



Story

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『Homo Aliens』

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"Writing is not necessarily something to be ashamed of, but do it in private and wash your hands afterwards."

-Robert A. Heinlein

1.

"Keymaker" was trying to run away as far as possible from the one who is self-righteous and self-proclaimed himself as "King", who wants to take over all the galaxy. Each "key" he had was opening to a different world, holding the light-years of distances inside them. He had to protect them at all costs. A key was not easy to acquire, after all. These amorphous, crooked things were not imaginable for Marco and people like him. The King who knew that was conquering the planets all over the galaxy, bringing apocalypse to its people. He was forcing the captured ones to be his slaves, killing mercilessly the ones who rebel against him. That was such blood-curdling sight to those innocent people, to watch their allies suffer and cry for help desperately...

Where he last visited, in Hyperforma, Keymaker opened the door of the tavern which is built inside a huge tree. The dim light was leaking from the holes on the body of the tree, a dulcet tune filling the air. A fellow forcing himself not to sleep in this calm ambiance, sighed out loud as he stood up. "Let's go study some sleep, maybe we can get a dream.". After saying that, he left some things that Keymaker can not understand what is it. What were these things? Money? I don't think so... This is not an ancient place although it seems like one.

That's odd but living beings in here are happy. How can they be so impervious in all these oddities? Well, there's SO many oddities comparing to the ancient time though. Nobody trusts odd, but the trust itself is an oddity. You will understand this in your 30's in the "world time".

When he got this information from an old but young spirited tree in the tavern, the Knight also overheard. He was drinking something from the horn he took in his hand. Something was bubbling like it was in pain inside this horn. Hearing the King's name, the Knight was startled and attempted to draw his sword. But he remembered that his sword was not with him. Recalling the one who broke it brutally, seeing the red, he asked the Keymaker why is he asking the King and since when he was looking for him.

Keymaker was scared, but he tried to run away without showing it. Unfortunately, the sound of the keys weighing on him had given him away. Like a wolf approaching its prey, the Knight looked into the eyes of the Keymaker.

Y'know, if anyone comes eye to eye with a wolf, it is theirs now.

He lifted Key up into the air as he grabbed him by the neck. Now Key had no chance but to talk, as it seems. "If King finds out where I am, he can conquer all the universe in a blink of an eye. So I'm running away from him and informing the rulers of the places I go about this dangerous situation. So, I'm not searching for him but running away from him. Now spare me, will ya?". The Knight gave an eye to the man he was holding from head to toe. And dragged him alongside with himself recklessly, Keymaker couldn't resist the Knight's strength so he had no choice but to obey him.

They walked through deserted streets for some time, and finally they stopped front of a door. It seemed like a basic shack from the outside, there was no way for him to know that they were in a secret base. They got on the elevator, the dark ambience around them started to brighten as they descended.

After some time and a moment of deep silence, elevator stopped loudly. Keymaker couldn't hide his amazement as he stepped into the grand hall, wandering his eyes around. He even didn't notice the eyes on him until he heard the loud sound of someone clearing his throat. As he get back to his senses he turned around, his eyes met an archer -he thought he was an archer because of the bow hanging on his back- and another person standing with arms crossed. Archer smiled gently. "You'll see so many of these grand halls, mister. It's just a matter of time.". Made a step to Keymaker. "It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Ash, the archer. And this is Chris, the cartographer. We are just three now but with your help, we can find other persons sooner."



He made a much more serious expression. “We must gather the unconquered kingdoms under one roof. Darkness is spreading like a virus, we have to stop it before it spreads all over the universe.”.

And their adventure started as they shook hands.

They gathered the kingdoms in no time, moreover they found themselves new members. Nobody had faith in them until they saw the huge base, they were fascinated. Everything was going according the plan smoothly, but there was a problem: Who was going to be the head of them between that much people? Who was going to manage and instruct them? Who...? The whispers echoing in the grand hall were getting louder with each passing day

2.

High Council, they were a group of elders and a baby, finally determined their “Head”. And that person was none other than Chris, the cartographer. A pen bitten on the back in his ear, carrying various devices in his satchel bag, and plenty of ideas in his head; he was cut out for this job. Author was thinking in this way, at least. Of course there would be those who oppose but ten would say, one would write.

High Council’s request from Chris was to mapping the places he’s been with Keymaker, and taking precautions against possible attacks. Mapping one place would take 11 days as a result of working day and night. First place to map was Hyperforma, and Chris finished it lightning fast. He passed the hall with quick steps. His teammates -Keymaker, Ash, and the others- all looked up to him as he opened the door in front of him and stepped in in an instant.

He laid the map on the table in the middle of the room. And as he snapped his finger twice, the map took a three-dimensional shape. He knows what he does, thought everyone. They glanced at each other, and focused on the map again.

The map became bigger in a blink of an eye, and it kept getting bigger until it becomes like they were inside all those places for real. That was beyond belief, but their boundaries for belief were so little for the reality in front of them. That was nothing but a slight dust of a mighty future awaits them, now which seems like just a mere mirage.

...

Among the 13 planets in the galaxy, only 5 of them managed to protect their independence Hyperforma, Nash, Virgo, T-Vir and Spica. Chris, managed to map them all in about 75 days. After finishing his task, he went to T-Vir for presenting them to the High Council. He moved on the forlorn deserts where the sun is overhead. He saw two person far away suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and looked carefully. They look alike the two person who come to my dreams every night, it must be an illusion for sure... He didn’t care much and continued to walk through Council.

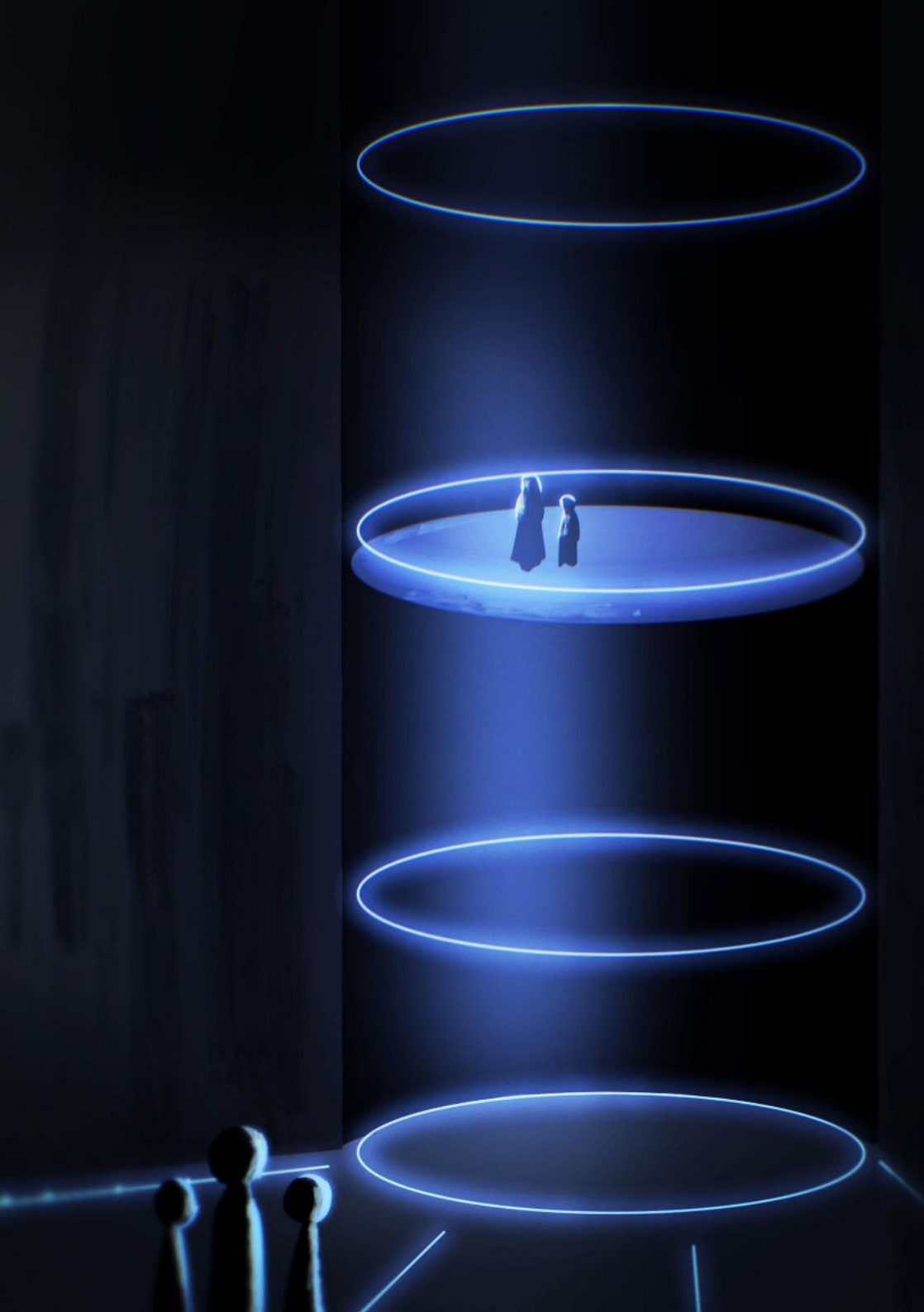
The cartographer appreciated for his hard work by the High Council. Now his new task was to mapping other 8 planets, too. Council still gave him time to rest for a few weeks near the planet's core, he could start his task after that, he deserved it at least.

Unlike other planet's, T-Vir's core was cold. For me, that was nothing but a dead planet. T-Vir and the beings living in here differed not only in appearance but also in way of thinking, obviously. Thus we had already left this planet. We left middle and low-class families, those who did not have a family, and those who did not have a family, then we made this journey with only high-class people. Well, it's human... It may have a so called "heart" but that's just a probability. It may not have one but that's also a probability. We, humans, are floating in this chain of possibilities; we don't know what will happen tomorrow but are not forgetting there's someone who knows. All in all we are "human", and with those who are also human, we will go onto this chain's next ring.

Today is February 27, 2022...

~

Key watched Ash as he moved his pen on the paper aggressively, he was so focused on his work as it seems. He leaned a bit to see the paper he was working on. He saw some documents of the enemies they will counter, he picked one and took a glance over it. "Magician Luz, thief goblins, Prince Steve and Princess Alexandrite, golems, electro magician Fluorite, dragons...". Oh my, thought Key, this is going to be a rough war... He murmured as he looked to Ash. "I know only one person who can defeat these-". "Yes, yes. Him...". Ash cut his words with this short sentence, and he continued to arrange the areas where the enemy can attack.



3.

Everyone was waiting for the words to come out of Ash's mouth after a moment of silence. **Ash:**

/ Archer troops you will be in the rear, in the towers and on the sides! Let the giants attack first! Healers, you will heal what is within 20m² of you. Especially when giants are ahead, support them first and then turn to other units!..

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD:

But how else do we set them up so fast? Shall we fight on each of the planets separately?

ASH:

No, soldier! We will have waited for them on the first planet they attacked.

The voice in the crowd once again:

But what if more than one planet is threatened at the same time?

ASH:

Then we will not wait for them to attack. Get ready to attack as soon as possible...

Ash said, "But how else are we going to set them up so fast?" He didn't answer this question, but since I know everything as a writer, let me explain it by writing:

It only took the time to assemble the troops to do this. This was no easy task either. Do you call them teasing, stealing, joking even at a time like this... It's hard to put together, but on top of that, the author cuts off - which I don't understand where this courage comes from. You are the character of a story written by a real person.

What is interrupting the author?

ASH:

/Anything that will prevent us from winning, I will destroy it myself. said Key as he prepared for the destination. This character looked so innocent. You ask why?

Because the author wanted it that way. Who is this writer? Does he think in his own mind that he can do whatever he wants with the people here? He can do whatever he wants to others, but never to me... It was the fire spirit that said. Then, one of those beautiful ice creams that had haunted his dreams for days suddenly appeared in his palms. Everyone was very surprised. Because these ice creams were not melting. Seeing that it had not melted, the fire spirit stretched its tongue into the ice cream, eyes gleaming. That taste he got, mmmmmmm... No one would ever be told to the fire spirit again. The spirit of fire, who hungrily ate his ice cream, was always praying to the author, and was bouncing off at the same time. To where? Ask the author... Without it we do not think about the end of this story.

On the other hand, the king and his troops are preparing to attack; he used the soldiers he had in this preparation very effectively. No matter what anyone said, effective use was very important even if he had few powers. For example, the snake ruler Alador, who has a long tail, light blue skin color and black suit, which he is under the influence of other planets, can rewind time as long as he can, the snake watch on his wrist does this.

Was providing it. but in doing so he was aging as much as he went back in time. Alador, who was very old with no wrinkles on his face, was content to remind those who said "You don't look your age at all" that he was just a snake. Indeed, "Snakes do not fail to renew their skin about every 6 months. If the skin does not change, the snake dies. Just like those who keep their old thoughts out of their heads..." Alador said to the King. This character in the hands of the king would greatly change the course of the war.

But not only this; Boscha did it so skillfully when he was making illusions that he sometimes even believed in his illusions. You should see the fangs of the vampire king Dracula. I saw it

once while watching an animated movie whose name starts with "hotel" on TV.

The lion ruler Edgar may be making a kitten sound when he roars. I made a deal with Edgar that I would write this secret in this story as no one would know. If he keeps his word and stays with me until the end of the story, I will keep my word and continue to write on the fact that no one knows anything.

These were not people to be taken lightly. Indeed, they were aware of this. Likewise, for effective use, we needed to be aware of events, what actually happened. A blind seer in a book I was reading was aware of everything. So blindness is an event that only affects the eyes. Otherwise, how could the oracle, though blind, know everything? How could the author of that book have included him in his book?

"The King, who has 8 planets, will plunge the entire galaxy into darkness, just like the sense of uncertainty and indecision that pervades people. This finding would not only stop there, but would also spread to other star systems, reach living things all over the universe, and be passed on from generation to generation. Until today, March 3, 2022, when someone is writing these lines.

On Earth, this darkness would appear one night, and one of those who saw this sudden appearance of this dark matter was S. Ford. This darkness, which had appeared suddenly for a few nights, was getting closer and bigger as the days passed. "But now that it looks like it's fixed. He's been waiting for something."

/ I was outside watching the stars to think about what you said last night. At that moment, a blackness suddenly appeared in the sky. I think it must be as you say for this sudden blackout to happen. Fold a paper in half and punch it. The master who heard this idea mentioned.

It in an article he wrote might years sound later like and a put short forward formula, thebut formula it took " ". 2-3It years of their own lifetime to write a single letter of that formula. After all, it's a theory.

It can be right or wrong. It's like predicting the future. But you won't see that in this book. On the contrary, there will be forecasts for the past.

Are these stories fictional or real? While the king was thinking this, the oracle's room was packed.

It's just a possibility to get rid of it..." said the soothsayer, who pointed it out with his fingers, and the tears of ice spirit, who started to cry, stopped. tears froze where they fell. The witch Nanefua, who approached to comfort him, took him out and created a new ice spirit to keep him company. Nanefua reentered, missing the rest of the conversation. but he knew like everyone else that he wasn't expecting great things.

Pegasus on the dark side to the king: Why don't we go to other galaxy planets and explore them? Anyway, why don't we see what awaits us in the places we will conquer? when the king said: ha ha ha ha ha! you said true. I am assigning you to this task. so where first... Pegasus, the king jumped before he could finish his word: to the world in the milky way galaxy. After saying that, the king strangled him: Don't interrupt me again. yell. Now, go to the place you call it and find out what the living things are there. He said and threw the Pegasus away. It would take months for the Pegasus to reach the Milky Way galaxy, but he would have a very different result than he had anticipated as to what he would encounter.

Pegasus, his white hair came up to his shoulders. It had a bow on the back. His black cloak came down to his waist. When the space shuttle, which they called the flight tree of everyone under the king's rule, set off to the world with the Pegasus in it to spread the dark emotions, this feeling started to give its first sprouts in the world. The emotion that appeared in Cain's heart had appeared as jealousy. This feeling, which continued to grow in the depths of the soul of this person who was jealous of his brother, was thought to have disappeared for a while with the death of Abel. However, the emotion transferred from generation to generation was transferred to every human being, from every human to other living things. This feeling right now... It cannot be explained, it cannot be experienced...

WORLD

MARCO

I always mutter when I talk to Portia, Bass.

BASSIE

Don't worry dude. I'm sure next time...(bell rings) Anyway... the chemistry class has started. Let's go.

After school lovers, friends and those who want to please other people with their own purpose, everyone went home after saying goodbye to each other. Marco's home has been a family farm for generations. His mother died when he was only 7 years old, and his father used to plant sunflowers just like his own father, just like his own father, just like his own father did. The only difference between these fathers was that the new generations kept up with the times and had a higher level of welfare. It's the same thing Marco's father did. he used everything that technological possibilities had to offer to farming. in fact, he was doing all his work almost without sitting down. but the talk that this and similar artificial intelligence developments can bring the end of humanity, the only living thing in the universe that can distinguish right from wrong (for now), virtual reality programs, I don't know if anyone still watches it in 1050, but TV programs, podcasts, electronic newspapers and articles are published today. was increasing. this is what it should have been.

Because the limit of what artificial intelligence can do is getting bigger day by day, and this threatens the border security of the people who think like this every day. But no matter what, a robot will never be able to do anything of his own. It's not because someone coded it, but because even people's reaction to newly found inventions is: I'M HORRIBLE(!) I THOUGHT THAT*.Everything AI will do has been thought through and implemented by a living thing or not...



1050 has passed since the event that took place in 2031 was considered a milestone, and a better civilization was established in 1050 years with the people who survived those days. This civilization, whose foundations were firmly filled, made great progress in a short time. Here I am, the author of this book...

4.

The team that went to listen to the oracle again:

DIVINER

want hot milk?

CHRIS

where did you get...

you get... this from...

EMILIE

He is a seer and there is no such thing as wasting time.

DIVINER

Yes, yes it is. The king's additional plan is to capture planets in other galaxy. (As Chris opens his mouth again) Without asking, it's possible. He even sends a reconnaissance vehicle to the world for this purpose. You know where in the world, right? You know, the place where there are creatures that walk on two legs like us. If you do not remember; You know, it's covered with ice from both sides. The planet you think rotates from North to South, but originally from west to east. Still don't remember?

One of the planet doctors looked at the blue light reflected from his hands for a while, put his palms together and turned off that light, then returned to the oracle with the redness of his hand. This redness on her hands is hers It looked like I wasn't hurting him, but it was clear that he was hurting inside, with two consecutive tears flowing from his eyes. He got involved quickly.

Wandering Doctor

But how can it be happen? All his observations and theories show that the planet called Earth rotates from north to south.

PRIEST

Observation and experiment are not absolutely true. They can get you right mostly, but the word "mostly" doesn't mean all, does it?

PLANET DOCTOR

But that math, physics, chemistry we've been taught all this time... What do they mean then?

ANOTHER PLANET DOCTOR

No matter what, math is life for me. I don't think about it for a second.

PRIEST

Mathematics requires reflection on everything. By saying this, you have executed the mathematics that you thought was my life. In order not to disparage this branch so much, I think you should not say what you have to say from now on. They are not befitting of a planetary doctor whose life is about mathematics. Yes Ash, you just wanted to say something.

ASH

Hmm, I've heard a few things about that place before. the creatures there are more advanced than any other living thing in the universe.

PRIEST

It's not like that there. Although they are an advanced civilization, they still do not have a clear answer as to whether they are aliens from their own planet. But they have lots of ideas. This allows them to improve every second.

Even the one who wrote these sentences...

BARBAR

sneezing. Whooh excuse me. I'm a little cold though...

NINO

You better go to the healer, my friend.

BARBAR

I think so too. Thanks for the advice man.

Everyone watched in amazement. This dialogue between BARBAR and Nino caused the people present to be silent for a while, then took them out and burst into laughter as if they were tickling. In a short time, something unusual had happened.

CHRIS

where we were. My advice to you is to do a thorough research before you go there with your key.

At that time, the Diviner was doing the rest of his work with his back to them. While listening to what was said, he never interfered with them and interrupted their words. Maybe this was a non-verbal way of saying "you're on the right track". Saying his last words, Chris thanked him. She picked up his purse, put the pen on the table back behind his ear, straightened his hat, an architect's custom, and stepped outside the outer door. He turned his attention to parliament.

I just saw this hat on him. Who had given it to him?

MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY

Any progress, warrior Chris? The good news is coming in from the legislature. Is this news true?

EMILIE

Yes sir. The king has a backup plan and we ask your permission to go to earth to prevent him from doing it. What you heard is also true.

ASSEMBLY MEMBERS

one second... (after a short whisper between the members and cats) make the necessary preparations!

Chris, Emilie and Ashley, who went to listen while the preparations were made... they just sleep.... sssshhh

(in BASSIE's dream)

BASSIE

For you, a million years seems like a second.

AUSTEN

Yes true.

BASSIE

then, accordingly, for you a million pounds is like a penny.

AUSTEN

Yes true.

BASSIE

So can you give me a penny?

AUSTEN

One second...

Austen's resounding words combined with the sound of the alarm, and Bass awoke. He opened the window and...

BASSIE

“It's sunny, the sky is blue, a light wind blows and I feel a great passion for everything... Talking, freedom, my friends, being alone, crying... I miss these so much! I have a feeling that I'm going to explode and I know I'll feel better if I cry, but I can't. I'm restless, I'm going from one room to another... My heart is beating with a thump that my longing is enough. My belief is that I feel the spring inside me, I feel the spring awakening in my body and soul. I have to pull myself together so I can act normal. I'm completely confused, I don't know what to read, what to write and what to do. All I know is: I'm longing for it.” He thought about this from waking up to going to Marco. He was stunned by the book he had read before going to bed last night. The difference between this book and our situation: While the book describes the captivity of man by man; In today's world, it was possible that artificial intelligence could enslave humans.

UNCERTAINTY IS THE ONLY THING EVERYONE IS FEARS OF, WHICH LIVES IT IS. THE KING AND THE DIVINER KNEW THAT VERY WELL!



5.

The three warriors passing through the gate to the world were amazed at what they saw. (what they saw was Marco's father's farm) was different from the tools found in their own civilization. These creatures, which also had significant anatomical differences, were called "humans", according to the oracle. They are very thoughtful creatures.

Some of them are good and some are bad. But they all work for something in common.

CHRIS

Let's go to the building over there.

When they entered the building, they did not feel very welcome. marco, who sees an alien (in his own words) in front of him as soon as he wakes up; frightened, he flutters himself this way and that. But in vain. Because these aliens (in Marco's terms) were physically strong, if not mentally. Marco was just as excited. because what he saw in front of him was the same as what he had seen in his dreams for a while. He hadn't told anyone about this dream until now, but was it a mistake or was it supposed to be? "Should be"... Why do you look so friendly? After a while, Marco was writing dreams in his diary and sketching what he saw. That was what he had in common with Bassie. That's why they're such good friends from a young age. To draw it's a matter of patience. Being patient is human. That's why the aliens (in Marco's terms) didn't understand them.

WHAT MARCO SEEING IN THE DREAM-1

Most of these dreams (explained in Marco's diary), including before Key met Ash at the bar, were set in Hyperforma. His subjects were mostly to teach the complex order in Hyperforma (learning for Marco). The streets, statues, and most importantly, the dreams he had in a row and his researches made these creatures seem less strange to him.

However, the only problem is...

Marco was telling them he had seen them before. but in vain. because they did not understand each other. When Ash calls the witch and asks what to do:

NANEFUA

A potion needs to be made. You must pour this elixir on the mushroom found in T-Vir and stick it around his neck. But the cork must still be alive when it is poured onto the cork, or it won't work.

ASH

OK! That's easy. You tell me about the potion.

NANEFUA

The potion will be ready by the time you arrive. But in return, I have a request from you. You know, we witches don't even greet for free. What evil creatures we are...

ASH

Even though great danger is at hand? What can be said. Like you said, you're disgusting creatures. The mole on your face, your pyramid hat, your blue dress... It's all so disgusting. The more I think about it, the more I get angry, after all, a witch is a witch. What is your request?

Ash, who broke the connection before the witch spoke, wanted to take Marco away, and they met Bassie, who saw them. While there were already worries that ended with a question mark in their minds, they had to take him with them as he shouted with his witness to this event. Inquiring eyes pierced his surroundings. of these murderers

It seemed so strange that he was somewhere else, somewhere else from Earth. Many people were injured during the mutual conflict between the people and these two people. The desire to convey their hurtful feelings to others was eating away at them. They would never rest without vomiting these.

Nanefua reflects on how many times these two people have asked when the mushroom business is over:

NANEFUA

STOOOP!! Is that why you worked so hard for me? I'm going.

He slammed the door quickly. The people inside were watching with amazement and couldn't make sense of it. The witch must have been very old, but it was only a few moments later that she realized that she had left her own house. When I arrived:

NANEFUA

The scene here went wrong. My memorization power is low. You have to go, not me. Don't say anything to the author.

It's the witch. He's low on memorization. He doesn't know that I wrote what he said.

It's a pity, a pity... He shouted his second line.

Everyone in the room had left the room within seconds. There was little limit to what an angry witch could do, especially an old angry witch. After all, experience is important. Who knows how much of his life this person had donated to the thing he wanted so badly. In fact, there are so many people in the world, it seems to me that they all have one thing in common, like retiring.

Those who waited for them to calm down to explain the situation to Marco and Bassie were getting increasingly angry. What a silent soul these are. He was always talking, or rather, he was always talking uselessly. Or was this one of their other aspects from other souls?

There is someone who knows all these questions. No doubt about it...

Exhausted, Ash went to sleep, yawning and out of command, and deciding to tell them the matter tomorrow, put Marco and Bassie in a room with a rectangular barred window, the light only coming from here through the street lamps, and the shade of the bars inside the room. Get out of here old looked like a tree guest. "What a different thing the street lamp was. Although the lamp had a pole, it did not touch the ground, and unlike in the world, energy was not transmitted by any cable. Could they have discovered wireless energy transmission? Tesla is now turned upside down in his grave." These were Marco's thoughts. He told the others to go to listen. Even the witch,

who did nothing but shout today, was exhausted in her old age. Just like everyone else.

The night, this desolate night... It was the most desolate night I've ever heard.

What had happened? Or what would it be? Is it a storm? Or is it the much-anticipated 3rd Interplanetary War? Why are these wars always alike? What is that one thing that never changes in all of them? Well, don't look for it too far. Just look at the meaning of war. "War is nothing but the fight of soldiers!"

Who knows the outcome of this war other than the author, who? Here is a message for the wise.

6.

:Bassie and Drawing and Writing

He was trying to draw the places he saw on this journey, and these animate and inanimate beings that he had never seen before were inspiring him.

I think he should have met Chris as soon as possible. Bassie will see the light in you with the skills that Chris's mastery has bestowed on him.

He drew many pictures from the world until he was sentenced to this rectangular window room. He was too tired that day. He thought it was time to go to bed, to add a little more silence to the silence. Just then, a strange incident occurred to him from a strange day he lived today:

He wanted to buy something sharp from the street vendor. The tip of his pen had crumbled. He had to open it and sharpen it. Approached the seller. He showed his this knife, the hilt of which was leather and the blade of obsidian, lying on the table, and handed him a few pieces of paper when he took it. The street vendor was taken aback. What were these?

Let me tell you, it's money. If you throw it in front of a dog, it doesn't understand what it is and tries to make sense of it, but if you throw it in front of a person, it becomes their dog without needing to understand it. The author doesn't like this kind of thing. The heroes of this story should know this very well. Otherwise, the end... When the seller asks what these are;

BASSIE

Money. I'm responding to this knife

STREET SALER

What should I do? This is of no use to me. Do you have anything different?

Bassie understood the situation. The barter system was still used here. When he took off the green-red hat with a brand logo on it and handed it to the man, the seller agreed. This

hat suited him, but that didn't judge him that way. He was wandering around because I became a witch.

BASSIE

We will win this war against you and your likes. Or we'll lose like me and others like us.

When Bassie said that, his mind was elsewhere. But what he says is actually above all; this war was more important than wars.

As a matter of fact, although more than 10 billion people live in this world, there was only one person who was aware of it. He warned those around him, but no one listened to him, and those who listened thought he was crazy. Yes, this HomoSapiens, this ape's name was Khan. If you ask me, as the author of this book, I didn't think anyone would believe him in that oasis in the middle of the desolate desert. every morning from everyone first he woke up and tried to explain the situation to a passerby who had climbed up on a palm tree in the middle of the oasis, but in vain. When he couldn't get results, he decided to leave this oasis inside for a bowl...

Bassie, who was going to bed, had drawn the last version of the street vendor that he had lost in his memory during this memory period. Having immortalized the moment, he laid his head on the pillow.

He had never slept so well before. Is it the air or the water here? Though it's hard for Bassie to imagine what would happen in these unfamiliar lands. Because he hasn't seen a single river, lake, or anything watery since he came. He would find out later why.

7.

:Persuasion

In the morning Bassie was the last person to leave the room. Where was everyone? Leaning across the narrow threshold of the open door to look at them, Bassie suddenly crossed into the next room, and everyone present looked at his. After a few seconds of staring, Bassie walked over to his friend, trying to make sense of what was going on. Ash continued where he left off before the human called Bassie entered the room.

ASH

... Our aim is clear. This game is not for fun. We play to win. In order for this to happen, everyone has to do their best, even what they can't do.

He had heard what he was going to say now from a great leader a long time ago and had promised himself that he would never forget it. He never forgot... We understand this from here:

ASH

...I order you not to fight, but to die!

An air of enthusiasm among those who listened to him in the hall spread from those listening to Ash from the first row to the end of this row, almost like a Brazilian dance performed at a football match.

...They used to make art for art, for fun. But in the end they always win. Because instead of that metal tin can, their goal while playing the game was to be happy. It was to please the audience. They knew they would never lose in the end, no matter what. They're not just Brazilians, they're "what will other people think of me?" It was people who didn't. And humanity seemed more domesticated than it had ever been.

Even though Bassie didn't know the events, he joined them in the effect of this word and the others, acting as if he knew everything.

After everyone dispersed and went to rest, Bassie went to the team. There was a very quiet atmosphere around. The dust scattering outside cracked the atmosphere of silence a little, but the silence was not broken without someone as loud as Bassie. Ultimately, it did.

BASSIE

Since no one is talking, then let me give my humble opinion. Let's go world. Let's ask the people out there for help. Maybe they'll accept it. Maybe...

MARCO

No way, man. It takes a long time to calm people's curiosity. That's why we are here as the silent heroes of the universe and the earthlings without saying anything to them.

BASSIE

As if the word "heroic" wasn't enough for Bassie, his face turned a little more sour.

While he wanted to go and clear his head outside, the others were inside making plans on maps. They were trading with the virtual states of all the characters they had, and they were bringing the troops from place to place.

Bassie took his notebook with his pen inside. He was going out with fast steps. One last step... He was outside now. He looked around... Except for the extraordinary, there was nothing quite normal. The Crimson Blue mix looked up at the sky. He took a deep breath. Then he took a deeper breath. He couldn't believe that what he was breathing was still air, oxygen. In the distance, he saw a woman tending plants. He took a glance at her and looked carefully again. Could it be?

His steps got tighter. Then, as he got closer to the object he was looking at, the living thing, the distance between his imagination and the real thing widened in a way contrary to his steps. He came to his side.

BASSIE

Hello.

ROSA

Heeyy, hello. I'm Rose. I am the governor of this city. Who are you? I just saw you here.

When Bassie saw the hat he used to barter with the seller on the table, so that the sun wouldn't get on his head, he took it from there and left the knife he used to sharpen his pen and walked away. What a sleight of hand. When he put the hat back on his head, he tucked his ears inside, unknowingly hiding his identity for no reason.

BASSIE

We came here yesterday. It's only natural that you can't see us.

Before Bassie could finish, Rosa turned to the tree beside his. She stroked him a little. It was like she was comforting him.

ROSA

What is it you are holding in your hand? More precisely, what is in that notebook?

BASSIE

It is my pen. This allows me to write in the notebook.

ROSA

How so? Do you use this instead of your finger when writing in a notebook?

For someone like Rosa, this pen was a boon. Because there was no pen on these other planets. Instead of sticking a needle on the tips of his fingers, he was writing when a strange gray liquid flowed out.

BASSIE

There are other types such as ballpoint, fountain, pilot, but I like to use pencils.



Rosa understood nothing of what he was saying. Another point he didn't understand was that even though we've been watching the world for all these years, they haven't seen anything like this.

BASSIE

What are you using here for writing? Or are you using magic in this?

ROSA

Not everyone does magic here. We do this as we write...

Bassie felt a sting in his right index finger as he heard what was said. Rosa looked at his finger as he continued to speak. As Rosa spoke, he took his finger in his mouth and began to suck. When Rosa finished speaking, he took his finger out of his mouth and rubbed it on a cloth towel he took out of his pocket to dry.

Rosa was surprised when he took the pen from him. From Bassie:

BASSIE

I'm sure the tree next to him said something to him, but I can't prove it.

ROSA

That pen... It's an ancestral plunger of my baby. My baby witnessed it one day when people came and cut off his arm. They cut down thousands of trees there.

Rosa was starting to cry while saying these, and getting angry while crying.

Sensing this, Bassie picked up the pen so meticulously as he did on his hat that Rosa wouldn't have known if the tree hadn't told her. While fleeing from Bassie Rosa, they collided with Marco.

MARCO-WHILE BASSIE'S ON AN ADVENTURE

ASH

Now you know our whole plan. But except for one, we don't even consider this a plan because it's dangerous. This is a method that has not been tried before.

Together they walked towards Rosa's lab. They met many people on the way. After a short greeting, they continued on their way and soon arrived at the laboratory. Inside was something covered with a cover. Bassie bumped into him as Marco lowered the covers.

The two of them got into the machine through the gaping door.

Closing the door made things a little more interesting.

ASH

How did it happen? (Yell.)

I would like to give an answer according to him, but when the events were going so hectic, I never got involved. Otherwise, we know that the answer is "The author can do it if he wants to".

This shabby but modern machine was enough to add excitement to the gloom and excitement of the people inside with the rust and oiling of the years. With this excitement, they pressed some buttons inside. And suddenly they found themselves somewhere in the middle of the forest.

8.

:Backward

The rustling of the stream, the chirping of birds, the deer drinking from the stream, the trees hosting the creatures living in this forest and protecting them silently... But wait, the plants they saw in this forest were very familiar to them. Not caring too much about it: ahahhh... "That's what life is all about." they said in unison.

You, the person reading this!

These words could only come to an end when he saw these two and other forest dwellers awakening in the forest, when that burning sound, which is created when a person pulls a thin, capillary and tight rope with his hand, splits the nature in two, and when the sounds stop, the slit opened with the people inside. .

Even though the conductor in that train thought he was just pulling the rope and leaving the station, that wasn't the only thing. There was also the other side of the coin. In fact, it didn't seem like the conductors cared at all.

(And again) In fact, when a person does not know everything, he is happier in the unknown. On the contrary, obscurity; For those who can think and distinguish right from wrong, it is the most terrible thing they fear. But they don't know that. Indeed, this is also an uncertainty.

Among those who woke up in the middle of the forest and heard this sound as soon as they woke up, they were birds that did not go to the ground, but went straight to the sky. Yes, yes, it's my heroes' turn. When they came out from the bottom of their burial place, they were just like other animals that didn't know what they were doing here. When they came to their senses, they rushed to the place where the sound was born, as if to show their difference from the animals. Because of their breathing, it was not their turn to talk when they saw the station on the hill they were climbing. Now Marco is trying to speak Bassie is breathing, now Bassie is trying to speak, Marco was breathing. Marco followed Bassie as he lay on his back on top of the employee.

This last deep breath Bassie took indicated that he was going to start talking.

BASSIE

What the heck, what the heck, where are we? uhhhh.

I think Marco had arranged his breathing. He didn't have much difficulty speaking.

MARCO

I do not know. All I know is that this cannot be the world.

At that time, movements started in the station, eyes turned to the direction where the movement started.

BASSIE

What's up? They are human though. No, it's not my dear, is it?

MARCO

Let's go and take a closer look. Maybe this machine sent us to Earth. But this place isn't like the world I've ever known. Here...

This place is so green, so classic, so, so... You know what it's called.

BASSIE

Is it old? It's been so long since I've used that word that I'm a little weird now.

MARCO

Me too.

After a few hundred silent and curious steps towards the station.

BASSIE

My friend!.. These look very strange. Look at these.

I have never seen such an ugly garment in my life, and I never dreamed of seeing it until now.



Marco glanced at Bassie and the clothes he was wearing. They were wearing very white, rather plain clothes that fit them perfectly.

The clothes of these creatures, whom they see, look like humans, and are still undecided about, are dressed in green on their heads, with various emblems on it, with black brimmed brims, black with green buttons on it, on their shoulders and on the left side, just above their hearts, where the emblems are three-dimensional, just like on their hats. their jackets were still green underneath their jackets, what these guys had and nothing to do with green, they had a black Hitlerite brooch holding their shirts and the collar of this shirt together. His shoes were black soles, and his main attraction was the laces, which Marco and Bassie hadn't noticed yet. The laces of each of the soldiers or those who looked like soldiers were different. Why?..

MARCO

Let's get a little closer.

Then, they felt something in the back of their head. One of the soldiers they had just seen was pointing the barrel of his gun at them. The soldiers were telling them something, but they didn't understand anything. Then the soldiers grabbed them by their collars and lifted them up. Bassie dropped his notebook with the swaying motion as he got up. As he bent down to pick up his notebook, one of the soldiers saw him. The soldier, who quickly took the notebook with the hardness and blank looks of the old, was excited to show the drawings he saw while walking around the notebook. Under their command and supervision, Bassie and Marco came to one of the train cars that stopped at the station. After climbing three flights of stairs, they entered the door of the carriage, which was evident from the freshness and shine of the metal on which it was newly built. They would enter the second right chamber from the cameras lined up side by side. The commander sat thoughtfully inside, waiting for the train to start.

SOLDIER

We betrapten twee vijandelijke soldaten die ons volgden op die heuvel. Ze hadden dit notitieboekje bij zich. De commandant nam het notitieboekje. Terwijl je de pagina's door elkaar schuift.

COMMANDER

Kort daarna!

Those who could not understand anything from the voices coming from within were taken to the camera hastily. Marco and Bassie still don't understand anything, they're just scared. The translator, who came upon the order of my commander, was translating what the commander had said. At that moment, the train was in motion.

The cabin crew looked out of the window all round.

COMMANDER

Welcher Nationalität gehören Sie an?

TRANSLATOR

What nationality are you intelligence officers. Now everything was clear.

MARCO

We are the world. We're not here to gather information. We don't even know where this place is.

COMMANDER

Wir sind die Welt. Wir sind nicht hier, um Informationen zu sammeln. Wir wissen nicht einmal, wo dieser Ort ist.

COMMANDER

Wir sind die Welt. Wir sind nicht hier, um Informationen zu sammeln. Wir wissen nicht einmal, wo dieser Ort ist.

TRANSLATOR

How so. How can you not know when such a great war is heard all over the world.

MARCO

Excuse me, but what calendar is this war?

As the translator translated this, his face suddenly changed. What a strange question that was.

TRANSLATOR

Entschuldigung, aber welcher Krieg ist das aus welchem Kalender?

COMMANDER

Willst du uns verarschen? Was meinst du, welcher Krieg, welches Jahrhundert?

The commander was angry. He slammed his fist on the window frame on his left. Translator and others were frightened.

TRANSLATOR

Are you kidding us? What do you mean, which war, which century?

BASSIE

Look, you misunderstood us. We come here from far, far away. From a place you can't even imagine. If you tell us where is this place, which war, we can tell you more useful things.

TRANSLATOR

Sieh mal, du hast uns falsch verstanden. Wir kommen von weit, weit. Von einem Ort, den Sie sich nicht einmal vorstellen können. Wenn Sie uns sagen, wo dieser Ort ist, welcher Krieg, können wir Ihnen nützlichere Dinge sagen.

COMMANDER

Nun, so sei es. Übersetzer, erzählen Sie ihnen, was passiert ist.

TRANSLATOR

We are now on the roads of the 1940s and we are in World War II.

MARCO

How is this the world and the 1940s? (turning to Bassie) Bassie, we're back in the past. And before the calendars are reset, we are about 1500 years behind before all humanity gathered under one roof and shared the same language and culture.

Hearing this, the interpreter paused longer than before. "What are they saying?" by saying:

TRANSLATOR

Sie behaupten, aus der Zukunft zu stammen. Sie sprachen sogar über ein paar unmögliche Dinge.

The commander regarded all of this as a joke, an insult to him.

MARCO

Bassie, Bassie... How do we get back?

BASSIE

I have an idea, man. Do not worry.

9.

:Return to the future

The commander, who already had a tough temperament, could not stand it any longer and took out the Mauser C96 gun from his belt and holster and shot Marco and Bassie inside the wagon. The translator was so afraid that his own life was in danger too... I don't think he could translate again.

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ROSE

Get out of it quick, it's a more experimental machine. I can't quite predict what the result will be.

Rose had followed Bassie, and she was furious to see them like this. Although the machine did run once until I took them out.

ROSA

I tried that machine many times with my plants but it didn't work. Don't worry, nothing will happen. Since you're still here, it means nothing has happened to you either.

ASH

What is the purpose of this machine?

ROSA

For time travel. But as you can see, it doesn't work.

ASH

Okay then. You knew Bassie too.

BASSIE

Don't ever ask.

ROSA

Even if no one asks, I will.

BASSIE

My only fault...

ASH

Do not project your own problems onto us. We can't waste our time over small matters like this.

As Ash, Marco, and Bassie left the lab, Bassie had only taken his notebook and had to leave the pen to Rosa.

Despite the preparations made for 2 months according to the world time, the King had acted earlier. He went to Earth and said, "We do not interfere with them, nor do they interfere with us. Do not be surprised if these creatures rule the universe one day. We only have to say that that day will not be today." he said. It had withdrawn its troops on Earth before they even set foot on Earth, and started attacking other planets at the same speed. At the threat of an incoming attack, Ash was very cold-blooded, but the idea of gathering the enemy troops on just one planet didn't work. There was no option of either a new plan for this or... Or. If it did, it would end in defeat. A new plan was necessary.

ASH

Gather the council immediately for the new plan to be made.
Pe we don't have time

STEWARD

(inclining his head slightly forward) All right, sir.

The council soon convened, with the quick steps and gasping of the Steward.

COUNCIL MEMBER

I didn't want to say this, but if... If... If we are in a very difficult situation, we should use it.

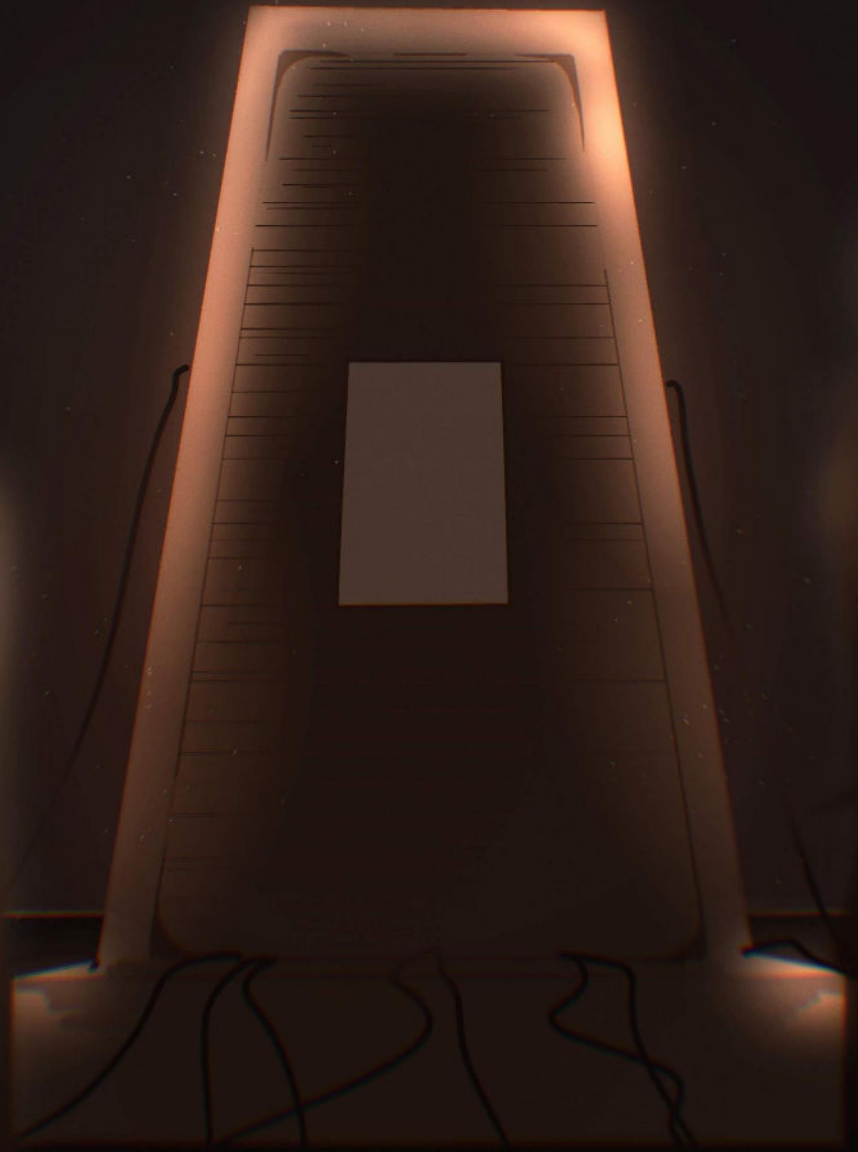
ASH

No. He won't. It brings the end of everything. If we do this...

ANOTHER COUNCIL MEMBER

Last chance not to leave this... Cough Cough.(He was old)

Fight for your life. Otherwise, even if you do not die, it will bring your end.



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. .
An explosion sounded from outside. After the fire from the king's ships, traces of fire remained on the protection of the city. King's soldiers; Edgar, Alador, Boscha, and Dracula and the King were all now standing before Marco, Bassie, and the others. Gazing at these monsters, Bassie thought:

BASSIE

The universe chose me. The universe chose me.

He was saying things like. He was still under the influence of the last book he read. What was the name of this book? Hmmmm. It started with an A. He, I remembered. It was "A....". The secret of the universe in the silence of the desert. What a beautifully written Paulo.

ASH

Marco! You take charge of him. Unless we are in a very difficult situation, don't tell me to use it! From what you've heard, you know how bad the consequences are.

MARCO(inside)

No, I do not know.

When Marco took over her.

ASH

Get ready! Let the C3 gate open! Wait!.. Wait!.. Attack!!?

Everyone who was not a soldier started to run as far as they could against the creatures that were coming towards them. Even though they were creatures to themselves, they saw the bad side as a creature, and those who called themselves good. But good and bad are relative. At the same time, everyone is good and everyone is bad.

The KING(calling Bosch)

See that thing at the top? Bring me the person in charge of it. This is that chosen person. It fits perfectly with what I was told years ago.

Boscha hadn't had much difficulty on the way to pick up Marco. After all, he had everything, it meant he didn't have everything. Frightened, Marco threw himself back when he suddenly appeared before Marco's eyes.

Then he started crawling backwards on his back. The danger was great for this thing entrusted to him, for which he was in charge. Marco would either push that button or leave that choice to someone else. After weighing the best possibility in his head, he stood up. He wiped his nose with the back of his hand. He squinted his eyes and ran and pressed the button that could destroy this galaxy. As soon as he stepped on something took off from where Marco was. Just like what's happening on other planets in this galaxy at the same time. A light began to accumulate at its tip. This light grew, grew, grew, and finally, some enemies, who were calmly expected by everyone on the battlefield, stopped fighting and started to watch with curious eyes, even separated from each other due to good or bad fear, did not need to hug each other and cry for their sake, and there was no need to worry about what will happen at the end of this work. because they were looking at this orb that was started. They saw what all the people in the world would believe they would see for sure. It was white all over. he's also pale. Just like... Just like...

10.

:REAL

He woke up suddenly. He looked around. He had fallen asleep on the last book he had read. The sun rays coming through the window make the room very good. illuminates. His eyes fell on the books. How many were there. A library full. stop. It was already a library. He looked at the part of the table reserved for him. Several novels. It was destroyed over and over.

It must have hit them while they were sleeping. He collected the novels. He looked at which bookshelf they were on. He stood up. while walking He was trying not to make a sound. He even tried to regulate his breathing accordingly, to keep it steady. He suddenly remembered what he had seen in his dream. "What was that? I've never seen anything so realistic in my life." said. He came to the library where he bought the books. He looked at the books again. "B4" said it out loud. He tried to reach for the shelf. As he was not tall enough, he dropped the books on the floor and brought a stool to the side for him. He got on it silently. What's that? It went down again. He forgot to pick up the books from the floor. How long have you been so forgetful? He bent. He picked up the books. He got back on the stool. He reached for shelf 4 in bookcase B. As he was about to put the books in, it was as if he saw a flash of light. His eyes were dazed for a moment. He went down carelessly. He thought it was because of the drowsiness brought on by sleep. He was already having a hard time getting up in the morning. As soon as he woke up, he felt dizzy when he tried to get out of bed, and he never lay back until his stomach felt like it was in his mouth. He was used to it by now. He was doing this thing that he relentlessly reproached every day as if it were his morning routine. What a surprising thing. Maybe not.

He replaced the stool. He returned to his desk. Without looking at the book he was reading, he threw it into his backpack as the attendant called out to him, "We're closing the doors." "Good evening," he said to the attendant, as the attendant glared at him. Down the stairs. He was on the 2nd floor. He came to the large, inviting door of the library.

After a few seconds of staring at the door, the attendant warned him again, without using a word. "Uhhhhhhh". He glanced at the attendant out of the corner of his eye and made his way to his house. He felt very tired. "I wonder why?..." he thought out loud. "Why am I so tired, auohhh" he continued on his way, yawning. Everything looked perfectly normal. But all was not what it seemed. If it were, would we want to see man again in this infinite universe?

Would we ever see man again among those gigantic things?

I do not think so. Marco thought the same as me.

He stopped at the turquoise light. He lifted his head. At first he didn't notice the cars going backwards, but when he checked the blue light a second time, he realized something was wrong. While thinking about it, he had already come home. He put the key in the hole. He translated it once. "Çînk". He flipped it a second time, "Because, iuiuiuu," the door opened. He stepped into the interior.

He closed the door and put his bag by the door. He rushed to his room. When he saw his bed, the tiredness inside him had reached its peak, and he had made himself in the face of this pleasure. He just wanted to lie down and think. He lay down... He thought... "My dream house in the library was more beautiful. Dad's modern, full-tech farmhouse, just like in the movie.

"But it's all a dream." As he said, his eyelids closed slowly and his eyelashes stretched towards his temples as if to indicate that the closing process was complete. Everything was very normal. Or so it seemed:

Outside, car horns, police, fire brigade, ambulance sounds (under this situation, no one could tell which was which, of course)... But wait, there were no human voices. What happened to these superior beings? Enigma...

11.

:Nothingness-Game Over

I, the author of this book, will leave these desolate artificial deserts to transform if I do not meet normal people for a few more days. This is the last street I will enter. If there is no one here, we will go to the port with the pen, book and notebook I have collected so far, and continue on the road with the Nautilus crew and captain Nemo.

I took a deep breath and entered one of the houses on this street.

There wasn't much. I couldn't see much because of my mask anyway. My ears were also clogged. I couldn't hear any sound. This is protective clothing, but it makes you sweat. It's not like the walks under the sea. Yet how refreshing it was.

I left this house empty-handed and went straight to the house opposite. The door was locked. Amazed! I kicked the door. Nothing happened. I tensed, tensed, and ran to the door with a smack in the shoulder.

Then I took a step back. I almost had my shoulder come off. Just for this? The door was still not opened. White frame on the side, top I took three steps towards the dust-covered window. I broke the window without looking inside. If I said I broke it, it's not like that, I took the frame off and threw it away. The glass part is already covered with iron for protection. I couldn't resist even if I wanted to. It has already rotted in the frame under the influence of chemical gas.

Anyway. I stuck my head inside. I couldn't see anything. My mask got stuck on the wall as I tried to pull my head back to get inside. I was only able to get out after a back and forth. This time, I stretched my body through the rectangular hole with my feet forward. I was more careful this time as I put my head inside. It was very dark inside. I lit my flashlight. I attached the flashlight to the end of the electric gun next to me. As I walked slowly inside, my foot got caught on a hook under the carpet. I immediately pushed the rug aside. I pulled the hook towards me and as you guessed

I had found a shelter. I lifted my head and looked around me in surprise and excitement where I was. The environment was suitable for entering the bunker. I took the door off. It was heavy as it was made of steel. I took the door to one of the other rooms and threw it away. The current environment was more reassuring. I stepped on the steps of the stairs.

Then it was time to hold on. I gripped the ladder tightly with my hands. It didn't inspire confidence at all. When this was the case at the beginning of the road, I tied the lantern on my shoulder. I went down at least fifty steps. As I got closer, I felt like I was seeing a light. As I got closer, I retracted my "like" words, and now I was sure I saw a glint of light. At the end of the hundred steps, I was now down. I never would have guessed this place, but what I saw must have been a dream. A person is right there. He is in front of a giant screen with a pair of glasses in his eyes.

There was something like a game on the screen. But I don't think it's a game because a game couldn't be that realistic. I slowly approached the boy. I called several times. He didn't answer. I'm close. My arm is now touching his shoulder, but he's still attached to this strange thing, gaping at it, ignoring it. I shook him a little. When there was still no response, I took the thing off his head. The boy's eyes were swollen and red. He took off the gadget and threw it aside, and the boy stood for a moment doing nothing. Then he turned to me slowly:

"Where is this? Or are you the Grim Reaper? Am I dead now? Am I dead?" He attacked me with his interrogations. Fortunately, he was knocked to the ground by the fatigue and weakness that inactivity gave him.

I learned from the jersey he was wearing that his name was Marco. The game that appeared on the screen looked like a war simulator.

GAME

OVER.



Archers, barbarians, horsemen, dark side, lion, snake man, Dracula... There was a lot of stuff. Marco remained there for a while, where he had fallen. I touched his neck. His pulse was very fast. He was starting to have trouble breathing. I assumed it was because you removed it from that machine and tried to fix it.

But I could not. The boy had breathed his last, and a liquid had spilled out. I went up nonstop. I also did not neglect to take the parts from the machine the child was in. I thought about the most likely possibility that had happened to the poor boy on that long journey. I think that machine was a virtual reality. The world has become what it is today because of the nuclear weapons used in the Russia-Ukraine War, and the child's family will have thought of protecting their children with this machine they put in this well to help him psychologically. But the boy shouldn't have stuck to it for too long. "I guess so," I said out loud. My voice echoed between the steps. Also, the game he played was very familiar to me.

What were those characters? Anyway... I went upstairs. There was still no one. I'm not surprised. I went through the rooms again. The door to the well was still standing where I left it. I left the house. I jumped the stairs. It was three or four steps. When I reached the main road again, I looked at the other houses and sighed through the mask. I would not look at them.

I went straight back to the ship with my bag. The ship was still waiting a little off the shore in case of any safety negligence with the captain, other friends and crew on board. They were probably waiting for the ship to supplement with oxygen. I got on the ship's specially built rowboat. I made my way to the ship. Movement on the ship increased. "They must have noticed I was coming," I said to myself. When I came out on that hard metal surface of the ship, my assistant Conceil took the bag I had brought and put my belongings in. We went down in no time. After this nuclear thing, we set up a special room inside the ship by the order and design of the captain. We took off our protective clothing in this room. When we went under the

sea, we took off our masks. We sat together. Now we could dine together like this. But no one spoke at dinner.

Everyone already knew everything. From the beginning, they were watching me with the camera inside the flashlight.

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. .

We are inside this ship. You who read this book, the reason for this difference between us and you was born out of a soldier's fight, and when the incident went to the elders of the soldiers, they crushed the whole humanity between a finger and a button, brought people into a whole and stuck it on that button. Now, I don't know what the days are, but according to the seasons, we calculate that we should be in 2027 right now, in these deep waters, which is our home, we would not be disturbed by anyone, just as the captain wanted.

Today, I understand so well why the captain avoids people so much...

Man... The most dangerous of the animals... He is the thinking being... The indefinite thing, and more uncertain if he thinks... Humanity is the most complex thing in the universe.

I want to end this book with these words. From now on, death will be a great blessing to us:

Tomorrow will never come until it's too late.



As a matter of fact, although more than 10 billion people live in this world, there was only one person who was aware of it. He warned those around him, but no one listened to him, and those who listened thought he was crazy. Yes, this HomoSapiens, this ape's name was Khan. If you ask me, as the author of this book, I didn't think anyone would believe him in that oasis in the middle of the desolate desert. every morning from everyone first he woke up and tried to explain the situation to a passerby who had climbed up on a palm tree in the middle of the oasis, but in vain. When he couldn't get results, he decided to leave this oasis inside for a bowl...

