

# The New Game



A Novella

*Edited from posts provided by a great crew of club members and supplemented with research and additional writings This is a free but copyrighted product designed for use at [www.cybertown.com](http://www.cybertown.com)*

by John D. Boyden

Where do you start a story? At the beginning, the middle or the end? It depends on the story, I guess...They all start somewhere, somewhen, but some stories...never end. This one starts in many places at the same time. It starts at one place at different times. This is just one of **those** stories. Yet it all may stop, soon. It is up to each one of us to see that it does not end where predicted.



I woke up. It was just a day, another day like any other. It wasn't the best of times. It wasn't the worst. There was no dark, cloudy and stormy day, not even a bright sun shiny night. It was partly cloudy, slightly warm, and thank heavens, my coffee was hot. There was nothing special on the schedule, nothing great I expected to accomplish that day. I turned on the computer.

My computer booted normally. Then, the inexplicable happened. It *was* impossible! I found myself watching in horror as... My computer rippled, then slowly fading -top to bottom- disappeared off the surface of my computer desk. I felt a lurch in my stomach and I found myself slowly, gently, irresistibly pulled into and through my computer monitor. I heard someone calling my name. I heard it, as if off in a great distance, somewhere far behind me. There was a sense of

panicked disbelief in that familiar voice. But, my emotions were even, too even. Blunted, pacified or distracted. No panic, no surprise, no fear. Only a slight passive interest in that well known, fading voice. Was there something, someone else controlling my body reactions? Spiraling through several shades of blackness, my consciousness faded. I was out. Gone.



How long? I may never know. When I came back to consciousness the first time I saw...

An announcement over my head said, " Go to Registration" in big bold letters. I heard a sound, looked down and watched from the inside as...

Stopping in his tracks the young man looks apprehensively at the shimmering portal ahead. Mumbling to himself, "this will be safe they said. Not a problem, they said. Your nation needs you, the world needs you." The words of his Central Office briefer echo in his mind. What really sticks out is that there is so little information. "Agent we don't really understand what's going on out there or where you're going. The world as we know it is in danger. The various time lines are merging into one...or are they? We just don't know!" There was anger, frustration and anxiety in the tone of that Agency spokesman.

How? Why? What is really going on? Too little is known. Authorities say, "The matter is under review." Then they told me. Never asked, just told. "We have contacted, somewhere in the future, a colony called Cybertown. In this place, many creatures - alien and humanoid- are developing an interstellar government. Why there? Is this the cause of the problem? No one seems to know. Will all of time be affected, again we don't know. The only certain things we can tell you are that we are at war and the fate of mankind is in your hands. We will be sending you to this Cybertown place to gather information and stop this mess. We have other agents there at present as well as more to come. We also have evidence that opposing forces have agents in place as well, so it's not going to be a cakewalk. Good luck!"

While the Agent ponders this, the sense is that there is a lot going on elsewhere. What war? How do they know that there is a war? The agent has lots of questions and no answers.

How these foretold events...and others... and the billions of sentient beings, some are people, will impact the mission is an unknown too.

Elsewhere...another newcomer enters a different room where another scenario is being played out. Those present are witnessing what appears to be an intergalactic traveler attempting to find something...perhaps a hidden key which will enable him to continue on to the next stop in his longtime search for answers... Then...an opposing force enters and attempts to stop him. Excitement ensues... Stunned, the newcomer is at last bemused by the help and amazed at the opportunities and challenges offered by this strange and wonderful place called ...Cybertown...

As the newbie explores, he discovers businesses, builders, strange civilizations, item creators and a host of different individuals-humanoid and alien- who are involved...or not involved. The news is full of the beginning negotiations. Conflicts seem to occur only in specific locations inside the city. There must be severe city controls. Perhaps someone knows why it is this way. Many areas are isolated with citizens unaware even that one single drama is taking place. Other citizens search, find and access these groups easily within the city. In the beginning secret meetings within private homes in a neighborhood are taking place:

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[unnamed 1] I've searched and searched. I cannot find the...  
[unnamed 2] Shhhh. I don't want you to EVER say it. We cannot allow any one lurking to know what we are trying to find. Is that understood?  
[unnamed 1] Yes sir! I've set a grid search for the housing developments now.  
[unnamed 2] Excellent. How soon before we know?  
[unnamed 1]Perhaps 4 or 5 cycles.  
[unnamed 2] Site?...hours?  
[unnamed 1] Yes sir  
[unnamed 2]What are your plans if that doesn't work?  
[unnamed 1]Well, there are rumors about the suburbs...but there are many worlds there.  
unnamed 2] Have you tried the library? The beach? How about the performing arts center? The roof of the arcade?  
[unnamed 1] Yes sir  
unnamed 2] Did you hear that? I think we have a lurker, I'm gone. Contact me as usual.  
[unnamed 1] Cert...

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A look around the various blocks in very unusual hoods may show us that strange things are happening there. There does not *seem* to be

rhyme or reason to the structure. Are these different blocks and houses being used? Could they be backdrops being used as rooms or interaction places for secret meetings, for plans by others? Separate actions appear to be taking place in different city locations with the quiet approval of someone of importance in the City. Could it be the place chief or colony staff? There are conflicting listings with some strange instructions-some unreadable? A code? There are challenges and hints posted on the various message boards. Formal combat challenges are beginning to appear. They are scheduled at some location called the Outlands. Who is controlling this? Is this Control directing the flow and direction of all these events? .

Names like jdb\_educator, cheercoach and mickeyw and others are appearing with some degree of frequency. Are these people I should contact...or stay away from? Who are they?

There appear to be central command locations spread around. One is in Inner Realms. Some have strange names... One neighborhood center seems to be very busy. There are lots of people here. I wonder what is going on. There are Colony Deputies. And security is taking someone away... I blank out.

Where am I? I click on a link there, wherever, perhaps whenever I am. What? That appears to take me to the plaza and there is a link there taking visitors to the center I just came from. A link in the Plaza is directing newcomers to that hood. What is going on?

Most visitors appear to be silently looking at different sections of the Center. I do some reading and find, they can look it over and see what's going on. A link is provided and it is offering a 30-day free trial for those who wish to try the game. The game? What game? Is this that different reality the briefer told me about?

I see job offers too. Needs for designers for the various message boards, desperate need for builders. Is construction planned? Maybe I can grab a job and pump people for information.

There is **one** statement that makes no sense to me!  
" We understand that all rules of CT would apply to the game and gaming areas. There will be heavy emphasis placed on no foul language or sexual actions allowed. There will be no "dark" players allowed in this G rated game. This judgment will be made by the GM's." Perhaps one day, I will understand that statement.

Then there is this page "... introduce the New Game, depending on the entry nexus chosen by the player. Sadly some of the nexus possibilities depend on the success of other events still in the future...or the past. Until certain discoveries are made, certain equipment built and certain gems found, analyzed or created, those possibilities will remain unavailable. This back story presents the basis for the Universe of the Cybertown New Game at the time of its New Beginning: Earth date September 30, 2005."



My heavens. How...? I am in the future. It is 1994 in my time frame. I hear another person murmur " OMG I'm in the past. I came from 2010." And yet a third mumbling in another language, sounding agitated. Was that Aramaic? Alien?

I start to leave, when a visitor steps forward out of the wall in front of me, forcing me to take a step back. This visitor is dressed shapelessly in black. Movement is fluid, even graceful. He/she/it speaks....

"Welcome to my world. I am Everyman. Everywoman. Every child, slave, victim, and youth. I am alien, android, and robotic too. I am more, I am less. Considerably more than less. This story is about me...oh, and you. You? But only because I **am** you." He? Pauses, nods at my unspoken question " Oh, well of course, you are right. It is true, you **ARE** me, too. Everywhere I look I am plunged into situations designed to test my ingenuity, my credulousness, my strength, will and intelligence. **BUT**. I will prevail. Nothing will stop me. I won't let it. I'll find the resources, items, weapons, tools, strategies, friends, and allies needed. I will overcome any enemies. It is what I do. It is who I am." He? Is me? I am he? Hey, I **AM** me. I think I'm getting confused here! I feel a shudder go through my body. No, not fear, not excitement. A Physical shudder nonetheless. Something is happening. I hear two voices in my head. Mine and a quiet voice that tastes amused, and is muttering,

" It started for me in many places at the same time. It **is** strange, I agree. I do not understand it. I do not know where I go. I only know I chose to go. Take a look. You will see a few of those first locations in time and space where I began my journey. Just click. Perhaps we will meet....again...later." Like a microphone turned off, the voice is gone. Then I hear other voices...but, where are they coming from?

... a precious, vital Vidphone deleted, scrubbed. The bits and bytes are erased...

...gone like a cow thrown to the piranha

...gone like a burnt offering

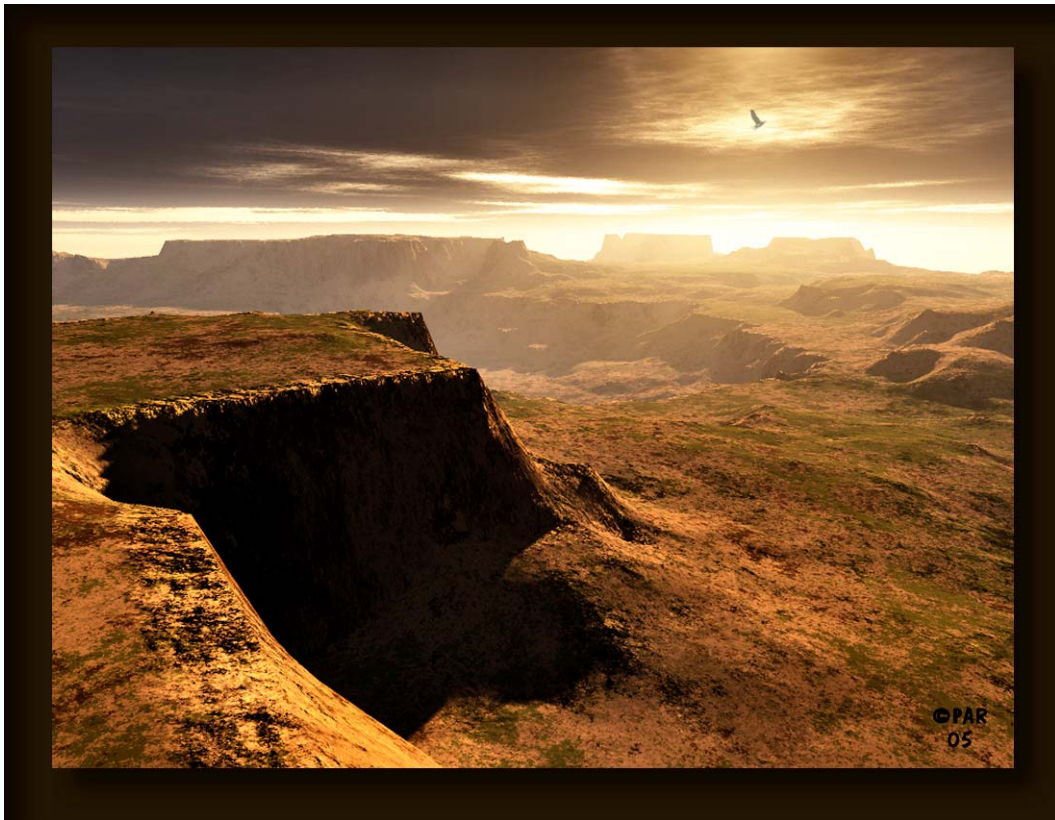
...gone, all gone.



I hear a voice reading out of darkness as I spin, twist and turn off into somewhen.

"The first Gods of our Universe came from their first mother, Nature. Many of these gods have been reborn yet again. Most have forgotten their past. All have yet to discover any of their former powers. Godfrey is their father. He was originally an abo (Australian Aborigine) who retro-transmigrated to the beginning of time. He didn't really have a choice. He ended up in the star system we now call Andromeda. Perhaps, rather than no choice, it is better said this way: Transmigration was the logical expectation after the confluence of all choice to that point. Once it intersected with Godfrey's two rivers of destiny and will, it had to happen. Those two rivers are still to be found lazily flowing amid the sprawling peaks and valleys of the mountain chain of Burdens. They have been renamed many times since. There, deep and far to the back within the valley of Hopelessness, Star, Sun, Void, Gravitus, Law, Erg, Light and Dark were all born. Their own individual activities spawned more offspring. Far more than we can recount here. In order to tell our tale to you, we will mention a few. Quake and Water were among the few we must relate to you. Their son Plosion and daughter Magma are well known to this day in many guises, as are several of their descendants: An Gu, Ya, Jesse, and..." There were more names but the voice began to fade away before I could capture them. Spinning twisting, turning again. Such a strange feeling.





Now I found myself in front of an ancient bearded man. A wise man? I was on top of a mountain, sitting before an open fire with a cup of herbal tea in my hand. The voice was aged, used to explaining. The man's black eyes were kindly and gentle. He also smelled like he had not bathed in weeks.

"God is God, the Supreme Being. The concept of a supreme being and creator is nearly universal. The titles awarded to God by human and near humankind are wondrous in their diversity. My brave son, I gift you with a few: Creator, Father, Moulder, Mother, Giver of Rain and Sunshine. Star, Not Night, He Who Brings the Seasons, He Who Thunders, Ancient of Days, The All Powerful, the First, the Limitless, the One Who Bends Even Kings. The One You Meet Everywhere, the Firefighter, Great Mother, Greatest of Friends, the Kindly One, the Providence Who Watches the Sun, the Great Pool, Contemporary of Everything, the Great Spider, the One Beyond All Thanks, the Bow in the Sky, the Angry One, the Inexplicable, Ruler of All." He stopped and looked at me. "May one or more guide your path." He paused and looked hopefully into my eyes. "Here are two secret names," he whispered into my ear. "Ribo and Dyno. Forget them at your peril. Go with God. We are all depending on you."



Twist turn, flutter, land. Another wise man? He stood up dressed in pristine blue, threw his arms to the sky and lectured me.

" An Gu, creator of the first alternate universe, underwent a miraculous birth which occurred only when the sky and earth originally separated. Pan Gu was a giant, neither fully human nor fully God, born with both earthly and heavenly properties. The creation of the world came from his metamorphosis that led to the birth of death. Pan Gu's body became the earth and the insects on his body became humans. Then his wife, Gilgamesh lost her dearest friend to a mysterious death, sought out a wise man (Utnapishtim), survivor of the great flood and one who knows the secret of immortality. Many scholars have concluded that the biblical narratives are derived from Babylonian and earlier stories. It is more than possible that most were taken from an earlier source, now lost. Or, at least thought to be lost by most scholars.

Deucalion was the son of the Titan Prometheus. He was the king of Phthia in Thessalia when the god Zeus destroyed them all by flood. For nine hundred long days and nine hundred long nights, Zeus sent torrents of rain pouring down, filling every edge of the planet. Only Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, survived drowning. They were saved because they were among the few and the only people who had led good lives and remained faithful to the laws of the gods.

Warned early by his father, Prometheus, that the approaching disaster was about to happen, Deucalion built a boat to carry he and his wife safely away. The boat came to rest high atop Mount Parnassus. Following the instructions given by the Oracle at Delphi, they cast the bones of their mother over their shoulders. Understanding this to mean the stones of the earth, they obeyed, after the waters receded and from those stones arose a new, different humanoid race, but were different from what had gone on before.

After the waters receded, the couple gratefully made sacrifices to Zeus. His pleased response was to send Hermes to instruct them on how to repopulate the world. They were told how. "Cast semi-precious gems behind you as you walk. Gems must be cast by Pyrrha and dug by Deucalion. Red, green and violet stones become men. Blue, yellow and clear ones become women. Other colors became something else..." There was more but the swirling winds stole it from my ears as I faded to black.



Now I was in a classroom, facing a crowd of 5000. I heard myself say, "According to yet another myth, the various peoples of the world were descended from Hellen, son of Deucalion and Pyrrha. One genealogy related that the Earth and the Saturnalians as well as moonchildren sprang from Hellen's sons Dorus and Aeolus. The alien Achaeans and the subterranean, earth bound Ions are descended from Achaeos and Ion, sons of Hellen's other son, Earth. These figures, in their turn, produced so many offspring that they, along with the mutated children born of so many unions between divinities and mortals, made up a fabled collection of multiversal heroes and heroines. Their exploits-and exploitations- constitute the central part of Universal mythology."

I paused looking sternly at the crowd. "Conflicting Protean myths-the earliest known, and those known only to a very few scholars- point to the populations of most localities springing directly from the earth." The Vid cameras were rolling, the class seemed as if they were waiting for something specific. I felt their expectancy. I didn't comprehend more than half of what I heard myself say. I seemed to have two brains, neither one communicating except through the good offices of hearing.

"The infamous Arcadians, long time residents of a region known as Mythos, claimed this distinction for their original inhabitant, Pelasgus. We will look at the Pelasgians later. The Ionian born Thebans boasted of their descent from earthborn men who had sprung from the spot where Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, located in modern day New Southwest, had sown the ground with the teeth of a sacred dragon.

According to another tale, one of the Titans, Prometheus, fashioned the first human being from water and earth. In the more usual version of the story Prometheus did not actually create humanity but simply lent it assistance through the gift of fire. Yet another story says the it was only a gift of technology and a fire machine which were both set aside after humanity failed in their use of it.

Still another history deals with humanity's re-creation. When Dark planned to destroy the most ancient race living on Earth, he sent a drought. A drought never seen before or since. The very waters of life poured from the bodies of citizens. However, Othos, a son of Fire, and his wife Volcana, a daughter of water, put provisions of water and manna into a chest and then climbed into it. The box was carried across the sky in, of and by the west wind. They landed on Mount Rat,

above the drought. There was a brook called life dreams there. After the drought burned for three days and all life beneath the very tips of the highest mountains had ended, the rain returned bring new life from the death of the old. The surviving couple grudgingly made sacrifices to Dark out of respect and fear. His response was to send his wife Light to instruct them how to repopulate the world. They should plant seeds. The seeds thrown by Othos became men; those thrown by Volcana, women.

Myths about heroes are found in all mythologies, on all worlds. Many heroes were the sons of gods, and within the number of myths there were trips, journeys and quests undertaken by these heroes. Such journeys often led to conflicts, mysteries being revealed, monsters being triumphant or overcome. And there were many, many combats. Our scholars have determined that these myths are mostly, or at least partly, historical in nature. Long past events in the far distant past were handed down both orally from one generation to the next and secured in a writing that has only recently come into view. Two of the most important of these myths involve the search for the Golden Ring of Evermore and the quest for the Trojan Axe. Today, for the first time, I reveal the third. The logs of Satiar. They include..."



I never found out about those logs as I was sucked back into darkness. My painful yearning to get the details brought only a chuckle to my ear from my invisible mental companion. When the dizziness finally passed. I opened my eyes. In front of me was an entire world. It did look like 3-Ds I had seen of Earth, but I could not be sure. Then I was thrown into a sun. When I recovered my sight once again, or thought it was recovered...I saw...

VidNews Break: Dateline UNKNOWN

"...I think I see...yes, it's the Director of Manufacturing! Sir, Sir, could you say a word to our audience about the "Living Dolls" that are being advertised? Everyone's excited about them. When will they be in the stores?"

The Director stops, looks at the camera warmly smiling and says, "Our 'Living Dolls' are the culmination of years even decades of work. We are taking on the great task of giving each citizen help in raising their children. We will have dolls for infants, toddlers, young children, and adolescents. As your child grows, so will his or her "Living Doll." We see endless possibilities for our "dolls" aiding parents with babysitting,

maintenance jobs in the home, home repair, and many, many other tasks. Please be patient until the "Living Dolls" are finally in the stores. We'll be giving you more information as soon as it is time for the dolls to be ready to sell. Thank you." And the director tosses his smile in the waste can for advertisement and rushes away to his waiting limousine.

"...There you are folks, we'll know soon. Although my children are more than ready now, we'll just have to wait for the Manufacturer to put these little ones in the stores. Back to you, Irv."



Spinning darkness and twirling away from that puzzling bit ... I look. I see.

There in the Furthest Past, far beyond, above or perhaps beneath the existence of space, time and knowledge. I see. A Void. No light, only dark. I knew it was emptiness. I cannot say what senses told me this, but I felt the rightness. The completion. The beginning. This is scary to my mind, yet I feel no fear. I say...



Then I am gone. Don't know how or why. I feel a yearning. A great yearning. Can I find my way back here? There? What could I do? I glimpsed some tools, that were within my sphere just outside the emptiness. They might make this quite an experience to...



Shifting again the stars and planets fly past me like needles of colored lights. I stop. Now I am in a valley, with two rivers viewable in the distance. I see one house with children playing together and two parents laughing. The children are tossing two gems back and forth among them, giggling. There is a page, if I can grab it... There, got it. It says

"Urim and Thummim are two objects used in divination. Perhaps these are precious or semi-precious stones. They are very different from one another in appearance. Long ago these were placed side by side "on the breastplate of judgment" worn by the high priest of Ur. According to ancient records, and traces of other historical evidence, one symbolized 'yes' and the other 'no'. They were used in response to questions carefully formulated to be answered, yes or no. One or the other answer would clearly be indicated. The emergence of both or no answer might have meant that the divine decision was being withheld or even held a yet unrevealed other meaning. According to the 1st-century Jewish historian Flavius Josephus, divination by Urim and

Thummim ended during the 2nd century BC." The voice murmured in my ear. "The truth is, it continues to this very day." Then I am whirled off again.



I am wearing out. So many places, sights, and sounds that I can only pick and choose which to present to you, as they flash by. It must be over 4,368 by now. Even the order is puzzling. It appears random. Is it? The memory of each fades quickly. I am pressured to get something...anything down on paper. I find myself sitting at this console once more, mentally recording to medium. How many times have I been here? There is a multiversal deadline somewhere. I feel a sudden jerk. Oh no, I'm off again! "Yes, we are," a voice whispers in my ear.

There is a shimmering upon the mountain that recently appeared near the city of Bagha Sen Amar. People are afraid. There are whispers and the shush-quiet speaking of Apocalypse. I hear them. I understand them.

[Man 1] The Gods have forsaken us. Do you feel the ground tremble? See, look at the Sun being eaten by the moon!

[Man 2] I fear you are right, brother. I am headed to the temple to pray for our family.

[Man 1] May the Gods hear your plea!

[Man 3] This will pass. Our scientists warned that this night would come. It was writ large in the star castings.

[Man 2] You fool. It is the Gods. May the dung of camels line your pathetic grave.

[Man 3] You wound me brother.

[Man 1] Ouch, brother that is harsh. You should not curse our good brother.

[Man 3] I will return to my home.

[Man 2] Very well. Perhaps I was harsh. I will pray for guidance and intervention from the Gods. I will consult the stones.

[Man 1] Perhaps that is best for all of us. I too, shall return to my wives and children and joint prayer.

Somehow. How? Somehow, I know that I am in a large town, in its own time-space line. This city of two hundred souls was just recently was announced as "cursed" in the temples of Ur. Ur is a new burgeoning seat of civilization with the Great River flowing along the edge of the outside walls. Whispers of a major God coming to end the world are prevalent.



I find myself appearing suddenly behind a small building somewhere. I could hear the noise in the streets and conversations. It isn't always that way. Sometimes silence greets my isolated arrival. But, there are always information sources where I can find out more. I begin to search.

Pacifica circa 10,000 BCE (before whose current era, I wonder. Earth?)

The activity on this strange island, shrouded with haze is amazing. The land mass wasn't there mere years ago. Now, off the coast of another bizarre strange land, it lies peaceful, arboreal and empty to any that pierce the 600 mile haze surrounding the island. But none can pierce it. A full 90% of its usable mass is well hidden beneath the soft lapping waves that allow ships to slide over it. Purposely buried under the ever protective water with incredible underground activities and building going on. Technologies never before seen in operation on this world have begun. Another chain of smaller islands is beginning to rise to the surface, encircling the larger home island. I stand at an opening, no it is a cliff porch, high above the land below. I watch as one by one islands rise. I see someone next to me, smiling. He does not see or sense me. That much is obvious. Somehow our minds become linked.

Pos Idon looks over the building with satisfaction. The mining of the oricalcum, platinum, gold, and silver is proceeding satisfactorily. He pulls a small dark orb from a hidden pocket within his robe, touches it here then there, and it begins to glow. He nods, re-pocketing it. Then, he snaps his fingers. A menu of choices pop out of the air in front of him. He gestures, scrolling his eyes down to the "to do" list started over 2000 years before. There are over 3000 categories, so he quickly searches for buildings completed. The list expands above his head, easily readable. Two cities are completed, the next four due within a mere 100 years. He checks immigration. That is on schedule. He nods quickly in satisfaction. The two cities have the required minimum of 600 inhabitants. More will come, once allowed. Finally he checks the Earth, glancing rapidly at the status change line through several categories including: Population, politics, civilization developments, trade and science. He is relieved and satisfied.

The first city, Atlan will be the first to fill.

Achaeos drops in. A big man with a full belly that jiggles. He claps Pos on the shoulder. "Are the genetic tests in?"

"Yes, they came in yesterday. Are you too lazy to check the Innet?"  
"Of course, " Achaeos laughed. "I've been offline, traveling through time."

" The results were as we expected. The RNA and DNA are both there. We have to go back further to find the alien intervention."  
Achaeos shakes his head in dismay. " We have tests running at 10, 000 year intervals. We will find them."

The voice in my head gave a full-fledged belly laugh that made my hair stand on end. I was twisting in the wind again.



Back to the 2080s, those good old days in the City on the web, There was nostalgia of the won war over those strange factions from outer space. Ah what a time it had been. There were Emperors claiming ownership, factions battling for position and recruits. Destruction resulted, everywhere. It was a great time to be alive.

I watched as a small woman stood next to a tall thin man who originated in Mauritania. They were standing upon a desecrated, destroyed plaza. I found my mind partially blending with his mind, at least I knew his thoughts. He did not sense mine, as far as I could tell... Back then, he recalled seeing a young Cytonian, in the middle of one of those long lasting battles during the Cytonian Wars. He had looked to his left then to his right. Avatars were being beamed out all around him. He remembered hearing a booming voice speak out, "If you find the right portal you may return to this moment, to become a decorated hero...or just another statistic." The laughter was maniacal. The voice paused and silence descended. "It is your job to make it out alive with the highest ranking. Through challenges and peace bargains you will be #1, but for how long?" The word echoed in a sudden silence. Then that deep booming voice started again. "What other gains or losses could come to you here?" That was followed by more laughter. He shook his fist and spoke to the air. "I was a rookie in those days and most often beamed out, back then. I was beamed out as those very words echoed. The shot came from where I thought the voice was originating. I have been searching for that portal for years. Now friends, family and strangers have joined the hunt. Yesterday... was it just yesterday? I heard that there may be a book somewhere with the location of the portal. I am on my way to locate it now. Yes, this looks right. This may be the place of my dreams. It might be in this message board. I was told to look for an odd message...that message would guide my hunt..." My own guide snatched me from that scene to another.



In the early 2090s, on a nice quiet Sunday, ZF and CA were having an amazing friendly battle. ZF was winning, if you want to know. Axel was about to make his final beam attack upon poor old zeroc, when the shift happened. It occurred in stages. First there was a spectrum shift as the colors wavered. Then, the images in front of us began to shake. Finally a beam shot came out from the mountains from a dark stranger who was standing where no one had stood only moments before. Now I am standing behind him. He is a black figure with no viewable features. And he beams Axel out. What is going on? Suddenly beams are shooting everywhere. ZF is firing upon this stranger. The beams pass through me. There is smoke all around, shots going wild, and then, when it clears... The dark stranger is standing in the middle of the OL, everyone else has vanished, except me. I have shifted. I am in someone else's body again. Somehow we are, I am still there. The GMs are there too. Being invulnerable allows that, though I wonder why I am there. I'm not usually so lucky. They stand there in silence, shocked and not knowing what to do. This wasn't part of the game. The stranger quietly changes guns and calmly shoots the GMs with this unique weapon. This weapon beams them to a new place. Then he turns to where I am hiding. He smiles in recognition. And I am beamed. We arrive at a new fighting arena where we find ourselves lying in a cage with ZF and CA forces all around us. Who was that stranger? What happened? Where are we now? Why are we here?

Will we ever find out what happens? Will this, can this, does this affect future events? We will only know if this happens. Or when you or I enter Outlands after finding the right key for entry...There is but one.



I fly round a corner and feel that familiar twist pulling me through the eye of a needle and I see a toy shop. No that's not right. Suddenly I am... Mr. Gloster who has a small toy shop where he works at least 12 hours a day. Drawing clients to his store has proved more difficult than he imagined. Other small businesses consider him a threat, even though he has had no direct competitors for his product. The other businesses are doing their best to insure his business efforts fail. He needs money (a lot); the bank has turned him down, the credit union and all the "loan stores" and pawn shops he could contact, have just smiled and refused to help. The word has spread.. He could not tell his wife, Marji, how close they are to bankruptcy. She has such high hopes for his business being successful, that he just couldn't let her and the children down.



Poof and I twist off through the atmosphere to...

2366: Cybertown: It is true. Well, it does seem too good to be true. I'm standing in the future. Everything screams of it. I read the message board providing fascinating news. The headlines say: "A prank." It was just a prank. Wasn't it? It has to be! Doesn't it? This is the future. It has to be better doesn't it? Didn't they solve those old problems? It says that "Cybertown Army bases were hit hard, and the venerable defenders of the city, Zealot Fusion, have declared their innocence." Their ZF spokesman claims " We had nothing to do with any of the events leading to all this destruction." He goes on to say, " This is a prank, even though it was executed poorly. Still it must be treated as if it is a real threat to our City." Who knows what lurks in the shadows? The Shadow knows.

But who...is... the Shadow? Where did that strange message come from? Wait, yes, there is a message there, with my NAME on it. Let me read it. Someone must have expected me here. What?! Ok. I have to get some training, learn the ropes, pass a few minor tests, and move up in this organization. They say they expect great things from me. Right, like I believe that. " and look forward to working with me." I'm being sent to a club. What the heck. Wait. Do I do that? Or do I go somewhere else... ok, I know!

The News is full of the attack, but only briefly. Soon there is no mention. I wonder why. I begin to ask questions. Some of the responses are surprising. There are a lot of ideas out there, but no one is posting them. I wonder what the truth might be.

Talking in a bar with a number of people, a recruit strolls in. Someone hails him; he comes over to the bar. " I joined." He says, eyes excited. "They seem thrilled to have me. I'm making friends, have some interesting jobs and am getting paid..." Someone looks up from his drink, scowling. "It won't last. They'll use you up and throw you on the bone pile," the stranger predicts. Finishing his drink, the stranger gets up and pauses a moment, then he looks at the recruit. "I took another route," he says as he leaves the bar, "If you are interested, we can talk later." The recruit sees who he is and writes down his nickname. So do a couple of others in the bar. Will I tell the Sergeant or remain silent, the recruit wonders.

One week later, the recruit is back in the bar. He is not necessarily back for the first time. He is talking easily to a couple of friends.

"Training, missions, assignments. It isn't easy," he says. "Events are moving forward," he confides, looking around. "Something big is about to happen. I can't say more."

So quickly in those frightening days after the attack, the news moves on to other burning issues. Some are not even mildly warm, or are they? None seem critical. Some are of interest, some not. The attack seems almost forgotten, just like the many other attacks of the past... How did I know that? No one expects anything, and the guard duty attitude at the several army bases has weakened. Only a few are alert, vigilant. Only a few.

Three weeks later, more or less.

That brash young recruit strolls once more into the bar. "I'm a veteran. I've got skills, rank and knowledge." Someone sneers, "Let's check the honors. Did you get any?"

"I don't recall." States the recruit. "Let's look." They do. The recruit studies the list. Now he wonders, what's my cash? What do I need to do next?

Something happens, but no one is talking.

Almost one month later, give or take a few weeks among friends, there is more buzz about something big about to happen. Lots of buzz. The news is even full of it. Training has increased. It is like they are desperate that we be able to handle anything. What is going on? I need to ask a few people who might know.

A little later, I do start asking questions. I notice others doing the same thing. A man steps up from the shadows wearing old, dusty clothes...He holds only a sword. A plasma riffle is strapped to his side. As he enters the doors of the base, he spots me. He comes over and speaking fast, but with clarity, he mentions that he is sick of how Cybertown is running, and is after revenge... He doesn't say who he is, what revenge, or even who he is against. I note his name. Who is this dark warrior? How can I find out? He lets off a final scream of rage and steals someone. Was that a low ranking private? Or was it an officer in the army... A check in determines who is missing. An inventory shows that we are missing...

We only vaguely recall his last words. They were claiming he would join some group. Or make a great sacrifice, or make a grand gesture...maybe even steal a bomb. Reports vary. Did he mention bomb or was it another word. City Hall seems to be his goal. Is that

misdirection?



Familiar blackness. That was the longest in one place, I can recall. I think. "No," whispers the voice. "It just seems that way."

9/30/ 2093: When the New Game began. The City gave birth and then slipped into a time nexus creating a whole new Universe with worlds from all times available. Unfortunately this also gave access to known and unknown historical personalities from all over the Multiverse and conflicts may result, but certainly not on this Internet site! They seem to be trickling in. We hear reports. There are complaints that no one knows what to do. So many options and possibilities are "unavailable." A few people that were here seem to be gone. This stirs those remaining to wonder what they found. And where.

There is word of a newly created Cybertown that is a real place. It has been spawned further in the future and melded with a colony of Earth located in outer space. The first problem is discovering the truth! Is it possible? Has it happened? The word on the street is that VR and RL dimensions are, may be, or just appear to be, in danger... The worlds are merging into one, aren't they? That's what the news says.

People are scared and people are appearing...and disappearing and it may be fear of the unknown that is bringing threats of space war to the Cybertown 2366. Or was it 2633?

Are Cytonians battling their alternates from real life for the question, or the answer of which is the real one. The Member or the game player. Which will survive? Will there be an everlasting battle between RL people against Role Players who choose their own life in CT? There are words from the future that there are also many other colonies and worlds trying to develop an Inter-Stellar governmental body for mutual self-protection. Or even trying to conquer the known universe. This may start with the time period we know of as "now," as citizens begin to build ships or find other transport to the new real colony.

In the meantime... there is discussion of a possible debate on Real Life versus Virtual Life. Is that possible? What value could that have? Will it happen? Will it be stopped? Will it just go away?



Now I am a program. A sentient program. I have been lying dormant

for thousands of years. But someone has started me. I do a memory validation check, begin to assess modules, programs and internal communications and integrity checks. As the answers begin to come, I find myself yanked from the machine consciousness and...



I entered the city through a portal. This wasn't my goal! I don't completely recognize where I am. I was simply shopping online. I clicked on an object I wanted to purchase, heard a boom and arrived here. Looking around, I am trying to figure out where I am. Are those dates right? I cannot believe it. I get up, look outside. I faint.



I come to alone, look out again. I'm here on Earth yet I'm not on Earth anymore. This is strange. How could that happen? Is this Cybertown in the future? And is it real too? Boy do I have questions. I had best do some exploring and reading. I wonder if there is any of the old city that remains. I explore, clicking on location after location. Finally finding my starting place. Building a spaceship? Taking a trip? Reading a book? Finding a gem? There seem to be a lot of choices. But I was just there...in the future...wasn't I? Ah well, I join a crew and begin my task. Or perhaps I'll decide to go it alone. Whichever, this isn't going to be easy.



I am somewhere? Someone else? The Age of Technology has dawned and Scientists have, through a number of experiments, developed a way to create real objects using VRML code and an "Atomizer". I am an apprentice builder. I have begun learning VRML or Virtual Reality Modeling Language here in Cybertown. Through our beautiful Cybertown, many items initially created for Virtual entertainment are now being made real. Or so I hear. And I have read rumors in the club...or was it the hood board. It doesn't matter. Amazing things are happening. Many delightful items have surfaced. There are also rumors, dark rumors that a disturbing wave of new sophisticated weapons may have also been created? Some of the statements I discover are down right scary. Some unbelievable There is obviously a threat-or more than one- and it is now the work of Cytonians, living in this location and year, to root out the lawless creators or perps and bring them to trial. Some of them have come from the year 2366 and have been using VRML for hundreds of years in order to find a way to neutralize the effects of these weapons and eventually phase out all

potentially harmful items. This Task is not easy, but it must be done. Fortunately we have advisors and experts to consult who will guide us. I join the group and begin my indoctrination into the search and seizure of illegal weapons. I am surprised to find myself in security. They are a group of dedicated honest people. I think. At first. I could be wrong, but I don't think so....

I begin my research, keeping up on the light VRML study load as I add to my contacts and both am amazed at the differences that exist and astonished at the contrary certainties that these many different groups of people have. There is much more going on here than I ever would have thought. A thought begins to come and I shut down, like a machine, step by step losing memory.



My next awareness is some time in the Future: Agents begin to arrive from different timelines and civilizations. Strange activities and questions are being asked by strangers, veteran citizens and newcomers. There is an announcement of the formation of the InnerSpatial League of Planets. I go to the message board to discover more. There are histories of past efforts, suggestions of needs and personnel. I am being recruited by a lot of sides. What do I do? What do I believe? I have to make some decisions here. Ah I see that this setting is in a far distant future.

There are many known worlds and galaxies, all of which are fighting each other for control of the universe using various technologies and strategies. And they all seem to want me to join their cause! Alliances are formed, but the messages seem to warn that no one can be trusted, and that treachery prevails. Then there is news. Peace seeking inhabitants of earth (a group of about 20 biologists, archaeologists, and former politicians as well as ex military officers) are seeking to find a haven on a remote island on earth, where they can try to bring order to the universe. Do I join this group and go back? I can. I know I can. The news says that this team of colonists were blown off course by a hurricane, and ended up in the Bermuda Triangle! Through a series of events, they find themselves in none other than The Lost City of Atlantis, a thriving high tech civilization, hidden from the rest of the corrupt universe. Atlantis is actually called Pacifica by its inhabitants...who use highly futuristic technology to keep their location hidden. They immediately accept the lost earthlings, and agree to allow them to use Pacifica as a place of refuge as they try to stop the outbreak of a future war among the planets.

They also agree to allow other earthlings who have been "screened" and who have immigrated into CT. Which of all these groups do I want to join? Let's explore and see what they might offer... Then I have to find them too.

I can't help but think of the fundamental "law" several hundred years ago that earth was the center of the universe. Boy, how life has changed. Although ...Cybertown can be considered as the New Center, can't it? Is it? It might become a bit exciting when people in Cybertown start experiencing that small rift in space/time. What is going to happen when the residents start disappearing as they have finally determined that a specific world or civilization or group should win over another? Bit by bit, resident by resident, A future Cybertown becomes an active part in the universe's struggles? Will that happen? Will I cause it to happen? Will I be sucker punched by my own group? Only time...and space will tell. Best I get started figuring out where I fit in all of this.

As I just get started, my world turns again. I am standing at a gate. It is a big gate, at least three times my height. I am not really sure how I got here. I have spent a lot of time exploring, asking questions, following bad leads. And apparently a few good leads. I see before me the Gate. An entrance with names. Broken down into the 4 Nexus possibilities. We have choices to make: Past, Present, Future and Mythos.



Slipping fast again through the space time continuum I race past several views, pausing briefly at a few quickly changing views: It says the Earth is destroyed, and that there are colonies from earth everywhere, lots of traffic, new and old technology, ancient and new civilizations and even gods are discovered on almost a daily basis. Cybertown is somehow the nexus. The city has ancient and newly discovered archives and has become the Crossroads for all these groups to meet. Their negotiations and conflicts occur only in specific locations and interested life forms access these groups by finding them within the city.

Here, Cybertown takes on a life of its own. The first clue that something unusual is happening was when people who joined Cybertown disappeared from Earth. Aliens discovered they could do the same. Since then other worlds grew in development and began to battle for control.

There, Cybertown, the only Earth colony became independent. CT declared neutrality. They trade and interact with others; they do business with all groups who come to Cybertown. Enemies and rebels are reported as moving among the citizens, all respecting Cybertown's position. Two years after Earth's fall. Cybertown ideals are being defended by others and all kinds of strange governments are appearing. Which side will you join? I know where I am going. I think. Then I see another Cybertown future.

Cybertown technology has developed a transportation device that only ported the electrical imprint of a human. At first this was viewed as a disaster and was neatly covered up. However, non-corporeal bodies don't sicken and die. Once fail-safes were enacted, transportation into Cybertown was no longer a virtual reality, but **the** reality.

This one says: A future Cybertown as the Lost City of Atlantis

In yet another future Cybertown, the Age of Technology has dawned and Scientists have, through a number of experiments, developed a way to create real objects using VRML code and an "Atomizer" creating very scary weaponry. This says the atomizer has been stolen.

This one is different. A debate to be won or lost. Somewhen, Somewhere. A debate. What is reality? What is imagination? If I dream I am a butterfly flying through a field, is that a dream? **The** dream? Maybe I am a butterfly flying through a field dreaming of being a human? Maybe I'm a human dreaming I am a butterfly and all those people chasing me are butterfly hunters with big nets. Then again maybe those are guns firing at me. Which ever it is I will find out. Is it possible that we virtual citizens mistakenly believe the earth is a real place? How will we find that out? There is only one way. I must begin my quest to understand the true reality in a cyber existence where nothing is as it seems and reality is the click of a mouse away...or is it?

My mind goes blank from overload. That is what I wrote. I may have had a nervous breakdown. I don't recall. I am... Who? Where am I, how did I get here? I didn't choose. I just arrived. Was it the door? The item? Is this earth? An alternate earth? Another planet? What is going on?



I read...

The Future is the past. The past is the future. Treachery is a constant. This Earth is ravaged by multiple wars in time. In multiple spaces not

visited. There are secrets. A strange companionable voice whispers in my ear, "Why, I could tell you...but not today." I force my eyes back, yes, back to the massive writing task at the console. "Thank the gods for mind ware," I mutter.

Creatures from mythology are reborn. Yes, there *are unrecognizable* mutations. Many migrations, the apparent rise of magic, tech cabals, anti-science groups. Yet, Cybertown is here too. It is different. It still serves as the nexus to the universe giving contact with alien civilizations through something called the Innet, a powerful communications mode. New discoveries come as many seek to conquer their own Universes and remake them in their own image.



Now I am on an empty world. It is day. I can see far off in the distance. I look at objects. There is only one...I beam to it. It is a very small building. It says City of Atlan. I click the name, finding myself at a board. This seems familiar. Where did I see that name? I know I saw it. I look around on the board. Where am I, I wonder. I see a link almost hidden far at the bottom of the board. It's so small I can't tell if it is an image. I click it and find myself directed to somewhere else. I try to click in the new location, but it doesn't do anything. It seems to be a dead link



From a dead link, I go to a nearly dead planet. The Earth has been nearly destroyed by pollution and over-population. After finding out that the Cybertown residents also live earth lives, a group gets together to fly into space to find another earth.

I am holding a newspaper in a café. The coffee is too sweet for me. I am reading. I think, what a strange news item. There are reports of crop circles and animal dissection taking place all over the universe? What can that mean? Several groups are calling for hunters and researchers. Others seek to ban them. Are any of them honest? What are their true goals? Is there more to these incidents? Who is causing them? Why? How? What does the research say? There are so many questions. Do I want to find answers? My answers might change reality. My answers might change me! Wait. Where did that idea come from? What does this next post say? Fading, I'm fading. Here I go again.



Now that familiar planet is officially dead. The earth has been

completely decimated by pollution and over-population. A call has been sent out for a group to fix Earth. What a depressing, common fact of life that is. This isn't the first time, nor the last terraforming...or is it? This news item is funny, it says, "a group is getting together to fly into space to find another Earth." I wonder what all they will have to do to achieve it? LOL that might be interesting to look into. I wonder what the chances are they can be successful? Is there another Earth out there? This news story has a link! Maybe I'll click it and see where it takes me.

Where am I? Not at that link! I read through several news items: The Cybertown Bank Robbed of 18 trillion credits. Wow! I wonder what the finders' fee is? I cannot believe someone has ROBBED the Cybertown Bank. So do I want to see if I can solve this mystery? Will this sidetrack me from more important missions? Amazing. There are fingers already pointed at individuals and groups, until...

It's 2052, and toy manufacturers are preparing to sell a "live" doll. Advertising has started. All the children are desperate for the new toy, and the parents think it's great. What new marvels of media technology has caused this? How does the media operate? Here too "Treachery" is a constant. Earth has been ravaged by multiple wars. There are so many secrets. The rise of magic has taken hold, yet the tech cabals fight the mythologies and other anti-science groups. Cybertown is the nexus to this universe giving contact with additional alien civilizations through the Innet, a powerful communications mode. New discoveries come as many seek to conquer the Universe and remake it in their own.

Manufacturers have made a long range plan from the beginning of androids in public use, to present the "living dolls" when the population had completely accepted their presence in society. After the dolls are introduced could new instructions be given to the dolls? What is the long term goal? What is happening? And how might these dolls be used?



Somewhere in space and reproduced across time in a chilling fascination at unknown coordinates, a variety of numbered groups are stranded on the planet Satiar. Stranded again, and again. Once chosen, you find that you and a selected crew are stranded on Satiar and you need power gems to fuel your space ship. One gem called ganard is fairly common but is unstable and you must return with it to your ship and properly install it before it blows up. The second gem

called pianarc is only found in the far distant mountains and is hard to find. You must search to find it before you may continue to your goal. The third gem is called reverer. Your crew and you must dig for in the Cave of the Unknown. First of course you must locate the cave! The fourth gemstone is called optium. It is invisible and you must purchase/beg/borrow or steal a pair of Satiaran goggles from a Satiaran in order to even see these gems but the Satiarans don't like you. They are a very intolerant, rigid people. You must pick carefully or you will do battle, end up in jail, or be named "Pariah" and shot on sight. The fifth jewel is rubetta and is only located in the Satiarian Queen's castle. There are only two such stones known. You must be very careful or you will do battle with the queen's guards to obtain the royal rubetta. Your cause may easily be lost. Only when all five gems are obtained have you reached the point of launching to your goal. The goal is travel through space to Cybertown. It may take years, or mere weeks. Your choices will determine what happens.



The speed of my travels is increasing. Images, worlds, timelines, stars and galaxies all flash by. It is dizzying. A sense of urgency is like an intensifying tingle along my spine. My times at the console are ever shorter, like time is running out.

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I see the great hunt for Babel and hundreds of timeline sensitive, historic and legendary items, objects, people and worlds. It is as if they were all occurring at the very same time!

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A strange man interrupts a war game decimating both sides in hundreds of worlds.

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A strange man interrupts a war game and is killed in hundreds of worlds. Sometimes he speaks. Sometimes he says nothing...

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Individuals wanting, seeking, even thirsting for revenge create and bring down corrupt governments kidnapping, rulers, councilors and even army privates.

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Quests to find multiple gems (5) for multiple purposes ranging from ransom to fueling a spaceship to creating a weapon of incredible power. Both the weapons and number of gems change.

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Replaying scenes of young Cytonians, earthlings, aliens and colonists, in the middle of a battle, a few surviving, to become #1 in their time-space location.

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Crop circles and animal dissection taking place all over the Multiverse.

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Virtual and Real citizens, aliens, creatures and gods, all discussing reality and an amazing array of issues all over in different time-space continuums.

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Teams choosing land areas in which to build a village. Some are fantastic choices, some are terrible. I watch a civilizations rise, fall to rise again. Some never rise. I see terrible wars, pestilence, destruction and beautiful creations. I see heroes, villains and an incredible variety of life forms  
-all struggling- all trying to achieve.

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Brief glimpses of teams decorating one room in a house, with specific items, etc., for many different purposes, some specific, some just strange purposes. Images fly by that I cannot even retain. Here are a few more of those I recall.

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Robberies and crime flourishing, being smashed, and yet always returning. Yet, I sense a place where none occur. I see bank, place, house, robberies and looting. I see kingdoms ransacked. Expected and

unexpected greed, theft and always... fingers get pointed until...

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Family Feuds are a common thread throughout the Multiverse, I watch as they sprawl from one disagreement to another. From one on one combat to other places where everyone is fighting for what they believe is right, or for power, or greed, or self-protection...

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Too often I see Cities split into all out civil war, both sides battling for who will gain control, sometimes its citizens, sometimes outsiders. Sometimes it is Good vs. Good or the classic struggle of good versus evil. Now and then both forces are corrupt and evil I see individuals ask a variety of questions ranging from " Why must they all die? Why must anyone die?" to anguished fears of " Will I survive" all the way to a sudden chilling reflection "Why am I battling a fellow citizen over this? It is only a stupid disagreement? There truly is no vital importance here." Of course many of the battles are for survival. Survival of universes, species, planets, individuals and groups.

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Great power supplies in a number of locations are discovered, created, used and destroyed. Some are only ALMOST destroyed by accident, by design, by special assault teams and so very often no one seems to be able to find out who did what or who ordered the assault. This kind of thing is replayed over and over again with names, planets, targets and purposes changing...ever changing.

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Suddenly I spot a timeline I recognize. It started in 1994 with a concept of Virtual Living White boards with groups springing up all over the Internet to cater to specific Interests. A Great City-On-The-Web is created. Cybertown is born. I watch as over the first 10 years a split happens in time. For me time is passing in milliseconds. The first split comes when citizens began to migrate to the year 2089. It was just Internet then. The real connection remained on Earth. The second split began in 2092 when people moving into Cybertown began to disappear from Earth and truly take up residence in the City full time. The connection to Earth Internet continued but was withering, self-reducing from lack of use. Over time, people could communicate

back home, but not return. The third split happened when the New Game began. The City gave birth and then slipped away into a time nexus creating a whole new Universe with worlds from all times available. I looked at the time clock. I guess it wasn't instantaneous like it seems to me. No, it is like all things sentient. A human/alien intelligence directed process of sentient beings exploring, trying new ideas and experimenting. It eats time, life and energy.

Fortunately or unfortunately this also gave access to an amazing list of known and unknown personalities from all over the Multiverse Then there were all the quests, people, aliens, conflicts and possibilities. Some came together. Some die early. Some never start. Some continue. Where it will go, no one knows, but I may find out.

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The year was 2090 in this part of the Multiverse... Earth has been destroyed here. All gone. I see so many locations simultaneously. I see where the Earth is never born. But it is often dead, dying and limping along or thriving. In this location in space and time, it may have been a bomb left behind by aliens ... or a huge war. Some seem to have escaped from earth years before it was destroyed. What? Another Cybertown?

I pause a moment, pulling up all the Cybertown's. How did I learn to do that? Ah, like the Earth and all the others. There are all kinds of successes and failures.

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This one is the first and only colony. And it becomes... became independent. Wars were too chaotic for CT, so they declared neutrality. They trade and interact with other groups who come to Cybertown. Strange entities move among citizens, all respecting Cybertown's position. Now it is 2092 ... 2 years after earth fall. Cybertown ideals are being defended by others and all kinds of governments are appearing. Which side will you join? This Scenario has all kinds of ideas ... defenders, rebels, groups who fight for money, bounty hunters, etc. Of course each variation is different. In each time-space continuum.

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I look at another Cybertown. This one started out as a 3D world,

accessed by the Internet. Technology continued to grow. One day the first prototype of a replicator device was created. Unfortunately, it only transported the electrical imprint of a human. Thus, it mapped and transported an exact replica of the person, complete with electronic nerve endings that registered in their fully functional though, non-corporeal body. At first this was viewed as a disaster and was nearly covered up. After all the first experiments erased the original image/reality and caused all kinds of legal problems. However, non-corporeal bodies don't sicken and die. This wasn't a problem, because they were already declared dead on Earth. Years later, and once fail-safes were enacted, transportation into Cybertown was no longer a virtual reality, but the coming popular reality.

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I looked for themes and found everything that could be imagined. Yes, it IS all true. Somewhere out there in space. Out in time, and beyond known reality it is there. It all exists. But there are places that seem to be unavailable, unusable, unreachable. I saw science vs. magic scenarios. Good, Evil and Ego battling as major players. Infighting, splinter groups and changing sides with treachery a constant. I saw Earth ravaged by multiple wars. I saw that there are secrets everywhere. Creatures and gods from mythology can be reborn, some even with mutations. I observed thousands of times where migrations, the rise of magic, tech cabals, anti-science groups and hundreds of thousands of others rose, failed, succeeded, flourished and never even started.

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In still another very similar, yet so very different scene, I watched a complete Cybertown destruction. It was horrifying.

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Cybertown is the nexus to the universe giving contact with alien civilizations through the Innet, a powerful communications mode. New discoveries come as many seek to conquer everything in their path and remake it in their own righteous, technological, mythological or ego-tyranny-based worldview. Technology makes Cybertown untouchable and much of the city cannot be accessed. All players have agreed not to even try, realizing if Cybertown were to close their access, they lose the opportunity to conquer any Universe. Cybertown is safe, protective of residents, and safe from those just passing

through to different locations to battle for supremacy.

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In yet another universe, Earth has NOT been destroyed. Many nationalities, races and even aliens have been discovered throughout the universe. There are colonies from earth everywhere, and there is a lot of traffic, new and old technology, ancient and new civilizations and even gods discovered on almost a daily basis. Yet, still Cybertown is the nexus. It is protected from attack or interference by unknown means. There are fabulous stories of lost civilizations, attacks upon Cybertown that exist in the archives. Neither colonies, aliens, nor any other groups even think about taking over Cybertown. The city has become the repository of ancient and newly discovered archives and has become the Crossroads for these groups to meet. Their negotiations and conflicts occur only in specific locations and interested life forms access these groups by finding them within the city. Earth is healed in several of these versions.

---

Oh, my heavens. Here is another Cybertown. It began as a small website and took on a life of its own. The first clue that something unusual was happening was when people who joined Cybertown disappeared from Earth. Aliens discovered they could do the same. Since then other worlds grew in development and all of them prospered and live in peace. It happened because of a realization that they were all... Yes, all of them realized from scientific study that they were tied to the simple existence and survival of Cybertown. Therefore each of these new civilizations leave their unique magic in and on the structure of Cybertown itself. For some unknown reason and through a surprising process those few who have tried to negatively affect Cybertown are immediately destroyed or simply disappear.

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The variety of Cybertown realities alone is amazing. Here I just saw flashing past the rise, fall and rise of Cybertown as a real place. It is a colony of Earth located in outer space. There are many colonies and worlds trying to develop governmental bodies for self-interest, mutual self protection, or even trying to change universes. Cybertown itself tries many approaches sometimes neutral and not a participant in the ongoing deeds, feuds, fights, battles, negotiations or diplomatic efforts. Sometimes a player, sometimes strangely silent. Cybertown serves as a source, as a recruiter source, as a preventor of recruiting,

as...all kinds of variations. This time it is a source for warriors, technology and a place to develop strategies and recruit. News of the activities going on is available and individual citizens are involved.

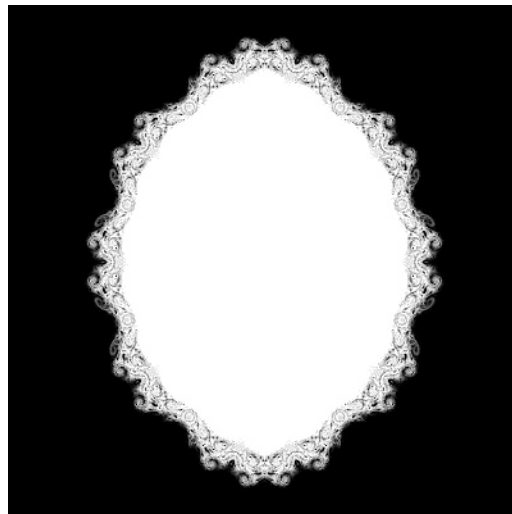
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The year was 2190 ... Rumors in Cybertown says Earth has fallen prey to a broad range of Volcanic explosions created by a comet sent behind by aliens ... other say they wiped out by themselves in a huge technology war. Still others say it was genocide and a small cabal still exists on Earth.

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The year was 1890, Cybertown is vibrant and strong. Technology is far beyond other locations. I look deeper. Somehow it all started on an island. No time, no time. It is all gone! I saw where being neutral doesn't mean they didn't trade or they don't interact with others. Some groups came to Cybertown or were interested by the town. Soon they had some of their own enemies and rebels and fought to remain. The City seems above it, trying to be as neutral as possible. Here, Cybertown and Earth are one and the same!

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This whirlwind tour appears to be done. I find myself sitting alone in an old library filled with books and a nice fire in a huge gray, granite tone fireplace. I feel the smooth cool leather, hear the crackling fire. There is a book lying on the table. It merely says Cybertown 2366. I

pick up the small, thick volume of this red leather bound book. I open it. I read.

### **Cybertown ~ 2366**

□ Earth:

Year: 2366

Population: 5 billion

Government: UWG (Unified World Government; Formerly The United Nations) based in Beijing, China.

The Earth is now clearly pacified into business sectors. International Business conglomerates rule the earth in a fashion. Rebellions are put down immediately and "firmly."

Americas (Canada, US, Mexico, and South America) All countries are States of the Americas

Old Capital: Mexico City (over crowded)

New Capital: Lima, Peru

EU-United Europe

Capital: Bern, Switzerland

Asiatica (All of Asia, Near East, Malaysia, and Eastern Russian States)

Capital: Tokyo

Africa

Capital: Jerusalem: a joint Moslem-Judaic-Christian project

The Islands (Canberra, Australia, New Zealand, and an odd patchwork of islands throughout the world)

Virtuality: All criminals are locked into a 3D seamless universe with no parole, where they are rehabilitated to benefit the business community through the use of drugs, mind wiping, personality adjustment, and "re-programming."

Businesses:

IBBM (Interstellar Bookings Bio-Machines)

GATES (Galactic Artificial Technology Education Sector)

AIS (Artificial Intelligence Sector)

Martin-McDonalds "Feeding the Universe" Space Transport-Food Sector)

Interstellar Widgets: ("Energy For All" Utilities Sector)

Holla (World Entertainment Sector)

GWTS (Galactic Warp Transportation Sector)

Basic Technology:

Star Ships, inter-planetary travel, and individual computer monitoring chip implants only on earth. Holodecks, Transporters, Replicators, Shields, Phasers, Cloaking Devices, Warp Engines, New Static Plate Hull Armor Impervious to Any Weapon (only in use in Cybertown and Colony City in the Military), etc....

❖ Colonies:

Population: 1 Billion

Cybertown:

Colony World Government

Capital: Colony City

Leader: Azaryelle

Secret Forces:

Time Guardians: Sent into the past to destroy and erase any knowledge of time travel equipment to protect the Time Travel set up by The Cybertown Worlds Council.

CCIA (Cybertown Counter Intelligence Agency): Uses secret methods to infiltrate other colonies and countries on Earth to gather intelligence data.

Cytonian Armed Forces- (Cybertown Special Forces): Uses secret methods to protect other colonies and guard against counter plotting from Earth.

CIA (Cybertown Intelligence Agency): Uses secret methods & dirty tricks to infiltrate countries on Earth to gather intelligence data, sabotage earth facilities, discourage war and foster rebellion.

❖ Andromeda:

Capital: Santa Fe

Consists of New Spain, Basque City, and Islamabad

Leader: nevet

❖ Moon:

Capital: Luna

Consists of Jumpoff and Regal

Leader: Dionegia

❖ Mars:

Capital: Moskva

Consists of New Paris and Mountain Retreat

Leader: strawberry5321

❖ Venus:

Capital: Commerce City

Consists of Venusia and Asiatica

Leader: C-Baby

? UNKNOWN

? Year: UNKNOWN

? Leader: UNKNOWN

? Moon: UNKNOWN

? Capital: UNKNOWN

? Consists of UNKNOWN

? Population: UNKNOWN

? Government: UNKNOWN

I see there are pages of these UNKNOWN entries. As I flip back and forth, some entries begin to fill in. I throw the book down and it opens to a page:

News bytes from Earth

~jdb\_educator C124, ed. & Elexia; compiled reports EARTHNET, CVN and other sources

Americas Lima, Peru : CVN

President Jacque Gonzales Smyth announced that national offices were operating in the new capital, although problems with the new sanitation system are still being experienced. "Lima is a lovely city, and we are grateful for the warm reception we have received here." The president told CVN over the Vid grid.

Temperatures in Lima continued at seasonal lows of 112 degrees Fahrenheit for the 4th straight week.

EU-United Europe: Bern, Switzerland (EARTHNET)

"We shall fight them in the halls of the Bundesstag-Villon, at the kennel club and in the markets," business leader Arfg Removenstat replied when told of the new regulations that would require tracking implants on all dogs used for protection/sport/other uses... Although all Earth citizens have been required to have these implants for the last 30 years, Mankind's best friends, the cat and dog populations have been exempt until this year.

Asiatica: Tokyo: CVN

Three hundred forty seven patrons died from blowfish poisoning in a chain of downtown Sushi bars. Late medical evidence blamed smuggled blowfish loaded with mercury poisoning as the culprit. The Chef was due to be released, but had already been executed due to a "missed filing date" on the release order. The Prime Minister, who was chased down by CVN as he traveled between food industries, briefly offered regrets.

Africa: Jerusalem: (JerPost)

Chairman Achmed James Silverstone reported on the growth of diamond mining to the Knesset. He told the Vid audience this morning "We could be in a better position. Last year's gross revenues exceeded those of all other African resources by over 50%. Ever since use of industrial and refined manufactured diamonds became essential to the replicator, holographic and transporter industries, we have enjoyed a near monopoly."

The Islands: Capital Canberra, Australia: CVN  
by Elexia: Excitement and tremors in Australia.  
(ISLANDNET contributed to this story)



Newest information suggests that UWG (Unified World Government) is finally allowing Australia to return to electricity. CVN has reported before about the secret documents found that ordered a ban on electrical equipment to Australia in an effort to focus the island eco-group to focus on Agriculture and genetics. Rumors persist that the country will be supplied old store housed equipment at earth inflated prices, as a way of awarding appreciation and profit to the Energy sector, Interstellar Widgets. This effort has been supported, aided and encouraged through the Islands overlord sector: Martin-McDonalds.

Prison News: CVN from hidden hard-to-find Earth government records  
By Z, sources verified/undisclosed

Six hundred more prisoners were locked into 3D for life this morning:  
The following names were removed from the top 100 wanted list.  
Those 4 time offenders who are incarcerated find themselves in various forms of Hell developed through Christian religious literacy. With the recently added thermocouplers, citizens convicted and punished at this level, literally live and burn in Hell.

Their individual crimes are recorded by the central processor as:  
"Failure to report" and " missed filing date." The following groups have been reconstituted into basic chemicals for the good of society.

A-12

c-9

C-A-N-D-Y

C-A-P

c-a-r-m-i-n-a

C-a-s

c-a-t-w-o-m-a-n

C-Alias

While normally all criminals are locked into a 3D seamless universe with no parole, they are in fact "adjusted" to benefit the business community through drugs, mind wiping, personality adjustment and re-programming. In these above cases, the named individuals are considered unsalvageable. Rumors persist that the last 2000-3000 so treated "criminals" have displeased some high level Earth business conglomerate, not yet named. Cybertown wonders if these missing individuals are quiet recruits to the military, and the beginnings of war

between Earth and the Colonies. Or possible Earth rebels who just "had enough" of the conglomerate dictatorship. CVN is investigating.

I turn the page and see 300 years vanish:

NEW!! Maurasia

Universe at War?

By Pcfreakske2000

CVN Reporter/Deputy for CVN

Maurasia Invaded!

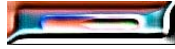
The "Enemy" struck soon after they passed into the planet's atmosphere. Planetary defenses were destroyed in the first wave, cities in the second wave, along with communications, and all government facilities are gone according to early reports.

EARTHNET: 4 January: On January 1, an unknown species invaded Maurasia in force, causing incredible death and destruction on this once peaceful planet. These unidentified beings did not respond, they neither identified themselves, presented demands nor even contacted planetary representatives. Authorities on both Earth and Maurasia are "strongly" concerned.

Maurasian authorities contacted the Universal Government Council (UGC) to seek help. The Maurasians are described as "desperate", acknowledging, "We are totally unprepared for a major crisis like this current invasion on our planet. Please help us!"

UCG responded immediately with a press conference and behind the scenes, undisclosed actions. "On the 4th of January 2366, the news was received by Earth's Universal Government Council regarding a situation on Maurasia that has caused concern on Earth. We Terrans are joined with the Maurasians to share technology, culture AND", he emphasized, "the defense of each other. This invasion news comes as a shock to all of the people on Earth and should to all other peaceful species as well." stated Cory Aasgurd, UCG Secretary-General.

Mr. Aasgurd further noted in his prime time, planetary live vid speech, "On a nearby planet, (Frigar) the Federation of Universal Species Agencies (FUSA) has declared that it failed to see this vicious, unexpected situation coming and therefore has requested full Earth support and coverage for this incident. An Universal Interplanetary Emergency has been declared. FUSA continues to investigate. The lack of forewarning is under study." Authorities are close lipped about this situation. "Due to this warlike incident, all authorities have taken and will take immediate military actions to provide relief to Maurasia provide for the common defense, help where needed, identify and fight off this unknown race who have invaded their home world belligerently and without negotiation, notification or prior contact."



Out of nowhere I am shifted. It feels like I turn left, yet my body is pulled 360 degrees to the right. I am reading a black goat skinned book now. I am sitting high on a mountain in a stasis chamber looking through a viewer I see:



### **Earth**

**Year 2633**

Population 100 billion

#### Off Planet Worlds

(Population 3 billion)

- Cybertown is the off world government and is the capital.
- Andromeda: -Basque City-capital, New Spain, Islamabad, Santa Fe is a monument to war.
- Moon—Luna XII is capital, Jumpoff, Regal
- Mars-, Mountain Retreat is Capital. New Paris, Moskva, Cave
- Venus, Commerce City is the capital. Venusia, Asiatica,
- Mauritania, Mau, Thane, Archadia is the capital
- The earth: The League of World Government (LWG) which is based in Rome, China. The Earth has been "pacified" and consolidated into consumer sectors.

#### Encyclopaedia Galactica 2633 (hourly updates)

[Vid files and extraordinary detail available with an individual, personal, secure, Earth subscription and government approval to restricted access sections.]

Maurasia: details menu: famous as first alien contact, first technology sharing, and first mutual defense treaty. Destroyed by war.

Planet: mountainous, viable, high ph content, details menu . 40 % water, single contiguous land mass. High Radiation.

Grid: x3267

Type: M

Resources: details menu: lead, diamonds, latinnium, ganard and pianarc.

Agriculture: details menu: wheat, rice, arbles, mziiums. Population: details menu: 100 million

Government: details menu: Hierarchical military titles, functional dictatorship.

Culture: private, little truly known, appears earth compatible;

Attitude: disillusioned, bitter

Religions: unified piety between public and private

Sciences: details menu: restricted

Technology: details menu: superior to terran science.

History: details & sub-topics menu: Archeological, Ancient, last thousand years, modern, current, changes, Current News.

Thank you for visiting our free version! Buy our service for luxurious detail, pictures, films, interviews, news and more! Personal 3D chats with citizens, experiential situations, and travel arrangements available upon government approval and a clean background followed by a personal scan. Travel Safe, Secure and in comfort with Galactica Universal Travel. Travel to Maurasia today!

Introduction : (background only)

by pcfreakske2000

We are in the year 2633 and earth has become a place where all beings ( including aliens ) live together. Androids are easily created by mankind and space travel has become reality ever since man created starcraft in the early twenty-first century.

Evolution has taught us we need to be cautious with air and food supplies on all intergalactic planets humans have reached at this point. Star Trek has become not fiction, but rather reality. From the late twenty-first century man has gone beyond the solar system and found many inhabited planets.

On these planets, we have met alien beings, some of them were friendly and visited our planets over a short period of time. Some other species were not so friendly and we needed to defend ourselves against them.

In the early 1950s and 60s many people claimed to have been abducted by aliens, mostly Grays, called such because they have gray skin. It has also been alleged the Grays have huge eyes, which apparently hypnotize people. Some of these Grays were aggressive, others were friendly and let us go to their planets and explore their worlds. Eventually they shared some of their technology with us. On other explorations, we met with other species and searched for E.T.s.(Extra Terrestrials) Some looked more like us, humanoid with similar hands, feet, and arms. Some of these E.T.s made friends with us and have kept us updated on the happenings, news, and progress on their planets.

One of these ETs (a Maurasian being from the planet Maurasia in the Andromeda system ) is called Obi Galactix. Obi is a friendly alien who has experienced some major evolutions on his planet. For instance, the planet was at first a desert-like planet, then the planet was made earthlike (terraforming) and nowadays it's a high technological planet like earth. His age is unknown, his gender is male, and he has brought female friends of his with him to earth J.

Australia: Year: 2633.

Population: 30 million (2632).

Capital: Canberra

Lifestyle: Agriculture and Trade

History (overview): Since the 'upgrading' of the rest of Earth in 2050, Australia was left pretty much in the Milky Way's afterburners. Then, having been plunged into the New Dark Ages following the Electro Magnetic shock wave during the ill fated Plutonian Rebellion in 2104, Australia, like her sister island countries New Zealand, etc. lost all electricity and vital machinery. They returned successfully to people power and non-electrical living, proving once again the solid determination of their ancestors to survive. Over the centuries, Australia has become one of the premier industries for food and livestock, transported over the world. Their animal genetics are exported off world. However, progress in upgrading the country has been extremely slow, gradual, and often stopped by events. Within a decade, sufficient electrical equipment is expected to be imported to the main cities to provide power to over half of the population. There is some resistance.



Out of nowhere I am shifted. It feels like I turn left, yet my body is pulled 360 degrees to the right. I am reading a black goat skinned book now. I am sitting high on a mountain in a stasis chamber.

### ➤ **Earth** **Year 2366-**

Population 1 billion

Off Planet Worlds

(Population 3 billion)

- -Cybertown is the off world government. Colony City is the capital
- Andromeda: -Santa Fe-capital, New Spain, Basque City, Islamabad
- -Moon—Luna IV is capital, Jumpoff, Regal
- -Mars- New Paris is Capital, Moskva, Mountain Retreat
- -Venus- Commerce City is the capital. Venusia, Asiatica,
- -Mauritania- Archadia is the capital Mau, Thane,
- The earth: a series of Feudal business dictatorships now exist War is

brewing between Earth and Colonies. The Earth has been "organized" into consumer sectors.

-International Business conglomerates rule the earth. Rebellions and crimes against consumerism are not tolerated.

-Basic Technology: Star ships, inter-planetary travel, and individual computer monitors (chip implants) exist only on Earth. Computer generated entertainment: Holodeck, transporters etc. lead the tech industry. We were in contact for a while with a planet called Maurasia. There have been artifacts found on Mars and Venus. Genetic alteration, injections and clones are an economic necessity. Artificial Intelligence (AI) is a booming science. AI controls education and is absorbing the tech industry.

-People remain good, bad and indifferent (uncaring) and as crazy as ever. The world is a business climate. Greed and imaginary citizen control is the way of life, except in the colonies...

-Americas (Canada, US, Mexico, Central & all of South America) All countries become States of the Americas. The capital is just now being moved to Lima, Peru from Mexico City, due to pollution.

-Europa: Capital is Madrid, Spain.

-China: All of Asia, Near East and Malaysia: includes Eastern Russian States, capital is Tokyo

-Africa: capital is in Jerusalem: a joint Chinese-Americas project.

-The Islands: Capital Canberra, Australia: includes a patchwork of odd islands throughout the world. Major ones: Australia, New Zealand, Cuba, Taiwan.

-Virtuality- all criminals are immediately minded to benefit the business community through genetic injection, alteration mind and personality wiping, milder personality adjustment and complete bio/psyche re-programming."

The COP program (Criminals on Patrol) is deemed a success.

Earth Ads

Compiled from EARTHNET

[editor's note: We provide these ads so that our Cytonian and colony citizens around the Universe can see what our brothers and sisters on Earth deal with on a daily basis. Quotes like "War is Peace, "Eat to Build Earth", "Consumption Rules!" "A good citizen buys everything" are advertised verbally, visually and subliminally. Read and weep with us! The links have been disabled to avoid Earth Detection]

McDonalds-Martin "Feeding the Universe" Space Transport-Food Sector  
Now available variable rate Replicator Pliable Inter-Generational (RPIG) loans\*

Buy, eat now, let your great, great, grandchildren (or estate) pay it

off!

Hollan-World Entertainment Sector

Live the good life now, No payments until your government required children or clones are grown and working!!\*

IBBM-Bancom-Interstellar Bookings Bio-Machines

Want to travel? Visit off world! Work off world\*

GATES- Galactic Artificial Technology Education Sector

Tired of that job? Transfer your contract! Become that upwardly mobile expert you always wanted! Instared® is the way! In only 18 treatments have the skills you need!\*

AIS-Artificial Intelligence Sector

Are you ready for the next level? Do you want the wealth and success you are due? Hire it done!\*

Interstellar Widgets- "Energy For All" Utilities Sector

Tired of those brownouts? Tired of the drain from the energy grid? Get you very own power source!\*

\*All contracts include the "Universal Standard" multi-generational insurance, default organ harvesting and genetic cloning agreements with each sector's guaranteed work clause. All eligible citizens must be government certified. Various work contracts, biological and or genetic charges and changes may apply. Consult your sector attorney, before signing. All agreements are binding, no prepayment deductions are allowed, complete contract clause buy out at reduced interest possible, all rates are 50% APR (Annual Pre-casualty Rate) interest or higher.



I am wandering in an empty solar system. The voice tells me. " Yes, it is nearly empty. I am from the far future. According to our best studies, our hope lies with you. Our effort to give you this opportunity to affect the Multiverse has a statistical probability of 50.1398254 success. That is 20 points better than any other scenario we have managed to imagine and test. The year here is 3535. All life is gone. Humanity is a hunted species nearing extinction. So are most of the alien species you may encounter in your journeys. One remains, hunting us.

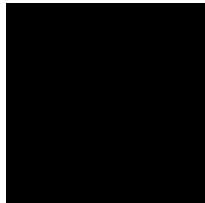
Statistically this has happened because of: so many efforts at time travel interference (40.4), poor government (62.1), many efforts to

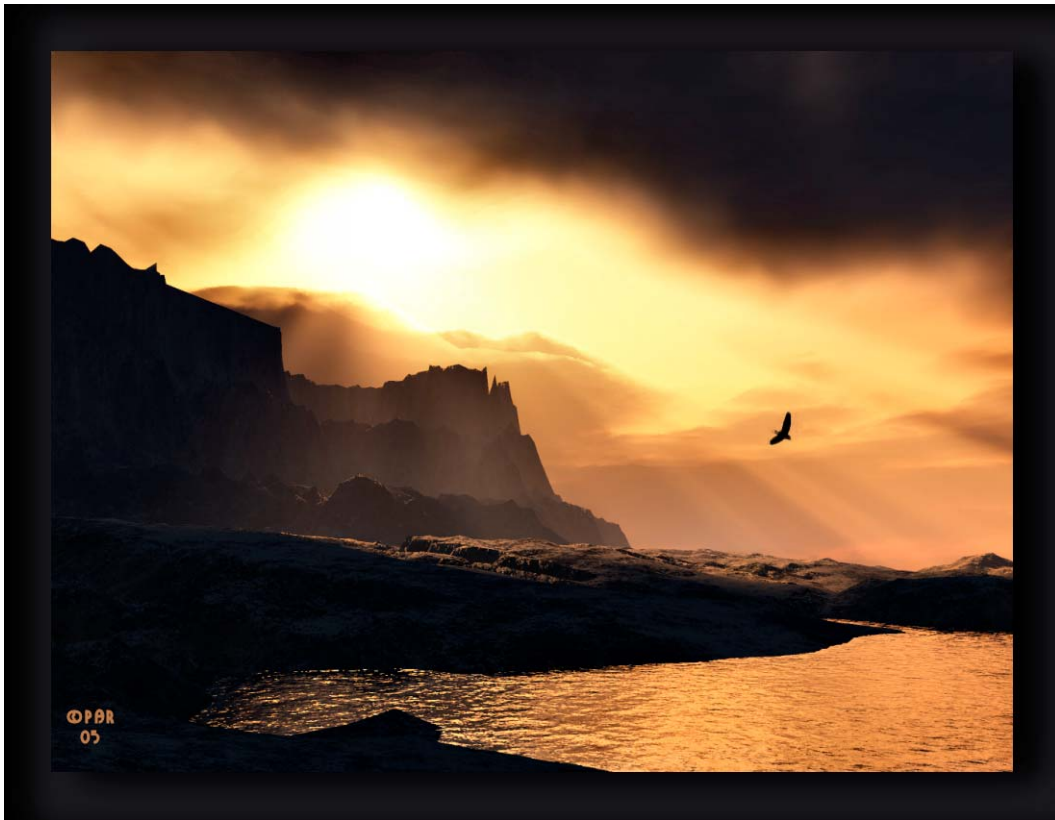
mismanage resources over the centuries(88.3), and those hundreds of individual and planetary power trips( 99.2). We tell you this, and ask you not to dwell on the one hundred years war back in 2368, which may be unstoppable. (99.99). You have been selected as one of many individuals who may be able to change this outcome. There is a 50.2 chance that increases mathematically when you choose a proper role and recruit others to move in the same direction. I now return you to a more comfortable location to read, reflect and rest. And most of all time to think, before we conclude this journey. After every major step the doomsday clock or another similar device created for the purpose will show you if you are moving in the right direction. This is the 11<sup>th</sup> hour. The future of humanity and Inter Stellar relations depend on you." As I rested, my mind poured over the transcript I crafted of this adventure. I now knew what I was going to do.



I watched from a distance as another version of you/me/we entered the City. There was a link, registration, it said. After all I had been through. I considered this option somberly. It looked like an interesting way to spend my life energy. I clicked. I saw four doors in 2-D. The first door said registration, the second said past, the third said present and the fourth said future. A fifth glimmered without a name. I began clicking.

**...The End?...**  
**or**  
**...The Beginning?...**





### *Credits and copyright information*

Each individual contribution/contributor contained within this story gives or has given non-exclusive use of their work and are hereby copyrighted and licensed to Cybertown, CVN, and jdb\_educator. Their contribution is the non-exclusive property of IVN/Cybertown, CVN, jdb\_educator and the individual writers/creators who gave them. The overall universe and the concept to incorporate innumerable scenarios is from jdb\_educator's vision. Graphics are by cheercoach and jdb\_educator for this version. Madrax\_ provided the New Game image.

The following developers contributed to this initial online game developed as a web scenario by jdb\_educator: pcfreakske2000, Elexia, Mr. Poirot and Classof2001 Each are each graciously thanked and very much appreciated. They are added here for their written contributions to the on the web dated universe and also below in the contributors section. Some differences can and are found within both the online version and this novella version.

The author/editor gives thanks and blessings to all Sci-fi writers who have come before, and cheerfully admits the influences contained herein. One specific influence needs to be named since it came from an e-book created by a friend. Gil Hinshaw recognized the possibilities

of computer chip control. His novel presents the fictional political beginnings of it in the United States.

Every effort has been made to include all contributors. Apologies are made most humbly to anyone inadvertently left out of this first version. The additional contributors to the New Game development at Cybertown are listed as:

## ***Contributors to the New Game*** ***A grateful “Thank You” to each one of you!***

*As of September 10, 2093 (2005 for Earthsiders)*

*New Game club members*

*Names are listed as the club directory had them posted.*

*(we also had either a glitch or “invisible” members so thanks to whoever is not listed here but contributed!*

*Hawk  
jdb\_educator  
KAYLIN-QUINN  
MauveCat  
Velcro  
fififif  
dillpickle79  
mickeyw  
phil\_00  
Ace\_Decker  
toomuchcoffeekid  
Nick388  
Zodiac01  
zealouse  
DeannaTroi  
montgenvre  
Jeremy12  
lil\_c-ian  
haloeighty8  
christoph\_elg  
webula  
Jason\_RC  
Madrax\_  
cybrita  
JetMoto2  
Morning.star  
MC\_Alz  
zeroc001  
Unifyer  
Sysop\_SimCity  
axel0009  
magical-skies  
sony\_man10  
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*Lupin*  
*Non- club member contributors*  
*Brand\_Of\_On*  
*petite\_artist*  
*pcfreakske2000*  
*Elexia, Mr. Poirot, Classof2001*