

Page "p210"

Just as the valve creaks in its socket, he hears water moving in the big open tank behind him.

There's trouble brewing. Tanks overflowing. Tanks going dry. The control systems cry out for help.

... -> p211

Page "p211"

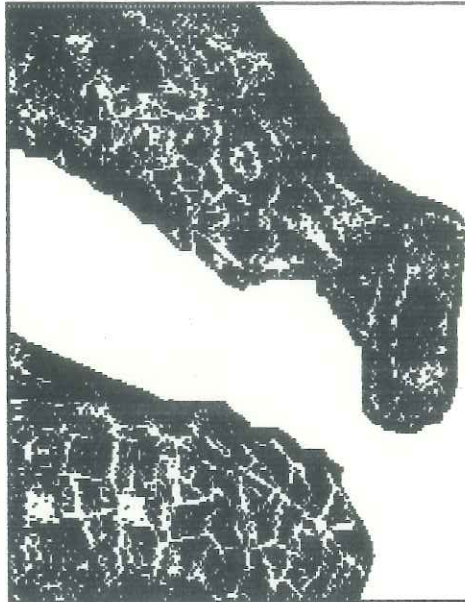
The water behind him rises, dripping, out of the algae-scummed water of the big tank. Part of it creaks together across the golden grid of the ceiling. It is a construct of mirrors, and for a moment he does not see how mirrors can hurt him, until the sunlights come on brightly and the mirrors begin to tilt and swivel, hissing like a dragon, focusing the brightness into a single searing beam.

fight -> p212a

surrender -> p212

p211 test: *t changes: =>

Page "p213"



... -> p214

Page "p212"

Destroy the waldo and she will use something else. It is not the waldo he is fighting, it is her, her idea of him. He is fighting what she wants to do to him. It is what he did to her that he is fighting.

He lowers the dagger. I get hurt so I hurt. I hurt before I get hurt. I get power so someone won't get power over me.

That was what he was fighting too, a long time ago on Pallas, in a dream called the Uprising.

"All right," he says to its sensors, although he knows that she can hear him everywhere. "If killing me is what you want." If he can't make his dream live, at least he can die for it.

... -> p213

Page "p212a"

The water center is filled with shadows, dark spaces rendered briefly vivid by weapon flashes.

The ancient waldo is falling apart. Scales of corroded shell hang from its skeleton. But even in decay it's strong. Perhaps too strong.

Fire! -> p212b
Hurl grenades -> p212c
surrender -> p212

p212a test: *w changes: =>

Page "p212b"

Maintenance system? Security system? Monster? Demon?

Ancient, perhaps sentient, this..... this thing knows the Water Center. Knows it well. And its resents the intruder...

fire -> p212a

surrender -> p212

p212b test: *w changes: =>

Page "p212c"

Grenades might stop it. Or nova bombs. Maybe a class 10 armored cruiser.

Nothing is handy. Nothing works.

Fire! -> p212a

surrender -> p212

p212c test: *w changes: =>

Page "p11a"

:lifeship in view

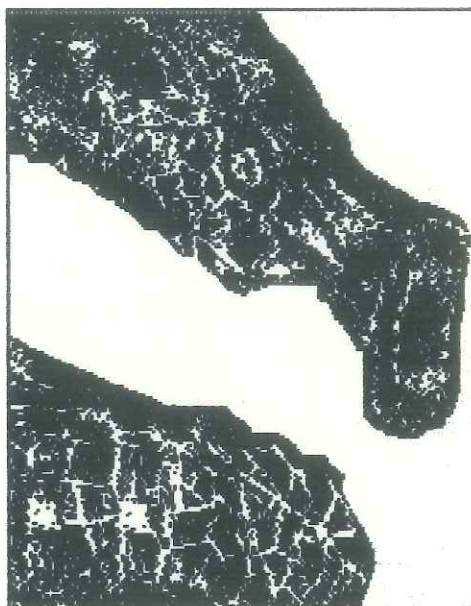
left right

... -> p12

p11a test: *f(*) changes:^[0-5],7 =>

If he had her skill... He cannot sleep or die or love, and the little he has will do no good here. But there is a spare valve in the locker as well. He installs it and checks for leaks, then moves down the pipes, checking them for corrosion. He reaches the filter boxes, clogged with years of neglect.

Page "p214"



After a long time,
a very long time,
he realizes it has stopped moving.

... -> p214a

Page "p215"

Beyond the clouded globes of the Water Center, a door-iris opens— he hears the hiss of pressures equalizing— and closes with a soft echoing thunk as the air-seals grab hold again.

Across the water of the big tank, she stands looking at him. Familiar, a slender woman with the glow of stars across her skin, reflected in the glassy globe-tanks; but in a sense he has not seen her before, no more than she has seen him. And he notices individual things, the set of her shoulders, the shape of her thumbs.

... -> p216

Page "p216"

They are only just not enemies, only perhaps and someday allies, a long way from now ~~and only after long knowledge~~. And his road is much longer than he thought. Before he will be part of the Uprising again, captain of a working Greatship, wearing the power crown, he will have had to gain her trust. He will have to know mad old Brady. ~~And by that time, he may know too much to be sure even about the Uprising.~~

out of character? ←

The road begins here.

"Tell me how to clean the filters," he calls over to her. And he bends to his long work.

An End -> An End

Page "p218"

Inside the airlock waits a man. Lice crawl in his matted gray hair; his body smells; he is spider-thin, a man who has spent his life in low gravity. His yellow skin is smeared with dirt. Old power wires ~~are tangled into~~ his hair, wires plaited into a rough circle like a crown.

He stares like a man who has seen too much infinity alone. "I am king," he says. His jumpsuit, stiff with dirt, hangs on his body. He scratches at his withered crotch. He plucks at the Imperial name-patch and looks at it curiously as though it is instructions for a machine he does not use.

2 ←

"I am King Brady."

Tam Rosse collapses on the floor of the airlock, shaking. The ship heat circuits cut in with a rattle and the sunlight in the airlock dims.

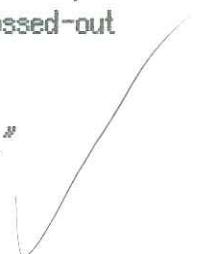
... -> p219

Page "p219"

"Favor," Tam Rosse stammers to the old man.

The old man hunkers down and grabs Tam Rosse's wounded hand painfully. Tam gasps. The man's smell is gagging. The old man peers at the crossed-out gene-tattoo.

"They cut you, boy? ~~Or~~ ^B burn you? No? Then I got a use for you."



... -> p220

Page "p220"

Brady motions to Tam to go first into the horizator.

Brady clears his throat.

"Nii, this one's--what's your name, boy? Rosse. Tam Rosse. Favored to me. Goes where I say and nowhere else."

The horizator does nothing.



... -> p221

Page "p221"

"Nii, you hear me?"

"We are off linkage, Captain. I shall give the message to the Lady Nii when service--" Static fuzzes the horizator's English-butler voice.

"Take us to the Great Hall."

The horizator jolts out of its moorings.

... -> p222

Page "p222"

The horizator walls go transparent. Brady turns away to see the entry port dropping away.

Tam looks out the transparent walls, astounded.

A long time ago humans thought ships were a single cylinder or a wheel, something connected. All the old stories talk of ships where you could walk from one end to the other without spacehabbing.

Not the Nii.

She is space.

... -> p222a

Page "p222a"

The Nii is half-seen glints and darkneses out the window, a complex orbital mathematics of cargo pods, life areas, and independent ships. They move in slow circles around each other, a decaying orrery of ship's parts. Somewhere a central computer is keeping track of every piece of this mathematical cloud.

And, armed with the down loaded information about those orbits, the horizator jets its own complex orbit through the ship.

... -> p223

Page "p223"

Suddenly the horizator drops into a gravity tumble. A siren claws at Tam's ears. The horizator smashes him against the floor, and everything goes black.

... -> p224

Page "p224"

Tam's eyes open halfway, stickily. Blood is gumming them, he can't focus.

Brady is whispering.

"Let the girl have him, Nii . . . Then kill him. The girl's mine."

Tam opens his eyes painfully.

"Awake, boy?"

... -> p225

Page "p225"

Tam is in some kind of large room. A place elaborate beyond belief, lined with gilded mirrors. His head is propped up on a cotton-covered pillow embroidered with gold. On one wall is an astonishing mural of a Priestess and a Red King, lying in space, hands just touching. The Solar System wheels behind them. Following its movement tugs at his eyes painfully and makes him nauseated. Half-unconscious, he lets his eyes fall closed.

weak

?

He feels long nails scratching across the back of his neck, then hears Brady's voice. "Didn't have to hit him so hard, Nii. Ne'mind. Don't need him long. Send the girl in."

A door opens.

... -> p226

Page "p226"

"Leave you two alone," Brady mutters. Tam hears the click of his long toenails on the floor. Somewhere in this room with no iris-doors, an iris-door squeaks closed.

Then a scent sweeps over him. He knows instantly what kind of woman this is.

one word?

The scent is something rich, indescribable, like the air of spring. Scents of grass and vegetables mingling with the smell of woman sex. He knows it's a trick, but it makes him want to roll with her in that grass, he can smell the crushed scent of it underneath their bodies.

He wants to cry with weakness and desire, crawl at her feet in unquestioning devotion.

He wants to stagger to his feet and run. Before the Priestess gets him.

... -> p227

is there another kind?

Page "p227"

He opens blood-gummed eyes.

At most she's eighteen, maybe younger than that, a girl, all big eyes and long legs. Thin, knobby-kneed. Her body is dark and freckled all over with little stars, and they glow, so that looking at her is like what the spacers call losing yourself in the stars: you can look forever into the dark, dark spaces between the brightness.

Over her body are scattered seeds. They look like glitter, spangles in their little silver-colored packets. Genetic material is the most valuable commodity in the System. What she is wearing could ransom a planet.

... -> p228

↓ K

Page "p228"

She's running her hand across his shoulders. The bruises stop aching as she touches them.

She still has the sickle earring in her ear.

A virgin Priestess.



... -> p229

Page "p229"

Sleeping with her would be stronger and sweeter than with any other woman in the System. But he wouldn't survive it.

Not the way he is now.

A virgin Priestess doesn't have a Red King. When she sleeps with a man, she makes him into one.



Her lover, bound to her forever. Servant of the Priestess.

And of the Empire.



... -> p230

Page "p230"

Like the jerk of a reflex, loyalty to her spasms him. He wants to worship her, to protect her. The feeling is as strong as a smell inside his head. (9)

He digs his nails into his wounded palm, ^{to} distracting himself with pain.

As she touches his forehead his headache flares ^{out?} up. She takes his hand, though he tries to jerk it away, and brushes her fingers over the palm.

The pain spears his hand like a spike, then suddenly both hurts are gone.

... -> p231

Page "p231"

He stares at his palm. Where the wound was, the skin is red and tight, a new scar. He flexes it, feeling the strength coming back into the burned nerves.

He staggers shakily to his feet and leans against the wall of the mirrored room.

"Keep your hands off me."

... -> p232

Page "p232"

He clicks the faceplate shut over his skintite. From members of the Uprising he's heard that, if you don't breathe the same air with a Priestess, you can resist her. K

... -> p233

Page "p233"

In Tam's faceplate a yellow puff-of-air icon blinks briefly, then fades. He already knows he's low on air.

In among the gold-threaded pillows on the floor there is a litter of bright scraps of cloth. He picks up the largest he sees, a red silk cloak. "Put some clothes on." His voice echoes back through the throat-mike to his ears. He switches on the external comm and tries again.

... -> p234

Page "p234"

Slowly she shakes her head. She holds the silk crumpled in her hand.

There's something wrong with her.

"I feel the Ship," she says in a low voice. "She's damaged--Hurt. She doesn't know what's going on. I want to help her. Please."

She looks drugged somehow, dazed. She drops the cloak.

He kicks it back to her.

... -> p235

p234 test: *A(2) changes: =>

Page "p235"

"Even if Brady weren't going to kill me afterward," Tam says, "I wouldn't sleep with you."

She looks up at him, startled.

"You and your kind come on a visit, and when you're gone the ITC owes the Empire three years' wages for genetic updates, and every man and woman old enough to fuck is babbling about how wonderful the Emperor is. I was in the cold mines on Circe for over a year. As long as my air holds out, I'm holding out on you. And then, virgin, I die."

?he passes out,
she takes off his
skintite? and

... -> p236

p235 test: *A(3) changes: =>

Page "p236"

"took a bullet"
is a combat
metaphor.

She sits down on the floor, her arms between her legs, ignoring the cloak.

"The Nii ^{got} took a hit," she says, slowly, slurring her words. "A meteor or something in her memory. About the time Brady woke me up. She hasn't worked right since. She--forgets how people work. Gives me Ceremony wine all the time. She will give you food," the Priestess says, almost defensively, "if you ask."

site of hit? → can we have a verb?

Eliminator
when??

... -> p237

Page "p237"

That's it. The girl's drunk. "You ought to ask for food more often," he says.

She smiles an odd proud smile, looking up at him. "I don't care," she confides in him. "When Brady woke me up he tried to do Ceremony with me. He started--before I was even awake. It was an illusion-ceremony, the banquet, the attendants, the ship tour. He made believe that he was doing the Solar System dance for me. Then he tried to be the Red King with me--" She shudders and wraps her arms around her body, swaying back and forth as if there is something in her body that she wants to get away from. "He tries every ship night," she says. Her back is marked with long shallow scabs. She could heal them if she cared about them.

"I don't care," she says drunkenly, as if she is reading his mind.

... -> p238

Page "p238"

There's a door set into the mirrored wall. Tam goes through, away from this hurting enemy, into the next room.

"Put the cloak around you. Come with me."

The room adjoining the mirrored chamber is swathed in silk. A pillow-bed in the center of the room is mashed down and disarranged. It looks like sex that has gone on too long, too dispiritedly.

Tam hoists himself up to the ceiling, twists a couple of concealed wing nuts. A trap door opens upward. "Airtube," he explains. He gives her a hand up.

... -> p238a

Page "p238a"

The air tubing is only about four feet in diameter: stiff, black, accordion-pleated stuff that flexes as they crouch in it.

"She can't reach us here," Tam explains, "any more than you can reach inside your veins. She can't hear us or see us. We've disappeared."

... -> p239

Page "p239"

"She'll come after us," the Priestess says.

"Sure. But she doesn't know where to find us." Tam squints down the long black tube. "Airtube's the safest place to hide out. No spybots. Union law."

"Union--?" The Priestess looks curiously at his new scar through the transparent glove of his skintite. He polarizes the gloves.

"Yeah. I was an airtube repairman. Then I was a terrorist. Then I was in the cold mines at Circe. That's me."

... -> p240

Page "p240"

"I could change Nii's programming," the Priestess offers.

He looks at her. "What for?"

"Some of her core memory must have been destroyed. If I can get into core memory, I can restore those programs and move them. I could change your status too. Give you Ship's Favor, so she wouldn't kill you."

"What do you need?"

"My powers." She touches the silver sickle moon in her ear.

"No."

... -> p241

Page "p241"

Are you sure you
want to directly
address the reader

What does Tam Rosse do?

- ☐ Their best chance is to reprogram The Nii. (Are you really sure Tam doesn't want to give the Priestess her powers?)
- ☐ They don't have much chance against The Nii. But there may be weapons somewhere aboard her, or a ship they can use to escape.
- ☐ Once Brady is dead, the Nii may be more reasonable. Kill Brady...

↓ couldn't find
OK later

Page "p242"

Sure, their best chance is to reprogram the Nii. But Tam won't do it.

It means total surrender to an Emperor's Daughter.

Love the Emperor?

Don't make me vomit.

Page "p244"

Can he find any weapons to use against the Nii?

There's a chance of that. The Nii was a **greatship**. Some of the ships that were traveling in her should still be here.

Some may be armed.

Where in the ship are they?

... -> p245

Page "p243"

"Suppose I killed Brady."

The Priestess smiles. "Did you see the little black studs on the ceiling in the corridors?"

"Underneath the spy eyes? Sure."

"They're weapons lasers. And Brady has **Ship's Favor**. The Lady Nii protects him. She'll kill you."

"Can you reprogram the ship so she doesn't protect him?"

The Priestess smiles faintly. "With my powers."

"No."

... -> p241

Page "<Res agenda more3"

p245 no buttons
p248 puzzle
p250, a, b puzzle
p253 no buttons, I put in a next page
p254 no buttons, I put in a next page
p256 puzzle
p259 puzzle
p266 graphic
p277 ...integrated text-graphic activity
p278 refers to encyclopedia, do we want to SEE it?
p279 no option for not try again.
p280 how do you get back after reading material?
p284 a puzzle
p285 dies, no buttons

... -> <Res agenda more4

Page "p245"

"I have a map," Tam says.

"The one the Nii broadcasts?" the Priestess asks.

The Priestess moves to sit by him. He shakes his head and passes the map over to her.

He looks at her face while she reads it. She frowns.

"Too easy?" he asks her.

She nods. "It's part of the Nii's defense system. It wouldn't be too intelligent to broadcast an accurate map."

Misses p. 245

Page "p246"

"I have a map," says the Priestess.

She stands up and wraps the cloak around her.

"I— eavesdrop on the Nii," says the Priestess. "I know where things are. If we can get to Central Storage, there's an H-class troop transport in one of the pods. I don't think it's damaged. It's got laser guns and shields."

"Any ideas on how we get there?"

"I can probably take control of the horizator," the Priestess says. "I know how that's programmed."

"And drive it manually?"

... -> p247

Page "p247"

"You're planning to die anyway when your air runs out," the Priestess says, smiling without humor.

"And you don't care."

The Priestess looks up straight at him. She's still smiling. Right through him her look goes, desperate and angry and almost insane.

"Lead on then, virgin," he says.

... -> p248

Page "p248"

A swarm of QAROCs follow their steps

... -> p249

p248 test: *2 changes:2 =>

Page "p249"

They drop out of the airtube grille next to the horizator. He can feel the Nii's eyes all around them. And those little black studs all along the ceiling...

Nothing. Tam Rosse jabs the "Open" sequence on the horizator board and he and the Priestess throw themselves inside.

The door hisses shut.

~~[Puzzle: The horizator won't move. Manual/Automatic"switch on the door]~~

"Now the Nii can't open the door," the Priestess says, "and she can't control how we move."

"Can you?"

The Priestess lays her hand on the control panel.

... -> p250

p249 test: changes:~2 =>

Page "p250"

[Puzzle: Maze. The horizator moves toward a ship in Central Storage. Other modules of the Nii are moving in various orbits and the horizator must avoid them and dock with the troop transport (which is easily visible).

[The maze is in two parts, with a clear space between. In that space the following dialogue takes place:]

... -> p250a

Page "p250a"

"Can you program the Nii to kill Brady?"

"No. He's her captain." The Priestess relaxes from her concentration. "In the '69 Rebellion, one of Nicholsun's Priestesses killed a captain aboard her ship and reprogrammed the ship to die attacking Circe prison. Now— I have programming against it. I can't take over a ship or kill her captain or make the ship kill herself. I can only serve the ship. Heal her."

"What were the Priestesses doing fighting against the Empire?"

The Priestess smiles faintly. "We started as blasphemers too."

... -> p250b

Page "p250b"

[The horizator can get knocked out of the way or not successfully dock with the ship. You can have them killed, if you want, but if so let them start again from the beginning of this puzzle.]

When they successfully dock with the troop carrier...

0
4

?

... -> p251

Page "p251"

The Priestess reverses the engine thrust and the horizator slows. The horizator's docking-grapples clang. Metal shrieks as the little ship slides along the big one. Then, as the dock absorbs their inertia, they come to rest beside the big ship's lock.

The yellow puff-of-air icon has reappeared on Tam's faceplate screen. Now it's blinking, calling attention to itself.

The two airlocks snug against each other, and the Priestess opens both doors. With a pop, the horizator's air disperses inside the troop carrier.

... -> p252

Page "p252"

As they enter the ship, no lights, no warmth. The bone-chilling cold of true space. The Priestess's stars blink out and her skin goes completely dark. Human life cannot survive here; she is breathing from internal storage.

"Find the light," he tells her.

... -> p253

Page "p253"

All over her body she begins glowing softly. The greenish light reflects off steel, a thick-walled double airlock--two, Tam thinks, for decon against the plague. Whatever plague they had here. He turns to look at the Priestess and can't look away. Her nipples and her lips, the end of her nose and her fingers are a darker blue-green; so are her fingernails and toenails, the soles of her feet. Her short hair is dark; the rest of her, greenish yellow.

It's grotesque, ghostly. But he has a fantasy of making love with a woman who glows like that. The fantasy is so real he can feel her not-quite-human skin. And as he enters her, a visible red glow spreads over his whole body, everywhere she has touched it, hot and flickering like a firelight. He's hot, blushing all over.

He blinks and the fantasy is gone. "Turn that off and find some lights," he says.

→ weak

... -> p254

Page "p254"

The old lights come on, wavering.

Inside, a narrow corridor. To their left, a crowded control room with space for two pilots. Ahead, a kitchen.

"No food," the Priestess says, looking into compartments.

To their right, a padded transport area crowded with G-bunks, not stowed away, but open and rumpled, as though whatever happened in this AV happened abruptly in ship's-night. Beyond the transport area is a door leading to the weapons area. A laserbook is abandoned beside one bunk. Tam picks it up idly and touches the screen, which flickers enough to show a man licking a woman's breasts while she arches back in ecstasy. Tam drops it, and looks up to see the Priestess looking at him.

... -> p255

Page "p255"

"It's cold here," she says. It is space-cold; the heat circuits of his suit are one notch below maximum. The G-bunks look warm, still warmer if two people were in one . . . She looks like a naked woman covered with a thin red silk cloak, fragile and crumbling. He can see the faint chitin-like smoothness of her skin, the sign of the spacehabbed. Her breath does not smoke in the cold; the moisture is being captured and recirculated.

Emperor's Daughter. In memory he can still see the green glow and his answering red one.

"Put some more clothes on," he says roughly. He tosses a thick jacket from one of the bunks across to her, as if that would change things. "I'm going to check the controls. We need air and heat."

... -> p256

Page "p256"

Tam Rosse takes the lead pilot's seat and looks for the controls.

[Puzzle: Control board of the assault vehicle. ~~On it they can find an air supply and heat. But the air supply is very low.]~~

Almost as soon as they turn it on, the oxygen depletion alarm starts wailing. Like the recycling algae on Tam's ship, the algae here are dead.

The yellow puff-of-air icon on Tam's faceplate screen is blinking faster. As he watches it, it brightens and glows steadily, and a smaller wailing tone starts up in the suit's internal comm.

... -> p256a

Page "p256a"

The Priestess slips into the pilot's seat next to him.

Watch me die, lady, rather than sleep with you?

"I've got to find air," Tam says.

He has a choice.

Go back to the Nii

Look for auxiliary air tanks, going further into the troop carrier

Page "p257"

No, first see whether there's any air stored here...



... -> p256

p257-
256
need
map

Page "p258"

"I'm going to look for auxiliary air tanks," Tam says. "Stay here."

The Priestess nods.

[He goes through the door into the weapons area, which has no air at all. He is in a maze with litter, broken weapons, etc.


[There is a laser shield and laser gun, which he can take. He holsters the gun in a holster on his skintite.

[He cannot see air tanks. After he's gone five moves, his own air tanks begin to give out. He cannot breathe and everything is fading to black... He can randomly die on this. But he is allowed to start again at the beginning of the weapons area. He will never find air tanks. The Priestess rescues him and he wakes up in the horizator again;



... -> p259

need
a



Page "p259"

He is half-conscious, throat and lungs aching. He is lying on a transparent surface...he can see darkness and stars. His faceplate is gone. Something digging into his hip, the lasergun. They are in the horizator, halfway between the troop carrier and the nearest entry port.

Too far away...

...The Priestess and the Red King are holding him down...under the water... He has to breathe, but he can't...

...Circe, the coldest of the mines...Tam's first escape attempt. At end of shift, Tam stayed behind..."Fool, don't you know they cycle the air out when the count's short?"

... -> p259a

Page "p259a"

Stupid to go out without enough air. A man could die for it...

She's bending over him. Emperor's Daughter. "Breathe from me," she says, "I can give you air," and puts her mouth over his in a soft-lipped kiss.

No... -> p260

Yes... -> p261

Page "p260"

He pushes her away. He tries to unholster the laser gun. Threaten her. He doesn't have the strength.

The Empire won't win...won't win...

The darkness wins and swirls around him.

... -> p261

Page "p261"

His body decides for him. His bursting lungs open and he gasps.

Almost immediately her black magic begins to work on him. The smell of her, that Earth smell, growing things, it grows in him too, as insidious as cancers, scattered all through him like seeds. He holds his breath to try to stop it, but his lungs breathe for him, his body pushes him aside and works on its own.

They gasp in rhythm, she pushes breath into his lungs, he pushes back against her breasts, but he can't stop her.

His hands begin caressing her breasts, the soft inside of her thighs. She is body to body with him, mouth to mouth, groin to groin.

... -> p262

Page "p262"

They are breathing in rhythm now, matched in struggle. He's laughing because he can't believe what they're doing, because he's so afraid, so overwhelmed by sexual need for her, he doesn't know where it's coming from. Inside his skintite his penis is rigid and aching. He touches the skintite and the front falls open, he pushes himself inside her, pulsing with her warmth, gasping...

... -> p263

Page "p263"

He screams and is drained, he is released, let go, abandoned, he doesn't know which.

... -> p264

Page "p264"

The horizator is still, lying in the lee of a small meteorite that has become part of the Nii's cargo hold. Tam is lying on the floor against the warmth of the Priestess.

She sleeps like an ordinary woman. Ordinarily warm and soft.

He feels a terrible tenderness for her. He must give her his protection. He needs to be with her always. And another part of his mind screams.

The smell of their sex is in the air— the smell— it's the key to something about himself he didn't even know, he needs to have it, he needs to rub the smell of her over himself...

"So you got what you wanted," he whispers, forcing his bitterness to fight against his need for her.

... -> p265

Page "p265"

She moves in her sleep but doesn't wake.

The heartsblood dagger is still in the sleeve of his skintite. He shakes it out into his hand.

He holds it point down over her stomach, ready to drive it into her.

... -> p267

Page "p267"

He drops the knife, unholsters the laser gun. If he does it from a distance,
quickly...

... -> p268

Page "p268"

She has changed him.

He is hers.

... -> p269

Page "p269"

He can still kill himself, though not her.

He can wake her and accuse her.

He can leave her here.

Page "p270"

It is the classic way. Let out the air. The horizator's airvent is high, near the ceiling. He punches out the correct sequence.

There is a whine, then the sudden intense deafness that means vacuum in space.

Instead of the jolt he expects, the horizator hardly moves. He looks at the digital readout.

Zero.

No air, no pressure.

Page "p272"

He shakes her. She opens her eyes. She seems older somehow. She looks straight into his eyes. He holds himself back dizzily from falling deep into them, from simply accepting whatever she has for him.

"You spacehabbed me." He hears his own voice tinny through his suit controls. She replies on the same wavelength.

"You'll need it. You're more in danger now. Brady told Nii to kill you after I had you."

"After I had you..." You whore. Fuck the Emperor's Mother! Didn't I have anything to say about it?"

She shakes her head. "No."

... -> p273

Page "p271"

He'll leave her the horizator and try to escape in the carrier.

He wonders if he can move the horizator back toward the troop carrier.

But she's steered it simply by pressing her palm against the controls.

He doesn't know how.

... -> p269

Page "p270a"

No air, no pressure.

He should be dead.

His skin chills.

He exhales: no plume of moisture. He inhales. In vacuum.

Looking at his hands, he tries to see the chitinous covering on his own skin.
But all he can see is his skintite gloves.

Spacehabbed? That fast? Changed that fast to what she needed?

... -> p269

Page "p273"

"So you thought I'd be happy once I did it. Did you persuade yourself that I'd be a happy little lickass for the Emperor, once I'd fucked you? How long before I lose my memory? Before I think I always loved the Emperor? And you?"

She shakes her head again.

"You've killed me!", he cries out. He raises his hand to her but he can't strike her, and the knowledge that he can't makes him turn and drive his strong Red King guardian fist at the horizator wall, again and again. It makes only a jar, no sound.

She's crying, her hands to her mouth. "I— I didn't know it would hurt you so. You're my first. The first Red King I made."

... -> p274

Page "p274"

"You can still die," she says. "I can help you die. That's all."

... -> p275

Page "p275"

He slumps against the horizator wall, nursing his hand. She moves to touch it.
He snatches it away.

"Don't you dare stop me from hurting."

... -> p276

Page "p276"

"I'm going to reprogram the ship," she says.

"For the fucking Emperor. Go on. Go ahead."

She touches the horizator control panel. Under her fingers it changes. Rows of buttons, some dark, some blinking orange, a surprising few their normal colors of blue and green.

... -> p277

Page "p277"

(Split screen. On the left is text. On the right is the control panel. The control panel contains buttons marked "Ship status", "History", and "Library." There may be other buttons, but they are flashing and changing status. Pressing them elicits only an impatient remark from the Priestess.)

After a few minutes he brings up a copy of the ship's control panel on the wall next to him.

If he does "Ship status", he discovers that the population of the Lady Nii is one crew member, Andrew Brady, Red King and acting captain, and two passengers, one with Ship's Favor, one without. He cannot change the status of the one without (himself).

If he does "History", he gets the following memo:

... -> p277a

Page "p277a"

DECONTAMINATION PROCEDURES

1. All personnel must report to Screening. You will be tested for the presence of Nicholsun's Virus. Any of the following may occur.
 - a. You may be found to be disease-free.
 - b. You may be found to be a carrier of Nicholsun's Virus.
 - c. You may be found to have full symptoms of the virus.
2. If you are found to be disease-free, you will REPORT IMMEDIATELY to Debarkation. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO RETURN to other parts of the ship. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH ANY OTHER SHIP MEMBER. There are no exceptions to this rule.
3. If you are found to be infected, please RETURN to your sleeping area aboard ship. Your civil rights are temporarily suspen--

Nicholsun? Like St. Nicholsun? Nicholsun's Virus?

... -> p278

Page "p278"

If he does "Library", he gets the *Encyclopedia Galactica*. Entries scroll on the wall when Tam chooses them. He can choose what he wants. Among the entries is "Nicholsun's Plague".

... -> p279

Page "p279"

"This doesn't make sense," Tam Rosse says.

The Priestess turns to look at the wall.

"Try again." Give it my clearance number AP7829044P."

Page "p280"

This article is much longer.

CLASSIFIED MATERIAL--TERRANS ONLY

"So you're a Terran," Tam says bitterly.

"No. I've got Terran classification because I work for them."

Tam reads...

Nicholsun's Virus or Plague

The origin of Nicholsun's Virus, or Nicholsun's Plague, is to be found in the genetics of small populations. Without intervention, small populations rapidly lose genetic identity with their ancestors. To maintain a common gene pool, breeding programs and mutation control are vital, especially in areas of high background radiation. Crossbreeding is also a necessity.

During the early stages of the settlement of the Asteroids, it was realized that genetic updating would become a necessary part of the health of each Asteroid ITC.

... -> p306a

<done> -> *r(1)

"This still doesn't make sense"

"It's true," the Priestess says. "Harry Nicholsun betrayed every man, woman, and child in the Rocks. He perverted our gene pool to create a private army—"

Suddenly a huge concussion reverberates through the horizator.

... -> p282

Page "p282"

"We're moving."

There's a pushing outside on the hull. Outside, in the dark, starlight glitters off huge half-seen claws. Something like an enormous black maw opens. Grapples thump on to the horizator from all sides. The Priestess jabs at the horizator jets.

"Don't waste your time!" Tam yells at her. "That's a cargo robot! It could handle a ship fifty times our size." A huge steel claw comes at them out of the darkness. It touches the side of the horizator's hull, and the ship vibrates around them.

"I'll do the fighting! Just get through to the Nii!"

revise this
to work
with the
finale
game

... -> p283

Page "p283"

He jumps for the laser gun and its shield.

Rearing above them, the claw looms, its blind sharp end flexing like a wasp's sting. Then it rips down. Soundlessly it tears the horizator in half.

One half spirals away, smooth and fast, blinking off into an infinity of darkness.

The other half, with both of them clinging to it, is still clutched in the monster claws.

... -> p284

Page "p285"

As he falls, the Priestess shrieks, despairing.

No one else will hear it. The vast indifferent silence of Space swallows them.
They were enemies more than lovers.

Yet in his dying he thinks of her.

An End -> An End

Page "p286"

It is as if something had suddenly fallen silent. But it is only that the white fire around Brady flickers and dies. The robots freeze where they are.

And the mad woman who stands next to Brady shimmers like a badly made illusion and disappears.

In her place is something not quite a woman, an ideal and newly made thing, smooth, bland, questioning, strange. She is Japanese too, dressed in a style old a thousand years ago: red kimono, markless oval face, smooth black hair.

"I am Nii," a voice whispers into Tam's comm.

... -> p286a

Page "p286a"

She is a hundred meters away from him, but it seems as though she is very close. He can feel her hand touch him.

"Favor, Lady?" he asks.

"You have my Favor, Red King."

... -> p287

Page "p287"

Brady is as far as the Ship, but it seems as though he, too, is in front of them, standing in the ruins of their horizator. Caught by the illusion for a moment, Tam raises his laser gun.

The Priestess holds back his hand.

"Nii?" Brady looks around as if he has been blinded. "Where you, old girl?"

"I cannot fix such things," the Priestess says to the Nii. "He is old and worn out. Humans don't repair as well as ships."

They both hear the Nii's reply.

<<Leave him to me.>>

... -> p288

Page "p288"

For a moment, it is as if they see through Brady's eyes--see the final illusion he is given.

A woman walks toward Brady out of the ruins of the horizator. She is bent, but also young. Through the long sheets of her grey hair her body shines with stars.

She holds out her hand and he takes it.

Before them stretches a grand mirrored corridor, lined with sconces of candles. Men and women in Ceremony dress hold up jeweled cups of wine and toast the lovers. Silk cloaks and tabards glow with red for celebration, with a silvery white-blue for the Terran sky. And all the colors of the Fertile Worlds shimmer and reflect like a rainbow, down the corridor as far as the eye can see.

... -> p288a

Page "p288a"

"Gotcha, girl! My beloved! Here at last!"

Two small cargo robots lock their arms around his wrists.

"I waited! I come through!"

The cargo robots puff their jets, and Brady falls away down the mirrored corridor, down into the infinite dark, laughing in the arms of his lover.

... -> p289

Page "p289"

That night they sleep in the ship's Water Center. They pile sleeping pods on themselves, hug each other convulsively, but they are still cold, as if they too have gone into Brady's darkness.

"Sleep," the Priestess says, but Tam does not sleep. Bodyguards do not; he knows that without having been told it. He lies awake, holding her, alertness in his bones. For the rest of his life it will be like this.

He is too numb yet to mourn his lost humanity, or to begin to explore what he can do now.

... -> p289a

Page "p289a"

Brady loved a ship and the ship killed him, because it had to live. Tam is in love with a Priestess, who is more powerful than a ship.

He murmurs "The Uprising" as a man in the arms of his wife murmurs the name of his lost love.

... -> p290

Page "p290"

In the middle of shipnight they remember her silver earring. The Priestess finds it abandoned on the floor of the horizator. They bury it together, the feel of it like they are burying a body. When they are done they sit together.

"It doesn't make sense," says Tam after a while.

"What?"

"It doesn't make sense. That encyclopedia article said that nobody could resist a Priestess. But that's not true. Anybody can, as long as they don't breathe the same air as the Priestess. And some people can anyway. That's why you need guards."

... -> p291

Page "p291"

"What are we doing then?" the Priestess asks finally.

... -> p292

Page "p292"

"Want to find out?" says Tam Rosse.

An End -> An End

Page "<Res agenda more4"

p292 is the winning end.
p293 appendix format
p294 getting back...
p295 no one calls it...
p296,a doesn't go anywhere
p297,a, 298 doesn't go anywhere
p299 is never called (I think) and doesn't go anywhere
p300 mentions related articles, no buttons, returns to 317
p301 no buttons
p304 never called, no
p305 ,a clearance garbage, no buttons
p306-310 no buttons, clearance garbage, makes no sense
p311 no buttons, clearance garbage,
p312 no buttons,
p313 no buttons

... -> <Res agenda more5

Pallas the Beautiful

Pallas asteroid, once the home base of the Hermes-Eccentrics, is the center of civilization beyond the Terrans. It is known for the richness of its architecture, the Palladian Library with its treasures of Earth and Venusian pre-Terran artifacts, and the beauty of its women.

Since the Nicholsun Uprising it is entirely off limits to Terrans.

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

In the aftermath of the Nicholsun Plague, the abrupt decline in the value of trans-Asteroid commercial orbits is thought to have led directly to the Crash of 874.

The average orbital length of a Mars-Venus eccentric is 1.06 standard Terran years.

<readout ends> -> *r(2)

Cargo Ship or Greatship

(Article taken from the edition of 868. The footnote was omitted in subsequent editions.) Hermes-Eccentric asteroids (both natural and manmade) are programmed to swing in efficient orbits between major termini of the Solar System. Link cargo to that orbit, and you have a cargo ship. Cargo ships of this sort, often called Greatships, are the most efficient means of carrying weight from one part of the Solar System to another.

In A. Smith's well-known phrase, "A ship is an axis and an orbit." The Hermes-Eccentric greatships resemble the wagon trains of the old American frontier. A highly intelligent central computer forms the nucleus of a system of cargo pods and independent ships, travelling in matched orbits and linked by horizons. CentralControl provides orbital matching services, theft and sabotage prevention, and intelligent defense systems.

... -> p297a

<done> -> *r(1)

[Handwritten signature]

Hermes-Eccentrics

A cluster of natural and man made asteroids, whose orbits cut across two or more of the orbits of the principal occupied Terran colonies. Named from the first commercial Eccentric, the asteroid Hermes. Hermes' eccentric orbit runs from mid-Belt to within Venus's orbit, and has been known to approach closer to Terra than ~~our own~~ Moon.

The most efficient eccentric orbits have considerable commercial value. Commercial orbits were declared real property in the Supreme Judicial Court decision of 832, ITC Hermes-Eccentric vs. ITC Ford-Honda.

In the aftermath of the Nicholsun Plague, the abrupt decline in the value of trans-Asteroid commercial orbits is thought to have led directly to the Crash of 874.

... -> p296a

<done> -> *r(1)

Page "p297a"

By paying an orbital use fee, any commercial or private ship can match orbits with a greatship and take advantage of its facilities.

Human-use facilities associated with greatships often include:

- Entertainment (gourmet restaurants, gambling, racing, 3D video, illusions, koi competitions)³
- Research facilities (stored library, instalink to local and System datastores)

3. (Asteroid-belt trips only:) By special arrangement with Nicholsun Productions ITC, all passengers aboard an Eccentric are offered free participation in local Nicholsun's Festivals.

... -> p298

<done> -> *r(2)

Page "p298"

- Health facilities (variable-gravity workout areas)
- Shuttle service to intermediate stops

Eccentrics attract a colorful and varied population, often including visiting celebrities. The permanent residents of some ships have gained a place in the lore of the Asteroids.

<readout ends> -> *r(3)

Castra Martis

Castra Martis, the largest Terran city off Earth, was established as a Russian base in the earliest days of System exploration. After Martian independence during the Wars of the New Beginning, Castra Martis became known for its mercenary fighters. It is still widely known as "the Fist of the Terrans."

For protection against meteors and for crowd control, Castra Martis is divided into seventeen subdomes, each of which can be isolated from the others within seconds. Tourists are advised to avoid Subdome 4 ("Soldier Town") and the Old Slaves' Market in Subdome 8. The area around Kholkhoznik Square in Subdome 11 contains an interesting barter-market.

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

Arcoculture

The study of gardening and ecological maintenance in a closed environment.

See related articles ["Priestesses"](#) and ["Arcology."](#)

<readout ends> -> p317

He looks toward the little moon for a moment. What good will it do him to go to the lifeship?

There will be two people in it: a dark-skinned Priestess and her lover, a Red King. Two self-deluded pretend-priests in the Terran bureaucracy. They'll take one look at the blasphemer's mark across his tattoo and send him back to Circe.

He shudders.

For over a year he was in the mines in Circe. He'd die rather than go back.

Maybe he'll have better luck in the greatship.

... -> p47

Priestesses
(extracted ~~section~~)

Powers of the Priestesses:

Through computer linkages, Priestesses have access to most programs of most arcologies. For their simple-minded clients, Priestesses' powers seem magic. By simple manipulation of the arcoculture and access to its databases, Priestesses appear to do miracles (make flowers bloom overnight, open ~~all~~ locks, possess supernatural knowledge).

Before the Uprising of 869, Priestesses frequently served as proCaptains or emergency Captains of ships. Since then, Priestesses are given programming against becoming full Captains. However, they retain limited programming for astrogation.

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

Horizators

These are small automatic guided vehicles within a greatship, possessing full life-support capacity, on board entertainment, and context-sensitive, labeled directional buttons for easy access to all open areas of the ship. Through a link to Central Control, they handle all details of within-ship navigation.

Horizator addresses are given in four coordinates: graviticvalue, latitude from Central Entry, longitude from Central Entry, and a classification denoting a combination of security level and ease of approach. A is Open Classification. E should not be accessed without full security clearance.

For frequently used routes, users need only press the labeled buttons. Other routes may be entered by accessing the Library Function.

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

About sixty-five years ago a man named Harry Nicholsun bid for and received the contract to update the ITCs' genetic pool. It was a thankless job, because it often meant being exposed to, and exposing others to, new diseases, as well as introducing new genes into the pool.

On the surface, Nicholsun's contribution to Asteroid culture seemed innocuous if a little crude. Nicholsun was fortunate to start his business at the time when live pornographic theater was being replaced by 3D sense-linked vids ("illusions"). He could call on a wide range of talents, most of whom would go anywhere and do anything.

Nicholsun linked genetic distribution to orgies.

... -> p307

<done> -> *r(2)

Page "p307"

Nicholsun orgies began with prayer and ceremonies, feasting, intoxication, and fireworks; they ended in mass copulation and the spread of new germ plasm throughout the ship. Their ceremonial center was the Priestess, a nubile, sensual woman who performed naked except for bizarre glowing tattoos. Her consort was the Red Man or Red King. Invariably a condemned criminal, the Red King was chosen for his strength, skill with weapons, and virility, and was bound to the Priestess for life by "secret ceremonies."

Drawn from the uneducated parts of society and cut off from Terran culture by the sterility of the Asteroids, Asteroid dwellers eagerly sought the color and excitement that "Great-day" provided. A few comparatively sophisticated minds thought they saw through to Nicholsun's secret. For them, the Priestess and her Consort were simply an assistant genetic engineer and her bodyguard. Of course--until far too late--they did not see what Nicholsun was doing at all.

... -> p307a

<done> -> *r(3)

Page "p307a"

More surprisingly, of the Terran officials who dealt with Nicholsun, only one suspected his treachery. Lieut. Gregor Marczak, a minor official in the Genetics Bureau on Pallas, realized the truth when he observed his own extreme emotional reaction to a Priestess's visit in May 867.

Nicholsun had not merely distributed genetic material; he had changed it. He had contaminated almost the entire genetic pool of the Asteroids with a sensitivity to a rho-pheromone he himself had engineered.

Nicholsun pioneered the concept of pheromonic linkage.

... -> p308

<done> -> *r(4)

Page "p308"

His terrible plot depended on two linked stages of infection. The first generation of victims were infected by a rhinovirus, which modified cells in the nasopharyngeal passages. The modified cells responded strongly to a kinship pheromone, developed by Nicholsun and given off by his genetically modified Priestesses and Red Kings. Stem cells were not affected and, as the modified cells died, the effect eventually wore off. But the virus remained among the Asteroids, modifying itself like a cold virus, so that the population was subject to frequent reinfection.

The second infection was more insidious and more lasting. It entered the body through sexual contact and lived silently in the blood. On the first generation it had no apparent effect. But insidiously, in sperm and egg, it altered the very genetics of the population. On the children of the first generation, it produced the same effect as the rhinovirus did on the first.

Permanently.

... -> p308a

<done> -> *r(5)

Page "p308a"

The effect on the victims was blind, loving loyalty to Nicholsun and all of his subordinates--who were genetically modified to emit the rho-pheromone, but who could not pass that modification.

In other words, Nicholsun had created a new species, a race of workers genetically engineered for loyalty. Red Kings were pheromonically linked to their Priestesses. Priestesses and Kings, in turn, were pheromonically linked to Nicholsun himself.

Smell is an unanswerable argument. The rhinocephalon, the part of the brain governing smell, is one of the oldest parts of the brain, unchanged since the reptiles. No one could resist a Priestess or a Red King. Intellectual convictions, no matter how sincerely held, simply made no difference. During the Riots of 869, loyal Terran officials literally laid down their lives to protect treacherous Priestesses and Red Kings. Ironically, one of those was Marczak himself, shot for treason.

... -> p309

<done> -> *r(6)

Page "p309"

Nicholsun was executed at Castra Martis in 873. But by the time his ultimate treachery was punished, the modifications had spread too far. Most of the adults then living on the Asteroid Stations were carriers. All of their children- and Nicholsun's orgies had produced many children- carried the genetic plague.

Incapable of democracy, incapable of rational thought when their rulers are present, the populations of the Asteroids live in limbo. The plague has now expressed itself in three generations of these unfortunate beings. The Asteroid population has been allowed to drop precipitously. Rock-miners are replaced, where possible, with intelligent mines. The contaminated population of the Asteroids is slowly being gathered into Pallas, where they can live out their lives in relative comfort.

The large Hermes-Eccentric cargo ships, once the lifeblood of the Asteroids, have almost all been moved to Sunward orbits, since Asteroids trade involves the risk of genetic contamination.

... -> p310

<done> -> *r(7)

Page "p310"

The most stringent precautions are taken to avoid contact between the true Terran stock and the Asteroid dwellers, who can merely be called humanlike. These necessary precautions have led to several small revolts, with regrettable loss of life. Nicholsun, and Nicholsun alone, is to blame for these deaths.

Ironically, Nicholsun's false "religion" is now the only hope for the Asteroid dwellers. Terran technology has made the role of Priestesses and Red Kings a benevolent one. The Priestess, moving from asteroid to asteroid, is now a Terran genetic technician, carrying with her the latest experimental weapons against Nicholsun's plague. Today she is pheromonically linked, not to a mad dictator, but to the Terran bureaucracy and to the welfare of the ship or outpost she serves.

... -> p310a

<done> -> *r(8)

Page "p310a"

She and her Red King, still her protector in these wild outposts, link the Asteroid dwellers genetically with their Terran cousins. They distribute all Terran gene modifications to even the smallest operating Asteroid. They add all improvements to algae, flora, fauna--all the benefits of continuing Terran arcoculture--to the arcology of each Asteroid, free of charge.

Until today, no one has found a way of reversing the effects of Nicholsun's plague. But the search continues. Someday the Asteroid dwellers will be freed of this curse. Someday they will be full members of the human race again.

<readout ends> -> p281

Page "p311"

Nicholsun Uprising

CLEARANCE DENIEDPLEASE CHECK YOUR CLEARANCE NUMBER***

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

Page "p312"

"St. Nicholsun's Days"

Orgies associated with the false religion of Harry Nicholsun (838-873).

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

Page "p315"

Arcology

In popular terms, any closed environment, as on a space station, ITC, or ship. Strictly speaking, however, almost no "arcology" is completely closed. Ships, stations, and ITCs are frequently modified, most obviously by the visits of Priestesses with new genetic material.

<readout ends> -> *r(1)

Nicholsun's Plague

(Extracted from the datafiles of the Uprising on Pallas)

Memo

To All cells
Fr Lyx Aarons
Dt 15/14/898
Re Resistance to a Priestess
Kwds Ceremony, Red King

... -> p316a

<done> -> *r(1)

In the lifeship's core of ice, frozen in coldsleep, the Priestess lies. This one is very young, a virgin girl, still with her moon-earring in her ear.

When the earring is removed, she will access her full powers.

Over her dark skin are scattered stars, which shine unwaveringly. Seeds in tiny silver darts ray out from her hands, from her fingers, from her feet, from her navel and heart, from her mouth. Silver darts ray in a halo around her head.

When she is unfrozen, the tiny creatures that are her stars will begin testing the atmosphere, the light level. When conditions are favorable for life, her stars will begin to twinkle, as stars do on Earth.

→ like

... -> p15

how does an asteroid-raised plumber know this?
wouldn't this be, to Tom Rosse, an obscure literary
allusion?

Page "<Res agenda more5"

p315 no buttons
p316,a no buttons
p303 buttons, not really labeled well

Page "p316a"

...4. Get your own air supply and make sure your tank is full. Wear full skintites if possible. If you can smell anything from outside, you've already lost.

Known not to work: Filtering; being spacehabbed. Totally destroying your sense of smell is not reliable; there's some residual effect on the lining of the throat. Stockpile air and tubes ahead of time. The Terrans are onto this and extra air mysteriously "disappears" before a Priestess's visit...

Extracts from the Scriptures

When Space conjoined with the Red King, her womb opened, and life spread throughout the Asteroids. For this we call her the Pregnant Woman, the mother of fertility and of all arcocultures, and in this aspect her name is Greenness, or the Gardener.⁴

For love of the Red King, the Emperor's Daughter comes to all places where humans live. Blessed is any place that the Emperor's Daughter visits, for its crops will flourish, its air and water will strengthen the body, its children will grow numerous and strong.

4. see also Arcocultures

... -> p317a

<done> -> *r(1)

Tam Rosse looks down at his red prison jumpsuit and grins wryly. The Red King.

And all who love the Emperor's Daughter shall know and love the Emperor

Tam Rosse makes his scarred left hand into a fist. Nothing makes him love the Emperor.

He wants to fix the ship.

For that he needs her powers; and she must get her powers through him.

He vacillates. He wants to stay away from her; she's like a dangerous drug.

He is enraged at what the Emperor has done to him.

But he finds her troubling, almost irresistible; and he is full of rage at that too.

Page "p317a"

Blessed is any man the Emperor's Daughter takes to her bed,
for he will come to true life, and his children will be blessed.
And also with any woman the Red King chooses; she is given
true life and is beautiful above other women; and she is twice
blessed if she bears the Red King's child.

<readout ends> -> *r(2)

Page "Editorial Ideas"

Editorial Comments

- p.1: lies....lies. Repetition doesn't work. I rewrote slightly.
- p.4: "their bodies against ~~him~~ and kiss him "...change to 'his'
- p. 46: change blasphemer-mark to Blasphemer's Mark
- p64 choked...choking. doesn't work. changes to "the stench repels her"
- p82 "nightmare"...redundant. cut.
- p91: "CO2"-> how about "air"? mostly this is a typographical mess
- p175: "having sex with"->screwing. Perhaps it's more PC to use a pejorative term her, since we're talking (symbolic) rape here.
- p. 226: "woman-sex" change to "womansex"
- p. 227: " what the spacers call "...cut
- p.256: "Watch me die, lady, rather than sleep with you?"— are you SURE about the '?'
- p270: "It is the classic way of death in space"--> it is the classic way
- p.283: "The claw poises"--> looms?
- p.292: Weak ending?

Page "map"

Tam Rosse downloads a copy of the most recent plans of The Nii. He hopes they're up to date. At least vaguely.

... -> p11

map test: changes:m =>

Page "p111b"

Tam suffers from Coriolis effects and from differential gravity. This means that:

--As things get further away from the floor, they get lighter. Water vapor will rise and not fall again. If the teakettle is allowed to boil long enough, the room gets very foggy.

--Tea can be poured only below a certain height from the floor. Otherwise it floats upward.

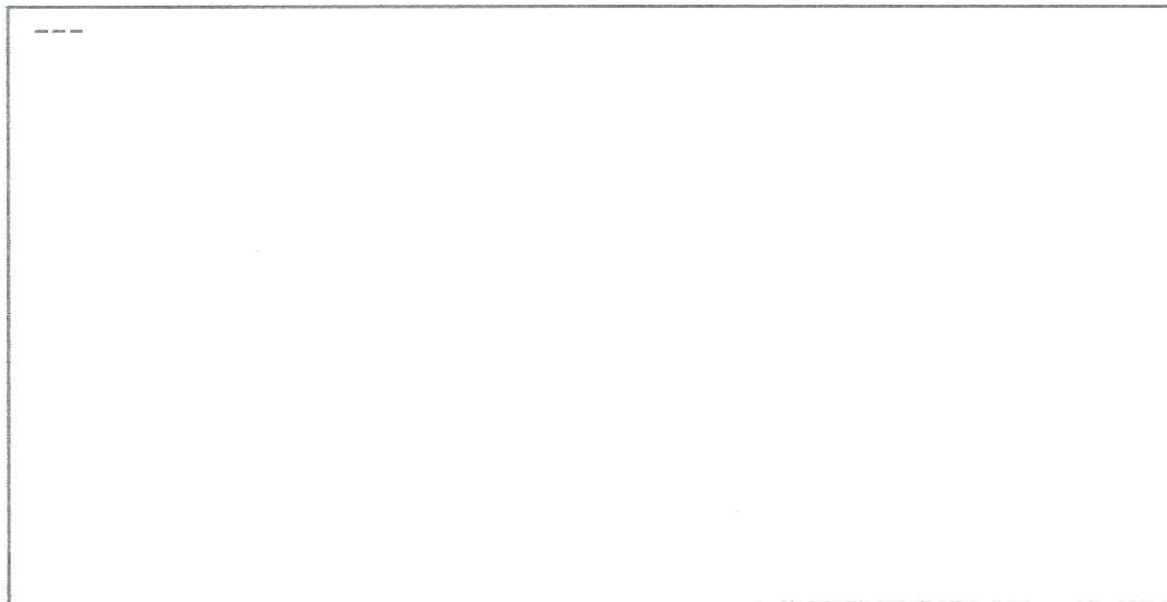
--Tea can be carried only at a certain height from the floor or in a covered cup.

--The effects of gravity change depending on the direction Tam goes in. If he walks in the direction of rotation, apparent gravity is higher; if in the other

--Directionality is dependent on the movement of the kitchen. To get to anyplace in the kitchen, Tam must move in a clockwise spiral when he's going in one direction and a counterclockwise spiral in the other.

... -> p113

Page "p107"



Page "keys 2"



keys -> Keys