



"A crash sounded, and she knew she had landed somewhere."

Tic tic, intermittent light, tic tic tic, she was outside her seat, which means the crash has been violent. Her head felt light and empty, unsure over the degree of control over her body. It would not be a huge problem if the Dragon ship was not that damaged. She looked at the *Machina renovationis*

corporis (MRC).

Its use was out of question.

A vague possibility is always better than a harsh fact, the fear of paralysis froze her, the uncorrupted hope of being safe and sound was too warm to be left.

Yet, the possibility also included a completely changed environment, a hostile one. More or less 300 years have passed since the departure of the international *Teegarden Hope Mission* and the Shanghai Treaty, as any human creation, cannot be assumed *aere perennius*.

Tic, tic, tic.

Tic... Dark.

Time to try, one fear has won over the other. "First, Uma Thurman style, a finger of the left foot".

It moves. "Yep, that's good, the whole foot?".

"Mhhh, cool".

The whole down-part of the body was still under control of the nervous system. "Now it's time to see the upper-body". Careful, prudent trials of different body parts went on for at least 15 minutes.

With the exception of the right shoulder, probably dislocated, everything was in its place.

Smashed the glass, pushed the button and the emergency door was opened. Her lungs were overwhelmed by a sense of freshness, lightness and purity.

“This could mean just two things – or civilization ended, or COP 33 objectives have been totally reached”.

With effort, she manages to go out, finding herself in the middle of what seemed to be a wood of naked *quercus robur*, some of them leaning, seeming on the verge of falling at the minimum hint of wind.

It definitively seemed one of the forests of her native *Polska*.

She starts walking, her adherent suit allows for perfect mobility and protection from the chaotic plants that rise from the black soil covered of dead leaves.

“Oh no”

Not even the time to think so and she was in what appeared to be a trap for the animals of the forest.

A deep hole, hidden from the sight by thin branches and dead leaves has tricked her.

But as the suit protected her from the violent landing, limiting the damage to her dislocated shoulder, it protected her legs from the long fall.

Again, she could have a sigh of relief.

Hyperventilation became a concrete risk as anxiousness was pervading her entire body.

Long, deep breaths, calm. Stop questions, time for considerations.

“Such a whole could have been done only by humans and it’s primitive structure suggests it is for animals”.

There was clearly no way out. There was not alternative, except for asking help.

Pomoc! Pomoc! “no wait, English” *Help! Help! Please!*

She continued for what seemed her to be one hour, the intervals of time between one help request and the other became longer as the time past.

Nothing happened, nobody came.

Her head was still felt light, but better than when she woke up, “this is positive, I need to sleep”.

She took a *cibus universalis* pill from the pocket on her breast, ate it. Hunger was put in silence and now, under a setting sun, she could try to sleep.

Pssst Pssst!

Pssst Pssst!

A hum woke her up, she automatically moved her hands in a messy way to get rid of the insect harassing her.

It took few seconds to notice pale eyes encrusted in dark-pitch faces staring at her. Their faces were so dark, that they contrasted with the night sky enlightened by the Moon.

One of them smiled.

[...]

Underground, in a new, primitive clothing, she was sitting facing someone who introduce herself as Kasia.

She seemed the chief there or at least this is what she assumed seeing the military salutes that the two people that brought her there exchanged with Kasia.

[...]

I am sorry, the Shanghai Treaty? It has lost any significance for us. As your entire mission, whatever you and your dead companions did in Teegarden. Maybe it means something for them, the Masters.

250 years ago after the Thumbergian energy transition, some people realized that the other great danger for the humanity was not physical, but spiritual.

It was hidden in a senseless struggle for survival, maneuvered by algorithms engineered by the capital to trap us in a simulation of a life, made of void consumption of things we did not need, driven by desires produced by the sellers themselves. They drugged our souls with anesthetics against sufferings and pain that would led people to horrible deaths made of sorrow and regret, made of property, but lacking of any feeling, of any way to express yourself in a way that is not profitable or functional to the need of capital.

They needed robots producing and consuming what they wanted them to consume.

We revolted.

But it was too late. Everything was interconnected, we lived already in a panopticon where you were observed all the time, whatever you did, and anything could have been used against you by whoever had interest and power to get those information.

Do you remember credit cards, social networks, smartphones, smart shoes, then it became smart documents, chips, bio-engineered modifications of the body and the information-salary.

They transformed even the revolt in a commodity, throwing it in the whirl of commodity fetishization.

There was no choice anymore, being an object or die.

200 years ago, however Bastien Girard gave us the only option.

The revolt against progress, against technique, we organized ourselves, destroyed everything traceable, reunited in communes in the forests and detached ourselves from “civilization”.

But that is an entire market disappearing and the accumulation of capital went to claim us and our lands “abusively occupied” and not “put at good use”.

That’s when we went underground and armed ourselves.

DRAW YOUR STAR HERE