

10/27/89.

Hello, Mark!

Here are the changes in the manuscript:

Starting p. 74 . . .

Change-of-time graphic . . . dissolve of some sort.

Nii may fight her, but she and the ship will live.

She barricades herself in the Water Center, cutting the physical links to the rest of the Nii. She cuts off the aqueducts to the rest of the ship. Cutting off the Nii's supplied power, she depends on the Water Center's own power sources.

(newpage)

Nii does not speak to her, not even through illusions.

The ship's grief is like a steel wall.

(newpage)

She programs the local computer to rotate the sunlights.

Her hands shape the nutriment around the sprouts, balance the chemistry of the water-gardens. In the smaller tanks, algae drift. Nori ripple their wide leaves in the cold salt water.

(newpage)

Food and air grow under her hands. Shrimp, kelp, plankton, oranges, sunfood, breadfruit. Ripe tomatoes with their dust-smelling leaves. Beans and green clover, that keep the nitrogen in the soil and give her air to breathe.

The Priestess's child pushes upward in her womb. She is her child's ship, swelling like the ground before the seedling breaks it open.

The hatchling koi swim in the tanks.

(newpage)

Sometimes she cannot tell herself from the ship. Tam has put seeds in both their wombs, and the ship is breeding fish, her womb is full of food, air, flowers.

(newpage)

(and go on from the beginning of p. 77 . . .)

Starting page 175:

Cut page 175.

"Priestess," says the old man.

Tam Rosse looks at the girl, a teenager in fancy dress streaked with blood. She stares back at him defiantly.

"You owe me a favor," he says to her. "You'll fix his ship for him."

The air in the ship is dead, flat. If it were not so large, it would be as foul as Tam Rosse's supply ship.

The old man must ask the favor.

(newpage)

"No," the girl says.

Tam Rosse holds on to her arm.

The old man looks mad-shrewdly from under his eyebrows.

The girl twists her arm away from Tam Rosse's hand. "He doesn't own my favor," she says. "He took by force what he took. He gave nothing. He owns nothing."

(newpage)

Tam grabs her with his good hand, pins her against the wall with his left arm and his numbed hand. The dagger releases

itself from its sheath into his good hand. He holds it against her throat.

She laughs.

"I have my powers," she says.

(newpage)

Pain lances through the palm of his hand. His fingers curl in spasms. His arm jerks out, throwing the dagger away. He almost screams. The pain is worse than when the trusty broke his arm.

She smooths her hand down his leg, almost languorously. His legs collapse under him. He sees one of the girl's feet by his head; a small foot, dark-skinned, stained with dirt and blood and glowing with stars.

"To the King I will give his ship and then death. But you will not be able to die or sleep, nor can you give away what you have."

Then she touches his forehead and his head throbs in a star of pain.

(newpage)

(Black screen)

(newpage)

Blackness. His gut aches and he tastes blood. When he sits up he drifts briefly off the floor and his head swims with Coriolis effect.

The human-life areas are toward the one-G sections of the ship, further out from the axis. That's where the Priestess will be. And where the Priestess is, he'll find Brady.

(newpage)

He moves his arm and the heartsblood dagger slides down from its sheath into his hand.

Someone with a sense of humor has given him back his weapon.

(newpage)

Sheathing his dagger, he feels his way cautiously into the blackness.

(newpage)

(Blackness)

(newpage)

(Blackness)

(newpage)

(Blackness) . . . as many times as you want . . . let's randomize. . . .

(newpage)

A shaft of light glimmers down the corridor.

(newpage)

The shaft of light is closer.

(newpage)

Horizator. (Description on page 109.)

(Overlay words:)

It may be a trap.

(The only button that will work on the horizator is the one to the Great Hall. You can make this as simple as you like.

(For pacing, perhaps the horizator should do something -- show coordinates, hum like machinery -- while moving Tam. It shouldn't be funny or talk to him.)

(newpage)

The doors iris open onto the Great Hall.

The Great Hall is covered with mirrors: floors, walls, ceiling. On the floor two candles stand in candlesticks of gold and silica. In the dim mirrors stir uncountable other Tam Rosses.

(newpage)

One of the mirrors shimmers. Its surface darkens and a vast picture emerges. A Priestess and a Red King lie in Space. Like Michelangelo's God, the Priestess stretches out her hand and her pointing finger touches the hand of the Red King. Behind them the Solar System begins to wheel. The sun spreads out rays of flame and lights the mirrored room brightly.

(newpage)

<The Notorious Erotogenerator>

On the slick mirror by Tam Rosse's hand, a panel forms.

(Mark: This can be a graphic or text panel.)

"CHOOSE WHO WILL LOVE YOU"

Hair	Eyes	Skin	Clothes
Red	Blue	Red	Red
Yellow	Green	Yellow	Orange
Brown	Brown	Pink*	Yellow
Black	Gray	Brown*	Gold

*(Skin_color for "pink" is "rosy." For "brown", "honey-brown.")

(Tam chooses one from each column.)

[When he chooses, the hair, eye, skin, and clothes colors are popped into the following sentences. I'm setting these up as a choice of sentences, which can then be combined into a screen. If this isn't workable, it should be a set of screens generated

by hand from these, or five screens, one from each group, generated randomly.

[There are exceptions to this pattern, which we'll get to in a moment. The exceptions don't appear until the panel changes (see below).]

1. Out of the mirror drifts a woman with <hair_color> hair and <eye_color> eyes.

He does not know where she comes from, this woman with <hair_color> hair.

There is a tap on his shoulder. He turns to look into the radiant <eye_color> eyes of a beautiful woman.

A woman walks slowly toward him. Her body is almost hidden by the wealth of her <hair_color> hair.

Suddenly in the many mirrors stir images of a superb woman with <hair_color> hair and <eye_color> eyes.

2. Her <clothes_color> tabard falls aside to reveal lush <skin_color> thighs.

She throws aside her <clothes_color> cape and stands glorying in her <skin_color> nakedness.

Soft <clothes_color> silk slides off her naked <skin_color> shoulders.

Her <clothes_color> silk tabard slips away from her high <skin-color> breasts.

Her breasts are <skin_color>, the aureoles of her nipples a darker <skin_color>. Her <clothes_color> cloak falls to the floor with a silken sigh.

3. She pushes Tam down on the <hair_color> pillows that strew the mirrored floor.

She falls to the gold-embroidered <clothes_color> pillows, carrying Tam with her.

She lies back among the tasseled <skin_color> pillows that match her skin.

She pulls Tam down with her onto <eye_color> brocaded pillows.

They fall onto a mound of pillows embroidered in <skin_color> and <clothes_color>.

4. She caresses him into an agony of desire for her. But before he can take her, she jumps up.

Her <skin_color> fingers whisper over his skin. But suddenly she tears herself out of his arms.

Her <hair_color> hair caresses him. But, reluctantly, she draws away from him.

Her lovely <eye_color> eyes gaze into his. But then she looks away, flinching as if in pain.

In his arms, she is a <skin_color> flame of desire. Her <eye_color> eyes are locked on his. But, as he begins to cover her with kisses, she pulls away.

5. Murmuring "How I love you," she snatches up her discarded clothing and flees into the mirror.

"How can I bear to leave you?" she cries. But she is already dissolving into a <skin_color> smoke.

"Love, I cannot bear to part from you!" But in a moment there is nothing left of her but a crowd of

<skin_color> phantoms in the mirror, and a moment later, nothing at all.

"Oh, cruel! Cruel!" she murmurs, and nothing is left of her but a last kiss and a <skin_color> agony of desire.

"Remember me," she murmurs, and points at her own image in the phantom painting. A shimmer in the air, and she is gone.

6. He is in agony, but he cannot sleep or die or love.

And then it goes back to "CHOOSE WHO WILL LOVE YOU."

Eventually (three turns? four?) the list of possibles gets longer, as follows:

Hair	Eyes	Skin	Clothes
White	White	White	White
Red	Red	Red	Red
Orange	Orange	Orange	Orange
Yellow	Yellow	Yellow	Yellow
Green	Green	Green	Green
Blue	Blue	Blue	Blue
Violet	Violet	Violet	Violet
Silver	Silver	Silver	Silver
Golden	Golden	Golden	Golden
Brown	Brown	Brown	Brown
Black	Black	Black	Black

Some combinations continue to act as before. The following combinations work differently. (The paragraph(s) after the combination are the screen that appears.) Each of these can only appear once. They all have the same last sentence, "He is in agony but he cannot sleep or die or love." They all circle back to "CHOOSE WHO WILL LOVE YOU."

- All-red or red with golden skin:

A woman scorching as the sun walks toward him out of the mirror. Flames billow over her golden, red-flecked

skin. "Do you ask my love? Do you feel my anger?" The mirrors blacken as she walks back into them. They clear slowly, but she is gone.

- All-blue lover or blue with green skin or hair:

Sad and sorrowing, Venus stands before him. Her <skin_color> skin is pale and around them the mirrors are covered in blue-green algae. "See? The algae are dying. Have you seen a woman whose skin is covered with stars?" she sobs. "Where is my Priestess?" Venus fades slowly but the blue-green stain persists, a shadow in the mirrors.

- All-green lover or green with golden or silver skin:

He is plunged in water. No woman here, only the great koi, the huge carp, scintillating in green water like <skin_color> reflections of light. Their diaphanous fins swirl around him. A tiny green and golden dragon dances in the water, spreading its wings, curling into the 8-shape of infinity.

As he watches, the water turns clouded and foul. The fish swim jerkily, then drift to the bottom. As he takes a breath, the vision disappears.

****NOTE**** Mark, please leave in the sentence about the dragon.

- All-orange lover or orange and brown:

Mars sucks the water from his nose and eyes, freezes and cracks his skin. An old woman crosses the gritty orange sand toward him. Her <skin_color> breasts are

<skin_color> phantoms in the mirror, and a moment later, nothing at all.

"Oh, cruel! Cruel!" she murmurs, and nothing is left of her but a last kiss and a <skin_color> agony of desire.

"Remember me," she murmurs, and points at her own image in the phantom painting. A shimmer in the air, and she is gone.

6. He is in agony, but he cannot sleep or die or love.

And then it goes back to "CHOOSE WHO WILL LOVE YOU."

Eventually (three turns? four?) the list of possibles gets longer, as follows:

Hair	Eyes	Skin	Clothes
White	White	White	White
Red	Red	Red	Red
Orange	Orange	Orange	Orange
Yellow	Yellow	Yellow	Yellow
Green	Green	Green	Green
Blue	Blue	Blue	Blue
Violet	Violet	Violet	Violet
Silver	Silver	Silver	Silver
Golden	Golden	Golden	Golden
Brown	Brown	Brown	Brown
Black	Black	Black	Black

Some combinations continue to act as before. The following combinations work differently. (The paragraph(s) after the combination are the screen that appears.) Each of these can only appear once. They all have the same last sentence, "He is in agony but he cannot sleep or die or love." They all circle back to "CHOOSE WHO WILL LOVE YOU."

- All-red or red with golden skin:

A woman scorching as the sun walks toward him out of the mirror. Flames billow over her golden, red-flecked

skin. "Do you ask my love? Do you feel my anger?" The mirrors blacken as she walks back into them. They clear slowly, but she is gone.

- All-blue lover or blue with green skin or hair:

Sad and sorrowing, Venus stands before him. Her <skin_color> skin is pale and around them the mirrors are covered in blue-green algae. "See? The algae are dying. Have you seen a woman whose skin is covered with stars?" she sobs. "Where is my Priestess?" Venus fades slowly but the blue-green stain persists, a shadow in the mirrors.

- All-green lover or green with golden or silver skin:

He is plunged in water. No woman here, only the great koi, the huge carp, scintillating in green water like <skin_color> reflections of light. Their diaphanous fins swirl around him. A tiny green and golden dragon dances in the water, spreading its wings, curling into the 8-shape of infinity.

As he watches, the water turns clouded and foul. The fish swim jerkily, then drift to the bottom. As he takes a breath, the vision disappears.

****NOTE**** Mark, please leave in the sentence about the dragon.

- All-orange lover or orange and brown:

Mars sucks the water from his nose and eyes, freezes and cracks his skin. An old woman crosses the gritty orange sand toward him. Her <skin_color> breasts are

shriveled into prunes. "This is our sister planet! Look how we thrive here!" Her scratchy fingers touch him, but when he shivers, she is gone.

- All-violet lover:

So far away from Earth, human eyes see deep into the ultraviolet, high into the shimmering infrared. He sees her by the heat she gives off: a phantom with cool, dark nipples and lips. He puts his arms around her life-heat, but she fades into the cold darkness of mirrors.

- All-yellow:

On Earth the leaves fall, glowing red and yellow, some still green, some brown. The grass is still struggling up from the bare ground, but the leaves fall from the trees until the branches are bare under a yellow sky.

No one comes to meet him.

- All-silver:

****NOTE**** Tam has to have chosen this lover before the all-black lover will behave as below. If Tam chooses the all-black lover before the all-silver lover, then the all-black lover just acts normally.

The mirrors themselves bend and stretch into the semblance of a woman, who walks toward him across a featureless dark. She is dressed in a gown of broken mirrors and her face reflects his own.

"Choose who will love you," his own face says to him, distorted in the curve of the woman-mirror's face.

She disappears as quickly as glass breaks. Wherever he turns he sees his own distorted face in a mirror.

- All-black lover:

All the lights go out. In the darkness, hands clasp his arms and lead him forward.

The all-black lover after the all-silver lover is the only way out of this maze.

Blackness again . . . as many turns as you like.

<newpage>

He walks down a derelict corridor, dimly lit.

<newpage>

In the gloom ahead he sees a half-open iris-door.

<newpage>

As the door opens, Tam Rosse is almost knocked down by the smell of rot and decay. The Water Center looks like a collection of huge tanks, but the sunlights that should shine on it are barely glowing. From the gloom comes dripping and a sound of feeble scratching. Green algae scum the floor, and something white and decayed floats on the surface of the biggest tank.

<newpage>

He crosses the green floor, his feet prickled by the dried nutrient sponges, slipping in the patches of slick, decaying plants.

<newpage>

There seems to be no other exit.

<newpage>

(Give him a choice of several directions. Give him "There seems to be no other exit" except in one direction, when he finds:)

Behind a nest of pipes, a door leads into a cool, dimly lit corridor.

<newpage>

P. 187 as before.

<newpage>

Change to p. 188:

To initialize her powers, he knows what he must do. No time for delicacy. (He panics. He is not in control of his own body. His hands are moving by themselves.) Tam Rosse reaches through the "ice" and rips the earring out of her ear.

The half-moon of ice turns into water, rivulets flowing down into the surface of the egg-ship. There is a flash of great heat, a warmth and wetness. Tam Rosse breaks into a sweat. (He is afraid. He fights against his own muscles.) The girl opens her eyes and reaches up her hand to her bloodied ear.

Go on to the next page.

<newpage>

Page 189 ff, with corrections, to p. 212. (Attached.)

P. 212:

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 had fought against, a long time ago on Pallas, in a dream called the Uprising.

And it has led him, not to the power crown of a Greatship, but to this abandoned aquaculture station.

<newpage>

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 it for leaks, then moves down the pipes, checking them for corrosion. He reaches the filter-boxes, clogged with years of neglect.

<newpage>

Beyond the clouded gloves 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 he knows he has not really seen her before, no more than she has seen him. He notices individual things, the set of her shoulders, the shape of her thumbs.

<newpage>

"I'm sorry," he says. He does not offer it as an excuse, only as a beginning.

<newpage>

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 and work with mad old Brady.

And by that time, he may know too much to be sure about the Uprising.

<newpage>

The road begins here.

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

#####

To initialize her powers, he knows what he must do. (No.)

The "ice" is not ice, but it is cold, jellylike on his bare skin. Her body slips under his. He holds her down on the slab, rough, his left arm with its half-useless hand pinning her across her shoulderblades. He needs more hands than he has. (No.) ^ For four years he has thought of the first woman he would have after prison. A Pallas woman, perfumed in a thousand places. This girl is cold and unlubricated, like an iced rubber glove. With the icy cold white light and the icy jelly, it's like making love to the dead in a morgue. He is repelled and fascinated. He can't help doing this. (He can't stop.)

Go on to the next page.

He sees a sliver of her eyeballs under her partly closed eyelids. She is cold. Suddenly he is uncontrollable, shuddering, coming in a spasm of disgust.

He rips out her virgin's earring and throws it onto the floor, ~~taking pleasure in the savage action.~~ A globe of blood swells in the ice near her ear, then spreads.

The heat circuits cut in, ~~as he fastens his jumpsuit.~~ He begins to sweat, ^{animal-panic stinking} ~~smelling his bodystink over~~ the cool neutral air of the lifeship. The half-moon of ice dissolves, rivulets flowing down into the surface of the egg-ship. Her blood flows with it, down in a watery delta into the lifeship. The lifeship will use it.

The girl opens her eyes and reaches up her hand to her bloodied ear.

Go on to the next page.

To initialize her powers, he knows what he must do.

He sees himself doing it. He reaches through the cold-jelly ice and senses, somewhere near him, another man in red grabbing a sleeping girl, jamming her up against the wall of her compartment. He is hungry. He is thirsty. He wants to stuff his mouth with the ice, there is water in it and nutrients. But he cannot do what he has not done before. He can only hold her down on the slab, roughly, his left arm with its half-useless hand pinning her across her shoulderblades. And flickering in front of his eyes, he feels another man holding another girl down.

Look at the man . . . Go on to the next page.

Look at the girl . . . Go to page 198.

Look at them both . . . Go to page 197.

Go on to the next page.

He feels himself, elbow to elbow with himself, both of them pumping at the girl's unresisting flesh. Then there are three and four of him. He smells himself. He bumps up against them, him; he smells their, his stale sweat and sex-stink, a hundred men sweating in loveless sex.

~~He is hungry. He is thirsty. Are they all hungry and
thirsty too?~~

He is his own delusion, a ghost of himself so strong that he no longer knows which of him is live flesh, which is ghost.

Go on to the next page.

He cannot stop himself, because he is only one of a hundred of himself, and all their actions have been fixed. He no longer knows which one he is, he has lost himself in the crowds of himself.

Look at the man . . . Go on to the next page.

Look at the girl . . . Go to page 198.

No single person can ever stop him, not himself, no, no one. He is only one of so many, and all of them drive themselves into this woman and call their need some political name, saving the Uprising, saving their friends or themselves.

Go on to the next page.

There are thousands of him and of her crowded into this place. When he focuses on one, the others are blurred, but when he moves his eyes, there is another, always another, always at the center of his vision. Every moment between them is represented, always, somewhere in this little room.

Go on to the next page.

Always, somewhere in this place, he will be deciding to initialize her powers. Always, somewhere, he will just have seen the gleam of her eyes under her eyelids, have taken pleasure in his savage rape of her. Always, somewhere, he remembers the names of his friends and the necessity of the Uprising, always the nights in the prison and the woman of Pallas. Always, somewhere, he is hungry. He is thirsty. He is cold. Always. Somewhere. Forever.

<blackness...> ~~###~~
<corridor...>
~~of~~ send him around again . . . >

They are becoming part of one another, a dazzling ballet, the two of them, he the attacker and she the victim, or he the victim, he doesn't know. He holds her down on the slab, roughly, his left arm with its half-useless hand pinning her across her shoulderblades. He is in her power.

~~He jeers at himself.~~

~~You went back into her ship! Where she has Ship's Favor!~~

~~Her ship will protect her now.~~

Go to page 189.

Graphic: Blackness.

Go on to the next page.

He feels himself but through her. Her mind is shrieking in panic but her legs and arms are floppy, they cannot move. He is caught in her flesh, unable to fight back. He cannot even raise his eyelids. He smells himself, stale sweat and sex-stink, rank in every breath she takes, then his arm clamps clumsily across her throat and he cannot breathe.

~~What is happening? It is some priestess-magic, something~~ *New Screen*
~~she's doing to his mind. It's flashback.~~ ^{He is} He is himself, and her, and himself four years ago. ^{He is} A teenaged political prisoner, the first night in the cages on Circe, held down by four men while a fifth rapes him.

~~Bitch, stay out of my mind!--~~ *New Screen*
^{frightened,} He slaps her, hits her across the face, and he tastes blood in his mouth. He thrusts into sticky, rubbery flesh, and feels his insides tear and the blood flow. He feels her breasts that are his breasts, no, hers, crush against ribs. He can't see. He can't breathe. He can't stop.

Go on to the next page.

They bump up against each other, suffering, and not even alone. She gets control of her eyelid muscles, she can half-flutter them up, she can see. He can see himself through her eyes. A red-faced man with his mouth drawn back over his teeth. A hundred red-faced men, sweating in loveless sex over a hundred women with dark skin, women whose stars are fading on their skins as the breath shrieks in their throats, a hundred women dying.

I'm hurting you for the Uprising! a hundred red-faced men say. I'm doing it so the Asteroids can be free! A hundred women mouth an O of breathless pain.

Free!

He hurts her.

Free! Free!

He cries.

Go on to the next page.

Not in his own body any more, he is only in hers, caught, helpless, a woman, a priestess named Aster. Aster's throat is being crushed. The man's arm leans across it. The man braces himself on his other arm, his right arm. ~~He does not know he is killing her, but he doesn't care either.~~ Aster's bulging eyes see the knife-sheath on the red arm, the knife loose in it.

Aster's fingers drag across the hard surface her body is lying on, the strength is coming back to her muscles, but too slowly, the hand and fingers flop like meat at the end of her arm. The red-faced man gasps but he ^{cannot} ~~is not~~ drawing breath ~~for~~ ~~the two of them.~~

Aster shudders. Tam Rosse shudders. Neither knows whether it is ~~his~~ orgasm or ~~her~~ death.

Go on to the next page.

Blackness.

Go on to the next page.

Tam Rosse awakes in the lifeship, lying on the floor. He is exhausted, alone. The lights are dimmed, the place feels abandoned. There are streaks of blood on the platform where she lay.

Go on to the next page.

He rises shakily to his feet. He aches all over. His body feels like a bad dream.

He is a man in a red convict suit, in his familiar body with his shaking, half-controllable bad hand. He is fragments. He is a girl eighteen years old, her body split, her powers thrust on her with a stranger's violence. He is a teenaged rebel on his first night in the tanks on Circe, with four men holding him down and a knife at his throat. He is a lonely trusty, a frightened man, taking sex that nobody gave him, taking power over a teenager in the dark because a man's got to have power, a man's got to have power or one day he wakes up with his throat cut. And the teenager's got to have power too, so he cuts the trusty's throat before he and his friends escape in the supply ship. And the prison's got to have power, so the supply ship is a deathtrap.

And the greatship must have power, yes, it's full of power.

"I raped you for the Uprising," he says to the walls, if they're listening, if she's listening through them.

He knows he lies.

Use the lifeship to escape . . . go to page 205.

Go back into the corridor . . . go to page 206.

He can't find any of the controls.

[We can make this as complicated as we like, but it's probably the wrong time to do it.]

He goes down the corridor, back into the ship, feeling his way through the darkness.

~~Maze? gets him to one of two places.~~

~~- Back at the Kitchen . . . go to page 207.~~

~~- The Water Center . . . go to page 208.~~

<go to p 208>

[Puzzle: The Kitchen ~~tries~~ to eat him. ~~Knives~~ go for him, food bites his fingers as he tries to eat it. When he tries to drink, the drink tries to engulf and drown him. We can do this as either text or a puzzle.]

At the end of the corridor there is a dim and glimmering light: sunlights, but so badly dimmed that he can hardly see. He feels the stiff sponginess of dried-out nutrient floor under his feet. Above his head, the shadowy water-globes are choked with dying algae. No fish swirl through them. He slips on the slimy floor under the globes. A broken valve drips water into the slime.

~~"You should be taking care of the ship!" he shouts at the~~
~~invisible Priestess.~~

Go on to the next page.

He stands under the valve. Water drips into his mouth. The fish-taste of algae almost makes him gag. But the water is cool. He can swallow it without pain.

At least he can do something about the valve. He traces the pipe back to its connection and dogs the shunt closed. He finds spare parts and tools in a suitcase-locker on the wall. The valve is corroded. He fits a spanner around it and leans into it to break it free.

[Make ~~this~~ something that the reader can manipulate, perhaps with the arrow keys? Or not . . .]

~~Go on to the next page.~~

Go to p. 212

<in the change notes>

<210-211 disappear>

-Grown-up, literary
-sexual

-Mythic
-sexual

sex + death + fear + love
generations + children

Plot

plague-stricken ship in Asteroids
old man w pur - owns ship - infected
yng man tries 2 get pur - N infected.
yng woman tries 2 get pur - infected, a vector
pur & old man 3 / 4th char

Lady M

Survival

Fast

life

death

chaos

ds she spit in Death's eye? / ds she make a final
order?

women - a cycle / Birth + Death

What happens next?

What if Europe happens?

Mark:

how many?

can I give away a copy?

~~what~~

plot: 2 restore the ship's pur, needs a Priestess.

2 get 2 F pur, she must sleep w a man to
beget children or to seal a Red Ke.

a old man for the ship's Red Ke. a / fertile + can
beget children.

The yng man can defeat a old man, & will be
ship's captain.

F & yng man sleeps w Priestess, & will be infected w Plague.
old T to us N very food 4 2m, & retired Operon
Burr purveyor began 2 be off 2 clothes. "p 6
was 1 w 3 Sur!"