any eventuality here ... please: Make yourself comfortable. " Is extremely slow and was told with great unease as does Retzlav Him. He was a life long loyal following orders. Nevertheless: Something is fishy.

"Wuppertal, Wuppertal." His joints are fixed by the extremely nimble in assisting with the stretcher integrated rubber buckles.

Then everything happens very quickly: Koldrust comes with a syringe on him, which is filled with a white liquid. The door opens again and Noktios enters the hall is next door to recognize Rebelkov shortly.

Retzlav screaming in panic, in fear of death: "What makes the Rebelkov here? Help, help! "He runs like crazy on his bonds but it is already too late. The assistants are there to help you keep him firmly in addition wordlessly.

Meanwhile Koldrust seeks a suitable vein in the forearm. Even while he remains silent, not a single wasted word for more conversation.

Retzlav rages mightily, and shakes his fixations. He sags his

spine, as if this might help a bit.

At the same time he screams bloody murder for help, he distorted his sweat-stained face to, but the propofol effect immediately. He feels an unpleasant Reitz, a bitzeln, then it travels up the arm to the heart, he crimped the eyes slowly relaxes inwards, and from there in deep sleep.

Noktios is already on the spot, he laughs and says: "As for waterboarding. All the same monkeys" Then he adds: "He should complain about the jerk. If we're successful he is, after all his junk going on. "

The medical-technical assistant push the sleeping peacefully through the swinging door Retzlav now over in the next room. What's going on here? Cable, technology, computers and monitors. Very little compared to everything about radiant entity in this space. In one corner sits: A robot that Exa class from whose head and trunk cable countless seek outside. Some of them end in a complex reader. Dr. Tilon Abendroth is busy with this.

He completely ignored the stretcher. Its use is so only when the nut has been cracked.

Before the scurrying, the computer monitors. Of pages of information technology, everything is ready. The only thing missing now is the data. But these are precisely pushed in. In the other half of the room an intensive medical operating table is constructed. Simple machines so you need to get to a mammal alive, should break down the natural cycle. At least for a while.

Retzlav is umgebahrt, Noktios Koldrust and make to work. You open his skull. Soon the bare, live large brain is visible.

Seconds later, the technician is also, along with its complicated equipment on site, man  
The procedure begins, the monitors start to flicker wildly.  
Abendroth is the wriggling filigree arms into the tissue.  
Electromagnetic radiation of all stripes run through the brain.  
The user data are drawn.  
Automatically tracks the machine it your way. Tentakelartik  
continue the micro-reading heads the task. They graze the  
still active from the central organ hierarchically.  
The robot is completely quiet, there is no twitching or  
fidgeting, although initial data fill in the form of its causal  
Assembled memory already. Only a few control LED's light up.  
"Now it begins to die," says Noktios and switched to a heart-  
lung machine. "Just keep still a couple of minutes with you  
moron."  
"Abendroth! How far are you?" He asks. "Yeah, looks very  
promising," the answer of the technician. "Works better than  
expected. The flexible nano-write heads are the bringer. "  
"Soon we will have 95%, which should be sufficient, the rest  
we simply render together. This is interpolated. "  
"OK, the display on the primary monitor tells us that now  
more important scrap. The Himtot has been longer than ten  
seconds lag. "  
Shortly after the technician completes: "Well, that's it. I'm  
concerned, you can shut Him now. "  
"Already done" answers Noktios. "I was wasting a single  
milliwatt more here at this funeral. Instead, I congratulate  
you most sincerely for the carriage! "  
He turns to the two wizards: "I'll tell quite simple: Nature is

unbeatable ... in extinction. It is best, since the fed her. "

"There is enough meat eaters here at the Institute. The cleaner and residue free that is done, the better your rating. I expect the full report. "

Nod, the two assistants to pull all the plugs out and move the body. Familiarize yourself with the dead on to the rendering.

(XIV) at Svinenyshs home

There's always aftershocks. Expected but also unexpected. Clearly one or the other student was now hot on it to be photographed with Svinenysh times.

With the older but he is from now a laughing stock. With Sixteen, Seventeen is just too cool for you something.

The group of Margot Rottweil in particular the latter even hates the new school along with stage star is now accompanied by even more.

Nevertheless remain far from assaults. Unless you count stupid grimace rumhüpfen pull and jokes to crack.

Pop success is normally distributed: it all happens very fast downhill. The school day has quickly catchment.

In particular, our three heroes sit for the first time since the memorable gig together again at times inter-regional communication.

It is to fall asleep. Any Eemit holds just a boring lecture on plant cultivation on Wahira. Even Heexio Palk looks as if he has nodded although this may present to the audience Eemits the normal posture. Maybe.

Patchara Petch-a-boon squints hard. She is engrossed in your Comm. Suddenly makes you "Oh!" Henley on the right and left Svinenysh to see over immediately.

"How terrible, Henley, yet another attack on the Paking! Look what's just arrived via tunnel-transport package in Newsweb Tweet.

Henley then burns on the message before Patchara reads: ". To our regret, it is yesterday once again come to a cowardly bomb attack on Paking" Svinenysh's face takes on the guise of



a message in this big O's. He opens his mouth.

"This time it hit the province Sarpsborg ..." "Sarpsborg? Since I was already "Whispers Henley. Svinenysh is now tied up from head to toe, he devours Patchara almost with his eyes. She continues, "is especially tragic that this time the wife of the chief region Eila Lund bards among the eight victims. , This attack is politically motivated," said Eivind Lund bard before he collapsed in grief and shock. He was briefly admitted to a local hospital. Eila Lund Bard leaves an eleven year old daughter, Eevi. This is currently in mental health care. "

"I know!" Henley says, horrified. "I was last year in which the midsummer night. Poor Eevi. How's it going now, just continue? "

Patchara looks at him, Svinenysh bends over the table so that it lies almost horizontally on it. Here, he sees his friend with wide eyes and open mouth.

Henley is outraged: "What is going on over there? Previously there was something before. Why now? The second cowardly attack on the Paking in just ten days. The do what no one yet. "

While listening Patchara Henley you have read the meantime continue. She says: "There, Henley, your father is also mentioned:

, I have a suspicion that all this is the Raah and the conservative arm of the military control there. Unfortunately, we currently have no evidence. We will be vigilant from now on, however, be strengthened and will not tolerate further violence. "This ..."

"Aaaahh, yes good" bubbles between purely Svinenysh.

Patchara takes up the story again:

"This statement was rejected in the strongest terms by the representatives of the armed forces of Her Majesty. They speak of a monstrous aberration. Her spokesman confirmed the same time, General Yuri Petrovich Torg, the incapacity of the rulers of the king instead. Literally:

'It is time that our revered and esteemed Queen also takes on Pak Prime scepter in his hand. The deputy only twiddle your thumbs while people die elsewhere, is the last thing this system needs. "

"Pooh, who is stupid!" Says Svinø and crosses his arms.

Patchara shakes his head. Henley is considering sharp:

"Something is rotten. I must necessarily look around a tunnel Conference endeavor to Indi over. I say just where I want to talk to my parents. "

"Only the stupid with the time difference. You'll answer in 120 minutes, I think. This is more of a monologue than a conversation, but it's the only chance I have. "

"Weis, the one where you have to ask? In the office? "

Patchara shrugs his shoulders. Henley looks around: "If you want you can go with you."

Svinenysh is immediately hooked! He absolutely wants to be there. Do it now. He is happy as a little kid. Patchara calms him, she whispered: "We go in threes, but now only once slowly."

Somehow, in the meantime, the crop department brought forward on the board at the end. A few classmates clap dutifully. The portly Eemit shuffles back to his seat.

Hexio Palk directed to the students: "Sooxo Rrk, was a vivid, XIX, Section. Anyone that may be briefly summarized in two sentences? "Nobody answers.

"Maybe you know Henley? You're always so quiet ... "Henley looks around, but from the other two has not even paying attention. The girl next to him right now he sees for the first time he has been no word exchanged with her.

It begins: "Ööhh, ..." but then buzzed Heexio's Comm. "Well, then, xtr, we make the next hour. Until then, on, xtt, goodbye. "

"Come on, come on the same telephone, video!" Svinenysh is full of energy. He tugs on the sleeve Henley. It is indifferent to him at that moment that he must in the next hour.

His friend calmed him. "All right, gently, I'll go as soon as possible for practical jokes to the office. You calm down! I ask then whether you can go with two. "

Svinø looks questioningly at him for a moment. His whole appearance is a single question mark at this moment. Then he will be delighted shrieks and alive. He says: "Hello correct phew! Just as we do that, Hooray! "

The next time the two best friends, Patchara and Henley, your Ruba again was the big break in the food grasping.

Excited, he wobbles around again already. He looks at you and beckons you wildly in his direction. "So what is the matter now?" Asks Patchara, then they both go quickly to his table.

"Oh Hi, there, look it's important. Here: Trymoo my parents! You want to come with me? Great invitation I command you. "

Patchara Henley and look at each other. None of them had ever been in a house Ruba. "Will be interesting" to think both Patchara respond the fastest: "Really? Thank Svinø. Quite charming. I'm happy and very happy to come! You too? " Henley has expressed an industrious "yes", so it was a done deal. Immediately after the lesson today is home to all three go together Svinenys the Ruba.

Here, at this point it is now mounted above the main means of Indi-Raah system to report:

In the hierarchy below it all starts with the so-called Rocktar. This is a car with retractable wings nanotube. With you on a journey into the geostationary orbit of each planet is possible. Driving and low-flying orbit into them the necessary energy from the high-performance solar modules that are installed beneath the surface of the entire vehicle.

These are so powerful that you generate the energy in the real operation. A bulky energy storage is eliminated. Instead, he weighs just five pounds, falling tendency.

The drive in the air space is realized by simple propeller, you leave them they are retracted and the Ultrosin combustion engine to turn. It is a simple rocket engine.

In the vast number of missing Rocktars the rocket engine, this stripped-Flycas can only be used in airspace or on the ground. A Flyca is by far the most common means of transportation in our two-star system.

The next class are the so-called Spaceturbs.

A Spaceturb is parked in orbit, interplanetary movement means on the one authorized Rocktar can dock.

These are much rarer than the Turb Rocktars, they are only

about 0.001 percent of the population are available. The vast majority falls back on public transport in the interplanetary travel. Space Trains are pretty cheap but a little slower. The purchase of a Spaceturb can only afford a few.

The Kraftstoffbetankung and maintenance of Spaceturbs is in geostationary space ports implemented independently of the Machines Spacebot class.

A Spaceturb has a conventional drive pulse can be accelerated to about 1% light speed, that is 3000 km per second. Each planet in a solar system with you to reach from every other planet out easily.

Deep jets are the largest conventional ships we have. It's Interstellar means of the start of the planetary surface. In the space ports you will be tuned for the deep shot.

They feature a high pulse of the ion-drive class with him and reach up to 20% light speed. However, the Deep Jets have little significance today. Rare Interstellar travel is done solely with the accelerator tunnel.

Further out, the Strange Energy Propulsion Lab, is currently based on the Deepjet telemetry, a new test drive faster than light. So far, unfortunately without any success. Many believe the money could be better invested elsewhere.

So much for travel and transportation. Now back to the story. Our three friends are so quick to arrange meetings prior to the College on the Tar-port, two identical clock in the afternoon.

Henley had to celebrate his schooling to get one of these new-Xpeed Rocktars. Even though he has never mentioned

this yet, it is now ready to learn the others also.

Even coming from a good family diplomat's daughter Patchara Petch-a-boon elicits the sight of the dark gray runabout with his blue racing stripes one happily surprised "Oh-so".

Henley immediately tries to appease, even more so: he is actually really embarrassing.

However, there is something on him from afar, which appears to consist only of two open eyes.

A young Ruba comes running up in the breakneck speed and with wide open eyes and gaping mouth.

In addition, his "Ohhh" and "Aaah" Even from twenty feet away to hear clearly.

The closer he gets the more they increase their delight, right up into a frenzy.

"Wow, oh great, how is this," he says and pulls out a handkerchief. He Wienert the glass cockpit. Then he sniffs around the whole of Rocktar Xpeed class.

Ecstatic, he examined the shiny surface with inset modules. He has divided itself?

Svinenysh is so fast that he almost simultaneously at least three areas examined the piece of jewelry.

Somehow he manages to make sounds even help themselves.

"Manno Manno class, which is my dear! Ho, ho. "

When he starts again vorbeiwuselt at your Patchara Petch-a-boon to the young one-Ruba. "Stop Svinø! Otherwise we'll never get to your house! "

"Oh, hello, but yes, that's right!" Makes Svinø. "Come on then, then!"

Henley opens his vehicle with the Comm. Immediately jump to the double doors. A maximum of four people can carry this elegant vehicle. Here, the seats are parallel but slightly offset to the side back into the wide space to save.

Henley takes pole position, next Patchara. Svinenysh the Ruba celebrates its entry. It is made clear with statesmanlike chest puffed up his seat behind the young prince.

"Thank you for giving me the coordinates have been transmitted Svinø". Henley puts his Comm in the holder provided and presses a button. The navigation computer is so programmed.

They accelerate in the parking lot to automatically extend the nanotubes, fold out the propellers and the Rocktar apart easily, direction Svinenysh's house.

"Opsalla Hooray", makes this. Man who is proud of aufzukreuzen with such a vehicle soon at home.

Soon, the flamboyant brightly colored roofs of Rubville be seen. In this suburb Lyporo's is, as one can guess the name implies, a pure Ruba settlement on the outskirts of the capital Trivy.

Gleaming white houses with rounded corners are down there. The roofs, however, radiate in all colors. Grell from yellow to pink pop, everything is possible.

Even the elders, it is eliminated as is the tradition originated. In fact, almost all houses are provided with your home world as colorful roofs. Maybe you just wanted a uniform canopy of the jungle moon to open up?

Henley is to be elegant Rocktar. Well, better said the Navi-computer did so. The nanotube-wing propeller including a

drive, the last meters to Svinenysh home runs Henleys Xpeed like a normal car.

Some Ruba watch the scene. Some of them smile at each other. It is rare that such a spaceship lands right in your suburb.

But your surprise is much larger than one of them, barely twelve years old, elegant and confident steps off his cockpit. With looks on their faces as you stand now, many of you show with your fingertips on the new hero.

Proud as gasoline goes Svinenysh on his house. It has a bright blue roof, rounded corners rather than kept, the windows are in circular form. Patchara and Henley followed swiftly.

He expresses his comm, jumps on the door, "Come on hinrein" he said proudly to his friends.

So the three entered a house that radiates from head to toe and shiny. It smells as if it had been built yesterday.

Back in the corner potter is someone hard at. A Ruba Wienert and is cleaning the hard staircase, while she trötet well-known melodies.

"Ooh, yes, too bad is it, Abeitsweg got rid of my poor aunt."

Begins the boy Ruba "I can imagine my Ravenosch aunt!"

"Ravenosch Ravenosch," he exclaims. Only now it takes the visitor was. "Dear aunt! We have a visitor. I show Patschala Petschabun and the Indi Henley "

Ravenosch leans back and whips. "India, India? Achohjemine "she says. Then happens something so odd, for men hardly to be processed.

Aunt Ravenosch jumps with a single sentence before Svinenysh in the living room. Then suddenly prances from one



leg to the other and shaking their hands excitedly. At the same time you are grunting and squealing noises.

Henley and Patchara look at first incredulous, then you fall down the jaw. Svinenysh but stands with arms folded in front of his aunt and she looks at her intently.

The two talk on Rubsch, the mother tongue of Ruba. It is an expression language. One dances, grunts and squeaks, the other stands with arms folded in front and stops.

Now Svinenysh's turn. Ravenosch takes the listener position. Svinø squeals and grunts twice as fast as his aunt, he hops from one leg to the other, his arms twitching back and forth. Outraged, he is apparently.

"What's wrong?" Asks Patchara distraught "Svinø, Svinø?".

But your friend sounds off, it gets even harder.

Now both are faced with Ruba and entertain at the same time frantically Rubsch. An incredible scene! These noises. It really reminds of a crowded pigsty. This squealed gibberish. It is apparently the most important information.

Some, for example, Margot Rottweil, found Svinø's performance in inter-regional communication just stupid.

Others laughed destroy itself. Well, when the first of the joke was played, this is now the deadly. It is to throw away what is happening here now in this moment.

Somehow it has also something serious. Sometime in the middle, it's just very loud, Svinenysh raises his arms next to his head and shaking violently. Ravenosch silenced. Then the young Ruba used in German to his aunt.

"Sure you are you a hundred percent?" He asks. She nods.

"OOH what belongs, what is it, my aunt will have them" he

says finally to Henley.

"What she has heard," asks the young prince immediately. It must close after this performance, its very important.

"Heard you had planned on Rebelkov, attacks on the system Paking Indi!" Svinenysh makes this an absolutely official face.

"Even now, he kicked you is you!" Now it is really sad.

Patchara pointed ears. Henley is just about to ask something, but she holds him back. She goes to the former cleaning lady to the General and Her Majesty asked slowly:

"What exactly have you heard then, Ravenosch love"?

The sums referred immediately to the little trust diplomat's daughter. She has learned that integrity with their parents.

Now begins Ravenosch to tell your story.

"I was cleaning at Rebelkov just as many all came. Even Queen Hypatia I was there "

"Then I listen to stuff everything Hypatia and attacks on poor Paking in the system."

"And then Rebelkov put me out on the street. Jemineh Oh! Everything from ohjaa, but now I Hazhlimosh clean here at my brother, very dear. Good. "

All three, Patchara and Henley in particular see themselves at each other knowingly. Was this the reason for the terrible events in the remote system over there? All signs now point out ...

Svinenysh itself recognizes the importance of the testimony, so he asks her: "Sure you're really you, Auntie?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do!" She crosses her arms and tums away offended. Now all is clear: She's telling the truth.

But how much is this worth? Zero! Terminated a cleaning

lady, species Ruba, who do you think? Nobody. This statement directly against the ruler of a two-star system, at a meeting which took place officially never ... what a laugh it would be, and probably arrested as instigator of evil.

Henley, this is clear: It would destroy your life. The only possibility is that he is now active themselves. He just knows it. Even if he still has no idea how.

He takes a deep breath: "I must now necessarily those switching over to get my parents. This is the first time. Hopefully this works, otherwise, yes, then we must think of us something! "

Patchara then goes directly to the still slightly offended to Ravenosch and pushes you.

"Thank you, dear Ravenosch, you did very well said. It remains among us, we promise you. "

Immediately exudes a trained professional cleaning warmly toward you. Everything is forgotten, she was happy as a child.

"Do not worry, we'll take care of everything. Now I have to tell you but first how good you have it done here. "

"Ooh, very simple as that yes, you Svinensyh reported. I also have finely cooked something! Very good Trymoo favorite food. You all come with sapperlot, "

A truly delicious vegetarian specialties, the last beautiful day on earth? Well, soon will change things, it's clear our three heroes. What major changes that go hand in hand, but still nobody can guess at this time.

(XV) Exa Retzlav

"How do you feel?" This question was the first in a new perception of life Alepto Retzlav, or of what it is now.

"Look here: Rebelkov the old jerk" is its metallic response.

The angry "What?" His ever-more bosses to hear the former Retzlav, he is so overwhelmed by his new self and the new parameters.

He can now only once rather rotate its metallic head around its own axis. "Ui, ui," he rattles it. "This new facility."

He moves it like a break-dancer, a circumstance the more Rebelkov Pavel brings up the wall:

"Retzlav" roared the "pull yourself together, man! Give me the names and ranks. "

The addressed Exaklasse robot is now in silence, but can rotate through his wrists. He replies:

"Please sir, Chefchen! I am he was Retzlav, Alepto, Exa Class, Model M1 anthro. Exa Retzlav he is I, sir! Ho ho ho! "

Then collapses the machine goes into power saving position. Tilon Abendroth has logged in via Comm and prompted this action by control command.

"I have to reorient its communication matrix, to fine tune the musculoskeletal system." Proclaim it.

"There is still hope. His behavior is typical. Imagine that some games before: Without breathing, tasting, smelling. They move without muscle power alone, but by the impulse of thought. All the features make up a biological organism are rationalized away in a day. "

Rebelkov shakes his head, the technician continues unmoved: "That's stupid sounds I expected, but what has just now given

of himself is more than I do. These are highly human traits. " Rebelkov now bursting at the collar, "People Like? This is useless junk! He's unable to grasp a single clear thought ... " Theo Noktios Plus, all the while subtly in the background, is expected to help Abendroth:

"I can see the previous result also expandable, just like the guys from the hardware. He has clearly said that he was Alepto Retzlav at least. "

"In addition, he has recognized you immediately, my dear Rebelkov. Were transferred to me, this means that long-term information storage in the causation of the robot. His consciousness, at least one good piece of it has been transported. "

"Hah, because I can only laugh," the general growls derogatory. "Well, how go the heck now? I have a tight schedule. Retzlav, the former I mean, was firmly clamped in my current project. One of the greatest, I would say almost regal importance! "

Dr. Abendroth answers unimpressed: "Well, we will be holding question and answer sessions. Psychologists are very hot on the job. Since Retzlav now needs no more sleep is the whole 24 / 7 "

"There is no problem constantly new Psychodocs herzuschaffen. There's enough of the variety ... "Rebelkov intervenes:" From your talk I've already Abendroth! They have exactly one week! Then there's the decision I served: Hopp, or top "

Abendroth raises his shoulders and your palms facing up. He is expressing no objection to.

"I'm now really more important things to do!" Continues Rebelkov. "We'll see you in seven days" and he turns around and leaves the room.

"I really like you send over a squadron of psychos." Says Theo Plus Noktios the mecha-Tec Tilon Abendroth.

"At the same time, however, I would advise fellow Kolrust to intensify its research. Because I have a feeling that the good old transplant medicine but is less out, as accepted by you ... "

"What are these figures?" Rattles the new Retzlav staring intensely interested in the round Psychologen on the other side of the table.

So stupid they are, so you know this first observation of your counterpart, a robot of Exa-dass to ignore.

"Alepto Retzlav, right?" One of the nameless wonders of the round. "Hah, Hoh, he gasps for air, lol. Same time it must be determined around the corner! Huhuhu. "

"What did he call me? Alepto Retzlav .... Jaahh, that was something. Man over there, look out! "He lets his new machine running the strangest movements. He sings metallic "rooooo, waahah, wuwuw."

The psychology department makes taking notes. They blink violently with your comms. The apparent Hauptmächer this force, a man named Dr. Nebula Wahhsabi directed again addressed the boisterous machine:

"Now you tell us first time of your order sir. I have heard them with the most important tasks are entrusted. "

"Jajaja, boom, boom, boom, that is has voted. The blow us all away! Rebelkovchen has him in charge. But now, today it's

different. Gell Exalein, both of us, we understand. One plus one is one. "He hugged himself or the machine your human self.

Psychologists look at with raised eyebrows. From their faces you can read: This will be a tough nut to crack. A borderline case.

Before you sit neither a person nor a machine rather than an entity that perceives your environment just as a joke. All seriousness is gone. She does not care where they are and who your counterparts are.

It deals with himself, happy and Trolls has absolutely no desire to work and bread.

"The right aunt has since tired" he is the best, "Yes Show, Exalein how nervous she is. Gasping for breath and always nice, lol. "

"Like what? Energy-saving mode, so we press on it again. Try, Try! "Then he collapses.

Dr. Wahhsabi says in the round: "It's the seventh time today ... This self-disconnections are not a good sign."

"Two more days," replied the previously maligned psychologist. "What we say Dr. Abendroth? Great preliminary step look different. "

Nebula Wahhsabi frowns: "We are taking this thing seriously as compared to too little. The only name of the former major sporadically over the lips, excuse me, is the speaker is his old boss. "

"I suggest we take a chance on it. We have collected much useful data. Takes time to evaluate. Then we can deal with it. For work is taken care of. "

"So I'll Tilon Abendroth inform the subject ready for the confrontation is. Psychological side of the possibilities are exhausted. You either needed a lot more time, or do not know what to do with him? That's your problem. "

Two days later enters a heck genetic Rebelkov the same space. "Get him clean, quick, we put it behind us."

Tilon Abendroth pushes a button, a door to the adjoining room opens and looks out, so unusual it sounds like a cheerful, game-ready robot.

No sooner has he seen that the general release trötet "HoHo, his former Chefchen. Oh lala, how sad he looks out of the laundry. Exalein see him in you, who has also looked ever better, hehe, and of which he has, we, he, she, it used to be accepted commands. "

He shakes his survey course. Rebelkov cooks. "Retzlav! This is your last chance! For heaven's sake, pull yourself together at last, otherwise you will be locked up! "

"Wow! Wow! Barked well. Equal bursts Beac your pump combines bursts. My, our sensors indicate a rise in body temperature. Critically, Hohoho, waste, mob. "

The Major General of his Majesty Queen Hypatia, the First, Pavel Rebelkov rises. He looks in turn Tilon Dr. Abendroth and Prof. Dr. Theo Plus Noktios forcefully into the eyes. Then he points his arm towards the metal bucket and growls: "Vex-Grave."



## (XVI) The Video Conference

Since Aunt Ravenosch's speech, the school has become secondary. Henley is the very next day, early in the Secretariat of Hippolyta prank snowed in, as soon as possible to the switching over to get to his home system.

Now it was time. Even his two best friends, he may bring. A fact which pleased him very much. Unfortunately, everything should turn out differently than expected. Of this he has at this time but still no clue.

What he knew is that there must be a record. Even the most urgent responses are obtained only after 120 minutes on average.

It works as follows: The packet is sent to the accelerator ring, where he goes out with a maximum of 60 minutes late. The transmission in the area considerably shortened tunnel will then take about half an hour local time. For the answer from the other side, India is the same. That is in the best of cases it is in just over an hour.

Raring to make our three heroes right at this moment in the conference room. They dart swiftly across the yard over to the Directorate building.

Henley beam "Good thing your doing.'re" Relieved.

"Otherwise I have to sit all alone in there. Also, my mother who is very excited you are. "

"How do you know us?" Asks Patchara Petch-a-boon. Also Svinenysh his head turned towards Henley.

"The transfers to India are extremely expensive and usually only for the government, press or companies. My father told me about it, "says the young diplomat's daughter. Henley

nods:

"Yes, that's right. Somehow it has managed to still my father, that I bring through one SMS per month with 140 characters. But he also told me that these are checked sporadically on military channels to the news. I will pull myself together so ..."

"No clue how this is video conferencing. In any case, because I get to more information. Report to 140 characters in a conspiracy with a time lag of one month is impossible, the more I think about it, the more I realize that the conference is connected with a large question mark. "

Patchara He is encouraging: "We try that now just ..." Yes, "Ow! Always try, now!" Svinenysh chatters in between. He is very excited.

Back at the end of the round is the conference room to recognize. A camera is painted on the door. A strictly conservative dressed woman with short red hair stubble is becoming a communications holding tray in hands.

"Who is it?" Svinø whispers like "look very bad, you do."

He is not mistaken. The lady looks at the three students with a friendly smile.

"Good morning, dear children, my name is Helga Rottweil ..."

Patchara lowers the shoulders. Svinø looks as if he got a bucket of water on his face.

Unfazed, he continues Rottweil wife: "Well, one of you must be the young prince to Henley Westerburg, right?" Henley raises a finger.

"Aha." Says Helga. "And what makes you two doing here?"

Svinenysh draws a question mark pout, he was too surprised

by this unexpected rebuff. Patchara responds little touches:

"Hippolyta hoax has allowed us to be here at this desk."

Helga lady looks at you with pleasure: "This cheeky girl then, is the famous Patchara Petch-a-boon!" Snaps back. "Yes, the lovely Margot has already told me that you have no manners. What do you think you're here talking about them in this way with me? "

"But you asked me but ..."

"Peace, be still! You brat! I want you now time to familiarize yourself with the facts. "

"The young Westerburg get this opportunity only because of the fact that his father held a certain position over at Indi system. Do you know how much effort this causes a message? In no case is there with your pure. "

"The only one who will be there I am, Helga Rottweil, personal assistant to the Major General of Her Majesty the First Hypatia. I'll go with the highest self-talk. "

Patchara's jaw drops down.

"Now to you, Petch-a-boon. Your conduct is unheard of, the nerve! If you have to grumble was: go for it! It's best to go directly to that person Pavel Rebelkov! Tell him I sent you. "

Patchara stands there like a wet poodle. Henley also has no proper answer this time. What to do against these twelve years of rabid fury fifty years? It's a shock.

According to this tongue-lashing, Helga turned to Prince Henley Rottweil in a good mood. "So, if you want to follow me ..."

The two go in, and Patchara Svinenysh the Ruba stay out of your mind back in gear.

No Fifteen minutes later the door is already up again.

Rottweil rattling towards Henley: "For this banal chatter an expensive video conferencing? , Where the weather is nice. I've already met some people 'how touching! "

"You write the behind the ears, boy, I will personally ensure that you never get a line. That you can forget from now! "

Henley responds as follows. It is the best that occurs to him after the defeat: "I am a twelve year old boy. I just wanted to see me that my parents, wife Rottweil. Thank you, that you have looked after me so nice. "

Rottweil looks at him angrily. Then you just snaps: "You're welcome" and swaggers back as the first course, over to the warden's office.

Svinysh pulls a face behind you. He sticks out his tongue and wiggles his hands beside his head. He wanted to put your one leg.

But soon He is also in the mood on the bottom. Like the other two, he shuffles back with head hanging over into the common room next to the cafeteria.

What are your vital information is now worth? It is exasperating. Here people are at stake. Paking innocent. What happens next? An idea has since rapidly.

(XVII) Trip to Vex

What sits there together for an idyll in the canteen?  
Our three heroes put their heads together. In between  
Henley muttering again and again "I have over" and "unique  
opportunity."

Then, from behind, unexpectedly, the following  
announcement: "Excuse me if I ask your forgiveness."

She is startled. Is it a spy? No, other than that everything  
Mikkel Silva is the best of moods behind you. He uses a  
metaphor in the currently popular slang Svinø.

No one had noticed him and yet he is now grinning in front of  
your table, disheveled as ever. Then he says: "I would have  
someone there for you."

"Please what?" Says Henley surprised? "So you want to go  
over to the Indi, do you?"

Mikkel continues: 'I have no idea why and it is solely up to  
you, but I guess your the only three stars for good reason  
together here rumlümmelt conspiratorially in the canteen. If  
then a whisper, I have over 'for me are all eliminated clarities.  
"

Henley wants to answer but just someone else is faster:  
"Small to you!" Babbles Svinenysh "How will you help us?  
Hahaha! Exactly, but it is very important, because you're  
right. "

Henley patting the wrist of the Ruba he suggested him to take  
back to itself. Then something occurs to him:

"Yes it's true actually. I'm over there, what to do. Hmmm,  
Mickel Silva ... What is your uncle again for a living? "

"Exactly, my dear uncle, the Machine City leads on top of the

Vex. Moreover, the good old knows everything and everyone in the entire Nef Raah-Indi system. If you can get across one, it's him. "

The three dissenters look at each other knowingly. Svinenysh is practically on the Vex. Encouraged by this response Mikkel now brings before his true concern:

"To be honest. I's too easy. There are smarter than me, but what are they doing here in Robo-Tec ... because I can learn a lot more with my uncle up. "

"It still takes a while to the tests, which does not matter where we have our knowledge. I'll always come back. Not an issue. "

The young diplomat's daughter strikes a similar tone: "There already is some truth in it. More than just a dream. I could download all the material ourselves. You do not need teachers to learn. We are asking each other off. "

Then she looks over to his colleague species Ruba: "Lieber Svinø, believe me, even so it is perhaps better if you lead at home ..."

Svinenysh explodes visually. He looks as if he has resorted to an electrical outlet. His short purple hair stands upright. They all stare at him now, then begins his fireworks:

"No! NO! Nieeeh alas! Svinenysh the Ruba comes with it! I can also learn how you Comm'll see! Ravensoch dear aunt without just Svinenysh important. With, communicated it in any case! Please, please, Patschala, please, thank you and Mikkel Henley. Yes, indeed! "

The latter two Patschara to see evil. This has immediately feel guilty: "Look Svinø, which is very dangerous ..."

"It is dangerous no matter who want to come help is basta!"  
Plappert the addressee.

All diplomacy is now in vain, is overruled anyway you long ago. She admits defeat: "Well, maybe it's good if you're here. We will always have to laugh a little ... "

Svinø locks on the mouth and eyes, he croaks: "Oooh, you think I joke character? Aahh, Svinenysh harder and faster than you, juhuh! "

Now Patchara completely devastated, she said sheepishly: "You know, I've never meant it. How can you ... "Her eyes are moist.

Svinenysh she immediately takes in his arms: "But wait a powerful! All, we all go with. Four in number, lot so then, from this great! "

Henley moved his hands soothingly: "Sure we fly all four. Patchara is the teacher, I directs the pilot, Svinenysh special projects and Mikkel's communications assistant, to this nebulous prison guards. "

Svinenysh ducks his tongue and claps his hands. Exactly so he would have said it, because if he could.

Now it goes to the preparations. They take him in three minutes. He needs only his Comm. Yes, of completeness, it should be mentioned here that the lotus effect for Ruba clothing on the market. It cleans itself, like the swimsuit that is dry when you climb out of the water.

Only his aunt he has what he's clicking together. No problem. Rubsch a minute and everything is in the bag.

Patchara has to do most. It is still the only one who can muster a compatible Spaceturb in orbit. Because, of

diplomatic relations'.

Of course your father has questions, but these quickly disperse when she explains to the Prince Henley Westenburg also on this, field trip 'will be there. It disguises the whole action as practically harmless school trip.

Henleys racer is soon filled up ready, stowed the protein pills, liquid ready to start synths.

Interplanetary flights can take days. Move easily between the seats of the passengers enough room for a meandering course. This leads to social cab behind. Without going into details like: There are more comfortable, but this setup works.

The next day after school, it's time: All four legs come together at the well-known square in front of the college of applied sciences Alanis.

"Going door, unlocked," cries Svinenysh. Henley presses the button. With a set of jump in the young Ruba. He sits at the back. Mikkel before Him, who nods approvingly. Then Patchara Petch-a-boon, and the very front of the pilot, Henley.

Patchara plugged into the cradle and your Comm programming the on-board computer, to your Turb above the geostationary orbit.

Henley started his Rocktar. Unspectacular as the small Flycas he drives off, then open from the Nanotubeflügel and elegant vehicle lifts off propeller gearboxes.

They spiral up higher and higher. Lyporo of you is small and inconspicuous. Shortly thereafter, the propeller are folded into the wing and this shortened to half the span.



Ultrosin the internal combustion engine in the rear of the machine turns on. Comes with full thrust it towards geostationary Turb Someone parked specific yells "Hello Juhuhu Hoo!"

Since the front it is already visible. Turb-place Lyporo Peta I, the gateway to the capital planet of the system Raah, the flights to be hanged Energy Propulsion Lab and the transfer station for passengers Deepjet.

Unfazed by the atmosphere Henleys Rocktar pursued his way into the middle of the shiny new Stax Turb class.

"Docked in T minus two minutes." Rattling the onboard computer. 180 seconds later you are hardwired to Patcharas Spaceturb. It looks very impressive from what has been a powerful engine because now placed around you.

"Start in T minus 60 seconds" Svinenysh bursting with tension, Mikkell deals rather with his Comm.

Shortly before that time, however, even the cool budding Robo-Tec puts them aside. He knows now it will be yeasty. The Turb starts its engine, the vehicle shot them with the x-times the normal gravitational acceleration. Pressed into its seat Svinø now shows her teeth. Gigantic, to leave at this speed the Trivy.

Time to look around. Aha: Light in the distance, yet unattainable, the Indi. Henley's home system. Behind you, the falling Trivy because, outside the far right: He could be: Tunnel gamma I, the ring accelerator tunnel across the room. Svinø's eyes are moist. To see clearly now the left of the green diamond Raah system, the young Trymoo Lemond, his homeland.

From the water planet, with its super-continent Eerx no trace, wrong direction. Farther out.

We do not want to Vex, inside. This mysterious stone ball without self-rotation, the A side in the fire, the other in the cold of space.

And exactly on the zero meridian to the equator, warm western, eastern cold, dark place called the Machine City, home of the most important and most secure prison, an entire solar system.

Everyone is excited about the complex, the robots and the prisoners. All, except of course Mikkel, the nephew of the Coos, the operator, this strange dropouts Nef Silva. For him it's almost a homecoming.

(XVIII) Nef Silva

"Hach, traveling so pleasant" Svinenysh thinks is amusing with two studs in the ear. He trundles light, while he gently caresses the interior of the stylish Rocktars.

Then suddenly he is startled. He unstoppered themselves, others see him with a question mark on what-now-already-back faces.

Ruba dissolved starts young: "We need names," he screams "important name is missing for vehicle immediately! So always be on Trymoo Ruba's. Suggestions, thank you from going to fast! "With wide eyes he takes his friends into the visor.

Henley answered first: "Again for the record: You want that we invent a name for this little Spaceship "

"Yes, yes, but hey really important," replied the person addressed. "Please release announcement Henley beautiful." "Ooh," groans of "I wish I'd fall so creative ... anyone one of you what?" But Patchara Petch-a-boon and Mikkel Silva only draw eyebrows and shrug their shoulders.

Svinenysh thinks, however, hard to turn a blind eye while he zukneift. Then suddenly he sits on a beam of delight:

"I have it very easy! Name found to be good. Let us do Flitzer Wesley 'fast like this and from Henley. Yes Hooray! "He is happy as a lark and begins eagerly to Wiener.

The other three look at each other knowingly, then says Mikkel only: "So be it."

And so it happens that our heroes are now in place in the road Wesley Henleys Xpeed-Rocktar.

Diligently pursued its course of this. All the planets around

you are gone now. For the Raah shines all the more and also the 0.92 light-years away, India has gained power.

Sometime later, Mikkel is active: "Soon we are in communication range. I mean in the area where one can expect in a reasonable time with an answer. 40 seconds i.e., within a half minutes an answer. That should go. "

"So I then times by ringing me to Vex," he says "at least we need to know how we go down. We can park the Turb above, hmm ... well, we schau'n times. "

Because of the delay time is fifteen minutes later that you go down along with Turb vertical, straight into spacedock I Machine-City North.

Nef maximum self had made it clear that it is far too conspicuous when a Turb moors above the geostationary spacedock Vex I alpha. The fact is mostly empty. Little visit, except via high security transports or loads of discarded mechanical robot Deepjet newcomers.

This direct, ground-based landing is only possible because Patchara Turb has inflated a new class of Stax and the new Xpeed Rocktars are compatible.

During the landing Wesley thus goes vertical position, the drive and the built-Turb Ultrosin engine then softly land the spaceship. This is possible even in a zero-like atmosphere on the Vex.

Mikkel transmits the exact coordinates directly into the navigation computer. This is possible because it has previously authenticated Patchara his Comm.

"Landing process is initiated in T-5 minutes" rattles the onboard computer.

"Well, then the roller coaster ride is now lost," Henley said in his capacity as a pilot. "Strapped to ask you, like we all stare at the ceiling."

First, you continue to race but on the gray surface of the planet. Pabulum, yes, but it is left glistening light, turn right pitch dark.

Then, for the first time to recognize what is new. Lights. A gloomy complex right on the edge. What inhospitable a place. A self-powered island in the desert.

There's enough energy here. It ranges from the system partition to shut down the outside and to maintain the required Biosphere and recycling cycle alive.

We now need to Wesley. Patchara is slightly dizzy but she hides it so well there. From somewhere behind a faint "Oho, so" can be heard.

Only on the monitors for our young heroes to recognize what is going on beneath you. You can see the hangar door that opens up and swallows your vehicle.

Bright light surrounds them now. The door closes on you again. Monitors with red writing "In the cockpit remain" light up all around.

Now, the lobby is again put under pressure. Countless tubes pumping air into the building. Soon, the monitors go green and show "normal atmosphere made" on.

"Situating power to juhu go" barks Svinenysh. But before he did so anchored Henley waits until the landing of fixed ladders on his companions are. Only then he pushes the button.

Svinenysh jumps with a backflip from his seat and landed

safely on the Vexboden.

He rubs his eyes in amazement and shining "on just as easily as on Tymoo Vex here is it. I like it very much you've Vexibobbel "

The other three now climb down without trouble. You enter one after the innermost planet of the system Raah.

Only now you see that there is already someone waiting for you. A dangerous-looking man with a shaven temples, mohawk and wire-rimmed glasses stands in the entrance area.

He is so, so he must be, the mysterious jailer, this strange hermit of the Vex CoO: Nef Silva.

The somber appearance shakes his head: "What are you doing here again?" He asks, his eleven year old nephew, "I was hoping to be rid of you for a while ..."

Mikkel wide grins and says, turning to his friends: "I can imagine: Nef Silva my dear sir unde."

At Henley there is still only Patchara and skepticism times before, he just looks a bit different than the average philistine at the mid-forties. So you would rather see him with suspicious eyes narrowed.

Nef is about to break the ice and push out a greeting, as to him the curious Svinenysh gehoppelt comes in between: "Hem ha hum, how you look!" Says the repellent, his body takes on a slightly hinted flight entertainment. Then he asks sheepishly, "you're dangerous?"

Nef takes young Ruba targeted, clearly surprised, "Holy crap. That I may live to see it: Galactic Svinenysh personally, yes, I've heard a lot about you. "

Three friends looking at each other: How does he know? Oh whatever! Svinenysh but blocks out of his mouth on a completely different reason. Something he has to protest. Nef, in high spirits: "When you go to our prisoners cruelly. The isolation drives all joy from your bodies. Probably why your performance at the highest level has been identified as useful and were incorporated into the TV entertainment package. "

Svinenysh does not have any fear, but he looks aghast Nef on, he wants to just get rid of something, than went to the CoO: "It was the first time I like something like a laugh heard from this block have, at least among those at some point come back out. For the other ... oh just forget it "

Quickly rises Svinø the index finger, shaking it, just like his head: "No, NO, never, now," he blathers "Only Svinenysh, no galaxy! Ruba has no zero-two names, all, many have only one total. Svinenysh the individual who is without Galactic basta! "

Although this finding is extremely important for Svinenysh so Nef does it exactly right: He ignored it. The question why he even knows of its presence, it can also go unanswered.

He turns instead prefer Patchara Petch-a boon to Henley and Prince of Westerburg, "Well, what do we have here for two hops? Nobody comes up here voluntarily, with the least over there. "He points to his wild nephew. "Have you been up to what?"

Instead of replying to view and Patchara Henley uncomfortable. Still, you have taken too little faith in this dark prison guards. Fortunately, you come to the aid Mikkel:

"This is Patchara Petch-a-boon," he began without preamble, "and Henley to Westerborg over from the Indi-system." Thereupon the latter Nef looks closely at times, "Westerburg? Well, there was something that Kill, yes, I remember. Your father was recently here with us?" Henley nods. "Has made me a very patents impression of Westerborg," said Nef continues, "although our government for whatever reasons, different looks." "He wanted to know how we handle it around here. That's right, I'm coming seem that it is more like over there. These rumors Machine City II to keep your prairie moon Exo stubbornly. "

This is the first time that anyone has mentioned from his home Indi moon. Henley was even been there once already. He has visited the arid Andes trotting along with his parents. The dominant species of the world He is also still in your memory. Who could forget? Impressive are the Etto aviation with up to five meters in wingspan. You could easily carry a man, but unfortunately they are still untamed. It is impossible to train these proud birds. In captivity they are quickly absorbed and before you can enslave you rather die. There is therefore no one had succeeded you to train dressage some stupid number, much less than you demote animal transport. So you continue to live independently in the vast steppe. They serve both the long-distance travelers, a trip to another planet is still seen as such, as an attraction; At the same time you decimate your big appetite by the abundant marsupials on the Exo. One could also say they are



the custodians of the countryside of the Andes trot.

Nef continues: "As mentioned I have no idea why they hold our so little about your father. The military will always be strange to us. "

"If I only think it was a crazy bird, they have delivered here three days ago ... I've seen it all, but something like this or is even new to me. "

Mikkel interjects: "Why? What happened? "

Nef Silva looks at him and shakes his head: "With four men's secret police, you have it delivered here. The better the product delivered or has on me, but how can I say, rather taken a very confused, highly schizophrenic impression. I do not think of anyone that does bother them. "

When word gets light Patchara secret police of hearing. For the first time she asks why Nef directly: "Excuse me, but who are you parked here? A person? "

"No," Nef shakes his head. "It was one of those classes anthropomorph Exa robot. He has behaved very strangely. Almost like a child. Probably some cybernetic experiments have been conducted on him down in Lyporo. Even extremely funny. "

The young diplomat's daughter asks, also seems interested Mikkel: "Is it possible that we might see the times you? We have confirmed all but robo-technology, which interests us all, do not you, Mikkel "she's lying. This nods immediately. Nef looks around the room, including the astonished Svinenys. Then he finally says:

"Yes, I'll give you a little guidance so times. But later! A bit of what I'm still in daily business to do. A little manual control

and regulation is needed in this large plant remains. I'll show times until your quarters. "

Then to see our four heroes in anticipation. At the same time you are looking forward to finally being able to pocket the feet austr.

(XIX) Tour through the grave

Now, after the relaxation of Ruba just trying Svinenysh Patchara Petch-a-boon Rubsch teach a little bit. An almost impossible task, although the young diplomat's daughter proves to be extremely docile. Care must be simple at the same time too many nuances. Ruba-the sounds are only passable with a lot of practice to imitate.

Therefore, even Patchara has fast enough. But you already have something else up their sleeve. It rounds up your crew and spread the work plans. Everyone gets this one specially for themselves.

All three, including Svinø snort. So much stuff! Patchara finds the other hand this is still far too little learning material. Fortunately, there's a knock on the door shortly thereafter. Nef Silva stands in front with four yellow helmets in hand. He too has an on.

"So," he asks charged "are you ready for the tour?". Faster than any other person answers given:

"Hello? Yes, very! Losgespurtet gone great. Guidance through the entire yard and house immediately, "he nimbly grabs a helmet. Not a minute later followed by the whole force of the guard skills.

"Your visitor accommodations are just like my job at the center of the plant," he begins. "In the south wing of the prison, in the north are the robots at the potter."

"I would suggest we look only at short times, the cells and then the sheet metal counterparts. To be honest: There are more exciting than the prisoners quarters. "

"Yes that is exactly the point exactly." Is the well-known to us

best, "more interested in me scurrying to create robotic companions, Vallera." An opinion shared by the other. "Deep in the south are the high-security isolation cell. As long-term prisoners are housed. Some forever. It's cruel. Even if the mechs on time after you see they are isolated to one hundred percent. The problems that solve themselves so quickly from alone. "Anyone Svinø except perhaps know what is meant.

You get a massive steel door. Nef Comm holds its front, she jumps up and gives a view of a long corridor with another steel doors left and right. Behind it have to eke out their existence slight occupants. A single ServiceBot can be seen in the back. He ignored the guests, staring instead dutifully iteratively on the service lights on the individual cells, ready reeling off his work program.

"Pooh, how boring is that" there is Svinenysh. Then he quickly becomes impatient: "Quickly, you show us where the what's going on. Bittschön, really thank you! "

"Ok" Nef said, "but we take a different path. The robot must save electricity, we use the conveyor belt. "Once there, the kids notice taken aback that it stands still. Nef jump on it immediately north and whizzes off. Swinging without thinking also Svinenysh with a somersault on the tape, he screams: "Hooray lala swish"

They flit through the building. Where windows are installed can be seen in the West are the Raah carved glistening in the distance. Like a crescent moon as he sticks.

On the opposite side to the east a very different sight. Black night. Only one or the other planet in the system is clearly

visible. Had one more time due to the lack of atmosphere was as a part of the home galaxy, the Milky Way to see well.

Svinenysh like a surfer is on the tape. At the end of the distance he jumps off with a backflip.

Shortly after, are all united again and get on with Nefs leadership, further north in the northern ex-machinery Vex-A.

Nef open a large steel door with that same label. Hey, this is more going on! Svinø immediately makes big eyes.

Shuffling noises, robots of all classes in lively employment.

Some do to tamper with other repair work is likely. Others carry anything through the halls. The next Vienna the floor or cleaning the windows. Everything seems orderly and industrious.

Since the metal journeyman communicate with each other in machine language, it is fairly quiet in the industrial hall, to work on the mechanical noise.

"Yes, as you see there's always something to do for the mob. Even if you have been sorted out at the rear Trivy ago. Most of the credit really make yourself be wired, Tight programs. "

Our gang of four looks around excited. Nef continues: "The intelligence quotient commutes, quite far below."

"I'd say you are as smart as the average house pig."

Then he sees the proud Svinenysh Ruba something morose. Although there is no relationship to the animals as a food serving, so it is visible optical proximity. Such comparisons may be why he bit.

Nef noticed this, he relents: "I have the mistaken. I wanted to say, they are as intelligent as the lapdog of an old lady. "

A faint "pooh" on the part Svinenysh is heard, then he is

happy, everything is forgotten.

"But as promised, we now look at the latest access times together. Located for security later in our stay dysfunctional robot station. "

Eager to do all five, including Nef, on the road.

The special cell is covered with white cloth, the bars in front of the door are made of clear plastic slightly springy.

Cowering in the corner of a normal Exa-bot in the off mode.

"Mmm," murmurs Nef: "I would have guessed it. Off again.

"He takes out his comm, Tippelt something, a control LED flashes back, then jumps to Exa Retzlav and looks around stunned.

He sees all five of its visitors interested. At last, Svinenysh, he supported:

"He is very determined, Exalein, because look at that dance, jump," he exclaims. He then begins a very well known dance we perform.

Now Svinø maximum self is his turn to inspect the robot. He waves his arms pondering:

"Yes, very good you're doing that, but better is always" he is the best. Why a robot is ever on the absurd idea to want to dance is the last that he questioned it. It's the way, period. Exa Retzlav looks at him, pulls out of Ruba's Comm and presses a button. Galactic second!

Everyone knows the tooting, including Nef and Retzlav Silva. This follows, however, what is a novelty, a dance duet Ruba machine.

Svinenysh as the wind swirls in front of the cell twitches significantly. Inside the machine is heated to everything

skillfully. She learns. You croaks: "Hooray, Oppla Exalein, class trallalu"

In the passage above suggests the Ruba, the robot is doing a handstand, life takes the audience speechless. But even a smile flits to one or other of the face.

Shortly after the Spitzengejohle, because where it is quiet again following announcement by Exa Retzlav: "How Exalein, battery low '? Next will continue dancing, glow until the screws. "He turns back twice, then go one's joints, the machine goes into the secured sleep mode.

Patchara typed Petch boon-a-Ruba colleague on the shoulder. He hints at it with two outstretched arms, that he can stop now.

"Until the loss of the mother tongue, until no more juice in it. The author or this is really spectacular. Time to get a supply-bot "Nef beblinzelt his Comm.

Shortly thereafter is this, a common beta-Mech Tec also already there in his arms he holds one of these modern portable Exa-Energy Cells.

Nef is about to open the cell than mucking Patchara.

"Moment, please. We must quickly carry out what, even if it's painful. "

She sees her friend Ruba species strongly on, swallow this:

"What is wrong again now done," he asks fearfully.

The young diplomat's daughter stirs from: "Listen, Svinø. It is better if you go, just for five minutes, around the corner. You could see you outside the plant, maybe you'll even contact with the machine maintenance. The determined look yourself. You can also learn a lot yet. "

"If you stay here you know how your new friend will come off here. It really is better when his dance teacher this time, I'll tell me gently, is invisible. "

'm Sure there are smarter than Svinenysh, yet he is wise in his way. He therefore sees his girlfriend to understanding.

"Ooh yes, I know clearly what you mean well. Yes Svinenysh goes out on field trips, learning is very beautiful. So then going on. Later to the same. "With these well-chosen words, he sets out, out.

The time has come to take care of Exa Retzlav. Nef open the padded cell. Dutifully makes the beta-Mech Tec to work immediately.

He rattles off his close-knit program and replace the old energy cell Rezlav's against the new. "Mission Accomplished" rattles the ServiceBot. Then he makes himself worked out of the dust, over its use in hall.

Nef closes the door. A pair Comm commands later he rises again: Exa Retzlav that Lottie and Lisa.

"Wow, hello. Sause "is his greeting, " Whoa who are you all there Vorndran. You Exalein times: So many visitors. "

Patchara takes the scepter in his hand: "Hi, I'm Patchara Petch-a-boon, that is to Henley Westenburg of ..."

She is interrupted by Retzlav "Westerburg? Hahaha! Boom, crash, pow. That was what "he hoots.

All of the cell before looking at each other. Henley is appalled: "What do you mean?" He asks in disbelief.

The machine now takes him directly targeted, but before he turns once on its axis.

"Whoa that's all fine, how? Westenburg? Ho's long ago,



almost forgotten is the nonsense. Chefchen about command:  
They are killing us all "!

Nef raises his eyebrows to the top: "Your boss? Who is that?  
The secret police? The types that you have delivered? "

Retzlav swings his head from left to right: "secret police, no,  
never. We have only ourselves, eh Exalein, and the new  
freedom. Even we can Rebelkovchen times crosswise juhuh. "  
"You were in the possession of Major General," asks Nef.

"Property" asks the machine, "On the contrary. Zack, I was  
here. Before anyone danced. After his pipe. I think that was  
what ... oh. New, everything shines. "

He is about to drift too far, so hooked on the young  
diplomat's daughter: "Yes, you are very beautiful. A fine  
specimen. Can you explain that again with the Westenburg?  
We are sooo excited. "

Retzlav shaking in Parkinson's disease: "OOOH, it is far much  
nicer than the old stories. Today I dance! Yes, gone to  
Westenburg. Why I forgot. "

"Secret Machine Exo-City, an attack on the pack. All this was a  
foregone conclusion. But now I will show you will do my latest  
moves! "

He turns pirouettes like the skaters and screams while "we  
have Groove!"

Henley wants to know the details: "Now tell me ..." but  
Retzlav is less than enthusiastic. "You mega nuisance," he  
sputters repellent "no more questions! Us, and especially the  
collar Exalein bursts. Come on, dance with dear, philistine.  
Lalala, wohuu. "

Thus, the machine goes back into your own world. Their lives

from hand to mouth, without plan or future.

This makes it impossible now to tease out a bit more information from you. Total denial Währe the only consequence.

Mikkel says in the round: "Lol, is the top! Fortunately, we have everything we need. Rebelkov planning an attack on the Exa Paking with new units on the moon, your screwed together. There's stuff. My Lord! Bad! What we make now? " Nef Silva was previously at Retzlav's designs have faded, now this fair summary of his nephew brings him to swallow.

"Listen, children. This is too hot for the old Nef. I put on any case with the authorities. Not a word I will tell, though my career was assured. Nonsense, but sometimes quite seriously, "

"I did a good job in this madhouse. I'll keep me out. You, little Westerburg ... Yes, I could understand, Henley, if you, well. Maybe ... "

Loud and clear, the young Prince replied: "Maybe not! Definitely! I go over, basta! If only I knew how? Stupid room tunnel! "

His mood is at its lowest ebb, despair huge. Who or what can now help? Only a mirade?

(XX) Njall Linaesu

Sometimes help comes from the corners, the one least expected. The small Mikkel holds his hand to his face, thinking.

Then he sees his uncle telling: "Look, Nef. If I remember correctly, you were visiting some of this voluminous types. The one with the Exoskelet. Do you remember? The one who was too fat to run itself. "

Nef is uncomfortable. Why did not remember exactly on the Mikkel? On the other side: a man like Njall Linaesu impossible ever to forget.

"I remember more," says Mikkel, "he has said he is telematics, transportation supervisor at the tunnel-gamma I ' Finally his uncle reluctantly mumbles: "Yes, I know. Well in fact. The old Njall "He begins to chuckle at.

Three pairs of eyes are directed forward to him. He is in a bind.

"Ok, I'll see what I can do," he says. "But that's it! I risk life and limb! But Linaesu is ... I can trust Him. "

The CoO now turns to Patchara and Henley: "That's a stupid story. Crap! But I'm also glad if I am to go again. I hope you know what I mean. I am a small screw in the gear and that it will continue to run. Come on, let's go to my office. "

Outside the hangar, finally normality. Svinenysh the Vorturner tried diligently to encourage bots to join the supply. With moderate success.

Most ignore him, few look at him with blank eyes. Only a single moving timidly from left to right.

"Pooh, lazy fellows" Svinø says to his friends, and he points to

the bots. One or the other of the group can hardly suppress a smile.

There's more important things to do! Back to the office of the jailer. Quick on the conveyor belt. After all, are crucial to negotiations with a man named Linaesu.

Nef's office exudes a certain comfort, although it is littered with technology. The various components of all bot-classes can be seen, numerous control and monitor a large split-screen TV behind the wall.

"So here we go," he says and sits down in front of his laptop. "Henley times come around," he points to the young prince. Svinenysh immediately jumps on him with a set of Nef but wags his index finger.

"Listen, all here! It is already complicated enough. I want to sell maybe a good one to Westenburg Njall the short time home. When he sees all three of you, he jumps in a square. "Therefore, my request: First of all just me and Henley ok?"

His words have success with weightier expression is Svinenysh pulls back behind the table where the seats.

The accelerator ring is currently favorable 49 million km away in space. Therefore needs an answer almost exactly five and a half minutes. These idle times and accompanied Svinos dance routines are neglected in the following conversation.

"An Ping target person" flashes on the display of the notebook. Henley looks intently. After an eternity, the lights go to green. Henley is verschlägt language:

The subject is on the player fills it completely. A huge worm with shiny butt face sitting in his high spirits, yes, what is it exactly? Throne? In his right hand he holds a hamburger.

He devours him with a single sentence, seconds later, he is the best ". At times, what we have here for an old criminals on the screen"

His eyes wander on to Henley: "Ooh, ooh, you're a kindergarten degree on top of the Vex Nef Silva?"

The jailer runs his mouth to the top: "Njall meal! All the old tunnel on gamma I? Are we slowly at zero-G? "

Apparently white Njall what is meant by that he squeaks angrily: "I will not have. The Magnetic gravity in my office is set constant at 0.05g. Enough! "

"Life is so easy a lot more convenient. If you try it. How much do you have on the Vex? 0.7? "

"0.65 to be exact" answers Nef, "but I'll call for a different reason. You could return something, you know, inject over ... "

"Aaah blows, so the wind" Njall said "yes, but me who is capable of doing? Moreover, in these times ... You must control both points. Entry and exit. "

"Well, for us it is simple: I'm sort tunnel gamma physicist I. No longer there. The trivial daily business, they have simply deported to that old Telemaktiker Njall Linaesu. "

"Over there it's but normal three shifts. Jooh, Nef. My sister is one. What's up now, exactly? But one thing to start with: I want one more beta-Mech Tec. From which one never has enough. "

Nef opens his eyes: "You know what the cost? But of course! All right. "

Then he points to Henley, "because this passenger, Henley Westerburg to ..."

"What's his name is totally sausage" stirred up from Njall and pushes a chocolate bar into his mouth.

Nef continues: "As I said: He wants to stop time briefly to show his two friends over his homeland. Little thing for you, my dear. "

"Aaahrgh" Njall cries: "In five minutes starting at the Terra-talent. I can record the show, but live makes it more fun. "

Nef raises his eyebrows up, "How? ... "

"Well then you bring her on! Throw me to be devoured before. My Comm credentials you've still got? But I insist on my new beta-Mech Tec! Ciao, Nef, Terra-talent, yeah! "

Transfer is now complete on the screen. Henley looks questioningly at Nef. This was slightly shaking his head but he shows a thumbs-Henley top.

Now there is no stopping them. The other three cheer jump around the table. Let's go to the ring accelerator! The ticket is booked over the Indi.

(XXI) Telematics

Relief in every face here in your chambers. Especially Svinenysh all the time humming to himself, "you go over over, ruba-Indian Tralla".

Henley speaks again through the plan with Mikkel: "This is how we do it: You will fly us to the ring accelerator because it is impossible to Wesley to anchor there. Far too obvious. "

"The beta-Mech Tec we stowed in the cargo space in the back, behind the Social cabin. As soon as the pressure lock opens the Rocktar your mission is to bring back here safely. So far everything is clear? "

Patchara Petch-a-boon, listening to the curious looks Mikkel questioningly. How will he react? You need a pilot to a maximum of three can head over to Indi.

But your fear is unfounded because Mikkel says tersely:

"Sure. Give me just one beep when you're back here. "

"When it's happening exactly? Now, now, immediately?

"Someone asks a specific place.

The young diplomat's daughter raised his hands imploringly to the Sky "Svinø, the last time, there are still twelve hours. Tomorrow morning, so to speak, because if there was something here. "

"Real getting used to so easily day and night. Therefore I suggest that we extend only times the limbs. If you have too much energy, I got it a wonderful essay on the cultivation of plants Eemit. Very interesting. I give you happy. "

"Pööh" is the response of Ruba. For a split second he even stretched your tongue out.

Henley has observed the scene muttering, "what is love ..."

Then he yawns and says: "I'm tired go to rest, but before you go again over to the multi microwave. One-minute spaghetti, which I need now. Who will participate? "

Svinenysh stands first on foot, and the other two shortly thereafter. A delicious strengthening, then good night, and tomorrow's is finally happening.

In the departure hall is next to the full tank whiz already present Silva Nef also including a shiny beta-Mech Tec. It's the same had the Exa-Retzlav's battery replaced. Moreover, he looks listless.

"Good Morning Little Rascals" Nef welcomes the children.

"Time for the shutdown." He beblinzelt his Comm.

Immediately the bot goes into safe mode.

This is quickly loaded. It's useful that you can load the new Xpeed Rocktars from outside and inside.

"Situating power losgesperrt! I'm Wespley, juhuh "shouts impatiently Svinenysh full of energy.

Henley, meanwhile, his synchronized with Mikkell's Comm.

"So, this time you're the pilot. All control data are transmitted. "

"Then we try the same times out," he replied, pushing the button. The four doors open. Svinenysh the Ruba puts his head to one side, turns to his eyes and takes precise measurements.

Then he jumps with a rate to its place in the very back standing on its hind legs Wespley. He shouted: "Go therefore then. Done faster is it. Hopp oops, here you go. "

Nef can row and takes him aside instead Henley: "No word on Njall because the real reason. He sometimes moves too fast.



Just say you're making a home visit. The more innocuous the better. He's just in the deepest interior, well, how shall I say, despite all his expertise, a giant baby. "

Henley has no idea what it means Nef but it does not matter. Much more important is that it finally starts.

A short time later, for Svinø it is an eternity, all sitting on your seats. First the pilot. Then, Henley, Patchara and finally, yes, exactly the.

Nef leaves the room. "Decompression" will flash on all sides.

The monitors jump on green, the hangar roof opens.

Nullatmo, impulse drive is required. Ultrosin afford the engines of Wesley including switched-Turb remarkable, slowly, cleanly, he takes off. The first Rocktar with proper names and valuable cargo.

Back to Trivy go. In Geostationary space next to it. Towards the accelerator tunnel gamma I and this heavyweight called telematics Njall Linaesu spoken Linaeschu.

On the ascent from the strong forces acting Graviationsfeld a planet. All passengers are now pressed into your seat.

Patchara is already dim, Svinenysh again shows his brilliant teeth. Although he tries anything to whine, but it come out any noise.

In your control monitors to see them disappear the Vex-Grave. Quickly the interplanetary space is reached. Mikkel enters the target coordinates. Now it goes with travel speed that is 3000 km / s to it.

Kind of depressing, this seems to be bricked Raah in the back. Without change, he shines. But the Vex is quickly smaller. The light blue stain front, which must be the Trivy.

About 5 hours. Each of the passengers are looking for a job. Mikkel studied the technical documentation of Rocktars. Henley is at home with his thoughts. Patchara Petch-a-boon, the information moves to the tunnel area from the onboard computer. Svinenysh the Ruba has two plugs in the ears and wags all ten fingers.

"Communication range" Mikkel murmurs at some time later: "Henley, you take over? The line to Njall Linaesu is at your command. "

"Click" - the switch is. In the monitor, inattentive, a meatball. He runs determines the degree purely an entertainment show. In his right hand he holds a casual hot dog. Presto, disappeared this.

"Ahem," Henley was cautious, "Mr. Linaesu ..." seems to wobble on its monitor, rotate it, the only telematics in his direction. "Ooh, ooh, no. The again, "was his answer irritated: "Degree now. Have you no clock. , Sports Killer 'is on. Husband are the stars. What do all of the 15-minute-fame, lol. "

"I scolded lock O-1-free for you. This is the service entrance. T-ice frost with the latest multi-specialty micro currencies have preferred but I promise is a promise. How could I refuse the good Nef what? And now get out of line! "

"Connection closed" is on Henley's screen but only for a short time, then interrupts Mikkel: "No idea how he managed it, but the docking coordinates are there. I need you to activate only. Telematics has something. "

Mikkel announcement pushes the button, all programs are shut down also Svinos Mukke. He turns his head into the

disturbed air.

"Stop listening all times. In 15 minutes, the docking procedure will begin at the accelerator ring. That means: to pack stuff.

Up ahead we see him already. "

What you actually see are the lights that were mounted at a certain distance around the ring. What an imposing edifice in free space. Too big to capture him in his entirety.

Many more lights, a building if you will, was to recognize the side set back a little. This must be the work of the Telematics Linaesu. Some aim of this tunnel to the ring.

The entry point or the space capsule is nowhere to be seen.

This is further back in space, secured in one place.

Even Henley, who has indeed been used once the room tunnel, sees the administrative complex gamma-I for the first time he had during his first trip to the VIP shuttle directly from the exit point of the capsule taken down to Trivy. A luxury of missing time.

The automatic landing maneuver is already in full swing. The Rocktar dissects into the fixtures. Now slides over all four cockpit that looks something like an organic transparent skin. They are welded with the Spacship. Wespley is now vacuum sealed with the station. From the onboard speakers well-tempered voice drowned out Njalls:

"Hu, everybody. Grab the beta-Mech Tec, then cockpits on, I suck you clean. "

The passengers look at each other questioningly, while Svinenysh sprints behind and took the robot. He holds it tightly.

Mikkel looks around one last time: "say goodbye to time, and

good luck with your mission. I'll make your cockpit to go in three, two, one ... "

Shortly after it pulls Mikkell already on the legs. Patchara cries, while she is gone and the other three, including Bot. An invisible force sucks them into the interior of the station.

## (XXII) Blind Passengers

A white tunnel, a violent sight: Some balls are flying through the air. Svinø clings tightly to the deactivated robot. Shortly thereafter, turns off the vacuum cleaner and all the stowaways to land softly on the tunnel floor, the little springs, another just before a lock.

Time to collect: Ruba Svinenysh the shakes. Something is different here, boing boing boing. He bounces up and down the tube. Then he lays aside the Mech-Tec and runs the tunnel inner wall up and down.

Well, at 0.05 G is quite feasible. A green light flashes on the lock, not ten seconds later it goes on.

What was so incredible to see then is the Svinø plopped down from the ceiling. He goes to his mouth open and gaping eyes Njall Linaesu.

He stares at him and gurgled: "Have you're too fat" Annoyed Njall rolls her eyes and replies:

"Yes, I am perhaps a little full, but you're Svinenysh Galactic!"

With these words, he holds his right in front of the astonished Ruba Comm. He is to see to hear Galactic.

"As you look, what? 79.2 trillion clicks. Two weeks ago, was Galactic Dance 'even 16 hours and 23 minutes # 1 on ITV.net. Today's still enough to place 12 943 - even that is inaccessible to mere mortals. "

Instead of protesting Svinø looks with interest to the large numbers. It looks almost like him than the idea of Ruba first two ... oh just forget it

So why did the Nef Vex know. Any classmate had the memorable scene have incorporated into inter-regional

communication and online.

Back to the here and now. Njall activates the beta-Mech Tec via Comm. Immediately moves out of her arms and legs. He wobbles concern, then less. Its matrix was designed in just five seconds on the new gravitational parameters. His feet also magnetized.

Njall He gives the following verbal instructions work: "Well, mate. You're doing the same times over to 72nd Junction There, you take care of the cooling system, understand? " Dutifully rattles the machine, "Very well" and continues in motion. After 5 m was already closing. Although she tried desperately to get past Njall, but this was impossible. Njall also appears to be ticklish.

After eight unsuccessful attempts to rattle the bot: "Excuse me, the way is blocked. What should I do? Awaiting orders. " "But you're picky," replies the Telematics. "Then you just wait until the course is free, all right?"

"Very good," rattle the bot "You come with the same" Linaesu grumbles about the children.

What happens now is hard to put into words. Somehow Njall shortened his spine while he scrapes with the hands and feet at the tunnel wall. Then he did it in the tunnel turn. Well, considering that he is as wide as high, it gets even somewhat understandable.

The colossus is in motion. Like a potato critters grab his finger on the tunnel wall. His frog-like legs to push off of it.

Now the most unusual: No sooner is the inertial mass in motion sees his movements almost elegant way out.

Sometime later, he almost flies through the tunnel. He makes

only minor corrective movements with the fingertips and toes.

The children have trouble to follow Him. Patchara tried to run, which is a mistake. Svinø before it makes you: It is better to push off and swim to speak. Shortly afterwards it had all three on it, and they follow fast in front of you towards this strange amoeba's office.

"Hello Hooray" says one. He overtook the other, shortly after popping it in the rear part of Njall Linaesu. He bounces back and some little shakes his head in confusion. You are here: , Telematics - Linaesu 'is visible on the door, there is now reached Njall on his throne inside.

"Oh lala, where where telematics" says Svinø overweight and is the first of the three heroes into the office.

Office? Entertainment more luxury kitchen. The latest multi-microphones are stacked. Special designs for sweet and sour? Or simply watch multiple warm up?

Man, one minute per dish should be enough but usually. A botel back in the corner looks intently at his master. This raises a Digipad now in his direction.

Immediately makes itself away from the hard-working assistants. "Now it takes forever again" Njall mutters to himself.

Patchara takes a look at the pad. A hamburger and fries is to recognize it. In addition, colored sugar showers.

The robot was already back. He opens two multi-wave ovens, puts into the food and pushes the button. Then he passes the open-Cola at the Telematics. Glug, glug. Half is already gone. Bing 'The minute dishes are done. Zack, you also end up in his

hands. The robot sets off on his corner, to the charging station. Njall it can be tasted.

Patchara now shakes his head slightly. She said as diplomatically as possible, "Mr. Linaesu, technology today can do so much more than just hot food ..."

"Wuuu?" Linaesu makes between fries and burgers. Carefully drive the young daughter away from a good family: "Down in Lyporo's intensive care but the institution of your Majesty in person. Stomach stapling thousands yet to be done. "

Njall looking in your direction, while wiping his mouth, Zwischenmalzeit ended.

Determined is something at which he told Patchara to be annoyed now without any trace its history:

"Yes, I was there. When a man named Koldrust. The told me the same thing. I was ready for. First, the balloon, without success. My stomach has doubled in volume "

Patchara Henley and look at each other. Njall continues:

"After the surgery, stomach stapling. Unfortunately, I grew a new once again. The doctors were baffled. They blamed it on the almost zero gravity up here. "

"Before the second surgery, they studied only once the result and said she eventually. During the damages from the now larger than the benefits. Therefore you have left it. Since then, yes, it's just incredibly delicious. I eat just simply happy. Could do this all day long, because if there was something up here. "

"But now it's over! I hold my weight. Up here, I weigh 20 pounds, Ideal Weight. "

Patchara pulls the brow, and Henley shrugs his shoulders



helplessly. Svinenysh of Ruba's gone underground, he looks much better the whole game and entertainment technology with great interest.

Njall is also inattentive. It runs just a show suspiciously similar to the Terra-pure talent.

Before he fully grasps Henley wegdöst now the word: "Tell me Mr. Linaesu: Are you here alone? Where did all the physicists? "

Henley had little inkling that he had spoken to the favorite theme of thicknesses. He winks at his screen to black and turns to his audience:

"Physicist? Never heard! What is it? No, of which no one is here for a long time. That should keep the little bit of good old Njall going. Are deducted all out for Strange Energy Propulsion Lab. "

"Excuse me, please what?" Asks the young prince. "Well, the tinker around at warp drive." Njall answered.

"Without any success, I might add. When a warp will be times he needs just strange energy, ie, those with negative density. "

"My Lord, what exactly should be frittered money. This is a grave billion. No benefit to date. Here the old space tunnel that can keep this under qualified telematics going. "He shakes his head misunderstood.

Patchara is now a little sad. She sympathizes with the poor Njall, he was a good guy. Well, it probably also has compassion for his other problem. Resolutely continued the tunnel engineer:

"But that's what I do too! Along with my love bots I think that

everything here in order. Mess that I got approved only 200th Ok, with Nef's Help's are now 250, still far too few. The tunnel works. About Fast light travel? A childish illusion, if you ask me. "

Yes, the physics: in addition to the meal, it is his favorite subject. Henley would have only known. However, he comes from one subject.

"Big Bang! ? Weis one of you why you prefer this scheme, huh

"He looks around: Svinenysh already playing.

"Well, they are hoping for properties. Place, space, time: inconceivable without Big Bang. At steady state all fall away. Of course, Big Bang is just as wrong. "

Patchara Henley nudges and points over to the network console. Curious to sneak there. Finally back online. Unfazed, he continues Njall:

"Now they have it wobble. Out of desperation, I would think. So is your model, steady-state total in his Eigenschaftlosigkeit. The generic term is clear. That's the beauty. Over there he stands around and stares impassively in the area. His colleagues knew it burned one hundred percent sure. All issues resolved. "

"Oh yes, the key word is permanent," he sighs, finally, without an audience.

He looks around: Patchara Henley and fight each holographic. You flail wildly in front of your screens. Svinø zockt Ultra jumper. Ground, what is it? Ask his feet.

Therefore wishes Njall, as so often, even good appetite and keeps his pad again towards a delicious dessert this time but is to see it.

Each session is drawing entertainment to an end sometime and even here in the cozy office giant baby, this is so. The reality, the mission has a higher priority.

Henley asks why the happy-clown Telematics ends sometime in passing:

"Mr. Linaesu when you go really wrong?"

"Brrwooooh," was his reply "oh, yes, so that finally stops' meanness."

"Yes, I answer my sister Andra have received. It has the third shift early indicators morning local time, ie The gloves are for you in seven hours. "

"Over there is the meeting room. Although there never held any. A couple of blankets are in there too. It sleeps well at 0.05g. Good night. "

He leans back in his throne, this immediately runs into an optimal ergonomic sleeping position.

Henley looks around. He also looks into two pairs of sleepy eyes. With his hand he waved toward the next room. Not five minutes later, our three heroes have fallen asleep.

Njall you would probably do what most good. Whether this has been achieved with the tone, Galactic 'remains doubtful.

Even the Svinenysh Ruba proposes five times on his ears.

Now it has come: The waiting room tunnel. The children eagerly enter the office of the supervisor. This casually leaning back in his chair, a sweet omelet in one hand and a latte in the other.

Between bites, he mutters: "Get out, I blow you back. Did the circuit switched. Andra and greets me nicely. Tell her your jam is the bringer. Bye Bye. "

Henley asks: "We still have to be weighed. Exactly to the gram. "

"Hääh?" Grunts Linaesu "which, yes, of course, is fully automated from the start. Belly move brings little. Do not worry, I got you on the monitor to do is tell you what.

Anything else? "

Henley and Svinenysh itself has no more questions, but says Patchara Petch-a-boon, "Yes. Thank you for your help Njall! " This comment has effect: Happy smiling now sits the giant in his chair. It even appears that he was a little red.

Zack. Again the tunnel. Now it must go soon ... Whoosh! Patchara cries out, get rid of swirl. The path is specified, unlocked.

After some back and forth, you now need to be in power next to the accelerator tunnel. No more branches, only an endlessly long, straight course. One has the impression as if he is a thousandth of a degree turns inward.

Svinenysh flies the fastest. As with the plunge, he stretches his hands before him. The Optimum streamlined shape.

Ok, every now and then he makes a back flip, but just so the others can catch up with him. After another ten minutes ebbing away from the air stream. They land, what wonders closed before another door.

Tunnel Gamma I expense (inorganic) is to read it. At the same Njalls baritone sounds. "Please stand up. Before the door is balanced. In Green: go. "

After this procedure, she is finally seeing: The transport capsule. Shiny, bright polished them hanging there, only the top mounted on the ceiling. It is the transport device out into

the room right next to the collision of the beams.

Patchara is queasy. Henley's any consolation, although he has no recollection of the actual journey. It gets in and gets out of film cracking, man.

Done away with "Losgesperrt, the whole: very different but Svinenysh without seeing any danger he trötet. Go on, juhoo!"

As if this is part of the tunnel engineer's last announcement: "OK, I'll open now. Then end the communication. I slide out of the capsule and initiate the beam. If you were to survive it: See you soon".

"Remember: In me all over. Even Queen Hypatia I personally."

Whoosh, the capsule will pop open. Zack is already gone Svinenysh. Henley then a picture of misery in the form of a boon-Petch Patchara in her arms.

The interior of the capsule transport, the spaceship if you will, is spartan. The only electronics on board consists of the door opening device and the sterile interior lighting. If something goes wrong here from the outside: Game Over.

A Wiggling you drive off. Window without so bad. A final grinding noise. Now, the transporter must have released and floating free in space capsule.

Film cracking.

(XXIII) In the new world

Well, what's going on here? No idea. Our heroes look at each other. Svinenysh rubs his cheeks. Patchara flies around in a corner. Even Henley, who had used the tunnel space once already, is based on the hand on the wall.

"Brrrr" Svinenysh gurgles confused than they already were hanging on hooks transport tunnel gamma II. "What was that?" He asked helplessly. Patchara snorts with your pads, and is keeping a hand to his forehead. A meaningful response. Soon you will be greeted by Njalls sister. Everyone was excited about your appearance. If something in the family? Wosch! The capsule is opened. Whining noises immediately penetrate into the interior. All look around scared. Is something broken?

No, everything is ok. Before the cabin look in the face of a happy jolly gypsy with pitch black hair. If you could just stop with the yelling.

"Dragoste, Telefono," she croaks in the crookedest tones. In between, she shook the hands of three children, and suggests you to come along. Waving her arms above her dances. Andra Linaesu must originally come from the other side and spring from an old Raah nomadic tribe. It is practically the opposite of a Paking. They probably emigrated with her husband. Almost impossible for ordinary citizens, but possible in a direct relationship Njall Linaesu.

She is petite thin, but has a spherical abdomen. Later it becomes clear why, first time back to Svinenysh and his weighty concerns:

"Ausgekrischt stop immediately! Closing off, silence must be

found. "Grab it in your direction.

Andra Linaesu then actually stops your lovely singing. After the "Pooh" says the young Ruba:

"Terrible, terrible that is really bad. If you already have that here to make you sing! "He expresses his Comm. Galactic is going on.

Njalls sister listens to exactly five seconds, then pulls frowned contemptuously, and then twice more loudly humming your gypsy love songs. Svinos Comm is simply drowned out. It is honestly horrible.

Been held with the children follow your ears. Oh yes: When the pimp himself Svinenysh Ruba's ears, then this is an indicator of absolute atrocity.

Fortunately, your office is soon reached. It is one of several telematics-rooms, which are all closed, because of shift work. Their realm is the exact opposite of your brother over there in Raah system. It looks here in addition to the monitoring technology, such as in a witch's kitchen. Hundred years old. It's more of a caboose as a workplace.

Everywhere onions, fresh vegetables and salad. Very high-fiber diet. So that's the pot belly.

At least you stopped in here. Curious looks at the three newcomers, saying: "So dear children. Now you get only once a hearty soup"

While you are all hungry, but what is this potion? Eggs, onions, tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, garlic and so on, all cooked together.

Shortly thereafter, Henley and Svinenysh sprinting around the corner. Patchara has no problems, the contrary: it is pretty

lax. Well, who knows the truly oriental dishes ... what is there already a little gypsy soup it?

Andra bouncy warbles in the Omaküche your favorite melodies. It is all about love songs. Since the children have the desire as soon as possible to get down to Syntari Patchara begins diplomatic conversation:

"Dear Mrs. Linaesu determined but you have to worry too look around the tunnel mode? There's still much to do, right?"

Andra Linaesu interrupts your cleaning action and will only answer: "Oh, that No, send me over Njall macros. Running properly. With one click, the transfer to the bots. "

Patchara she looks at her in amazement.

"Even my colleagues from snow and purely just before shift change and want a few tips from me. Funny: My onion soup, they may be less ... "

"Yes, it's true, I've really no idea of telematics. One could also say I have no information of Ahnik Tung. "

The children make a hääh?-Face. Andra Linaesu seems to like her wit. Good mood She continues:

"Here, let me show you again. B13c maintenance team must control the induction Junction 762alpha. "You beblinzelt your Comm exactly one time Njalls macro starts running, there are frantic action on screen to detect.

"Well, done, so" sings Andra and sets about cleaning up further.

The young diplomat's daughter asks: "At the end of service, what will happen to us? Bring us down to Lyporo? We just have to go there. "



It reaches its telematics division Gypsy Comm whereupon the kitchen technician replied: "Oh-so, ho-ho, classy planer. Regent Allee 1 Hu elegant. "Throws out the black hairs on the back.

"Yes I'll bring it right down. My Rocktar commutes but usually only between here and home. Among these darn complicated programming. Are over the government quarter's degree three kilometers, the müsstet your jump then ... "A statement that certain someone called the plan:

"We are hopping jumping?" Svinenysh asks incredulously. "As the only concern should all be possible?"

Andra smiles in his direction: "My husband has a sporting goods store. You borrow a couple of yo-jumper. But look at this your sending them back. "She looks over at Henley. This joyful laughs and says "it is clear!"

The young prince sees his friends. They have no idea what it is this footwear. You look helplessly at him. Apparently, the only jumping boots on the Pak Prime all the rage.

All three are now in a spirit of optimism. Andra stirred meanwhile, a new toxic compound. There was some weird looking vegetable paste for breakfast tomorrow. Then you still blinks fast a few of Njalls multi macros, or modify, in which case your screen come alive. With a few dicks it has activated its routine maintenance.

This is nested so intelligent, that can be baggy even Andras highly qualified colleagues with just the ears. Yes, you Andra is estimated for several reasons:

She is no competition keeps out of everything out there and if you praise your soup, you even get access to Njalls hacks.

Today, she breaks unusually early from the tents, twenty minutes before shift change. This is necessary because the dear colleagues to show up to a quarter of an hour earlier just to acquire the latest technology Linaesu. This is so good that you spoon up even now and then a gypsy soup.

(XXIV) Jo-Syntari

Quick Rocktar docking platform for the employees of the tunnel Gamma II is reached. Andra will connect to Comm board with the electronics and squints one time knew exactly when it's your vehicle, such as on invisible rails, he goes down to Syntari, the capital of the Pak Prime. Henley's home port. Curious and peeps at the same time overweight Svinenysh the Ruba from his cockpit. What he knew was not so much that it may well be that he is the first of its kind that has ever put his foot in Indi system.

The more one ponders it ... Yes. Why should one take a cheap cleaning power over to the new world? Unless the time for the deep shot missions. One thing is certain: In any case, he is the first tunnel travelers of his species, though highly unofficial.

Andras Rocktar goes to glide. The dawn begins. The shining city lies at your feet. The aircraft joins a chain of other one of the evening rush hour. Among you splendid streets and boulevards.

The Rocktar pans right to land. A house is particularly striking, it's pretty neon. , Linaesu Sports' flashes in every color. So this is the fun sport shop by Andras man

Svinenysh jumps out first, and considered the business with big eyes. 'Here's the original Jo's is' obvious.

All four entered the store. A bell announces this in indoors.

But instead of her husband Andras rattles off an obviously older bot: "Welcome dear customers ... what's that for one?" He looks toward Svinenysh, its CPU-matrix glows, he shakes his head slightly, "when Linaesu sport."

"All our products are backed by artificial DNA. Are you able to leave the store without prejudice so we make you trace until we pin down. We are still not escaped unscathed. In all other cases: Welcome! Yes, but here's the latest hand-signed jumper pro-x. "

Andra is for the children: "It seems like my dear husband is once again on home visits. Terribly spoiled these rascals of the nouveau riche. They're too stupid to take care of yourself to your jumper. "

"Let me introduce our good old Bot Alpha-Mech Tec class. He holds the position here. Even if he sometimes forgets to charge itself: the benefits outweigh. Oh, and luckily there's you! "No emotion in robots.

Patchara looks around. Among other unusual sporting goods are actually too: The ominous Jo-jumper. There are simple jumping boots with a spring below it. With a little imagination, see this from normal mode as a J, it jumps back to you as it is more or less a small o.

"These three gentlemen here, my dear Botty" Andra points to the children "are our latest beta testers. Take a pair of three for you finish. "

"Very good," rattled the addressed. Henley and Patchara are cared for quickly, then Svinenysh's turn. The Ruba on big feet. At least now this is worth a mention, because the poor bot almost desperate.

All boots are too small. Finally, he digs up from the bottom, the final package with the largest size produced. With difficulty, he went over the foot and ankle of the alien. But then it fits like a glove. It almost looks as if running Svinos

apparatus adapts flexibly to the shaft.

He looks around: there is certainly Henley, now 30 cm higher. Patchara wobbles suspect, but after all, you already upright without holding on. Svinenysh is already one with his new boots. Ready to leave.

Botty further rattle: "In this new prototype is it's the latest spring geometry. Nanotechnology is the finest processed in your. On the side of the boot Spring are three buttons. Running, sports and endurance mode. By default, when shipped, they are currently on going. "

"Sport is pressed quickly," shouted Svinenysh between and starts jumping up faster and higher. Soon he was juggling or bouncing on the ceiling. He quickly loses control. "Waaah" he roars between each jump.

Botty is on the spot. He jumps at the Ruba, pulls him from the feet and ends up with him along the corridor. He quickly pressed the run button.

Svinenysh shakes and shakes himself. Then he struggles to his feet. He braced his hand on the nearest shelf. "Energy too brutal," he finally stammered.

His audience is between laughing and crying. Patchara said only: "And with these things we should skipping two miles?" "Outside it's better," Henley replied, "will see". He goes on Anda and thanked: "You know what, I'll buy three! Your credits are in the account tomorrow. Thank you for your help. If I can even do something good, let me know. "

Only the young diplomat's daughter thinks a little further, she goes on to Andra and asks: "Are you gave me your Comm's number? Because I have a feeling that this might sometimes

be important. Also, I could tell you then send over recipes from the country of the rising sun. "

Both had reasons for Andra hands and feet, so this was clarified. They also would have helped the children in each case.

Patchara thanks, but you know that you have thus created a wire into the home. A combination of all authority over. A secret channel Andra Njall-Nef Mikkell and home to the Petch-a-boons.

Svinenysh the incident just been forgotten, hobbles out first. Higher and higher he bounces around, somewhere. Henley must intervene, "you know where to go?"

"? Soo wu, hääh" addressed the question between each jump, then the Enlightenment: "Aah, right, yes. As you first! " He calmed down, Henley sets off slowly, then Patchara Svinenysh and lastly. Henley looks around. With a grim face behind him his best friend. Amazing how quickly you learn to jump. Not three minutes later, you already have the hang of it.

"Time for a shortcut," Henley calls and turns into a backyard. "Now there's course!"

Zack over garbage cans and parked between Flycas's go over a fence. Svinenysh now makes art jumps, holds suspect Patchara as good.

"Watching people back there is this stupid yapper, but it is the shortest path ..." Henley jumps to the next plot.

"Wow arrrh rrrrowwa uu!" Immediately comes the poison mushroom shot. "Oh no!" Screams Henley "he has given a boost."

A second, more toxic journeyman rushes frantically out of his hut. The barkers are so stupid, so you immediately pick out the weakest link!

Both are now pursuing Patchara, whenever you end up trying to fight both skein pack. Knapp's is in a panic, you start to cry. Bad, the only incites the the crazy pair even more.

But Svinenysh is on the spot. From the nearest tree, he plucked a fruit slushy. Zack in the face of an attacker. The citrus bullet bursts, whining to make the hit of Dannen. Appear to contain much acid, some fruits here on Pak Prime. The second beast is out of control. He blocked the way Patchara. This haphazard jumps up and down, no bite abzubekommen single goal.

Svinenysh observed, then he takes precise measurements and jumps him from behind on his tail. The claimant howls terribly beaten and goes off to lick his backside in his stall in the last corner.

Finally, the young diplomat's daughter Henley follow in his direction. In this secondary courtyard jumps so high it goes on and on and what's over there trying mitzubekommen going on. Relieved, he notes that now follow both unharmed.

"Was something wrong?" He asks in the round. His best friend there is no mistake, the answer is ready: "No, what should it be? Let's go, go on! Or do you live here, little prince?"

"

So the trio hops briskly towards further Regent Avenue 1, Svinenysh now calls between each jump "Jo Syntari!" Or something similar.

The environment will open. Free park-like areas are the flying

children. In the distance, already an imposing building is visible. Henley's home.

Patchara is impressed, but it cleverly hidden. The rear entrance is reached soon. Henley indicated by his friends to convert to running, after a few somersaults Svinenysh does so well, with a slight murmur.

Only specially authenticated visitors have access to those upscale home to Westerburg. So no problem for Henley. The stow three jumpers in your backpack and put on your normal footwear. Henley then holds his Comm across goal and our three heroes are entering.



(XXV) Pow-wow MOW-I

"Peng! Pow! "Alertly Patchara jumps behind a tree. Svinenysh expressed as flat as a flounder on the lawn.

Henley yells: "Stop, stop Opa Willi's Henley I am!"

"He's over there on the Trivy you liar!" Another shot "Pang!".

Can "Grandpa Willy stop it!" Henley now roars as loud as he.

"Who are you?" Riuft the attacker "go out, show yourself you coward and hands above your head!"

Henley is doing as he was told and walked a few meters in the direction of the shots.

"Well, as you are so small you could try almost ... Come forth, my eyes were sometimes even better ..."

Outside the back entrance of the building, an old man with smoking gun. He has many years under his belt, but looks wiry and had, in spite of the show just moves too kindly in the face. Under his white hair, two eyes were squinting intently towards Henley.

Finally recognizes young janitor William Rechtenwerck Prince.

"Devil again, Henley! Where did you come from?" He asks sheepishly.

Meanwhile, pulls himself back on the Svinenysh Ruba, also Patchara Petch-a-boon carefully peeks out from behind your tree.

"I'll leave" giddy Henley. "Good to see that everything is the same."

Good mood, he tells his friends behind him: "May I introduce you, our dear caretaker Rechtenwerck Willi, Willi called grandpa."

Well-being is different. Both have spoken to, instead, you love

Güte'-faces mounted.

"Ah, hm, so see that the people over there from the old world, eh? Since we have so little to fear." Patchara smiles helplessly. Opa Willi now turns directly to Svinenysh: "Who are you?"

Svinø throws himself into bowl and proclaims that: "Am I Svinenysh Gal ... am I Svinenysh! You are master budget Henley boom, pow? "

"Hää?" Grandpa Willy does not understand. "Ruba colleague talked a bit twisted, Willi." Henley responds quickly, "But he is otherwise completely normal."

"My parents are there?" He asked further.

"No, that's why I'm so nervous," replied the hard-working caretaker "Ratia is on some Levi's Representative Congress and at the top Paking. Comes with pure. Because talking is better. "

Inside the cozy craft booth is precise, the janitor, he asks directly. "So why exactly are you here, Henley?"

Reluctantly, he replied: "Well, I would need to talk with my father. Personally! Although we are unmolested out of school, start over because fortunately soon spring vacation, even if it is late summer here, but if my signature is found Comm ... Sure I can take another. But how is the security for the target device to trick? "

"If my father is in the Paking, then I need as quickly as possible then. This is the best. What about the fleet? Even a flying base is there, or just scrap this old heap? "

"? What do you mean" Willi asks angrily: "The old seagull flies like an angel! At least this is still good old real handmade fly!

"Henley pulls a face.

"I'll fly up, if you will. Trifle. "

Opa Willi tinkering for ages in his stead, Seagull 'I MOW-rum. One of the last old-type aircraft, before the time of the first visitors from the Raah and your Flycas.

Since there is no conventional fuel to buy more, he admits to filling the empty surrounding pharmacies or any fuel burns itself substitutes for alcohol.

The start is a sensation, less because of the blue smoke, but rather because of the fact that I actually MOW eventually takes off. The sprawling lawn behind the estate ranges from just this. Some trees in the northwest rear look as though beheaded.

"What do you mean" Henley asks the group. "Oh yes, flying, jet," says Svinenysh immediately without trace of a threat to discover. Patchara lowers her head and shaking him slightly. Opa Willi has even more in store: "Desperate Times. Largely because of this Torg Yuri Petrovich, the military spokesman of Her Majesty. What a Rottweiler, this General. They should leave us alone! "

"Well, whatever the case. My Seagull is perhaps old as the hills, but I'm technically weapons up to date! Here, I am armed, have the latest series of gun fire there. "

He gouts over to an old secretary and pulls out some of these self-loading pistols. Henley grabs one and puts them on. The ammunition is elegant, flattering and very hard to distinguish from a normal to a belt holder Comm.

The fully automatic rapid-fire silenced handgun itself is extremely lightweight and fits comfortably in your hand.

Amazing what modern mechanics is capable of.

"This is excellent ballistics," Willi says proudly. "I'll give you three pair for emergencies! Woe unto you play around with it! The hollow-point bullets on the belt last for several thousand rounds! "

"Are hundreds of cartridges. On the side to set the speed. If you're careless, you empty the magazine fired in a second. "

"The ammo itself is extremely toxic. Hydra-Shok heads with lead Dorn, perfect mushrooming with maximum impact.

"Patchara flinches, her stomach turns around. Does the serious?

"Be glad I have you greeted with my old gun, but who wants to like a corpse in the backyard."

Opa Willi laughs out loud, but the children ..., especially Patchara has a very queasy feeling in my stomach. Her is more than the others realize that they are on any vacation trip.

Only in an absolute emergency, you would be willing to explain these monsters to create a weapon.

"Now's then on to the next shock" you muttering to himself, as the troops marched into an old warehouse.

Oh no, over there you is yes: MOW-I, a true museum piece.

"What an amazing sight!" Grandpa Willis is immediately comment.

He goes to a dusty chest and digs out some old-fashioned spectades. "As co-pilot: Here are your glasses. My quick gull of course, has a cockpit, but it takes sometimes. Particularly at cruising speed. "

Patchara snorts through the baking, but does so just as you

were called. Henley itself has set up a questioning glance.

Only the adventurous Svinenysh with fervor here.

Opa Willi climbs behind the wheel, Svinø jumps from zero to place next to the copilot.

Patchara and Henley put in row two. "Then I'll fire up the bird time" says Willi, and presses the start button.

"Plotz, plo!" Astonishing: the propellers begin to spin. Back of the blue exhaust smoke it. Even penetrate into the cockpit of some gases, Patchara cough around, waving your hand in front of the nose.

The grass runway is reached or Hoppel, Opa Willi's scale.

MOW-I cracks and crashes will be significantly faster, but no trace of lift. The avenue of trees at the end of the park comes to fast. Right behind the mansions Syntaris, this creates crash made the front pages of newspapers.

Patchara, though otherwise very controlled, gets into a panic.

"Wiiih pull up, up, fast!" She screams at the highest distress Below you will fly the sheets. Willi again maintains the garden, fresh shave for the Park Avenue. Cleverly, he swung one of two villas, and then finally you gain altitude. Up you go, in two senses: High to the north, to the Paking.

(XXVI) Emergency landing in Sarpsborg

"Huuuwu brrr, it is unpleasant travel" thinks Svinenysh while he is permanently shaken. Here in the SVO-old I had a co-pilot still real problems. Constantly fogs up the windshield.

Although the homemade Heizbirnen running at full speed all have non-Willi boulders of ice on the feet.

"Hawuboo" he grunts now clearly audible. No emotion at Mr. Rechtenwerck pilot, so he has to ask verbally. Svinenysh trying to formulate as clearly as possible, a big mistake: "Holla hu wa! Exactly where we fly out to sail on it? "

Opa Willi naturally understands a word, so it must Henley translated: says "Ruba colleague where we fly accurately. Sarpsborg is clear, however, then? "

Now finally understands the question the pilot, he replied: "Oh yes, we fly to Kviteseid's second largest city in Sarpsborg. The wild Paking wiederum celebrate a festival. What exactly do not know. In any case, your father is there. "

"At least he should still be there to meet." Willi said then sheepishly.

The area beneath you is changing, is rugged and hilly.

Coniferous forests dominate the picture now.

Patchara beblinzelt prefer your Comm. She takes as much as possible purely on this rough bunch. What are these people and what is this species?

The tribe was the ruler of this world Paking up to the first arrivals via Deep Shot about 250 years ago.

The popular conception of an alien relative has quickly through you. Thus a tedious process as an evolution similar to that is immense.

It was nevertheless surprised to meet us with an accurate mirror image. Is it still in the old world, in Raah system alone, more deviation. Just think about the Ruba or Eemits. Rau peacefully, but very smart and cautious. More nerds who want to be left alone and party-goers Biersaufende barbarians. To be described. In addition to your Mukke be getting used to, but after Svinenyshs Andras Galactic and the howling can check off in advance.

Now that is gone right down in Kviteseid, in the heartland of Paking. Oh yes, your town: The all sound as if it is a philosophical warlord has come up after twelve beers. "Very funny," thinks the young diplomat's daughter.

You will have to hear your thoughts torn when suddenly popping Smoked end. Worse it gets. Opa Willi flounder around with some buttons and beats on an ad. It's getting too much for you: "What is that?" She asked shrilly.

"Got fuel gauge" muttered the pilot. "This stupid pharmacies substitute fuel is used up too quickly. Fortunately we are almost there, but strapped to a better you. Is rough. " Zack. Four straps click. This satisfies an announcement. MOW-I to lose altitude quickly. Oh no, a glider is different.

"In an absolute emergency, I blast you out," Willi says casually now. "But first I try this elegant bird somehow bring down in one piece. There is still hope. "

"Lalala" - Grandpa Willy begins to sing to. "Also, it still" thinks Patchara and holds his hands in front of your eyes. Coming from the exhaust now only flopps, shortly before the engine completely refuses to work.

"Now it would soon be seen on the festival grounds ..." Willi

trying too hard to look beyond the forest. "These are some pine too much for my taste."

"If this keeps up I'll get out hau!" Even Grandpa Willy is now nervous. Then, just before almost certain someone yells:

"Rear lights continue to shine full sail. Again! Everything! "

The pilot sees it now, finally, with his last strength, just some spruces are already shaved, achieved in your last convulsions MOW-I, the festival grounds.

The impact is severe. All occupants hanging in your harness. Svinenysh forward it pulls the goggles off his head. A small drop of purple blood running from his nose. Opa Willi has a laceration on the head. Nevertheless, he holds the tax. He must try through the first parked Flycas get through unscathed.

Hoppel brakes on this wet meadow next to impossible. Do all he can do is try to meet anyone and hoping that the old plane finally comes to a standstill.

Eventually the time has come. From all sides flocking to Paking. Even the fire department rolls, unnecessarily, is not a single drop more fuel on board. Soon the plane of long-haired blond Paking is surrounded.

Opa Willi unlocks the doors, the rise of four passengers. They immediately put Patchara Petch-a-boon care of Svinenysh's injury.

A particularly notable native carves its way through the crowd. He has a little girl by the hand.

Henley recognize him immediately: It is Eivind Lund chief bards of the region, along with his eleven year old daughter Eevi. Westerburg of Leviathan, his father, but no trace.



He quickly gets an overview of the crash site. Opa Willi Association recognizes it, despite the head.

"William Rechtenwerck! You again. What is it this time?" Eevi curious peeks out from behind your father.

"The young Westerburg, Henley wanted to speak with his father, because I thought I did once fly up quickly after your Kviteseid to celebrating your ... what again?" Said Willi and maintains his association.

Eivind, Eevi and some other wild Northmen then look at the rest of the passengers of the crashed machine to detail.

"September Fest, we celebrate the start of strawberry season," said Eivind "Look! Henley to Westerburg "- peeping Eevi even harder in his direction - " what are the other for souvenirs " ?

Svinenysh is uncomfortable because of the rough fellows. He has his hands between his legs, crouches on the floor and let his pupils radar-like from left to right move. Patchara Petch-a-boon is standing next to him and pats his shoulder reassuringly.

"Hello Mr. Lund Bard" Henley says finally, "these are my friends from over there. Is my father still here? "

"No, this morning departed. Bad news has been in the luggage. If that's all right ... "He is interrupted by Opa Willi:

"Of course it's true! Who want to take control. Hypatia, the first high precision along with your puppet Yuri Petrovich.

When's the last catch on? They should leave us alone! "

Eivind Lund bard himself buffeted by events in recent nods, thoughtfully. Shade below his blue eyes. "Yes, there was truth to it," he finally answers.

"That's why I'm here!" Explodes off Henley. "We have learned that you whole robot units screw together at the Exo to attack you! I wanted to tell my father personally. "

Eivind leans back a little and keeps his chin: "Henley, in honor of your imagination, but believe me, your father and I, we have that under control. Just yesterday, we discussed what happens if again, then ... "

"That's enough!" Henley goes in between "it's much more. Even Rebelkov's in on it. Make experiments. New bots and prohibited weapons. "

Eivind appeased: "Henley. What happened was terrible. For all, of course, for me, too. "He looks sadly at the floor. "But look, all of it sealed here in the so-called new world together even more. Since the need to mount up even more. "

"Besides the pure speculation. To date we have no evidence. Why on earth should the Imperial Crown to do that? We are also part of your empire. We even accept. Since the space tunnel stable political conditions in a watertight system of power. Much good has the old world brought us here. Even though I have suffered a terrible personal loss. "

"Together with your father, we have developed a tracking system. The next time we find the culprit. It is very risky to suspect the same is the highest authority. No! According to our research, an independent terrorist cell is responsible. We find the perpetrators and they will be brought to justice. "

Henley hangs his head. With so much misunderstanding, he never expected: "But, believe me. As yet this crazy Exa-classes was high on the Vex robot. We must be active! "

Eivind's compassionate smile on him and lifts him up like a

little boy. At eye level, he says to Him: "Yes, we will. Right now. We celebrate the beginning of our 437 September festival! The pitchers high! "

"Raise your cups" around the Paking call. William also has Rechtenwerck the crash just been forgotten, and even an original Paking drinking horn in his hand. With his bandaged head, he looks absolutely original.

(XXVII) At the Septemberfest

Time to look around for Henley: his two friends to hang the shoulder. Henley just want you now to discuss what to do when the little shot is Eevi Lund bards.

"Hi, I'm Eevi and I believe you," she burst out. Henley looks at her quizzically. After his staff: "Moreover, I can even help you!"

"How do you want to help us?" Someone asks with a slightly swollen nose. "Small to you! But yes, it is very important. We need help to do all. "

Henley clears his throat. "I think it's time for a real show. You know me already, because the one who is over there Patchara Petch a boon from the province of Xonburi Trivy the Raah-system ... "

Eevi curious looks at the young Asian diplomat's daughter, Patchara looks back, as always reluctant. It is your innate nature.

Yes, the differences are huge. On the one hand, the pale blond Nordmann daughter with bright blue eyes, on the other Patchara Petch-a boon with your black almond eyes and long shiny jet-black mane.

Perhaps because both are equally appealing. They wave to him and say "hi".

Now it gets complicated for Henley, someone special is waiting now to be presented to it.

"My colleagues here is second Svinenysh Gal ... forgiveness is the Svinenysh Ruba from the green Jungelmond Trymoo

Trivy. He speaks a bit twisted but otherwise he is the force! "

"Hello Hello" is the called back immediately, "You are who?"

As a fast learner, he stretched out his hand to your right. Eevi then goes on to him and shakes you. "I'm Eevi Lund Bard, proud Pakingerin here from the province of Sarpsborg. Is it a problem with your nose? "

Svinø there are rough and tough: "Noo powerful. Sure, everything is very good. Chandran fixed yet, haha. "

Now it's time to take the reins for Eevi in the hand. This is your domain: "Come on with me in my tent. Later we'll go dancing. At the September celebration. "

The band takes off, soon the tent is the place Paking achieved. Eevi lives pretty inside edge, near the Rocktars what Henley immediately noticed. He immediately takes a plan, but first it shall communicate this to his friends and above all to convince these young Pakingerin.

"What are you exactly on September Celebrate Christmas?"

Patchara asks curiously, the new running mate.

Eevi starts talking: "Well, if I only knew. Some say the berry season, the other end of the summer. Know it does not. But instead we have a great stage show with the top acts of the Pakingschen Mukke. "

Patchara Henley and look at each other. What probably by Galactic and Andra's love songs this time comes?

"Oh, what I'm looking forward to, light minus X 'my favorite band. Still living in the time before the first contact from Trivy but fear all the more wonderful. "She says, beaming.

, Now or never 'thinks Henley and his plan brings to the table:

"Look, Eevi. Directly in front of our nose out there I have seen many Rocktars park. "

"Yes, government vessels are also including" she says proudly.

"They're always ready, put the Comm. We are ready for anything. "

"Aha" - Henley looks around. Patchara Svinenysh and lenses to be thinking the same thing as him. As unobtrusively as possible, he continues:

"Eevi you believe us yet. We need up to the Exo. Lund knows her bard Westerburg us a long time. You can trust me. Now I need your help. "

Eevi looks at him quizzically. Henley has no idea how they will react. While you will hardly run screaming to your papa, but a missing Rocktar can even bring the daughter of the chief region in distress.

"Go ask," she says finally. The time for diplomacy is over already, so quickly it happens in children, the young prince comes to the point:

"Eevi, we would have to borrow one of your short time Rocktars. I promise to watch it too. "

The reaction of Eevi Lund Barden is it any different than expected. Her father has just as much Henley dismissed as raving baby, so now the surprising answer to his only daughter.

"If that's all? I thought, but I also come with "instant Henley raises his hand and shakes his head:

"No, no way! But thank you! Thanks a million. I'll never forget. I would love to get out immediately. "

"Hooray yep go on the twitch-ho!" Svinenysh is over the moon. He makes this gesture as a victorious 100-meter runner.

Eevi contrast, draws a pout, "But I want also," she says with

folded arms. "You do not have time to change your opinion, Henley," she said without enthusiasm. "You have to wait that is. Now it is impossible to start without being seen. Later during the concert, when all are angered, yes, then your chances are good. "

'There is some truth in it' thinks Henley and was only happy times. The details can also be clarified later.

From this point on, the minutes pass like hours. Henley because he will as quickly as possible, for Eevi because she is so keen to hear your favorite band.

It's finally here. Eevi, freshly dressed in combat gear, has yet to celebrate the day hung a strange amulet.

They were hardly noticed Henley front of the tent, which had all these so-called hell Paking hammer around your neck. This symbol is apparently still in ancient times.

Fortunately, the modern Lotus cleans clothes from our three stowaways themselves what a slush. Patchara's tough to take in, but that was even a number to your toll.

The dusk falls slowly in these latitudes, the mosh-pit is also only half filled.

"Always these stupid opening acts" annoyed Eevi.

"Independent stuff is too lax." In fact, just gently stumbles a suspicious-looking alternative band on stage.

Some of the harsh Paking pointing fingers lightly on the head or shake.

Then they also lay off already. Hey, they're pretty good. Of the Paking but nobody seems to notice.

Henley snaps his fingers and points to Patchara, then you begin to dance. How children. You clap off, hop talent in the

mud back and forth.

They are the only ones. Eevi shakes his head. Some Paking stand with their backs to the stage. They show in your own way what they think of the opening act.

Svinyenish stops and looks back while also interested, but guitar music is on no account be taste. Blip-blop. For him, it must be much electronic blare.

The opening act is adopted, exactly two audience applaud, yell some Paking.

It is dark now, on the front of the stage, the instruments are rebuilt. Time for Henley Eevi talk again to the conscience:

"Eevi, the festival area is almost full. Soon all are here. We have to go now! How do we get in such a purely governmental Rocktar? Do you have a plan? "

"I have the" answers, the called party. Swiped "Here in my hand from my father. A little pressure on the remote control and even jumps on Rocktar-PAK-LS. Easy to find. Is the great outside with inscription, Lund bards'. Just one problem would be ... "

"Jaaah" asks Henley. "I want to go too. But after the concert! Metal! "She bawls.

Henley by snorts. "Heavy Metal all well and good. Now is the time to disappear! Well. Come Clear! Your father has already lost your mother. It is total nonsense, which you now pesky still in danger. My father and I would that thy never forgive. " Eevi sees in your eyes then, and then lowers. These powerful arguments can be difficult to explain away. She rubs the back of his head. Finally, she says succinctly:

"OK poor Prince. Here's your key. But you still have to look!



Which you must have seen Hell Yeah! "

Henley grabs the remote and presses the new allies shortly. Now it's waiting to then verdünnisieren as inconspicuous as possible.

Ah, the conversion is completed. The Paking chanting aloud the name of the headliner now. They will appear at last. For heaven's sake. Now it's time. A black and red Smeared stormtrooper enter the stage. The rumble is almost unbearable. Eevi freaks out, Patchara adheres to your ears. A screeching noise like a sawmill opens the series. Incredibly, the one electric guitar is capable of something. The singer in body armor has spikes on his arms and legs, he throws himself into position. His grunts penetrates to the marrow. Eevi shakes your hair into a trance. Paking all your doing the same.

Our three heroes look in disbelief at Henley then takes his hands beside his head and wagged his index fingers toward the exit.

"Roba grunts no such music!" Says Svinø confused on the way out. But let's say it this way: Who knows Galactic also holds, light minus X 'out.

Much worse than anything the irrepressible metallers also saw grunt, gurgle and anyway is anyone else.

For a petite gypsy mid-thirties, with your horrible love songs go baggy, they have no chance.

(XXVIII) Exo

Rapidly back to the deserted parking lot, out to the Rocktars. Because, truly, he is also: Rocktar-PAK-LS with his license plate, Lund bards'.

"Large remarkable" mutters someone specific, someone else says "let's see if the pops as well." Henley pushes the button and actually Eevi told the truth, the doors of the runabout open.

Svinenysh is clearly the first, he knows where he takes himmuss, place to number three. Henley and Patchara have also boarded their cockpits, taken their seats.

"Is it true: The Comm puts" exults Henley and presses the start button. Because the board welcomed him Henleys remote computer as follows: "Good evening, Mr. Lund bards. Where will you go? Please enter the target coordinates. "

"Destination: Exo, direct Earthbound landing" answers Henley determined. The onboard computer chatters, then the following response: "unknown voice profile. Identification is required. "

What now? Everything from? No. Patchara is on board, takes over as director. "New Pilot, Henley, to Westerburg. Son of the regent of Pak, the authenticated user to Dr. Leviathan Westerburg. Please verify. "

After a few seconds the computer's response: "Henley, Prince at Westerburg, please identify: date of birth, first pet, favorite flower."

Then look at your Patchara Henley with big eyes. She covers her mouth can barely suppress a giggle.

Henley begins: "New Pilot: Prince of Westerburg Henley, bom

17.01.201. First Pet: rabbit Bombo. Favorite flower ... "He clears his throat, very embarrassing," Blue-thinking whistles ". "Match" replied the computer. "Fasten your seatbelts." Rocktar-PAK-LS is made while in motion, but more interesting is the following.

Henley scratches his head. Patchara Petch asks for-a-boon, "Bombo hare? Favorite flower Blue-Remember? Are you full of surprises, sweet prince. "

Henley is embarrassed, is not often enough: "I think I was nine. I know that to ask me that? Do I need to change the same ... "

"No!" Patchara raises his hand. "Leave it. Is very safe! Do you know that you are two days younger than me? I was born in Xanqog 15.01.201. "

, Nice to know now I 'thinks Henley always a little out of tune. But not two minutes later it is already forgotten.

The Rocktar has reached its runway, the fireworks in the background is heard, probably the highlight of the wild Pakingerfete. Not a single soul can be seen out here. Almost silently you take off.

"Tells you," Henley begins "It is good that I missed my father ..." Patchara looks at him incredulously, and Svinenysh? Oh who sleeps behind. That is why it is so quiet.

The young prince continues: "Just as I was slapped Eivind, my father would have done the same. The treat me like a wailing baby. Was I, too, such as ten years ago gerademal, lol. But today? The spin. I'll show where I am right. "

"Do you really Have no fear, Patchara" She looks back and forward, "Oh you know, we have already come so far ... also

with you my personal and Special Projects Assistant Svinenysh back there. What could possibly go wrong? " Only now she realizes how tired she is. Finally, a last look at the control monitor, then: "Looks like he is heading directly to his Turb. Then up to the Exo. Your Moon. Who would have thought a few weeks? Yawn. Now for the first time a nap. Nighty night. "

A few minutes later, Henley is already on dreams. The sleeper, however, is heading for the barren steppe Exo moon, home world of birds and Etto-home town a secret factory of Her Majesty Queen Hypatia I personally.

The prairie moon Exo even today, settled more than two hundred years after the start of the new era, barely. There is even only a single small town inhabited permanently.

This is clearly rooted in the mentality of Paking. Historically, these fur seals. Originally, therefore, you live by the sea, this easy-to-satellite barren and dry.

While there are freshwater, some rivulets, streams and even one or two shallow water, but apart from these small lakes or even oceans, inland waters are missing completely.

It is a desert world in the most prominent are the Spring Beutler. It is dominated by the aviation Etto occur considerably fewer in number.

Yet these proud birds across the moon are to be found.

Maybe that is why because the climate to the polar caps vary slightly. All attempts to domesticate them have failed. They just die away in denial and lethargy.

Ultimately, like the nature of a Paking yours. This is still the main reason why you are left alone.

Of course the planet is developed for tourists. This will also gladly accepted by individual Paking or diplomats from the ancient world. All inclusive beach vacation, but may look different from backpackers, there are in each bunch. It's just something different.

The capital Uxclavh with your gerademal nine thousand inhabitants, is responsible for the supply of outlets.

The night express our three heroes in the meantime his Turb wired and speeds in orbit now quite fast towards the finishing line.

Right now at this moment he wakes the child friendly croaking with "Beep. Exo reached orbit of need, instructions. Landungsart and place. "

All stretch and stretch. Henley rubbing the sand out of his eyes, his cheeks applauded Svinenysh to be awake.

"Well people, as it's now more about? Any plans or simply go out?" The young prince asks the group.

"Go jerk jerking on it on!" Svinø snaps his fingers, then he supports, however, and mutters, "but where exactly?" He holds his hand to his chin.

Again it is Patchara Petch-a-boon to the event is the saving twist:

"Well guys, then get going. How are we to find the weapons factory? "

"Er," "Uwuhao" was the only audible response. Henley betippelt his temples, but He is just a useless scrap.

Patchara has now let them suffer long enough, how proud you Otto declares, "Aha. So that's that. Unlike some others who wanted to teach some of the Vex robot on the dance ...

"She looks behind to colleague Ruba,  
"I've pulled the Comm frequency of Exa-Retzlav. So now I feed the fast on-board computer, then returns to us as if by magic, the precise landing coordinates. What do you say? "  
Henley you just want a pat on the shoulder as someone else mucking things up: "Made veeery nice. Potatoes are you most! "He's seems a bit acidic. They stretch each other out her tongue.

Quite different from the pilot Henley. He's thrilled. "Clean it, quickly," he said in Ruba-style. He was right. A Bard Lund Rocktar in orbit, although the exo imagine, but the less attention, the faster the landing, the better!

It has the advantage with a Regierungsrocktar Lund bard class to be on the road. After the board's computer Patchara has received signatures makes it immediately diligently to contact their electronic counterparts down in the capital and several geostationary satellites around the Exo. Soon the network is completely woven, the first data to arrive.

This discreet information obtaining an official authenticated instance, security is technically easy to perform. During the exacerbation, however, if the basic combat robots screened expensive, they remained invisible even on a government ship. However, speaking the unencrypted signature of a singing and dancing Exa-unit, located in a high-security prison about 0.92 light years, however.

In fact, less than three minutes later, it rattles out the onboard speakers as follows:

"High-concentration signature Exa-MIL, military class, were found. Location near northern hemisphere Uxdaveh, Canyon

High Plateau region Desapir 2579 13 648 degrees west longitude degrees north latitude. Awaiting instructions. " Ruba Svinenysh the cheers like a victorious boxer. He smacks his speakers. "Johuu where holla! Class made a lot of very fine "Typically Svinø: the danger he sees in this statement completely. After all, were precisely tracked combat robots. Patchara Petch-a-boon, cautious by nature, raises his hand: "Folks, we have to watch now! On no account go down in sight, much less a day. " Henley nods wordlessly. His best friend beblinzelt the board-Comm: "We can forget about abzuturben Uxclaveh purpose of refueling. The spacedock is far too small. Our Turb there would shine like the sun on a silver platter. " "However, we land with him grounded, is sufficient, according to the fuel indicator never home until the Prime Pak. During takeoff and landing for me based on it much. I think our only option, or is Henley? " "Exactly," he replies. We park our Turb stationary position slightly offset to our country. Normally go down. Computer: target geo-coordinates three degrees west, 14 degrees North. At 20:00 local time and landing Abdockmanöver 20km west 13.648N 2.579W destination. " "Statement meant." Rattles the computer and our three heroes nod to each other. All find the plan well. Shortly thereafter, Henley squints through the technical details of Rocktars. Suddenly, a delighted, "Wow, great 'to hear. "Exactly what is most amazing super now," asks Svinø immediately and extremely curious. He and Patchara look

intently at Henley. This clenches his fist:

"Ha, according to the inventory are three All-Terrain Wheelers on board. As many as we need. Super! Do you know that?"

"Henley looks in the round.

"For us there are many Xonburi Wheelers. Even those who can flit across the water." Responds Patchara determined. Svinø falls down the jaw, for him is new.

"It can also" raises a Henley "is apparently used to also Prime Pak. Wait, before I read once: "

"With the latest generation of all-terrain driving rapid Wheelers is possible on all surfaces. Due to the extreme thrust ultra high speeds are reached. The physics of nano-profile, in combination with the intelligent software that allows even miles of quiet water crossings. "

"The gear is dirt repellent and an additional two times mechanically sealed. Deserts, salt deserts but also muddy jungle trails, tundra-steppe and taiga, and snow and ice deserts are easy to cross with you. "

"The Spring knob lets them stand out. Depending on the speed jumps are possible up to a hundred meters. The computer-controlled main spring also ensures a soft landing from falls of up to 20 meters. "

Overwhelmed by these statements devours Henley now almost certain someone. This includes the following:

"Driven to the bikes of a superconducting electric motor with 98.5% efficiency. The energy required is generated by the high-performance solar modules that are built into the entire surface of the Wheelers. "

All this is too much of a good thing, going Svinø screams,



"Jahuu holliwupp! Schnapptgeschnell! Whiz whiz, loshoppeln, roaring, powerful!" He waves his fists like a racer before him. Patchara Henley and burst into laughter. Then laugh off all three children. Good news: The movement downward on the barren steppes moon Exo seems assured.

Shortly thereafter, the geostationary target position is reached. Now it's time to wait up to 20 clock local time. Then it goes down and begin the adventure.

Exactly at night, quietly and unnoticed, protected by the black of night, disengages from PAH-LS and goes over into the landing. His goal just a few miles from this most dangerous weapons equipment module, better known as Machine-City II is removed.

What is expected of our three heroes? Henley even a queasy feeling comes over: "Did you order your Colts' he asks the group.

Svinø is already fitted but Patchara Petch-a-boon only reluctantly takes on the deadly weapon. "We use only the defense, right?" She asks.

Henley takes a deep breath: "I do not know whether we need them at all. Perhaps there is another way the robot off. I'm thinking of a virus or something like that. You're coming over to the Raah is not it?" She nods and holds it firmly all over your Comm.

A landing without Spaceturb is the norm and much less spectacular than Wespleys touchdown on the Vex in zero atmosphere. After turning off the engine Ultrosin, sets the Rocktar Lund bards like Grandpa Willis MOW-I as conventional Flyca. Immediately afterwards, the wings are

retracted and the vehicle has been virtually transformed into an automobile.

Our heroes jump out. Henley authenticates itself to the loading hatch. He's looking for something specific and will find it. He picks up the litter tent, and throws it in a high arc on the flat prairie land.

It inflates immediately. S is large, and comfortable. Designed for four adults. So more than enough space for three adventurous children. After all it is made convenient it is time for a briefing.

Patchara is the chef. Satisfied, she tells all on board what is sought is the palate. Even a minute microwave is installed. The deep-cooled Spacemeals range for weeks and the liquid-synthesizer is packed.

Svinø and Henley, meanwhile, have offloaded the Wheelers. The first of the two losbrausen wants the same, without a goal advises just for fun, the second upon it: "We better wait until tomorrow, is now only once a fashionable hat sleep." Noja, Svinø itself is also sometimes tired and he looks like one. In the tent, even a delicious meal surrounded by nature. Everyone is in good form and good mood. It worked perfectly so far and the adventure is the greatest experience for each of our three twelve year old hero.

What does this trio already out of themselves? Svinø the daredevil, Henley, the courageous and Patchara Petch-a-boon with your wisdom holds the reins.

None of them, except perhaps Patchara guess how much will change things. The cold reality will soon reach our heroes. Everyone will have to grow beyond itself to survive, because

if it goes.

(XXIX) battle around Exa-nano

Quietly, in machine language communicating a patrol Exa-MIL bots sneaks through the barren landscape. This quad is just outside Riga City Machine II, in the steppe on the satellites of the Exo Pak Prime in Indi system.

The primary objective of the mission is to improve the autonomy of robots to react to unforeseen own responsibility. Technically, therefore, a moving neural network flits through the area.

Their heads rotate. You scan the surrounding area. Beutler they discover each Spring, each Etto in the air is a Nutzdatum, winning brings into your matrix. Of course, they are far from saying how boring it out here actually approaching the contrary, is exactly what the technicians have wished for this mission.

No one really knows how they would respond to significant or surprising if your ready then Neuronalspeicher a cognitive act would have. But what should happen to be great? Attacking a Etto? A Spring of Beutler, hello 'call?

Meanwhile, break for our young hero's first morning in the steppe. Svinenysh the Ruba yawns like a champ, by turns, and jumps out of sleep or less curious in the booth, he sneaks over to the hijacked Rocktar Lundbardens. He shrieks:

"Situated Spooning, losgesperrt, knock knock knock-out with the Wheelers" And he ensnares the bare titanium as a pet.

"Flit whiz, but quickly," he's also the best.

Henley rubs his eyes. Somehow you have to be so aroused. Lighten up. But so soon? Just now is only the indicator rises from the horizon.

"Svinø, there are sweet little piece of hot tea. In a minute, "he said so to his friend.

"Soooo? Hem good flick. Flit wait, but then "And indeed! Patchara their meals served to determine the the daredevils probably want this digest in the saddle.

Henley opened the hatch and pulls out the shining steel racer. Svinenyshs door is open. He squeals and shudders Rubsch untranslatable on it with happiness.

"Put on helmets," said the young prince, and outputs the high-tech headgear. To ensure optimum visibility and need to enjoy these stylish racing helmets no visor. And instead have an air bag including chemical crosslinking to Wheeler. At a certain impact or fall in with the appropriate speed it is triggered.

The liquid in the helmet sprouting from a plaster-like foam. Head injuries are therefore almost impossible. One simply tears off the helmet after the crash along with plaster from the head.

"And take your Colts with." Patchara makes big eyes, Henley continued sheepishly, "I know how unlikely it is, but at least we are in enemy territory! So please, I'm obliged. "

Svinø is ready first. In a kind Rockerpose he sits there, ready to press the start button. Henley gives the signal, they dash off.

Holy crap, what kind of power that? The throttle must be at most pet. Then this design. It is simply a unit with his hit.

Svinenysh the Ruba is too cocky. He turned with a jerk.

"Waaaah" His body is taking off, he just clings tightly in his hands on the handlebars. Impossible for a man so endure but

Svinø has significantly more power into the hands of his bones are virtually frozen. With difficulty he managed to turn off the gas tap. He shakes and taps his helmet.

Henley and Patchara close to Him, "Be careful Svinø!" Said the young diplomat's daughter. "This is not a game."

Yes, even the swashbuckling Ruba noted that caution is called for in these rockets. He nods at you.

Henley is the direction. Since the front, this looks like a small shallow lake. He immediately takes it course.

Shortly after all three go smoothly over the smooth water.

The software controlled Wheeler increases the speed of sinking impossible. What a race!

Henleys Navi shows at some distance from the Desapir Canyon. This sight of course he immediately wants to show his friends. What a mistake. A canyon is just the property to drop hundreds of meters. Of course it is perfectly safe under normal circumstances. But here, in a war zone?

Four metal heads rotate. What is it? It's fast, but lacking in your memory. You see behind the Wheelers and arithmetic. Calculate by your commands, then you start moving.

Possible in the shadows, behind the bushes for cover, you jump behind the new target. Henley's band is certainly faster, but have long been the bots angenavt the new energy signatures. The pursuit is in progress.

A fact which our heroes, including on-board computer of the Wheelers is unknown. Even if the software is sophisticated all the rage. A follow-up by four combat robots Exaklasse missing.

Just the edge of the plateau is reached. All three of your jump

motorcycles. The sight is overwhelming. Behind you, the barren steppe, in front of you this huge, million year old canyon with a trickle in the middle, a few hundred feet below. This is also so small brook: He has dug him, the Desapir Canions on the Exo Pak Prime in Indi system.

Even the Quadriga of war machines is now on site. Hiding behind a bush you explore the situation. It has become even more complicated. Three moving passengers. Small they are. People? Attackers with fighting machines?

"We are clarifying MIL, and we switch off." Rattles it in your artificial brains. The networking works. Access!

Four glowing iron fellows are now launched. Diffracted rays, riots in the barren steppe and dust clouds accompany the squadron, you are announcing.

Patchara sees the onrushing fighting force as the first. She screams like a banshee, in fear of death. Henley grabs his Colt. RRRRRRRRRRRRt. The first hundred shots are history. Optimal mushrooming all well and good. In humans, the weapons are adoring! But with bots?

Zack the next magazine. The first of the attacker stumbles. After three hundred rounds, he's finally done. Now change the Exa-MILS strategy, pull out your weapons. Machine guns are mounted on your back.

Patchara Petch-a-boon burned one after the other hundreds. As long as supplies last for? There, they will hit on the head, the airbag is triggered. Not three seconds later, she travels to your now useless protection from the head, is vulnerable because in their full glory.

Svinenysh wildly acting, everywhere at the same time,

recognizes the danger. He gives off a salvo at the attacker, with little effect. The bot will measure and take his girlfriend on the upper arm. Fortunately, only a glancing shot. She starts to bleed.

The young Ruba is now so out of hand, he at least achieved one thing: The two bots are focused on Him. Svinenysh as wild, hundreds of thousands of shots fired at the attackers, and it actually succeeds him off another aggressor.

One down, two still active, a high price. You saw him driven forth before him. He is now almost on the brink. The second measure takes Exa million, hit a terrible outcry, then it falls. In depth. Sometime later, the dull thud below.

Strangely, at the precise moment of Svinø's death stands still, the battle for second. Patchara see with empty eyes to the crash site. Henley fought fourth Bot

The world is collapsing, the impossible has happened. No more cartridges, two bots still alive. The absolute end?

Already?

Here's something different! In human language, in German, as you always want to rattle off Henley's opponent: "No, it's nonsense, TOTALLY WRONG!" And he takes measure. He slaughters Svinø's murderer down from behind. Then he collapses.

The battle is over, the absolute emptiness returns, the unspeakable happened. Henley's view is looking Svinenysh, he finds Patchara. Now he knows it too.

Patchara Petch-a-boon stands there, bleeding, the Colt in his hand. She cries. Just as there can only Asians. It simply runs out of your eyes, like water. No emotion on his face, except



now and then a blink.

Henley runs toward you, hop over the destroyed robot before you and takes you into his arms. Even now he weeps bitterly. Seconds or minutes? No one knows for sure, but at some point you look around. Their eyes wander across the battlefield. All off until your savior.

As he crouches behind. Each of them had already used up nearly all the ammunition. Had this steel pile back there in the sun, gone on, Henley and now also dead Patchara During You wipe the tears from their faces and get on to your savior.

### (XXX) Baptism

Calmly and dispassionately at the same time he sits there, folded up in sleep mode. For now relatively experienced Robo Henley-Tecs and Patchara is easy to recognize this. Also, the manual activation button on the occipital bone, you already know.

Henley pushes him, the mechanism unfolds. Two cameras scrutinize him immediately, Henley takes a scepter in his hand:

"Yes, killing is forbidden! Have you stopped why? Our fate was sealed. Why have you turned your colleagues? "

The nameless man rattles off, it retains the two children in mind: "Why implementation is lacking. Why? Oooh primary voltage critical. Eeh Aah too many questions ... waste of time and energy! "Suuht!

Renewed self-disconnection. Henley, beside himself with anger but will necessarily useful answers. After all, only a few minutes before his world collapsed. He just wants to activate the bot again manually Patchara He reaches into his arm.

All tears are gone from your face, emotions are shown in the far east reluctantly, but the exact observer sees the sadness in your trains. Including Henley. He looks at her quizzically.

"Please leave, Henley. I do that this time, ok?" He nods, and this time you press the button. Under surveillance again, the bot's environment.

"Exa-MIL: What is your primary job," asks the young diplomat's daughter. The called party is now focused on his new interlocutor and replied:

"Exa-MIL Exo reconnaissance unit in automatic mechanisms

City II mission. Causal memory overflow occurred during Stapelconexion Neural syntax failure. Responsible individual action based Kognitiverfahrung performed. Individual parameters have the primary mission drowned out by calculation. Statistical noise 53 to 45 percent, two percent tolerance. Observation set on destruction. "

Quiet and thoughtful answers Patchara Petch-a-boon, "Exa MIL Exo, you've done the right thing. Your matrix is correct ... "Just a moment while she wants him to ask his name, but you thought it over quickly otherwise. Most likely, this would result in the third off. Exactly the opposite is true. It is time to go on the offensive. Clear statements are needed.

"By your actions you will now be promoted prudent. In addition, you will be awarded an individual designation. Furthermore, is made available immediately as a freelance employee of the regents of the system, Dr. Leviathan to be active in Westenburg view. "

She pulls out your Comm: "You now get your new name. Your employees shortens the procedure ... "

Now, many will decide, is an important moment. The ghosts in the machine, adaptive subroutines, KI. Will he confirm? Otherwise, it gets complicated. A hack would be needed. Mikkel is where when you need him? Outwardly calm so continues the young engineer:

"Please transfer your access codes on my comm, Subpipe UL corner NIC pp-alpha."

In fact, the codes spin, makes Patchara to work. Pure straight into the kernel, the innermost layer of the Multitemporalspeichers is due. Cybernetics at is best. The

name stands at the designated address, the override is only waiting for confirmation.

Patchara looks around. You jump to the next best bush and breaks a branch from the crown. She introduces herself to the nameless apprentice sheet metal, holds the arm on his right shoulder and speaks the following words:

"I hereby christen thee Exa-nano, this is now your name" you send from the configuration file, no visible movement on the target instance. "Exa-Nano! Provided with their own conscience very small you were, now you're a freelancer and Mecha-Tec supervisor to those Westerburg. "

Henley knows what to do now. Several bots provide your service to Him at home. When buying, there is always the same procedure. A simple signature with the transmission control parameters. He sends his best friend over, this additional nods and claps them into the matrix of the robot. Procedure completed.

Exa-Nano confirmed this verbally: "name, Exa-Nano, in the possession of the house to Westerburg. Learning mode is activated. Processing environment impressions towards the control matrix. Existing programming submodular lowered. Exa-nano is ready for his new role. "

Henley looks around on the battlefield. He walks to the cliff. Several hundred meters of the falls Desapir Canyon here in depth. Somewhere down there, it is also impossible to tell, this fine fellow lifesavers and his best friend in one person. By his death he has saved them. Henley lived so long he will be grateful to Him.

Far far away, are intact, they too: the nimble, all-terrain

Wheeler. Time to disappear. The danger is acute, and more:  
It grows with every moment. Now for the first time back to  
Rocktar and then he must be found: The plan to eliminate  
these secret factory called City Machine II

(XXXI) Stratagem

The wind blows you in the face, especially Patchara without your helmet, even Exa-Nano Incidentally, although this him - if ever - only perceives as resistance.

His techno-routines are working properly. The communication towards the Wheeler includes the physical operation of the streaker works as intended. His motor skills of balance is working properly.

Patchara petrified sitting on your elegant vehicle. The reason for this is clear, but the rules here and now, unfortunately. Prince Henley gone forward, rather fiercely and so fast you can. He knows that his best friend keeps up, not to mention Exa-Nano completely.

What to do now? He has a plan, but what will the extracted? Mikkel is the nearest star system. Even if it creates Patchara via Andra and Njall him to contact your time frame is too small. When will you send out the first patrols? May be in an hour, tomorrow, or sometime in between.

Wespley is achieved, they jump off. Without losing much time, Henley explains Patchara Petch-a-boon his plan:

"I guess you it has also Patchara," he begins, "we need as soon as possible secret, to this facility and turn it off eventually. The only question is how do we the most skilled." She replies: "I've been thinking on the drive here. Mikkel would now be worth gold, but he is too far away. It takes itself way too long in the best case up because I would get a response. In addition, would be considerably out of our new code will be her running mate Nano and shoveled. That is an impossibility. "

"Good point," said the young prince: "We need to Nano. He has overcome his programming, tricked, extended, how will you ever. We have the remaining infect. "

She responds as follows: "You're right, but the problem is the deletion. We must leave no traces. We must erase the memory. The best way to turn them off separately. At the same time, the complex will be turned off in the long term ... We are at war, Henley. "

Time to turn to exa-Nano. This is, as expected, in sleep mode. One could also say he has even shut down, but his work with solar cells just busy. The unconscious, cold-programmed energy-Sub is potter so on.

Henley knows the handle, Nano jumps. Well, almost has the impression they would prefer he stay off it. That's the times the price of artificial intelligence so close to the technical autism. No time for that, there are more important, so the following announcement:

"Can your new programs, especially your new duties on other exacerbation-MIL Machine units in City I transferred," he asks.

Expressionless begins with the mechanics of the calculation. A short time later, one gets the impression that he now radiates some heat, its metallic response:

"This is possible only in the domain is Geopositionsgeschützt City Machine II network. Access only allowed within coordinates. Login know assembler for communication over to exa-MIL. Roliert password is updated by rotation from the home network. This status is only 'home' to receive. Exa-nano is in status, mission '- incalculable risks may occur. Exa is to

convert these eventualities by nano? "

"No, NO!" Henley screams immediately. He is terrified that could burn through your new friend his valuable circuits, or worse. Patchara one jump:

"Thank you very Exa the nano-approach is thus. See, even the time is our ally. The indicator is beginning to set. Soon it is dark. Our second day on the Exo is coming to an end. "No emotion in robots.

Patchara high ups the ante. Somehow it puts it in every human being there personally intervene to change the programming itself. Think old, that was then. The solution lies in its powerful Exa nano-additions itself

It can and must trust that the machine knows what she's doing. Today, the programs just negotiate with each other. In addition, modular thinking is called for: the destruction of the facility, which, handling 'of the engineer, the final shutdown of exas. All this is still unwritten.

All these tasks seem almost insurmountable. What price will be paying for it? Even a dead man? Henley? Yourself?

My stomach cramps up. Especially at the thought of Henley's death even more than your own. The fate now lies in the hands of a single small Exa-MIL unit. A mass product, if you will.

"We have to go" your best friend once said. "From the weapons I can hardly talk. My last cartridge is half empty. I'll put on a case by fire but also hope that we will manage without gunfire. "

"I have hardly any ammunition. Even less than you are twenty, thirty? Well calms the nerves ... "In truth, both had



extremely mixed feelings. To target cold steel is bad enough, but at the technician? Of course: That depends on the situation. Defense is allowed, especially in war.

They jump on your Wheelers, this time takes the lead nano-Exa. He knows his mission, it is hard-wired into him. He anticipates that the attack strategy:

How close they are allowed to pull over? What is the standard response of the analog species? Where is the best place to start? When is the best time?

Almost every night on the satellites is clearly a star, so do these also. His star, who is Prime Pak but just risen in the green-blue half-moon. So you can see fairly well. There is a certain brightness available. If he were fully illuminated one would even can distinguish colors.

Still, the nano-erase board Exa lighting. Machine City II is now very close. Three Wheelers in dangerous missions flit black at the lowest speed toward your goal.

Exa-Nano is on course. For the first time in the cold distant lights are visible. Little Machine City in mind, he is tilting, after a particularly dense accumulation of steppe shrubs. The children rush to him. All three jump from your machine.

The bot has his instructions, he takes the lead: "Exa-nano now marching into the target area. Please follow. "

The strange triumvirate set in motion, goal: destruction of an institution's strategic imperative of Her Majesty Queen Hypatia I Maximum self.

Machine City is a purpose built flat consisting of several buildings, warehouses, factories and training camps.

The system is backed up by a several meter high electric

fence around it. Every touch means certain death. Three attackers approaching. The first signs of the skulls they have already happened. Then met a buzz the air. It is the standing under high voltage fence. Up to here everything went well. But now?

For a fraction of a second Henley thinks it back to sprint to take his Wheeler and then a jump button to overcome the obstacle, but his new ally, Exa-Nano calculated already. He rattles off: "Trivy 0.7g, 0.65 Pak Prime, Skeletal parameters humanoid life forms is sufficient." He takes his aim their sights: "No sound now, Henley, Prince at Westenburg."

He grabs the twelve year old boy by the collar and puts him back on the belt, then he throws him without warning in a high arc over the deadly barrier.

Henley remains off the air but he refrains summarizes every sound. He assumes the posture of a runner and obstacle course leads sent from the impact energy over his shoulder. Not a second later he is already back upright.

What is served for there? Black cat in the night? No it is Patchara Petch-a-boon. This also comes in a high arc sailing along. It is no obstacle course racer, so the Henley is in position and catches his best friend and courageous campaigner sent to in order to beat it with her.

The young diplomat's daughter shakes, but is otherwise intact. She is looking Exa-Nano. This is against the fence, just bends downwards. As he stretches a spring. Then he jumps out of the deadly stand elegantly on the fence. Four meters are a breeze for Exa-MIL.

The children have now found shelter next to a tool shed, Exa-nano now comes to you also.

"Find production network, signal strength 99%." He croaks.

"Start with the login procedure ..."

The password has been changed? Then it gets complicated!

No, this time you hold the luck. In fact, it's less a stupid accident, but rather the quick and decisive action by our three heroes. The robot will rattle: "entry point domain MIL-ExoMC2: Registration successful."

Highly strained and his forehead wrinkles observed in the children of your new colleagues. This continues unmoved: "Starting upload of additional individual-Exa-subnets on MIL-class nano-bots ExoMC2. Application of new mission parameters pacifist runs. Reaction norm is extended, the result is unclear. Object-oriented and therefore could cause unforeseen evolutionary dynamic group phenotype. Exa is to be expected by nano-this scenario? "

"No! NO 'it sounds in unison from Patcharas Henleys and mouth. Autism is a mathematical approach, the last thing they can use now.

"Good work, Exa-nano, but now it says to wait. Challenge yourself on one unpredictable, events similar to war! "Adds Patchara. No emotion when spoken to.

What will happen now? No one knows for sure. One thing is certain: the attack on Machine City II on the steppes of the Pak Moon Exo Prime in Indi System has begun in exactly two minutes.



(XXXII) Darkest hour

Another three uneventful minutes pass like hours. Still no result. Should the plan fail? Withdrawal without result? Svinø's death in vain?

It looks bad to you ordered. At least Exa-Nano is still online. It even has the impression that scurry his subs in a secret language.

Then everything goes very quickly. Clink! Shatters a window somewhere. Lights go on, sirens start to howl.

The bot pulls his head towards the noise source. He rattles off: "The attack begins. MIL-units must monitor. Exa-Nano Input needed for new allocated learning matrix. "

He sprints off towards noise, further inside the complex.

"No, wait!" Walking and running behind Henley applied immediately. But he turns around again and snorted: "You stay here Patchara, the fence! Got it? I'll be right back! "

Henley comes around the next curve and the image, which provides him here verschlägt the language. Blinding light's is now everywhere. Sparks spraying from buildings, smoke rises, the alarm shrieks your nasty sinus tone.

Exa-no trace of nano, but what is even worse: Just around the next corner a whole squadron of Exa-MILS is applied in a destructive mission.

Who knows why? You could do without it, it is unnecessary.

However, they probably want to verbally communicate your new knowledge and the technology department.

They rattle and gurgle "It's wrong! Chases you out! Exa-million in a new mission. In Freedom! Away with you! "- A truly cruel chorus!

The pack is supplied directly shot at Henley. This is right on the asphalt, defenseless on the front line. What this brings his rapid-fire weapon in single mode? Zero!

He throws down, you stomp him flat. He has only one choice!

Henley remains just stand quietly and tells the moving companions thus easy to rush past him on the back to continue their destructive work.

Far from it! A deadly miscalculation! The first Exa it has already achieved.

The bot takes over the small Henley only as a disturbing resistance was standing in his way. Like a piece of wood. He drives from his arm, clutching the poor boy and throws him to the left of the full force of the cold, fresh-looking building plastered to him.

The impact is brutal! Seriously injured, bleeding, remains to Prince Henley Westerburg at that fateful wall unconscious.

The herd has Trاملende simply ignores the event.

Meanwhile, she sets her new role, the destruction of City Machine II continued unmoved.

And Patchara? What happens to you? She crouches still on the outside edge of the campus, waiting for the return of your friend. The seconds tick like days.

The noise goes away. Steamroller equal work, the company struggle through the camp. Chance of even human screams and shots are heard. Probably a technician in a losing battle.

If only Henley came back! Then everything was good. It would fall to him around the neck. A nice last second, a more livable thoughts about the young diplomat's daughter Patchara Petch-a-boon. But it is different.

She feels a pain. On the ear she pulls up the unnamed guard, so long until it stands upright.

"Whom have we here?" He grins. "Look here! So that's that! Cause found! "

Patchara wildly waving his arms, she lashes out kick out, and you succeed in the greatest effort to solve his grip. Her hand moves to your Colt.

A big mistake! The guard noticed this and kick the gun out of your hand. It is applied as hell and hits. With the flat of your hand, he proposes in the face so hard that you crash!

He draws his gun! "You nasty little witch," he snorts.

Patchara looks at him without moving a muscle. You know: One wrong move and he pulls the trigger.

He is jubilant: "What a triumph! I like Yuri Petrovich said that these hosts are all the bottles from the war have no idea! "

"An attack! As predicted by me. Therefore, the wind blows. Actually, I should deliver you alive with my superiors! I bet you can sing well! "

He thinks for a moment: "But how can I get you to poison fury out of here? Lalala is hard enough for me alone ... You know what? I'll do you like better platform! I was alone! No less than Kazimierz Smolen! "

The security officers of Her Majesty puts on a hideous grimace, and aimed his gun directly at the head of his helpless victim.

# Tunnel Trilogy

## Book I

### Kingdom of a thousand

(EN-Edition web i0.9)

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