

ENEMY OF EXISTENCE

On Earth



Citadel 7 Novella 1

YUAN JUR

Citadel 7 Series

Enemy
of
Existence

On Earth

A threat to all Existence looms.

**Two Wardens remain, but it's their mysterious apprentice
who holds the key to survival.**

Novella 3

Yuan Jun

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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Cover and art design by Ralph Hawke Manis of Infinitee Designs © 2017 www.infinitee-designs.com

Book design and production by WaaDoom Press in association with Thebookpatch.com

Editing and structure by Charles Wannop and De Chao Peterson

ISBN-978-0-6481977-4-4

Publisher - WaaDoom

Dedication

Many thanks to--The Citadel 7 series Crew; Editors John David Kudrick & Mary Rosenblum, compilation and type setting, Charles Wannop - the many proof readers and the beta test group who help the Citadel 7 series reach for the high bar.

"Welcome Agent. This mission propels us along the Superverse continuum through the endless oceans of Dark Matter. We will emerge in a timeline where some things will seem familiar, others quite strange. The voice of *Central* will now take you through our brief. See you on the ground. Mission success to us all!"

C-DATE: CLASSIFIED.

UNFOLDING TIMELINE: ACTIVE.

MISSION AUTHORIZATION: EVERCYCLE SEVEN.

MISSION POINT OF ORIGIN: SOL STAR SYSTEM, PLANET EARTH.

PLANET SECURITY LEVEL: 10.

LOCAL TIME/PLACE: 1963, AUSTRALIA.

MISSION CATALYST: DETECTION OF RIFT IN LOCAL SPACE TIME KARMA STREAM. WARDENS, UNNIS AND DOGG, DISPATCHED TO INVESTIGATE. PERMISSIONS FOR LOCAL TIMELINE REMOVAL OF MORTAL INDIGENOUS TO THE WORLD-APPROVED.

SOUL CORE CHANEL ESTABLISHED. WARDEN YOU ARE CLEARED TO ADDRESS THE AGENT.

CHAPTER

1

Nothing as it seems

Welcome back, Agent. My name is Uniss. We are on a mission of hope in dark times. We must turn the tide of a cataclysm now threatening us all. Please listen carefully to what I have to say, it is key to our survival and the preservation of all we hold dear. Before we hit the ground, let me ask. Do you remember ever being part of a paradox? I have lived through many. Do we ever meet anyone significant to our lives by chance? Had I known the true threat he posed back then, I would have sent him for erasure on our first encounter. But then, had I done that, none of what has unfolded would have been possible. Hindsight always makes me smile, as do those who use it. Once decorated for valor beyond the call, we have now been thrust forward again and made responsible for setting things right. This mission is not by choice, but then, nothing's as it seems. Bear that in mind, Agent, as the telling of Commander Bloch's tale unfolds, for like you, we are now part of his legacy too.

Two silver shafts of light struck the sun-scorched red earth and a sound of fine shattering glass arose in a whirl of dust breaking the bushland's silence. The energy dissipated, revealing two gray-clad, war-hardened intercosmos travelers. Standing beside his companion in the heat and dust of the arid land's mid-afternoon sun, the brim of his Warden Profiler's weathered gray hat wavered in an irregular eastbound wind. For their return, he'd kept his preferred form as a half-

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caste Aboriginal of the local human race. Eyes clearing, he lifted his view and surveyed the windswept topography with a knowledge that went far beyond the mid-forties façade he projected. He considered this mortal world's *true* function and the future purpose of all incarnates in residence on this world. Then he sighed considering what might have to be done.

There's a catch, there's always a catch, he thought.

In his right hand, he held an aging rolled parchment, a decree for all humanity written by Zero, the Lord of Life's Spark, head of the Citadel Superverse Council, and original creator of Superverse existence. The decree validated the two Warden's presence in this world and their authority to make any changes to this world's time line they saw fit. A tiny alarm sounded, and the Warden pushed back his sleeve to expose his Continuum chronograph wrapped around a tanned wrist.

"We're good to go," he said to his scruffy canine companion. He looked skyward. "They're almost here."

Uniss bent and pulled a grass stem from the ground next to his right boot and then pressed the sprig between dry lips while contemplating their mission directive. He heard a rustle in some nearby tussock grass. From the corner of his eye, he glimpsed a large black snake slithering into the grass root shadows.

"Now that's a sign," he said to himself and looked to his companion. "If our replacement turns out to be a doppelganger--and I suspect he is, Dogg--this is the end of the line. If I get taken out before I can locate and deal with his handler, see that he at least is processed for full erasure, immediately."

"Okay," said Dogg.

"And, Dogg. Don't go all Buddha on this one like the last potential replacement. If they don't work out, they have to be erased. This one's our last hope. We'll deal with Lord Zero and the Council later."

"Uniss, I know my part," Dogg said, flicking her left ear to get rid of a large bush fly. "Maybe *this* replacement will shine some light on how to stop the coming reset. I realize, if we don't find an answer through them, there won't be a space

time continuum around, period."

He unrolled the parchment, thinking on the first words exposed.

"I hear that," he said.

Uniss's heavy shin-length duster buffeted against lean strong legs as the decree flapped in his grip from a gust of wind threatening to blow it away.

"We best get to it then. I hope this world still has enough integrity to withstand what's coming."

Looking to the horizon, drawing a deep breath for the pronouncement's delivery. He prepared as if his announcement were intended for some vast invisible listening audience. Reverently, Uniss delivered the declaration in his husky baritone way.

"From Lord Zero, to the caretakers of this world: "Remember ... there was a time when gods walked the Earth with man in league to watch over the prisoner and keep him dissolved. Outside Earth in the black stands Tyr, guarding the gates, keeping all hemmed in.

But as ages have passed and histories were written, and gods one by one became fable and man corrupt, the prisoner, Herrex the Destroyer, first fallen of nine, built armies little by little and walked Earth freely in the dreams of those left behind.

Armies of thoughts, flesh and bone, trees, flowers, and even the air all became absorbed under the hand of Herrex, the Lord of Balance.

This is why you have dreams both good and bad of what you must do to hold power. Sometimes, we whisper from far away, trying to take back what we once fought so hard to contain.

Now, on Earth, all the keys you have lost, as you have found many things that lead you astray, being steered by the wind of your dreams, and we gods become stories told only by words of a few.

Truth has long passed. Man thinks he's in charge as Herrex pulls string from behind,

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smiling at his blind prey, playing warden for their stay as they are unaware of being fooled and kept blind. So, remember the truth behind that itch that lies in the back of your mind ...

Who am I really? Where do I come from and why am I here? Why do I remember what has never appeared, and why do I believe in what my eyes have not seen?

Earth Clan! Ask yourselves this! What if rebirth is real? What if belief, birth, death, and all such play are the doorways to other places?

What if every person, animal, and independent life on Earth contributed to the balance of a greater Superverse, a place where man has a most important job?

If for a second you feel this, read on, then look around, for your existence is magnificent."

The words of Warden Uniss ended replaced by a whistling gust of wind passing by. He looked down to his stocky companion.

"Hope the message carries as far as it's supposed to, Dogg. We can do with all the help we can get."

Uniss re-rolled the declaration and placed it back inside his duster's pocket. A sonic boom sounded in the far distance from behind and he looked over his shoulder.

"Can you feel them on comms, Dogg? They're with us now. G'day, Agent! I hope the brief Central gave set you in the right direction. Pleased you finally found the right book cover to open again. It's a strange way in I know, but it's how Superverse integration for anyone from the outside works, and, it's the only safe one. You've been granted access to help us set a serious situation right. Don't worry. Your part in this is about to be made clear. I'm Uniss, by the way. Warden Profiler for Superverse Karmic Admin Adjustments. You remember me, right? We *have* met before. What about my partner here at my feet, Dogg, you remember her, don't you? No? Oh dear."

"They'll have typical, temp memory loss from the Soul Core transfer,

Uniss. It'll probably take a week."

"Now, Dogg. Give the Agent a chance. Stepping from their world to our dimension knocks the best of everyone at times. Come on, Agent ... take a breath, think. You must remember, we travelled across the Space Time Continuum together for a decade or so last time. You even stood at the center of Cobalt's belt."

"Agent, look at me. It's Dogg. I was the last one you spoke to before we sent you back last time. You said you had just the best time, even though we scared you half to death for a lot of it. Surly you remember that? Look at my face. **Blue Heeler** by breed, Higher Being by nature was the last thing you said before you left. Umm ... how about when we took you to... Cluster 47? When we were there and you helped stop Starlin from using the continuum sub-gate to enter this dimension, you said I had to be the coolest four-legged canine in existence. Group hug moment, remember?"

"Step closer to them, Dogg. Come on, Agent, think."

"What about the missing tip on my right ear? You always said it made me endearing. My blue-gray fur? Still nothin'?"

"It could take weeks, Dogg. Look at their expression. They won't remember anything until the brain haze from the metta jump clears."

"Ignore Uniss, Agent. He's still testy after that argument at Juno Bridgeport customs last time the three of us crossed back into the M System Continuum timeline."

"Give me a break Dogg. I'll explain as we go along."

"By all means, Uniss. Please explain to our covert Earth Side contact why the clues that *you said* would lead us to those who caused all our problems, instead led us to a whole lot of nothing--again."

"Sarcasm doesn't fit the cute puppy profile you're ploddin' in, Dogg. Those clues were valid then and you know it!"

"Fine, just tell 'em what they need to know for our mission here then, so we

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can grab who we came for and fix this mess. I want my life and body back. Being sentenced for erasure over some god-complex-holding manipulator's machinations, isn't tickling my fancy in the least."

"Keep your fur on, Dogg. Let's all start movin' toward the pickup point then, okay. It's south of that rise in the mid distance. Arguing now isn't going to help any of it. Sorry Agent."

Uniss avoided a tussock cluster and led the way. "Watch your step and follow me, Agent. Listen up. As of now, you're a key part of what's unfolding in Superverse events. It's okay, we get it. You can't remember much. Happens each time we bring you back. Just watch out for snakes in the tussocks around here while you're puttin' your feet down. It's the season for them here. Come on, Dogg ... pick your paws up. We've still a fair distance to cover if we're to reach the asset in daylight. Agent, just so you've got your bearings, we're in scrub-lands quite a few hours inland from the east coast of the continent now called Australia. It's the year 1963 on their local time line. Simple place, low tech by Superverse standards. As the crow flies, we're heading northwest to a road a bit of a slog from here."

"My feet still hurt from our last trek, Uniss--and I'm thirsty."

"Well then, you shouldn't have chased those Marmarks on Juno for hours to blow off steam, as you put it, should you? Now stop complainin', Dogg. I need to put the Agent's head right. Sorry, Agent. We should find who we're lookin' for near the base of those hills on our left." Uniss, ignored Dogg's loud sigh. "We're about halfway between a small human township called Tibooburra and a larger place called Broken Hill. Race and attitudes are divided in a variety of turbulent ways for the local peoples. Many hold a point of view blind to what's truly right or wrong regarding the bigger picture for this planet's well-being. It's part of the reason this planet's inhabitants were cut off from the rest of the Superverse from the start. The human worldview is still too narrow for what's swimming around in the greater cosmos. Ya see, Agent, we wanted to tell you this back on Juno, but too many unwanted eyes and ears there. And adhering to Citadel Evercycle Council protocol made it difficult. Dogg and I are under contract to the Citadel Evercycle Council. The Council as we've told you before is responsible for existence. Then the

argument happened over how much you *should* be exposed to and we had to send you back in a hurry when Admin got involved."

"He means for everything in existence existing in the first place, the big bang and all that."

"Yeah, thanks, Dogg. On our Citadel rankings we're called 'Warden-profiler.'"

"Until we were suspended anyway."

"Thanks, Dogg. I know we promised we'd be safe back then, Agent, but it didn't work out that way. We still call ourselves 'profilers' since we're on official business. We're sort of middle management. Some realms label us as lesser gods; others call us Cosmic Lords."

"I feel more like a janitor."

"It won't be for long, Dogg." Uniss sighed. "Ever since you've been unable to retrieve your true form, you've gotten grumpier by the minute."

"It's fine for you, you can step out of your meat sack any time you like. It was me saving your neck last time that got me stuck with this body."

"You're right. I'm sorry, Dogg. We'll undo what Zharkaa did to you soon as possible. Now will you shut up and let me finish?"

Dogg looked away and trotted off.

"I feel bad about what happened, Agent, but there is little I can do to help her get her true form back right now. Profilers such as Dogg and me represent part of a super-sentient race called Filion. We can take many forms, occupying different hosts. Warden Profilers work in independent roles usually ... well, except for Dogg and me. We are, or were the only registered permanent partnership after the end of the Citadel Wars. Our race never needs rest, unless mortally wounded, are always focused, and are absolutely impartial in making karmic decisions concerning the Council's interests, right, Dogg?"

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"Piffle."

"Not helpful, Dogg. Our original vocation was to determine who goes to the next rebirth cycle and who stays in a holding pattern awhile longer. All profilers, Agent, follow the protocols of upper management to the letter ... don't we, Dogg?"

Dogg rolled her eyes.

"It all worked that way originally, until Evercycle Herrex, Lord of Balance, went rogue and was incarcerated for trying to bring about a complete existence reset. See, Agent, in some respects, existence itself is alive. The God's Senate even gave it a name, Morphosis. Existence must breathe, just as all the living incarnates inside it do. Lord Herrex's job was to keep everything in balance. Instead, he took his power and used it for his own selfish ends. So, we had to shut him down. Now, while he is ... away, Dogg and I have been made responsible for the Continuum systems balance, a balance that for reasons we don't understand is slipping away."

"You mean it's in the toilet, Uniss."

Uniss sighed.

"Thanks for the added color, Dogg. Unfortunately, she's right Agent. After Lord Herrex's departure, Superverse evolution became further unhinged. Even Lord Zero, oldest of the Evercycles said he could do little to stop what Herrex had set in motion. And we--"

"Enough history, Uniss!"

"Okay, okay. As you're traveling with us, Agent, don't forget that, as before, you are still anchored in your home dimension, but now have one foot in our reality as well. You're a vital observer only, at this time. Have all the opinions you like. But say nothing to anyone here, except us of course. Don't interfere, even in your dreams--not even if you think you can help. If you do, this reality will dissolve in the space time continuum and we'll have no way back or know what is true or false."

"Our asset's metta signal is strong now, Uniss."

"Doin' my best, Dogg. Agent! Watch those tussocks on our left; there's a

Copperhead snake in there. Listen, at the beginning of this existence cycle, Lord Zero and the Citadel Council felt it necessary, for reasons beyond our security clearance, to break one single ever-expanding Superverse into ten separated dimensions. We are presently in Citadel 7's jurisdiction which is billions of your light years large in every direction. It is where all reincarnation and sentient evolution takes place. Citadel 7 is usually overseen by Evercycle Seven, but no one has seen them since we last parted company."

"Something's off about that, Uniss, if you ask me. Evercycle Seven is never... absent."

"I agree Dogg, something fishy there. The heart of Evercycle Seven's jurisdiction encompasses the mortal space time continuum or, M system, M for Mortal. Inside it, all life-supporting planets like your Earth have a mirror world in an alternate place and timeline. Earth's mirror is called, 'Tora,' which is a preindustrial world several galaxies and two dimensions away from here."

"Not looking forward to our return visit there after we pick up who we came for. That place is a powder box ready to explode. Still healing from the last stint."

Uniss brushed some flies away from his face.

"That's right, Dogg, and it set us back a piece too to get back in the Council's good graces. Both planets are governed by Citadel 7 Central where the council is situated. That's who you heard on comms earlier and who authorized this next mission. Earth and Tora share a level ten high-security lockdown status that connects them via a dark matter ethereal mortal umbilical. That connection is largely the reason we are here, and why we need the replacement we've come to collect.

"Under Evercycle Seven's watchful eye, all the highest levels of reincarnation traffic for both Spirit-Sider and the Solid Siders, or mortals as you call them are governed. It includes the god echelons, angelic dimensions, and greater demon realms. At one time, all higher races--incorporeal and mortal--interacted, traded, and exchanged culture and knowledge. Unfortunately, the

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actions of Lord Herrex to take control of existence incited the Citadel Wars and everything changed. Now nothin's as it seems, Agent--remember that."

"Everyone had to pick new sides fast when that happened."

"That we did, Dogg. As you might remember, all Superverse agents, including wardens like us swear allegiance to a particular Citadel house. Each house is governed by one of the Evercycles such as Seven. Earth and Tora were technically placed under Lord Zero's authority after the War trials. Our allegiance is now to him.

The new apprentice we've come to collect is a concern because they are tied somehow to the God of War, Tyr. Tyr is Space Time Continuum Security Chief for the Citadel Council. Recently, Lord Zero summoned them to freeze all further reincarnate traffic for Earth and Tora. That's a really big deal where Superverse evolution is concerned, Agent. In Earth's case, human beings and their free will are key to the planet's karma stream balance, which is now compromised.

If we can resolve the problem, the Council will allow the reincarnation cycle to be restored. We've been set up for all that to wrong. We were ah... volunteered for this mission."

Padding along a few steps in front, Dogg looked back over her shoulder and then hung her head.

"Come on, Dogg, pick your ears up. We'll set things right. I know it's not good that ninety percent of our asset's full past lives Akashic record has been obscured with security black line. But, the clear part of the brief agent Marvin *did* manage to slip us, indicates our new apprentice carries a dark cataclysmic potential."

"And you think this helps us how?"

"Well, Dogg, we know they've been given an alternate identity. We know they're important enough that someone in Central doesn't want us to know what we've got, till it's too late. Think, why would the Council push such a dangerous

asset like that our way.

"To step back and laugh at the mess that follows?"

"Right! But what if we can find out who this stooge we've been served up really is? Maybe, just maybe we can use them to clean things up and put us in the clear."

"Well, I suspect that the moment we train our replacement to an acceptable level, the powers that be will have us shuffled off to the Echaa Realms for complete erasure. It's Herrex. He's doing it somehow, I'm sure of it. He warned as much when we locked him up."

"Maybe, Dogg, but we also now know that someone is manipulating Earth or Tora's true reincarnate evolution data. Herrex can't do that from where he's sittin'."

"Right, so someone else is using Herrex's mischief as a blind for their own aims. Everyone just lives and dies to be reborn in a different time slot on the same world over and over. But, the public record says the opposite."

"Yes, it does. We now know all the long-term past life recall records for Earth and Tora have been falsified, and I think this new apprentice is somehow the key to finding out why."

"So, no one on Earth or Tora has any idea what their lives were before the present rebirth? That means they can't plan for a better evolutionary future when their cycle ends."

"Exactly, Dogg. That's why our friend the Agent must know how we got to here. It might also help them remember something we can use so the mistakes of the past are not repeated in the future."

Uniss wiped beads of sweat from his brow with his sleeve and then looked to the mid distance.

"Damn, this place's hotter than usual, Dogg. My host could do with a cool

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drink about now."

"Not likely till we get to the asset's campsite. How do you think I feel in a dog form?"

"Keep movin' then. Quicker we get there, the cooler we'll be. So, Agent, you now begin to see things are a bit of a mess for the future of the Superverse I hope. Lord Herrex has already cost the Superverse thousands of worlds and corrupted as many realms on his path of destruction. We can't let any more downward spiral happen."

"We're are hardly in the position to be any sort of grand influence right now, Uniss."

"Don't know about that, Dogg. We can keep a lower profile this way. We can use what we learned from looking after Soja Bridgeport while the new Karma Admin Management System was established too. Soja served as the second-highest echelon of Citadel post-war operations, Agent. You remember that, right? Information we got from there is priceless."

"So, it doesn't leave you wondering about our awkward conversation with Evercycle Six, Lord of Boons Good and Bad? How she was suddenly absent shortly after, sent on some dodgy sabbatical evercycles never take? Even Seven didn't know where she went."

"I saw what was going on too, Dogg. The moment Starlin showed up in his reinstated position as Karmic Accountant telling us to relax until further notice, I knew things had turned right sour."

"No one likes Starlin on the best of days, Uniss."

"Nah, he was just the messenger, Dogg."

A gust of wind blew in from the west causing the two Warden's to brace against it.

"I saw the look on his face, Uniss. He enjoyed every minute of our exile."

"Starlin's a sewer snake, Dogg, we both know that. But he's just a tool for Evercycle Three. His influence stops when she does."

"He's got something of his own up his sleeve, I know it. We all spent too many years together to think otherwise, Uniss. He was too smug. He knows what he did to us and those worlds was so wrong. We were sunk from the moment we left the briefing room."

"Starlin'll get his comeuppance, Dogg. He's barely holding favor with the council now. We'll wait for the right time to deal with him. It's Herrex's mother, Three, who's our big worry. She enjoyed every bit of the mischief stirred from the background while all the attention remained focused on Herrex's trial. Good thing we could ensure that many of the problems the war exposed will never reoccur."

"With Herrex gone, the power vacuum that arose will soon force Three's hand that's for sure."

"Agreed. At least we can use this time to deter reincarnate applicants from seeking out those dealing in the black market for karmic futures. Hopefully, we can save a few civilizations before they make themselves extinct, just like the Inca's of Earth did at the start of all this mess."

"It was all working fine until that bean-counter for management in Starlin's old department noticed the higher volumes of traffic we'd stimulated."

"Bastard! They flagged it to be investigated--and Starlin promptly used our actions to his advantage which landed us in it all over again."

"She's right, Agent. Even though Starlin was put on trial, his report on our activities still had sway with the council. That detailed description of the excess positive karma creation on our account near buried us. Our reincarnate traffic tables showed a massive drop in negative karma flow across the Superverse compared to other Citadel Wardens. You might remember. According to Superverse evolution Design Regulation 1002--Acceptable Karma Volume Returns--fluctuations in the reincarnation ratios must show balanced ratios of positive and negative karma for reincarnates. Ours were all positive."

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"Yeah. Which Starlin's then doctored further showing the high levels of positive karmic on-flow were harming space time continuum balance."

"He did, Dogg. The Council, on Three's say-so then temporarily reinstated Starlin to his position as Chief Karma Accountant and empowered him to investigate our actions."

"Yeh! Then Starlin sent the full audit on to Evercycle Five's personal secretary, Adonis, and there's no one more bureaucratic and anal in exercising his powers of office than him."

"Sadly, she's right, Agent. Watch out! Scorpion near your left foot. That would have been nasty. Anyway, that's how we became of interest upstairs in Citadel Council chambers. Once our names were mentioned in the Gods' Senate it was all downhill from there."

"Yep, no coming back from that."

"There is a till a chance, Dogg.

"But Three saw to it that we were suspended, Uniss. The loose cannon she is— she ensured we were sent on—hazardous acquisition patrol—and while we were absent, she motioned for a formal inquiry, accusing *us* of being integral in the wrongful arrest of her son, Herrex. What a stitch-up that was."

"Dogg's right to be angry, Agent. Three further protested that our application of original thought to reincarnate protocol procedure cast a stain on the reliability of all Wardens' given such responsibility. She cited Rule 1 of the Superverse Creation Principles Manual for Self-aware Life Forms—Life isn't a merry dance! We can't allow Wardens to just *choose* a better life for one reincarnate over another. Reincarnates get what they need, not what they want— she demanded this be enforced. There were many nodding heads of the Council showing support for her words."

"Like I said, stitched-up."

"Then with a clap of thunder, Agent, Evercycle Three flung her favorite

amendment to the law in for good measure, just to be sure we were toast. Article 67 of the Citadel Council Protocols Manual now states— All Superverse incarnates must have unobstructed access to choose by free will. Beyond that, Agent, how any self-aware life form evolves is subjective. That they evolve by the choices *they* independently make is paramount."

"That one always gets a laugh from the Demon Lords in the hell realms in Citadel 2."

"Anyway, there we were. Three insisted the punishment fit our crime, then accused us of going rogue. It's the most serious crime a Warden Profiler can be accused of."

"She wanted us just gone, Uniss... that's what it was."

"For sure, Dogg. But because we showed that everyone who participated in our new approach removed heaps of negative karma according to manual guidelines, the Council stayed their hand."

"Before our new program started, Uniss, the demon realms had backed up to a breaking point. I saw several requisitions for a whole new demonic plane cross my desk."

"Anyway, Agent. After the Evercycle Council heard all allegations, our founding creators passed judgment on us in a public address—the first of its kind for such a case in Superverse history."

"Hypocrites."

Uniss pressed the brim of his hat up with his thumb.

"About fifty million of the biggest movers and shakers of the intercosmos turned up to listen to the verdict, Agent. There wasn't a vacant cloud bench for galaxies. Then, a big surprise to all, Lord Zero appealed to the council for leniency in our defense, citing our exemplary war service as part of the consideration. Evercycles Three and Five, however, would have none of it and demanded a sentence of 'punishment through personal choice of the criminal.' A majority ruled

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against our favor and Speaker for the Council, the god Achilles, announced we would choose one of two paths. We could either, accept a mission of reconnaissance and world repair from a Council-directed duty list. This, they informed us, also entailed recruiting, training and personally sponsoring our replacement again from a list of candidates supplied."

"That was a list of one, Uniss."

"Just a moment, Dogg. *Or*, two, we could both choose to be scheduled for full erasure from the space time continuum in the Echaa Realm forthwith, and then have any remaining string particles reshaped into something not quite so ... rebellious. Stop rolling your eyes. I know it was a no brainer."

"Three offered that second option with real satisfaction."

"The decision has been tough on both of us. All we've done, really, is buy a little time to find out what and who in the intercosmos is behind all the trouble before they are onto us. All we know about our candidate is that he is an Earth incarnate human male. We could only discover one clue as to his background. The individual listed is registered as a relocated prisoner of high rank, one with a Class 7 complete pre-lives wipe. This fella is part of the New for Old Past Lives Treaty. Many Superverse enemies not sent to the Echaa Realms for erasure after trial, agreed to the sentence of a full memory and skillset wipe."

"Do you think it possible our new apprentice is one of those, Uniss? 'Cause if they are, something isn't right. I can't sense this being's core *at all*. It's like he is a karmic vacuum."

"But, what other alternative was there, Dogg? The Agent here projected a similar karmic pulse when they arrived, probly just a glitch on the thread. Earth's karmic pathways are pretty unstable now, Agent. There are a lot of false readings. I'll get back to Fortress of Bach records first chance I get and see what else I can find. Maybe Mortilan can help. This young fella's past lives' record must carry some heavy information to have such limited access given to us."

"If it wasn't for Nine, Lord of Harmony, we'd have nothing, Uniss. Do you remember any of our interaction with her, Agent? You were there when we last

saw her too. She hasn't been available since. We'll need to find her soon, Uniss."

"Don't forget Dogg. Five reminded us that doing anything like digging for information without their express authority would break Evercycle Code Six of the Secrecy Act."

"Yeh, I know, bingo, instant erasure in the Echaa realm.

"Right. So, we'll play our cards close to our chest for now. We need to see what the go is with this new apprentice. Come on, this Earth summer heat is going to cripple this body if I don't get it to some shade soon."